**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 15**

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

"Next Monday."  
  
It took a moment for Gwen's thought process to shift from the expected response to the 'Nelson Plumbing' she had answered the phone with. "Natalie?"  
  
"That's me. Next Monday."  
  
"What are you—"  
  
"Barry's got the day reserved for you next Monday. Can you make it?"  
  
Gwen's head swam. Thoughts of what she had committed to had never been far from her mind the past weekend, thoughts that were both thrilling and frightening. Images of Tim receiving the gift and throwing her on the bed to ravish her had sparred with him becoming disgusted and angrily throwing the gift away. Natalie's voice brought the roller coaster ride to the crest of another hidden drop.  
  
"Next Monday? But we're open—"  
  
"You're an owner. I'm sure Tim will understand if you take a day off. "  
  
"I don't know if this is such a good idea, Natalie..."  
  
"No chickening out now. It's a great idea. We'll go up to Atlanta Sunday afternoon—"  
  
"Sunday? What do I tell Tim? I never go anywhere overnight without him now that the girls aren't riding competitively..."   
  
"Tell him we're going up for some shopping on my day off and I want to make a trip of it."  
  
"So, this is happening up there?"  
  
"Uh-huh. The Inn at Little Falls. Same place I did mine. And I have an idea on where to get your second outfit; we can do that on Sunday, too."  
  
"Do I need to book a room there?"  
  
"We can stay with Liz Sunday night. Her ex has her daughter for a month, so she's got the condo to herself. The Inn's not too far from there."  
  
"We—I mean, I, couldn't impose on her like that!"  
  
"She already said it would be fine. She's got plenty of room. "  
  
The line went silent for a moment, Gwen thinking of some way, anyway, out of this. The fantasy had been fun, but it was rapidly spinning out of control. "I don't think I..." she began slowly.  
  
"Oh, hush. Start writing up instructions on how many scoops of oats Tim needs to give the horses while you're gone. We'll work out everything else when I come over on Friday."  
  
The week was filled with further reviews of Natalie's album and the various portfolios on the website as well as the need to relieve the urges these created. It was not until Thursday night that she worked up the courage to tell Tim of her trip.  
  
"Natalie asked me to go to Atlanta with her Sunday and Monday—she's going shopping and wants some company," she said as she lay nestled into his side before they nodded off. "Are you alright with me going? If not, I'm fine with staying here."  
  
Tim was mildly surprised by her announcement—his wife and sister-in-law had gone from polite acquaintances to BFFs seemingly overnight.  
  
"Uhh, no, no problem, go have some fun," he replied, doing his best to hide his surprise. "Are you guys commuting, or getting hotel rooms?"   
  
Gwen hesitated. "No, I think we're staying with a friend of hers." She said, unwilling to tell him the friend was Natalie's long-time lover. She pulled back the blankets to reveal his flaccid member. Gently she put her lips over him, anxious to avoid having to answer any more questions.   
  
Natalie put Tim's shirt and a pair of Gwen's low heels in her car before they began their ride the next morning. She answered all questions about the upcoming weekend with variations of "you asked me to arrange it, and I am. Just relax."   
  
They made their way to the pool after the extended ride, Natalie's line of discarded clothing leading to the water's edge while Gwen's was neatly hung on a nearby chair. "Oh, Barry wanted to know what kind of shoot you wanted to do," the nude blonde said as she tread water. "I told him as graphic as he could make it—start with a shot of you on your hands and knees, ass up in the air begging for some doggy style, then get wild from there. Did I guess right?" Gwen's panicked eyes found her sister-in-law's, her mouth open in horror. "Just kidding. I told him nothing too racy, more along the lines of what I did. I hope I wasn't off base?"   
  
Gwen shook her head but said nothing. It took her a few moments and several sips of wine to recover from the shock.   
  
Nothing more was said of the matter and Natalie soon climbed from the pool and dressed for work, departing with a reminder that "she was taking care of everything." The realization that this was going to happen gave Gwen the same thrill she had been getting since she had said yes to this crazy idea, but her nerves had finally reached a point at where they cancelled out her sexual excitement.   
  
She managed to control her shaking as she said goodbye to Tim late Sunday morning, climbing into the passenger seat of Natalie's SUV while he leaned into the driver side to talk to his sister-in-law. It was not until they had pulled onto the road that her self-control finally gave way and her body began to tremble while her leg bounced rapidly.   
  
"Hey, relax," Natalie soothed as she put her free hand over the ones her sister-in-law had folded in her lap. "You'll be great, and you'll have fun. I promise!" Her hand stayed there for some time.  
  
The drive took three hours, the women talking about family and life in general when Gwen could bring herself to talk, anything but about the reason for their trip.. Natalie eventually pulled the vehicle into a parking spot in front of a grey two-story condominium set in a sea of like buildings.   
  
"We're gonna use Liz's bathroom, then go shopping for your second outfit, then on to dinner," Natalie announced as she set the shift to Park. "C'mon in."   
  
The pair made their way to the center unit of the building they were in front of, the door opening soon after Natalie rang the bell. Liz stood there, her slender figure clad in a white shirt and jeans that Gwen swore had been pressed, ruby red lipstick accentuating her pale blue eyes while fighting for attention with the luxurious mane of red hair that flowed down her back.   
  
She traded a warm hug and kiss with Natalie, a more reserved hug and smile for Gwen. Pleasantries were exchanged and facilities used, and Gwen came out of the bathroom to find Liz texting while Natalie looked on.  
  
"Cho said she'll meet us there," the redhead announced without looking up from her phone. "It's only a five minute drive for her."  
  
"Let's go." The three women headed for the SUV. Gwen what somewhat surprised that Liz was joining them—she had not expected that—but was also curious who this Cho was. Her shaking resumed.   
  
"So, where are we going?" She asked from the backseat as her sister-in-law pulled out of the parking space.  
  
"A friend of mine owns a boutique not too far from here," Liz answered from the front without turning. "Natalie told me what you were looking for; I asked Cho if she might have something like that, she's pretty sure she does. She's not normally open on Sundays, but I called in a favor, so she's going to open up for us."   
  
"Thank you," Gwen stammered, unsure what else to say. She had never considered the possibility that Liz might know why she and Natalie were in town, much less that her sister-in-law had discussed the scandalous details with their host.  
  
"Nothing to it," the woman in the front seat said dismissively. "But I have to be honest, you never struck me as the type to be into this type of thing. You always seemed more, I dunno, conservative, I guess."  
  
"I didn't strike me as this type either," Gwen said with a blush as she folded her hands. "Natalie had quite a bit to do with all of this."  
  
"I just helped you let down your guard and your undies a bit," her sister-in-law replied with a smirk.   
  
They pulled into a small strip mall twenty minutes later. A storefront about halfway down the line featured pink fabric-screened windows that prevented a look inside, white letters further obscuring the view on one pane. Sensual Sensations. The name sounded familiar...and then Gwen remembered. The catalog locked away in the cabinet, the box her toys came in...  
  
Natalie chose a spot near the entrance and led the way, Liz knocking once they reached the door. The lock rattled and turned, and the door swung open to reveal a young Asian woman, shorter and a more full-figured than Gwen. "Please, come in!"   
  
The trio entered and Gwen could hear the door being locked behind her as she looked around in wonder. A rack of condoms was directly in front of her, more kinds than she believed could have existed, while to her left a display of vibrators stood. The entire front of the store seemed filled with items she could not quite identify but knew to be things best viewed discretely; the back half was filled with clothing, glimpses of leather and vinyl making the store she and Natalie had visited for her garter seem tame.   
  
Natalie hugged the young woman as she moved to greet them, making it obvious they had met before, and Liz bent slightly to hug her as well, thanking her for opening up on her day off.   
  
"Gwen Nelson, Cho Lin Chen. She's the owner of this fine establishment."   
  
The young woman thrust out her hand. "Pleased to meet you."   
  
"Likewise, and thank you for letting me come in on your day off."   
  
"No problem! Always happy to welcome a new customer, especially if these two are bringing her in!"  
  
"Liz and I met Cho at a Naughty Nightie party she was running," Natalie said in explanation. "She throws the greatest parties!"  
  
"It helps when you have such willing display racks like you and Liz." Cho sized up the brunette standing across from her. "If you're ever interested, get these two to invite you along to one of my parties some time. I think you'd make an excellent model."  
  
Gwen blushed. "Well thank you, I've never been to a...one of those.kinds of parties before, and I think you're too optimistic about my modeling skills."   
  
"Let's see about that. If you ladies will follow me." Cho set off down an aisle, past a dizzying display of vibrators in all shapes, colors and sizes, and into a forest of lingerie racks. The trio followed, Gwen almost running into Natalie's back when she pulled up short.   
  
"Liz said a corset, right?" came a voice at the front of the line. The other women moved to the side to allow Gwen to come forward to where Cho was holding several. "She guessed at your size, so I pulled a few out in advance. She mentioned red and black, but she also said you might prefer something not so risqué...I pulled out a few while I was waiting, so let's start with this one." She handed Gwen an all-black garment. "It latches up the back, so it can be a pain in the ass to get in and out of...want me to help you?"   
  
"I can help her," Natalie quickly offered.  
  
"All right then!" Cho said brightly. "Dressing room's back there—c'mon out when you get it squared away and we'll see how it looks."   
  
Gwen numbly moved in the direction the woman was pointing at. Come out? It was bad enough Natalie was going to see her in this outfit meant solely for enticing a man into having sex, but two strangers as well? She found the tiny cubicle, really only large enough for one body, and began to undress while Natalie stood in the doorway. She stopped at her bra and panties and reached for the corset that her sister-in-law now held, but Natalie pulled it back. "Uh-uh. Everything. We wanna see the full effect."  
  
Reluctantly she removed her underwear and stood there naked, shivering slightly. Only then did she get the garment. She understood the need to wrap it about her, and Natalie did the rest, hooking her up while she adjusted it about her breasts and hips. The garment sat high on her hips and low across her breasts, squeezing her as Natalie closed it from bottom to top, the final clasps not causing her any issue despite the snugness. The reflection showing her covered breasts and midsection while her bare pubic mound and bottom were prominently on display. Nervously she turned for her sister-in-law's inspection.   
  
"Not bad," she said noncommittally. "Not big on the garter straps—I was thinking more of a thigh-high stocking, but let's see what the others think." Natalie moved aside to give Gwen room to exit the cubicle.   
  
"There's no customers here, right? None of the other employees?"   
  
Natalie chuckled. "You want their opinion, too? No, nobody else."   
  
With a deep breath, Gwen padded past a row of racks holding filmy gowns to an open space where Cho and Liz stood.  
  
"Not bad," the shop owner agreed, further adjusting the garment while Gwen turned for her. "Is it too tight? It looks like you're getting red in the face. This won't be any good if you can't wear it for any length of time."   
  
Gwen turned a deeper red, unwilling to admit that her flush was due to the embarrassment of being bottomless in front of these women. Off to the side she caught a glimpse of Liz whispering to Natalie and gesturing at her mostly-naked body with a nod. "No, it's snug, but not uncomfortable," she answered.   
  
"Good. Fits nice, but you have the kind of body just about anything will look good on." Cho turned her again. "And if you don't mind me saying so, you're ass and legs are incredible. Put you in a pair of heels and the boys—if that's your thing—will be all over you."  
  
Gwen turned a brighter red. "Thanks, but I'm married."  
  
"Lucky, lucky man" the Asian woman murmured as her fingers brushed through Gwen's abundant patch of hair to tug the bottom of the corset. "OK, next one, please." The woman handed her something that appeared to be a version of what she already wore, but in white. The process was repeated, Gwen and Natalie retreating and returning, Cho turning her and adjusting here and there. With a satisfied nod, she reached for a nearby hanger and gave Gwen something with an abundance of red silk and black piping.   
  
Gwen's breath caught in her throat. This was the one! This was the Slut, come to life! Please let this fit, she thought as she made her way back to the dressing room.  
  
Natalie stood back as Gwen's shaking hands closed up the concealed hooks on the front. To her relief, it felt like she had wrapped a brand new silk riding glove about her body. It hugged her in all the right places without feeling restrictive. Something about this one was different than the others, nastier, sluttier, more right. She looked at herself in the mirror. The first two she had tried on, while far racier than her normal attire, somehow looked like they would not have been out of place under some of the dresses she had seen on women at elegant functions in magazines and on TV. This one though, this one screamed Slut. Her breasts were pushed together to present more cleavage than she had ever looked down upon, while the bottom hugged her waist, accentuating her tight rounded buttocks. Despite her desire for this ultimate expression of wickedness, she looked at Natalie with uncertainty.  
  
"Wow. If I didn't know your preference for granny panties, I'd say you were born to wear that thing. Let's go see what Cho says."   
  
The smile on the shop owner's face made her feelings clear. "If you're comfortable wearing something this hot, I would say we have a winner," she said as she moved about, primping and pulling on the taut fabric. "I think I know the pair of panties to go with this—something lacy, black, and very brief."  
  
"I get to wear underwear with this?" Gwen asked hopefully, looking over at Natalie. The onlookers laughed.   
  
"It's your outfit, you can wear or not wear whatever you want," Cho told her. "Although I think wearing anything more than absolutely necessary would be a shame. In this case, though, I think undies might add just a little bit of mystery, at least until you're ready to lose them. So, is this the one?"  
  
Gwen surprised herself with how quickly she answered. "I think so."   
  
"Very good. Shall I wrap it for you, or would you like to wear it home?"   
  
Her blush renewed. Wrapped, please." She hurried back to the dressing room where Natalie whisked the garment away as soon as she removed it. Gwen emerged to find her package ready and paid for, a gift from her sister-in-law despite her protests.   
  
Cho saw the women off after they had given her their thanks and she had repeated her request for Gwen's attendance at her next party. Drinks and food were next. "There's a great Italian place between here and my house," Liz offered, and helped Natalie find her way to the eatery.   
  
The conversation during dinner revolved around the college roommates' lives while Gwen quietly sipped her wine. Her elation over her find at the boutique had again been replaced by nerves over the occasion it was wanted for. The roller coaster climbed; the roller coaster dropped. Natalie and Liz could sense the reason for her silence and did their best to keep her distracted.   
  
Between the casual confidence both of these women displayed and the wine, she was feeling somewhat better when they walked back into Liz's condominium later that evening. Another bottle was opened and emptied as they sat and talked before bed, but Gwen was careful not to overdo it, the lessons from her night at the resort still fresh in her mind. Liz's cell rang, and she moved to the kitchen to answer it.  
  
"Hey listen," Natalie said quietly as she bent towards her sister-in-law. "Liz and I were talking while you were trying on stuff—"  
  
"I saw you whispering something," Gwen replied, fear beginning to rise. "Was something wrong?"   
  
"No, no, everything's fine. It's just that, well, we noticed your bush has gotten pretty, umm, lush. Does Tim like it like that?"   
  
Gwen felt her personal hygiene being called into question and wanted to crawl under the seat cushion. "I don't know—he's never said anything—is it bad? " She babbled. "Is it ugly?"   
  
"No, not at all," Natalie reassured her. "It's just that we thought the underwear Cho picked out for you might work better with a shorter hairstyle. If you and Tim aren't in love with the current carpet," she added quickly. "If you are, I'm sure Barry can make that work, too."  
  
"Why would Barry care about what I look like down there? I thought I wasn't going to show anything like that!"   
  
"The finished product may not show you down there, but trimming it back some might give him more to work with. Remember how my pictures showed my bunny tail?"  
  
Gwen nodded miserably. "But I didn't bring any scissors..."   
  
Natalie smiled. "I'm sure we can borrow some from Liz, and I've got a fresh razor."  
  
"A razor? Won't a trim be enough?"   
  
"Don't worry, we're not going to take it all off. I'm just gonna make it little tighter and little   
  
sleeker."  
  
Gwen couldn't bear to look at her sister-in-law. "I can try and trim it up some..."  
  
Natalie gently laughed. "Your hands are shaking like a leaf, and the wine and your inexperience won't help. Let me do it. My job has given me plenty of experience."  
  
"I couldn't ask you to do that!"   
  
"You don't have to ask, I'm volunteering. C'mon, let nurse Natalie do her thing."   
  
Gwen took a gulp of wine. "Alright, I guess."   
  
Liz returned from the kitchen, holding the phone out. "Nick. Just wanted to let me know what he and Ashley did this weekend. He was an asshole as a husband, but I gotta admit, he's a good father."  
  
Natalie stood. "Got a pair of scissors? I need to give a haircut."  
  
Liz looked at Gwen and smiled. "I do. You're in good hands. Natalie's done mine more than once. I'll go get 'em."   
  
"Why don't you head into the spare bedroom," Natalie suggested, "Let me gather up some things and I'll meet you there."   
  
Gwen arose and moved down the hall to a room on the left. Closing the door behind her, she sat on the edge of the bed, hugged herself, and waited. There was soft knock 5 minutes later, the   
  
door opening before Gwen could answer, and Natalie entered, carrying a basin of water, a towel and a small cloth bag. She smiled, and after setting the basin on a nearby dresser, moved to Gwen.

"OK, stand up." Natalie laid the towel she held on the bed. "You can leave your top on if you want, but the pants gotta come off for this to work."   
  
Gwen undid the button and slid down the zipper, pushing them down about her ankles and stepping out of them.   
  
Natalie smirked. "Still gonna be tough with your undies on." They joined her pants.   
  
"Better. OK, lay back on the towel."  
  
Gwen climbed on to the bed and positioned herself so her head was on the pillows and her bottom was on the upper edge of the towel, her legs drawn together.   
  
"OK, scooch down—get your butt down far enough so your legs dangle off the end."  
  
Again the bottomless woman moved, doing her best to keep her legs together while she approached Natalie. Her hands lay stiffly at her side as closed her eyes, too embarrassed to watch what was happening at the foot of the bed.   
  
A pillow was placed under her head. She didn't see her sister-in-law retrieve the basin of water, scissors, and razor, and return to where she lay. She did feel her firm grip about her left ankle though, the hand gently pulling her leg up and out until her heel rested on the edge of the bed. Gwen's eyes popped open in surprise, long enough to confirm it was Natalie who had a hold of her, then squeezed shut again, believing that not seeing was not knowing. Her other ankle was grasped and her leg placed the same way, and she was in position that reminded her of a gynecological exam. She felt the presence of another body close by her opened thighs, then her sister-in-law's gentle voice. "I'm going to start now. Don't be nervous, I've got this."   
  
Gwen felt the soft touch of Natalie's hand on her pubic mound, gently ruffling the verdant patch of hair. A tuft was gently grasped and pulled, the snick of the scissors relieving the tug of the hair. The hand and scissors worked quickly and in tandem, moving around and across, the tugging becoming less as cold metal began to occasionally make contact with her skin. Gwen could feel the occasional pulls begin to move further down, into the space between her spread thighs.   
  
The hand and scissors moved all about her sex, cutting stray hairs here, taking a clump down close to the skin there. Gwen lay stiffly, doing her best to remain still as Natalie worked, fearful of what a stray cut might do.  
  
She was brought back to full alert as her hand roughly brushed the remaining hair on Gwen's mound, then repeated the process between the junction of her thighs, a finger coming dangerously close to slipping between her lips. "Getting there," Natalie muttered. "Need you to hold still now." She could hear the contents of the basin being splashed, and was startled as the skin beneath her greatly thinned patch was wetted down, the feeling a shock despite the warm water. The shaving cream that was liberally applied next was no less surprising.  
  
Gwen's eyes remained screwed shut as the blade first glided against her skin, high and to the left of her mound, occasionally finding resistance as it met stray hairs. Natalie continued to work, down between her sister-in-law's legs, razor gliding perilously close to the tender skin of Gwen's labia.   
  
"With all that hair, I never realized you've got such cute little pussy lips," Natalie murmured as she worked. "So delicate. Not like my big ole' mudflaps."   
  
Gwen was speechless. Politeness required she say something, but she was talking about her flower petals! Not that Gwen had ever really noticed them before—she didn't spend a lot of time looking at herself in that region, and she had just assumed that she and Natalie—and all women, for that matter, just had the same equipment.   
  
"I think yours are beautiful," was all she could manage before the Lady shut her up. She mustn't think you were looking there!  
  
"Thanks," Natalie chuckled, "but mine look like big old dangly elephant ears. Nothing like yours. Yours are even smaller than Liz's."   
  
There were several slow scrapes across the skin below her opening, and she felt another towel being worked through her crotch, mopping up any excess shaving cream and fluffing the remaining covering. There was a pause, and Gwen thought the embarrassing exercise finally finished. To her shock, a finger—Natalie's finger—pushed between her folds and found the ring of her opening before quickly coming up between her lips and over her clitoris. Gwen's eyes flew open to find her sister-in-law holding a hand mirror, smiling mischievously. "I like it. Wanna look?"   
  
She took the mirror from her and clumsily tried to position it while craning her neck to get into the optimal viewing position. It was gone! Not all of it, but the unruly mop that had run from her mound down between her legs was now a trim, silky vee, the point balanced just above her clitoris. Natalie had taken off even more than Gwen's attempts at getting it to where her bikini would hide the remainder. The view between her legs particularly fascinated her. She had never really looked down there before, and she really examiner her sex for the first time. Bare skin formed strips from either thigh to the dusky line of her bare slit, the deep shading a sharp contrast to the pale skin on either side. Gwen looked up at her sister-in-law in wonder, then back down into the mirror. "It's certainly different," was all she could manage.   
  
"It'll grow back if you don't like it," Natalie said with a bit of disappointment in her voice.   
  
"No, no, I like it," Gwen said hurriedly, anxious to show her appreciation for her sister-in-law's efforts. And in truth, she did, it was just very new and very exposing.   
  
"Well, too late now if you don't," Natalie said with a smile as she reached for the mirror. "Lay back and let me finish."   
  
Gwen did as she was told before even asking to think what might be left. The snap of a plastic lid was followed by the sensation of cool liquid on her now-exposed skin. "Baby oil," Natalie explained. It'll help the spots I just shaved." Her hands worked on smoothing the oil around, doing her best to keep it out of the remaining triangle of hair. A finger raced to catch a stray drop running down the patch below Gwen's opening, stopping it just before it reached her rosebud, bringing it back up and around the now smooth surface. The finger made three trips up her slit this time, once for each side of her lips, and once straight up the middle. Gwen flinched each time, but did not stop her.   
  
"Much better." Gwen's eyes again flew open, and she vowed not to close them again. Liz stood next to her upturned knee, looking down in approval. "You've got such a beautifully petite body, the fur coat you had between your legs just looked way out of place. I think that's a much better look for you."  
  
Gwen would have closed her legs in modesty if not for her sister-in-law between them. "Uhh, thank you?"   
  
Liz smiled. "Nat, leave the stuff out and you can do me next."   
  
"Be happy to."   
  
Gwen scrambled to get off the bed, a sudden urge to cover herself coming over her. "I should, uhh, probably get ready for bed," she explained as she reached for her underwear. "Am I on the couch?"   
  
"No underwear tonight," Natalie cautioned. "Let that baby oil sink in. And you're in here tonight."   
  
"But where are you going to sleep?"  
  
Natalie gave her a patient smile. "Liz lets me use some of her bed."   
  
The light suddenly went on in Gwen's head. "Of course! How could she be so stupid?  
  
"Oh—yes—right—I had completely forgotten that you and she, uhh, you two..." Both Lady and Slut were in agreement for once and counciled her to just shut up.   
  
Natalie smiled. "You OK with that? I kinda thought you might just assume..."  
  
"No it's fine, really. You two, uhh, sleep well together, I just, umm, am going to get ready for bed now, long day tomorrow..."   
  
Natalie kissed her on the cheek. "You sleep well, too. See you in the morning."  
  
"There are fresh towels in the bathroom across the hall," Liz told her as they gathered up the shaving supplies. "Help yourself to whatever's in the kitchen if you're up before us...just yell if you need anything."  
  
Gwen looked at the floor as she smiled and nodded. The door was quietly shut behind the retreating pair, and she was alone in the strange bedroom. She quickly stripped down to her bra and socks before putting on her nightgown—the idea that she would have to go without panties in somebody else's house was foreign enough, anything less was completely out of the question.   
  
She could hear Liz and Natalie in the kitchen cleaning up as she crossed the hall to the bathroom. The house was dark when she re-emerged, the only illumination coming from a nightlight and the glow of lamps escaping from underneath bedroom doors.  
  
Gwen slid under the covers of her bed and turned out the lamp. She lay there in the dark, looking at the ceiling, trying to calm her nerves, listening to the soft, muffled voices of the two women in the next room. She remembered Tim telling her more than once how housing development builders tended to use materials and techniques that were just good enough to finish the project, and the sound-blocking qualities of the wall separating the two rooms were proof. While their words were indistinguishable, she could tell from the tone and inflection who was speaking.   
  
The Lady insisted she stop listening in on their private conversation, but Gwen found it hard to shut it out. Instead, she began to dissect her 'haircut', step by step. Had Natalie really touched her down there? The shaving was one thing, but her sister-in-law's fingers running through her most private spot? Maybe she was checking for shaving cream and making sure she got the oil everywhere, Gwen reasoned. It couldn't have been intentionally inappropriate.   
  
The soft squeak of the bed on the other side of the wall interrupted her deliberation. Somebody had lain down on it. Natalie or Liz, she wondered. A second squeak a few moments later made the point moot. They had lowered their voices, but their closeness to the wall negated the effect. Gwen's thoughts began to drift into the next room despite the Lady's protests. Were they just sharing the bed tonight, or would there something more? Were they in each other's arms, were they dressed? The sound of the bed squeaking with enough force to suggest two bodies were on the move, followed by a giggle, almost certainly Natalie, answered several of her questions.   
  
The bed continued to play tattletale for the next forty five minutes, the headboard occasionally making contact with the wall telling her it was not a case of restless sleepers. Murmurs and more soft laughter came from the next room, and Gwen couldn't be sure whether she was imagining the occasional sigh or moan. There was no doubt in her mind, though—she was listening to two people having sex, to her sister-in-law having sex, to her sister-in-law having sex with another woman. The Lady had long ago given up trying to get her to stop, to maybe go sit in the living room for a bit until they were finished. For the first time, Gwen was listening to the sounds of female passion.   
  
Eventually there was a soft wail, a cry she knew was not pain or fear but unrestrained pleasure, followed by another a few moments later. There was some more murmuring, more soft laughter, then silence. Gwen desperately wanted to reach under her gown and touch her naked sex, to give herself the pleasure she had heard in the next room, but there was no way that was going to happen tonight. Not in somebody else's house, not in somebody else's bed, and especially not with the admission that the sound of her sister-in-law's orgasm had brought her to this state. The nerves over what tomorrow would bring returned to eventually drive any desire out of her. She slept fitfully.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 16**

The alarm in the next room awoke Gwen at 6am. She had not slept much, only dropping off after she had finally risen at one point to put on her underwear, sure the oil that Natalie had applied the night before had dried.  
  
She lay there a moment, hearing the squeak of the bed on the other side of the wall as two bodies rose from it, debating whether to get up and shower first or go to the kitchen for coffee. Before she could do either, there was a soft knock on her door as it opened a crack, not enough that Gwen could see who it was.  
  
"Gwen? Rise and shine. Places to go, things to do, people to see, pictures to take. C'mon and have a cup of coffee with us, honey."  
  
"Thanks Natalie, I'm up. Be right there." Coffee would make showering and dressing a bit easier, she decided. The robe she had brought was thrown over the gown she wore, and she made her way to the kitchen.  
  
Her sister-in-law was already there, pouring coffee from the maker that had started ten minutes before the alarm went off, her bare bottom peeking from underneath a t-shirt emblazoned with her alma mater. So much for modesty, Gwen wryly noted.   
  
Natalie turned, mug in hand, and leaned to kiss her on the cheek. "Mornin' sweetie. Sleep well?"  
  
"Not really..."   
  
"I'm sorry. Strange bed, missing a handsome stud beside you, nerves, or all of the above?"   
  
"Nerves," she replied as she took the cup from her hands. She was not about to admit that the previous day's activities and sounds had been a factor as well.   
  
"Well, hopefully you got enough sleep to be on your game today. Aren't you excited? I know I am."  
  
"Scared as all get out, thank you very much."   
  
Natalie laughed as the pair sat down at the small table. "I wish you wouldn't be. You'll end up loving this, you'll see!"   
  
"'Morning," Liz called out softly as she glided around the corner. Gwen instantly felt self-conscious. Where she knew she had bed head, sleep lines and a slightly disheveled appearance, Liz looked as elegant as ever in a full-length black satin robe tied loosely about her waist, her red mane flowing down her back like it had just been carefully brushed.   
  
"'Morning" the others replied as she took a mug on the counter before continuing on to the refrigerator. The robe gaped open as she bent to pull milk from a lower shelf, and Gwen caught sight of a bare breast, larger than hers, capped by a pink nipple. She guiltily looked away.  
  
Liz straightened and put the carton on the table before casually untying the robe, flipping it open and loosely retying it, making it apparent she wore no underwear whatsoever underneath. Gwen caught a glimpse of her shaved sex and wondered if that too was Natalie's handiwork.   
  
"See anything you want to eat?"   
  
Gwen's eyes flew from the waist of the woman standing before her to her eyes. Liz smiled down at her, a knowing look on her face. The seated woman's face turned hot. "Uhh, thank you, no, I'm not really hungry."  
  
"Somebody's nervous," Natalie said with a sympathetic laugh, rubbing her forearm for support.   
  
"Just remember that Barry and Sandra have seen it all many, many times before, stuff a lot more graphic than you're going to do today for sure, and that the end result is going to be something your husband will treasure for the rest of his life. I was pretty nervous too, until we got to work."  
  
"You've had these kinds of pictures taken before?" Gwen asked, surprised that the cool, collected woman in front of her had ever been nervous in her life.   
  
"Not exactly. Mine were a little more extreme. Barry asked me to pose for some artistic nudes, and boy was I nude. Of course, so was the poor guy I was posing with. His nerves were a bit more apparent until he got into it as well.  
  
Anyways, help yourself to whatever you can find. I've got to start getting ready for work." Liz swept out of the room as elegantly as she had entered, coffee in hand.  
  
"You should probably start getting ready, too. I'm sure they'll want us there earlier than later so Sandra can do up your hair and makeup." Natalie rose, kissed her on the top of the head, and followed Liz down the hallway.  
  
Gwen took two more sips before deciding she could not delay the inevitable any longer. She made her way back to her room, the sound of the shower in the master bath coming through Liz's open bedroom door. A quick glimpse of Natalie moving about confirmed she had discarded what little cover she had worn in the kitchen.   
  
With a sigh, Gwen gathered her things and moved to the guest bathroom. She admired the look and feel of her new hairstyle after she had stripped down, running her fingers over the now bare skin while looking at herself in the mirror. The smooth feel where for many years there had been thick, curly hair fascinated her. Her hand continued its exploration after she stepped into the shower, even as the excitement and dread of what she was about to do again crept over her.   
  
She called Tim after she had finished her preparations and returned to her room. She did her best to hide her nerves from him, trying to turn the conversation from her activities to his own, and was relieved when she was able to end the call and send him over to the shop.  
  
Gwen returned to the living room to find Natalie and Liz saying their goodbyes. Despite the activities she had heard the night before, she was a little surprised by the quick kiss they shared before Liz moved to where she stood, hugging her and kissing her cheek. "You'll do great," she said with a smile. "May I see them when they're done?"   
  
"Of course," Gwen replied politely after figuring out she was referring to the photos, having never considered the possibility that someone else might actually want to see them. "I doubt they'll be much to look at, though."   
  
"I think you're wrong," Liz called over her shoulder as she scooped up her briefcase and headed for the door. "Don't forget to lock up."   
  
Natalie turned the SUV onto a dirt road forty five minutes later, past a large wooden sign for "The Inn at Little Falls", and up another quarter mile up through fields to a large house sitting on a low rise. A couple of cars were already parked in front of the white porch that ran the length of the front, two well-dressed middle-aged men standing at the top of the broad wooden steps.   
  
"Norman! Steven! How nice to see you again!" Natalie called as she climbed up towards them, Gwen in tow. Hugs and kisses were exchanged between the three before the man on the left separated himself and turned to Gwen.   
  
"Hello, I'm Norman Hewitt and this is my partner, Steven Marcotte," he said gesturing to the man behind him. Welcome to the Inn at Little Falls. You must be Gwen?"   
  
"Yes, sir," she replied, taking the offered hand.   
  
"Barry and Sandra are already here, setting up for you," Steven told her as he and Natalie moved towards the main doorway. "We have a couple who stayed with us last night and are just getting ready to leave, and then the place is yours for the day!"   
  
"Barry asked for the Garden room for the morning," Norman explained as he escorted Gwen up the remaining stairs. "But if you or he want something different, just let us know. We've got an empty house until tomorrow night."  
  
"We were going to use that room, but you still had guests in it when we got here," Natalie called out as they moved down a wide hall towards the back of the house. "But we got to use the garden after they left!"  
  
"I'm sure it will be fine," Gwen told the handsome man next to her, "Mr. McCall would know better than I."   
  
The hallway ended at a partially open oak door. Natalie disappeared into the room, and there was the sound of a man and woman greeting her enthusiastically.   
  
Gwen hesitated, suddenly unwilling to take those last steps and turn the corner. Another step to this fantasy becoming real, to becoming the slut her mother had always warned her about. Natalie's head popped back through the doorway, an expectant smile on her face. With a deep breath, Gwen moved forward.   
  
She entered the room and had to stifle a laugh. The photographer of her fantasies, the thirty-something hunk, was actually a slightly potbellied man in his early sixties, his six-foot-two frame topped by a by a crown of silver hair surrounding a shiny bald head. A trimmed silver-white beard stretched across his jaw from ear to ear.   
  
A deep rumble filled the room. "Gwen? Barry McCall. It's a pleasure."   
  
Gwen reached for the massive paw being offered her. "Thank you for taking the time to do this—"  
  
"Again, my pleasure. Your pictures, particularly your equestrienne shot, told me I had an exquisite subject to work with, but I must admit, they did not do you justice."   
  
"Pictures?"  
  
"I sent Barry some photos of you," Natalie hurriedly explained. "To give him an idea of what you looked like. Some things we had taken at family get-togethers. I had a photo of you at a dressage competition that I sent, too."   
  
A tall woman, perhaps only a couple of inches shorter than the man who had been screening her, stepped forward. "Sandra McCall," she said offering her hand. Gwen took it and looked up at the woman. She was in her mid-fifties at least, carefully coiffed blonde hair piled on top of her head, a figure that showed just a hint of middle-aged spread. "I'm here to make sure my husband makes you look every bit as beautiful in your photos as you are in real life."  
  
Gwen blushed as Barry continued on. "I don't think we'll be needing you much today, dear. Maybe highlight those stunning eyes a bit, get her hair just so...she's one too much makeup would be a waste on. Of course, what you will be wearing—or not wearing," he said with a conspiratorial grin, "will have an effect on that as well."  
  
"Let me go get her things," Natalie called out and left the room.   
  
"I, uhh, let her pick out what I should wear. I have no idea about this kind of thing," Gwen explained.  
  
"Natalie gave me an idea of what you and she had in mind...you're doing this for your anniversary, right?" Gwen nodded. "Then what ever you think your husband would like is what will work. Business outfit, lingerie, chicken costume..." Another disarming grin.   
  
Sandra motioned to a nearby tray. "The boys brought in some breakfast. Would you like something before we start? Perhaps a Mimosa?"   
  
"I'm, uhh, not sure what that is..."   
  
"A mimosa? It's champagne and orange juice. Some triple sec, too, if you want to be official, but we don't have any of that this morning, I'm afraid."  
  
The Lady was shocked. Alcohol for breakfast? Unthinkable! The Slut argued that to decline might be rude. Gwen hushed them both. Breakfast or not, a drink—just one, she cautioned herself—would certainly help her nerves. "I'd like that—thank you." A fluted glass appeared in her hand, and Natalie appeared soon after carrying the white box from Sensual Sensations and a duffle bag. Gwen sipped nervously while the package was opened and the duffle unzipped. A lacy pair of black panties was produced first, and she caught herself breathing in deeply at the sight of the corset as it was removed from the tissue paper it was wrapped in. Natalie held it up for the photographer's inspection while the model it was intended for blushed furiously. Barry nodded his approval and began adjusting the lighting he had brought.   
  
"I like it. Can never go wrong with one of those. I've always wanted to find one of those old West saloons and do a dance hall girl shoot with the model in something just like that. Let me finish up with this, and I can go check on the next location while Sandra gets our model ready." The big man aimed one last spot, then turned back to the women. "Before I go, though, let's take a picture or two. Gwen, why don't you—" the photographer moved to the door and closed it before reaching for a nearby camera—"Stand right here. Just stand normally, you don't have to pose or anything. A little like a passport photo."  
  
Gwen wasn't sure what a passport photo might look like, but she took her position, body naturally erect from years of practice, eyes up and forward.   
  
"Well, not exactly like a passport photo. You can smile!" She did her best, and the camera clicked several times while the strobe flashed. "Excellent," he pronounced, paging through the results in the viewfinder. "I'll be back in a bit." Barry left the room, solid footstep echoing down the corridor.   
  
"Ready to get started?"   
  
The stylist's question startled Gwen. "I guess."  
  
"Wonderful. Why don't you get your things off and I can start your hair and makeup?"   
  
"I brought one of my robes for you, if you'd like," Natalie volunteered, pulling a shimmering white thing out of the duffle. "At least until Barry's ready to start taking pictures?" The shaking woman gratefully accepted and retreated to the bathroom, returning a few moments later wearing the mid-thigh-length robe she been given. Sandra showed her to the chair in front of the dressing table and began to put her hair up. Makeup was next, liner applied sparingly to her eyes, a lipstick that mimicked the color of the corset artfully applied, some powder to her forehead, and the stylist evaluated the image she saw in the mirror.  
  
"Those eyes don't need much calling out at all—they're amazing as is! And if you keep blushing like that honey, I won't need to use any of the fake kind. Now, stand up and turn towards me." Gwen rose, now empty glass in hand, which Natalie took from her, refilled, and returned. The stylist eyed the shaking woman. "Uh-huh. I think it's time for wardrobe, then we can do another check." Sandra picked up the nearby garment, pulling it back as Gwen reached for it. "Let us help you. It's just us girls. Nothing to be scared of."  
  
The robed woman glanced at the partially open door. "Could you close the door?"  
  
Sandra laughed softly. "Only people that might see is Barry, who's going to anyways, and the boys, who are more likely to comment on what you're wearing than not wearing. The ventilation is better in here if we keep it open. "  
  
Gwen took another swig of her drink before putting down the glass and reluctantly untying the robe. She carefully removed it, placing it on the chair behind her, then removed her bra and panties.  
  
"You have a beautiful figure," the stylist said as she approached to within inches of the trembling woman. Gwen held her breath and let her wrap the corset about her body. Her fingers worked quickly, securing the fasteners and settling her breasts in the cups so her nipples lay just below the top of the garment.   
  
Sandra stepped back. "Now that's what I'm talking about." Natalie handed the partially nude woman the wispy pair of underwear she was holding, and Gwen hurriedly slipped them on. A quick examination showed they did not hide much, and even what little remained from the previous night's shearing was just barely concealed. With no small amount of embarrassment she picked at the fabric as it crossed through her crotch, adjusting it so what little fabric there was at least covered her lips. Her rear had no such cover, and the underwear disappeared between the cleft of her bottom before reappearing on her tailbone. Stockings were next, dark, gauzy hosiery that ended in scalloped lace midway up her thigh. Finally Natalie produced a pair of black heels, not the stilettos Gwen had seen in some of the portfolios, but higher than she had ever worn before, nonetheless. Sandra made a couple of adjustments and stepped back.   
  
Gwen looked at the two women nervously. Despite her fears, she really wanted to believe that her sister-in-law's expression was one of amazement; the stylist's look seemed to be confident satisfaction. "Sweetie, you look incredible!" Natalie finally breathed.  
  
There was a knock on the partially open door. "May I come in?" Barry didn't wait for an answer. Gwen instinctively grabbed for her robe at the perceived intrusion of this male stranger, feeling some comfort in putting it on despite how little it actually covered. "You look absolutely beautiful, Gwen," the big man rumbled, making it clear he had seen it all before she had been able to add the protective layer. "Your husband is a very lucky man, and you are a very special woman to be giving him this gift. Now, before we begin, I just want to go over some rules. The most important rule is--this is your day. What you say, goes. Pose the way you want to pose—don't be afraid to freestyle. If I ask you to do something you're not comfortable with, just tell me. You make the rules. I will take the sexiest pictures I know how using only what you want to show. Now, I may get some naughty bits in the edges of a picture, but those can be cropped out depending on what you want. I promise that you and I will be the only one who ever see all the work we'll be doing today. You get to choose what your husband sees. Let yourself go. Be as wild as you want to be, be someone you've never been before, it's our little secret." He again flashed that charming, disarming smile.   
  
"Now I get a little carried away sometimes when I'm working and things are going well, and I may touch you to put you in a certain pose. I promise I'm not getting fresh, I'm just excited about the way the shoot is going and want to keep going while the ideas are in my head. If you don't like to be touched, just remind me or tell me I'm making you uncomfortable. So, you think we're ready to start?"  
  
Gwen nodded dumbly, unsure what to do.  
  
"Great! Nat, can you take the breakfast tray back to the kitchen on your way out, and Sandra, can you stash the bags and such in the bathroom for now? Gwen, why don't you take off the robe and go on over to the window?"   
  
Natalie picked up the tray and gently kissed her sister-in-law on the cheek. "You really do look incredible. Have fun—I'll see you when you're done with the first shoot."   
  
Gwen's heard whirled in panic. "Where are you going? You promised you'd be here with me!"  
  
This room is too small for all of us. I'm going to take my drink and go sit and rock on the porch. Don't worry, Sandra will be here to touch up your makeup if she needs to. C'mon out and get me when Barry says he's ready for a break." With that she was gone, door left wide open behind her.   
  
The stylist continued her trips to and from the bathroom while Barry smiled at the shaking woman. "The light's just right to start now."   
  
