**A New Way of Seeing Things**

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*Standard disclaimers.  
  
This is a story about sexual exploration and, open relationships. Open relationships can and do happily exist; but they are not for everyone. If you do not believe it is at all possible for open relationships to exist without damage to any and all involved parties, please do yourself a favor and don't waste your time reading this.  
  
Also, this story takes place in a world where STDs don't exist and only babies planned for and wanted do—in other words, a fantasy world. Any resemblance to real-life people is purely coincidental.  
  
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Gwen pulled the dressing room curtain shut and sighed. She had never developed the desire for clothes shopping popular society had said all women should have, and if not for the damned Chamber of Commerce dinner in two weeks, she would not be here at all. However, a look in her closet at the time of the invitation had made it clear she would need something new to wear.   
  
She glanced into the mirror before her. Someone else who might have been sharing the view would have seen a petite brunette in her late thirties or early forties, 5'2", with delicate features and shoulder length hair tied in a loose pony tail, blue eyes shining with intensity in the reflection. Her skin, at least what could be seen, was tan the way one might get from outdoor work. The woman's loose blouse and jeans blurred the contours of a finely-toned body, in particular her 34b breasts. A very full bra ("chest armor", her husband Tim occasionally joked), further concealed the graceful flowing lines beneath.   
  
Gwen did not see what others might, however. Indeed, her purpose for her self-evaluation in the mirror was to ensure she was dressed "properly". Revealing attire was not very becoming and sent the wrong message, she had been raised to believe. It was her mother who had reminded her more than once during her teenage years that "a proper lady dresses and behaves in a manner to attract proper gentlemen," and that "a married woman has no need to attract a man at all." Her self-appraisal assured her everything was buttoned and aligned, everything loose enough as to not reveal the body underneath and perhaps send the wrong message. Years of horseback riding, stable work and proper diet had earned her what she had, but to show it to others would be wrong.   
  
With another sigh she took her eyes from the mirror and kicked off her sandals before reaching to unfasten her blouse, buttons securing it high up her chest despite the early summer Georgia heat. Reaching the point where the garment disappeared under the waistband of her jeans, she worked the belt buckle before turning her attention to the copper button and zipper of her pants. Her shirt was freed, removed and carefully hung on a nearby hook before Gwen quickly shucked the jeans down her rock-hard thighs and calves, gracefully dipping to retrieve and hang them with her blouse.  
  
She shivered at the shock of the air-conditioning against her skin, despite how much of it was still covered by her full panties and bra. The black dress was removed from the hanger and slipped over her head, hem falling to her knees. Gwen again looked into the mirror. The right length, she thought, not too short, but the neckline dips a bit too much—I can almost see my cleavage! Not my first choice, she decided, but at least I know it's here if I get desperate.  
  
The process of undressing was reversed, and again the woman examined herself in the mirror for anything she might have missed before leaving the cubicle. Satisfied, she grabbed the dress and turned to pull open the curtain.  
  
Gwen's hand stopped short of the edge of the divider as she found herself staring through a 6-inch gap between the fabric and the wall and into the eyes of a middle-aged man seated on the other side of the corridor. He quickly dropped his stare to the assorted shopping bags left at his feet by his wife while she occupied the cubicle next to where he sat. Pushing the curtain aside, face burning brightly, she hurried past the man and dropped the dress on the attendant's desk without saying a word.   
  
Anger, shock and uncertainty flowed through her as she rushed out to the parking lot. How dare he look at her like that! Could she even be sure that he saw anything? The look on the man's face, and his refusal to look up again, told her he had. Still, she clung to the hope that he had not noticed while the shock and anger subsided.   
  
Gwen was in the car before she realized uncertainty was being replaced with rationalization. C'mon, she told herself, even if he saw something, he didn't see that much. Natalie wears bikinis more revealing than my underwear. And there's no way he saw my front, right?  
  
Her thoughts kept returning to Natalie, the wife of Gwen's youngest brother Adam. Nat represented many of the things Gwen's mother had warned her not to become. She was a little taller, maybe 5'4", with beautiful blonde hair that reached down to the small of her back. She was definitely more full-figured than Gwen, highlighted by the D-cup breasts and round bum she had no qualms about displaying. Camisole and bikini tops were the norm this time of year, and Gwen could swear she had seen her sister-in-law braless more than once!  
  
Still, she had to admit, it was impossible not to like Natalie. She was honest, very caring and giving, devoted to Adam, and a wonderful mother. Even Gwen's parents had considered her a "loose woman" when they first met, but had grown to love her like their own.   
  
Natalie shows more in public than I did in that dressing room, Gwen continued to reason. She doesn't seem embarrassed—why should I? And while she continued to wrestle with her shame, another feeling began to compete for her attention.   
  
Despite her best efforts, the warm tingling feeling of arousal began to spread through her body, seeming to radiate from her sex. She had been almost naked in front of a strange man, and it appeared he was only too happy to look! Letting another man see me was wrong, she argued as the feeling grew, and it's even more wrong to get pleasure from being that man's object of desire! Still, the scene played in her head, and she found herself imagining exactly what the stranger had seen and thought.  
  
In truth, Gwen was uncomfortable with sex in general. She had been taught while growing up that a woman's job was to make babies and give in to her husband's needs, but sex was something that 'good girls endure rather than enjoy'. Rumors and misinformation from the all-girls school she had attended only strengthened this belief, and while her exposure to a bigger world after her marriage had at least softened her conscious stance and permitted her to at least not pass on the worst of it to her daughters, subconsciously there was still a resistance she could not overcome.   
  
Despite her efforts to distract herself, Gwen's mind continued to play with what had happened, what-if scenarios popping into her head as she struggled to push them out again. The thought of what would have happened had she needed to remove her underwear made her gasp before she could focus on what to prepare for dinner that night.   
  
By the time she reached the house she was frantic. A swim might help cool me off, she thought, not even acknowledging the double entendre to herself. Gwen hurried to the bedroom, closing the door despite the being the only one in the house, and shed her clothes before moving to the dresser where she kept her bathing suits.   
  
Her reflection in a nearby mirror caught her eye. Normally she would have hurried by, unwilling to appear conceited, even to herself, but her excitement and her desire to examine what the man might have seen caused her to stop and look. Tan lines were very much in evidence, creamy white skin showing to what lengths she normally went to cover herself. Her breasts were firm and capped by pink areolae, nipples standing erect in the chill of the air conditioned room. A flat stomach led down to a verdant patch of pubic hair, her thatch grudgingly trimmed enough to avoid any potential embarrassment in the very modest one piece bathing suit she normally wore. Her mind began to wander, back to the events in the dressing room, and with it her fingers began to wander as well, gently tracing lines through the valley of her breasts...  
  
"You're sick," she muttered, and angrily took two steps to the right to the dresser to retrieve her suit. A cover-up followed, a towel was retrieved from the bathroom, and she made her way up the small hillock at the back of the house to where the pool sat.   
  
The refreshingly cool water did take her mind off of her situation for the moment. Still, the day's events, and their possibilities, continued to push uninvited into her mind and the 'itch' was stronger than it had been in a long time. Gwen weighed her options as she hung from the side of the pool.  
  
"You could touch yourself," a voice deep inside quietly suggested.   
  
Another voice, strong and sounding much like her mother, reacted in moral outrage. Gwen had tried to masturbate a few times in the past, and while the physical pleasure had been wonderful, the guilt afterwards had been worse. She decided she was not yet desperate enough for that yet. Another plan began to form despite her efforts to concentrate on the proper cooking times for chicken.   
  
Gwen was putting the finishing touches on dinner when she heard Tim's truck pull into the yard. She and her husband had purchased the plumbing business from his old boss shortly after they had married and turned it into a very profitable enterprise, with five employees and three trucks. The business had been so successful that her husband had also managed to purchase the property their house now stood on, relocating the business here as well as building a barn and paddock for Gwen and their children to stable their horses. Gwen managed the business' office when she was not busy caring for the kids.   
  
With both children out of the house—Alison living down in town with her new husband, KD off at college—the house was finally quiet and had allowed their parents to develop a comfortable routine as husband and wife.  
  
"Dinner's ready, go get washed up," she called over her shoulder as he came up behind her and kissed her cheek.   
  
"Smells good," he rumbled as he headed down the hallway to change. She watched him go. He was not a large man, 5'8" according to his driver's license, lean and wiry in build, clean shaven with a neatly-trimmed crop of salt-and-pepper hair. His daughters had joked that many of the women who called for his plumbing expertise were actually hoping for another type of service altogether, something straight out of a porno. Gwen would give them her best disapproving stare when she overheard these conversations. In truth, she never doubted her husband's fidelity—he had never given her a reason to. And she certainly had no intentions of ever being unfaithful to him.  
  
Dinner was put on the table and life progressed as it did most nights, both of them sitting in their favorite spots, watching TV after chores had been done. As was normally the case, Gwen kissed her husband goodnight at 9 and headed to bed, knowing he would be along in a bit.  
  
Tim made his way into the bedroom a half-hour later. He smiled to himself when he saw his wife clad in her traditional knee-length nightgown with the covers pulled about her waist, propped up on a pillow and reading. It was the same scene, every night. Only the nightgown changed, and only the color, never the length. Just once, he mused, I'd like to walk in here and find her naked and waiting for me, legs spread wide. Or maybe on her knees, ass pointed up for me to take.   
  
He knew those were just ridiculous fantasies. Gwen was who she was, the woman he loved more than anyone else in the world, who made him extremely happy and content. She was not a sexual creature—it just wasn't her thing. While she tolerated his more relaxed attitude towards nudity and sexuality, those topics made her very uncomfortable when applied to her own state of being. So, he willingly accepted the once- a-week sex (always missionary, always with the lights out, always with just enough foreplay to get them both ready) and found enough alone time to relieve his sexual stress with the help of his hand and an active imagination. If Gwen knew he was doing this, she never let on. He sometimes wondered how she would react if she knew.   
  
Tim dropped his shorts and climbed under the covers wearing his customary pair of boxers and t-shirt while Gwen placed her bookmark and turned off the light. Leaning over, he kissed her where he imagined her lips to be in the darkness. "G'night honey."  
  
"Good night."  
  
Tim lay there, staring through the darkness at the ceiling, collecting his thoughts while waiting for sleep to come. Beside him, Gwen shifted, trying to find a comfortable spot. "Need to remember to put some more inch and a quarter PVC on the truck," he thought. "That job on Blaylock Street is going to use the last of it..."  
  
A hand—Gwen's hand, he reminded himself before realizing how stupid that was, of course it was hers—landed delicately on his stomach just below his navel. It paused only briefly before sliding down until it made contact with the waistband of his shorts, fingers pushing down against his skin to give it enough room to slide under the elastic and on to the head of his flaccid penis. Gingerly, Gwen began to pet the slumbering length.  
  
Tim was afraid to move, not wanting to break the spell. Slowly he turned his head towards where Gwen lay while his member began to grow under her hand. "Tonight?" he asked when he could dimly see her face in the darkness.  
  
"I'm sorry!" she squeaked as her hand quickly withdrew. "If you're too tired, or don't want to, I understand," she said with a touch of panic in her voice.   
  
"No, no," he quickly reassured her. "I want to, it's just that we don't usually, on a weeknight...and when we do it's me who, y'know, starts things..."  
  
The hand withdrew from his stomach altogether. "I'm sorry, You're right--I should have let you start..." her voice trailed off.   
  
Tim wanted to slap himself in the forehead for scaring off her advance. "No, that's not it—I like it when you start—it just surprised me, is all." He quickly brought his knees to his chest and pushed his underwear over his ankles in one swift motion. "Here, let me make it easier." Shorts discarded, Tim put his legs back down and lay still while his cock tried to decide whether to continue its rise or return to its dormant state.   
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Very!"  
  
The hand returned, Gwen nervously watching her husband's face in the near darkness for any signs of a negative reaction to her advance. She went directly to his rapidly swelling member this time, petting and stroking gently. Tim rolled to his side as gently as he could and kissed her, anxious to show his approval of her boldness.  
  
Their lips found each other while his hand went to her hip, smoothing and stroking her body through the fabric of the nightgown. He continued to move upward, first to the curve of her waist, then to her ribcage before softly gliding across her breast. Gwen sighed gently at the touch, leaving Tim wondering if it was a sign of pleasure or annoyance. She continued to gently stroke him and he decided not to press his luck. Sliding his hand back down to her thigh, he pulled her nightgown up far enough to get underneath the garment. Long experience had taught him that Gwen normally only allowed him access to her sex long enough to get her to lubricate, making their coupling more comfortable for her. Once she was wet and he was hard, it was time for the main event.  
  
His hand slid up to where he expected her panties to begin, only to find bare skin. He continued up. "No underwear?" he asked, breaking their kiss.  
  
"I didn't think I'd need them right away," she answered softly, unwilling to make eye contact. "Is that OK?"  
  
"It's great," he replied enthusiastically, renewing the kiss while his fingers slipped through the thick carpet on her mons and down to the furrow beneath. Rather than smooth, dry lips needing a gentle stroke, he found his wife soaked and ready, his finger plunging deep into her slit without effort, her opening ready and willing to accept him. Gwen's breathing grew ragged at the touch. Tim slid his finger in and out of her a couple of times, then reluctantly began to withdraw his hand. He knew the routine; when she was wet enough to take him, it was time to finish the act.   
  
Gwen's hand flew from his cock and pressed him back into her crotch with enough force to make it clear she wanted him to stay. Only after she had helped him slide his finger back into her and firmly plant his palm at the top of her furrow did she return her attention to his manhood.   
  
Her hips began to twitch, almost imperceptibly at first, then with more force as her sex pushed against her husband's hand. She kissed him with more passion than he could ever remember, her lips mashed against his, tongue tentatively exploring. Suddenly, her thighs snapped shut, locking his hand in place while she ground against it. Gwen broke her kiss and began panting, seeming to fight to keep silent as her climax built.  
  
Tim watched with fascination. He could easily count the number of times he had seen her orgasm; every time had been with the aid of wine and a vacation setting. Never on a work night, and never in their bed. Gwen continued to thrust against him, finally squeezing her thighs together so hard he thought his fingers might break while her body stiffened. She let out a soft cry, even seeming to squelch this, then went limp. Tim didn't dare move, lying there next to his panting wife while she recovered. After a couple of moments, her eyes fluttered open while her thighs relaxed enough to allow his hand to leave. She looked back at him, her face a mixture of orgasmic bliss, nervousness, and guilt. Tim grinned at her in reassurance while he rolled her onto her back. Putting one knee, then the other, between her thighs, he opened her enough to allow him to crouch between her legs, poised to mount her. Tim pushed the nightgown above her hips and thought about removing it altogether to take in the beauty of her naked body as he penetrated her, but he knew she preferred it on when they made love—he was not anxious to ruin the moment and contented himself with imagining her naked instead.   
  
Tim bent over his wife and kissed her as his hips flexed forward, his cock making contact with her nether lips before pushing through and burying itself in her channel. He began to thrust slowly and evenly, surprised to find Gwen's hips rising to meet his. She had always just lay there and let him do as he wanted—this night was just getting better and better.   
  
His orgasm came quickly, Tim passionately kissing his wife as his thrusting became urgent before he buried himself in her with one last lunge. They lay locked together for several moments before Tim rolled off while Gwen quickly rose and moved to the bathroom. They lay there together for several moments after she returned, Tim spooning her.   
  
"Tim?"   
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"Was that OK? I mean, me starting things, and, you know, what happened to me?"  
  
He hugged her tightly. "It was great. Did you enjoy what happened to you?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess, but..."  
  
"But what?"  
  
"Never mind. Not important."  
  
"Gwen, it's OK to feel good, remember? We talked about that."  
  
She nodded quickly, but said nothing. Tim kissed the back of her head and drew her in close. "Good night."   
  
"Night."  
  
Gwen lay awake long after her husband was breathing deeply behind her, re-examining everything that had happened, and what she had caused to happen. The guilt over her orgasm was not as bad as she thought it would be, and Tim did seem to enjoy her making the first move, and making him happy was part of her job, right? The whole reason she had needed the orgasm in the first place still bothered her, though. Another man had seen her nearly naked, and used that to create pleasure for herself. That just had to be wrong. And yet, different scenarios continued to dance in her mind, scenarios where it might happen again.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 02**

The next morning Gwen was in the workshop, handing out assignments and doing inventory while Tim and the other plumbers and apprentices loaded the trucks with the tools and materials needed for the day. She made sure to check that "her boys," as she affectionately called them, were dressed cleanly and neatly in pants and shirts that reflected the professionalism that Nelson Plumbing was known for.   
  
"Cliff, the cuffs of your pants are starting to fray a bit. I'll order you a couple of new pairs. The same size as last time?'  
  
"Yes ma'am, he replied with a polite smile. The muscular black man had been one of Tim's first apprentices, and had been with the company ever since. He and the others always thought of Gwen as more of a house mother than a boss.   
  
"I'll call it in today," she said as she handed him a couple of signed estimates. "Anyone else need anything?"  
  
No one spoke up, and soon all of the trucks were out of the yard, leaving her to tend to the horses before making the hundred-yard commute back to the office above the workshop. The morning flew by—billing days always did—and thankfully she had no time to think of the events of the previous twenty-four hours. Lunch consisted of a rushed salad brought over from the house, and she did not look up from her paperwork again until nearly three o'clock.   
  
A rivulet of sweat running down the small of her back reminded her the air conditioning in the office could only do so much against the Georgia heat. A good time for a swim, she decided as she signed the check for the last bill in the pile.   
  
Gwen was halfway across the yard when the cellphone she held sounded the tone of an incoming call from her husband. "Nelson Plumbing," she answered while juggling phone and empty lunch container. It could be his apprentice Jordan, she reminded herself.  
  
"Hi honey, it's me."  
  
"Hi Tim, I'm just heading back to the house. What's up?"  
  
"Wanted to let you know we're probably going to be back late tonight. We just now got that old water heater out—I can't believe how they wedged it in there—and they need hot water by breakfast tomorrow. I sent Jordan out for some more ¾" copper, and when he gets back I'll send him out to get us some dinner while I put the feed lines back in."  
  
"Got it. Remind him to save the receipts."  
  
Tim laughed. "Already have. I told him that if he forgot, he has to face you."  
  
"I'm not that bad," Gwen fussed. "Do you want me to send one of the other trucks over?"  
  
"No, we can barely get one pair of hands in that space. Cliff or Walt would just stand around critiquing my work. If you can just check in with them when they come back, see if they ran into any problems today, need anything..."  
  
"Sure will. I'll keep the phone nearby. Call me if you need anything."  
  
"Will do. Love you, Gwen."  
  
"Love you, too."  
  
Gwen reversed the juggling act to open the screen door, setting the food bowl down in the sink before moving off to the bedroom to change. Grabbing the door handle, she paused before swinging it shut. This is silly, the woman reasoned. No one's here. Still, she listened carefully for the sound of anyone who might be in the house before boldly leaving the door open and stripping down to her underwear. Gwen began to move to the master bath, where her suit hung on the back of the door, but stopped halfway across the room. I could use a glass of wine, she thought, and that lunch bowl isn't going to get into the dishwasher on its own. Accepting her own dare, she stepped into the hallway, clad in nothing more than her bra and panties.   
  
Gwen could not ever remember being this undressed outside of her bedroom. Underwear, nightgown and robe were par for the course when moving about the house in the early morning, and clothes were an absolute requirement after breakfast. She crept down the hall, the excitement of such a risqué act tempered with the feeling that this was wrong. The weight of the Slut and the Lady was heavy on each shoulder.  
  
As a young girl, Gwen had seen a cartoon depicting a devil on one shoulder of the main character and an angel on the other, each trying to exert their influence. The devil won several times, each with disastrous yet hilarious results, before the angel had the last laugh.   
  
From this had come Gwen's own version, the Slut and the Lady. The Slut was always dressed in a tight red corset and fishnet stockings, requisite horns perched atop her head, while the Lady, exuding a certain motherly glow, dressed in a pantsuit and stylish jacket,. When they appeared, the two would fight, Gwen would agree with the Lady, and decency prevailed. This time, however, she stepped back and watched, unwilling to take a side.   
  
She made her way to the kitchen, the Slut smiling broadly at the change in the odds. Gwen deliberately took her time loading the dishwasher, bending over it much longer than necessary, the motion drawing her full panties into her crotch. The coolness of the house had eased her need for a swim and the Lady argued for her to get dressed, but still she lingered, wiping down counters, adding things to the shopping list. Eventually, Gwen found herself standing at the window looking out towards the shop. Get away from there, somebody might see you, the Lady shouted. Who, the squirrels? The Slut countered. Her excitement rose. What if someone did see her? What would she do? What would they do? The feelings of arousal grew, and Gwen knew this was a dangerous game she was playing. With no idea as to when Tim might be home, there was no guarantee of relief from the building pressure.   
  
You could touch yourself, the Slut suggested as she wrestled the Lady to the ground and sat on her chest. The Lady tried to regain her footing, but Gwen smiled to herself, happy that the Slut had won this round. Her unfocused gaze was on the sunny yard before her as her hand began to turn languid circles on her bare stomach, each pass drawing her closer to the waistband of her underwear while the other hand came up to cup her bra-covered breast.   
  
This will only lead to trouble, the Lady squeaked before her mouth was covered by the Slut's hand. No it won't, the corseted mini-Gwen replied, but only one way to find out that I'm right. Gwen's hand slipped beneath under the front of her panties, fingers sliding through her thick, curly thatch, until the middle one found her clit. She gasped as the contact caused a jolt like an electric shock to race through her body. Her finger delicately circled the nub, mini-shocks continuing to fire as the Lady struggled to remove the hand from her mouth while the Slut smiled and nodded knowingly. Gwen's other hand grasped at the flesh of her breast, annoyed with the rough fabric between it and the nipple crying for attention beneath.   
  
She lost track of time, her climax barely giving a warning of its approach before exploding upon her, the mini-shocks turning to intense waves of pleasure radiating from her sex. The force of the orgasm buckled her legs, and she sank to one knee, her hand leaving her breast to grasp the windowsill for support as her muscles spasmed wildly. The pleasure was not quite as intense as those from the night before—guilt and shame still cast shadows deep in the recesses of her mind—but what she was experiencing was still incredible nonetheless. Her head slumped to rest on her outstretched forearm while her breathing began to steady. Minutes passed.   
  
Gwen, the Slut and the Lady all froze as the sound of thunder, the bolt of doom the Lady always predicted, began to grow louder. Gwen looked up in fear to see the noise was actually Cliff's truck come up the dirt driveway and pulling into the yard. With a squeak of panic, the half-naked woman slunk away from the window before running to the bedroom, slamming the door behind her as she hurriedly re-dressed. Moments later she was hurrying across the yard to where the truck was being unloaded.   
  
"Tim's going to be late," Gwen announced as she approached the two men. "He wanted me to check in with you to see if you guys needed anything."  
  
Cliff glanced at the woman and resisted doing a double-take. The top two buttons of her blouse were undone, the flapping lapels teasing him with a glimpse of cleavage, while two buttons below, the shirt gapped where she had forgotten another one. He knew that with the right angle, he would be able to get a glimpse of her bra-covered tit for the first time ever. He had seen plenty of titties in his life; but this is one he never expected to see. Gwen Nelson was the most prim, proper woman he had ever met. Underneath all those layers, though, he just knew she was a fine-looking woman.   
  
"No Gwen, everything's good. I was just going to grab some more relief valves and put them on the truck before I go. Mike, how about you? Anything I'm forgetting?"  
  
Gwen turned to look at the young apprentice. Cliff smiled as the blouse opened when she moved, revealing the fabric-covered side of what he now became more apparent as a pretty little breast. Just more than a mouthful, he guessed.   
  
"No ma'am, nothing I can think of." Cliff smiled again. As he told all the apprentices, "When you become a plumber, you can call her Gwen. Until then, she's Mrs. Nelson, or ma'am, to you.   
  
"Can I get you boys something to drink before you go?" She offered, gesturing to the refrigerator in the shop.   
  
"No, not for me," Cliff replied. "Ty's got a game tonight, and I'm on my way to meet Cheryl there."  
  
"Oh. Well, tell him hit a home run for me."  
  
He laughed. "If it's alright with you, I'll tell him you asked him to take a pitch. That boy needs to learn some plate discipline."   
  
The two men climbed into their vehicles and took their leave. Gwen barely had time to climb the stairs to the office before the sound of Walt and Andrew's truck crunching across the gravel could be heard above the air conditioning. The process of unloading for the night was repeated, and fifteen minutes later, Gwen was stepping back into her kitchen.   
  
It wasn't until she had opened the refrigerator and bent over the crisper to grab some green beans that she noticed the buttons she had missed. She stood up, hand flying to cover her gasp of horror as she realized four men had seen her like that. Gwen's mind raced to recreate the time she had been at the workshop—did any of them say or do anything that might let on she had been hanging out for all the world to see? The Lady sputtered in indignation while the Slut said nothing, a knowing smile on her face. If they had noticed anything, they were too polite to let on, the alarmed and aroused woman grudgingly acknowledged to herself. The smile disappeared from the Lady's face as Gwen found herself imagining they had noticed. Particularly the apprentices, barely past their teen years, Gwen knew that men that age only had one thing on their mind. Did they like looking at her? She made her way back to the bedroom and again discarded jeans and shirt, returning to the kitchen clad in her underwear, her robe nearby this time. She found great delight in cooking dinner that way, making a plate for Tim and setting it in the microwave for when he got home.   
  
After she had eaten, Gwen briefly considered staying in her state of undress until her husband returned, wanting to see his reaction, but she reminded herself that Jordan would be with him. Reluctantly, she donned her nightgown and robe, watching TV until 9. Tim had still not arrived, and so she wrote him a quick note welcoming him and home and pointing him to his dinner, then went to bed.   
  
She awoke two hours later to the sound of his truck in the yard. She briefly thought about going to meet him, but was still half-asleep under the covers when he came into the bedroom. Tim kissed her lightly on the cheek and began stripping down before disappearing into the bathroom for a much-needed shower, pale-white butt and legs contrasting against his tanned torso. She envied him his ability to walk around naked like that, and while she knew it was wrong to look, she really did enjoy the view.   
  
He emerged twenty minutes later, clad in only the boxer shorts she had laid out for him. Gwen had set out a Nelson Plumbing t-shirt as well, but she knew it unlikely he would wear it to bed—he never did.   
  
"Welcome home," she whispered as he settled onto the mattress with a groan.   
  
"I thought you had apprentices to do all the grunt work," he grumbled. "Moving old water heaters with your fingertips is a young man's job. Darn, I'm tired.Thanks for making me dinner. G'night honey." He rolled to his side to kiss her before collapsing back. In what seemed like seconds, his soft rhythmic breathing told Gwen he was asleep. She was right behind him, any feelings of remorse she might have had over her actions of the past two days thankfully asleep as well.   
  
...she was at the mall, on that raised area in the center court where musicians played and Santa had his workshop during the holidays. Only today, the attraction was her. She was naked, standing on some sort of turntable that was slowly rotating while all around her, shoppers strolled by, seemingly oblivious to the spectacle on stage. Her arms had been bound behind her in a way to force her proud breasts out at the passers-by while her ankles had been chained to where she stood, legs spread enough to display her sex to any who might wish to look. And yet, the disc beneath her continued to turn and no one showed the slightest interest.  
  
Except one man. She caught him out of the corner of her eye as her nude body rotated, his complete attention on the display in front of him. She sensed, rather than knew, that it was the man from the dressing room. He too was naked, an immense erection too big to be humanly possible pointing out at her from beneath his pot belly, his hand poised at the end of the pink-headed monster as her breasts and sex came into view. Finally facing him, their eyes met while his hand began to stroke...  
  
She awoke with a small gasp, her body wet with perspiration. Beside her, Tim lay undisturbed, breathing bordering on a soft snore. Just a dream, she assured herself. Just a dream. And while she was disturbed at the still-fresh images in her mind, she also realized she wanted to return to them, to see what the man would do next. Gwen knew sleep was not going to come again without some guilt and soul-searching. With a sigh, she rose and tried to focus on the clock. 4:30. The thought of a shower to rinse the rapidly evaporating sweat off sounded appealing, but doing so might wake Tim.   
  
Might was well just get a head start on breakfast, Gwen decided, and reached for her robe. It's just me and Tim, I don't need that, she boldly declared, and made her way to the kitchen.   
  
Tim found her sitting there at the table, absentmindedly sipping her coffee when he awoke an hour and a half later. Kissing her on the top of her head, he made his way to the coffeemaker. "Everything OK? You're up pretty early." The fact she was out here in just her nightgown was just another reason for the question.  
  
"Hmm? Yeah, I'm fine, just couldn't sleep." Gwen got up and moved to the stove. "Now that you're up, let me finish these eggs and bacon." They ate while Tim recounted the previous day's events, detailing every painful step taken to get the job to a point where they could leave for the night. Gwen half-listened, occasionally interjecting an "uh-huh" or a "hmmm" where she thought appropriate.  
  
"Seems like you've got something on your mind," Tim said as he took another forkful of egg.  
  
"Oh, just stuff I have to do today," she quickly explained. "I'm going down into town for copier paper and toner. And I still need to find a dress for the Chamber of Commerce dinner."  
  
"You don't have to go to the dinner if you don't want to," her husband said as he took his plate to the sink. "Cliff and I can go and shake hands."  
  
"No, no, I should go," she replied. The resignation in her voice made Tim believe she considered it a chore. In reality, Gwen was facing the prospect of what she really planned to do today, and that she was powerless to stop it.   
  
The morning progressed as most other mornings did, trucks dispatched, horses tended, and eventually Gwen found herself back in the house, preparing for her trip downtown. A more concrete plan had formed while she mucked stalls. First stop was Alison's room. The size of Ali's college dorm room and the apartment she now shared down in town with her new husband Jason had dictated that some things be left behind as she moved. Closing the door behind her, she stood in front of the dresser filled with her daughter's belongings.  
  
Tim and Gwen's daughters had inherited their parents' looks—strangers would take in Ali and her mother's good looks and build and conclude they sisters separated by just a few years, while KD took after Tim, albeit with 36D breasts and some college party padding.   
  
Despite their strikingly similar builds, mother and daughter had rarely, if ever, borrowed each other's clothes. Alison found the older woman's style of dress to be ultra-conservative at best, while Gwen was frankly shocked at the some of the things her daughters had worn out of the house as teenagers. Their mother had desperately wanted to step in and make them "lady-like," but Tim had had his way on this one, gently reminding his wife their daughters were their own people and had been raised to make the right decisions.   
  
The chest before her contained clothes, including underwear, Gwen assumed. She had done enough laundry to know the scandalous things her daughter had covered her private parts with, and it was her hope she had left some behind in her drawer. She had snooped on her daughters when they were teenagers, telling herself it was her duty and right to check for any drug paraphernalia they might be hiding. The worst she had ever found was an unopened box of condoms in KD's underwear drawer. Gwen had wanted to confront her daughter on the discovery, but couldn't bring herself to speak of it. Tim's reaction was one of relief that his daughter was using protection, and the matter had been shelved, the box carefully placed back she had found it. Gwen had stopped the drug-checks after they went off to college, however, and she honestly didn't know what Ali might have left.   
  
A pull of the drawer handle revealed bras and panties of all styles and types jumbled together, as if her daughter had just dug through them to select those that would be going with her. Gwen scanned the disorderly piles for a moment before gingerly removing a bra. It seemed as if there were no weight whatsoever to it when compared to the ones she wore. It was a light blue color, of simple cotton construction, with the clasp at the front. A quick check of the tag showed the size to be about right. With a deep breath, she pulled the Nelson Plumbing t-shirt over her head and quickly reached behind her back to unclasp her full bra. Shucking it from her shoulders and laying it on the bed along with her shirt. Gwen wasted no time in pulling on Ali's leftover, finding the cotton surprisingly comfortable against her breasts when compared to the thick wire lined restrainers she normally wore. Her erect nipples made clear impressions against the thin cups, and she considered trying something more substantial before deciding to stick with her plan.   
  
A matching pair of panties were in plain sight, but the woman's attention was focused on a white lacy garment buried near the back. Gently she pulled it out to reveal a small triangular patch of whispy fabric, one strip of elastic attached to two of the corners, another strip attached to the middle of the first string and the third corner. This can't be comfortable to wear for any length of time, Gwen thought. That one string would run right through your butt crack and up through the other one...it began to dawn on her that perhaps these were only meant to be worn for a short time. The thought of her own daughter, teasing a man with this before taking it off for him altogether ran through her head before she dismissed it. Even the Slut knew it would be too much to push for these. You really are sick, she muttered, and put the thong back where she had found it and selected the blue panties.

They appeared to be cut high on the hip, but still had reasonably large triangles in both the front and back, and wide swatch connecting the two. Satisfied, she sat on the bed to kick off her shoes and jeans before standing and pushing her beige underwear down her legs. She hurriedly replaced them with the bikini-cut selection she held and looked down at herself. While they exposed more skin than she ever had before, she was satisfied with their fit. Gathering her discarded clothes, she opened the door and checked up and down the hallway before making her way to her own bedroom.   
  
Gwen already knew what she was going to wear. She had a sundress she particularly liked that came to just above her knee—on most days, it felt daring enough to show skin like that, but today, with her choice of underwear, it felt decadent—and even chose to leave the top two buttons undone, nearly exposing her cleavage, while forgoing a half-slip. Flats were the shoe of choice, and she quickly made her way to her SUV, afraid that if she didn't go now she might chicken out.   
  
She had been to the office supply store many times before, and knew exactly where the things she needed were. Today was different though, and Gwen strolled through the brightly-lit space, casually looking for things she didn't need, crouching to get better looks at the product on the lower shelves, coming dangerously close to exposing her thighs. Finally deciding that to stay any longer would be to risk getting caught, she made her way to where the cartons of paper were stacked, looking helpless until a young sales associate came over and offered to carry it out to the car. Gwen smiled at the memory of how many bales of hay she had tossed that morning, batted her eyes, and thanked the young man for his kindness and consideration.   
  
Gwen opened the tailgate for the associate and stepped back to let him put the carton in the back. She briefly thought about perhaps dropping her purse and bending to pick it up, letting her dress fall away from her body and expose her bra-covered breasts to the young man, but the Lady managed to convince her that might not be a good idea. Instead, she thanked him again for his service and started the SUV.   
  
Ten minutes later she was at the center court of the mall, staring up at the platform where bored teenagers and senior citizens now sat. Gwen couldn't understand why, but she felt compelled to climb the short set of stairs to stand where she had been standing in her dream, slowly turning, marveling at how what she saw now was exactly as it had been last night.  
  
Except for the naked man, she reminded herself. And the chained and naked me. Gwen blushed at the memory and hurried from the platform towards her next task.   
  
She found the dress she had tried on earlier in the week and again selected it, promising herself to examine it fairly and carefully this time. The next stop was the lingerie section. Gwen wasn't quite sure what she was looking for, but it had to be something shorter than the nightgowns she currently wore, and at least as comfortable. Many selections, much, much too slutty, assailed her, until one presented itself that might have promise. It was a delicate thing, light and filmy with ruffles and folds, and appeared as though it might reach down to mid-thigh on her. Gwen looked around for any observers before snatching it off the rack and moving towards the dressing room as quickly as she dared without attracting attention.   
  
"Two," she announced somewhat breathlessly as she dropped the garments on the counter, making sure the dress lay over the nightgown.   
  
The bored clerk, a teenager with jet black hair, too much eyeliner and a lip piercing, looked up from her texting. "Ya need to wear underwear when trying on bathing suits and lingerie," she said as she slid the plastic number across the desk, reciting from memory the line she had been taught.   
  
"Thanks, yes, I'm covered," Gwen babbled, blushing furiously at the reminder and the unintended double entendre. Grabbing everything, she made her way to the cubicle she had used earlier in the week. She was somewhat disappointed to see only a young man, about KD's age, sitting at the other end of the waiting area and out of potential viewing range. Still, this knowledge emboldened her further, and she slipped into the cubicle, carefully trying to ensure the curtain had stayed open without being seen checking to make sure the curtain had stayed open.   
  
Finally satisfied, Gwen turned to the mirror, content to pretend the young man in the waiting area could see her. With trembling hands she unbuttoned the sundress, letting it fall to the floor to expose her blue bra and panties. Gwen hesitated, examining herself in the reflection, acutely aware her nipples were straining against the fabric that covered them. Casually she reached for the black dress, imagining the man was watching her every move. Gwen slipped it over her head, made some adjustments—and surprised herself by pronouncing it too conservative. Tim deserves to be seen with something nicer than this, she decided, and quickly removed it. Again, standing there in just her underwear, she paused. Now or never, Gwen thought, and steadied her hands enough to undo the clasp of the bra. It fell away to reveal her aching nipples, and the Slut goaded her to touch them while the Lady lay bound and gagged at her feet. Gwen resisted the urge this time and reached for the nightgown. It slipped over her head with a whisper, the fabric both surprisingly see through and comfortable, her breasts a softened vision beneath the garment. She stood there admiring the look, rotating her hips, pushing her chest out, putting one leg, then the other, forward.   
  
Decision made, Gwen carefully removed the garment and hung it. She paused before dressing, her inhibitions washed away to the point where she cupped her breasts with both hands, a small wave of pleasure washing over her, before she reluctantly donned her bra and dress. Satisfied everything was in order, she grabbed the dress and nightgown and turned to leave.  
  
The young man had moved and was now grinning at her through the gap in the curtain. She blushed, averting her eyes as she moved into the hallway, and Gwen was intent on dropping both garments on the desk and leaving at a run. The Slut held her to plan. "I'm taking one," she announced carefully as she dropped the dress in front of the teenaged clerk. Not waiting for a response, she moved back into the lingerie section to find a register. Gwen studied the middle-aged woman ringing up her purchase, looking for any sign of disapproval from the clerk, but could not find anything to feed her paranoia. Sale completed, she hurried from the store and to her car.   
  
That guy saw you pretty darn close to naked, the freed Lady screamed. And he might have seen you touch yourself!  
  
Kinda cool huh? the Slut replied, smile on her face. Think he might touch himself later?  
  
Gwen smiled at the thought before pushing it from her mind, deciding she might be mentally ill.  
  
It was the thought she might be cracking up that kept her from repeating her performance by the kitchen window after she arrived home. Instead, she spent the time worrying about her mental health, and what that young man might tell others about what he saw. Could she be arrested for touching her breasts in a dressing room?  
  
Gwen did her best to distract herself by making Mac and Cheese, Tim's favorite, from scratch, reciting the recipe to herself to give her focus. He did most of the talking during and after dinner that night, regaling his wife with stories from the job site and potential customers that were lining up. Gwen's mind, however, was elsewhere.   
  
"I'm going to bed early," she announced after an hour of watching TV. "I'm pretty tired."  
  
"Good idea, Tim agreed. "It was a pretty late night last night. I'll be along shortly."  
  
"Don't stay up too late." She leaned over and pecked him on the cheek before retiring.   
  
Tim made his way to the bedroom twenty minutes later, mildly surprised to find his wife still awake and reading, more surprised to see her lying on top of the covers. He was most surprised to find her dressed in a nightgown he had never seen before. The gauzy fabric only seemed to end just below her hips, where a pair of blue panties peeked out from underneath. Despite the filminess of the material, she had chosen to leave her breasts unfettered, making them faintly visible to him.   
  
"New nightgown?"  
  
"Mm-hmm," she replied as he stripped down to his shorts. "I thought it might be nice to have something lighter for the summer."   
  
"I like it," he said in a deliberate understatement as he slid under the blanket. Tim briefly thought about making his desire for a little carnal contact known, but weeknights were usually a no-go, the other night notwithstanding. Leaning over after Gwen had put down her book and glasses, he kissed her. "Good night."  
  
His wife didn't reply, instead slipping her hand under the blankets, down to where she knew the top of his underwear to be. Her hand began to turn light circles over the hairy skin, gently smoothing and stroking. Tim lay there, unsure if he could be so lucky as to possibly have sex twice in three days. The hand dipped below the waistband, finding the head of his rapidly swelling member, and he knew it was not just his imagination.   
  
Tim rolled to his side to kiss her. "Did, you, uhh, want to turn out the light?"   
  
"I'm OK with it on," Gwen replied. "Unless you want me to turn it off," she added quickly.   
  
"No, no, I'm fine with it." Well, this was a first.   
  
Their lips met, and he began to caress his way up her hip, the garment sliding up with him, Tim very pleased not to have to pull up acres of nightgown to get to the treasures underneath. The same lack of resistance was also appreciated as he did not have to contend with her bra to gingerly place a palm on her breast. Gwen's hips began to twitch, her panty-covered crotch pressing against his thigh.  
  
The aroused woman broke their kiss, and Tim feared he had overstepped his bounds. Gwen, however, quickly sat up while her hands went to his shorts, urgently trying to pull them down. His hands gladly went to help her as he rolled onto his back, pushing his underwear down his legs in one motion before rolling up into a sitting position and reaching for hers. He had done enough laundry as well to know that their faded condition indicated they had originally belonged to one of his daughters. He also noted a dark blue wet spot where the light blue triangles joined...Gwen raised her hips, allowing him to slide them down to her ankles, where she carelessly kicked them off. Their kiss was rejoined, Tim finding her sex while her stroking of his member became more urgent.   
  
"I'm uhh, going to finish soon if you're not careful," Tim warned as her hand grasped and pulled more firmly.   
  
"Ohh—okay," Gwen replied as she lay back and spread her legs. Disappointed as she was to lose the feeling of his hand between her legs, especially that close to her own orgasm, Gwen knew she had a service to perform for her husband.   
  
Tim took her actions as the sign that foreplay was over, and that meant, as it had for all of these years, that it was time to finish in the time-honored fashion. He rolled between her outstretched legs, taking in the sight of his wife naked from the waist down and splayed before him, breasts faintly visible. That'll be one to remember for my self-abuse sessions, he mused, before lowering himself down on top of her, the tip of his length poised against her nether lips. Tim pushed forward and sank into her wetness until he could go no further.   
  
Gwen's body was not to be denied, however. Her hips instinctively thrust up, driving her clit onto the bone of her husband's midsection. Desperately she tried to maintain the pressure against her tingling nub, legs reflexively wrapping around her Tim's waist, grinding herself into him. He was spurred by the novelty and intensity of her passion and sought to bury himself even deeper in her, driving and thrusting into her sex while legs that has spent a lifetime controlling horses sought to bring the same control from her man. His orgasm flashed, ejaculation boiling up and out his length while he buried himself in his wife's channel. His last twitch started Gwen's own climax, her legs and arms tightening so much around her husband's body he feared she might break bone—hers or his. Tim lay there in his post-orgasmic glow while Gwen shuddered through hers. Finally spent, her grip on him loosened, and her legs fell away in exhaustion.  
  
"Wow," was all he could say as their breathing returned to normal. Tim rolled to his side of the bed and held her.   
  
"Yeah, wow," was all Gwen could reply before rising and hurrying to the bathroom to clean up. Moments later she returned in a more traditional pair of full panties, Tim noting with satisfaction that the nightgown had stayed while a bra had been omitted. She seemed somewhat flustered and embarrassed as she turned off the light and slid under the covers, and Tim moved to comfort her.   
  
"That was great," he rumbled while holding her. "Thanks."  
  
"You're welcome," she replied without looking at him. "You deserve it."  
  
Gwen lay there looking at the ceiling long after her husband had fallen asleep.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 03**

The dream returned that night. She was again chained and bound in the center of the mall, slowly turning as shoppers strolled by. The naked man was back, this time joined by her admirer from yesterday. The two were standing on opposite sides of the stage so that while one had a perfect view of her breasts and opened legs, the other had an equally clear view of her tensed rear-end and bound arms. As the pedestal turned beneath her, she could see the pot-bellied man stroking his inhuman length while the man with the chiseled chest and muscular arms did the same to his own massive shaft. Again, Gwen awoke before she could see how it ended.  
  
By the time Tim stumbled into the kitchen that morning, Gwen had made pancakes and a decision on what she had to do.   
  
"You getting up early like this is going to make me fat," Tim teased as he sat down.   
  
"You work too hard to get fat," she gently admonished, mind racing in all directions while the Lady sat triumphantly on her shoulder. "You really need to relax more."  
  
"Last night was pretty relaxing," her husband replied, risking a joke. Sex was something rarely discussed and never made light of, but he sensed something had changed.   
  
Gwen grunted in response, wanting to tell him how much she had enjoyed it too, but knowing to admit that would be wrong, that it would also be further evidence of her mental instability.   
  
Tim rose and hugged her. "I haven't seen you get up early like this since the girls were still here. What's bothering you?"  
  
Gwen smiled and patted his arm, then stood and moved to the coffee maker. "Nothing serious, dear, just silly woman's stuff." She really wanted to confess to him how she thought she was becoming a pervert, how she thought she was going crazy, but not now. Not until she had a chance to talk to someone else, maybe get some professional help...  
  
He let it slide and the morning went on as it normally did. The last truck was pulling on to the road when Gwen dialed the phone.  
  
"...hello?" came a sleepy voice on the other end of the line.  
  
"Hi Natalie? It's Gwen. It sounds like I woke you?"  
  
"Yeah, I've got the three-to-midnight shift at the hospital. One of the other supervisors is on maternity leave," the slowly waking voice replied. "What's up?'  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize!" Gwen stammered. "I can call back later!"  
  
"No, no, it's fine, I was going to get up soon anyways," her sister-in-law lied. "What's up?"  
  
"Well, I was uhhh, wondering if you, uhh, might like to go riding today?"  
  
"Sure, sounds like fun. Are you coming, too?" she asked with a hint of teasing sarcasm.  
  
"Of course!" Gwen answered, not missing the jibe. While she and Natalie had always been polite and civil to each other, they had not developed a bond—Gwen had always thought her too spirited and carefree for her tastes, Natalie seeing her sister-in-law as a prim stick-in-the-mud. "I thought since I'm taking Dart out, and Tigger hasn't been ridden since KD was home before she went off for her summer internship, that you might like to come up?"  
  
"Sounds great," the voice answered. "Be up in a couple of hours?"   
  
Both horses were groomed and saddled when Natalie pulled into the yard. Out of sheer force of habit Gwen appraised the woman's attire as she approached—snug fitting jeans that Gwen knew from experience just barely contained and concealed a very round rear-end, and an equally tight white pocket-T. She noted with grim amusement that Natalie's pink jogbra was clearly visible underneath the shirt, the woman's abundant chest bouncing slightly despite the evident support. Gwen could never understand how women could wear only a jogbra when exercisinga—a bra was a bra as far as she was concerned, and should not be seen. The fact that Natalie's was covered by layer of thin white fabric was only slightly better. At least she was wearing proper boots, Gwen sighed to herself.   
  
A polite hug and pleasantries were exchanged, and she watched as her sister-in-law effortlessly swung into the saddle. She was a natural rider, Gwen had to admit to herself. Natalie had never ridden prior to meeting Gwen's brother Adam, but took to it naturally every time she was offered the chance to ride one of the Nelson horses. She's very comfortable in the saddle, she thought, but Miss Ritter, the chief riding instructor at the stable Gwen had worked at before meeting Tim, would have an absolute fit if she could see her posture. Memories from that time began to collect. Not now, Gwen told herself angrily. Not now!  
  
