

The B.W.'s

Fiction By
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We were three friends, working out in my home gym on our mutual day off. Since I was fortunate enough (meaning I could afford it) to have a nicely equipped exercise room in my home, I invited my friends Carrie and Lynn to work out regularly with me, which we were doing today. My husband Phillip had contracted to build an oversized walk-in shower adjacent to the gym room, and today was the first time we women could use it.

“Shall we?” I said, inviting them into the shower.

My name is Julia, and I am somewhat the newcomer to the friendship, as my husband and I moved here only last year.

Stripping out of our sweat-soaked gym clothes, the girls joked that Phillip had probably installed a secret video camera, and our pictures would end up all over the Internet. I thought: *fat chance of that, Phillip wasn't imaginative enough.*

My second thought was *if he did, the pictures would be quite*

popular. I was in awe of my friends' naked bodies, seeing them for the first time, and how buff both were, belying their ages. Carrie was a lithe gazelle, and now I could see how taut every part of her body was, including her hairless pubis and her pert B-cups with their prominent nipples, now stiffened under the shower's spray. Lynn was the oldest of us three, yet you wouldn't know by looking at her body. She had full D-cups with the biggest, oval areolas I've ever seen, great hips, and long, to-die-for legs that met at a perfectly trimmed triangle landing strip. Compared to them I was a slug (why do you think we spent the money for the home gym?), and suddenly I wasn't too happy about joining them in the shower.

The girls didn't seem to notice. They didn't act self-conscious in the least, and immediately began washing each other. Damned if it didn't look intimate, which increased my self-consciousness but also my curiosity. Their tenderness made me wonder if they had a relationship beyond being friends. I hadn't seen this before; though looking back, I was sure there were signs. Their tenderness also tweaked something sexual within me, which surprised me as I tried to suppress it.

Lynn asked, "Would you like us to..."

I said yes and immediately responded to their touch. My nipples were hard (and I was certain my clit had stiffened too). I wasn't suppressing the arousal anymore and let them both intimately touch me as they washed me. I'd had a couple of experiences with other women before I met Philip, but never considered myself bisexual, only that the encounters were experimental.

The way they continued to fondle and rub against each other confirmed their relationship. The way I responded confirmed

something about me. Did they want me as much as each other? Where they were light and sexy, I was dark-skinned (some Cajun blood in me, I've been told) and tended to hairy, long ago giving up on constant body waxing and epilating. Maybe they weren't seducing me but only seeking an approval of a sort, testing my tolerance or understanding?

Okay, yes, they were seducing me!

These women were very much friends, and if they wanted to take our friendship to another level, I guess I was ready, as evidenced by my body's response.

They double-teamed me out of the shower and back to the home gym. We had a large mat covering one section of floor for yoga and such, with the surrounding walls mirrored. This was our destination.

Lynn whispered to me, "You sure, Julia?"

"Yessssssssssss," I purred in answer. She smiled, pleased.

My body was apportioned between them, Carrie taking the top half and Lynn my bottom half. Lynn wasted no time in sucking on my clit before thrusting her tongue within me, searching for my g-spot, challenging herself, I imagined, to whether she could reach it with her tongue-tip. Carrie tweaked my nipples as she kissed me, her tongue going deep too.

Carrie stopped kissing me and said, "She didn't think you'd go for it," meaning Lynn, who was still expertly working on my cunt. "We've been arguing for weeks, trying to decide if and when to approach you...to give this a shot." Not waiting for a reply, she went back to kissing and fondling me.

Lynn stopped licking long enough to say, "Baby Doll, her clit's like a small cock begging to be sucked. Come see it."

Which is what Carrie did. She went down on me, exclaiming “Oh, wow!” before sucking on my clit. Lynn lazily rubbed my breasts and stomach as Carrie sucked away.