"With the curtain open? Won't someone see me?"  
  
Barry laughed gently. "Just me and Sandra. C'mon over."  
  
Gwen did her best to control her trembling as she timidly moved into place so her back was to the glass. "Did you want to start with the robe on?" he asked softly.   
  
"No, no, I guess not," she answered. "Unless you think I should?"  
  
"I think the less we put between you and the camera, the better. So, how about we start without it?" She nodded and managed to slip it from her shoulders, handing it to a waiting Sandra.   
  
"You look great, Gwen, you really do. OK, hold the curtain back with your left hand and look out the window. Put your other hand on the sill." She could hear the electronic shutter snap a few times. "Very nice. OK, keep your hands where they are, but kinda rotate your body back away a little bit, like you're turning towards me, but keep looking out the window. Good!"   
  
The big man continued to shoot, moving from side to side with the bed between them as he did so. Gwen was breathless. She was practically naked in front of a strange man, her rear end for all intents and purposes exposed to him. The feeling that she was about to become physically ill clashed with the arousal that was growing in her.   
  
"OK Gwen, I want you to sit on the edge of the window. Cross your legs at your ankles, put your palms on the edge, and turn your head to look out into the garden."  
  
Again the camera clicked incessantly as the man behind it moved back and forth, up and down. "Wonderful. You feeling alright?" She found his eyes and nodded. "Good. OK, uncross your legs and spread them a little for me. Keep looking into the garden." Click-click-click. "Now look the other way." Click-click-click. "Move your legs out a little more." Barry kept shooting, Gwen's head turning back and forth while her thighs continued to creep away from each other until she was sure he could see how little her underwear actually covered.

"Doin' great! Now stay like you are, but look down to where you're sitting on the edge." She did and gasped as Barry took more photos. The underwear had retreated between her labia, the black band of fabric lewdly pushing her outer lips into puffy ridges.   
  
"It looks really sexy," Barry assured her, reading her mind. "But if you want to, umm, adjust that, I can get some photos that way, too, and let you decide which ones you like better."  
  
Gwen quickly reached between her legs and did her best to pull the offending material out of her, suddenly embarrassed that she was performing this very private act in front of a stranger.  
  
"Let's get a few more poses around the room," Barry offered, "and then if you want, we can just get rid of them. Sandy, can you touch up her cheeks just a little? She's losing a little color there."  
  
"You're doing great, Gwen," the stylist reassured her as she worked. "Don't be afraid to let all your sexiness come out. The only people who will see it are our husbands and me, and I can take care of my husband. Show yours what he's got."   
  
An accidental glance in a nearby mirror froze her. It was not her who was looking back, it was the Slut, a real-life, full-size version of the lustful, perverted creature that had sat on her shoulder all these years. The outfit, the look, the attitude...she had become the Slut. The idea thrilled her. The feeling in the pit of her stomach began to recede as the urge to make her husband—and the man with the camera—want her grew.   
  
Barry posed her about the room for quite a while, a stockinged foot and leg balanced on a hassock as she adjusted the top, bending over the bed to pull down the covers while her breasts strained to pop loose from their restraints, her ruby-red lips pressed against the clear glass of the champagne flute while she sipped.   
  
"You're a natural," he said softly as he looked down at the camera to change a setting. "I can see your equestrian training in the way you move and present yourself."   
  
"You're too kind." She remembered how she had been taught the style and poise Barry was seeing, and how she had worn even less then. The arousal that sprang from the memory conflicted with the shame that she had allowed it to happen in the first place.   
  
"So, what do you think? Want to try it without the undies?"   
  
Her thoughts snapped back to the present. "Uh, I don't know, if you think we should..." You liar, the Slut laughed. You know you want to show this guy everything. Gwen had to admit that was true, but she also wished that the photographer would just tell her what to do and not give her a choice in the matter. It just seemed so much easier that way...  
  
"I do. Remember, this is all about you. If you don't like the idea, then you don't have to."   
  
"I guess we can try it," she said after pausing long enough to pretend she had weighed her options.  
  
Sandra stepped towards her. "I can take them for you."   
  
With a deep breath, Gwen pushed them down her legs, careful not to catch her stockings with her fingers, frantically trying to balance on one shoe while disentangling the fabric from the other heel. Sandra kneeled, her face just inches from Gwen's shaven sex, and reached to help her. The struggling woman gratefully accepted the offer, hands hastily forming a protective shield over her crotch in a false show of modesty while lifting each foot just enough for the stylist to finish the job she had started.  
  
"Great. Why don't you sit down at the dressing table?" She sat, her back to him, knees tightly pressed together and hands folded primly in her lap.   
  
"I admire your posture, Gwen, but let it down a bit, pretend you're relaxed," Barry directed with a touch of a laugh in his voice. She did her best, letting her shoulders slump as much as her training would allow while the Slut stared back at her from the mirror.   
  
The camera clicked several times. "Better. OK, now bring your knees out just a little and put your hands on the edge of the chair." More shots were taken from angles all about her, Barry moving her gaze from side to side, up and down. The process was repeated several times, legs opening wider while the camera clicked.   
  
"Great! Now, put your hands palms down between your legs and lean forward a bit." The camera clicked as the photographer moved about her. "Push your chest out a little. Oh yeah, that's really nice. OK, stand up." Gwen quickly did as instructed, her hands again covering her bare sex. "Now, sit down facing me and put your hands on top of the back of the chair." She hesitated. To do so would mean straddling the seat with her legs completely open to him. Time to give him a show, she decided, and did as asked, the wood-framed back only partially obscuring her sex. Barry continued to move about her, going down on one knee before rising again, camera always at his eye.   
  
"OK, lean forward and put your chin on the top of the back, and put your hands on the side." He soon got the look he needed and pressed the button.   
  
"Got it! So, how about a few on the bed?"   
  
Gwen stood and began to climb on to the duvet-covered mattress, knowing that her bare bottom and what lay between her thighs was pointing directly at the clicking camera as she moved. More shots were taken of her on her stomach and side, the comforter discretely covering her most private areas.   
  
"OK Gwen, almost done. Why don't you roll over on your back and get yourself so your head hangs over the side?"   
  
She hesitated a bit before complying, unsure where this was leading to, but finally settled into what she thought he wanted, legs crossed at the ankles while her hands modestly covered the junction of her thighs. Her neck immediately felt the strain of her position and blood rushed to her head while Barry hurried to the other side of the bed. She startled as his massive, callused hand grabbed her ankle and pushed it back to crook her leg at the knee. Directing her to place her hands at her side, he returned to where she hung upside down and snapped away.  
  
"Hold on, I know that's not really comfortable, almost done...good! Now, unhook the front of your corset—don't open it, let it just lay on you."  
  
Gwen managed to do as he asked, the last hook undone as he stepped forward and arranged the now loose garment across her breasts while leaving her bare from neck down to what remained of her thatch, his fingers casually brushing against skin only her husband had ever touched. Satisfied, he resumed shooting from all possible angles.   
  
"Done! That was incredible. Why don't you take a break for lunch and we'll set up the second location?"   
  
She fastened the corset about her before rising, Sandra waiting for her with Natalie's robe as she tried to gracefully climb off the bed.  
  
"What time is it?"  
  
"Almost noon...Norman and Steven have lunch waiting for you out on the porch." Gwen nodded. Noon! They had been at this for three hours! It had only seemed like a few minutes!  
  
"Guess I'll get changed and go on out there," she replied, suddenly realizing her anxiety had been replaced by hunger, both physical and sexual.   
  
"Nah, don't bother," the tall blonde told her. "You'll need to get changed again when we're ready for you. It's probably just you and Natalie out there, anyways. Just take the corset off if you want to be more comfortable."   
  
Gwen decided that a little cover was better than none at all and left the red badge of her sluttiness on underneath the robe. A feeling of exhilaration after the first drop of this roller coaster ride propelled her down the hallway and out the front door, the Lady still counseling caution that she keep an eye out for anyone who might see her so scantily clad. She found her sister-in-law sitting on the porch, rocking, salads, bread, and wine set on a nearby table.  
  
"How'd it go?"   
  
"I guess it went OK," Gwen replied, not quite ready to admit the thrill she had gotten from posing. "But I think Barry will be the judge of that."  
  
"You and Tim will be the judge of that," Natalie reminded her. "I don't know about you, but I'm starved." The women sat down and quickly downed the wine that had been poured for them and refilled their glasses before beginning on their meals.  
  
"I snuck a peek or two while you were in there," Natalie admitted between forkfuls of salad. "You looked hot!"  
  
"Well, I guess it was a little warm in there..."  
  
Her sister-in-law laughed. "Not the weather. You. As in, every hetero guy in the county would have trouble keeping it in their pants. Hell, I had less than pure thoughts about you."  
  
"Me?"  
  
"You. So, Barry and Sandra getting the next shoot ready?"   
  
Gwen paused, the slut finding the idea that Natalie might have found her sexually attractive appealing, the Lady, appalling. The feel of a breeze working its way under her robe to tickle her bare thighs only highlighted the erotic situation she found herself in. "Yes, they said they'd come get me."   
  
She ate at a speed she knew was most unladylike, her stomach having its way this time. She had reached the bottom of her bowl and downed a slice of bread when the sound of the big man stomping down the hall echoed out to where they sat. His imposing frame came through the screen door a moment later, the hinges squeaking in protest as he pushed through.   
  
"Gwen, I was just looking at some of the work from this morning on my laptop. They're incredible!"   
  
"I know you're supposed to say that," she said with a blush. "But thank you—I know how good you are by looking at your portfolios."   
  
"It's easy to do good work with good material, and you're we pros call really, really, good. I'm really excited to get this next one started—after you've finished lunch, of course," he added hurriedly.   
  
"I'm finished," she replied, pushing her plate away to emphasize her declaration. "So we might as well get going so I can put my clothes back on."   
  
Barry laughed. "You'll have to lose some more before you get to that point. Why don't you head back to the room and Sandra can help you get ready."  
  
"I'll come, too," Natalie announced as she stood. "I wanna see if what I brought for her works."  
  
She led the way, Gwen following along, Barry behind them until he reached a door marked 'private' on the right about halfway down the hall. He opened it and disappeared into the room behind it while Natalie continued on down to where their things were.  
  
Gwen turned the corner to find her sister-in-law pulling Tim's old shirt out of the bag. It was carefully laid it on the bed before a leather tool belt was withdrawn, the gleaming leather strap and holsters looking like had hardly been used. A lacy white pair of underwear was removed from a side pocket. The anxiety began to build again as the roller coaster climbed the next hill. Not so bad as the morning, and certainly not so bad as yesterday, but it was there still.   
  
Sandra sat the bewildered woman and began to remove her makeup.   
  
"Won't what I had on work?" She asked the tall blonde.   
  
You're going to need something a little more waterproof," she said with a smile.  
  
"Waterproof? Where am I going next? And Natalie, where did you get the toolbelt? That doesn't look like one of Tim's?"   
  
Her sister-in-law spoke up when Sandra made it obvious she wouldn't be answering. "It's Adam's. You know how he is—he gets these occasional delusions that he's a handyman, starts a project, and then realizes he's better at lawyerin' than plumbin'. So I let him play manly man and fix my plumbing, and he forgets all about it for a while."   
  
The stylist snickered. "Men are so easily distracted by the magic snake drain between our legs."   
  
Gwen blushed but smiled appreciatively at the bawdy comments.   
  
The fresh application of makeup was soon finished, her hair was removed from its more formal setting and pulled into a ponytail, and Gwen was again standing nude in front of the two women. "Undies, toolbelt, then the shirt," Natalie announced. The underwear was as lacy as the pair she had worn in the morning, but more full cut, her cheeks at least partially covered despite the fact it rode high on her waist. She tried to protest over the placement of the leather belt, pointing out that it was correctly worn over the pants, but Natalie reminded her she wouldn't be wearing any of those today. The shirt was as she remembered it from the day she had tried it on, soft and smelling of laundry detergent and her husband. Its bottom rode high on her thighs, hanging low enough to cover her panties. Natalie fastened a single button near her navel to keep it from coming apart altogether.   
  
Satisfied, Sandra led the way out of the room and to the door Barry had disappeared behind. Gwen stepped through to find a large living room, exquisitely decorated, photos of the owners evident on shelves and walls. This must be their part of the house, she thought as she followed the women down a short hallway. She stepped into a huge bathroom, as large as her bedroom at home, sunlight streaming through windows and skylights. Barry was already there, adjusting a lone light stand off to the side.   
  
"The boys gave me permission to use their living area for this one," the big man said as he turned to greet them. "Oh yes, this will work just fine," he murmured as he sized up the woman in the oversized shirt. "Gwen, I hope you don't mind, but Natalie and I thought it might be fun to do something a little bit sillier than maybe you're used to. It will still be sexy as all get out, don't worry, but with your husband being a plumber, well we thought we might have some fun with that. Natalie said you can be a bit serious sometimes, so you might have to step outside that a little. Are you up for it?"   
  
Her anxiety heightened as the ride climbed to another crest. "What do I have to do?"  
  
Barry smiled. "Be a plumber, of course."  
  
"But I'm not a plumber! I run the office!"  
  
"You're not going to actually be doing any work. We're just going to make it look like the hottest, sexiest plumber in the world is on the job."   
  
She looked over at a beaming Natalie. "C'mon Gwen, you can do it."  
  
She conceded with a sigh. "Alright, what do I do?"  
  
"Be as sexy as you dare, then go one step further."  
  
"I'll try, but what do I do?"  
  
"For starters, go to the sink and play with the faucets a bit."  
  
She moved over to the massive granite countertop and tentatively placed a hand on the black iron cold water handle. She felt so silly doing this, but turned it on and off, then the hot water, all while Barry moved about her shooting. There was the sound of water hitting the clawfoot tub behind her.  
  
"Good, good, now bend over so you can look up into the faucet, like something's keeping the water from coming out."  
  
I'd unscrew the aerator first, she thought to herself, but complied anyways as the photographer now moved behind her to capture her presented rear as it peeked out from underneath the tails of the shirt.  
  
"Turn to the left a bit, but keep looking underneath." She did, and could feel how the shirt had fallen away from her chest, partially revealing her dangling breast.   
  
Barry finally pronounced himself satisfied with the pose. He opened the door to the cabinet beneath the countertop. "OK Gwen, why don't you bend way over and look down in there?" The space was clean, if unspectacular, she decided. Copper tubing, a lack of PVC, good materials. She might not be a plumber, but years of experience had taught her the products she was placing orders for.  
  
"Pardon the hands," she heard the photographer say as the shirt was pushed up her back just enough to reveal all of her white panties. She gasped as they were partially tugged off her hips.   
  
"Sorry, sorry," Barry said from behind her. "I'm going for my take on plumber's butt." She held the pose while he snapped away, at one point lying his massive frame on the floor to capture the view between her legs and up her shirt as it fell away from her.   
  
"I like it," he said as he scrambled to his feet. "OK, why don't you lie on your back and get a really good look under that sink? Just lie your head on the towel that's inside and pretend you're working up in there." She took the position, legs firmly together as she looked up and identified the various parts of the drain assembly.   
  
"OK," Barry said slowly. "Bring your knees up and spread your legs like you're getting good leverage." She smiled grimly to herself. He might call it leverage, but she knew it as the position she and Tim had made babies in. Even with her underwear, it felt so revealing, so nasty to be showing it to this man, as if it were a thinly veiled invitation.   
  
"Spread your legs some more,' he called out, and she did so, past where Tim would fit between them comfortably. She could hear the camera clicking. "OK, you, uhh, can adjust your undies now...I'd do it for you, but my wife would slap me."   
  
"Damn right!" she heard the stylist call out, and Gwen hurriedly ran a finger down each edge of the crotch to pull them out of her slit. The camera continued to whir and click.  
  
"Great! OK, c'mon out of there. The shower needs work, too."   
  
Gwen climbed to her feet to find the glass door to the oversized stall already open, Barry standing next to it. "I apologize in advance if it gets a little tight in there. It's a big stall, but I'm a big guy..." She smiled her understanding. "So, take one of those wrenches in your belt and pretend you're adjusting the showerhead," he coached as she entered.   
  
She smiled to herself. These were not the right wrenches for this job. Still, she played along, standing on tiptoes to reach the offending nut, careful not to scratch the finish. "OK, now I'm going to reach around you and turn on the water. You're gonna get wet. I ran it before you came in, so it should be warm, but I want you to hold the pose until I say so, alright? And try not to scrunch your face up." The promised hand slid by her breast before she could object, and the stream of water hit her squarely in the forehead.  
  
"Great, great," he called out. "Tilt your head up just a little so the water is right in your face." Gwen felt foolish to be in the running shower, any plumber worth their salt would have turned off the water to the bathroom first, but she did as instructed, the spray splashing her, soaking the shirt. It seemed like some sort of water torture, but she gamely held her ground. The hand again snaked by her and stopped the flow. "Nice job! Now take off the shirt."   
  
Gwen looked back over her shoulder in mild shock at the direct instruction, already reasoning that she could not possibly refuse his directive. With her back to the photographer, she undid the lone button and slid the sodden garment off her shoulders. Barry whisked it away from her. "OK, back to that same pose." The hand slid by her again, dangerously close to the bare skin of her breast, and the flow of water started. She was ready for it this time, patiently waiting for the all-clear signal.   
  
The hand returned and the water stopped again. "I am loving this!" the big man announced emphatically. Gwen decided he meant the photos rather than the quick feels of her skin. Barry handed her a small towel. "Dry your face off, but leave the rest wet, and c'mon out of there." She followed once he had vacated the doorway and she had folded a protective arm over her breasts. "OK, why don't you move over to the tub." She saw that while she had been posing, Sandra had been busy preparing a bubble bath.  
  
"I want you to stand next to the tub, your back to me, and take off the toolbelt. Just drop it where you are." Gwen made sure she had her back to the man before removing her arm from her chest, more as an attempt at teasing than modesty. The belt was released and gently dropped.   
  
"Now, slide those undies down, slowly, and leave them on the belt." This too was done, Gwen reveling in the fact she was completely naked in front of this strange man. The idea he might have something growing in appreciation danced in her mind.

"OK, climb in the tub, very slowly." Gently she lifted one foot over the edge, dipping it into the warm soapy water before finding the bottom. She used both of her hands to steady herself, then lowered herself in, sliding under the bubbles. Heaven. The Slut had a wicked thought to run her finger over her clit under the cover of the bubbles, but Gwen was able to quash that notion.   
  
Barry spent the next quarter hour posing her after Sandra had touched up her makeup one final time, the bubbles being moved about to provide strategic cover, Gwen no longer caring what the camera saw. Her final pose was of her peering over the edge of the antique tub, left hand next to her cheek while her wedding ring sparkled. There was an unmistakable look of mischief in her eyes.   
  
Barry loudly pronounced himself satisfied, and Gwen lifted herself from the water as Sandra handed her a towel. She dried her nude form, not caring who saw her that way. Natalie was more than a little surprised to see that the only thing her sister-in-law wore for the walk back to the Garden room was a towel wrapped about her wet hair.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 17**

It was late afternoon when Natalie pulled the SUV back out on the main road to begin the three hour trip home. Gwen had reminded Barry several times to let her know as soon as the photos were ready while excitedly gushing her thank yous and goodbyes to the McCalls and the innkeepers.   
  
"Well? You OK? Was it as painful as you thought it would be?" Natalie asked as she accelerated down the two lane highway. She already knew the answer. Gwen was more animated than she had ever seen her before, a smile plastered on her face, cheeks rosy not with embarrassment, but with excitement.   
  
"Natalie, I can't believe I did that!" she shouted. "That was so not like me!" The roller coaster was pulling back into the loading area, and she knew she wanted to go again. "Yes, I guess it was fun."  
  
"Told you. It's nice to step out of your skin—and your clothes-from time to time, isn't it?"   
  
Gwen nodded urgently. "I was COMPLETELY naked in front of a strange man! He saw everything! I would never have believed in a million years I could have done that! I hope the pictures don't show just how naked I was..."  
  
"He'll show however much you want. I kinda wish I had shown more in mine...although Adam says that what little I did show is enough to give him all he needs to rub one out when I'm not around." Gwen giggled at the mention of her brother's masturbatory habits, surprised that the thought of him touching himself did not make her nearly as uncomfortable as she thought it should.   
  
"Speaking of which," Natalie continued, "how are you feeling?"  
  
"Great! Relieved that it's over, and I should probably be ashamed of myself for being that perverted, but it was such a thrill...I have to admit," she said in a lower voice, "that after a while I wanted Barry to look at me. I kept telling myself I wasn't being unfaithful to Tim, that I was doing it for him."   
  
"You weren't being unfaithful, and Tim will agree when he gets his gift. But really, how are you feeling? I remember how horny I was after I finished. Aren't you, maybe just a little?"   
  
Gwen was mildly shocked at the bluntness of her question. "If you must know, I am," she replied with a reserved smile.   
  
"There's a vibrator in the glove compartment," her sister-in-law said casually. "Go ahead and take care of business if you want."   
  
"WHAT! Here? In a moving car? With you right next to me?"  
  
"You're not driving," Natalie replied calmly as she stared forward, a smirk on her face. "This thing sits high enough that most other cars can't see in, and the windows are tinted for the occasional semi. As for me, I've seen it all before—college, remember? There's a blanket on the backseat if you feel the need to preserve some modesty."  
  
"Thank you, but I'm sure I can wait until I get home!"  
  
"Well, it's in there if you need it."   
  
"Do you always carry a vibrator in your car? Don't you worry someone might find it? "  
  
Natalie laughed. "I brought it along just for you. After my shoot, I was so worked up I had to pull over on the way home, not too far from here," Natalie said with a wider smile as her eyes stayed on the road. "Put the seat back, dropped my shorts, and came so hard thought I was going to pass out. I just figured you might want to do the same."   
  
Maybe if I just reclined the seat and put the blanket over my lap, it wouldn't be so bad, Gwen reasoned before the Lady firmly rejected the idea. If the carnal urges flowing through her could not be banished, they would have to wait until she reached the safety of her bedroom. The Slut was already making alternate arrangements should Tim not be available to service her when she got there. "It was very nice of you to think of me, but I can wait."  
  
Gwen paused her excited chattering to further consider the idea, the adrenaline of the day only wearing off slowly.   
  
"Hey, sorry if me and Liz sharing a room freaked you out, and really sorry if we made too much noise last night," Natalie said as her sister-in-law began to imagine what the vibrator might look like. "I didn't realize how much you could hear through the wall until I heard you tossing and turning."  
  
"That's alright. I should have known you would be in the same room, it just honestly never occurred to me. And since you were, I guessed what the noise was all about."   
  
Natalie smiled. "I'm probably sharing too much information, but I really hadn't planned on anything happening last night. Liz was very insistent, though... and I definitely shouldn't be telling you this, but I think the reason she was so turned on was you."   
  
"Me?"   
  
"Yup, you. She's always had this thing about seeing the secret side of prim and proper, shy and innocent, whatever you want to call it, that kind of woman, if you know what I mean."   
  
"But, she knows I'm married, so why would she think I like...would do...would be attracted to a woman? Unless," Gwen continued, voice rising in panic, "she knows about what I did before I got married?"  
  
"Relax," Natalie said with a chuckle. "She doesn't know anything about that. She just knows you as the stuck up old stick in the mud she think you used to be, and she's always had this thing about being the one to show someone like you how much fun it could be to explore the alternatives. So when she found out why you were coming to town, and then got to see you trying on 'come fuck me' outfits, well, let's just say she's never been shy about acting on her impulses."   
  
"To tell you the truth, I would never have imagined her being like that,before you told me about you and her," Gwen said as she began to imagine what Liz's skin might feel like. Like silk, she decided, warm, luxurious silk. "She just always seemed so reserved, like royalty, every time I met her."   
  
"And that's how a lot of people see you," Natalie reminded her. "Even I thought of you that way until you told me about your dreams. But now I know there's a pleasure goddess beneath those buttoned up shirts, just like Liz."   
  
Yeah, just like Liz, Gwen thought sarcastically. Except she's tall, beautiful, and a great dresser with tons of self-confidence.   
  
"She was joking last night that she was going to your room to help you get over your nerves," Natalie continued. "I kinda think she was hoping I would dare her to."   
  
The thought of Liz, dressed in her black robe or something less, coming into her room made Gwen pause for a moment. "Oh, my. good thing you didn't dare her," she finally offered.  
  
"Well, that sounded convincing...want me to tell her you're available?"   
  
Gwen turned quickly, mouth retort forming, to see Natalie looking out at the road, a grin on her face.   
  
Her sister-in-law's lewd implication failed to diminish Gwen's post-shoot excitement, and the pair continued to chatter until the Nelson's front yard was reached.   
  
"Getting ready for our trip to Hilton Head, so I can't ride on Friday," Natalie reminded her as the pair made their way to the back of the vehicle to retrieve Gwen's overnight bag. "But I'll call you before we go?"  
  
"I'd like that." Gwen hugged the woman tightly. "Thank you. I could never have done that without you."   
  
"You're welcome. I knew you were a natural."   
  
"Don't forget the vibrator in your glove compartment."   
  
Natalie laughed. "Maybe I'll use it before I get back on the road."   
  
Despite her threat, the SUV honked and disappeared behind the trees as Gwen stepped on to the kitchen deck.  
  
"Hey, welcome home," Tim called over his shoulder from his spot in front of the stove. "I was just getting ready to boil up some water for pasta—would you like some?"   
  
"Maybe later." Gwen came up behind her husband and wrapped her arms around him as he turned again to give her a quick peck. "Just us tonight?"  
  
"Just us, like every other night since KD left for college. Did you have a good time?" He did his best to turn and face her as she continued to hold him tightly.   
  
"Mmm-hmm," she said as she put her head on his shoulder and hugged harder, hands traveling over his shorts to rest on his butt. "I was surprised how much fun it was to be out with the girls."   
  
"Girls? So you and Natalie had company?"   
  
"We stayed at Liz's condo. She went shopping with us, went out to dinner, talked...that kind of thing."  
  
"Liz? The Liz that Natalie, uhh, Natalie's...Natalie's maid of honor?"   
  
"That's her. She's nice."   
  
Tim's mind whirled in a mess of overlapping thoughts. Gwen's hands were on his ass. That never happened in the kitchen. She had stayed overnight with two women he knew slept together. Had they gotten friendly with his wife present? Had they gotten friendly with her? Where did they go shopping? What about the hands on his ass? What the hell happened last weekend?   
  
His cock suffered no such confusion, the part of his brain that controlled it laser-focused on an image of his naked sister-in-law and her equally naked redheaded friend making out on a couch. He continued to stiffen beneath his gym shorts while he tried to figure out how to fit his wife in to the entwined bodies.   
  
Gwen did not miss the quickly growing length pressing against her stomach. "I guess you missed me," she said from her spot on his shoulder while a hand snaked its way to his groin and began to lightly stroke him through the fabric.   
  
"That obvious, huh?"  
  
"I'm flattered. Would you like me to take care of it for you?"   
  
Tim was surprised by her forwardness but ready to follow his wife to the bedroom. He was stunned as she sank to her knees before her could answer, fingers lightly dragging the baggy shorts down to allow his nearly-erect staff to pop free just inches from her nose. A tongue dragged lightly up the underside of his length helped speed it's swelling. Her lips parted after the second swipe and wrapped themselves around his velvety head. She slowly dipped, pushing him across her tongue and into her mouth.   
  
Tim was in heaven and in shock. The woman who just a short time ago could only participate in basic procreation in the safety of their darkened bedroom was sucking his cock in their kitchen! The feelings, both physical and emotional, were indescribable. Her efforts were no longer tentative, as they had been those first times she had taken him in her mouth; she seemed to be relishing her newly discovered talent.   
  
She got to her feet after one more long, slow drag of her lips up his incredibly hard member. "C'mon. Let's go get more comfortable." Gwen walked away without looking back at the man with his shorts about his knees, ass swaying an invitation to follow.   
  
Tim stayed where he was as she disappeared around the corner and down the hall, mind dumbly weighing the merits of pulling his shorts up as opposed to just letting them slide the rest of the way down his legs. His cock screamed at his indecision, and legs were bought together enough to allow the offending garment to drop to the floor before he stumbled his way out of them and hurried after his wife. His t-shirt was pulled over his head as he hurried down the hall, and walked into the bedroom to find Gwen standing with her back to the door, jeans already discarded, blouse about to follow.  
  
He stepped behind her, reaching for the clasp of her bra as soon as the falling shirt revealed His stubbled cheek tickled her as he kissed her ear, his erection nestled between the gloves of her ass, her underwear the only thing between him and skin. Gwen tilted her head to allow him access to her neck while his hands began to play with the now exposed mounds of her breasts. Her nipples stood proudly, grateful for the attention from Tim's calloused fingers but aching for the feel of his tongue. It was the maleness wedged so close to her sex that fought for her attention, however. Gwen reluctantly brought her hips forward, away from what she wanted in her, and pushed her panties down. They were barely clear of her hips before she thrust herself back into her husband's midsection and ground against him shamelessly, making her desire to be mounted and filled obvious.   
  
The lust-filled woman gently pulled away from her husband's grasp and crawled on the bed before turning over to face him, legs opening wide in invitation.   
  
"Holy Cow Gwen, what happened to your hair?!"  
  
A look of panic replaced the seduction on her face as she clamped her legs shut. She had completely forgotten Natalie's efforts! "I, uh, trimmed it last night," she said fearfully, looking for any reaction beyond the surprise her husband was currently displaying. "You don't like it?"  
  
"No, no, I love it," he hurriedly reassured her. "It's just that I've, uhh, never seen you...that bare...before. It's quite a difference."  
  
"It'll grow back," she babbled, the Lady smugly announcing that Tim hated it, that he believed his wife trampish for doing such a thing.  
  
"No, I really like it," he said more softly, eyes glued to where her drawn-up legs hid the object of his fascination. "I've just never seen you like that before." Tim dropped to a knee, as if he were worshiping at a shrine, and gently reached to pull apart her legs. He looked on for a moment, Gwen feeling as though she were waiting for his pronouncement of disgust as he did so, and then bent forward to kiss her bare sex. "You're so soft and smooth down there," he murmured before his tongue began to work.   
  
She still wanted the feel of her husband inside of her, but what Tim was doing to her now made her ultimate goal worth waiting for. An idea, a nasty, perverted idea, formed.   
  
"Tim?"   
  
The salt-and-pepper topped head between her legs came up. "Hmm?"  
  
"Why don't you bring yourself up here where I can return the favor?"   
  
He looked at her uncertainly. "Uhh, sure."  
  
Tim began to climb on the bed, ready to lie down next to her, but Gwen stopped him. "No, I'd love for you to keep doing that, but let me do the same thing to you at the same time."   
  
She had to stifle a laugh as the lightbulb went on in his head and a grin broke out. "Sure, I can do that." Both husband and wife were soon on their sides, Tim's face buried in her crotch while Gwen did her best to reach his raging erection. Their bodies were not evenly matched that way, however, and she soon found herself wishing for another way to keep his tongue busy at work while she took all of him between her lips. Without thinking, she began to push him on to his back while she rolled her body on top of him, thighs straddling his head. She found she could still not take him in her mouth without losing the decadent pleasure of his tongue, but she was becoming too far gone to care. Gwen began to grind herself into the face between her legs while contenting herself with petting the cock below her. Memories how she had been in this position before—and Tim's position, as well—flooded her memories. Tim blurred with Miss Ritter, who in turn blurred with Liz. The most shocking image of all, the image of Natalie's nose buried in her opening while her tongue flicked away at Gwen's button, sent her over the edge. She did her best to suppress her cries of joy, as she had been taught to do while in this very pose many years ago, a tiny squeak escaping her as Tim's tongue continued to dance wickedly.   
  
Her self-control returned enough to make her fear she was smothering her husband. With a start, she lifted herself away from him, intent on climbing off and checking to see if he was still breathing. Strong hands stopped her before she had risen very far, his breath fanning her sex. "What an incredible view," he grumbled while a hand left her thigh and moved to his weapon, levering it up in obvious invitation.   
  
She bent to accept him while his hips lifted towards her. Lips and cock roughly met, Gwen only barely managing to keep her husband from driving deeply enough to gag her. She quickly discovered that Tim was more than happy to do most of the work, his hips thrusting up into her while she concentrated on providing the finish he was looking for.   
  
It came soon. Despite his excitement, he did his best not to choke her, hips stopped just short of a full thrust while his head came up and off the bed to bury his face in her sex. The now familiar taste and texture of her husband's sperm filled her mouth, spurts hitting the back of her tongue before sliding forward to pool. Tim's body went limp as the last driblets left him, and Gwen swallowed, the act and the taste somehow both intensely erotic and deeply comforting, a thoroughly slutty thing to do for the man she would do anything for. Satisfied, he finally let her climb off and cuddle beside him, two naked bodies lying in the wrong direction on the bed.  
  
"That was incredible," Tim told her after she had settled under his arm.  
  
"It sure was."   
  
"So, I have to ask...what made you change your hairstyle down there?"  
  
"You don't like it."   
  
"I love it! It's just different for you, that's all. I never thought you had it in you."  
  
Gwen decided a little truth was better than none at all. "Well, I heard Natalie and Liz talking about it, so I thought I might try it as well."   
  
"Natalie and Liz?"  
  
"Liz asked Natalie to give her a trim. I guess Nat's nursing experience comes in handy for a lot of things."   
  
From her position on Tim's chest, she could see his flaccid member show signs of recovery far faster than she would have imagined possible. Something in her flared, something wicked, and the Slut staggered to her feet from where she lay sprawled in orgasmic bliss on Gwen's shoulder. She wanted to see how far she could take this.   
  
"To tell you the truth, I don't think a trim is all Natalie gave her."   
  
Tim's cock twitched again. "What do you mean?"   
  
"I really shouldn't be telling you this, but my room was next to theirs, and I heard some things. I wasn't trying to listen in," she added hurriedly, "but you know how you always say the developer-built stuff isn't the best quality?"  
  
"The walls can be pretty thin," Tim agreed. "So, what did you hear?"  
  
"I don't know, just things that made me think they were fooling around. Some laughing, the bed squeaking, that kind of thing." She smiled inwardly. His penis, so recently drained, was beginning to rise. The Lady was taken aback that he would react that way to the thought of two women having sex while admonishing her for teasing him that way. The Slut continued to egg her on.   
  
"That must have made you uncomfortable, to be having them doing that where you could hear them."  
  
"I was uncomfortable, but not that way. It made me, you know, a little excited... I know how perverted it sounds, but I really wanted to, ummm, touch myself...down there. If I wasn't in somebody else's house..."  
  
"What's fair is fair," he reasoned. "If they were OK with doing what they were doing, you should have been OK with taking care of yourself."   
  
Gwen reached down to pet his now-erect staff. Tim flinched, hoping that his wife would assume the evidence of his fresh arousal was due to the thought of her playing with herself. "Timothy Allen Nelson!" she exclaimed softly, "are you getting excited at the thought of your sister-in-law with another woman?"  
  
Busted, he thought ruefully, the realization making the physical evidence begin its backwards trek. "Sorry, us guys are kinda hard-wired that way."  
  
"Well, I don't think of two men that way!" The tone of her voice and the hand on his cock told him she wasn't nearly as upset as he'd assumed she would be.   
  
"Like I said, it's a guy thing, I guess."  
  
The two lay there in silence for a moment, his erection confused by the mixed signals it was getting.   
  
"Did you ever think of me and Miss Ritter that way?"   
  
Tim knew it would be wrong to tell her the truth, but his cock had no such qualms. "Yeah, I guess," he admitted as he began to grow again under her touch. "Sorry."  
  
"It's OK, but your own wife doing—that—with another woman? I would have thought something like that would make you angry to think even think about."

His hand casually traced lines down her back to the cleft of her butt. "No, not really...you chose me, and a plumbing business, and motherhood, over a life of international horse shows."  
  
The Lady screamed at her to drop the subject, to remove her hand from her husband's manhood and storm off in mock indignation, anything to make a clear statement about her morals. The Slut was stronger though, and used Gwen's growing arousal to goad her on.   
  
"But you would have been angry if I had done—that-with Liz this weekend, right?"  
  
Tim's hand froze in mid-stroke on the small of her back, and she could swear his erection throbbed. "Did you?"  
  
"No, of course not, but if I had..."   
  
"As long you were honest with me, no I wouldn't be mad. If it was because you were dissatisfied with me, or your life, I'd be disappointed, but I'd understand and I'd still want to know. You didn't, did you?"  
  
"No, I swear I didn't. But... are you just saying that because you want to be with another woman?"  
  
"No, I'm saying it because I have no problem with you having a good time as long as there's not something else wrong. If you feel you can be happily married and enjoy time with the girls, more power to you. It seems to work for Adam and Natalie, so it sounds like it can be done. I know me being with someone would be really tough on you, and I'm fine with just you, especially the way things have been going lately. What Natalie said about it just being something some girls do with their friends kinda makes sense. You girls are way more touchy-feely with each other than us guys would ever dare. As long as you weren't planning on moving in with Liz, have at it."   
  
Gwen marveled at the full-blown erection she now held so soon after it had been satiated. "Would you be mad if I told you Natalie helped with my trim?"   
  
Again is hand stopped its motion. "Now you're just playing with me. Is that the truth?"   
  
"Actually, she did all of it. I just lay—" Tim surprised her with the speed of his movement, flipping his wife on to her back and pushing himself between her legs as fast as she could open up for him. He was buried in her in one forceful thrust.   
  
Tim looked down at her, a look in his eyes that Gwen could never remember seeing before. She was suddenly a little afraid, and very aroused. She knew she was about to be taken. His staff was withdrawn, then plunged back in to the hilt. "Tell me about it. I want to hear everything."   
  
Gwen recounted the events of the previous evening while he slammed into her, only breaking his stare and burying his face beside her head when Liz entered the room in her story. He came, seeming to try and crawl deeper inside of her as he emptied himself.   
  
At last, spent, he rolled to his side. "Sorry about that," he mumbled. "I really don't know what came over me."   
  
"It's alright. I've never seen you like that before. Are you sure you're not mad at me?"   
  
Tim chuckled weakly. "No, I'm not mad at you. I just never thought I'd hear that kind of story come out of your mouth and...I guess I just got carried away. Sorry again."  
  
"No need to be sorry. As long as you weren't doing that out because you were mad, I liked it. It was fun."   
  
"Keep telling stories like that, and you'll see it again. It might kill me, though. I don't think I can move."   
  
Despite Tim's professed weakness, the couple managed to rise and dine on bowls of cereal before returning to bed, falling asleep in each other's arms.  
  
The reality of a workday brought Gwen back to earth after her long weekend, and order and routine returned. Trucks were dispatched and the wreckage of the office without her presence was surveyed. The lust that their second round of lovemaking the night before had generated had not dissipated though, and shortly after the last pile of papers was at least sorted correctly, she made her way back to the house.   
  
Gwen removed the toys from their hiding place before removing her clothes, memories of trying to dress while hiding them fresh in her mind. To her relief, this time the vibrators and dildo were where she had left them. She decided to check the lock on the kitchen door one more time before climbing on the bed, and boldly walked through the house in the nude.   
  
The lock was secure from her first trip into the house, and strolled back towards the bedroom, anxious to relive the itch that had building in her since Tim roughly took her the night before. She glanced at his recliner and stopped. Didn't he say he had masturbated in that very chair? An image of her husband, prone and naked, his hand about his penis, came to her. What would it be like to do it out here? A thrill ran through her as she stared at the blue fabric seat. Gwen made the trip down the hall, scooped up the rabbit and the heavy dark cudgel, and returned. She peered nervously out the window towards the shop one more time before settling into the chair and flipping the foot rest up. The nude woman began to caress skin, nipples, and clitoris while her mind wandered, memories of Tim interspersed with returns to the here and now to listen for intruders. Other more taboo thoughts began to form before the vibrator was applied.   
  
Gwen shivered at the intense tingling the rabbit was delivering as she was again in Liz's spare room, the tall redhead on the bed this time, naked and spread. Gwen kneeled between her legs, deftly wielding a razor across her mons with more skill than she knew she really had, carefully ensuring the woman's sex remained silky smooth. "All done," she pronounced as her finger traveled up the wet slit, like Natalie had done.  
  
Liz rose until she leaned back on her elbows. "Kiss it," she ordered, and Gwen obeyed, lips traveling across the redhead's most private spots. Her tongue slipped out, as if on its own accord, and drew itself through the soft folds, gathering the familiar nectar she had not tasted in so long. Her climax began to gather.   
  
The Lady chose this moment to exert herself mightily, demanding that if Gwen was going to insist on the living room to perform perform this perverted act, she at least perform it with her husband in mind. The chocolate-colored dildo was retrieved, and Gwen sat up enough to watch with fascination as she began to slide into her sex. She had never watched Tim insert himself before, and although the penis now disappearing into her opening was bigger and darker than him, it was close enough for her imagination. She welcomed the now-familiar stretch and the sight of the dark testicles snug against her nether lips while the vibrator hummed against her clit. Heels were firmly planted against the edge of the chair's footrest while she pushed against the invader lodged inside her. Gwen thrashed while she ground out her orgasm, teeth gritted to avoid calling out. The waves came and went, slowly diminishing, until she lay there, dimly aware that she should move before someone came in and found her in a terribly compromising position.   
  
Eventually the satisfied woman made her way back across the yard to her office, no longer quite as concerned about what it would take to catch up from her day off.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 18**

A hectic schedule and pangs of remorse allowed the Lady to re-establish a modicum of decency to Gwen's life the week following her adventure. Clothes stayed on and toys remained in the closet as Tim worked late three of the nights, and she was leaving for a Chamber of Commerce meeting the only evening his truck rolled in on time. Even the one lunchtime swim she took featured her bikini.   
  
Still, as she sat in the Chamber's conference room and listened to Gloria Parker discuss the details of the upcoming membership drive, Gwen could not help but look about at the other attendees and wonder what they would think if they knew what she had done just a couple of days earlier. What a scandal that would be!  
  
