**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 10**

Pay attention to your driving, the Lady reminded her yet again, and again she was successful for only a short time before her thoughts returned to where she had just come from, and what had been discussed...  
  
Proposition. Her hostess had said the word in a way that made it sound harmless, even a little exciting, but Gwen's ingrained sense of caution rose to squash those notions. "A proposition?" She had asked the other rider.  
  
Mrs. Danning smiled. "Yes, a proposition. You may or may not be aware, but in addition to horses I have a passion for good photography. I'm especially pleased when those interests are come together.  
  
I'm having my private quarters at the farm in Kentucky renovated and I need something nice for the walls of my bedroom. I've commissioned Danilo Castigalli to produce some pieces for me. So you know him?"  
  
Gwen thought for a moment. "The name sounds familiar..."  
  
"He's a frequent contributor to many of the equestrian magazines and is considered a rising star in the art world. I've had a particular project in mind for a while—I've known the horse I wanted for this for some time, but could never find the right rider. Until now."  
  
Gwen's eyes widened in surprise as her confusion became understanding, then denial. "You don't mean me?"  
  
Sylvia laughed. "Yes, you. Your form is impeccable, yet not forced—it all comes very naturally to you and that's the look I want. You have a certain aura about you Gwen—how do I put it-confident experience in a wrapper of mature beauty. Of course, Else's glowing evaluation of you-" She's using the term glowing very liberally, Gwen thought, Else Ritter never "glowed"—"helped plant the seed. I was intrigued by the respect and wanted to see for myself. This afternoon was sort of an audition, one that you passed quite nicely. You're exactly what I want for this."  
  
"But I'm not a model—"  
  
"You were a few weeks ago," Mrs. Danning laughed. "As I said, there's a confident beauty to you, whether you're in breeches or bare-ass naked." She paused for a moment before continuing. "The air of, how should I put it, arrogance without conceit you maintained while flashing your naughty bits to complete strangers was impressive. It was almost as if you were daring people to look. That's the attitude I want for this project."  
  
"I don't understand?"  
  
"Gwen, I've got in mind something that requires a true equestrienne, a rider so good and so composed that she continues to shine even without, umm, distractions like a starched shirt or pressed morning coat."  
  
Well now she's just making no sense whatsoever, the Lady opined. "I'm sorry, I still don't understand?"  
  
Mrs. Danning smiled. "To put it bluntly, this photo shoot will require some nudity-tastefully done, of course, artistic, not pornography, it will be on the walls of one of my homes after all—but the rider I've been looking for would project the same air of self-confidence and control whether she's dressed or not. I've seen you both ways, and I think you'll do just fine."  
  
Gwen blushed and shook her head. "I'm flattered, I think, thank you, but I couldn't... I'm a married woman with two daughters. What would the people my husband and I do business with think if they saw me like that? What would my family think?"  
  
Mrs. Danning smiled. "These won't be going in Horse and Rider, Gwen. As I said, my bedroom only, out of the public eye."  
  
"But you could always change your mind about that..."  
  
"Only with your permission. My personal collection only unless you say otherwise. The modeling contract you'll be signing is very clear on that."  
  
Gwen hesitated, somewhat irritated the woman seemed to be assuming her consent was a given. "Again, I'm flattered, but really, I couldn't—"  
  
"I would compensate you very well...certainly much more than you made for that few hours in my home."  
  
"It's not about the money," Gwen protested softly.  
  
"So why did you model for us a few weeks ago? My guests and I saw everything you had to offer then...weren't you afraid someone might find out?"  
  
The question made Gwen pause momentarily, her mouth agape while she grasped for a suitable answer. "A little," she admitted, unwilling to reveal the danger had also been a thrill. "I did it because I was asked to," she finally answered. "It was, I don't know, it felt like a challenge, or a dare? Whatever the reason, it was a foolish thing to do and I don't exactly know why I said yes. I'm not sure what else to say."  
  
"Say yes again," Mrs. Danning quickly replied. "I think you enjoy challenges, Gwen. Things that break up the routine, that push on your comfort zone. Like picking a strange, spirited horse to ride...or strutting around naked in front of a bunch of rich bitches. Just think of this as another challenge. I dare you. Tell you what," she continued, spurring her horse into a walk. "Think it over. I'll give you Rae's number, if you have any questions, call. Otherwise I'll assume it's a yes and have her call you sometime next week to make further arrangements."  
  
"Mrs. Danning, I—"  
  
The older woman glanced back over her shoulder at the rider hurrying to catch up. "Sylvia. While I occasionally will take no for an answer, once I set my mind on something I try very hard not to. Tell me what you'll require and we'll see if we can't come to an agreement."  
  
Despite her protestations, Gwen had promised to at least think about it, and pondered the woman's words all the way home. The Lady was adamant the offer be rejected—politely, of course, one could not risk offending a woman such as Sylvia Danning—and it certainly seemed the smart, safe thing to do, but the Slut continued to press for an exploration of the possibilities. She pulled over at one point to call Natalie and seek her advice, hopeful and fairly certain what it would be, the Lady thankful she got voicemail instead.  
  
Tim had dinner waiting when she arrived home. "How'd it go?" he asked, stirring a pot he had set to warm some time ago.  
  
"Good, okay," she said distractedly, grateful to be relieved of the cooking duties.  
  
"Yeah?" he asked, putting plates on the table. "No surprises?"  
  
"One..."  
  
"Uh-oh. Nothing bad, I hope." They sat, Tim now showing some concern.  
  
"No, nothing bad really, just...did you know Sylvia Danning likes photography?"  
  
"You mean taking pictures?"  
  
"No, collecting it. She commissions photographers to add to her collection and wants to have some of one of her horses taken."  
  
Tim waited patiently for more details, a confused smile on his face. "And, that concerns you how?"  
  
"She wants a rider as well for some she's having taken. Me."  
  
His smile widened. "Wow! That's an honor, right?"  
  
Gwen shook her head irritably. "It's not like that. She wants someone who will, well..." her voiced trail off and she hesitated. "I was at her house that night...she wants someone who will pose without their clothes on. Mrs. Danning said it would be artistic, not pornography," she hurriedly added, "and that they'd be part of her private collection, for her farm in Kentucky, but still..."  
  
The smile on her husband's face did not slacken. "Didn't think I ever saw anything like that in one of your magazines. Gonna do it?"  
  
"No!" The Lady answered for her. "What if somebody saw them?"  
  
"Sounds like they're going on the wall of her house? Do you know many people who spend time at one of the Danning estates?"  
  
"No, at least not that I know of..."  
  
"Then the chances of somebody you know seeing them are pretty low. And even if they did, what are they gonna say—hey, one of the richest women in the country has some pictures of you? So it sounds like you told her no?"  
  
Gwen pushed a green bean around her plate, avoiding eye contact. "I told her I'd think about it.  
  
"If you didn't say no right off, you must at least have some interest. You should do it."  
  
"You can't be serious!" Please be serious, The Slut hoped. "That's easy for you to say. What if someone wanted to take pictures of you naked?"  
  
"I'd check to make sure they weren't blind and hadn't been drinking, then I'd be flattered as hell," he said with a laugh. "Besides, we've both let other people see us without our clothes on, and Cricket's seen a lot more than that..." Tim knew he would not have pressed a matter like this with the old Gwen, not that it ever would have come up—pushing her past her restrictive bounds had always been a recipe for disaster and he had learned to avoid it early on in their relationship. But he sensed something different this time, like she wanted the push. "You posed for me in front of a stranger...think you'd get a set to keep? I'd love to see what naked horseback riding looks like."  
  
"It will probably look ridiculous, and I'm sure it will feel uncomfortable," she mused sourly. "Sweaty skin on leather? I'll probably end up sticking to the saddle and getting rashes. Maybe they'll just have me on a blanket instead, or bareback...been a while since I rode that way."  
  
"My favorite way to ride," Tim replied, a sly smile spreading across his face as he studied his own meal.  
  
"You're terrible," she scolded, but enthusiastically encouraged him to mount her and show off his skills at bedtime that evening.  
  
Cricket arrived mid-afternoon the next day. She had come with some trepidation and had even briefly considered avoiding an overnight stay as a means of preventing a recurrence of the events of her previous visit. Normal people did not watch other people have sex, and normal people did not want to be seen! But Tim and Gwen seemed so normal—and nice—in every other way, and the little kink they shared was not enough of a reason to end a friendship she so needed and valued. If her watching gave them a thrill, she reasoned, then it was the least she could do given all they had done for her. As for herself, she knew she wanted to believe she was otherwise normal to the point of bland, nearly invisible to the rest of the world, so perhaps this one descent into perversion could be forgiven and occasionally overlooked. She hoped her deviant private side could successfully coexist with her stable, no-nonsense public persona, although she worried what would happen if the private side ever took control.  
  
The conflict was surprisingly easy to put aside during her nightly masturbation sessions, however. The memories of what she had seen and done transformed into elaborate fantasies, ones where she brimmed with sexual confidence bordering on arrogance, ones where she boldly pushed the door open and joined the naked bodies on the bed to pleasure and be pleasured in a variety of ways, some most likely questionable or even physically impossible in real-life.  
  
The lateness of her arrival and the unseasonably cold, misty weather had made even a short ride an unappealing prospect, and the women spent a couple of hours together polishing leather and steel instead. Gwen debated telling her young friend about her ride the day before but decided she was not yet ready to share what she had been offered, or admit that her resolve to decline was steadily weakening.  
  
Their casual conversation fell silent at the sound of Tim's boots shuffling into the barn. "You guys hungry?" he asked, poking his head around the side of the open stall doorway.  
  
The women looked at each other. "I could eat," Gwen finally volunteered. "Let me go see what we have in the fridge."  
  
"How about a pizza at Granato's?" Tim suggested.  
  
"Do you want to go get it while we set the table?"  
  
"Nah, let's go there and eat. Give the regulars something to talk about, how I came in with a beautiful woman on each arm."  
  
Gwen smiled. "Do we have time to clean up?"  
  
"I'm in no hurry."  
  
Tim was the first to be ready, the fact that Gwen had left their bedroom door wide open while they changed not lost on him. He also noted Cricket's mostly open door as he made his way back up the hall, only a small portion of her room still obscured from view. Unfortunately, it was the part she had chosen to dress in, and he shook his head and smiled. Maybe next time.  
  
They were in no hurry at the restaurant either, the women each sipping their way through two glasses of wine while Tim stopped after two beers. Stomachs full and the edges softened by the alcohol, they made their way out of the warm restaurant, into the chill damp evening and back to the house.  
  
"Might be a good night for a hot tub before bed," Gwen suggested as they entered the kitchen, the others agreeing with a mixture of nervousness and excitement. She pulled out a bottle of wine and two glasses and set them on the table before disappearing down the hallway. She returned a short time later, nude and carrying three towels, putting two on the table and slinging one over her shoulder.  
  
"Be right back," Cricket chirped softly and headed to her room. Tim glanced at Gwen, then followed the young woman at a respectful distance. He cursed himself after shedding his clothes, realizing he had forgotten to take a towel from the table to wrap about his midsection. He thought about retrieving another one from the bathroom, but decided their houseguest was soon going to see him in all his glory anyways, Still, he hurried down the hall in the hopes he might get to the kitchen and his covering before she did.  
  
The young woman was already in the hallway when he exited the bedroom, likely having the same thought of arriving first as she had forgotten to grab something to wrap herself in as well. His cock instinctually twitched at the subconscious initiation being sent by her swaying hips and the tight little bottom. Down boy, he pleaded with his alert member. Save it for the other naked woman.  
  
Cricket had grabbed a towel but not yet wrapped it around her body when he turned the corner. The young woman's eyes glanced at his to acknowledge his arrival then looked down to break the stare, reflexively stopping at his midsection. They lingered for only a second before being averted altogether to help wrap the fabric she held around her body. Tim hesitated before reaching for his, her bare thigh partially blocking his path to it. He stepped forward, clearing his throat to announce his honest intention, and Cricket again looked down as he stepped towards her, his swinging penis just inches from brushing against her flank as he reached. She hurriedly stepped aside and finished the job of covering herself.  
  
Tim carried their drinks and trailed the women up to the pool. Gwen still carried her towel rather than wearing it and the damp night air made her shiver as she hurried to the tub's edge and the steam rising from it. Cricket was next, quickly dropping her towel and sliding into the water, but not before Tim caught a glimpse of her pert breasts and triangle of thatch between her legs. He poured and set down their wine beside each of them, the light from the bottom of the tub and the agitated water combining to tease him as to what lay beneath its surface. Tim grabbed his beer and walked around the circular edge to an open seat.  
  
