

It Started With a Joke

By
Jake Marlow

The wildest night of my life began with a silly, casual joke. When he greeted us at the door, Brett gave me the customary hug and kiss, then looked me over with a twinkle in his eye as he said, “You look awesome, Evie. I wish you were my date tonight.”

“You should be so lucky,” I told him as I brushed past.

“And who would be my companion for the night?” Kurt, my husband, asked.

“You can have Marie, if she doesn’t mind,” Brett said.

“Sounds like a fair trade to me,” Kurt replied.

Brett and Marie’s son, Michael came charging out of the kitchen and I bent down so he could fling himself into my arms. I could feel my snug, chocolate-brown cable-knit sweater dress ride up in the back, but it couldn’t be helped. I knew the boys were enjoying the view. Kurt told me as I was getting dressed that Brett was going to love my outfit. I’d told him to knock it off, but I’ll admit I looked forward to our friend’s reaction.

“What’s a fair trade?” Marie asked, following Michael.

“The boys seem to think we’re just objects they can swap between them,” I said, as I turned my attention to Michael, picking him up and swinging him around. “Are you excited to play with Kailey and Nate tonight?”

“We’re gonna play superheroes!” Michael announced.

“That sounds exciting,” I said.

“You guys want to swap wives tonight?” Marie asked, eyebrow arched.

“If you insist,” Kurt laughed.

“Yeah, we were just talking about switching dates,” Brett said.

“But if you want to swap, I guess we could be persuaded,” Kurt finished.

Marie pressed her curves against my husband and gave his butt a squeeze. Kurt jumped, but I know he loved every minute of it. “I’m not sure you could handle me,” she purred.

“Better be careful, Marie,” I said, smiling. “If you you’re not careful you’re going to be stuck with him all night.” I knew Kurt had the hots for our neighbor. When we played one of those “What If…” games one night, Marie was at the top of his list.

“I could use a change for a night,” Marie said, releasing my husband. “It’s been seven years.”

“Hey! Are you saying I’m boring?” Brett said with mock injury.

“I’m just saying variety is the spice of life,” Marie said, patting her husband on the cheek.

“Think about how I feel then,” I said. “I’ve been stuck with Kurt for thirteen years.”

“Wow, you haven’t been on a date with anyone else since you were nineteen?” Brett asked.

“Why keep looking when you’ve found perfection?” Kurt said, puffing out his chest.

“While you guys figure all this out, I’m going to take Michael over to the sitter. I’ll be right back,” I said.

Marie and Brett moved into the house across the cul-du-sac from us five years ago and we’d become good friends from the instant we met. We had similar senses of humor and we found we had a great time just hanging out and playing cards. It was a friendly neighborhood, for the most part, and it was common for big gatherings to spring up spontaneously around a backyard barbeque, but Kurt and I were definitely closest to Brett and Marie. We saw each other almost every weekend, but it wasn’t common that we actually got to go out like grown-ups, so I’d arranged for a sitter to watch our kids and Michael at our house so we could go out and have a good time.

I dropped off Michael and told the sitter we’d try not to be late. When I walked back across the cul-du-sac, the others were already in Brett’s Durango. Kurt and Marie were in the back. I laughed and pulled my dress down as I climbed into the passenger seat beside Brett.

“So we’re really doing this?” I asked, smiling.

“We thought it could be fun,” Marie said.

“You don’t mind, do you?” Kurt asked. He knew I didn’t, or he wouldn’t have agreed. Neither of us are the jealous types, and it was all in fun anyway. He put his arm around Marie and she snuggled into him.

“Why not? I think I’m getting the good end of the deal.” I leaned across the seat and kissed Brett’s cheek before fastening my seatbelt.

Actually, both our husbands were attractive guys, just very different. Kurt and Brett were both in their early thirties and kept in good shape. Kurt’s a high school teacher and coaches baseball. He’s about average height, and in the knee-high boots I was wearing, we were almost the same height. Kurt has black hair, which he keeps buzzed down, and a neat beard. Brett is taller, a few inches over six feet, and has the strong frame of a man who works hard for a living. He makes enough renovating historic homes that Marie can be a stay-at-home mom. Brett’s a fair Irishman, with shaggy hair and blue eyes that somehow always have a twinkle. He reminded me a lot of

complexions. She has the cutest, round, freckled face, surrounded by a tumble of fiery curls. Marie is a petite, curvy girl in her late twenties and her blue halter top struggled to contain her copious breasts. Both guys couldn't help checking out what Marie called "the twins" when she took off her sweater, but she didn't mind. She'd confided once that she liked the attention "the twins" brought and she wasn't above using it to her advantage. She bragged that she'd never once paid for a drink. Having such a well-endowed date must have been nice for Kurt, considering I've just barely a handful up top. But what I may lack in size, I like to think I make up in other ways. My breasts are very perky and I can skip a bra with ease.

