

WIFE SWAPPING EROTICA



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What kinky things did your partner do before you came along?

CHAPTER 1

I bit onto the end of Cal's dick, in that squishy area right beneath the head.

He came up off the pillow, eyes wide. "What are you doing?"

"Something I read about a long time ago in Cosmopolitan."

"What?"

"Did it hurt?"

He frowned. "No... No, I guess not. Just a surprise to feel teeth."

"It's supposed to be kinky."

He scrubbed his face with a hand and settled back down. "Kinky, huh?" He pointed at the fan. "Kinky is letting the air hit it with your saliva on it."

I'm not a big blowjob person. I know men love it, but what do I get out of it? Sometimes I like to do it because Cal works selling integrated graphics chips to a variety of manufacturers and it can be stressful.

He and his best friend, Ramsey, compete as a team. We see a lot of Ramsey and his wife Susan. They're over every Saturday bringing games to play.

I said, "Sorry..."

His face registered his concern. "No, no. I'm sorry. It was just unexpected."

I moved up and settled next to him. I gripped his erection and slowly stroked it. Just keeping it happy, not really doing much with it.

He felt bad though and cuddled me. His hand stroked my hair. "Tanya."

"Hmm?"

"Tell me about kinky. What have you done?"

"I don't know."

He squeezed me. "Don't pout; I said I was sorry. Did you... ever do anything kinky with... your ex?"

Talking about David was generally a no-no. Who wants to talk about their ex-husbands? I tensed slightly, wary. I think my hand tensed on his shaft. "Why do you want to know?"

"Well, we do happen to be married..."

I sighed with some relief, not sensing a turn for worse in the topic of my ex. "Kinky?" I stroked a little faster, not worried about getting into icky territory.

"Yeah, anything... we haven't done?"

I wondered how much to tell him.

And he sensed my hesitancy. "You can tell me."

I had stopped stroking. "It was a long time ago..." I resumed jacking his shaft.

"Tell me. Unless it's gross or something."

"No, it wasn't gross. It was actually really fun."

"Now you have to tell me."

"We had these neighbors..."

"Yeah?"

"We lived in an apartment in Salt Lake City and the patio dividers only had a waist-high wall. So when we used the barbecue, the neighbors would smell it."

"That's kinky?"

I laughed and squeezed his dick. "No, not that. It's just that we'd make them hungry so eventually we would both barbecue at the same time and we became

friends."

"Oh?"

"We ended up planning nights and we would barbecue for both of us."

"Nice people?"

"Yeah, Cory and Divine. He was white and she was black. Both Mormons."

"So what was kinky about it?"

I slowed my stroking. "You're not going to be mad?"

He gave me a pained look. "Why would I get mad?"

I sped up again and rubbed the ooze around his helmet to lube him. "Well, we sort of swapped."

His eyes opened wide. "Are you joking me?"

"Nope."

"Wow..."

"What?"

"You never mentioned wanting to do anything like that."

"Of course not."

"Why not?" He sounded exasperated.

"Because you're not like that."

He looked confused. "How do you know?"

"Because you never talk about things like that."

"We're talking now."

I figured we could change the subject if I gave him what he wanted. "Do you want me to suck your dick again?"

"No, we're talking about this. I'm fine."

I shifted over him and twisted so I could use my other hand. It also resulted in not seeing his face. If we're going to talk about it...

He asked, "Was it... any fun?"

I jerked him a little faster. "Actually, it was. Cory was really nice and a lot more attentive than idiot." I didn't even like saying my ex's name.

"No kidding." His cock flexed.

I twisted my hand around the helmet, quiet.

"So he was good?"

"Yep."

"Tell me about him."

I stopped my hand movements. "It was a long time ago." Eight years.

"So? I think it sounds kinda hot. Tell me about it."

I started again, jacking without thinking much about it. My thoughts were wandering through my memory. "I think it was my ex wanting to try a black woman. He made hints and Cory and Divine were very receptive."

"What about you? Did he have to drag you kicking and screaming into it?"

I laughed and resumed stroking him at my normal, comfortable speed. "No, not at all. Cory was cute. He treated me almost like his wife, as if I was his white wife and Divine his black wife."

"Did he try to pry you away from idiot?"

"Nope."

"And your ex didn't fall head over heels for Divine?"

I sighed. "It wasn't like that..."

He twisted towards me, his cock flexing. "But that's what I want to know. What was it like? I've never done anything like it."

I let him press me back to finger my pussy. I switched hands and looked up at the ceiling beside him. "It wasn't anything special..."

"You said it was fun."

"Yeah, but not like life changing or anything." His finger moved over my clit and sent thrills up my back. "At least until idiot met Divine's brother."

He froze. "Is that the man he ran off with?"

I nodded. "Things sort of broke apart at that point..."

"But it was fun before he met her brother?"

"Sure."

"Did you all do it... in the same room?"

"Once, but after that we would separate. I liked it better that way. I don't care for people watching me."

Cal grunted. "Some people really get off on that."

"Well, not me."

"You weren't afraid idiot was going to be smitten by her pussy?"

I snorted. "No. It's just a dick. It's just a hole. It's just sex."

"I thought you said you liked Cory?"

"I liked him. He was cute. I didn't say I wanted to marry him."

"Hmm."

I stop jacking. "There's nothing to question about it; it was fun. That was all."

"Okay, okay. I didn't mean to sound combative."

I blew out a breath. "Sorry." I stroked him again and he kept fingering me.

He said, "How long did it go on?"

"A few months. And then Darren visited."

"Divine's brother?"

"Mm hmm."

"What did she think of that?"

I grimaced. "That's where everything broke up. I think she was protective of her gay brother more than she was of my marriage. She refused to talk to me at all about it."

"Ouch."

"Old news." I could sense he knew not to press that part. I wasn't hurting over it and he knew it. I just didn't want to talk about it.

He said, "So Cory didn't keep in contact with you?"

"No. Maybe because he was more allied with his wife than me?" Seemed obvious to me.

My husband grunted in agreement. "Makes sense. But he didn't have any loyalty? I mean, you guys did it."

I corrected his thinking. "I didn't... expect him to be loyal. He wasn't my husband or close friend, he was just a friendly screw."

Cal looked at me funny. "Was he cold?"

"No. But it was just sex."

"But you had fun?" He was panting.

"Yes." I was feeling warm.

"Did you guys do it with condoms?"

"At first, yes. It was all the rage back then. Safe sex everywhere. I swear I think everyone expected to wear a condom just to self-masturbate."

His eyes were alight with interest. "But then?"

"It was the third time. He tore the condom off and said he had to feel me. So we did it."

"You make it sound so clinical."

I knew I was. But it was the past. "What do you want me to say?"

He humped his hips and slid his erection through my fingers. "Was it good without the condom?"

It had been. Not just good, but quite good. There's nothing like the slide of skin through skin. A condom was no better than a dildo except that it was usually warmer. I gasped in memory of Cory's dick sliding slickly into me. It had been very good. I shuddered with excitement. "Yes, it felt very nice."

He groaned happily. "That sounds sexy. Did he... cum in you?"

"Yes."

Cal groaned heavily with force. His cock swelled and erupted, sending streams of cum shooting up his flat belly.

It was such a surprise to me that my pussy clamped on his fingers and I twisted through a fast, sneak-attack orgasm.

He panted, relaxing, and said, "Oh, you liked that, too?"

I laughed a bit, out of breath. "Your reaction to it, yes."

"I think that's hot he came in you. How many times did you fuck after that?"

"A total of twenty-nine times. Twenty-seven without a condom." I waited for his

disapproval.

He sighed. "And you didn't fall in love with him?"

"No, why would I?"

"Because he was better than idiot?"

I laughed. "He was, but no."

"And he didn't fall in love with you?"

I shook my head. "No, of course not. He was so in love with his wife—"

"But he was fucking you."

"It's not like he ignored her. It was just sex, Cal. Fun sex, but just sex. There wasn't anything more to it than that."

"Was there anything between idiot and Divine?"

"No, what's eating you? Divine was having fun, too. She said two cocks were better than one."

"Did you think that, too?"

I laughed, and maybe said the wrong thing – or the right thing. "Definitely. Definitely better with two cocks." Because of idiot.

But I don't think Cal was thinking that. He said, "Why have you never said anything? I think that sounds like fun. Too bad we don't have them as neighbors."

"That's a ten hour drive..." I had moved out of state after the divorce.

"Was just saying. What do you think of Ramsey?"

He hit a magic button that froze me in place. Ramsey and Susan were regular guests every Saturday – had been for almost a year.

My husband had opened an avenue of thinking inside that promised to be

tumultuous.

CHAPTER 2

I sat with my husband the next morning eating oatmeal. The conversation from the previous night ran through my head.

He knew me so well. "You thinking about last night?"

I almost didn't want to admit it, but I wasn't good at keeping secrets. "Yes."

"Good or bad?"

I stopped spooning my breakfast and leaned forward, lifting my chin. "You work with him. You know him. Is he the kind that has a playful streak?"

He coughed and laughed. "He's over here every Saturday playing games with us."

I nodded. "But he's also a serious man. I'm not against him, I just think you might have mentioned someone who wouldn't go for it. If that's what you wanted to do."

"Do you?"

I liked Ramsey. Short and a little older, he was always polite and talkative. He had a social polish that went beyond being a good listener. He used sir and ma'am. He wore button shirts and slacks with belts. His intelligent eyes were always looking and gauging. And he always had a smile for me.

Susan, on the other hand, very young, straight black hair with bangs into her eyes and large glasses covering her face. She was something of a nerd, goofy happy all the time, and super competitive – a perfect match for her salesman husband. She was also annoying.

I said, "Only if he wanted to. But I've never seen any indication of him flirting."

"He gives you hugs."

"Everyone gives redheads hugs."

"You don't think he's gotten friendly during them?"

"Nope. I think I can safely say right now that Ramsey isn't looking at me like that."

"Maybe he just doesn't want to offend me."

"Then you should talk to him; he's your coworker, not mine."

He gave me a sour look. "Do I have to do all the work?"

"What do you mean?"

His glance at the clock was unnecessary. "They'll be here in four hours. Why don't you make some plans on your own to be a little more adventurous?"

"Me? Adventurous? Excuse me, who is the one among us involved in a couple-swap?"

"Look, I could directly ask him. What do you think his initial reaction is going to be? Probably not positive. But if you were to entice him—"

"Entice him, how?" I wasn't against his idea, really, and his logic here made a certain sense.

"Button down. Wear a skirt. Flash him your panties."

"And you think that will affect him?" It sounded potentially embarrassing.

"If you catch his attention that way, he'll be thinking about it. Easier to talk to him later."

He was right and I knew it. "Adventurous, huh?"

He finished his oatmeal. "It probably won't happen right away, but let's say we work at it a few weeks?"

"What about Susan?"

He scoffed. "She's the easiest part of this."

"How, why?"

"You've seen how competitive she is. It's all a me-too attitude with her. I'll bet you money she sees you flirt and takes up the challenge. She's so self-conscious about her age..."

Susan was nineteen and the youngest of six daughters and two brothers. Ramsey was thirty-six. Cal and I were thirty-two. Susan was definitely the odd one out, hopping like a mad puppy for attention and inclusion.

I pursed my lips. "Yes, I see your point." I looked at him, studying his face. "I thought you didn't like her?"

"I like her fine. She's very cute. She's just annoying. Getting a chance to shut her up with my cock might be fun."

"If this all works out."

He nodded. "I think the challenge is Ramsey. Are you up to it?"

With Cory and Divine, we had just sort of all melted together without trying. But Ramsey hadn't melted to us in that way. He was going to be a challenge. "I guess. Where should I start?"

"The hug when he comes in. And wear a skirt. And no panties."

I blinked. "And flash my tits, too?"

He appeared frustrated – impatient.

I said, "I can't come on too strong."

"Yeah, you're right. But definitely go without panties."

I sighed. "Only if I wear shorts." I looked at the clock. "You realize nothing's going to happen. If you push too hard..."

"All right, all right. But flirt with him."

"I will." The idea made my pussy warm. What am I going to do? How do I get Ramsey's eye?

CHAPTER 3

I chickened out. I just couldn't wear a skirt with no panties.

I wasn't... adventurous enough.

What was I afraid of?

But I was.

I debated shorts with no panties. Cal had said my thinnest shorts would show camel toe. So would my yoga pants, but there again, too chicken.

I put on white panties underneath my shortest skirt.

I almost ran to change when they knocked on the door at noon, but Cal grabbed my arm and pointed.

I was to answer.

I was wearing the skirt high and showing a mile of leg. I tugged down on it to my husband's disapproving throat clearing.

I answered the door.

Susan's eyes immediately dropped down to my skirt. She was wearing her usual light canvas slacks and white blouse. She was carrying Star Wars Monopoly.

Ramsey was all smiles. "We brought an oldie but goodie." He came in and gave me the start of the friend hug.

This is my chance. I stepped closer instead of keeping the usual distance. My arms went around his neck and I clung to him. I felt him stiffen in surprise, then relax. His hand petted my back and I pressed my hips forward to his.

I think I was holding my breath.

He didn't move other than to allow it. I could feel his body against mine, but it wasn't causing any excitement in me except nerves.

I released him after the hug had gone on twice as long as normal.

He seemed amused, not looking directly at me.

Cal had taken the game and was hugging little Susan with one arm – and she was looking at me with suspicious jealousy.

Failure? I wasn't sure and there was only one way to find out: go through the day.

I said, "Let's sit on the floor for the game. The lights get too hot over the table." The summer was just getting going.

Cal said, "I have frosted screwdrivers in the freezer for later."

Ramsey grinned and slapped his arm. "We'll need it in this heat."

We had a window air conditioner unit. Nothing fancy and barely keeping the living room cool.

