

*Margeaux
Known As*

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Luke's Milkmaids

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

for Melissa

Chapter One

It's hard to describe your emotions while watching your husband eat another woman's pussy. Anger, lust, jealousy, humiliation, excitement, arousal, embarrassment. All of these and more. I was kneeling on the other woman's bed in my bra and panties as she lay spread eagled on her back with Troy, my husband, burying his face in her snatch. And I was a bit jealous of her as I watched. She was prettier than me, had bigger tits and long brown curly hair with any almost perfectly flat stomach. I unfavorably compared this to my close-cropped blonde hair, smallish boobs and a definite tummy bulge. I was momentarily thrilled to see that she had a C-section scar, since I did not, but then realized that meant her pussy was probably tighter than mine.

Maggie had trimmed her pubes down to a nice, neat, light brown triangle that pointed directly at her slit. I'm certain that Troy didn't even notice it as he was nearly up to his ears in her pussy. She was certainly enjoying the attention; one hand rested on his head, gently guiding him to the right place and the other pinching her left nipple. Even with my conflicted emotions I couldn't resist slipping my hand inside my panties and teasing my clit. I was turned on and worried at the same time.

I glanced over at the chair where Maggie's husband was tied up. He barely noticed me. His eyes were focused on the fornicating couple. Of course he couldn't say anything because of the ball gag shoved in his mouth, but his erection told me everything I needed to know. I was happy to see that his straining cock was a size smaller than Troy's. This pleased me for no good reason.

It took only a few minutes together for me to learn that Maggie was a noisy girl in bed. While Troy prided himself at being an expert around a woman's cunt with fingers, lips, tongue, and cock, it was obvious that Maggie had been waiting for the return of her high school boyfriend's affections for a long time.

Yes, they dated and fucked in high school. Then they broke up. Troy and I met in college then married shortly thereafter. Fifteen years later with the help of Facebook she had tracked down her old boyfriend and enticed the ex-boyfriend,

his wife and her husband into a group scene in their bedroom. It was as unlikely as it sounds, except it's probably a lot more likely than most people want to believe.

"Stop, stop!" Maggie cried, pushing back Troy's head, the heel of her palm on his forehead. I looked between her legs; she was shiny with wetness everywhere. "You're gonna make me cum too many times," she complained then laughed. "I want a taste of your wife tonight too."

That made me nervous. And excited.

Maggie pushed Troy further away and crawled over to me. As excited as I was, I was too nervous to react with anything other than a smile and a giggle. I realized I was acting like a teenager instead of a woman well into her thirties.

"Are you a little nervous?" she asked me, glancing at her husband who was still silently and eagerly watching us. Behind her I could see Troy observing us very carefully.

"Uh-huh," I managed to say. I couldn't remember the last time I had a naked woman this close to me. Probably never.

"Me too," she whispered to me, leaned in, and kissed me on the cheek, then the neck, then she wrapped her arms around my waist and kissed me gently on the lips. I could feel her naked breasts against the thin semi-sheer material of my bra. She didn't try to slip her tongue into my mouth, though I'm certain at that point I would have eagerly accepted it.

With a gentle nudge and not so subtle hints, she pushed me on my back and let her weight rest against my body. Her skin was perfect, soft and smooth against mine. Freckled dotted her nose and cheeks and shoulders. Why I would choose to focus on her freckles at the moment was beyond me. "Is it okay if I go down on you?" she said softly in my ear.

I nodded my assent. We had already worked all of this out beforehand, but it was nice to know she was polite enough to ask permission again. There wasn't any slow trail of kisses down my body, just one more against my lips, then a quick, soft one on my neck, and her body was gone. Next thing I knew she was tugging at the waistband of my panties trying to get them down over my hips. "Lift up your butt a little," she instructed me.

Immediately I complied and she slipped off my undies. I was now naked except for my bra. She smiled briefly at the carefully shaved tuft of pubic hair I kept to ornament my pussy. Normally I keep my hair fairly well trimmed, but I don't do a lot of shaving. For this special occasion I had tamed the forest to a nice little puff-ball at the top of my slit. Maggie didn't care. She spread my thighs apart, laid down on the bed, kissed me once on the inside of my right thigh, then on the tiny bit of pubes I had left behind, then her tongue worked its way into my pussy. I sighed and grabbed the bed sheets while I closed my eyes and concentrated on the sensations Maggie was causing in my body.

She was certainly talented at giving a girl head, I had to admit that. Troy was better, but maybe I was biased for his technique. But I was receiving this from a girl. A woman. Something I had never had before. I felt a finger worm its way up into my vag while she concentrated on licking and sucking my clit. I started to breathe heavier. This didn't make me a lesbian, I told myself, I still liked having sex with men and cocks were the perfect toy for me. But there was nothing wrong with tasting the fruit from the other side of the orchard, was there?

I was more than enjoying Maggie's ministrations to my pussy when her gentle licks and sucking started to get interrupted by shakes and bumps. I opened my eyes and looked down between my legs. She was still there, her face ecstatic and her tongue busy where it should be. The problem was right behind her. My husband.

Maggie had gotten up on her knees, presented her pert ass to the air and Troy had taken the invitation. He was fucking her from behind. I couldn't immediately tell if she was enjoying this extra attention, but it was disturbing my enjoyment of what Maggie was doing to my pussy. I wasn't upset that he was fucking her. We had agreed that would eventually happen. I wasn't even jealous or conflicted about the fact that my husband, whom I believed to be completely monogamous since the day we married, was fucking another woman. I was pissed off that he was interrupting my impending orgasm.

"Quick knocking her around," I shouted at him. "I can't cum!"

His look changed from complete bliss to literally red-faced embarrassment. "Oh. Sorry," he apologized. "I'll stop."

This caused Maggie to pull away from my pussy. That was not the reaction I wanted. “Don’t stop!” she ordered him.

“Fine. Keep fucking her. Just make me cum,” I ordered Maggie.

She smiled at me. “Will do, hon. You have a tasty pussy.” And she plunged back between my legs, her tongue twice as busy on my clit now. This tremendously improved my attitude and Troy took a much gentler approach to fucking his ex-girlfriend. It didn’t take much more time for Maggie’s busy lips and tongue to find my perfect spot. I tightened up, felt that oh-so-wonderful rush of warmth to my pussy and then I was gasping for air as my orgasm finally arrived.

I usually black out for a few moments when I cum and this time was no exception. When I came back to reality, Maggie was still between my thighs though she was not actively eating me out. Instead she was enjoying my husband’s cock in her cunt. “It was wonderful to see you cum,” she said to be. There were little huffs and gasps between each word as Troy fucked her. “It was beautiful.”

“Thanks,” I replied. It was a little weird to watch the woman who just gave me a mind-bending orgasm get fucked by my husband. The whole situation was weird. I was going to have to get over that.

“Do you mind if he cums inside me?” she asked.

I blinked at her question, trying to figure out why she would ask such an odd question. We weren’t in a porn shoot. Troy wasn’t going to pull out at the last minute and spray his spunk all over her ass. I’m sure he wanted to cum inside her because it felt fantastic doing that and I knew she would love the hot rush of that liquid filling her up. Then I remembered the fetish.

And that helped me remember our initial meeting.

It was strange, meeting your husband’s ex-girlfriend from high school. Facebook is a semi-wonderful thing and while I tried to remember that I’m not the jealous type, his admission that she was the one he lost his virginity to, and vice-versa, made me a little tentative about the situation.

“Don’t be jealous,” he said to me as we drove to their house which turned out to be very nice, not ostentatious, but it was obvious someone in the family worked

very hard. “If I was trying to get her into bed, I wouldn’t have mentioned any of this to you.”

“Uh-huh,” I agreed. “Why’d you even want to meet her again?”

“She’s the one who found me,” he protested. It was the truth. He even allowed me to look at his Facebook messages and chat logs. If it wasn’t the truth, it was one hell of a cover-up with a lot of effort that didn’t need to be expended. Beside, truth be known, I was curious to see what the girl who first got to bang my husband was like. He’s a great guy and all, but certainly still more than a little geeky spending too much time on video games and comic books when he wasn’t teaching biology classes at the community college. I attract geeks, of course. Working for the IT department of a smallish bank isn’t exactly the glamorous side of the computer world, but you do see a lot of taped glasses.

Maggie and Jamie were charming and nice. Blandly nice. He turned out to be an attorney for one of the area towns and she worked as a consult for medical insurance agencies. Very boring. The small dinner party was nicely put together, the food was good, and their two kids were well-behaved and went to bed on time. Then Maggie broke out the third bottle of wine and the talk got very racy, very quickly.

