

THE PROMOTION

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A tale of one woman's descent into the world of swinging and the dark side of wife swapping...

THE PROMOTION

A STORY OF SWINGING & INDECENCY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 1

It started off like any other day. My husband, Dan, was up at dawn and off to work before I had my first cup of coffee. I was trying to find busywork, but to no avail. Ever since the kids left for college last year, the house has been so...quiet.

"What the hell am I going to do today?" I asked myself as I wandered aimlessly around the kitchen. I stood staring out of the large window above the kitchen sink, unaware of how much time was slipping by. A quick glance at the clock revealed that it had only been two minutes. It seemed like hours.

As I slowly made my way to the upstairs bedroom, I mentally went over my checklist for the day. *One hour at the gym, pick up Dan's suit at the dry cleaners, stop at the grocery store on the way home.* Not exactly filled with excitement.

I sighed as I changed into my workout clothes, wondering just how long I would be able to keep up with this routine. It had only been a year and already I was growing tired of it.

What I didn't know, though, was that today would be the day everything changed. It was the day that Dan would shake up our marriage in ways I never dreamed possible. I never saw it coming...

I was unpacking the groceries when Dan came into the kitchen. He was home earlier than usual, which surprised me. Dan lived for his job. I was secondary, always. I had long gotten over the animosity that this fact used to cause me. Now, it was just our way of life. Even more surprising was when Dan thrust a large bouquet of wildflowers in my face as I was trying to find a place for the eggs to go in the refrigerator.

"What's all this for?" I asked.

"What? A husband can't buy his wife flowers for no reason?" He replied with a smirk on his face.

"Sure, but usually YOU only do it when you're in trouble for something. So, what did you do?"

A huge grin covered his face. "That's a bit insulting, dear. I just had a good day at work is all."

"Oh! What happened?" I asked. I didn't really much care, but he was going to tell me anyway. I had gotten pretty good at faking enthusiasm. And other things.

"I'm up for the big promotion! Mr. Reed called me into his office this afternoon to tell me about it! Can you believe it? This means a HUGE pay raise! Not to mention all of the other perks I'll get. A corner office, a personal assistant, a company vehicle...oh yeah, and I'll get a business membership into the country club. Wow, I guess now I'll have to actually

learn to play golf!"

"That's great, honey. I'm so proud of you!" I boasted. Fantastic. Now he was going to be gone even more. Fuck...a personal assistant? I just bet she'll be 20, with perky boobs and fake blonde hair. And if he thinks for one second that I'm going to hang out with those stuck up bitches at the country club, he's going to be sadly disappointed.

"I knew you would be happy! I do have a favor to ask, though. I know it's kind of short notice, but Mr. Reed is having a small gathering tonight at his place, and he's asked us to come. I hope you don't mind, because I already told him yes."

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

"Come on, Trish! We have to go! I'm competing with two other guys for this position. And besides, you know how much Jerry likes you." He complained.

"Yeah, I know how much your boss likes me. I'm just not very comfortable around him at...social gatherings, you know?" I shuddered as I remembered back to that evening many years ago. I haven't been to a company Christmas party since. And, yes, I knew Jerry was drunk beyond belief but that didn't excuse the fact that he had groped me in the kitchen when no one else was looking.

"Honey, that was a long time ago. I thought you had gotten over that already. He did apologize to you."

"Okay...okay! I'll go." Super. Well, if that cocky son of a bitch lays his hands on me tonight, I'll kick him right in the cods. He'd probably be too drunk to remember what happened anyway. "What time do we need to be there?"

"He said 7:30. I'm going to hop in the shower and get ready," he said as he turned around and practically ran for the stairs.

Jeez...what a brown noser that man is. He never gets that giddy over me. Fucker! Well, so much for a quiet evening. Guess that's what I get for bitching about being bored.

After I finished putting all of the groceries away, I hastily showered and rushed to get ready. I couldn't help but glance at Dan in the mirror as we continued to get ready in our oversized master bathroom. I guess he would be considered good looking, for his age. He had definitely looked better when we were younger. I smirked to myself as I remembered a time when his stomach used to be flat and didn't rest on the top of the counter when he leaned over the sink. He'd also lost quite a bit of hair, and what he retained was going gray. I suppose I couldn't complain. I'd seen what the aging process had done to a lot of our friends, and it wasn't pretty. He was a bit luckier.

I couldn't help but compare my aging to Dan's. I was smug in the fact that I looked almost as good as I had twenty years ago. *Almost*. Sure, I'd had two kids and maybe gravity was beginning to play tricks with my once lively breasts, but I honestly thought I looked pretty good for a middle-aged housewife. The tanning beds kept me nice and healthy color of

bronze, and the gym kept my ass from taking over. Luckily my fair strawberry-blonde hair hadn't begun to go gray...yet. And, of course, my emerald green eyes were as gorgeous as ever. A giggle escaped my mouth as I realized just how vain I sounded, even to myself. Just then, Dan shot me a look like I was insane. He can go get fucked, though. At least I don't need a counter to support my potbelly. Jerk.

When I was done with my makeup and hair, I pondered over what to wear as I paced slowly through my huge walk-in closet.

"What am I supposed to wear?" I yelled at Dan, who was still, no doubt, admiring himself in the mirror.

"Jerry said it was casual, so you decide," he yelled back.

So very helpful, as usual. I sighed as I grabbed my go-to skimpy black dress off of its hanger. Dan thought I always wore it because it was just the right combination of classy and casual, but really I just liked the way that it showcased my tits. Might as well show them off before they start dragging the floor.

As usual, I was ready and waiting on Dan. He was such a girl sometimes! I never could figure out what he was doing that took him so long to get ready.

"Honey, it's almost 7. If we don't leave now, we'll be late!" I reminded him.

"I'm almost done! Don't rush me...I want to make sure I look perfect for Jerry."

What the fuck? I was going to have to check to make sure he still had a pair of balls in his pants. He sounded like a woman going out on a blind date. Fuck...why doesn't he just shove his dick up Jerry's ass? He's apparently already got his head buried up in there.

Finally he flew down the stairs, in a hurry now. Wouldn't want to keep his boyfriend waiting, I suppose.

"Is my tie on straight?" He asked as he breezed past me.

"Yes, dear. You look great."

He turned around to face me with a smirk on his face. "I know I do! Don't I always?"

Ugh. This is going to be one long night. Maybe a couple of martinis will help.

Dan whipped the car into the once familiar driveway and parked next to the other cars already lined up there.

