Scott sat at the bar sipping his drink. The warm ocean breeze immediately relaxing him. The bar sat between the pool and the walkway leading from the resort where he was staying and the beach. It was just off the poolside deck, the screams of the kids was loud and continuous but soothing to him. He sat at the bar on a stool away from the other guests. He would occasionally turn around and watch the pool, the mothers playing with their kids, the groups of kids playing with each other. After a few moments of watching the pool he would turn around and face the ocean. The ocean was always calming to him, had always been. As he sat watching the waves make their slow but steady progress towards the sand his mind began to wander. He sat alone, lost in his thoughts as the sun slowly made its westward progress. Scott hadn’t had much time in the past two plus years to reflect on things, and he couldn’t stop the memories as they flooded his head. Three years ago he was married to an amazing girl, she seemed to have a never ending curiosity about life, sex, and helped him become more full of life. Two years ago he was single and completely uprooting his life at the time and moving. The divorce wasn’t nearly as painful as he had expected it to be, in fact it was a relief, for both him and Susan. He still loved her, he guessed he always would, but the adventure they started together showed each of them that theirs was not a love meant to last, at least not in the way the fairy tales talked about, there was no happy ever after.

After the divorce Scott decided he needed a change, or maybe he had changed and he needed to recognize it, he never could tell and it didn’t really matter, it was time to move on. Scott put the house he shared with his wife up for sale, packed up all the things he wanted to keep and donated all the rest to local charities and headed off to something new a few hours’ drive away. He rented a small one bedroom apartment when he first landed in his new hometown. He barely had enough things to fill even that, but he made it home. In his old life, as he called it, he was in sales, he worked for a few companies, usually because he hated sales and couldn’t stay happy in any position. When he relocated he looked for something that was completely unrelated to sales, he decided he was going to pursue his original goal after college, writing. Scott managed to scrap together some writing gigs, technical writing here, freelance article there, and he was able to supplement his income with some tutoring jobs. In what little free time he did have he had taken up another old, pre-Susan, habit of photography. He started submitting photos to various websites, to local magazines, newspapers and had actually carved out a nice little side business with his photography. The randomness of his work left little time for anything else, he was either trying to meet a writing deadline, filling in free time with some tutoring work or off somewhere taking pictures for weddings, high school senior pictures, family pictures as well as the creative photography he enjoyed doing.

He hadn’t dated since Susan, a fact that actually hadn’t occurred to him until that moment. That’s not to say he hadn’t made friends, he had many in his new life. Some of his best friends were ones he made there, at the ranch, the place that seemingly changed his life forever. He ordered another drink and turned back towards the pool. Scott suddenly started to realize that despite his very comfortable life, he was lonely. Scott had never felt lonely in the sense he sat at home alone pining for friends, that had rarely ever been the case, but since Susan left, there did seem to be a something missing that until now he hadn’t had time, or perhaps interest to notice.

Scott was glad he had his sunglasses as his eyes scoured the flesh on display at the pool. Cute young girls splashing about carelessly, their wet suits clinging to their bodies brought about familiar feelings, eerily familiar as he hadn’t felt them for a couple of years. At the ranch the girls would be the same age, but without the bathing suits. And while there was no pool at the ranch there was the lake, and though the splashing and carefree play was the same, the behavior of many around would be different. Scott smiled softly, his head imagining mothers licking the sweet, tight pussies of their daughters, or friend’s daughters. Fathers feeding those same girls their cocks, in their mouths, pussies asses. Scott sighed softly not even noticing that his cock had started to poke up through his shorts. He turned away from the pool, too much stimulation he thought to himself.

Scott hadn’t thought of the ranch since, well he couldn’t remember, at least not in any significant way. Scott had stopped visiting the ranch shortly after realizing that he and Susan were emotionally drifting apart. When he decided he wouldn’t be returning he sat with John and Natalie and told them his decision. Even now he couldn’t remember specifically what his reasoning was, “too much” was what he muttered to himself. With the distance between the time at the ranch and him sitting at the bar he hadn’t really reflected on the ranch, what he had seen, done and what it meant. He did know how much he loved having sex with men, absolutely loved having cock in his mouth, up his ass, as much cock as he could get at the time. He looked back on that time now fondly. He hadn’t had sex in 18 months at least, and he hadn’t had much time to even notice the lack of it, until now. Watching the lithe bodies in the pool, on the beach, the beautiful curves of the women, girls, and the muscular bodies of the men was bringing up a great deal of excitement. He was musing he wished it was a nude beach, he never found a man attractive, cocks and asses, he loved! And of course most men’s bathing suits robbed a guy of that view.