I talk too much when I drink too much. “What was it like deflowering my husband when he was but a young man?” I asked her and immediately regretted it.

Everyone else was as drunk as I was. Maggie didn’t even blink when she answered. “Awkward. It took us a few times to get the hang of it, didn’t it, Troy?” My husband had the good sense to blush and look embarrassed. “And I was terribly frigid back then. I wanted to have a fantastic sex life, but I didn’t know how. Jaime helped me with that quite a bit, didn’t you, hon?”

She had the habit of calling everyone hon. I wonder if that was because she was drunk or if couldn’t remember their names or if she was just that open with her affection.

Jaime looked away, then back at us with a smile. “I suppose that’s true. But we all have hang ups. Or most of us do. We get over them.”

“I wouldn’t call it a hang up,” Maggie said. “Maybe a burning fantasy.”

This piqued Troy's interest, of course. "What fantasy?"

Before Jaime could interrupt Maggie blurted out. "He wanted to see me fuck another woman."

I nearly dropped my wineglass and sat there frozen. My brain no longer functioned.

Troy jumped on this immediately. "Did you?" he asked.

Maggie said nothing and took another sip of wine.

"Yes," Jaime said with a wide grin. "It was great."

Maggie laughed. "Typical male fantasy," she dismissed him. But then proudly added. "It was kind of hot to do, though."

Troy couldn't let this go. "Are you bi now?"

She laughed again. "I was probably bi my entire life."

"Damn. And I lost out on this." Troy shook his head sadly, but the grin on his face told another story.

"What was just as hot was watching her fuck another guy," Jaime added.

Now, finally, Maggie looked embarrassed. "Don't tell them everything," she said, but there was a note of pride in her voice as well. She was no longer a girl who didn't know what she wanted in her sex life.

Troy didn't seem to know what to say next. "Um. So are you two swingers or something?"

It dawned upon me now why exactly Maggie had invited her old boyfriend over to her house. But I was still unable to find my tongue.

"No, I wouldn't say that," Jaime said. "We just like to experiment, I guess. And we know what we like and we're not the jealous type and we don't do anything—sexually—with someone else unless we're both there or we both know about it."

“Sounds nice,” Troy said. I could tell he was waiting for an invitation to get naked and start fucking. I still couldn’t move.

“It’s good, it works for us,” Jaime added.

“It also works well for his fetish,” a now obviously drunk Maggie added.

“What’s his fetish?” I heard myself asking. All three looked at me. It was my first contribution to the conversation since I had asked the deflowering question.

Jaime looked extremely embarrassed, but that wasn’t stopping Maggie. “Cream pies.”

Troy looked puzzled a moment, then a look of realization dawned on him and he tried not to laugh.

I was still in the dark, but then I remembered something I must have read on the internet, the place of final authority on everything. “What? You like to have a banana cream pie smashed in your face? Like that? That’s weird.”

Maggie laughed out loud at my suggestion. “No,” she managed when her giggling fit was done. “That’s something else. Jaime’s fetish is dirtier.” She paused and leaned conspiratorially toward me. “He likes to eat cum out of my cunt.”

Now I was dizzy. “Oh,” I managed to say. “That is...different.”

She nodded. “Yeah, but it’s nice.” She reached her hand toward her husband who immediately took it up. “And involving another man in the game makes it a little more exciting.”

“I bet,” Troy said.

“Wow,” was all I could say. The conversation paused and I felt the need to say something else. “Troy always asks me if I’d go to be with him and another woman. He always wants me to tell the story of my one lesbian encounter.”

Maggie put down her glass and leaned forward eagerly. “Tell me, tell me. I need to know.” She laughed. “This will be great.”

“It’s not that great,” I blurted out, embarrassed. I could feel my face turning red, and not just from the wine.

“Oh, it’s great all right,” my husband contradicted me.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

“Exactly,” he said. “Now tell the story.”

I sighed. “Fine. It was in college, of course,” I added before Troy could comment. “And my roommate and I went to a party and had a little too much to drink.”

Jaime mumbled, “Sounds like a typical college weekend.”

“We came back to our room...and then things get kind of hazy.”

“That’s what she always says,” Troy added. “I think it’s actually the truth.”

“Um, well, yeah, there was some kissing, of course, and a lot of clumsy groping. We wound up in my bed and started taking off our clothes. Like I said, I don’t remember all the details. Tessa was beautiful. Still is the last time I saw her. She got completely naked except for her panties; that I do remember. She was never shy about taking off her clothes, but she had the chest of a boy, completely flat. I do remember putting my hand between her legs. That was nice. She was hot down there, and she came awful easy. I wanted to do more, but she fell asleep on me before anything else could happen. I was disappointed.” All three were looking at me. I always get too chatty when I drink.

“Tell the rest,” Troy prompted me.

I sighed. “Okay, I fell asleep with my shirt and panties on, of that I’m certain. Tessa got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. She woke me up. And she must have stripped down completely because she was naked next to me in the morning.” My face flushed again. “And so was I. And my pussy felt sore, like it had been busy the night before. But that I don’t remember.”

They laughed at me. It was a stupid story and yeah, I must have walked on the Sapphic side of life that night, even though I don’t remember the details. I was a bit proud of my history, and a bit embarrassed as well.

“What about you, Troy,” Jaime said. “What’s your deal?”

He shrugged. “Oh, that’s simple. I just want to watch my wife have sex with another woman.”

Maggie smiled. “I think I can arrange that.”

What followed after that was an intense negotiation of time and sex. What you never get told as a teenager is that having sex as an adult is a lot more complicated than you think it’ll be. We had to work out times when someone else would be watching our kids, when other pressing life matters weren’t taking up every bit of our attention, and find a moment to relax about what we were planning. Though they didn’t consider themselves swingers, Jaime and Maggie had worked out a checklist of sorts of what acts could be done with another couple, what wasn’t allowed and what was negotiable once things got hot and heavy. There was a lot stuff to consider.

And Jaime was thrilled to learn that Troy had a vasectomy. Which immediately led to more negotiations about fluids and condoms. Unsexy. Unless you’re Jaime. There was an awful lot of trust involved because most swingers automatically use condoms but that puts a crimp in Jaime’s fetish. We weren’t especially worried about STIs, but you never really know. Since I said I didn’t have a problem with Troy fucking Maggie, why should I have a problem with Jaime wanting to eat Troy’s spunk out of her cunt? The whole situation left my head spinning.

The final bit of information I learned from Maggie—who turned out to be the nicest and most understanding person I’d met in a long time—is that Jaime had a vasectomy too. Then she added that she was telling me this just in case I needed to know, but don’t tell Troy, it’ll be a surprise for him.

“Well, do you mind if he cums inside me?” she asked again.

I was snapped back to reality. “No,” I shook my head. “That’s fine.” I looked up at Troy as he was pumping eagerly back and forth into Maggie’s pussy. “Go ahead and cum inside her,” I told him. He nodded and thrust a few more times before groaning and emptying his load into Maggie who exclaimed her pleasure with a happy yelp.

“That’s good,” she moaned.

Troy kept his grip on her hips and thrust a few more times. I knew he was trying to bury his semen deep in her. That's what he does to me when we fuck. When he was done he released his grip on her ass and she slid forward to her belly, squeezing her legs together.

"Will you release Jaime for me?" Maggie asked me, her eyes closed, still basking in the thrills running through her body.

"Sure." I slid off the bed and went over to the chair where Jaime was handcuffed. This was something they had done at least a few times before. I could see small scuffs and scars on the wood arms of the chair where the handcuffs holding Jaime in place were fixed. He still held a small bell in his hand, the signal device he was supposed to use if there was a problem with his gag. I took the key off the end table next to his chair and opened the cuffs. Already naked, he stood up and pulled off the ball gag. In a flash he was on the bed, on his back and slithering under Maggie's legs.

She laughed. "Slow down, Mr. Eager," she told him as she repositioned herself, getting up on her knees and carefully placing her cunt over his face. They had turned around so that she was facing his feet and could lean forward to give him a blowjob if she wanted. Instead she just sighed and settled in to enjoy the second round of oral sex she had received that night.

It was odd watching them in this oddly intimate act. If they had just been fucking missionary style, I wouldn't have given it a second thought, but here was a married couple performing some kinky act right in front of me and my husband—though admittedly we had both done our part to facilitate their kink.

