

# BEACH SWING



By Laran Mithras

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**“A lot of women lead secret lives with hidden agendas...But when the truth comes out, it comes out swinging.”**









## CHAPTER 1

Thomas didn't know his next words would result in seeing his wife make love to her friend's husband. In seeing her pussy plowed by a large and muscular man. "Why don't we invite Julia and Mark? That would make the rental affordable."

It was always Julia and Mark, not Mark and Julia.

Diane gazed over his shoulder at the rental form they had received in the mail. "A thousand dollars for the week. Wow."

"We have enough time to pick the week. Give them a call. See if they can vacation with us."

His wife Diane had met Julia talking over laundry in the apartment laundromat before either were married. They had moved into homes, both of them, but were still close friends.

"That sounds like fun," Diane said. She was always the life of the party, telling jokes, laughing and making sure she made memorable impressions. She was tall at five foot eight, the same height as he was.

She snatched her cell from her purse and dropped down onto the couch.

Tom settled back and watched her. He spent so much time on his feet that he stayed off them when he could. A lazy week laying on the beach sounded prime.

Diane was slightly wide in the hips, but normal everywhere else. She had thought her boobs were her best asset, but he had married her for her personality. It had been a long time convincing her. He listened to the one-sided conversation.

"Hi, Julia."

"Fine. You?"

“Oh? That's awful.”

“Hopefully they can get to it today.”

“Yep.”

“Hey, Tom and I wanted to know if you would like to rent a vacation beach house in June. Split the cost.”

“Yeah, that's what I said.”

“Uh huh.”

Tom glanced at the sheet. A thousand was affordable but it would be twice as affordable if their friends went along. Mark was a franchise owner of a gym and Julia was a stay-at-home housewife.

“Sure. No problem.”

“Okay, bye.” She always had a smile on her face when signing off. People couldn't see it, but they could hear it.

He motioned with his chin. “How'd that go?”

“She needs to check with Mark, but she said it sounded like fun. Her washing machine sprung a leak so she was in the middle of a mess.”

“Ew.”

~ ~ ~

Tom adjusted his glasses and checked over the packing slips making sure each had the handler's signature and check marks. RMC Corp made nuts and bolts: one of the last factories in America that did so. He was the packaging and distribution manager. Being out on the floor, he wasn't required to conform to the executive policy of short hair. He wore his brown hair long and brushed back, tied into a ponytail.

Diane's hair was even longer than his, straight blonde and even in a ponytail hung down to her waist.

They went through more shampoo than others.

The vibration at his hip was his wife. “Hey.” She was calling from the office; she also worked at RMC handling customer invoices.

“Julia called, they're a go. But Mark said the third week would be better.”

“Nuts.”

“Yeah.”

The second week was better for them. Diane's position could only be filled the second week. The third week the gal covering for her was going

on her own vacation.

“See if they can move it to the second week--”

“I told her. She's checking with Mark.”

He scribbled his signature on a packing slip. “Why the third week, anyway?”

“Something about his assistant being out of town for his mother's surgery the first week. Not sure what day he would be back for the second week.”

“Hmm. Well, maybe it will work out.”

“It will.”

He heard her smile and said, “Okay then, see you in a few.”

She made a kissing sound and clicked off.

Mark's cock would change both their lives.



## CHAPTER 2

Diane flipped the steak over. They ate steak once a week, on Fridays. She sprinkled salt and pepper on it and hummed to herself.

Her husband came into the kitchen, hair still wet. He bathed twice a day. The air at the factory seemed filled with grease out on the floor. He pulled two flavored vodkas from the refrigerator.

Her phone chimed. Humming with delight, not even knowing who it was, she snatched the phone from her pocket. "Julia, hi." She was always happy to talk to people. Whether sharing coffee, vodka coolers, or cooking steaks.

"Hey there. Mark said fine to the second week." Julia's voice sounded pleased.

She squealed and jumped up and down.

"He said we might be a few hours late, though. Ben will be back that day, but not for opening."

"Oh, no matter. That's wonderful."

"It will be nice to get out of the house." Julia just stayed at home.

"Let me put Tom on. I have steaks going."

"Oh? Sure, okay."

She handed her cell to him. "Tell her the check details and the phone number."

He shrugged. "Hi Julia."

She listened to the one-sided conversation as she flipped the other steak. The first one was done. She bent down and looked at the burner. The grill wasn't in the right spot.

"No, no, look, I'll pay the whole thing and you can give me your half. Let's not confuse the guy--"

"Right."

"Doesn't matter."

"Oh. Well, that works, too."

"Uh huh."

"Sure. You want to talk to Diane?"

"Okay, see you then." He clicked off.

She took her phone back. "What was that about?"

"She going to run their check over here."

“Tonight? She didn't--”

“Yeah, but she wanted to get out of the house.”

Diane nodded. That was Julia. Cooped up, lonely, waiting for Mark to come home. They were happy, but her days were dreary. Diane had suggested hobbies. Julia loved to sew, but their house was filled with her hobby. There was only so much sewing one could do in a day before growing weary.

She served the one steak. She felt him wrap her in a hug from behind. She smiled, though he couldn't see it with his nose nuzzled against the back of her neck. He was a good man, solid, slow to anger, and a wonderful lover. He was quiet, though, and she had at first thought he was a snob.

They were married a year after they met at RMC when she had taken that job. She had thought him handsome with his shoulder length hair, though his glasses gave him a more thoughtful look than one of something you would see on a romance book cover.

“Vodkas are popped,” he said.

“Gimme. This other steak isn't ready.” She took the proffered bottle. Taking a swig, she bounced the spatula on the meat. It felt right. “Okay, let's eat.”

~ ~ ~

Tom stretched his feet out after dinner. He rarely sat at work. He was very much looking forward to the second week in June. It was still a month away. He finished off his cooler and hummed with pleasure. RMC was a stressful atmosphere. The personnel manager, Brad, often used the threat of replacement whenever he could. The dick probably thought he was pushing the employees to better results.

The old man at the top didn't care. He was too old to handle personnel and his hiring of Brad seemed to function as he wanted.

Diane finished her cooler and placed it on the dinner table next to his. “I'll take another.” She always got happy when she had the coolers. Later, she would want sex.

That was fine by him. Sex was a great way to relax.

Julia's knock was light. It always was.

Tom was coming back from the kitchen, bottles in hand. He set them down and answered the door. Diane was still in the kitchen.

He gave her a smile. "Hey Julia." He waved her in.

Julia was a short little thing, all thin and bony.

*She needs a little meat on her,* he thought.

"I have your check here." She looked up at him from under black curls. Her bottle-bottom glasses made her eyes look large. But she had a very cute face and a very nice smile.

"Come in and stay a while." He snatched the check from her fingers and shoed her in.

"Okay."

"Hi!" Diane's smile was large, sloppy and happy. She held out her arms and the two women hugged.

Tom handed Diane her cooler after they separated.

"Come sit. You want a cooler?" She herded Julia into the living room.

"Cooler? I don't know. I only drink wine."

"Tom, get her a cooler."

He retrieved one and handed it to Julia.

"Oh well..." she said.

"Try it," Diane said. "You'll like it."

Julia often followed suggestions, going along to get along. Not unhappily, just timid. She took a sip and her eyebrows did a climb. She swallowed and blew out a breath. "Wow, that's crisp."

Diane giggled. "We're bringing a supply."

Tom said, "They make a great relaxer. Eases tension. Good for the heart."

"I imagine," said Julia. She took another swig.

He pulled the flier over from the lamp stand. "They have a few pictures here. Looks nice."

She got up and sat on the arm of his chair, looking over his shoulder.

"You didn't have to get up."

She shrugged and gave him an embarrassed smile. Then she leaned further over.

*I better give them to her before she falls.* He handed her the flier.

Her mouth opened. "Oh, wow. Look at that view."

"Nice, isn't it?" Diane said.

"And a private beach. I hope I can make it down that trail."

"You'll be fine," he said.

"We'll have to work on our tans," Diane said to Julia.

“Tan? Me?”

“Sure, why not.”

“Well, I guess so.”

“We can lay out a little each day and then sit under the umbrellas the rest, sipping some coolers.”

“That does sound nice.”

“Watching the seagulls.”

Julia giggled.

Diane's eyes grew big. “What was that? Did I hear a giggle come from Julia Weller’s mouth?”

The woman giggled again. “This drink is pretty good.”

Tom laughed. “We promise to keep you giggling.”

She handed him the empty bottle. “Well, I'd have another if I didn't have to drive home.”

Tom would have offered her to stay, but he knew she wouldn't. She always wanted to greet Mark at the door when he came home.

“Can I take this?” she said.

“Sure. I have everything I need from it.”

They stood.

“This sure looks beautiful,” she said.

Diane stood beside her and bumped her hip. “A whole seven days of sun, air, and vodka coolers.”

“I can't wait. Although I don't think Mark will drink the coolers. He doesn't even like wine all that much.”

“Fitness people are like that,” he said.

Julia gave him a look that said he was right.

A month later, she would be sitting in his lap giving him the same look.



## CHAPTER 3 – Day 1

“There it is,” Tom said.

The mountains wound down to the ocean. Most of the oceanfront property was cliff. Very few had beaches. The Pacific Northwest towered with pines and showered with sun. The rocky cliff face kept the homes there high above the water, thirty feet or more.

He pulled into the gravel drive on a home that looked nicer than their tract home. The roof was low, made of shake shingles and much of the shaded wood was green with a thin layer of moss.

They heard the ocean when they got out.

“Wow,” Diane said. She breathed in and did a little twirl.

He handed her the key. “Open up while I unload.” The back of their four wheel drive was crammed full, though it wasn't really much. A suitcase each, stuffed, and a couple of boxes of essentials – laundry detergent and toiletries. Two more boxes of food, an ice chest, three cases of coolers and three very large umbrellas on short poles.

The manager of the rental had said there would be folding beach chairs in the garage.

~ ~ ~ - Day 1

Diane whirled through the beach house. It smelled of wood and ocean. There were few decorations and little clutter. Couch, chairs, floor lamp, an old TV, a simple radio that looked like a miniature jukebox sat on a stand. The kitchen table was a solid mahogany thing that was varnished like driftwood. Six chairs sat around it. The kitchen was small, more like an apartment kitchen – but it had everything. A box of baking soda and a jar of pickles sat in the otherwise empty refrigerator. The freezer had a bin full of cubes in the ice-maker.

There was a lounge that had a pool table in it. The walls were hung with pictures and posters from the forties and fifties.

The two bedrooms had a simple double bed and dresser each. A nightstand with a lamp was the only light. Two folding suitcase stands were in each room. The bedrooms shared a bathroom between them.

She heard Tom thumping around.

“Unloaded,” he said. He set down their suitcases for her. She would set and open them.

She followed him out and helped him move the boxes inside. By the time they were done, despite the cool ocean breeze, he was sweating and she felt hot.

He puffed out a breath. “Why don't we go see what the water's like?”

She gave him a bright smile and clapped her hands.

They changed. Hand in hand, they walked out back onto the deck and then down the short stairs to the trail. The path was cut into the mountain and went down a little ways and then crossed back. It was packed with sand and zig-zagged down the cliff. Very easy hike. The beach was about forty feet down the mountainside. Four switchbacks later, they were plodding in the sand towards the blue water.

“This is amazing,” she said. She gave him a hug and then slapped his butt. Giggling, she ran to the water.

~ ~ ~ - Day 1

Tom wagged a finger at her for the slap. He draped the towel over a driftwood tree. He looked up the cliffs as she ran ahead of him. Volcanic rock made an impassable wall of rock that bordered the left side of the beach. The right side might have been passable at low tide, but who would try that?

The beach itself extended a good hundred feet in from what looked to be normal high tide. Behind him, up the trail, the house was hidden. Much of the path was hidden with rock and vegetation. Someone had gone through a great deal of effort to cut that path and lay it with sand.

He trotted towards the surf.

Diane squealed.

“Cold?” He had to raise his voice.

“Yes, but not too.”

He waded in, gasping. “Ah, a bit of a shock, but nice.”

She splashed him. His glasses went blurry.

“Guess I should have taken these off.”

“Yeah, you don't want to have them carried away and some Chinaman pick them up across the world.”

He gripped her and hugged her, planting a kiss on her bratty lips.

“What was that for?” she said.

“Shut up before I spank you.”

“Promise? I'll keep talking.”

He kissed her again.

“Want to get in a little stuff before they arrive?”

By stuff she meant sex. “I don't see why not.”

~ ~ ~ - Day 1

Diane knew she was loud, which was why she had suggested sex before their friends arrived. She just couldn't understand how people had quiet sex.

“Unh, yes. Unh, yes.” She followed with several pants, and then the pleasure brought it out of her again. “Unh, yes. Unh, yes.”

Tom gave her his smooth cock nice and hard. She had seen bigger men, but his six inches was very satisfying. It was straight. She hated crooked dicks.

She flailed on the bed, her legs tensing and relaxing. She was getting close. She started moaning, gasping for a few breaths, and then moaning again.

*Here it comes.* Pouncing on her was the explosion that flipped her over the edge, convulsing her body in waves of pleasurable pain and relief. She grunted out an “Unh” with each pulse of orgasm.

Tom sped up, seeing she was finished and began slamming down onto her pulsing clit. Each thrust produced more jolts of pleasure and then he was flooding her, gasping and straining with release.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and relished the feel of his weakness after spending his man-seed in her. It was a feeling of intimacy and power.

“Let's test out the shower,” he said. “Then I'll need to get the barbecue going.”

She hummed contentedly.

~ ~ ~ - Night 1

Tom turned the pork chops.

“That might be them,” Diane said.

Lights illuminated the trees. A vehicle was coming.

He pinched her butt.

“Hey.”

The lights grew and then slowed. A truck began pulling into the drive.

“That's their truck.” She waved in glare of the headlights.

They switched off and Mark pulled his pickup in a little closer. He got out and so did Julia. “I wasn't sure if this was the right place. Hard to see the street number.”

“You got it,” he said. “And in time for dinner. We were going to keep yours heated in the oven.”

Diane and Julia hugged.

“Welp, I'll get this gear inside.” Mark lowered the tailgate.

“Diane,” he said, “finish this here while I give him a hand, would you?”

“Sure thing.” She bounced over, Julia in tow.

“Maybe a minute. No more.” He pointed to the plate.

“He still does most of the cooking?” Julia said to Diane.

“I do,” he said. He gave his wife the spatula.

Diane smirked. “He thinks I will burn ice given the chance.”

“She will.”

Julia looked back and forth. “Um...”

Tom left them to talk. He went to the back of the truck. “Hey there, Mark.” He held out his hand.

Mark was always vibrant, full of energy and very forceful in what he did. His eyes shined with intensity and he stuck his hand into Tom's. “Hey, pal.”

They had met a few times. They had also gone to his grand opening when he started his gym. He was good at it, too. He made more than enough to support having Julia at home rather than working the department store athletics section. She was happy to quit, not thinking she was a good fit for the sports customers.

Tom manhandled some heavy boxes.

“You okay with that?” Mark said.