Scott had gotten so lost in memories he hadn’t even noticed he was occasionally rubbing himself through his pants. He caught himself and adjusted his cock so it would be less noticeable. Ordering another drink he fell back into his memories. He remembered driving past Paul’s house after putting his own up for sale and seeing Paul or maybe his wife had done the same. Thinking of Paul brought back very strong, but very warm feelings, the sex with Paul was incredible! Thinking of Paul also brought back memories of Natalie and John, he had kept in touch with them over the years. Scott had emailed Natalie yesterday just before he caught his flight. The ranch held an odd place in his heart, he thought about it so very rarely these days, yet for some reason the strength of the memories running through his head gave it an importance he hadn’t recognized. He noticed that he was fidgeting with the bracelet on his wrist, one of the few actual keepsakes he took from the ranch. The bracelet was an odd colored metal, not rare, in terms of value, but it was fairly uncommon in jewelry. Scott picked it up on his last visit to the ranch, there was an older man, hell he was old, probably in his 60’s. After he had fucked Scott’s ass raw he gave it to him as a gift. It wasn’t until later at John and Natalie’s at his last dinner there they explained that Robert, the man, made them for men so they might be able to recognize each other. Diana, Natalie explained, made anklets for women and girls. Not everyone had one to be sure, but for those that did, and saw someone else with one, they would always know where they gotten it Natalie had told him smiling.

Scott continued to play with the bracelet as he remembered times past at the ranch. Strange, he thought, it’s been so long and it’s coming back to me now. Scott’s head was buzzing a little now and the memories were becoming blurred and were exciting him intensely. Scott stood up and paid for his drinks, looking out at the sea he noticed the sun was close to setting. “No wonder I’m drunk, I’ve been here for hours!” he chuckled to himself. Scott slowly walked towards the resort. Looking out over the remaining pool guests something caught his eye. It was just a glint of light that he originally thought was sun reflected off the surface of the pool until he looked. On the ankle of one of the girls was an anklet, one that could have only come from one place…he almost tripped when he saw it, then looking closer he noticed that the woman drying the girl off also had the same anklet. “Holy Shit!” he said to himself. He noticed the mother looking at him, he smiled instinctively at her. Scott hadn’t noticed the mother looking at his wrist and he hadn’t thought about it. The effects of drinking all day were taking their toll on him, he was clumsy, staggering slightly and ungodly horny. Scott made haste to get to his room.

After stumbling slightly into his room Scott made sure to double lock his door and headed to his suitcase. He hadn’t unpacked yet, he had only been at the resort since 1 that afternoon, pulling clothes out of the suitcase and finally reaching the thing he really wanted. Scott pulled out a long plastic bag, inside the bag was his Ken Ryker dildo, 12” long and over 8” thick, this was his favorite toy and he tended only to use it when he was feeling insatiable. Scott pulled his shirt up and then ripped his shorts off. Lubing up the toy and then his ass he lay on the bed. Scott lifted his legs up and placed the massive cockhead against his hole and pushed. That first penetration was his favorite, he lived for that moment, and there was almost no better feeling in the world to him than that feeling of his ass spreading open and a big cock sliding inside. Scott spent the next 30 minutes raping his own ass with his huge toy. The cock teased his prostate perfectly so Scott was dripping cum all over his body as he fucked himself. After he had gaped himself as much as he could take he exploded, cum spraying up his belly, his chest, all the way to his face. He slowly pulled the monster from his bowels and drifted off into sleep.

