



A SUMMER CAMP SWINGERS STORY

BIG ED MAGUSSON



FYI

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Chris let out a heavy sigh. He poured himself a scotch and then paused. Then he poured some more. *So what if it's the middle of the afternoon? It's been a long week.*

He wandered into the living room looking for his current mystery novel, but paused. The girls were out by the pool, taking advantage of the warm spring day to soak up some sun. They'd picked lounge chairs that were almost directly in front of the window to lie on. Their nude bodies glistened in the sun, though there must have been a cool breeze because of the way Gina's nipples stood erect.

He was only mildly surprised to see Erin lying between Gina and Leah. She'd been over a lot since dumping Sean. Apparently spending time with her best friend helped keep her mind off the break-up. *As was fooling around with her best friend.*

Chris smiled. He'd come home late a night or two earlier to discover Erin sitting on the couch with Leah kneeling on the floor before her, going down on her. He'd been too exhausted to do more than wave on his way through the room before going upstairs and collapsing in bed.

His dick twitched at the memory. *I probably could've stayed to watch, he mused, if I hadn't been so tired. Damn Reagan and his Star Wars!*

He swirled his drink and frowned. Reagan's surprise announcement of his Strategic Defense Initiative had sent the entire station scrambling. Ted wanted experts of all stripes in front of the camera immediately, and it had been Chris's job to make it happen. He'd had to absorb a lot of military strategy, physics, and science in the past few days.

I could almost be a rocket scientist myself, he mused. After all, I have a long cylinder that rises up and explodes.

He laughed quietly at his own joke, but then frowned. Things were better with Elizabeth, but he still had trouble with that ‘rising up’ sometimes. He knew why, but knowing why didn’t matter. Too much had simmered below the surface for too long, and now that it had bubbled over, he wasn’t sure how to clean all the muck away.

Beth and Susan had helped. Not only had he had several good conversations with both of them over the last couple of weeks, but they’d demonstrated rather conclusively that there was nothing wrong with *him*, sexually. All his plumbing worked just fine, thank you.

They’d also demonstrated that it worked just fine with Elizabeth. He smiled at the memory. He’d come home the day of his birthday to find the three of them kneeling in the living room in see-through harem pants and tops that Susan had found somewhere. Elizabeth said his present was to be pampered, pleased, and screwed until he passed out in bliss. They’d managed that, he recalled with a grin. And Elizabeth had been gratified that he’d saved every load of come for her.

No, the rest of the time, it was just the muck getting in the way. And he couldn’t exactly ask Beth or Susan to join him and Elizabeth every time.

Maybe I just need to find more women.

He snorted softly and shook his head. He’d been a swinger long enough to see what happened to marriages when one of the partners started thinking that way. No, he needed to patch things up with his wife, one way or another.

He raised his glass to his lips and discovered he’d already finished all of his scotch. He stood to get more and realized the scene outside the window had changed.

Erin straddled Leah’s thighs, slowly rubbing suntan oil into Leah’s back and shoulders. The blonde’s own breasts swayed as she worked and a light

breeze tussled her hair. She smiled as she slowly ran her hands down the small of her friend's back and across the top of her ass. Leah turned her head and said something, to which Erin laughed merrily.

As Chris watched, Erin rose enough to allow Leah to roll over. His daughter stretched catlike, and then placed her hands under her head. While sunglasses hid her eyes, she seemed to wear a contented smile.

Erin shared her smile. She poured more oil into her hands and then started rubbing it into Leah's shoulders and upper arms. Occasionally she dipped lower towards the darker girl's breasts, but it soon became obvious that those were just teases. A way of saying, "I'll get to these ... in my own sweet time."

Chris smiled. *This could be good.*

He obviously wasn't the only one who thought so. Gina rolled onto her side so she could watch the show. Her dark sunglasses might have obscured what she was looking at, but her free hand now playing with her own pussy made it clear.

