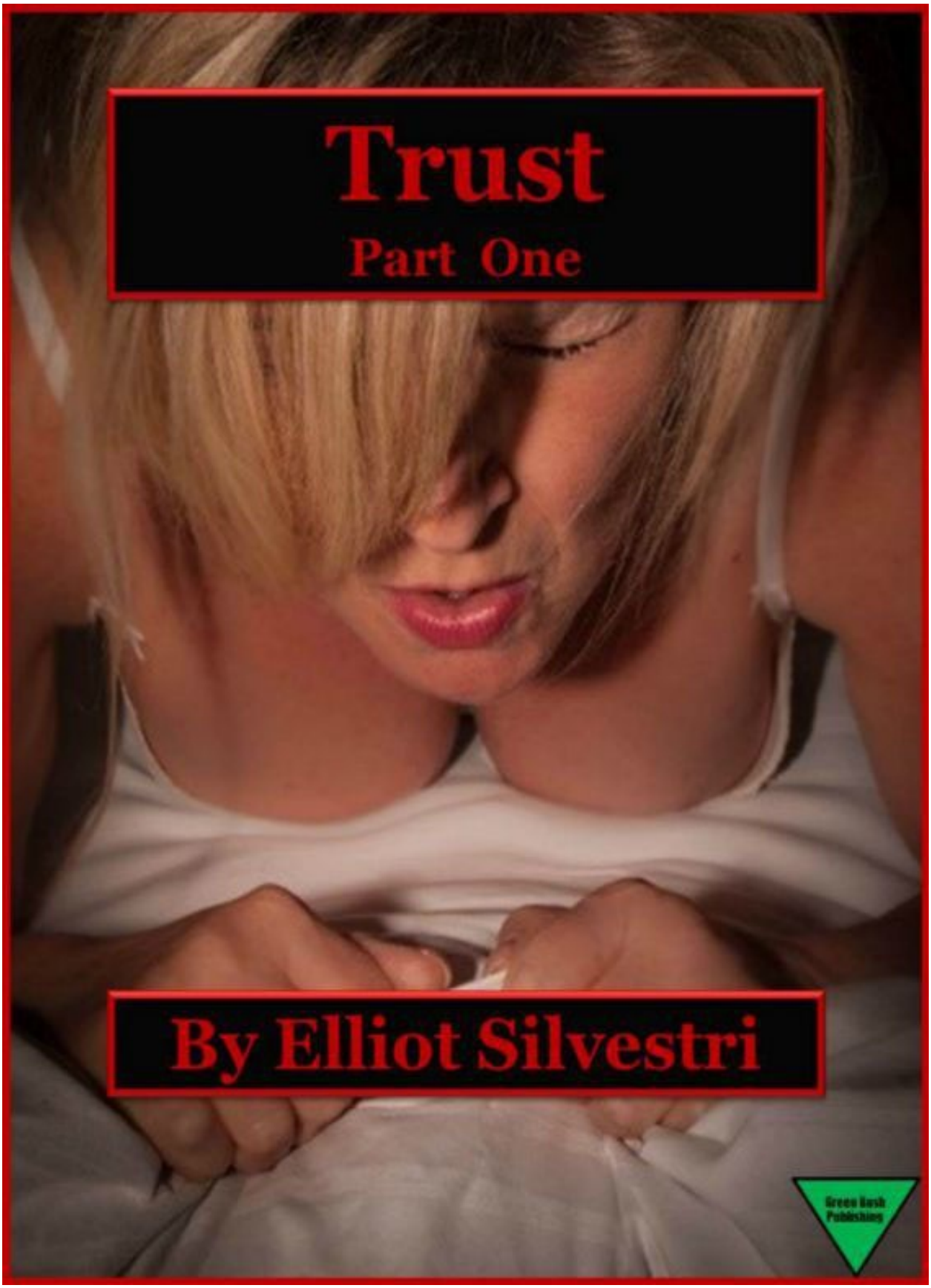
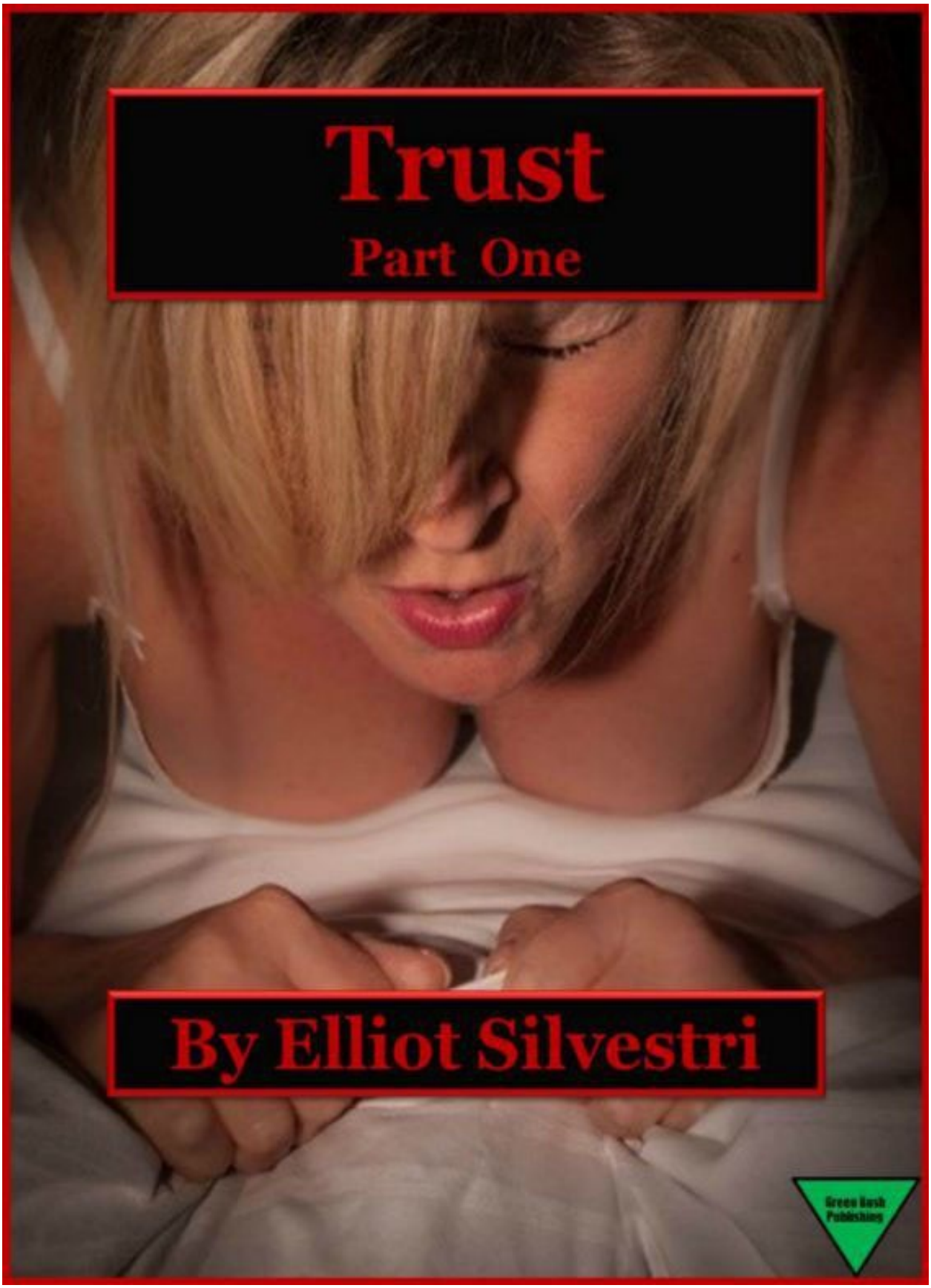

Trust
Part One
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Rush Publishing


Trust
Part One
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Rush Publishing

Trust

Part One – The Green Mountains

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

The Green Mountains

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving."

Middlemarch by George Eliot

"Look at them. They're cute." Chloe pointed across the small restaurant at the couple in a booth. They were holding hands across the table and laughing. "They're in love," he added.

Sam watched the two for a minute and then nodded. "Puppy love."

"It's still love."

"It won't last."

"Isn't that a good thing? For you and me, I mean."

Sam looked up from his plate. "Because...?"

"Because of what they're going to do."

"Aren't you worried about them?" He asked.

