

THE PROMOTION

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WRIGHTER

3

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



CHAPTER 3
AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE PROMOTION

A STORY OF SWINGING & INDECENCY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 3

DAN

"What are you doing, Dan?" Jennifer asked as she watched me getting dressed in the corner of the bedroom.

"I'm getting dressed, obviously," I replied.

"Are you leaving already? I thought you said we had all night together," she grumbled.

"I don't know what to tell you...I have to get out of here."

"Come on...don't go! Just stay a little while longer. I'll make us dinner or something. You hardly ever come to see me anymore," she whined.

"Look, I don't think I should have come tonight. I was upset...and this was the first place I thought of," I explained.

"Well, that's something, I guess. Nice to know you occasionally think about me, you fucking asshole. We've only been together for almost eight years!"

"I wouldn't really call what we have as being together," I retorted.

"Oh, my apologies, sir. What *would* you call it, then?" she huffed.

"Exactly what it is...nothing," I quipped.

"I can't believe you said that to me. After every single thing that we've been through...how can you be so callous to me?"

I immediately felt bad for saying such things to Jennifer. In truth, I wasn't angry with her. I wasn't even angry with Trish. I was angry with myself. And I didn't know how to fix it. I thought spending the evening with Jennifer would calm me down like always, but it just seemed to make everything worse. And now, I had hurt her feelings. She deserved better than that. She definitely deserved better than me. Especially if she knew what happened earlier that day, and last night for that matter. I was sick in the pit of my stomach when I thought about what I had done. I had betrayed Jennifer, and now I was taking that out on her.

"I'm sorry, Jennifer. That was awful, I know. I'm just upset today, and I shouldn't be taking it out on you," I apologized.

"Maybe I could help if you would tell me what's wrong!"

"I can't talk about it. It's...complicated. You know how it is. And,

I doubt my mood is going to improve any tonight, so I think it would be best if I just left," I explained as I edged toward the bedroom door. I didn't really want to leave her. She was the only person I ever wanted to be with, but I was so disgusted with myself that I couldn't stand to look her in the eye. She was too good for me.

"Actually, I need to talk to you before you go. I hate that you are already dealing with so much, but this is pretty important," Jennifer babbled while she nervously twisted a lock of her hair around her finger. She seemed apprehensive about something, and that was unlike her. I was immediately concerned about her.

"What is it? You know you can tell me anything," I murmured as I sat back down on the bed next to her. She glanced up at me and I noticed there were tears in her eyes that were about to spill over. I'd never once in eight years seen this woman cry. Shit...it must be bad.

"Jennifer, please...tell me what's wrong. You're making me nervous!" I exclaimed. My mind was racing, thinking of all of the horrible things she could say to me. She could be about to tell me to leave and never come back. Maybe she had finally gotten tired of the excuses I'd provided to her over the years, and wanted to be free of me. I wouldn't really be surprised, even though it would crush me. She was the last good thing in my life. Everything else had been taken away from me. I probably deserved it after the last couple of days. Damn...I fucked everything up!

As I sat next to Jennifer and watched her try to force the words out, I realized that I truly loved this woman. For eight years I have been seeking her comfort whenever work was too hard or Trish pissed me off. She was the first person I would run to, and she was always there for me. Even though she knew I was married, Jennifer never made me feel bad for cheating on my wife, or tried to take Trish's place. I had used her time and time again to ease my tension and take a little stress off of my shoulders.

She would patiently sit and listen to anything and everything that was wrong with my life, my wife included, and would reassure me that everything would be fine. She was the only thing that kept my marriage together after I found out that Trish had cheated on me. Just a month after I discovered Trish's secret affair, I met Jennifer through a mutual friend of mine from school. I really should thank Mark again for setting us up. Of course, he probably wouldn't have if he had known that I wasn't really going through a divorce like I told him.

Now, after all of these years, I was probably about to lose her. She had truly turned into my best friend. She was a replacement Trish, I guess. That seemed a little harsh, but Trish had hurt me in ways I couldn't recover from. I couldn't help the fact that I had to work so much and I hadn't *made* her cheat. Not to mention that she never seemed interested in anything that was going on with me.

I impatiently waited for Jennifer to speak, growing more and more upset by the second. Finally, it was too much for me.

"Please, Jenn! I'm begging you! Tell me what it is! Are you...are you trying to break up with me?" I asked.

"No, nothing like that. I don't quite know how to tell you this, though," she confessed.

"Just say it! Just tell me before I go insane!" I begged.

"Dan...Dan I'm pregnant. I'm so sorry that this happened. I don't know *how* it happened, actually. I couldn't believe it myself, but I've already been to a doctor and had it confirmed. It's your baby, Dan," she blurted. The tears were streaming as she hid her face in her hands.

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't move. I tried to remember back to the last time I had come here. It had been almost three months ago. But even though I never used protection, Jennifer had always promised me that she couldn't get pregnant because she had her tubes tied a long time ago. I was beyond confused. I was in total denial.

"I...don't...understand, Jennifer. You told me that you couldn't get pregnant. So...how are you pregnant? It must be a mistake," I whispered.

"I didn't think I could, but the doctor said that sometimes the tubes can repair themselves and you can still manage to get pregnant. It's not common, but it happens. I had no idea, Dan. I'm so sorry," she said. She wouldn't look up at me as she spoke.

I got up off of the bed and went to lean against the wall. I really wanted to run screaming from the room, but I couldn't make my legs move any farther. I hated the words before they came out, but I felt like I needed to say them.