Maggie opened her eyes and looked directly at me. "Come over here," she ordered me. Without any will of my own, I obeyed her demand and crawled on the bed with them. Troy was now laying on the far side of the mattress taking in the whole scene. "Seems a shame to waste this," she said, grabbing Jaime's cock and giving it a few gentle tugs. "Hop on."

I looked at Troy for permission. He nodded eagerly. This is hardly how I pictured the evening to go. But who was I to question the orders of a woman who wanted me to take her husband's cock into my body? Besides, I was riding the high of sexual arousal. What harm could possibly befall me?

With a bit of awkward positioning I straddled Jaime's hips and Maggie expertly

positioned the head of his cock at the entrance of my pussy. “Ready?” she asked. It was an entirely unnecessary question. I wanted that cock.

“Uh-huh,” I answered, wiggling my hips down and letting Jaime’s cock slid nicely into my wet pussy. It was that easy. I started riding him like I would any other man. It was nice. He was definitely smaller than Troy, but size is hardly everything when fucking. This was an experience I had never had before, fucking a man while looking into the eyes of a beautiful woman.

“You don’t need that,” Maggie said while embracing me. I was puzzled for a moment, then realized she had reached behind me to unhook my bra. It came off easily and she tossed it aside. We kissed, again as if it were a natural occurrence. Our breasts rubbed together. I kissed her back, this time slipping my tongue into her mouth. She happily accepted my offer.

It was starting to get to be a sensation overload. Jamie’s cock was inside me, Maggie and I were trading tongues back and forth as she played with my breasts (I was still too shy—oddly enough—to touch her tits), and I could feel Troy’s eyes on every inch of my skin. I shouldn’t have been surprised when Jaime’s previously steady, enjoyable upward thrusts into me suddenly became rapidly urgent. Before I had time to react he spurted his spunk into me. I pulled back from Maggie and gave a little yelp of surprise.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, worried about my welfare.

“He just came,” I told her.

“Oh, and you didn’t, did you? Poor dear, here, let me help you.” Maggie reached down between my legs where her husband’s slowly shrinking cock was still firmly placed in my pussy and found my clit. “Either he made you really wet or he came a lot.”

I had to laugh a little as she kissed me on the side of my neck. “A little of both I think,” I managed to say before she started stroking my clit with just the right amount of speed and pressure. She knew her way around a woman’s body that was for sure. I felt myself paralyzed as she took control of me. And the best part was it only took her a minute to bring me off. My body shook like the ground at the epicenter of an earthquake in an underdeveloped country. “That was great,” I sighed as I leaned against Maggie until she was holding me up.

“Okay, honey, you’re going to have to lay down now, you’re getting a bit too heavy for me to hold up.” I let her ease me down onto the bed, on my back. She even propped me up with a few pillows. I didn’t realize what for at first, then she said. “It’s best if gravity helps a little.” And then she followed this with a kiss on my cheek as she snuggled against me. I didn’t resist when Jaime opened my legs and started kissing and sucking my pussy.

It was full of his spunk and I knew his fetish and I should have expected this, but it was still strange and transgressive. The sensations were nice and then it dawned upon me, other than pleasing the man she loved, why Maggie was so willing to indulge in her husband’s love of cream pies. I always hated the sensation of semen dripping out of my pussy, so for years after sex I found myself climbing out of bed and running to the bathroom with one hand between my legs to keep the cum from dripping on the floor. Then there was the clean up period to make myself presentable and comfortable in bed afterwards. This was much better. I just laid back and allowed the man who made the mess clean it up.

I sighed contentedly and looked at Troy, stretching my hand out to him, gripping his arm. “This is wonderful,” I told him. “I don’t suppose you’d consider trying this sometime, would you?”

“No,” was his quick answer.

“That’s too bad,” I said as I continued to allow Jaime to clean me. It was a little odd, truly, but the whole night had been touching strange at the very least.

I was still more than a bit horny when we arrived home that night. The kids were in bed and the babysitter was sent home. When we climbed into our own bed, I immediately reached for Troy’s cock and started rubbing him. “I’m still in the mood,” I told him. “I need to get fucked.”

“Again?”

“Again,” I told him

“I’m not sure I can,” he protested.

“Not a problem. I can help you with that.” I pushed down the sheets and burrowed into his pants. Out came his cock and my mouth was on it in a moment. I could taste a mix of Maggie’s pussy juice still on it along with the

musky scent of his semen. Although I didn't need any additional stimulation to get me wet, this certainly helped. Even though he was tired it only took him a minute to get hard and ready for me. When he groaned his appreciation, I was out of my nightie in a flash, with elbows and knees on the mattress, my ass in the air.

"C'mon, fuck me," I ordered him. His favorite position to fuck is doggie style, so I knew I'd hear no complaints. He easily entered me and started pumping along. It was fun to have sex just for the sheer horny joy of it. After a little repositioning Troy huffed in my ear, "So what does fucking other people mean to us?" he asked.

I was trying to concentrate on having an orgasm and he wanted to talk sexual philosophy.

"It means we get more sex than before," I told him while reaching down between my legs to play with my clit. He could fuck me long and deep, but I still needed my little girl to get off.

"It's going to change things between us," he said.

"For the better," I amended. We didn't talk after that. I managed to get off which resulted in a heavy moan and a tightening of my pussy muscles on his cock. That's what he needed to cum. We collapsed on the bed and breathed heavily for a few minutes. I consciously resisted the urge to get up and run to the bathroom. It only took a few minutes for me to fall asleep with Troy's cum in my pussy.

Chapter Two

Things did change and they changed for the better, as I had predicted. To set up intimate sessions between us took a lot of coordination and phone calls and emails and timing. In the process I discovered that Maggie was a genuinely nice person. And she didn't want to steal my husband; she just had a sexual awakening later in life. I thought I was pretty open to all sorts of sexual experiences, I actually learned a lot from her. True, I never thought I'd be having group sex sessions with another couple, or getting naked with my husband and another woman, but life often leads you to places you didn't plan on exploring.

The second time we had a group scene, it was just Troy, Maggie and I at our house. Maggie had left Jamie left behind as part of a long tease. She said it resulted in even better sex when she got home, but we also had to promise to let Troy cum inside her before she left. That was to be Jaime's special treat for letting her have a night by herself.

I only needed a single glass of wine as a bracer before I was ready for my first ménage a trois, which was a little odd because I already had my first ménage a quatre and seemed a step down, but I couldn't say no. It was impossible to say no when we had moved to the bedroom and instead of moving first to Troy, Maggie and I turned to each other and exchanged a very deep and passionate kiss. Our bodies pressed together, I could feel her breasts mashing into and above mine. Her hands went around my waist, but I pressed the issue faster and moved mine to cup her ass cheeks that were nicely displayed in the jeans she wore. We had decided to keep things casual, though I was wearing what I considered to be a racy pair of red boyshorts under my skirt. I didn't resist when she started tugging at my clothing, trying to remove it.

"I'm used to undressing me," she laughed at me, breaking our kiss.

"Need any help?" Troy asked. He had been standing apart from us, watching our every move. There was a distinct bulge in the crotch of his pants. "I know how to undress women." He grinned at his good fortune.

"Let's get her naked," Maggie told him. He moved behind me and before I knew

it my clothes were off and I was standing there in my lacy bra and red panties, a little embarrassed that I was at least ten pounds heavier than Maggie and she was half a head taller than me. When she saw my panties she let out a little giggle, I shyly covered myself a bit, dropping my hand in front of my pussy and angling my thigh to hide what I could.

“What?” I asked in protest.

Without a word, she dropped her jeans revealing the same pair of boyshorts I was wearing, though without a doubt a size or two smaller. “Great minds think alike,” she said and moved back to me.

We kissed again and this time she proved a little more adept at unhooking my bra to free my tits while Troy pulled down my panties. Now I was proudly naked and moved to the bed. I wanted to be the center of attention. She and Troy kissed first, lightly but intimately and I felt a thrill of jealousy. He pulled off her shirt and bra, but left on the panties as she moved on the bed toward me.

“Get naked,” I told him as Maggie started sucking my nipples. He joined her quickly and I found both my breasts being greedily sucked as two hands reached between my legs to play with my pussy. It was wonderful.

It was a little confusing at first when they were fumbling around hunting for all my bits and pieces but then Troy decided to penetrate my vag and Maggie concentrated on playing with my clit. This worked very well for me. With all they were doing to my pussy and sucking on my tits, it took me almost no time at all to cum, which was somewhat disappointing. But I knew I’d be ready for more soon.