He dropped his towel and Cricket looked up at him as he stood across from her. That's what a man should look like, she thought, rougher, more angular and muscular than her own, and much more hairy ... and that thing between his legs...a pink mushroom-capped length hanging loosely over a sack being weighed down by the balls inside, nestled in a thick brown patch of wiry curls. It certainly didn't look small, despite the evening's chill and what Gwen had said about the cold's effects. She stared at the flaccid length, briefly imagining it in a different, more menacing state. The male form in general, and Tim in particular, was very easy to look at, she acknowledged. Her private time with Gwen was certainly both erotic and enjoyable, but to have something like that pressing down on her...your friend's husband, she scolded herself, and looked away. Too much wine. Be careful.  
  
Tim noticed where the young woman's attention was focused as he looked down to find the first step and again felt first pulse of his shaft awakening. He dropped into the steaming water, silently cursing the sudden heat on his tender sac, then sat to hide it all between his thighs until his excitement passed. There were occasional heavy-lidded glances but not much talk, the warmth, alcohol and drone of the pump filter lulling them into a state of relaxed well-being.  
  
"I'm getting out before I fall asleep and drown," Gwen finally announced, standing and turning to step out. Tim did the same, and Cricket watched his glistening body emerge just a couple of feet away, his penis streaming water like some alien sea creature as it broke the surface. She held her breath, looking on as his muscular legs and ass propelled him up and out on to the damp concrete.  
  
Tim tried to not be so obvious as he snuck his own peek when the young woman rose. Her ex must be an idiot or gay, he thought, not to have been fucking that long and often. Small and delicately featured, probably hiding a willingness to take—and enjoy-a pounding. Just like Gwen. He turned away and dried himself before his cock could betray him.  
  
The women wrapped themselves with their towels for warmth, Tim for modesty, and made their way down to the house. Gwen disappeared into the bedroom, returning a moment later in her robe. "I think I'd like a little more wine and some TV before bed," she announced, pouring a glass and moving to the living room. Cricket and Tim joined her after they had dressed, her husband now in shorts and a t-shirt, her young friend in a thigh-length nightgown. They sat and watched in silence, Gwen and Tim in their easy chairs, the young woman on the couch with her legs folded modestly underneath her.  
  
"Long day," Cricket finally announced as she stood after the news, the stretch that accompanied her yawn pulling her cover up to just below her crotch. "If you'll excuse me, I should probably go to bed."  
  
"Sleep well," Gwen told her, rising to give her a peck on the lips. "You know where everything is-help yourself."  
  
"G'night," Tim said as the young woman made her way by his recliner and towards her room.  
  
"G'night." She stopped next to his chair, hesitated, and impulsively bent to kiss the top of his head.  
  
Tim smiled and shrugged at his wife as her friend continued on past him. "You going to bed, too?"  
  
Gwen watched Cricket disappear down the hallway, then turned off the TV and moved to his chair. "In a little bit," she replied, settling herself across his lap, her arms loosely around his neck. "Am I too heavy?"  
  
"Light as a feather." Another day, another surprise, he thought with amusement. He couldn't ever remember her sitting on his lap before. The lips that found his soon had his complete attention.  
  
Tim's hand had no problem undoing her carelessly tied sash, flipping back the robe's edge and caressing bare skin when he met no resistance to his advance. He teased, fingers running up to the side of her breast then down to the turn of her hip and down her inner thigh, drawing close to her sensitive nipples and mons with each pass but never quite getting there. Gwen shifted to prop one foot against the chair's arm and parted her legs after one such approach that was stopped by her pressed-together thighs. Tim was grateful for her movement; while she was light, the pressure of her body on his cock was making its attempt to uncoil difficult.

He took Gwen's implied invitation and slid his hand between her thighs on the next pass, index and middle finger parting slightly to caress her lips as they continued down. His index finger shifted on the way back up and dragged through her wet furrow and across a clit aching for his touch.  
  
"Oh," she gasped softly in his ear.  
  
Cricket had shed her gown and lay back on the bed in her darkened room, the door left open to better hear the couple heading for their bedroom. The sound of the TV coming from the living room had ceased, they're probably just taking care of a few things before bed, she thought, and opened her legs to allow her fingers to idly play while she waited for them to pass and hopefully, the show to begin.  
  
The young woman soon realized that the house had gone quiet—no pots and pans being put away, no doors being opened and closed, just silence, and she wondered if they had somehow gotten by her without being heard. Her patience lasted a moment longer before her arousal and curiosity won out. She rolled off the bed and crept to the door after tossing her nightgown back over her head, cautiously poking her head into the hallway. A look left confirmed Tim and Gwen's open door, the room dark. There was still enough light coming down the hallway from the living room to see the bed was empty. She glanced right and waited, listening for their approach. Still there was no sign of them, and Cricket crept towards the light.  
  
She stopped just short of the open room at the end of the hall. Her curiosity pushed her to bend forward, just far enough to get a quick look around the corner, catching a glimpse of the back and side of Tim's easy chair and the top of his head above the cushion. She saw Gwen too, sitting on him, her face visible above the back of the chair and one leg extended over the side while the other bent at the knee, foot propped against the arm. Her eyes were closed as she kissed his neck and the young woman risked another step forward, hopeful the couple would be too caught up in their makeout session to notice her, ready to retreat when they took it to the comfort of their bed.  
  
"Oh," Gwen gasped softly, and Cricket's arousal flared with the obvious pleasure and passion in that simple little sound. The surge through her body made her slow to react when her friend's eyes, heavy-lidded and full of lust, slowly opened. The young voyeur froze as their eyes locked, common sense and good manners telling her to run for her bedroom, the smile that slowly spread across her friend's face taken as an invitation to stay. Gwen's eyes closed again, the motion of Tim's arm and Gwen's reaction a good clue as to where his hand was.  
  
Cricket crept as close as she dared while still leaving time to retreat before Tim could see her should he decide to get up and take what she was certain he was going to get. It was Gwen who finally untangled herself, however, giving her audience another smile before getting to her feet and standing in front of her husband. Cricket began to back away, ready to give them space to get to their room and maybe follow along behind after they had settled themselves, but the older woman had other ideas. Gwen slipped the open robe from her body, now naked to both her husband and her friend, then bent over Tim. Cricket was sure from the tugging motion that his shorts were being removed and the blue fabric carelessly tossed to the side was her confirmation. The chair blocked her view of what the shorts had covered, and she cursed her luck.  
  
Gwen sank to her knees, her head and upper body disappearing from view as she bent forward to drag her tongue up his length. Tim groaned and grabbed the chair's arm in response. The young woman behind him considered moving to a better vantage point but held back. The nerve and courage imagined in her fantasies to so boldly satisfy her voyeuristic urges evaporated, not yet brave enough to show him what her own hand was now doing under her gown.  
  
Gwen didn't spend long on her knees; just enough to put the finishing touches on her husband's readiness. She rose and straddled Tim's thighs, shuffling forward while pushing on his chest to recline him a little further. Looking down between them, Gwen grabbed his cock, aimed, and sank down. Her eyes, filled with lust and pleasure, again found her friend's and her satisfied smile conveyed the deep satisfaction of being filled so completely. Cricket smiled back in encouragement, and her friend's eyes again closed as her hips began to rock against the body beneath her. Tim's head was pulled to her breast, and the young woman could see the firm mound flatten against his lips as he hungrily sucked and tongued her areola. Rough hands grabbed her ass but he left the pace and tempo of their fucking to the woman impaled on him. Gwen's hips twitched and bucked as she fought to maintain the pressure his pubic bone was putting on her clit.  
  
The two bodies ground against each other, low masculine grunts following some of Gwen's efforts to bury him further, soft gasps and whines coming from the woman riding him. Gwen's eyes again opened, focused on her watching friend, then closed as a soft whimper escaped her lips. "Right there, Tim," she breathed. "Right there. I'm...I'm...I'm—" Cricket watched her body go rigid, a sight she had come to know well, and wondered if an orgasm felt different when being caused by the touch of a man. She imagined her friend's convulsions looked more pronounced, more violent...but it could have been from the cock that was now thrusting up into her.  
  
Gwen held her husband's head to her chest as she came down off her high, trapping him against her breast while he debated how long he could go without breathing. Suffocated by my wife tits, he thought wryly. That's something even Charlie would be impressed with if he didn't think it was a bullshit story. She relaxed her grip enough for his nostrils to draw a little air, smiling at Cricket before looking down at the face buried in her chest. "Are you close?"  
  
"Move a muscle and you'll find out," came the muffled reply.  
  
She straightened a bit at the waist, hands on his chest, letting him take control. Despite his warning it took more than one stroke, but it was less than twenty, each one hard enough to elicit a small gasp from his wife. He erupted after a particularly energetic thrust that lifted her pussy completely off of him and allowed his cock to flop free, his first spurt hitting him below his belly button. Gwen reached down to reinsert him, but Tim urgently needed something other than empty air at that moment and grabbed her hips to press her labial lips down against his length, sawing back and forth through the wet folds as he came. He announced himself empty with a final shiver and exhalation.  
  
Neither moved or spoke for a moment. "Better?" Gwen finally asked softly.  
  
"Great," He lowered his voice to a murmur. "Did we have an audience?"  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
"She still there?"  
  
"Just went back to her room, I think."  
  
"Wanna see if she needs anything?'  
  
Gwen got off and stood. "If you think I should. But I want to make sure you're properly taken care of first. Stay right there-be right back."  
  
She hurried past him out of view down the hall. Tim thought about grabbing some paper towels from the kitchen to clean up the slippery mess he had produced and Gwen had spread across his stomach and cock but paused at the sound of running water coming from the girls' bathroom. She hurried back a short time later, warm wet washcloth in hand to tenderly clean him, delicately grasping his still-tumescent cock between two fingers and moving it to reach every shiny wet splotch. "Did I get it all?"  
  
"Uh, yeah, I think you did. Thanks."  
  
Gwen kissed him and stood. "Are you sure you don't mind if I, uhh, check on Cricket?"  
  
"Nah, just don't be mad if I'm asleep when you come to bed."  
  
Not mad, she thought, maybe surprised...Gwen smiled and again disappeared behind his chair, down the hall.  
  
Tim waited a moment before getting up and following her. The gentleman in him had not intended to stop outside Cricket's room out of respect for their privacy, but his little head told him to fuck that when he heard the murmur of voices and the young woman's nervous giggle that came through the partly-open doorway. His cock stirred at the scene he imagined was happening just a few feet away.  
  
The house was quiet save for what the sound of wet kisses and little purrs of contentment. Even those faded, and his thumping pulse was loud in his ears until a soft "ooohhh," floated from around the other side of the door. Cricket, he instinctively knew, her little-girl voice in a grown woman's body distinctive. His erection surged to fullness in just a few wild beats of his heart and he wondered what exactly Gwen had done to get that reaction from her young friend. Tim grabbed his resurgent cock and began to stroke.  
  
"Yessss," she purred, "right there—oh, yes—right there, just like that." There was no response, and Tim desperately wanted to believe Gwen's mouth was otherwise occupied at the moment. "You can squeeze them a little harder, if you want. Please." The image in the listening man's head was hotter than any porno he had ever seen, and he worked to keep his hand in check and make his own pleasure last at least as long as theirs.  
  
"Ah-ah-ah, that's so nice..." Cricket groaned quietly. Her voice was soft but soon turned urgent as she encouraged and directed her friend's efforts, "I'm coming, Gwen," she panted, "I'm coming! I'm coming I'm coming I'm comingggggggg!" Tim heard the antique bed frame squeaking, from the young woman's spasmodic twitching as she rocketed through her climax, he guessed. He had heard that bed make that noise before, back when it was still Ali's bedroom, and put two and two together. Tim's thoughts were not on his daughter's masturbatory history however, it was on the women who were in that bed now...he was closes himself and removed his hand from his length as a precaution.  
  
"Better?" Gwen's voice, calm and steady. Cricket giggled and laughed in response. Tim crept back to their bed and lay down in the dark room, looking beyond their open door and down the hallway. A shadowy figure appeared a few moments later and it took him a second to confirm that it was Gwen. She came in and lay down next to him, not bothering to shut the door behind her. His lips quickly found hers, the scent of a woman in heat still fresh on her cheeks, unconsciously inflaming a primal need to reassert his claim on his wife.  
  
