**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 13**

"Do you think Walt will miss working?"

Gwen had redressed soon after the last tremors of her orgasm had passed, crouching in the cockpit to put her bikini back on before adding a layer of t-shirt and shorts. The urge to openly flaunt her sexuality had quieted after her climax; modesty and common sense returned.

Tim scanned the open expanse of water in front of him. "I doubt it. He's been ready to hang it up for a while—we both know that. No, I think there's only one thing he's gonna miss about showing up to work now."

What's that?"

Tim didn't respond, debating the wisdom of his answer.

Gwen sensed his hesitation. "Tell me."

"Don't get mad, but you know he's an old horndawg—always has been, right?" Gwen nodded. "Never passes up a chance to look down a woman's shirt or up her skirt. I was always worried one of our customers was going to catch him doing that. That's one of the reasons I had you send him out to the industrial jobs as much as possible. That and because there was usually more space for him to move his fat ass around in a warehouse than some poor lady's bathroom."

"I always suspected that about him. To tell you the truth, I think he tried to do it do me more than once. I just thought I was being paranoid."

"You weren't paranoid. I caught him checking you out a few times. Checking to see if you mighta missed a button or something, I guess. He's harmless," Tim quickly added. "He never tried to do anything more than look—he knew that me and Cliff would kick his ass if he stepped out of line with a customer, and Norma would finish the job when he got home—but he does like to look. He'd get some quick peek at some poor woman's bra strap and tell the apprentices how she was practically naked. 'Course, ninety-nine percent of Walt's stories are bullshit, and we all know that, but he liked to think that the apprentices were more gullible than Cliff or me."

"Did he ever make up things about me? And weren't you upset that he was looking at me like that?"

Tim shrugged and smiled apologetically. "No, he never said anything about you when I was around. Besides, I think everyone knew you were really good at not showing anything, even on the hottest days, so he didn't have much of anything to make shit up about...at least until a few weeks ago."

"What happened a few weeks ago?"

"He spent all those years working around you every day and never got even a little peek of something he shouldn't have. And then you came up to the pool in your bathing suit...

Gwen was shocked. "How do you know all this? And you said that bathing suit wasn't too revealing! I told you I should have stayed in the house!"

"Your suit's not revealing at all," Tim said with a laugh. "But it still showed more of you than he's ever seen. And I only know because I heard him talking to Andrew a few days after. They didn't see me in the parts room. He seemed real happy about hauling his ass up to the pool and how what he had seen gave him some pretty detailed guesses at what he hadn't." Tim thought back to how Andrew's guess as to the style and volume of Gwen's pussy hair had been much more accurate than Walt's. "By the way, Andrew thinks you're hot, too."

The Lady was both horrified and insulted at thought of Walt and Andrew discussing her in a less than professional manner, but the Slut awakened from her orgasm-induced stupor to purr seductively. The idea that the young apprentice in particular found her pleasant to look at was exciting news. I'll show you mine if you show me yours...the Lady hushed her. "Well, thank you very much for that information," Gwen huffed. "I'll be sure to wear my winter jacket tomorrow when Walt comes by to finish his retirement paperwork!"

Tim was silent for a moment. "Or," he began slowly, "you could go the other way. Maybe show him a little bit more as a going away present."

"Timothy Allen Nelson! Are you suggesting I expose myself to one of our employees?"

"Our retired employee," he corrected. "He's leaving town on Wednesday. Might be fun to give him a little something less than your bathing suit to remember you by."

"What do you expect me to do? Meet him at the door naked?"

"I think showing him that much might give him a heart attack, but I'll let you decide just how much you want to let him see. Maybe leave some parts for his overactive imagination to fill in?"

"He'll tell everyone!"

"And everyone will think it's one of his bullshit fish stories. Nobody's gonna believe it for a second."

"I'm going to be there alone with him! He might attack me!"

"I doubt it. He's all look and talk, no action. Always has been. He's afraid Norma would turn him into a gelding if she ever found out."

"I can't believe you're suggesting your own wife expose herself to another man!"

"What can I say? Andrew's right. You're hot. It's kind of a turn on knowing other guys can only look at what I get to touch. Sorry, I know I'm sounding like a pig, but I guess it's a quirk of mine. I've always wished I could show you off a little. Besides, it wouldn't be the first time you've given a guy a peek, right?" Gwen wanted to reply that the dressing room had been an accident, but she knew that would not ring true and fell silent at this reminder of her recent history.

The ride home was quiet. The illicit thrill of being naked in front of others as well as the display that other couple had put on had culminated with her shamelessly rutting with Tim out in public (not quite in public, the Slut grumbled), and then her own thunderous orgasm in the cockpit of their boat. Her arousal had subsided with her release, but Tim's suggestion had given it an excuse to flare to life again. And now her lust was mixed with doubt, worry and guilt. She had displayed herself to others, had watched a complete stranger being pleasured, and had made no effort to hide the fact that she had serviced her husband. And now the dilemma of perhaps a more personal retirement gift for Walt...this couldn't be normal! Even Natalie would have to agree!

It worried her more that as far as she had gone with this, she wanted to go further. She would have liked to let Bob look all he wanted, maybe even open her legs to him; but the idea of being "proper" was a tough one to shake, even when there was no clothing to hide behind. She would have loved to watch how the pregnant woman safely 'did it' while satisfying her partner, or to see if the woman's husband took her desires and the baby's well-being into account, and it would have been so scandalous to have returned the favor and let the couple watch Tim make love to her! Of course, they would likely not have had any interest in two old people rolling around in the sand. But all that was way, way outside the limits of decency, and if any of her perverted behavior was ever revealed to her family and associates...

She and Tim made love that night. The Lady had managed to quell the fires of arousal and her heart was not in the act, but her husband's erection had led the way as he came out of the bathroom at bed time despite their activities that afternoon (or perhaps because, the Slut suggested), and she took care to make sure he was satisfied before they slept. There would certainly be no orgasm for her; that was the Lady's punishment for her inexcusable behavior on the beach and lewd thoughts beyond, and she enforced it with a mix of guilt and remorse that Gwen had not felt in a while. Still, the dreams returned that night. They were a curious mix of snippets from old dreams mixed with utterly fantastic and impossible situations stemming from her adventures; jumbled fragments of remembered people, places, and what-if situations.

Gwen awoke early, vaguely aware that her dream-fueled lust had regained the upper hand during the night. She knew she was ready for some more of...that, whatever that might be. Maybe she could take the edge off with Tim when he awoke. Maybe a tongue in the right spot might help him get up...The Lady vetoed that plan. Let him sleep. He has a long day of work ahead of him.

He awoke at the normal hour, enough time to get ready, not enough to make love, Gwen thought sourly. Maybe I can sneak back here after the trucks are gone and get out my toys, to remove the edge before Walt is due to arrive so I'm not tempted to act improperly.

No, I can't do that either. It's Eric's first day. We need to do his new hire paperwork, and Tim's going out with him on appointments today, so they can't leave until everything's finished. The Slut suggested asking Eric to wait in the shop while Gwen dragged her husband to the office couch upstairs for some satisfaction. Gwen dismissed the notion with a nervous laugh, but not before imagining herself with her husband between her legs while the new hire waited patiently downstairs.

Tim barely beat his new employee to the shop that morning. The first hour or so was spent introducing him to the others as they straggled in, then familiarizing him with the routine before he sent the young plumber up the stairs to begin filling out all the necessary forms. Gwen's sexual fervor was temporarily quieted as she concentrated on the tasks before her, although the Slut insisted the young man should strip down for an exam before he was allowed to leave. It was nearly ten o'clock before Tim and Eric finally pulled out of the yard on the way to their first job. Gwen glanced at the clock and knew that her plan for self-satisfaction would have to wait. Work before pleasure, and there was still plenty to do before Walt was due to arrive around noon. Behave yourself while he's here and I might allow a little self-abuse and degradation after he leaves, the Lady bargained.

Walt kept popping into her mind as she worked. He had been here a long time and she had grown fond of him despite his crude nature and gruff ways. His feelings on the female form and the pleasures he expected women to provide came as no shock, although it would surprise her greatly if his own wife saw things the same way. She also knew that while Walt called her 'boss', albeit in a barely-concealed patronizing tone, to him she was first and foremost a member of the weaker sex. Her husband's revelation of Walt's interest in what she had hidden beneath her conservative dress all those years had not been a shock either. In many ways, Walt exemplified the traits Gwen's mother had told her to expect from men, especially working class men.

Walt probably would have had a stroke if he had seen me on that beach yesterday, she mused. Would have served him right. Her musing began to coalesce into something more serious, something more thought out. The plan that was forming was no doubt a product of her current sexual frustration, and was risky, stupid, and downright dangerous. On the other hand, Tim was most likely right-it could be fun to see if she could fluster him, and Walt probably wouldn't object to being flustered under those conditions. It might even be a nice going-away present. Not to mention great payback for all those years of being ogled.

Gwen turned off the air conditioning and hurried back to the house and her bedroom closet. Their uniform company had given her a woman's blouse with the Nelson Plumbing logo on it as a sample some time back—she had considered it too risqué back then, with its wide open short sleeves and fabric more sheer than the customary denim. It might be just the thing today. Ali's closet was next and the golf skirt she had worn on that trip to the supermarket a few towns over was removed. Her sole concession to the Lady's plaintive moaning was a sweater she might throw on if she chickened out, or worse yet, Norma came along for the ride.

She carried the outfit back to the office, debating for the next half hour whether or not to actually go through with this insane plan. He'll tell everybody what he saw, the Lady screamed. The slut was quick to repeat Tim's counterpoints. He's leaving town in two days, and even if he tells people, no one's going to believe him. Everyone knows he's quick with the tall tales, and this would be so unbelievable. What if he tries something? The Lady argued. You'd be helpless. He's all talk, the Slut countered. He knows if Norma found out, it would be bad news for him. Mind made up, Gwen stripped. Slacks, long sleeve shirt, and sensible shoes were replaced with the golf skirt, blouse, and sandals, only the now-customary high-cut underwear she had put on that morning left in place. A peek or two, not a full show, she reminded herself.

Gwen fiddled with the buttons on her blouse, playing with various combinations until she settled on an open collar down to the button holding the shirt together across the top of her breasts. She wondered whether she was being too obvious.

The sound of crunching gravel outside ended the debate. Gwen hurried to the window. Walt, and only Walt, was slowly easing his bulk out of the parked truck. With a deep breath and trembling knees, she made her way downstairs to meet him.

She was waiting for him as he entered through the side door. "Walt, congratulations on your first day of retirement!"

The big man stopped short. The slacks and long sleeve shirt he had known for so many years, rain or shine, hot or cold, had been replaced with bare arms and legs. "Uh, hi Gwen, thanks. It seems pretty strange." Not retirement, he thought. This seems like just another day off. But seeing you dressed like that is definitely not what I expected when I woke up today.

"I'm sure it does! You and Norma are heading out Wednesday, right?"

"Uh, yeah. Maybe even tomorrow, if we can get a couple of things done." He tried to not be too obvious about checking out the strange woman with the plunging neck line in front of him. Fucking great, Gwen, he grumbled to himself. I'm done and you start dressing like this?

"Well, let's get your paperwork done and get you on your way as quickly as possible. Come on up to the office." Gwen hurried up the stairs, stopping about halfway up before Walt had even reached the first tread. He looked up at the waiting woman and nearly stopped breathing. He could see up underneath the hem of her skirt, nearly to where the backs of her thighs flowed into that cute little ass he had always imagined to be under her shop foreman's pants. "Sorry, but the air conditioner finally died," she said looking down at him. It's a little stuffy up here, so I've been dressing down to stay cool."

"Uh, that's okay, I don't mind. And your outfit looks nice," he hurriedly added.

"Why, thank you sir."

C'mon, go up another stair or two, Walt begged. Lemme get a better look at what's under that skirt. Gwen held her ground, looking down at him expectantly, and finally the big man gave in, trudging upwards. She hurried the rest of the way up as he tried to catch a glimpse underneath the swirling fabric, imagining he saw asscheeks and the darkened space between them before she reached the landing and disappeared off to the left.

He finally reached the top of the stairs and Gwen offered him the chair across from her desk. Yer right, kinda warm up here," he volunteered, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the sweat his brow was accumulating from the still air, his climb, and Gwen's attire.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Gwen offered, a sly grin on her face. "You're retired now. Would you like a beer?"

"I guess I can do that now, huh? That'd be nice."

"Be right back." Gwen hurried back down the stairs, Walt noting his boss's chest seemed to have more of a bounce than he had ever remembered seeing before. Must be the shirt. Doesn't strap her down as much as that armor plate she always wears. I dunno what the fuck is goin' on here, but if I didn't think it was impossible, I'd swear ole' Gwen Nelson done took that stick outta her ass! Maybe Tim got tired of her stuck-up shit and fucked some sense into her after his party Saturday. Or maybe before—she did seem pretty happy all night.

He was focused on the stairs at the sound of her return, noting just how much the sheer fabric jumped and shifted as Gwen bounced up the steps.

"A beer for you, sir," she said setting down the can before him. "Water for me, I'm afraid. I'm still on the clock for a few more years. I'm really sorry about the heat," she apologized, delicately grasping the shirt between her breasts and pulling it away from her body a few times in an attempt to fan herself. Walt did his best not to stare at the bare flesh that was being flashed like a deer's tail. "Alright, let's see what we have left and get you out of here as quickly as possible." Gwen stood behind her side of the desk and selected a paper from the top of a nearby pile. "Alright, this—" she bent over and placed the paper before him, gently putting a finger on the first spot to sign "—is for Social Security."

Walt looked down to where her finger lay, then up for confirmation. His gaze stopped for a fraction of a second at the gap that had opened between her shirt and chest—he could swear he saw the side of her breast dangling in there, unencumbered by a bra— Holy fuck-tit flesh!-before long years of practice forced his eyes up to avoid being caught peeking. Gwen smiled at him expectantly and gave no indication he had been caught.

Walt peered intently back down at the paper, willing himself not to try for another look at the tits practically hanging free just inches from his face. Gwen held her pose as he initialed and signed all of the necessary blanks on the paper. Satisfied, she straightened and took the document back.

"One down!" The next piece of paper from the stack slipped through Gwen's grasp and fell to the floor behind the desk. She quickly turned and bent at the waist to retrieve it, the hem of her dress tantalizing the man on the other side as it rose high up her legs, enough to reveal all of her toned thigh. Could probably suffocate somebody with those legs if she ever wrapped 'em around their head, Walt thought with amusement, reaching for his beer and feigning disinterest as she straightened with paper in hand. He was ready for her this time, his eyes already at her expected chest level as she bent to explain the document to him. He was not disappointed, most of Gwen's right breast now on display under her gaping shirt, only her nipple obscured by his viewing angle.

The image of her hanging breast was burned in his mind as he turned his attention to the paper in front of him. 32c's, he decided with the confidence of a man who had spent more than a few hours in the county's strip clubs. Small, but I'll bet they don't sag. His imagination suggested pink nipples with quarter-sized areolae capping those little beauties as his sleeping length stirred.

He managed another peek after signing in all the appropriate spots and allowing her to whisk the paper away from him. It was put back on the pile, and Gwen turned her back to the appreciative man. He didn't have to pretend to be looking somewhere else as she again bent at the waist and opened the bottom drawer of the cabinet behind her. Walt's beer stopped midway to his lips as the skirt again lifted high up her thighs, revealing the bikini panties beneath. They were doing a noble imitation of a thong, the dark-blue fabric bunching up between her cheeks, the dark line in stark contrast to the flesh of her pale buttocks. Walt's shifted uncomfortably in his chair as his cock pushed against the roll of belly fat holding it down, his little head suggesting this display was intentional and she wanted it even as his calculating, cautious side thought that too good to be true. She's been wearing the old lady clothes for so long she doesn't even know how to keep herself from showing off in this outfit. He had plenty of time to admire that beautiful ass and still be looking somewhere else when she straightened and turned.

The document was placed in front of him and she again bent to show him the places to sign. He risked a slight shift of his eyes upward and was rewarded with her right breast in all its glory, capped with the perfect little pink nipple he had imagined. A swirl of whipped cream on it would make for a helluva dessert and he briefly imagined using his tongue to clean them off. He managed to sign in all the proper places and still got in another glance before she took the paper and stood. Gwen bent over the filing cabinet again and Walt was given plenty of time to imagine what delights lay beneath that thin strip of fabric running between her asscheeks and through the slight spread of her thighs. No stray hairs that he could see, although the thought of Gwen Nelson shaving down there was not really considered—hell, the only bare pussies he had ever seen was in magazines and on strippers. Wives and mothers didn't shave their shit, no matter how much Andrew said different. His cock filled his mind with thoughts of bending her over like that while he drove it home, ignoring the fact his sizeable stomach would likely make that very difficult.

"Last one!" She announced brightly, turning and placing the document before him. Walt took his time, pretending to read, sneaking quick glances at the left tit now hanging in almost-plain sight. Finally satisfied, he signed one last time and allowed her to take the paper away.

"And now, you are officially retired," Gwen said to the man doing a poor job of keeping his eyes off her chest. "Well, once I send the paperwork in, of course. But you don't have to come here any more."

"I'll miss coming here," Walt replied, finding her eyes. "Maybe I'll come back and visit when we're in town."

"You better," Gwen said sternly. "I'll want to hear what Tim and I can look forward to in retirement."

Walt was reluctant to rise, afraid the bulge in his crotch would give away what he had been viewing, doubtful what Norma called his dunlap (because "his belly dunlap over his belt") would be an effective shield. The smiling woman in front of him was expecting him to move though, and he slowly rose, turning slightly away from her. She let him lead the way to the stairs, following him down the first couple of steps. "Whoops—sorry, be right down," she called over her shoulder as she turned and hurried back up to her desk. Walt cursed himself for not being quick enough to turn and get another look at that delicious ass as it retreated and he continued to the bottom to be ready for her reappearance.

Gwen was back at the top of the stairs a few seconds later, intently studying one of the forms. From his vantage point, Walt had a perfect view up the front of her skirt and between her legs, only the dark blue panties keeping him from gazing upon the gates of paradise. "No, no, you're fine," she said without taking her eyes from the paperwork. "Everything's been signed." Paradise was lost and the document returned to her desk. Gwen descended the stairs, the big man glued to his spot until she reached the bottom.

"Well, uh, I should goin'," he mumbled, looking down at her.

"Be safe. Come back and visit. Hopefully we'll have the air conditioner fixed."

Christ, I hope not, he thought. I wanna see how you cool off next time. Gwen opened her arms to offer him a hug. Walt hesitated, unsure about her first outward sign of affection since he had started here all those years ago. "Uhh, I'm kinda sweaty," he offered, trying to figure out what the hell she was doing.

"So am I." Her arms were around his massive midsection, and he tentatively returned the hug, his hands on her back obstinately confirming what he already knew—that she was braless.

Gwen released him. "Give our best to Norma."

"I will." And then I'll give her mine, he thought. A roll in the hay is gonna be real nice. 'Course, it might have to wait until tonight. Norma might start askin' questions if I start lookin' to get laid in the middle of the afternoon.

Gwen walked him out to his truck, waving until the bumper disappeared out of sight down the driveway. The remaining buttons on her shirt were undone and the garment quickly pulled off even as the sound of Walt's truck accelerating on to the road echoed from beyond the screen of trees.

The breeze against the wet skin of her bare torso had a tingling, sensual feel to it, no doubt inspired by the thoughts of what she had just done racing through her mind. The Lady nagged that she was fortunate Walt had not drawn his own conclusions to the show and that, despite his earlier assertions Tim would not be pleased, but the Slut crowed triumphantly. It was one thing to flash total strangers, but exposing herself to someone she knew, someone who knew her, brought the excitement to new levels.

The skirt slipped from her waist and puddled on the floor two steps inside the kitchen, and Gwen paused just long enough to avoid tripping as she stripped off her panties and discarded them in the hallway. She couldn't be bothered to remove her sandals, hurriedly retrieving the rabbit from her nightstand and flopping back onto the still-made bed, not caring that she was likely tracking dirt on the duvet.

Gwen thumbed the switch and laid the humming length down her furrow while her free hand gently grasped a breast. It was only a moment before the sensation against her clitoris became too much and she withdrew the length from her slit. She had other plans for it, and her opening willingly gave way to the cool bulbous head as it bulled through. Gwen buried the vibrator to bring the ears of the tickler up against her suddenly neglected clit. She jerked and shuddered, fighting to maintain the sensations coming from between her legs, her impending climax roaring like a wave in her ears as it approached. With a crash, it broke over the splayed woman, thighs clamping together convulsively while her hand cruelly squeezed her breast. Gwen's eyes were squeezed shut against the intense assault on her nerves, but her mouth was open. The roaring in her ears prevented her from hearing the 'oh—' she couldn't stop from escaping.

And then it was over. Gwen rose and trudged back to the shop office on unsteady legs, only performing a cursory check as she stepped out of the kitchen door naked and covered in orgasm-induced sweat as to whether anyone might have returned during her self-pleasuring,. The air conditioning was running when the crews returned several hours later and Gwen made sure everyone could see she was dressed as she had been when they left that morning. There would be no evidence that would back up any story Walt might tell.

She had dinner waiting when Tim finally made his way over to the house. They sat and ate as they had so many evenings before, catching up on the day's events, Gwen listening appreciatively as Tim discussed the wisdom of Eric's hiring.

"So, one employee in, one employee out," he said, cutting a piece of chicken. "How did paperwork with Walt go?"

"Fine," Gwen replied, taking a sip of tea. "I, uhh, did what you suggested and, well, you know..."

Tim's knife stopped and he looked up. "You mean, what we talked about yesterday?"

"Yes...you were serious, right? You said you wanted me to?"

Tim ignored her question. "In the office, while he was signing papers?" Gwen nodded.

"How'd you do it?"

"Well, I had a short-sleeve blouse that—"

"Show me." Tim rose from the table. "Go get dressed like you were when he was here and I'll meet you over at the shop."

Gwen rose, still uncertain. "You're not mad, right?"

Tim laughed. "No, I'm not mad at all. Just surprised—I didn't think you'd do it! You're getting to be full of surprises! Go on, get changed." He looked at her expectantly until she turned for the hallway. "Meet you over there," he called out over his shoulder, heading out the door.

Gwen took her outfit out of the dirty clothes, the shirt still slightly damp from her sweat. She dressed, hesitating on her choice of what buttons to leave undone and what panties to wear, unsure if it was a good idea to show Tim just how much she had revealed. The Slut sagely preached complete honesty, and Gwen relented. She made her way across the yard to where a light shone from the side door.

Tim was waiting inside for her. His eyes widened a bit in surprise, and the Lady quickly announced that she had made a serious mistake following the Slut's advice. "Too much?" she asked weakly.

"No, you look great, really nice," her husband replied with controlled enthusiasm. "A lot less than what he's ever seen you in before, but still more than what a lot of our customers answer the door in. Tim walked by her to the door. "So he came in here? Where were you?"

"I was at the bottom of the stairs," Gwen replied, trading places with her husband. "Once we said our hellos, I went upstairs and he followed." She began to climb, stopping halfway up to look back down where her husband was now standing at the bottom, grinning. "We did the paperwork up here," she called down, wondering if he intended to join her.

"Did you stop there?"

"I guess, why?"

"I can see a beautiful pair of blue panties from here. Did you know he could see them?"

"Maybe, I wasn't sure..." Gwen hurried up the stairs, embarrassed to admit she had been hoping for just that. Tim hurried up behind her. "I had the air conditioning off. I told him it was broken and that's why I was dressed like this—I was trying to stay cool."

"Good plan," Tim agreed. "So I guess he sat on one side of the desk and you sat on the other?"

"Well, he sat and I stood." Gwen walked behind the desk, and Tim took the seat across from her. "And then I started going through the papers with him, showing him where to sign." She took a piece of paper and set it down, then mimicked her pose.

"Holy shit, Gwen, I can see right down your shirt!"

She looked down, already knowing the truth—she had practiced it before Walt had arrived. "Can you see-everything?"

"Everything." He reached out and slid his hand between shirt and skin, gently palming the dangling breast, sliding the stiffening nipple between two fingers like the stem of a wineglass. "Did you show him anything else?"

Gwen was reluctant to move away from his touch, but felt a greater need to continue the reenactment. She backed away and stood. "I accidentally dropped the next form and I had to pick it up."

The skirt rose, and Tim chuckled. "I actually kinda feel sorry for that poor bastard. I'm havin' a hard time sitting comfortably."

Gwen put the retrieved paper on the desk and resumed her position while Tim gladly slipped his hand back inside her shirt. "Did you show him anything else?"

"I had to get some things from the filing cabinet," she replied again reluctantly moving away from the hand on her breast and turning around.

"God, what an incredible ass," Tim breathed appreciatively. "He didn't try and do anything, right?"

"No, he just fidgeted and sweat a lot. It was pretty warm up here."

"I'll bet he did. So you kept doing that until he was done signing stuff?"

"Yes, and then I walked him downstairs."

"Same way? You at the top, him at the bottom?"

"I suppose, yes. I had to go back to check and make sure he had finished a form."

"The paperwork's gotta be right," Tim agreed with mock seriousness. He rose and made his way down the stairs. "Come show me where you were."

Gwen waited until the sound her husband's boots on the wooden steps became a thud on the cement pad at the bottom. She moved to the top of the stairs and stood. Tim stared back up at her, the look on his face what she could only describe as confident lust, and began to slowly make the climb back up. He stopped several treads down, his face even with her crotch. "A little piece of underwear," he said, putting one knee on the next stair and leaning forward, "was the only thing keeping him from seeing that beautiful pussy." Tim reached under her skirt, hooked his fingers into the sides of the offending garment, and pulled them down. "Yup. Beautiful." He flipped up the front of her skirt and bent forward, his lips gently nuzzling her cleft. Gwen shuffled forward a bit, anxious to give him better access and his tongue began to probe. "You're wet," he said. "I'm gonna guess you liked all this."

Gwen looked down at the man under her skirt, and the staircase behind him. As much as she was enjoying his attention, she didn't relish the thought of explaining the circumstances under which her husband had fallen down the stairs. "Tim, we can go back to the house, if you like," she offered, backing away, giving him space to join her on the landing.

He smiled up at her and climbed the last few stairs to join her. "Uh-uh." Gwen was gently spun away from her husband. "Go." His hands on her shoulders guided her back to her chair, stopping and spinning her back once she stood between her chair and the desk. She could smell the sweat, PVC cement and acetylene imbedded in his clothes as he removed hers and gently lay her back on the surface behind her. Tim brought the chair in front of where he legs now hung, sat, then grabbed both ankles and propped them up on the arms of the seat. Satisfied, he resumed his oral explorations.

His patient roving hands and tongue and the thrill of being taken in such a commanding way by the man she loved brought her to the edge of her second orgasm of the day. She was close, very close, when the hands and tongue were removed, his stubble teasingly scratching her inner thighs. Gwen looked up, eyes begging, at where her husband now stood. "Please, just a little more!"

His answer was his grin and the unbuckling of his belt and pants. With a push of his boxers he released hid very ready erection, swaying just inches from her sex. My cunt, she corrected. That's the right word for this occasion.

Tim's first thrust triggered her climax, her walls allowing him access before clenching spasmodically around the invader as he buried himself in her. He would normally hold still to avoid being a potential distraction when Gwen would shudder through her little deaths, but he could not bear to afford her that courtesy today. He pounded harder as her breathing stopped and her body tensed almost painfully; pulling her back onto his cock as she slid across the wood surface after she went limp with one final convulsion. Gwen came back to the here and now at the sound of Tim's loud grunt and the feel of his body between her legs trying to get just a little deeper as he filled her with his seed.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 14**

Gwen eyed the rider next to her and smiled. Cool temperatures and damp skies had moved into the area midweek, and Natalie had kept her shirt on this time up the ridge—in fact, the bright-red sweatshirt she also wore meant she had probably had on more than she had ever ridden in before. Gwen missed her sister-in-law's topless look, but couldn't fault her for the extra layers as they climbed through the mist that hugged the forest floor.

"I heard you strong-armed your father into having the firm give Cricket some pro bono work," The warmly-dressed blonde said as the two horses picked their way up the wet track.

"I didn't strong arm-him," Gwen protested with the hint of a smile. "I just reminded him that Nelson Plumbing had provided the firm with many low-cost, quick-turnaround services to in the past, and I was hoping they might be able to provide a service in return."

"We both know how much your father hates to give up perfectly good billing hours, so that was quite a favor to ask for," Natalie laughed, "and therefore a very nice thing for you to do for Cricket. Hopefully Joe's been helpful. Have you heard from her lately?"

"Oh yes, she and I talk every two or three days." Gwen had been persistent in reaching out to the young woman, and lately it had been Cricket who had been initiating the call, much to Gwen's delight. "It seems like she's getting things under control—a little bit more confident and upbeat every time we talk."

Gwen lowered her voice to the proper level for salacious gossip. "She told me Joe did some digging and found some very interesting things about her husband."

"Ex-husband," Natalie corrected with a laugh, "once Joe Gambini gets done carving him up. So what did he find?"

"Well, he's divorcing her on the grounds of physical and emotional abandonment. Says she wouldn't give him children even though she had promised him before they got married. She says she never agreed to that, but he must have seen it differently. It turns out there's a woman he works with who was only too happy to make his wish come true, but she jumped the gun a little and got pregnant before he ever filed for divorce. So now he's on the hook for adultery. Also, he's due a large bonus at the end of the year, one he never told Cricket about and hoped to keep all to himself by making the divorce final before the payout. Joe thinks he hired a lawyer to speed up the process, hoping Cricket wouldn't find out about the baby or the money."

"I hope she's asking Joe to get her ex's worthless little balls in a velvet box as part of the settlement. You're a really good person for helping her, Gwen. You make me proud to be your sister-in-law."

Gwen blinked away the tears welling in her eyes. "Just helping someone who needs help."

"A lot of people would have said it wasn't their problem and walked away. She must be a pretty remarkable person—I'd love to meet her."

"She's coming over tomorrow to ride, if you want to come with us."

"Thanks, but I'm taking an extra shift at the hospital tomorrow for someone who's a bridesmaid in a wedding. But definitely some other time."

They lingered at the picnic table for only a moment, taking in the swirls of vapor rising from the trees below before making their way back down the hill. Both riders and horses were damp from the clinging mist as the women unsaddled and groomed their mounts.

"Not a good day for a swim," Natalie observed glumly as she turned Tigger loose in the corral. The horse promptly retired under the overhang of the barn roof.

"No, it's not," Gwen agreed. "Sorry, but the hot tub's not ready yet, either. Tim's going to get that running this weekend."

"A nice hot shower will do just fine," the slightly bedraggled blonde said brightly and made her way to her car to retrieve her surgical scrubs.

"Want me to make us lunch? Or coffee?" Gwen offered as her sister-in-law joined her in the kitchen.

"Maybe after." Natalie stood there, looking at her expectantly. "Are you joining me? You have to be as cold and wet as I am."

Gwen stood there a moment, blinking. "Oh, yes, of course, yes, that would be nice, thanks for asking." The Slut instructed her to stop babbling while the Lady petulantly moaned about how easy it had become to shower with another woman. She led the way down the hall to the master bath, Natalie close behind.

Gwen busied herself gathering towels for she and her guest while behind her the shower started. Natalie was already down to her bra and panties by the time her sister-in-law turned. The underwear was gone and the naked woman had stepped into the rapidly fogging glass enclosure before Gwen had her shirt off. She finished undressing, a lifetime of habit forcing her to put her dirty clothes in the proper hampers before opening the shower door.

"God, this feels so good!" Natalie groaned as water from the main nozzle cascaded through her hair and down her body while gentler sprays bathed her from all around. She wiped her eyes and grabbed the shoulders of the body she knew had just joined her, maneuvering the woman between her and the showerhead. "C'mon—get some of this."

Gwen welcomed the sting of the hot spray, closing her eyes and allowing the runoff to course down her body, aware of Natalie's large breasts pressed into her shoulder blades. She felt rather than saw an arm reach beyond her for a bar of soap. It was gently placed at her throat, moving in languid circles as it moved down on to her shoulders while Natalie's other arm wrapped around her from the other side in a gentle embrace, one hand working with the other trying to create lather before the hot water washed it away.

Gwen sighed contentedly and put her hands on the tile in front of her as the soap gently prodded its way to her armpits. She twitched at the mild tickling sensations and the soap, hand still working up a lather close behind, moved down to her breasts. She didn't flinch when a pair of lips gently kissed the wet skin of her neck as her mounds were sensuously fondled and manipulated, subconsciously arching her back to push them more into the hands giving them pleasure while presenting more of her nape. Gwen was disappointed to feel the hands continue on down to her stomach, but pleased the lips stayed busy where they were.

Natalie shifted slightly to their left, her nipple gently pushing into the side of Gwen's breast. The soap circling down over her mound and between her legs was passed off to the other hand, which used it to lather all of Gwen's rear end before the bar was unceremoniously dropped and the hands worked in cooperation. Fingers thoroughly probed and cleaned every crevice while lips continued to tickle her neck; her clitoris was circled and stroked before the finger moved to her opening and buried itself firmly inside, the palm it was attached to pushed up against the top of her slit.

The other hand pushed a finger down the crack of her bottom, hesitating on the crinkled muscle of her rosebud before gently pushing it open and sliding in up to the first knuckle. Gwen gasped in surprise and started at the unexpected invasion.

"Sshhh, sshhh, it's alright" the lips coo'd from their spot next to her ear even as both fingers continued to fill her. "Just making sure you're clean all over. I'm ready to get out—are you?"

Gwen nodded dumbly, the fingers were withdrawn and the water shut off. Natalie was first out of the enclosure, grabbing for the towels as her sister-in-law emerged. They dried themselves quickly, Gwen still nervous about what she knew was going to happen next despite the Lady's disdain over the casualness of it all.

"Bed?" Natalie asked in a tone that sounded more like direction.

"Yes, that would be nice. Bed."

Natalie led the way and waited as Gwen walked past on her way to her nightstand. "Should I, umm, get out my toys?"

"If you want. Tell the truth, I don't think I'll need them today."

Gwen hesitated, unsure if pulling them out now would somehow be seen as an indictment of her sister-in-law's inability to sexually satisfy her, or perhaps as a perceived weakness of her own, needing aids when Natalie did not. She left them where they were and lay down, waiting for the naked woman at the end of the bed to join her.

Natalie put one knee on the mattress, then the other, and shuffled forward. She bent at the waist, supporting herself on one hand while the other began to stroke and smooth the skin of Gwen's stomach. Natalie's face came closer, and their lips met.

The first touch of another's woman's lips was electric. So soft, so different from Tim. Miss Ritter had never kissed her, most likely because she thought that act of tenderness beneath her, Gwen had always assumed. Their kiss was brief, and then Natalie's lips began their trek down her body. The hand on her stomach had moved down as well, urging Gwen's legs apart so fingers might stroke her other pair of lips. Gwen obliged and spread herself while tentatively smoothing the back of the woman licking at her nipples.

Natalie shifted and straddled the knee that had been pressed against her calf, bringing her wet sex down onto the firmness below. Her hips began to undulate against Gwen's kneecap as her tongue continued to perform its magic while her fingers stroked and pushed with more urgency.

Gwen felt some guilt in not doing more to reciprocate the pleasure she was receiving, but the frantic Slut on her shoulder reminded her that the body gripping her leg appeared to be quite happy humping it, and there was not much more to be done at the moment.

"Ohh, fuck meee..." Natalie called out to no one in particular, signaling the arrival of her orgasm. Her head dropped to the small pillow of Gwen's left breast and her sex ground ferociously against the solidness that was wedged between her thighs.

"FuckfuckfuckfuckFUUUUUUUCK!" She collapsed to Gwen's side after a final convulsion, knee still captured, her head still resting on her breast. They lay still a moment, Gwen unsure what to do next other than give the heavily breathing woman time to recover. Natalie finally raised her head enough to look at the face just inches from hers. "Whew! That was a good one!" She impulsively planted another quick peck on her startled sister-in-law's lips and scrambled into a kneeling position. "And now..." She shot Gwen a wicked grin and scrambled between her still-spread legs, lying on her stomach between them and looking up at her expectantly. "You, uhh, mind if I get a little taste?"

Gwen was pretty sure what that meant, and in her current state, the idea thrilled her. "Uhh, no?"

A look of concern swept Natalie's face. "Do you mean, no, you don't mind, or no, you don't want me to?"

"No no, I mean I don't mind," Gwen hurriedly answered. "If you, uh, mean...you..." her eyes glanced down to her open sex, "down there." Mind? The Slut crowed. I never thought you'd ask!

"Good," her sister-in-law said, a look of relief on her face. "I didn't want to assume. I had a roommate in college that I'd fool around with sometimes—she didn't like another girl kissing her kitty. She was okay with guys going down on her, just not girls. I think she thought she'd have to return the favor or something. I've really been wanting to do this ever since that first time I shaved you—which by the way, I'm happy to do that some other time, since it looks like it's been a while—but not right now." Gwen watched in lustful bliss as the head between her legs dropped and there was the delicate tickle of a tongue against her outer lips. Natalie went to work as her hands found the tits above, and Gwen experienced her second new feeling of the day. Tim's oral efforts were most certainly welcome and appreciated, in no small part because he felt so masculine—the strength of his tongue, the feel of his stubble against her thighs, his searching for the right spot (and occasional misses). Miss Ritter's oral attentionshad been more like Tim, always firm without the stubble and searching, but more methodical, more mechanical, more of a demonstration than a desire to make her partner happy. Natalie was different, and in a very good way. Her tongue was soft and yielding when necessary, but would stiffen up and deliver a jolt of electricity when desired. She just knew all the right places to kiss, to lick...Gwen didn't know exactly when those spots would be touched, but she just sensed they would be.