Scott awoke nude on top of the covers of his bed, clothes strewn at the foot of the bed, his favorite toy lying next to him and the familiar feeling of a well lubed, well fucked ass. Scott smiled as he sat up and headed into the shower. The hot water felt amazing on his skin. Scott stayed in the shower for what seemed an eternity before getting dressed. Scott headed down into the lobby of the resort, he had heard about a breakfast buffet and was starving, he was always starving after he’d had his ass filled. He smiled as he got into the buffet line. Scott lazily browsed over all the food and he slowly filled his plate. As he was looking over the selection he noticed an arm reach across him, on the arm was the same bracelet he had. “Excuse me” a voice next to him said. Scott turned and looked and saw a mid 40’s year old man, well-tanned smiling at him. “Hi, Bill Szimanski, Nat and John said to say hi, hope I didn’t startle you.” His calm southern accent put Scott at ease, though the thought of the ranch and its activities for a second caused a moment of fear. “No, not at all, how are they?”

Bill smiled and nodded over towards a table with the woman and girl he saw yesterday plus a teenage boy and a younger girl Scott hadn’t noticed at the pool. “We’re sitting over there, why don’t you join us?” Scott smiled grabbed some eggs and bacon from the buffet and followed Bill over to his table. Scott this is my wife Molly, my son Bobby, at this Bobby stood up and shook Scott’s hand. That’s my daughter Stephanie and the baby, she’s Maci. Scott smiled and shook hands then took his seat.

“Couldn’t help but notice your bracelet yesterday.” Molly said smiling at him, wiping food from Maci’s mouth.

Scott smiled. “It’s strange I never wear the thing, just kind of popped it on before I headed out of the house.”

Bill took a sip of his coffee. “After Molly told me about seeing someone with the bracelet we called Natalie, she says hi by the way, she knew who we were talking about and suggested we introduce ourselves.”

Scott smiled. “You know, I haven’t been…there…in a couple of years, hadn’t even really thought about it, suddenly yesterday kind of started coming back and BAM, there you two were!” He said nodding at Molly and Stephanie. Scott noticed a growing feeling of excitement, and almost fear, the kind that had helped to keep him from going back to the camp, that someone would find out and all would be lost.

The group stayed together chit chatting for an hour, sharing stories about mutual friends they knew, as it turned out Scott was good friends with Bills’ brothers Todd and Zachary when they had run into each other at the camp. Bill and Molly didn’t go as often as his brothers, not because they weren’t as active in the lifestyle, but they had an ocean scratch they often felt the need to itch. As the small talk started to wind down Bill said to Scott “Bobby and I are golfing today, Maci has day camp and I think the ladies are going into town shopping, aren’t you baby?” To which Molly nodded. “We won’t be back until, hell probably 3 or 4 o’clock from the course, if you’re interested we’d love to get together for dinner.”

Molly stood up, “What are you plans for the day Scott?”

“I thought I might take the shuttle and head into town, I hear the market’s nice.” He said

“Well, we have a few things to wrap up back at the room, why don’t we catch the 11 o’clock shuttle together, Steph and I know the market real well.”

“Thanks, I’d like that.” Scott said.

Bill laughed “Keep an eye on my girls, actually, keep an eye on my wallet and don’t let them get too crazy would you Scott?”

Scott laughed, “Will do Bill.” He said.

Scott watched as his new friends headed into the lobby, he had decided to head out to the beach and walk in the ocean for a bit. As Scott was walking the past he had turned his back on was coming back on him and he was feeling a desire to think on things before joining the girls. Scott started walking along the shore, the feel of the warm ocean water on his skin was incredible. As he walked feelings started to flow through him. Scott started to feel afraid, the fear that he’d fought often throughout his life. He started to fear that Bill and Molly were going to be a problem, that because they somehow represented the ranch, everyone would know what they did, and everyone would condemn and worse him for it. He started to feel like everyone would see what a horrible pervert he was and he would go to jail. This was a common fear for him when he visited the ranch, he was convinced everyone would see on his face that he was a child molester, a pervert and he would go to jail. Scott kept walking, as he continued the fear subsided and happiness started to take its place, actually not happiness, joy.