Tom said, “Yeah. No problem.” He knew Mark wasn't being rude, just considerate of back injuries in people not as muscular as he was. Mark wasn't built like a bodybuilder at all, but he looked like he demonstrated his machines enough to have built a rippling ab-style look. He wore lots of tight t-shirts that showed his muscles. He was wearing a black one rolled at the sleeves.

They had brought more food as they had all agreed.

“That's a lot of food.” Tom said.

“Mostly veggies.” Mark was a health food nut.

“How do you eat like a rabbit and keep all that muscle?”

Mark laughed. “Meat and veggies is good enough.”

“Not a big carb fan?” Most bodybuilders were, but Mark was not a bodybuilder.

“Good God, no. Not for me.”

They placed their boxes in the kitchen.

Diane came in behind them, carrying the plate of pork chops. “It's ready. Drop your boxers and let's eat.”

She drew laughter from all of them.

Tom slapped his wife on the butt. She had already had three coolers and was on her fourth.

“Oh, baby,” she said.

Mark waggled his eyebrows. “She like's being spanked, huh?”

Tom noticed him looking at Diane's breasts. He always did. It made him wonder why he had picked the small-breasted Julia. “She loves to be spanked.”

Mark leered at her and gave her a sly grin. He kept his blonde hair buzzed close and was smooth shaven. “Better behave around me then.”

Julia shook her head, but she was wearing a grin. She held a cooler in her hand.

They sat.

“What's that you got there?” Mark picked up his wife's cooler. “Vodka, lemon, and... hmmm.” He placed it down.

Julia looked disappointed. “Don't tell me.”

“You didn't look?”

“No. It tasted good.”

“What's wrong with it?” Diane said.

Julia made a face but said nothing.

Mark picked it back up. “Flavorings.”

“So?” Diane was frowning.

“That's another word for MSG.”

“Flavorings?”

Mark gave a single nod. “Monosodium glutamate is allowed to be listed and is very often listed on labels as flavorings, spices, natural flavors--”

“Spices?” Tom said.

“Sure. If salt is added, it lists salt. Same for pepper or something like cinnamon. But the generic word spices on labels means MSG.”

Diane gave him a wry look. “Don't tell me, it causes cancer.”

Mark forked up some pork chop. “Hey, these are good.” He chewed for a few seconds. “MSG is an addictive substance that causes obesity and diabetes. I can point you to--”

Diane said, “I'm not obese.”

Mark pointed his fork. “Keep drinking those things and you will be. Your body will eventually just give up.”

“I never heard of that.”

Mark's face was not mean and his eyes were soft. “You would do better to drink straight vodka.”

“But the flavor--”

“Throw some fresh squeezed lemon juice into it.”

Tom thought it would not be that hard. The man had a point. “We'll have to try that.”

Mark winked and he said no more.

Diane looked a little surprised. “Well, I suppose.”

Tom said, “When we run out of those I'll pick up some vodka at the liquor store. I think we only have three days' worth.”

Diane was looking at her bottle as if considering it.

~ ~ ~ - Night 1

Tom sat on the couch, feet stretched out.

“Any agenda?” said Mark. He was sitting in the chair.

“None.”

His wife came into the room, happy, tipsy and followed by Julia. “We have already tried the beach, the bed, and the bathtub.”

He coughed, trying to hide a laugh.

She plopped down next to him and gave him a bratty smile.

Julia sat at the other end of the couch and blushed. She held another cooler in her hand. “Sounds like fun.”

Tom wagged a finger at Diane. “Don't be rude.”

“Rude?” She feigned shock and coughed. “What's so rude about frolicking in the surf?”

“Nothing--”

“What's so rude about frolicking in bed?”

“Diane...”

“What's so rude about showering naked--”

Tom laughed, turning red with embarrassment. He snatched the bottle out of her hand and set it down.

“Hey.” She was indignant.

He hauled her across his lap facedown.

“This is getting good,” said Mark.

Tom landed four good smacks across her butt through her shorts before she was laughing hysterically.

“Need a little more snap to your wrist,” said Mark.

Tom shook his head. “Yep, I think she needs a better spanking. You want to show me how it's done?”

Diane laughed harder.

Mark's eyes lit up. “Sure.”

Julia sipped her cooler. “I've never been bad enough to be spanked.”

Tom got Diane to her feet and motioned Mark to take his place on the couch.

The man was quick, darting up and sliding over to take Tom's place.

He lowered his giggling wife down onto Mark's lap. Then he sat in the chair.

The man's eyes were shining and his smile incredulous as he looked at Diane's shapely butt laying across his lap. His breathing looked ragged. He raised his hand and snapped it down, once, twice, three times before Diane stopped giggling.

“Ow,” she said. She squirmed around on Mark's lap and he closed his eyes, shifting his hips up. His hand rested still on her butt. Then she said, “Oh. Oh my.” She wriggled around on his hips. “I'll take some more spanking.”

Mark opened his eyes and whacked her again four more times.

By the fourth, she was moaning, squirming her hips around. It looked almost sexual.

Julia's mouth was open, but more in interest than shock or outrage.

Tom got up and held his hand out to his wife. “Okay, you, enough spankings. I think you've learned your lesson.”

“Aw,” said Mark.

He lifted a red-faced Diane from off Mark's lap. Underneath her was a very large bulge in his lap. She had been squirming her crotch against that lump.

“That was fun,” said Diane. “I might have to be bratty more often.”

“You'll get spanked,” Tom said.

“Promise?”

Mark said, “Promise.”

Diane would make sure Mark spanked her every night.



## CHAPTER 4 - Night 1

That night, in bed, Tom cuddled Diane to him. "His eyes were all over you again."

"Oh? I know he likes my breasts."

"He looked at your breasts, your ass, your legs--"

"My ass is too big."

"No it isn't. You have wide hips is all."

"That makes my ass big."

He sighed. "Well, then he likes your huge ass."

"I do not have a huge ass." Her tone was indignant.

"That's what I was saying."

"How do you know he liked it?"

"Didn't you see that erection he was sporting when you got up?"

She giggled. "No, but I felt it."

"You bad girl."

"You wanted him to spank me."

"I think I have that wrist snap figured out."

Her hand touched his erection. "Oh, I see you liked him spanking me, too."

"His hand resting on your butt was pretty exciting."

"That turned you on?"

"Yeah, that's like my private territory, like your boobs or your pussy."

"I guess I can't have him spank my boobs."

He chuckled. "He's going to love your bikini."

~ ~ ~ - Day 2

Tom put the lid on the chest and hefted it. It wasn't heavy, but it would be an awkward carry down the trail.

Mark came out of the bedroom wearing the smallest swimsuit Tom could imagine a man wearing. He certainly was not ashamed to show off his body. "Need a hand there?"

The women were already down the trail after breakfast. Tom had stayed behind to clean up and Mark stayed to perform a set of sit-ups and push-ups.

“Sure. Grab an end.”

Mark could have carried the thing under one arm. Well, probably not. But he was large, standing over six foot five. Next to Tom, the guy was almost a giant.

They walked out with the chest. It contained a supply of coolers and ice water packed in ice. Their walk down the hill was easy. Halfway down, the switchback afforded a view of the beach.

“Awesome,” said Mark.

“Quite a view huh?” Then he noticed Mark was looking down at the women, not the ocean.

“Yeah.” Distracted.

Diane and Julia were laid out in the sun. The umbrellas were laying in the sand still. Diane was wearing a bikini and Julia a one-piece.

*She sure is scrawny.* Tom's eyes wandered over Julia's body. She had A-cups where Diane bounced between C's and D's.

They settled the chest down and Tom started working with the umbrellas.

Diane shaded her eyes, looking back at him. “I couldn't jab those in deep enough--”

“You have to screw in the sand anchor first.” He spun it off and then screwed the thing down into the sand. Then he twisted the umbrella into it and opened it.

“Oh, that looks easy.” His wife pouted.

He gave her a wink. “It is.” He set up the next two and there was a large patch of shade for them when they were done sunning.

Diane got up and went to the chest.

Mark was grinning at her boobs.

“Cooler? Julia?” Diane said.

“Sure, please.”

Diane grabbed Mark by the arm and pressed the side of her boob against it.

Tom chuckled under his breath.

“Is the nice strong man going to protect us on this nasty beach?”

“Uh, sure.” Mark's voice was shaky.

She giggled and then moved to the other side of the chest. She opened the lid and bent over, giving him a cleavage-show. She chose out two bottles.

“Is she being bad again?” he said to Mark.

Mark chuckled. “Er, very.”

“I think she's already earned her next spanking.”

“You two,” Diane said. She gave Julia her bottle and laid next to her. They both drank deep and settled back.

Tom looked back at Mark. The man was sort of hiding a very large bulge in his trunks, wondering how to wander over to them without being noticed. “Come on over and lay a bit, Mark.” He waved the man over.

Mark came, reluctantly. His penis had swelled so big it was pushing his trunks out and showing balls from the side. He laid down next to Julia, but his bulge was thrusting up.

Diane leaned up, looking over Julia to Mark. “Oh my, what has you so excited?”

Mark laughed, embarrassed. “Well, I'm not often around half-naked women on the beach.”

Julia smirked.

Tom laid down next to Diane. “Sounds like Julia might need a spanking.”

Julia leaned up and looked at him with those glasses-large eyes. She laid back down and said nothing. It was her way.

*Did she want to be spanked? By Mark or by me? Or did she think I was a pervert?*

They sunned for about a half hour, then moved back into the shade of the umbrellas.

“I think I'll go for a quick dip,” said Mark. He ran off through the sand and down to the water.

Tom saw Diane raise an eyebrow as she watched him run. He nudged her.

“What,” she said. “I can't look?”

“You might anger Julia.”

The woman looked over at him. “Oh, I don't mind. It's Diane.”

He shrugged.

When Mark came back from a brief swim, Diane hooted.

His trunks were completely plastered to him, showing everything. His penis was clearly visible through the wet material. It was on the small side now, but having been just subjected to cold water, Tom was sure there was quite a bit of cold-shrinkage.

For his part, Mark tilted his head, not understanding the hoot.

When he toweled off and sat down, Julia leaned over and whispered something to him.

“Oh?” Then he gave a nervous laugh. “Oops. Guess I should have picked better trunks.”

Diane said, “Nonsense. They're great. Why don't you walk around some more?”

“Honey,” Tom said, “you're being bad.”

“It's not every day I get to lay around a couple half-naked men.”

They laid for a time, listening to the surf.

Mark leaned up. “You play pool, Tom?”

“Not really, but I've shot a few.”

Diane looked over at Mark. “Great. Leave us gals out. What if I like to play pool?” She made a show of pulling on the bikini strap between her boobs, pretending to adjust it.

Tom chuckled when Mark's eyes glued themselves to the cleavage. “I think she's being bad again.”

Mark's voice was almost a pant. “Yeah.”

“I think she needs a spanking.”

Diane and Julia giggled together. “Maybe we should spank them,” his wife said to her friend.

Mark looked disappointed, probably thinking Tom meant to spank Diane.

“Mark, I think she needs your deft wrist again.”

“Oh, yes, of course. I think you're right.” He was up in a flash and came over to sit in the space Tom made.

“You men,” Diane said. “I'm going to bruise.” Her smile said otherwise.

Mark shook a finger at her and pulled her up, his hand brushing across her boob as he did. He laid her facedown across his lap, her head in Tom's lap, and he pulled his hands away, rubbing both of them across her breasts.

Diane hummed happily.

Mark whacked her barely covered butt four times. The cheeks shook with the impacts and she squirmed on his lap. Her hands kneaded Tom's thighs and she sighed.

Mark scooted underneath her a little and whacked her four more times. Before the final one landed, Diane had parted her legs and was grinding her crotch down onto Mark's. She moaned, her eyes closed.

Julia was watching with a grin, sipping her cooler and shooting glances at Tom.

*Does she want me to spank her, or is she just making sure I'm not mad? She doesn't seem bothered.*

Diane's breath turned to pants and her hips squirmed obscenely on Mark's lap. "Those last couple hurt," she said. "Maybe you should rub the pain away."

Mark said nothing. His hand had been resting on her ass. He began to move it, caressing her butt as it humped up and down on his lap.

She looked up at Tom, a feverish look in her eyes. She gripped his hardness through his swim trunks and squeezed.

Embarrassed, he tried to move her hand away. She dodged his hand and pulled on his trunks. He panicked, and got up suddenly, but realized his mistake as he got up. His trunks were partly pulled down, exposing the hard head of his cock above the waist.

He fixed it as Julia gave him the prettiest smile he had ever seen.

"Oh, poo," Diane said. "Just when I was starting to have fun." Her hips still moved suggestively on Mark's lap while his hands ventured down in between her legs. She opened them wider and thrust her butt up.

"Diane, maybe you've been spanked enough," Tom said. He didn't want to embarrass their friends on only the second day.

"Just a little more?" she said, her head hanging down as Mark's fingers brushed over her thinly covered pussy.

*He's being a little too forward with my wife. What if Julia gets upset? What if the friendship breaks up over this? What an awful way to spend the rest of the vacation, regretting a little too much vodka coolers and a broken friendship.*

Even though he himself was excited, he reached down and gently began lifting her. "Come on, you, spanking's over." *Before our friendship is wrecked.*

She groaned in disappointment, but she allowed him to pull her up.

As she was taken from his lap, Mark was furiously trying to adjust his trunks. His erection had poked out the side. Several inches of very large and very thick cock was poking out. It looked to be two inches wide at the head and gradually thickened towards the base.

"Er, sorry," said Mark. He pulled a towel over it and hunched over.

Julia giggled and took another sip of her cooler.

“Oh, my.” Diane had been staring down at it until Mark covered it with the towel.

Diane was going to be seeing a lot more of Mark's cock in the days ahead.



## CHAPTER 5 - Day 2

Tom pulled Diane aside later in the beach house. "That was going a little far, wasn't it? I saw him rubbing your pussy."

"That was fun." She gave him a grin.

"What if Julia gets mad and the friendship is over?"

"She seemed okay."

"What if she's hiding it?"

"She winked at me."

"Winked?" Tom shook his head.

"She knows Mark has liked me since their wedding when I was a bridesmaid. He peeked quite a few times at my cleavage."

"That doesn't say much for their marriage."

She waved as if dismissing. "They love each other so much it's about as bad as us."

He liked that. He wrapped her in a hug.

She gave him a light kiss on the lips. "I saw you pretty excited--"

"You were trying to take out my cock."

"But you liked it."

"In front of them?"

"Well, Mark sure was hanging out."

"And you were rubbing your pussy all over that thing."

She giggled. "Well, sort of. It was my thigh, actually."

"Still."

She hummed. "It felt very warm."

Despite his worries, he was hardening. "Try not to destroy--"

"Oh my, I feel how much you liked it." She ground her hips against his hardening penis.

"Stop that."

She laughed. "Did you like seeing him rub my butt?"

"You have a beautiful ass. It looked good seeing a handsome man stroke it."

"So you didn't mind?"

"No, I guess not. But I don't want you jumping in bed with this guy."

"It's just teasing."

"I guess I don't mind teasing. As long as it's just teasing."

She wriggled against him. "Just teasing. It's fun."

"What if Julia--"

"I'll talk to her. See what she thinks."

