**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 01**

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Gwen made sure the bags containing her—Tim's, she reminded herself—photo album remained in the truck until Ali and Jason had left. She knew it highly unlikely her daughter would go through their suitcases, but it was best not to take that chance.

They left the house clean enough, she decided, but still found herself straightening up the kitchen while Tim brought their luggage in. Clothes were unpacked and sorted for the laundry, the corset and black lace underwear set aside for hand washing. Gwen knew the panties were in particular need of soap and water after the soaking they had gotten the night before.

The album was unpacked as well. Gwen looked about the room, trying to envision a suitable hiding place before remembering it was Tim's gift, and he should be the one to decide the best spot for it. Just so long as it wasn't the coffee table in the living room... for now, she left it on the bed and took the half-full clothes basket to the laundry room.

Tim was sitting on the bed, slowly paging through the album, when she returned. He looked up and smiled. "Still can't believe you did this. You say Natalie has one too?"

Gwen nodded, cheeks flushing. "She did hers a little while back, yes. It's much better than mine—Barry even has it in a private section of his website as a sample for prospective customers to look at." In her mind, the photographer's request to post hers as well had only been made out of politeness, nothing more.

Tim smiled again and rose to take her in his arms. "You saw it, huh? Well, I seriously doubt hers is better than yours. She's pretty an' all that, but she's no Gwen Nelson. I'll have to talk to this photographer—Barry?—about why yours isn't up there as well."

Gwen's eyes widened in shock. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Maybe I would, maybe I wouldn't. But in the meantime, looking at your pictures has me wanting the real thing." Tim bent to kiss her.

Gwen pulled away. "Tim, speaking of Natalie, there's something I wanted to tell you, but I didn't want it to ruin our weekend at the Inn...Natalie and I went riding on Friday."

"In that downpour? You guys are hardcore."

"Well, we only got wet the last mile or so, and we didn't go for a swim after." She hesitated. Tim smiled at her expectantly, confident that was not the end of her story. "We did, uh, take a shower, though...together."

Gwen anxiously scanned her husband's face for signs of anger or disappointment. His eyebrows rose. "Really? I know they say shower with a friend to conserve water, but I didn't think we were in drought conditions..." That damnably smug smile remained.

She plowed forward, her desire to get this off her chest emboldened by her husband's seeming lack of concern. "And then she trimmed me...down there—"her eyes glanced to her crotch before returning to a spot on Tim's chest while her face flushed crimson—"and then we, uhh...did some things in here after."

His eyes sparked with mischief. "Did some things? Like what, play cards?"

"Damn it Tim, I'm sure you know what we did, alright?" Gwen looked down at the floor, assuming the pose of a child who had been caught making a terrible mistake. I know you said that was alright before, but did you really mean it?"

Her use of an expletive told him his humor had pushed her into a corner. "Whatever you two did sure as hell didn't make you lose your appetite at the Inn," Tim mused as he gathered her back into his arms. "In fact, I'm guessing it might have even stoked you up some. Yeah, I'm fine with it. I'm glad you two are friends. It's an interesting way of being friends, but girls are odd ducks to us guys anyways. Just don't get the idea Cliff and me are going to be showering together."

"Are you sure you're alright with it?" Gwen repeated, still not quite believing it. "It doesn't bother you that your wife is doing...that...with someone else, much less a woman?" The Slut giggled at the word 'that'. If you mean sex, you haven't had it with her yet, although the definition was up for debate...Gwen pushed the corset-bound alter ego out her thoughts.

Tim shrugged. "Nah. Sex is sex, love is love. I've seen enough of our younger employees in action to remember that hooking up with someone for a little fun on Friday night does not require a commitment to honor and cherish the next morning. On the other hand, I do believe it's entirely possible to fall in love with someone without things ever getting physical. So, if I don't think quiet horseback rides together are going to convince you two to run away together and start a pottery studio in Florida, then I have to be consistent and think that a little time in the shower or on the bed won't either."

Gwen stared at her husband, slightly confused a she tried to sort out his logic and apparent confidence in the strength of their relationship. She didn't know a lot about men, but she had to believe this could not be considered a typical response.

"Now," Tim continued, "to me, the best is when there's love and sex at the same time, and I love you and really, really, want to have sex with you. So..." his strong arms slid by either hip and hands pushed down inside the back of her jeans to cup her cheeks. Clothes were slowly shed between kisses, Gwen briefly considering a run to lock the kitchen door as her bra was removed before dismissing the thought and reaching for her husband's belt buckle.

They resumed their embrace after the last articles had been removed, Tim's erection leaving a slick trail as it slid against her stomach. Slowly he walked her backwards, lips locked, her calves bumping up against the mattress. Gwen turned and flipped the covers back before lying on the bed while Tim followed her. She spread her legs in expectation of his entry as he moved between them, but instead his head dipped and she felt his tongue draw slowly up the side of her cleft while a hand found her breast.

Her own hands instinctively went to the back of the head between her legs even has his tongue began to circle her clit. Gwen's fingers burrowed through her husband's salt-and-pepper hair down to the scalp, lying there in wait should the source of her exquisite pleasure try to escape. Her senses were on full alert; she saw Tim's head moving ever so slightly as he bent to her pleasure, heard his muffled breathing from between her thighs, and her nose picked up traces of Ali's perfume, reminding her the sheets needed to be changed. Gwen also smelled male musk mixed in with her daughter's scent; had she and Jason been intimate right where she now lay? The Lady squawked at the complete impropriety of the thought, and Gwen's focus returned to the feelings radiating from her sex.

The tongue left her, and she had to restrain herself from pushing it back down in an attempt to complete the orgasm that was just beginning to tease its way into a fullblown fireworks show. The body between her legs shifted, rough skin meeting her thighs as he positioned himself for his first thrust.

"Wait," she pleaded softly. Tim looked up, his face a mix of impatient lust and confusion. "Lie on your back."

He did as she asked, protesting as she bent to take him in her mouth, "Thanks hon, but I'm ready to go now."

Gwen looked at the rock-hard staff just inches from her face and could see he was not lying. "Are you sure?'

"Very." Even now he was attempting to roll her back and resume his place between her thighs. Gwen resisted his gentle push and swung her leg over his hips. "Alright, then." Reaching back, she found his twitching length and angled it up to where she guessed they would meet. Her aim was true as she sank down on him, his tool easily sliding into her until she sat on his thighs, hips undulating as Tim's own thrusts signaled his desire. Changing the angle of their joining just a bit brought her clitoris into contact with his pubic bone, and she ground against her husband even as his hands began to squeeze and stroke the breasts pushed towards him. From her vantage point she could see that while the lust in Tim's eyes was still there, that the confusion had been replaced with a sort of rapture, and she wondered if her face was as expressive.

Tim continued to stroke with purpose but not urgency. Gwen's body, however, was losing control as the hardness against her clit sped her resurgent climax. With a whimper, she fell forward on to the body beneath her, face buried in his neck and breasts mashed against his chest as she shuddered through the waves of pleasure.

Tim's pace quickened, hips lifting off the bed to drive his cock into the prostrate body above him, his arms wrapped securely around the recovering woman. With one last push that lifted his straining body as well as the limp one above him off the mattress, he erupted.

They lay there for some time after, side by side as their sweat dried in the air-conditioned room. Gwen knew she should go and clean up, but Tim's body felt so good next to her, and from where her head lay on his chest she watched his satiated manhood return to its slumbering form.

"Five times in one day," the man beneath her rumbled. "That's a new record. I'm going to have to just sit and let the apprentices do all the work tomorrow. Jordan might have pick me up here and drive me over to the shop."

It took Gwen a moment to figure out the number her husband was referring to. We made love at the Inn twice last night, twice this morning, once just now...got it. "I must admit, I'm a little sore down there."

Tim chuckled as his fingers lightly scratched her back. "C'mon, I'm not that big..."

Gwen smiled in reply as she continued to look down on his slumbering length. "More than big enough for me." There was silence for a while. "Did you ever do it more...before we met?"

Tim surprised himself with his ability to not flinch at the question, his hand continuing its arc across his wife's bare back. She had always known she was not his first, but Gwen never had asked much about his girlfriends before her, and certainly had never wanted to know about his sexual experience.

He had only been with three women in his life—two one-night stands, and a month-and-a-half of young lust with Tammy Domillo. While he and Tammy and not been able to keep their hands off each other, their situations had not allowed for the extended bouts of privacy, and so backseats of cars and a few minutes together in party bedrooms had been the norm. Certainly not the stuff five times a day is made of.

"No, this was the most I've ever done it," he answered truthfully.

"Did Tammy Domillo like to do it?"

Tim could not believe she remembered her name—he had mentioned her maybe once or twice at most, and certainly not since they had been married. "Yeah, I guess. We were both young and full of hormones," he offered as a mix of explanation and apology.

"Why didn't you two stay together?"

"I think she wanted more of a bad boy, and a plumber's apprentice in trade school didn't fit that description for her. And, anyways I just kind of knew she wasn't the one for me. So, I moved here to apprentice with Mr. McGilvary, and she moved to Missouri, and there were no hard feelings. Last I heard, she was in Oklahoma, living with a bike mechanic."

"I'm sorry I didn't like it."

"Like what?"

"You know, sex."

"I think you were just brought up that you weren't supposed to like it. Do you like it now?"

She hesitated, mulling her answer. "I do, very much." The Lady rolled her eyes at the seeming admission of weakness. Beneath her, Tim's stomach grumbled. Gwen sat up with a start, looking at the clock. "Look at the time! You must be starved! Let me go make you something to eat—you wait here and rest, I'll bring it back!"

Tim laughed. "Relax. I'm not so old yet that I my legs won't make it out to the kitchen. I'll help."

The nude woman scrambled from the bed and began collecting the clothes that had been dropped in a disorderly pile earlier.

"Wait—do me a favor?" Gwen looked up expectantly. "Wear one of my shirts?"

She straightened, jeans in one hand, bra in the other. "It's probably not safe for guests..."

"We're not expecting any, and it's sexy as hell."

She smiled and took her collected clothes to the hamper, then continued on to the closet. "I'll wear it tonight, but you have to wear it tomorrow," she offered as a clean shirt was removed from its hanger."

"Deal!"

Gwen buttoned it from top to bottom, turning it into a very short dress, and made her way to the kitchen. Tim joined her soon after in just a pair of gym shorts. Despite their activity over the last twenty-four hours, her husband's hands frequently found their way over and under her cover, and she wondered if there might be a sixth time in the making. In the end, though, the couple was content to eat, finish chores, and relax in front of the TV before bed.

Despite his threat, Tim managed to make it across the yard under his own power the next morning. Gwen amused herself by wondering if their employees could detect a feminine scent coming from their boss. Her cell phone announced a call from Natalie moments after the last truck left.

"Well?"

"Good morning Natalie, did you have a nice weekend?"

"Screw my weekend, how was yours?"

"It was very nice."

"Very nice? Dinner at Martelli's is very nice. What did Tim think of your gift?"

"He liked it. A lot."

"I told you! I knew he would! No straight guy in his right mind would ever turn his nose up at you all sexed up! So, how many times did you do it?"

Gwen was momentarily taken aback at the question. "Well, four times at the Inn, and then once when we got home, I guess."

"Wow, that's some stud you've got there. When we were at the Inn, it took me a three day weekend to get that many out of your brother, and I had to do all the work on the last one."

The thought of Natalie naked and entwined with a man awakened the Slut. The idea that the man was Gwen's brother repulsed the ever-alert Lady. "Natalie, I just wanted to, uhh, say thank you...for your idea and making me go through with it. It really did make Tim very happy." Not to mention me.

"Forget it. My pleasure. You can return the favor when it's my turn at Barry's—you're still going to go, right?"

"If you still want me to, yes. Any idea when?"

"Not yet, but soon I'd guess." Gwen could sense a touch of nervousness in her sister-in-law's answer, and said no more, switching the conversation to trivial family matters.

The business phone lit up. "Sorry Nat, I've got a call from a customer, gotta go. Are we riding Friday?"

"Sure are."

"Great. See you then."

The week passed quickly, Tim and crew starting a huge project at a new tract of condos going up near the mall, Gwen working tirelessly to support them as needed. She was already wondering where she would find the time to ride with her sister-in-law that morning when her cell phone rang.

"Hey Gwen, it's Nat."

"Hi Natalie, how are you?" Tim looked up from the paperwork he was shuffling through and smiled.

"Good—hey, listen, I'm really sorry, but the morning shift supervisor called in sick and I'm pulling a double. I've been down here since 6, so I won't be able to make it up there this morning. I'm really sorry!"

"No, that's alright. Work before pleasure. Anyways, the boys have started a big project in town so it's been pretty hectic all week and I don't see it being any less so today. Probably best if I stay close to the desk, too."

"Well, I still feel bad about cancelling," Natalie offered. "It looks like it's going to be such a beautiful day! Next Friday though, OK?"

"That would be great."

"Good! See you then if I don't talk to you before!"

The women said their goodbyes. "Everything OK?" Tim asked.

"Oh yes, it's fine, Natalie's working a double shift so no ride today. I was wondering if I really had the time today, anyways."

"You can go for a ride with me this weekend," he suggested with a raised eyebrow.

Tim's few times on horseback had been uncomfortable experiences a long, long time ago, and she doubted he was ready to try again. No, he was talking about another sort of riding altogether...she blushed and looked about nervously to see if one of the others had caught his intent as well.

The morning was a blur of paperwork and phone calls, and Gwen only managed to catch her breath around noon. No requests from the crews to bring down extra supplies, no warnings of them coming up to raid the inventory, either. She was a little surprised to feel the back of her shirt damp with perspiration; the air conditioning was having trouble keeping up with the heat in the second floor office. Gwen decided it was as good a time as any to head over to the house for lunch.

She meant to rush through her salad and head back to the office, but sitting outside on the deck made her slow down and appreciate the day. Natalie was right—it had turned out beautifully. It seemed a shame to waste it, even if her sister-in-law couldn't make it...the Lady made it clear that to delay paying the invoices on her desk would be incredibly lazy, but Gwen's mind was made up. She dropped her bowl in the sink, not even bothering to put it in the dishwasher, and made her way to the bedroom.

Jeans, t-shirt, and a comfortable pair of knee-high black riding boots were selected for "just a quick ride up the hill," she assured the fuming Lady while telling the Slut "just in case" as she removed the rabbit from her nightstand. Bra and panties were left on the bed and she made her way out to the barn.

Gwen stared at the saddle for several moments, lost in thought, after she had cinched it around Dart's midsection. A clean towel was finally retrieved from a nearby storage locker and draped over the leather. With a deep breath, she quickly undressed and stuffed clothes and vibrator into a saddle bag before stepping back into her boots and swinging a leg over the waiting horse. Gwen adjusted the towel between the saddle and her skin, hoping to have her bare thighs avoid sticking to the leather. Arrangements completed, she nudged the horse to the edge of the barn door to discretely check for unwanted visitors. Heart thumping wildly, she urged Dart into a trot towards the treeline.

Exhilaration mixed with fear to produce a heady intoxicant . Tim had given some of his friends permission to hunt on the land in the past, provided they stop at the house first so as not to confuse horse and deer; what if they had not bothered to check in first? How would she explain her Lady Godiva act to them? Was it even hunting season yet? Her breasts bounced in a now familiar rhythm to D'Artagnan's steady gait, and Gwen soon slowed him to a walk to help him preserve his energy for the uphill climb as her own pulse began to slow ever so slightly. She found it easier to revel in the fact she was naked, outside and on her horse, if she did not have to worry about his footing and fatigue. Being topless had been a thrill; this was something more.

They had traveled a half-mile before Gwen took note of the delicious feeling emanating from between her legs. The rider realized she had at somewhere further down the trail pushed her hips forward enough for her bare mons to be pressed against the base of the saddlehorn; The pressure and rocking motion combined to send regular pulses through her body. It was not enough to make her climax, but it was certainly enough to start a slow, easy climb to one. Despite the strain on her back and legs, her hips remained thrust forward until the picnic table appeared in the clearing.

Dart was loosely tethered in his customary spot while Gwen wandered the open space on the side of the ridge, enjoying the view, delighting in the breeze on her naked skin. She briefly imagined what someone across the shallow valley might see if they were to focus their binoculars up here—a black-booted, black-gloved but otherwise naked woman looking back at them. The Lady seized upon this to remind her that perhaps she could be seen, and it would be wise to end this game now.

Gwen did back away from the edge of ridge and returned to the saddle bag, but not for clothes. Only the rabbit was retrieved on her way to the picnic table. Even what little cover she wore in gloves and boots was removed; she wanted nothing between her and the sun and the wind. The naked woman lay down on the top of the table, back and bum to the sun's rays beating down, the smooth wood warm against her stomach and nipples. She lay that way for just a few moments, eyes closed, ears taking in the whisper of the breeze in the pines, the occasional rattle of Dart's halter as he shook away flies, the cicadas sounding to each other all about her. She rolled over languidly.

A memory from school came to her as she lay there, of an image in a book she was not supposed to have been looking at. It was of an Aztec woman, a human sacrifice, laid out on a ceremonial table as an offering to the Sun god. She had been dressed in little more than a buckskin loincloth and halter top while a befeathered priest hovered above her, dagger poised to deliver her for the gods' favor. And now the naked woman on the picnic table was that offering to the sun.

Gwen chided herself for the seeming irrelevance of her current situation and that distant memory; the heroine of that book was facing certain death, but Gwen would face only shame and embarrassment should she be found like this. She opened her legs in offering to the sun and reached for her own dagger in the hopes of summoning her own "little death".

The vibrator buzzed to life at the push of a button, and the ears of the device surrounded and electrified her clit while the bulbous head teased her opening. The Lady asked her to please hurry up, as there was still much work to do in the office as well as the ever present danger of getting caught, but the Slut counseled enjoying every perverted moment.

It took some time for the world to stop and her senses to leave her, Dart watching with mild interest as his human stiffened and rolled to her side, perilously close to falling off the table altogether. She lay there for a moment, catching her breath and gathering her wits before allowing the Lady to spur her along and back down the trail. Boots and gloves would be sufficient until she was closer to home and would need to dress.

She stayed naked until she had groomed her horse and turned him out into the paddock, briefly considering a swim before the obligation to at least check messages overwhelmed her. Reluctantly she dressed, t-shirt and jeans sufficient until she could return to the house for more proper attire. Several messages awaited her, including one from Tim.

"Hey hon," he began, "Just wanted to let you know Dale Pescini—you remember him from the Chamber of Commerce dinners?- is gonna be stopping by later this afternoon to pick up a trolling motor. Hope you're decent. We'll be back a little later than normal—takin' everybody out for a beer after. See you then. Love you."

Gwen checked the message's time—it had come in about the time she had been packing her clothes into the saddle bag, she guessed. What did later this afternoon mean? And what did he mean by decent? He couldn't have known what she had been doing?

A call back to him for clarification would be in order, Gwen decided, right after she took the remaining item in her bag back to the house and changed back into work clothes.

The sound of a big diesel coming up the driveway stopped her halfway between the office and the barn. The roof of Dale's truck cresting the small rise told her later this afternoon meant now.

Gwen froze, unsure what to do while resisting the urge to look down and check her appearance. While she was somewhat hopeful her lack of panties might go unnoticed, she was certain the white-t-shirt she wore would not be sufficient to fully mask what was underneath. It was too far to run to the barn, office or house and hide; Dale would definitely see her. The Lady alternated between panic and I-told-you-so's; the Slut urged her to stick 'em out and do 'em proud. Reluctantly she crossed her arms over her chest and trudged back to where the truck had stopped in front of the office.

"Afternoon, Gwen," the tall grey-haired man said with a smile as he eased his frame out from behind the driver side door. His well-muscled arms gave hint to the contractor's vocation.

"Hello, Dale." Dale Pescini was one of the better stonemasons in the area. Gwen remembered him as a quiet, unassuming man, not much for conversation. His wife, on the other hand—what was her name?—more than made up for him in that area.

"Hope I'm not interruptin' anything," he said in a baritone drawl. "Tim said I could borrow one of his trollin' motors."

Gwen could see his eyes traveling up and down her, and she decided this is what it felt like to be mentally undressed. She had witnessed Tim's friends and associates do it to many women over the years, and knew it was harmless enough in a good ole' boy sort of way as those women had certainly invited it, but this was the first time she could ever remember receiving the treatment. She hugged herself tighter and wished for her underwear. "No, you're not interrupting. I just came back from a ride." Gwen nodded toward the stable, unwilling to move an arm to point. "He left me a message you were stopping by. Do you know where it is?"

The big man smiled. He had met Gwen many times at jobsites and functions but never really bothered to check her out before, partly out of respect for Tim, partly because her choice of clothes effectively camouflaged what lay beneath. Her bitchy attitude had made it not worth any further attempts to imagine what lay beneath her chastity belt. But today was different, Tim be damned. The riding boots and jeans presented an almost painted-on look compared to what he had always seen her in, and, he was sure them titties were filling out that t-shirt real nice, if she would just lower her damn arms! "Yeah, he tole' me it was in the tractor shed." Dale stood there smiling, apparently in no hurry to leave.

"Well, I won't keep you," Gwen said hurriedly. "I'm going to go up to the house and start dinner. Give my best to—" she hesitated, the image of his voluptuous wife in her mind—"Angie."

"I'll do that," he smiled, still not moving. He watched her hurry across the yard, that tight little ass swaying underneath them tight jeans, until she reached the deck stairs. Only then did he turn away to avoid the minor embarrassment of being caught staring at the ass of his friend's wife and make his way to the shed.

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

Gwen awoke to the sound of Tim's alarm clock. Her sleep-fogged mind tried to understand why hers had not gone off before his—she always got up a few moments before him on a work day to start breakfast. Wait-today was Saturday, she realized. Why had Tim set his alarm? She hadn't remembered him saying anything about working today?

"Mornin," he said over his shoulder as he sat on the edge of the bed, clearing the sleep from his eyes. Even in her half-awake state, she made sure to watch his naked backside rise from the mattress as he headed for the bathroom.

Tim returned to pull shorts and a t-shirt out of his dresser as Gwen was slipping on her own shirt. "Are you going fishing?" She asked, moving to the kitchen to make coffee.

"Nope, we're going for a ride. In the boat. On the lake. Remember? I offered to take you for a ride yesterday?" That boyishly sly smile reappeared.

"Oh—uh, yes, of course—I didn't realize you meant that kind of ride," she called out down the hall.

"You were thinking about something else?" He laughed as he came up behind her at the sink. "You dirty girl, you." A hand reached around and cupped her t-shirt covered mound.

Gwen whirled away, nearly spilling the contents of the coffee pot on him in the process. "No, no of course not! How could you think that! I just thought like a horseback ride, or a drive or something."

Tim smiled. "Oh. Well, come out on the lake with me, and we can go for whatever kind of ride you want when we get back. Unless you want to just go back to bed and we can leave a little later..." He moved to take her in his arms, but she deftly avoided him while getting the water into the coffeemaker.

She was all business now with a plan in place. "No, we should go early before it gets too hot, or too crowded. Go get the boat hooked up and I'll make you something to eat."

Gwen dressed and packed more sensibly this time, towels and hats and sunscreen in the bag, baggy shorts and a t-shirt over her bikini. She didn't plan on going swimming out there, but one should always be prepared, and she was not going to get caught in anything less than her two-piece this time around. Not that the bikini covered much at all, she reasoned, but it was better than nothing. Their departure was less rushed than their first trip to the lake that summer.

"Is Dale going fishing today?" Gwen asked after they had pulled on to the main road.

"Yeah, I guess he is, why?"

"Why didn't you go with him?"

Tim laughed. "No, he's going out with his smaller boat—that's why he wanted the trolling motor. Not much room for one man and gear in his, so two would be a real stretch."

"Do you think we'll see him today?"

"No, I think he's going over to Anvil Pond. Doubt he'll want to take that little thing out on the lake."

Gwen nodded with relief, eyes on the road. She had absolutely no desire to run into Dale Pescini today. The mental undressing he had given her the day before had unnerved her a bit, almost to the point of admitting the Lady had been right about the dire consequences of exposing herself to others.

Dale was in the wrong for looking at me like that, she had decided even as she reached the kitchen the afternoon before. No man should look at a proper lady that way. She hadn't invited him to, not really.

Her displeasure was not for Dale alone. She knew he had been evaluating her as a potential bedmate yesterday and that for a brief moment she had been flattered by his obvious interest in her body. That moment of weakness did not sit well with her. The fact that her fleeting self-affirmation had been quickly replaced by righteous anger and a need to remove herself from his mental undressing did not exempt her from the Lady's disdain.

He's a guy, the Slut reminded her. They're all gonna look if you show them even a little, and you did. Just don't let 'em touch and it's all good.

T-shirts and shorts today, and nothing less, Gwen declared as she ignored her corset-bound alter ego. That would be both her punishment and display of self-control,.

She did her best to help Tim back the boat down the landing and float it off the trailer. The truck was parked and he returned a short time later, casting off and easing away from the busy docks. Tim was in no hurry, meandering from one sheltered spot to the next, stopping occasionally to drop a line and see what was biting while Gwen sat primly in the passenger's chair and took in the sights.

"Did you bring a suit?"

She looked up and squinted at the man outlined by the sun behind him. "I did. Did you?"

He smiled suggestively. "Just the one I was born in."

Gwen did not return the smile. "We're out in public."

"Downtown is out in public. Out here is...out in nature. And us getting back to nature last time didn't seem to cause a ruckus."

"What if the people in the boat that came along had known we were—skinnydipping and caused a ruckus?"

"They did know. They didn't seem to mind. But even if they did, they could have done what they did anyway and moved along. It's a big lake."

Gwen didn't answer, letting the topic drop. They continued to work their way up the lake, landmarks reminding her they were drawing close to where they both had "gotten back to nature" the last time out. She grew nervous and excited. Was his destination and intent the same this time around?

To her relief, Tim continued on past their cove at a leisurely pace, waving to the couple on the boat already there. She relaxed a bit as their craft slowly nosed around the next point and into the outlet of a creek, a V-shaped indentation that cut deeply into the shoreline.

Two boats lay at anchor, nobody visible topside on either at the moment. Tim aimed for the gap between them , towards a strip of sandy beach visible beyond. Two collections of innertubes and small rafts were pushed up on the strand at water's edge.

Gwen's eyes widened and her jaw dropped as their boat slid between the others and gave her a clearer view of the inflatables' owners. Her focus darted back and forth between the two couples, trying to confirm what was already evident.

"Tim," she hissed, trying not draw attention, "keep going!"

He glanced over to her before returning his attention to stopping the boat in a suitable spot.

"Huh? Why?"

"Because they're naked!" she said as loudly as she dared over the engine's grumble.

Tim risked a look into the beach. "Huh, yeah, I guess they are." As if in response, the older heavyset man at one end of the beach raised his head from where he lay and looked out at the newcomers then flopped back down, much like a basking walrus alert for interlopers.

Gwen turned her head to avoid being caught staring. "Tim, we're intruding on their privacy!"

"They're not shooting at us or trying to hide, so I'm going to guess they don't mind." He smiled, and scrambled forward to drop their small anchor.

Gwen glared at his back, wondering if this was some sort of joke. She felt her anger rise just a bit at being put in a situation where The Slut could make the idea of being seen —and seeing others-seem enticing. The Lady fought back, reminding her of her promise to take the proper path from here on out.

Tim hurried back from the bow to the storage locker and removed a waterproof sack. He quickly took a towel from the bag Gwen had packed, then looked up at her. "Want me to put one if for you , too?"

"One what?"

"A towel. I'm going to swim into shore and sit for a bit. Come with me."

"In there? I think we'll stick out..."

Tim had already removed shorts and shirt and was stuffing them into the bag. "Not if we're all dressed the same. As far as sticking out goes, if I do—" he glanced down at his flaccid member—"then maybe a swim will take care of that."

Gwen stood there in shock, resisting the impulse to become the overprotective wife and mother and wrap him in a towel before the couples on shore could see any more of him. "I can't go on the beach...like that..."

"You'll be fine," he said, kissing her lightly on the forehead. "But if you want to stay on the boat, that's okay too. I'll stay where you can see me, alright?" He dropped the bag over the side, checking to make sure it floated before dropping in beside it. "Water's great," he said after he surfaced. "C'mon in." Tim didn't wait for her to change her mind, sidestroking for the beach, pulling the satchel behind him.

She watched him go, at least for a moment. Her attention was soon diverted to the others on the sand as she hoped they would think she was still watching the naked man that had jumped off her boat. To the left was the older heavyset man, his chest covered in a silver fur that was visible even from this distance, while a woman with some extra pounds of her own was to his right. He was laying on his back, his round belly and meaty thighs obscuring the junction of his legs, while the woman sat upright reading a magazine, apparently unconcerned that her hanging, pendulous breasts were on full display. Gwen was aghast that two people that age would treat their nudity so casually, and upset that is seemed to be bothering her more than them.

The couple on the other end of the beach was much younger. The man appeared to be closer in age to Gwen's daughters, sitting with arms loosely wrapped around his drawn-up knees, while what she guessed to be a young woman lay on her stomach to his right. The youth casually observed Tim approaching shore before his eyes moved on, scanning and stopping on the still-dressed woman on the boat.

Gwen turned away at the realization she was being examined by the young man, suddenly unsure that what she wore was sufficient cover. She sat down in the cockpit and looked back in time to see Tim now upright and waist-deep in the water, trudging the last few yards to the shore. His naked buttocks emerged from beneath the surface, and Gwen knew what was between his legs was now on display for all on the beach.

Tim turned back to look at her, and Gwen briefly thought he might have thought better of things and was coming back. Instead he waved and began to unpack the bag he had towed ashore. Even from here she could see his penis and testicles had drawn up tightly against his body, something she had only discovered this summer happened in cool water, and she briefly wondered if the other men on the beach experienced the same thing before the Lady sharply reprimanded her for even thinking about other men's private parts.

Gwen considered retrieving her book and waiting there in the safety of the boat's cockpit until her husband grew tired of this game, but the fact he was now laying out a towel about halfway between the couples made her believe they were going to be here for a bit. She had begun to debate the possibility of joining Tim on shore—in her bikini, of course—when another couple appeared, making their way out of the woods and down the short embankment behind the beach. Most likely friends of the young couple, Gwen decided based on their direction of travel and age, and that they were nude just like the others. Both were deeply bronzed and without tan lines. The young woman was striking, a perfectly sculpted body matched with perfect breasts riding high on her chest and long black hair that hung down her back and. Her partner had the well-defined chest and legs of an athletic youth, a flaccid penis swinging back and forth in long arcs as he strode across the sand. From her vantage point, Gwen could see they both kept themselves hair-free down "there" as well. It somehow made them look even more sleek and athletic, she had to admit.

The pair stopped at the younger couple's spot to drop the towels they carried. The young man plopped down on the sand, exchanging a fist bump with his friend over the form of the still-prone woman while his partner continued on down to the water. Gwen knew it was rude to stare, but she could not look away as the young woman continued to wade in until she was waist-deep. Only then did she stop, her hand dipping under the surface and between her legs.

To Gwen, the raven-haired woman's focus appeared to be cleaning rather than pleasuring; and the thought did not escape the watching woman that it was meant to remove what had been deposited there. It dawned on Gwen that the couple had possibly been up in the woods making love. Decency again caught up with her and she averted her eyes as if she had been observing the actual coupling. The sound of the young woman splashing back up to the shore tempted her back to watch that rock hard bottom sway up the beach to the others.

She sat on the towel thoughtfully laid out by her young lover and quietly said something to the woman lying next to her. She laughed while reaching over to absentmindedly pat the soft length between her boyfriend's legs as if she was praising a faithful dog.

Tim should not be on that beach alone, Gwen decided, and both Lady and Slut agreed. The plan that formed did not focus on the Lady's intent tobring her husband back aboard, however. She stood and turned her back to the beach as though not being able to see the beachgoers brought her some privacy and carefully removed shorts and top. Across the open expanse of water she looked out on boats moved back and forth, none very close at all, using the center of the lake as their high speed routes up and down its length. With a deep breath she turned and presented her bikini-clad front to the others and made her way carefully down the stairs at the stern.

She hung there a moment, submerged up to her neck in the lake's warmth, eventually letting go and treading water while untying her top. Gwen had known from the moment she had made the decision to go to shore that doing so with what little cover she had would make her stand out from the others; but to strip down in front of them on the gently bobbing stage she had just gotten off of was too much. The top was carefully wrapped around the stair's handhold, within reach should she need it. After a bit of a struggle, her bottoms were put there as well. Might as well get it over with, she decided, and began to slowly make her way to the beach.

Gwen swam as far as she could, her naked body just below the surface, before the water got too shallow to continue paddling. She reluctantly let her feet find the sandy bottom and stood. Water streamed over glistening skin, sunlight dancing off the rivulets and beads as she waded the last few feet to where Tim now stood grinning, holding her towel out for her. The Lady urged her to hurry to its relative safety, but she ignored the plea. Gwen snuck a glance to her left as her waist cleared the surface—the older couple apparently had no interest in her arrival, the man continuing to doze while the women read. A glance to her right showed a different level of attention.

Both young men were looking in her general direction, their sunglasses hiding exactly where their stares landed, but Gwen knew she was the target. The certainty unlocked something in her, a sense of pride and power fueled by their subtle flattery their interest implied. Before the summer had begun she might have met them with an icy stare, willing them to avert their gaze, not that she would have ever put herself in this position; now she pretended not to notice while inviting them to look. Years of proper posture was taken to another level, chest pushed out in proud display while the Slut made every effort during her slow walk up the beach to maximize the enticing swish of her hips.

Another quick glance revealed the two young men had averted their gaze, most likely at the threat of being caught by the raven-haired young woman between them. She had risen just enough from where she lay to support herself on her elbows, unabashedly watching the older woman as she crossed the last few feet to her towel, drinking her in. Only when Gwen had taken the covering from her husband and briefly wrapped herself as a mock bow to modesty did the young woman lay down again.

The urge to display herself calmed as the four young people lay down, their occasional glances becoming quick and furtive. Gwen hurriedly kneeled and removed the towel to lay it on the sand, then sat down. The position assumed by the first young man when she had been on the boat made the most sense, and she pulled her knees up to her chest and hugged them, doing her best to hide her nakedness behind her thighs.

To her right, the older man stirred and sat up. He stood and stretched, the movement clearly revealing the penis beneath his beer belly as he thrust his hips forward to arch his back. He was certainly no Adonis, but Gwen found a certain attraction to the man's silver-haired chest. Tim was not particularly hirsute; the fur this man wore had a certain masculine appeal to it. What lay below that bulging stomach had her attention as well. This was the first time she had ever seen "real" penises besides Tim's; the older man's was still drawn tightly up against his body, as if he had just been swimming. The differences between just the three she had seen so far fascinated her. Gwen discretely watched him trundle to the water and slowly submerge as he walked out towards the boats at anchor.

"Sunglasses?"

Gwen looked over at Tim as he lay next to her, his own manhood now warm in the sun and back to its normal relaxed size. "I left mine on the boat," she said with regret. "I thought I might lose them when I swam in."

"I put a pair in the bag. You can use those if you want."

Anything was better than nothing for cover, and she quickly reached for the satchel and located them. Her senses on full alert, the huddled woman scanning all about her for any sign that somebody had been offended by their nudity.

A movement from the young couples' direction stopped her patrolling. The woman—the hips, rear, and blond ponytail were definitely a woman's, Gwen had decided when she first reached shore—was still lying on her stomach, head turned away from the other couples, towards her boyfriend lying next to her. Her left arm lay relaxed by her side while the other lay over the man's hip, her hand gently toying with his awakening length.

Gwen quickly snapped her attention to the boats, afraid she might have been caught spying on their intimate moment while trying to convince herself how wrong the display was. Over the Lady's strident protests curiosity drove her to turn her head ever so slightly back in their direction, hoping her sunglasses would hide where her gaze truly lay.

The pink mushroom head the woman was teasing with a fingernail contrasted brightly with the tanned length and sac below it. She could see that the light touching was turning to something more, and the stroking became more purposeful,from tip to base. The young man turned his head to look at the owner of the hand and mumbled something. She mumbled back, and the couple began to rise. Gwen quickly looked back out at the boats where the older man was emerging from the water like a furry sea monster. Her gaze kept miving to the open water beyond.

"We're gonna go take care of some business," the man standing to her left announced to the other couple. He spoke in a conversational tone, clearly unconcerned that their friends knew their intentions, or even that Gwen and Tim could hear him.

"Have fun. Don't wear it out," the dark-haired woman responded without bothering to raise her head off the sand.. Reflexes took over, and the Slut willed a quick glance in the direction of the voices before she or the Lady could stop her.

The young man was equally as fit as his counterpart, with a well-defined upper body and short blonde hair that stood out against the rest of his bronzed skin. His erection was now in full bloom, standing up proudly against his abdomen, a condition he made no effort to hide. The woman who had awakened it did not have the toned body of her friend, but rather a slightly more voluptuous figure with wide hips and an impressively large pair of breasts. She alone among her companions had a v-shaped thatch of hair between her legs, a bit darker than the hair on her head.

Gwen continued to look at the couple out of the corner of her eye, amazed at his bold display and their apparent lack of concern that others knew what they were about to do. Her attention was on the second erection she had ever seen, and was slow to react to the owner of the straining penis turning to look at her.

He smiled cockily at Gwen, turning his body slightly to offer her a better view from which to admire him. She jerked her head down and around, cheeks flush with the burn of knowing she had been caught. "I'm going to go for a swim," she mumbled, and hurried to the water intent on retreating to the relative safety of the boat. Gwen turned back one last time before diving in to see if Tim was following. The young couple was climbing the embankment behind her husband, the man's hand groping under and between his girlfriend's cheeks while she tried to swat him away. Despite her embarrassment, Gwen stopped and watched them disappear into the trees, then backpedaled until her feet could no longer touch the bottom. She knew the boat was not far away, but she did not turn and swim for it, instead feeling some relative security in having her nude body submerged. Gwen tread water, trying to be discrete as she scanned the trees.

Tim rose and casually strolled to the lake's edge and continued on into the water, towards Gwen. She stayed where she was as he approached, unwilling to move towards him and perhaps expose her breasts again. The young woman appeared from out of the trees as Tim drew near, hurrying towards her friends in a manner that suggested she was not particularly pleased, breasts bouncing with each stamping footfall as she vigorously rubbed at her right eye. Her boyfriend sauntered into view a moment later, smiling and apparently unconcerned with the woman's state of mind, erection drooping only slightly.

The perturbed woman unceremoniously dropped to her knees next to her friend and began talking while wiping at her face with her towel , obviously agitated. Gwen heard snippets of the conversation, "bastard", "quick shot", and "face" the only words spat with enough force to make out. Her companion had by now reached the group, his friend laughing loudly and pointing as the offended woman continued her story. The young man shrugged and joined the laughter before sitting down and trying to make peace with the agitated blonde.

Gwen saw this last bit play out from over Tim's shoulder as he reached for her. She backed up, deciding that any physical contact would send the wrong message to those on the beach. He laughed, clearly not offended by the rebuff.

"Wanna go take care of some business?" He said with a grin, mimicking the young man.

Gwen had no doubts as to what her husband was referring to. "Absolutely not! Not with all these people here! We've already been far too risky!"

"Well, how about we take care of business somewhere else?"

The Lady jumped at the chance to end this adventure before things went terribly wrong. "Anything you want," Gwen offered. "Let's just go now, OK?"

Tim smiled. "I think we've gotten enough sun . Don't want to overdo it on the first day. You want to come back with me and help pack up the bag?"