She shook her head. "No. Why?"

"They used to date in high school," he reminded her. "And you're the one who said they're in love."

Her smile wasn't quite condescending, but almost. "You haven't done this before, have you?"

His smirk back said almost everything. "You already know I haven't."

Seeing that she was starting to upset him, Chloe backed off.” Just relax,” she told him. “Nothing terrible is going to happen.”

He wanted to snap at her that she wasn’t about to have her spouse cheat on her, but that wasn’t the case. “Sorry,” he apologized.

“You’re awfully jumpy for a guy out on a date with a sure thing.” Her smile was conspiratorial and she pressed her foot against the inside of his knee under the table. It was quaint and subtle.

He stared blankly at her for a moment. “Really?”

Chloe laughed. “Of course! Do you really think I’d let my husband fuck another woman if I wasn’t going to get something out of this too?”

Sam nodded. “That doesn’t seem...normal. it seems fair, but not normal.”

“When I hit thirty, I decided that I liked sex too much to limit myself to one man the rest of my life. I told Trent what I needed and off we went.” Her eyes went dreamy. “It’s worked for us I have to say.”

“So is it true that women hit a sexual peak at thirty?”

“More like a sexual plateau for me. I need sex now more than ever. What about you?”

“Umm...I think I’m the same since high school.”

She raised her eyebrows to the edge of her red hair. Sam hadn’t yet decided if she dyed it or not. “Really?”

“Yeah, five or six times a week is good for me,” he laughed.

“Sounds good to me,” she agreed. “But no changes? You’re not bored with Ginny or wanting to try something new?”

“This is new,” he offered.

“I’m going to show you some new things tonight,” she promised.

“I hope so,” he said playing along.

“They’ve left,” Chloe pointed out. Sam’s eyes snapped back to the booth where their spouses had been. It was empty and he started to get up to follow them. Chloe grabbed his hand and anchored him to their small table. “Give them a few minutes,” she stage whispered to him. It wasn’t necessary. The restaurant was busy enough to hide their conversation from the wait staff and other diners. Besides, their conversation had been largely innocuous. “I want to sneak in and watch them fucking,” she said at a much lower volume.

“You do?” He was surprised.

“Yeah. Don’t you like watching other people have sex?”

“I’ve never seen it in person,” he admitted.

She asked, “Just in porn?”

“Yeah.”

“In person is better.”

They finished their meal. It felt odd to Sam to be out on a date with a woman who wasn’t his wife. But then again it was odd for his wife to be out on a date with another man who was married. When the bill was paid they walked back to their rented cabin together. Chloe grabbed his hand and to the common viewer it must have looked like they were just another married couple taking the weekend in Vermont to see the foliage. Their cabin was within walking distance of the small town’s center. It wasn’t unusual for two couples to rent the large log cabins together. And it was damn near impossible to tell who was married to whom.

“Be quiet when we go in,” she told him. “I want to peek in on them.”

“How do you know they’ll be, uh, having sex?” Sam asked.

“My husband and your wife left alone for five minutes? I’ll be surprised if they made it past the living room.”

The front door swung open silently with their key. Stealth wasn’t exactly necessary. Ginny’s moans of pleasure filled the air accompanied with satisfied grunts from Trent. Chloe giggled.

“They’re noisy.” She slipped off her shoes and led the way. There were two bedrooms in the back of the cabin. One door was wide open, the other partially shut. Showing ninja-like stealth Chloe snuck up to the doors, checked which bedroom was being used, and carefully peered around the corner. Sam joined her a moment later.

He saw his wife astride Trent. That didn’t surprise him; he expected that. What surprised him was the stiffening of his cock as he watched.

Ginny wasn’t fat or even overweight, she was just a woman who was slightly shorter than average and tended to carry any extra weight in her ass. Sam didn’t mind that; Sam loved that in his wife along with her big tits. He couldn’t see them now. Right now all he could see was her ass going up and down on Trent’s cock. He couldn’t really see the other man’s dick, but he could see his impressively-sized ball sack that was completely devoid of hair. Sam felt a twinge of jealousy. Was it because of the other man’s big balls or the foreign cock inside his wife?

“I want to grab his balls and lick them,” Chloe whispered to him as she reached back and cupped him between the legs. She took a step back and pressed her body against his. “Let’s go.”

They slipped away to the other bedroom. If the other couple had any inkling of their presence no indication was given. Trent and Ginny continued to grind and moan in peace.

Chloe surprised him by whirling around, pressing her body against his, pulling his head down and kissing him. Her lips were softer and hotter than his wife’s. It was odd and different to be kissing someone else so intimately after so many years with Ginny. It wasn’t bad; it was just different.

His body responded automatically. It was just then he realized how easy it was for other men to cheat. A different warm body and a willing participant was all that was needed. His cock was hard and it was so easy to picture himself fucking her in a few minutes.

His hands went around her body and felt her back. He didn’t detect a bra strap and let his hands slide down her back to her ass. Like any woman’s it was soft and round. Best of all she didn’t complain as he groped her.

Chloe's hands were around his waist. She was the one to break the kiss. "What are you waiting for?"

Sam looked at her blankly. "What do you want me to do?"

She tilted her head to the side and gave him a look of annoyed frustration. "I want you to take off my clothes and fuck me.

"Oh. Right." Sam took his hands from her ass, then put them back in place, and then started pulling up her dress. It wasn't anything fancy, just a typical black dress, short sleeves, knee length, casual enough and not too dressy for a weekend in Vermont. Next to her Sam felt underdressed in his jeans and polo shirt. Two seconds later it didn't matter. Her dress was off, pulled up over her head and tossed to the floor. Chloe, as Sam had guessed, was braless. Her tits were smaller than Ginny's. Ginny had pale brown nipples; Chloe had tiny pink nipples that topped her breasts. They weren't perfect, but they were nice. Nice than Sam deserved he told himself.

"My eyes are up here," she told him. He realized he was staring at her breasts. Ignoring her words Sam went down to his knees and kissed her breast, then took her nipple into his mouth.

"Uhh," she moaned as he lightly bit her tender flesh. Sam slipped his hands down from her back to her sides to over her hips. Throwing away all caution he moved his hands back to her ass and cupped her cheeks. By now he shouldn't have been surprised. She was wearing a tiny G-string that barely covered her pussy; the tiny string disappeared between her buttocks. Sam didn't let himself get distracted by that. He hooked his fingers into her panties and pulled them all the way down.

Chloe elegantly stepped out of the tiny panties and smiled down at him. Sam's eyes had moved from her tits to her pussy. It was impossible to tell if she was a natural redhead. Her pussy was completely shaved. That didn't matter to Sam either. He pushed his face into her pussy, inhaled her scent, and pushed his tongue along the length of her slit.

"Ohh," Chloe changed the tone of her vocalization. "The bed." She stepped back and fell to the mattress, spreading her legs wide open allowing him access to her cunt. Sam knew just what to do and wrapped his arms around her thighs, keeping her open as he delved his tongue deeply into her pussy. "Yes," she moaned.

Her pussy was musky and sweet at the same time. Every woman was different and Chloe had a more prominent inner labia than Ginny, but Ginny's clit was larger and easier to find. But that didn't matter at the moment because Chloe was fully aroused and pulled Sam's face to her cunt holding it exactly in place where she needed it. His tongue went to work on her tiny clit and they were both rewarded a minute later. Her orgasm was announced by a series of short gasps and she abruptly sat up making Sam lose contact with her pussy.

"Oh shit," she said. "You made me so wet." There was a small spot of moisture on the bedspread. They both ignored it. "Get your clothes off," she ordered. "You need to fuck me."

Sam didn't need to be told twice. He was no longer thinking about his wife in the room next door getting fucked by a man he barely knew who was her high school boyfriend. All the higher functions of his brain had stopped. Sam stood up and pulled off his clothes without looking away from Chloe's open and wet pussy. She posed for him, waiting.

The moment his clothes were off he was on top of her. His cock was already erect. There was no need for her to stimulate him. Chloe pushed herself further back on the bed and he climbed on top of her. As he positioned himself she grasped his cock and started guiding it into her pussy.

"Wait," Sam said. It was the stupidest thing he had ever said in his life. "I should get a condom."

Chloe shook her head. "No. I won't get pregnant."

He looked at her, not understanding. "You won't?"

"No. I've had my tubes tied."

"Oh." He paused. "What about…?"