They removed their shoes and I caught Susan looking at my skirt.

I wanted to pull it down again, but just stood there, brazenly showing my legs. Why not? She was just a little girl and I really didn't care what she thought. However, I did want her bouncing along beside me rather than against me. I said, "I don't know how you wear slacks like that, Susan. I'd be burning up." I purposely flicked and pulled at my extra un-buttoned blouse.

She fingered the top button on hers. "It is sort of hot..."

Good girl. Grab the bait and start chewing.

A half hour later, we were sitting on the floor around the board.

I was kneeling, keeping my knees together and across the board from Ramsey, like usual. I don't think I had seen him look more than once.

Susan had unbuttoned her top button somewhere in that half hour and I hadn't

noticed. She was fast.

Determined to see any kind of results, I reached for the dice and spread my knees as if bracing for my lean. I rolled the dice and sat back, leaving my knees spread.

Ramsey's eyes flicked down, then away. But my knees weren't spread far enough to see panties.

Not yet. And I was determined.

I plucked at my blouse and unbuttoned another button in front of everyone. I had my blouse unbuttoned down to the middle of my cleavage. "It's too hot in here." It was indeed hot, but not sweaty hot. "Can we have those drinks now?"

Cal was up before anyone else agreed with me. "Sure thing."

Susan said, "It is hot. You need a stronger air conditioner." She unbuttoned another of her buttons and fluffed out her shirt.

I blew out a breath. "I know, right? But we had to replace the roof this year."

My husband brought out four glasses all squeezed into his hands. He set them on the floor and handed the first across to Susan. He gave her a smile that she returned. He handed the next to me.

I moved my left knee towards him, opening them wider, and accepted the drink with my right hand. It looked like a natural twist. My knees were about a foot apart and staying that way.

I had no doubt he could see my panties – the skirt was that short. I drank the iced screwdriver as if I had no other concern in the world.

I could see Susan pouting out of the corner of my eye.

An hour later, and two more drinks, I was out of the game – having landed on a fully built Coruscant Senate. I was feeling no pain and instead of kneeling, was sitting on one ankle with the other out towards Susan.

Even I could see my panties. I was waving the rules at my face for air and

decided on the last move. I unbuttoned the button just below my boobs. If I leaned one way or the other, Ramsey was going to see naked breast.

My nipples hardened at the thought and those showed through my blouse, too. I wasn't wearing a bra.

Susan had only drunk one drink. That was all it took for her to be tipsy. She leaned over, giving my husband another flash of her flat chest. She had unbuttoned to match me earlier. I thought she had pretty little nipples.

I said, "What I'd do for a pool."

Ramsey said, "Come over to our place next Saturday. Bring your swimsuits." His eyes dropped for about the fiftieth time to my panties.

I think the day was a success.

When we hugged them goodbye, Susan clung to Cal and looked over at me.

I smiled at her, but not for the reason she might have thought. I was glad she had taken the bait. She probably thought I approved of her hugging my husband, and I did.

When Ramsey hugged me, it started out as the friend-type hug. Had he not gotten enough hint? Or was he just reserved? Whatever, I hugged him close again, moving in and pressing my entire body against his. I tilted my hips forward, pushing my pussy gently at his bulge.

I had been sober when they arrived and had stayed still during the hug. Not this time. Being comfortably happy, I pushed again with my pussy and did a slow shift of my hips to the side. I ground my clit against him through the clothing.

He was up a few drinks, too. I felt him harden against me and he ran his hands all up and down my back. He seemed willing to allow the hug to go on as long as I wanted, but after a minute, I figured it was enough and let go.

I handed him the game and we all said our goodbyes.

After shutting the door, Cal grabbed me and propelled me to the bedroom.

CHAPTER 4

My husband rammed my pussy and bounced me into the mattress. He panted above me, "He kept looking."

"Yep... and I felt him... at the door, too." I was floating high from the alcohol and the sex. But I was a little numb.

He stopped. "He got hard?"

"I don't know about all the way, but he definitely was growing during the hug."

"Did you have fun teasing him all day?"

I had. "Yes, and thank you."

"For what?" He began pumping again.

"For bringing the whole thing up. It was definitely fun."

"Are you thinking about him now?" There was a deep light in his eyes.

"No, actually I'm thinking about how turned on you are over this."

He sighed and closed his eyes. "Ah, yeah, it's hot."

I knew he meant what had happened; we had the bedroom fan blowing directly on us. I asked, "Are you thinking of her?"

His face scrunched up. "Susan? No. But she sure did display her chest to me. No tits at all."

"You didn't see her nipples? I thought they were pretty."

"Pretty tiny, yeah. Made me want to bite them."

I smiled. "Now you're talking. Did you get hard during your hug?"

"No."

I pouted. "You have to be as much into this as I am or it gets unbalanced."

He stopped and just panted. "But it's Susan."

"So? Maybe she has a nice little pussy?"

He thrust a couple of times, as if to test her pussy out in his imagination. I got very wet at that.

I said, "I need to buy a bathing suit."

His grin went wicked. "Buy one of those see-through ones when they get wet."

"I will. Susan is going to lay a brick." I looked up at him as he grinned down at me. "Are you sure you like this... kinky stuff?"

"Yes." He punctuated his answer with a deep and quick thrust.

"Because this isn't just a game. You know where this will end up if it goes well: him on top of me."

His eyes rolled up in his head and he began pumping fast. "Oh, I want that. I definitely want that."

"You'll be able to handle seeing his dick in your wife? Are you—"

He groaned loud, "Oh yeah... yeah... Oh!" His squirts heated my already hot insides.

I humped up at him, feeling close, but still a little numb. I talked myself over the edge. "If this does work out and we do swap with them, when you fuck Susan?"

"Yeah?" He panted, jerked and began relaxing.

I said, "I want you to punish..." I rose on a long wave of tension. "I want you to... ungh... punish her little p-pussy!" I let go with a cry and came on my husband's cock. It was a long and satisfying orgasm that pushed through me in waves and left me shaking and sated.

CHAPTER 5

I had dinner in the oven when he came home Monday.

He gave me a quirky smile that said he had news. "Tanya."

"What?"

"I talked to Ramsey today."

"You talk to him every day. Sit down." I set out the two bowls.

"About you."

I was pleased. "Oh... So, spill."

"I asked him if he was bothered by your flirting. He said he was."

All my hopes deflated in an instant. "Oh."

He was smiling though. "No, you don't understand." He lifted his finger. "He was bothered."

Just as fast, relief and hope reversed the disappointment. "So he wasn't mad?"

"Nope. But he was unsure about it all being we're friends and coworkers."

"So what did you tell him?"

"Just that you admitted being comfortable around him and wasn't sure if he liked you."

I didn't think that sounded like the best approach. "How did that go over?"

He shrugged. "Perfect. He insisted he likes you; he was just surprised you liked him that much."

Maybe it was the best approach. Sometimes men were so simple you had to be direct with them. "So he was okay with the hugs?"

"Yes."

"Did the flashing come up?"

He shook his head. "Nope."

I didn't think that sounded like the best approach. "Why not? There was a lot more to the flashing than the hugs."

He waved his fork. "Too much at once. Now that he's comfortable with the hugs, everything else is fine."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he would've brought it up if it bugged him. But if I had brought it up, he might have used that as an excuse to put brakes on things."

Maybe that was the best approach.

"Did he say anything about Susan?"

"Nope."

"Huh."

He gave me an enigmatic smile. "If that didn't come up, either, then it's not something bugging him. Or Susan didn't complain. One way or the other."

"Maybe she has her eyes on you."

He rolled his eyes. "It's Susan."

"But she's cute."

"Sure, and annoying."

"You don't like her long black hair and bangs?"

"Stop it. Anyway, they're looking forward to Saturday."

So was I.

I had two bikinis by Thursday and modeled both for my husband.

Cal frowned. "Get in the shower and get them wet."

"Wet?"

"So I can see how good they show."

"Oh, right. Duh." I warmed up the shower. I had to ask again – men often changed their minds. "You're sure you want Ramsey seeing me in this?"

"I'll let you know which one."

"No, I mean seeing me at all? He's basically going to see me naked."

"I sure hope so."

"This is so different for you."

He leaned against the doorframe. "Is it? Or was I just quiet before?"

I raised my eyebrows at him. "You've wanted to share me?"

His smile split wide. "Oh, I've definitely fantasized about it."

"For how long?"

"Our wedding night. You looked so sexy in the dress. And then I was getting hard on the honeymoon thinking about you underneath Roger."

Roger was Cal's muscular best man.

I swallowed. "That long? Why didn't you say something?"

"How many wives do you know go for that kind of thing? Most are prudes."

I got in the shower and got the suit wet. "I don't know about prudes. We all have

fantasies – I think it just takes the right circumstances to flip our slut-switch." I showed him the wet front of the blue bikini.

"Nice... Try the white one."

"Throw it to me."

He tossed me the white and I stripped and shimmied into the white one. The blue covered more. The white had a smaller top, but a very much smaller crotch area.

Cal's eyes bugged out. "Definitely the white one."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, the blue one looks like a granny suit."

I laughed. "There's more material in the blue one than your tie."

"Wear the white."

"You don't think I should be a little less obvious and try the white one later?"

"No. Wear the white, dammit."

I bugged my eyes at him. "Okay."

He flipped his hand. "Besides, imagine Susan's bikini. It's going to be tiny because she's so small."

I looked down at my suit. "You're right. Even this would look big on her. Okay."

I couldn't wait till Saturday.

When the weekend arrived, I was as aglow with anticipation as Cal was about one of his recent business contacts.

I was happy for his sales success, definitely. It kept me home and the same with Susan. I just hoped Cal and Ramsey didn't talk about business all day.

I dressed in my white bikini and slid on the satin pool robe over it. I tied the sash and looked in the mirror. I was showing even more leg than the skirt the previous

week.

Cal said, "Stop primping, you look great."

"I'm not primping."

"Yes you are, because I'm ready to go. Your gawking in the mirror is keeping—"

I was already moving. "Shut up, I didn't know you were ready."

He followed me out. "You really do look good."

I smiled at him gratefully. "Thank you."

At least for the ride, his Dodge Challenger had air conditioning better than our home. But, that was the price you paid when you bought a neglected fixer-upper in a good neighborhood. We would be another two years fixing it.

He had argued with me a little the previous night – nothing serious. Just a disagreement on how much I should flirt with him. He kept pushing that I should be adventurous – as if I was not adventurous enough with the hugs and bikini display.

I had ended the conversation by saying that I wasn't going to pin him down and suck his cock. He had gone quiet after that. Some things took time and I don't think I was being prudish.

I didn't... think ... I was.

Knowing Ramsey was okay with the hugs, and had said nothing about the display of panties, I was confident I was pushing down the right path.

They had a nicer little tract home in a planned community. Model B or something like that. Very nice and the commons well kept. Homeowners Association and all that.

Cal rang the doorbell holding our towels under one arm. His white terrycloth robe was open and showed his hairy chest and swim trunks.

Ramsey answered with a smile and sparkling eyes that quickly flashed over my

husband, and then me. He said, "I've got a good feeling about IGT."

Cal laughed huskily. "I do too."

Let's not talk business... please...

Cal stepped in first, then me. Ramsey was waiting so I held out my arms.

We hugged, and he did not offer the friend-type hug. His embrace was not as suggestive as I initiated the previous week, but it was a lot warmer. I made it hotter and pressed fully against him. He did not stiffen, but pulled me in tighter.

Yes, this is going very good. Very, very good.

I felt his hardening almost instantly and knew Ramsey was pushing down that same path I was. The question was, would he go as far as me? Was there a roadblock ahead for him? If I kissed his cheek the next week, would that be the limit?

And what of Susan?

I looked over at her as she hugged my husband. She was looking at me with probably the same wondering eyes – but hers held a hint of uncertainty.

She would need to be coaxed a little more than Ramsey. Maybe. Or maybe she would go where I led and Ramsey would be the one...

Hmm...

My husband wasn't being shy. His hands moved up and down her back and over the top of her little butt.

Ramsey was looking too, I guess. He said, "Cal, are you groping my wife's butt right here in front of me?" He sounded playful.

My husband coughed lightly. "Sorry. Susan's so small I guess I wasn't gauging where her back ended—"

Ramsey laughed against me. "Uh huh. Well that's gonna cost—"

I silenced him by planting both hands on his butt cheeks and squeezing hard. His hips pressed forward and I pressed mine to his.

He laughed. "Are you checking out my butt?" His hands moved down over my cheeks and rubbed in exploration.

I think he got more than he bargained for. The thin satin material was directly over my bare cheeks and I felt him start to tremble. His bulge in between us hardened.

I smiled up at him sweetly.

He let go looking decidedly discomfited. He blinked a few times and said, "I have a drink cart and freezer out back. Head on out and we'll be out shortly."

Susan was glaring daggers at me. But if I wasn't mistaken, they were daggers of challenge.

Who's going to be the brake on all this? Which one?

I followed Cal out back.

He whispered to me, "Susan was very game for the hug."

"Did she try to feel you?"

"No, scared maybe. Or just young enough to be unsure. I wonder if they talk like

we do. Understand each other and all that."

"I don't see Susan being that deep."

He nodded. "A little superficial. Attention whore without providing any depth for others to enjoy."

I said, "Ramsey loves her."

My husband whispered, "What older guy marries a teenager for her brains?"

I thought he was being unfair, but I think he was accurate. But everybody was a brainless teenager at one time – naïve and inexperienced.

Ramsey came out first, dressed in his swim trunks and a towel around his neck.

Susan followed him with much hesitation, checking all of us out to see how we were looking at her.

She really was adorable. Except for being a mouthy attention whore. Her long black hair was back in a ponytail and her bangs reached down to her large framed glasses.