She ground herself against the face between her legs, trying to get that tongue and those lips to the right spots in an ever more urgent fashion. She was almost there, and Gwen grit her teeth in anticipation of the explosion to come...

"Are you close?"

Gwen frantically opened her eyes and looked down at Natalie grinning back at her.

"Very! Please?"

"Tell me what you want to do."

"I want to finish..."

"Finish what?"

Gwen threw her head back as her hips thrust in an attempt to make contact with that missing tongue. "You know what I want! Please!"

"Tell me."

"I want to climax, alright?" Her plea came out as a wail.

"You want to cum," Natalie corrected. "Keep telling me that and I'll do my best to make it happen."

The tongue touched the frantic woman's clit and held steady, waiting for the magic words. Gwen's hips bucked in an effort to make the contact more solid and she briefly considered trying to force Natalie's head into her sex, but even the Slut advised against this.

"I want to cum, I really want to cum..."

"Good girl," the muffled voice from between her legs said, and the tongue returned to its delicious torture.

"I want to cum so badly, please, please..." Gwen only repeated the mantra a few times more before her jaws again clamped shut and she shuddered into the first intense waves of what she had needed so badly.

She lay there afterwards in her post-orgasmic glow, too spent to move, as Natalie shuffled forward and kissed her. Not passionately, but more than a quick peck, and flavored with her juices. She patted her sister-in-law on the stomach, got off the bed and headed for the kitchen where her duffle bag still sat on the table where she had left it. Gwen joined her, not bothering to dress.

"Did you like that?" Natalie asked, pulling out scrubs and underwear.

"It was really nice."

"Really nice?" Natalie snorted. "You trapped me in a hell of a leglock when you went off. Sorry about making you beg like that," she continued, "but I really wanted to hear you make some kind of noise during sex. Guess it's a thing of mine, you know? Your brother used to be really quiet, too, always made me feel like he was nervous or mad or something...and it's fun to make him beg, too."

"That's alright, I'm just not used to talking during..." Gwen stopped to consider the proper word. What was it we were doing, anyways? It wasn't making love, it was too perverted for that, and yet it didn't feel quite so devoid of feeling and emotion to just be called fucking. It was more like...some sort of friendly and fun activity, like a past time or a hobby. Friendly fucking? "And I'm sorry about trapping you."

"Don't worry about it—my way of knowing I pushed the right buttons," Natalie laughed as she put an arm through the jogbra, "and I'm going to get you used to talking—it does wonders for the other person's ego. It's like cheering."

Gwen froze at the sound of footsteps on the deck outside. The creaking of the screen door opening panicked her into action, turning to flee from the room while Natalie casually continued dressing.

Tim opened the door and caught a glimpse of a naked ass hurrying around the corner and down the hallway before his attention turned to the body just a few feet from him. "Hey Tim," Natalie said in greeting as she continued to fiddle with the flesh filling the cups of her bra. Satisfied with its fit, she reached into her bag for her scrub pants.

"Uh, hi," he said, politely averting his eyes. "Sorry to walk in on you, I didn't know you were dressing."

Natalie laughed. "Don't worry about it. You've seen me in skimpier bathing suits."

"Yeah, but still..." He realized his plan had not been well thought out and he wondered whether to retreat back out to the deck or go after the rear end he had caught a glimpse of. His decision was made by the sound of feet hurrying back up the hallway.

"Tim! What are you doing home?" Gwen cried as she rounded the corner, busily tying a robe tightly about her.

"We finished up the Blue Meadows job a little early, so Andrew and I—"

"Andrew? Andrew's here?" She called out in a fresh panic, prepared to retreat back to the bedroom.

"Well, yeah, he was out with me this morning, remember? He's in the shop tearing down the pump we took from the job and getting the sand out of it. We'll save it as a spare for when they clog up the one we just installed."

Gotta go," Natalie said with a smile as she kissed Tim on the cheek, then Gwen. "Thanks for the ride. It's so much fun to spend time together." The Lady groaned in frustration at what her statement might convey to the man standing there. "See you soon."

Gwen waited until she had shut the door behind her, cautiously peering out the kitchen window, ready to disappear should the young apprentice be on the other side. "Where's the truck? I didn't hear you come in..."

"It's in the shop bay. We've been here a little while," he admitted with a sheepish smile. "We ate lunch in the shop—I didn't see any of the horses up in the paddock, so I thought you and Natalie were still up on the hill, but then Dart came out from under the overhang so I figured you were already back."

We were probably in the shower when they pulled up, Gwen thought. So we wouldn't have heard them. Which means they could have walked right in while we were...

Friend fucking! The Slut gleefully suggested. Gwen knew the evidence of what they had been doing just moments before Tim entered the kitchen was too strong to deny or explain away.

"Tim, I'm so sorry—"

"No, I'm sorry," he replied, his cheeks red with embarrassment. "I had a pretty good idea what you were probably doing, but I came over to the house anyways. I'm sorry, you have a right to not be interrupted, but I, well...you know."

Gwen didn't dare believe the discomfort he was showing was with himself and not her. "But if you knew we were over here, and you wanted to, uhh, give me privacy, why did you come over?"

His cheeks reddened even more. "I, uhh, was kinda hoping I might maybe catch a peek of what you and Natalie had been doing some of the other times you got together? Maybe without intruding? Sorry, I didn't think it through too well."

Gwen's face made it clear she had never considered that even a remote possibility. "You want to see me and Natalie, together? I thought that would upset you. Adam told Natalie he didn't want to know anything about me and her."

"Probably because you're his sister," Tim replied, taking her in his arms. "I'm just a pervert that has an overactive imagination about you and a woman that's not my blood relative."

She looked up at him, still not willing to believe. "You really find the idea of me with her exciting?"

He released her, stepped back, and undid his belt buckle. "Need proof?" Tim unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, then flipped them down along with his boxers. His potent erection sprang into view, the length bobbing for Gwen's inspection.

"Oh my goodness," she cried softly. "Tim, put that away! What if Andrew comes over to the house?"

"He won't," Tim reassured her, shuffling to the door with his pants still around his knees and locking it. The utter ridiculousness of his restricted gait broke the spell of tension in the kitchen, and he again took her in his arms, his cock now nestled against her robe-covered stomach. "That pump is gonna be his problem to solve. How about you take care of my little problem here?"

"Alright," she said, anxious to provide what he so obviously needed. "Let's get you into the bedroom."

His hands found her shoulders and gently pressed down. "We don't need to go that far."

"But if Andrew comes over..." she protested even as she sank to her knees.

"He won't."

Gwen gently kissed the bulbous head in greeting, the scent of sweat-laden male musk assailing and exciting her senses. She gently cradled his sac, the skin cool in her palm after being exposed the room's air conditioning. Her lips parted and a waiting tongue welcomed the invader. Tim groaned contentedly and closed his eyes.

Andrew had heard the SUV rumble past the shop, and a quick look into the yard confirmed the absence of Natalie's vehicle. Tim had assumed both women were up on the ridge on a ride and had set the young apprentice on a recently-disabled pump before abruptly heading up to the house to "check on something". If that was Tim's sister-in-law who had just left, then Mrs. Nelson must be back.

The young apprentice's imagination ran wild as he attempted to concentrate on his task. If she's just back from riding, then she might be in the shower, cleaning up. An enhanced and sharpened mental image of the naked form he had seen that night by the pool was inserted under the spray of water. Maybe Tim was with her, that's why he was taking so long! Andrew replaced Tim with his own naked body, soaping Mrs. Nelson down before she turned her attention to his needs.

Those impeller blades look awfully pitted, his libido suggested. Maybe you should go ask Tim whether they need to be replaced before you put it back together. Maybe she'll be walking around in a towel while you're asking. He set the wrench down and walked across the yard.

Andrew stopped at the bottom stair. It might work out better if I surprise her just a little, he reasoned. Climb the stairs quiet, try not to make any boards creak, then knock. He crept up, rehearsing his excuse for coming to the house, and stepped onto the deck.

Andrew sized up the kitchen window in front of him the door to its left. He might have a plausible excuse if he was caught peeking in the door's window. His luck held, and by carefully examining the wood planks for soundness, he was able to make it to the door unannounced. A small gap in the curtain promised a view of the right side of the room beyond and he bent forward to take advantage of it, fist poised to knock on the screen door should the home's owners be looking back at him.

The reality of the scene nearly outdid his imagination. A table partially blocked his view, but he could see Tim clearly over to the right of it, next to the refrigerator, his shirttails covering the ass that sat atop his naked thighs. A brunette head slowly bobbed between his boss's waist and the counter he faced, the body mostly obscured by the table and the face by the Tim's hip, but Andrew had no doubt who it was. Tim had his hands on either side of the head servicing him while it kept a steady pace, his hips contributing to the established rhythm. Andrew could see one arm led under his boss's shirt to grasp his ass as if to pull him in and he guessed the hand of the other was wrapped around the shaft she was sucking. Mrs. Nelson really seems to like to give blowjobs, the young man decided.

Tim's pace quickened and Gwen gave up trying to match his strokes, holding still while he pumped her mouth with an increasing urgency. Andrew saw her recoil ever so slightly at the first jet as Tim groaned loudly and let loose. She seemed to be in no hurry to escape what Tim was filling her with, holding still through his last weak pulses.

Tim breathed heavily and opened his eyes as his orgasm passed. A picture frame hung above the sink to his left; it clearly reflecting the light from the door and window behind him, as well as the shadow of a figure on the behind the door's curtain. He panicked a bit, not so much at being caught, but at the thought of the shadowy figure knocking and scaring Gwen while his cock was still in her mouth. He disengaged as quickly and politely as he could, smiling down in gratitude at his wife kneeling at his feet. She looked back up at him expectantly, as if waiting for further direction.

Another check of the reflection and the shadow was gone. He pulled Gwen to her feet and kissed her. "Thanks—that was incredible."

"You're welcome. But I have to know-you you really wanted to see what Natalie and I were doing? IT doesn't upset you even a little bit that we—I—do that?"

He pulled up his pants and broke into an embarrassed smile. "Not even a little bit. I really wanted to see. Sorry, it was perverted and rude to try and sneak up on you. I guess I'm strange that way."

"I just never knew...and it's not as strange as what I do with Natalie, and certainly not as strange as the fact she's my sister-in-law."

"And the world keeps turning and no one's the worse for wear," Tim said softly. "It's fun to be strange, isn't it?"

Gwen smiled. "Maybe a little. You should get back out to the shop. Andrew is probably wondering where you are."

The young apprentice was coming out of the bathroom, cheeks ruddy, when his boss returned. One man spent the afternoon hoping he had not been discovered while the other wondered what he had seen.

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Gwen watched from the kitchen window as Cricket's car wheezed into the driveway the next morning, right on time. She hurried into the yard to greet her with a hug, then invited her back to the house so she could pick out what she wanted for lunch on the trail.

"Is Tim out?" the young woman asked as they entered the kitchen.

"Emergency call this morning. Left about an hour ago. He says hello."

The women were almost finished packing their lunches when the phone rang. Gwen picked up on the second ring.

"Hey Gwen, it's me. I was hoping you hadn't left yet."

"Cricket and I were just getting ready to go out to the barn. Is everything alright?"

"Everything's fine, just hoping you can do me a favor and check on parts availability for a couple of things."

"Sure—let me run over to the office and get the computer up and running. I'll call you back once I do."

"Is everything alright?" Cricket asked as Gwen hung up. "I can leave if you're busy."

"Don't be silly," Gwen said with a smile. "I just need to get something from the office for Tim. Come on—we can get saddled up once I'm finished."

"My mother called last night," Cricket announced ominously as they walked across the yard to the office. "She still wants me to move back in with her so she can help me find a nice man. Apparently, she has a hard time understanding why I'm not ready to jump right back in with some older wealthy gentleman friend of hers and husband number four."

Gwen smiled. "I take it you don't think that's a good idea?"

"Oh God no! I'm off men for a while, who knows how long. And I definitely don't want to follow my mother's footsteps when it comes to marriage. The only reason I would even think about moving back there is Marvin. It would be nice to see him more. But I just couldn't bear to move back there and listen to my mother." Cricket looked over with concern at the older woman walking next her. "You don't think I should move down there, do you?"

"No," Gwen said gently. "I really don't think you need someone to run your life for you. You're perfectly capable of doing that yourself."

The young woman smiled and looked down. "I never imagined how nice it is to have someone who helps me with the tough parts, though. Thank you."

Gwen led the way into the shop and up the stairs. "Not at all what I expected in a workshop, "Cricket said as she looked around. "So neat and orderly. I should have known you and Tim run a tight ship."

"Oh, there's dirt and chaos if you know where to look," Gwen said with a laugh. "I'm usually harder on the apprentices about keeping things neat and clean than Tim is."

She called Tim while the computer booted up, and soon he was rattling off a list of products for Gwen to research while Cricket politely waited.

"And there's an induction valve that came apart in a big way—I know we don't have it in the parts rack—you'll need to check with the supplier. I don't know the part number, but I remember we put it in about 15 years ago. Maybe the part number is on the invoice from that job?"

"I'd have to go back and look at the paper invoice," Gwen said distractedly as she started checking the list against their own stock and the plumbing supply wholesaler. "That was before we were doing computer billing." She reached into the desk drawer and took out a keychain. "Cricket, could you do me a huge favor and get me an invoice folder from the top drawer of the cabinet?"

"Be glad to," the young woman said, taking the keys. "Top drawer?"

"Mm-hmm, a folder marked 'T-Z 2000'".

The manila folder appeared next to her elbow a moment later. "Thanks." Gwen began to leaf through the papers inside. "Induction valve, right?" She typed for a moment. "No, they don't have it, either. Put it on order?"

"Please, with a rush. This section of the line is down until we can get the valve. All right, I guess that means just close this up until we get the parts. I'll be home in a little while. Have fun riding and be careful. Love you."

"You be careful too, and love you."

Gwen hung up and continued to type, momentarily forgetting the other woman in the office. Satisfied, she pressed the last key with a flourish and looked up and back at the filing cabinet.

Cricket stood there, thumbing through a small catalog. "Are they one of your customers?" the young woman asked, briefly holding up the cover so Sensual Sensations could be seen.

Gwen blushed a brilliant crimson. Deny, lie, or evade, the Lady urged, but she found a version of the truth most expedient. "Oh, uh, no, N-, a friend gave me something from there as a gift and that came in the box."

I'm sorry-I didn't mean to snoop. I just saw it lying in the back behind the folder and thought it looked interesting."

"That's quite alright, nothing to apologize for," Gwen said, regaining her composure, willing her blush to recede. I don't think there's anything wrong with having some of the things in there. Do you?"

"No," Cricket replied, again thumbing through the pages, "but I'm not sure what some of this stuff even is!" Gwen laughed in agreement. "Forgive me if I'm prying, but did your friend give you," she lowered her voice, "a vibrator?"

Gwen nodded, nervously awaiting the young woman's reaction.

"And does Tim know about it?"

She nodded again.

Cricket's eyes widened a bit in surprise. "Really? I used to have one. I mean it wasn't anything fancy like these, just some cheap thing I bought at the novelty store in the mall. I bought a couple of other little gag gifts with it so the clerk wouldn't think it was for me," she remembered with a nervous laugh. "But Daniel threw it away after we got married, said I wouldn't be needing it any more. I just kind of thought men thought they were nasty, or were threatened by them or something."

"Most men don't find too much nasty when it comes to things like that," Gwen replied quietly, remembering her mother's veiled warnings, "but some men probably do think of those things in the catalog as competition. And some other men are confident enough to know they're not a threat, and even find them, uhh, interesting." It was Cricket's turn to blush. "Would you like to take that home with you and perhaps find a replacement for the one that got thrown away?"

"Oh no, thank you very much though," the young woman said as she put the catalog back in the cabinet. "The ones in the catalog are pretty expensive, and right now I couldn't even afford to buy the cheap one I had." Gwen smiled in understanding and let the subject drop as she shut down the computer and led the way to the barn.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 15**

Gwen pushed deeper into the backwoods than she had since her daughters had been teenagers, thankful to have by her side an experienced rider with no pressing need or desire to get back by a certain time. She was also pleased to have Cricket readily accept her invitation to spend the night so they might ride again the next day, the overnight bag the young woman had packed a sure sign that she had hoped to be asked. Their conversation never seemed to lag as each learned more of the other's life via casual references made during their discussions of all things equine. The wine that was consumed during and after dinner further relaxed both women's grip on their privacy, although subjects of intimacy were carefully skirted, each worried the other might find their inner thoughts and desires objectionable.

Gwen felt the unfamiliar yet comforting warmth of their deepening friendship when the two finally hugged and said their goodbyes that Sunday afternoon. It felt different than what she shared with Natalie. She saw her sister-in-law as a mentor, a bold and sometimes dangerous inspiration on her expanding horizons; with Cricket, she was the worldly one, the steadying influence, and she welcomed the chance to play a softer, gentler version of the mother she had been to her daughters. Both roles were more enjoyable than she ever could have imagined just a few short months ago.

Gwen resisted the urge to call Natalie until Monday morning. "Hi Natalie, how are you?"

"Hey there, I was getting ready to call you! I'm fine...how did things go after I left Friday? I'm guessin' Tim probably figured out what we had been up to. Hope he wasn't upset. He seemed kinda embarrassed to catch me in my undies."

"No, he was alright with, uhh, all that..." Very alright, Gwen thought, remembering how he had shown his approval right there in the kitchen. "Hey listen, I'm umm, hoping you can do me a favor."

"Sure—anything. What's up?"

"Well...remember those things you gave me a few months back?"

"What, the dildos and the vibrators? Sure, why?"

"I was hoping you might be able to get some more."

"You dirty girl, you. Did you wear out the ones I gave you, or are you looking for some more variety?"

"No no, not for me. I want to get something for Cricket. She told me when she was here riding that her husband threw hers out after they got married. I feel badly for her—I think she would like to have one, but money's tight."

"Ex-husband," Natalie again corrected her, "and he continues to sound more and more like a petty, limp-dicked asshole."

"Definitely not a nice man," Gwen agreed. "So do you think you can help me out and get something for her?"

"Well...I've got a better idea. Let's drive up there on Saturday and shop in person. We'll get something for her, maybe something for you...we'll have dinner, be home by 9. How about it?"

"All the way to Atlanta to...shop? Seems like a long way."

"The journey's half the fun, girl. A little road trip for you and me."

It's only an afternoon, Gwen reasoned. The sleeping arrangements that might have ensued had they planned an overnight stay would have been a cause for both excitement and mild panic, and she was not sure she was ready for that yet. "Would Liz, umm, be joining us?" Just making sure, she assured herself.

"Probably not. I'm pretty sure she's got Ashley this weekend. Maybe we can meet them for dinner before we head home?"

"Dinner might be alright..."It still seems like a long way..."

"It'll be fun. We'll leave about noon, do some shopping, eat and head home. We're doin' it." Natalie's tone made it clear there would be no argument. "Tell Tim you'll be home late--well, late for you two. We'll talk more when I come over on Friday."

Gwen's next call was to Cricket. "Hey there, everything okay?"

"Everything's okay," the young woman replied softly. "Riding really helps with my sanity. Thank you for everything."

"Think nothing of it. You know you're welcome any time. Speaking of which, I don't know if you had planned on coming over this weekend—"

"No," Cricket answered quickly. "I really feel bad about intruding on yours and Tim's private life so much, and I don't want you to get sick of me always being there. You two work hard, and I know how precious weekends can be, and the last thing you need is some mopey little girl getting in the way of...well, whatever happily married people do on weekends."

"Stop that! You're not mopey, and Tim and I see each other all the time," Gwen laughed. "And you're not in the way." Gwen began to tell the young woman that it was nice to have another rider along now that Ali had a husband to tend to and was not stopping by as much. No need to remind her of someone else's marital bliss. "You're more than welcome here anytime," she repeated. "As a matter of fact, I was calling to let you know I'll be out of town Saturday, but if you wanted to come over and ride on your own, I should be home sometime in the evening. You could stay over and we can ride together on Sunday."

"I couldn't do that—I mean, do you really want me there without you? You trust me that much around your horses?"

"Of course I trust you –just don't get lost on the trails, but if you do, I'm sure whatever horse you have will take you back to the barn when they get hungry. And I'm sure Tim will be in and out all day, so you won't be alone."

"But I'm sure I'd be making a mess of his Saturday, him having to keep an eye on me."

"Tim will be doing his own thing and I'll make sure he knows you're fine on your own. He certainly won't be bothered by having you here, so please say you'll come out."

"I'll think about it..."

"Don't think. Just come over."

The women said their goodbyes and Gwen turned her attention to the ever-increasing paperwork pile. Eric's speed and efficiency had certainly increased the number of jobs started and completed, and as soon as Andrew passed his test, things would get even busier.

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"Change of plans." Natalie dispensed with the normal pleasantries when she called Thursday afternoon.

"What?" Gwen's attention had been divided between the computer screen and the phone she held, but now focused on the woman on the other end of the line.

"Okay, first, I can't come over tomorrow—I'm pulling a double as a favor for someone. Second, would you mind if we stayed at Liz's Saturday night?"

Gwen's felt the tingle of anxiety and excitement-induced adrenaline hit her bloodstream. "I thought she had her daughter this weekend?"

"She does, but Barry just sent us both links to the proofs for the photos he took of us, and we thought it might be fun to look at them together. So, we're thinking that maybe after Ashley goes to bed, we could open a bottle of wine and the pictures, and have a laugh going through them."

"Oh—but you don't want me there for that."

"Why not? You were there when they were taken—you should see how they came out. Come on—sort of the same plan, shopping and dinner, then back to her condo for a little mid-evening art viewing."

Reluctantly Gwen decided that things could not get very far out of hand with Liz's daughter in the house. "Alright, I guess, as long as Tim doesn't mind taking care of the horses."

"Great! See you same time on Saturday."

Gwen's next call was to Cricket, letting her know she would not be home Saturday night after all, but that she was still welcome to come riding without her. The young woman demurred despite Gwen's insistence, finally promising to at least think about coming just for the day. Tim enthusiastically welcomed the news of his wife's overnight stay and initiated their spirited lovemaking that night and the next despite Gwen's insistence that nothing noteworthy was likely to happen.

That Saturday afternoon, Natalie pulled the SUV into the parking lot of the strip mall that held Sensual Sensations. Gwen could not help but look around nervously as she crossed the hot pavement and entered the store, wary of those who might take note of where she was going and guess her intent. The contents of the shop did not startle her as much as her first visit, but she still stopped short and took in the incredible variety of products you would not find in your local department store. Racks of condoms, shelves of vibrators and displays of dildos in all colors, shapes and sizes close by; lingerie and other less identifiable items further back.

"Natalie! Gwen! What a nice surprise!" Gwen whirled in the direction the voice was coming from and recognized Cho Lin Chen, the owner of the scandalous boutique, approaching from between two racks of what appeared to be leather riding apparel. That's lingerie, the Slut corrected.

"Cho!" Natalie hugged the petite woman. "I was hoping you'd be here today."

"On a Saturday?" she replied with a laugh as she hugged a startled Gwen, "Always. In retail, just because you're the boss doesn't mean you get weekends off. So what brings you two here?"

"Gwen has a friend whose ex—"

"Not an ex yet," Gwen felt the need to correct.

"Who's soon-to-be ex asshole of a husband threw away her vibrator," Natalie said as she gave her sister-in-law a placating smile, "and Gwen wants to get her a new one."

"Well that wasn't nice of him at all," Cho commiserated. "But very nice of you. I guess some people are jealous of the things we sell here, like they might somehow be replaced by a big rubber cock. Maybe her ex had reason to worry. I'm sure we can help you start putting things right. I'd love to help you pick just the right one, but I'm doing a fitting for a bride-to-be in the private modeling room and I think I'm going to be a while."

"You sell wedding dresses?" Gwen asked, looking about in confusion.

"I sell what goes underneath, as well as honeymoon attire," Cho replied with a sly grin. "The bride's mother is a long-time client, and they're both back there waiting for me, so I have to get back. But Dorothy here—"she motioned to a plump little white-haired sweater-clad woman nearby who stepped forward—"can assist you with all your needs. I'll try and catch up with you before you leave. Have fun!" Her lithe body disappeared between the racks of leather and soon only her jet-black hair-covered head could be seen bobbing towards the back of the store.

Gwen watched the sixty-something woman approach, convinced she would be much more at home giving advice on quilting supplies than selling sex toys. "Hello again, Natalie. I'm Dorothy," the older woman said turning her attention to Gwen. "Is there something I can help you two with today?"

"Gwen here needs some toys," Natalie said in a very clear voice before her sister-in-law could respond. The blushing woman cringed and looked about for anyone who might have overheard.

"For a friend," Gwen quickly offered in a low voice, anxious to make it clear they were not for her. "A gift."

"I see," Dorothy replied with a pleasant smile. "And is your friend a man or a woman?"

"A woman. She's going through a divorce, and I wanted to get her something to replace something she lost, "Gwen felt the need to explain. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you sold things for men?"

Dorothy laughed. "Oh yes, many of the products we carry are designed for a woman's pleasure, but men seem to be able to make use of just about anything. And of course there are items that we sell that are designed for men only. Do you have something in mind for your friend?"

"Well, she had a vibrator, but her husband threw it away. I think she'd like a new one."

"I see. Do you know what kind of vibrator she had?"

"I don't, but she said she got it at one of those novelty stores you see in the mall?"

"Oh, one of those," the older woman said with a soft laugh. "They're usually not very good, and they break easily. They're gag gifts meant for embarrassing the person it's being given to more than anything else, in my opinion. I think we can do better than that. Would you happen to know what she prefers in terms of noise and intensity?"

"I, uhh, don't. Is that something I would need to find out before buying one?"

"No, not at all. It's sometimes helpful to know—shape, vibration strength, and noise level can all play into the choice. Loud vibrators are often very powerful, but if you're trying to be discrete, they may not be the best option. And of course, some women find strong vibration just too intense. Whether or not it's insertable can also be a factor. Perhaps something not too loud that she can adjust the vibration on?" She reached for a nearby package, a close cousin to Gwen's rabbit.

"I got Gwen almost the same one," Natalie said proudly. "And a Magic Wand, too.

"Excellent choices! So you have an idea what I mean about the varieties? The Wand is very high quality, and one of the most powerful we carry. The rabbit is not as intense, but it does allow for multiple stimulation points, and is a little more portable since it doesn't have the electrical cord the Wand has."

Gwen nodded, embarrassed to have been outed over her own collection.

"Well then, perhaps something along the lines of what you have?" Dorothy suggested. "Either is an excellent start to any collection."

"You're probably right...it might be safer to just take one of each," Gwen mumbled.

"I'm sure she'd appreciate either one of them, so giving her both is a very nice gift indeed," Dorothy said brightly. "The rabbit also has the advantage of being useful for penetration, if she prefers that." She led the way to collect the second vibrator. "Is there anything else you think she might like?"

"A dildo," Natalie said with loud conviction before Gwen could speak. "I gave Gwen two." Her sister-in-law blushed again at this new public broadcast of the contents of her nightstand.

"Ah, very good." Dorothy led the way a couple aisles over, stopping in front of a dizzying selection of phallic instruments. Some were very lifelike, others more abstract, in many shapes, sizes and colors. "Do you see yours here, Gwen?" the older woman asked.

"Uhh, that one, I think?" She pointed to a chocolate-colored slab of rubber.

"Oh yes, the Big John. Very popular. A good combination of both girth and length. I prefer thicker to longer, myself. The majority of the nerve endings are clustered around the vaginal opening, so feeling like I'm being stretched a little is more important to me than depth of penetration. I like beer cans better than pool cues! But that's just my preference." Dorothy picked up a curved length of pink rubber, an artistic impression of a mushroom head on one end while a protrusion much like a tulip bulb stuck out at a right angle two thirds of the way back down the shaft. "Forgive me if I'm becoming too personal, but is what you're looking for something you might use together?"

"Oh, no—no, this is just for her," Gwen stammered. "And what in the world is that?"

"Well, this part here—"Dorothy delicately squeezed the tulip bulb—"is normally inserted vaginally, and the other end—"she touched the rounded end—"is inserted into your partner. The manufacturer claims you can use it just like that for intercourse, but I have a smaller version with a straighter shaft, and I've found it works better if you have a harness to help keep it steady."

Gwen desperately tried to recover from the shock of the conversation. This sweet little old grandmother not only still had sex, but apparently was not above a little perversion. "I, uhh, think I'll just take one like I have."

Dorothy smiled and led them to another row. "Of course, dear. Do you know if she enjoys anal play?"

"Anal?"

"Yes, that part of the body is second only to the genitals in concentration of nerve endings. Many people enjoy incorporating some anal play into their sex life." The older woman picked up what appeared to be a string of different sized ball bearings. "Anal beads. You or your partner push them in slowly, then pull them out slowly. Or fast, whatever your mood might be." She smiled. "Some women use them vaginally as well, but you should have a separate set for each activity. They've never done much for me, but a friend in my church group swears by them."

"I think we should get this for you." Gwen turned to see Natalie holding what appeared to be a horsetail mounted on a bump-embedded curved black stick. It can't be a horsetail, she corrected herself as her critical eye examined the plume of black strands. That's not real horse hair. It reminded her of a fly whisk, or maybe some sort of whip, but she couldn't imagine it would be very effective if used like that—the long silky hair would only tickle. "What is it?"

"This is popular in the Ponygirl and Ponyboy scene —that's a kind of roleplay," Dorothy explained, taking the object from Natalie. "You insert the beads rectally—"she closed her fist around the thin black length, the silky hair hanging from her clenched fingers—"and it looks like you have a tail. The shape and the raised nodules help keep it in place and make it feel a bit like the anal beads."

"I'll bet Tim would love to see you wearing that around the house," Natalie encouraged.

"Don't be silly—he doesn't even like to ride," her shocked sister-in-law babbled.

"He loves to ride you. Imagine if you pranced around the house, swishing your tail..."

"Stop that! No, I don't think we need anything that goes back there, thank you."

They continued to browse for a few moments more, Natalie pondering a set of sheepskin-lined leather cuffs before deciding to purchase them. Gwen wasn't sure she wanted to know what her sister-in law planned to use them for exactly, but did briefly wonder if Adam would be involved. She decided that if what she had already gathered was good enough for her, it was good enough for Cricket and asked the white-haired grandmother to point them towards the checkout. Gwen was sure to use the personal credit card for this purchase; no need for something like this to appear on a business statement, and the Lady took pains to remind her that the bank now knew she was a registered buyer of sex toys.

Cho did come back to say goodbye, complimenting Gwen on the wisdom of her purchases before hurrying back to the fitting she was conducting. The women made their way out to the car, Gwen checking carefully to ensure the contents of the plain bag she held could not be seen by passers-by, and they were off to dinner.

Gwen was surprised and pleased to discover that evening how stern, sexual and slightly-scary Liz was also a wonderful mother. Ashley was reserved and mature beyond her years, respectful of the adults around her and exceedingly polite. For her part, Natalie played the role of firm but doting Aunt to a tee, and neither woman gave the slightest hint of impropriety.

Ashley was in bed by 8 on her mother's orders, Gwen mildly impressed that the little girl did not attempt to extend her evening by whining or arguing. Liz poured them all a glass of wine. "She'll read for a half-hour and then fall asleep. I'll break out the laptop once she does." Gwen took the opportunity to excuse herself and went out on the little balcony, dialing home as she went.

Tim answered on the third ring. "Hey honey. Just came back in from the barn. How's the shopping?" He knew what Gwen and Natalie had come here for, and she wondered if he was hoping for sordid details of what she had purchased.

"Good, got her the same things I have," she said casually. "I really hope she doesn't think I'm perverted for giving her this kind of thing."

"It's a nice thing to do," Tim reassured her. "By the way, she just left."

"Oh! She did come over after all?"

"Yup, she was here when I got back, must have gotten here right after you left. She had Tigger up in the field, doing that show-ring stuff that you used to make the girls do. I swear that horse look surprised to be put through his paces again. Then she went up on the hill for a couple of hours. I offered to make her dinner when she came back, but she did all the cooking."

"She did? You must have enjoyed that."

"Well, she's no you in the kitchen, but I didn't go away hungry. Oh, and some time while she was here, she mucked the stalls."

"Well, that was all very nice of her. I hoped you thanked her." Gwen paused a moment, suddenly recalling what Tim had said earlier. "Where were you coming back from?"

"Oh, I went out to the lake."

"You usually like to go fishing first thing in the morning."

"Wasn't fishing. I went up to give that couple we met on the beach—Bob and Yvette—an estimate on their bathrooms."

Gwen was momentarily taken aback, uncertain as to what people who could be so casual about themselves in public might be like at home. "Bathrooms?" she asked, unwilling to ask the questions really on her mind. "I thought he said one bathroom."

"Actually, four. They've got a beautiful house. From the looks of it, they do pretty well."

"Oh." Gwen could not resist any longer. She looked over her shoulder at the women in the living room and lowered her voice. "Were they at least wearing clothes?"

Tim laughed. "Yes, they were wearing clothes." He chose not to add that Yvette had not bothered with a bra, the brown areolae of her nipples clearly visible under her white t-shirt.

"So, are we doing the job?"

"If they want us to, yeah. Bob said they probably won't be ready until after the holidays though."

She let the subject pass and turned to more mundane matters before the couple said their goodnights. The Lady was uneasy as she hung up, the thought of their employees somehow finding out that they had been naked on a beach with paying customers very real in her mind. Gwen could not find fault with her fears.

Liz waited forty five minutes before softly padding down the hall and checking on her daughter. "Okay," she announced softly after she returned, flipping up the screen of her computer and carefully angling it away from the direction of the bedrooms, "let's see what trouble Barry got us into."

Gwen spent the next hour marveling at the crisp, vibrant, and erotic images of two beautiful women in incredibly perverted poses. It seemed to her that Barry's camera had captured something somewhat familiar in her memories of the day at the studio while presenting it from angles and perspectives she had never imagined. The stark colors he had worked with—red lips, grey backdrop, pale and lightly tanned skin, even the color of the hair between the models' legs—seemed to brilliantly contrast, blend and pop off the screen in almost comic-book fashion. There was the dull shine of Natalie's broken-in leather collar; the almost arrogant look on Liz's face as her friend's nose was gently pressed into the rust-colored down covering her labial lips; the close-up of a hand resting on the blonde muff between her sister-in-law's legs, the index finger disappearing somewhere below. Gwen audibly gasped at the image of a tongue, Natalie's tongue she was sure although the rest of the face was not visible, poised just above what therefore had to be the crinkled muscle of Liz's anus.

"I can't believe you got that close—down there, like that," Gwen breathlessly declared.

"She gotten closer," Liz smirked.

Natalie shrugged her admission. "Wouldn't be the first time she's had me to do that."

I always ask first, just to be polite," Liz imperiously reminded her.

There was much discussion between the two models as to the relative merits of each shot, of what the client might think, before the lurid slide show finally wrapped up. Liz shut down the laptop and closed the cover. "Well, I'm going to bed. Sleep as late as you want. See you two in the morning."

Gwen looked at Natalie. "Aren't you staying with Liz tonight?"

The redheaded woman smiled and shook her head. "My ex and I have an agreement that we don't let Ashley see a parade of people going in and out of our bedrooms. He's particularly touchy about her seeing Nat and I together, so when's she's here, we stay in separate rooms so Ashley doesn't tell Daddy about Aunt Natalie sleeping in Mommy's room during our sleepover."

"You and me tonight!" Natalie exclaimed, smiling at Gwen. "Unless that would bother you..."

"No, that's alright, unless you wanted the room to yourself," she quickly added. "I can stay out here on the couch..."

Natalie laughed. "Don't be silly. Even the guest bed is big enough for two. I don't know about you, but I'm tired. Come on in when you're ready."

Gwen followed the other women down the hall, hanging back as they kissed each other on the cheek before Liz stepped into her room and closed the door behind her. Natalie entered the guest bathroom carrying her overnight bag, leaving her sister-in-law standing in the now dark hallway. She retreated to the relative safety of the guest room and waited, unsure what to do next, the thought that she was about to sleep in the same bed with someone other than Tim for the first time in her life—Miss Ritter had never offered her that luxury—foremost on her mind.

The bathroom door opened a few moments later and a still-dressed Natalie crossed the hallway to rejoin her. "All yours," she whispered as she stepped by her sister-in-law and dropped her bag. Gwen shut the door behind her to give Natalie some privacy as she took her own bag with her.

She returned a few moments later after freshening up and brushing her teeth, cautiously opening the door so as to not expose Natalie should she still be changing. Her sister-in-law was already in bed, slouching against the pillows pushed against the headboard. The lower half of her body was hidden beneath the sheets; the upper half naked and exposed. Gwen set down her bag and pulled out a nightshirt.

"You really need that?"

"I'm in someone else's home," Gwen replied, eying her sister-in-law doubtfully.

"Didn't need it last time you were here," Natalie replied with a smirk.

"Liz's daughter wasn't here last time."

"So cover up before you leave the room. Problem solved."

Gwen weighed her decision and compromised, hurriedly removing her bra but donning the nightshirt anyways, "just in case". She moved to the vacant side of the bed, pulled back the covers, lay back and flipped them back up to her neck.

Natalie reached for the lamp on her side. "Lights out?"

"Please."

The room fell dark save for the lights of the parking lot through the blinds. Natalie leaned over, kissed Gwen on the cheek, and slipped further under the covers. "G'night."

"Good night."

Gwen tossed and turned for several moments. Like I told Tim, it looks like nothing is going to happen tonight, she thought with a touch of disappointment. The Slut suggested perhaps she could make something up once she got home, just to see how he might react. Natalie rolled to her side, hand propping up her head.

"Can I ask you something?"

Gwen lay still, turning her head to look at her sister-in-law. "Of course."

"When we fool around...do you feel like you have to?"

Gwen knew what Natalie was referring to, but chose to evade. "I'm not sure what you mean?"