"No, you seemed to do just fine without me when you came in. I'm going to go back to the boat, alright?"

"Alright be me. I'll be out in a few minutes." Gwen allowed him a quick kiss before they went in opposite directions. Tim had already begun to pack the satchel by the time Gwen reached the ladder. She briefly considered getting her bikini back on before climbing up, but she knew it was going to be a major effort while treading water. She quickly clambered into the cockpit and sat down to get dressed.

Tim arrived as she was buttoning her shorts, thankful the bikini underneath had dried in the sun. He joined her and made his way forward to bring up the anchor.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?"

"Maybe in a little bit."

"Tim, you're going to get us in trouble!"

"Nah, I doubt it. The only authorities out here are Fish and Game. Charlie's got a buddy who's a warden out here, and he says they're so busy with drunk boaters and guys without fishing licenses that as long as you're not making a nuisance of yourself, they're not going to hassle you. Besides, we see skinnydippers out here all the time when we're fishin', and I've never seen anybody get busted for it."

"You've seen naked people out here before? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't think it was important. There's a cove further up the lake that we've seen have fifteen-twenty boats in it, and everyone partying, naked as the day they were born." Tim plopped in the captain's chair and turned the key. The engine grumbled to life, and he deftly brought the craft around and between the other boats.

Gwen expected him to move away from the shore and into the "highway" in the middle of the lake to speed their way back to the dock and ultimately, their bedroom. She guessed her husband was anxious for her to make good on the promise she had made in the water, and she was anxious to do so—the fear, excitement and appreciative looks had created a powerful desire in her.

She was disappointed to find he seemed to be retracing their route back up the shoreline, nosing around the point they had come by earlier. The cove beyond was now empty, the boat that had been there earlier gone.

Tim cut the engine and allowed the craft to coast to a stop twenty yards from shore. "So," he called out as he rose from his seat, "how about we take care of some business?"

"Here? We'll be seen!"

"We can go up into the woods, if you want..."

The Lady threw a tantrum at the thought of having sex in the dirt of the forest floor, the Slut taunting her with lurid images of Gwen on her hands and knees in a clearing while Tim took her roughly from behind. "Don't you want to wait until we get home, in a nice soft bed?"

"We can do that when we get home, too," he offered, "but you did say anywhere else, and this qualifies, so..." Tim moved to where she sat in the row seating along the stern and knelt before her. Gently he pushed a knee aside and began to kiss his way up the inside of her leg.

You said anything, not anywhere, the Lady protested, but Gwen allowed him to continue knowing that arguing the distinction would be splitting hairs. Her legs relaxed, opening for him, noting the lips drawing ever closer to where she hoped he would travel.

Tim stopped, and rising up on his knees, unbuttoned her shorts. She could see his staff was already approaching full length and she reached to encourage it to swell even further, but he moved before she could grasp it, rocking back on to his heels and pulling the shorts along with him. The process was repeated with her bikini bottom as she looked about nervously for onlookers, and then there was nothing between him and his goal. Again the kisses came, traveling up her thigh while she slouched and pushed her hips forward off the edge of the padded bench to make herself less viewable to others and more accessible to her husband's attention. She felt lips against her sex, and then a tongue gently probing for her opening. An engine revved in the distance, too far away to see us here, she decided. Gwen threw her head back and soaked in the incredible feelings radiating through her body. The tongue between her legs was patient, slowly but certainly driving her to orgasm. Still, she was surprised when it did finally come with her sitting in a boat on a well-traveled lake out where the world could see. The twitching woman was reluctant to admit those very circumstances only contributed to the strength of her climax.

She recovered faster than normal, the Lady and her senses anxious to return to vigilance. Gwen slipped to kneel next to her husband and urged him to take her place on the seat while glancing to the side to reassure herself that she could not be seen from outside the boat. Tim did as she instructed and assumed the same slouch, presenting himself to her while his arms rested comfortably on the railing behind him.

She gently began to run a fingernail along his length while she crouched between his legs, remembering how the girl on the beach had done the same to her man's penis. Too formal, Gwen decided. That was a cock, just like the one she was now teasing.

Tim closed his eyes, smiled, and groaned contentedly as fingers danced along his length. A fingernail dragged lower, over his loose sac, and continued down to stop just above where it would have to push between his cheeks. Gwen glanced up to affirm his satisfaction with her work and bent forward to run a tongue up under his sensitive head. He twitched, but certainly didn't push her away. She lightly stroked for some time, examining his manhood with a newfound interest as images of what she had seen on the beach formed comparisons. Those were nice, the Slut declared, particularly those belonging to the young men, but this one was hers.

"Tim?"

His eyes opened, but the look of contentment was still on his face. "Hmmm?"

"I want to see you shoot your stuff."

"I can do that. Want me to show you?" His hand was already reaching to start the process.

"No, I want to do it." He smiled and closed his eyes while her effort changed from tease to giving her husband the orgasm he deserved. Gently she cupped his balls while her fingers curled around his shaft in a delicate fist and began to stroke. He lasted for some time, Gwen beginning to wonder if she was somehow doing it wrong as her arm began to tire, before the thrusting of his hips told her he was near.

The first spurt leapt from his slit to land midway up his chest, each pulse after a little weaker until his remnants dribbled down over her fingers. Her grip stayed locked about him as she studied the milky white spend covering her knuckles. His body relaxed, and she knew he was satiated.

Tim took a quick swim to clean the remains of his orgasm from his body, and Gwen happily joined him after shedding her shirt and bikini top. The two swam and floated together for some time, Gwen only mildly concerned they might be discovered. She almost reluctantly climbed back aboard to begin the trip home.

Gwen happily took him up on his offer for another ride when they reached the comfort and privacy of their bedroom.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 03**

Tim and Gwen's lovemaking that Sunday morning was slow and relaxed, neither in any particular hurry to forego the comfort of each other's attentions for a quicker release. The Lady's complaints about wasting the day in bed eventually became too much for Gwen to ignore, and she coaxed her husband between her legs and to his orgasm. The business of running a household would not wait, and Gwen politely slid from beneath him and headed for the bathroom soon after his last tremor had passed. He chuckled and shook his head. Tim knew his wife had a schedule to keep, even on the weekend.

"Tim?"

His razor stopped in midstroke as he looked into the mirror at the reflection of his wife standing behind him. He had not bothered to dress after his shower, but Gwen had thrown on a robe as a defense against any unexpected visitors that might find their way to the house that morning. "Hmmm?"

"That beach yesterday. Did you know people did...that...there?"

"Well...I know there are certain spots on the lake that feature less clothing than others...that being one of them."

"And how do you know that? You've been there before?"

"Well, yeah...Charlie knows where most of 'em are, and when we're out on his boat fishing, he seems to find his way towards them for a quick look-see."

"And have you and Charlie ever...joined them?"

Tim laughed. "Oh, God no! There's no way I would ever want to see Charlie naked, and it really would be cruel and unusual punishment to expose him to others!"

"So, that was the first time you ever did...that?"

His eyes met hers. "First time. Let's just say I didn't think you would have the same scarring effect on people's eyeballs that Charlie would."

"I see." She thought for a moment, the Lady unwilling to believe her husband would willingly expose his wife's naked body to others. Had he hoped to put on an even bolder display? Tim's reflection looked back at her for some sort of confirmation that her line of questioning had reached its end. "Did you know that they did more than just take their clothes off?" Images of the young woman fondling her boyfriend were fresh in her memory.

He slowly began shaving again. "Can't say that I did," he answered truthfully. "We never really get close enough to see anything like that. Charlie likes to look, but he doesn't want to look like he's looking."

The Lady sniffed in disbelief while the Slut moved to take things in another, more perverted direction. "Do you know why that girl was so angry with her boyfriend?" Gwen was pretty sure she already knew that answer, but the Slut desired confirmation and perhaps a man's view of the event. She sensed Tim's discomfort with the subject, and felt guilty for asking.

"Well," he began slowly, finishing the last strokes of his razor and reaching for a towel, "she was pretty vocal about it, so yeah, I guess I do. I'm surprised you didn't hear her as well."

"Oh, I couldn't make out what she was saying," Gwen answered half-truthfully, "so, why was she upset?"

Tim patted his face with the towel, unwilling to make eye contact. "Oh, let's just say her boyfriend was quick on the trigger," came his muffled response.

"You mean he...finished too early?"

"Yup, you could say that."

"But she seemed so mad!"

"Well, I think it took her by surprise." He looked at Gwen and could tell his explanation was not sufficient. "He lost it right about face level..."

"Oh. Oh!" The Slut crowed in pleasure with her correct interpretation. "And I guess she didn't like that?"

Tim laughed again. "Would you?"

Gwen sidestepped the question. "Do you think it was an accident?"

"Possible, I guess, but I doubt it. Just one of those things guys like to do, and he seemed like one of those guys that shoot first, ask permission later."

"Did you ever want to do that?" Gwen remembered Natalie's accounting of Adam's tastes on the subject; was it really just a "guy thing"?

It was Tim's turn to artfully evade. "I would never do anything that you didn't like." Her quick glance at his reflection gave him away; she didn't think his awakening member was a figment of her imagination. "But I would always ask permission first. You have a beautiful face," he murmured as he kissed her on the forehead and moved past her towards his clothes. Gwen and the Lady worked together to let the subject drop, although she and the Slut pondered the meaning of his last statement for some time after.

Friday approached, and Gwen's anxiety grew. She and Tim had not spent much time together due to the amount of time he was spending down at the condo job site, and while her toys had been called into action twice to help deal with the effects of a rampant imagination enlivened by their day at the lake and their conversation about it, she found herself wanting more. Her inability to satiate her desire made her doubt she would have the strength and resolve to resist any more inappropriate activities after her ride with Natalie. The Lady proposed she cancel, or at least move their get-together to a spot less likely to make certain "perversions" possible, a solution Gwen rejected as decidedly unfriendly. Perhaps some alone time before Natalie arrived would be the answer, to take the edge of any desire later on.

Gwen got up from her desk to head to the house and follow through with her pre-Natalie plan after the last of the urgent paperwork was disposed of that morning. The curious mix of nerves and excitement reminded Gwen of the emotions she felt before riding into a competition show ring—the thrill of the adrenaline-pumping ride while she fought the fear of "screwing up." Her nerves currently had the upper hand over her desire and had dampened much of her need for self-pleasure, but her practical side was certain that to do so now could help avoid being put in a compromising position with her sister-in-law later.

Her cell phone went off as Gwen picked it up from the desk, almost making her drop it in surprise. A brief wave of fear swept over her as the thought occurred it might be Natalie calling to cancel. A glance at the displayed number told her otherwise.

"Hi Alison, what's up?"

"Hi Mom! What are you up to today?"

"Oh, you know, just did some paperwork, going to go riding with your Aunt Natalie later..." and a trip to the bedroom in between, the Slut added.

"Oh...well, I've got the day off-would you two mind if I tagged along? Unless this is a grown-ups only thing?" She added hurriedly.

The Lady gave a polite cheer. Alison's presence would most certainly prevent any improper behavior.

Or would it, Gwen worried. Her mind conjured images of Natalie stripped to waist as she mounted her horse, or walking around nude in the front yard as she retrieved her bag from the car. She wouldn't with her niece here, would she?

"Mom?" Ali's voice brought her back to the here and now.

"Oh, of course, honey, sorry, please join us, it's not a grown-up only ride, and besides, you're a grown-up!" she babbled. "Whatever horse gets left behind when we ride together gets so mad! They'll all love getting out together for a change."

"Great! I'll be up in a little bit."

"We'll wait for you."

Gwen first reaction was to call Natalie, to warn her, to ask her not to—what? She tossed about the words needed to convey a message of propriety while around her niece, not finding anything that she thought might not come off as insulting or insensitive. In the end, she decided to wait until Natalie arrived and politely ask for her cooperation once she had gotten a read on her sister-in-law's mood.

It was Alison who arrived first, however, five minutes before her aunt. Mother and daughter were still exchanging pleasantries in the yard when Natalie pulled her SUV up next to Ali's. She was dressed as she always was, tight jeans, tight t-shirt, no bra, and greeted the others with a mix of surprise and warmth. Gwen watched nervously as they saddled the horses, examining her daughter for any sign that she might have noticed her aunt's unfettered breasts, waiting for that moment where Natalie would remove her top and Alison would be shocked and mortified by her nudity. She debated what to do—act shocked and mortified as well, or perhaps pretend it was not happening and ignore it altogether? The first option would certainly be what Alison would expect of her mother, but Gwen knew that would be hypocritical given the casualness they had developed on their rides. Gwen decided she would not be able to fault Natalie for calling her out on that fact and chose not to open that box. The Slut suggested she take off her shirt as well in a show of support, an idea that was quickly dismissed.

The busty blonde cinched the last strap and led Tigger out of the barn. The others followed with their mounts, Gwen cautiously hopeful that today at least, Natalie's shirt would stay on. To her relief, it did, and the trio started up the ridge.

Gwen fretted over every moment on the trail, fearful her sister-in-law might say or do something that would be completely inappropriate with Alison in attendance. Despite nothing more salacious than gossip from the family's law firm of Curran, Stein, and Associates, Gwen cringed at the thought of Natalie as a ticking time bomb of exposé.

They took the long way around the ridge to the picnic table, only stopping there briefly to stretch.

"Oh Gwen, is next Friday a good day to go see Barry?"

She visibly stiffened at the question and forced herself to relax. She knew what Natalie was speaking of. "Uh, sure, I guess. We can talk about it later."

"Who's Barry?" Alison asked innocently from the other side of Tigger.

Gwen scrambled to frame a suitable answer.

"Barry is a photographer," Natalie replied easily. "Does wonderful portrait and human interest work. I'm taking your mother to go see some of it."

"Mom? Looking at pictures of something other than horses?" She stepped from behind her mount and smiled. "Is it time for another family portrait?"

Gwen smiled weakly but didn't answer as her daughter continued on. "Well, I have to hand it to you Aunt Natalie, you're really exposing my mother to a whole new world. If you two see anything you like enough to buy, I'd love to see it."

"I don't see why not," Natalie replied as she glanced at her sister-in-law, a sly smile on her face. Gwen frowned and subtly shook her head, hoping she would get the hint and let it drop.

The return to the barn was made mostly in silence, Natalie and Alison just enjoying the peace and quiet of the forest, Gwen on guard for anything else that might be said while worrying over what would become of their traditional swim—or shower, the Slut needlessly reminded her.

There was nothing more than small talk as the horses were groomed. All three mounts were turned out in the paddock, and Alison turned to the older women. "Don't you usually take a swim after you ride?"

Again Natalie was the first to answer. 'Well, yes, as a matter of fact we usually do..."

"Well, it's certainly hot enough today. I'm going in—how about you?"

Natalie smiled. "That would be nice, but I didn't bring a suit today."

Alison laughed. "Well, I'd let you borrow one of mine, but I don't think it would even come close to fitting you up top." She eyed her Aunt's chest meaningfully. "And I'd say swim in your underwear, but it looks like you forgot some of that, too. So, just take your jeans off and come in with us—Mom, you're going in too, right?"

Natalie laughed. "That's nice of you, kiddo, but I need to get to work early today, anyways. Gwen, alright if I use your shower?"

The panicked woman brought herself under control enough to squeak out an "of course." Natalie smiled again and started for her truck. Alison and her mother continued on to the kitchen and were pouring two glasses of sweet tea when Natalie joined them, duffle bag in hand.

"Use our shower," Gwen insisted, "there's more room."

"Ahh yes, the party shower," she replied with a smile, and disappeared down the hallway.

Their drinks led to lunch, and sandwich fixings had been laid on the table when a wet-haired Natalie reappeared. "Let me make you something to eat," Gwen offered, hurrying to the refrigerator for tomatoes."

"Nah, that's alright," her sister-in-law replied a she poured herself a glass of tea and downed it. "Gotta go." She hugged her niece, then Gwen. "I'll call you later about Friday, okay?"

The blushing woman nodded furiously, anxious to end this part of the conversation. She watched from the kitchen, relief her dominant emotion, as her sister-in-law got into her truck and pulled away.

"Swim?" Alison repeated, not waiting for an answer. "I'm going to go get changed."

"I'll be along in a minute," her mother answered, putting the last of the cold cuts away. "Can you grab some towels from the linen closet?"

Alison's door was open just a crack as Gwen walked by, her daughter visible inside, back to the door and pushing her jeans down her legs. She averted her eyes as black panties came into view and continued on to her bedroom, stopping short when she reached the entrance.

Wedged between the pillows on the crisply made bed was a cream-colored penis, a yellow note stuck to the shaft between the head and testicles. Gwen shut the door as quickly as she could without slamming it and ran to her side of the bed. Questions and answers flooded through her whirling mind. Where had it come from? Natalie. It had to be Natalie. Why? Hopefully the note would explain. Had Alison seen it? The towels she had been asked to retrieve were in a closet just outside the now closed bedroom door. With trembling hands she reached for the dildo. It was not as lifelike as her other one she decided, not that she was any expert on the real thing. It was not as long, but certainly wider, her fingers unable to meet her thumb after wrapping around the smooth shaft just beneath the flared head. Her other hand delicately removed the note.

For when you need more than one

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Gwen's brain frantically tried to decipher what that meant. She certainly was not going to put that thing in her mouth—she doubted her mouth could open wide enough—and her bottom would most certainly never have anything going in it, much less this behemoth. One to share, the Slut wickedly pointed out. Gwen quickly stuffed both dildo and note in her drawer, suddenly fearful Alison might enter unannounced and find her mother holding a fake penis.

Gwen fought to control her nerves as she considered her one-piece as a display of modesty before her resolve weakened and grabbed for the bikini hanging on the back of the bathroom door.

Alison, in her own two-piece, was waiting for her in the kitchen, holding two towels. "Ready?"

Gwen studied her daughter for any sign that she might have seen what had been on her mother's bed. The pair made their way up the hillock and into the cool water. They soaked for a few moments, neither moving much, just enjoying the late summer sun beating down on their heads while their bodies luxuriated under the sparkling surface.

"Mom, can I ask you something?"

Gwen's rollercoaster of panic again left the loading station and began its climb. She had seen the dildo! "Uh, sure, what?"

"If you and Aunt Natalie swim after you ride, why doesn't she just leave a suit here, so she doesn't forget it?"

The rollercoaster car stopped its ascent. "That's a good idea...I'll suggest it next time."

Something in her would not let it stop there, however. The Slut, anxious to perhaps shock the young woman, momentarily gained control and the car lurched upward again. "Actually, honey, she doesn't usually wear one."

The young woman turned to her mother, a smile on her face. "Really? Like as in, not wearing anything at all?"

Gwen closed her eyes. "Nothing at all," she replied as her knees collapsed and she sank under the surface to avoid looking her daughter in the eyes. "Please keep that between us though, alright?" she continued as she surfaced, eyes still closed as her hands pushed the water away.

"Will do," Alison laughed. "How do you feel about that? Does it offend you?"

"No, not any more. I was shocked when she first did it, but I've gotten used to it. To tell you the truth, I usually don't wear one any more, either."

Her daughter's eyes grew wide. "Holy cow, Mom! Really? You?"

"Really. Me. Does that offend you?"

"Not in the slightest! Just surprising, that's all. I mean, I always wondered where KD and I got the nudist gene, what with you and Daddy being so conservative and all..."

"Wait, what do you mean by 'nudist gene'?"

We've been skinnydipping for as long as we were allowed to be up here alone, any time you weren't home, and sometimes when you were," she said with a grin. "Guess we didn't need to be so discrete about it. Does KD know that you do?"

"You did need to be discrete—at least back then," Gwen said with as much calm as she could muster. "As for your sister, I think I gave her a pretty good idea when she was home before school. And if there is such a thing as a "nudist gene", you got it from your father."

"He likes to go bare ass too, huh?"

"Alison Marie Nelson! That is your father you are talking about! But if you must know, yes he does. Once again, I would appreciate it if you kept that between us. That would be very embarrassing if anyone found out."

"Alison Marie Cubinski," her daughter teased. "Not a word, I promise. So, if you and Aunt Natalie like to go au naturel, why didn't you today?"

Gwen paused. "Well, I think your Aunt was worried about what you might think."

"Oh, I see. So IT was an grown-up-only thing today."

"No—yes! But, it's just not something you normally do with your niece around, even if she's an adult."

"Well, I think that's dumb. It's just the human body—I've seen plenty of 'em."

Gwen was tempted to ask her daughter just how she had seen "plenty of 'em," but the Lady insisted she really didn't want to know.

Alison's eyes flashed mischievously, another gift of her father's genes, Gwen knew. "Well, since we're both adults, do you mind if I lose mine?"

The Lady shrieked her protest—this was most inappropriate! Gwen struggled to squelch her. "If you feel more comfortable that way, honey," she replied, wanting to be the hip, cool mom she had promised herself to become. The words were barely out of her mouth before Alison had the knot behind her neck undone and the cups hanging loosely against the mounds beneath. Alison slipped the top over her head, her exposed breasts mirror images of the woman's watching her. Gwen was still surprised when her daughter stooped and the bottoms emerged from beneath the surface, joining the bra on the pool deck. "Much better," the naked young woman announced. She submerged and pushed off the bottom towards the other end of the pool. Her mother stood watching the refracted image of her daughter's naked bottom gliding beneath the surface.

Alison came up by the far wall and turned back to Gwen. "Don't worry about me if you want to get rid of yours."

"No, I'm fine for now, honey," Gwen replied. In truth, she was tempted, and a bit envious of her daughter's freedom, but the idea of being naked in front of her daughter still smacked of perversion .

"Am I making you uncomfortable? If I am, I can get dressed."

"No, no, you're fine, I'm still a little shy, is all."

Alison smiled and turned on her back to float, firm breasts pointing into the air, droplets clinging to the small vee of dark hair between her legs sparkling in the sunlight. Alison's body was truly beautiful, a younger, more attractive version of her own, Gwen had to admit, and she wondered if she could have looked half that good at that age if she had tried. You did look that good, the Slut reminded her, you just worked like hell to cover it up.

The pair lazed for a quarter hour, daughter floating and idly paddling while her mother stood in place as her upper body dried in the sun. By silent agreement, both left the water, wrapped themselves in their towels and made their way back down to the house.

"Have fun with Aunt Natalie at the photographer's," a now-dressed Alison told her as she was leaving. "Love to hear what you think, and I definitely want to see anything you buy."

"Oh, I doubt I'm going to buy anything," Gwen demurred, "just going to keep your Aunt company."

"Have fun, anyways. My mother, enjoying a day out without a horse between her legs," Alison chuckled as she descended the deck stairs, "who'd have thought?"

What would you think if you knew why Aunt Natalie and I are going to Barry's, Gwen wondered as she walked her daughter out to her car and continued on to the office to check messages. The "gift" from Natalie was on her mind also, and she intended to examine it further after the office had been taken care of.

The dildo was forgotten as The Lady chastised her for not being there in person to take the urgent delivery call she was now listening to on the machine. Gwen hurried back across the yard to change into clothes presentable on a jobsite. The part requested in the message was delivered in person after she had pulled it from their inventory and hurried into town.

Walt and Andrew were the first truck back that afternoon, returning from an emergency residential call and only moments behind Gwen's return from her errand. The other two trucks returned sometime after that from the condos, dusk descending as the last parts and tools were pulled from them for the weekend. Tim was the last out of the garage, shutting off the big fluorescents and closing the overhead doors as Cliff's truck backed away.

Gwen watched her husband trudge across the yard in the last light, jeans and blue work shirt barely discernible. His path was curving to the left, she noted, away from the house and towards the pool. He disappeared beyond the edge of the house, and she had a good idea what he was up to. By the time she had climbed the stairs, beer for her husband in one hand and a towel for him in the other, he was in the water, clothes discarded in a pile by the gate.

"You read my mind—thanks," Tim said as she knelt by the pool's edge to hand him his beer. Gwen retreated to a nearby lounger and sat on the edge while her nude husband remained submerged up to his chest. "Hell of a day," he said as he pulled on his beer. "Broke a couple of things we're going to need to replace. Mike needs to work on being gentler on the tools. Hot as hell in those condos, too—they haven't cut the windows yet."

"That's too bad," Gwen sympathized. "Leave me a list of what you need and I'll start pricing them out on Monday." The stars in the moonless sky and the low lights around the pool were now the only illumination. An idea came to mind, a way to make his day better. Gwen looked around, the treeline already dark, the barn and workshop marked by the splash of floodlights under their eaves. They had made love in broad daylight in the middle of a popular lake. This was much less risky. She began to unbutton her shirt.

Tim took notice. "Coming in?"

"Not yet. Anything else happen today?"

"He took another swig of beer. "Oh, a shouting match between Charlie and one of the other contractors about who gets to park their truck where. I had to break it up."

Gwen's shirt and bra were now gone, her slacks soon to follow. "I hope the other guy wasn't as big as Charlie. I'd hate to get in between that."

"Yeah...coming in now?"

"Not yet." Gwen moved back into the recliner and leaned back, letting her legs fall to either side, far from the edges of the chair. From his vantage point, Tim had a clear view of his wife lying back in the chair, legs spread wide for his inspection. Entranced, he climbed from the water and began to dry himself, his manhood already showing signs of shaking off the effects of the cold water.

"You just gonna sit out here for a while?"

"Well, if you like, I can go inside and finish dinner for you. Or I can stay out here and...do whatever you like."

"Out here? Aren't you worried someone will see us?"

"We'll hear them first, right?"

Tim needed no further encouragement. "Right." He had a clear idea of what he wanted, and moved astride Gwen's midsection, his freshening cock inches from her face. She gladly took his offering in her mouth, tongue bathing the spongy head before her lips slid further down the shaft. Her husband's hands rested gently on the back of her head as his torso impulsively flexed and tried to drive his length into the engulfing warmth of Gwen's mouth.

"Touch yourself."

Gwen looked up at her husband questioningly, never removing him from between her lips.

"Touch yourself," he repeated, "play with your...pussy."

Tim looked back down at her, waiting to see how she might react to his use of such a vulgar word. She had come such a long way in these few short months, but the experience of all those years before was not easily undone.

Her hand snaked between his legs, and Tim could see the muscles of her arm contract ever so slightly as she began to do his bidding behind him. Gwen continued to look into her husband's eyes as her tongue again bathed his length, looking for his approval. Tim smiled, groaned, and pushed forward again.

It was some time before Tim removed himself from between her lips and shuffled backwards, poised over her hips. Gwen jerked her hand away from her sex, old beliefs reflexively forcing her to hide her shameful touching from his gaze.

The naked man towering over her did not seem to notice as he brought one leg up and over her thigh, then the other, until he was standing between her widespread legs. Tim slowly lowered himself until his straining erection hovered inches from Gwen's opening. "Put it in."

She glanced down quickly and her hand found the dangling cudgel. Tim's hips again flexed forward even as she aimed, the hot length sliding along her fingertips as she withdrew them before his pubic bone trapped them against her body.

Gwen quickly discovered the lounger dictated a unique angle for their joining, one that was especially effective on her sensitive clit. Tim's slow thrusting gave her climax time to build, a long, slow climb as the sounds of the night mixed with her husband's soft grunting while he bent to his task. The thought of offering her face to use for his pleasure played in her mind; could she dare and would he accept? The perversity of the act made her want to try it, but the feeling of his body against her mons was too good to give up. Some other time. Tonight she happily allowed him to push into her.

Her orgasm did not sneak up this time. She both heard and felt it well before it arrived, her blood pounding in her ears as the first waves began to radiate from her sex. She was only dimly aware of Tim's release as she came, his strong pounding suddenly stopping with one last effort to deposit his seed into her womb..

"Now I'm ready for a swim," Gwen announced as Tim's breathing calmed and his penis softened and retreated from her warm folds. He rose and accompanied her, lazily wrapped in each other's arms until the two naked bodies made their way back to the house and bed.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 04**

Tim was up at first light the next morning, on his way down to the condo job site to meet Cliff and make a last check on their work before the drywallers began in the first of the buildings on Monday. Gwen had risen with him to ensure he ate before he left, one of his old workshirts her only cover as she moved about the kitchen.

"Thinking of posing again?" Tim laughed, grabbing her by the waist as she stood at the counter. Worn jeans pushed the tails of the shirt into the crevice of her bare bottom. "Or just trying to get me to stay home this morning?" A hand snaked around and began to stroke her stomach.

"You said you like me in this," Gwen explained as she wiped at the surface with a sponge, "and I would love for you to stay here. You work too hard. But I also know that this shirt might delay you for a little bit, but will definitely not stop you."

He laughed, but didn't argue her statement. She decided now was a good as time as any to talk to him about her upcoming trip to Barry's.

"And speaking of posing, is it alright with you if I go with Natalie to Atlanta next Friday?"

Tim's breath caught at the thought that his wife was going back for another session. "Atlanta? Like to where you went last time?" He asked hopefully as his hand stopped mid-circle just above her mons.

"Sort of. To Barry's studio this time, Natalie's posing for him," she hurriedly explained. "She just wants me along for company."

His hand crept down a fraction, a couple of fingers now into the top of her thatch, then froze again. "Same kind of photos?"

"Racier, I guess." Gwen tempered her urge to tell him his sister in law would not be the only model with the desire to leave her some privacy.

"Brave girl," Tim offered. "But she's got the looks for it. So do you. Maybe something you want to try again some time?"

The Slut guffawed at the idea her own husband was unwittingly suggesting she pose naked with another woman. "Oh, I could never do that again, once was enough," she said over her shoulder at the face just inches from her neck. "Didn't you like those?"

"I did, very much. That's why I can always hope for more."

"Well, don't get those hopes up. Natalie's much braver than me." Despite her declaration, the thought of revealing all for the camera again sent a shudder of excitement through her. Maybe just delaying his departure would be enough to satisfy her growing desire. "So, are you going to stay home this morning?"

Tim laughed and backed away. "I'd love to, but I'm sure Cliff's got things to do, too." Gwen's confused look back at him prompted him explain further. "He's meeting me there, remember? But, I'll hurry home if you're still gonna be dressed like this."

"This would be a fine outfit to be in if one of your friends stopped by to borrow another trailing motor," she grumbled. "How about I wear whatever you think would be best once you get home."

"Trolling motor, I've only got two, and I'm not loaning out my other one," he laughed. "But I'm all about compromisin'. I'll hurry home, dear."

The shirt was exchanged for barn clothes after his truck had disappeared down the driveway, and she made her way out to tend to the horses. The Slut teased her with crazy ideas while she mucked stalls, of perhaps posing again for Barry someday as Tim had suggested. The idle fantasies grew bolder. Maybe Liz would be unable to make it, and she would be asked to fill in...

Don't be absurd, the Lady chided. Exposing yourself for a stranger to lust over—out of the question! And what you and Natalie have been doing in private is bad enough! No one else needs to even have a hint of that!

You've exposed yourself before, the Slut reminded her. You liked it, and your audience liked it. Gwen angrily tossed the last forkful into the wheelbarrow. The fantasy was certainly appealing, and the long-practiced moral obligation to resist the temptation irritated her. Her imagination had also rekindled what Tim had awakened that morning, and she wondered how long she would have to wait before he would be back to satisfy it.

He's more likely to want me if I don't smell like horse manure and sweat, she told herself, and headed for the house and a shower. Gwen thoroughly soaped her breasts, nipples hardening from the attention before stepping back under the warm spray. The handheld nozzle was used to rinse the suds from between her legs, the pulsing jets making her tingle long after the soap was gone. Gwen reluctantly shut off the water and dried herself. The debate over what to wear raged as she absentmindedly drew the thick towel over her erect nubs and between her upper thighs. She had more or less promised Tim his workshirt would be featured when he arrived; would it be more prudent to dress appropriately until she heard his truck, or at least knew he was on his way?

On the other hand, the Slut suggested, there was no telling when Tim would be home; it could be tonight if they found any serious problems—he would never leave his work in a less than finished state. Maybe she should take care of herself now and let him have his way with her when he did return? Satisfying her growing need would certainly allow her to devote her full attention to satisfying his lust later...perhaps now would be a good time to examine Natalie's most recent gift more closely.

It was still in her nightstand where she had thrown it yesterday. Gwen delicately picked up the faux penis and removed the sticky note after again briefly considering Natalie's mysterious message. It was hard to believe they made these thicker than the one she already had...her practical side tried to compare its diameter to the various PVC sections currently in the workshop storage.

The electronic trill of the telephone on the nightstand made her hurriedly drop the dildo back into the drawer and slam it shut as if to hide the rubber cock from the caller.

It's just Tim, calling to tell you he's on the way home, she told herself. "Hello?"

"Hi Gwen, it's Adam."

She panicked, her first impulse to ask her brother to hold or call back so she could be appropriately dressed. The Slut snickered at the idea that she had to presentable for a phone call. She compromised by juggling the phone from one ear to the other as she reached for her robe.

"Hi Adam, how are you?" A sudden sense of dread swept over her. Her brother rarely called, preferring to text or talk face-to-face whenever possible. "My ears are sore by the end of the week from holding a phone up to them," he once explained. So, why was he calling now? The Lady triumphantly presented the likelihood that he found the friendship between his sister and his wife distasteful. Or maybe Natalie had not been completely truthful enough with her husband? Gwen had preferred not to think about the possibility that maybe he had not known about some of their activities.

"I'm fine, Gwen, everything OK up on the hill? How's the business?"

"We're all good here, business is great—Tim's at a job site right now, as a matter of fact," she answered warily as her heart pounded from the rush of nervous adrenaline.

"Good, that's good," her brother replied distractedly. "Listen, Gwen I just called, to, uhh, I just called to say to thank you for going to Atlanta with Natalie next week."

"Oh, uh, you're welcome?" The panicked woman desperately tried to sort the implications of what she was hearing.

"I would have gone with her myself, but I think Nat was worried she and Liz wouldn't be able to, uhh, concentrate if I was there. I'm just glad there's going to be someone with common sense and their clothes to keep an eye on things. Barry seems like a nice enough guy, but you never know...and Liz is definitely the alpha female when she and Natalie get together. No telling what she might put my wife up to."

"I'm sure everything will be fine. Barry was very professional when I—" Gwen stopped, unwilling to admit to her brother what he probably already knew about her own experience with the photographer. "Anyways, I'm glad to hear she told you I was going. I wouldn't have felt right about it otherwise."

"Oh yeah, Natalie has never been one to hide things from me. Made it very clear how she was when we first started seeing each other and has been very open about ...things...ever since. Speaking of which," Adam hesitated, his embarrassment apparent. "It's probably a really good idea that Mother and Dad not find out just how good friends you two have become, if you know what I mean."

Gwen fought the urge to vomit. He knew! A part of her was relieved—she truly didn't want to cheat on her own brother like that—but the idea that he was aware his wife and sister were doing "something" just seemed so wrong! And now it was out in the open.

"Well, I'm glad she told you about that, too. I'm—I'm sorry," Gwen managed to mumble.

"For what?" he replied nonchalantly. "To tell the truth, I couldn't believe it when she first told me—I mean, you always struck me as a younger version of mother when it came to things like sex. Hell, I just assumed you and Tim hadn't been, you know, together, since you got pregnant with KD. So when Natalie told me you weren't quite the Ice Queen everybody saw in public and asked if I was OK with that, I have to admit I was floored. Look, I don't know the details, and I don't want to know. When Liz and Natalie are together, I get the complete play-by-play because I'm a guy, and it's fun to think about. But I asked Nat not to tell me any of the details between you two—it's too weird to be thinking of your own sister like that, know what I mean? You'll always be my big sister who used to chase me out of her room when I tried to take your horse dolls for my action figures to ride."

"Those were sculptures, and very valuable."

Adam laughed. "Well, like I said, it's best if you two keep your, umm, extracurricular activities on the down-low. Dad would probably think it's just another example of Natalie trying to somehow wreck the law firm, and mother, after she recovered from the heart attack she'd almost certainly have over the news, would try to have Nat killed for setting up the Curran family for ridicule by the town's most prominent citizens."

"Oh, Dad wouldn't possibly think that," Gwen half-heartedly dismissed. On the other hand, she thought, Adam's prediction of her mother's reaction was probably too mild.

"Are you kidding? Dad knows Nat talks with the staff at the firm–he thinks she's trying to agitate labor unrest. I think the only reason I got made a partner at the age I did was to keep me in the family business and make it harder for me to be on the side of the employees. I mean, first Steven goes to the West Coast to work for somebody else, then you get a manual-labor job and fail to marry some promising young talent for the good of the firm. I'm sure he thought Natalie was going to use her womanly charms to convince me to quit and become an ambulance chaser, or God forbid, a public defender!" The silence was proof enough his sister knew he was not far from the truth.

"So, does Tim know?"

Gwen's answer wavered between defiant and apologetic. "Yes."

"Good. And he's OK with it?"

"He says he is, yes."

"He's a good man, Gwen. He loves you and deserves the truth. Trust me, I've been part of this long enough to know that it only works if all parties are consenting and agreeable. I know mother freaked out when you decided to marry a man who unclogs toilets for a living, but even she admits now that he's a decent, upstanding small business owner. I even heard her compliment you two to one of her friends at the country club, about how you built a successful business despite having a working-class husband as a partner."

"Tim built the business. I just did the books and made him dinner," Gwen objected. "But don't worry, the last thing I would ever want is Mother and Dad to know about me and Natalie being friends...really good friends. I think it drives them crazy just to see us talking nicely to each other during Sunday dinner."

"Well, anyways, your secret is safe with me, and the details are safe from me. Hey, I gotta go. Golf with clients at noon."

"Thanks for calling, Adam. I appreciate it. It really made me feel better...about all of this."

"I was the one calling to thank you, remember? Take care."

"You too."

Gwen sat on the edge of the bed for some time, lost in thought. Nobody who knew the secret of the depths of her depravity seemed to judge her harshly for it, even those who should be most offended. She was the only one who was concerned with the erosion of her moral fiber.

You have good reason to be concerned, the Lady argued. Good, upstanding people don't act like immoral perverts!

Maybe good, upstanding people do, the Slut countered. They just don't make a big deal of it, and the world doesn't see how much variety there is in other people's lives.

Time slipped away as the debate raged on. The sound of the business phone in the kitchen finally broke her spell. She hurried down the hall and caught it just before it went to the machine.

"Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?"

"Nelson Plumbing, here too, and probably for a while. Hey Gwen, it's me. Some of the first units we did haven't survived the other guys that were in after. Got some odds and ends to do, gonna be a few hours. ."

"Well, that's not good. Do you need me to bring anything down?"

"Nah, we got everything on the truck. Be home as soon as I can. Are you still wearing what you had on when I left?"

"Tim! I would rather Cliff not hear about my clothing choices!"

Her husband laughed. "He won't if you speak quietly. He's a couple of units down, checking the stuff we did Friday. It's just me and you in this basic corner condo with wall studs and no air-conditioning."

Gwen smiled as the flicker of a scandalous thought began to grow. It might be fun to wipe the almost-certain-to-be-present cocky smile off her husband's face. "Well, in that case, then no, I'm not wearing it. I'm not wearing anything at all, if you must know." She decided the robe only constituted a small fib.

His tone of voice told her she had succeeded. "Really? Where are you right now?"

Where else would you be if you were naked, the Lady shouted. What kind of woman did he think you were? "The office. You know the air conditioner in here just doesn't keep up." Another small fib to really put him—and the Lady-- back on their heels.

"Holy shit! I'd better get to work. I gotta see this!"

"It will be here when you get home. Don't hurt yourself hurrying through the repairs."

"Gonna be hard to concentrate..."