"Are you sure...that's it's my baby?" I questioned.

She didn't answer me as she turned her face up to glare at me. I knew that I had pissed her off, but I had to know. We didn't have an exclusive relationship and I'm sure she had been with someone besides just me in the last few months. I needed to know for sure before I could make any kind of decision.

"Get out...just get your shit and go!" she shouted.

"I'm not going anywhere until you answer me," I replied.

"I'm not going to answer that question because it's insulting. I can't believe you would even ask me that. You should know better. And if you don't, then that's your problem. I'm not the one running around cheating on people."

"Jennifer, please. I am not your husband. I don't live here with you and keep tabs on everything you do. I have no idea who you have a relationship with other than myself. I just want to be sure that you are certain before we even discuss this."

"Dan, I love you. I have been in love with you for a very long time. I have not been unfaithful to you, even though you've made it perfectly clear on more than one occasion that we aren't together in any way and I was free to see other people. I have not seen anyone else because you are the only one for me. I know you're married and I know you have another life outside of this bedroom, so I try not to ask or bring it up. But, that's how I feel and that's the choice I've made. I've fallen in love with a taken man, and I'm okay with that. So, yes, I'm certain that this baby is yours."

She got up and put on her robe, then she walked out of the bedroom. I couldn't move...couldn't go after her. I wanted to, but I was frozen in place. I had no idea she felt that way. I knew she had sincere feelings for me, as I did for her, but I never knew they were that serious. I also had no clue that she had not had any other relationship besides ours for the last eight years. It was kind of unbelievable.

I heard the bathroom door slam in the hallway. I could also hear Jennifer sobbing quietly, but I was still too stunned to go to her. She was pregnant, and it was obviously my baby, but I had no idea what to do. My life was a gigantic mess at the moment and I wasn't really prepared to deal with anything this...drastic. I couldn't figure out what I was supposed to be feeling. Should I be happy? Should I be scared shitless? Should I be worried? I wasn't sure.

Finally, after a few minutes, I stumbled down the hallway to the bathroom to go find her. Of course, the door was locked.

"Jenn? Let me in please...we need to talk, honey."

"No we don't. I'm an idiot to think that for one second you would care about anyone but yourself," she wailed.

"Jennifer...I do care about you. Why would say that I don't?"

"For eight fucking years I have listened to you whine and snivel about every single thing that has upset you or pissed you off or

disturbed you in any way. EIGHT YEARS! And now that I need you to help me, all you do is try to find some way out of it. It's ridiculous! I'm sorry I even brought it up, Dan. Now do us both a favor and get the fuck out! I don't want to ever see you again. EVER!"

"Babe...come on! Don't say that...because you don't mean it. Look, I'm sorry I reacted badly to the news, really I am, but seriously, Jenn! What was I supposed to think? You said you couldn't get pregnant and then, after eight years, you do! I'm still a little shocked. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings but I didn't know that you felt that way about me. I had just assumed that you had someone else all this time, since I haven't been around much. I wish I *had* known...because I would have been around more," I stated.

The bathroom door swung open and she grabbed me into a fierce hug. I stroked her hair and kissed her forehead as I held her.

"It's going to be alright, I promise. We'll figure something out. Don't worry. I'll take care of you," I murmured. In all honesty, I had no fucking clue what I was going to do, or if I would be able to keep the promise I had just made her.

"Are you sure you don't want me to cook you some dinner?" Jennifer asked.

"No, honey...I'm fine, I swear! Why don't you come sit down and relax? Aren't you supposed to be doing that anyway?" I asked. After crying for two solid hours, Jennifer had finally managed to calm down. I had agreed to stay the night with her, maybe longer. That seemed to cheer her up and now we were downstairs in the living room, lounging and discussing our options for the future. Surprisingly I found myself to be rather excited.

"I'm only three months pregnant. I don't even have a bump yet. Well, not much of one, anyway," she declared. "So, I don't think I'm really overdoing it if I cook you dinner!"

"I'll be the judge of that," I said with a laugh. Then I realized she had said something about a bump...a baby bump. "Come here...let me see," I said as I reached over and pulled up her T-shirt. I was overcome with emotion when I noticed a tiny raised bump between her hips. I placed my hand on top of it and smiled up at her. How had I missed this earlier when we were in bed together?

"Yeah, I kind of noticed that last week and thought that perhaps

I should go and have it checked out. A baby was the last thing I was expecting the doctor to throw at me, that's for sure," she mused. She seemed to be full of joy at the moment.

I realized how much I still didn't know about her, even though we had been together for so long. I was ashamed of myself. This had been a completely one-sided relationship. I had made it all about me, not once stopping to think about her. I had no clue why she put up with me all those years. I had also never questioned her when she told me she had her tubes tied. I had never tried to find out the reasoning behind it. No wonder my wife hated me. I was a fucking jerk.

But, I was determined to salvage something out of all of this. I was fervently hoping that it would be my relationship with Jennifer that I could save. I was fairly certain that Trish was done with me after today. I can't say I blame her. I wondered if I shouldn't tell Jennifer about everything that happened, just to have it out there in the open, but I was worried that it would just make her push me away. I couldn't bear it if she did that to me...not now.

I pulled her against my chest and kissed the top of her head. She threw her arms around me and snuggled up to me. She sighed with contentment as I held her. I hated to ruin the mood, but if there was even a slight chance that I was going to make this work, we had some things to discuss.