“Does she always drench the bed when she comes?” Maggie asked Troy as she sucked my juices off her fingers.

“Yeah, that’s one of her many talents,” he replied. “She’s always been the wettest girl I’ve ever been with.”

“Including me?”

“Even you.”

Maggie placed her fingertips to her chest and played falsely wounded. “I’m

wounded.”

“Maybe a nice fucking will solve that problem,” he suggested, reaching for her.

“Wait,” she protested. “I want Ginny to help. But you need to run downstairs and get my bag, I forgot something in it.”

He sighed and rolled his eyes, but the look on her face told him he wasn’t going to get between her thighs until he did her bidding. Men are easy to control that way. He rolled off the bed and headed downstairs.

In an instant Maggie was on top of me, kissing my lips and neck. “I want to make love with you,” she whispered in my ear. “But not with your husband here.”

“What?” I was confused. I thought that was the whole point of this exercise.

“You’ve never really been with a woman, have you?” she asked me.

“Define ‘never really’—”

She cut me off. “You’ve never gone down on a woman and had your mouth on her pussy, have you?”

I shook my head. “Ah. No. No.”

She smiled and kissed me again. “I want to be your first, then. But I want to do it alone with you. Okay? Just us girls?”

This made me reel a bit. Would that make me a lesbian? Having sex with both a man and a woman at the same time equaled, to me, bi status, but what if I were to sleep with her alone? No, I’d still be bi, but.... It didn’t matter. I wanted to try it, and if she wanted me alone, that’s the way it would be. “I’ll do it,” I agreed.

Her face broke out in beatific relief. “Great. Let’s give Troy a blowjob, and then you and he can get me off. I’ve still got to bring his cum home to Jaime.”

Troy returned a minute later with Maggie’s oversized purse. She got off the bed and opened it up, pulling out a pair of panties and a large vibrator.

“Unsexy,” Troy declared looking at her choice of underwear. They were pale yellow and polyester. When he held them up there weren’t even bikini style, they were definitely briefs.

“You actually wear those?” I asked.

“They’ll keep your cum in my pussy,” she told us and brandished the vibrator at me. “I want you to use this on me while Troy doggie style.”

I took the hefty vibrator from her and felt a bit hesitant. “Are you sure, what about...”

“It’s just a vibrator, honey. It helps me cum. And I bet that Troy will like what it feels like when he’s fucking me too.”

As we were getting into position, it was my first real opportunity to take in the sight of Maggie’s ass. It was nice and shapely, quiet nice for a woman well into her thirties, maybe a bit fat, but nothing terrible. But it was only then I saw the tiny tattoo, no bigger than a penny, on the middle of her right cheek.

“What’s that?” I asked touching it as she mounted the bed on hands and knees.

She looked over her shoulder at my tap and smiled. “Oh, there’s a lesson. Never get a tattoo. You’ll live to regret it.”

I angled myself better. “It’s a tiny dolphin,” I observed.

“Sexy,” Troy said. “I like it. Dolphin iconography is often associated with sex.”

“Trust the man to know,” I said. “So, is it about sex?”

“Yes,” she sighed. “And I’ll tell you about it sometime. But right now I’d like to get fucked.”

I was a little shy about reaching between Maggie’s legs to help Troy, but he had no such compunction. I could see the edges of her pussy lips glistening with juice and he easily slipped his cock into her. She groaned lightly and leaned back into him, pressing her ass against his stomach. “That’s good. Now get the vibe on my clit, Ginny.”

Switching on the device, I hesitated for a moment then carefully placed it where my husband and his girlfriend had joined their bodies. It was a fairly substantial vibrator, much bigger than my own and it sent strong tingling down my fingers. “Stroke it against me,” she said.

I happily complied and half lay next to her kissing her side and back as I helped her work toward orgasm. Unable to resist I kept peeking down to the joined cock and cunt and watched as Troy slipped in and out of her. It was fascinating so see other people have sex. I was pleased to be helping them both. Maggie had a strange way of reacting to the vibrator, every few seconds she’d inhale sharply and exclaim, “I came.” This happened at least a dozen times before Troy finally orgasmed and deposited his load into her womb. As he groaned and thrust, emptying his balls, he gripped her waist and shook with the pleasure.

“Take it away,” Maggie ordered me and I pulled the vibe off her clit and switched it off. She slid forward on the bed and lay down on her tummy. Troy slid along with her, covering her body. They looked happily content and relaxed—the picture of a couple in love, if that’s the right way to describe them. A twinge of jealousy ran through me again before I realized Troy would want to fuck me soon and sometime in the near future I’d have Maggie to myself. “Would you be a dear, Gin, and grab my panties for me? I don’t want to move and have the cum leak out.”

I knew she meant the ugly yellow ones and I picked them up off the floor, then stood there dumbly not knowing what to do. Ginny forced her legs together and order Troy off her body. She pushed herself back up on her knees putting her ass in the air, but keeping her chest to the bed. “Slip them up my legs,” she said. Essentially I did all the work putting Maggie’s panties on: easing them up her lower legs, forcing them over her knees as she slightly shifted her weight, then up her thighs and onto her hips, positioning them just right to keep Troy’s treasure carefully contained in her vag. Her awkward position helped prevent any leaking. Once the panties were on she got off the bed and quickly dressed.

“I hate to fuck and run,” she said to us as we watched her dress which was almost as much fun as watching her undress, “but I need to get this present home for Jaime.” She turned to leave, but paused at the door. “I’ll call you, Ginny, okay.” And then she left.

We sat on the bed a moment before we said anything.

“Wow, I feel used,” Troy said. “But in a good way.” He grinned.

I grabbed his cock and almost instantly he started hardening. It was like he was a teenager again. I stroked him lightly. “Want a blowjob to get warmed up?” I asked him. He nodded eagerly and I took him into my mouth. Giving him a blowjob wasn’t just for him. I tasted their combined fluids on his cock. Troy’s spunk I easily recognized. It was the musky scent of Maggie’s pussy that I concentrated on. It was a serving of deep-fried heaven on a stick.

Neither I nor Troy wanted him to finish in my mouth. After a few minutes of fellatio, he pushed me to my back and slammed his cock into me. That was good. I wanted a rough fucking. He wasted no time with further foreplay or subtle technique. He fucked me as hard as he could. I felt his balls slapping on my ass with every downstroke. We were so charged up and eager for more sex that in less than five minutes he shot another load of his hot cum, this time into me. We cuddled on the bed, his spunk slowly leaking out of me and drying on my pussy lips and thighs.

True to her word Maggie called me a couple of days later. Her only words to me: “Meet me on Lark Street tomorrow.”

Lark Street is the arty street in town. It’s where all the sex shops, college coffee bars, tattoo parlors, head shops, exotic boutiques, and a few titty bars are located. I was nervous about meeting her.

The minute she spotted me walking down the sidewalk, Maggie grabbed my arm, laced her fingers with mine and led me to our destination. When I saw the steps leading down to the store, I balked and refused to move. “I’m not getting a tattoo. I can’t do it.”

“Relax,” she said pushing me hard enough to make me stumble and all put all down the steps. “We’re not getting tattoos.”

“We’re not?” I asked opening the door to see a nice waiting area covered with examples of flash art and photos of the artists’ completed works.

“Nope, we’re getting our nipples pierced.”

Ten minutes later we were in the back room and I was scared. “You’re crazy. I’m not doing this. It’ll hurt!”

“Only for a second. Childbirth was much worse.”

“How would you know?”

“I’ve had mine pierced before.”

I blinked twice. “What? When?”

“A few years ago. After college. Before I got married. Guys think it’s sexy.”

“Troy won’t.”

“He will,” she countered. She was probably right. Guys like just about anything women do to ornament their body if it causes pain. High heels. Pierced ears. Plastic surgery. Tattoos. Waxing pubic hair. Too many hours in front of the mirror fighting makeup and hair. Any body piercing anywhere.

“I can’t,” I protested.

“You will,” she insisted. “You’re going to get one and I’m going to get one.” In her hand she displayed the simple gold rings she had already picked out. “We’re going to get the left done so they won’t snag on each other.” She moved close to me; I was sitting on the padded table that looked a little too much like a treatment table from the doctor’s office. I inhaled her scent and she kissed me lightly on the lips. “We’ll have matching rings above our hearts. We’ll be like intimate sisters.” She kissed me again, this time putting her tongue between my lips. Abruptly she pulled back when we heard the footsteps of the piercer.