The pair started up the trail into the woods behind the house, exchanging small talk about various family interests and goings on. Gradually, the two lapsed into silence, the sound of eight hooves thudding against the packed dirt keeping time with the songbirds sitting above the by the the treelined path.   
  
"Natalie, you took some psychology courses when you went to school, didn't you?"  
  
The content and suddenness of the question surprised the younger woman. "Yeah, it's part of the curriculum at any accredited nursing college. I also did a rotation in the medical psych ward when I was getting my certificate. Why do you ask?"   
  
"Well..." the woman next to her shifted uneasily and pressed on. "Well, I'm hoping you can give me your opinion on something."  
  
Natalie chose her words carefully. "OK, you know I'm not a mental health expert, right? I can give you my opinion, but it's just that."  
  
Gwen smiled in acknowledgement. The family had assumed when they first meet Adam's new girlfriend that she was just a bubble-headed blonde hoping to score some money from the family in an 'oops, I'm pregnant" sort of way, but she had proven herself to be a very smart, savvy woman, scoring high marks in the nursing program she had attended before earning praise and recognition for her abilities and grace under pressure in the Emergency room. In turn, she had parlayed this into a move into the Cardiac Care wing, and now, a supervisory position. No, she was not a mental health expert, but probably the closest to one that Gwen knew.   
  
"I know, but maybe you can point me in the right direction. I can trust you to keep this a secret, right? Even from Tim and Adam?"  
  
"What's said between us, stays between us," Natalie replied gravely. "That goes both ways."  
  
"Thank you, I appreciate that. So..." Gwen mustered her courage, unsure how to start now that she was here. "So, I was shopping for a new dress earlier this week, and I tried one on. Unfortunately, I accidentally left the dressing room curtain open a little, and I think there was a guy in the waiting area who might have seen me in my underwear." Natalie looked at her sister-in-law impassively, waiting for more.  
  
"It was a complete accident," Gwen repeated, "and at first I was upset, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized I was kind of excited by it, by the idea this guy would want to look at me."   
  
"A guy saw you in your underwear and it turned you on. Not seeing the need for shock therapy yet. Is there more?" Natalie deadpanned.  
  
"Yes, of course," Gwen responded, mildly surprised her riding companion did not find her admission the least bit shocking. "The next day, I spent the day running around the house in my underwear, and I, uhhh, this is so hard to say...I touched myself down there." The blushing woman dropped her gaze to her crotch.   
  
Natalie's looked over at her sister-in-law. "Did you know that at the turn of the century, physicians would use vibrators to give orgasms to women showing signs of 'hysteria'? Said it relaxed and quieted them, and that it was a sure cure. Imagine that. I'm sorry, I interrupted you. I'm guessing you were imagining that someone could see you running around like that? Or maybe hoping?"  
  
Gwen nodded her head, unwilling to make eye contact.  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
"Yesterday, I went dress shopping again. This time I intentionally left the curtain open a little. I didn't think anyone would see me, but..."  
  
"Someone did?"  
  
Again her sister-in-law nodded miserably, and Natalie could sense the torture she was putting herself through. "Anything else?"  
  
"Natalie, isn't that enough? That I like showing myself to strange men, so much so that I can't stop thinking about it? And my dreams.—" Gwen stopped herself, unwilling to discuss that aspect.   
  
"You had dreams about it, Gwen? Do you remember them? C'mon, you can tell me, your secret is safe with me, right?"   
  
Still Gwen resisted, wanting to lie and tell her she could not remember them.  
  
"Dreams are just dreams," Natalie said gently. "They're where the mind goes to take time off from the serious business of keeping our bodies going. Look, when I first started in Cardio, there was this patient—really handsome guy, really big penis." Gwen looked at her in shock. "Hey, I'm a nurse, not a robot," Natalie explained. "We notice these things. Anyways, he was in because of an arrhythmia. Well, all the cardio patients' heart rates are monitored from the nurse's station, in case someone goes into arrest, that kind of thing. I was on the late shift one night, and this guy's heart rate and BP start to climb. I saw it and got up to go to his room to see what the problem was, but one of the older nurses stopped me. 'He's fine,' she said.   
  
But look at the monitor, I told her. That doesn't look good.  
  
He's fine, she told me again. It'll be back to normal in a few minutes.  
  
How do you know that? I asked.  
  
She laughed and said, "he's masturbating. Once he finishes he'll be back to normal. He's cleared for light exercise, and I'd say this qualifies, don't you? But if you want to go help clean up, make sure the monitor leads don't get wet..."  
  
Natalie laughed. "I guess this was a common occurrence and kind of an initiation that all the new nurses go through. And you know what, for a week after that I had a recurring dream where I had to resuscitate that guy by rushing in there and giving him head! Now, I knew from my training that CPR didn't work that way, and it would get me fired and possibly prosecuted, but my brain knew no boundaries when I was asleep. Same thing for you. Just because you're dreaming something doesn't mean it has to happen in real life, So, what are you dreaming about?"  
  
Gwen decided to bare all, to reveal just how sick she really was. "I had the same dream, twice," she muttered while looking down at the trail moving along below her. "I was tied up on the center stage at the mall, and I was naked. The two guys who saw me in the dressing room were naked too, and they were looking at me. They, were, uhh, touching their things..."  
  
"Sounds interesting. Anything else?"  
  
"Isn't THAT enough?" Gwen wailed, again spooking Dart below her. "Why are you making fun of me? I need help!"  
  
Natalie's voice softened. "Gwen honey, if I thought you needed professional help I would be right there to find you the best person in the state. But honestly, I'd bet that after they get your insurance money they'd say you're normal. Knowing what I do about your parents and your brother, I think you've repressed your sexuality all these years, and now it wants out. To put it bluntly, you need to get laid."  
  
"But, Tim and I were...intimate... twice this week, and still I want more, I still had those dreams!"  
  
"There's nothing that says you can't get off more than twice a week...is Tim a once in a while guy?"  
  
"Oh, no!" Gwen assured her. "I get the feeling he'd do it every night if he could, but he's a guy. He's supposed to be like that."  
  
"Why can't a woman be like that?"  
  
They rode in silence for a moment, Gwen trying to put into words why that was unacceptable. "I guess, just because," she finally offered.   
  
"Until you can come up with a good reason, 'because' is no reason at all."   
  
"But I'm exposing myself to strange men! That can't be normal!" Gwen countered defensively.   
  
"It's not abnormal...more women enjoy being attractive to others than I think you want to admit. If you want to show off a little and the guys want to look, who's suffering in the exchange?"  
  
Gwen began to answer, but stopped. Neither of the men had seemed to be offended by what they had seen.   
  
"Does Tim know?" Natalie asked quietly.  
  
"Oh God, no. No man wants his wife exposing herself to other men."  
  
"I wouldn't be so sure about that, either. Have you ever brought it up with him? Maybe as part of some bedroom talk?"  
  
Gwen quickly corrected her sister-in-law "Oh, we don't talk when we're being, uhh, intimate."  
  
"That's too bad. You should try it. It drives guys wild to hear your fantasies. The old 'saint in the kitchen, whore in the bedroom' thing. Tell him about your first accident. He can't get mad at you for that—it wasn't your fault. See what he does."   
  
"I don't know..."  
  
Natalie pulled Tigger's reins, bringing him to a halt. "Gwen, allow me to give you my diagnosis and suggested treatment as Dr. Natalie Curran, amateur psychologist and unabashed female sexuality advocate. You are very normal, just way behind where you should be in your sexual awakening. Let it out, explore. It sounds like you have some catching up to do. Take Tim along for the ride. As you pointed out, he's a guy, and we both know guys think with their little head if you let them.   
  
Most girls have someone more...experienced...they talk about this kind of stuff with. I know I did, I know Ali and KD did, and I know Annie talks to me and your daughters. It sounds like you missed out on that, so if you want, I would be glad to be that person. Just our secret, I promise."  
  
Gwen hesitated for a moment. How did Natalie know that her daughter was talking to Ali and KD? How did she know that Ali and KD had someone to talk to? "Thank you Natalie, I appreciate that," Gwen finally replied, trying to stay focused on her problem, "but still think I'm mentally ill."  
  
"You will be if you keep trying to push this away," Natalie warned. "Let it out. You'll feel better, and it sounds like Tim will, too. And speaking of Tim, your prescription tonight is to say something sexy in bed to him. It doesn't have to be earth-shattering, just something you've never said before that you wouldn't say at Sunday dinner. I'm guessing there's a lot that would qualify.  
  
I have no doubt he's the person you trust most in this world, so open the door to your new world jut a crack. Maybe little by little at first, at least until you can convince yourself there's nothing to be afraid of, but show him. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised. Promise?"  
  
"I don't know, Natalie, I'll try..."  
  
Don't try, do it. Now, I want to gallop back to the barn. Can you watch me and make sure my form is acceptable?"   
  
Gwen was happy to switch to the role of teacher, to be in control again, calling out small corrections as they rode, her mind temporarily back at the stables where she had been an instructor.   
  
The two women groomed the horses before turning them out in the paddock. "Well, I am certainly fragrant," Natalie announced as she stored the last brush.   
  
Gwen smiled. "Horseflesh and this heat will do that."  
  
"Would you mind if I took a swim and changed here? I brought my scrubs, and I can go straight to the hospital after."  
  
"No, not at all," Gwen assured her. "Come on in and change into your suit while I go get mine."  
  
"I didn't think to bring a suit. Would it be OK if I swim in my underwear?"  
  
Gwen hesitated, trying not to look directly at the pink bra now clearly visible through the sweat-soaked t-shirt clinging to her sister-in-law's skin. "Umm, sure why not? But if you want," she hurriedly added, "I can see if KD left a suit behind—you might fit into hers."  
  
"Don't put yourself out," Natalie insisted. "This will be fine. Need any help inside?"  
  
"No, no, you go up to the pool. Do you think you'll need a towel?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "That would be great."  
  
Gwen hurried to the bedroom, closing the door behind her without even thinking. Sweat-sodden clothes were carefully dropped in the hamper and replaced by her modest one-piece black bathing suit and a robe-like cover-up, sandals slipped on her feet. Grabbing two beach towels, she made her way back outside and up the short hill behind the house to where the pool overlooked the property.   
  
Tim had built the pool back when the girls were still very young as a refuge from the brutal summer heat. He had also had the foresight to mount solar panels on a nearby cabana as well as small propane tankless heater to help keep the water at no less than 72 degrees at all times. As a result, regardless of the time of year the girls had spent most of their young lives going back and forth between barn and pool. The cabana also had a small changing room and shower, though Gwen could never imagine changing out there, though.  
  
No extra heat was required today. The water sparkled in the hot bright sun, and even though Gwen could not see her sister-in-law from the bottom of the rise, she could assume from the jeans and t-shirt hanging over the low fence, Natalie had not used the changing room either. She was at the top of the stairs before she could see her head breaking the surface, a very full bra plainly visible just below the water while a matching pair of pink panties could be made out further down.   
  
"It's perfect!" she called out, pushing her long blond hair back. "C'mon in!"  
  
Gwen demurely removed her robe and adjusted her suit before stepping down the wide stairs and wading towards the deep end.   
  
"Gwen, if you don't mind me asking, that's the only suit I can ever remember you wearing. Do you have others, or do you just keep that one for when somebody's around?"  
  
"No, I have another one just like this. I bought them together." Gwen paused for a moment, letting's Natalie's question sink in. "What do you mean, 'for when somebody's around'?"   
  
"Well, this is a perfect spot for skinnydipping. Don't you ever?"  
  
"Oh no, I would never do that! What if somebody came by?"  
  
"What if somebody did?" Natalie replied, one eyebrow arched conspiratorially. "Do customers or your employees after stop in after hours?"  
  
"No, not really," Gwen had to admit. "Still, what if they did?"  
  
"Yeah, what if they did?" Natalie let the topic drop and crouched at the bottom of the pool, pushing off to the deep end. The women stayed in a few moments more, Gwen just huddling in one spot while her sister-in-law casually paddled about.   
  
"I should probably get to work," Natalie said with some reluctance as she headed for the pool steps. They both got out and toweled down, Gwen noting that the other woman's nipples were plainly visible through the wet, straining fabric.   
  
"Hey, can I borrow your sandals?" Natalie asked as the pair reached the kitchen deck. "Forgot my stuff in the car." Gwen slid them off, and Natalie hurried across the gravel, trading her jeans, t-shirt and boots for a bag on the back seat. Gwen marveled at the fact that this woman was in the middle of her yard in just her underwear, seemingly unfazed in the slightest. She briefly imagined herself doing the same.   
  
The woman clad in bright pink hurried back, breasts bouncing as she moved. "Thanks," she breathed as she reached the deck and kicked off the borrowed sandals.   
  
Gwen opened the door for her. "If you want a shower before you go, you know where the bathroom is," she called as Natalie moved down the hall.   
  
"Thanks, but the swim was perfect," she heard her call over her shoulder as she moved out of sight. Gwen checked the phone for messages. Seeing none, she started to her room to change.   
  
"Natalie, I really want to thank—" she stopped as she looked past the open door on her left to find her sister-in-law bent at the waist and totally nude, vigorously toweling her wet hair. Natalie's mounds swinging violently as she dried, "Her breasts are huge—so much bigger than mine," she thought before looking further down and seeing just a small tuft of already-dry blonde hair sitting above a cleanly shaven pair of vaginal lips. "Oops—sorry, I'm so sorry—I didn't realize you had started changing," she blurted while turning and moving back up the hall.

"Nothing to be sorry about," the voice came back. "Whatever modesty I might have had at one time was obliterated by living in a two-bedroom one-bath apartment with three other nursing students. And the locker room at the hospital is no better. They took the shower curtains down to prevent staph infections."   
  
"Still, very sorry..."  
  
Natalie stepped from the bathroom. "Gwen, look at me." The woman refused to turn. "Look at me." Her voice was softer, yet it seemed like more of a command than a request this time, and Gwen found herself obeying. Natalie was still naked, towel in hand, damp hair hanging down over her back and breasts. "I've got nothing to hide, and you shouldn't either." Natalie stepped back into the bathroom, not bothering to close the door, and emerged a few moments later in scrubs. "I left the towel on the rack." Gwen nodded, but said nothing. "Hey, what are you doing tomorrow?" her sister in law asked brightly.   
  
"Well, tomorrow's Saturday, so probably some yardwork or something."  
  
"Let's go shopping, you and me. I think you need a new bathing suit—at least, for when people are around," Natalie said with an impish grin.  
  
"But this is fine," Gwen protested, motioning to her robe-clad body. "It's not worn out."  
  
"It's fine if you were alive in the 1920's," Natalie insisted. "That body of yours deserves something nicer. Meet me at the mall at 10."   
  
The mention of the mall brought both a twinge of excitement and a pang of anxiety. "I could go look, I guess. Where should we meet?"  
  
"The center court, where else?" Natalie grinned again and hugged her sister-in-law. "Gotta go. See you tomorrow." The tone of her voice made it clear the date was not optional.  
  
Gwen mechanically selected underwear, jeans and shirt, dressed, and took a bottle of wine out to the deck, where she spent the afternoon thinking. The dark spectre of insanity still lurked, but Natalie's casual dismissal of it had helped bring it to a manageable level. It was her sister-in-law's behavior that meant the most, however. Natalie was smart, caring, funny, confident; and yet her seemingly complete lack of propriety had not had any negative consequences on her life that she could see. The wine and the thinking made the Lady and the Slut as light on her shoulders as she could ever remember.   
  
All three trucks were back by four that afternoon. Gwen prepared a salad while Tim grilled some steaks, and after a quick swim, both were happily settled in front of the TV. The assignment Natalie had given her for the evening began to weigh heavily on her—what would she say, how would Tim react? Would he think her a slut? Could she even go through with it?  
  
In the end, she didn't get to find out. Tim made it a point to only drink on weekends, and even then, no more than a couple of beers. The alcohol and the work week took their toll, and he was snoring softly on the couch before 8. Gwen gently prodded him to go to bed, Tim sleepily acquiescing while she closed up the house. She found her husband fast asleep by the time she reached the bedroom. There is no way I'm going to wake the poor man tonight to satisfy my carnal lusts, Gwen thought, and found herself vaguely disappointed she would be unable to complete her assignment.   
  
Gwen went to the bathroom to dress for bed. The nightgown she had purchased was not quite as comfortable as hoped. Despite their length, she loved the feel of her more traditional sleepwear. The fabric was like a broken in t-shirt...I've got t-shirts, she reasoned. Gwen hurried to the walk-in closet, to where her t-shirts were neatly folded and stacked. A clean and well-worn Nelson Plumbing shirt lay on the top of the pile, faded from its time in the sun. She quickly slipped it over her head, knowing from experience it would fall to the top of her thighs.   
  
A wicked thought crossed her mind. She had never not worn panties to bed that she could ever remember. Tonight would be the night. Gwen hooked her thumbs into the waistband and pushed down, picking up the discarded pair for deposit in the hamper. Gwen left the closet and strutted about the room, very aware of just how high the shirt rode, and just how naked she was beneath it as her uncovered sex felt the cool bedroom air. Finally calling a halt to her silly game, she slid under the covers. Sleep came quickly.   
  
Dawn was just beginning to lighten the room when Gwen awoke with a start. She quickly realized it was not a dream—that dream—that had awoken her but something new. During the night, she had rolled to her side as she did most nights. At some point, Tim would snuggle in behind her, arm thrown over her midsection to draw her in. It took her a moment to work out was different. The t-shirt she had brazenly donned the night before had ridden up while she slept, and now her husband's semi-erect member was nestled securely between the cheeks of her rear end, only the thin fabric of his boxers between him and her. Gwen decided the feeling was not at all unpleasant, and found herself wishing the shorts would magically split open. Her hips, almost with a mind of their own, slowly began to undulate.   
  
Gwen wanted to believe she could feel his length begin to grow. Was it fair to wake him if his member was already showing signs of life? She decided it was. Slowly, the aroused woman reached between her legs, her wrist sensing the heat and wetness of her sex, and began to look for a way through Tim's shorts to the object of her desire. A conveniently placed leg hole gave her the opportunity she craved, and her fingers detected the wiry tangle of his pubic hair before sliding over his testicles.   
  
Tim awoke with a snort, and Gwen froze. "Good morning," she whispered, not daring to look back over her shoulder, and boldly began to pet the base of her husband's shaft.   
  
"Good morning," he sighed, hips beginning to twitch as they realized what they were pressed up against. Gwen took this as a good sign and did her best to lavish attention on any part of her husband's tool that was not firmly wedged between her cheeks. A small grunt of approval escaped from him as a roving hand discovered she was naked from the waist down. The couple continued their dance for several moments, only their hips and hands moving as they awoke from their sleep.   
  
The sliding of his fabric-covered head beyond the top of her cleft with each gentle thrust left no doubt that he was fully erect. "Would you like to put it in me?" she asked softly, afraid what his response to her forwardness might be.   
  
Tim did his best to hide the shock from hearing his wife ask him to mount her. "Mm-hmm."  
  
"Please, put it in me. I want you to." She felt Tim's hips pull away just long enough for his free hand to leave her bare hip and frantically lever down his shorts below his sack. The hips returned to hers, his slick length sliding up and down her cheeks. It doesn't go there, she thought, but how do I get it where it does go? This was all new—she had never taken him from behind before, what was proper in these situations?   
  
Tim partially answered the question by using his free hand to quickly flip his member between her thighs and pushing forward. Her husband's length slid along her valley, the head bumping up against her clit before withdrawing. He repeated this several times, each thrust looking for the entry to paradise before animal instinct drove Gwen's hips to tilt as he thrust, his shaft sliding into her.  
  
Tim groaned in pleasure at the feeling while Gwen sighed, each pleased with the reaction from the other. Her husband's hand returned to her hip and pulled her tightly to him, Gwen awash in the primal lust this position awakened.   
  
Tim's pace began to quicken, his thighs softly slapping against his wife's rear. The sound of their flesh meeting only spurred Gwen on more—it was so carnal, the way her mate was taking her! His fingers tightened on her skin, and Gwen knew he was close. With a small grunt and a final thrust, he spent himself inside of her, twitching as each orgasmic pulse flowed through him.  
  
Finally satiated, her husband nuzzled her neck, a soft moan of pleasure escaping his lips. Gwen was glad that he was obviously satisfied and not somehow upset, but she knew her own fulfillment had not yet come. She briefly considered asking the man who was even now softening inside of her to use his fingers for her own pleasure, but she dismissed the thought. No, it's much too messy down there now, she reasoned. It wouldn't be right to ask him to do that.   
  
Gwen reached behind and patted Tim on his bare haunch, dangerously close to his rear end. "I'm going to take a shower," she whispered as she pulled away from him and rose, careful to bring the t-shirt down as much as she could to cover herself before hurrying to the bathroom. Cleaning herself immediately after their intimate moments had been a priority ever since that time on their honeymoon when she had tarried, only, to her horror, to discover the remains of Tim's orgasm sliding down the inside of her thigh.   
  
Sodden toilet paper in her hand revealed she had indeed found a good portion of his spend. Quickly pulling the t-shirt over her head, she stepped into the shower stall to rinse away what the toilet paper had missed and prepare for the day. Gwen briefly thought about using her own fingers to finish what Tim had started, the thought of him being in the next room while she was touching herself thrilling in its own right, but in the end she decided to wait until the night, when perhaps she and her husband might bend the rules and do it again. The Slut protested the delay, but to no avail. Soon she was showered, dressed and making breakfast.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 04**

"I forgot to tell you. Natalie came over yesterday and we went riding," Gwen casually mentioned as her husband stirred his morning coffee.   
  
"She did?" Tim asked in mild surprise. Gwen and her sister-in-law had, at best, a cordial relationship, and most of their get-togethers in the past had been with a buffer of family thrown in. Not that they had ever fought, just that they were...different.   
  
"Uh-huh. She asked me to go shopping with her today. Are you alright if I go?"  
  
"Sure, sure, of course," the befuddled man volunteered even as his mind began to analyze the news. Gwen and Natalie spending time together? Did this have anything to do with his wife's out-of-character behavior in the bedroom? He had long admired his sister-in-law from afar, her looks and dress generating less-than pure thoughts. Whispered stories and hints from Adam about her sexual proclivities only helped to fuel his imagination, making Natalie a frequent star of his masturbatory fantasies. Tim knew he would never act on them—he loved Gwen too much to ever do anything like that, but still, if his wife even adopted just some of her sister-in-law's habits and attitudes..."I'll be busy this morning moving that pile your walking manure machines made, anyways."   
  
He waved from his seat on the tractor as Gwen pulled out of the yard. Normally, Tim would take the time when she was away from the house to relieve his sexual tension, sometimes going as far as to head up to the pool and strip down before using his hand, a vivid imagination, and the thrill of being naked outdoors to achieve the desired result. A quick swim would wash away the evidence, and his wife was none the wiser. Today was different, though. Gwen's morning invitation, a first in more ways than one, had left him sexually content if not puzzled. What the heck was going on and should he be pleased or concerned? His satiated libido counseled happiness.  
  
Gwen's mind was not on the morning events as she drove, but rather what was to come that day. Exposing herself was obviously out of the question with Natalie around, but what if something were to "accidentally" happen? The lurking unfulfilled orgasm from the morning only helped the Slut suggest scenarios while the Lady again lay bound at her feet, suit jacket gone, white shirt open to the waist.   
  
She arrived at the center court at two minutes to ten, Natalie already there and waiting. The two women hugged, and Gwen noticed that for the first time, she truly welcomed the contact with her sister-in-law, reveling in the feeling of closeness that seemed to have developed overnight. Gwen realized the feeling was trust, something lacking from her interactions with most other humans. You get mushy when you get horny, the Lady grumbled. Show some self-restraint and common sense.  
  
The two women broke their embrace and Natalie led the way further into the mall.   
  
"Crandall's is the other way," Gwen called out at the retreating woman's back.   
  
Natalie stopped and turned. "Did you get your last suits at Crandall's?"  
  
"Sure—I do most of my shopping there."  
  
Natalie smiled. "Yeah. Let's try something different. Follow me."  
  
Gwen looked back over her shoulder towards her comfort zone, then hurried after her sister-in-law. The pair stopped in front of a brightly-colored storefront with a tropical theme.   
  
"Brazil? Natalie, this is where my daughters shop."  
  
"They've got a great sale going on right now." The woman pushed on in, heading straight for the swimsuits, Gwen in tow. Natalie scanned several racks, Gwen aghast at how brief some of the swimwear on display was—there was one mannequin in nothing more than three tiny triangles of fabric!  
  
In short time, her sister-in-law held three possibilities. "Can I help you la—oh, hi, Mrs. Curran!"  
  
The two shoppers turned to see a young woman of maybe eighteen standing at their side.  
  
"Oh, hi Ashley, I was wondering if you would be here today. Ashley, this is Gwen Nelson, Tyler's aunt. Gwen, this is Tyler's friend Ashley."  
  
"Nice to meet you," Gwen mumbled, embarrassed she had been caught looking at such scandalous things.  
  
"I think Gwen would like to try these on," Natalie continued, holding out three hangers from which strips of fabric hung.   
  
"Oh, sure! Dressing rooms are back there—" the teen motioned nodded back over her shoulder—"let me know if you need anything!"  
  
Natalie led the way as the young salesclerk moved off. Six cubicles, each with a pair of saloon-style doors, lay tucked behind the sales floor. Gwen noted with a little disappointment that there was no apparent waiting area for the significant others who had been dragged along. Her sister-in-law stopped at the first cubicle on the right, its doors open, and handed the garments to the nervous woman behind her.   
  
Gwen stepped into the changing area and shut the doors behind her, carefully checking to ensure she had closed them completely. Trying on these skimpy pieces of fabric was going to be challenging enough without showing the world what she was doing. Despite her self-assurances of privacy, she turned away from the doorway before stepping out of her skirt and slip. The removal of her bra brought a fresh wave of arousal as her naked breasts felt the chill of the air-conditioning, and she briefly imagined someone looking through a peephole at her nearly-naked body before banishing the thought and reaching for the first suit.   
  
Natalie had dismissed any possibility of a new one-piece model in compromise, and all that hung on the hook now were two-piece in design. Gwen quickly stepped into the bottoms of her first selection, pulling them up over her panties before donning the top. She was shocked to discover just how little was covered, less than she had ever worn, but still, it was more than some of the things she had seen her daughters in. Even underwear was not supposed to be this brief, for God's sake.  
  
"Can I look?" came the voice from outside the cubicle.  
  
"Uhh, sure," Gwen replied after one more quick check to ensure everything was covered before deciding not everything could be covered, just the naughtiest bits.   
  
The doors were flung open and Natalie stepped in, examining her. "Oh Lord, no," she smiled in mock exasperation. "Wait right here—do not move," she ordered, and disappeared, not even bothering to close the doors behind her. Gwen reached to pull them shut, but stopped. One of the doors to the cubicle across from her was open several inches, giving her a view she imagined those men had gotten of her earlier in the week. Behind the partially-open door, a tall, thin, twenty-something woman with small breasts was stepping into a bikini bottom, ready to pull them up over an incredibly small pair of panties. The brunette's bare boobs dangled as she bent over, wobbling a bit from the effort despite their size. Suddenly, Gwen understood what her two admirers had been feeling—the thrill of seeing something you shouldn't be seeing, something beautiful yet not to be displayed to everyone. She looked away, knowing she should close her own door, yet she delayed, hoping to give the woman across the hall her own sneak peek. Gwen finally decided to model for herself and the nearly naked woman behind her, turning in the mirror to admire the bikini, occasionally glancing furtively into the other woman's dressing room.   
  
From outside came Natalie's voice. "Ashley, these are paid for," and suddenly her sister-in-law reappeared, holding a small piece of pink fabric. Natalie pulled a tag from them and tossed them to Gwen. "Here, put these on," she ordered. "Those granny panties make you look like you're wearing a diaper under that bikini.  
  
Gwen looked at herself in the mirror and grudgingly agreed that Natalie was right—her underwear seemed to bloom out from beneath the floral print about her waist and crotch. She briefly examined the pair Natalie had thrown her. They were small, really small, probably as small as the woman's in the other dressing room. The cotton fabric consisted of a tiny triangle attached to thin waistband, with a slim strap running up the back. "These look smaller than this bikini," Gwen joked weakly.  
  
"That's the idea," Natalie replied. "You want to see what these look like without underwear, right?"  
  
"I guess," Gwen agreed, not sure if she really did. She stood there and stared at her sister-in-law while Natalie stared back. "Can you shut the door?" the shaking woman finally asked.  
  
Her sister-in-law sighed theatrically, stepped inside, and slid the fabric closed. "I've got to believe everyone here has seen a cooch before," she grumbled softly.  
  
Gwen continued to look at her, confusion obvious on her face. "Aren't you going to wait outside?"  
  
"I've definitely seen a cooch before, C'mon Gwen, off with 'em."   
  
She knew Natalie was not going to take no for an answer. Cheeks burning with embarrassment, she reluctantly slid the bikini bottom down before quickly lowering her panties and replacing them with the thong. While she hurried to get the bathing suit bottom back around her ankles and up her legs, Natalie dipped and grabbed the discarded underwear, noting the dampness in the crotch before depositing them in her bag.   
  
"OK, first things first, Gwen. You don't need bare floors, but you really should get rid of the wall-to-wall carpeting and leave a throw rug or two." The blushing woman again looked up in confusion. "Your pubic hair. You need a trim—actually probably a bit more than a trim."  
  
Gwen quickly looked down. Dark, wiry, hair spilled out around the edges and top of the bikini. She had to admit, it looked a lot like she was hiding a fur hat beneath the floral pouch. "See, this is why I should stick to the suits I have," she moaned. "This doesn't look right on me!"   
  
"Or you could just take ten minutes with some scissors and a razor," Natalie answered with a smile. "If you would rather, I can do it for you. I have plenty of experience with that kind of haircutting."  
  
So I noticed, Gwen thought to herself, remembering her sister-in-law's lack of modesty the day before. "No, I can do it."   
  
"Good! So, turn around, let me see your bum." Natalie stepped forward and inserted a finger in either side of the bikini and began to pull and tug. The feel of her fingers against the bare skin of her cheeks made Gwen jump with surprise.   
  
"Sorry," her sister-in-law apologized with a giggle, "sorry. Hold still."  
  
Gwen did her best to remain in place despite the fingers running up and down her flank, coming dangerously close to the folds of her sex as they adjusted the way the bottoms sat on her taut buttocks. The fingers finally withdrew and Natalie stepped back. "Well you certainly have the ass for a bikini. I wish mine was that well-shaped."  
  
"Yours is beautiful," Gwen said over her shoulder, wanting to return the compliment before even realizing what she was saying. "I mean, from what I've, uhh, seen, not that I was looking..." the blushing woman stopped before she could get in any deeper.  
  
The woman behind her laughed. "Thanks, but mine's kinda, y'know, cushy. Not rock-solid like yours..."  
  
"Horseback riding, I guess,"   
  
"Then we should go riding more. Turn around."  
  
Natalie took a step forward as her sister-in-law complied, fingers pushing through the forest of hair to adjust the bottom and make it sit correctly. Gwen was shocked that she could be so nonchalant about touching her like this, finger running down the edges, down to where suit sat against the junction of her thigh, right next to her rapidly moistening lips. She tried to think of a way to get Natalie to stop before she discovered the wetness and became offended, but could think of no good excuse before the fingers were removed.   
  
Her relief was short-lived as they made their way to the top. Natalie again tugged and pulled, one hand briefly disappearing under the fabric to palm the shocked woman's breast and set it in the cup before repeating the process with the other. Finally, she stepped back.  
  
"Not bad. Not bad at all."  
  
"You don't think it's too...you know...skimpy?"  
  
"Nope. Sexy, but not slutty. OK, so how about the next one?"  
  
The process was repeated two more times, Gwen blushing furiously each time she stripped down to her thong, but somehow powerless to protest. Natalie's removal of her bra from the hook and into her bag went unnoticed, and by the third bikini the aroused woman was looking forward to her sister in law's fingers against her sensitive skin as she made the outfit sit just right.   
  
"This one, and the first one," Natalie announced after the third top had been thoroughly adjusted.  
  
"I can't get these," Gwen protested. "When would I ever wear them?"   
  
"Whenever you want. Well, maybe not to a funeral, but other than that..."  
  
"Seriously. These show way too much."  
  
"These show just enough. You're getting them." Gwen wanted to argue, but again found herself powerless to argue with the force in front of her. Somehow, she found the thought of being unable to say no comforting.   
  
"OK, get out of that and let's go get some lunch," Natalie ordered. Gwen pulled the bikini bottom down, looking for her panties before removing the thong. She looked underneath her skirt and blouse then studied the floor, a sense of desperation rising.   
  
"Natalie, did you see my underwear?"  
  
"You've got 'em on."  
  
"No, I mean my other ones, the ones I came in with."  
  
"You don't need those any more. Wear what you've got. With my compliments."   
  
"I can't wear these! I'm wearing a skirt!"  
  
"And a slip, too. You're lucky I didn't take that. You'll be fine. If they couldn't see your bloomers, they can't see what you're wearing now."  
  
Gwen understood the logic, but there was something about her new attire, something that made her feel naked, and she wasn't convinced her skirt would change that.  
  
"And before you start looking for your bra, I've got that, too."  
  
"What!" Gwen hissed, trying to keep her voice low in the enclosed area. "Give it back! I have to have that! My blouse is practically see-through!"  
  
"No it's not," Natalie laughed, "otherwise you wouldn't have worn it. Besides, I checked. You'll be fine."  
  
"But I'll be bouncing all over the place! Everyone will see! I'm begging you, give it back!"  
  
"As an expert on bouncing," Natalie said in a low, serious tone as she looked down meaningfully at her own chest, "I'm pretty sure you won't bounce. Your boobs are nice, but they're not huge. They are very firm though, so I don't think they're going to have a mind of their own. Please? Live a little? For me?"  
  
"I'm going to get arrested, I know it," Gwen muttered as she pulled on her blouse. Carefully buttoning it, she spent several moments examining herself in the mirror, looking for any sign that might reveal her lack of support underneath. Natalie had to stifle a giggle when her sister-in-law jumped, looking for signs of excessive movement on her chest. With a sigh, she resigned herself to her fate and pulled on her slip, skirt and flats.   
  
The pair left the dressing area, Gwen's eyes darting around like a hunted animal for signs that the other shoppers might somehow notice how little she now wore. As much as she wanted to run to the register to complete her purchase and get to the safety of her car, to do so would mean the almost certain risk of her breasts bouncing wildly for all to see. Even at her measured pace, however, she could not deny the wicked feeling of her nipples gently moving against the fabric of her blouse. The Slut purred in satisfaction.   
  
Gwen intently studied the teen clerk for any sign she might spot the older woman's indiscretion, carefully examining her comment about how she "loved these styles" for any sign of sarcasm or condemnation.   
  
Transaction completed, the two women joined the throngs moving from store to store, Gwen wildly scanning the crowd for any sign she might have been identified as braless or essentially pantieless.   
  
"A little early for lunch," Natalie suggested, oblivious to her sister-in-law's barely in-check panic, "but if we go now, I can have a glass of wine before my shift this afternoon. Whattya say—head down to O'Malley's in the food court?"   
  
While Gwen would much rather have made her way home, the thought of hiding in the dimly-lit restaurant was a suitable alternative. Natalie led the way, Gwen standing with legs close together and arms holding down her skirt as the rode the escalator to the ground floor.   
  
The two women were shown to a high-walled booth in the back corner, the first patrons in the establishment that day. A waitress quickly appeared and took their drink order, Gwen shocked that her sister-in-law would drink alcohol before noon, then realizing it might soothe her nerves and ordering a glass of wine as well. The goblets were set before them and their food orders taken.   
  
"So," Natalie asked softly as she leaned over the table towards the woman desperately trying to avoid attracting attention. "Did you do your homework last night?"  
  
"No, not last night," Gwen replied, nervously checking the room for anyone who might overhear. "But I did this morning," she added quickly, seeing a scowl develop on Natalie's face.   
  
"Good for you! What did you say?"  
  
Gwen looked down at her glass. "I'd rather not say."  
  
"C'mon, how bad could it be?"  
  
She scanned the dining room again for nearby waitresses. "I, uhh, asked him to...put it in me," she mumbled, avoiding eye contact, aghast that she felt compelled to share this information.  
  
"And did he?" Gwen nodded.  
  
"So he wasn't too offended. How quick did he come?"   
  
The blushing woman again looked around the room for witnesses, shocked Natalie could ask such a personal question. "Pretty quick," she mumbled.   
  
"Did you?"  
  
Still Gwen looked at her glass. "No...I was going to ask Tim to...y'know...help me, but I was, umm, too messy down there and didn't think it would be fair."  
  
Natalie looked genuinely shocked. "Too messy? Even for his fingers? Gwen, does Tim ever seem grossed out when he comes on you? Or on himself?"  
  
"Shhh!" she pleaded. "Someone will hear you! I don't know—he's never done that to me, and I've never seen him do that to himself," she answered defiantly.   
  
Her sister-in-law's voice grew soft again. "You've never given Tim a handjob or a blowjob? Or watched him jack off?" she asked, a hint of incredulity creeping into her voice.  
  
"I used my hand on him once or twice when we were dating," Gwen mumbled. "But it was dark, and I didn't see anything, and he went home right after. I figured that after we got married, he would much prefer the real thing to anything less. And no, I've never put my mouth on his...on him."   
  
Natalie smiled. "OK, next assignment. Tonight, I want you give him a handjob so you can watch it all. Then, have him return the favor."   
  
"I'm not so sure he'll want to show me...that...it seems so private."  
  
"He will. Trust me, most guys love to show off."   
  
"Still..."  
  
"Just try it."  
  
The server returned with their food, the tables around them began to fill, and their talk turned to more mundane issues, Gwen marveling at how comfortable she felt around the woman across from her, regretting she had not found out earlier. Lunch was finished and the two women walked to the parking lot together, Gwen still moving carefully as her erect nipples against cotton reminded her of her current state of undress.   
  
"I've got Monday off," Natalie announced. "Wanna go to the reservoir with me?"   
  
"Well, I've got some billing to do, I really shouldn't...sure, why not?"  
  
"Great! Pick you up at 9. And by the way, I expect you to wear one of those—" Natalie gestured to the bag in Gwen's hands—"and I'll bring the rest."   
  
"I told you, I can't wear these in public! What if someone sees me?"

"Then they'll know what a MILF you are," Natalie replied with a giggle.  
  
"MILF?"  
  
"Mother I'd Like to Fantasize about," Natalie lied. "See you at 9. Don't forget to trim!"  
  
The two said their goodbyes, and Gwen climbed into her sweltering SUV. She sat for a moment, lost in thought while she waited for the air conditioning to take effect. You're almost naked, the Lady said reproachfully. You should get home and dress properly. What if you're in an accident and the hospital finds you with no bra and that strip of fabric passing for panties?  
  
If you're in the emergency room, they'll be looking for blood, not bras and bush, the Slut guffawed. And since you don't have a bra on akyways, why don't you undo a couple buttons on your blouse and let the a/c cool you off that much faster?  
  
Gwen heard the Lady say something undecipherable about the police, but decided not to ask for clarification. Looking about the vehicle and checking all the mirrors, her hands went to the collar of her shirt and began working, fingers stopping only when they had reached the button between her breasts. By moving just so, Gwen could look down and clearly see the tops of her mounds and the valley between them, only the nipples hidden from view by the fabric still pressed against them. Again she checked her surroundings for any passes-by before putting the SUV in gear and heading for home.   
  
The ride home was exhilarating, occasionally peeking down at her partially opened shirt as if to confirm she really was doing this, and briefly considering opening up yet another button before calmer thoughts prevailed. Gwen managed to reach the safety of her home without incident, almost reluctantly changing into more appropriate attire before joining Tim outside for various chores. While her husband quizzed her about her day with Natalie, she was noncommittal, just replying with the briefest of details about the shopping and their lunch together. She did allow that they had made a date for the beach on Monday, and while Tim was very curious to know more, he refrained from pressuring her. Following a relaxed dinner on the deck, she saddled up Dart and took a quick ride up the trail in the back of the house before returning near dusk.  
  
Gwen could make out Tim sitting on the deck in the gathering darkness as she descended the small hill to the barn. He joined her shortly thereafter, putting away her saddle and reins while she groomed her mount. Satisfied, the horse was turned out in the paddock and the two made their way to the house.   
  
Tim poured her a glass of wine while she went to change, her absence nearly twenty minutes later making him get up from his easy chair to investigate. "Gwen, everything alright?" he called through the closed bathroom door. She made have loosened up in bed a little, he told himself, but her modesty was still evident.   
  
"Be out in just a moment," she replied. Smiling and shaking his head, her husband made his way back to his chair. Gwen reappeared five minutes later, wrapped in the robe she always wore around the pool, a slight sheen of perspiration evident on her face. "Being on top of an animal makes you hot," she announced. "Want to go for a swim with me?"   
  
Tim was back in a minute after exchanging one pair of shorts for another. Together they climbed the short path up to the pool deck, towels and drinks in hand. As was usually the case, he was the first in, his clean dive knifing into the water towards the deep end while his wife set down her drink and carefully laid out her towel and robe for quick retrieval later. Tim surfaced and slowly paddled to the far end before turning back to find her.   
  
What he saw nearly took his breath away. Gwen was standing at the pool steps, delicately picking her way down them in the soft glow of the deck lights. What startled her husband though, was her bathing suit, or rather, lack of it. In place of the black-skirted bathing costume she had always worn was a brightly colored floral print about her chest and hips and nowhere else. For the first time outside of their bedroom, he could plainly see the smooth, creamy skin of her toned abdomen. "Wow, Gwen," was all he could offer.  
  
She stopped where she was, water up to her knees. The urge to retreat and cover herself fighting the urge to dive forward and submerge, the second plan ignoring the fact she would have to come up for air sometime. Instead, she just froze. "You don't like it?" she squeaked.   
  
"No, no, I love it," he rushed to assure her. "It's beautiful—you're beautiful!"  
  
"Thank you," she blushed. "Natalie picked it out—I told her it wasn't proper for a wife and mother, but she made me..."  
  
"I'm glad she did! Remind me to thank her!"   
  
Gwen slowly warmed to the idea that Tim was genuinely enthused and excited, turning around at his request as he swam towards her. "It's beautiful, honey," he repeated. "Can you, uhh, get it wet?"  
  
"Of course, silly," she laughed, but then began to wonder. Could she? She had seen those oufits that clung inappropriately and became nearly transparent once wet. Only one way to find out...  
  
Gwen crouched and gently pushed off gliding across the water's surface until she was in water deep enough to tread in. The pair swam and laughed, Tim occasionally taking her by uncovered waist and hugging her before releasing her again. Gwen noted with relief that the suit was not see through, although the bottoms did mold to her sex a bit more than she would have liked. The coolness of the water and Gwen's growing desire finally drove her from the pool to her robe. Together, they made their way back down the hill to the house.   
  
"I don't know about you," she said as they put their empty drinks on the kitchen counter, "but I'm ready for bed." Gwen turned to her husband and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm sorry I woke you up so early," she said as she nestled into his chest. "You must be ready for bed, too."  
  
Tim worked to process the signals he was receiving. Was Gwen actually suggesting more than just bed? Was it possible to do it more than once in a day? Neither of these situations had really ever come up before; still, he was not going to take a chance on missing out.  
  
"No need to apologize if you ever want to wake me up like that," he said as he kissed her forehead. "Go on ahead. I'll close up the house."   
  
Tim started locking doors and windows while doing one more check outside for any lights that might have been left on in the barn or workshop. Satisfied, he retreated to their bedroom, noting the splash of light coming from under the closed door. Gwen was inside, lying on the bedcovers clad in the t-shirt from last night, legs crossed at the ankles while her hands lay folded just below her breasts. Smiling, he made his way to the bathroom to get out of his wet shorts and hang them.  
  
Task completed, he came back into the room and made his way to the dresser drawer for a pair of boxers. Gwen watched his package, shrunken and tight against his groin from the cold of the water, bob as he moved. She had never ceased to marvel at her husband's comfort with his naked body. He never seemed to flaunt it, but certainly had no problem displaying himself in front of her. For the longest time she had averted her eyes to give him privacy, but now, she found herself enjoying the view more and more.   
  
"Tim?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"If you don't want to wear shorts to bed, I don't mind." He smiled, his cock already beginning to shake off the effects of its immersion.  
  
"Well, if you don't mind..." Tim laid himself on the bed and rolled to face his wife. He began to nuzzle her neck while a hand went to her hip. "Loved your bikini," he breathed in her ear.   
  
She turned her head to face him. "You don't think it was too revealing?"   
  
"I like revealing," he murmured with a grin as his hand began to push up her t-shirt. No panties, he thought triumphantly.   
  
"Timothy Allen Nelson! Are you suggesting that it wouldn't bother you in the slightest if I paraded around in my birthday suit?"   
  
"Not in the slightest," he said and kissed her. "As a matter of fact, why don't you start the parade now?" Tim pushed her-shirt up suggestively.   
  
Gwen sighed theatrically, smiled, and broke their contact long enough to sit up and pull the shirt over her head before dropping it to the floor. "Better?" she asked as she again lay down.  
  
Tim did his best to hide his surprise at the ease with which she had complied with this suggestion. "Perfect."   
  
Her hand quickly went to his nearly-erect member, caressing and teasing the length and the drawn-up sack below it. Tim wasted no time in finding her breast, glad not be hindered by the nightgown that normally covered it, before moving to her crotch. His fingers gliding over her skin told him something had changed. Breaking their kiss, he looked down to find her thatch trimmed back considerably, her covering sleek where it had been thick and curly. "Haircut?" he asked as his lips returned to hers while his fingers found their way to her sex.   
  
"I trimmed for the bikini," she explained. "Is it alright?"   
  
"I think it's great," he answered truthfully, "I just can't ever remember it that short."  
  
They continued their explorations for quite a while longer, each taking their time with the other. His wife's dancing fingers finally took their toll on Tim, and he gently began to roll on top of her intent on spreading her legs and taking her. Her body resisted, however.  
  
"Tim? Can I, uhh, ask a favor?"  
  
He stopped short in surprise. "Sure?"   
  
"Can I use my hand to, umm, make you finish? I've never watched you...you know...before."  
  
Tim hesitated, trying to make sure he understood what she was asking. Gwen took his delay as reluctance. "But if you'd rather not, I understand," she said rolling on to her back to accept him in the more traditional method.   
  
"No, this'll be fine," he quickly assured her as he lay back. "Just haven't done it this way in a long time, you know?"   
  
"Is it not as good as the other way?"  
  
"I like it both ways. Variety is good, right?"  
  
Gwen didn't answer, instead rolling on to her shoulder and peering down at the cudgel she was even now grasping. "Tell me if I'm doing it wrong, OK?"   
  
She began to stroke, tiny fingers barely wrapping around the circumference, fist sliding back and forth. She was fascinated with how the head turned an angry red while the hole seemed to mouth an O of protest as Tim's hips drove it through her clenched fist.   
  