Scott had walked for some time before he decided it might be time to turn around. During that walk the past had struck him hard. He realized that what had attracted him to Susan was her fearlessness. She never seemed to be scared of anything, if she wanted to do something she did it, let the chips fall where they may. She wasn’t stupid, so she didn’t outwardly do things to get in trouble, but once she had made up her mind she did what she wanted to do. Scott never felt that free, that careless. He thought of the book “The Unbearable Lightness of Being”, that was Susan, nothing ever seemed to weigh her down. Meanwhile he always felt weighed down, always scared of the outcome, terrified of being wrong. As he walked through the surf he realized “That is what is was, it’s why I took all those stupid sales jobs, why I stopped going to the ranch. Fuck, all that time, all that energy for what? For what didn’t happen? For what probably would never happen? It’s not like I wasn’t taking risks with the guys I fucked, that didn’t scare me, so why did the ranch?” These questions rolled around in his head as he approached the resort. Scott noticed he only had about 15 minutes before he was to catch the shuttle so he hurried back to his room. Scott changed his clothes into more comfortable attire, baggy cargo shorts and button down shirt seemed to be the attire of the day.

Scott made his way out to the front of the resort and saw Molly and Stephanie sitting on one of the benches along the bricked driveway in front of the resort. Scott waved to them as he approached. Molly stood up. “Though you might have changed your mind.” She said. Stephanie simply smiled at him. Both ladies were dressed in sundresses, which Scott couldn’t help but notice seemed somewhat sheer, but he couldn’t be sure if he was seeing what he thought. “Better not stare” he told himself. “Fuck it, they know who I am.” He said immediately after staring at Molly’s well developed chest. The three boarded the shuttle bus, Stephanie and Molly finding a bench seat at the very back. Stephanie sat first, Molly motioned for Scott to sit next to her, and then she sat on the other side of him. There was one other couple on the bus and they sat towards the front, the bus sat at most 20 people, pairs of seats on either side with a bench at the back. Scott sat between the girls just looking ahead when he felt Stephanie’s arm brush against his. “Oh, I’m sorry Mr. Reynolds.” She said. He looked at her and before he could say it was fine he noticed she had pulled her dress up and was showing him her bare pussy. “Oh honey! That’s so cute!” Scott heard Molly say as he watched her hand rub up and down the little patch of closely trimmed hair. Scott couldn’t speak, he just smiled at the beautiful temptress next to him. Stephanie smiled back eagerly. Scott turned and noticed Molly with a hand up her dress, she saw him looking at her and pulled her hand out, and started licking her fingers for him to see.

The bus ride took maybe 20 minutes. For Scott it seemed like forever and the blink of an eye at the same time. Scott was throbbing hard by the time the bus arrived at the drop spot in town. The ladies stood up, dresses falling back into their natural state, meanwhile Scott had to adjust his swollen cock to make his erection less noticeable as he exited the bus. Stephanie was giggling whispering to her mother as he exited the bus. When he caught up with the girls both were beaming at him. The next couple of hours was spent slowly going from booth to booth, Molly and Stephanie taking every opportunity to tease him. Molly letting a breast slip from her dress, or Stephanie lifting her dress to show Scott her perfectly shaped teen ass. Occasionally one or the other would casually grab the bulge in his shorts. Scott’s head was swimming now, memories of debauchery past flooding back, the hunger he originally felt that first visit to the ranch building inside him. Scott decided after a while he would play along, licking the nipple of Molly’s exposed breast as opportunity allowed, rubbing Stephanie’s bare ass, or putting her hand on his cock quietly, discretely as they meandered through the market. After a while Molly asked him if he was hungry, “I’m starved Mom” Stephanie said. In his currently altered state Scott honestly couldn’t be sure if they were hinting they wanted fucked or they were hungry. “Scott, there is a great little Mexican place just down the street, want to eat?” Molly said grabbing her last purchase and putting it in the big shopping bag she had acquired somewhere.

Scott blinked for a moment, “Um yeah, definitely, I’m starved myself, let’s go!” he said somewhat dazily. As the trio walked the girls talked about the trinkets they didn’t buy and whether they should on the way back. Scott, for his part was feeling strange, he couldn’t put his finger on it at first, but after a while he realized he felt exhilarated, but unlike normal, he was pulsing with life without the usual dread and fear he often felt. They all sat together in a small little corner booth as they ate. Scott relished the company of Molly and Stephanie. He hadn’t realized how lonely he’d been since he and Susan split. He’d had ample contact with clients, neighbors, students and the like. But nothing like what he was feeling with these two incredible women. Their sexuality oozed from them, without effort they were just sexy, but they were funny, and smart and charming and actually interested in getting to know him. Stephanie was the first to finish eating and she got up, “Bathroom, then I think I’m going to go back and get those earrings I told you about Mom.” Molly looked up at her “Ok baby, are you coming back or should we meet up with you at the bus stop?”

