It had now been several months since Scott had run into Molly and Bill at the resort. He’d been a guest at their house many times as well as being regularly invited to Todd and Lindsay’s house for the occasional dinner or drink after work, mixed with some incredible sex from time to time. However, of late Scott found himself spending more and more time with Mary. After their moment together at Todd’s house that night and bond was created between them that Scott couldn’t deny was special. Scott saw Mary and often Zach several times a week. Scott got a call from Zach one morning inviting him to dinner that evening, he had said he and Mary had something they had wanted to talk with him about. Scott accepted the invitation gladly and said he would come by after work.

 Scott gave no further thought to the meeting, assuming it was another invitation to dinner, with Mary and Zach being dessert. Scott had a few pictures he was looking to try to get taken. The day was perfect for the type of shots he was looking for, he was a stickler for lighting, and preferred natural lighting when possible. The fall was his favorite time of year for certain types of pictures and today looked to be a great one. With the excitement of finally capturing the pictures he was hoping to get flowing through him he set out for the day.

 Scott’s first stop was downtown, there were some buildings with an old architecture that he had really thought would look special, but the sun had just been in the wrong place to capture what he wanted so in the morning light he thought he’d see if the light was what he wanted. Scott had to park several blocks from where he hoped to work and as he walked his excitement grew, the sun looked to be just right that morning and the feeling of finally accomplishing this task was almost getting him giddy. Scott spent a couple of hours taking pictures. Changing angles, and heights and filters and taking hundreds if not thousands of pictures for that one shot that was perfect. This was his passion, his search for that perfect moment, he loved the search, the taking of the photos, the reviewing them for the hidden treasure, the photo he hadn’t remembered he had that always seemed to be THE photo.

 Scott finished up and headed out to a tutoring session for a high school senior on the fast track to success. The kid was a trust fund boy, smart as a whip, but lacked any motivation. Scott liked the boy, but thought he was wasting himself by not applying his effort. Scott wasn’t a teacher so much as an objective voice his parents thought could keep their son on track. They loved their son, but as far as Scott could tell it was their lavishing him with things as a child that taught him he never needed to work for what he wanted. Scott spent an hour going over the boy’s English Lit homework, reading an insightful, yet poorly written essay for school. Scott thought the essay was a perfect illustration of the boy, few would have the insight this kid had, but he was too lazy to be bothered to communicate it well. Sometimes he could just throttle this kid.

 Scott left his student a mixture of elation from the morning’s photography and frustration trying to get his spoiled brat to understand the importance of language and the proper use of it. Deep down he felt it was always going to be a losing battle with the kid because regardless of academic success the Dad would end up hiring the kid to work with him and he’d have a ridiculous income immediately after graduation. The kid was smart enough to do enough to achieve that he thought.

 Scott had several small writing assignments to get finished and in his excited state he thought it would be a good time to polish those off before heading over to see Mary and Zach. Scott found a bar & grill not far from Mary and Zach’s house and finding an empty booth in a quiet corner began working. After a few beers and several hours, he finally wrapped up his projects. Scott paid off the tab noticing the time, it was still a little early, but he thought he would head over and see his friends anyway, Zach and Mary being slightly older than Bill and Todd and their families had the house to themselves, the kids had already gone off to college and the house was typically empty save for his friends. Scott had yet to meet the kids, the only family members he hadn’t met outside an odd cousin or so, he had also yet to meet Zach’s parents, the ones who introduced the family to their current lifestyle.

 Scott pulled up to the house, he noticed both Mary and Zach’s cars were there. Still on a rush from his day of finishing the unfinished issues that had been kind of weighing on him, plus the couple of beers he had while sitting at the bar, he hopped out of the car and headed up to the door. Scott rang the bell and waited. He heard footsteps as the approached the door. Zach opened the door and smiled at Scott and waved him in. “Hey, you’re early.” He said following Scott as he made his way down the hallway to the kitchen. “Yeah, I was able to get everything done early so I thought I would head over, that’s ok isn’t it?” Zach smiled “Sure, glad to have you.” He said. “Have a seat. I’ll be right back.” Zach went back up the hall towards the front door and Scott heard him yell up the stairs “Scott’s here Mare, come on down.” Scott heard his footsteps as he came back into the kitchen. “Beer?” Zach asked walking towards the fridge. “Sure, thanks.” Said Scott.