Chris's cock stiffened. *We said it's okay to watch.*

Except ... except he wasn't sure he was really comfortable watching his own daughters these days. Leah and Gina had dropped pretty big hints about what they were going to do in the den the night Gina arrived, and Chris had decided that he had to *not* watch if he was to maintain his boundaries. He'd made a point of mentioning how much work he had to do and how tired he was and then failed to 'get' their hints. Given how tired *they* were the next morning, they'd had a long, intense evening. Meanwhile, that evening, he'd tried not to let his imagination run wild and failed. After tossing and turning beside an oblivious sleeping Elizabeth, he'd crept into the bathroom and gotten himself off. He'd immediately felt guilty, but at least he'd been able to sleep.

He didn't need to sleep now. As he looked on, Erin filled her palm with oil once again and this time didn't tease. Leah arched her back as her friend massaged the oil into and around her breasts. Erin pulled on Leah's nipples

a couple of times, helping make them stiff in the sun. She said something that caused Leah to chuckle.

Chris focused his gaze on Erin's breasts. *Erin I can fantasize about.* He let his mind wander to memories of playing with Erin—licking her, playing with her breasts, being sucked by her. Kissing her.

Definitely kissing her.

Erin leaned forward and her lips met Leah's. They remained entwined for a few moments before the blonde pulled back, poured some oil onto Leah's belly, and started rubbing it in.

The hell with it. I'm just watching. Chris dropped his pants and began to stroke his cock.

Erin slowly ran her hands over Leah's hips, abdomen, and upper thighs. When she began to squirm, Erin stood and shifted until she knelt over Leah's face. Then the two girls settled into a sixty-nine.

Chris smiled and slowly pleased himself. The girls seemed to be taking their time. Once Erin pulled up to sweep her hair out of the way, but otherwise they were languorous in their moves.

Chris let his mind slide to memories of fooling around with Erin as he watched. Her taste. The vision of her lips wrapped around his cock. What her lips felt like on his. *It's too bad we never screwed. That'd've been spectacular too.*

In the distance, the garage door creaked and rose.

Elizabeth's home. Chris pulled his pants up and fastened them.

The girls remained locked in their pleasure. On the far side of them, Gina continued to play with herself while she watched. Chris barely pulled his own eyes away when his wife walked in with an armful of department store boxes.

“My, this is a surprise,” she said. She set her purchases down on one of the chairs and he did the same with his empty glass.

“We’ve got enough tape now for a few days,” he said. “Bill’s got things under control, so I figured I deserved a little time off and came home early.”

She smiled as she walked over. “I’m glad.” They exchanged a quick kiss. “I’ve missed you this week.”

The slight innuendo in her words was enough hint after all their years of marriage to know what she meant.

“I’ve missed you too,” he said.

“So, maybe, if the girls aren’t around... ?”

He smiled. “They’re outside,” he said with a flick of his thumb toward the window.

Elizabeth’s grin grew as she took in the sight. “Oh, my ... Have you been watching long?”

“No, they just started.”

“It looks like they’re well beyond ‘started.’”

Chris followed his wife’s gaze back outside. The girls had moved to towels on the ground where the three were in a mini-daisy chain, each licking and fingering another while being licked and fingered herself.

“Would you like me to suck you while you watch?” Elizabeth asked.

Chris tensed. “Uh ... no. How about if we go to our room?”

Elizabeth gave him an alluring smile as she slid out of his arms. She trailed her fingers down his chest, and then across his hard dick.

“Yes, let’s.” Then she turned and sauntered toward the stairs.

In the bedroom, they briefly kissed before disrobing. Chris just shucked his clothes and lay in the middle of the bed, fondling his erection. Elizabeth made a show of stripping off her blouse and skirt. After unhooking her bra, she caressed her breasts and pinched her nipples a bit. Then with a salacious grin at her husband, she rolled her panties down and stepped out of them. She knelt on the bed and smiled.

“Shall we go straight to the main event?” she purred.

“Are you wet enough?”

She slowly nodded and grinned. Then she straddled him and sank down until his cock was engulfed within her.

“Mmmm,” Elizabeth said as she began raising and lowering herself, “I’ve missed this.”

Chris put his hands on her hips and smiled. He savored the familiar sensations of sex with his wife.

