**A Bit of The Revolution**

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"Well, how many loads of laundry do you think I SHOULD do?"

"I don't know. I'm just saying it's an interesting choice."

"Look, babe. I need to stay busy. We're in this lockdown and I'm going to be 1) bored and 2) desperately out of shape if I don't at least do a little something every day. So, I download the workouts from my gym and shake this delightful -

"It definitely is delightful," I agreed.

"-ass, until I work up a good solid sweat. What's the complaint?"

"No complaints from me, dearest. Just noticing that you're doing this particular workout, with all its steps and lunges and planks and stuff-"

"I love how you think you know the names of thing," as she moved into a set of burpees I didn't envy. I'm more a runner than a group fitness guy and with this lockdown it's handy to get out. But, Terri was definitely not into that. She wanted to move and stretch and lift, but in a room in the house or a gym.

"I know things," I assured her. "And one of the things I know is that you doing burpees in our front room is good and all, but with the blinds open like this-"

"It's important to have sunlight in our lives when we're locked up," she said as she moved to some sort of half-yoga move that the lady on her video pronounced in a South African accent I had trouble understanding.

"I'm aware. That's why I run outside. But, I'm just saying if you're going to do a workout in the front room with the blinds up, you might think about pants."

"Pants are overrated," she grunted into a deep lunge.

"I mean, generally I agree. I'm just saying that this whole naked aerobics-"

"Not aerobics," she clarified.

"Zumba?"

"Not Zumba."

"Jazzercise? Sweatin' to the Oldies, what have you. I'm just saying that when your already established delightful ass is in the air like that. And your, not yet mentioned perky tits, are bouncing around, the neighbors may be getting a show."

"And?" she said with a sweaty grin.

"You're doing this intentionally, you hussy."

"I'm avoiding doing a load of workout laundry every day. I'm conserving water and doing my body and the planet good. It's for the planet, babe," she smirked.

"While teasing the fuck out of old Jerry."

"Yeah. That too," she said as she moved to adjust her exercise mat. "Though, honestly, I think it's Lorraine that's into the show."

I stepped forward and grabbed her by the hips as she was bent at the waist. I mean, I'm only human. Sure, I could say that I was helping her balance so that she didn't fall over, but truth be told I was aroused. It was hot when she was working out naked. Hotter when I realized the blinds were up. Sizzling when I knew she was intentionally teasing, and "must fuck now" when I realized that she was really teasing our sixty something neighbor from down the street.

"You mean Lorraine Who Rules The Planning Committee for the HOA Lorraine?"

"Hey," she said. "Is that a quivering erection in your pocket or are you anxious to workout?"

"Mmmm," I may have muttered.

"You know, she likes to watch," Terri sang as she bent a little at the knees and then backed up on my trouser covered crotch. "I see the glint off her binoculars. She thinks-"

I reached down and unzipped my jeans, fishing out my straining cock.

"She's subtle, but that glint in the window is always moving around when-"

I ran the head of my cock up and down her vulva. I looked down and moved one hand around to line up for entry.

"I start to workout. And as soon as I'm done the shades shudder as she moves away."

I dipped the head into her warm, wet, welcoming cunt.

"Mmm, that's nice," she moaned. "More of that please."

I slowly moved in. A dip. A pull back. A slow entry. A retreat. And finally a full, deep thrust. Terri wobbled and groaned. She bent her knees and straightened up to push back on me as well. We were working on a rhythm but this position couldn't last. I looped my left arm around her waist and lifted back as my right hand slid over her belly and between her breasts to steady her.

We slowly shifted weight around so that she was standing more upright. I gripped one of her breasts, perhaps a little too firmly. Hugged her body to me and dipped my knees down enough to thrust up into her again.

"Fuck, that's good," she muttered. "Lorraine's getting a helluva show, isn't she. I wonder if she'll report us on NextDoor?"

"Fuck Lorraine, I need this, here, now."

"Yeah, I bet you'd like to fuck Lorraine," she whispered. "You've got that mommy-thing, don't you, you bad boy."

I gripped Terri by the hair and bent her forward slightly to get a better angle and then slammed into her. Fast, deep, wet and hot. I knew that we wouldn't both get to orgasm, but that could wait until later. I liked to be equitable and fair, but right now I was greedy and desperate.

"Yeah, you do. You want her to knock on that door and watch us fuck up close," she breathed. "Maybe she'll be overcome by the urge and push me aside so that she can swallow that tasty cock of yours? Maybe she'll bring her Bunko group?"

I admit, the thought of our proper older neighbor being sexual had never occurred. But now I was pounding my wife with everything I had and was seconds away from letting loose on her.

"But truth is," she grunted. "My money's on her wanting to lick my cunt."

And that's when I lost it. Saintly old, grandmotherly Lorraine who baked us banana bread and liked to have everyone over for Easter, holding down my wife while she buried her face in that beautiful pussy. Ass up in the air. The sounds of slurping and the moans of delight. Yeah, I lost control. One more powerful thrust and a quivering explosion. My knees buckled and I'm afraid I slid out of Terri shooting cum all over her, me and that yoga mat. I made a helluva mess for all the neighborhood to see through our large front room windows.

"Damn, you are a messy boy aren't you?" she said with a big smile on her face and a dollop of cum on the end of her finger harvested from the mat.

"Says the exhibitionist telling stories about fucking the neighbors."

"Just the one. I mean, Jerry could watch, but I think he smells funny. Lorraine, though, can get all up in this."