"Dammit! We're the last ones here!" He whined as he slammed the car into park and tore the keys out of the ignition. Well, if he wasn't such a beauty queen, we wouldn't have been late.

"It'll be fine, hon. Quit stressing out! It's not even 7:30 yet!"

I had to nearly run to keep pace with him as he rushed to the front door. I was already annoyed, and we hadn't even gone inside yet. Too late to throw myself down the stairs and hope for a sprained ankle.

Dan fidgeted with his tie as he rang the doorbell. I could hear the

boisterous laughter coming from the other side of the door, and recognized it immediately. Yes, it was going to be a very long night indeed.

Jerry flung the door open wide and stretched his arms out in welcome to us.

"Hey, you two! So great to see you!!!" He boomed. Clearly he was already drunk, as if the partially empty glass of scotch in his hand wasn't an indicator.

"Good evening, sir! Thank you so much for inviting us!" Dan said.

"Good evening, Mr. Reed. It's so nice to see you again," I lied.

"Please! Call me Jerry...we're old friends here! My, my...it has been quite a while since I've seen you, Trish. You look lovelier than ever!"

"Why, thank you, Jerry. You're too kind!" And you're going to be singing soprano if you touch me tonight, you dirty bastard.

"Come in! Everyone else is already here...get a drink and mingle!" Jerry said.

Quite frankly, I didn't care for the way he was eyeing me. This night just gets better and better. Oh well. A couple of drinks, a bit of ass kissing, and we can go home. I heard Dan grumbling beside me as we walked in. He was no doubt agitated because we were the last ones to show up. Boo fucking hoo!

Huh...some small gathering. There must be at least twelve other couples here! What the hell? Dan was going to pay for this...big time! AGH! Look at all these people I have to *minge* with. Fantastic!

"Dan! "What's all this? I thought it was supposed to be a *small* gathering!" I hissed at him as we walked to the back table where drinks were being served.

"I don't know! He told me this was no big deal. I swear! I don't even know half of these people here," he muttered.

"Let's just get some drinks and do what we need to do! I don't want to be stuck here until three in the morning." This was just great. Now I have to play the happy housewife to his damn boss and all these strangers. Fucking promotion.

"Everyone, can I please have your attention for just a moment?" Jerry announced in a loud, drunken voice. "I know all you guys from work are wondering who my other guests are, so now that everyone is here, I figured I would introduce you to each other. My wife, Lizzie, and I have belonged to a very prestigious club for well over ten years now, and I wanted to combine work with pleasure. I picked out three of my best workers to come here tonight...Leonard, Dan and Frank. As you are aware, there is an opening at work for the vice president position since Travis left the company last month."

"You three are my top candidates, but there is one more qualification in order to get this job, since I have sole discretion over whom to hire. I want to know who is willing to work for this position, and who will be grateful once they get it. I handed this job title to Travis on a silver platter

and he wasn't very appreciative. I think you all know the perks that will come with this title...and the power."

"That being said, I would like to let you know, now, if you decide that you do NOT want to be considered for this position, you are free to leave at any time tonight. Before I continue though, I would like to advise you that what I am about to divulge is not to be discussed with anyone else, especially at work. I have chosen you three based on your years of service and also your loyalty, so I'm hoping I haven't chosen wrong."

I was beginning to wonder exactly where he was headed with this long-winded speech. Maybe he was just really drunk and he didn't know what he was saying. By the looks of the people standing behind him, though, he was taking this conversation somewhere. They looked almost...uncomfortable. That was weird. Before my imagination could run wild, Jerry sucked in a deep breath and finished his speech.

"Here it is...I belong to a swinger's club. I've invited you here tonight because we are looking for new members. We only invite people we trust and know well. I am asking each of you to consider joining our club...to become part of something great. I would like each of you to think about what I've said before you make a decision. And feel free to ask us any questions you may have."

I didn't know if I should laugh or scream. I was leaning towards screaming...and running away. Surely this had to be a joke! I mean...come on! What boss would ask his employees to...to what? Swing? What the fuck? Wasn't that the shit where you hook up with other couples? No way...this must be some sick attempt at humor. See how far he can push these guys. I snuck a peek at Dan's face. I was sure he'd be laughing. I was wrong. He looked horrified, sure, but it seemed like he wasn't all that surprised.

"What the fuck, Dan? What kind of circus did you bring me to? Tell me this is a joke, and you are in on it...please!" I pleaded in a hushed voice. A quick glance around us revealed that the other two workers were also engrossed in conversations with their wives. I waited for Dan's response. It did not calm me.

"Honey...I...I don't know what's going on. I mean, he's telling the truth. About the swinging part. That's been known around the office for a while. I guess he doesn't *know* that we know. I'm not sure what he's talking about. I'll...I'll ask him I guess."

"I'm coming with you. That way when this gets beyond creepy, we can bolt for the door at the same time," I insisted. Wow...you think you might have MENTIONED that to me? That your boss was a fucking swinger?? What the hell kind of workplace is that? Never mind...I don't want to know!

"Dan. Trish. I can tell by the looks on your faces that you have some questions," Jerry stated as we approached him. I wondered what expression was frozen on my face. Probably horror...not that I cared. Don't be a creepy party host if you don't want your guests to be mortified.

"What's really going on, Jerry?" Dan asked. I was glad that he stopped a few feet from the large man. The alcohol smell coming off of him was overpowering. "I don't really understand why you asked us here tonight. Are you playing a joke on us?"

"Of course not, Dan. I meant everything that I said. I'm sure you've known about my...alternative lifestyle for a while. No one at the office *truly* believes it. They all think it's just some silly rumor. So now you know the truth. I would like for you and your wife to join our club. If you do, then you get the job. Simple as that. I chose three of you from work because I figured only one would be up to the challenge."

I was shocked. I couldn't make my feet move, even though I wanted to dart from the room. Dan seemed to be equally stunned. His mouth was gaping wide and his eyes looked like they were about to fall out of his head. After a few moments, I finally managed to find my voice.

"You're serious? You want...my husband, and myself...to join your club? A club of *swingers*? What in the world would ever make you think that we would agree to this?" I asked, dazed.

"Well, Trish, I told you to begin with that no one was being forced into this. It was merely a requirement to get the promotion. You are free to leave if you want to."

"And what if none of the employees here tonight agree to do this shit with you? What then?" I challenged.

"Then I will keep searching until I find the right person for the job. I've handled all of the work for a month. It won't hurt if I have to keep it up for a little while longer."

"Dan, I want to leave. Now!" I barked. Dan was still frozen by my side. He didn't appear to have heard me. Well, I could leave him here and he could walk home if he didn't pull his head out of his ass.