My glasses were the tiny kind. I thought they went better with my red hair.

Susan was wearing a one piece with cutout sides. She looked overdressed and was still shy about it. Her towel was around her neck and spread out as if to hide as much as possible.

I turned towards the pool so as not to look like I was staring. I didn't want her to feel bad or unwanted or uncomfortable. This was her own home; she should be brave and carefree. I hoped my husband was giving her the same courtesy.

I undid my robe. "Guess I'll go for a swim. Make sure I get a drink, too, Cal." I dropped my robe onto a lounge chair by the pool and set my glasses down on it.

It was my turn to feel uncomfortable.

There was not a sound behind me.

I knew what they were seeing: a string at my neck; one around my back; and a

bare string around my waist and running down my crack. I felt my face flush red, but fortunately they were behind me.

Was Ramsey looking at my butt? Was Susan jealous? Was my husband catching it all so he could tell me?

I stepped down into the pool. The very surface of the water was almost hot but the deeper I stepped, the cooler. It felt good on my skin. For a few minutes, I luxuriated in the cool sensation of water running over my skin as I moved.

We have to get a pool.

Susan joined me not more than two minutes after I got in.

I said to her, "Love the pool. I want one."

She said, "Sure is nice on a hot day. I come out and swim every day while Ramsey's at work." Bragging. Everything was a competition.

"Lucky you."

Her bright smile was what I had come to expect; when someone gave her a compliment or talked about how good she had something, she was all smiles. She just loved talking about herself.

I didn't know if that was a modern youth thing or if it was because she was the runt of her brothers and sisters. Probably the latter.

I swam close. "That swimsuit looks nice on you."

She looked at me nervously, looking down through the water at my body. "Oh, thank you."

She said nothing about mine. That was okay.

I said, "And you look so different without your glasses."

"Yeah, you do, too."

I swam around a little more and I felt the distinct impression that she was uncomfortable with me in the water. Maybe I was invading what she felt was her

personal property. That was fair.

I got out and grabbed my glasses. I hung my robe over my arm.

Ramsey and Cal were talking under the patio roof, lounging in the shade.

I came up beside Ramsey and placed my hand on his neck. I rested my thigh against his shoulder and angled myself towards him. "You boys aren't talking about work, are you?"

Ramsey turned his head towards me and looked eye level right at my bikini bottoms. Being wet, the suit covered nothing. His eyes focused on my bald pussy and he gulped.

Cal covered for him. "We are, sorry."

I turned more towards Ramsey. "I thought we had a rule?"

He blinked and turned red. "Uh, well... uh... You're right. End of business talk. I think... I'll go for a swim." He rolled away from me off the other side.

I suppressed a giggle.

My husband was smiling at me with knowing eyes.

I settled onto the lounge next to him, facing the vacated Ramsey spot. I brought my knees up and accepted the towel my husband offered. "Is that all you talked about was business?"

He whispered, "Yeah, sorry."

I sighed. "It's okay. Susan was nice enough in the pool, but I can tell my bathing suit made her uncomfortable. I think I should've worn the other one."

He chuckled low. "Nah, the look on his face was priceless. And he didn't look away immediately, either."

I felt warmth spread through me. Making sure no one was watching, I pressed the length of my finger into my slit so the material molded my labia better. Men are visual creatures.

I said to my husband, "You might need to pay attention to Susan."

He scratched his cheek. "All right. That's your drink over there." He got up and headed to the pool.

Ramsey just appeared to be swimming, not talking to Susan.

I think the girl was hiding in the pool.

I got up and got my drink. It was red, icy, and delicious. The bite of alcohol was strong.

A message? Or maybe they just made their drinks strong? And who made them? That would tell me a lot, if I knew. Susan with ignorance? Or Ramsey with purpose?

CHAPTER 6

I watched Cal join them in the pool. Susan brightened a little.

Did that mean she had something for him? Or was she glad it was him and not me?

Maneuvering the minefields of another couple was harder than I remembered. With Cory and Divine, it had all just seemed to happen. Maybe their Mormon social graces were just more fitted to me and idiot ex. But I definitely did not remember having to think all of this through before.

Maybe Cory and Divine had thought all this about me and my ex. I had no one to ask. I realized my experience wasn't much in the way of practical at all. What if every situation was different? What if every personality made every situation a new challenge?

Ramsey and Susan were gamers. They seemed excited about challenge.

Was that the key to winning them?

Or was it the slow tease I was developing?

Something told me I was veering off the path. I couldn't just seduce Ramsey into wanting me, I had to make it a game for him – and for them.

A game.

My eyes sought out Susan.

Yes, a game...

I needed to be Mrs. White in the billiards room, and Ms. Scarlet in the dining room. Yes, I had two roles to play here – not just enticing Ramsey, but insuring the sleuth Susan had her magnifying glass occupied by Cal.

I slipped into my robe, but left it undone.

Susan came out first.

The men were talking. I hoped not about business.

I waved Susan over and picked up her drink.

She came, patting her ponytail with a towel. She tried not to look at my bikini – and for my part, I tried not displaying everything to her. I kept my robe closed while handing her the glass. I asked, "Did you make these? They're so good."

She smiled with relief and looked at me with those large, young eyes through those enormous glasses. "Oh, no. Ramsey did."

Interesting. So Ramsey spiked the drinks extra. I motioned to her lounge next to Ramsey's.

She sat and I squatted next to her, knees together. "You know..." I dramatically looked over to the pool to insure no one else was listening. I tapped her knee. "You know... My husband thinks you really don't like him."

She looked horrified. "That's not true—"

I put my finger to my lips. "Men can be so dense, can't they?" I squeezed her knee. "Tell you what. Let's play a little game on them that will show you don't hate him."

Her head tilted in curiosity. "What did you have in mind?"

"Cal loves hugs. When he comes to sit..." I tapped her knee as if thinking. "When he sits down, go to him and sit on his lap. Give him a big hug. He'll like that. In the meantime, I'll run interference on your husband. I'll sit on his lap and give him a hug so he can't complain about you doing it. Sound like a plan?"

She looked out at the pool with a worried look. But the gamer in her took over and she got a little smile on her face and that sparkle in her eyes. "Okay." She looked back at me. "Cal really thinks I hate him? I don't hate him. Does he even like me? What if he throws me off his lap?"

I squeezed her knee again – alternating reassurances with taps for attention. "He's just not sure if you do like him. You can score on that by hugging him on

your own. And he definitely won't throw you off; he really likes you." I faked a bashful look. "He thinks you're really pretty."

She grinned wide at me with excitement. "He does? You think it will work?"

I winked at her. "I know it."

"He won't mind?"

I giggled. "Cal will be so happy..."

Her smile brightened.

I said, "Don't worry." I squeezed her knee again. "I'll back you up. You sit first, then I will." I acted suddenly serious. "Ramsey won't be mad if you give Cal a hug will he?"

She looked back, intent. "No... He's always encouraging me to be part of the group."

I felt bad for her. I shook her knee in my grip. "You're a part of us, Susan. Never doubt that. We'll do this together."

She huddled in on herself, clutching her arms together, and waited.

I sat back down but sideways, watching the pool with her.

She said, "What if they don't come out together?"

"You just worry about Cal. I'll distract Ramsey when it's necessary."

"Okay."

As it was, Ramsey came out first. Cal, not having a pool at his disposal, swam several more laps.

Ramsey sat back and picked up his glass to finish it off. He eyed his wife's glass in her hands. "You going to drink that or let it melt?"

She laughed. "Oh." She began gulping it like a glass of milk.

"Whoa, easy..."

She giggled and wiped her mouth. She drank more down.

He asked me, "I know the pool is fun, but do you think we're up for some cards?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"Rummy?"

I liked rummy. "Sure, if Cal wants to."

My husband was finally getting out of the pool. I winked at Susan.

The girl gulped down the last of her drink and blinked.

I bet that had gone straight to her head.

Cal came up to us, toweling off. "I sure like that pool."

I said, "We need one."

He barked a bitter laugh. "Yeah, next month. Of the year 2022."

"We can afford one before then."

Ramsey said, "With IGT, yep. But you can use ours until then."

I shook a finger. "Don't talk business."

Cal sat and stretched back, picking up his mostly finished glass.

I gave a discreet nod to Susan and helped her courage by standing before she did.

Coaxed by my look and move, she bolted up. A bit unsteady, she crossed over to his chair and stood for a second like a child in front of the principal. Then she dropped lightly down onto his lap.

Before anyone could react, I settled myself onto Ramsey's lap.

Mission accomplished.

I said, "Well, hello there." I had made no attempt to keep my robe closed.

I saw Susan bounce in Cal's lap happily, arms around his neck, and give his cheek a peck. She giggled like a little girl.

Perfect. Positively perfect. I would've given her a look of approval, but she was concentrating on my husband.

Instead, I turned my attention to Ramsey. I wriggled slowly in his lap. "It was so nice of you to invite us to use your pool. I hope you invite us again."

His eyes had a feverish look and he gulped a couple of times.

I said just loud enough to be sure everyone heard, "But I think I owe you a little kiss since Susan kissed my husband's cheek." I got up off him and straddled him, sitting back down on his lap. My robe was fully open, my legs on either side of him. Though my bikini had mostly dried, I was still spread open for his eyes with my back to the others.

He looked stunned.

I leaned over and planted a kiss to his cheek – very close to his mouth. The very edge of my lips brushed the edge of his. There was a curious tension there that spread from my cheek down to my pussy.

Not waiting, I rose from his lap.

A quick hug, a suggestive cheek kiss... I wasn't going to push it. But I did stay standing, legs on either side of the lounge and pushed my hips forward a little. I winked down at him as his eyes tried to stay on mine, but dropped down to my pussy.

I had him. I knew right then. I had him. He was going to be looking forward to getting his hands on me.

I lifted my leg over and returned to my lounge. On the three steps over there, I pretended to arrange my robe for coverage. I ran my finger deep into my cleft to mold that perfect camel toe men loved to see. I sat carefully, moving enough so

my robe parted and opened. For good measure, I didn't put my feet up – I let them rest on either side of my lounge chair, my legs parted and pussy open to view.

I was rewarded with one of the most gratifying sights I hadn't seen in over eight years: Ramsey was sporting an erection in his wet trunks.

CHAPTER 7

Saturday night at home, I offered my pussy to my husband.

He growled, "You were so sexy. Why didn't you do more?"

"We can't just rush into this all at once. People might run headlong across flowery fields for a kiss but what happens right before they embrace?"

He was jacking his cock and looking confused. Too much blood had left his brain. "What?"

"The people slow down. If they crash into each other at full speed, they're going to knock teeth out and make a bloody mess."

He shoved me down onto the bed and slapped his tongue onto my pussy.

I groaned with pleasure.

He asked, "What does kissing have to do with—"

"Shut up and keep licking." I took a deep breath. "It needs to go slow. Coming on too strong gives a person the inclination that maybe fast things should be avoided. If we go slow, the tease drives the person wild with desire – something that can't be so easily rejected."

He hummed on my clit and it sent vibrations up my back.

I said, "I think Ramsey is the key to all this – holding back because of the friendship thing. I think I know how to get Susan going along with anything."

He flicked his tongue up my clit. "How's that?"

"With her," I shivered at what my husband was doing, "everything needs to be a challenge, or a game. That's how I got her to sit on your lap."

"Yeah, that was a surprise. How'd you do it?"

"I told her you thought she didn't like you."

He chuckled and that vibration on my pussy twisted the tension in me a lot tighter. He moved up my body, kissing and licking as he went. A little attention at my nipples and I was ready for fucking. Very ready.

Had been ready all day.

He said, "Do you think they're having sex right now?"

"I bet. Do you think Ramsey is talking to her about us?"

He rubbed his cock against my lips. "He'd be a fool not to be thinking about you. But talking? I don't know."

I sighed and admitted, "I want him to think about me as he fucks her."

Cal chuckled. "You slutty woman. Are you thinking I'm him right now?"

I pulled on him. "Yes. Fuck me, Ramsey. Stuff me with your cock."

My husband groaned with desperation and drove his dick deep. He humped on me, pistoning in and out, filling me with his desire.

I asked, "Do you want him to fuck me?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see his cock filling my pussy?" I drove myself over the edge. That coiled tension tight like a spring snapped and burst outward, rolling me over inside with red-hot relief.

Cal whispered harshly, "Is he cumming in you?"

"Do you... want him to? Flood my married pussy with—"

He called out wordlessly, pushed in and straining. His cock expanded and squirted scalding seed deep inside my pussy.

It was a hot and intense fuck – one of the fastest, but most satisfying, we'd had in a long time. It was always wonderful with Cal, but this one was special.

Sunday we were quiet about it all, as if holding our breaths for the long rush of a typical week. I could tell by Wednesday he was thinking about it.

I toyed with him Wednesday night, jacking his dick and talking about Susan. For this to work out right like it had with Cory and Divine, I needed to get him thinking about Susan. If he was only turned on by me and Ramsey, the whole thing would fall apart in jealousy.

He had to be focused on pleasing Susan or she would know everything was imbalanced. That would lead to resentment. And the ending of something like that wouldn't be a good ending.

I made him cum talking about her young pussy and how I wanted him to fuck her. My husband was taller than Ramsey and I impressed on him how small she was and how her little body would be crushed under his as he drove his dick into her... And he had cum.

If I was going to steer this to success, I needed everyone on board. It wasn't my way or the highway in the sense I wanted things to go my way, but rather our way – all of us.

I didn't want the friendship to end over pettiness. I wanted each and every one of us involved to be happy with where things were headed – because if just one of us didn't like it, it was over.

Ramsey told Cal at work that he was sorry for getting an erection when I had kissed him. My husband's dismissal of the apology might have been handled better, but he had said, "You'd be a faggot if you didn't."