"I'm clean. And I trust you are too?"

"Yeah."

She pulled him forward by his cock. It sank easily and deeply into her pussy. It was hot, very hot; much hotter than Ginny's. Sam was overly excited. He fucked

her hard and fast. She pulled her knees up and allowed him to pound into her. It wasn't a loving round of sex, it was pure animal lust. Two people fucking for the first time, giving themselves completely over to their needs and thinking of nothing else but their own needs.

Even though she had already cum once, Sam was disappointed he didn't make Chloe come again before he emptied his balls deep into her cunt.

"Oh fuck oh fuck!" he shouted as he came. It was wonderfully good and he felt an immediate stab of guilt when he was done cumming. He stayed atop her for a minute, both of them breathing heavily as they recovered from the vigorous exertion of sex, before he rolled off her body and he looked up at the ceiling. He couldn't manage to meet her gaze.

"That was very nice," she complimented him.

"Thanks," he said accepting the compliment. It made him feel even worse than before, yet he was strangely satisfied as well.

"Do you hear that?" she asked him

Sam only heard silence. "No."

"Trent and Ginny. They're quiet now. Do you think they're done?"

Sam didn't have to give that any thought. "Unlikely," he said in a soft voice. "When Ginny gets really worked up she needs more and more sex. They're probably just taking a break."

"I'm like that too," Chloe admitted. "Once I get started I need to fuck three or four times a night. Unless I'm exhausted I usually have to get out my vibrator because Trent can't fuck that many times a night."

"Oh." There was an uncomfortable pause as they lay on their backs staring at the ceiling. Sam noticed Chloe absently tugging on her small nipples. Was it a nervous habit or did that turn her on? "I'm sorry I came so quickly," he apologized.

She laughed a little. "Don't be. It's fine. We've got all night and tomorrow as well. But…" she let go of her nipple and put her hand over his flaccid cock. It

was sticky with his semen and her lubricant. Chloe absently pulled on it for a moment. “When do you think you’ll be ready to go again?”

He chuckled a bit. “Can’t you even give me a minute to recover?”

“Nope. I’m still horny. Don’t make me get out my vibrator!”

He wasn’t sure if it was a threat or a promise if he couldn’t perform. “I won’t. Just give me a few minutes.”

“Did you enjoy it?” she asked.

Sam wasn’t sure what she was talking about at first. Did she really mean having sex with her? Wasn’t that obvious? Didn’t he cum in her? “The sex? Yeah. It was great.”

She scoffed at him. “Well of course it was great. It was with me. I mean did you enjoy cheating on your wife?”

It was odd the way she phrased it but he gave it some consideration. “Um. Not really. I feel guilty.”

“It’s not really cheating,” she pointed out to him, changing the premise to her original question.

“What?

“The four of us know what we’re all doing. It’s not cheating. It’s like playing Monopoly and putting $200 under Free Parking. It’s not in the rules, but lots of people do it anyway. And no one complains.”

“Among the players.”

“True. I suppose if you went to an official Monopoly tournament there might be officials who say you can’t do that. But I’m playing by my rules anyway. It’s my marriage, I can make up any rules for it I want.” Her words were fierce, strident.

“You’ve given this some thought,” Sam commented mildly.

“You could say that. I’ve also had one ugly confrontation so there’s that as well.

Are Trent and Ginny complaining about what we're doing?" she asked him.

He replied warily. "No…"

"Are you and I complaining about what they're doing?"

Sam gave some thought to the pang of jealousy he felt when he saw Ginny on top of Trent's cock clearly loving every minute of what he was doing to her. He then gave some thought to how quickly his cock had stiffened upon seeing their lovemaking. Did he get hard because he saw two people fucking or did he get hard because his wife was being sexually pleasured by someone else? "No, we're not complaining about it."

"Good. Everyone is happy then," Chloe clarified. "Are you ready to fuck again?"

Sam felt whipsawed by the sudden change of conversation. He looked down at his limp cock. "I'm ready to go again. But I might need a little help."

"I'm from the government. I'm here to help," she told him and quickly moved down his body to take his soft flesh into her mouth.

Chloe knew exactly what to do when sucking cock. She was obviously no stranger to fellatio. For the briefest of moment's he wondered if she'd be put off by the taste of her pussy and his cum combined on his dick, but it didn't stop her at all. She licked the length of his shaft and then engulfed the head in her mouth, running her tongue around the ridge several times. He steadily stiffened as she continued to suck him. Chloe didn't waste time playing games like looking up at him, seeking his approval as she sucked, or tossing her hair this way and that. The entire focus of her fellatio was on his cock. She concentrated on the head and especially the underside, seeking out all his most sensitive regions.

There was a certain practiced skill in what she did. It dawned upon Sam that this was probably a routine she had done many times before. Was it with her husband or other men she had slept with? The entire time she kept one hand firmly wrapped around the base of his cock, but with the other she fondled his balls and stroked behind them. It was a motion that made him quickly hard, trying to make him cum again but too soon. He pushed her away slightly.

"I don't want to cum too fast," he explained.

She nodded and rested her cheek on his thigh for a moment as she gently stroked his length. “You like this?”

“Hell yes.”

“I like sucking cock.”

“I can tell. How many guys have you gone down on?

After he said the words it struck him that the question was terribly rude. She laughed at him. “Um, let me think. Probably around forty or so. Maybe more. Not a terrible lot for my lifetime, I suppose. What about you?”

“Me?” he went into partial-panic mode and opted to make a joke. “I’ve never given any guy a blowjob.”

She just shook her head at him. “How many women have you gone down on?”

“Five,” he answered too quickly.

“Five?” She raised her eyebrows at him. “You came up with that number awfully quickly.”

Sam went on to tick off each of his partners on the fingers of his right hand. “Ginny, of course. Katie, my high school girlfriend. Lori, my first girlfriend in college. Tammy, my other college girlfriend. And Shana, the one girlfriend I had after college.”

Chloe started stroking him more vigorously. “You don’t know how to count,” she told him.

“Hmm?”

Right before she took her mouth back on his cock she said, “Six. Me.”

“Ohh,” his moan of contrition changed to a moan of satisfaction as she applied her tongue to his cock once more. Her hands were just as busy as her mouth and Sam was startled when her fingers started reaching back further. She wasn’t just stroking the root of his cock, she was now actively seeking out his asshole.

“Don’t tense up,” she told him when she took his cock out of her mouth for a short moment.

“I don’t want to cum in your mouth,” he lied, implying too much stimulation to his anus would push him over the edge again.

Chloe acquiesced. “You liked my pussy that much?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

Her hands pulled away from him and she started climbing up his body. “That’s good. I liked your cock inside me too.” She knelt over his hips and grasped him with one hand, angling his stiffness into her pussy. “Does Ginny like being on top? Do you want me to fuck you like your wife does?”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed pleasantly.

“Do you like sleeping with another woman?” she asked, but she wasn’t waiting for an answer. “Do you like watching my tits?” He nodded watching her small breasts bouncing pleasantly. “Do you like it when I play with myself?” One hand was squeezing her nipple; the other went down to where they were joined and burrowed into her slit to play with her tiny clit. Sam was amazed to see her body shake a bit with a small orgasm. “Did you like that?” she asked. “Do you want to cum inside me again?”

“Yes,” he grunted and grabbed her hips to fuck her hard. She had little say in the matter as he plunged in and out of her rapidly before his cock jumped and squirted his semen deep in her pussy once more.

Sam woke up with Chloe’s hair in his face. His arms were wrapped around her and he knew immediately this wasn’t his wife he was holding, her hair was too long and thick, her body wasn’t the correct size and shape. The shudder he made upon waking must have awoken her too. His cock was hard like it usually was first thing in the morning and was pressing on the back of her thighs.

“Go ahead and put it in me,” she told him. “Or do you want to see what Trent and Ginny are doing?”

She had just lifted up her leg allowing Sam to enter her pussy—he hadn't managed more than three or four lazy strokes—before Ginny sauntered in. Sam immediately froze, forgetting that being in bed with Chloe was sanctioned by his wife and her husband. She was naked, her heavy breasts bouncing with every move of her body. "Hi!" She said brightly—too brightly for the early hour. "What are you two up to?" Seeing the deer in the headlights look on their faces she at once realized what they were doing. "Ohh. Right. Want me to leave?"

Sam couldn't believe she was being so blasé about the situation; but then again, this had been her idea from the start.