"Well, I'm the one who's always suggesting we get off together. You told me the reason you let your old boss do what she did was because you felt like you had to. Do you feel like you have to with me? I mean, I don't want to take advantage of you...you can say no, you know. I won't be upset or stop being your friend."

Gwen rolled to her side to face her sister-in-law. "No, it's not that..." the Lady urged her to not admit her weakness. "My conscience still has a hard time with it sometimes, and I feel a little guilty...but it's easier for me when it's you start things, if I can tell myself it wasn't my idea. I'm sorry, that's probably not fair, is it?"

Natalie smiled. "Don't worry about it. I think I'm beginning to understand you better. Just remember you can always ask for some help if you need to scratch an itch, and you can always tell me no if you don't want help, or want to help me. You know that, right?" Gwen nodded. "Good. So, did the shopping and the photos make you as horny as it made me?" Another nod. "Wanna do something about it?" Natalie flipped back the covers and reached for the hem of her bedmate's nightshirt. "Get rid of that ridiculous thing. Get naked."

Gwen rose enough to allow the shirt to be pulled over her head and casually tossed to the floor. She expected her underwear to follow, but Natalie had other ideas and bent to kiss the woman beside her while her hand lazily smoothed the skin of her stomach. Gwen reciprocated, stroking her sister-in-law's side, the feel of her smooth skin electrifying, venturing down her backside to the split of her buttocks before retreating.

Natalie's lips moved to her neck while the hand continued further down, hesitating briefly at the waistband of her panties, then sliding underneath. A finger traced a line down her labial lips without pushing in, softly petting her opening before retracing its path back up.

The hand was removed from her underwear and Gwen lost contact with the body she had been caressing as her sister-in-law got to her knees. Fingers deftly hooked into the waistband of her panties and tugged them down her legs to be discarded somewhere in the general direction of her shirt. Natalie lay back down, her body cradling Gwen's as her fingers made their way back to an expectant vulva. Soft lips kissed their way up and around her breasts until they captured her nipple, a tongue gently teasing and tickling.

Gwen's hand returned to her sister-in-law's body, this time to gently cup her right breast. The flesh was beautifully soft and yielding, and it was with some reluctance that her hand finally left the erect nipple, traveling further down to mimic Natalie's efforts. Her sister-in-law's legs opened in lewd invitation to the approaching fingers.

Gwen's imagination recalled the mental map her brain had drawn of Miss Ritter's sex many years ago—fingers slid through the small wiry patch of hair and on to bare skin that hinted of the stubble on Tim's cheek shortly after he had shaved. And then the topography changed, the high puffy mound, more yielding and spongy under her touch than her old boss's had been, descended into a furrow under her index finger, the ridgelines guiding her along delicate, loose flesh until it gave way to Natalie's opening. Gwen's finger came back up the valley, pushing down past the folds into the wetness below, until it came upon the solid outcropping of her sister-in-law's clitoris. She was sure it was just her imagination, but Natalie's sex seemed so much more warm and inviting than Miss Ritter's ever had. Gwen's own excitement swelled with the feel of the slick folds, of the protrusion under her fingertip.

"Yessss," the woman hissed, hips twitching involuntarily at the tingling of her nerve endings, her own finger reflexively driving into Gwen. Each woman's climb to orgasm kept pace with the other, both doing their best to help the other to a satisfying climax.

Natalie rolled on to all fours with a groan, her right knee firmly pressed against the crotch her hand had just vacated, her own legs spread to invite continued exploration. Large breasts dangled tantalizingly before Gwen and she impulsively pushed one towards her lips so that she might kiss the nipple that capped it.

Gwen exploded first, her hips grinding against the firmness between her legs. She was careful not to clamp down too tightly on the tender flesh between her lips, dimly aware that the opening her finger was now thrusting into had begun to grip the intruder and spasm rhythmically. Natalie managed to hold her own pose above the body below her, a soft 'oh' escaping her lips in deference to the thin walls of the bedroom. The strength of the climax finally overcame her strength and she collapsed to the side, Gwen's finger still inside of her. Their lips met as each floated back into reality.

Gwen finally opened her eyes to find Natalie looking back at her in the gloom, a serene look on her face. Her sister-in-law reached up and knocked twice on the wall behind the bed.

"Why did you do that?"

Natalie chuckled. "Liz wanted to know when we finished."

Gwen received a kiss on the cheek while her sister-in-law's arm lay casually draped across her midsection. "I don't know about you, but a good orgasm is better than any over-the-counter sleeping pill. Sleep well—kick me if I steal the covers."

"G'night." Gwen lay there, wondering what proper etiquette was in this situation. Should she get dressed? Was she expected to return the cuddle? She lay there, staring at the ceiling, eventually guiltily agreeing with the Slut's suggestion to initiate some sort of physical contact with the woman she had just shared an orgasm with. Gwen rolled to her side and gently pushed her body into the one behind her. With a contented groan, Natalie worked her own body into Gwen while her arm pulled them closer together. Gwen drifted off to sleep a few moments after a single knock came from the other side of the wall.

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If Natalie felt any regret over what had happened the night before, she did not show it the next morning, hopping out of bed and throwing on some clothes before making her way to the bathroom for a shower.

The Lady had summoned the dark specter of guilt within Gwen, however. She had finally sunk to a new low and really, truly slept with someone other than her husband, a woman—her sister-in-law no less! The Slut's reminders that it really had been no different than the other times and that Tim was obviously alright with it still did not completely ease her mind.

They were on the road after breakfast. The SUV was silent for several miles save for the hum of the tires before Gwen felt the need to distract herself from the Lady's harping. "It sounded like Dorothy—from the store...had met you before?"

Natalie smiled. "I was a model for one of Cho's naughty nightie parties a couple of years back. Dorothy was handling the back room for her, getting the models ready, that kind of thing."

Gwen nodded. "She's not the kind of person I would expect to be working there. She's..."

"Mrs. Santa Claus? Somebody's Grandma? Old?" Gwen nodded again, blushing. "She'd be sixty-six or seven, I think. Been working there since her husband died a few years ago. She told me she wanted to keep busy and needed something more exciting than her bible study group."

"I can't believe she's...you know, working with those kinds of things. She seems so knowledgeable! And it sounds like she's still having sex-at her age!"

Natalie laughed. "I'm sure she takes product testing very seriously. Your clit doesn't shrivel up after menopause, so why not keeping using all the good parts?"

"But with who?"

The little blue pills work wonders with gentlemen whose good parts need a little help standing at attention, and there's more than a few younger men who enjoy the company of more experienced ladies..."

"I just can't believe that she's still active at her age!"

Her sister-in-law continued to watch the road. "Your parents are about her age. Ever think maybe they're still doing it?"

Gwen turned to the woman next to her, shock on her face. "My parents? Oh heavens, no! I'm sure they are both well beyond that!"

Natalie smiled but said nothing. She doubted Irene Curran had ever allowed anyone between her legs for any purpose other than advancing the family bloodline, but she knew her father-in-law was a different story.

It was those assholes in Las Vegas that had let it slip about the law firm's clandestine "pussy for pay, ass for advancement" program, and that Norman Curran was a willing participant. It was also made clear how pissed at him the other partners were for making them look bad by actually fulfilling his end of the bargains rather than using, then getting rid of, those hopeful corporate ladder climbers. Natalie had checked with her own inside contacts at the firm before confronting Adam with the revelation. He had both confirmed the existence of the informal program and denied his own involvement with it (something her contacts had also attested to). One of the paralegals had even intimated that Irene Curran was involved in the selection of her husband's enrollees, ensuring they showed proper loyalty, obedience, and above all, discretion before they were selected for participation.

"Parents have sex too," Natalie reminded her passenger. "I do. You do." She paused, eyes still on the road as she broke into a grin. "My parents do."

"How do you know that? Did they tell you?"

"I walked in on them a little while back."

Gwen turned again to the driver. "Oh my God. You did not!" Natalie continued to grin and slowly nodded her head. "When?"

"Oh, about three years ago. Adam and I took the kids over to see Gram and Puppa for a long weekend. My father must have not had his hearing aids in when I called to tell him we were coming, because it turned out they weren't expecting us until the next day. We pulled in the driveway and there's usually at least one of them waiting on the porch for us, but I didn't see anyone, so I went in through the kitchen to make sure everything was okay while Adam and the kids unpacked the car. I walk into the living room and there's was my father, lying bare-ass-naked on the couch and my naked mother sitting on his face with his junk in her hand. Mom saw me first and let out a little scream, then jumped off him and ran down the hallway towards their bedroom. Dad looked around with a really confused look on his face, trying to figure out what was going on—I don't think it helped that he didn't have his glasses on—and then he took off down the hallway too."

"Oh my God, Natalie," Gwen repeated. "I'd die if I walked in on that. What did you do?"

Her sister-in-law laughed at her passenger's reaction as well as the absurd idea of Irene Curran ever consenting to such an undignified act in the first place. That's what the hired help was for... "I went back out through the kitchen to keep the kids out and give my parents time to make themselves presentable. Neither one of them would make eye contact with me for the rest of the day."

"You must have been mortified."

"Nah, I was fine with it. I was glad they were still gettin' busy—good sign of good health, you know? But I wasn't going to be the one to bring it up."

"Did they ever say anything?"

"Mom tried to blame it on Dad the next morning when were alone in the kitchen. She said something like 'I was just making lunch and your father started getting fresh and wouldn't take no for an answer.' I don't think she appreciated it when I told her that the chances of an accidental pregnancy in that position were low, but that she had to be careful not to fall off and break a hip. Then a while after that, my father, in classic Dad fashion, cornered me, puffed himself up and announced that 'they're married and it's his house and it's nobody's goddamn business what they do under their own roof.' I couldn't argue with that, and none of us have spoken a word about it since, although they do triple-check the dates we're coming over now."

The SUV fell silent again, Gwen silently empathizing with Natalie's parents over their misfortune, knowing how embarrassed she would be if her own children ever caught her and Tim in the act. What would be worse, she wondered, them catching us, or us catching them?

Natalie broke the silence some miles later. "Any bets on how long it takes Adam to ask to see the pictures?"

Gwen turned to her sister-in-law. She had not really considered the idea that her brother knew about them, but that was silly. He must know. "Are you going to show him? Is Liz alright with it?"

Natalie laughed. "I'm the one in the less-than-flattering positions. They'll probably end up giving him ideas. But yeah, she's okay with it. It's been a long time since he's seen her naked—I mean, like before we got married—but I made it part of the deal before I agreed to pose. Adam's been asking to see me and her together ever since her divorce, when we started fooling around again, but she's not real excited about being live-sex-show stroke material for a guy, even a man she thinks is not as much of an asshole as the average male member of the species."

"So Adam really does like the idea of you and her...doing that?"

"Oh, yeah. Every time we get together I tell him about it while I get laid in a very enthusiastic manner. Something about girl-on-girl action drives a lot of guys wild. It's like they're hard-wired for it. I guess it's even kinkier for him if one of the girls is your wife. I wonder if he'll connect the dots when I tell him me and Liz didn't share a bed last night..."

Gwen pondered the moral morass Natalie seemed to be implying. She felt no sexual attraction whatsoever for Adam,-he was attractive, certainly, but he was her brother first and foremost. But he was a man, and her mother's teachings as well as the lessons of the past few months only strengthened the belief that the thing between their legs seemed to be able to overcome any conventional way of thinking standing between it and a good time. The fact that Tim found the idea of sex between his wife and his sister-in-law arousing was just another perverted example. She knew Natalie had said Adam didn't want to hear any of the details of their afternoons together, but how would he feel when his expected retelling of Natalie's and Liz's tryst was pre-empted by another?

Tim waved from the open shop bay as the SUV rumbled past up the driveway, ambling over to greet the two women. He opened the passenger door to let Gwen out as the women said their goodbyes.

"Thanks for taking her," he said to the driver through the still-open door.

"Don't mention it. I like it when she comes," she said with a smile as Gwen collected her things. "You two have fun. Gwen, I'll talk to you soon. And don't forget, no ride for me this Friday—I'm taking Annie to her doctor's appointment. It's her day to be in the stirrups." Her brother-in-law got the reference and blushed through his tan.

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Tim seemed intent on finishing his chores before dinner that afternoon, the Lady relieved he was not inquiring as to the potentially sordid details of his wife's overnight stay. The Slut was disappointed he was not showing more interest in her activities and suggested they start the ball rolling by detailing the sleeping arrangements, but the Lady's insistence on not inviting certain trouble seemed a safer path at the moment. It made for a strange afternoon for her, the mundane repetition of their weekend chores a jarring contrast to the previous twenty-four hours.

It was not until they were getting ready for bed that her husband made his first tentative inquiries as to the details of her weekend.

"So, uhh, what did you get her?"

Gwen paused her own disrobing, trying to decide whether a straight answer was the best. "The same things I have," she said finally.

Tim smiled. "Well, if you like yours, then I'm sure she'll like hers, too. So what made you decide to get her those? Don't get me wrong, it's a nice thing to do, but it's a helluva "cheer you up" kind of gift...aren't plants or books more common?"

"Her husband threw hers away, and I got the impression she wanted another one, and Natalie gave me some, so I thought it might be nice if I did the same," Gwen explained as matter-of-factly as she could. "Tim, the things I have—it doesn't upset you that I have them, right?"

He laughed. "Hell no, you know that. Why, do I act like I'm mad?"

She hugged the naked man in front of her. "No, it's just that Cricket's husband obviously didn't like her having one, and I wondered if it might bother you too, but you're just too nice to say it."

"It sounds like Cricket's husband didn't like a lot of things." He held her close, Gwen's head on his shoulder. "So, uh, did you get anything for yourself?" he rumbled after nervously clearing his throat.

She hugged him tightly, pressing herself into his crotch. "No, I think I have all I need here."

"They sell lingerie, right? Did you look at any of that, maybe try something on?"

"No...do you think I need some? I thought you liked me without clothes on?"

"Oh, I love seeing you naked," he hurriedly replied, "but I gotta admit, those things you wore in the pictures and at the Inn were hot. Really hot. And I loved takin' 'em off you, like I was unwrapping a present." Gwen glanced up in time to see an embarrassed smile. "If I'd known you were wearing that at the restaurant, I might have had you for dessert in the parking lot. It'd be, uhh, kinda fun knowing you were wearing something like that under your regular clothes sometime. Kinda like a signal you're horny. Like a little tease for later."

"Really? You'd like that? To be teased?"

"Well, yeah, I guess I do, as long as I get the good stuff in the end." He squeezed her rear for emphasis and decided to push his luck a little. "I know you think I'm a nice guy, but would you still think that if I told you that last night I was thinking about what it would be like if I was watching you and Natalie use your toys together?" The motivation for both of his orgasms last night and this morning had actually been split between thoughts of her with Natalie as well as Gwen showing Cricket how to use her gifts, but he knew mentioning Natalie was dangerous enough- the young rider was way out of bounds and likely to cause suspicion.

Gwen finally looked up at her husband and kissed him. "Well, I doubt I'd be able to arrange that, but would it be alright if you watch just me use mine?" His expression told her it certainly was. "Which ones would you like me to use?"

She broke the embrace and moved to her nightstand, pausing to shed her bra and panties. A quick glance back confirmed her husband's penis was twitching in steady beats as blood surged into his shaft in anticipation.

"Uh the big one—the one with the tennis ball thing on the end, I mean, and maybe the smaller one? Or maybe, umm, one of the, you know, the dildos, instead."

Gwen pulled everything from the drawer and laid them carefully on the nightstand, pausing to plug in the Magic Wand before lying back on the bed. A wave of modesty swept over her, and she was unsure how to start. Don't be a nitwit, the Slut scolded, it's your husband, and it's not like you haven't given him a show before. Do it just like when you're alone. Play with your tits and open your goddamn legs-use your fingers until you're ready for the vibrator!

Gwen did as her perverted alter ego commanded, closing her eyes to focus on her pleasure, her dreams of being on display for others producing images of others in the room. The dream continued to poke into her consciousness and expand, the men around her bed now competing with each other to be the first to display the physical proof of their ultimate appreciation and approval.

You are cheating on your husband right in front of him! The Lady cried in response to her fantasy, and Gwen opened her eyes to risk a peek towards him. An irrational fear gripped her, that Tim somehow knew what she was imagining, that he was just one of many using her for their pleasure. He would certainly find the idea of his wife, the mother of his children, at the center of a self-pleasure orgy distasteful or revolting. There was no look of disgust on his face though, just fascination. Her husband stood there, hands by his side, mouth slightly open, eyes glued to the finger gently spreading moisture between her lips. His twitching cock made it clear he was not offended in the least.

"You can touch yourself, too, if you want."

"Oh, uh, yeah," he said, as if he had forgotten that was an option. He accepted the invitation, grasping his length and stroking while Gwen found the Magic Wand and again closed her eyes. The tool rumbled to life with a flip of the switch, the thrum barely changing in intensity as it was delicately applied to one nipple, then the other. She shivered from the contact and languidly rubbed her fingers over the erect tips of her breast to soothe the buzzing sensation. The wand was next applied to her clitoris with the same gentle touch, held in place this time, rocking back and forth slightly to excite as many nerve endings as possible. The hum of the instrument strained then relaxed as it was pushed in hard, then released. The forbidden fantasy narrowed to the naked body standing at the end of the bed.

Gwen again risked a look, anxious to see at least one man's physical expression of his lust for her. Tim's attention was still between his wife's legs, his left hand now cradling his sack while the right slowly stroked his engorged length. She found a dildo—the shorter, fatter one—and looked for her husband's reaction as she slipped the length into her sex. He groaned in appreciation, and she closed her eyes to again focus on her building climax.

The cudgel pushed forward and withdrew several times, Gwen reveling in the sensation of being full, of being stretched ever so slightly, understanding Dorothy's preference for "beer cans". Something was missing though, something she desired even more. She pulled the rubber penis from her opening, rolled over to place it back on the nightstand, then stayed on her side. Tim was disappointed at the sudden end of this part of the performance and wondered if she had come. It didn't look like she had, and the vibrator was still hard at work on her pussy...

Gwen patted the bed behind her. "Tim," she said in a low, distracted voice, eyes still closed, "lie down. Hold me." He quickly complied, taking her in his free arm, his cock nestled between her ass cheeks. He held still, wondering if holding meant just that, or he was supposed to do more.

Gwen's free hand reached between her legs for her husband's length. Tim brought his hips back far enough to allow her access, and she pet it from his warm balls to the wet head a couple of times before levering it down. His hips instinctively knew what it was being pointed at drove forward unbidden, the mushroom head bouncing off the crinkled muscle of her anus and sliding forward. Not there, not this time, she thought in her pre-orgasmic haze, doubting such a tiny opening could ever be made to accept such a large thing. Her fingers continued to push down as he pushed forward, sliding him towards her intended destination.

Tim felt the tip of his cock catch the edge of her hole and then bump past, the angle too severe to allow proper entry. The spongy helmet did not stop its forward progress until it made contact with the madly buzzing head of the Wand, his hips jerking back in surprise. Both bodies moved to correct the problem, and his second thrust caught the front of her opening then slid up and in. Tim could feel the vibrator at work through the front wall of Gwen's pussy, a muted yet pleasant sensation as he began to slowly work in and out of her.

"Harder."

Tim picked his head up off the pillow, unsure he had correctly heard the whisper that had come from between her gritted teeth. "Huh?"

"Harder," she repeated, still in a whisper, managing to unclench her jaw. "Harder."

His brain, long accustomed to his wife's restrained manner, was unsure just how hard "harder" really meant. His hips and cock had no such doubts and slammed forward with as much strength as could be mustered, jolting the tiny woman forward with enough force to push an involuntary grunt past her lips. Tim's brain regained control long enough to slow his cock's withdrawal, waiting for any potential negative response. There was none, and his hips were given the all clear for another drop of the pile driver, another soft 'uh' the sign it was well-delivered.

Each subsequent thrust was delivered with the same slow pull back and violent push forward. Nothing escaped her lips after one such invasion, her breath stopping , the vibrator growling angrily as it was mashed into her clitoris. Tim held position deep inside her, feeling the tight sheath surrounding his cock spasm as the rest of her body stiffened almost painfully.

She finally went limp; the vibrator switched off with some difficulty and dropped while she lay impaled on her husband. Gwen took a deep breath, exhaled and turned her head to catch a glimpse of the man behind her. "Do you need more time? Or maybe I can help you get closer?"

"Uh-uh."

"Do you think you can finish like this? I'm sorry, I'm not sure I can move very much right now."

The hand on her waist pulled her back to him. "Uh-huh. Don't worry, I'll take it from here."

The pounding she took was not quite so pronounced this time, only because the accelerated tempo his body demanded would not allow it. With a throaty growl, Tim buried himself deeply inside her and came.

He let out his own loud exhalation and relaxed. Gwen smiled chuckled, working herself farther back into the warm male body behind her. "I'm probably going to be sore in the morning. I don't think I've been sore since our wedding night."

"I'm sorry," he quickly answered, "I guess I got carried away."

"Don't be. I asked for it. Sometimes I like it when you, well, you know, take charge and use my body. Ravage me. It's very manly."

"Huh. Good to know. Guess we both learned something about each other tonight."

Neither moved for some time, Gwen ignoring the Lady's complaints that any leaks would likely stain the mattress cover while the Slut countered that these could be looked upon as marks of accomplishment. She contemplated the irony of being curled up against the body behind her, the same position she had been in twenty four hours before at this time. There was guilt with the realization, but a sort of awakening, as well. She had been initially very suspect of Natalie's views regarding what friends could be for each other; but she was beginning to understand the benefits of what this kind of friendship could provide—a sense of companionship between women that only they could fully understand. The physical aspect took a little more getting used to, but it was beginning to make sense as well, that perhaps it was not cheating but sharing. She loved Natalie, but the love she felt for the man softly snoring behind her was different, very real, and very, very strong—unshakeable. She hugged the arm draped just below her breasts, grateful for everything he was, for being a man, a good man, unable to imagine life without him. It was not just from the way he had treated this—thing-with Natalie, but everything he had been to her—and for her—since that day they met. She now knew that what she had called "proper and level-headed" all those years had really been cold and imperious, a slightly more-open version of her mother, and still Tim had stuck by her, always been there for her and her children. She owed him big for all of those years wasted like that. Ali and KD, too.

Gwen fell asleep that way, secure under her husband's arm as his penis softened and slipped from her, unconcerned about wet sheets or the need to pick up her toys.

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True to her prediction, Gwen was indeed tender down there the next morning. Apparently hours spent in the saddle had not been sufficient preparation for the different kind of riding she had asked for and received. It was a good sore though, a pleasant reminder throughout the day of her pleasure the night before. And true to the Slut's words, the dried splotch on the flat sheet and the cover below was a perverse source of pride.

The ache had subsided and the sheets had been changed by the time Tim called to ask her to run a part down into town for Cliff and Mike on Tuesday afternoon. She was happy to oblige, anxious to get away from the paperwork that never seemed to stop now. Things were getting busier and busier, and she knew things would only get worse should Andrew pass his test next week and be given his own truck. Although she was disappointed Natalie would not be over on Friday, she knew that time in the office would be wells-spent trying to get ahead of the flood.

Gwen made note of the mall as she drove past, reviewing her mental list for anything she might need there since she was in the area. No necessities came to mind, but Tim's request Sunday night did. Maybe something nice...for him...She thought about waiting for a day where Natalie might be able to come along and advise, but decided against it. What she wanted to do was a perfectly normal thing for a wife to do for her husband, no need for moral support.

She was formulating a plan even as she dropped off the needed part. First, a trip to Crandall's. She wouldn't dare any of this while wearing something so identifiable as a Nelson Plumbing shirt; she needed something else. It did not take her long to find something conservative and non-descript on a bargain rack in the women's section and hurried back out to the truck with her purchase. Gwen scanned the parking lot nervously from the cab of her high-sitting 4-wheel drive, looking for anyone who might be nearby. Satisfied, she hurriedly undid the buttons of her work shirt and stripped it off. The bras Tim had jokingly referred to as armor had been relegated to the back of her underwear drawer, but the one she wore was still enough to not reveal too much in a public parking lot in broad daylight. The new shirt was quickly slipped on, fastened, and pushed down into her slacks. Satisfied, she re-entered the mall for second part of her adventure.

Gwen was amused by the fact that the colder the weather got the skimpier the bathing suits in Brazil's store window seemed to be. Natalie had dragged her here to buy her bikinis; she had come back once since then for underwear that better suited her changing tastes. It was the lingerie section she was headed for this time, only briefly scanning their limited selection of modest swimwear as a ruse to her true intent—she and Tim knew a lot of people in this town, including some country club gossips who might tell Natalie Curran what store her daughter Gwen had been seen in. The store was empty at the moment; satisfying the Lady while frustrating her counterpart. No one to see her, but no one to show off for, either.

Now what? The corset had been inspired by the vision of the Slut. What would Tim find appealing? How about that silky tap pants and top on the mannequin torso over there? Nice, but perhaps a bit too tame. She wanted something to make him want her enough to take her the way he had the other night.

"Can I help you find something in particular?"

She startled and turned at the sound of the young voice to her right. A young blonde girl, a head taller than Gwen with long legs and a runner's torso stood there, eagerly looking at her. She's no more than eighteen or nineteen, she guessed.

"Umm, no thank you. Well, maybe. I'm looking for something, I'm just not sure what." Gwen hesitated, unsure how to explain to this girl younger than her daughters that she was looking for something to put her husband in the mood.

"Something for sleeping in, or something for before sleeping—for somebody special?" the girl asked with an inquiring smile.

"Somebody special," Gwen admitted. "My husband.," she added, "something he might like."

The young woman—Melody, she noted, finally looking at her name badge—smiled knowingly. "I get it. Does he prefer elegant, or, you know, something naughtier?"

"Both Elegant and naughty might be nice," Gwen replied. "I'm sorry, I don't have much experience with this type of thing."

"I get it," Melody repeated. "Well, with a body like yours, there are plenty of choices. Do you think he'd like soft and flowing without too much fabric, or something more form fitting without too much fabric?"

"Uhh, form fitting?" she guessed. It might be easier to wear under her regular clothes.

"Maybe a teddy then? A corset might be what you're looking for, as well."

"A teddy might be nice."

"Then let's start there. A must-have for any woman's lingerie collection!"

How would you know about that, Gwen thought as the girl started looking through the racks. You must be fresh out of High School! The Slut made note of the t-shirt the young woman wore emblazoned with the name of the local community college. Past high school, she opined. Has to be a freshman, the Lady countered, clearly of the opinion she was still too young to be working at a place like this.

"I'm guessing on the size," she said turning and handing the older woman a hanger from which a lacy piece of fabric dangled. "But try a few on, and let's see what you like. With a teddy, the tighter the better," Melody said as she shuffled through the racks, selecting a few and handing them to Gwen. "'I'm also guessing on the colors—how am I doing?"

"Fine," the older woman replied, somewhat surprised with the casualness of it all.

"Nice! You seem like someone who prefers more muted and understated than flashy and vibrant. Why don't' you start with those, and we can see what might work better?" Melody motioned to the back of the store towards the fitting rooms.

"Uhh, sure." Gwen followed her direction, pushing past racks of dressing gowns and robes. The young woman stopped at the entrance to the hallway, letting her customer continue on to the first stall on the left. She resisted a brief impulse to perhaps leave the door open just a touch , the Lady counseling common sense, pointing out it was just she and Melody in the store anyways. Gwen hung her items and began to undress.

She tried on the first item and found it a little loose and not much more revealing than the one-piece bathing suits she had worn for years. It was discarded as an unsuitable candidate and the next was selected.

It was better, less fabric and more lace, but it still didn't seem enough. On to the next.

This is more like it, Gwen thought. High cut, lacy enough to hint at what was underneath while artfully concealing the most intimate parts of her body. It seemed just a little—

"Any possibilities yet, ma'am?"

Gwen started at the sound of the of the young woman's voice. "Umm, I like this one, but I'm worried it might be a little...loose?"

"I can tell you what I think, if you don't mind me lookin'."

Gwen hesitated, then opened the door and moved into the narrow hallway. Melody was standing close by, a little surprised that this woman had stepped into the more public space rather than just opening the door to leave her some privacy. She quickly recovered. "Yeah, a little too loose. You want 'em form-fitting for best effect. If you want to take that one off and toss it to me, I can see if I can find it in the next size down. Oh, and by the way, thank you for keeping your panties on. I forget to remind the customers to do that when trying on the merchandise So, do you have any others you like so far?"

"I have one more to try on."

"Okay, try that while I go see what else we might have."

She retreated back into the stall, closing the door behind her, removing the garment and laying it over the door for Melody to take.

Gwen pulled the last teddy up her body, slinging the delicate straps over her shoulders. The maroon garment was cut deeply in both the front and back, diving between the little bit of cleavage down to her navel on one side and the base of her spine on the other . The hips were cut very high, and the lacy fabric molded to her like a second skin. This had possibilities.

Melody?"

Yes ma'am?"

"How does this look?" Gwen stepped back into the corridor.

The young clerk broke into a smile. "Perfect! That looks beautiful on you! Do you like the color?"

"I do. I think you guessed very well."

The teenager beamed. "Great! I brought you back that first one in a little smaller size. I also thought this might fit for elegant." The young blonde handed her what appeared to be a very short gown, the edges hemmed in a soft white ribbon, the fabric itself nearly see-through.

"Thank you." Gwen retreated, closing the door behind her. The teddy was tried on, better fitting than the first one, but the maroon one was still her preference. She stripped it off and reached for the wispy gown. Gwen slipped it on and admired it in the mirror before her. It softened rather than obscured her body from shoulders to where it ended just below her hips, her areolae opaque yet still visible under the fabric, just as the contours of her breasts were. She liked the effect it had on her figure, but something was just not quite right...she slipped the underwear down her legs and stepped out of them. Her pubic mound appeared in the same haze her nipples lay under, and a turn showed the cleft between her buttocks, softened by the fabric and yet still visible.

"How do they look?" Melody called from outside the door. "Can I get you something else to try on?" Gwen face was masked with a look of concern as she opened the door and stepped out. The teenager's eyes grew wide and she nervously looked over her shoulder for other customers.

"What do you think? Too much? It's very see through..."

"I think it looks great on you," Melody stammered. "You certainly have the body for it. You could wear that over the teddy—or without it," she hurriedly added, "either way, I think your husband would love it."

"I really like it," Gwen said turning back and forth to look at herself in the mirror at the end of the hall, the wispy fabric twirling up with the motion to more clearly reveal her buttocks. "You have very good taste." She turned back to the young woman in time see her eyes travel up from where her rear end had been. "I'm sorry about the underwear, but I couldn't make up my mind with them on."

"Oh, that's okay," the teenager babbled. "It's not touchin' anywhere your, umm, panties would be, uhh, touching. Is there, uhh, anything else you'd like to try on?"

No, I think the maroon teddy and this robe will do fine," Gwen said with a smile.

"Sooo, is there anything else you would like to try on?" Melody repeated, her eyes flitting to the small tuft of hair barely concealed behind the filmy fabric.

"No, let me get changed and I'll meet you up front."

The teenager seemed a little relieved. "Okay. If you want, I'll take these and ring them up while you're dressing."

Gwen removed the diaphanous robe, leaving her completely naked, and handed it to the young lady. She turned and retrieved the teddy from the stall and gave it to her as well, not bothering to close the door as she began to dress. Melody stayed long after she had collected the garments, only heading up front once Gwen's bra clasp had been fastened.

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Gwen hurried from the mall after her purchase. She was fortunate to have been carrying enough cash to pay for the teddy and the robe; the Lady had stopped her as she had reached for her credit card with an angry reminder that the name on it would identify her as the deviant who had put on the lewd display in the dressing room. That poor, young, innocent clerk, she nattered. You probably scarred her for life.

She works in a lingerie shop and volunteered to take a look-see, the Slut countered. And if she's so innocent, why is she putting on shows for her boyfriend? Gwen managed to push their bickering aside and enjoy the adrenaline rush of her dressing room escapades and purchase. She arrived home shortly before the first truck did, with just enough time to stash the bag in KD's closet.

The trucks came back, were unloaded and the employees left. Gwen had dinner waiting for her husband, and they climbed the hill afterwards for a short soak in the hot tub. They had worn robes out into the cool evening air, more for comfort than modesty, and enjoyed the spa as they had come to use the pool—gloriously naked. The couple did not bother to dress again after they had returned to the house for a little TV, and fell asleep that night in each other's arms.

The Slut chided her the next morning for not taking her bull by the balls the night before and getting the sexual relief she had desired. Tim had not shown any apparent interest in a romantic interlude, Gwen's nudity in the spa and their bed not enough to get more than a twitch out of his flaccid length. He was tired, give the poor man a break from your sexual perversions, the Lady had advised, but the Slut was convinced that thing between his legs would have come to attention with just a few kisses.

Too late now, Gwen sighed as she sorted invoices. Maybe he won't be so tired tonight.

Or maybe he'll be exhausted, the Slut countered. Why take a chance? Take care of business now, and there's nothing that says you have to close the bank if he wants to make a deposit later.

You've got work to do, the Lady warned even as Gwen rose from her desk and headed for the house. Maybe just a quick one, to hold me over until later, no different than a snack before dinner.

She was standing naked by the bed a few moments later, amused by how casual the act of grabbing the two large penises and putting them within easy reach had become. Gwen had come a long way since the first time she had gingerly removed that menacing rubber log from its packaging.

She lay down and let her hands travel up and down her body as sexual thoughts filled her mind. Images of men, naked men, came more easily to her without Tim watching her, and the now-familiar scenario of being on display for a group showing their appreciation played on in her imagination.

Gwen's free hand made its way between her legs, a finger dipping into her opening to retrieve some moisture and spread it between her lips. She withdrew it and lightly caressed the skin below her opening, her rosebud so close. I never knew they even had toys designed for back there, she thought, taking a moment away from the show she was putting on for the collection of engorged penises in her fantasy. Dorothy had presented them so matter-of-factly. I guess some people must find it pleasurable...her finger pushed deeper, across the crinkled muscle. But I still don't see how it could relax enough to put anything up there. Natalie's finger was inside, the Slut reminded her, and it didn't hurt at all. That's true, Gwen agreed, remembering her shock at the invasion, but no pain or displeasure. Her finger did its best to center on the muscle in the hopes of testing its willingness to relax, but her weight against the mattress and the comforter below prevented easy access. Gwen raised her head from the pillow and looked about, instinctively checking for prying eyes. Satisfied, she rolled on to her stomach and got up on all fours, pointing her rear end towards the doorway and walking her knees away from each other. The naked woman reached a hand back between her spread legs and slid a finger up and across the skin now above her sex, into the widened gap between her buttocks and on to her rosebud. Gwen found the handstand she was doing annoying and gently lowered her shoulders until her head again lay nestled in the pillow. Her finger circled the muscle, teasing, tingling the nerve endings and daring the owner to push. Gwen accepted the challenge, trying to relax as she initially met resistance, then slid through up to her first knuckle. It felt much the same way Natalie's had, only nastier, and she was surprised just how tightly the ring gripped her finger as the little muscle reflexively tightened.

This would be a very bad time for Tim to walk in right now, the Lady drily observed, to find his wife's posterior high in the air with a finger in it. The Slut disagreed. I'd think he'd find that the ultimate invitation.

It's not as unpleasant as I thought, Gwen reflected, feeling slightly ridiculous in her current pose but also feeling the stirrings of something else. On her back with her husband on top of her had always seemed like the proper way to make babies, but this sent a very different message. Presenting her bottom like this just seemed so primal, so...submissive. It was an unmistakable signal to her husband, or to any male, that she was ready and willing to be taken and used. She removed her finger and reached for the first dildo she could find. Big John, she guessed without looking as she grasped the cudgel, remembering what Dorothy had called it. It was gently placed between her lips and inserted with one slow push, her fantasy resuming with Tim behind her while the others enviously watched and stroked.

She left the giant penis lodged deeply inside her and fumbled for the rabbit, bringing it to life and up between her legs. Gwen meant to apply it to her clitoris, but her sense of sexual exploration was high, and instead it continued on until the length lay nestled between her upturned cheeks. Common sense told her it was way too big to fit "in there", but the vibrations against the tight little ring certainly felt good, and the aroused woman found herself wishing she had taken the older woman's efforts to sell her something for back there more seriously. Gwen's free hand moved to the rabbit's original destination, and her finger gently circled the hard nub of her clitoris.

The pose, the sense of submissive welcome for the cock inside her, the sensations on her clitoris and anus all combined to drive her to a powerful orgasm. She lay there on her side after, breathing heavily, the faux cock still lodged inside of her, the summoned guilt focused on her exceptionally perverted fascination with her anus.

Gwen's sexual tension was only temporarily relieved by her session with her toys, and by Thursday night knew Tim definitely needed to be involved for something a bit more fulfilling even after they had finished making love in their more traditional manner. Their routine when they awoke the next morning was unchanged from so many others before, Gwen sending her husband on ahead to the shop, promising to follow as soon as she took care of some nagging housekeeping. He smiled at his wife's need to leave no stone uncleaned and made his way across the yard still shrouded in the early morning gloom. She joined him twenty minutes later, Eric the only employee to have beaten her.

Gwen made the rounds to each of the crews, giving them their scheduled for the day and a list of items they would likely need to pull from the storeroom. She delivered Tim's last. "Can you come up stairs and take a look at something before you leave?"

He smiled but didn't look up as he arranged some PVC on the back of his truck. "Yes ma'am, be right up." Mike did his best to hide his smile. Yes ma'am? Fuck was he pussywhipped.

She was standing near her desk, facing the landing, when Tim trudged up the last few steps. He looked at her and smiled. "Whattya got for me?"

