

Kelly 's Diary

September 23, 2011 Our First Married Swap (MF, oral, exhib)

It was really all my husband's idea. Before Steve asked me to marry him I'd always assumed I would be faithful to my husband once I wore his ring. There was only one minor problem with those plans - he didn't want me to be! We'd fooled around with other couples during our engagement but this would be the first time since we'd said our vows that we had sex with people outside my family.

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**PARENTAL
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Chapter 1 - Adultery or Not?

How do YOU define adultery? People have asked me that question so many times that it got to the point where I wrote an entire article on it so I won't repeat everything here.

For those not wanting to take the time to read it, to summarize the article I would say that adultery is defined as the act of sexual intercourse by a married person with someone who is not within their marriage family AND without the knowledge and consent of their spouse. Thus by definition adultery requires two elements, both of which must be present to be found "guilty": the ACT of sex and the INTENT to cheat. Given that sex is defined as the penetration of a penis into a vagina and it doesn't matter how far in it goes, even just the tip counts. Thus things like blowjobs, pussy eating and such aren't legally acts of adultery (not to say that is any consolation to their spouse). Another important thing to keep in mind is that incestuous sex is by definition NEVER adultery as it is sex within a marriage (incest being further defined as sex within your immediate family - both sides, out to a first cousin). Cheating means keeping it a secret from your spouse unless it's incest in which case the spouse gave blanket "permission" the moment they said, "I do."

Admittedly anyone who has been reading my diary over the years would say that this view of adultery is NOT what I've preached in the past and they would be entirely correct. My mother raised me to believe certain things which I absorbed as if they were etched into stone tablets, just as most kids do. However, events of the past few years have caused me to reevaluate the wisdom of some of the things she taught me, the issue of adultery being one of the biggies. That shouldn't surprise anyone as it's only natural for a child to reach the age where they have to make their own decisions and create their own morals and belief systems so I make no apologies for any changes I may have made in mine over the years.

When it came to adultery my mom had it down plain and simple - sex outside of marriage was adultery, no questions, no options, no excuses or rationalizations. Adultery is condemned by the Ten Commandments and thus she considered it a mortal sin. It didn't matter to her what the circumstances, the intent or anything else for that matter. It was because of the adultery aspect that my mom considered swinging as being immoral and an affront to her marriage vows she'd made to her husband, her family and especially to God. It didn't matter that my dad would have been perfectly OK with it as God's will trumped her husband's.

Yet as black and white as my mom was on the issue, even she made a couple of exceptions over the years although they both involved my dad and not her. If there's one thing I can say for my mom, she remained true to her beliefs until their divorce was settled. On the other hand my dad was a man and as such he had needs and feelings he was unable to control at certain times, just as all men do. As a result there were two women that he had sex with that my mom considered adulterous acts. Interestingly they both involved best friends - my best friend Beth and my mom's best friend Tammy. In both cases my mother was fully aware of everything and while I can't say she was happy about either one, she didn't stop him either. The only thing that kept their marriage intact was her stretching her definition of "family" to include "as good as being in the family." If anything she set an example for me as to how a wife is to submit to her husband whenever possible, even if it means having to bend a little in the process.

Growing up I had every intention of emulate my mother's examples, even when it came to her restrictive feelings about adultery. Thus in my heart I'd long accepted that I would not have sex outside of marriage once I took my vows. Fortunately since "marriage" means "family" that meant that I could still please my dad as that was incest and as I stated earlier, incest cannot be adultery. If you ask me it should be obvious to anyone why incest is never adultery as it would be just wrong for me to stop submitting to my own father and I can't see how God would ever want that to happen. Even so, as a result I knew that once I was betrothed that there would be a drastic reduction in the number of sex partners that I've become accustomed to over the years. True, blowjobs would still be allowed and I LOVED giving those but face it, sucking a dick isn't the same as feeling one in you.

After Steve proposed to me, we had a lot of discussions over how things would be in our marriage. Of course the majority of those discussions had nothing to do with sex but it was still an important topic. Given my mental preparations regarding sex after marriage you can imagine my surprise when he confessed to me that he fully expected us both to continue having sex with other people after marriage! I would've been thrilled had he wanted to get involved with incest but Steve wasn't interested in incest with his own family in any way. In fact, he wasn't exactly thrilled about me and my dad although he supported me as he knew how important it was to

me to maintain my obligations as a daughter. Instead he wanted us to have sex with people outside our marriage which was in direct contradiction with my long-standing beliefs regarding adultery.

When you love someone as much as I loved Steve, you don't just throw everything away because a speed bump appears in the road. God wouldn't have brought us back together again just to let us split up over one issue so I knew there had to be something I was missing. Since we were only engaged and not married yet, I agreed to try swapping with him and see how things went from there. At best it was a delay tactic as I knew sooner or later I would have to make a decision as there was no way I could marry someone and not have something this important still on the table. For the next few months we met with some other couples and needless to say, I had some really good times. Still, there is a lot of sin being committed today by people just "having a good time" so that didn't make it right either. Something had to be resolved.

There seemed to be no way out so finally I ended up discussing the problem with the one person I could always bring anything to - my mother. My mom is not just my mother; she is my best friend, confidante, and at times even my lover. Who was the first person I told after losing my virginity? My mom. Who was my first girl to have sex with? My mom. So who else would I go to in order to bring this issue to a head once and for all? Of course it had to be my mother.

In some ways I suppose I went to her assuming she would reaffirm her beliefs and tell me that I had to either change Steve's mind or hand back the ring. My mom was pretty flexible in many ways but there were a few steadfast rules and beliefs that were beyond compromise so far as she was concerned and adultery was one of them. So you can imagine my surprise when she started to question her own beliefs after seeing how they eventually led to her divorce. Of course my dad's desire to have sex outside marriage was not only reason they split or even one of the major reasons but it was a contributing factor.

It was through these discussions that my mom and I came to the agreement that it wasn't so much the ACT of sex that defined adultery but rather the INTENT behind the act. Just as my dad having sex with our best friends turned out to be just fine, it was only because his intent at the time was not to cheat on my mother but to simply enjoy himself. Needless to say, adding in the "intent" factor when it came to determining if something was adultery changed things significantly.

So now I'm married which should tell you that I got it all worked out. Many people have asked and I suppose with high expectations but from a pure sexual point of view not a lot has happened or changed since our ceremony. It's not like anyone was under the delusion that I was a virgin at the altar although I doubted a number of my guests had no idea by what margin I was NOT a virgin. Granted, in the month since we've been married Steve and I have had a lot more sex than before but that's mainly due to the fact we now live together so there's more opportunity. In fact, we've had so much sex that other than taking care of my father's periodic "needs" I haven't had sex with anyone besides my new husband since our wedding ceremony. It's not that I have anything against such things. It's more the lack of opportunity as in addition to taking care of my husband I've been so busy with school starting and such that we haven't been going to parties lately either.

While things have been pretty much status quo for me, my new husband has already taken advantage of his blanket permission to be with anyone in my family he desires, anytime he wants. It's not that he couldn't before - and indeed he did, but it just seems different somehow now that we're married. He especially likes to be with my Aunt Linda and in fact he's met with her numerous times while I've been at work teaching. As a realtor it's child's play for her to find free time and sometimes I know he has even met her at a house while she was showing.

What I find interesting about my husband's attraction to my aunt is for a guy who is technically a pedophile, for whatever reason he is much more drawn to my older aunt than to her daughter. This drives Kristi nuts of course which I sometimes suspect is part of his plan. Oh well, it doesn't really matter to me so long as he's happy.

Sooner or later I knew things would change, it was just a question of when and who.

Chapter 2 - Getting in Touch

It was almost a month after our marriage and so far we had not done anything with regards to having sex with others, at least outside our new marriage family. Steve mentioned it a few times but it was like more in passing than anything concrete. Still, knowing my husband as well as I do I had no illusions that he wasn't thinking about it when we would pass by a pretty girl or we'd get together with other couples.

In a way, I guess it was because now that we were married, it was like everything we had done before was put into the past and we reset the clock when we each said, "I do." Just as having sex with my new husband became something new and special - I learned the true meaning of "making love" during our honeymoon, so I expected our first time with other people to be new and unique and special as well. Thus we weren't rushing into anything although I knew he was pretty active when it came to checking out the profiles for the swap group we had joined soon after our engagement last November.

When it comes to the swap group Steve normally handles all the details but I'm pretty much aware of the general arrangements. When he signed us up it was like having to get an Ultra Top Secret clearance or something from a spy novel. There was the typical questionnaire which was then followed up by personal interviews with the people who managed the group - together as a couple and then each of us separately. No, there was no "audition" required, that only happens on porn sites! Everything was handled professionally and confidentially.

Once we were informed that we'd passed the initial interviews, Steve had to submit all sorts of personal information about each of us - a lot more than I was comfortable with but the site claimed that it was needed to run credit checks and other security checks. Imposing warnings told us to be truthful up front about everything because if anything bad showed up and it looked like we'd tried to hide it would be cause to have us immediately rejected and forever banned without appeal. The final step in the process was a photo and video session where we had to turn in various types of photos ranging from the every day "family" portrait style to full nudes. At least we didn't have to record us having sex as I would have drawn the line at that!

Even after all that we were only granted anonymous access to the group web site. No actual names or personal information was available, just member photos (non- nude only) and personal profiles. A critical part of the personal profile was where you indicated what you wanted to be involved in - and NOT. We were sternly warned once again that falsifying this sensitive information was cause for immediate expulsion without warning. Thus if you wanted BDSM, then you had to state so and not surprise your more conservative partners after you met. It was not meant to be restrictive, just informative. Basically nothing was off limits so long as you specified it ahead of time. Some people were into simple straightforward swapping while there were some that were really out there - animals, drugs, pedophilia, slavery, BDSM, you name the perversion and someone out there was a fan.

The way the site worked was that once you found someone who looked like a potential match, then you sent in an invitation which they had to accept for things to move forward. A preliminary acceptance just opened up their profiles to allow you access to their more personal photos (including nudes) and any other information that they may not have wanted to post to the general membership. Provided everything was still with both sides, only then was actual contact information exchanged - phone number only. Real names and addresses were NEVER disclosed through the web site, not ever. If you wanted to know someone's name or address, you had to wait until you contacted them personally. It was this dedication to security that drew my attention to the site in the first place.

Sometimes I would just browse through the profiles out of morbid curiosity and not even use the search tool to filter the weird people out. There were lots of people that were intellectually stimulating as I would imagine there would eventually be times we tried out people with different ideas about sex and such. However since this would be our first time since being married we were being especially choosy. I felt like it would be like the first time I had sex, something that would always be my "first", something I would never forget.

Then one day Steve called out to me to come to the computer and take a look. "So what do you think, perfect or what?" he grinned.

Reading the screen over his shoulder, I glanced through their profile and to be honest, my first impression as that it was some kind of sick hoax. Sure the group made every effort possible to ensure the members were all who they said they were but there were always those people wanting to game the system. Reading more I had to wonder how such people could have ever gotten into this group in the first place? According to their profile they were recent newlyweds having gotten married in May which put them a few months ahead of us. They were each a couple of years younger than us with her being younger at 23 and him being my age at 26. They claimed to be Christians but I'd learned since joining that people can have very different opinions of what THAT means. No kids so at least they weren't producing offspring prior to marriage. From their photos they looked like your average couple next door with no obvious tattoos, weird hair, or crazy clothes. What had caught Steve's eye - and then mine as well, was the final statement in their introduction...

"We were high school sweethearts and each of us has never had sex with anyone else. In fact, we were both still virgins until Leon proposed two years ago. Now that we're married, we want to expand our horizons without going too far overboard. We were hoping to meet with another couple similar to us that can be discrete as well as understanding in terms of our lack of 'experience' in such matters. Please, no party invitations or people looking for a notch in their belts. We are quite serious about this and would hope for the same from anyone contacting us."

Wow, no wonder Steve was so worked up over them. I glanced down and noticed he was stroking himself absentmindedly with his left hand up the bottom of his shorts as I was reading. I smiled to myself as he probably didn't even realize he was doing it - a "bad" habit of his, about as bad as mine when it came to touching myself. Thoughts of my mom slapping at my hand during church suddenly slipped into my head.