"I'd hate to see it all blow up."

"Over teasing? He's handsome and all, but his personality isn't my speed."

"Too direct?"

She leaned back, looking at him. "How did you know?"

They kissed.

~ ~ ~ - Night 2

Tom served up a platter of tri-tip.

"Yum," said Mark.

Diane set down her cooler bottle. "You're not looking at my boobs again, are you?" Her eyes were slightly glassy and the little grin was full of mischief.

Julia laughed, shaking her head.

Tom almost dropped the plate.

They were all still in their beach clothes, though the women had wrapped beach towels around their waists.

He couldn't figure out why it was okay to be seen in a swimsuit on the beach but once inside the house required a towel. He glanced at Mark who had looked up at Diane's question. He was eyeballing her boobs.

Tom looked back and forth during dinner between his wife, Mark and Julia. Twice, Julia looked back at him and smiled, but then looked quickly down.

They all helped in cleaning up and Mark hugged Julia in a nice hug that made him want to hug his own wife. He and Diane hugged and kissed lightly.

Diane whispered to him, "She's fine with the teasing."

He whispered back, "She is?"

His wife shrugged. "Don't ask me. I don't know why."

"Are you sure?"

She gave him that serious look that told him he wasn't listening. "She said the teasing was fun and that she didn't mind."

"No kidding?"

“No kidding. She thinks it's a riot to see him all hard and embarrassed over me.”

“Who would have thought Little Miss Timid--”

“She says this is the best vacation so far she's ever had.”

“Well, I guess...”

“Let loose, have some fun.”

He gave her a wry grin. “You mean let you loose.”

She bit his ear.

Mark passed by. “She bites, too?”

She giggled and broke the embrace. She gave his cock a squeeze that had Tom trying to cover before anyone noticed.

He shook his finger at her.

She started wiping plates off into the garbage can and stacking them. Julia put them into the dishwasher.

Mark came up, a couple of glasses in hand and placed them on the counter. Then he grabbed Diane from behind as she was bent over, his crotch pressed to hers. She straightened and Mark hugged her from behind.

Tom watched his wife lean back into Mark's hug.

“Are you trying to maul me?” she said.

“Oh,” he said, “like this?” His hand shifted up and cupped her boobs, then rubbed gently.

Julia turned red, a smile on her face that spoke of embarrassment. “Squeeze them, honey,” she said. “They probably don't bite.”

Mark kneaded Diane's boobs. “Lovely,” he said.

Tom wasn't sure what to say or do. He finished putting the containers back in the refrigerator. “She, uh...”

Three sets of eyes looked at him.

He cleared his throat, trying to be nonchalant. “She used to consider those her best asset.”

Mark smiled at him. “They're beauties.”

“I feel someone getting all hard again,” Diane said. She pushed her butt back and wriggled.

The chuckle from Mark was full of lust. But he let go and started to leave the kitchen. He slapped Tom on the shoulder. “Hey, game of pool?”

“Sure,” he said, relieved. He grabbed a cooler and followed Mark out. Taking a heavy swig, he felt the cold burn and felt his nerves begin to settle.

They racked up a game of pool and pretended to know what they were doing. They didn't fool either Julia or Diane when they joined them.

His wife leaned over Mark's shoulder as he was making a shot. Her boobs were all over him. "Should I show you how to line up a shot?"

He missed the ball entirely and said, "I think someone needs a spanking."

She acted shocked. "Why?"

"You're trying to sabotage my game against your husband."

Diane shook her head a little, her long pony tail doing a slow whip. "Was it that obvious?"

"Bad girl."

"Are you going to manhandle me now?" Her voice was almost breathless.

Julia raised her bottle in toast. "Yep, I think she needs a spanking."

Tom raised both eyebrows. He hadn't thought his wife was lying, but it was still a surprise to see her friend promoting her husband spanking another woman.

Mark hauled Diane into the living room and tore the towel from her waist. He pulled her down onto the couch across his lap. Diane made a pretense of struggle, pinching him and trying to bite him.

He landed two whacks before she said, "Ow... those hurt. I think I'm a little sore from the spankings."

He rubbed her butt in slow circles while Tom and Julia stood together and watched, coolers in hand.

"He spans hard," Julia said in a low voice. "Poor Diane."

Mark's hand dipped down and massaged her pussy through her bikini bottoms. His mouth was open, panting. Diane's eyes were closed, gripping the arm of the couch like she had gripped her husband's leg during the earlier spanking. Her butt humped up and down.

Mark grew an irritated look and then spanked her once more. She yelped and he shifted his hand underneath her, tugging at something.

"Oh... Oh my," Diane said. She parted her legs a little.

He shifted her hips to the side and said, "Ouch, hold on." He shifted a little more and said, "There."

Tom and Julia saw the head of Mark's cock poking up between the backs of Diane's thighs, the side of his shaft up against her bikini-covered pussy.

Diane hummed and clamped her legs shut around the shaft.

“Much better,” Mark said. His voice was breathless. “I thought it was going to break.”

Julia giggled and grabbed Tom's arm, sort of hugging him as they watched the so-called spanking. “I think she's having fun getting spanked.” Her eyes looked up at him. Her head jerked a little in its movements, nervous.

Tom was incredulous. He said in a similarly low voice back to her, “You don't mind them doing that?”

Julia had went back to looking at the happenings on the couch. She took a swig of cooler. “He's just a little too big for me, really.”

*Julia is complaining?* Tom couldn't find anything to say.

On the couch, the head of Mark's erection bulged red. Diane's hips humped up and down and her thighs clamped and squeezed. His hands roamed all over her back and butt. Then his fingers wormed under her bikini and massaged her ass cheeks directly.

“Mmm, yes,” Diane said.

“Your wife has such a pretty figure,” Julia said.

“She doesn't think so,” Tom said.

Julia laughed, a scoffing tone all over the sound. “She has perfect breasts.”

“They're big. I'm not really a boob man.”

“No?” She looked up at him, curious.

She was very pretty, with her black curls and blue eyes – even magnified by the glasses. He shrugged. “She tried to impress me with them. That actually delayed our getting to know each other.”

“No way.”

“Really.”

“I remember her talking about you, about how hard you were to attract.”

He grinned, remembering. “All she had to do was smile. She didn't need to thrust her tits at me.”

“I thought all men liked big tits.”

“Not this one.”

“Mark says I should get implants.”

“Implants?” He was horrified.

“No way am I getting bolt-ons just so he can squeeze them.”

“Oh, good for you.”

“That's why I don't mind him squeezing your wife's boobs. Let him get it all out of his system and quit pestering me about fakies.”

Tom wasn't sure what to say. “Oh, well, um, I guess I'm happy my wife has big boobs to help out... er...”

Julia giggled. It was cute.

On the couch, Mark slipped his other hand down and under Diane's chest. She lifted a little. It looked like to Tom and Julia that he slipped his hand under her bikini top. He sighed, his arm muscles gently working.

Diane thrust her hips faster, her bare thighs stroking Mark's naked cock.

Suddenly Mark's eyes bulged. “Oh shit.” He lifted Diane so fast that her bikini top shifted up and exposed her right breast. His hand had been under her top, massaging her boob. Diane adjusted it quickly.

On the couch, Mark's erection was shooting ropes of sperm into the air. He grabbed Diane's towel and covered it, grunting and turning red that he had lost control. He scrambled up and fled for the bathroom.

Julia was in gales of laughter.

They were all going to see a lot more sperm very soon.



## CHAPTER 6 - Night 2

Later that night, in bed, Tom said, “Didn't you think that was too--”

“It was all teasing,” Diane said. “Sure was funny to see him lose control.”

Tom sighed. It had been funny. He just didn't want things to go bad. “I just--”

“You worry too much.” She laid her head on his chest and moved her hand down. “If it was too whatever, why are you half hard?”

He didn't want to tell her that seeing Mark squirting sperm while Julia held onto him had been a turn-on.

“I need to be fucked,” she said. “Bad.” She had him hard.

“They'll hear.”

“I'll try to be quiet.” She climbed on him and settled onto his erection. “Mmm, that's the ticket.” She began making her customary noises, the panting and moans.

Tom saw the light go on in the bathroom behind her – the bathroom they shared with Mark and Julia in the connecting bedroom. “Shh,” he said.

Diane quieted, but kept moving, panting.

He saw a shadow under the door. The sliver of light along the side darkened. Someone was standing very close to their door. The size of the shadow left no doubt that it was Mark.

What was he doing? Just listening? Tom felt his orgasm approach, despite the listener. He lost control. He gripped his wife's hips and drove up into her, his hips slapping hers.

“Unh, yes,” said his wife. She panted, moaned, and then panted more.

He grunted, then groaned, his orgasm hitting. He squirted up into her and grunted with the effort. His hands were on his wife's ass, pulling her, and he realized Mark's hands had been all over them just an hour before. He sent another squirt of sperm up into her in a surprise encore convulsion.

~ ~ ~ - Day 3

Tom whipped up some scrambled eggs and ham. Breakfast was cheery, the ladies already wearing their bathing suits with their towels around their waists.

“I'll pack up the ice chest a little later and bring it down,” he said. Coolers right after breakfast did not sound good.

Mark nudged him. “How about a game of pool before we go down.” His smile was good-natured and he winked along with it.

“Sure, without distractions.”

Julia and Diane tittered.

He cleaned up after breakfast, a simple thing, and fast, while Mark did his morning exercises. *Maybe I should exercise a little. I'm not fat but a little muscle would look good.* He had a good shape. Muscle would probably look really good on him.

He wiped out the ice chest then wandered into the lounge.

Mark joined him.

Starting their game, Mark said, “Diane sure is magnificent. I'm sorry about last night.”

“Oh?” Tom grinned at the memory of an appalled Mark squirting everywhere and running for the bathroom.

“I sort of had my hand on her tit and I guess it snuck up on me.”

“Mark...” Tom tried to think how to work his question. “Julia isn't very much like Diane that way.”

“No, but she's wonderful.”

“Why did you two get together if you like...” He trailed off. *Big fucking tits?*

“Ah, well. She's an angel. Everything is right with her and me in the heart.” He clutched at his chest as if to impress Tom with his meaning.

“But--”

“I didn't need tits with Julia. Look, I'm a healthy man, is all. Your wife is beautiful and she has some very nice--”

“They're not all that big.”

Mark looked at him like that was obvious. “But that's the point. Hers are perfect. And she has very nice hips.”

“But Julia--”

“Doesn't need them. I love her crazy-like.” He paused as if to say more, but didn't.

Their game took an hour. With late risers, a single shower for four people in a row, and a late breakfast, it was already a few minutes past noon.

Tom had won the game, but both had been on their last ball for several shots. Neither of them was that good. "You go on, I'll handle the ice chest."

"You sure?" Mark's look of concern was real.

"It's an easy trail and the chest is light."

"Okay, then, see you down there." Mark left out the back and headed down the trail.

Tom stacked several bottles of coolers and a plastic water bottle into the styrofoam chest. Then he dumped in the ice. He gave the chest a shake to settle everything. They had half a case of coolers left. They would need to get more today. But he was determined to try regular vodka. He didn't want to have MSG someday cause his body to start getting fat and then have to buy a minivan like the fat people drove.

He lifted the chest. It really was light enough, but he understood Mark's offer. Mark had the muscles, why not use them? His offer was considerate and given just once so as not to insult one who had less strength.

He shrugged. Diane assured him he looked good, like that Italian statue of David, though his penis was bigger.

*Not as big as Mark's though. Sheeit, how did he get that thing into Julia?*

Walking out back, he headed down the sand-trail. He heard the surf, distant, and the buzz of some bees. It was pleasant. He turned a switchback and froze.

Mark was there, looking down towards the beach. He had his shaft in his hand, stroking it.

Tom watched the hand slide along the shaft, pulling and squeezing. He began to shake, having caught another man jacking his dick. He didn't know what to do. His eyes followed the hand for several strokes. It looked very good. He felt his own cock, hard, pushing against his swimsuit. He lowered the chest a little to cover it and one of the bottles shifted inside.

Mark, startled, must have jumped a foot. Suddenly he was dancing around, trying to hide what he had been doing and trying to stuff his erection back into too tiny trunks. Then he was laughing, almost hysterically, very red.

Tom's eyes were large, not knowing how to proceed. "I, uh..."

"Shit man, you caught me." His laughter threatened hysterical embarrassment. "Um, sorry--"

"No, that's alright, I'm sorry I interrupted--"

“No, man. Here I am jacking like a teenager and--”

“Don't worry about it.” Tom shrugged. His own erection was hidden. Suddenly he worried Mark might take the chest from him.

“I guess I couldn't help it.” Mark pointed.

Tom followed the finger, pointing down to the beach, he stood beside Mark and looked. Their wives were down there sunning. Naked. “Oh, yeah, I guess I see why you...”

Mark chuckled.

Tom nodded. “I suppose I might have been doing the same thing.”

His friend looked at him. “You would have jacked over my wife?”

Tom froze. *Would he be jealous and mad if I said yes? What was the correct answer here?* “Er, I just meant over the whole thing I guess.”

Mark looked hurt. “Oh.”

“I mean, yes, I suppose. Over both of them.” *This conversation is going from bad to worse.*

Mark grunted.

*What did that mean? And had he really been jacking over my Diane?* The thought started to make him hard again. *Why was that so appealing that Mark would stroke his cock while looking at my wife?*

They walked together down amongst two naked women.

Mark's eyes were all over Diane's form.

Tom couldn't help but look at Julia. She watched him as he did. He tried to look away fast, but he noticed she looked better out of the swimsuit than in it. Her boobs were almost flat, but still there and round. Her hips were slender and just a little boney. But she looked very good.

He opened the chest and handed Julia and Diane a bottle each. His eyes met Julia's and she blushed. She looked down to the bulge in his trunks. *Did my wife's friend just check out my package?*

Diane took a long swallow and sighed, refreshed. “I guess we should get back in our suits.”

Mark looked panicked. His penis was hard and trying to rip free as he gazed down at Diane. “Oh, don't do that.”

“Well, you two men are dressed and we're not.”

Mark waved his hands. “Sunning naked sounds good. Anyway, I don't know how much longer I can keep these on. Tom stumbled across me jacking myself.”

Tom blinked a few times. *Who would admit such a thing? But then he probably figured I would tell Diane later. Which I would have.*

Diane shook her head. "My lucky husband."

Julia smirked. "Why were you jacking?"

Her husband pointed. "I was up there. Saw what was down here and couldn't help myself."

Julia nodded slowly, giving him a long, "Oh."

"I didn't get to see." Diane pouted.

Despite his admission, Mark turned red again. "Well, uh..."

"So you're going to sunbathe with us naked?" She smiled sweetly.

He stumbled, stuttered, and shook with nervousness. "Oh, sure." He pulled off his trunks. His penis was very big.

The girls tittered and laid back, though Diane kept peeking.

"Well, I guess." Tom took his off, feeling self-conscious.

Julia's head popped up and gave him a once over and a grin. At least he was half hard and not all shriveled.

Diane leaned up. "The oil is there. This should be fun to watch. Hunky men rubbing oil on their own bodies."

Tom's cock twitched.

Mark looked even more bashful.