"Baby, I'm so sorry about how I've acted over the years. I've been an insensitive asshole. That's no excuse for my behavior, I know...but it is an explanation. I've just been caught up in my own life that I haven't stopped to think about anyone else at all. It's no wonder Trish cheated on me so long ago. I was neglecting her...and I see that now. However, that relationship is over...it's done. I'm hoping you'll give me a chance to make it work with you, though," I said. I was wary of her reaction.

"You don't have to do that for me, Dan. I never intended to break up your marriage, and I won't do it now. I knew going into this relationship that you were married and that there was a chance that you would end up staying with your wife. I've lived with guilt for all those years, worrying that I was causing the stress and strain between you and her. I don't need you to give everything up on my account, so just put it out of your head."

She sounded like she had given this quite a bit of thought. But she was completely misunderstanding the situation.

"Jenny...I'm not choosing you over her. Well, I mean...I guess I am, but it's not because of our situation right now. My relationship

with Trish has been dead for a while. Things have happened during the past couple of days that has proven that to me. We...we had a pretty big fight last night and this afternoon. I don't think there will be any way to fix it this time. We are just both so unhappy. I guess that's why you were the first person I ran to. You've always been my home away from home. I just wanted to give my kids a normal life, but they are grown and out of the house now, so it doesn't really matter now," I explained.

"I'm so sorry, Dan. I know you are probably upset right now. I wish I would have waited to tell you now," she admitted.

"Absolutely not! I'm mad at you because you didn't tell me sooner!"

"Well, I've only known about it for a little over a week. I was getting around to calling you, but I hadn't worked up the courage. Turns out that I didn't need to. I was so glad when you showed up tonight," she claimed. She turned around to peck me on the cheek and then she snuggled even closer to me.

"It's okay...I forgive you," I said with a chuckle. The hatred for myself was getting worse with each minute. She was so happy with me right now, but she wouldn't be if she knew exactly what kind of person I was. I was about to just blurt it all out...everything that had happened in the last couple of days, but I chickened out at the last minute. Instead, I decided to ask her some questions.

"Do you mind if I asked you something? I hope it won't upset you," I said.

"No, of course not. Ask me anything," she replied.

"Why...why did you get your tubes tied? I never really stopped to think about it when you told me you'd had the procedure done even though I knew you didn't have any children."

"I figured you'd get around to asking that," she sighed. "I got married, right out of high school. I've told you about my first husband before," she stated.

"Yes, I remember. He sounded horrible...but I guess I can't judge him since I'm just as bad," I clarified.

"Haha! Not even close, mister! I told you about how he treated me and how he was, but there was a good reason for his behavior. We tried for almost ten years to have a baby after we got out of college. We got pregnant plenty of times but I never carried to term. For most of the pregnancies, I miscarried early on, but two of them were pretty tough. I went to a little over five months with one, and then suddenly miscarried. The last pregnancy I had was what broke up our marriage. I carried to six

months, and ended up going into labor early. She was stillborn. There was no hope of saving her. I guess Jeff was angry with me over everything. He probably blamed me for not being able to have a baby, and after that last one, he just left. He couldn't deal with it anymore. I couldn't either, for that matter. It was too much heartache to handle."

I didn't know how to respond to her. This woman that I loved had been carrying that around on her shoulders all those years and never once mentioned it to me. It was obvious that she still suffered from it. I could tell by the way her voice broke at the end. I just wanted to take her pain away. I would gladly suffer for her if it would mean she could be free of it.

I crushed her gently to my chest and squeezed her tightly. "I'm so sorry, honey. I can't believe you never told me that. How...how many miscarriages did you have?"

"Nine. We saw doctor after doctor but none of them could find anything wrong with me or with Jeff. Nothing to explain why we couldn't go to term with a pregnancy. So, we kept trying, thinking that if we were persistent it would work. It didn't. After Jeff divorced me, I moved. I got a job and took care of myself, but I never got over the trauma that all of that caused me. That's when I decided that it just wasn't meant to be. I went to a specialist here and had an elective tubal ligation. I was old enough to be able to get it done...not to mention they didn't really question me once they saw my medical history," she concluded.

"What about now? I mean...what can we do? Are you going to lose this baby, too?" I asked. I was horrified as I suddenly realized how much I wanted this baby with her. Now, I had to consider the possibility that she might lose it. I was absolutely terrified at the thought.

"I...I don't know what's going to happen. I have an appointment with a new doctor tomorrow. He's supposed to specialize in high-risk obstetrics, but honestly...what's he going to be able to do?" she mumbled.

"We'll figure something out. I want to go with you. We'll get you the best care possible. No matter what happens, I'll be there for you. We are going to get through this together."

As she laid her head against my chest and held me tight, I knew that now was not the right time to bring up last night's events. It could wait. She had enough to deal with right now, anyway. At least, that's what I told myself. Yup...I was a big fat chicken...through and through.

TRISH

Yes...I definitely had butterflies, and Jerry wasn't helping matters much. He just stood in the doorway, staring. He didn't speak, he didn't move. Just stared. It was starting to creep me out. Lizzie was staring right back at him. I wasn't really sure what was going on, but I suddenly wished that I were invisible so I could run from the room unnoticed.

Finally, Jerry turned his gaze to me, and smirked. I exhaled in a big gust. I hadn't realized that I had been holding my breath, but I suddenly felt a little dizzy. At least he wasn't mad...or I didn't think he was, anyway.

"I see that you didn't wait for me, Lizzie," Jerry chided.