"HMMMMMM, she's really cute," I teased him, "And he's not exactly bad himself."

Indeed, she was listed as being only 5'2" and 90 pounds, a really petite little thing. She seemed to be part Asian although her features were not as sharp, probably influenced by an Asian parent mixed with a Caucasian one. Her jet-black straight hair looked to be almost down to her butt but it was hard to tell as they were sitting together in a chair in their profile photos. Both wore glasses in their photos which I found a little surprising as most people took theirs off for the camera - people like me. My guess was that they must be a lot more near-sighted than me.

"So... what do you think?" Steve asked although it was obvious he'd made up his mind already.

My response was immediate, "Go ahead and poke them."

"Poking" was how you told someone that you were interested in them. It sent the couple an e-mail and a link to your public profile. If they were interested, they could accept your invitation in which case we would hear back with a link to their private profile and they would automatically be able to access ours (you basically were giving permission to have someone see your private profile by poking them so it wasn't something you did without due consideration. If they weren't interested, all they had to do was reject the invitation in which case we would be notified and locked out from being able to poke them again. I guess that was so people couldn't become "stalkers" and pester those who weren't interested in them.

The next day Steve received an e-mail alerting us that they'd accepted our preliminary "poke". Steve couldn't wait to check them out and by the time I got home from work he was already busy jerking off with their photo album open on the monitor. When I finally got a peek it wasn't hard to see why he was so "motivated". By accepting our poke they allowed us to see their nude portfolio and the girl was indeed extremely petite and even cuter than before. As with many girls with Asian genes, she may be claiming to be 23 but she was probably still being carded every time she saw an R-rated movie. Her boobs were perky but very small, A-cups most likely and that was being generous. Her figure was perfect though, obviously she was not a child as the curves were all in the right places. There was something about her poses that seemed innocent and almost a bit naïve, like she was embarrassed but still determined to go through with the photo session. She was shaved but any lack of hair was made up by that long straight hair that came down to just above the crack in her ass when she stood on her bare feet.

The guy was also good looking in the nude. It's surprising sometimes how many people look good in their

clothes but when they take them off it's like they suddenly look all flabby and unattractive. He didn't have the physique of an athlete but at the same time obviously took care of himself. The guy was pure Caucasian - pale skinned if anything, with short blonde hair and perhaps Scandinavian descent. Steve poked his finger in my side and grinned as he pointed out that unlike the wife, the husband was definitely NOT shaved. When it came to pushing my buttons, my new husband knew me all too well!

Looking at their photos and seeing how my husband was reacting to the nude photos of the wife, I wondered how things were going at the other end where they should be seeing us now as well. Was her husband jacking off to my nudes? Well, hopefully he was jerking off to mine and not Steve's! It wasn't like mine would have qualified as porn shots; nothing like being on my back with my legs spread out and in the air or anything like that. Personally I considered them to be quite tasteful and I was actually a bit proud of them if I might say so myself. I wondered what she was thinking about my new husband? Steve wasn't Arnold by any means but he was handsome and fit and that wasn't just his bride talking but a number of my friends had weighed in as well. From what I could tell, the guys had comparable dicks so at least there wouldn't be any silly issues about that.

"Well, I'd say I'm ready to respond," Steve said. Looking down at his cock in his hand, it appeared to me that he already had. Oh well, I would've been more worried if he had NOT responded this way. Indeed, the day my husband stops wanting to jerk off at the sight of a pretty woman is the day I check his pulse!

Still I remained skeptical. Were these people too good to be real? I wasn't so concerned about them physically as I had no doubt these were photos of THEM, unlike so many other web sites. The only photos that were posted were the ones you had taken during the interviews - nothing could be submitted to be posted. Thus there was no doubt that the photos represented the people but that didn't mean the profile was true. Granted, they'd checked ours out quite thoroughly but that didn't mean someone couldn't scam the system.

It wasn't their photos but rather their story that seemed far-fetched to me. How did anyone even get find out about this group with such a background? Everyone we'd had anything to do with had been heavily involved in similar activities long before joining. Like me and Steve, we saw the group as an opportunity to expand our social network while improving our security, not to mention not having to deal with all the fakes and perverts. Way back when I belonged to Adult Friend Finder (AFF) in college I soon learned the hard way that probably less than one percent of the people on there were really who they said they were, especially the women and so-called couples. There was no way I would have even considered meeting anywhere from that site no matter how desperate I might have been.

"Hell, what do we have to lose?" was Steve's response when I expressed my concerns. "We can do dinner, scope things out, and then blow them off if they turn out to be weirdoes or whatever."

He had a good point as dinner in public was about as safe as you could get in such situations. Meeting people for the first time at their home or even a hotel room was far too risky for me, even when they were arranged through a private group like ours. It wasn't until you actually met people and started to interact with them that you really could tell who they were and what type of things they were into. For example, some people's idea of what constitutes bondage might be far different than someone else's so they may not mention they are into silk scarves holding them to the bed frame even though they checked "no" for BDSM in their profile.

So with that Steve clicked on the "Ready to Meet" button which brought up a dialog box warning that our personal contact information would be disclosed if we continued. It was just be a phone number, not our address or names, so it wasn't all that risky so long as you used a phone that wasn't listed in your name with the Internet White pages. We kept one of those throwaway phones from Wal-Mart for just such things. It was a small expense for the extra security it provided.

When he clicked on the acknowledge button that brought up an introduction form where we could write in a personal invitation to the people we were trying to meet. Steve looked at me and got up off the chair so I could take a seat. Steve might be perfectly good at dealing with most on-line stuff but when it came down to writing letters and interacting with people he knew where the talent lay in our marriage.

Straightening our my dress under me, I took a deep breath. In the past when I'd written such things it was easy but in this case I felt I needed to be more careful about my wording and approach. Assuming their story was

true, they were likely to be overly cautious and nervous. I would think that the last thing they wanted was some "experienced" couple writing them and making them feel out of place.

It took just a few paragraphs for me to complement them on their wedding and state my admiration for their willingness to expand their marriage boundaries. I didn't mention anything about incest, young kids or anything else that might make them skittish as they didn't need to know about such things. I also didn't mention anything about the number of partners we'd had or anything else that would make us seem imposing or otherwise threatening. I DID emphasize that I was an elementary school teacher and a devout Christian so they would hopefully see us as being "normal" people. You can just imagine some of the invitations we've received. What amazes me is evidently people must respond to such crude and crass letters or why would they write them. I guess says something about the general population although I'm not really sure what.

A few days later and no response which started me to think my first instincts had been proven correct. Even though the group site was supposedly extremely secure and everyone on it had been personally vetted by the couple who ran it, there were still the occasional perverts and weirdoes who somehow managed to crash the party. It was like the ones who write me after reading my on-line diary in that most of the time they are easy to spot simply because they ARE so crude. There are also certain warning signals that flash like a neon strobe light - like when the only thing they seem interested in is getting you to accept their initial poke just so they can have access to your personal photos and video. Every now and then the clever one comes along who can still fool me - although I like to think I eventually "out" them. Was this "couple" just one of the more clever ones?

What particularly disturbed me about the possibility of them being fake was that from the beginning I'd been extremely concerned about allowing nudes of me to be posted on ANY Internet site. It was only when everyone assured me that the site was as secure as they could make it and only real people would be seeing them who had valid reasons for seeing them. Even so, I drew the line at posting photos of me having sex - alone or otherwise. I know that some people get a voyeuristic thrill from having strangers watching them doing such stuff but not me - at least not when I had no idea who was seeing them or what they were going to do with them.

A week went by, still no response. By now I'd pretty much written them off and was pushing Steve to report them as frauds. Even if they weren't interested, protocol said that they should respond to all personal invitations. You didn't have to do anything if people poked you as those were a dime a dozen. But when you responded to someone and then they invited you, common courtesy said you should at least acknowledge them and say you weren't interested if nothing else.

Then one day I was home alone and bored so I decided to check out our profile and see if anyone had posted anything. Even though I usually left the management of our stuff to Steve, I still liked to peek in on it now and then to see what was happening. As usual, there was a ton of pokes from people wanting to meet us which I ignored. Steve could sort through those later. To my surprise there was a notification that we had an invitation waiting so I clicked on the link and there it was... from Leon and Tamara, the couple we had "poked".

The note was written by Tamara who started out by immediately apologizing for taking so long to respond to our invitation. Apparently they'd been totally overwhelmed by the number of responses since they'd posted their profile. It was something I could relate as it had been somewhat the same way for me and Steve when we first went "live". Evidently a new profile drew attention like fresh meat to all the hungry wolves out there. Fortunately in our case I was accustomed to such attention after eight years of being on-line with my diary so we knew better than to even reply to most of them and thus kept the whole thing manageable. From the sounds of it Leon and Tamara were trying hard to be respectful of everyone and undoubtedly were being swamped by trying to answer everything that was sent to them. I smiled to myself as I thought they would learn sooner or later.

My heart then skipped a beat as she went on to say that they were indeed interested in meeting with me and Steve. She continued by saying how different my letter had been from the others they'd received. Again I could relate as even now the vast majority of invitations we get are from some of the weirdest people. Sometimes Steve would toy with the idea of responding to them just for the fun of it but I kept telling him no. I simply wasn't about to get involved with people who thought food condiments were sex toys. Apparently my adding the bit about me being an elementary school teacher and a devout Christian didn't hurt either.

Now that I had her name and phone number the next step was to give her a call. Maybe I should have waited

for Steve to get home so we could talk about it ahead of time but I was too excited to put it off for even just a few hours. Picking up my iPhone, I dialed the number and listened to the phone ring with my heart beating so hard I could barely hear when she picked up the phone. At first I thought maybe I'd called a wrong number as this young girl's voice answered but then she said her name and I knew it had to be her. I kept telling myself she was 23 but it was hard to imagine someone that old with a voice that young.

For the first ten minutes or so the conversation was pretty vague with both of us maneuvering like boxers in a ring during the first round, jabbing and dodging as we sought out the other's weak spots. Maybe "weak spots" is the wrong phrase - it was more like probing to better understand the other. Tamara was obviously painfully shy about all this so I tried to be patient and not push her too hard although I had at least a hundred questions I wanted to ask.

Eventually we got around to the true purpose of the phone call and she went on and on about how uncertain she was about everything and how nervous she was. By the time the conversation ended, we hadn't really discussed anything in detail but instead left things open-ended for our husbands to clear up. Frustrated, I hung up with as many questions as when I'd picked up the phone but at least I'd made contact.

After I hung up the phone I called their profile up again, staring at my favorite photo of her as I tried to connect the voice on the phone to the girl in front of me. It wasn't even one of the nudes but rather just her sitting on the floor in a pair of denim shorts and a skimpy halter top with her legs crossed as she smiled up at whoever was taking the photo. The shorts were cut so high there was just a hint of panties showing in her crotch while the halter top was so tight that it did what it could to emphasize her small boobs. What caught my attention was her smile; it was brilliant and the overall expression on her face was so joyful, almost child-like. Hmmmmmm, so this was the girl I'd just spoken with... not bad... not bad at all.

Later when Steve came home I showed him the letter and then told him about my phone conversation with Tamara. The fact that they were real people got him excited so he immediately called up Leon. They seemed to hit things off from the start and in less than ten minutes the two of them had set things up for dinner the next Friday night. Anyone listening in on the conversation would have thought they were two old college buddies calling up to get together again with their new wives as nothing sexual was spoken or even implied.

Steve hung up the phone and we just stood there staring at each other.

"So tell me... does this make you as horny as it does me?" I asked him, running my tongue over my dry lips.

Steve didn't say a word - nor did he have to. His dick did all the talking...

Chapter 3 - Dinner With Leon and Tamara

Steve and Leon hadn't wasted any time in getting us all together. That very next Friday night they arranged for us to meet and have dinner at, of all places, an Olive Garden. I can still remember when Steve broke the news to me.

"Olive Garden? Did you say Olive Garden? As in always crowded, lots of families, no privacy, boring Olive Garden?"

I'm not sure Steve knew quite how to take me at that moment. Standing there in front of him, hands on my hips, a look of astonishment written all over my face, he must have thought I was some sort of wild woman gone ballistic.