Tom cleared his throat. "Honey, don't be silly. Mark will need help with the oil."

She looked at him, agape. Then, "Oh, silly me, of course he will. She scrambled to her knees and feet, breasts swinging gently.

If anything, Mark was even more astonished at Tom's offer.

Julia raised her head at him again and gave him a silent chuckle. She had pretty teeth.

His wife waited while Mark spread out his towel. Then she motioned him down. He laid face down, adjusting his cock underneath him. Oil poured on his back, she began spreading and rubbing around.

Tom was leaning up, watching. The whole act look salacious and wickedly fun. His wife's eyes were glowing. When she got to Mark's butt, she rubbed oil onto the cheeks and squeezed several times. Then she finished his legs.

"Over," she said.

"Uh..." Mark hesitated.

Julia laughed. "Like we all haven't seen your cock and squirting all over the place too."

He laughed and flipped over. His face was red again. His cock was hard, fully engorged and laying on his stomach. It was a very impressive shaft, probably eight inches long and very thick, widening towards the base. It had the slightest upturned curve to it, like an almost straight banana.

Diane blushed. She started with his chest and worked down. Her hands were shaking. She oiled around the thing and then lower, onto his legs.

Tom's breath was short. He was excited. He also wanted to see who would be more embarrassed. "Honey, you forgot his penis."

Three sets of eyes looked over at him in shock.

"It will burn. Oil him up right or don't do it at all." His voice was a little shaky, but he wagged a finger at her.

"Oh," she said. "Duh." She poured some oil on her shaking hand and gingerly grabbed Mark's erection.

Mark moaned.

Diane tried to wipe the oil onto it like wiping on facial cream.

Tom snickered, feeling easier now that she was handling Mark's cock. "Are you afraid of it?"

"No," his wife said, exasperated. She gripped it then and slid her hand up and down, oiling it good. Her eyes were glued to the shaft in her hands. She added her other hand and stroked him slowly.

Mark moaned, his hips moving with her hands.

Tom was excited, watching his wife jack her friend's husband's cock. It looked good and fun.

She stopped though, and handed the bottle to Julia. "I think my husband will need some."

Her friend looked shocked, afraid. But she took the bottle and turned to Tom. She gave him a nervous smile.

"Oh, yeah, I guess so," Tom said. He looked at Mark. The other man was running a finger around Diane's nipple while she stroked him.

"Back first." Julia was pouring oil into her hand.

Tom flipped and tried to relax. Julia's touch was electric. He hadn't expected that. His dick gave a huge twitch, but fortunately it was hidden. Her hands felt very good, firm and small. She did not spend a lot of time on his butt, but she did give it a squeeze.

"Over, then."

He slowly turned over. Diane and Mark were watching for the moment. He exposed his erection.

Mark winked at him and gave him a thumbs up.

Tom guessed it was his way of showing his thanks for the oiled handjob Diane was giving him.

Julia grinned down at him, looking eager. Her little boobs were firm up against her body, moving little. She oiled his chest.

Diane got tired of leaning and she straddled Mark's knees. She moved forward a few times until she could sit upright, stroking his shaft. Her bare pussy was about six inches away from Mark's naked erection.

Tom said in a breathless voice, "That's a little better than me catching you doing it yourself, isn't it?"

Mark jerked and opened his eyes. "Oh, yeah. For sure. Thanks, buddy." He dropped his head back down to the towel, moaning low.

Then Julia touched his dick. She gripped it and the most wonderful sensation filled him, radiating from his erection, as she slid her oiled hand down the shaft. He groaned loud.

The other three laughed.

"Bingo," Mark said.

Diane looked over, still stroking Mark's shaft. Her eyes watched Julia's hand with lust. Julia's mouth was hanging open just slightly as she stroked him - her wet tongue just visible.

Tom wondered what it would be like to kiss her. *Would that be okay? Mark has had his hands all over my wife. What would a kiss hurt?* He leaned up then and Julia pulled back in surprise. But he reached for her. She paused, then let him embrace her. Their mouths met, her firm lips to his. She moaned, her hand still stroking him up and down.

"He's kissing Julia." Mark's voice sounded amazed.

*Was he mad?* Tom didn't hear him say anything more. He was busy with Julia, their tongues face-fucking each other. He was dizzy with lust. The disaster was on him before he knew it. The tension built and he realized Mark's wife was fucking his cock with her hand. His orgasm pushed his ejaculation high and out.

"Oh my goodness," Julia said. She tried to move his spurting shaft away and started laughing. A line of cum ran from her hair down her cheek.

Tom didn't care. The orgasm felt too good and her hand was still there, delicate and squeezing.

“Wow, you shoot really far,” Julia said.

Diane and Mark were chuckling and giving hoots.

“Well, now we're even,” Mark said. “We've both had accidents.”

A panting Tom pulled Julia back to him, her curls tickling his palm. They kissed again, deep.

“I think he liked that,” Mark said.

Diane hummed her agreement.

Tom broke the kiss. He drew in several ragged and satisfied breaths.

“Whew. Wild.”

Julia said, “Mm hmm. Glad I could help out.”

Diane was still straddling Mark's waist, her pussy no more than three inches from his oiled shaft.

Tom didn't know if he wanted to go there. “I'm going to need to go to the liquor store.”

“I'll go,” said Julia.

Tom paused. *Was that okay? Time alone with his wife?*

Mark didn't say anything and neither did Diane.

So he said, “Sure, I suppose. Let's go before I have any drinks.”

They slipped into their swimsuits while Diane continued to stroke Mark's erection.

Tom stopped before leaving. *Would they be alright? Would they use it as an opportunity to fuck?* He didn't think so. *Would she blow him?* The thought began to harden him. Did he want to see that? He gave a last look at her. His wife took a hand from Mark's cock and waved to him.

“Grab some matches,” said Mark. “A beach fire tonight sounds good.”

It did sound fun. “Yeah, okay.” He felt better and took Julia's hand. He led her up the path.

The cock stroking was just the beginning.



## CHAPTER 7 – Day 3

Tom and Julia returned with a gallon of vodka and some fireplace matches. They were on the road back to the beach house.

“Think they're alright?” he said.

“Sure.” Julia seemed confused. “Why wouldn't they--”

“I mean, I hope they didn't go too far.”

“How much is too far?”

If he said screwing, would that insult her femininity? That she couldn't attract or trust her own husband? “Well, I guess the hand-stuff was okay.”

“I should hope so.” She sounded amazed.

Tom hadn't stopped her earlier on the beach. He had cum. He had even cum in her hair. “I, uh...”

She laid a hand on his arm while he drove. “You're sweet.”

“None of this is bugging you?”

She looked like she didn't understand. “Heavens, no.”

He had never known a woman not to be combatively possessive of her man. “I'm not sure I see how--”

“He loves me. I love him. You're friends and we're just having some fun. It all goes back to normal when we go home.”

*Does it?* “I sure hope so.”

She giggled. “You worry too much.”

“That's what Diane says.”

“Well,” she slapped his arm lightly, “maybe you should listen to her.”

“Did you figure your husband and Diane--”

She shrugged. “Oh, I don't know. I knew he's wanted to get his hands on her tits for a couple years now.”

She said it so matter-of-factly that Tom was stunned to silence.

“And I don't want to get fake ones. I was worried he might make you mad.”

“Me? What?”

“If he touched her boobs.”

“Well... I...”

“I didn't want anything going on to hurt our friendship.”

Tom's eyes lit up. “Exactly.”

She gave him a look. “So it's okay if he does?”

“Well...”

“Is it exciting to see him touch your wife?”

Tom was silent for a long time. He tried to speak but nothing would come out. He tried to figure something diplomatic and suave to say, like all the news anchors on TV reading from their teleprompters. But he couldn't. So he said, “I guess I am, yes.”

“That's nothing to be ashamed of.”

*This coming from a woman?* He shook his head.

“A man who loves his wife and is proud of her sometimes wants to see her have fun and be pleased.”

He looked at Julia as if seeing a seven-legged frog.

She laughed. “It's true.”

“I find that hard to--”

“More people than you can imagine love to share their wives.”

He chuckled, amazed he was having such a conversation with Little Miss Timid herself. “Does Mark share you?”

She gave him a look that said the question was inappropriate.

Suddenly he felt like he was in school and had angered the teacher. “Sorry.” They turned into the drive and parked.

“I wonder how many times she made him cum?” she said.

He coughed and almost tripped carrying the bag.

She laughed and hugged his arm.

Inside, he put the vodka in the refrigerator. They liked their drinks ice-cold. “Well, shall we go see what's down there?”

“You act as if expecting to find a national disaster down there and FEMA herding people into camps.”

Did she really believe that stuff? “Everyone knows the camps are a myth,” he began.

“Then why does congress fund FEMA camps in their legislation?”

“Huh?”

“They do. If that's such a myth, why is congress funding them?”

This woman surprised him at every turn. Not timid, just quiet, and full of energy and knowledge. He revised his opinion of her. And then he remembered her delicate hand on his dick. He felt himself harden.

They undressed down to their swimsuits and headed down to the beach.

As they approached the part of the trail where Tom had found Mark a few hours before, he said, “This is where your husband was masturbating.”

“Oh?” She went and looked over the side. “Hmm.”

He stood beside her. He couldn't see Mark or Diane. They were under the umbrellas, feet close.

“Care to give me a demonstration?” she said.

*Here? Stroke himself? For Mark's wife?* “Umm...”

She giggled and walked away. She was shaking her head.

*What?* But his reluctance felt odd after having her hand on his cock and making him cum. He followed her down.

“There you two are,” said Mark.

Diane gave Tom a big smile and a wink. Her fingernails trailed across Mark's mostly limp penis. One of the towels was wadded up nearby. So he had cum in the towel. “Did you two have fun?” she said.

Tom said, “We talked about FEMA camps.”

“Oh... How interesting.”

Julia hooked a thumb towards him. “He doesn't believe in them.”

Mark leaned up. “It's easier in life, with everything, to deny and scoff rather than learn something new.”

“Hey now,” Tom said.

“It's true, I see it all the time at the gym. 'Oh, that won't work for me.' But I know it will and it eventually does. But it's such a struggle to get people to learn new things. They only learn when they want to learn. Otherwise they just reject it as if they should already know it if it were true.”

Tom shook his head. “People aren't that arrogant--”

“Yes, they are,” Mark said. “See? Right there you dismissed what I said because you hadn't believed it before.”

He stopped talking, giving Mark an irritated look. Being wrong was not a good feeling and he didn't feel good at the moment. *Was he right?* He would have to think on that one.

Mark pointed at him, teeth shining and eyes sparkling. “Now you're thinking.”

He snorted. Then he gave a rueful nod.

All the while, his wife played with Mark's penis. Just scratching it, lifting it and squeezing it. His wife, toying with their friend's cock. It looked clean and fun. He couldn't find jealousy in him over it.

*But they will not be fucking.* He had to draw the line at teasing and playing.

After dinner, they worked at creating a bonfire of sorts. Some rocks and sand made a pit and they collected bits of smaller wood and overlaid it with a large chunk of driftwood. Two thick pieces on either side made for seats.

The coolers finally gone and everyone but Mark feeling tipsy, they set out plastic cups with the gallon of vodka settled in the ice chest.

“Vodka and lemon juice?” Tom said.

“Yes, please,” Diane said. Julia echoed her.

“I’ll have one, too,” Mark said.

“You?”

“Yeah, I’ve been known to have a drink or two.”

“Sure thing.” He poured up a round of drinks and handed them out.

It was dusk and getting dark fast.

Mark and Julia were standing, warming themselves by the bonfire. He knocked his drink back after a few minutes and blew out a breath. “A little strong.”

Tom thought it was strong, too, but he was sipping. So were the wives.

“I wasn’t sure I would go for just sitting around on vacation,” Mark said. “I’m sort of a get-up-and-go guy.”

*No really?* Tom rolled his eyes.

“But I have to admit, this is really nice. Very relaxing. And very rewarding.” He shot a wink at Diane.

Tom said, “You had quite a bit of a workout today.”

“Full body massage. Can’t beat it. I’m looking forward to tomorrow’s.” The bulge in his trunks said he was really looking forward to it.

“Me, too,” Diane said. She giggled.

“I had fun, too,” Julia said. She was pouting, wanting to be included.

Mark pinched her little butt and gave her a wicked smile. He turned to Tom. “Mind if I sit with your wife?”

Diane was already getting up.

“Oh, no, I guess not.” He watched her pony tail sway as she took Mark’s arm and went around the fire.

Julia shrugged and sat down next to him. She held up her cup. “These aren’t as good as the vodka coolers, but if it’s healthier.”

“I didn’t know they put MSG into drinks or that MSG was addictive.”

“Mark runs a wellness workshop once a month. Talks about all the additives and chemicals. You should come to one.”

Tom didn't think that likely. When he was home, he was home and he wasn't going anywhere else. “Maybe.”

“Aw, that means no. I'd go with you if it made you feel better.”

“Really?”

She hugged his arm. “You're a good fit for arm holding.”

Tom was half a head taller than Julia.

~ ~ ~ - Night 3

On the other side of the fire, Diane watched the fire die down to a very warm glow of thick embers piled about thigh high. In the darkness, the glow was barely enough to see the faces of her husband and her friend opposite them. She wondered what they were talking about. She had stroked Mark and watched thick ropes of cum shoot out a few inches before falling. Her husband shot seed out farther with much force, but didn't make quite the puddle Mark did.

Mark was rubbing her boob through her bikini.

She reached over and rubbed his swimsuit. She could feel all of that wonderful tool. “You don't think they fucked in the car, do you? They're acting awful chummy.”

Mark looked over the glow at them. “They seem like they're having fun.”

“Do you think they fucked?”

“Nah. They weren't gone that long.”

“But they only got a single bottle.” She squinted at her husband. Could she tell by the look in his eyes?

Mark reached a hand down her bikini and drifted his fingers through her trimmed bush. “Takes just as long to drive and get ten bottles as it does one.”

“Huh?” She wasn't paying much attention and her thoughts drifted as his fingers worked over her pussy. She reached into the overworked band of his trunks and felt along his hardening shaft. She removed her hand. “Take those off.”

His smile glowed in the dim light. “Sure.”

She slid her own off and opened her knees.

His hand moved back into place and massaged the folds of her pussy.

She gripped his selling flesh and moaned as he rubbed over her clit. She began jerking him, slowly.

“Are you two behaving over there?” Tom's suspicious voice came to them through the heat.

She drew in a shaky breath. “Yeah, just a little teasing.” What she really wanted to do was fuck Mark's brains out. But she knew her husband would feel threatened. She didn't love Mark or want him for a new husband, she just wanted to have a little fun. She didn't want to hurt Tom, though. She wondered how much she could sneak.

Mark's fingers dipped into her pussy and wriggled.

She moaned and then gasped.

~ ~ ~ - Night 3

Tom heard the telltale sounds from his wife that indicated her pussy had been penetrated. The moan and the gasp brought him up off the log he shared with Julia. “That sounds like sex.”

Mark's voice was trembling. “Nah, just some fun.”