"Sorry, dear, but it is what it is! You've come at a good time," Lizzie exclaimed.

"Yes, I see that! Unfortunately I won't be able to join you right at the moment. I received a call from the office on the way home and now I have to go back. I should be back in a couple of hours. Don't forget that Tammy and George are supposed to be here for dinner tonight," Jerry said.

"Oh, shoot! I'm glad you said something! I completely forgot about that!" Lizzie said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your plans. I'm just going to go," I murmured as I tried to get up. Lizzie wasn't having that. She pushed me back down onto the bed with a smirk.

"I believe that you will like Tammy and George quite a bit, so I'd love to have you join us for dinner," Lizzie chuckled.

"That would be excellent, Trish!" Jerry agreed.

"Okay, if you're sure that's okay," I said with hesitation.

"It will be great. I'll see you two tonight," Jerry added before he turned and left.

I tried to get up off of the bed again, and this time Lizzie let me. She had a concerned look on her face.

"I'm sorry...that was uncomfortable for you, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes...a little. I'm still new to this lifestyle, so it makes me a little bit nervous to be so open and free," I replied.

"Don't worry about it. It will get easier, you'll see! Come on...let's get dressed for dinner. I can't wait for you to meet Tammy and George. They are fantastic," she proclaimed.

"Are they...are they part of your group?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes, they are! We brought them in to our group a few months ago," she said with a laugh.

"Oh, well at least they are fairly new to this, like me."

"Yes, they are new to the lifestyle, but not to us," she said. There was a strange edge to her voice that I didn't quite understand. It seemed like she was nervous.

"Oh, really?" I remarked. I didn't know what she was trying to say, but there was obviously something she was trying to tell me.

"Um, well...Tammy is...Tammy is my sister," she blurted. Her cheeks flushed with color as she looked up at me.

"Your...sister?" I repeated. I didn't really understand the words as I tried to process them.

"Yes, she's my sister. I know it might seem a little weird, but it's really not so bad. We try to look at it objectively. We treat them as any other couple we meet up with. I'm hoping it won't be too unusual for you."

"Um...I guess not," I replied mechanically.

"Good. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do tonight. Just have dinner with us and see what happens."

Lizzie got up and headed for the bathroom to get ready, I assumed. I couldn't move from the spot I was standing in. I didn't know what to think. What had I gotten myself into? Maybe she was joking...but I doubted it. I just couldn't wrap my mind around it...her *sister*? Really?

I debated over whether to just leave, but I decided against it. As strange as it was getting around here, and as uncomfortable as I may be tonight, it was nothing compared to what was waiting for me at home. Which was nothing...unless Dan was back, and I was in no mood to deal with him yet. So, I would stay and play along. Maybe it would be fun...or creepy. Yeah, probably mostly creepy.

I quickly got dressed and headed back downstairs to wait for Lizzie. I made myself comfortable on the couch and picked up a magazine that was lying on the coffee table. I began flipping through the pages, not really paying attention to what I was doing. I had barely gotten through half of the magazine when the doorbell rang. I waited but I didn't hear Lizzie coming to answer the door, so I got up to go get it myself.

When I opened the door, I knew who it was before she introduced herself. I immediately recognized Lizzie's sister, Tammy. They could have almost been identical twins. Their hair was the same shade and length, and they shared the same facial

features. The only difference was that Tammy was a little shorter and a little thinner than Lizzie, but not by much. She also had gigantic tits...just like Lizzie. It must run in the family.

"Hello, there. I'm Tammy, Lizzie's sister. Is she home?" Tammy asked.

"Yes, of course. Come in. I think she's upstairs getting ready. I'm Trish, by the way. I'm a...friend, I guess you could say," I said.

"Trish? THE Trish? Lizzie has already told me all about you," she said with a sly grin.

Yes, I should have run when I had the chance. I wasn't aware that Lizzie had been talking about me behind my back. I guess it was maybe kind of flattering, but I was still utterly embarrassed. And what exactly had Lizzie told her about me? I didn't know if I should ask...because I may not want to know.

"Yeah, I'm Trish. I wasn't aware that Lizzie had mentioned me to anyone," I replied. I was trying to keep the panic out of my voice.

Tammy's smile became a full-blown grin as she took in my expression. Obviously she was amused by my awkwardness, which only made it that much worse. Lizzie must have told her everything!

"Well, it's very nice to meet you, Trish. Are you going to be joining us for dinner tonight?"

"Apparently so. Lizzie invited me and Jerry insisted, so here I am."

"Great! I'm just going to head to the kitchen and get some wine," she informed me as she headed for the kitchen. I decided not to follow her, so I returned to the couch and pretended to be interested in the magazine. After a few minutes, Lizzie came down the stairs, dressed and ready for the evening.

"Your sister is already here. She's in the kitchen getting a drink," I explained.

"Oh, I hadn't heard the doorbell ring. Thanks for letting her in. Did you get to meet them both?"

"No, she was alone. She introduced herself. She seems really nice," I offered.

"I'm glad you like her. Wait here, and I'll get us some drinks and see where George is."

I tried to throw myself back into the magazine to keep my mind off of what was coming, but it didn't seem to be helping. I wasn't sure how much time passed, but eventually Lizzie and Tammy both joined me in the living room. They sat on either side of me on

the couch. Too late to regret not sitting on the end cushion. I was getting more uncomfortable by the second, but the sisters didn't seem to notice. Or, maybe they were enjoying it...who knew?