Just when I was about to resort to violence, Dan moved. He took my hand and pulled me to the front door without uttering a word. I had to admit, I was shocked. I figured he would just give in and offer me up to his boss, just to score some points with the old man. I was relieved to be leaving this nightmare behind. I swore silently to myself that this would be THE last function that I ever went to.

As soon as we were outside, Dan slammed the front door shut behind us. I was glad he was as anxious to get out of here as I was. I should have known better. Dan spun me around to face him, and I couldn't quite place the expression on his face. He looked almost excited. What the fuck was going on in his head?

"We have to do this!" He exclaimed. He had both hands on my shoulders, holding me in place.

"What...the...fuck? Are you kidding me? This isn't even close to being funny, Dan! Let's get the hell out of here!"

"I'm serious, Trish. Let's do it!" He pleaded. Surely he had lost his mind. Or maybe he'd had more to drink than I thought. Must have gotten a head start on it...

"Listen...when is the last time you tried anything different? You can't tell me that you're content with our lives, because I know you're not. Let's shake things up! We can do this! This could be a really great opportunity for us!"

"That's it! You have fucking lost it! I'm not listening to this shit for one more second. Either get in the car and drive me home, or I'm leaving you here. Your choice."

"Think about it for one second, Trish. When is the last time you had a little fun? We both do the same shit, day after day."

"I'm counting to three, Dan."

"Okay, I don't like having to do this, but I am. You...OWE me."

"What? Are you seriously bringing this up? Now? This is what you choose to use this on? ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE?"

"You owe me, and you know it. I forgave you when you cheated on me eight years ago. It was really hard to keep our marriage intact after that. I worked really hard to forgive and forget. And, you promised me that if I could forgive you, that you would owe me."

"Dan," I whispered, "you can't be serious. You know how much I regret what I did. And you also know the reasons behind it. Yet you haven't made any effort at all to put me before your job. It's still the same. But I've learned to live with coming in second."

"You knew what kind of sacrifices were necessary when I took this job. And I've given you a pretty good life because of it. You were able to quit your job and stay at home, just like you wanted. Don't blame me for trying to take care of you. Regardless, I want you to do this for me."

I couldn't look at his face anymore. I was so hurt and angry that I just wanted to run from him, but he kept me planted firmly in place. He was right...I did owe him. I had betrayed him so many years ago and had an affair. And I *had* promised him that he could ask me to do anything, and I would do it...if it meant saving our marriage. Apparently he had taken my words literally. So what now? Go back on my word? Or do I just give in and do what he wanted. It was sickening to think of saying yes to him and having to go back into that house. I couldn't even fathom what was going on in there now.

But if I said no, what would happen? Would he divorce me? I guess it doesn't matter much. The kids are grown now...but what the hell would I do? Go get a job? Doing what, exactly? I was too damn old to fucking have to start over. I didn't really enjoy the thought of having to make it on my own.

So, I guess now I had to make up my mind. Which was more important to me? I honestly didn't know right now. This isn't the kind of thing that could be decided quickly. But apparently I didn't have that long. He was already getting impatient.

"What's it going to be? Will you do this for me? Please? I mean...we don't have to do anything tonight. Let's just go talk to him and see what all this is about. Well, I know what goes on at these things, but I don't

know anything specific. Just give it a chance, Trish. You might actually like it!" He said passionately.

Who was this man? He all but ripped Andrew's head off when he caught us in bed together. Now he was *asking* me to screw around on him. Could this situation be any more fucked up?

At that moment, the front door flew open, and Leonard and his wife stepped out onto the front porch. The look of surprise crossed their faces as they nearly collided into us in their desperation to escape.

"I thought you two left already," said Leonard. His wife was wide eyed beside him. She looked like she was beyond words.

I knew how she felt.

"We just stepped outside to talk. I'm going to go back in and have a word with Jerry," Dan explained.

"Oh, okay. Well, we're out of here. Things were starting to get weird in there. That shit is too freaky for me!" Leonard grumbled as he stepped around us, dragging his wife behind him.

I was jealous. Her husband was clearly sane, unlike mine! I could feel Dan's gaze boring into my face as I pretended to ignore him. I knew he wasn't going to drop this.

"Well? What do you say? Are you in or out?" Dan inquired.

I wasn't ready for this...I was overwhelmed. But I decided to play along with him for now. If I didn't, it guaranteed me a fight with him. I could always back out later...he said as much himself. Maybe we'll go back in there and Jerry will strip down naked. Then Dan will be so disgusted and he'll run screaming. Whatever. Maybe I can drink enough that I won't even remember this night. That would be great.

"Fine. I'll go talk to them with you, but that is it. I am in no way agreeing to do anything. Just talk, okay?"

"That's all I'm asking!" He boasted.

I was really starting to wonder if maybe he had gone crazy and I just hadn't noticed.

Weird wouldn't be adequate enough to describe the scene when we walked back in the house. Obviously, Frank and his wife, Fiona, had decided that this shit wasn't too bizarre for them. I spotted them on one of the couches in the back of the room, sitting with two other couples from Jerry's *prestigious* club. What was odd about this scene was that Fiona already had her shirt off and one of the other women was playing with her nipples. Frank looked on with a huge grin stretched across his face. I suddenly wondered if any amount of alcohol would be able to block that image out.

"DAN! I thought you had left!" Jerry bellowed from across the room. He grinned as he started walking towards us.

At least he wasn't naked...yet. That might be more than my brain could handle at the moment.

"We didn't leave. Trish and I were just having a discussion in private.

We've come back in to speak with you. We have some questions," Dan said as he wrapped his arm around my waist.

Probably wanting to make sure I didn't kick him in the nads and make a run for it.

"Of course you do. That is perfectly understandable. Unfortunately Leonard doesn't share our feelings on this matter, and has left. But as I'm sure you've seen, Frank and his wife are quite comfortable with the idea. It seems they've been considering such a lifestyle for quite a while and just haven't acted on it. I'm sorry to have dropped it on you like this, but there really isn't a better way to broach the subject, you see."

"It's okay. It was a bit of a shocker at first, but I think we're okay now. Do you mind...if I ask some questions?"

"Not at all! Why don't you and Trish come with me...I'll get Lizzie to help explain. She wasn't as open to the idea of swinging when I first approached her with it, either. But now she is glad she took a chance."

I was really started to wonder if maybe I was just dreaming. Maybe I was at home, asleep in my bed. I couldn't think of any other way to rationalize how I was standing quietly by as Dan was calmly discussing the possibility of sleeping with complete strangers with his boss. I couldn't quite wrap my head around it.