He walked around the dying fire, followed by Julia. He still couldn't see much, but he could see they were sitting next to each other, not on top of one another. Their arms were in each other's laps. “Oh...” he said.

Mark said, “I was admiring your wife's bush earlier and wanted to get my hands on it. I like that she's a natural blonde.”

Diane tsked. “Men. We're alright, hun, you don't need to chaperone us.”

Julia pulled on his arm and he went with her, not knowing what else to say. If they were teasing each other, he had already said that was okay. He had even invited his wife to jack Mark's dick.

They sat back down and Julia pulled her swimsuit to the side. She began toying with her pussy while listening to her husband pleasure Diane on the other side.

“This doesn't bother you?” he whispered to her.

“No, not at all. It's sexy.”

“But that's your husband over there with his fingers up--”

“And that's your wife. They're having fun.”

“You don't feel left out?”

“No, it's a little odd feeling the first time but after that it's easy.” Her hand found his crotch and reached in.

He let her fondle him. “The first time? You've done this before?”

“Mm hmm. Sometimes we have a couple come over. Very good friends. I love seeing Mark plow the other woman. And Ricky, the other man, is very gentle with me.”

Tom was shocked. *Julia? In a foursome?*

Then she shocked him further. “Mark has a friend of his come over once a month or so and he makes love to me. It's very nice.”

“But you're married--”

“It's just sex. What's wrong with sex?”

“I... Well...”

“They want me to wear an ankle bracelet but I'm too chicken. I have a lot of family around.”

“So you're embarrassed?”

“Not really, but it's private.”

“Which is why you didn't answer me today.”

She grinned at him. She was stroking him. She reached over with her other hand and grabbed his free one, placing it on her pussy.

His hand froze but she pressed her hand over his.

“It's okay,” she said. “They're doing it over there.”

He drew a breath and began playing.

Julia hummed contentedly.

They could hear them talking on the other side, but couldn't make out their words over the surf. Whatever they were saying was punctuated by a lot of gasps and moans.

Tom had to admit, this was really turning him on – knowing they were doing something sexual without knowing exactly what. That he had Mark's wife with him doing the same things balanced the thing out, somehow. He felt no jealousy, only excitement. And Julia's hand felt very good on his erection.

Suddenly, Diane's moans and gasps came together and she said, “Unh, yes!”

Tom knew she was cumming. It sounded very sexy. “She's cumming,” he said to Julia.

“Wow,” she said. She spread her legs wider giving him better access.

Her pussy felt really good. Nice and small, wet, and warm. He could faintly hear the wet sounds his fingers were making.

She leaned over to him. "Did it turn you on knowing she came on my husband's fingers?"

He wasn't sure. He thought it did, but when he thought about it, he felt possessive.

"Faster," she said.

He leaned over and began working two of his fingers in and out of her pussy.

She moaned loud, her head thrown back. Her body began quivering. Then she began making groaning grunts, her pussy clamping on his fingers.

*She's cumming on my fingers.* Tom was surprised at how sexy it felt to make Mark's wife cum. He knew Mark could hear it.

Julia began stroking him faster. He leaned back, letting her jack him.

On the other side, Mark moaned, panting, and began grunting as if lifting really heavy weights. He was cumming to Diane's strokes.

Instantly, Tom felt his orgasm explode with no warning. Everything tensed up and shot. "Aghh..." He called out.

"Wow," Julia said. "It's just disappearing into the dark it's shooting so far."

"Is it raining?" Mark said.

Julia giggled. "You hit my husband."

Tom laughed, relieved at having cum.

There would be no laughing the next night.



## CHAPTER 8 – Night 3

That night, after the bonfire, Tom crawled into bed next to Diane. “Sounded like you two had a little too much fun over there tonight.”

“Relax, would you? It was just some teasing. Anyway, it sounded like you did the same thing.”

Tom was quiet.

“Was that your cum hitting Mark?”

“Well, I think so.”

“Uh huh. Too much fun, huh?”

“I came hearing you cum.”

Diane arched an eyebrow at him. “I was already done cumming. It was Mark who was cumming.” She reached down and felt his cock.

He tried to will it to be small and uninterested.

“What did it for you? That he came or that it was my hand making him cum?”

He gasped, his cock twitching. “I guess it was earlier, when I first saw you jacking his dick with the oil. It looked good. Like it was alright.”

“So you like me stroking him?”

“Yeah, I guess I do.”

“And making him cum?”

“Yes. Just don't go any farther. I don't want you fucking him.”

“Okay, then. Teasing only.”

He heard a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

~ ~ ~ - Day 4

The next morning Tom settled up the ice chest with a better mix of vodka and water. It was noon again by the time everyone headed down to the beach.

It was hot on their fourth day, and they sat under the umbrellas drinking icy vodka until the lure of the water was too strong.

“Not wearing my glasses this time.” Tom pulled them off.

“Yeah, water, bad idea.” Julia pulled hers off and placed them next to his.

The four of them walked down to the water and waded in. The rushing water felt cool and good.

“We definitely need to do this again next year,” Mark said.

“Coming from him,” Julia said, “that's high endorsement.”

*For vacationing or for more of Diane's cock-stroking?* Tom thought the latter.

Julia grabbed his hand as if to keep from falling. She steadied herself but didn't let go.

That was fine with Tom, he liked her hand. He liked her touch. He liked her size, too. With her glasses off, her eyes looked normal, except the one was pointed off slightly in another direction. Still, they were pretty and blue and her smile lit them up like twinkling stars.

Their water time was not long and even Diane and Mark splashed around only a little. Coming back to the umbrellas, Tom sat wet in his trunks. He didn't bother with the towel; it was just too warm.

Julia toweled next to him.

Diane looked up at the sun. “I guess a little sunning will be okay. Mark, would you oil me up?”

Mark glanced over at Tom as he got up.

Tom pretended not to have noticed.

“Sure,” Mark said. “I'll sun with you.”

Diane slipped out of her bikini, and stood naked.

“You look better every time I see you,” Mark said.

Tom gave his wife a smile. She was beautiful. Her hips were just wide enough to balance her large boobs. *I can't blame him for complimenting her, can I?* He found he was pleased his wife earned Mark's appreciation.

Diane winked at him.

He made fresh drinks and placed them out.

He and Julia started on theirs, watching the other two.

Diane laid face down in the sun. Mark, still in his trunks, knelt over her and began applying oil. She hummed happily as his strong hands kneaded her back and shoulders. He climbed over her legs and sat on the backs of her knees. His rubbing took on more of a body massage. He knew his business.

Julia took a good swig. “I might sun, too, in a little bit. If you'll oil me up.” She gave him a sly look.

Tom's heart beat a little faster. “I... Sure, of course. Would love to.”

Julia blushed. "You're so nice."

Trying to act all gentlemanly, he couldn't hide the growing lump in his shorts and that caused him to blush, too.

They watched Mark slide down and begin oiling her butt cheeks. Or massaging them. Or groping them. He seemed to be doing it all. His cock was stretching his trunks out. He laughed and got up. "First woman I can't massage with clothes on." He slipped his trunks off.

Tom watched the bobbing cock as Mark knelt back down over Diane. It laid on the backs of her knees as he worked lower.

"Flip," Mark said.

Diane turned, grinning at his erection.

Tom had to agree, the thing was just impressive.

"It's just too big," Julia whispered.

"It is?" Tom said.

"It hurts when we..."

"Oh?"

She nodded.

Mark oiled Diane from the legs up. His fingers massaged her thighs and he scooted up. His cock was a missile pointing at her crotch. He took time oiling around her waist and pussy. His fingers dipped between her thighs and Diane moaned. A finger toyed around her clit and then Mark was moving up again.

Tom found his breathing becoming ragged as he watched his wife squirm and Mark's cock advance on her pussy. It was close, an inch away. But when he scooted up again, he lifted his shaft over her pussy mound and laid it over it.

Diane hummed.

Tom watched his wife tilt her hips up. At that angle, he imagined that her clit would be in contact with the underside Mark's cock. Rubbing it with excruciating slowness.

Julia whispered, "Is this turning you on?"

There was no way he could hide his erection, but he didn't answer.

Mark spent a lot of time on her boobs. Finally he finished her shoulders and leaned forward. He gave her a kiss on her lips. His erection was angled down into her flat belly. When he pulled up and got off, a silvery string of pre-cum stretched from the head of his dick to her stomach.

Tom almost moaned. Instead he took a huge gulp.

“Nasty, isn't it?” Julia said.

He chuckled.

Mark lay down and Diane began oiling his back. She straddled over him and did her best to massage his back like he had done to her.

“Ah, nice,” Mark said.

Tom's cock twitched when his wife said, “Over.”

Mark flipped, his erection bulging.

Diane worked up, as he had. When she got to his penis, she scooted up onto his thighs. Her pussy was an inch away from his balls. She stroked him a few times, but then stopped. She began oiling his upper torso.

“That was fast,” Mark said.

“I wasn't done.”

“Oh.”

She leaned farther to reach his shoulders and scooted with it.

Tom felt dizzy with lust. His wife's pussy made contact with Mark's balls and then slid up his shaft. She had it pinned down, but she would be feeling the length of his cock between her pussy lips.

She was done, however, and scooted back. The contact had lasted a few seconds.

For some reason, Tom felt a measure of disappointment along with the relief.

Diane sat back again, gripping Mark's cock with two hands. She began stroking it and squeezing, up and down.

Mark moaned happily.

Julia leaned over and rubbed Tom's crotch through his trunks. “Take those off and let's join them in the sun.”

He got up and undressed. Julia did the same and his eyes roamed over her body. He wondered again how Mark ever got his cock into her.

Diane handed him the oil.

He oiled his hand and began low on Julia. He worked up the backs of her legs, his eyes at that dark cleft deep between her thighs that was her pussy. *Was it big enough to let Mark in?* It didn't look like it.

She laid there with a big grin on her face.

Diane kept stroking on Mark's shaft, but gave her husband another wink.

When he got to her back he noticed his penis pointing along her thighs towards her pussy. Could he sneak in a touch? He scooted forward a little

more and felt the head nestle between her thighs and up against her butt cheeks. Slowly, Julia tilted her hips, aligning her pussy with his cock.

Diane and Mark were still playing. She with his dick and he with her tits.

Tom inched forward and felt Julia's moisture on the head of his shaft. Mark's voice startled him.

“Come a little closer.” He was trying to reach Diane's boobs without stretching too far.

Tom pulled back in a hurry to keep from being noticed.

Diane scooted forward. Her pussy came in contact with Mark's balls again and then slid up against the shaft while she stroked. She began moving her hips, her clit bumping and rubbing Mark's cock.

Julia turned her head and looked at Diane. “Are you having fun with my husband's dick?”

Tom's mouth dropped open, but Diane started laughing.

She leaned back a little, showing the contact. Her hips moved a little more suggestively. “I guess I am.”

Watching his wife's familiar form move so that her pussy stroked up and down against another man's shaft was like nothing he had ever seen. He shook his head and said in a shaky voice, “Okay, flip.”

Julia squirmed and turned under him. He was up on his knees, his cock out and throbbing over her shins. She stared at it, her mouth a little open. Her thighs moved apart suggestively.

Tom didn't think she was aware. He oiled her legs and moved up. He felt pressure as he got to her thighs – she was trying to part them more but was constrained by his legs on either side of hers. He oiled her hips and pussy, running his fingers all over it. Over her clit, over her trimmed bush and all over her pussy lips. They were soft and fleshy, leaking juices. He rubbed them all over and then poked a finger inside.

Julia groaned loudly and he froze, realizing he was mauling her pussy.

Mark leaned up. “You're going to have to show me that massage technique.” His voice was playful, but there was a warning look in his eyes.

Diane giggled.

Tom felt his face redden. He finished oiling Julia as fast as he could, though he slowed down a little to toy with Julia's nipples. He slid his hands along her arms and oiled her hands as they twined together. He felt her wedding ring. His cock throbbed.

They rearranged themselves and Tom gratefully laid over his embarrassingly hard penis.

She oiled him up and his nerves settled, luxuriating in the feel of her slick hands massaging him. She squeezed his butt and moved up, making long strokes with her palms up his back and then raking fingernails down.

He moaned. "That feels really good."

"So does this," Mark said.

He looked over. His wife was rubbing her very swollen pussy against his shaft. Her hand held his cock upright and she moved her hips up and down.

"Looks like fun," he said. What else was he supposed to say?

Mark winked. "It is."

"Over, then," said Julia.

He turned over, his dick leaking juices everywhere. He both dreaded what was coming and was anxious to feel her grip his cock. She worked up and imitated Diane. She passed over his erection with a stroke or two and finished up the rest of him first. As she was doing his arms and hands, she leaned down and kissed him.

He could feel her pussy resting on the head of his cock as she leaned forward. The angle was wrong but he suddenly felt very good with his manhood touching her pussy. It didn't feel wrong. It didn't feel bad. It felt right and happy.

She stopped the kiss and whispered, "I sure would love to feel you in me."

A flash of panic went through him. If she slammed her pussy down on him, they would all blame him.

But she didn't. She scooted back and mimicked Diane's position. She pressed her pussy up against his cock and started stroking it.

*Ohhh this feels too good.* He tried to relax. He tried to think of missing packing slips or of number counts that didn't match up. He thought of taxes and the IRS. He thought of a flat tire with no spare a hundred miles from anywhere.

It worked. Then he looked over at Diane. He almost came again.

Her feet were on either side of Mark's shoulders but her knees were pressed together over him. She was using them to thrust her hips up and down. Mark's erection was firmly gripped between her thighs, right up against her pussy. She lifted up and down, his cock appearing, pushing up

through her pussy lips and over her clit. Then down as she lifted, the head nestled against her hole. Mark had a hold on her thighs, pulling them down against him.

But it wasn't Tom that came, it was Mark. Thick ropes of cum shot up a few inches out of that cock and landed all over Diane's bush and thighs.

She squealed and got off, but her pussy was already soaked. Mark shot another five thick ropes into the air.

Tom grinned, trying not to laugh. But he saw his wife there, looking beautiful, with Mark's cum dripping off her pussy.

Tom would be seeing that again.



## CHAPTER 8 -Night 4

Dinner was jovial, a simple stew and good company. Tom felt relaxed from all the vodka. "I don't really want to go home. Maybe we can comb the beach and find a treasure chest from some Spanish galleon."

Julia gave him a half smile. "That's the East coast."

"Nuts."

Diane gave Mark a look. "I don't think Mister Gym Owner here could handle being away for more than a week."

"Well, I don't know." Mark was rubbing his chin.

"See?" Diane threw up her hands.

Julia snickered.

"You need a spanking." Mark's eyebrows wiggled.

"Again?" She had gotten one every night so far.

Tom rose. "Go spank her. Julia and I will clean up and prepare the ice chest." They had decided the bonfire was fun and repeatable.

"Come here, you brat," Mark grabbed Diane.

She squealed, pinching at him.

He lifted her bodily and hauled her to the living room.

"You think they're okay?" Tom said.

Julia looked at him through those thick glasses. "You've seen them. Do you think they're okay?"

Tom had noticed that when they weren't touching each other's crotches, they really didn't have all that much to say to one another. Both seemed to be enjoying each other, having fun, and wanting more, but their interests didn't match all that well. "I don't know. I guess so."