Brett got into our "date" too, and fed me a nacho, heaped with toppings. When he wiped the dripping cheese from my chin, I flicked out my tongue to scoop it from his finger. The look on his face was priceless and Marie laughed at him from across the table.

"Careful, Eve. He's got a hair-trigger," she laughed.

"I'll keep that in mind," I said.

"It'll be the most amazing minute of your life," Brett joked.

"That's okay, if Eve's in the mood it doesn't take much," my husband shared.

"Hey!" I said.

We'd always been flirty when hanging out with each other, so it was easy to fall into our roles in the mock "date." By the time dinner was finished, I'd had a couple margaritas and was sitting close while Brett had his arm around me and lightly massaged my shoulder. He had a nice, soft touch for a man who used his hands for a living. Marie's pale cheeks were flushed from her drinks, and I could tell she was having a good time by the way she laughed at Kurt's corny jokes. Was that a pang of jealousy I felt when I noticed her hand on my husband's thigh? No, I reminded myself, this was all in good fun. It was just surprising, that's all.

After we split the check, Kurt put his jacket over Marie's shoulders and she carried her sweater. Brett noticed my shiver when we walked to the car and held me close, with a hand on my hip. It was a crisp, chilly October night, the kind that was made for snuggling close with someone you love. I was perfectly comfortable with Brett and it felt good to press into his strong body. Marie and Kurt walked ahead of us and I noticed his hand creeping very close to her nice, heart-shaped butt, which looked great in her tight, worn jeans. I wouldn't have minded if my husband took a squeeze. I was tempted to myself.

"It's a shame you'll never know," she replied, sticking out her tongue.

"Really? I thought our date was going pretty well."

"What makes you think I'm the kind of girl who puts out on the first date?"

"I told him," Brett said, dodging to the side and barely avoiding Marie's smack. She lost her balance in the slippery rented shoes, but Kurt caught her and she landed in his lap.

"It would serve you right if I was easy, jerk. How long do I have him for, Eve?" She hugged Kurt tightly, practically forcing his face into her chest.

"As long as you need, if I get Brett to keep me company." I pulled him out of his seat and we twirled as his arms went around me.

"I think he'd take that deal," Marie said, popping up from Kurt's lap.

"What man would refuse?" Brett asked. He gave my butt a quick squeeze before going to take his shot.

"Tonight's a lot of fun," Marie said, pulling me aside for some conspiratorial girl chat.

"Yeah, we need to go out and be grown-ups more often."

"You know Brett's staring at your butt every time you take your turn."

"Really? I worried this dress might be too short, but Kurt assured me it would be fine."

"Yeah, because you look hot in it. He doesn't care if you're pulling it down all night. They like to show us off."

"Except I'm not his date tonight. You're not supposed to check out your buddy's girl," I giggled.

"True, but he wasn't planning on that. Kurt's probably going to rip that dress off of you as soon as you get in tonight...unless Brett does it first."

"Marie! I'm not trying to steal your husband," I replied, mildly shocked. Like I said, we all had a flirty relationship, but Marie and I had never talked quite like this.

"Who said anything about stealing? I gave him to you for the night, didn't I?"

"I guess so. But I wasn't thinking it was anything more than fooling around."

"Who knows? That could always happen. Brett's always thought you're sexy."

"Get out of here. He would never cheat on you." I said.

I was trying to process what she had just told me. I never considered there was anything more to Brett's flirting than kidding around. Marie and I were so physically different -- I'm tall and slender, she's petite and curvy -- that I didn't think I was his type. I never really thought of myself in terms of being "sexy," anyway. I've been told

didn't think so, even though Kurt had teased more than once that he'd love to get both me and Marie in bed. I'd told him that if she was single and there were enough drinks involved, it could happen. I'd had some fun while partying before I met Kurt, but we'd never seriously talked about doing anything so crazy.

"It wouldn't be cheating if he had my permission," she whispered.

"You know, Kurt thinks you're sexy as hell too. He's got a thing for redheads."

"Really?" She smiled evilly.

"I was a redhead when we met." It was the truth. My hair, which fell just past my shoulders, was currently its natural burnished brown, but like most women, I'd done quite a lot of experimenting when I was younger.

"I think the boys are having fun so far, but wouldn't it be cool if we really blew their minds?" Marie asked. I knew that look. She must have had more to drink than I thought, because she only got that look when she wanted to get into trouble, like the time she suggested we all skinny dip in the inflatable pool in their backyard. Never mind that any of half a dozen neighbors could have seen us. "It's two in the morning," she'd argued. "There's no one awake and looking out their windows." Brett talked her down that time, but I didn't think I could count on that now.

"So what are you thinking?" I asked, as if I didn't already know.

"They think they've got one over on us by our agreeing to switch dates for tonight, so let's take it to the next level. Let's really play it up."

It was an exciting idea, I had to admit. As I said, Brett was a handsome man and it might be fun fooling around with him, if it didn't feel too weird. I hadn't so much as kissed another guy since I was nineteen! You might be thinking this was the sort of thing I should have run past my husband before it went any further, but I knew Kurt well enough to know he'd be on board.