The person who was going to put solid metal into my nipple looked barely old enough to have graduated high school. She was cute though, except for a little too much hardware on her face. I quickly counted at least six holes in her ears, one in her nose, two in her lips and one in her eyebrow. I wondered what her clothes were concealing. “You two ready?” she asked brightly, as if piercing two ladies who were just French kissing a moment ago was an everyday occurrence for her. Maybe it was.

“Yes,” Maggie answered. “Ginny’s going first.”

I stuck my tongue out at her, but I didn’t want to disappoint her either. There was a lot of prep work which was boring, but eventually I had to take off my shirt

and then bra. Collette took my breast in hand, carefully marked where I wanted the ring to go (she being the second woman recently who held my breast in an intimate fashion), I held my breath and Maggie's hand as the needle penetrated my flesh.

Maggie had lied. It hurt much worse than childbirth.

I screamed and cried, but Collette knew what she was doing or had been through the same routine with other people before. Shortly I looked down and saw the golden ring dangling from my still hard nipple. I wanted to faint.

Maggie was much more Stoic when her treatment came. She happily stripped off shirt and bra, I was jealous when Collette handled my girlfriend's breast and nipple, I held her hand as the sharp needle went in. Maggie made no noise other than a slight inhale of breath and barely moved. Her eyes never left my face. Soon her jewelry matched mine. Before she put her bra back on she boldly kissed me in front of Collette who didn't seem to mind in the least. I barely heard the aftercare instructions.

"How will I explain this to Troy?" I asked Maggie as we walked out.

"What's to explain? Just strip down tonight, say, 'Look what I did for you today,' let him see and all the blood will rush to his cock. He won't be able to think. If he asks any questions say 'Maggie talked me into it, and wait until you see her.'"

We kissed and parted ways. It wasn't until I was halfway home did I realize that I had begun to think of Maggie as my girlfriend.

She was absolutely right about Troy being aroused and fascinated by my nipple ring. We were getting ready for bed and I was casually undressing when I said to him, "I've got something to show you."

"Hmm?" He wasn't really paying attention and I might have been talking about the weather for all he cared.

"Maggie and I did something together today." That was all I needed to get his attention. He spun around and asked, "Did you two—"

I shook my head. "No. We did this." I carefully unhooked my bra from the back and displayed my still sore and freshly pierced nipple at him.

“Oh. Wow.” He was almost speechless, so that impressed me. He still had his boxers on and I saw his immediate erection tent the material. “Can I?” he reached for me.

I took a careful step back. “No. It’s still very sore. It needs time to heal. You can look, but no touching.” Troy knelt in front of me and closely observed my new semi-permanent jewelry.

“Did it hurt when it happened?” he asked, like it was something that happened to me rather than something I willingly went along with.

“Yes, very much. And I hope you appreciate that.” He nodded eagerly. “It still hurts, too. You aren’t touching the girls for a few days at least.”

“Can we have sex tonight?”

It was a reasonable request considering what I was showing him and the rampant state of his cock. And it wasn’t like I wasn’t in the mood. The nipple ring did make me feel naughty and sexy, though apparently half the female population under age thirty have them as well. Every since we took up with Maggie and Jamie, the sex between Troy and me had improved greatly. We went from maybe once a week, to almost every night. It was like we were teenagers again. I acquiesced. “Okay, but no touching my tits. I’m going to wear a bra tonight too.”

We finished stripping but before any sex I got out my softest all cotton bra and carefully put it on my breasts. It was just supportive enough without being too constrictive. I ordered Troy onto his back and mounted his hard cock. No foreplay; the nipple ring was enough excitement for the both of us.

“Why’d she make you get a nipple ring?” he asked as he thrust into my pussy. I could already tell this wasn’t going to take long.

“She wanted us to share something,” I replied. It was hard for me not to play with my own tits, something I usually did when I was on top of my husband. Instead I leaned forward and put my hands on his shoulders, letting his hips come up to reach me.

“She got one too?”

“Yes. We match.” I decided not to tell him I considered her my girlfriend now.

That was between Maggie and me.

“I can’t wait to see her now.”

“I bet you can’t. You’d rather be fucking your piece on the side rather than your wife,” I accused him.

“Uh-uh,” he grunted in disagreement as he grabbed my hips, eagerly pumped a few more times and emptied his load into me. I didn’t cum, which disappointed me, but after I rolled off him, I reached down between my legs and played with my clit for a minute as he watched me. I used his spunk to lube my fingers and my own orgasm came a minute later. It was very nice for both of us.

A few weeks passed as our nipples healed. Troy kept a close watch on mine. Maggie and I talked every day on the phone. It was like having a new boyfriend, except she was my girlfriend, I realized I was in love with her and I felt as giddy as I would years ago. We were finally able to make plans for a girl’s night out. Troy believed I was spending the night at Maggie’s and Jaime was banished to a friend’s house, while Jaime believed Maggie was sleeping over at my house while Troy was otherwise occupied. Both men knew we were planning on having sex with each other, they just didn’t know we were going to be doing it in one of the nicer hotel rooms in the city.

We met in the hotel’s bar. I had waited maybe ten minutes sitting at a table with a glass of wine. In that short amount of time two men had come up to me asking if they could join me. I told them I was waiting for my date and they left. This had never happened to me before. True, I was dressed a little sexy, showing plenty of cleavage and my curves that I had managed to reduce to the point of being voluptuous instead of being fat. But I thought it was because I exuded some intangible sexual aura that was bringing other to me.

When Maggie came in she was dressed twice as sexy in a tight black dress that also showed off her more than ample tits. Either she was cold or aroused because I could clearly see the outline of her nipples through the thin material. And her left nipple definitely hinted she was wearing her piercing as well. I could feel my panties begin to moisten.

I stood up and greeted her with a kiss. A deep, long, passionate kiss. I was certain at least one of the men who tried to pick me up saw us kissing. I hoped

he was both jealous and turned on. We sat down holding hands and pretended to have a casual conversation while I finished my wine and Maggie practically chugged hers. It was during this forced conversation and hand holding that I realized we were both still wearing our wedding rings and engagement rings. True, most men wouldn't pick up on that fine detail, but I was certain our waitress did.

After ten minutes we decided to stop flirting with each other, we both knew where the night was going, and we left the bar and headed to the elevators still holding hands. Unfortunately there wasn't anyone to offend on the way up to the room Maggie had reserved for us.

"Ever do it in an elevator?" she asked me as the door closed.

"No," I admitted. "Never really had the opportunity."

"Me neither. It's a male fantasy. Just a ploy to see how quickly you can have sex." She smiled at me and in an instant we were pressed against each other, our tongues fighting a private battle inside our mouths. There was a final thrill as the elevator reached our floor and we broke apart, but still held hands as the doors opened to reveal a nice older couple waiting to go down. They stepped aside to let us out.

"Have a pleasant night, girls," the man called out as we walked away. I blushed with embarrassment, but Maggie took it in stride.

"Thanks!" she called. I glanced back and saw them both smiling. Who knew what secrets they had in their past?

Our room was nice, nothing outrageous or opulent, but we weren't there for the view or well-appointed furnishings. Once inside I wanted to get naked and fuck Maggie.

"Let's take it a little bit slow," she said after another kiss. I dropped my overnight bag next to hers, kissed her fiercely, pulling her body tight to mine and dropping my hands to her ass.

"As long as I get to fuck you," I said.

"That's what I've planned."

Call me an ultimate girl, but I could get lost in kissing alone. In the back of my mind I knew it was wrong to be making out with another woman, but Maggie's kisses and attention were exactly what I needed in my life. My body pressed against hers, our hands roaming up and down our bodies, I could feel her warm breasts pressed against me. It was completely not what I had been used to my entire life. But even ten minutes of making out was eventually enough for me and I broke apart from her. "Turn around," I ordered.

When she presented me with her backside, I lowered the zipper and pushed the straps off her shoulders. The thin material slid from her body and puddled on the floor. Her ass was partly exposed by the tiny panties she was wearing that let the bottom half of her ass cheeks show. I briefly glanced at the tiny dolphin tattoo peeking out from under the black lace then stepped forward to unhook her gossamer thin bra. When I did so, she turned back around to let it slip off her torso, displaying her now bare breasts, her left nipple still adorned with its golden ring. I reached out and touched it. For this I was immediately rewarded with the hardening of her nipple and a shiver running through Maggie's body that caused her skin to quiver.

"Excited?" I asked her unnecessarily.