Not the kind of response I would have given.

Men: crude; rude; thoughtless...

I couldn't control Cal at work with Ramsey; I had to hope to steer it from my end during our visits.

But one interesting little tidbit came up: Ramsey told my husband that Susan got very hot when her neck was kissed beneath her ear. I hounded my husband to remember it and to kiss her there as often as possible.

On Friday, the weather called for a weekend rain. Plans changed to our place and swimming put off for better weather.

Saturday morning, I opted for yoga pants and a blouse tied up in the middle. I wore no bra and made sure the buttons were down at the bottom of my cleavage. Being tied up as it was, I displayed nipple when I bent over a little.

Cal approved because I wasn't wearing panties under the yoga pants. Everything was on display.

Men: simple; visually stimulated; easily led.

Cal ran his finger up and down my labia through the pants.

Dirty bastard.

CHAPTER 8

I gave Ramsey a full hug when he came in.

He hummed, "Hmm, yoga pants. Love those things."

I pressed against him and was gratified to feel his hands come down and cup my butt. He pressed as he pulled and the impression of his bulge through his shorts nestled nicely against my pussy.

Cal was mauling Susan. Unfortunately, he was so tall and she so small, he couldn't reach her neck. But his hands rubbed over her thin canvas shorts.

I was happy with the greetings – still on the friendlier side of sexy, but a big improvement over the friend-type hugs where only shoulders touched. Plus, the little thaw and play would result in more play during the visit.

Cal faced us, keeping his arm around Susan's waist. I hadn't told him to do that and I was grateful seeing it.

Ramsey didn't think to hold me. Oh well. He stooped and picked up the duffel he had brought. "Don't know what you guys might like, but I brought Yahtzee and ___"

I interrupted. "Yahtzee!"

He chuckled.

Cal said, "I'll bring out the drinks. Being a little cooler today, we can sit at the table."

The chandelier lights wouldn't be too bad and we had the air conditioning running full blast anyway.

I waited for Susan to pick a seat and I sat across from her. That would force the men to sit at our sides – I wanted to give Ramsey every opportunity to look into my blouse.

Which is exactly what he did.

Every time the dice came to me, I shook the cup in both hands. I don't think I was exposing nipple, but he was getting a good eyeful of breast jiggle.

Susan looked disconsolate.

Sorry, hun, not everyone has boobs. It was after we had started our second drink when I shifted in my chair slightly to give her husband a better view. My foot came down on his.

He grunted and pressed his socked foot down on mine. I yanked mine away and stomped on his.

He started laughing.

Susan said, "What?"

She probably thought we were laughing about her or leaving her out of something.

He said, "Tanya's got a footsie war with me going on."

"Oh." Susan looked at me with a pout. She wanted to have fun, too.

Ramsey pinched my toe as I tried to move it and I squawked. I twisted my shoulders getting my toes out from under his foot.

He chuckled. "You just about popped out of your blouse on that one."

Cal reached over to me and pulled my blouse to the side, completely exposing my boob.

I reacted in shock and clutched my blouse. "Cal."

He said, "What? He's seen most of it anyway."

Susan had an excited and shocked look on her face.

I was still a bit surprised at the overt move from my husband. "You don't just go exposing—"

He scoffed. "I think Ramsey saw exactly what you had last Saturday. What's the big deal?"

I gave him a look and a devious smile. "Are you trying to hint to Ramsey you want to see his wife's boobs?"

Susan clutched her mostly open blouse.

Ramsey said, "All you had to do was ask. I've seen your wife's; I guess that's a free trade." He reached for Susan's shirt.

His young wife gasped, "Hey, don't I get a say in this?"

I said, "I can't play footsie war with my husband yanking my blouse open. Save me, Ramsey."

"Huh?"

"Let me sit on your lap so I can keep his hands off my blouse."

Oh, Susan was fast. She leaned away from her husband. "Yeah, me too."

Thank you, Susan. I moved over to Ramsey and made him make room on his lap. I glared at my husband with mock anger and slid my scorecard over.

His smile at me was accompanied by a little twinkle as he accepted Susan sitting on him. His arm went around the girl easily.

I sucked down most of my second drink as Ramsey rolled the dice. I wriggled on his lap.

He indicated his score and passed the cup. His hand came down and rested on my thigh.

When Susan took the cup, I dropped my hand down and covered his hand on my thigh. Then I slowly slid it up.

Ramsey wasn't dumb or slow. His hand kept moving when I let go of it.

I parted my legs more until his fingers gently nudged my thinly-covered pussy.

Gotta love yoga pants.

His fingers twitched as if unsure what to do, but then began a very slow rub against my labia.

I wanted to bounce and jump and brag to my husband that I had gotten Ramsey to feel me up, that his fingers were caressing my pussy beneath the edge of the table.

Cal would've been so happy his friend was fingering me. Almost, anyway.

Thrills wound up my middle as the first male fingers touched my pussy since I had married Cal.

I finished off my drink and covered a gasp.

Susan was trying to look at different ways of working her dice roll. Cal turned his head and nuzzled her neck. He murmured, "Someone smells good."

She closed her eyes for a brief second and then tried to concentrate on her roll. She rerolled two dice. "Yahtzee!" She began bouncing on his lap.

Cal was fast, he shifted her over an inch or two as she bounced.

She was grinning ear to ear and didn't really notice.

When my husband's turn came, he rolled his dice and worked through his scorecard. Susan twisted a little and put her arm around his neck. At some point, the little vixen had undone another button on her blouse – down to my level. I hadn't even seen her do it.

With the twist, my husband should've been able to see what he wanted. He finished his score and said, "Bathroom break, then I'll pour drinks."

Ramsey said, "Yeah, me too." His hand left my leg.

I got up and sat in my old chair. When the two men had left the room, I leaned over to Susan. "Did you see that?"

Her eyes went big with wonder. "No, what?"

"Cal had a..." I made my eyes big and lifted my finger.

Her mouth dropped open and she covered it. "He did?"

I nodded. "I think you caused it bouncing on him."

"Oh, sorry."

I laughed. "No, don't be sorry, he likes you. But..." I tapped the table.

"What?"

I said quickly, "He thinks Ramsey made you hug him."

"But he didn't. We did it."

"Right, but that's what he thinks. I think you need to be more convincing. More hugs."

She tilted her head one way and the other. "Well, I can do that."

"Squirm on his lap; he'll like it."

"Squirm?" She said it like it was a weird word.

I nodded and made the erection gesture with my finger.

She giggled and blushed.

"That way he knows you do like him."

She looked at me as if I were strange. "How do you learn all this stuff?"

"Just age, Susan. I think you're doing very well for being young."

"Am I?" She looked totally dumbfounded.

I winked at her.

Then I saw my husband. I noticed right away.

He had removed his underwear from under his gym shorts. There was no mistaking my husband's free-swinging package.

CHAPTER 9

I watched him go into the kitchen and I motioned for her to follow. I made a hugging gesture.

She said, "You know, I think I'll have another drink, too."

That was going to be her third. With her, the second one guaranteed she was tipsy.

I nodded with great approval and gave her a thumbs up. "Go for it, girl."

Her smile told me she liked my response – a lot. She hurried after Cal with her glass in hand.

Ramsey came out with a damp face. He saw us alone and grinned. But he kept his distance.

Yes, he was definitely the one that would put on the brakes. I was sure I had Susan played right, I would need to continue wearing down Ramsey.

I got up and teased him, turning this way and that. "Do these yoga pants make me look fat?"

He gasped, chuckled, and coughed all at once. "Uh, no."

I made a show of facing him and looking down at my thighs. I slide my hands down over my pussy to my upper thighs. "Are you sure?"

He was breathing heavy.

I looked up at him. "Oh, I'm sorry. Did my husband's flash of my boob bother you?"

He chuckled, turning red.

I moved to him and hugged him. He was already hardening. I said, "I'll make

sure to scold him later so you don't have to get flashed anymore."

"Oh, uh... no, you don't have to do that..."

I pressed my pussy onto his bulge. "I don't?"

He ran a hand back through his hair and swallowed. "No, I liked it."

I acted surprised. "You did?"

He nodded, still swallowing.

"Would you like to see both of them?"

"Oh, uh..."

I leaned back from him just a little, keeping crotch contact and plucked open the loose flaps of my blouse.

His eyes dropped and greedily devoured what I was showing.

I covered them and winked. "I hope you don't mind me sitting on your lap."

He tried a smile. It looked crazed. "Not at all."

"I'm going to go help bring out the drinks. Be right back."

He sat with a tense sigh.

I wanted to giggle. In the kitchen, Cal and Susan were in a full hug, hands moving and eyes closed. I almost didn't want to disturb them. But I made sure I made enough movement noise that they heard me.

Both opened their eyes.

Cal's looked playful. Susan's looked like she was sad that the hug was interrupted.

I touched her arm. "Could I have a few seconds with my husband?" I gave her a bright wink.

"Sure, okay." She picked up her glass and Ramsey's and went out.

Cal was pouting. He was also hard. "I was having fun."

"Well, things got a lot more fun on my side. He was fingering me through my yoga pants."

His eyes went wide.

I poked him in the chest. "You need to bring her along. More neck kisses. And then try your hand at her shorts."

"I'm barely restraining myself as it is."

"Good, because this is a big day. Remember to offer challenge if you can. Maybe drop some dice and discover us under the table."

His eyebrows rose. "Hmm."

I grabbed my drink. "Come on."

He grabbed me and pulled me in for a kiss. "You're sexy."

"Enough time for that after they leave. Let's go."

"You little redheaded vixen."

I adjusted my glasses at him to show him who was boss.

He laughed and followed me out.

I set my drink down and began to settle on Ramsey's lap. I put my hand down behind me as if I was guiding myself. I made sure my hand went right onto his shorts. I squeezed his bulge and then sat. I wriggled my hips to make sure I felt that lump under my pussy.

I picked up the dice and cup and shook it vigorously. I didn't do more than jiggle against his bulge, and had hoped to bounce, but the motion wasn't bouncy. "Ooh, a straight." I noted my score.

Ramsey hadn't felt me up yet. He rolled his dice and then again, noting his score

down. His hand came down on my thigh.

I reached down and forcefully moved it to my pussy. I felt him chuckle silently behind me, but his fingers began rubbing.

I flicked an eyebrow at my husband.

Susan was done and writing. I leaned to block Ramsey's view.

Cal knocked two dice off the table and bent over. He came back up with the dice. "Are you feeling up my wife?"

Ramsey's hand jerked away.

I said, "He was being nice."

Cal said, "Well, okay. But I guess I'm going to feel Susan's leg over here. Fair is fair."

Susan's eyes were large.

Ramsey was clearing his throat. "Oh, yeah..."

I said, "Don't pick on her, dear. Ramsey was being very polite. A perfect gentleman." That ought to confuse everyone to silence. Susan would think nothing bad, Ramsey would think Cal hadn't seen everything, and everyone would relax.

Everyone did.

I got the cup.

Cal started nuzzling Susan's neck again. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened.

I dropped my hand down and moved Ramsey's hand back to my pussy. I turned and moved my lips to his ear. "Finger me while I play. I like it."

I felt his bulge harden a lot. I ground my hips down onto him and felt his fingers dig at my yoga pants.

I rolled my dice.

Susan gasped, eyes still closed. They flew open and she blinked. She gripped her drink and downed half of it. Her eyes flicked around but she didn't move to get up. She did shift on his lap, though, opening her legs wider.

Good girl. I winked at her.

Both of us were getting played with while everyone pretended it wasn't happening.

It was Susan that broke the spell. She looked down and suddenly jumped up, bumping the table and sending the empty glasses tottering. Her words were slurred. "Oh my gosh!" Her face turned red.

I asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing... nothing."

Cal made a face. "Guess I'll get us our last drinks?" His voice was also slurred and he looked dizzy. He got up and it was obvious why Susan had acted shocked. The thick head of his cock was sticking down out of his gym shorts and the material was stretched over his erect shaft.

Susan's eyes were locked on it as he collected glasses.

Ramsey said, "Uh, I think you're peeking out there, Cal."

"Huh?" He looked down. "Oh..." He pulled on his shorts to cover it.

I pouted. Ramsey's shorts were more solid and weren't affording any... peekage.

Ramsey said, "I'll skip this drink; I'll need to drive."

Unfortunately, that was the disappointing end to a very productive get-together.

CHAPTER 10

What had seemed like such an eventful Saturday had ended muted.

I worried.

Had Susan's reaction been just shock? Or had she been revolted? Only Monday would tell.

Neither had given cold hugs when they left, but neither were they hot and bothering.

What was going to be Ramsey's reaction when he talked to his wife about it all? Was Susan just worried about her husband's reaction? Did her naiveté trip her up when she had been so obviously enjoying my husband playing with her?

Cal confirmed to me he had slid his hand up her shorts and fingered her – not an insertion, but beneath her shorts and against her panties. That she hadn't reacted with shock and alarm was a good sign.

But had seeing the head of his cock really grossed her out? How did she think Cal was supposed to react?

Sunday turned into a day of guessing and second-guessing.

On Sunday night, Cal said, "Stop fretting. I'll talk to Ramsey tomorrow."

But, that was like almost a whole day. It made me fret more.

Monday was worse than Sunday, and I suddenly wished I had Susan's number. Surely we could text it all out.

But, texts could be so impersonal as they didn't convey tone, inflection, or facial expressions. I paced the whole day.

When Cal came through the front door, he looked beat.

My shoulders dropped. "What happened?"

"No news from IGT today. They're still having their tech department—"

"No, with Ramsey?"

He groaned. "Pour me a good strong drink and we'll talk."

I was going to scream. Or I felt like it anyway. A strong drink because of business or what his friend had to say? I wanted to beat my fists on the counter to relieve the tension.