"Try. I'll see you when you get home. Love you."

"Love you, too."

Gwen wondered what to do next. She had grocery shopping to do, but she also promised to be waiting for Tim when he returned, whenever that was. There were certainly other chores to be done around the house, there were always chores...there was also a need that had flared and waned throughout the morning. She really should take care of her own business now, all the better to completely focus on her husband's satisfaction when he was ready. Gwen gave in and headed back to the bedroom.

You certainly didn't have these interruptions to your day when you kept your perversion under control, the Lady grumbled. The Lady squealed in delight at the thought of another orgasm.

Gwen took her time, pulling out her various toys and laying them on the bed as a surgeon might lay out their operating instruments before shucking her robe. She lay still for a few moments, fingers gently caressing her bare skin, quieting the Lady's feeble attempts to rouse her and get the laundry going while the Slut began to conjure lurid images of Gwen in increasingly obscene situations. Her touch flitted over erect nipples and the thickening patch of hair on her pubic mound, retreating then advancing again to her erogenous zones.

Somebody could be watching you through the bedroom window right now, the Slut suggested, a thought the ever-practical Gwen knew was not possible. Her shades were always closed whenever she showered or changed, but her left eye quickly opened to confirm the assumption nonetheless. The Slut was undeterred. But what if it was open?

Gwen rose and went to the window, peering out between the wooden blinds to check for visitors before pulling the shade up and returning to the bed. Her eyes closed and a stranger—no, two—now peeked in as her fingers resumed their travels.

The naked woman's legs spread enough for a hand to gently push a digit down along her furrow, delicately brushing across the lips that lay just beneath. The finger continued on to the skin between her sex and her bottom, stopping just short of where it would need to push between her cheeks to continue on. It began its trip back up and dipped into her opening just deeply enough to pick up some of the moisture that had been collecting then spread it across the tops of her lips before quickly circling her clitoris.

Her finger continued to make passes up and down her slit, pushing in more deeply each time and only stopping once her cheeks prohibited any further travel while the fantasy men at the window watched with interest.

Gwen began to relish the halting of her finger so close to the most dirty and forbidden of places that lay tucked underneath her. It was such a nasty act, a slutty act, to touch yourself there, she told herself, and I'm so close to it ...distant memories of Miss Ritter's dalliances "back there" supplanted the faces in the window. She had forgotten her surprise of just how sensitive her rosebud was when her instructor had first caressed it all those years ago, labeling the pleasurable sensation as particularly wrong and perverted and blocking them out. And now those memories had been unlocked. Temptation overtook her. Gwen spread her legs and tilted her hips to give her finger access and let it slide across the wrinkled muscle.

Long-ignored nerves jumped at the feeling of skin and she could imagine the muscle contracting at her touch in a lewd wink just as she had made Miss Ritter's do. Contact made, her finger retreated to her sex to pick up some moisture and spread it around her puckered ring. Her other hand found her clitoris and began to circle it with an extended digit

The pure perversion of what she was doing was driving her to her climax, but she wanted more. The hand tormenting her clit left and groped to her line of toys, finding the latest addition on feel alone and bringing it into position between her legs. Gwen paused, aware her fingers were not even close to wrapping around the massive tool and suddenly doubtful the cudgel she held would fit inside her. Nonetheless, she was determined to try and carefully began to part her lips with the bulbous head . Gwen could feel her opening stretch to accept the tapered length as it flared to its full circumference, bulling its way towards her womb until the cock's base bumped up against the fingers that were still caressing her rosebud.

She felt full, not uncomfortably so, but enough so to make her wonder if she had found her limit. The nerves about her opening vied with those just a few inches below as to which opening could send the stronger waves of pleasure. Her clit cried out to be in on the action as well. Gwen left the dildo lodged inside her—no chance of that going anywhere, she mused—and reached for the Magic Wand. Even on low, the steady throb of the vibrator proved to be the piece that took her over the edge. She had the presence of mind to remove her hand from between her legs as she thrashed through her orgasm, vibrator pushed against her slit and dildo remaining firmly in place despite her silent convulsions.

The wand was switched off as she lay on her side and recovered, very aware of the massive object inside her but not yet willing to remove it. She also felt a pang of remorse as she knew her lust had overcome the repression of the memories of being touched back there, and knew that it had opened a door that would be difficult to close again.

Hard labor around the house was the salve for the shame and embarrassment Gwen felt over her perverted act. She was still at work when the sound of Tim pulling into the driveway floated through an open window around dinner time. Her first instinct was to stay dressed as she was in jeans and a blouse and pretend she had forgotten her promise to her husband. Her weakness was not his fault, she finally decided, and reluctantly shed everything to return to the shirt she had been wearing when he left. Tim found her in the kitchen wiping down the counter.

"Hi Honey—nice shirt!" he said as he breezed in and kissed her. "Sorry to see you got dressed again—was that before or after you came back from the office?"

"Oh-uh, after," Gwen replied, recalling their earlier phone call and guessing on the answer he wanted to hear. "You wanted me to wear the shirt, and a deal's a deal, right? Would you like dinner now, or...later?"

Tim took her in is arms, the smell of sweat, grease and acetylene wrapping about her as well. "Cliff gave me a great idea. How about you and me have a date night?"

"A date night? What do you mean?"

"A night we go out on a date together," Tim answered slowly, smiling.

"But, we're married! We don't date any more."

"Nothing says we can't. C'mon, let's go out tonight."

"Alright, I guess. After dinner. Where did you want to go?"

"I was thinking we pick up some dinner on the way—grab a pizza to go and something to drink."

"I guess that's alright, but where are we going that allows us to bring food?"

Tim smiled again. "How about the drive-in?"

Gwen hesitated. What is it about today and visits to my forgettable past? "The drive-in? Didn't that close years ago? They run a flea market out there now."

"The property got sold last spring and the new owners did a complete refurb on it. Cliff and Cheryl went there last weekend, said it was a lot of fun. How about it? Some pizza and a movie under the stars?"

"Well..." Gwen remembered the one and only time she had ever been to a drive-in. She and Tim had been seeing each other for a month when they went on a double date with Charlie Mortenson and his future first ex-wife. Gwen had heard rumors about what really went on at drive-ins, but still thought it strange that Tim was driving Charlie's Crown Victoria when he picked her up, the car's owner and his girlfriend Beverly in the back seat.

Darkness fell and the first movie had barely started when the unmistakable sounds of...something...began to come from behind her. Gwen didn't dare look back at the couple, but she could guess what was happening, and continued to happen, for the rest of the movie. Tim and Gwen stared ahead in embarrassed silence, his arm around her shoulder as they held hands, while moans, sighs, and what could only be described as squishing noises came from the back while the vehicle occasionally bounced and shook on worn shocks. It was not until intermission that the back seat quieted and the couple announced their desire to head home.

Tim had been unable to look Gwen in the eye as the pulled to a stop in front of the stables, a mumbled apology his only words as he walked her to her door. The incident was never mentioned again, and another double-date ever suggested.

"Just us two," Tim said with a nervous grin, seeming to read her mind.

"Sure, why not, if you want. Sounds like fun," Gwen told him without much conviction.

"Great! Let me hurry up and take a shower, while you get dressed, unless you wanna wear that." He arched his eyebrows suggestively.

"It's not the kind of advertising for Nelson Plumbing that we want if I get caught. Go take your shower while I find something more appropriate for a drive-in."

Gwen's residual shame from her earlier weakness was temporarily forgotten, replaced by a vague sense of disappointment that Tim had foregone his opportunity to use her body for his pleasure to sit in a parking lot and watch a movie instead. She selected a pair of light khaki pants along with a sensible blouse, sweater, and underwear, and was ready to go by the time her husband had gotten dressed.

The smell of the warm pizza on the jump seat behind them filled the cab as he headed across town. Dusk was fast approaching when he pulled up next to the drive-in's ticket booth. Their entry was paid for and a parking spot was selected a short distance from the snack bar—"too close and the lights make it hard to the see the movie, too far it takes forever to get to the bathroom," Tim explained—before the pizza was brought forward and placed between them on the big bench seat. Tim reached back again and produced napkins, a bottle of wine and a red plastic cup for Gwen. For himself he held a beer.

Tim filled her in on the mishaps of the day at the job site while she listened attentively, truly interested in what he had to say. For her part, his inquiry as to how she had spent her day was answered with a noncommittal "you know, chores."

The spaces filled up around them as they ate, families with children closer to the snack bar and playground, the teens and young couples further back and around the edges. Cars pulled in on either side of them, Gwen looking down from her perch in the four-wheel drive truck into the driver's side windows of the sedan next to her. Night was falling fast, and she could just barely make out the lap of the driver in the gloom. Tim put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her in. "You seem a little more comfortable this time," he finally ventured.

Gwen stiffened briefly at the mention of that date many years ago. "There's no show going on in the back seat," she replied evenly, never taking her eyes off the movie.

"True enough," Tim laughed nervously. "Man, was I embarrassed that night."

"That makes two of us. We both should have guessed why Charlie wanted to sit in the backseat in his own car."

"It was like watching a car wreck," Tim mused. "I mean, I was in on the plan and all that, but seeing how uncomfortable it made you—"

Gwen looked up at her husband. "Wait. There was a plan?"

In the screen's light she could see him smile weakly. "Well, I always warned Ali and KD that young men have two heads, and that they tend to think with the small one..."

Gwen sat up, and he feared their second trip to the drive-in was again turning into a disaster. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing, nothing...look, Charlie got to pestering me a little while after we started seeing each other about what you were like in bed, and I told him the truth, that we hadn't done anything, that you were shy, just to shut him up. He started laughing and said that all you needed was some inspiration and set up the double date, and he and Beverly would put on a show in the back seat, and that would make you so hot that you'd be all over me." Tim chose not to share his friend's more explicit wording, how he had declared "that frigid little bitch will open her legs for you as soon as she hears how much Beverly likes my cock in her."

"So you knew what he was up to? Whatever made you think that would be a good idea?"

"I dunno...young and desperate, I guess. I really wanted to get to know you better without all those clothes in the way. Like I said, thinking with the small head. So, I went along with it. I knew it was a bad idea as soon as they started, but what could I do? It was his car, and there was no hose to turn on them. I was surprised you even let me hold your hand ,which by the way I did to keep you from getting out and running away screaming. I wanted to crawl under the seat the whole time we were there, then when we dropped you off at your apartment I really thought you would never see me again, and then was got really, really pissed off at myself when I got home."

"Those were the same things I felt that night," Gwen admitted. "I mean, I never looked back—not even once!—but the noises coming from the back seat, and then when you dropped me off, I didn't think you'd ever want to see me again after I wouldn't do any of that.. I was so relieved when you called to ask me for another date. I remember thinking that my mother was wrong—not all men just wanted sex."

"Yeah, well," Tim growled before taking a long pull of his beer, "I hate to admit it when your mother's right, but she might have been at least a little right on that one. I was pissed off for a couple of reasons when I got home, Gwen. I was mad that I made someone I cared about a lot that miserable, but what really got me was that I jacked off imagining what would have happened if that stupid plan had worked. I mean, here I am feeling bad about what I put you through, all the while I'm thinking about what you what it would have been like if it had worked. Probably the first time I ever jacked off and felt bad about it when I finished."

Gwen snuggled herself back under his arm. "I know the feeling," She murmured. "You really gave up a lot for me. Thank you."

Tim laughed. "For what? Being a horn-dog teenager with one thing on his mind?"

"For having choices, and choosing me."

"Easy choice."

They were silent for a while, trying to follow the mindless comedy on screen. Gwen remembered how angry she had been with herself that night, how Charlie's plan to "inspire" her had come so close to working, how she had wanted to give herself to the man next to her...the thought of taunting Charlie with a view of the body he could not have had briefly flared in her that night as well before the Lady soundly squashed it. She also quickly shot down the temptation to touch herself and produce a much-needed orgasm as she stood in the middle of her studio apartment that night, wondering if that was the last she had seen of Tim Nelson. Would life have been different if she had been able to overrule her morality that night?

Their lips met, drawn together by the silent communication developed by those who have spent their life together. The kiss lingered, their bodies entwining in the confined space behind the steering wheel. Gwen gently broke the kiss, laying her head on his shoulder. "So, what did you imagine us doing in Charlie's car, when you were, you know, jacking off?"

Tim managed to suppress a startled laugh as he heard his formerly prim-and-proper wife use that term. "Do you want me to tell you, or show you?" Let me show you, he begged silently. Please, let me show you.

Gwen looked about nervously, ensuring they were alone. "If you think it's safe, I'll let you decide."

He smiled. "Okay, but remember, I was just a dumb kid back then, so my imagination was pretty limited. I didn't even know what a girl looked like nekkid," he deadpanned, wondering if Gwen would call him on his girlfriends before her. "So, first I would have kissed you..." Their lips again met. His hand slid over her waist and hips, gradually making its way up until it palmed her breast. He was content to squeeze and fondle the tender flesh for a few moments until it slid down and began to unbutton her shirt from a point near the top of her pants, undoing them until it was open to the top.

Tim teased her ear and neck with his tongue as the hand found its way to her bra-covered breast , again gently caressing and squeezing. Slowly it made its way to her back and began to fumble with the clasp.

"Want me to do it?" she asked as his struggles continued.

"No, let me—I never did get much practice at this."

Gwen's eyes darted about as he worked, looking for a sign they had been discovered until the restraining garment popped free and his hand slid under it and back to the front.

"And what was I doing?" she asked as Tim pushed the loose bra up and ducked to take her now-exposed nipple between his lips.

"Most of the time, you were just letting me do whatever I wanted. I had a hard time imagining you being too aggressive—it just didn't fit you. But when I was really worked up, sometimes you unbuckled my pants and played with it."

"Most of the time? How many times did you think about this?"

Tim seemed to hesitate, whether he was thinking or embarrassed, she wasn't sure. "Well, I thought about it a lot until we did a little bit of the real thing."

"But that wasn't for a long time—until after we were engaged!" She had touched him "down there" a few times after they had announced their intentions to marry, and had allowed him to reciprocate a couple of times, but they had never been less than fully clothed with each other before their wedding night—and even then, the lights had been out and the motel curtains drawn.

"Yeah, from then on I focused on that, but until then..." his tongue flicked her erect nipple.

Gwen reached for his belt buckle, intent on being the girl in his fantasy. It was undone with less effort than her bra clasp had been, and the button on his jeans soon followed. She could feel a wet spot on his shorts as she reached for the hardness lying underneath them, then found the waistband and slid her fingers underneath to find the source of the leakage.

Tim groaned at her touch and left her breast. Straightening in his seat, he nudged her into a semi-reclining position on the big bench seat. His efforts on the button and zipper of her khakis was quickly rewarded and his hand was soon free to slide beneath her panties and cup her sex.

Gwen's face now hovered over her husband's midsection as his finger began to push its way through her furrow. She clumsily tried to support herself with one arm while the other hand tried to lever his underwear away enough for her lips to descend around his covered erection. Tim noticed her struggles and withdrew his hand long enough to help push his jeans down around his knees before dashing back to the warm, wet burrow between her legs.

Gwen's own hand, now freed of its struggle with Tim's underwear, happily grabbed his erection and pointed it in the direction of her mouth. She hungrily descended upon his length while his finger stroked her clit.

She came up for air after a few moments, her hand continuing to stroke as she admired his shaft. Gwen pushed her fist down to the balls and pointed the velvety head towards her lips, ready to again capture his length.

Even in the relative dark of the cab she could see the first spurt erupt from the tip just inches from her face and startled as the bolt flew past her cheek in a blur. Gwen instinctively aimed the thing trying to put her eye out away from her face, and the next several jets leapt into the air and landed in Tim's pubic tangle as his hips thrust up into her clenched fist. After a last grunt and push, he relaxed.

Gwen kissed the tip of his wet head and began to sit up.

"Sorry 'bout that. I knew I was close, but I thought I had a little more to go. Wait—you didn't..." Tim said, his finger wiggling between her lips suggestively.

"No, but that's alright, you did, and that's what was important to me," she told him, gently removing his hand from her underwear and kissing the back of it. "Is that what you imagined?"

"Pretty much, yeah, although I wasn't so quick on the draw when I was thinking about it back then. Guess that's left over from being young once, too." He looked around for napkins to dry the wet goo at the base of his wilting cock while Gwen hunched over behind the dash and began to put her clothing back together.

"I think we used all the ones the pizza place gave us," she explained, reading his mind. "Do you keep any in the glove compartment?" A smile and a shrug told her that was unlikely. "Boys. Always unprepared." She quickly set the bra back into place and began buttoning her shirt. "Guess you'll just have to wait until you get home."

"Drive home with wet shorts? Wouldn't want to chafe. I'll just stay this way until I dry off."

Gwen rolled her eyes. "I'll go to the snack bar and throw the dinner trash away so the police won't think we've been drinking and driving if we get stopped. I'll pick up some napkins while I'm there." Tim smiled, shrugged, and put his hands behind his head, making it clear he was quite happy to wait until she returned.

Gwen checked one more time to ensure her clothing was properly arranged, collected the remnants of dinner and stepped out of the truck, carefully opening the door to avoid exposing her husband. Beside her, a mass of blonde hair could be seen in the lap of the driver. She averted her eyes and gently pushed the truck door shut, anxious to not make her presence known. Two bare feet were pressed against the partially rolled-down back window, a bobbing naked backside visible between them while a soft feminine "uh---uh---uh" came from inside. Gwen hurried from between the vehicles and towards the snack bar.

She discretely deposited the trash, unsure what the drive-in's policy was on outside food and liquor, then grabbed for a handful of napkins on a nearby shelf.

"Oh, hey sugar, y'all got somethin' on your collar, y'know that?" Gwen whirled to her left to find the owner of the voice, a big-haired, big breasted woman. The ruby-lipped, gum-smacking blonde put down her soda, pulled a napkin from the dispenser and dipped it in her drink before taking a firm hold of smaller woman's collar and scrubbing at the offending stain.

"Oh, uh, thank you," Gwen replied, anxiously searching her memory for what she might have spilled. "Must have been from dinner."

The blonde smiled as she worked. "Hope ya got somethin' else to eat, cuz you didn't get much of this from the looks of it. Most if it ended up on your shirt. Gotta watch where they shoot, honey, they can make that stuff fly a fair distance if they're inspired."

Horror filled Gwen as it dawned on her where Tim's first pulse had landed after it had rocketed past her cheek. She fought to the urge to pull away and run from this well-meaning stranger. "Remember to put stain remover on it when you get home, somethin' that works on protein. Next time just take your shirt off and put it someplace safe 'til the movie's done, or he is." She smiled brightly, gum still cracking.

"Thank you," Gwen mumbled and hurried back to the truck. She clutched the wet spot to mask it from any other observant moviegoers as she hurried among the parked cars, mortified to think that others may have spotted it at the snack bar before her good Samaritan had. She ducked into the space between the truck and the car beside them. The feet were still on the window, but the naked bottom had d stopped its bouncing and the accompanying soundtrack had ceased as well. In the front seat, the blonde hair seemed to be moving with more urgency. She hurriedly opened the door to her refuge and found Tim in the position she had left him, hands still behind his head, flaccid cock now resting on his thigh.

Gwen mopped up the remains of his orgasm—at least whatever the blonde hadn't gotten, she thought with great embarrassment—and they headed for home. His efforts to get back into her slacks were resisted in the name of safety until they were in their driveway.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 05**

Natalie pulled into the Nelsons' yard mid-morning on Friday, well after the trucks had left for their jobsites. The normally outgoing woman seemed to avoid eye contact with Gwen, mumbling a 'g'morning" as they hugged before she ducked around the vehicle to the passenger side, making it clear she preferred her sister-in-law to do the driving that morning. Gwen smiled in acknowledgement, climbed in through the still-open driver's door, and buckled up.

Natalie stared straight ahead, knee bouncing in a steady rhythm as Gwen accelerated down the two-lane road. "So, I'm guessing Tim knows where we're going?"

"Yes," Gwen answered truthfully. "I didn't feel right about not telling him the truth about this."

"No, I suppose not...he doesn't think I'm a bad person, does he?"

"Of course not! He said he thought you were very brave, and that you had the looks for it."

"He's sweet. I felt a lot braver when I first said yes...and I'm not sure I was thinking straight when I agreed to do this."

"You'll be fine. I'm sure Barry won't ask for anything you're not comfortable with."

Natalie laughed. "That remains to be seen. It's one thing to get a little naughty in front of friends and the occasional passerby. It's another to have it captured on film for a stranger paying for the privilege."

"Did he give you any idea who it is that commissioned these?"

"All he would say is some guy who made a lot of money in oil and wants something special to liven up the walls of the game room in his ski lodge."

"Well, did Barry give you any idea what, uh, how, how he's going to ask you to pose?"

"Not really. All he said is that it would most likely be along the same lines as the session Liz did for him a little while back."

"And how was that?"

Natalie looked over at her sister-in-law and smiled bashfully. "Oh, that's right. You never saw those, did you? I was there when they were being taken, kinda like why I asked you to come today. It was her and an African man—I forget his name now. I do remember he was very tall and very thin, taller than Liz, and his skin was every bit as dark as hers is pale. Barry said he was looking for some synchronicity in their body types that would be contrasted by their skin color...anyways, he had them showing way more than enough to make his point very clearly. They both started out naked, and he put them in some really suggestive poses. Artfully done, of course, not like a porno mag shoot or anything, but still...man, it looked like they were doing each other without actually doing it, know what I mean? Liz swore the guy never got his dick inside of her, though. I'm sure he would have liked to. That man was hung! His cock was hard even before she dropped her robe, and was huge by the end! He was leaking pretty good after a while and Sandra had to keep drying him off, not that she minded, I'm sure. If she had kept at it a little longer she would have had needed a mop to clean up. I'm sure he jacked off when he was getting dressed just to get it back in his pants."

"Oh, my," Gwen breathed as she tried to concentrate on the road. "I guess that is pretty explicit. Still, you'll be posing with your best friend, not some stranger. Does Barry know that you and Liz, are, uh, you and Liz are close?"

Natalie laughed. "Uh-huh. When he asked her about doing a shoot with another woman, she told him she wanted me. He told her what he was thinking of and why that might be a problem, and she let him in on the secret."

"Well, being with a friend makes it better, right?"

Natalie put her hand on Gwen's shoulder. "It's always better when you're with friends. But on camera...I'm not so sure about this yet. I just wish I had rubbed one out before I said yes to Barry, rather than after. This seemed like a much better idea when I was horny."

"It'll be fine," Gwen again reassured her, not convinced herself. "You'll be great. I'll bet you and Liz will forget the camera's even there." And maybe we'll watch you" rub one out" on the way home, like you did last time, the Slut suggested.

"That's going to be hard to ignore, if Liz's first shoot is any indication," Natalie laughed. "You know how Barry is about getting in the middle of things to make sure every shot is just the way he wants it. He actually reached in a couple of times and repositioned the guy's cock at Liz's shoot. Didn't seem to bother him a bit. Made the guy kinda jumpy, though."

The SUV grew quiet save for the hum of the tires on the pavement, each woman lost in their thoughts. "Adam called me last Saturday," Gwen finally said in a quiet conversational tone.

"Yeah, I know. He said he was going to. He thought it was a nice thing for you to do, come along with me like this. I think he also wanted to clear the air. He knows you 're a by-the-rules kind of person and might have been stressing about things."

No, nothing to stress about here, the Lady harrumphed. Except your family and friends and reputation if they find out just how far you've sunk. "Well, that's nice of him. But going with you is no problem, really. It will be nice to see you take your clothes off." Gwen's hand flew to her mouth, shocked by what she had said. "Oh—oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like it came out! I meant instead of me! Like the last time we did this!"

Natalie laughed. "No problem. I think I know what you meant, but if not, I'm very flattered."

Gwen lowered her voice. "Adam also strongly suggested I not let our parents know about...well, just how close we've become."

Her sister-in-law laughed again. "Well, duh! Your brother can be a regular Captain Obvious sometimes. They'd probably think I was doing it just to embarrass them in front of the town's elite."

"It makes me feel better that he knows," Gwen continued on. "I just always kind of hoped he did, but was too scared to ask."

"Oh, I told him you and I had talked that one day," Natalie said breezily. "Don't worry, no details, but enough to give him a general idea that his sister might be showing some cracks in her ultra-conservatism. And then I let him know we were helping each other out with our grooming, and that I gave you some toys...once he recovered from the shock, he put his hands over his ears and said he didn't want to know the details, just to keep it between us!"

The rest of the ride passed quietly, Natalie's knee bouncing steadily the whole way. The GPS eventually led them to the house where Gwen had reviewed her photos that summer.

"Natalie! Gwen!" Barry McCall cried from the gravel path by the side of the house as they exited the SUV. "Glad you could make it! C'mon in!" Both women were bear-hugged, then led to the studio out back and invited to step inside. The photographer quickly ushered them through the small lobby and into the large open space beyond. The bedroom stage Gwen had remembered from her last visit was gone, replaced by a towering gray backdrop of fabric. A low wooden bench sat on the flagstone floor before it, the dark wood with scrolled ends reminding Gwen of some sort of ancient altar. Off to the left, a young man was fiddling with a tripod-mounted video camera, while beyond him sat several director chairs. Liz, wrapped in a fluffy white robe occupied one. The statuesque redhead put down the glass of wine she held and she made her way to the late-arrivers. Natalie and her friend embraced, and Gwen was surprised to receive a surprisingly firm and lengthy hug as well.

"Glad you showed," she said to the newcomers. "I've been here for almost an hour. I was afraid you were going to chicken out."

"We're ten minutes early, despite my driver's cautious ways," Natalie retorted with a smile and a glance at her sister-in-law.

"Better to get here in one piece," Gwen mumbled in self-defense.

"Liz, we'll need to touch up your—" Sandra came bustling out of a room off to the side and stopped short. "Natalie! You made it!" She hurried to add her hugs to the new arrivals. "Liz has already gone through makeup, so it's your turn when you're ready. Would you like a little something to eat or drink, dear? I've got some things in the other room. "

"Don't think I could keep food down at the moment," Natalie confessed as she motioned to the wineglass Liz had retrieved. "But I will have what's she's having."

"Of course! C'mon in and I'll get you a glass, then we can get started. Don't worry, you'll be great! Gwen, would you like something? We have plenty."

"I, uhh, maybe a soda or something..."

"Right this way, then." Sandra took the younger blonde by the arm and led her away, Gwen trailing uncertainly behind.

"Alright, honey, why don't you take your top off and sit in the chair while I get your wine. We'll get your hair done, face painted up and work our way down. Natalie did as she was asked, pulling her t-shirt over her head and revealing the lacy white bra beneath. She sat in the stylist' chair and gratefully took the glass Sandra handed to her. "Sorry about the manicure," she said apologetically as she held out her hand. "Nursing and long nails don't mix."

The older woman plopped down on a nearby rolling stool and positioned herself between her makeup table and her subject. "Don't you worry about a thing," Sandra reassured her, glancing at the outstretched fingers. "A little nail polish and they'll be fine. We'll get to them in a little bit." She worked quickly, applying eyeliner and rouge, carefully softening the sheen of the nervous woman's skin while Gwen stood by and watched . After a vibrant shade of red lipstick, was applied, Sandra rolled back a bit and looked at her work.

"I think we're close to what Barry's looking for," she pronounced. "We'll have him take a look at the whole package once we're done and let him decide if any final touch ups are necessary." Natalie's hands were grabbed firmly and the offending nails examined before being covered with a polish that matched the lipstick in intensity. "Alright, stand up and turn around. Those nails are still drying, so let me take your bra off for you. " Natalie flashed Gwen an embarrassed smile while the stylist reached up and unsnapped the younger woman's support. The thrill of seeing her sister-in-law unveiled fought with Gwen's shame in looking in the first place. "Alright, turn back around. Let's see if the girls need any attention."

Sandra eyed Natalie's breasts critically, her eyes even with the globes of flesh a few feet away. "As beautiful as I remember them," she said absentmindedly as her attention was momentarily drawn to the makeup table behind her. "I'm going to make them stand out a little more from a color standpoint," she said as her finger began to dab into a small tin she had retrieved. "We'll leave it up to Barry as to whether he wants to see them pop the other way later." The stylist's finger began to gently smooth around Natalie's right areolae, spreading the color around the bumpy pink skin. "Nothing too shocking," she mumbled as she worked, "just want to bring your natural pink out a little more." The process was repeated with the left, the nipples on both breasts standing erect by the time the woman had finished. "Nice," she said, smiling up at Natalie. "I think I got it just right. Okay, let's see the rest." Sandra didn't bother to ask for permission as she unsnapped the clasp of the shorts, undid the zipper and pushed the fabric down the woman's legs. No underwear, Gwen noted, not even a thong. Such a daring thing to do so far from home!

Sandra never rose from her stool, gently pulling on the naked woman's hip to have her turn in place, the action sending a shiver down Gwen's spine as her own dreams of being examined in the same manner bubbled into her consciousness. Natalie flashed another weak smile as she again faced her sister-in-law. Gwen's eyes were drawn to the abundance of hair between the woman's legs, a verdant patch of dark blonde curls and strands. Natalie continued her turn, stopping with her bottom to the woman in the corner.

"Wow, you two took Barry seriously when he asked you to grow it out some, huh? Well, good job with that—easier to take some off than add it back—but I think you're going to need a trim. Liz did, too." The stylist began to make some adjustments to the chair beside her. Satisfied, she rolled in front of it. "Alright. Sit. Oh, hold it a sec." Sandra reached behind her and grabbed a small basin. "Gwen honey," she said, offering the bowl to the startled woman, "can you go get some warm water for me? I'll probably just need to do a little razor work, not much. Barry will show you where the sink is."

Gwen quickly set her glass down and took the basin, anxious to help. "Be right back," she called, and hurried off on her urgent task.

The photographer was fiddling with a bank of lights. "Uhh, excuse me, Barry? Sandra asked me to get some warm water for her?"

He turned and flashed a warm smile. "Down the hall, other side of the lobby. There's a bathroom down there."

"Nat needs a haircut, too, huh?" Liz smiled at the woman. "Shouldn't be surprised. It's amazing how fast it grows."

"It really is," the nervous woman agreed emphatically, and hurried off.

Gwen found what was she was looking for and debated just how hot the water should be before settling on hot but not unpleasantly so, then hurried back through the studio and into the changing room. She stopped short at the sight of her naked sister-in-law, semi-reclined with wineglass in hand, legs pulled up and spread wide while the older blonde worked intently just inches from the junction of her thighs.

"Uhh, Sandra, I've got your water."

Thanks, hon. Just put it behind me." Gwen did so, taking the opportunity to surreptitiously check the progress the stylist had made in her absence. The wild bush she had glanced earlier had already been tamed into a tighter vee, vaginal lips again plainly visible beneath the soft blonde fuzz that remained. Gwen caught herself staring and looked up at Natalie to find her looking back, eyebrows raised with a quizzical smile.

"I think it looks better—like that," Gwen offered to explain away her rudeness and went to pick up her soda.

Sandra finished her cuts and made quick use of the razor, then applied the warm breeze of a blow dryer while she casually fluffed the remaining patch. Satisfied, she switched off the dryer and examined her work.

"Just a little more color, I think," she said as she intently examined the area exposed by her trimming. The stylist again reached for the contents of the tin and dabbed some on her finger. "Pardon the touch." Gwen watched with interest as the finger dipped forward and began to spread the color on the exposed folds of her sister-in-law's nether lips. Natalie glanced down before stoically staring forward into the mirror opposite her. "Good luck making those elephant ears disappear."

"Not lookin' to make 'em disappear, lookin' to make 'em pop out," Sandra muttered as she worked.

"They look fine," Gwen reassured, feeling the need to offer support. "Very feminine."

"Like mudflaps on a truck," Natalie grumbled.

"All...set. Gwen honey, one more favor. Can you ask Barry to come in and see if his subject is the way he would like her?"

"Uhh, of course," Gwen stammered, the spell broken. She only had to go a few feet past the doorway to find the photographer. "Excuse me, Barry? Sandra would like you to come look at Natalie."

"Always a pleasure!"

Gwen retreated back into the room and out of the way of the large man. "Some makeup, trimmed her pubes, a little color to her nipples and pussy lips, nothing too major," Sandra announced as he entered. "Think I took enough bush off?"

The photographer peered over the glasses perched on the tip of his nose, inspecting his wife's workmanship. "I think we're good. A comb through the hair on her head and we'll be good to go." He turned to Gwen. "Could you ask Liz to come in? I think they're ready for wardrobe."

"Of course." She retreated, uncomfortable about summoning the elegant woman from afar like a child to the dinner table.

"Liz?" she said softly as she approached the chairs. "Barry asked if you could come in now to get your wardrobe."

"Okay, thanks. Can you hold this?" The tall redhead handed her the half-empty glass. Gwen watched the woman as she moved towards the room, the confident sway of her hips making even the cotton robe seem sexy. She stood there alone, wondering if she should follow along.

"Excuse me, Miss?"

Gwen whirled to find the source of the voice, the young man who had been working on the video camera earlier, now seated behind a laptop. "Mrs.," she corrected, stopping short of giving her name after the Lady issues a strident warning about anybody knowing she was here. Politeness won out over secrecy. To hell with it. "Nelson. Gwen Nelson."

"Hi Mrs. Nelson, Chris Martinez. Are you modeling later?"

"Me? Oh, goodness no. I'm just here, uhh keeping my si—my friend company."

Well, that nice of you. Sorry, you just looked like the type Barry shoots for some of his other clients."

"I'm hardly model material."

"I would strongly disagree. Anyways, would you mind playing one for a bit and sitting on the bench over there? I want to see if my camera setting are going to work in the light Barry's gonna use."

Gwen hesitated. "I thought this was going to be still photography?"

"I'm Barry's videographer. For weddings, family reunions, special projects. Today, he wanted to do a 'Making Of' sort of documentary. He'll take the stills, I'll take the video of him taking the stills."

"Oh, I see. Just sit on the bench? I don't have to take my clothes off, right?" Gwen instantly felt stupid for asking the question.

Chris laughed. "Not unless you want to. I just want to check for shadows, white outs, that kind thing."

She carefully set down the drinks she was holding and delicately took her place on the low wooden bench, knees together, hands primly folded over them. Above and to her left and right, two cameras, evidently remote-controlled from the laptop the young man was sitting at, whirred as lenses focused and bodies turned to test their range of motion.

"Great," the young man said as he looked up from his screen. "Would you mind going around behind it and standing?" She did as he asked, unsure what to do with her hands as she stood in place. "Very nice. Now, if you could put your hands on the bench—that's right, bend over—and bring your face up?" Gwen assumed the pose, wondering if she was giving the young man had a view down her buttoned blouse. "Excellent! That does it! Are you sure you're not a model?"

"Very sure." Are you? the Slut wondered. A swirl of white over by the changing room caught her eye. Liz exited first, a ponytail of red hair tied with a single black bow hanging down over a shimmering white silk dressing gown. High heels clicked across the wood floor she seemed to float above as she moved towards the set.

Natalie was next, her cardinal-red gown set nicely against her shorter length of carefully-tousled blonde hair, bare feet making no noise as she padded along behind her friend. Barry was next while Sandra gathered some emergency touch-up supplies from the room.

"How do I look?" the crimson-robed woman asked in a low voice as she came to a stop, arms folded protectively in front of her. Above them, the motors of the video cameras grumbled. Neither woman seemed concerned with the videographer's presence.

"Beautiful. You both do."

Barry cleared his throat. "Alright, ground rules, ladies. Natural expressions, please, maybe even on the serious side. You wanna laugh, go ahead but get it over with. Ya wanna close your eyes and enjoy the moment, you can do that, too. You wanna look bored, well, maybe I can do something with that. But for God's sake, no porn faces! I'm goin' for a little subtlety here. And as always, excuse my wandering hands in advance—I'm not trying to get fresh, I'm just trying to get the best possible pose. Well, times-a-wastin'," the big photographer called out cheerfully. "Let's take some pitchers! Nat, stand behind the bench in the middle. Liz, behind her with your arms around her chest." Gwen marveled at the scene as the women took their place—the brilliant colors of the robes contrasting with their hair and the backdrop, the heels making Liz look almost a full head taller than her shorter friend. Barry moved Liz's arms ever so slightly so they gently pressed against Natalie's breasts, then stepped back, aimed, and triggered the camera. Again he stepped in to push the taller woman's cheek against the side of Natalie's head while having her look down at the robed-covered mounds below. Variations of the pose were tried, including one where the smaller woman's red clad arms around Liz's waist the only evidence she was behind her.

"Nice, nice," the photographer murmured. "OK, Nat, give me a profile and put one knee on the bench. Liz, in profile behind her." He again stepped in to adjust the pose, then stepped back and shot from several angles. "OK, Liz, open up the top of Nat's gown and push it down to just below her shoulders..." click-click-click "Perfect. Hold that." Gwen watched Barry put down the camera and retrieve what looked like a length of leather. Alarm bells went off in her head—this didn't look right. Was there cause for concern? She was supposed to be here to watch out for her sister-in-law!

"Here," he said, handing the length to Liz, "put this on her. Slowly."

Natalie had not been able to see what her friend had taken from the photographer, and was reluctant to break the pose she had been instructed to hold. "What is that?" she asked, a tinge of concern in her voice.

"It's a collar," Liz replied with a gentle laugh. "It's not like you haven't worn one before."

"You bitch!" she replied with her own laugh. "Did you tell him about that?"

"Nope, just your good luck. Ready, Barry?"

"Yup, go ahead. "

Gwen relaxed a bit at the sight of her sister-in-law's acceptance of the restraint. Liz did indeed take her time, wrapping the thin strip of black leather around her friend's throat and fastening the flat buckle.

"Nice, nice," Barry called out. "Alright Liz, stay in profile, Nat, leave your robe like that and stand behind Liz." She moved carefully, trusting her breasts to stop the gown from falling into she was in place. "Great, now, reach around her and untie her sash. Slowly, with your forehead against her back while you're looking down. Nice. Now, remove her robe just like she started to remove yours. Slowly, though. Liz, chin up, eyes up." Gwen held her breath as Natalie crept through the motion. Slowly the gown made its way down the redhead's arms, inching along until her breasts appeared from their cover. Pink nipples stood out proudly, and Gwen found herself wondering if Sandra had accentuated them as well. A brief image of Sandra giving her own darker areolae flitted through her imagination.

"OK, let it fall." Natalie let go, and the woman was revealed in all her glory. She was statuesque, Gwen thought, so perfectly toned and apportioned. Her pubic triangle was a deeper shade of the red ponytail hanging down her back, the point ending just above the hint of lips still hidden between drawn together thighs.

"Doin' great. OK, Nat, stand in front of her, get as close as you can without touching, and look up at her. Liz, chin and eyes where they are." The two women managed to maintain the soulful look this pose seemed to require for only a moment before they burst into laughter. "Okay, okay, I like that, too. Get it together when you can." It took a few moments, but Liz and Natalie finally managed to regain some control. "Great. Alright, Nat, don't untie your robe, just let it drop to your waist. The blonde shook slowly shucked the gown from its resting place on her chest to let it hang at the sash about her hips. Gwen took careful note of how Liz's firm, delicate mounds just seemed to match the rest of her body while Natalie's heavy mounds were a fir for her fulerl figure.

"Liz, reach down without bending and untie her robe. You can look down at her now, at her eyes. Natalie, don't stand on tip-toe, she can do it." Liz did accomplish the task, and both woman stood naked in front of each other.