Elizabeth appeared to be in the same mood. She didn’t speak, but kept her eyes closed as she rode him. Then she leaned forward so they could kiss as he slowly thrust into her, her nipples brushing across his chest as they did. After some time, they rolled so Chris was on top. He rose on his arms so she could play with her clit while they made love. He held a steady pace at the angle he knew worked best until she gasped and came.

After Elizabeth caught her breath, he pulled out and straddled her chest. She sucked the head of his cock while he stroked his lower shaft until his own orgasm arrived. Her eyes danced as she swallowed all he had to offer.

Chris slowly eased to the bed beside Elizabeth. She curled into his side and he stroked her back. They just cuddled and basked in the afterglow for a while.

This is the way it should be, he thought.

Elizabeth nuzzled his neck and lightly caressed his chest. “Maybe you should watch the girls more often,” she murmured.

“It wasn’t just the girls.”

“Oh?” She looked up at him, eyes wide.

He smiled at her. “It was you, too. You *are* one sexy woman. Sexier than all the girls combined.”

She chuckled. “Flatterer.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want you thinking I need help getting it up for you.”

Elizabeth didn’t quite roll her eyes.

“Besides,” he said, “you were hot to trot too. Glad I was home?”

“Of course.”

He grinned. “And I’ll bet the girls didn’t get you worked up.”

She laughed. “No, it was the shoe salesman.”

“What??”

Elizabeth actually flinched at the sting in Chris’s voice. She studied him for a moment.

“Do you remember how we agreed I’d tell you about my adventures right away?” she said.

“Yes...”

“Well, I had an adventure.”

The afterglow turned to iron in Chris’s muscles. He forced himself to remain outwardly calm. Elizabeth liked to refer to her infidelities as “adventures,” because to her, that’s all they were. To him...

He took a deep breath. “Go on...”

“If you’re going to get angry—”

“I’d rather know.”

“Fine.” The allure was gone from her voice, replaced with a factual, informational tone. “The shoe salesman had a foot fetish. I got him off.”

Chris’s imagination raced. “You blew him?”

“No! No, we agreed I wouldn’t do that unless it was someone we’d already played with together.”

“Good, because if it was like Bob Reynolds...”

She let out an exasperated sigh and pulled away from him on the bed. “You *agreed* that was a nice thing to do for him. You *agreed* that if you’d been home, you’d’ve enjoyed watching.”

“But I wasn’t.”

“Do we really need to go through this again?”

Chris let out a long breath. “No.” He closed his eyes because as much as he didn’t want to ask, he knew he *had* to ask.

“So what did you do with the shoe salesman?”

She studied him for a moment. “Are you sure you want the details?”

“What did you do?”

“Fine. I tried on some pumps and they pinched my toes. He started to massage them and I realized he was really into it.”

“Okay...”

“It was cute. He was cute. And he was paying a lot of attention to me.”

Chris ignored the implied jab from a past argument and motioned for her to continue.

“So,” Elizabeth said, “I picked out six more pairs of shoes to try on and while he was getting them from the store room, I moved to the back where it would’ve been hard for anyone else to see what we were doing. Then I let him worship my feet.”

Chris blinked. “Worship?”

She nodded. “His foot massage was *wonderful*. Especially when he realized I didn’t mind that it was turning him on.”

“But you got him off.”

“I did. I ran my foot over his dick through his pants when I was sure no one else could see.”

“And he came?”

She laughed. “He most certainly did! He had to untuck his shirt so the tails could hide the wet spot.”

“It sounds like you enjoyed him doing that.”

“Well, of course. It was flattering. And it’s not like I did anything, really. He just loved my feet.”

Chris rolled his eyes. *My wife and her “adventures”...*

“The best part was,” she said, “he gave me the shoes for free. I only took two pair; I figured six would be a bit much.”

“Really? So you got him off for some shoes. Pretty nice payoff.”

Elizabeth’s demeanor turned to ice. “Did you just imply I’m a whore?”

“If the shoe fits—”

“How dare you!” She rolled away and glared back at him. “You’ve got some bloody nerve!”