Oh, God was this going to be an exquisite orgasm! I was moaning along with Carrie’s sucking sounds, interspersed with “Mmm” and “Oh yeah!” I listened to myself, mewling like a lost kitten. Then I grew louder until I was screaming as I never had before. I’m not usually a loud cummer, but this wasn’t the usual.

Carrie yelped, and said with glee, “She squirted! You should’ve seen it, Lynn honey.”

Lynn chuckled and said, “Don’t worry, love, I will, I will.”

They went back to ministering to each other, allowing me to bask in the glow of the sensational climax. I watched them lick, rub and finger each other until I was so aroused again I had to join in. Now there were three sweaty, writhing bodies on the mat.

My first sensation was taste, then their wetness itself, as I enjoyed each of them—swollen labia, proud clits—especially Carrie’s hairless pussy, her clit a fine, fleshy pearl to kiss and suck on. Our shrieks of orgasm reverberated around the room, not knowing whose tongue was in whose cunt, and not caring.

Sated, and sticking to the mat in wet abandon, we got up and returned to the shower.

The girls conspired, Lynn saying, “Shave her?”

Shaving materials were collected and they lovingly shaved my pubic area smooth, talking all the while of future waxing “parties” so I would be their “smooth baby.” Carrie shaved off Lynn’s landing strip. More kisses as we moved to my bedroom, where they took me again. Soon I was screaming in magnificent climax once more.

While the three of us lounged on my marriage bed they told me about their 'history' and how much they'd hoped I would join in. When I questioned why, Lynn said, "It's not all about tit size you know. You're a sexy lady, so why wouldn't we want to fuck you."

Over coffee with Lynn a few days later, I pressed the matter. "Have you and Carrie really been plotting to seduce me all this time?"

"Of course, silly, why would you doubt us?"

"Look at me. I'm nowhere near as gorgeous as you two are."

"You'll have to get a new mirror. What we see is a lot sexier than what you do, I guess."

My face felt flush so I must have been blushing. "Maybe I *should* break my mirror, or would that be too much bad luck to overcome the good luck of knowing you?" We both laughed.

She filled me in on more of her and Carrie's history as lovers, and the first time they tentatively explored their mutual attraction. "I probably have always been bisexual," she said. "In high school I looked at other girls as much as I looked at guys, but never got up the nerve to do anything about it, even later in college. Before I knew it I was married with what I thought was a great sex life. That was until I met Carrie and fell in love with her. She came on to me, and suddenly I was in heaven."

I told her about my experiences in college. "So, sleeping with a woman wasn't such a big deal to me, like it was simply a phase I was going through. Looking back though, maybe it's because I didn't find the right woman."

She said, "Do you feel as if you've found one now?"

"Two," I answered, as we held hands and drank our coffees.

An enigmatic smile crossed Lynn's face. "Only two?" she

asked. "I bet you've looked at someone else in the area and thought, 'She looks good enough to eat'."

"Well, maybe I have. You know Erika who lives at the end of Cedar? I've seen her jogging a few times and she does look delicious in those tight, spandex outfits she wears."

She laughed, which got me giggling like a schoolgirl. "Yes, I've seen her, and that ass of hers is fantastic. Maybe you could invite her to work out with us? I bet you're wet thinking of her, aren't you?"

I was, but Lynn was equally desirable. The remainder of our coffees grew cold as we went to my bedroom and made sweet music. I kissed and caressed her magnificent breasts as she went down on me. Wet only got wetter as I came on her expert tongue.

"You are so delicious, Julia," she moaned.

I then enjoyed her deliciousness.

Following our next workout session, Carrie pulled a nasty looking neon green double dong from her gym bag and we quickly put it to use. I joked with her that if it wasn't too long, we could meet in the middle. We almost did, holding each other as we moved our hips in unison, plunging the dong as deep as we could take it until we cried out in orgasmic glory. The only question left to be answered was which one of us left-out Lynn would jump first.

