

The "Honey" Series

**HONEY, LOOK WHO RENTED  
THE PLACE NEXT DOOR**



**LARAN MITHRAS**

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**By**

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**Don't be jealous when someone flirts with her; she deserves appreciation.**

**Don't stifle her passion; embrace them with her.**

**Don't create for her a prison; explore together the freedom of love.**

**~ Unknown**

## CHAPTER 1

My wife Holly was looking out the blinds. I heard her gasp. "Honey, look who rented the place next door."

The house next door was a rental. Last old man who had been there had moved suddenly. Our guess was he got picked up for child molestation – he had been known for being a criminal abuser.

The owner of the place rented to anyone; he just didn't care who moved in as long as the rent was paid.

We had picked up our place cheap, just a block from the beach, but needing a lot of work. A fixer.

She turned to me. "Dustin, did you hear? Come see."

I put down my computer magazine. Coming to stand beside her, I peered out. "Who's that?"

There was a U-Haul truck – one of the small ones. The back was rolled up and a skinny guy was hauling out some musical gear.

"Not him..." She sighed. "He's inside. I'm sure he'll come back out."

A moment later she sort of bounced on the balls of her feet. "There."

A guy came out and looked into the back of the truck. He was wearing a t-shirt taut over muscles.

I frowned. "Who's that?" How many times do I have to ask?

"I swear, that's Nick Toro from Washington High. He was on the swim team."

"Oh." I had gone to Rio Vista, a private school. "Um...so?"

"He was Diane's boyfriend." Diane had been her best friend in school, until after

graduation. She had moved to Nebraska or some weird state like that.

"Oh. Interesting." I wasn't sure if it was. I left her standing there looking out and went back to my magazine. I liked keeping up on the latest in the tech world as my work demanded it. I built computers and repaired them in my own small business. It was great money.

I glanced up at her. She was a tiny girl, brunette and pretty. I had met her, helping her buy a laptop at Walmart when I had worked there. She had many questions that I was able to answer and her smile had captured me. I noticed that she began coming in, asking for me.

She was cheerful, but she thought very little of herself. Being short with no boobs really bugged her. She had no hips, either, and she often pouted that she looked like a pre-teen boy in her shape.

I loved her. I didn't care what she looked like.

It was my selfless devotion that hooked her, and we ran off to Carson City to get married. Her parents hated me. My parents hated her. We stayed away - the Hell away - from all of them.

She bounced a little again, leaning to see. She said, "We should go over later and say hi."

I didn't want to. "Uh, I guess."

She heard the reluctance in my voice. "Oh, come on. It's not like they're total strangers."

"You know the other two?"

She was quiet a moment. "No, I don't think so. The guy with long hair could be Brett Melancon, but..."

"I hope they don't freak out with the music."

Her voice went quieter. "I wonder what they play?"

~ ~ ~

It was later in the same day, Saturday, when Holly said, "Hey, they're in the backyard."

Not ours; I knew what she meant. We shared a five-foot fence with the neighbor. The guy rented the place but cared little about the fence. Sometime in the past, the wooden beams had rotted out. The fence started between our houses standing as it should. But as it went along into the backyard, it leaned precariously. The entire center of the backyard fence was lying flat on their property.

"They're looking at the fence. Let's go introduce ourselves."

I sighed quietly. Guess I'll get it over with. "All right."

I slid open the sliding glass door and stepped out. Holly was behind me. We approached the three guys at the fence. I waved. "Hi."

Holly was beside me. "Nick? Is that you?"

The three looked us over with curiosity.

There was a short guy, shorter than me, at five-six. He looked anxious. The skinny, long-haired guy had a dark look to his eyes, brooding and considering. The bigger guy, maybe five-eleven or so, stepped forward. "Uh... Holly Winters?"

She bounced. "Holly Graham now. This is my husband, Dustin." She glanced at me and grabbed my arm. "This is Nick Toro."

We shook hands. His grip was very strong. I'm not a weak guy, but he was a strong shaker. His blonde hair was cut short. I said, "Nice to meet you." I pointed at the fence. "No use trying to lift it."

He chuckled. "Yeah, we tried."

I shook my head. "Gabriel refuses to fix it. Says people don't rent fences."

Nick made a face. "He was a slimy kind of guy."

I nodded, smiling. I gave him a knowing eyebrow lift. "Just interested in money."

Holly said, "I thought you might've moved to Nebraska."

He looked at her for a few seconds and sighed. "Yeah, I was tight with Diane. But she wanted to move and I didn't. We're friends on Facebook."

"You're on Facebook? So am I."

He shrugged. "Send me a friend's request."

She grinned, biting her lower lip up under her front teeth. "Okay."

He said, "This is Sam, the guitarist. Garth is the one who can't sit still."

Sam the guitarist had the long hair and brooding eyes. Garth was the short one.

We said hello.

Nick was smiling at her, an odd look in his eyes. "You know I had a crush on you for a year."

She slapped her hand to her mouth. "No way."

He nodded. "But Diane stepped in."

She slapped his forearm. "Why didn't you ever say anything?"

I rolled my eyes. Great. But it's in the past, Holly. Let it go.

His smile was big and predatory. "Too shy."

Holly giggled.

I frowned. He had a crush on her?

She said. "Yeah, you did seem really shy around the girls."

He tossed his head. "Swimming got me out of it. I was even married for a year."

Her eyes bugged out. "Really?"

He made a face. "Didn't work out. She wanted me to quit my job. Said I would be around too many bikinis."

"What do you do?"

"Lifeguard, five days a week at the Carmen Wellness Center."

She giggled. "I guess that figures."

"Yeah, but Patricia couldn't handle it. I tried to tell her the women weren't anything to look at, but she pruned up and divorced me. Now she pesters me as if displaying she's still available. Fuck that."

Holly laughed. "I don't know; isn't a lifeguard always around bikinis?"

He shook his head. "Sure, ever see a bikini on a three hundred pound woman?"

She looked confused. "I'm sure they don't all look like that—"

"Ever been to a wellness center? People go there who have health issues. Usually obesity. I have yet to see a single skinny woman at Carmen."

I laughed. That sounded right, though I'd never thought of it.

Nick said, "Well, if we can't do anything about the fence, I guess that leaves tomorrow for the beach."

Holly bounced on her feet. "We go on Sunday's too."

He smiled. "Well, we can sun together."

Her smile was bright. "That'll be fun."

*Uh, wait. What? Do we automatically have to include them? I quashed my objections. "Uhh, yeah, why not?"*

## CHAPTER 2

I was lying in bed with her Sunday morning.

She was twirling her fingers on my chest. "When do you think they'll want to go?"

I scowled, though she couldn't see it. "They won't be out there at the crack of dawn."

"Well, we don't want to miss them."

*And why not? "Get up and shower, then."*

She trembled with excitement. "Yeah, maybe I should."

*What's gotten into her? Just because she went to school with the neighbor? I rolled my eyes.*

I heard her in the shower, then in the bathroom.

She came out wrapped in a towel. "Your turn."

I showered. I noticed a fresh razor on the sill.

When I came out, she had on her shorts and tube top. She didn't sun in a bikini; she was too self-conscious. We would lay around for a couple hours and maybe walk along the beach to the Summerside Beach Resort. They had a bar there on the beach where you could buy drinks.

She fidgeted until ten. "What if they're already there?"

"On a Sunday?"

"Why not?"

"I'm sure the guitarist guy is like all musicians: sleep until two in the afternoon."

"Oh, come on."

"I'm serious."

She looked excited. "Let's go now."

I heaved a deep sigh. "All right."

We collected our beach towels and ice chest with water and iced tea in it. I thrust the umbrella under my arm.

She went out first, looking down the street. Then she looked at Nick's place.

"Maybe we should knock and see if they're there?"

I grunted in irritation and there was a little heat in my voice. "They'll get to the beach when they get there."

She settled down immediately. "Oh. I guess so." She cast looks at the house as we passed.

I felt aggravated. "You act like they're the most exciting thing in your life."

She frowned at me. "I am not. It's just nice to see some friendly faces."

"We have a happy little life. We didn't need them moving in to make it better."

She pouted. "Don't be that way. They're better than the pervert who was there."

She had a point. "I guess so."

Holly smiled. "Just think, we can have barbecues and—"

"What?"

"Well, why not? They're our neighbors."

I shrugged. "We don't do that with the neighbors on our other side."

"I don't like them."

I shrugged again. "Neither do I."

"But that's just it, we like Nick."

*We? "I just met him."*

She smiled brighter. "And now you can get to know him."

I rolled my eyes.

We were moving onto the beach from the sidewalk.

I smirked. "See, no one here this early except Margaret."

Margaret lived across the street from us. Divorced and older, she went to the beach every Saturday and Sunday and sat under her umbrella in a slinky two-piece bikini. She pretended to read, or did – I don't know – and made sure she kept her legs parted for any nice hunk who passed her way.

The older woman glanced at us and dismissed us without a second look.

Maybe I wasn't a Greek Adonis or built like Nick, but I wasn't fat.

We set up and arranged the towels and umbrella.

Holly kept glancing back towards the sidewalk.

I said with a certain amount of relish. "I told you we were early."

She said, "I could always go knock on their door and see—"

That really irked me. "Well, why don't you?"

If she had detected my irritation, she didn't show any sign of it. "Hmm, okay." She got up and walked back towards the sidewalk.

I held up my hands and coughed in indignation.

~ ~ ~

I was almost going to gather everything up and go look for her when I heard her giggle.

I looked back.

Holly was walking with Nick, alone. No Garth, no Sam. Nick was dressed in simple red swimmer's shorts. My eyes could not help but notice his bulge. I looked away, quickly. Maybe he just has big balls.

Holly dropped down onto her towel. She patted beside her. "Set up right here."

I frowned. Does he have to?

Nick was looking at our umbrella. "Shoot, that's nice. I need one of these."

She scooted over closer to me. "Move your towel in. We can share."

He grinned. "Cool." He laid out his towel right next to Holly's. "Hey, Dustin."

"Hi." I tried to sound enthusiastic.

"Sorry we took so long; she was helping me find my beach trunks. Still not unpacked."

I nodded. "Of course."

He said, "Why don't you two come over tonight? We're having a little barbecue."

Holly clapped her hands. "We'd love to; we were just talking about it this morning."

*And not really agreeing... I said nothing.*

"Great. Garth has some shitty vodka he'll push on you."

A voice grated behind us. "Fuck you, I do not. It's good potato vodka."

Garth was walking by us. He dropped his towel down several feet away. "I'm going for a swim."

I laughed incredulously. Is he kidding?

Nick said, "Not a real bright move."

Garth scowled. "The water is safe; you're just a paranoid kook."

Nick shook his head. "Fuck-all, whatever, dude."

Garth was already running.

I said, "Fukushima."

Nick immediately pointed at me. "Smart guy."

I felt good about that. Maybe I wasn't a MENSA genius, but I tried to learn as much as I could. Maybe he's not such a bad guy, after all.

He said, "I keep telling them the TV is lying to them about how safe the water is. I read a report on an energy site that the radiation is ten million times worse than is being reported. That whole tuna versus a banana bullshit?" He threw up a hand. "Ten million times worse. It's in the kelp beds, working up the food chain."

I said, "And it's still pumping."

He became animated. "Exactly. Fools. This is of apocalyptic proportions." He looked at us. "Did I say that right?"

Holly giggled. "I think so."

I was nodding.

He said, "Nah, you won't find me in that water. Swimming pools only for me. I won't even get close to the wet area down there."

Holly touched his arm. "It's nice to know someone like us."

He grinned at her. "Yeah, it's refreshing. Some people scoff at everything without bothering to look at the facts in front of them. They think that's science. It's really just a dogmatic belief in believing what's on TV."

I said, "Um, you said that right." I chuckled.

Holly said, "Speaking of refreshments, do you drink at all? Just not Garth's shitty vodka? Or like tee-totaller?"

He bobbed his head back once. "Oh, I'll drink. I just like a little flavor."

She touched his arm again. "Summerside has a bar." She pointed up the beach.

"Oh? This is my first beach place. I was inland more."

"Want me to show you?"

"Sure, but I didn't bring any money with me." He indicated his bulging briefs.

I scratched my arm. Maybe the bulge could've been a wad of cash... I sighed. Maybe it's stuffed.

My wife said, "That's okay. I have some." She patted her shorts pocket.

He grinned. "Sure, why not?"

They got up together.

I wasn't sure about this newfound friendship-thing.

She said, "Honey, do you want anything?"

Pleased that I was included, I said, "Sure. Scotch and orange juice, please."

She nodded once, and pointed at me with her finger as if noting my choice was expected.

They walked off together, talking.

I guess I liked Nick; he seemed like a smart guy. I glanced out at Garth being an idiot. He was flinging salt water back over his head after dunking. The only thing I could think of was, Shower, shower, shower. I shook my head.

## CHAPTER 3

I saw them coming from a distance. The resort discouraged non-customers from using their beach, but they sure didn't complain about the purchased drinks.

She was walking, holding both drinks. His free arm was around her waist.

*Hmm, I don't like that. I'll have to talk to her later.*

When they got closer and I could make out their faces, he dropped his arm from around her. She looked up at him nervously and smiled.

*Did he brush his hand across her ass? I frowned. Is that why she looked at him?*

They came up and Holly handed me my drink.

I said, "Thanks."

She was giving me a bright smile.

I started to relax.

She settled down and sipped her drink. But they started talking about school and how it was funny she never knew he had a crush on her.

Nick said, "Well, that was a few years ago..."

Holly shook her head. "You really thought I was cute?"

"Shoot, yeah. You still are."

Garth, who had come back before they arrived, said, "He told us all about you last night. He wouldn't shut up."

Nick chuckled. "I'm going to stick my cock down your throat if you don't shut up."

Holly giggled. "Oh... Are you two...?"

He snorted. "No. We're not lovers or married."

Garth laughed. "No, we're not married. But he likes his dick jacked sometimes."  
He made a motion.

Holly slapped her hand to her mouth. "You're gay?"

Nick threw a small piece of driftwood at Garth. He turned back, looking a little embarrassed. "Uh, well...I guess I don't mind a little playing around, you know. But I don't do ass on either male or female."

I was amazed at where this convo had gone. I shook my head as if to clear it.

Holly was red with embarrassment. "Oh my god, Nick Toro is gay?"

He looked irritated.

Before he could say anything, Sam plopped down between Nick and Garth. "You two arguing again?"

Garth said, "We're not arguing."

The guitarist rubbed his face. "Oh. Are we talking about Holly again?"

Nick slapped Sam's arm.

Holly said, "You were really talking about me?"

Garth chuckled. "Yeah, about how hot your little ass was... Uh, oh. Sorry, Dustin."

*Nick thinks my wife's tiny ass is hot? I said, "Umm..."*

Nick waved me off. "It was just talk about the old days. Nothing to worry about. My experiences with my ex sort of made me swear off women."

Garth laughed. "What a cunt. Oh, er, not you Holly."

She said, "That's all right. I didn't take you to mean me."

Sam said, "Did you invite her to the barbecue?"

Nick grunted. "Yeah. They're coming."

"Cool."