"Very much."

I leaned up and kissed her again. But I was really just wasting time because I was nervous. I steeled myself and dropped to my knees before her. After glancing up for her permission—she was smiling down at me—I pulled her black lace panties down her legs. Only now did I realize she was wearing a pair of thigh high stay-up stockings. Very sexy. I wished I thought that far ahead, but I had opted for bare legs instead.

She had carefully shaved her light brown pubes to a nice sharp triangle. I leaned forward and kissed her pubic mound, right at the top edge of her hair. Her sharp, musky scent filled my nostrils and I wanted to dive in right then. The muscles in my stomach tensed and I could feel that odd dropping effect of intense arousal. "Get on the bed," I ordered her.

"Take off your dress first," she replied, but still moved onto the bed, sweeping off the cover, exposing the sheets.

I happily stripped for her, shimmying out of my dress and standing proudly in

my bra and panties. She watched from the bed, propped up on her elbows, legs slightly apart, letting me peak at her pussy. My lingerie was more conservative than hers, not lace, but plain red silk. I was proudest of my bra that took my natural assets and made them even better. I kept thinking I hoped she wouldn't be disappointed when I took it off, but I was forgetting she had seen me naked many times already.

Mounting the bed next to her feet I kissed her stocking covered knee, then her thigh right above the stocking. I moved between her legs and pushed her thighs apart. The moist pinkness of her pussy opened for me and I hesitated a moment, scared at what I was about to do, but she wanted it as much as I did. Kissing the soft patch of pubic hair above her slit I noticed how clean and well defined she was. Did she shave or get waxed? I'd have to remember to ask her.

Then I kissed the tiny button of her clit; her musk was strong in my nostrils. I moved down and slipped my tongue into her pussy. Once I had started, performing cunnilingus wasn't bad, it was actually quite fun and enjoyable. I just did to her what I liked Troy—and Maggie—did to me. She moved around with some moaning and groaning, while I licked and sucked her. Eventually I locked my arms around her thighs to stay in place with her movements. Her taste was divine. When I slipped a finger into her, reaching upward to find her g-spot I was rewarded with her first orgasm and a tiny spurt of her juices.

She shook and quivered as the orgasm rolled through her body. "Don't stop," she ordered me. "More."

I eagerly plunged back down for more. Now I knew what I was doing I was ready to bring her off again. Finding the right combination of fingering, licking, sucking, and teasing of her clit was even more fun for her than it was for me. This time her orgasm was almost violent and she practically threw me off the bed with her thrashing. When she was done we both laughed a bit at her theatrics. Then I kissed my way up her body, stopping at her left breast long enough to take her nipple and ring in my mouth, playing with them, feeling the odd conflict of flesh and metal on my tongue before arriving at her mouth and exchanging kisses with her again.

"That was wonderful," she told me.

"Thank you," I accepted the compliment.

“Let me do you now,” she said, rolling me off her body. Her fingers burrowed into my silk panties and she smiled at what she found.”How often do you go completely bare?” she asked when she found my lack of pubic hair.

“Mostly during the summer. It was a surprise for you,” I told her.

“I like surprises,” she said while pushing her hand deeper into my panties. Her nimble digits spread my labia and she sank her middle finger into my pussy. This caused me to groan and unconsciously wiggle my hips. Even with my extra pounds I felt sexy with her because she wanted me. “Gotta get your panties off,” she said pulling her hand away and getting on her knees.

I lifted up my hips to help her expose my naked pussy; she was between my thighs in an instant, attaching her lips to my cunt. I needed to be naked so I fumbled with the front clasp of my bra until I managed to open it, freeing my tits. I tossed away the garment and relaxed to Maggie’s busy tongue on my clit and her fingers up my pussy. She knew exactly how to please my body. Unconsciously my hands went to my breasts and I pinched and teased my nipples and Maggie worked her magic between my legs. The pain from the piercing had faded and I now found it quite enjoyable to move it against my flesh. It was like a hot button line to my clit.

My orgasm slowly built as Maggie slathered attention on my pussy and I could feel her eyes on me. Forcing my eyes open I looked down between my legs to see her staring up at me. She took her mouth off my pussy for a moment.

“You’re beautiful,” she said and then went back to work. Those words were enough to make me grind my pussy down on her face. She responded with enthusiasm. Her fingers inside my pussy found my g-spot hidden up inside me, stroking it a few time was enough to make me cum. I let out a keening cry as my juices flowed over her face.

“You cum like a boy,” she said when I was done, a grin on her face. “But you’re also very tasty, so I don’t mind.” Maggie scooted up the bed and snuggled next to me. Her face was still wet from my girl cum and I kissed her back, tasting myself, then wiped her dry with a corner of the sheet. Our arms went around each other and we covered up with the light blanket. Then we laughed a little.

“This is strange,” I said. “But good. Making love with a girl is...well, everything and nothing like I thought it would be.”

“It is good, isn’t it?” she replied.

“Yeah, but you’ve done it before,” I pointed out. “Alone, not with husbands watching. This is all new to me.”

“Oh, honey, I’ve had sex with a woman before, but not with...” she trailed off.

“Not with what?” My heart dropped. Was she going to call me fat? True, I didn’t have the body I did when I was twenty, but fifteen years and two kids takes a toll on any woman.

She looked me straight in the eye. “Not with someone I really loved.”

I was shocked at her revelation and laid there mute for a moment. Then I responded the only way I knew how. “I love you too,” I said and followed it with a kiss.

It was extraordinary falling in love with a woman when I still loved my husband. I was satisfied and jealous at the same time. “I have a present for you,” I told her. “I need to get it out of my bag.” Without waiting for her reply I rolled out of bed and pulled the small box from my overnight bag.

“I like surprises,” she told me again when I turned around. I felt comfortable naked in front of her. She was now on her side, her head propped on her hand, elbow on the mattress while her breasts spilling out above the sheet, her nipple ring on display. “What did you get me?”

Finding I couldn’t articulate what I wanted to say, I silently opened the box and displayed the matching rings to her. They were simple finger rings, gold and silver twisted together without a gem or other ornamentation. On the interior of the bands I had our names inscribed. She looked at the rings with a puzzled expression. I pulled out the one with my name on it and asked her, “Will you be my girlfriend?”

She gasped and was truly shocked. “Yes,” she managed to sputter out before a few sobs escaped her lips and she started crying. My emotions were running high as well. Tears started sliding down my cheeks and we cried together for a minute, kissing away each other’s tears.

When we had recovered enough I took the ring from her and picked up her right

hand. "Let me put it on you." She nodded and I slid it on the ring finger. I was pleased I had estimated her size almost perfectly; it went on without a problem even though her hand was shaking. "Now you do me," I said. We laughed at my double entendre as she slid the ring with the name Maggie on my finger, then we laid back on the bed and held up our hands admiring our new rings. On our left were our engagement rings and wedding bands, on the right were our new girlfriend rings. "We should take a picture," I said absently.

She sat bolt upright and declared, "Good idea!" Jumping out of bed she zipped open her back and rummaged through it, pulling out her cell phone. We snapped a few pictures of our hands together, which was slightly awkward when we wanted to get all four hands at the same time, but we figured out the timer and accomplished the task.

"What are we going to do with those?" I asked.

"I don't know. But I want to keep them for a while." She then drew a wicked grin on her face stepped back a few paces and snapped a picture of my naked body.

"Hey!" I protested. "I don't want nudies of me plastered all over the internet!"

She laughed. "The only people on Earth who want to see you naked are me, your husband, and maybe Jaime."

That made me angry. "Are you calling me fat and ugly?"

Maggie moved back to the bed and kissed me on the forehead. "Oh, honey, no. I just saying there are so many nudes on the internet, you'd just be one more in a sea of a million. I'm saving this one to jill off to later on." She tossed me the phone. "Take a few of me. I'll send them to Troy and Jaime. They'll love it."

She had a point, what's one more series of nude pictures on the internet? And in the context of being a tease for our husbands, I immediately set to recording Maggie's naked body. Maybe she should have been a nude model because she immediately got into the role, displaying herself for me and the camera. Her stockings were quickly removed and immediately she went to the extreme, wanting me to do moderate close-ups of her hand between her legs, masturbating; teasing the camera with shy looks; displaying her nipple ring as she licked her breast. Inspired by her performance I opened wide the curtains

displaying a nice city backdrop. Positioning her in front of this scenic span, I turned off the lights and took pictures of her silhouetted body against the twinkling lights. Maggie wasn't at all shy about displaying herself. Finally she took the phone out of my hand and said, "My turn."