They heard three whacks in the living room.

Finishing with the bowls, Tom filled the ice chest and grabbed the matches. "Ready?"

Julia winked at him.

Putting down the ice chest, he came over to her and pulled her into a hug. The living room was silent. He kissed her, his tongue spearing into her mouth to wrestle with hers. She melted against him, pressing herself to his body and moaning in the kiss.

He liked kissing Mark's wife. It was fun, sexy, and she liked it. He knew who she was, but didn't really know her. A kiss or a masturbation between

them seemed free, easy, and without the stress of fusing two separate people into a twenty-four hour per day relationship.

The round the clock relationship was rewarding on its own, as evidenced by how much he and Diane loved each other. They knew how each other operated and thought. They could predict what each other would do or say.

But a friend like Julia had its extra rewards for both. For both him and for Julia. She seemed really happy to have someone pay attention to her in addition to her husband, even if for a short time.

Was it wrong to bring some extra pleasure as he did into her marriage to Mark?

She pulled him into the living room, holding her finger to her lips. She had peeked on them a moment before.

On the couch, Diane was still laid across Mark's lap. Sort of. He was shifted to the side, his hand around his cock. Her floor-side leg was on the floor supporting her. Her legs were open and Mark was rubbing the head of his erection all over her bikini - where her pussy was. He was muttering, whispering, "Yeah, that's good. Yeah."

"I think they're having fun," Julia said. She was not quiet about it.

Diane and Mark jumped up off the couch and both turned a little red. "How dare you sneak up on us," she said.

"Sneak?" Tom look confused.

Mark had stuffed most of his cock back in his trunks. "Well, then, we ready?"

They walked down to the firepit they had made in the dimming light. They didn't have much time.

Mark and Tom set off at a run to gather what wood they could before it was dark.

With the fire going, Mark grabbed Diane and herded her to the other side. He didn't ask and Diane just giggled.

Tom made drinks and set them on the lid. "Drinks ready."

Diane, still giggling, came around the fire. She was still wearing her bottoms and towel, but her breasts were bare.

Julia raised her eyebrows and let them fall.

They heard them talking and laughing over there on the other side. They could see their faces, huddled together over the flames.

By the second drink, the flames were gone and the pit glowing with embers. It was enough to see Julia, barely, but looking across light into darkness was almost blinding. At best, they could make out Mark and Diane's shapes but only dimly.

They heard "Ooops" and "Sorry."

"Drinks, when you're ready," Tom said.

"Ooo." From Diane. She came around the pit, empty cups in hand. She was completely naked.

Julia gave Tom a look and then looked back to Diane.

How was he supposed to read that? What did Julia's looks mean? He made the drinks and handed them back to his wife. He watched her beautiful ass sway back around the pit into the darkness.

He sat back down next to Julia. She pulled his head to the side and kissed him. She was so earnest and wanting to please. He kissed her back and the kiss went on. He reached his hand across and brushed her slowly from her chest down to her pussy. Her legs widened at the approach of his hand.

They heard giggling on the other side, then silence.

He brought his hand back up and slowly raised it to her head, cupping it and twining his fingers in her curls. He loved the feel of her silky hair and her tongue danced with his in a flare of passion.

Then they heard it.

A sharp gasp, followed by, "Unh, yes."

It was the sound his wife made when he pushed his cock into her.

Tom broke the kiss with Julia. He froze and everything in him tensed. He couldn't see them. Was his wife being violated right now? Were her legs splayed open and her pussy opening to admit Mark's cock? He opened his mouth to speak, but only a croak came out.

He heard a grunt from Mark and panting from Diane.

He got up.

Diane said, "No, wait, wait, wait. It's too big. Too big, wait."

Tom's panic grew a little anger with it. "Are you two fucking?"

Silence.

Then Mark spoke, breathless. "Nah, just teasing."

"Yes, hun," said Diane. Her voice was shaking and she panted in between words. "Just teasing. Just teasing."

Teasing? She never sounded like that during foreplay, only when taking his cock.

Julia pulled him back down and put an arm around his shoulder. She massaged him as the sounds picked back up. "It's okay," she said.

Tom heard Mark grunting and Diane panting with a few moans in between. Exactly like sex.

"Hey," Julia said. "It's alright."

He whispered to her. "That doesn't sound like teasing to me."

Mark let out a long "Ahh." Then, "You did it."

Diane gasped. "I did? So full. So full. Wait. Unh, yes."

"What can they be doing other than fucking?" Tom felt violated.

Julia gripped his arm and shook it. "It's alright."

He looked at her in the dim glow of embers. "It's alright if your husband has his cock in my wife?"

"They might just be teasing, but I've known he's wanted to do her for a couple years now."

On the other side, in the darkness, sounds of flesh slapping drifted.

"How do you like being teased?" Mark said.

Diane's moans tried to turn into words.

Then her moans were muffled, as if she were being kissed. The flesh-slapping went on and on.

Julia climbed over him and straddled his lap, looking deep into his eyes. She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Do me," she said in a whisper. She moved her swimsuit aside.

Distracted by her, Tom felt himself grow hard. This timid little housewife wanted his cock?

She reached down and pulled his trunk down far enough to expose his cock. It erected, fast. She gripped it, stroking, scooting closer.

He felt dizzy, overcome with lust. He felt her rub the head of his shaft against her moist pussy and he knew he wanted her. Growling, he pulled her towards him, his cock spearing, parting and entering her pussy. She held her breath, quivering, as he sank in. Her moan was muffled, against his neck. Then she was moving her hips, fucking him in conjunction with his movements, fucking as one.

She whispered into his ear. "Oh, this is wonderful, thank you."

"I thought you had Mark and a couple other men--"

“He won't let any man fuck me without a condom. I get weary of the pain of his size or the feel of rubber from others.”

“Condoms, huh? We don't have any.”

“He doesn't want any other man cumming in me. We'll have to be quiet about this.”

They moved together, his cock sliding neatly in and out of her pussy while they listened to Mark and Diane pant and moan.

Diane spoke, her voice reacting as if being thrust into with hard strokes every two seconds. “Unh... Oh this... feels good... Unh... So full... So full...” Her panting quickened. “I'm going to... cum.”

“Yeah, baby,” Mark said. The slaps and grunts increased.

“Unh, yes! Deeper. Harder.” Her wail of orgasm was full of satisfaction

Tom and Julia reacted on their own, no words spoken. Both frantically humped their hips at each other.

Julia moaned, feverishly.

Sounds from the other side stopped.

Mark said, “You two aren't fucking are you? I don't want anyone fucking my wife.”

Tom called out. “No, man, we're just teasing each other.” He thrust his cock deep and Julia sighed contentedly. His erection expanded. He felt the thrill of talking to Mark while his cock was fucking Mark's wife.

Was Mark feeling the same thing? Was his cock in Diane right now? Was what sounded like fucking really fucking? Was Mark as turned on as he was to be talking to him in a wife-swap neither was sure was happening?

The slaps returned, faster, harder.

Diane whimpered in pleasure.

Julia pumped her hips again and kissed him to muffle her moans of orgasm. Her whole body trembled and convulsed on him. The slick feel of her pussy fitting so well over his cock threw him over the edge. His seed shot up into her.

She broke the kiss. “Oh wow. I can feel it.”

On the other side, Mark growled and then started grunting hard. “Ah, yes. Phenomenal pussy. Yes. Take it. Take it all.”

After a couple seconds of grunting, Diane said, “Oh my goodness, there's so much.”

Tom wasn't sure if Mark had actually fucked Diane or if he had just fucked her thighs like earlier. But he had heard his wife saying something

about being full. His fingers? Or his large penis?

Julia whispered, "Thank you. It's so nice to have a normal sized dick without a rubber for once."

"You felt really good."

Her smile was wide and happy. "You can't tell Mark this."

"Even if he just fucked my wife?"

She gave him a look. "You know how he is."

"Yeah, the fitness types are all rather arrogant."

She nodded.

~ ~ ~ - Night 4

Tom watched her get into bed. He was leaning up on an elbow, giving her the eyebrow.

"What?" said Diane.

"So, was that sex I heard tonight?"

She froze, then resumed getting into bed, saying quickly. "Don't be silly; it was just teasing."

"Oh really." He reached under the covers towards her pussy.

She got a panicked look on her face and tried to fend off his hand.

"Mm hmm," he said.

She blew out a breath. "Okay, fine. Yes, he fucked me."

"I thought so."

"I wanted it. I wanted to feel it in me just once instead of teasing me."

He reached into her panties.

She tried to stop him but gave up. "I'm a little sore."

He felt her pussy. The lips were swollen, puffy and wet. "He came on you?"

She didn't say anything.

He inserted his fingers into an ocean of juices. "He came in you?"

"I didn't think it would be so much."

"There weren't condoms--"

"No. He wanted to feel me without condoms. He hates them."

"He fucked you and came in you?" He was incredulous. "What if you get preg--"

"I think I'm okay this week."

"You think?"

“I should be okay. It's getting close--”

“You think this is a smart way--”

“We only have two full days left. I want to feel his cock and experience it while we're here. I don't want to mess that up with condoms..”

“You really want to risk getting pregnant just so--”

Diane sighed. “Look, the odds of me getting pregnant have to be pretty slim.”

“You're going to ovulate--”

“I should be fine.”

“You're sure?”

She hesitated. “I think so.”

She would be ovulating on their last full day at the beach house.



## CHAPTER 9 - Day 5

The day was cooler, breezier. Tom placed the nearly empty vodka bottle in the chest. He would need to go get more before they started any serious drinking. He looked up as Mark came into the kitchen.

Should he say something? But could he? What if he came off all accusatory only to find out Julia had spilled her own beans last night, too?

“Hey, buddy,” Mark said. He had an eager look on his face, personable and open. “I’m sorry I ripped her bikini last night. I guess those straps are pretty thin.”

Tom had seen the ripped bikini bottoms. They were useless. Diane was wearing her bikini top and a towel. He imagined Mark tearing at her bikini, cock throbbing, so he could fuck her. “Yeah, they were pretty skimpy.”

“Look,” Mark said. He frowned, as if thinking over a serious matter. Then nodded as if making a serious business decision. “All this teasing and stuff--”

*Like fucking?* “Yes?”

“I’m not trying to take your wife or anything. Whew, there. I said it.”

*There was something hard about that?* “Yes?”

“I just mean I’m having fun is all. She’s beautiful and everything with some very nice tits, but she’s not my type.”

*Was that supposed to relieve me? He just wants to fuck her and use her and it’s all okay, buddy?* But he knew he had his own secret with Julia. She had responded to him passionately, with lust and... more?

Mark clapped him on the shoulder and gave him a wink. “Anyway, I better get down there for my afternoon oiling.”

Tom watched him go - heading down to have his wife oil up his body and stroke his cock with her hands and pussy. He finished the ice chest and went down last.

His wife was oiling Mark first. She was already telling him to flip.

Julia winked at him and gave him her bright and pretty smile. He sat next to her and broke out the contents of the chest.

"I'll need to go get more," he said.

"I'll go with you again."

Diane was making fast work of the oiling. Within moments, she was done and had both hands stroking Mark's erection.

Tom turned his head to Julia and whispered. "Did you tell him...?"

Her eyes got big. "Heavens, no. Why would I do that?"

He thrust his chin at Diane. "She confirmed they fucked."

She nodded and took a drink. "I figured they would."

"And you're sure that doesn't bother you?"

"Sounded like they had fun."

"But--"

"And we had our own fun." She looked at him, eyes large in those glasses.

He shifted uncomfortably.

Diane had pushed her pussy up against Mark's cock and squeezed her thighs shut. She moved her hips up and down, stroking his shaft with her pussy.

"But that's another woman's pussy--"

"And he has a friend come over once a month for me. That's another man's cock."

"That's not the same."

Her big eyes behind the glasses got bigger. "Oh? Are you going to tell me it's okay for a man to have his cock all over the place but the woman better never share her pussy?"

"That's not what I said."

"But it is, really. The perspective might change but it is the same thing. It takes a cock and a pussy to do some fucking. If a pussy can be all over the place with different men, then each of those cocks are all over the place with different women."

*That sort of made sense.* He grunted.

She tilted her head as if not sure he understood. "Look, if he shares me with Gino once a month, some woman is sharing Gino with me."

"I find it odd he shares you at all."

She shook her head, her little curls swinging. "But you get turned on by this." She pointed to his wife and her husband.

"Sort of, I guess."

They were getting up, trading places. Diane laid down for her oiling.

"Sort of?"

"Well, my wife is beautiful."

"Of course. And you like seeing her naked."

"I do." He smiled and took a drink.

"Even with Mark."

It was sexy. But how could he deny that? How could he admit that? How could he admit he liked seeing her hands on the man's shaft? But when Mark's hands were on her, he felt jealous. Why was that?

He finished off his drink. They would have to get more. But he was enjoying the show.

When Diane turned over to lay on her back, she spread her legs out a bit. Mark had a great view of her pussy and kept looking at it, drooling.

"And you don't have a problem with that?" He pointed.

She didn't answer right away. "The first time he invited his friend over, I thought he didn't love me anymore."

Mark oiled Diane's thighs and leaned over suddenly, planting a loud and wet kiss on her clit. She gasped and started up in surprise but then settled back down.

Tom's cock twitched, hardening.

Mark moved up between her legs, his cock hanging heavy, throbbing, aiming at Diane's open pussy.

"And then I realized," Julia said, "that he really did love me. So much that he wanted special friends to see how special I was."

Tom's eyes were glued to Mark's cock. It was getting closer. His own dick was getting very hard.

"It was as much a gift to me as a gift to them. I wasn't being used, I was being worshiped."

Mark's penis butted up against Diane's pussy. He left it there, variously poking, prodding, bumping and rubbing on her pussy.

Tom started to pant. He watched his wife's hips squirm. "Worshiped?" he said, breathless.

"Like Mark is worshiping your wife."

He watched Mark's back flex slowly for an instant, pushing his hips and cock forward. The head bent in Diane's pussy lips. Then he withdrew.

Diane moaned in frustration and said, "You rotten tease." She pushed him away and motioned him to lay down. She climbed over him and rested her crotch on his. She slid her pussy back and forth, stroking her lips along the shaft as it lay pressed between them on his stomach.

His wife did look good and he found that he was happy for her having the opportunity for pleasure.

Diane leaned down and kissed Mark.

Tom raised an eyebrow. He did feel good seeing her kiss Mark. He did feel good seeing her rub her pussy that belonged to him along the man's shaft. Any man? Or just Mark? Was Mark safe? A friend, not a threat?

Mark moved his hips and his erection popped up from between them and rode up her pussy to her crack. She wriggled her hips against it. Mark shifted down a little more and his cock angled more towards her pussy. Diane wriggled her hips a little more when she felt the head of Mark's penis brushing against her clit.

Even that looked good to Tom. Even Mark's cock toying at her pussy turned him on. It made him feel good. Seeing her, so familiar to him, teasing another man, his cock toying at her hole. He realized he was panting.

Julia was watching him, only occasionally glancing at her husband and her friend. She reached over and worked his waistband down to toy with his erection.

