



TMI

A SUMMER CAMP SWINGERS STORY

BIG ED MAGUSSON



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"Hi, Dad."

"Gina!" Chris Coulter exclaimed into the phone. "How's my favorite California Girl?" He began to sing, "We wish they all could be Califor—"

"Dad, please!"

Chris let the Beach Boys song die on his lips, but didn't stop smiling. Instead, he leaned against the kitchen counter next to the phone and quietly hummed the tune to himself.

"That's better. I just called to let you know I'm back from Tahoe, safe and sound."

"Good to hear, Princess. Did you have fun?"

"Yeah. The skiing was great and the town is totally cool."

"I'm sure you had fun staying in, too, if you know what I mean."

"Dad!"

"What? You think I don't know what you and Brock are up to?"

"Well, yeah ... but ... it's private!"

"I know, I know," Chris said, though he didn't stop grinning. "It's none of my business. But I like teasing you anyway."

"Well, if you're going to be like that, let me talk to Mom."

"She's not here," Chris said. "She's over at David and Beth's."

"The Hugheses"? It's like, what, eleven o'clock there?"

Chris grinned. He was sure that Elizabeth and Beth had simply gotten engrossed in their plans for the new hot tub, but he felt like teasing his daughter a bit more.

"Well," he said, "I've been pretty busy this week, so your mom asked if she could 'borrow' David for a while. She likes his oral skills. Not to mention his d—."

"Dad!"

"What, Princess?"

"That's too much information. Um, okay? I mean, it's cool that you don't have a problem with it, but I totally don't need to hear the details."

Chris grinned. It wasn't like Gina didn't know about her parents' sex life in intimate detail. She'd been present at some of their orgies, after all. He was sure that her feigned squeamishness was just to get him to stop teasing her.

"Whatever you say, sweetheart. You know I can't resist my favorite middle daughter."

Gina snorted. "I'll remember that the next time I need money."

"Ha! Go ahead. I'll make sure your mom says no."

While he couldn't see her roll her eyes, Chris was sure he'd accomplished just that. Which meant the teasing had probably gone on long enough.

"I'm glad you're okay and had fun," he said, more serious. "We missed you in Utah, but we had a good time anyway."

"Well ... I'm ... I mean ... it wouldn't've worked. You know, not with Paul there."

Chris sighed. The first couple of days had been rough with Paul and Leah sniping at each other, creating collateral damage for everyone around them. Thankfully they'd worked things out before Elizabeth had to make good on her threat to send Leah home.

"I understand," Chris said, "but he and Leah made up ... eventually."

"They did? Really?"

"Yeah, they did."

"That's cool. Then I definitely need to talk to Leah. Is she there?"

"Yeah, hold on a second, I'll get her."

Chris called out for his youngest daughter. When she didn't answer, he told Gina to hold on a minute and then set the phone down on the counter. He found Leah in the den, watching the eleven o'clock news. Her chemistry book lay on the floor and, given that she was already wearing the long t-shirt she called pajamas, he suspected she wasn't going to pick it up again before going to bed.

"Gina's on the phone."

"She is? Cool!" Leah immediately picked up the den extension. "Hey, how's it going!" She smiled. "Awesome! Um ... hold on a sec." She covered the mouthpiece and stared expectantly at Chris. Her eyes darted toward the door. The one he wasn't moving toward.

He grinned and rolled his eyes. "Right, nobody wants dear old Dad. I get it. I'll just see if there's any pie left."

Leah stuck her tongue out at him, but then smiled and turned back to the phone. He could hear her excited voice as he left.

They've got their own world, he mused. *It's hard to believe I'm barely a part of it anymore.* He sighed. At least he had pie to look forward to.

Back in the kitchen, Chris cut himself a small slice of pie and then got out the milk. After pouring himself a glass, he settled back against the counter and lifted his fork.

Then noticed the phone.

He'd forgotten to hang up the extension.

Maybe I can't be part of their world, but I could be an observer... He frowned and shook his head. *They deserve their privacy. It's not like I'd learn anything I can't already guess.*

More out of habit than anything else, he put the phone's receiver to his ear before he returned it to its cradle.

"... was freezing! I mean, the sex was totally hot, but I wish I'd thought of that before I let him screw me in the snow."

