

Swing

By Donna M.



The day my husband suggested swinging was the day my life changed. "We need to spice things up a bit. We're in a rut in bed," Zach said to me.

"Don't give me that 'we' shit, you're the one who wants 'spice,' right?"

"Well, yeah, but not completely. I see how you react around Rob, how he turns you on and you become an animal in bed right after visiting them. I want that animal all the time, like when we first met."

"I admit nothing."

He was right, of course. I did get all gooey when I was around Rob, a buff, Johnny Depp lookalike. "You can't be suggesting we try something with Rob and Sarah, are you? They're too straight to even think about swinging. Besides, I'm having a difficult time thinking of us swinging."

Zach kept on with his sales pitch. "You may not admit it, but your pussy drools after we've been over their house."

"Does not."

"Oh yes it does. I know you fantasize, like about Rob, which isn't a bad thing. I understand, so why don't we fantasize together? Meet new people, flirt, who knows?"

"But swapping, dammit. That's so tawdry."

"Swinging doesn't have to be swapping," he said. "It can be light, like kissing and fondling others but no sex, to get the juices flowing."

"You've really been researching this, haven't you?"

"You've met Mike, right? Him and his wife swing and he's told me some things, like about parties and etiquette."

"And you're hot for his wife, yes?"

"Well, not exactly. She's bi and I think she swings to play with women, and Mike like's to watch."

"Jesus, what a couple," I said under my breath.

What would it hurt? I told him to go ahead and make a reservation, or whatever they call it, for the swingers' house party.

Zach made the call to the hosts at the number Mike gave him. They had to talk with me; I guess to be certain I was "real" and was on board with the idea. I still felt uneasy about the whole thing, but I'd be game. The theme was "Dress Sexy" and I had the little red number that would work well braless. They wanted sexy, and they'd get it. We'd meet up with Mike and his wife Karen once we got there.

The night of the party, we drove to the disclosed location to find a modest house at the end of a long, secluded driveway. Lots of cars. As newbies, we got the grand tour. Sex was definitely on tap there. One room had a wall-to-wall mattress, which in my mind was the 'orgy' room. Several bedrooms were designated as 'private' while others called 'public,' which meant open doors and, I supposed, an audience. The party wasn't in full swing yet (pardon the pun). Porn was playing on the TV but most of the folks were ignoring it, either eating, drinking or mingling.

Mike and Karen arrived, and we talked a while on many innocuous subjects. Karen looked slightly nervous, which made me wonder whether she wasn't a veteran as I'd been told. Is she reacting to my looks, and is she worried about Mike and me already? I was already seeing the complications of this lifestyle. We brought wine so we shared with Mike and Karen, and sat awkwardly on a sofa across from the TV. I don't mind porn, and if it's good, it turns me on. However, having it as background noise was disconcerting.

Mike wanted to chat me up from the beginning, which may have

increased Karen's discomfort, but it was hard for me to tell for sure. When he put his hand on my leg, I politely moved it away. My husband had intimated that Karen was bi, so it didn't surprise me when she got close to another woman who she apparently knew well, if you get my drift.

Mike and Zach were being generally ignored by us wives, which made for an awkward situation when it was suggested we move to one of the 'public' rooms. When we entered, two couples were there in various stages of undress.

Zach suggested "immersion into the life," early on to break our inhibitions, and by the look of him, Mike was all for it. We kicked off our shoes and gathered on the mat in couples. It wasn't long before Karen and her friend, Allison, were kissing and fondling each other; their husbands relegated to spectator status. Zach let it be known I was his as we kissed, leaving Mike to stew over what he perceived as a lost opportunity.

Karen and Allison were soon out of their clothes and going at it hot and heavy, taking turns at slurping cunnilingus.

Zach whispered, "You wanna watch, or go?"

"I'll watch, then go."

We watched the other couples and it had the desirous effect—maybe I was a voyeur at heart. I was playing with Zach's bulge so eventually we began to disrobe. He helped me get my dress over my head and I immediately felt self-conscious without the bra. I had

second thoughts and wasn't sure if I was ready for this. He began working me over, first licking then sucking my nipples before moving downward and doing the same to my clit. It wasn't having the usual effect; I couldn't stop thinking of the others being here, watching us, watching me, especially Mike, who was now naked, ogling, and stroking his cock while Zach and I played.