Carrie got the honors, as I watched them love each other, writhing on the mat, the double-headed dildo getting more use. Lynn's explosive orgasm was truly something to behold. I came right after Lynn did, my fingers rubbing furiously. Carrie and Lynn actually stopped to watch my self-induced climax. Their loving smiles meant the world to me. I quivered and shook so much I pulled a hip muscle, and the girls laughed and said they'd massage me back to health,

though it wasn't my hip they massaged.

One day I planned to bump into Erika as she jogged by. "Hey, how've you been?"

"Great," she panted, running in place. "I have to tell you, Julia, you look fantastic. You've been working out?"

"Thanks, yes I have. I'm pleased you noticed, since I'm certainly not in as good a shape as you are."

"You look good to me," she said, which fueled the fire within me, whether she meant it like that or not.

"I said, "We have a small group of neighborhood girls who meet at my house to use my built-in gym. How about stopping over next time? You know Lynn, don't you?"

"I'll give you a call, let you know." As she jogged off, I gazed at her ass and considered the possibilities.

That night, I asked my husband to eat me, and I imagined it was Erika instead, which was difficult to pull off with Philip's stubble chafing my inner thighs. When I came, he acted surprised, wiping my abundant pussy juice from his chin.

Little did he know.

Erika called, wanting to know about our workout sessions. I gave her days and times, then called Carrie and Lynn to tell them. During our first session, we were on our best behavior, chatting with Erika, getting to know her better, working up a good sweat along with our anticipation. By the time we stripped out of our sweaty workout clothes, I was insatiably impatient to see Erika naked, and by their expressions, so were Lynn and Carrie. The reality turned out better than the fantasy. She was perfect. Her breasts were firm, slightly upswept with very prominent nipples, more prominent than even

Carrie's spectacularly suckable ones.

The three of us snuck glances at each other as we shepherded Erika into the big shower. Much as Lynn and Carrie had done with me, we three surreptitiously and 'accidentally' touched her in strategic places. After a minute or two of this, Erika said, "If I didn't know better I'd say you were trying to seduce me."

That was *déjà vu* for me. "We are!" came a chorus of three voices.

And she let us! Much to our squealing delight, she opened up to us, one kissing while the other two touched, caressed, and squeezed. She proved to be an energetic and tireless lover.

Many orgasms later, she admitted to being bi. "You girls have sex radar or something?" she asked.

"Something," I answered.

The afternoon's second workout got us eventually back into the shower before the girls split. What was three was now four.

Perhaps I should have been jealous at the way Carrie's and Lynn's primary attention swung from me to Erika, but I understood it, and the four of us still made some nice flesh sandwiches and we all satisfied our hunger. Besides, how could I complain since I loved being loved by the beautiful Erika too?

We bought some more wicked dildos and had fun trying to rig them to the gym equipment, attempting to transform them into sex machines. Some worked, and some failed laughingly. We had a great time regardless.

One such contraption worked so well, I used it daily even without the girls being present. We'd attached a massive black dildo to the frame of an old rowing machine, and now I got fucked nightly while

working out; no fuss, no baggage, just stretched and deep. Hubby couldn't know what was happening, but he did make occasional comments about our waning sex life. I hadn't forsaken him completely; however, I mostly satisfied my desires with the girls and with my toys.

Erika enjoyed our workout interludes so much she talked one of her friends into joining us. Melina turned out to be a buxom, curvy lady with boundless sexual energy to go along with her caustic wit and talented tongue. Melina and I quickly established a special bond, perhaps because of our dark ethnicity far removed from our fair workout comrades. We'd have private waxing parties to keep smooth, often licking and humping to electric orgasms afterward.

When the five of us tangled on the gym mat, we became a wet collection of limbs, torsos, and heaving breasts, gasping for air amid squeals of rewarded passion. Carrie was the first to call us "The BW's" for Bi Wives, and it stuck, a club of sorts. We all freely admitted we still fucked our husbands, but the attraction, the bonds that held us together transcended marriage-bed sex.