"Eye contact ladies, eye contact...alright, Nat, on your knees. Liz, come forward until the tip of Nat's nose touches you." Gwen was embarrassed and enthralled to see her sister-in-law's lips resting in her friend's neat red thatch. She remembered when it had been her in that pose, in front of Miss Ritter... "Excellent, Liz, hands gently on her head, like you're blessing her, or controlling her."

"Controlling her," Liz quietly confirmed.

"It's not your birthday yet," came Natalie's muffled response.

"Nat, hands on the back of Liz's thighs, like you're holding her in place."

"Stop that, you bitch," Liz said with a straight face as she stared ahead and fought to maintain her icy look. Gwen was shocked to catch of glimpse of Natalie's jaw moving ever so slightly, her tongue roaming, eyes looking up the body of the woman before her.

"Don't mess up any of the work Sandra did down there," Barry warned as he continued to shoot, apparently not at all discomfited by the intimate act being performed just a couple of feet from his camera. "I don't want to break to get it right again. Alright, do a 180, Liz. Back up until you can feel her nose. Once you can, fold your hands between your breasts. Nat, your hands on the front of her thighs, pulling her in." Gwen held her breath in disbelief as the change of poses now had her sister's in law's lips firmly planted in between the upper cleft of Liz's bottom. "Arch your back while she pulls you in, Liz, stick your chest out, keep your hands there." The tall redhead complied, breasts and clasped hands pushing up and outward while Natalie's nose seemed to disappear between the cheeks of her friend's ass. "Nice, nice..." the camera's digital click went into rapid fire mode, and Barry continued to move the models about. "Alright Liz, turn around, grab her collar and pull up gently until she's standing. Gentle, don't choke her."

Barry's continued direction was creating a scene of subtle domination and submission. Gwen grew increasingly uncomfortable, not only with the intimacy of the session and the direction it was taking, but at how erotic and distantly familiar it seemed, and how she found herself imagining she was the one now lying down on the altar instead of Natalie, arms and legs falling to either side, while the redhead stood over her.

Barry moved in close, camera still firing. "Alright Liz, straddle her, face her feet. Hands on your hips, look down at her crotch, give me a stern look. Good, good. Now, sit down until you're on her chest. Put your hands on the outside of her hips." Sculpted buttocks lowered until they pushed Natalie's breasts further to the side.

"So comfy," the redhead purred.

Barry laughed. "Don't squish her, crouch just a little, like you're doing a squat. Maintain your posture." The photographer lowered the camera and kneeled just inches from Natalie's thigh. "Great, you're both doing great. Okay, Liz, take your left index finger and put it just above her pussy—here, like this." Gwen was shocked as he gently but firmly put his own meaty digit in Natalie's thatch, just above where her sex began. "Like you're pointing at her clit, see?"

His finger was withdrawn and replaced by Liz's. "On her clit, or just above it?" the redhead asked.

"Just above it. I want to see your fingernail in her bush." The camera was moved to just a foot from the where the sitting woman finger was pressing into the prone woman's mons. Satisfied, Barry moved between Natalie's legs and again drew close to get the shot.

"Gwen, can I speak with you a minute?" The engrossed voyeur whirled in fright, suddenly fearful she had been caught being too attentive. Sandra silently motioned the startled woman into the hallway while she reviewed her actions for something she might have done wrong. "I'm hoping you can do me a favor," the older blonde began in a low voice. "I have a potential client in the office, thinking about doing a boudoir shoot, like you did. She was wondering about what it's like exactly, though. Would you mind talking with her about your experience?"

The Lady flatly denied the request, again repeated her warning that no one should know what she had done, or that she was even here. The Lady was intrigued.

"There's not much to say, really," Gwen demurred. "I'm sure you describe it far better than I ever could. I mean, I've only done it once..."

"And you were so very good—like you were a pro! It was so much fun to watch you open up as we went along. And that's why I was hoping you'd talk to her—she seems like such a quiet girl on the surface, but I think there's more underneath than meets the eye, like you." Sandra took her by the arm and pulled gently. Gwen relented and followed.

"I'm still not sure..."

"You'll be fine," Sandra reassured her as they stepped into the small office and removed any chance of backing out. "Diana, this is the woman I was telling you about." A tiny young woman, probably the same age as Alison, rose from the chair by the desk.

"I'm Gwen Nelson," the older woman said, extending her hand as the Lady threw hers up in disgust. No names!

"Kristin. LaPointe. Pleased to meet you." An awkward silence fell, and Gwen wondered how to broach the subject she had been brought in to discuss. Hi, they took pictures of me naked, I felt like a slut and loved it, and you'll love being a slut, too! No, maybe that wasn't the way to begin this...

Sandra spoke first. "Diana here is thinking of having a boudoir photo session taken, but is a little nervous about the process."

"I asked my husband what he wanted for Christmas, and he said this," the young raven haired woman offered. "I would never have thought of this in a million years, but he asked..."

"Is it something you want to do?" Gwen asked quietly.

"Well, my husband—Daniel—he wants me to..."

"Yes, but what about you?"

"I'm not a prude," Kristin quickly answered, "I mean, I've let him take pictures of me before—sorry, too much information—but he thinks a professional photographer could do so much better. I really don't think I'm a professional-quality model, though."

"You don't need to be," Gwen told her, "I'm certainly not. But you are a very beautiful woman, and Barry seems to have a knack for bringing out the best in his subjects." Her thoughts quickly returned to the session going on in the studio behind her, and briefly wondered if the dog collar he had introduced was bringing out the best in Natalie. She quickly returned her attention to the young woman in front of her. "And I think you'd make a wonderful model. But it only works if you want to let your guard down enough to let him do that for you."

"So, you've done it? Let him take pictures of you naked?"

The bluntness of the question surprised Gwen. "I have," she answered slowly. "And yes, he probably would see all of you, if you know what I mean, but it's tastefully done, and he's very professional about it—and Sandra would be there as well. I wasn't so sure about doing it, just like you seem to be, but my husband—his name is Tim—seems to really like the results, and I have to admit, I like them too. It was a very, uhh, exciting experience."

"I'm sure they did," Kristin told her. "You're beautiful. I hope I look half as good as you when I'm in my thirties."

Gwen smiled. "You're much, much too kind. I'm in my forties—I have two daughters, one your age, I guess, and married, the other in college."

"Two children? How did you stay in such fantastic shape? I'm afraid I'm going to turn into a fat blob when I have one."

"The children kept me active. Our horses kept me active and sane."

"Oh, you ride? I used to, but my horse went with my mother when she moved down to the Palm Beach area. Daniel and I have an apartment in Butler, so I didn't have any place I could afford to keep him up here. I really miss riding, and I know what you mean about how it can keep you moving!"

The news she was talking with a fellow rider broke down Gwen's reserve. "Kristin, would you like to take a look at my photos and see what Barry can do?"

It took Sandra only a moment to pull up the portfolio on a nearby monitor. Gwen relived the day with the young woman as the photos slid by, only a little concerned that someone might come in from outside and see her in her most intimate poses. Kristin seemed genuinely impressed by the photographer's work and models looks, not fazed in the slightest as the scenes turned more risqué.

Kristin looked up after the last photo, the one of Gwen peering over the edge of the bathtub. "You're right, he certainly does good work...thank you Mrs. Nelson, that certainly helps."

"Call me Gwen, and you're most welcome." She grabbed a nearby business card, turned it over, and began writing. "Call me if you have any more questions. And also, I live outside of Albany, not too far from Butler at all. If you would like to come riding sometime, by all means just let me know. My daughters' horses are still at our house and are always looking for someone to get them out of the paddock for a while. You are most welcome any time. I know how much I would miss getting out for a ride if I didn't have the opportunity."

The young woman took the card from her and studied it. "Thank you Mrs.—Gwen, that's most kind of you."

"Think nothing of it. I'm always looking for someone to ride with. My sister-in-law—" Gwen stopped short, afraid that even mentioning Natalie might give away what was going on in the other room—"we, uhh go riding together every Friday morning. There's room for a third most of the time. I'm free most weekends too, if that works better for you."

"You've really been much too kind—thank you for everything."

Gwen headed back to the studio while Sandra showed the young woman out to her car. Barry and the young videographer was breaking down equipment, Natalie and Liz were nowhere to be seen. "All done—they're in getting changed," the photographer said as she looked about. The two women emerged from the makeup room a short time later, laughing..

"Hey Gwen, Liz said we can stay at her place tonight, if we want," Natalie said quietly as they approached. "You, uhh, don't have to be home tonight, do you? I don't have to be to work until Sunday."

"Oh, uhh, well, I'd have to check in with Tim, but, I suppose we could go back tomorrow...how'd everything go after I left?"

"Went fine," Liz answered, smiling at the blonde next to her. "We'll tell you about it over dinner."

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"Natalie, I don't have a change of clothes. I didn't know we'd be staying over." Her sister-in-law was back behind the wheel of the SUV, heading down the two-lane on their mission to get some wine for the evening while Liz picked up the Chinese takeout she had called ahead for.

"I thought there might be a chance she'd ask, but I forgot to pack a bag, too. Guess I had other things on my mind. Oh well, if you can stand day-old clothes for the ride home tomorrow, so can I."

"I don't have anything to sleep in, either," Gwen said in a quieter tone.

Natalie laughed. "You don't need anything. Liz's daughter is with her ex this weekend, so it's just us big girls. We don't bother with much in the way of clothes when it's just us at her place."

Oh, I remember from my last overnight, Gwen thought ruefully, but said nothing.

Tim had been full of questions about how she had spent her afternoon when she called to ask if she could stay the night. "Of course, have fun, I'll take care of things here," he had hurriedly assured her before asking for more details about the shoot. She promised to tell him all he wanted to know when she returned, and wondered whether his imagination could even begin to approach the actual events.

Liz was first at the condo, Gwen and Natalie arriving after completing their errand. Gwen had questioned the need for 5 bottles for three women, but Natalie just hushed her and laid down her credit card.

The tall redhead had changed into a loosely cinched terrycloth robe that came only to mid-thigh. Natalie disappeared down the hall as plates were produced for the containers of food spread out on the table, reappearing a moment later wearing only her t-shirt. She reached into an upper cupboard for wine glasses, the shirt riding up to expose her bare bottom, and Gwen was reminded that her sister-in-law had not worn underwear today.

Liz made her own trip down the hallway as her guests began to fill their plates, returning with a t-shirt in hand. "Thought you might want something more comfortable to sit around in," she said, handing the garment to Gwen.

"Oh, uh, thank you, that's very nice of you." She was grateful for the shirt, aware that she was overdressed, but unsure if she had the courage to follow Natalie's clothing choice. "Would it be alright if I use your bath room?"

"No, you have to change right here." Liz smiled to show she was joking. "Of course. Use the guest room. Down the hall, first door on the left."

Gwen remembered the way from her first visit, closing the door behind her before examining the garment. It appeared to be a sort of athletic undershirt, half-length black sleeves attached to a grey body with a button-up V-neck. Still clothed, she slipped it over her shoulders and let it fall to mid-thigh. Despite the masculine cut of the shirt, the faint smell of perfume left no doubt it had been last worn by a woman.

"Much too short to be decent," Gwen thought, "more like a miniskirt..." She removed it along with her shirt and jeans, leaving her underwear in place. She took her time in putting the athletic shirt back on, briefly considering removing at least her bra, before the Lady insisted on some small bow to modesty.

Liz and Natalie were sitting on the floor with their backs to the couch, around a coffee table loaded with three plates of food and three bottles of wine. "Nick always liked that shirt," the redhead smiled as Gwen rejoined them, "so I made sure he lost it when he moved out. It did look good on him; it looks nice on you too, though."

Gwen blushed and smiled as she did her best to seat herself across the floor from them without letting the shirt shift and reveal too much. "Thank you—it's very comfortable."

"You scared the hell out of Natalie when you disappeared in the middle of the shoot like that," Liz said as she poured the first glasses. "She thought you had freaked out and left."

"I was worried it was more than you were prepared for," her sister-in-law added.

"I'm not sure what I was prepared for," Gwen said softly as she pushed back the annoying erotic comparisons between what she had seen and her "education" with Miss Ritter. "But it wasn't that. Sandra asked me to speak with a young woman who was thinking of having some photos taken—some like I did."

"Yeah, Barry told us that when Nat got ready to chase you down before you squealed out of the driveway. Speaking of your photos, I'd really love to see them some time."

Gwen looked across at the redhead. "Really? They're not much."

Liz's stare made the blushing woman look down to study her rice. "Really. I heard they're beautiful. The next time you come over, please bring them." The tone made it clear it was a command, not a request.

Gwen looked up and nodded, her mood suddenly and inexplicably changing to one of irrational elation. She would be coming back! The possibility that she might be included in their little circle of friends made her almost proud. The Lady rolled her eyes in frustration even as the Slut purred with satisfaction, wondering what other benefits being part of this club might have. She quickly took a gulp of wine. "So, how did the rest of it go after I left?"

More of the same," Natalie grumbled good-naturedly. "Liz got to play dominating bitch, I played submissive slut. How much did you tell him, really?"

It was artfully done," the redhead replied calmly, looking at Gwen for her reaction. "It's not like you got spanked or pegged or anything. And I didn't tell Barry anything. I'm guessing he kind of had an idea about who would be better in what role."

"She was teasing me pretty good," Natalie groaned as her focus went to Gwen. "At one point he had me bending over that bench at the waist, my boobs dangling, and he had Liz right behind me. I thought maybe he had given her a strap-on as another surprise."

Liz laughed. "And all you got was a little tickling from my pubes. Did that disappoint you?"

Natalie ignored the question. "And you got a pretty good handful of my tits. I'm surprised you didn't leave marks."

Gwen took another gulp of wine. "Well, I was afraid I was going to have to come to the rescue when I saw the leather collar, and I didn't know how."

Liz smiled. "Like I said, it's not the first time your sister-in-law has worn one."

Natalie could see the confusion on Gwen's face. "Liz likes playing control games, so for certain occasions like birthdays and divorce days, I let her be in control. You know, wear what she wants me to wear, do what she wants me to do, wait on her hand and foot, stuff like that."

"And do you, uhh, get the same present on your birthday?"

"Natalie laughed. "No, Liz doesn't really like being told what to do. Me, I can go with the flow. I like being the one giving orders more, but I can play along for a good friend." She smiled wickedly. "So I take it out on Adam after and make him my bitch for an evening. Sorry, too much information. I forget he's your brother sometimes."

Gwen raised her glass for another gulp only to find it empty. Liz quickly reached to remedy the situation. "It's alright, I know you two, uhh, have sex. You don't have to watch what you say around me. I'm a big girl."

The dishes were cleared and the last two bottles of wine were brought in as reinforcements for their rapidly emptying brethren. The women again took their places around the table, Liz with one leg casually pulled up to her chest, threatening to make the robe useless, Natalie with her legs spread in a V under the table's surface. Even Gwen now sat crosslegged, her shirt nearly up to her waist, no longer caring if the others saw her underwear.

"The chili sauce they use on the shrimp is usually pretty hot," the redhead declared as she untied her robe and began flapping the edges in an effort to fan herself. Gwen caught multiple glimpses of the quivering breasts underneath. "But they must have put in an extra kick this time. Anyone mind if I lower the A/C?" She didn't wait for an answer, leaving the robe untied and briefly flashing her naked ass to the woman across from her as she climbed to her feet. The robe flapped as she returned, teasing Gwen with glimpses of what lay beneath. Liz resumed her position behind the table, leg again drawn up and robe still untied, exposing a tantalizing strip of flesh from her neck down between her barely-covered breasts and on below the table's surface.

They talked for some time after with an alcohol-induced openness, Liz and Natalie recounting the photo shoot, how nervous they had been at the start and how exciting it had been by the end, the wine making it seem only natural for Gwen to join in and admit that being on display for the young woman in the office had only inflamed the arousal that watching the two women pose had ignited.

"Well, I don't know about you two, but I'm ready for bed," Liz announced, again giving Gwen a brief peek as she climbed to her feet. Without a look back, she disappeared down the hall.

The two remaining women rose as well. "You go ahead, I'll clean up," Gwen told her sister-in-law, sensing her desire to retreat to the bedroom as well.

"Leave it 'til morning, It's not going anywhere. Listen, uhh, Gwen, if you want to stay with us tonight, Liz's bed is plenty big enough," the suddenly blushing blonde stammered. "We don't mind."

Gwen was stunned by the suddenness and enormity of the question. Both the alcohol-addled Lady and Slut tried to make sense of the offer, one shouting a strident "not in a million years!" a millisecond before the Slut filled her mind with images of three entwined naked bodies.

"I'm uhh, pretty tired," she lied, desperate to somehow leave the door open for her to change her mind. "Maybe later?"

Natalie smiled in understanding and stepped forward to hug her. Her hands gently rested on Gwen's rear as she drew her close. "C'mon in any time," she whispered. "The door's open—you won't be interrupting." She released the startled woman and retreated down the darkened hallway.

Gwen stood there for several moments after, weighing her options. The Lady counseled going out to the truck and sleeping there, so as to remove herself from all temptation. Natalie had the keys to the SUV, however, and it would be awkward to ask for them, not to mention the silliness of sleeping in a parking lot when there was a perfectly good bed available. She could just go to her room and close the door behind her until morning, when the wine would not be talking for any of them and calmer heads would prevail. Or, she could join them.

In the end, she decided the safe route would be the guest room, although the Slut made sure it was understood a heated masturbation session—maybe two—would be in order. The time-honored habit of making sure the stove was off and only one small light on was followed faithfully before making her way down the corridor.

A soft light spilled out from the open doorway next to hers—Liz's room, Gwen knew. She stopped and listened to Natalie's soft laughter, again wondering what it would be like to join them. The Lady won this round, and she retreated into her room, leaving the door open as a compromise.

The underwear's gotta go if you're gonna play with yourself, the Slut advised. T-shirt, too. She quickly stripped off Nick's shirt and carefully lay it within reach at the end of the bed, then laid her bra on the jeans and shirt she had taken off earlier. The panties were last, a sodden mess that would need to dry before she could put them on again. Even in her inebriated state, the thought of reusing dirty underwear, dry or not, seemed repugnant. She would cross that bridge

tomorrow, she decided, but best to prepare for it now. There was an air conditioning vent set in the floor on the other side of the bed, under the window; perhaps she could set them on that for faster drying. Gwen bent over, backside presented to the door, and busied herself arranging the panties over the cool flow of air. The current quickly blew the scent of her arousal back up at her and seemed to fill the room. She briefly wondered if the others might smell it as well, an idea the Slut quickly dismissed. No, their own scent was much closer and every bit as strong.

"Uhh, Gwen?"

She straightened and whirled to see her naked sister-in-law standing in the open doorway, a purple tapered cylinder held upright between her breasts. Gwen marveled at how she no longer felt an urge to cover herself, and bowed to an irrational compulsion to check between Natalie's legs to see if any further trimming had yet been done.

"You're more than welcome to join us," Natalie continued, not waiting for a response from the nude woman, "but if you don't feel comfortable, I—uhh, we, understand. Liz thought you might need something to help relax after the day we've all had, so...here you go." The vibrator was gently laid on the bed. "Sleep well. See you in the morning."

"Thank you. You too. And, uhh, thank Liz for thinking of me."

Gwen waited until Natalie's swaying bottom disappeared around the corner before moving to retrieve the toy. She twisted the knob and the vibrator rumbled to life with a noise she was certain could be heard from the other room. She fumbled to turn it off, unwilling to advertise her interest to the other women. The toy was gently placed on the nightstand and the lamp turned off as well.

Soft light still spilled into the hallway from Liz's room, and Gwen stood near her open door, transfixed by the difficulties of her choices. All was quiet for several moments, and the possibility the two women had foregone pleasure for sleep was examined. Gwen was about to retreat to her own bed—to give yourself at least one good come, the Slut demanded, no matter what they decided to do!—when she heard a soft sigh, most likely Natalie, she guessed. The noises of lovemaking grew in intensity, sighs, groans, and laughter. It certainly sounded more lighthearted and carefree than the serious business she had experienced with Miss Ritter, and Gwen's finger found its way between her folds while the other hand gently fondled a breast. She imagined herself with them in there, entangled with them, letting herself be swept up in their perversion, and the Slut urged her to turn it to reality while the Lady maintained a tenuous hold on her remaining self-control. Instead she stood and listened until her legs could no longer support her and flopped back on the bed, where they would certainly see her if they chose to come in, legs spread wide in invitation as her fingers danced and plunged.

She finished before they did, thankful for her training in the art of silence, her sexually charged wild abandon giving way to her more traditional need for control. Her orgasm passed, and she managed to crawl under the covers without the energy or desire to retrieve the t-shirt. The door was left open as well, the Slut making the point that if they didn't want to be heard, they shouldn't have left theirs open, either.

Even in her satisfied state, she listened intently to the sounds coming from the next room, pairing them with visual images the Slut conjured. Natalie came first, Gwen recognizing the soft higher pitched wail, Liz soon after, grunting primally. There was soft laughter and mumbled words, and then the hallway went dark and the room silent.

The lightheaded feeling of inebriation was more noticeable as Gwen's sexual desire temporarily slackened. She had drunk far more than she should have, she knew, and it was making her behave irrationally. The Lady continued to insist she close the door and dress, but sleep overtook her before her body could be compelled to act.

She awoke a couple of hours later, the wine beginning to wear off, a slight headache and a great thirst replacing her buzz. A trip to the kitchen for something to drink, then. Gwen rose and the wine had its last hurrah, emboldening her to take the walk down the hallway naked. The others were asleep; they'd never know. Liz's door was still open, she noticed, no sound other than the soft woosh of the air-conditioning and the steady breathing of the two women in the room. Gwen risked a look.

The soft light from a street lamp filtering through the window's thin curtains kept the bedroom from total darkness. Sheets and blankets lay tossed about the king-sized mattress. Natalie lay on her side, her naked body facing away from the door, while Liz lay behind her with an arm thrown over her bedmate's waist in a loose spooning position. It might have been a little tight, Gwen mused, but there probably is room for me. She shook her head at the imagined perversion and turned for the kitchen.

The nude woman managed to find a glass in the cupboard and drew some water from the faucet. Aspirin would be nice, she thought, but it's rude to poke through someone's medicine cabinets, so that will have to wait for morning. The dirty dishes in the sink gnawed at her need for order. As quietly as she could, Gwen began to load the dishwasher.

The sound of feet scuffling in the carpeted hallway told her she had not been quiet enough. Gwen panicked, the Lady screaming about her lack of clothes, and froze in place as she realized she had nowhere to hide.

An equally-nude Liz walked by on her way to the refrigerator. "I thought I heard someone out here," she said, apparently unconcerned with either woman's clothing choice, "mother's ears. Gotta see why Ashley's up and about after I put her to bed. I'm sure you know all about that."

Oh, yes," Gwen stammered, unwilling to face the woman. "I always woke up when my daughters got up after bedtime."

"Ashley never gets up to do the dishes, though" Liz said calmly, taking some juice out of the fridge. "What's the matter? Can't sleep?"

"I just needed something to drink. And I saw these, and..."

Liz laughed softly. "And you're a maniac for doing dishes at 2am. They'll wait. Go to bed. Unless there's something else you need..." Their eyes met and Gwen found herself unable to hold the contact.

"I, uhh, could use some aspirin..."

Liz stepped behind her and reached up to the cabinet above them, her body pressing into Gwen's. Breasts dragged along shoulder blades as she stretched, the tickle of pubic hair on the skin just above the cleft of the smaller woman's bum. A plastic bottle was retrieved and placed on the counter, but the bodies remained lightly pressed against each other. "Anything else?"

Gwen stood paralyzed. "No, no I think that's it."

The redhead's hand snaked around to her stomach, her little finger gently resting in the top of her guest's thatch. "Go to bed," Liz said as she kissed her shoulder. "I promise to take care of the dishes in the morning." The hand was removed and the contact was broken, and Gwen was again alone in the kitchen.

The condo was silent as she padded back down the hallway, back to her room. She resisted the urge to again look in on Liz and Natalie, aware that the tall redhead might still be awake.

She slipped under her covers and fell back with a sigh to stare at the ceiling. Sleep was close, she knew, but it would be easier to find without the resurgent need making her sex tingle. Her hands traced patterns across the skin of her stomach and chest while her mind began to imagine.

An image of her sandwiched between the two bodies in the next room came to mind, warm and comfortable and desired, with someone else's hands doing what her own were now busy at. The movie reel was abruptly stopped—too perverted, too dangerous, too close to possible, the Lady sputtered, and Gwen knew she was right. The scene switched to a more familiar one, to being on display, on the grounds that while it was still perverted and dangerous, it was not ever going to happen.

She was there on the platform, the center of attention for many naked, faceless men, each showing their approval for what she was showing them by casually stroking their erections. A faceless woman stood above her—no, it was Liz, the Slut insisted—goading her into various lewd poses with the riding crop she held. Liz poked and prodded, opening Gwen for the crowd's view, putting her on hands and knees before again flipping her over and spreading her legs impossibly wide. Gwen was handed a vibrator as she reached for the real-life one on the nightstand, and she knew what she was expected to do.

The Lady hoped the blankets sufficiently muffled the buzz of the toy as Gwen applied it to her clit, just as she was doing in her fantasy. The men now stroked in earnest, entranced by the show this slut was giving them. Big penises, small ones, fat ones, skinny ones, all shades and colors, all pointed at her but kept at a respectful distance. For the second time that night, her eyes rolled back as she stiffened and rode the intense waves of pleasure. When it was done, there was some guilt, but there was also relief and relaxation. Gwen fell asleep without even returning the vibrator to the nightstand.

She was the first one awake the next morning, the wine's bravery replaced by a vague sense of relief that she had not followed its lure to the next room. Gwen reached for the t-shirt Liz had given her, slipping it over her head while foregoing the bra as it was now officially day-old underwear and therefore especially dirty. Her panties were harder to leave off, but if the bra was dirty, those were disgusting given their condition the night before. They were left of as well and the t-shirt would have to be trusted to cover her.

She brought the vibrator to the bathroom with her and carefully cleaned it, then placed it on the nightstand. The difficulties of making coffee in a strange kitchen were solved in due time and soon the aroma was filling the condominium.

"Thought I smelt coffee," Natalie mumbled sleepily as she stumbled into the kitchen, not even bothering with the modesty of last night's apparel.

"Sleep okay?" she asked over her first sip.

"Just fine," Gwen replied "You?"

"Great. Got really relaxed and slept like a baby. Liz said you had a headache and she got you some aspirin?"

Gwen stiffened. "Umm, yes, nothing serious, though. Just needed some water and some sleep." How much else did she tell you, she wondered.

"Good, good." Natalie rose, mug in hand. "She's taking a shower right now. I just wanted to get some coffee before I hopped in. You up for going out to breakfast this morning? There's a place right down the road. We can head home from there."

"Yes, that will be fine," Gwen stammered, watching her sister-in-law retreat. She hurriedly followed to begin her own shower, turning the corner into the hallway in time to see Natalie's naked rear-end disappear into the bedroom.

Gwen collected her jeans and shirt then discretely closed the guest bathroom door behind her before turning on the spray and stripping off what little cover she wore. She was clean, dressed, and waiting in the kitchen for nearly half an hour before Liz and Natalie reappeared.

The restaurant was a small informal place in a strip mall two miles down the road from the condo. Despite having examined herself in the bathroom mirror for five minutes after dressing, Gwen still wondered if any of the other patrons in the tight space could tell she was braless. The Slut wanted to know what they were going to do about it if they did. Four men sat to her left, taking turns glancing towards her table often then looking away whenever Gwen noticed them doing so. She smiled at their obvious interest in Liz and Natalie, wondering what their reaction might be if they found out what her two tablemates had done yesterday afternoon and evening, and maybe even this morning. The idea these two women, your typical soccer moms, could possess secret and scandalous alternate personalities excited her.

And what about herself? What if these men knew that erotic pictures of her existed, that she had walked about naked in another woman's house, that she had masturbated there-twice? But they didn't, Gwen knew. To them, she was just another middle-aged mom waiting for her poached egg. She was the Lady. But the Slut had carved out her own secret world and was making it bigger by the day. And for the first time, Gwen found the prospect of helping the Slut expand her space exciting. In small, conservative doses of course, she reassured the Lady.

They sat and talked for two hours before saying their goodbyes, already talking about their next get-together, Gwen again happy to be included in their plans.

"Well, well, I never thought I'd see the day," Natalie deadpanned as she accelerated on to the main road, "where I'd be wearing a bra and you aren't."

"What?" Gwen shrieked, suddenly self-conscious. "How can you tell?"

"Your boobs may not be as big as mine, but they still have a nice little bounce to them when they're not strapped down. I noticed when we were leaving Liz's, and I'm sure those guys at the table next to ours noticed. They kept looking over, probably hoping for another show. I know you had their attention when we left."

Gwen looked down to ensure her buttons were properly fastened as she tried to convince herself they had actually been looking at Liz and Natalie. "Do you really think they knew I wasn't wearing a bra?"

"Maybe. Probably. Next time you should leave your collar open a little more, give 'em something to think about. Still, you may have let the girls roam free," Natalie continued, "but I have less between me and my shorts than you do."

"Well..." Gwen answered slowly, the Lady pleading that advertising her lack of underwear wasn't necessary, the Slut anxious to one-up her more worldly sister-in-law.

Natalie's head snapped to the passenger seat. "You didn't..." The driver's hand didn't wait for an answer, diving down beneath Gwen's seat belt and the waistband of her jeans until her fingers could go no further than the beginning of her cleft. Still, they searched back and forth...

"Hey, stop that!" Gwen cried, but did not attempt to remove the incredibly inappropriate fingers. "Hands on the wheel!" The digits withdrew more slowly than they had advanced.

"Gwen Nelson!" Natalie said in an exaggerated tone of shock. "You done and went commando!"

"I don't like wearing dirty underwear, is all," she replied while tucking her shirt back in. "It just makes me feel like I wasted a shower."

"You can take off the shirt and jeans if those make you feel dirty," Natalie replied slyly. "So, what did you do with your undies if you're not wearing them?"

"No, I'll manage, thank you, and they're in my purse."

"Plenty of room in that Mom bag of yours, that's for sure.

Gwen snorted. "By the way, Tim was asking me for details about my afternoon when I called him last night. I think he wants to know how your afternoon was, too. How much are you comfortable with me telling him?"

"Oh, you think he does, does he? That naughty boy. You can tell him however much you want. Can I tell him about your naked dishwasher loading at dinner tomorrow?"

Gwen shrieked. "First, Liz told you? Second, I completely forgot about dinner at my parents' house tomorrow, third, I thought you were working tomorrow, and fourth, don't even joke about telling him at dinner tomorrow."

Natalie grinned. "First, she did. Second, yes, there's dinner at your parents' house tomorrow. Third, I'm working the late shift—I switched with Rosemary because of yesterday. Fourth, does that mean I can't tell him at all, or just not at dinner?"

"You're terrible."

"Maybe, but I'm willing to bet giving him the rundown on how you got your aspirin will get you laid in a most satisfying manner the moment I'm out of sight. Stuff like that drives Adam wild."

Gwen was at a loss for words as she again examined her buttons.

Liz thinks you have a very cute butt, by the way."

"Will you stop that!"

Natalie just shrugged and laughed.

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Tim emerged from underneath the hood of his truck as the two women pulled into the yard. Wiping grease from his hands with an equally grimy rag, he ambled to the driver's window as Gwen emerged from the passenger side.

"'Mornin', Nat. Thank you for getting her home safe."

"Thank YOU for letting her go. It was wonderful to have her along, although I don't think she got much of a chance to relax. Liz found her doing dishes at 2am—"

"Natalie!" Gwen shouted as she rounded the back of the vehicle to where her husband stood.

The woman in the driver's seat smiled. "I should let her fill you in on all the details of our little trip. I'll fill you in on anything she missed at dinner tomorrow." A smile and a wink was flashed in Gwen's direction, and the panicked woman hoped that was the signal she was joking. "See you then." She put the SUV in reverse, and with a wave, was off.

Tim leaned in to kiss his wife, his blackened hands held in the air as a warning to keep a respectful distance. "Well, how'd it go?" he asked as he waited for her to open the screen door, hands still held high in a mock sign of surrender.

"Oh, it went fine. Quite the production," she replied as they stepped into the kitchen.

Tim continued on into the laundry room, to the wash basin where he kept the degreaser soap. "More than yours?" he called out from the next room.

Gwen wandered into the living room, intent on checking the messages on their home phone. "Different..." Her eyes were drawn to the leather bound photo album lying on the coffee table. "Tim? My photo album is out!"

He reappeared from around the corner, drying his hands on a dishtowel, one that would have to go right back in the laundry room, Gwen noted. His hands had to be clean, because the towel certainly wasn't. "I looked at it while you were gone. Twice," he noted with an embarrassed smirk. "I missed you. All of you."

"You can't leave it out like that," she scolded. "What if someone comes in and see it?"

"Sorry, sorry..." he reached for her, hands now clean. "So, how was it different?"

Gwen retold the afternoon's events, cautiously adding details as she gauged Tim's interest and acceptance, eventually including her own private showing for Kristin, as well as the fact she had invited her to come up to ride some time.

"Good," Tim encouraged, "that was really nice of you. So you didn't do any posing yourself?"

"Oh no, certainly not, Liz and Natalie are much better suited for that. I think they're as comfortable out of their clothes as in them. They hardly wore anything even after we went back to Liz's condo."

"Really? Didn't you feel overdressed?"

"Well, Liz gave me a shirt that used to be her ex-husband's...it was like a shorty nightgown. And I kept my underwear on," she added quickly.

He grinned down at her. "And when did you take your bra off?"

Gwen blushed. "Oh, uhh, you noticed?"

"Guys tend to be able to spot the movement of free-range boobs the moment we get our first hard on. You had a little more bounce to your step when we came in the house, and I didn't feel anything underneath your shirt when I hugged you." Tim began to work the buttons for a better look.

"I don't like dirty underwear," she again explained lamely.

"That doesn't surprise me," he said as the shirt came open for him to confirm what she had already told him. "What does surprise me is that you like it less than none at all. The old Gwen would have gritted her teeth and worn it anyways. I like this new Gwen. So I can assume there's nothing under the jeans, either?"

"Well no..."

Tim sank to his knees in front of her and quickly worked the snap of her pants, then the fly. Hands grabbed the waistband and pulled to confirm she spoke the truth. Gwen stood there, barely covered from the waist up and naked from the waist down to the puddle of denim around her ankles as her husband grasped her by the asscheeks and gently pulled until her sex met his lips. His tongue tickled and explored, going as far as her still-closed legs would allow.

Tim rose. Strong arms picked her up by the waist and dropped her in the nearby easy chair before he began to work on removing her sandals and jeans. And then she was naked, legs hooked over the arms of the chair, exposed to him. Tim bent again to savor her rapidly moistening pussy.

This would be a fine time for Alison and Jason to walk in on us, Gwen thought as she lazily ran her fingers through her husband's salt-and-pepper hair. Look kids, your parents are perverts! She was not about to stop the tongue on her clitoris to go lock the door, however.

Tim abruptly rose again then bent to fumble with his boot laces, leaving her spread for his viewing pleasure. Boots and jeans were removed with some difficulty due to his hurried motions, but soon enough he stood there in front of her, his erect cock jutting up and out.

"My turn?"

Gwen brought her legs together and sat up, kissing the spongy head of her husband's staff, then dragging a tongue underneath it from base to tip. Tim shivered in appreciation and lightly grasped the sides of her head as his hips reflexively twitched. She knew he was past the need for subtleties and slid him past her lips.

Tim sighed in gratitude and matched his thrusts with Gwen's efforts. He was careful not to drive too far and perhaps choke her, but his motions made it clear he found her mouth a perfectly acceptable substitute for her other treasures below.

His hands tightened on her head as she drew back, and he removed himself from her mouth.

"Wait—sit back in the chair."

She did as he asked, looking up at him as he again hooked her legs over the arms of the chair and stood over her, fisting his erection. He stroked himself for another minute before the first jet of pearly white cream flew from the tip of his cock, landing wetly on her shirt. Others followed, forming a line down her stomach, the last dribbles landing in her thatch.

"Sorry—I got the idea I wanted to do that when I was looking at your pictures last night," he said apologetically. "Probably good I did it now if I was going to do it at all—you should have seen how much I let fly last night. You would have been soaked."

"Please don't apologize, I liked it," she said truthfully. "It must be a boy thing to put on a show like that. I'd like to see how much you have when you've saved it up for a while. Were you thinking about the same thing when you looked at the album the second time?"

"Well, uh, yeah, that and some other things..." he answered evasively. Gwen wondered if the 'other things' had anything to do with her activities over the past twenty four hours, but decided to let him off the hook for now.

The album was not returned to its hiding place until Tim, ever the gentleman, helped finish the orgasm he had started to build in her.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 07**

Dinner the next day was in many ways the same affair Gwen had known since her childhood. Stress from the feeling she was being examined and evaluated mingled with polite boredom and distance from her mother's tales of her social circles, of who had been scandalized and perhaps knocked a rung down the ladder recently.

There was something different today though, something that had begun to build at breakfast the day before and never left. You think I'm still a proper wife and mother, a daughter, Gwen thought as she pretended to listen to her mother's story about how the Pearsons' son had flunked out of college. But you have no idea that I enjoy being an object of desire for strange men despite already having a husband, or what I've been doing with your own daughter-in-law. What would you do if you ever found out Natalie and I had practically been intimate? There was fear in that thought still, but now excitement in the potential scandal as well.

And what about the rest of the gathered family? She looked at each of them in turn. Did they have things hidden in their past or present? It was extremely unlikely for her mother, Gwen knew, but what about her father? Mother had always said to resign yourself to the idea that men need to cheat; did that apply to Daddy as well? And what about Alison and Jason? That was more likely; what were their secrets, and did she really want to know?

Tim and Gwen made love that night in the familiar, predictable way they had practiced for years before the summer began. Gwen was comforted by the routine, appreciating the ability to return to what she had known with her husband since her wedding night, to the way they had made their children. The knowledge that this safe spot still existed even after her forays into more perverted practices made her content.

She stayed content until Tuesday, until the need to let the Slut loose for a bit of fun began to grow again. The Lady realized that resistance was futile and instead bent her efforts to ensuring Gwen properly prepared for the event, insisting that her normal attention to detail applied even to acts of debauchery.

Tim would be at a planning board meeting tomorrow evening, she thought, and we need groceries. Perhaps a trip to the market was in order. Not her regular one, but that one two towns over.

Her clothing choices were also pondered. Gwen settled on a golf shirt in KD's closet that would work with what she had in mind. The extra material needed to cover her daughter's more expansive chest made the top almost baggy on her mother. A golf skirt that Alison had purchased when taking up the sport while she and Jason were dating was also selected. Gwen remembered her own mother's objection to her granddaughter wearing it where her friends at the club might see. Unlike Ali, she had no intention of wearing the shorts that were supposed to go with it.

It was business as normal the next morning, conservative Mrs. Nelson seeing the trucks off and plowing through paperwork until a quick dash to the house for lunch. Gwen the thrillseeker walked back across the yard to the office carrying her clothes rather than wearing them, dressing moments before the first truck pulled into the yard late in the afternoon.

Tim returned for a quick shower and a change of clothes before heading back down into town. Gwen smiled and waved from the deck as his truck backed away, then headed to KD's room, to where she had laid out her clothes.

The omission of underwear meant it only took a moment to change, the addition of white ankle socks and sneakers giving her a look that would have had her blending in perfectly at the country club. It was the look she was hoping for; no one would ever suspect someone of that social class to be running about without underwear. She also hoped the implied social status would make people pause before challenging her should she be discovered—growing up in that atmosphere had taught her that privileges of class did indeed exist.