He groaned. His dick was very hard.

There was sudden movement and then Diane and Mark were laughing.

"Oops," Diane said.

Julia giggled.

"Uh, sorry about that, Tom. Just a little penetration there."

Tom saw the glisten of their juices on the head of Mark's cock. His wife's juices. And it seemed okay.

His wife got off and moved under the umbrella. She fanned herself as if hot.

Mark sat beside her and lazily gripped his own shaft, stroking slowly. "I see my wife has you in hand."

Tom chuckled, but it was nervous. Mark's wife was stroking him while his own wife watched Mark stroking himself. There was a completeness to it he couldn't explain.

Then Diane bent over, grabbed Mark's erection, and lowered her mouth over it.

Tom's mouth fell open. He watched his wife's lips, the very ones he had kissed so many times, sliding over the head, stretched around Mark's penis. It looked good. It looked very good. He was instantly glad his wife had decided to do it and that she was there to also please her friend's husband. It was something friendly, in an intimate way, and he was happy to be sharing her mouth with a friend.

"Let's oil up and relax." Julia said. "Let the drink wear off before we go."

He oiled her first, running his hands all over her with a barely contained passion. She was fun. She was a lot more fun than he had imagined. She was also sensitive and very caring. He liked that.

When it was his turn to be oiled, she caressed the oil into his skin with the caress of a lover. She stroked him up straight and then climbed over him. She was half raised up on one leg, gripping his erection and toying at her clit with it.

He looked over at Mark and Diane. Mark had pulled her into his lap, her back against his chest. His erection stood up and her pussy and clit rubbed the head. They were watching Julia pleasure her pussy using Tom's cock.

Diane gave him a salacious wink.

He felt the head of his penis at Julia's hole. He so wanted to fuck her right then.

Julia moaned and half collapsed.

His penis entered her.

She got off and looked over at Mark. "Oh, sorry. A little penetration there."

"Be careful," Mark said. "I don't want you two fucking." The head of his penis was nestled against Diane's hole.

Julia said, "Why don't we go get the vodka before these two lovebirds start squawking about being thirsty?"

In a shaky voice, Tom agreed.

Once up in the car, that word ran through his mind, what Mark had said: penetration.

Penetration. Was it bad? He found that he was excited by it. A little penetration wasn't bad, was it? Did Julia think her husband penetrating Tom's wife was bad? She had laughed. His mind argued with his heart – or his dick. He wasn't sure. His mind said he should be jealous. His dick or his heart or his gut seemed comfortable once having seen it.

But he hadn't seen it. Julia had been distracting him with a handjob.

Penetration.

As hard as he tried, he could find nothing but curiosity and a sense of thrill.

Mark had admitted he had accidentally penetrated Tom's wife. And Tom found nothing within himself but a hunger to see.

Would it be so bad? Julia said no. Mark and Diane had already had their secret penetration. Mark had even cum in her and by Diane's admission, she wanted more before the vacation was over. Would that be bad?

~ ~ ~

Tom put some more ice in the chest. “Alright then, let's get back to sun and fun.”

Julia hugged his arm.

Armed with a fresh supply of vodka and lemon juice, they walked down the path. At Masturbation Point, they looked down. If they were down there, they were still under the umbrellas.

“Did you like Diane sucking on my husband's dick?” said Julia.

“I think I actually did.”

“Good.”

“That doesn't make me weird, does it?”

“I suppose only if you want to be the one sucking on his dick.”

Tom snorted. “Er, no. But it looked good seeing it.”

“Those were the words Mark used when we first...” She trailed off and waved him to be quiet.

Down the last switchback, they heard groans and Diane panting and gasping.

Julia leaned to him and whispered. “Uh oh.”

They listened for a moment. It sounded like sex. With penetration. A lot of penetration.

He tensed.

She grabbed his arm and shook her head. "Quietly."

He let her ease them forward, sneaking up on the umbrellas. He put the chest down when she motioned and almost spoke when she pulled down his trunks. The finger over her mouth stopped him.

Taking his dick in one hand and cupping his neck with the other, she kissed him while the sounds of sex came from just around the edge of the umbrella. It made him hard.

Then she slowly led him around the umbrella.

Mark was laying on his back. Diane was over him, rising and falling. Her back was arched. Her pussy rose up and sank back down, Mark's large cock disappearing into her pussy over and over.

Julia's hand stroked him as he watched his wife fuck Mark.

It was too much. The sight of that large, beautiful cock thrusting up into his wife's descending pussy, her lips stretched around the pumping shaft made his knees wobble. "Ohhh..." he said, half in moan, half in wonder.

Diane was off Mark in a flash. She tried covering her boobs and pussy with her hands.

Mark's eyes were large.

Then they saw Julia stroking him.

"Uh," said Mark. "Sorry, buddy. Got a little carried away there."

"You snuck up on us," Diane said accusingly.

Penetration. And he was hard.

Julia was looking at him, her hand not stopping.

"I..." Tom tried to speak.

Mark clapped his hands. "Hey, why don't we have an early barbecue--"

Tom shook his head. "Mark..."

"And then we can come down for a nice--"

"Mark. Shut up."

Mark and Diane looked shocked.

"Look," Mark said. He got no farther.

Tom cut him off. "Relax. It's okay."

"Whuh?"

*Muscleheads really were dense.* "I said it's okay."

Julia tried to interpret for her husband. "He said it was okay, dear."

“What? Are you sure?”

Diane looked stunned.

Julia tried interpreting for her husband again. “He said it was okay, dear.”

Tom nodded. “I'm sure.”

Mark straightened up as if there was no roof suddenly caving in over his head. “Oh. Oh. Well.” He looked at Diane. “Then...”

“It's okay.” Tom almost laughed at Mark's timidity at being discovered. Diane had already told him they had screwed.

Mark gave a chuckle, something designed for a customer's funny joke that wasn't funny but required a polite laugh. “Well, then. Come here, woman.”

Diane came to him and he lowered her to the ground. She spread her legs and he moved between them.

“Let's sit,” Julia said.

Tom grabbed up the ice chest and moved it into the shade.

Julia grabbed his dick again as Mark pressed his erection against Diane's hole.

Getting stroked by Julia, he watched his wife's pussy open and admit Mark's large shaft. It sank in, lubed and easy with their juices. His cock looked so very good, so very right, and so perfect sliding into her pussy. His wife moaned, clutching Mark's shoulders.

Julia leaned over. “It's beautiful, isn't it? I love seeing my husband's cock make another woman moan.”

Tom watched, fascinated, enrapt. It really was a beautiful sight. “Yes, it is.” He started to tug at Julia's suit but she shook her head.

She whispered to him, “He meant it about not wanting us fucking. I know him.”

“So they get to fuck and we don't?”

Mark was ramming his cock into Tom's wife. Hard. Diane was taking it all.

Julia gave him a smile. “What he doesn't know...”

“But--”

She shook her head. “Later. In the dark again.” Her hand was still moving on him.

His wife's groans and moans and whimpers as Mark plowed her pussy with deep thrusts sent him over the edge. He began squirting and Julia was

delighted. She aimed and stroked him in a milking motion that sent his sperm arching out and splashing over Mark and Diane.

“You shoot so far,” Julia said.

Tom gasped, breathing raggedly, and then started to chuckle.

A couple of minutes later, Mark groaned and then grunted, sending one of his copious loads deep into Tom's wife.

And Tom liked it.

It was good that he liked it because over the next two days, he would not be seeing much of his wife.



## CHAPTER 10 - Night 5

Tom suspected that Diane's spanking after dinner would involve a lot more than hand to ass.

He took the moment of privacy in the kitchen to kiss Julia. He really liked kissing her. They heard three loud whacks in the living room, then silence.

"I want to fuck you, again," Tom said. He ground his hips into hers.

She pressed back. "At the firepit." She rubbed his hardening penis through his trunks. "I want you in me again. You fit perfect."

They walked out into the living room.

Tom's wife was on the couch, on her knees. Mark was behind her, holding onto her ponytail, thrusting his cock deep. He grunted with each thrust, his balls expanding when he was up against her pussy with the end of each push.

She was being deep-fucked and had a look of intense concentration on her face, her mouth open.

Julia moved his trunks and grabbed Tom's dick. "It never ceases to be beautiful. Do you like it?"

Tom nodded. "Yes." Julia's hand stroking him felt good, relieving the pressure at seeing his wife being fucked by Mark.

"Do you like what my husband is doing to your wife?"

"Yes."

Diane looked over at their low voices. Lust was on her face. She met Tom's eyes and her mouth worked like a fish, gasping. Mark's cock slid in and out like a smooth piston, slow, working her pussy like a well-oiled machine.

Mark looked over, smiled, and gave them a thumbs up. "I love your wife's pussy; it's phenomenal. She can take me all the way in."

Diane closed her eyes and moaned.

Tom could have cum, but he didn't want to. He wanted to cum in Julia, to see her eyes staring into his as he shot his sperm into her. "We're heading down."

"Alright, buddy," Mark said. He thrust in and held it there. "We'll be down in a few minutes."

Diane, full of cum and amazing amounts of it running down her legs, walked down to the firepit with Mark.

*The guy fucks good, but he doesn't have much to say that's interesting.* They had tried talking, but he was all fitness. If it wasn't efficient ways of exercising, it was food nutrition and pointers to her about how she should eat. *Leave me alone about it.* “I didn't think Tom would be okay with all this.”

“He likes it,” said Mark.

*Duh.* “But it was a surprise.”

“He never talked about sharing you before?”

“Never.”

“Huh. Probably insecurity.”

*Insecurity? Tom? Never.* “I don't know...”

“Every man loves to brag a little, including about their wives.”

“I don't know about being insecure, though. He can be quiet but--”

“He's a handsome guy. I don't think he has anything in the looks department to worry about. And his man-parts look fine, if just average.”

“It has a good shape,” she said.

“Well...”

She heard the reluctance in his voice. “It does.”

“I wasn't arguing, just not my thing to check out and compare dicks, you know? His looked fine. That's as far as I'd take it.”

They arrived at the pit.

Tom was sitting on a towel, leaning back against the log they normally sat on. Julia was behind him, on the log, her legs on either side of his shoulders. They looked relaxed, drinks in hand. He pointed, “Drinks are there.”

Diane felt a surge of love for his matter-of-factness and efficient way of doing things. There was no phony energy there for show. There was no grandstanding or pretense. *I love you.*

She sat with Mark on the other side, knowing it would be an hour or so before he was ready to fuck again. Her pussy still tingled.

“Want to blow me again?” Mark said.

Her drink was halfway to her mouth. “Tomorrow, maybe. Who knows, maybe at breakfast.” *I just want to relax now and have a drink.*

“Oh yeah, baby.”

She could see Tom and Julia clearly enough with the fire still burning. Her friend had her arms around his neck, her head down by his, leaning against his. They looked sweet together and she was glad Tom liked Julia and she liked him. How awful it would be if they had to sit around watching her and Mark fuck all the time.

She wondered if Mark was really so adamant about his wife not being fucked. If he was doing it to her, wasn't it fair that he offer his own wife to Tom? *Poor Tom.*

Mark flexed out his arms, stretching them out straight. “Darned pushups made my elbows sore.”

*Did they really?*

Mark's hands found her boobs.

*That'll keep him busy.* She wondered if Tom and Julia had done anything except masturbate each other. Had the accidental penetration earlier been really accidental? It had been Julia that did it, letting herself drop onto Tom's erection. She hoped Tom got to enjoy that tiny taste. Maybe Julia would give him more. She hoped she did. But how much would she abide by Mark's wishes? She never seemed to contradict him before.

Julia got up and swung around, sitting gently on Tom's lap, facing him.

*She has such pretty curls.* She hoped her husband was nice to her.

After the fire died down, Diane felt Mark's fingers toying at her pussy. She smiled, feeling the nice sensations of his fingers playing. She sure loved his cock. She reached over and fondled the thing. It had been painful that first time, stretching her out, but after that it had been awesome. It felt so good reaming in and out of her. It was a massage from the inside that left her limp with pleasure and relief.

Tom was a great lover, too. It wasn't that Mark was any better. Larger didn't make him better. But he was different and the difference was fun. When the vacation was over, would Mark and Julia come over more often? Would she still be able to fuck Mark when they visited? Once she had it, she didn't want to give up the extra cock.

They began hearing gasps from across the pit. She couldn't see anything but dim shapes.

Mark stopped playing with her. “You two aren't fucking, remember? No fucking.”

Diane hoped they were.

Tom's voice came, breathing heavy. "Just teasing... buddy."

She knew her Tom; he had just insulted Mark. She stifled a giggle. She could just make out Julia's form, still straddling him, but she couldn't tell if her friend was moving or not. She hoped they were fucking. She wanted so desperately for her husband to find something fun in her friend, something sexy in a sharing that went both ways. She also wanted her friend to experience her husband, enjoying a moment of pleasure with him that she could remember when thinking of them. A man shared, a secret shared, and a firmer friendship.

She wanted Tom's penis in Julia, thrusting, causing passion and pleasure. She wanted that bond with Julia.

The gasps were louder now, on the other side.

"Do you think they're fucking?" Mark whispered.

She sure hoped they were. "Nah. Nothing to worry about. My Tom's a good guy."

She heard the familiar groan from Tom. He was cumming. *I hope it's in Julia.*

~ ~ ~ night 5

Tom watched Diane get into bed. *How many times had she been fucked? Three times today alone?* He reached over to hug her and run his hand down to her pussy. He was lucky to cum twice. Three times would have him walking funny and unable to perform the next day. Mark seemed to be able to screw all day long.

"Ooo, honey, not tonight. I'm a bit sore."

"No worries, I was just going to play."

"Yeah, I want to save it for Mark tomorrow, being it's our last full day here."

"Oh, alright then."

She didn't want him hurt. She rolled over to him and hugged him. "You can have all you want when we get home."

He thought about Julia at that moment. What was she doing? Was Mark demanding sex of her, too? Making her hurt?

He had made love to her again by the fire just two hours before, his cock up far in her wonderfully fitting pussy.

He wondered how that had all worked out as it had. His Diane could take all of Mark's cock and loved it. Julia could take all of his and loved it. How had their sexual partners been so crossed?

Did he love Julia? Did Julia love him? For some reason, those thoughts didn't feel right, and he was disappointed.



## CHAPTER 11 – Day 6

Tom's breakfast sat warming. "I think they went into the shower together."

Julia kicked a foot, looking him up and down. "He said he wanted to. I wish we could. But he would be suspicious. He knows I like to make love in the shower."

Tom hardened at the thought of getting the little Julia into the shower.

They heard thumping from the bathroom a moment after the water started. Squeaky thumps, like two people getting into the tub enclosure.

He sighed. "When can we..."

Her smile lit up her glasses-large eyes. "We'll have to sneak one or two in."

"It doesn't bother you, sneaking--"

"It does. But he's being unfair. Not sharing me with you is an insult to you and I think he's wrong."

"An insult, why?"

"Because we always do things together. He's being selfish. He should be sharing me with you since you are sharing your wife with him."

"Well, maybe it's just the condom thing." But he felt that wasn't true.

She shook her head. "We could have gone for condoms at any time. He never suggested it."

