Scott sat alone on the patio nude. He enjoyed the feeling of the sun on his skin, it relaxed him somehow, and the latest email from Natalie was weighing on his mind. He had now been living with Mary as her husband for almost a year. His involvement with Bill and Molly and their family, Todd and Lindsay and their kids had continued unabated since his return from vacation what seemed like a lifetime ago. His professional life had exploded as well, his blog and other writing assignments had led to a weekly column on political and social commentary as well as an occasional fictional story posted in some adult magazines. His photography had also become highly lucrative. Scott was now one of the most recognized and sought after wedding and local modeling shoot photographers not just locally but now getting national recognition.

With his surge in notoriety as well as income Natalie’s email seemed particularly exciting, and frightening. He found himself looking at his phone, rereading the same section of the message over and over.

*Scott, John and I are so happy for you and proud of you for what you’re accomplishing, your writing, your photography seems to have made you a superstar, and we couldn’t be happier. Even Susan has admitted how proud she is of you and how much she’s happy for you. Lately we’ve been getting some requests, nothing we haven’t gotten before, but the number of them seem to be growing. People keep asking if we would take pictures and maybe film our members enjoying themselves. Some have asked if they could do it here at the ranch, others have asked if we knew anyone who would be willing to visit them in the privacy of their homes. I’m sorry if this sounds awful, but I thought of you baby.*

*I’d be lying if I didn’t say I hoped it might be an excuse to have you join us again, but also, to maybe use your talents to promote those of us who are brave, dare I say, enough to document the life they are living, sexually speaking. If all it does it get you here where I could hold you again and just feel my friend Scott, that would be enough for me. Would you think about doing this for our friends?*

*John and I have discussed this many, many times, we’ve talked with several longtime friends, this kind of thing doesn’t suit the privacy that we crave, or perhaps it doesn’t suit the fear we’ve all lived with all our lives, but either way, the younger families, they have asked non-stop they’ve grown up in front of the camera and their normal isn’t ours, so who am I to judge. I have not told anyone that we did know someone who would help, but I said I would ask around. Would this be something you might be interested in helping our friends with baby?*

Scott felt a lump in his throat, Natalie had never asked him for anything, ever. His career, such as it was, had exploded to heights he had never imagined and her request as offhand as it was, weighed on him. Scott cared for Natalie a great deal, aside from Susan and Mary, she was the closest woman he had ever known, she seemed to know him from the moment she met him, and in her knowledge she seemed to always provide whatever emotional or physical support or comfort he needed. And she was asking him to open himself up to all the potential career ending, hell legal issues that this kind of lifestyle posed. The act itself was enough, but to film it, to capture it permanently? This was terrifying.

Scott thought deeper though, maybe Natalie knew that he had been doing exactly that for Bill and Molly, Todd and Lindsay. He had been filming them secretly for months now. Well it probably wasn’t that much of a secret between the brothers or sisters in law, Mary, Lindsay and Molly had dinner together at least once a week, leaving the men folk to survive on their own with their kids for an entire evening. Maybe this wasn’t as out of the blue as it seemed. He picked up the phone, texting Mary.

“Baby, know anything about me taking pics and vids at the ranch?”

His texts were always brief, he hated them, such an impersonal way to communicate, calling was typically faster, plus you actually interacted with the person you wanted to.

“Yes baby, will explain later, sorry.”

Mary’s texts were always equally as brief and more often than not raised more questions than they answered. Scott smiled, he had answers now, he thought, he could wait until Mary got home to confirm his suspicions. Scott filled the time working on a new story he had started. Many of his stories were taken from events either he had witnessed with his new family, or were relayed by his new family. Changing minor details here or there allowed him to keep anonymity for the parties, but hold onto the sexy parts of the behavior.

Mary arrived home several hours after texting with Scott, he was deep in his writing when she arrived so she kissed him on the cheek to say hello and then went to see what Zach would be serving for dinner. By now Zach had transitioned fully into a kind of sexual submissive who was also a total servant in every other way, he cleaned, he cooked, he took care of his “masters” and even Mary, as uncomfortable as she was initially had to admit, he had not been happier in certainly the past several years, but quite possibly as long as she’d known him, his pleasure seemed to radiate from him these days.

Mary wrapped up some paperwork from the office while Scott finished up his writing and when Zach announced dinner was ready they sat together at the dinner table. Scott was still always slightly shocked that there were always only two place settings at the table, but Zach insisted he eat after his masters and separate from them. Scott accepted it, though he still hadn’t gotten fully comfortable with it. At dinner Mary was the first to speak. “I’m sorry about the vids baby, I never promised anyone anything, simply that I’d bring it up to you. It’s kind of slipped my mind and I had forgotten to actually ask.” Mary said apologetically. “When Zach and I and Bill and Molly went out there last month everyone was taking telephone vids of everything, I was horrified! But they loved it, they all said they watched them all the time, and they often shared with each other on some kind of thingamajigs they mailed to each other.”