"Sorry, he was the one who suggested we go there," Steve said holding up his hands defensively as if he was afraid I was going to attack him or something.

"Oh you mean the guy who's never had sex with anyone besides his wife? The guy who's probably never done anything in public before? The guy who was a virgin until he was in his mid-twenties? Is that the guy you're talking about?"

OK, so maybe it was going overboard but I was frustrated. Heck, I could've listed a dozen places off the top of my head that afforded a better atmosphere for this type of dinner. Like, we weren't really meeting for dinner, who was kidding who? This was a prelude to having sex but how in the world do you talk about such things in a wide open public restaurant like Olive Garden with kids and grandmothers sitting right next to you? Damn it anyway, I'd had my hopes set so high about all this. It was going to be our first swap with wedding rings on and I wanted it to be perfect in every detail.

"Oh Kelly, just settle down, it'll all work out. It's not like anything was going to happen no matter where we met," Steve tried to calm me down and then he grinned when he saw my expression, "Well, maybe YOU had other plans but for me this is just a meet and greet."

Trying hard to control my anger, I changed to subject to finding out more about the couple we were suppose to meet. As to where Leon and Tamara lived I hadn't a clue as so far we'd only exchanged first names and phone numbers. Steve then had the bright idea of looking up their phone number on the Internet and sure enough, up popped their full names! Seems nobody had warned them about being careful as to what phone number they provided to strangers. The names matched as did the ages so we figured it had to be them. Their address put them on the north side near the New Kensington area. I wasn't familiar at all with part of the area and neither was Steve. We put their address into Google Earth and there was their home - an older house snack in the middle of town which wasn't exactly the high rent district from the looks of things. We tried to research them further but there were no relatives listed or other connections.

"Well at least we know they're real," Steve mused.

On that I had to agree with him. Nothing like seeing confirmation in the phone book to put on the stamp of confidence.

"So which Olive Garden are we going to?" I asked.

"Some place called Tarentum?" Steve replied, evidently another new name for him.

Together we checked it out and I was a bit surprised that it was located so close to New Kensington. I say surprised as being so close to where they lived it was entirely possible that people there might recognize them. Then again, it's not like we were planning on having public sex at our first dinner so evidently they had chosen familiarity over privacy.

We checked it out a bit more and saw it was located in a shopping area. Seeing the neighboring restaurants, I noted that at least they hadn't picked the Red Robin right next door! Talk about the last place on earth I'd want to go for such a get-together...

That Friday in school I was totally distracted. It got so bad that at one point during the day one of my students actually had to call out my name when I started daydreaming about the evening to come and totally phased out from my lesson plan. Shaking my head to get back into the rhythm, I wondered what my adorable little 10-12 year-olds would have said if they knew their teacher in her long dress and conservative makeup was getting horny thinking about having sex with strangers after class? Well, maybe not right after class but close enough. Not that I would ever even consider doing anything naughty in class, I have to say for a moment I did wonder what they would think if I started masturbating right there in front of them. Like THAT was suppose to help - NOT!

By the time I got in my car to drive home it was like I had an itch between my legs that just wouldn't go away. As soon as I was out of the parking lot and safe from the prying eyes of parents and young kids I pulled up my dress and reached between my legs with one hand while I steered with the other. Damn, the crotch of my white cotton panties were soaked! Pulling them to one side, it was a huge sense of relief when my fingers finally touched my pussy, pressing down on my poor clit where the itching sensation was centered. Talk about something I'd been wanting to do all day...

For once I didn't curse the red lights and if anything I found myself praying for them as I inched my way through

Friday evening traffic. When I was stopped I would close my eyes for a few moments as I masturbated, dreaming of what it would be like to be fucked by Leon while my husband was busy with Tamara. Mmmmmmm, how about me and Tamara after that? I wondered if she'd even been with another girl. She claimed to have never been with another guy besides her husband but that didn't rule out some experimentation with the same sex. Sleepovers and college dorm rooms had led more than a few "innocent" girls astray, even if it wasn't something they ever confessed to later.

The guy behind me honked and I realized the traffic had resumed moving while I'd been entertaining nasty thoughts of Tamara's bare pussy pressing up against my face. And to think people worry about texting while driving! I wondered if the guy behind me would have still honked if he knew why I wasn't paying attention to the light? Who knows, maybe he would have honked all the more.

By the time I pulled up to the parking lot behind our apartment I was flushed and breathing hard. My nipples were so hard they almost hurt as they pressed against the restrictive bra I was forced to wear while working. Turning off the car, I let the seat drop back and started to work on myself with both hands. There wasn't anyone else around and I didn't want to quit for even the few moments it would take to run up the stairs to our little newlywed apartment.

I was soooooo close...

YES! Finally I crossed the line, jumped over the cliff, scaled the mountain top, or whatever metaphor you want to use for achieving orgasm. After spending all day trapped in front of my class without the chance to even rub myself a little, it was like the dam burst and all my horniness that had built up during the day was released in one massive "O". God it felt so much better to finally do it. I kept rubbing with one hand while I brought the other to my mouth, licking my pussy cum off my fingers, wondering if Tamara's pussy tasted anything like mine? For that matter, how would she taste with my husband's cum dripping from her?

No sooner had I lowered my dress than several people went walking by my parking place. I hadn't even seen them pull in so they must've done so while I was cumming hard and not paying attention. Even so, in the dusky light and with me slouched so far down in the seat I doubt they would've seen much of anything anyway even if they had walked right by. Then again, so what if they had? Not like it was anything to be ashamed of, right?

Back in our apartment, I closed the door and turned to find myself in the arms of my adoring husband!

"I love you," he whispered to me as he kissed my neck and ears while planting his hands firmly on his favorite place for them - my ass. Then he sniffed like a dog and grinned at me.

"Smells like someone's been naughty while driving home."

I grinned and put my fingers up to his nose. He opened his mouth and sucked gently on them.

"Now THAT is the kind of perfume they need to bottle," he teased me, quickly undoing the zipper in the back my dress as he talked.

"Steve... we have plans for tonight," I pretended to protest as my dress hit the floor, soon to be followed by my bra and then my wet panties. I stepped out of them, leaving my flats behind.

"And these just have to go," he fussed, pulling down my hose, "How do you stand wearing all this crap all day?"

Fair question and one I asked myself usually several times a day when it felt like I was suffocating. Steve knew the school dress code rules as well as I did but that didn't stop him from constantly teasing me about them as he knew how frustrated they made me. He was always challenging me to go to school without any panties on, claiming that with a dress down to my ankles nobody would know anyway. As much as I would've loved to indulge him, I just knew that would be the day I slipped down the stairs or something would happen and everyone would see the youngest teacher in the school had been running around bottomless under her dress. NOT a career move to say the least if you wanted to teach at a Christian school, or any school for that matter

"So are you just gonna just stand there complaining about my clothes or are you gonna fuck me?" I teased him, standing there barefoot and naked except for a gold chain with a cross around my neck and my earrings - and wedding ring of course.

"Hmmmmmm, let me decide....," he said, holding his hand to his chin as he stared at my naked body as if there was a real decision to make.

Somehow or another we managed to shower and dress in enough time to leave the house with at least a shot at getting to the restaurant on time. In figuring out our timing I thought that so long as the tunnel traffic wasn't a mess there shouldn't be a problem. At least we would be going IN towards the city from the south side instead of out so we wouldn't be facing the worst of the Friday night madness.

It was starting to get to be a bit chilly in the evenings so I grabbed a light jacket from the closet as we left. Steve, still the newlywed husband and gentleman, took it from me and helped me into it.

"You know you could've just worn the jacket," he whispered into my ear as he kissed me just behind the ear and then down my neck as he pulled the jacket up over my shoulders.

Actually, it wouldn't have been the first time I'd worn JUST this very jacket but never to a dinner with a couple of strangers and certainly not to a family restaurant like Olive Garden. It was white with a belt and came down below my butt but not much further. When I sat down it wasn't long enough to sit on so it wasn't designed for those cold days that were threatening already - especially if all I had was a bare bottom underneath.

I turned to kiss my husband. "And you would just love that, wouldn't you," I giggled and then I playfully patted him in the crotch. "I would've thought you'd had enough after the shower."

The shower was the last place we'd done it, preceded by the living room couch and prior to that the bed. He must have been really horny, that's all I could say. Evidently he'd been thinking about this evening all day just as much as I had during my classes. Well, hopefully he'd be recharged by the time the evening progressed but knowing my husband I had all the confidence in the world that there wouldn't be any problems in THAT department.

Steve continued to be the Southern gentlemen as he held the door to his truck open for me and then closed it behind me. The black dress I was wearing wasn't all that heavy and with just a minimal thong on underneath I may as well have been bare-bottomed. The cool vinyl of the seat gave me goose bumps as I shivered while I waited for him to get in and start the pickup so the heater would get working.

"Cold?" he asked, seeing me wrapping my arms around myself. "Let's see just how cold you really are."

I had scooted over to be next to him by then, one of the advantages of a bench seat. Steve reached over and unzipped my jacket down to the belt and pulled it aside to take a look inside.

"Either you really ARE cold or we need to go back inside," he joked, seeing my nipples poking through the thin fabric. I wasn't wearing a bra, of course, and the wrap-around style of the dress allowed for plenty of cleavage to be revealed.

"Hmmmmmm, interesting.... you're so chilled up there but yet so hot down here," he observed as his hand moved down to between my bare legs which I spread for him and then I felt his fingers pressing against my pussy through my thong.

"OK mister, either do something about it or drive," I came back, pretending to be stern with him. Actually I could've gone with either option at the moment.

Steve just chuckled and pulled away from the curb. "Well, sorry but we don't want to keep Tamara waiting, do we?"

No mention of Leon but that didn't surprise me. No doubt Steve saw Leon only as the means for him to be able to fuck Tamara. If there was one thing Steve was definitely NOT, it was gay. Like your typical guy, he was always pushing for a threesome but also as a typical guy his idea of a threesome was two girls having sex with him. Yep, no crossing swords for Steve. Even in the past when I HAD been with other guys Steve would watch but he didn't like getting too close. It was sort of funny in that as much I LOVED dicks, Steve was so repulsed by them (other than his own of course) that I think he would roll over and die if he ever had to so much as touch another guy's cock in any way.

As we drove I thought about it all the more. Yes indeed, when all was said and done, this evening was more for Steve than me. I don't mean to imply that I wasn't looking forward to it but if it wasn't for Steve pushing for it we wouldn't be doing this tonight. Frankly, I would've been happier just to stay home with him and make love. If we were going to go out and party, then I liked it more when Steve let me loose while he watched. Sometimes he preferred to stay in the background, not even letting people know we were a couple. There was something about me having sex with other guys that really turned on Steve and I loved to perform for him. By the time we'd get home he'd be so horny that he would practically jump me before the door shut behind us. The bonus for Steve came when the guy I targeted had a girlfriend that he was willing to swap.

In thinking ahead, while I was looking forward to having sex with Leon it wasn't like I couldn't go without it. For me it was just sex with someone new which was always interesting and hopefully fun. As for Steve, I could see the twinkle in his eyes and the twitch in his dick the first time he saw Tamara's photos and then when he finally got to see her nude it was like instant hard-on time for him. For him, it was all about the new conquest, a new pussy he hadn't fucked before. Yes, it was the newness that got him so turned on which was fine with me as I knew that also meant this would undoubtedly turn into yet another one- night stand, as did almost all our previous encounters under similar circumstances. I guess I liked that about him in that he never tired of me so that told me that any lust he might feel for another woman was just that - pure lust. There was nothing wrong with that. Like what man doesn't feel that way?

People who know me already know that one of my favorite "hobbies" is to seek out married men. Leon might indeed be married but he didn't qualify as anything special for me because his wife was involved. Going back to my explanation of adultery, what really turns me on is when a man commits adultery with me. If I was just meeting Leon tonight and Steve was doing Tamara but neither of them knew that the other was cheating, then THAT would have been the perfect night out for the two of us, at least from my point of view. It was also one thing that we hadn't done yet but that didn't mean we didn't fantasize about it sometimes. It was hard enough to find a husband to cheat with me without trying to get his wife to do the same without either of them knowing about the other.