I did a double-take. I didn't really like the guy, but hot damn, he was well endowed, the head near purple and swollen from arousal and his manual stimulation.

Zach's ministrations suddenly began having their expected effect. My breathing grew labored as I climbed the entrance ramp to the orgasmic highway. I opened my eyes as I got closer. Looking around, I saw Karen and Allison tribbing frantically in one corner, another couple fucking doggie next to them, and the second of the original couples having cum and now languid spectators. Mike's eyes were like lasers boring into me, showing his lust.

"Oh God, yes, Zach...I think I'm about... there..." I closed my eyes again and embraced the approaching climax. Zach stopped licking and I felt him climb between my spread legs. I kept my eyes closed but kicked my legs higher and wider. He entered me hard, very hard. The whole exhibitionist thing must have finally turned him on tremendously. He held himself up off my torso as he thrust into me.

"Yes, yes!" I cried.

His pace quickened, his cock feeling huge, filling me, and then

with a loud grunt he came. I felt every spasm within my convulsing vagina walls.

“Oooooooooooooooooooooo,” I moaned, signaling my arrival.

When my eyes eventually rolled back to their normal position, my breath caught. Mike was on his knees and pulling off a condom, a leering smile on his face. It was him!

I laid there on my back, speechless, thinking how could Zach let it happen? I felt raped, even if I was already naked in a room of consensual, copulating adults. I hadn’t given my consent, or had I? I turned to my husband who was still near me, and whispered “Why?”

He leaned closer and said sotto-voce, “C’mon hon, it’s why we came here; and by God you did have a great orgasm, right?”

Right about that time, I hated him. I hated everyone. Why had I let myself get talked into this? He was right though; I did have a great orgasm, so maybe my disdain was because it had been Mike, not the act itself, or the setting. Okay, so now all I hated was leering, smug-in-the-corner-watching-his-wife-do-another-woman Mike.

I remained curled up in a corner and absently watched the rest of the circus. The couple doing doggie had finished in a flurry of activity; him announcing in a deep voice that he was cumming (as if we all needed to know) and her yipping ever louder as she climaxed, befitting the position she’d been in. My Zach was trying (unsuccessfully so far) to infiltrate two couples who just entered the room. Both of the females were MILFs, so Mike and Zach were acting

like kids in a candy store. For their part, the girls and their husbands didn't want the two guys to join what looked to be a comfortably working foursome. The stupid lugs still tried, God bless 'em.

One of the original couples had left. The other couple who had been in here before were like me, amused spectators. Amazingly, Karen and Allison were still at it; Karen sounding like an alley cat as she climaxed again under Allison's apparent cunt-licking prowess. I'd never been with a woman, so I was interested in watching them get each other off for the third or fourth time. I wondered what would that be like? Maybe next time, if there was a next time.

As the two new couples began to get it on (each with the other's spouse, I assumed, based on how they were interacting) I pulled on my red dress and left the room. Zach gave me a look but otherwise never moved.

I went in search of a bite of food from the buffet. I hadn't realized how packed the place had become. People in various stages of undress were everywhere, eating, talking and flirting. I didn't see any overt sexual action except a copped feel or two. I guessed that was what the special rooms were for.

I wandered around, checking out the various areas of the house. I came to a doorway of a room the hostess had shown us upon arrival, one where some 'sex equipment' had been set up. There was some sort of sex swing attached to the ceiling—a harness that currently held a young lady's legs high and wide while a muscled stud banged away. There was also a Sybian machine with a gal aboard and a line of girls waiting their turn.

I stood in the doorway and watched all the fun, along with two fat men with equally fat erections, as the girl in the swing-thing began to scream her orgasm. I expected her man to keep going and cum, but instead he pulled out with a wet plop. Ooh, a nice, very thick, condom-sheathed man-muscle was exposed, shiny wet in the diffuse light.

The guy smiled and said to me, "You want a turn?"

I would have laughed if the whole scene hadn't aroused me so unexpectedly. "Why? Are you the ride operator?"

He smiled again, and said, "I guess that's me."

He had a great smile. He had a great rest-of-him too. The guy was studly for sure, and his cock didn't wilt a bit as he helped its previous target get out of the swing harness. She gave him a starry-eyed kiss and, picking up a discarded robe, silently left the room.

He looked at me and asked, "Yes? You won't regret it, I assure you." Damn, that smile!

"Are you here with somebody?"