Lizzie handed me a glass of wine, which I gladly accepted and proceeded to chug down. I was going to need it later on.

"So, Trish, Tammy tells me that George won't be here for a couple of hours, and neither will Jerry, apparently. It's just us three for a while!" Lizzie exclaimed. "I figured we could just relax and talk while the men are gone. I know you have a ton of questions, so now would be a good time to ask them, if you want."

Actually, I did have a bunch of questions that I was dying to ask, but I didn't quite know where to start. And some of them were down right embarrassing to think, let alone to say out loud. But, it wasn't like this night could get much worse, so I might as well go for it while I have the opportunity.

"Go on...don't be shy about it," Lizzie encouraged.

"I do have questions, but I don't know how to ask them," I stated.

"Just ask, don't worry about it! We've been asked everything under the sun over the years, so you're not going to shock us!"

"I had a hard time with it, too, when my husband and I first came on board," Tammy said. "But you'll feel better once you get it all off your chest. This particular lifestyle forces you to confront all of your issues and your insecurities. Trust me, it's better to deal with it now rather than later."

"Okay," I agreed. I still wasn't really ready to do this, but it would seem like I don't have a choice anymore. So, I just blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"How in the world did you two end up involved in this together? I mean, isn't it a little odd, since you're sisters?" I said the words in a rush, trying to get them all out before I lost my nerve.

"I figured that might be on the top of your list," Lizzie chuckled. "It's actually kind of a funny story."

"Tell it from the beginning, Lizzie. Don't want her to be confused about any of it," Tammy instructed.

"Right...the beginning. It started about a year ago. We had already been immersed in this way of life for a while, and things were going great," Lizzie clarified. "Jerry and I had a great relationship with each other, and we had many strong bonds with a few other couples. We thought we were absolutely happy, but evidently there was something wrong. We realized it one night when Tammy and George came over for dinner. They had just

moved back to the area and were just getting settled in. It had been about three years since Jerry had seen Tammy. It was obvious that there was some sort of chemistry between Tammy and Jerry that night, but I didn't think much of it."

Lizzie took another long drink of wine before she continued. I wondered where exactly this story was headed, but Lizzie smiled reassuringly at me before she continued.

"After Tammy and George left for the evening, Jerry confided in me about his feelings for Tammy. He was worried that I would be upset over the fact that he was drawn to my sister. It didn't really upset me...we had been sharing partners for a while and it was something I was used to dealing with. However, she was my sister, so it was a little bit awkward. Tammy didn't have any clue about what Jerry and I were doing...at the time."

"We didn't really speak of it again for a few days. I guess he was giving me time to process everything. But one night, Jerry finally approached me and made a confession. It seems that he wasn't really attracted to Tammy, as much as he was attracted to her looks. Tammy and I are almost identical, so I didn't really understand where he was coming from. He had a hard time saying it, but he finally told me that he was turned on by her body."

"I was overweight when we moved back. Not as bad as I am now," she said with a laugh. "But, I was pretty hefty!"

"Yes, so Jerry seemed to be drawn to her because of her build. I thought about it for a while and realized that we didn't have any larger women in our group. We were all scrawny...and I had worked my butt off to be that way. And here he was, telling me that he preferred a bigger woman. I didn't really know what to say to him. I was worried that he didn't find me attractive anymore, but he assured me that wasn't the case."

"After a great deal of soul searching and talking with Jerry, I realized that he didn't really care how I looked...he loved me for me. Shortly after that, I stopped trying so hard to be so absolutely perfect for him. I was always scared that if I ever slipped up, he would resent me for it. I was supposed to be the trophy wife, after all. But, it wasn't like that anymore. We were connected on a much deeper level, and so I was able to be myself. After a few weeks, I noticed that I had started to put on a few pounds. I was terrified about Jerry's reaction to this, but he seemed to be excited. His excitement made me eager to pack on the pounds. The heavier I was, the hornier he got. It sounds strange, but he would get turned on when he would see me eat a whole box of donuts at once. I

filled the house up with junk food and would constantly eat...all day long. It was pure heaven! I let my guard down and was able to let the real me come out. I enjoyed every single minute of it. I can't tell you how sick of salads I was. That's basically what I lived on. Now I got to eat cheesecake and ice cream and delicious pasta for every meal. At first, it was hard to let go after so many years of discipline and structure, but it didn't take me long to get into a new routine!"

"After a few months, I had gained more than forty pounds. I was starting to get a little self-conscious when we would meet up with our group, because I was the largest woman there. I could tell that there was some distaste among a few in the group, and they quickly parted ways with us. Jerry was always there for me, encouraging me to be myself and he always let me know how much he loved me."

Lizzie leaned back into the couch now, seeming completely at ease. She took another swig of her wine and straightened out her shirt before she continued. If telling this story to me was making her uncomfortable, she didn't show it.

"The good part was that some of our friends seemed to be very supportive of my changes, and even encouraged it. We quickly found a few new couples to invite in, and they were more suited to our style. Jerry seemed to be honestly happy with me, and that made me be a little more accepting of myself. I didn't realize how unhappy I had been for years simply because I wasn't allowed to be myself. I always had to be this other person for him. I had to keep up appearances and I didn't realize how much of a burden that was until I didn't have to worry about it anymore. Jerry was unbelievable through all of it. He made me feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. I was so worried that I would end up repulsing him, but it was just the opposite. Our marriage has never been better."