And what secrets did her fellow Chamber members have, the Slut asked? Had Gloria ever posed for naked pictures? And what about the nice young man across the table from her, Nick Menounos? Had he ever done something others might find shocking? What exactly did she find shocking nowadays? A quick recounting of her mental list, started at her mother's urging so long ago and carefully tended to over the years, showed many attitudes and activities that no longer evoked the same levels of discomfort they had a short time ago. Many of the things she had imagined as decadent or disgusting now had a certain allure to them—for other people, of course, not for her, she quickly reminded herself.  
  
A mental image of the young mechanic across from her, naked and wet as he emerged from the pool like in those cologne ads, drew the Lady's wrath. You. Married. Him. Young enough to be your son. Gwen smiled to herself and did her best to concentrate on Gloria's plan for the booth at the upcoming downtown festival.   
  
The dream returned that night for the first time in a long time. Again she was naked and bound on the now familiar mall center stage, the focal point of the crowd of men and women all about her. This time, her keeper made herself known. Natalie stood to her side, dressed in a slutty mockery of the grooms she had seen tending horses at auctions, tight jeans and a flannel shirt tied shut about her midsection. Unlike those grooms, her sister-in-law held a riding crop to remind her charge of the need for posture, as Miss Ritter had all those years ago. Below her, between the platform and the throng of onlookers, stood Liz, dressed in the same business suit she had been wearing when she left the condo the morning of Gwen's photo shoot. The tall redhead eyed her thoughtfully, hand to chin, examining the naked woman critically. At length, she spoke.  
  
"You say she's already been broken?"  
  
"She was trained when she was younger, but as I'm sure you know, once broken, always broken."  
  
"I do like them obedient..." She began to ascend the stairs. "Alright, I'll take her."  
  
Gwen awoke with a start as Liz reached to pet her cheek. The task of separating reality from dream was not filled with the same dread as her first episodes when she had feared mental illness, but there it still brought concerns that perhaps her more relaxed attitudes might not be healthy. Perhaps a return to decency was overdue, the ever-alert Lady reminded her. Sleep returned without Gwen having to make that commitment.   
  
The dream was still fresh in her mind when Natalie called the next morning. Due to its perverted nature and her sister-in-law's co-starring role, Gwen did not bring it up as they talked for nearly a half-hour before they said their goodbyes, Natalie voicing her excitement over the likelihood the photos would be ready for viewing by the time she returned from vacation.   
  
Tim was surprised to see Gwen putting on her one-piece for their after-work swim Friday evening. Concerns quickly filled his mind as he reviewed their conversation from a few nights previous, wondering if he had somehow frightened or angered her into some sort of attitude regression. Nonetheless, he reluctantly grabbed for his own suit and led the way up the hill.   
  
The pleasant, relaxed attitude she displayed at the pool and during dinner further confused him. She didn't seem upset, just more like she had been before things had started getting...interesting. It was not a topic he dared broach however, and let it lie. Their lovemaking that night was also a throwback to the old days, under the covers, in the dark, methodical and to the point. Oh well, Tim sighed, it was fun while it lasted.   
  
Gwen awoke the next morning at her usual time, a little edgy and frustrated. This return to decency might be making the Lady happier, but it certainly was less fun than what she had been experiencing the last few weeks. Their lovemaking the night before had left her both wanting more and an appropriate finish to what it had started, and she wondered if another session with Tim might be permissible. Instead, she made breakfast.   
  
I need new underwear, she decided as she drove into town for groceries that morning. A stop at the mall would definitely be needed before she did the food shopping. You've got plenty of underwear, the Lady argued, but Gwen disagreed. Much of it was old, almost falling apart. The Slut snickered, knowing that to be far short of the truth.   
  
Gwen found herself standing on top of the mall's center stage twenty minutes later, unable to resist the urge to mix reality with her dreams. She allowed herself to tarry a moment, turning slowly. To the passerbys she looked like a woman searching for a planned rendezvous, but in her fantasy, she was turning for inspection. She finally dismissed the thought with a nervous laugh and a shake of her head, and made her way towards her destination.   
  
Gwen found her way to the lingerie section of Crandall's, to the racks and bins she knew held her time-tested preferences. Old habits lingered as she looked about the bustling department nervously, initially unwilling to make it obvious to the other customers what she was looking for, that she might be shopping for garments that would cover her most private parts.   
  
The Slut managed to strike a spark of daring that soon kindled a low flame, and she began to openly browse the familiar no-nonsense pieces, holding them up to examine them, making it clear they were for her. Her attention gradually shifted from the more conservative items to things more daring, low cut-bras and high-cut panties, colors other than her traditional whites. She spent some time deliberating, going so far as to make eye contact and smile at an older man a few feet away while she held a pair of bikini-cut undies up between them. He smiled back with an embarrassed look and averted his eyes, certain he had been caught.   
  
Gwen eventually settled on several items, each more daring than she had ever bought before, and brazenly piled them in front of the cashier while several shoppers behind her waited their turn. Purchases made, the Lady convinced her that she had been wild enough for the day and urged her to head for the grocery store. Gwen complied, smiling at the thought of the contents in her bag, and made for the exit. A display rack just before she reached the mall corridor stopped her. A selection of tennis skirts, shorter than she had ever even considered wearing before, had attracted the attention of the Slut. Try one on, just for fun, she goaded. The Lady did her best to spur her on to the relative safety of the mall, but Gwen just stood and gently lifted the hem of one away from its sisters. She chewed her bottom lip for some time before taking it off the rack. Well, it wouldn't hurt to try it on...she was soon back at the dressing rooms, the memories of her earlier trips vivid. She was surprised by her disappointment in finding the cubicles nearest the waiting area occupied, and briefly considered waiting for one to open before coming to her senses and making her way to a spot near the back of the corridor. Gwen left the curtain open a bit, knowing it unlikely that anyone would see her back here, but not giving up on the possibility.   
  
I could just try it on over my pants, she thought, but quickly dismissed that. No, she decided, she should see just how much leg it would leave bare. Her jeans were quickly discarded but her panties were left in place in a bow to sensibility and modesty, and the skirt was wrapped about her waist. She quickly discovered it ended midway up her thigh, much shorter than anything she had ever worn in public. It wasn't filmy or split, but it showed a lot of leg...middle-aged women shouldn't be seen in such things, the Lady huffed. Most men would disagree, The Slut chuckled.   
  
Gwen modeled for herself in the mirror for some time, turning this way and that. Decision made, she returned to her jeans, paid for the skirt, and confidently marched out of the store and back to her truck.   
  
The packages were placed on the seat beside her as she turned the key to bring the vehicle and its air conditioning to life. Sweat trickled down her chest and into her bra as she sat in the stifling heat, thinking about what she had just done. Gwen found she had no desire to let the excitement of her buying spree go so soon, and continued to glance at the bags as the blowing air turned from hot to tepid. Where would she wear a skirt like that, she mused. Grocery shopping, the Slut replied. Gwen dismissed the idea—she wasn't about to go home to get changed into THAT, and then out again. Maybe she didn't need to go home...an idea began to form as she looked about the parking lot, noting that her truck stood at or above the other vehicles about her. Nervously she pulled out the skirt, examining it for any defects before carefully removing the tags. From the bag of underwear she pulled a pair of cream-colored French cut bikini panties, laying them on the seat before covering them with the bag lest anyone look in and see them lying there. Gwen looked about, checking her mirrors for the approach of an unwary mall patron or worse, before she kicked off her sandals and slouched in the seat to undo the button of her pants. The zipper was pushed down while she did another scan. With a deep breath, her hips came up off the seat just enough to allow her to push the jeans down to her knees before she again slumped into the upholstery and slid them down to her ankles where they were hurriedly kicked off. Gwen knew speed was now of the essence, and her underwear followed her jeans to the floor mat while her heart pounded with the thought that mall security—or the police—would be knocking on her window any second. She couldn't deny the illicit thrill of being naked from the waist down in the middle of a busy mall parking lot, but quickly did her best to thread the pink panties over her ankles and pull them up while keeping her hips below window level. She still did not want to have to explain why she was in her truck in nothing but her underwear and grabbed for the skirt.   
  
Gwen found the successful arrangement of this piece a bit more difficult as she attempted to get it about her and tuck in her blouse while constantly checking her surroundings, but she eventually completed the task. The chill of the air conditioning struck her bare thighs as she worked her sandals back onto her feet, the act of bending over pulling the skirt dangerously far up her legs and giving her second thoughts about wearing this to the store.   
  
Gwen almost lost her nerve and fully intended to drive by the shopping center before diving into the left-turn lane at the last moment. She faced her first problem after bringing the truck to a halt in the parking lot. How to get down out of the big vehicle without giving everyone a show? She was thankful for the car parked next to her, the sedan offering some protection as she opened her door and swung both legs out before gingerly stepping down onto the running board, then the pavement. Senses on high alert, she checked and rechecked her skirt and blouse from the relative safety between the two vehicles before making her way into the store. A gentle breeze blowing up and tickling her partially covered cheeks reminded her just how short this thing was, and again she almost lost her will before grabbing a cart and pushing on. To her relief, nobody seemed to stare or shake their heads in disgust, although Gwen did catch a couple of men giving her admiring glances when they thought she was not looking.   
  
The shopping list was too extensive for Gwen to act on her impulse to grab a few things and go. She moved carefully, delicately crouching to take items from lower shelves, conscious of cool air against the bottom of her thighs as the skirt rode up her legs. She was sure any glimpse of her flesh-colored underwear would leave the voyeur believing she wore nothing at all. The scenario had a certain perverse thrill to it...She managed to make it to the paper goods aisle, noting she was alone there. Gwen bent at the waist to reach for a roll of paper towels, certain her panty-covered bum would have been visible to everyone else in the aisle had they needed cleaning products at that moment.   
  
The bored teenaged cashier seemed unaffected by her attire, the bagger a little more so, as Gwen checked out. She managed to load the truck with her purchases without any further exposure and climbed back into the cab with as much as care as she had shown getting out. The drive home was without incident, and soon the vehicle was crunching to a stop in the Nelson's gravel driveway. Tim saw her arrival, and wandered over from his workshop to help with the groceries he knew she had gone out to get.   
  
"You were gone a wh—" he stopped as mid-sentence as a pair of bare legs swung out from the open door. A wild thought that she was bottomless struck him before skirt-covered thigh finally appeared, followed by the rest of his wife.   
  
"Sorry, I stopped at the mall for a few things," she replied as sandaled feet found the gravel  
  
"Was that one of the things?"  
  
Gwen followed her husband's stare to her midsection. Umm, yes, yes it was. Is it too short?"  
  
On a lot of middle-aged women, yes, he thought, but not you. "No, no, looks great. I like the color." His attention was still on the skirt.  
  
"I've got groceries in the back. If you bring them in, I'll put them away?"  
  
Tim looked up. "Uh, yeah, sure..." He quickly decided not to ask any more questions and just enjoy the view. Chores filled the afternoon, and he was pleased to see that while Gwen wore her bikini up to the pool for an afternoon swim, it was discarded before it even got wet. Beer and wine on the pool deck was shared without a stitch of clothing on husband or wife.   
  
Gwen carried the suit with her as she and Tim made their way iback down to the house in the gathering darkness. A robe was all she wore as more chores were completed before bed, her husband not even bothering to make that concession to the state he had left the pool in. She giggled as he clumped out to the barn in his workboots and nothing else to make one last check. What he would do if someone were to pull into the yard right then? Would he scream and run for the house? Hide in the barn? Smile and greet and the visitor as though it were the most natural thing in the world to be completely naked outside? What would she do in those same situations? Her smile disappeared as she realized the scenario was becoming more arousing than embarrassing.   
  
The semi-erection her husband sported as they made their way to the bedroom made Gwen neglect to put on either nightgown or t-shirt after she removed her robe. Tim lay there patiently, encouraged that his wife had come to bed nude, but waiting for her to extinguish the light before he made his opening move. He was somewhat perplexed when she lay back with eyes closed and lamp still lit.   
  
Tentatively he reached for her, unsure of what Gwen could be waiting for. She had never turned him away before, and she had certainly been more receptive lately than she ever had been, but the last week had been more like the old days, and the weekend's lack of attire only added to his confusion.   
  
Their lips met as his hand snaked under the covers to find her bare hip while her arms wrapped around his neck to draw him closer. They took their time, hands and fingers moving over each other's bodies while avoiding the most obvious pleasure points, lips locked while tongues furtively danced together. Tim's kisses slowly began to make their way down her neck and into the valley of her breasts, occasionally climbing up their slopes, then falling back before they reached the stiffening peaks.   
  
Gwen's hands made their way ever closer to her husband's penis before withdrawing again to begin the trek back. The pleasure she was getting from his attention to her breasts did not distract her from the fact that his hips and lower body were doing their best to bring his staff into contact with her teasing fingers. The Lady chided her for teasing him, but the Slut wanted to find out if her teasing might cause him to dispense with the niceties of husband and wife lovemaking and take her roughly.   
  
She smiled as his lips found a turgid nipple while a hand forced itself between her legs and his penis ground against her thigh. Fingers and mouth worked with a growing sense of urgency, sometimes lightly caressing her clitoris, sometimes roughly filling her opening with a thick callused digit while his tongue danced about her areolae. She clung to his muscular body and felt the thickness between his legs slide wetly across her thigh as her orgasm built steam.  
  
She was lifted, finding herself astride him in one fluid motion, looking down in surprise at him as his length made its presence known at her sex. Tim's hands gently but firmly pushed her hips down, his staff parting her lips and filling her. Her clitoris pressed firmly against her husband's pubic bone, Gwen instinctively fell forward and buried her face in his neck while Tim began to thrust. She clung to his neck for dear life as her climax exploded, dimly aware the body beneath her had thankfully stopped moving, saving her from sensory overload. Her own hips began to undulate slightly as the waves lessened, trying to wring little jolts out of every nerve ending in her sex. Spent, she slumped on her husband.  
  
Tim allowed her a moment to recover before rough hands pushed her up the shoulders and put her in a sitting position astride him. His hips began to thrust again, more urgently, more violently, while the hands moved to her tits and began to squeeze. Gwen, still weak from her orgasm, fell forward onto outstretched arms on either side of her husband, not wanting to stop his pounding or the mauling of her breasts. She looked down at her husband through half-open eyes and saw his were squeezed tightly shut, jaw clenched as he worked up to his own climax. Skin slapped against skin as he seemed to increase his efforts. Hands suddenly flew from breasts to hip bone, pushing her down against his midsection while he gave one last violent thrust up into her. Tim grunted and did his best to loosen his grip on her shoulders while he filled his wife with his cum.  
  
She waited until the body between her legs relaxed before falling forward again to bury her face next to her husband's stubbled chin. They lay there for some time, Tim lightly scratching her back while Gwen nearly dozed off. She felt the penis inside her finally soften enough to make its retreat from her sex, and with an effort, she rose to make her way to the bathroom and clean up.   
  
A healthy dollop of Tim's seed fell from her as she lifted a knee from where she straddled his waist, landing with a delicate splat in the nest of hair just above his flaccid length. She quickly looked at him, embarrassment in her eyes. "Stay there, let me go get something to clean you up with," Gwen commanded as she hurried across the bedroom, hand cupped between her legs to prevent any further accidents.

She returned a short time later with a warm washcloth to find that Tim had obeyed her instruction and was even now lying back, arms folded behind his head, smile on his face, the picture of contentment. She suppressed a giggle at the thought that he looked the same way when he had eaten a good meal. The still-nude woman kneeled on the edge of the bed and began to gently daub away the rapidly liquefying glob of pearl-white. She had planned to quickly wipe down the tool that had just helped give her so much pleasure, but another impulse came to mind. Almost without thinking, she bobbed her head and took the soft, spongy member between her lips, gently suckling their mixed juices from it. Both essences, male and female, were easily identifiable to her, one still new and a little strange, the other stirring old memories. Gwen knew how incredibly deviant the act was, and that she didn't care—she just hoped her husband would see it as proof of how much she loved him.   
  
"Uhh, honey, that feels really, really good, but it might be a little bit before I can go again, if you know what I mean," he said apologetically. "But if you'd like, I can get you ready."   
  
Gwen released his member and looked back at him. "No, that's alright. Just call that a goodnight kiss and maybe we can continue in the morning." They fell asleep in each other's arms.  
  
Despite their best intentions, the next morning was too busy to follow through on her suggestion. Gwen was in the barn when she heard the expected sound of Alison's car coming up the driveway. Her daughter's busy schedule had kept her from making it up to the house the past few weeks; she had promised that she and Jason would be there for a dinner today. A ride up the ridge was a given.   
  
"No Jason?" Gwen asked as she exited the stable and looked beyond Ali towards the car.  
  
"Golfing with his boss and a couple of other guys from work. He promised he'd be here in time for dinner."  
  
"There's no hurry—it's just us four, and we're just going to put things on the grill."  
  
The pair made their way up the trail after father had said hello to daughter, Gwen on Dart and Alison on Dancer. Talk revolved around Alison and Jason's busy work schedules, Gwen finding no need to prompt her daughter for details as they chattered. The conversation finally lulled as they reached a fork in the path—Gwen taking a left to go up and over the other side of the hill rather than a right to the family's picnic table—and they rode on in silence for a short distance.   
  
"Alison, when you, uhh, found those things in my closet, did you show them to Jason?"   
  
Ali turned to look at her mother, eyes wide. Should she lie? Would she know? Maybe she hadn't completely cleaned up the evidence after all...her upbringing forced out the truth. "I didn't show them to him, he was just kinda there when I found them..."   
  
Her mother's face twisted into a look of horror. "Oh my God, he must think I'm horribly nasty..."   
  
"No Mom, he doesn't think that at all! He was fine with it—I mean, it's not the first time he's seen stuff like that...I've got some too, remember?"   
  
"But his own mother-in-law, with those things...I'm so sorry, honey, you must have been so embarrassed."  
  
"Mom, stop! Both he and I think it's cool you, uhh, have things like that. You said you wanted to talk about stuff like this, so here goes. Mom, really, we think it's great. I mean, he looks at you as an older version of me. If you're still—active—then, when I get to your age, maybe I'll look as good as you do and will still be...active...too. Like I said, he knows what those things in your boot are for—he knows I use mine. Sometimes, we use them when we're together."   
  
Gwen blushed and looked down at the Dart's mane at the mention of her daughter's sex life. Thoughts of her daughter, vibrator in hand while her handsome son-in-law looked on, popped up before being angrily dismissed by the Lady. "Still..."  
  
"Still nothing," Ali curtly replied in a voice that reminded Gwen of how she would end arguments with her children.   
  
"And since you got to ask me an embarrassing question," he daughter continued while drawing a deep breath, "I get to ask you one."   
  
Embarrassing for you? Gwen thought. Imagine how I feel! She said nothing and waited.   
  
"Are you and Daddy, umm, OK in the bedroom?"   
  
The older woman's eyes snapped to her daughter's face to find her resolutely staring forward, blushing furiously. "Everything is just fine there," she replied edgily. "We had you and your sister, didn't we?"   
  
"Twenty-three and nineteen years ago, respectively," Ali drily reminded her. "Jason gets a little cranky if we don't...you know...at least twice a week."   
  
The image of her daughter and son-in-law made another appearance before again being banished. "Everything is just fine," Gwen repeated in a calmer voice. "Why would you even ask that?"   
  
Alison hesitated before answering. "Well, when I was in school, a lot of my friends said that if you don't give guys...that, they'll find it somewhere, and even though Aunt Natalie did a pretty good job of convincing me it was only true for some guys, and those were the ones that were always looking for more no matter how much you gave 'em, I just always kinda assumed that you and Daddy weren't doing it much, and I always worried that he might try and find it somewhere else. I mean, he's my father, but he's still a guy...  
  
But when I found your vibrators, I thought that maybe Daddy was the one who didn't want to, you know, and you were just taking care of yourself."   
  
Your Aunt Natalie gave them to me, remember?" Gwen reminded her. "And you have some, too. You just said you and Jason were, uhh, active."   
  
"We are! But I've had mine ever since I was teenager, before I knew Jason, and he travels a lot, so they help when he's gone...besides, like I said, it turns him on to watch me using mine. Oh God, I can't believe I told my own mother that!"   
  
"Seems like we're both telling each other things we would never imagine hearing." And if I told you what I had in my mouth last night, she thought, you'd probably gallop off screaming. "But to answer your question again, yes, everything is fine, I'm fine, your father is fine, and we're both fine in that department. Alright?"   
  
The calming smile on her mother's face did its work. Alison smiled back, and the discussion eventually returned to more mundane topics.   
  
Both women were more than ready for a swim after their ride and made their way to their respective bedrooms to change. Alison pulled on the tried and true bikini she had left at the house for these occasions, smiling as she remembered her mother's faint hints of disapproval at her selection every time she had worn it in the past. She was therefore surprised to step into the kitchen to find her mother dressed in a two-piece even more revealing than her own.   
  
"Wow Mom, lookin' good!"   
  
Gwen blushed and resisted the urge to reach for something to cover up. "Thank you. I'm hoping Jason won't be over until I've changed into something more appropriate."  
  
"I think Jason's gonna be disappointed if he gets here after you change." Gwen shot her daughter a stare, but Alison just laughed and made her way up to the pool.   
  
Mother and daughter were soon joined by Tim, and the three cooled off for some time before Gwen made her way back down to the house to begin dinner preparations. Alison and her father joined her soon after.   
  
Jason's mother-in-law was dressed in more conservative jeans and a blouse when he arrived an hour later. The young man had obviously been sweating heavily even thought the drive had given the air conditioning time to dry his shorts and shirt, and after a quick kiss from his wife, was sent to shower.   
  
"Use our bathroom, dear," Gwen called from over her shoulder as she worked at the stove. "I just cleaned it this morning. I left some towels out for you." Jason made his way down the hall and closed the door behind him before beginning to strip. He briefly considered a plan to get Ali in there with him for a little fun, but discarded the idea as too risky and too obvious. When they got home though, he promised himself, he would be making up for time lost he while he was on the road the upcoming week.   
  
His sweat-stained clothes in a pile next to his duffle bag, Jason looked back one more time to find the towel he knew he would eventually need before he stepped into the shower. He found the towel, and something else as well. Hanging on the door were three small triangles of fabric, strings dangling from their corners. Underwear? Jason took a closer look. A bikini, and not one he had ever seen Ali in. Gwen Nelson owned a bikini? Not possible! Ever since he had started dating Alison Nelson, her mother-in-law had worn a very modest one-piece suit when swimming and a robe over that when not, things that seemed more at home on his grandmother than his stealthily hot mother-in-law. A quick examination of the damp top hanging on the middle hook confirmed it was indeed a bikini. On the hook to the right hung the bottom. He looked about nervously before removing it from the hanger. This couldn't be hers, this had to be Alison's. His imagination said otherwise, and the idea that this piece of fabric may have been the only thing between his mother-in-law's pussy and the admiring world, the same pussy that had probably swallowed that huge dildo in her closet...his cock began to swell at the thought. He found the crotch of the garment and brought it to his nose, hoping for the bouquet of her flower, disappointed to find only chlorine. With a smile, he slid the bottoms across his stiff cock twice, then rehung them on the hook along with the top. He splattered the shower wall with his ejaculation a short time later, his post-orgasmic clearness of mind convincing him the bikini had to be his wife's.   
  
The steaks were already on the grill when he emerged from the bathroom. He and Alison spent a couple of hours sitting with her parents in the shade of the deck off the kitchen before finally deciding to get home and prepare for the business trip he would be beginning the next day.   
  
Alison had already started her car when Jason rushed back to her open window. "Hey, are you forgetting your bathing suit?"   
  
"No, I always leave it here."  
  
"Oh. I saw a black bikini hanging in your parents bathroom and thought it might be a new one you bought that you wanted to take with you."  
  
"I hung my suit in the bathroom across from my bedroom after I changed. The red one I keep here. The one in my parents' bathroom is probably my Mom's."   
  
"Oh, Uhh, never mind, then. See you when we get home." Jason walked back to his SUV, his mind whirling. It was his mother-in-law's! Again he began to stiffen at the thought of his mother-in-law both in the bikini and out of it, the urge not subsiding until he had thoroughly fucked her daughter.   
  
Tim and Gwen finished the cleanup and went about their normal evening routine, horses bedded down for the night before a couple of hours of TV. She was the first to head for the bedroom, Tim waiting for one more look at the weather before joining her.   
  
She quickly glanced out from where she stood at the bathroom mirror, past the partially open door, into the bedroom where she could hear her husband moving about. Something was out of place, not right. It took her a moment to realize it was her bathing suit. Both top and bottom occupied a single hook; she always hung them separately after a swim to allow them to dry more completely. How had they gotten on the same hook? Perhaps the bottoms had fallen, and Tim had picked them up. Or maybe Jason had...she had only remembered where her bikini hung after she had offered him their shower that afternoon. It was too late then to move it, and Gwen hoped he wouldn't notice it. Perhaps he had. Gwen was both embarrassed and aroused at the idea he might have held the garment which had so recently been covering her private parts. A long streak of dried something on the fabric reflected dully as she turned it over. Gwen clucked disapprovingly at her carelessness. How could she have spilled something on them? The bottoms were rinsed to remove whatever was there and rehung before she joined her husband in the bedroom. What she had started by cleaning him the night before she intended to finish.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 19**

A week of vacation for Walt meant an especially busy week for the other employees of Nelson Plumbing. Tim, Cliff, and the apprentices did their best to handle the increased workload, both trucks returning each day with the setting sun or beyond.  
  
Gwen pitched in where she could, doing her best to keep things going both in the business and in the home, delivering needed supplies to jobsites for the overworked crews while making sure her husband had something warm to eat and nothing more to do when he pulled into the yard each evening.   
  
The early mornings and late nights all but ruled out any physical intimacy as Tim would stumble in, eat, shower, and fall asleep, only to begin the cycle again early the next morning. Gwen resisted the urge to bring her toys out from the closet, feeling that tending to her own pleasure when her husband was working so hard was a kind of betrayal.   
  
The time alone gave her plenty of time to think, in particular about Alison's questioning of her parents' love life. Her daughter's belief "that if you don't give guys...that, they'll find it somewhere," awoke old assumptions and suspicions. Gwen's mother had instilled her own version of that message as she was growing up, that men who would not demand the sins of the flesh were the ones worth marrying. In truth, Irene Curran had hinted more than once that all men were susceptible to the availability of easy women, and that all that could be expected of a husband was to be discrete in his affairs. In fact, provided it didn't become an embarrassment in social circles or produce unwanted challengers to the family fortunes, the infidelity might even be a blessing in disguise to a married woman as she would no longer have to perform those ghastly duties for anything other than producing legitimate heirs. Still, her mother took delight when the husbands of her circle of friends were caught in compromising positions. There was a special level of righteous superiority reserved for the few wives who fell into the same trap.   
  
Gwen would not be surprised if her own father was that type of husband, and that her mother tolerated, if not approved, of the arrangement. He was a good father, perhaps a bit distant and formal, but he was a man, and she had never seen her parents share anything more than a polite kiss. However, he never seemed to be without an attractive, young, sometimes single, sometimes not, secretary, even having her travel to conferences with him on occasion "so they could get some work done", just as most of the other partners in the firm did...Adam was the only partner who had an assistant older than the man she worked for.   
  
Tim's not like that, the Lady would always argue defiantly. Tim has never given you any reason to believe he might be doing that on the side, even if your sex life has not been...perverted. There's no need to stoop to being a slut to keep a man who has been true to you. But if he's not getting what he wants, the Slut would counter, how long before he does wander?   
  
What more could he possibly want? She had loosened up quite a bit these past couple of months, was more free with what she allowed him to see, their lovemaking had been more frequent ...she was even using her mouth on him, for heaven's sake! The knowledge that she had done these things for her own deviant needs, and not necessarily his, haunted her. Even her boudoir shoot, done as a gift for her husband, had devolved into her flaunting her naked body for a strange man.   
  
You could ask what he wants, the Slut suggested. The Lady harrumphed at the suggested invasion of privacy and the idea she might find out more than she wanted to know, but evenings spent waiting for Tim to come home wore her down, her refusal to combat the stress with sexual relief only making matters seem more urgent. The dreams returned several nights, awaking her each time just before Liz's hand caressed her face. It became not an issue of whether to ask, but how.  
  
The work week ended mercifully with Tim making it home at a decent hour on Friday, early enough for a regular meal and a swim before bedtime. Gwen looked forward to spending the weekend with her husband, content to let him sleep tonight and satisfy her urges in the morning. Cliff had the emergency call duty for the entire weekend, and there was nothing to interrupt the couple's alone time. She hoped she would be able to find the right moment to ask him what he really wanted from their love live and quell her fears.  
  
"Oh, hey, meant to tell you," Tim sleepily called over his shoulder as they lay in bed that night. "Me and Ed are taking his boat and going fishing tomorrow. I know I'm behind on stuff around here, but I really need to get out on the water for a bit after the week we had. You don't mind, do you?"  
  
Gwen did her best to hide her disappointment. "No, no, of course. You should get out for a while—it'll do you good. There's nothing around here that can't wait." A vision of he and Ed, out on the boat with a pair of buxom young women aboard, her husband using a different kind of pole to fish with, began to form.  
  
"Thanks honey, I appreciate it. I really just need a little time on the lake. I'll get stuff done when I come back, I promise." Tim rolled back enough to find her lips. "Love you. Sleep tight."   
  
"You too." Gwen lay there, staring at the ceiling long after the steady breathing coming from the pillow next to her told her he was asleep. They hadn't made love since last weekend. Was fishing more important than that? Or did he plan on rising early enough to do both? Was sex just not important to him anymore? Or was it just sex with her?" She knew she was being irrational, such a rare occurrence for her, and the lack of experience with it made it difficult to stop. The thoughts chased each other around her head until she fell into a fitful sleep.   
  
The dream returned that night. It was the same familiar setting, only she was surprised to find Tim standing there as her keeper, dressed in the standard-issue Nelson Plumbing workshirt and pants, the riding crop in his hands seeming so absurd—he didn't ride!—while Liz climbed the low set of stairs. She reached to caress her face, finally making contact.  
  
"Here you go," Tim said as if loaning out a tool, "maybe you can teach her a few new tricks. Just don't break anything, alright?"   
  
"No permanent damage," Liz agreed with a confident smile, examining the chained woman who was doing her best to avoid eye contact. The hand left Gwen's face and reached between her spread legs...  
  
She awoke with a start. "What the hell?" she thought groggily, finding the situation serious enough to swear to herself. She was certainly not her husband's property to give away, and most certainly not to another woman! Anger and arousal swirled.   
  
The effects of the dream only worsened a few moments later when Tim awoke at first light and hurriedly dressed. Wearing nothing more than a t-shirt, Gwen offered to make him coffee for the road, but he declined the beverage while missing the more obvious invitation. Tim risked a quick squeeze of her bare bottom as he kissed her goodbye, and she stood on the deck, oblivious to the cool dawn air on her bare lower half, while he loaded his truck with poles and a tackle box. With a wave, he was down the driveway and gone.   
  
Gwen returned to the kitchen and started some coffee while she tried to make sense of the situation. She had practically thrown herself at him; he had refused. Maybe he didn't find sex as important as she had assumed? Or was she boring and he was saving his energy for better things somewhere else that morning? She cursed Alison for putting the idea in her head, then quickly cursed herself. No, it's not her fault. It's always been there. You just chose to ignore it.   
  
She sat in the kitchen for some time drinking coffee, thinking, not caring who might walk in on her in her state of undress. Practical ideas—barn chores, laundry, a ride, fought with more irrational thoughts. She should go down to the landing and see if Tim's truck was there. That would just prove he's on Ed's boat, she knew. No telling who else was out there with them. And how would she explain it to him if she was sitting there, waiting for him, when they came back? Hi honey, just wanted to make sure you didn't find someone younger and prettier and willing to satisfy your every need. What would you like for dinner? Her irrationality seemed to mock her inability to control it.   
  
A masturbatory session was considered; if he didn't want to take care of her, then she would take care of herself; but the notion that his lack of action somehow required revenge did not sit well with her. In the end, she passed the time by tending to the barn while the horses nickered nervously at the obvious smell of stress coming from the human in their midst. A ride up the ridge followed, and laundry followed that, her time spent thinking only strengthening her resolve to be everything Tim might desire in the bedroom and win him back from the naked women on the boat. What exactly 'everything' might be, and whether it would be enough, worried her.  
  
Gwen did her best to put on her calm and composed face when she heard Tim's truck coming up the driveway well after lunch. His scowl and stiff-legged walk as he climbed the deck stairs told her he had not had the relaxing morning he had hoped for. A strong smell of gasoline swept over her instead the hoped-for smells of a day spent around bait and fish.  
  
"So, we get halfway across the lake when the outboard quits. We spent two hours trying to fix it—Goddamn Ed doesn't keep a real toolbox on board—and when we finally get it going, it's painfully slow. We had canoes passing us, for Christ's sake. And I couldn't even troll while we were on the way back, because I had to keep the fuel line from falling off while Goddamn Ed drove. Then we get back and I had to help take the Goddamn outboard off of Goddamn Ed's boat and put it in the back of his truck so he can get it looked at. Sure as hell I'm gonna be busy when he needs to put it back on." Tim paused, out of breath and out of story. "Hi. How was your morning?"  
  
Gwen smiled, amused at the outburst she knew to be her husband at his angriest, and horrified that she could ever have suspected him of cheating.   
  
"I'd kiss you, but I'm pretty flammable at the moment," he called out on his way to the bedroom before she could answer. "I should have just stripped on the deck in case my shirt catches fire."   
  
"Are you hungry?" She called out as she followed him down the hall, collecting his shirt while he stood and attempted to remove his boots.   
  
"Very. But I want to get the smell of unmaintained outboard off of me before I eat." Tim managed to extricate himself from jeans, underwear and socks without touching furniture or bedding before making his way to the bathroom, Gwen watching his muscular rear with appreciation, She collected his clothes, doing her best to keep them at arm's length on her way to the washing machine, then made her way to the kitchen to prepare him something nice. With a smile, she reached into the refrigerator and pulled out a beer, carrying it back to him.  
  
She could see his foggy outline behind the shower glass, scrubbing as the various nozzles sprayed him down from all angles. "I brought you a beer. I thought you might like one."  
  
The form behind the glass stopped. "You have no idea how much I love you. Thanks—just leave it on the counter and I'll grab it when I get out."  
  
Gwen smiled and opened the door. "That's alright. I can bring it to you." Stray droplets of splashing water began to collect on her shirt and jeans.   
  
Tim turned to her, eyes wide with surprise, and tentatively reached out for the can. "Uhh, thanks."  
  
"Want me to wash your back for you?"   
  
"Uhh, yeah, sure, that would be great, but your clothes are getting all wet."  
  
"That's true. Hold on a second." She stepped back and closed the door while he was left standing there, shocked look on his face and open beer in his hand. Gwen opened the door again a moment later, clothes no longer an issue. "Hand me that sponge and the soap." Tim sorted out the logistics, finally deciding to hand the items over one at a time while he held the can out of the shower's spray. The couple looked at each other for a moment, Tim confused, Gwen expectant.   
  
"You have to turn around if I'm going to wash your back."  
  
"Oh, yeah, of course."   
  
Tim turned and faced the shower controls, very unsure what to do, finally deciding on sipping his beer while standing in place. This had never, never been something Gwen had ever offered before; this kind of episode with his girlfriends before her had always quickly devolved into frantic humping against the shower walls before much of anything had been washed.   
  
It was with practiced hands that Gwen began to work soap and sponge into her husband's shoulders. This was part of the service Miss Ritter had expected from her after a day's ride and before an evening's tutelage, and the tall Nordic woman had been meticulous in teaching her how to perform it. It was a slow, languid process, decadent and erotic, gradually working down his back in soapy, sweeping circles. Tim was in heaven, the warm water and the scratch of the sponge making every nerve tingle. His buttocks received the same treatment, and Gwen was faced with her first choice. Miss Ritter had always insisted on a complete cleansing of the crevice between the two cheeks, culminating with a soapy finger vigorously rubbing the anus clean before being inserted up to the second knuckle. The finger was inserted and withdrawn five times—never four, never six—before moving on to the thighs and calves. Gwen had been shocked the first time it had been done to her—that part of her body was not meant to have things put in it!—but she found the sensation of her rosebud being touched not unpleasant, and the insertion of Miss Ritter's finger was at least not terrible. Reciprocating for Miss Ritter had taken all of her will the first time she had washed the lean blonde down there. It also prepared her for later events...   
  
But this was her husband. Would he be upset if she touched him there? She contented herself with 2 quick swipes of her finger down his crevice, relieved that it had brought no adverse reaction, before kneeling on the wet tiles to move down his body. Tim instructively moved his legs apart ever so slightly as she began to scrub from the outside in around his upper thigh. Gwen found herself marveling at the novel view of her husband's testicles dangling heavily on the other end of the open space between his legs, using her hand to soap the skin behind them, fingers making gentle contact with wrinkled skin beyond. Reluctantly, she continued down, knees, calves and ankles all given the same attention his back had been afforded.   
  
Gwen stood. "Would you like your front done, too?"  
  
"That would be great!" There was no confusion this time, and Tim turned to face his wife. Gwen was pleased to see his penis was showing its appreciation as well.   
  
She smiled and lathered the sponge, working it into and around his neck while Tim closed his eyes in obvious pleasure. Slowly she worked her way down, not spending as much time on her husband's chest as she had on Miss Ritter's as he had less that needed washing than her boss had. His stomach was thoroughly scrubbed, and she again kneeled, his semi-erect manhood now at face level. Gwen thought to ignore it for now, to work elsewhere and save it for last so it would not appear as though she were teasing, but Miss Ritter had demanded consistency and efficiency in her shower routine just as with everything else, so his manhood had to be next. She put down the sponge and thoroughly lathered up before gently taking his length in hand and soaping. Gwen watched with fascination at how fast it grew to full length, straining towards her, seeming to quickly fill one hand while his sac was gently soaped with her other.   
  
Now would be the time to move to the bedroom and offer him relief, she thought, to do otherwise would be most unfair. But Miss Ritter had not stopped there, even after her employee's clitoris had been cleansed to the brink of orgasm, and neither could Gwen. Reluctantly, she continued on down his muscled thighs and calves, scrubbing the tops of his feet before standing.   
  
"I'm going to go get your lunch ready," Gwen said as she took the empty beer can from the confused naked man in front of her. "Relax and take your time." She had barely closed the door behind her and reached for a towel when the water was shut off behind her. Gwen had to step forward to let her husband out.   
  
"I was kinda thinkin' we could do something else before lunch?" Tim said as he reached for his own towel. Based on the erection he was waving about, Gwen had a pretty good idea what that was.  
  
"I'm sorry if I teased you in there. It's just that I always-should I meet you in the bedroom?"  
  
A puzzled look crossed her husband's face, but passed. "Well, we don't NEED to go that far, but, yeah, that's fine."   
  
Gwen was out of the bathroom first, flipping back the covers and lying back on the bed with ankles crossed and hands folded. Tim was not far behind, his still damp skin evidence he had things on his mind other than drying off. He quickly made his way to the bed and lay down beside her. She waited for him to roll to his side and perhaps kiss or even mount her, but he lay there a moment, as if thinking.   
  
"Gwen I know this is kinda selfish, but I was uhh, wondering, well, you were doing such a good job in the shower, would you, uhh, mind finishing up that way?"   
  
He sounds as nervous as he did when he proposed, Gwen thought, and stifled a giggle. "Of course," she said, rolling to her side. "If there's anything you want, just ask. Anything." The nude woman looked at her husband with as much meaning in her eyes as she possibly convey before propping herself on one elbow and looking down to reach for his only slightly-diminished erection. Gwen gently stroked his member back to full bloom, spreading the slippery liquid beginning to bubble up from the tip down the head and shaft, occasionally petting and fondling his testicles. Gradually she tightened her grip on his length as his hips began to twitch while a hand lightly scratched her back in time to her strokes. Her mind wandered a bit as she played, imagining the cock sliding through her fingers—she smiled in surprise at her choice of that word—doing the same inside her, pushing deep then withdrawing. She resisted the urge to put her lips around the soft pink head and coax it into shooting onto her tongue, deciding that if her hand was what her husband had asked for, her hand is what would give him his pleasure.   
  
His thrusting became more urgent and Gwen dispensed with gentleness, gripping hard and forcing her fist down his shaft , turning the velvety head an angry red, skin sliding against the hardness beneath in time to her efforts. She hoped she was doing it right; this was one of those things she had never gotten much practice at.   
  
A sharp intake of breath and the first jet of pearly white liquid shooting from his tip told her she had least been satisfactory. She watched it arc across the rigid muscles of his stomach to land just below where her head hovered over his chest. The following shots chased the first up his body, never quite reaching the landing spot of the one before it, before finally he was reduced to weak pulses that slid from his opening to drop wetly below. Gwen looked back at her husband when she thought he was finished, unwilling to let go until she was sure.   
  
Tim smiled back contentedly back at her. "Thank you—I needed that! Let me go get cleaned up and I'll return the favor."

Gwen put a hand on his chest and stopped him. "I can do it." She returned with the wet washcloth, using it to clean his chest and stomach before taking his softening erection in her mouth to finish the job, only releasing him when he began to stir.  
  
"Your turn—" he announced, reaching for her. She quickly stood.   
  
"No, I want you to have lunch first. You must be starving."  
  
"I am. But I don't think a snack will ruin my appetite," he said with a wolfish grin.   
  
"No, eat lunch first. You can take care of me later." Gwen rose and returned the cloth to the bathroom, walking through the bedroom a moment later dressed in one of her t-shirts and a pair of Tim's loose gym shorts. The idea of wearing nothing had tempted her, but one could never tell when someone might arrive unannounced. The little cover she wore would at least give her a chance to retreat and dress more appropriately for company.   
  
Tim dressed and joined her in the kitchen, a little confused and worried about her refusal of his offer. Had he offended her or made her uncomfortable with his request? Had she just assumed a naked backwash was just that and nothing more? Nothing in her demeanor as she put food on the table gave any hint.   
  