Before he could answer Chloe spoke up. "No, I think we should just get up. Save ourselves for later."

"You don't want to finish?" Ginny asked. Sam couldn't take his eyes off her pussy partially hidden by a tangle of blond curls.

"I'd love to finish, but sometimes the anticipation is better than the finish, don't you think?"

Ginny nodded. "Sounds good. I'm making breakfast. Come and get it when you're ready. Bring your blue balls with you, Sam." She whirled around and slipped out the door.

"Should I stop?" Sam asked. His cock was still hard inside her.

"I don't want you to, but I think you should." Sam nodded and awkwardly pulled out of her. "I didn't know your wife had a nipple ring."

"You should ask her about it."

"I will."

Chloe walked out to the kitchen in the robe thoughtfully provided by the cabin. It wasn't the first time she and Trent had stayed in the little lodge before. It was essentially a weekend getaway lodge for those people looking for something beyond an ordinary bed and breakfast or the airport in. Amenities were short, but it was homey and very private. Ginny wasn't completely naked in the kitchen; she was wearing an apron. The single garment didn't hide anything from the rear. The apron string that went around her waist was tied right above her curvy

hips accentuating the shape of her ass. She was cooking eggs at the stove and when she turned around and showed that the apron's bib did little to hide her big tits. Mostly. Depending on how she moved the apron did protect her a little, but Chloe was still able to make out the little gold ring that went through the tender flesh of Ginny's left nipple.

"How do you want your eggs?" Ginny asked her, spatula in hand.

"Unfertilized."

It took Ginny a moment to understand the joke, then the laughed. "I should hope so. Where's Sam?"

"He's slow getting out of bed in the morning," Chloe reported. "Over easy."

Ginny nodded in agreement. "Trent too. I think I wore him out."

"I'm here," a grumpy Trent reported as he staggered into the kitchen and sat down on the closest chair. He was barrel-chested and starting to work on a gut, but was in good shape for a man rapidly approaching middle-age. Unlike his robed wife or the nearly-naked Ginny he had opted to dress for breakfast: boxers and a t-shirt emblazoned with a college logo. After running his hand through his curly brown hair, he yawned and asked, "Coffee?"

"Over there," Ginny indicated the pot on the counter.

"Too far," he complained. His eyes hadn't left his girlfriend's ass since the moment he walked in the kitchen.

"Big baby," Chloe said. "I'll get it for you."

"Thanks."

After Ginny started serving the eggs Sam finally wandered in, bleary eyed and looking little better than death. He was wearing a robe making Ginny the most underdressed of the group. "Breakfast?" he asked.

"You look like you need it," his wife said handing him a plate. "You're going to need to keep up your strength for tonight." She winked at him.

“I’m going back to bed after breakfast,” he announced. “Alone.”

“No you’re not, dear. We’ve got a big day planned. Leaf peeping and shopping at the farm stands.”

“I don’t wanna go,” he whined.

“And then how are you going to explain to your children and in-laws what you were doing up here all weekend?” Ginny asked with a knowing smile.

“Shit.”

The actual trip wasn’t nearly as bad as Sam would have predicted. The drive wasn’t far. The farm stand was actually the front of an apple orchard that wasn’t over-crowded. They opted not to pick apples, but bought them right from the stand.

“Do we really need a full bushel?”

“Yes.”

“What’s with the apple butter?”

“You slice up the apple and dip it in the butter. It’s more like a caramel.”

“What’s wrong with eating plain apples? Can’t we do that?”

“No.”

“Honey and maple syrup and cider donuts? Is any of this actually healthy?”

“the apples.”

“But you’re dipping them in butter!”

“Stop complaining or we won’t stop at the vineyard.”

It was a tiny vineyard that bottled its own and the prices were incredibly cheap compared to what they would pay back home. Chloe bought a case.

She glared at her husband who looked askance at her. “What? I liked it when I tasted it.”

“Buying a case makes you look like a lush.”

“Fine, I’m lush. A frugal lush.”

There was barely enough room in the car for all their purchases but they made it back to the cabin without a major complaint. It was a perfect autumn day: bright sunlight on the leaves, cool temperatures that were deceptive because of the warm sun. “I can’t wait for it to get cool enough tonight for the hot tub,” Chloe commented as they started unloading.

“Hot tub?” Ginny immediately perked up from her dozing in the back seat.

“You didn’t know the cabin came with one?” Chloe asked. “It’s pretty private. But it’s too hot right now. I want to wait for the evening and then get in. How about you?”

They brought their booty into the cabin. Chloe had barely walked out of the kitchen when she encountered Ginny returning from the bedroom. Once again the short blonde was naked. “Oh. I didn’t expect you to be…um…”

“Naked? Yeah. I hate clothes if I don’t need to have them on then they’re gone.”

Chloe found her eyes riveted to Ginny’s nipple ring. “Well, this is kind of convenient, actually. You know that Trent wanted us to put on a show for him, right?”

Ginny’s previously upbeat demeanor took a downward turn. “Um. Yeah. I know...about that though—”

Before she could finish the thought Chloe interrupted. “Don’t chicken out on me now. I promised Trent and I kind of need to do this because of a little indiscretion a few months back.”

“Indiscretion?”

Chloe was no stranger to nudity, but she was a little befuddled by the fact she was fully dressed and Ginny was naked. “Yeah, I fucked a guy I told Trent that I

wouldn't. So this is how I have to make it up to him. Having sex with his high school girlfriend."

"Oh. No one really consulted me on this." Which wasn't entirely true. Trent had told her he had a special request for the weekend but he hadn't specified what that request was going to be. She simply went along with it because she wanted to fuck Trent again. She was certain whatever request he would make was something she'd be happy to do for him. She hadn't really expected it to be having sex with his wife while he watched. And while Sam watched as well, presumably.

"I'm asking you now," Chloe asking with a sad smile. "Is there some reason you don't want to have sex with me? Am I too ugly?"

Chloe wasn't supermodel beautiful but she was attractive enough for a middle-class wife living a busy life in the suburbs taking care of her only child and trying to keep her job on track. "Um…no, that's not it. You're very pretty." Ginny wanted to reach out and touch Chloe's red hair which was wavy and thick and fell nearly to the middle of her back. Ginny's hair might have been Norwegian blond, but it was very thin and fine and she had never managed to grow it much more than down to her shoulders. "It's just that I've never, you know, never had sex with another woman before. I'm not sure I can do it."

"Sure you can," Chloe encouraged her. "I'll do everything, you just need to lay back and relax. You don't want to be one of those women who wondered about what opportunity she had in her life and let it pass her by, do you?"

"But I'm not a lesbian. I'm not even bi."

"All women are bi," Chloe told her softly. "You just need to let yourself realize that. If you hate it we can stop. I'll owe you one, okay?"

Ginny found herself nodding. Chloe didn't give her a second to reconsider. "Trent! Ginny and I are going to put on that show I promised you." Chloe grabbed her hand and dragged her friend out to the living room. Sam was sitting on the couch absently flipping through the limited television channels. Trent came in from the kitchen carrying a wineglass.

"Great! Let me get comfortable." Trent plopped down on the opposite end of the couch from Sam and set his drink on the table. "Go ahead."

Sam said nothing and simply watched as Chloe pulled his already naked wife to the middle of the room. He turned off the television. This was better than anything on basic cable.

“Let’s start with some kissing,” Chloe whispered to her new partner and wrapped her arms around the other woman’s waist, pulling her close. Despite herself Ginny allowed it to happen and opened up her lips when Chloe pressed her mouth on hers. Chloe was the aggressor and pushed her tongue into the blonde’s mouth. Ginny reflected as they kissed that it wasn’t bad, just strange, not what she was used to. Chloe’s kiss was much softer than Sam’s or Trent’s. There weren’t any whiskers to deal with. The kiss was very nice and she put her arms around Chloe.

“Take of my clothes,” Chloe said quietly, kissing the side of Ginny’s neck. The blonde loved that. She pulled clumsily at what Chloe was wearing. It was too slow for Chloe and the slightly taller redhead helped Ginny. In a moment she was down to just her panties; her shirt, jeans, socks, shoes, and bra were all in a heap on the floor.

Not knowing what to do next Ginny felt herself propelled backward into one of the two large, overstuffed chairs that took up the rest of the space in the room. She fell on her butt in the seat and Chloe got down between her legs, pushing her knees apart. Ginny was surprised a woman was so eager to go down on her, but there was no reason to protest. For her part Chloe wanted to fondle the little ring in Ginny’s nipple, but that could wait.