Gwen didn't answer, instead looking down and beginning to work the button closest to her nearly-closed collar. He looked on in amazement, instinctively glancing behind him to ensure no one else was climbing up behind him, turning back in time to see the smooth flesh of his wife's upper chest revealed. She continued down, more skin appearing where her bra should have been, glances of something dark red in color peeking from behind the sides of her shirt as she reached her belly button. Gwen opened one side of the shirt, then the other, flashing the lacy garment barely concealing her breasts. He stepped towards her. "For me?"

"For you after work," she said quietly, starting to re-button what she had just undone even as he reached for her.

"Aww, unfair," he complained good-naturedly, watching her skin disappear beneath the denim.

"I thought you liked to be teased," Gwen asked in a low voice as her fingers worked quickly, worried that she had somehow offended him.

"Well yeah, I do," he replied with a grin, "doesn't make it any easier when it's happening."

"You can have a better look when you get home. But right now we both have work to do."

"Hope I can concentrate," Tim replied taking her in his arms. "You gonna wear it all day?"

"As long as you want me to. Now shoo. Have a good day."

He kissed her. "It just got better and longer. It's like Christmas Eve."

The trucks left soon after, Gwen hurrying up to the barn to complete her morning chores there. The teddy quickly proved itself too restrictive for strenuous activities like mucking, feeding and laying down fresh bedding. Despite her promise to Tim, she considered making the trip down to the house to change into more comfortable undergarments for the day, at least until her husband was due to return. The barn coat hanging on a peg in the tack room caught her eye and suggested another possibility

Gwen quickly stripped down, carefully hanging her work clothes and lingerie in place of the jacket. Ears ever alert to the sound of vehicles in the driveway, she worked in the chill morning air wearing nothing but the old coat and a pair of muck boots, the jacket being removed as well as she began to warm from the physical labor.

She returned to her slacks and shirt after finishing her chores and carried the teddy back to the office, knowing the morning parts deliveries would be arriving soon. Her lack of underwear and the idea of the cute young driver's reaction had he been let in on the secret made Gwen smile to herself as she signed for the packages. His truck was out of the driveway and she had called Alison before stripping down to nothing for the rest of the day. Her hand seemed to find its own way between her legs as she absentmindedly flipped through paperwork, and she only dressed shortly before the first truck returned.

Tim returned home on time, business-like as usual with the crews while Gwen collected paperwork, said her goodnights, and made her way back to the house to start dinner. He followed along shortly after, even as Cliff was pulling out of the driveway.

"How's dinner coming?" he asked, hugging her from behind and kissing her neck.

"Just pulling things together now. "

His hand cupped her breast as his head again bent to her throat. "We're going to bed early tonight, right?"

Gwen smiled and tilted her head to allow him better access to her neck as she concentrated on the frying pan. "It certainly feels like we are. But would you like dinner first?"

"I gotta unwrap it before I eat it," he replied, running his hand down her midsection. "But I need a shower. I stink."

"I like the smell of hard work. Go ahead, I'll get dinner ready so we can spend more time relaxing after."

She heard the sound of his steps in the hall a short time later. "Smells good, but it -"he turned the corner and stopped. Gwen was still at the counter, chopping yellow squash, but her shirt and slacks were gone and only the lacy maroon teddy remained. "Wow. Every man's dream. A beautiful woman in sexy underwear cooking dinner. Just need a beer to make this a Super Bowl commercial."

Gwen did not look up from her cutting board as she reached to her right, grabbed an open bottle, and handed it back to him. Her husband chuckled, moved behind her, and wrapped his free arm around her ribcage. "You've become full of surprises."

She smiled and held the knife steady. "Dinner?"

"Later." The beer was placed back on the counter and he began to kiss her neck. One hand rested on her hip while the other, still cold from the bottle it had been holding, slid over the bare skin exposed between the two sides of the teddy and up to her lace-covered breast. His kisses moved lower, down her spine, making her shiver. "I've been wondering what you had on all day long," Tim murmured as he sank lower and kissed his way to where the sides of the garment joined to cover the cleft of her buttocks. He groaned a bit as he dropped to his knees, the kisses moving lower, to the exposed skin of first her right cheek, then her left. His lips moved lower, to where the curve of her bottom flowed into her firm thigh. The direction he was moving made Gwen put the knife down and hold the counter to steady herself as she spread her legs in anticipation of his expected route.

His tongue snaked over the strip of skin between her leg and the lacy fabric running through her sex. The kisses reversed their course, Tim slowly rising as they traveled back up her spine.

"It's beautiful," he murmured, his hardness pressed between her ass cheeks, only her teddy and his shorts between them. His index fingers gently hooked the straps of the negligee and pulled it off her shoulders, sliding the lace down until it met the flare of her hips. He cupped her now-exposed breasts while his lips returned to her neck. Callused palms grated deliciously over her erect nipples, then continued down her body, down to where the nightie lay bunched about her waist. The tight fabric offered some resistance to being lowered further, but Tim was persistent, working it until it slid free and dropped to her ankles.

"Beautiful," he again murmured into her neck as a hand was planted on her mons and a finger began to push down through her valley. "Bedroom. Now."

Gwen turned off the stove and moved the pan to a cool burner as the finger between her legs worked itself deeper. She was a little surprised he was suggesting—no, ordering, the Slut preferred to believe—a move to a more private spot. The naked woman had been expecting and looking forward to being bent over the counter and taken right there, next to where the vegetables were still simmering. Being lain back on the kitchen table and spread wide had its possibilities, too...Gwen didn't move right away, enjoying the feel of the body being pressed into her.

"Bedroom," Tim said again, this time with a gentle thrust of his hips into her rear. She led the way, just knowing her husband's eyes were on her swinging buttocks, the perverse pride in being the center of his sexual attention swelling in her.

Gwen crawled onto the bed and lay back, watching Tim hurriedly strip down. She smiled as in his lust-fueled haste his erection got caught in the waistband of his shorts, levering it down like the arm on a slot machine until it broke free with an audible slap against the skin below his belly button. That part of the male anatomy certainly seemed better able to take some rough handling better than what hung beneath...

She began to roll to her side in expectation of him lying beside her as he put his knee on the edge of the bed. Tim wouldn't allow it, reaching out and grabbing her ankles to stop her motion and spread her open. He smiled and began to kiss his way up her calf, up her thigh, and she closed her eyes waiting for him to get to where she knew he was going. She was not disappointed, and the drag of his tongue against the soft folds of her flesh was electrifying. Despite the anticipation of his advance, her hips twitched at the first soft swirl around her clitoris.

The contact was broken, and Gwen opened her eyes in surprise and worry. Was something wrong? She looked down between her legs, Tim grinning back at her. "You wouldn't believe how many nasty things went through my head today, knowin' you were struttin' around the office, wearin' that."

I was wearing less, Gwen was tempted to respond. "Like what?"

He hesitated a moment, deciding whether to pair action with confession. His stiff cock settled the debate. "Told ya I like to unwrap my food before I eat it." Tim rose to all fours and reversed direction, Gwen's face suddenly shaded by a thigh being brought over it, a pair of heavy testicles hanging just above her lips while her thighs were pulled even wider and stubbled cheeks nuzzled between them. His oral technique was coarser and less practiced than Natalie's, the tip of his nose rubbing against the skin between her two openings as he enthusiastically licked her, and she loved every moment of it.

Gwen looked up at the novel view above her before delicately raising her head up enough to kiss the dangling sac and run her tongue over it. She could feel his testicles move beneath her probing. Male musk was beginning to work its way through the scent of the soap from his shower, and her cheeks warmed from the heat being generated between his legs. Her hand reached for the length poised above her throat and began to lightly scratch and stroke.

The body above her rose slightly, taking the loose sac out of the reach of her tongue. Gwen wondered if it was a sign her efforts were not being well received. The twitch of his hips made her think that perhaps he was asking for something else, something the Slut said most definitely yes to, and she levered the staff she was holding down towards her lips. His penis seemed spring-loaded, resisting the more she brought it perpendicular to his body, and she was afraid of perhaps pulling it to too far, of breaking it, but the owner didn't seem to be complaining and his body again dropped a bit at the first hint of her pursed lips welcoming him in.

Her own orgasm was building, the result of a full day of gentle self-teasing followed by the demonstration of her husband's obvious desire for her. The ravishing of her sex, and the position her husband was in to deliver it, only sped up the inevitable. Gwen did her best to not clamp down on the cock held in mid-stroke between her lips as the first waves broke.

Her thighs clamped around the head between them, just as they had done to Natalie, as she rocked back and forth against the probing tongue. Natalie had just seemed to know what spots to hit during Gwen's orgasm; Tim was guessing, and to Gwen it was mildly frustrating and excruciatingly wonderful to be left guessing as well. She could teach him, she thought as her senses returned; that might be fun, if she could give ever bring herself to give those kinds of directions.

The penis in her mouth began to slowly thrust again, and Gwen thought she could detect the stronger taste of his semen. She'd finish him like this, if that's what he wanted, and wondered if it would somehow be different in this position, with the sensitive underside of his tip pressed against the roof of her mouth.

The length withdrew from between her lips and the thigh brought back over. Tim moved up beside her and lay on his back, pulling Gwen on to him. "Ride me home." She straddled him, reaching for his staff to insert him while he pulled her face to his in a forceful kiss. She tasted herself on his lips, a pungent reminder of her orgasm, and remembered Miss Ritter as tasting stronger. Gwen wondered what Natalie might taste like...

Strong hands grasped her breasts and pushed her up into a proper riding position as soon as his manhood could be forced no deeper. Tim's hips drove her upward, reminding the equestrienne of being astride a freshly broken horse. She put her hands on his stomach to steady herself, where the reins would have been, while callused palms roughly fondled and squeezed her mounds. His eyes were shut tightly as his body took over to produce an intense orgasm. Tim's hands dropped to his wife's hips and pressed down against them as he drove himself up into her. "Coming—"he hissed through gritted teeth.

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"Alison's coming over tomorrow morning," Gwen said over her shoulder as she resumed dinner preparations.

"Going riding?" Tim asked as he set the table.

"For a little bit. We're going to have lunch and then go through the things in her room so she can decide what she wants to keep."

"Keep? What's that mean?"

"I decided to turn her bedroom into a proper guest room. No need for visitors to sleep in a horse and boy-band shrine."

Tim smiled. "So I guess that means you've given up hope she's ever coming back home?"

"Stop that! I never wanted her to come back home. She's happily married, there would be no reason for her to come back!

"Sorry, sorry, just teasin'," her husband offered, kissing her cheek. He knew Gwen spoke the truth—she had been the momma bird, prepared to kick her fledglings out of the nest the moment she thought they were ready to fly on their own. Ali had gone from home to college to an apartment to marriage, so had never really returned to her room other than the first couple of summers during school. "Gonna turn KD's room into one too?"

"KD's room stays the way it is until she's out of college and settled down," Gwen firmly declared. "When she doesn't need it any more, we can decide what to do with it then."

Alison arrived shortly after breakfast the next morning, her mother and father coming out of the barn to greet her. "No Jason?" Tim asked, looking at the empty passenger seat.

"Getting new tires for his car, then this afternoon he's going to Mark's to watch football. He says hi." Mother and daughter made their way back up to the barn while Tim headed for the shop to get caught up on some needed repairs. He was gone when the women returned from their ride just before noon.

"Emergency call," Gwen announced as she read the note on the kitchen table, "left about a half hour ago."

"Mind if we eat real quick before we get started?" Ali asked, opening the refrigerator. "I didn't have breakfast."

"No, of course not," Gwen replied. "Here, let me get it."

"Sit down, I can do it," her daughter insisted as she reached for her purse and produced a tablet. "I got some pictures of Dancer's half-sister when I was in Huntsville on business last week. Wanna see?" Ali turned the device on and set it down in front of her mother.

"You can see the family resemblance," Gwen offered as she scrolled through the pictures while the young woman worked at the counter preparing a sandwich. "Nice lines." She reached the end and began to swipe back to the beginning to view them again. One flick of her finger too many and she stopped on a picture of something decidedly not horseflesh.

It was a young man's naked torso in profile, or rather, a reflection of a naked torso in what appeared to be a bathroom mirror. The picture had apparently been taken by the subject himself, the flash of the camera obscuring his face. He was fit, with a muscled chest and flat stomach. Gwen's focus was further down, however, on the impressive erection beneath. It was long, longer than Tim she guessed, although perhaps not as thick, with a pair of testicles drawn up tightly below. The subject's manhood was shaved smooth, like his chest and stomach, making the almost banana-like curve of his penis even more evident. The tip of the pink head peeked out from a dark collar of loose skin.

"It sounds like she's got the same attitude as her sis—", Alison began, coming back to the table with her food. She struggled to put the plate on the table as she saw the photo her mother had stopped at. "OH MY GOD MOM! I'm so sorry," the young woman screamed as she grabbed for the device. "I forgot that was on there!"

Be the cool mom, the Slut counseled, be the cool mom. "It's alright. You're a married woman. What you and Jason do is none of my business. It is Jason, right?"

"Yes, of course it's Jason," her blushing daughter wailed as she fumbled for the off switch. "He, he likes to send me pictures when he's traveling to uhh, show me how much he misses me." No need to tell her that he was only responding to the one I sent him first, Ali thought, hoping her mother had not scrolled any further back.

"Well, it looked like he missed you very much. He's certainly, umm, healthy."

"Yeah, he, uhh, certainly is," Alison agreed with a nervous laugh, unsure how else to reply. Gwen broke the awkward silence by getting up to make her lunch and turning the conversation back to the pictures she was supposed to have seen.

They were sorting the contents of the bedroom a half hour later, identifying what would be put into storage for the young woman's future home or children, and what could be given or thrown away. Gwen sat on the bed watching her daughter go through the contents of her dresser.

"He had a lot of extra skin."

Alison stopped and turned to her mother. "Huh?"

It was Gwen's turn to blush as she looked down at the t-shirt she held. "Jason, uhh, looked like he had a lot of extra skin...on his...thing."

"He's uncircumcised, Mom. That's his foreskin. Haven't you ever seen an uncircumcised one?"

"Well no, not all puffed up like that. I just thought those slid back when..." You are talking about foreskins with your own daughter, the Lady cried. Please stop!

"Some do, some others you have to help a little...Mom, how many 'puffed up ones' have you seen?"

Gwen decided she didn't need to count those times on the beach. "If you must know, your father is the only man I've ever been intimate with." True as stated, she thought uncomfortably.

"Really? Never a stable hand at the place you worked before you met Daddy, or a walk on the back nine after dark with someone from the country club?"

"Your father is the only man I've ever been with," her mother repeated. "Why? How many have you seen?"

Alison laughed and sat down next to her mother. "I went to a large university, remember? Co-Ed dorm for three years? You sure you really want to know?"

Oh God, the Lady huffed. No, we don't. Gwen smiled. "You seemed to turn out alright despite the co-ed dorms. Yes, I'd like to know."

Alison smiled weakly. "Well, I saw a bunch, but maybe four...up close and personal? That includes Jason," She quickly added, deciding to keep the number low and only admit to those she had actually allowed between her legs. There had been another five she had used her hands or mouth on to keep at bay while their owners were evaluated for the full experience. And don't forget Sean Hunsicker. She had actually gone to bed with him twice, ready to open the gates to the kingdom, but he had shown such a complete fascination with her smallish breasts that more traditional means of intercourse had been ignored and he had ended up titfucking her both times. Luckily Sean had a talented tongue and both parties ended up satisfied.

Gwen looked at her daughter. A short time ago she would have been appalled at her loose behavior, but now she was maybe a little...envious? "Is that a lot? I'm sorry, I don't know much about this kind of thing."

Alison shrugged. "Average, maybe a little below average, if I had to guess from what I saw in college. You're not mad, are you? Or disappointed?"

"No, no, honey, I'm not mad and I'm certainly not disappointed," she said, patting her daughter's thigh. "As long as you were careful, and apparently you were, you sound like you were just being a normal young person. I just have a lot of learning to do still—I'm not very experienced with all this...sex stuff."

Alison did her best to hide her shock. Never in a million years would she have imagined her mother would give the okay to premarital sex. "I give you a lot of credit for even talking about it—I can't believe I would ever be having this conversation with you. I think it's great you and Daddy are making each other happy that way—you are making each other happy, right?"

Gwen rolled her eyes. "Yes Alison, he makes me very happy, and he hasn't complained." He didn't complain before you got all slutty either, the Lady grumbled.

Her daughter grinned and hugged her shoulder. "Good! So I guess the pictures you had taken for him made him happy. Can I see them now?"

"Alison Marie! No! Why on earth do want to see pictures of your own mother?"

"Because if I'm really lucky I'll still look like you when I get older," she said shyly. "I'd kinda like to see what I might look like then, if Jason might still find me attractive that way."

"Jason will always find you attractive. I mean, look at the picture he sent you!"

"Yeah, but he's still young. He gets that way a lot. I want to be able to inspire that kind of reaction when I'm older?"

"Stop that. Of course you will. You're a very pretty girl."

Alison bit her lip. "Aunt Natalie let me see hers..."

Gwen raised her eyebrow in disbelief. "She showed you those?"

"Uh-huh, the ones she had taken for Uncle Adam. They were great, but I, umm, don't look like her. People say I look a lot like you, though."

The older woman relaxed a bit at the realization the pictures of Natalie were not the most recent set. She sat there for a moment, deep in thought. "Alison, are you sure you want to see them?" she finally asked wearily. "Personally I don't think they look like me—the photographer was very good. They're very risqué. And once you see them, you can't un-see them."

"I'm sure. So does that mean you will?"

Gwen got up. "Wait here." She returned a moment later and handed the bound leather album to her daughter. "Last chance to say no."

Alison grinned and pulled back the cover. She spent some time looking over the photos, occasionally looking up at the woman sitting next to her and grinning before again focusing on the album in her lap, an occasional 'wow' escaping her lips.

The young woman finally reached the last photo. "Mom, those are stunning. Never in a million years would I have guessed you had it in you to do that. I still remember all the times you made me change before I left for school."

"You always wanted to wear such revealing outfits," Gwen protested, realizing now that they really hadn't been that bad after all. "You have to dress like a lady to be treated like one."

Alison held up the album. "And if you dress like this you get treated even better," she retorted with a laugh. "Daddy was all over you, wasn't he?"

"Alison Marie! That is your father you are talking about and none of your business! And now may I put them away again?"

Her daughter pulled the photos back. "He was, wasn't he? Can I and bring them back after I show them to Jason? It might give him hope for the future."

"You may not!" Gwen shrieked, reaching out for the album. "If he needs hope for the future because he doesn't know what he has right now, he's a fool and you're too good for him!"

Alison laughed and let her mother grab the album from her hands. "Just kidding Mom, just kidding. They really are good, though. If those were of me I'd be making people look at them."

"Some things are meant to remain private. I can't believe I showed them to you. And you better not tell Jason what you saw today—or what I saw, for that matter!"

"Like nothing ever happened," Alison replied with mock seriousness. Jason already knew of the existence of his mother-in-law's boudoir photos, the knowledge combining with his memories of her vibrators to forever shatter his perception of Gwendolyn Nelson the prude. He knew of Natalie's too, and Alison had made it clear he wouldn't see either, but he still held out hope of a slip-up somewhere. He loved taking pictures of his own Nelson, and wanted some inspiration...

"Thanks for showing them to me," Alison continued on. "I'm really touched and flattered that you would trust me that much."

Mother and daughter hugged. I didn't trust anybody until recently, Gwen thought. This is so much more dangerous.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 18**

"Warm day today," Natalie observed as she peeled off her shirt and jogbra after cinching Dancer's saddle.

"Sure is," Gwen agreed as her sister-in-law's breasts bounced free from their containment. The region was in the midst of a mini-heat wave, conditions more like late summer than the middle of the fall.

"Hey, got an idea," Natalie said over her shoulder as she hurried down to her car, returning with a rolled-up blanket. "It's such a beautiful day, let's hang out on the grass up at the picnic table for a while. Get a little sun before it gets too cold."

Gwen strapped the bundle behind her own saddle before throwing a leg up and over Dart. She hesitated, listening for the sound of vehicles in the driveway, then stripped off her own shirt and bra. The bare-chested women trotted their mounts out of the barn together.

They took their time up the hill, discussing plans for the fast approaching Thanksgiving holiday. Gwen lamented the fact that Alison and Jason would be at his family's for the holiday, and that Irene Curran was even more displeased with that arrangement. The air was still and warm when they reached the clearing.

Natalie was already sitting on the bench of the picnic table, kicking off her boots and stripping down to bare skin while her fellow rider retrieved the blanket and checked the horses' tethers. Gwen was pleased this was the kind of sunning Natalie had intended and undressed quickly after nervously looking about for any passers-by, laying down on the blanket next to the naked woman.

"Oh, this feels so good," Natalie said, lying back with eyes closed "Probably won't get to do this again until Adam and I go to the Turks and Caicos in February."

Gwen eyes were shut tight against the sun's glare as well. "I would guess your bikinis are close enough to being like this."

Natalie laughed. "My bikinis don't get used too much down there. Maybe the bottoms, if we stay by the pool. The resort has a nude beach—we're on that more often than not."

Gwen raised herself on one elbow and shielded her eyes with the other hand to look at her sister-in-law. "Adam does, too?"

Natalie nodded. "Your brother didn't take much convincing to turn nudist. He's gotten to be a bit of a showoff, plus he gets some nice scenery."

"You don't mind if he looks at other women?"

Nah. They're just bodies. Some very well put-together bodies, but still... and I think he gets a kick out of guys looking at me."

"Wait—don't you go down there with another couple?"

"Yup. The Wieglins."

"Do they know you go to the nude beach?"

"They go with us." There was a momentary silence before Natalie laughed again. "You know, I never thought I'd be saying this, but you and Tim should go with us some time."

"Oh, we couldn't do that," Gwen demurred.

"Why not? Tim's not shy, right?"

"I guess not, but...it wouldn't be right to be like that around my own brother."

Being naked on a beach in a foreign country is not an automatic gateway to sex. We're all adults; we all know girls have boobs and pussies and boys have dicks. Your brother's is particularly nice," Natalie teased, "but you don't have to look at it, much less touch it. Just don't get mad if I sneak a peek at Tim's."

"He'd probably be embarrassed if he caught you looking," Gwen protested, wondering about the truth of that statement. "Even if he did dare go out like that in public." You mean like he did at the beach at the lake, the Slut pointedly suggested.

"You don't have to decide now. Just think about it, maybe talk to Tim. When was the last time you guys took a real vacation?"

"We took plenty this summer—we went to see KD at her summer job, and we went to the Inn for a night."

"Weekend getaways," her sister-in-law scoffed. "I mean like at least a week."

Gwen lay back as the conversation lapsed. The idea of a trip to an exotic locale to be completely exposed to strangers put a new perspective on old fantasies, and the growing warmth between her legs was not just from the sun...

"You still having those dreams?"

Gwen started out of her reverie and turned to look at her sister-in-law, dismissing an irrational fear her mind was being read. Natalie's legs were now bent at the knee and her hand absentmindedly moved in circles between them. "Hmm?"

"Those dreams you told me about the first time we went riding, remember? Still having 'em?"

Gwen closed her eyes to break the contact and shut the window into her thoughts, just in case. "Sometimes, I guess," she mumbled, lying back. "When I'm feeling a little...worked up."

"You're taking care of yourself when you get "worked up", right? No problems with that?"

"Well, Tim's my first choice, obviously," Gwen hurried to explain, "but if he's too busy, then yes, I do."

Natalie chuckled. "I gotta admit, when you told me what your dreams were about, I played it like they were no big deal because I wanted to look like the caring medical professional and sister-in-law, but I thought they were really hot! So. I put my own spin on 'em and used them a few times myself. Do you ever think about when you're getting off?"

"Sometimes." No need to divulge that her dreams and masturbatory fuel had progressed from just being watched to being made available to the audience by the person forcing her into the situation. The fact that it was Natalie sometimes holding the crop and leash was most shameful of all.

Gwen risked a look as her sister-in-law turned her head to stare at the sky before closing her eyes. The activity between her legs, still hidden behind a raised thigh, seemed to becoming more focused. "Being naked outside always makes me horny," the obviously masturbating woman sighed contentedly.

Gwen again propped herself on an elbow and looked about nervously. Despite the remote location, they were so exposed...even if it was her property, she would have a very difficult time explaining the situation if they were discovered.

"Would you like me to help you?"

Natalie opened one eye, squinting against the sun. "I thought you'd never ask!" She rolled to her side to reach for the naked body beside her. The press of her sister-in-law's lips against her own surprised Gwen. They had kissed before, but still the act somehow always felt more intimate than the hand that now gently palmed her breast or even the finger or tongue she hoped would shortly be between her legs. The exquisite feel of soft lips against her own made stopping the taboo act unthinkable.

Their hands glided across the sun-warmed skin of each other's bodies while Natalie's tongue tentatively probed. Gwen responded to the overtures, and the underlying senses of danger and perversion heightened her arousal as Natalie's finger boldly announced its arrival at her opening. Her own hand slid its way down between the other woman's legs in response, Natalie's hips reflexively pushing forward to bury the finger at the entrance to her opening and make contact with the palm at the top of her mound. So wet, Gwen thought, and so ready to accept me. Her own sex required a bit of coaxing before allowing Natalie's finger to slide up and in; her sister-in-law apparently had needed no such convincing. She was certainly not like Miss Ritter, who more often than not required the touch of a tongue before her opening was slick and receptive enough to comfortably allow a finger. Memories of the conflict that raged in Gwen at those times, when the dominant Lady insisted she be repulsed by the act she was performing while the meeker Slut suggested that it really wasn't so bad. But things had changed...

"Natalie?"

"Hmm?"

"Would it be alright if I kissed you...down there?" Her hand stopped its rocking motion, as if to avoid drawing any further attention to where "there" was.

Her sister-in-law smiled and lay back. "Of course. I'd love you too."

A wave of panic swept over Gwen as she realized there was no turning back now. What if she did it wrong, or didn't like it? Would Natalie be mad or offended?

The naked woman next to her sensed her hesitation. "You don't have to if you don't want to..."

"No, I want to." Gwen shuffled to the end of the blanket and between the pair of legs that had been opened for her. She knelt and bent forward, aware of the sun on her back and upturned bottom. She had seen Natalie from this angle before, had even touched her when grooming her, but still she felt compelled to pause and admire the sight. Labial lips varying in shades from pink and red to grey and purple bloomed from between a cleft formed by two puffy pillows of flesh. The pillows grew smaller as they descended to where her opening lay barely hidden behind a semicircle formed by her engorged lips. Further below, a strip of smooth skin gave way to a partially obscured rosebud.

Still she hesitated. How to start? What would Natalie find pleasing? Start with a kiss, the Slut said impatiently, and do whatever Miss Ritter made you do. Better yet, do what you like. Gwen bent forward and planted a light kiss on the top of the cleft, just below the remaining tuft of hair. She could feel the beginning of the valley under her lips, and she imagined the stiff little nub concealed underneath. It was left undisturbed for now, however, her own preference being for a little more teasing first, kissing her way down towards the other end of the valley.

The feel of Natalie's labia under her lips was new and somewhat unexpected. Miss Ritter's vulva had been a reflection of the woman herself—drawn up, trim, under control, the diminutive petals of her flower neatly withdrawn from view. By contrast, Natalie felt like a confusion of soft, warm, pliant skin, and there was a hint of the moisture that lay tucked in and about her abundant folds. She remembered the taste of her own excitement on Tim's cheeks and how she had wondered about Natalie. Guess it's a good time to find out, Gwen thought, and gently pushed her tongue through the yielding flesh.

She found wetness there, more than Miss Ritter had ever produced, even during her orgasms. The Lady had always made the argument that her instructor tasted unpleasant, more out of indignation than truth, but she could not do the same now. Her sister-in-law's bouquet was exciting and not unpleasant. A hand gently alighted on her head. She looked up without removing her tongue, fearful that perhaps the touch had been a signal to stop, but her sister-in-law's eyes were shut tight against the sun and the feeling between her legs while she fondled her right breast.

Gwen continued kissing her way down until her chin rested on the cotton blanket. Natalie raised her hips in a clear invitation to continue, down to where her lips met to hint at the opening beneath. Gwen lay down to do her part to better the angle, feeling where the blanket ended and the grass started beneath her thighs. The hand on her head twitched as she drove her tongue deep between the pillows of flesh.

Like riding a bike, the Slut observed as long-unused-but-never-forgotten skills were rapidly recalled. At least I don't seem to be doing it wrong, Gwen acknowledged to herself as Natalie sighed and coo'd with pleasure while her hips twitched spasmodically whenever the tongue in her sex touched a particularly sensitive spot. The Lady's desire to ignore the goings on and remain on the alert for intruders were politely acknowledged then ignored as Gwen wished for some way to accommodate the need between her own legs.

"I'm close," Natalie finally grunted, "put two fingers in me and lick my clit." Gwen was only slightly less surprised to discover the extra digit was as easily accommodated as the first. Thighs pressed against her ears, locking her in place.

"Right there...yes...yes...right there...yessss," the muffled voice chanted with rising urgency. "Yes—yes—yes—ohhh, fuckkkkk meeeee..."Gwen's palm rubbed against her chest as her fingers did their best to give Natalie what she was chanting for. She sensed when the time had come to stop everything and let the world explode around her sister-in-law.

The flesh holding her head in place eventually parted, allowing her to look up past a pair of large glistening breasts to Natalie's smiling, sweating face. Gwen moved back up on to the blanket and lay down, mustering the courage to ask for the assistance in getting her own orgasm that she so sorely desired. The body next to her rose as she reclined.

"Let's see what we can do for you," Her sister-in law settled on her knees and haunches, looked down on the naked body, and smiled. "Sorry about that," Natalie said, one hand gently brushing moisture from Gwen's cheeks while the other began to turn circles below her breasts, "I got you pretty wet. Close your eyes and relax."

The hand on her moved down instead of up, pushing her thighs apart to matter-of-factly insert a finger into her sex. A second finger joined the first, both curling up inside her and gently stroking a few times before they were removed. Gwen did not have long to wonder about their withdrawal, as they were soon pressed against the lips over her closed mouth. "Show me how you suck cock. Imagine Tim is sitting on your chest, feeding you his dick...show me how you'd make him happy."

Gwen accepted the fingers, the taste of her own juices similar yet distinct from what she had just taken from Natalie, and began to swirl her tongue about the tips. This is just silly, the Lady huffed, this feels nothing like a real penis, but Gwen played along with the suggested imagery, anxious to follow Natalie's direction. She began to gently bob up and down along the length, but the fingers were again removed.

"Spread your legs. Wider," the woman above her said sternly when she was slow to react. Gwen overcompensated for the perceived rebuke, bringing her knees apart almost to the point of discomfort.

"Better," Natalie purred, and her fingers again bulled their way into Gwen's opening. "Give all those watching men something to beat off to while you suck your husband." The moisture-coated fingers left her sex and were back at her mouth, demanding to be sucked. The other hand dove between her legs, fingers pushing up deep inside of her while a thumb lay nestled against her clitoris. "Maybe Tim will let one of them fuck you as your reward for blowing him."

Gwen could imagine the crowd of men stroking their penises, vying for a better view as she serviced the ones already inside of her. This was not her idea of course—Natalie was making her entertain all of these men—but she was determined to satisfy them all. The one in her mouth continued to patiently stroke while the other began to pump with more vigor. He was close, she imagined, and decided he would fill her. Tim would be next, and Gwen joined him.

She was dimly aware of the cocks being withdrawn—fingers, they were fingers, she reminded herself—and the soft press of Natalie's lips on her own. The women rested for a bit, Gwen delighting in the feel of the soft breeze drying her own sheen of perspiration, before the women returned to their jeans and boots and started down the hill.

"That was just make-believe," Gwen told her sister-in-law as they rode. "I would never cheat on Tim like that."

"I know you wouldn't," Natalie agreed. "But cheating ain't cheating if it's sharing. I'll have to thank him some time for sharing you with me."

Gwen almost replied with a "you wouldn't' dare," but stopped it short of her lips. Natalie would dare. And it might be fun to watch.

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As planned, Cricket pulled into the driveway at precisely 10am the next morning. "I didn't see your truck when I pulled up," the young woman said, "and I was afraid you weren't home."

"Tim's got it this weekend. The business won a contest of some sort from one of the suppliers, so we got four tickets and luxury suite access at a football game in Atlanta tomorrow afternoon. There's some sort of welcome dinner tonight, so he left about a half-hour ago."

Oh—I hope I didn't stop you from going."

Gwen laughed. "Oh, Heavens no. I have no desire to be in a stadium full of football fans. Tim took Cliff and his two boys. They're staying the night in Atlanta, so just us until tomorrow, I'm afraid."

"I'm no Tim, but I'll try and be good company."

They rode until the late afternoon, finishing their chores as dusk was falling. Gwen started dinner while Cricket showered, then took her own while the younger woman watched the stove. They shared a bottle of wine and more conversation along with the meal.

"Are you going to your mother's for Thanksgiving?" Gwen asked as they cleared the table.

"No, Mom and husband number 4 are going to Las Vegas to meet with one of his clients. They didn't ask me to join them, not that I could have unless they paid for my flight and room. To tell the truth, I wouldn't have wanted to go anyways. Still, it would have been better than another year with Daniel's family. God, I was dreading that. His older sisters have eight kids between them, and are trying for more. I think the whole family sees those reality-TV families with dozens of children as role models. The first year we were married was pretty bad with all the 'helpful hints' on how to get started, but last year was even worse. I think Daniel might have told them I only liked the sex part of making babies, and I think that confirmed their suspicion I was some kind of slut. His oldest sister even took me aside and told me that, and I quote, 'that I was abusing my body in a way God didn't intend...'"

"Giving birth is the real abuse," Gwen said with a smile. "I don't care what anyone says, it hurts! So, what are you going to do for Thanksgiving, then?"

"Oh, maybe splurge and buy some turkey loaf, watch whatever Christmas specials are on TV. I'm going to work Friday and Saturday so some of the other people I work with can spend time with their families."

The older woman was horrified by the thought of her guest sitting alone in her apartment, and angered her mother didn't seem to care enough to prevent it from happening. "Cricket, why don't you come with Tim and me to my family's Thanksgiving dinner? It's at my parents' house, I'm sure they would be glad to have you—" Gwen wondered as to the truth of this, particularly her own mother—"and you can finally meet KD, and my brother, and Natalie."

"Gwen thank you, that's very sweet, but I can't intrude on your family's holiday. I'll be fine alone."

"You'll better with friends. Please come. I insist. I do not want you spending Thanksgiving alone."

The young woman pondered the invitation for a moment. "Alright, thank you, yes, I'd love to come. But only if I can bring something."

Gwen laughed. "Even we're not bringing anything. My parents have the entire dinner catered. It gets dropped off at their house, all ready to eat. But you can help Natalie and me put it in the oven to warm up, if you like. Plan on being here in the morning, and we can go over together, then you can stay here overnight and go to work from here."

Cricket, her eyes moist, hugged her host. "Thank you, this all sounds wonderful."

The young woman groaned and stretched as they broke their embrace. "This is so embarrassing! I'm sore from riding! I never imagined that would ever happen."

"You're out of practice. You need to come up here more often."

She rolled her eyes. "I'm already here too much. I'm such a nuisance."

"Tim and I love having you here. You're not a nuisance at all. As for the soreness, the hot tub might help."

Cricket stretched again and smiled shyly. "Is it alright if I use it? I'll get my bathing suit. I just leave it packed now."

"A soak would be nice. I'll go up with you. Let me get changed."

The young woman took a step towards her room, stopped, and looked back at Gwen. "I, uhh, think part of being a nuisance is I might be umm, cramping your style. I know Alison said you liked to swim without a bathing suit when it's just you...I'm guessing that goes for the hot tub, too?"

"For the last time, you are not a nuisance," Gwen said more firmly, "and yes, if it's just Tim and I, we don't bother with suits."

"You don't have to bother with one when I'm around, if you don't want to," Cricket said in a rush. "I'm a big girl, it won't bother me."

"Tell you what," Gwen announced, the wine making her bold. "I won't wear one if you won't. That way neither one of us will be bothered."

The young woman hesitated. "I, uhh...this sounds silly, but I never swam without a suit before. Do we get undressed now, or up there or...?"

"Wait here." Gwen retreated down the hallway, returning a moment later with two robes. She handed one to the young woman. "Here. Go get changed. I'll wait for you."

Cricket blushed and headed for the guest room, Gwen waiting until she closed the door before stripping down. The young woman reappeared a few moments later, her host's hand-me-down belted securely about her waist. Gwen handed her two towels while she picked up a bottle of wine and glasses. "Ready?"

The women made their way up the hillside in the autumn darkness, Cricket looking about nervously as Gwen poured two glasses and set them within reach of the spa. Her own nerves were on edge as the moment had come to disrobe, her young friend looking on anxiously for guidance. Her calm expression masking the urgings of the modest Lady for restraint, she faced Cricket, undid her robe and walked past her, down into the steaming water.

She turned and sat in time to see Cricket untie her own robe and lay it over a nearby chair as Gwen had done, revealing a lithe, well-toned figure, at least as petite as the older woman she was now exposed to, if not more. She turned and hurried into the tub, submerging herself up to her neck as quickly as her body would allow, letting out a squeak of discomfort while she adjusted to the sudden change of temperature.

Cricket gratefully accepted the glass being offered to her and took a gulp. "I feel so daring, and...naughty, I guess?" she said with a nervous giggle. "I've never been naked outside before. Daniel would freak out if he could see me now. This would be a big no-no. He's so not into naked people. Well, at least he wasn't into me naked...sounds like his co-worker had what he was looking for." The young woman looked into her glass.

"Your ex-husband is a fool," Gwen declared. "You are a beautiful girl. And now that you're moving on from him, I'm sure there plenty of men for you to get out and meet who think you're beautiful, too."