A bottle of wine was produced and Tim's fears began to grow. Wine before dinner was not in Gwen's repertoire; Tim could have all the beer he wanted (although he never did), she would have one glass after her meal, preferably up by the pool.   
  
Her behavior as they are gave him more reason for concern. She didn't seem angry, just ill-at-ease with their conversation. He was finishing the last of his sandwich when she spoke.   
  
"Tim, what I said in there, if there's anything you want, just tell me."  
  
The confused man took his time chewing the last bite, trying to make sense of the statement. A joke about a new bass boat came to mind, but he decided now was not the time for that. "Gwen, at the very real risk of sounding dense, what are you talking about?"  
  
She blushed and took a gulp of wine. "You know...anything you want...stuff in there...in the bedroom." The last words came out in a low voice so others wouldn't hear.   
  
"Oh. Oh. Well, I'm pretty happy in there, especially lately...what more would I want?"  
  
Gwen couldn't tell if he was teasing. "Well, you're a guy, and I get that we've been kind of, you know, straightforward in the bedroom, and guys are supposed to like variety, and, well, I just want you to be happy."   
  
Tim reached across the table and took her hands in his. "Hey. Variety's nice, but you're way more important than any of that. I've got you, that's enough. If you're content with our love life, then so am I."   
  
She smiled back at him. "That's sweet, but I really want you to be happy, and maybe...maybe I'm ready for some variety, too."  
  
He smiled. "So was washing my back part of the variety?" Gwen smiled again and looked down at the table. "Do you have anything else you've got in mind?"  
  
"I want to know what you find interesting. Like, what do you think about when you masturbate?" Gwen's eyes widened as she heard the words rush out of her mouth before she could filter them.  
  
Tim leaned back, eyes wide as well, and took a sip of beer. Dangerous territory, dangerous, dangerous territory. The whole truth was out of the question. There were too many things he feared she would find distasteful and downright perverted in his most vivid and well thought-out fantasies. But as he looked at her, he knew she was not backing down from her question. Tim considered his response carefully. "The usual gross guy things, I guess. All of them about you." He smiled to mark his attempt at humor.  
  
"Yes, but what about? I promise not to get mad. I really want to know."   
  
Tim hesitated, choosing his line of thought carefully. "Well, things like you in certain places, or certain positions, things you don't normally do, I guess."   
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Let's just say I like spontaneity. Things I wouldn't expect, like me walking in to the bedroom and finding you naked on the bed on your hands and knees with your bum towards me, or on your back with your legs spread. Or, or, like what you did for me in the shower today. That might be what I think about the next time I, uhh, take care of business, maybe where you finish me while we're still in the shower, or something like that. Of course," he added hurriedly, "I haven't had much need to do that lately, if you know what I mean."   
  
The blush on his face told Gwen her husband was more embarrassed than she had ever seen him before. The Lady screamed for her to end the line of questioning now, but the Slut's assertion that it was just getting good spurred her on. She did her best to not show him any hint of panic or displeasure. "Well, those sound interesting. Anything else?"  
  
"I dunno," he mumbled, desperately wishing Cliff would call with an emergency he needed help on. "Like I said, I just kinda like it when you surprise me, like when I saw how short you had cut your hair...down there..."   
  
"I noticed you seem to like that, and I'm glad. Was it because I cut it, or because of who cut it for me?"  
  
He groaned inwardly. "Well, yeah, both, I guess."  
  
"You really don't think it's perverted about someone else, especially a woman, touching my...down there? Do you ever think about things like that when you're, uh, taking care of business?"  
  
That had been the question he had been hoping to avoid. Gwen had clues to the truth; this day went from swamp-low to mountain top and back to the swamp. The trapped man twisted miserable in his seat. "I don't think it's perverted, just, uh, a big turn on. I've always wondered what exactly happened between you and your old boss, and the male imagination can be a pretty powerful thing, so...and then when you told me how close Natalie was to your—to your privates, well, that got me going, too. Sorry, just I couldn't help myself."   
  
She could sense her husband's fear of her reaction and remembered her own fevered dreams. "I always thought I was the perverted one for doing those things. Maybe we can be perverted together." Gwen smiled to show her own attempt at humor. "I just want to make sure you're happy with me, and I want to help with that more than I could've in the past, although I'm still kind of in the dark about what guys like."   
  
Tim took her hands again. "You've always made me happy. You don't have to change a thing for me. But if you want to 'add more variety', then let's give it a try. Now can we not talk about what I'm thinking about? At least until I've had a few more beers."   
  
"I'm sure I can't even imagine what you think about when you're drunk," she said with another smile. "Maybe we should find out. But really, if you have anything you'd like to try or do, just say it. Anything, right? I promise I'll at least think about it. In the meantime, may I take you up on the offer you made before lunch?"   
  
It took Tim a moment to separate pre-and-post mealtime events. "Uhh, yeah, of course," he finally made sense of his wife's request. "In the bedroom?"  
  
"That would be—no, wait." Gwen stood and moved to a kitchen window to look into the yard before locking the door next to it. "Maybe in there?" she asked nodding her head towards the living room.   
  
The living room, in broad daylight? Was this some sort of test? "Your wish is my command," he said with an easy smile as he rose from the table while his wife moved to the other room, looking about uncertainly at various pieces of furniture. He was about to take her in his arms when she appeared to make a decision and began peeling off shirt and shorts. Gwen sat in the easy chair as demurely as a naked woman could, legs together, hands folded in her lap. Taking a deep breath, she leaned back into the cushions and brought her legs up over the arms of the chair. "Could you kiss me...down there?"   
  
Tim smiled in response and moved into position between her outstretched knees, crouching to kneel. "No, take your clothes off first," she asked, adding a "please" as good manners dictated.   
  
He smiled again and stripped off his shorts, Gwen pleased to see the situation was prompting another erection. Her pose was reminiscent of her trips to the gynecologist, some of the mortification she felt in those situations rising up until strong hands reached under and around her bottom to pull her sex forward onto waiting lips. This is nothing like the doctor's, she decided as warm skin touched her instead of cold steel.   
  
The touch was fleeting however, as if Tim had been measuring the proper distance to bring her to him, and then his lips and tongue tickled the inside of her thighs, moving back and forth, occasionally grazing the lightly stubbled skin about her slit, the tongue always working its way closer to where leg met hip. Soon even that was passed, and her husband's tongue found its way into her, tickling her lips and bud.   
  
Gwen was dimly aware that her hands were clutching his head, pulling him into her, grinding against him, as her pleasure grew. The Lady clucked that she was surely smothering him; the Slut laughed and said that he was a big boy, and if he found his way in, he could find his way out.   
  
Her climax hit with incredible force as Tim's tongue snaked its way into her opening, her muscles contracting in attempt to drive him even deeper. She so wanted to cry out, to give voice to the waves of intense pleasure jolting through her, but her training was strong, and all that escaped was a small grunt as she pulled on her husband with all her might. Tim's neck strained to keep his nose from smashing into and breaking against the clit that was grinding into it.   
  
The pressure against the back of his head was released in small amounts as her orgasm waned until they gently rested in his close-cropped hair as she breathed heavily. Tim took this as the safe sign to sit up and look at his wife's face, closed eyes highlighting a very satisfied look.   
  
"That was wonderful."  
  
"Mm-hmmm. I'm glad I could help."  
  
Gwen opened her eyes at the sound of Tim standing, a very erect penis staring at her. "Oh, my. Are you ready to go again?"  
  
"Uh-huh. Sit up."  
  
The gruffness in his voice made it easy to imagine this was a command and not a request. She sat, bottom on the very end of the chair where he had pulled her down to just a short time ago, and regarded the staff that was now just a foot away. Tim stepped forward to close the distance and returned the favor by putting his own hands on the back of her head and pulling her forward while his hips thrust out. She opened her mouth just in time as the cudgel forced its way between her lips. Her tongue alternated between getting out of the way of the invader and tickling it as it retreated while he slowly sawed in and out of her. His hands gripped her tightly, not so much to be uncomfortable, but in a way that left no possibility of going anywhere other than where he directed. Gwen not at all displeased with the realization that her husband was using her mouth like he would use her sex, and began to wonder if that might include him finishing there, as well.  
  
She had her answer a few moments later. Tim removed his length from between her lips, hands preventing her from dipping forward to recapture it.   
  
"Turn around and get on your knees. Bend over the chair." Gwen thrilled at the order and did her best to get in the desired position as quickly as possible, the faint aroma of her sex on the cushion tickling her nostrils as she put her elbows down and looked back over her shoulder.   
  
Tim knelt behind her, spreading her legs and settling between them before firmly planting those strong hands on her hips and pulling up, angling her bottom up at him. Satisfied, he shuffled forward until the tip of his staff made contact with her lips. Tim thrust forward while pulling back on his wife and buried himself in her.   
  
Gwen allowed her body to sink between her arms and lay on the seat of the chair while her husband began a slow, easy pace. His hands would occasionally roam across her back and work their way between her and the chair to palm her breasts, but would always return to her hips when he felt the need for more vigorous thrusting.   
  
I can only imagine what this would look like if someone came in now, Gwen thought as Tim took her from behind. How would we explain? What would we do? Strangely, the idea of getting caught was not so awful...  
  
The hands strayed less and less, and Gwen knew he was close. She could hear his thighs slapping against her, fingers tightening against her bone and muscle, breathing quickening. With Gwen pinned beneath him, Tim gave one last thrust to push himself as deeply as possible. She could imagine pulse after pulse of his seed filling her.  
  
Tim rocked back as soon as his orgasm subsided, his cock sliding wetly out of the pussy that even now was angled up in offering to him. "Was that alright?" he asked nervously, worried that his rough handling of the naked woman still crouching before him might have been taking things too far.  
  
"That was wonderful," she replied as she turned to get up, kissing him as she did so. "Thank you for taking care of me. I'm going to get cleaned up, and you should think about getting dressed in case someone decides to come over." Tim took her advice, but found that her version of decency as she worked about the house that afternoon was nothing more than a t-shirt and a pair of bikini panties he had never seen before. Her attire for their evening swim was nothing at all.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 20**

"Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
The voice on the other end of the line sent a rush of adrenaline coursing through Gwen that Monday morning as she sat behind the office's desk. She recognized the voice...  
  
"Yes, this is she."  
  
"Hi Gwen, its Sandra McCall. Is now a good time to talk?"  
  
The startled woman knew the trucks had left a couple of hours earlier and that she was the only person in the shop, but she looked about anyways before answering in a low voice that it was.  
  
"Great! I know these are a gift, and I wanted to make sure the lucky man receiving them wasn't nearby. How are you?"   
  
"I'm fine, how are you?" Gwen replied, willing down her impatience and not prompting the woman to what she hoped was the point of the call.   
  
"I'm well," the woman replied easily. "Barry wanted me to let you know that your proofs are ready, and would like to know when might be a good time for you and he to sit down and decide what the finished product should look like."   
  
"Oh, I wouldn't know anything about that," Gwen answered nervously. "Can't he just pick the ones he thinks are best? Or are there not enough good ones to fill an album?"  
  
Sandra laughed. "On the contrary. Barry thinks that if he were to include all the good ones, the album would be too heavy to pick up. Besides, he normally meets with the model so she can decide exactly how naughty she wants the finished product to be. He really likes the way these came out, but wants to see if you agree. So, when would be convenient for you to come to the studio?"   
  
Gwen tried to frame an answer. "Well, I, uhh, I'm not sure I can come this week..." She knew she didn't want to go alone. Natalie was the obvious answer, she was the one who had suggested this whole thing, but her sister-in-law was just back from vacation, and most almost certainly getting things back in order in her own life.  
  
"I'm sure Barry wouldn't mind coming to see you some time this week, if you'd rather," Sandra suggested brightly.   
  
"No, no," Gwen responded quickly, the idea of bringing him to her home striking her as too risky. She briefly considered perhaps meeting him somewhere else, but a mental image of her scandalous pictures spread across a restaurant table while she reviewed them made that out of the question. "I don't want to take Barry's time like that. Let me talk with Natalie and see if she might be able to come with me."  
  
"That sounds like a plan! Just give us a call when you decide. Weekdays are ideal, but we might have some time on the weekend, particularly for you. Barry was particularly pleased with these, and he really wants to hear what you think. You've got our office number, right?"  
  
"I do. Let me check with Natalie and I promise to get back to you shortly."   
  
"Sounds great! We'll talk to you soon."   
  
Gwen's finger hit the disconnect button and began dialing her sister-in-law's cell phone in one fluid motion.   
  
Natalie answered on the third ring. "Hey there! I was going to call you this afternoon!"   
  
"Why? Is there something wrong?"   
  
Her sister-in law laughed. "I wanted to tell you we were back and see how things were going."   
  
The women reviewed their weeks, Gwen listening patiently and with genuine interest as Natalie recounted their stay at their beach home in Hilton Head. Her own report recounted the busy week at Nelson Plumbing and avoided being too quick to ask about Natalie's availability for a trip to the photographers, not wanting to seem too anxious to ask her to go look at naked pictures of her husband's sister.   
  
"So, have you heard anything from Barry yet?"   
  
Gwen was relieved that Natalie had brought the subject up. "Well, yes. Sandra called me this morning and said that he wants to show me the proofs so I can pick which ones I like. I was wondering, are you, uhh, free some time to go with me? I don't want to go alone."   
  
"I would have been mad if you hadn't invited me." Natalie's voice made the prospect of her anger doubtful. "How about tomorrow?"  
  
"Tomorrow? But don't you have to work?"  
  
"Yeah, but if we leave early, I can get back in time. His studio is about a half-hour closer than Liz's place. We leave at 7:30, get there at 10, spend a couple of hours there, I'm back a half-hour before my shift. I'll pick you up at 7:30?"  
  
The Lady reminded her of her obligation to at least be there until after the trucks had departed, but the urge to see what the photographer had taken overcame her sense of duty. "What do I tell Tim?"   
  
"Tell him we're going to breakfast, then shopping."   
  
Gwen's desire to go made the lie seem plausible. "Let me drive. We're going because of me, anyways."   
  
"We'll compromise. I'll pick you up and drive there and you drive back so I can take a nap before my shift. Fair?"  
  
There was no further debate, and the two wrapped up their conversation shortly after.   
  
Natalie was there at 7:30 sharp the next day. "'Mornin', Tim," she called out as she stopped the vehicle next to where the trucks were being loaded.   
  
""Morning, Nat. Gwen's got you out shopping for bridles? I'm not sure if you're blessed or cursed—she usually drags one of the girls along when she goes out shopping for those manure factories up in the barn."   
  
"Oh, I'm a big fan of leather," she said with a smile and wink before slowly pulling the vehicle up closer to the house. Tim smiled and shook his head before returning to his loading.   
  
Two of his apprentices watched the blonde emerge from the SUV and climb the stairs to the Nelson's deck. "I bet she'd look pretty good in leather," Jordan murmured as the pair made their way to the back of the shop to gather more PVC. "She's pretty hot for an older chick. A great pair of titties."  
  
"Mrs. Nelson is pretty hot for an older woman, too," Andrew volunteered after checking to make sure there was no one else in hearing range.   
  
"Mrs. Nelson? How can you tell? Shit, with the clothes she wears, I'll bet even Tim doesn't even have a good idea what she looks like naked."   
  
"Yeah, but still..." The young apprentice's imagination had conjured up a pretty good idea. He had not forgotten the day she had applied ointment to his burn and become a fixture in his library of jack-off scenarios.  
  
"Hey shithead, grab the other end of this and get your mind out of Mrs. Nelson's pants. She's probably got steel underwear, anyways."   
  
Andrew snapped back to reality and again glanced around for anyone who might have overheard. With an embarrassed smile, he took an end of the bundle of pipes.  
  
Natalie and Gwen waved to the crews as they made their way down the driveway and on to the road beyond.   
  
"Nervous?"   
  
Gwen smiled. "Well, yes. What if they're terrible?"  
  
"I'm pretty sure they're not. Excited?"   
  
A little."   
  
By a quarter to ten, the SUV was parked in the driveway of a home in a residential neighborhood not far from the Inn. Natalie led the way across a gravel walkway and around the corner of the garage into a private backyard to where a larger building sat, a two-story barn-like structure. A woodcut sign announcing this as the location of Memories by McCall was attached to the white clapboard wall.  
  
The women stepped into a lobby full of photos of sporting events, nature, weddings, portraits...everything but naked women, Gwen wryly noted. A door chime sounded as they entered, and Sandra hurried into the waiting area from a hallway.  
  
"Gwen! Natalie! How nice to see you!" Hugs were exchanged, and the Sandra led them through a door into a large open area two stories high, the lighting and stagework making it obvious this was a photo set. Curiously, a faux bedroom stood in the middle, a brass headboard at the end of a crisp white comforter and pillows. Gwen had no time to wonder about its purpose, however, as they moved along to the far end of the building. It was divided off into smaller rooms, stairs leading to a second floor along which a balcony ran along the length of the open space. The first door on the right proved to be the office of Barry McCall. The room itself was nondescript, a beat-up desk and conference table filling most the space, no artwork visible save for 3 8x11s, one for each wall.   
  
Gwen's eyes widened a bit. Here were the naked women. Each photo was an artistic nude, the model posed in such a way as to make any claim of pornography debatable. Gwen's eyes widened more as she recognized the model. It was Sandra—maybe a few years younger, but definitely Sandra.   
  
"Welcome to my inner sanctum!" Barry boomed as he rose from the desk to greet them. "Please—sit down," he said, pointing to chairs at the conference table, "and we'll get started." The big man turned an oversized flat-screen LCD on the desk towards where the women were taking their seats, grabbed a wireless keyboard and mouse, and joined them.  
  
"Gwen, I have to tell you, you make a hell of a model. Something in you jumps out at the camera—your eyes, your personality, like there's both an innocence and worldliness about you. So much so, I'd love to have you pose for me again." Gwen blushed, certain the photographer was just flattering her. Barry quickly navigated to a folder on screen and clicked. "Now, I really didn't do much touch up at all, and I can't believe how few of the shots I outright threw away. I think they're all great, and I have my favorites, but I want to see what you think before I say too much. Just write down the numbers of the ones you really like for the album. Don't worry, you'll also get a flash drive that has all of the ones you want to keep."  
  
The first photo popped up on screen, of a fully clothed Gwen standing in front of the bedroom door, a nervous smile on her face, hands demurely clasped in front. "Before shot, not for the album," Barry murmured, and hurried through a couple more of the same pose before stopping at a shot of Gwen standing by the Inn room's bay window, the bright morning light outside silhouetting the woman, but not so much as to obscure her features and attire. Gwen breathed in sharply at the simple beauty of the scene and could not believe she was the woman in it.   
  
"You alright?" Barry asked, concern in his voice. "Too much?"  
  
"It's beautiful," she said softly, not taking her eyes off the screen, "You must have done quite a bit of touchup on that. It can't be me."   
  
He smiled and patted her forearm. "It is you, and I toned down the light just a touch to contrast your lines some. And we're just getting started."   
  
Gwen relived the day as the photos slowly moved forward, drawing another sharp breath at the first shot of her sitting on the window's ledge, legs slightly spread, lips peeking out from between the thin black band of panty that ran between them.  
  
"Too much? I can crop that so the finished product only show from just above your, uhh, undies."  
  
Gwen began to answer affirmatively, that yes, that would be best, but stopped. "No, that's fine. It's not like my husband hasn't seen me...down there...before." He's never seen you with your parts so lewdly displayed, the Lady harrumphed.   
  
The photos continued to roll by, some with brief discussions, others with a moment to view and decide whether they were to be written down. Gwen was embarrassed to find her paper was filling quickly, not even noticing that Natalie was writing as well. The amount of flesh she was displaying both shocked and thrilled the model, and while her most intimate parts were quite often shrouded by a soft focus applied by Barry post-shoot, it was obvious what the lack of clarity was hiding. Gwen did not ask him to crop or remove any of it. The set ended the with her on her back with the bed's white comforter threatening to engulf her, looking upside down at the camera while her breasts remained just out of sight under her open corset and the small tuft of hair that remained above her sex visible, but out of focus.   
  
Sandra chose this time to bring in coffee while the trio discussed the best of the best to be included in Tim's gift. Gwen astounded herself by speaking of her poses and nudity in the frankest of terms, as if she was speaking of someone else. Barry announced he felt he had enough to work with, and asked to begin the second part of the shoot.   
  
Gwen found herself smiling at the ridiculous shirt and toolbelt she wore, the Slut suggesting that the shirt might be comfortable at home, too. She quickly sensed that where the first set of photos had been sensual and sultry, a part of her she never knew existed, Barry had done a masterful job in capturing a playful side, a side she was not sure even really existed. Breasts dangled in the shadows of her shirt as she bent over the sink "fixing the faucet" while her panties were slipped down far enough to mimic a "plumber's butt". Again her lips peeked out from either side of the panties riding between them while she "worked" under the sink in the most suggestive "come take me" position.   
  
And then she was on to the shower, denim shirt quickly soaking dark as she held her ground in the spray that was hitting her face. The shirt was gone, and the sides of her breasts peeked out at the camera. Gwen had to admit that the photos showed just enough of the "naughty bits" without getting downright lewd.   
  
She smiled again at the sight of her underwear lying on that ridiculous toolbelt, while right behind a well-turned leg attached to a firm buttock supported a body stepping into the tub. More shots, bubbles artfully placed to avoid any blatant displays, and then the final photo, of her forearms resting on the tub wall, her smiling face resting on her forearms. Her eyes misted.   
  
"Too much?" Barry asked nervously. "I can tone 'em down..."  
  
"Too beautiful," Gwen admitted. They're wonderful, thank you. You're a magician."  
  
"I'd love to take credit, but I had a superb subject. But let's decide what's the best of the best for the album first."   
  
Again the trio set to work, comparing notes, going back to the screen to look at particular shots, and a plan was finally set in place. Delivery dates were promised, and the women prepared to leave.   
  
"Gwen, I'm really proud of these. I'd love to display the portfolio on my website—on the secure area of course, where Natalie's are—with your permission. I'd give you a hefty discount on the price of the package if you say yes."   
  
Gwen was stunned. To have done this for Tim was one thing, to have them where others might see them, well that was out of the question. "You flatter me, but I'm not sure I could...I mean what would my husband say?"  
  
"He's probably going to say 'that's my beautiful wife,' but I understand your concern. Once you give him the album, ask him if it's alright."  
  
"I really can't—"  
  
"Just think about it. And Natalie, my offer to you still stands, you know."  
  
"Oh, I know. I'm thinking about it."  
  
Thinking about it? Well, that's better than the no I got last time I asked. Keep thinking. They'd love to have you."   
  
The women were on the highway a few moments later, Gwen insisting on driving, Natalie reclining the passenger seat for a nap.   
  
"Gwen, those were incredible."  
  
"He really does good work. It's like they're somebody else. I never knew that someone could take pictures of naked women and not make them look slutty."  
  
"Yeah, he's good, and those are of you. No getting around it, girl, there's a hottie in there busting to get out. Let it loose."  
  
"I thought I just did by having these photos taken?"   
  
"That's just you getting started. There's so much more..."  
  
Gwen wanted to know what more Natalie could possibly believe would come out of her, but resisted the urge to ask. "So, what was it you told Barry you'd think about?"  
  
"Oh, nothing, nothing important. I'll tell you later."   
  
Out of the corner of her eye, Gwen caught a movement down by her prone sister-in-law's midsection, followed by the sound of a zipper being pushed down. She was able to divert her attention from the road long enough to see Natalie's hand snaking into the front of her jeans and under her panties, her fingers languidly rubbing and scratching her mound before Gwen forced her eyes back on to the road.   
  
She was in shock. Her sister-in-law was touching herself in front of another person on a public highway. It was an incredibly brazen act, and Gwen reluctantly did her best to pay attention to her driving.   
  
"That took longer than I thought. Looks like we'll just make it back in time. I'm going to change into my scrubs before we get back to your house so I can just keep going after I drop you off," Natalie announced sleepily.   
  
"Would you like me to pull over at some place with a bathroom?"  
  
"No, I can change right here. Done it before." Gwen caught a glimpse of her sister-in-law's hand being removed from her pants and told herself that she had just been getting ready to change, nothing more.   
  
Natalie sat up without bringing the seat back up and kicked off her sandals before raising her butt to slide the jeans and underwear off in one move. "But first," she announced, "I hope you don't mind, but I haven't gotten any since last Thursday, and I know the perfect fast-acting nap inducer." The half-naked woman undid the glove compartment latch and withdrew a large tapered metallic cylinder. Holding it up to the stunned woman beside her, she asked, "Would it freak you out if I take care of something? It won't take long...but if you think it's too far out there, just say so and I'll wait until later."   
  
The Lady was in stunned disbelief. It was Natalie's SUV, and she had done Gwen a favor by coming along, and she did have to go to work, so to say no to anything her sister-in-law did in the comfort of her own car would be rude. But this wasn't just anything-she wanted to masturbate, right there and right now! I wanna watch, the Slut purred. Gwen dismissed her.  
  
"Uh, no, no, go ahead. You have a full workday ahead of you—you shouldn't have to wait," Gwen babbled.   
  
Natalie smiled and rolled to her side to reach for the blanket in the backseat, her bare sex nearly brushing Gwen's hand resting on the gear shift. The startled driver jerked her hand away. Rolling back, the bottomless woman spread the fabric over her lower half and pushed both hands and the vibrator underneath.  
  
"No accidents, please," she said, closing her eyes as her knees came up and out under the blanket. "I really don't want to explain to the paramedics why I have genital contusions and a stupid smile."   
  
Gwen smiled nervously, unable to resist the urge to cast sidelong glances at the seat next to her, wondering how a vibrator could make so little noise. Because it was off, the Slut chuckled as Natalie switched it on, the raspy hum quite noticeable before her sister-in-law planted it firmly against her clit, muffling it somewhat.   
  
Her knees twitched under the blanket, the fabric over her crotch moving in time to what the hands and vibrator were doing underneath. The fact that Natalie could be this open about such a personal and erotic act astounded Gwen; the sighs, croons, and soft moans coming from her sister-in-law fascinated her. She had never heard so much noise during sex; even Tim seemed content with no more than the occasional grunt upon his release. But Natalie sounded like she was really getting into it, the volume and intensity increasing as her pleasure grew. Her sister-in-law felt some embarrassment at being a witness to such a private moment, but the eroticism she felt was greater.  
  
The vibrator sang its own story, the buzzing sometimes more like a truck laboring up a hill as the woman holding it pressed it ever harder into her slit. Her grunting became rhythmic, as though some unseen lover was buried deep insider her working to his own release, before with a strangled cry her legs straightened out, thighs trapping the vibrator in place, and she orgasmed.

It was fortunate traffic was light as Gwen was enthralled by the performance, the sights, sounds, and she could swear, the smells, taking place right next to her. The orgasm ran its course, and Natalie's body went limp. "Whooo!" she exclaimed, flipping the blanket off of her and climbing between the seats into the back in search of her bag. "That was a good one." Gwen was very conscious of the bare bottom facing traffic right next to her face, and wondered if any of the motorists going in the opposite direction caught the show as well.   
  
Natalie settled back into her seat, scrubs in hand, and stripped down to just her jogbra before reversing the process. In short order, she was again laying back against the seat, fully dressed.  
  
"Thanks Gwen," she said as she settled in to nap. "That was just what I needed." She did not awake until they were again pulling into the Nelson's driveway.  
  
Natalie languidly stretched, arms high over her head reaching into the back seat. "Thanks for driving, Gwen. The nap hit the spot. I always forget how much work it is to come back from vacation."   
  
"The only reason you had to leave home at all today was me, remember?"   
  
"Wouldn't have missed that for the world. Those were really hot photos." Gwen blushed but said nothing as she put the SUV in park. Both women got out, Natalie coming to the driver's side.  
  
"I'll just make it to work on time," she said as she quickly hugged Gwen and kissed her on the cheek. "Are we on for a ride Friday?"  
  
"I'd like that."  
  
"Great. Same time then. Gotta go." The woman slid into the driver's seat, honked the horn, and was gone. Gwen waved and made her way to the office to check for messages. Finding nothing important, she weighed her next steps. The reviewing of the proofs and Natalie's performance in the passenger seat had left Gwen no doubt that she had her own needs to attend to. It was the very public nature of the actions she had witnessed that drove her to something different, something more daring. A quick glance at the clock gave her confidence she had just enough time before the trucks started returning. Gwen almost broke into a jog on her way to the barn and hurriedly saddled Dart, the horse puzzled at the speed at which the woman appeared and worked. In moments they were making the first turn into the woods above the house, Gwen peeling off blouse and bra as they trotted, thankful that she had worn jeans that morning. The solidness of the saddle between her legs pressed against her sex, both teasing and exciting her. She was in no mood to ride easy despite the heat this afternoon, and she kept the horse moving at a quick pace up the hill until the picnic table appeared in the clearing before them.   
  
Gwen loosely tethered Dart to a nearby tree and quickly scanned the area for others, not bothering to redress as she did so. Satisified, the bare-breasted woman made her way to the table and sat down, relishing the feel of the sun on her skin despite the heat. She wanted more, though. Her boots were kicked off, jeans and panties boldly discarded, and then she was naked, far from home, where passerbys would see her if there were passerbys on this remote hillside. Gwen cursed herself for not bringing a blanket she might lay on the grass where the horses grazed during their visits to the spot, and instead, climbed on to the top of the table, lay back, and opened her legs in invitation to the valley below. Her ears remained on guard for any interruptions while her eyes closed and her mind summoned dirty thoughts, the fingers of one hand lazily turned circles on the skin of her stomach and breasts while the other found its way to her cleft, a single finger turning tighter circles around her nub. The events of her morning and the sheer audacity of her current state of dress and activity made her orgasm quick and powerful, one hand squeezing a breast while the middle finger of the other strummed her clitoris. A small squeak escaped her as the first wave rolled through.   
  
The sound of Dart shaking his bridle and snorting greeted her return to her senses. Gwen lifted her head and looked back over her shoulder, the horse staring back as if amused at his human's odd behavior. She smiled sheepishly and quickly got back into her jeans and boots, leaving the shirt off until later. Horse and rider made their way back down the hill, slower than the ascent, but still quickly enough for Gwen to arrive before the trucks.   
  
"No Mrs. Nelson?"   
  
Cliff met the young apprentice on the other side of the truck. "Do you see Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
Jordan looked at the ground, understanding his question sounded a little foolish. "No."  
  
"Do you think Mrs. Nelson would be waiting for us if she were here?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Then no, no Mrs. Nelson. She's probably still out with her sister-in-law. Why, you want to ask for a raise?"  
  
Jordan smiled. "Think she'd say yes?"  
  
"I think she'd say no, and Tim would probably tell you you're lucky you still work here. Get that stuff off the truck."  
  
"Hey Cliff?"  
  
The plumber stopped his climb up the office stairs and whirled. "What!"  
  
"Think I can go for a swim before she gets home?"   
  
The large black man sighed and rolled his eyes. "I'm guessing you didn't bring shorts?"   
  
"Well, no..."  
  
"Get the truck unloaded and if she's still not home, then yes. But if she does come home while you're up there, for Gawd's sake get dressed. Last thing I want to do is explain why there's an apprentice up in the pool with his tiny dick out."  
  
"I'm so big it'd be impossible to miss!" The young apprentice quickly set to work.   
  
Walt's truck had pulled up while he had been talking to Cliff. "Hey Andrew, Mrs. Nelson ain't here! Wanna go for a swim?"   
  
The apprentice stepped out from beside the truck. "Cliff say it was OK?" A quick grin and nod gave him the answer. "I didn't bring a suit."   
  
"Neither did I. Just don't try and touch my junk or anything and we'll be OK."  
  
"You wish." The two young men quickly finished their assignments and headed up the hill, a small cooler of beer in Jordan's hand. Cans were cracked open and swigs taken before the pair hurriedly stripped and dove into the cool water, climbing out repeatedly to reach the beers on the table before diving in again.   
  
Gwen shivered in excitement at the idea of riding ever closer to the house topless. She knew it was dangerous, but there was an undeniable thrill at the idea of being so exposed while so close to where she knew the plumbers and the apprentices would be returning to any moment. She would dress again well before she exited the woods, to be sure, but still the thought drove her on.   
  
She had almost reached the last turn of the trail before it descended into the open field above the barn when she stopped. Far enough, she decided. The Lady had already declared her insane a half-mile back; the fear that someone might come up the trail from the house overcame the excitement at the same thought. Gwen lightly dismounted, grabbing the blouse and bra trapped between her leg and saddle as she went.   
  
She instinctively covered herself and froze as a sound came through the trees, the sound of splashing coming from the direction of the pool, followed by the sound of young male voices. Not Tim, she quickly realized, some of the apprentices...Jordan and...Andrew?  
  
Gwen hurriedly dressed, fearing they might be able to see her through the thick underbrush, guessing they couldn't. Now what? Should she wait until they had left, or just ride back down into the yard, as though she was just late in meeting them? Maybe she should somehow announce her presence to let them know she was coming, just in case they weren't...decent?  
  
Why don't you take a look for yourself, the Slut suggested. Go down behind that tree. Gwen hesitated, mulling the thought of the possible invasion of privacy. Maybe I should just go look before riding down, she decided, just to be sure, just so they're not embarrassed if I surprise them.  
  
The rider tied her horse to a nearby branch and made her way through the brush in comically stealthy fashion, doing her best to avoid snapping twigs underfoot. Crouching behind the trunk of a particularly large pine, she checked about for anything poisonous, then carefully peered through a leafy bush to her left.   
  
She was greeted by the sight of a naked back hoisting itself over the pool edge and on to the deck below her, less than a hundred feet away. A bare bottom followed, glistening in the sunlight, while a head covered in blonde hair bobbed close by, the body it was attached to preparing to follow the same route on to the wet concrete.   
  
She watched the naked figure pad across the pool deck to the table where a cooler and some beers sat. Jordan, she decided. The compact, muscular body was familiar enough, even if it had always had a layer of clothing between it and her before. The young man grabbed for a can and turned to say something to the other body emerging from the pool. A quick look at his face confirmed her guess, but Gwen's attention was drawn to the rest of his body, to his well-developed chest just showing the first hints of hair, flat stomach, to his muscular legs, but most of all, to where his manhood hung.   
  
Gwen gazed in fascination at the second real penis she had ever seen, the nest of dark wet hair surrounding a dusky length that was plainly visible despite the effects of the cool water, a tight sac drawn up beneath it.   
  
Her attention shifted to the second figure emerging from the water. Taller and skinnier, she knew it had to be Andrew. The naked bum she had admonished herself for trying to peek at that day in the kitchen was to her delight, now in full view as made its way across the concrete to his beer. He too turned to look back at where he had come from, and she took in his body. While he easily had 4 inches in height on Jordan, he was not nearly as muscular as his counterpart, with a ribcage that nearly showed through the thin layer of sinew over it and colt-like legs. The effects of the cold water on his manhood was certainly more pronounced, a pink-tipped head sitting atop a stubby shaft just visible through the almost transparent thatch of blonde wet curls surrounding it.   
  
Gwen didn't dare breathe as she admired the two nude bodies while they talked and drank, the Lady urging her to retreat back to the trail, the Slut advising that to move now might risk discovery. She found herself wondering what the things hanging between their legs might look like if motivated to grow...  
  
"I wonder if Tim and Mrs. Nelson ever swim like this?"   
  
Jordan looked over at his counterpart, a smile on his face. "What, like when they're drinking?"   
  
Andrew looked down at his beer. "No, like with no clothes on. You think Mrs. Nelson ever swims naked?"   
  
"Man, you are hung up on her. Yeah, she's probably hot as hell under all them clothes, but I'm tellin' ya, she's about as uptight as they come. She's probably got one of them bathing suits like they wear in the old movies, covers everything from ankles to neck. So hell no, I doubt it, and you in particular definitely ain't ever gonna see the goods. Now her sister-in-law on the other hand...I bet she'd let them puppies out to help her float if she were here. 'Course, I'd be happy to plug up her hole so she don't fill up and drown..." The apprentice emphasized his point by grabbing an imaginary pair of hips and violently thrusting forward.  
  
"Hey, you two assholes finish up comparing your pathetic little cocks and get down here before Mrs. Nelson gets home! And don't forget to bring your empties with you!" Cliff's voice carried from below the hillock the pool sat on. She briefly hoped he might come and cool off as well, but she knew that was not likely.   
  
"I was comin' down anyways," Jordan called back, looking over nervously to see if their boss might have overheard their discussion. "Andrew's startin' to get wood and it's makin' me nervous!"   
  
Andrew blushed. "I am not! Fuck you!" he replied and reached for his discarded jeans. The two apprentices dressed and made their way back down the hill carrying their empty beer cans and cooler while Gwen crept back up to where Dart stood waiting.   
  
Sound carried well across the open field the pool sat in up the wooded hillside, and Gwen heard their entire conversation, even a whisper of the dull slap of Jordan's penis against his stomach as it swung wildly when he mimicked grabbing Natalie's hips and "plugging her hole". The things he had said shocked her; that he said them did not. She had always seen the apprentice as a more traditional tradesman, rough around the edges and more than a bit bawdy. In fact, he reminded her of a young Charlie Mortensen. She just hoped Jordan didn't develop the beer belly and appetite for women Charlie had, although she knew both were distinct possibilities.  
  
Andrew's interest in her came as a much bigger surprise, though. He was such a nice young man, quiet and polite, much like Tim had been at that age, but without the self-confidence her future husband had displayed. Gwen knew that young men—and old men—always thought about sex, but the fact he wanted to see her naked, a middle-aged housewife, when there were so many pretty young girls around, still surprised her. Was that all he wanted? She'd have to be careful around him. Although she found his interest flattering, Gwen certainly didn't want to give him any reason to look. Still, she could not suppress a smile as she imagined him viewing the photos she had been looking at earlier that morning.   
  
The Slut suggested she ride in behind them, just to see their reaction, but the Lady counseled patience until all had left. She took the second suggestion and slowly made her way to the barn as the last car pulled away for the day. She was still in the tack room when Tim's truck returned a half-hour later.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 21**

"So I guess you're letting it grow back?"  
  
It took Gwen a moment to process the question as she lay snuggled against her husband. She and Tim had just finished a vigorous round of lovemaking, his tongue driving her to orgasm before he replaced it with something more solid even as she shuddered through her climax.   
  
"Sorry?"  
  
"You're, uh, bush is starting to come back. It looks like you're letting it grow?"  
  
Gwen glanced down her body to where the familiar dark shading between her legs had begun to return, knowing that Tim was in a much better position to have noticed just a few moments ago. Had she chosen to look more closely, she would have seen that the outline of her lips was beginning to blur again, a softer, fuzzier look than when Natalie had taken most of it and left just a small closely-trimmed vee atop her mons. Now the vee had filled out some, and the rest was not far behind. "I haven't really thought about it. Do you have a preference?"  
  
"Well, uh, the trimmed look I think goes better with your style—you know, neat, clean, that kind of thing—but whatever you like is fine with me," he hurriedly added. Not to mention it was incredibly hot to have her pussy so blatantly displayed...  
  
"Maybe...not sure..." She liked the trimmed look as well, but it still seemed a bit...slutty. The thought of shaving down there was also a concern. That was not an area for the inexperienced to make mistakes with a sharp blade. No more was said on the subject, and the couple slipped into a contented sleep.  
  
Despite the Lady's warnings, she couldn't help herself as she climbed the open staircase to the office the next morning. Stopping halfway up, she looked down on the shop's bays where the apprentices were gathering materials for the day's appointments.   
  
"Boys, if you ever want to use the pool after work, there's no need to ask permission. I've left towels in the pool house for you to use, just hang them on the fence and clean up after yourselves when you're done. You supply whatever it is you think is fashionable swimwear nowadays." Gwen smiled and continued on up the stairs.   
  
The apprentices stared wide-eyed at each other, Jordan and Andrew certain they had been busted. Had they left a beer can up there? Did Cliff or Walt tell her?   
  
"Think she knows we were bare-assed?" Jordan mumbled as the two moved to where the copper tubing was stored.   
  
"Think we'd still be working here if she did?" Andrew hissed in a whisper.  
  
"Nah, she wouldn't fire me—she'd probably just want me give her a good look of what she missed."   
  
"You're right, she'd be laughing too hard to fire you."  
  
Upstairs, Gwen was giddy with the risqué game she had just played. She wondered if her comment regarding their choice of attire had taken it too far, but it wasn't enough to dampen the feeling that she had just gotten away with something. She wondered if they would take her up on her offer while the Slut wondered if they would do so without their clothes.   
  
As was now customary, the Nelsons did not feel the need for proper attire as they swam that evening, Gwen even dispensing with her robe prior to climbing the hillock.   
  
"Jordan was asking about your little announcement this morning," Tim offered casually as he sat sipping iced tea after his swim.  
  
"Oh, really? I hope I didn't shock the boys. I just wanted to let them know they were welcome to use the pool after work."   
  
"He was a little surprised, to tell the truth. Wanted to know if you figured out they were up here yesterday. Told him I didn't know. Did you?"   
  
"Well, to be honest, I heard them splashing around when I was coming back down the hill at the end of my ride...I just turned around and went back up the trail for a little bit until I thought they were out."  
  
Tim smiled mischievously. "See something you shouldn't have on the way down?"  
  
"No, no," Gwen lied unconvincingly. "OK, well maybe I did, but I turned around and went back up until they got out and got dressed, alright?"  
  
Tim continued to smile, not sure if she was telling the entire truth even now. "It's your pool. If they want to let it all hang out, they can't be too upset if you see what they've got hanging. Probably a good thing you didn't ride down on them. Jordan probably would have 'accidentally' given you a better look, but the embarrassment might have killed Andrew on the spot. He's really shy around girls...Walt thinks he might be gay, not that I'd care if he was. Kid's dependable, works hard and learns quick, that's all that matters to me."   
  