"Everyone here is with somebody, somewhere," he answered. He got close enough that I felt his erection poke against me. I must have moaned or something because without another word he slipped my dress up and over my head. "You're a beauty, you know that?"

"Not really."

"Look at that ass," he said as he cupped a cheek. "Look at those tits," he said as he teased and fondled them. "yep, a beauty that needs to go swinging."

I produced a giddy, little girl chuckle; otherwise I said nothing as he coaxed me into the swing's harness. Every touch, every motion of his was electric, as he helped me into the harness and cinched me in. God, did this man know how to make love to you simply with his eyes! A good part of my brain couldn't comprehend my complete surrender to this stranger, especially in so public a setting. I hadn't noticed them from the previous occupant's usage, but the swing had soft, Velcro-fastened strips, which he now wrapped around each wrist, tying them to the swing's descending straps high above my head. I was now immobilized and at his sweet mercy.

I looked into his bedroom eyes, and said, "You do work here, don't you?"

Another gorgeous smile. Well, the host and hostess do invite me to help out a bit, so maybe you could say I work here."

I didn't say anything more as he went down on me and deliciously nibbled on my hungry clit. I closed my eyes and ran through the memory of wet, erect cock popping out of the other gal, as he worked his oral magic.

"Mmmmmmm, yes," I moaned several times. I opened my eyes again and sat tethered and mesmerized, as he was rock solid once more and encasing his sweet looking spike with another condom.

"You ready, darling?" he crooned as he pulled the swing towards him.

Like two spaceships docking in space, his cock and my pussy met perfectly. He didn't move, just pulled the swing forward and let it fall back to plumb, in and out as simply as that. Unconsciously, I found myself kicking my legs as if I were in a child's playground swing. I wanted to go higher, higher, higher. His pace was tantalizingly slow, maddening almost. Higher, higher—I wanted to swing to the stars—faster, faster. I was pulling on all the cinctures trying to move to get to him, to pull him to me, go deeper, go faster.

I groaned, "Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrr," in frustration. He was in control and I didn't like it one bit.

The old phrase 'like a hot knife through butter' came to mind as I pondered the perfect fit of his rigid manhood to my wet and willing vagina. Perfect. Everything was perfect, except maybe the teasingly slow rhythm.

My constant mewling turned into a scream as the tension then release of my sudden climax hit me. It was exquisite. My orgasm didn't stop his constant pull and push on the swing. Oh my God, another contraction and another sweet release! My wails grew louder. My eyes focused on his. He was smiling; a mirthful, mischievous smile. God, I was still cumming!

All the while I'd lost track of my surroundings, and therefore was surprised to find a group of voyeuristic spectators watching me get fucked. My embarrassment was fleeting, as my ardent fucker gently

released me from my bindings. I leaned into him on wobbly legs and gave him a kiss. Did I look like the earlier gal, starry-eyed and languorously sated?

"You didn't cum?" I asked.

"No, dear lady. I have to fulfill my obligation to the young lady over there," pointing out a chubby young thing with quivering D-cups, a rapturous expression on her face, and a rivulet of pussy juice slowly trickling down her thigh. "But maybe later I can give you a personal tour of the, shall we say more private areas of the house," he said close to my ear. "And then I'll cum."

My knees buckled and I fell against him. He help me up by his strong arms; I didn't fight it, just leaned into him more, tilting my head up to him as we kissed again.

I looked to the doorway to see Zach staring wide-eyed at me. I reached down and picked up my dress and nonchalantly slipped it back on; amazed at my tepid response to being a public sex spectacle.

I glanced back to see the chubby girl loaded into the swing, realizing I never got the stud's name. Oh well, perhaps I would find him later for that private tour.

"Was it good?" Zach asked, incredulously.

"Did you hear me cum?" was my answer.

He didn't say any more. We had more wine while watching

Mike, Karen and Allison in a less than compelling threesome. In another public room, a full orgy was going on. Zach asked, "Would you like to join that?"

"No," I paused. "You having fun?"

His hesitation spoke volumes, even though he eventually said, "Oh yeah, this is great. I told you it'd be great."

"Yes, it has been," I said.

"You want to find a private room?"

"Maybe later, dear. I don't mind watching for a while."

He pointed out a couple of women, saying, "I did them," like some silly playground braggart.

"That's nice. Was it good?"

"Oh yeah!"

"See, we're both good now," I said, which received an inscrutable glance from Zach.