~ ~ ~

I watched her talk to Nick for another two hours. They were leaned close, laughing and talking about Diane and the stupid cliques at school.

At home, Holly looked flushed with excitement. She said, "It's so nice to have them for neighbors."

I said, "It looked like he touched your butt coming back from the resort." I was lying on the couch.

"What?" Her eyes went wide with shock.

"He had his arm around you. I didn't like that."

"Oh, we were just walking, really." She came over and laid on top of me. "He was just being nice."

I put my arms up around her. "He shouldn't be touching you."

"It was just an arm, honey. And you heard; he's gay."

"Did he or did he not touch your butt?" I was certain I'd seen it. Hadn't they said he thought she had a hot ass? I felt myself stirring and firming. I thought she had a cute one.

She looked embarrassed. "Well, I think he might have. On accident. His hand sort of brushed it."

I was hard, enjoying her heat and her pussy pressed on my dick through our

clothing.

She smiled. "Are you excited?"

"No... I..." I couldn't deny my erection. It pulsed harder, hardening fully.

She giggled. "I'll admit it made me kind of warm to hear them talking about my butt like that." She humped her hips on me.

I reached down and grabbed her butt. "You got excited, too?" Wait a minute, that didn't come out right.

She giggled, sinking her face down to mine and brushing my lips with hers. "Mm hmm. It made me wet."

My erection twitched. "You got wet over them talking about your ass?"

She shifted and slipped her hand down my shorts. She gripped my hot hardness and stroked. "Yep. I guess it's nice to hear it."

"I always say you look wonderful and sexy." I started gasping.

She tugged on me, her breath coming faster. "You're supposed to. It's nice hearing another man say it."

I reached my hand in to see if she was wet. She sighed and closed her eyes. Her pussy was very hot and very wet. I sank a finger in.

She moaned out and squeezed my cock. "Wow, I wasn't sure if you'd like hearing how he touched me."

*Touched instead of brushed? "I thought you said it was an accidental brush?"*

"Well, he sort of gave it a squeeze." She was still jacking me.

It was too much for me. The image of him squeezing my wife's little ass surprised me with a sudden tensing. I groaned out in panic. Cum erupted, squirting up in my shorts.

Holly laughed with delight. "Wow, you came really fast hearing that."

I wanted to say that I hadn't, but I had. "I was getting stroked..."

She giggled. "That's okay, I thought him touching me was hot, too."

~ ~ ~

The barbecue was late in the day near sunset. We stepped over the fence hand in hand. She led the way.

Nick waved. "Hey. Did you smell it cooking?"

I said, "Couldn't miss it." The smoke had permeated the house for a half hour.

He said, "Just some tri-tip."

Sam was leaned back, fingering an electric guitar that wasn't plugged in. The almost silent sounds were peaceful, if fast. "Hey, dude. Grab a vodka." He motioned with his chin.

There were some plastic cups and a couple bottles of vodka sitting on the ground. The only furniture back here was the chairs and loveseat the boys had dragged out.

I poured a cup for Holly and handed it to her on the loveseat. I poured mine and turned.

Nick was with her on the loveseat, chatting about the booze. He was hoisting the spatula with both hands. "I have some non-GMO bourbon I drink. Don't want to drink tonight, though. Have to work tomorrow."

Holly gave half a laugh. "Oh, I don't work."

"What do you do?"

I sat in a chair and sipped my vodka.

She said, "Stay at home. Dustin makes all the money we need."

Nick glanced at me and winked. He looked back to her. "Must be nice."

Garth came out. "We talking about her ass again?"

Nick backhanded the guy's arm. "Shut it."

Holly said, "That's okay. We thought it was kind of nice that you were."

*Huh? Wait, what?*

Nick glanced at me. "Oh?"

I said, "Well, it wasn't exactly like that..."

Holly said, "We thought it was sort of a turn-on."

*Oh my god, did she just really say that?*

Nick's mouth spread into a grin. "Oh yeah?"

I wanted to hide. I pursed my lips and stared at my wife. Would you shut up already?

She tipped back her vodka and downed some more.

But Nick was up and tending the barbecue.

I got up and gratefully slid into his spot. I leaned over to her and whispered. "Would you shut up about us getting turned on?"

She seemed surprised. "It's no big deal. It's not like I gave details." She giggled.

The image of the spermy mess in my shorts made me color red.

Nick sat in the chair I had vacated. "Couple more minutes."

Holly got up and looked at the open-topped barbecue. "Looks good."

I caught Sam staring at her ass. He seemed oblivious to me noticing. He even

shifted a little in his chair.

She turned and he went back to picking his guitar.

Nick smiled at her.

She moved to him, and stood there with her drink. There was no free chair.

He said, "Need a place to sit?"

Before she could say anything, he gently took her and sat her on his knee.

Holly giggled. "We're going to break the chair."

He chuckled. "You don't weigh anything."

I wasn't sure how to say I didn't like her sitting on his knee. "Um, you can sit here, Holly."

Nick smiled at me. "She's okay here. I think her cup weighs more than she does."

She put an arm around his neck and drank some more.

*Slow down, dear... I fidgeted.*

Nick said to me, "So what do you do to keep her home all day?"

"I repair computers. Build new systems. I have the Byte-Rite place on Sixth Street."

He nodded, eyebrows down. "Yeah, I've seen that place."

Garth said, "Dude, you fix computers?"

I nodded.

"I have one that needs your touch."

I nodded again. "Bring it in; I'm open Monday through Friday—"

"Oh, I was like thinking you could check it out here. But it's still packed. I'll let

you know when I get it out."

I didn't feel like doing freebie work. "What's it doing?"

"It gets this weird green pixelation all over the screen."

"Tell you what, when you get it out, I'll charge you half for being our neighbor. And I'll look at it here." I figured it was probably a heat issue.

Garth frowned. "Oh, yeah, okay."

*Why did everyone think you wanted to do your work for free?*

Nick said, "That's nice of you." He leaned to Holly. "Up. I need to get the meat off."

She giggled and came to sit by me. She said in a low voice. "It's nice to finally have nice neighbors."

I whispered. "Did you have to sit on his knee?"

She swooshed her hand. "Oh, he didn't really give me any choice, did he?"

We ate shortly after that.

Sam collected the paper plates afterward and went inside.

Garth was slinging down the vodka. "Hey, Holly." His voice was slurred.

"Hmm?"

"How come you don't wear a bikini?"

She giggled warmly. She looked flush and happy. "Oh, they don't really look good on me."

"Who says?"

She looked to the side and smiled as if caught. "Well..."

Garth waved his cup. "Come on. Why not?"

I said, "She doesn't think she fills them out very well."

Nick said, "They make small bikinis..."

Holly was grinning. "I don't look good in them. I'm too thin."

Garth said, "Shit, you'd look great."

Nick nodded. "Yeah, I think so, too. What about you, Dustin?"

*Well, fuck. Thanks for putting me on the spot. I realized if I disagreed, it would look like I didn't think my wife was pretty enough for a bikini. But it wasn't me – she was the one who refused to try one. "Er, I think she'd look great. But she refuses. Won't even consider it."*

Holly giggled. "I don't know. Maybe I could."

*Oh fucking great. "You don't have to, dear—"*

Nick smiled at her and winked. "Try one, Holly."

She beamed. "Well, okay. I guess I can try it once."

I sighed. Oh well, she'll hate it and never wear it again.

She got up and went and sat on Nick's leg. She put her arm around his neck. "What color do you like?"

*Hey, what about what colors you like? Or me?*

He tilted his head, looking at her. "Definitely a light blue."

*Genius. It was her favorite color and all she practically wore.*

She bounced on his leg and grinned. "That's my favorite color." She almost fell off his leg.

He gripped her and pulled her up, pulling both legs over his so she was sitting on his lap and not his knee.

She laughed, trying to contain it.

One of his hands cupped her hip. The other rested on her thigh.

*Fuck, he's got his hands all over my wife.*

She drained her cup and twisted to set it somewhere. She kept twisting, her upper half completely turned, reaching to set the cup somewhere. There was nowhere to put it.

I got up to take it from her.

Nick's eyes locked onto the upthrust lump in his face. Holly had the flattest of chests, but depending on how she turned occasionally looked like she had something there. Nick was staring.

I took the cup and she turned back to him, placing both arms around his neck. She said, "Bikini, huh?"

"Yeah, I think you'd feel good in one." He shook his head. "I mean, look good." He chuckled.

"You don't think I feel like a boy sitting here? All boney and—"

He laughed. "Uh, no, you feel really nice." He pulled her on his lap.

She giggled and wriggled her hips. "My butt doesn't feel boney?"

He pulled her again and shifted his hips around underneath her. "Um, nope."

She started to say something, but it came out as a sigh. She moved her hips on him.

I got up. "Well, we should go."

Holly stopped. "What?"

Nick said, "Shoot, the party is just getting going."

Sam said, "Yeah, dude. Chill a while. Have some more vodka."

I held out my hand to my wife. "I need to get up early and be clear-headed for work. Let's go, Holly."

She pouted. "I don't have to get up early. Why don't you go to sleep and I'll come in a bit?"

Nick said, "Yeah, good idea. We'll make sure she gets across the fence okay."

Holly wasn't moving from his lap. I closed my mouth and fumed my way across the fence. In the house, I paced.

## CHAPTER 4

I went back out and peeked over the slumping part of the fence.

Nick and Holly had moved to the loveseat. His arm was around her but they were just talking. This is stupid. I need to go to sleep. I went back inside.

But in bed, I was agitated. What are they doing? What are they talking about? Was she falling in love with him or something? Why is she over there?

I got out of bed twice to go back out and check on them. The first time, they were still talking, though his hand was on her thigh. Hers was on his. The second time I went out, they were saying goodnight.

He was standing with her near the fence and they were talking about the bikini. Then he hugged her, pulling her in. I thought that would be it, but the hug went on and on. I heard her moan.

I moved back inside and watched out the blinds.

He finally let her go and she stepped onto and over the fence. She looked back and waved.

I quickly got into bed, my heart racing. I would confront her when she came in.

She came in and used the bathroom. When she came out a few minutes later, she slid off her clothing.

I was getting ready to burst out with my questions when the bed shifted. She had not pulled open the drawer for her sleep t-shirt.

Suddenly her hands were all over me. "Are you awake?" Her hand found my cock and began playing. Her other one worked off my briefs.

*What's going on here? "Uh..."*

She purred at me. "I'm so hot right now..."

*Over his hug? Over the lap sittings? What? Her moves were shaky with lust. My cock began hardening. I said, "Did you have to sit on his lap?"*

She giggled. "That was fun."

I was fully hard. She swung around and mounted me. I gasped, the feel of her wet pussy sliding down my erection was always heavenly.

She said, "Are you mad? I think I felt him getting hard. Or are you turned on like earlier?"

I was panting. She was heaving up and down on me more energetically than I could ever remember. I groaned. "You think you felt him?"

She thrust down hard and whimpered. "Yes."

"And he was getting hard?"

She moaned throatily and her hips worked me frantically. "Yes..."

"I saw you moving all over his lap—" I wanted to say I was angry, but she interrupted me.

"Yes, I couldn't help it. I was squirming right on his cock and it felt so hard..."

My eyes squeezed shut and I tried not to breathe. But the orgasm was coming no matter what I did. In fact, holding my breath didn't stop it, it just made it stronger. I growled out in a long release of tension as strong pulses of electrical joy ripped through me.

Holly slung her hips faster. "Wow, I wasn't sure you really thought it was that hot, but this is twice in one day."

I felt my body relaxing into the bed.

Holly grunted feverishly, still working my erection. "It made me so wet to feel his erection..." she tensed and shook. Then she cried out and her hips went back to moving, hard.

~ ~ ~

Work was work. Nothing new there except the added worry I had over Holly. She was always at home all day if she wasn't out grocery shopping.

Would she go over there? But Nick had said he worked full time as a lifeguard. If she went over there, what would she do? Did the other two work?

I needn't have worried. Holly didn't go over there during the week, though she mentioned going Friday night.

She showed me a bikini on Tuesday. "What do you think?"

"It shows too much."

She began looking sad. "I thought you liked how I look."

I hugged her. "I do, it's just..." It's just they'll be seeing it all.

"Just what? My boney butt is an embarrassment?"

"No, not at all."

"Well, I don't have anything else to show, so how can it show too much?"

*Well, fuck in a handbasket. "I think it will look great on you if you don't think you'll show too much."*

"But I don't have anything to show."

"I was hoping you'd keep a little more covered around Nick and the guys."

She looked at me weird. "What for?"

"Well, you're my wife. I don't think you should be giving them visuals—"

She held out her hands. "Of nothing to see?"

I was stuck and I knew it. The only way out was the way I didn't want to go, but I extricated myself using it. I didn't want to hurt her feelings. "You'll look awesome in it." I added sarcastically, "I'm sure Nick and the guys will all get turned on."

She looked at me sideways. "What about you? I won't turn you on in this?"

*Check mate. "Of course you will."*

She smiled brightly.

*Boy, am I screwed.*

~ ~ ~

I came home Friday and she wasn't there. There was a note on the kitchen table.

It read: Next door, love Holly

I sighed and went looking for her.

Stepping over and across the fence, I could hear voices inside the house. The sliding glass door was open. I looked into the screen. "Holly?"

Her bright voice was cheery. "In here."

Garth's nervous voice said, "Come in, dude."

I slid open the screen and went in. Able to see better, I saw Holly twisted towards me from the loveseat. She waved.

Sam was sitting against the wall, finger-picking his electric guitar.

I didn't see Nick. I sat next to Holly.

She said, "Sam was telling me about his efforts to get picked up by a metal

band."

I nodded. I said to him, "Yeah, how does that work?"

His brooding eyes looked into mine. "Make a tape of your style and range. Mail it off to the band or their agent. Cross your fingers you get picked. Though I consider it an accomplishment to get a live airing."

"I don't know how guys play and move around on stage."

He made a face. "It's not that hard. Repetition. Do the same thing over and over – the picks, the chords – and you could play upside down." He wiggled his fingers. "The memory is in here."

"So it's like riding a bike and then one day not using hands."

He tilted his head. "Pretty much, I guess." He went back to finger picking.

It sounded intense, but really quiet.

"You don't ever plug it in?"

"Oh, shit, yeah. But only when I'm getting serious and only during the day when everyone is up and at work or whatever. I don't want noise complaints."

Garth was lying on the sofa. "Nick would ram his cock down your throat if you played at night."

I coughed a laugh.

Sam shook his head. "Not for me, baby."

I didn't know what to make of that. Is this Three's Company and they're all gay? Or just some? Or are they all pretending to be gay? I wasn't sure how to proceed and I knew homosexuals and lesbians were the touchiest people on the planet when it came to the subject. They'd announce their sexuality to everyone - but if you asked, suddenly you were a racist.

That Garth talked about it made me think they were, but they hadn't pushed it in my face, so I wondered.

Nick came in the front door a moment later. He grunted at everyone and went into the bedroom.

I must have looked stunned.

Garth said, "He's always like that until he's showered. Doesn't like to use the showers at work."

Holly had a wondering look on her face.

Nick came out fifteen minutes later just about on the nose. He wore an easy smile. "Hey," he said to us.