Chris winced. The words had tumbled out before he’d had a chance to think about them, and now her English accent was strong, which meant she was *really* angry.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “I was making a bad joke.” The weight of all the fights of the past month landed back on his chest. “A really bad joke. I’m sorry.”

“Bad and not funny,” she snapped. “How dare you!”

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t’ve said it.”

She stood and then turned to snarl at him. “I can’t believe you would even *think* I would trade sex for shoes.”

“I said I was sorry.”

She huffed and put her hands on her hips. “I can’t believe you would think it.”

Chris’s irritation welled up. He sat up and met her glare with one of his own. “You’re right!” he yelled, “I shouldn’t think it because you wouldn’t do it. You’d just fuck him for free, like you fuck every other guy we know!”

He expected her to storm out, like she’d done the first time he’d thrown that line at her, but to his surprise, she just shook her head and looked at him in disbelief.

“You can’t get over it, can you?” she said. “Are you really that insecure?”

He let out a ragged sigh and buried his head in his hands.

“You need to get over it, darling.”

He shook his head. “No, it’s not insecurity about the men you’ve been with. I mean...,” he shrugged. “If I was insecure about that, we wouldn’t

have started swinging.”

“Then why does it keep coming up?”

He looked up at her. “It’s not the men you’ve been with. It’s the men you’ve been with that I don’t know about.”

“But there aren’t any!”

“Not anymore. Not now that I know about Bob and Jason.”

“I’ve already apologized for not telling you about Bob when it happened. It really *did* slip my mind. As for Jason, come on, you really can’t hold that one against me. It’s not like you haven’t screwed his wife, for Chrissakes. And if you’d been at Camp instead of working around the clock, you’d have joined us.”

“I can’t cut back at work. They *need* me.”

“I *need* you too. And if I can’t have you with me, I need you to be understanding about my adventures without you.”

He sighed and shifted until he was sitting on the side of the bed. He gave her a tired half-hearted smile and a shake of his head.

“That’s what I don’t get,” he said. “Your *adventures*. It’s like ... it’s like you don’t *think* first.”

“But I do. I’m choosy in who I play with.”

Then why’d you play with a shoe salesman? Chris took a couple of long breaths as he searched for words.

“I mean, it feels really impulsive.”

“Sometimes it is. And what’s wrong with that?”

He furrowed his brow and looked at her.

“That’s what makes it an *adventure*,” she said. “It’s exhilarating, not quite knowing what’s going to happen next.”

He shook his head dismissively.

Elizabeth sat down next to him on the bed. “You used to love it when we met,” she said quietly.

“I didn’t understand it then, either.”

“It’s not something you can understand. It’s something you have to *feel*.”

“Oh, I understand that, but ... still...”

She placed her hand on his thigh. He stiffened, but then placed his own hand on top of hers. He looked at her. Sadness filled her eyes.

“We’ve been through this over and over,” she said quietly. “I can try to stop, but I can’t make any promises, other than the ones I’ve already made.”

To ask me ahead of time if she can, to tell me about it soon after it happens if she can’t, and to not play with certain people at all.

“I ... I know,” he finally said. “I don’t want to have to stop. I just ... well, the surprises have been hard to take.”

“I’m sorry about that.”

“Yeah, but you can’t stop them from coming. Not if you’re going to continue to be—” *reckless*, he thought, “—spontaneous.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“I know.”

She leaned against him, so he wrapped his arm around her. As much as his gut churned, her bare skin against his was comforting. *The way it’s supposed to be*, he thought.

They sat quietly together for some time.

“Maybe... , “ Elizabeth said softly after more than several minutes, “ ... maybe you should have some adventures of your own.”

He chuckled darkly. “Every day with you is an adventure.”

The corners of her mouth turned up for an instant. “No, I mean with other women. Spur of the moment, like I do. So you can feel what it’s like.”

“Huh?”

“If you can’t understand it, maybe you should experience it. Because beating your head against it isn’t working. So maybe you should live it.”

He snorted softly. “Be a gonzo journalist?”