It was hard for me to refuse considering what she had just done, so I reluctantly went along with her ideas for displaying my nude body. She was obsessed with my ass and tits, but that was fine by me, it kept my face out of most of the pictures. Then she handed the cell back to me. "On your back and open your legs," she ordered. "This one is special for Troy."

Taking a picture of your girlfriend eating your pussy isn't nearly as sexy or exciting as it seems. After several attempts I finally got a picture that didn't make me look extremely fat, or make Maggie look like she was drunk or asleep, or was centered on my thigh instead of my pussy and her face. It gave me a new appreciation for the girls who did porn and nude pictures. Very little sexy for a whole lot of work.

When we were done with that, Maggie and I looked through the whole lot and immediately deleted the ones that were truly horrible, then—against my better judgment—she emailed the batch to Troy and Jaime. The lead photo was the one of her between my legs with a caption "Don't you wish you were here?"

"Now what?" I asked her. Sex and debauchery was exhausting.

"What did you bring to sleep in?"

"Nothing," I lied to her. "Just my skin and you."

"Ha ha," she replied and pulled a very nice, silky, purple nightie out of her bag and slipped it over her head. It was very shiny and very short, barely covering her ass, and there was also enough of a built in bra to form a little bit of cleavage with her tits.

"Very nice," I complimented her. "I wasn't aware this was supposed to be a girlie slumber party."

"Get yours on," she ordered me. From my bag I pulled the babydoll I usually wore with Troy when I was feeling slutty. It was pale blue completely sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination and was so short the bottoms of my ass

cheeks hung out and my pussy was on display. It made me feel slutty and submissive at the same time. I enjoyed the feeling Oddly, I was dressed more provocatively than her, which was a switch.

Maggie smiled happily at my ensemble. “You look like a slut,” she said, pulled out her cell phone again and clicked off a few more pictures. I pretended like I didn’t care and lay down next to her.

“I love you,” I told her again. She responded with a kiss and slipped her hand inside my panties to play with my pussy. I returned the favor by fingering her more exposed cunt. We kissed and groped for a few minutes and then our lovemaking dissolved into a competition to see who could get the other off first. I won, making Maggie cum on my fingers because I rubbed her clit with my thumb while keeping my fingers up in her pussy, but then I wasn’t hampered by the material of my panties as she tried to make me cum.

When she was done shaking from the orgasm I gave her, I pulled her head down to my pussy and made her use her tongue. That was enough to finish me off. We drifted off to sleep in each other’s arms.

Chapter Three

When I woke the next morning it took me a minute to figure out where I was and who the woman sleeping next to me was. For some reason I was still horny, which should have surprised me at all. Maggie looked almost angelic while sleeping. Her nightie had risen above her hips during the night so I wiggled my down her body, opened her legs up and set to work on eating her pussy. It was perhaps the most perfect breakfast I ever had. She groaned as she came, slowly waking up to the new day. Maggie was not a morning person.

“Get off me, I have to pee,” were her first words after coming. She got up and stumbled to the bathroom. I waited impatiently for her return and pulled off my panties, but left on the silken top that held my breasts.

She came back naked, rumped and beautiful. I was on my back so I spread my thighs invitingly, showing off my bare pussy. “Care to fuck?” I asked her.

Maggie groaned and flopped on the bed next to me. “Sort of,” she mumbled. “I’m not a morning person.” Her skin next to mine felt wonderful and she placed her hand between my legs and started rubbing. It was nice, gentle and slow, but I needed more to get off. I pushed her hand away, rolled off the bed, went to my overnight bag, pulled out my big blue vibrator and put in her hand.

“Use this. I need to cum.” Maggie knew what to do with the toy. My cunt was already wet from my anticipation and her busy fingers, so she just twisted the base to turn it on, placed it at the slippery entrance to my pussy and slipped it in me. “Oh. Nice,” I commented and she started moving it in and out, teasing my clit with her fingers.

“Do lesbians like having vibrators in their pussies?” Maggie mused as she played with my body.

“I don’t know,” I gasped. I can’t concentrate on conversation when I’m being sexually aroused and attacked.

“That’s how I know I’m not a lesbian,” she commented, angling the vibrator

toward my g-spot, then pulling it away, teasing me. “I love to touch and be with a woman, but I need a cock in my cunt on a regular basis. Maybe I’m bi. I could give up having sex with women, but I could never give up the cock.”

“Uh-huh,” I absently agreed with her. She quickly doubled the pace of her thrusting and found my pleasure zone. I cried out with a strangled groan as I finally orgasmed.

“You’re pretty when you cum,” she said after I collapsed back onto the bed sheets.

“Thanks,” I panted.

“Mind if I borrow this?” she asked. I nodded, not understanding her question. I moment later my vibrator was insider her pussy. I was taken aback. I suppose it was one thing to share husband’s cocks and have sex with Maggie, but somehow her using my vibrator on her pussy was a little too personal. Shouldn’t she have her own vibrator for that? I reached over to take it away from her. She slapped my hand away.

“No,” I insisted, grabbing the toy from between her legs. “It’s my vibe and I’ll use it on you.” We had a moment’s struggle that I won. She seemed happy enough to let me run my vibrator in and out of her wet pussy. It didn’t take her very long to cum. Maggie left a very noticeable wet spot on the bed when she was done. I had always attributed the wet spot to my husband’s spunk, but maybe on my back more than just a little bit of the moisture was mine. But I still wasn’t going to sleep in it.

Now fully awake we went to the bathroom and showered together. It was less sexy and more just shared intimacy. We certainly touched each other as much as possible, but we weren’t trying to have sex. Then she did something unexpected: she shaved my legs. Maggie didn’t ask permission, she just knelt in front of me, pulled out the razor from her toiletry bag next she had brought along and lathered me up. It was surprisingly intimate. I learned a new level of trust with Maggie. That happens when someone runs a sharp blade over your skin. She wanted to shave my pussy, but I told her that was unnecessary. After a quick trip to the continental breakfast bar, a cup of coffee, and an intimate, soul-searching lip lock in the lobby to display our sexuality for the barely awake boy at the front desk, and we parted ways for the day.

Troy and I didn't have any time during the day to speak, family and life obligations kept us busy, but as soon we were in bed, his hand shot right to my pussy. I yelped a little bit when I realized I was a little sore from Maggie's treatment of me the night before.

"Touchy?" he asked me as I spread my legs a little wider to give him easy access. I had already moistened and he slipped a pair of fingers into me.

"A little bit."

"Did Maggie wear you out?"

"No. Well, yes, it a good way."

"Mm-hmm," he agreed, scooting down a bit and pushing up my night shirt. He took my pierced nipple into his mouth and gently sucked. He had grown fond of my piercing and we had discussed a few times whether or not I should get the right done, but I was happy with what I had and saw no need to change anything. I could feel my nipple harden in his mouth and I had to wiggle my hips to get him to move his hand more quickly in my pussy. He broke the connection and looked up at me. "So, are you two going to go full lesbian, or will I still be part of your life?"

I laughed at his insecurity. "I love the cock a little too much," I told him, slipping my hand inside his boxers and grabbing his semi-erect rod. "Maggie and I could get married, we do live in New York," I speculated as I started stroking his length, "but we'd both have to get divorces first, then there's the messy blended families, and it gets so complicated, so I think I'll keep her as my girlfriend."

"Girlfriend? So...you're going to be a full on bisexual woman now?" he asked.

"I think I might be. At least with her."

Troy moved on top of me and I pushed down his boxers. His elegant cock slipped easily inside me. "So you're going to have husband and a girlfriend at the same time?" he asked me as he started thrusting into me.

"Yeah, I like the sound of that. Do you mind?"

"No. It's a lot sexier than you having a husband and a boyfriend."

I laughed and kissed him. He might be sweet, but he's also entirely predictable. I held up my right hand for him to see. "See what she gave me?" I asked him, leaving out the part that I had actually purchased both rings.

"A ring?" he asked absently, paying more attention to having sex with me than my new bit of jewelry.

"Not just a ring," I said, slipping it off. I had become awfully chatty during sex; for some reason I like to talk philosophically dirty when someone was concentrating on my genitals. Putting it right in front of his face, I showed him Maggie's name engraved on the inside. "It's my girlfriend ring," I told him.

That was enough to make him cum. He exploded in my pussy before I was anywhere near satisfied. Troy collapsed on top of me and rested a minute before rolling off and taking my ring to more closely examine it. "How come I don't get a ring from her?"