"Lay back," he grumbled, his callused hand pushing on her shoulder while he rose to a kneeling position. "Spread your legs," he ordered. "Wider." Gwen brought her legs as far apart as she thought possible, wide open and vulnerable before him, the pink of her inner lips visible below a smudge of hair even in the semi-darkness. Tim quickly covered her body with his, his cock finding her opening on the first stab. "Tight and wet. Just like I like it." He nuzzled one cheek and ear, then the other, as his hips worked, finally pushing up to lock his arms and look down at her. "I like the perfume, too."  
  
It took Gwen a moment to figure out what he was referring to, her hands flying to her cheeks and her eyes widening in understanding and surprise. Tim restrained himself from laughing at the almost-comical look of shock on the woman beneath him. "It's okay—it's really hot," he continued, his thrusts gaining force and thudding home against her. "It tells me where you've been." He withdrew deliberately. "But I'd give a hell of a lot to see how you put it on." His hips came forward, quick and powerful, a grunt escaping from him as his progress up inside her was abruptly halted.  
  
Gwen's hands grasped at his flexing ass. "You would really want to see that?" Duh, of course he would, the Slut answered. And you want to show him.  
  
Another stroke, another grunt. "Uh huh. I've always wondered what it would look like...you two together." You don't mind her seeing you and me, right?"  
  
"Maybe she doesn't want to be seen...like that..." The Slut doubted it would be too much of an inconvenience for her.  
  
Another gasp escaped from Gwen as he rutted her, his urgency growing. "Maybe I could learn some secret girl tricks to make you happy."  
  
"You're already very good at making me happy. And right now I want to make you happy again," she deflected. "Come in me, honey," she urged, her hips rising to meet his, "fill my up. Every last drop."  
  
Cricket had scrambled from the bed as soon as Gwen had left her, moving to the open doorway, standing and listening. She could hear the couple at the end of the hall clearly enough; she heard Tim take charge and command her friend to open her legs to him. The tone of his voice made it unlikely this would be a slow and tender coupling, and she briefly feared Gwen's stop at her room had somehow angered him.  
  
The young woman risked a peek around the corner after the first slap of flesh and accompanying grunt. Two legs formed a vee in the dim light down at the end of the hall, the view of their intersection blocked by a pair of legs and pale ass laying between them. The comment about Gwen's perfume had confused the young woman—she didn't remember her friend wearing any. It struck her like a thunderbolt when she finally linked Tim's comment about its application to where Gwen's face had just been.  
  
Tim's voyeuristic request only amplified her shock. A part of her flatly rejected the idea, another part found the idea exciting, and a small part suggested she rush in and give her consent. Her common sense prevailed, and she stood watching Tim's ass flex and thrust as Gwen tried to pull him deeper. His pounding became more frantic, and Cricket knew from his rigid body and extended groan that he was filling her, just as she had asked.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 11**

Gwen tried to put her finger on the atmosphere around the breakfast table the next morning, nervous casual, maybe? She and Cricket were dressed the way they had been before the activities of the previous evening, a loose robe and short nightgown respectively. Only Tim was fully dressed, in jeans and a t-shirt and on his way up to the lake to help Bob find and repair an electrical short on his boat. She would have liked to be going with him to "supervise", as the Lady put it, given what she now knew about the couple after her conversation with Yvette that night in the restaurant parking lot. He's a big boy and you're a hypocrite, the Slut admonished. He'll be good while he's there even if you're not.  
  
Cricket watched the couple from over the top of her coffee cup as he made his way out the door, sharing a kiss that was passionate rather than perfunctory. "It makes me feel good to see that," she said quietly as her friend rejoined her at the table.  
  
Gwen looked up. "See what?"  
  
"How much you two appreciate each other. It's sweet."  
  
"It probably didn't look that way last night."  
  
Cricket smiled down into her coffee. "Maybe more intense, but still sweet in its own interesting way," she allowed. "To tell you the truth, at first I thought he was a little angry when you went back to bed after you—well, after you were in my room."  
  
Gwen smiled at the memory. Tim had definitely taken her aggressively the second time; a side of the normally mild-mannered man she especially liked to see come out. "I guess you heard, then."  
  
"Heard and saw. Sorry, I couldn't help myself. You left your door open, and, well..." the young woman shrugged. "He wasn't angry, right? Just, umm, excited? I really don't want to be the cause of any trouble."  
  
"You don't need to apologize—I could have shut the door. And no, he wasn't angry. You didn't cause any trouble, but, well, you might have been at least part of the reason for his, umm, enthusiasm after I went to bed."  
  
"You mean, him wanting to see you and me...together?"  
  
She nodded. "I guess you heard that, too. Sorry, that probably made you more than a little uncomfortable. He's got a very active imagination, but I'm sure it's just bedroom talk."  
  
Cricket continued to look down into her cup. "I'll do it if you want," she finally offered.  
  
Gwen looked up from her toast. "Do what?"  
  
"You know...if he wants to see—us—I'm okay with that, but only if you are," she added hurriedly, the words spilling out. "I mean, I guess I owe him, you know, if I can watch you and him, then he should be able to watch you and me. Even though I haven't even really seen everything yet."  
  
"You don't owe him! That's not the kind of thing you owe somebody. And what do you mean 'everything'? You've pretty much seen all we've got."  
  
"Not all," Cricket replied with a weak smile, a deep blush developing, "I haven't seen his, umm," she lowered her voice, "erection."  
  
"Oh." The older woman smiled. "I would have thought you had gotten pretty good look by now. So I guess that means you'd like to?"  
  
"Sorry, I know it's weird, but well, yes...I've seen it, uhh, not erect, and I was wondering if it looks different the other way."  
  
Gwen's smile remained. "Oh, it looks different, alright," she mused. "Almost cute and cuddly one minute, then all puffed up and dangerous looking the next." Her cellphone rang, and she rose to answer it in the living room. "That was Ali," she said when she returned a few moments later. "She's coming over to ride today, but won't be here for a couple of hours yet. I know you wanted to get an early start; if you want to head out on your own, I can wait for her here."  
  
"No, I can wait," Cricket replied. "It's more fun riding with you—and Ali. I learn so much just watching you." What is it this week with the equestrian adulation, the Lady harrumphed, warning of the dangers of a swollen ego. "You relax, I'll do the barn chores while we wait," the young woman continued, rising from the table. "I'll go get dressed."  
  
"I'll be out in a bit. I'm going back to bed for a little while..."  
  
Cricket turned, a concerned look on her face. "Everything okay? Do you feel alright? Or do you just need some more sleep?"  
  
It was Gwen's turn to flash a weak smile. "Umm, just something I want to take care of." Her satisfying of the young woman's need and then her husband's lust the night before had stirred her own desires despite her earlier orgasm. Her dreams, indistinct now in the light of day but no doubt very decadent in nature, had fanned her arousal. She had hoped Tim might ravish her again before they got out of bed this morning, but her signals had evidently been too subtle.  
  
The young woman's confusion cleared. "Oh—ohhh," she replied. "I'll get out of your way so you can have some privacy, then." She hesitated. "I'd be glad to help you, if you want. But if you'd rather just be alone, I understand."  
  
"I didn't want to impose," Gwen replied softly, "but if you don't mind helping, I'd really like that."  
  
Cricket smiled broadly. "I'd love to!" She took the initiative and the older woman's hand, leading her down the hallway. "Your room?" she asked, looking over her shoulder.  
  
"Bigger bed..."  
  
"It is," Cricket quickly agreed. She turned and reached for the sash of her friend's robe as soon as they had passed through the door.  
  
Gwen waited until the soft terrycloth had been pushed off her shoulders before reaching for the young woman's shirt and pulling it over her head. "I can understand why Tim wants a better look," she said, passing a hand down over the side of her breast to the turn of her hip. "You really are beautiful."  
  
"He didn't say he wanted to see me," Cricket replied, averting her eyes. "He said he wanted to see us. How did he put it? Maybe learn some secret girl tricks? He'll probably be disappointed when he finds out I don't have any, but I know I've learned a lot from you so far, maybe you can show both of us some others he might like."  
  
Gwen hugged her. "You don't have tricks, you have qualities," she told the naked women in her arms. "You're open-minded, and trusting, and very brave, qualities I wish I had had at your age."  
  
Cricket hands found to her friend's bottom, hugging her tighter. "I was never any of those before I met you, and I know where I learned them. I can't wait to see what I learn next."  
  
Gwen smiled. "Let's lie down. I've learned that's a good way to get comfortable."  
  
The young woman giggled. "Me too. I used to think it was just for sleeping. Lay back. Let me take care of you for once." She gently nuzzled her friend's neck and ears, brushing her lips with her tongue before continuing on down, kissing her way down her neck. Gwen sighed distractedly, stroking the young woman's shoulder blade, her skin electrified by the light caresses making their way towards her breasts.  
  
Cricket took her time, finally capturing one nipple, then the other, between her lips to gently swirl and flick them with her tongue. Her hands were busy as well, preparing the way for her kisses by smoothing and caressing the older woman's stomach, circling down towards the vee of the legs that had opened in invitation. Cricket brushed the soft thatch on her mons, delicately tracing lines in it, tickling, creeping ever closer to the folds beneath while lips and tongue followed behind.  
  
So wet, the young woman thought as her finger collected the dew on her friend's outer lips. Her next pass pushed deeper between the slick folds. Kisses followed, leaving a trail from belly button to the top of her slit. Her tongue dipped to collect and taste what her finger had been spreading.  
  
When she was younger, Cricket had overheard two young male stable hands cleaning out the stall next to hers talking in very graphic terms about their recent conquests, unaware she was right next to them. "My Momma always tole' me girls are made of sugar and spice, but the best part of that girl I fucked last night tasted like fish," one snickered to the other, getting a knowing laugh in return. She thought the remark incredibly crude, but just assumed it to be based in truth even if her own tentative self-explorations hadn't revealed anything out of the ordinary. She guessed maybe she had just become immune to it, and Daniel's absolute refusal to go anywhere near her sex with anything other his stubby penis had only strengthened her belief. Cricket had feared the worst when Gwen had first kissed her down there, surprised that her friend had not recoiled in disgust, and steeled herself to do the same no matter what her friend's was like.  
  
To her surprise, the smell and taste of Gwen's sex had been very mild, that of a woman's, certainly, but exciting rather than offensive, not at all unlike her own. It had been that way every time since, warm, gently fragrant, and incredibly arousing. Gwen still smelled and tasted wonderful today, but something was just a little different—something undefinable in her scent, perhaps a trace of saltiness in the wetness her tongue withdrew. Her pulse quickened even more with the idea that perhaps just as Tim had caught a whiff of her very feminine perfume the night before, he had left his masculine musk for her to sample this morning.  
  
"So nice," Gwen sighed. "Bring your legs up here. I want to kiss you, too." The two women lay together, each with a leg bent at the knee to open themselves, using their fingers, tongues and hands for the other's pleasure. The older woman finally rolled on to her back and reached for the nightstand drawer. "I think I'm ready for something filling." She pulled out the first dildo her hand found and passed it to the young woman. "Would you mind?" Gwen asked, spreading her legs further. Cricket smiled and gently lodged the bulbous head against her friend's engorged lips. The older woman applied the buzzing vibrator she held to her clit as the rubber cock split her open.  
  
Her eventual orgasm was not explosive, just welcome and comforting and exactly what she needed. Her own lust satiated, she turned her attention to Cricket and helped her to climax soon after. They were dressed and in the barn with plenty of time to spare.  
  
"I'll be ready to go in just a minute," Ali announced after arriving, giving them each a hug. "Just need to use the bathroom." She hurried down to the house while her mother and Cricket finished saddling the three horses.  
  
Ali looked down the hallway past the open doorway of her parents' room and smiled at the state of their bed. It had been made this morning, as it always was, but the bodies that had laid on it after had disturbed her mother's always-meticulous work. Stepping closer, she could see the nightstand drawer had been only partially closed, the flared head of a dildo sticking out enough to prevent it from being shut all the way. Either Daddy got a show, she guessed with a smile, or Mom took matters into her own hands after he left. Either way, good for her! Doing it with a guest in the house, leaving a poorly made bed and carelessly stored sex toys, Gwendolyn Nelson was becoming a wild woman! Better late than never...  
  