She bounced in front of the mirror to test the shirt's ability to disguise the fact she was braless, the extra fabric rippling in an exaggerated fashion from the motion of the firm mounds beneath. Better not jump up and down, Gwen reminded herself, then turned and bent at the waist to look back at her reflection and the hem rising dangerously close to revealing her bottom. Satisfied, and with heart pounding, she headed out.

Gwen could feel her unfettered breasts jiggling despite the seatbelt that crossed between them as she bounced over the rough backroads towards her target. She occasionally glanced down at just how much thigh was exposed, and resisted the urge to reach underneath and give herself one quick swipe of a finger. Two hands on the wheel...

It was nearly dusk when she pulled into the shopping center. The oncoming darkness had been figured into her plan as well, a curtain for her to escape behind should the need arise. The department store next to the supermarket caught her eye; she had forgotten it was here. Much to the Lady's annoyance, her carefully laid out plan changed and there was a need to look for some clothes before groceries.

Gwen wandered the woman's section feigning casual interest among the clothing racks before gravitating to the lingerie. She took her time studying the various styles, wondering if the bored husbands and boyfriends of her fellow shoppers were taking note of her interests, maybe even wondering what she might look like in them. Three bras that she had no intention of actually trying on were selected and taken to the dressing rooms.

She hid her disappointment over the small and empty waiting area as the middle-aged clerk handed her a tag before returning to the rack of putbacks behind her. The arrangement of the chairs didn't leave many opportunities for those who might come along after to view the rooms beyond, but she selected a stall nonetheless, disappointed the door opened towards the back and would completely block even the most determined onlooker's view.

Still, she left the door open a crack and stripped off what little she wore, the Slut reveling in the wickedness of being completely naked in a near-public setting while the Lady shook her head at the display of mental instability. The bras hung untouched as Gwen stayed there for some time, going so far as to poke her head and upper body out the door in the hopes another shopper might perhaps come down to a stall beyond hers. The possibility of pleasuring herself right then and there was considered before reluctantly being rejected as too risky.

It was time to go grocery shopping, she decided. It took only a moment to redress and return the bras, stopping on her way out as she passed through the shoe department. Gwen smiled and grabbed a pair of flats in her size before sitting down to try them on, her seat selection more important than the choice of shoes; at her feet was a mirror. Her legs opened and slid her skirt upwards as she bent to pull the flats on to her feet; she didn't bother to straighten it or her legs after she sat up again. A quick check in the mirror confirmed her most private spot could be seen in the reflection, dim under what little of the skirt still covered it, the profusion of curls further obscuring her cleft, but visible nonetheless. Gwen glanced about nervously, looking for any other shoppers who might be able to see her reflection, relieved and disappointed she was alone in the aisle. She modeled the shoes for a moment more, then removed them and headed next door.

Gwen's nerve wavered a bit under the sheer number of shoppers in the store with her and curtsied demurely when selecting items from the lower shelves. She checked the skirt frequently to ensure it was hanging correctly, and considered buttoning up the open collar of her shirt.

A stop at the custom cuts meat case was first. "Can I help you, ma'am?" A bored young man, his white coat blotted with dried maroon splotches, looked at her from across the low glass case.

"Umm, yes, please." The Slut spurred her to greater mischief and Gwen bent to examine the selections in the bottom rack. "May I have two of those marinated chicken breasts, please?" Gwen was certain the young man would have a clear view of her dangling mounds beneath the gaping shirt if he happened to look. A quick glance up confirmed he had indeed chosen to do so, his stare focused on a spot below her face.

"Uhh, yes ma'am," he stammered, his eyes studying the gap in the shirt intently, unaware he had been caught peeping. "Uhh, two breasts?"

"Yes, please," Gwen answered, holding her pose and pretending to help the clerk locate her selection. "Those right there."

The young man took his time retrieving her selection as he switched his focus between the woman on the other side of the slightly fogged glass and her meat. He eventually straightened to bag her request, and Gwen held her pose.

"Anything else, ma'am?"

Gwen could feel her breasts shimmy ever so slightly as she shifted her weight to point to another part of the case. "Yes, please. Two of the strip steaks." She did not straighten until he had retrieved those as well.

"Anything else, ma'am? We have some excellent rolled pork in the bottom of the case."

His attitude has certainly changed, Gwen noted with some amusement. She bent again to examine his suggestion as the young clerk stooped to show her. "No, no thank you," she said, straightening. "That would be too much for me. This will do it."

The clerk smiled and watched her push her cart on down the aisle, pleased with his good fortune; he had gotten a good look at a nice pair of titties. Nice rack, a little small, he mused. I'd still be more than happy to wrap 'em around my dick, though. Here, take this rolled pork, lady. The young man snorted. Women can be so oblivious!

Gwen laid low through the rest of the store and past the checkout, the Lady imploring her not to press her luck in this crowded environment. One of the baggers, an elderly man, offered to take her purchases to the truck, an offer she gratefully accepted.

"The cold things can go on the seat behind the driver's side," she told him as they reached the vehicle, "the rest can go in the bed." Gwen opened the door and looked in. "Let me make some room." She leveraged her small frame over the back seat and reached towards the other side for a piece of paper that lay there, her feet off the pavement and skirt pulled high up over her rear as her body slipped back a bit after she relaxed her reach. Gwen knew she was completely exposed to the man, from the top of her rear-end to her ankles; she wondered if anyone else might have noticed as well. The pose was held as long as she dared without seeming obvious, then her body slid back the rest of the way, the trapped skirt underneath her almost bunching around her waist before her feet hit the pavement and she backed away from the truck. The elderly man held the first bag, an expression of surprise on his face. Gwen moved out of his way and let him load.

His task finished, she thanked and tipped him before climbing up into the cab of the big truck, exposing all of her thigh and left buttock to the man who made no attempt to hide the fact he was staring. It took him a moment to rouse himself from his shock and move away enough for her to back out of the parking spot.

Now that's an ass, the elderly clerk mused as he collected some nearby carts, and she knew exactly what was she was showin' me. Perfect for a little spank when ya got her bent over, drivin' it home. I shoulda given it a little squeeze for her trouble.

The Lady barely managed to enforce the two hands on the wheel, two eyes on the road rule as Gwen hurried home. The adrenaline that had been coursing through her was only now disspiating enough to bring her heartrate down below wildly thumping, allowing the tingling radiating from her sex to take center stage. She did remove a shaking hand from the wheel long enough to flip the skirt up and fold it against the lap belt, her curls exposed in the dashboard lights.

Despite the time she had spent allowing the Slut some exercise, she still beat Tim home. Gwen changed into something more conservative, knowing that at that hour Tim would most likely be too tired to take her when he finally did make it home, and was bringing in the groceries as he pulled up. Her exhausted husband helped finish the unloading, performed his nightly routine around the property, kissed his wife good night and shuffled off to bed.

Gwen knew she could not expect him to take care of her need, and she also knew it could not wait until he awoke tomorrow. There was always the pool jet, but even though the water was warm the night was cool, and the idea of making her way back to the house naked and shivering did not appeal to her.

There were her toys...but the risk of awaking her husband and explaining her actions as he lay next to her was not what she had in mind. There were other places in the house, certainly. Ali and KD's rooms still had their comfortable twin mattresses, but the idea of pleasuring herself in one of her daughter's beds just didn't seem right. Gwen looked at the couch, nodded, and crept down the hallway.

She returned a moment later after pulling both dildos out of her drawer while Tim slept. Gwen left the vibrators where they were—no need for extra noise. The lights were extinguished—even the one over the stove—before clothes were discarded and she lay back. Her finger began a slow tease of her tingling clitoris as she thought back on the night's events, of the attention she had received from both clerks. Had they gotten erections? Gwen wondered if the elderly man was still able to, and if her show was sufficient to awaken him. Did either one of them touch themselves after? Were they touching themselves right now, imagining what they might be doing to her? Her mind kept going back to the older man and she was filled with a strange compassion to "make his day," to help him achieve something she had always heard grew more difficult with age. Gwen briefly pondered which dildo to use and went with the shorter, fatter one—the color and size would probably more closely match what really was between the elderly clerk's legs.

Gwen, still bent over the seat of the truck in her imagination as she turned over and kneeled on the cushion while her breasts flattened against the sofa's arm, opened he legs enough for him to slide into her warmth as her finger rubbed her insistent clit. The dildo was soon being pushed into her sex with force as the old man in her mind picked up the pace, roughly grasping her hips while his cock remembered younger times.

He erupted with a triumphant bellow as her own climax rocked her senses. Gwen's hand convulsively jammed the faux penis deeply inside of her, as if the man behind it was obeying the primal instinct to get his seed just a little closer to her womb.

The sound of her own ragged breathing was the first thing she recognized as she returned to the here and now, and her sex had a dull, satisfying ache from the abuse she had inflicted upon it with the dildo. If they only knew, Gwen thought with a smile as she cleaned up, if they only knew.

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Business was most certainly good, Gwen mused as she looked through the scheduled appointments and open invoices. Cliff was off on a few days' vacation, and if things were busy before, they were crazy with the company down one plumber. Gwen briefly thought about canceling her ride with Natalie on Friday as a show of support for the other employees who were facing twelve hour days, but knew it would be an empty gesture—the paperwork was under control, it was the actual jobs that were beginning to stack up.

The pair fell into their normal routine that sunny Friday morning, shirts removed before they had left the barn, and everything else discarded as they made their way into the pool upon their return. Gwen chose not to share her Tuesday adventures, preferring not to appear as though she was overly proud of her actions.

"So, you going back to the natural look?"

Gwen glanced over from where she stood on the pool steps to her paddling sister-in-law. She knew what Natalie was referring to. "No, not intentionally, anyways. I see you didn't stay with the natural look for long."

Natalie smiled and casually rubbed her hand over her now almost-nude sex. "Yeah, Adam likes my pussy bare. Says he hates having to stop to get hair off his tongue."

Gwen blushed at the mention of her brother's oral preferences, but said nothing.

"So, you want me to trim it up for you?"

"Uhh, okay, I guess, please—if it's not too much effort."

Natalie smiled and began to move towards the stairs. "No problem at all. Let's go take care of it now." Gwen preceded her, stepping on to the pool deck as her sister-in-reached for the railing. "Liz is right, you do have a cute butt!"

"Stop that!" Gwen protested half-heartedly, putting a hand behind her as a sort of shield before taking it away again.

"How short you want it? Like mine?" Natalie asked as Gwen led her into the bedroom and collected some scissors and a towel.

"No, not quite like that—although I think yours looks nice," she hurriedly added, not wishing to offend her sister-in-law's choice of grooming styles, "just cut it as close as you can all over without using a razor." She put the towel down, lay back, and opened herself to Natalie, managing her embarrassment by closing her eyes. "I tried to cut it myself, but I'm still nervous about sharp things down there."

Gwen could feel the other woman kneel at the end of the bed and gently finger comb the mass of curls before starting to clip. "It's a Curran thing," Natalie said casually as she worked. "Your brother gets all freaked out when I manscape him."

"Oh—Adam trims down there?" Gwen wondered if it was proper to ask.

"If he lets me do it, he does. I love the look of his cock and balls when they're completely bare and all oiled up. But he gets nervous about what it looks like when he's in the gym locker room with his buddies after basketball- says it's like a case of one of these things is not like the others, and that they'll think he's metrosexual or something like that. So, I don't get to get him all smooth and silky that often, and when I do, it costs me. Does Tim ever do some yardwork down there?"

"Oh no, at least, I don't think so. It doesn't get very long, though."

"Well, that's alright. Short ones work just as well as long ones."

Gwen caught the reference. "I'm not talking about his thing, I'm talking about his hair! His thing is more than long enough for me." The Slut chuckled at the idea of Gwen talking about her husband's penis while another woman crouched between her open legs. My, my, how far we've come.

Natalie laughed softly. "I know, I know, just giving you a hard time. I'm sure Tim's cock is perfect." The women fell silent for a moment, the only sound the soft snip of the shears. "Hey, I wanted to apologize for that night at Liz's," her sister-in-law said softly. I know I put you on the spot with I invited you to join us. I think the wine made me a little too bold."

"No need to apologize, it just took me by surprise, is all." Gwen's musings from the past week rushed out in a flood. "I mean, I had a good guess what would probably happen before you went to sleep, and I haven't done...that...with anyone since I got married, I mean all the way if you don't count what we did, and never with two people at once, and even if you hadn't intended to invite me to join in, which you certainly didn't have to, I still would have been there watching you, and I've never done that before either!"

Natalie set the scissors down and looked up from her work. "Did you want to?" she asked softly.

Gwen raised her head and looked down at the serious face between her legs. "Did I want to?"

Their eyes locked as a finger was slowly drawn through her slit, the signal her trim was done. "Did you want to?" Natalie repeated.

"I...I guess...yes, I did. It was all just so overwhelming."

"I understand," Natalie agreed, never breaking eye contact. "Do you want to now?"

"I, uhh, I..." The Lady threw up her hands in disgust. "What do I do?"

Her sister-in law rose from her knees. "Stand up," she ordered, and Gwen slowly worked her way off the bed as she tried to decide whether it was too late to back out.

"Stay right there." Natalie reached behind her and grabbed the towel she had been lying on. "Be right back." Gwen stood in place, following orders, nude and shivering with anxiety and anticipation. Her sister-in-law returned a moment later, a beach towel and a bottle of baby oil in hand.

The fresh towel was laid on the bed and pillows arranged. "Okay, lie down again. On your stomach this time."

Gwen looked at her sister-in-law uncertainly but complied. Memories of how Miss Ritter had used much the same setup to instruct her on "therapeutic" massage flooded her, and how she had been expected to replicate her lesson on her instructor. Even the remembered smell of the liniment she used, pungent and not at all pleasant, seemed to fill her nostrils.

The bed sagged as Natalie climbed on the bed and straddled her legs. Miss Ritter had never done that—her massages took place with the attendee lying down and the attendant standing or kneeling bedside, ready to put their weight into the effort. Warm thighs captured her own, then walked forward until her sister-in-law rested lightly atop her rear end, the warm lips of her bare sex pressed down against her tailbone. Gwen heard the bottle's cap pop open, and a squirt of cool liquid traced down her spine.

The clean, familiar smell of the oil blew away the memory of the liniment as two hands, as gentle and soothing as Miss Ritter's had been strong and rough, began to smooth the liquid into Gwen's shoulderblades. The hands and fingers dragged and pushed, not to work the soreness out of tired muscles but to arouse the nerve endings below, to inflame her sensuality.

The hands continued to smooth and glide, picking up oil that had collected at the base of her spine and spreading it across Gwen's back and occasionally as far as the sides of her breasts, flattened against the towel. She reveled in the touch, inviting it—both giving and receiving Miss Ritter's massages had been physical workouts compared to the sensory bliss she was experiencing now.

"Doing alright?" Natalie asked in a low voice. Gwen nodded with eyes closed and the body on her rear shifted back, resettling again on her thighs, before more oil was squirted on the recently vacated cheeks. Gwen felt a rivulet run down the valley between her globes, and then the finger that dashed in to catch it.

The finger collected the droplet and coated the crevice with it before dropping further, down across ther rosebud to the edge of her opening, then dragging back up to spread the slippery liquid about her crinkled muscle. Gwen flinched in surprise.

"Shh, it's okay," Natalie murmured. "I'm not going in. But your asshole has a lot of nerve endings, and is a great place to give a little attention to, if you haven't discovered already."

She knew that, Gwen thought, but the fact she had touched herself there was still too shameful to admit. Still, she allowed the finger to work until it withdrew to allow the hand it was attached to access to her buttocks. The touch was gentle, soothing, and nervousness gave way to arousal and a sense of well-being. The body behind her again shifted, this time gently forcing its way between the prone woman's knees, and her thighs received her sister-in-law's full attention.

Natalie's fingers dipped and swirled, pressing gently sometimes, barely making contact with the skin others, working down the insides of her thighs, ever closer to their junction, Gwen not even aware she had opened herself further to aid their travel. She shivered as Natalie's fingers reached their destination and gently stroked along the outside of her lips in unison, once, twice.

And then they were gone, the body between her knees moving further back to apply oil to her calves and toes, Gwen nearly sighing with disappointment. The feel of her sister-in-law's fingers running between her toes brought more excitement.

"Roll over, sweetie," Natalie said in a low voice. Gwen did as requested, looking up at her nude sister-in-law as she hovered above her and applied a line of oil from the base of her neck to just above her freshly cut thatch. Her sister-in-law's right hand gently began to spread the liquid, soon joined by the other hand as they worked ever closer to her breasts.

And then they were on her mounds, spreading, kneading, caressing, occasionally teasing an erect nipple before moving again. Gwen watched in fascination as her breasts were gently pushed and pulled, fingers exerting enough pressure to leave brief marks before they met as a loose fist to squeeze her tender flesh. "You have beautiful tits, so firm," Natalie murmured as she paid them homage.

Her sister-in-law moved from her spot between Gwen's legs to kneel beside her, one hand still gently caressing her mounds while the other spread the oil on her stomach. It circled and swirled a little lower with each pass until fingertips casually brushed through the short hair of her mons. Gwen's legs spread further in invitation, and Natalie accepted. Her palm was firmly planted on the fleshy pad above the aroused woman's sex as a finger found her slit and curled up until it made contact with her clitoris. The touch was electric, and her hips twitched. The finger circled and stroked, occasionally dipping down to push deeply between her lips before coming back. Gwen had the feeling as though she was being made love to by herself, the touch so familiar and right on target with her desires, but with a hand was working independently of her nervous system. Her hips began to twitch and buck more urgently, and the hand curled down, the heel of her palm putting pressure on her clit while a finger drove inside her and curled back to reach for her G spot.

"Come for me, honey. I want to watch you come." Natalie's fingerfucking became more forceful, the rocking of her palm pushing waves of pleasure out from her sister-in-law's clit as her finger pushed deep into her opening. Gwen's thighs involuntarily locked about the torturing hand, trapping it in place as her climax built. She was dimly aware of her right nipple being gently twirled between two fingers, and wished that Natalie had a third hand to tease the other one with.

Her orgasm was somehow different than anything Miss Ritter, Tim, or even her own hand, had ever given her. Not better, not worse, just...different. Its intensity was very familiar, however, and she stiffened and twitched until her muscles began to ache with fatigue. She eventually managed to loosen her grip on the hand between her legs, but did not release it. The finger inside her gently stroked, a pleasant feeling as her pussy twitched through its last spasms. Gwen went limp.

"Welcome back," Natalie said with a soft laugh. "Have a nice trip?"

Gwen looked up at the smiling woman and smiled back in appreciation. "That was wonderful. Thank you." The Slut lay sprawled on one shoulder, the Lady silent and glaring on the other. Even without prodding from her prim and proper alter ego, she knew it was only polite to return the favor. "Let me help you now."

Natalie smile and pulled back her hand as the thighs holding them opened. "Thanks sweetie, but if I leave now, I'll just make it to work in time. Marjorie's got the whole weekend off starting as soon as I relieve her, so I don't want to be late. But I will take a raincheck—I'd love for you to do me the next time we ride, okay?"

"Oh—alright," Gwen replied, relief in not being asked to perform mixed with disappointment in not being able to do so. "Can I make you something to eat while you're getting ready?"

Natalie was already off the bed, kneading and massaging her breasts with both the leftover oil and Gwen's juices. "Nah, thanks, though. Be right back," she called out over her shoulder as she headed down the hallway, still rubbing her tits, "gotta get my clothes out of the car." Gwen followed, watching the naked woman go out to her SUV to retrieve a bag. She dressed in the kitchen while Gwen looked on, deciding not to dress until her sister-in-law was seen off.

"Wow, you've got some powerful thighs, lady," Natalie said as she shook her hand in mock pain. "Wasn't sure I was getting this back."

Gwen blushed. "Sorry. I guess I just lose control when I feel that good."

Natalie snorted. "Lose control? I've never seen someone so under control when they're coming. It looked like you were trying not to sneeze." She kissed her sister-in-law on the cheek. "Gotta go. Same time next week?"

"I'd like that."

"Great! I'll call you to see how things are going."

Gwen stood on the deck, still nude, and watched Natalie drive away. She dressed and made her way back to the office, guilt over her debauchery while Tim and the others were working so hard hanging over her. Despite her efforts to concentrate as she sat behind the desk, she stared at the far wall as her mind wandered.

She had taken the next step with Natalie; significant and inevitable, both Lady and Slut decreed, though for different reasons. It was not the first time she had been with a woman, but it almost seemed so. The act had been so different with Miss Ritter. Back then, she had managed to convince herself that she had only done it because it was part of her job and continuing education; she was certain the orgasms her instructor had occasionally handed out were either lessons on how the older rider expected to be pleasured, or rewards for own good behavior. Certainly, on most nights she had left the woman's apartment with an unfulfilled sexual ache that would not be satisfied as touching herself was out of the question; not once had Miss Ritter ever given the student release if the instructor had not gotten it herself. She had always considered herself a "good girl;" anything she had done or experienced was because she was convinced she had to.

Even after her marriage, she had hoped her new husband might reveal a hidden, domineering personality in the bedroom and force her to do all the sick and twisted things that dwelt in a man's imagination while she complied as a "faithful wife" and absolved herself of responsibility. But instead he was in private what he was in public—respectful, sweet, adorable, and she had found no excuse to stray from her mother's morality, embracing it for no other reason other than Tim had married and expected a "good wife."

Today had been so unlike her riding academy experiences. Natalie had freely given without expecting anything in return right then and there. And her touch was so different! Soft, gentle, caring...not the cold, impersonal, manipulations she had both given and received before she met Tim...much the same treatment she had continued to give her husband until recently, she feared.

And Natalie. She'd have to tell Tim what happened. He said he didn't mind before; she had no choice but to find out if he meant it now.

And she had promised her sister-in-law the favor would be returned; of course Natalie would understand if Tim objected—wouldn't she?—but what if he said it was alright? The relief she had felt when Natalie had first declined Gwen's offer was not from a reluctance to make her sister-in-law happy, but rather a worry that her performance would not match the expectations. Would she be able to deliver the same caring, fulfilling pleasure she had felt just a short while ago?

Questions, answers, and concerns chased each other around in the distracted woman's head until the first sounds of crunching gravel outside. Morally suspect people have their problems too, she sighed as she headed downstairs.

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Tim leaned back against the kitchen counter, eyes closed and beer in hand. Gwen knew from long years of experience that his pose was one of exhaustion mixed with deep thought. She panicked at the idea that perhaps her dalliance that afternoon was the cause of his mental gyrations.

"Everything alright, dear?"

Her husband opened her eyes and smiled through his fatigue. "Yeah. Walt announced his retirement today."

"Oh...Oh! When?"

"Two weeks. He and Norma are getting' in the RV, heading out to bother their kids for a while, then traveling the NASCAR circuit."

"Well, he kept saying he was going to."

"He did. But being without Cliff these past few days has made it very clear we'll need to replace him pretty quick."

"Isn't Andrew almost ready to take his exams for his Journeyman's license?"

"Yup...but even if he took and passed the exam tomorrow, without his Master's I license we'd have to send him out on the simpler stuff. And doing that is going to make scheduling a major pain in the ass."

"So, what are you going to do?"

"You know Matt MacKinnon's hanging it up, right?"

Gwen knew. Matt was a plumber in town whose work Tim and the others had been called out to fix more than a few times over the past few years.

"He's selling all his tools and equipment, at least the stuff that isn't broken or worn out, to Crockett Brothers in Bainbridge. He's got a young guy working for him that wanted to buy the business but didn't have the money. The kid's a good plumber, has his Master's I and really knows his stuff. He looks like he's still in High School—Matt says his woman customers don't know whether to ogle him or sit him down for milk and cookies. Sharp guy. If he passes your test, I'd like to hire him."

Gwen smiled. Her "test" consisted of inviting the prospective employee over for dinner and observing his manners. At some point during the evening, Gwen would nod to her husband, and he was free to make the job offer. She had never said no to one of Tim's prospects, but some of her nods had come late in the evening. "If you think he's a good fit, I'm sure he'll be fine. Just hire him."

"Oh, no. not without your stamp of approval." Tim smiled, took a swig of beer, and closed his eyes again. "I've also been thinking that we keep getting busier, and we need to get out ahead of it. What do you think about putting an extra truck on and putting Andrew in that once he passes his exams? I can give him a kick in the ass to get it done."

"Expand the business?" Gwen's conservative business mind quickly began calculating the risks in such a move, and what the chances were it might prove profitable.

"Yeah. We're incredibly busy, you see it better than anybody. Having a little more size might allow us to bid on some of the larger construction jobs, too. So what does my chief financial officer think? Do we have the cash to get bigger?"

"Maybe," she allowed. "The bank accounts aren't too badly off at the moment..."

"We don't have to decide tonight," Tim said with a smile. "At least on the expansion. I would like to invite Eric to dinner next week, though. Sooner we fill Walt's spot the better."

"Is Tuesday night soon enough?"

"Yeah, that'll be fine. I'll see if he can make it. Matt already knows I want to hire him...he's fine with him starting whenever—he's barely got enough work for himself, much less Eric."

Tim put his empty bottle on the counter and straightened. "But tonight, a shower, then bed. I'm going to go back into town first thing tomorrow morning and finish up a couple of jobs."

"You need a break," Gwen admonished the retreating figure. "You're working too hard."

Simple stuff tomorrow," Tim called out as he stripped off his shirt. "Won't be much. Just better to get it out of the way so we don't get any further behind."

Gwen picked up the discarded clothes and put them in the proper baskets as her husband shambled into the shower stall. She waited as he soaked, leaning against the vanity counter, arms folded, lost in in her own thoughts.

The water stopped and a towel was dragged over the top of the translucent door. Tim was surprised to see her standing there as he stepped out. "Oh—hey there. Are you waiting for the shower? You could have joined me."

"No, I'll take one in the morning...there's something I wanted to tell you, before things got too busy."

"Yesss?" His eyes showed both fatigue and good humor.

"Well, Natalie came over to ride today, and I, uhh, we...well, she uhh, gave me a massage after, and umm, things got a little out of hand after that."

Some of the fatigue was replaced by interest. "Really? Like how?"

"Like, you know..." Gwen averted her eyes in embarrassment, afraid of his reaction. Her focus shifted to his waist, surprised to see his member beginning to stir, rising with each heartbeat.

"Like what you two did last time?"

Gwen nodded, cheeks burning. "More than that."

"I see. So, I guess you've sworn off men now, gonna move in with her and open an antiques store on Route 90?"

Gwen's eyes opened wide with fear and snapped back to his only to find a stupid grin on his face. She was momentarily angry that he was taking the whole thing so lightly, then relieved. Maybe he wasn't upset after all. His penis certainly didn't seem to be.

"No, how can you say that!" she wailed as tears welled. "I love you!"

Tim realized he had gone too far and reached out to hug her. "Hey, sorry, sorry...I should have known this was a big thing for you."

Gwen sniffled on his shoulder. "You aren't mad?"

"Nope. Glad you had some fun. You did have fun, right?"

"Fun makes it sound like we went to the beach. It was nice," she forced herself to admit over the Lady's protests, "but I still love you."

"All of me?" Tim took a step back as his eyes shifted meaningfully to his waist.

"Of course!"

Tim laughed. "So, show me."

"Now? I know you're tired, and you want to get up early..."

"If you'd rather not, I understand..."

"No! If you're not too tired after the week you've had, then I'm certainly not. Come on—let's go into the bedroom so you can get off your feet."

Tim smiled. "Maybe in a bit. Might be nice if you gave me a little kiss first..." His eyes again glanced down to his midsection. Gwen didn't miss the hint and sank to her knees, her husband's bobbing erection now at eye level. She gently pressed her lips to the moist skin of his pink head and ran her tongue over the groove. The cock's owner sighed in approval. Gwen delicately took his drawn up testicles in one hand and the shaft above them with the other, lightly stroking it before wrapping her lips around the bulbous end as her husband's hands gently took her head and guided her movements. Her fingers extended from where they cradled his balls and caressed the skin behind them, stopping just short of the cleft of his cheeks. Tim began to drive himself through the fingers wrapped around his cock and into her welcoming mouth. Gwen quickly found the proper rhythm to keep from being choked by her husband's thick tool.

The thrusting abruptly stopped. "Stand up. Turn around." Gwen did as she was told, only able to give her husband the briefest of puzzled looks before her shoulders were firmly grasped and she was spun to face the vanity. Strong hands pulled the robe from her shoulders, baring her to the waist, where her sash remained tied. Tim quickly remedied this, and the gown was dropped to the floor. Hands pushed her forward until she was bent over the counter, her rear high in the air and her elbows resting on the cool surface of the granite surface, and she watched the reflection of her husband as he sank from sight behind her. She thrilled as her legs were roughly separated and a face was pressed into her backside as Tim's tongue began to part her lower lips in search of the moisture she knew he would find. His stubble rasped against the skin of her thighs as he pressed forward, reaching for the pearl at the top of her slit to tickle it before running back into her folds. Gwen closed her eyes and hung her head, reveling in the shamelessness of her current situation.

The face between her legs was removed, and Gwen looked up into the mirror to watch the man behind her stand again, fisting his erection as he rose. One hand grasped her hip while the other roughly rubbed his cudgel through her lips from clitoris to anus, pushing forward once he believed himself to be properly aligned with the opening of her sex. He did not take her gently, rutting her with powerful strokes as her breasts swung wildly and her mons rubbed against the lip of the counter. Gwen could see in his reflection a look of primal determination.

"Your cunt feels incredible," he gasped, and unleashed one last powerful lunge. The hands holding her hips became almost painful, and she could see his eyes screwed shut in delicious intensity.

After a final explosive gasp, Tim stepped back and allowed her to straighten. Gwen looked at herself in the mirror, noting with satisfaction the red splashes her husband's fingers had left on her skin, and turned as she put her hands on her hips in mock indignation. "Timothy Allen Nelson! Did you use the C word?"

It was his turn to blush. "Uh, yeah, sorry, guess I got carried away. Sorry."

"I didn't know you ever used that word," Gwen said with a smile, for some reason pleased her faked anger had been convincing enough to cow the man who had just used her for his pleasure.

"Sorry—sorry."

"It's alright. I'm glad my...cunt...makes you lose control like that. But let's just keep that kind of talk just between us two, alright? "

"It's a deal," he said with a sheepish grin. "And if you want to talk dirty, I won't get mad either."

"I'll remember that," she said with another smile. "You must be exhausted. Let's get you to bed."

Despite his promise of "just a couple of jobs in the morning," Tim worked most the weekend, acknowledging Gwen's protests with a smile and a kiss. She had done her best to keep him from leaving by tempting him with promises of further pleasures, but the orgasms she produced in him were not enough to keep her husband from getting back to work after he ensured his wife had been satisfied as well.

Gwen watched from the kitchen window as the battered old truck clattered up the driveway Tuesday evening, forty five minutes after the last Nelson Plumbing employee had left for the day. A figure unfolded from the driver's side door after it had wheezed to a stop, a tall and athletically thin younger man with short blonde hair and a ruddy-cheeked baby face, dressed in khakis, shirt and tie. Gwen smiled at his choice of outfits as she wiped her hands on a dish towel and stepped on to the deck to greet him. A good start, she decided, remembering back to how Mike had shown up for his "interview" wearing torn jeans and a concert t-shirt. She had lectured him on the need for proper attire in the business world before letting him in the house.

"Mrs. Nelson?" The nervous young man said, awkwardly juggling a bottle of wine to free his right hand as he climbed the stairs. "I'm Eric Anderson. Mr. Nelson said I should come for dinner tonight?"

"Yes, Tim said you'd be coming over," she replied, extending her hand to shake his free one. "I'm Gwen Nelson. Tim's in the shower. He'll be out shortly. Come in, please."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nelson. I hope this isn't an inconvenience."

"It's not at all, and please call me Gwen."

"Yes, ma'am. I hope you like wine—my mother says to always bring a gift when going to someone's house, but I wasn't sure what would be proper."

"Wine is a nice choice, very thoughtful of you," she said as she led him to the living room. "Can I offer you some?"

"Oh, thank you, no ma'am, that's very nice of you, though."

"Gwen."

"Yes, ma'am, Gwen."

Tim soon joined them, and the young man gratefully accepted a beer when he saw his host take one. Gwen's nod came very early that evening, even before they had sat down to dinner; his bearing and manners were certainly what she hoped for when representing Nelson Plumbing in public. Besides, there was just something...nice...about him.

"So, I'm guessing you've been looking for something else now that Matt's closing up shop?" Tim asked as they made their way to the dining room.

"Yes sir, I have. I had hoped to buy the business from him, but he was asking way too much for it—more than I could afford, and sorry to say, more than I think it was worth. I didn't think I'd be able to make a go of it if I had to borrow too much."

"Then you have a good business head on your shoulders. Matt's a nice guy, but I think he's been looking to get out for a while now, and he hasn't kept up with things. There's a lot that would need to be done to resurrect that business." The trio sat, Tim amused and Gwen flattered as the young man did his best to pull her chair out for her. "You know Walt Phillips is retiring, right?"

"Yes sir, I heard." Eric studied his own assigned seat as he pulled it out, afraid to make eye contact. "Are you going to be filling his position?"

"We're damn busy with him. It'll be impossible to keep going at this pace without replacing him. You interested?"

The young man's eyes shot up. "I am—if you're offering me a position, I mean."

Tim smiled. "I am."

Eric smiled broadly. "It would be great to work for you and Cliff, if you're serious about this. And Mrs. Nelson, too," he hurriedly added.

The older man laughed. "I am serious, and you'd be working with me and Cliff, not under us. Yeah, you'd be working for Gwen, but we all do." Her husband shot her a glance and a smile. "I'd be putting you in your own truck with an apprentice. You alright with that?"

The young man's smile widened even further. "Sounds more than alright. When can I start?"

"First rule of business," Tim cautioned. "Never say you'll take on a job until you have a decent idea what the finances are going to look like. What's your salary expectations?" The two plumbers spent the rest of the evening discussing terms, plans and goals, Gwen sitting back and smiling at her husband's excitement. Tim had always loved helping apprentices further their careers, and there was something about this young man that gave the hint of bigger and better things for them all.

Gwen said her goodbyes to the young man and cleaned up after dinner while Tim took him out to the shop to show him around. She heard the old truck rumble to life nearly an hour later, headlights briefly reflecting through the kitchen window as it backed up and made the turn. Tim's boots thumped across the deck a moment later.

"I think he's gonna work out fine," he grumbled as he came up behind Gwen at the sink and kissed her neck. "Seems to me you think so, too. I think that was the earliest I've ever seen you nod. I don't think even Cliff got approved that fast."

"Oh, I had my mind made up about Cliff pretty early, too," she corrected. "I was just so preoccupied with not burning the roast and embarrassing myself in front of he and Cheryl that I forgot to tell you." The couple followed their long-standing pre-bedtime routine and were soon asleep, Gwen naked and tucked under her husband's arm.

The rest of the week flew by, Gwen busy with the preparations necessary for Walt's retirement and Eric's hiring. A phone call warning of Alison and Jason's imminent arrival had spoiled her parents' plan of a nude swim and more Thursday evening after dinner, and anything but sleep was out of the question by the time their daughter had left. Despite her fatigue, her dreams that evening signaled a growing need for the Slut's gratification.

Friday morning dawned particularly hot and muggy, a precursor to what lay ahead for the weekend. Gwen had been grateful for the distraction her busy week had provided. The thought of returning the favor for Natalie had constantly been on the fringe of her thoughts, but rarely able to push to center stage. She wondered if her promise had somehow triggered her dream.

The Lady continued to chastise her for even contemplating going through with it as Gwen filled out state tax forms. And while part of her appreciated the immorality and impropriety of the situation, the Slut made convincing arguments as to why it was right, not just for the excitement, but as an act of friendship as well. Gwen could tell herself she was honor-bound to keep her promise, but she knew it was more than that, although even the desire to return the favor had its worries. Would she be any good at it? Natalie had made her feel warm and sensual and loved; she doubted she had ever been able to produce those feelings in Miss Ritter, and wondered if she had the ability to do so for anybody.

Gwen's musings were interrupted by the sound of Natalie's SUV pulling up the gravel driveway. She made her way down the stairs and out of the office to greet her sister-in-law, sweaty bodies hugging each other despite the air-conditioned surroundings they had just come from.

"I can't believe how hot it is," Gwen remarked as they began their walk to the barn. "Like July hot."

"It's pretty sticky," the blonde agreed, tugging at her t-shirt. "Sooner I get rid of this, the better. Let's get 'em saddled up and into the shade on the ridge. Might be a breeze up there." Natalie left her shirt on long enough to get Dancer ready, hoping to keep as much stray dirt and straw off her sweat-slicked skin as possible. She was topless as soon as her leg swung over the horse's back, and Gwen followed suit. She could feel the difference as now-exposed sweat began to dry, and she regretted her decision to wear jeans rather than shorts like her sister-in-law.

Their pace up the hill was slow, their path meandering over shaded trails as insects sang in the trees. The oppressive heat soon had both women thinking of the pool below, and the horses seemed to help them with their decision to cut the ride short even before they had made it. They returned to the barn and turned their mounts loose in the paddock, the horses clinging to the shade of the stable wall rather than venturing into the sun.

Gwen watched her sister-in-law remove what little clothing she had left after they had made the climb to the pool deck. She did not hesitate to strip down as well, and both women submerged themselves in the not-quite-cool water, still enjoying the feel of it against their naked bodies.

"I suppose I should get a move on," Natalie finally offered, and began to make her way to the steps as Gwen nodded her agreement and followed. "Meet you in the house," the blonde offered over her shoulder as she headed to her car.

Gwen went straight to where she kept the baby oil and beach towels. I promised, she told herself. There was the sound of the kitchen door opening and closing, then footsteps in the hallway.

"It's earlier than I thought," Natalie announced as she turned the corner into the bedroom. "It didn't occur to me we cut the ride short. You want to—" The naked woman looked across the room at the other naked woman holding a towel and plastic bottle and raised an eyebrow. "Did you, uhh, want a massage?"

"No, not me," Gwen announced, suddenly embarrassed. "I told you last week I would return the favor. It's only fair."

"You did, but I kinda put you up to it," her sister-in-law replied, a smile slowly growing. "You really don't have to if you don't want to."

"No, it's only fair," Gwen insisted in her best obligation-honoring voice. "I said I would." The Lady took this moment to remind her of the absurdity of the situation, naked in her bedroom with another naked woman, insisting on attempting to give that woman an orgasm.

"Only if you truly want to," Natalie said, her smile still in place. "You suck at lying, so I want to hear you say you want to."

"I want to, alright?" Gwen said as she turned away to spread the towel on the bed. "You did something really nice for me and I want to do something nice for you. I'm sure I won't be as good at it as you are, but I want to try, okay?"

Natalie stepped towards her and leaned in to kiss her cheek while a breast brushed her arm. "Just do what you're comfortable with and you'll be fine, okay? You want me on my tummy?"

"If that's alright."

Her sister-in-law responded by climbing on to the bed and arranging herself on the towel, head turned to the side and eyes shut, arms by her side and legs spread slightly. The moment of truth, Gwen decided and climbed on the mattress next to her. She flipped open the cap with shaking hands and squirted a line of the liquid from shoulder blade to the small of Natalie's back.