As we followed Jerry into another room, I was aware of his wife following behind us. I hadn't seen Lizzie in years. I always thought the woman was beautiful...way too good-looking to be with a jerk-off like Jerry. But, he was rich so I could understand what his appeal might be to her.

Jerry led us into a den and motioned for us to have a sit on one of the many couches that occupied the room. There was a grand fireplace on the main wall, but it was far too warm outside to be put to use right now. Dan led me to one of the sofas and pulled me down beside him. When Jerry sat on the sofa across from us, Lizzie joined him. I couldn't help but gawk at the woman, for I had never quite looked at her tonight. I suppose other things had kept my attention.

What had happened to her? Sure, it had been a few years since I'd seen her, but never expected such a transformation! She was always perfect when I'd seen her. Not a hair out of place or a tan line to be seen. She'd always had a nicer body than I even dreamed of having. Her gorgeous, flowing blonde hair was always styled just right. I guess none of that had changed, except for the part about her having a nice body. She was huge! She must have put on a hundred pounds since the last time I saw her! I had to stare harder at her just to make sure this was the right woman. But, her beautiful face was still there, under the pudginess. I just couldn't believe it! I was ashamed at the thoughts that passed through my mind in that instant. I could not understand what Jerry was doing with *her* now. Surely someone of his influence would want someone...better to be his wife.

Somehow I couldn't keep myself from examining this woman. She

met my gaze with a smirk. This startled me. It was if she understood the questions in my head, and thought they were amusing. Luckily for me, Jerry broke the short silence, and I was able to look down at the coffee table between us.

"I presume that you'd like me to explain how everything works...in our club. I warn you, though, that I'm abrupt and very direct with things, and I hope nothing I say will make you uncomfortable. I feel that it's just better to lay it out there, like it is," Jerry said with a tight grin on his lips.

I looked up then, intending to keep my word to Dan. I would listen to what this psychotic man had to say, and then we would leave. I could feel a cold sweat breaking out on the back of my neck. I was going to need more than just alcohol to shake this night off.

"I'm assuming you both are already familiar with the term swingers, and that you know what that entails. Each group is different in how they handle themselves. This is not just a bunch of people that get together once a month and have a big orgy. It's more than that to us. There are bonds that are formed between us. These people are our friends. We share something deep and intense with them that you won't experience in a regular relationship."

"I was first introduced to this lifestyle by a close friend many years ago. I wasn't sure how I would feel about it. It took me a few weeks to sort through everything that I had been told. I wasn't quite sure how I would feel...knowing that I was sleeping with other women. I also wasn't sure how I would feel knowing that Lizzie was sleeping with other men. But, the idea appealed to me. I thought it might be something healthy for our relationship, if we were strong enough to handle it. According to my friend, it was the best thing that ever happened to his marriage. Of course, it was all up to Lizzie. If she was against it, I certainly wasn't going to make her. It had to be a mutual decision. I've always known my Lizzie was too good for me...and she proved it once again. She agreed to try it with me. If it wasn't something that we both enjoyed, then we wouldn't do it anymore."

At that point, Lizzie reached over and took Jerry's hand with her own. Jerry smiled at her before continuing.

"I'll spare you the details. Suffice it to say that we both enjoyed ourselves, very much. We haven't looked back. Our group of friends has only grown and gotten closer since then."

"The basic mechanics of it is really quite simple to explain. We schedule a meeting at least once a month and meet here, at my house. It's a very relaxed environment, without pressure or time limits. There's also no competition. We're not all fighting over the chance to be with one particular person. Occasionally a request will be made, but normally it's just the luck of the draw. We split the group in half, and only put names of one of the groups into a bowl. The other group then gets to pick a name out of the bowl. Whichever couple they pick is who they swap with for the night."

"That keeps a lot of jealousy out of it, not that it happens very often. You can't be jealous that someone is sleeping with your wife if you're sleeping with *his* wife. It's not really wife swapping. More like couple swapping. Every couple gets paired with another couple for the night. How they proceed is up to the individuals. Some like it closed, where they go off alone with their partners for the evening, and some like it open where all four participate in the activities."

I knew my mouth was hanging open, but I couldn't find the right muscles necessary to close it. Jerry seemed to notice then, and he shot me a wink. Gross.

"That's actually why we're looking for a new couple. It seems that we're not evenly divided anymore. Two of our dear friends had to move last month, and we've been seeking a replacement since then."

"Also, we're all clean and safe...meaning that we all regularly get tested for diseases and that none of us are in danger of getting anyone pregnant," Jerry explained. I didn't like the way he looked at me. It was like he was waiting for a confirmation from me or something.

"Don't worry, Jerry. We're both clean. We've been...uh, tested for such things before. I've also had a vasectomy and Trish has had her tubes tied. We wanted to make sure we were covered!" Dan explained.

I wanted to punch him right in his face. We were supposed to be asking questions here, not giving out highly personal information. I wondered if it would be rude to ask for a bottle of whiskey.

"Excellent! That's good to hear. I hope you wouldn't mind getting tested...just for the reassurance of the other members. I trust you, but they might feel better if you did."

"That sounds reasonable," Dan remarked.

I was appalled! What was he agreeing to here? It sounded like he was ready to strip down and wag his dick around. What the fuck?

"Um, Dan...we haven't agreed to anything yet," I protested.

"No, of course not, honey. I was just telling him that we wouldn't mind getting tested, *if* we decided to consider being part of their group."

There it was...the urge to punch him in his face again. He was glaring at me like I was a total moron. Did he not hear what I told him outside? That I was only going to talk to these people? What exactly was he expecting here? I decided the best way to handle this was to just ask him directly. After all, if this was just a dream, he couldn't be mad at me.

"What exactly are you wanting from me, Dan? Really? You want me to just take my clothes off and go have sex with some stranger while you watch? Is that it? You gonna get off on that?"

I was too pissed to give a crap that Jerry and his fat bitch of a wife were staring at me during my rant.

"I thought we already discussed this. And I'm not asking you to do anything, Trish. I'm simply talking to my boss, getting the facts. Just like I said I was planning on doing." He looked like the vein in his forehead was about to pop. I could feel the anger pulsating off of him.

I was suddenly as angry as he was. Here was my husband of over twenty years, sitting across from his boss, talking about sleeping around with some random couple. I *owed* him. That's what he said. So you know what? That's fine with me! If this was how he wanted me to atone for cheating on him, then I would do it. I was tired of this shit hanging over my head all the time. After tonight, he could never throw that affair in my face again. I had made it up to him, or at least I was planning to. Right now. Let's see how he liked being put on the spot.