She planted a few kisses on the inside of Ginny’s thighs and then moved in to her target. Although she had been reluctant to put on this performance, Ginny went along with it. Chloe knew what she was doing and the moment her lips and tongue met Ginny’s labia, Ginny’s eyes closed and she moaned in spite of herself. It didn’t matter who was going down on her, she reflected, as long as that person knew how to pleasure her.

Chloe knew exactly what she was doing. It was far from her first time with a woman. Her clever tongue sought out and found Ginny’s prominent clit making the blonde gasp in surprise. “Oh, yes,” she found herself saying. Her pussy opened up and her moisture started weeping out. Ginny dug one hand into the chair’s arm and the other she tangled in Chloe’s thick hair, moving the other woman’s head around to exactly where she wanted her tongue to lick.

Normally Ginny needed a good pounding of a fuck or strong stimulation of her clit with fingers before she could cum. When Chloe slipped a pair of fingers up into her cunt and sucked on her clit at the same time she found herself tilting over the cliff of pleasure. Chloe's fingers found the exact right spot inside her pussy and she found herself gasping for breath as she came. The orgasm washed right over her and she was embarrassed at it having happened so quickly. Once it was over she found herself laughing, proud to have accomplished this task as her boyfriend and husband had looked on.

It was slightly uncomfortable to look down between her legs and meet Chloe's eyes. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked.

"Yes," Ginny answered honestly.

"Good. Stay there. I'll be right back." The redhead hopped up off her knees and dashed to the bedroom.

"What's she doing?" Sam asked Trent. The burly man just shrugged.

Less than a minute later Chloe reappeared. Her panties were off and projecting up from her crotch was an erect penis. For a moment Ginny couldn't believe what she was seeing and thought briefly that Chloe was a hermaphrodite. "It's a Feeldoe, a fake cock," she explained to Ginny as the men looked on. "I'm going to fuck you with it."

Her legs were still splayed open. Ginny wanted to close them and protect herself, but she also wanted Chloe to use that strange tool on her. "How does it stay there?"

Chloe had been walking carefully, now she stopped, put one leg up on the empty chair and pulled the device out of her pussy. It was almost boomerang shaped and incredibly realist in in shape and color. It sort of looked like two fake dicks connected at their bases, but the slightly smaller one was oddly hooked and curved. "This part kind of sits behind my pubic bone. Once you learn to put it in correctly, it's pretty easy to use and keep inside. You okay with this?" she asked as she put in back in her pussy.

Ginny glanced once at Sam and then Trent. Sam's pants were bulging where his cock wanted to get out. Trent had already opened up his pants and was stroking his cock inside his boxers. She couldn't disappoint either one of them. "Yes.

Let’s do it.”

Instead of getting back down on her knees Chloe instead offered her hand to Ginny, helping her up off the large overstuffed chair. They then walked slowly back to the bedroom, ignoring the men, Chloe because she was concentrating on keeping the Feeldoe in place, Ginny because she was nervous. The men glanced at each other and quickly followed their wives.

“Lay down on the bed,” Chloe instructed. The covers were already pulled back exposing just the fitted sheet on top of the mattress. Ginny nervously got on the bed and lay on her back. “Nervous?”

“A little,” Ginny admitted.

“Don’t be. I’ve done this before.”

“With other women?”

Chloe tried not to laugh at the question. “Yes, of course with other women. But if you want just consider this as having sex with a vibrator. I’m not really penetrating you. Sort of, but not really.” She paused and considered her next words. “You have used a vibrator before, haven’t you?”

“Yes.” Ginny sounded offended by the question. “Of course.”

“Good. It’ll be like we’re sharing a dildo, a vibrator. Okay?”

Ginny nodded and glanced at the door as the men silently entered to watch what was about to happen. Chloe ignored them and climbed on the bed, getting on top of Ginny, and kissed her once again. Ginny was good with that. She liked kissing Chloe. As she lowered her weight onto Ginny Chloe’s breasts mashed into Ginny’s. Although Chloe was used to that sensation, it was new for Chloe. It wasn’t something that was terribly exciting, but it felt nice to have a woman’s soft flesh against her skin rather than a man’s hard, hairy chest scratching against her nipples.

What did distract her was the hard bit of plastic or silicone or whatever the hell it was made out of. The Feeldoe was pressing into her stomach and didn’t feel at all natural. She pulled back from Chloe’s eager lips. “It’s digging into my stomach,” she complained.

“Oops. Sorry. Here, let’s put it where it belongs.” It took a moment for the women to sort out the positioning of their legs and then Ginny found herself responding as if Chloe were a man. She reached between her legs and grasped the Feeldoe to position it correctly so she could be properly penetrated. Chloe supported her weight on her knees and one hand as she helped Ginny with the faux phallus. It felt smooth and pleasant under Chloe’s fingers, and eventually, after a small giggle fest, they managed to find Ginny’s opening. The Feeldoe slipped easily inside her.

“Ooh!” she exclaimed as Chloe quickly pushed all the way inside her friend. “That’s…wow…that’s different.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Chloe agreed as she started thrusting. The way she did it was different from a man’s thrusts. Their pussies came together and Ginny quickly found herself gasping in pleasure. The way the Feeldoe went into her and how Chloe moved her hips wasn’t at all like a man did. It was better. She had to spread her legs wider than when she was with Trent or Sam.

“Oh god. Oh fuck.”

“Like that?”

“Yeah.”

She wanted to buck her hips against Chloe, make her fuck her harder, but Chloe was in charge. She relented as Chloe pressed her weight downward, holding Chloe in place, and allowed herself to be fucked. Chloe abruptly leaned back and said, “Put your legs up to your chest.”

Ginny do so, taking a minute to keep the Feeldoe properly in her cunt, and brought her knees up to her big tits, mashing them down. Once in position Chloe leaned back down on the blonde and started thrusting with real strength. Ginny’s hands when to Chloe’s ass and thighs, pulling her closer and tighter. It didn’t take her long to quickly get to the edge of climax.

“I’m gonna cum,” she whined.

“Hold off,” Chloe told her. “I want to get there too.” She glanced up at the men. Ginny’s eyes were closed and missed the fleeting look. Sam was watching in awe. Trent had his hand down his unzipped pants and was masturbating along to

the sight of the women in the throes of passion.

She could have made herself cum in a few seconds if she had wanted to, but Chloe delayed the inevitable as long as possible. She kept her fingers away from her clit and allowed Ginny to grab and caress her as she wished. Chloe was right on the edge as well but she wanted to show off for her husband. She wanted to show him she could easily be in charge of whoever she was fucking, and if she took on the male role, so much the better.

After a minute she managed to catch Trent's eye that had been riveted to the joining of the two women's pussies. "Want to cum, honey?" she cooed.

"Yeah," he managed to say softly.

Ginny echoed his wish. "Yeah, I want to cum. Make me come." Her eyes were screwed shut and she was in her own world trying not to cum before she was given permission by Chloe. The redhead kept herself from laughing but she wanted to call out in triumph that she was controlling the both of them at the moment.

"Can you make me cum first, Ginny?" she asked.

"How?" Ginny whined.

"What makes you cum?" Chloe teased. She didn't need anything special to cum right now, but she wanted to make her latest lover work for that sweet relief.

"Being held down. Spanking. My clit." Ginny managed to verbalize all this while forestalling her climax.

"Rub my clit," Chloe ordered.

Ginny nodded and reached between their legs. She gave a couple of weak rubs on Chloe's well-hidden pleasure nub and Chloe started to hyperventilate. That was enough permission for Ginny and she let the wave of pleasure take over her body. Once she started pretending Chloe found it easy to let the orgasm just develop on its own. Soon she was cumming along with her friend. The two women's vocalizations made Sam want to pull out his cock and jerk off but he held back. It wasn't something he could let himself do. Trent had no such compunctions and now had his cock out of his pants and was rubbing at full

speed.

By then Chloe had recovered from her little death and she saw what her husband was doing. “Trent, stop,” she ordered.

“But—” he protested.

“No. Stop. You need to save it for later.” She glared at him and he stroked a few more times before finally letting go of his cock where it continued to stand erect. “You’re going to save that for later, right?”

“Right,” he reluctantly agreed.

“You can only cum in me or Ginny, right? That’s what we agreed.