"Oh, I don't think he's that way," Gwen replied quickly, the young man's professed interest in her own unclothed status fresh in her mind. "I mean, you know, that he likes boys. I think he's just really shy, like you said."   
  
"Yeah, I think you're right. I hope them being bare-assed in the pool didn't shock you too much. I did kinda warn you a while back that they did that when you weren't here."  
  
"No, it was fine," she reassured him. "I remember you saying that, that's why I went back up the hill. I don't need to see their, uhh, you know, private parts."  
  
The couple made their way back down to the house, naked as when they had gone up, and although Gwen donned a robe once inside the house, she dropped it in time for bed and a comfortable round of lovemaking.  
  
Gwen was in the barn when Natalie pulled up Friday morning, She turned to greet her sister-in-law as the sound of boots against gravel grew closer and discovered that her riding partner had discarded both t-shirt and bra for a barely-buttoned blouse, cleavage prominent and areolae visible under the thin white fabric. "Don't you ever worry about somebody seeing you without a bra?"  
  
Natalie smiled and shrugged. "If I break down, these will get me help. If I get stopped by the cops, these might get me out of a ticket. I restrain the ladies most of the other times, but I didn't see a need to this morning since I let 'em enjoy the fresh air and scenery once I get here. Who else will see me?"   
  
True to her word, the shirt was removed before she mounted Tigger, Gwen following her sister-in-law's lead only after she had swung her leg over Dart. Natalie made note of how Gwen disrobed a little earlier into each ride, but said nothing. It wouldn't be much longer before she arrived to find her sister-in-law topless, she guessed.   
  
The ride was a quiet one, the heat and woodland sounds lulling horses and riders into a quiet rhythm as they moved up and around the hill, Gwen feeling the need to avoid the picnic table today, as if she didn't want to return to the scene of her earlier self-debauchment. It was not until they had returned, turned the horses out and made their way to the pool to cool off that Gwen felt energized enough to speak of more serious matters.   
  
"Natalie, how do you, uhh, keep yourself, uhh, bare, down there?"   
  
The nude woman took note of Gwen's nod to her midsection and took a sip of her wine before answering. "Scissors, a razor, a mirror, and some patience," she replied as she walked down the steps into the water, her equally nude sister-in-law staring at her vulva until it disappeared beneath the water. "I much prefer for somebody to do it for me, though. I get a Brazilian wax sometimes, but that hurts like hell. Why do you ask?"   
  
Gwen could not bear to look her in the eye. "Well, I'm starting to grow back down there, and I was thinking that maybe Tim likes it better if I keep it the way you uhh, trimmed it."   
  
Natalie smiled and set her glass on the edge of the pool. "Tell ya what." Her train of thought was interrupted by her submerging and gliding beneath the surface to the other side. She pushed off the bottom and sprang back into view, breasts bouncing wildly as they broke the surface. "Let's cut this swim short and get you squared away," she offered as she wiped the water from her eyes. "If you want me to give you a hand, that is."   
  
"Oh-yes—I'd like that," Gwen spluttered, not wanting to sound too eager. "Thank you." She still remembered how worked up she had gotten over having Natalie in such close proximity to her sex, and how the swipe of her fingers through her most intimate places had shocked but not upset her. The Lady insisted it was terribly ill-advised to put herself in such a position again. Of course you want her to, the Slut sneered. You wouldn't have asked her about it in the first place if you didn't.   
  
Natalie smiled and led the way back on to the concrete deck, Gwen too preoccupied with what was going to happen next to even get the upper half of her body wet before leaving the water. She followed along after the swaying bare bottom of her sister-in-law as it descended to the house and continued on in to the bedroom. "Okay, a small pair of scissors, a fresh razor, the ones you use for your legs will do, some shaving cream, bowl of water, baby oil, and a towel, please."   
  
Gwen managed to locate all of the items in short order, thankful for her insistence on the "everything in its place" method of organization in her home, making several trips to bring everything to the bedroom. Taking the towel from her, Natalie spread it on the end of the bed and flopped back, propping herself up on her elbows and spreading her legs to the startled woman holding the other items.   
  
"Let's start with you practicing on me. I just did mine a couple of days ago, but that will make it easier and another go-round can't hurt, especially if I missed any place. First thing to do would be trim up the stuff I wanna leave, but since I just did that, you can probably just get to work with the razor."  
  
"Natalie, I don't think that's a good idea! What if I cut you or—"   
  
"You won't cut me. It's like shaving your legs. Straight strokes, don't move the blade sideways, take your time, go slow."  
  
"I don't—"  
  
"C'mon, just put some of the shaving cream on and get to work."   
  
With a sigh, Gwen stepped forward and sank to her knees between Natalie's outstretched legs. A part of her wanted to count how many years it had been since she had been between another woman's thighs, but the math was never performed as her attention was drawn to the sight before her. Miss Ritter had never shaved down there, but had maintained the same neatness and self-control she had displayed in the rest of her appearance and her life. Scissor work in this sensitive area had not been one of Gwen's responsibilities, and yet her instructor was always neatly trimmed, the effect softening and blurring the parts underneath. She remembered how it sometimes tickled her nose...  
  
The Lady reminded her how inappropriate her reminiscence was, and demanded she focus on the only slightly-less scandalous situation in front of her. Natalie's sex stood out in stark contrast to her old mentor's soft lines, her sister-in-law's cleft and lips without benefit of any cover, almost as if the two women had different body parts. The dusky color contrasting with her tanned thighs, the puffiness of her labia, the hood of her clitoris, all were proudly on display to the fascinated woman.   
  
"Go ahead Gwen, it won't bite," Natalie said with a smile. "Get some shaving cream on there and get to work."   
  
Gwen looked up and blushed, certain she had been caught staring. Natalie smiled back and nodded her head in an effort to get her to begin. With shaking hands the kneeling woman reached for the shaving cream and aimed it at a spot to the right of the reclining woman's patch of remaining hair.   
  
To Gwen's surprise, green gel landed with a splat on bare skin. She had been expecting white foam, but remembered she had bought this kind for Tim a while back because it was on sale. She knew a little went a long way, but it had to be rubbed in to get it to expand and cover. Gingerly she used two fingers of her free hand to gently rub the product across Natalie's mons, green turning to white as she did so. Gwen continued to spread the product down the strips of flesh between thigh and sex, accidentally making contact with Natalie's prominent lips several times, eventually stopping just short of the beginning of the woman's bum cheeks.   
  
"Got it all?"  
  
Gwen looked up, eyes wide, and nodded.  
  
"Good. Now short strokes with the razor, don't press too hard, rinse it off from time to time, get as much of the shaving cream off as you can."   
  
She willed her shaking hand to calm itself and tentatively pulled a line down from where the foam started to a spot parallel and to the right of where she guessed a clitoris lay hidden under the white fluff. Bare skin appeared where the blade had passed, reminding her of a field being mown. She continued to work, swathes of shaving cream collected and rinsed off in the bowl, until only the valley between her sister-in-law's legs remained covered. With a deep breath, Gwen set to work, drawing short paths from the junction of thigh to where she imagined labial lips to be, eventually leaving just a thin strip of white down the middle.   
  
"All set?" Natalie looked down at her expectantly.   
  
"Just a little shaving cream left, right on top of your, uhh, you know."  
  
Natalie raised her head a bit more, trying to get a look. "My pussy, Gwen. That's my pussy. You can wipe that off, then use your finger to make sure you got it all."  
  
"You do it," Gwen insisted, thrusting a washcloth up towards her sister-in-law's breasts.  
  
"You can do it," she soothed. "I told you it won't bite."   
  
With another deep breath, she willed herself to relax and removed what she could with the towel, delicately inserting a finger into her sister-in-law's sex to collect the remnants, quickly pulling away when she felt the bump of her clitoris.   
  
"Good job!" Natalie swung her leg over Gwen's head and rolled to the side before standing up. Grabbing the towel, she quickly facecloth away any remnants of foam, then ran her hand over the shaved areas. "Nice and smooth, and I survived. Piece of cake. Now, want me to take care of yours, or do you want to try it yourself?" She smiled as if already knowing the answer.   
  
"I, uhh, think you should do it. I should probably try it when there's not so much."   
  
Natalie smiled again, knowing the stubble there now was but a shadow of what had grown there for years, but said nothing. "Be right back." She hurried to the bathroom and returned a moment later with a fresh towel which she laid on the bed.   
  
"Okay, hop on and assume the position."   
  
Gwen complied, more slowly than Natalie had and laid back, staring at the ceiling as Natalie moved into position and began to work, a gentle tug on her pubic hair followed by the snick of scissors.  
  
"Your first time that close to a girl in quite a while, I would imagine," Natalie said in a tone that reminded Gwen of the voice her hairdresser used when making conversation. Despite the seeming innocence of the question, she knew exactly what was meant.   
  
"Yes, I guess it was."   
  
"Did it stir up any bad memories?"  
  
It took Gwen a moment to respond. "No. No, not really," she said truthfully. "Maybe because I was concentrating and trying not to slice you open."   
  
"Well, thank you for that, although it's really is hard to cut people too badly with a safety razor. Nicks can be a problem though, and I think those hurt just as bad, so thanks for your attention to detail."   
  
Gwen jumped a little as the first cold spurt of gel hit her squarely above her clitoris. Natalie began to work it about, Gwen noting she seemed less concerned about where her fingers traveled, frequently brushing her lips and occasionally sliding between them. She also noted the practiced ease with which her sister-in-law wielded the razor, firm strokes quickly removing both hair and cream at a speed Gwen could not imagine moving at.   
  
"I also want to thank you for letting me jill off on the way home the other day," Natalie murmured from between her legs as she worked. "I wasn't really sure how you'd feel about that."   
  
"It was your car, and you were doing me a favor just by being there," Gwen countered as reasonably as she could with a naked razor-wielding woman between her legs. "But I kind of thought you were teasing me when you offered me the chance after my photo shoot. Have you done that before?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Natalie replied as she concentrated on moving the blade over the spot below her opening. "I used to do that from time to time for Adam's benefit before we had the kids. And Liz and I once drove to Spring Break in Fort Lauderdale, and we had a contest to see who could come more times during the drive there and back. The driver drove while the passenger played. I won, but I think she delayed her orgasms to keep me behind the wheel. It got me hot as hell to watch her play with herself, though. Speaking of which, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to be honest with me—did it turn you on having me doing that right next to you on a busy highway?"  
  
"It wasn't that busy a highway," Gwen answered in a weak attempt at evasion. She could feel the razor pull away from her skin in mid-stroke and raised her head enough to see Natalie looking back at her, waiting expectantly. "Why do you want to know?"  
  
"Let's just say sometimes I like to know if I'm reading people right."   
  
Gwen briefly thought about questioning her more on that statement—how exactly was she being read?—but decided it might not be something she wished to know. "If you must know, I found it, umm, interesting. So yes, maybe I got a little excited. It's not every day I see something like that."   
  
"Interesting? Huh. I'll take that as a good thing." The blade returned. "Did you find it interesting enough to do something about it after I dropped you off?"  
  
"And why do you want to know that?"  
  
"Because I find things interesting, too."  
  
Gwen sighed and stared at the ceiling. "Yes, I did."  
  
"Good for you!" Natalie wiped away the remains of the shaving cream using facecloth and fingers before baby oil was applied to he sister-in-law's freshly-shaved skin, a finger pushing its way past her lips and slowly up her slit, dragging across her clitoris and stopping for a second before exiting.  
  
"All set! Smooth as silk!" Natalie stood and offered her hand to help the prone woman up., backing away as Gwen arose. "We forgot my baby oil."   
  
"Oh! Uh, sorry about that."   
  
Natalie smiled and put a foot on the edge of the bed, opening herself to her sister-in-law. "No problem. Can you put it on me now?"   
  
The Lady huffed, wondering why she couldn't do it herself. She did it for me, Gwen reminded herself, it would be rude not to return the favor.   
  
"Get it everywhere you shaved," Natalie coached as she worked. "Helps keep the skin soft."   
  
Gwen did her best, even dragging a finger into the folds of Natalie's cleft, pulling it back just short of her button. "I think I got it all," she finally announced.   
  
Natalie replaced Gwen's hand with her own, further smoothing the oil in, running her finger deep into her valley. "I think you did. So how are you feeling?"  
  
"Oh, fine, thanks, it looks good. I'm sure Tim will love it."  
  
"You gonna take care of your itch before or after he gets home?"   
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"You looked pretty wet down there. Unless you're just naturally well-lubricated, I'd say that excited you some. Don't be embarrassed—I get worked up when other people give me trims, too."  
  
Gwen tried to comprehend the absurdity of the situation. She was standing in her bedroom, naked, with her equally naked sister-in-law, discussing the state of their sexual arousal after playing barber to each other's most private parts! "No, just, uhh...well, it's been a long time and it brought back some memories, and...well, I'm sure Tim will be able to uhh,...help me with things."

"If you want to help yourself right now, it won't bother me. I might even help myself while you're doing that."   
  
"What...oh, no, I couldn't do that with somebody watching, not even Tim. But thank you for thinking of me," Gwen babbled, feeling foolish the moment she uttered it.   
  
A knowing smile crossed Natalie's lips. "Suit yourself. But I'm betting Tim would love to see a show like that, and I think you might benefit as well. Be right back, gonna get my stuff out of the car. Want me to wait outside for a bit?" The nude woman smiled as Gwen blushed and averted her eyes. Natalie turned and left, not bothering to grab anything she might cover up with for her trip across the yard.   
  
Gwen followed her down the hall after grabbing the robe the Lady insisted she wear—could you imagine if someone had walked in on the scene that had just taken place?—and was there in in the kitchen when Natalie returned, duffle bag in hand.   
  
"Can I get you something to eat before you go?" Gwen asked nervously, afraid she had somehow sent a message of distrust to the one person she truly counted as a trusted friend. "If you want to use my bedroom to, uhh, take care of yourself, please feel free!"  
  
Natalie smiled and began to dress right there in the kitchen. "Nah, that's alright. Sometimes it's fun to have an edge at work. Makes giving sponge baths more interesting." She smiled to show her attempt at humor. "Hey, sorry I made you uncomfortable in there, I should have known better than to put you in spots like that."   
  
"Oh no, please don't apologize. I just don't have a lot of experience with how girls talk and act around each other when they're not trying to make each other miserable. Is what we just talked about and did normal?"  
  
"Very normal for me and my friends, at least," Natalie said as she kissed her on the cheek, "but it sounds like not so much for the crowd you grew up with. Gotta go—talk to you soon."   
  
Gwen stood on the deck until the SUV was out of sight beyond the trees. Despite the almost painful embarrassment of being so obviously in heat in front of her own sister-in-law, she knew that arousal would have to be taken care of sooner than later. A trip back to the bedroom to retrieve her toys was definitely in order. But first, she really should check the office for any messages...it seemed silly to dress just for a trip across the yard, though. The robe should do. You don't even need the robe, the Slut suggested.   
  
The Lady screamed warnings from her perch on Gwen's shoulder. What if somebody comes while you're in the office! You'll be trapped! Gwen smiled and removed the robe, but as a compromise, draped the garment over her right arm. She looked and listened for what seemed like an eternity, ready to bolt back into her kitchen and on to the bedroom at any hint of discovery. Sensing none, she tentatively stepped off the stairs and on to the flagstone walk. Hew slow walk built up momentum while she resisted the urge to run, reminding herself that moving quickly only took her farther away from the relative safety of the house. The office might offer temporary shelter, but eventually she would have to explain why she was out there in just a bathrobe, if she had time to put that on at all.  
  
Gwen's heart pounded with each step she took towards the building at the other end of the property, acutely aware that the thin screen of trees to her left were her only shield from vehicles on the road beyond. It was the sound of a car in the distance, coming her way, that made her break into a jog to cover the last few yards. She reached the door next to the garage bays as the car rattled past, Gwen thankful it was not stopping.   
  
The large open area was stuffy in the afternoon heat, the closed garage doors not allowing any movement of air. She began to climb the stairs, wooden steps barely creaking under her bare feet as she climbed.   
  
The air up here was stifling, the air conditioner left off in an oversight during the morning's paperwork. Gwen turned the unit on, looking out the window it sat in and onto the road beyond at the end of their driveway. The realization someone on the road might be able to see her made her retreat to the desk.   
  
Two messages, one from a customer asking for a call back after 4pm, one from Tim. There, you know you have calls to make, the Lady pleaded, for God's sake, go put some clothes on before you do. Instead the nude woman began dialing.  
  
"Nelson Plumbing—hi, Mrs. Nelson."  
  
Gwen startled and nearly dropped the phone as she scrambled for her robe. "Andrew!?"   
  
"Yes ma'am. Tim's busy at the moment. He asked me to talk to you." The young man seemed almost apologetic.  
  
The nude woman sat back, laughing nervously to herself. You idiot, he can't see you. He can't see you...her time spent with Natalie and the extreme risk she was even now taking drove her on. "That's fine, Andrew. What does he need?"   
  
"Tim? Mrs. Nelson would like to know what you want." She could hear her husband's voice, muffled and distant. "He says he'd like you to get a 2-inch bronze relief valve on order. He's going to need it the middle of next week."   
  
"2 inch? That's a big one."  
  
"Yes ma'am, it is." The young apprentice resisted the urge to snicker. Girls could be so naive about what they were saying sometimes. He wondered if Jordan would have been able to refrain from commenting on her choice of words.  
  
"Tell him I'll get it on order right away. Is there anything else you need?"   
  
The line was silent for a moment while Andrew relayed the message. "No ma'am. That's it."   
  
"Alright then, call if you want anything else."  
  
The connection was broken, and Gwen sat for a moment, reliving the moment. Wants anything else? The Slut mocked. What he wants was sitting right here in the chair, just the way he wants it. If only he knew just how naked you were...ready to show him everything.  
  
Gwen was shocked to discover her legs had spread themselves in a lewd display during their call. The urge to release the pressure that had building all morning was overwhelming, and her index finger was even now tracing lines over the soft skin around her sex. It would be so easy to just let loose right here, she thought, but too dangerous. Reluctantly she made her way back downstairs and across the yard, robe carried in one hand as she hurried back to the house. She was moved more quickly this time, not because she was any more afraid of being exposed, but because of the urgent need to make herself climax.   
  
The much desired orgasm arrived just moments after the Magic Wand had been roughly pulled from its boot and plugged in, images of Natalie and Andrew and the shows she might put on for them swirling in her head as the vibrator urgently buzzed between her legs. The guilt over not including Tim in her lurid fantasies did not hit her until she had begun to come down off of her sexual high, the sound of the remote office phone ringing in the kitchen hastening her to her senses. Gwen hurried into the kitchen on slightly wobbly legs, still naked.   
  
"N-Nelson Plumbing."   
  
"Hey Gwen, it's me. You okay? You sound out of breath."   
  
"Oh, Tim! Everything's fine, I just had to run upstairs to get the phone."   
  
"Oh. Well, do me a favor and add another relief valve to that order Andrew asked you to call in. And also, don't wait dinner for me. I'm going to take the crews out for a beer to thank them for getting that courthouse project done. We'll bring the trucks back when we're done. If you want, you can join us."  
  
"No, a woman in a crowd of men tends to make the conversation more polite than I expect men like. You guys go out, talk about laying pipe or whatever it is plumbers talk about when they're off-duty. Just be safe."   
  
Tim rolled his eyes and smiled. Gwen could be so naïve with the things she said sometimes. "We will. See you tonight. Love you."  
  
"Love you too."   
  
Gwen made her way back to the office, clothed this time, to place Tim's order and finish up some paperwork, then hurried to sneak in a quick swim. Barn chores were done and a light dinner was waiting for Tim when the trucks rolled in at seven.   
  
It was almost eight when Tim sat down at the table. "Don't worry about cleaning up—I'll do it in the morning," Gwen told him as she kissed him on the top of his head. "I'm going to bed a little early tonight. See you in there."  
  
"Everything alright?"   
  
"Everything's fine. Come to bed when you're ready."   
  
Tim ate quickly, a glass of diet soda his preferred beverage after the two beers he had consumed earlier. He wandered about the house, waiting for the local weather to come on while making sure lights were off and windows closed.  
  
The weather appeared fine for a morning on the lake—his own boat this time. He was going to fish this weekend, damn it. It was going to be him alone, though—he hadn't been able to find anyone free to go with him.   
  
A morning alone on the lake would not be the worst thing in the world, he thought as he opened the bedroom door—  
  
Gwen lay on the bed, facing him. Or rather her lower half facing him, legs wide open in invitation. "Surprise!" she said with a weak smile and tentative voice. "Notice anything different?"   
  
"A beautiful woman on my bed, offering herself to me? Nope, pretty standard." He stepped closer, pulling off his shirt as he moved. "I do see the beautiful woman has freshened up her hairstyle, though." His shorts were off next, a rapidly engorging staff lifting its head for its own look. "You did a great job," he murmured as he dropped to his knees, wrapped his arms about her thighs and pulled her to the edge of the bed.   
  
"Well, I had some help..."   
  
Tim's lips stopped inches from her sex. "Really?"  
  
"Well, yes, I mean, Natalie and I went riding together, and then we went swimming, and you already know we don't wear suits, and I asked her how she does hers, and she said it's easier if someone does it for you, so I practiced on her, and she shaved me. You're not mad, are you?" she babbled, her voice rushed and nervous.   
  
"No, not at all," Tim replied truthfully. "I wasn't aware she was trimmed."  
  
"Oh, yes, I think she gave me her style down there."  
  
"Well, I'm sure she can't taste as good as you." Tim buried his tongue in the bare folds before him, worried he had overstepped his bounds by even mentioning another woman's pussy in Gwen's presence, particularly her sister-in-law's.   
  
She ran her fingers through his hair as he licked. "That's sweet of you to say, but I'm sure it's not true." Gwen resisted the Lady's demand she mind her mouth. You and your husband are comparing you and your sister-in-law's private parts as if they're pies!  
  
Tim happily worked for a few moments more, Gwen's arousal building as he spent more time on her sensitive clitoris. "Honey, what about you?" she finally asked. "You need some attention, too."   
  
He looked up, cheeks glistening with her wetness. Gwen knew she should be disgusted, the knowledge of where it came instead exciting her more. "Well, if you insist..." Tim moved from between her legs and laid beside her as she scooted back up the bed a little. He kissed her, the taste of his lips a pungent reminder of where they had just been. Gwen reached for his staff, but her husband was quicker, straddling her chest while he reached for pillows. These were gently pushed behind her head, bringing her face-to-eye with the swaying cobra before her. The snake pushed forward until the pink head made contact with her lips, gently pushing them apart and sliding past them just a little to where her tongue could begin to work.   
  
Gwen's mouth lavished attention on whatever amount of her husband's length he chose to give her, her right hand wrapping around his length while the other fondled his dangling sac. He was content to let her work for some time, and she sensed he was growing close to giving her his seed in a most depraved way, a way she found herself looking forward to.   
  
She was surprised, therefore, when he withdrew, his diamond-hard staff laid between her breasts.   
  
"Push your boobs together."  
  
Gwen looked up at him, her confusion clear to him.   
  
"Push your boobs together so they wrap around my cock."   
  
Her hands gently pushed the mounds of flesh together until they formed a tunnel from which the pink head of his snake emerged. Tim's hips flexed, and the snake's head pushed forward, out of sight below her chin. She looked up at him to see if she was doing it right, the contented look on his face told her she was.   
  
Tim fell forward until his chest hovered over his wife's head, hands propped on either side of her while the cudgel between her breasts picked up speed. Her own hand crept behind the working torso and began to circle her clit with a firm finger, Gwen's hips developing their own rhythm as her sex-fogged mind decided the man on top of her would not notice what was going on behind him. With a final thrust, he grunted, and she felt rather than saw the first jet of semen erupt from him, landing in the hollow of her throat, hot against her skin, other blasts pooling with the first.  
  
A hearty exhale told her he was finished. The spent man scrambled to his feet. "Stay there," he ordered. Gwen froze but didn't remove her hand from its spot between her legs, finger cautiously starting its rotation again as he disappeared into the bathroom.  
  
Her finger stopped mid-circle as he reappeared with a washcloth in hand. Gently he dried her neck, careful to catch any stray droplets or dribbles, then bent to kiss her. "Want me to finish that for you?"   
  
Gwen blushed. "Sorry?"   
  
"I thought I might have interrupted you—" Tim glanced down at her crotch meaningfully before finding her eyes again—"and I wondered if you wanted my help?"  
  
Embarrassment over being caught wrestled with a need for release. "I'd love for you to hold me, and if you want to, umm, help me, I'd love that too."  
  
Tim was happy to oblige, spooning her as one arm pulled her tight to him while the calloused fingers of his other hand alternated between stroking her button and filling her opening. Her second orgasm of the day soon followed.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 22**

Tim was up first that morning, throwing on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt as the first hints of dawn lightened their bedroom window. Gwen rose as well, heading to the kitchen to make coffee for her husband to take with him on to the lake that morning.   
  
"Hey, why don't you come with me?"   
  
The robed woman turned to him from her spot at the counter. "Where? Fishing?"   
  
"Yeah, come with me!"  
  
Gwen laughed. "You know I don't fish."  
  
"You don't have to. Bring a book, take a nap, enjoy the sights, be my boat's eye candy."   
  
"But I know you like the peace and quiet..."   
  
"You're not exactly loud and obnoxious. C'mon, I'll let you drive the boat."  
  
"Now I know you're not serious. Besides, I've got nothing ready to go out on the lake..."  
  
"Throw the coffee in a thermos. Put on some comfy clothes, and let's go. We'll make the rest up as we go along."   
  
"I don't know..."  
  
Tim rose. "Get dressed while I hook up the trailer." With a smile, he turned and went outside.   
  
An order's an order, Gwen thought, and headed back to the bedroom. Jeans, long-sleeve shirt and sweatshirt were quickly selected. It's probably going to be hot out there once the sun comes up, she realized. I'll be overdressed by 10. The now-nude woman weighed her options, a plan forming. Twenty minutes later, she and Tim were on the road.  
  
Despite the early hour, the landing was busy when they arrived. Tim waited patiently to put in, finally backing boat and trailer into the warm water. Once afloat, he tied up to a nearby dock, parked the truck and returned.   
  
He pulled away with the throttle low, not wishing to disturb the residents of the nearby cottages, gradually increasing speed as they moved farther up the lake to the more uninhabited reaches. Boats, houses, and other signs of civilization became less common until Tim cut the engine and glided into a sheltered, tree-lined cove. Gwen was thankful for her sweatshirt in this shady nook, but could see the sun would be on them before too long.   
  
"Coffee?" she asked as Tim set to unlimbering his pole.   
  
"Yeah, that stuff we picked up on the way was terrible," he said with a grimace. "That's quite a bag," he added with a smile. "Did you pack the coffeemaker?"   
  
"Hush. I wasn't sure what it would be like, so I just threw some things in not knowing what we'd need."   
  
"That's my Gwen. Always prepared. Well, I guess it can't hurt to bring a raft along just in case."   
  
"Stop it, or you'll get your own coffee."   
  
Tim made his first cast after settling into a spot on the stern while Gwen curled up in the sunken seating area forward of the cockpit. The book she had brought with her remained unopened as she just sat and enjoyed the quiet, birds and frogs making a pleasant counterpoint to the muffled sounds of outboard engines reaching their little harbor from across the open stretches of water. Her seat did not allow her much of a view to either side of the boat, set as it was deep into the hull, but she didn't mind—what she could see of the trees and the blue sky above was relaxing enough. She could see why Tim treasured his time out here just as much as she valued her rides with Dart...  
  
The cove began to brighten, the line of shade retreating across the inlet as the sun advanced overhead. The high summer heat soon followed, and Gwen knew her fears of being overdressed had been well-founded. Tim smiled when he glanced back to see his wife had discarded the Nelson Plumbing sweatshirt to reveal the long shirt beneath. He wondered if her bag included shorts or at least a skirt, and if she would be daring enough to change her clothes right here in the middle of the lake.   
  
He did a double-take when he looked back a short time later and found that the jeans were gone, bikini bottoms just barely visible behind Gwen's drawn-up legs.   
  
She didn't miss her husband's extended look. "You don't think people can see me here, right?"   
  
"Not unless they're right next to the boat, or sitting in a tree."   
  
Tim turned back to his line, a smile on his face. He was only slightly less surprised to find the next time he turned that the shirt had been discarded as well, revealing a matching bikini top.   
  
"You're sure no one can see me, right?"   
  
Tim looked around for effect. "Just the squirrels." Gwen slouched into the seat a little more and returned to her book. He smiled again, checked the reel, and walked forward to sit down next to her. "Thanks for coming out with me. I appreciate the company."   
  
"Thank you for asking me. I had almost forgotten how pretty it could be out here."  
  
"I never thought you had time to appreciate the scenery when we used to come out here. It's not so beautiful when you have two children with you screaming for you to go faster and asking when they would get to swim."   
  
Gwen smiled. "I was so worried they would fall overboard."   
  
"They had life preservers. They'd float until we got back to them."   
  
Tim smiled at the beautiful woman beside him and leaned in to kiss her. "Something I want to ask you."   
  
Uh-oh. "Uhh, sure?"  
  
"It's none of my business, and if you don't want to talk about it, that's okay too, but when you and Natalie were givin' each other haircuts yesterday, did that bother you any?"  
  
Gwen's eyes grew wide. "Oh God! I'll stop! I thought you wouldn't be mad—I'm so sorry!"   
  
Tim smiled, a patient laugh rolling out. "Relax. I'm not mad, it's just something that most guys will think that if you're down there, you're down there for more than a trim and a shave."   
  
Gwen looked around nervously, suddenly remembering that sound carried across open water. "Do you?" Tim smiled and a shrugged his shoulders. "I know, I know, I even asked Natalie if it was normal to do that and she said it was with her friends. Of course, I know shaving each other's privates is just one small part of what she and her friends do together. Tim, I have no experience with what women do or don't do around each other—I'm sure she's telling the truth, but maybe she's not normal!?"   
  
"It's possible," Tim conceded. He knew he had very little experience in this area—a former girlfriend had once strongly hinted at what really happened at her slumber parties, and how she had picked up certain tidbits of sexual prowess from friends, but what the hell did that mean, anyways? "But I think what's more important is how you feel about all this—does it make you uncomfortable, or is it something else, something, I don't know...enjoyable?"   
  
Gwen folded her arms and brought her body forward to rest on her knees. "I would never tell this to anyone else in the world, and I can't believe I'm even telling you, but since you asked...you promise not to get mad?" A smile and a shake of his head was mildly reassuring to her. "I feel a little like I used to when I would go to Miss Ritter's apartment...like I knew I was doing something incredibly deviant, but that just made it really exciting, and that made it feel even better. I mean, I get excited with you when we...make love... too, but this is different, like it's so risky and dangerous, like being on a rollercoaster. I know it's sick and depraved...maybe, I need to slow down, or talk to somebody."   
  
"Rollercoasters are fun, and safe if you don't have a bad back or are pregnant. If what you're doing isn't hurting anybody, most of all you, why not do it?"   
  
"Because it's wrong?"  
  
"Says who?"  
  
"Says morality and decency."  
  
"Fuck morality and decency. Morality is doing what you think is right; decency is not hurting anybody else while doing it."   
  
Gwen laughed at her husband's use of such strong profanity. "And wouldn't I be hurting you if I ever did something like that?"   
  
"It didn't hurt the first time."  
  
I can't believe my husband of all people is giving me this advice."   
  
"It's not like I'm not getting anything out of this. Since you and Natalie have become friends, our sex life has gone through the roof, and I still don't have to do office paperwork or cook."   
  
"Aren't you afraid I might go too far?"  
  
"What's too far? That you'd leave me to move in with your sister-in-law?"   
  
Gwen was quick to answer. "I can't imagine spending my life with anyone but you."  
  
"There ya go." Tim looked up at the cloudless sky. "Getting hot out here."   
  
"It is. Do you want to head back?"  
  
"In a bit. Want to cool off with a swim first?"  
  
"I guess we could. Did you bring a suit?"  
  
He smiled and pulled of his shirt. "Don't need one." Boots, pants and underwear soon followed.   
  
"Tim! What if someone sees you?"   
  
"Out here? They'll need good binoculars. Besides, who wants to look at a flabby-assed old man with a small penis?"   
  
"You're not flabby-assed or old, and you don't have a small penis! Now please, get dressed before someone comes!"   
  
"Not before I cool off. You coming with me?"  
  
"Yes! Just go!"  
  
Tim stood there, looking at her expectantly. "Aren't you going to take off your suit first?"  
  
"What!? No! This thing is already too revealing for public." Gwen stood and moved to the stern, dropping of the edge and into the water. She surfaced to see Tim standing where she had jumped off, still very naked. "C'mon! Hurry! It's nice!"  
  
"I'm not coming in and you're not getting out until you give me your bikini."  
  
"No way! Stop playing, Tim!"  
  
"Your top, please."  
  
The couple stared at each other for a moment, Gwen treading water, looking up at her naked husband, his length beginning to twitch to life. "Grrr...you are in trouble when I get out, mister." She untied the string about her neck and back then tossed the twin triangles up to her waiting husband. "Good enough?"  
  
"Halfway there."  
  
Gwen stopped kicking long enough to remove the bottoms and throw them at Tim with more force than necessary, holding her breath when they nearly sailed past his hand and over the other side of the boat. Task completed, Tim dropped into the water.   
  
It had been her intent to climb the ladder as soon as he was in and retrieve her things, but his insistence on a hug and a kiss as they floated together delayed her.   
  
"So, how many penises have you been looking at to know mine isn't small?"   
  
"What? None!"  
  
"You sure you didn't catch more than a glimpse of the two in the pool the other day?"  
  
"I barely saw them! And anyways, I don't care how big yours is—it's big enough for me!"  
  
"So you're saying I'm not so big after all?" His smile made it clear he was teasing.  
  
"Stop that! I don't know how big you are—I just know I like it, alright?"  
  
Tim's hands cupped her bare bottom. "Wanna find out how big it can get?"  
  
The revving of a nearby outboard, very close, cut short Gwen's reply. With a hint of panic she broke free from her husband's embrace and swam for the ladder, not even getting halfway before a bass boat nosed into the tiny harbor. An older white-haired gentleman was at the wheel, his wife sitting behind him, her wide-brimmed hat casting a shadow across her face. The driver cut the power and the engine fell into a low grumble as the boat lost momentum and stopped, only a few yards separating it from the swimming couple's boat. Tim tread water between the two, seemingly unconcerned about his lack of swimwear while Gwen frantically weighed the pros and cons of swimming out of sight behind their boat or staying where she was, a respectable distance from the elderly couple. In the end she stayed, trying to stay submerged up to her chin.   
  
They stood and moved to the rail of their boat, looking down at her husband just a few feet away. "'Mornin'! I saw the rod out—how's the fishing?"   
  
"Kinda slow," Tim called back, still treading water, looking up at the couple. "They weren't really biting this morning. Thought we'd go for a swim instead." Gwen wondered just how much they could see from their vantage point—was the water clear enough to make out her husband's nudity just a few feet below the surface?   
  
"Makes sense," the man agreed. "One of our favorite places for sunnin' and swimmin'. Well, I think we might go up the shore a little and maybe come back in a bit if we don't find another spot. That is, if you don't mind sharin'."  
  
"Nope, not at all," Tim replied amiably. Gwen was aghast at the thought these people might stay. She was getting a little tired, and the idea that she might have to climb the ladder in her current state of undress was troubling. And a little exciting, she was forced to admit.   
  
The man returned to the chair behind the wheel, but the woman stayed at the rail, looking down at Tim and smiling. "The fish in this part of the lake love worms," she called out as the engine revved and the craft moved away. "Just be careful the fish don't take a bite out of it."   
  
Tim smiled and waved while Gwen desperately swam for the ladder, hoisting herself up and onto the deck as the visitors moved around the point of land. She half-crawled forward to grab towels for herself and Tim, frantically pawing through the bag before wrapping one around her and hurrying back to the stern.   
  
Tim was still several feet from the ladder when she returned, still treading water. Looking down, she discovered just how clear the water was—a smudge of darkness surrounding a streak of pale flesh was obvious between his legs.   
  
"Hurry up Tim, before they get back," Gwen urged. "I think they know we were naked!"  
  
He laughed. "I think you're right. Probably the only reason they left is because they wanted to give us time to finish what we were doing."   
  
"Finish? You mean swimming?"  
  
"Well, swimming is one thing boys and girls do together when they're naked. How about I come up there and we can do some other things?"  
  
"Out here? No way! It's bad enough they caught us without our bathing suits on! What if they—or somebody else—catches us doing something worse?"   
  
"I wouldn't exactly call it worse, and maybe they'd find us inspirational."  
  
"That's not funny! They were old enough to be my parents! We'd be in so much trouble if they caught us doing something like that! We'd get arrested for lewd behavior!"  
  
"Out here? The wardens are out looking for unlicensed fishermen, not married couples enjoying a hot sunny day."  
  
"Just hurry and get in the boat, please? I promise we can do anything you want when we get home."  
  
"Promise?"  
  
"Yes, yes, promise! Now please, let's get out of here before they come back."   
  
Tim's first strokes towards the boat were enough to convince her he was coming back aboard. She again hurried forward, frantically throwing on underwear, jeans and shirt. The naked man at the stern took his time drying off, deliberately putting on just enough to pass the test of decency before making his way to the cockpit and bringing the engine to life. Gwen could just make out the elderly couple's boat farther up the shoreline as they left the cove.   
  
Tim's easy smile as he drove told her he was not at all upset about their close call, and Gwen began to take stock of her own feelings about the event. The Lady had certainly made her point clear about the dangers of being caught naked in public; the Slut teased her with the excitement of that same danger. What would the other woman have done if Gwen had given her husband a good look at the naked female body just a few feet away? What would it have been like if she had allowed Tim to make love to her right there, out in the open like that? What if the boat had returned in time to see them coupling, with her husband between her legs, or worse, with his penis in her mouth...her musings made the trip back seem rapid.   
  
He had the boat trailered in good time, the truck pulling the craft out onto the road and towards home. "A promise is a promise, right?" he asked with a smile as they reached cruising speed.  
  
"Of course. Did all that really get you in the mood? You know they could probably see you weren't wearing anything, right?"  
  
"I'm pretty sure they did, and I'm very sure the guy was trying to check you out to see if you were in the same condition. If they did, they didn't seem too upset." Gwen had to agree that the couple had seem very nice about the whole situation. "As for 'in the mood', seeing you in all your naked glory gets me 'in the mood'. Knowing that guy was trying to get a better look at the meal I get to eat made it all that much better. So, what's on the menu when we get home?"  
  
Gwen blushed at his casual reference to their upcoming lovemaking. "Whatever you would like."   
  
"Well, I've got the rest of the drive home to think of the possibilities."   
  
Gwen spent most of the ride thinking of the possibilities, as well. Just what would Tim want her to do? Would he make a request that would be too much for her to fulfill? A promise is a promise, the Slut reminded her. Whatever he wanted, it would be out of the question to say no.  
  
The presence of Alison's car in their driveway made it clear that her questions would have to wait to be answered. The kitchen door was locked, curious, they both thought as Tim turned the key and the couple stepped into the kitchen. Tim checked messages while Gwen made her way to the bedroom with towels for the hamper. The sound of the shower through the open bedroom doorway as she drew near indicated where the car's owner could be found.   
  
Mother stepped into the bedroom from the hallway as her naked daughter stepped in from the bathroom on the opposite side. Both saw each other at the same time, the looks of shock on both women's faces showing a distinct family resemblance. Alison shrieked and ducked back into the bathroom as Gwen turned and retreated to the hallway. "Mom! You're back! Is Daddy with you? Jason, my parents are home!" she said with a nervous urgency. Well, that would answer why the shower was still running, Gwen thought. Her son-in-law was still in it. Her daughter appeared in the hall a moment later, towel now demurely wrapped about her, babbling excitedly as she worked to tuck the edge in near the side of her breast. "I called this morning—I got the day off unexpectedly and I wanted to come up and ride—but I got the machine, and when we got here, the boat was gone, so we figured you went to the lake today and wouldn't be back until tonight and Jason and I rode and he took Tigger. You never go to the lake with Daddy?"  
  
"Your father didn't want to go alone, and yes he's out unhitching the boat. Are, uhh, you and Jason staying for dinner?"   
  
"Well, if we're not imposing...let me check with him." Gwen was already at work in the kitchen when Alison returned nearly fifteen minutes later, wet skin making her mother wonder if she had gotten back into the shower to get her husband's answer. "If it's not too much trouble, we'd love to stay. Let me go get changed and I'll help you."   
  
She returned a few moments later, dressed in clothes that had not been out of her closet since she had left home for college. Jason appeared a moment later, wearing the clothes he had ridden in, if Gwen's sense of smell was correct. A casual meal was prepared and consumed with bottles of wine, the two couples sitting for a while on the deck before daughter and son-in-law said their goodbyes. It was nearly 7 before Tim and Gwen were again alone in their home.   
  
"I guess they must have forgotten a change of clothes," she said as they cleared the table.   
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Didn't you notice? They both took showers after they went riding, but Alison had to get clean things out of her room, and Jason put the clothes he went riding in back on. I would have thought they'd shower when they got home."   
  
Tim laughed. "I think they were more concerned about what they smelled like for each other before they went home."   
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean I think they were using the shower for something other than getting clean."

"You mean they were going to...do THAT...if we hadn't shown up? My little girl?"  
  
"Your married daughter," Tim reminded her. "The one that will probably give you your first grandchild, as long as KD doesn't get careless and beat her to it. And I know you know how babies are made...besides, Alison is married to a young man who most likely doesn't like to wait when the mood strikes."  
  
"What makes you say that about him?"  
  
"Because he's a man, and he's young...speaking of moods, is tonight a good night to keep your promise? If you're tired, it can wait."   
  
"No, I'm fine. Besides," Gwen wrapped her arms around her husband's waist, "a promise is a promise. Did you decide on something?"  
  
"Maybe," he chuckled, "but I don't want to ask for anything that might make you uncomfortable."  
  
"Don't ask, then. Tell me what to do," Gwen said softly. "I'll do whatever it is, I promise."  
  