"I'm in," I said, giggling. I felt like a teenager again, getting excited by the thought of being so bad. We're adults! We're supposed to behave ourselves! But it would be fun to throw caution to the wind for a night. And Marie and Brett were just the people to do it with, because we were such good friends. "No weirdness afterward, right?"

"Of course, not. This is going to be fun," Marie purred.

"And how far do we go with this?" Knowing the boundaries would help.

"Do what you want. I'm cool with it. How about you?"

and I felt the sweater dress creeping up. It wasn't obscenely short, it came to mid-thigh, but it was tough to bowl in, which was precisely what Kurt had in mind, I'm sure. Marie was right. I hoped he wasn't too disappointed if he didn't get his hands on me first. I only took out a couple pins and was trying to figure out my next turn when Brett came up behind me and put his hands on my hips.

"You're twisting your hand too much. You need to keep it straight when you throw the ball." He took my hand and extended my arm to demonstrate his point. I'd probably been that close to Brett hundreds of times, but knowing what might come later I felt body react for the first time. How those big hands would feel on other parts of my body, I wondered. I leaned back into him and we stayed together for a beat longer than necessary.

"Thanks. You're, like, totally right," I said in my best bimbo voice and batted my eyelashes.

"Just trying to help," he replied, chagrined.

I kissed his cheek and said, "You don't need an excuse to cop a feel." When his eyebrows went up, I added, "I am your date tonight."

He flashed me that manly, lopsided grin. "I thought you weren't easy."

"I am a good Catholic girl...but I like to have fun."

I glanced over to see Kurt and Marie canoodling on the plastic bucket seats. Whatever she whispered in his ear made my husband go bright red, and he's not an easy guy to shock. He looked over at me and noticed Brett's hand glance across my ass. When I met his dark eyes I flashed a quick smile to let him know I was okay with things.

We played a second game, this time pairing off with our "dates," but it was pretty obvious by then that bowling was the last thing on anyone's mind. It was weird, because nothing had been explicitly said, except for Marie's plotting with me, but we'd easily fallen into acting like we really were on dates with each other's spouses. Brett and I sat and held hands between turns, while Kurt and Marie were more playful, trying to tickle each other and squealing. They behaved worse than the teenagers a few lanes over from us. We all wore wedding rings, so I'm sure it looked to anyone watching like we were two happy couples...only the mates had been switched! Marie and Kurt were goofing around so much that Brett and I easily won that second game.

After we turned in our rented shoes, Brett insisted he help me with my boots. I leaned back and stretched out my legs, knowing he was trying to look up my dress. I wore little black panties under my tights, so there wasn't much to see, but it was a fun

"We told her we'd be back sometime after midnight. It's not even eleven-thirty yet," Kurt said. "Unless you're tired and want to head home." He had the same look as Brett. . The look of a man who thinks he's going to get some.

Who was I kidding? I wanted to fool around just as much as the guys. "I'm good. Let's have a drink."

The guys insisted Marie and I relax while they got us drinks. I lounged on the couch while Marie put on the local soft rock music station, then stoked on the gas fireplace before sitting in the loveseat that faced it. The couch was arranged between the fireplace and the loveseat, so that the furniture formed an "L" shape, and I sat at the end closest to the fireplace with my legs crossed.

"That's a long time to pour a couple glasses of wine," Marie said.

"Do you think they're testing the waters?" I asked.

"If I know Brett, he's checking to make sure Kurt isn't getting pissed, while trying not to seem too eager about hooking up with you. What do you think Kurt's thinking?"

I chuckled. "He's too chill for all that. I'm sure he's telling Brett that it's all good." My husband is very much a "go with the flow" guy. I didn't think he was thrown at all by the night's turn of events. He would just be calculating how he could get me and Marie alone. I didn't think *that* was going to happen, but who knew what would? I later found out their conversation went something like this...

Brett: "Dude, can you believe what's happening?"

Kurt: "Evie doesn't really show it, but she's got a wild streak. I know she's down with this. What about Marie?"

Brett: "You kidding? I think she was hoping for something like this that night she tried to get us skinny dipping. She thought you guys might be up for some fun. So we're cool?"

Kurt: "Yeah, we're cool."

I could see the guys breaking like they were coming out of a huddle. They entered the living room, ready to make their play. Kurt handed Marie her glass and settled beside her on the loveseat, while Brett sat with me, putting his hand on my knee. *So what happens now?* I wondered.

"You know, I don't think I've ever been on a double date," Marie said. "We'd all go out as a group, and at the end of the night people hooked up, but it was never really a date."

"It was the same for my friends. We'd go drinking in the woods, but we really didn't go on dates. People kind of drifted together and apart, but it didn't seem like there were a lot of couples, except for the long-

"I guess I'm the weird one," Brett said. "I had the same girlfriend all through high school and we used to go out with our two best friends all the time. It was a lot like us, actually."