The combination of her strokes, his thrusts, and the novelty of it all soon had the desired effect. With a hissing breath, Tim lunged forward while his hand captured his wife's, locking it in place just beneath the sensitive crown. Gwen felt the first pulse travel up his length before erupting, the speed and suddenness of its appearance making her head recoil a bit in fear of being in its path. She watched in amazement as the first milky white bolt landed high up his chest, feeling each subsequent blast travel up his shaft before jetting out and landing just short of the previous. Finally, the streams were reduced to pulses that ran down her fingers before her husband sighed contentedly and released her hand.   
  
"I never knew it was that powerful," Gwen said as she almost reluctantly let go of his staff.   
  
"You should see it after I've gone a few days without," he chuckled. "I've hit myself in the face before."  
  
"Really? Didn't that gross you out?"  
  
"Not really. You just want to make sure you don't get any in the eyes. That can sting."   
  
"Stay right there. I'll be right back," she commanded, and Tim was happy to watch as she hurried to the bathroom, tight cheeks swaying as she went, noting just how much hair she had removed as she returned with a warm washcloth. Carefully she cleaned him, gently wiping his softening cock and balls after she had cleaned his chest. Again she hurried to the bathroom, returning empty-handed to lie next to him.  
  
"Did I do it right?" she asked as she nestled in next to him.  
  
"That was incredible! Feel free to do that any time."  
  
"As long as you like it...can I ask one more favor?"   
  
"How could I say no after that? Anything you want."  
  
"Could you, you know, help me finish now?"  
  
"Of course." He gently pushed her on to her back and bent to kiss her while his hand pushed her thighs apart and found her sex. His thick, callused middle finger ran up and down her slit once, twice, three times before burying itself inside her while his palm pressed against her clit. Tim began to stroke, the motion rubbing against her sensitive nub, while his head dipped and began to tongue her nipple. Her left hand found his bicep, instinctively squeezing this symbol of male strength as her long-awaited orgasm approached. Tim's touch was just right; all too soon her thighs clenched his hand while her hips wildly thrashed against him. The orgasm was long and powerful, her husband's long ropey strings of come flashing in her mind to the waves of her climax. Eventually her body went limp, and with a sigh, her legs released his hand.   
  
They lay there together for quite some time, both near sleep, but neither wanting to go there yet. Gwen wanted to get up, to clean herself, but she knew there was nothing to clean. Instead, she clung to the man she loved more than anything else in the world.  
  
"Gwen?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"If you don't want to wear a nightie to bed, I don't mind."  
  
She giggled, buried her face deeper into his chest, and was soon asleep.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 05**

Gwen was up early, a repeat of the previous morning's activities out of the question as preparations for Sunday dinner were begun in earnest. An already spotless house was cleaned again in anticipation of their guests' arrival. It was not the size of the crowd—only four others besides she and Tim—but two of the attendees who made her triple-check her work. The visits from Gwen's mother and father, Norman and Irene Curran, always put her into high alert, wanting to make sure everything was perfect in their eyes, that no fault could be found. Occasionally, she succeeded.   
  
Gwen and Tim's oldest daughter and her husband, Alison and Jason, would be there also, and she took some comfort in that. Ali provided a buffer of sorts, and Irene would generally spend her time doting on her granddaughter while Norman regaled Jason with tales from the world of corporate law.  
  
Tim arose shortly after his wife, softly padding into the living room to find her bent over the coffee table, arranging magazines and photo albums. He briefly considered flipping her robe up over her back to see if she had dressed before leaving their room, but instead chuckled to himself at the thought of his incredibly ill-advised idea and headed to the kitchen for coffee. Of course she was dressed. She was always dressed, last night notwithstanding.   
  
"Oh—good morning!" Gwen said as she hurried in behind him. "You can take care of the outside, right? I've got some more cleaning to do, and dinner to start."  
  
"I always take care of the outside," he said with a patient smile. "And I can't see where any more cleaning has to be done."  
  
"That's because you're a man," she replied as she kissed his cheek. "My mother will find what I missed."   
  
Tim grunted. You won't have missed it, he thought to himself, but she'll pretend to find it anyways.   
  
The couple worked steadily throughout the morning, only pausing long enough to take showers shortly before their guests arrived. Dinner went off without a hitch, Gwen's parents arriving exactly when they had said they would, and leaving precisely one hour after coffee had been served. Ali and Jason pitched into to help clean up before Gwen and her daughter retreated to the stables for a ride up the hill. Tim and Jason changed into swim trunks and, beer bottles in hand, made their way to the pool to await the return of their wives.   
  
The riders reappeared almost two hours later, caring for their mounts before making their way to the house to change into pool attire. Tim was disappointed to find Gwen had chosen her more modest black single piece suit, but said nothing. The mental image of last evening's bikini lingered.   
  
It was nearly dark when Alison and Jason said their goodbyes. Gwen and Tim spent a few precious moments together in front the TV, relaxing after their exhausting day off, neither saying much, just enjoying each other's presence. The stress and pace of the day as enough to send them off to bed by 9, Tim doing the final walk around the house while Gwen headed for the bedroom. He followed her in shortly after, his wife already under the covers, eyes closed, where he joined her soon after. The light was turned out, Tim noting with satisfaction she was wearing the t-shirt from the night before. Gwen rolled over and wrapped herself around her husband. Both knew it was not a night for sex; the exhaustion of the day was rapidly catching up with them. Still, Tim could not resist taking a small chance.   
  
"How come you didn't wear your other bathing suit tonight?"  
  
He could feel his wife tense ever so slightly beside him. "A little small to be wearing around my daughter and son-in-law, don't you think? Ali would have been horrified."  
  
"It was no smaller than what she was wearing."  
  
"Yes, but I'm sure Jason has seen her in less." The thought of her handsome young son-in-law, also wearing less than what she had seen today, enflamed her as the Slut flung up the picture on the projector screen in her mind, but she quickly dismissed it as perverted.   
  
"Then he probably has a good idea of what you look like." Tim hugged her, and said no more. Despite her fatigue, sleep came slowly, the Slut always pushing mental images of Gwen in her daughter's place, a naked and erect Jason hovering over her while the Lady fought to take them down with further threats of mental illness  
  
The dream returned that night. She was again chain and bound, her admirers in their positions, stroking their massive erections. It was not lost on her that their bulbous heads were turning the same bright red Tim's had the night before, their slits opening impossibly wide as they fisted their lengths.  
  
Gwen jerked against her restraints as the first jet of pearl-white gel erupted from the cock of the younger man, traveling the many feet to her in a heartbeat to land squarely between her breasts. His next blast hit her squarely on the nipple as the platform turned and she struggled to get out of the line of fire, and a third struck her on the side of the breast. She awoke with a start, sweaty and breathing hard. 4am, she thought as she looked at the clock.  
  
"You OK?" Tim's sleepy voice came from beside her. "it felt like you were fighting something."  
  
"I'm fine," she assured, "just a dream." Gwen reached to turn back the covers, found that she had already kicked them off, and rose. "Go back to sleep." She reached for her bathrobe before deciding against the extra heat it would generate, her only cover the damp t-shirt she wore as she padded down the hallway.   
  
Gwen sat and sipped coffee as she reviewed the dream. It was still vivid, and she could still feel the force with which the man's orgasm had hit her. She was not even aware of her hand moving under the t-shirt and towards her panty-covered crotch, finger gently stroking a line dangerously close to the junction of her thigh and pelvis...  
  
The sound of her husband's footsteps in the hall broke her reverie, hand jerking away from the heat between her legs and returning to her coffee cup.   
  
Tim kissed the top of her head and moved to the coffeemaker. "Seemed like a bad dream. Want to talk about it? Anything I can do to help?"  
  
No," she lied, knowing what she really wanted was for him to take her back to bed, spread her legs and ride her until she climaxed. But to ask for that would mean that her dream was not a nightmare, but something else altogether. "I'll be fine."   
  
Tim and the crews had been gone an hour when Natalie pulled into the yard. Gwen, in a t-shirt and jeans, wryly thought how overdressed she was compared to her sister-in-law's short shorts and half t-shirt.  
  
"Ready to go?" Natalie asked as she climbed the stairs to the back deck and hugged Gwen, hand vigorously rubbing the small of her back. "I don't feel a onesie under there—are you wearing a suit at all?" she asked with a mischievous smile.  
  
"Of course," Gwen replied, blushing. "I didn't think there was any place at the reservoir to change."   
  
"There's always the car, I've done that plenty of times," Natalie countered. "C'mon, let's go."   
  
She soon had the SUV on the highway, and the two women talked of mundane matters—families, jobs, horses. The previous day's dinner was of particular interest to Natalie, and Gwen found herself confessing more of her worries and fears about the event than she ever had to anybody. Something about her sister-in-law just made Gwen trust her, something she had experienced with so few humans in her life.  
  
To Gwen, it seemed like only minutes before they were pulling into the Power Company Reservoir Beach parking lot. The beach itself was a sandy strand upstream from a large utility hydro-electric station and was a favorite spot for families and bored teenagers. The two women selected a patch of sand near where the beach met the lot; Natalie pulled two lawn chairs and an umbrella from the back of her truck and together they toted it all down to their chosen spot.   
  
Gwen sat in her chair and watched while Natalie pulled her t-shirt and shorts off to reveal a bright blue bikini, the top straining to hold her breasts in check while the bottoms revealed more of her cheeks than they covered. She unceremoniously plopped into her chair. "You're gonna get hot in those jeans," Natalie deadpanned from behind dark-lensed sunglasses.   
  
Gwen scanned the crowd nervously, looking for anybody she might know. Couples and mothers dotted the beach, while children played at the water's edge or beyond. Several teen boys skulked about, standing together in water up to their knees. The moment of truth had arrived. A bikini is no better than underwear, the Lady chirped. With a deep breath, she stood and pulled the t-shirt over her head, exposing her bikini-covered breasts and pale midriff to anyone who might care to look. Nervously she looked around for any reaction from the other beachgoers. Finding none, she unbuttoned the jeans and pushed them down, quickly kicking them off and sitting back down, looking for signs of shock or disapproval. Legs together and towel close at hand, she reached for her sunglasses, put them on and continued her reconnaissance.   
  
While Gwen could not say she was comfortable with being close to naked in a public place, she did begin to grow used to it, and eventually pulled a magazine out of her bag to read. Still, her posture was definitely intended to cover as much as possible while sitting in the low chair, continuing to scan the crowd in between turns of the pages. With each of her nervous sweeps, she found herself spending more time examining the college boys clustered in the water. They were handsome, no doubt, and seemed to exude a group self-confidence. Each time she returned to look at them, she wondered a little bit more what they might look like without those baggy shorts...the Lady clucked in disapproval at her discrete lust.  
  
"I'm gonna take a swim—wanna come with me?" Natalie was already rising from her chair, looking down at her sister-in-law.  
  
"No, thanks, I'll just stay here with the bags," Gwen demurred, unwilling to be seen walking around in next-to-nothing.   
  
"C'mon," Natalie insisted, grabbing her by the elbow. "Just stand in the water with me." Again Gwen scanned the crowd as they walked to the lake's edge, looking for signs of disapproval from the other beachgoers.   
  
The college boys seemed anything but disgusted as the pair approached the group. From behind her darkened lenses, she could see the young men examining her and her sister-in-law, and Gwen could just tell they were being mentally undressed. The lady howled in outrage at the perceived invasion of her modesty while the Slut was equally loud in her approval. Let 'em look—you still got it!  
  
Gwen's cheeks burned as they passed the ogling males. Natalie stopped at the water's edge, bending at the waist to wet her lotion-slicked hands, pointing her barely-covered butt at the throng of young men. Gwen wondered if that was intentional.   
  
Natalie calmly handed her sunglasses to Gwen, took a few more steps forward, submerged, and swam out to the buoyed rope boundary. Her sister-in-law contented herself with walking in up to her thighs, careful not to get the revealing bikini wet and perhaps show more than she intended. The woman emerging from the water before her had no such worries. Natalie's wet skin glistened as she walked back towards their chairs, her top now plastered against her breasts like a second skin, highlighting her erect nipples, the bottom hinting at the lips they covered. Without a word she retrieved her glasses from her sister-in-law and paraded past the young men, not giving them a second glance as she strode up the beach. Gwen could see that all the boys were focused on the vision of femininity walking past them, a twinge of jealousy paining her as she knew she had been temporarily forgotten. She hurried past the gawkers and back to her chair.   
  
They sat for some time, exchanging small talk and occasionally reading, napping, or people watching. "Don't look, but I think you've got an admirer," Natalie said softly as Gwen was intently studied a chicken stew recipe in her magazine. She did resist the urge to bring her head up, but her eyes darted about behind her sunglasses, looking for Natalie's point of interest. The group of boys had thinned down by the water's edge, but one young man in particular, a bronze-skinned muscular youth with close-cropped black hair was unashamedly looking up the beach to where the two women sat. Gwen blushed and attempted to discretely cover herself without acknowledging his attention.   
  
"He's looking at you," she muttered, recipe now forgotten. "I'm just part of the background."  
  
"At the very least, he's looking at us both, and his imagination is probably doing what young men's imaginations do. He's probably thinking about us doing him—or each other," she giggled. Want to have a little fun with the nice young man?"  
  
"No," the Lady answered for Gwen. The Slut had the last word. "What kind of fun?"  
  
"Keep pretending to read your magazine, but watch this," Natalie murmured as she turned a page in her medical journal. Slowly, her sister-in-law's drawn-up knees began to part, thighs gradually opening to the young man's stare. She took her time, moving them apart in stops and starts while she pretended to read, only stopping when there was enough space to accommodate a large man between them. Gwen's breathing grew shallow as her eyes flicked between her sister-in-law and her admirer, certain Natalie's bikini was insufficient to cover her treasures.   
  
Slowly, casually, the blonde reached between her legs and inserted a finger underneath the patch of fabric covering her sex to "make it sit correctly." Gwen watched the brazen display in amazement, quickly noting she had her admirer's complete attention.   
  
Adjustment completed, Natalie's hand left her crotch and made its way up to her face, grazing a breast as it passed. Deliberately, she touched the side of her glasses, pushed them down, and made eye contact with the youth. The young man's eyes grew wide with the knowledge he had been caught, and he quickly turned away, diving into the water and out of sight.   
  
"College boys," Natalie mused with a giggle. "So cocky, yet so easy to rattle."  
  
Gwen was too shocked to reply, instead returning to her magazine with a vengeance. Natalie giggled again, then closed her legs and eyes. Her sister-in-law stared at the recipe page, but her mind raced to process what she had just seen.   
  
She managed to wait another hour, until they had called it a day and the SUV had pulled out onto the main road before turning to her sister-in-law. "Natalie, why did you do that?" she cried.  
  
"Do what? I stopped before turning?"   
  
"You know what I mean! Why did you...show yourself...to that boy?"   
  
"I didn't show him anything," she smiled innocently. "I would have had to have taken my bottoms off to show him anything."  
  
"But you were teasing him! You spread your legs! It looked like an invitation! What if he had taken you up on it?"  
  
"We probably would have gotten arrested for having sex on a public beach," Natalie giggled, "but I wasn't going to let him take me up on it. I was curious to see if he would come up and try and talk me into it, though."   
  
"What if Adam found out you were doing that to strange men?"  
  
"He knows. Just like I know he looks at other women. He's hard wired to do it. And I think, to some degree, all women are hard wired to make men want to look."   
  
"I've never once seen Tim look at another woman!"  
  
"Then he's really good at not getting caught. If he's a guy, he looks." Natalie decided now was not the time to mention how she had been the object of her brother-in-law's attention more than once. She had not encouraged it or called him on it, but the meaning of his furtive stares was very clear to her. "It doesn't mean they'll do anything more than look, though."  
  
"And Adam really doesn't mind if you expose yourself to other men?"  
  
"I don't expose myself to other men—well, not really, I mean there have been a couple of times, more accidental than anything, but still...no, he doesn't mind. To tell you the truth, it turns him on."  
  
"Are you kidding me?!"  
  
"Nope. Gwen, some men are insanely jealous with that type of thing, I know, but others...well, I guess they get a kick out of knowing their woman is attractive to other men. Who knows why? Maybe they're self-confident and know they're still top dog, but still find it a thrill to have something other men want. But enough about me and Adam. Did you do your homework and give your stud husband a handy?"  
  
It took Gwen a second to realize that Natalie had changed the subject, and second more to translate what she was asking. "Oh, ummm, yes, yes I did."  
  
"Good girl. Was he disappointed?"  
  
Gwen chuckled. "No, he said he liked it a lot."  
  
"Told ya. Sometimes you gotta change it up. How did YOU like it?"  
  
"I liked it," Gwen admitted. "I liked seeing him enjoy it. A lot sure does come out, though." She quickly decided she had said too much. "I'm sorry Natalie, too much information."  
  
"Don't be sorry," her sister-in-law laughed. "It's really not that much, either the information or their semen. A teaspoon or two, maybe. It does look like a lot more when you're the target, though."  
  
It took Gwen another second to figure that one out. "You some mean men like to do that...on you?"  
  
"Just about every man I've ever been with did. I think they see it like marking their territory."  
  
"Even after they've been with someone a while?"  
  
Natalie paused. "Gwen, how much do you really want to know about your brother?"  
  
The question brought the woman in the passenger seat up short. She had never thought of him as a sexual being—she had never thought of anyone in her family as a sexual being, almost imagining she and her brothers and nieces and nephews had all appeared out of thin air. To think of him as having a private side...  
  
"I'm alright with hearing whatever you want to tell me," Gwen said with more confidence than she felt. "I would imagine he is a lot like me, only with different parts. I mean, we were both were raised by the same parents."  
  
"If you mean reserved and conventional, then you would have been right when we first met. But, I think I helped him relax his stance a bit..." Gwen looked over to see her sister-in-law watching the road and grinning. "If I say too much, just let me know and I'll stop. I really don't have any verbal brakes, so to speak—I tend to just say what's on my mind. If something I say bothers you or makes me uncomfortable, just let me know and I'll stop."  
  
Her passenger nodded silently, and Natalie continued. "Adam still loves to give me facials."   
  
"You mean he likes to do your makeup?"  
  
Natalie erupted in laughter. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry...you have so much to learn, young one...Gwen, a facial is when a man comes on your face."  
  
Her sister-in-law's look turned to horror. "Really!? He likes that? YOU like that?"  
  
Natalie continued to smile. "He loves it. I'm OK with it because he loves it. Doesn't do much for me, but as long as I keep my eyes closed, it's alright. It stings when you get it in your eye. I do tend to make it a special treat, rather than an everyday occasion, though."  
  
The SUV fell silent, Gwen mentally running through the gymnastics necessary to bring a man's—her brother's—penis close enough to Natalie's face for the desired results. "Sorry if I gave you more than you wanted to know about Adam," Natalie offered quietly after several miles.   
  
"No, no, it's OK...I guess it's good I get the education..it's just I've never thought about him...and you...together...like that."  
  
Natalie laughed. "Two kids, remember? And he's married to a woman who loves a good naked wrestling match?"

Gwen blushed at the reference and smiled back. "So, are you going to tell him what you did?" She asked, attempting to steer the conversation back to her sister-in-law.   
  
"The next time I need some attention, for sure," The smiling blonde replied. "Won't be tonight, though. He's got a dinner with clients. I'll probably have to take matters into my own hands, as long as the kids give me some alone time."   
  
Gwen knew exactly what her sister-in-law was referring to, but it took her longer to guess at the reason for her night's plans. "Are you saying it excited you to do that at the beach?" she asked, the answer dawning on her.  
  
"Why would I do it otherwise? There's gotta be something in it for both parties, y'know.? It's kinda fun thinking I might be imagining him at the same time he's imagining me." Both women were quite for a moment.  
  
"Did you tell Tim about your dressing room adventures last week?"   
  
Gwen continued to stare out at the road. "No, I'm really afraid he'll get mad."  
  
"I'm pretty sure he won't. Just tell him about the first time—that was completely unplanned. See what he says. He's a very open-minded, even-tempered kind of guy." Natalie made the turn into the Nelsons' dirt driveway. "Thanks for coming with me. I'm glad you said yes."  
  
"Me too," Gwen answered truthfully. "Hey, are you working Friday?"  
  
"Uh-huh. Why?"  
  
"Want to come over and ride before work?"   
  
"Sounds like a plan. 11?"  
  
"11." The two women hugged across their seats, Gwen climbed out, and Natalie was off with a honk of the horn.   
  
She took a quick shower and changed into more conservative clothing before heading out to the workshop to check messages and catch up on paperwork. It was not long before the trucks started to roll in. Soon the boys were off, and she and Tim made their way to the house to make dinner.   
  
As was the norm this time of year, the couple made their way to the pool after the meal, sweet teas and towels in hand. Tim was very appreciative of the bikini his wife chose to wear, making his approval known with compliments, hugs and kisses. For her part, she did not push him away when he copped a feel of her fabric-covered derriere.   
  
The evening routine continued, some TV before Gwen retired to the bedroom to read, Tim following along shortly after. The book was put down, the light turned off, and she nestled into her husband's side.  
  
"Tim?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"There's something I should tell you..."  
  
Her husband could tell by her tone it was serious. "Uh-oh. Did you forget to make the bank deposit?"  
  
"No, nothing like that...I was shopping last week...you know, at Crandall's? Well, I was in the dressing room trying on a dress, and, well...the curtain was open a little—it was an accident, I swear—and, I, uhh, think a man saw me in there."  
  
"A guy saw you naked?"  
  
"No, not naked!" Gwen hurriedly countered. "I was wearing my underwear, but I'm pretty sure he saw it all."   
  
Tim chuckled and hugged her close. "Lucky guy. He didn't bother you after, did he?" he asked in a more menacing tone.  
  
"No, no, nothing like that, it's just that, you know, another man saw me like that. You're not mad, are you?"   
  
Tim chuckled again. "Of course not. Like I said, lucky guy."  
  
The two were silent for a moment. "Was he an older guy, or younger?"  
  
Gwen thought about her second exposure, the one she had orchestrated, and decided that was not a topic for tonight. "Older."  
  
"Well, I'm sure he has a very pleasant memory to treasure." He hugged her close and kissed her briefly, then again, with more passion. No more words were spoken as his hand found its way under her t-shirt to land on her panty-covered hip. It quickly glided up the turn of her waist as his kiss became more fervent, pushing the fabric up as it did so until her reached her uncovered breasts. His touch on her flesh was not rough, but it was more forceful than she could ever remember. Gwen reached to his midsection to find her husband's staff already fully erect underneath his boxers. She had just begun to slide her fingers under his shorts when he abruptly rolled away and on to his back, kicking off the covers as he went. Pointing his legs towards the ceiling, Tim hooked his thumbs under the waistband and pushed them off his hips, his manhood briefly catching on the fabric before freeing itself and hitting his stomach with a dull slap.   
  
Gwen watched in anticipation as Tim pushed the boxers up and off his legs while rolling to his knees in one fluid motion. There was no hesitation on his part as his hands discarded his own underwear and reached for hers, fingers yanking firmly as her panties were hooked and pulled down her legs, Gwen lifting her hips off the mattress to help their passage. Her husband pulled her leg to the side and moved into the space between her knees, looking down in the gloom to stare at the dark vee of hair atop the junction of her now spread thighs. Crouching over her like a predator stooping on its prey, his hips instinctively drove forward. Tim slowed himself as the tip of his weapon touched her sex, regretting the fact he had not taken more time to give his wife's passage some attention and a chance to lubricate. Slowly his shaft began to push past her lips. To his surprise, his length sank into her in one smooth stroke.   
  
His lovemaking was not the slow, patient build up Gwen had become accustomed to all these years. Instead, his pace and urgency reminded her of the days after they had first married. Still, this was different, she told herself. Back then, Tim had seemed youthful and inexperienced, almost like he was scared she might stop him if he didn't finish quickly. Tonight was something else. Her husband's efforts felt made her feel like she was being taken for his pleasure, that she was his plaything. Gwen found she relished the feeling.   
  
Tim didn't last long after his wife's legs came up and wrapped around his waist as if to draw him into her even more deeply. "Gonna-come-in-you," her husband murmured in Gwen's ear in cadence to his thrusts.   
  
She was shocked. The couple never spoke during sex; a soft groan or sigh was considered the ultimate vocal expression of their physical excitement. "I-want-you-to," she softly replied as her husband continued to hammer into her.   
  
With a final thrust, Tim held true to his word and buried himself deep. With the memory of Tim's hand-induced orgasm from several nights before her still fresh in her mind, Gwen's imagination conjured up images of his penis firing jet after jet of milky white spend deep into her womb, splattering against her like eggwhites thrown against a mixing bowl.   
  
Tim groaned and lay still, spent, doing his best not to crush the body beneath him. His wife's thighs and calves continued to grip the man between her legs, pelvis gently rocking in a vain effort to allow her clitoris to make contact with his pubic bone. He seemed to not take the hint, however, and reluctantly she dropped her legs to the mattress, allowing him to dismount.   
  
He moved to the side and collapsed beside her, satiated, while she rolled away, to head for the bathroom to clean herself. His hand flashed out and caught her by the hip, stopping her on her side, facing away from him. "Wait. Let me take care of you now."   
  
"Let me go clean up first," she asked, attempting to complete her roll off the bed. Still, his hand held her in place. "I'm kind of messy down there."  
  
"I know," Tim chuckled. "I helped with that, remember?" The hand on her hip moved to the junction of her thighs. She again thought to protest, to move, but something held her there. His hand began to prod her open, and she relented with a groan, thankful she would not be facing him when he discovered exactly what she meant.  
  
If Tim was at all squeamish about what awaited him, he showed no indication. His rough middle finger quickly found its way to her opening, pushing in and pulling back his spend to spread it upwards to her clit. Three more times the finger made its way into her, drawing out more of him each time before spreading it in her furrow. Gwen thought the application of the slippery coating wickedly sensual as his finger slid through their combined wetness.   
  
His finger dipped into her a fifth time and left her, only to land on her nipple a second later, spreading their mingled juices over and around her tingling nipple. She gasped at the feeling. Tim's hand returned to her crotch and continued to spread his seed, paying more and more attention to her love button. Gwen was only dimly aware of his flaccid member nestled between her cheeks, her hips rhythmically twitching against him. The rise to her orgasm was slow and delicious, her climax itself was comforting and welcomed.   
  
The both lay there for several moments, Tim nuzzling her neck and ear, before she rose and stumbled to the bathroom. Almost without thinking she stripped off her t-shirt and reached for the roll of toilet paper. Gwen stopped, the Slut giving her pause with an incredibly depraved and perverted suggestion. The naked woman eyed the closed door nervously, checking to make sure she was truly unobserved. A moment to think, another look at the door. Slowly her hand went to her crotch, her middle finger landing between her lips before sliding up inside her into until it could go no deeper. Only then did she withdraw it, glistening with the remains of her and Tim, bringing it to her mouth. She hesitated a moment before pushing it through her lips and on to her tongue like she was licking off cake batter. Gwen tasted the feminine bouquet she remembered from another time and place so long ago, but also for the first time the salty tang of her husband's seed. She knew this act should disgust her, but she also knew it did not. Her perverted curiosity satisfied, she returned to bed.  
  
Tim was pleased to see she came back nude.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 06**

The dream did not return that night and Gwen slept soundly, her husband's body wrapped around her own nude form. Still, she awoke several moments before the sound of alarm, more out of habit than distress, listening to the steady breathing of the man behind her. Gwen reveled in the feeling of warmth and security his body gave her, and she tried to wriggle even closer to him.  
  
A sudden change in Tim's breathing announced his awakening a few minutes later. Gwen could hear her husband's pillow rustle as he turned to look at the clock, His body rolling away much to her regret, but only long enough for Tim to turn off the alarm before it sounded. He rolled back and captured her again, giving her a strong one-armed hug.  
  
"Morning," he grumbled softly behind her neck.   
  
"Morning." Gwen hugged his draped arm closely against her body, flattening her breasts beneath it. The two lay there for another fifteen minutes, lightly dozing while enjoying the feel of each other, before Tim reluctantly flipped back the covers and rolled of his side of the bed. "Got that job over at the Urgent Care clinic today," he reminded her as he shuffled towards the shower. Gwen watched his firm butt ripple and sway across the room before he disappeared behind the bathroom wall and she rose to make breakfast. She thought briefly about just throwing on a robe over her naked body before deciding against it as too risky, donning her traditional nightgown and panties instead. She allowed herself one small breach of propriety and omitted a bra.   
  
After they had eaten, Tim made his way out to the shop while Gwen cleaned up the kitchen and headed for her own shower. The nightgown-clad woman carefully disrobed and turned to step under the hot spray before stopping short as she caught a glimpse of herself in the wall mirror. Turning back, she examined at her uncovered body, something she normally avoided doing any more than necessary, as she had always believed it to be a conceited act. What caught her attention was the vee of dark hair between her legs. Gwen gently touched the matted thatch, finding her husband's efforts the night before had left her coarse hair stiff and clumped with their dried secretions. The Lady was repelled at the thought, but Gwen smiled to herself, remembering how unconcerned Tim had seemed at touching her down there before she had made herself presentable, and how good his attention had felt. She also smiled at the sheer perversity of her actions once she had reached the bathroom after her climax.   
  
Gwen ran her fingers through the reminder for several minutes, ostensibly to "comb it out," before stepping into the stall. The folds of her sex got the same thorough attention the patch above it had received as the daydreaming woman thought of her husband's callused fingers, and soon she was working herself into self-induced resolution to the rapidly growing feelings of pleasure radiating through her body.  
  
The Lady put a stop to it, brusquely reminded her Tim was waiting in the workshop, and the boys would be there any moment. Touching herself was wrong at any time, but with responsibilities waiting—no way! Reluctantly she pulled her hands away from her crotch and her mind away from her arousal, finished her shower, and joined her husband across the yard.   
  
The day was like any other after that, trucks dispatched, horses tended to, ordering done and invoices generated. It was nearly 3pm before she glanced in horror at the calendar that reminded her the Chamber of Commerce dinner was 5 days away. Despite all of her trips to the mall, she had still not found a dress! She resolved to go that night, after Tim had returned and been fed. The idea that there might be more people there after work crossed her mind as well...she made her way back to the house and selected the appropriate attire for her shopping trip with the idea she would leave right after dinner.  
  
Walt was the first back that afternoon. Walt Phillips was nearing retirement and had been working for the company since before Tim and Gwen bought it from old Mr. McGilvary. If he had been upset that the business had been sold to that young man fresh out of trade school, he never showed it. Instead, he had been a solid and dependable employee all these years. "Evening, Gwen," he called out as he opened the truck door and extricated himself from behind the wheel. Tim often wondered in private how the man could get into some of the tight spaces necessary to work given that belly, but somehow the job always got done.   
  
"Hi Walt," she replied as Andrew, the big plumber's apprentice for the day, gingerly slid out of his side of the cab. Gwen quickly spotted his pained movement. "Andrew? Are you alright?"  
  
"Andrew here learned a valuable lesson about the thermal retention properties of copper," Walt said with mock seriousness before the young man could answer. Gwen's confused look made him continue. "He leaned back against a live hot water line."  
  
"Oh my goodness, Andrew, are you alright?" she asked, her motherly concern quickly taking center stage. "Let me see!"   
  
"I'm alright ma'am, really," he replied without much enthusiasm.   
  
Gwen didn't believe a word. "Take that shirt off, young man so I can see if you need a doctor," she commanded. Reluctantly, Andrew loosened his belt and removed the blue Nelson Plumbing t-shirt, gingerly pulling it over his shoulder blades. The anxious woman only had a moment to admire the well-sculpted hairless chest and abdominal muscles of the sandy-haired youth before gently grabbing an elbow and turning him so she could examine his back.   
  
A bright-red welt ran from halfway up one blade across to the other, only a small patch of unblemished skin breaking up the straight line. "No blistering yet," she said softly while taking a closer look. "You'll have to keep an eye on this, but I don't think you'll need to see a doctor—unless you want to, of course," she added quickly.   
  
"No, I'm fine, really ma'am," he replied as he turned back to her. "It just feels like a sunburn." Andrew moved to put his shirt back on, but Gwen stopped him.   
  
"DO NOT put that rag back on--that thing is filthy," she admonished. "Come with me. I've got some burn ointment and a clean shirt in the house. Walter, why didn't you call this in when it happened?"  
  
"He didn't tell me it happened. I just noticed he moved quick, then a while later he was movin' funny. I didn't get the whole story out of him until we got in the truck and he couldn't sit back."   
  
"Well, for not noticing, you get to unload the truck on your own. Andrew, come with me."   
  
She didn't see the older man smiling as the two headed across the yard.  
  
"Wait here," Gwen directed as they stepped into the kitchen. She made a beeline to where she kept the ointment—she knew exactly where it was, she knew exactly where everything was in her house—and returned, salve and wet washcloth in hand.  
  
"Sorry in advance if this hurts," she murmured as the washcloth was applied to the red stripe. "I just want to clean this off first." Andrew said nothing, stoically accepting the gentle pats of the cool fabric. Gwen glanced down as she worked and caught her breath. The young man's work pants were a bit too big for him—why didn't I notice before, Gwen thought to herself, I would have gotten him something that fit better—and the lack of a shirt between the waistband and his skin formed a gap. A gap that showed that if he was wearing briefs, they were very brief indeed, as the top of his buttocks was very evident. Another might have laughed at the thought of genuine "plumber's crack", but Gwen was entranced at the sight. A curve of hairless skin ran down the small of his back and formed the tops of two muscular globes, the dark space of his crevasse separating them. She continued to stare while absentmindedly working the washcloth, only reluctantly admitting the burn was clean enough.  
  
Gwen grabbed the ointment from the nearby counter. "This has Lidocaine in it—it should keep this from hurting for a little while." She squeezed an ample amount on to her fingertip and daintily applied it to the man's skin. He flinched at the touch, but said nothing and let her work. She again found herself glancing down while she worked the cream into the taut muscles of his back, the visual and physical stimulus building up something inside her. It took her several moments and nearly a quarter of the tube before she knew she had to stop.  
  
"Better?"   
  
"Yes ma'am, thank you," Andrew replied, nervously holding his shirt in front of his waist. "I should, uhh, go help Walt."   
  
"Wait," Gwen told him. "You cannot wear that shirt. Give it to me—I know Tim's got some old clean ones in his closet—you can have one of those." She reached for the garment, but the young man seemed reluctant to give it up.   
  
"That's OK, this is fine."  
  
"If you start to blister, that shirt will get them infected." She grabbed at the fabric and pulled, Andrew releasing it and turning away as she did so. It was only a glance, but did the front of his pants seem a little more...full...than normal? Gwen dismissed the thought and moved down the hall to their bedroom, returning moments later with the promised t-shirt.  
  
Thanks, Mrs. Nelson, gotta go help Walt," he called over his shoulder as he shrugged the covering on and hurried out the door. Gwen looked out the window to see the other trucks had come back. She stayed in the kitchen a moment longer to collect herself. The feel of arousal was tinged with a panic caused by a thought that she had crossed a line, that by touching another man and enjoying it, no matter how innocent the touch had been intended, that she might have been unfaithful. The Lady nodded sagely while the Slut purred at the memory of that delightful butt. Gwen managed to shelve the debate for another time and went out to greet her husband.   
  
"I'm going to run down to town after we eat," she announced an hour later as they sat down at the table, "and try and find a dress for the Chamber of Commerce dinner this weekend."   
  
"I'll go with you," Tim volunteered as he reached for the pitcher of tea. "I was just going to put that compressor back together."  
  
"Oh, uhh, that would be nice honey, but you don't have to," Gwen demurred. "I know you like clothes shopping less than I do."  
  
"But I like you more than that compressor," he smiled. "So let's clean up and go."   
  
The Lady heaved a sigh of relief at the upheaval in plans while the Slut grumbled as the couple made their way to the other side of town. In truth, Gwen was somewhat thankful Tim had accompanied her—it removed any temptation she might have had for wicked mischief. And yet, she berated herself for the small part that did not appreciate his kindness, that was disappointed by his presence.  
  
Tim was soon standing behind his wife as she flipped through the racks of semi-formal wear in Crandall's, humming to himself as she sought out the dress she had tried on last that first day. "That one looked nice," he said as she pushed a black number to the left.   
  
"What, this?" she asked as she reversed direction and took it off the rack for them both to see. "Tim, it's sleeveless and much too short."   
  
"I think you'd look great in it."  
  
"When did you become a fashion expert?" she snorted. "Besides, I don't have a bra to go with this."  
  
"So, get one that does. At least try it on."   
  
Gwen looked at him and could see he was serious, turning the possibility over in her head. "Alright," she sighed. "I'll prove that this is not the dress you're looking for." Tim bashfully followed her into the lingerie department, making it obvious he was with her rather than ogling ladies undergarments while she found a bra that might work. More sheer and less fabric than she would normally choose, she told herself, but it just seemed to match what she expected the dress to be. Garments in hand, she made her way to the dressing rooms, wondering what her audience might have been like had she been able to partake in her perversion.  
  
She was both relieved and disappointed to find the seating area empty. Taking the number from the elderly lady behind the counter, she made her way towards the hallway she knew so well. Tim stopped her. "What chair did your peeper sit in?" he asked in a low voice.   
  
The question brought his wife up short. "Uhh, that one, I guess," she replied pointing behind Tim.   
  
Her husband leaned into her, as if to deliver a kiss on the cheek, but instead whispered, "If you use the same dressing room and leave the curtain like you did last week, I can check and see if he saw anything."   
  
Gwen drew back from him, shock written on her face. "What if someone sees me?" she hissed back.   
  
Tim smiled. "What if that someone's me?" He raised his eyebrows conspiratorially and nodded his head towards the cubicles. Gwen opened her mouth to protest, to tell him no way, but instead just rolled her eyes and followed his direction, turning back at the curtain to see if he was serious. Her husband sat in the chair, smiling back good-naturedly. With a sigh, she pushed into the cubicle, hung the dress and bra, and turned back to tend to the divider between her and the world.   
  
Inside her, a thrill was building. This night was turning out interesting after all, the Slut crowed! Showing off for her husband in a public place—the best of all worlds. A quick peek through the opening confirmed she could see Tim, and the change of his smile into a grin told her she was on display. She turned her back to him, as she had been with her other watchers.   
  
With shaking hands she unbuttoned her blouse, pulling it out of her jeans and slipping it off her shoulders before carefully hanging it. Bra or pants next? She decided to play it like she had before, freeing the belt and buttons, then pushing the denim down her legs. Gwen resisted the urge to look back at her husband, to gauge his reaction, and instead reached behind her back to unsnap the heavy white garment enveloping her breasts. Her hands trembled wildly as she hung it on a nearby peg. The fact it was Tim watching her made this a very different experience. Was he aroused? Was he disgusted? Was he even still there? The fantasy dictated she could not check.   
  
Gwen carefully seated her breasts in the bra she had selected, noting with sluttish satisfaction how the lacy fabric only obscured rather than hid her nipples, and how little the cups actually supported her. The dress was next, the thin straps and mid-thigh hem making her feel practically naked from the breasts up and sex down. She checked herself several times in the mirror, making sure what there was of the dress gave her at least some measure of cover, that bra straps were hidden under dress straps, that the plunging neckline did not plunge too low. Somewhat satisfied, she took a deep breath, turned, and slid the curtain all the way open. From her spot of refuge, she could see she had Tim's complete attention, his eyes wide, his head nodding vigorously, thumb up in approval. Gwen smiled and bashfully bowed her head before doing a slow turn for him. His reaction was the same when their eyes met again. She shrugged to show her acceptance of his desire and reached for the curtain to begin the process of changing back into wife and mother. A wicked thought raced through her mind. Leaving the drape open several more inches than when she had first entered the cubicle, Gwen looked at her husband for approval. It was apparent to her she had it, and she again allowed him a free look, taking a particularly long time to put her old bra back on after removing the new.  
  
Gwen finally exited the dressing room after several more checks in the mirror for propriety. "Well?" she asked somewhat breathlessly. "Did it look alright?"  
  
"Yes. Definitely." She was somewhat comforted by his apparent approval, but still she approached the cashier with reluctance. The couple walked back to the truck with her purchases, Tim talking as though what she had just done was the most common of occurrences.   
  
"I don't remember you ever having a pair of panties like that," he said casually as he pulled out of the parking lot.  
  
Gwen blushed with embarrassment. She had put them on when she thought she was going alone and had not been able to change out of them after she found out she had an escort. "Natalie bought them for me when I was trying on bikinis."  
  
"Tell Natalie I like her gift-giving style," Tim said quietly, a touch of humor in his voice. "When I first saw you in them tonight, I thought you didn't have anything on at all. Did she give you anything else?"   
  
"No, not really," Gwen answered. Unless you mean advice and homework, she thought to herself.  
  
"Are they comfortable?"  
  
"Hmm? Yes, they're OK, I guess."   
  
"You look great in them. We should have bought you some more while we were at the mall."  
  
"Thank you," Gwen continued to blush. "Maybe next time."  
  
The rest of the drive home was quiet, Gwen already wondering if her purchase had been made under the influence of the erotic situation she and Tim had created, and whether she would have the courage to wear the dress on Saturday night. It just seemed so brief...  
  
She carefully laid the dress and bra over a kitchen chair when they entered the house. I won't put it away just yet, she told herself, I'll probably end up returning it tomorrow anyways...  
  
Tim came up behind and wrapped his arms around her midsection. Gently kissing her neck, he murmured, "want to turn in a little early tonight?"   
  
Gwen was surprised to feel his hard length trapped between their bodies. What had gotten into him? The dressing room couldn't have had that much effect, could it have? "I think I'd like that."   
  
Her husband's hand found the button of her blouse just above her jeans and began to work it. He wasn't going to undress her here, was he? It was one thing to be seen in the bedroom, but the kitchen was a whole other story. Still, she let him work, deciding to lead him to more privacy if and when he threatened to expose anything that should remain hidden.  
  
Tim's work cellphone, discarded on a nearby counter when he had walked through the door, came to life. "Damnit," he grumbled and released his hold on Gwen. While her husband was capable of using every known curse word known to the plumbing industry, around each other Gwen and Tim never used anything stronger than "damn" or "hell", and only in particularly stressful or disappointing situations.  
  
"Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?" he answered in his best professional tone. "Yes ma'am, twenty-four hour service...how much water?...is the water still running?...no ma'am, I agree, it doesn't sound like this can wait until morning. What is your address ma'am, and I'll come right out." Tim began writing on a nearby notepad. "Yes ma'am, I'm leaving right now." He hung up the cellphone and turned to where Gwen was rebuttoning her blouse. "A Mrs. Olinski on Hart's Hill Road. Water on the laundry room floor and her husband's not home. Either a busted hose or bad water heater is my guess."  
  
"Want me to call one of the boys and have them meet you there?"   
  
"No, I'm guessing it will either be a quick fix, or just shutting things off until we can get back in the morning." Tim disappeared into the bedroom and reappeared moments later, dressed in workpants and a company t-shirt. "Don't wait up." He kissed Gwen goodbye and headed out to the shop, taillights disappearing down the dirt driveway moments later.   
  
Gwen briefly thought about waiting up anyways, but knew from experience these late night calls were almost never as quick as Tim would have her believe. She set about locking up the house before making her way to the bedroom to change into one of her more traditional nightgowns. Anything less would have been out of the question without Tim in the house—she felt as if her choice of nightwear was a form of protection against intruders and things that went bump in the night. Her thong as replaced with a more modest pair of fullback panties.

While sleep never came as easy with her husband away, it did come. The dream came, too. Again she was bound and again her admirers were stroking impossibly large penises. This time though, it was the older man whose ejaculation struck her first, arcing across the distance between he and her in slow motion. Gwen did not attempt to dodge the pearly white stream this time. Instead, she welcomed it, using what little range of movement she had to put her breasts into the path of the man's shot. The first blob landed squarely between her mounds while a second splat, courtesy of the young man behind her, landed below her bound hands and at the top of her buttocks, slowly trickling down between her cheeks. The older man smiled at her knowingly, as if she had revealed what kind of girl she really was. I am not that kind of girl, Gwen protested in her dream, and woke with a start.   
  
Her arousal and her protest followed her into consciousness. Gwen thought about getting up and waiting for Tim, but a check of the clock showed he had been gone a little over an hour. He could be home in ten minutes or two hours. She lay there for a while, considering her options and trying to bring herself under control. Natalie said dreams are just the brain's way of playing—they don't really mean anything, Gwen temporized. I'm not that kind of girl. I'm not.  
  
"What if you were that kind of girl?" The slut asked. "At least, in your imagination," she added quickly. "Maybe not in real life, but when you're alone, with some time on your hands..."   
  
"It would still be wrong," the Lady argued. "And it might lead to worse things."   
  
The still fresh arousal helped sway Gwen's attention to her corseted conscience. "It would be like make-believe, and never when anyone else is around, just when you're alone...like now."  
  
It's wrong to think about it at all, Gwen told herself, reacting to years of conditioning. And for the first time in a long, long while she was less than convincing to herself. A hand crept down to her inner thighs to smooth and caress while her mind began to play snippets of the still fresh dream, the images vivid as they popped in and out like a slide show. There she was, naked and chained. There was the potbellied man. And the young man. Too close to cheating, she told the mental slide operator. The image of her restrained changed into one of her kneeling, knees spread far apart while her hands remained behind her back. She recognized it as a scene from a movie she had once watched, only now she was the bound prisoner, and she wore no robes. Her admirers had changed as well, replaced by Tim. He stood on the platform right in front of her, naked as well, sliding his hand up and down his turgid member only inches from her face.   
  
The hand on her thighs demanded access higher up, and without thinking she slid her panties down and off, carelessly tossing them on to the floor. The nightgown would stay, though—her senses still had enough control to remind the aroused woman that she was home alone, after all. As a compromise, her left hand pushed the garment up to expose her flat stomach and caress her tingling skin while her right moved between her now-spread legs and up to their junction. The heel of her palm landed on her mons, exerting a delicious pressure while her middle finger curled under and slowly drew across her clitoris. Gwen gasped, her toes stiffening with the sensation. Circles around the nub were alternated with her finger sliding down her furrow and into her opening, reaching just far enough to push past the tight ring of muscle. Gwen found herself wishing for something more to fill her before long-buried memories began to rise from their lead coffins, and she instead concentrated on the pleasures she had at hand.  
  
The snapshots changed to video as her husband stroked, a self-assured grin on his lips as he looked down at her. The images played at a furious rate, quick changes from Tim to her admirers being dismissed as too deviant for a married woman to use for her own pleasure. The thought of her husband performing for her, performing because of her, were sufficient to bring her to the edge.   
  
She knew what was next. Natalie's description of what made Adam happy meant that she must allow her own husband that incredibly perverted pleasure as well. After all, her chains did not give her any choice...with a final push down his length, Tim announced, "now you're mine," and unleashed his orgasm. Gwen marveled at the amount her husband unleashed. Rope after rope landed on her face, in her hair, on her breasts, miraculously missing her eyes wide-open in surprise.   
  