"You know what honey? I think you're right. Let's do it. Right now...I'm ready." I rather enjoyed watching the shock cross his face before he could compose himself. I briefly wondered if he hadn't dropped this shit on me just to test me. To see how serious I was about keeping my word. Well, he was about to find out.

"What?" he stammered. His eyes were bulging as he watched me jump up from the couch.

"Let's do it! Tonight...right now. You said I owed you, and I do. So let's give it a try. Jerry's right! This might be the best thing that's ever happened to our marriage," I said with a sassy tone. Let's see how far he was willing to go with this. It was his turn to be uncomfortable.

"Well, honey, I'm sure we can't do anything...tonight. Jerry said we'd need to get tested and all that." He looked at me with wild eyes.

Tough shit. Don't put me on the spot. I didn't feel bad in the slightest bit for what I did next. I felt a little devious, but not bad.

"Well, *honey*, Jerry also said that *he* trusted us, didn't you Jerry?"

"Yes. I do trust both of you. If you say you're clean, then I believe you." He looked hopefully at me as he watched the resolve form in my eyes.

"Fine, then. It's settled. You said it's a couple swap, right? As in I would go with you and Dan would go with Lizzie?" I had a hard time keeping the humor out of my tone as I spoke to Jerry. Well, let Dan have a good time fucking that fat bitch! I was definitely on the winning side! Dan was getting what he wanted, and I will have kept my word. This was great! All those hot women out there in the living room, and he gets stuck with Lizzie! Oh well...I guess he should have thought this through a little more. He can either follow through with it or punk out now. I'm betting he won't want to offend his boss by refusing to fuck his wife.

"What do you say, Dan? I thought you were ready to try this out." I was being so mean, but I didn't care. I'm sure I'll pay for this later, but who cares. It's almost worth it to get to see the look on his face right now.

"Dan? Are you having second thoughts?" Jerry asked.

It probably didn't help that Dan was staring at Lizzie like she was covered in sores. Jerry looked like he was on the verge of being angry. This was priceless. Dan caught the look on Jerry's face and managed to pull himself together.

"Nope, none at all. I think it's a great idea. As long as you're willing to, Jerry."

I could detect the slight rise in Dan's voice. The one that signaled that he was clearly nervous and upset, but didn't want to show it. He was running true to form. He would rather me sleep with Jerry, and have to fuck Lizzie, rather than piss his boss off. Classic Dan. Oh well, I was invested in this now. I would take it all the way. He couldn't blame me, after all. This was all his idea.

"Excellent. Well, what do you say, Lizzie? It seems that we won't be sitting on the sidelines tonight! What a pleasant surprise," Jerry said.

"It sounds like fun to me!" Lizzie said with a wicked glint in her eyes. She was looking at Dan like he was a giant pork chop. I expected her to lick her lips and put on a bib. I almost felt bad for Dan...almost.

"What do we do now?" I asked Jerry. Might as well get this show on the road as soon as possible, before I could chicken out. Or before Dan could escape out the back.

"We can do whatever you want to do. I'll leave it all up to you two, since you're new at this. Whatever makes you more comfortable. If you want to go to separate rooms we can. Or, if you'd like to stay together, that is fine too. Whatever will make this easier."

A bottle of the strongest alcohol you have. That would make this easier. Well, maybe one glass wouldn't offend him.

"Would you mind if I got a drink first? Just to calm the nerves?" I asked timidly.

"Of course not! I'll go get us all something to help us relax," Jerry responded.

"Why don't I do that?" Lizzie offered. "You can stay here and help them get ready. I'll be right back."

"Certainly, my dear. Thank you," Jerry said.

Okay, so maybe my brilliant idea wasn't so great after all. But, it was too late to change my mind now. I speculated if I could make myself throw up if I could get out of it. It would probably be some sick fetish of Jerry's though, with my luck.

Once Lizzie waddled out of the room, Jerry turned back to us. He was obviously trying to be reassuring, but I was still icked out. I tried my best to put a smile on my face, but I wasn't sure if I succeeded. I was too exasperated to sneak a peek at Dan to see what his face looked like.

"Would you like to stay together, or do you want to go into separate areas?" Jerry asked. I notice he was looking only at me.

"I'll let Dan decide that, Jerry. I don't really mind either way. Although it might be easier if we all stayed together, for now." And I didn't want to miss being able to see him mount that whale. Wow...when did I turn into such a mean bitch? I wasn't sure, although I'm sure I wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't under pressure.

"Dan? What do you think?" Jerry asked.

"Um, I guess we should stay together, if you think that is what's best, Jerry. You're more experienced with this than I am." Dan looked like he was going to be sick.

"We'll just try it out and see what happens. Nothing is set in stone. We can always split up if things get too uncomfortable."

It was then that Jerry slowly advanced towards me. He reached one hand out to me, and lightly placed it on my shoulder. I shivered when he touched me, and this made his face light up. If he only knew it was a shiver of disgust, and not of pleasure. He glanced over at Dan, who was glaring back at him. But I knew Dan, and he would never ever question anything that Jerry did.

"Do you mind if I get started, Dan? I'm sure Lizzie will be back in just a moment."

"Not at all," Dan said woodenly.

"Great. Feel free to get undressed as well if you'd like," Jerry stated. He was no longer looking at Dan. His attention was completely focused on me. Now I felt like the pork chop. I gulped, and once again Jerry looked pleased. He gave me a grin as he slowly reached behind me and began to unzip the long zipper on the back of my little black dress. How ironic that earlier this evening, I swore to kick this man in his jewels if he laid a hand on me. It was almost funny. I sucked in a deep breath and tried to mentally prepare myself.

I was too busy trying not to hyperventilate to worry about what Dan was thinking of all of this. I wasn't prepared for it when Jerry slid the strap of my dress off of my right shoulder and let it fall down my arm. Too late to regret not putting on a bra. It was all hanging out now, on one side anyway. Jerry seemed pleased with what he saw there. I could literally hear the increase in his breathing. He slowly ran his left hand down my collarbone and gently ran it over my right breast. I hated to admit it, but it was kind of nice, the way he was looking at me. Dan hadn't looked at me like that in years. It was a little embarrassing that my nipple became so erect at his touch, but I suddenly didn't care.