"That's sweet, not weird," I said, squeezing his hand.

"Uh, right. He didn't say how those dates ended," Marie laughed.

We all turned to look at Brett and he shrugged.

"We ended up all doing it – not together – but in the same minivan. My buddy drove his mom's Caravan and we didn't have anywhere else to go. It's not like we were having an orgy," he said defensively.

"I don't think that's so weird. Sometimes when the team hung out and we picked up chicks, we'd end up hooking up the same room, but I'd usually sneak away," Kurt said.

"Yeah, putting on a show isn't my thing either," I said, thinking about how this might work. We were in exactly that position.

"When I was a teenager I didn't mind hooking up with my friends around if I was drunk, but I prefer one-on-one time," Marie said.

The rest of the evening had been so easy, making the sudden tension palpable. Everyone seemed to be waiting to see who would make the first move. The only thing I was sure of was that it wouldn't be me. Brett's hand was warm on my knee, and that warmth spread through my body, making me wish he was touching me all over. I hadn't been so excited about the possibility of hooking up in so long. Being with the same person for thirteen years makes you forget the thrill of being with someone new. I could only guess that everyone else was feeling the same way. Brett's eagerness was coming off him in waves, while Kurt looked like he was going to rip off Marie's clothes if he had to wait a second longer. Marie sat there looking very pleased, like she was enjoying the tension. I knew she was kind of wild, but I'd never seen such a vampy side to her before.

"So you're saying I'm going to have to get you drunk?" Kurt asked Marie, squeezing her closer.

"I think I've had enough."

Marie gave me a quick wink and caressed the back of my husband's neck as she pulled him into a kiss. Kurt didn't have any second thoughts about kissing another woman. He went right into it, his fingers twining in her flaming curls and opening his mouth to hers. I couldn't know, but I could imagine his tongue flicking out to entice hers. Kurt's a great kisser and Marie was lucky to get her chance to experience it.

I'll admit it was strange watching my husband kissing another woman, even if I'd

and kissed my neck. I closed my eyes and sighed when he found the sweet spot on my neck that makes me shiver.

"Mmm..." Marie moaned, breaking me from my reverie.

I peeked from the corner of my eye and saw Marie's top was down to her waist and her strapless bra was gone. Kurt had her reclined back against the arm of the loveseat and his face was in her ample chest. He pinched one of her thick, pale pink nipples, while sucking on the other one. Marie's head was thrown back and she massaged my husband's scalp, something I know he loves. She pulled at his shirt, trying to get it off without unbuttoning it. My jealousy had shrunk, and now there was a strange fascination with seeing Kurt and Marie together.

Brett demanded my attention again, pulling my face to his and teasing with his tongue. Our mouths crashed together and he grabbed at my breasts. It's a shame, but I didn't feel too much through the cable-knit and the padded bra that helped fill out the dress. I was tempted to look at the other couple again and spied my husband pushing his hand down Marie's tight jeans. His shirt was off and she dug her manicured nails into his smooth back.

"Oh," I huffed in surprise when Brett effortlessly lifted me onto his lap. I was turned so I couldn't easily see the other couple and now Brett really would have me all to himself. I didn't catch him checking out his wife with my husband at all, and wondered why he wasn't at least curious. We were right back to necking like teenagers, only in this position he could easily squeeze my firm butt and I could caress his strong chest through his pullover shirt. Kurt is built, but Brett was solid in the way that just happens when you're doing physical labor. He doesn't have a six-pack, he's just solid. He doesn't have to run every morning or do yoga like I do, he's just fit. It's strong and manly and it turned me on more than I thought it would. I could imagine Brett ravishing me at will.

I was acutely aware of his hand moving from my butt to my hip and then to my knee and I parted my thighs so his hand could slice between them like the sharpest knife through silk. Even through my tights and panties he had to feel the damp heat from my humid pussy. I moaned into our kiss when he touched me there. God, I couldn't help it. When was the last time someone other than my husband had touched me so intimately? Although we were all together in this, it still felt a little wrong and that made my heart flutter even faster. Brett was so good with his hands, like the expert craftsman he was.

I let out a loud gasp and shuddered, curling against Brett. God yes, I was cumming on his hand and it was magnificent! I worked my butt against his crotch as I squirmed on his lap and I felt him grind his bulge back at me. I was going to have to unleash that. I surely owed him some satisfaction after the orgasm he just gave me! I grabbed both sides of Brett's face and kissed him aggressively, giving him some idea of what I can do with my tongue. I think in that moment I knew I would go down on him. I doubted Marie would hesitate to blow my husband.

"Hey!" I laughed when Brett shifted out from under me, dumping me on the couch with my legs in the air. A quick look over to the loveseat revealed Kurt and Marie were gone, undoubtedly upstairs and getting hot and heavy. Only their shirts were left behind.