"Then why?"

"I don't know. Maybe he doesn't want to have to think about it while he has his ultimate fantasy: big tits."

"That other couple? The woman doesn't have--"

"Nope."

"Hmm." He could see that, maybe. He thought. He guessed.

They heard a different thumping now, and Diane's moans coming from the bathroom.

"Her fertile time is close." He frowned.

Julia chuckled. "Mark won't use condoms. He hates them. And he cums a lot."

"I know, I've seen. It's incredible."

"Hopefully it isn't today, then," she said.

"I'm not sure."

“That would be interesting.”

Tom raised an eyebrow. “Hmm?”

“What if I had your baby and she had his?”

“Did you ever think maybe we got paired wrong--”

“Don't even go there. I love Mark and I know you love Diane. If sex between us is good, then let's just enjoy it and not ruin other things.”

He grunted, embarrassed.

She got up and hugged him. “You're sweet, and Diane is lucky to have you.”

They heard Diane's wail of orgasm from the bathroom.

They came out, several minutes later, wrapped in towels.

Sitting down to breakfast, Mark said, “You two go on down after breakfast. I think I'm going to keep Diane here in the bedroom for a bit.”

Tom looked at his wife. She was looking up at Mark with glazed eyes, anticipating. *I guess that gives Julia and I free beach reign to make love. I am going to fuck the living daylights out of your wife, Mark, while you fuck mine.* “Sure thing.”

He and Julia cleaned up after breakfast. They heard the bedroom door shut and Diane giggle. Then they heard the bedsprings creak. Then silence.

*What was he doing with my wife in the bedroom? Kissing? Oral?* He filled the ice chest. “Ready?”

Julia wiggled her eyebrows and took his arm.

As they slid open the deck door, they heard Diane in the bedroom.

“Unh, yes. Give it to me.”

Penetrated.

The bed started to squeak.

It made Tom's dick swell knowing what they were doing.

Less than a half hour later, Julia was thrusting her naked pussy back and forth in desperate and fast jerks of her hips. She kneaded his chest as she worked her pussy on his erection. Her eyes were closed, mouth open, glasses making her eyebrows large from his angle of view.

He had his hands on her small butt, pulling her and feeling her thin muscles flex and relax. It felt very, very good. Her pussy was milky and smooth, all hot and the most perfect fit for his cock.

But he knew she wasn't interested in developing anything. And other than sex, he found she didn't have interests that really had any draw to him. Sewing? FEMA camps?

He tossed her over, determined to take his due in this unpermitted and unspoken swap. He rammed his cock into her and pounded her pussy. He said, half whisper, half out loud and half to the air around them, "I'm fucking your wife, Mark. I'm not wearing a condom and it feels great. I love fucking your wife." He grunted and she moaned, her head moving from side to side. "And she loves it and is fucking me back."

Julia writhed under him, and then clawed his shoulders, deep. Pain flared. Then she clawed his back, painfully. She cried out, loud, and bucked underneath his furious thrusts. She was cumming.

He grunted, thrusting harder, feeling the tip of his cock touching the end of her canal, filling her perfectly. He shot his sperm into her as she clutched him and convulsed.

He collapsed into her arms, panting, bleeding from the scratches of lust.

~ ~ ~ - Day 6

Tom left the icechest. It was still fairly well stocked. He led Julia up the path to go make dinner.

Mark and Diane had never come down. He had gone up once to use the bathroom and could hear them talking in the bedroom about vacationing more together.

They entered the house and it was quiet.

He began preparing their last dinner together on what turned out to be the most relaxing and sexually charged vacation any of them had ever had.

Mark came out, a delirious-looking Diane hanging onto his arm. He gave Julia a kiss. He said to Tom, "Shame we weren't here longer."

Diane's look was glazed, as if drunk, but she had not had any today. She looked amazed, incredulous.

"It sure has been an experience," he said.

"I guess you're an okay guy and all," Mark said. "Maybe next year I might share Julia with you. I'll have to give it some thought."

*Don't strain yourself. Didn't you hear your wife's cries of passion as I rammed her silly?* He turned to slice the meat from the roast.

"Oh, hey, dude, those are some nasty scratches. Did my wife...?"

Diane giggled. "Looks like she marked him up good."

Mark huffed. "Did he fuck you, Julia?"

Tom glanced at Mark's wife.

Her eyes were wide and innocent, her tone airy and dismissive. “He teased me. He's good at it and I liked it.”

Mark's eyebrows were down, his face deep in thought.

Diane poked Mark. “She did a good job. Those look very nice on his back.”

Mark grunted. “Let's get your spanking out of the way.”

Tom served up the roast.

They heard one whack.

Tom pre-cleaned the kitchen and then said to Julia, “Are you ever going to tell him?”

“I doubt it.”

“You'd think he wouldn't be so uptight after already sharing you--”

“He doesn't like to think too far ahead. I think the couple and Gino is enough for him.”

Diane moaned from the living room.

“They're doing it again?” he said.

Julia gave him a grin. “He can make love a dozen times a day that I've seen, though he needs a breather the next day.”

“A breather?”

They walked out to the living room.

Diane was sprawled on the couch, her legs down and spread, her head angled up against the backrest – as if she had slid down from a sitting position. Or been pulled.

Mark was slowly pumping his cock into her. His legs were spread out wide, feet on the floor. His butt flexed slowly, thrusting in. His balls would balloon when he was all the way in. But he pushed more, trying for an extra inch of penetration.

Tom listened to his wife moan and his cock grew hard. His eyes were glued on that large shaft slowly moving in and out of his wife's pussy.

Julia whispered to him, “I'm happy for Diane. I didn't know she'd be a good fit for Mark.”

Mark looked over. “Dinner?”

Tom waved. “Yeah, no rush.”

“Okay, I'll just be a moment. She says she can't cum anymore.” He looked back down and began thrusting a little faster, holding it in when he was all the way in.

Diane moaned, exhausted, but still in bliss.

The couch began creaking and Mark thrust faster.

Tom began to pant, seeing that cock diving in and pulling out, his wife's pussy lips all wet with juices and cum making a perfect circle around that erection. It was perfection and his wife was part of it.

Mark pushed in, shaking, his muscles standing out on his back.

Diane gasped, panting.

His balls ballooned and then expanded more as he pushed more of his shaft into Tom's wife. Then he grunted, jerking, and began cumming, sending his thick ropes of sperm into her, adding to the cum from several other orgasms.

His wife became still, moaning, feeling Mark's seed flood her again. Tom felt her moan, resonating in his soul.

~ ~ ~ - Night 6

Tom came out of the bathroom and into their bedroom. He had figured Mark would be done. Diane still rode her friend's husband. She moved slowly. The wet sounds were loud. "Don't you two ever get tired?"

His wife's look said she was exhausted.

Mark had his eyes closed, but opened them. "Oh, yeah, no problem." He sat up, moving her off. "Give me a minute to finish."

Tom watched his wife get laid down and Mark get between her legs. She parted her thighs without comment and his cock was spearing her again.

Tom pulled off his trunks, getting ready for bed.

Mark was thrusting, a gentle but deep plowing of Diane's pussy. "You going to stroke?"

Tom stopped. "Me?"

"Yeah, it's hot."

"Hot? What?"

"I like the idea of seeing you stroke as I fuck your wife. It's hot."

*Six days together and this comes out?* "Uh..."

"Go ahead."

He hadn't known Mark liked seeing that. How had he known Tom liked stroking while watching his wife? Or had Mark always liked it when guys stroked while he fucked their wives? "Well, okay, then." He began fondling himself.

Mark watched, his mouth open in a pant of lust as he thrust into Diane.  
“That's it. Jack it.”

Tom's dick hardened fully and he slid his hand up and down his shaft.

“Yeah, that's it.” Mark's thrusts changed to time with Tom's stroking.  
“Do you like seeing me fuck your wife?”

“Yeah.” His eyes were glued to Mark's penis pumping in and out of his wife's pussy. “It's beautiful.”

Diane moaned, a very happy sound.

“Oh yeah,” Mark said, his butt humping faster. “She has an amazing pussy. She can take it all. I've given her nine loads today, I think.”

“Ten,” said Diane, panting. “This will be eleven.”

“Oh yeah,” Mark said. “I can feel it building.” He sped up.

Tom watched his wife's boobs move to the thrusting, working their own circular rhythm. Her hips worked wearily, pushing up to Mark's thrusts.

“Yeah, buddy. Jack your cock. You like seeing my cock in her?”

“Yes.” He could feel his orgasm building.

“You want to see me fuck her more?”

“Yes.”

Diane gasped.

“Do you want my cum in her pussy?”

Tom almost passed out. He stroked and then squeezed down, his erection bulging. Streams of cum tore out of his cock and splashed Mark's shoulder. He pumped and milked his shaft, more streams shooting out and splashing onto Mark and Diane.

Mark groaned long and said, “Yeah, that's it.” He sank his cock into Tom's wife and held it there. His butt flexed and clenched, sending more thick ropes of sperm into her pussy. Tom's cum dripped off of his shoulder and down onto Diane's ribs. He kept grunting and flexing, shooting sperm. He gave a final grunt and a deep thrust and then pulled out, satisfied he had shot all his sperm into Diane's pussy.

Tom knelt on the bed, feeling wiped out.

Mark clapped him on the shoulder. “That's how we do it, buddy. You jack while I fill your wife.”

Tom said nothing. He watched Mark leave the room. There was a lake of cum in her pussy and rivers of it running out. Her pussy was very swollen and red.

She reached for him.

He laid down next to her.

“I wanted to save one for you, tonight, but he wanted me all to himself for this day.” She pouted.

“Oh, that's alright. Julia and I...”

Her eyes went from tired to bright and tired. “You got to do Julia? And I missed it? Damn.”

“Did her without a condom, too.”

“Oh? Well, I'm happy you did, I just wish I could've been there. Maybe if we visit--”

“I'm not sure we should.”

She tilted her head.

Tom looked at the mass of cum leaking out of her. It looked good, but... “Maybe we should only do this once a year.”

“But why? We could pop on over for a visit--”

“What would happen and what would have happened if this had been your fertile day?”

She looked at him, her eyes large. “Actually, today was my fertile day.”

“Today?” He sat back, stunned.

“Today.”

“Are you sure?”

She nodded. “Very sure.”

“When did you know?”

“I knew before we came on vacation.”

“I thought--”

“Once I saw him, his cock, I knew I had to have it, even if it meant having it on a risky day.”

“But--”

“I like his cock. I like it in me. I like feeling him fucking me.”

“Do you want him instead of--”

“Oh stop it. No. I said I like his cock. I love you and I'm not giving you up.”

“What if all this--” He reached down and scooped up a blob of Mark's sperm. It dripped off his fingers. “What if you get pregnant?”

Her eyes looked determined. “Then we'll have to raise his baby.”

“What?”

“What else would you have me do? It would bring us all closer together, anyway.”

“Maybe you were off a day.”

She shook her head.

But maybe she was. At least if she was, all the fucking was over. They would be leaving the next day.

But Tom didn't know Mark wasn't done with Diane yet.



## EPILOGUE – Day 7

Tom and Diane worked busily beside Mark and Julia laundering and cleaning.

It seemed like after a week, they had more to take away than they had brought, though they didn't have to worry much about their own laundry, just the sheets.

He packed their four wheel drive back as it had been, surprised it all fit.

Mark had already finished and was kissing Diane at the rear seat passenger door.

The house was clean, everything put away. They would be considered good renters for next year and get a discount.

“How about a last one - a goodbye romp until next year?” Mark said to Diane.

Tom raised an eyebrow. If she had been wrong about her fertile day, and this was it, then she should be playing it safe and saying no.

“I don't know—”

“I jacked all morning and kept from coming. I have a huge load waiting for you.”

His wife giggled. “The house is all cleaned up, where--”

“Right here,” Mark said.

“Here?”

Mark didn't answer. Instead he tore at her shorts.

Tom sighed. “We're supposed to be--”

Mark looked back. “Don't worry, buddy, this won't take long.”

While Tom liked seeing his wife fucked by Mark's awesome man-pole, he certainly thought it was all over. For now.

Julia stood beside him as he watched incredulously. Mark lowered his shorts and rubbed his cock over his wife's bush. “I guess I should have warned you he likes goodbye fucks.”

He gave Julia the same incredulous look.

Julia waved at him. “Don't be such a prude.”

“Prude? I'm not a prude. Yesterday was her fertile day.”

Julia's hand came up to her mouth. “Oh no.”

“Oh yes.”

Mark worked his cock into Diane's pussy up against the side of the vehicle.

“All those loads of cum...” Julia's eyes were big and round.

“I was hoping she was off a day,” he said.

She shook her head. “Too late then. He's been stroking himself all morning and saving the orgasm for her.”

“She was suggesting we visit and all that.”

“And?” said Julia.

“I thought it better if we only did this once a year, on vacation. At the beach.”

“He suggested more visits, too.”

“How are we going to keep them apart?” he said.

Julia looked at him, amazement on her features. “Should we? And why?”

“Why not? I don't want to lose her--”

“You're not going to lose her to him anymore than I am going to lose him to her.”

Mark pushed Diane into the vehicle, laying her on the second row passenger seat. He climbed over her and started fucking her again.

“You don't think limiting would help--”

“Whatever for? Just makes them more desperate. Even secretive. Let's not have that.” Julia was shaking her head.

Mark's butt humped up and down and Diane's moans and pants said she was enjoying it. Their vehicle rocked to the fucking.

“Will I ever have my wife back?”

Julia laughed as if at a very well-delivered joke. “Don't be silly. As soon as you drive away from here, she's all yours again. As soon we leave, I have my husband back. It's no more difficult than that.”

He pursed his lips.

In the vehicle, Mark's butt humped faster, deeper.

Julia looked at him, ignoring the other two. “Tell me you didn't have fun.”

Tom opened his mouth, then shut it.

“Go on,” she said.

He blew out a breath. “I have had fun, yes, but--”

“No buts. You had fun. Don't spoil it. Don't turn into a prude now that you've tested the waters and found you liked it.”

Mark yelled out, his back arched, his cock plunged as far as it would go into Diane's overused pussy. He grunted, his butt clenching and his muscles working as he shot a massive load into her.

Julia nudged him. "Now you get your wife back. Watch."

*Full of your husband's cum.* But he watched Mark pull Diane and help her out. Sperm was oozing everywhere.

Mark pulled on his shorts and so did Diane. She wiped down the seat with a towel.

Mark came up to them and clapped Tom on the shoulder. "This was a great vacation, buddy. Thanks for loaning me your wife; she's magnificent."

"Oh, well..."

Julia hugged Tom then, and kissed him. Then she winked. "See you next year, or sooner."

Mark grabbed his hand and shook it. He winked as well. "Drive carefully."

Diane came up and hugged Julia, giving her a look that said, "I know." Julia blushed. Then they kissed cheeks.

In their vehicle, filled with cum smell, Diane sighed in relief. "Wow. But it will be nice to relax now."

"Relax?" he said. He started the vehicle. "By going back to work?"

She gave him a very bright-eyed nod. "Uh huh."

He had his wife back. They drove away from their first swing, his wife full of Mark's cum.