Cricket laughed softly, the wine loosening her tongue. "I was never much for going out, even before Daniel. I think that's why he took a liking to me—I could talk finance and I didn't seem like a 'loose woman'. I got hit on some in college, but only said yes three times—the first time was to lose my virginity and see what the big deal was, the second time was to see if I had done it wrong the first time, because it really wasn't that good, and the third time was I really thought I was missing something. The really sad part was, number three passed out on my bed before we could do anything. Honestly, I don't think any of the three were looking for beauty as much as someone with the required body parts who would say yes. Problem was, the first two apparently had a much better time than I did based on how quickly they finished, and the third threw up in my bed. So, I guess I'm better off giving myself a good time. And sorry, that was way too much sharing."

"It's too bad you've had those experiences. It took me a while to find out how good a physical relationship can be, too. But that was my fault, not Tim's. Don't give up. And I'm glad you're 'taking care of yourself'."

They fell silent, the wine, the water and the soft hum of the water pump lulling them into a very relaxed state. Gwen finally roused them. "C'mon, we've been in long enough. You look like you're falling asleep." They climbed from the tub and dried off, Cricket pointedly looking away from her host, not wanting to appear as though she were staring at the nude woman. Both slipped on their robes to ward off the chill night air before descending back to the house. "Going to bed?" Gwen asked as they stepped into the kitchen.

Cricket nodded. "The water did wonders for my aches and pains, but it made me a little sleepy." And being naked like that made me a little horny, she added silently. Was it bad manners to masturbate in another person's house?

"Before you go," Gwen called out over her shoulder as she headed towards the bedroom, "hold on a second." She returned a moment later, holding a gift bag.

"Gwen, this is too much. You really don't have to—"

"Hush. It's not much." Cricket could see her host was somewhat nervous about something.

"After all you've done for me, anything is too much. What is it?"

"You should, umm, open it and find out."

The young woman reached into the bag and retrieved the first tissue-wrapped box. Eying Gwen with mock suspicion, she gently broke the tape seal and removed the wrapping.

"Oh, a neck massager," Cricket said examining the Magic Wand. "How did you know I was going to be sore after riding?"

"Maybe you should, uhh, open the next one."

"There's more?" Cricket's hand plunged into the bag, past a layer of tissue to the bottom. Her look changed from one of comic exasperation to concern, and Gwen feared her gift had gone too far. Despite the plastic packaging molded about what the young woman had grasped, the object felt strangely familiar, but totally out of place in a gift bag. The wrapping was carefully removed to reveal her very own Big John. Cricket's mouth was wide in astonishment as she looked to Gwen to confirm what she held.

"I'm sorry," Gwen said weakly, "You asked about that catalog in my office and how Daniel threw yours away and I thought you might like a replacement. I can return them, no problem," she said reaching for the dildo Cricket was holding, "I'm sorry, these are really inappropriate gifts, I have no idea what I was thinking, sorry."

The young woman pulled the package back out of reach. "No, please, I don't want you to return them. They're not inappropriate at all—I, I like them. I'm touched you'd take a chance like this. I'm sorry if I seem shocked, but I've never gotten anything like this before." She looked down at the Magic Wand lying on the table. "So, that's not a neck massager?"

"Well, I suppose it can be used for that," Gwen said, blushing, "but I've never used mine that way."

It was Cricket's turn to grin and blush. "Oh, you have one, too? Do you have...one—" she held the plastic-encased dildo up—"like this?"

The older woman nodded. "There's one more thing in there."

"Gwen, this must have cost a fortune! There can't be more!"

"Just one more."

Cricket retrieved the Rabbit and unwrapped it. "I know it looks like some sort of art project with all the protrusions and the little white balls, but it really is a vibrator, and the end kind of circles around which makes the balls move. It sounds crazy and I'm sure I'm not describing it that well, but if you try it you'll see what I mean. I have one a lot like that, too" Gwen admitted, "they do what they're supposed to."

"I'm sure they do," Cricket laughed, slipping the rabbit out of its packaging and inspecting it. "Thank you." She put the vibrator down and hugged Gwen. This is the best and most interesting gift I've had in a long time. Well, other than Mr. Gambini."

"Mr. Gambini is my gift to Daniel," Gwen said as she returned the hug. "I'm going to bed. Stay up as late as you want, sleep as late as you want."

Cricket put her gifts back in the bag. "Thank you again. This really is too much. Someday and somehow, I will repay you for all your kindness."

"Gifts are meant to be enjoyed, not repaid. Let's just say it's nice to have another good friend. Goodnight. See you in the morning."

Cricket smiled, grabbed the bag, and headed down the hallway, softly closing the door to the guest room behind her. Gwen took her time turning out lights, looking out the window for signs of anything amiss in the barn. Batteries, she suddenly remembered. I forgot to put batteries in the bag. She doesn't need to be spending money on those. A package was retrieved from the utility drawer, and she softly knocked on Cricket's door.

"Uhh, one minute." She could hear the crinkling of the bag, followed by silence. The door opened and the wide-eyed young woman stood there, the robe which had been discarded when she entered the room held modestly against her chest. Gwen caught a glimpse of the now empty dildo packaging peeking out from the top of the bag.

"The neck massager plugs into the wall, and the Big John doesn't need anything, but the Rabbit needs these," she offered, holding out the batteries.

"Oh, thanks, that's very nice of you."

Gwen smiled. "Sleep well. See you in the morning."

"You too."

Gwen retired to her own room 2 doors down. With a guest in the house, she considered at least putting on a t-shirt to sleep in, but the Slut reminded her she had already shown her guest everything. She laid the robe at the end of the bed and pondered the events of the evening. Cricket had accepted the gifts politely, Gwen thought, and she dared hope the young woman had actually been pleased with them, if a little embarrassed. Maybe she'd actually use them...

Maybe tonight, the Slut suggested, and an image of the young woman tentatively exploring her new toys came to her unbidden. The Lady banished such impure thoughts about the innocent young creature, but Gwen could not deny it only stoked the fires of arousal that had been building since she had dropped her robe and entered the hot tub. Her own toys were certainly available to take the edge off; she settled by slipping under the covers with her own rabbit and one of the dildos, the one she had subconsciously started referring to as the 'beer can', somewhat confident that her actions and the softer buzzing of that particular vibrator might be more easily hidden under the sheets. She's not going to come in unannounced, the Slut counseled, get comfy! Gwen smiled to herself and decided her current course of action would be sufficient for her needs. She was right, and the sleep that followed her orgasm was restful, her toys carelessly left in plain view on the nightstand.

She awoke at her customary time the next morning, her internal clock making an alarm unnecessary. The robe she had worn the night before was considered sufficient cover, and she made her way into the kitchen to start breakfast. The coffee had been started when she heard the sound of soft footsteps in the hallway.

"Oh—you're up!" a fully-dressed Cricket squeaked as she turned the corner, startled by the figure at the sink.

"So are you," Gwen said with a smile. "Going somewhere?"

"Oh, I just got up." Not just, the young woman thought. I was up forty-five minutes ago. I just got taking care of things would be closer to the truth. "I was uhh, going to go muck the stalls before you got up. No reason for you to have to do that when I'm here."

"I'm perfectly capable of mucking stalls, young lady. But, since you're dressed for the part and I am not, you do the stalls and I'll make breakfast. Deal?"

The young woman smiled. "Deal. Oh, and uhh, do you ever use the hot tub during the day?"

Gwen nodded. "Uh-huh. Why wouldn't we?"

"Well, umm, you know, it's light out, and no bathing suits...if Tim's not home until tonight, maybe we could get in it again—maybe before or after we ride?"

"Why not both?"

Cricket grinned. "Yeah...why not?"

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 19**

The days before Thanksgiving were hectic. The business focused its efforts on customers needing working kitchens in time for the meals that would be prepared in them while Gwen readied the house for KD and Cricket's stays.

She was in town with a particularly busy schedule that Wednesday morning, her first stop the bank to pick up the check for the new truck loan they had taken out. Andrew had passed his Journeyman's test the week before, and true to their word, they were putting the oldest of their vehicles in his hopefully capable hands. But that couldn't happen until Tim's new truck (ownership had its privileges, he had replied when Mike asked why he got the latest addition) had been delivered. We should have done this weeks ago, Gwen grumbled to herself as she hurried into the lobby. We're way too busy, and Andrew might have been some help on his own.

Check in hand, Gwen's next stop was Murphy Motors, where a smiling young receptionist ushered her into the office of the dealership's business manager, Margaret Murphy. Tim had given Al Murphy the details of what was needed, this year's model of what Nelson Plumbing had purchased the last two times, and the truck was due in the next Monday.

"Gwen, how nice to see you again." Margaret said, rising from her desk. The older woman, easily four and inches taller and fifty pounds heavier than her customer, offered her hand. Most of those extra pounds were likely in her breasts, Gwen thought—larger than even Natalie's, and the very conservative business suit and jacket she wore could only mask so much. As she had overheard one of the contractors say at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, no man in town would pay less than full price if Margaret Murphy would begin negotiations by taking her top off.

But the dealership's business manager had always been careful to show less, not more; her style and bearing had always impressed Gwen as how a successful business woman should present herself. And that made Tim's assertion that it had been her partying naked on a boat with other naked men and women that much more unbelievable. Pictures of children and grandchildren covered the wall behind her as well as civic and business awards she had accumulated over the years. By all appearances, she was a very proper wife, grandmother, business and community leader. No, it couldn't have been her.

"We'll have it ready early next week," Margaret confirmed as they filled out the paperwork. "Are you guys working normal hours on Friday?"

"Tim likes to give everyone the day off after Thanksgiving, so no scheduled appointments. He'll cover any emergency calls—it's mostly grease-clogs and broken garbage disposals, things like that, anyways. I'm guessing the dealership is open?"

"We're retail, so I'm afraid so," Margaret said with a shrug. "Never can tell when someone wants to give a car for Christmas. We'll both be here on Friday, but I'm taking Saturday off."

Doing something fun?"

"I promised Al I'd clean out the boat," the blonde said with groan and a roll of her eyes. "It got used hard this summer, and I never really got a chance to clean up the cabin."

Boat? Gwen's belief that it could not have been the woman before her out at the so-called "party cove" was tested. "Oh, I didn't know you two had a boat."

"Oh yeah, had one for quite a while now."

"Where do you two normally go with it?"

The well-built blonde fidgeted uncomfortably. "Oh, here, there, wherever's close and we can put in."

"Oh—well, Cleaning up doesn't sound like much fun."

"Not as much fun as using the boat was, no."

Gwen could not help but imagine what the woman on the other side of the desk might look like without her business attire, without anything at all. She carried the few extra pounds well, and they probably only made her more voluptuous in the flesh.

"We'll call you as soon as the shop finished prepping it."

Gwen was startled out of her daydream. "Sorry?"

"We'll call you as soon as the shop finished prepping it," Margaret repeated with a smile. "I'm guessing you were just going over the list of things you had to do before tomorrow, weren't you?"

"Oh, sorry, I guess I was," Gwen lied, putting the woman's clothes back on. The last of the paperwork was completed without any further mental lapses, and they said their goodbyes. She slid behind the wheel of her SUV and quickly reviewed her schedule. Alison's, grocery store for a few last-minute things, then home in time to greet KD.

Gwen had promised her daughter she would check their apartment while they were spending the holiday with Jason's family outside of Chicago. Bring in the mail, water the plants, make sure everything was in order. Certainly nothing seemed amiss when she let herself in, the small living room quiet save for the ticking of a clock as she set the envelopes and flyers down on the table and began looking through the rest of the apartment before returning to the kitchen to begin watering.

Her hand brushed the mouse on the computer desk as she leaned over to reach a potted palm, the laptop next to it whirring to life and the sudden noise in the still apartment startling her. They must have forgotten they left it in sleep mode, she thought as she carefully spilling water on the machine. I should probably shut it down for them. The display sprang to life, a picture of Dancer filling the screen and giving away the computer's owner. Gwen pointed the mouse to the start button, then hesitated. Maybe Ali wanted it left on for some reason. I can leave it alone and it'll just go back to sleep. The Slut used this time to scan the screen for anything of interest, settling on the My Pictures folder. Might be fun to look at the wedding photos again, Gwen reasoned, but both Lady and Slut knew the real attraction, one screaming about the unthinkable invasion of privacy while the other egged her on.

Gwen had snooped on her daughters before, but the Lady insisted this was different. It was in your own home then, and you were looking for things Alison and Kathryn Deanna shouldn't have had. This is nothing more than satisfying your perverted curiosity. She got to look at your pictures, and don't forget she found your toys, the Slut argued convincingly, what's a little peek at her husband's cock? There's probably nothing in there to see, anyways.

Your son-in-law's genitals, the Lady huffed pointedly, emphasizing the last word, and if there's nothing in there there's no need to look. Once seen, it can't be unseen, she was reminded in the same voice used to warn her daughter. Gwen thought for some time before siding with the Slut and settled into the chair. Just a quick look, she told herself. I still have to go grocery shopping. There were more folders to click after the first, all named after places and events, and one labeled 'us'. Gwen took a breath and held it, again debating the wisdom of her action, then expelled as she clicked. There were dozens of files inside, the ones on the screen all named 'abjf' and numbered. Gwen double-clicked on abjf1.

She breathed a small sigh of relief at the picture of a slightly younger, fully-clothed Jason standing in what appeared to be Ali's college dorm room. There, satisfied? The Lady pleaded. Please shut down the computer and go get milk. The store is going to be packed! The Slut urged her to press the button again. With a click, Jason's shirt was now off, hamming it up for the camera in a muscle-man sort of pose, his chest and abdomen showing the results of his competitive swimming. Another click and his jeans were in the process of being removed, his back to the camera and a very brief pair of underwear his only cover. And then they were gone too, the young man's back still to the camera, his legs slightly spread and arms curled above his head in a classic pose, a very muscular backside topping well-defined thighs and calves. Gwen guessed correctly as to what the next photo revealed. Jason held the same pose, but had turned to face the camera. He grinned as his penis stood proudly at attention amidst a nest of black curls, pointing to the ceiling while his testicles hung heavily beneath.

Okay, you've seen his thing, now can we go? The Lady begged, but Gwen ignored her. Nobody would ever know, and it was exciting to see this side of her son-in-law; she couldn't stop just yet. Another click of the mouse and he was now holding his penis, his hips thrusting it towards the camera in a rude sort of offering. Gwen clicked back and forth between the two photos for some time, admiring, before moving on to the next one. Jason disappeared, replaced by a fully-clothed Alison standing in the same spot her boyfriend had been in, his jeans still on the bed behind her. She was laughing uproariously and crossing her arms in front of her in apparent reaction to Jason's display and request. Gwen couldn't resist—she wanted to know if her daughter was able to maintain her virtue in front of this presumably still-naked man. Alison was still in her school sweatshirt and jeans in the next photo, again laughing but now vamping for the camera, her hand behind her head while a knee was bent and brought over the other leg. The next was of her backside, hands on her hips and torso bent forward slightly to push her bottom out towards the camera. In the next, she had bent all the way over to prop herself on the edge of the mattress while she spread her legs slightly, her denim-clad rear now the center of attention. She teased the camera for several more shots, the sweatshirt riding up to reveal the skin of her lower back and the top of an aquamarine thong.

And then she was facing the camera again, the sweatshirt gone and a lacy white bra peeking out from behind the hands and forearms the laughing girl was again using to preserve her modesty. Her modesty was gone in the next photo but her laugh remained as she returned to her vamp pose, her back arched to present her bra-covered breasts. Her jeans joined the photographer's on the bed, Jason taking the opportunity for more unveiling shots as Alison shucked them off. Again she bent over, hands on the bed, the thong disappearing into the cleft of her bottom and the gloom between her legs. Her bra was next, Alison holding and offering her pert breasts to the camera, her face a sexy pout. And then even the miniscule cover of her thong was gone, the cleft of her hairless vulva clearly visible between her legs. The hands on her cocked hips and the look on her face seemed to be saying she thought this had gone far enough.

The Lady thought so too but Gwen clicked, curious if that truly was the end of it, quickly discovering it wasn't. The camera now pointed down Jason's rippled abdomen to his erection and Alison kneeling beneath it, her eyes closed as she delicately kissed the underside of his foreskin-shrouded head. Gwen knew she should stop right there—this was perversion far beyond what she had ever stooped to before, and that was saying something—but couldn't. The photos fascinated her and she had to know exactly how this ended.

Rampant arousal somehow made it possible to distance herself from the knowledge she was looking at her daughter performing oral sex on her future son-in-law. Gwen studied the pictures as she would those of a horse and rider, evaluating and appreciating the form and enthusiasm being displayed for potential use in bettering her own performance. The staff disappeared between the young woman's lips while her barely-visible hand fondled the sac beneath; her eyes looked into the camera with slutty sultriness she would never have guessed Alison capable of.

The wet length reappeared, one of Jason's hands pulling the loose skin back to fully expose the angry crimson head it while the other still held the camera. Alison still kneeled below, face upturned with a patient expression, eyes closed, waiting.

A thick pearl-white line glistened on the lips of the now scrunched-up face in the next photo, over the bridge of her nose and on into her cornsilk-blonde hair. Each subsequent picture added another line or two, and then he was back in her mouth, Alison's face no longer contorted but her eyes remaining closed as she cleaned her man's still-hard length. Another click, and the scene changed to her daughter casually lying on her dorm room bed, again fully dressed but in different clothes, apparently the start of another photo opportunity.

Enough, the Lady commanded, and a quick glance at the time forced Gwen to agree. The Slut begged for a just a few moments to relieve the sexual pressure the picture show had created; her alter ego sternly pointed out the time, the fact that she was in her daughter's apartment, and that the cause of her excitement had been her daughter's performance as excellent reasons to forego "even a quickie". Despite her arousal, Gwen knew she should just get going. With a sigh, she began to shut down the computer, then stopped. Maybe they do want it running, she remembered, and left it as she found it, carefully closing the folders she had opened.

Her delay at Alison's meant a delay getting to the grocery store, and the presence of so many others trying to get their last minute preparations had her waiting in line, reflecting on what she had seen and what she now felt. Guilt had always been the price she paid for sexual desire, at least until recently; now it was back with a vengeance after the indecency she had just committed. The guilt was doubly strong, both for her invading Alison and Jason's privacy, and also from the arousal caused by their performance. Her sexual urges would be handled the old-fashioned way, she decided as she stared at the back of the woman in front of her, by waiting for them to subside rather than giving in to her perverted lust.

Gwen managed to get home moments before the first truck did, with KD pulling into the yard only a short time after that. Her arousal was subdued but not forgotten as she and Tim caught up with their daughter, enjoying each other's company until late in the evening. The pace of the past couple of weeks took their toll, and despite the Slut's continued urgings for "just a quick one", sleep came moments after they lay back in bed.

Her dreams that night were vivid and outlandish, of unspeakable sexual acts and impossible situations. To her dismay the urge to satisfy her cravings were even stronger than the day before, but guilt and common sense prevailed, and with a daughter already in the house and a guest arriving shortly, a nightgown-and-bathrobe-clad Gwen shuffled out to the kitchen to begin the morning routine.

Tim was already out getting chores done by the time KD stumbled out of her room, the sweats-clad girl kissing her mother on the cheek and flopping into a chair by the kitchen table. Gwen set a cup of coffee in front of her and returned to making breakfast. "I see you brought your laundry home," she said over her shoulder.

"As usual," KD agreed. "Don't worry, just laundry in them this time," she added in a lower voice.

Gwen smiled to herself, assuming she was referring to the items that had been at the bottom of her bags the last visit. "I wasn't worried then, and I'm not worried now," she said as she set a plate of bacon down. "You're an adult, and I was glad to see you're staying safe and taking care of yourself."

"Alison's right—this new Mom takes some getting used to. But I'll do my best," KD sighed theatrically, taking a piece of the bacon and chewing slowly. "You do know what that was in my bag, right?"

Gwen turned and faced her daughter. KD had always been a good child, but she was also the more mischievous of her children, occasionally making seemingly innocuous comments or asking innocent questions with the intent of discomfiting her straight-laced mother. This time, Gwen was determined not to give the young woman at the table any satisfaction. "Of course I do."

KD would not let it go. Her mother had somehow gained the upper hand that night she had caught her daughter bringing it back into the house from the pool, and that could not go unchallenged. "So, what was it?"

"It was a dildo, Kathryn Deanna. Apparently a life-like representation of someone your friend knows. We talked about the last time you were home, remember? And there were some condoms. Why?"

Her daughter broke into a grin and acknowledged that her attempt to embarrass the woman at the stove had apparently failed. "Sorry, sorry, I just can't get over that my mom knows what a dildo is! That is so cool!"

Gwen willed her face to remain expressionless. "Of course I know what a dildo is. I have two of my own." She turned back to the scrambled eggs, only then breaking into her own grin at the look of shock she had put on her daughter's face.

\*\*\* Cricket was relieved to find she was appropriately attired when she arrived that morning, the dark blue knee-length dress in line with Tim's suit and Gwen's own dress. KD had on a skirt and blouse, Gwen reminding her daughter that her grandmother would expect something over the white shirt to hide the very obvious lace bra underneath.

Gwen's young friend was for the most part warmly welcomed by her family, only Irene Curran privately grumbling about Thanksgiving "being for family" before finally admitting she was nice enough, even if she was using the Firm's resources free of charge and had brought a wine of dubious vintage. Natalie hushed her mother-in-law by reminding her the young woman was of very limited means at the moment, and had been polite enough to bring something even when told she didn't have to.

Norm Curran's formal bearing loosened as the Scotch and Waters flowed and Cricket thanked him effusively for Mr. Gambini's help, at one point the silver-haired lawyer even offering the young woman the chance to begin a new career in a fast-track position at his firm. Natalie and Adam exchanged knowing, nervous glances as to his intent, but Cricket gracefully declined, stating her desire to stay in the financial field.

The young woman stayed over as planned that evening, helping to tend to the horses. KD had plans to go down into town that evening to meet up with friends and asked Cricket along, offering to introduce her to some of the male talent that had come into town for the holidays, but the young woman was content to stay in her sweats on the couch and watch TV with her hosts. She was in bed well before them, but only after yet again thanking Gwen and Tim for her first real Thanksgiving, boldly giving them both heartfelt hugs.

The click of the guest room door closing was also the thud of Gwen's resolve failing. "We should go to bed, too."

Tim glanced at the woman standing over him, then back to the TV. "You go ahead, honey. I'm gonna catch the weather and then I'll be in."

She gently laid her hand on his denim-covered crotch. "We should go to bed, too."

"Uh yeah, I guess we should."

Gwen led the way, waiting until Tim had closed the bedroom door behind him before peeling off her robe and nightgown. "Get undressed," she quietly instructed the bemused man standing in front of her. He smiled at her uncharacteristic impatience as he stripped down.

She was on her knees in front of him as his jeans were discarded, not giving him enough time to even remove his socks. Gwen kissed the tip of his semi-erect member, the length hurrying to answer the unexpected call to action. It was still working into form when she engulfed it, her hand weighing his pouch.

Tim was surprised with both her boldness, especially with a guest in the house, and his wife's enthusiasm for her task, her head bobbing back and forth in rhythm to her fist sliding back and forth. Don't fuck it up, just go with the flow, he told himself. Maybe she'll let me bend her over the bed, guest be damned. The improbable fantasy of Cricket walking in unannounced to witness her friend being soundly fucked made him grunt in appreciation at the attention his cock was receiving.

"You ready?" Tim asked, trying to remove himself from Gwen's mouth so he could position her in plain view if the door did somehow open.

The kneeling woman let him slide from her lips, holding on to his shaft to prevent him from escaping. "Do you think you could finish like this?"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"Then I want you to. It won't take long for me after, either. Just tell me when you're ready, alright?" Gwen didn't wait for his response, taking him as deeply as she dared without gagging, her fist advancing then retreating before her lips.

"Gettin' close," Tim muttered after one particular flurry of her tongue on his glans.

Gwen has anticipated his announcement and removed him from her mouth, planting one more kiss on the spongy head and settling back on her haunches. Placing her hands on her thighs, she closed her eyes and turned her face up towards him. "I'm ready."

He looked down at her uncertainly. "You mean you want me to...on you?"

"Mm-hmmm," she replied softly, never opening her eyes. "Natalie said a lot of men like to do that, and you seemed to like it when you did it accidentally that time, so...unless you'd rather not."

"No, no," Tim said hurriedly, grabbing his cock and beginning to stroke. "I'm sure as hell not gonna argue with Natalie. I just never thought in a million years you'd ask me to do that."

"Then do it. Mark me."

Gwen waited with a patient yet expectant expression, listening to the sound of his labored breathing, the wet slicking noise of his fist urgently stroking his length just inches away. The sound of his soft grunt reached her ears an instant before the first jet of his orgasm landed on her cheek and across her eye. Despite her mental preparation she recoiled a bit from the force and heat, unaware her expression was identical to the one Alison had made. Gwen's mouth opened in surprise, only to quickly close again as the second spurt fell across her lips and onto her tongue. She tasted the saltiness of his spend as his ejaculation continued to pelt her, weakening with each burst. Sensing he was empty, she took him back in her mouth, feeling him shiver as she cleaned him.

"Don't open your eyes," he warned as he withdrew himself from her mouth and hurried to the bathroom. "Let me get you something to clean up with." He returned in time to see her discarded nightgown being used as a towel.

"Wow, you had a lot!" She exclaimed with a laugh. "Or maybe it just felt like a lot."

"It's been a while, remember? So, now your turn?"

"If you're able to," Gwen said politely, "but only if you want to." Still on her knees, she looked up at her husband. Please want to, please, she silently begged.

"Well, he's not going to be much help for a little while," Tim said, looking down at his softening manhood, "but he's not the only game in town. Any requests?"

"Whatever you want to do..."

Tim's expression grew serious and he nodded. "Get up," he ordered, offering her a hand, "lay back on the bed." She took a step back and sat down, scooting back to get her body on the mattress. "Far enough," he said, pulling her towards him while kneeling between her spread knees. He pulled until her sex was close to the edge. "So beautiful," he murmured after spreading her, softly planting a kiss on her sex. Gwen understood and appreciated his fascination.

Tim was patient with her needs, his recent orgasm removing his own urgency as his tongue teased and explored while his calloused palms toyed with her breasts. He sensed when Gwen grew close, her hips twitching and bucking as he circled her clit, her tiny hands forcing his head down into her slit as she came.

He looked up when the pressure on the back of his head lessened. "Was that alright?"

The guilt was still there, strengthened by the knowledge she had failed to wait out her perverted lust, but the need for release was gone, and she enjoyed the afterglow of its arrival and departure.

Gwen lifted her head and smiled at the face still between her legs. "It was wonderful. Could you come up here and hold me for a little bit?"

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Gwen made sure Cricket got a proper breakfast before she left for work the next morning, the young woman wishing she could stay and spent the day riding with Gwen and KD.

The ride gave mother and daughter a chance to talk more freely than they perhaps ever had before, KD cautiously revealing more of her hopes, fears and feelings as she discovered she was truly being listened to rather than judged, Gwen touched to have her daughter's confidence. It was during the quiet periods in between that she tried to sort out exactly what had happened that afternoon at Alison's apartment.

Alison... She had always been such a good girl. I would never have guessed she could be like that! She's still a good girl, the Slut admonished, she's also a healthy young woman with a young husband who have their own wants and needs. They were doing just fine keeping their private life private until you snooped. And you had a pretty good idea what you were looking for. You were hoping for Jason, and you just got more than you bargained for.

Her invasion of their privacy, as well as seeing her own daughter like that had wracked her with guilt, but even now the it was slowly loosening its grip as she rationalized it away by agreeing it was Jason and not her daughter that she had really hoped to see.

As the guilt lessened, a thrill combined with perhaps a sense of relief grew. To the world and even their own parents, Alison and Jason seemed like such a normal couple. But they had a secret side to them, like Natalie, and KD, and probably Al and Margaret Murphy, and, and...definitely herself. The realization that people she thought of as normal, even admirable, had their hidden desires and activities, just like her, made Gwen think of her secrets a little less like weaknesses and more like a part of being a somewhat normal, if more vulnerable, person.

There was one more quick ride up the hill the next morning before KD said her goodbyes and headed back to school. Tim left shortly after his daughter did, heading to the next town over to get a restaurant's dishwasher back on line before the dinner crowd. The house was quiet again, and Gwen ran through her afternoon's possibilities. There was work in the office, and chores around the house...Alison and Jason were due back tomorrow evening. Maybe she should check in at their place one more time to make sure they were not walking in to any unpleasant surprises?

The Lady managed to squelch Gwen's impulsive desire for nearly an hour before she was overcome. She could feel the guilt returning and knew another look would come with a high price to pay, but her need to see if there was more to the young couple than she had already discovered was very powerful. She made a cursory sweep of the apartment upon entering, satisfying her excuse for coming in the first place, then again sat down and woke the computer.

Soon she was deep into the saved photos, the changes in location and hair styles, both head and pubic, telling Gwen this shared hobby had started back in college and continued right into the apartment she now sat in. Many of the pictures were of Alison in various stages of dress or poses ranging from suggestive to incredibly lewd—the photographer seemed to especially like her on her back spread wide in invitation or on all fours, rear-end high in the air-- but there were more than enough of Jason in similar states to keep the entranced woman looking for more. There were pictures of them together as well, close-up action shots of his penis buried in her, or Alison using vibrators and dildos remarkably similar to her own.

The Lady was relieved when she finally reached the end of the pictures, confident it was a good time to make their retreat and go home. Gwen closed the viewer, coming back to the folder. There was another, labeled 'home movies'; inside were several files. She hesitated only briefly before clicking.

The video player launched, and the screen was filled a view of the camera looking down on the back of a naked woman, her hips propped up by a couple of pillows. The face was not visible, but Gwen knew it had to be Alison. A man's voice, Jason's, rumbled from behind the camera. "This is my wife's incredible ass," he announced, his free hand casually slapping a cheek before pulling it aside and further exposing the rosebud hiding between the globes. "Look at that cure little asshole. And today, I'm going to fuck that ass for the very first time."

"C'mon, can't I pay up some other way?" a whining voice mixed with nervous laughter asked. "Maybe a blowjob?"

"A deal's a deal. I delivered on my end, and now I'm gonna deliver on your end." He laughed at his joke and slapped the cheek again for emphasis.

Alison's nervous laughter and pleading continued. "Just go easy, okay? Stop if I say stop?"

"You won't even know I'm there," her husband lied. The photographer shifted and laid his erection between her pale cheeks, his foreskin catching on her skin and pulling back as he slid his length forward.

"Stop!" Alison shrieked, forcing her hips down into the pillow away from him. "You can't just put it in like that."

"I could if I pushed hard enough," Jason said with a patient laugh. "But that wouldn't be very nice, so don't worry, I've already got it covered." His body shifted again and his penis withdrew, replaced on screen by a hand holding what appeared to be a small bottle of liquid. It was liberally squirted on her crinkled muscle.

"Don't!" she shouted again. "We should put a towel under us so we don't mess up the comforter."

Despite the situation, Gwen smiled at her daughter's practicality.

"I'll wash it," Jason replied as the bottle disappeared off screen. The now-empty hand returned, his index finger extending to rub the oil around a bit before slowly pushing into her tight ring, up to his knuckle.

"Easy, easy..."

His finger withdrew to the tip then slid in again, gently stroking until Alison seemed to relax a bit and take the digit without too much discomfort. "Ready for the something a little bigger?"

Alison laughed nervously. "You're a lot bigger. Bigger than my spreader, too."

Jason laughed again. "Flattery will not get you out of paying up." He shifted, lining up the tip of his exposed cock head with her puckered ring. Gwen watched in amazement as he pushed forward ever so slightly, the spongy pink helmet flattening until the muscle widened to accept at.

"Ow-ow-ow, easy, easy..." a vibrator buzzed to life, presumably from underneath the prone woman.

The penis slowly disappeared, reminding Gwen of a snake entering a ground squirrel's burrow in search of prey. Jason's hips finally made contact with his wife's buttocks.

"Are you all the way in?" Alison asked, her hips beginning to twitch from the vibrator's attention despite the thing buried in her rear end.

"All the way," her husband reassured her. "Why, you want more? How's it feel?"

"I feel like I should've married somebody with a smaller cock. I also feel...full. How is it for you?"

"You're lucky it's me and not Marcus..."

"Marcus would not be allowed back there in a million years! He'd kill me!"

Jason laughed. "You might walk funny for a while. Fuck, you're a snug fit. I always thought your pussy was so tight you could rip my dick off if you wanted to, but gawdamn, this is even tighter..."

The woman beneath him took a deep breath. "Okay, I'm ready if you want to keep going, but really slow, and stop if I say stop, okay?"

"I think I'm gonna want two hands for this..." the picture bounced and rolled as Jason turned off the camera and ended the clip.

Gwen tried to process the incredibly arousing scene she had just witnessed. Alison had allowed herself to be taken back there! What kind of service had Jason performed that would make that a worthy trade? Whatever it was, her son-in-law had been seemed quite happy with the exchange and anxious to get to his part of the bargain. Could it really be that much better for him than normal lovemaking, that much more exciting? And who was Marcus? She searched her memory for an old boyfriend or acquaintance of her daughter but came up blank. Maybe she had named her dildo like Natalie had? Gwen shuddered at the thought of one of her own splitting her open back there.

Her own feelings on the act itself were secondary to the excitement caused by witnessing it. The guilt would not be enough to make her "wait it out" this time; she needed relief. Again the Slut suggested the bed in the next room, maybe even take a look in the nightstand to see if it might contain some things to help her along. Gwen shook her head at that thought—she was not ready to do that in her daughter's bed with her daughter's things and hurried home.

Gwen knew Tim would not be there to help her when she arrived and had already committed to taking care of things without him. He was there in her fantasy however, and she lay over the pillows she had stacked up as he roughly ordered her to show him her ass. She would never volunteer that opening to him, of course, but if he were to demand it, she would have to comply. "I want this," he announced in her imagination, and her finger was his as it toyed with her rosebud, circling and stroking, making her shiver as the nerve endings tingled and her fearful lust grew.

"I'm going to fuck you," fantasy Tim announced, his unspoken preference clear. Gwen found her rabbit and somehow managed to slip it under her body and on to her clit. A couple of swipes from her sex back to her rosebud gave her finger the lubrication it needed to gently push in to the second knuckle as she imagined Tim groaning with pleasure while he took what was his and bulled his way in. She came, spasming around her finger as the vibrator did its work.

Tim wondered about the mound of pillows on the bed when he returned later that afternoon and headed for the shower. Gwen never left the bed unmade. He forgot all about it once she joined him under the steaming spray.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 20**

The pace of life only quickened in the weeks after Thanksgiving. Gwen was scheduling more appointments to make the new truck and Andrew's pay raise profitable, and the resulting paperwork as well as preparations for the holidays left her with very little spare time. Natalie had many of the same obligations her sister-in-law did, making their Friday rides temporarily unworkable. They still talked on the phone and saw each other at various holiday functions, but Gwen found herself missing their alone time, much to the Lady's disgust.

"Hey, I'm taking the late, late shift Saturday night and Sunday morning," Natalie told her sister-in-law during one of their catch-up calls. "I'm gonna do some Christmas shopping at the outlets down in Camilla before I go in. Wanna come with me?"

The Lady groaned. So much to do around the house, and getting out of the office has gotten almost impossible...out of the question. "Sure, why not!" Work be damned, Gwen was not going miss a chance to spend some time with her.

"Great! Come on over about 8. You can leave your truck here and we'll take my car."

There's going to be a lot of late nights and early mornings catching up, the Lady huffed, but knew the cause had been lost.

"Oh, and Gwen? Wear a skirt. Above the knee. The top is up to you."

"Why?"

"Just do it. See you Saturday."

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Gwen pulled into the driveway right on time Saturday morning. Stepping down from her truck, she smoothed the skirt she had selected to fulfill Natalie's directive, one of the ones from her summer shopping excursions. It felt short and a bit too revealing, but her sister-in-law had not given her much choice, and it really didn't cause her as much discomfort as it might have just a few months ago. A long-sleeve blouse, sandals, and sensible underwear completed her outfit.

"Gwen honey! Come on in!" Natalie called from the doorway. Her own skirt was just a fraction shorter than her sister-in-law's, but it somehow seemed more daring when paired with a tank top and knee-high black boots.

The women hugged their greeting. "Are Adam and the kids here?"

"Your brother's at the office finishing up some paperwork. He'll be back in a bit. Tyler and Annie are still asleep. They both should be getting up soon. Annie's going to work in a couple of hours, and Tyler's got a basketball tournament over in Sasser, so Adam's taking him. C'mon in!" Natalie led the way through the living room and on into their first floor bedroom. Gwen followed, a little confused and concerned as to why they were in this part of the house, particularly with her niece and nephew upstairs. "You follow directions well," her sister-in-law continued, motioning to Gwen's skirt before reaching for and undoing the top button of her blouse. "Looks like a nice bra under there. Whatcha got on for panties?"

"Natalie! Not now! What if the kids come downstairs?"

Her sister-in-law laughed. "Relax. I don't want you to get naked. Besides, they are not exactly light-of-foot—you'd hear them clomping around up there. Anyways, they never miss a chance to sleep in." She reached under her skirt and pushed a lacy thong down to her ankles, carefully untangling them from her boots before flipping them on the bed. "Your turn."

"You can't be serious? We wouldn't have time to get dressed even if we did hear them up there!"

"That's all you have to take off. We're going shopping. Our undies are staying here. C'mon, live on the edge a little!"

"Are you crazy? The stores will be packed!"

"So keep your legs closed when you're on Santa's lap. C'mon, lose the panties!"

Gwen eyed her doubtfully and nervously checked the hallway before reaching under the fabric and shedding her cover.

"Well, at least they're not grannies," Natalie observed with a smirk. "My, how far we've come. Leave 'em on the bed with mine."