Going through the long tunnel, I looked at Steve as the lights lit up his face. God I loved him so much! Sure I was horny thinking about tonight but the biggest thing for me was that I wanted this evening to be perfect for Steve and I would do anything to make that happen.

Leaving the tunnel, we crossed through Pittsburgh and then started the drive north. Neither of us said a lot as I think we were both fantasizing a bit about the upcoming dinner - and probably even more about what might come afterwards. Still, would they even show up? Then what if they turned out to be total fakes? No matter how much I tried to ignore the feelings, there was the nagging issue that they might chicken out halfway through dinner or something like that. If everything they'd said was true I had to think that right at this moment they were both nervous as heck. They might even be questioning what they were doing. I learned early on that it's easy to post on line and chat and such but making the move to actually meeting someone was a huge step for anyone to take.

Pulling into the restaurant parking lot, I saw that it was a bit crowded but not packed so hopefully that meant we wouldn't have to wait for long. As I looked around I wondered if any of the cars belonged to Leon and Tamara. We hadn't told each other what our cars looked like, not even that we would be driving a pickup truck, so there was no way they would know it was us even if they'd been watching. Steve stopped the engine, got out and started to walk towards the restaurant until he noticed I was still sitting in the truck, waiting impatiently.

"Are we getting spoiled madam?" he asked, bowing deeply as he opened the door finally to let me out.

As I turned to scoot out I let the dress slide up and flash up to my hip for just a bit. "Isn't this worth it?"

"Well, it would be even better without the damn thong," he said, pretending to be unhappy.

"Yeah, like you don't know what's underneath."

The parking lot had been deceiving as there were about six people waiting for a table when we walked in. None of them looked like Leon and Tamara though so Steve asked the server if we could take a look. She brightened up and said that another couple had just been seated that had mentioned that someone would be asking about them so she led us towards a corner booth where I finally laid eyes on our partners for the evening.

After brief introductions we took a seat in the booth opposite Leon and Tamara which sort of put me off a bit. I would have expected that I would be sitting next to Leon while Tamara moved over to be with Steve but for now we took our side of the booth while they kept claim to theirs. I was still wearing my jacket as I was cold but Tamara had hers on the seat over to the side. I noticed when we sat down that she was wearing a rather conservative blouse and skirt that came below her knees even while seated with her legs crossed. She was just as petite as she had looked in her photos, looking almost like a young girl. Leon looked rather handsome, I might say, even in just a dress shirt and jeans which happened to be the same thing Steve was wearing although different colors. Steve was more a dark blue guy while Leon's was a light green pattern,

For the first few minutes we just chatted about nothing - the weather, the traffic, them waiting for a table, us being a little late. Our server came by and took our drink order with all of us ordering either a soft drink or tea. She was back quickly and by then we were ready to order. Once she left I looked across to Tamara and invited her to join me as I need to use the lady's room. The guys just shrugged as both of them were well acquainted with the female herd instinct when it came to using the restroom. Funny, but I've never once heard a guy say to another guy that he was going to them men's room and did he want to join him!

Once inside we went to the sink and I got out some makeup from my purse. Of course I didn't need to use the toilet, most of the time women don't - they just need to talk and socialize without men listening in.

"You look really nice in that dress," she complimented me, "It's a bit revealing though, isn't it?"

I was tempted to say something about how it wasn't nearly as revealing as most of my dresses but that wasn't going to do anything to help so instead I just thanked her and complimented her on her outfit as well.

"So, are you ready for tonight?" I asked casually. It was just the two of us for that moment as a mother and her two young daughters had just left.

"Kelly, I'm soooooo nervous," she confessed, looking at me with eyes like a deer in the headlights.

"Well don't worry, we'll take this as slow as you want and besides, if you decide to change your mind just say so at any time and I promise we'll respect your wish."

"No, I'm going to do this," she said firmly, checking herself out in the mirror. "I want to do this for Leon."

That wasn't exactly what I would have liked to have heard so I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Leon thinks that now that we are married we need to... expand our horizons as he says," she explained softly. "I think he feels like he missed out on things by being celibate for so long."

I couldn't help but smile a bit as I remembered the "expand out horizons" thing from their profile introduction. "And you? How do you feel about that?"

Tamara shrugged her shoulders and stared into the mirror. "I don't know, I guess I am happy the way things are now. I always wanted to save myself for my husband and I am proud that I was able to do that. Well, at least until we were engaged. I was ready to wait until the wedding but Steve couldn't."

"So you've really never been with another guy before?" I asked, looking at her in the mirror instead of directly at her.

"Well, there was one guy in high school that touched me but that was all."

If we'd had more time I might have delved into that one a bit more but we needed to get back to the guys before they wondered if something was wrong. I turned to her and held her by the arm so she would look at me in the eyes.

"Just tell me one thing Tamara, and trust me, it's OK no matter what you say. Do you really want to do this?"

For a moment I was afraid she might say no. Granted, I really wouldn't have wanted her to do anything she wasn't ready for but at the same time it would have been frustrating to get this close and then have her back out at the last second. Then she got this determined look and my heart slowed down a bit.

"I think so... I mean it's not like I have never thought about it before, just that I was raised that such things were wrong. My mother would faint if she had any idea what we were planning right now." Then she grinned a little and I knew it was going to be OK when she added, "And besides, you're husband looks really cute."

While I wasn't so sure Steve would appreciate being called "cute", I understood what she was trying to say. Heck, I thought the same thing myself!

A couple of older women came in then which sort of cut the conversation short. There was no sense in just waiting around so we headed back to the booth. We were about to turn the corner to our booth when I pulled her arm gently to stop.

"Tamara... how old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

I looked at her in the eyes and asked her again how old she REALLY was. She seems a little exasperated then and I found myself wishing I hadn't questioned her.

"I KNOW I don't look it but you can see my driver's license. I turned 23 the day after we got married. Nobody ever believes me so don't worry about it."

Before we sat down I took off my coat and hung it on the post by our booth.

"Nice dress," Leon spoke up, his eyes zeroing in on my bust and exposed cleavage immediately. He could hardly be blamed as compared to little Tamara I was stacked! I've heard it said if you want to lose weight, hang around with fat people and it will seem like you have. Well, the same goes for boobs. If you want yours to look bigger, hang around with small-breasted women.

"So where did you guys meet?" Leon asked. Steve told him how he and I had been high school sweethearts, how we'd been separated for years after his mother was transferred, and then how we had met up again the previous summer when he and his mom had moved back to the area.

"That's really sweet," Leon said and then Steve asked him how he and Tamara had met. That was something that I was curious about as well so I leaned forward which also caused my boobs to spill out all the more - a point not lost on Leon.

"We met at a church picnic my senior year," Leon said, putting his arm around Tamara and hugging her. "Even though Tam her was just a freshman we just clicked. After I got out of college I proposed to her and a couple of years later we got married."

I looked at Tamara who just smiled across the table from my me. Steve was watching her like a hawk although

with the way her blouse was shut at the top there was no chance of getting a view of her small boobs.

"So you two been doing.... 'this' for long now?" Leon asked Steve. I glanced again at Tamara who just rolled her eyes and shrugged her shoulders. It was like the two guys were having the conversation while the women kept quiet and in their places.

"Actually we just signed up with the group earlier in the year," Steve explained, not volunteering any more detail than absolutely necessary. He also didn't mention anything about what we'd been doing since we were teenagers.

"Well as you know, this is our first time," Leon said softly, leaning over the table so we could hear him. I mean like we've never done anything like this before. Heck, neither of us has been with anyone else period."

For some reason I could buy that line when it came to Tamara but I have to admit I was starting to question Leon. He looked every bit his 26 years and if anything could have passed for a few more. If what they'd been saying was true then he'd kept his virginity until he was 24. Heck, I'd never met a 24 year-old virgin before. The thing is with guys there's no hymen to check, you just have to take their word for it. Well, if Tamara was OK with it then I suppose I should be as well.

"Well, so what do you think of my wife Leon?" Steve said although his eyes were on the cute little girl across the table.

"She's hot," Leon grinned. Short and sweet but that was enough for me and it was time to step in and move things along.

"Ummmmm, Leon, 'she' is right here so you don't have to act like I can't understand what you're saying."

Leon sat up straight and held his hands up like he was being arrested. "So sorry Kelly, I didn't mean anything bad at all. I was just trying to tell your lucky husband there what as babe he has for a wife."

I looked at Tamara who was just sitting there with her hands in her lap, not saying a word. It was hard to read her and I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or bad. Our dinner came then and for the next ten minutes or so the conversation shifted back to the food, where to eat in the area and such. Once we were getting close to being finished, Steve perked up and suggested that Tamara and I switch places. Tamara looked at me and I smiled at her, trying to encourage her. She stood up, looking tentative and then I sat down in her place, leaving her with nowhere to go but next to Steve.

"You're really small," Steve said as he put his arm around her. She didn't pull away but then she didn't exactly jump in his lap either.

Leon took his cue and put his arm around me. I looked at Steve who just nodded almost imperceptibly and so I scooted over to be tight up against Leon. His hand went to my bare upper arm and held me while I allowed my hand to move to the top of his leg.

"So you guys just got married a few weeks ago?" Leon asked, the first time he'd addressed me directly.

"Almost four weeks now," I replied, moving my hand over until it was on top of the bulge that was growing under his jeans.

"Wow, makes me feel like we've been married forever," Leon laughed, "It's four MONTHS for us now."

"So how old are you again Leon," I asked. He replied that he was 26. "That's my age too... when's your birthday?"

It turned out he was older than me - by three days. March 4, 1985 was his birthday. That put him a couple of years behind Steve although had I seen them on the street together without knowing either one I might have said just the opposite.

Tamara jumped just a little and from the angle of Steve's arm I had a pretty good idea. It must have been frustrating to him that she was wearing such a long skirt. Usually when he put his hand on my leg under the table there wasn't a whole lot for him to get out of the way. Still, she hung in there like a trooper and didn't try to move away from him or anything negative.

Grinning at Steve, I leaned over to whisper in Leon's ear. "Have you ever had a hand job in a restaurant?"

"Here?... Now?" he blurted out, not so loud anyone around us would hear but enough for my husband and his wife to take notice.

"You'll have to excuse my wife Leon," Steve pretended to apologize, "She has a certain weakness for that sort of... thing."

From there it became like a Seinfeld episode where everyone was using euphemisms for sexual parts rather than saying "dick" or "pussy". All the while I was rubbing Leon's ever growing dick through his pants. Under the circumstances I wasn't about to unzip him or anything with all the people around and walking by but it was definitely getting his attention.

"Ready for dessert?" Steve finally said. Leon started to say something about being full but Steve stopped him mid-sentence to say, "I meant dessert at your place."

He could have added, "you dummy" but as satisfying as that might have been I was glad he showed some restraint. Sometimes it's best to just leave things unsaid, no matter how great the temptation.

"Ohhhhh," Leon mumbled and then grinned. "So how does this work?"

Rookies, I thought to myself. I had a feeling we'd be having to take the lead all night from the way things were going.

Steve signed the credit card slip - we picked up the bill for dinner while Leon insisted on leaving the tip. He sat back and put his hands on the table. "I would suggest we take our cars and drive to your place. Kelly can go with you and Tamara here can ride with me."

Tamara and Leon exchanged glances but they seemed to go along with Steve's suggestion. Well, things had to get started sooner or later so the sooner the better of you asked me.

We all laughed when we got out to the parking lot as it turned out that we had parked right next to them. Like, what were the odds? Tamara seemed surprised that we drove a large pickup truck while I was taken a bit off-guard as well to see they drove a Toyota Prius. Sort of two opposites in terms of the environment. Steve opened the drivers door for Tamara who looked confused at first but then realized his intentions so she hopped up into the bench seat. Meanwhile, Leon beeped his car alarm fob on his keychain and we each got in ourselves. I'd never been in one of these and the first thing I noted was I missed the bench seat in Steve's pickup! Oh well, it would be a short trip if nothing else.