At that moment, with still only my right breast exposed, he leaned down and shoved my tit straight into his mouth. His warm breath, coupled with his soft tongue and the sucking motion he was making with his mouth somehow didn't seem quite so disgusting to me. I instantly regretted the soft moan that slipped past my lips. It wasn't hard for that moan to get out, considering my mouth was hanging open like a fool. I couldn't help but steal a look towards Dan, and I wished I hadn't looked. He was visibly fuming at this site. Too bad for him...he'd just have to wait a minute more and his hot lady of the evening would be back.

Jerry seemed suddenly enthusiastic and, while still sucking on my nipple, reached up with his free hand to rip my other strap off of my shoulder. He was apparently very eager to expose my other breast. He reached his right hand down and started caressing my left titty, gently tugging on my already erect nipple.

As my eyes slid closed with a sudden flash of pleasure that coursed through my body, I caught a glimpse of Dan taking a hesitant step towards us. I was wondering if Jerry would suddenly be airborne when

Dan tackled him. But that didn't happen. What *did* happen at that moment was good timing. Just the distraction that Dan needed. Lizzie appeared back in the room, with a big bottle of scotch and four glasses filled to the brim with ice. I opened my eyes and looked up at her, suddenly worried about her reaction to her husband hanging off my jugs. She had a small smirk on her face as she met my stare. She truly did not seem disturbed at all. How odd.

"Dear, I've got the drinks if you'd like one," Lizzie said to Jerry.

I was now questioning *my* sanity when I felt a wave of sadness when Jerry straightened up and strode over to where Lizzie was standing. What the hell was wrong with me? So a dude sucked my boobs...so what? What the fuck!? I was done trying to make sense of things tonight.

"Thank you, hon. Dan? Trish? Have a drink," Jerry murmured. He seemed relaxed now. Maybe it was just because he had gotten what he wanted. Or, rather, was *going* to get what he wanted.

I quickly walked over and took one of the full glasses, suddenly feeling self-conscious considering I was the only one in the room that was partially naked. I reached up with my free hand to adjust the straps on my dress, and cover my naked tits, but Jerry stopped me.

"Don't worry about that, hon. We'll all be naked soon enough. No one is judging you here, so you don't need to feel embarrassed."

And it was true. I was about to fuck this man that I barely knew, while my husband looked on. And he was going to be fucking Jerry's mammoth wife while I was in the same room. Why should it bother me that my hooters were hanging free? I shrugged and smiled at Jerry, and took a sip of my drink. He seemed pleased with my nonchalance. Dan finally accepted his drink from Lizzie and quickly chugged it. That's my Dan! He set the glass on the table next to the open scotch bottle, and seemed to be thinking about something really hard. I didn't know, or care, what it was.

I went to sit on the same couch Dan and I had shared just a few minutes ago. How strange that it had seemed like days ago that we were at home, getting ready for a party. Now, I was preparing to have sex with Jerry. And, it was slightly unusual that I had a faint fluttering in the pit of my stomach.

Jerry followed me, and he was enough of a gentleman to allow me another thirty seconds to finish my drink. He looked a little impatient though. When I was finally done, he grabbed my glass and threw it across the room. I was shocked that he had done that. I'd only seen people in movies do that. Lizzie didn't seem to flinch over that move, but Dan cringed and stole a long glance back at us before he turned his attention to Lizzie again. I wasn't sure what happened next between Dan and Lizzie, even though I was extremely curious. Jerry was holding all of my attention. He pushed me down onto the couch so that I was lying down. I didn't even try to resist. I realized all at once that I *wanted* to fuck this man. I wanted to fuck his brains out! I hadn't been this turned on

since I don't know when. My memory didn't go that far back. Sex with Dan was just routine. Something we did out of boredom, not for any kind of excitement or gratification. Jerry seemed to be on the same wavelength that I was. He was eager and excited. He quickly climbed up onto the couch and roughly pulled my dress the rest of the way off. All I had left on now was my black lacy panties and my high-heeled pumps. He swiftly turned his attention to my panties, and they were abruptly removed. I was so impatient that I was breathing roughly and already shuddering with delight.

Jerry was a big fat tease though. I fully intended for him to rip his dick out of his pants and shove it in me. He didn't, though. He did something I was not anticipating. He wiggled down towards the end of the couch and jerked my legs up, swinging them over his shoulders as he crouched down. It took me a moment to register what was happening, since Dan didn't like to go down on me. I was so thrilled that I almost orgasmed without the first touch by Jerry. He seemed to pick up on my mood and swiftly ducked his head down between my legs.

The sensations that pulsed through me were both familiar and unknown. Sure, I'd rubbed one out quite often over the years, but there is nothing that compares to the feeling of his hot, wet tongue probing and licking all over my stiff clit. He suddenly reached down with his right hand and shoved two of his meaty fingers into my pussy. It was already so wet with anticipation that he didn't have any resistance. He roughly pumped his fingers in and out of my tight, wet hole at a speed I would have thought impossible. All the while, he was busy sucking and licking my clit with such a fantastic rhythm. It was probably less than a minute that he had begun, and I was orgasmic. I tried to hold onto it, to prolong it...to prolong the feelings and sensations he was creating down there, but I couldn't. My whole body rocked and quivered with an orgasm so intense I was sure I would break in half. It was the best orgasm I had ever had. I couldn't believe that this man, whom I had detested and thought was disgusting just a mere hour earlier, was giving me the greatest pleasure I had ever known.

Jerry seemed delighted with my body's response. He leaned his head back and grinned up at me. He was still pounded my hooch with his fingers, which was only prolonging the sensations from my orgasm.

"Would you like me to keep going? I wasn't sure if you are multi-orgasmic or if you wanted me to stop at one."

"Uh...I don't know. I've never really tried for two," I replied, slightly out of breath.

"I'm going to go for two. Let me know if you want me to stop!"

Why in the hell would I ever want him to stop? I'm sure at some point, my clit would retreat in order to recover, but for now, I didn't want him to stop. He was still staring at me, so I grabbed his head and shoved his face back down. He seemed to get the hint and it started all over again. It wasn't long until I was grinding my hips, willing him to lick harder

and faster. He replaced two fingers with three, and soon my twat was pulsating with desire.

When the second orgasm took over me, I was completely unprepared for it. There wasn't as much build up as there was with the first one. This wasn't like anything I had felt before. Every nerve in my body seemed to be awake and screaming at me. I knew it wasn't very ladylike, but I couldn't help myself. I screamed. A lot.