"I'll take them with me and leave them in the car, just in case."

"Leave 'em here," Natalie insisted. "You can pick 'em up when we get back."

"But somebody might see them here, and what if I need them?"

"You won't need them, and they'll just think they're mine." Natalie wondered if that was quite true. Annie would guess they were still a little too conservative for her mother—they did enough laundry and raided each other's lingerie drawers to know the other's tastes—and she wondered if Adam knew her preferences as well. He certainly was very attentive when she was taking them off..."Leave them."

She groaned and laid them on the bed.

"You can keep the bra for now," her sister-in-law teased. "Ready?"

Gwen spent the next 3 hours in a delicious mix of emotions, her bare sex wet at the thought of being so close to on display for the unsuspecting holiday shoppers while she nervously anticipated the moment Natalie might decide the bra had to be surrendered as well. Her sister-in-law seemed to have forgotten all about their not-completely clothed state, however, searching for the must-have items she had listed on the drive down.

Natalie stopped short in front of a shoe store. "You like my boots?"

Gwen looked down, then back at her fellow shopper. "Yes, they're very nice."

"Adam likes it when I wear them...and nothing else," she said mischievously. "Do you ever wear your riding boots for Tim? Maybe pair them up with a riding crop?"

"I've never worn them for anything but riding," Gwen mumbled, looking around nervously for eavesdroppers. "And what would we do with a riding crop?"

"Aren't they for getting whatever you're riding moving faster?" Natalie asked with a raised eyebrow and a knowing smile. "C'mon," she said, taking Gwen's arm. "You should try on some boots."

"I've got riding boots," she protested, but allowed herself to be led in anyways. Natalie plopped her down on a bench, Gwen carefully keeping her knees together while her sister-in-law attracted the attention of a young clerk.

"Excuse me, sir? My friend would like to try a pair of these—" Natalie grabbed a black vinyl model and offered it up.

The clerk took the boot and smiled politely at Gwen. "Of course. What size and width would you like?"

She looked up at the young man, his close cropped blonde hair matching his trimmed beard. "Uhh, 5 I guess? Normal width?"

The clerk replaced the sample and hurried away "Nice ass," Natalie whispered in Gwen's ear, and she was compelled to look and agree. He returned shortly, putting the box on the bench by Gwen's side and waiting for her to try them on.

"Excuse me—be right back," he offered as she took the first boot out, hurrying off towards another customer without waiting for a reply. "Damn nice ass," Natalie again murmured in her ear as Gwen struggled to get her foot in. "Wonder what the other side looks like filled out some. When he comes back, ask him to check the fit. Don't keep your legs together so much. Let's see if we can help him stand up a little."

"I can't—"

"Just do it. He won't mind." Natalie straightened and pretended to look at another pair of boots as the young man returned.

"How's the fit?"

"I'm uh, not sure, especially in the toe..."

"Let me see." He kneeled and Gwen moved her leg toward him a little more than necessary while keeping the other still. "It feels like you have a little room at the end," he said, pushing a thumb into the pliant material, "is it tight on the sides?" The clerk's eyes came up to meet Gwen's but stopped at the dimly lit passage formed by her slightly-spread thighs. He had become practiced at this move, checking skirts and shorts for anything that shouldn't be seen, even succeeding a few times before reminding himself to focus on the job at hand instead of the prospect of seeing an attractive MILF's underwear.

"Maybe a little."

"Okay, so sounds like the size is good, but maybe a wide instead of a normal?"

Gwen looked up at Natalie for direction while the young man risked another look under her drawn-up skirt, certain her panty-covered pussy would be plainly visible if only thighs were spread a little ...

"Wider," the well-built blonde suggested.

The young man looked up in panic. "I'll, uhh, go get the same size in a wide," he stammered, quickly standing and hurrying away, thankful to have avoided the potential unpleasantries of getting caught ogling a treasure cave.

"You certainly got someone's attention," Natalie murmured. "Why don't you reward this nice young man for his efforts and give him a better look?"

"You're crazy!" Gwen hissed as the clerk hurried back, but her left foot moved even further in his direction.

"5 wide," the clerk announced, quickly kneeling at her feet to help, all of the other customers now forgotten. "I'm surprised the 5 normal didn't fit, though. You seem to have such delicate feet. They must make this boot narrow."

Gwen continued to move her leg further away from the other as she pretended to struggle while sliding her foot into the vinyl tube, wondering how far would be enough to satisfy Natalie without making her intent obvious to the young man at her feet.

Natalie stifled a chuckle as the clerk discretely glanced between his customer's spread knees while bending to check the width and length of the boot's toe. The young man briefly hesitated before daring to put a finger inside the top of the boot to check for the fit there, casually hooking his finger inside the cuff and tugging the leg inside further away from its partner. "How's that feel? It won't chafe against your calf?"

"Umm, good, I guess..." Gwen looked up at her sister-in-law for further direction while the clerk again took her distraction as his opportunity. The light was dim under her skirt, but there was enough to see all the way to the junction of her thighs. It took his brain a second to accept the fact he was not looking at a swatch of fabric, but rather a bare cleft crowned with a tuft of hair pouting back at him. He stared for several seconds before tearing his eyes from the display and looking up at the blonde standing behind the seated woman.

Natalie smiled down at him and winked. He blushed furiously and began to intently repack the first box as his tormentor continued to look at him while addressing the woman he was kneeling before. "I don't know...I think shiny vinyl makes you look like a cheap hooker. And you're definitely not cheap. Polished black leather is probably more your style. Much more elegant and serious. And like you said, you already have riding boots and a matching crop, so maybe those would be better for whatever you're riding."

Gwen's cheeks quickly matched the complexion of the young man at her feet. The crop was her idea, she wanted to retort to the clerk, but managed to limit her response. "Thank you for your help," she stammered, attempting to remove the boot while closing her legs. "I think that will be all."

The clerk struggled to his feet and furiously began shuffling boxes. "Uh, thank you very much for coming in," he said, not looking up. "Hope to see you again." The young man finally glanced up at Natalie, wondering if his indiscretion was to be made public. She winked and smiled again, making his cheeks turn crimson.

Natalie held her laughter until they were safely in the car. "That was so hot! I can't believe you did it!"

"Well, you said I should," Gwen countered defensively. "And I doubt he even tried to look. He seemed like such a nice young man. The last thing he probably wants to see is an old woman's privates."

"Okay, a few things," Natalie managed to get out while still laughing. "First, he looked. He got a really good look, and probably would have kept looking if he hadn't gotten scared that one of us was going to bust him for looking. Second, he's a guy, and even nice guys will do crazy things to get a peek in the cookie jar. They're hard wired to do that and you know it. Third, you're not old, and you have the pussy of a twenty-year old. That guy is probably going to get all sorts of stroke mileage out of yours."

Natalie waited a few miles before speaking again. "You did like it, right? I mean, it's not the first time you've shown off for a guy."

"I don't show off! I just, uhh, give a peek sometimes. And every time I do I end up feeling really guilty. It's wrong to do that. It's so perverted, not normal."

"You say perverted like it's a bad thing. I keep telling you, normal's whatever you decide normal is. If it's fun and isn't hurting anyone else, then go for it! I don't think Mr. Shoe Salesman minded in the slightest! A nice way to break up a day of whiny customers!"

"I'm not so sure. Part of me still has a hard time with doing things like-that."

"Then we're making progress!" Natalie laughed. "Last spring, all of you would have had a hard time with that!"

They drove on for several more miles in silence, Gwen lost in her thoughts, the Lady steadily losing ground to the Slut's arousal-fueled imagination.

Natalie seemed to read her mind. "Did it make you horny? I know how I get when I do stuff like that. Hell, you were the one showing off and now I'm all worked up."

"A little," Gwen admitted. "So if it gets you excited, why didn't you, um, try on some shoes, too?"

"I thought about it, but I was a lot more fun watching you. Guess I'm an exhibitionist AND a voyeur."

Gwen turned to the driver, her excitement overcoming her inhibition. "There's something I wanted to ask you."

"Of course. Shoot."

"When you and Adam do it...well, you know, him from behind, do you like it?"

Natalie smiled. "What, doggystyle? Hell yeah! I love a good pounding sometimes, and he really gets some leverage that way."

"No, I mean..." Gwen could feel the blush heating up her cheeks again—"when you let him in the other way."

"Ohhh, that. Well, it's not my favorite, but he really seems to like it, so I'm happy to oblige him from time to time. Makes a great stocking stuffer coupon." Natalie grinned, still looking ahead at the traffic. "That's quite a leap from giving a guy a little look. Why do you ask? Is Tim asking to come down the back chimney for Christmas?"

Gwen dismissed the image of Jason preparing Alison for his invasion, only for it to be replaced with another of her naked brother pushing his way into Natalie. "No, he hasn't asked for that. I just got to wondering what the big deal is? It doesn't seem like it's very pleasant for the woman. Does it really feel that much better than normal intercourse for a man?"

"It's probably tighter back there than your average cooch, so there's that, but I think for the guy, it's the idea of what they're doing more than actually doing it—it's like they're doing something they shouldn't be, like they're getting away with something, I think. Anything that isn't straight baby-making missionary is kinda exciting cuz' it's not considered proper, so the farther from the norm it is, the wilder it is. And I have to guess putting their dick in there is pretty high up the restricted list to them. Don't get me wrong—some women like it. I know Liz is a fan under the right circumstances. Other women like it some, and some don't like it at all. Me, I'm okay with it—I just pile up some pillows and make myself comfortable, put a vibrator under me, sometimes a dildo in the more traditional place, and let Adam go to town. I've got him pretty well trained not to get too energetic. And yeah, I gotta admit I get a kick out of doing something high on the naughty list, too. Between the vibrator and the dildo and Adam enjoying himself I usually come without too much problem."

Gwen pondered her sister-in-law's words, turning them over in her mind, remembering the buzzing noise in Alison's video. Was the vibrator trick something women just knew? She certainly wouldn't have thought of that. "Did you ever do it with someone else?"

"No, your brother was the first and still the only. I mean, my girlfriends and I played around back there every once in a while, but nothing bigger than a finger. Liz will have me put a vibrator back there on her from time to time, but I haven't asked her to return the favor."

"So how did you start doing it...that way?"

Adam asked if he could one night, but I put him off until I was comfortable with idea and was fairly sure I could take him without being miserable. So, I started practicing, getting used to it."

"How in the world do you practice something like that?"

"I asked Liz, and she told me to get a spreader and start with that, to get used to having something back there—sorry, most people call them butt plugs, but I like spreader because that's what I imagined it was doing. She helped me pick one out and did the honors for me the first time I tried it. It wasn't that bad—just need to use plenty of lube."

Natalie continued to speak, her eyes still on the road. "'Lube and patience are even more important when you're trying to put the real thing back there. I remember in college one of my roommates had her boyfriend in her bedroom. They were going at it and she had been letting him work a finger in back there. Well, he decided that if his finger fit, so would his dick, so he tried a sneak attack. I guess he made it far enough to hurt and she let out a scream like she was being murdered! We heard every word of what she was yelling at him about, and then 5 minutes later he had to do the walk of shame past us out the door. So, if Tim's not looking for another way in, why the sudden interest in the back passage? Are you thinking about experimenting a little?"

"No, no," Gwen said emphatically. "I just, umm, overheard someone talking about it and wondered what all the fascination with it was."

"Let me guess—one of your employees, right?"

"Yes," Gwen lied.

"Of course it was. Told you, guys are fascinated with it. It's like some sort of men's badge of honor to put it in your girlfriend's ass. Aaand, we're home."

Natalie pulled into the driveway and shut of the engine. "C'mon in. I got something to show ya."

"Just for a minute," Gwen said, unbuckling her seatbelt, wondering if the conditions were right for perhaps more than a minute. "I have to collect my underwear anyways, remember?"

"Oh, I haven't forgotten. By the way, Adam texted me—Tyler's team keeps winning, so they'll be at the tournament for a while yet," Natalie said over her shoulder as she led the way to the bedroom. Gwen saw her panties lying on the bed, but not where she had left them that morning, her pair now to the right of Natalie's. She wondered who had moved them and why while Natalie opened the hope chest at the end of the bed.

Gwen glanced at the contents of the chest and could plainly see several vibrators and dildos as well as other paraphernalia inside. "You keep your things there?"

"Sure," Natalie said, taking out a small purple velvet bag. "Easy access when wanted."

"Aren't you worried Annie and Tyler might find them?"

"We used to put them on the top shelf of the closet," Natalie replied, "But once they got old enough to stand on a chair, we thought that was dumb and just told them not to snoop if they didn't want to find things they didn't want to see. They probably did anyways, but they don't seem too emotionally scarred. We don't flaunt it, but I'm sure they've guessed Mom and Dad still have an active and varied sex life."

She opened the bag and let what appeared to be a stainless-steel tulip bloom with a glass drawer pull on one end slide onto her palm. "My first spreader," she announced as she offered it to Gwen. "It helped me get brave enough to take bigger things. Here, take it—don't worry, it gets thoroughly cleaned after each use."

Gwen delicately grasped the object between two fingers, surprised at how solid and heavy the object was. "Do you still use it?"

"Sure! Change of pace, you know? I've worn it to Sunday dinner at your parents," she said with a sly grin. "There's a special thrill to listening to your mother rant about the loose morals of the young people at the firm while her own daughter-in-law is standing in front of her wearing a butt plug."

"You can't be serious! I never knew! When!? Were Tim and I there?"

"A few times, and yes, you were there. Of course you didn't know. No one ever knew. Well, except for Adam. I'd tell him before we left the house. It really turned him on."

"But isn't it uncomfortable?"

"Not really. Other than a tickling sensation against your asshole, you kind of forget it's there after a while. When you get one, make sure it has a handle or something like that, something to keep it from sliding all the way in. You want a way to pull it back out. You won't believe how many people who come into the emergency room with something stuck up there. We had a guy come in with a Barbie head stuck up there once—he pushed poor Barbie in up to her skinny little waist and her head snapped off her body."

"Incredible," Gwen said breathlessly, gingerly turning the plug over while she examined it. "But that won't be a problem for me. I'm very sure this is not on my Christmas wish list."

"You sure? You might like the results. I'll bet Tim would." Natalie held it by the base and presented it to Gwen. "Want to try it?"

"Thanks, but I'm not putting that in me. A little too scary."

"The woman who is fearless around lawyers and one-ton animals is scared of a little metal fill-me-up? Try it now, and if you're not completely satisfied, return it in thirty days for a complete refund. Get undressed and I'll help you."

"Most riding horses don't weigh a ton," Gwen sniffed. "Besides, I'm sure Adam and the kids will be back soon, and that seeing that would definitely scar all of them."

"Adam and Tyler are at the tournament, and Annie's working. You'll be home before they're back. C'mon, you're going to do this."

Gwen groaned and began removing her shoes. What was it, she wondered, that made her feel the need to treat Natalie's requests as commands? She had never been one to accept dares or do what "all the cool kids were doing;" she could say no at any time, call a halt to the game, go home and have proper marital sex with her husband to relieve the itch. The desire to give her sister-in-law this control was troubling, exciting, and strangely liberating.

Natalie grinned. "Be right back," she called, hurrying to the bathroom, returning as Gwen was undoing the clasp of her bra. The skirt was next and she stood there naked. Her nudity next to her sister-in-law's still-clothed state removed any last sense of control over the situation.

"Aren't you going to get undressed, too?"

"Maybe in a minute. Get on all fours on the bed," Natalie quickly directed. "Point your ass at me where I can reach your butt."

Gwen propped herself on hands and knees, her legs spread slightly while her pert breasts hung beneath her. She felt somewhat ridiculous in this pose, but could also feel the surge of excitement at being displayed much like she was in her dreams.

"Head and shoulders on the bed, put your ass high in the air like Tim's about to plow you good." The naked woman assumed the pose, laying her head on the comforter in such a way that she could still see what was going on behind her out of the corner of her eye. "You've got such a cute little asshole," Natalie giggled, and Gwen startled at the feel of a finger gently circling it. "Sorry, didn't mean to surprise you like that," she continued, her voice taking on the soft reassuring tone of a caring nurse. "I'm going to apply some lube first. It might feel a little cold, but it'll warm up quickly. Ready?"

Gwen nodded and the first squirt of oil landed squarely in the valley between her spread cheeks. The feeling was not unlike what she imagined Tim's ejaculation might feel like if it were chilled rather than scalding hot, and the liquid warmed as quickly as her husband's semen cooled. "I'm going to spread it around some," Natalie quietly announced, and the finger began to push the slick rivulets towards her crinkled muscle. "Try to relax and not tense up." A finger began to push ever so gently into her passage, meeting the same resistance it had that time Natalie had inserted it in the shower, the lubrication easing the way now as the soap and water had then. The finger retreated, gathering more oil, then returned. It didn't stop at the first knuckle this time like that day in the shower; instead pushing slowly until the knuckles on either side of the digit pushed against the flesh of her cheeks. Gwen felt herself gripping the intruder tightly even as it began a slow back and forth motion, trying to close and return to its normal state. After a moment, the finger withdrew and Gwen could see her reach for the shiny cylinder.

"The lube might get a little messy the first few times you use it, until you know exactly how much you need. I don't use much at all any more. And it doesn't hurt to lube up the spreader too, at least until you get used to using it," Natalie advised softly. "Either way, hold it in your hand for a little bit to warm up the metal before putting it in. You ready?"

Gwen nodded again, closing her eyes tightly against the expected shock. She felt the rounded tip of the invader pressed against her ring. "Stop! Wait!" she cried, still squeezing her eyes shut in an effort to gird herself against the pain. "Go slow, okay? And you'll stop if I tell you to?"

"Slow. Stop. Got it. Ready?" Natalie answered in her best 'this won't hurt a bit' voice. She took the lack of a response as a yes and began to push again.

Gwen could feel herself being stretched open—spread'er, get it? The Slut chose this time to joke—past the point where her muscle had flexed to accommodate Natalie's finger. She imagined it looked just like what she had seen on the video, her own puckered ring expanding every bit as much as her daughter's had. She continued to open and accept the tapered intruder as it flared towards it maximum circumference. It wasn't unbearably uncomfortable yet, and she wondered how much more she would allow herself to be stretched before calling a halt. Gwen knew her son-in-law was bigger than the thing in her now—how had Alison done it? And then her rosebud contracted, sliding slid down the other side of the bulb to clench around the narrow base supporting the drawer pull.

"It's in," Natalie announced. "How does it feel?"

Gwen could feel a washcloth cleaning up the excess oil, Natalie brushing up against the knob protruding from her and exciting the nerve endings of her rosebud. "Alright, I guess. It's hard to believe anything bigger would ever fit, though."

"Bigger things do fit," Natalie corrected, "there are some guys I was with before your brother I would not in a million years let anywhere near my ass. But, Adam's just about average, according to the studies. So he gets to visit from time to time. Tim's about average, right?"

"I don't know, I guess," Gwen admitted. "What's average?"

"How long is he?"

"He's never told me."

Natalie laughed. "Oh, never trust a guy to tell you the truth when it comes to cock size. If you want to know, you've got see and measure for yourself. There are definitely some guys that could give our dildos a run for their money, but they're pretty rare when compared to the average man's dick." Gwen twitched as a finger was slowly drawn down her sex and over her clitoris. "Wow, you're really wet." Natalie playfully slapped the naked rear. "Get up. Take it for a test walk."

Gwen gingerly eased off the bed and stood, unsure what to expect. She definitely knew there was something in her, but it was not painful, and not uncomfortable to the point of wanting to pluck the intruder from her clenched opening. It certainly didn't feel like it had any intention of falling out on its own...Her first steps towards the bathroom were hesitant, both for the feelings they might produce as well as the idea of being on display for her sister-in-law. The movement produced an almost pleasant tickling sensation,

"If Mr. Shoe Salesman could see you now!" Gwen reached the bathroom door and turned, Natalie still watching as she casually stripped. The blond flopped chest-first on the bed after grabbing a bright-green rabbit vibrator from where it was stored.

"Feel alright?" she asked, looking up at Gwen with a grin.

"I guess," Gwen admitted. "Can I take it out now?"

"Leave it in a little while, see how long it takes you to really get used to it. C'mon, lie down for a bit."

Gwen cautiously climbed on the bed, stretching out even as Natalie reversed positions so her head was at Gwen's feet. "Lemme show ya how Liz helped me like it better," she said with a giggle. Sit on my chest."

"Like the way we are now?" Gwen asked, raising her head to look past the face at her feet and to the open door beyond. If anyone came home now and saw this...she shivered at the thought.

"Yup." She lightly patted her flattened mounds of breast flesh. "C'mon, up you get."

She hesitantly put her leg over Natalie, holding back from settling her full weight on her sister-in-law's chest. Natalie lightly pushed Gwen's shoulder forward until she was on all fours over the body below her, her sex close enough to the prone woman's face to feel her breath against her wetness. She was able to see her sister-in-law's cleft below her, and she took Natalie's push as a cue to dip and kiss it.

Her movement was blocked by a forearm against the front of her thigh, pulling her back until a pair of lips kissed her sex, followed by a tongue gently dragged along its slit. The tongue retreated and the vibrator was pressed against her opening. Gwen could swear she could feel the buzzing length slide along the spreader as it entered, the two separated by only a thin layer of tissue, making the stainless steel vibrate.. The ears of the rabbit made contact with the skin separating her two openings and the tongue returned, teasing and tickling while fingers gently toyed with the spreader, rotating it in place and sliding it in and out. Gwen shivered at the vibrations of the rabbit through the metal bullet as Natalie withdrew it a bit to open her rosebud and then let it swallow it again to recapture the stem. The assault on the nerve endings of her clit and both holes was too much to bear for long.

She came, dimly aware of grinding her crotch into Natalie's face before her arms gave out and she collapsed on the body beneath her, her cheek resting on her sister-in-law's mons. She was coming to her senses as the vibrator was being pulled out, the buzzing head dragging along the short length of the spreader one more time as it withdrew. She again trembled at the sensation.

"Sorry," Gwen apologized, raising her head and mustering the strength to push herself off Natalie's midsection. "I must weigh a ton."

"You're light as a feather compared to some bodies I've had on me. But as long as you're there..." two fingers delicately pushed on the back of Gwen's head while the legs below opened wide to present the glistening lips at their junction.

Gwen used her returning strength to shuffle forward just a bit to improve her angle of attack as well as remove her own crotch from Natalie's face. Gwen could still feel the woman's breath on her wet sex as she began to push her tongue into her sister-in-law's folds, excited by the taste of her slick arousal. The feel of Natalie's hand brushing her thigh as she fondled her own breast did not startle her, but she was surprised and pleased by the other hand again toying with the spreader still in her. She continued to kiss and lick until the woman beneath hugged her tightly to her body and moaned out her orgasm.

The two women were having a glass of wine at the kitchen table when Adam and Tyler returned. Her husband's senses alerted to something familiar, yet somehow different as he bent to kiss his wife. Familiar became plain to him after he planted a light peck on Gwen's cheek and picked up the scent of his wife's arousal. Adam looked across the table to Natalie with a questioning look, to which she replied with a smile and a shrug.

The scent was fainter but still there when Tim kissed his wife upon her return home that afternoon. He too had trouble consciously identifying it, but his body had no such problems and reacted by calling his cock to stand-by mode. The rest of his brain quickly caught on, the thought of the likely method by which she had obtained the heady perfume fueling his lust.

"Good day shopping?" he asked, taking her in his arms, bringing the intoxicating aroma close again.

"Mm-hmm."

"Did you two, uh, do something after?"

Gwen looked up at him, knowing that he knew. "Yes. Sorry. We, umm, well, you know..."

"You don't have to apologize," he said as his hands found her rear end and gently squeezed. "Just wondering if you might have something left for me?"

"I will always have something for you," she said firmly, looking up at him, her eyes clearly communicating the seriousness of her words. "You can have whatever you want, whenever you want. "Just tell me what you want and I will do it."

Tim chuckled, unsure what that all meant exactly. He decided to figure it out later and settled on what he wanted right now. Callused hands began to pull the skirt up so he could make better contact with the ass beneath. "Well, now that you mention it..."

Gwen gently pushed away from him. "Just let me use the bathroom first, okay?" She hurried down the hall and into the master bath without waiting for answer, quietly closing the door behind her. She pushed her panties off for the second time that day, then bent over the vanity and gingerly removed the stainless steel bulb she had carried home inside of her at Natalie's insistence. It was thoroughly cleaned then stored safely out of sight in her travel toiletries bag before she stripped down to bare skin and returned to the kitchen.

"Sorry about that," she asked, turning the corner, "so, what can I do for you?"

Much to Gwen's pleasure, Tim did not ask politely.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 02 Ch. 21**

Christmas and New Year's came and went; the holidays really no different than years past other than Gwen wondering if Natalie and her brother might be playing another game nobody knew they were playing at Christmas dinner. The small gift Natalie slipped into Gwen's purse during dinner at the Currans was also new, and. she didn't find it until the morning after, wisely deciding to unwrap it in private to discover a larger version of the spreader currently in her toiletries bag. A bottle of lubrication was included, and a note as well:

Next up on the size chart! Give it a try. Let me know if you need help.

Love, N

The gift was hurriedly stashed with its little brother, The Lady huffing about the impropriety of a Christmas gift like that, the Slut reviewing the calendar for a quiet time when it might be more closely examined.

The guilt and embarrassment Gwen still felt whenever she talked with Alison and Jason had begun to fade somewhat, the couple evidently none the wiser to the invasion of their privacy. Still, her mother would occasionally have snippets of what she had seen slip in to her thoughts uninvited as they visited, the Lady aghast at the memory of her naked son-in-law and what he had done to her daughter. The Slut took these moments to remind her counterpart that Alison had seemed to be a very willing partner...

There had been no doubt in Gwen's mind that Cricket was to be included in their holiday plans as well, but she had been pleased to hear the young woman would be spending the holiday week with her mother, willing to trade time spent listening to advice on how to land the right man for time spent with Marvin.

She waited a couple of days after Cricket was due to return home before calling, not wishing to pester the girl, and hoping she would call first. When no call came, she broke down and dialed.

"Did you have a nice Christmas?" Gwen asked after pleasantries had been exchanged.

"Yeah." The tone made it sound like anything but nice.

"Uh-oh, that doesn't sound good."

"No, not good."

"Oh, dear. Want to talk about it?"

"No, that's alright."

Gwen could sense her reply was not the truth. "Well, why don't you come over to ride this weekend to take your mind off of whatever it is? I know Dancer isn't Marvin, but he really seems to respond to you. Maybe you could come out Saturday morning and spend the weekend?"

"I...I..." the woman on the other end of the line broke down, sobbing.

"Cricket, good heavens, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," she said, trying to pull herself together. "I, uh, my mother and, and husband number four are moving to Los Angeles."

"Oh, I see," Gwen said softly, "I'm sorry to hear that. But at least they'll just be a flight or two away? You can visit them out there, right?"

"It's not that," Cricket answered, breaking into tears again. "It's...they don't want to pay for Marvin's boarding fees any more. They want me to sell him!"

"Oh Cricket, that's terrible! What—"

"I told her they could keep track of every penny they spend and I'll pay them back when I can, but they want to make a fresh start out there and are getting rid of everything out here. Even my horse," she sobbed. "My mother said I need to get serious about my life, and that I should concentrate on finding a husband and this might be the wakeup call I need!"

Something in Gwen broke. She could feel the young woman's agony over the prospect of losing her trusted companion; she wasn't going to let it happen. Please forgive me Tim, I'll make it up to you, she thought before interrupting. "Cricket, I'll do it."

The crying woman stopped short, confused. "Huh? Do what? What do you mean?"

"I'll pay for Marvin's room and board and you can pay me back later."

"Oh, uh, Gwen that's nice of you-really, really nice of you-but I can't do that. You've already given me too much."

"I'm not giving you anything. Like you said, I'll keep track and you'll pay me back."

"But it gets so expensive, and I don't know how long it will take to pay you...maybe my mother's right. I should just get serious about my life, find a man to take care of me and settle down."

"Stop that," Gwen insisted, plowing ahead. "You're not the kind that needs someone to take care of them. Look, we can make this cheaper for you by bringing him up here. We've got empty stalls, you can use one free of charge, so all you would have to pay for is feed and vet care, when you can."

"Gwen, that's so incredibly nice of you, but I can't. Maybe my mother's right and I should just be a grown up about this. It's not fair to Marvin anyways, only seeing me every once in a while."

"You are already very grown up and you'll settle down when it's right for you. And if Marvin's up here, closer to you, I'm willing to bet he'll see you a lot more."

There was a silence save for some sniffling, and Gwen could sense Cricket's resolve weakening. "But how would we get him here? It would be so expensive to trailer him up."

"We've got a couple of trailers here. We hitch up the smaller one to my truck and drive down Saturday, load him up and bring him back Sunday." The Lady was dismayed at how quickly she seemed to be thinking on the fly and making decisions, scolding her for her recklessness.

"I don't know..."

Gwen pushed forward. "We'll go this weekend."

"I'll pay you back every dime Gwen, I promise, every dime...don't you wasn't ask Tim first?"

"I'll talk it over with him tonight. He'll be fine. So be here early Saturday morning. I'm guessing about an eight hour drive."

The young woman sniffled, sensing the way out that was being offered, her cautious nature making her wonder if there was a catch. Of course there's a catch, her cynical side sneered. But what's the alternative? Sell him? "This is a loan, not a gift, right? You'll keep track of everything I owe you?"

"Every dime. You call and tell them to get the paperwork ready because he's leaving on Sunday."

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Tim rolled his eyes and shook his head at the news, smiling his acceptance good-naturedly and asking her to consult with him before accepting any more applicants at the Nelson Acres for Wayward Horses. His understanding was amply rewarded at bedtime.

Cricket arrived even earlier than they had agreed Saturday morning, her nerves and excitement obvious to the Nelsons as she stowed her small duffel bag behind the seat of the truck. Tim kissed his wife goodbye with an admonishment to "be careful", and they were off.

The young woman chirped excitedly as they drove, recounting stories of what made Marvin such a wonderful horse, looking forward to having him in her life again. Gwen let her talk, smiling and nodding patiently at the retelling of Cricket's tales, happy to see her so happy.

Eventually she lapsed into silence, drawing her legs up against her and hugging them as she stared at the road, obviously deep in thought.

Gwen glanced at her before returning her attention to the road. "Everything alright?"

"Oh, sorry. Yes." She maintained her drawn-in pose for several miles before speaking again. "Why me?"

Gwen smiled. "Why you what?"

The young woman seemed flustered. She hesitated again, looking at the driver, then back towards the highway, then back to her. "Why are you being so nice to me? I'm sorry—that was rude—I have no right to ask that—I'm sorry. I'm just not good around people. One of my school progress reports said I was 'socially inept'. I don't think I was supposed to see that."

The older woman laughed gently. "You're fine. I appreciate bluntness. And I guess it's my turn to be sorry. I don't have much experience in this whole 'friend' thing. I'm sorry if I'm overdoing it."

"It's not that," Cricket said uncomfortably. "It's just that nobody's ever been this nice to me. My mother thinks you want something from me. I saw how she got two of her husbands so I guess she's got some experience in making trades. I'm sorry, I just don't have a lot of experience in the whole friends thing either, and I'm worried this is all too good to be true. I know what to expect with horses. People, not so much." The young woman continued to stare ahead, hugging her legs.

"It's alright. I can be pretty cynical about people, too. I was even more cynical until last summer when—well, when I made a friend who showed me that it's alright to occasionally trust other people and let them see your human side. I guess you could say she showed me a new way of seeing things.

When I met you at the photo studio and you mentioned how much you missed riding, I got brave and decided a fellow horse lover couldn't be all bad. I also knew how much I would miss riding if I couldn't, so I thought you might like a chance to ride, and then as we got to know each other I found out how nice a person you really are. And then it just seemed like you could use some help from someone who was in a position to help. I'm sorry if I overdid it. Like I said, I'm still learning this whole friend thing."

"You've been a godsend," Cricket said quietly. "I don't know what I would have done without you. I still can't believe anybody would ever do what you did for a stranger. I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have. I have a really hard time trusting people, especially after Daniel."

"You're tough and you're smart, so being cynical is probably part of your survival skills. I get that—I always thought it was me—well, me and Tim—against the world. But I'm starting to understand that sometimes exposing just a little vulnerability can be a really scary and worthwhile thing to do. I think it's one of things my friend has been teaching me without me even knowing it. She's sneaky that way. I understand if you don't trust me, though."

"I do trust you, more than anybody else I know, and you're right, it's really scary. So, thank you?"

"You're welcome."

The young woman seemed to relax a bit, unfolding her limbs, not so deep in thought. Still, only the hum of the tires filled the cab of the truck for quite some time.

"And thank you again for the Christmas gifts, especially the socks and underwear," the young woman said quietly as she looked down at her hands in her lap.

"Sorry that's such a boring present, but I figured you might need a fresh supply given your current financial condition."

"You were right about that," Cricket laughed quietly. "I was getting to the point where I was considering going commando a couple of days a week to save on wear and tear on my remaining pairs."

"Commando?"

The young woman blushed. "Oh, uh, you know, no underwear."

Gwen smiled. "Ahh. Commando."

Cricket spoke again after a couple of moments. "I, umm, also want to really thank you for the neck massager...and the other things. They really help with, you know, stress relief."

The older woman grinned. "Good! I'm glad you're using them. I was worried they might have been offensive."

"No—oh God, no! Like I said, it was the most unusual gift I've ever gotten—even stranger than the financial calculator Daniel gave me on our wedding night—but yours are a lot more useful! They're making me wonder if I ever really need a man for...that."

Gwen smiled. "I think you'll find having the right man—or a woman, if that's your thing—for that is even better. The toys are just a nice way to complement that when you're ready for it."

"Wait—you don't think I might be a Lesbian, do you?" Cricket asked quickly. "I mean, I'm not—I like guys, I'm just not ready to deal with one right now!"

"Sorry-sorry," Gwen replied. "I didn't mean to imply that at all. My turn to not be good with people, I guess. I was just saying that if you were inclined that way, that would be alright, too. Just leave yourself open to the possibility that a man or a woman may come into your life someday. There's nothing wrong with either, or both. I can honestly say that Tim is the best thing that ever happened to me, but women can have something to offer, too." She saw the sign for a rest stop up ahead and pulled over to exit. "And now, young lady, if the parking lot is empty enough, you are going to get your first lesson in how to tow and back up a horse trailer."

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Gwen was satisfied enough with her student's progress that she insisted Cricket take the next driving shift despite her protestations. The two women took their time going down, not in any hurry to get there as the plan was to a good night's sleep before heading to the stables early the next morning and returning home. The drivers switched off every couple of hours, their occasional conversation lapsing into more mundane topics such as the roadside farms and attractions they were passing, Gwen thankful her passenger had not seemed to taken slight to the unintended inference as to her sexuality. She was at the wheel when she pulled it into the motel's parking lot early that evening.

Gwen hopped out of the cab and looked at her friend. "Coming in?"

"I didn't book a room. I thought I'd save some money and sleep in the truck tonight. Would it be alright if I use your bathroom?"

"You are not sleeping in the truck! I wouldn't have expected you to get a room—I booked one with twin queens, if you don't mind sharing."

Cricket's eyes brightened at the prospect of a soft bed. "Alright, but only if you put half the room on my tab."

"I have to pay for it whether you're in it or not," Gwen pointed out, tactfully ignoring why she needed a room in south Florida in the first place. "C'mon. Grab your bag." They freshened up before taking a half-mile walk down the road to a chain restaurant, Gwen refusing the young woman's offer to pay for dinner before agreeing to "add her half to the boarding bill." The older woman did insist on paying for a bottle of wine they drank to celebrate a horse and rider's reunion, and Cricket was in high spirits as they started their walk back.

The alcohol made Cricket bold enough to ask the question she had been turning over in her head since the first rest stop. "Gwen," she finally said slowly, "you can tell me it's none of my business, and I'm sure it's not, but...you make it sound like...back in the truck this morning, almost like, you've had some experience with, uhh, well, somebody other than Tim?"

Gwen was quiet for a moment, finally asking slowly, "what is it you want to know?"

Cricket stared down at the sidewalk. "Well, I got the impression Tim was the only man you've ever been with, right?"

"Right."

"So, it kind of sounded like in the truck you know what it's like to be with a woman?"

Stonewall, shut up, lie, don't you dare say a word, the Lady hissed. The Slut just sat back and smiled, feeling the effect of the drink. "Cricket, if I tell you something, you have to promise to never say a word to anybody. Can you do that?"

The young woman continued to walk as she twisted her upper body to face her companion. "What? Yes, of course!"

"Are you sure you want to know? Once you hear it, you can't unhear it."

"I'm sure—if you really want to tell me. If you don't, I understand."

Gwen again hesitated. Last chance for secrecy. "I've been with two women."

The young woman's face reflected the shock even though she had guessed what was coming. "Like, in a relationship? A total relationship?"

Gwen could guess what she meant by 'total'. "Not exactly. The first one was when I was young and naïve, and was purely physical." Close enough, the Slut agreed. "

"And what about the second one?"

"It's hard to describe...not a relationship like what I have with Tim...more like a friendship that sometimes has a physical side to it."

Gwen had the young woman's undivided attention. "And were these before you met Tim?"

"The first one was, yes. She and I stopped...doing that...after Tim and I met. The second one...well, the second one started last summer."

Cricket grabbed her arm and stopped them both. "Oh my God! Wait! Gwen, are you cheating on Tim?"

"No! Tim knows about it, and he's alright with it," she said slowly, trying to show more calm than she felt. "He knows I love him, and this friend—well, we're just friends who like to give each other physical as well as emotional comfort." She shrugged and smiled apologetically.

Cricket's hand still grasped Gwen's arm, her face still showing the shock of the revelation. "So, you two are friends with benefits?"

"I've never heard it put that way, but yes, I guess that's one way of putting it."