Chris froze. *Snow?*

Gina laughed. "Yeah, the hot tub is *much* nicer."

"Duh," Leah said. "We did it there too. And in the shower. The hall. The bedroom. The deck. Pretty much everywhere. Oh, and I shaved for him."

"For real? Like, totally?"

Chris's breath caught. The logical part of him—the mature part—said he should quietly put the phone down and not eavesdrop on his daughters. But the primal part of him wasn't so mature. And what man hadn't wanted to be a fly on the wall when women talked about sex?

"Totally," Leah said. "I knew he'd dig it. And he was so excited when he went down on me. He's pretty good, but not like you or Erin."

"Well," Gina said, "we do have certain advantages."

"Yeah, but we don't have other things. You know? I mean, Paul's dick is totally awesome. I like it so much better than his dad's."

"I know exactly what you're talking about," Gina said. "I mean, David's dick is actually a little too big. Well, too long, I mean. Paul's dick is thicker. But they're both good. And I think it's mostly 'cause of the guys using 'em."

"Exactly! That's why it was so great. I mean, the guys at school are such dorks! You were so lucky, sis. You got laid anytime you wanted."

"Well, yeah," Gina said, "once we moved to Atlanta."

"Like it mattered before then."

"What? Are you jealous? Get your own boyfriend."

"The guys in high school are such ... dweebs!"

"So go visit Paul. It's only a couple of hours from Atlanta to Knoxville."

"I might do that..."

Silence settled into the conversation. Chris checked his breathing and covered the mouthpiece. If the primal part of him was going to win and he was going to keep listening, it wouldn't do to get caught.

"Yeah," Leah continued with a sigh. "I should definitely go see him. I mean, the only other decent guy around is Dad, and you *know* how he reacts when any of us try anything."

"Well, they let us join the parties," Gina said.

"Not since last year," Leah said, "when Dad almost screwed me during that party game. I practically came on the spot when I felt him sliding into me. But then he stopped when he realized he'd made a mistake."

Chris winced. He'd hoped that Leah hadn't noticed, but clearly she had. *And wasn't upset by it, which almost made it worse...*

"You could've partied with Erin and Sean... ," Gina said.

"Sean bugs the crap outta me," Leah said. "But he got drunk and passed out one night, so Erin fooled around with Paul and me. *That* was fun. But Paul wouldn't screw her, even though she wanted him to. He gave some lame excuse, but wouldn't do it."

"He's so straitlaced sometimes." Gina chuckled. "But he's still my goof."

"Your goof?" Leah protested. "Whaddya mean 'your goof'? You dumped him. Besides, what about Brock?"

Gina sighed. "I don't know. I *like* Brock, a lot, but I'm not sure I'm in love with him, you know?"

"But you went to Tahoe with him!"

"Well, that was mostly 'cause Regan wanted to. She had this big idea about a trip with a bunch of girls from our sorority, but in the end it was just me and Brock and her and her boyfriend."

"Well ... that could still be fun."

"Oh, it was," Gina said. "The skiing was good and we had fun partying."

"Did you ... um... *party*?" Leah asked. "Together?"

Gina laughed. "Living vicariously, are we?"

"Hey, any way I can! I mean, who knows when Paul's gonna be in Atlanta again?"

"Probably spring break."

"But that's... *forever*! I need some fantasy material *now*. So spill!"

Chris rolled his eyes at his youngest daughter's insistence. Leah's pushiness had triggered many a fight with her mom, but her sisters didn't seem to mind as much. Unlike Elizabeth, he tended to indulge his girls, perhaps more than he should have.

"Well," Gina said, "mostly Brock and I played by ourselves. We got naked in the hot tub with Regan and Gary, but then we usually went back to our own rooms."

"Did Gary stare at you? I mean, guys are such goofs about boobs. Even the ones with girlfriends. It's like they've never seen a pair before."

Gina laughed. "Yeah, Gary got a good eyeful. But Brock did too. He kept staring at Regan when he thought I wasn't looking." She chuckled, low in her throat. "Then again, I *was* playing with him under the water, so sex was kinda on his mind."

"God, I *love* doing that," Leah said. "I wanted to do that one night when Paul and I were in the hot tub with Mom and Dad, but he didn't seem to be in the mood."

