

Hazy

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Paul and Anne across the street are about our best friends in the world. We've known them about five years, since we moved into the neighborhood. That first day as we were moving in they were there helping, Paul helping move furniture and boxes, Anne helping unpack and getting pizza for us all.

Our friendship grew from there. Both Paul and I work for high tech companies. I call him a marketing weenie and he calls me a techno-geek. My wife Donna and his wife Anne also get along great; they're generally inseparable. Donna quickly became a member of Anne's bridge group. We get together a lot, both formally and informally. Donna is a travel agent part time, more because she likes it than for the money, which stinks. Anne dabbles in a lot of things, but she's very good at anything she tries.

Take cooking for example. Anne got the idea to take cooking lessons at a local school, and before we knew it, both she and Donna were going. The results were spectacular, if you ignore the weight that Paul and I put on.

Now Paul is over six feet tall, a big guy; I'm a head shorter, fairly wiry. Anne and Donna are about the same height, about the same as me. Anne is thin but not skinny, blonde, has beautiful blue eyes, and the second best smile and laugh around. Donna is a couple of sizes larger, brown hair, green eyes, and has a bust line that I adore; one area where Anne just doesn't compare -- or is that two areas? She also has the best smile and laugh around. Paul is the basketball player. Anne loves tennis. I play a little tennis, as does Donna. The four of us ride bikes together during the spring and summer, ski and snowboard together in the winter.

The other thing that's interesting is that when we get together we're fearless; we'll try anything. So what if we haven't taken a tree down before -- Paul knows where to borrow a chain saw -- the thing is history. We were lucky neither of us got injured.

Our wives are the same. One November Paul and I got back from the crazy trade show week of Comdex Las Vegas to find that our wonderful demure wives had redone the small bathroom in our house. They did it all themselves, and did a wonderful job.

But where this story starts probably is with the accident. Paul and I work for different companies in Silicon Valley, about ten miles apart. I got the call on a Tuesday afternoon just

after lunch. It was Donna, and she was frantic. Paul had been in an auto accident; she was taking Anne to the hospital. I told her I'd meet them there and hung up.

Poor Paul -- he'd been coming back from lunch with some friends, riding in a small car. They were hit by an unlicensed and uninsured clown driving a fifteen year old Buick. Paul was in the passenger seat and took most of the impact.

He's lucky he was healthy. Still, he had broken bones and internal injuries. The internal injuries were complicated by the double cheeseburger with the works he'd had for lunch.

We all learned about the insides of hospitals, as well as the insides of ourselves over the following months. We helped Anne convert their home office downstairs into a convalescent room; Paul wouldn't be going up and down stairs for a while. I took care of the major housework for both places; we held together.

Paul had it rough; a lot of discomfort. He had plates and screws holding pieces together, bruises and stitches, adhesions, you name it. The good news was he lost weight; we all did. The pain and discomfort really got to him; he took drugs when he had to, but really didn't want that. It was very hard on him, and on Anne.

They tried things, quietly. I think Donna knew what was going on, I didn't. But Paul improved. He looked better, more relaxed. When I asked him about the pain, he told me it was still there, just didn't bother him as much any more. That was enough for me.

Looking back on things now, I can put together the pieces. I was surprised when Anne went to Florida for two weeks, just when Paul started moving around on his own again. When I asked what it was about, Donna told me Anne was going to a class. When I asked somewhat surprised why she wasn't going as well, she smiled and said she probably would later on.

The next piece of the puzzle was a month or so after Anne got back from her class.

I don't play bridge; neither does Paul. But when the bridge group is at one of our houses, Paul and I play house hubby and take care of details, serve coffee and dessert, that kind of thing. Now Anne is very good at bridge; Donna wants to be, but it's been hard for her. Then all of a sudden her game really improved. Even I noticed it; she seemed so much more focused while playing, both she and Anne were incredibly focused while playing.

Then there was our sex life. We have a great time in bed. Hell, we have a great time just about anyplace; bedroom, hallway, in front of the fireplace, in the shower. I love going down on my beautiful wife, I love being in her arms. If we have any problems it's that some times my fuse is too short and hers is too long. Suddenly that changed, for her at least. She came now at the drop of a hat, throwing herself into our lovemaking with incredible abandon, wearing me out.

We had a bad rainstorm. Paul was in the hospital again; the screws in one of his plates had worked loose and had to be redone. Our house came through the storm fine, but Anne got home Saturday morning from visiting Paul to find their garage roof leaking. Responding to her

panic call, I quickly moved everything out of that corner of their garage, covering things, and helped Anne and Donna cover that section of the roof.