My experience in the love swing went a long way to lessen the emotional impact of seeing so many people having sex in so many positions and combinations.

About a half-hour later, I spotted the "swing" man talking to the hostess. Ignoring my husband, I walked over to them. He was wearing a pair of loose-fitting sweat pants and nothing else. The

sight of him got the juices flowing once more. Literally.

"Hi. You never did tell me your name."

"It's Sean. And yours?"

"Vicki."

His hand found mine and he shook it lightly. The touch was erotic nonetheless. "I hope you enjoyed the swing, Vicki."

"More than you will ever know."

"Mmm. Are you ready to buy one? I can give you the web address. I bet hubby would flip if he saw one hanging from your bedroom ceiling at home."

"I bet he would too, though that's not what I want."

He turned to the hostess and said, "Excuse us, Val. Vicki and I are going for a walk." He took my hand and led me away. I never looked back at my husband as I walked off.

He led me to a warren of basement rooms I hadn't yet seen. Each had a pallet bed, dim lighting and a small bowl of condoms. Some were occupied, per the grunts, moans and orgasmic squeals I heard. Sean led me to an empty cell at the end of the row, where we reclined on the bed.

"So, this was your husband's idea and now you're having all the fun, right?"

"Sure looks like it," I said as I pulled down his pants and began sucking on his marvelous dick.

He moaned appreciatively. "Mmmm, very nice...nice technique...bet your husband likes that." He grew harder between my lips. After a few minutes, he said, "Okay, now it's my turn."

Off came my dress (again!) and he went down on me, getting me wet and moaning in no time at all. "Your...technique...is great...too," I croaked.

As I raced toward climax, he whispered, "There's a love swing down here too. Wanna see if it's available?"

How could I say no?

It was available, and so he hooked me up, differently this time, suspended on my stomach parallel to the floor with my legs hanging down and apart—perfect for a doggie penetration. With a condom rolled on, he entered me and began the slow, tantalizing pace as before. God, my ass was at the ideal height! When I came, my screams echoed throughout the basement area, perhaps all through the house.

"You gonna cum now?" I asked after I'd come down from my orgasmic high.

He moved around to the front of the swing and as if on cue he rubbed himself a few times and ejaculated all over me—my face, my back, in my gaping mouth, everywhere! "Was that what you wanted?"

After some coughs, choking up semen, I said, "Have you been saving that up all night?"

"Maybe. Does it matter?"

"Are you a pro, or something?"

" 'Or something' I guess. Go find hubby, okay lovely Vicki? Maybe someday we'll meet again. Swing, swing," he said, pantomiming the sex swing's motions.

I gave him a long, tongue-deep kiss before pulling on my hopelessly wrinkled dress one more time and heading off to find Zach. To my surprise, I found the four of them, Zach, Mike, Karen and Allison sitting on a sofa and talking. Zach acted distant, ignoring me while concentrating on Allison. I figured her for lesbian since she was Karen's paramour of the party, so I was a bit unsure of what was happening. Maybe they had fucked, or perhaps he was looking to score now. No matter, I sat near them and tuned out.

"Hey hon, we're going back to the big room. You coming?"

I already have, I felt like saying, but didn't. "Sure, why not?"

In a moment of pure incongruity, Zach asked, "Is the stud still here? Did you get enough?"

My non-securitor answer was, "You should get Allison into the love swing. It's great."

His look was priceless. Maybe they hadn't fucked yet. I

continued to wonder if she would actually put out for him if they haven't. I couldn't see the attraction myself, though men don't always think with their big heads, do they? That's when I thought of a devious strategy. Allison was at least bisexual, so I guessed how she'd respond to my flirtations. I guided our little group to the "toy" room.

It was getting late so the crowds had thinned and no one was in there. Allison cooed, "Oooooooo, a Sybian! How come we haven't been in here yet?"

"I have," I said.

"On the Sybian?"

"No, the swing is much better. Would you like to try it out? I'll hook you up."

She looked at me, I supposed wondering if I was volunteering for more than cinching her into the thing. Probably shocking the others, I helped Allison out of her clothes and got her situated into the swing. She sat bug-eyed as I pulled off my dress before tying her arms up over her head with the straps.

"You...?" she said, hoarsely.