I waved and Holly said, "Hi."

"Sorry, I like to shower before I get comfortable around the house."

She said, "It's no problem. We've just been chatting."

Garth sat up and said, "Hey, dude. Wanna look at my computer now?"

*Not really. It's Friday...* "Uh, sure."

I followed him into what must have been his room. There was a mess of boxes stacked. His computer looked like a dusty mess.

"Want me to turn it on?"

"Not yet." I unlatched and slid off the side panel. The fans filters were completely clogged. I snapped open the fan-door and looked inside. With what little light I could see, everything was coated heavily in dust. I clicked the power button.

The computer whirred to half-life. Two of the door fans weren't spinning. I fingered the cables and followed them. They weren't plugged in. Otherwise, the core fan ran, though coated. The video card was an ATI.

I straightened. "Let me grab some things. Meanwhile, log in to your desktop."

He bobbed his head. "Sure thing."

I went out.

Holly was saying, "I got it, anyway. I'll try it Sunday."

Nick said, "The bikini? Awesome."

I paused.

She said, "I'm not sure if I should wear it."

Sam said, "Try it on and show us. We'll let you know if it doesn't look right."

Nick said, "Yeah, go put it on."

I said, "I need to get some things..."

Holly jumped up. "I'll come with."

Nick grinned. "Come back in the bikini and show us."

We went out.

I said, "Are you really going to model your bikini for them?"

"Yeah, why not? They'll tell me if it doesn't look good."

"Is that really a good idea?"

"Why wouldn't it be? They're going to see it Sunday. I might feel a little better knowing that they'll like it."

I ground my teeth together, determined not to say something that would make me sound as if I thought she wouldn't look good.

I grabbed my toolkit from the house. I rarely made house calls, but when I did I had things ready in a small tool-bag. I waited for her.

She came out wearing one of my shirts. She grinned and pulled it open, showing me her bikini. "What do you think?"

She was so small that the bikini looked like wisps of material. The bottoms

didn't even reach up over her pubic bone and only just covered her hood and clit.

I started to get hard just looking at it. "Um, that looks fantastic."

She bounced on her feet with a big smile.

I said, "Maybe you shouldn't show it to them."

"Why?"

"Because you already look good; I've said so. They can see it on the beach."

She looked at me with a suspicious grin. "You're supposed to say I look good. Is this one of those times where you say it because you have to? Now I'm definitely showing them."

I sighed silently. Great. Fucking great. Fuck-fuck amazing great. I shifted my tool bag. "All right..."

We went back to their house.

She stepped in first and I paused in the living room as Sam and Nick looked at her with expectation.

Nick was smiling. "Let's see."

Holly was blushing, but she opened up the shirt and showed them.

Sam and Nick widened their smiles.

She said, "What do you think?"

Sam was nodding. "Totally awesome."

Nick said, "Wonderful."

She bounced a little and grinned. She made a little happy noise and sat on the couch.

I hefted the tool bag. "I'll be in doing a little work."

Nick raised his eyebrows in acknowledgement and nodded.

I went into Garth's room.

He noticed me and pointed. "See? Green shit everywhere."

His screen was subtly flashing green pixels here and there. I looked at his toolbar and nodded. I said, "All right. Turn it off." I dug out my penlight and brush. I began brushing and cleaning, reconnecting wires to the fan headers on the motherboard. There was a dust cloud when I began cleaning the video card.

I was done a half hour later. I hit the power button.

Garth was watching with a serious look.

"Go ahead and log in."

When he did so, I said, "Let me sit."

"Sure thing, dude." He was out of his chair.

I sat and opened up his card's control center. I saw he had the standard settings. I began clicking. "The video companies put out these drivers and control panels, but the settings are set far too high. Your card should be temping below sixty to be safe but card manufacturers put out these settings for seventy-five or more." I increased his fan speed manually.

He looked confused. "My video card is causing that?"

I nodded. "Because of the heat. Doesn't hurt to brush the fan filters every once in a while to get adequate air-flow."

He looked doubtful.

I said, "Go ahead and do something on the computer for a while. I'll come back in fifteen minutes or so to check. Your green pixelation should be gone."

He still looked doubtful.

I didn't. I got up and went back out to the living room.

Holly was sitting on Nick's lap. They were wiggling against each other and laughing.

She said, "Oh, hey. We were just testing my boniness."

Sam had leaned his guitar up and was sitting on the couch. He had a genuine grin on his face. He didn't smile much.

I said, "Uh..." Shit, what do I say without hurting her feelings? "Are you done testing?"

She giggled. "I don't know, I think I feel boniness."

Nick laughed. "That's what you get for squirming on me."

Sam said, "I want to try." He held out his arms.

I sat on the sofa beside him.

Holly smiled, all teeth. "Okay." She got off Nick and came over to the sofa, plopping down on Sam's lap. He grabbed her around the waist and held her thigh.

I noticed Nick crossing his legs to hide a very obvious erection in his shorts.

Holly giggled and wriggled on Sam's lap.

He chuckled and moved with her. "I don't know..."

She pouted. "It doesn't feel good?"

Sam panted a little. "No, it feels great..."

"What's wrong?"

"Um, maybe too great."

She laughed, turning red. "Oh...more boniness." She wiggled her ass down harder on Sam's lap.

He turned red.

I cleared my throat. "So we're all done testing the bikini?"

Sam looked like he was desperate to get her off his lap. "Uh, yeah."

Holly got up and sat down on my other side. "Smashing success."

Sam had an erection, also.

Holly gripped my leg with a trembling hand and squeezed.

## CHAPTER 5

I checked on Garth's computer a bit later. No green pixelation.

He grinned. "It works great, dude."

"No problem. We can settle up for fifty bucks."

His smile fell. "Oh, yeah, sure."

We settled and I pocketed the cash.

When I went back out, I saw Holly had taken the opportunity to sit on Nick's lap again. They were wiggling and laughing.

I said, "Another test?"

She said, "No, we're just having fun, now."

I sighed and sat down.

She said low to Nick, "Definitely bony down there."

He chuckled. "Wait till you get me in my swim trunks."

She said, "Maybe you should try them on now."

He grunted. "I'll save it for Sunday."

*Oh my god, thank you, Nick. I wondered if I would be able to pry my wife from his lap when we left.*

They settled down a bit, though, and she just sat across his lap, both arms around his neck. She only moved her hips occasionally. They chatted about Diane.

Holly said, "She's a nurse now."

Nick seemed interested. "Oh yeah? Nursey-nurse and fishnets?"

She giggled. "No, they don't dress like that anymore."

"Yeah, shame. I might have been interested in looking her up."

"She's married now to some doctor."

"Who cares?"

That told me I better start worrying. No nursey outfits for you, Holly.

Holly said, "Maybe I'll dress up as a nurse for Halloween."

I wanted to slap my forehead.

Nick grinned. "Know anyone who throws parties?"

Sam said, "Maybe we could throw our own."

Nick looked at him with a serious look. "You know how much dough it takes to throw one?"

That deflated Sam real fast.

Holly said, "I don't know anyone who does."

Nick said, "I'll start asking around."

*Fucking great. Super-califuck-alistic great.*

Holly bounced on his lap and smiled brightly. "I want to go."

He chuckled and pulled on her. Suddenly the lap-wiggling started all over again. He said, "I'll make sure it happens."

Later, when Nick claimed he was getting sleepy, we finally got her off his lap. He was sporting a very obvious bulge.

I was waiting at the screen door and she put her arms around him for a hug. I could see his back, and I thought his hands dropped down to her butt. Her legs

were trembling and she moaned softly. Her hips moved a little.

He said, "You're too short for a proper hug." He lifted her by her ass and easily settled her up and onto his hips. Her legs went around and she giggled. He gave a happy grunt. "There, that's hug-material."

I watched with a racing pulse as they clutched each other, her crotch resting against his. She began moving her hips and panting.

He settled her down with a chuckle. "I need to go to bed. See you tomorrow, maybe."

~ ~ ~

Back at home, she attacked me. She was breathless and rubbed at my pants.

I said, "Wasn't that a bit much? Sitting on their laps? You're my wife."

She panted faster. "It was just a little fun. I got both of them hard under me." She laughed.

I was firming rapidly.

She undid my pants.

I said, "I guess that turned you on?"

She tore my pants down and grabbed my cock. She rubbed it on her lips and then sucked it in.

I moaned at the sudden onslaught of sensation.

She pulled her lips off and jacked me. "Yes, that was a super turn-on. I didn't think I could do that to a guy."

I felt exasperated. "You do that to me all the time."

"I know, but it felt really wild knowing I was doing it to them. They got so hard."

I gasped. "You felt it?"

She nodded. "Nick felt really big. I got so wet rubbing myself on him."

Sperm shot out of my cock, spraying her face before she could move to the side. I gasped and panted, grunting as the surprise orgasm wracked my frame.

She giggled. "Oh my god, you came so fast. You must really like hearing that."

The problem was, I had cum fast. I couldn't stand there and tell her how bothered I was when my cum was dripping down her cheek.

~ ~ ~

Saturday, she was all excited to go visit. I didn't want to.

She said, "Oh, come on."

I shook my head. "You're going to wear out your welcome."

She ended up going over on her own. She came back ten minutes later pouting. "Nick and Garth were gone and Sam was busy sleeping."

I felt relieved. "We'll see them tomorrow, I'm sure."

She looked anxious. "Maybe they'll be back later and then we can visit."

"We don't have to visit every day."

She frowned. "But I want to."

It was later when Sam came over and knocked. "Hey, you, two. Got drinks over there if you wanna come."

I was shaking my head, but Holly said, "Sure." She was grinning when she turned.

Sam had seen me shaking my head no. I said, "Um, not for me tonight."

Holly said, "Well, okay. I'll go alone, then."

I was caught, not wanting to go, but not daring to change my mind now without looking dumb. "Maybe I'll swing by later..."

Holly kissed me and went out with Sam.

*Well, shit. I paced for an hour. It got dark. I tried listening through the screen door if there were voices out back. There weren't. I went outside and peeked over the fence. They weren't out there.*

*Fuck, my wife is alone with three single guys. This isn't good. I crept over the fence. I moved to the edge of the sliding glass door and peeked around. The drapes were drawn, but they were flimsy things that were old. I could see through them, barely. I moved my head, trying to get a better view through the weave of loose fabric.*

Someone was sitting on the couch. Garth. He moved as if drinking.

I moved over a little more.

Nick was on the loveseat with Holly in his lap. They were talking. She held a cup and sipped occasionally.

I couldn't see if they were moving; the weave of the drapes was too small for that.

I watched for several minutes. It appeared normal, except she was in his lap again. Was she feeling his bulge through her shorts again? I began moving around, trying to find a more threadbare patch of drape.

They were moving in there, doing something.

Garth had gotten up and so had Holly.

It looked like Nick was doing something, looking down.

I found a spot where I could see mostly with one eye. Their lamp in the living room threw off a lot of light, but they only had one.

Holly was sitting next to Nick. She had her hand up at her throat, her eyes wide. She was looking down into Nick's lap.

*Is he showing her his cock? What the fuck?*

But I was not prepared for the bigger what-the-fuck I saw unfolding. Garth got down and his head started bobbing up and down. Nick leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

I thought Holly's were going to pop out.

I couldn't see the contact, but Garth's moving head was pretty suggestive. He was blowing Nick while Holly watched.

I whispered, "What the fuck?"

Holly's mouth was open and her eyes were locked on what they were doing. She began shifting around, saying something.

Garth and Nick looked at her and said something. She smiled nervously.

Garth began bobbing again.

Holly had shifted to lean against the arm of the loveseat. Her hand slipped down her shorts. I froze. I shifted slightly to angle my eye through the too small holes. I saw her shorts moving as her hand played with herself. She likes this?

Nick was smiling at her.

She looked nervous and said something. She began shifting off her shorts.

My breath caught.

Her panties came into view and she removed her shorts completely. Her hand slid down her panties and played.

Nick was turned to her. He must have said something.

She went wide-eyed and looked around. Then she looked back to him, blushing. I saw her lips move in an "Okay."

They began getting up. They moved to the couch along the right wall. Holly got on the end where Nick pointed. As he stood there, I got a look at his cock. Wow... I was a solid five inches with a good, thick shape. But he looked bigger. Maybe a couple of inches longer than me and very thick in proportion. So that's what she's been feeling.

Nick laid down and moved towards Holly. Her back was to me. Garth knelt down and began sucking Nick again.

Holly was looking down and I could see Nick's elbow moving.

I moved back to the other side of the window to get a better angle. But the holes at that angle obscured everything.

I went around to the side of the house where the loveseat was and peeked in. The drapes here weren't in as bad of shape as the sliding glass door ones, but there was a gap at the bottom where they closed. I looked in with an unobstructed view.

Holly was leaning back, looking down.

Nick had his fingers rubbing my wife's panties as Garth blew him.

She looked totally stunned – mouth open, chest heaving, and arms trembling.

*He's touching my wife's pussy. I ought to be angry... But I felt a heat in my pants. I carefully undid them and pulled out my cock. My heart began racing as I stroked. Holly likes this? Seriously?*

Nick moved his fingers and Holly dropped her mouth open larger. His fingers were inside her panties now, moving.

He said something.

I heard her moan, faintly. Her legs shook. She reached down and pulled aside her

panties. His fingers moved up and down her lips and then angled in. He slid three fingers into my wife's pussy. Then he began curling them in and out.

Holly was trembling visibly.

I realized I was stroking a very hard erection and very fast. I was panting. I should be angry, right?

After a moment, Nick said something again.

Holly laughed incredulously and blushed. She shook her head.

They talked back and forth a little, then she slid down. Nick was smiling. His face went between my wife's little thighs and she arched her back. Garth's head still bobbed away.

I was watching Nick tongue my wife's pussy and my cock strained with a sudden burst of tension. My orgasm had crept up on me and taken me by surprise. I grunted feverishly, squirting my cum down the side of their house.

## CHAPTER 6

I zipped up, panting, and looked back in.

Holly was gripping Nick's head and I could hear her cries through the window.

*Would they answer the door if I knocked? I walked quickly back to the fence and moved over it. I came around the front and went next door. I knocked.*

A moment later, Garth answered. He looked out of breath. "Hey."

I shrugged. "Changed my mind. Came to visit."

He looked stunned, but said, "Yeah, sure, no problem." He let me in.

I walked into the living room and looked around.

Holly was sitting on the loveseat, red in the face and holding her vodka cup in her lap.

I felt the slap from behind.

Nick clapped a hand on my shoulder, coming from the hallway. "Hey, dude." He went and sat next to Holly on the loveseat.

I sat on the sofa.

Garth came in and sat next to me and handed me a cup.

I said, "Where's Sam?"

Nick said, "Out with some of his band buddies."

I nodded. "Ah."

The three of them acted like nothing had happened, although Holly took a while to meet my eyes. She looked stunned.

We chatted for a half hour or so until I was talking to Garth about computers.

Holly giggled and said, "Okay." She climbed onto Nick's lap. "Garth, I'm all out." She wagged her cup.

He got up and took it, refilling it from the vodka bottle. Then he refilled mine.

I had only been half done and was already feeling buzzed. How much had my wife had? I sipped, occasionally watching them.