Scott’s eyes opened wide. “they’re mailing the damn stuff?!” he said, his voice loud with shock.

Mary nodded, “umm hmm, but according to Natalie it’s gotten so big now Paul is working on some kind of centralized secure thing where people can upload their stuff to and can give access to whoever they want, so that’s supposed to be safer.” Mary watched Scott closely at the mention of Paul. Scott had never really seemed sad about what had happened with Paul and Susan, but for some reason she always felt very careful about broaching that subject. Scott for his part felt nothing when he heard Paul’s name. He had noticed nobody ever seemed to mention him or Susan around him, though Susan had become a very well-known guest at both John and Natalie’s and Paul’s ranches. He assumed everyone thought he was still heartbroken, he wondered if he actually ever really had been himself. As Scott had tried to tell people when he first got back in contact with more and more family loving friends, that his disappearance had much less to do with losing Susan than with losing himself. In finding himself he also found that he and Susan weren’t as good together as they had originally thought, and when new doors opened up for each of them, they had simply chosen different doors.

Scott looked at Mary, still perplexed, and perhaps slightly overwhelmed at the enormity of the risk she had proposed for him. “What do you think Mare, seriously, with everything going the way it is, with everything at stake, do you think it’s worth it?” he asked. Mary put down her silverware and turned to face him directly. “I think you are the most incredible photographer and an excellent video maker I’ve ever seen. I think you are the only one I know who could take what families like us share and make it something people could understand, and get off to. You understand us, honey, you’re one of us now, you are my loving husband in every aspect but the legal one and you have so lovingly worked with both Bill and Todd’s families. I think for those people who are serious, and god only knows what that means, and are wanting to work with you, they couldn’t get anyone better to work with, to take the pics they could be proud of, to make the videos to document the life they lead. Honey, sometimes I just want to scream at the top of my lungs ‘We’re just normal! We aren’t any different than you!’ when I read about some story in the paper. I know what I read is only part of the story, but what if the poor bastard in jail was one of us? What if, like Bill and Molly they go to a favorite spot, make that moment a big deal? What if like Todd and Lindsay they have a party to celebrate the decision. I think it would be nice for families like that to actually have the opportunity to have that for their own memory, and if they want to share it, that’s their choice. I think you don’t have to be any part of it you don’t want to be, but it’s not like your name will be all over the video, all over the pictures, once you take the pictures, make the video, you’re done. So I understand your worry, but I’ve seen how many people are going to John’s place now, and Paul’s might even be bigger. Rumor has it that there may be another one somewhere, and its growing fast.” Mary stopped for a moment to catch her breath, and to try to sense Scott’s reaction to her words. Caressing his cheek “Baby, you do what you have to do, what you want to do, I love you so much, and I support any decision you make. There are many out there like us, and they are starting to find each other more and more, and well, they see things differently, and pictures of everything, videos of everything is what they do, so they are just different. They aren’t stupid baby, this is just something they like and they’re doing already.” Mary said softly.

Scott nodded his head, “And how will all this work baby? With all the projects I’ve got going on right now, I’m not home enough to see you as much as I want now, if I’m traveling all over the place, I’ll never get to see you!” he said seriously worrying about not getting enough time with Mary.

“We’ll figure it out, who knows how many really want to have you come visit them, and if they will film or pose at the ranch, I can be with you there, with the new arrivals you know I’ve been going out more and more for exams and stuff of the new visitors.”

Scott nodded, Mary had been spending more time going out to the ranch, as one of only three OB/GYN’s her services were treasured by families leery of seeing their traditional Dr. back home, at least not until their fear of something being found by another OB/GYN was allayed. So Mary tended to visit the ranch through the spring, summer and autumn months probably two weeks a month. “Well I’ve got a job about an hour, hour and a half drive from John and Nat in a couple of weeks, maybe I can stop by and we can chat about it, you’re going to be out there aren’t you baby?” Mary nodded her head “Yep, I am going to have to figure something out though, this every two weeks thing is starting to mess with my patients here and I don’t like leaving anybody out.” She said picking her silverware back up to finish dinner. The two sat together chatting about their day, his story, her patients. When done they left the table to return to their work and after they had left the room Zach cleared the table and then sat down to eat in the kitchen.