He nodded.

The little exchange wasn’t missed by Sam and Ginny, but they said nothing after a looking in each other’s eyes for a moment.

“That was wonderful,” Ginny told her lover.

“Thank you,” Chloe said and kissed her once more before helping the blonde lower her legs and carefully pulled the Feeldoe out of Ginny’s cunt. A moment later it was also out of her wet pussy.

“Can I go down on you?” Ginny blurted out.

Chloe was slightly taken aback. “You don’t have to.”

“I want to,” she said as she shifted her position. “Don’t say no because I won’t be able to work up the courage again.”

Knowing that her husband wouldn’t want her to say no and there was no reason to refuse, Chloe collapsed to her back and opened up her legs. “Have at it,” she told her friend.

Warily, not knowing exactly what she was doing, Ginny moved down between Chloe’s legs and contemplated another woman’s pussy close up and personal for the first time. Pushing aside all previous conceptions, she closed her eyes and

kissed Chloe's pussy. It was already wide open from having used the Feeldoe and her orgasm. The taste was not unlike her own pussy and it wasn't bad. She reminded herself that she was doing this for Trent and Sam. After she licked Chloe's pussy a few times and completely forgot that and started to enjoy herself. She enjoyed giving head to Sam and Trent and this was really the same thing. Except it was with a woman. And eating a woman's pussy wasn't the traditional role of a wife, but once she admitted to herself she was enjoying showing off for boyfriend and husband, it wasn't difficult at all to throw herself into the role.

Ginny wrapped her arms around Chloe's thighs and licked and sucked until Chloe was writhing and bucking about. Her actual orgasm was short and quick, but that satisfied them both. Ginny pulled her face back and wiped her cheeks and chin in satisfaction. "Good?"

"Very good."

"I'd really like to fuck you now," Trent said. It wasn't clear who he meant, but his hand was on his cock again. Chloe just shook her head.

"No, not right now," she told him.

"Why not?"

"Because Ginny and I are going to the hot tub," she said. "I promised her. You two are welcome to join us." With a shared nod between the women they got off the bed and headed toward the cabin's back door that opened onto a small patio where the hot tub sat in the corner.

Ginny didn't hesitate at all about walking outside naked. It was her preferred state of being and there were plenty of trees and other cover around to stop prying eyes. It was early evening and the sun was low, but there was still plenty of light streaming through the many colored leaves. Chloe wasn't sure if running around outside in the buff was a good idea, but she moved quickly outside to help Ginny uncover the tub. She was familiar with the controls; the water was already warm, all that was needed was for her to turn on the bubbles and adjust the temperate. Ginny was already in the tub before Chloe could follow her. Ironically she was the one who spent more time exposed and naked that the avowed nudist.

Once she hopped in the tub she felt better and less exposed. The water was high enough to float Ginny's large breasts and Chloe stared at her friend's bobbing flesh and the little nipple ring that alternately appeared and hid. "Where are the guys?" Chloe asked.

"Maybe they think getting naked in a hot tub is gay?" Ginny suggested. "Maybe they're doing man-on-man stuff right now and we're missing it?"

Before Chloe could reply the pair came out the back door wearing their clothes but no socks or shoes. Chloe put up a warning hand. "Skin only," she warned them. "No swimsuits or underwear."

Seeing their wives in the tub the two exchanged a quick glance, stripped down, and hopped in.

"This is nice," Sam commented. "I've never been a big fan of hot tubs, but the cool air makes a nice contrast."

"It would be better with a little wine," Chloe commented.

"It would be even better with a little sex," added Trent.

Chloe settled back in the bubbling water across from Ginny as the guys jumped in with more splashing than was entirely necessary. "It's a hot tub, not the local swimming hole," Chloe complained as she got a face full of water.

Trent snickered. "You said hole. Giggle ."

She rolled her eyes and splashed at him. "Don't be such a child."

Her reaction just made his grin wider. "But you said..."

She turned away from him and spoke to Ginny. "So tell me about your ring. I've been curious about it ever since I first saw it."

It was hard to tell from the heat and steam of the tub, but Ginny actually blushed a bit. "Really? Um...yeah."

"Yeah what? Tell."

Ginny looked away, more than a bit embarrassed at this point. Trent and Sam were looking at her expectantly. Sam knew the story; he wanted to hear her tell it. The ring wasn't a surprise to Trent; she had told him about it in their texts and emails before this weekend. The only one completely out of the loops was Chloe. A long silence filled the air as they waited expectantly. The silence was filled only by the bubbling of the tub and vague noises filtering through the woods around the cabin.

"Trust," Sam finally said.

"Trust you?" Ginny asked. "I've fallen for that trick before."

"No," he sighed. "Trust, the game exercise."

"What's that?" Chloe asked.

Sam took his eyes of the constantly bubbling water in front of him and briefly looked at Chloe. "It's sort of an intellectual exercise. It's part of game theory. You share a secret with a group of people you implicitly have to trust. If that secret gets out then you know you can't trust them anymore."

"Sounds complicated."

A shrug accompanied Sam's explanation. "Sort of. The important part is you have to make yourself vulnerable to others as a show of trust."

Chloe looked to Ginny again. "So who, besides us, know about your little ring?"

"Just the guy who pierced me."

"Your doctor?"

"I take it you whenever I have an appointment."

"It doesn't close up?"

"In a couple of hours? No."

"Why did you get it?" Chloe's question got to the heart of the matter.

Ginny looked at Sam. "Can I tell her?"

Sam nodded. “You have to for the trust to work.”

“I nursed our second baby a really long time. That’s where my boobs got really big. Owen was a big boy and nursed forever. Sam was upset that once Owen stopped nursing my boobs would go back to normal size. I told him the only way to keep them big was for someone to keep nursing and Owen was starting to wean himself.”

“How does this get to a nipple ring?” Trent asked.

“I’m getting to it. So...” she glanced shyly at Sam and the focused on a tree in the distance. It was easier to tell the story that way. “Sam opted to keep me lactating by nursing from me.”

Chloe’s eyebrows went up. “Really? Trent wouldn’t touch my tits until all my milk was gone. Did you like it?”

Sam answered before Ginny could formulate her reply. “It’s not bad. Tastes a lot like cantaloupe juice.”

“I think she meant me, honey,” Ginny said softly. “And yeah, I did like it. It would get me really turned on and we wound up having sex almost every morning and every night because to keep up my milk supply—”

“You had to keep nursing,” Chloe finished.

“Good times,” Sam said remembering those days fondly.

“Okay, so...nipple ring?” Chloe prompted.

“Right. After a couple of years of that I was exhausted and I started to say no. Sam still insisted that he continue—”

“I liked it,” he interjected.

“—so I asked what I could do to get him to stop.”

“I told her get both of her nipples pierced and that would make me happy.”

“I was at the piercer’s the next day. I must have been the only one there no in

college or covered in tattoos."

"You do look like a soccer mom," Trent commented.

"Thanks."

"Wait a second," Chloe interrupted. "You said you wanted her to get both nips pierced. She's only got one."

Sam looked over at his wife. "Well? Finish the story."

Ginny sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine. Okay. There I was at the piercing parlor in my work clothes: heels, skirt, suit jacket, and my pin striped Worthington shirt that I love—"

"Get on with it. "

"And all the women—girls really—there are half my age. It was right after work and the college students must have just gotten out of class. My turn rolls around. I go into the back and take of my jacket and shirt and bra. I tried to be casual about it, like I did this all the time. The piercer was no dummy. He knew I was nervous and scared and after he got me to admit that and that it was my first time he asked me why I wanted my nipples pierced."

"What did you tell him?" Chloe was enthralled by the story.

"I half lied. I told him I was celebrating my birthday and wanted to surprise my husband. I told him I wanted to prove I was still young and sexy. He bought it. I think he heard the same story before. It was actually pretty non-sexual considering he was handling my breasts and nipples. It was very clinical; like a doctor's office. So I had already picked out my jewelry and he marked where the needle was going in. He put these special clamps on and then tells me he's going to do it on three. One, two, three. Just like that."

"This is the best part," Sam added.

"I don't really remember the needle going in. BUT he said one and then he shoves the needle in. Wasn't the first time a man lied to me while he had his hands on my tits. And then it's through and I look down and see the needle. It still doesn't hurt. He's pretty fast and puts the ring on quick. Then it hits me. My

nipple feels like it’s on fire and I can’t believe what I’ve done and...I kind of swoon and almost pass out.”