Steve waited for us to pull out first as he had no idea where to go. As Leon fastened his seat belt I left mine undone and let my skirt ride up a bit to let me him get a much better view of my legs than he'd had in the restaurant.

"So are you ready for this Leon?" I asked softly, "Tamara seems a bit apprehensive."

"Oh don't worry, once she gets going I'm sure it will be fine," he assured me as we maneuvered back to the highway.

"Does she ever masturbate in the car when you drive?"

Leon just laughed saying, "No way... she's not exactly what you call a 'public' girl. I mean, you saw how she

dressed.” He paused to look at me again and then grinned. “I take it you’re a bit more adventuresome.”

“Oh a little,” I sighed, trying not to sound too slutty, “Would it turn you on to see me playing while you drove.”

Leon let out a long breath as he looked in the driver’s mirror to merge. “Like duh! What guy would say no unless he was gay? And even then he probably still would.”

“You mean like this?” I teased as I pulled up my skirt to my waist and reached down inside my panties to touch myself.

“Wow, you don’t waste any time, do you?”

“I can stop if you want.”

Leon raised his hand and saved me to continue. “Are you kidding me? You can do that all day so far as I’m concerned.”

I finally figured out how to lay the seat back which made it much easier. I kept my hand inside my thing so in the dim light he really couldn’t actually see anything, just the movement of my hand under the flimsy material.

“I love to play with myself Leon... does Tamara use her fingers or does she like toys?”

“Hell if I know,” he grumbled as he tried to watch me without getting us killed as we quickly approached the next exit. “She say she doesn’t and I’ve never seen her do it.”

“Not even during sex?”

“Shit, I’ve tried... even pushed her hand down there but she always pulls back.”

“Mmmmmmm, poor girl doesn’t know what she’s missing...,” I sighed as I rubbed my clit.

While I firmly believe that 100% of men masturbate (I go with the 80% admit they do and the other 20% are liars), I HAVE known a few girls that really don’t masturbate although they have been few and far between. One of my college roomies was actually against it as she considered it the equivalent of “sex” and she was saving herself for marriage. Now whether or not she started after she got married, I’ll never know but it seemed pretty dumb to me at the time.

“I bet YOU do, don’t you Leon?”

That brought a smile to his face and maybe had the light been brighter I could have seen if he was blushing.

“I knew it... all men do so it’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

We were getting downtown and I figured probably pretty close to their house so I quickly pulled my things down my legs and off around my heels. I looped it over the rear view mirror like a garter after a prom date.

“There, something to remember the trip by,” I said as I smoothed out my dress again, “I’ve been told they make nice air fresheners as well.”

Leon laughed again at that one as we pulled into the narrow driveway of an older home. Steve parked on the street behind us as we all got out and followed Leon to the front door. I noticed Steve had his arm around Tamara but it wasn’t like they were looking like teenagers in love quite yet as she had her hands in her coat pocket.

“Well?” I whispered to Steve as we approached the door. He just looked at me and shrugged. Evidently Tamara hadn’t been as open as I had been with Leon which didn’t exactly surprise me. For that matter I hadn’t been all that crazy with Leon either when you take into account what I’ve done with other men in similar

circumstances.

Leon unlocked the front door and we all stepped into the home which looked to be maybe a hundred years old. Well, maybe that was an exaggeration but it was not new by any means. Even the furniture had a old look to it and the carpet would have been politely referred to as "retro".

"This was my parent's house," Leon explained, as if an explanation was in order in the first place, "They've retired to Arizona so they left it to me. "Tamara is working to fix it up, aren't you babe?"

Tamara looked more embarrassed than anything but she smiled and started to talk about the new furniture they were looking at, almost as if she was taking advantage of the opportunity to go off on a tangent and NOT discuss the large elephant sitting in the corner of the room.

Chapter 4 - Getting Things Started

One of the things I love about Steve is that he is one of the few guys with whom I don't feel I have to always be the one to push or take the lead when it comes to sex. I guess it all started when we first dated and he was the older, mature high school junior while I was just an incoming freshman who had never been on a serious date until I was with him. Steve had been the "experienced" one back then as everything was new to me and he loved to push my boundaries. You could probably say he is more responsible for me becoming the school slut than anyone else.

Having gotten off to a good start, when Steve left I never looked back and took full advantage of whatever opportunities came my way - plus those I worked on making happen myself. It didn't take long to learn that you never sit home alone on a Friday or Saturday night when they guys know they're guaranteed a BJ in return for paying for the movie or dinner. While I never had sex with a teacher while I was in high school (or college for that matter), I'm fairly certain my grade point average wasn't hurt by flashing and flirting with the male teachers - and even a few of the female ones.

By the time Steve reentered my life, I'd had sex with literally hundreds of men if you count the nameless guys lined up at parties and such. As for blowjobs, God only knows as I certainly have no idea. I'd graduated with honors both academically and sexually, near the top of my class while earning an awesome reputation.

In the twelve years since I'd given my virginity to Steve, there wasn't a lot I hadn't tried at least once. In college I even did some escorting for a short time and while it only lasted for five guys, it taught me a lot about men and their fantasies. I went back to escorting after school when I had some problems with my teaching career but it was largely non-sexual. My philosophy has always been to try things at least once just so I can say I did it. While I really don't like anal, I have done it although somewhat reluctantly. My friend Nancy even got me to let her dog fuck me. Now THAT was something I swore would never happen again and hasn't except for one time when I volunteered but that was to help someone out. In the past year I've even had sex with young kids just to please my father. On THAT issue I'm torn as while I can't say I didn't enjoy it, there is just something about it that makes me uneasy.

As for Steve, he never spoke a lot about his sexual exploits while we were separated but I'd had plenty of hints that he was just as "active" with the girls as he had been in high school. We agreed early on that neither of us had to provide a history to the other and that we would start fresh. Granted, there was always my diary on-line that he could have read but so far as I know, he has never looked at it.

With Steve it was always fun and exciting as I never knew what he would do next. As for him, I like to think he was just as interested in what I would do next and I tried my best to keep things fresh between us. Both of us love public sex which helps. I don't mean actually being watched although that IS a fantasy of mine but rather situations where we aren't but COULD be seen. I love to flirt with men and Steve has always encouraged that side of me, even betting me at times as to whether or not I could get a guy to fuck me and then as a bonus, how long it would take.

One of my favorite things to do with Steve is to go out on a date where I promise to do anything he says, no

matter what. To make this fun, you really do have to do everything as once you start making exceptions it sort of spoils the entire evening. For most people I'm not sure it would work as in addition to being pretty crazy you also have to trust the other person explicitly. While I promise Steve that I will never say "no", sort of our own private version of the "Just say YES" campaign, I also trust that he will never ask me to do anything that would be harmful or embarrassing. If you want a true test of your relationship, try playing this game as you'll quickly find out whether or not you can really trust the other person.

I say all this because at this moment you couldn't ask for two different couples to be in the same room together. Steve and I had been in similar situations dozens of times before, not always as a couple but in some sort of party situation. The last time we'd done something like this we barely even got comfortable before we split off to separate bedrooms for the night. Leon and Tamara were a different case. Now that we were actually in their house, I couldn't help but wonder if one or both of them was having second thoughts. It wouldn't have been hard to understand as many people find that playing on the Internet with the anonymity it provides makes it easy to say things you never would in person. Now that we were all face-to-face in person, there was no hiding behind the keyboard, this was the real deal.

"So ummmmm, how does this sort of thing usually get started?" Leon asked, fidgeting a bit as he rocked from one foot to the other.

Steve started to answer but knowing him, he would have been direct and to the point, NOT what was needed about now judging by the look of desperation on Tamara's face. She was smiling but it looked very forced and there was no laughter behind it.

"Maybe it might help if Steve and Tamara sat over there on the couch while you and me got things started," I offered. Steve looked at me a little quizzically as he knew from past experience that I liked to just be alone with the guy when we swapped but from the grin that followed I knew he was more than willing to sit back and watch his wife go to work on another man.

"Sounds good to me," Leon said and then looked at his own wife, "That OK with you Tam?"

If anything she seemed a bit relieved as she nodded without saying anything. Steve sat down and she took a seat next to him, maybe a little less than a foot separating them. Steve wasn't going to let that continue though as he put his arm around her and pulled her up next to him. She didn't resist but then it wasn't like she threw herself at him either.

"So it's me and you," I said gently, taking Leon's hand in mine as I led him to a large overstuffed chair across from the couch with a tacky coffee table in between. It was one of those large heavy dark-stained pine monstrosities that you see in the cheap furniture stores but that also made it perfect for what I had in mind.

Deliberately ignoring my husband and his wife, I moved the flower arrangement from the coffee table to the floor which left it bare - the perfect stage. Being careful not to fall on my heels, I stepped up on the table and then stood there facing Leon as he sat upright in the chair watching me. It was then I noticed the front drapes weren't pulled but with only a single lamp on in the corner of the room it wasn't like there was a spotlight on me. Besides, the neighborhood looked deserted when we pulled in and I always get a bit turned on by supporting other people's voyeuristic tendencies.

We'd taken off our coats upon entering, hanging them up in a small closet by the entrance so all I had on was my dress. Indeed, after leaving my thong in the car ALL I had on was my dress if you discount jewelry and heels. That didn't exactly lend itself to a sexy strip tease but I would just have to make do. Seeing Leon's eyes fixated on me, I didn't think he would mind one way or the other.

"I'm gonna strip for you now but you have to help out," I said as I started to sway back and forth slowly, running my hands down my sides and hips. Leon looked at me expectantly so I continued with, "I want you to pull that cock out for me to watch... stroke it so I know you like what you see."

Leon glanced over at Tamara before he caught himself and looked back at me again. I cupped my boobs in my hands through my dress, waiting patiently for him to do his part without saying anything further. He knew what I

wanted so now it was his turn to make a difference.

It didn't take long for him to make up his mind. Slouching in the chair, he undid his belt and then lifted up his hips so he could undo the zipper and then undo the pants so he could open the flaps. Reaching through the opening in his jockey shorts, he struggled at first to get it out and when he finally did it was easy to see why he had problems. His dick was already practically fully erect making it hard to get out of the silly flap in the front of his shorts.

"Mmmmmmm, now that's what I wanted to see," I purred, slowly raising my dress up my legs, getting it up to where it was just below my pussy. It was enough to tease but not show anything. "Now stroke it... I want to see you jerk off for me."

Once again Leon's eyes shot behind me to where his wife was seated but then he saw that I was watching and he quickly returned them to me. I wondered if Steve was getting his dick out yet. It wouldn't have surprised me as he took about any excuse he could to jerk off. Sometimes I swear he likes to jerk off as much as love to play with myself.

"That's it... now tell me what to do," I said soothingly, pulling my dress up with one hand while pulling it down with the other and then switching directions.

"Just take the damn dress off," he said, the smile on his face disarming the directness of his statement.

"Not yet... in time," I assured him but I did lift it up so my bare ass was now exposed to the audience behind me and my shaved pussy was visible to the horny guy in front of me.

"Oh, I suppose I should tell you that I left my thong on the rear view mirror," I said jokingly over my shoulder to Tamara, "It needed to dry off."

Oh to see Tamara's face now! I resisted the temptation as I knew it would just increase her anxieties if we made eye contact. Still, I wondered what her reaction was to my announcement about my missing thong?

"You liked watching me masturbate in the car, didn't you Leon," I teased as I started to rub my pussy by first cupping it with my palm between my legs and then pressing my middle finger inside of me. As horny as I was it slipped in easily.

Leon was stroking his dick with one hand as he stared at my exposed crotch. He didn't even blink! I knew from her nudes that Tamara just trimmed her pussy so had Leon ever seen a shaved pussy that wasn't on a porn site on the Internet? His erection looked so yummy and hard and I loved the way he twisted his hand slightly on it each time he got up to the head. I couldn't wait to get my mouth on it!

When I first got the idea to table dance for Leon, my thoughts had been around doing a slow strip tease while seeing if I could get him to jerk off. Eventually I would get nude and then have him stand up and let me kneel on the table as suck it for his wife and my husband to watch, closely followed by him fucking me. Eventually that should get things started for Steve and Tamara after which we could then go our separate ways for a while.