"Hey, yourself," Brett smiled, leaning over to kiss me. I pulled his shirt over his head while he moved down my body.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked. He lifted my right leg in the air and unzipped my boot.

"These aren't going to get off by themselves, are they?"

"And you think my clothes should be coming off?"

"Oh, most definitely," he grinned.

While Brett pulled off my other boot I massaged his crotch with my black-tight-clad foot. I could feel his prick jump in his jeans as I ran my toes down his left thigh. It felt like the workman had quite the tool. Things were moving right along when it occurred to me that they probably weren't going to stop with a blowjob. Kurt wouldn't have gone upstairs with Marie unless they were going to go all the way. I had reservations about going that far, but I wasn't going to be the one person to stop the party. Besides, I was thinking I could have some real fun with Brett. But apparently it wasn't my turn yet.

Once my boots were gone, Brett slid my dress up to my waist and started kissing me through my tights and panties, which were both a creamy mess. He sucked on my mound so hard I felt it through both barriers and cried out. I was still sensitive from my orgasm and ripe for another. He pulled my tights down roughly, probably ruining them in the process, and my panties went along for the ride. He smiled when he saw my shaved mound and kissed me there. Brett held my thighs apart while his tongue ran the length of my puffy lips, driving me crazy. I whimpered and urged my hips at him, but he kept right on teasing. I said I like when a man takes charge, but I'm not a big fan of being teased. I ran my fingers through his hair and tried pulling him tight to me, but Brett is strong and even ignored the light hair pulling. Finally he spread my lips open

My dress suddenly felt so heavy. I was so hot and I lifted enough to pull it over my head and throw it away. I unhooked my bra's front clasp and when it fell open I grabbed both my breasts. Brett was watching from between my legs as I pinched my diamond-hard, pointy nipples. His tongue went right for my clit when he saw that and I went off. One hand held onto the armrest above my head again, while the other still teased my breast. I twisted and turned and my soft cries filled the living room, blending with the background music as Brett easily gave me a second orgasm. I'm not a loud, explosive orgasm girl, more of the breathy, shuddering type. My mouth hung open, little moans escaped and my body shook as the pleasure washed through me. When Brett lifted his face from my lap, his whole mouth was glazed with my juices.

Brett stood and I said, "Don't go too far." I was all glowing and smiley and probably looked like an idiot. He'd made me a mess.

"I'm not going anywhere," he chuckled.

Instead of leaving, he dropped his pants and boxers and a thick cock stood out in front of him. Of course I was going to compare and he measured favorably to my husband, but maybe a little shorter. Both men have more than enough to please, however. I reached for him and he lay on top of me and we kissed. I'll reveal a little secret here. I really like tasting myself on a lover after he's gone down on me. It might just be that I appreciate that he just pleased me, but whatever the reason, I kissed all over his face before kissing him deeply. I also stroked his cock, which was between us, and could just about close my hand around it.

"We don't have any condoms. Marie's on the Pill," Brett warned, which was quite thoughtful.

"That's okay, just don't finish inside me, okay honey?" I whispered, pressing his head to my lips. I was not on any birth control. Kurt and I just tried to be careful, used condoms at certain times of the month, and had been very lucky so far.

A deep, throaty groan escaped my open mouth as Brett slowly pushed his cock in. He felt *really* good. I put my hands on his shoulders as I adjusted to having him inside me and then he started moving. He was slow and steady and I almost couldn't believe how he made me feel. Pleasure rippled through me with every thrust. He seemed much thicker than he looked and he filled me so completely. I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him to me. God, I wanted him. I wanted him so bad. Fucking Brett was so great I didn't care what the hell Kurt was doing upstairs with Marie.

distracting, but it felt good. I wanted to know that Kurt was having just as good time as I was. From the sound of it, Marie was showing him a good time.

"Uhhnn...uhhnnn...yesss...yesss...YESSSS!" Marie cried. "God...God...do it! Kuurrtt...."

I focused all my attention back on Brett. I hoped it wasn't a letdown that I wasn't screaming the way his wife was. He leaned down to kiss me while sliding a hand under my butt and squeezing it. He pulled me into him and moved faster, pounding me harder. We were in the home stretch and I let go. I couldn't remember the last time I came three times in one night. It's hard to get a lot of time alone with two small kids. Mostly it's a quickie early in the morning, or maybe in the laundry room while the kids are otherwise occupied. But Brett made me climax three times that night, and he did it with ease. Brett stared into my eyes and the lust I saw in his clear blue eyes almost stopped my heart. He was moaning softly and whispering my name. For a second there, it transcended just sex. We'd been friends for so long, of course it wasn't just fucking. I knew Brett cared for me and I was glad to give myself to him. He drilled down into me and my legs locked around him. My muscles massaged him and my eyes went wide as I shook and moaned.

"You'd better let me go, or..." he warned.

Reluctantly, I unwound my legs and let him sit up. His shiny cock stood out and I grasped it. My fist easily slipped up and down on his tool and it did not take long for him to finish.