I gave him four fingers of whiskey, watered down a touch.

Relax on that.

He had loosened his tie and was sitting on the couch looking exhausted. "I really tried, Tanya."

"What?"

"I was on the phone for five hours with their tech department. I swear they use foreigners who don't understand—"

"What about Ramsey?"

"He was on the phone with their senior lead trying—"

"No! What about Saturday?"

"Oh." He tossed back a gulp and widened his eyes. He looked at his drink in surprise. He swallowed, blinked, and said, "We didn't talk much about it."

I wanted to take his tie and strangle him with it. I gripped his shirt and yanked him back and forth. "What was said about Saturday?"

He looked at me as if I had just announced the birth in our family of a four-headed goat.

"Tell me!"

"All right, all right." He shook his head. "Everything's fine."

I exploded, "What?"

"He said his wife panicked when she saw me poking out. That's all."

I wanted to scream again. "What do you mean that's all?"

He shrugged as if it was obvious. "Everything is fine. She was shocked is all. How many times do I have to repeat this?"

"So she wasn't grossed out?"

He made a face as if he smelled something bad and couldn't figure it out. "No."

I collapsed against the back of the couch.

He said, "Ramsey said she liked it."

My head snapped up. "What?"

"Well, he was sort of embarrassed, but he said that she took it as a compliment."

I blinked. "She should."

"But she was surprised. That's all. She's never dealt with anyone other than her husband being excited over her."

I let out a ragged breath. "So are we still invited over Saturday for swimming if it doesn't rain?"

He gave me a confused look again. "Yeah. The forecast shows likely sun and Ramsey said he likes your swimsuit."

I collapsed again.

I need a drink.

Getting through the rest of the week was easy, if not happy and fun. There was much to see and test Saturday to confirm for myself that things weren't off track and plunging into the dark wilderness never to be recovered.

By Friday, I was wanting Susan's number again.

By Saturday morning, I felt as if everything was still spinning up in the air after being tossed.

Was it all lost? Or was it all accelerating towards the goal I had set?

I felt like I was in a car careening down a steep hill and the steering wheel wasn't working no matter which way I yanked it.

CHAPTER 11

I felt very subdued donning my silken pool robe. Was it a waste of time? Would everyone go back to being reserved friends who met for silly games on a Saturday? Bent-over neck-touch hugs?

I had been happy with that before. Hadn't a care in the world. I liked Ramsey and his annoying wife was just young – rough at the edges.

But then Cal had asked about kinky stuff all because I had bit the head of his dick.

Nothing new was added to our relationship.

I felt the truth of that, deep.

Nothing muscled in on the marriage I had with Cal.

No, nothing extra. What had come about was a revelation. Something already within us poked its head out, waved and said, "Hello." It was already an integral part of both of us, even if the appearance of it came as a surprise. He was surprised I had that kinky experience in the past. I was surprised he had harbored the kinky desire to share me.

The only irritating aspect of the revelation was that he had assumed I was a prude and would never do something like I had. Or would want to be shared.

I didn't want to be shared – not like a piece of meat, no. But shared as a gift with respect and dignity? Like I had taken Cory's cock and cum while married to idiot? Cory had been a friend and that was what mattered. I wasn't shared with a stranger, I was shared with someone we could trust.

Stranger? Yuck. Some women went for that. The more anonymous the better. Blindfolded gangbang? Yeah, sure, but definitely not for me.

So on Saturday morning I mulled the path of our travel with Ramsey and Susan. I wanted the path to end with Ramsey in me. I liked him. I trusted him. He

would be kind, considerate, and compassionate.

If everything was reverting to how it was before, the aggravation would be worse than an interrupted orgasm.

I was comfortable and excited sliding towards a full swap and I felt that Ramsey was, too – if it was developed right.

Susan? Too naïve to fully grasp the complexities and sublime satisfaction of a sensual swap. She would have to mature to appreciate it and she would eventually, if this all happened. She would grow and look back with fond memories. She would remember back and cherish that she had been adventurous.

Had Cal really thought I was not adventurous? But even more disturbing to me was that he might have been right. Had my assumptions about him boxed up my adventurous inclination and neatly stored it away so that it was never even considered part of the marriage?

It had, hadn't it? I had simply put it away and time had passed.

Cal asked me in the car, "What's on your mind?"

We were almost there.

I shrugged. "Just wondering how we hid things from each other."

He sounded offended. "I didn't hide anything from you."

"Of course you did. Your fantasy of sharing me?" I was staring out the window, seeing people, and wondering how many of them locked away kinky parts of themselves as time passed them by.

"I thought you weren't the kind—"

"So you hid it from me."

"I didn't hide it, I just didn't tell you."

I swiveled my head towards him. "That's called hiding it."

He scowled. "So you hid from me your kinkiness."

"I did not. You just never asked."

"Why didn't you just bring it up one day? Did you think I'd be mad or something? The roof would cave in? The world would end?"

"Of course not, but the same could be said of you."

And there it was. Afraid to talk with the person closest to you, fear of loss and failure, boundaries that prevented the full flowering of love. Assumptions about what the other expected had led to inhibitions and secrets – all of which could have been avoided by talking, asking, exploring each other.

But I had been afraid to open up to him and he had been afraid to open up to me.

How simple it could have been to explore each other before or right after we were married – to delve into those deepest parts of our desires and discover in our love who we were to each other.

No wonder so many marriages failed. The people were too afraid to reveal themselves and the dissatisfaction led to frustration. But it was their own fault. Best behavior by both to attract the other, and then both assume that's the only reason they married.

Silly.

I got out of the car when we arrived.

I didn't know what was ahead through their door. But next to me was the man I had married and who I loved without conditions.

Cal was on the smaller side of tall. Wavy brown hair topped over a bold nose and a wide smile. His blue eyes were gems of intelligence and insight.

But I would love him even if he went bald and lost all his hair.

He grimaced at me. "What are you looking at?"

I sighed. Men.

Ramsey answered the door with a perky and curious Susan peeking around his shoulder. He held out his arms and said, "Hey..." It was a friendly greeting that promised nothing – and everything.

We entered the house and he shut the door.

He took me into a hug that was close, gripping, and breathless. His nose smelled my red hair and his hands dropped down and pulled my butt into him.

It was like a hug from Cal.

He was shorter than Cal and a few years older. His blonde hair was receding but he had that handsome soldier look – sort of stocky and commanding. I only had to look up a little into his eyes.

As he started to relax the hug to let go, I felt all the potential and comfort being in his arms. I moved my head and kissed his lips. It was chaste, without tongue, but a tender kiss that conveyed my comfort.

He looked surprised, but did not jerk away. He released me with some hesitation.

I saw Susan looking at us. She looked as if she were trying to figure out what to do. She stood on her tiptoes and pulled my husband's neck down. She kissed him on the lips in a very good imitation of me.

I discovered my opening. I believe I was gauging everything right just from our entry. Relaxation filtered through me, and then a little thrill. I said to Ramsey, "I sure hope I can get you to peek out today. I'm envious of Susan's effect on my husband."

He laughed and Susan looked like I had just paid her the biggest compliment in the world.

Score.

The girl was beaming with pride and a touch of blush.

And with that opening, I set the stage for the rest of the day. Susan would know I'd be trying and so did Ramsey.

I had no doubts the girl would make an effort with my husband so that she could keep one up on me.

I gripped Ramsey's butt and squeezed.

CHAPTER 12

I sipped my drink, legs open on the lounge across from Ramsey. My robe was open and my bikini on display.

He said, "I seem to remember that being see-through."

I motioned to the pool where my husband and Susan swam around. "When wet."

"Oh..."

I gave him a sly smile. "Should I go for a swim?"

"I think I'd like that."

I shed my robe and took off my glasses.

He said, "You look so pretty without your glasses."

"I know, I look dumb with them, huh?"

"No, you're still pretty. Just prettier without."

"Are you flirting with me?"

His grin told me he was.

I said, "I'll come back and give you a hug for that."

His lips widened.

Susan didn't freeze up when I came in. She was in the corner talking to Cal about how often she swam and how the dirty neighbor watched her.

I looked up at the Plan C next door. It was a two-story and several huge windows looked out to the backyard. No privacy at all.

I swam around and enjoyed the water, though it wasn't so hot today as it had been a couple weeks ago.

I swam over to them. "Cal, don't ignore Susan."

He coughed in indignation. "I'm not, we're talking—"

"She likes you, okay? At least have the decency to give her a hug. Don't you like her? She's so cute."

He twisted a lopsided smile at me.

Susan beamed bright eyes at me.

My husband said, "Of course I like her." He moved to her and took her into his arms.

I think every tooth in her mouth was on gleeful and joyous display for me.

I said, "I think I owe Ramsey a hug. I'll see if I can't get him to poke out for me. I want to be like Susan."

The girl looked dizzy with euphoria. I was painting the compliments on so thick she looked like she was going to faint.

I nudged her and got very close. I gave her a serious, studious look. "Susan... your husband does like me, doesn't he?"

"Well, yeah, I think so..."

I whispered to her, even though Cal could hear. "I think you two should kiss more. It looked so adorable." I winked and swam away.

Maybe Susan wouldn't have the courage to initiate a more exploratory kiss, but Cal would and her silence meant she would accept it.

I got out of the pool and retrieved my glasses. Then I climbed on Ramsey's lap, facing him and feet on either side.

He said, "You could've left your glasses off."

"Oh? I didn't think you'd be looking at my eyes. But I'll take them off. I don't need them so close." I set them aside by his drink.

He was looking down at my bikini bottoms.

I said, "Is that better?"

"The wet bikini or the glasses?"

I laughed. "Both."

"Yes."

I put my arms around his neck and leaned in. The kiss was gentle and I felt his lips quiver.

His breathing became heavy.

I was sitting directly on his shorts and felt the hardening underneath me. I said, "So what's a girl have to do to get you excited?" I moved my hips in a gentle rocking motion.

He closed his eyes in wonder. "Ah... exactly what you're doing."

It got very hard.

I asked, "Do you need to adjust it?"

"Uh, yeah, that would be nice."

I lifted and let him arrange it down his leg. I looked at my husband and Susan in the pool. They were kissing, deep with tongue.

I said excitedly, "Look."

Ramsey watched for a moment, then gave a short chuckle. "I'm glad Cal's paying attention to her. Most people don't. It hurts me when they don't. She just wants to be a part of everything. When she is, she stops demanding attention."

I considered his diplomatic portrayal of her. But maybe he saw more to her than we did – saw beyond the attention whore behavior. Maybe Susan really did

become more enjoyable when she was fully included.

It seemed so right now. I think Ramsey is right. I considered how happy she looked right now being kissed by my husband. It was as if they were the married couple and on their honeymoon. She practically glowed.

I sat back down on Ramsey's lap. "I'm glad you don't mind Cal kissing her."

"I don't mind at all, as long as he's genuine."

"You work right next to him, what do you think?"

He looked me directly in the eyes. "I think it's possible he's being nice to her so you two can get... closer to us."

Smart man. I planted both palms on his chest. "I think you're very perceptive. But what you might not know is that we are both very happy with how she's responding. This is a new side of her to us and we really like it."

He considered me with those intelligent eyes. A small smile and nod was all I got.

I said, "I liked her before, but I've warmed considerably to her these last couple of weeks. I'd like to get her cell so we can text."

His eyebrows rose. "You're not just saying that to be nice?"

"Look me in the eyes and tell me what you see."

He blinked once and spoke without hesitation. "The truth." He blew out a breath. "I'm sorry. I get defensive with her. Even my family acts as if they're holding their noses around her. You both are really feeling better about her?"

I nodded, lips firm.

His lips spread suddenly. "I sort of felt like things were getting closer with her and you two. I'm really glad."

I moved my hips. "Cal doesn't get excited over just anyone."

He chuckled. "Susan has a nice, young body. Tight and screaming young teen."

"You dirty man."

He laughed.

I said, "So I'm too old?" I pressed my pussy down hard.

His mouth and eyes went slack and he groaned. His hands came up and gripped my hips, pulling down. I felt the pressure increase as he lifted with his hips. "N-no, you're definitely not too old. Just because I love her doesn't mean I only have eyes for teen bodies."

I rocked back and forth on his shorts. "I guess not. You're pretty hard."

He laughed fast, embarrassed.

"Don't be embarrassed. I like this. I like you."

"What about Cal?"

I put my face close to his. "You work with him every day. He's very happy you and I seem to be getting closer. Do you see any indication at work that contradicts that?"

His eyes were scanning over my face and mouth. "No."

I kissed him and moved my hips. Our tongues flicked out, touching. I kissed him deeper, pulling myself against him. Heat flared up my pussy as I rubbed over his hard lump.

I heard the sound of water falling. Susan and Cal were getting out of the pool.

We stopped kissing and I sat up on him. I smiled down at him. "Nice. I think I want more of that."

My husband said, "Well, did you coax it out of his shorts?"

Susan giggled.

I got up and looked. Just protruding from the leg of his shorts was the head. I raised my hands up to my shoulders in surprise. "There it is." I reached a finger down and touched it. I pulled the leg of his shorts up a little. "I did it."

My husband said, "I told you that you were pretty enough."

Ramsey laughed. "Uh, definitely."

I reached down and touched it again, running my fingers over the head. I said for his wife's benefit, "Such a nice shape, Susan."

She was giddy. "Isn't it?"

I stood as if realizing something. "Oops, I'm sorry. I got carried away. I guess I owe you some touches on my husband."

"Oh, that's okay... I already... I mean..."

Cal grinned. "She already touched it in the pool."

Susan laughed and turned a bright shade of red. "Um, yeah..."

I gave her a hopeful look. "Oh, good. Now I don't feel so bad. I... hope you liked it?"