Seeing how horny Leon was, I started having second thoughts about my original plan. Damn, I bet I would just get my mouth around him and he'd blow! Well, there were always options...

"I love watching you jerk off Leon," I said as seductively as I could, "I think you want to fuck me, don't you?"

Leon was breathing more heavily now so he just nodded - not good enough for me.

"You know Leon, when a guy wants to fuck me it's only polite that he ask," I hinted broadly. He just nodded again so I reiterated myself saying, "Well, do you want to or don't you?"

"I want to," he gasped.

"Want to what Leon?"

"I want to fuck you," he finally said. Good boy! I had to suppress a giggle as I felt like I needed to throw him a treat or something like a puppy who had just learned a new trick.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" I encouraged him as I carefully dismounted the coffee table and stood in front of him, "At least not as hard as that nice dick I see."

Without looking back at the couple behind me, I crawled up on the chair with my dress bunched up around my waist. Straddling his legs, I scooted up until his lovely erection was right under my wet and hungry pussy.

"Now fuck me Leon... put that hard dick in my cunt."

Normally the word "cunt" was not part of my vocabulary unless I was cursing another woman. While some people think slut is a put-down, I think it's a compliment. I reserve other words for women I don't like such as whore and yes, cunt. Still, I knew men well enough to know that they like a girl to talk dirty and what is more dirty than for a girl to call her own pussy a cunt?

Leon didn't say anything in response but I could feel him working his dick around under me, trying to hit the mark but failing miserably. Rap, I was just as anxious to feel it in me as he was so I reached down and grabbed it from him, easily getting it in the right spot to where it slipped up inside of me like it was greased. I put my full weight on him and sank down to his lap, burying his dick in me completely.

"Oh god that feels so good in me Leon," I moaned as I wiggled my hips just enough to feel it move inside of me.

I put my hands on his shoulders and lowered my head so I could see down to his crotch where my bare pussy was pressed up tightly against his coarse pubic hair. I could just make out the base of his dick in the dim light where it disappeared inside of me. It was quite a sight and it never failed to turn me on to think that that very thing I saw disappearing up my pussy was causing those incredible sensations inside of me.

Leon's hands found my ass and he squeezed each butt cheek in one hand as I started to rock slowly on his cock. I wasn't lifting myself up and down so much as I was rocking back and forth, causing him to move in me but for the most part keeping the entire cock in me as much as possible.

A little of that and I decided it was time to up the ante a bit and stop pretending to ignore my audience. Lifting myself up, I let his hard cock flop out of me as I stood up on the chair and then twisted myself around until I was facing Steve and Tamara with my bare butt in Leon's face. Steve was grinning from ear to ear and I noticed his arm was further around Tamara now until he had his hand over her small boob over her blouse. As for her, she wasn't pushing him away but then I couldn't see that she was reciprocating in any way either as her hands were in her lap still.

Once again I found myself wishing for a camera as I watched Tamara. It wasn't that she was doing much, if anything it was the blank look on her face that caught my attention more than anything. It was sort of like, "I cant believe this is happening" sort of thing yet at the same time she wasn't turning her eyes away either as I would have expected if she was really upset about things.

"OK Tamara, watch now... your hubby's dick wants back in me again."

This time I lowered myself down as I face Steve and Tamara, grabbing Leon's erection when I got low enough and used it to rub my pussy first. I couldn't help but shudder when the head of his dick ran over my slippery clit.

"Do you ever masturbate using your husband's dick?" I asked Tamara as I rubbed myself with that very same dick. She shook her head silently so I said, "You really should try sometime... he feels soooooo good against me."

Enough of that as I pushed the head back until I felt it just under me and then I lowered myself down on him, easily taking him in this time being so wet and freshly fucked.

"Oh my god Tamara, he feels so good in me," I gasped as I dropped down to my knees and then sat down on Leon's lap. My dress kept trying to fall down to hide things but I pulled it backup and tucked it out of the way. Leon's hands went around me again but this time they found my boobs and like my butt cheeks, he took one in each hand and squeezed.

There was no sense in making him rub through my dress so I lifted it up and over my head, leaving me all but naked on his lap with just my heels on for the moment at least. It was sort of interesting as I was the only one undressed. Steve and Tamara hadn't even unbuttoned yet and while Leon's dick was out in the open, or as open as it could be while in my pussy, the rest of him still bore the same clothes he wore at dinner.

"Fuck I'm going to cum," Leon gasped as he seemed to try to push me off his dick like he didn't want to cum in me. Well, that was too bad as I was in control which meant I got to say where he came and there was only one option so far as I was concerned - my pussy.

"Watch close Tamara... he's about to cum inside of me," I gasped as I worked my pussy on his cock. No sooner than the words were out of my mouth then Leon let out a loud groan and I could feel his hot sperm being ejaculated in me like tiny blooms of warmth deep in my lower belly.

"Oh yeah, that's it Leon, fill me with your cum," I sighed as I planted myself down firmly around his dick. Of course by then he already had!

I was so proud of my husband. Seeing me getting fucked with the hot girl next to him had to be a tremendous temptation but he was behaving like a gentleman. Heck, he wasn't even stroking himself which in and of itself was a major accomplishment. It was time for his reward...

Lifting myself off of him, I cupped my pussy to keep everything in me and quickly made my way until I was sitting on the coffee table in front to the two of them. I leaned back and put my legs on the couch, one between each of their legs. Taking my hand off my pussy, I could feel Leon's cum drain from me, flowing down between my buttocks and dripping onto the coffee table top.

"So what do you think Tamara?" I pushed her a little, "How does it feel to see your hubby's cum dripping out of my cunt?"

Tamara didn't say anything at first so Steve stepped in with, "Well, I can say tat for ME, it's pretty damn hot."

Steve gave Tamara's little boob a squeeze which seemed to waken her from whatever world she was in.

"Oh my god," was all she said as she put her hand to her mouth.

"See how turned on my husband is seeing your husband's cum draining from my pussy?" I told her, "I bet your husband would feel the same way, don't you?"

Her eyes widened as she immediately caught on to what I was hinting at for her to do. Steve was in on it too and I could see from the way he was looking down at her that he was more than anxious to get a piece of her.

Steve looked at me and I nodded. Nothing more needed to be said as we both knew what was coming next - or should I say WHO was cumming next?

Leaning over, Steve put his hand under her chin and turned her head towards him as he kissed her on the lips. At first she didn't respond but then she seemed to relax just a bit and returned the favor to him. Soon I could see his tongue pushing against her tight lips and I smiled as I saw them part and allow it to enter and explore. Steve kept kissing her as he reached down and lifted her legs so she was sitting across his lap, supported by his other arm behind her so she didn't fall backwards.

Meanwhile, I had gotten myself out of the way and returned to sit sideways on Leon's lap so my legs hung over the arm while I leaned back against the other arm. Leon was watching my husband fooling around with his wife

but that didn't stop him from taking advantage of having a nude girl on his lap and feeling me up. He seemed to stay away from my pussy as it was a bit messy with his cum (soooooo typical of a guy) which meant my boobs were his primary target. He seemed to be a nipple guy, pulling them and letting the backs of his fingers trace circles around them. As for me, he still had his dick out so at least I was able to feel it pressing against my bottom and there was no mistaking that he was ready to go for it again. THAT could wait as I thought it best we both concentrate on other matters for the moment.

Steve and Tamara continued to kiss and I knew it was Steve's way of keeping her having to think about who was watching by distracting her from seeing us. It wasn't long before he had his hand up her skirt and was pushing it between her legs which for the moment she held tightly together. It took a little persuasion but she parted them just enough for him to get up between them and to her crotch where he lifted back her skirt to show us all her pink nylon panties. Showing unusual restraint for him, he didn't immediately try to take them off or pull them to the side but instead starting to rub her through the slippery material.

At first there was no reaction but then slowly, ever so slowly, she couldn't hold back the feelings that I knew had to be building up inside of her. At first it was just a slight movement that I would have missed had I not been watching so intently but that was followed by a quick thrust of her hips as Steve continued to massage her clit through her panties. Still he held back, waiting for her to react more strongly.

"Ohhhhh," she suddenly gasped and then returned to her lip lock with my husband. That was his cue to pull her panties to the side and for the first time I saw her cute little pussy. I say cute because frankly, not all pussies ARE cute. She was an "innie" in that her labia were not prominent and her pussy looked almost childlike at first until Steve started to run his finger up in between her already wet pussy lips.

"She has a nice pussy," I whispered to Leon. He just nodded and kept his eyes staring at his wife as she was being felt up by another man.

"Ohhhhh," she gasped again as Steve pushed one finger inside of her, holding it still once her had as much of it in her as he could reach.

I saw Steve whisper something to her but couldn't hear what it was. Then I watched as she started to unbutton her blouse so Steve wouldn't have to removed his hand from between her legs. Once it was undone she pulled it apart, revealing a lacey black bra that easily covered her small breasts. This time Steve had to do some of the work so he pulled his hand from between her legs and reached around her to undo her bra. Soon she was topless with the blouse and bra on the floor with just her skirt and panties on.

Had I seen nothing but her bust line, I would have guessed her to be maybe a young teenage at best or even an early developing preteen. Her nude photos had shown them off to their best advantage that much as for sure, as now they looked to be barely out the training bra stage. Just goes to show what a good photographer can do for you. Fortunately Steve had never been a big boob man or else he would have never been drawn to me back when I was fourteen with a bust not much bigger than Tamara's. Steve was an ass man to the core, followed closely by legs which worked to my strengths when I was young. Indeed, to this day I still consider my ass and legs to be my best assets which is likely why my favorite hoe attire is a t-shirt with no bottoms.

As for the skirt and panties, the panties didn't last much longer as he slid them down her thighs and then down and off her feet such that all she had left was a skirt pulled up around her flat belly. It wasn't in the way so Steve didn't seem to be in much of a hurry to take it off. Then again, I knew he liked me to wear a little but of something rather than be fully nude, as if it was more naughty to be mostly undressed than naked.

At the moment that left both men fully clothed, with Leon's cock out but otherwise nothing had been taken off, while both girls were either naked or all but naked. We might not be barefoot and pregnant these days but when it came to sex, men seem to like their women to get naked first. Not that I'm complaining...

I was enjoying the feeling of Leon's hands on my breasts as Steve lowered Tamara to her back and then slid out from under her so she was laying on the couch on her back. Lifting one leg until her foot was on the top of the couch, he slid the other over to it fell over the side of the couch, leaving her cute little pussy spread wide open for him. At this point the possibilities were endless so I watched wondering where Steve would go next.

Once again I was impressed by my husband's restraint as I knew there was nothing more he wanted than to drop his pants and fuck this little girl. Rather than jump to the obvious, instead he got in between her legs and then reached under her to cup her bottom in his hands. Then he leaned down, lifting her up to eat her pussy like he was lifting a large watermelon to his face. Her eyes were tightly shut but she was clearly enjoying it and well she should. Steve isn't the type that always likes to eat pussy but when he does, DAMN is he good! So many men don't seem to have a clue what a woman wants but not Steve. Frankly, when we first dated he wasn't all that good but by the time we'd hooked up again someone must have given him some outstanding lessons.

For the first time Tamara started to react on her own as her hands moved to her small boobs, holding them like a security blanket as this stranger licked and kissed and sucked on her pussy. Once the ice was broken, it seemed she was replaced by another woman as in the space of a few moments she transformed from this quiet, shy and reserved girl to a loud sexy girl begging for more.

"Right there.... yeah that's it, right there," she instructed him as his tongue worked around her soaking wet pussy. Her hips lifted off the couch on their own as if she was trying to push her pussy up against his face. Steve pulled one hand from underneath her and pushed a finger into her pussy, fucking her with his index finger as she humped like a whore in heat.

"Oh god," she cried out as she started to cum. Lucky girl, she got to cum before me! Her petite body literally shook as her orgasm rose within her. She stopped talking at that point and just moaned loudly as Steve tried a second finger in her.

Steve had shown remarkable restraint up to this point, EXTREMELY remarkable in my opinion so I guess it didn't surprise me when he tried to push the boundaries a little bit. Tamara was still moaning and humping on his finger when he pulled the second finger out and tried pushing the wet digit up her asshole.