"AAAAHHHHH!!! OH FUCK! OH FUCK!! YES! Yes...yes, ah, ah, ah! Right there! Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh...holy...fuck...don't...stop!! UHHHH!!! LICK...THAT...PUSSY!! LICK IT!! OHHH! OHHH!!! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Oh yeah...you dirty...bad...boy! Don't...stop!! Lick it...lick it...yes!"

Jerry seemed to feed off of my shouts of pleasure because his tongue probed harder and faster. The orgasm finally took over and ripped it's way through my body, effectively silencing me. I thrashed and trembled against Jerry's face, which he didn't seem to mind. I don't know quite how long the second one lasted, but when it finally subsided, I was gasping for air. I roughly shoved his head away from my fleshy folds, forcing him to take his fingers with him. He looked up at me, perplexed.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked.

"Not at all...I just don't think I can take another one of those! I've never had more than one orgasm before, and trust me...it was good, but I'm ready for something else." My openness and directness startled me. I was never really assertive in the sack, but here I was...telling a perfect stranger to fuck me.

"Anything for you, hon," Jerry said.

If I was surprised before when he hit me with the second orgasm, then I think my jaw probably dropped on the floor this time. When Jerry yanked down his pants, I was not ready to see what was hiding there. There were no words for it. Just complete awe. I would have gotten on my knees and bowed down to pay homage to this man's penis, but I was suddenly aware of Dan's eyes glaring at me. I shot him a swift look, and realized that he and Lizzie were still completely dressed, sitting on the couch across from Jerry and I. I was confused, and apparently Jerry took notice of the reaction on my face.

"Don't be upset, hon. Lizzie likes to watch, is all. I hope you don't mind. I suppose I should have warned you first."

"Um...I just didn't realize we had an audience. That's kind of embarrassing." My face flushed bright red at the recent memories. I had been totally uncensored with this stranger, and I had no idea that my husband was sitting a mere ten feet away, watching everything. That would probably explain why I could feel his eyes on me. If looks could kill...

"Don't be embarrassed! I told you...you are among friends here. We are giving in to our most basic needs! It's nothing to be ashamed of." Jerry suddenly glanced over at Dan, and realized the murderous

expression on Dan's face.

"Of course, if you'd like to split up, Dan, that is certainly fine with me," Jerry offered.

"No, thank you. I'm fine here. I'd like to stay, if you don't mind," Dan replied icily.

Jerry didn't even bother to answer Dan. He had already turned his focus back on me. As for me, my focus was on Jerry's gigantic dick that was fully erect and waiting on me. I didn't quite know how to proceed. On one hand, I felt bad because Dan was sitting right there, scrutinizing my every move. On the other hand, my pussy was dripping wet and was practically begging me to shove Jerry's huge cock in it. In the end, the vagina wins.

I grabbed Jerry and pulled him back onto the couch, allowing him to straddle me. I was eagerly waiting for him to thrust his massive shaft into me, but, once again, he teased me. He stroked the head of his dick softly around the hole, on my clit, between my breasts...but he would never put it in. I was dying! I didn't know how much more I could wait. He seemed to realize this and was even more turned on. I didn't know how, but it seemed like his dick had gotten bigger and harder.

He jerked back and sat down on the end of the couch. I was confused by his movements until he reached over and pulled me upright with one of his hands. It didn't take long to understand what he wanted. I was never really a big fan of the blowjob, but I would have done *anything* for this man if that meant he would fuck me with his deliciously large cock.

I quickly sunk down to the floor and got on my knees, grabbing his dick in my right hand. In that instant, I couldn't have cared less that there was an audience behind me. I shoved his rod swiftly into my mouth. I heard his sharp intake of breath at the same moment that he roughly grabbed my head, forcing me even further down on him. I was waiting to be repulsed but instead I was extremely turned on. His dick actually felt *good* in my mouth. I was about ready to explode with anticipation...I couldn't imagine how good this thing was going to feel when he finally shoved it in me.

He must have really been enjoying himself, because he began quickly thrusting his dick in and out of my mouth in short bursts, while holding my head in place. I used my right hand to roughly rub up and down his shaft when my head would bob up. I grabbed his balls in my left hand and began to gently stroke them up and down. His quiet grunts became louder with each stroke of my mouth. His cock was hard as steel.

"Ungh...ungh...ungh...oh fuck yeah. Shove that big...fat...cock all the way down your throat! You like that, don't you? You like having my fat dick shoved into your mouth! What a dirty little slut you are! I can't wait to fuck that tight little pussy of yours!" Jerry exclaimed.

I thought that perhaps I should have been offended by his dirty comments, but they only succeeded in making me hornier, if that were possible. I didn't know how long I kneeled on the floor, sucking this man

off. I was considering the possibility that he would finally explode into my mouth and then he would be done with me. I was instantly upset at the thought. I didn't *want* him to be done with me. I would have stopped and asked him, but he never gave me the opportunity. Before the stress could get the better of me, he tensed up and quit thrusting. His grip on my head got tighter as he forced me up and down on him at a faster pace. He was making soft grunting noises in the back of his throat, then I heard him let out a low moan.

"Oooohhhhhh! Yes...yes...yes...yes...yes. I'm...going...to...cum. Don't stop...harder...harder...yes...yes. Suck it...suck it hard! AAHHH!!!!"

When he let out that last moan, I could feel him quivering in my mouth. I wasn't sure if I should protest or allow him to shoot off in my mouth. I decided to keep going. Apparently, this pleased him greatly. He violently thrust his dick deeper into my mouth at the exact moment that he spurted his goo. I couldn't remember how long it had been since I had swallowed. It usually disgusted me and I would refuse. I wasn't disgusted now. I was greedily sucking it up. He came in waves. Hot, thick waves. I didn't think he was ever going to be finished. He had relaxed at this point, allowing his juice to flow freely on its own, and had slumped back against the couch, removing his hands from my head. I was still tugging on his shaft and softly sucking on the tip of his penis, making sure to get every drop out.

"You seemed to have liked that quite a bit, dear," Lizzie stated from behind me. I was sure, if I were to look, that Dan wouldn't be so calm.

"Yes, that was...definitely something!" Jerry said. "I hope I didn't offend you with anything I said, Trish. I don't quite know what came over me there."

I forced myself to release his penis, so that I could answer him.

"No, not at all," I said, as casually as I could. I didn't want to seem like a whore by telling him that it had actually aroused me. Now that I was able to speak, I voiced my concerns to him. "Are we done, then?"

"No...I just need a minute to recover, if you don't mind. Actually I think Lizzie is becoming impatient for her turn. I also usually like to watch. Do you mind?" Jerry asked.