It had been two weeks since his talk with Mary, Scott felt much more comfortable about things now. He had a big wedding he was doing the pictures for, the daughter of one the ski resort owners. Money was no object for the owner’s baby girl, a not particularly attractive or nice girl Scott thought, she wanted the best, she according to her daddy, she thought Scott was the best. Scott was getting paid an amount of money that actually still took his breath away, it was a sum exponentially higher than he once charged, but other photographers in the business advised that was the going rate. Scott had long since learned, business was a lot less about competition than it was about just filling the market, under charging high end clients who were willing to pay exorbitant rates not only turned off the snobby rich, it pissed off his peers, neither were good for business. Scott grabbed his equipment, not a small mountain of bags, camera cases, tripods, etc. The father had offered to have him picked up at the airport, Scott insisted on renting a car for which the father gladly paid. Scott headed out to the resort to meet with the parents of the bride to be.

“So glad you could make it Scott!” the father said shaking his hand firmly. “Thanks, I am too, first class was not necessary Mr. Wellington. Ted, call me Ted Scott.” Scott smiled and nodded “Ok Ted, thank you for everything, working with you has been a very good experience.” Scott said, buttering up a rich client is always good for future business he’d been advised. “Yes, I’m very glad my daughter picked you, you came highly recommended by several of your peers, as well as some family friends of ours.” Scott couldn’t be sure but he was getting a feeling from Ted, the kind of feeling that perhaps this visit wasn’t going to be entirely professional. “Oh, really? May I ask who they may have been, I’d love to thank them.” Scott said. “You might know them as the Robinson’s, I believe you once visited a campground they have frequented over the years.” Scott could feel the blood leave his face, his heart started pounding. Ted could see the response was not what he hoped and immediately spoke to attempt to calm Scott down. “It’s ok Scott, Don is my half-brother, what he does is perfectly fine with me, Sharon and I haven’t pursued anything like that, but…” Ted leaned closer to Scott “Don and I enjoyed our fair share of the lifestyle before we left for college.” He gently put his hand on Scott’s and fear began to turn to heat, to lust. “Don said that you had visited the ranch, after we had already picked you, several years ago, and he liked you very much, in more than one way apparently, and I can see why.” Ted said, the hint of sex had now become an overt invitation. Scott smiled wickedly at his new friend. “Honestly, I don’t remember much of those years, it was all kind of a blur, but I never met anyone there I didn’t like a great deal.” Scott said.

Ted, now feeling Scott’s attitude change leaned back in his chair. Scott began to slowly unbuckle his belt, undo his pants button and unzip his fly, pulling out of his pants one of the biggest cock’s Scott had ever seen, perhaps rivaling John in its length and girth. Ted’s massive cock was easily 8 inches or more flaccid, and it was starting to swell. Scott made his way over to Ted and getting on the floor he took the massive dick in one hand, licking the head as he stared at Ted. Ted’s gaze was trained on his new playmate, a look of hunger, of desire burning in his eyes, the muscles in his cheeks showing the need he was feeling as Scott took him in his mouth. “Oh fuck man, that’s good, oh yeah, suck that cock man.” Ted said. Scott took quite some time to get his throat relaxed enough to finally take the entire cock all the way in. Ted gasped as he felt his cockhead pass down Scott’s willing throat. Scott knew his lover was close to cumming, a cock that big doesn’t get serviced all the way often, when it does it has to be overwhelming. Scott knew well, in mere moments he felt a flood of hot sperm as it filled the back of his throat. Scott moaned as he swallowed Ted’s seed.

Ted relaxed back into his chair, clearly drained from the release. “Jesus man, that was amazing, I’ve never cum that fast. Don said you were incredible.” Ted said, his voice somewhat drained. “I love cock Ted, and I have to say, yours is by far one of the most impressive ones I’ve ever gotten to play with, I’d love to play with it again sometime, if there’s a chance.” Ted smiled, it’s going to be a crazy next couple of days, but I’d love to see you again.”

The two men were often together, but never alone however, so Scott left any thoughts of further pleasuring Ted’s monster cock behind and focused on earning the money he was to be paid. The wedding went off beautifully, and Scott captured it elegantly and in the particular style with which he had become known. His photographs taken and job done he showed the happy couple and their parents the initial prints and promised they would have everything they ordered within the next several weeks. The happy couple was elated as were both sets of parents. Scott couldn’t help but notice the bulge in Ted’s pants as they sat next to each other viewing the pictures. The thought was making him hungry for sex. After the get together Scott packed up his equipment threw everything in the car and headed to the ranch. As soon as Scott hit the interstate he called Mary, and the two had phone sex for almost an hour of the trip. It was later where Mary was and she had to work the next day so Scott said his “I love you” and “Goodbye” and started concentrating on what lay ahead.