"What the....?" she suddenly cried out as her eyes popped open. She started to reach down but Steve was relentless, pushing it in her even as she tried to push his hand away. I could relate as having anything up my butt wasn't exactly a thrill to me but at the same time I knew that when it came to sex and Steve wanted something, he didn't take no for an answer too often.

"Owwwww!" she cried angrily, squirming her butt as the invader pushed in deeper. Steve had his mouth back on her pussy though and soon she was struggling as on the one hand she was loving the feeling of his tongue on her while on the other hand she wasn't too happy about where his other finger was.

Steve evidently had achieved his immediate goal and so he pulled away and quickly stripped. I was so proud of my naked husband! Tamara also seemed to enjoy the sight of this nude stranger with the hard dick pointing out from him like a branch from a tree.

"Mmmmmmm, my hubby's gonna fuck your wife now I think," I whispered again to Leon. He didn't reply but I could feel him shifting himself under me as his dick grew even harder. If there was any anxiety over seeing his wife have sex with another man, nobody had informed his cock, that was for sure. I parted my legs just enough to let it slip up between my legs until I could just see the tip of it appear between my naked thighs.

Leaving her on her back, Steve mounted Tamara, using one arm to keep his weight off of her while his other hand guided his erect dick. I was sort of hoping she would take over and replace his hand but she had her arms to the side, laying there still as she waited for the inevitable.

"Fuck her Steve... fuck her for me," I encouraged him, acting as his cheerleader on the sidelines as he got ready to make the big play.

Another moment and he did just that. Once he had the head in her he let go of his hard cock and now had one hand on each side of her as he used his hips to thrust himself deeper into her. She must have been pretty tight as it took several tries before he was even half-way in her. From there he gave one really hard push and they both groaned loudly together as he buried himself in her.

As much as I knew Steve loved watching men fuck me, from my side I really wasn't that much into watching Steve fuck other girls. I don't think its jealousy or anything as I am VERY secure when it comes to our relationship and marriage. I just don't get turned on by it. Well, that was under most conditions. There WERE times when I have to say it DOES turn me on to watch him fuck another woman, starting with my mom. After listening so many years to her fantasize about the day I would have a husband for her to fuck, seeing her dream come true was one of the more erotic moments of my life. One other time I remember and that was when he did this cute little twelve year-old at a family party. Well, now I can add a third one - little Tamara.

Perhaps one reason it was so erotic to watch Steve fuck her was she seemed so small under him. In fact, she wasn't all that much bigger than that twelve year-old he'd done. Perhaps it was a peek into the future when someday he fucked his own daughter - IF that should ever happen. Given Steve's feelings about incest the odds weren't all that great such a thing will happen but that doesn't mean I can't dream about it. Watching him fuck her now, slowly and gently, like a father bringing his daughter into womanhood, was just something I couldn't stop watching. Not even the pressure of Leon's own erection up against my pussy as I tightened my legs around him was enough to distract me.

"So what do you think Leon? How does it feel to see your wife with another man's dick in her?"

Leon didn't answer at first but when I glanced back at him I saw it was not because he wasn't answering me so much as he was fixated on the incredible scene taking place in front of us. Steve had now twisted Tamara's upper leg up and over and he had laid in between her and the back of the couch so they were now spooning as he cradled her in his arms to keep her from falling over the edge of the couch. What I liked best was that it offered the perfect view of his dick as it entered and pulled out of her pussy, not to mention her hand over her tiny breast and the intense look of pleasure on her face. If she was still aware of us watching there was no sign of it.

"Well?" I asked again.

"I can't believe this," he replied hoarsely, like his mouth was as dry as a desert and he could barely speak, "She loves it."

Well THAT was obvious but then I wasn't sure what he meant by that. Was he simply making an observation, stating the obvious, or did he mean that he couldn't believe that she was loving it, as if her couldn't believe another man could make her feel the way she was feeling right now. Then again, maybe he was a little upset that perhaps she was feeling TOO good, that she was loving it more than anything he had been able to accomplish with her.

"I think she likes my husband's cock in her, don't you?" I returned. Perhaps I was being a little naughty by pushing him a bit on the subject. Hopefully he wouldn't get TOO upset and bring everything to halt with some sort of jealousy tantrum. Fortunately he was more mature than I had worried.

"She certainly seems to," he said slowly. Then he squeezed my boobs tighter and it was his turn to push. "But then YOU seemed to like MY dick in you while your husband watched if I recall."

I smiled at him while keeping one eye on the happy couple a few feet away. Tamara had cum again and her pussy was so aroused now I could actually hear Steve's cock as it sloshed in and out of her soaking wet pussy.

"Well, after he cums in her maybe you can put it in me again... if you really want to."

"Fuck, I'm ready NOW," he growled, shifting himself under me to move his dick even tighter up against my pussy.

"There's no rush," I assured him, "I want to see my husband cum in your wife first."

I COULD have said I wanted to "see him cum in her first" but if I've learned anything about turning on guys over the years, its how to talk to them. "him" and "her" was impersonal. OK, so the act was sexy but where was that personal connection? "Steve" and "Tamara" wasn't that much better. But calling them "my husband" and "your

wife” added that personal touch which seemed to turn men on so much more. It’s like when I chat to men about their desires for their daughters. Saying “your daughter” always seemed to turn them on so much more than just “she” or using her name. As my mom use to say when cooking dinner, “It’s all in the presentation” and that applied to sex as much as Thanksgiving Dinner.

Unlike Leon, who was ready to shoot his load so quick I skipped my one of my favorite parts - sucking his dick, Steve was more experienced and knew how to control himself better. Sure he was still a guy and so there were times he couldn’t hold back and came before he was ready but for the most part he had a good understanding of his personal rhythm and reactions. Most guys would have cum long before now under the circumstances but not Steve. Leon probably never noticed the subtle changes in penetration and speed as Steve would adjust his rhythm to prolong his ejaculation. No doubt he could have gone on like this for quite a while more and had it been different circumstances, like him fucking me, I would have treasured his skill but for now it was keeping me from getting laid.

“Cum in her Steve... I want to see you fill her,” I called to him. Steve looked at me at first like he didn’t understand why I was pushing him but then he saw the expression on my face and understood my personal frustration. He just nodded but that was enough, I knew he’d gotten the message.

The change was subtle but definitely noticeable if you knew what to look for. Now his dick was bottoming out in her with every stroke. When he pulled back he did so until just the tip of his dick was barely in her, followed quickly by a rapid plunge deep into her pussy. The stroke out was slower and more deliberate while the thrust in was hard and fast. Yep, my hubby was working it!

“Watch close, he’s about to cum,” I warned Leon and not a moment too soon. Not more than a few seconds afterwards Steve thrust himself up as far as he could into Tamara’s little pussy and I could see the muscles in his buttocks clench as he jerked time and time again. I knew each time he jerked that meant another load of his sperm was being shot into her and from the look on her face, so did she. Her eyes opened and she looked across at her husband, the look of pure pleasure on her face tempered in part by an expression of guilt as she knew that what she was feeling was maybe the best she’d ever been fucked in her life.

“OK, let’s go to your room,” I said as soon as Steve was done. Show was over, move along...

We stood up and Leon adjusted his pants so he could walk. I reached down and grabbed onto his dick like a leash and started to lead him out of them room. As we walked past our spouses I smiled at Steve as he just laid there with his dick still in Tamara, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. Tamara was still looking at her husband, her face and upper chest flush from the multiple orgasm my husband had aroused in her. I saw Leon’s eyes glance down to where Steve’s dick was resting in her pussy, sitting still for the first time since he’d first entered her.

“C’mon... don’t worry about them,” I told him as I gave his “leash” a tug. I wasn’t sure where the bedroom was but at least I wanted to get out of view of those two so he could focus on what was important - ME.

Chapter 5 - A Strange Bed

Once he couldn’t see his wife any more, Leon seemed to come out of the mesmerized state he’d fallen into and seemed able to focus more on me again. He took my hand and led me to their bedroom. I’d wondered where he was going to take me as from the size of the house I was guessing it had at least three bedrooms. Previously when guys would bring me home the results varied. Some guys found it erotic to fuck me in the same bed they slept with their wife, even going so far as to have me lay on her side of the bed and perhaps even wear some of her lingerie. For others, the guilt factor seemed to dominate and so they would take me to a guest room or one of the kid’s rooms. The fact that he brought me to their bedroom was interesting.

As soon as we got there before we said anything he quickly dropped his clothes and I saw him naked for the first time. While not in Steve’s league he wasn’t bad either. Leon was a little shorter and not as hard a build with a bit of a belly but not fat by any means. Perhaps more importantly he had a dick as hard as a spear sticking straight up in the air like a missile launching for outer space.

This time I was going to get what I wanted at the start. Before he could say anything I practically dove for the floor in front of him and once on my knees, all but devoured his dick. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good and I could still make out the aftertaste of my pussy on it.

"That feels so good," he groaned. He really seemed to be enjoying it and then I thought about Steve and Tamara earlier. While I had foregone sucking off Leon because of my fears he would cum before he fucked me, Tamara shouldn't have had any worries about Steve yet she had never sucked his dick. It made me start to think...

"Does Tamara give good head?" I asked, coming up for air.

He didn't have to answer, the look on his face told me everything but I still wanted to hear the words.

"She's never sucked my dick."

Whoa! Hold the presses we have a new headline. "Like never as in... NEVER?"

"She says it's dirty. She won't let me eat her out either."

Now THAT was interesting as she certainly hadn't stopped Steve and from what I could tell, she loved it at the time. So maybe that was part of why poor Leon had been a bit jealous. Can't say I really blamed him if my suspicions were all true.

"So has ANYONE ever sucked your cock?"

Leon, took a second to answer as after I asked that I made an extra effort to suck hard on his dick.

"Oh sure, back in high school I had a girl do it but she wasn't very good... her teeth practically killed me."

Ah yes, the sure sign of an amateur.

"Have you ever cum in a girl's mouth?"

I looked up and our eyes met as I resumed sucking his erection. He frowned and then shook his head.

"Tamara would never let me cum on her face, let alone in her mouth."

Once again I marveled over the fact tat a couple as inexperienced and filled with such issues could ever have applied for - and been accepted, into our swapping group. Maybe it was more of a joke for the people who ran it to have this naïve couple find themselves with people who might take all sorts of advantage of them.

"Well you can cum on my face Leon," I said between licks, "and in my mouth if you want to."

Leon just sighed, a long drawn-out sigh tat sounded almost like he'd just been told his cancer diagnosis was wrong and he was not really sick.

"Get on the bed," I told him. He got on over the covers and laid there with a pillow under his head.

"Well if we're going to do this then let's do it right," I told him as I got on the bed I think he was expecting me to get in between his legs or something like that so it must have surprised him when I reversed directions with him and straddled his face while I held myself up with hands such that my boobs were hanging down to his dick.

"I take it you've never 69'd before," I called back to him as I lowered my pussy to his face while his dick was right in front of mine. "Just remember, if you lick my asshole I won't kiss you again tonight."

Being someone who had never licked pussy before, I didn't have much hope for him and as it turned out, I was

right although he did give it a good try. It was more for him than anything so at least he could go away telling his friends that he'd finally ate pussy. He didn't have to say it wasn't his wife's - that would be up to him.

What I was more interested in was that nice hard dick that was aimed straight at my face. Between being in this position and the fact his dick was at the lower end of the average scale, it was easy to take him all in. Deep throat is deep throat when it comes to sucking just one guy. The fact that all of HIS dick gets in my mouth is all that matters.

He was getting close, it was just an instinct I'd developed over the years to know when a guys is about to cum and I've learned to trust that instinct. It would have been easy to just stay there and take it but I wanted to make it more of a memory for him so without taking my mouth of hid cock I twisted around so I was laying sideways on the bed with my head facing him as I finished off his dick.

Just as he was about to spurt, I pulled it out of my mouth and held it about half-way yup the shaft, aiming it at my open mouth. The first burst missed and hit me on the cheek but I wouldn't tell him that it was deliberate on my part. He wanted to cum on my face and so this was my way of letting him. The next load landed on the back of my tongue followed by another in them idle of my tongue. I moved in closer so the next load also reached my mouth but from there the rest was on my chin and cheeks.