They started moving, teasing each other. She wiggled on him, he shifted back. Soon, she was panting and laughing. She said, "I'll want to see more of—"

Nick interrupted her. "You need more drink?" He lifted her off, his erection obvious. He caught me looking.

I looked up into his eyes quickly. He winked.

He grabbed a bottle and sat back down. Then he pulled her over onto his lap, but made her sit straddling him, facing him. He made as if to pour more and said, "Not until you pay me."

She giggled. "What?"

"How about a kiss?"

She laughed. "Get out, no way."

"Oh come on. Just a little kiss. Dustin won't mind, will you Dustin?" He looked at me with curious eyes.

I cleared my throat. "Well, I don't think I want her—"

Nick said, "See? He doesn't mind. Give me a kiss."

Holly giggled. "All right."

Just like that, my wife was kissing Nick in front of me. He looked over at me during the kiss and winked again.

I didn't know what to say.

Holly began moving her hips on him.

I had to watch as they clothes-fucked each other with me just eight feet away and watching. Nick's hands were all over my wife's little butt.

She was trashed. Her laugh was even slurred.

But Nick was occasionally looking at me carefully. When she bent in for about the thirtieth kiss, he hefted her off.

She pouted. "What..."

He pointed at his crotch. "You keep doing that and I'll cum in my shorts."

She giggled. "Dustin did that when I told him I felt you get hard."

A smile rapidly spread across Nick's face. "Oh yeah?"

I wiped my face, feeling totally embarrassed. I stood. "Maybe we should go, Holly."

She laughed. "I was just getting started."

Nick shook his head. "Nah, go get some sleep and we'll hit the beach at noon tomorrow."

Holly frowned. "Aw nuts."

He got up, smiling. "Go on." He escorted her and me to the door.

~ ~ ~

At home, Holly attacked me. I didn't think it was going to wake up just having cum a couple hours before.

She was panting. "I'm so horny." Her words were very slurred.

My dick was out, in her hands, and we were still just standing in the bedroom. I moved her to the bed and climbed on with her. I said, "What got you so hot?"

She gasped lustily, squeezing my cock gently. "Did you see me sitting on his lap?"

"Yes." I started getting hard, despite having cum.

She stroked my cock with long pulls. "I could feel it."

Jealousy stirred in me. "How did it feel?"

"Hard."

"And did you like it?" I buried my fingers into her wet pussy.

She moaned and closed her eyes. "Yes."

"Did you like how it looked?"

She was too far gone to remember I wasn't there to have known that. "Oh... It was beautiful."

I hardened fully, but was getting angry. "Did you want to touch it?"

She moaned and then whimpered. "Yes."

I tried to keep the anger from my voice. "When you were kissing him and straddling him, did you want to be riding his cock?"

Her eyes rolled up in her head and her body convulsed. Her pussy clamped down on my fingers and she began grunting. "Oh fuck... Yes. Yes. Yes, I want to..."

I groaned heavily and my cock exploded, sending fast squirts all over her side and stomach. She didn't even notice in her own orgasm.

I panted, sending squirt after tickling squirt onto her. It felt good. I'm supposed to be angry.

~ ~ ~

Morning was an amusement of confusion.

She was smiling at me. "I love how you cum when I talk about him. It's so sexy."

"What?"

"You get so hot when I talk about his cock."

"I do not."

She gave my dick a squeeze. "This doesn't lie to me."

"But you're my wife..."

"Of course and I love being your wife."

"Well you're not supposed to be thinking of riding Nick's cock."

She giggled. "But you like it."

"I do not."

She reached down and began stroking me. Her eyes were bright. She leaned over and whispered, "I felt his cock through my shorts."

I began firming.

She smiled and said, "See?"

Annoyed, I said, "That's just because you're stroking me."

"Liar."

*How can I argue this?*

She said, "Nick's...big...cock."

I became fully hard.

She kissed me. "This is a new side to you."

"There's no new side."

"If I keep talking about how turned on I get feeling it, you'll cum."

I felt a tickle and knew she was right. I removed her hand. "Maybe we should get up."

She laughed with delight. "I'm so glad you're as turned on as I am. Makes it more special. Something we do together."

*Boy, am I confused. I shook my head. "I'll shower first."*

She called after me. "Better make it a cold one."

*Darn her, I love her. Why did she have to be right this one time? What was going on with me?*

## CHAPTER 7

The day was overcast and just slightly chilly. But we lugged our beach gear out anyway.

Garth and Nick were already there, setting up.

I wanted to set up away from them but Holly dropped her stuff down right next to Nick. I had no choice but to set up where she was.

She was in one of my shirts, covered.

Nick said, "You got the bikini on?"

She nodded. "Mm hmm."

Not more than a half hour of lying there, he patted his shoe. "I brought money. Let's go hit the bar."

She gave a small laugh and jumped up. "Okay." She turned to me. "Scotch and OJ?"

I smiled at her with the love of our connection. "Yes."

Nick said, "Think I'll try that."

I said, "The full version is called Blood and Sand. Interesting drink."

He nodded. "I'll ask about it."

I watched them walk off.

Garth said, "You really don't mind your wife being around him like this?"

I turned towards him. "Actually, I do. I hate it."

His eyes went large. "What?"

"I shouldn't have to worry about her doing something I don't want her to do."

He frowned at me, squinting. "I thought you were one of those open kind of people?"

I coughed. "Um, no."

He looked troubled, looking away.

I had said it so maybe it would get back around to Nick and he would back off.

Nick and Holly came back twenty minutes later. He kept his arm around her and only dropped it when they got within twenty feet of us. His hand stopped at her butt and squeezed.

She looked up at him and smiled. She handed me my drink.

Nick said, "Are you ever going to remove that shirt?"

Holly shrugged. "I guess. If you really want to see me in a bikini in public."

"Sure."

Garth said nothing.

She set down her drink and removed the shirt.

Nick looked her over. He hummed and said, "As good as last night."

She was smiling, but looked down and said, "I have no hips."

"Looks good on you." He tugged at his swimming briefs.

She turned and showed her butt. "Does that look okay?"

He laughed. "Uh huh. Why don't you come sit on my lap?"

She giggled and took a step towards him.

Garth nudged him. "Hey, can I talk to you a moment?"

*Thank you, Garth.*

"Huh?"

"Need to... Just come over here." He was getting up.

Nick said, "Fine, whatever." He got up and followed Garth.

Holly was beaming. She said to me, "He likes it."

"I told you already you look great in it."

She sat next to me. "I wonder what they're talking about?"

"Something gay, probably."

She was silent with a small smile. Her eyes wandered down and to the side as if remembering.

She hadn't told me that she had watched Garth suck on Nick's cock. Neither did she tell me she got involved and her pussy played with. But then, I hadn't told her I had seen it and squirted a load on the side of their house, either.

Nick and Garth came back a moment later. Nick looked annoyed.

Holly watched them lay down. She moved over to him. "I'll sit on your lap now."

Nick said, "If you want to."

She laughed. "It's fun."

He wasn't moving, just lying there.

She looked at him reclined and wondered how to sit on him. Finally she climbed over and straddled him. "So I don't look all boney in this?"

Nick said, "Nope."

She wriggled on his hips. "I don't feel boney?"

Nick looked over at me.

My lips were pursed, watching.

He looked back to her. "No, you feel fine."

So he wasn't encouraging her, but neither was he discouraging her. What did Garth tell him? Exactly what I had said? If so, then Nick is letting Holly make the moves.

Nick raised a little and gulped at his drink.

Holly took the opportunity to lean and grab hers. She settled back onto Nick's lap. She wriggled a little. "Ah, there's the boniness I was thinking of."

He chuckled. "You tease. You want to feel boniness?" He grabbed her hips and began vigorously moving underneath her. He used his hands to grind her back and forth. His bulge grew pronounced.

Holly gasped and began shaking.

I felt myself getting hard. Nick was sliding his cock back and forth along her pussy with just their clothing between them right here on a public beach. But the only person around was Margaret. The woman was looking towards us, her shades pulled up.

Nick was squeezing my wife's butt. He looked over at me.

I turned more, hiding my erection.

Nick looked over at Garth with an annoyed look. Then his head snapped back to Holly. "Oops. You rubbed me out."

She said, "What?"

"I'm poking out. I can get arrested for this."

She was looking down at the head of his cock sticking out of his briefs. "Oh my. Sorry."

He was looking around. "I'll have to turn over or something."

She said, "No, that's all right. I'll just cover it until it goes away." She lowered

herself to lay on him.

He said, "Okay, that works, too." He put his arms around her.

She laughed. "I can feel it throbbing." A moment later. "Oh my gosh, it's getting bigger. How long am I going to have to lay like this?"

He shrugged. "I dunno. It's usually hard until I cum."

She laughed. "Great. How are we supposed to go anywhere?"

"I don't know. How long are we sunning today in an overcast sky?"

I said, "Yeah, not long, huh? No point. Might be best to wrap it up."

Nick said, "Yeah, good idea. Let me roll with my towel and I should be okay. Go ahead and get off."

Holly moved and as she did, he pulled with his towel and rolled with her. He covered his front as he rolled to kneel. He arranged the towel around his waist and knotted it there so the edges hung largely in front of him.

I thought it was a smooth and masterful cover.

Holly got into her shirt.

Nick said, "Come on over, if you want."

*Damn it.*

Holly said, "Okay."

I nodded, sighing quietly to myself.

We packed up and headed home.

## CHAPTER 8

Garth broke out bottles and poured drinks.

Nick waved him off and brought out a bottle of bourbon. He poured a cup for himself and Holly.

Sam was in his room with the door shut, playing with the electric plugged in. He stopped and started, stopped and started, fiddled with some plucks, then began playing again. It was disjointed, but once he started going, it sounded good.

Garth said, "Hey man, computer runs great. Thanks."

I gave him a smile. "No problem."

"Thanks for the discount, too. You really shouldn't have given me anything."

I shrugged. "That's all right."

"No, really. I took your time on a night when you were off work. You should've charged me double."

That gave me an idea for work. Offer after hours services at double-pay? But looking over at Holly sitting on Nick's lap already had me wondering if I could conceivably do it without abandoning my wife into his arms. Crap, this is not turning out good.

They were already grinding at each other with her sitting across his lap – both of them still in their beach-wear.

I scooted over closer to Garth. He leaned a little away, looking at me with a smile of surprise.

*Oh shit, he thinks I'm making a pass at him. No dude, I don't want to bob my head on your cock. "Um..." I made a head motion.*

His eyes drew down in curiosity.

I leaned more, beckoning. I whispered, "Did you tell him?"

His eyes went wide and he nodded fast. "Oh, yeah, I did, dude. Sorry, I thought you were making moves on me, there."

I made a face at him that said, "Please."

Garth said, "He didn't believe me. Said you were sending other signals."

*Fuck. The problem was that I was. He had seen my erections when he did things with Holly. She had told him I had made a mess in my shorts talking about his cock.*

Garth continued. "He said I drank too much and didn't know what I was talking about. He said you'd let her do anything because it turned you on. Then he told me to watch."

And Nick had done just that. He had demonstrated to Garth that not only did I say nothing, but I got hard watching it. How the hell am I supposed to say anything when my dick is rock-hard?

I watched Holly climb around and settle onto Nick's lap, straddling him. She moved lightly, grinding her hips back and forth. His hands cupped her little ass and pulled.

I felt myself hardening.

Garth said, "They do look pretty hot together."

I took a healthy swig of vodka. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He said, "Do you want me to do anything for you?"

I scooted away, immediately, a ferocious look of warning on my face.

Garth laughed.

Nick laughed. "You did it again."

Holly looked down. Her voice had a slight sound of inebriation to it. "Oh, how sweet. It popped out to say hello again."

He chuckled. "You like seeing it?"

She was still moving her hips. "It's very pretty."

"Quit teasing it."

"But I like it."

Nick shook his head. "It'll never go back inside now."

She giggled. "Aw, that's too bad." She twisted around. "Dustin, do you want to come see?"

It was an invitation I took but only because I thought I could get her off him. I stepped to the loveseat.

She leaned back a little, still moving her hips. His cock was a third out and swollen red.

I said, "You know, maybe you should get off. He might explode on you."

She laughed and moved her hips faster. "Really? Could I do that?"

Nick's eyes crinkled. "Ow, ow. Wait."

Holly stopped.

He said, "You're rubbing the seam on it." He shifted, getting his hands under her. He slid his briefs down until his shaft was fully exposed. "There."

Holly laughed with delight. "Oh my god, it's so pretty."

I touched her arm. "Don't torture the poor guy. Get off and let him put it away."

She looked at me with bright eyes. "Why would I want to do that?" She moved over him and covered his shaft with her hips. She wriggled down and hummed.

I sighed and went back to the sofa.

Garth had his cock out, stroking it.

I stared at it as if it were a dangerous dog. I sat on the other end of the couch.

He moved over to the halfway part and I leaned back and away. He chuckled. "I hope you don't mind if I do this, she looks so cute on him." His eyes locked onto her ass moving on Nick's lap.

For once, I didn't mind what was going on in that instance. I felt pleased the gay guy found my wife's ass cute and was jerking to it. It made a funny sense of rightness I couldn't explain.

Nick was sighing. "That feels great."

*Yeah, she's basically jacking you off...*

She moved faster.

Nick chuckled. "You rotten tease."

She said, "I'm teasing?"

"Yes."

"This isn't teasing."

"Is so."

"Is not."

He took a gulp of bourbon. "Want me to tease you?"

She laughed. "How do you tease?"

"Sort of like what you're doing."

"Show me."

Nick said, "All right, then. Get off. Sit there." He pointed next to him on the loveseat.

Holly reluctantly got off.

Nick's cock was standing straight up.

Yep, I figured it to be about seven inches and very thick.

He started stroking it and Holly watched with rapt eyes. "That's nice."

"I haven't even gotten started." He was looking at her bikini bottoms.

Her mouth was open, looking at it like a thirsty man looks at a glass of water.

I shifted in my shorts, my erection getting worse.

Nick said, "Move down." He was moving, pulling on her leg with one hand and his dick with the other. He pulled her so that she was lying with her back on the seat, head on the armrest, one leg up against the backrest and the other with foot flat on the floor. Her legs were spread wide open.

I gasped as he crawled over her, his dick bobbing. He lowered himself to my wide-eyed wife and half-knelt, half-leaned towards her. His hand gripped his cock and angled it to her bikini. He began rubbing the helmet of his cock all over her bikini.

Her mouth was open in an endless gasp.

He rubbed it over her pussy and pressed against the material.

I saw her raise her hips, her mouth dropping open farther.

Nick said, "Now this is teasing." He moved around and back and forth. His cock rubbed all over her bikini and pressed in at her hole. The material stretched and pushed in with him.

She gasped and reached down, grabbing his dick and moving it a little to the side.

I almost came. I was watching my wife grip Nick's cock while it was angled into her bikini. She didn't let go.

Sam came out and surveyed the scene. He grinned. "Cool. Very cool." He eyed

me and my attempts to hide my erection. He glanced at Garth stroking his cock.

Nick looked over. "Nah, I'm just teasing her."

Holly moaned.