Faster and faster her finger circled her clit, the left hand coming down to take its spot in her hole. In her mind's theatre, Tim, Finally spent, sighed and pushed his hips forward, the slimy head poised less than an inch from Gwen's lips. She bent to kiss his offering, triggering her own explosion.   
  
Gwen thrashed wildly, finger pushed deep into herself while thighs locked around both hands. Wave after wave of ecstasy swept over her, each causing her muscles to contract and her body to roll from side to side. Finally, she returned to her senses, aware of her labored breathing and the ache of her trapped fingers. Her legs parted to allow her hands their freedom, and she collapsed, too spent to move for several moments.   
  
Her mind began to take stock of the situation. While she still felt some guilt over her actions, particularly with regards to the perverted scenes the Slut had conjured up as fuel for the sexual fire, her actions still seemed more acceptable than what she had done that day in the kitchen. She was in her own bedroom, no one to see her secret vice, no one to judge or condemn her. And still the world seemed to turn on its axis, seemingly no worse for wear for one woman's decision to take her pleasure into her own hands.   
  
The sweep of headlights across the wall told her Tim was back. She rose quickly, bending to pick up her underwear. Panties in hand, Gwen stood and thought, a smile on her face, a plan forming. Her husband came into the kitchen to find his wife waiting for him, robe wrapped tightly around her. The absence of nightgown or t-shirt around her neck made him wonder just what she had on underneath.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 07**

Tim's late return that night prevented him from finishing the conquest he had started in the kitchen hours before, and his short sleep and early departure the next morning made it necessary to wait until the next evening to take the edge off the lust that had been growing ever since he had watched his wife change in the dressing room.   
  
He was sure he had taken an incredible risk asking for last night's show; Tim knew that in the past, the result would have been stone-cold silence and a stare, at the very least. He also knew that something had changed in the past week, and while Gwen was still more prim and proper than the girls he had been with before her (especially Tammy Domillo, he thought with a smile), she had changed for the better starting about the time of her peeping Tom incident. Could it be she found the experience sexually exciting? And how did her sudden friendship with Natalie figure into all of this?   
  
If it gets me more lovin', who am I to question? Tim thought to himself as he tightened a fitting. He had often wished Gwen had been more experienced in the care and handling of the male of the species when they had married. Having a virgin in his marital bed had never been important to him; having someone experienced and comfortable with sex would have been the preferred choice. Still, there were so many other things he had loved about her then, and still loved about her now, that he had willingly entered this marriage knowing she would be a reluctant and inexperienced bed partner. While Tim did not consider himself that much more seasoned, his previous girlfriends had given him a taste, so to speak, of the ways a man and a woman could pleasure each other. He also firmly believed that between her upbringing and the experience Gwen did have had hurt more than helped. Despite his efforts, she had resisted exploring anything further than baby-making obligational sex.  
  
And now she seemed to be loosening up a bit. Slowly, for sure, and Tim cautioned himself yet again not to rush her, but certain changes in and out of the bedroom told him things were a little different now. This knowledge made him confident he would be getting some tonight; maybe she would even let him change it up a little? What if he asked her to suck him?  
  
Tim laughed out loud at the thought. Never happen, he chided himself. That is definitely not where the penis goes in Gwen's world.   
  
"I never knew pipefitting could be funny," Jordan said from the gloom behind the flashlight he held.   
  
Tim smiled. "Oh, pipework can be lots of fun."  
  
The apprentice smiled to himself at the obviously unintended double entendre. Old people never seemed to understand how dirty their comments could sound. \*\*\* Gwen permitted herself the luxury of taking D'Artagnan up the hill for a short ride after seeing the trucks off that morning. She still felt some residual guilt over her self-pleasure from the night before, the Lady quietly grumbling that she should have waited for Tim before taking matters into her own hands. You deprived him of what is rightfully his, she scolded. It was late, and he was tired, Gwen reminded her alter-ego. That wouldn't have been fair. And besides, the Slut added, there's plenty more where that came from!   
  
The Lady continued on, ignoring her more wicked half. Ogling Andrew like you did—oh my! He's old enough to be your son! Yeah, but a nice ass, the Slut growled in response. Gwen did her best to shut them both out and help her mount pick his way through a rocky patch of trail.  
  
She and Dart trotted to the barn an hour later, the other horses whinnying their greeting and disapproval with being left behind. Gwen knew the summer heat had already undone her morning shower as she unsaddled and groomed the Morgan before turning him out in the paddock. A swim might at least help the situation, she decided, and headed for the house.   
  
The one-piece was hung where it always was, and she did look at it before turning away to pull one of her bikinis from its hiding place deep in her unmentionables drawer. Brazenly she stripped where she was and pulled the suit on, bedroom door wide open for anyone to see, had there actually been someone else in the house. The traditional robe was left on its hanger, and Gwen Nelson walked from her house up to the pool wearing nothing more than three small pieces of fabric and some string. The thought one of the trucks might drive up at any moment made her want to break into a run, but she controlled herself, content to carry her folded towel as a means of cover should it be necessary.   
  
The cool water brought her body temperature down to manageable levels, but her lack of clothing made her arousal flare. Reluctantly, Gwen climbed out, only using the towel to briefly dry herself. She dallied, enjoying he feel of the hot sun on skin unaccustomed to such exposure, before retracing her steps back to the house. The wet suit was removed and she took her time selecting fresh clothes while she walked about her bedroom in the nude. Dressed and refreshed, she spent her day in the office over the shop, awaiting the return of her husband.   
  
The evening routine was observed that night, dinner, a swim (Gwen sporting the bikini she had worn earlier that day), TV and bed. Despite his need and her choice of swimwear intensifying his desire, Tim bide his time.   
  
Gwen made her move to the bedroom as the credits began to roll on their 8pm show. Tim was close behind, perfunctory checks on the shop and barn made from the kitchen window before retreating to their room. He opened the door in time to see his wife crawling into the bed, a pair of fullback white panties peeking out from underneath her now-customary t-shirt. Tim smiled and pulled off his shirt and gym shorts, dropping them in the hamper on the way to the bathroom. Teeth brushed, he returned a few moments later, his half-erect member bouncing as he walked to his side of the bed.   
  
"No shorts?" Gwen asked, the state of her husband's package hinting at what she hoped was next.   
  
"Nope. I got nothin' to hide." Tim flipped the covers back and left them there as he lay on the mattress. He leaned over and kissed his wife. "Love you."  
  
"Love you, too."  
  
He bent to kiss her again, this time more forcefully while his hand went under the sheets that still covered his wife and to her thigh, sliding across her cotton-covered mound on its way. Upwards it moved, caressing and teasing the flesh of her stomach, pleasantly surprised to find her braless as his hand continued its journey across her smooth skin. Tim encircled a mound of flesh, eventually teasing an already-erect nipple.   
  
Gwen made it clear she had every intention of welcoming her husband's advance, her hand finding his quickly-engorging manhood and encouraging it to its full length and width. She had never given much thought to her husband's penis, acknowledging it only as necessary for the sexual act, but lately, each view of it, each touch of it, sparked more interest in what he carried between his legs. It amazed her how quickly it could go from soft and dormant to solid and menacing, and all of the various sizes in between. The heat and the hardness, the sack below it...she found herself wishing she could examine it closely, in more detail. She resolved to work up the courage to do so some other time and instead satisfied herself by running her fingers across the bumps his veins made against the hardness underneath and delicately stroking the spongy head. In the past, the feel of Tim's precum spreading under her touch had been her own signal that he was ready to mount her; but now the way the way it made his skin slick and smooth fascinated her and made her delay sending the message to get on with it.   
  
She was wondering what it might feel like to spread his juices across her nipples when Tim's hand made its way underneath her panties and cupped her mound. A finger continued on down her slit, giving her a jolt as it slid across her button then continued on, finding her surprisingly wet. This normally would have been his signal to couple with her and finish their lovemaking the way married couples should, but each took their time, enjoying what they were doing and what was being done to them. It was the continued touch and stroke of his wife's delicate fingers that finally drove Tim to his next bold step.   
  
"Do you mind if we try something a little different tonight?" he murmured as he broke their kiss.  
  
"Ummm, like what?" she replied, unsure exactly what different might entail.   
  
Tim sat up and back on his haunches, erection jutting upwards from between his thighs. "Well, first thing is to get you like I like you—completely naked." He did not wait for permission, hands reaching for her underwear and sliding them down her legs, casually discarding them after they had cleared her feet. His left knee lifted over her thighs as Gwen spread her legs to accommodate him, assuming her husband's next move would be to put himself inside her.   
  
Tim wasn't ready for that. Instead, the knee came forward until it lodged firmly against her sex while he reached for her t-shirt. Gwen sat up enough to help him pull it over her head, then lay back as he began to bathe her left nipple with his tongue. Her thighs instinctively squeezed together to lock his knee in place as her hips began to thrust and gyrate against the exquisite pressure that was being exerted on her clitoris. She looked down and past where Tim licked, kissed, and gently sucked her breasts, watching his shaft and testicles bob and dangle beneath him. Gwen was quite content to have him lavish his attention on her mounds while her hips ground against the immovable object between her legs and her climax began to rise.   
  
He finally straightened again and looked down on her, an uncertain smile on his face. Almost reluctantly her thighs opened to release his knee, hoping he would quickly get his body between them where she could again try and press herself against the bony mass above his erection. Instead, he removed his leg from between hers altogether. "So, how about you roll on to your tummy?"   
  
Gwen's mind raced. This opened up two possibilities as to what her husband was getting at—one that they had never explored before last week, and another that was out of the question! She knew some people did that, of course, but not upstanding married couples. Still, she turned over, treating his request as a command. She lay there, face in the pillow, legs together, breasts and arms squashed beneath her, waiting.  
  
"And now get on your hands and knees." A feeling of vulnerability crept into her, stoking her arousal. She rose, knees still close together, arms locked together in a pushup. Gwen stared at the pillow below her, unwilling to look back.   
  
She could see out of the corner of her eye Tim shift position so he was now directly behind her. Gwen jumped a little when her husband's hand gently yet firmly landed above and behind her right knee and pushed out. "Spread your legs a little, honey." Again she complied, her most private parts now completely exposed. He could see everything, do anything he wanted. It was so humiliating, and so erotic. She shivered a little at the idea.   
  
"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you," he said softly. "Beautiful. So beautiful."  
  
"I think you're looking at the wrong end," she joked weakly as she turned her head to risk a look behind her. She was shocked to see him staring at her backside, his hand stroking his length.  
  
"Both ends are beautiful," Tim replied, never taking his eyes off her bottom. "And so is the part in between." He was fascinated by the sight before him, so rarely seen. The dark lips of her pussy, glistening with moisture, were parted ever so slightly and clearly visible through the thin layer of hair about them while above it, her puckered rosebud stood out proudly at the bottom of the valley between her separated cheeks. Tim could count the number of times on one hand he had ever seen Gwen's asshole, always in a bent-over-while changing kind of way; it had never been this open and available to him before. He wanted so much to run his fingers over the crinkled muscle, to tickle it, like Tammy Domillo had told him to do that one time, but he was pretty sure he had pushed Gwen to her limits today.   
  
Tim continued to take in the view for a moment more, risking a gentle stroking of her upturned cheek with his free hand, before shuffling forward a bit and placing his calves outside of hers. Gwen knew what was next, but still had concerns about which entry he intended to use. Her body tensed, prepared to drop and roll should her husband choose poorly...  
  
The hand gripping his cock levered it down until it was parallel with its intended path. His pelvis pushed forward, cock head making tentative contact with her welcoming lips. Satisfied the angle was correct, both hands took his prize by the hips while he drove ahead. Tim did his best to resist the urge to slam forward and make it so rough as to make the act unpleasant for his wife, but Gwen was still shocked by the suddenness of those strong hands pulling her back into him until his hips met the backs of her thighs.  
  
Tsk, tsk, if your mother could see you now, rutting like an animal, the Lady said reproachfully before realizing that she had overstepped her bounds by bringing the spectre of Irene Curran into the bedroom. The Lady stepped back, and Gwen's ardor diminished a bit at the thought of what others might think of her behavior. The Slut saw her opportunity and stepped forward.   
  
Like an animal? Damn right! He's on you like a stallion breeding a mare! He's taking what he wants, and as long as you give it to him, he'll keep coming back for more! He can have you any time or any way he wants!  
  
Tim's pace was quickening, his attempts at a gentle introduction to this position for his wife abandoned as his hips and thighs slapped against hers while he attempted to drive himself deep into her. Gwen glanced left, into a mirror mounted above her dresser. Two naked bodies looked back, the woman's hanging breasts shaking and wobbling with each thrust while the man stared down with intensity where the bodies came apart and joined together again. Any ground her arousal might have lost with the Lady's admonishment was erased by the image in the mirror, and her climax again began to build. Her own body began to push back to meet his thrusts.  
  
The softly-grunting man behind her finished first, his fingers digging reflexively into her hip bones as he tried to get all of himself deep into her womb. The force of his orgasm along with the depravity of the act triggered her own, somewhat muted compared to what she had given herself the day before, but well worth the effort nonetheless. Gwen's arms collapsed as her muscles lost their strength to the jolts of pleasure, hips sagging forward but remaining upright only because she was still impaled on the man behind her. Tim eased forward with her body as Gwen's head collapsed into the pillow, unwilling to remove himself from her just yet.  
  
His last orgasmic convulsions passed and Tim finally pulled away from her, watching carefully as his glistening length slid back out between her lips, her opening only partially closing after his head had exited. Tim noted with satisfaction the remains of some of his deposit that lay at her entrance.   
  
Finally free of the supporting body behind her, Gwen gently collapsed onto the mattress, reveling in her post-orgasmic glow. "You OK?" Tim asked nervously, hand on her calf. "Was that alright?"  
  
Gwen smiled, not bothering to open her eyes. "Wonderful." She lay there a moment before finally rejoining her husband in the there-and-now and looking up at him. "Did you like that?"  
  
His worried look eased a bit. "I did."   
  
Gwen smiled again. "Good." She straightened and rolled to a sit on the edge of the bed, stood, and moved to the bathroom, viewing the red finger marks on her sides with a feeling of satisfaction and pride. The marks made her feel like she had been taken, and the thought thrilled her.  
  
Sleep came fast and was peaceful that night. Gwen arose first, quietly moving to Tim's side of the bed to turn off the alarm before it sounded. The nude woman began gathering what her husband had so casually discarded the night before and headed for the bathroom. She was disappointed his fingermarks had faded, but the memory of them still made her smile. Looking at the t-shirt she held, Gwen smiled again and dropped it in the hamper before reaching for her robe. Breakfast was begun and the smile remained, the idea of what she wasn't wearing wickedly amusing to her.  
  
Life was hectic the next few days. Several unexpected jobs had everyone starting early and finishing late, and Tim's exhaustion precluded any activities in the bedroom other than sleeping. For her part, Gwen successfully resisted any urges she might have had to "take matters into her own hands," the Lady reminding her that her husband took care of those types of matters quite nicely, thank you very much. She had also resisted the urge to return the dress and had moved it to her closet, reasoning that she still had some time to take it back.  
  
Gwen looked forward to Friday, to riding with Natalie. Any excuse for a ride was a good one, and this newfound friendship was fulfilling a hole in her life she had never realized she had. The daughter of Norm and Irene Curran had observed her parents social circle closely while growing up and had come to understand early on that adults at this level of society viewed friends as assets and liabilities, allies and enemies, schmucks and schemers, and the roles could change very quickly. But as true confidantes? That was almost unheard of. She also learned that her own friends were the daughters of these adults, and they played by the same rules. Gwen had no stomach for the cruel politicking and backstabbing necessary for these games, and came to trust only her horse with her most private fears and confessions. Tim had been the first person, the only person, really, she had ever really trusted without question.  
  
And now Natalie, she realized. It made sense in some weird way; Natalie didn't have that upper-class upbringing, that need to gain and maintain status and power. Despite Gwen's natural distrust of anything on two legs, she just had a warm, comfortable feeling about her sister-in-law.   
  
The horses were saddled and waiting when Natalie arrived, on time as usual. She wore the same outfit as the week before, Gwen noted, down to the pink jogbra, and she had to admit her sister-in-law pulled it off without looking slutty, even if it was a little more revealing than she would ever dare try.  
  
Hugs were exchanged and soon they were softly clopping up the wooded path behind the house, neither riders nor horses anxious to move fast in the heat. The smell of warm pine needles filled the air, and cicadas called back and forth as the women talked, the topics nothing more than each would hear around the dinner table—children, the law firm, the plumbing business, the hospital. Gwen led the way up to the top of Beckett's Ridge, to the picnic table where they could sit while the horses rested and cooled. Tim had put the table up there when the children were just beginning to ride, and Gwen would lead them up the trail while their father followed along on his four-wheeler, a picnic lunch or dinner packed behind him. They would eat and relax, catching what breeze they could while enjoying the view and the peace.   
  
The horses were loosely tethered to nearby trees while Gwen and Natalie took seats across from each other on the wooden benches. "This 3 to 11 shift is killing mine and Adam's alone time," Natalie groaned after she finished a story about one of the doctors falling asleep in a patient's room. "He's asleep when I come home, and he's gone for work before I get up." She laughed. "If it weren't for my blue bunny and Mr. Majestic, I'd probably be at his office, stretched across his desk." Natalie could see a look of consternation cross Gwen's face. "Sorry," she added quickly, "I forget he's your brother."

"No, it's not that," Gwen replied, although the thought of her brother and his wife together both excited and disturbed her. "What's a—what did you call them?—a 'blue bunny' and a 'Mr. Majestic?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "My vibrator—well, one of them—and my dildo." She could see the look of understanding on her sister-in-law's face. "My roommates and I named our toys when we were in school together, and I guess I've never gotten out of the habit. I take it you don't name yours?"  
  
"Oh, I don't have any...anything like that," Gwen said firmly.  
  
"Oh," Natalie replied softly, a tone of sympathy in her voice. "They don't work for you?"  
  
"No no, it's not that! It's just that I...don't think they're right...for me," she added quickly, not wishing to offend Natalie over of her choice of perversions. "And I just don't, y'know, do THAT," she lied, trying to ignore the memories of earlier in the week.  
  
"You did last week," her sister-in-law reminded her with a smile. "Speaking of which," she said as she lowered her eyes and her voice, "do you still think you're crazy?"   
  
It took Gwen a moment to formulate her answer. "I guess not," she finally replied. "But I don't think it's normal, either, for me to think like that, or do those things...I'm my parent's daughter and my daughters' mother! What if they knew I was like that?"  
  
"Hard to say with your parents," Natalie said thoughtfully. Every adult had their private side, and while her mother-in-law had hidden hers quite well, Gwen's father had revealed his. "But it's your life, not theirs. And frankly, please excuse me for saying this, but they are not the be-all end-all authorities on life, in my opinion. So as long as you and Tim aren't going at it on their couch, I doubt they would find out, and it's none of their business. As for your children, I'm willing to bet they're already doing the things you're afraid they're going to find out about.   
  
Look, nature made sex feel good so we want to reproduce. Science made it so we can reproduce when we want and still feel good when we don't. Society, not nature, made sex something to be hidden and ashamed of. I trust nature on this one, maybe you should too?"  
  
Gwen nodded, apparently unconvinced, and continued to stare at the table in front of her.   
  
Natalie smiled. "So, did you tell Tim about your admirers at the mall?"  
  
Gwen nodded again, unwilling to admit she had only told him about one.   
  
"And, was he upset?"  
  
Her sister-in-law shook her head. "No, I guess not."  
  
"Did he seem more...attentive...after you told him?"  
  
Gwen's memory flashed back to his request for his own viewing, and her submission to him the next night. "Yes, I guess you could say that."  
  
Natalie smiled triumphantly. "I told you! Your husband got all hot and bothered thinking about some guy looking at his piece of ass! So," she said in her best conspiratorial tone, "when and how are you gonna do it again?"   
  
"I'm not," Gwen said with a shy smile as she continued to look down at the pine boards. "It's wrong."  
  
"Bullshit," Natalie laughed. "You like it, Tim likes it, whoever's seeing ya likes it, so if you do it, everybody wins. Maybe your husband might like to get in on it?"   
  
Really, I can't," Gwen demurred, but her tone was not one of resolve. "We should head back down," She said, changing the subject. "You don't want to be late for work."   
  
Natalie smiled, but said no more. The pair made their way back down the ridge, horses picking their way over the dirt trails until they were again in their paddock.  
  
"Do you have time for a swim?" Gwen asked as she hefted her saddle onto its resting place on a nearby sawhorse.   
  
"I do."   
  
"And did you bring a suit?" Gwen asked with a mischievous smile.  
  
"Well, I didn't think I needed one after last week."   
  
"You don't. I'll go over to the house and get some towels and meet you up at the pool?"  
  
"Sounds like a plan."  
  
The women set out across the yard, the absolute stillness of the air making their sweaty clothes stick uncomfortably to their skin. Gwen went to her bedroom and chose the bikini this time, as much for her sister-in-law's approval as the feeling of daring it created, then grabbed an extra pair of flip-flops in case Natalie had forgotten those as well. Her robe remained on its hook and she headed up the hill.   
  
Natalie's clothes were again hung on the fence, and the sound of splashing came from just up above. Gwen stopped at the gate and stared in amazement. Her sister-in-law was on her back, lazily kicking, her uncovered breasts flopping to either side of her chest while her equally bare sex peeked out between scissoring thighs.   
  
Natalie saw her sister-in-law's approach and stopped her motion, treading water while Gwen hurried inside the fence, quickly closing the chain-link gate as if someone might see the naked woman in her pool.  
  
"Hope you don't mind," Natalie called out as Gwen did her best not to stare while she hurried to the table to set the towels down. "I figured since you saw all of me last week, and I hate wet underwear...if I'm freaking you out, I can put them on."   
  
"No, no," she said quickly, forcing herself to look at her sister-in-law. Despite the fact Natalie's treading kept just her head above water, the woman's nude form was obvious beneath the surface of the crystal-clear pool. She found herself wondering if breasts were buoyant—Natalie's certainly looked to be floating—and pushed the thought out of her mind. "You're fine. I'll put your towel right here by the ladder in case you need it quickly."  
  
Natalie laughed. "Thanks, but I should be OK. I love that bikini. You look smokin' in it."   
  
Gwen blushed, feeling exposed, but also feeling what she had hoped for when she chose it.   
  
"Y'know," Natalie purred as she hooked her arms over the lip of the pool under where her sister-in-law stood, "it's just a small step from wearing that bikini to not wearing it."   
  
Gwen looked down for a moment, trying to comprehend exactly what Natalie was saying while staring down through the rippling water at the muscular buttocks just below. Her mouth opened with a gasp. "Are you suggesting I—take it off?!" The nude woman looked up, squinting, and smiled in reply. "I can't do that! What if someone comes?"  
  
"You would have worn your old-lady suit if you thought that was likely," Natalie reasoned. "and besides, you'll hear them way before they can see you."  
  
"No, I couldn't..."  
  
"Gwen, haven't you ever skinny-dipped before? In your whole life?" The woman shook her head quickly, lowering herself into a sitting position on the pool edge, legs dangling in the cool water. "C'mon, you'll love it—it feels so good!" Natalie pushed away, towards the other side of the pool, Gwen admiring the nude form as it moved away. "How about just your top? C'mon, live a little, for me? My towel is right over there if you need to use it..."   
  
Gwen kicked her legs for a moment, looking around nervously. The Lady screamed her warnings, the Slut spoke in soothing tones. She confirmed with one more look what she already knew—that the workshop was not visible from here, so therefore she was not visible from the workshop—then quickly reached behind her back and pulled the knot. The strings slid apart cleanly and the garment hung from her neck, only gravity holding it in place across her breasts. She didn't dare to look at Natalie now, instead just reaching below her hair and pulling open the knot. Gwen caught the fabric as it fell away, flinging it to the pool desk while sliding into the water, out of sight, in one fluid motion.   
  
Her already erect nipples tightened further at the shock of the cool water hitting them. Gwen's head broke the surface, the nervous woman carefully keeping everything from the neck down below the water, listening intently for the sound of trucks pulling up the gravel driveway. She looked across the pool to see Natalie beaming. "Good girl!"  
  
The two woman enjoyed the cooling water, Gwen alternating scans around the pool deck with looks down at her chest, fascinated with the sight of her pink areolae refracted by the sunlight and sparkling water, reveling in the depravity of her act. Naked, outdoors! She had to admit, it did feel good to have her breasts free from any sort of restraint. If they were bigger, she mused, she might answer the question as to whether they floated. They certainly seemed to.  
  
Natalie casually used her arms to move along the opposite edge of the pool. "Oooh!" the large-breasted blonde cried suddenly. Gwen was quickly on alert, ready to spring for the nearby towels with the potential for danger. Natalie, however, was not focused on anything in particular, rather just hanging on the pool side, her body now hugging the wall. She stayed that way for several seconds before she reluctantly reversed position to face Gwen, her body contorting to press her bottom against the poolside . "KD told me about that."   
  
"Excuse me?" Gwen asked, still looking for signs they had been discovered.  
  
"Oh nothing," Natalie replied. "Hey, did you know the outflow from your pool filter is at the right level to make you feel really good?"   
  
"Huh? What do you mean?"  
  
"It's like a liquid vibrator, if you know what I mean," Natalie replied with a smirk. "Well, much as I would love to stay in all afternoon, preferably with a naked cabana boy bringing me drinks, I have to go tend to a floor full of patients and doctors." Natalie slowly walked up the stairs at the end of the pool and to her clothes. Gwen watched nervously, planning her exit as her sister-in-law unconcernedly collected her things. "Hey thanks for the flip-flops," she said, walking across the deck. "I'm gonna go down and get my stuff out of the car. You getting out?"  
  
Gwen splashed up the stairs and grabbed the nearby towel, hurriedly wrapped it around her body after deciding the top would take too much time to retie. Natalie has already stepped through the gate, holding it open for her.  
  
"You're going down to the car like that?"   
  
"Unless you think somebody might see me," her sister-in-law deadpanned. She turned and started down the hill, Gwen watching her full butt sway as only a woman's can. She in turn hurried down to the house and was content to meet Natalie in the kitchen. The naked woman breezed in, riding clothes disposed of, the bag over her shoulder her only covering and headed for the girls' bathroom. Gwen followed, her bedroom her destination, noting that her sister-in-law had not bothered to close her door. She looked back as she entered, and decided to leave her own door open. If Natalie's not worried about me seeing her naked, I guess I'm not worried about her, either. Still, there was a thrill that ran through her at the thought of being naked in the house with somebody else there, and she took her time dressing.   
  
Her sister-in-law was in the kitchen when she finished dressing, pouring two glasses of tea. "Could we ride next week?" she asked between gulps of her drink.   
  
Gwen was moved that she would actually ask to come over. "Of course," she replied simply. Moments later she was watching the small clouds of dust trailing Natalie's car down the driveway and she was alone in the house again, working hard to resist the urge to return to the bedroom and relive the pressure Nature had created.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 08**

Tim's hectic work week and two beers after dinner were going to prevent her from getting the attention she had hoped for, Gwen thought ruefully as she looked over at the softly-snoring man in the recliner. 8pm, she noted. He would probably sleep there for another couple of hours before rousing himself enough to stumble off to bed.   
  
Shame on you, the Lady chided. Your poor husband has worked his behind off all week, and all you can think about is your own perverted gratification!   
  
No, his ass is still there, the Slut retorted, and a fine one it is. You know, you could sneak off to the bedroom and take care of yourself. He'll be out for a while yet.  
  
Gwen shook her head. No, she really didn't want to take the chance he might walk in while she was fornicating with herself. With a smile of resignation, she turned down most of the lights, locked doors and made her way to bed to read, her only concession to her urges being the omission of underwear from her nighttime attire, in case Tim awoke and 'felt the need'. Her own light was off an hour later, and sleep followed shortly after.   
  
Tim did indeed make his way in, briefly awaking his wife despite his best efforts at stealth. The light from the bathroom helped confirm for Gwen that he had omitted shorts again, and she hoped this was a sign her husband was in the mood despite the flaccid length dangling between his legs. Instead, he slipped under the covers, kissed her cheek, mumbled a 'g'night', and was unconscious a moment later. Her frustration was not enough to prevent Tim's steady breathing and the hum of the central air conditioning from lulling her into joining him.   
  
The dream returned that night, or rather, another variant of the dream. She was on the revolving platform again, but she was now on her hands and knees, her chains replaced by a single leather lead looped about her neck, the loose end held by an unknown somebody behind her. Gwen knew she was not allowed to turn her head and look for who held the lead, instead, she held her pose and gazed out at a throng of naked men of all shapes, colors and sizes standing around the platform, pointing, comparing observations. The whole scene reminded her of the horse auctions she had attended, only now she was the mare up for bidding.   
  
Her unseen handler would occasionally push a riding crop into the side of her hanging breasts, making them jiggle for the amusement of the watching crowd. The baton would then be withdrawn only to tap on the inside of her thigh as a reminder to keep herself open for the prospective bidders. Leather-gloved hands pulled apart her buttocks much like someone would pull back a horse's lips for a better look at their teeth. For the woman on display, it was the ultimate humiliation.  
  
And yet, Gwen felt a pride bordering on arrogance as she took in the admiring looks from the audience. She was obviously greatly valued, and she was sure bidding would be spirited.   
  
She was again tapped on the thigh, and Gwen concentrated on her form. Proper form is vital, she reminded herself. The baton retreated, only to announce its presence by with knobbed tip coming to rest against her labial lips. She welcomed it, and wondered whether it would be proper to push back and impale herself...  
  
Gwen awoke with a start, the neck of her t-shirt ringed in sweat. Silently she rose and donned her robe before heading to the kitchen for a drink. "Well, that certainly was sick," she muttered as a glass was retrieved. Perhaps she had dismissed her fears of mental illness too quickly.   
  
The conflicted woman stood at the counter, lost in thought. Despite the chilled air of the house, her hair was matted to her forehead with sweat, her t-shirt clung uncomfortably, and her robe only made things worse. I need some air, she decided, and quietly unlocked the door and stepped onto the back deck, her mind too preoccupied with the meaning of her dream and it's threat to her mental stability to call attention to the fact she was venturing outside without underwear.   
  
It's much hotter out here, she thought as she stepped into the still, muggy night. The temperatures had not dropped much from the day; if anything, the oppressive humidity was worse without the sun to use as an excuse. Gwen turned to retreat back to the relative coolness of the house when the Slut stopped her. You could go for a swim, she suggested in her best reasonable voice. Get wet, then go back into the air conditioning. You'll be shivering in no time. Gwen dismissed the idea—getting changed into her suit might wake Tim and have him asking questions.   
  
Natalie didn't need a suit...and anyways, you were just about naked up there earlier, and that was in the daylight. Just go on up, get in, get out, no one will ever know. Without the day's events, and the dream, especially the dream, the Slut's suggestion would have been dismissed out of hand. Now, it didn't sound so implausible. Gwen walked down the deck stairs and up the hill as if someone else was in control of her legs.   
  
Solar-powered lamps expending the last of the energy they had captured in the day's sun lit her way up the hillock to the gate. Gwen knew there was a nearby switch to illuminate the pool deck, but decided the less light the better, and instead wished she could extinguish the single lamp glowing under the surface of the glass-like water. The sweating woman looked back at the house below. No lights on other than the motion sensor she had triggered on the deck, no movement anywhere she could see. She walked forward to the pool steps, out of sight of the house and the dim shape of the workshop beyond, stopping before the next step carried her over the edge and into the water. Don't do it! The Lady screamed. You'll get caught! The Slut knew she had to say nothing, just wait and smile.   
  
Gwen untied the robe and shrugged it off her shoulders, catching it before dropping it to the ground lest the extra distance it might have fallen would cause extra noise. Despite the total absence of a breeze, the night air felt cool against her sweat-slicked calves and knees, and she briefly wondered if removing the robe was enough.   
  
No, she decided, it's not. Her hands grasped the bottom of her shirt and pulled up before placing the garment on her discarded robe. She had done it! She was naked outside! The feel of the night air against her bare skin was electric. Despite the heat, her nipples were erect in a mixture of nerves, anticipation, and arousal. The urge to walk around the pool deck as she was, naked as the day she was born, swept her before the Lady reminded her in a sullen tone that she had come here to swim, and being in the water might help her avoid detection. Gwen smiled and heeded her plea. Stealthily she walked down the wide stairs, careful not to splash and give her presence away, luxuriating in the feel of the cool water against her bare skin until only her head was above water. She had only intended to get in long enough to get wet, but the nude woman lingered, slowly moving across the pool, one half of her brain watching and listening intently for somebody's approach while the other enjoyed the thrill of the moment and pondered pressing questions. How would she explain this to Tim if he found her? Would he be mad? And what the heck what that dream was about? It couldn't be the work of a sane mind. Obviously, she was slipping deeper and deeper into the clutches of perversion.   
  
Remembering the dream only caused her to revisit its still-vivid images. Her resolve weakened, and she surrendered to the depravity. Without thinking, she found herself hanging on the edge of the pool with one hand while the other crept down between her legs. Despite the water, she could feel the slickness of her own juices...  
  
A swish of current to her left interrupted her erotic daydream. The pool filter, Gwen decided. What had Natalie said about it? The memory and the idea that she was now naked in the same spot her sister-in-law had been hours earlier thrilled her, and she arm-walked down the pool edge until the jet of water was a tickling sensation on the insides of her thighs. Wonder wha that would feel like higher up? the Slut suggested. Gwen knew she wanted to find out, too, and allowed herself to slip down into the pool a bit more, hands now gripping the concrete lip of the deck while her sex fell squarely in front of the filter's nozzle.   
  
The force of the water jet on her clitoris took her breath away. This is what made Natalie cry out! Gwen also realized it was what her body had been craving since lunch. Still, she pulled herself up, out of the stream, somewhat out of surprise at the intensity of the sensation, but more because she knew it was wrong. Gwen briefly considered making her way to the stairs as quickly as possible, to get out before she got caught, but the lure was too great. Slowly she lowered her body back into the water...  
  
She was expecting the force of the jet this time, but it still made her grit her teeth in exquisite pleasure. Gwen's fingers gripped the pool edge so hard she thought she might break off concrete while her hips were flexing forward, then back, trying to regulate the flow of current over her nerve endings and through her lips. She lost track of time until her orgasm crashed over her, and Gwen briefly feared she might not have enough strength to cling to the side and would drown. Her arms and fingers convulsed and clenched with the shocks running through her body, locking her in place with her head above water. Eventually, as the sensory overload faded into an agreeable glow, she was able to swing herself out of the jet's path as the jet became too intense for her body. It was on rubbery legs that she finally managed to climb from the pool.   
  
The glow of her orgasm was replaced by the tang of panic as reality set in. How would she explain herself if Tim was awake and waiting for her? What if he had seen her...do that? A plan of desperation began to form. Reluctantly, she donned the robe, hoping the thick fabric would dry her skin without getting noticeably wet, and stuck the t-shirt underneath. Gwen quickly made her way back down the stairs and up to the deck, cursing the motion light as the sensor picked up her movement and announced her arrival on the desk to anyone who might be watching. Quietly she let herself in the kitchen, thankful she had not closed the wooden door behind her on the way out and had only the screen door to contend with. Still, it creaked and she silently cursed it, too.   
  
Gwen was relieved to find the kitchen empty. One hurdle down. Silently, she made her way back to the bedroom to hear Tim's steady breathing suggest he was asleep. The tiptoeing woman made her way to the bathroom where she carefully hung the robe to dry, toweled herself down, and put the sweat-dampened t-shirt back on.  
  
I can't wear this, Gwen decided, and made her way to her dresser, where she retrieved a fresh Nelson Plumbing model after pulling the sweaty one off.   
  
"Everything alright?" Tim's sleep-thickened voice came from behind her.   
  
"Yes, everything's fine, go back to bed," she whispered without looking back. Gwen hurriedly pulled the new shirt over her head, but not before Tim got a good look at her nude back and ass.   
  
I'd like to fuck that, he thought, cock stirring at the sight, but fatigue overruled, and he was asleep by the time his wife returned to bed. The exhilaration of her secret mission and the orgasm that resulted from it overpowered any distress she might have had from the dream, and she slept soundly next to her husband.  
  
Gwen awoke the next morning to the sound of metal on metal outside. Suddenly alert, she turned over to find Tim gone. Again panic washed over her in a nauseating wave. Had he found out about her escapades last night and was leaving her? Quickly she rose and ran for the kitchen just in time to see his truck, fishing boat in tow, headed down the driveway. The smell of coffee told her he had made it before leaving, a note beside the coffeemaker.   
  
Cliff and I are going fishing off of Martin's Landing. Be back before noon. Love you  
  
Gwen breathed a small sigh of relief and her heart rate started to slow. Smiling to herself, she grabbed a coffee cup, poured, and sat at the table. She knew she was without robe or underwear, but didn't care. The memory of last night's actions thrilled her, and her discovery of the pool's water jet was the icing on the cake. She then remembered why she had been out there in the first place, and her smile faded. The dream...the dream had taken a deviant twist, one that she was not at all comfortable with. She was not property to be looked at, to be bought and sold, she reminded herself defiantly. I am not a whore! I'm a wife, mother, and a respected member of the community!  
  
You're all of those, the Slut admitted, but maybe you're more? Dreams are for being what you want to be.   
  
The inner arguments raged throughout her morning chores, any lulls in the debate filled with the need to decide on the evening's attire. Time was running out, she knew. If she were to return the dress and get something more appropriate, now was the time. The dinner was tonight.   
  
Tim pulled back into the yard at ten minutes before 12. Smelling of gas and fish, he kissed her on the cheek and headed for the bathroom for a shower. Gwen followed, watching as he started the water and stripped down.   
  
"Tim, don't you think that dress I bought the other night is a little too revealing for tonight?" she asked from the doorway, nervously twirling her wedding band about her finger. "I mean, it is the Chamber of Commerce...all the local business leaders."  
  
"All the local business leaders who feel obligated to go because their dues paid for the room and food," Tim corrected. "Honey, it looks great. I don't think it's out of place at all. I'm telling you, it'll be fine." He stepped away from the sink and moved to kiss her, his swinging penis rubbing just above her denim-covered crotch.   
  
The couple spent the afternoon doing chores, Tim needing to clean up again after his efforts around the barn. Gwen left the bathroom door open during her own shower in the hopes her husband might come in to find her in a state of complete undress and satisfy his male lusts, and indeed he was pleasantly surprised to find her nude, sorting out her attire for the evening, when he finally came back in. Long experience had taught him that an afternoon quickie was not something that happened in this house though, and instead he promised himself an attempt later that evening. He didn't notice her watching as he stripped for his second shower of the day.   
  
Mildly disappointed that she was not going to be taken in a most brutish manner, she began to dress while he rinsed the sweat off his body. Full back panties and racy bra in place, Gwen went to her dresser for a slip...and realized she had none short enough for this dress. Her mind ran through her options. Another dress? Possible. No slip? Out of the question. Something that one of her daughters left behind? Maybe. Gwen tried Alison's room first. She and her oldest daughter shared similar physiques—same chestnut-brown hair, height, breast, waist and hip size. KD took after her father's side of the family and while she was no taller than Gwen, she was a bit fuller-figured with a jet-black hair and a larger chest, much like her Grandma Carla.   
  
A frantic Gwen had no luck in Ali's room, and moved on. A look in KD's underwear drawer revealed a slip-like swatch of fabric stuck in the back. Her mother grabbed for the garment, somewhat annoyed her daughter would not have taken the time to hang it. Holding it in front of her, she realized she was wrong. This was no slip, this was lingerie, a black Teddy to be exact, piped with scarlet-red trim. Even as naïve as she was to such things, Gwen knew this was not for sleeping, this was to whet the appetite of a man. What was KD doing with this?   
  
She quickly threw the garment back in the drawer and continued her search. Nothing. Well, that was that, then. She'd have to wear one of her other dresses. Maybe not, the Slut reasoned. With your underwear and a pair of pantyhose, you'd have two layers between you and the world. She stood there for several moments, debating, thinking. Moving back to her own room, she found a pair of hose she considered acceptable—one thing that's gone right so far, she thought—and donned them before slipping the dress over her head.  
  
"Wow." Gwen turned to see Tim standing at the bathroom door, towel wrapped about his waist. "Honey, you look great." She could tell he was not just being nice.   
  
"Thank you," she blushed. "But I don't think I can wear it. I don't have a slip that goes with it."  
  
"Well, I see pantyhose...Gwendolyn Nelson, are you not wearing underwear?" His smile told her he was joking.   
  
"Stop that. Of course I am."  
  
"Then you're fine." Her husband moved behind her and kissed her neck before moving on to his own preparations. Shoes, pearls and earrings were added to her outfit, and despite her misgivings, they were off. Even with the day's heat, Gwen made sure to bring along a sweater, "just in case".   
  
Tim watched with amusement as his wife was repeatedly told "how good she looked", or asked if she had "changed something", by the other dinner attendees, both men and women, while Gwen did her best to convince herself that there was no hidden insult or slur behind their words, and that they were only being nice. In truth, her husband had always felt badly about bringing her to these events. Her shyness and reservation around people, particularly women, was mistaken by many of his friends, counterparts, and their wives as a sure sign that her privileged upbringing somehow made her distant and aloof. Indeed, the man across the table from him now, Charlie Mortenson, had once confessed that his second wife Jean had dubbed Gwen "The Belle of The Ice Balls". He and Charlie had been friends a long time; he could remember the deep-voiced contractor asking him what the hell he saw in her shortly before their wedding day.   
  
"She acts like she's a stuck-up bitch, she don't put out...sure she's got a hot body, but what the hell good is it if ya can't get to her snatch?" Charlie had asked after a few too many beers.   
  
"She's not stuck up, just shy," was all Tim had said then.   
  
The drunken contractor snorted. "Well, I guess there's always hookers to keep your dick wet. 'Cuz she sure as hell ain't gonna."  
  
Watching her do her best to make conversation with Ed Chicotte's wife about late-paying customers, Tim thought back to those early days.   
  
He had been working in the new barn construction up at Peachtree Stables, installing a drinking water feed while his boss, Mr. McGilvary, was at the other end of the building working out the details on the slurry drain still to be installed. The beautiful Spring afternoon had been interrupted by a commotion off to the young apprentice's left. Through the still-unfinished wall of the stable he could see out to a nearby riding ring where a huge jet-black horse had broken away from its groom, rope lead trailing behind him as he evaded the efforts of the yelling stable hands to bring him back under control. Suddenly, a woman clad in riding gear appeared at the fence and slipped her tiny figure in between the rails and into the ring. Tim could just barely hear her almost childlike voice calling out to the others to stay still. Slowly the woman approached the agitated animal, her calming words barely audible to Tim. She had gotten to within fifteen feet of the beast when it reared, apparently to strike this brave but impudent little human down. Tim grabbed a wrench and started to rise, ready to help rescue the obviously soon-to-be trampled woman.

The figure held her ground in a pose of confidence and authority, arms loosely at her side, looking up at the massive body towering above her. With a powerful thud, the horse's front hooves landed only feet from the figure before him. Still, the tiny rider did not move or even flinch. The horse whinnied and snorted, but stayed motionless save for the violent tossing of his head. The woman waited a moment longer, then calmly closed the distance between them. Gently she took the animal's halter and reached up to pet the head above her. The pair stayed like this for several moments before the woman finally took the trailing rope and began to lead the compliant horse towards a gate that was being swung open. A stablehand approached, but she impatiently waved him away and escorted the beast back to his stall.  
  
Tim was amazed and impressed by the rider's bravery and grace under pressure, and had to tell her so. Deciding he needed more PVC from the truck, he walked in the direction she had led the horse. The young apprentice finally found her exiting a nearby barn, and was immediately struck both by her delicate beauty and by the way she carried herself. He told her how impressed he had been by her courage, and while she politely thanked him in her high soft voice, he could tell she was either shy, nervous or both. She finally excused herself, smiling at him before dropping her head for just a second and turning back to the barn, and Tim knew he had to get to know her better.   
  
"Hey Clete, who was that woman that got that horse under control?" Tim asked an old hand who happened to be nearby.   
  
"Gwendolyn Curran, I think her name is. New riding instructor."  
  
"You know if she's got a boyfriend?"  
  
The white-bearded old man smiled. "I don't ever see men hanging around her, no," he allowed before lowering his voice. "Tell truth, I think she might be a Lezbo. Only person I ever see her around is her boss Miss Ritter, and everybody knows she's a rugmuncher. Shame, too—damn if they both ain't fine lookin' pieces of ass. 'Course, Miss Ritter's got the size and strength to break your dick in two if you didn't get her off, but it'd probably be a hell of a ride before she did."   
  
Tim thanked the old man for his warning and went back to work. Perhaps it was his youth, perhaps it was something else, but he knew he had to find out for sure. He'd ask her out, and if she said no, or her Amazon boss girlfriend beat his ass, this job would be over soon and he'd never see her again.  
  
Gwen Curran's hesitance when he first asked warned him that perhaps Clete had been right, but she had finally said yes. They seemed to hit it off, to the point where requests for future dates were readily accepted with a giggle and a blush.  
  
Her reluctance to advance into a physical relationship beyond hugs and kisses had made him wonder again if the old stable manager had her figured out, but the few times he had eventually made his way down her pants or up her skirt to find her wet and orgasmic, and the fact that she returned the favor on his very anxious cock, made the young man decide she was just scared and inexperienced. Hearing her stories of home and meeting her parents had only reinforced his belief that she had led a very sheltered, regimented life. When he had asked her to marry him, he was certain those were tears of joy she had shed. Of course, her confession later had cast doubt on his conviction, but her insistence that she had wanted to spend her life with him had been all the young man needed to hear.   
  
No, he thought as he delivered her third glass of wine, while the physical relationship had left something to be desired, she was everything else he could have hoped for in a wife. Tim smiled to himself as Gwen took a gulp from the new glass. She rarely ever drank liquor, knowing that alcohol could make her lose control, and she always wanted to be in control. While she was not dancing on tables, the fact that she was no longer hunched over in her chair trying to hide how little she thought she wore told him the drinks were having a positive effect. Who knew what the evening might bring once they got home?  
  
The Nelsons left after dinner and the awards ceremony as the dance floor opened up. Despite her grace and body control, Gwen had never been an enthusiastic dancer, afraid that her movements would open her up for ridicule. While the wine had certainly inflamed an underlying temptation to "show off" in a safer, less obvious fashion tonight, the Lady forbid it. The Nelsons said their goodbyes and headed for the SUV and home.  
  
"More wine?" Tim joked as he followed his wife through the kitchen door.  
  
"Yes, please," she said with a smile as she put down her handbag. Tim raised his eyebrows, surprised she had called his bluff, and reached for the bottle before getting a beer from the refrigerator for himself. He poured and handed the glass to her with a mock bow.   
  
Gwen smiled, took a healthy sip and set the glass down before wrapping her arms around her husband's neck and kissing him. Tim happily returned the gesture, setting his own bottle down and pulling her close to him. "You looked beautiful tonight," he murmured.   
  
"You're drunk," she responded, and again found his lips. Tim decided to forego the reminder that he had been the designated driver as his hands found the zipper on her dress. She made no effort to move or stop him as he pulled it down until it stopped just above the waistband of her hose. Gwen broke their kiss, and Tim feared he had overstepped his bounds.  
  