My answer was my tongue, but not in speech. I knelt down between her splayed and secured legs and began to eat her cunt. I knew what I liked, so I used that as guidance though this was my first time performing cunnilingus. I doubt if it was skill (I had none). Probably just the idea of 'straight, little-old-me doing this had Allison

going wild, pumping her hips, thus getting the love swing to bounce and sway wildly. Her reaction was just the aphrodisiac I needed, plunging my tongue deeper and using my nose to prod that magic spot north of her clit.

I was torn. Should I keep going and experience the sensation of another woman's orgasm, or should I move aside and let Zach fulfill the love swing's primary function?

I stood and went to her. Her face was coated in a fine sheen of sweat and her eyes and lips were quivering. She must have been close. I whispered right at her ear, "Allison, honey, getting fucked in this thing is the best. You ready?"

Her head bobbed quickly in agreement.

Turning to my gaping husband, I said, "Get in there and do her right."

I really can't describe how I felt seeing my husband fuck another woman. Jealous? Hell no, yet something was there. Titillation? Hell no, yet something....

What was easier was describing how he looked. I couldn't be upset by his raw eagerness since it more or less mirrored mine earlier in the evening with Sean. I hadn't seen Zach this aroused in a long time. Allison was thrashing and bouncing lustily in the swing as Zach banged away.

I got behind Zach and whispered to him, "Nice ass. Go faster. Like that."

Hell, maybe this was the first time the lug actually listened to me!

Allison climaxed. Zach unloaded deep, as I squeezed his ass cheeks and the rest of the 'audience' cheered.

I overheard a stranger say, "We gotta get one of those." I assumed she meant the swing, not my husband.

About that time, our now impatient hostess ushered the last of us to get dressed and leave. On the way out, Mike was talking to Zach about another party. I didn't hear if they struck any agreement. My mind was on Sean.

In the car, Zach asked if I had heard about swingers' web sites like Swappernet and SLS. "Let's check them out, okay?"

We did, and what a surprise it turned out to be. On one of the sites, we found two neighborhood couples who were casual acquaintances, people we never thought would be swingers. On another site, to our shock we found Rob and Sarah! We couldn't believe it!

They were listed as "Cplready4fun," the photos weren't full face, and the profile was strategically vague, yet it had to be them. We always figured them to be too straight, too uptight for anything this alternative. They were good friends, and there had always been some sort of chemistry there. How ironic that when Zach first brought up the idea of swinging, the couple we both thought of first was them.

I had a vision of Rob between my thighs and nearly came right there sitting in front of the computer. Without asking, I knew my husband had similar fantasies about Sarah under him (or on top, or...)

Looking over my shoulder at the screen, Zach said, "Who's going to ask? Do you think you could bring up the subject with Sarah?"

"I can invite her over for coffee next Saturday, and we'll see."

Sarah accepted my invitation for a time when Zach was out. By that time I was so eager (translated: horny) I wondered how she would assess my demeanor. Eventually I got around to the important topic.

"Sarah, I have to tell you, Zach and I did something last weekend we never thought we'd ever do, and it turned out great." She looked at me as if to say go on... "You and Rob must have some fantasies, right?" No, I wasn't handling this well.

She blushed and said, "I guess. Why do you ask?"

"Zach and I attended a swingers' party in Tanford and it was eye-opening, for sure, and basically we did things we'd only each dreamed about."

"Ah...that's interesting, but why are you telling me this? Rob and I are happy just the way things are."

"Okay, then I'll ask a serious question, and please tell me the truth. Are you and Rob "Cplready4fun?"

She blushed again, deeper this time. "How?... Where?... How do you know?"

I reached across the table and took her hand. "Like I said, Zach and I are exploring the swing lifestyle and we saw the profile on a web site that had to be you two. It is, isn't it?" I thought she was going to cry.

"We aren't bad. It's just that sometimes...we need something else, something to spice things up like when we were newlyweds."

It was interesting she used the same word—spice—as Zach had. "Of course you're not bad, Sarah. I don't think we're bad because we tried out the house party scene. It was a lot of fun; spice for sure!" I giggled at the memory of Sean and the sex swing. "Oh yeah, spice."

She said, "Rob and I weren't sure at first. Yes, we talked about something like this, but I think we were both afraid of things, like jealousy, messing everything up."

"Have you...done anything? Played around with other couples?"

"Twice, and it was great. No jealousy. I learned I—" She hesitated, and blushed. "I...ah...oh Jesus," she stopped again, obviously embarrassed by what she was trying to say. "I never thought I'd like it so much with...another woman," she finally blurted out.