The trio rode a long ways in the heat that had returned after the spell of cool weather, stopping several times to rest the horses or eat the lunches they had packed. All were looking forward to a good cooldown when they returned, the humans taking care of their mounts before tending to their own needs.  
  
"Swim?" Alison asked the others as she hoisted her saddle on to a sawhorse.  
  
"I think that would be a good idea," Gwen replied, pulling her sweat-soaked shirt away from her skin.  
  
"When's Daddy going to be home?"  
  
"Probably not until dinner. I can't imagine him giving up any time on the lake." Or extracurricular activities, the Lady added with malevolence.  
  
"We'll need some towels and some drinks," Alison said, a mischievous smile spreading across her face. "Do we need suits?"  
  
"I'm guessing you think we don't?" Alison just shrugged and continued to grin. "Cricket, don't feel pressured—if you'd rather wear one, you're more than welcome to," Gwen said softly.  
  
Her young friend blushed crimson. "Well, I'm not if you're not,...just us girls, right? Besides, I didn't bring one anyways."  
  
The women collected the necessary items and headed up to the pool before shedding clothes, Gwen just a bit slower than her daughter, Cricket hanging back until the others were stripped to the waist.  
  
Cricket couldn't resist a look after Alison stood up from where she had sat to kick off her boots and jeans. Just a shade taller than her mother, slightly bigger breasts capped with look-alike nipples, fuller hips and waist giving her a figure just a bit more curvy. A bare cleft protruded proudly from between her legs, smooth lips beginning just below an equally bare mons.  
  
"Interesting hairstyle," Gwen deadpanned, pulling her leg out of her riding breeches. Alison had been sporting neatly trimmed pubic hair that first time she had chosen to omit a bathing suit in her mother's presence. Of course, her daughter had been clean-shaven in many the pictures she had seen on her computer...  
  
It took Alison a second to understand her mother was not referring to her loosely-tied ponytail. "Oh—yeah. Thought I'd try something different. Sorry," she mumbled, cheeks flaming as she turned sideways to minimize the view.  
  
"You don't have to apologize," Gwen said with a gentle laugh. "You've been picking your own hairstyles since you were twelve. Remember that time when you were six and tried to cut your own hair?"  
  
"Well, yeah, but this is different..."  
  
Gwen rose and took a sip of her drink. "It's your pussy," she said looking over her shoulder at the shocked young woman. "It's your choice what you do with it. Well, yours and Jason's, I suppose."  
  
Oh my God! Alison screamed to herself. My mother is talking about my pussy! Not only talking about it, she actually straight out called it a pussy!  
  
"Does he like it?"  
  
The young woman shook from her stupor. "Huh?"  
  
"Jason. Your husband? Does he, umm, approve of your hairstyle?"  
  
"Oh, yeah. He likes it, at least he acts like he likes it," Alison babbled. She was on the defensive, taken off guard by her own mother, struggling to regain her mental balance. "You look like you trimmed yours, too?"  
  
Gwen set down her drink and walked to the edge of the pool. "I neaten it up from time to time."  
  
"And does Daddy approve?"  
  
Her mother didn't look back. "He acts like he likes it," she said, then knifed into the sparkling water.  
  
Cricket listened to the back in forth with a mixture of amusement and disbelief. Mother and daughter talking about their pubic hair with the casualness of discussing perms versus bobs. She sobered a bit wondering if Alison would be so casual if she knew other fingers and lips had been in that neatly trimmed thatch just a short time ago.  
  
\*\*  
  
Cricket had already left when Tim returned home, his wife and daughter at the kitchen table when he came through the door. They sat and shared a light dinner together, Alison finally departing near dusk.  
  
"Did you have a good time up at the lake?" Gwen asked quietly as she finished cleaning up.  
  
"Yeah," Tim replied. "Took us a while to find the short, but finally did. Spent part of the afternoon tooling around the lake making sure that it stayed fixed."  
  
"Just you and Bob?"  
  
"Nah, Yvette hopped on when she heard us fire it up. She says hi."  
  
Gwen couldn't resist. "Did you stop at the beach?"  
  
Tim laughed nervously. "Nope. Wouldn't have been the same without you. Yvette did spend a little time topless while we cruised around, though," he admitted truthfully.  
  
"And Bob?"  
  
"He was topless too. But he kept his shorts on, and she kept her bottoms on," he quickly assured her. What little there was.  
  
Gwen arched her eyebrows. "And you?"  
  
"Jeans and t-shirt, I swear. Scouts honor."  
  
"You must have been hot."  
  
"A little bit, yeah."  
  
"You could have taken off your shirt, you know," she said, the Slut strong-arming her into a gracious and understanding reply. "And your jeans too, if you had wanted. You were wearing underwear, right?" She smiled at him.  
  
"Oh yeah, absolutely. See?" He turned and pulled on the waistband of his boxers, bringing them above his belt enough to give himself a mini-wedgie.  
  
"I don't think a little underwear would have offended Yvette, especially since she's already seen all of you. Bob didn't mind that you saw her like that?"  
  
Bob definitely didn't mind, Tim thought to himself. The man certainly had no problem with his wife being on display. They had been in the cockpit of the craft while Yvette lay on the foredeck sunning herself, naked save for the thong that barely concealed her labial lips. "Man I could stare at that all day," Bob said conspiratorially, nodding at the nearly-naked woman forward while leaning over to be heard. "You a breast guy, Tim?"  
  
"I'm a guy, so yeah."  
  
"They're nice, huh?" Bob elaborated upon Tim's confused look. "Yvette's?"  
  
Tim took a swig of beer. "Yeah, they really are," he agreed, unsure where this was going.  
  
"Rest of her is nice, too, Plus she's smart and funny and puts up with me...I married outta my league with her. If you don't mind me sayin' so, Gwen's a real looker, too. She's got a nice pair," the man at the wheel continued. "Pert as all hell, even after two kids, cute little nipples... must be fun to play with."  
  
This was a first—Charlie used to try and get more details about the body hiding under Gwen's modest clothes, but Tim had never thought it wise to talk about his wife that way, and to be honest, he hadn't seen enough to consider himself an expert back then. Things change, he thought, and found himself agreeing with the boat's owner. "They are. Not as big as Yvette's but still..."  
  
"Size ain't everything," Bob mused. "Just getting a look is a big part of the thrill for me."  
  
"No, I think he was good with it," he told Gwen, cutting short is daydreaming. "I just wasn't sure how you'd feel about it."  
  
"Like I said, she's seen you before," Gwen said with the casualness the Slut thought she should exhibit if not actually feel given her own perverse behavior over the past year. Their conversation switched to more mundane matters as they relaxed in front of the TV before bed.  
  
"Do you think Bob wanted you to see Yvette topless?" Gwen asked as she lay tucked under his arm in the gloom of the darkened bedroom later.  
  
"Yeah, I guess, probably," he answered slowly. Long years of experience advised caution.  
  
"Did you like looking at her?"  
  
"No guy will ever turn down a chance to look at a woman's boobs," Tim adroitly deflected. Honesty with restraint was the correct path here. "We're just wired that way."  
  
"I'm sure, but did you like hers? They're bigger than mine..."  
  
"Size ain't everything," he said with a chuckle, parroting Bob's words. "Yours fit you perfectly, and besides, I get to do this every once in a while," he added, playfully squeezing a mound. "Why are you asking? Ain't I showin' yours enough love and admiration?"  
  
"I know you like mine, it's just that guys seem to like them bigger, and hers are bigger" she continued. "You know, Yvette told me that she, uhh, did that for Bob on the beach that day because he likes to show off a little, and that people go to that beach to do that. Do you think he makes show her off, too? That he made her show off for you?"

"I don't know about making her," he told her, remembering how Yvette had happily removed her top without any prompting from her husband. "She doesn't seem to be the type that can be made to do anything she doesn't want to do. A lot like you that way, you know? I had a hard enough time getting you to take your suit off that first day at the lake. No way I would've ever lived through trying to get all caveman on you and make you do it."  
  
"I'm not that stubborn," she said with a giggle, hugging him tightly. "And I know I'm not supposed to, but sometimes I like it when you take control. Get all caveman-like."  
  
Tim snorted. "I think I've been pretty good about controlling my urges all these years. When do I ever take control?"  
  
"You have been more, like last night...I like that sometimes."  
  
"Oh, yeah," he said with a chuckle. "Yeah, sorry about that, but I kinda got wound up waiting for you to, uhh, come back to bed, so I guess the inner caveman did come out a little. Sorry."  
  
"Don't be sorry," Gwen insisted. "I liked it. I know it sounds very conceited, but I like knowing you want me like that. Of course, I like it when you're gentle, too..." she slid her hand down over his already-erect member.  
  
"Got it," he said, turning to kiss her while his own hands began their exploration. "Sometimes macho, sometimes slow and soft. You women can be so complicated. Well, I'll see what I can do. Tonight seems like the right time for slow and soft, do I got that right?"  
  
"You do."  
  
He was true to his word, patiently using his fingers and tongue to bring her to a long and satisfying climax before mounting her. He was in no hurry to finish tonight, and Gwen was in no hurry for him to, the two bodies moving in an easy in-tune rhythm as her hips rose to meet his thrusts and bury him deeply before he withdrew to the point where his flared head would nearly slip from between her lips.  
  
"This is so good," she purred, her legs loosely wrapped around his thighs. "Tim, that day on the beach, when we went back into the woods, what would you have done if someone had been watching us?"  
  
"Let 'em watch," he said with a grin, his pace quickening, "hope they like the show. Nothing's gonna get in the way of me getting some of you. What would you have done?"  
  
She smiled up at him. "They can always look somewhere else."  
  
He was quiet for a moment, concentrating on his building orgasm. "Gonna come," he announced with a grunt, following through with his promise a moment later.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
Gwen's heart skipped a beat at the sound of the voice on the other end of the phone, familiar and not unexpected, uncertainty and a bit of dread filling her.  
  
"Yes, this is she."  
  
"Hi Mrs. Nelson, this is Rae Rayburn, Sylvia Danning's personal assistant. She mentioned you would be expecting my call?"  
  
"Yes, she did say you would be calling."  
  
"Wonderful! Mrs. Danning hadn't heard from you, so she was hoping this meant you had accepted her offer, or at least were still considering it?"  
  
"I haven't decided yet, no," Gwen replied, stalling while the Lady screamed for her to just say no. "I still have some questions about how all this would work..."  
  
"If you would like, I can relay your questions to Mrs. Danning and reply to you as soon as she does."  
  
"I guess that would be alright..."  
  
The young assistant paused long enough to be polite, then prodded Gwen into continuing. "I'm ready to take them down any time..."  
  
"Oh, yes, of course" she began slowly, unsure exactly how much Ms. Rayburn knew of this potential arrangement. I guess the first thing would be an assurance that this would require nothing more, nothing extra, than what she and I had discussed."  
  
"I see. Do have any other questions or concerns?"  
  
"Well, if I were to agree to this, when would it be, and where?"  
  
"Very good, is there anything else I should bring to Mrs. Danning?"  
  
"Let's start there."  
  
"Excellent! I'll relay these questions to her immediately and will call back as soon as I have her answers! Until then, Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
Gwen sat and stared at the invoice on the screen in front of her for some time, her mind elsewhere, trying to convince herself there was no harm in asking the questions, at least. She could still say no...  
  
The ringing of the phone snapped her back to the here and now.  
  
"Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?"  
  
"Gwen? Sylvia. Do you have a moment to talk? Rae said you had some questions. Rather than all this silly back and forth, I thought we could talk it out, if that's alright with you."  
  
"That's fine, Mrs. D鈥擲ylvia, that's probably best."  
  
"Wonderful. So Rae mentioned you might still have some concerns about this, that it might be something more, or maybe different, than what we discussed? I understand your hesitancy about the whole nudity thing, but I can assure you, it's just as I described. To be honest, it will be tamer than the party at my house. Just you, my horse and a groom to tend to him, a photographer and his assistant. All in a secluded area on my property. We have a small barn down a ways from the main stables that we quarantine horses coming in from other farms at鈥攚e passed it on our ride. The shoot would be there, and Danilo would know better when he wants to do this鈥攜our schedule overrules his, of course, we do this when it's convenient for you. He'll want to meet with you before the actual shoot, perhaps you could work out a time then?"  
  
"I see." Gwen's mind raced. She had planned on the photographer being there, of course, that was both frightening and thrilling in its own right. But she had not considered the others...would they be male of female? Would it matter? It would still be less than Mrs. Danning's little get-together, and if she could be believed, less scandalous.  
  