Instead, she reached for her glass. "Let's go to bed," she announced after she had taken another swallow, turning and walking away without waiting for his acknowledgement. Tim watched the sway of her hips as she left the room, accentuated by the open back of the dress. To hell with locking up, Tim decided, grabbing his beer and following her.  
  
He reached the bedroom just steps behind her, watching with amusement while Gwen carefully stepped out of the dress, meticulously laying it on a nearby chair before pushing her pantyhose down over slightly unsteady legs. Once free of the nylons, she stood and made her way to the hamper, unhooking her bra and removing her panties before placing all in the bin. Satisfied, she retrieved her wineglass and took another swig, then marched back to the bed and crawled under the covers before looking at her husband with an air of impatience.  
  
Tim laughed, took a pull from his bottle and the cue from his wife. Discarding his suit and underwear with far less care than his wife had disposed of her attire, he was quickly naked and sporting a respectable erection as he approached his side of the bed. Gwen flipped back the covers to reveal her nakedness and await his touch.   
  
They embraced, hands freely roaming over each other, eventually finding their way to the most sensitive areas. Tim's hand cupped his wife's sex, and Gwen fell back with a small whimper. Her husband's body was momentarily forgotten as his finger strummed and slid while a tongue gently bathed her nipple. Gwen just lay back and enjoyed the sensations. Tim continued his assault for a good ten minutes, never tiring or deciding it was time to "move on to the main event," just wanting to make Gwen feel good for as long as she wanted.   
  
In the end her orgasm overtook her, and she stiffened and curled up while locking Tim's hand in place with her own, thrusting against the finger buried inside her while her clitoris ground against his palm. Finally spent, she lay there in the fetal position, thighs opening enough for the trapped hand to be removed  
  
"I could get used to that," she muttered, eyes closed, wine loosening her tongue.  
  
"Used to what?"   
  
"You know,' Gwen answered, now a little self-conscious. "What I just did. What you just did."   
  
"We can do that any time you want," Tim said with a smile, gently stroking her side.   
  
Gwen's eyes opened and she pushed her husband on to his back. "Let me take care of you now." Tim wondered exactly that meant as she kissed him, then snuggled her body into his side, her head on his chest while her fingers traced delicate circles where his legs met his torso. The circles drew closer and closer to his manhood until a short fingernail drew a line from his sack and along the length to the sensitive head, where it turned a circle and retraced its path. Tim shivered and his cock jumped reflexively before settling back against his stomach. To Gwen, it reminded her of a snake warning an intruder off. She chose to ignore the warning and her finger continued to tease the serpent, alternating between her nail and fingertip, gently exploring the length just a couple of feet from her face.  
  
Tim lay back in amazement as his wife gently prodded his balls to move them beneath their wrinkled covering, or push his weeping cudgel back and forth enough to test its tension before letting it snap back. Something was making her want to get a closer look at the object she had for so long thought was nothing more than a wife's obligation to satisfy. I've got to get to find out what's going on, her husband thought. Later. He lay back and let her play.   
  
Gwen moved her head further down her husband's stomach until she was resting on his navel, the flared pink head of his staff now only inches from her face. Tim held his breath, afraid to move. Was she actually going to use her mouth on him? The mere thought made him want to flex his hips and drive his cock towards the lips he knew were so close, but he resisted. The last thing he wanted to do know was scare her off. Instead, he gently caressed her back and ass, silently encouraging her to take that next step...  
  
Her delicate hand wrapped around his length as she studied it, moving it from side to side, sliding up and down it to push the loose skin up towards the ridge below the mushroom. A clear bubble of fluid emerged from the snake's eye, and the fascinated woman stopped her stroking long enough to gently dip a finger into the droplet and spread it around the spongy head.   
  
Gwen moved her head again, now hovering just inches over the dusky-skinned length, admiring how the veins stood out more than she had ever realized, how Tim's penis seemed to curve up and a just a little to the right. His balls seemed massive from this angle, capable of producing gallons of seed.   
  
It was the scent that attracted her the most, however—an aroma of sweat, body wash, and most of all, male musk—that spurred her on. Gently, tentatively, her head came down until her lips made contact with the underside of his staff just below the crown. The snake jumped reflexively, dabbing pre-cum on her cheek and Gwen moved back a bit in surprise before making contact again. His penis was hot against her lips, hotter than she could have ever believed, and she was reminded of silk loosely wrapped around sun-warmed steel. She continued to kiss her way down the length, his pubic hair tickling her nose as she approached its base and his testicles below. The scent of her man continued to intoxicate her, but she was mildly surprised no taste was passing her lips. She had just always assumed that a man's penis would taste...dirty. Tentatively, she stuck the end of her tongue out just enough to make contact with the loose skin where his sac joined his staff, then slowly drew it up his length. Only near the ridge did she begin to detect a note of saltiness, but still, nothing that would make her retch, as she had always imagined. A kiss and tentative lick of his sensitive head revealed just how much like velvet the pink skin felt, and the fact that the liquid seeping out of him was the source of the saltiness. I'm doing it, she exulted. I'm licking my husband's penis!   
  
There's more than just your tongue, the Slut purred. No, I'm not ready for that, Gwen decided. I can't let him use my mouth like that. Only whores do that. She contented herself with more kissing and light licking, going so far as to gently tongue the wrinkled skin covering his testicles.   
  
Tim was in heaven and made sure Gwen understood just how appreciative he was, groaning and sighing in pleasure. He began to entertain the possibility that he might erupt while his cock was pushed past her lips and into her mouth, maybe with her pussy in his face? Way ahead of yourself, cowboy, he laughed to himself. Enjoy the moment. It took you all these years to get this far. His hips took on a mind of their own, lifting and flexing to bring her tongue to bear, perhaps with the vain hope she might take the hint and let him slide past her lips.  
  
Despite Gwen's inexperience, her efforts were still enough to combine with the novelty of the situation to drive Tim close to orgasm. "Honey, I'm getting close," he offered, both to warn her that his orgasm might happen closer to her face than perhaps she had intended, or maybe even to allow it to happen.   
  
"Oh!" she squeaked, abruptly rolling away from him and on to her back, legs coming open so he might climb aboard. Tim chuckled at his foolishness in thinking that she might actually allow him to finish in any other way. Still, the fact his wife was naked and splayed gave him a sexual rush and an emotional charge. In what seemed like a heartbeat, she had progressed from marital relations in the dark and under the covers to...this.  
  
Who knows where she'll be in a week, he thought to himself as her rolled between her knees. With practiced aim, his hips drove his cock forward and into her well-lubricated pussy, only stopping when the rest of his body made contact with hers. Gwen's legs came up behind his ass and drew him in, hips rocking in time to his thrusts. True to his word, his climax began to build to intolerable levels a few moments later.   
  
Gwen could feel his more urgent movements. "Tim, would you do me a favor?"   
  
Her husband stopped his motion and raised himself up from where his face was buried in her neck. "Uh, sure?"  
  
She could not make eye contact with him, instead looking down where their lower bodies were pressed together. "Would you, umm, mind finishing outside of me?"  
  
Tim tried to make light of the request, unsure where this was headed. "Honey, if you're worried about getting pregnant, I'm fixed, remember?" He smiled down at her.   
  
"No, it's not that, it's just that...well, I'd like to watch you...finish."   
  
Tim smiled. "For you, anything." Gently pulling himself from her warm tunnel, he rose to his knees, seeming to tower over her as his hand went to his length. Gwen stared at her husband's midsection as his right hand began to stroke while the left cupped and fondled his balls. Faster and faster the hand moved, the pink head turning red under the choking pressure. With a final push, the hand locked around his shaft and pushed down ever so lightly to aim his shot to remove any possibility the first bolt might reach Gwen's face—he remembered how displeased his first girlfriend had been to take an unexpected release squarely on the forehead—and grunted softly. A milky white stream erupted and seemed to hang in mid-air before landing on the side of his wife's left breast.   
  
Even though she had a better idea what to expect this time, Gwen still jumped a bit as the first eruption left her husband's staff. The sound of its wet splattering on her skin seemed surprisingly loud, and further jets painted their way down her midsection, his final dribbles falling into her verdant bush. She was surprised at the heat the little puddles generated on her skin, warm spots against the air-conditioning. Tim heaved a sigh as he shuddered through his last orgasmic tremors, then lay down beside her.   
  
Gwen smiled, still looking down at the semen trail on her body, even now beginning to liquefy into clear droplets. "You must really trust me to do that in front of me."  
  
"Of course I trust you," Tim answered truthfully, "and I'm probably a bit of a show off, so don't think that was an effort for me. Maybe next time, you can give me a show?"  
  
Gwen smiled noncommittally and rose quickly, heading for the bathroom. Tim cursed himself, damn it, pushed too far too fast. You know she thinks touching herself is wrong.   
  
He couldn't know that his suggestion was not at all the reason for her sudden departure. Once behind the closed door of the bathroom, she took one more look at herself in the mirror, admiring the wet streak that ran from breasts to her pubic vee. Turning from the sink, she dipped her finger in the largest pool, the one on her breast, and spread the slippery substance across her nipple. The feeling was physically pleasing and mentally outrageous, and her mind reveled in both. She continued this for several moments while her husband's spend began to dry. Reluctantly, she cleaned herself and returned to the bedroom without feeling the need for a nightie, cheerfully snuggling with her surprised husband. She fell asleep with his still damp cock nestled between her cheeks.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 09**

A continuation of the previous night's activities was out of the question after the early morning phone call that gave Tim and Gwen exactly three hours advance notice of Katherine Deanna's impending arrival.   
  
Their youngest daughter had received the unexpected gift of some weekdays off from the resort in Gulf Shores she was working at during Summer Break, and a trip home to see family, horse, and friends was her choice on how to spend them. The excited college student was already on the road when she called with the news, sending her parents into panicked preparations, hurriedly stocking the refrigerator and making Sunday dinner plans for the entire family.   
  
Gwen's next three days were filled with KD's comings and goings interspersed with rides up the ridge line with both daughters. She was extremely happy to have things the way they had been when the girls were in high school, again able to lock away the feelings that had awoken over the past few weeks in favor of a return to active motherhood, even reverting to full nightgowns at bed time, much to Tim's chagrin. Sex was also on lockdown with the knowledge that her daughter was "in the next room". Of course, asking KD about the nightie in her dresser was just not possible, Gwen telling herself that she "didn't want to create tension in the house."  
  
It was with a heavy heart that Gwen watched her daughter's little SUV pull out of the yard under darkening skies Thursday morning. She had promised at least one more visit before school started, and her mother intended to hold her to that promise.   
  
A steady rain had started by the time the last of the trucks had returned that evening. A swim was out of the question, and dinner and TV served as the Nelsons entertainment that night. Both were in bed by 9, Gwen switching back to her t-shirt in the hopes Tim might catch the hint and ravish her, but he was asleep soon after sliding under the covers. Gwen berated herself for reverting to her depraved thoughts so soon after her daughter's departure.   
  
The dream returned that night. She was again on her hands and knees, a leather collar about her neck with a lead trailing off behind her, held by someone she could not identify. Again the naked men were all about her, pointing and referring to pieces of paper they held in one hand while fondling their impossibly large packages with the other. She made sure to keep her legs apart as much as possible to afford them a view to her most private parts and encourage their self-pleasuring, but the riding crop poked and prodded anyways.   
  
"Folks, please direct your attention to the center ring," a deep voice boomed over a loudspeaker from somewhere in the darkness behind the ring of spectators. "Our next item up for bid is an older female in excellent health and physical shape. She's 44, very mild-mannered and trainable but ridden very sparingly—all the important parts are almost like new, I'd wager," the voice announced to scattered laughter. "Two children, so the plumbing works, but she's really only been used for selective breeding and farm work. Bidding starts at 7,000, do I have 7,000?"   
  
"10,000," came a woman's call from her left. She knew the voice without looking. Miss Else Ritter had placed a bid on her student.  
  
Gwen awoke from the dream, heart pounding wildly. Revulsion and shame mixed with adrenaline and arousal. A quick glance at the clock showed 4am, and she knew she would be getting no more sleep that night. With a sigh, shaking hands reached for her robe and the tormented woman headed for the kitchen.   
  
Tim found her at the table when he arose at 6, sipping coffee and staring out the window at the driving rain. "Missing KD?"  
  
"Uh-huh," she answered truthfully. If he chose to believe that was the reason for her early rising, all the better.   
  
"Maybe we can take a trip down there sometime in the next few weekends and surprise her," he offered as he kissed the top of her head.  
  
"That'd be nice."   
  
Trucks were loaded under cover that morning, and Gwen was already worrying about her scheduled ride with Natalie later. The weather was definitely not cooperating; would they have to cancel? She wasn't sure she wanted to talk about the evolution of her twisted dreams and what they meant for her mental health, but she wanted the opportunity should she find the courage. She also just liked the idea of having a friend nearby, the novel concept of a trusted confidante comforting.  
  
The phone rang. "Hey Gwen, it's Nat.".   
  
"Hi there," Gwen replied, trying to match the other woman's enthusiastic greeting.  
  
"So, it doesn't seem like good riding weather today," she began. Gwen's heart sank at the prospect at what she knew was coming. "But I was thinking," her sister-in-law continued, "that maybe you'd like to come over here for lunch today. You've been so nice, letting me ride and use your pool, and it's probably my turn to host Girl's Day, anyways."  
  
"I'd love to, if it's not too much trouble," Gwen answered quickly.   
  
"Great! C'mon down about 11. I really want to hear how the Chamber of Commerce dinner went, and I heard KD was in town."   
  
Gwen arrived 5 minutes early. Her brother's house was only 3 streets over from her parent's home, and while it didn't follow the same pattern of opulent overstatement the small mansions in this part of town were famous for, she had to admit it was a quite a bit more elegant than her own ranch house. Gwen laughed. Here was Natalie, living in a house she probably never could have dreamed of growing up, while Gwen lived in a home her parents definitely never imagined for their daughter. And yet, both women seemed happy with how their lives had taken each other's track. Natalie was standing at the door as Gwen came up the walk.   
  
"C'mon in," the blonde called as she opened the door. The women hugged and moved through the hallway to the kitchen. "Thought we'd eat in the sunroom," Natalie offered. "The dining room is just too damn formal."  
  
"Where are the kids?"  
  
"Annie's at work, and Tyler's at his friend's house playing video games. Just us to bust up the place.  
  
The women chatted while they prepared the meal, a bottle of wine split between them while the rain pounded on the glass roof of the solarium beyond the breakfast bar. They ate a little, and talked a lot. Gwen was pouring her second glass when a brief image of being naked and on display flashed unbidden into her waking thoughts, the Slut laughing on her shoulder at the perverted memory, and she impulsively decided she had to ask her sister-in-law about the potential warning signs of the dream. "Natalie, can I ask you something?"   
  
"Of course."  
  
Gwen's mouth opened, but now the troubling question stuck in her throat . Despite her worries, it was just too sick a dream to admit having. A wife and mother, leashed and on all fours like an animal? Absolutely disgusting! In a panic, knowing Natalie was waiting for something of importance, the struggling woman seized on an only slightly-less embarrassing topic. Nervously scanning the room for eavesdroppers, she kicked herself for saying anything in the first place as the words tumbled out. "How did you learn how to, umm, kiss a man...down there?" Gwen buried her face in her hands. "Gawd, I'm so sorry," she said in muffled tones, "that's such an inappropriate thing to ask your sister-in-law."   
  
Natalie laughed. "Asking me to spend the day at the Country Club alone with your mother is inappropriate. This, not so much." She spoke in a thoughtful tone, as though her mind was elsewhere. "I think the first couple of boys were just so happy to be having something—anything--done to their dicks that they probably wouldn't have complained if I had been leaving bite marks. So, I guess you can call them my practice dummies. Then there was one guy who liked to talk when I was blowing him, so I got some good direction there, and...well, my roommate gave me some tips, too." Her attention returned to the mortified woman across from her. "Why do you ask?"  
  
"Oh, no reason..."  
  
"Thinking of giving it a try?"  
  
Gwen blushed. "Well, I kind of already did...I kissed Tim...the other night, and used my tongue too," she added hurriedly. "He seemed to like it, but I'm not sure if he was just being nice..."  
  
Natalie laughed. "I don't think I ever met a man who would let you do that just to be nice. Did he get off?"   
  
Gwen initially thought that Natalie might be asking if Tim had been on top of her, but realized she meant something else. "He did," she volunteered, unwilling to share just how he had done so.  
  
"What'd you think of the taste?"   
  
Gwen blushed furiously, now fully understanding her sister-in-law's line of questioning. "Oh God, no, I didn't let him...finish that way--I didn't even put him all the way in my mouth. You don't let men do that, do you?" She cringed at the boldness of her question, already guessing the answer and knowing that the only man that might be afforded that opportunity was Gwen's brother.   
  
"Sure, why not? Doesn't do much for me, but most guys act like you've given them a precious gift. It doesn't taste like much, maybe a little bleachy and salty, and the stuff they eat and drink can have an effect, too. Coffee makes it more bitter, fruit juice can make it sweeter." Gwen looked to the nearby refrigerator and thought of the three cartons of orange juice she knew were on the door, then averted her eyes. "Give it a try next time. I'll bet Tim goes nuts. If you don't want to swallow, spit it out in the sink or let it run right back down their cock. Most guys are appreciative of the fact you let them cum in your mouth whether you swallow or not. There's not nearly as much cum as it feels like when it's in your mouth...so, did he return the favor?" The confused look on Gwen's face made it clear she didn't understand. "Did he go down on you?"  
  
"Oh no, I would never ask him to do that!"  
  
"Why not? What's good for him is good for you. Some guys need some encouragement and coaching, but once they get a clue, it feels really, really good. Like, orgasm good."  
  
"I know how good it feels," Gwen answered defensively. "It's just not right for a woman to ask a man to do that."  
  
Natalie eyed her sister-in-law suspiciously. There was something more to that last comment... Finally, she rose. "Stay right there—I got something for ya," she called out as she left the room, only to reappear a moment later holding a cardboard box. Natalie gently put it in front of her sister-in-law. "For you."  
  
"What is this?" Gwen cried with surprise, examining the box for clues.  
  
"For you," Natalie repeated. "For opening up. I know how hard that was for you to talk about things, and I want you to know how honored I am that you trusted me enough to do that. It kinda validates me as a caring human being, y'know?"   
  
Gwen's eyes misted. "I should be thanking you for listening and not telling the whole world, or telling me I'm insane."   
  
"I think you are a product of your environment, and I think you've taken the first steps to changing what you are and aren't. Maybe this gift will help," Natalie said with a half-smile. "Open it."  
  
Gwen used a nearby butter knife to slice open the cellophane tape holding the box flaps together before folding them back. On top of the protective packaging lay a small catalog from a company called Sensual Sensations, and although the cover design did not give any clue as to what may be inside, the name itself gave Gwen pause. Carefully she removed the paperwork and reached for the first foam-wrapped package, shooting Natalie a quick questioning glance. The only response she got was a raised eyebrow and a nod to return her attention to the package in her hand. Gently, she unrolled the wrapping from the long rectangular box.  
  
The picture on the side showed a long white handle topped by a tennis-ball like powder blue dome. Gwen knew what it was.  
  
"That's a Magic Wand," Natalie offered helpfully. "It's a kind of vibrator. Very powerful, probably because it's a plug-in rather than battery. If I want to rub one out quickly, that's my go to."   
  
"Oh, my," her sister-in-law replied as she nervously looked around for anyone who might have walked in unannounced. "Thank you." She delicately put the instrument on the table and reached for her glass of wine before taking the next item out of the cardboard container. It was smaller than the first box, but similarly shaped. Again she unrolled the foam, this time finding a picture on the packaging of a translucent blue phallic-shaped object. Small white ball bearings circled the ridge behind a stylized penis head at one end, and what looked to be a pair of rabbit ears projected from midway down the stalk. A white handle, complete with several slider controls, capped the other end.  
  
"A rabbit," Natalie pronounced. "Just like my blue bunny. It vibrates, and those little white balls go round and round when you put it in you, and the rabbit ears line up with your clit. It's like the Swiss Army Knife of vibrators."  
  
"Again, thank you," Gwen said, more than a little flustered. "But you really shouldn't have."  
  
"There should be one more thing in there," Natalie said, ignoring her protests.   
  
Gwen reached in to retrieve the last item, surprised by its weight, already surmising what it might be based on how her fingers gripped the hard plastic shell that seemed to encase it. Removing it from the foam sleeve confirmed her suspicion, but she was still a little taken back at the size, girth and heft of the chocolate colored rubber penis and testicles she held in her hand. The object was incredibly large—as big as the penises she had imagined in her dreams—and Gwen wanted to doubt it could fit inside any normal woman, although she knew the truth.  
  
"Your very own Mr. Majestic," Natalie said. "I wasn't sure if you were into the whole BBC thing, but I know Adam loves how mine contrasts with my skin."   
  
"The BBC?" Gwen asked, unaware that British TV was known for the weapon she held in her hands.  
  
"Big Black Cock. Kind of a popular fantasy, especially down here in the South I'd bet. So big, so taboo..." her sister-in-law giggled.   
  
"Thank you, I really don't know what to say," Gwen stammered, gently putting the massive log back in the box before rising to hug her sister-in-law. "I'm really touched that you would go through all this effort for me."  
  
"Fifteen minutes on a website is no effort at all," Natalie laughed. "And there should be a DVD in there as well to show you how to use and care for them."   
  
"Oh, I know all about that," Gwen quickly answered before snapping her mouth shut.  
  
"How do you know?" Natalie asked slowly. "I thought you didn't have any toys of your own."   
  
The brunette turned pale, unable and unwilling to fabricate a lie to explain away her slip of the tongue, tears welling in her eyes. Natalie instantly regretted her line of questioning and rose to hug her. "Hey, I'm sorry, that wasn't fair. Never mind what I said. It's none of my business. You don't have to answer to me for anything."   
  
Gwen accepted the hug and returned it. "I don't have anything...like this," she sniffled while pointing at the box. A great urge to uncage the specter of a dirty, dark secret she had locked away all of these years swept over her. I don't know if we'll be able hide it away again, the Lady counseled ominously, but the distraught woman impulsively decided to take that risk. "Natalie, there is something I haven't told you, something I've never told anyone. Well, Tim knows a little, "she corrected, "but not the whole story. If I told you, would you promise not to tell anyone else, not even Adam?"  
  
"You know anything you say is safe with me," she said gently as she soothed the sobbing woman. "But you don't need to talk about it if it's too painful. I understand and won't bring it up again."  
  
"No, no, I want to get this off my chest—I need to finally tell someone. I've kept this a secret for so long. I want you to know how...why I think I might be the way I've been lately, why I think I'm mentally ill and need help."   
  
Natalie retrieved a box of tissues from the counter and set it on the table before sitting down and putting her hand over her sister-in-law's. "Take your time. You're not ill, you're human, even though sometimes I think you like to pretend you're not."  
  
Gwen straightened and wiped her eyes and nose, then took a deep breath and a healthy gulp of wine. Looking into her glass, she began in a low tone.  
  
"Natalie, I'm not sure how much Adam told you about what it was like growing up in our house. My parents had our lives pretty well planned out for us. John and Adam would become lawyers and join the firm, and me, well, I'm pretty sure what they had in mind for me was the all-girls private school they sent me to, followed by three years at my mother's alma mater getting a degree I would never use, then married off to one of the junior partners at the firm in some sort of political alliance to produce lawyer babies and continue the bloodline while I helped my mother plan her next big social event.   
  
Well, first John disappointed them by getting his degree and taking a position with that firm in Seattle, and then me...the summer after I graduated high school I saw a job opening posted at the riding stables I took lessons at. They were looking for a stablehand, so I applied without telling my parents and got the job. My mother and father were appalled when they found out! Imagine their daughter shoveling manure, what would their friends think, but they indulged my whim, probably thinking I would see how hard real work was and come crawling back home to get back in their good graces.  
  
Natalie, I loved the job! It didn't pay much, but I was around horses all day, I had my own little room in the bunkhouse, and I had a car my father had given me to come home in when I came to my senses. I was independent for the first time in my life!   
  
Well, about a month after I started, I got promoted to Riding Instructor. The job came with more money and a tiny studio apartment that overlooked one of the indoor riding arenas. I was in heaven! Of course, I didn't tell my parents about my promotion—I was afraid they might make me leave, or make things so unpleasant for the folks who owned the stables that they would fire me.   
  
A week after I started teaching, my boss, Miss Ritter, was waiting for me after I had finished with a pre-teen dressage class. I was in awe of this woman! She was Austrian, I would guess in her mid-thirties, about 6 feet tall with long blonde hair that she wore in a tight braid, very formal with perfect posture and never a smile. The stablehands called her the 'Prussian Princess' and 'Nordic Nutcracker' behind her back. I think even the owners were afraid of her-- Miss Ritter had been on two Austrian National teams by the time she was my age, and was so highly thought of as an instructor and brought in so much income from private lessons with riders from around the world that they pretty much let her do whatever she wanted.   
  
She said, 'Miss Curran, your teaching skills are sufficient for little girls whose fathers have more money than sense, but you will need another level of expertise altogether to instruct those who know which end of a horse the bit belongs in. You will come to my apartment at 7 o'clock tonight to begin your training. As I'm sure you are aware, I despise tardiness.' She didn't even give me a chance to answer, just turned on her heel and strode off. I was stunned—I was going to get private instruction from one of the best riders in the world!  
  
I ran from my last lesson to her apartment and got there one minute early. I heard her say 'enter!' as soon as I knocked.   
  
I opened the door and looked in. She had a very orderly one-bedroom apartment with a balcony that looked out on the riding ring and across to my apartment window at the other end of the building. Miss Ritter was sitting behind a desk off to my right. 'You are on time, a promising start,' she said without looking up from her paperwork. Her pen stopped moving and she looked up at me. 'But you stink, girl!' she said. 'A day with horses in this ungodly heat makes you offensive to my senses! You must bathe before we begin your lesson!'

I said, 'Yes ma'am,' and started to run back to my apartment.  
  
'I do not wish to wait for you!' she yelled at me. 'You may use my shower. Be quick about it.'  
  
I froze like a deer in the headlights, completely unable to make sense of what she was telling me. Miss Ritter got impatient and pointed at a door across the living room and returned to her paperwork while I hurried into her bathroom and closed the door behind me. I was in the shower before I had my first panic attack. I didn't have any clean clothes to change into! If I put my riding clothes back on, I was going to stink as badly coming out of the bathroom as I did going in! I decided I would try to explain the problem to her through the door, so I finished up and turned off the water. I slid the curtain open and got the shock of my life! Miss Ritter was standing there, holding a towel and a white robe. I screamed a little and tried to cover myself with one arm and grabbed for the shower curtain with the other hand.   
  
She sighed and talked to me like I was a child. 'Silly girl. Do you think I have never seen a naked woman before?' Miss Ritter held out the towel for me, which I grabbed for while she hung the robe on a hook, turned, and left. I got dried off as quickly as possible and decided the robe was better than nothing because at least it covered me from neck to ankles. I checked it three times to make sure it was closed tightly before I left the bathroom.   
  
I had some other surprises when I stepped into the living room. First, she had changed from her own riding clothes into a robe matching the one she had given me. I couldn't help but notice that where mine was long and seemed to completely cover me, hers came to mid-thigh and was almost scandalous in the way it hugged her body. I guess it made sense, since it was probably the same robe on two very different bodies.  
  
Second, she had a glass of wine waiting for me. I had never had an alcoholic drink before, and to have her give me one made me feel very adult, almost like I was her co-worker rather than a silly eighteen-year old riding student. I tried to mimic her and took a sip when she did. I almost choked on it, but she didn't seem to notice and started talking.  
  
'Miss Curran, you are gifted with horses, and therefore, not a complete waste of my time. However, you slouch and shuffle about as if you are a thief wishing to avoid detection. An accomplished rider rides with poise. Your head should be up, eyes forward, back straight. These traits should follow you off your mount. When you are walking, you are walking with purpose. You are a force to be reckoned with. Both human and beast can see you are in control of your situation and surroundings and will bend others to your will. Tonight we will begin to teach you how to make the world respect you, perhaps even fear you.' She took another sip of her wine, and I did the same. She came up to me, took my glass and set it down, then picked up a riding crop. 'Stand up straight,' she said. I did my best, stiffening like a board like I had seen soldiers do.  
  
'You are not in the Army, you are an equestrienne! Let your arms hang free like you are at ease with the world, arch your back like it is beneath you!' I really tried to look relaxed and alert at the same time while she circled around me. 'Ach! I can see this will not be easy for you! Clothing can mask a lack of confidence and poise when dealing with the weak-minded, but those with the skill of observation can see right through the best-tailored jacket and breeches to the weakness underneath! Even beneath that much-too-big robe I can see your shoulders are slumping like a delinquent!' Miss Ritter stopped circling and faced me. 'As you can see, I appear confident while properly covered—' and then she reached for the sash of her robe, untied it, and pushed it off her shoulders so it fell to the floor—'or without. I could ride like this in front of twenty thousand people and they would all know I was in complete control.'  
  
I looked down at the floor as soon as I saw her untie her sash, as much out of embarrassment for my situation as to give her privacy. 'Chin up!" she snapped at me. "Have you never seen a naked woman before?'  
  
I told her, 'No ma'am, not really,' while trying to concentrate on a photo over her left shoulder.   
  
'I am no different than you, really," she said in a softer voice. Yeah, right, I thought. She was beautiful, like she was sculpted, with toned muscles and a huge chest and flawless skin, almost like she wasn't real. Even the hair between her legs was perfectly trimmed. Nothing like my short little body with freckles, bumps on my chest, and the tangled mess covering my privates.   
  
'Miss Curran, remove your robe.'  
  
'Excuse me, ma'am?' I said as I looked back to her, and right away I knew she wasn't kidding.  
  
'Miss Curran, remove your robe,' she said in a voice that made it clear she wasn't going to ask again. 'You will practice your posture without the benefit of anything to hide behind.'  
  
Natalie, I was scared to death! I so wanted to run out of that room and never come back, but I knew how much I wanted that job, how much I didn't want to run back to my parents and how I didn't want to act like a scared little girl in front of this woman!   
  
I only had a second to convince myself that this was my boss and I had to do what she said, that it wasn't my choice to make, it was hers. So, I untied the robe and let it drop. I must have been trying to cover myself because she yelled at me to straighten up and maintain my form.  
  
'Excellent, you take direction. A good trait for a student to have, and one you should expect in those you teach. An air of authority will serve you well.'  
  
I know I was shaking when she gave me back my wineglass. "Hold this. Do not spill any. Drink it if you wish, but I expect you to maintain your composure and bearing." And then she started to walk around me again. All of the sudden, her riding crop pushed into my...into the left side of my bum. I jumped, and some of my wine spilled. 'I told you not to spill any,' she growled at me. 'You will clean that later.' The riding crop came down harder across my bum this time, hard enough I could hear and feel the slap. I jumped again, more from surprise than pain, and I spilled some more of my wine. I decided right then that the best defense would be to start drinking and take the level down.   
  
'You spilled again. Composure and bearing must be maintained even through physical and mental discomfort.' She slapped the crop against my bum again, but this time I was more ready for it. It still hurt a little, though. 'Better. Chin up,' she told me and she tapped me below my jaw. 'Your flanks are firm, and I can see from your muscle tone you use your legs wisely while in the saddle. That is good. You are not pigeon-toed or bowlegged, also good—that should only be seen in cowboys, not accomplished riders. Of course, boys like their women to come with legs already spread...do you have a boy that would rather have you with legs spread, Miss Curran?'   
  
I told her no, and she seemed pleased. 'Good. They are unnecessary distractions with all sorts of disgusting habits.' She kept circling me, looking me up and down like I was a horse she was examining for show ring disqualifications."  
  
The memory made Gwen's dream flash again into her head, making her reel a bit at the association before she pushed it out and keep going. The story was painful to recall, but still necessary to tell.   
  
"She put her riding crop under my...under both of my breasts and pushed up. I was more ready this time, and didn't flinch, even though I was shocked she would touch me there. 'Your breasts are well-suited for the show ring,' she told me. 'Just the right size for hiding under a morning coat. Many judges tend to find riders who bounce their way all over the ring distracting and unappealing. I myself have to use an athletic bandage to keep everything in place.' I know it's weird Natalie, but I felt proud, like I had earned that compliment, like I was a proper lady who didn't flaunt her body. She continued to inspect me, then refilled our wineglasses. I gulped it down again to keep from spilling, not choking too much, and the courage I was beginning to get from the alcohol was very much needed. After she returned the bottle to the counter, she went back to her desk and sat behind it, ramrod-straight as ever. 'Walk about the room until I tell you to stop.' I did as she said even though I was mortified to be showing myself that way. Miss Ritter continued to issue corrections as I moved, having me turn one way, then the other. I really felt like I was being worked out on a longe line. She must have had me walk around like that for half an hour before she made get on my hands and knees and clean up what I spilled. After I was done, she told me to sit opposite her at her desk. I felt so foolish, doing my best to imitate her posture by sticking my chest out at her.  
  
'An acceptable start,' she told me. 'You may not be a hopeless case. I see you taught four lessons today; which do you feel was more tiring—those, or your own lesson tonight?'  
  
My own, I told her.  
  
'I am not surprised. I removed you from your element, your place of safety. That in itself takes much stamina. In turn, it most likely lessens your will to question, to resist. Do not forget that when working with others, both equine and human.  
  
You are needlessly shy, which does nothing for your air of confidence. When you project authority no matter the situation, whether you have just been thrown by your mount, or berated by a judge, or are naked in front of me, you will have successfully learned what I am teaching you now.' She paused for a moment to let it sink in while I took another gulp of wine. It was going down a lot easier now.   
  
'In addition to poise under pressure and pain, one must exhibit control in times of great mental and physical joy. To show great pleasure in these times opens the door to potential weaknesses that may be exploited by others later. For instance, one should not show their pleasure in defeating those who compete against you. Rather, you must make it appear as if it were the expected outcome. This in turn, may make them question if you are correct.  
  
Controlling one's reactions to great physical pleasure can be difficult, but still, it is one I believe should be practiced in order to all forms of pleasure easier to mask and therefore exploit. I will demonstrate. Please follow me, Miss Curran.'  
  
She stood up and walked over to an open doorway, never bothering to check if I was following. I guess she just assumed I would. I walked in behind her and saw that she had led me to her bedroom. I almost started to hyperventilate! I told myself I had no idea what she intended to do, but I think I really did. She told me to stand at the end of the bed where she could observe my posture, and then opened up the drawer on her nightstand, took something out, and sat on the bed. I couldn't believe my eyes when she lay down and opened her legs right in front of me!  
  
I knew I shouldn't be looking, but I had really never taken a good look at myself down there, much less another woman, and I guess I was a little curious. Since the rest of her body was perfect, I guessed her privates were perfect, too, and I wanted to know what that looked like. Her hair was blonde down there as well, and it made her...parts...very easy to see. It all looked so foreign, so scary...but I was fascinated with what was between her legs, and even more so that my boss seemed to be perfectly at ease with me seeing her that way.  
  
She turned a knob on the end of the thing she had taken out of the drawer, and it began to buzz. A vibrator! I had heard about them in school of course, the other girls talking about them like they were great boyfriend substitutes, but I had never actually seen one.   
  
She put it at the top of her privates and pressed it down a little, then pushed a finger from her other hand into the lips where I guessed her opening was. She did this for a while, one hand moving the vibrator around while the other hand was busy below it. Her hips were thrusting in and out, but she never made a sound. Finally, she pressed the vibrator down really hard and her finger disappeared all the way inside her, and she seemed to shudder a little, like she was cold. Then she just turned off the vibrator, opened her eyes and looked up at me, not even bothering to close her legs.   
  
'As you can see Miss Curran, even in a time of great physical pleasure, I maintain control. No thrashing about, no senseless wailing. And yet, the result is every bit as satisfying. My body is relaxed, and my mind is clear.' And then she got up, as balanced and poised as though she had just dismounted from a circuit around the ring, and handed me the vibrator.  
  
I'm sure I took it from her like it was something dangerous. I knew what it was for, and where it had just been. Even the way I was holding it, I could feel how hot it was!   
  
'Now you, Miss Curran. I would like to see how much control you have in the same situation.'  
  
I froze. I couldn't say no, I didn't want to say no, but I had absolutely no experience with what she was telling me to do.   
  
'You know I expect you to promptly follow my directions, Miss Curran.' She told me.  
  
'Yes Miss Ritter, it's just that I've never...had...used...one of these before.' I held it out to her like it was a very expensive and complicated tool.  
  
She grabbed it back from me. 'Then just use your fingers, Miss Curran! I'm sure you know how to do that?'  
  
I shook my head no, trying to keep my chin up while avoiding eye contact with her.   
  
'I find it hard to believe you have not pleasured yourself before! This cannot be true!'   
  
'No ma'am, I haven't.'  
  
'I'm sure the boys you have rutted with did not give you any satisfaction, am I correct?'  
  
I told her I had never been with a boy.  
  
'If you are telling the truth, then I admire your self-control. However, an orgasm is an excellent practice tool, and is beneficial as a reward for good behavior. Lay on the bed.'  
  
I did, a little afraid of what I knew might be coming next." Gwen stopped, afraid to say what she was thinking. Finally, she continued. "And I have to admit, a little excited.  
  
'Spread your legs,' she told me. 'I expect you to focus on the task at hand—I do not wish you to be here all night.'  
  
My face must have been beet red, but I did it—I exposed myself to her. Only my doctor had ever seen me like that, and I decided he didn't count because he was behind that sheet where I couldn't see him and therefore wasn't real. I just closed my eyes, unable to put my hand...down there...and then I felt the bed sag between my knees. I looked down, and there she was—looking very business-like, kneeling, turning on the vibrator. She walked forward a bit until her knees were touching my thighs, and then she...she ran her finger up me. She did that for a few minutes, making sure I was lubricated, I guess, and then put the vibrator on me. I jumped, but her own body made it so I really couldn't go anywhere.  
  
'Control yourself,' she reminded me, and I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on my actions, but the feelings I was getting from down there was very distracting. I did manage to just accept her finger when she pushed it in me. It was all I could do to not make noise, and I knew my hips were starting to move, but I remembered hers had too, and I hoped it was alright.  
  
I was starting to get close to--you know—my release and I was starting to worry about whether I would be able to control myself. There were a few times I had pressed my crotch into the saddle horn when I was riding, and I knew how weak that made me, and I already felt a lot better than that.   
  
All of the sudden she stopped and I could feel her backing away from me. I was afraid I had done something wrong and I opened my eyes again, ready to apologize, but she was on her stomach, her face right in front of my...of my privates. Her hands came up to my chest, and her tongue went up between into my crotch and the tip licked my clitoris! She was using her mouth on me! I was shocked and a little grossed out, but it felt so good! Well, it didn't take long for me to finish. I did my best to stay composed, but I had never felt that good before—it was a little scary, and I thought maybe something was wrong. It finally passed though, and Miss Ritter got off the bed.   
  
'You will need to practice your self-control,' she admonished. 'But you did adequately for your first time, if that truly was your first time. Your lesson is over—go home. We will continue your training soon. In the meantime, you will practice all of what I have taught you tonight.' And then she handed me the vibrator. 'Practice with this, as well. You will show me what you have learned the next time.'  
  
Natalie, a look of horror on her face, interrupted the sniffling woman. "Gwen, did she rape you?"  
  
"Of course not! Women can't rape women! And besides, I wanted to...do whatever...whatever she told me to! I remember how Daddy would demand total compliance from his staff or else, so I told myself for years that I only did it because she was my boss, and I had to do whatever she said, and that it was all part of my instruction. But I can't lie to myself any more...I wanted to. I loved being told what to do—it made someone else responsible for my weakness, for my sickness!" Gwen buried her face in her hands and began to cry as Natalie moved behind her to envelop the stricken woman in a hug. They stayed like that for a while, Gwen's sobs softening to sniffles.   
  
"From then on, I would go to her apartment once every week or two for another lesson. She showed me how to use a lot of different sex toys, and she had me practice what I was learning on her. I even...used my tongue on her...down there."  
  
"She used you, Gwen. That was a horrible thing to do."  
  
"Maybe, but as sick as it sounds, I think I liked being used. And in a way, I used her too. I got to experience all those really perverted things mostly guilt-free, at least when they were happening, because she 'made' me do it! And it's not like she didn't teach me things I could use in my riding instruction—she would work with me away from her apartment, too."  
  
"You said Tim knows about this?"  
  
"Some. I tried to hide Tim from her as long as I could. I enjoyed my lessons with Miss Ritter, but Tim...well Tim made me weak in my knees whenever I was around him. I knew right away I wanted to spend my life with him. Miss Ritter made me feel good in certain ways, but not like I loved her and wanted to spend my life with her. Tim was a whole different story...still, I was really worried I might not like boys...that way...so I let him touch me down there a few times to make sure I liked it. He wasn't as good as Miss Ritter at it, but he was certainly good enough. I touched him, too, so I would know I could do what would be expected of me if we got married.   
  
But I went into a panic after Tim did ask me to marry him. I said yes, but knew it would be wrong to hide my perversions from him. So the next time we saw each other I told him I had been intimate with her—I didn't give him any details-- so he could tell me what a sick freak I was and never see me again.   
  
Only, he didn't. He asked if I loved her, if I preferred her over him. I told him no and that I had just done it to keep my job. And all he said was that if I wanted to quit so I wouldn't have to do it to keep my job he would support me until we got married.   
  
A part of me wanted to punch him—he shouldn't have been that understanding!—but the rest of me knew what an incredible man I had. The problem was, I know I didn't want to stop, but I had to. So, the next day I went to Miss Ritter and told her that I was getting married and I would have to stop my lessons.

She didn't seem angry, just a little disappointed. She said, 'So, you have chosen a life of housework and whelping over that of a respected equestrienne. I wish you luck; you have great potential that I fear will be wasted on a man. Should you ever change your mind, I will entertain resuming our lessons.' She was polite and formal for the rest of the time I worked there, but she didn't spend any more time with me than necessary.  
  
Once I made that decision, I swore to myself that I would never be that perverted again. So, I made love to make babies, and to satisfy my husband's needs. But not for myself—that would be too dangerous a door to open again, to feel good like that. I've never used toys or had Tim kiss me down there because I associate that with the things that I used to do. Things that were wrong.  
  
But now, it feels like I'm having a harder time being right . I mean, showing myself to strange men, and my dreams, Natalie! They're not going away, they're getting sicker and sicker!"  
  
Natalie took the pile of tissues and threw them away. "Those things weren't wrong, and neither were you. You're human, and you were curious. It sounds like you're still both of those things, and thank God for that."  
  
"Natalie, I'm perverted! I'm mentally ill!"  
  
"If you're perverted, then so am I, so is Adam, and I'd be willing to guess Tim is, too. We all have things that make us tick, sexually. If no one's getting hurt, how is that bad? I'll say it again, you are not mentally ill.  
  
"Of course I am! I had sex with a woman! You have to admit, that's sick!"  
  
"No, I don't. Look, if I—"  
  
The sound of the front door slamming announced Tyler's return. "Mom, did you leave anything from lunch? Matty's mom had spinach soufflé—" The teenager stopped short in the doorway as his mother and aunt hurriedly packed up a cardboard box. "Oh, hi Aunt Gwen, everything OK?"  
  
"Oh fine," she sniffled. "Just looking at some things that brought back old memories." The teenager was shocked to see his Aunt crying—he had never known her to exhibit much emotion at all—but he decided his mother was handling it just fine without his help.  
  
"I've got to get this bottomless pit fed, and then get to work," Natalie announced. "But I really think we should continue our conversation. I'm off Monday, think we can squeeze in a ride?"   
  
"I'd like that a lot."   
  
"I'll be over at 10."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 10**

Natalie's gifts were hidden in an unused pair of riding boots in the back of Gwen's closet as soon as the red-eyed woman got home. She examined the lifelike black dildo for some time, absentmindedly stroking it as she marveled at how the maker's attention to detail made it look and feel like a darker, supersized, version of her husband's manhood. The weight of the cudgel was impressive, and she idly wondered if Tim's was this heavy, and how long she could hold it before her arm tired. No need to hold it if you put it where it's supposed to go, the Slut chuckled before the Lady pointedly reminded Gwen of the trucks' imminent return. She slipped the massive tool into the right boot while the vibrators occupied the left. The packaging was hurried across the yard to the office, where she shredded anything that might identify what she had received. Gwen chose to save the catalog though, slipping it inside a payables folder from three years ago. It was very thoughtful of Natalie to give her the toys, she decided as she closed and locked the filing cabinet drawer, not that she would ever use them.  
  
Natalie. Gwen was relieved to have finally shared the cause of years of shame, but with the relief came panic—would her sister-in-law think less of her for her Lesbian dalliance? Would she tell someone at the hospital? Someone who might tell someone that knew Gwen and her family? Would Adam be let in on his sister's sordid past, and would he in turn tell their parents? The possibility that someone might discover her weakness and perhaps exploit it made her feel especially exposed and vulnerable. And yet while the anxiety was real, the troubled woman had to admit it was not as bad as when she had confessed to Tim. Her tearful confession then had been predicated by the certain knowledge that he would tell others out of revenge after he rejected her, and she would be forced to leave the state and re-start her life far away. Should anyone find out now, she decided, self-exile to her home would be the punishment.  
  
Tim didn't tell, and Natalie won't either, Gwen reasoned during moments of calm. She spent the weekend alternating between hope and panic, her one romantic interlude with her husband a muted affair because of the fear of the unknown, more reminiscent of their lovemaking before that day in the dressing room, before she had started having those dreams.   
  
Dinner at her parents' house on Sunday was an especially stressful gathering as she looked for signs that her parents had somehow found out about exactly what her duties at the stables had included, and that the working-class man she had been dating had been the least of their worries. Adam and Natalie had been there as well, her sister-in-law showing no indication that Gwen's confession two days earlier was of concern at all, making no mention of it in the public setting of her in-law's kitchen. The pair talked and laughed about more mundane matters, much to their hosts' confusion over the warming of their relationship.  
  
The irrational part of Gwen's panic warned that Natalie might not show on Monday, that she would either be so disgusted with what she had heard that any future get-togethers would be with others in attendance so as not to be alone with a known Lesbian, or that she would be out spreading the word as to what a slut her sister-in-law truly was.   
  
She was relieved to see her car pull into the yard five minutes early that Monday morning. Gwen had prepared an apology for her outburst on Friday, hoping that the whole episode might be re-buried and forgotten, but Natalie was the first to speak of more than the weather (hot and sunny) and yesterday's family dinner (entertaining) as the horses climbed to the start of the tree-line path.   
  
"Gwen, I'm really sorry we couldn't talk more when you were over. I felt like you got shut off when you should have had a chance to let it all out, and I hope you'll want to continue today. We've got all the time in the world. But, let me start where you left off before my teenage stomach barged into the kitchen.   
  
No, I do not have to admit you're sick. You seem pretty normal to me, exploring your natural urges in the only way you thought you could and not be responsible for some sort of failing of morality. What's bothered you more all these years-- that you had sex, or that you had sex with a woman?"  
  