She responded with a casually cheerful, "Oh sure. I liked it a lot. But it was underwater, so..."

"Ah, well, you're out of the water now; you'll have to feel him again." I made a point of reaching down and stroking a fingernail on Ramsey's exposed helmet while looking at her. "You guys are so much fun."

Cal said, "Going to use the bathroom."

Susan hugged his arm. "Sounds like a good idea."

I watched them go into the house and then knelt down by Ramsey. I gave him my sexy look and slid my hand up his shorts. I gripped his hard shaft and stroked it.

His eyes went from staring at my hand to opening and closing with gratification.

Fire flared in my pussy and I became wet. I stroked his cock and recalled that old feeling of excitement at stroking the cock of a man married to someone else. There was something so warm and fun about it that made it alluring and

addictive.

I could have sat there and stroked his shaft all day. He wasn't as big as Cal. Ramsey might have been six inches long - an inch or two shorter than my husband and definitely not as thick. Tingles at my nipples and warmth in my pussy drove my hand on, making full stroking slides on his shaft.

Ramsey didn't know what to say – I could see the uncertainty in his face. But I knew he was enjoying it, so I kept on.

I said, "Do you think they're touching each other in there?"

He gasped. "Uh, no, probably not. If Susan says she needs to use the bathroom, she does. She would've said something about keeping him company, I think, if she meant to do that."

I moved the leg of his shorts higher and angled his cock up.

He sighed raggedly.

I asked, "What if they're doing this?" I bent over and sucked the head of his cock into my mouth.

He came up off the lounge and pulled my head off. His eyes were wide and wild. He panted with desperation for a moment then relaxed. He let out a little chuckle. "I almost came."

I mocked a pout. "That would've been fun."

He rose. "Guess I'll pour the drinks before it gets embarrassing."

I giggled. Cal and Susan were already coming out. Ramsey's cock was sticking straight out – the leg of his shorts scrunched up over it.

My husband said, "Did my wife do that, or are you excited to see me?"

Susan clapped a hand to her mouth and broke into a fit of giggles.

Ramsey coughed in dismay. "Tanya did it." He twisted away to hide himself. "I was just going to get our next drinks."

I smiled and winked at Susan while making a hand stroking motion.

She said, "I'll take one, too." Her eyes were alight with delight.

I said to my husband, "I sure hope you aren't going to be mean. Let her sit on your lap."

His arm slipped around her little waist. "I'd like nothing better."

She bounced on the balls of her feet like she had won a TV show prize.

Maybe it really was easy to get beyond her attention whose personality. Just by giving her some, she was a different person.

Cal's package swung heavily in his shorts. He was engorged, but not hard. I wanted it to be in her little hand again sometime today.

I accepted a drink from a somewhat deflated Ramsey. I said, "Looks like I'll have to work you back up."

He chuckled nervously and glanced at Cal.

If my husband noticed it he made no indication, but he said just the right thing, "Tanya will have no problem curing your E.D."

He coughed. "I don't have erectile dysfunction."

Now he looked at him. "Ah, then you might just enjoy it." He settled on the lounge and motioned for Susan. She started to sit on his lap facing out, but he twisted her around so she straddled him.

Ramsey blinked and lifted an eyebrow. He picked up two more refilled glasses and gave one to his wife and one to Cal.

My husband said, "Thank you." It was almost as if he were thanking his friend for Susan sitting on his lap. He tipped his glass to Susan and they clinked.

Susan gulped at the drink eagerly.

Ramsey said, "Quick dip for me."

I took a fast drink. "I'll join you."

His expression was welcoming and he led me to the pool.

We swam for a few minutes with Ramsey looking back up onto the patio.

Susan was on my husband's lap, kissing him. She moved sometimes as if remembering or spurred enough by the heat of the kiss.

I didn't want Ramsey worrying or getting second thoughts. I decided to get intimate. I swam up behind him and wrapped myself against his back. I reached around and gripped his package.

I said low so only we could hear, "Doesn't she look beautiful on him?"

"Sh-she does."

I slid my hand down his shorts and gripped his pool-cooled flesh. I stroked it as it hardened. "Do you like her kissing him? I think it looks hot."

He gasped. "Yes, it does."

I stroked him now that he was fully erect. "Do you want to see her touch him?"

He groaned and turned to me.

I kept my hand working and accepted his kiss. When he stopped, I said, "I want to feel this out of the water."

He breathed raggedly. "How...?"

"I'll put on my robe and sit on your lap."

"Okay..." He turned to lead me out.

I stopped him. "Have you talked to Susan about all of this?"

"A little. We're fine with how things are going. But we didn't go into a lot of detail..."

So... Susan and he were okay, but no decisions were made. They weren't talking

much. Maybe because he thinks she wouldn't understand or because he is uncertain how far he wants to go. A discovery process all around for each of us.

I still felt good about where things were headed. Ramsey wanted more and Susan was happier than I'd ever seen her – but not necessarily for the sexy stuff, but because of the inclusion.

Inclusion and direction.

Ramsey got out of the pool and toweled off lightly.

I did the same and put on my robe, letting it hang open.

He said, "Going to use the bathroom, then I'll be out." He gave me a sparkly wink.

When he went inside, I took the few steps over to them and knelt down. I placed my hand high up on Susan's thigh.

She looked at me startled.

I said, "No, don't get up. I touched Ramsey out in the pool. I just wanted to compare." I reached between them and pulled back Cal's waistband. He was erect and pointing up. I gripped his cock and started pumping just inches from her pussy.

CHAPTER 13

I was watching Susan. I said, "I just wanted to compare the feel. It's fun." I let go and grabbed her hand. "Here, try it yourself."

She looked at me with a mixture of wonder and horror.

I gently held her hand over his shaft and slid it up and down.

Cal sighed.

I said, "Feel how hard he gets. Are you able to get your hand around it?"

"I don't know..."

I let go and squeezed her thigh. "Keep trying." I rose a little and squeezed her shoulders to me in a hug. I kissed her ear and said, "Don't worry about your husband; I'm going to keep him busy." I made a stroking motion.

She giggled and looked down at my husband's cock in her hand. She moved her fingers around and stroked it.

I said, "Easy, isn't it? And fun."

"Yeah," she breathed. She looked mesmerized.

I sat on the lounge next to Ramsey's – Susan's lounge – and drank down half my drink.

The girl was looking down, intent. Her arm was moving, but I could only see her back.

Cal winked at me.

Ramsey came out.

My husband pulled Susan to him and into a kiss. Probably to hide his dick in her

hand.

I got up and held out my hand in invitation.

He picked up his drink and settled down onto the lounge. Climbing over his lap, I put out my feet and slowly lowered myself down.

He gulped, blinked, and took a drink.

I rested on his thighs and looked over my shoulder.

Susan was humping on my husband, obviously turned on.

Turning back, I grabbed Ramsey's shorts and pulled them down.

His eyes got a little larger, but he didn't protest.

I pulled up his cock and squeezed it. It was filling rapidly. Looking into his eyes, I stroked slowly using my fingertips. I pulled up like I was working marionette strings. Light drags of the pads of my fingertips. He got rigid and began throbbing.

I allowed a smile to grace my lips.

He sighed quietly.

I scooted forward, now that he was hard. I pressed my bikini bottoms against his shaft, and felt his heat against my pussy. I shuddered and began moving, scooting up just enough to rub my pussy along his shaft.

Ramsey groaned, then realized he was making sound and went quiet.

I knew Susan was doing the exact same thing right now and it made me wet.

I moved on him for several minutes until we both became aware of Susan's panting. It was becoming harsher and more pronounced.

Ramsey leaned over a little to see.

I looked back.

We couldn't see anything except her little butt, cupped in my husband's hands, working back and forth in a feverish rush.

I didn't want Ramsey to stop anything, so I reached down between us.

His eyes latched onto my hand.

I pulled aside my bikini bottoms. I whispered, "The material is rubbing."

His head lifted slightly in acknowledgment. I think I could've sunk down on him right there, but I just eased forward again until my bare pussy was resting on the underside of his shaft between us.

He sighed raggedly and grabbed my hips. I felt him moving beneath me, pressing up rhythmically.

I smiled with triumph. He wanted to fuck me. He wanted to be in me. He wanted his cock in my pussy. He wanted to be driving his shaft into his friend's wife.

I rocked back and forth wetting his shaft with my juices. The sounds became obvious. Wet sounds could not be mistaken.

I looked back and saw my husband and Susan looking.

Just then, Ramsey stiffened under me. He gasped with panic. I felt his cock pulsing and looked down. He was shooting.

I knew I had to do something fast. I could pretend nothing had happened for my husband and Susan behind us and casually grab my towel on the other lounge, or I could...

I leapt off of him, as if shocked. "I'm so sorry. Oh, this is my fault!"

His eruption up his chest was exposed to Cal and Susan.

I grabbed my towel. "I'm sorry, I got carried away. Let me clean it off."

Ramsey started to turn and I gripped him so hard he stopped.

"Please, I'm sorry." I knelt down and made like I was going to use the towel. Instead, I leaned farther and began licking the cum off his chest. I licked down a

few inches and then used the towel on the clean part. "I'm so sorry."

I felt him stiffen and could feel the heat off his skin. I'm sure his face was reddening with embarrassment. An aftershock from his cock sent a stream onto my face. I let it stay there and made a show of cleaning him.

But neither Susan nor Cal was looking at him – they were watching me lick. I licked and wiped down his chest and felt Ramsey relax – just a little.

He said, "I can wipe it up..."

I mumbled, "Nonsense. I'm responsible." I gently gripped his rigid dick while cleaning. I cleaned lower and looked up at him. "I'm so sorry I embarrassed you."

"Well, er..."

I looked over at Susan and Cal. I said, "It wasn't his fault, really." I wiped with the towel.

Keeping eye contact with both of them, I put my mouth over his cock and sucked the cum off the head.

Ramsey sat up, pulling at me.

I let him pull my head off and wiped at his erection with the towel. I pulled the towel away and softly stroked his shaft. "There we go, all better."

Susan looked like she was feverish and faint.

My husband shook his finger at Ramsey. "Ramsey, buddy, always let a woman clean up completely. Don't interrupt."

Susan squawked, squeaked, and said, "Yeah..."

I inspected Ramsey's hard cock. "I missed a spot." I put my mouth down on his shaft again and went all the way down on him.

Susan sighed wistfully.

My husband said, "Clean him right, dear."

Ramsey groaned as I bobbed my head up and down his shaft.

CHAPTER 14

I sat on Ramsey's lap as I spun the wheel of the board game, The Game of Life.

His hand was around my waist, lightly playing with my bikini bottoms.

On the other side of the table, Susan sat on Cal's lap and stroked his erect cock between her thighs.

I wasn't sure if her interest was more on the game or my husband's erection. With Susan, how was one supposed to know?

I felt warm and cocooned in the intimacy of the situation. I had made Ramsey cum. I had licked him clean. Susan and my husband had watched.

I imagined myself a pioneer on the path to pleasure. I had trailblazed and they were following. I had made Ramsey finish. Cal was holding out against Susan's best efforts.

I wondered if he was trying to resist or if her efforts weren't evoking what he needed. Too hard a grip? Too soft? Strange hand that didn't feel right? I would have thought my husband would be shooting streams of cum into the air at the girl's touch, but he wasn't. Still, he was very erect.

I moved my piece as Ramsey's fingers gently pressed against my bikini. After I set the piece down, I nudged his hand away and moved my bikini aside. "There."

His finger moved back into place and separated my lips. It hooked in and invaded my hole, pushing in and causing all kinds of delicious diversions from the game.

My husband was getting jacked. I was getting fingered. Saturday was good.

Even better was that Susan kept my husband's erection up against her suit. Her hips moved, tilting and rotating against his shaft as she stroked him.

I think she was jealous I had made her husband cum.

It was Ramsey's turn, then Cal's.

I got up. "Need to use the bathroom. Don't you?" I directed my question at Susan.

She blinked at me, hand slowing on my husband's cock. "I... do? Oh... right." She got up.

We left the men and went into the hall. I put my arm around her shoulders. "You want a surefire way of making Cal cum? Pull your suit to the side. That's what I did with Ramsey."

"My suit?" She looked down.

I said, "Men can't resist."

"Hmm, okay..."

"Don't worry about your husband, I think he's embarrassed because I made him have an accident. If Cal has one, it'll be even and he'll feel better."

She laughed. "That sounds like Ramsey."

I squeezed her. "Before we go, I want to get your cell number so we can text."

The stunned look on her face was replaced with a surprised smile. "Okay."

"You didn't mind me sucking your husband clean, did you?" I figured after her being pleased about us sharing our numbers would be the right time to mention the partial blowjob.

She was immediately magnanimous, just like I suspected she would be. "Oh, no. Of course not. I'm not into that, but if you are... have fun."

"Thank you, he tasted so good I don't know how I'm going to resist tasting him again."

She shook her head as if not wanting to imagine such a thing. She laughed. "Go for it. This nasty stuff is fun."

When we returned to the table, Cal was stroking his cock.

Ramsey was saying, "I thought the sight of another man masturbating would make me uncomfortable, but you're right, it's no big deal."

I asked, "What's this?"

My husband said, "I was keeping it hard for Susan and we started talking about how awkward it is to be the only man doing it and that he should join in."

Ramsey shrugged. "I can. At least I know seeing it isn't as strange as I had thought. I've already shot, though..."

I said, "I'm sorry."

He colored a little. "It was embarrassing at first, but really fun..."

"Well, pull it out and let's play the game." I sat on his lap high enough so his cock was beneath me.

Susan sat the same on Cal's lap and he snuggled his shaft up against her suit. With a furtive glance at me and acknowledgment of my wink, she pulled her suit aside.

My husband's mouth spread with satisfaction.