"Well," Tim began slowly. "Let me ask you a question first. I noticed the other night that you were touching yourself while I was, uhh, on your chest. Do you ever do that when you're alone?"  
  
Gwen buried her head in his neck, too embarrassed to look at him, and nodded.   
  
"Do you ever finish that way?" Another nod. She steeled herself for the inevitable question about her hidden toys. Instead, strong hands grasped each shoulder and walked her backwards until her rear made contact with the kitchen table. Gwen looked up, eyes wide in astonishment. Tim's face was impassive, unreadable. "Take your clothes off."   
  
"Here? What if the kids forgot something and come back?"   
  
"Take your clothes off," he repeated in the same firm yet patient tone that made it obvious this was not a negotiation. Her fingers began to work the buttons of her blouse, leaving it tucked into the waist of her jeans until those slid down her muscled legs. Bra and panties joined shirt and pants laid neatly over the back of nearby chair. Gwen demurely folded her hands in front of her mostly-shaven cleft and briefly looked into the eyes of her husband leaning back against the counter, the smug smile curling his lip giving her a shiver of excitement. Her focus moved on to his arms as they lay folded against his chest.   
  
"Touch yourself."   
  
Gwen glanced nervously behind her. "But the curtains are open!"  
  
"Touch yourself. Down there."  
  
She was mentally reluctant but physically anxious to comply. The index finger of her right hand was slowly pushed into her furrow while the left hand attempted to provide cover. Even the tentative advance of the digit down her moist lips gave her a tremor of physical and mental pleasure.   
  
Touch yourself like you do when I'm not here."   
  
"But I wouldn't be touching myself out here," she replied in a near-whine.   
  
"Alright," Tim laughed gently. "Then exactly where would you be touching yourself?"  
  
By that window, in the office, in the pool, up at the top of the hill, the Slut answered. "Well, the bedroom, I guess," she managed.   
  
"Alright then, show me in there."   
  
Gwen led the way down the hall, lying on the bed with ankles crossed while Tim undressed, his erection snapping into view as he hurriedly pushed down the underwear that had snagged on it He grabbed her ankles and spread her legs before climbing on the mattress. Her initial thought was that Tim had changed his mind and that she was to be mounted right then and there. To her mild surprise, he took a seat between her outstretched thighs, legs thrown over her own. "Touch yourself."   
  
Again her right hand reached down with an extended finger, the left hand not providing cover this time. Embarrassment burned in her as she lay wide open, stroke and probe herself in front of Tim. I wouldn't be doing this if he hadn't made me, she lied to the Lady. But he had made it clear what he wanted...her building excitement grew as he began to stroke himself while he watched her finger slide up and down through her slit, circling her nub before retreating to just above her rosebud, then back. Eventually her palm planted itself firmly on her mons and rubbed back and forth while the finger shortened its path and spent more and more time pushing in and out of her opening.   
  
Tim's hand continued to slide along his length as he watched on in fascination, eyes only occasionally traveling up her twitching stomach to watch her left hand as it began to caress her breasts. Gwen's eyes would open briefly to look at his staff, skin moving loosely along his length beneath his closed fist as it pushed clear liquid up to bubble out of the angry red head.  
  
Gwen's mental and physical pleasure was taking its toll on her self-control. She found herself wishing for a vibrator, maybe two, as her palm pressed down on the nerve endings above and around her clit. Maybe now would be the time to reveal the items in her closet? No, the Lady decided. He might be threatened by them, particularly that big weapon that occupied its own boot.   
  
Tim's breathing grew ragged and his strokes more forceful as he stared at her hand hard at work just inches from his own. Gwen could feel his legs tense and his breathing catch in mid-inhale, followed by the first jet of white cream. It landed on the back of her hand with a dull wet plop, surprisingly hot against her already-warm skin. The jets pulsed in heartbeat-like intervals as he mashed his fist down against the base of his hose, growing weaker with each, Tim doing his best to push forward and have them land on her and not the bedspread. Gwen stopped her own efforts for a moment to watch the liquid gather on the back of her hand before she could resist no longer and resumed her own urgent stroking even as her husband's seed began to slide off, down onto her waiting sex. She imagined her impending orgasm as more of an approaching storm than the first violent bolt of lightning, and the gathering clouds made the breaking storm made that much more intense. She desperately wanted to bring her legs together, to squeeze down and somehow control the waves radiating out from her sex, but Tim's body was in the way and his sides bore the brunt of her reflexive muscle contractions. She fought the urge to cry out while her hand squeezed the tit beneath.  
  
And then it was over, the space between her legs and the shifting of the bed telling her Tim had gotten up even as she shuddered through the last tremors of her climax. He hurried back into the room as she opened her eyes, washcloth in hand.  
  
"Sorry," he said apologetically. "Got some on the bedspread. Got most of it on you, though. Sorry about that,too."   
  
"It's alright," she replied weakly as he dabbed clumsily between her open legs, amused at how quickly the man whose bidding she had just done had turned into someone fearing her wrath for a stained duvet. "I'll put it in the wash tonight. We've got a spare."   
  
Gwen held out her hand for the washcloth. "May I?" Tim quickly handed it over, watching her reaction carefully. Her right hand and crotch were cleaned before she arose to head to the bathroom and finish the job.  
  
"Maybe a swim before bed?" Tim asked when she returned.   
  
"That would be nice. I'm guessing bathing suits are neither required or wanted?"  
  
"Good guess."   
  
Gwen made her way down the hall, coming back after a moment with the clothes she had been told to discard earlier.   
  
"What are you doing?" Tim asked as she began to step into her panties.  
  
"I'm going to make sure the horses are all set before I go up to the pool."   
  
"And you need to be dressed to do that?"  
  
"Well, yes, of course."  
  
"Why?"   
  
Gwen stood there, searching for an answer. Five minutes later the horses were mildly surprised to see their humans walk in from the gathering darkness, naked save for their muck boots.   
  
The sight of Tim throwing hay bales from one part of the barn to the other, taut muscles rippling while penis and testicles swung wildly, planted less than pure thoughts in his wife's head. Gwen made those thoughts take shape in the water a few moments later, and culminated in their bedroom with a comfortable lovemaking session shortly after that.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 23**

Tim's support had been requested by a local contractor at the planning board meeting that Tuesday evening. Gwen waited until all the trucks were back and being unloaded that afternoon before she kissed him goodbye and headed off on her own. She had told her husband and herself that she really needed to do some clothes shopping, and that part was true; her loosening morals had made her current attire seem dull and she felt an obligation to Tim to give him what she believed he wanted. Some newer, fresher styles were needed—not too slutty, she cautioned herself, just more in keeping with the times and her expanding comfort level.  
  
What she would not admit, what the Slut on her shoulder did not dare even suggest, was that she craved some excitement. Perhaps if the conditions were right, she might be in a position to give someone a peek of her underwear, or perhaps her bare back. All without them knowing she was doing it, of course; it would have to be a believable accident on her part.   
  
Her destination was not the mall, but a smaller shopping center two towns over; she had no desire to run into anyone she might know, and she wondered if even the distance she had traveled would be enough to prevent that. The long-sleeve shirt that had maintained her modesty in front of the boys back at the shop was discretely removed after she pulled to a stop in the shopping center parking lot; not before a thorough scan of the area for any passerbys, however. Underneath was a tank top she had found in Alison's closet, scandalous in the amount of bare shoulder and arm it showed, even threatening to reveal a bra strap if she were not careful.   
  
Gwen glanced down as she hurried across the scorching pavement towards the cool interior of her target. The top was a little tighter on her than she had hoped, her breasts distinctly defined under the thin material and pushed into a hint of cleavage beneath the low-scooped top. The Lady was adamant her bra would not be up to the task of preventing her nipples from proclaiming her loose morals should she get a sudden chill, while the Slut hoped the Lady was correct. Gwen took solace in the fact that the trickle of sweat running down between her breasts made that unlikely, at least in the short term.   
  
The first blast of refrigerated air hit her in the face as the doors slid open. Gwen managed to keep a measured pace to the first racks of clothing before again looking down. The Lady had been right about the bra. She briefly thought about returning to the truck, at least to retrieve the shirt she had just removed, but instead pressed on in the opposite direction, compromising by keeping her chest pointed away from the other shoppers.   
  
Gwen made a quick pass by the dressing rooms upon reaching women's wear, making note of the fact that waiting area and changing rooms were even more closely situated than Crandall's. That the area was currently without an attendant was not lost on her, either. One less person to put a crimp in her ill-advised plans.   
  
She hurried back into the racks of clothing, intent on quickly choosing items to try on that she might actually buy and wear—she had to go home with something for her efforts. A look of disappointment almost cracked her deceptively-calm demeanor as another pass by the dressing rooms revealed nobody, male or female, waiting for a friend of significant other. You've been parading around this store with your nipples sticking out of this ridiculous shirt, the Lady scolded. Just try on the slutwear you've got in your hand and go home before you get in real trouble! A part of her wanted to take the direction; perhaps just going into one of the stalls and undressing would be enough to satisfy her need for excitement. The Slut finally talked her into making one more trip into the racks to look for a few more items. If there's still no one here when I get back, Gwen decided, then I'll just go in and see how these look. That would probably be for the best, anyways—this is insane!  
  
The trembling woman continued to carefully select items, taking her time. The chill of the air-conditioning had worn off some time ago, but still the bra failed to contain the eraser points beneath it. Finally Gwen could wait no longer and made her way among the racks back to the open area at the rear of the department.   
  
Her breath caught at the sight of the tall, thin, man standing with his back to her in the entranceway to the dressing rooms, looking down the stall-lined hallway. Gwen took stock as she brought her gathered items to her chest as a sort of shield and advanced. Neat black hair, t-shirt, Cargo shorts, sneakers with no socks, wedding band on the ring finger of the left hand which was resting high on the doorframe.   
  
"Umm, excuse me?"   
  
The man turned and looked down at her, a surprised smile on his face. "Oh, sorry, please, excuse me." His eyes surreptitiously scanned her from top to bottom before he moved to the side  
  
Gwen could hear the sound of a belt buckle hitting the floor in what seemed to be the last cubicle on the right. Are you crazy? The Lady screamed. You can't go in there! What if this man decides to trap you and have his way with you! There will be no one here to help you!  
  
That's probably his wife back there, the Slut reasoned. I seriously doubt she's going to let him do that. Besides, there's plenty of people in this store just a scream away. Gwen pressed on, selecting the second booth on the left.   
  
With shaking hands she "carelessly" let the left half of the barroom-style swinging door stick in a partially open position, a ten-inch gap between it and its partner while she sorted and hung her potential purchases,. The oversight was not attended to, and Gwen glanced right, into the mirror on the wall. The reflection allowed her to see through the gap, the waiting area partially visible behind the thin man still standing in the entrance to the hallway. She allowed herself a long enough look to see his eyes shifting nervously back and forth between the end of the corridor and her door.  
  
Don't look in the mirror, Gwen chided herself as she decided her next steps. Don't let him know you know. With a deep breath, she turned her back to the reflection and bent to remove her sandals.   
  
The sound of dressing room doors rattling momentarily froze her in place. Not mine, Gwen decided. Further down the hall.  
  
"How's this look, honey?"   
  
A male voice, the man at the entrance, replied. "Uhh, looks nice."  
  
"Keeper?"  
  
"If you like it."   
  
Gwen turned slightly and risked another look in the mirror. The man was still there, his attention drawn to the end of the corridor where his wife was modeling. She quickly averted her eyes as the sound of the door closing came up the hall and the man's eyes began to shift back to her cubicle.   
  
Now what? Did she actually dare to go through with this crazy scheme? It would be so easy to just reach back and pull the door shut, ask him to take a seat, do the proper thing...a nice compromise might be to close the door and strip naked knowing he was just a few feet away.   
  
No. Not enough. The Slut wanted more. Fingers moved to the zipper of her jeans without need for further instruction, slackening the tension on the brass button only slightly before it too was undone. The denim was slowly pushed down and off her hips, dragging panties along for an inch or two until the friction on them was lessened. Gwen felt some consolation in the possibility of reversing the action and stopping her depraved show until she stepped out of one, then the other leg. Now, with underwear, naked thighs and calves on display, in her mind there was no turning back.   
  
She bent to pick up her jeans, taking the time to give her audience a long look, the top of the cleft between her globes visible above where her panties had been dragged down. Gwen finally straightened and gave up what little cover the tank-top offered with a quick pull of it over her head. Another decision point had been reached. She could stop there, clad in her bra and panties, and go about the business of trying her items on, or she could go further. The sound of the man's wife coming back out into the corridor gave her time to consider. Gwen risked another look.  
  
"How about this one?"  
  
The man was still in the same spot, a look of surprise and guilt on his face as he looked past her doorway and down the hallway to where his wife stood.   
  
"Uhh, that one's nice, too."   
  
Do you like this one, or the first one better?"   
  
"Uhh, that one?"   
  
"Alright. Let me try on the others."   
  
The man turned his attention back to the open door as soon as his wife disappeared from view to find Gwen's naked back on display in the reflection. He nervously looked over his shoulder, suddenly aware his voyeurism might not have gone unnoticed by others. The slightly-open door called him back, to where Gwen had turned sideways to reach for the items hanging on the wall hook there. He was rewarded with a view of the side of firm, pert breasts pointed proudly at the clothes as she selected a shirt, turning her back to the mirror only after she had buttoned it. Two more shirts were tried and removed in the same manner before the man's wife stepped out again.   
  
"Too short?"   
  
"Uhh, no, no, I don't think so."   
  
"I think it might be..."   
  
He returned his attention to the cubicle just a few feet away even as Gwen was pushing her modest panties down. The separation of her muscular cheeks was clearly visible, her most secret place almost visible in the dusk between her legs.   
  
Please turn around, the man begged as he held his breath, and he was not disappointed. A beautifully sculpted body of smooth, flowing lines was presented to him, the lips of her shaven sex clearly visible beneath a short tuft of hair. This was too good to be true-she had to be doing this on purpose! The entrancing view was brief as Gwen reached for a skirt—the shortest skirt she had ever considered—and stepped into it. Breasts jiggled and dangled invitingly.   
  
The door down the corridor opened, followed by the sound of the woman walking purposefully up the hallway. "I like this, but it's a little too small. I'm going to go get another size. My purse in there; can you hang out so nobody walks off with it?"   
  
Gwen risked another glance to find that her audience had retreated back into the waiting area, out of sight; another look a moment later found him still by the chairs, but now in a position to resume his watching, albeit from a greater distance. She obliged him with more casual switching of clothes, spending as much time as believable in nothing at all.   
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
Gwen almost shrieked as she reached for something to cover herself up with. The wife had returned and was standing outside her door. She willed herself not to throw up.  
  
"Uhh, yes?"  
  
"Sorry, but your door is a little open. Not sure if you knew or not."  
  
"Oh my goodness," Gwen replied as she quickly snatched it shut. "How embarrassing. Thank you so much."   
  
"You're welcome." The woman continued on back to her cubicle.   
  
A surge of adrenaline fueled a frantic scramble to dress, her heart pounding as she zipped her jeans back up and leaned against the wall. The shirt in her truck would come in handy right now, an extra layer to proclaim her modesty upon her exit. She couldn't leave now, not until the man and his wife were gone—it would be too embarrassing to face him! She contented herself with rearranging the items she had tried on, neatly hanging and folding, certain she would not be buying any of these slutty outfits today.  
  
Her breathing and heart rate began to slow only after the woman exited the dressing room without a confrontation. Gwen waited another five minutes before making her own escape, furtively looking left and right, anxious to avoid the couple if they had decided to continue shopping. She surprised herself by willingly tempting disaster and staying long enough to purchase many of the items she had tried on, Gwen's perverted arousal again surging as she presented the decadent garments to the cashier as clear proof that she was slutty enough to wear these!   
  
Adrenaline-fueled giddiness pulsed through her as she pulled out of the parking lot and on to the road home. She had not felt this way since the first time she had gone horse jumping without her parent's knowledge. The same exultation at being a part of something so risky, so dangerous, so forbidden...I'll bet you wouldn't be so happy if that woman had known that you were showing her husband your naked body, the Lady grumped. What if she had taken exception to it? What then?  
  
He didn't have to look, the Slut countered.   
  
Gwen knew there was another feeling this time that the horse jumping had not produced, however. She was almost painfully aware of an intense sexual need that would likely produce a memorable orgasm, and the reliving of this event would produce others. Her hand strayed to her denim-covered crotch more than once, the Lady reminding her of the need for two hands on the wheel each time.   
  
Her headlights swept across the row of vehicles in front of the shop as she made the turn up the driveway. Tim's truck was still absent, but Cliff's was parked at the end of the shop, where it normally sat on workdays. Either he had gone with Tim to the Planning Board meeting, or was still here, working on something...the shop was dark, though. She could just make out three towels hanging over the pool fence like signal flags that some of the boys had been swimming in her absence. Was Cliff still up there? Her heart thudded as she idled the vehicle and checked her phone for a string of text messages that had come in while she was on the way back—no texting and driving for the Nelson family!  
  
taking forever  
  
not sure when Ill be home  
  
dont wait up  
  
love you  
  
No mention as to whether Cliff was with her husband. Gwen bit her lip, then turned off the engine and opened the door. The Lady instructed her to call out in case the pool was still in use and the swimmers not decent; the Slut advised stealth for a greater chance of an accidental encounter. She closed the truck door just enough to turn off the dome light and made her way up the hillock.   
  
To her disappointment, the pool water was still and the hung towels dry, clear signs nobody had been up here for quite a while. Cliff must be with Tim, she decided.  
  
The sexual heat from her dressing room display had not lessened on her drive home, and the brief hope of accidentally catching the muscular black man in a compromising position had made it flare. The right thing to do, of course, would be to wait until her husband got home and satisfy her lust that way, but there was no telling when he would return and whether he would be in the mood to take her when he did. Her toys might be the thing to take the edge off; but what if the men returned in the middle of her debauched activity? Her palm and fingers, under the covers in a darkened room, seemed her safest bet. But maybe a swim first...  
  
It seemed too much trouble to go all the way down to the house and change into a bathing suit. As long as she was quick about it, she could be in and out and back to the house before they came back, and if they did show up early, she would have time to get dressed before they discovered her. Gwen stepped farther up the pool deck to a point where she was sure no one in the yard would be able to see her, disrobed, and dropped into the water with a small splash. While the water was cool enough to refresh after the heat of the day but not chill, it did nothing for the sexual fire that raged. The nude woman swam to the other side, to where she knew the filter jet lay just beneath the surface. I'll still have time to get out and get dressed if anyone comes, Gwen reasoned as her elbows and forearms were positioned on the edge to allow her mons and clitoris to be pounded by the forceful underwater stream. What was the man who had seen her naked doing now, she wondered? Were he and his wife making love, or was he touching himself, images of Gwen fueling his lust? Her mental wanderings switched to an image of him masturbating right there in the dressing room corridor even as her climax began.   
  
Gwen grit her teeth and rode the orgasmic waves as her hips involuntarily twitched against her watery tormentor. The intensity became too much to bear and the semi-coherent woman turned her body enough to take her out of the jet's outflow, the swirling water nearby still creating sensations on her sensitive skin.   
  
Only now did the danger of her morally corrupt actions in the store begin to occupy her thoughts as she climbed the pool stairs on unsteady legs, her lust no longer able to mask the fact that she had again willingly exposed herself to another man. Still, the Lady shook her head in disbelief as Gwen reached for one of the hanging towels and began to dry herself, the idea that the fabric drying her skin may have done the same for a young man's sexual parts just a short time ago.   
  
Gwen gathered the other towels from the fence and made her way down to the house, deciding to dress and come back up for her clothes after she had deposited her current load in the hamper. Task completed, the Slut pushed her to push the envelope a bit further, to forego a change and just go back up to the pool for the things she left. Gwen accepted, but drew the line at doing barn chores in the nude—to be that far from the house if Tim and Cliff were to come back was just plain crazy. In the end, she had been in bed for an hour before the men returned, the sound of one truck pulling into the yard followed shortly after by another leaving muffled by the hum and woosh of the central air.   
  
The Slut pointed out how wise her decision to take care of herself earlier had been after Tim quietly entered the bedroom, undressed, climbed into bed and kissed her, then fell asleep.   
  
Gwen fretted the next two evenings as after-hours emergency calls kept Tim out late, delaying her need to show her husband—and herself—just how much she loved and desired him despite her perverse behavior. Others may get to see her, she subconsciously acknowledged, but only he could have her.   
  
Natalie was right on time the next morning, again wearing a shirt that struggled to contain the breasts beneath it, again removing even that little cover before leaving the barn. Gwen followed suit shortly after.   
  
"You ever ride naked?"  
  
Gwen turned in surprise. "Huh? Out here? Oh, no, I never have."  
  
"Ever think about it?"  
  
"I don't think it would be that comfortable," Gwen replied after regaining her composure. "No matter how broken in the leather is on these western saddles, there's so much, I'd think your thighs and your, uhh, privates, would stick once they got sweaty."  
  
Natalie laughed. "Yeah, I suppose that's true."   
  
"I did an English saddle without any clothes a couple of times." Gwen cursed the fact her words had completely bypassed her modesty filter.  
  
It was Natalie's turn to be surprised. "You did? When?"  
  
Gwen replied slowly, kicking herself for saying anything in the first place. "Well, Miss Ritter made me do that in the indoor riding ring between our apartments. She said it would be a good reminder to keep my bottom off the saddle and in a good riding position."  
  
"Wow! Weren't you scared you'd get caught?"  
  
"I was petrified. I guess she made sure nobody would be around the nights she had me do that."   
  
"And you didn't wear anything?"  
  
"Just my riding boots and a pair of gloves."  
  
"Sorry Gwen, I'm sure it wasn't the most pleasant experience for you, but that sounds incredibly hot."   
  
"I guess it wasn't too bad...at least she let me get dressed to put my horse away."

The two rode in silence for another quarter mile. "Ever hear of anyone getting an orgasm when they were out riding?"   
  
Gwen laughed in shock. "Good heavens Natalie, what's with you today? I mean, what kind of question is that?"   
  
"Just a question. I mean, you've got this big ole' hunk of leather between your legs, you got this saddlehorn conveniently placed to apply some extra pressure...you mean to tell me no girl has ever made use of that?"   
  
"Not that I know of. I'd tell you that if you'd like to be the first to try, go ahead, but I'm afraid you'd fall off and hurt yourself."   
  
Fair enough. Sorry, but Adam's been way too busy lately, and my toys are starting to get stale. I guess I'm looking for something a little change-of-pace, if you know what I mean."  
  
"Maybe you could go see Liz?" Gwen marveled at how casually she could suggest her sister-in-law go have lesbian sex.   
  
"If I could get away that long..."   
  
The pair talked of more mundane matters as they climbed to the picnic table, Gwen wondering if she had chosen this path for something other than the view. They sat mostly in silence, their exposed skin soaking in the rays, until the heat became too much. Gwen laughed at the idea anything could have happened as they began the trip down. The barn was reached, horses put out in the paddock, a bottle of wine was produced, and the two now naked women lounged in the pool as a storm began to roll in.   
  
"We might want to get out before the storm hits," Gwen suggested as the sun disappeared behind a particularly dark cloud.  
  
"Might not be a bad idea. I've got some spare time—need a trim?"   
  
"Oh—uh, you mean right now?" She could hear the Lady squawking warnings.  
  
"Why not? We're dressed for it."  
  
"Umm, okay, sure, I guess, why not?"   
  
Natalie gathered up the wine bottle and glasses while Gwen went ahead to gather up the needed materials.   
  
"Me first," the busty blonde declared as she flopped back on the bed and spread herself wide. "You need the practice anyways, right?"   
  
"I can do that," Gwen declared with more conviction that she felt, and began to work. Her hands were steadier than the week before, her strokes every bit as careful and measured.   
  
"I think you're getting' it," Natalie declared from propped-up elbows, taking sips of wine when Gwen withdrew to rinse the blade.   
  
The last drag of the razor was made and Gwen removed the excess shaving gel with a towel before taking the required swipe of her finger through the very slick slit in front of her, something she was only too happy to do, she was ashamed to admit. The smell of female sexuality was clear, and Gwen wondered whose it was.   
  
"Oil?"  
  
Gwen looked up to see Natalie smiling down at her. "Oh, yes, of course." She spent more time than necessary rubbing it in to the newly-shaven skin, marveling at the way the tissue underneath moved beneath her touch, only stopping when her fingers stopped gliding freely.   
  
"Thanks! Your turn."  
  
Gwen replaced her sister-in-law on the bed and Natalie returned the favor, expertly removing what little growth had occurred in the last week before her finger made three slow passes between her wet folds. The baby oil was applied and thoroughly worked in, Gwen making every effort not to flex her hips up into her sister-in-law's palm when it covered her mound. Lady and Slut debated vigorously whether it would be proper to announce her need to masturbate.   
  
"All set," Natalie announced softly. She didn't rise from her spot between Gwen's outstretched thighs. "Listen, I, uhh, I'd like to take care of something before I go to work. Would you mind if I borrowed one of your vibrators? I can go in the bathroom," she added hurriedly.  
  
"Of course you can borrow one!" Gwen cried as she rolled off the bed and towards the closet. "But you don't have to leave! Just use it here."   
  
"Oh—okay, I just kinda thought you might be freaked out by another woman doing that on your bed."  
  
Gwen hesitated at the closet doorway. She imagined the Lady bound and gagged on one shoulder, the Slut smiling broadly on the other. "It won't bother me at all. I do more than just sleep on that bed, too," she offered as saucily as she could manage. As a matter of fact," she added slowly as she reached into the boot containing the immense rubber penis, "would it be alright with you if I did it too? If you think the bed's big enough?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "It's plenty big enough. Are you sure?"  
  
Gwen couldn't bear to make eye contact as she dumped her toys on the bed. "I'm sure. I'd like to see how you, umm, do it, without a blanket in the way. So I know I'm doing it right."   
  
The two women stood there, Natalie smiling, Gwen nervously looking around the room. "So, uhh, how do we start?"  
  
"Well, if you're just interested in watching—" Natalie paused to check her sister-in-law's reaction for the possibility there might be something more—"then let's make sure you get a good view. Toss me three of those pillows." Gwen did as asked, and Natalie placed them one on top of the other at one end of the bed. "Okay, choose your weapon." Gwen looked up in confusion. "Which vibrator would you like to use?"  
  
"Oh-oh, that. You're my guest, please, you pick." Natalie chuckled at the woman's outstanding sense of manners even in this situation.   
  
"Alright, I'll take the Rabbit and Mr. Wonderful here, or did you ever name him?" Gwen blushed furiously and shook her head. "Go plug yours in." Natalie hopped on the bed and lay back on the pillows, feet facing the headboard. "Okay, you lay at the other end with your feet facing me." It took Gwen's shaking hand some time to properly fit the plug into the socket before she lay down parallel to her sister-in-law, her feet even with the side of the woman's flattened breasts. "Now, move over so you can put your feet on mine." Natalie bent her legs at the knee to make room. "Scooch up and lean against the headboard. Gwen gingerly moved into place, her slouching position allowing her to look between her spread legs and down to Natalie's open sex, the dildo lying on the duvet between her thighs, pointing to her opening like some sort of obscene trail marker. "Alright, do whatever you feel like doing. Watch, join in, it's all good." With that, her eyes closed and a finger began to circle the areolae of her left nipple while the other hand stroked and smoothed her stomach. It didn't stay there long, gradually turning circles until made contact with the tiny patch of fluff. A light scratching of her nails through the sparse thatch turned into longer strokes, her lips giving way to the finger being pushed in to begin stroking the bud at the top of her slit.   
  
Gwen watched in fascination, her discomfort at being exposed and spread in front of her sister-in-law forgotten as the woman continued to stroke herself, a finger occasionally dipping low and pulling moisture back up with it.   
  
Natalie raised her head and briefly opened her eyes to find her vibrator, then flopped back on the pillow as an experienced thumb found the switch and started it humming. Gwen's finger began to lightly trace along her own lips, while she stared at the scene in front of her. She lost track of time as her sister-in-law pushed and ground the rabbit into her clit while her other hand kneaded the abundant flesh of her breasts more firmly.   
  
Natalie's head abruptly left the pillow while her eyes opened into slits. Gwen stopped the movement of her finger, suddenly conscious that she might have been caught touching herself. Her sister-in-law's hand let go of the breast it had been squeezing, red marks evident where the fingers had been, and reached between her legs for the black cudgel lying there. "I've gotta be really wet to take this thing. I hate to use lube," she mumbled as the dark invader was firmly grasped just above the testicles and moved forward to where it just touched her lips. "It's so messy. That's one of the reasons Adam only gets my ass on special occasions. How about you and Tim? You guys use lube?"  
  
Gwen's eyes alternated a couple of times between the giant penis between Natalie's legs and her face before settling on spot near her belly button. "Uh, no, we don't really need it..."  
  
"You take him in the ass without it?"   
  
"Oh no! I don't...we don't...we've never done that..."  
  
"Sorry, sorry, I should have known that. Can't say you're missing much. Doesn't do much for me, but for some reason guys go nuts over it." Her head flopped back, and the tip of the penis rubbed up and down her slit while the vibrator continued to hum.  
  
The head of the snake began to inch forward, pushing Natalie's lips apart, disappearing to just below the crown before stopping. It withdrew and began again, this time sliding up until the ridge disappeared as well. Again it withdrew, and again it was inserted, this time traveling even deeper. Yet again the dark length slid out, her sister-in-law's lips closing like a curtain as it exited, only to part again as it pushed forward until the scrotum bumped against the curve of her butt. "Oh, shit, that feels good," Natalie moaned. "I love it when my pussy feels full." From her limited experience with that monster, Gwen could certainly relate.   
  
The faux cock continued to make slow, short thrusts for quite some time, Natalie's hips moving forward to meet it. Gwen's finger found its way back to her sex while the other hand toyed with a breast as Natalie climbed to orgasm, her head back on the pillows and eyes closed, lost in her own world. "Oh God, I'm cumming," she finally announced through gritted teeth as she pulled her feet from beneath her sister-in-law's to clamp thighs tightly together. "Cumming—" Natalie let out a soft wail and grunted her way through the waves of pleasure that jolted her. Gwen sat back in shock, unsure what to do. Miss Ritter had climaxed in front of her, certainly; But her pleasure was controlled, even as Gwen's face was planted firmly against her sex. Natalie had no qualms about letting it all out.   
  
She finally stretched her legs out with a sigh, allowing them to lay across Gwen's open thighs, pushing them down and opening her further. "Well, that hit the spot," she said through slitted eyes. "I do love an audience." With cat-like slowness she withdrew her legs and rose to a sitting position. "Your turn. I wanna see you cum."  
  
The still-bound Lady recoiled at the thought of being the center of attention for this lewd display; the Slut exulted in it. Gwen couldn't look her sister-in-law in the eyes as she reached for the vibrator lying next to her and switched it on. Her eyes closed altogether as the bulbous head made contact with her clitoris. I'm going to perform just like I did with Miss Ritter, she decided before correcting herself. No, with her I had to for my job. With Natalie, I just really want to.   
  
The powerful vibrator buzzed angrily as she applied it with force to her mons and clitoris. Gwen didn't dare risk a peek to check her sister-in-law's reaction, but the fact she was there watching was enough to push her up the slope to her climax quickly. Her hips had just started the rhythmic twitch of her impending orgasm when she felt a gentle hand on one thigh and something solid against her opening. Instinctively she tilted her hips upward to allow the visitor access, and it slid in without resistance. She grit her teeth and rode the breaking waves while the penis made short trips in and out of her and the hand on her thigh stroked.   
  
And then it was over, her senses returning to her, the bulk lodged in her sex still, the hand just resting on her skin. Gwen shut the vibrator off and dropped it to her side, too weak to move. There was a call to return to modesty and close her legs, but Natalie still sat between them.  
  
"Wow, you could have gotten away with that in a library!"   
  
Gwen opened her eyes to see her kneeling sister-in-law smiling broadly. "What do you mean?"   
  
"You were so quiet! It looked like you were trying to hold in a sneeze!"   
  
"Is that bad?"  
  
"No, no, of course not, I've just never seen anyone have that much control with so much good stuff going on in their body. Have you always been like that?"  
  
"I guess..."  
  
"I'd probably explode if I tried to bottle it up like that. I get so loud sometimes that I worry the kids will hear me." Natalie leaned forward until she was hovering over Gwen in a position that reminded the prone woman of the one her husband assumed when he was preparing to mount her. She planted a light kiss on her startled sister-in-law's lips. "Thanks. That was just what I needed. Gotta get to work." And then she was gone, heading up the hallway and towards her car for a change of clothes.   
  
The two women talked as Natalie dressed, Gwen aghast at how indifferent they both seemed to be to what had just happened. "Hey, why do you keep your toys in the closet like that? It seems like a pain to get them out when you want them," Natalie asked as she pulled on her jogbra. "Just leave 'em in your nightstand."  
  
"Well, I wouldn't want anyone to find them."   
  
"If someone's looking in your nightstand, then they're snooping, and that's their bad, not yours."   
  
Natalie left a short time later, no further mention of the bedroom episode made. Gwen thought all afternoon about what had just happened, weighing the enormity of the situation, debating whether she had actually cheated on Tim, but managed to maintain her calm demeanor as the trucks returned. The last employee had left for the weekend and the couple had made their way back to the kitchen before she turned to her husband.   
  
"Tim, I need to tell you something."

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Tim could sense his wife's distress as she stood before him, unwilling to meet his eyes. "What's the matter? Is one of the girls in trouble?"  
  
"No, no, nothing like that," she muttered. Despite having thought about it all afternoon, Gwen could not find the appropriate words to start with. "Natalie was over riding this morning, and we were up in the pool together after—"  
  
"Lucky pool," Tim said with a smile. Gwen didn't acknowledge him, instead plowing on. "And she asked if I wanted another trim, you know, down there, and I said yes."  
  
"And?"   
  
Gwen risked a glance up to see Tim smiling at her expectantly. "And one thing led to another, and we, uhh, touched ourselves in front of each other." She stared at the floor, studying the tile, fearing the worst from her husband.  
  
"Were you okay with that?"  
  
Gwen looked up in shock, wanting to wipe that patient smile off his face. "Was I okay with it?! Are YOU okay with it?! Tim, I was in bed with another woman!"   
  
"But did you enjoy it?"  
  
Tears welled in her eyes as he gathered her to him. "That's not important. What I did was wrong!"   
  
"No, I don't think so," he said softly. "If you tried it and didn't like it, don't do it any more. If you liked it...well, the world didn't end, you're still here, and I'm hungry. What's for dinner?"  
  
Gwen pushed her head back and looked up in amazement. "That's it? You're hungry?"  
  
He looked down at her apologetically. "Well, I am..."  
  
His wife's eyes widened as she snapped back into control-and-order mode. "Oh my goodness, I was so worked up about...this...that I completely forgot to make anything! I'll start something right now!"   
  
His arms held her tightly, preventing her from pulling away. "Nah, don't bother. Let's go out tonight."   
  
"No, really, I can—"  
  
"Let's go out tonight," he repeated firmly. "Let me just go take a shower first." Gwen stood there in shock as he kissed her forehead and released her, then ambled down the hallway towards the bedroom. She stood there for some time, trying to come to grips with the fact that the most important person in her life had not taken offense to her transgression. The shower was running, her husband's naked body blurred behind the frosted glass of the shower enclosure, when she stepped into the bathroom. Silently she stripped, intent on thanking him for not throwing her out.   
  
Gwen opened the door and caught a glimpse of Tim's hand flying away from his crotch while he turned his body to present his muscular backside to her.   
  
He awkwardly angled himself away from the open door. "Oh, uh, almost finished hon, be right out."   
  
"Would it be all right if I joined you?"   
  
"Well, uh..."  
  
Gwen stepped behind him, reaching around to run her hand down his chest, across the fur of his lower belly...and on to a very erect penis. Wordlessly she began to stroke it as she pushed her breasts into his back. Tim didn't fight, just standing there, allowing her to play, hoping she wouldn't ask why he had been hard even before her arrival, wondering if she had already guessed.   
  
Gwen continued to stroke until he could take no more. Tim turned to face her, but only got a quick kiss before she sank to her knees and slid his length between her lips. Her senses were assaulted with a variety of inputs—the hard tile beneath her knees, the splash of hot water against her skin, the clean, slightly salty taste of his penis. Gwen worked him for a short time before he announced his impending orgasm.   
  
"Mmm-hmm," she acknowledged from between clamped lips.   
  
"But don't you want me to take care of you first?"   
  
"Gwen removed his cock long enough to say "you first," then impaled herself on it again. Tim didn't argue, and filled her mouth with his salty spend a moment later. Gwen swallowed, stood and kissed him.   
  
Tim shut off the water. "Now your turn. Bedroom?"   
  
"Later. You have to eat first."  
  
"But—"  
  
"Later."   
  
Tim dressed while his wife brushed her teeth, not wanting to advertise to others what she had just had in her mouth. She dressed after she was satisfied with the results, Tim requesting she wear something from her earlier shopping excursion. Gwen complied with a short-sleeve blouse that hinted at the bra and cleavage underneath, a skirt that showed more thigh than Tim could ever remember being displayed in public, and a pair of bikini panties. He whistled appreciatively. "Man, people are gonna think I married out of my league."   
  
The couple made their way a few miles down the road to their local pizza parlor, Gwen noticing the looks of surprise from the regulars at the change in attire from this familiar customer. She was thankful for the relative privacy of their high-backed booth.   
  
Nothing was said of the day's events as they sat eating like they had so many times before, Tim with pizza and beer, Gwen with a salad and a glass of soda. It was dusk when they made their way back out to the truck, Gwen careful not to reveal what might be under her skirt as she climbed up and in.   
  
Tim brought the engine to life and turned to her. "I want you to do me a favor."  
  
Gwen looked back at him, particularly anxious to do anything for him. "What's that?"  
  
"Gimme your panties."   
  
"The ones I'm wearing? Right now?"   
  
"The ones you're wearing. Right now."   
  
"But we're out in public?"  
  
"We're in my truck. Please?"  
  
She rolled her eyes and intently scanned the parking lot before reaching under her skirt, hooking her thumbs into the lacy waistband and pushing them down while her cheeks burned hot. Picking them up from about her feet, she made sure to hand them to Tim below dashboard level.   
  
"Thank you very much." Gwen's discomfort when he held them out at eye level to examine them turned to horror when he hung them on the rearview mirror.   
  
"Tim! You can't leave them there! Somebody will see them!"  
  
"Call it a trophy. I like 'em there. Just for the ride home." He dropped the truck into gear and pulled out while Gwen nervously checked the lights of the oncoming traffic to determine if they were strong enough to make out what was hanging from the mirror. They had only gone a half mile when she felt a calloused hand on her bare thigh, pushing its way up under her skirt.   
  
"Tim! Watch the road!"  
  
He laughed. "I am watching the road. My hand knows the way on its own."   
  
"What's gotten into you tonight?" Gwen protested, but did nothing to stop the advance of his hand, instead spreading her legs a bit more in anxious welcome. Not for the first time that evening, she dared believe that Tim had been pleased rather than upset with her indiscretion .  
  
His rough middle finger was not delicate in its approach, finding its way to the top of her furrow and sliding down until it reversed direction and pushed up into her opening, the palm pressing down on her clitoris. Satisfied, the hand withdrew and Tim tasted the tip of his finger. "I'm guessing when you said later, you meant as soon as we get home?"  
  
"If we get home. Both hands on the wheel, please."   
  
The turn up into the driveway was made a few moments later, Gwen making sure to remove her underwear from their place of honor before exiting the vehicle. "Spoilsport," Tim called out good naturedly and led the way into the house.   
  
The before-bed routine that had been followed for as long as either could remember was not ignored, and it was another half hour before the couple stood together in the bedroom.   
  
"So, umm, I was wondering," Tim stammered, "and you can tell me it's none of my business, but..."  
  
Gwen turned to look at him, surprised at how quickly the confident, almost cocky man in the truck had been replaced by this bashful one. "But?"  
  
"But, uhh, I'd uhh, kinda like to know how you, you know, did it...this afternoon?"  
  
The Lady quickly arose indignantly, firm in her belief that such things should never be discussed and that yes, it was none of his business, but Gwen knew that she had to be truthful with him, and felt a strange desire to share some of the less scandalous details. "Are you sure you want to know?"  
  
"Yeah, I do, if you're OK to talk about it."  
  
Gwen sighed. "Well, I laid down with my head at that end of the bed—"she nodded to where the pillows were again neatly stacked on top of the duvet, "—and she laid down with her head at the other end—" she gestured to where a spare blanket lay folded, "—and we , umm, you know..." The whole truth and nothing but the truth, the Slut firmly reminded her. With another sigh, Gwen moved to the closet.   
  
Tim watched curiously while his wife appeared to rummage around the closet until she found what she was looking for. Gwen turned and dropped what she had retrieved on the bed.   
  
A neck massager, an oddly-shaped plastic cylinder, and a massive lifelike penis were what he saw, and Tim knew right away what they were meant for.   
  
"We used these," Gwen volunteered.  
  
Tim looked up, his surprise and confusion evident. "At the same time?"   
  
"No, no, I used that—" she pointed to the Magic Wand, "and she used the other two." Gwen felt a pang of remorse—the woman she had shared this wonderfully perverted experience with had been reduced to 'she'.  
  
"How long have you had these? Where'd you get 'em?" Tim's look and tone made it obvious he was surprised and curious, but not upset.   
  
"Not long. Sh—Natalie, Natalie gave them to me a little while back."  
  
"Huh. Do you use them much?"  
  
"Once in a while...but I'd much rather be with you," she hurriedly added as she glanced sideways at the dildo. "You're alright if I have these, right? They'll just be for when you're busy, or not home—"  
  
"I'm fine with them. That log there can't fix barn doors, so I'm sure you'll still have some use for me. And you can use them any time you want. How about right now? I'd like to see how you used that one." Tim looked down at the Wand. "Never knew they had electric ones."   
  