"Nothing's wrong with that. I've been with another woman and it's so much different." Of course, I didn't say that the only "other woman" was briefly licking Allison last weekend in the love swing.

Suddenly she was gripping my hand, not me holding hers.

“Oh Vicki, you’re so beautiful, and your breasts are...so...nice...so big...I...”

The ‘beautiful’ thing was overdone. Jesus, she’s much prettier than I am. “If those breasts in that picture with your swinger profile are really yours, then I’d say yours are nicer than these big, floppy things,” I said, jiggling mine. “You’ve got firm breasts, with perfect nipples...nicer than mine,” I said.

She was breathing heavier by then. “Vicki, can I touch them?” she said barely above a whisper.

Zach wouldn’t be home for a while so off to my bedroom we went. Sarah grew wild after we’d undressed, not leaving my tits alone. I guess she wasn’t kidding when she said she admired them. I never would have predicted the fireball she turned out to be in bed. I know, I’m terrible, since I wasn’t very interested in her or in a lesbian relationship; I was using her to get to her husband. If that made me bad, then so be it. If I could lick my way to get Rob and Sarah to swing with us then I’d be successful.

I fondled her tits as she fondled mine until I grew bored and decided to go down on her. She kicked her legs and screamed almost immediately once I began nibbling on her clit. What a screamer! And a gusher too!

She went down on me but failed to get me off, so I faked it. Sweaty and sated, I got her talking more about their swinging

experiences. She confessed that they'd tried an on-premises party but left unhappy. "They seem so impersonal, just bam-bam sex, and those silly contraptions like Love Swings and Sybians and Sex Chairs."

I flashed back to Sean and how I'd cum so magnificently in the swing. I may have moaned at the thought, but Sarah didn't seem to react.

"We like intimacy," she continued. "Rob is so special, it's not simply the physical with him. I really love to see him make love to another woman, as long as she appreciates him."

Oh, I'll appreciate him alright, I thought. "That's the way I am with Zach, too. I enjoy watching him seduce another woman, and he certainly likes seeing me seduced, especially by a considerate man, like Rob sounds."

She was absorbing what I said, weighing, I supposed, all the possibilities. "We haven't played for a while; haven't found the right couple."

"I think you found something today," I said, smiling.

By her expression, I think she agreed. It was time for the punch line. "Zach is so considerate a lover. It's a shame I didn't realize how good he really was until I saw him with another woman. What do you think of Zach?" I asked. "Any chemistry there? We do get along well, so maybe we could bring our friendship to a new level." I hesitated, then added, "He thinks you're hot, by the way." Another (hopefully) reassuring smile.

"I don't know. I'll talk to Rob about it," her turn to smile. "I think Zach's cute, and you...wow, you're something else." She blushed. "Rob thinks you're hot too."

Goddamn! I can picture Rob on top of me already!

We talked for a while before she got one last touch of my tits out of her system and we got dressed.

"Please let us know what you decide, okay?" I said, and that's how it was left. I told Zach about my escapade with Sarah when he got home.

"She said she wanted me?" Zach asked.

"Oh yes." Though "cute" was a long way from fuckable.

"And you two got it on?"

I gave him all the salacious details.

"You think they'll go for it?"

"It's up to Rob."

"Yeah, and you're horny just thinking about it. God, I hope this works out, especially now that you've told me all about Sarah being a hellcat and a screamer."

"That was with me. She might not cum like that with someone else. Sorta like me with Sean." I stuck my tongue out at him. He didn't find my comment as hilarious as I had.

I was on fire, waiting for a call from Sarah. I wanted to call her, but figured it wouldn't be a good idea to seem pushy. It took two weeks for her to call, however the result was worth waiting for.

"Hi, I talked it over with Rob and he says we should give it a try. We know each other so it's not like we need to break the ice or anything. Maybe a few drinks at our place and then the hot tub?"

Sounded great to me! "Suits for the hot tub?"

She actually giggled. "No, silly."

We brought plenty of wine over that evening. Small talk was awkward at first even among us friends, knowing what may transpire. The wine loosed us up, especially Sarah, who got giddy real fast. Zach's enthusiasm grew along with Sarah's buzz level. Rob looked more embarrassed than jealous, bless him, when Sarah pulled off her clothes and urged Zach to do the same before jumping into the hot tub.