Stephanie had grabbed her purse and shopping bags “I’ll just meet you at the bus, 30 minutes ok?”

“Ok Kiddo, see you then.” Molly said waving at her daughter. When Stephanie had left the waitress came over to the table and asked if the couple needed anything else. “I’ll take a rum runner. You want anything Scott?” Scott furrowed his brow, “Margarita?” he said. “Frozen, no salt please.” After a few minutes the drinks arrived and Scott and Molly relaxed. “I’m sorry to hear about you and Susan, Scott, we didn’t know her well, at least not as well as Todd and Zach. We like her very much.” Scott smiled “Thank you, yeah she’s a great girl, but I think we just got together young and we grew apart, you know.”

“Oh yeah, I definitely know. Bill isn’t my first husband, I was married to my high school sweetheart, got married junior year.” Molly said matter of factly, rolling her eyes as she said junior year. “Oh wow, I’m sorry.” Scott said instinctively. Molly laughed, “No need, he was such a sweet guy, but we had no business getting married. I think the whole thing ended the same year it started, we just took another two years to finish it.”

“How long have you and Bill been together? If I may ask.” Scott said.

“I met Bill where I worked, we were one of his clients. I thought he was cute. He worked on my company’s computers, that’s what he does is computers. One day I was having problems with my personal machine and he offered to fix it. I made him dinner and we’ve been together pretty much ever since.”

“Can I ask how, um, you know, how you and Bill…” Scott’s voice trailed off as he visibly played with the bracelet so Molly would understand what he was trying to ask.

Laughing out loud at how cute he was Molly replied “Bill was really adventurous when we were younger, he would always find some video or story or something and show it to me. I was pretty naïve when we met so it all sounded good when he showed it to me and we tried things. The more things we tried the more we figured out what we liked. But you mean the ranch? Well that was kind of an accident. Zach and Mary, his wife, were the first to find out about it. Bill had never told me before Zach brought it up that the brothers used to play with each other, and then later on he told me that they had sex with their parents.” Molly said softly. “Bill asked if that bothered me, and honestly my first thought was his poor mother, 4 hungry cocks!!” she giggled. “Anyway, we didn’t have kids at the time so it seemed kind of a moot point you know? We didn’t need to worry about it, and then came Bobby.”

Scott was gently rubbing himself under the table when he felt hand on his, Molly smiled at him, “Let me take care of that.” Scott moved his hand and sat back enjoying the attention of this beautiful woman. Molly had penetrating blue eyes and bright auburn hair that was accentuated by her flawlessly pale skin. “Anyway, one night while Bill was changing Bobby something got into him and he started sucking him, I happened to be walking past the room they were in and saw. I thought I’d be horrified, but actually it turned me on. I’d never seen Bill with a man, so seeing him suck any cock was exciting, you know?” Scott nodded, his eyes betraying how good Molly’s hand on his cock felt. “So after that we started talking. I told him that the second I saw anything that I thought was a problem, it was over, immediately. He agreed and it just grew from there. All of the kids have taken turns playing, then they didn’t want to for a while, then they missed it and joined back. We’ve tried to always let them know it’s their body and it’s their choice. It’s never easy, are we doing the right thing? Telling them they have a choice doesn’t mean much when its mom or dad asking for something you know? But they’ve turned out fine so far! That’s all a Mom can ask for.”

Scott and Molly chatted for quite a while longer and then it struck him, “Weren’t we supposed to meet Stephanie a while ago?” Molly laughed, “Yeah, but she kind of figured we would end up talking for a while so she took the bus back to the hotel and is now at the pool, she texted a while ago. But these drinks are strong, I think we should probably head back don’t you?” Scott smiled, “Yeah, let’s head back, are you going to lie down?” Molly nodded, “Yeah, take a little nap before dinner, you’re going to join us aren’t you Scott?”

Scott smiled, feeling something strange, something new. “Yeah, I’d like that, I’d like that a lot.”