Gwen started from the top, using her fingertips to spread the oil over her skin. She was quickly surprised by how different Natalie felt—her memories of Miss Ritter's body had been that she solid, unyielding, and cool to the touch, like her skin and muscles were physical extensions of her instructor's steely personality. The body that lay before her was different, very different—warm, soft, and pliant. Gwen found herself beginning to revel in the sensory delights of the woman's body, working her way down towards her hips, towards those fascinating buttocks...

"Your hands are as strong as your thighs," Natalie mumbled through the pillow surrounding her face, and Gwen blushed at the reference to the squeezing she had given her sister-in-law's fingers the week before. "But you have a very feminine touch. It's a great combination."

Gwen smiled in embarrassment at the compliment. The most she had ever heard from Miss Ritter was how she had performed competently. "Thank you. I'm glad you like it." Her hands were now working the flesh below the base of Natalie's spine, exploring the soft muscle of her upper buttocks. Her sister-in-law's hips came off the bed in response, as if to offer her globes into Gwen's hands. More oil was applied and she took the offer, marveling in their soft fullness, fingers wandering into the cleft in search of stray droplets of oil. The hips again twitched in response, and Gwen followed Natalie's script from the week before, her finger running across and around the crinkled muscle of her anus, then dipping lower until she felt the first hints of labial lips. Natalie groaned in appreciation and did her best to flex and maintain the contact.

Gwen stuck to the pattern that had felt so good on her, withdrawing her fingers and settling herself between the prone woman's legs to focus on her thighs and calves. Natalie's sex was open enough to hint at the moisture between her lips, and Gwen took this as a sign that perhaps her efforts were not in vain. Her fingers smoothed the oil up her sister-in-law's inner thigh, almost brushing her lips as she smoothed the skin at the junction. So warm and soft...it was with some reluctance she continued her way down to calves and feet.

The toes were the last to receive attention, Natalie wiggling them happily as fingers ran between them. "Would you like to turn over now?" Her sister-in-law smiled contentedly and complied, never opening her eyes.

Gwen eyed the nude figure appreciatively as she drew a line of oil from neck to navel. Her breasts, lolling slightly to either side of her chest, were not as firm as Miss Ritter's but probably at least as big. It was impossible to resist the urge to find out, and Gwen's hands only briefly worked the valley between them before traveling outwards. Her sister-in-laws mounds were every bit as soft and forgiving she had hoped them to be, the flesh giving way under her fingers only to spring back as Gwen moved on. Natalie's nipples were erect before they had ever been touched, and the oil being spread over them only made them stand even more firmly.

The hands slathering the oil over yielding breasts occasionally made forays on to the flattened stomach below, going so far as the cradle of her hips before returning to tease and torment the woman's nipples. Gwen moved back to her side and grabbed the bottle of oil to squirt two short lines, one down the top of each thigh. The liquid was worked in concentric circles, up to where the thin tuft of hair sat atop her mons, and down the sides of her thighs as far as the towel beneath would allow. Legs opened in expectation, and Gwen slid her fingers between the junction of the woman's thigh and her sex. Her palm settled on the soft padding above her slit while a finger tentatively made contact with the lips below, then gently pushed between them. There was no resistance, just warmth and wetness. Gwen's other hand alternated between the breasts wobbling beneath her.

Natalie sighed contentedly as her hips pushed up against the palm resting on her clitoris. Gwen's finger found the opening beneath and entered her, curling up inside while her palm maintained pressure, just as Miss Ritter had insisted upon so long ago. She remembered how her former instructor had just lain there in silence, occasionally twitching or roughly grabbing her pupil's hand to roughly steer the young woman's touch to where it was desired most. Natalie showed no such stoicism, her moans and coos sounding like cheers to Gwen while a hand stroked down her back and around her bottom.

The stroking stopped, but only so Natalie could roll to her side and prop herself on that elbow. Gwen gasped in surprise as a hand worked its way past her open thighs to cup her furrow while a pair of lips fastened on her breast. Natalie ground urgently against the hand over her own pussy, and Gwen felt what it felt like to have her fingers squeezed between a pair of thighs. The tongue bathing her nipple came free and warm labored breath cooled the wetness it had left. "CumMINGGG," Natalie announced through gritted teeth as her own fingers furiously worked their magic on Gwen's clit. "Ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhhhggggg!" She stiffened and all movement stopped, even Gwen freezing in place as she observed the power of the female orgasm.

"Whew!" Natalie exclaimed as her body relaxed and the finger between her sister-in-law's legs picked up where it left off. "That was a good one! Didn't realize how much I needed that." Gwen's hips twitched involuntarily as the finger in her circled her clit. "Okay honey, your turn. Lay back and let me do the rest."

She lay back, arms by her side, looking up at Natalie still resting on her elbow. Her sister-in-law smiled and bent forward. Gwen began to panic, afraid that she meant to kiss her. Of all the twisted and depraved things she had done with Miss Ritter, kissing had never been one of them—she had always imagined it to be an intimate act, and her instructor had never shown any desire for intimacy.

Natalie's head bent to the other woman's breast and her lips and tongue resumed their travels. Gwen breathed a small sigh of relief—she would not have rejected her advance of course, that would have been rude, but better not to be faced with that choice right now. But the mouth on your nipple and the finger inside of you are just fine and dandy, the Lady sneered.

Her orgasm was quick and powerful, the hand between her legs just seeming to know what to do to produce the needed result, the lips on her breast capturing her nipple while the tongue gently circled it. Natalie's mouth only left her after her senses had returned.

Gwen looked up to see her smiling face. "Good one." Natalie said with a smile. Her head abruptly ducked forward, lips meeting lips in a quick kiss. "Right on time." The blonde rose from the bed and went to her bag. "Gotta get to work."

"Thank you for...that," Gwen said as she rose, not bothering to dress. "You didn't have to do, it was your turn"

"It can be both of our turns. Or, you'd rather do it yourself?" Her sister-in-law asked with a mischievous smile. "I know you're becoming quite the expert at jilling off, but personally, I never pass up a chance have someone else make me come." Natalie pulled the scrubs top over her head and stepped into her shoes. "Gotta go. Next week?"

Gwen found herself surprised by the casualness of it all. Not romantic in the slightest, just...friendly? "Next week."

With a quick peck on the cheek, Natalie was off, Gwen following her into the kitchen and out on to the deck. Too hot for clothes, Gwen decided as she watched the SUV drive off, and made the walk back to the office in the nude, carrying what she would need later.

The phone rang as she slipped into her chair, and Gwen smiled. It thrilled her to talk to others while she sat there nude, wondering what they might think if they knew her state of undress. They might be in the same condition, the Slut reminded her.

"Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?"

The voice on the other end was young, hesitant, and faintly familiar. "Uhh, yes, may I, umm, speak with Gwen Nelson please?"

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"This is she." The call had come in as soon as Gwen had returned to her desk, fresh from an orgasm at the hands and lips of Natalie, followed by a nude walk across the lawn. The voice on the other end was a young woman, quiet and hesitant, the tone and pitch reminding Gwen of when her daughters were younger and their friends would call.

"Hi Mrs. Nelson, my name is Kristen LaPointe. You probably don't remember me, but we met at Memories by McCall? The photo studio??"

"Kristen! Of course! How are you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, pretty stressed out at the moment...this sounds crazy and I can't believe I'm asking, but I really need to get on a horse for a while and clear my head. You had offered to let me ride, and I'd very much like to take you up on your offer, but if you were just being polite and would rather I not I completely understand," she said in a breathless rush. "Please don't be afraid to tell me to just go away."

"Of course Kristen, you're more than welcome! I know how much thinking I can get done on a ride. When would you like to come out?"

"Oh, thank you so much, if you mean it," the young woman said in gasp of relief. "Would tomorrow afternoon be too soon? I want to be out---I, uh, don't have to work tomorrow. Would tomorrow afternoon be alright?"

"Tomorrow afternoon is fine, my husband and I will just be doing chores around here all day. What time would you like to come?"

"Would 2 be alright?"

"2 is fine."

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Gwen pushed the envelope that afternoon, not bothering to dress until she heard the first truck pulling up the gravel driveway. Early, she noted as scrambled into her clothes while the rush of adrenaline from nearly being caught coursed through her. There was the sound of boots on the stairs as the last button was fastened, and Jordan's head popped above floor level, followed by his sweat soaked upper torso.

"Jordan, my goodness, you look like you've been swimming!"

I can't believe how hot it was today!" he replied with a grin, offering her the sheaf of papers in his hand. "I thought it was supposed to start getting cooler this time of year, not hotter! We were worse until the AC in the truck cooled us off some. Sorry, but I smell pretty bad."

Gwen waved her hand dismissively as she thumbed through the paperwork. "You smell like you've been working hard. Women find hard work attractive."

"So I shouldn't take a shower before my next date?"

Gwen looked up to see him smiling at his own joke and smiled back. "We also like men to smell nice when they're done working hard. Please tell the others as they come back that there is beer in the shop fridge—soda for Mike—and that you may take it up to the pool with you and go for a swim. I'm sure you all deserve a cooling off. Also, don't forget to remind the others that there are swim shorts in the pool shed if anybody forgot theirs—not that you ever use them." She looked up again with a raised eyebrow.

The young apprentice didn't seem fazed in the slightest by his boss's strong hint as to what went on when she was absent. "We don't have to worry about offending or scaring anybody when it's just us guys," he said with a grin.

He was certainly the most self-assured of the apprentices, Gwen thought to herself. The most coarse, too. I wonder if that carries over into the bedroom, or he's just all talk? Has he ever even been with a woman? She knew he thought of her as a stuck-up prude and wondered what he would have done had she not dressed in time. The Lady quickly put a stop to the idea of Gwen considering her employees in a less than professional manner. "Yes, well, women do offend and scare easily," she replied with a smile, remembering how she had been aroused, not frightened by his nudity that day she had spied on he and Andrew in the pool. The cool water had shrunk them certainly, Andrew down to an almost cherub-like size, but she doubted that either young man could grow when aroused to match either dildo in her nightstand. And those no longer offended or frightened her..."Thank you for sparing us. You'll remind the others, please?"

"Yes ma'am. Why don't you join us?"

"No, you all should have some boys-only time at the end of a work week."

"It's Nelson Plumbing only time," he countered. "And you're a big part of Nelson Plumbing. C'mon, I know you're hot."

Gwen smiled, imagining the young man's persuasive tone had been used more than once to talk some poor, innocent girl out of her clothes. She held the damp pile of paper out at him. "We'll see how long this paperwork takes to sort out. Meanwhile, nobody gets a beer until all the unloading is done, right?"

Jordan grinned. "Right. We'll get it done."

"And no beer at all for Mike!" She yelled as he retreated down the staircase. "He's still underage for another three months!"

"No ma'am, no beer for the little kid!" came the echoed response.

Despite her misgivings, the paperwork was in pretty good shape that afternoon—complete, if a little damp from the humidity and the sweat that had dripped on it. Gwen was the first out of the shop that afternoon, heading for the house even as the last copper salvage and fixtures were being sorted for the scrapyard. She was at the kitchen sink, washing lettuce for a salad, when Tim breezed in, on his way to change into swim trunks.

"Going for a swim?" He called out as he went down the hall. "Jordan was telling everybody you might."

"For goodness sake, why is that news he thinks everybody has to know?" The Slut thought she knew the answer.

"Because you never have before," Tim called out again, already on his way back up. "C'mon, get changed."

"I think it's better left as a boys-only thing," she demurred as he turned the corner back into the kitchen. It was funny how quickly seeing her husband in a bathing suit had become an uncommon event.

"It's not like we're having a bachelor party up there," he grumbled as he kissed her neck on the way by to the refrigerator for more beer. "C'mon. The lettuce can wait. Get changed and meet me up there. I promise we'll all be perfect gentlemen, and if Jordan isn't, well, I'll hold him under until he is." Tim breezed out the door, towels in one hand and six-pack in the other.

Gwen thought about it a moment before heading for the bedroom. Her bikinis were out of the question, of course, but her trusty black one piece might be suitable for being the only woman in a crowd of men. Men who work for you and actively discuss what you look like naked, the Lady reminded her. They'll respect you less if you even give them a little of what they're hoping for. She ignored the warning and dressed quickly but carefully, selecting a towel and beach coverup for herself before heading up the hill.

Tim and the three apprentices were all in the water when she stepped through the chain link gate. A glance into the clear rippling water confirmed that everyone was wearing shorts, to her relief and mild disappointment. Even Walt was in attendance, his bulk filling a chair off to the right, the Nelson Plumbing shirt removed to reveal a stained white t-shirt underneath.

"No Cliff?" she asked as she made her way to the table where her towel was always placed.

Tim took a sip of beer. "Nope. Ty's got a football game tonight, and he wanted to get home in time to pick up Cheryl."

Gwen sensed all eyes were upon her, and she resisted the urge to check her outfit one more time. She had the distinct impression they were all waiting for the unveiling, for the revealing of what lay beneath her coverup. Already they had seen more leg than ever before, and the anticipation of what Mrs. Nelson looked like without baggy jeans and shirts and sweaters was telling.

It was Walt's eyes she felt the most. The boys—young men, the Slut reminded her, young, virile men who undressed every woman they saw—she expected to look, even if there was not much to see. But Walt had been looking for years, for the most part doing a decent job of hiding his interest. He had always been polite to her, but also had worked for Tim and Gwen long enough for her to occasionally overhear his thoughts on women. Naked and bringing him beer before performing lewd acts was the role of the fairer sex, although Gwen had a hard time imagining Norma doing any of that for him. More than once she had gotten the sense that Walt had envisioned the woman at the top of the office stairs performing the role for him instead. The thought had horrified her before, and amused her now. She could not imagine pushing aside that belly to find what the fat plumber would want attended to. All these years, he had been the living example of the type of man her mother had been warning her about. And now she was going to tease him with a hint of what he could never have.

Gwen surveyed the pool deck, delaying the disrobing. Everyone either had a beer in hand or close by on the edge of the pool; Mike held a can of soda, an unclaimed beer nearby raising the suspicion it belonged to the underaged apprentice. Realizing there was no way to lessen the shock value of her exposure, she untied the coverup, slipped it off her shoulders and hurried to the pool stairs.

Every man did his best not to stare. Even though the suit was modest by any reasonable standard, it still revealed the lines and shape of their employer's body like they had never seen before. Firm breasts molded the stretchy fabric over them, and the skirt about her waist did nothing to hide the toned legs emerging from beneath it. The young men made their way to the other side of the pool, as if to give her space, as she entered and made her way to stand by Tim.

"Would you like a beer, ma'am?" Jordan offered as she turned to face them.

"Oh, no thank you, I don't drink beer. Only a little wine, sometimes."

"I can go get you some," Andrew quickly offered. Jordan gave him a smug grin for his eagerness. She remembered how he had expressed a special interest in the mysteries of Mrs. Nelson that day by the pool, and wondered if his expectations of her had been heightened or dampened by her unveiling.

"No, thank you Andrew, that's very nice of you, though. So, what are you up to this weekend?"

"Oh, uh, not much," he mumbled, suddenly aware he was the center of attention. "My brother's band is playing at Tooley's Millhouse tomorrow night, so I'm going to go."

"Well, that sounds like fun. How about you two?"

Mike and Jordan suddenly found reasons to look elsewhere, afraid they might be caught staring at the breasts just above the surface, looking for signs the cool water might be doing its work on her nipples. Both confessed to no plans, just 'hanging out'.

"And you, Walt? What are you and Norma doing?"

The fat plumber snapped out of the daydream where the woman he was staring at was without bathing suit. "Oh, uh," he spluttered. "Just takin' care of stuff around the house, gettin' the RV ready, you know..."

The sun was just above the trees and the group had talked through several more beers before Jordan and Mike announced their need to get back to town and made their way on to the pool deck. The young men grabbed their towels and clothes but did not bother to change, thanking the Nelsons for their hospitality before making their way down to their trucks. Andrew hurried after them, and Walt did not move until Gwen had gotten back onto the pool deck and covered herself with the wrap.

"Shit," Jordan said in a low voice once he decided they were out of earshot. "My grandma wears less'n that at the beach. Got a better look at her tits than I ever have before, though. Wonder if Tim's ever seen more of 'em," he finished with a laugh.

"I don't even want to think about your grandma showin' off her tits," Mike groaned after nervously checking over his shoulder to ensure the three apprentices were indeed alone. "But yeah, Mrs. Nelson's titties look pretty nice. Wish that skirt hadn't been in the way, though. Woulda loved to have gotten a better look at that ass."

Jordan looked over at Andrew and laughed. "Hey Mrs. Nelson, let me get you some wine," he mimicked in a high voice. "Kiss ass!"

"She didn't have anything to drink," the besieged apprentice said weakly.

"No, I really think you want to kiss her ass. And her tits, and her pussy...dude, I think you got the hots for her."

"Shut the fuck up! She's my boss!"

"She's the boss with the pussy you want to stick your little dick in. Wait your turn, Tim's probably still trying. You beat him to it, he's gonna kick your ass."

"If he hears you talking about her like that, he's gonna kick your ass first," Andrew shot back. "Cliff probably will too, if he hears you."

The trio reached their vehicles and made tentative plans to maybe meet somewhere over the weekend while Jordan and Mike changed back into their work pants. Andrew stayed in his shorts, knowing they were already partially dry and the evening breeze through the cab would finish the job. Walt came wheezing up behind them, belched his goodbye, and was off.

Andrew followed the other two apprentices down the driveway, turning right at the end as Mike and Jordan turned left. He was almost three-quarters of a mile down the road when the engine coughed and spluttered, then died. The truck rolled to a stop and the young man already knew what the problem was even before his eyes got to the gauge. He had pushed his luck too far between fill-ups. Out of gas.

"ShitshitshitSHIT!" Andrew slammed the steering wheel in frustration. Now what? He could try and call Jordan or Mike, see if they would come back and get him. He knew they probably would, but the crap he would take from them for delaying the start to their evening was probably not worth it. Getting his brother or someone else from town would take forever. He could call Tim, see if he would come out with a can of gas.

Don't be a lazy ass, he chided himself. Tim's probably sitting down to dinner about now. Just walk back and grab one of the gas cans for the jobsite generators. Return it full on Monday and Tim won't care. With a sigh, he climbed from the cab and began to walk.

Gwen began to gather empties and towels as soon as Walt's bulk had disappeared from sight down the hill. "Leave that stuff and let's sit for a while," Tim said as he popped the top on another can. "It's the weekend. Let's slow down for a bit." She smiled and sat down next to him, resisting the urge to continue her tidying. Her husband's eyes slowly begin to close, and both enjoyed the silence as the sun sank behind the trees.

"Good day?" He asked, not bothering to open his eyes.

Tell him now about her afternoon with Natalie, or later? Later, the Slut suggested. It might be a good way to add some spice to a hoped-for dessert after dinner. "A busy day. I got a call from someone I met recently. She's coming over to ride tomorrow."

Her husband's eyes opened and found hers. "Somebody besides Natalie? Speaking of that, you guys rode today, right? How did that go?"

"It was fine," she said dismissively. "The person I met—Kristen—is coming at 2 tomorrow."

Tim decided his wife was reluctant to discuss her afternoon with her sister-in-law, and he let it drop. "You're letting someone you just met near your horses? That's a first. Where'd you meet her?"

"I met her at, uhh, Natalie's last photo shoot. She was in to ask about getting some photos taken, photos like yours. They asked me to tell her about my experience. She mentioned she loves to ride, so I told her she could come out any time she wanted."

Tim sat up, suddenly very interested. "Gwen! You actually gave a stranger more than a polite hello? I'm impressed!"

"Stop that! I talk to strangers."

Talk, yes. Carry on a conversation, or make arrangements to continue it, that's a new one." He stopped and gently whacked his forehead. "Sorry, what the hell was I thinking? Where's my manners? Let me go get you something to drink."

"I can get it," Gwen said patiently, and began to rise.

Tim cut her off. "No. Stay here and relax. I'll be right back." He hurried out of the gate and down the hill.

Andrew broke into the clearing of the Nelson's yard as dusk was settling. He had made up his mind to head up to the house and announce his presence and predicament if there appeared to be any signs of life, and there did seem to be a light coming from the windows over the deck. More light spilled out from the kitchen door as it opened, and the young man began to call out to whoever was opening it. Both his call and his walk froze. A naked rear end, easily visible even in the failing light, pushed against the screen door and swung it open with a bump. The body turned and stepped through the now open doorway, the swinging dick making it obvious it was a man. The motion light that snapped on above him confirmed it was Tim, completely bare-assed, carrying a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other.

Andrew froze in place, practically invisible against the backdrop of the dark treeline behind him. Now what? Alert his naked boss to his presence? Sneak away and call someone from town to come get him? Try and get the gas can and make his escape without anybody noticing?

Other parts of his brain were at work as well. I never knew Tim drinks wine...he doesn't, but Mrs. Nelson does...she must still be up at the pool. His brain devoted its full attention to the next step in the rapidly developing line of logic. If she's still up there, maybe she's naked, too...a new course of action was quickly added to the others, heartily endorsed by the little head between his legs. He could always try and take a look, just to see if she was...he began to formulate a plan as Tim began the climb back up the steps set in the hill.

The other side of the shop, past the paddock, up the hill, keep to the treeline...he should be able to climb high enough to look down on the pool deck. This is stupid, he tried to tell himself. Get caught and lose your job and a few teeth. Besides, it's probably too dark to see anything, anyways. The lure was too great, and he began to move in his best movie-ninja imitation as soon as his employer's bare backside disappeared beyond the pool gate.

"Forget something?" Gwen asked with mild amusement has her husband made his way back to her across the warm concrete.

"Didn't forget anything," Tim countered as he began to pour her glass. "Didn't figure I needed them anymore. You don't need yours any more, either, you know."

"And what if one of them forgot something and they come back? How are you going to get from here to the house to get your shorts?"

"Hell, it ain't like I haven't been up here with 'em before when you weren't home. They know what my dick looks like. As long as none of 'em try to touch it, it's all good." He handed her the glass. "You're the one they wanted to look at tonight, anyways."

"Me? Do you think my suit is too revealing? Did I show them too much?"

Tim laughed. "For the nineteenth century, your suit is a little racy. For today, it's fine. You showed them less than what they'd see from most women at the beach. But it's still more of you than they've ever seen before. I pretty sure you're the reason Walt made the climb up here in this heat—to check you out. He's gettin' up there in years, but he's still a horny old bastard." He made sure she had taken a couple of sips of wine before he took the glass back, set it down and embraced her. "But I think that suit doesn't do you justice, and I want you to get rid of it. Never want to see it again," he told her as their lips met.

Andrew's stealth continued in a crouching shuffle after he passed the corral and began to climb the slope up to the back of the field. He was careful to stay as near as he dared to the trees without running the risk of breaking branches underfoot, his years of hunting experience coming to the fore as he stalked different prey. The young voyeur slowed further as he approached the level of the pool deck, checking after each step whether he could see or be seen yet.

He stopped altogether when the tops of two heads came into view, illuminated by the glow from the lights of the pool itself and the abundant deck lamps. Gwen had insisted on the utmost in safety when the pool was being built, and proper lighting was a part of that. The heads came together, and Andrew hoped that would mean they were both distracted. The young man moved further up the hill to a solitary oak that stood above and not too far from the pool deck, to where he hoped to blend in with the massive trunk and look down across the water at the couple on the far side.

He was disappointed to see Mrs. Nelson still covered from thigh to shoulder in the black suit, her back to the young man as a still-nude Tim took her in his arms. You're an idiot, the nervous voyeur thought. Mrs. Nelson would never skinnydip. The way Tim was holding her and they were kissing, though, might lead to more serious things once they got back in the house. When they went in, he decided, he'd go to the shed behind the shop, grab a can of gasoline, and head back to the truck. Getting the can back in the shed without anyone noticing would be a problem for later.

Andrew didn't dare to hope they would not make it to the house when Tim kissed her and slid the wide straps of Gwen's top off her shoulders and down her arms. She allowed him to push them past her hands to hang at her waist before encircling her husband's neck and returning his kisses with passion. The young apprentice's cock swelled uncomfortably against the mesh liner of his shorts, his flesh understanding what was happening even before his brain could begin to believe it. He had a perfect view of Mrs. Nelson's bare back, from slender neck all the way down the waistline of the black skirt encircling her waist.

Tim's hands roamed across the bare skin, fingers dipping down into the suit before moving to her front. Holy shit, he's playing with her tits, like it's no big deal! And she's letting him! Like she likes it!

His boss's hands returned to view and made their way back to the waistline of the skirt. With a gentle push, it fell to Gwen's feet, presenting her toned buttocks to the young man behind her. Andrew could not believe his luck. Mrs. Nelson's naked ass! Even at this distance and in this light, he could clearly see the well-defined split of her taut cheeks. The couple remained in their embrace for some time, Tim's hands roaming over his wife's body while her arms stayed wrapped round his neck. It was only a matter of time though, before her hands dropped between them, obviously focusing on the cock trapped between their midsections.

They broke their contact after one particularly long kiss, Gwen still with her back to the young man on the hillside as she moved to the table her wineglass sat on. Andrew slumped down the tree trunk into a sitting position as he took in the scene before him, idly comparing the size of Tim's full-blown erection to his own and watching it swing stiffly as his boss turned and made his way to a nearby lounge recliner.

Please turn around, please turn around, Andrew silently pleaded of the nude woman, and Gwen obliged after taking a sip from her glass. Proud breasts rode high on a petite frame, and a smudge of darkness between her legs marked the path to the treasure between firm thighs. The young man could resist no longer and slid his hand down the front of his shorts to free his swollen cock from the mesh net it had wrapped itself in.

The nude woman—Gwen Nelson, Andrew reminded himself, Gwen fucking Nelson!—joined her husband by the lounge chair where he was adjusting the backrest. Tim stepped back once he was satisfied and Gwen lay down on the partially reclined chair, legs together. Her naked husband straddled her, the voyeur on the hill disappointed that she was now blocked from view, at least from the waist up. Tim shuffled forward, and Andrew could not force himself to believe that prim, proper Mrs. Nelson was about to give her husband head. Despite the light and distance, he this was better than any porno he had ever watched, and he had no qualms about shedding his shorts to allow himself free access to his straining cock.

Andrew's hand stopped it's stroking of the length it held, the owner of the tool transfixed as Gwen's legs slowly came open. Even though the shadows prevented a clear look at the jewel being revealed to him, there was enough light to show him the thatch on her mons stopped far short of the split below. He forced his hand to stay still, wanting to forestall his orgasm and enjoy the show unfolding below as the woman's hand snaked between the legs straddling her and extended a finger into the shadow. Holy Christ, she's got a cock in her mouth and she's playing with herself! Her hips began to rock slowly, in sync with her husband's motions.

It was some time before Tim backed away and reversed his straddle, now doing a push up to bring his face between her thighs, his ass apparently now in his wife's face. Gwen's hand disappeared between their bodies, apparently reaching for the staff nestled below her breasts. The young apprentice's erection begged to be touched and Andrew did his best to ignore it, knowing any such action would certainly bring about a quick and copious eruption.

Tim held this position as long as is arms would allow, his tongue obviously at work between his wife's lips, then straightened and stepped out of his straddle. He turned, and Gwen brought her legs open wider, as wide as the lounger would allow and almost erasing all the shadows that hid her treasure from their young employee. The view was fleeting as Tim kneeled between her legs and eased forward, stopping his motion long enough to ensure his wife had been properly mounted, and settled in to long, slow strokes as the woman beneath him brought her legs up about his waist.

Their pace was slow and measured, not like the frantic couplings of Andrew's limited experience. His employers were apparently very experienced with the act of fucking, despite Jordan's repeated guesses to the contrary. Wait 'til I tell him about this, the excited voyeur thought. I can't wait to rub this in his face and tell him he's wrong, that Tim and Gwen DO suck and fuck!

What the hell am I thinking, the young man reminded himself. Hell no, I'm not telling Jordan anything! He'll tell everybody else, it'll get back to Tim, and I'll be a dead man! Or he won't believe me—pics or it never happened—and still tell everybody what I said. And I'm not telling Mike I got to see all of the ass he was hoping for a look at. No, I can't tell anyone about this, which will suck, but that's still better than not seeing this at all.

The couple below him were quickening their pace, Tim driving harder into his wife as Gwen's hips ground her clit against his pubic bone. Delicate hands grasped convulsively at the ass between her legs as her body stiffened with the first wave of a thundering orgasm. Andrew's own hand found its way back to his cock, and he imagined it was him she was grinding against as the first spurts of come spattered his shirt. Andrew was squeezing out the last dribble as the man below him pushed his way deeply into Gwen's welcoming pussy and with a grunt that their observer could hear, emptied himself into her.

The young man froze in place, unwilling to move and clean the mess he had made on his chest and stomach, waiting to see what the Nelsons might do next. Hopefully their after-sex routine did not include a walk in the field! Thankfully, they chose a quick swim instead, and Andrew stayed where he was until the couple climbed from the water and made their way down to the house, Tim's hand on Gwen's naked rear. The young man breathed a small sigh of relief and still waited five minutes before hurrying back down the hill and on to his truck. Screw the gas, he was never here and preferred to wait for a rescue from town. The wait gave him time for another stroke session fueled by the still-vivid memories.

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The battered blue compact pulled up the driveway at 5 minutes before two the next day, slowly, as if the driver were making decisions about whether to park or leave. Tim watched from where he sat on the tractor as the little car finally rolled to a stop and the door swung open. A petite young woman, blonde hair tied in a loose ponytail halfway down her back, stepped out and looked about a bit uncertainly. Her boots, breeches and insignia'd schooling shirt was very reminiscent of what his daughters had spent their weekends in during their childhood—in fact, other than the color of her hair and the shirt itself (much too informal for either his wife or her old boss to ever allow back then), he felt like he was looking at Gwen when they had first met.

"Kristen—hello! I'm glad you could make it!" Gwen came hurrying out of the open barn sliders and the two women met halfway with a polite handshake.

"Thank you for inviting me, Mrs. Nelson, it really means a lot."

"Gwen, and let me introduce you to my husband, Tim. Tim, this is Kristen LaPointe."

The young woman stepped forward to shake the hand of the handsome older gentleman. "Tim Nelson. Chief manure spreader and rail fixer."

"Kristen LaPointe. You have a beautiful place here."

"Thank you. Gwen's doing, mostly. I just put stuff where she tells me to." He turned his attention to his wife. "Where are you two off to?"

"Well, we'll see how far Kristen wants to go. I was thinking up the front side of the ridge up to the picnic spot for a view. What are your plans this afternoon?"

"Going down to the feed store—again—and then picking up some fuel filters." Tim tipped his ballcap to the young woman. "Ladies."

Gwen led the way to the barn. "Beautiful boots, Kristen. Your outfit puts me to shame, My daughters always wanted to ride in jeans and t-shirts, and I'm afraid I got lazy, too...I'm guessing you've had some formal training, then?"

"Sorry about the outfit, I wasn't sure how you'd feel about some slob showing up to ride your horses...not that I'm saying you're dressed like a slob. Sorry, I'm a little nervous. Yes, I started taking lessons when I was five and competed until I went to college."

Proper dress or no, Gwen had decided on a series of tests for the young woman, to see if she was truly knowledgeable enough to be near her horses. "No need to be nervous, and no need to apologize. I think you've reminded me it's still "cool" to wear proper riding attire. Why don't you take my daughter's horse Tigger today—he's the Arabian."

The young woman did not hesitate in choosing the right stall, and the horse happily accepted a scratch of his cheek. Two points to you, Gwen thought. Tigger's got a pretty good nose for horse people.

"See a saddle you like?" Gwen asked, pointing to the laden sawhorses occupying an open stall.

Kristen pointed to one. "I think that English hunter's, if Tigger tolerates it well."

"He's fine with that one. Excellent choice. Need a hand with it?" Gwen was gratified to see the young woman answer by hefting the piece of leather and carry it to the waiting horse. So many of her students had expected others to do their saddling and grooming for them, as though wealth carried that privilege. Which it did, she admitted ruefully. She watched out of the corner of her eye as Kristen saddled the Arabian with practiced ease, fluid movements making it clear she had done this many times before.

The young woman aced her last test the moment they rode from the cover of the stable, swinging Tigger gently back and forth with easy movements, testing the horse's responsiveness and biddability as one might test the handling on an unfamiliar sports car. Tigger responded as one who knew a talented and experienced rider on his back. Gwen could see the classical training even before they made the treeline above the house.

The two women talked sparingly as they made their way up the ridge, Gwen making a couple of feeble attempts at small talk before realizing the woman really did desire the time to clear her head. She led them up the meandering trail, giving the young woman her space.

"This part of the trail is fun for a good gallop," she said as they approached the grassy path that signaled the leadup to the overlook. "Feel like opening him up a little? Just be sure to slow up when you see the picnic table—the ground falls off pretty quickly after that, although I doubt Tigger will let you go much further anyways." Kristen smiled and nodded, and the horses and riders picked up the pace.

The picnic table was soon in sight, and Gwen halted them in the shade. "Let's tie them up here and give them a rest for a little bit," she advised. "It may not feel like it, but that's a bit of a climb for them. C'mon, let's go sit at the table."

The women sat side by side, a proper distance between them. "Sorry, I'm normally not very good company, and today I'm even worse," Kristen finally offered. "I've never been much of a people person. I'm sure this is not the way you had hoped to spend your afternoon."

"I'm on my horse riding with an equestrienne who know which end the bit goes in," the older woman said with a smile. "It's a good afternoon for me."

Kristen looked at her quizzically and smiled back. "Somebody else once said that to me. Anyways, thank you for...well, thank you."

They sat in silence a moment more before Gwen made another attempt at conversation. "So, did you decide if you were going to pose for Barry?"

"I, uh, I..." Kristen's eyes watered, and she buried her face in her hands. Great racking sobs ensued.

Now see what you've done, poking in someone else's business! The Lady shouted. This is what happens when you don't mind your own affairs!

"Kristen, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to upset you—"

The distraught woman face still buried in her hands, shook her head. "I'm so sorry, it's not your fault," came her muffled reply, "it's just that..." she paused and dropped her hands, looking across the low valley. "My husband left me last week." The sobs started again as she continued to stare into space.

Gwen closed the distance between them and reached for the young woman's shoulders to hug her, the mother and teacher in her overcoming any feeble attempts by the Lady to maintain distance and propriety. "Kristen, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have asked. No wonder you needed to think! I'm so sorry I brought it up."

The young accepted the embrace and cried. "It's not your fault and I'm so sorry for acting this way! You shouldn't have to deal with a complete stranger over something like this!"

"I'm a mother," Gwen soothed. "I'm used to dealing with things like this." Poor placements at jumping competitions and worries over grades? Maybe. Relationships? This is a first, the Lady sniffed.

Kristen straightened and brought her hands down although the tears still flowed. "I'm sorry," the young woman repeated. "You're the first person I've told. It just sort of came out. I'm sorry."

"The first? Kristen, you can't just bottle this up! You must have family and friends who you can talk to?"

The young woman shook her head miserably and dabbed at her eyes. "No close friends I trust, and my mother will just tell me I told you so."

"Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't do that...but if you want, you can talk to me," Gwen boldly declared as the Lady shook her head in disbelief. Don't meddle where you don't belong...

"I can't burden a total stranger with this..."

"It's not a burden at all. I heard a lot when I was an instructor, and even more from my daughters. You can talk to me if it will make you feel better, and I'm sure it would. No judgements, I promise. If you feel like talking, I'm happy to listen." Kristen looked up and smiled. Gwen smiled back. "Would you feel better sitting some more or riding?"

"Riding," she sniffled. "I feel a little more in control that way."

"So do I. C'mon, I think these guys are ready."

The women turned their mounts and started back down the trail at a slow walk. Kristen smiled weakly, the first time Gwen had seen her do so that day. "You do have that instructory feel," the young woman said as she stared down the tree-lined path. My riding instructors were the only ones I ever really talked to about things. And I guess you've got a mothery feel, too, although I don't think I'm exactly sure what that is. My mother is a good person and I love her, but I've always felt like she was my wild and crazy aunt." Gwen smiled and let her continue. "Call me Cricket," she announced as if making an important decision. "My instructors always called me Cricket."

"Well, that's an interesting nickname. How did you come about that?"

"My very first instructor decided I chirped like a cricket, so she started calling me Kristen the Cricket, then just Cricket, and it stuck. But my mother and...Daniel...always call me Kristen, because they think it's more dignified. Daniel has always hated my nickname, so, yeah call me that, please."

"This must have been quite a shock for you," Gwen volunteered, feeling for some reason she had to keep the young woman talking, but unsure what the proper protocol was for doing so with jilted lovers.

Cricket sighed heavily. "No, not really. I knew it was coming. We wanted different...things...that we couldn't give each other. So, he left."

"Was having your pictures taken was one of those things?"

The young woman let loose a short, humorless laugh. "Gwen, I'm really sorry, but I wasn't completely honest with you that day in the studio. The photo shoot wasn't his idea, it was all mine. He had no idea I was there. Daniel is, umm, very conservative if you know what I mean, and I was thinking it might be a way to loosen him up a little and take his mind off what he really wanted."

"I see." Gwen wondered if it was polite to ask what her husband wanted, or if she really wanted to know. Men only wanted one thing...

"And I couldn't give him what he wanted, at least some of it not right now, and some of it, probably never. Daniel wants me to have babies, stay at home, and take care of house and family. I do want kids some day, but I want a career first. My job at the bank doesn't pay much, but it's a great place to start climbing the ladder, and I don't want to give that up. I had a pretty good idea that's what he wanted even before we got married, but I thought I might be able to change his mind. Guess not."

They rode on in silence for bit, Gwen unsure what else she could say. "Do you want him to come back?"

Cricket thought on the question for a moment. "No," she said finally, "This was bound to happen sooner or later. We're two very different people. I mean, when I met him in college, I thought he was so different from the boys I had dated before, so serious about things, somebody I could discuss my business classes with. My mother always said to marry a rich, older man, and Daniel certainly acted older, just without the money. But once we got married and moved in together...I thought I was conservative, but he's in a class by himself. I felt like we were living like a couple nearing retirement. I really don't want to give my Mom the chance to say I told you so."

"She's your mother," Gwen reasoned. "She'd never do that."

Cricket laughed again. "Mom has made a career out of marrying rich old guys. She's on number four. For the most part, it seemed to work for her. I have a feeling as soon as she hears about this she's going to get to work matching me up with some middle-aged guy with a huge portfolio and a heart condition. Anyways," the young rider sighed, "one of the reasons I wanted to come and ride today is because Daniel is coming by the apartment this afternoon to get his things. I really didn't want to be there and make promises I wouldn't want to keep if I caved."

"You deserve the life you want, not the life he wants," Gwen said softly. "If not with him, maybe someone else someday."

"Doubtful," the young woman snorted. "I really don't do well around people—I would much rather be around horses and financial statements. And I'm really, really, sorry for dumping all this on you, but like I said, you just remind me of my riding instructors—you love your horses just like they loved theirs, I love horses, and I would talk to them when something was really bothering me. Marvin's the only other one I ever talk to about important things."

"Is Marvin a friend?"

"Marvin's my horse. Drury's Farms' Marvelous Magistrate. He's at a stable in Palm Beach right now, near my Mom. She always calls him Marvel—thinks it sounds more regal, but he's not regal. He's just Marvin. He's down there because Daniel and I couldn't afford to board him up here, and Mom said she'd take care of it for now. Anyways, thank you for letting me ride today. Both you and Tigger have been a huge help. Tomorrow's going to be a test, but at least I can go to work on Monday."