We spun the wheel and made our moves, but I was more focused on Ramsey's cock. I stroked at the half hard shaft and tried to coax it back. He might have been more thrilled seeing Cal's erection sticking up and being rubbed by his wife's bare pussy.

She was neatly trimmed with very little hair. Her body was so pale compared to Cal's.

I moved Ramsey's dick to my pussy and rubbed it all around my lips. I was rewarded with some more firming. Susan's eyes became riveted on the movement and stared with open-mouthed fascination.

She breathed, "That looks so hot." As if remembering she had her own pussy, she blinked and looked down. She took Cal's cock in her fingers and began rubbing it against herself just like I was.

My husband groaned happily.

She was so caught up in using his helmet to rub her clit that she had to be reminded of her turn. With a trembling hand, she spun the wheel and played out her turn. Then she went back to leaning over and watching herself play.

I was getting hot watching my husband's helmet rub back and forth across her little clit. Heat flamed inside me, building in a tightly twisting tornado in my pussy. The empty ache was maddening. I ground harder against my clit with his cock.

My hand trembled, too, when I took my turn.

Ramsey was mostly hard, but not stiff. It felt good, nevertheless.

Susan was panting and rubbing faster. Her little pussy was pink and leaking juices.

I could hear squishy sounds.

I could sense her getting close. I desperately wanted to cheer her on – maybe because of my own proximity to pleasure – but didn't want to startle her and cause her to stop.

I watched her move the head of his cock around, so tantalizingly close to her little hole that I knew what I was going to do to make next week special.

When Susan came, she tried to hide it.

Everyone knew.

She trembled and gritted her teeth. Her free hand moved on the table and messed up her neat rows of play-money. Her thighs shook with tension and force as she shuddered through her orgasm.

My husband groaned and pumped his hips. His cock slid on her pussy as she pressed his shaft to her. Up and down his helmet slid, brushing her little hole that was opening and closing in ecstasy.

Ramsey sighed behind me and his cock flexed.

The heat increased within me and spread out with that imminent satisfaction. Fire burned up my body, spiraling out from my pussy and igniting my own orgasm. I moaned like a slut and pressed his somewhat hard cock right against my hole.

I felt his helmet right there at my entrance and no matter how hard I tried to stuff it in, he was just too soft. I whimpered with the aggravation of wanting him in my pussy and not being able to get it in.

Susan gasped and groaned seeing me try.

Cal did too, and his cum erupted. Streams shot up onto Susan's abdomen and she leaned back to watch it. Gushes landed on her suit, then dripped down to where she had pulled it aside. Cum ran into her public hair there and slid down to lube their connection. His cum coated his shaft and drenched her pussy. It was all over her clit and lips.

CHAPTER 15

Cal fucked me relentlessly the entire week.

While our sex was always good and satisfying, this week showed me a depth I had never seen.

Explosive, pulse-pounding sex.

By Wednesday, he was calling me Susan and blowing his load in me. I was calling him Ramsey and cumming on his cock.

If this was all it took for such amazing sex, I was going to do it every time.

At the same time, we couldn't stay away from each other afterwards. His touches and hugs reminded me that we were not just excited by fantasy, but more importantly, the closest of lovers.

This was a bond that was so much more enriched than I remember having with idiot-ex. Cory and Divine had been great, but there had always been something missing with my ex-husband. It wasn't missing with Cal. He fulfilled me so completely that I experienced a happiness I had never felt with my ex.

I texted Susan Tuesday.

Me: Hey girl. How are you?

Susan: Fine.

Susan: That was some game day Saturday.

Me: Did you like it?

I was so thankful for auto-suggestion.

Susan: Yes.

Me: Did Ramsey?

Susan: Yes

So talkative... Maybe she was just nervous.

Me: So I have this plan for Saturday.

Susan: Okay

Me: We both wear skirts no panties

She didn't respond right away and I waited. No need to go on unless she was onboard. Gameday was going to be at our house.

Susan: That sounds fun

Me: Good because I won't be wearing panties and I could use your support

Susan: Okay

Me: Wear your shortest skirt

Susan: LOL Okay

Plans were set.

Cal told me Ramsey seemed unusually happy and friendly.

Thursday he said, "He was worried I was mad that he squirted while you were on him."

I shook my head. Ramsey was very conscientious and considerate of other people's feelings.

He said, "I told him I liked it and asked if he was bothered you sucked him clean. He got real embarrassed, but admitted he thought it was wonderful."

"Apparently, Susan doesn't like to do that."

He laughed. "Poor guy."

"I'll see if I can squeeze in a little licking. But you might have to lick her in exchange."

He rolled his eyes. "Oh, poor me."

Friday Cal brought home news that I thought was going to be related to our developing relationship. Instead, he was giddy and jumping with excitement. "We got the IGT contract!"

"Huh?"

"We're going to be supplying integrated graphics chips for the next generation of video poker machines."

"Is that good?"

He laughed. "Good enough to finish the house and the pool?"

My goodness. "That... is good."

"Ramsey and I pranced around the office like Polka dancers."

"I bet. Are we still on for tomorrow?"

"He wouldn't miss it for the world."

And Saturday dawned warm and a little humid. We ran the air conditioning, first thing.

I prepared the screwdrivers early in two pitchers and set them in the freezer.

Cal kept sneaking up on me and sticking his hand up my skirt to grab my pussy. The third time I jumped, I spun on him and said, "If you don't quit that, I'm going to change into shorts."

His hurt puppy dog look made me laugh. He said, "But I'm excited..."

I pushed him up against the counter and grabbed his dick through his shorts. "I think this is the day." He hardened in my grip. "Are you ready for her little pussy?"

He took a shaky breath. "Are you ready for Ramsey?"

"More than ready. If I don't feel him in me, I'll scream." I massaged his shaft.
"Last chance to back out and return to normal."

He coughed. "No way. Not now."

I sized him up with my eyes. "Are you sure you want this? If I'm right, his cock will be in your wife today."

He gripped my hair. "Don't you understand? I want it in there."

"Okay..."

"What, is there something you're not telling me?"

"No. I think we've approached this the right way. But once we cross this line, there's no going back. We can't magically undo that he will have fucked me."

"Right. I know. That's what I've been wanting."

"You can't have regrets about it—"

"Maybe I haven't done this before, Tanya, but I want you to be with my friend. Desperately."

"All right... But you're going to have to make sure Susan is satisfied, too. If she isn't, this could all still break apart and not in a good way."

"I'm ready."

I patted his chest. "Yes, I think you are. I just want all this to go right. I want everyone happy and that means everyone has to be happy. We have to love each other, not doubt each other."

"Do you think Susan will play along?"

I shrugged. "We'll see."

"I thought you were texting her?"

"Only about clothing for today. Skirts with no panties."

His eyes glowed. "Yum. I want to watch you tease him."

"That's fine, but I don't want to be watched if and when we do it."

"Fair enough. I think I'll swap the loveseat and recliner positions."

I watched him arrange the living room so the loveseat was directly facing the sofa. "You're a naughty man."

He straightened and stretched his back. "Are you happy about that?"

"More than you can imagine. I guess I'm sort of glad I bit your dick."

He laughed. "I guess I'm sort of glad I pressed you on your kinky past."

I went to him and kissed his lips. "We're about to make memories. Make sure they're what you want. There's no dress rehearsal."

He pursed his lips, considered that for a moment, and nodded at the wisdom.

They knocked five minutes early.

Eager?

I opened the door in my tiny skirt and knotted up blouse.

Susan was in a miniskirt that looked tighter rather than easier to access. She shrugged at me and whispered as she passed, "It's my shortest skirt."

I squeezed her shoulder.

Ramsey took me up in a hug, his hands going to my butt up underneath my skirt. He moaned happily. "This is what I like to feel." His jogging shorts held a hard package pressed into my pussy. He smelled fantastic – soapy clean with a hint of aftershave.

Cal said, "Well, come in and let me close the door. Roger across the street is getting an eyeful."

I squawked and moved out of the doorway. I led Ramsey by the hand and pointed to the couch. "I'll bring the drinks."

My husband and Susan sat down on the loveseat. He was already hard in his shorts.

I handed out drinks and sat on Ramsey's lap, one arm around his neck and the other holding my drink in hand. I said, "Have either of you ever performed oral sex with an ice cold mouth?"

Susan looked embarrassed.

Ramsey muttered, "No."

I said to her, "Do you mind if I demonstrate it on your husband?"

Susan looked aghast, but thankful she wasn't being asked to do it. "Sure, go ahead."

I got off and knelt down next to Ramsey. I pulled at his jogging shorts.

He helped lower them to expose his semi-hard shaft.

I tugged a little more and frowned. "Maybe it would be easier if these were completely off." I needed them off; I didn't want to fight clothing all day.

He sounded uncertain. "Oh..."

Cal said, "Go ahead. I'll take mine off too so you're not uncomfortable."

Susan said, "Oh, goody."

I wanted to laugh at her exuberance. I took a long drink, holding the liquid and swallowing when my mouth began to hurt from the ice cold. I jerked Ramsey's dick with my other hand.

Cal said, "Do you want me to do that to you? It's pretty intense."

Susan squeaked, "Me? Lick me? What? No."

Her husband said, "Let him. If I know my friend, he won't hurt you."

"Oh... okay." Just like that - needing a little push, a nudge, some husbandly approval.

I think she was eager, just naïve and shy. Ramsey's cock was hard in my hand. I held my last swallow until I thought the roof of my mouth was a block of ice.

I wagged my eyebrows at him and took off my glasses. I devoured his cock.

His hips jerked and came up off the couch as I clamped onto his hot shaft. He called out in alarmed excitement. "Ahh..."

I moved my head like a whore. Up and down I slid my mouth on his shaft until I couldn't stand it and had to take a breath. I rested my head against his abdomen and licked the head as I looked across to the loveseat.

Susan was lying back watching us with those half-lidded eyes that told me she was turned on over seeing me suck her husband.

Cal was on the floor, his head tilted back in a drink. He was inside her parted legs and close to her pussy. He set the glass down and turned to her. His head moved closer and she arched up off the cushion.

"Oh my gosh!" Her eyes were bugged out.

My husband moved his head, licking her little pussy.

I sucked Ramsey back down and bobbed my head up and down. I pulled off, licked all around the helmet, and then kissed it. "Did you like that?"

He chuckled breathlessly. "Yeah, you can do that anytime."

I stroked his shaft a little. "Can I? I love the taste of your cock."

"Heh, yeah. My wife isn't very..."

I said, "I know, she told me. Is it okay if I'm the woman who sucks your cock?"

He laughed fast and madly. "What man could turn down an offer like that?"

Cal said, "Don't turn her down. You'll hurt her feelings."

"I won't."

Susan gasped, "That was awesome."

I stood and lifted my skirt, showing Ramsey my bald pussy. "Susan and I are going to tease you boys."

I heard her giggle behind me. I turned and settled down onto Ramsey's lap. I kept my skirt up and sat high so his cock was up between my thighs, nestled nicely against my pussy.

Susan did the same on the other side, her little skirt pushed all the way up her waist.

My husband was a trooper. As soon as she settled, he pulled her head around and began kissing her. His hand reached into her blouse and began playing. Her eyes went wide, but she didn't try to pull away and her shock only lasted a second.

I whispered to Ramsey, "My husband's cock is touching her pussy. Do you like that?"

He groaned and humped his hips. His shaft slid up and down between my pussy lips.

I tilted a little to get the full feel. My lips formed perfectly around the top part of his shaft. In the heat and humidity, our parts had a fine layer of dampness that was almost slick.

As cool as the room was from the air conditioning, our parts were putting out heat and moisture.

Ramsey pulled my head over and kissed me. His hand imitated my husband's and slid into my open blouse. He cupped my breasts and ran his thumbs over my tingling nipples.

The sensation of sitting with a cock against my pussy and getting kissed and felt up was a heady one. This was far different than the pleasure with my husband. This was charged and tense, while being exciting and pleasurable.

Ultimately, it was much better with my husband, but this was a lot of fun. Fun

that was free and didn't cost admission.

Susan gasped for air after my husband stopped kissing her. She looked over at us, mouth hanging open in dazed lust. Her hips moved like mine as we looked at each other.

I lifted a little and reached my hand underneath to grip his shaft. I rubbed it around my lips and hole. But the position was awkward and I tired fast. I settled down again, but still a little higher. With my hand down in front, I ribbed his helmet between my lips.

Susan got the idea and struggled to tease my husband the same way.

I offered her an example. I shifted over to the side slightly and put one foot up on the couch. It was angled wrong, but still higher, and I was able to rub his cock against my pussy freely.

She copied me for a moment, then put her other foot up, too. She sat against his lower abdomen, squatted over his cock and used her hand to direct his aim. She rubbed it all around her pussy like it was a toy.

I tilted a little and pushed Ramsey's cock up more. The head parted my lips. I moved it back and forth, teasing my opening.

My husband grunted, "I didn't think you were going to be that nasty teasing her, Ramsey."

He laughed beneath me. "She's doing it." He panted.

My husband said, "I guess I should play with Susan like that. It looks fun."

CHAPTER 16

I put the head at my hole and rested it there.

Cal had gripped Susan's hips and was holding her on his cock. He was aimed straight up against her hole but he was thick and she was tiny.

My husband reached under and began moving his cock around, twirling it up between her lips.

Ramsey did the same – we were all taking cues from each other. He grunted though. "Might be a little more fun with some lube. Sort of rubbing myself raw..."

I said, "I can fix that." I shifted over his cock and pressed down. The helmet pushed up against my hole and I wriggled a little. The head popped in and he gasped.

Cal chuckled. "Is that your idea of lube, buddy?"

Ramsey was breathless. "She did it—"

"Likely excuse." My husband reached both arms and pulled apart Susan's labia. His cock was up and straining, pressed tightly against her hole. He said, "I don't think I'm able to get lubed that way."