"So what do you thin Leon? How do I look with cum makeup?"

I was sitting up now, using my finger to scrape the cum from my face and then licking it off. I opened my mouth so he could see his cum pooled on my mouth and then closed it, swallowed, and showed him my empty mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, I LOVE cum," I said, licking my lips as if I was a cat after a bowl of milk.

That was twice now for Leon and I wasn't expecting a third time but then when it comes to men in their mid-twenties you never can tell. Over thirty and it's pretty fair to expect two at most. Over forty it goes to once and after that you're lucky to get him once, especially if he's on blood pressure meds! That doesn't mean they cant cum but it's just going to be oral sex as often they cant get it hard enough to fuck. Teenagers are special - do they EVER go soft? At 26, Leon was in uncharted waters for me. I suppose Tamara would have known but it wasn't like I could just go and ask her home many times her man as good fro in one evening. Well, it never hurt to try.

Leon had already pretty much gone flaccid and he laid there on his back with his eyes closed such that I was starting to wonder if he'd fallen asleep. Not that I would have been shocked or upset, it happens with men. Damn, how many times had I been left to my own fingers when a guy started snoozing after he'd cum? I coughed gently and his eyes opened.

"Sorry, was just thinking," he mused, "You looked so hot with my cum in your mouth. Why doesn't Tamara let me do that?"

Loaded question and one I was loath to answer as there was no good response. Rather than dig myself a hole I snuggled up on the bed next to him, put my arm around his hips and laid my head just below his crotch with his dick right in front of me as it laid down flat on his pubic hair, spent and soft.

"Why don't we worry about something more important Leon... like getting you hard again?"

Leon took in a big breath and let it out slowly. "I don't know Kelly, never did it three times in one night before."

"Maybe you just never had the right motivation," I teased him, toying with his limp dick with my fingers.

With that I pulled my head in closer and took his flaccid dick in my mouth. Actually I don't mind soft dicks when it comes to sucking on them. There's something about feeling them grow in response to my touch that really turns me on. As they swell and lengthen, it's like they are telling me how good I am making them feel, like how much I turn them on.

"Well, I'm game if you are," he sighed as he tucked in a pillow under his head so he could watch without having to strain his neck.

It took maybe twenty or twenty five minutes but finally mission accomplished. The key to resuscitating a cock is not to overdo it. You don't need a lot of action, just constant and uninterrupted action. Stopping even for just a few seconds can be enough to lose whatever gains you may have made in the past ten minutes. So for all that time I kept it between my lips at all times, kissing it, licking it and fondling it as I nursed him back to an erect state.

Victory! I held his erection in my hand and sat up to smile at him. "See, I told you all you needed was the right motivation." Yeah, that a LOT of skill and perseverance.

"Fuck me like you fuck Tamara," I said, sounding more like a little girl asking her daddy to read her a bedtime story than a slut begging to be fucked.

Leon gave me a rather sardonic grin and said, "That's easy... on your back... missionary style."

Like what a surprise... NOT!

This time I pulled back the covers. A quick look at the night stands told me her side was on the right so I laid there on my back, knees bent with my feet flat on the bed with my legs spread apart for him.

"Like this?"

"Yep, you've got it," he almost laughed as he got in between my legs and without any fanfare just stuck his dick in me and started to pound away. Maybe it WAS starting to make sense to me why they were looking for other couples!

I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him into me as he kissed and licked my boobs. Given how long it took just to get him hard again, I didn't imagine he would be cumming any time soon and boy, as THAT an understatement! Not that I was complaining mind you. I'd take a guy who lasts forever before cumming than a one stroke and cum guy any day! As he fucked me I played with my pussy, recognizing that this wasn't in line with how they fucked but the heck with that, I wanted to cum a few times myself!

As it turned out, I came twice more before he finally groaned and let loose inside of me for the second time. As soon as he finished he rolled over to the side of me, panting like he'd just run a marathon.

"Damn, three times," he said more to himself than me I think.

We just laid there for a few minutes, not a sound in the room as he felt his cum start to leak out of me. Using the sheets to clean myself off, I stood up and faced him.

"What do you say we go back and see how they are doing?"

Chapter 6 - Settling Accounts

Somehow Leon managed to crawl out of bed and we both made our way back to the living room. I was half expecting it to be empty, figuring they would head to another bedroom where it was more comfortable but I soon learned that was not the case. Instead, what I saw was a familiar sight. I don't mean familiar in that I'd seen the two of them I like this before but more so familiar as in I recognized the situation as one like Steve and I have ended many an evening in just this fashion. There was Steve laying on his back on the couch, his head resting against the arm, with little Tamara laying on top of him with her head resting on his shoulder with Steve's dick resting comfortably in her pussy. No doubt he wasn't exactly hard at the moment so if she were to shift her position even a little bit she would have flopped out but by laying still with her butt pushed down against him it was still in side of her, even if just a fraction of what it had been earlier.

For a moment I felt a bit of nostalgia as Leon and I stood there taking in the scene. I wasn't sure how he was feeling but for me it took me back so many years before when Steve was the only boy I'd had sex with and at the time, assumed he would be the only one I would EVER be with in that way. It was rather ironic that back then when I was just fourteen I would dream about marrying Steve and how we would make love and have children. When I talked to my mom about my dreams she would just smile as I'm sure she recognized a teenager's first crush, knowing sooner or later I would move on. Indeed, when Steve and his family left town I did move on, even if it wasn't easy. I found solace by being with as many other boys as I could but my heart never forgot my first love.

Seeing Tamara perched on top of Steve brought back memories of how I would do the same back when I was fourteen - and about the same size as Tamara was now even though she was nine years older than I'd been at that time. I wondered if this was how my parents felt when they would peek in my room after Steve and I had sex and find me laying on top of him, his arms around me holding me tight as we lay there joined together. For me there was something special about being one with him, of having a part of him inside of me for as long as possible. From a more base perspective we were essentially mating, even if the end result wasn't a baby (thank goodness!).

Steve was out but Tamara must have heard our footsteps we entered the living room because her eyes opened even though she remained still. She saw me first but her eyes quickly moved to her husband who was now naked with his spent dick hanging down. Obviously she knew what we'd been doing, just as we knew what had been going on in the living room. A small smile appeared at the corners of her mouth and I saw her shift just slightly - not enough to cause Steve's dick to fall out of her but enough to feel it move slightly. It was a move I knew well!

"Looks like she likes having my husband's dick in her," I said softly to Leon who was staring at his naked, freshly fucked wife. Leon didn't say anything making me wonder if he was as turned on as I was or was there a twinge of regret in that expressionless face?

"Why don't we sit down?" I suggested. Leon didn't seem to have a better plan so he went back to the chair we'd started in where I then took a seat on his lap, putting my arm around his neck and leaning in towards him with my head on his shoulder and my breast pressing against his chest.

The silence in the room was deafening. My first thought was thank goodness Steve wasn't snoring! He was usually a quiet sleeper but after sex if he stayed on his back then all bets were off. Fortunately tonight was one of his better nights. In contrast, Tamara was wide awake and I could tell from the way she was squirming that she was still horny as heck. I wanted to call out to her and tell her to just be patient and wait as it wouldn't take all that long before Steve's dick would be growing inside of her again. One of the more interesting things I learned when we first started having sex was that getting an erection was one thing he didn't have to be awake for it to happen.

Meanwhile Leon was just sitting there without saying a word. He had one hand on my thigh, absentmindedly rubbing it and running his hand up and down the soft inner skin but as good as it felt I knew he wasn't really paying attention to me. No, it was his sexy little wife a few feet away that had his full concentration.

"This is really weird," he finally whispered to me after a few more minutes.

"Why's that?"

"I don't know, just sitting her like this watching."

"How does it make you feel to see your wife enjoying another man inside of her?" I asked, trying not to cause any hard feelings but at the same my curiosity was just too much to contain.

"A little jealous I guess," he confessed. "She's never done that with me... not like this anyway."

"Well have you offered?"

Leon frowned. "No but still... she doesn't have to look like she's enjoying it so much."

"Maybe it's time for you to be with her," I offered. The more I watched Tamara squirming on top of Steve and listened to Leon trying not to admit just how jealous he really was, the more I thought maybe we'd had enough for one night. Like, I'd been laid and Steve certainly seemed to have had a good time so why push the issue?

"If she wants me... she seems pretty happy right now."

Oh yeah, definitely time to leave. If we stayed much longer I knew Steve would start responding to Tamara's movements. Again, knowing my husband as well as I did, once THAT happened there would be no stopping him until he'd fucked her again. Not that she seemed worried! Frankly, I wouldn't have minded another load from Leon but I had to keep reminding myself that this was the first time either of them had ever done anything like this.

If we quit now, it would allow Leon and Tamara to build upon their experiences tonight and hopefully solidify their marriage by realizing they could trust each other to be with other people yet in the end, it was their partner they really wanted. On the other hand, if things kept going in the direction they were headed, it might result in serious damage to their young marriage in terms of trust should either of them feel like the other was happier having sex with a stranger than them.

One thing that struck me was the idea that maybe Tamara and I could have a little fun before we left. While I'm not one to normally push for such things with a strange girl as I prefer to keep my bisexual activities amongst friends, the thought DID cross my mind with regards to Tamara. There was not a doubt in my head that the boys would mind watching us. Over the years I can't think of any time when guys weren't turned on watching me with another girl. Even my dad loved it when my mom and I would do a special show for him as a treat for his birthday or other special event.

"We really need to get going," I said a little louder to Leon as I pulled away and stood up. Tamara watched me but wasn't making any moves to get off my husband.

"Hey girl, your hubby over there needs some attention and I need to get mine home," I said with a smile to Tamara. Wow, I was actually a bit taken aback when I saw the expression on her face as for a moment I thought she was about to tell me to get lost! She definitely wasn't thrilled about the idea. Sheesh, had we created a monster?

Putting my hand on Steve's head, I shook him gently until he woke up. "C'mon sleepy head, let's call it a night."

Steve looked at me and then to Tamara who had sat up now such that Steve's cock was firmly planted in her again. I saw her hips were moving in slow small circles as she ground her pussy into his crotch.

"Just one more time?" he pleaded, like a small boy begging his mom to stay on the carnival ride one more time around.

I shook my head. "I think it's time."

There must have been something in my face or the way I said it but he seemed to get the message as well as the reasoning behind it. He scooted up a bit and put his hands on Tamara's thin waist, lifting her up off his dick.

"Sorry babe... You know you're REALLY good."

OK, now we definitely needed to go. Tamara reluctantly got off of Steve, taking her dear sweet time about it, and moved over to where Leon motioned for her to sit on his lap. Steve and I dressed - the shower would have to wait until we got home but I didn't think he would mind.

As we got ready to leave, I turned to the still naked couple, thanked them for their hospitality, and then left them with my final words of advice...

"It might not be a bad idea for the two of you to finish off the night in bed," I advised, "I know that's where Steve and I will be in a little bit... right honey?"

Steve grinned but I noticed his eyes were on Tamara the whole time. Looked like I had my work cut out for me later!

And so we left the two of them. The ride back home was rather uneventful as we shared our experiences. Steve always loved me to tell him about how I had sex with other men (my dad being a huge exception to that rule). To be honest, I really wasn't all that anxious to hear about him and Tamara. Talk about a picture tells a thousand words. Seeing her lusting for him to the very end told me more than anything he ever could. Not that I could blame her...

The next day Steve pointed out to me that Leon and Tamara's profile was missing from the group site. I couldn't but wonder what that meant. Had it been too much for them? I like to think they had chosen wisely for their first swap as I could just imagine how some of the other couples we'd met might have taken advantage of their situation. Oh well, we had agreed long before to try to avoid meeting the same couples again. It was the "strange" sex that made it hot for me, not to have resident partners.

So now we'd broken the ice. We'd had our first swap as a married couple and I have to say, overall I loved it! The question now was, what would be Steve's next choice? The first time had been pretty much based on my fantasy of a first swap so I told Steve the next one would be whatever HE wanted. Hmmmmmm, things could get interesting!