I turned to Rob. "She's okay, don't worry about her having a little too much wine. Fun, right?"

He looked thoughtfully, then said, "I know. Should we join them, or relax and watch them a while, and see how Zach responds to my wife?"

I held his arm and looked up into those dark, bedroom eyes. "Whatever you want, I'm okay. No rush, let's just be natural about the whole thing."

He smiled, and I melted against him. We sat on a patio bench away from the hot tub but still within sight of it. He said, "I was surprised when Sarah told me about you guys swinging. I always figured you two as straight arrows."

I laughed, "That's how we thought of you guys too."

"Yeah, that's how strange this world is. Some people do strange stuff and you'd never know it by looking at them—not that the swinging lifestyle is all that strange or anything," he said. "Well, maybe to some people."

We sat in silence, his arm tentatively around me as if we were on a first date, watching the progression of Zach and Sarah from seductive talk, to playfulness, then to more heated touching.

"You know they won't think about a condom, don't you?" I asked Rob.

He said, "Probably not, but I'm not worried since I'm sure he's clean."

"You won't have to wear one with me either, that's if you want to."

"By 'want to' do you mean wear a condom, or to have sex with you?" His wry smile gave him away.

"You're sweet. I'm still coming to grips with the swinging scene. I'm barely dealing with watching them," I said, indicating Zach and Sarah, who were getting closer to full coitus. Certainly I'm not going

to tell Rob about my escapades with Sean at the house party. I needed to keep up my innocent image. "You seem comfortable... maybe accepting is the right word...of Sarah with other people."

"It's interesting you said 'people.' You know she's bi."

Was that a question? "Yes, I know. We—"

He said, "I kinda figured, the way she acted after you two spoke. She told me how I would 'enjoy' you—her words."

Sarah was now sitting astride Zach and bouncing merrily to her innermost beat, water splashing everywhere. I thought of how this would play out with Rob and I involuntarily moaned. He looked at me and asked, "You bi too? Wishing you were with her?"

"No, no, I'm pretty much into men. Maybe I was imagining it was us in the tub over there." Sarah was very vocal (as I now knew) and her orgasm must have been rapidly approaching based upon the volume of sound coming from her mouth.

Rob said, "Wanna join them and make our own splashing, or maybe go inside."

"Inside."

In their bedroom, he intimately undressed me, taking in my body as he progressed. Kisses; licks at every key location, until I was hotter than a blast furnace. I was more frantic getting him out of his clothes. He wasn't any longer than my husband, but was a bit thicker, so I knew I wouldn't be disappointed.

"You've got a great body," he said as he kissed and sucked on my nipples. He must be a tit man. We ended up sixty-nine on their big bed and I took him as deeply as I could (I think I'm pretty good at deep-throating). His hips moved in rhythm to my sucking motion and for a second I thought he was about to cum. Not yet, buddy. His tongue had unleashed a torrent but I wanted more.

"Do me! Do me now!" I panted.

I spread my legs wide and he mounted me. We fucked like wild animals, all the while maintaining eye contact that heightened the exhilaration of the act. "Yes, yes, harder, yes, oh Rob, yes!" I wailed.

"I'm...not...gonna...last...long," he grunted.

He was right. He came before I really got going. "It's okay, Rob, really," I assured him. "We'll do it again."

He said, "Whooo, I think I've been wanting to do that for so long, it was like a tsunami—boom!"

"You've really been wanting me? I'm flattered, and glad we've had the chance. You're a great guy. Sarah is lucky." We kissed long and hard, holding each other's hot, sweaty body as his cum produced a trickling, oozing creampie.

After cleaning up, we wrapped ourselves in towels and went back to the patio deck. Sarah and Zach were sitting on the edge of the hot tub with drinks in their hands and smiles on their faces.

Zach said, "You two look...em...satisfied."

I said, "You two look shriveled from being in there too long." This momentarily panicked Sarah, and got us all laughing. They agreed it was time for them to get out of the water.

Rob said, "Now it's our turn." We dropped our towels and stepped into the roiling water, as Zach and Sarah dried off and went into the house. God, does Rob look good naked! I can't wait to get him up again.

"You think they'll do it again?" I asked.

"Sure; she's practically a nymphomaniac, as you probably are figuring out by now," he chuckled. "I think you've also realized this swinging thing is mostly her idea."