Sam said, "Can I watch?"

Nick grinned. "Sure."

The long-haired guitarist smiled happily and moved over to them. He began unzipping his jeans.

I got up and moved over to intercept whatever he thought he was going to do. "Um, they're just teasing."

Sam said, "Yeah, I know. I'm just going to jack while he does it." He was already stroking his cock. It wasn't as big as Nick's but still an inch bigger than mine.

Up this close, I could see Nick's thick cock rubbing all over my wife's bikini. She still held his shaft and her hips moved up and down with a fever. My cock became very, very hard. I tried to shift it in my pants.

Sam said, "Don't worry, dude. Take it out. We're all friends here."

Suddenly I wanted to. I watched Nick push his cock against her bikini. I could see her lips parting and admitting the head as it pushed the material into her. Fuck this is hot. I pulled down my beach trunks and began playing.

Holly looked at me with glazed eyes and smiled. Then she closed them. Her hand was still on Nick's cock.

He was pushing forward, hard. The material was really bunching up in her hole. The sides of her pussy were showing. He pulled back and rubbed his helmet all around the sides of her pussy. Then he pressed it back into her and grunted with his push.

*Fuck I'm turned on. I stroked rapidly. But I knew if he kept trying, her bikini was going to tear. I said in a shaky voice, "I think she's been teased. Maybe she can jack you off." That would end his lust and get us out of here before anything else*

*happened.*

Nick looked at me. "You want to see that?"

I nodded. Fastest way to end the evening.

He glanced at Garth with one eyebrow raised as if to say "I told you so." He pulled back and off.

Holly didn't want to let go of his cock.

I said, "Honey, why don't you be nice and jack him off?"

Sam said, "Fuck, yeah." He was moving his hand energetically and humping his hips.

Holly looked up at me with wonder. "I..."

I said, "Go ahead." Hurry up!

She was grinning wildly. She moved up and sat. Nick sank down beside her. She gripped his shaft with her right hand and began stroking.

I stroked, too. Despite my alarm at the turn of events and my wanting to get her out of here before anything serious happened, this was hotter than I could handle.

Nick winked at me and gave me a tiny nod.

I was too busy watching my wife's little hand on his cock. Her mouth was open again and she was staring at it with glazed eyes.

Sam said, "She's hot, dude. Totally hot."

Nick scooted out a little. His cock stood up straighter. "Stroke it, Holly."

My wife gave a nervous laugh. Her hand slid up and down his skin. Her fingers toyed over the head. She stroked long and fast. Then she toyed at the head again.

Nick was moaning. He leaned his head up and said, "You can wet it a little. If you want."

Holly's eyes went wide and she swallowed. "Are you sure?"

He nodded. "Just wet it."

I said, "I don't know..."

Nick said, "Just a little wet."

Holly leaned over and her hair fell forward, obscuring whatever she did. Her head moved down a little and Nick let out a long sigh. Her head came back up and then down again. She began moving her head faster.

I said, "I think he's wet, honey."

She pulled off with a sucking smack and giggled. She licked her lips. She moved her hand over his cock and began jacking again.

Sam groaned. Cum erupted from his cock and shot out at my wife. Drops of sperm splattered her chest and arms. She squealed and cowered. More fell on her thighs. He jerked his hand out hard on his shaft and paused at the end, a jet of cum flying out. He did that several times.

I was dumbfounded. Expecting to be mad, I had to let go of my cock because I was dangerously close to cumming myself.

Holly said, "Oh my god..."

Sam laughed. "Yeah, you're that hot."

Garth got her a towel and wiped her off while she stroked Nick.

She squeezed the head of his cock and a drop of pre-cum leaked out. She spread it around and then dropped her head down again. Her head moved up and down for a moment.

*Do you have to blow him in front of me? "I think he's wet."*

She pulled off and smiled, embarrassed. "Yeah, I think so."

Nick groaned. "No, don't stop."

She said, "You liked that?"

"Oh fuck... That was awesome. Do it some more."

I wanted to strangle him.

My wife's head went back down and her hair flopped forward. She moved her head up and down. She shifted over for a better position and brought her left hand over to hold his cock while she sucked.

I wanted to stop her and take her ring off but it was too late. The metal touched him. The symbol of our marriage was sliding up and down another man's cock and I was rock-hard watching it.

## CHAPTER 9

Nick groaned heavily and tensed.

Holly pulled her mouth off and jacked him faster.

Sperm shot up and out in bursting gushes of relief.

I almost came again. I let go and gingerly raised my shorts over my erection, careful not to stimulate it. I zipped fast and grabbed for Holly.

She was looking in shock at all the cum. "What?"

"Let's go."

"Right now?"

"Yeah, he's done teasing for a while. Aren't you, Nick?"

He let out a sigh. "Wow. Yeah, I'm spent."

I said to her, "Let's go."

We left.

Back at our place, I stripped out of my shorts and shirt. I said, "I want you."

She giggled and raised her eyebrow. "Excited, huh?"

*Fuck yes, I'm excited. My cock bobbed angrily at her.*

She gripped me as I got on the bed. "What did you like the most?"

"Uh..." None of it. Except the jacking part was hot. And the teasing he was doing... And the blowing was actually pretty hot, too... "I guess it was all sort of hot..."

She stroked me faster.

I said, "What did you like?"

Her eyes flashed brilliantly and she tucked her lower lip under her front teeth. "Um, all of it. That was fun. Even when Sam came on me."

"No way."

"No, like, really. Weird, huh?"

I groaned.

She said, "Did you like it when I sucked him?"

I cried out with a painful growl of tension. Cum flew out of my cock and squirted her chest. I didn't think I was going to stop cumming.

~ ~ ~

I came home Wednesday and she met me at the door.

She said, "Garth was just over and said we're invited to another barbecue Friday."

I sighed, wondering if I was seeing the doom of my marriage. "I don't know..."

"He also said we could come over any time – that they would leave the sliding glass door open. He's always home, anyway."

"Doesn't he work?"

"No, just Sam and Nick. He says he gets disability payments from the service and doesn't have to work."

"Oh." I wasn't worried about Garth. But Nick was another story. And then Sam

hosing my wife down made me wonder about him, too.

"So, we're going, right? Friday?"

I frowned. "I guess so."

But there was more good news.

Her face fell. "My period started."

*Woo, saved by the red. "Aw, that's too bad." I couldn't hide my smile so I turned away.*

She said, "I can jerk you off talking about Nick."

While that sounded hot, I decided I didn't want to. "Well, we'll see."

~ ~ ~

Holly went over Thursday to visit.

I stayed home.

Unfortunately, I couldn't handle it. But it was still daylight out and if I went over to peek in to check on her, they'd know it. Do I just walk over and say I changed my mind? But I didn't want to stay and visit.

I paced and fretted until sundown. Sunset takes forever when you're waiting for it. The light just doesn't seem to want to go away.

I went into our backyard when I thought it dark enough. I could see light spilling out through the open sliding glass door. I heard talking but couldn't make out the words.

I snuck over to the side window. Peeking in through the little space in the bottom of the drapes, I surveyed the room. I could see feet to the left. Sam, maybe,

playing his guitar against the wall? Garth was stretched out on the sofa reading a magazine and holding a drink in one hand. Right beneath me I could see two sets of knees. My wife in her jeans, and sitting next to her, Nick.

I pressed my ear to the window. I heard my wife talking right below me, but it was a murmur mostly. A few words came through. I think she was talking about my work.

Seeing nothing but knees, I tried raising up on my toes. But the crack in the drapes ended a few inches from the bottom.

I went back to our house.

She came in almost an hour later and dropped into bed with me. She smiled dreamily. "Want to get jacked?"

I was reading a computer magazine. "Why, is there something to tell? Something happened?"

She giggled and grabbed my briefs.

I was starting to harden just wondering what had happened. She helped me out of my briefs. I said, "What happened?"

She gripped my cock and began stroking. "Not much. We talked a lot. But about a half hour ago he asked if we could tease each other. I told him I had my period, but that I could jack him."

I groaned. My cock was almost bursting. "You touched his cock again?"

"Mm hmm. I stroked him for a while and even wet him with my mouth."

I groaned and then gasped.

She said, "After he came all over the place, I sucked him into my mouth—"

I shot sperm in rapid jets of release.

She giggled. "Um, I don't know who gets more turned on, me doing it or you hearing it."

~ ~ ~

I watched her put her hair into a ponytail Friday afternoon. "You never wear one of those."

She flipped her head back and forth. "Nick asked me to wear it."

"Oh?"

"For the barbecue."

I grunted.

She said, "You ready?"

"Yeah." I had bought a bottle of Scotch. Garth's vodka made me want to puke. Maybe I would be more clear-headed.

We went through our yard and over the fence. The barbecue was smoking lightly but there were no chairs outside. The door was slid open.

She walked in like it was her place. "Hi."

Sam was lying on the sofa, all stretched out. Nick was sitting on the loveseat, one leg over the arm. Garth was nowhere to be seen.

Sam scrambled up and indicated the sofa.

I sat and realized Holly had responded to Nick's beckoning and was sitting down next to him to his left on the loveseat.

I sighed quietly. Maybe they'll move.

Nick was up and down doing the meat. But for all the expectations I had that they would be all over each other, they weren't.

Garth came in not long after we arrived, carrying a bag. He said, sotto voce, "The vodka-god has returned."

I groaned. "I brought my own." I waved the bottle.

Garth snickered. "Clan MacGregor? Are you kidding? That stuff will peel metal off an aircraft carrier."

"It's a Scotch, how can it be bad?"

He laughed.

I shrugged. I was waiting until after dinner before drinking.

Garth wasn't waiting. He set out three bottles and took a small one out of the bag for himself. "Da, it's good." His Russian accent wasn't very convincing.

We ate dinner and I popped open my Scotch. I was pleased; Holly appeared totally under control. There was no groping or lap-sitting or anything. Maybe I worried for nothing? But she had said she jerked him off yesterday. I took a swig.

Garth eyed me critically.

I held it in my mouth, wondering if I should swallow it. But that wasn't good, either; it was burning my tongue. If I didn't swallow it, the flesh of my tongue would end up melting in a sizzle of smoke and anger. I swallowed, my eyes bugging out.

Garth nodded once. "Try Johnny Walker next time. Or be a man and get a single malt." He did not appear to be gloating.

I coughed a little and took a breath. My tongue was on fire. "Holy cow..."

Garth winked at me.

I talked with Sam about his work at a music shop. He said their big seller was sheet music. That kind of surprised me.

It was an hour after dinner when Holly reached over while she was talking and

undid Nick's pants.

*Uh oh... I kept looking over.*

Sam said, "Ooh, entertainment."

My wife took out Nick's cock and began stroking it. She smiled sheepishly at all of us. Right after that, she bent down and took his cock in her mouth.

With her hair back in a ponytail, I saw it all. I saw my wife's lips that I kissed sliding up and down Nick's cock-flesh.

He was grinning at me.

Holly's head moved up and down, her lips sliding sensuously on his shaft. Her ring was touching him again.

I felt the double whammy and it traveled straight to my dick. I erected rapidly.

Sam had his cock out, stroking it.

Garth plopped down next to me with a bottle in one hand and his dick in the other. He said, "Go ahead and take it out. It's a shame not to play with it when the show is so good."

I looked back and forth between him and my wife. "Uh..."

He nudged me with his elbow. "Go on."

I wanted to. I resisted. My cock twitched. I pulled it out.

Garth smiled at me. "There ya go. All comfortable now."

I watched Holly's tongue swirl around Nick's cockhead. My pulse was racing hard.

Her head dipped down again and her cheeks hollowed inwards, sucking.

Sam said, "Man, I want some of that."

Before I could say anything, Nick said, "Hey. Relax. She does nothing I don't

want her to."

I raised an eyebrow. You've claimed her or something? Staked out your territory? I guess that might have made me feel better, except that my wife's lips were on his cock. I stroked myself.

Holly kept looking at me and would smile when she pulled her mouth off his cock.

When he came, she was only jacking him. She hurriedly put her mouth over the head of his cock and sucked. He grunted and heaved his hips up, driving his cock and sperm up into my wife's mouth.

I came.

Garth said, "Fuck dude, that's hot. Watching you cum as you watch your wife swallow?" He was looking at my dick. "You want me to lick you clean?"

I coughed. "Uh, no."

He said, "I'm the gay one. It wouldn't make you gay."

"No, no, that's okay. Hey look." I pointed to his other side. "Sam's offering."

Garth turned his head and I made my escape.

## CHAPTER 10

I'm not sure where along the way I changed so drastically.

They had moved in a bare two weeks before and already my wife was sucking and swallowing another man's cock. I had been agitated when I saw his arm around her, but now I was actually turned on by seeing her lips on his erection.

In fact, I dreamt about it. I daydreamed about it. I thought about it in the shower. I marveled at how beautiful she was sucking Nick's cock. What's gotten into me?

I resolved to find a Catholic priest and inquire about exorcism. But then I decided against it; I hadn't spit pea soup all over the place yet. Then I thought about a psychiatrist. I looked up some bitch named Nadine. Marriage Therapist. But I decided against that when I had a daydream that she would tell me to embrace my inner goddess and let Garth blow me. I briefly considered calling Holly's father: maybe he would come spank her. But I decided against that, too. More likely, he would come and spank me.

She went over there every other day or so. It was when her period was over that I began worrying. Or lusting. I couldn't tell which. All I know is, while this play-stuff had been hot, I really got the shakes of fear thinking about what they might persuade her to do. After all, Nick's teasing had been to push his dick into her pussy with only her bikini stopping him.

~ ~ ~

It was a Friday. No barbecue, but we were welcome to come party with them for the end of the week drink-a-thon.

I didn't want to go. By the time I realized she was going anyway, I knew I'd look

like a total wimp for caving and going with her. I resolved to just go with her whenever she wanted after tonight.

I paced. This is getting stupid. Why can't I control my wife? Why am I pacing yet again? Is she over there right now blowing them all? I began to shake. Is she sucking down Nick's sperm? I began to harden. Is he teasing her again? Pressing his cock against her panties?

I pulled out my cock and began jerking it. I was panting madly. Does she want it in? What if she pulls her panties to the side? I almost came. Fuck.

I paced, not touching my cock, until it deflated a little. I stuffed it back in my jeans. I ran a hand over my head. I let out a long "fuck" in my mind.

I grabbed that bottle of Clan Paint-Stripper Scotch and headed over. I didn't creep this time, I walked as if intending to go in.

I stopped at the sliding glass door just as I was reaching for the screen.

Sam was against the wall finger-picking his electric.

Garth was on the loveseat cradling a bottle of vodka.

Nick was on my wife on the sofa. A sheet covered them and it was moving as if he were fucking her. Her hands were gripping his shoulders.

My mouth was dropped open.

Sam noticed me and said, "Hey, dude. Come in."

Nick reacted as if scalding water had been thrown on him. He lifted up immediately and looked back. He said, "Oh, hey."

Holly's eyes were wider than I've ever seen them. Her head was raised and she looked panicked – her hands were not in sight.

I slid open the screen while Nick fumbled under the sheet. I said, "What's going on here?" Heat built in me, but not the sexy kind. "What the fuck are you doing to my wife?"