"I used to hear some of the girls I rode with referring to some of the guys they hung around with as friends with benefits, and a couple of them would throw out hints that some of the other girls had a friends with benefits thing going on with girls," Cricket explained. "And the second guy I went to bed with asked me if I wanted to be his fuckbuddy—sorry, not a very nice word- after he finished. I figured that's what he meant and told him I'd think about it, but I never talked to him again."

"I suppose that's another term for it, but I like friends with benefits more, or better yet, just friends."

The women started walking again. "Fair enough. And Tim really does know about this?"

"He does," Gwen insisted, "and my friend's husband does, too."

"That is so wild. Men are impossible to figure out. Does your friend have a name?"

Gwen smiled. "She does, but I'll respect her privacy and just call her my friend for now, if that's alright."

"I understand."

They walked in silence for several moments, each lost in their thoughts, the hotel growing larger in the deepening dusk. "Now that you know, do you still feel comfortable sharing a room? I can see if they have another one just for you if you like."

"No, I'm fine," Cricket said with a smile. "I am not running up my bill any more than I absolutely have to. I'm going to pay you back as quickly as possible, you'll see."

Despite her bravado, the young woman seemed nervous as they entered the room, unsure what might or should happen next. "Pick whichever bed you want," Gwen said quietly as she took her sleepwear from her bag and entered the bathroom. She left her bra on, slipping on a long t-shirt over it; thankful she had decided to pack a pair of gym shorts. She stepped back into the room to see that Cricket had also changed in her absence, now similarly dressed in a t-shirt and shorts. The young woman sat against the headboard of the bed farthest from the bathroom, her legs drawn up and hugged against her chest as they had been in the truck that morning.

Gwen panicked a bit, regretting what she had told her young friend. "I'm sorry Cricket. I didn't mean to frighten you. Really, I can see if they have another room for you—I'll pay for it—"

"No, I really want to stay here," the young woman quickly replied, "if that's okay. But, would you mind if I ask you some more questions about you and your friend?"

"Of course," Gwen replied, primly sitting on the edge of the other mattress. "Go ahead."

"Tell me if I get too personal and I'll stop, I promise." Cricket hesitated, gathering her words, looking at the bedspread beneath her feet. "Like, whose idea was it to be friends with benefits? Did one of you just say, hey you wanna...you know?" The young woman blushed an even deeper shade of crimson.

"No, not quite like that. She told me about how she and her friends in college were, uhh, friends with benefits, and that she still was with another friend of hers. So I guess you can say it was her idea, but we never really talked about it in specifics. It just kind of happened, I guess."

"How, exactly? Sorry again, too personal."

Gwen smiled. "I trusted you enough to tell you in the first place, so I trust you with the details. This will sound so silly. She got me to try skinny-dipping—despite what you may have been led to believe, I haven't always done that—and she noticed I wasn't trimmed—down there." She glanced down to her crotch meaningfully before continuing. "She offered to trim it up for me, I thought it would be polite to return the favor, and then we started giving each other massages, that kind thing," She shrugged.

"Oh." Cricket looked back down at her feet, again deep in thought, her cheeks flushed. Gwen began to worry that she had not given the hoped-for answers to the young woman's questions when she spoke. "If you want," Cricket began, intently studying her feet, "I can give you a trim. I don't have any experience with that kind," she quickly confessed, "but I used to trim manes and tails in the barn all the time!"

Gwen smiled, trying to clarify what she thought was really being offered and form an answer. "Not that I was looking, but you seemed like you were pretty well trimmed that day we were in the pool. So that's just natural?"

Cricket nodded. "Afraid so. It just never has come in fully, I guess. I'd sometimes have to shower with other girls at riding camp and I'd see how much they had down there compared to me and I'd think there was something wrong with me."

"Every woman is different, I'm sure," Gwen reassured her. "As for me, thank you, but I'm pretty tidy down there right now."

"Oh. Okay. I'm sorry, I really shouldn't have said anything." The Slut could recognize disappointment and embarrassment on the younger woman's face; the Lady saw remorse over offering such a personal and deviant service.

Gwen sided with the Slut's take. "Driving that truck for long distances always gives me sore shoulders," she offered. "Maybe you could rub my shoulders for a little bit?"

Cricket's eyes brightened. "I can do that, if you want," she replied, doing her best not to seem eager. "But I haven't done that before, either. You might have to teach me how."

"I can do that," Gwen said with a smile as she patted the bed beside her. "Come sit next to me and I'll demonstrate on you."

The young woman hurried over to her side, sitting a respectful distance away. Gwen gently turned her slightly to face away and began to gently work her fingers into the sides of the t-shirt covered shoulders. Cricket tensed at the first touch, then relaxed, letting the woman behind her work. "I had a couple of riding instructors who would do this when I was competing," she said softly, "but they pressed their thumbs and fingers into me really hard, almost until it hurt. You're much more gentle than them."

"I had those kinds of massages from my instructors, too," Gwen said softly, remembering Miss Ritter's efforts . "More therapeutic than relaxing. Let me know if you want me to press harder."

"No, this is nice. Would it be easier if, umm, my shirt wasn't in the way? That way it doesn't rub against my skin?"

"If you're comfortable with that."

The young woman's response was to grab the bottom of the shirt and pull it up over her head, revealing the pale skin of a back and shoulders unencumbered by a bra. Gwen resumed her gentle kneading and stroking, working farther down on the shoulder blades and spine. Cricket shivered at the touch. "This is wonderful. Thank you."

"You're welcome," Gwen murmured, continuing to work, enjoying the feel of the young woman's soft skin.

Cricket sighed contentedly and turned back, not bothering to cover her pert breasts. "That feels wonderful," she repeated, "but my idea was to do something nice for you for a change. Would you like me to rub your shoulders now? I think I have enough of an idea not to be dangerous."

Gwen smiled and turned her back to the topless woman. "I'd like that."

"Tell me if I'm doing it wrong, or I need to go harder or softer, okay?" the nervous woman asked as her hands tentatively landed on the older woman's shoulders. Thumbs and fingers gently pressed into the muscle beneath and began to work.

"You're doing fine. Would it be easier for you if I took my shirt off?"

"Umm, okay, if you don't mind, I mean..."

Gwen answered by pulling the top over her head. She hesitated a moment, then the bra joined the shirt next to her. Delicate fingers made contact with bare skin, recoiling a bit as if being burned, then rubbing and stroking just as she had been shown. Cricket beamed with pride when she heard the genuine sigh of pleasure.

She continued to work for some time, admitting her own pleasure in the feel of the older woman's flesh, muscle and bone, smoothing and pressing all the way down nearly to the waistband of her shorts. "Did you and your friend, umm, not do each other's legs?"

"No, we did," Gwen replied without turning around. "Would you like me to show you how?"

"If you don't mind," the voice behind her squeaked as the hands retreated.

"Alright, lie face down on the bed—actually, wait." Gwen got to her feet and walked to the bathroom, not bothering to redress. She returned carrying a towel and some lotion from her travel bag. "Here, lie face down on this," she directed, putting the towel on the bedspread.

Cricket stood to the side, hesitant. "I, you know, read somewhere that you don't wear clothes for a massage? Should I take my shorts off? Did you and your friend? Would it freak you out if I did?"

"Yes, we did and it no, it wouldn't."

The young woman shed the last of her clothing—she was commando under her shorts, Gwen noted with a smile—and quickly lay on the towel, body stiff as if at attention. The older woman kneeled to her side and reached for the lotion. "Try and relax," she offered. "If I'm making you more tense then I'm doing it wrong."

"Sorry!" Cricket apologized, but there was no change in her body's rigidity until Gwen began to work the scented lotion down her shoulders and back. "Sorry," she said again as the hands reached the rise of her buttocks. "My butt's pretty flabby, probably gross to even touch."

"Stop apologizing," Gwen laughed softly. "Your bottom is beautiful and probably firmer than mine. But if you would rather I stop here, just tell me."

"No, no, you can keep going, if you want."

Gwen admired the globes as she kneaded them, working deep into the crevice but stopping short for fear of accidental contact with her friend's rosebud. Her thighs were next, her legs parting slightly to allow Gwen more access to their sides, but not enough to reveal the treasure where they joined. She continued down each calf to the feet, every toe getting attention, the toes' owner groaning at the delicious sensations ever since the attention given to her butt.

"I think I've got it," she said, rolling to her side and offering the towel to Gwen. "May I try?"

Gwen smiled in acknowledgement as she shucked her shorts and panties. The student did a remarkable job of mimicking the teacher, the older woman offering encouragement of "right there" or "that's nice" when she realized her long-conditioned silence might be mistaken as disapproval.

"Did you do each other's fronts, too?" Cricket asked quietly as she finished the last toe.

"Uh-huh," Gwen replied, her head still on the pillow.

"Could you show me?"

"Are you sure?" Gwen rolled to her side, then to her knees.

"I think—yes, I'm sure, please. " She hurried to replace the body on the towel as soon as the spot was open. The young woman lay stiffly at alert, her arms extended and legs spread in a sort of live anatomical display.

Gwen flashed back to those times Miss Ritter had "demonstrated proper form" on her student and wondered if her own body had been posed so differently then. She had certainly been as nervous then as Cricket appeared now; Gwen had always feared somehow failing the steel-willed Austrian, but for the first time she had to admit that giving up control to her had been intensely arousing as well. The irony of her current situation was not lost on her; and she was determined the student would have a kinder, gentler, more understanding response from the instructor. "Are you sure you want me to touch you...like my friend did?"

The young woman squeezed her eyes shut and nodded vigorously. "You've already touched me more than Daniel did our entire marriage. I want to find out if I like it with someone I trust."

"Alright, but if you want me to stop at any time, just say so, okay?"

She nodded again, now biting her lip like she was awaiting a painful procedure to begin. "Okay."

"I promise it won't hurt Cricket, try and relax," Gwen said, taking her outstretched hand and massaging the palm. She moved on up the arm as the body beneath her relaxed ever so slightly. "See?"

"Sorry, just a little nervous, I guess. I've never done this before."

Gwen's right hand began to turn slow, lazy circles on the woman's stomach as the other passed her bicep.

"Should I be doing something too?" Cricket asked, her eyes now open wide.

"Do whatever you like, there aren't any rules to this that I'm aware of. But if you want to just lay there and try and enjoy it, that's fine, too."

The young woman closed her eyes and seemed to relax just a little bit more with each passing moment as the hands continued to work, slowly drawing closer to more sensitive areas. One set of fingers gently glided across the skin above her breasts while the other drew closer to the junction of her still-spread legs. Despite her expectation and hope, she flinched as fingers brushed across her erect nipple.

"Sorry," Gwen offered. "Are they sensitive?"

"A little," Cricket admitted. "But it's alright—it felt nice, just kind of a new feeling when it's not your own fingers."

Gwen smiled and took this as a sign to continue. "It's so soft and silky," she murmured, an obvious reference to the sparse patch of pubic hair her other hand was now beginning to stroke. "Not stiff and wiry like mine."

"It's just always been that way," Cricket said with an apologetic smile.

"I like it." The older woman dropped from her knees to lie on her side, delicately kissing the younger woman's stomach while her hands continued to smooth and stroke. Her lips made a line up towards the base of Cricket's breast. The base of Gwen's palm was now resting on her friend's mons while fingers traced lines dangerously close to her waiting sex. One finger went to the bottom of her thigh and moved a bit to the side, gently dragging up and over the young woman's barely-concealed inner lips.

"Ohhh..." Cricket breathed, her hips flicking forward to perhaps drive the digit into her on to her clitoris as it moved. Gwen's lips captured a nipple and she flicked it with her tongue. "Oh—oh, yessss..."

Cricket's hand found its way to her tormentor's hip without her even realizing it, running up and down the curve to her ribs, fascinated by the smooth lines of the woman's body. The tongue on her breast would tease the nipple deliciously and then paint another part of her tingling flesh before returning.

The hand between her legs was now rocking forward, the heel of the palm pressing into her clit as a finger would dip, then withdraw and drag through her folds. The finger eventually stayed buried in her, rocking back and forth, the pressure on her button rocking back and forth as well, and then a second finger joined while her nipples continued to be kissed, licked and sucked.

"Oh my God, Gwen, oh my God—" she could hear the thunder of her rising orgasm, feel her body tensing and tingling in anticipation. "Oh-oh-oh-OHHGGGODDDD"!

Gwen thrust her fingers deeply into the young woman's opening, just as a man would when burying his seed and then let her twitch and convulse, pleased to watch the orgasm she had helped create. The sounds of her climax were nice as well, like cheers for a job well done. She returned to her kneeling position after her friend let out a long breath and went limp.

Cricket finally opened her eyes. "Oh my God Gwen, that was incredible, thank you! You're right, it's even better with a person. That was the first one ever I didn't have to give myself."

"You're welcome," Gwen said simply, wondering what to do next. It wouldn't be fair to ask her to return the favor, as much as she felt the need. Perhaps getting dressed would be the best way to transition to more traditional sleeping arrangements...

"So, how does this work?" Cricket asked shyly. "Do I do the same thing to you now?"

"Oh, you don't have to do that, really," Gwen hurriedly replied. You're not obligated. It was just something nice I wanted to do for you. Me getting a little carried away with the whole friend thing again." She smiled weakly.

"And I want to do something nice for you, for once," Cricket said with a smile. "Really! I'm just, uhh, not sure how to, exactly. I mean, you just gave me a really good demonstration, but I've never done it before..."

"Are you sure?" Gwen asked, doubt in her voice.

The young woman sat up and nodded vigorously. "Just tell me if I'm doing it wrong and don't get mad, okay?"

"You won't do it wrong, and I would never get mad!"

"Okay, then." The two women looked at each other, unsure what to do next. Cricket finally spoke. "Shouldn't you lie down first?"

"Oh, uh sure." Gwen reclined, suddenly self-conscious about the tension her own body might be revealing. "Just do whatever you like done to yourself. It all feels pretty good."

Cricket moved to her side and kneeled, admiring the naked body stretched out below her. "You were the first person who has ever touched me in a way I really liked."

"Men can be hit-or-miss," Gwen sympathized, "I guess because they don't know our bodies as well as we know them. It's what makes doing this with another woman so special."

Cricket smiled and tentatively placed one hand on Gwen's forearm and another on her stomach. Her movements showed she had been paying attention to the older woman's efforts, her hands mimicking the strokes and caresses that had begun her climb to orgasm.

Gwen knew that she would need to encourage and approve of the young woman's efforts and that Miss Ritter's long-followed demand of silence through the pleasure would have to be foregone. "That's nice," she breathed, and sighed contentedly.

"Yeah?" Cricket said hopefully. "It's alright?"

"It's wonderful."

Emboldened by the encouragement, Cricket's hands began to follow the same paths up down and Gwen's body as she had felt earlier. Her fingers hesitated before pushing through the tuft of hair on the older woman's mons. "I don't think it's wiry at all," she said softly as her other hand began to turn circles on the lower part of Gwen's breast. "It's soft and fluffy."

"It doesn't feel so much like a scrub pad now that it's shorter," she admitted. "That part's easy to trim myself. It's the parts I shave that I still need practice on. I miss spots sometimes, and it gets stubbly pretty quickly."

"It feels smooth to me," Cricket said, two fingers forming a vee and sliding further down past the tuft on to bare skin, stopping on either side of Gwen's clitoris. Her other hand braved the short climb up the breast beneath it, fingers brushing the erect nipple. "Are yours sensitive?"

"Very. I like being touched there."

The fingers between her legs slid down again, running the gullies between thigh and outer lips as they descended until meeting again on the smooth skin between her openings, the palm they were attached to arching to stay clear of her sex. The fingers slid up and down several times as their owner mustered her courage. The vee was closed as they were drawn up, both fingers lightly dragging up Gwen's sex. Her hips twitched at the sensation.

Cricket correctly read Gwen's desire and pushed in on the next pass, one finger tucked behind the other as they reached the end of the furrow, circled the nub at the top and beginning another trip down. Gwen sighed appreciatively, making a conscious effort to let the little "ah" that had always been restrained to go free. The young woman shifted position and fingers pushed into Gwen's opening as warm lips circled her nipple.

The fingers alternated between gentle penetration and exciting her clitoris for the next ten minutes, Gwen delighting in the delicious torture whenever one pleasure was temporarily abandoned for the other. It was Cricket's application of her thumb to the older woman's button while her fingers continued to pump away that brought Gwen to the edge.

"Cricket, I'm going to...", she didn't finish the sentence, instead grabbing the hand between her legs and mashing it into her sex before her thighs snapped shut. A soft "oh!" escaped her lips, sounding like a scream to the orgasming woman.

Her friend's head was posed above her breast, looking up at her with a nervous smile when she returned to reality. "Was that alright?"

"That was incredible! Thank you! I needed that."

"I'm glad I could give you something for once. It was pretty intense! I could feel your, uhh, vagina spasming!" Gwen smiled up at her, and Cricket began to look around the room, unsure what to do next.

"We should probably get some sleep. It's going to be a long day tomorrow," Gwen suggested softly, not moving.

"Yeah, we probably should." Cricket scrambled off the bed. "Gwen, would you, umm, mind if I slept like this?" She motioned to her nude body. "I tried sleeping like this after we skinny-dipped and I do it all the time now."

"Of course I don't mind. I sleep that way, too." The young woman smiled and turned to pull back the covers on the other bed. "And if you want," Gwen continued, rising and pulling back her own blankets, "we can share a bed. Save the housekeepers from having to make both."

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Both women slept fitfully that night. The Lady kept Gwen awake for some time, castigating her for drawing this innocent young woman into her own depraved world while Tim waited faithfully at home. The Slut had her say on this as well, pointing out that Cricket had been a more than willing partner, and there had been no real seduction—just two friends satisfying an urge. You know, fuckbuddies!

Cricket was restless too, her anxiety equal parts the excitement of the morning's reunion and what she had just done with the woman who had made this all possible. Was this what her mother had feared Gwen wanted? No—it hadn't been her friend's idea, it had been hers, the young woman knew. Gwen had only given her what she had practically begged for. Cricket didn't regret satisfying her sexual urges and actually hoped it might happen again, but in the process had she become the "other woman?" Tim was far too nice a man to deserve that.

Despite her concerns, she craved more physical contact, more touching. Not another orgasm, at least not right now, just the comfort and security of feeling another body next to hers. She rolled to her side, facing the indistinct curve of Gwen's body under the covers in the dark. She brought herself up next to the older woman and tentatively put an arm over her hip. Gwen pushed back into the nude form behind her, welcoming the contact. The touch somewhat quieted both women's nerves, and they fell into a deeper sleep.

There was no chance of a repeat of the previous night's events as Cricket arose before the alarm, anxious to be waiting at the gates barring the stable's driveway for the moment they were opened. Neither woman bothered to dress until they were ready to leave the room, both accepting the other's casual nudity. Still, neither felt the need to make any mention of what had led to them being in that condition in the first place.

Gwen did the driving in the gloom of the breaking dawn while Cricket rocked nervously in the passenger seat. The gates were already open as they pulled onto the long driveway. "Wow, this place is really nice," the older woman said with a laugh as she viewed the various outbuildings and grassy paddocks. "Are you sure Marvin will want to leave?"

Cricket looked at her, a tinge of panic in her eyes. "Do you think he'd be better off here?"

Gwen laughed nervously, regretting the joke. "I was kidding. No, I don't. He'll like it much better wherever you're at." She pulled to a stop in front of the office, admiring the well-kept grounds and barns. They went in together, Gwen waiting patiently while Cricket began the paperwork.

The gravelly-voiced woman behind the counter motioned to an old farmhand that had walked in behind them. "Ernie here can show you where you can load him up."

"I know where he is," Cricket said, looking up from the paperwork. "But if you could show my friend, she can get the trailer in place." Gwen followed the old man out, the man in the passenger seat directing her up the gravel road to a freshly-painted stable a short distance away.

"That's him," he said with a grunt, motioning to a nearby stall. A beautiful coal-black head hung over the half door, ears back, watching the activity suspiciously. Gwen slipped out of the cab and walked to him, approaching slowly, saying hello in a soft, low tone. "Lemme get him," Ernie called out, hurrying forward. "I'd keep clear a' him, if I were you. He's a mean son of a bi-uhh, he can be mean."

"I'll be fine," she murmured, carefully avoiding a stare down with the concerned horse.

"He bites, and he gives a helluva head bash," Ernie felt compelled to add, wondering how he was going to explain a damaged customer to that bitch of a stable manager.

Gwen didn't bother to answer the stable hand, her focus completely on the horse while feigning disinterest, trying to calm him while making her control and authority felt. "I'm here with your human, Marvin. We're going to take you home. You'll be happy there. Good food, more rides, lots of sun and shade."

The horse's ears came up, searching for answers as to who this woman was. She smelled of horses, but not ones from this place, and more importantly, she carried the scent of his rider. His nostrils flared and twitched as she approached, trying to gather more information, sensing it might be alright to trust this one just a little. He snorted but allowed his forehead to be gently smoothed.

"Ma'am, I really think he's..."

"He's not mean," she continued in her soothing tone, not bothering to look back. "He misses his owner, and he doesn't understand why he's here and she's not." Gwen stroked and smoothed his cheek, dangerously close to the horse's mouth. Despite the old hand's warnings, the horse seemed to be tolerating it.

The strange woman was temporarily forgotten as another human came hurrying around the corner of the building. "Marvin!" Cricket charged the horse and wrapped her arms around as much of the neck as she could reach from her side of the door. The horse responded in kind, pushing against the barrier to be closer to her.

"I see you've met Marvin," the young woman gushed as she stroked the horse's neck. "Isn't he beautiful?"

"He is," Gwen agreed truthfully. "The pictures don't do him justice."

"And he's smart, too!"

"I'll bet he is." Gwen turned and smiled at the still-wary farm hand. "Ernie, would you mind showing me where his saddle and blankets are so I can load them while these two get reacquainted?"

The old man tipped his ball cap. "Glad to, ma'am. Right over here. Let me help you—tiny things like you and your sister shouldn't have to lug saddles around by yourself." Despite the Lady's admonishment that he was just being nice, Gwen was flattered the old man thought she and Cricket might be siblings—there was a resemblance, she had to admit—and chose not to correct him.

Cricket led the horse out of his stall after his things had been stored, nervously supervising his loading into the trailer. The young woman checked on his comfort and safety three times before allowing Gwen to pull away, politely insisting on frequent stops to ensure he was traveling well. She turned to look out the back window often the first few miles, as if to make sure the trailer was still there, then eventually curled up in her seat, legs again hugged to her chest.

"Gwen?"

"Hmm?"

"Last night...what we did...you didn't feel like you had to, right?"

"Had to? Why would I have had to?"

"Well, because I threw myself at you, and maybe you did it just because you're so nice, rather than because I was somebody you'd want to do that with...the girls at school called it pity sex."

"What in the world? Cricket, I don't have to do anything! You didn't throw yourself at me, I certainly don't feel any pity for you, and in case you hadn't noticed, I enjoyed it. Are you having regrets?"

"No! I liked it. A lot. Maybe that's the part of problem. I feel like I liked it more than I should have."

Gwen smiled. "You get to like what you like. It's nobody else's business. I just hope it wasn't a letdown for you. Maybe you're thinking the things you have at home are better for...stress relief?"

"Oh God, no! My massager is great, but you were right, it's so much better with someone who seems like they care and knows what they're doing. Who knows? Maybe there's at least one guy out there who can do that, too?"

"Trust me, there is, more than one I would guess. I know from first-hand experience some men just have a way that's different, but still really nice."

Cricket grew silent for a moment. "Are you still going to tell Tim?"

"I don't keep secrets from him. I'm sorry, I hope that's alright."

Cricket snorted and laughed. "This is going to be really awkward. Hi Tim, we're back! Here's my horse for you to take care of, and I had sex with your wife!"

Gwen kept her eyes on the road and continued smiling. "You're going to help take care of your own horse, and Tim still gets to do 'that' with me too, if you know what I mean. Now, I've never had a boarder before," she continued, changing the subject, "so there are a few rules we should go over, and the rest we'll just have to make up as we go along. First, you are welcome any time. Our gate is never shut. Second, when you're there, you do chores, not that you haven't been already. Third, you don't need me as a chaperone. You can ride whenever you want, whether I'm there or not. I'll go with you when I can and if you want me to, but you know the trails pretty well, so don't wait for me. Fourth, you have the run of the house and grounds, including the washing machine and pool. Start saving some money by doing your laundry at the house. Also, the guest room is there whenever you want it. So, how about you? Do you have any requirements as a boarder?"

Cricket smiled back. "Boarders don't get to make the rules, so my only request is that you please tell me when I'm getting in the way, or if things aren't working out. I really don't want Marvin or myself to be burdens. If you need more privacy or alone time to do 'that'—"she smiled to show that she did know what Gwen had meant—"I'd be more than happy to set up a schedule where I can come over and not be a nuisance."

Gwen laughed. "Don't worry, I can be very blunt when I want to be. I'm sure I had bad marks for social skills in school, too. Oh, and fair warning, you're driving after the next stop."

Despite Cricket's protests over being responsible for such precious cargo, she did indeed take the wheel after she could no longer avoid requesting the next stop to check on Marvin's comfort. Gwen was back in the driver's seat when they finally pulled into the yard, the sun just beginning to sink behind the trees.

Tim ambled out on to the deck and waved as he made his way towards the truck. Cricket was thankful for the distraction her trailered horse provided as the couple greeted each other with a hug and a kiss, and the young woman listened with growing dread as Gwen gave the highlights of the trip down and back. A sense a relief was kindled as the older woman alerted Tim to a rattling coming from the loaded trailer at highway speeds, and Cricket was hopeful that the news of their tryst would not be discussed in her presence.

Despite the deepening dusk, Gwen and Cricket both agreed that Marvin should be turned out in the paddock for a chance to stretch before being introduced to his new stall. The young woman led the horse off the trailer and down the center aisle of the barn to the far gate as the other horses sounded their greeting to the familiar human and her new addition.

Gwen followed, glancing up the hill as Cricket and Marvin stepped through the open gate. The fence line was invisible in the gloom, not where she had remembered it. She looked again more carefully and confirmed that it had been indeed removed. "Tim, did you expand the paddock?"

"Yeah, I hope I got it big enough," he said almost apologetically. "I figured you'd want more room with another horse here, so I dug and set the posts yesterday and moved the railings to 'em this morning."

Gwen hugged him. "That was so thoughtful of you!"

"It wasn't just me," he added hurriedly. "Eric came back from an emergency call to restock the truck and saw me up there with the post hole digger on the tractor. He stayed and helped."

"That was very nice of both of you," Cricket said with a wide smile. "Please thank him for me?"

"I will. And, uhh, I, hope you don't mind, but I changed the oil in your car, too. I was doing my truck and I checked yours and it was pretty low and really black. You need to watch that or you'll kill the motor."

"I'm sorry—I will," she said, sounding and looking like a child being scolded for leaving her bicycle out in the rain. "Thank you so much for doing that!" Cricket stepped into the gloom to be with her horse.

The jet black animal was soon invisible beyond the reach of the flood lamps attached to the corners of the barn. Gwen and Tim stood by the gate as the young woman wandered into the darkness with her friend, finally coming back to the light with Marvin following close behind. The horse was led to his new stall, the wood door closing with a reassuring thunk behind him.

Cricket glanced up at the top of the white frame, noticing the wooden plaque with 'Marvin' etched into it. She looked at Tim in confusion.

"I figured he'd need something to remind him which one is his, like the others have," he said sheepishly, gesturing to the nameplates above the other stalls. "Sorry, I didn't know his registered name."

"It's perfect, thank you," the young woman said, tearing up as she impulsively hugged the startled man. "You and Gwen have been so nice to me...thank you, and I'm sorry."

"Nothin' to be sorry for," Tim said, not understanding the apology. "What's a little more manure to move?"

"I'm going to go over to the house and make some dinner," Gwen said quietly to the sniffling woman. "Come on—you need to eat."

"I'll be over in a little while. I want to make sure Marvin's alright."

Gwen smiled, remembering how Tim had talked her out of spending the night in the barn when Dart first came home. "Alright, but he'll be here in the morning, too. Don't think I'm going to let you spend all night out here. You'll freeze."

Cricket smiled and turned back to the big black head hanging over the half door.

Gwen waited until they were back in the kitchen. "Tim, there's something I need to tell you..."

He turned to her, a wary smile on his face. "Uh-oh. Don't tell me Cricket's got ANOTHER horse that needs a home. Or, wait-wait—you met somebody else down there who does."

"No, not that," she said, fiddling nervously with the bag of cold cuts she held. "Cricket and I, well, we shared a bed in the hotel room last night."

Her husband's eyebrows rose quizzically, but the smile remained. "Well, that's one way to save money. Shared as in slept, or shared as in the other stuff you can do in a bed?"

"Both. I'm really sorry. It wasn't planned. Are you mad?"

Tim grinned. "I'm not mad. Surprised, maybe." Really surprised, he silently mused. He had imagined the two together that as recently as last night—hell, maybe he was jerking off thinking about it while they were doing it for real!-, but it actually happening was almost too good to be true. "So, you mean the same stuff you and Natalie do together?"

Gwen smiled sheepishly, looking down at the cold cuts, and nodded.

"Does Cricket know about you and Natalie?"

"She knows about me and my friend, she doesn't know who that friend is."

"Ahh. And does she know that you're telling me this?"

"Yes. I told her I was going to. I think she's really nervous about how you might react—maybe throw her and Marvin out. You're not going to, right? You were alright with Natalie and me—"

"Do I look like I'm mad?" His hands quickly dropped to his belt buckle. In seconds, his rapidly hardening member was hanging over the top of his underwear, pulsing a little further into an upright position with each heartbeat.

"Put that away!" Gwen hissed, nervously looking over her shoulder as she stepped between her husband and the door. "What if Cricket comes in?"

He grinned. "Then she'll see that I'm not mad. She does know that a hard-on is usually not a sign a guy's mad, right? Besides, I was hoping you might want to pet it a little."

"I do and I will, but after we go to bed, alright? I'll do anything you want—I promise. Now put it away! You'll scare her!"

Tim stuffed his uncooperative length back into his underwear and zipped up. "Aw Hell, she's got nothing to be scared of-it's not THAT big. Pretty average, I'd guess. And what I want is you to tell me exactly what happened—all the good stuff! I've got no problem with what you girls do together, but dammit, if you won't let me see it then you gotta at least tell me about it." Boy, how quickly things change, he thought. It wasn't too long ago he wouldn't have dared joke about the size of his cock, never mind showing it to another woman. Of course, that was before Gwen's sexuality had begun to bloom...if she could start getting wild, so could he.

There were footsteps on the deck, and Cricket opened the door in time to hear Gwen say, "I will—later." The older woman did a quick check of her husband's pants and belt before she turned and smiled. "Hungry?"

The young woman sensed she had interrupted something, perhaps even the news Gwen had committed to delivering. Still, she politely accepted the dinner invitation in the hopes of delaying the unpleasantness a little longer, eating as quickly as possible so that she could return to Marvin one more time before bed. Tim grabbed his wife by the waist even as the last footstep thudded on the bottom of the deck stairs.

"Leave the cleanup for later," he grumbled as he pulled her close to him. "Let's go to bed."

"I can't just leave this food out," she protested, "and besides, I really should wait until Cricket comes back in—she might need something. You go on ahead."

He laughed. "I need something too, and you have to be there to give it to me. I promise I'll help you clean up after-if I have the strength."

"I really should wait for Cricket. She'll wonder where we got to."

"She's a big girl. She'll figure it out." The hands on her waist tightened their grip. "Bedroom. Now. Or else we take care of business right here on the kitchen table." The hands firmly cupped her breasts to emphasize the point.

"Tim! You wouldn't dare!" The Slut loudly suggested she refuse his demand and push him to make good on his challenge. Being on display like that for her young friend conjured images from her lust-fueled dreams, and the Slut reasoned that perhaps it would be good for Cricket to see how a real man properly fucks a woman. Common sense and the Lady prevailed, and Gwen turned in her husband's arms and kissed him. "Alright. The bedroom, then."

Tim smiled and stepped out of her way, his hand extended in the direction of the bedroom. Gwen looked over her shoulder at the kitchen door one more time and then started down the hallway, her husband close behind.

"Get undressed," he ordered as he hurriedly swung the door shut and began stripping. She was down to her underwear when he hopped naked onto the bed, his back against the headboard. Tim spread his legs and patted the bedspread between them, then took his erection in hand and wagged it at her. "C'mon up and give it some attention while you tell me what happened."

He watched with a wolfish grin as she finished her unveiling and knelt between his knees. Gwen delicately took the hard staff between her thumb and index finger, then bent to kiss it. "I won't be able to understand what you're saying that way," he said with a smile. "Just your hands for now and talk to me. How'd this all start?"

Gwen recounted their discussion in the truck and after dinner, how she had seemingly piqued Cricket's interest in what she and Natalie had been doing, how it had led to their talk in the hotel room and the offer of a massage. "And then..." Gwen trailed off, hopeful Tim got the idea how things progressed after that.

"And what happened during the massage? Who got massaged first? Cricket or you?"

She hesitated, trying to accept that Tim really wanted that level of detail. "Well, I massaged her shoulders first, so she could see how to do it...she had never given a massage before...she said she wanted to do something nice for me, if you know what I mean."

"If you mean have sex with you, then I do, since she probably hasn't had it since her husband left, right?"

"Since even before that, I'd guess."

"Think she's really a Lesbian?"

"I—I don't think so. Her husband stopped having sex but I think she still wanted to. I think she just needed some physical contact in her life for once, and I was there, so..."

"Hmm. So, back to the massage. Was she naked? Were you?"

Gwen spent the next ten minutes describing the path to their orgasms in embarrassing detail while continuing to stroke her husband's slick length. He groaned after she described how she had climaxed on Cricket's hand, sat up and gently pushed the woman between his legs off her knees and onto her back. Gwen's legs were pried open without protest, and he slowly sank onto and into her. "Damn, that feels so good."

It was now Tim's turn to do the talking, his arousal making him bolder than he ever had been in front of Gwen before, describing in lurid detail how he would have stroked himself while the two women played with each other, watching as they came before it became the young woman's turn to watch and he reclaimed the pussy he had shared with her.

The Slut loved the mental picture he was painting, wanting Gwen to tell him how she could imagine Cricket—or even Natalie—watching while she was taken, but even in her lust the Lady managed to prevail. Easier and better to stay quiet than say something that might encourage both herself and the man busy between her legs. Only involuntary little gasps escaped after each slam of Tim's pelvis against her sex. "Coming—" he announced, giving one last thrust that made her catch her breath in surprise.

"Sorry about that, you okay?" he asked even as his spurts dwindled.

"I'm fine," she reassured him. "You certainly seemed, umm, very excited?"

"Yeah, sorry about all that. That was probably over the line, huh?"

"If what I'm doing isn't over the line, then us talking about it shouldn't be. It sounds like you've thought about it a lot."

Tim laughed nervously, his wet cock bobbing free as he withdrew from her and got to his knees. "Did you, uh, want to finish? Need me to help you?"

Gwen smiled up at him. "I can do it. But would it be alright if you watched?"

Tim grinned. "Hell, yeah. Want me to get you one of your toys?"

"No, I don't think I'll need them tonight." Gwen closed her eyes, a hand between her legs and a finger on her clitoris. She circled and teased it, knowing she was close, and she pushed one finger, then two, into the wickedly gooey mess Tim had left inside her.

Tim's fantasy became hers and it was not just him watching but Cricket as well. They both looked on in fascination as her husband's sperm soaked her fingers and bedspread beneath while she rubbed her clit ever more urgently.

"Tim," she gasped, looking up at him urgently, "please kiss me." He smiled and bent to lay by her side, their lips meeting, the fingers in her sex now Cricket's. Her orgasm followed shortly after his callused hand found her breast.

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Gwen was right—it is getting chilly, the young woman admitted as she crossed the yard after dinner. Her sweatshirt was in the house, in the overnight bag Tim had carried in from the truck for her earlier. Cricket paused at the barn door, then did an about face and headed back to the house, calling out "be right back, Marvin, I promise," over her shoulder.

The kitchen looked just the same as when she had left just a minute ago, the remains of dinner still on the table, only the home's owners now absent. Another wave of panic swept over her—had they felt the need to take the discussion she had interrupted some place more private? She crept down the darkened hallway to retrieve her sweatshirt, afraid of what she might see or hear at the end of the corridor. Light escaped from under the doorway to the master bedroom, as well as through a crack along the side—they hadn't closed it completely—and she was mildly relieved not to hear any raised voices. There were lower voices, though, Tim's baritone grumble and Gwen's soft, feminine tone. She stopped at the door to the guest room, wondering if they were even now discussing the imposition she and Marvin were on their lifestyle, or worse, what had happened in the hotel room. While the words were indistinct, the tone did not sound angry, but rather something more pleasing to the ear, more alluring. Get your sweatshirt and get out, she told herself, but she had to know if perhaps she was already a problem. She crept towards the barely-open door, listening intently, rehearsing an excuse as to why she was here in the first place should she be caught.

"Just your hands for now and talk to me. How'd this all start?" Those words were certainly clear enough, and the young woman took a hopeful guess as to what Gwen was holding. His tone was authoritative but not angry, and she appreciated his take-charge attitude while being somewhat aroused by it for some reason. She knew she should get her sweatshirt and leave them their privacy, but her growing excitement made her want to find out just how much she might hear if she stayed. Cricket decided the man on the other side of the door was already naked, and her imagination stripped him of the jeans and t-shirt she was familiar with. He was fit, with a smooth chest and no back hair and a good-sized cock—not too big, but something that would let you know it was in you. Not like Daniel's body. Nothing like his.