"Really? Paul's usually in the mood."

"I ... um ... I think I might have worn him out," Leah said, a bit sheepishly. "But he did sneak a couple of peeks at Mom's chest. And he totally stole some glances at Beth. His own mother! He was so cute trying to hide it."

The two girls giggled for a moment and Chris shifted a bit uncomfortably. *Paul and Beth? That's too much information.* Unfortunately, his dick didn't seem to understand the concept of TMI. It swelled at the memories of New Years' past. Sneaking his own peeks at the ladies in the hot tub ... watching Paul with the girls while screwing Beth ... kissing Erin...

"You should've sat on the side of the tub," Gina said. "That would've gotten his attention."

"Maybe," Leah said. "But then Dad started talking politics and I kinda forgot about teasing Paul."

"Well, maybe next time you should sit on the side of the tub and part your legs so you can tease them both. That's what Regan did when she

decided that she wanted more than just Gary. She sat on the side of the tub, and Brock couldn't keep his eyes off her pussy."

"Really? I thought you said you all didn't swap."

"We didn't. I knew Regan didn't want to watch Gary and me together. It would've freaked her out, especially since Rod pretty much cheated on her from the beginning."

"Yeah, what a jerk. She's still not over him?"

"No."

"Why not? She needs to move on!"

The conversation fell quiet and Chris could hear his heart pounding.

"I think," Gina said at last, softly, "that maybe you never get over your first love. And as much as Rod was an asshole, she loved him."

"Well, from what you said, she's better off."

"She is. Gary's better for her. He's kinda quiet, though, and she totally pushes him around, but he's a lot better than Rod."

"So what happened in the hot tub?" Leah almost demanded.

"Oh, my," Gina teased, "aren't you eager."

"I've been playing with myself since we started talking about the hot tub," her younger sister blurted. "I want the story!"

Gina laughed, loud and long.

"Hey!" Leah said, "A girl has needs!"

"That she does," Gina said. "Give me a minute."

Chris heard Gina set the phone down. He used the break to adjust his now-hard cock in his pants. Then he pushed the pie plate aside so he could lean more comfortably against the counter.

"I'm back," Gina said. "If you're going to play, I am too. Besides, I wanna try out my new toy."

Chris sucked in his breath at the mental image Gina's words conjured up. He nestled the phone against his ear and adjusted his erection. Again. But then his elbow hit his pie plate, which clinked against his glass. He quickly covered the phone with his hand.

"What was that?" Leah asked.

Silence. Chris was sure his daughters could hear his heart pounding. *I really should hang up.*

"I bumped the table," Gina said. "The clock must have hit the phone."

Chris let out a deep sigh of relief. *Can't make any noise.* He started to hang up slowly.

"Oh...," Leah said, "so what's this new toy?"

"It's a vibrator, a little bigger than Pinky, but it fits in a strap-on harness."

Too slowly. The phone was back at his ear.

"Seriously?" Leah asked.

"Yeah. It's totally awesome! Regan got it for us."

"Really? That's so cool! Have you used it on her yet?"

"Once," Gina said. "But mostly she likes to use it on me."

"What's it like?"

Yeah, what's it like? Chris immediately tried to dismiss the images of his daughter and her blonde friend, to no avail. The scene wouldn't fade from beneath his eyelids and his dick didn't care. He was hard. Uncomfortably hard.

"It's a lot like a real dick, but it buzzes too. It feels good, and God, Regan knows how to use it. Even better, I can play with her nipples while she's fucking me. That drives her wild. It makes her arch her back, so I can feel the vibrator buzzing against my clit ... mmmm, that's good."

"God, it sounds hot!"

"It is," Gina said. "It's kinda weird doing her, though. I mean, you look down and there's this dick sticking out."

Leah giggled.

"And it's kinda strange to be the one *doing* the screwing, you know? But it's cool, too, because you can feel the vibrator yourself while you're doing it."

"Really?"

"Yeah," Gina said, "the base is right next to your clit, and you can feel it almost like it's inside you."

"Oh, God, that's so hot!"

"And you're probably dripping, right?" Gina teased.

"Duh! God, I wish you were here!"

"So I could lick you?"

"So you could use that toy!"

"You'd totally like it."

"I would," Leah said. After a pause, she continued. "So what happened in Tahoe?"