“Be Hunter S. Coulter. Just watch out for the brown acid.”

He shook his head, but smiled. “That was Woodstock, not Thompson. And I don’t know...”

“What have you got to lose? We can’t keep going like this.”

He turned to her. “You’re serious.”

She nodded. “We can’t keep fighting like this. It’s tearing us apart. And if you get upset when I actually kept to the rules like today...”

He bit his tongue. *Kept to the rules? That’s debatable.*

“I don’t know.”

“I won’t get upset,” she said. “Promise. In fact, you don’t even have to tell me if you don’t wish to.”

He rolled his eyes. “Sounds like cheating.”

“Not if I give you permission.”

He sighed. *That's the core of the problem. I didn't give her permission to blow Bob Reynolds, or to screw Jason, even if she's right that I would've. Of course...*

"Maybe I shouldn't have your permission."

"What?"

"Maybe you should experience what it's like to be in my shoes, too."

"That sounds petty."

"So?"

She sighed. "I don't know what good that will do. I'm not the jealous type, you know."

"I know."

A moment of silence stretched between them.

"Fine," Elizabeth finally said, "just don't do anything stupid." She stood up and reached for her clothes. "I need to start dinner."

"I'll be in the den." He reached for his own clothes with a grimace. *Once again, our talk leaves neither of us happy.*

Chris aimlessly channel surfed as he sipped his scotch. He wasn't paying attention to the TV, so it didn't matter what was on. The fight with his wife kept drifting through his thoughts, with the attendant regrets for things he'd said and for things he hadn't. He tried not to think about it too much; it just blurred together with all the other arguments.

"Dad?"

Chris shook himself. He hadn't heard Gina come in, but she stood only a few feet away in a T-shirt and sweat pants. Her hair was wet, which hinted

she'd been soaking in the hot tub since Chris hadn't started heating the pool yet.

"Hi, Princess. What's up?"

She bit her lip. "I ... I heard you and mom arguing. Are you all okay?"

Chris smiled. "We're fine. Just a disagreement."

"Um, well ... you sure?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Leah says you've been fighting a lot."

Chris sighed, and then nodded. "It's still okay."

"Leah doesn't think so. Neither does Kara." Gina sucked in her breath. "You're not thinking about ... a divorce ... are you?"

Chris ran his hand over his face in disbelief. Then he motioned toward the other chair. Gina slid into it and looked at him expectantly.

"Your mom and I are going through a rough patch," he said, "but we've been together too long and been through too much together for either of us to want to end the marriage."

"Oh." Gina paused as she looked for words.

"Look," Chris said, "you're an adult now and you asked, so I won't give you platitudes. I mean, it's a *really* rough patch. But we'll get through it." *Somehow.*

"Kara's worried it's her fault."

"Oh?"

Gina nodded. "Because of what she and Mom did. Leah said that's when the fights really started."

Chris let out a ragged sigh. “It’s not Kara’s fault. Tell her that, okay?”

“But she and Mom broke the rules.”

“True, but that’s what I’m mad at your *mom* for. Your mom made promises to me, which she broke. Not Kara.”

Her brow furrowed. “But Kara went down on Mom too—”

“Which is against the rules,” Chris interrupted, “but not important. Your mom started it. And more importantly, she started it without discussing it with me first.”

“You mean you might’ve let them do it?”

“I didn’t stop them, did I?”

Gina’s eyes went wide for a moment and she blinked.

Chris’s voice went quiet. “When we first started swinging,” he said, “your mom and I agreed that we wouldn’t play with new people without discussing it with each other first. That’s the promise she broke.”

“But you’ve partied with Kara and Victor before.”

“Being in the same party with someone and having sex with someone are two different things. That’s why we *made* the rule—to keep those lines distinct.”

“Oh.” She paused. “But, like, wouldn’t you have said yes?”

“I don’t know if I would’ve said yes. I wasn’t given the *chance*. She just *did* it. That’s why I’ve been angry. Does that make sense?”

“Well...”

Chris huffed in frustration. “Imagine you had a similar agreement with Brock about swinging partners—”

“We don’t really swing.”