"It makes that one more powerful, I guess."   
  
"So, let's see."  
  
"Right now?"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
The excitement that had been building since Tim's shower overrode the shame and embarrassment of her revelations. Ooh, let's put on a show! The Slut squealed. "Well, alright..."  
  
Tim was naked before Gwen, his erection making his interest in the unfolding scene obvious as his wife removed her skirt and plugged in the vibrator.   
  
"So, your head was up on the pillows?"   
  
"On some of them. Natalie had the rest."  
  
"Show me where you were." Gwen climbed onto the bed and lay back with her legs closed while Tim began to lightly fist his length. "Then what did you do?"  
  
"I, uh, started touching myself." The nude woman decided that it was not important for him to know that she had watched Natalie for inspiration first.  
  
"Show me."   
  
Gwen opened herself to her husband and began to stroke, if not in the exact same manner as earlier that afternoon, at least close enough, while her hand found her breast. Quick glances to the end of the bed made it clear that Tim was enjoying the show very much, his eyes glued on her moving fingers.   
  
The couple continued this way for some time, both attempting to control the arrival of their impending orgasms, until Gwen reached for the vibrator and thumbed it on. Tim watched in fascination as she firmly pressed the bulbous head to the top of her slit, making the wand rumble defiantly. Gwen was close, she knew it; one more thing was needed to make the performance complete.   
  
Tim was momentarily surprised to see her eyes open and her head come off the pillow. Old fears that he had been caught peeping briefly surged through him before Gwen found the dildo, grasped it halfway down the shaft, and dragged it to her opening.   
  
"I thought Natalie used that one?"  
  
"She did. I used it when she was done with it." Close enough to the truth, Gwen decided. No need for him to know how it had gotten inside of her. She clumsily inserted the impossibly large reproduction, pushing it against her opening until the head slid past her lips. Only after her body had a firm grip on the massive tool did she move her hand down the base and slowly slide the rest of it in.  
  
"Holy Cow, Gwen, it looks like that thing is splitting you in two!"  
  
"It feels good..." the vibrator continued to grumble while she moved the length in and out in short strokes, unwilling to let the fattest part escape from between her lips. Her orgasm broke quickly, and without her sister-in-law's body between her thighs, Gwen instinctively pulled her legs together and curled into a fetal position, the dildo still firmly lodged in her and the Wand buzzing against her clitoris.   
  
She came to her senses unwillingly, aware that Tim had joined her on the bed. He kneeled at her feet, his body still erect enough so that he might continue to reach every part of his cock and balls. Gwen switched off the vibrator and rolled back to remove the fake penis inside her and let Tim replace it with his very real one.   
  
He was quick to mount her even as she dropped the black cudgel next to the Wand. "Wow," he muttered. "I would have thought you would have been more, uh, stretched out after that thing."   
  
"It's not that much bigger than yours," she offered generously, "and besides, yours is better anyways, because it's attached to a handsome man."   
  
His did not take her gently, Gwen's body recoiling with each thrust, until with one last grunt and a push aided by feet anchored in the bedding, Tim deposited his seed deep inside her. Sleep came soon after her toys had been again hidden in the closet.   
  
Tim was awake first the next morning, holding his still-sleeping wife tight while his cock twitched impatiently. She did arise soon after, the feel of her husband's strong arms overshadowing the thing nestled between her cheeks. She happily gave him what he wanted with a slow, comfortable lovemaking session before heading to the kitchen to make breakfast. Tim joined her shortly after, pleased to see her bare bottom peeking out from beneath the t-shirt she wore.   
  
"Andrew's gonna be here in a couple of hours," Tim said as he sat at the table drinking coffee. "I'm going to reorganize the parts storage in the workshop."  
  
"He volunteered to come in on a Saturday?" The Lady strongly suggested Gwen get dressed now, in case he arrived early, but she was ignored.   
  
"He drew the short straw. He didn't seem to mind too much, though."   
  
Tim was in the workshop a half-hour before Andrew's well-worn pickup rattled to a stop in its customary parking spot. Despite the Lady's strident urgings to get dressed or at least hide in the bedroom, Gwen remained in just a t-shirt as she watched from the kitchen window while the young man left his truck and entered the shop.   
  
A strange excitement swept over her. Almost without thinking, the shirt was pulled over her head, and she spent the next ten minutes nude in the kitchen, repeating the steps she had taken an hour before to clean up after breakfast. The unlocked door behind her kept Gwen in a state of nearly panicked excitement, ready to dash for the hallway should the sounds of boots on the deck be heard.   
  
A ride might be in order, she decided when the danger of her exposure could no longer be ignored. Moments later she was dressed in a pair of jeans put away three winters ago as too form-fitting for a proper lady to wear. Polished black knee-high riding boots accentuated the lower half of her body, while a loose grey t-shirt only slightly softened the lines of her torso. The omission of a bra allowed her breasts to bobble freely under that same loose fabric.   
  
The Lady was torn between urging Gwen across the yard towards the barn before the men in the shop took notice of her and telling her to move slowly so her bouncing breasts did not attract attention. The Slut guessed at how far up the trail she would get before the shirt was removed altogether.   
  
Dart was saddled in a leisurely manner, Gwen reveling in the personal scandal her outfit was creating. She already had a foot in the stirrup when Gwen remembered that she had not told Tim where she was going. With a devious smile, she made her way down to the shop.   
  
The bay doors were open to help the overhead fans create some sort of circulation in the early morning heat. Both men were at the far back of the cavernous space, pulling boxes off a utility shelf, their shirts already stained dark with sweat.   
  
"Tim?" Her husband looked up, a smile quickly appearing. "I'm taking Dart up the hill for a ride. I'll be back in a couple of hours, I guess. Be sure to stay hydrated—there are drinks in the fridge upstairs in the office, and the fridge in the kitchen is full as well."   
  
"Thanks Mrs. Nelson, we—" Andrew looked up and hesitated, unsure if the figure contrasted against the bright sunlight behind her was really the woman who handed him his paycheck every two weeks. "We, uhh, already got some from upstairs." The young apprentice quickly shifted his gaze back to the box in front of him and began to rearrange with purpose.  
  
"Good! See you in a bit. Be sure to take a break."   
  
Gwen brazenly removed her shirt as soon as the first line of trees screened horse and rider from the buildings below. Dart could sense his human was distracted, allowing him more freedom to set his own direction and pace than was normal, even being allowing him to come to a complete stop in a particularly shady area. He did notice the female sat astride him in a different way this morning, her hips further up the saddle, hard against the horn. He took the twitch of her hips against this protrusion as his cue to move on.  
  
Gwen was intoxicated from the effects of her daring displays that morning, the memories of what had happened morphing into what could have happened, or might still happen. The Lady was there as well, pointedly reminding her that if she had to think about these things at all, then it must be kept in mind that they were to be sick, lurid fantasies only.   
  
She returned to the here and now to realize she and Dart had somehow made their way back down the hill and were approaching the end of the last line of trees. Hurriedly she pulled the horse to a halt and dismounted to put her shirt back on, aghast that she had almost ridden into the yard topless!   
  
Grooming the horse and returning him to his paddock quickly stained her own shirt dark with streaks of sweat and water. She knew she should return to the house and change into something drier and less revealing, perhaps even add a bra, but the Slut convinced her that was too much effort. She returned to the shop, telling herself she would just peek around the corner of the open doorway to check on their progress.  
  
Gwen could hear them working as she approached, but their position deep in the parts area made it impossible for her to stock to her plan. She walked in until she could finally see them.  
  
"I'm back. Anybody need anything?"  
  
Tim looked up, again smiling and looking her up and down before answering. "Naw, almost done. Good ride? You look hot?"  
  
"Yes, it was, and yes, I did get a little warm up there. You two look in worse shape than I do, though. How about a swim and some lunch?" Her gaze moved to Andrew, who averted his.   
  
"How about it, Andrew?" Tim asked from his spot on the ladder.  
  
"No, thanks, I, uhh, didn't bring anything to swim in." He blushed furiously and refused to make eye contact with either of the Nelsons.   
  
"Well, what did you wear when you went swimming before?" Gwen asked with feigned innocence.   
  
"I, uhh, had some shorts in the truck," the young apprentice lied evasively. "Don't have 'em today."   
  
"I can go get you a pair of Tim's, if you like."   
  
"No, no, I really should get going," he stammered. "Thank you though."  
  
"Any time. Can I feed you before you go?"

"No, thank you, that's very nice, but I really should head home after this."  
  
"Suit yourself. Feel free to change your mind. Tim, I'm going to go get changed. I'll meet you up at the pool. Finish up and stop working this poor boy to death!"  
  
"He's getting paid," Tim laughed. "But I suppose a swim would be good. Be up in a few minutes."   
  
Gwen turned to leave. "Good bye, Mrs. Nelson." She looked back over her shoulder to see Andrew smiling weakly, the heat and his embarrassment turning his face scarlet red.   
  
"Good bye, Andrew. If I don't see you in a bit, I'll see you Monday."   
  
Gwen made her way back to the house, again stripping off her shirt as she closed the kitchen door behind her. Her senses returned as she savored the cool of the air-conditioning, the chill only making her nipples stand even more erect. Her modest one-piece suit and robe were selected, just in case Andrew did change his mind. His truck was still there as she carried a pitcher of sweet tea and three glasses up the hillock to the pool. Gwen put everything down and jumped over the side into the refreshing water, aware how restrictive this suit now felt after a summer of skinnydipping.   
  
The sound of Andrew's truck starting, then crunching across the gravel told her had had declined her offer. Tim's head bobbed up the stairs a few moments later.   
  
"No Andrew?" Gwen asked as she climbed on to the pool deck to pour her husband a glass of iced tea.   
  
"Nope, no Andrew. I think you embarrassed the hell out of him when you asked about his choice of swimwear. That, and I think the outfit you wore riding had him thinking impure thoughts. Hell, it had me thinking impure thoughts. I mean, those jeans, the boots...and if I didn't know better, I'd have sworn you weren't wearing a bra!"   
  
It was now Gwen's turned to blush furiously. "Do you think it was too slutty for him to see? I mean, he's young, and he works for us..."  
  
Naw," Tim laughed. "Let him look. If he gets over being so goddamned shy, maybe he'll find someone who can wear that half as well as you."   
  
She finished pouring and handed him the glass. "Well, since he's gone..." Gwen began to wriggle out of the wet suit, pushing it down over her hips until it lay about her ankles. Tim took a swig, set down the drink, and stripped as well.  
  
The couple entered the water together, lazy paddling quickly discarded for a passionate embrace and kiss. She listened for the sound of a vehicle turning into their yard even while her hands instinctively found his manhood and began to tease it into full bloom. Strong hands eventually found her thighs and wrapped them around his hips, the length between his legs nestled between her lips.   
  
"Shall we go inside?" she murmured as she broke the kiss.   
  
"Nope. Nice day out here." Tim began to walk towards the steps, Gwen wrapped about his waist. She dropped her legs to stand and gave him a confused look as he reached the first tread.   
  
Tim smiled confidently. "Go bend over the table."  
  
"Out here?"  
  
"Why not? Beautiful day, the umbrella gives us some shade..."  
  
"But outside? Where people might see us?"   
  
"Like who?"  
  
Gwen searched for an answer, trying to explain that anyone could drive up at any moment.  
  
"Go bend over the table," Tim repeated again, smile gone, more authority in his voice this time. She did as she was told, hurrying across the hot concrete warming the soles of her feet. Tim followed after her, an upturned ass presented to him as Gwen propped her elbows on the Plexiglass surface of the table and stared ahead. His foot was inserted between her ankles, firmly pushing to the right, then the left, until he had her spread to his satisfaction. Gwen could feel the head of his penis search briefly for her opening, and then, with a gentle push, he was in her.   
  
Tim's hand made its way around her hip and down to the point of the vee of pubic hair Natalie had left. His middle finger found its way to her clitoris and began to circle while his hips began thrusting. The way Tim had used her body first thing in the morning, her attire and her ride had taken their toll, and she began to climax after a few moments of her husband's attention. Tim's hand retreated as Gwen's legs momentarily lost their will to stand in the explosion of pleasure, and only his hold on her hips and his cock in her pussy kept her from falling.   
  
He waited patiently until her strength and senses had returned, then began his assault again, the force of hips meeting ass making her breasts jiggle and wobble beneath her. Her husband's hands continued to grip her hips tighter and tighter and pull her to him, trying to get every last bit of his cock inside of her.   
  
Gwen expected him to fill her any second now, and was surprised when his length was pulled from her before sliding up and forward between the globes of her bum. The feel of his manhood as it slid across her rosebud and up to the small of her back shocked her as the tingle from the bundle of nerves about her anus reached her brain. She struggled to help him find his way back into her channel, sure that Tim had drawn back a bit too far in his thrusting and would be looking for the correct path to allow him his release, but strong hands held her firmly in place as she felt the first warm spurt land just below her shoulder blades. Tim's hips continued to jerk in short thrusts as he released himself on her. After his ejaculation had been reduced to dribbles, he stepped back and inserted himself one more time, then stepped away to allow her to stand.   
  
Gwen looked about nervously, fearful they might have been observed and heard a splash behind her as Tim dropped back into the pool. He beckoned to her, and she joined him. Tim smiled and gathered her in his arms again.  
  
"Good idea, that swim."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 25**

The next couple of weeks were somewhat of a return to normalcy for Gwen. The Friday rides had been postponed twice due to conflicting schedules and the imminent arrival of KD as she made her way back to school. Gwen was somewhat relieved that she didn't have to face her sister-in-law after what had taken place the last time they had ridden together. The family dinner planned for that Sunday was a concern, but she had to admit that she missed the emotional comfort their friendship provided. IT was harder to admit that she missed the perverse thrill as well.  
  
Gwen's anniversary gift to Tim arrived from Memories By McCall early that week. She had fretted over whether she should go and pick it up in person rather than having it shipped; the thought it might get lost or worse yet, misdelivered, gave her a restless night once she knew it was on the way.   
  
Gwen also worried about the timing of the delivery. She knew the package service stopped by around the time the trucks usually departed; what if Tim noticed the box among the others they usually received? How would she explain the delivery to him?   
  
Despite her worries, the van pulled crunched to a stop in front of the shop fifteen minutes after the last truck had pulled out that Tuesday morning, the smiling young driver carrying the day's deliveries to where the nervous woman standing in the doorway. If you only knew what was in this, Gwen thought as she signed for the collection of boxes.   
  
Back upstairs, Gwen carefully inspected the package for any identifying marks as to what was enclosed, or any sign it might have been opened. Satisfied, she grabbed a utility knife and began the process of carefully opening the box, slitting the packing tape to unfold an end. She removed a bound red leather album much like Natalie's, a small manila envelope, and a handwritten note. She started with the small piece of paper.   
  
Gwen,  
  
If I do say so myself, these are beautiful! Your husband is a very lucky man, and I was very fortunate to work with such a natural! I hope you both enjoy these as much as I did taking them. Please give me the first opportunity to create any such future work. Also, please consider my request to have your album posted on the private section of my website. I am very proud of my work on this, and not ashamed to tell you I did very little to make it that way.   
  
Regards  
  
Barry   
  
Gwen smiled to herself. There was no way anyone other than Tim would ever see these! Still, the Slut suggested, wouldn't it be exciting if someone did?   
  
Exciting for all the wrong reasons, the Lady retorted.   
  
Gwen opened the envelope and emptied it on to her desk. A flash drive slipped out, a digital version of the album lying on the table, she assumed. Her first thought was to shred the note and erase the drive, much like a criminal might dispose of evidence of their wrongdoing. Instead, she carefully slipped both back into the envelope. That left the album.   
  
Anxiety washed over her. She had seen the proofs, of course, but this was different. This was real, physical proof she had performed this lewd act. Her initial thought was to leave it closed and wrap it for giving, but the need to see the evidence of her perversion overcame her fear of knowing. With a deep breath, she sat and turned the cover.   
  
The photos were the ones they had selected that day in Barry's office, but even richer in color and more deftly focused than what she had remembered. They progressed in much the same order they had been taken, Gwen blushing self-consciously with each new part of her body exposed for the camera.   
  
Forty-five minutes passed before she looked up with a start and began disposing of the evidence. The album was wrapped and hidden in an unused tack box in the barn, identifying labels removed from the cardboard and shredded, the envelope put in the locked office cabinet.   
  
I've got time, she decided as she locked the drawer. The photos had aroused in her a need for release, a need that her hectic schedule had helped keep in control up to this point. A little relaxation might be allowed, she decided, and made her way back to the house. Gwen caught herself grumbling about how much effort it was to dive into the back of her closet as she retrieved her tools of pleasure .How quickly she had gone from not wanting them in the house to wanting them closer to hand. Perhaps it would be alright if she left them in her nightstand... after KD had l gone back to school, she decided. Her clothing was carefully laid aside where it might quickly be reached in an emergency, and she laid back on the bed, toys by her side.   
  
Gwen gently caressed her skin with light touches while her mind began to build fantasies. A vision of Tim stroking himself while intently studying the pages of his gift was replaced with one of Barry doing the same after she reached for her smaller vibrator and thumbed the switch. The fantasy grew more elaborate and lurid as her excitement grew. The box containing the album had accidentally opened during shipment and her delivery man was using it for his enjoyment. This, in turn, evolved into several of his co-workers standing about it in as semi-circle, each stroking himself as they gazed upon her exposed flesh while the buzzing tip of the rabbit made its way into her. Big cocks and little, fat cocks and skinny, they all stood proudly at attention because of her display. The climb to orgasm was quick.   
  
It was only after she had come back from her trip into a different plane and had made her way back to the office that she realized something was missing.   
  
There was no guilt.   
  
The feeling of dread and loathing she had experienced those few times she had tried to touch herself in an inappropriate manner all these years before was gone, replaced by a physical and mental feeling of acceptance, if not content. Probably because by comparison, touching yourself is positively healthy after some of the other perverted things you've been doing, the Lady grumbled. Even this reminder could not dampen her feelings of well-being, however.   
  
The next two days were a blur, Gwen feeling as though there were still a million things to do even as KD pulled into the yard Friday morning. All that was temporarily forgotten as mother and daughter hugged and began to catch up on the summer's happenings. The pair talked for quite some time until Alison joined them and they rode together up the ridge and back. Tim made a point to be home early, and the entire family enjoyed dinner together before KD excused herself and headed into town to see her friends and classmates who happened to be home as well. Alison excused herself shortly afterwards to go meet her husband.  
  
Two large duffle bags, visible through her daughter's partially open doorway, caught Gwen's eye as she walked down the hall. Laundry, she thought, and from the look of it, a lot of it. Opening one of the bags quickly confirmed her belief as the smell of kitchen grease, sweat, and suntan lotion wafted out, and soon it was dragged to the laundry room, followed shortly by the other.   
  
I'm surprised she has anything left to wear, Gwen mused as she began to sort the seemingly random collection of shorts, shirts and underwear. The panties were of particular interest to her, the same styles that had made her worry about her daughter's descent into sluttiness last fall she now imagined on herself. A quick examination of the assorted bras left her wondering how so little fabric could support so much flesh.  
  
Gwen reached for at-shirt lying at the bottom of the bag and felt something solid beneath. Clutching both, she removed garment and object, carefully reaching under the shirt to separate them. Her hand helped to form a perverted guess as to what it was even before the fabric was moved. A rubbery pink penis with an absurd red bow tied about the shaft revealed itself. It was not nearly as long or thick as the one that resided in her closet, and apparently not as well made either, the shaft curving up and to the right while a ragged curtain of plastic fringed the base. Still, the mushroom head and testicles were every bit as lifelike, right down to the slit at the tip. Another look into the bag revealed a pack of condoms, a plastic cylinder she knew to be a vibrator, and a small green bullet-shaped item. Gwen stood there, unsure what to do next. Confront her daughter with her find? Repack the bag and put it back in her room as though nothing had happened? The first choice would be most unfair, she decided, and the second would be counterproductive. Gwen unpacked the second bag while she decided, fearful of what she might find there. She was somewhat relieved to find nothing worse than several pieces of lingerie that were obviously more for show than utility, and apparently had been worn. Gwen gently laid the rubber phallus back in the bag along with the other items and carried it back to her daughter's room, then hand washed the lingerie and hung it to dry in a spot where KD's father was not likely to find it.   
  
Gwen waited up until her daughter returned late that evening, just as she had every night since she and Tim had allowed the girls to go out after dark. KD filled her mother in on the details of her graduating class's life until she announced her utter exhaustion and headed off to bed. Gwen closed up the house and followed behind shortly after.   
  
Tim happily caught up with his daughter over breakfast while her mother did her best to maintain a calm and positive disposition. KD, for her part, seemed quieter than normal, and Gwen caught her glancing nervously in her direction several times.  
  
Gwen began to clear the table. "A ride this morning?" She called over her shoulder as dishes made their way to the sink. "Tigger really missed you."  
  
KD hesitated. "Uhh, sure, OK, why not."  
  
The horses were halfway up the hill before the younger rider spoke. "You really didn't have to do my wash. I was going to do it today."   
  
"Why waste your last few days before school doing wash? You've got a busy schedule, and I was happy to do it."  
  
There was silence for another moment. "I'm uhh, also sorry you found my things."   
  
Gwen studied the trail ahead, doing her best to remain upbeat. "Nothing to be sorry for. You're an adult. I'm glad you're taking, um, precautions. I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. I should have asked before I went through your bags."  
  
KD let out a chuckle "Actually, I was afraid you were the embarrassed one. I was worried you might have had a stroke when you found them. or worse, you'd lock me in my room. I guess Ali was right."  
  
Gwen turned to look at her daughter. "Right about what?"  
  
"You've changed. I thought I noticed something different when you and Daddy visited me at the resort, but I thought it might have been the alcohol, too—I had never seen you get tipsy before." Gwen blushed and looked down at the root-studded trail below her. "But when I was telling Ali about that weekend, she said that you were just like that more often now."   
  
"And what exactly is 'like that'?"  
  
"You know, more relaxed...no offense Mom, but you always seemed like a younger version of Grandmother around me and Ali. Always worried about what others would think. I really thought the things you found in my bag would have set you off like there was no tomorrow."  
  
"I see. Well, I'm not sure if your sister told you, but Alison found some things in my room very much like what you have in your bag. Talk about embarrassing. So, I couldn't very well get mad at you for something I do—I mean, have. "  
  
KD turned to her in surprise. "No, she didn't tell me, and I would never have guessed. You mean the condoms? Or do you have a..." the young rider lowered her voice and leaned towards the horse next to hers, "vibrator?"   
  
Gwen smiled. "The latter. I got them from the same person you got your first ones from. At least, I hope they were your first ones."   
  
"No way! You know about that? Aunt Natalie gave you some, too?"  
  
"Uh-huh. So I guess you can blame her for my fall from proper upstanding mother."   
  
KD laughed. "I don't know about falling, but I would like to welcome you to where us mere mortals dwell. I hope the stay is long and pleasant."  
  
The pair rode on for some time, each lost in their own thoughts.  
  
"Why did that one have a ribbon tied around it?"  
  
KD whirled on her mother, face turning crimson. "Oh! Uh that...well, that was a gift from one of my roommates. You know, a joke-kind of thing."  
  
"Oh." Gwen smiled and kept her eyes on the trail. "I didn't know they made them in, umm, smaller sizes. Not that I have any experience on the whole size thing," she felt the need to add.   
  
KD could not believe she was having this conversation with the woman who had once pitched a fit when she wanted to wear a tank-top to school. "Well, actually, it's a copy of a real-life one. They've got this kit where you make a casting from the real thing, then fill up the mold with rubber-type stuff to get the finished product."  
  
"I would have never have imagined! Was your friend the model?"   
  
"No, no, Mom, the friend who gave it to me is a she, and the model was just somebody she knew. Like I said, just a silly gag gift." KD was not about to let on that the real-life version of the gift phallus resided between the legs of her roommate's boyfriend, and that it was she who had regaled KD with vivid descriptions of the wonderful places his curved cock could tickle. The young woman was anxious to find out if the shape had the same effect on her.   
  
"Well, that's quite the gift!" The tone in her mother's voice made it clear to her daughter that she was perhaps a bit flustered, but not upset. "And since, you and Ali talked...I just want you to know that what I told her goes for you, too. I know I wasn't really the best person for you to talk about..." the older woman lowered her voice, "sex, but I really want to try and make up for that now. If you have anything you want to talk about, I'm here."  
  
"Thanks, and you can talk to me, too," Wow, does that sound stupid, KD chided herself. What on earth would her mother ever have to say about that subject?   
  
Tim, Gwen, and KD enjoyed a swim together that evening before their daughter went back down into town to visit with friends. The fact that her mother had worn a bikini not much less revealing than her own was not lost on the young woman.   
  
Her father sat down to a pay-per-view movie shortly after his daughter left, one that Gwen knew in addition to the comic-book violence it contained also promised its fair share of gratuitous nudity and sex. She normally allowed her husband this indulgence under the "boys will be boys" rule, retiring to the bedroom to read in peace. Tonight, however, she chose to read in the living room while Tim watched, intent on being up when her daughter arrived home.   
  
Gwen caught herself looking up during several of the "romantic" scenes, wondering why the women were displayed in full-frontal nudity, but not the men. She decided she'd like to see the men in all their glory and that their penises should be as incredibly large as the women's breasts were, assuring herself that it was only fair.   
  
The movie had ended and Tim was watching the weather when KD returned. Her duty to see her daughter safely home completed, Gwen made her way to bed, Tim right behind her.   
  
Her husband's hand romaed under her t-shirt as he kissed her goodnight. "You, uh, thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?" he grumbled as his lips found her neck.   
  
"I'm thinking that KD may still be awake, and we better not," A tingle ran through her—it would be nice to make love, she thought, but her daughter's presence two rooms away unnerved her.   
  
"After two nights of partying? I'll bet she's been out since her head hit the pillow." Fingers began to slide under the waistband of the modest panties she wore.   
  
Gwen was torn. It was obvious what Tim wanted, and while she wanted it too, old habits of ensuring the girls were either asleep or out of the house before any hanky-panky took place held her back. Perhaps a compromise...  
  
"Turn off the light and take off your shorts," she commanded. Tim smiled and complied, flipping back the covers and sliding his underwear off to proudly display his growing erection before he found the switch on the lamp and the room descended into darkness. Even so, the half-moon outside and the digital face of the alarm clock inside combined to cast enough light for her to focus on her target.   
  
Gwen gently fondled her husband's testicles as she bent at the waist and took him into her mouth. Her tongue bathed his sensitive head before her lips slid further down the length, stray pubic curls tickling her nose before she slowly pulled back up. Hand and tongue worked together to add the last bit of hardness to his length, his seeping pre-cum mixing with her saliva to wet down the bed of hair his member arose from.   
  
Tim gently worked his way up the bed every time the mouth on his cock retreated until he was slumped against the headboard. His hand had been working its way down the back of Gwen's "granny panties" at the same time, a finger now sliding over her rosebud on its way to the moist cleft beyond. "Bring your butt up closer to me, honey," he murmured. "Let me return the favor."  
  
Gwen shook her head and removed her lips from his length. "Uh-uh, not tonight. I'm fine, let me take care of you."   
  
"You sure?"  
  
His only answer was her mouth again descending on him while her small yet strong hand gripped and began to stroke. You better believe I'll return the favor later, he thought as he gently pet her back.  
  
Gwen was all about speed tonight; the sooner she could get him to finish, the sooner they would remain undisturbed and undiscovered. She had learned a lot about her husband's buttons this summer; her efforts began to get results and his hips began to twitch rhythmically. She prepared to receive his orgasm.   
  
She almost bit down on the mass between her teeth at the first knock on their door, the soft tapping sounding like the booming of a sledge to the panicked woman. She hurriedly pulled away from the object of her attention, believing she heard an audible pop as the suction broke. Pulling the covers up to her neck as she hurriedly worked to cover the naked torso beside her.   
  
"Daddy? You up?" The soft voice of their daughter, a sudden reminder of all those years she was growing up, came from the other side of the door.  
  
"I am honey. What do you need?"  
  
The door opened slowly, just enough for KD to stick her head in. The scene struck her as strange, her bare-chested father sitting up against the headboard in the semi-darkness, her mother's face barely visible beneath all the blankets piled up about her, a pair of boxers on the floor . Mom never allowed laundry to hit the floor..."I just thought of something and I didn't want to forget. Can you check my oil before I leave? I don't remember checking it this summer..."  
  
"I already did, and you needed two quarts," he said softly. "Keep it up and you'll need a new engine. But yes, I'll check it again before you leave."   
  
"Thanks, Daddy! Good night!"  
  
"G'night."  
  
The door again closed softly, and Tim smiled over at his cowering wife before flipping the blankets back to reveal an undiminished erection.   
  
Gwen did her best to again cover him. "Tim! What if she comes back?"  
  
"She'll knock," he said reasonably. Despite her efforts, his cock remained free to twitch impatiently in the gloom. "Could you, uhh, resume our regularly scheduled event? I'm pretty close..."   
  
His wife thought about it for a moment before deciding it was her duty to return to the task at hand. He was right; he had been close.

Dinner at her parents' house the next day was the same stressful affair it always was, Gwen doing her best to meet her mother's expectations of propriety while feeling the unspoken disapproval over her daughters' lack of it. Gwen contented herself with wearing her sluttiest underwear beneath her prim clothing, wondering what her mother would think if she knew about the thong her only daughter was wearing.   
  
The presence of Natalie had also given her reason to worry. It would be the first time they had seen each other since that afternoon encounter; would they be able to face each other?   
  
Gwen was relieved to discover that for her sister-in-law, it seemed to be a non-issue. The pair happily talked and joked, KD glad to see her mother smiling and laughing with somebody other than her father for once.   
  
The pair found themselves alone in the kitchen shortly before dinner was served. "So, I heard you got Tim's present in the mail," she growled softly as the two worked by the sink. "Did you give it to him yet?"  
  
Gwen looked around nervously, afraid someone might overhear. "How did you know?"  
  
"Barry told me. I was talking to him, something I need to talk to you about, by the way, and he asked if you had gotten it yet. So, did you give it to him yet?"  
  
"No, we usually go out to dinner the weekend of our anniversary. I'll give it to him after that."  
  
Natalie smiled and nudged her sister-in-law in the ribs. "I knew you hadn't given it to him yet—you're not walking funny."  
  
"You are terrible! And what do you need to talk to me about?"  
  
"Later—I promise. Also, Adam and I got you an anniversary gift. Rather than just go out to dinner next weekend, think you two can get some alone time together, maybe an overnight?"  
  
"Overnight? I'd have to find somebody to take care of the horses, and we'd need to make sure the business is covered—"  
  
"Ali's already volunteered to stay at the house, and I'm sure Tim can get one of the other guys to cover just fine." Natalie looked about conspiratorially for effect. "How would you like to give Tim his present at the place you made it?"   
  
"You mean the Inn?"  
  
"Uh-huh. We reserved you the same room and everything."  
  
Gwen felt something akin to panic, but she wasn't sure why. "Oh, thank you Natalie, you guys really shouldn't have, but it would seem weird, I mean him looking at that there, and he might not like it, and the owners know me and probably why we're there, and—"  
  
"Gwen, stop. Breathe. It will be great. Adam already told Tim—said we've been there and loved it, which is true- and he's fine with going. He's going to love it, and you will, too."  
  
"I don't know, Natalie..."  
  
A finger was pressed to her lips. "No arguments." Her sister-in-law picked up a bowl of potatoes and returned to the dining room. Dinner was served and the family gathering played out as it had for many years.   
  
KD was home early that evening, preferring to get a good night's sleep before her drive the next morning. Her parents retired early as well, content to read in bed together. Tim was asleep well before his wife, Gwen numbly reading the same page again and again as her mind wrestled with the implications of Natalie and Adam's gift to them.   
  
Did the gift—right down to the same room- mean Adam knew what had happened there? Doesn't matter, the Slut replied. It's nothing his own wife hadn't done. Would the owners of the Inn tell Tim why Gwen had been there without his knowledge? If you gave him the album before they said anything, it wouldn't matter. Would they know why they were there now? Of course. That's what strange beds are for. Despite the Slut's reasonable responses, the Lady was able to conjure a vague sense of panic over the idea of mixing her slutty side with her married life.   
  
With a sigh, Gwen arose and threw on her robe. A small cup of tea might help me sleep, she reasoned as she quietly stepped into the hall. The distracted woman had just turned the corner into the kitchen when the motion sensor light on the deck blazed to life. The screen door opened slowly and Gwen thought to turn and retreat, to get Tim to confront the intruder. Instead, she stayed rooted to the spot as the wooden door opened. The light spilled in from outside and KD, wrapped in a towel too small for her body, stepped into the kitchen. In one hand she carried a second smaller towel, the unmistakable shaft and head of her gift penis sticking out from it, her fist curled around the fabric-bundled testicles.  
  
Gwen quickly took two steps backward and decided that any further retreat was risky. Instead, she coughed to warn of her presence, waited a second, and stepped into the kitchen. Her daughter stood there, wide-eyed and panic-stricken as she struggled with one hand to hold up her cover while the other hand fumbled to wrap the towel around what she held.   
  
"Oh-Mom—you scared me! What are you doing up?"   
  
"I couldn't sleep and was going to make a cup of tea. And you?"  
  
Me what?" KD's eyes were still large, her voice jumpy.  
  
"What are you doing up?"  
  
"Oh, I, uh, couldn't sleep either, so I thought maybe a swim might help."  
  
"I do that sometimes, too."  
  
"Oh—well, I hope you can get to sleep. I'm going to go dry off and get to bed. Busy day tomorrow!" her daughter smiled weakly and hurried past as she did her best to shield the contents of the towel from her mother.  
  
"Honey, wait." The young woman stopped in her tracks, afraid to turn and watch as Gwen pushed through the screen door. She returned a moment later holding KD's dry bikini top and bottom. "You left this on the railing to dry after we got back from dinner. You wouldn't want to forget it."   
  
Her daughter's face burned crimson against the white towel as her hand quickly grasped the triangles of fabric and returned to hold the top of her covering in place. Busted! "Uhh, thanks."  
  
Gwen knew she should just let her daughter go, but a long-dormant mischievous spark flared. "Honey? You're fine. Just between us, bathing suits have become...increasingly optional around here this summer. Just wear whatever you're comfortable in. Of course, I would err on the side of caution around your father. I don't think he'd be mad, but maybe a little embarrassed., although he's been known to do without his as well."   
  
KD blushed even more deeply, unable to believe she was having this conversation with her ultra-conservative mother. "Oh. OK, good to know, thanks, Mom. G'night!"  
  
Gwen smiled. "Good night."  
  
She stood there for several moments after KD's bedroom door softly clicked shut. The tea can wait, the older woman decided, and she quietly made her way out of the house and up the hill. Her daughter's wet footprints were still visible on the concrete, going from the pool stairs to where her towels had been laid on the table, and then to the gate.   
  
The deck was also darkened above the filter jet. It was Gwen's turn to blush as she realized her daughter knew the secret to the current below the surface; but how had the dildo come into play? Was it possible to hang on to the side and use both at the same time?   
  
The house would be hers again tomorrow, plenty of time to determine if it could be done. A swim tempted her, the thought of just stripping down and sliding into the cool water alluring, but she resisted. Something about KD's recent use made it wrong, at least until she had left. Gwen returned to the house as quietly as she had left. Her dreams returned that night, vivid and incredibly lewd.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 26**

KD was on her way back to school well before her father's trucks were ready to depart that Monday morning. Gwen feared her daughter's subdued manner as she said her goodbyes was due to the secrets both exposed and shared during the weekend, and she worried that her newfound openness might left the young woman with a less than favorable view of her mother. Still, Gwen tried to fight down the pride and excitement she felt in being so open, and for not overreacting to the discoveries of her daughter's sexual side.   
  
The Lady was not silent on the matter, warning that her own deviation from the path of propriety would only amplify the effect on her daughters. The realization that mother and daughters shared an interest in certain weaknesses of the flesh made Gwen wonder if she had somehow passed her long-suppressed depravity on to the next generation. The Slut's suggestion that Natalie's sexual mentoring of all three Nelson women had probably been more instrumental than anything Gwen might have contributed did little to silence the Lady.   
  
The accusations of perversion also reminded Gwen she now had the house to herself again. The Slut had been busy ever since she had serviced Tim two nights ago, suggesting various activities for the couple to act out once they were alone while the Lady did her best to suppress the scenarios that involved anything outside of husband and wife in a darkened bedroom.   
  
One of the Slut's ideas had involved giving the package delivery driver an accidental peek, something Gwen needed no help from the Lady rejecting, although her imagination conjured lurid possibilities as the van rumbled up the driveway. Instead, she greeted him in the same professional manner she always had, waiting until the sound of his truck accelerating up the road grew faint before making her way back to the house.   
  
Gwen stopped inside the kitchen door and stripped down to bare skin, clothes carefully laid over a nearby chair. Satisfied, she looked out the window, then stepped back on to the deck.   
  
The morning was overcast and the temperatures cooler than normal this time of year, her nipples almost painfully erect from the chill and the excitement. She knew the pool water was still warm; a quick trip up the hillock to her right would confirm that.   
  
It would also take her far away from her clothes, towel or any other form of cover should anyone choose that time to visit. The thought made her hesitate, and she spent some time absentmindedly poking through the flower beds around the house, itself a daring proposition given the distance she would have to cover to get to safety. The urge not to get caught fought with the thrill of it happening.   
  
Gwen finally decided that delaying to act upon the dare she had issued herself was not going to make things any safer and hurried up the steps to the pool gate. She knew that if anyone were to pull into the yard now, her only hope would be to stay out of sight up here and hope they went away.   
  
The swim was more of a completion of her self-challenge than necessity or desire. Although the thought of the rushing pool filter jet nearby briefly made her contemplate its use, the fact that KD had almost certainly done the same thing just hours before made the act seem more perverted than normal. Besides, she had other things waiting in her bedroom. She quickly exited the water and made her way back to the house, the chill air against her wet skin and the fear of being caught hastening her steps.   
  
Her pace slowed after she had made it to her bedroom and dried off. There was no question in her mind what was next. Gwen took two steps towards the closet, towards her toys, and stopped.   
  
No, she decided. Not now, maybe later. The need to demonstrate that she still had her legendary self-control suddenly filled her. I'll run down to town first and pick up some things, and then maybe when I get back...  
  
Do it now AND do it later, the Slut urged, while the Lady applauded her denial of pleasure. The nude woman returned to the kitchen to collect her clothes and wandered back to the bedroom.   
  
What she had removed before her swim was laid on the bed as Gwen decided to select a new outfit for the trip. A pair of loose-legged shorts and a thin blouse, both purchases from her recent shopping excursion two towns over—the image of the man watching her as she pretended to try them on flashed through her mind—were selected. Panties and a bra were given much consideration but rejected, although a tank top was substituted as a compromise. Gwen slipped on a pair of sandals and made her way out of the house and into her truck.   
  
She made all of her planned stops, ever alert for signs that the other shoppers or employees might be looking at her bare legs and arms with disapproval. Her breasts bounced under her top, but thankfully her remained hidden, and she swore she could feel the air conditioning making its way up to her bare sex. The pace slowed at the mall as she took her time in the lingerie section of Brazil, a store she had not been in since that day Natalie had selected her bikinis. Gwen took delight in discretely showing her interest in the racy selections public before finally settling on the purchase of some underwear that rivaled KD's in their brevity. The young salesperson eyed her as she approached, trying to make up her mind whether the customer in front of her was one of those women who thought she was still twenty-something. No, she decided, she might be older, but she'll look damn good in these.   
  
Long enough, Gwen declared as she took the bag from the smiling clerk. She had proven she could resist the perverted urges.  
  
Gwen climbed into the cab of her truck and started the engine. Three spaces up, a slightly-overweight middle-aged man in a shirt and tie was pulling something out of the trunk of his sedan. She looked down at him from her perch, knowing that she had plenty of time to put the vehicle into gear and pull away before he crossed in front of her. Instead, she watched the balding man remove a bag and close the trunk lid. Her hand pushed up the loose leg of her shorts until she made contact with the bare skin at the junction of her thigh. Gwen was mortified to discover just how wet she was as a single finger slid up her cleft and began to circle her clit.  
  
The man hurried past, unaware of what was happening in the truck. The thrill of touching herself with this stranger so near kept Gwen's finger busy until he was well out of sight. It was with great reluctance that she withdrew her hand and looked about for any other approaching passers-by, taking a moment to steady her breathing and let the air conditioning cool the flush she had developed. With no other shoppers to offer another performance to, Gwen dropped the truck into gear and pulled out. Her speed was watched diligently as she made her way home—she was sure any police officer who stopped her would guess by sight and smell what had been happening in the truck.  
  
The truck braked to a stop in front of the Nelson Plumbing workshop. Gwen reminded herself not to hurry as she climbed the stairs to her office, attempting to make up for her earlier lapse in self-control. There were several messages waiting; one in particular warned her of the return of one of the apprentices for extra parts. The news agitated the aroused woman; there was no way she could risk any "alone time" until after Andrew had returned and headed out again. In fact, it was probably best if he didn't see her in her current dress, either. Gwen grumbled as she made her way back to the house for more traditional wear, adding a bra this time to her jeans and long-sleeve blouse but still omitting panties as a small form of rebellion.   
  
Gwen had the part waiting for the young apprentice as he pulled up twenty minutes later. His knowing smile made her feel as though she were being mentally undressed, and she irrationally regretted not having worn underwear. With a wave and that same cocky grin, he was gone again a moment later. The Lady was taken aback by his impudence, wondering if Tim should be told of their employee's surreptitious disrespect, while the Slut bemoaned the fact that Gwen could probably have made herself come and still been out here in time to meet the muscular young apprentice.   
  
Well, I've got plenty of time now, she mused. Between the vibrators and that impossibly large faux penis hiding in the closet, I probably won't last five minutes. She thought back to just how little effort it would have taken with just her finger in the mall parking lot. She probably wouldn't have even needed her toys...  
  