"We can ride tomorrow, too," Gwen quickly offered, a plan escaping her lips before the Lady could intervene. "Have dinner with Tim and me tonight, stay here, and tomorrow morning we can take a ride around the other side of the ridge.

"Oh, Gwen, that's very nice of you, but I can't impose like that. You and Tim—"

"Weren't doing anything tonight anyways. Have dinner with us, you can sleep in Ali's room, and tomorrow we pack a lunch and take a longer ride."

"I didn't bring a change of clothes or anything. I really should get back to the apartment and see what my husband—my ex-husband," Cricket declared—"took."

"If he took it, it will still be gone when you go back tomorrow," Gwen reasoned. "You probably haven't eaten or slept since, this..." The older woman remembered how disruptions in her daughters' love lives had almost always been announced via crying fits, sleepless nights and a lack of appetite. Gwen had not consoled Ali or KD much during those times, believing that it would make them stronger to muddle through on their own, to understand how boys were; she knew now that had been a horrible mistake and was determined to not stand by while the woman next to her was forced to do the same. "Between what Alison didn't take with her and my own things, I'm sure we can get you squared away with something to wear tonight."

"That's really very nice of you, but—"

"But you're staying. That's final." Gwen spurred Dart into a gallop, cutting off any objection as the young woman was left ten yards behind.

The pair broke into the field above the house a half-hour later. Gwen watched with satisfaction as Cricket began to unsaddle and groom her mount, then excused herself for a moment and headed to the house.

Tim answered his phone on the third ring. "Hey, honey."

"Hi Tim, I'm glad you're still out."

"I miss you, too!"

"That's not what I meant. I need you to pick some things up for dinner on your way home. Kristen is staying with us tonight. She's having problems at home," Gwen said before lowering her voice despite being in the kitchen. "Her husband left her and she's got no one to talk to."

"Well, that sucks," Tim agreed. "Sure, of course, what do you need? Is she just staying for dinner?"

"Staying the night if I have my say. I'll take her riding again tomorrow to get her mind off things."

"Sure, OK, of course." Tim took the list from her and promised to be home as soon as possible. This was turning stranger by the minute. Gwen had always been a 'charity begins at home' type of person, never involving herself in the affairs of others, even staying out of her daughters' intimate lives unless it was absolutely necessary. Ali and KD had known that as well, going to Natalie or their father with anything of a personal nature. Hell, it had been him, not Gwen, that KD had come to with her pregnancy scare. And yet now his wife appeared to be playing mother—or at least, older sister—to the young woman at their house. People do change, Tim told himself, people do change.

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Gwen returned to the barn to find Dart already unsaddled, Gwen noting with appreciation that her young friend had properly arranged both horses' saddles in the proper places. The two horses were turned loose in the paddock a short time later, Dancer making her annoyance over their disappearance known.

"How about a swim before I start making dinner?" Gwen asked as she shut the gate.

"Before WE start making dinner," Cricket corrected. "At least let me help you. I'm not fancy in the kitchen, but I've cooked for myself since I could reach the stove and most of the time I don't burn stuff. A swim would be nice, but I don't have anything I could wear. There's one of Daniel's business suits in the car that I picked up from the cleaners before...well, before, but no bathing suit."

"I'm sure we can take care of that. I've got some things that might be a little big for you but should fit alright in a pinch, and maybe Ali has something. C'mon in the house." The women crossed the yard to the kitchen and went straight to the master bedroom. "I've got a bikini top that might work for you," Gwen told the young woman, "and I'm not sure how you feel about wearing someone else's bottoms, so how about a pair of gym shorts?"

"If you clean your clothes as well as you clean your house, I'm sure the bottoms will be fine," Cricket told her. "I doubt a top of yours is going to fit me, though. You're pretty well-endowed compared to me. I'm in between an A and a B cup." The young woman began to volunteer that she would be fine in her sports bra, but hesitated, unsure how her host might feel about her husband seeing her in it should he return early.

"I'm just a B cup myself," the older woman said as she pulled a bikini from its hiding spot in her underwear drawer. "Try these on and—" she ducked into the closet for a beach wrap—here's something extra if you like. Bathroom's through there, just leave your clothes on the floor and I'll throw them in the wash before we eat."

The young woman looked at her uncertainly, then headed for the open door on the other side of the bedroom. "Be right out."

Gwen began to strip as soon as the door closed, ignoring the Lady's suggestion to use the other bathroom, the one with a lock on it, to change. She was settling her breasts into the cups of her own bikini when the bathroom door opened.

"The top's a little big, but it should work," Cricket said uncertainly. "Are you sure you don't mind me wearing this?"

"Of course I'm sure," Gwen reassured her. "Are the bottoms okay?"

"They're fine." Cricket eyed the older woman, and decided that Gwen's lack of coverup meant she could go without as well.

"Do you drink alcohol?" Gwen asked over her shoulder as she collected some towels and headed for the kitchen.

"Sometimes. Beer and wine. Mostly wine. "

"Wine it is, then. White or red?"

"Uhh, red, but please don't make a fuss."

A bottle and two glasses were collected, and the women went up the hill together. "What a lovely spot," Cricket said softly as they stepped through the gate.

"Thank you. Tim built it for me and the children right after KD was born. It helps that's he's a contractor—he called in some favors and he and his friends worked on it on weekends. We paid them in beer and got the materials at cost. The barn got here the same way, even before the pool."

"You're very lucky." The younger woman's tone made it clear that she was thinking of her own situation, and Gwen didn't know how to respond.

"Thank you," she finally repeated and handed Cricket a full glass. Gwen was the first in the pool, wading in until she was waist-deep. Cricket followed behind her, diving forward as soon as the water turned deep enough, a strong kick sending her gliding halfway across the pool floor before turning back to Gwen as the bottom fell off quickly. With a strong push, she broke the surface. The top was indeed a little too big, and the cups covering the young woman's breasts resisted the flow of water between excess fabric and flesh and pulled the bikini down. Pert breasts topped with delicate pink nipples glistened in the sunlight.

I guess she is a little smaller than me, Gwen mused as it took the young woman a moment to realize she was completely exposed from the waist up. "Whoops!" she cried, dropping back down below the surface while scrambling to rearrange the top and cover herself. "This is so embarrassing! I'm really sorry!"

Gwen laughed. "Don't be. They're just breasts. I have them, too—you saw mine, remember?" The Lady clucked reproachfully over the casualness of it all.

"Yes, but I asked to see yours—you didn't just up and flash me!"

"I offered to show you mine. It's fine, please don't be embarrassed. I've seen breasts before. As a matter of fact, if you're comfortable without the top on, feel free to just take it off."

Cricket eyed her curiously, as if weighing her decision. "No, I really shouldn't..."

"Then let me help you tie it a little tighter," Gwen told her as she began to wade across the pool. "C'mon, turn around."

The rest of the swim passed without any further wardrobe malfunctions, the young woman more cautious in her movements, Gwen talking with her as if nothing had happened. They had changed and started dinner by the time Tim returned.

The wine and fatigue loosened Cricket's tongue as the trio sat on the deck and ate, Tim clearing the plates while the women talked horses and riding, the failed marriage discussed in vague terms. The sun had set and the young woman's words had begun to slur a bit by the time Tim excused himself and made his way across the yard to bed down the horses for the evening.

"He seems like a really good man," Cricket said as she watched him walk across the grass. "Not that I'm an expert. You're very lucky."

"He is, and I am." More than you could ever imagine, she added silently.

"Did he, uhh, like it when you took those pictures?"

"I think he did, yes."

"No, I mean, REALLY like them? Like, did he, uhh, show you how much, in there?" Cricket flicked her eyes at the house behind her, and Gwen correctly assumed she didn't mean the kitchen. She surprised herself by not being too offended or embarrassed to answer.

"He did," Gwen admitted with a smile. "I was... I was nervous he wouldn't like them, but it made things—made me—more fun...which I think he especially liked."

"I was hoping I would be able do the same for Daniel," Cricket replied, again glancing back at the house meaningfully. "I'm the one who was looking for a little more excitement. He didn't seem to like doing...that...very much...kind of made it seem like it was a chore and that I was a pervert even for wanting to make things a little more exciting."

"A good sex life is important," Gwen reassured her. "It took me a long time to understand that. Just because you wanted your husband's attention in there—"Gwen's eye motion mimicked the young woman's and Cricket laughed—"doesn't make you a pervert."

"I bet if he would have been more interested if I had told him I was off my birth control...at least until he knocked me up..." the young woman's eyelids began to sag.

"How long since you last slept?"

Her eyes remained partially closed. "An hour or two a night since he left...wasn't sleeping really well even before that."

Gwen gently took the wineglass from her hand. "Time for bed. Sleep as late as you want, we'll ride whenever you feel like getting up."

Cricket didn't fight her, rising from her chair. "I'll try, I don't know if I can..."

Gwen smiled and led her to Ali's room. "I left one of her nightshirts on the bed for you. Bathroom's across the hall if you need it. Help yourself to whatever's in the kitchen. Sleep well." She smiled and shut the door behind her.

Gwen next stop was the laundry room to sort out Cricket's now-clean clothes. While her outer attire was top of the line, her underwear was worn and frayed, almost in danger of falling apart. She sensed the young woman's tales of young married life-induced poverty had not been exaggerated.

The owners of the house tiptoed through it as they prepared for bed, not wishing to wake their guest. On impulse, Gwen peeked in to Cricket's room, as she had for her own daughters so many times. The young woman had managed to change into what had been laid out for her but had not been able or willing to climb under the covers and now lay sprawled on her stomach, fast asleep. The shirt had ridden up to reveal the fact that Cricket had elected not to wear her shorts to sleep in, and Gwen looked down appreciatively at a well-toned bare bottom. With a smile, she took a blanket from a nearby chair and laid it over the sleeping woman to help keep her warm and preserve her modesty, then quietly shut the door behind her.

She found Tim in their bedroom, already lying down, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. She again smiled, remembering it had been months since he had worn anything to bed, then stripped down to just her t-shirt and joined him.

"She asleep?" he whispered, knowing Gwen had always tried to keep things as quiet as possible on this side of the house when Ali and KD had been younger, recalling the time she demanded he do something to silence the squeaking of the bedsprings during their Saturday night lovemaking sessions. She had not been terribly happy about the outlay of cash for the memory foam mattress that had been his solution, although he thought it a good investment if it at least meant him getting laid once a week.

Gwen nodded, paused as if in thought, then pulled down the front of his gym shorts and bent at the waist to deliver a kiss to the tip of his slumbering cock. The soft length began to awaken as she took the pink head between her lips. Now confident her advances were welcome, she worked at pushing down the waistband just far enough to give her complete access to his member while leaving the shorts on should they be interrupted.

Tim looked down at the head lying on his stomach, somewhat befuddled by Gwen's aggressiveness. Lovemaking when the girls had been here was always under the covers, in the dark, long after their daughters had gone to bed. And yet, the fact a guest—really, a stranger, lay sleeping just one room over didn't seem to bother her at all. He was only too happy to go with the flow this evening and his hand began to work its way between her asscheeks, headed for what was between her legs. "Aren't you afraid Cricket might come in?"

Gwen hips shifted to make herself more available to his exploring fingers. "She'll knock."

Despite the presence of their guest just down the hall, Gwen took her time, teasing and tempting and bringing him close to orgasm before backing him down, Tim pleasantly frustrated by this new tactic. It was some time before she stopped teasing and gave him his release, her husband's semen seeming to fill her mouth before she disposed of it with a gulp even as her tongue continued to clean his spongy head. The perverted act triggered her own orgasm, and she struggled not to clamp down on the flesh between her lips. Natalie's right, the Slut mused as his penis began to soften. Not too terrible to swallow. Not great, but not bad. A very slutty thing to do. The thought pleased her.

Gwen looked up to see her husband with his eyes closed, a grin on his face. "What was that for?" he whispered.

"Because you're a really good man."

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"Hey Mom, I'm coming up riding this morning. You going to be around?" Ali's voice, perky and energetic even at 7am, was loud and clear through the telephone handset.

"Well, you're up early this morning."

"Yeah, Jason's going golfing and he got me up with him." The young woman didn't volunteer that the reason he had awoken her was to deliver a primal doggystyle fucking in the belief that pre-golf sex helped a man's game. It was a ritual she certainly had no problems reinforcing. "So, are you free?"

"Well, I have a guest here, once she gets up we're going for a ride. If you want to come with us, you're more than welcome."

"A guest? Anyone I know?" My mother has a guest? That's new...

"Oh, I doubt it. Somebody I met recently. She's been having a tough time and wanted to go riding to take her mind off things, so I offered to let her take Tigger out yesterday. She stayed the night and we're going around the other side of the ridge this morning."

Is this my mother I'm talking to? Ali asked herself. A "guest", in her home, near her horses? "Yeah, that would be great. I'll be over in a little bit. Wait for me?"

"We will. Cricket isn't up yet, and I'm hoping she sleeps in this morning—I think she needs it."

Cricket. My mother has somebody named Cricket sleeping in her house. This I have to see.

The young houseguest had not arisen by the time Ali arrived forty five minutes later. "I didn't see daddy's truck," the young woman said as she poured herself a cup of coffee.

"He's went fishing with Mr. Culbertson this morning," She had warned Tim about staying away from the beaches with the naked people, to which he reminded her with a shrug and a smile that it was Charlie's boat, and Charlie was driving.

"So, where'd you meet...Cricket?" Alison as she sat down at the table.

Gwen paused. "She was at the photographer's the same time as your Aunt and I. We, uhh, struck up a conversation and she mentioned she rode. I told her if she ever wanted to get out for a bit to let me know, and she called a couple of days ago."

"Uh-huh. And any topics of discussion I should avoid talking about?" The blank look on Gwen's face prompted Ali to be more specific. "You said she was having a rough time. Anything she might not want to hear?"

"You don't have to tiptoe around me," Cricket said quietly as she appeared around the corner. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. My husband left me this week," she said matter-of-factly, "and a couple of things reduced me to a blubbering wreck yesterday—sorry again, Gwen--but your mother's hospitality, a good meal with a little too much wine and a decent night's sleep have gotten me over the shock, at least I think so."

Gwen rose from the table. "Cricket, you're up! I'd like you to meet my daughter—"

"Alison," her guest said, extending her hand. "I recognized you from the pictures in your room."

"I'm sorry to hear about your...well, troubles. Men can be such jerks sometimes."

"Thank you, but I'm feeling better today other than this touch of a hangover, thanks to your mother, although I can't guarantee there aren't more crying fits in my future."

"Alison called this morning and wanted to come up to ride," Gwen told the young woman. "Do you mind if she comes with us?"

"Of course not! If you'd rather it be just a mother-daughter thing, I can just get dressed and go..."

Don't be silly! We want you to come along with us! I was just starting to pack some lunches—I think we'll be out a while. What would you like for breakfast and for later?"

The trio finished their preparations and headed for the barn, Gwen and Alison to their own horses, Cricket to a seemingly pleased Tigger. "So, Mom said you two met at the photographer's when you were looking at pictures?" Ali asked over her shoulder as she hefted a saddle onto Dancer's back.

"Yes, your mother let me look through her album to see if it was something I felt comfortable doing for my hus—for Daniel."

Gwen panicked, desperately trying to figure out a way to keep her secret from being exposed. Alison looked at her mother quizzically. "Wait—you never said you and Aunt Natalie were there to see photos of you?"

"We weren't. Your Aunt—" Gwen began before the Lady screamed for her to stay quiet. "Can we talk about this later?" she asked weakly.

Cricket looked at the panicked face of the older woman, then back at the smile of her daughter. "Oh God, I shouldn't have said anything—I'm so sorry—I didn't stop to think—I'm so sorry."

"It's alright," Gwen soothed. "You didn't know. Yes, Alison, I had some photos taken by this photographer. Your aunt recommended him. Can we finish saddling up and ride, please?"

"What kind of photos? And why were you there with Aunt Natalie?" Alison would not let go of that damnable I've got you smile...

"Later Alison, please?" The young woman nodded, her smile still there, then went back to cinching her saddle.

The tension dissipated as they made their way up the hill, the women riding through the morning and into early afternoon, pausing for breaks here and there. Gwen was thankful for her daughter's presence as Ali's efforts to get their companion talking was mostly successful, bringing Cricket out of her shell just a little at a time. She never seemed to steer the conversation towards the topic of relationships and yet it just seemed to occasionally land there among the talk of regional shows and noted trainers, Gwen feeling like she learned more about her Alison's love life in one ride than she had during all of her daughter's years at home. Cricket's too; it seemed her husband made even the old Gwen positively wild and daring by comparison.

The riders made their way out of the treeline and down to the barn in the early afternoon's blazing sun. The horses were groomed and turned out, happy to be back in their paddock after an unusually long ride.

"A swim and a glass of wine by the pool?" Ali suggested as they trudged across the lawn.

"Sure, why not," her mother replied. "Cricket, are you joining us?"

"Maybe one glass," she said after a moment's hesitation. "as much as I'd like to, I can't stay here forever."

"You can stay as long as you like," Gwen insisted. "C'mon, let's get our suits."

The trio eventually straggled back into the kitchen from their respective changing spots. Ali looked at her mother and laughed. "Well, Cricket, I'd say you've earned Mom's trust. My mother has worn a one-piece granny suit ever since I can remember, so the bikini she's in right now is really stepping out for her!"

"Alison, stop that!" The older woman admonished. "This is nothing out of the ordinary."

"Given that I can count on one hand the number of times I've seen you wearing it, I'd say it is."

"She wore one yesterday," Cricket volunteered as if to stand up for her new-found friend, "and she loaned me this one. I think I shocked her when my top slipped off."

Alison arched her eyebrows in surprise. "Mother! What exactly we're you two doing yesterday?"

"Stop that! It wasn't tied tightly enough, that's all! She doesn't have my middle-aged spread to help keep it up!"

Alison laughed at her mother's discomfort and leaned into Cricket conspiratorally "Don't worry, a little flashing is nothing to be ashamed of around here. Mom may not flaunt it when she's around family and friends, but when it's just her and Daddy she doesn't wear anything at all to swim in."

"Alison Marie Nelson, I swear if you don't—"

Her daughter laughed again and held up her hands in self-defense. "Alright, alright, sorry, probably too much information. Shall we go cool off?"

The women alternated between wading, paddling and sunning for the next hour, not talking much, just enjoying the sun and the wine. "Well, I should really be going," Alison finally announced. "Need to go grocery shopping before the week starts." The women wrapped themselves in their towels and made their way down to the house.

"C'mon," Alison said as she led the way, "we'll get you something clean and dry to wear for your drive home." Mother, daughter, and guest, now all dressed, met back in the kitchen a few minutes later.

"I really have to get going. Cricket, it was really nice to meet you," Alison said, extending her hand. "I hope you come back again."

"You can come back next weekend, if you like," Gwen quickly interjected, much to her daughter's amusement.

"Thanks, that's very nice of you, but you're right—I really need to tell my mother. I'm going to drive down to her place next weekend and tell her what happened in person. I can use it as an excuse to spend time with Marvin." She seemed to hesitate a moment, then brushed past Alison's hand and gave her a tentative hug, as if she were inexperienced in the act. "Thank you both," she said, on the edge of tears. "I don't know what I would have done at the apartment this weekend. You and your mother are godsends." She broke the embrace and moved to Gwen, their hug even longer and more fervent.

"That's my mom," Alison said, all the while thinking, that's not at all my Mom. At least it wasn't.

Gwen walked the two women out to their cars. "Cricket, I expect you to call me with updates, or if you just want to talk," she said firmly. "If you don't, I'll be calling you."

"I really don't want to bother you," the young woman said tentatively.

"If I don't hear from you young lady, you'll be hearing from me."

"I'll try. I promise."

Alison hugged her mother. "I still want to know about what you and Aunt Natalie were up to," she murmured in her ear before pulling away and heading for her car. Soon the yard was empty, and Gwen stood there, thoughts of what to tell her daughter alternating with an overall concern for Cricket.

Tim returned as Gwen was finishing dinner preparations. The couple shared their day as they ate, Gwen telling her husband of the embarrassment she had felt over Alison's discoveries and sharing of secrets, Tim detailing the local trade gossip Charlie always seem to have a wealth of.

"And did you go to those beaches he likes to go to?"

Tim laughed nervously. "Yeah, he did a slow drive by at the party cove. I think he wanted to stay a while, but I told him it looked like we were a couple of dirty old bastards in a bass boat hanging out with a bunch of day cruisers full of partiers."

"And?"

"And what?"

"Did he see what he wanted to see?" Tim guessed that the question was actually aimed at him as well.

"Well, yeah, I guess he did..." Tim replied, stressing the 'he'. Admitting to be being in the proximity of women wearing little or nothing was still dangerous territory, and the more he distanced himself from it, the better. "I mean, a lot of the girls were topless, and few didn't have their bottoms on, either...but there were guys who stripped down, too! Some of women gave Charlie a little show."

"A little show? Like how?"

"You know...dancing around, shaking their boobs, or holding them up and squeezing them together, bending over and sticking out their butts...stuff like that. Some of the girls pretended they were making out with each other."

"And the men that were with them didn't care that they were doing that?"

"Nah, they just held their beers for 'em and cheered 'em on."

Gwen said no more on the subject, and Tim wondered if she might be upset that he had been present for the lewd display. If she was, she was hiding it well, he decided, and the couple settled in for a quiet evening of TV.

"Wouldn't you have been mad if I had done that?" Gwen asked out of the blue, two hours later.

Tim looked at her, confusion evident. "Done what?"

"Made a spectacle of myself in front of strange men. Like those women you and Charlie saw today. And you said their husbands didn't even seem to care."

Her husband laughed. "Sorry, but I can't even begin to imagine you all liquored up and carrying on like that, so I guess I'd be too shocked to be angry."

"Yes, but what if I did? Wouldn't you be mad?"

Tim thought for a moment. "Nah, can't say that I would be. Those people on the boats seemed to be having a good time, Charlie had a good time, nobody got hurt. Al Murphy didn't seem too upset."

Al Murphy, owner of Murphy Motors, where they had bought their trucks for years now. "What in Heaven's name does Al Murphy have to do with this?"

"I'm almost positive I saw Al on one of the boats, and almost as sure Margaret was there, too."

"You have to be kidding me! They must have had their clothes on, right?"

"Al did—thank God, that is not something I would want to see—but Margaret, it was her—there were a couple of guys in front of her...well, she was definitely topless, and if she was wearing bottoms, they didn't do a good job of covering anything."

A mental image of the woman she had always seen sitting on the other side of the desk at the dealership filled Gwen's head. Co-owner along with her husband, Margaret Murphy was a tall, stately woman in her mid-50s, her dyed-blonde hair impeccably styled, the conservative business suit she always wore when negotiating Nelson Plumbing's next truck purchase unable to hide the fact she had a truly impressive pair of breasts. Others had snickered for years that had she presented her boobs in a more suggestive fashion, Murphy Motors might have sold a thousand more cars. That was not her style, though, Gwen knew her to be a conservative business leader who succeeded through tough negotiating rather than physical distraction.

"Oh, I'm sure it couldn't be her," Gwen said uncertainly. "I can't imagine she would ever be seen near any party like that."

"Well, you might be right," Tim answered in a tone that made it clear there was no uncertainty in his mind.

"How about you? Did you enjoy the show the women gave you? Margaret wasn't one of them, right?" The Slut presented a brief mental image of those massive boobs, presented in all their naked glory, being thrust out at Gwen's husband.

Tim felt like he was again entering dangerous territory. "No, no, she was on the boat next to Al's talking with some guys. The other women, well, they were happy to show off, and I'm a guy and we're trained to look...you're a lot more fun to look at though, because I get to look and touch."

Gwen gave him a smile that showed she appreciated his effort to make her feel special, but doubted whether it was true. "Uh-huh."

The subject was again dropped, and the couple's attention was drawn back to the TV. It was some time before Gwen rose from her chair and moved to the other side of the coffee table, facing her still-seated husband. Uh-oh, he thought, I'm about to get lectured. He was surprised to hear her tone was soft and inquisitive rather than stern. "The women who were showing off, did they start out naked, or did they take their clothes off first?"

"You mean the women at the lake today?"

"How many women are giving you shows? Of course!"

"Uhh, already naked, I guess?"

Gwen quickly peeled off her t-shirt and bra, then discarded both jeans and panties with one push to her ankles. "So, what did they do to make you look?"

Tim stared at the naked woman in front of him. "Uhh, well they danced around, you know shaking their boobs and butt. That kind of thing."

Gwen thought a moment and began to swing and undulate, turning in place as she wiggled her bottom at her seated husband. "Sorry, I'm not very good," she apologized as her ass swung back and forth suggestively. "Am I doing it right?"

"You're very good," Tim disagreed, "and you're doing it better than I ever imagined."

She turned back to him, her hips still swaying. "And you said they made their breasts shake?"

Without waiting for answer, Gwen stopped the motion of her lower body and began twisting her chest back and forth as she looked down to check on the swing of her pert mounds.

Tim was fascinated, but also had to stifle a laugh at the display of concentration Gwen appeared to be putting into getting her small mounds to violently wobble. "Just like that," he encouraged.

"Whew, that's quite a workout," she said, stopping her movement and looking up at her husband. "I guess I'm too small to really get them to move much."

"I think they looked great," Tim offered.

"So, what else did they do?"

"Well, they stuck their chests out and pushed their boobs up. A couple of 'em even licked their nipples like that." Tim wondered if he had overstepped his bounds with that one.

Gwen bent forward at the waist and mimicked what her husband had described, looking down to ensure proper form. "Well, I'm definitely too small to do that last part," she laughed.

"I can do that for you later..."

Gwen straightened and let go of her breasts, the mounds bouncing once before settling high on her chest. "What else did they do?"

Tim could not believe his luck. "They, uhh, showed us their asses—they turned around and stuck them out at us."

"Like this?"

"Well, they spread their legs some, too..." His heart nearly skipped a beat as Gwen presented her upturned ass, her pussy and asshole now clearly on display. "And one of them reached between her legs and started touching herself."

The naked woman put one hand on the floor to steady herself while the other reached between her legs and began to trace a line down her slit.

This is too fucking good to be true, Tim mused. Why not push for more? "And one of 'em reached further up and started playing with her, uhh, asshole."

"Tim!" came the voice from the other side of the legs in front of him. "Just how close did you two have to get to see that!?" Her middle finger crept up, hesitating briefly before beginning to draw circles around her crinkled opening.

"Uh, maybe thirty feet, I don't know," he said distractedly, intent on watching what her finger did next. "Charlie was driving."

"So you mentioned," she said, straightening and turning back to him. "Whew! That made the blood go to my head."

"Me too," he said with a grin as he rose. "Want to go lie down for a bit?" Gwen smiled at him in reply as she walked past on the way to the bedroom.

"You certainly look ready to go," she said as she lay there watching him undress, his erection slapping against his stomach with an audible pop as he freed it from his shorts.

"That's your fault for teasing me like that. I hope you're prepared to take care of it." Tim hurried on to the bed next to his wife and took her in his arms.

"I'd be glad to." Gwen took hold of his engorged length and lightly shook it. "Did you get like this with those women on the lake?"

"He got a little interested, yeah," Tim admitted, "but nothing like the effect your show had. They were just drunk. You're sexy as all hell."

Hands and fingers explored naked flesh while tongues danced, two orgasms building. Tim broke their embrace, and Gwen opened her legs in anticipation of being mounted. The man above her had other ideas, however, and with a wink, reached over her prone body to open the nightstand drawer beside her. Gwen blushed a bit when he withdrew her latest acquisition, the short (well, shorter than the other one, she reminded herself) fat one and held it out. "Hadn't seen this one before. Use it for me?"

Gwen gingerly took the rubber cudgel from her husband's hand and looked up at him uncertainly. The calm determination in his face left no doubt as to whether she should. Closing her eyes, she poised it before her opening, then pushed it forward to let the head rest between her inner lips.

The weight next to her on the bed shifted, and something hot, soft and slightly salty was laid on her other lips. Gwen kissed it even as a callused finger found her clit and began to circle. She slid the mass between her legs in slowly, savoring the feel of being ever so slightly stretched as the bulbous head plowed its way into her. Gwen turned her head to accept Tim's cock more fully, and the finger on her clit continued to circle. She reveled in the feeling of both her openings being filled, and wondered what it might be like to add a third—touching herself back there had certainly been pleasant, maybe something a bit more...nothing large, that would be painful, but something else...

For the second time that weekend Gwen had to remind herself not to bit down on the thing in her mouth as her orgasm pulsed through her, a particularly strong wave making almost making her groan ever so slightly around the cock she held firmly between her lips.

Tim bided his time while she came, his finger and cock both frozen in place as he watched her shudder through her climax, waiting until she appeared to relax before removing himself from her mouth and straddling her chest. Gwen's watched and felt her husband's cock press into the valley between her breasts as he leaned over her, hands pushing into the pillow on either side of her head,. "Push your tits together for me," he grumbled, and she hurried to do so, leaving the dildo firmly lodged in her opening.

He groaned as the soft flesh enveloped him, and his hips had a mind of their own as they pistoned his cock back and forth. Gwen watched in fascination as the serpent seemed to strain to reach her lips, and she stifled a giggle at the absurd thought of a forked tongue flicking out of the little mouth as it was pulled open at the apex of its thrust. On Tim's final push it was not a snake's tongue but a white jet that leapt forward. Gwen instinctively closed her eyes a millisecond before a hot bolt of wetness struck the tip of her nose and painted a gooey line across her eye. Several more pulses landed on her cheek and lips, each making her recoil into the pillow as they struck, before the serpent's flicking tongue weakened enough to coat the underside of her chin.

Tim scrambled off the bed even as the last spurt found its target. "Shit—I'm really sorry about that—really shitty aim—don't open your eyes!" He hurried back from the bathroom with a washcloth, already fearful of the wrath he likely had incurred. Gwen's eyes were still tightly screwed shut, her body shaking, he realized as he approached the bed. To his amazement, the shaking was laughter she dared not let escape through lips tightly pursed due the strand of his semen across them. His panic made him debate the merits of where to start cleaning, finally deciding to work down from where the first jet hit her. Gwen felt the cloth on her eyelid and gently took it from him to expedite the job.

Gwen took a swipe across her lips and let loose the laugh that she had been stifling, a sound that brought Tim hope that perhaps he was not going to be sleeping on the couch tonight. "When you said to keep my eyes closed, I thought that you had another surprise for me, and I couldn't imagine what you could follow up with after that!"

"Sorry, sorry," Tim repeated. "That stuff can sting when you get it in your eye. I didn't realize I had that much pressure stored up. I wasn't aiming there!"

"Are you sure?" Gwen asked with a smile. "Natalie said a lot of men like to do that."

"No, really, it was an accident!" Not completely true, he silently conceded. He had had a good idea where that first shot was going to land even has it came thundering up the length of his cock, and a desire to watch it happen had overridden his sense of what his wife might find objectionable. Each subsequent pulse had been another opportunity to correct the mistake, but he remained fascinated with the results until his orgasm had passed and common sense again took over. "Natalie said that?"

"Uh-huh," Gwen replied as she arched her neck to wipe the remains of his orgasm from below her chin. "She said Adam does it sometimes, like he's marking his territory. Anyway, can you warn me next time? I never realized how fast that stuff comes flying out! And so hot, too!" She smiled up at her husband and handed him the washcloth. "Did I get it all?"

"I think so."

Next time, Tim thought as he lay there waiting for sleep. She said that like she expected there to be a next time. He fell asleep imagining nasty ways he could make that happen.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 11**

"Did you enjoy the show?"

The young apprentice froze, bent over his toolbox with his back to the person asking the question. Mrs. Nelson, Andrew thought, his brain pairing the voice with an image of her naked and spread for her also-naked husband. The first blast of fear-driven adrenaline surged through him and his cock waffled between engorging from the memory or shrinking in panic over the idea that she knew what he had been doing Friday night.

"Uhh, sorry?" He continued to stare into the collection of tools below him, stalling as he tried to come up with a way to explain his way out of this mess.

"Did you enjoy the show?" she repeated. "Didn't you go to see your brother's band?"

Andrew felt light headed as the adrenaline ran its course. "Oh, yeah, I did, thanks," he stammered as he concentrated on rummaging through his collection of wrenches. "Did you have a nice weekend?"

"Very nice. thank you." Andrew continued to intently scan his toolbox until the woman behind him decided the shy young man was not up for a conversation today and moved on to speak with Walt about his retirement paperwork. Images of a very nude and naughty Gwen Nelson were bright and clear even as his nerves calmed, images he had used to pleasure himself quite a few times over the weekend.

"Andrew!" Tim's shout brought back the panic, the young man convinced his boss had somehow caught him thinking about his wife before he was able to calm himself enough to hope that was impossible.

"Yeah, Tim?"

"You're riding with me today, buttercup. Grab your stuff and get in. We got customers waiting!"

Again the adrenaline flowed and panic surged. Andrew had been riding with Walt on a daily basis for a while now, actually doing more than a fair share of the actual work while Walt "supervised". Why the change in routine?

They were on the road a couple of minutes later, the young apprentice distraught with uncertainty. Did Tim know? Was he about to get his ass kicked and fired in one explosive burst?

"Andrew, there's something I wanna talk to you about..."

Oh shit, here it comes, the young man thought, and started looking for places alongside the road where he might be able to leap from the moving vehicle if it came down to violence.

"You probably guessed that with Walt retiring, we're gonna need another plumber so we can keep up the pace. You know Eric Andersen?" The young apprentice nodded, unable to comprehend how any of this had anything to do with jerking off while watching his bosses have sex. "We're hiring him to take Walt's place. He's gonna start next week. You're the only apprentice who knows about this so far, so I'd appreciate it if you would keep it to yourself until we tell Jordan and Mike."

"Sure Tim, yeah..." Okay, maybe I'm not about to get fired, Andrew dared hope. Still, why am I the only one who knows about the new guy?

"But even if we replace Walt with Eric, we're still getting too busy to be a three-plumber shop. So me and Gwen were talking, and what we want is for you to get off your ass and test up for your Journeyman's certificate. If you can do that, we'll add a truck and send you out doing some of the basic jobs—tear-outs, leaky faucets, the same shit you've been doing for Walt the past year." Andrew looked over at his boss, trying to wrap his head around what seemed to be an offer of promotion. "Yeah, I know how much stuff you've been doing that Walt should have been doin'," Tim said with a grin. "I know he can't get that fat ass into tight places so well any more, and his knees make it tough to get under sinks...I know he thought you were doing the jobs well enough not to make fixing them after a pain in the ass for him. Which tells me you can be doing that shit on your own if you just pass the goddamn test. Get off your ass, study—Cliff and me will help you there if you need it—take the test, and pass it. We buy a new truck, I get that one and you get the oldest, most-raggedy ass one. Deal?"

Andrew looked down at the hand being offered to him and could not understand how he could survive so many shocks in one morning without passing out or throwing up. He took the outstretched hand and shook it. "Deal."

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Gwen waited until lunch to call Cricket, anxious to see how she was faring but not wanting to seem too anxious.

"Kristen LaPointe."

"Hi Cricket, it's Gwen. How are you?"

"Oh-hi. I'm fine, how are you?"

She sensed her call was not unwelcome, but the voice on the other end was tinged with worry. To be expected, the Lady sniffed. Leave her alone—none of your business. "Everything going okay?"

"Everything's fine—can I call you back in a minute?"

"Of course—if now is a bad time, you can call me whenever you want. I won't bother you again until I hear from you."

"You're not bothering me at all, it's good to hear a friendly voice, it's just—I'll call you in a little bit, okay?"

Told you, the Lady crowed. You're being a pesky little busybody. She doesn't want or need your help.

The Lady's pronouncement was cut short by the phone's ring.

"Hi Gwen," Cricket began. "Sorry, I just wanted to go someplace more private. Probably best for everyone not to know my business."

"That's alright! So how is everything going?"

"Well..." she began, deciding whether to continue.

"Come on Cricket, out with it."

"Daniel left some papers while he was here getting his things. He got a lawyer, Gwen! I thought we were just going to handle this between ourselves! I can't understand why he got one—we haven't got anything worth fighting over, and I figured whatever we do have we would split equally. I can't afford a lawyer! What am I going to do?"

"Cricket, let me make a call. Don't do anything until you hear back from me, understand?"

"But I—"

"I will call you back as soon as I can. In the meantime, don't do anything. Alright?"

"But—"

"I'll call you back soon—I promise."

Gwen began dialing as soon as she hung up. The line picked up on the first ring. "Curran, Stein and Associates, may I direct your call?"

"Norman Curran, please."

"Mr. Curran is not available at the moment. May I ask who's calling and I can give him a message?"

"This is Gwen Nelson."

"Oh—hello, Mrs. Nelson. I'll see if your father can be interrupted. Please hold for a moment."

The line was picked up less than a minute later. "Gwen! Nice to hear from you!" Gwen smiled at the sound of her father's voice. He had always been the more temperate counter to her mother's puritanical, autocratic ways, even if Irene Curran had always been the undisputed ruler of the family castle. And although he had always been formal with his only daughter, she was beginning to understand that it was likely because he had never known how to be any other way. Father and daughter exchanged pleasantries before Gwen got down to business.

"Listen Dad, I need a favor. I have a friend whose husband is filing for divorce. They're just starting out and don't have a lot of money, so it seems a little fishy to me that her husband got a lawyer. Think the firm can help her out?"

"Well, if she doesn't have a lot of money, she probably can't afford us. I can suggest a couple of new guys in town that work at fairly reasonable rates—"

"No, I want Joe on this. Can you have him take this one, please?"

"That's a pretty big request, Gwen. You know Joe tends to work the bigger fish for us. He's pretty busy with—"

"Too busy even after all the work Nelson Plumbing has done over the years for your firm as well as your personal residence at greatly discounted rates, not to mention finding key evidence in the waste pipe of one of your client's homes, exonerating him of all charges...please, Daddy? For me?"

"Alright, alright," Norman Curran grumbled. "I'll ask Joe to give her a call and see what the situation is...sliding scale, will that be satisfactory, councilor?"

Gwen smiled. She knew the code phrase 'sliding scale' more often than not turned into pro bono. "Very satisfactory. Thank you daddy. You're wonderful. You'll have him call her today?"

"Yes, yes, today. You would have made a great lawyer, Gwen."

"I don't think that was ever in mother's plan. Besides, your partners are not particularly fond of uppity women, especially uppity woman lawyers."

"That's not true! Need I remind you that Sylvia is a full partner?"

"Only because you saw the coming equal opportunity protests better than your partners did."

He laughed, knowing he had lost this round. "See you at Sunday dinner next week?"

"You will. Thanks again, Daddy."

Her father hung up the phone and smiled. The last time she had called him 'Daddy' was when she was seventeen and had wanted his permission to work at the stables for a year before going to college. It had made him go against his better judgement (and her mother's strident protests) then, and had made him give away valuable company billing hours today. Damn, she was good.

But he knew she was also correct. The firm would not have welcomed a woman into the partnership, even a great-granddaughter of one of the founders. No, Gwen would have been better suited marrying one of the promising young lawyers her father had in mind for her and producing the grandsons that might eventually join the firm. Still, he couldn't complain about her eventual choice for a husband. Tim was a good man, and his father-in-law was thankful for his daughter's happiness.

Gwen was dialing even as she heard the line disconnect. "Kristen LaPointe."

"Cricket, it's Gwen. You will be receiving a call from a lawyer by the name of Joe Gambini this afternoon. Joe's with Curran, Stein, and Associates, and does family law for them. Quite well. He's going to represent you."