"I have been this heavy for several months now. My weight seems to have stabilized so I'm guessing I'll probably stay in this weight range for a while. Now as for Tammy...I thought that perhaps once I had gained some weight, Jerry wouldn't be attracted to her anymore, but I was wrong. It was more than just her physical features that he was drawn to. It was her personality, too. Jerry was very apprehensive about bringing it up again to me, but it didn't bother me like I thought it would. As long as he still loved me, the way that I was, then I didn't really care if he was attracted to someone else. Jerry wanted to ask Tammy and

George to join our group, but I wasn't sure if they would be willing or not. It was a very difficult decision to make."

"It took us a week or two to get up the courage to invite Tammy over and fill her in on all the dirty secrets. I was worried that she would be disgusted with me and never speak to me again, but it turned out much better than I thought," Lizzie concluded.

I was reeling from all of the information that had just been given to me. I wished for a brief moment that Dan could be half the husband that Jerry is. I, too, knew the struggles with having to keep up appearances and being fake all the time to please your spouse. Unfortunately for me, it still wasn't enough to keep Dan happy. Before I could plunge too far into depression, Tammy spoke up and filled me in on the rest of the story.

"That night was quite a shocker, I must admit. I wasn't prepared for it when they threw it at me! But, after the dust settled, they explained everything for me. I could tell how happy Lizzie was. I hadn't seen her that excited in years. It was nice to see her so content with her life. And then I thought that maybe I could be a part of that. I always trusted my big sister to guide me in the right direction, so I took a leap of faith and agreed to try it out. Of course, I had to go home and explain it all to George. He just about passed out when I asked him what he thought about it, but once he recovered, he didn't seem to be completely opposed to it."

"It took him a few weeks to mull it over, and we had a few meetings with Lizzie and Jerry to discuss things. He finally came around and agreed to try it. The first night was the worst. It's really hard to let your guard down like that and be exposed, but once you get over the initial fears, it's wonderful. I was worried about problems in our relationship, but just like Lizzie and Jerry, it only made ours stronger. If I had for one minute thought that it would drive a wedge between George and I, I would have never agreed to it. But, I knew our marriage was strong enough for it. Now we couldn't be more pleased," Tammy remarked.

Both women stared at me, waiting for my reaction, I guessed. I wasn't sure what they wanted me to say. This was all still so new to me. It felt like I was in a fantasy world. Lizzie must have sensed my discomfort because she reached over and took my hand, giving it a small squeeze.

"I think we shared too much, sister," Lizzie teased as she smiled at me.

"Maybe so! But I think Trish is tough enough to handle it, don't

you agree?" Tammy inquired.

"I believe you're right," Lizzie agreed as she stared at me. I tried to open my mouth to say something, but I wasn't sure what was going to come out.

"I don't know what to say," I finally whispered.

"You don't have to say anything, Trish. We just wanted you to know our history a little bit, since you were curious. We're very open...you have to be when you live like we do. It's hard for some people to adjust, but once you've allowed yourself to open up, it's amazing. You won't ever want to go back to the way things were."

Lizzie squeezed my hand again to comfort me. And I was comforted. It didn't matter that I thought things were a little weird. So what? This was how these people chose to live...so who was I to judge? I didn't exactly have a stellar relationship with my husband. Maybe that was the problem. You try too hard to be someone you're not to please the person you're with...and one day the charade crumbles. Lizzie was right. It was stupid to live your life like that. Why should I have to hide who I was for Dan? Or for anyone, for that matter.

"You're right, Lizzie. About everything. I envy you...quite a bit. I've always tried to be a different person for Dan, and all those years I was hiding the real me. Our relationship was doomed from the beginning. It's not fair that he expected me to be someone that I'm not. And then when I finally have enough of it and stand up for myself, he leaves me!" I vented.

"Oh no! I'm so sorry Trish! I didn't know that you and Dan had split up," Tammy apologized.

"It's okay. It just happened today...that's why I came here. I didn't know where else to go. And Lizzie took me in and comforted me, even though she didn't have to. But, I see a different side to it all now. Thanks to your story...I realize that maybe it wasn't all my fault that things fell apart."

Before Lizzie or Tammy could respond, the doorbell rang. I assumed it would be George, and I was right. Lizzie jumped up and let George in. I figured I would be beyond shock at this point, but it still did a double take when I saw George walk into the room. He was tall and handsome and...black. I was overwhelmed by his physical features. He was buff! It looked like his muscles had muscles! I knew I was staring at him but I couldn't make myself look away. I was secretly wishing and hoping that I would somehow get to be with this man tonight. He spotted me on the couch and smiled tentatively at me. He was probably wondering

who I was and what I was doing here. Or maybe why I was ogling him like I was in tenth grade and he was the hottie quarterback that all the girls wanted.

I realized that he wasn't the only one looking at me, and I quickly diverted my eyes. I felt rude once I noticed that Tammy was watching me stare her husband down. Lizzie seemed to be amused by all of it.

"George, this is my dear friend Trish. She's here for the evening so I've invited her to join us for dinner. I hope that's okay with you," Lizzie said.

"I don't mind at all," George replied. "It's nice to meet you Trish."

"It's nice to meet you too, George," I stammered. Jeez! Why couldn't I get it together? I was surprised that I wasn't drooling on myself.

"Well, Jerry is going to be stuck at the office for a while, so it's just the four of us for now," Lizzie explained. "Would you like me to start on dinner?" she offered.

"No...I have something better in mind," George said with a wicked grin. "I think we should get to know each other a little better."