Why even go back to the house? The thought of doing something so depraved right here in the office excited her, right where her employees had seen her so many times, and Gwen began to unbutton her blouse. It only took a moment to shed everything. Now what? She eyed the couch, but sat back down at her desk instead. Pushing the chair back, she hefted her feet on to the surface in front of her, slumped and gently reclined until she was looking at a spot far up the wall. Legs spread of their own accord as her hand made its way between them and the movie reel that held her fantasies came to life.   
  
The bald man did not pass by the truck this time, instead reversing direction and coming back to the driver side door. Gwen could hear his voice, muffled by the metal and glass between them. "I know what you're doing in there." She wasn't upset or embarrassed; instead she smiled to tell him he had guessed correctly and scooted over to the passenger side, her back against the opposite side, facing the driver's door he was even now opening. Gwen quickly peeled off her shorts and opened her legs. The man stared intently at the show while unzipping his fly and pulling out his already erect member. "You got a pretty little cunt, lady," he grunted as his hand grasped his shaft.   
  
"You can look, but you can't touch," she reminded him, although she knew she would be powerless to stop him if he wanted more. The man did not answer, his eyes glued to her sex where a finger was dancing on her clit while her other hand was pushing a digit into her opening. "You have a very nice cock."  
  
"You'd like it even more if it was buried inside ya," he muttered, but continued to stroke, not attempting to press his offer on her. Gwen was not ready to go that far, even in her fantasies. "You're gonna make me come," he warned, and true to his word, a pearl-white fountain erupted from the tip of his length. The viscous stream did not land on the driver's seat as even in fantasy Gwen's orderly mind knew that would stain the fabric and be a pain to get out. Instead the jet arced impossibly high before landing on the hot pavement with an improbably audible plop and sizzle. Her world went gray as Gwen's orgasm rushed over her, and she briefly worried that she might pass out and be found here. Her body traded periods of rigidity with small convulsions, ears dimly aware of the squeak of the chair as her body twitched, until at last she was spent. She lay slumped there for some time, finger idly drawing lines from her sex to her breast, until reluctantly she rose and began to dress. The sound of a truck pulling into the driveway came to her over the drone of the air conditioner as she slipped on her sandals.   
  
See? This is what happens when you become perverted, the Lady scolded. You get caught! What will Tim think?   
  
You didn't get caught, the Slut laughed. You're dressed, and you've taken the edge off. What could be better? Except maybe getting caught?   
  
Gwen ignored them both and moved to the stairs to see who had arrived. She was halfway down when Andrew came back in, the cocky grin replaced with a sheepish smile.   
  
"Sorry, Mrs. Nelson, but I got halfway back to the job when I remembered that I forgot the bolts for the pump. Walt would have killed me if I came back without them."   
  
"I suspect he would have," Gwen replied with a soft smile. "Do you need help finding them?"  
  
"Oh no, I know exactly where they are. Are you alright? You look kinda, well, like hot and sweaty."  
  
"I was moving some boxes, and the air conditioning isn't working so well," she lied. "You sure you can find what you need?"  
  
The cocky grin returned. "Oh, yes ma'am. You, uhh, need help with the boxes?"   
  
Gwen turned and headed back up the stairs, the Slut urging her to put on a show for the young man while the Lady dismissed the idea as dangerous. "I'm fine, Andrew, thanks. You better get back to the jobsite before Walt does something to you that will require extra paperwork. I'll see you later."   
  
"Yes ma'am." The young apprentice stood there, focused on her swaying bottom as she retreated to the second floor. Getting naked would cool you off, he thought as she disappeared. I'd kill to see what's under those jeans. Tim would probably do the killing, but it might be worth it to put my cock in her just one time. The thought of her naked and in incredibly lewd positions occupied him all the way back to town.   
  
The week passed quickly. Gwen waited until all was quiet in the office before she went back to the house that Friday morning. Natalie would be arriving soon to ride before work; the heat had returned and clothing more appropriate for a sweaty trail ride were necessary. Anything other than jeans and riding boots was out of the question, but the denim shirt in her hand seemed excessive. A little too warm...It wasn't a few months ago, the Lady sneered, but it was not enough to stop Gwen from selecting a white tank-top instead. Not that you'll be wearing it five minutes up the hill, the Slut snickered, and Gwen knew that to be true. Her erect nipples rubbed against the thin fabric.   
  
And while I'm here, I might as well just move these to my nightstand, she told herself as she reached into the closet and removed her toys. They were there to stay; it would be easier to have them close to hand rather than having to mess up the closet getting to them.   
  
Change of clothing and nightstand rearrangement completed, Gwen headed out to the barn to begin the process of saddling Dart and Tigger. She momentarily froze halfway across the yard as the sound of a vehicle coming up the driveway reached her—a quick glance down confirmed her top revealed more than she would want—and then relaxed as Natalie came into view. The women excitedly hugged, her sister-in-law's hand rubbing Gwen's nearly naked back in an extremely friendly way, before the two women got the horses ready for their ride. As was usually the case, Natalie removed her shirt even while she was putting the finishing touches on the cinch of Tigger's saddle; her sister-in-law did the same before mounting Dart.   
  
"So, are you ready for tomorrow night?" Natalie asked excitedly before they had even reached the tree line.   
  
"I suppose."   
  
"That doesn't sound very promising. What's the matter?"  
  
"I don't know...what if he doesn't like the pictures? What if gets mad that another man saw me like that? And even Tim likes them, and he wants to...get intimate.. I'm sure the owners will guess what we did in our room! I won't be able to face them at breakfast!"  
  
The blonde woman laughed. "You've come so far, but you still have a ways to go...he'll love the pictures, I'd bet my life on it. And it's not like you fucked Barry, you just showed him some tits and ass, maybe a little pussy." Gwen blushed at the coarse reminders and stared at the dirt path passing below her. "As for Norman and Steven, honey, that's what happens at Inns. People get all romantic, sheets get messed up...as long as you're not hanging from the fixtures, they're going to do everything they can to make the magic happen. It goes a long way to getting repeat customers. You won't be the first girl to get laid in that bed. I was there before you, four times—or was it five? Hell, if you're one of the first hundred then it's probably a new mattress!"   
  
"I guess...I've just always tried to keep that kind of thing discrete."   
  
"Don't go to breakfast naked and you'll be fine. Speaking of which, what are you wearing for the unveiling?"  
  
"I hadn't really thought about it..."  
  
"Tim might get a kick out of it if you wear the outfit you did the first part of the shoot in. Bring his work shirt to recreate the second half after you've taken the edge off of him."   
  
"But how will I change into it between dinner and...you know?"  
  
Natalie rolled her eyes theatrically. "Wear it under your dress, silly! Just change in the bathroom or something, tell him it's a surprise. Honestly, do I need to chaperone this thing so you two kids can properly get it on?"   
  
The idea of her sister-in-law in attendance, directing their lovemaking, struck Gwen as funny. The spell broken, she giggled and shook her head. "No, we've done it before, remember? Two kids?"   
  
"Exactly my point! Only this time, you're not making babies, you're making the couple next door jealous!"  
  
Gwen giggled again despite the reminder their private time might not be so private. She had an image of her legs wrapped around Tim's waist, his body pressing her deep into that luxurious bed while he had is way with her. Maybe it could happen that way...  
  
"So what were you talking to Barry about?"  
  
Natalie whirled, her confident smile gone. "Oh, uhh, well, yeah, that. See, Barry asked me to pose for him again a while back, and I finally made up my mind and told him I would."   
  
"Really? What kind of photos?" Gwen both guessed and hoped at the answer.  
  
"Well...see, Barry does commission work, too. Sometimes people ask him for specific ...kinds of pictures...and he does his best to fulfill their request. Like this time, someone commissioned him for...an erotic piece."   
  
Natalie was relieved to see Gwen's reaction was one of interest rather than disgust. "Oh my! So you're going to let a stranger see you...that way? Just how...erotic?"  
  
"From what he told me, it sounds like very. Tastefully done, of course," Natalie added hurriedly.   
  
I can't believe you said yes!" Gwen lowered her voice. "Does Adam know?"   
  
"He does," her sister-in-law answered just as quietly. "He's OK with it."  
  
"Well, I think you're very brave to be doing this!"  
  
Natalie's smile returned. "Brave, or stupid?"  
  
"Brave. It sounds very exciting. When is it going to happen?"  
  
"Sometime soon, according to Barry. Not quite sure yet."  
  
Gwen smiled and looked up to the trail to where the picnic table clearing was just barely visible. "Will I be able to see them after?"  
  
"Actually, I have a favor I'd like to ask you," her sister-in law replied as the two riders halted their horses and dismounted to stretch. "I want you to be there. I think I'll need the support."  
  
"I can't imagine you'd ever need support," Gwen laughed, "especially from me. And besides, wouldn't you rather have Liz there? I mean, she said she's let him take pictures of her before, right? She'd be more used to this kind of thing?"   
  
Natalie looked down at the ground. "Liz is, uhhh, already going to be there. We're both going to be posing—together."   
  
"Oh...oh."  
  
"Their eyes finally met. "You're one of the strongest people I know. Please say you'll be there?"  
  
Gwen could see the plea was from the heart. Still, this was a most unusual request..."if you want me to be there, of course I'll go with you."   
  
A look of relief swept over the blond, and the pair embraced, Gwen conscious of their bare breasts pressed into each other's flesh. "Thank you so much. I owe you."   
  
"How about letting me stay at your house if Tim throw me out after I give him my pictures?"  
  
Natalie broke the embrace. "Not a chance. Tim won't let you leave after he sees them." She looked up at the darkening sky. "We may want to get back down to the house before it opens up."

Despite a pace that had both women's chests bouncing wildly as they made their way down the path, they were five minutes too late to avoid getting soaked. Gwen eyed the driveway and yard nervously as they approached, not willing to stop and put on her wet shirt, but also not wanting to be seen topless.   
  
"No swim today," Natalie observed after they had made the safety of the barn and began grooming their mounts. "Not that we'd get any wetter. I'm not sure the rain takes out the smell of wet horse, though. Mind if I shower here before work?"  
  
"Of course not," Gwen replied as she hefted a saddle on to a nearby sawhorse. "I was going to take one too."   
  
The horses were taken care of and Natalie detoured to her SUV to grab a change of clothes as her sister-in-law hustled across the yard and into the kitchen. "You can go first," Gwen called out over her shoulder on the way to the laundry room. "You'll want to get out of those jeans."   
  
"You should, too. We can share the shower, if you want. There's no reason one of us should have to wait."   
  
Gwen returned to the kitchen to find Natalie waiting, an innocent smile on her sister-in-law's face. "Uhh, I can wait...it might be a little tight in there."  
  
"There's plenty of room! Between the size and all the nozzles and gadgets Tim built into that thing, I would have sworn you guys were having orgies in there if I didn't know conservative you were! More than enough room for the two of us—c'mon!"   
  
Gwen blushed at both her mention of orgies and her seemingly long-lost propriety and followed the topless woman down the hall. A short time later two naked bodies were under the warm spray coming from multiple jets. She was unsure where this was heading, or where she hoped it was heading—Natalie seemed more concerned with rinsing off and warming up and less concerned with the nude woman next to her. Instead, she closed her eyes and did her best to enjoy the warm water against her skin.   
  
"Want me to wash your hair for you?" Gwen opened her eyes to find Natalie holding the bottle of shampoo.  
  
"Uh, OK, yeah, I guess..."  
  
"Turn around." She faced the faucet handles, the command bringing back memories of how Miss Ritter would roughly scrub her, as if trying to remove all traces of filth from a trail-ridden horse, before allowing her in the bedroom. The hands that began to lather and massage the shampoo into her scalp were different, though. They were gentle, sensuous; occasionally scratching gently over every part of her head, other times just fingertips languidly rubbing in concentric circles. Gwen was in heaven and found her knees turning to rubber. Although it lasted quite a long time, all too soon it was over.  
  
"OK, rinse." Gwen shuffled forward until the spray that had been drumming on her breasts was now streaming through her hair. Natalie helped here as well, hands and fingers pushing the water through the strands, the soap leaving sudsy white trails down her sister-in-law's body.   
  
"A lot easier than washing patients' hair," Natalie remarked as she returned to her own cleaning.   
  
Gwen half-turned and looked back at her. "Want me to do yours?"  
  
"I thought you'd never ask! Yes, please!" she turned and handed the shampoo over her shoulder. Gwen squeezed some of the liquid into the palm of her hand and reached up to begin. While for some reason Miss Ritter had never included her own haircare in her student's routine, Gwen had certainly washed her daughter's hair enough when they were younger. But this was different. That had been all business and efficiency; this was...just different. She wanted to return the pleasure she had been given.   
  
"Oh, yes," Natalie groaned. "I looooove a good shampoo and scalp massage. So sensual." Her hand disappeared in front of her body and flattened against her crotch, shamelessly touching herself.   
  
Gwen continued to work her fingers through the long blond hair while her sister-in-law pleasured herself, wondering if she would actually give herself an orgasm right where she stood.   
  
"Whew!" Natalie exclaimed and ducked forward under the spray, apparently short of the release Gwen had thought she was working up to. "You give good scalp!" The rest of the shower passed without incident as the women concentrated on themselves before turning off the water and stepping out of the stall.   
  
"I shoulda asked while we were in there, but would you like a trim?" Natalie asked as she toweled her hair. "You've got a big night coming up tomorrow. You'll want to look your best, unless Tim likes the natural look."   
  
Gwen glanced down self-consciously. "Yes, I guess I should. Would you like one, too? It looks like you've been too busy to do yours recently."  
  
Natalie rubbed her hand through the thickening thatch and gave an embarrassed laugh. "No, thanks, letting it grow out some...the guy who commissioned the stuff I'm modeling for likes Barry's subjects to have more of a natural look. It's one of the reasons we're going to wait a bit to do it—Liz and I have to grow it out a little."   
  
"Oh—OK. I've never seen you like that," Gwen babbled as she gathered up the things needed for her own grooming.   
  
"It's not going to be a jungle down there," Natalie said as the two women moved to the bedroom, "just a little more like a...well-kept lawn." Gwen surprised herself at how nonchalantly she lay on the bed and spread as her sister-in-law sorted things out and began to work.   
  
It only took a few moments, Gwen no longer surprised by the finger slowly pushing up her cleft, but startled when a pair of lips lightly made contact with the skin below the remaining patch of hair. As quickly as they touched, they were gone.   
  
"All better," Natalie declared brightly as she rose. "The big bad man looking for your kitty will have no problem finding it. Would you mind if I rub one out real quick?"  
  
A confused look crossed Gwen's face. "Excuse me?"   
  
Natalie smiled weakly. "Mind if I cum before work? I'll admit I'm a little nervous about posing for Barry, but to be honest, thinking about it gets me hot and bothered. And your shampoo didn't help."   
  
Gwen quickly rolled off the bed. "Sorry, sorry, of course," she blurted. "Would you like some privacy?"   
  
Natalie laughed. "Did I need it last time? I'm going to get intimate on camera with another woman for a strange man. Privacy is not one of my greatest concerns. No, you're welcome to stay, or join in...unless last time freaked you out," she hurriedly added.  
  
"No, no, I certainly understand what you mean about the shampoo—it had the same effect on me, too. Did you want to use my, uhh, things?"  
  
"We can share," Natalie said with knowing smile.   
  
Gwen turned and opened her nightstand drawer. "Like before?" she said while removing her toys.   
  
She turned to find her sister-in-law already arranging the pillows. "Sure, why not." Soon the two women were arranged feet to feet, both spread wide to the other's gaze.   
  
"Mind if I use this first?" Natalie asked as she picked up the dildo, while her finger casually stroked her puffy lips.   
  
"No, please do," Gwen volunteered, ever the polite hostess, her eyes locked in on the scene before her.   
  
"Thanks. We need to get you some more stuff so we don't have to share if we're gonna keep doing this," She suggested casually, as if she were talking about more wineglasses. The blonde settled back, closed her eyes, and began to work both vibrator and massive black cudgel.   
  
Her climb to orgasm was quick, one hand pushing the vibrator into her furrow while the other retreated to stroke stomach and breasts after planting the rubber cock inside of her. Gwen rose and kneeled between the twitching woman's legs, greedily taking in the scene of utter depravity. The twitching of Natalie's hips threatened to dislodge the mass of rubber forcing her lips apart. Gwen gingerly extended a finger and pushed on the flat base of the pole to imbed it more securely in her sister-in-law.   
  
"Fuck me with it," the masturbating woman grunted through clamped jaws.  
  
Gwen hesitated, unsure. Her finger was still extended holding the dildo in place. Natalie's hands were otherwise occupied, one on the rabbit, one on a breast.  
  
"Fuck me with that thing!"   
  
She gently grasped the base with her fingertips and guided it further into her sister-in-law, stopping just short of the junction of her thigh.  
  
"Harder!" The urgency in the plea startled Gwen, and she quickly withdrew it until the bulbous head was beginning to slip past the engorged lips. Again she drove it forward, this time with more force, her hand stopping close enough to feel the heat of her sister-in-law's sex. Gwen grew bolder with each stroke as she tried to imitate Tim's thrusts when he was between her legs.  
  
Natalie's hand flew from her breast to capture the one holding the dildo and pushed both hard against her mound and lips. Gwen did not attempt to free herself, just holding still as the body her fingers were pressed against squirmed. Natalie shivered and shuddered and cried out for some time before going limp.   
  
"Whooo, that was good!" Her hand left Gwen's to lazily scratch her mons. The woman between her legs retreated, intent on giving her some space. "Your turn. I wanna see you get off."  
  
Gwen smiled and reclined, self-conscious over her display while her excitement at showing off fueled her arousal. She spread her legs and reached for her magic wand. The bulbous head had barely made contact with her clitoris when she felt the mattress shift as a body moved, and then the wetness of Natalie's sex was on her knee. She opened her eyes to see the woman astride her leg, dildo in hand. With a smile, she directed it forward until it touched Gwen's opening. "Gentle, then hard?"   
  
Again Gwen looked confused. "Sorry?"  
  
"Do you like to be fucked gently, then harder as you get closer to coming? Or do you like to let it just lie there and fill you up? Or would you rather not use it today?"   
  
Gwen resisted the urge to laugh at the absurdity of the menu choices. "Uh, gentle, then hard?"   
  
"Okey-dokey!" Her sister-in-law didn't move, looking down at her expectantly. Gwen slowly lowered the vibrator to her slit, looking up at Natalie as if for approval. In response, she felt the head of the faux penis begin to penetrate her.   
  
She was acutely aware of the soft, hot wetness on her knee, rocking back in forth in time as the massive tool slid in and out of her. "C'mon honey, show me how you come. Show me how you're gonna come for Tim tomorrow night after he gets his gift and fucks you silly. Are you gonna do it for him more than once? You know he's gonna for you every time he thinks of those pictures."  
  
Her focus was the image of she and her husband naked and entwined, his penis mimicking the one in her right now, testicles bumping up against her bum before withdrawing for another stroke. The vibrator's delightful tingling on her clit and mound only amplified the erotic thoughts.   
  
With long-practiced control she managed to contain her urge to cry out as Natalie slammed the dildo into her sex with enough force to make her breasts jiggle as her orgasm began. She was only dimly aware of her sister-in-law grinding herself into her knee, then stiffening and moaning softly.   
  
Gwen opened her eyes to see the same sleepy, contented look on her sister-in-law's face as she imagined on herself. Natalie fell over on her side and next to the recovering woman, leaving the giant cudgel where she had buried it. "You're so cute when you come," she laughed softly. "Like you're trying not to sneeze."   
  
"I could use a nap," she continued without waiting for a response, "but I really do have to get to work." She dressed while her sister-in-law, still nude, cleaned up the evidence of their afternoon together.  
  
Natalie was mildly surprised that a still-naked Gwen saw her off from the deck. "Promise me you'll tell me every nasty little detail of your night at the inn?"   
  
"If you insist. And you'll tell me when you find out more about your modeling?"  
  
"You'll be one the first to know." The pair hugged as a long roll of thunder announced the imminent return of the rain. It also hid the approach of Ali's car, Gwen spotting the hood as it cleared the trees down by the workshop.  
  
"Gotta go!" she squeaked and retreated into the kitchen as Natalie went down to greet her niece.   
  
Alison could swear she saw a bare back and ass disappear into the house as she made the turn into the clearing. No, it couldn't have been. She rolled to a stop next to the scrubs-clad woman. "Hi Aunt Natalie! Don't tell me you two went riding in this?"  
  
"We almost made it all the way without getting wet," she laughed. "What brings you here?"  
  
"Oh, I know Mom likes to make sure I know where everything is when we watch the place. I just thought I'd drop in and get my marching orders. Hope I'm not interrupting anything?"   
  
"Nope, "We just spent some time together after we dried off. And now I'm heading to work."   
  
Alison looked up at her. "Hey Aunt Natalie, I wanted to say thanks—Mom really needed someone like you. She seems to have opened up so much since you two started hanging out together."   
  
Her aunt smiled. You have no idea... "No need to thank me. It's been fun opening her up." The first big drops of rain splattered on the wet grass. "Gotta go. Talk you soon—give me a call if you need anything this weekend?"   
  
Alison smiled and hurried up to the safety of the kitchen. Opening her up? She smiled at her aunt's choice of words. That sounded like something Jason would say before he got all macho and fucked her. Her fully-dressed mother greeted her with a nervous smile.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Ch. 27**

Gwen went over her mental checklists Saturday morning while cleaning and re-cleaning the house. She knew she couldn't leave it anything less than spotless for her daughter and son-in-law, but occasionally found herself distracted by doubts about what she had packed prior to Tim returning home the evening before.   
  
The dress she intended to wear to dinner that evening was hung by her small suitcase and ready to go while the items to wear under it were tucked safely out of sight in the bag. Still, she checked several times to make sure she had included everything she felt she needed for their evening at the Inn.   
  
Tim's gifts were in there, too; more than once Gwen considered leaving the album at home to be given later, when the time was right, and even went so far as to take it out of the bag once. Only the thought of having to explain her delay to Natalie made her return it to its hiding spot underneath her packed clothes.   
  
Bringing the objects under the magazine in her nightstand had been briefly considered as well. It was dismissed, though; using them might be too brazen given the romantic circumstances this trip was intended for, and besides, what if someone went through their bags while they were at dinner and found them? The idea of returning them to the closet crossed her mind as well, but Alison already knew about their existence, and Jason too, she thought ruefully; they were probably better hidden where they were.  
  
The time she had spent with Natalie the day before weighed heavily on her mind as well. She had mentioned to Tim that they had ridden together, hoping he would ask for more information, but had apparently been too occupied with several phone messages to ask whether they had done more than ride. She had not told him of their activities after, and it bothered her that she had not been more forthcoming about their activities, despite the fact he had not been upset with her past dalliances. She would offer to tell him more, as much as he wanted to hear, Gwen decided. After this trip was over, though—she had enough to worry about as it was.   
  
Tim and Gwen were on the road that afternoon well before their housesitters arrived. They took their time, stopping several times along the way to browse local shops one or the other found interesting.   
  
It was a little past 4 when they made the turn onto the long driveway of the Inn At Little Falls. "More cars," Gwen murmured, remembering how empty the parking area had been the last time she was here. More cars meant more people, more people meant more risk of others finding out why they were here, and why she had been her before...  
  
"More cars than what?" Tim asked, a smile on his face.  
  
"Oh, uh more cars than I expected would be here," Gwen quickly lied. He would find out soon enough this was not her first visit; no need to start the explanations and apologies now. Steven and Norman awaited them at the top of the stairs that opened on to the wide porch. Gwen was mildly relieved to see they played their part perfectly, greeting her as if this was her first time in their establishment. It was only when Steven was leading Tim forward on a tour of the premises that Norman fell back, slowing Gwen as her husband turned a corner up ahead. "Natalie told us why you're here. Don't you worry about a thing!" She smiled, but a wave of panic rushed over her. They knew?  
  
Her memories were vivid as they were shown to their room. The afternoon sun lit the space rather than the morning light she had remembered from that day, but everything else was the same. Tim whistled appreciatively. "Nice place," he told the innkeepers. "This is perfect!"   
  
"We like it," Steven, replied casually. "We're glad you do, too. I understand you have reservations down at Levi's?"  
  
Tim nodded. "Our children set that up for us as an anniversary gift. Good food, I hope?"  
  
"The best this side of Atlanta! In the meantime, please feel free to wander the grounds, have a glass of wine or a beer...the porch is wonderful for sitting this time of afternoon. If you need anything at all, just let us know."   
  
Gwen thanked them, and the door closed with a quiet thunk as they took their leave. The room produced adrenaline and fear, like the recollection of a memorable unbroken horse or a roller coaster...  
  
Tim looked at her. "We've got a little while before dinner," he motioned to the French Doors. "Want to sit out in the garden?" A quick test of the bed would be fun, he thought, but she seemed too distracted for that just now.  
  
"Maybe later. I think the porch might be nice, though."  
  
"Porch it is."   
  
They were not the only couple out there, and Gwen was grateful for the distraction of other people, quietly sipping her wine before excusing herself as Tim talked fishing with another middle-aged gentleman. As good a time as any to get ready, she decided.   
  
Closing the door behind her, she took her bag and retreated to the bathroom to sort out the items she had worn that morning not so long ago. I won't show him this until he's seen the album, she resolved. If he doesn't like the pictures, he won't like this. The corset and stockings were fitted as quickly as possible, the possibility of being interrupted and prematurely exposed hurrying her efforts. The Slut suggested it might be a good night to go pantiless, but the Lady loudly squashed the idea, reminding her that the underwear was so wispy and brief as to be practically non-existent anyways, and that she was going to dinner with her husband in a nice restaurant, for goodness sake! At least pretend to be raised properly! The dress itself was the black one she had worn to the Chamber of Commerce dinner, more racy than she was used to, but presentable for a dimly lit restaurant. She reluctantly had to admit it managed to not hint too broadly at what lay underneath. Somewhat satisfied, she exited the bathroom as Tim returned from the porch.   
  
"Hey, I was wondering where you—" He stopped as he took in her transformation. "Wow."   
  
"What, is something wrong?"  
  
"No, no, something is very right, but uhh, wow, different. You look incredible."   
  
She could tell his words were genuine. "Well, thank you. I figured this dress would be alright since we're out of town anyways."   
  
"Of course it is." The dress is great, Tim thought, but there's something more, something he couldn't put his finger on...he looked to her feet. "Have you ever worn shoes with that much heel? I like 'em. A lot."   
  
Once before, the Slut slyly replied, but Gwen did not put voice to the answer, instead looking at the floor.   
  
He took her in his arms. "Wanna skip dinner and get to dessert?"   
  
"Plenty of time for dinner and dessert," she said with that soft firmness he had first seen all those years ago. "Get dressed."   
  
Tim almost seemed to pout. "Yes, ma'am."   
  
Gwen made her way out to the garden on slightly unsteady legs and sat while he changed, confident in the privacy the lush greenery afforded, smiling when her husband came out in a shirt and tie. The only time she ever got to see him like this were weddings, funerals, and planning board meetings, she mused, but darn, he cleans up nicely. She could not deny the pride she felt in the anticipation of being seen with this handsome man. "Shall we go?"   
  
Their hopes of a romantic setting and good food were not disappointed. They exchanged their customary gifts before ordering, a fishing supply gift certificate for Tim, a tack shop spree for Gwen. They stayed for some time, just enjoying each other's company, before deciding it was time for bed.   
  
The drive back to the Inn was made in silence, Gwen fretting over what was about to take place, Tim, just smiling in anticipation of what he hoped was to follow. A bottle of champagne and two glasses were in their room when they returned, compliments of the innkeepers. She was not really much into champagne, but anything would help. Gwen poured a glass for herself, then her husband.   
  
"Tim, I, uh, have another gift I'd like to give you."  
  
"Hopefully it's under that dress, because I love unwrapping presents."   
  
"Not that, at least not yet. Something else."   
  
His smile never wavered. "Honey, you didn't need to get me anything else..."   
  
She smiled weakly and moved to her suitcase. Her back to him, he looked on curiously as she fiddled for a moment then turned, a gift wrapped box in her hands. "I know I can't ask you not to be upset with me, but Natalie said you would like this..." Gwen handed it to him, picked up her glass, sat down on the edge of a chair and nervously sipped.   
  
Tim was baffled by her statement. Her normal air of calm and control was gone, replaced by a sense she was about to bolt for the door. He sat on the edge of the bed and carefully unwrapped the package, a red leather-bound album coming out of the paper. Tim looked at her questioningly, but she looked down to her glass and took another sip.  
  
"Family photos? We haven't sat for one of those since the kids were in high school."  
  
"No, not quite," she murmured, but offered no more.   
  
He again smiled, arched his eyebrows, and turned the cover as Gwen held her breath. The smile disappeared and his eyes widened as her husband turned the first page. Tim flipped forward two pages, then back, and looked up. The shaking woman would have giggled at the expression on her husband's face had she not been on the edge of panic.   
  
"How, wha...?"  
  
The Lady and her worst fears took over. Gwen hurried to where he sat and grabbed for the album. "I am so sorry," she blurted, "I thought you might—"  
  
Tim quickly pulled the leather-bound book out of her grasp. "Oh hell no! You're not gonna tease me and then take it away!" Gwen finally dared hope the look in her husband's eyes was not anger or disgust, but excitement. "Are they all like this?" She nodded, still looking for further confirmation he was not somehow displeased.   
  
Tim again opened the album to the first photo while Gwen returned to her seat and nervously sipped champagne. He only made it to his original stopping point before looking up again. "These are all of you?"  
  
Gwen managed a smile. "I know it doesn't look much like me, but it is me, and I had someone—a professional photographer who specializes in that...kind...of picture take them. You're not mad, right?"   
  
"Mad? Gwen, I've only looked at 3 pictures and this is one of the best gifts you've ever given me! I would never have believed you had it in you!" His voice dropped a bit. "The rest of pictures are like this, right?"  
  
"Worse."   
  
Tim's eyes were already back on the album in his lap. He turned several more pages, each one intently studied for quite some time, until he looked up and over at the dressing table, then back down at the page, then back at the dressing table. "You took them here? In this room?"  
  
Gwen took a gulp of champagne, almost choking on the bubbly liquid. "Yes."   
  
Confusion again crossed her husband's face. "But when? I thought you've never been here before?"  
  
"I'm so sorry Tim, I lied, but I couldn't think of any other way to keep this a secret. We took the pictures when I told you Natalie and I came to Atlanta to go shopping."   
  
Tim smiled, but was unable to resist the urge to resume viewing the photos. "I see. I should have known—you hate shopping. At least, you used to...so Natalie was in on this?"  
  
"It was her idea—she did the same type of thing for Adam!" Gwen stopped abruptly, afraid she had given away one of her sister-in-law's secrets.  
  
"Well, that's a bit of a surprise, but not as much as this." It was several more pages before he spoke again. "You showed so much skin—you're practically naked! I can't believe you did this!"  
  
Gwen's fears again rose to the surface. "Please don't be mad, I really thought you would like it!"  
  
Tim moved to where she sat and kissed her. "Honey, I'm not mad, I'm incredibly flattered that you would do such a thing for me. I can only guess how hard it was for you to let your guard down like this." He sat back on the bed and resumed viewing his gift. "Guy or girl?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Was the photographer a man or a woman?"  
  
"Oh—uhh, a man, but his wife was in the room the whole time, and Natalie was here with me, too!"   
  
"That must have been even harder for you, to get naked in front of a strange man like that."  
  
"I was so worried you were going to get mad for letting him see me like that. You're not mad, right?"  
  
Tim laughed, but did not look up. "Trust me, I'm about as far from mad as I can get right now. I'm just impressed he was able to keep his attention on his camera long enough to take these. This is like seeing you naked for the first time again!"  
  
It took him some time, but from her vantage point, Gwen could see when he reached the blank page dividing the bedroom photos from the bathroom set. He smiled and flipped the page.   
  
Tim laughed. "That old shirt looks a hell of a lot better on you than it ever did on me! And where was this taken?"  
  
"The Innkeepers' private quarters. They let Barry use it for the shoot."   
  
He continued to intently study the photos. "I've seen Walt in that position dozens of times," Tim said without looking up, referring to the picture of Gwen lying on her back under the sink, "but never once did I consider it sexy. Is it bad or good if I see this the next time he's headfirst under a vanity tightening the feed lines?"  
  
It took him some time before he slowly flipped the last page over and looked up at Gwen. "Wow. This has been a night full of surprises." Tim delicately laid the album on the nightstand, stood and moved to where his wife was still sitting and clutching her empty glass. Gwen looked up nervously at the man towering over her. What now? She quickly glanced at his midsection, now at eye level. Her husband's dress slacks were unable to adequately mask the rigid length straining against the fabric. Maybe she had read his reaction to the album correctly?   
  
Tim took the glass from her and set it on a nearby table, then gently took her hands and pulled Gwen to her feet. He kissed her, not roughly, but with the intent of a man who knew what he wanted. Callused fingers grasped the catch of the dress's zipper and pulled, the purr quick and muffled. Hands reached for her shoulders as he stepped back.   
  
The dress was pushed off of Gwen, momentarily catching on her hips before Tim finished the job. "And yet another surprise," he murmured as corset and stockings were revealed. "I thought you felt a little different under that dress. The same outfit as that one, right?" He asked, gesturing to the album on the nightstand. Gwen nodded and looked down at the floor, slightly embarrassed for some reason.   
  
"Well I hope you brought my shirt too, because you're gonna model that after," he continued. "But right now—" Tim firmly placed his hands on Gwen's hips and steered her to the side of the bed before lifting and tossing her back, "I've got something I really need to take care of." He quickly began discarding clothes, his eyes never leaving the corset-clad body on the bed. "Take your panties off, but leave the rest," he commanded. "Spread your legs." Gwen had the underwear off by the time her husband was rid of his pants, Tim's boxer shorts tented by the staff between his legs. "Touch yourself. Are you wet?"  
  
She already knew the answer, but followed his direction anyway. A finger was inserted at her opening and dragged up and over a clitoris anxious to be touched. Gwen nodded. "Mm-hmm."  
  
"Good. Keep playing with yourself." Tim watched for a moment to make sure she was doing as she was told, and then began pulling off socks and underwear, his cock snapping lewdly against his stomach as he pulled the shorts over it.   
  
Gwen was embarrassed to be masturbating in front of her husband, of so openly showing him what was his to take. Her clit had no such reservations and begged to be touch and stroked.   
  
Tim stroked his now-free cock several times as he watched the show in front of him before climbing between Gwen's legs. She thought he might use his fingers or kiss her down there, but he was in no mood for preliminaries. His hands came down beside her shoulders and he crouched briefly before flexing his hips and stabbing forward. His lips met hers as his cockhead pushed against her other lips. There was no subtlety to his movements, and with a single thrust he buried his length deep inside her, balls slapping against the skin of her cheeks. "I guess you were wet," he murmured and began to stroke.   
  
Tim did not take her gently, rising up on outstretched arms as he pounded while her breasts wobbled under the repeated impacts. Gwen knew he could not last long at this pace, and soon after he proved her right, using his feet to lever himself more deeply into Gwen's welcoming body as his seed filled her.  
  
Spent, he rolled to his side and exhaled sharply. "Sorry, that was really selfish of me," he grumbled. "Let me take care of you now." A hand was already sliding down towards her sex, towards where the remains of his orgasm were already beginning to leak out of her...  
  
"Let's take care of each other," Gwen announced as she closed her legs and rolled over to kiss her husband. "Do you think you can do it again?"  
  
Tim smiled. "I may have a hard time walking out to the truck tomorrow, but I'm pretty sure I can go all night."   
  
"Then let me use the ladies' room and we can do exactly that." Gwen rose, careful not to allow her leaking sex to make contact with the duvet cover. "Would it be alright if I took this off?" she asked over her shoulder as she moved to the bathroom. "It's pretty, but a little constrictive."   
  
"Only if you come out wearing less than what you went in with."   
  
Gwen cleaned up as best she could, certain there some of her husband's orgasm remained in her even after she finished. "Well, that's definitely less," Tim agreed as he looked up from the album he had again opened and to his now completely nude wife. "Still a great look for you, though."   
  
She smiled and climbed under the covers next to where he still lay on top of the bed. "So, you really did like your gift?"  
  
"Oh yeah, there's a couple of things I got my eye on for the boat—"  
  
"Not the gift certificate, the album!" she pointed out, completely missing his jest.  
  
"I know," he smiled. "but I do like the gift certificate. The album is on a whole 'nother level of like, maybe about 20 levels up." Tim kissed her. "I can't get over how much you must love me to do something that out of character. I would have never have guessed in a million years you would do that."   
  
"I do love you more than anything," Gwen agreed, "and Natalie kept telling me how much you would like the pictures, but I have to tell you—after I got over being scared, I liked doing it. It was fun to try and be sexy in a way that you'd like and would look good in an album."  
  
"You succeeded beyond anything I could have ever imagined." And I've imagined a lot, he thought.   
  
Nothing more was said for quite some time as they made love, relaxed and passionate, Tim bringing her to orgasm with his tongue and fingers before mounting her for a slow and gentle coupling. Despite his declaration to go all night, they fell asleep in each other's arms shortly after he spent himself inside her again.   
  
Tim's stirring awoke her the next morning, early morning sunlight streaming in the windows.   
  
"Want to go get some coffee and sit in the garden?" Gwen asked, smiling at her husband.   
  
"We can do that," he agreed, but do me a favor and put on the shirt you wore in the pictures so you can model it for me when I get back with the coffee.   
  
"I can do that," she agreed, and went to her bag after Tim had put on a t-shirt and pair of shorts and padded down to the breakfast area. Gwen thought about leaving the shades on the bay window and French doors shut, but the urge to be just a little bit naughty prevailed as she tied back curtains and opened windows and doors, the grass yard and trees behind their room offering enough seclusion this time of morning. As promised, she was dressed in nothing but the faded Nelson Plumbing shirt when Tim returned with their coffee.

"Even better live than in the photos. Shame I didn't know how good you looked in that before last night. That might be the most I'll let you wear at home from now on."   
  
"Stop it," Gwen replied, taking the steaming mug from his hand and kissing him. "It's just a shirt."   
  
"It's sexy as all hell. Hey, I know that you wore the other things in here, but would you mind posing for me in the shirt—like you did over by the window?"  
  
"The Inn was empty when I posed there last time," she laughed. "It's full now. Somebody might see me." She didn't really think so, but the Lady insisted on voicing caution.  
  
"At this time of morning? Besides, it just lawn and woods out there. No reason for anyone to be there. Please?"   
  
Gwen rolled her eyes and put down her coffee. She cautiously approached the window, looking for signs of life beyond, before assuming the first pose Barry had put her in that day. She felt incredibly self-conscious to be doing this in front of Tim, but the familiar tingle of arousal spread through her as well. She liked being the center of attention, the object of desire. Gwen warmed to the task, and continued to move about as her husband approached.   
  
"Put your hands on the edge of the windowsill and bend over," he growled. Gwen looked over her shoulder at him as she did as he instructed, head and shoulders into the bay window while the unbuttoned shirt fell open, her breasts dangling below her. Gwen could feel the hem ride up above her butt. She again looked back in time to see Tim sink to his knees and press his face up against the crack of her cheeks. The feel of his tongue probing her lips shocked her but the sheer perversity of the act only inflamed her further. Gwen thrust her hips back and walked her legs out more, giving him full access to her sex while his finger snaked around her leg and found her clit. A whimper of delight escaped her; to Tim it was the sound of a cheering crowd.   
  
She was beginning the climb to orgasm when he stood, his tongue replaced by a very ready cock. His entry was not so direct as their first time the night before, and he slid it back and forth between her cleft before finally resting the spongy head at her opening. His hands tightened their grip on her waist. "Tim, somebody might see us," she protested, but her heart was not in it. Let them see. For all she cared, they could be jealous for what she was getting and they were not.   
  
As if on cue, Norman appeared around the corner of the garden to her right, his path taking him right by the window they occupied. The Lady screamed to duck, hide, do something, but Gwen took no notice. Everything just felt too right. Let him look!   
  
The innkeeper turned his head, smiled, and waved as he passed, seemingly not shocked at all by the couple obviously joined together in the window barely ten feet away. Gwen nodded her head in reply, her mouth open in surprise and the orgasm that was even now breaking upon her.   
  
Her legs turned to jelly and only Tim's hands and penis kept her upright. She had only barely regained her ability to control her lower body when she felt him pull out.  
  
"Turn around and kneel down."  
  
Gwen did, thankful to be able to allow her legs to fully recover their strength. Her head was firmly taken between two masculine hands, and a glistening penis bobbed before her, the tip an angry red. Gwen knew what was expected, and she welcomed it. Her mouth opened wide and she bobbed forward to capture the cock being presented to her. The taste of her husband and herself created a perverse, intoxicating nectar.   
  
She let Tim use her mouth, to fuck it, and she knew how they both wanted it to end. Masculine fingers reflexively tightened about the back of her head and the first jet struck the back of her throat. Gwen instinctively recoiled but quieted to receive each spurt, her tongue tickling the end of the invader to encourage more. She swallowed only after her husband's body gave a final shudder and relaxed.   
  
The couple shared the shower before dressing and making their way to the dining room for a more substantial breakfast. The appearance of Norman halfway through their meal made Gwen blush and avoid eye contact, but the innkeeper made no mention of what he had seen. After one more relaxed lovemaking session in their bed, windows still open, they packed and said their goodbyes with the promise to return.   
  
The ride home was quiet. Both reflected on the summer, and how much "things" changed in three short months. Tim didn't regret them in the least, instead welcoming them; Gwen still harbored some doubts among the feelings of freedom and confidence. She wondered where her limits now lay; what she had thought incredibly slutty in May now seemed harmless. Was it going to be easy for her to identify when she stepped over the line? The Lady stood ready to guard against it, and the Slut stood ready to push the boundaries. She decided the woman whose shoulders they rode on would be her own master.   
  
Tim smiled and turned to her. "Hey hon, you, uhh, think I can take some pictures of you some time?"   
  
The End