"You're terrible."

"Hey, you're the one that fucked me in front of the neighbors, god, and everybody."

"True, but I mostly kept my clothes on."

"Yeah, that makes it more wholesome."

"As I said," gesturing as if to say "of course" while realizing that I was sitting in the floor with my wilting dick covered in our juices sticking out of my pants. Very dignified.

"So, you want to wave to Lor?" she asked as she made a little howdy in the general direction of Lorraine's windows.

"That's mean."

"I think she's probably got her hand all up in her business right now, so yeah, I'd hate to interrupt," she giggled. Terri was a naughty, naughty girl. And that's why I married her as soon as she'd say yes.

"That's not what I meant," I said.

"Oh, you're right. She's probably using a vibrator. More efficient."

"Bitch."

"Prick," she smiled.

"We should clean this up," I motioned at... well, everything.

"Yeah, life on lockdown. Best to keep things tidy, right?"

"Oh, sure, we're a picture of sanitary disease prevention."

"Well, we are. I mean, if we weren't on lockdown, it'd be a goddamned orgy in here. You think Lorraine would pass up a chance to get her some of that dick?"

"Terrible. That's you."

"Yep," she agreed.

I heard Terri's phone chirp, and I put away my fading cock as she reached for it. "Get a towel, you bum," she chided.

"Yes, ma'am."

I crawled up to my knees and lifted myself to my feet. Off to the guest bath and with towel in hand returned to the front room. And there on the floor, Terri was leaning back against the sofa, legs splayed with one hand diddling her clit with an intensity I hadn't seen in a while and the other holding her phone.

"So, I guess that's a telemarketer, right?"

"Uhhh," she grunted. I walked behind her and saw her screen. A set of images. First, a long distance zoom of the two of us. My hand in her hair. Mid-thrust.

Next, a selfie. Lorraine in a silky kimono grinning with the text below it, "You naughty girl. You knew I was peeking didn't you?"

Apparently Terri had responded in the affirmative and the next image was Lorraine taken from ¾ above ... kimono agape. A view down her body, between large breasts and across a tummy... toes peeking out at the bottom. The following text, "Darned lockdown."

Terri switched her phone to camera mode and handed it to me. I got the gist. Aimed a shot along her leg, including her hand working furiously and her beautiful nipples jutting from her chest. I sent it with the note, "everyone enjoys a show. Besides, your ears were burning, we were just talking about you."

I crawled up next to Terri and held the phone so that she could see the screen while taking care of her business.

A chirp and photo. The screen full of bush, vulva, and vibrator. A simple silver bullet. Followed by the text, "I'll be thinking of about you as well. Best morning in a while."

My honey started to shiver, quiver, and bump. Her fingers dipped into her soaking wet pussy and then zipped back up to her clit, strumming it like a guitar she was angry at. The moan started and I knew where things were going so I held the phone in one hand and used the other to cup her breast. As the arc rose, I circled her nipple and gripped it gently between thumb and forefinger. When I knew she was just at the point of no return, when her jaw was gaping and her panting stopped as she seemed to be holding her breath, I squeezed gently at first and quickly harder and harder. Her breath shot out of her as she folded in half with a grunt. The spasms shot through her and she unfolded as fast with an ear shattering, "FUCCCKKKKKKKKK!"

I tried to get clear and protect the phone. Turning the camera on her, I snapped a picture of Terri's soaked fingers cupping her cunt as her squeezed thighs shook. I'm no photographer so it didn't capture the moment entirely, but it definitely made it clear that shenanigans had gone on.

I sent it with the caption, "How many days of lockdown?"

Handing Terri the towel and her phone, I stood up and grinned at the window. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water. I'd say that she earned it. This workout was certainly memorable.

When I got back, Terri had cleaned up and wiped down most of the damage. She stood up and took the water from me, while leaning into a kiss.

"Thanks, hon. And I think Lor thanks you too."

"Yeah, I'm just here to support your physical fitness in this trying time," I smirked.

"I'm going to be Linda Hamilton Hot when we get out of this thing, because that... that's exercise I'm gonna be motivated about."

I laughed and added, "Yeah, and I can imagine the Neighbor Lady Potluck is going to look a lot different in future months. When you guys say, 'I'm playing Bunko tonight' I'm going to be picturing a whole new world of things."

"Oh, hell yeah. And I'm going to get them on board with changing a few things in the HOA Covenant. That trash policy is shit, and I figure if I start with Lorraine, I can get a nice little coterie of motivated retirees to see my side of things. The Neighborhood Association will never know what hit them."

"Seriously? You're going to use this little Voyeur Aerobics-"

"Not aerobics."

"-to corrupt-"

"to influence."

"-neighborhood politics? Like seducing older folks for the tiniest bit of power and influence?"

"Think of it as Occupy The Repressed Sex Drives of Folks I Actually Like But Who Need Motivation To Do The Right Thing."

"That's not going to fit on a bumper sticker. But, also, I don't think it matters much. You're just looking to fuck your way around the Bunko group because you think Bunko is boring."

"Maybe, but I figure a few of these chicks regret missing the Free Love movement. Politics and sex and they were being good little housewives. Two or three good orgasms, and they'll be burning their bras and helping me overrule that asinine policy that Fred got through."

"Vive La Revolucion."

Social change through exhibitionism and same-sex seduction. There have been weirder political movements I suppose, but good to know that something positive can come from a challenging time. Well, that and a wife who can't keep her clothes on.