I felt Ramsey pump under me, losing control. His cock pushed up a little more.

I lifted off and slid down so his cock was outside and against my pussy again. He let out a long breath.

Susan was making faces and the helmet of his cock was bulging. She panted, "Uh, I think..."

Cal relaxed and gripped his cock. He moved it back and forth along her slit. She groaned and closed her eyes. Then he positioned it and pressed down on her hips again. His helmet ballooned and she made a grimace of discomfort.

I whispered to Ramsey, "I don't think my husband can get the head of his cock into her."

He groaned with lust.

"He's trying, though."

Ramsey groaned out loud. He humped under me and tried to angle for my pussy.

I said in a normal voice. "Oh, do you need more lube? Let me help you." I lifted as both Susan and Cal watched. I moved his cock around my opening. I eased down, propping the head in again. I made a show of closing my eyes and then pushed down a little, taking a half inch more of his cock than last time.

I think Ramsey was losing it. He pumped his hips, moving the head and the extra half inch in and out of me.

Cal lifted Susan off and moved to lay her back on the loveseat. "Spread your legs." He inserted a finger deep into her pussy and wriggled around. "You're nice and wet."

She giggled. "Yeah, I think so."

He used the finger to swirl around his helmet. "Let's see if that does the trick." He moved over her and pressed his cock down to her pussy. He pushed against her hole as she looked with worry down at the attempt.

I said, "Just relax, Susan."

She flicked her eyes to me for a second. "I don't think he can get it in."

Ramsey moaned and thrust harder. More of his shaft slid up inside and it felt fantastic.

I moaned loudly for everyone's benefit, but I really did feel it. Susan and Cal looked over as I took the upper third of Ramsey's cock into my pussy. I panted, "Are you getting it good and lubed? Do you want to lube the whole shaft? It might be better."

Cal groaned and pushed at Susan's pussy. His cock looked too big.

Ramsey said raggedly beneath me, "The whole shaft? Yeah. But maybe let me be on top."

"Okay." I pulled off and removed my skirt. I also took off my blouse.

He was stroking himself hungrily, devouring me with his eyes.

Cal was still trying to stuff the head of his erection into Susan.

She was whispering, "Please, go in."

I laid on the couch and opened for Ramsey. He climbed over me with fever and fire in his eyes. He gripped his cock and touched it to my pussy.

I wanted to melt and surrender, right there. Just take it all.

But if he had been desperate while sitting underneath me, he took more control of himself now. The head of his cock entered me.

I closed my eyes, willing to accept everything.

He pushed a little in and then pulled out.

I opened my eyes.

He was looking down at me – all of me – and jacking his erection. "Beautiful."

Here I was all spread out and open and he's masturbating?

Susan and my husband kept glancing over, but he was still trying to force his cock into her little body. I hoped he would be able to get it in.

I said to Ramsey in a normal voice so everyone could hear, "I think you need more lubrication and I'm super wet. Stick your cock back into me."

Susan moaned low and with a mournful longing.

My husband was panting and pushing. "I think... it went in... a little."

Ramsey lowered himself onto me again and pushed. His hot erection parted my pussy and slid in, filling the ache with his manhood. He went a little deeper, but

seemed hesitant.

I said loud again, "Oh yes, stick it in. That feels good. Do you want to slide it in and out a little to get it better lubed?"

He closed his eyes and groaned. He pushed and slid his cock all the way in.

I soared inside myself with triumph and wrapped my arms around his shoulders. The emptiness was banished and my ache no longer a gnawing need deep inside my pussy.

I let out a breathy sigh of supreme satisfaction.

But if I was expecting him to thrust and pump, he didn't. He was still, buried to the hilt, and just staring down at me in wonder.

I giggled. "What?"

"You feel so good."

"Well, thank you."

The exchange was a normal volume of conversation.

He looked over at Susan and Cal. They were both glancing over, more at us than between themselves.

Ramsey froze and tried to laugh. "Just getting it lubed again."

But with our hips mashed together, there was nothing for them to see.

I imagine they guessed he could've been inside me since he was laying on me with my legs spread.

Cal pulled back and tried wetting his fingers again. "I think I feel a little slippage, but..." He lubed up her lips and the head of his cock.

Susan welcomed the approach of his erection. She reached for him, whispering, "Please go in."

Ramsey whispered, "Uh, this is a pretty delicate situation we're in." His cock

flexed inside me.

I said normally, "No it isn't. You're just getting it lubed." I turned my head. "Cal, honey, it's okay if Ramsey lubes using my pussy, isn't it?"

My husband chuckled with exasperation. "Yeah, that's what I'm trying to do over here."

"Is it okay if he lubes his whole cock in my pussy?"

"Well, that's one way to be efficient."

Ramsey sighed quietly and his cock flexed again.

"So a few good pumps in and out are a good idea?"

Cal moaned. "Yeah, I'd say so."

I winked at Ramsey.

He glanced over furtively, still shy, and made one hard pull back and thrust. His hips smashed into mine, driving his cock as deep as he could get it.

I moaned with real satisfaction, even if I overplayed the volume a bit. The slide of his thickness in me was alive with anticipation and acceptance.

Both looked over at us again and I think Susan looked the more desperate.

Ramsey went still, not wanting to move.

My husband said, "Are you letting him lube himself?"

"Yes."

"All the way?"

"Yes, it feels good."

He grinned at me. "Because it's the right thing to do. You're the hostess. Anytime Ramsey needs that kind of help, you should be offering to help."

Susan almost wailed, "I'm not going to be a very good hostess at our pool parties."

Ramsey groaned on me.

I whispered, "Do you like having your cock in me?"

He nodded, eyes closed. "It's like nothing I've ever felt before. Like the softest sponge in the world."

"We're going to need Cal and your wife in on this, or you might never feel it again. Bad feelings and all."

He opened his eyes, concerned. His hips pumped twice, driving his shaft in and out of me. "I don't ever want to give this up."

"Then you'll accept Cal doing the same to Susan?"

His look turned fierce. "Yes, I've wanted it. But I don't think Susan—"

"Oh, she will." I raised my voice. "Cal."

"What?"

"Stop playing and take her to the bedroom. The oil is in there and you can use it to get in her."

Susan sounded hopeful. "Oil?" Her head was up, eyes questioning.

Cal said, "Avocado oil. Nice and slick. Let's go try."

She bounced up. "Yay."

Ramsey looked stunned. He watched his wife jog happily behind Cal as his friend pulled her to the bedroom.

I guess he hadn't believed it was something she would do.

But my husband was going to take Ramsey's wife to the bedroom and force his cock into her little pussy.

CHAPTER 17

I moved my hips under Ramsey and was rewarded with him realizing we were alone. He probed tentatively, his dazed look turning to intense desire.

He thrust into me, moving with confidence. The feel of his thickness moving inside was seductively satisfying and I found myself totally relaxing to the interior massage.

The tension left my limbs and tightened in my pussy – building warmth there and a luxurious feeling of sexual gratification. My pussy lips felt the sliding passage and I beamed up at him with joy.

I gasped lightly when he pushed far enough to rub our pubic bones together – the rub against my clit was fun and welcome. I tilted down when he was at full penetration to get that extra rub.

He panted above me but not with effort. He was excited and his breathing fast because of it. "This is a dream come true."

You know exactly what to say, don't you? I smiled with all the satisfaction I felt. I was on my own couch being fucked by my husband's friend and I eagerly accepted every thrust into my pussy.

Being married mattered to neither of us, except that it did in a fundamental balance that was beautiful. It was the perfect sharing – a moment of trade made with respect and grace.

From the bedroom came a loud moan of alarm from Susan.

Ramsey paused, listening.

Susan repeated it, higher. And then higher again.

I said, "He's finally getting it inside her."

Ramsey gasped, his cock flexing in my pussy. "He won't hurt her, will he? His

cock is bigger than mine."

"It's not that much bigger. She just needs to get used to it."

Susan's cries of alarm kept rising, always on the warning edge of panic or pain. Then she stopped those noises, but we both heard her panting as if just having run a block uphill.

I said, "He's in her. She's adjusting."

"Do you mind if I go see?"

I didn't want his cock to leave, but I understood. "Go ahead." I didn't need to see what I could obviously hear.

He pulled out, his cock bobbing in the air, and slick with juices. He took quick steps quietly to the hall.

He was gone for about a minute.

During that time, Susan began making explosive pants. After a dozen of those, I heard the distinct sound of hips slapping together.

I got up to see why Ramsey was gone for so long. He was at the doorway, watching my husband's butt rise and fall between Susan's legs. He was jacking while he watched.

I hung on his shoulder and offered my hand. I took over stroking while Ramsey watched with large eyes.

Susan began moaning again, louder and louder, until she was almost wailing with passion.

Cal was ramming his cock into her little pussy, driving it deeper than Ramsey had ever been.

I didn't want to watch, so I tugged on his arm.

He followed behind me and I pulled him back to the couch.

I leaned to his ear and said, "Fuck me. Like you mean it."

He climbed over me on the couch amidst the cries of his wife under my husband and pushed his cock back into me.

Once again, the balance was restored and I luxuriated in the feel of his erection sliding through my pussy lips.

I held on and said, "Are you okay after seeing it?"

"Huh?" He had a dazed look on his face. "Oh... Yeah." He listened for a couple seconds to the loud pants, moans and hip slaps from the bedroom. "He's really giving it to her in there..."

"Sounds like it." I thrust my hips up at him.

A look of worry crossed his face. "Is she still going to love me?"

I laughed. "More than you know."

"But what if she likes him better?"

"Don't let doubt ruin what you're experiencing. To her, he's just an extra bonus to what she already has with you."

"But she sounds like nothing I've ever—"

"It's just new to her. After a few months, you won't hear a peep from them."

"Months?"

I looked up at him with raised eyebrows. "You wouldn't want to keep fucking me?"

"Well yeah..."

"Don't be selfish. My husband is involved and so is your wife. Deny either of them and all this ends because it falls apart."

"So... you want to... keep fucking?"

"Definitely."

He pumped harder and faster, getting excited. "I never dreamed something like this could happen."

"We're friends – and close enough that it worked."

"But, we're married—"

"And it's perfect that way. While you fuck me, my husband is with your wife. It's faultless. Blameless. Don't question the perfection of what we accomplished, just enjoy it."

He laughed a little, despite the cries of intense pleasure and sounds of forceful fucking coming from the bedroom. "So... we get to do this..."

"Every Saturday. More if we all agree to it. Will you like fucking me?"

His eyes flashed with realization and he thrust deeper. His hand came down and stroked my hair. "Oh, Tanya, you can't imagine how long I've wondered what you'd be like."

"Did you jack off thinking about me and not tell your wife?"

"Yes."

I giggled. "Don't worry, I think that's a secret we can keep between us."

He leaned onto me and kissed me, moving his tongue with the exploration of two new people. I was married to Cal with all the love in my heart, but right now, and on future Saturdays, I was going to share myself with Ramsey.

Susan called out in orgasm, her voice shaking as she came on my husband's dick.

It spurred Ramsey into a frenzy, and he rammed me with quick hip thrusts – his erection never coming out more than a couple inches. It was deep and hot.

I squeezed at my boobs and panted faster with the increase in tension in my hips and behind my clit. It was building.

That's when Cal growled loudly from the bedroom and began a series of heaving, slapping grunts. He was shooting his load deep into Susan's pussy.

Ramsey's eyes widened and he pressed hard. His hot cum exploded into me with rapid bursts of hyper-excited squirts.

No, I was close.

I had said nothing, but I think he knew. He pulled out very fast and went down on me. His tongue hit and tortured my sensitive clit and drove the torrent of heat higher.

I pinched my aching nipples and moaned with urgency. It was coming. His tongue lashed me, sending shivers racing up my spine.

And then, the glorious bursting of heat in my pussy, spreading outward with waves that threw me and tossed me over. I fell through my passion, bouncing with relief as my body tensed and relaxed.

He moved up my body as I rolled through several waves of intense pleasure. His mouth pressed down on mine and our tongues moved and mingled our juices together on our tongues.

I felt elevated – soaring high with bliss - as I realized I had made the right choice.

EPILOGUE

I cuddled my husband in bed Saturday night. "Was it everything you wanted? This whole experiment?"

He grunted, a grin on his grizzled face. "Yes."

"How was she?"

"Young, tighter than a vise, and louder than an antique vacuum."

"Are you going to throw me over for her? Dump me in the ditch and—"

He snorted. "No."

I was pleased, but I didn't want him disappointed; I loved him. "But was she enjoyable?"

He tilted his head. "Sure, it felt like I had a wild woman on my dick. Or some high school cheerleader – all mouthy and shouting."

"And I'm still your number one?"

He fixed his gaze on me and stared. "I... was going to say the same as always..."

I lifted an eyebrow, knowing what was coming. I couldn't hide my smile.

He frowned. "But that wouldn't be true. It's almost as if we're so much more now. Stronger, deeper, closer..."

I petted his chest.

He said, "But at some point, I'm going to want to see—"

"Ugh. I'll think about it. Don't push me." I gripped his cock and massaged it.

"Was he good for being smaller than me?"

"To a certain point, size matters. Someone can be too small, or even too big. He was just fine. But I miss yours."

He twisted and sat up, getting ready to climb over me. "So this went well then? Compared to Cody and Divine?"

"Cory and Divine. Yes, it went very well."

He moved between my legs. "You're not mad at me because I couldn't shut her up? I fucked her as hard as I could. She just got louder."

I laughed. "You enjoyed it."

He grinned. "She was fun."

"Come on..." I pulled on him. "Show me what a real husband does."

He entered me, driving the erect spike of his love deep into my soul.

Once again, I was complete.

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