Lizzie looked straight at me with a serious expression on her face. I didn't know what to make of it.

"George doesn't like to beat around the bush, Trish. So if you're uncomfortable with any part of this, then you need to speak up now."

"Um, no...I'm fine," I whispered. Holy crap! He was ready to jump right into it! I guess that's what they came here for, so I shouldn't be surprised. But he didn't even know me! Suddenly I was worried about Tammy's reaction, so I snuck a peek at her from the corner of my eye. She was smiling up at George. She didn't seem to be upset or disturbed by any of this. Maybe it was me that had the problem. Everyone else seemed to be fine.

"Okay, then. Let's get to it." Lizzie took off down the hallway with George right on her heels. Tammy stood and reached out to take my hand. I was nervous and wasn't sure if I was ready to do this or not. It can't be much different than last night...or this afternoon, could it? I let Tammy drag me down the hallway after Lizzie and George.

I expected to go into the study like we did last night, but Lizzie took us to a different room this time. My mouth almost fell to the floor when we stepped into the room. This room was twice the size

of Jerry's study, but that wasn't what shocked me. This room had been designed for this purpose, and this purpose only. There were three beds lined up in here, plus couches and tables placed in various locations. There were also several large armoires that were wide open, revealing any kind of sex toy you could imagine. Condoms, lubrication, dildos, beads, whips...you name it, they had it. I had to rub the back of my hand across my eyes to make sure I wasn't seeing things. But the room was still there when I reopened my eyes.

Lizzie was now watching me as I hesitated in the doorway. Tammy had gone to one of the armoires and was pawing through some of the items. It seemed as if she was looking for something in particular.

"Come on in, Trish. Take a look around and make yourself at home," Lizzie insisted.

"It's really something, isn't it? I felt the same way when I first came in here. But now it's my favorite room in the whole house," George commented.

I cautiously stepped into the room and approached Lizzie. For some reason I had more courage when I was near her. It was like she was my safety net. But it wasn't Lizzie who reached out for me. George slung his arm over my shoulders and steered me towards one of the beds. I began to feel a little uneasy. This was all going so fast. Last night wasn't so bad because Dan had been there with me. And this afternoon, well...to be honest, I was a little drunk and I don't really know what happened there. But now, I didn't know how I was going to go through with this.

George gently pushed me down onto one of the beds, but didn't sit down with me. Instead, he turned around and grabbed a chair to sit in. He positioned himself next to the bed and looked at me, as if he was expecting something.

Before I could say anything, Tammy was approaching me. I noticed she had several tubes of something in her hands. Lizzie sat down on the bed next to me and started to unbutton her shirt. I was almost to the point of hyperventilating. Tammy threw the tubes onto the bed and also began to take off her shirt. I couldn't do anything but sit and stare off into space.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Lizzie asked in a hushed voice. "You don't have to participate if you don't want to. The last thing we want to do is make you uncomfortable."

"No, I'm fine," I assured her. I didn't know where my sudden confidence came from, but it was there. I *wanted* to let go and be

free. I was so sick of having to please everyone else. It was time for me to do what I wanted...and this was the first step. I had no idea what these people had in store for me tonight, but if it was anything like last night, then it would be fantastic.

"Are you sure?" Lizzie asked. She didn't seem to be convinced, so I figured I would prove it to her.

"I'm positive. I'm tired of pretending to be someone I'm not," I declared. Then I stood up and yanked my shirt off. This seemed to stir some emotion in George. He smiled up at me and began to unbutton his pants. I was immediately speculating about what he had waiting for me in there.

However, George pulled his pants off and sat back down in the chair. I was a little disappointed, but didn't have much time to think about it. Tammy reached forward and grabbed my hand, pulling me back towards the bed. She yanked me down and pushed me onto my back. She helped pull my pants off. I hadn't bothered to put my lingerie back on while I was upstairs, so now I was completely naked. I was extremely self-conscious, but I tried to push those thoughts and feelings to the back of my mind. Like Lizzie said...once you can get past your personal barriers, you will be amazed.

I didn't have to fret for long because Tammy was stripped down in an instant and crawled up to me on the bed. Then Lizzie was there, also naked. I wondered what I should be doing, but I didn't really care enough to ask. I was trying to enjoy the moment.

Tammy silently handed Lizzie one of the tubes she had brought to the bed. I finally caught a glance and realized what it was. Edible lube...now I was extremely curious about what was happening. I'd never had a need for that stuff.

Tammy smiled down at me and popped one of the lids open. She squeezed the tube and let the goo drip down on my chest. It smelled like cherry. When she was done, she tossed the tube on the bed beside her and began rubbing the cream onto me. My nipples reacted to her touch immediately. This seemed to please her. When she was done spreading the goop all over me, she reached up and rubbed the excess all over her breasts as well. I wasn't sure what she was planning, but I was certain that I would know soon enough.

I had all but forgotten about Lizzie when I heard the lid of another tube pop open. She squeezed a big handful of the clear, thick liquid into her hand and reached down between my legs. She used her fingers and her palm to massage the lube onto my pussy

and it already felt amazing. I caught the faint scent of kiwi coming from down below.

I wasn't expecting what happened next. Tammy leaned down and stuck one of my erect nipples into her mouth, and began to suck on it. She began groping my other breast in her hand, tweaking the nipple and sending pulses of pleasure through my body. She leaned over in such a way that her massive breast was positioned over my face, so it was easy for me to grab it and stick it in my mouth. Now I understood why she had rubbed herself with the cherry lube too.