Sam cleared his throat.

“Okay, fine. I did faint.”

Trent and Ginny both laughed at her reaction.

“And...” Sam prompted.

“And they wouldn’t let me leave unless someone came and picked me up.” She looked at Sam. “So they called Sam for me.” Her face was definitely flushed red now. It wasn’t because of the hot tub steam.

“And I came down to Lark Street to get her. She explains her whole plan to me in the back or the parlor. I told her I needed to see the ring first before I’d drive her home.” He grinned. “It was cute. I liked it. I still do.”

Chloe was puzzled. “Why didn’t you go back and get the other one done?”

“Like hell I’m going through that again. The first one hurt like hell and made me pass out. I’ve given birth twice and that didn’t hurt nearly as much!”

“But we do have a gift card for one free piercing,” Sam added.

“It’s been sitting on my dresser for how long now?” Ginny asked him.

“Hoped springs eternal.”

“Do you like it?” Chloe asked.

“After the six month healing process and the ordeal...?” Ginny toyed with the little gold ring decorating her nipple. “Yeah. It makes me feel sexy. And I have a secret that only a very select few know about. And it turn me on when it gets played with during sex.” She looked meaningfully at Sam and then Trent. “You should get yours done, Chloe. I know that Trent would like it.”

She shook her head to an almost violent degree. “No way. I’m afraid of needles.”

“She’s never given blood because of that,” Trent confirmed.

“Getting through one pregnancy was hell.” Chloe flicked her eyes over to her husband. “Your turn, Trent. Time to tell your secret to everyone.”

“What secret?” He asked with an innocent face.

“Let’s show them,” she said standing up out of the tub.

“But I like the tub,” Ginny fake-whined.

“Then you’re going to miss one hell of a show,” Chloe said as she extended her hand to her husband. “I made a vow to fuck all three of you this weekend and my husband is next on my list.”

“But you can fuck him any time,” Sam pointed out.

“Not like this and not in front of an audience.” She stepped out of the tub and Trent followed. After exchanging shrugs, the other couple followed.

Back in the cabin Trent and Chloe had gone into the bedroom where she had dropped her suitcase. They were toweling off when Ginny and Sam walked in. “So what are you planning?” Ginny asked, curious.

Tossing her towel to the floor Chloe went to her bag. As they watched she pulled out another toy. This one was a harness and dildo.

“How may sex toys do you have?” Ginny marveled.

“A lot,” Chloe grinned. “Can you help me get this on?” she asked Ginny. “It’s hard to get the straps just right by myself.” She glanced over at a patiently waiting Trent. His cock was swelling just a little. It wasn’t erect yet. It would be shortly. “Assume the position on the bed, honey.”

As Trent obeyed, Ginny kept moving her eyes back and forth between Chloe’s straps and Trent’s body. He crawled on the bed on all fours and patiently waited on hands and knees. Sam said nothing.

There was a strap around Chloe’s waist, one each for her thighs, and one between her legs. The harness sported a purple dildo held neatly in place. It was the second time that day Ginny had seen her friend wearing a fake cock. Once she was ready Chloe pulled a condom out of her bag, ripped the package open

and rolled it on the strap-on. “A little bit of lube never hurts,” she said pulling a bottle of lube from the suitcase.

“I want to know what else you have in the bag,” Sam said.

Chloe grinned and said nothing. She then squeezed a dose of lube into the palm of her hand, reached between Trent’s buttocks, and smeared it across his anus.

“Are you really going to do this?” Ginny asked.

“Of course. We’ve done it before. I’m just showing off now.” She got on the bed and knelt behind her husband. “Ready, honey?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell them why you like this,” she instructed.

Trent’s face contorted a moment as Chloe started to insert the dildo into his ass. He relaxed once the head had made its initial penetration. “Like a lot of guys for a long time I was obsessed with anal sex. Took me a long time to ask Chloe if she would do it for me.”

“And I told him yes...once I got to fuck him in the ass first because doing that shit was going to hurt.” She started now to slowly rock her hips back and forth.

“But I was obsessed. At first I kept begging and she kept saying no.” His face went blissful a moment as Chloe sank the entire length of her cock in him. “But I really wanted to fuck her in the ass. I needed to do it. So I finally relented, ordered her the strap-on, and said I was willing to give it a go.”

“Yeah you did. Tell them what happened next.”

“When I allowed her to peg me...I loved it.” He was a bit ashamed to admit it, but it was the truth.

“You sure did, baby.” Chloe started to move her hand off his ass to give Trent a reach around, but stopped. “Ginny, why don’t you get under him, and suck him off. He’s been a good boy lately. He deserves a special treat.”

Ginny found she couldn’t refuse. When she looked at Trent’s cock, it was

rampant. After a quick nod of approval from Sam, she lay down perpendicular to Trent and put his cock in her mouth.

“I can usually make him cum just by fucking his ass,” Chloe said. “Get ready to swallow his load.”

Her mouth was full of cock so Ginny just nodded. Because of the odd position and angle she couldn’t give Trent a proper blowjob, so she just held onto his cock and sucked happily on the head. She could feel the impacts as Chloe continued to fuck her husband in the ass. It wasn’t violent, but loving. With her free hand Ginny played with her pussy, wondering if Sam would take the hint and join in on their little orgy. Instead Sam went into intellectual mode.

“Does fucking him get you off?” he asked Chloe.

She glanced over at him. “Yeah. There’s a little nub inside the harness.”

“How often do you do this?”

“Whenever he’s bad or whenever I’m in the mood to be in charge.”

“More than once a month?”

Chloe was getting frustrated with Sam’s questions. “Look, either shut up and join in or watch the show. I want to get off too.”

Seeing he had upset her, Sam closed his mouth, much to Ginny’s relief, and watched the threesome in front of him. Chloe had a good grip on Trent’s hips and she started to increase the pace of t\her thrusting. Her head was back and her eyes were closed; obviously she was enjoying herself which surprised Sam. He would have thought a woman wouldn’t have enjoyed pegging all that much. It had to have been something Trent only took pleasure in. that was far from the fact of the matter. For his part, Trent was almost stock still, his burly body easily took the brunt of the impacts from Chloe and he said nothing at all during the fucking. It was as if he was just there for his wife to use as she pleased. Only then did Sam’s eyes fall on his wife’s curvy body. She had one hand on Trent’s cock, holding it in her mouth as she elegantly sucked, and the other was between her legs, playing with her pussy. Sam was torn between joining the trio on the bed and watching the sex show seemingly put on for his own personal enjoyment.

He didn’t have long to debate the issue. Trent started grunting and Sam could just see his cock pulsing as he came. Ginny’s throat worked as she swallowed Trent’s thick semen. As he watched Sam experienced a thrill of jealousy. His wife wasn’t all that enthusiastic about giving him blowjobs and when she it was rare that she would allow him to cum in her mouth and swallow. But since she was so happy under Trent’s body he couldn’t deny her the pleasure.

Chloe had stopped thrusting. “You done cumming, honey?” she asked Trent.

“Yeah,” he moaned.

“Okay, hold still now. I still need to get off.” She had an evil tone in her voice. Her thrusts now increased in speed and force.

Ginny let go of Trent’s cock and crawled out from underneath her boyfriend. “Wow,” she breathed as she watched Chloe fuck him with abandon.

“Did you cum?” Sam asked her.

“No.”

Ever the gentleman, if a somewhat overly cerebral one, Sam reached between her legs to find that her pussy was wet. Knowing what he was going to do, Ginny pressed her body against his in the chair next to the bed. The position of their bodies was awkward, but that didn’t matter at the moment. Sam wasted no time on subtlety or soft caresses. He rubbed her clit for all he was worth and was rewarded with his wife crying out loudly and cumming all over his hand.

Seeing Ginny cumming made Chloe jealous. She clamped her eyes shut and thrusted for all she was worth, focusing on the little nubs and ridges inside the cock harness and not worrying about Trent’s pleasure or safety.

In short order she was cumming as well. She put on a display for her friends, crying out and letting her body shake. When she was done she collapsed backward into a kneeling position, the fake cock slipped free of Trent’s ass. Sam politely applauded.

“Thank you,” she said taking a little bow. Her skin was shining with a thin sheen of sweat. “Give me a minute. I need to run to the bathroom and clean up a little.”