I worked hard for four or five hours. A downspout had failed, dumping a great deal of water collected from the second story house roof into the wrong spot of the garage roof. After helping the ladies take care of that, I muscled around the contents of the garage. I hadn't done that kind of physical labor in many years.

I collapsed on the family room couch about three O'clock. Anne had a fire going in the fireplace. Donna took off and would return; we'd have dinner at Anne's. My clothes were wet from getting rained on and from hauling wet things; Anne gave me one of Paul's robes and tossed my wet things into the dryer. What a mess; I'd planned on spending the day looking for an anniversary gift -- our anniversary was Tuesday. That had to wait, I guess.

I crashed on the couch, feeling the heat from the fire, listening to the crackling, stretched out on my back. I heard Anne come back into the room.

"Comfortable?" she asked.

I just sighed; I wasn't going anywhere. I felt the couch move a little; I was laying with my feet up on one arm of the couch, leaving about three feet between my head and the other arm. I felt her hands on my shoulders. After a moment she started massaging my shoulders and my neck. I sighed again.

"That feel good?" she asked.

Silly question -- I sighed and nodded a little.

"Well just relax and enjoy it. It's so good to have friends like you and Donna, friends who can help out so much. You've been so helpful the last few months, especially with Paul in and out of the hospital. I'm glad I can help you relax a little. Take a deep breath for me, let it out, and relax."

Her hands felt great on my shoulders and neck. I remembered the "Massage for Couples" classes the four of us had taken two years ago. It had been a lot of fun. I'd learned a lot; Donna and I still gave each other the occasional massage, but we also went to professionals regularly. She doesn't have the confidence to use enough pressure on my back, and she complains that I always get distracted... Well, she is beautiful, and she is my wife... This felt so good, so relaxing, so easy to lay there, feel her hands, listen to her voice.

After a while I hardly noticed that Anne was still speaking. Was she speaking to me? I was so relaxed, almost floating, her voice seemed to be getting far away. I felt so safe, so comfortable, so glad I could let go and just enjoy it.

After that it got really hazy. I have a vague memory of being on the edge of an orgasm, opening my eyes and seeing Anne between my legs, her blonde hair bobbing up and down,

feeling her sucking on me. I moaned and moved a little. She paused and looked up; I remember her blue eyes, the look of lust on her face, and her smile, her mouth inches away from the tip of my cock, her hands still on the shaft. Then she started speaking again; my eyes closed and I drifted off, deeper and deeper, feeling myself coming, coming, dropping off so deep.

I awoke to her voice, counting softly. I took in a deep breath and moved my hands a little; it felt as if I was wearing gloves, my hands felt warm, heavy, and thick. I opened my eyes and looked around. I was still on the couch, with Anne and my wife sitting next to me, both smiling.

I looked at them both. "What happened?" I asked, still a little confused, my mouth a bit dry.

Donna put her hand on me and said, "How do you feel darling?"

I looked at her and sighed. "I don't know... Relaxed, rested... What happened?"

I looked at Anne. "What did you do to me?" I started to sit up.

Donna put a hand on my forehead and said, "Relax darling." I collapsed back on to the couch, my eyes closing. I could hear the ladies laughing softly, it seemed as if they were far away.

Donna spoke again, "Open your eyes, darling, awake and alert for me."

I opened my eyes to see my wife leaning over me. I started to say something; I was still confused, puzzled. She put a finger on my lips.

"It's another one of Anne's hobbies," she told me. "She's been studying hypnosis and hypnotherapy to help Paul. It's helped him a lot; even you've noticed that."

I nodded slowly; things were starting to fall into place.

"She's also helped me, with my bridge game, and with other things." She gave me a lusty look; so that's what happened to shorten her fuse...

"And we've been talking about her helping you as well, help you relax more, let go of things and stop pushing yourself so hard all the time. Anne saw the opportunity today and took it. I'm so glad she did. How about you?"

I shook my head a little. I did feel good, better than I had in a while. "I love you," I said; what else can you say?

They both laughed. Anne said, "I know you do darling; you're not getting away from me now."

I laughed a little and pulled her to me, hugging her. She helped me sit up on the couch. As I did I noticed my underwear was gone; I'd been wearing it when I flopped out on the couch. I looked at Donna, then at Anne, puzzled. I had this vague memory.

"What..." I started to ask.

Anne stood up. "I'll be in the kitchen for the next half hour or so working on dinner. Enjoy the fire." She gave Donna a funny look, stood up, and walked out of the room. I turned to look at my wife.

"Darling..." I started, "I'm still confused... I don't know..."