Gwen stared back, confusion in her eyes, Dart's path momentarily forgotten. "Well both, but I guess...I just always felt bad for Tim, like he had been cheated, like he was getting a flawed wife."   
  
"Why? Was he upset he wasn't the first? That he didn't get your cherry?"  
  
Gwen blushed at the bluntness of the question. "Well, no, not that he ever said, but to tell the truth, Miss Ritter didn't, you know, get 'it', either. According to her, there was nothing to take. She told me one time that most riders lose their, umm, cherry, before their first man. 'True equestriennes lose their maidenhead to the saddle before the sword,' I think is how she put it. Anyways, I always blamed myself for letting it happen, for being weak and letting my sluttiness overrule proper behavior, so I decided I wouldn't be weak any more, that Tim deserved a proper lady as a wife. And when the girls came along, well they most certainly deserved a...well, a good mother."  
  
"So, because you liked having sex all those years ago, to make things right you decided that not having sex should be your punishment?"  
  
The tiny brunette rode in silence for a moment, obviously turning her answer over in her mind. "Not punishment...well maybe that, I guess, but it just seemed like the right thing to make the situation better. To tell the truth, I've tried not to think about it all, so you may be right, but what if it's more than that? What if I liked what I did with her because I really am a Lesbian? And I just married Tim to stop me from being one?"   
  
Natalie answered carefully. "Do you find him sexually attractive?"  
  
The other rider blushed and looked down at the path before nodding. "So much so, it made controlling my urges very, very hard when I was younger. I had gotten better at it after a while...until recently."  
  
"Do you find other men attractive? Do you ever catch yourself thinking what they might be hiding under their jeans, what they might be like in bed? Be honest now..."  
  
Gwen's first instinct was to emphatically deny the allegation, but she knew now was the not the time to lie, not when she was talking to the woman she hoped could help her. "Sometimes," she in a voice just above a whisper. "Once again, more than I used to. Which is one of the reasons I think I'm sick." An image of Andrew standing in her kitchen while she applied the burn salve pushed unbidden into her mind, only this time he was naked from the waist down as well. Gwen resolutely banished the thought while the Slut chuckled.   
  
Natalie laughed softly. "Me, I think that's your normal coming out. People use their imagination all the time—that's what books and movies are, right?—so why not imagine things that make you feel good? Whether or not you act on them is up to you and Tim." Gwen shot a glance at the woman to find a sly grin on her face.  
  
"So, we've established that you think about naked men, and I'm telling you it's healthy to do so. Sounds pretty hetero to me. Do you ever think about women that way?"   
  
A look of shock crossed Gwen's face. The question would have been a no-brainer a month ago, but now...the image of Natalie in the pool popped up.   
  
"No!" she cried, hoping her tone might cover the lie.   
  
"You sure? C'mon Gwen, you can tell me. You wouldn't be the first straight girl in history to like the idea of a little female frolicking. You wouldn't even be the first girl in this family."  
  
Gwen turned to look at her sister-in-law in stunned silence, trying to ensure she was correctly understanding what Natalie was saying.  
  
"Look Gwen, you've trusted me, now let me trust you with a little secret. Remember how I told you when I went to Nursing School, my roommates and I weren't particularly modest?" The wide-eyed rider nodded. "Well, maybe modest wasn't descriptive enough."  
  
Natalie could see her sister-in-law didn't understand. "You see, with four girls and only two bedrooms, there wasn't a lot of privacy. The first couple of weeks, I think we all tiptoed around, hoping that our schedules would give us some alone time with our boyfriends or ourselves to tend to any urges, if you know what I mean. Well, it didn't really work out that way, and we were all starting to get a little frustrated.   
  
You remember Liz, my best friend, right?" Gwen nodded. She had first met the tall, slender redheaded Maid of Honor at Natalie's bridal shower. The wedding and parties over the years had given her a chance to observe the woman in the same detached, clinical way Gwen did with all she met. She remembered how the woman's poise and bearing reminded her of herself. Unlike Natalie's other friends, Liz seemed to maintain a sense of control and propriety that even Miss Ritter would have found acceptable.  
  
"Well, Liz and I shared one of the bedrooms in our apartment. Two double beds in a room that was made to fit one. Anyways, one night, a couple of weeks after I moved in, we were both trying to get to sleep, and I could hear her sighing and tossing and turning. I could tell she was trying to fight her way into sleep, so I joked that she might as well just get up and study. She laughed a little and a minute later said, "look I hope this doesn't freak you out, but I have a way of getting relaxed when I'm like this, you know what I mean?"   
  
I asked her what she did to relax, and she said in that slow, drawn out way she uses when she's nervous, "well, I give myself an orgasm."  
  
And then it dawned on me! She wanted to masturbate! I wasn't naïve—I played with myself sometimes, and I had been with a few boys by then, but I had never been there when someone else was doing it! I told her sure, yeah, I understand, no problem at all, and started to get up so I could go to the living room and give her some privacy, but she stopped me.  
  
"You don't need to leave," she said. "this won't take long. I don't mind you being here if it doesn't bother you or freak you out."  
  
"I didn't want to look like I was a scared kid, and besides, maybe this was just some sort of roommate etiquette I wasn't aware of, so I guess I just shrugged, got back under the covers and mumbled something like I wouldn't be bothered at all. She said, 'thanks—I appreciate it!', got up, stripped down, got something from her dresser—I found out pretty quickly it was a vibrator--flopped back on her bed without even trying to cover herself, and went to town. The room was dark, but our beds were close enough and there was enough light from the parking lot that I could see what she was doing pretty clearly. I knew I shouldn't be watching, but I couldn't help myself--she was right there, just a few feet from me.  
  
Anyways, she came pretty quickly, just like she said she would—like I said, that was the first time I had ever watched anybody masturbate, much less cum—and after she got her breath back, she told me that if I ever needed to get off, not to be shy and just do it. Then she said goodnight and fell asleep really quick—she didn't even bother to get dressed again!  
  
I'll admit, watching her turned me on quite a bit, so I managed to jill off under the covers after I was sure she was asleep, and I did it again the next night, too. I was still too shy to do it in front of her, though. I didn't have a vibrator—I was too chicken to actually go into one of the places that sold them and buy one—so I didn't have to worry about the buzzing waking her, and I thought I did a good job of cumming without even a squeak.   
  
Well, that weekend I came home alone after a late night on the party circuit and walked into our bedroom, only to be greeted by the sight of a very naked male ass between Liz's legs, humping her for all it was worth. I was pretty buzzed, but I still managed to slur out an apology and tried to get out of there. Liz stopped me and said that 'Studley here claims he's so good that he's gonna make me pass out, and I want a witness if he doesn't make good.' I found out later that they had met at one of the parties we had been at together, and he had talked a good game before they came back to our apartment. Gwen, if I hadn't been drunk and a little frustrated at the lack of male talent I had met that night, I probably would have just laughed and made my escape. Instead, I sat down on my bed and got an up-close view. There she was, lying under this hot-looking guy, Liz looking up at him, the guy looking over at me with a shit-eating grin on his face. He must have gotten off on having an audience, because he went back to hammering her. Mr. Hot Guy came a minute later, very porno-like with lots of grunts and shivers, and as soon as he was done, pulled out, took off his rubber, and started getting dressed. Liz was pissed that he wasn't staying to finish her off, but he just gave her that same shit-eating grin and was out the door as soon as he could slip on his shoes.   
  
She had some really choice words for him when she got up and went to get her vibrator. I was pretty turned on myself, so I just stripped down to my panties and bra and got under the covers. I was going to wait until she at least turned off the light before I started to take care of business, but she didn't even bother to do that, she just laid on the bed, opened her legs, and started playing with herself. I think my buzz helped me decide that if she didn't care, neither did I, and my hand went down under my panties. Of course, I still had the covers over me. I played with myself while I watched her. She still seemed pissed, though, and I wondered if you could have an orgasm while you were that angry.   
  
All of the sudden she looked over at me. I froze like I had been caught with my hand in the cookie jar. "Looks like we both have the same problem," she said.  
  
I had no idea what she was talking about. "Huh?" was all I could say.  
  
She smiled and said, "Don't think I don't know what you're doing under there. And don't think I didn't hear you when you thought I was asleep. You could have used your vibrator, you know."  
  
I told her I didn't have one and she said, "Well, we'll have to fix that. Until then, feel free to borrow mine. But right now, what do you think? Want to give each other a hand?"   
  
I asked her what she meant, and she said, "you know, I touch you, you touch me, we both go into space for a little while, we go to sleep happy and satisfied."   
  
I got it then. "Thanks, but I'm not a Lesbian," I told her.  
  
She laughed and said. "Neither am I. I mean, look at what I just had between my legs. But I've found that girls just know the right way to scratch another girl's itch...so, want to see if I've got the right stuff to scratch each other's itches?"  
  
I don't know what came over me Gwen, maybe it was the booze, maybe it was the fact I was so turned on from what I had seen and been doing, maybe it was that I was young and ready to try new things, maybe it was because I had to admit, I found Liz attractive. Anyways, I just said "yeah," and she came over to my bed and kissed me and told me to do whatever I liked to have done to myself, and she made me cum and I made her cum, and we scratched each other's itches for the rest of the time we roomed together. "  
  
Gwen rode on in stunned silence as they reached the top of the ridge. "But, you started dating Adam when you were still in college, right? Did you stop...with her...once you met him?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "Nope. I made it very clear to him once we became an item that while I loved doing the nasty with him, my roommates and I took care of each other too, and if he couldn't deal with it, he could find his own way to the door without any hard feelings from me."  
  
"Other roommates? You had sex with your other roommates?"  
  
From time to time. Most often with Liz, though, since we shared a room and became really close friends. If one of us was horny and needed something more than what our boyfriends or our toys could provide, the others were there to help. No big deal."  
  
No big deal!? Didn't Adam think it was a big deal? I mean his wife was sleeping around with other women..."  
  
"There was no ring on my finger, at least not then," Natalie corrected. "And yeah, I think he was a little intimidated by it all at first, especially given your family's values, but he could see I wasn't going to give up a nice arrangement for some dumb boy, and that other guys might not have as much of an issue with it. And in a weird sort of way, I think it proved to him I wasn't after your family's money, although I'm sure he didn't use that line of reasoning with your parents. I was obviously not going to change my ways for an engagement ring. Besides, he got benefits, as well."  
  
"Benefits? How does a man benefit from having his girlfriend sleeping with other women?"  
  
The riders dismounted and tied the horses to nearby trees. "Sure you want to know?" Natalie asked with an uncertain smile as they took a seat on the picnic table.  
  
"I guess."   
  
"Let's just say that your brother occasionally got to join in. Sometimes as an observer, sometimes as a participant."   
  
Gwen's hand flew to her mouth. "Oh my God..." Mental images of him growing up alternated with him naked, coupled with Natalie and others.  
  
"Sorry," Natalie said nervously. "Too much information?"  
  
The shocked woman shook her head no, although she wondered if that was the truth. Finally, she spoke. "So, it all stopped when you got married?"   
  
Again Natalie smiled nervously. "Not exactly. Things quieted down quite a bit, I mean, having in-laws and two kids will do that, but Liz and I still get together for girls weekends sometimes...and before you ask, yes Adam knows. I would never do anything like that behind his back." Well, not never, Natalie thought, but that was definitely not a story for today...  
  
"And what does he think of these...'girls weekends'?"  
  
"He's fine with them. He knows there's no way I would leave him for her—she's a friend, he's the love of my life, all that stuff, and to be honest, he loves to hear the details. Spices things up quite a bit, if you know what I mean.  
  
Look Gwen, the reason I told you this is—well, I wanted you to know that I'm bi, and I'm not ashamed to say that. Obviously, it's not something I discuss with many people, but I want you to know that if you have those feelings, well, I'm a sympathetic ear, and I don't think there's anything wrong with it. Unless, of course, you think I'm mentally ill." The look on her sister-in-law's face told Gwen the last statement had not been added as a jest.   
  
"No, I most certainly don't think you're mentally ill," she replied hurriedly, searching for the right words, "but I'm not bisexual. I love Tim very, very much."  
  
"And I love Adam with all my heart too, enough that I committed to spend my life with him, to have his children, to empty his gym bag after he's left it in the car for a week," she added with a smile. "But what I shared with my roommates, and still share with Liz, just seemed like a natural extension of our friendships. The physical pleasure and the emotional bonding...I like to think I have the best of both worlds. An incredible man who I'd do anything for, and a good friend who is in tune with my physical and emotional happiness."   
  
The two sat in silence for some time looking across the rolling landscape. Gwen's mind reeled, trying to process all that she had heard, her own worries momentarily forgotten. Had she ever said anything disparaging about bisexuals that might have offended her sister-in-law? Had Natalie ever tried to come on to other women in her presence, and had she just not noticed? Had Natalie ever come on to her? Gwen's mind raced across time, trying to remember various gatherings and events since she had first met the blonde sitting next to her all those years ago. Maybe Gwen had unintentionally sent signals that she was a bisexual, and Natalie had picked up on them?

Don't be ridiculous, the Lady harrumphed. You're no bisexual. You're a proper lady.  
  
A proper lady who's had her tongue in another woman's vagina, the Slut guffawed. Again the flustered woman attempted to test herself. Did she find Natalie attractive in that way? A brief image of the two women naked and locked in an embrace flashed through Gwen's head before she angrily dismissed it.   
  
"Whew, hot," Natalie finally said as she fanned herself before reaching for her t-shirt and pulling it over her head, revealing the ubiquitous pink jog bra. Gwen quickly began looking for intentions and threats. Was this the opening move to being seduced by her sister-in-law? How would she politely say no? Could she say no?   
  
The Lady returned. Don't be silly, she scolded uncertainly. She knows you're not that way. She's just hot. You know how casual she is about exposing herself. The Slut said nothing, instead seizing control of Gwen's hands and guiding them to the buttons of her shirt, unbuttoning until the blouse lay open to her navel, white bra exposed to the sunlight. "Yes, it is." The Lady muttered darkly, but was unable to reverse the unveiling  
  
"We should probably get back down the hill," Natalie said quietly, rising from her seat and moving to the horses. Gwen quickly agreed and joined her, deliberately leaving the buttons undone after her sister-in-law made it clear her t-shirt would remain off. The pair slowly began their descent back down to the barn.  
  
"So, did Tim ever ask for more details about you your boss?" The sound of Natalie's voice surprised Gwen as the cicadas sang about them. "You know, what you did, exactly?"   
  
"Once or twice after we were first married, but I told him I didn't want to talk about it and he stopped asking."   
  
"Maybe you should tell him."  
  
"Oh God, no! I couldn't do that! He'd think I'm a slut or a whore!"  
  
"He already knows you two were together. If he's asking for details, it's probably because he finds it interesting. Like Adam finds me and Liz interesting," Natalie added with a smile. "Give him some stroke material."  
  
Gwen did her best to sound indignant. "Tell him he was not the first to have intercourse with his wife, but a woman with a rubber penis attached to a belt around her waist was? Or that the mother of his children used to practice her riding posture sitting on her boss's face? I don't think so!"   
  
"He's a guy. I'm sure his imagination has made up all sorts of lurid storylines about you and the immortal Miss Ritter. What do you think he thinks about when he jacks off?"  
  
"I don't know. I don't even know for sure he does...that. I've never seen him." The way Tim so casually stroked himself to orgasm on her made Gwen doubt her words.  
  
"He's a guy," Natalie repeated. "He does. He's just discrete. Ask him if he does, and what he thinks about. Maybe you might be able to give him some new material, or get some ideas for ways to play together that you both like."   
  
Gwen grunted noncommittally, another line of thought added to those already swirling around her head. They arrived back at the barn almost without her realizing it, Gwen rebuttoning her shirt as they covered the last few yards before breaking into the clearing.   
  
"Swim?" the blonde asked after the horses were groomed and turned out into the paddock.  
  
"Sure," Gwen answered. The urge to just go straight to the pool, strip down and dive in seized her, but the Lady firmly squashed that idea. Instead, she began the walk to the house for her suit and some towels. There was no doubt in her mind as to what her sister-in-law would be wearing, and she envied her.   
  
"I'll meet you up there," Natalie called out as she headed for her car. "Need to get something."   
  
Once inside, Gwen gave the one-piece only a cursory glance before settling on the bikini. She began to reach for the robe, but stopped. No. No robe. Gathering the towels, she stepped out of the house wearing what she considered to be next to nothing.  
  
She arrived at the top of the hillock to find Natalie standing by the table, pouring wine into two plastic cups, wearing less than next-to-nothing. "No glass around the pool," she said with a smile as she handed her sister-in-law the drink. "Safety first." Natalie continued on to the pool steps with her glass, Gwen watching her swaying buttocks and smooth, supple back with a mix of interest and concern as she took the first steps into the water and waded in up to her breasts. Maybe this isn't a good idea after what you two just talked about, the Lady warned ominously, but Gwen steadfastly ignored her.   
  
Setting down the towels and taking a sip before putting the wine on the table, she turned back to the pool to find her sister-in-law looking back up at her expectantly. "You know you don't need to wear that, right?"  
  
"So I see," Gwen replied. "I'm sure one of the crews would love to come back early for parts and find me in my birthday suit. But they'll think they died and went to heaven if they see you."  
  
Natalie rolled her eyes. "Nawww, I've got saggy boobs and Mom butt. You, you're all smooth lines and toned muscle. Besides, a boss who writes the paychecks and shows 'em her titties? You'd be Employer of the Year."   
  
Gwen briefly eyed her sister in law's chest just below the surface. Saggy? Not a chance. That was a pair she would kill for. And she knew her behind was plenty inviting for any man who watched it bounce away from them. Still, the urge to show Natalie what she had, perhaps to be admired, overcame any fear of being caught. She nervously scanned the surroundings for unwelcome guests, briefly wondering if they would really be so unwelcome after all. Sweep completed, she quickly untied the knots holding her top in place before letting it drop near the stairs and ducking a bit to walk down the steps. The water had reached her knees when she stopped and stood upright, looking about nervously in a manner that reminded Natalie of a squirrel looking for predators. Gwen looked at the nude woman yards from her and scanned her surroundings again. Satisfied, her thumbs went to the sides of her bottoms and pushed them down, first one leg raised to remove them, then the other. They were flipped next to the discarded top and Gwen hurried down into the water.   
  
"Good girl!" Natalie cried. "Doesn't that feel so much better?"  
  
"It does," Gwen agreed. And I know what would feel even better, the Slut announced as she glanced to where the filter jet ruffled the pool's surface.   
  
The pair just stood and enjoyed the chill of the water for a moment before Natalie managed to goad her sister-in-law out of the pool long enough to collect her wine, smiling as the nervous woman dashed across the cement and back into the relative safety of the water, all the while looking about her nervously.   
  
"How are you holding up?"  
  
Gwen stopped her march to the deeper end of the pool and whirled to face her sister-in-law. "Sorry?"  
  
"How are you holding up? You really let out some heavy stuff at my house, and I'm afraid I did the same to you today. You OK with everything?"  
  
Gwen let out a sigh and averted her eyes into her glass. "Yeah, I think so. Just something I never really thought I would ever think about again, much less talk about, but I'm glad I did. Thanks for listening. And, thanks for confiding in me," she hurriedly added.  
  
Natalie raised her glass in a mock toast. "You're welcome and you're welcome. And what of my little revelation? Do you think I'm a two-timing slut?"  
  
"No!" Gwen cried, and truthfully she didn't. A month ago, her answer, at least to herself, might have been much, much different, but now, it just felt like she had gained a kindred human spirit of sorts. A novel feeling, she admitted to herself.   
  
"Are you going to tell Tim about me?"  
  
"No!" Gwen repeated. "Why would I?"  
  
"You can if you want. You've got one of the good ones there and I trust him. I always have. Besides, your daughters already know. Why should he be the only one in the dark? Besides, might get you some hot lovin'. Nobody else needs to know though, alright?"  
  
"Of course, and why did you tell Ali and KD?"  
  
"Let's just say it came up in conversation, and leave it at that for now."  
  
The two fell silent for a moment, Gwen wondering how she would ever insert that revelation into polite conversation. "Hey Tim, by the way, your sister-in-law has sex with girls and my brother likes it." Yeah, that would work just fine. She also really wanted to know more about Natalie and her daughters, but her sister-in-law's tone made it clear now was not the time to discuss it.  
  
"Did you get to use your gifts over the weekend?"  
  
Gwen looked up to see Natalie smiling at her.   
  
"Uhh, no, with Tim home..."   
  
"What did he think of them?"  
  
"Oh, he doesn't know about them. Just our secret, OK?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "Secrets between spouses can be bad, remember?"   
  
Gwen smiled and looked back into her glass, for some reason suddenly reminded of her nudity.   
  
"Tell him," Natalie commanded. "At the very least, ask him about what he does for fun when you're not available, maybe give him the chance to ask you things that might let you tell him about your toys...or Miss Ritter..." The thought of discussing her old boss with Tim petrified Gwen, but she realized that her growing curiosity about her husband's body also included his views on sex. Maybe she would ask, if the time was right.   
  
"And," she continued, "I want you to go in there after I leave, think up the nastiest, dirtiest fantasy you've never dared have, and use those toys to give yourself an orgasm that will straighten the curls in your pubes. I'm going to take off now so you can have plenty of time to play before everybody starts coming back."  
  
"No, I can't do that," Gwen demurred. "Maybe Tim will want to, you know, tonight and I want to be ready for him."  
  
"You can do both. Hell, surprise him and put on a show tonight. But you will make yourself cum before he gets home, am I clear?"  
  
"Really, I can't—"  
  
Natalie moved closer, now just inches from the woman anxiously trying to avoid eye contact. "Look, I'm sure you have to be at least a little worked up after all our talking and skinnydipping I know I am, and if I've got the house to myself when I get home, I've got a fantasy all ready to go. Do it."  
  
Gwen hesitated. She wanted to ask Natalie what her fantasy was, but decided that would be too personal. Maybe she could offer the use of her toys and one of the girls' rooms so she wouldn't have to delay what she so obviously intended? Maybe she would stay to ensure Gwen kept her end of the proposed bargain?  
  
Now, that's crazy, the lady pronounced. Ask your sister-in-law to use your house while she fills herself with a giant black penis? And what would you be doing while she was pleasuring herself in your daughter's bed? Gwen's mind filled with an image of herself in her bed, vibrator between her legs, quickly switching to her standing over Ali's bed watching Natalie jam the giant tool into her sex. Gwen decided against making that offer today.   
  
"I'll...I'll try, but I can't promise anything."  
  
"You'll do it. Or you'll answer to me." Natalie moved forward and kissed her on the cheek. Gwen wondered if this was the beginning of something more, and whether she would resist. Instead, she was vaguely disappointed when the nude woman pulled away. "Gotta go." The two women climbed from the pool, Gwen wrapping herself in her towel while Natalie pulled her bra and t-shirt on. She reached for her jeans and stopped. "Hey Gwen, can I borrow this towel? I'll bring it back next time."   
  
"Of course, but what for?"   
  
Smiling, Natalie bent forward and again kissed her sister-in-law on the cheek. "Go play."   
  
"I will, but Natalie, what do you want the towel for?"  
  
"For cover, if I get stopped." She smiled and let herself through the gate, jeans and towel in hand.  
  
"Aren't you going to put your pants on?" Gwen cried.  
  
"Nope!"  
  
"You're crazy!"   
  
"You're not." The half-nude woman walked down the hill towards her car, butt swaying saucily. Gwen couldn't be sure, but it really looked like her sister-in-law didn't even bother to cover herself with the towel once she sat down, just throwing it on the passenger seat as she got in. She stood there, watching as the vehicle moved down the driveway and beyond the trees. Alone again, she looked about, removed her own towel, and went back down the hill wearing less than when she had come up, albeit at a much quicker pace.   
  
Once inside the house she slowed again, loving the illicit thrill of her total nudity. Gwen took her time, strolling about the house, straightening a pile of magazines on the coffee table before placing the recycling in the bin by the garage door for Tim to move later, bum thrust high in the air as she completed each chore, offering herself to whoever might be watching. Still, she was on full alert, listening for the sound of trucks pulling into the yard.  
  
She straightened and stretched languidly, breasts pushed out in presentation to her imaginary audience before slowly walking up the hallway towards her bedroom. I told you, the monster is out of the cage, the Lady shrieked. First you practically throw yourself at your sister-in-law, then you strut about the house like a whore on display, and now you're going to touch yourself!  
  
The reminder of her willingness to allow her relationship with Natalie to advance to something terribly wrong did give Gwen pause. Sex with a woman was what got her in trouble in the first place, sex behind Tim's back would be unforgivable. Thankfully it didn't get to that, she told herself, and I won't let it get that far again.   
  
The best way to avoid that situation in the future is to take the edge off before hand, the Slut counseled. Maybe you could see how it works right now? Gwen agreed—she could have no other sexual partner other than Tim, but maybe using the toys would be an acceptable outlet for her newfound urges? It seemed to work for Natalie.  
  
And Natalie has sex outside of marriage, with women, the Lady cautioned in a guilt-by-association kind of way, but Gwen chose to ignore this, too. Gently closing the bedroom door behind her, she moved to the closet and pulled out her riding boots. Vibrators and dildo were removed and taken to the bed, boots left out should she have to hide quickly. Gwen carefully laid the black staff on the bed as if it were a loaded weapon that might go off, then put the Magic Wand next to it while she tested the rabbit. Sliding both switches up the handle produced a frantic vibration while the faux-penis head rotated, causing the white ball bearings to circle the shaft. She smiled and knew from experimentation when she first unpacked it that the intensity of the vibration and speed of the rotation could be controlled by sliding the switches back. She turned the humming object off and put it on the bed before reaching for the Wand. Gwen plugged it into the surge strip on her side of the bed and thumbed the black rocker switch. A deeper, heavier vibration rumbled through her hand, and switching it to the low setting seemed to only slightly reduce the intensity. She switched it off and put it back next to the dildo. She was ready.  
  
Gwen took a deep breath and gingerly climbed over the toys to lie in the center of her marital bed, where Tim had given her so much pleasure lately. And now, she was going to give herself that pleasure. A wave of guilt washed over her, both from the fact that masturbation was wrong as well as the fact that she was depriving Tim of what was rightfully his to provide, but the Slut fought back with the full power of the woman's arousal. Don't be silly, her conscience cried. It's natural, it's good for you! It doesn't seem to be doing Natalie any harm. And it sounds like your daughters agree with her, too.   
  
Not fair, the Lady warned. Your sister-in-law is off limits when you're thinking about this nastiness, and your daughters are way, way off limits.  
  
The Slut continued on, unabashed. And you're not taking anything away from Tim. He can have you any time he wants—if he wants to fuck you until you walk funny, more power to him. This is just for those times when he's not available...  
  
Gwen lay back and closed her eyes. The uncertainty and guilt were still there, to be sure, but the arousal had won. Images began to form...back when she had practiced with Miss Ritter's vibrator, the only things that had come to mind were of her experiences with her mentor. Gwen knew those were sensitive, too dangerous to be used now. She searched for something else.   
  
An image of the dressing room at Crandall's began to take shape, where she was undressing for Tim while he sat looking through the partially-closed curtain. She stripped for him, turning and thrusting her breasts out in his direction while she looked over her shoulder into the mirror at her firm butt. Gwen turned her attention to her husband to find him sitting in his chair, pants now open, his hand fisting his erection while he stared into her cubicle despite the other men who had magically appeared and now sat around him. Lost in her building fantasy, Gwen's left hand began to gently stroke an erect nipple while the right strayed to her crotch, drawing a line up and down her downy-covered slit.   
  
Emboldened by Tim's display, Gwen turned to her fantasy audience, bending over at the waist to adjust the heels she was wearing, heels she would never wear in real-life, taking her time to tease. After an impossibly long time in this position, she brought herself up just enough to put both hands on the wall in front of her and spread her legs to give Tim and the watching men a clear view of her sex. Gwen's hand went between her legs in this lewd display to stroke and open her flower to the watching men while her very real finger began to stroke her clitoris.   
  
Gwen opened her eyes long enough to find the rabbit and place the head at her opening while the ears nestled against her bud. An inexperienced thumb managed to find the controls and slide them up enough to generate very pleasant sensations wherever the vibrator touched her.   
  
Rough hands—Tim's rough hands—grabbed her by the waist and pulled back until she was impaled on his cock. He was not gentle with her, not like he was in real life. In her fantasy, he pounded into her, hips slapping noisily against her ass while she remained bent over for his use. The audience was still there, she knew, curtain now pushed wide open and they were stroking themselves to the perverted show in front of them. Tim grunted and hissed as his spurts began to fill her. Satisfied, he pulled out. "Show 'em what I gave you," Tim growled.  
  
The order from her husband helped complete the rabbit's work, and Gwen began to cum. The vibrator and the hand that held it were trapped between tightly-clenched thighs. She fought to keep from crying out as she had been taught to do all those years ago, not questioning why it still was required. All she could focus on was the orgasm, the waves of pleasure rolling through her, making her breathing ragged and forced.   
  
The waves eventually passed, and Gwen's muscles began to relax. Nervously she checked for the guilt and shame that had always accompanied her self-given climaxes before. They were there, but not strong, not overwhelming. If it got no worse than this, the alert woman decided, then it was bearable, especially when compared to her climax.   
  
Go again? the Slut suggested. You didn't even touch your BBC. Gwen smiled. Maybe one more...  
  
A giant black penis, deep inside you. Won't that be a surprise for your husband when he walks through the door any moment now? The Lady warned. Gwen glanced at the alarm clock. Maybe not any moment, but close enough to not risk it, she decided. She reluctantly put her toys away, dressed, and headed for the office to catch up on overdue paperwork.

It was the first time Cliff could ever remember Gwen greeting the returning trucks in shorts and a t-shirt.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 11**

by**[BusyBadger](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564766&page=submissions)**©

Tim finished his second beer, closed down the house, and made his way to the bedroom. Gwen was already there, reading, a feeling of content about her despite the day's events. Natalie's admission had somehow made her own just slightly less disturbing, and the afternoon's activity where she now lay had left her satisfied, the inevitable guilt not nearly the crushing doom it had been in the past.   
  
She watched as her husband trudged past her into the bathroom, emerging a moment later in just his boxers. Tim flopped theatrically on to his side of the bed, not bothering to pull the covers back. "Even climbing stairs is getting hard," he said with a sigh. "It's hell getting old."  
  
"If you would just send whoever's with you to get things off the truck, you would only need to take the stairs once," Gwen gently chided as she put her book down and laid her head on his chest. "You certainly hauled enough stuff for Mr. McGilvary."   
  
Tim laughed and put his arm around her shoulder. "Yeah, but I had to. He wasn't a pushover like me." He briefly thought about finding out whether Gwen was up for a quick roll in the hay, but decided against it. Her mood last weekend had been very hard to figure, and their one attempt at lovemaking had lacked something, like she was having second thoughts about her newfound sense of exploration. He was too tired to try and turn that around tonight. Maybe tomorrow he'd have a better read on her...  
  
"Tim?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"Can I ask you a question?"   
  
"Yes, I made sure the lid was down on the horses' feed bin."  
  
"No, not that," she said, lightly smacking him on the chest next to her head. "Something...personal."  
  
Warning bells went off in his head, and he was suddenly alert. "Uhh, sure?"   
  
"Do you, umm, ever, uhh, touch yourself?"  
  
Tim's brain went into high gear. She didn't mean jerk off, did she? If so, why was she asking, and how should he answer? He stalled for time. "What do you mean?"  
  
Gwen was silent for a moment, long enough for him to hope she was abandoning this line of questioning. "You know, masturbate." She finally said in a low voice, like others nearby might overhear.   
  
Tim quickly weighed his options. Tell the truth and upset her, or lie and hope she didn't know the facts. He decided the lie was too risky, and too deceitful. "Well, yeah, I guess, every once in a while, why do you ask?"  
  
His wife had still not raised her head to look at him, her hand still resting on his stomach. "I don't know, I was just wondering...I had heard most guys do, but you never said anything about it."  
  
"Well, yeah most guys do," Tim agreed seizing on this as proof he was not wrong to do so, either. "And the ones that say they don't are lying."   
  
"Why didn't you ever tell me before?"  
  
"I didn't think you'd want to hear about it."  
  
"When do you do it?"  
  
He continued to choose his words carefully. "Well, if you're not home, or have gone to bed..."  
  
"Where?"  
  
Tim didn't like where this was going, but knew it would be best to not try and evade the question. "Wherever I happen to be where the mood strikes and I can get comfortable. In here, the living room--"  
  
"The living room! Out in the open like that!?"  
  
He risked a chuckle and decided Gwen didn't need to know about the pool or office couch yet. "It's not exactly out in the open. It's my house. I'm pretty good about not letting people in to watch."  
  
Gwen went silent for a moment, and Tim feared she might be hurt or angry. The silence was killing him, but he didn't know how to break it gracefully. "Don't I satisfy you?" she finally asked in a small voice.   
  
He hugged her tightly. "You absolutely do. Making love to you is very special. It's just that...well, I think we're on different schedules that way. I like to umm, relieve some stress more often than you need to relieve stress."  
  
"It's my job to you relieve your stress whenever you need it," she said softly. "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you."  
  
"Stop that. It's not your job, and I don't want it to be a job. I want it to be something you want, too. And if you only want it every so often, that's OK—that's never bothered me, and I'm happy to report that I've got the know-how to take care of myself."   
  
Tim waited for her to roll away from him and turn off the light, anything that might signal she found his admission distasteful. "Would you be upset if I...wanted to... to do it more?" she finally offered.   
  
"Of course not! But only if you want to, and you're not doing it just for me," he added quickly. "Like I said, I've never considered it your job."   
  
"No it's not that, I've just had these feelings lately...like it might be good for me to relieve some stress more often, too."  
  
I've noticed you've been more adventurous the past few weeks," he replied, seizing the chance to turn the subject away from his masturbatory habits. "Why the change?"   
  
She shrugged, her hair tickling his bare chest. "Kids are out of the house, we have more time together...talking to Natalie has made me think maybe I've been a bit too strict with myself in regards to...in things like that." Thoughts of her dressing room shows flashed through her mind.   
  
"That Natalie's a smart woman. Let me know how I can help you," her husband rumbled, hugging her.   
  
Her hand traced lines in the mat of hair above where his flaccid length lay hidden under dark blue fabric. "Would you take off your shorts for me?"  
  
The evening's looking up, Tim thought. "I will if you will."   
  
Gwen sat up long enough to discard her t-shirt before laying back to slide her underwear down to her ankles. Tim worked in reverse, quickly pushing his shorts off as soon as the head on his chest moved, looking over in time to see his wife's verdant patch of hair come into view. Naked, they reached for each other, hands moving and teasing while they kissed. Tim was quickly at full-mast, and Gwen was pleasantly surprised and relieved at how willing her body was to accept his advances despite her earlier self-induced orgasm. Something about Tim's touch and the feel of his very masculine body against hers spurred her excitement, and scenes of her and her husband, in a naked embrace on a beach, fluttered through her mind. Sand in all the wrong places, the Lady tried to warn, but Gwen ignored her while they rolled in the surf re-enacting scenes she had seen in movies and TV. Her arousal continued to build, past the point where she would have normally broken their clinch and allowed him to mount her. A plan had begun to form in her mind, something different tonight, something wickedly perverted and exciting. Their touching continued, far longer than the norm.  
  
The idea, the beach, and Tim's hand all eventually combined to give Gwen her second climax of the day, a gentler one than the afternoon's perhaps, but satisfying nonetheless. She broke the kiss she had used to help stifle any cry. "Thank you. That was wonderful."  
  
"Welcome." Tim lay there, holding her, wondering how long it was proper to wait before moving between her legs for his turn.   
  
Gwen moved first, gently pushing him back until he lay flat. "May I try something?" Tim didn't protest as he tried to control his active imagination. Gently, she began to kiss her way down his chest, briefly wondering if men found pleasure in having their nipples licked before just going ahead and doing it. Tim's contented sigh told her they did. She stayed a moment, noting with satisfaction how the nub now stood erect under tongue much like hers did when they were the object of his fascination, then continued on down his stomach, coming ever closer to his midsection. Gwen nuzzled in the coarse fur surrounding her husband's aching erection, the shaft jumping and twitching in anticipation of what might come next. Tim's fingers stroked and caressed her back as she kissed the length just below the head, delighting in the warmth against her lips while she inhaled her man's musky scent. Her lips traveled down the length to his sac, tongue dragging along the way, then made their way back up. Gwen paused where the mushroom head of her husband's staff began, tasting a hint of the slippery liquid her fingers had spread earlier. She tentatively licked up the furrow, collecting more of his essence on her tongue, then let her lips rest on him a moment. Gwen took a deep breath, opened her mouth, and slid her lips down over her husband.   
  
Tim was in shock despite his fantasy-driven anticipation and only barely managed to control the urge to drive himself deeper into his wife's waiting mouth. What the hell had Natalie said to her? Now was not the time to question, though, and let out a low moan of pleasure to assure Gwen she was welcome where she was.   
  
Now what?' the emboldened woman thought. Do I just hold still and let him do the work, or is that up to me? The hips attached to the thing in her mouth were not moving; she decided the next move was hers. Her tongue gently swathed the velvety head before she pursed her lips around the staff and began to slide up and down it, imitating the rhythm of their lovemaking.   
  
Tim groaned in appreciation, resisting the urge to place a hand on his wife's head and help guide her movements. He had learned from his first girlfriend that preventing the lips wrapped around your cock from leaving was not appreciated. Instead, he carefully began to flex his hips in time to his wife's efforts, luxuriating in sensations he had not felt for so long.   
  
Gwen, for her part, instinctively knew that her teeth were best kept clear of the tender skin they passed over, and struggled to avoid taking her husband's shaft so deeply that she might gag. By wrapping her hand around him and sliding it to control his penetration, she developed some comfort of Ti's manhood sliding across her tongue. And despite her climax, the wickedness of what she was doing excited her, so much so that thoughts of other times and places she might do this began to flicker in her imagination.   
  
Tim continued to thrust, the novelty of the act and Gwen's hand and mouth causing the pressure to build inside of him. As much as he was enjoying her efforts, he knew it was time to switch to something more traditional before his seed ended up somewhere his wife surely didn't intend. "Gwen honey, you better stop. I'm almost there."  
  
"Mm—hmmm," came her reply as she resolutely tightened her lips around his shaft and began to bob more quickly, doing her best to imitate his pace when he was between her legs.  
  
"No—honey, I'm about to finish, you know?"  
  
Gwen removed his length from her mouth. "I know—I want you too," she said breathlessly before plunging him back between her lips.  
  
"Really? Are you sure?"  
  
"Mm-hmm..."  
  
Something in him shouted that this was still not a good idea, but lust took over. Tim began to thrust more forcefully while trying to maintain some control as his wife's hands and lips remained tightly wrapped around his cock. The first volley leapt from him seconds after he grunted his last warning.  
  
Gwen recoiled as the first pulse hit the back of her throat but managed to keep the spurting head in her mouth while she fought her gag reflex. The idea of swallowing his spend as he gave it to her had seemed reasonable when she had first decided to let him finish that way, that it would be like drinking from a straw, but instead her body overruled her and frantically collected the thick gel as her tongue reflexively blocked it's escape down her throat. A better solution did not present itself—it had to go somewhere eventually, she knew—and she continued to collect the salty substance for when it might.  
  
Tim's hips gave one more involuntary thrust against the tiny hand gripping his cock, emptying the last dribbles into her waiting mouth before his body went limp. Gwen guessed there would be no more added to the pool she had collected. Now what? The idea to swallow had been an easy one before she had this viscous goo on her tongue; now she wasn't sure she could. Get up and spit it into the toilet? No, that might make Tim think she had been repulsed by his orgasm. Let it dribble back on to the shaft it had come from? That didn't seem right, either. In the end, she steeled her will and swallowed. The substance reminded her of a warm salty oyster with a hint of bleach, as Natalie had warned. A little aftertaste, but her body didn't seem to be on the verge of rejecting what was now making its way to her stomach.   
  
"Wow," Tim exhaled explosively.   
  
Gwen removed him from her mouth and sat up. "Was that alright? Did I do it right?"  
  
Tim laughed and glanced down at his still-hard cock. She couldn't have swallowed it, could she have? His manhood showed no signs she had given it back, and it certainly didn't look like she was holding anything in her mouth...  
  
"That was incredible, honey!"   
  
Impulsively he sat up to kiss her, but she recoiled. "Let me go brush my teeth," she demurred, "I'm sure you don't want to taste that."   
  
"If it's good enough for you, it's good enough for me," he declared, remembering how Tammy Domillo had cut blowjobs out of their sexual menu when he had refused to kiss her after the first hummer she had given him. "What, you think it's OK for me to have that in my mouth, but not you?" she had scolded then. It had taken his cleaning her with his tongue after they had made love for her to resume her oral pleasures. Even then, she had occasionally slipped him "snowballs" to test his commitment to fair play. Tim took his wife by the shoulders and kissed her deeply, tasting the remnants of his orgasm on her tongue. Gwen never did make it to the bathroom to brush, the pair falling asleep in each other's arms.  
  
Tim awoke to her movements as she rolled out of bed the next morning. A smile came to his face as he stretched and reviewed the previous evening while his wife grabbed the t-shirt and panties she had discarded the night before and headed for the bathroom. He lay there and waited for his turn, a little surprised to see her walk through the bedroom and up the hall in nothing more than her t-shirt, robe either forgotten or ignored. Tim eventually made his way to the kitchen to find her bent over in front of the open refrigerator, her naked ass and the treasure below it peeking out, making it evident the robe was not the only thing she had foregone.   
  
"Morning, honey," she said brightly as she straightened and turned. "Sleep well?"  
  
"How could I not? You sucked the energy out of me last night." Tim blushed at the unintended reference to how she had finished him, but Gwen didn't seem to mind.   
  
She blushed and pushed her hair behind her ear as she turned to the counter. "Coffee?" she asked, feeling like she ought to change the subject. It was one thing to be practically naked in her kitchen, it was another to talk about their bedroom activities out here.  
  
Tim hugged her from behind, resisting the urge to run his hand down to her naked bottom and explore a bit, before sitting down at the table. Gwen joined him, doing her best to keep her t-shirt settled properly as they talked about the day's schedule. It didn't take much for Tim to realize she had omitted a bra as well. As much as he wanted to know more about what had brought her to give him that gift last night, he knew the time wasn't right. But I will find the right time, he decided.   
  
High heat and late nights prevented the rest of the week from being the right time, as Tim and his crews were back well after dark and so exhausted from the working conditions that anything more than a quick shower before sleep was out of the question. Gwen managed to sneak in swims wherever she could, her bikini now her attire of choice. She had thought about leaving even that behind on more than one occasion, but without Natalie there to encourage her it still seemed too dangerous in the daylight.  
  
Gwen thought about the items in her riding boots, as well. She had resisted the urge to use them again, telling herself they would just be for special occasions 'when the itch got bad,' as her sister-in-law had put it, but she still found herself evaluating the need more than she would have hoped. Stray thoughts about a return to the mall for more shopping had not helped the situation.   
  
It was not until Friday evening that the couple were able to relax with a drink by the pool. Gwen's choice of swimwear pleased Tim, and it didn't go unnoticed that while his wife had her robe, she had not bothered to wear it out of the house.   
  
"So, I was thinking," he announced as they sat after their swim, "that we could go down and see KD next weekend. Maybe leave Thursday night and come back Sunday?"   
  
Gwen's first thoughts were of their absence during a work day. "Are you going to ask Cliff to run things?"   
  
"Already did. Mike asked for the day off to get ready for his brother's wedding, so we'll be short an apprentice anyways."   
  
The rest of the evening was spent planning their trip, the organizer in her taking a more active role than her husband, as was usually the case in these situations. The night was capped off with lovemaking, Gwen practicing her oral skills and declining his offer to reciprocate before silently urging her husband to settle himself between her outstretched legs and slide his wet shaft home.   
  
The next morning Gwen made two calls once Tim had gone out to start his chores. The first was to Alison, asking if she and Jason might be able to stay at the house and care for the horses next weekend. Ali quickly accepted, happy to have a chance to spend the weekend away from their tiny apartment and near her horse.   
  
The next call was to Natalie. "Hey there," came the cherry voice after the third ring. "What's up?"  
  
"Hi Natalie, I just wanted to give you a call...I know we hadn't set anything up, but if you were thinking of coming over next Friday to ride, I'm afraid I won't be here. But Ali will be here on the weekend, if you want to ride with her," she added quickly.   
  
"Maybe I will," her sister-in-law replied with a laugh, "but it won't be the same. Where will you be?"  
  
"Tim and I are going to visit KD, and we're leaving Thursday night, coming back Sunday."  
  
"Good for you guys! Are you staying with her?"  
  
"Oh gosh, no. We wouldn't impose on her like that. Tim made reservations at the hotel she works at."   
  
"Ooh, hotel beds," Natalie purred seductively. "Great for games that don't require clothes. I think I got knocked up with both kids in hotel beds. Must be the air conditioning."  
  
"Oh, I'd never do that there," Gwen replied. "After all, KD works there."  
  
"Is she staying in the room with you?"  
  
"Well, no..."  
  
"Then what does it matter? I'm sure the maids don't keep track of the wet spots on the sheets."  
  
Gwen laughed nervously, but deep inside, wasn't so sure.   
  
"So, what are you gonna take to wear that'll drive Tim wild?"  
  
"Certainly nothing that I wouldn't be seen in public in."  
  
"And how about something not meant to be seen in public? You know, some sexy lingerie?"   
  
"I haven't worn anything like that since my wedding night!"  
  
"Then now's as good time a time to give your stud some eye candy! What are you doing tomorrow?"  
  
She was momentarily confused by the question. "Uhh, getting the house ready for us to leave, I guess?"

"Plenty of time for that. Know where Datelli's is downtown? Meet me there at noon tomorrow."   
  
Gwen wanted to decline, not understanding how going to lunch at an Italian restaurant had anything to do with scandalous clothing, but the Slut wanted to find out. "I guess I've got an hour or two," she finally said. "Sure, why not?"  
  
"Great! See you then. And hey, wear the thong I bought you, OK?"  
  
"Gotta go," the flustered woman said without answering. "I'll see you tomorrow."   
  
Gwen's thoughts as she drove down into town the next day frantically rotated between the feel of the thong between her cheeks, whether anyone would be able to tell she was wearing them, and last-minute preparations for their weekend away. By the time she pulled into a parking space, the thought of stepping on to a downtown street with bare cheeks just one thin layer of fabric away from public view dominated.   
  
Despite the lack of a breeze, Gwen kept one arm by her side as she hurried up the sidewalk towards the little cafe, ready to keep her skirt from flying up and exposing her wicked secret to the world. The arm didn't move as the two women hugged a greeting, Natalie quickly leading the way down a nearby side street.   
  