She staggered off to the bathroom and Trent collapsed to his side. His cock was softly flaccid between his legs, covered with Ginny's saliva and his own cum. Sam had a hundred questions for him, but didn't know if any of them were appropriate at the moment. Luckily it was Ginny who spoke first. "Did you actually enjoy that?" she marveled. "I mean, I know you came and everything, but do you really like it?"

Trent had trouble meeting her gaze. "Umm. Yeah. It's kind of hard to describe, but it feels really good when Chloe does it." Then he quickly added. "Not that I want to have sex with a guy, that would be gay—"

"Right," Ginny softly agreed.

"But I do like it what she does to me."

There was a long moment of silence. They could hear water running in the bathroom. Finally Ginny spoke again. "Can I do it to you sometime?"

"Sure you can," Chloe answered for Trent. She walked back in the bedroom without the harness or dildo. "But what do you want to do for the rest of the evening?"

Dinner was a quick, light affair consisting of Chinese takeout and immediately afterwards Trent and Ginny retired to their shared room. "I thought she'd want to go back to the hot tub," Sam commented as they finished clearing the table. Chloe snickered at his suggestion.

"You obviously aren't hung up on your high school sweetheart. They haven't had a chance to fuck like this in twenty years." And right on cue they heard the sounds of Ginny breathing heavily and sighing as Trent undoubtedly was doing something unusual to pleasure her.

"She'll be back to the hot tub before the end of the night," Sam said confidently. "She loves baths and hot water. I had to install a bigger hot water heater in our house to keep up with her."

"Is that so?" Chloe asked, disinterred. "I'd love to chat with you about home renovations and repair, but I'd rather have sex."

"Do you want to join them?" Sam asked nervously running his hand over his

short-cropped black hair. It was an effort to mask his steady balding. It was much better than trying a comb over.

She shrugged. “Kind of. But I promised him as much time with her as possible. They’re already in the middle of another session. Might as well leave them alone. Wanna go fuck in the other room?”

“Umm…sure?” if he had been in high school, or even college, he would have marveled at his good fortune in finding a woman completely devoid of self-consciousness and was eager to get in bed with almost any man.

Her laugh hid her nervousness. “You don’t sound so sure. Have I turned you off or scared you away?”

Now Sam felt self-conscious. “No, no. Not at all. It’s just that I can’t believe it’s that easy to have sex with someone I barely know.”

She shrugged again. “I like sex. It’s very low stakes with you. And you have been polite and a good lay, so why not?” The noise from the lovers’ bedroom increased. “Besides, I can’t watch TV over the sound of that.”

Sam grinned. They walked to the bedroom, threw off their clothes, and threw back the sheets to the bed. In short order Sam was on top of her pushing his cock inside her ready cunt. “Missionary style. Very traditional,” she commented with a grunt as he sank all the way into her.

“Traditional for adultery?” he asked but the joke sounded off and flat.

“Hardly adultery or cheating if the other ones know about it.”

“Yeah,” he said not really following the conversation. He was more focused on his cock and enjoying the sensations of a pussy different from his wife’s.

“Want to switch things up?” she asked.

“You want on top?”

“No, I want to fuck you in the ass.”

He paused in his thrusting. “Umm…are you serious.”

She grinned up at him. “Yes. I want to put on my strap-on and peg you. Want to give it a try?”

“I’ve never done that before,” he said, dodging the question.

“There’s a first time for everything.” She was obviously excited at the idea and grabbed his ass. He could feel her fingers stretching and probing toward his anus. “No one needs to know but us. Don’t tell me no one’s ever given you a blowjob and stuck a finger up there at the same time? No? It’s fantastic, just ask Trent.”

“He’s pretty busy right now,” Sam said as another set of intense moans came from the other room.

She fixed him with a steely gaze. “Look. I promised myself that I was going to fuck all three of you this weekend. I’ve already laid Trent and Ginny; you’re all that’s left. Please let me do it?”

The fact that she was practically begging him made him reconsidered. What could she possibly be planning other than a little kinky game of her own? “Can I put one condition on it?”

“Maybe. What?”

“Can I take some nude pictures of you?”

She sighed. “I have a semi-public job working for the state,” she began, but changed her mind halfway through. “But okay as long as you don’t include my face or post it to the internet.”

It took Sam five seconds to find his cell phone. Chloe willingly posed for a series of five pictures she made him show her before she allowed him the phone back. It took her less time to get the strap-on harness and dildo in place around her hips and roll on a condom.

“New condom for each guy I fuck,” she commented as he looked questioningly at her fake cock. The bottle of lube was produced and she started to grease up the shaft and head. “How do you want to do this? On your hands and knees or on your back?”

“Which is better?” he asked not knowing how to choose.

“Back. That was I can see your reaction.”

The height difference in the bed was perfect. She discovered she could stand on the floor and that would put her at the perfect height to fuck his ass. There was some maneuvering and careful placement of legs before they were ready. Sam was scared, but curious and eager as well. Chloe waved the lube bottle at him. “Want to do it yourself or want me to do it? Some guys say it feels like a proctologist being a little too eager, so I suggest a lot of lube.”

“You do it,” he said. “You’re the expert.”

She carefully daubed a generous amount of the slick lube around, and then across, and then finally up inside his anus. Sam tensed up when her finger pressed on his sphincter and then pushed through the ring of muscle, but it wasn’t unpleasant, just something he hadn’t become accustomed to yet.

“Ready,” she asked him, but didn’t give him a chance to respond either way. “Hold up your legs with your hands behind your knees,” Chloe instructed. When she pressed the head of the dildo up against his ass, he tensed up and she wasn’t able to progress. “Relax,” she all but whispered to him. “Just relax.” He got the impression she had done this a few times before with other men besides Trent. Once he was able to release the tension in his ass, the condom-covered dildo went easily into him. “There,” she said. “Easy as that. You like it?”

He nodded but was unsure if he actually liked it or not. His asshole felt stretched out and there was an uncomfortable feeling of fullness.

“It takes a little getting used to,” she said. “Let me help.” She started to thrust her hips and they locked eyes. “There’s lots of nerve ending in the ass. That’s what makes this feel good once you get used to how different it is.”

“Okay,” he agreed. He looked down at his body and to his amazement he saw his cock steadily getting harder. Chloe followed his eyes.

“Perfectly normal. Let me help you enjoy this a little more.” Her hand still had plenty of lube on it. She grabbed his dick and started stroking it. That was when Sam realized she was right, it was very enjoyable once he relaxed and got used to being fucked instead of fucking. He gasped and clutched at the sheets,

wanting to cum, wanting the torture to end, but also wanting it to go on forever.

It couldn't, of course. When she rubbed the underside of his cock just behind the tip with her thumb he was pushed over the edge. His anus contracted tightly around the dildo in his ass and he came like he had never before. His spunk shot up through the air and landed on his belly and chest. There were three powerful spurts followed by five weaker ones. He was straining and squirming as his orgasm at last came to an end.

"Good, no?" she asked him and carefully eased the cock out of his ass. Sam sighed with relief when it was gone and tried not to shudder with the sudden emptiness. "You've made quite a mess, haven't you," she said and licked her lips. Without taking off the harness she crawled up his body and started cleaning the semen from his skin with her tongue. It was a most pleasant way to end his first time being fucked by a woman.

Waking up the next morning Sam felt surprisingly like himself. It didn't matter that the woman who was in bed with him wasn't his wife. He rolled on top of Chloe not giving her the option of saying yes or not to his need to have sex.

"What's got you all worked up this morning," she mumbled as he pushed inside her.

"Nothing. I just want to fuck."

"Lay on then," she said, settling back to receive him.

They each had time for one last fuck that morning before having to pack up their belongs and vacate the cabin. It was Trent and Ginny who lingered the longest; one last embrace, one last kiss, one more uncomfortable grope in front of their spouses.

When they were finally off and away in their separate vehicles Sam asked his wife, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes. Immensely." She gave her answer a moment's more consideration. "Did I ignore you too much? Did you get along well with Chloe? I was too caught up with Trent and everything…I wasn't sure what else happened."

"No, it was fine. It was good very good. I can't wait to see them again."

It was a two hour drive home. They dissected their entire weekend over the journey.

Trent and Chloe's car was nearly silent. They had done this before. Not with such close friends, but they had seen the other fucking acquaintances and strangers. "Are we going to see them again?" Chloe asked abruptly.

"Yes. I've already set the date with Ginny."

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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