"But you're okay with it, and that's the cool part. With us it was Zach's idea, talking about our sex life being in a rut, but this is nice, being with you." I looked up into his deep, brown eyes, and added, "You're a special man to let Sarah have her fun. I'm glad you like me."

"You're a special woman, Vicki, with a lot to offer. I'm glad Sarah approved." That's when he kissed me again. I then climbed onto his lap, straddling him as his wife had done Zach. I was so fucking horny for him I think I was wilder than Sarah had been with my husband.

"Ah—ah—ah—ah—" I cried as the big one built. Rob seemed fixated by my big tits dancing against his chest as I fucked him. I thought, don't cum yet, big boy, not yet. He was thick and full within my pulsing vagina walls. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh," I wailed, wracked by the most beautiful contractions known to

womanhood.

He moaned, "Ohhhhh, Vicki, you're so hot, so fucking hot." As I ground my pelvis into his, reveling in my orgasm, he moaned again, "I'm cumming, ohhhhhhhhh."

By the time we relaxed, Sarah and Zach came back out, and Sarah said, "Look who's all shriveled now," giggling and pointing at her husband's satisfied dick. "How about we all go inside and refresh our drinks."

More drinks, and then Sarah and I provided the show on their living room carpet, as the men sat on the sofa and played with their dicks while watching us get it on. While I tasted Sarah's beautiful pussy, I asked, "How many times? Two?"

She giggled again, "Three. Your hubby likes me, I think."

I wish I could've seen the men's reaction to that, but I was far too busy. Her giggling voice quickly changed as her climax approached. She shook all over and let go a nice dollop of sweet pussy juice onto my tongue. I believe I tasted a little of Zach's semen in that dollop.

I said to her, "Look at our husbands with their cocks all stiff. Shouldn't we let them in on the fun?"

Breathlessly, she said, "Oh, yes," her eyes still glazed somewhat from her orgasm (fourth!)

We got on hands and knees next to each other while the men

joined us. I was curious who would fuck who, but it was Rob's cock that entered me, with his strong hands at my hips. The men pounded away, as Sarah and I looked at each other and smiled dreamily. Suddenly they swapped places, and then Zach was in me, and fucking me hard. I looked behind Sarah to see Rob's magnificent physique, muscles rippling as he thrust. Sarah's moans turned to squeals as she climaxed.

Does my face look as sweet as hers when I cum? Rob's climactic thrust voyeuristically pushed me over the edge too, and he wasn't even the one in me! Four people were all groaning and crying out in sexual release.

Afterwards, we took turns showering, swapping even there. "Is Sarah still trying to get Zach back up again?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, she's like the Energizer Bunny when she gets going."

"You're no slouch either. I bet you could get it up again."

He said, "I don't know," but by then I was already working on him. He moaned, then said, "I shouldn't have underestimated you, beautiful lady," as he grew. He fucked me from behind in the shower, kneading my tits as he plunged that sweet cock of his ever deeper. Soon he murmured, "I'm not gonna last like this with you. You pull the cum from me."

"Not yet," I croaked. I convulsed in orgasm then turned around in the shower and let him do me Russian. "I know you've wanted to get him between my girls, right?"

"Oh yes," he groaned as he came between my pressed-together tits, still able to summons a good quantity of ejaculate, spraying it all over my chest and chin.

As he was cumming, I said, "Sarah is hot but she can't give you that."

"No, you're right, Vicki. You have great tits, and I love 'em."

Later, dressed and with refreshed drinks, Zach and I told them about our night at the party in Tanford.

"Was the love swing really that great?" Sarah asked me.

"Oh yes, and the man who came along with it."

Zach looked at me with a hint of jealousy, but after what he just did, how could he justify it? Sarah and Rob wanted to know more, considering the possibilities. They admitted, as we did, that we had something good going on here and we should let it blossom. Yes, I thought, I can't wait to fuck Rob again.

Rob said, "Maybe the four of us can go to the next party."

Sarah said, "Maybe we could buy one of those swings for our house."

We all laughed.

Then we got undressed and fucked some more. Zach was right; we needed spice, and Rob has become mine.

The End

No, this isn't factual. Faithful readers know I attempted to talk my husband into swinging (the end of "Frustration Nation") but since then I've given up on that possibility altogether. Ah, fantasies will simply have to be satisfied another way, like through writing.

Donna M.

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