It tasted pretty good. I wondered why I had never tried this stuff before. I felt Lizzie between my legs then, and I nearly exploded. I couldn't see her though, since there was a gigantic titty in my face. Not that I was complaining.

Something was off, but I couldn't place it. Lizzie was rougher now than she had been earlier. Maybe the memory was fuzzy from all the alcohol I'd had. Then again...maybe not.

When Tammy suddenly sat up, I was able to get a better look at what was going on. It wasn't Lizzie that was between my legs...it was George. He stopped for a moment to smile up at me. I couldn't do anything but stare. No wonder it had felt different. Duh! It wasn't Lizzie. Apparently George was enjoying himself. But then...where was Lizzie?

It wasn't long before my question was answered. Lizzie had gone to retrieve something, and was now back. She had a massive pink dildo in her hand, and was heading for Tammy. Tammy moved closer towards me as Lizzie climbed behind her. From the looks of it, the dildo was already lubed up and ready to go. Tammy was on all fours and grinning when Lizzie plunged the gigantic dildo into her. Tammy shuddered with pleasure as Lizzie thrust the dildo in and out, over and over again.

After a few seconds of watching, George dove back in between my legs, reclaiming my attention. Then, Tammy once again leaned over and started sucking on my nipple again. Instead of allowing me access to her tit, she began to stroke her own nipple with her free hand. I didn't have anything to do but concentrate on George and the insane, intense pleasure he was giving me.

After just a few minutes, I felt my body begin to tense up into that all too familiar feeling. I knew I wouldn't be able to postpone the orgasm for long, so I was trying to enjoy every second of it while I could. George felt my legs tighten around his head and he licked my clit with more force than before. That sent me into a

frenzy. I started grinding my hips up and down, trying to force him to lick harder. He got the hint, and began to really go at it.

Meanwhile, Tammy was making soft grunting noises while she continued to lick and suck on my nipples, taking turns with each breast. Apparently Lizzie was doing something right. Tammy was rocking back and forth on the dildo, hard and fast. I could hear the slapping noise it was making when she would slam into it.

Suddenly, I felt the warmth begin to spread through me and I was overcome. I locked my muscles down as the orgasm took over. I couldn't even describe the sensations that were moving through me at that moment. I just knew that I didn't want it to end. As far as orgasms go, that one was pretty long. I don't know the specific amount of time it lasted, but it felt like an eternity. My legs were protested and I was on the verge of getting a horrific leg cramp when the orgasm finally began to slip away. I was both sad and relieved when it was over.

George got up and pulled me upright on the bed, forcing Tammy to release me. She didn't seem to be concerned. George flopped down on the bed, pulling me on top of him. It was then that I got a glance at his colossal cock. I thought my eyes were going to pop out of my head. He snickered when he saw the expression on my face. He pulled me closer and I understood what he wanted. I straddled his dick and slid down on it as gently as I could. I didn't know if it would fit or not. Jerry's penis was massive, but George's was bigger...and thicker...and oh, my, did it feel good!

I started bouncing up and down on it as fast as I could and I was enjoying the feel of him inside of me. Just when I was getting a good rhythm, Tammy spoke up, interrupting us all.

"I want to try something new tonight...since there's three of us!" she exclaimed. I assumed she meant three women and only one man. That probably didn't happen very often, if ever.

"George, get up...Trish, get on your knees...Lizzie...you'll be on top," she instructed.

We all did as she said, eager to see what she had in mind. She positioned me on the bed and then had George get behind me, doggy style. Then she wiggled down under me so that my head was positioned of her crotch. I began to see what she was getting at.

"Lizzie...you come get on top of me," Tammy said. Lizzie did as she was told and climbed on top of Tammy. She got on her knees and reached down to pull her pussy lips apart, and then she

inched forward until she was hovering over Tammy's face. Then, Lizzie squatted down just a little until Tammy was able to bury her face in Lizzie's crotch. George seemed to get turned on by that, and he quickly shoved his cock inside of me and began to fuck me. I obediently leaned down towards Tammy's spread legs and shoved two of my fingers into her wet hole. She tensed up let a little moan escape. She squeezed her legs around my head as I began to probe her clit with my tongue. I continued to thrust my fingers in and out of her, enjoying the tightness of her cunt.

Lizzie was rocking back and forth on Tammy's face, and Tammy reached around and clasped her arms behind Lizzie's ass, forcing her to grind down on her face even harder. Lizzie was grunting and groaning as she gently bounced up and down.

George was pounding me full force, and he reached forward and under me to grab my tits as they bounced and jiggled. He roughly pinched and squeezed my nipples. Just when I really began to enjoy myself, George pulled out. I was disappointed, but I didn't want to stop pleasuring Tammy to see what he was up to. It only took me a minute to figure it out. I felt cold, wet lube dripping down onto my ass, and I knew exactly where he was headed. A few seconds later, and I felt his tentative nudges. He was slowly working the tip of his penis into my tight asshole, and I had to admit that it felt pretty damn good. He allowed the lube to work itself inside of me and he began to thrust a little harder and a little deeper each time.

Finally, he pushed his cock all the way in and gave a sharp little shove. That nearly sent me over the edge. I don't know what he hit, but it was pure bliss.

At that moment, I heard a voice coming from the doorway, and I froze. It was not Jerry's voice, as I had expected. Oh shit...this wasn't going to end well, was it?

TO BE CONTINUED

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