"Um, no...I guess not." I tried my best to smother my disappointment. I felt ready to explode, and now I was going to have to wait. Well, on the upside...I got to watch Dan now. This should be interesting.

Not another word was spoken. Lizzie quietly got up off of the couch and began undressing herself. I could tell that she had hoped that Dan would have done it, but he seemed frozen on the couch. I quietly got up and sat back down on the couch, now earnestly curious as to how I was going to handle this. I didn't really know how I would feel...having to watch Dan screw another woman right in front of me.

Lizzie dropped her clothes to the floor, never taking her eyes off of Dan. She was now down to her bra and panties. I tried hard to keep my composure during all of this. To describe this woman as plump would be

a compliment. She was a roly-poly...with gigantic fat rolls adorning her stomach and chest. She was going to annihilate Dan!

She reached down to take Dan's hand and pull him up. Apparently she was tired of doing all the work herself. She smiled at him and forced his hand down to her crotch, making him remove her panties in the process. He looked as white as a ghost. As her underwear slipped down her meaty legs and hit the floor, she forced Dan's hand up to her bra. She helped him with the clasps, but made him pull it off of her. I was surprised that he hadn't run from the room yet.

Her gigantic udders flopped out of her bra. I was astonished that a tiny piece of cloth could have held those things up! Those things must weigh a ton! But, for being as heavy as she was, I had to admit that her tits looked pretty good. They were still fairly tight and perky. Hmmm...maybe she had an implant job. Who knows? Apparently I wasn't the only one that was impressed with her ta-tas. Dan suddenly livened up at the sight of her jiggy boobs. Huh. Never really knew he was a breast man. Maybe I didn't know him at all...

Dan lurched forward and grabbed one of her massive tits in his hands. He licked and fondled her nipple while she reached down and started rubbing her own clit. Next to me, Jerry's erection was starting to come back. I seriously doubted if Dan's penis was anywhere close to being erect when he was watching me with Jerry.

Lizzie's plump sausage fingers were working in rhythmic circles on her clit. Dan was still busy exploring her jugs when Lizzie stopped pleasuring herself so that she could reach over and unzip Dan's pants. I was shocked when his pants fell to the floor and he had a full blown hard on. Lizzie fell back onto the couch, letting her tits flop, and waiting for Dan to finish undressing. When he finally managed to nude up, his raging boner was all I could see. What the fuck? Did he have a thing for fat chicks now?

Dan mounting Lizzie quickly, but he didn't go straight for the crotch like he always did with me. He straddled her face and forced his dick into her mouth. She seemed to be very willing. I settled in to watch the show, but apparently a blowjob was not what Dan had in mind. After a few thrusts, he pulled out of Lizzie's mouth. She seemed to be just as confused as I was. He wiggled down until he was pretty much sitting on her gigantic stomach, and then he grabbed her massive boobs in his hands. He leaned forward and plunged his hard dick between her tits. Lizzie seemed ecstatic with this.

Dan was really going at it...he was giving it all he had. Shove...thrust...shove...thrust. Hump, hump, hump. So, apparently he liked to titty fuck. And so did Lizzie. Her massive body was swaying and jiggling with each thrust of his dick. She had her pudgy hands wrapped tightly around his ass cheeks, helping to force his cock between her jugs.

I had all but forgotten about Jerry sitting next to me, as I was too engrossed in watching my husband titty fuck that porky bitch.

Apparently, though, Jerry hadn't forgotten about me. We were only inches apart on the couch, and of course still naked. Jerry reached over with his right hand and slid it between my thighs. I almost burst with pleasure. I had overlooked the fact that I was still furiously horny as I watched my husband, but now all of the feelings and sensations rushed back.

Jerry began to rub his fingers against my rigid clit. Up and down...back and forth. I was ready to scramble onto his lap and fuck him til I couldn't see straight. But I also couldn't take my eyes off of Dan and Lizzie. I was guessing Jerry just wanted to keep me in the mood. He deftly slid one finger into my cunt, wiggling it around as he did. Fuck! If I got any wetter I was going to need a towel.

My attention was turned back to Lizzie and Dan when I noticed Lizzie leaning her head forward. Every time that Dan would thrust his penis between her boobs, she would give a little lick and suck to the tip of his penis. Apparently, Dan enjoyed this. He got faster and harder with each hump. I wondered if he was going to make her gobble up his spooge like Jerry had done with me.

For some reason, I couldn't keep my eyes off of this woman's gigantic titties. I hated to admit it, but they were actually turning me on. What the fuck? Was I a lesbian now? Every other part of her was disgusting and fat, but her tits...well, I couldn't help but imagine having them in my mouth.

That last thought that went through my head startled me. What was *wrong* with me tonight? Maybe they had spiked my scotch with something.

At that moment, I heard Dan utter one soft grunt, and he was done. I had seen his "O" face plenty of times before. He wasn't very vocal about it. He just scrunched his face up like he was in pain, and then it was over. Whatever else may have changed tonight, *that* hadn't. I almost felt bad for Lizzie. She didn't get any grunts or moans or screams of ecstasy out of Dan. She seemed surprised when he suddenly started gushing his hot man gravy all over her chest. He spurted it everywhere! I don't think I had even seen him cum that much. So I guess he really was a boob man after all. When he was finally done, he grinned down at Lizzie.

"Sorry that was so quick. I just couldn't hold it in anymore," Dan said sheepishly.

"I'm not done with you yet," Lizzie replied with an evil grin on her face.

"Oh, I'm not done, either," Dan explained. "I just need to catch my breath."

Just then, Jerry stopped fondling my crotch and stood up. It seems the he was ready for round two with me. But I was not. I couldn't stop myself before I uttered the words. I don't know that I would have stopped myself even if I could have.

"Wait. Not just yet. I want to do something first, if that's okay?" I asked. Jerry looked down at me, with his head cocked to one side. He

was probably wondering what I had in mind.

I stood up and walked slowly around the coffee table, aware of three pairs of eyes watching me. Dan was seemingly the most confused as he cautiously watched me approach him and Lizzie. He was probably wondering if I was about to go psychotic. I did feel a little crazy.

I stopped at Lizzie's head, and kneeled down beside her. I didn't think Dan was breathing. I know I wasn't. Dan reached out towards my shoulder. Maybe he wanted to shake some sense into me, or maybe to restrain me. I felt a little self conscious for what I was about to do, but honestly...I just gave my husband's boss a blowjob while said husband looked on. So...who cares? I decided that I didn't, so I went for it. I don't think any of the others were prepared for what I did next.

TO BE CONTINUED

THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.