"Evvieeee," he choked out as he began cumming. I kept jerking his cock as his cum shot all over my flat tummy, and a spurt even spurted up onto breasts. Would Kurt cum inside Marie, I wondered. If she was on the Pill, I was sure he would. I sat back on the couch and Brett padded, nude, out of the living room. He returned from the downstairs bathroom with a warm, wet towel.

Once he rubbed me clean, which I thought was sweet, Brett pulled the soft blanket off the back of the couch and we snuggled together, sipping our forgotten wine and kissing between words.

"That was fun," I smiled. It was the understatement of the year. I toyed with his sparse chest hair. Another way he and Kurt were different. My husband's got quite the man-pelt, but I don't mind. I like my men manly.

"That's one way of putting it.

"Sort of, yeah, I guess. Everyone has fantasies, but I never thought we would do anything like this."

"Have you guys done this sort of thing before?"

"No. Like I said, there are fantasies. Marie may have teased me about you in bed before, and I would point out how she'd love to get Kurt in the sack, but it was just pillow talk, nothing serious. I mean, this kind of stuff doesn't really happen, right? Like I said, there was that one night Marie was drunk and wanted to skinny dip, and she may have drunkenly thought something might happen, but we never gave it serious thought. What about you guys?"

"No, we've never done anything like this. We've talked about different things, and your names may have come up..."

"Really?" He nudged me and when he saw me blush, he kissed it away.

"As I was saying, we've talked about things in bed, fantasized, but it wasn't anything like this."

"What was it like?" Brett asked eagerly.

"You can't expect me to give up all my secrets, can you?"

"I have ways of making you talk." He reached under the blanket and caressed my breast, paying close attention to my rising nipple and I snuggled closer to him.

"Kurt was pretty crazy before we met, so I don't know how much would be off limits to him. He'd love to see me with another woman."

"Me too."

"I'm sure," I laughed, and kissed him. His cock twitched against my thigh and I bet I could guess what was on his mind. "You thinking about me and Marie?" I asked.

"Is she your type?" Brett eagerly inquired. His hand moved down from my breast and I bit my lip before answering.

"She's pretty hot, but I don't know if she's into that sort of thing. Ohhh..."

"Are you?"

Fingers brushed over the hood of my clit and I shivered. "I'm up for fun, but I haven't done anything like that in a long time. You didn't say if Marie would...mmm..."

It was my turn to tease and I gasped his shaft. He was already halfway there, and growing every second.

"She...ahh...she's never done it...but...she's never ruled it out..."

"Maybe some other time we'll have to see what happens," I suggested, lightly rubbing his balls. "What do you think they're doing up there? Mmmhmm...ahh..."

I hadn't thought about it, but it was quiet upstairs. Were Marie and Kurt lying together and talking the way we were? Were they working their way up to round two? They could have been lying there, regretting what had happened, but I doubted that. Part of me wished I could spy on them, but I was glad we'd separated. I don't know that

With a wink, I disappeared under the blanket and showed off my impressive flexibility by bending and kissing his cock. My lips traveled down his shafted and my tongue was flicking at his balls when he pulled the blanket off to watch me. I sucked both his large balls and stroked his shaft and he leaned back on the couch with a moan. My long hair was everywhere and driving me crazy, but he gathered it up and held it back so he could watch me. My tongue trailed back up his cock and I sucked on the fat head while giving him my sultriest look. He applied gentle pressure on the back of my head and I took the hint, sucking him down an inch at a time until he'd disappeared entirely in my mouth and my cheeks hollowed from my sucking. Take that, Marie, I thought wickedly. Kurt's always told me I give the best blowjobs and I wanted Brett to agree. I bobbed up and down slowly, and then built my speed.

"Uhhh...Evieeee...babe...God that's good..."

I loved making Brett moan like that, and I sucked him harder. His hips lifted off the couch and he pushed at my mouth, but my hand on the base of his cock kept him in check. He reached back and slid his hand between my legs, finding my ripe pussy. I had to pause as I moaned into his prick. I was still so wet and so sensitive. He eased two fingers inside me and stroked them in and out to the same rhythm I went down on him. It was so hot. Our eyes were fixed on each other's and we shared a passionate, powerful connection.

"Ohhhh...Kuuurrrttt..." Marie called from upstairs. "Babbbyyy...that'ssssss..."

So they were back at it. Good for them. I had other things on my mind. I wanted to make Brett cum and thought maybe I could do it just as he got me off, because his fingers were taking me there. But he lifted my mouth from his cock.

"Evie, maybe we should go upstairs and see what they're up to," Brett panted.

"Do you want to watch them?" I was fine in the living room, but that could be hot too.

"Well, maybe you and Marie..."

I punched him lightly in the chest and straddled him. "You guys are so predictable. I want you tonight. But you never know what the future holds."

"Ooooookayyy..." Brett gasped when I settled down on his powerful tool.