"Just a minute," Gina said.

Chris's pulse pounded through his body. His cock *ached*. Carefully, making sure to keep the receiver covered this time, he unbuttoned his slacks and eased them down.

A low buzz joined the voices on the phone. "There."

Chris started stroking himself.

"So what happened?" Leah asked again.

"Well, we were in the hot tub one night. We'd already been partying pretty hard when Regan sat on the side and told Gary to go down on her."

"She just told him? Flat out? Did he?"

"Of course! But she said he wasn't doing a very good job. She was totally lying. I mean, she wouldn't *be* with him if he couldn't eat pussy, but that's beside the point. Anyway, she asked me to take over."

"I'll bet the guys loved that!"

Chris couldn't help nodding silently. He certainly loved watching Elizabeth and Beth together ... or Elizabeth and Susan ... there were too many memories flooding through his mind ... his thoughts drifted.

"... so after we screwed the guys and they came," Gina said, "we got out of the tub and went inside. That's when Regan told me to get the new toy."

"The one you're using now?" Leah's voice was strained, and Chris could all too easily imagine the way her chest had to be heaving as her hands danced below that long shirt...

"It's better than my fingers," Gina said.

Chris could still hear the buzz, though it was more muted than before.

"Yeah, but that's all I've got," Leah said.

"You could go get Pinky," Gina suggested.

"Nah. Dad's in the kitchen and he'd see me go by."

"I don't think he'd mind."

"Maybe not, but I don't wanna break the mood. Besides, he'd tease me if he knew what I was doing."

Gina chuckled. "I think he likes watching. At least when we're all together."

"How? He's usually busy with Beth or Susan."

"Oh, he watches," Gina said. "But anyway, back to my story. The guys certainly liked watching us. Regan had me get on my hands and knees, and screwed me from behind. When Brock was ready to go again, she wanted me to ride him while she did me in the butt."

"No way!"

"Totally. It felt so good with both of them. I came, like, *really* hard."

"I'm gonna come hard too," Leah said, her breath labored.

"Mmm, I'm not there yet. Give me a sec."

"Okay."

The two girls fell silent for a moment, with just their breathing and the low buzz of Gina's toy filling the phone line. Chris stroked his cock for a minute and then froze.

What am I doing? This is wrong! He reached for his slacks and carefully tugged them back up.

Gina broke the silence. "Would you like me to use the strap-on on you?"

"Not in my butt," Leah said. "I'm not ready for that."

"Well, okay. You might like it, though."

"I dunno. I'd rather try with a guy first. I mean, guys bend more than a vibrator."

"Okay. You still want to try the toy in your pussy, though, right?"

"God, yes!"

"Well...," Gina said, "how do you want it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Missionary or doggie?"

"Both! Definitely both."

Gina laughed, low and throaty. "You probably want it right there on the couch."

"Yesss..." Leah's breath grew ragged

"*I'd* love it. Right there, like Regan did me."

"Yessss..."

"With Mom and Dad watching..."

"Oh, God—."

Leah's words turned to a half-stifled scream as she came. A few moments later, Gina also moaned incoherently into the phone as her own climax washed through her.

Chris realized his hand had drifted back to his cock again. He yanked it away as if burned. *I shouldn't ... I shouldn't even be listening!*

"Mmmm," Leah moaned, "that was good."

"Yeah."

Leah yawned. "But now I'm sleepy."

"Well," Gina said, "it is late your time. Don't you have to get up early?"

"Yeah, I suppose." Leah paused. "You better bring that thing when you come home for spring break!"

Gina chuckled. "Don't worry."

"Cool," Leah said with another yawn. "So ... um ... I guess I'll talk to you later. 'Night."

"G'night, sis."

Leah hung up and Chris willed himself to relax. *Elizabeth would be home soon, and she'd be happy to head to the bedroom...*

"Dad... ?" Gina said. "You can hang up now."

Chris froze, his mind blank.

"Give mom a kiss for me, okay? I love you."

With that, Gina hung up. Chris stared into space, shaken. He replayed all the words from the conversation, wondering what all he'd learned, until the sound of the garage door opening shook him from his trance. He'd started by teasing her and then ... he chuckled.

So who's teasing whom?



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The End

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References

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