The dynamo that was Melina overwhelmed me, bringing me to new heights of ecstasy beyond what I originally experienced with Carrie and Lynn, and later with Erika. I was confused at first the day she invited me to her house to meet her husband. It wasn't until I met him, and realized he knew of his wife's consummated bisexuality, and embraced it, did I understand. Chris was a striking man, a prototypical tall, dark and handsome Greek gentleman. He was way more attentive to me than I expected and soon learned why.

"Melina's always telling me how lovely and passionate a woman you are, Julia, yet I see you are even lovelier than her words

conveyed.”

At times like this in the past, I would reject such praise and comment of my less-than-lithe physique, but lately I’ve seen the changes in my mirror. I’ve lost weight, looking more fit and toned than I have since adolescence. I thank both types of workouts for that.

“Well, thank you, Mr. Georgopoulos.”

“Please, call me Chris.”

Melina said, “Chris, Julia and I are going in the hot tub. You can join us if you like.”

“No my dear, I’m sure you’d like to spend time with this lovely lady without having me around to entertain.”

On that, we disrobed and went into their spa. We kissed, and soon fingers were probing as equally as tongues. “Oh, Julia,” she muttered. “I need you! Love me, love me!” My fingertips worked her clit below the waterline until she was writhing and splashing. “Yes, oh yes! I’m cumming, I’m cummmmmminnnnnng,” she cried, her legs pumping as her thighs tightened around my still-working hand. Her quaking body belied the depth of her superb orgasm.

“May I join you, now that my wife has informed the neighborhood of her pleasure?” I looked up to see Chris standing outside the hot tub, wrapped in a towel and wearing nothing else. He looked even better unclothed, with nice abs and the muscled thighs of a weightlifter. My heart skipped a beat.

“It’s your spa, so I suppose you can come in any time you want,” I said, not at all shocked by my renewed arousal. I needed no crystal ball to see I’d soon be part of a threesome.

Chris dropped the towel, and rest assured the newly revealed parts were as fine and impressive as the balance of him. Melina and I

sat him between us and wordlessly began to work on him, though we hardly 'worked' at all. Amid much touching, stroking and splashing, I somehow ended up between them and they were working on *me*. Again, not much work was required to arouse me further than I was. Very soon, I was kissing Melina as Chris skillfully fucked me.

"You are...a beautiful...woman Julia...especially...now," he uttered, his voice breaking but not his rhythm.

Melina crooned, "I told you honey, she's one of a kind," before her tongue slid between my parted lips once again.

My body trembled and shook as I climaxed, pulling him deeper, wanting him at my core, through my womb, to the center of me, deeper...

I moaned my release. Melina cheered happily. Chris exploded, filling me with his cum.

In post-coital happiness, Melina kept telling her husband that I was hers, and not to get any ideas this would be a regular occurrence. In my mind, this could *easily* be a regular occurrence.

The BW's continued to work out, continued to satisfy our sexual cravings, continued to explore new ways to enjoy each other's charms. When the five of us entangled on the mat of my home gym, heaven appeared on Earth. We speculated on another neighborhood woman named Aileen, an Irish redhead with amazing cleavage, but hadn't approached her yet with an "invitation."

Melina and I kept our special bond alive. At times, Chris would join us for superlative sex. How I turned into an insatiable, bisexual, sex machine is difficult for me to fathom, yet the BW's are a big part of my life now and I'm forever grateful.

My husband, Phillip, hasn't caught on, as far as I knew. I was

sure he wondered why we don't have sex as often as we used to. If he suspects I'm having an affair, he'd be shocked to find out the extent of my infidelity, four beautiful women who complete me.

Carrie with her taught nipples and virginal-tasting pussy.

Lynn, with her magnificent breasts and amazingly responsive clit.

Erika's perfection.

Melina, with her explosively vocal orgasms and her lust for life.

Thinking of them, I grew horny. It was time to head to the gym and use some of the toys to tide me over until the BW's reconvene.

The End

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