The pair stopped halfway down the tree-lined sidewalk, at a small boutique called the Secret Veil. Gwen had driven by this store several times before, hardly glancing into the windows filled with all sorts of scandalous unmentionables, casually dismissing those inside as sluts and women looking to entice the wrong kind of man. Now it appeared she was going to be one of them. Natalie led the way into a space crowded with racks of garments Gwen could only loosely call sleepwear. The fact that she was not alone in this shop that sold things intended for one purpose only, that there were other women—and men! in here for the same thing she had been brought here for, made her blush furiously and avoid eye contact, hoping nobody knew who she was.   
  
Natalie had already started making her way among the racks, dismissing some with a toss of her head, others getting at least an impatient flick of her hand as she pushed garments from side to side. "See anything you like?" she asked without looking up.  
  
Gwen seized upon a long, frilly garment in front of her. "This might be OK."  
  
"When you're in the nursing home looking to get laid, that might do the trick. For next weekend, something a bit more risqué is in order." Gwen looked around nervously, worried that someone might have heard her sister-in-law's comment and guessed what the goal of her shopping trip was.   
  
Natalie turned and sized up her sister-in-law. "Got an idea. Follow me." The blonde charged off through the racks towards the back of the store, Gwen doing her best to keep up. They stopped abruptly at the back of the shop, to the right of a small movable partition which screened the entrance to three dressing rooms "Pick one. Be right back." The bewildered woman did as instructed, moving all the way down to the last stall where she waited with door closed even though she had nothing to try on yet.   
  
The door opened without a knock a couple minutes later. Natalie tossed the waiting woman something black and lacy. "Try this on—I'll be back in a minute with the rest of it." She disappeared again, not bothering to close the door.   
  
Gwen sorted out what she held in her hand. A bustier, she decided. She had never worn one—the wedding dress she had originally hoped for would have required it, but her mother had rejected that dress as too scandalous—and reached for the door to shut it before slipping off her blouse.   
  
The Slut stopped her. Last dressing room, so no one's going to come down here, and nobody's going to see you with the partition there. Why bother to close it? Natalie's just going to barge in again, anyways. The Lady harrumphed, but Gwen smiled and began to undo buttons. She hesitated briefly after hanging her blouse, wondering if this was still a good idea before deciding it was, and the bra was removed as well. In a final deference to modesty, Gwen turned her bare back to the open door and began working with the garment her sister-in-law had brought her.   
  
I look so slutty, she told herself after getting it buttoned about her midsection, breasts settling into the cups where they were pushed up into the most egregious display of cleavage Gwen had ever seen on herself. She had to admit though, she liked it. It made her feel...sexy.   
  
Gwen heard rather than saw Natalie reappear in the doorway and turned to face her. Her sister-in-law's eyes lit up in approval. "Nice. I think we have one half of a winner there. Let's see if I've got the other half. She held up a small hanger from which a lacy black belt hung. Straps dangled from the sides, and once again, although Gwen had never worn one, she knew it to be a garter belt.   
  
Natalie looked at her expectantly. "Let's see how it looks." Gwen stared back, past the waiting woman, to the open door behind her, sighed, and unzipped her skirt. Gingerly she removed the garter from its hanger and tried to make sense of it, of how she should put it on and wear it, and what the straps were for. "The rose goes in the front," her sister-in-law gently suggested, "and I figure we'll save you the effort of putting on the stockings for now." Gwen managed to identify the embroidered flower, and her sense of direction cleared, managed to seat the garment low about her hips. Natalie waited for her to finish before stepping in and making her own adjustments, fingers coming dangerously close to the waistband of her thong and actually dipping inside the cups of the bustier to seat her breasts correctly.   
  
"Oh yeah," the woman breathed appreciatively. "One more piece. Wait here."   
  
Gwen snorted—where was she going to go like this?—and looked out past the open door to the pale white partition beyond. The thought that someone, maybe even a man, could be on the other side of that flimsy divider aroused her.   
  
The sound of a young woman's entering the cube next to her came over the low wall between them. Another voice was there also—a man's voice! The Lady humphed in indignation—it was against all rules of etiquette for a man to be in a woman's dressing room for any reason! Probably even illegal! At the very least, he should be kicked out of the store! Gwen reached for her door and stopped yet again. There's no reason for him to come down here, she reasoned. No reason at all...a thought began to form, a thought that even in the safety of her bedroom she would have considered reckless and extreme. Gwen took another step towards the opening, to a spot just beyond the vision of anybody standing outside the dressing room next to hers. You're insane! The Lady screamed, and she wasn't sure she could disagree with her.   
  
Gwen took one more check of her attire. Bustier covering the most important parts, thong doing the same. She took a deep breath, looked down and pretended to adjust the garter, then stepped out of the cubicle.  
  
"Natalie, is this—" she looked up to find a young man standing just three feet away, mouth wide open as he stared at her. "Woops!" she cried as she turned and dashed back into her cubicle, closing the door for effect. "I'm so sorry!" she cried out from behind the divider. "I thought you were my friend coming back!"  
  
"Uhh, no, sorry, I shouldn't be here," a baritone voice acknowledged sheepishly. "I didn't see anything," he added quickly in a tone that made Gwen smile and told her he had. She could hear the urgent whispering of the girl next door interrogating him, as well as his admission that he "had seen her in her underwear." The girl angrily dismissed him, and Gwen could hear his retreating footsteps.   
  
Natalie returned a moment later, holding a pair of black lace panties and something made of white mesh. "Did I miss something?"  
  
"Oh, I stepped out to ask you a question, but it turned out it wasn't you," Gwen replied innocently, but her sister-in-law saw no remorse in her eyes.   
  
Natalie smiled to convey the message that she was not buying that it had been accidental. "Here. Try these on."  
  
Gwen took the panties and slid them up her legs, mildly amused to find the underwear covered more than the thong she was already wearing, and continued to model the outfit at her sister-in-law's request.   
  
"I think you'll get fucked within an inch of your life if you wear that for Tim," Natalie announced as she began to pull her t-shirt over her head.  
  
"Natalie!" Gwen looked around nervously, afraid somebody might hear, and moved to the corner of the cubicle to give her sister-in-law some room to undress. From where she stood, she could see almost to where the man had been standing...she wondered if he might come back.  
  
Her sister-in-law continued to undress until the only thing remaining was a thong every bit as small as Gwen's. The practically nude woman grabbed for the other item she had brought in, quickly putting it on to reveal a teddy that made her think it was made out of the same material as one of Tim's fishing nets. Nipples poked obscenely through the mesh which struggled to contain the breasts they sat on, while Natalie picked and prodded at her crotch, trying to get the garment to lay flat. Satisfied, she removed her hand and turned to the garter-clad woman. "Well?"   
  
Gwen quickly saw the teddy was form-fitting, almost perverted in how it showed more than it hid. The crotch of the garment appeared to be ripped until she realized it was designed that way to allow quick access to the wearer's sex. A small tuft of hair poked through the mesh holes just above the gap. "It's very racy," was all she could offer. "I'm sure Adam will love it."  
  
"Who said it was for him?" Natalie replied in a voice that made it unclear whether she was joking. She was the first to dress again, leaving Gwen standing in the corner by the open door, the near exposure fueling the woman's imagination.   
  
Both eventually made their way up front to complete their purchases. "Sorry about the gentleman in the changing area," the clerk said apologetically. "He wasn't supposed to be there, but sometimes we don't realize they are..."   
  
"That's alright," Gwen replied as she looked around, relieved that the couple had left. "Boys will be boys."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 12**

Alison listened patiently as she was briefed by her mother that Thursday evening, nodding agreeably about the importance of checking the barn doors prior to lights out before shooing her parents into their SUV and on the way to Gulf Shores. Traffic was lighter than expected, and even with a leisurely stop for dinner, the couple found themselves pulling into the semi-circle entryway of the Gulf Gold Resort and Spa before midnight.   
  
"Every bit as glitzy as KD said it was," Tim murmured as the valet pulled away with their truck. Gwen nodded and looked about the opulent lobby, hoping to catch a glimpse of her daughter. She knew KD's next shift would not be until the morning, but she still hoped with a mother's optimism that her daughter might appear.   
  
"Nelson, checking in," Tim announced to the young clerk currently behind the massive marble-topped front desk.   
  
"Oh yes, KD's parents. We've been expecting you. Your daughter has instructed us to treat you as just above VIP status," the cocoa-skinned woman said with a smile. "She also asked if you would meet her for breakfast at the hotel's café tomorrow morning, around 7, before her shift starts?" The woman signaled for a bellhop and handed Tim a packet of information. "John will show you to your room. If you need anything, please don't hesitate to ask. As I said, KD has made it clear to all of us that your wish is our command!"  
  
The bellhop, the Nelsons, and their bags rode the elevator to the sixth floor, where they were shown an elegant oversized room complete with sitting area. John was tipped and sent on his way, and the couple quickly unpacked before getting ready for bed. Tim was dismayed to find Gwen had brought along one of her old nightgowns and was even now retiring to the bathroom to put it on, but he said nothing, knowing that no good could come from it. His wife, however, returned to find him completely nude, apparently unconcerned they were in a strange hotel room.   
  
Gwen found herself wishing she could lose the nightgown and be more like her husband, but tradition said that extra care must be taken in strange places. What if there was a fire? She smiled at the grim humor of being down in the parking lot, naked in front of all those strangers, but she dismissed it and fell asleep with the now-restrictive gown still covering her.   
  
She showered and dressed the next morning before Tim had even awoken, quietly sliding open the slider to their privacy-screened balcony and stepping outside. A beautiful view of a strand of beach with the waters of the Gulf beyond, just now sparkling with the first light of sunrise off to her left, greeted her. Gwen knew that the room must have been very expensive, and reminded herself to admonish Tim for the extravagance.   
  
She startled as a pair of hands wrapped around her waist while lips kissed her neck. "G'morning," Tim mumbled in her ear.   
  
Gwen turned to face him and return the kiss, his flaccid length dragging across her hip as she turned. "Tim!" she shrieked as she pushed the naked man backwards through the open doorway. "What if someone sees you like that?"  
  
"They'll look at the beautiful woman I'm with and be jealous because I was about to get lucky. Would they be right?"   
  
Gwen closed the door and curtain behind her. "You're going to get us kicked out of here and KD fired," she grumbled. "No time for 'getting lucky' right now. Go take a shower and get changed so we can go down to breakfast and see our daughter, or have you forgotten why we're here?"   
  
"Oh, I haven't forgotten," Tim replied airily, "but I think there's room for more than one reason to be here." Still, he complied with her wishes and the couple made their way down to a table outside of Lolabelle's to sit and have coffee while they awaited their daughter's arrival.   
  
KD breezed onto the terrace on time, the trio exchanging greetings and hugs while a waitress hurried up to the table, ready to take their order.   
  
"So, did you guys have anything you wanted to do while you were here?" their daughter asked as she took her first sip of coffee.   
  
"Not really," Tim answered. "Sit by the pool, walk on the beach, typical old-fogey tourist stuff."  
  
"We know you have to work," Gwen said hurriedly, "but we were hoping we could at least have dinner with you?"  
  
"Absolutely! How about here tonight? The chef is really good, and I get my resort discount."  
  
That's fine with us. How about tomorrow night? Do you have a favorite place you would want to go?"  
  
"Well, there's The Trellis, a couple of miles from here, but they're really expensive. Appetizers start at eighteen bucks. I don't think I could afford it."  
  
"Of course you can't afford it!" Tim snorted. "If you could, we'd make you pay your own way through college. We've got dinner tonight and tomorrow." KD gratefully accepted, and she chattered away, giving her parents a list of things they might want to see or try.   
  
"Oh and by the way, the hotel has two pools—a family pool over on the far side of the property, and an adults-only one just down that walk over there. The family pool can be kinda loud, but the adult can be a little more, uhh, casual. I'm not sure you'll like it Mom, so the resort's section of beach is a good place to go if it the family pool gets a little hectic for you. Wherever you go, just show the attendant your room card and they'll get you anything you need." KD glanced at her watch. "Oops, gotta go. I'll meet you back down here at 6?"   
  
Tim and Gwen watched their khaki-and-polo shirt clad daughter hurry off, then sat and finished breakfast as the first sun worshippers strolled by on the way to the pool or the beach beyond it. The couple took their own walk around the compound before heading back to the room to change and pick up the beach bag.   
  
Tim was again disappointed to see Gwen had brought a one-piece as her suit for the weekend. Still, he couldn't complain. He had seen more of his wife in the past few weeks than he ever thought he would, and with any luck, might get to see it all of her, up close and personal, later.  
  
"Family or beach?"He asked as the elevator doors opened at ground level.  
  
"They all looked nice, but I'm not sure I'm up for all the splashing and yelling at the family pool," Gwen reasoned. "I wonder why KD tried to warn me away from the adults-only one? It seemed perfectly fine when we checked it out after breakfast." She thought for a moment. "Let's try the adults-only, and if we don't like it, we can head for the other one and go to the beach after lunch." Tim led the way, and soon they were standing next to an umbrella-covered table and chairs, attendants anxiously buzzing around them with towels and offers of refreshments.   
  
Gwen scanned the expansive pool deck before removing her wrap. The few hotel guests that had arrived so far represented a wide range of shapes and sizes, most of the men clad in shorts while the women wore bikinis of varying colors and styles. Her gaze swept across a far corner, then snapped back. Two women lay semi-reclined, faces looking up into the morning sun. What she had taken to be bikinis were actually tanlines. Their tops had been discarded, and thin strips of fabric peeked out from the junction of their thighs, nothing but string sitting high on their hips to hold it in place. The Lady sat open-mouthed on her shoulder, aghast at their shamelessness. They must know everyone could see them, and yet they lay there without a care on the world. Gwen looked about as discretely as she could, half expecting to see all of the men staring at the display at the other end of the pool. To her surprise, it seemed as if nobody even noticed—even Tim was putting on a good show of appearing engrossed in his book. Now she understood why KD had tried to steer her away from here, and thought that perhaps the other pool was the safer place to be after all.  
  
No, Gwen told herself, if they're not embarrassed and uncomfortable, why should I be? If they want to advertise themselves that way, it's not my problem. She sat down and leaned back, book open but unread as her sunglass-covered eyes furtively darted about looking for any signs that the nearly-nude women might come to their senses, or that hotel management might ask them to cover up. Instead, the women casually flipped from front to back, the string running between their cheeks making it evident fabric was not a major contributor to the price of their swimwear. Trips to the pool for cooling dips made their breasts glisten while the wet patches of fabric between their legs molded obscenely to their sexes.   
  
As the morning wore on brevity became the norm rather than the exception, tops discarded by many of the female guests while bikini bottoms and less at least allowed them to pretend they were not completely naked. Men came in with scandalous swimwear as well, tiny briefs that accentuated as much as hid the packages between their legs.   
  
Gwen thought she caught Tim looking at the female flesh on display once, but the Slut assured her he was just taking a break from his reading, and there weren't many places he could look without getting an eyeful of oiled up boobs. She knew she couldn't get too upset with him if he had been, as she had occasionally found herself studying the bulges of several men she had to admit were rather handsome, idly wondering if all penises looked like her husband's, and if the briefs the men wore made them look larger than they really were.   
  
She stood and stretched just before lunch. "I'm going up to the room for a minute," she announced as she adjusted her wrap about her.   
  
Tim looked up from his book. "I can go with you."  
  
"No, you stay here. I'll be back. Order us some lunch—you know what I like."  
  
Tim grumbled in agreement, wishing she would have invited him to accompany her and perhaps spend some time together while there. The sight of mostly-naked women all around him had inflamed a growing need for release. Plenty of time for that later, he reminded himself, a little worried that Gwen's overactive sense of modesty in her daughter's hotel was not going to allow her to make the time he was hoping for.   
  
She made her way to the elevators, avoiding the lobby because of her lack of clothing despite wanting to at least glimpse KD at the front desk and maybe wave. Besides, she was on a mission, a decision she had made before leaving the pool.   
  
Gwen returned twenty minutes later.   
  
"I ordered you a salad and a seltzer—" Tim looked up to watch his wife remove her wrap and reveal skin, more of her skin than he had ever seen in public before, the bikini that had been reserved for their swims at home now on display to the other poolgoers.   
  
"I thought I looked like a grandmother out here," she mumbled. "Am I showing too much?"   
  
"No, no, it's fine," Tim quickly assured her. "There's much, much more being shown out her today," he added in a low voice, instantly regretting his choice of words. The last thing he wanted was for his wife to know he had been looking...  
  
Gwen smiled. "So you noticed?"  
  
"I noticed, but one of it compares to you."  
  
She rolled her eyes and settled into her chair, self-consciously crossing her legs and arms.   
  
KD stopped by shortly after their lunch had arrived. Gwen quickly covered up, but not before their daughter did a double-take at her mother's choice of swimwear. She said nothing, instead ensuring all their wants and needs were being taken care of before hurrying back to the front desk. Gwen in turn worried what her daughter might be thinking of her mother's immodesty, and wondered if she had let her new attitude take her too far.   
  
The couple spent the rest of the afternoon alternating between the sun and the shade, Gwen daring to enter the pool twice despite the Lady warning her a wet suit might reveal something, the Slut hoping it would. Constant monitoring of the crowd revealed several discrete glances cast in her direction, including some by a couple of the handsome men she had been admiring earlier.  
  
Much to Tim's satisfaction, a quick lovemaking session followed their return to the room that afternoon. Despite his efforts, Gwen's nerves prevented her climax, thoughts more on whether the door was locked and curtains drawn rather than the feel of his hands. She did her best to hurry him to his own orgasm, then dressed and napped before they began preparations for dinner.   
  
"I believe my daughter made reservations, Nelson, party of three?" Tim said as they stood in front of the hostess station at Lolabelle's.   
  
""Oh yes, KD's parents. Follow me, please." The tall blonde led them to a table overlooking the beach where the last of the sun worshippers were trudging up towards the hotel. "Danielle will be your server, and she'll be along shortly. Enjoy your meal!"   
  
KD slipped into an empty chair as soon as the hostess left the table. Danielle appeared a moment later, and the drink order seemed to be at the table seconds after it had been placed. "A beer for you sir, a glass of wine for you, ma'am, and diet soda for you, KD," Danielle said with a smile. "No underage drinking here, especially by the employees." The two girls laughed, sharing an inside joke. "And the bartender sends, with his compliments, two pomegranate martinis."   
  
"Those are the house specialty, everyone up and down the beach comes in for them," KD told her parents. "At least, from what I've seen."   
  
Tim gave her a knowing smile. "I'm not much on fruity drinks," he said, pushing his over to Gwen. "maybe your mother would like mine?"  
  
"You know I'm not much on drinks at all," Gwen demurred, "but I do like pomegranates..." she took a small sip from her glass. "That's pretty good," she admitted. "I can't taste any alcohol. KD, please thank your friend for the drinks and for making them so weak." She took another sip.  
  
The family ate a leisurely meal, her parents listening to KD's stories of life at the resort, of all the gossip and minor celebrity watching. KD in turn watched in amusement as her mother worked her way through the cocktail as well as her wine before tackling Tim's martini. She discretely signaled Danielle for another when she noticed how quickly her mother was working through the one in front of her.   
  
Gwen smiled at the glass that seemed to magically appear and began to rock a bit. Maybe there's a touch more liquor in these than I thought, she decided. Her skin tingled and extremities numbed while a feeling of well-being lightheartedness enveloped her. Thoughts, nasty thoughts, began to run through her mind, despite her daughter sitting next to her. Maybe tonight was the night to take Tim down to the beach...  
  
"Dad, you might want to take Mom back up to the room," KD said with a little laugh after the plates had been cleared. "I think she really enjoyed the pomegranate martinis."  
  
"My compliments to the bartender," Gwen slurred as she concentrated on raising the mostly empty glass. "These would be better at breakfast than orange juice!"   
  
"Uh-huh," KD grinned. The trio rose. "Stop by the front desk when you two get up. We can make plans for tomorrow night." Mother and daughter hugged, KD getting a heartfelt "I love you," whispered in her ear before Tim gently guided his wife towards the nearest set of elevators.   
  
Gwen hummed to herself as they ascended the six floors, wobbling and grabbing the rail every time she closed her eyes. The doors opened, and Tim led her to their room, gently holding her arm as she entered.   
  
She turned to him as soon as the door was closed. "I got an idea. Let's go down on the beach and do it!"   
  
Tim smiled. "By 'it', I'm guessing you mean have sex?"  
  
"Of course," she purred, wrapping her arms about his neck. "Just like in the movies."  
  
"The movies don't show what happens when you get sand on the moving parts. Besides, it just got dark, so there's probably a lot of people still walking out there, and besides, I'm not sure you'd make it that far."  
  
Gwen pouted. "What do you mean, make it that far?"  
  
"I mean, you're drunk like I've never seen you before, and I think you're gonna crash pretty soon and pretty hard. I don't want to have to carry you back."  
  
"Don't be silly!" She thought a moment, then took a step back from him. "Well, OK, then." Fingers fumbled with the buttons of her blouse. Her husband smiled and began to help while she that task to him and began to work on her slacks, nearly falling over as she pushed them down along with her panties. Tim gently pushed her backwards into an awkward shuffle until she was standing at the end of the bed, dressed in nothing more than her bra while she tried to work out the logistics of pulling her shoe-covered feet through the puddle of clothing on top of them. Tim smiled again and unhooked her brastraps with long unpracticed moves, then gently pushed her back until she fell on the bed behind her and he began to work on untangling her legs from their restraints.   
  
Gwen giggled as she tried to help him, her pulling and twisting doing more harm than good, one shoe being kicked off with such force that it landed on the couch ten feet away. Her ankles were freed of the fabric wrapped around them, and Gwen spread her legs wide in invitation as Tim rose from his kneeling position. "Take me," she said in her best sexy voice.   
  
"Not tonight, I'm afraid," he said with an effort as one of his fantasies unfolded in front of him. "I don't take advantage of drunk women." She began to protest, but Tim cut her short. "I will take one liberty, though." Dropping to a knee, he bent forward and gently kissed her sex, dragging his tongue through her furrow before flicking it across her waiting clit.  
  
"Oooh, you shouldn't do that," she breathed, closing her legs to his advances.  
  
"And why not?"   
  
"Because...well, because it makes me think of some things I'd rather forget."  
  
"Like?"  
  
Gwen hesitated, the Lady groggily trying to counter the effects of the martinis on her judgement. "Like, it's something Miss Ritter and I did to each other."  
  
Tim rose and moved to sit beside her, hand casually smoothing the skin of her stomach. "I'm sorry, Gwen. I guess that must have been terrible for you."  
  
"Well...see...that's the problem. I know I told you then that I didn't like it, but...I did. I did kinda did like it. I know I shouldn't have, but I did." She closed her eyes and turned her head in shame.   
  
"Oh. I see. So, why shouldn't you have liked it?"  
  
"Because I wasn't married, and we were both girls, and...it made me feel so slutty, doing what she told me to do, and I liked feeling slutty. You must think I'm horrible." The distraught woman turned away and curled up in a fetal ball while Tim lay down and wrapped his arm around her.  
  
"I don't think you're horrible at all. I think you were just finally experiencing things you never could when you were living at home. Do you regret giving that up to marry me?"  
  
"No! I loved you more than anything then, and I love you even more now. But the things she made me do, they made me feel so wicked, so sexy..."  
  
"Things like what?"   
  
Gwen sniffled. "We touched each other, and used sex toys, things like that. Really perverted things."   
  
Tim hugged her. "Well, I don't think you're the first to do that kind of thing, and like it. I'm sure lots of girls do something similar. You know, experiment and all that."  
  
Gwen sighed deeply. "For a long time, I thought I was the only one, that I was really sick, but..."  
  
"But what?"   
  
Gwen lowered her voice to a drunken, quivering whisper. "Natalie told me she's done it with a girl, too. More than one. And she still does! But only one now, and not all the time."   
  
"Really? Does Adam know?"  
  
She nodded urgently. "Uh-huh. She says he likes it. And she says she loves him, but what she does with Liz is just something best friends do, making each other feel good."

"Huh. What do you think about that?"  
  
I guess it sorta makes sense, I mean I understand the whole feeling good part. I don't get how Adam can be OK with it, though. She's having sex with somebody that's not her husband! Wouldn't you be mad with me if I did that?"  
  
"Hard to say...depends on the circumstances, I guess."   
  
Her silence and measured breathing told him she was beginning to slip into an alcohol-aided slumber. Gwen didn't remember him pulling the blankets over her. "Sleep well, I love you," he whispered, and kissed her forehead, doing his best to ignore the erection swinging between his legs as he climbed in next to her.   
  
A knock on the door the next morning sent Tim scrambling for a pair of shorts. Gwen was startled awake by the noise, instinctively pulling the covers about her body to hide her nightgown. The realization she was not wearing it arrived at the same time her head exploded in pain. She lay deathly still, hoping whoever was at the door wouldn't see what was under the covers while she prayed the throbbing between her temples would stop.   
  
Through the covers pulled over her head she heard the voice of a young man. "Your daughter sent this up with her compliments."  
  
"Thank you," Tim replied hurriedly, "and thank KD, for us, please." There was silence followed by a murmured "thank you," and then the door gently closed.   
  
"The card says your daughter thought you might need some things this morning," Tim said. "Looks like she sent up some coffee, bottled water, toast, aspirin...speaking of which, I'm guessing you're having your first-ever hangover?"  
  
"I'm dying," she croaked from underneath the pile of blankets. "This is horrible. Never again." Even the sound of her voice made her head pulse angrily.   
  
"Welcome to the club," Tim laughed softly. "At least you didn't throw up last night."  
  
Gwen wanted to tell him that it was not yet out of the question, but to speak would only make the drumming in her head worse. Presently she heard the sound of a cup being placed on the nightstand next to her head. "Try and drink some water and take some aspirin. I've left coffee for you, but it might be a little early for that. Sleep as long as you want. I'm going to stop by the desk and thank KD in person, then go down and read by the pool. I know how important a quiet room can be to recovery, so relax, and call my cell if you need anything. Love you." A hand softly pushed against the covers over her hip, and a short time later, the door opened, then closed.   
  
Despite his advice, it still took Gwen a half hour to muster the strength and courage to sit up long enough to down the two bottles of water on the stand while gulping down the aspirin. Coffee was out of the question, and she gingerly laid her head back down, falling asleep despite the pounding in her head.   
  
She awoke some time later, feeling better. Not great, but better. Gwen slowly raised herself to a sitting position, carefully gauging her head's reaction to the change in elevation, before standing up. She briefly thought about grabbing her robe from the closet, but decided it was too far to go just yet. Gingerly she made her way to the cart at the end of the bed where more water, toast and a carafe of coffee sat.   
  
Numbly she poured herself a cup of the black liquid and sat on the edge of the bed. Although the liquor had dulled her memory of the previous evening, her confession was clear enough in her head. "He must be furious," Gwen moaned, although her fogged recollection had not recalled that he had been. She wanted to call Natalie, to ask her advice on how to make this up to the man she loved more than anything in the world, but knew her sister-in-law could not tell her anything she didn't already know. Her next conversation should be with her husband.  
  
A knock on the door was quickly followed by the call of "housekeeping" and the sound of a card being dragged through the electronic lock. Gwen froze, her mind unable to decide how to avoid spilling the coffee while running for cover. "Please wait—I'm not decent!" she managed to croak out softly enough to avoid aggravating her head.   
  
The young housekeeper never heard the please and pushed the door open. Looking up, she saw a naked woman standing at the end of the bed, a cup of coffee in her hands and a look of shock on her face. "Sorry, sorry," she cried softly, averting her eyes and quickly retreating. The door closed, and Gwen was left standing there, frozen in place.   
  
Her headache and nausea flared with the rush of adrenaline, and she dressed as quickly as her pained body would allow. Her accidental exposure to a complete stranger was absent from her thoughts as she dialed Tim's cell number. Gwen's only focus was how to make things right with her husband.   
  
"Hey, you're up!" Tim answered cheerfully. "Feeling any better?"   
  
"Yeah, I guess...Tim, can we talk?"  
  
"Uh oh, what'd I do wrong?"  
  
"Not you, me. Or us, I don't know. About last night. Can you come back to the room?"   
  
"Most everyone ties one on at some point in their lives, Gwen, it's no big deal—"  
  
"It's not about that, well not really. Can you come back up please?"  
  
"Sure, be right there."   
  
Gwen heard the sound of the key being swiped a few moments later, and fervently hoped it was not the maid returning. She was both relieved and anxious when Tim stepped through the door and took a seat on the bed next to her. "Honey, what's wrong?"   
  
Gwen could only look at the floor as she began. "I, uhh, said some things last night that I shouldn't have, things that I had no right to burden you with..."  
  
"I've found liquor makes people far better at telling the truth than making up lies," he said with a smile. "You didn't say anything I would consider a burden."  
  
"Tim, when you asked me to marry you, I told you Miss Ritter made me have sex with her. I lied about that then, both to you and myself. And now I've told the truth to both of us, and I'm not sure that was the best thing. Aren't you mad at me?"  
  
Her husband kissed her on the forehead. "Not at all. I would much rather you tell me the truth. In fact, that's probably the first thing other than Christmas gifts and vet bills that I know you've kept from me. Anything else you wanna get off your chest?"  
  
Gwen smiled at his breezy attitude despite her physical and mental woes. "No, nothing that I can think of right now. But I told you I had sex with a woman and liked it. I feel like I was cheating on you, with another woman no less!"   
  
"You married me, not her. Would you rather have spent your life with Miss Ritter?"  
  
"No! I love you! She was just...she made me feel good...and I felt like I couldn't be blamed for feeling good. I had to do what she said. It just felt...different, forbidden...with her, like I was pulling one over on the world. And once you asked me to marry you, I knew I had straighten up and be a good wife and mother. I had been told plenty of times that the type of man who would want to marry me would not want a perverted slut."   
  
Tim said nothing for a long time, and Gwen feared she had angered him. "Well," he finally began, "it sounds like Natalie and Adam have had a similar issue in the past, and still do. Maybe I should ask him how they resolved it?" Gwen's eyes widened, and Tim grinned to allay her concern. "Or did you tell me something you promised you'd keep secret?"   
  
"No, she said I could tell you, since you're the last one in our house to not know."   
  
It's was Tim's turn to look surprised. "Is that so? Learn something new every day. So, it sounds like they're at peace with the whole girl-girl thing."  
  
"I guess, yeah, although I still can't see how. I mean, how would you feel if I was doing—that--with another woman?" Gwen asked rhetorically.   
  
Tim smiled, but said nothing. "Cross that bridge if and when we get to it," he finally said quietly and smiled. "Hey, you know what you need? You need some sun and fresh air. Get that bikini on, and let's go for a walk on the beach."   
  
Gwen smiled and kissed the incredible man sitting next to her, then made her way to the bathroom where her suit still hung from the shower rod. They spent much of the afternoon walking hand in hand, not saying much, pausing only for a quick lunch. The couple returned to the hotel a couple of hours before dinner so Gwen could nap and sleep off the last traces of the previous night's excesses.   
  
Tim and Gwen showered and dressed, then drove the short distance to KD's apartment. They climbed the stairs to the second floor and knocked on the battered door sporting 218, the '2' hanging upside down for lack of another nail to hold it upright. The same woman who had checked them in Thursday evening answered.   
  
"Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, come in! Your daughter's just got home from work and is getting ready. I'm Alia, KD's roommate—well one of them."  
  
The couple stepped through the door into a living room featuring ratty lawn furniture, empty pizza boxes and scattered bottles of liquor. "Sorry, about the mess," Alia offered, but with six of us living here, and all of us working overtime at the resort, we don't spend much time cleaning."   
  
"Hi folks!" KD called out cheerfully as she exited a nearby bedroom wearing a dress that Gwen would have made her go back in and change if she had still been at home. The hem lay dangerously close to the junction of her thighs, while the neckline highlighted her daughter's ample breasts and the valley they created. "I see you've met Alia—she and I share a bedroom along with another hotel employee."  
  
"It's certainly a cozy little place," Tim offered generously.   
  
"Yeah, the resort owns it and the other buildings on this street to house college-break workers like us. Really cheap, and very convenient."  
  
"Three to a bedroom!" Gwen exclaimed. "They must be good-sized rooms."  
  
"Not really," KD allowed, "but we all fit."  
  
"Can I see your room?"  
  
Her daughter hesitated. "Uhh, it's pretty messy in there..."   
  
"Don't worry, I promise not to start cleaning."  
  
KD could tell that her mother would not be dissuaded. "Sure, let me show you."   
  
Gwen stepped into a room strewn with open boxes and clothing, a pair of what appeared to be men's underwear draped over a lampshade, while a double bed and two bunk beds filled most of the floorspace. "Which bed is yours?" Her mother looked about the room, shocked that her daughter could live in these conditions, resisting the urge to start picking things up despite her promise. She could make out an open box of condoms lying amidst the debris atop a battered dresser, while a white electrical cord snaked up from beside the double bed and into the unmistakable handle of a vibrator which lay behind a pillow. Gwen thought back to Natalie's tales of college life. Her own daughter, living the same lifestyle? "So, which bed is yours?" she asked, the Lady hoping for anything but the double.   
  
"We just, uhh, take whatever's open when we come home," KD offered. 'The double usually goes first, then the bottom bunk. At least one of us usually has a late or overnight shift, so the top doesn't get used much. Well, we should get moving if we want to make our reservation," her daughter suggested, anxious to avoid any further scrutiny of her living conditions.   
  
The Trellis was every bit as good as KD had promised. Gwen stuck with seltzer for the evening, a fact not lost on her smiling daughter. "Mom, something about you is different," her daughter finally said after Tim had gotten up to use the restroom.   
  
"Different?"  
  
"Yeah, the bikini you were wearing yesterday, the martinis last night, and you didn't even say a word about how messy my apartment was. I don't mean to pry, but what's up?"  
  
Gwen blushed. "Let's just say you're very perceptive, and that I'm beginning to think I was a little too strict with myself for a long time, which wasn't fair to you girls or your father, so I'm trying to be a little more relaxed. Speaking of the bikini, tell me the truth--was it too much? I've only worn it a few times. I can only guess that most daughters don't want their mother trying to look, well, you know, like that."  
  
"You looked great in it, Mom! It's just I've never seen you wear anything that revealing! Even your underwear, the few times I've ever seen you in it, was not like that! Grandma must be pitching a fit!"  
  
"Grandma doesn't know, and doesn't need to," Gwen replied drily.   
  
KD laughed. "Your secret's safe with me. Don't get me wrong, I love her dearly, but she can be a bit of a prude, y'know? Just glad you're letting up a bit on yourself."  
  
Gwen smiled and nodded, Tim's return cutting the conversation short. The family spent another hour talking before they dropped KD off at her apartment with a promise to see her before they left the next morning.   
  
"I imagine you must be pretty worn out after all you went through last night and this morning," Tim said as they entered their room. The question was more investigative than sympathetic—between Gwen's confession and the sights of the pool, his libido was in overdrive and the situation was not conducive to him taking matters into his own hands, so to speak. Perhaps she had enough left to satisfy his needs...  
  
"I'm doing pretty well, all things considered. I slept late and that nap really helped." She wrapped her arms round her husband's neck. "But if you're thinking about getting me drunk again, forget it."   
  
Tim smiled as his arms went about her waist. "I didn't get you drunk, the pomegranate martinis did. I like the idea, though. I can only imagine what I might find out about you this time."  
  
Gwen's eyes popped open, a serious look behind them. "You don't have to get me drunk. I'll tell you anything you want to know without that. Just promise me you won't leave me when you hear the answers."   
  
"I'm not going anywhere. Bank on that."   
  
"I'm going to. So, do you have something you want to ask me?"  
  
"Uh-huh. Wanna go to bed?"  
  
"Uh-huh. I'll meet you there." Gwen broke their clinch and retreated to the bathroom while Tim sent his clothes flying before sliding under the sheets and turning off the light. The bathroom door opened and the light was turned out, plunging the room into near-total darkness.   
  
"Tim?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Could you turn a light on?"   
  
"Of course." He quickly rolled to his side and snapped the table lamp on. Rolling back, he sucked his breath in and stared at amazement. Gwen stood at the end of the bed, dressed in the garters and bra Natalie had helped her select. "Oh my God, Gwen, you're beautiful! How did you get that into the bathroom to change into it?" Tim started to climb out from beneath the covers to go to her, but she began to crawl across the bed towards him first.   
  
"I didn't. I had it on at dinner."   
  
"You did? If I had known that, it would have driven me crazy!"   
  
"That's why I didn't tell you." She lay down beside him.  
  
"I didn't even know you had anything like this."   
  
"Natalie and I went shopping..."  
  
"I really need to get her a gift."   
  
Gwen lay herself down next to her husband. "I'd like to give you a gift."  
  
"Me? What for?"  
  
"For not kicking me out of the house and out of your life. I have to believe not every man's wife cheated on him with another woman."  
  
"Sounds like at least one other couple we know is OK with it. And I don't see it as cheating."   
  
"Still, I'd like to do something nice for you."  
  
"Already did. That outfit is going to be stuck in my mind for weeks."   
  
Gwen smiled. "Not when you're working with a propane torch, I hope. Is there anything else I can do for you?"   
  
You don't have to do anything, but..."  
  
"But what?"   
  
"I'd really like to kiss you down there."   
  
She lay there for a moment, and Tim feared he had pushed too far too fast. "Alright," she finally answered, and rolled on to her back.   
  
Tim sat up, quickly reaching for her underwear before she changed her mind. Gwen began to work on the clasps to her stockings as soon as the panties had been pulled past her thighs, but the man now between her legs stopped her. "Leave 'em on. You look so sexy in 'em."  
  
Gwen lay back and held her breath as Tim gently lifted each knee and pushed them out, slowly bending down to where her thighs joined her hips. She could feel his breath rustle the abundant patch of hair covering her sex, followed by a tentative kiss on the folds surrounding her clitoris. Tim flattened his body against the bed as his tongue found her opening, slowly dragging up her furrow.  
  
Her husband worked carefully, pushing labial lips aside to bathe all the areas of skin he had never been allowed access to before, only occasionally circling and flicking the nub at the top of her slit.   
  
It all felt so familiar to Gwen, and yet, so different. She had never considered Miss Ritter "tender", and she remembered her oral ministrations as more practiced, more precise, using her tongue with the same attention to detail as her riding. It was if she knew exactly what Gwen wanted and when. Tim, on the other hand, was more rough, more unpredictable, more masculine. She found the contrast in techniques exciting, arousing. Even the feel of her husband's stubble against the tender skin of her inner thighs held its own thrill.  
  
His hands eventually found their way to her bra-covered breasts, pulling the fabric down until her turgid nipples were free for him to smooth and caress. Gwen looked down at the salt-and-pepper covered head busy between her legs, and the muscular back and butt that stretched beyond it between her spread legs. The feel, the view, and the memories all combined to bring her ever closer to her climax. She closed her eyes and threw her head back, unaware her hands were now tightly gripping the back of Tim's head, forcing him deeper into her sex. Gwen panted, dim memories of Miss Ritter's admonishments after she had cried out during several of her orally-induced orgasms so long ago preventing her from voicing the soft wail building in her.  
  
A pass of his tongue over her clit sent her over the edge, her thighs squeezed against his ears while her hands pulled him so tightly against her that his tongue was trapped and his breath stopped while she shuddered against the waves pulsing through her. Energy spent, her muscles released from their collective clench. Tim's head was released from between her thighs, and he crawled up to lightly lay on her limp body, Gwen recognizing the wetness on his lips and cheeks as her own. She kissed him weakly while she recovered.   
  
"Well, that was good for me," she finally breathed, "but I still owe you one in return. How would you like to finish?"  
  
Tim smiled and stood up beside the bed, erection swinging and bobbing as he moved. Still smiling, he turned off the bedside light. In the darkness, he could see his dim shape move towards the sliding glass door. The curtain was pushed back, the room brightening despite the night skies and dark water beyond, and the door was pushed aside. Tim stepped out on to the balcony and turned back to her. "Come on out and join me."  
  
"Are you crazy?" she hissed. "Someone will see us!"   
  
"I don't think so," he said in that cocky tone she knew meant he was very sure of his answer, and was most likely right.   
  
Gwen hesitated, really wanting to coax him back to the safety of the room where he could take her properly and without fear of discovery. The Slut pushed her shoulder. Go ahead, live a little.   
  
Reluctantly she stood, hurriedly popping her breasts back into her bra as some meager form of cover, and went to her husband. She brought herself in front of him, hoping he would act as a shield for her upper body while the fabric-draped railing would hide her exposed sex. Strong hands landed on her shoulders as their lips touched and forced her down until she was kneeling, the tip of his engorged staff an angry red even in the low light. Consciously she knew that anybody looking up from the beach would see a man leaning with his back to the railing, the naked woman at his feet mostly hidden by the partially enclosed balcony. Subconsciously, she thrilled at the wickedness of it all. She was going to take her husband in her mouth, let him finish there if he wanted, in plain sight of anyone who might care to look.

Tim didn't give her time to contemplate the cock in front of her as his hands moved from her shoulders to the back of her head, gently pushing her forward until the spongy head of his cudgel bumped against her lips. Gwen opened her mouth and let him slide in, the insistence of his hands on her head to accept his penis exciting her even more. Despite her orgasm, she found herself wet and ready to work towards another.   
  
Gwen cupped and fondled her husband's sack with one hand while the other wrapped about his shaft, stroking and preventing his hips from driving him too deeply into her bobbing mouth. Still the hands held her head in place, not roughly, but she felt them, a reminder that she was not to leave until he was satisfied.   
  
She continued like this for several minutes, her neck and jaw tiring, telling herself she could not stop without his permission. His pace and breathing told her he would not be much longer.   
  
"Gwen," he grunted softly, "I'm gonna cum."   
  
She purred in response, excited by the way he announced his impending orgasm. 'Cum' was not a word he used in her company; 'finish' was the way he normally announced it the few times he felt the need to do so. And yet tonight she knew it was the appropriate word for what he was about to do.   
  
"Cumming—" he said again with a strangled grunt as the first jet hit her in the back of the throat. Gwen knew better what to expect this time, and collected the salty liquid on the back of her tongue as she did her best to control her husband's urgent thrusting. A heavy exhalation and final shudder told her he was empty.   
  
She smiled and swallowed as she arose, Tim holding and kissing her before she could escape. The moment over, Gwen retreated inside, anxious not to push their luck. Despite the urgings her perversion had stirred, she decided they could wait until morning, until after they had slept, when she could be satisfied more fully. Checkout was not until 10.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 13**

Gwen slept soundly despite the lust her performance on the balcony had rekindled. Again she awoke before Tim, her hand briefly straying down to the junction of her legs before deciding to wait until the naked man beside her arose.  
  
Unlike their first morning at the hotel, Tim was pleasantly surprised to find that his wife was anxious to satisfy him before they went down to breakfast. She came quickly and easily after he entered her, her hips flexing beneath him to drive her pubic bone into his, Tim filling her soon after. The couple did not relax in the afterglow and quickly began to get ready, Gwen noting with mild embarrassment the wet spot they had made on the sheets. They made it down to the café five minutes before their daughter.   
  
The goodbye between mother and daughter was not as sad this time; Gwen knew KD would be home for a short stay before she returned to school, and despite the luxury they had spent the last few days in, she was anxious to return to her horse and her house.   
  
The couple arrived home late that Sunday afternoon. Alison had left a note on the table assuring them everything had gone as planned during their absence, and that she would be over soon to catch up on their trip to see her sister.   
  
It was business as usual on Monday. Gwen saw the trucks off before catching up on some paperwork that had magically appeared on their day off, eventually wandering over to the house at lunchtime to get something to eat and perhaps start a load of wash.   
  
She had been unthinkably lazy when they had returned home the day before and had neglected to unpack their travel items. The Lady called her on her laziness, and Gwen began to sort the contents of their bags into different loads of wash and things that needed to be put away.   
  
Gwen stopped and smiled when she pulled out the garter, idly running her thumb along the lacy waistband while remembering the excitement in Tim's eyes when he had seen her in it. A crusted rough patch near the rose rasped against her fingertip. His semen, she decided. His cum, the Slut declared, and the nastiness of the word excited her. Gwen glanced at the closet. Perhaps now might be a good time to examine the contents of her riding boots more closely...  
  
Gwen stripped down to bare skin before brazenly walking through the house to lock the kitchen door, just in case. Satisfied, she returned to the bedroom and pulled her boots out of the closet and put her hand in the right one. She felt the bulbous head of the Magic Wand, the Rabbit tucked neatly beside it. Something didn't seem right. The boot was emptied and Gwen reached into the left, where the enormous dildo seemed reluctant to come out of the cavity it had been stuffed in.   
  
Gwen stepped back and looked at the closet, a mental map forming in her head. I put the boots in that corner, I put the vibrators in the left boot and the other thing—she still couldn't bring herself to think of it as a 'dildo'—in the right... A sense of panic began to form as she searched her memory for any time she might have taken them out and put them back another way. Had Tim found them? Her mouth opened wide in horror. Had Ali?   
  
She stood there a moment, frantically looking back and forth between boots, closet, and toys. Why would anyone be looking in her closet? This is silly! There must be another explanation!  
  
The sound of a car crunching up the gravel driveway snapped her out of her paralysis. Frantically, she scooped up the toys and threw them in her clothes hamper before scurrying to re-dress and greet whoever had pulled up. She had managed to pull on panties and jeans before the sound of the kitchen door being unlocked and opened echoed down the hall. Gwen quickly decided that no bra was better than no shirt, and hurriedly pulled the Nelson Plumbing t-shirt she had come in with over her head.   
  
"Mom? You here?" The sound of Ali's voice over jangling keys did little to sooth the panicked woman.  
  
"In the bedroom," she called back, hurrying up the hallway. The two nearly collided as they rounded the corner by the kitchen.  
  
"Whoops, there you are!" Ali cried as she skidded to a stop inches from her mother. "The door was locked, so I didn't think you were home." She noticed the older woman's untucked shirt and harried appearance. "Everything OK?"   
  
"Everything's fine," Gwen lied. "I was just getting changed to take a swim for lunch—it's so hot up in that office!"   
  
"I thought there was an air conditioner up there?"   
  
"Oh, there is, but if you forget to turn it on early, it never catches up...so, what brings you out here?"  
  
"Just wanted to make sure you got home OK and everything was in good shape," her daughter replied, still sensing something wasn't quite right. "I can come back later—I don't let want to interrupt your swim."  
  
"Don't be silly! I'll cool off in here just fine. Sit and have lunch with me!" The two shared tidbits of information from their weekends while Gwen busied herself at the refrigerator pulling out sandwich fixings, anxious to avoid looking her daughter in the eye.  
  
"Mom, you seem really freaked out. Is everything alright?"  
  
"Everything's fi—Alison, were you in my closet this weekend?" Gwen blurted out as she turned to put the cold cuts on the table. She didn't want to know, but she had to.   
  
It was her daughter's turn to become flustered. "Oh God, Mom, yes, I'm so sorry, I was going riding and forgot my boots and the ones I left in the barn had a mouse in them and I didn't want to put them on and I knew you had some somewhere that you never used—I'm so sorry!" The young woman looked stricken.   
  
Gwen calmed herself and sat down. "It's alright," she soothed, patting her daughter's hand. "So, I guess you found the ones in my closet?" Her daughter nodded urgently as she reached for the bread in a desperate attempt to busy herself.  
  