Nick settled back, pulling the sheet with him. "Oh, no worries, man. I was just teasing her."

Holly was still wide-eyed. "Yeah, just a little teasing." When Nick had sat and pulled the sheet he had exposed her. She was in her tube top and panties.

Her shorts were on the floor.

I glared, wondering. "With a sheet over you?"

Nick shrugged. "It was a little chilly and I wasn't wanting to put on a show for Sam and Garth. Last time she got hosed down."

Holly looked defensive. "We were just teasing, honey."

Had they been? I hefted my plastic bottle of Scotch.

Garth said, "Don't worry, dude. Take a seat."

There was a knock on the door.

Sam bolted to his feet with a grin. He leaned his guitar and went and answered the door. I sat on the sofa next to Nick.

He said, "Really man, just teasing. I wouldn't do anything without you here."

Was that supposed to make me feel better? Was he lying? Or telling the truth? And if he was telling the truth, why did I suddenly feel all the heat drain from me? I sighed. "Forget about it."

He clapped a hand on my knee.

I gave him a warning look. "I don't do dudes."

He frowned at me. "Neither do I."

*But you let them suck you.*

Sam led a girl in. "Hey, everyone, this is Hailey."

She was a saucy-looking thing with blonde hair and a brilliant purple streak in

her bangs. She wore a tub top that showed her belly button and low-cut hip-hugger jeans. She wore a jeans jacket with metal studs on it. On her neck was a leather choker with more studs. She cocked a hip and said, "Hi."

Sam pointed. "This is Garth, our neighbor Holly, Nick, and Holly's husband, Dustin."

I waved – some said "Hi."

Sam was grinning with a knowing smile. "We'll be in my room; she wants to see my guitar."

A small smile drifted across Hailey's smooth features.

He led her back into his bedroom.

His guitar stayed leaning against the wall.

Garth gave me eyebrows and a smile.

Holly said, "She looked cute."

Nick said, "Sort of on the groupie side, you know? Not much his type."

She frowned. "Not his type? But he's a guitarist."

"Yeah, well, he doesn't normally go for the groupie-types."

"What's his type?"

"Clean and innocent, like you."

Holly shut up and blinked.

Nick laughed and removed the sheet. He had a very obvious erection, but if it had been out for the teasing, or whatever it was, it was all tucked back inside his shorts now. He got up and grabbed his cup from the coffee table.

He sat back down. He looked at my bottle and said, "You still drinking that battery acid?"

I shrugged. "Thought I'd finish it off."

~ ~ ~

I watched Nick get friendly again with my wife as we all drank.

At one point, Garth came over to me and said, "Want to watch me masturbate?"

I waved my hand. "No." I was busy watching Holly grind her panties on Nick's bulge; they were kissing.

I was feeling dizzy and very buzzed. I can squeeze in a little more, though. I took a swig of the Scotch.

Sam made a lot of noise in his bedroom. The doors were hollow and sound came out easily. We all heard him panting and Hailey gasping. We could hear the squeaking of the mattress and almost every grunt and groan.

Garth said, "I think she likes his guitar."

I was trying to keep my eyes open.

Nick said, "Lift up. Let me get these off. I want to tease you again."

I was okay with that.

Holly giggled with inebriation.

Nick settled her onto his cock and she slid her hips back and forth. He sighed happily. He was buzzed, too. He said to me, "Thanks, man; she's such a fun... tease."

I smiled and tried to keep my head from wobbling. "Yeah, she really gets off on all this."

"Hey, would you mind moving to the loveseat? Garth won't bite you. I want to

tease her a little."

"Oh, sure. She likes that."

Nick winked at me. "I'll tease her real good."

I got up and staggered to the loveseat.

Garth made room for me. He patted my knee. "Not going to stroke and watch?"

"Hmm?" I was really dizzy.

He pointed.

Nick was already rubbing his cock all over Holly's panties. Her hands were down, gripping him and pulling.

I said to her, "You having fun, honey?"

She looked over at me, dreamy-eyed. She raised her hips and pulled on Nick's cock on her panties. She opened her mouth at me and moaned.

Garth said, "Sure is hot."

I said, "Yeah. Never thought I'd like seeing this." But my eyes were closing. I listened to my wife's moans as my mind drifted happily.

Garth said something but I couldn't focus to hear it.

The room drifted and I was dreaming. I dreamt of Sam and his guitar, and Holly teasing Nick. I could hear her moans, loud. They sounded jubilant and filled with wonder. I heard him groaning.

I opened my eyes at some point, feeling a rush of chills. I couldn't seem to focus. I blinked several times as I listened to the moaning.

Holly was lying on the couch and Nick was still teasing her.

*All is good. I smiled.*

She was clawing his back, mouth open and moaning long and loud.

He was lying on her, face close and shoving his hips forward. Her legs were bent up, moving her hips with him. Her panties were off.

*Ooh... Now that's some good teasing. By her moans, I knew she was really enjoying it. I smiled happily. Nick could tease her all night for all I cared. It was going good and she was having fun.*

I watched him kiss her and their sounds became muffled. His butt moved faster, clenching and squeezing.

My wife moaned loudly. Her hips moved faster. I knew she was going to cum.

And that was okay with me, too. After all, why should she be the workhorse making Nick cum? Didn't she deserve some satisfaction? Thank you, Nick.

My eyes were beginning to droop again, but it was so hot I took out my cock. I tried to play with it.

I drifted.

In my dreams, I was stroking my cock really good. It felt great and I watched Nick teasing my wife higher and higher. I sighed and opened my eyes in my dream. Garth was jacking me. In this dream, Nick was ramming my wife, hard. I could see his cock glistening.

Hailey came out and took in the situation. Sam was beside her. They were talking about something, but she pointed at me. "He's really cute." They turned and watched Nick on my wife.

Holly was saying, "Fuck me, fuck me..."

My sweet little wife. It was so hot to see her little innocent body jerking to his thrusts.

I moaned in my dream. "So hot..."

Garth leaned over and sucked me. I considered this in my dream. Hey, it's just a dream, right? No problem.

Nick panted out fast. He grunted fast.

My wife cried out, clawing him and convulsing underneath him.

He groaned heavily and slammed harder. Then they were moving hips together while he grunted several times.

I imagined they were fucking in my dream. Would that be hot? I felt my orgasm tickle and rush. Uh oh, is this a wet dream? Suck harder, Garth, I don't want to wake up to a mess. I groaned and felt my orgasm rushing up my dick.

I don't know if life is as perfect as dreaming, but Garth swallowed it all. The last focus I had was watching Nick pull off of Holly. His cock was all wet and dripping a long rope of cum from the end.

## CHAPTER 11

I awoke feeling dizzy. I groaned.

Holly snuggled to me. "Hey, sleepy."

I groaned some more.

She said, "I guess you drank too much last night."

I gave her a different pitch of groan; it's always good to at least pretend you're having a conversation with your wife, even when you weren't. Noises helped.

She was lightly scratching my chest. "You sure had fun last night."

I felt my cock stir. "Crazy dreams."

"Yeah? I meant before Nick carried you home."

I tried to raise my head. "He carried me?"

"Like a real lifeguard."

I groaned.

She said, "Never thought you'd become so sexy."

"Me? All that teasing you were doing? Hot."

She laughed low. "I'm glad you like it and how things turned out."

I was almost erect. "I had this dream Nick was really doing you. Made me have a wet dream, I think."

She stopped her fingers. She sounded a little uncertain. "Oh? A dream?"

I rubbed my face. "Yeah, Garth was in it too. Was sort of embarrassing."

She was silent.

I moved to get out of bed. "Maybe a shower will help. I think I'm not drinking today."

She leaned up. "Why not? You were so much fun last night."

I barked a bitter laugh. "What, fun passed out? I missed all your teasing."

Her eyes went wide. "Oh."

~ ~ ~

Holly announced after noon that she was going to go hang out.

Though I didn't feel like it, I figured I should go with her. "I'll come."

There was no party going, but we were welcome.

Sam winked at us. "Hey guys."

Holly said, "Is Hailey still here?"

He made a regretful face. "Nah, she left a couple hours ago."

I said, "So how did she like your guitar?" I thought he'd laugh.

He grew serious. "It wasn't her style."

"Oh..."

He shook his head. "Don't worry about it. She was curious, is all. I gave in and finally showed her. Some people get ideas in their heads that have nothing to do with reality."

I considered the deeper implications and wondered if the booze from the previous day was still affecting me.

We sat and chatted until Nick came out. He sat down next to me on the sofa and slapped my knee. "Hey, champ."

I decided I liked him. I grinned and shook my head. "You carried me, huh?"

"No big deal."

Holly, looking somewhat miffed, got up from my other side and moved around. She sat on his lap.

I said, "I don't think I'm drinking today."

He looked disappointed. "Oh? Too much last night, huh?"

"Yeah."

He nodded. "You looked like you were delirious."

Garth chuckled on the loveseat. "I'd say, though I think he enjoyed it."

I arched an eyebrow at him. I didn't like make any sounds or anything in my dreams, did I. Shit, what if I called his name or something? Gross.

Holly kissed Nick.

I was sort of comfortable seeing it by now.

The afternoon passed into evening. Sam gave us a small electric demonstration of something he'd been working on. It was metal, with some very deft picking mixed in. Without hearing the rest of the music to go with it, like drums and bass and whatever, it sounded lonely. It was good, but it was missing a couple other parts – at least to my ears. But what do I know? I'm a computer-repair geek.

Garth handed me some vodka. "You sure you don't want some?"

I rejected the offer. It still felt like a truck had run me over with all eighteen wheels. Twice. I felt wore out. "Um, no, thanks."

He was smiling. "You get fun when you're drunk."

"I do, huh?"

"Yeah, you whip it out without looking embarrassed. I like that."

I chuckled. "Oh, well..." I tried not to think of the dream.

Holly and Nick were dry-humping and kissing on the sofa. I had moved to the loveseat a couple hours before.

Garth said, "Mind if I jack next to you?" He motioned towards my wife and Nick.

I took a deep breath. "I guess not." I didn't mind him doing whatever he was going to do in his own house. I was more interested in seeing my hot wife tease and work herself into a frenzy. Like in my dream.

Nick set her aside and pulled off his shorts. He gripped his cock and stroked it slowly as he watched Holly strip off her tube top and shorts.

I raised my eyebrows. This is different. She's so self-conscious about her flat chest.

Garth was jacking his cock next to me.

Sam came into the living room and sat on the floor against the wall. He pulled out his cock, too.

Suddenly, I felt left out and odd. I unzipped and pulled out my half-hard cock.

Nick said, "Garth, come here."

I wasn't paying attention: Holly was taking off her panties. Hey, wait...

Sam said, "She's so fucking hot." He jacked his cock while staring at my wife's bald pussy.

I was torn a few different ways. I was confused with this new teasing that was going to happen. Garth was jacking close by, but got up. And I felt a connection to Sam that he appreciated my wife. That was nice. Nice enough to masturbate in front of me while looking at her.

I liked that.

But what was Garth doing joining them and why did she have her panties off?

Nick leaned back and offered his cock.

Garth knelt and began jacking it.

Holly was smiling really big. She winked at me and got on the sofa next to Nick. She rested back against the armrest and watched Garth's hand. She toyed lightly at her clit.

I let out a breath. Okay, maybe this isn't so bad.

Nick was nodding and smiling at Garth. "That's it." He began moving. He twisted and climbed over Holly. She scooted down. He said, "Stroke me on her."

My pulse was racing, mouth open, tense with readiness to halt things if he went too far. I got up and moved over to stand next to Sam so I could see.

Garth was stroking and moving Nick's cock around. Nick scooted forward until Garth was rubbing it all over Holly's pussy.

I blew a shaky sigh. Okay, I can handle this. It even looks hot.

Holly reached down and pulled her little lips open. It looked so nasty. I stroked faster.

Nick said, "All right. Just stroke it now." His helmet was nestled in between her open lips.

*Fuck, that looks hot. I began to pant.*

Garth stroked back and forth with long, slow moves. Nick's body was tense, his cock straining. He was panting about as loud as I was.

Holly moved under him, her hips shifting up and down. Her pussy hole rubbed up and down the tip of his cock.

My cock hardened like never before. I let go and it stood straight out, bobbing with my pulse and fully engorged.

Nick said, "Yeah, that's it." He dropped a little and his helmet expanded as it

pressed against her little hole.

I wanted to grab my cock and stroke it so bad... He was right on the edge of turning flirting into sex and it drove me wild.

Holly gasped and quivered.

Garth kept stroking until Nick said, "Okay, that's enough."

Garth moved back to the loveseat and winked at me.

My hand slipped onto my erection again.

Nick was moving his hips, his big helmet pressed firmly at her hole. She was holding her lips open as his cock rubbed there.

*Whoa, this is hot. Too fucking hot... I let go of my cock again.*

Nick wriggled his hips and so did Holly. It looked so sexy. His helmet was ballooned and shifting against her hole as he wiggled. His butt dropped and the head disappeared.

I squinted. Was the head inside? Wait...

Nick pulled back and the head was there.

*Whew...*

My wife smiled at him and at me. It looked beautiful.

He put the head of his cock back to her hole and teased her. His butt dropped again and the head disappeared.

I moved my head, getting a better angle. He isn't really inside her, is he?

Nick drew in a breath and rotated his hips. His shaft began disappearing. Holly gasped and lifted her hips.

*Holy shit! His cock is in my wife! "Hey, hold on! What the fuck? Get off her!"*

Nick froze, his cock half inside my wife's pussy. He looked at me as if I was

offending him. "What?"

"That's not teasing, get off!" I was pulling on his shoulder. "Get the fuck off."

He pulled out suddenly and stood, pushing me back a bit. "Hey, listen. I need to bust a nut and your wife is the only woman here."

Holly was looking at me, confused. "You were okay with us doing it last night..."

*What the fuck? It was real? The shock of her words silenced me as my mind tried to understand.*

Nick was looking seriously into my eyes. "Dude, I need to fuck your wife. Unless you want to take my load in your mouth...?"

I gaped. "Uh, no..."

"Then sit back down." He clapped me on the shoulder.

I was dumbfounded. They really fucked? I sat on the loveseat, totally dip-shit batty with shock.

Sam was looking at me with curiosity. "You were really into it last night. You even shocked Hailey."

I ran a hand through my hair. Fuck, I thought I was drunk. No, I was drunk. "I, uh..."

Nick was already climbing back over my wife.

*This happened last night and I liked it? I thought it was a dream! My eyes were large in horror. I said to Garth with a shaking voice. "Did you..."*

"Help you last night? Yeah."

*Oh my god...*

Nick's cock pressed against Holly's pussy again. The head disappeared and his shaft began sliding in. It looked so easy and simple. There was no red flashing lights or warning sirens. Cops didn't come busting down the door aiming assault

rifles everywhere. There were no parents to come in and catch us.

I let out a slow breath, my head swimming with the shock of not only what was happening, but the implications of the previous night. I had gotten my dick sucked?

Nick was moving his hips. His shaft came into view and disappeared again, over and over, into my wife. I was struck by the normalcy of it. I had fucked her so many times that it had become routine – and I don't mean in the boring way. I made love to her without the awkwardness of new lovers, so her moves and sounds were so familiar to me that they felt like habit. Hearing and seeing them now removed the shock.