 Mary strode in a couple minutes after the men opened their beer. “Hi baby!” Mary said kissing Scott on the cheek. “Hey yourself! Look at you!” Scott said admiring the dress she was wearing. The dress was conservative enough for friendly gathering but showed enough skin to titillate Scott. “You’re both early today, I’m a lucky girl.” She said. “Why don’t we go out on the patio? It’s such a nice day today.” The men agreed and all three headed out to the patio, like Todd’s it was warm and friendly and secluded, the three had had sex out on the patio many times over the months. Zach and Mary took a seat next to each other on a loveseat and Scott sat across from them. He couldn’t put his finger on it but there was an aura of something, it was unsettling, not bad, specifically, but there was a sense of sadness he felt. He decided it best not to broach it himself, in the time he had been visiting he had noticed the relationship between Zach and Mary seemed strained, and it saddened him.

 “Well, let’s not beat around the bush, we love having you stop by Scott.” Mary said. She looked at Zach with a look not unhappy, but missing a something he had seen between them before. “I love stopping by, you guys, Todd and Lindsay, Bill and Molly, you’ve all been so great with me, I can’t tell you how much being with all of you has really been good for me.” Scott said A small knot of anxiety began to grow inside him, he couldn’t tell why, but there was a feeling about this particular moment that began to fill him with dread. Scott sat back in his chair, beer in hand viewing his friends, there seemed to be an almost coolness that existed between them now. Zach seemed tense, as if something was about to happen that he still wasn’t comfortable with. Mary continued to speak. “Scott, do you remember that night at Todd’s, the first time we were together, in the kitchen?” Scott smiled, he recalled it often actually, “Of course, I remember it very well.” He said. “Do you remember the things I told you that were upsetting me?” She asked, leaning into him, smiling now, warmly, lovingly. Scott nodded his head, his eyes moving from Mary to Zach, as Mary looked more comfortable Zach was looking less so.

 “Well my beloved husband and I have been talking about things, well these things have been going on for years, but we just weren’t wanting to deal with them, and now we are, aren’t we baby?” She said looking at her husband in a loving yet somewhat unhappy way. Zach who was clearly uncomfortable nodded his head. “Yeah, I think that’s the best way to put it.” Mary sat back, a silent hint that it was Zach’s turn to talk. “Well, Scott, as you know, when I have sex with men, I like to be fucked, you know that.” Scott smiled, as he had fucked Zach several times. “Yeah, I know, you know I like that too.” Zach smiled nervously at Scott. “Well over the years, the past few especially, I’ve enjoyed it more and more.” His voice beginning to trail off, he was fighting to keep talking. “And lately, well, ok, not so lately, I’ve realized, I’m gay Scott, I love getting fucked by men, I only want to have sex with males. I don’t honestly know when it happened, but somewhere I stopped being attracted to Mary, you know, in that way. I’ve tried, we’ve tried to keep things going, but…” he finally had to stop, tears were now streaming from his eyes. Scott looked at Mary who was lovingly stroking her husband’s hair, kissing his cheek, she was also crying.

 Scott was overwhelmed by the moment, a tear welled in his eye, remembering the moment he and Susan knew they were over. Scott sat looking at his friends with as much compassion as he could possibly feel, his heart was breaking for them. “So…are you two?” Mary shook her head, “No, no we’re not getting a divorce, just too much between us, to many years, too many, just too much..” she said her voice now trailing off. “But what we wanted you here for is to ask you something. But before we ask, we want you to know that we’d love for you to take your time, and think about it seriously, will you do that? Please?” she said. Scott nodded his head, the ball of anxiety now lodged firmly in his chest. “What we wanted to propose is that we’d like for you to move in with us. We have the room. We’ve shared some wonderful experiences, and we hope we would share more, no matter what your answer is. But, well, I’m falling in love with you Scott, and I want you close to me.”