It was a tease, because I fully expected this to be a one-night thing. Who knew if our friendship would ever be the same after this? I just knew what I wanted right then, and it was to have Brett inside me. I ran my fingers through his hair and as we kissed, I worked my pussy around him. Not only am I very flexible, but I have incredible muscle control, as Brett was going to learn. There was one night, when we were still dating and

like he didn't know where he wanted to look. I closed my eyes and concentrated. I felt every inch of him inside me, from the flared head to the thick base. I pictured us locked together, floating in space and thought about his pleasure. It was like I could project the orgasm into him. Our bodies were locked together and our energies flowed together. As we became one, I knew he would have the most intense orgasm of his life.

Marie's constant cries from upstairs were silenced again, but I heard the bed creaking. I couldn't completely block them out, so I used it. I tried to imagine what they were doing. Maybe Kurt was taking her from behind, which he loves to do, and her face was buried in the pillows. She cried out again and I thought maybe he pulled her head back by that flaming red hair. The bed was rocking into the wall quite loudly and Marie's cries reached a crescendo.

When I opened my eyes Brett looked like he was in a trance. His hands were on my hips and I took one, putting his fingers over my clit. I couldn't climax from just working his cock. I needed a little bit of help.

"Evie...uhhnnnn...it'ssss...."

"Mmmmm...come on...come on, babe....mmmmm...Brett..." I softly moaned in encouragement.

Brett rubbed my clit in a tight circle and as those ripples of pleasure worked through me again it was harder and harder to concentrate. My pussy squeezed him ever more tightly, rippling around his shaft, and finally I lost it once again. God, that was the most intense orgasm of all! I came so hard I swayed and Brett caught me, pulling me against his chest. He quickly turned us, so I was on my back, and immediately pulled out, kneeling over me. His cum jetted across my breasts and it felt kinda dirty to have him cum on my chest like that. I reached up and jerked his cock, letting him cum on me until he was finished. I couldn't believe he remembered to pull out. What a guy!

We kissed and Brett gently wiped me clean again. I guzzled the last of my wine and felt light headed. I was quite drunk. I heard shuffling upstairs and a door close. I suggested we should see what was going on upstairs. I pulled on my dress, but didn't bother with anything else. Likewise, Brett just put on his jeans. Barefoot and hand-in-hand, we went up to the bedroom.

The sheets were practically torn off the bed and Marie lay in the middle, wearing nothing but a very short, old t-shirt of Brett's, which didn't hide that she was just as clean down below as I was. It was so threadbare I could see the outlines of her nipples. Her hair was totally disheveled and I was sure I looked just as much as mess. And she

Kurt returned from the bathroom and clasped us both on the shoulders. He kissed my cheek and flopped down on the bed with Marie. "You guys look...worn out," he said.

"I think they were bad," Marie said, rolling so she rested her head on his chest. He was just wearing his boxer briefs. It was weird, to say the least, to see Marie so familiar with him.

"Were you bad, hon?" Kurt asked. His hand rested on Marie's butt, which was exposed by her t-shirt.

"I don't know about bad. Maybe a little naughty. Brett?"

"Yeah, we were definitely naughty," Brett said, and laughed.

"I'm not surprised. Eve can be pretty naughty," my husband said.

"She's not the only one," Marie said, kissing Kurt's chest and running his hand over his boxer-briefs.

Marie was like the Energizer Bunny! She just wouldn't stop, and seeing her touching my husband like that was starting to turn me on. I don't know if it was in response to the other couple, but Brett's hand moved to my ass and he started pulling my dress up in the back.

"You guys look a little over dressed," Kurt commented. I could tell Marie was starting to get to him.

"She's not as dressed as she looks," Brett said. I only made a half-hearted attempt to stop him from pulling my dress over my hips.

"Hey, who said you could do that," I mock-pouted.

"The bed looks really comfortable," Brett said, steering me around to the side.

"It does, but it's very late now," I said, tingling all over as I thought about what could happen next. I knelt on the bed on the other side of my husband. I caressed his chest and then put my hand over Marie's and we both rubbed his crotch.

"You don't have to run along so soon," Brett said. He was rubbing my butt from behind and slipped a hand between my thighs. I barely suppressed my moan.

"Yeah, hon. Megan can hold down the fort," Kurt said. He was between two beautiful women and in heaven. I wonder what he thought was going to happen.

"We...ahhhh...we were supposed to be back over an hour ago," I pointed out. It was getting very difficult to think.

Marie kissed Kurt and then looked up at me with lust-hooded eyes. It was obvious what she wanted. "If you really have to go, we shouldn't keep you..."

"We really should," I whispered.

I was thinking of Brett as both Marie and I leaned across Kurt and kissed. You

out orgy was a good idea. Not without seeing where we all stood. I broke my kiss with Marie and turned and kissed Brett while pulling my dress down.

"It's late and I'm drunk and we really need to relieve the babysitter," I said shakily.