I was seeing what she did with me. The shock was gone. Replacing it was an odd feel in my lower gut, as if bruised sometime in the past – that sort of sick feel one got the first day of school. Does she like it better with him? Have I lost her? How many times have they fucked? Is our marriage over?

But she looked over at me several times, dreamy-eyed, and smiled. There was no hate there, or scorn. I saw the love in that smile and in her eyes the same when I was above her or she on me.

That look erased the odd feeling in my gut. I felt as if my worries disconnected like a phone line going dead. Suddenly free of the tension, I relaxed and watched Nick hump his hips into my wife. I watched his butt rise and fall. I listened to him pant and my wife emit her familiar small gasps.

She seemed to like it. She really acted no different with him than with me. Her sounds weren't more or louder or different. That normalcy settled me and began stirring my dick again.

## CHAPTER 12

It was the normalcy and expected sounds that brought enjoyment. My cock awoke and stood up. In a curious way, I relished seeing what I did to her from the outside – as if I was looking on at me fucking her. So this is what she looks like from a different angle. Is that why some people like mirrors? I could never get into them, but now I understood.

I watched Sam stroke himself, watching. And Garth, too. Gay Garth. His cock was up, hard and he was watching my wife get fucked. I felt proud of her for being the center of so much lusty attention. I knew she was pretty all along, and sexy, too. This validated me in every way. Nick's most intimate part was being pleased by my wife's most intimate part and together they were enjoying each other in the act.

I found I could suddenly come up with not a single objection. No butts or waits or hold ons. What in the world had I been worried about? I jacked my dick with relish, finding in me a bursting desire to watch. A deep happiness flooded me that spread through me deeper than any orgasm. I felt a profound connection with Nick inside me. We both shared something special in our experiences.

I knew I was going to want to see more.

Nick's orgasm struck a chord of lust in me as I watched him arch his back and cum deep inside her. He pulled out, panting, and flopped into a sitting position. He said, "Garth, come clean me and finish her off; she didn't cum yet."

I watched the gay guy get up and go kneel, sucking down Nick's erection. Then he pulled off and moved over to Holly. He mashed his tongue into her pussy and began licking voraciously.

I thought my wife's eyes would roll all the way up into her head. Whites were showing. She pulled on Garth's head and moaned in a quavering wail of pleasure.

He licked, sucked, smacked and slurped until she clenched up in a burst of cries

and tension. Her body shook as if she were out in sub-zero temperatures.

I had no objections to this, either, though I looked on with curiosity. Apparently Garth was bi? Or was he full gay, just not unwilling to lick Nick's cum out of a woman? How does that work? And was Nick not really gay because he didn't suck cock? I was confused.

But I was pleased to see my wife smiling at them, and especially at me.

Sam said, "Can I get some of that?"

Nick frowned at him. "Back off."

The guitarist shrugged, his brooding eyes never changing.

Big Nick was looking at me. "Got yourself under control?"

*Huh? "Oh, yeah, I guess so. It was a shock, is all. I'm okay with it."*

He shook his head. "You were all into it last night."

"I thought it was a drunken dream. I even told her this morning I thought I dreamt it."

He chuckled. "You had me wondering there. I couldn't figure you out."

"Sorry."

He shook his head. "Don't apologize. I get it now."

Holly said, "I wasn't sure what to think when you said that this morning."

I said, "It's probably good you didn't clarify anything; I wasn't in a very think-compatible condition."

Sam said, "Are you sure I can't get into that?"

Nick scowled. "Back off." But there was no heat in his words to go with the scowl, just polite instruction.

I guessed Nick was the top dog and calling the shots.

Garth said, "Yeah, leave her be. This is his first woman since Patricia."

Nick groaned with disgust. "Don't even mention her name. She might appear like some demon-bitch answering a summons."

I had a good feeling that my weekends had just gotten a lot more fun.

~ ~ ~

Nick fucked her Sunday and Tuesday. Holly and I made love almost every day. She had a glow that made it all worth it. She had been happy before, but now she seemed more alive - living on a higher edge of pleasure and adventure.

Sunday was special in that she dry-humped Nick on the beach until he poked out. He rolled over to hide it and Holly came over to me and laid on me. It felt right. Margaret sure got an eyeful.

Sunday made me realize Holly's lust for Nick had dulled from feverish into the same type of comfortable and fulfilling routine as she had with me, and that made it all the better. Whereas the previous Sunday I had been unwilling to share, now I was happy to share.

Friday brought change I wasn't prepared for. Why do things have to change? Why can nothing stay the same? Surely, our love for each other seemed far stronger or more enriched than it had been. That was a change for the better. Then life sometimes changed things for the worse. At least Friday wasn't one of those times. This was a change for the different.

When I got home Friday, there was a note that she was over at the neighbor's. I felt no jealousy, only a small thrill of expectation that later we would all get to watch Nick fuck my wife. We would all stroke our cocks and get hot. It was fun that I looked forward to.

I had amused myself the entire week with how I had so suddenly developed this strange desire to masturbate with Garth and Sam while we watched Nick fucking Holly. Was that some weird voyeurism bullshit or what? But I loved it. I wanted

to masturbate with them.

I didn't rush over right away. I had bought a better bottle of Scotch, dubiously eyeing the price and thinking it better be really good. Was fifty bucks for a one and a half liter bottle worth it? Was Johnny Walker really that much better? I was going to find out.

I showered and shaved around my dick. Trimmed it up real good. I know my five inches was good enough for Holly, but only Garth was as small as I was and his had an upward curve. Mine looked nicer. Sam was larger by an inch, and very nicely shaped. Nick two inches longer than me and very thick. Watching his cock stretch my wife's little pussy open made me fully hard. I loved it.

I wandered in after sunset. Garth was on the loveseat. My wife was on the floor in her familiar sex position. A butt rose and fell slowly between her thighs. I frowned; it wasn't Nick's butt.

I said, "Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, what's going on here?"

It was Sam who lifted his head over the coffee table. My wife peeked up over the edge beneath him.

Sam said, "Oh, it's you. It's okay, man; Nick said it was okay." His butt kept moving.

I dropped my mouth open in confusion. "Oh..."

Garth said, "He's at the store. I think he's remembering his ex. Brings bad memories."

I nodded and sat next to Garth.

He smiled at me. "Not afraid of me anymore?"

I eyeballed him sideways. "Keep your mouth to yourself."

He chuckled.

I watched Sam slowly fuck my wife. They were kissing.

He leaned up after a moment and I had a great view down her flat body to his erection sliding in and out. He looked down at himself and watched. So did she. He said, "Does that feel nice?"

Holly said, "Yes."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes."

I pulled out my dick and began playing. Might as well enjoy it.

Garth nudged me. "Is it hard watching this? I mean, inside?"

I reached for my bottle and unscrewed the top. I poured some whisky. "I thought it would be – something like this." I took a swig; it was smooth. "I guess we build expectations and reality has a way of tearing them down." I raised my eyebrows at the Scotch.

Garth grunted. "I've never been married; I don't know I could handle something like this. Isn't it a betrayal?"

"I thought it would be, yes. Turns out, no. She loves me just as much as before, and maybe even deeper."

"That's odd."

"Maybe. I thought so at first." I took another sip. "But maybe because we're together in this makes it something deeper for both of us – something we share."

Holly was listening, twisting her head up to look at me a few times.

Sam kept humping slowly into her. They both looked relaxed and into it.

Garth hummed. "But that's another man's dick in her. Isn't that a violation?"

I shrugged. "No more than mine. It's a natural act, isn't it? Her pussy doesn't suddenly change its DNA or structure or something and only fit me. If she's having fun, so am I."

He shook his head.

I said, "Sam, are you having fun?"

He looked up at me with his serious eyes. "Yes. A lot."

"Does it feel good?"

"Very."

"Holly? Is it good?"

She gasped and said, "Yes."

I turned to Garth. "What's wrong with that? He's doing something natural, so is she, and how can that possibly be wrong?"

He grunted. "It's hot to watch, I just didn't know how you viewed it being married."

I said, "If I were to jack Nick in front of you, what would you think?"

Holly giggled. "When do I get to see that?"

I said to her. "Shush."

Garth said, "That's different; we aren't married."

"Er, if you were married to him...?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I think it would be hot right now, but..."

I poked his arm. "That's what I thought before."

He grunted. "Hmm. So you're okay with seeing this?"

"Uh, well, I have to say I was sort of shocked at seeing Sam on her..."

Garth said, "Nick really did say it was okay."

I made a face. "But she's my wife. He might have asked me first."

Garth laughed. "I think he thinks he knows you."

I shrugged.

Sam gave me a serious look. "Do you want me to stop? I will; I don't want to cause problems."

I looked at him in a different light at that point. "Uh, no, that's all right. Like I said, I was just surprised."

"You sure?" His cock never stopped moving.

"Yeah." I took a swig. After the initial shock had worn off, I was getting into how much better they looked together than Holly with Nick. There was something about Sam that seemed to fit her better and that told me my fascination wasn't just seeing Nick's big cock filling her pussy. New things were turning over in my mind. No, it isn't all about big cock, is it?

Sam's orgasm was different than Nick's. Sam was a lot quieter; his gasps and pants were whispery and as intense as his eyes. His shoulders shook, his butt clenched between my wife's thin legs. His mouth dropped open and his eyes squeezed shut. His gasps came rhythmically, five times, and then twice more slower.

Instead of pulling out, he leaned down on his elbows and kissed her.

She giggled after the kiss. "Wow, that feels like a whole bucket in there."

I remembered how much cum had shot out and hosed her down the previous week. My cock throbbed.

Sam gave a small laugh. "Yeah, I cum a lot. It annoyed Hailey."

Holly shrugged on the floor. "I don't mind. It feels good."

He pulled off slowly and withdrew his cock. It was smeared with juices.

Garth said, "You want me to—"

Sam gave him a suffering look. "No."

He smiled and shrugged. "Just offering."

"Not taking..."

I laughed.

~ ~ ~

Nick came in later with groceries.

He fucked Holly doggy-style on the couch. Her hair was over her face and her mouth was open in a constant pant. Her eyes were unfocused and her whimpers were breathy.

I jacked close to cumming. I was feeling happy.

Garth said, "You want me to suck you?"

I looked at him. I was so close to cumming. "I'm really close to cumming, but don't want to make a mess..."

He winked. "I can handle that." He bent over and sucked the helmet of my erection into his mouth.

I wasn't knowing what to expect, but feeling his tongue and wet mouth on the head made me groan.

Holly had wiped her hair away from her eyes and was watching. Her whimpers became groans louder than mine. Her mouth opened wider and then she began convulsing hard against Nick's cock.

It was too much for me. I arched up, happy that I wasn't going to make a mess everywhere, even if it was being taken care of by Garth's mouth. I sent my sperm up into his mouth, thankful for having a place to cum.

Holly's eyes were so large I thought they'd pop out. Her orgasm was so loud I knew the neighbors for three houses in any direction heard it.

But after finishing, I didn't want to feel Garth's mouth on me. I said, "Okay, okay. I'm done."

Sam was giving me an eyebrow and shaking his head.

Holly, though, was ecstatic. She came over to me a few minutes later and kissed me. She said, "That was sexy. How did you know I wanted you to do that?"

"Uh..." I felt eyes on me. I don't think saying that I just wanted a convenient place to dump my load would be considered very nice... "I guess I know you."

She kissed me again.

## CHAPTER 13

So the circle changed, even if the people remained the same. I was not only comfortable with it, but very happy.

So was Holly.

Why had I not wanted to share her before? How stupid. How naïve. How prudish and selfish. But I didn't beat myself up over it, I just marveled at the change and how much better things were now that I had embraced it.

If things had started against my will and more on my wife's side of desire, then it balanced out when I caught up to her. Now that we viewed it together, we were back in sync and closer than before.

My work-week passed by on the fly, night of sex with my wife making every day an adventure of love.

Her period was coming in a few days and she was looking forward to Friday night.

But Friday night brought more change and it wasn't a good change.

~ ~ ~

I came home Friday afternoon to a note from her. At the neighbors again. I was happy with that.

I showered and shaved. I didn't know if I was going to let Garth suck me again. Even though I hadn't been trashed on Scotch, I still had been a little tipsy. I just wasn't really sure I wanted to be into getting my dick sucked by a guy, no matter how it turned on Holly.

Her desires were another thing that stunned me. She had never intimated in our marriage she wanted me to go bi with a guy. I quailed at the thought she'd want me to go further. Fuck no, no way, suckit, ain't happening. Just the idea she might worried me. Maybe if she does, she'd be happy watching some other guy do it, not me, because I ain't going there. Nuh uh.

I grabbed my Johnny Walker Red and headed over. I would drink light tonight; I liked being cognizant around our new friends.

Garth had ordered pizzas from some spendy place that advertised organic ingredients.

Sam was sitting with my wife on the loveseat. He was picking on his electric while she watched.

She got up and skipped over to me. "Hi, hun." We kissed.

I said, "Pizza, huh?"

Garth said, "Dig into a piece."

I'd have to say, it was good. It didn't have that processed feel or taste that so many people thought was good from the crappy chains.

Sam said, "Hailey's going to come by again; she wanted to hang out and watch the fun."

I winked at him.

He shook his head. "She isn't coming for me. She got all hot watching us all masturbate over your wife."

"Ah..."

Nick came in on my second piece.

He smiled, "Hey, everyone."

A bit later, I was sitting with my wife on the sofa. I said, "How long were you here?"

"Since two or so, I think."

I nodded. "Ah. Did you and Sam...?"

She nodded.

I pouted. "Wish I'd been here."

She touched my arm. "Sorry."

"That's okay. He treats you well?"

Holly smiled warmly. "Yes. He's very nice."

Sam came into the room from the bathroom. We stopped talking about him even though we were talking low.

She said to me, "Would you do something for me, tonight?"

I looked at her askance. "Like what?"

She licked her lips nervously. "Um, when Nick and I are ready..."

"Yes?"

"Could you be the one who jacks him?" Her eyes were large and she bit her lower lip under her front teeth.

My breath caught, not wanting to sigh or gasp. Ugh, me? "Why?"

"I don't know... I think it would be more special. More of us doing this than just me."

This felt hard to answer. "Uh, well..."

She gripped my arm. "Please?"

I chuckled. "I'll think about it."

She smiled and squeezed.

It was long after pizza when Nick and Holly were kissing and teasing.

He said with a sigh, "Great way to end the week after working."

Holly giggled.

"Okay, lift off." He slid his shorts down.

She undressed completely.

Cocks came out as we all stared at her little body.

Hailey wasn't here, but who cared? I stroked happily.

Nick said, "Garth, come get me ready."

Holly said, "I want Dustin to do it."

Garth frowned. "Don't like me?"

She laughed. "No, I just want my husband to do it this time."

He feigned total hurt. "Fine. I'll just sit here and jerk myself quietly. Don't let me bother you."

She laughed harder. "Stop it."

Nick said, "Dustin wants to?"

I opened my mouth to say no, but Holly spoke first. "No, I want him to."