 Scott felt his head spin slightly, the ball of anxiety exploded, leaving him tingling inside, the muscles in his arms and legs felt like rubber, even holding his beer bottle seemed a challenge. He sat and looked at his friends. Zach had a look of almost shame and guilt on his face. Mary looked hopeful, loving, beautiful, yet also vulnerable. Scott looked at Zach. “Is this what you want Zach?” he asked. Scott watched his friend nod without looking at him. Scott felt something he rarely felt, and he couldn’t explain why, but he felt anger at his friend. He wasn’t angry that he was gay, he surely could understand that, he was angry that his friend seemed almost beaten down by it. “Well you don’t seem very happy at the prospect Zach, why are you so quiet?” Zach looked up at his friend. Pain was visible in his eyes. “I’m not proud of what’s going on Scott, I’ve failed my wife, my family…” Scott looked dead straight at his friend. “Whoa Whoa, how, if I may ask, have you failed them?” Zach hemmed and hawed “I haven’t been a very good husband; what kind of husband goes gay?”

 Scott nodded “From what I hear thousands, but my point is, do you still love Mary?” Zach started to get a fire in his eye “Yes.” He said firmly. “You still love your family?” Scott asked pointedly. Zach again nodded in the affirmative “Of course, what’s your point?” he said curtly not appreciating the third degree. “My point is, either you’ve changed, or you’re simply admitting to something that was always there. Christ Zach, I shouldn’t have to tell you this, what do you think the ranch was, is? Isn’t it nothing more than an affirmation of a lifestyle everyone needs to hide?” So now you’re not hiding, this is me and Susan all over again, but this time you can do it better.” Scott said. His anger subsiding his voice tone calming. “You two have a lifetime together, and if you’re not divorcing, still a lifetime ahead.” Zach was nodding as Scott was speaking. “Mary is a beautiful woman, and in your family alone could get enough cock to satisfy her, so please, don’t feel like you’ve failed, in a way, maybe you’re finally succeeding.” Scott said. Mary was now looking deeply at Scott as he spoke. “As a husband you’ve provided for your family, in every way, and now things are changing, and believe me I know how that can hurt, but this like so many things is just a change, you didn’t make it happen, but it has.” Scott said. Leaning forward in his chair now, looking directly at Zach. “You’ve been a wonderful Dad Zach, and I can tell from Bill and Todd and wonderful brother, and Mary isn’t running away screaming, so I’m guessing you’ve been a damn good husband. But you need something, we all need something sometimes, good for you for accepting it, and moving forward to get what you need.” Zach was looking somewhat sternly yet almost gratefully at his friend.

 Scott stood up, “Don’t get up, I just need a beer, can I get you guys something?” he asked. Both asked for another beer. Scott walked slowly into the kitchen, the weight of the moment just now lifting. The thought of what Mary had asked stuck in his head. Scott knew what his answer was, at this point he was now trying to figure out in his own head how to justify it. Returning with the drinks he sat back down. He looked at Mary, smiling. “Mary, are you sure what you’re asking about? Me, moving in?” Mary looked into his eyes. “Yes Scott, I don’t want to scare you, and I hope you’re not upset.” Scott looked at her, smiling softly. “Just out of curiosity, if I were to move in, where would I sleep, one of the kid’s rooms?” Mary leaned towards Scott, her cleavage showing clearly. “You would sleep where you wanted, but I would want you to sleep with me.” A vision started to appear in his head, one which hadn’t occurred to him when Mary first proposed the move. “Ok, Mary, are you asking me to be your husband? To take Zach’s place?” Mary nodded, smiling gently, “Yes baby, that’s what I’m asking. That’s what we both want.” Scott sat excited, and perplexed, though he had not told her so, he had fallen in love with Mary, he thought admitting it would be more issues where he knew there were already too many. “So exactly where does that leave Zach?” Scott looked at Zach and then at Mary. “Well, things are a little deeper than Zach just being gay Scott, the gay I understood years ago, and as you said, I get all the cock I need, and the best I’ve ever had with you, so you know.” Scott smiled not believing her, but appreciating the compliment.