"Okay," Brett said. He looked very disappointed, but he backed down, thank God. I didn't want to find out just how strong my willpower was.

"Eve's right. We should be getting home," Kurt agreed. He kissed Marie one more time and climbed off the bed in search of his clothes.

"Yeah, we really should all be getting to bed," Marie said. She rolled off the bed and walked around to Brett. She stood on her tip-toes and kissed him. It was a long, hot kiss and I know this will sound weird, but I was little embarrassed to see it. It was like they were ready to do it right there.

Brett and Marie walked us downstairs and Kurt found his shirt. I stuffed my bra, panties and tights into my boots and carried them. It would be cold on my feet, but I could make it across the cul-du-sac barefoot. The guys hugged and smacked each other on the back, while Marie and I hugged and shared more than a friendly kiss. The look on the guy's faces was priceless.

"I'll come over and get Michael in the morning. I don't want to wake him up," Marie said.

"That's fine. Hopefully they will all sleep in, at least a little bit.

"Night, guys. Had a great time," Brett said.

"Yeah, it was awesome, man," Kurt said. I saw something pass between them, like they'd just shared something very manly, like killing a bear or something.

It was a cold jog back to our house and it shocked me back to my senses. We'd been in some sexy bubble back at Brett and Marie's, but now we were home, and coming back to reality. Suddenly, I thought, *Did we really just do that?* Megan was asleep in the couch and I went up to check on the kids while Kurt woke her and sent her home. She only lived a few doors down. After I made sure the kids were all passed out, I went to the bedroom and peeled my dress off.

"So?" Kurt asked, standing in the doorway.

"So?"

He crossed the room and took me in his arms. We kissed and I realized I wasn't quite done for the night. I ran my hands over his chest under his shirt. He kneaded my butt.

"So, we're okay, right?"

I turned us and pushed him toward the bed. He was naked by the time he reached it.

"I'm okay. Are you?" I asked. I pushed him onto the bed and straddled him. My hair tumbled around my face as I leaned forward to kiss him.

"No. I know you, and I trust Brett to keep his hands to himself in the future. And you?"

I put him inside me and took him with one, hard thrust. "Ohhh...noooo...I'm good...soooo goooddd..."

"God, you are, Eve..."

I rode Kurt hard and fast, bent over so we could kiss the entire time. He held my butt and pulled me into him and the mattress squealed in protest. I hoped Michael was as heavy a sleeper as our kids. We made love with a quick urgency, like we just needed our bodies together after all that had happened. I knew every inch of my husband, every moan and every breath. Making love to him felt good and right. As good as sex had been with Brett, Kurt just knew my body and he completed me in a way no other man could. My climax wasn't as mind-blowing as the ones I'd had across the cul-du-sac, but it was what I needed. Kurt motioned that he wanted to stop before he came, but I held him. I wanted (needed?) him to cum inside me. Even though we weren't using a condom, I was reasonably sure we were safe.

Afterward, we lay naked under the sheets, bodies entwined, we both said, "I love you." Really, nothing more needed to be said between us. However...

"So what do you think it's going to be like when Marie comes over tomorrow?" I asked.

"Nervous?"

"We did just do something pretty crazy tonight. Do you think they'll be cool with it?"

"Yeah, I think so. Brett and I are guys. We'll probably just never talk about it," he laughed.

"I could let it go too, but I know Marie is going to want to talk." I could just imagine my friend dishing over coffee about how we swapped husbands.

"Good or bad?"

"I doubt it'll be bad, unless she wakes up and thinks she made a terrible mistake, but I don't think she will. She'll probably want it to happen again."

"Yeah, she's a little crazy. Did Brett seem cool?"

"Totally. I think he took this for what it was."

"Which was?" Kurt asked.

"A wild, sexy night that we'll always be able to remember." I kissed him.

"And what if they do want it to happen again?" That was his serious tone.

"Do you want it to?" I was suddenly on pins and needles, not really sure what answer I wanted to hear. I didn't really see myself as a swinger.

"That's not fair. I asked first." Kurt squeezed me.

"I don't want to do this every night or anything. Or even go looking for it," I said

"Yeah, Marie's quite vocal. It was a little weird at first. I thought she was putting it on. Anyway, if we were hanging out one night and it felt right and things happened...I'd be okay with that." He was looking everywhere but at me.

"I'm not jealous. Really. I'm glad you had a good time, because so did I."

Kurt grinned. "Good."

"Great."

"So we'll just see if anything happens again."

"Right. But I don't want this to define our friendship with Marie and Brett. Things have to be normal between us first before I would even consider..." I qualified.

"Totally. I am not looking to share you with another man every other night."

"Good, because I more than have my hands full with you," I said.

We broke into laughter and then silence. Sleep came quickly, and not a moment too soon, because the kids would be up before we knew it and Marie would be knocking on our door. We'd find out then if we'd just ruined a friendship or made it even deeper. Honestly, I wasn't too worried about losing the friendship. I was just curious if there were new expectations.

end