Sylvia Danning, businesswoman, sensed the time was right to close the deal. "Gwen, tell you what. Let me send you the contract and you can look it over. From what I understand, it's a fairly straightforward modeling agreement. If you have questions or issues with it, give me a call鈥擨'll leave you my direct number. Otherwise, sign it, send it back, and we'll get on to the next step. Should I send it to your business address?"  
  
"NO鈥攏o, not here," Gwen hurriedly replied, an irrational fear that someone might see it and ask questions sweeping over her. "Please send it to my legal counsel, Adam Curran, and I'll follow up with him." She rattled off the address.  
  
"Wonderful! This is so exciting! I'll have Rae get this out today and follow up with Mr. Curran tomorrow to ensure he got it. We'll talk soon, Gwen?"  
  
Gwen Nelson, businesswoman, knew Mrs. Danning had maneuvered her into this position, and was somehow relieved. "I think so."  
  
Gwen only waited long enough for the line to go dead before dialing her brother's number.  
  
"Curran, Stein and Associates, how may I direct your call?"  
  
"Adam Curran, please."  
  
"May I tell him who's calling?"  
  
"His sister."  
  
"One moment, please."  
  
He picked up in less than a minute. "Gwen! To what do I owe this pleasure?"  
  
"Hey, Adam. Listen, I've got a contract coming into you that I'd like you to take a look at."  
  
"Can do. Sure you don't want Dad to look at it? He's done most of your business' legal work."  
  
"It's not for the business, it's for me, and I don't want Dad to see it or even know about it, and I really, really don't want Mother to know about it either. Lawyer-client privilege on this one, please."  
  
"Uh-oh, this sounds interesting. You in trouble? One of the girls, maybe?"  
  
"Nobody's in any trouble, this is just a basic modeling contract."  
  
"Modeling? You?"  
  
"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Yes, me."  
  
Sorry, I didn't mean it that way. Who are you modeling for?"  
  
"Sylvia Danning."  
  
"Ohhhh, I see now. Wow, she must like you. Another toy party so quick?"  
  
"Not one of those. An equestrian photo session. She's very much into horses."  
  
"Yeah, I kinda knew that about her. Guess that it would make sense she wants you, given your obsession with 'em. Mother and Dad would love to know you're working with the one and only Sylvia Danning鈥攊t would make them the hit of this year's Country Club social scene."  
  
"Which is why I don't want them to know鈥攖hey don't need to start asking questions about how we met. Just you, me and Natalie, please?"  
  
"Does Tim know?"  
  
"Yes he does, so him too. But that's it. Just us four, alright?"  
  
"As your lawyer, I'm oath-bound to keep it that way."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 12**

"Did you bring it?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "Yes, I did. It's in the car. I'll get it for you after we're done shopping." Gwen had waited patiently for her sister-in-law to hand the contract over, almost fifteen minutes after they had met in the mall's center court, but had begun to worry it had been forgotten. She had asked for Adam to courier it over, not wanting to take a chance on being spotted by her father if she stopped by the firm to pick it up, but Natalie had volunteered to deliver it in person. "C'mon, we both need dresses for the dinner next week," she said, leading Gwen away from the central seating area.  
  
"I'm sure I've already got something," she answered, following the blonde nonetheless. Something safe and proper, she thought sourly, not that the idea appealed to her. Gwen's parents were going to be there, and her mother would be quick to judge should her daughter's attire be anything less than respectable. The Currans had appearances to keep up, and if her daughter-in-law or grandchildren were likely to be found lacking, Gwen would not be.  
  
"There are little black dresses that don't look slutty," Natalie said mischievously.  
  
"To you maybe, but to my mother, they all show too much skin. Even the ones I already have." Gwen replied with a shake of her head.  
  
"A circus tent shows too much skin for her," the blonde said with a laugh. "She'll just have to deal with it. So, you're going to do it?" There was a look of confusion on her sister-in-law's face. "The modeling? The contract?" she prodded.  
  
"I'm not sure, maybe," Gwen fibbed. Her mind was made up, she reluctantly admitted, Tim's enthusiastic go-ahead had made the decision easier, but there was still time to say no, the contract wasn't signed and delivered yet..."do you think I should?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "Remember what Liz and I posed for? This sounds tame by comparison. It IS tame, by comparison, right? Nothing you're not telling me? Nothing kinkier?"  
  
Gwen looked around nervously, checking to see how close the other shoppers were. "No!" she exclaimed, adding in a softer tone, "at least, it didn't sound like that. Mrs. Danning said it would be artistic."  
  
"Then yeah, do it. Sounds like fun while making a rich and powerful friend."  
  
"I seriously doubt she thinks of me as a friend," Gwen replied truthfully.  
  
"Here," her sister-in-law said, pulling her into a women's clothing store. She selected several dresses and a couple of pairs of heels, presenting them to the clerk at dressing room desk. "Be right back," Natalie said with a mischievous grin, disappearing down the corridor. She returned a few moments later, now dressed in one of the pair of heels and a red dress that, while it seemed a respectable length, at least for Natalie, featured a V-neck that put a significant amount of the cleft between her breasts on display. The way they bounced as she returned told Gwen her sister-in-law had taken off her bra to try this on, and her mounds threatened to spill out the cut between them.  
  
"It's, uhh, pretty low cut," Gwen told her. "You're going to have to be careful not to fall out of it, even with a good bra. Might be embarrassing, and even if you don't, my mother will definitely not approve."  
  
"Nuts to your mother," Natalie said with a smile. "Your brother is the only Curran I'm trying to impress. Well, him and you. Whattya say? Would you like to see them get loose?" She shook her torso suggestively, her breasts threatening to do just that.  
  
"Stop that," Gwen said, looking around. "What if someone sees?"  
  
"What if?" Natalie took a step back into the corridor, out of sight from the rest of the shop, and shook again. On cue, first one breast, then the other, escaped their restraint, the dress sliding under and around the swaying mounds to push them out even further.  
  
"You're crazy," Gwen said with a laugh, and the blonde retreated to the dressing room. She returned a moment later, this time in the other set of heels and a black dress that while shorter than the first, was not as low cut and managed to do a better job of containing her breasts, although there was still a decent amount of cleavage on display. "I like that one better," Gwen told her. "I like your hair color against the black."  
  
"More boring," Natalie sighed, "but I think you're right. I'll just have to find other ways of getting Adam's attention. Speaking of which, come with me please."  
  
Gwen's expression turned to quizzical as she followed the woman to her dressing cubicle, ducking inside after Natalie. Her sister-in-law casually pulled the dress over her head, confirming her missing bra and panties, then turned her back to her sister-in-law. "Can you take a picture of my heels?"  
  
"What for?"  
  
"I want to see what they look like. Please? Be sure to get my whole body in the shot."  
  
"Your whole body?"  
  
"Yeah, I like to think heels make my legs and butt look less flabby, even if it's not true."  
  
"You're not flabby..."  
  
"And I don't have a tight little booty like yours, either."  
  
Gwen sighed. "Alright, where's your phone?"  
  
"Use yours."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Really."  
  
She reached into her purse and aimed. Natalie had affected a bit of a pose, one hand on a jutting hip while she looked over her shoulder, her hair partially obscuring her "come and get it" look. "Take a few to make sure you got a good one."  
  
"Let me see," Natalie asked after Gwen had announced her success.  
  
"Ooh, that's a good one." The blonde brought up the keyboard and started typing.  
  
What are you doing?"  
  
"Sending it to Adam to see what he thinks."  
  
"But it's my phone!"  
  
Natalie laughed. "Are you concerned text and data charges may apply?"  
  
"No, but it's my phone," her sister-in-law repeated. "Your..." she lowered her voice, "naked pictures, on my phone."  
  
"He knows you've seen me this way." Message sent, she returned the device. "Okay, your turn. Strip down and get in the other pair of heels. I'll get a shot or two of you."  
  
"Me?"  
  
"You. Tim deserves something nice, don't you think?"  
  
Gwen hesitated. "Are you sure about this?"  
  
"Yup. Out of your clothes and into the shoes lady, or else I keep asking louder and louder until everyone in the mall can hear me."  
  
Gwen shook her head and began unbuttoning her blouse. "I'm not sure about this..." She stopped after reaching her underwear.  
  
"Everything," Natalie insisted. Gwen rolled her eyes and finished undressing, stepping into the shoes. "These are too big," she insisted.  
  
"You're not going dancing in 'em, just stand there and turn your ass to me."  
  
"Don't you need my phone?"  
  
"I've got mine...pose pretty, you supermodel you." Gwen imitated Natalie's head turn, looking back over her shoulder, bowing her head to at least hide some of her features as her hair was tied back in a ponytail. "...and, got it. God, I wish I had an ass and calves like yours." She stood there while her sister-in-law quickly flipped through the results, finally settling on one and beginning to type.  
  
"You're only sending that to Tim, right? And then you'll erase them all?"  
  
"Why? Want me to send one to Liz? Or Adam?"  
  
"No! Please don't!" Liz would be bad, her brother, worse.  
  
"Relax, just Tim, and then erased." She hit send and turned the phone around so Gwen could see the results. The Lady was horrified, the Slut pleased. She was forced to admit, they weren't that bad...you could barely tell who it was.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Tim's truck was the second to arrive back at the shop that evening. Gwen was at her desk, nervously awaiting his return, both excited and fearful as to what his reaction might be. The excitement of what she had done in the dressing room had made her feel the need for her vibrator upon her return home "to take the edge off", but she still had not gotten a response from Tim. Had he even seen it yet? What if he was upset it had come from Natalie? What if somebody else had seen them because he didn't know what she was sending? What if somebody did see them, the Slut purred? Besides, it came from somebody else's phone—they probably wouldn't even know it's you. Surprisingly, this possibility caused a tinge of disappointment.  
  
"Good day?" she asked after descending the stairs and chastely kissing his cheek.  
  
"Good day," he said with a disarming smile before bending in to whisper in her ear. "I got distracted this afternoon. Lucky I didn't hurt myself."  
  
"Sorry," she said with a hint of a smile. "It was Natalie's idea."  
  
His own smile remained. "It was Natalie's phone, too." And then he was off, supervising the unloading and reprovisioning of the trucks.  
  
She was at her desk, sorting the collected invoices and requisition forms, when Tim trudged up the stairs after seeing the last employee off, each step sounding like an effort.  
  
"You must be tired," Gwen said, glancing up from the stack of papers at the head bobbing up above the landing.  
  
"Long week," he admitted. "Nice pick me up this afternoon, though. Better than coffee."  
  
"So it was alright she sent it?"  
  
He chuckled. "Better than alright. But it was a surprise, coming from Natalie. I spent all afternoon wondering what you two had been up to." He gently pulled her to her feet and to the side of the desk. "I was also thinking about getting to see the real thing too, after I get cleaned up..." he began, leaning in to kiss her.  
  
Gwen smelled sweat, must and PVC cement, the smell of her husband. She stepped back and reached for the buttons on her shirt for the third time that day. "Would you like to see now?"  
  
Tim held his hands up. "Maybe just look and not touch for now. I'm kinda dirty, see?"  
  
"That's alright," she said, continuing to undress. "We can both clean up after." She kicked off her shoes then shimmied out of her jeans and underwear, standing naked before her husband. "Is this what you wanted to see?"  
  
"Yeah, that, and," he reached for her, firmly yet gently positioning her against the side of her desk, facing away from him, "this." Tim caressed her smooth flank, running his rough palm over her left cheek, admiring. Unbidden, Gwen bent forward, resting her hands on the worn wood, presenting her rear end to him. He took his time, looking her over, appreciating what was being offered to him, stroking here, caressing there while she looked ahead and allowed his close inspection. He slowly sank to his knees with a contented groan to plant a light kiss on one cheek, then the other. His tongue worked lower, looking to find her most intimate spot, and Gwen thrust herself out further to help him. His tongue touched her lips, tasting her wetness and adding to it. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him slowly get to his feet and heard the sound of his belt buckle being undone, the soft swish of fabric as his pants dropped about his ankles. He shuffled forward, his erection bumping against her opening, once, twice, as if testing for the right entry, and then split her open. Gwen wiggled her hips in welcome and thrust back. Greasy fingers grasped her by the hips and pulled, leaving dirty stripes on her lightly tanned skin. Tim took her gently yet it was clear to both her was in control, the woman impaled on him happily allowing him to take until he emptied himself inside her. After a shower and dinner, they satisfied each other again before sleep.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Even in the shade of the tree-lined trail the air was heavy and humid, the weight of it seeming to muffle the noise of the forest and the hooves thudding up the dirt path. Both riders had lapsed into comfortable silence after their hellos when Cricket had arrived earlier that morning, lost in their thoughts they had saddled their mounts and then as their horses plodded up the first rise.  
  