"And...I guess you found what was in them?"  
  
Ali looked up. "God I'm sorry, I wasn't snooping, I swear—I was just going riding, honest!"   
  
Gwen smiled, hoping to calm her panicked daughter. "You don't have to apologize--I'm the one who's sorry, honey. You must think I'm some kind of degenerate to have those kinds of things. Of course, it's alright if YOU have them," she added hurriedly, remembering her daughter most likely still possessed some, "They were gifts--honestly, I've never used them." The older woman did her best to control her breathing and convince herself that using them only once counted as not at all. Mother again smiled at panicked daughter. "I know you have some, and I think that's great. If they make you happy and healthy, that's all I want for you."  
  
Ali's eyes grew wide. "How did you know I..."  
  
"I think we got our gifts from the same person."  
  
"You mean, Aunt Natalie gave you those?"  
  
"Uh-huh. And she told me she gave you some too, after you started asking questions about, uhh, sex. And I'm glad this came up, "Gwen said, not meaning it."I've been meaning to talk to you about that."  
  
Alison's expression returned to misery. "I'm sorry Mom, I know the sex talk should come from your parents, I just didn't think I could talk to you about, y'know, that. You had a lot of good advice about everything else when I was growing up, but it didn't seem like that was something you felt comfortable talking about, other than telling me to find the right man and wait until marriage. That just didn't seem like how most of the other girls I knew were doing it. Daddy answered some of my questions, but there were other things I just couldn't ask him."   
  
Gwen smiled and hesitated. Ali talked to Tim about sex? That was news to her. "You were right, I didn't feel comfortable talking about it then, and I'm very thankful your father and Aunt Natalie was there for you. But I just want you to know that I'm there for you now too, if it's not too late. I'm getting more comfortable with the whole subject, just bear with me. But if you want to stick with Aunt Natalie, well, I understand."   
  
"Well, the what I found in your boots tells me you're more comfortable than I ever could have imagined. You've really never used them?"   
  
Gwen blushed, shocked that her daughter would ask such a personal question. "Well, maybe once," she finally volunteered.   
  
"Didn't you like it?"  
  
The older woman could not believe where this conversation was heading. "If you must know, yes I did like it."  
  
"So, why don't you use them more?"   
  
"I thought I was offering to help you, not the other way around," Gwen laughed softly. "I don't know. Maybe I will."   
  
Ali sensed she had pushed the topic far enough. "Well, thank you for your offer, and I'll definitely take you up on it the next time I have that kind of problem. But for now, I need to get back down to work. Give daddy a hug for me?" The two women rose and embraced, longer than either could ever remember.   
  
"I'm serious," Gwen said as they broke apart, "let me know if you need to talk about anything--anything, OK?"  
  
Alison smiled. "I promise. The same goes for you."   
  
The young woman let out an explosive sigh of relief as she collapsed into the seat of her car. That had been close. It was bad enough that her mother had figured out she had uncovered her stash of sex toys; it would have been much worse if she had known her daughter and son-in-law had used them for their own amusement.  
  
Alison and Jason slept in her parent's bedroom whenever they housesat due to the small size of the mattress in their daughter's old room; an unspoken arrangement ever since they had married. Of course, they did more than just sleep there; Jason took great pleasure in fucking their daughter in that bed, where her parents had conceived her. The act just seemed so kinky. Of course, their activities had not been confined to that one room; they had made love on the couch, on the kitchen table, by the pool; just about every place in and around the house, it seemed.   
  
Jason had just emerged from the shower Saturday morning after Ali had removed the boots from the closet and pulled out the Magic Wand. It did not take much coaxing to convince her that a live show was in order, and while he had watched his wife pleasure herself with her own implements of orgasm, the thought of doing so while using someone else's toys—especially her prim and proper mother's—drove him wild. Alison had taken delight in the extreme perversion as well, burying the giant black cock deep inside while the Magic Wand was pressed tightly against her clit and her husband kneeled between her open legs, stroking furiously.   
  
He came first, splashing his seed on the Magic Wand and the hand that held it. Ali carefully cleaned it and the other toys before they left the house on Sunday, a little worried that her mother might find traces of her son-in-law on her vibrator. When she had been confronted about the boots, she had assumed the worst.   
  
Alison smiled as she pulled out on to the road. Her discovery on Saturday had been a shock, to be sure. She had always considered her mother a slightly less conservative version of her grandmother; she was quite sure that searching her grandparents' house would yield no such finds. She had never had a reason to think of her parents as sexual creatures, but her talks with Aunt Natalie has shown her that there was a place for it in every healthy, happy adult, and more than anything else she wanted her parents to be happy. Dad in particular had been a concern; she knew guys "always wanted it", but if Mom wasn't giving it, was he finding it somewhere else? Ali couldn't bear the thought of her father cheating on her mother. So, to find that Mom might have a sexual side to her after all was a pleasant surprise, and their conversation convinced her she had to help however she could with its nurturing. Her drive back into town was filled with the debate as to how to do so and how much to tell her younger sister.   
  
Gwen's mind raced as the car disappeared down the driveway. Hew own daughter had discovered her secret—not her 'big secret', the Slut assured—but enough to hint that her mother might not be so proper and ladylike as the world was led to believe.   
  
The Lady quietly suggested that perhaps the toys should be discarded, but Gwen dismissed the suggestion—it would be rude to throw away a gift, she reasoned. Besides, if Natalie and her daughters could have them, why couldn't she?  
  
Gwen returned to the bedroom to retrieve and hide what she had thrown in the hamper. The sight of her bra lying on the floor where she had dropped it reminded her it had been omitted during her rush to dress. She smiled and stooped to pick it up before pulling the t-shirt over her head. The adrenaline of almost getting caught was just now beginning to fade, and the topless woman had to admit, the whole episode had a roller-coaster ride feel to it—scary while it was happening, a mix of excitement and relief when it was over. Being caught naked, especially under the circumstances she had been in that condition for, had always seemed like one of the worst fates imaginable; it surprised her to find it was now a thrill as well. She paused for a moment, bra in hand, looking at the hamper. With a wicked smile, Gwen made her way back to the kitchen door and locked it, this time holding her shirt against her chest as a bow to modesty, before retreating to her bedroom and shucking off her jeans.   
  
The naked woman retrieved the items from the hamper and lay down on the bed after plugging in the wand. Gwen closed her eyes while her fingers combed her curly thatch of hair. Unbidden, a thought entered her mind. She knew from the faint smell of perfume when she had changed the sheets the day before that Ali and Jason used their bed while they were gone; had the bed been used for something more than sleeping? A part of her knew it probably had, while another part screamed of the taboo implied. An image of her daughter lying naked under her equally naked son-in-law flashed brightly before she dismissed it with embarrassment. Jason was certainly a handsome young man, but way off-limits for her to think about that way. With only a little concentration, her fantasy switched to the resort's pool, and the nearly nude people around it. Only now, she was one of them. Her top lay discarded on the table beside her while men in tight briefs openly ogled her. Gwen did nothing to discourage them, instead opening her legs for their viewing pleasure, her fabric covered mound on full display to her audience.   
  
Gwen imagined the packages growing in their tights until bright-pink heads began to muscle their way above the waistbands. She reached for the very real black dildo and positioned it between her legs, the tip nestled between her lips. She doubted she could manage much more than the head in her, and pushed gently. The crown slid in with a soft pop as her opening stretched enough to allow the rounded tip access before tightening around it beyond the flare of the corona. The vibrator buzzed angrily as she applied more pressure and evaluated the object resting just inside her. Cautiously she continued pushing as her opening grudgingly relaxed to accept the massive girth. Gwen felt filled up, not painfully, but in a stretched-open, nerve-tingling sort of way. The Magic wand continued its assault on her clit as the first of her fantasy men lowered his briefs and began to stroke a rod at least as big as the one buried inside her.  
  
Her thoughts returned to her son-in-law against her will. If Ali had seen her toys, had Jason? The embarrassment of this potential exposure caused her to gasp, the pool and the men about it now gone from her thoughts.   
  
The roller coaster ride began yet again, the feeling of not knowing a nerve-wracking ascent to the crest of the hill . Alison would never dare show him anything like that! Would she? Panic began to rise in her. Did she dare ask her daughter if he had seen them? If he had, what did he think?   
  
Worry about it later, the Slut advised. Right now you've got a penis inside of you. She accepted her imagination's efforts to return her to the pool. All of the men had by now lost their suits, each openly stroking an impressive erection. Gwen smiled and winked at them, pulling her bottoms aside to show them the sex they wanted to bury themselves in.   
  
The length currently residing there was pulled in and out with force, rubbery testicles slapping her bottom before retreating for another stroke. Her climax began to build, releasing as the men spurted one after the other, majestic streams of pearl-white sperm arching impossibly high before splashing on the hot concrete. The very real dildo was slammed into her one last time while the vibrator ground her clit.   
  
Her orgasm was brief, panic over what Jason might know and guilt over not caring enough to stop what she had been doing quickly overcoming the ebbing waves of her climax. She had to ask Alison about it. She just didn't know how.   
  
Natalie arrived promptly at 10 that Friday morning, anxious to ride and hear more the details of her sister-in-law's weekend away. Gwen did her best to gloss over her inebriation and other naughty bits, instead regaling Natalie with stories of the opulence, food, and 'quality time with Tim and KD'.   
  
"Did you wear the outfit we put together for you?"   
  
Gwen smiled despite herself. "Uh-huh."  
  
"And?"  
  
"And he liked it."   
  
"Liked it? That's it?"   
  
"He loved it. It made us both a bit more...adventurous."  
  
"Like how?"  
  
Gwen knew she should not be sharing something this intimate, this wicked, but she couldn't resist. "He insisted on kissing me down there, and I liked it so much, I, umm, returned the favor. Out on the balcony." She risked a peek over at her sister-in-law to see he mouth wide open.  
  
"Are you serious? You slut!" The excitement in Natalie's eyes told Gwen that word was a compliment and not a slur. "Anything else?"  
  
Gwen turned serious. "Well, yes. I, uhh , told Tim about you and Liz, and...me and Miss Ritter."  
  
"Good for you. Was that before or after he licked your pussy?"   
  
"After, I guess," Gwen replied, shocked by the coarseness of the question.   
  
Natalie grinned. "So, I guess he wasn't too upset about your little revelation?"  
  
"No, he wasn't. He was very understanding, and said he felt bad I didn't have more of a chance to experiment when I was growing up, and that he was sure I wasn't the first to do something like that."   
  
"Mm-hmmm." The women tied the horses to nearby trees and made their way to the nearby picnic table. The busty blonde pulled off both t-shirt and bra in one motion, letting the breeze dry her sweat-dappled skin. Gwen hesitated then followed suit, blouse and bra laid close by where she could grab them if needed. Natalie smiled in approval, then leaned back on her hands and closed her eyes.  
  
"Did you cum?"  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
Eyes still closed, she repeated it a little more slowly. "When he licked your pussy, did...you...cum?"  
  
Gwen blushed. "I guess."  
  
Natalie briefly opened her eyes and smiled. "Told ya it's not just a girl-on-girl thing." Her eyes closed again, but the smile remained. The pair sat in silence, listening to the gentle breeze waft through the pines above. Neither spoke or moved for a quarter of an hour, both lost in their thoughts.  
  
"You know, Alison found the things you gave me."   
  
Natalie laughed. "I'm surprised she still snoops. I would have thought she would have given up after all those years of not finding anything. Did she tell you they looked familiar?"  
  
"What do you mean, still snoops? She told me she was looking for my riding boots and found...my things. Are you implying she used to go through the house looking for stuff I hid? What did she tell you?"  
  
"She never told me anything about doing anything like that. I just think most kids do...hell, I remember finding fur-lined handcuffs and a spreader bar in my parents' room once. And I'm pretty sure both of my kids have found some things that gave them more information about me and their father than they may have wanted to know. So, did she freak out? Did you?"

Gwen thought for a moment. "She seemed as embarrassed as me...but I think she was alright with it. And I told her where they came from. But Natalie, Jason was here with her last weekend. What if he saw them?"  
  
The blonde woman laughed again. "What if? Probably just more material for his file on you in the stroke bank."   
  
"Stroke bank?"   
  
"Stuff to get the engine into overdrive when he's making the spitting cobra mad." Natalie could see her sister-in-law was still confused. "When he masturbates."   
  
Gwen covered her open mouth in horror. "You can't mean that he actually thinks about me when he does that!"  
  
Natalie nodded, looking across the valley. "I'd be amazed if he didn't. An older, equally sexy version of his wife? A woman who has never revealed the slightest hint of sexuality publicly, but has a 10" black dildo? Face it, you're his mother-in-law and a MILF, and he can't have either. Guys really get off on what they can't have or shouldn't see."  
  
"Oh my God, I'll never be able to face him again..."  
  
"He's the one who'll probably be embarrassed. He's the one who's thinking of you in compromising positions, not the other way around. You've probably never even thought of him naked, although I must admit I have, and it's a pretty nice thought. I've seen enough in real-life to guess he has a very nice ass and cock. Anyways, maybe he didn't see them. Just ask Alison."  
  
Gwen was shocked by her sister-in-law's admission that she had imagined him that way, but stayed with the issue at hand. "I want to, but how do you bring up a subject like that?"  
  
"Want me to ask?"  
  
"No, no," Gwen sighed. "No more hiding from this type of thing. She's my daughter, but she's also an adult. I need to be able to talk about this with her."  
  
"Who knows? Maybe she's not even the one who was snooping. Maybe Jason took up the hobby."   
  
Gwen shrieked. "You're not helping!"  
  
"Sorry, sorry," Natalie laughed. "Hey, we should head down so the wine is out of my system before work."  
  
The women reluctantly made their way to the horses. Natalie did not bother to redress, and Gwen felt a challenge, a challenge which she accepted. Topless, she swung herself back into her saddle, shirt and bra hanging from the horn. Together, they made their way back down to the barn.  
  
Natalie showed no signs of putting her shirt on as they approached the clearing above the barn, and Gwen began to anxiously look through the trees down towards the shop, wondering if she could see any of the trucks from here. Riding down the hillside topless had been one thing; riding to where some of the boys might see her was quite another. Still, she played the dangerous game of chicken, only partially bowing to the fear by galloping from the end of the treeline into the barn. Natalie followed soon after, at a more sedate pace.  
  
"Didn't that hurt your boobs?" She asked as she dismounted.  
  
Gwen turned from where she was unsaddling Dart. "What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, I mean you're a little bit smaller than me in the chest department, but that would have given me two black eyes and sore ribs."  
  
"I'm a lot smaller than you," Gwen replied with a smile. "And I really didn't notice."   
  
"Tell the truth, it looked kinda hot, in a sexy commercial kind of way," Natalie murmured as she began work on the cinches to her saddle. "Your whole body just seems to move together when you ride, and your boobs do, too. Mine would have been flopping around like beached fish if I had done that."   
  
Gwen blushed. "You're a very good rider," she corrected. "And I don't think you are supposed to have any control over your breasts like that. Even Miss Ritter's used to bounce quite a bit—" she stopped and looked at the ground, embarrassed to have brought up her old boss. Natalie smiled but said nothing as Gwen remained topless while grooming Dart. Satisfied with both horses, she began to re-dress.  
  
"Aren't we going swimming?"   
  
"Of course, if you'd like," Gwen replied. In truth, she had been hoping they would.   
  
"So, why put your shirt on if you're just going to take it off again?"  
  
"Well, if one of the trucks come back..."  
  
"You run across the yard and let those beauties keep pace again. C'mon. I'll go get the wine, and you go get the towels. Whether you get your suit is up to you." Natalie gave her a mischievous smile and turned to leave.   
  
"Towels are already up there, and I guess you're not wearing one, so I guess I don't need to either."  
  
Natalie turned and looked back as she kept walking. "I like the way you think."   
  
Gwen hurried across the yard in as quick a walk as she could manage, shirt and bra at her side in case of surprise. Natalie joined her at the pool to find her still dressed from the waist down, nervously looking about. She opened the bottle with practiced hands and poured into two plastic cups she had brought before kicking off her boots, looking over in time to see Gwen following her lead. Jeans and underwear were next, a quick check of her sister-in-law showing she was still only a little behind.   
  
Natalie was in the pool first, jumping in with a splash while Gwen sat on the hot tile surrounding the lip and slipped over the side. Both women bobbed for a bit before Natalie made her sister-in-law get out to retrieve the wine.   
  
"Your anniversary is coming up soon, isn't it?"   
  
Gwen nodded. "Soon I guess, yes."  
  
"What are you getting for Tim?"  
  
"Oh, I don't know, something for his boat, maybe..."  
  
"Huh..."  
  
The pair swam and floated for quite a while, the talk centered around the comings and goings of the kids, Gwen marveling at how comfortable she had become with being naked outside with someone else. The sky isn't falling, she admitted. I could get used to this.   
  
"Well, time to get a move on." Natalie climbed from the pool, Gwen watching with an interest she couldn't quite explain as her naked body emerged, glistening, from the water and began to dry herself. The feeling wasn't overtly sexual, but the scene was beautiful, like admiring an artistic photograph. The spell was broken only when her sister-in-law began to pull scrubs and underwear from a duffle bag.   
  
Natalie was mostly dressed when Gwen reluctantly emerged from the water and wrapped herself in a towel.   
  
"So we'll see you guys on Sunday?"   
  
Gwen nodded. Family dinner at her parents. A chance to see Alison, not that there would be any privacy for asking the question she needed answered.   
  
"Great. I'll take your side if your mother starts to pick on you if you take mine?" Natalie smiled and hugged the towel-wrapped woman. "Love you. Be safe."  
  
"Love you too," Gwen mumbled and watched as she pulled out of the yard and down the driveway. She sat another twenty minutes out on the pool deck after the car was out of sight, towel loosely wrapped around her, lost in thought.  
  
She was back up at the pool a few hours later, this time dressed in a bikini, sitting with Tim and watching the gathering dusk. Despite the late afternoon heat, the suit still felt damp and clingy against her skin after their swim. She laughed to herself at how quickly she had grown to embrace swimming au naturel, how she had never noticed how annoying a wet suit could be until she had gone without.   
  
"Tim?"  
  
Her husband opened his eyes. "Hmmm?"  
  
"Have you ever not worn a bathing suit up here? You know, skinnydip?"  
  
He smiled. "Occasionally. Why?"  
  
"How come you never told me?"  
  
"I didn't think you would be interested. Why do you ask?"  
  
"Have you ever gone skinnydipping with someone else?"   
  
"Well, to tell the truth, Cliff and some of the apprentices will occasionally come up here after work if you're not home, and I've joined 'em a couple if times. And you still haven't answered my question yet. Why do you want to know?"   
  
A brief image of 'her boys' in the pool flashed through her mind before she answered. "I was just wondering if you thought it would be weird if I did..."  
  
"Out of character, yes. Weird, no. Would I encourage you? Hell, yes. Why the change of heart?"   
  
"I just...like the freedom...I guess..."   
  
Tim eyed her suspiciously. "It sounds like you already have."  
  
Gwen blushed and looked at her hands. "Guilty. Not much, though," she added quickly. "Natalie doesn't wear a suit when we go swimming after we ride, and the past couple of times she convinced me I didn't need to either."   
  
Tim's cock began to stiffen at the thought of both his wife and sister-in-law naked in the pool just a few feet away. "Well, good for you. So, how come you skinnydip with Natalie, but not with me?"  
  
"I wasn't sure how you'd feel about it," she stammered. "Natalie made it very clear."   
  
Tim smiled but said nothing, instead rising and walking over to the edge of the pool, his back to Gwen to hide his growing erection. Pushing his shorts down in one move, he smiled over his shoulder and stepped into the water. Surfacing, he turned back to the laughing woman. "Feels pretty good. Now you."  
  
Gwen smiled and moved to where her husband stood in chest-deep water. Tim looked up at a unique view of Gwen removing her top and bottoms before sitting down on the edge to slide in. His hands were on her hips before she could move and the naked woman was gently lifted into the water.   
  
The couple spent the next ten minutes in an embrace, Gwen's legs eventually finding their way around his waist while her arms were wrapped about his neck. Tim's erection renewed despite the chill and was soon nuzzling between her exposed nether lips. He began to have thoughts of carrying her from the pool still wrapped about him, lying her on the concrete, and plunging deep inside her.   
  
Gwen unwrapped herself from him before he could act. "Let's go inside," she murmured after one more kiss, then found her way up the stairs and to her robe. Tim followed, not bothering to cover himself as Gwen had done, erection bobbing proudly in front of him as he followed her down the hillock to the house.  
  
Her robe was dropped as soon as she walked through the door, and Tim got an excellent view of her firm ass swishing through the kitchen and down the hall. He followed in time to see her climb on their bed and recline on her side, waiting for him to join her.   
  
Their foreplay was brief—neither had much need for it—and Gwen pushed her husband on his back, tossing her knee over his torso to straddle him. Their lips met while her hand reached down between them to find his member and try to line it up with her opening. Her hurried movements made her fumble for a moment, and Tim thought to help her before he felt the head of his cock slide through her lips and center on her hole. She let her hips down just a little, as if testing the connection, then sank on to his staff. Tim groaned at the feeling of her enveloping him while Gwen mashed her breasts against his chest.   
  
She rode him, both bodies pushing and pulling in unison, Gwen's hips driving her clit down into his pubic bone. Gwen could feel her orgasm rising and while she wanted to slow their thrusting, to delay the delicious feelings radiating from her sex, her body would not be denied. She began to slam herself into the body between her legs, hoping Tim would pick up the hint and reciprocate with his own insistent hammering.   
  
He did, and the combined forcefulness of their mating made her cum, body flattened against the man below her, her own hips stilled as her muscles convulsed while her husband carried on his assault. Eventually her body went limp, and Tim's thrusting slowed to a slow, gentle rhythm.  
  
Gwen lifted her head from beside his neck. "Did you finish?"  
  
"Not yet," he growled. "But soon." His hands gently yet firmly pushed up on her shoulders, and she thought he meant to push her off and take what was his in their traditional manner. Tim stopped her once she was sitting up though, hands going to her breasts while his hips again picked up their pace.   
  
Gwen watched in fascination as her husband's eyes squeezed shut, as though he were in pain, while his hands roughly squeezed her mounds of flesh. His thrusting began to lift the tiny woman off the bed, her opening sliding up his staff so far almost to turn him loose before she slammed back down on it.   
  
Tim's hands tightened on her hips as if to prevent her body from escaping. "Cumming in you—" he grunted through gritted teeth.   
  
"Cum in me," Gwen encouraged, awash in the effects of the masculine display, wanting the man she loved to have as good an orgasm as she had. "Cum in me, honey."   
  
The sound of his wife using that word—the woman who never said 'hell' without apologizing—was too much. With a strangled groan, Tim drove himself deep into her while his hands gripped her so hard he left red marks. She knew that each thrust meant another pulse of his seed, her imagination seeing each ropey strand leave his angry red tip.   
  
The thrusts stopped, his breathing began to return to normal, and with a groan Tim rolled her onto her back, still buried deep inside her. Only then did her remove himself and lay beside her, his wet length dragging across her thigh. They stayed that way for quite a while before Gwen finally rose and made her way to the bathroom. She came out several moments later, still nude, and to Tim's surprise kept walking past the bed and out of the room, coming back only after she had retrieved her robe and locked the kitchen door.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 14**

Tim and Gwen swam after the chores were completed that Saturday. Much to her husband's pleasure, there was nothing but beautiful skin under the robe she walked up to the pool in, and he discarded his trunks as well. The couple happily splashed about for some time, their nakedness fueling their arousal until they made their way back down the house and their bedroom.   
  
Much of the next day was spent at her parent's house for family dinner. Gwen kept looking for an opportunity to ask Alison exactly whether Jason had seen the contents of her boots, but the lack of privacy made that impossible. She spent the afternoon certain that her son-in-law was somehow looking at her differently, as if he saw her in a different light. The Slut dismissed the thought as paranoid but made a note to save the idea for fantasy material later. To both her distress and relief, her mother treated her as she always did, and true to her word, Natalie did her best to run interference and form a united front.   
  
Gwen was in the office the next morning when she heard the sound of a vehicle crunching up their gravel driveway. The inventory report on the screen in front of her had her full attention, and she was late in moving away from the keyboard to investigate. The sound of a car door slamming, followed by a call of "Gwen, you up there?" echoed through the open garage bays below.   
  
"I am!" she replied, her mood brightening at this unexpected visit from Natalie. There was the sound of quick steps on the rough wooden stairs, and her sister-in-law's head poked above the landing.   
  
"Day off, out running errands," she explained as she finished her climb and hugged her sister-in-law. "Thought I'd take a chance and stop by." The two women compared notes on the previous day's gathering before Gwen suggested they walk over to the house where they could talk in more comfort.  
  
"Thanks, but I've got a bunch of stuff to do today. I just wanted to drop this off for you—I think I know what you can get Tim for your anniversary." Natalie pushed a red leather-bound photo album into Gwen's hands.   
  
"It's a nice idea, but we sat for a family portrait a couple of years ago," the tiny brunette replied. "Remember? The photo you have on that table in the study?"   
  
"Yeah," Natalie replied slowly. "These aren't that kind of photo. Take a look."   
  
Gwen flipped back the heavy cover to reveal the first shot. It was of Natalie, or rather, a reflection of Natalie as she looked into a carved-oak framed mirror. Her hair and makeup were perfectly done, accentuating the woman's face rather than changing it altogether. An unbuttoned white shirt covered her shoulders while a loosely-knotted red tie contrasted against the pale skin it lay upon.   
  
"Oh, my." Even though there was nothing particularly lewd or obscene about this picture, it was obviously not intended for general viewing. She looked up at Natalie, who conspiratorially raised her eyebrows and glanced purposefully at the album, prompting Gwen to turn the page.  
  
The next photo was still from behind her sister-in-law but now from a lower angle, the focus on the woman's back rather than her reflection. The shirt hung loosely, obscuring the curvaceous figure Gwen knew lay beneath, and ended just below where the curve of her butt began, the tail hanging off the firm globes like a short drape. Black high heels added a certain naughtiness. Gwen admired the shot for a moment before slowly turning the page.   
  
It was of Natalie from the same angle, but her hands were now on the dresser before her, bending over ever so slightly as her reflection looked back over her shoulder. The shirt rode up accordingly, just enough to expose the lower separation of her cheeks, enough to hint at a lack of underwear without confirming it.   
  
"I had these taken for Adam, for our anniversary, a couple of years ago," Natalie offered quietly, "it's a kind of photography called Boudoir." Gwen nodded but didn't look up, intent on the pictures she held in her hand. An urge to turn the page and see what was next fought with her desire to preserve her sister-in-law's modesty.   
  
With an effort, she looked up. "These are absolutely beautiful, but why...?"  
  
"I had these taken for our anniversary," Natalie repeated, "as a gift for Adam. I thought maybe Tim would like something like this from you?"  
  
Gwen's eyes widened in understanding. "Oh, no, I couldn't do that," she demurred, pushing the open album back at the smiling woman before her. "You look incredible in these, but I could never look that good. I'd probably end up looking like a cheap prostitute or something. This just isn't something I could do."  
  
"Does Tim like cheap prostitutes?" Natalie asked, smiling to show she meant no offense. "It's something you couldn't do before," Natalie corrected, pushing the album back. "It's something you can do now. C'mon, show your husband what a piece of ass you are. Cheap prostitute is a look I think you'd have a difficult time pulling off. Sexy as all hell wife and lover is one you'd be a natural for. Look, I got a bunch of errands to run yet, and I still have to pick up Tyler and get him to the dentist. Take a look at the photos and see what you think, then give me a call and we can start working out the details."   
  
"I can't keep this! Won't Adam miss it?"  
  
"I told him I was letting a friend of mine borrow it to see what a shoot might look like. I can pick it up once you've said yes." Natalie bent forward and kissed her on the cheek. "Gimme a call once you've had a chance to look through it and have some time to talk. Remember, this is going to be a gift for Tim, so not a word to him!"   
  
Gwen snorted. As if she could tell her husband that she had been looking at sexy pictures of his sister-in-law! The blonde was hurrying down the stairs before Gwen could react. "But Natalie..." She stood there until her sister-in-law's car could no longer be heard. Numbly, she sat back down at her desk and again looked at the open album before her. Picking it up, she began to turn pages. Natalie moved and posed about an elegantly decorated bedroom, giving broad hints as to what lay beneath the white shirt without actually revealing it. Eventually the shirt was removed while the tie remained for a few shots more, and yet still the photos were taken in such a way to accentuate her feminine lines but not reveal the entire package, a peek of a nipple here, the tuft of pubic hair there, but still far less than what Gwen had seen in person. Mischievous grins alternated with sultry looks, her seductive qualities obvious. The last photo was of Natalie lying on the bed on her stomach, looking into the camera, the dusk of the tops of her areolae just visible above the white pillows that concealed the rest of her breasts, while the curve and separation of her buttocks were presented in softer focus behind her.   
  
Gwen turned the page, anxious to see more, and found a blank. She quickly turned past this, hoping it did not signal the end despite the edges of pages visible below it. She was relieved to find a new set for her viewing pleasure.   
  
The scene had changed, and Natalie's outfit as well. She was now outside in a flower garden profuse with blooms, trellises loaded with roses, hints of lush grass beyond. In turn, her sister-in-law now wore a shimmering forest green silk chemise, the sun and the color of her garment making her blonde tresses radiate light.  
  
Again the photos progressed with her moving about the garden, poses hinting at much without revealing all. The chemise was eventually removed, flowers, greenery, and marble works serving as the only cover to her most secret parts. The last photo was a profile of Natalie's face while she smelled a rose. A fitting closure, Gwen decided as she flipped the photo to find the back cover. A label pronouncing this the work of "Memories By McCall, Peachtree City GA" was affixed there along with a web address. A scrap of paper with some handwriting was taped to that.   
  
She glanced up at the clock. An hour and a half had passed. She didn't spend that much time looking at horse show photos, she thought ruefully. Perhaps a walk over to the house to clear her head was in order. The album was carefully locked in the cabinet along with the sex toy catalog, and she wandered across the yard.   
  
Gwen mindlessly prepared a salad while she thought about Natalie's suggestion. She had to admit, what the album presented was beautiful and erotic, but not in a pornographic sort of way. A short time ago, she would have thought it obscene and in poor taste; now, it was a sensual representation of the sexual creature that was Natalie.   
  
But I could never look that good, she thought as she sat down at the table. Natalie's beautiful, I'm, well I'm just a Mom. She began to imagine herself in the outfits that Natalie had worn, in the poses that Natalie had assumed before dismissing them as wishful thinking.   
  
Gwen returned to the office and made the promised phone call to her sister-in-law.   
  
"Hey Gwen, hold on a sec." She could hear the sound of a door opening and closing, and then the sounds of traffic. "Tyler's in getting his teeth cleaned. Well?"  
  
"I can't tell you how beautiful they are. How did you..."  
  
"Liz suggested them. She's done some modeling for the photographer and recommended him. Barry McCall, really nice guy, it's a complete package—he's got a location he loves for these, you pick the outfits, his wife does the makeup...I was in and out in about six hours."  
  
"They look so professional!"  
  
"They are. Barry knows his stuff, he's done a bunch of these. So, should I call him and set up an appointment?"  
  
"I'm flattered you think I would look good like that, and I really appreciate the idea, I really do," Gwen offered, "but I'm not model material. You've got the face and body for it, but me...I don't think so."  
  
"Bullshit. You're hot, Gwen, just get used to it. You've just never let anybody doll you up. Barry and Sandra—that's his wife—do some pretty impressive things with women who are not half the looker you are. If you don't believe me, go to the back of the album, look up that website and use the ID and password on the paper to sign on. Barry has some of his portfolio on there, including before and after photos. I think you'll be surprised. Gotta go—looks like Tyler's coming out now. You understand I'm not taking no for an answer on this, right? Take a look and we'll talk later."  
  
Gwen sat there a moment after the connection was broken, finally deciding that the inventory report was not going to get done on its own. She pecked away at it for ten minutes until the call of the contents of the locked cabinet overpowered her.  
  
Again she slowly leafed through the photos, first page to last, admiring the work of this Barry McCall, grudgingly admitting that if the sexuality coming through in his work excited her, it had to have driven Adam wild. She had reached the last photo when the Slut suggested that a quick session with her toys might be in order; the Lady loudly voiced her repulsion over the fact Gwen had become like a mare in heat just by looking at lewd pictures her sister-in-law.   
  
She compromised by bringing up the website on the computer in front of her. A page of links to various wedding, special occasion, and senior portraits were presented, along with a link to a sign-in screen. She entered the ID and password, and screen refreshed with another category —Boudoir.   
  
Gwen nervously moved her pointer to the photo of a middle-aged woman dressed in a sheer robe and hesitated. She had never intentionally looked at pornography, especially on a computer, before; did this count? Would someone find out if she clicked the link? With a deep breath, she pushed the mouse button.   
  
The screen changed to a collection of thumbnail photos, each of a woman in some sort of lingerie, each with a name below the photo. Gwen smiled as she recognized Natalie in the bottom left, though on screen her name was Rebeccah. Even her sister-in-law occasionally displayed some caution, it seemed. Her cursor hovered over her picture, ready to click, but she stopped. She had already seen her photos; how about someone else's? The feeling that she might be invading their privacy crossed her mind before she dismissed it. They must have given their permission to be on here. How brave...Gwen knew she would not allow him to put her pictures on the website...if she were ever to allow her pictures to be taken, which she would never do.  
  
A thumbnail of a slight, ponytailed brunette caught her eye. Anita. The woman reminded Gwen of herself, younger perhaps, but the same build and hair color. She would start there.   
  
She clicked, and a full-screen frontal shot of a much older woman dressed in jeans and a t-shirt appeared. It took Gwen a moment to realize that this was the 'before' Natalie had mentioned, and decided that the comparatively small size of the thumbnail must have hidden the woman's true age and looks. She clicked the button to move to the next photo.   
  
A woman dressed in a sheer white robe, the woman in the thumbnail, stood to the side of a large bay window, one foot on a bench while she bent over to adjust the strap on her sandal. The robe had parted to show her stockinged-leg all the way from ankle up to where the garter of the hose ended, the gown covering the skin where her inner thigh joined her hip. The top of the robe fell open enough as she bent at the waist to hint at a swell of flesh hidden in the shadows beneath.   
  
Gwen moved back and forth between the before shot and this one, comparing. She wanted to believe it was two different women, that is was trickery on the part of the photographer, but she knew it was not.   
  
The subsequent photos showed that again the model was artfully posed to obscure her most private parts, and while it became quickly evident to Gwen the woman had small breasts, smaller than her own, at no point were they ever revealed in all their naked glory.   
  
As with Natalie, the model discarded the robe without suffering any serious compromise of her remaining modesty. Until the last photo of the set.   
  
Gwen clicked, and the screen changed to a shot of the woman bent at the waist with her back to the camera, legs spread in a vee, arms resting on the sill of the bay window while she looked out to the garden beyond. The globes of her buttocks were clearly on display, and her sex would have been clearly visible between her thighs had the sunlight streaming in from the window not made the contrast between light and dark an effective cloak to her most private spot.   
  
She spent most of the afternoon looking through other portfolios, seeing everything from hints of the forbidden that mirrored Natalie's portfolio to women with their breasts thrust proudly at the camera and legs wantonly spread-eagled. She finally glanced at the clock and panicked a bit--the trucks would start coming back any moment. She hurriedly re-locked the cabinet with the album inside, then erased her browsing history and shut down the website. The Slut bemoaned the lack of time to take care of the itch the website had created while the Lady scolded her for wasting an entire afternoon looking at smut.   
  
"Isn't the air conditioner keeping up?" Cliff asked as Gwen came downstairs to greet the first crew back. "You look hot," he offered, seeing the confused look on her face.  
  
"Oh—Oh, yes, I guess it's not. I'll have to talk to Tim about getting a bigger one." She looked at the muscular black man and flushed more as an image of him strolling across their pool deck naked and wet flitted into her mind. She took the offered paperwork from him. "Let me run this upstairs."   
  
Cliff watched her tight little butt move beneath the denim of her jeans as she ran up to the office. He had worked for the Nelsons a long time, and considered them both friends, but he was still a man, and had always practiced the philosophy of "look but don't touch" When it came to her or any woman other than his wife. Not that Gwen had ever given him anything out of the ordinary to look at...but still, he took in what sights he could.   
  
Thunderstorms and common sense prevented the couple from swimming after dinner that evening, and they instead made themselves content in front of the TV until bedtime.   
  
Tim was under the covers first, staring at the ceiling and planning for the next day while Gwen was busy in the bathroom. He was surprised to see emerge completely nude, carefully placing her robe at the end of the bed before climbing under the sheet and grabbing her glasses and book.   
  
"Not even a t-shirt?" he said with mock surprise, turning his head to look at her.   
  
"Do you think I need it?" she asked, face showing her concern that she might have overstepped her bounds. "I just thought that if I can be like this in the pool, I can do it here."   
  
He laughed while rolling on to his side. "Makes total sense to me. Still quite the change though." His hand slid under the blanket, to where he knew the soft skin of her stomach to be.   
  
Gwen put down her book, now confident her unspoken invitation had been accepted and she might get some relief from the itch that had never gone away after her day in the office. "It's quite the change, alright. But I have to admit, I kind of like it, not having to worry about being all proper and ladylike all the time, at least not in my own bedroom."   
  
"No place for proper and ladylike in my bed," Tim grumbled. "glad you finally see the light." His hand began to turn patterns on her silky skin. Gwen giggled, a sound Tim could never remember hearing before under these circumstances, and the couple's hands and lips found each other in familiar and practiced ways.   
  
The pressure his palm created on her mound and the gentle stroking of her slit by his fingers brought her to a rapid orgasm. Muscles tightened up and down her body, and her hand was no exception, clenching her husband's length as she fought the urge to cry out.   
  
She became dimly aware of Tim's manhood bulling its way through her clenched fist, sliding back and forth as much as her stranglehold would allow. Gwen loosened her grip but his hand quickly flew to hers, closing around it while his hips twitched. He lasted a few moments more, his length sawing back and forth through her closed fingers before she felt the first warm jet of his seed splash against her belly and thatch. Tim strained against her hand, grunting quietly next to her ear while he emptied himself. A final heavy sigh told her he was done.   
  
She rolled back to look at the pearly white streaks up her stomach and though her matted hair. They lay together for a long time, long enough for his deposit to dry. It was not washed off until her shower the next morning.   
  
Gwen managed to get a fair amount of work done the next few days despite the distractions locked away in the cabinet behind her. The drawer was not always locked, however, and several looks at the website were followed by masturbatory sessions, each one featuring a fantasy revolving around her modeling just as those women had. She had briefly pondered bringing the rabbit out with her to save her the transit time between office and house, but dismissed it as too risky and too slutty. Guilt followed each of her orgasms as well, but it was not enough to discourage her from logging in and starting the process again. Still, she remained noncommittal when Natalie called on Wednesday to get permission to 'set something up'.  
  
Her sister-in-law managed to avoid bringing the topic up until they were onto the wooded path of their Friday morning ride, shirts and bras already discarded despite the cloudy weather.   
  
"So, you gonna let me call Barry?"  
  
Gwen smiled and looked down at the ground passing beneath her and Dart. "Natalie, I just don't think I'd look right in that kind of picture. I mean, you know me, Miss Modesty..."

"From what I've seen and heard, there's some Miss Look At Me looking for an excuse to get out. Why not let him bring that out for Tim's viewing pleasure?"   
  
"And that's another thing. I've just now started to get comfortable with undressing in front of my own husband. There's no way I could do that in front of a strange man!"   
  
"He's a professional. I'm sure he'll treat you with the same respect your doctor does. Trust me, he's seen a lot more than what you're probably going to end up showing."   
  
"I don't know...I'd probably freeze up if I had to walk around like that in a studio, with other people around."  
  
Natalie could sense her resolve weakening. "We can do the shots wherever you want—even here, if you like. Where I did mine is nice, though. It's an inn outside of Peachtree—Barry knows the owners and books time there when they're not busy. I think there were only a couple of guests there when I did my shoot."  
  
"Oh, I couldn't do that here—what if someone stopped by while I was...uhh...indisposed? And I wouldn't even know what to wear...I don't have anything like what I saw the other women wearing."   
  
"I'll help you pick some things out. Is that a yes?"  
  
Gwen didn't answer for quite a while. "If—IF—I say yes, it would be under two conditions."  
  
Natalie did her best to hide her excitement. "And those would be?"  
  
"You have to make the arrangements—there's no way I could ever call this man and ask him to take pictures like that of me—and you would have to be there with me when he takes them."   
  
"Deal. You just leave the details to me—this will be so much fun!" The Lady harrumphed that her sister-in-law seemed to be the one having fun, but The Slut countered with her own excitement.   
  
"C'mon, let's cut the ride short today and go see what you have in the closet."   
  
"I've got the things I got for our trip to Gulf Shores," Gwen offered hopefully.   
  
"Nah, he's already seen that. Maybe a new take on something familiar..." The riders made their way back to the house, Gwen again galloping across the open expanse from trail to barn, this time more aware of how her breasts moved in time with her horse, evoking memories from long ago. Natalie followed along at a more sedate pace, daring anyone nearby to look.   
  
The pair made their way to the house after tending to their mounts, Natalie insisting on firming up an idea of hers before a swim. She cast a critical eye on Gwen as they stood together in the bedroom, hand to her chin while she thought.   
  
"I know your taste in underwear, so we'll worry about that later, or not at all," she said while continuing to study the nervous woman in front of her. "And you really don't have any lingerie other than what we bought together?"  
  
Natalie continued on before Gwen could answer. "Never mind. You think Ali or KD left anything in their closets?"  
  
Gwen initial reaction was one of shock. Her own daughters, having racy lingerie? The memory of what she found in KD's dresser before the Chamber of Commerce Dinner quickly answered that question. Her reaction turned to one of excitement—imagine wearing a younger woman's things to sexually entice Tim—before the Lady was able to inject a healthy dose of revulsion—imagine wearing your daughter's things to sexually entice their father! "No, I don't think so..."  
  
"Got an idea. Does Tim have any old workshirts?"  
  
"Oh, he's got lots of company t-shirts—"  
  
"No, not those, I mean the button down ones he wears during the winter sometimes?"  
  
"He's got a bunch of those—I've wanted to go through and throw a bunch of them out, but he won't let me, says they're just right and broken in."  
  
"Excellent." Natalie moved to his closet and pushed the door open, not bothering to check with his wife for permission. She quickly found the collection, all hanging together on one spot on the rack, and started flipping through them. Natalie hesitated midway through, pulling a selection off the hanger to examine it, the still-topless woman's breasts jiggling violently as she turned.   
  
"Try this on."  
  
Gwen took the shirt and looked at it. It was ancient, a relic from his days working for Mr.McGilvary, faded but clean. The Mac's Plumbing patch on the breast had frayed a bit but was still very readable. Tim had been wearing this kind of shirt, maybe even this one, that day they had met...she began to slip the garment over the t-shirt she had put on before leaving the barn.  
  
Natalie stopped her. "Take your clothes off first. I want to see how it might look in the photos."  
  
Gwen looked back at her sister-in-law, old habits dying hard, unsure if she should undress in front of her. Natalie was insistent. "C'mon girl, get naked! Let's see what it does for you."  
  
Nervously she did as she was told, not daring to look at her sister-in-law again until everything had been removed and the shirt donned. She began to work the buttons, but Natalie stepped in, did a middle one, and then stepped back. "Not bad, not bad," she said approvingly. "Turn around for me." Gwen turned, slowly enough so as not to cause the flaps to fly up and expose her bare bottom. Her sister-in-law stepped in again, undoing the button this time and letting the shirt hang open. The lapels lay along the sides of her breasts, a trail of skin running down from neck to sex.   
  
Natalie fussed with it for a few more moments, checking the length, rolling the sleeves up then back down, flipping the collar. She took a brief look back into the closet, leaving the nearly naked woman to stand there and examine herself in a nearby mirror, before turning back. "I like it. Do you?"   
  
Gwen thought back to Natalie's photos, to the white men's shirt she had been wearing, and to how erotic that had been. She doubted she could wear this faded blue denim shirt to the same effect. The Slut screamed out her desire for a life-sized replica of the black and red corset Gwen always had her dressed in. "I'm definitely no authority on this, so if you think this will be alright, then I guess it is."   
  
Natalie smiled. "I think it's better than alright. So, let me do some thinking on your second outfit—"  
  
"Actually, I might have an idea," Gwen said meekly. Her sister-in-law stopped and looked at her expectantly. "I saw some of the women on the website with corsets...maybe one of those? Maybe red, with black trim?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "I think that's a great idea. A Merry Widow kind of thing. Tell you what—let me do some shopping and see what we can come up with for you. And if you don't mind, I'm going to pass on the swim today—it's kinda crappy out, anyways—and head for work a little early, maybe make a call to Barry."   
  
Gwen nodded her approval while Natalie stepped up and hugged her. "I know you're nervous," she said quietly, "but you're going to love this, trust me! And just as importantly, so will Tim."   
  
The pair said their goodbyes, Gwen dressed in nothing more than Tim's open shirt while seeing her sister-in-law out of the kitchen. Her car was almost out of the yard when the nearly naked woman started re-thinking the whole situation. What had she done? She was planning to get naked, or nearly enough, in front of a man who wasn't her husband, a man she hadn't even met! It's for Tim, the Slut pointedly reminded her. The thrill began to build, and the masturbatory fantasies from earlier in the week began to play in her head.   
  
Gwen rationalized that an orgasm might help quell the argument currently raging between Lady and Slut, and took a step towards the bedroom to make it happen.   
  
She stopped. It was not perfect swimming weather, to be sure, but it was muggy enough to make a quick swim enticing, and it might throw water on the fight between the consciences on her shoulders. Towels were already up there in expectation of Natalie's visit; all that was missing was her.   
  
Gwen stepped on to the deck clad in nothing more than the oversized shirt. Soon even that was discarded, carefully draped over a chairback for her return. She walked slowly, deliberately across the path and up the hill, her imagination conjuring images of the show she was putting on for the camera. The nude woman maintained her measured pace as she slowly walked down the stairs into the warm water, only briefly noting the darkening clouds that were gathering. There was no hesitation when she turned left and made her way to the wall, to where the outflow jet lay beneath the surface. Forearms and elbows were laid on the concrete of the pool lip, her sex positioned to catch the blast of the jet, and she began to daydream. A distant rumble of thunder told her to get out of the pool now, but the added danger only fueled her excitement.   
  
She moved about the room in Natalie's photos, flirting with the camera, flirting with Barry, a man she imagined to be in his 30s, tall, muscular, and handsome. She allowed him occasional brief glimpses of her breasts and sex at first, gradually becoming more and more brazen until she was naked, bent over as the woman in the bay window had been, and then on her back on the bed, legs spread wide as an offering to the camera, reminiscent of a pose from another model. It was this thought that triggered her climax. She hung there for some time after the last tremors had passed, only moving enough to remove her overstimulated clit from the rushing water, The sound of the first raindrops splattering on the concrete brought her to her senses, and she climbed from the pool and returned to the deck on slightly wobbly legs.