He gave me a considering look. "Sure, whatever."

She smiled at me. "Come over here."

I took a deep breath. Do I really want to do this? For her? I got up.

Nick scooted over a bit and patted the place to his right.

I sat.

He smiled at me strangely. "Don't look so scared."

"I'm not scared, it's just..." Not my thing.

"Well, stroke me like you stroke yourself."

Holly climbed over him, straddling. Her pussy hovered near his erection.

With a shaking hand, but eager to see him in her, I gripped his shaft with my left hand. A couple of things struck me at the moment of contact. First, his shaft was smooth to the touch but hard with excitement. Second was that my wedding ring was in contact with the flesh that fucked my wife, just as hers had been a couple weeks prior. It felt as if the circle was complete. Third was that as I stroked him and my wife lowered herself so that his helmet was touching her pussy lips, I felt the rightness of me being involved.

I stroked him with a more confident hand. His shaft was pulsing – the same shaft that was going to slide up into my wife's pussy. I decided that if I did it this once, I would at least enjoy it. I reached my fingers up and inserted them into her pussy.

She gasped and then giggled.

I wriggled my fingers around and get them wet. Then I pulled them out and stroked her excitement onto Nick's cock.

He sighed. "That's nice."

I pulled my strokes up from the base as she settled her pussy back into contact. I stroked firmly, as if to pull his cock up and into my wife.

He began panting. "Very nice."

Holly was smiling so wide I thought her face would break. She was looking down, trying to hover while watching me jack him.

Nick said, "Okay, that's good. Maybe hold her lips open a little."

I leaned over, my head down by his chest and spread her pussy lips open. His thick erection was pointing straight up, the helmet pressing her hole.

I watched my wife's pussy stretch and open, sliding slowly down his shaft from just inches away. My fingers felt his cock sliding into her. My own dick was fully hard and throbbing. It felt so personal and involved and right that I was doing this.

I leaned up and sat, gripping my erection.

Sam and Garth were watching, masturbating. I smiled at them.

Holly leaned over as her pussy settled firmly down on Nick's cock. She kissed me deep. Her hips rocked and moved on his shaft. Her tongue fucked my mouth. It was perfection.

I moved after a few minutes and went back to the loveseat.

Garth waggled his eyebrows. "You want me to...?"

I scowled comically at him. "Shush." I stroked and watched my wife's little ass rise and fall, her pussy stretched over Nick's cock. It was delicious.

There was a knock at the door.

Sam grinned. "Thought Hailey was going to miss all the action." He jumped up for the door.

Holly giggled. "She really wanted to see me?"

Garth said, "All of us, I think. Sometimes a woman will realize she wants to feed her desires rather than deny them."

There was a flash.

I didn't know what was going on.

The voice that was screaming wasn't Hailey's. "What's going on? You sick bastard fucking a girl!"

A woman was in the room and she grabbed Holly's hair and yanked hard.

My wife went flying off Nick's lap and crashing onto the pizza boxes.

I was off the couch and slamming into whoever the bitch was before the yelling registered in my mind. I bowled the woman over the arm of the couch and we crashed into the wall.

The woman was furious and hateful, her face outraged. "Get off me!"

I was growling ferociously with anger. "Don't ever touch my wife again!"

The woman's eyes went huge. "Your wife?"

I was pulled off of the woman as if I weighed nothing.

Nick almost tossed me aside. He was grabbing for the woman. "How the fuck did you find me?"

I was clutched by a shaking Holly. My attention immediately turned to her. "Are you okay?" I had to say it loud over the yelling.

She was huge-eyed. She nodded. "Who's that? What's going on?"

Nick was yelling. "Get the fuck out of my house. We're divorced."

Patricia.

The woman was crazed. She had a phone out and was waving it around.

Garth said, "Oh shit."

Nick grabbed her and hustled her to the front door. He looked back, "Garth, call the cops."

Patricia screeched with venom. "How dare you! You sick filth! Yes, call the cops! You're fucking another man's wife. You'll go to prison!" Then she started screaming as she was thrust out the door. "Rape! Help! Someone help! Rape!"

The door slammed.

Garth was on his cell.

Nick shouted, "Fucking crazy cunt."

Sam said, "Sorry man, she burst in past me—"

"It's all right. Fuck her!" He shouted towards the door.

I held a trembling Holly. Tears were on her face. I said, "I'm going to take her home; she's a bit shaken up."

Sam said, "Good idea."

## CHAPTER 14

Holly wasn't the same after that. She didn't go over later that night or even the next day. Sunday she wanted to stay inside.

I consoled her as best I could.

She didn't go over Sunday afternoon, either.

There was a knock on the door.

I peeped out and saw Sam. I let him in. "Is it safe out there?"

"Huh?"

"No crazy woman waiting to pounce?"

He searched my eyes with his brooding ones. "Oh, no."

"Holly's really scared."

His face settled into a frown of regret. "Fuck."

I motioned him into the living room.

Holly was on the couch, wide-eyed at the knocking. "Oh, it's you."

Sam gave her a smile. "Yeah, sorry about all that the other night."

Holly's eyes teared up. "Why would she do that to me? She doesn't know me."

Sam sat by her and touched her leg. "She was nutty; she would've done it to any woman on his lap."

I said, "He needs to get a restraining order or something."

Sam looked at me neutrally. "He's going to move."

"Why?"

He shook his head. "Said she won't stop. His life will be hell if he stays. Vandalism, threats, more intrusions. Garth thinks she was taking pictures on her phone. That has Nick scared for his job."

I blew out a breath. "What a mess."

Holly said, "He's going to move?"

Sam nodded. "He started packing yesterday. Good thing we were lazy getting rid of the boxes."

I said, "Wow."

"Yeah, Garth and I will stay. We can make the rent all right, though he won't be able to buy so much vodka."

"I thought he and Garth were a thing?"

"Nah, not really. It just sort of worked out well moving in together. Anyway, you're all still welcome over after he leaves."

Holly shuddered. "What if she comes around again?"

Sam laughed. "Garth plans to put up a big paper on the front door saying he moved. I don't think after he's gone we're going to be bothered. Maybe, but I'll make sure the cunt sees he really did move – if she doesn't believe it."

Holly said, "I'll need a little time..."

Sam kissed her cheek. "No worries. I'll come check on you when Dustin's at work. Make sure you're okay."

I was nodding. "Good idea, and thanks."

~ ~ ~

And so Nick moved away. He stood in our door and gave Holly a light kiss. "Sorry about all that. And I'm sorry I need to go. But she won't stop."

Holly said, "Where will you go?"

He chuckled. "Maybe Nebraska."

That was where his old girlfriend Diane had moved to become a nurse.

"Why so far?"

"She showed pictures to my boss at the Wellness Center. I was told I had two weeks to get another job. She had been so absent; I thought she had finally moved on. But... I guess she had an episode or something."

I said, "She needs to die or something."

Nick laughed and clapped my shoulder. "I like you, Dustin. I'm going to miss you both. But we're on Facebook. I'm just a message away."

~ ~ ~

Days passed and Holly became more relaxed.

Garth indeed put up a big paper sign. He told me later Patricia needed to actually see for herself – that she strutted around the house inspecting everything before he told her to get the fuck out.

She had screeched some hatred at him, but left. And we never saw that horrid face again.

I came home the Friday after Nick had moved. It was a full week since the incident and Holly's menstruation was diminishing near its end. I came in the front door and found her and Sam sitting, looking embarrassed.

I said, "What's wrong?"

Holly smiled sheepishly. "Oh, we were just kissing, but the door startled me."

I waved. "Oh, no worries."

Sam said, "You don't mind me kissing her? After all that happened?"

I raised my eyebrows. Should I mind? "Well, no... If she's okay with it, that is."

Sam smiled. It was a rare thing for him, but I actually saw his white teeth. Instead of looking sinister with his brooding eyes and long, black hair, he looked happy.

~ ~ ~

He came over every day and I was pleased to see Holly forgetting the incident.

It was Thursday when Sam stayed over later and had dinner with us.

Sitting on the couch, my wife settled into his lap.

I smiled that if she remembered the attack, that she no longer was so frightened by what had happened.

She giggled on his lap. "So when do we get to do it again?"

Sam looked shocked. "Uh, well..." He looked at me.

I was grinning.

He seemed totally stunned.

We laughed.

He said, "Is that okay?" He said it to both of us.

I said, "Sure, if she wants."

He looked relieved and chuckled. "Oh. Oh, man; I'd love to."

Holly giggled. "Like right now?"

"Right now?"

I laughed again at his surprise. "Yeah, why not? We can use the bedroom."

He gave me a serious look. "I'm not into any kind of man-play..."

I clutched my gut and laughed hard. When I finally stopped, I wiped water from my eyes. "Um, that's quite all right."

He looked relieved and it sent me into another fit of laughter.

Holly was up, pulling on him. "Come on."

We went into the bedroom.

She stripped down and stood naked in front of him.

He glanced back and forth between me and her and his smile grew. He shed his jeans and shirt.

Holly squatted and lowered his boxers. She gripped his cock and began sucking.

I loved seeing this. Her pretty lips around another man's cock was now one of my favorite things to see.

He didn't let her suck him long. He laid her back on our bed and moved his face between her legs.

I watched happily. I brought out my phone and began taking pictures and short videos.

He noticed and smiled at me.

I got out of my clothes and walked around the bed naked, recording all the wonderful action.

My wife's moans and gasps echoed inside me, causing my dick to harden fully. I stroked it.

She looked over at me, her eyes half-glazed and watched me masturbate. Sam's tongue on her and watching me threw her over the edge. Her eyes closed slowly as her back arched. She trembled a little and then suddenly flopped, convulsing with her orgasm.

Sam stopped licking and grinned up at her. His fingers moved in and out of her pussy.

Holly's mouth was open and moving open wider and smaller, but not closing. Her breathing was gasps. She finally closed her mouth and moaned happily.

Sam climbed over her, his erection full and ready. I moved to their side and aimed the phone. I watched his cock touch and slide into my wife with an easy, smooth motion.

Holly moaned happily and then they kissed.

Sam fucked her with slow strokes. She moved with him, her thighs and butt working with lust.

I moved around to their feet and got a good close-up of his cock pumping slowly into her pussy. I loved it and stroked myself while I watched.

Sam said, "You feel so good."

She said, "So do you."

He leaned up and watched his erection sliding into her.

She raised her head and watched, too.

I came around and recorded it.

His thrusting made very light wet sounds and her gasping combined to make me so hard I thought I would burst.

His cock slid into her so easily. His shaft moved like an oiled piston, in and out.

It looked so natural and clean and that it was happening right here on our bed made me very comfortable with it.

Sam moved sinuously, his back and butt muscles working steadily. He pressed all the way in and stopped, leaning down to kiss her.

Holly responded with desire, their tongues moving around each other in a dance of desperation. Then he pulled off. His cock slid out cleanly and bobbed there.

He said, "How about you on top?" He laid back in the center of the bed, up against the pillows.

She was smiling sexily, moving to crawl over him.

I got over to the foot of the bed and recorded her climbing over him.

He was holding his erection, pointing up at her pussy.

She moved around and then settled down. Her pussy opened and slid down his shaft.

He told hold of her butt and began pumping lightly upwards, his cock sliding up and into her over and over.

Holly moaned leisurely and I knew that moan of hers: the total relaxation and enjoyment in the act of fucking.

I quivered and stroked in time with his thrusts. My cock felt full and hard in my hand as I fucked my fist.

Sam began pumping faster, driving his cock up into her. "Do you like that?"

Holly groaned happily. "Oh, yes." She moved her hips with him, but was letting him do most of the moving.

I jacked in time with his faster thrusting. His cock looked so good sliding up into her little pussy. Her butt moved back and forth against his thrusts, his shaft appearing and disappearing, deep. I began gasping, seeing how sexy she looked with his cock in her.

He thrust up, panting. He was beginning to gasp. I knew he was approaching orgasm.

Holly knew it, too. She pressed back and rotated her hips.

He shoved it all the way in and stopped, holding it there as his legs shook.

I moved the phone in. His balls drew up and his thighs and butt underneath him began clenching. The base of his shaft expanded and then his balls were squeezing. He was groaning out loud and he pulled down on her butt to shoot in her deeper.

He was shooting his huge load of cum deep into my wife's pussy and I loved it. I had to let go of my erection.

Cum oozed out of the side of her pussy and he gave a final, thrusting jerk – sending another squirt of sperm into her.

## CHAPTER 15

I made love to my wife with desperate thrusts. Sam had left an hour before.

I rammed her hard and she whimpered with lust. I slid in and out of her with ease; her pussy was still very lubed with Sam's cum.

She said, "Are you sure you're okay with him being here?"

"Yes."

"You really liked him doing me?"

"Oh yeah." I loved it. "He can come over whenever he wants."

"You won't be mad if he comes over and does me here in our bed?"

I groaned heavily and pushed all the way in. With heaving convulsions, I added my sperm to Sam's.

She was smiling, looking at me with those eyes. "I love you, Dustin."

I panted, relieved. "I love you, too."

She wriggled under me, suddenly bright with one of her sunny smiles. She hugged me close.

I said, "Are you going to miss Nick?"

She shrugged. "Maybe he'll come to visit."

"You don't sound crushed."

She giggled. "Uh, no. Yes, I think I'll miss him, but not really."

"Why not?"

She shrugged again. "I guess he was the thrill, I don't know. With him it was just fucking."

"Sam is different?"

"Yes. It's like he's more concerned with both of us enjoying it. With Nick, I think it was all about him getting off."

"I thought I saw the shine wear off of him a couple weeks ago."

She laughed. "You noticed?"

"Mm hmm."

"It was still fun. Naughty, you know?"

I nodded.

She kissed my lips. "I'm really enjoying how much you've changed."

I looked into her eyes and shook my head. "I'm still the same Dustin Graham."

"But—"

"I just lost my fears."

Her smile spread. "Me, too."

## EPILOGUE

We never saw Nick again.

I kept in contact with him through Facebook. Holly said a few things to him over time, but not much. I even thanked him one day, expressing my gratitude for what had developed.

He was amused, claiming he saw it in me the whole time.

I doubted that, but didn't argue about it. What was the point?

He told me how he had moved to Nebraska and hooked up again with Diane.

I was a little surprised. I asked if she was still married.

His one word answer told me all: "Yep."

Sam kept coming over, and that was good with me; I liked him.

Eventually we began going over to Garth's and Sam's again. One would think it wasn't the same, and it wasn't: it was better.

Holly didn't get any repeat fulfillment of her fantasy to see me stroke a man into her; Sam just wasn't the type. Garth didn't have an interest in doing her, either. I did relent to one of her requests and it became a habit when we watched her with Sam. Garth and I would sit on the loveseat and jack each other while watching. She thought it was hot and liked watching Garth jack me until my cum flew in the air.

I gave her what she wanted, but it was her that had my attention, my heart, and my soul.

What had started with anger, jealousy, and fear had changed into something beautiful that was shared with love and respect.

**Thank you for reading Honey, Look Who Rented the Place Next Door. As you can see, I don't have a "street posse" running around giving me a dozen 5-stars on release. I earn all my reviews legitimately. All reviews are greatly appreciated!**