"I had a drink with a guy last night," Cricket softly volunteered, glancing over at her friend.  
  
The news shook Gwen out of her reverie. "You had a date? Really? Good for you! Why didn't you tell me?"  
  
"Well, I'm not sure it was an official date...there's this guy in Mortgages, he asked me if I wanted to go out for a drink after work yesterday afternoon."  
  
"Is he nice? Did you have a good time?"  
  
Cricket grimaced, looked down at Marvin's neck, and shook her head. "He's got a reputation as a ladies' man...the rumor is he's been with a lot of the women in the office, even some of the married ones. I was going to say no because I was pretty sure he just wanted a one-night stand, but then I got this crazy idea that I did too, and I could get it out of the way."  
  
"Get what out of the way?"  
  
Her friend looked down at the path beneath her. "You know...my first post-marital sex. With a guy, I mean," she quickly added.  
  
Gwen smiled in understanding. "So, how was it?"  
  
The young woman shook her head. "It didn't get that far—I got cold feet. He was pretty full of himself, and the more he talked the more I got the impression he thought I owed him for the drink, so I don't think he was too happy when I didn't go home with him. I couldn't go through with it—definitely not with him, maybe not with anyone. It was a dumb idea."  
  
"Oh. Well, I don't think it was dumb, but it sounds like you made the right choice, then. That's not something you have to rush into. There are plenty of other men..."  
  
"I guess," Cricket sighed. "I think I may be ready, but not that way. I want it to be the right guy, somebody safe. I don't want a relationship necessarily, at least not yet, but I do at least want to maybe be held after, maybe even be asked to stay the night. I always like it when you and I do that...after. I just didn't get the feeling he was the type for that."  
  
"It's nice when you have someone...after," Gwen agreed. "I always feel bad about going back to Tim after you and I...I get someone to hold and to hold me and I feel bad that you don't."  
  
It was the young woman's turn to laugh. "What I do get is still more frequent and far more enjoyable than when I was married."  
  
They rode late into the afternoon, returning in time for a quick swim before dinner. Tim finished up his work in the shop to join them in the pool, the trio slowly but surely becoming accustomed to their shared nakedness. There was an unspoken requirement for at least shorts and t-shirts during dinner, but Tim couldn't help but notice neither woman had felt the need for a bra. He also couldn't help but wonder if they had omitted panties as well...  
  
They sat on the deck after, enjoying the warm evening as the sun sank low in the sky, the mugginess remaining as the shadows grew long. The chirp of the business phone interrupted their quiet conversation, and Tim put a hand on Gwen's shoulder while rising from his chair. "I got it."  
  
He disappeared into the house and was gone for some time, finally returning in a Nelson Plumbing t-shirt and work pants. He dropped his boots on the wooden deck with a thud and sat to put them on. "Gotta go," he grumbled. "Backed up toilet in a one-bathroom house."  
  
"Think you'll be long?"  
  
He smiled. "Don't wait up."  
  
Gwen returned his smile. "Don't be out all night. Paperwork," she reminded him needlessly. He rolled his eyes and grunted, then rose, kissed her, and ambled across the yard to his truck. The women watched him go, slowly emptying the shared bottle of wine while the multicolored sunset beyond the trees gave way to darkness. The night was quiet, still enough to hear the horses occasionally shaking off a biting insect in the paddock. They sat there until bedtime in an easy silence, enjoying the cooling air and each other's presence. "Waiting up for Tim?" Cricket finally asked, her soft, almost childlike voice loud in the stillness as she rose and collected her empty glass.  
  
"He told me not to. Going to bed?"  
  
"After I tuck in the horses."  
  
Gwen rose, collecting the bottle and her own glass. "Let me help."  
  
The chores went quickly with two sets of hands, and Cricket said her goodnight back in the kitchen, hugging her friend. Gwen looked at her contemplatively. "Just me in my bed," she offered. "Want to share?"  
  
"Just you for now," Cricket said with a shy smile. "Are you sure you don't mind? I'll go back to my own when Tim comes home."  
  
"Let's see what happens." They slipped under a thin blanket and crisp cotton sheet, their naked embrace remaining innocent for some time, just enjoying the soft warmth each held. Slowly, the feelings of well-being turned into arousal. Lips met and hands began to caress, their kisses becoming more passionate, their touch moving to more intimate areas.  
  
The soft drone of the central air conditioning did not hide the sound of a truck engine pulling into the driveway from ears long accustomed to listening for it. Cricket was not as sure, breaking their kiss and looking at Gwen questioningly. "Is that Tim?"  
  
"I think so, yes."  
  
The young woman hurriedly flipped back the cover. "Well, I'll see you in the morning, then—"  
  
Gwen gently stopped her. "Don't. Stay here. There's room."  
  
Cricket looked back at her friend, wondering if this was some sort of joke—or test. "R-really? Are you sure? What about Tim?"  
  
"I'm sure," Gwen said with a gentle smile. "Unless you'd rather not..."  
  
Cricket glanced nervously at the open bedroom door, expecting him to walk through it any second now. "Are you sure?" She repeated with more urgency.  
  
"I am if you are." The young woman decided quickly, flopping back and pulling the blanket up to her neck, wide eyes peeking over the top and staring at the doorway. Gwen sat against the headboard with knees drawn up against her chest, the sheet covering them, listening for the sound of her husband's boots on the deck. She heard them, then the sound of the kitchen door opening and softly closing, followed by two soft thuds of boots being dropped on the mud mat. There were stocking-padded footsteps and the light from the kitchen was partially blocked by the body coming down the hallway.  
  
"Everything go okay?" Gwen asked softly.  
  
"Yeah," he replied, pulling his shirt over his head as he entered the darkened room. "I can never get over how much fun a three-year old can have flushing stuff down a toilet. I'm ready for bed," he told her, putting his phone on the dresser behind him before turning back. "Just want to shower f—" It was dark, but there was enough light to see his wife sitting in the middle of the bed and the outline of a body under the covers beside her, two faces, one outwardly calm and the other wide-eyed, looking back at him. "Oh, uh, sorry, uh, Cricket, didn't realize you were in here. I'll, uhh, go shower in the other bathroom."  
  
"Don't be silly," Gwen said with a gentle laugh. "Go take your shower, then come to bed. There's plenty of room next to me."  
  
He looked at his wife doubtfully. "You sure?"  
  
"Yes," she answered with more confidence than she felt. "Go take your shower."  
  
Tim hesitated, torn between the door to the left and the one to the right before choosing the master bath, averting his eyes from the bed and its occupants. He hurried through his shower, distractedly washing up while his mind raced. What was Gwen up to? A threesome? No way in Hell! Maybe she's just making so Cricket doesn't have to stand outside the room when we screw. That thought was enough to make the blood surge to his cock. Easy, he reminded himself. It could be she's just letting her sleep with us, as in, just sleep.

Tim dried off with no clearer idea of what he should or shouldn't do. He'd get in bed, but after that, what? Whatever it was, it had to be Gwen's idea—he'd follow her lead only if he had no doubts as to what she wanted. If it was just sleep, then it was just sleep, but he wasn't going to try and make this something it might not be.  
  
Even what to wear was an issue. Did they have anything on under the covers? He had no clue, and didn't want to seem like he was being cocky—bad choice of words, he decided—if he was the only one naked, particularly with his length already getting up and have a look around. In the end he settled on his boxers; not much else in the bathroom suitable for sleeping in, anyways.  
  
"You're sure this is okay?" Cricket repeated in a nervous whisper once the water started running.  
  
"It's fine. I know this seems unusual and it's alright if you go back to your own bed, but I just thought you might want a warm body to sleep next to tonight. I'm not a man, but hopefully I'll do?"  
  
"You'll do fine," the young woman giggled, then turned serious. "Is that all we're going to do?"  
  
Would it be bother you if it wasn't?"  
  
"I guess not...no, it wouldn't."  
  
"Then let's just see what happens."  
  
Cricket lay at attention under the thin sheet and blanket, listening for the sound of the shower door. Gwen was listening too, forcing a casual attitude but a bundle of nerves inside, openly encouraging the Lady to steer her in another direction. She had given this plenty of thought, had even when she has pleasured herself, but questioned her choices now that it was so close to coming to be. It wasn't that different than Cricket watching them, Gwen assured herself, and Tim really seems to want this...still, it was both decadent and dangerous and she was reluctant to admit that was what made it so appealing to think about in the first place. She wondered if she would feel the same way after.  
  
Tim appeared in the doorway, the bathroom light he had forgotten to turn off making everyone a bit more visible. Gwen flipped back the blanket covering the open side of the bed and Tim hurried to the invitation while Cricket gawked at the bouncing tent in the front of his shorts. He could see and feel his wife's nude body as he slid under and waited, unsure what to do next. "Welcome home," she said, rolling to her side and kissing him. "Are you tired?"  
  
Tired? No, definitely not tired. "Uhh, not really, why?"  
  
"Well...Cricket and I were just starting to...you know, when you came home. Would you mind if we finished? I promise to take care of you after. If you want, she and I could go to her room instead..."  
  
"No, no, you're fine," he hurriedly assured her. "It's your bed, too. Unless you wanted privacy. I could go watch TV or something."  
  
She rolled to her other side and faced her friend. "Is it alright if Tim stays?"  
  
"Uhh, yeah, it's his bed, too."  
  
"Good." Gwen pushed the cover down to her feet then kicked it the rest of the way off, revealing two naked bodies and Tim's full boxers. "It's a warm night. I don't think we'll need these."  
  
Cricket fought the urge to grab the blanket and hide under it, reminding herself that Tim had seen her naked before. Gwen's soft kiss and hand on her hip had a distracting effect, and she returned the attention.  
  
Tim rolled to his side, openly gawking as the two women embraced, kissed and caressed. The bedroom talk he had shared with Gwen paled in comparison to watching the real thing but he had no intention of laying a finger—or anything else—on either one of them without express written permission. But what about himself? His cock ached, his precum already spreading a dark wet spot on the front of his grey shorts. In his fantasies he had proudly stroked it for them, showing off what he had between his legs. He tentatively slipped his fingers under the waistband, gently tickling the tip of the slick head, alert for any sort of reaction from them.  
  
The two women didn't seem to notice their audience's actions, intent on each other, and he happily watched them kiss and caress for some time before Gwen began to lick and nuzzle her way down the young woman's neck while a hand turned gentle circles ever closer to the vee of her legs. Cricket opened herself wider, inviting further exploration while she tweaked and stroked Gwen's erect nipples. Tim pushed his hand down further so his own fingers could now run up and down his painfully erect shaft. He was careful; a premature ejaculation would be embarrassing beyond belief, and he had no intention of coming early and not getting the ultimate pleasure out of the erotic scene unfolding just inches from him.  
  
Gwen kissed all about the pert breast being offered to her, gently cupping it as she took the erect nipple between her lips and flicked it with her tongue. Cricket sighed appreciatively, daring a glance at Tim over the older woman's bent head as he watched his wife gently suck her tit. She could see his bent arm as well, doing something at his waist that Gwen's body hid. "Ahh," she gasped as a finger slid over her clit and into her furrow, pausing briefly before pushing inside of her. Cricket bucked reflexively against the welcome invader. Her own hand went to Gwen's sex, and the two women ground against the fingers and palms pleasuring them while their lips again found each other. Cricket's climax was first, her kisses frantic while her hips thrust with force against the pressure on her clit and the finger in her pussy. Gwen was able to hold out a while longer before repeating the scene for the man on the bed with them.  
  
Gwen rolled to face him after giving Cricket a final kiss. "Is everything still okay?" she asked, the arousal and anticipation that had driven her actions temporarily sated, worry over the boundary she had just crossed growing.  
  
Tim grinned back, eyes wide, his expression one of amazement and lust. "Everything's great!"  
  
"Did you finish?" she asked, her hand running over his cloth-covered cock, feeling the soaked fabric at its tip.  
  
"Uhh, no, you said, uhh, you'd take care of me after, so I thought I should wait..."  
  
She smiled. "I'm glad you did. Lay back."  
  