“Well, Paul then. You had an agreement with him like that, right? So imagine he went off and had sex with another woman without talking to you about it, and then he didn’t tell you afterward for many months.”

She frowned and stared off into space. She seemed to tremble a little and bit her lip.

Oops, Chris thought, *I think I hit a sore spot*. “You wouldn’t like it,” he said quietly when Gina’s silence threatened to stretch out. “And I don’t like it. And your mother’s done it more than once.”

That snapped Gina out of her thoughts. “What?”

“She’s done it more than once,” he repeated. “Which is why we’ve been fighting.”

“I can’t believe it.”

“Sorry to drop this on you, Princess, but like I said, you’re an adult and you asked.”

“So ... what are you going to do?”

He snorted softly. “I don’t know. For one, from her point of view, she hasn’t cheated. Most of the time I wouldn’t’ve minded, or didn’t mind when she did tell me. The cases where I do mind are ... ambiguous. For two, there’s a lot more to a marriage than sex and all the rest of it is still very important to both of us.”

She let out her breath and nodded.

“Yeah, there are no easy answers.”

Chris eased into the hot tub. Dinner had been a tense dance of forced politeness. Even Erin, who’d stayed and joined them for chicken and curried vegetables, had sensed it, but had steered the conversation into a

discussion about *The Outsiders* movie they were going to that evening. Rather than risk another fight with Elizabeth, he'd fled for the safety of the office, but fatigue had eventually forced him home. Elizabeth had left a note saying she'd gone over to the Hugheses', so he'd decided to take the opportunity to relax in the warmth of the tub with a scotch and think.

The problem was, the thoughts just weren't coming.

It was muck, and as much as he kept beating his head against it, he couldn't see a way to clean the muck out.

Maybe I should just give up, he thought darkly, before shaking himself. He'd been serious in what he'd told Gina. He didn't want a divorce. He just wanted Elizabeth ... just wanted Elizabeth to be more *considerate* of him.

The thing was, he realized, she sort of had, in this last conversation. True, her solution that he find a playmate was a bit unorthodox, but she'd actually thought of *him*. That was comforting.

He mulled that idea for a while, but his concentration was broken by sounds from the house. The girls had returned from their movie.

When the kitchen door opened, he half expected them to emerge and head to the guest house. Leah had appropriated it for herself when Paul or Erin spent the night, which had suited her mom just fine. But only Erin wandered by. She stopped when she saw the tub was occupied.

Chris waved. "Have fun?"

"It was good," Erin said. "Really cool."

"Glad you enjoyed yourselves."

Erin looked at him for a moment, and then glanced back at the house. "Do you mind if I join you?" she asked. "Leah's on the phone with Gary, and I think she's gonna be a while."

"Gary?"

“Guy from school she likes. We ran into him and his friends at the theater.”

“Ah. Well, sure.”

As Erin walked over to the tub, Chris swallowed the last of his scotch and set the glass aside.

Erin tilted her head toward the empty drink. “Would you like me to get you some more?”

Chris grinned. “Sure, and feel free to get something for yourself.” When her eyes lit up, he added, “from the fridge. Anything from the fridge.”

“Be right back.”

She scooped up the glass and walked quickly back toward the house. Chris grinned to himself. *Talking to Erin would be far more fun than stewing about Elizabeth.*

When she returned, Erin dropped her towel on a lounge chair, handed him his glass, and set a bottle of beer down by the side of the tub. He raised an eyebrow pointedly.

“You *did* say anything in the fridge,” she said defensively.

Chris rolled his eyes, but decided to let it go. Instead, he just enjoyed watching Erin strip off her clothes and slide nude into the tub opposite him.

“So how was the movie?” he asked.

“Great!” She proceeded to tell him all about their evening, from arriving at the multiplex to the film to meeting the guys. Apparently one of them had been daring enough to suggest that they all get food together after, but Gina had nixed the idea and since she was driving, they’d come home.

“Not that I mind,” Erin said. “Gary’s friends are losers.”

“Is Gary?”

“Leah likes him.”