I snatched it back from him. "Because you're not her girlfriend, I am. Get your own special ring," I teased him. "Maybe you and Jaime can arrange something."

He held up his hands. "Oh. No. He's a nice guy and all, but I'm completely straight. If he wants to eat my cum out of your or Maggie's pussy, I'm fine with that. But that's as far as our intimate relationship goes."

"But it's okay for me to fuck a woman and other men?" I asked him.

He eagerly nodded. "Especially if I get to watch."

"What if I came home with some of Jaime's cum in my pussy? Would you eat me out then?" I don't know why I asked the question, it wasn't something that I ever planned on doing; I just wanted to see how far I could push him.

"No. Nope. Sorry. I'd get a wet washcloth and clean you up and fuck you, but I'm not into cream pies. Sorry."

"What about if Maggie and I tied you down to the bed, blind folded you, and then had Jaime give you a blowjob?"

"What? No. That's not going to happen. I'd know it was a man giving me a blowjob."

“How’d you know?” I pressed him and slipped my hand down to my wet pussy and started rubbing. The talk of pushing sexual boundaries was making me hot.

“I’d know. I’d be able to feel his beard and his hands are bigger than yours or Maggie’s. I’d be able to tell. Besides, he’d never do it. He’s straight. Maybe he likes cream pies. That’s fine, that’s his kink, but he’s not gay or bi.”

“But it’s okay for me to eat pussy, because I am bi?” I asked him. My hand was getting faster in my crotch.

“Are you bi?” he asked me.

“Maybe,” I admitted. “Yes, no. I don’t know. I just like sex. With women or men.”

He nodded in agreement as he watched me masturbate. “Women are like that. They’re pretty adaptable in their sexuality. It changes, it expands. Not men. We pick what we like when we’re teenagers and we stick with it our entire lives.”

“I like who I am now,” I panted, wishing I had grabbed my vibrator out of the dresser before coming to bed, but I wasn’t doing to stop jilling off to get it now.

“I love who you are now,” Troy told me, reaching out and twisting my nipple ring. That was what I needed to push me over the edge. I came hard and rolled to my side, my hand cupped to my naked pussy. Troy wrapped his arms around me as we drifted off to sleep.

And I was happy. Extremely happy. I had a wonderful family, a great husband, a girlfriend who was beautiful and sex, and occasionally I’d get a little extra sex on the side with my girlfriend’s husband. Even so, it was a busy life, trying to coordinate our schedules so that the three or four of us could meet up even once a month for sexcapades was difficult. Difficult, but fun. And in the long run worth it. For some reason Maggie and Jaime always seemed to have more spare time than Troy and I, but that didn’t seem to matter.

Maggie and I would get together on our own about once a month sometimes more, just for a casual romp in bed when the kids were at school and the husbands were busy. I should have noticed it first, but I didn’t. I didn’t want to be the woman who pointed out to her girlfriend that she was putting on weight. I had learned to love eating her pussy and had come to need that time when I

could lose myself between her thighs, giving her pleasure as she writhed beneath me. Neither did I mind what she could do between my legs with her fingers and tongue either.

It was when I was watching Troy fuck her that everything suddenly started falling apart. She was on her elbows and knees, ass in the air while Troy plunged his cock in and out of her slippery pussy. Maggie and I had already made love while Troy watched; that was all it took to get him going, two women kissing and eating each other's quims. I was on my side, one hand propping up my head, the other between my legs, two fingers inside my cunt. Troy leaned forward, grabbing Maggie's breast with one hand and sliding the other down her chest to her tummy to reach for her clit. Her tummy was rounder than it should have been, but I dismissed that thought.

With a few more vigorous thrusts Troy came insider her quim, pumping his spunk deep into her womb. We had planned this. Maggie would leave shortly and go home to present her husband with the cream pie he loved. On the final thrust Troy tried to drive Maggie flat onto the mattress to rest upon her while they basked in the afterglow. She protested. "No, not on my stomach!" and rolled slightly to her side, depriving my husband the opportunity to snuggle with my girlfriend. Only then did it click in my mind. Her belly was too curved and her protest was one I had never heard before from her lips.

"You're pregnant," I blurted without thinking.

Troy looked at me like I was crazy. "What? You're crazy," he said. "She's just..." he trailed off, not wanting to call her fat either.

The look on Maggie's face was all I needed for confirmation. She admitted the truth. "Yes." Immediately she bit her lip and tried to keep from crying. "I was hiding it from you two. I didn't know how to tell you."

"Wait a second," Troy interjected. "I've had a vasectomy. And you told us that Jaime had one as well. What's going on?"

"You're not the father," Maggie told us as Troy somewhat unceremoniously pulled his penis out of her.

I started hyperventilating. It was good Troy wasn't the father, but that mean Jaime was and I had unprotected sex with him I don't know how many times.

Was I pregnant too?

“Don’t worry; Jaime’s not the father either.” Maggie rested her hand on my shoulder, trying to comfort me.

“Wait...then who is?” Troy asked.

“His name’s Greg. I’ve been seeing him a while.” Her face was impassive. I had no idea what she was thinking or planning.

“Does Jaime know?” I asked her.

“Does he know I’ve been fucking Greg? Yes. Does he know I’m pregnant? No, not yet.”

“I thought Jaime got a vasectomy so you wouldn’t have to worry about this sort of thing,” Troy said, still puzzled.

“He got a vasectomy because he didn’t want any more children. I didn’t have much say in the matter,” she told us, then got up off our bed and pulled on her very practical panties and started dressing. “Sorry to surprise you with all this,” she said by way of apology.

Troy just shook his head and waved off her concerns. “Don’t let it worry you,” he said.

“Thanks,” she said. I wasn’t sure if she was thanking him for his kindness or the load of spunk she was carrying home to her husband.

I jumped off the bed and gave her a deep kiss before she left. It felt odd pressing my naked body into her clothed one, but I didn’t let it bother me. “Call me,” I told her. She just nodded and walked out the door.

When I lay back down on the bed, Troy spooned me and we lay there quietly. I could feel his soft cock, still moist from Maggie’s pussy, pressing against my ass, but neither of us moved to initiate sex like we normally did the moment our partner was out the door. Before he had always enjoyed the second round of private sex almost more than the group sex.

I don’t know how conversation between Jaime and Maggie went. It wasn’t good,

of that I was sure. But in the end they didn't break up and she kept the baby. I don't know what happened to Greg, maybe he was just a fling a way of Maggie getting her way. But our sex partners slowly drifted away from us. I had sex with Maggie a few more times after her revelation, but I found it a bit awkward having sex with a pregnant woman. Troy had no such reservations; the three of us managed one more romp together and he professed that pregnant women are sexy. It was fun watching them have sex one last time, a formal goodbye as it were. Troy and I never saw Jaime after that, which was probably for the best.

Once the baby was born, I hardly ever saw or talked with Maggie. They were too busy with a newborn and we just couldn't make our connections any more. Troy and I, however, missed additional partners in our bed. We talked it over, found a swingers website and eventually hooked up with a couple a few years younger than us. Bethany and Daniel were enthusiastic lovers. Bethany was especially willing to try anything it seemed. Maybe she was jealous that I had a nipple ring and she didn't, she always called me her sexier, older lover. But Bethany loved being the center of attention, one time insisting on having Daniel's cock in her ass, Troy's in her pussy, and my pussy in her face.

I think she was trying to prove something to someone I never knew or met.

Daniel and Troy hit it off well enough. Bethany and I got them drunk enough one night that they gave each other blowjobs at our insistence. It wasn't as hot as I hoped it would be, but turnabout is always fair play and they got plenty of favors fulfilled for their selfless acts.

One day Bethany was over at my house for a completely innocent cup of coffee. I had taken off my rings and tossed them on the table so I could wash the dishes as we talked. She idly poked at my jewelry as I worked, eventually picking up one of the gold bands and looking at it carefully.

"What's this?" she asked, displaying my girlfriend ring. I still wore it.

"Oh. That was given to me by my old girlfriend." My face flushed lightly. Although Bethany and I had sex numerous times, I didn't consider her my girlfriend. The moment was a bit awkward.

"She must have loved you very much to give you such a pretty ring."

"She did," I said. "I loved her too. It didn't work out though." We hadn't told

Bethany and Daniel about Maggie and Jamie. It was too difficult.

“You have such a beautiful name too. Margeaux.”

About the Author

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

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