Tim did as she asked, wondering if removing his shorts and exposing himself to their guest might be considered too much. Gwen gracefully climbed over him and stood next to the bed while Cricket looked on.  
  
"I can go back to my own room if you want some privacy," she offered again, unsure what the etiquette might be in these situations, chiding herself for thinking there might be proper etiquette in a situation like this.  
  
"No, I want you to stay, and I'm pretty sure Tim wants you to stay, too." She switched on the bedside lamp, their eyes all taking a moment to adjust to the brightness. Cricket was still blinking when Gwen reached for her husband's underwear and suggestively tugged at them. Tim got the hint, raising his ass off the bed to help, his rock-hard erection catching on the waistband and levering down before breaking free and recoiling with a slap against his stomach. Gwen slid them the rest of the way down and off his legs while the young woman still on the bed watched in amazement.  
  
"Cricket wanted to see your erection," Gwen announced matter-of-factly. The young woman blushed furiously.  
  
"Oh," Tim chuckled nervously. "I woulda thought she had seen it by now."  
  
Gwen looked at her friend. "What do you think?"  
  
"No, this is the first time," Cricket replied before realizing that was not the intent of Gwen's question. The young woman swallowed hard, staring unabashedly. "Oh, you mean, his, uhh, penis. It's umm, nice," she replied truthfully, wondering what the proper words were to compliment a man on his sexual organ. "You're very lucky," she said, managing to look away long enough to make eye contact with Gwen.  
  
"I'm lucky because of the man it's attached to."  
  
"It's, umm, a lot bigger than Daniel's."  
  
Tim was surprised to find himself embarrassed by being the center of attention, and the size comparison only seemed to make it worse. "I don't think it's really that big, but I don't go around comparing it," he said with another nervous laugh.  
  
"Cricket's never seen a man ejaculate," Gwen said, kneeling between his legs. "Would it be alright if I show her? I mean, if you show her?"  
  
He looked doubtfully at his naked wife, then at the naked young woman now kneeling next to him. "Really? You've never seen a guy do that?"  
  
Cricket blushed furiously and avoided eye contact. "The other guys were, uhh, where I couldn't see them when they did..."  
  
"Oh. Huh." Gwen's hand had already gently grasped him, lightly stroking with a delicate touch. Embarrassed as he was, the primal part of him was only too happy to show this fertile young female the amount of seed he could produce, a thought his common sense quickly squashed by pointing out he and his chosen partner's baby-making days were past, and this was not an invitation to resume them with someone else. He could still give her a hell of a show, though...  
  
"Tim likes it when I start out nice and easy," Gwen said softly, concentrating on the length her fingers were wrapped around, "and he really like the head of his penis played with—it's very sensitive." Her free hand found his balls and stroked, making him groan. "He likes his testicles fondled, too. But gently—too rough and it can hurt."  
  
The young woman stared in fascination at the hand traveling up and down the slick length. So big, she thought again, so different from when it's soft, momentarily distracted by the balls in his loose sack shifting about as Gwen's fingers alternated between stroking and gently palming them. The mushroom head was turning an angry scarlet as his hips began to thrust against the pressure his wife's fingers were creating.  
  
"When his hips start moving like that, it usually means he's getting closer," Gwen observed. "So then I start tightening my grip a little more to give him more friction."  
  
"That obvious, huh?" Tim said with a laugh. "Yeah, I'm getting closer alright," Tim agreed. "I was pretty close when you two, uhh..."  
  
Gwen smiled, her hand moving with more urgency, Tim's hips thrusting harder against it. "Watch closely," she needlessly reminded the young spectator. Cricket's eyes were glued to the scene.  
  
Tim grunted loudly and slammed into Gwen's closed fist with a final thrust, much of his cock exposed above her fingers. The first white rope erupted from his red tip, arching high into the air and falling onto his upper chest with an audible plop. "Oh my God," was all Cricket could manage as he pumped out spurt after spurt, each one a little weaker until they bubbled out to slide down over Gwen's fingers.  
  
She gave it a final playful shake after Tim announced the end of his orgasm with an explosive exhale. "Well, what'd you think?" she asked the young woman staring open-mouthed at the scene. Cricket's expression answered most of that.  
  
"Oh my God," she repeated. "I had no idea! Is it always that, uh, powerful? And that much?"  
  
"Depends on the circumstances," Tim volunteered. "Depends when it happened last, and, umm, motivation...I had a lot of motivation tonight."  
  
"Could you get me a warm washcloth from the bathroom?" she asked her shocked young friend. Cricket nodded dumbly and climbed from the bed, returning a moment later. "I like to clean him up after," she said, taking the washcloth and gently wiping down her husband's chest, stomach and still-hard member. A quick kiss of his mushroom head signaled she was done. "Better?"  
  
"Oh yeah," he said with a contented chuckle. He seemed to be in no hurry to cover up, and their young spectator continued to glance nervously back and forth between his slowly-softening cock and Gwen.  
  
Cricket again wondered what to do next, now that—this—appeared to be over. "Well, I guess I should go to bed," she volunteered, looking at her friend for confirmation.  
  
"I thought you liked being with somebody after," Gwen said with a gentle smile. "Stay here with us tonight." She patted her husband's thigh affectionately. "I'd like to be in the middle, if that's alright with you two."  
  
Tim and Cricket found the arrangement very satisfactory, the soft femininity on Gwen's right and solid masculinity on her left creating an exciting contrast. It took them some time to drift off to sleep, each wrapped in their own thoughts as to what had just happened and what it would mean in the light of day.  
  
Cricket was awakened in the middle of the night by something her sleep-fogged brain could not easily identify. She opened her eyes and was startled to find Gwen's face just inches away, a look of nervous pleasure in her eyes while she bit her lower lip. It was the gentle rocking of the bed that had awakened her, Cricket realized, that and the labored breathing both Gwen and Tim were trying to stifle as they lay on their side facing her, he buried deep between his wife's legs, she eagerly accepting him. His hand firmly grasped her exposed breast.  
  
Gwen saw the young woman's eyes open and smiled in silent apology. Cricket smiled back, not at all minding the interruption to her sleep and impulsively bent forward to kiss the woman lying next to her. Gwen returned the kiss and it lingered, the joined couple's gentle rhythmic motion making her friend's lips press hard against her own then withdraw. Her free hand gently grasped the young woman's buttock and pulled her closer. Cricket's erect nipple mashed into the back of Tim's hand, grating sensuously against his rough skin. He drew it back as if burned, and she felt the soft mass of her friend's breast against her own replace it.  
  
Gwen's leg came up, her knee pushing against her friend's closed thighs. Cricket opened up and the knee continued forward to firmly press against her clit, rocking in rhythm to Tim's thrusts. The feel of being wrapped up by a warm soft body while something solid filled the space between her legs was electric, and only something in her, actually filling her, could make this any better. She ground against her friend's knee and panted softly in time to its movements.  
  
Gwen reached for the young woman's hand and gently guided it to her crotch, rubbing it meaningfully against her mons and clit for a moment before letting go. Cricket got the hint and began to press and stroke, very aware Tim's cock was sliding in and out so close to her fingertips, jerking back a bit when she thought she might have brushed against his pistoning length.  
  
He was the first to his orgasm, his urgent thrusting making it difficult for Cricket to do anything more than hold the heel of her palm in place on Gwen's mound while her friend's knee drove into the young woman's sex with added force. The pace slowed a bit again after he had finished, Gwen continuing to gently rock back and forth against the cock inside her and the body in front of her. Cricket's finger again stroked her friend's clit and soaked furrow. One particularly violent twitch of the older woman's hips made the softening member inside slip from her; the next made her friend's probing finger slide into the freshly vacated opening. Cricket knew what had just been there and what it had left; reason said her fingers should not be playing in the results of her friends' coupling, but passion made her firmly cup her friend's mound and slide a second digit in. A knee, fingers, and lips brought the two women to climax shortly thereafter.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 13**

Sunday morning guilt and doubt seemed to becoming the norm, Gwen thought soon after she awoke. The feel of lying between two warm bodies, one soft and feminine, the other solid and manly, was wonderful to wake up to, but it was tempered by the memory of what had happened to cause this most unusual sleeping arrangement. She lay there waiting for the others to awake, unsure if it was wise or proper to leave her husband in bed with another woman, even if that woman was her friend.  
  
A horse--Marvin, Gwen guessed--whinnied loudly enough to be heard in the still room. The impatient neigh awakened his human as well, and Cricket snuggled in closer to the body beside her. Gwen turned her head to look over her shoulder. "Good morning," she whispered.  
  
"Good morning." The young woman breathed deeply and raised her head to look at the clock, glancing at the man on the other side of the bed, then lay back down. "We slept in," she whispered back. "I think someone's not too pleased. I'll go turn them out and muck. You two, uhh, relax."  
  
"I'll get breakfast going in a minute," Gwen replied, worming in closer to Tim's side.  
  
"Take your time."  
  
Tim awoke, his eyes clearing in time to focus on Cricket's naked back and bottom hurrying down the hall towards her room. "'Morning," He rumbled. "She okay?"  
  
"I think so. She's going out to start chores," Gwen replied softly, hugging him tight, remaining silent until the young woman was putting her boots on in the kitchen. "Are you okay?"  
  
He looked down at the woman lying under his arm. "Depends. Are you?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "Only if you are."  
  
"Then I guess we're all okay. Hell of a night though," he said with a grin, "having to drive all the way to the other end of town on a Saturday night..."  
  
Gwen was surprised how normal breakfast was, the trio skirting any talk of the previous night while discussing their upcoming day, treating the whole thing as if they had just watched a racy movie together. It was not a movie, the Lady insisted. It was real, with real people and really questionable decision-making and morals.  
  
Tim shuffled over to his workshop after breakfast, a list of chores in his head and a smile on his face, while the women went to saddle their mounts. "Thank you," Cricket said quietly as she cinched Marvin's belly strap.  
  
Gwen looked at her. "For?"  
  
"For last night. It was, umm, very educational."  
  
The older woman smiled. "I guess educational is one way of looking at it. Did it make you uncomfortable? I think I put you in a position where you couldn't say no..."  
  
"No I wasn't and no you didn't. It's definitely something I never in a million years thought I'd be a part of, but I liked it, and it was very nice to have somebody next to me after..."  
  
"Sorry we woke you that second time."  
  
The young woman smiled and looked down. "I liked that, too. The look on your face told me how good what he was doing felt. Should I thank Tim for, you know, letting me stay with you two? Sorry, I don't know what the rules for this kind of thing are."  
  
"I can't imagine there are rules," Gwen said with a smile. "First time for us, too—I never thought we'd do that, either. So, we'll just have to make the rules up as we go."  
  
They kept the ride short, Cricket reluctantly leaving after a swim and lunch with her hosts to take care of necessary chores before the work week started. The Nelsons had their own to-do lists, the afternoon busy with shopping, laundry and cleaning.  
  
It took Gwen a moment to realize that Tim was leaning against the bedroom doorway that evening as she put away the last of the now-clean clothes, arms folded across his chest and intently studying her. She looked up from the boxer shorts she was folding, suddenly self-conscious under his gaze, fearful that the bill from last night was about to come due. "What? Is something the matter?"  
  
A disarming smile crossed his face. "Nope. Sorry, just thinking about last night."  
  
The smile helped, but his answer still left her unsure. "Thinking about what?"  
  
His demeanor changed, standing and shoving his hands into his pockets like a boy caught doing something naughty. "About how beautiful you two looked together. It was, uhh different than what I always thought it would be like."  
  
"Really? And is that good or bad?"  
  
"Oh good, really good," he reassured her, fidgeting a bit. "It's just, uhh, well, I've seen movies where two women were doin' what you were doin', but it always seemed, like the women in the movies were trying too hard, like they were just acting. You and Cricket seemed more real, you know? Like you were enjoying it and just liked being with each other?"  
  
She smiled, looking down at the underwear she held. "We do like each other. I love you, though. You know that, right?"  
  
He moved to where she stood and took her in his arms. "Never doubted it. I appreciate you letting me be there last night. That probably wasn't easy."  
  
"I had my doubts," Gwen sighed. "But after I was sure you weren't going to get mad, I liked having you there—it is a nice experience, and it made me feel good to share it with you. It was also good to have that out in the open for once, if you know what I mean. And to be honest, I also liked sharing us with Cricket—I'm really very lucky to have an understanding husband who also happens to be very handsome."  
  