Chris couldn't help grinning at her non-answer. “Well, what do you like?”

“Like? Well, uh, none of *those* guys.”

“That's okay. I was asking about your taste in men in general.”

She grinned. “Well, definitely someone more mature. After Sean ... ugh. I'm done with boys.”

“But boys grow up.”

“But why do they have to do it with me? Besides, I was with Sean for, what, two years? I don't wanna be with *anyone* right now.”

He nodded. “Relationships can be tough.”

“Yeah, especially for people like us. I mean, you'd think that it'd be easier since I wasn't jealous of him with other girls, but noooo...”

Chris couldn't help himself. He laughed loud and hard. Erin stared at him, confused.

“I'm sorry,” he said, “but that line alone shows why Sean was a fool to let you get away. He screwed up.”

“Well ... yeah. But why is it funny?”

“Because I remember being Sean's age, once. And I remember taking things for granted because I didn't know any better. Don't worry, some day he'll wake up and realize how good he had it.”

“He should've figured it out before we broke up.”

“True.”

Erin took a long sip on her beer. Chris smiled and brought his scotch to his lips. After a few minutes of companionable silence, Chris cleared his throat.

“Actually, I’d love your opinion on something,” he said. “Since you’re a girl who doesn’t get jealous.”

“I’m a *woman* who doesn’t get jealous.”

He smiled. “Noted. So, as a woman who doesn’t get jealous, would it bother you if your partner had sex with another woman and didn’t tell you about it?”

She shrugged. “It depends. What were our rules?”

He nodded. “Well ... by your rules, you gave him permission, but the woman is someone you might not have wanted him to sleep with.”

She frowned. “Why not? Is she a skank?”

“Oh, no. Not a skank. More, well, maybe you’d agreed earlier that you wouldn’t, even though now you say it’s okay. Or maybe she’s a lot younger or something like that.”

“Oh.” Erin paused for a moment as she thought, then her eyes lit up. “Oh!” She grinned salaciously. “I think you should go for it.”

“It’s a hypothetical. I didn’t say I was talking about me.”

“Uh huh.” Erin sipped some more of her beer.

The door to the kitchen slammed in the distance.

“Erin?” Leah called.

“In the hot tub!”

Leah rounded the corner, her face full of excitement, and then she pulled up short when she saw Chris.

“Uh. Hi, Dad.”

“Hi, Pumpkin. Good phone call?”

Leah blinked. “Uh, yeah.” She turned to Erin. “I gotta tell you what Gary said!” Her eyes darted to Chris and back to her friend. “Guest house?”

“Sure. Give me a minute.”

Leah nodded and then her eyes fell on the bottle near Erin. She looked accusingly at Chris. “You let her have a beer?”

He waved his hand dismissively. “You can have one too. Just don’t let your mother see you.”

“Thanks.” Leah turned and hustled toward the house. Chris couldn’t help smiling at her enthusiasm.

Erin eased herself onto the edge of the tub. She reached for her towel and started drying the ends of her hair where they’d dipped into the water. As she did so, she parted her thighs.

Chris swallowed. Her matted pubic hair concealed none of her labia. Furthermore, while she’d tried to make it look casual and accidental, her moves had been too smooth to be anything but deliberate.

“You should absolutely go for it,” she said.

At the sound of her voice, he pulled his gaze away from her pussy. “I’ll keep that in mind,” he said with a chuckle.

The kitchen door slammed again. Erin got completely out of the tub and finished drying as Leah came around the corner, a bottle in her hand. His daughter shifted her weight anxiously from foot to foot as the blonde dressed. Then, with a wave, the girls were off.

Chris sank into the water and let his legs float up. *What a day*, he thought. Instead of an afternoon off, he’d ended up with as much information overload as he had during the past couple of days at work. *I*

never did find my mystery novel, he mused. And now, after talking to Erin, it looked like he had new mysteries to consider.

He smiled and let himself relax. *There's time enough for mysteries tomorrow.*



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The End

References

1. [Big Ed Magusson: FYI \(storiesonline.net\)](http://storiesonline.net).