She moved to the floor, pulling me with her. "Just lay down in front of the fire darling. Here, let me get a pillow for your head."

I looked at the clock over the fireplace mantle; it was after five. Where had the last two hours gone? What had happened?

I started to sit up again but Donna straddled me, pushing my shoulders back to the floor, a cushion from the couch now under my head.

"But..." I started to say. She put her finger on my lips again. "Don't talk darling."

She sat up on me and pulled off her sweater, then took off her bra. When I saw her nipples I sighed and felt as if I was floating again, feeling myself relax.

"Good darling," she said, smiling as she leaned over me. "Relax and enjoy now, relax and enjoy."

She put a hand behind my head; a nipple touched my lips and my eyes dropped shut. I was in another world, so comfortable, so relaxed. I heard her voice; it started out right above me but soon moved far away, though still clear.

After a while I was so hot for her, I wanted her so much. Then I was inside her; she was on top of me, riding me. I felt her sitting up on me, grinding away. I opened my eyes and somehow moved my hands to her breasts, squeezing her nipples the way she loves. Her head was already back, somehow I knew she'd been moaning for a while. As I squeezed her gently she gasped and moaned louder, deeper, and I felt her coming around me. I was surprised I hadn't come already; I love having her on top of me, but usually I don't last too long.

But now I felt as if I could go forever. I moved my hips, moving in time with her, grasping her waist with my hands. "Again darling, again," I heard myself say. The words seemed to have a magic effect on her. I saw her nipples crinkle up and heard another moan build from deep within her. She was moving wildly now on top of me, leaning forward and putting her hands on my shoulders. The look in her face was intense.

I couldn't believe I was still going so strong. "Again darling, again; now please," I said, squeezing her waist, pushing into her. I felt her shake on top of me, her eyes closing partially, her breath going ragged. Then she opened her eyes and gave me a fierce look of lust. She put a hand behind my head and lowered herself further, putting a nipple in my mouth again. As my eyes started to close I heard her voice setting my body on fire. The feelings were so intense; I had an orgasm more intense than anything I'd ever felt in my life.

And then even better was just being in her arms, sucking on her gently, listening to her voice. I heard another voice join hers. Anne's? After a while I held Donna to me and sucked on her more; I was so hungry for her, I couldn't get enough of her. I heard her moaning again, heard Anne's voice in the background as I held on to her, so good, so good. Then I floated away in her arms again, peaceful and relaxed.

I woke up on the floor with Donna beside me, both of us covered by a blanket. We were both naked. I looked up at the clock; a little after six. I sighed and moved over to kiss her. She opened her eyes momentarily, then closed them again and held me. After a bit I sat up, rolling my shoulders a little. I was going to be sore tomorrow from moving all that crap in the garage. I looked down at my wife, there on her back, hair strewn around her head, smiling at me. She put a hand on my thigh.

As she started to sit up I had an idea. I touched her forehead and said, "Relax darling," pushing gently. Sure enough, her eyes closed and she sighed back to the floor. I had another idea. I sat straddling her and began caressing her breasts. "Again darling, come for me again," I said. She started to moan and toss her head from side to side. I was getting very hard very fast. "Again darling, again," I repeated as I shifted my balance to keep one hand on a breast and moved between her legs. She was moaning more, her breathing more rapid as I slid into her and her legs locked around mine. As she pulled me to her and I pushed into her an animal noise came out of her that I'd never heard before; it was a very good noise and it sent tingles through me. I was feeling dizzy as we moved together on the floor. "Again darling, again," I repeated, holding her shoulders. She was moving faster now, squeezing me.

I said, "Now please darling," and watched and felt her shake beneath me.

Then I felt a hand on my neck. I turned my head to see Anne kneeling next to me smiling. She squeezed my neck and said something; I collapsed on top of Donna, my hips still moving, the world spinning around me. Her hand was still squeezing my neck; I was so close to coming. I moaned and my lips found Donna's. I felt a hand reach between my legs and I felt myself falling over the edge.

This time when I woke up it was to Anne's voice. I blinked my eyes open and sat up. So did Donna beside me. We were both naked. Anne was sitting on the floor in front of us, still dressed. In front of her was a tray with three full champagne flutes, an open bottle, and some cheese and crackers. I looked at Anne, then at Donna, then sighed. I picked up a glass for Donna, handed another to Anne, and took the remaining one.

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I shook my head some as I looked at them. I turned to Anne and asked, “What’s the occasion?”

She smiled. “Good friends, early anniversary present?”

I laughed and looked at Donna. She gave me a smoldering look. “Some anniversary present...” I said as I raised my glass.

“To good friends -- I love you,” my wife told me.

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