 Scott stood back up, he began to slowly move around the room, images in his head of what their life may be, and he didn’t quite see where the pieces fit. Mary had been quiet, and patient, she had hoped Zach would explain what he wanted, but his silence was now an annoyance she would have to take over. “You look confused baby, I’m so sorry, I think this has taken far longer than it should.” Mary smiled at him, a fire beginning to burn in her eyes. “My dearest husband has decided that he needs to take a different role in our family. Zach, show him!” Mary ordered Zach stood up immediately and dropped his pants. Scott saw Zach’s cock and balls in some kind of metal harness. “My husband is now my servant, my slave. Scott. Years ago we started playing games, and over time he’s become less and less happy unless he can be like this more and more, until now, he’s asked if he could be my slave all the time.” Mary said rubbing his head as if she was petting a dog. “If you were to live her, Zach here would be our servant, in any and every way you could imagine. Scott, dear would you take off your shoes please, and your socks?” Mary said lovingly. Scott looked at her quizzically but did so. “Would you please put on of your feet up here on the coffee table?” Scott, still looking at her did as she asked. “Lick!” Mary said pointing to Scott’s foot. Zach rushed to his knees and began licking eagerly at Scott’s foot. This was something completely new to him, first, having his foot licked at all, second the pleasure on Zach’s face as he demeaned himself for Mary’s pleasure.

 “Jesus Mare….” Scott said. “Up!” Mary commanded. Zach shot to his feet and then to her side. Zach’s face looking down at the floor. “Stay” Mary commanded as she took her seat on the loveseat. “Scott, the upsetting part of this entire situation is the time wasted. The years he tried to tell me, to show me, and I didn’t understand, I didn’t want to understand.” Mary said. Since our last trip to the ranch, we’ve been trying this, seeing how it works. There were some couples there who had been living like this for some time, so they kind of showed us what worked for them. Zach has been happier in that time than I’ve seen him in years. And it finally hit me that he needs this, maybe even more than he wants it, this is making him happy, in ways I don’t understand Scott, but this is who and what he wants to be now.” Mary said looking at Scott as if to help her. “I love him still, and I want him to be happy, but well, this isn’t a husband, I’m not sure if he’s even a man anymore, not in the way I always thought of.” Mary stood up unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. “I need a man, Scott, I can always get cock, but I need a man, and I know that man is you, and I think you’ve been feeling the same way haven’t you.” Mary strode over to where Scott sat. Scott admired her body in her very expensive sexy bra and panties she sat between his legs and began to open his pants. Scott’s cock sprung from the pants he was wearing as he watched this beautiful woman handle his cock. Looking up into his eyes “Be my man Scott, be my husband.” She said before she swallowed the entire length of his dick. Few could handle his size, Mary took him easily and worked his huge cock up and down, deep into her throat as she squeezed the base of it. Scott began to moan as Mary worked her mouth on him. “Sit on me baby, ride my cock” he moaned.

 Mary stood up, pulling her panties aside she lowered herself onto Scott’s hard cock. Slowly at first then building up her pace she bounced up and down in his lap. Scott began to bite and kiss her tits through her bra, eventually working the bra off her and taking a nipple into her mouth. Mary started to grind down on Scott’s cock, working it deep inside her as her hips moved back and forth on him. The two lovers were lost in their own heat never noticing Zach standing exactly where Mary had ordered him. “Oh baby, I’m close, I’m so close” Scott whispered in her ear. “Hold on baby, not yet.” Mary whispered. She slowed her grinding and got off Scott’s cock. Standing next to him she spoke in her commanding tone, “Ride that cock Zach.” Zach hurried over to Scott, dropping his pants he turned away from Scott and lowered his ass on Scott’s throbbing dick. Zach began to fuck Scott’s cock in earnest after adjusting to its girth. Scott pumped his cock up into Zach for several more minutes before finally exploding. Mary had been fingering her own pussy watching her husband fuck her potential next one. She erupted in her own orgasm as Scott was cumming up Zach’s ass.

 Once Scott’s cock had been pulled from Zach, he stood, put on his pants and stood at Mary’s side. Scott looked at the pair, oddly he felt a sense of ease seeing the look on Zach’s face. Scott had promised Mary he would think about what she proposed. He knew he wouldn’t have to think for long.