"Gwen, that's very nice of you, but I can't afford a lawyer, especially from Curran, Stein, and Associates!"

"Oh, you know the firm?"

"I know they're very good, and they're very expensive. The bank has had some dealing with them, and I looked them up this morning after you mentioned when we were riding that your father and brother were partners there ..."

"Well, don't worry about the cost. The firm will only charge you what Joe thinks you can afford."

"Gwen, this is so nice of you, but really, I can't—"

"Of course you can. Don't try to go this alone. Let me help."

"You can't imagine how much you already have. Thank you so much." Gwen could hear the young woman sniffling.

"Nothing to thank me for. You get back to work and let me know if you don't hear from him by the end of the day, alright?"

"Alright. Thank you. I owe you so much and I have no idea how I'll ever repay you."

"You don't owe me anything. It's what friends do."

"I'm starting to understand that..."

"Call me later and let me know how it went with Joe."

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Gwen was not surprised when Natalie called Friday morning. The weather had turned unseasonably cold and rainy the night before, and the forecast promised more of the same through Saturday afternoon. Not a day to willingly be out on horseback, Gwen forced herself to admit, although she hoped Natalie might come over anyways to—to what? both the Lady and Slut asked.

"Not a good day to be up on the hill," Natalie pronounced after the two had exchanged good mornings.

"No, I guess not."

"Wanna meet me at the mall and go clothes shopping?"

"I don't know if I should, today is Walt's last day, his retirement dinner is tomorrow night, and Eric is starting on Monday..."

"I understand. Well, we can try for next week, then..."

Gwen overrode the Lady's objections. "No! I really should get out for a bit. I'll meet you in the center court in about a half hour?"

"See you down there..."

Natalie, her bright floral sundress completely inappropriate for the weather outside, was there waiting when Gwen arrived.

"So, where to?" The tiny brunette asked after hugs were exchanged.

"Upstairs. Bon Jolie. I could use a couple of tops, and maybe a bra. You need anything?"

"Hadn't really thought about it," Gwen confessed. "This weather makes me wonder if I need another sweater or two."

"See those guys over there?" Natalie murmured as the two women approached the escalator. Gwen saw who she meant—two younger men looked about, apparently not focused on anything or anyone.

"Yes?"

"I'll bet you five bucks they get on the escalator after we do."

"Natalie, I don't gamble, and I'm sure you're—"

"Five bucks says they follow us."

Gwen rolled her eyes and sighed. "Fine, alright, but I don't get why they would."

The young men looked at anything but the two women as they passed and stepped on to the first tread. "Don't look back," Natalie cautioned through her smile, staring ahead as they rose above the ground floor. The pair reached the top and walked ahead several paces before the busty blonde stopped and turned. Gwen looked back and saw the young men just getting off, again intent on not looking at the two women in front of them.

"You can pay me later," Natalie said, smiling knowingly at one of the young men as he risked a glance.

"How did you know?" Her sister-in-law asked quietly to the back of the woman already walking away from her.

"Guys will sometimes hang around stairs hoping to get a look up a woman's dress."

Gwen glanced back and saw the two voyeurs already on their way back down. "Really? They were trying to look up your dress? You don't think they saw anything, do you?"

"Probably. Hard to say. They looked like they were far enough behind and below us to get a pretty good look."

"At least you're wearing underwear, right?"

"Technically, yes."

Natalie breezed into the upscale clothing store and made a quick pass through an area stuffed with shirts and tops, selecting several before heading on to the lingerie section. She spent some time selecting several bras, then a camisole, and she was off to the dressing rooms.

Gwen hung back as Natalie disappeared down the short hallway lined with tiny curtained booths and took a seat, not wanting to appear as though she were trying to intrude on anyone's privacy. Natalie summoned her a few moments later.

"Gwen! What do you think?" She peeked into the hallway, expecting to poke her head in the booth and give her opinion on one of the tops her sister-in-law had selected. Instead, she was brought up short by the sight of a naked Natalie standing outside her cubicle. Well, not quite naked, Gwen corrected herself. One of the bras her sister-in-law had brought in to try on seemed to be fighting a losing battle against the mounds of flesh it was meant to restrain, and her earlier assertion that she was technically wearing underwear was clearer now that a micro thong could be seen peeking out from between her legs. "Too small, huh?" She did a full turn for effect, the string of the thong hidden between the bumcheeks it ran through to make the woman appear naked from the waist down. Wonder if the young men on the escalator got the same idea, the Slut mused.

Gwen could not decide whether she meant the bra or the panties and just nodded in agreement, then nervously looking over her shoulder for anyone who might blunder into the show. Natalie reached behind her back and unhooked the straining garment, seemingly oblivious to the fact she now stood in a corridor where others might see her, breasts spilling out from their imprisonment. "Whew, better," she said, casually massaging them. "I hate it when they get strapped down like that for too long. Makes my cleavage look better in the right dress, but I swear it cuts off the circulation!"

Natalie tried on each garment in turn, taking her time while Gwen wished she would hurry and finish before some unsuspecting shopper got an eyeful. She finished with the camisole. "What do you think about this?"

The shimmering blue garment came down to just below her waist, not reaching far enough to conceal the thong below. The fabric seemed to obscenely drape over her sister-in-law's breasts, even her areolae clearly outlined.

"It's nice, but I think it's too sheer to wear out, even if you had a bra on."

"Well, duh," Natalie laughed. "It's not meant for wearing out. This and a pair of sexy undies is meant to send a message to Adam that I'm in need of a man."

Gwen blushed. Was it possible to have sexier underwear than what she already wore? "Oh, well, in that case, I'm sure it will work fine for that."

Natalie smiled and changed back into her sundress, Gwen relieved that she had put her bra back on first. "Okay, I think I know what I want. Let's see about some things for you."

"Oh, I'm fine," Gwen demurred. "I don't need anything."

Her sister-in-law smiled. "Well then, there's something I need from you. I'll forget the five bucks you owe me if you give me the bra and panties you're wearin'."

Gwen started to remind her that as she didn't gamble, she didn't owe her anything, but the Slut was first in with the reminder that in this case she had, and she did. The Lady was all for the debt being settled with a five dollar bill, but the Slut had other ideas.

"How do you know I'm wearing any?"

Natalie laughed. "The bra's kinda obvious, even under that shirt. As for the panties, I'm going to guess Gwen Nelson has not yet progressed to the point where she would willingly leave her house without underwear."

I have before, just not today, Gwen thought. The Slut recommended prompt payment. "Now? Here?"

"Yup. Yup." Natalie looked at her expectantly.

"What do you want them for?"

"I've got a fetish for undies."

Gwen dubiously eyed her sister-in-law and stepped into the vacant changing stall. It wasn't like she hadn't gone out without underwear before...and her slacks were certainly less revealing than the skirt she had worn shopping a couple of towns over. The curtain was pulled shut and Gwen began undressing. She was down to the requested bra and panties when the curtain again slid open, the sound startling her.

"How you doin' in here?"

"Fine, thank you for asking! Can you close that, please?"

"C'mon, get 'em off. Sooner you do, sooner you can get dressed and the curtain won't matter."

Gwen's eyes never left Natalie's as she worked the clasp to expose her breasts before shucking the full-back panties down her legs. Her sister-in-law smiled and stooped to take the discarded underwear and stuff them in her purse. "I like a woman who pays her debts. C'mon, get dressed and we'll go pay for my stuff and get lunch."

The women approached the escalator, both looking over the edge of the mezzanine for the young men who no longer appeared to be at the bottom. "What a shame," Natalie said quietly, "I was going to give them your panties."

Gwen nervously looked around for anyone who might have overheard. "You wouldn't dare!" she hissed in a loud whisper.

"Never can tell," her sister-in-law replied. "They're mine now, I can do whatever I want with them. Wanna bet where they'll end up?"

"No more bets," Gwen replied nervously. "Would you like to come up to the house for lunch?"

"No, thanks, probably won't have enough time to get up and back for work. How about Andy's in the Food Court?"

The Lady waffled between prodding her to get out of the public spotlight as soon as possible before her lack of underwear was discovered and dreading what might happen if Gwen and Natalie did make it the privacy of her home. Gwen reluctantly agreed that lunch at the mall was the more sensible plan.

"You should unbutton that a little more," Natalie said, pointing to her sister-in-law's blouse after they had slid into a booth near the back of the restaurant. "Might get us better service from our waiter. Too bad you don't owe me anything at the moment. "

"Yes, too bad," Gwen replied condescendingly, and launched into a complete recounting of her weekend with Cricket as a means of changing the subject.

"Gwen Nelson, you really are changing," her sister-in law said with true admiration as she wrapped up the story. "I never you knew you had it in you to reach out to a stranger like that."

"I don't know why everybody keeps saying that," Gwen sniffed. "I've always been helpful to others." Natalie smiled but said nothing. "But, umm, I meant to tell you, Cricket accidentally let it slip to Alison about my photos. Now I think she wants to see them, and I think she also wants to know why we were really at Barry's together."

"So, let her see them. Your album turned out beautifully."

"But I'm her mother!"

"You're the woman she's most likely to become in a few years. Why not give her a sneak peek if she wants it and give her some reassurance she ages really well?"

"And what if she asks why we were there together?"

Tell her. What Liz and I do together is not something I want to be common knowledge, but I think Alison's old enough to understand."

"What if she wants to see your pictures, too?"

"My album, or the ones I just posed for?"

"Either! Both!"

"She is certainly most welcome to look at my album, and probably the ones with Liz, too, although I want to see them first before I make that decision, which from what I understand will be able to do soon. Ali's a big girl, and I'm sure she's done some wild and crazy things, too. Very sure," Natalie added knowingly.

Their meals were served and eaten as the two women spoke in hushed tones about Cricket, Alison, and the hoped for unveiling of the latest photos. The waiter, a pleasant young man who Natalie had been charming the entire meal, promptly brought their check.

Gwen attempted to pay, but her sister-in-law stopped her. "I've got it—you can owe me," she said with a grin and plunked down some bills.

"I can only imagine how you'll want me to pay you back," Gwen grumbled, but acquiesced and led the way out of the mall and into the parking lot.

"Really Natalie. Why do you want my underwear? What are you going to do with it?"

"Not sure about the bra yet. I don't have your panties any more."

Gwen stopped in her tracks, suddenly not in such a hurry to get out of the rain. "What do you mean?"

Natalie giggled. "I left them on the table in the restaurant. I thought our waiter was such a nice young man, and he deserved a special tip."

"You can't be serious!" Gwen shrieked. "He'll know I left them!"

"He'll know one of us left them," Natalie replied with mock seriousness. "Let him decide who. He'll probably think they're mine anyways, since I was the one who was gushing over him and calling him 'sweetie'. Little does he know you're the real bad girl, you pantiles hussy you! Of course, if you had been wearing something a little more brief than those bloomers, he'd probably figure it out that I wouldn't be able to fit in to your undies..." The two women stared at each other for a moment, one set of eyes anxious, one filled with laughter. "You could always go back and ask him for them..." Natalie taunted.

"Well, I can never go back there again," Gwen grumbled as they reached her car. "Honestly, why would a guy even want some woman's panties?"

Natalie hugged her. "You have so much to catching up to do. This is going to be fun."

The women said their goodbyes in the parking lot, promising to call each other at some point during the week before their Friday ride. Gwen's mind wandered as she drove back to the house, disappointed Natalie had not been able to come back with her, wondering how the waiter had reacted to the extra "tip" he had received, whether he would be able to figure out who the owner of the underwear was and whether trouble would come from it. She also briefly wondered if he might use them for his own pleasure. Natalie seemed to imply that he would greatly appreciate this gift. How would a man even make use of a pair of panties for their own pleasure?

Gwen was reluctant to admit that habit and circumstances had set her sexual alarm clock to go off that afternoon, and a series of phone calls and problems to be solved upon her arrival kept her in the office until almost 5. She knew the trucks would probably not be back until at least much later; Tim was taking all the crews out for "a beer or two" to celebrate Walt's last day. No one to be presentable for, so no need to replace the underwear that was quite possibly now in some young man's pocket.

The text announcing that the last truck had left the jobsite was Gwen's cue to shut down and head over to the house. Blouse and slacks were discarded after she had eaten, and she wandered the house performing small chores, her mind occupied by a myriad of questions and details while her sexual need simmered.

She stopped in the bedroom after pulling dirty clothes from the hampers, deciding that she had resisted the urge long enough. Gwen happily pulled her toys from the nightstand and flopped back on the bed, intent on making herself feel good right now while being available for her husband should he have need of her body when he returned.

She laid back and let her mind and fingers wander, sexual musings mixing with more practical matters. Did Martelli's still have the back room reserved for Walt's retirement dinner tomorrow night? What would Walt think if he saw me like this? How was Cricket making out on her trip South? Does she do this, too? What to tell Alison if she asks again, and what to show her? The vet will be up to see the horses next Tuesday...I wonder where my panties are right now?

Enough about your underwear, the Lady fumed. Thanks to Natalie, some pervert now has them for God-knows-what purpose. The Slut was only too happy to suggest some possibilities. Maybe it feels good against their cocks if they put them on.

Gwen giggled. The waiter had not been a particularly large man, but the thought of him fitting into her underwear seemed very unlikely. Okay, the Slut conceded, but maybe he use them for a rag for after he shoots, or—or—maybe he wraps them around his cock and strokes himself with it!

I guess that's possible, Gwen agreed, and imagined the waiter standing there, naked from the waist down, his panty-wrapped erection poking through the tails of the buttoned white shirt he still wore, a black bow tie closing the collar. The young man's fist was wrapped around his hard-on, polishing his length with the white cotton as he savored the feel of the fabric. Her own fingers found their way between her legs and began to stroke and tease as she envisioned her underwear being used to contain his ejaculation.

The rabbit was retrieved and made to purr. Gwen guided it down, towards her opening then beyond, on to the smooth skin separating her holes. Farther still it went, nestling between the split of her cheeks until the press of her body against the sheets made it impossible to go further. It might feel good back there, she mused, even in her current state of arousal still preferring to identify her puckered opening by location rather than name, and rolled on to her stomach in the hopes of better access.

Gwen eventually got to her knees while her shoulders stayed pressed against the mattress and her head buried in the pillow, the hand holding the rabbit brought between spread thighs to nestle into her open cheeks. The buzz of the vibrator against her starfish brought back pleasurable feelings she had long ago forbidden herself to remember, so much so she briefly wondered what it might be like to push the rounded head in just a little way...Gwen was not ready for that perversion, however, and distracted herself with a dildo firmly embedded in a more traditional spot while the index finger of her free hand tormented her clitoris. The ensuing orgasm toppled the balancing act and she fell to her side as waves of pleasure roared through her. Gwen managed to keep the rabbit in place against her asshole as she shuddered through her climax, the strength of her convulsions forcing the angrily buzzing head to push open the puckered ring a fraction of an inch.

She lay there for some time afterwards, too spent to move, idly letting ideas, concerns and to-dos chase about her brain, until she heard the sounds of the first truck. She did not go out to meet them, and Tim found her naked and asleep when he finally made it to the bedroom.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 12**

Despite Gwen's concerns, Walt's retirement dinner went off without a hitch and a nice evening was had by all the gathered employees and significant others. Most of those in attendance saw the same conservatively dressed Mrs. Nelson they knew and respected, although Andrew spent the evening discretely remembering her another way. It was her demeanor that the gathered guests had decided was markedly different. Where before Gwen Nelson had always been distant and coldly formal, now she seemed almost...friendly.

She was up well before Tim the next morning, climbing the hillock to the pool while the sun was still low behind the trees. . Her nipples hardened to tight little eraser points in the chill of the fall dawn, but Gwen knew the water still held much of the warmth of the summer sun. Her nude body knifed through the pool's calm surface with barely a splash. Time to open up the hot tub, she mused as she lazily tread water.

Gwen hurried from the water to retrieve her terrycloth robe, nipples still in their alert state as much from her brazen early-morning daring as the sudden cold. She was thankful she did not have to suffer a wet suit that would turn cold and clammy before reaching the house. Skinnydipping is just so much more logical and efficient! Tim found her sipping coffee at the kitchen table when he stumbled from the bedroom an hour later.

"G'morning," he mumbled, kissing the top of her head as he shuffled past on his way to the coffee. She appreciated his own choice of attire this morning—he had not bothered with anything more than a t-shirt, and his muscled backside flexed as he walked past. Gwen was only too happy to admire his cute bottom as well as what was drawn up between his legs when he turned back to the table with coffee cup in hand. I never imagined that thing could have so many shapes and sizes, she mused as she noted how both the shaft and the pouch below it seemed to be trying to stay tucked close to the warmth of his body.

Tim pulled out the chair next to her, plopped down and took a sip of the steaming liquid. "Plans today?"

"The usual," Gwen replied. "Chores, groceries..."

"Supposed to be a beautiful day," he said, looking down into his mug. "How about we take the boat out for a bit? Won't be long before it gets too cold..."

"Did you plan on fishing, or...going somewhere? And before you say it, I absolutely will not anywhere near that place you and Charlie went last weekend. I would never be able to look Margaret Murphy—or Al—in the face again if they saw us there."

"Going there was Charlie's idea," Tim assured her. "And no, uh, not there. Looked like too much commotion, anyways. I was thinking someplace quieter where we can just hang out and soak up some sun, maybe that place we went last time?"

Gwen smiled at her husband's choice of sunbathing over fishing. "We'll see. As long as there aren't too many people."

Tim smiled hopefully and stood to get ready. He seems a bit more filled out down there, she noted. The coffee must have warmed him up.

The landing was busy when they arrived, the early morning fishermen coming back fighting against the tide of pleasure boaters flowing out to take advantage of the weather. Tim and Gwen were able to put in without incident, and the boat's nose was soon pointed up the lake, the craft moving at something a little above a leisurely pace.

Gwen had discretely removed her shorts soon after they had cast off and the t-shirt followed as Tim guided them into open water, the mid-morning sun warming her despite the breeze. He eyed her bikini-clad body appreciatively, remembering the jeans and sweatshirt she had worn her first time out here this summer.

"It doesn't look like anyone's in there," Gwen called out as they cruised past the little cove they had swam in that day.

Tim looked to where she was pointing and turned his attention back to the bow. "Let's keep going on up to the next inlet. It's sunnier, and there's more of a beach. If it's crowded, we'll come back here."

Five minutes later, they rounded the forested point of land sheltering their destination. As before, two boats were at anchor, the owners already on opposite ends of the strip of sand. Gwen made note of the lack of visible swimwear and decided that politeness would require she be the same way if she chose to join them. The Lady snorted at the idea of public nudity requiring proper manners.

"Too crowded?" Tim asked as he guided them into an open patch of chest-deep water near the beach.

"I guess not. I assume you're going to sit on the beach?"

"Sure, why not? It'll be nice to put our toes in the sand for a while." The watertight bag was produced and filled, Tim's t-shirt, shorts and shoes last in as he unceremoniously shed them. "You coming?"

Gwen felt the need to make it appear she was more reluctant than was actually the case. "I don't know...it seems so, well...wrong...to just sit around with naked people."

Tim smiled and began to seal the bag. "I wouldn't call it wrong. Maybe we just don't have a lot of experience. I'm willing to try and get used to it. "

"Wait."

Gwen took a deep breath and looked around, then hurriedly removed her top and bottom and handed them to her husband. She didn't wait for him, instead hurrying down the ladder into the clear water, feet on the sandy bottom, only her head and shoulders above the surface.

Tim hopped over the side and led the way towards the beach, Gwen very aware of her breasts, then her waist, breaking the surface as the lake bottom rose to the water's edge. She stared straight ahead as they made their way up the sand between the couples flanking them, not daring to look for signs of disapproval or condemnation. Why would there be any? the Slut laughed. They're as naked as you are.

Tim stopped when they were directly between the two pairs of nude bodies, but Gwen continued on past him, walking a bit further up, deciding she might be more comfortable if she were slightly above and behind the others. He followed to where she now stood, looking back out at the small anchorage, and handed her a towel from the bag. She sat with legs drawn up to her chest while Tim flopped down beside her and lay back to dry in the sun, seemingly oblivious to the others not more than 20 feet on either side of them. Gwen took the time to surreptitiously check out her fellow beachgoers.

To her left was a couple perhaps a few years older and a few pounds heavier than she and Tim. The woman was sitting in much the same position as Gwen, probably to support her arms holding up the paperback she was reading rather than out of any sense of modesty. Her husband lay beside her on his stomach, his bottom and legs a softened shade of the darkened tan of his torso.

To her right was a younger couple, perhaps in their late twenties, she guessed. Gwen pretended to stare at the boats parked in front of her as they rose to rearrange their towels, glancing sideways from behind her sunglasses once she felt confident she was not under observation herself. The young blonde's midsection was noticeably swollen, a definite baby bump of the third-trimester variety. Gwen was surprised a woman in her condition would allow herself to be seen like that, but also felt a certain admiration for the woman's confidence and bravery. Her swelling midsection made her beautiful in a way that was hard to define. Gwen's own pregnancies had made her particularly ugly and misshapen, something that made her even more protective of her modesty around Tim during those times, not that he would have even wanted a glimpse. The man accompanying the young woman—her husband, Gwen guessed based on the glint of gold on his finger-was average in height, sporting a bit of a paunch, perhaps sympathy weight gain, she thought. The Lady scoffed at her lack of shame or embarrassment as she looked at what was tucked beneath his rounded midsection —a flaccid penis, it's shaft more slender and the pink head more bulbous than Tim's, nestled in a patch of brown hair. Checking out the variety of what lay between men's legs amused the Slut, and she wondered what the older man to her right might have pressed against the towel he lay on. Gwen eased her legs forward a bit, daring to expose the tops of her breasts to the sun.

The Slut had to wait another fifteen minutes before the older man obliged her, lifting his head from the towel and glancing up at the newcomers with a friendly smile before turning over and flopping back onto the sand, a t-shirt over his eyes. The man's length seemed to be stuck at an right angle to the skin of his lower abdomen, a situation he remedied by reaching down and stroking it a couple of times before scratching the testicles hanging between his thighs. His hand left his crotch and found its way to his wife's back, casually stroking and scratching her from shoulder blade to where her cheeks were pressed against the towel she sat on. The woman did not look away from her book, but she did leave one hand to support her reading while the other returned her husband's affectionate caresses by petting his chest and stomach. Gwen watched breathlessly as the hand worked its way further down the hairy midsection.

Gwen quickly glanced down at Tim, both out of an obligation to not intrude on the private moment to her left while also wondering if her husband was seeing what she was seeing. He appeared to be napping and Gwen could not resist her voyeuristic urge, privacy be damned. She returned to a sideways stare through her sunglasses.

The woman's attention was still focused on her book, but her fingers were now gliding up and down the length lying on the man's stomach, coaxing it into hardness. From her vantage point Gwen could see it inflating like a balloon underneath her absentminded stroking, the head straining to rise up against the red fingernails scratching it. The fingers went further, across the loose sac and down between his thighs, as if looking for something that had fallen between the couch cushions. His legs spread further and a tilt of his hips upwards allowed her better access and the hand tarried for a bit before returning to view and wrapping around the now hard staff. She continued to focus on her reading even as she lifted the length up and slid it back and forth through her loosely-clenched fist. If he was at all offended by his wife's lewd act or her apparent lack of attention to it, he certainly wasn't showing it.

Gwen was both shocked and fascinated by the perverted display. Such a private and personal act to perform in front of others, and yet both husband and wife seemed to be treating it as nothing more exotic than a distracted good-morning kiss.

The Lady loudly reminded her that she was not alone on the beach. Gwen shifted her gaze back to the younger couple, embarrassed by the realization she had been openly staring. They were both sitting on their towels, smiling and watching the show the other couple was putting on, not feeling the need to hide their focus on the action. Again the Lady urged her to cover up and go back to the boat, but again her need to watch won out. The Slut wanted to see if they would go further and fuck right there on the sand.

The woman did not seem to be in a hurry to move on to that act, sometimes removing her hand long enough to turn a page before returning to her languid petting and pulling. It was some time before her tempo began to change, that her grip became firmer and her pace more urgent. She continued to read while her husband's hips began that twitching Gwen had come to know as a sure sign of her own husband's impending orgasms. The Slut was anxious to observe another man's orgasm for the first time, to see a fountain splatter his chest, perhaps even further up, given the direction she had aimed him. The Slut giggled evilly. I wonder how he'll like getting a faceful? Gwen wondered if that kind of distance was even possible to achieve.

The woman's attention shifted from her book to the body next to her as he stiffened. Her fist gripped just below the head of the cudgel and held firm as he strained against it. There were no pearly jets arcing up and away, just the cream that bubbled from the tip and oozed down to coat the fingers beneath, reminding Gwen of white lava spilling from a pink-tipped volcano.

The eruption ceased and the woman affectionately shook the penis she held then wiped her hand on his chest and returned to her reading. He removed the t-shirt from his eyes, chuckled, and rolled to his side to kiss his benefactor's cheek before rising for a walk down to the water.

Gwen sat and watched his buttocks roll as he walked—not a bad looking bum, she had to admit—while making sense of the depraved scene she had just witnessed. It might have been depraved, the Slut chimed in, but it made you wet. She reluctantly had to admit that the scene had been arousing, and that Tim would have some business to take care of once they got home. Maybe sooner, if that next cove over was still empty on their way back...

A giggle to her right interrupted her thoughts of lewd possibilities and she reflexively turned in time to see the pregnant woman playfully punch her husband in the arm. Gwen wondered if her own obvious interest might have been the cause for the laughter. Tim stirred and sat up, and she quickly directed her gaze out to the boats and the man unashamedly cleaning off the remains of his orgasm.

Tim leaned over and kissed her cheek. "Everything alright?" he asked, following his wife's line of sight across the water.

"Everything's fine." The aroused woman decided that she really shouldn't be spending any more time looking at naked people and lay back, eyes closed tightly against the sun and the thought of how incredibly exposed she was in this pose, and that the others on the beach might be looking at her even now. She let the sun warm her, doing her best to ignore a different kind of heat spreading from between her legs.

"Nice boat."

Gwen's eyes opened in panic as she resisted the urge to sit up and cover herself from the voice coming from somewhere down towards the water. "Thanks," Tim replied genially. "That's a hell of a cabin cruiser you've got."

The laugh that responded made it clear the man behind it was coming closer. "Yeah, thanks. Little more than we need, but it came with the house, and it's big enough to stay on overnight out here, so we kept it." The Lady counseled feigning sleep, unconsciousness, death, anything to avoid acknowledging the man who was surely now just feet away, but politeness and curiosity made her sit up, bringing her knees back up to her chest to hug them as she did so.

The older man was now squatting at the end of their towels, his body still glistening with beads of water from his swim. "Bob," he said, extending his hand first to Tim, then Gwen. "That's my wife Yvette." At the mention of her name, the woman looked up from her reading, smiled and waved, then returned her attention to her book.

"I'm Tim, and this is my wife, Gwen." No names, the Lady screamed. No names!

"Nice to meet you both. Welcome to our little hideaway. Well, not ours, really- our house is on the other side of the lake, but our neighbors aren't the clothing optional types, so we come here to work on our tans. Nice place to lay out and relax. Everybody seems to just know this beach has an adults-only vibe to it, but the partiers stay further down the lake, so it's pretty quiet."

The talk turned to boats and fishing, Gwen only half-listening, unable to come to terms with the idea that she and her naked husband were talking with an equally naked man as though it were the most normal thing in the world. Not to mention the fact that the docile thing hanging between the man's legs had been on display in its full masculine glory just a short time ago...

Her mind wandered from the discussion of marine engine horsepower and back to the realization that she was naked just a few feet from a strange man. His occasionally focused on her, a quick smile accompanied by a look in her eyes before a run up and down what body he could see behind her legs. Either he's checking me out, Gwen reasoned, or more likely he's just trying to be polite and include me in on the conversation, He can't be checking me out—there's nothing left to see. I'm as naked as the day I was born.

Not that Gwen had been ignoring the body squatting in front of her. He was not model material, but he was real, and this was the closest she had ever been to a naked man other than Tim. There were a few extra pounds, but there was muscle too, and hairy legs and arms, and...that thing dangling between his slightly-spread thighs. Docile was not the proper description for it, perhaps at rest would be more fitting...the hair surrounding it had been clipped very short. His tanned shaft (I didn't know that could tan, too! Gwen thought), even though recently drained, still maintained an impressive length and girth as it lay draped over his loose sac, the skin of the pouch several shades darker, the outline of his testicles nestled inside plainly visible. She briefly wondered what it might be like to reach out and cup them—she was almost close enough to do so—to feel if they were as heavy as they looked.

Bob shifted slightly, opening his legs even more to her, as if welcoming her to examine it more closely. Gwen quickly focused on the boats in front of her, then to movement to her right.

The young man had gotten to his feet, the shaft of penis beginning to swell in proportion to the helmet that capped it , and helped his pregnant wife up. Together they walked hand in hand further up the beach, back behind the bank to where those people had gone last time to...The woman shyly smiled at Gwen and then averted her eyes as she passed, as if acknowledging what the ultimate goal of their excursion was.

She was surprised that the couple would be doing anything like that in her condition, much less here. Tim had been shut off from any sort of sexual contact the moment her own pregnancies had been confirmed, and his Saturday night conjugal rights had not resumed until two months after she had given birth. Gwen had convinced herself back then that lovemaking would be difficult with her stomach in the way, and even if it was possible, a man of top of her poking his thing so close to where their child was growing couldn't be healthy for the baby. Besides, Tim would have had to be desperate indeed to want to touch her. You've found a lot of ways to fuck besides missionary since then, the Slut reminded her, and I think Tim would have found a way if you had let him.

"So what do you do for work, Tim?"

The conversation again had Gwen's complete attention as the Lady desperately looked for a way to stop this egregious breach of confidential information. Too late.

"We own a plumbing business over in Albany. You?"

"Financial analyst. I work out of my house, mostly. You do any work out this far?" The Lady urged Gwen to step in and tell him no, but Tim was quicker.

"We try not to turn down any jobs," Tim said with a smile. "Why?"

"We want to completely re-do the master bathroom. You think you might be able to give me a quote?"

"Be happy to. Give me a call, we can set up a time and place."

The naked man in front of them grinned. "Great! Got a business card?"

Tim slapped his bare thighs. "Sorry, fresh out. I can give you a phone number to call, though."

Bob turned back to where his wife was still reading. "Honey, can you bring me my phone?"

Yvette dug into a nearby bag, retrieved the requested object, and rose to bring it to where Bob still crouched. Her body was rounded as well, not fat, but curvy, full breasts sagging slightly, and she sported a neatly trimmed brunette bush between her legs.

"Tim here is a plumber," Bob told the woman now standing over the others. "We should have him come over and give us a quote on the bathroom."

"Absolutely! The sooner the better. I'm Yvette," she said, extending her hand first to Tim, then Gwen. "Sorry if my husband is being a nuisance. He can't imagine anybody out here wouldn't want to talk boats."

Gwen took the proffered hand, remembering where it had been just a little while ago. "Gwen. And this is Tim. I think it's one of his favorite subjects, as well."

Yvette smiled. "Well, it's nice to see you folks out here—I always worry the party up at Hellsapoppin Point is going to spill over down here. It's fun to go up there sometimes, but I like the quiet down here, too. Anyways, honey we really should get going. We have a lot to do at home yet, and I have something I'd really like your help with." The woman winked and smiled at Gwen.

Bob stood, his manhood now at eye level as he began typing Tim's cellphone number into his own, the Lady only slightly mollified that it was not the main business number,. "Nice to meet you both. I'll give you a call sometime next week. Hope to see you out here again—Tim, I'll give you a tour of the boat the next time if you want."

"That'd be great."

The couple collected their things and loaded them into the little raft they had brought to shore, then began the trip out, not bothering to dress.

"Seems like a nice guy," Tim said as they watched the couple climb the ladder on to the aft deck of their boat. "I think he found you real interesting."

Gwen's eyes found her husband's. "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just looked like he was trying to sneak some peeks at you."

Gwen hugged her knees closer to her chest, the Lady horrified by the prospect of being ogled while the Slut purred with the correctness of her assumption. "Of me? What more could he possibly want to see? I'm naked! There's nothing more to see!"

"Well, you're naked, but there's more...you were sitting the way you are right now, so he really couldn't get a good look at your chest, and the way you had your feet, he had a hard time seeing down here." Tim reached behind her ankles and gently stroked her lips. Gwen tucked her feet up even closer to her body in response, nearly trapping the finger petting her as she looked about nervously for onlookers. He chuckled. "He was probably hoping you'd give him a little look after the show he and Yvette gave everyone."

"You saw that?"

"Yeah," Tim admitted. "I was starting to doze off, but I looked up and saw that you were pretty interested in something. I'm guessing that from your level of interest and the fact we're still here that you weren't offended too bad?"

Gwen deflected the question. "I can't believe they did that, right here, in public, with people watching!"

"Well, it wasn't exactly Main Street downtown, but yeah, I guess it's not something you'd see every day, even on a nude beach. Maybe that's what meant about this spot having an 'adults'-only vibe' to it. It was a pretty ballsy, though, no pun intended. Hell, even the other couple took it up into the woods."

"And I can't believe that, either!" Gwen hissed in an attempt to keep the shock in her voice quiet. "She's pregnant!"

Tim smiled. "Yeah, she is, isn't she? What they're doing right now is probably how she got that way, maybe even on some other time here. I bet pregnant women need it, too." He swallowed the 'I know their husbands do,' he had intended to add. Cruel and unnecessary, he decided. What's in the past is in the past. Gwen had done what she thought best for the babies. That fact hadn't cooled the desire he had for her that seemed to grow in proportion to her midsection.

"At least she's pretty, even like that," Gwen offered. "I was a blob."

"All pregnant woman are really, really sexy in a way that non-pregnant women can't ever be," he countered. "I read somewhere it's something about it being a sign of fertility to us guys,. You were incredibly sexy back then, and you're incredibly sexy now." He placed a hand on her knee. "Want me to show you how sexy I think you are?"

"Does that mean you're ready to leave?"

"In a while. Maybe after..." Tim nuzzled her neck.

"Here? Tim, they haven't left yet—" Gwen jerked her head out to where the big cabin cruiser still lay anchored, Bob and Yvette now below deck—"and they—" she nodded to the unattended backpacks to their right-"could come back at any minute!"

As if on cue, the couple appeared from their left and passed by on the way to their belongings, the young man shooting them a quick 'you caught us' smile while the woman flashed her own guilty version.

"Yup, sexy as all hell," Tim thought as he watched the young woman's breasts, belly and ass jiggle and bounce from the effort of walking across the sand. His masturbation fantasies had quite often had Gwen in much the same condition way back then. Gwen was lost in her own observations, noting the swing of the young man's tool, his penis looking to be in much the same condition as Bob's when his wife had finished with it. They quickly sat by their backpacks, the blonde doing her best to discretely retrieve a tissue from her bag and dab between her legs.

Gwen rose and brushed nonexistent sand off her bottom. "Come on."

Tim looked up doubtfully. "You want to leave?"

"I'm going for a walk. I want to see what's so interesting back there. Would you like to come?"

Her husband grinned and scrambled to his feet, grabbing the towels as he rose. "Lead on."

Gwen made for the cut in the low berm of sand where she had seen the others disappear into. The forest beyond was dappled in streaks of sunlight breaking through the canopy, giving the shady space beneath a sleepy feel. A patch of sand lay open behind the sandy hillock, hemmed in on two sides by lush greenery. The open spot seemed to have been frequently visited, the sand flattened by blankets and bodies and then disturbed with footprints.

"Do you think this is where they were going to?" she asked, stepping into the center of the ring and turning to face Tim.

"Probably," he agreed, moving towards her, wondering if she would allow them to use the little glade as well.

He stopped just short of his goal as Gwen dropped to her knees before him, hesitating long enough for him to stop his forward motion before bending a bit and taking his semi-erect member into her mouth. Tim growled with enthusiasm and shuffled forward a few inches to slide himself more completely between her waiting lips.

Tim's length grew quickly and his wife's burgeoning oral expertise, along with the idea that somebody—mayb the couple on the beach-might find them in this compromising situation, had him close in a short time.

Gwen sensed his advanced state as well and withdrew him from her mouth with one last slow drag of her lips up his shaft. Still on her knees, she turned herself away from him and dropped to all fours. She looked back over her shoulder, her upturned rear and the look on her face clear invitations.

Tim grunted and accepted, pausing to take in the incredible sight below him before dropping to his knees behind his prize. He took a good look at the little starfish peeking out from between her spread cheeks as he lined himself up to fuck her in the way she had obviously intended. Wonder how that might feel? Don't get greedy, he grumbled to himself. You're already getting more than you ever thought possible.

Her pussy was tight but well lubricated as he pushed and slid his cock home. Tim brought his right arm around the front of her thigh, both to trap her body up against his as well as bring a finger to play on her clit. The hand of his other arm firmly palmed her breast as he began to thrust while Gwen tried to ground herself both against the thing buried in her and the finger on her button.

"Tim, are you close?" She whispered, afraid their voices might carry back to the beach.

"Oh yeah..."

"I want you to finish in me now."

"I can wait until after you have..."

"No, I want you to finish first. Please?"

The cock thrusting into her made the decision. His hands grabbed her roughly by the hips, pace and intensity quickening while Gwen's breasts swung wildly, and one final thrust was delivered so hard it nearly knocked the gasping woman off balance. Tim stiffened and emptied himself inside of her, jerking forward with each pulse, trying to go just a little deeper.

The hands loosened their grip, and one crept back to resume it's teasing of her clitoris. Gwen pulled away and stood, turning back to the kneeling man with the confused look on his face.

"Don't you want me to take care of you?" he asked, looking up.

"Not right now. Definitely later," she replied with a soft smile and a kiss to the top of his head. "I'm going to swim back to the boat. Can you bring the bag when you come back?" She didn't wait for an answer, walking past her surprised husband and out to the beach. Tim scrambled to his feet and followed as quickly as he could.

The young couple had no intentions of pretending disinterest and turned their heads to watch the older woman's re-emergence from the woods, her knees still caked with sand and the red splotch over her breast evidence as to what she had just done. Her husband's appearance a few seconds later, his still-sizeable erection bouncing and swaying as he hurried along after her, only helped confirm what they knew as soon as they had left the beach in the first place.

Gwen smiled at the pregnant woman and her husband as she passed, shyly turning her head when the young couple grinned in response. Had she been watching, Gwen would have seen that her husband received a thumps-up from the young man as well. Tim gave him a shrug and an embarrassed smile.

He watched her climbed their boat's ladder as hurried into the water. Why did she stop and leave so quickly? Was she upset? Did she suddenly get cold feet, or worse yet, a sudden burst of morality? Had they—had he-gone too far?

She didn't seem upset as he climbed on to the stern, making o effort to cover herself. "Thanks honey," she said casually as the bag was opened and towels withdrawn. Gwen left the bikini off, settling for just her t-shirt before sitting down in the passenger's seat. Tim brought the boat to life and guided it out of the inlet past the cabin cruiser, still sitting there despite Bob and Yvette's stated intentions of leaving.

Tim soon had the craft moving along at a rapid pace, anxious to return to the dock and then home, to see if Gwen really intended to satisfy her needs. He wondered why she had chosen to remain bottomless.

Beside him, Gwen slouched and spread her legs. Her hand reached for his and placed it on her mound. "Tim? Now, please?"

He dropped the throttle to idle so that his wife would have his complete attention and his fingers began to circle, stroke and push. With boats speeding by a few yards away, Gwen exploded in a breathtaking, muscle-straining orgasm.