Cricket listened with a mixture of embarrassment and arousal as Gwen described the previous night's events, her voice hesitant but unforced as she gradually slipped into great detail at her lover's gentle insistence. Cricket blushed at the increasingly intimate descriptions of herself, relieved and flattered that Tim sounded as though he at least did not find her body or actions repulsive.

The story end with their orgasms, and all was silent for a moment save for the sound of bodies shifting on the bed. She panicked, taking a step away from the door and towards her room, but Tim's long groan and pronouncement of his pleasure made her wonder whether their lovemaking was not finished but moving on to another phase.

Cricket's hand slipped down the front of her jeans as Tim began to describe in pornographic detail what Gwen and Cricket might do together before he took control. She idly circled her clit while listening to the sound of bodies slapping against each other, each primal male grunt getting a soft feminine gasp in response, and Cricket found herself wishing she could participate in his fantasy and watch him mount and ride her friend. He certainly didn't sound upset...he was making full use of Gwen's body in a way she imagined only a very aroused man could, but not in a way that was meant to punish his wife for her—for their- transgression.

"Coming—"he announced, and the accompanying grunt left no doubt. Cricket debated whether to stay just a bit longer, but decided it would be a good time to satisfy her growing urge and tiptoed back to her room, closing the door quietly behind her. The sweatshirt was forgotten and she quickly stripped down, lying on the bed and returning to her clit. That was the hottest thing she had ever heard, the sexual need it had created rivaling even what had happened the night before, with none of the performance and only a part of the morality anxiety that had been part of her time with Gwen.

Cricket paused at the sound of two pairs of feet in the hallway, wondering how she would explain if Gwen were to look in on her. The footsteps receded and she returned to her fantasy, imagining herself in the room with them, watching them make love—she would never actually do anything like that, of course, but it was fun to imagine—watching as Tim fucked his wife, the naked man occasionally looking over at the young woman and flashing a confident smile as buried himself in his wife. Her fantasy morphed, and now it was her under another man—it wasn't right for it to be Tim, but someone like him, her legs spread wide as she held on for dear life while he fucked her like she never had been fucked before. It's just fantasy, she rationalized, and she did think it without remorse, pulling the older man's tight ass deeply into her as he spent himself. Her orgasm was no fantasy, and she willed herself to remain quiet through her spasms, only a small squeak escaping her lips.

Cricket recovered as quickly as she could and redressed, hurrying back out to the barn, wondering how she would explain her absence. She stopped short in the kitchen. Tim was there, cleaning up the remains of the meal. "Oh, uh, hi," she said, nervously looking around. I was just in getting a sweatshirt—Gwen was right, it's chilly out there."

He looked up from rinsing a dish and smiled. "Did you get it?"

The young woman was confused for a moment, then realized she had not grabbed it after all. "Oops—forgot it again. Sorry, I'm a little scatterbrained with all the excitement."

"I understand. I've seen it before."

Cricket flashed an embarrassed smile. "Uhh, where's Gwen?"

"Out in the barn. We thought you were still out there."

"I should let her know I came in—for my sweatshirt."

His smile remained infuriatingly unreadable, but his eyes darted briefly to her chest before coming back up to meet hers. "Right. Your sweatshirt."

Cricket blushed and hurried out the door, the hue of her cheeks turning a deeper shade when she glanced down and saw how her nipples, unencumbered by a bra, were pushing up hard little points through her t-shirt. She debated going back for her sweatshirt to cover them, but the thought of returning past Tim's knowing look made her continue on. Gwen was still in the barn, dressed in muck boots and a bathrobe, scratching Dart's cheek.

"There you are. I was getting worried when saw Marvin, but no you."

"Oh, uh, I was in getting my sweatshirt."

Gwen smiled and glanced at her erect nipples. "I think you forgot it again."

"Uh, yeah, guess I did."

"Say goodnight and let's go back to the house," the older woman said softly. "You've both had a very busy day. He'll be here in the morning, I promise."

Cricket reluctantly did as was suggested, giving the horse one more hug before retreating after Gwen turned out the lights. "Did you tell him yet?" she asked as they crossed the yard, already knowing the answer but needing to hear it anyways.

"Mm-hmm."

"What did he say?"

"That he's fine with it—with what happened."

"But probably only that one time, right?"

Gwen smiled and continued to look down at the ground as they walked. "He didn't say that. Did you want it to only happen one time?"

Cricket's blush returned and she furrowed her brow. "Did you?"

"We can talk about it later, if you want. But we all have to work tomorrow, so tonight, we all need to get some sleep."

Cricket said her good nights in the kitchen with arms modestly crossed to cover her chest, the couple and their young guest all aware the others knew the now-open secret. Gwen signaled her intention to sleep in the nude despite the presence of a houseguest after she dropped her robe as she Tim entered their room, something her husband happily mimicked. Two rooms away, Cricket slept similarly attired.

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Tim stopped and kissed his wife on the cheek as she stood at the stove, scrambling eggs. "Is our guest sleeping in?"

"Cricket's in the barn turning out the horses and mucking stalls. She was already out there when I got up. I went out for a little bit to make sure everybody was getting along, then came back to make breakfast. Can you go and see if she needs any help and tell her we're getting ready to eat?"

"Will do," Tim said with a wave of his hand and headed out the door. He walked in a hunched up posture, huddling into his work shirt to ward off the early-morning cold as the sound of many hooves pounding the turf of the paddock carried across the yard. He found Cricket struggling to pull a bale of hay to a freshly cleaned stall.

"Here's let me help you with that," Tim offered, hurrying to where the young woman labored.

"Thank you," she chirped, her cheeks rosy from exertion as she looked up at the man bending over to grab the bale. Her smile was bright, happier than she had been for as long as she could remember.

"No problem. How's he doin'?" Tim asked, effortlessly tossing the hay into the open stall.

"He's wonderful," she beamed. "The other horses are being really nice to him. He and Dancer seem to like each other." As if on cue, one horse being chased by another thundered by the closed gate at the end of the barn.

"Good, good...hey Cricket, just so you know, uhh, don't worry, Marvin's welcome here—and you are, too. Everything's good."

The young woman turned even rosier as she looked down at the concrete floor. "Thank you, you have no idea how relived that makes me feel. You and Gwen have been so nice to me. She loves you very much, you know." Cricket quickly scolded herself. Got any other stupid things to say? Of course he knows that.

"Feeling's mutual," Tim admitted, guessing at the message the young woman was trying to convey. "I'm just glad she's making friends—like you. She's always been a good person, but she warms up slow to other people. Nice to see her opening up some, you know? Anyways, she told me to come get you-breakfast is ready."

Gwen made sure both Tim and Cricket were sent off to work with full stomachs and healthy lunches, patiently assuring the young woman that she would be ready to spend plenty of time with Marvin until his rider could return the next weekend. Cricket, dressed in a business skirt, jacket and sensible shoes, made one last trip to the barn to say goodbye to her horse, then headed down the driveway a moment before Eric arrived. The young man blushed furiously when Mrs. Nelson impulsively hugged him for the expanded paddock.

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Gwen was at her desk that morning, her hands doing paperwork but her mind on the next few days. Natalie would be over to ride on Friday afternoon, and Cricket would be coming the next morning to stay and ride for the weekend.

What to tell Natalie about Cricket? Would she be breaking the young woman's trust by revealing their secret? What would she do if Cricket told someone every detail of her weekend? What if she already had? Gwen was able to dismiss that as unlikely, but they never really had discussed what level of privacy the other expected. Should she ask her before telling Natalie? Would her sister-in-law be upset that she had been with someone else? We aren't married, Gwen argued, it's not like I cheated...is it?

And don't forget, the Slut reminded her. You haven't tried out your Christmas gift yet. What are you going to tell her if she asks how you liked it?

If you have a shred of decency, you'll insist she take back that nasty thing, the Lady huffed, but you won't do that, so just lie and say it was nice, thank you.

I shouldn't lie, Gwen thought, glancing at the time. Her mind made up about what to do with her gift, she gave up on invoices for a while and headed back to the house.

Both spreaders and the lubricant were retrieved from their hiding spot in the toiletries bag and dropped on the bed. Gwen considered her next move while willing herself to do what she had come to the bedroom for. She remembered Natalie's warning about the lube being a little messy and decided not to risk staining the bedspread or her clothes, carefully laying down a towel and undressing while eying the metallic tulip bulbs lying on the duvet. The gift was certainly bigger than the one she carried home in her that day after shopping, but still not as large as Tim in his full glory. Naked, she picked up the bottle of lubrication and flipped the top open. A healthy dollop was squirted on her finger and she reached back between her slightly-spread legs to liberally smooth the liquid over and around her rosebud, her excitement rising as she dared to push her finger past the tight muscle. Another dollop was applied to the spreader and the stainless steel coated with the same motion she used on Tim's flesh-and-blood version. Gwen took a deep breath and bent over, one forearm on the mattress, the other reaching to bring the plug into position. The chill of the rounded tip made her ring contract even more upon its touch, and she cursed herself for forgetting her sister-in-law's admonition to warm it first.

It'll warm up once it's inside of you. Don't be a chicken, just do it, the Slut urged, and Gwen gently pushed.

Her opening relaxed enough to allow the first half-inch easy access, then began to protest as it was dilated beyond what had been demanded before. She thought about stopping, about perhaps switching to the smaller one as a compromise—she had not really practiced with it, after all—but continued to push with dogged determination. The last half-inch was the worst, and she grit her teeth as it continued to stretch her. And then like the first time, there was relief and a not-unpleasant sense of fullness as the muscle reached the backside of the object and began its slide down to capture the rapidly narrowing neck at its base. Like before, the handle excited her nerve endings, and she gingerly stood to test the fit. I can bear this for a bit, Gwen decided, and walked about the room, letting the crystal handle twist back and forth between her cheeks as she moved.

She glanced at the alarm clock and saw that the delivery driver was due over at the shop soon. He would just leave the packages at the door and not bother her here if there was no one around to sign for them, but it might be better if she were there to greet him. Her first thought was to remove the thing and tell Natalie she liked it—that would not be far from the truth!—but she wasn't ready to let it go yet. With another smile, she began dressing.

Much to Gwen's delight, the young driver seemed totally unaware that there was something different today about the woman signing for the packages. She relished the thrill of her little secret, imagining what the handsome young man might do if he knew what she was concealing. Gwen could only imagine what it had been like for her sister-in-law to have one of these inside her for an entire family dinner. All the while, the spreader continued to tease and tickle.

Gwen hurried back to the house as soon as the truck was gone, unbuttoning her shirt even as she crossed the yard. In moments she was naked and splayed on the bed, her Big John buried deep inside her. It remained motionless, however, as there were no hands free to move it with, one holding the rabbit that was teasing her clitoris and the other reaching under her thigh to gently toy with the spreader. She pulled back on the handle, allowing the tulip to force her open before letting the crinkled muscle pull it back in. She was soon pulling it back to its maximum circumference, at one point the toy popping out altogether before being slowly being pushed back in, re-entering much more easily than it had just a few minutes ago. The sensation of being filled two different ways was intoxicating, and the only way it could be better was if there was a man between her legs—it would have to be Tim, she reminded herself—providing part of the filling. She shuddered through her orgasm a moment later.

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"He is a nice looking horse, isn't he?" Natalie looked back at the large black head sizing her up, Gwen noting how much more relaxed he had become in just a few short days of small-farm living.

"He really is." Gwen rubbed Marvin's forehead, making the horse good-naturedly shake her off. The day was chilly, and she knew she would not be riding topless today, regardless of what Natalie chose. They were soon off, her sister-in-law opting for her sweatshirt as well as they began a slow trot up the path.

"So how was the trip down and back?" Natalie asked, letting Dancer pick a way through a patch of exposed tree roots.

"Good, no problems," Gwen replied, trying to decide how much she should share. "I, uhh, you should probably know, I told her about you and me, and uhh, what we do after we ride. I didn't tell her who you were," she added hurriedly, "just that you're a friend."

Natalie laughed. "Gwen, are you embarrassed by me?" She could see the look of alarm on the other woman's face. "Sorry, sorry, just a joke. I'm impressed you took a chance and actually told someone else! I gotta ask though, how did something like that come up in the first place?"

"We were talking about relationships, and like an idiot I was giving advice I'm really not qualified to give, and I told her that being with women is nice, too. She asked if I ever had been with a woman, and, well, I couldn't lie."

"You're very qualified to give advice," Natalie said solemnly. "You're smart, you have a world of experience, a really good heart and you care even though you don't want people to think that you do."

"I don't have much experience with relationships," Gwen protested. "I've had exactly one."

"You've only been married once, and still are, so that alone is damn impressive," the other rider corrected. "But your interactions with family, friends, employees, teachers, students...all of those count in different ways and add up to a world of experience."

"Maybe," Gwen mumbled, looking down at the saddle horn.

"So, how'd she take finding out what you do with your friend?"

"She was okay with it. Maybe a little surprised, but she seemed to get over it pretty quickly."

Natalie smiled. "I think I understand why you didn't tell her who I was, but if you want to and you think she can handle it, then fine by me. I'm not ashamed of what I do in my private life. I just don't advertise all of it. I know it would seem a little weird to a lot of people, but what you and I do certainly isn't hurting anyone. Women are just uniquely knowledgeable about the proper care and handling of girl parts, so why not make use of that knowledge? Our husbands don't seem to mind."

And of course, the fact that we are related—even by marriage—doesn't add to the weirdness at all, Gwen thought wryly.

"So she wasn't freaked out?"

"No, not at all," Gwen replied slowly, avoiding eye contact.

Natalie grinned. "Well that's good. She does seem pretty level-headed. Has she played with a girl before?"

"No, not before..."

Natalie reined in Dancer and turned to look at her sister-in-law. "Wait. Before? Before what?"

The other rider shrugged helplessly. "She was curious. I didn't push myself on her—honest!"

Natalie grinned. "Gwen Nelson, you slut you! The student becomes the teacher! Good for you!"

"I really don't think it's anything to be proud of, and all I did was show her what to do..."

"Well, I do," Natalie replied, spurring her horse back into a walk to catch up with Dart. "Look at you, all sexually confident and everything. So tell me what happened."

Gwen recounted the discussion in the truck, along with her admission on the walk back from dinner and Cricket's desire to "do something nice for her."

"Does Tim know?" Natalie asked when the story ended with the older woman's orgasm.

"I'm not about to hide something like that from him."

Natalie grinned again. "I'll bet he fucked you silly after you told him."

Gwen smiled at the crudity and truth of her sister-in-law's remark. "He seemed to enjoy the idea."

"Of course he did! Something about girl-on-girl action that guys just go nuts for...speaking of which, remember when we went shopping before Christmas?"

The act of showing her sex to the young shoe clerk had left a very definite and erotic imprint in her mind, not to mention the activities on her brother's marital bed after. "How could I forget? You made me expose myself to that young man. Why?"

"Well, Adam was very insistent I couldn't leave for work that afternoon until he got a piece of me first. I was running late but he wouldn't take no for an answer. He dragged me into the bedroom as soon as the kids went upstairs and pounded me but good."

"Why was he so worked up?" Gwen asked nervously.

Her sister-in-law grinned again. "I asked him the same thing when he was ripping my clothes off—good thing I had to change anyways. Turns out he caught a whiff of Eau de Natalie when he kissed your cheek."

"Your perfume? That's all it takes?"

"Well, not just any perfume," the other rider deadpanned. "Think. Where was your face before he came home?"

Gwen could feel the blood drain from her cheeks as she remembered how she had used her tongue to hasten her sister-in-law's orgasm. "So, he smelled you, your...on me? But I thought he didn't want to know what we did!"

"He didn't ask what we did exactly, but it was easy enough for him to figure out-I probably had some of you on me, too. The sex was pretty much the same energy level as after I've been with Liz—I just didn't give him the play-by-play like I do with her."

"Oh my God, I am so sorry!"

Natalie laughed. "For what? He obviously liked it, I liked his enthusiasm if not his stamina, it's all good. Like I said, girl-on-girl...he'll never admit it, but I think the fact one of the girls is his older sister makes it even kinkier for him."

"I'll never be able to look him in the eye again..."

"He's known about what we do ever since the first time, Gwen. I don't keep secrets from my husband, either. I think he just got an extra kick out of the evidence."

Gwen was thankful her sister-in-law let the topic drop, and the rest of the ride was filled with sex-free small talk. They made their way back to the barn, grooming their mounts before turning all the horses loose in the paddock.

"Okay to use your shower?" Natalie asked as she headed to her car for a change of clothes. "I really need to wash my hair before I go into work."

"You know you don't have to ask first," Gwen replied. "Can I make you some lunch or get you something to drink while you're showering?"

Natalie smiled. "Aren't you joining me? It's what we do after we ride, remember? Or am I old news now that you've introduced Cricket to the joys of womanly pleasure? I know my body's not nearly as nice as hers, but I do still have experience on my side..."

"Stop that! I would kill to have your body, especially your..." Gwen motioned with her eyes to the other woman's chest. "It's just that, well, for the longest time I never imagined I'd be doing—that—with another woman ever again, and now I'm doing it with two! I didn't want to seem like I was being too forward."

"Two women, but not at once," the blonde joked. "You're not committed to either one of us, and the guy you are committed to, as you put it, enjoys it. So, you enjoy it, too. C'mon."

Natalie led the way to the bathroom, stripping even as Gwen hesitated, weighing the Lady's desire to at least slow things down against the Slut's need to jump under the hot spray with the naked woman in front of her. With a sigh and smile of resignation, Gwen's clothes joined her sister-in-law's on the floor.

"Wash my hair for me?" Natalie asked as she handed a bottle of shampoo back. Gwen stepped up behind the glistening body and worked her fingers through the long hair, doing her best to avoid any tangles, getting a lather going as she gently rubbed her scalp. Natalie sighed approvingly and handed back a bottle of liquid soap. "Back, too?"

Gwen worked slowly, enjoying the sensuous feel of her sister-in-law's smooth skin, moving down to the globes of her beautiful bottom. She played with the soft, pillowy cheeks, her hands finding their way down into the crevice between the two prominent muscles. With a mischievous smile, she gathered some suds and pushed them around Natalie's rosebud, then inserted her finger. She was allowed entrance, and the ring tightened around her knuckle.

"Ooh!" Natalie exclaimed, wiggling against the digit penetrating her. "That reminds me, have you been using the spreader I gave you at Christmas?"

"I did," Gwen admitted.

"Did you like it?"

"It wasn't as uncomfortable as I thought it would be. I'm sure the next time it will get easier."

"Nice to hear there'll be a next time." Natalie turned to face the woman behind her, the finger lodged inside sliding out of its snug burrow, and she began to rinse her hair. Gwen did not wait to be asked to soap her front, fascinated with those beautiful breasts in particular, at how big and soft and pliant they were, and how distended the nipples were even under the hot water. She didn't notice their owner watching her with a bemused smile as she delayed on them for some time, just barely making it to Natalie's slit before her sister-in-law announced, "Your turn."

Gwen was quickly helped into place facing the wall under the spray and firm, feminine hands worked languidly, caressing her under the guise of cleanliness. A tongue on an ear alternated with lips on the neck as her nipples were gently pulled and rolled between delicate fingertips. One hand stayed on her breasts, teasing, while the other slowly made its way down her stomach. A finger found her clit, circling and stroking, making Gwen put a hand on the warm tile in front of her to steady herself. The finger continued down her cleft to her opening and pushed its way in while the heel of the palm rocked gently against her button. Lips, tongue and hands combined to create a powerful orgasm, and she fought to remain standing as her knees threatened to give way. Natalie helped, an arm moving to hug the spasming body to her in support. She held on until the twitches and tremors subsided and Gwen's breathing normalized. "Lots of slips, trips and falls in the bathroom," she murmured in the recovering woman's ear. "Gotta be careful." Gwen was freed from her grasp as the supporting arm moved to shut off the water. Natalie opened the door and reached for her towel.

"Don't you want to...?"

"After watching you cum like that? Hell, yeah. I've got an itch for a cock inside me, though. Can I borrow one of your dildos?"

"Uhh, sure, of course."

The two women hurriedly dried themselves and each other. Natalie led the way to the bedroom, flopping on the bed with a contented groan and slouching against the headboard as her sister-in-law opened the nightstand.

"Would you like a vibrator too?" Gwen asked as she handed over the black rubber cudgel.

"Yeah, that would be nice."

Natalie idly teased her clit while the Magic Wand was plugged in and put within reach. "This won't take long," she said as Gwen climbed on the bed, "but I'd love it if you went down on me for a little bit first." The reclining woman spread her legs wider in invitation.

Gwen was a little surprised by the bluntness of the request but kneeled between the open thighs and bent to gently kiss the florid lips at their junction. She worked delicately at first, separating the inner folds from the outer swell with the tip of her tongue, alternating between teases of the opening below and the hooded button above. Miss Ritter had never cared much for this gentle teasing, demanding her young student take a much firmer approach, but Natalie seemed to enjoy it as Gwen's tongue and lips continued their dance, the strokes and kisses becoming more insistent on the most sensitive parts.

Natalie fondled her breasts and sighed contentedly. "You really have a talent for that, you know. Some day you and I are going to have to have a marathon pussy-eating session to see who cries uncle first. But..." She gently took the face between her legs into her hands and brought the body back up to a kneeling position. "I have to get to work and I have an urge for a cock." With a playful smile, she dipped a pair of fingers deep inside her and painted Gwen's cheek with the wetness they had retrieved, then repeated the motion with the other hand. "Let's see if Tim approves of the bewitching fragrance from the House of Natalie." The splayed woman reached for the dildo and handed it to her sister-in-law. "Mind playing tall, dark and hung for a little bit?"

Gwen looked at her, momentarily confused. "I'm not sure what you mean?"

Natalie smiled again. "Use it on me while I close my eyes and make believe it's attached to some young hot stud. A stud who vibrates." She lifted an eyebrow and grabbed the Magic Wand.

"I'm not sure how you mean..."

"Put it in and fuck me with it like Tim fucks you with his. Okay?" Gwen got it now and nodded.

Natalie closed her eyes and turned on the vibrator, and Gwen took this as her sign to begin. She nestled the dark tip in her sister-in-law's folds and pushed, watching in fascination as her sex opened to accept the invader. The blonde moaned softly and her hips twitched at the sensory assault of both dildo and vibrator. "Harder," she called out after only a few soft strokes of the length inside of her. "Fuck me harder." Gwen did her best to mimic Tim's thrusting as Natalie's orgasm began to rise, remembering how she loved to feel Tim "digging in and driving" as his orgasm drew near. She was beginning to worry about the force of her thrusts when her sister-in-law stiffened and climaxed with a long, low, wail.

"Damn, that was good!" Natalie exclaimed, looking through heavy-lidded eyes at the woman between her legs. I loved how hard you were ramming that thing in at the end—just like a real stud! We're gonna have to get you a strap-on...Jeez, look at the time—gonna be late. Sorry to come and run, but I gotta go." She rolled into a sitting position and gave Gwen a quick peck on the lips before hurrying to her duffle bag. Gwen watched with amusement and admiration the force-of-nature that was Natalie as she dressed, choosing to stay nude herself even as she escorted her sister-in-law to the door.

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Tim was not even aware he had picked up Natalie's scent on his wife after he arrived home that evening. It was his subconscious that alerted his brain to the presence of another woman's pheromones on Gwen's cheeks, and his desire to reclaim her was quick to follow.

His plans for his wife's ravishment had to wait until the crews had gone home, and then later still as Alison stopped by after work to meet the new arrival. She enthusiastically approved of Marvin before spending time with Dancer to ward off any budding jealousy. Tim enjoyed his daughter's visit, biding his time until her departure, and was quick to suggest an early bedtime to Gwen as they were crossing the yard from the barn while their daughter drove off. Despite his need, he took his time with his wife's pleasure, his tongue work maddeningly deliberate as he brought her close to climax, her Magic Wand finally finishing the job as his fingers filled her. She shuddered through her orgasm and he patiently waited while she recovered, giving her plenty of time to catch her breath and regain her senses.

Gwen was still reveling in the aftereffects of her heady euphoria when Tim firmly guided her onto all fours and shuffled behind her, admiring the view and planting a kiss on each presented cheek before he inserted himself.

She loved the feeling of being taken in this submissive pose, like a brood mare standing for a stallion. Tim was playing his part of stud well, exhibiting his complete control of the situation and his wife without being rough. Time and again he pushed deeply into her then withdrew for another plunge while strong hands held her in place against the onslaught.

The thrusts made her breasts quiver beneath her, and she imagined Natalie's swinging and swaying wildly when she was taken this way. Ali's would probably behave much the same as her mother's...she imagined her daughter on all fours before Jason, guessing the young man would not be as gentle on her other opening has he had been on her bottom in the video. Cricket's breasts are a lot like mine, Gwen thought, and the mental image switched to the young woman in the same position she was in now, a strange man not unlike a younger Tim kneeling behind her.

"Coming—" Tim announced as his thrusting picked up in speed and force. Gwen braced herself for his last effort to bury himself as deeply as possible, her fingers grasping the bunched-up bedspread for better leverage against the powerful body behind her.

His length slipped from her as he withdrew a bit too far, and the subsequent thrust pushed the slick cudgel up between her cheeks. Gwen assumed he had missed his mark in his urgency and waited for him to correct, but the next two pushes left no doubt he had intended this change of plans. His cock bumped and slid over her rosebud, teasing it, as his hips continued to piston.

A loud grunt preceded the first splatter of his ejaculation between her shoulder blades. Tim pulled her to him, trapping his shaft between the globes of her ass, the spurting head still free to shower her back. Gwen held her pose to the last, taking her husband's eventual collapse next to her as her permission to move. She lay next to him and the couple held each other while he recovered.

Tim began to close the house down for the evening once they had stirred while Gwen went out for one last check on the horses. Despite the chill in the air, and she wore nothing more than a t-shirt and muck boots as she crossed the yard. Gwen could feel her cheeks sliding by each other as she walked, the slickness that Tim had left there before the orgasm drying on her back. She stopped just inside of the barn and reached under her shirt, intending to wipe away what he had left on between her globes, instead just using a finger to further spread his lubrication around her crinkled opening. The Slut dared her to go further. She only thought about it a second before sliding her finger in and shivered in wicked delight at the vague sense of fullness, noting the lack of pain or discomfort as her puckered ring captured and grasped the digit. The Lady urgently reminded her she was outside, with her finger up her rear, where anyone could see. Wouldn't that make a lasting impression! Gwen smiled and shook her head at her behavior, then made one last walk down the center of the barn before turning off the lights for the night.

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Cricket arrived just as the sun was peeking over the trees the next morning. The Nelsons stood in the kitchen watching the car pull up, Gwen nude underneath her loosely-tied robe and Tim without any cover at all. "Guess I oughtta get dressed," he grumbled and shuffled off to the bedroom. Gwen decided her robe was sufficient and watched the young woman head for the barn after getting out of the car to say hello to Marvin before coming over to the house to announce her arrival.

Tim returned to the kitchen dressed in jeans and a t-shirt as the women were still saying their good mornings and sat down to put on the work boots he had picked up from near the door. "Ladies, enjoy your ride. On behalf of the horses, I hope you tire out before they do," he said as he laced up and stood to kiss Gwen. "Give me a call if you need me to pick anything up on the way home." He smiled and nodded to Cricket on his way out the door.

"Tim's going over to his friend's house to help install an irrigation line," Gwen offered as the sound of his boots thudding across the deck stopped when he reached the grass. "Let me get dressed and we can go do chores together. Come on," she called out over her shoulder as she started down the hall, "we can talk while I get dressed."

Despite their intimacy the weekend before, Cricket was a little surprised to see Gwen casually remove the robe and carefully hang it before beginning to select her clothes. The young woman thought to avert her eyes or turn away out of respect for her host's modesty, but decided that Gwen would have invited her into the room if she hadn't wished to be seen like this. Besides, she had to admit she was enjoying the view...she admired the older woman's self-confidence. With a body like that, why wouldn't she be?

Once out in the barn, Gwen could tell the chores were in the way of Cricket's urgent desire to be on the back of her horse. Still, she grimly stuck to her tasks, completing each one with her normal attention to detail before finally hurrying to saddle Marvin. She was first out of the barn, and Gwen stopped her own efforts to watch them take a turn in the field. They moved as one, human and horse perfectly in tune with each other, Marvin reacting a split second before the almost imperceptible twitch of the rein or a barely discernible tap of heel to flank. Both rider and mount projected an aura of complete confidence and trust.

They rode until nearly noon, only returning to the barn when Marvin began to show signs of fatigue after his lengthy period of relative inactivity. "Lunch and then take the other two out for a ride?" Gwen suggested as their mounts were turned loose in the paddock. "Or will Marvin get jealous if you take Tigger out?"

"If he is, he'll have to live with it," Cricket laughed. "Personally, I think he'll appreciate the rest. He's fat and out of shape, just like me."

"He's not fat, and neither are you," Gwen protested. "As far as out of shape, you seem to be holding up better than the first time you rode."

Cricket put her hand to the back of her neck. "Still get sore too easily, though."

"Maybe you should get in the hot tub after lunch."

"That's not a bad idea...I will if you will."

The women took their time with the meal and clean up afterward. "I'm going to go get changed," Cricket announced with a smile as she put her glass in the dishwasher. "I remembered to pack it."

"Pack what?"

"My suit. Won't Tim be home soon?"

Gwen smiled. "If my guess is right, he and his friends will work on the irrigation system until they get hungry, then they'll eat, then they'll stand around talking about the irrigation system for another hour or so, and then they'll work on whatever car or boat that is nearby for another couple of hours. We'll see him when he gets hungry again about dinner-time. But if you would be more comfortable wearing your suit, then by all means please do."

Cricket smiled. "Are you wearing one?"

"I don't like the way a wet suit feels after I get out."

"Maybe I'll just take mine off once we get up there."

"Whatever you think is best." The young woman headed to the guest room while Gwen pulled towels from the closet and stripped down.

Cricket emerged wearing a modest one-piece, taking the towel her host offered and noting she had not been kidding about foregoing her own swimwear. "Are you sure Tim won't be home for a while?"

"Pretty sure, yes."

Cricket hesitated, thinking, then pushed the suit down and stepped out of it. "Maybe I'll just take it with me." She looked about nervously as the two women made their way up the hill, the cool breeze working in concert with the excitement of her brazen display to harden her nipples. Gwen's, too, pointed the way. She relaxed a little after they had reached the pool deck, confident they could not be seen from the yard at least, but still listened intently for vehicles.

The women settled into the hot water, Cricket flexing her neck and shoulders in an effort to loosen them as the heat began to soak into sore muscles.

"Want me to rub your shoulders for you?"

The young woman's eyes opened and she focused on the face across from her, the rest of Gwen's body under the surface of the swirling water's. "You don't mind?"

The older woman shifted, opening her legs to give her room to sit between them. "Come on over."

Gwen began to gently knead after the young woman had settled herself. "Let me know if I'm digging too deep."

"No-ahhh—that's fine, just like that."

Cricket flexed her neck from side to side, encouraging the working hands into the spots that needed it the most. "Gwen?"

"Hmm?"

"You and your friend... the one that you told me about last weekend... how often do you get together?"

"It depends on our schedules."

Cricket was quiet a moment, letting Gwen's fingers work into her muscles. "Do you, umm, do what you were telling me about every time you get together?"

"Not every time, no..." Thank God for family dinners, the Lady lamented. Not much chance for you two to sneak off and fornicate at those.

"Is it like, once a month? Once a year?"

"It's whenever we both feel the urge, why?"

"Just wondering what's appropriate, is all," she mumbled.

"Whatever you and the person you're with decide is what's appropriate. Are you, ummm, feeling an urge?"

"Maybe...but it's not too soon, right?" she hurriedly added.

"This isn't the sort of thing that you schedule. When you both feel like it, then..."

Cricket was silent for a moment, her back gently rubbing against the older woman's breasts. "Do you, umm...feel like it?"

Gwen let a hand slip off the young woman's shoulder and on to the skin above the swell of her breasts. Cricket responded by pushing back and snuggling back into the older woman's body. "I love the feeling of a body against mine. Now I know what I was missing."

"It's nice," Gwen agreed, cradling the woman while her hands began to move again. Cricket's legs opened in anticipation as a hand made its way down her stomach. A finger absentmindedly teased and stroked her slit while the two women soaked up the water's heat and a hand casually pet her stomach and breasts. Cricket's relished the touches, her eyes closed not from relaxation as much as pleasure. She was disappointed when the hand and finger abruptly withdrew. "C'mon," Gwen murmured in her ear, "I'm getting hot in here. Let's go down to the house."

"Uhh—okay." Cricket reluctantly stood and climbed out of the tub, Gwen right behind her. The young woman took her cue from her host and didn't bother to wrap herself in her towel as they went down the hill, very aware of the possibility that someone might choose that moment to come up the driveway.

Gwen led the way through the kitchen and into the bedroom. The older woman went to her side of the bed and opened the nightstand. "I keep my things in here," she said, lifting a dildo out. "If you ever need to borrow them when you're here, feel free to just come in and get them." She patted the bed. "Come on. Lie down for a bit."

"Are you sure Tim won't be home soon? I mean, it IS his bed...he might not appreciate finding me in it."

"Oh, I doubt he minds. I'm pretty sure he won't be back until dinner," Gwen replied, moving to her side of the bed. "If he does come back, we'll hear his truck. You can take some toys back to your room and finish whatever we started in privacy."

"But what about you?"

Gwen hesitated. "I'll be fine. I really shouldn't be telling you this, but when Tim and I have a private moment together, he'll want to know how we spent the day, and...well, frankly, he'll need some attention after, if you know what I mean, so I'm sure I'll get some attention from him, too."

Cricket blushed and smiled. "Got it. I can't believe this has that kind of effect on him, but I've got it. Just tell me to get lost when you get ready to tell him. I can go out to the barn and give you two some privacy."

"There's no need to do that! I promise we'll be discrete, maybe after we've all gone to bed. Just understand the bedroom door may be closed for a reason." Gwen lay down and patted the bed. Cricket joined her, tentatively reaching out to the nude body next to her.

Gwen kissed her gently, each enjoying the warmth and softness of the other's lips before the older woman began to make her way down the young woman's body. She gasped as a tongue bathed and teased each nipple in turn, then felt it tracing a line down her stomach, over her navel. She risked a look down her body when the lips were removed from her skin.

"Cricket?"

"Huh?"

"Have you ever been kissed," Gwen ran a finger up between the young woman's thighs, "down here before?"

Her eyes widened a bit in surprise. "Well, once, the uhh, second guy I was with in college, he, uhh, did it for a minute but it think he was in a hurry and it seemed just wet and sloppy and I didn't get what the big deal was."

"May I try? You can tell me to stop if you don't like it."

Cricket slowly opened her legs in invitation. "Uhh, okay."

Gwen resumed her trip down, skimming the silky patch of smooth pubic hair before lightly kissing the insides of her open thighs. Gwen studied the sex being presented to her, the lack of flowering labial lips so much like her own and so unlike Natalie's wild landscape. The Lady was disgusted she could find beauty in a part of the body so ugly it was required to be hidden away, but Gwen thought it truly lovely in its own way. She planted another gentle kiss where the young woman's clitoris lay tucked underneath. Her tongue followed the paths that she knew Natalie enjoyed, that she herself enjoyed, swirling and teasing, driving the young woman wild with her patient efforts. Cricket's sighs and moans made it clear she had no intention of asking her to stop.

Gwen raised her head and looked back, the young woman's expression one of bliss. "Do me a favor?"

"Anything," she answered, her eyes only half-open.

"I'd like to watch you finish. Can you do that for me?" She didn't wait for answer, instead scrambling over the nude body and pulling out a dildo and the Magic Wand.

"O-okay. I've never done that in front of anyone before, though. I'm not sure I'll be able to finish."

"Give it a try." Gwen settled herself next to the young woman and began stroking her breasts and stomach. Cricket closed her eyes, picked up the faux penis, and began to slowly feed it into herself, only reaching for the vibrator after it could be inserted no further. It hummed to life and was gently lowered to her mound, her hips twitching involuntarily at the contact. Despite her worries, the perversity of being on display off began to have an effect and she was soon intently working the dildo and vibrator. Gwen's hand continued to gently caress hard nipples while she bent to kiss the mouth now open in a perpetual gasp.

Soft high-pitched squeaks and chirps mixed with moans escaped from the masturbating woman, her muscles beginning to constrict as she brought herself closer to release. "Come for me," Gwen asked, sensing how close she was, remembering how it had excited her when Natalie said the same words. "I want to see you come." Cricket obliged her a moment later. She returned the favor after she had recovered, finding her first taste of another woman not at all unpleasant, and watched with great interest as Gwen's labial lips parted to accept the cock that had just been removed from between her own.

Three different people between your legs in less than twenty-four hours, the Lady sneered as the two women made their way back on to the trail with fresh horses. You should be ashamed of yourself. What would your mother think if she knew you were sleeping around?

The Slut felt no need to add a counterpoint this time. Gwen was not ashamed. She reveled in the physical and emotional satisfaction of her friendships with Natalie and Cricket, and something different, deeper and stronger, in her commitment to Tim. The sex was certainly nice; the trust and caring that was a part of the physical release was something more.

As for her mother...Gwen was proud of Ali and KD for having the confidence to discover and express their sexuality so early in their life despite their upbringing, and only regretted not being there to help and nurture them. Knowing of their sexual needs and desires, she still loved her daughters unconditionally and was glad they were happy; if Irene Curran could not feel the same for her own daughter, it still would not be enough to stop Gwen from continuing to make up for the lost years. She had other friends and family to help fulfill her emotional and physical needs.

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Tim fulfilled Gwen's prediction a few hours later, showing up just in time for dinner, shortly after the riders had returned home. She was also correct that Tim found their day very interesting as she told him about it at bedtime, and while she tried to keep their lovemaking quiet as promised, it was not enough to prevent Cricket from hearing them make love as she listened intently from the other side of the closed door.