"Aww, shucks, any time." Tim's hands slipped down the back of her shorts to cup her ass and pull her into his erection. "Or...was it a one-time thing?"  
  
"Do you want it to be?"  
  
"Hell no, but that's not really up to me, I don't think..."  
  
"It was nice to have you there," Gwen repeated, "and if Cricket feels the same way...then it doesn't have to be a one-time thing. But is it alright if it's just me and her sometimes, or would that be too hard for you?"  
  
"Nah, I think I got ways to deal with that," Tim said with a chuckle. "That won't be too hard. But I got something else that is."  
  
"So I feel," Gwen said looking up to kiss him. They broke their embrace long enough to strip down to bare skin then again wrapped their arms around each other, Tim's hips pushing the length trapped between them up the smooth skin of her midsection. Gwen gently pushed him back on the bed and knelt. Her lips gently made contact with the skin below his sac, nuzzling the loose skin out of the way with her nose as her nostrils filled with the scent of male musk and sweat, arousing her. Her tongue sampled the dried saltiness as well, the taste receding as she began to work her way up the loose pouch while he groaned appreciatively. She was aware of the sides of her breasts rubbing against the coarse hair of his upper thighs after she sat up to kiss the spot where the skin tightened and flowed into the underside of his hard member. Gwen's lips captured the spongy head and she took in as much of the staff below it as she could, the act of taking her husband's penis into her mouth still feeling wrong and slutty, but the act had also become intoxicating. Her only regret now was having taken so long to discover the pleasure she got from the simultaneous submissive yet controlling nature of this very intimate act, and idly wondered if Cricket would feel the same way when she had a man in her mouth. The taste wasn't even that bad, Gwen reassured herself, when she let Tim finish this way...and he really seemed to drive him wild when she did.  
  
"Mmm, that's nice," Tim groaned in appreciation. "Oh yeah, keep doing that."  
  
"Mm-hmm," she hummed in response, her tongue flicking at the underside of the sensitive tip before sliding him in again. "Ready for me?" she asked several moments later, certain of the answer.  
  
"Uh-huh," he said with a grin. "Got something in mind? I take requests."  
  
"Scoot up on the bed with your head on the pillows." He rearranged himself as asked while Gwen followed along, straddling him once he was in place. She put her hands on the chest of the stud she was about to ride to support herself while her hips undulated and slid her wet furrow up and down his cock. Gwen reached back and slid him in, breathing a soft "ohh" as she filled herself with his length. Tim's hands quickly found her breasts, gently forcing her upright as her hips continued to grind.  
  
He drank in the view of the beautiful woman impaled on his midsection, eyes now closed and gently biting her bottom lip as his hips flexed in time to hers. Tim could feel her weight sagging into his palms and allowed her to again slump forward, her body covering his while her clitoris ground against the hardness beneath.  
  
Gwen's breathing became ragged, the sparse hair on Tim's chest tickling and rasping against her nipples. Her grinding and rocking intensified until she announced the arrival of her climax with a small squeak and a momentary pause of her movements as the first wave washed over her. Her hips soon began to move again, spasmodically twitching and pushing, her full weight now on the body below. Tim waited until her breathing had returned to normal before rolling her onto her back while his cock stayed firmly implanted deep inside her. Strong legs came up around his ass to lock him into place and he erupted several powerful thrusts later.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Gwen held the phone, willing herself to dial after the shop grew quiet Monday morning. One more chance to back out, she thought, just need an excuse...with a deep breath she looked down at the number she had been given and dialed.  
  
"Mrs. Danning's office, Rae speaking. Hello, Mrs. Nelson!"  
  
"Uh hello, yes, may I speak with Mrs. Danning, please?"  
  
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Danning is riding at the moment. I can get a message to her and let her know you're calling?"  
  
"Oh, no, I can call back...I wouldn't want to interrupt her ride."  
  
The young assistant smiled to herself. She had just received a text from her boss, requesting breakfast for two to be delivered to her bedroom, which usually meant she had just finished some vigorous exercise with the previous evening's mount of choice and was in need of coffee and juice.  
  
"I'm sure she wants to speak with you, and I think she might have just finished. Please hold and let me find out?"  
  
"Gwen!" She was momentarily surprised by the strength of the voice now on the other end of the line.  
  
"Oh—hello, uhh, Sylvia, thank you so much for taking my call. I'm very sorry if I interrupted your ride—I know how I like my quiet time."  
  
"I just finished," she said with a laugh, patting the naked thigh lying on the bed next to where she stood. "A spirited young thing! I'm still catching my breath! So, I hope you're calling to tell me the contract is signed and on its way back?"  
  
"I have it here, but I do have one thing I'd like to request," she replied, resolutely pressing ahead. "You had mentioned that you would have a groom at my disposal during the photos, but I'd like to supply my own, if that's alright. I'd really like at least one person that I know in the crowd. Maybe they can help keep me from running away?"  
  
Mrs. Danning laughed. "The way you ride, I doubt anybody could catch you! But you must understand, the horse I have in mind is very valuable, and I really would like someone from my staff in attendance, if for no other reason than to run errands for Danilo." She paused for a moment. "How about a compromise? I supply a groom, you supply a groom. Worst comes to worst, they both stand around and do nothing all weekend. Is that acceptable?"  
  
The Lady said no, but Gwen knew that was foolish. "I suppose so, yes..."  
  
"Do you have somebody in mind?"  
  
"Yes, I do..."  
  
"Then it's settled. So you'll sign and send it back today?"  
  
"I will..."  
  
"Wonderful! Expect Danilo's call soon."  
  
The delivery driver left with the contract two hours later, given to him by Mrs. Nelson after he had offloaded their packages. Must be important, he had thought as honked and waved on his way out, she seemed a little nervous about giving it up.  
  
Gwen was surprised to find a sense of finality come over her as the van rattled down the driveway. It was done, the decision was made. It was much the same way she had felt after agreeing to model for the party; while she could always back out, she knew she wouldn't—she had given her word, and she always followed through on her commitments. With the indecision gone, a sense of excitement began to grow in its place, the idea of being naked and vulnerable in front of strangers, of being captured that way on camera. It was undeniably frightening, but as she was beginning to understand, the fear only amplified her arousal.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Natalie makes that black dress anything but boring, Gwen thought as she looked at her sister-in-law from across the room. She and Adam were making conversation with a couple of the older club members, the right Reverend Floyd Nyquist and his wife Merlene. Besides being a pillar of the community and an occasional member of her father's golfing foursome, Floyd was an unrepentant lecher, and he was obviously enjoying the look of the shapely blonde in front of him. He was fairly well practiced in disguising his ogling, but not as skilled as he thought and Gwen could see his eyes focus on the cleavage in front of him as the breasts' owner looked up to find her sister-in-law. She excitedly waved the Nelsons over.  
  
Gwen received the same surreptitious undressing from the Reverend as she and Tim joined the small group. She knew his interest was not unique or uncommon; she had been receiving the same looks from many well-respected and not so respected men since she was a teenager, just as her mother had warned. While in the past it had quietly annoyed and offended her, it felt different now. The ability to offer even a little tease and control him and others with it carried a certain power not to mention intoxication, and she knew he would happily take in whatever she allowed him to see. Gwen regretted not picking something out something a little more risqué at the mall last week, but the look she had gotten from her mother when they had arrived told her what she wore now was still too revealing for Irene Curran. She had not bothered to scold her daughter for her clothing choices; it was obvious her daughter-in-law had gotten a hold of her just as she had gotten a hold of her nieces. She would be so damn easy to dislike if she wasn't so damn nice, the Curran matriarch bitterly admitted. And her son did still seem smitten with her, even foregoing the firm's traditional "advancement program" for the young female staff members to remain faithful, as far as she knew.  
  
The Nyquists moved on to their next "must say hello to" couple after Floyd got one in one more undressing of Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Curran (the younger Curran, not the older dried-up bitch, Floyd thought with a grin.). Tim and Adam volunteered to refresh drinks, and Natalie called after them, "be right back—Gwen and I are going to freshen up." The blonde led the way out of the function room and down the plushly-carpeted hall.  
  
"Wait—aren't we going in here?" Gwen asked as they passed by the bathroom door.  
  
"Further down." She stopped in front of the golfer's lounge.  
  
"Why here?"  
  
Natalie smiled mischievously and pushed open the door. "You'll see." Gwen looked both ways down the hall, alert for anybody who might see them, then slipped in behind her sister-in-law. Gwen had occasionally been in the richly appointed sitting area while growing up, less so after getting married. She knew the door to the women's locker room was to the left and the men's on her right, but Natalie seemed to have reached her destination.  
  
Gwen eyed her sister-in-law suspiciously. "What are we doing here?"  
  
"Be right back." The blonde went in the woman's locker, returning a moment later to wink at her partner in crime then boldly continue on into the men's side. She came back and handed Gwen her phone, then moved over to the small elaborately carved wooden bar in the corner. She turned around and in one fluid move hoisted herself up onto the edge, carefully avoiding the glassware and other items on the polished surface. Natalie wriggled back and forth to pull the hem of her dress above her waist before bringing both legs up and out, her spike heels on the edge of the bar and her thighs spread enough to make it obvious she had not bothered with panties tonight. A sparkle flashed from below her bare slit, a crystal-topped spreader firmly in place. "Take a picture. Actually, take a few so we make sure we've got a good one."  
  
Gwen looked at the door they had come in, then at each of the locker room entrances in turn, expecting any one of them to open at any moment. "Are you crazy?" she hissed, trying to keep her voice low so as not to attract attention. "What if somebody comes in?"  
  
"Locker rooms are empty," Natalie deadpanned. "Last golfers finished up at least over an hour ago and nobody's gonna start a round in the dark. If somebody comes in now, it's because they're up to no good, and then we'll have each other's secrets to keep."  
  
Gwen doubted her reasoning but aimed the camera, if for no other reason than to hurry and finish this before they were discovered. She snapped quickly, mindful enough to fill the screen with the lewdly arranged body of her subject but not the face. "Okay, I got'em," she whispered hoarsely, again nervously eying the doors. "Let's go!"  
  
Natalie hopped down from her perch. "Now, phase two of my evil plan," she announced, taking the phone back and quickly reviewing the pictures. "You go on back to the dinner. Find a nice quiet spot out of the way and watch what your brother does."  
  
Gwen knew where this was going. "Are you teasing him for later?"  
  
"I guess you could say that. Nice quiet spot, wait a couple of minutes," she repeated. Her sister-in-law nodded dumbly, peeking out the door for traffic before hurrying away. She stopped just inside the function room's entrance in a darkened alcove, spotting Tim and Adam across the room, both holding two drinks. A moment later, her brother put his down and reached into his pocket, a smile on his face as he retrieved his phone and checked the incoming message. The smile disappeared and his expression changed, his face set in determination as he quickly pocketed the phone and looked around. Gwen watched him excuse himself and set off in search of the message sender. He was heading her way, she realized, and stepped further back into the alcove, but not far enough to avoid being seen. Adam pulled up short at looked at his sister in the shadows, not thinking to question why she had chosen that spot to stand.  
  
"Oh—hey—Gwen, do you, uhh, know where Nat is? Something, I uhh, need to ask her..."  
  
"Golfer's lounge?" She offered, shrugging as if unsure.  
  
"Thanks!" She moved from her hiding spot to watch him hurry down the hall, stopping at the correct door and looking back and forth before quickly slipping in. Gwen smiled and shook her head, then went to rescue Tim from Ed Masterson, the noted do-it yourself expert. Ed's home projects, and the business's efforts to correct them, had been a steady source of income over the years...  
  
Adam reappeared twenty minutes later, pausing at the entrance to the room to straighten his suit jacket and adjust his tie. Gwen couldn't resist sidling up to him where he stood scanning the room. "Find her?" She asked innocently.

"Oh, uh, yeah, I did, thanks..."  
  
"You're, umm, about to let the horse out of the barn..." Her brother stared at her in confusion. "Your fly is down," she said in a low voice.  
  
He quickly turned away from her and the gathering to make the necessary adjustments. "Thanks," he said, turning back.  
  
"Welcome."  
  
Adam gave her an embarrassed smile. "I need a drink."  
  
"I'll bet you do." He hurried back to where he had put his glass down.  
  
Natalie appeared a moment later, smoothing her dress, dabbing at the corner of her mouth with her finger. "Did I get any on me?" she asked as she came up to stand by her sister-in-law. "He pulled out just before he popped, and it took a second to get him in my mouth...not sure if I missed the first shot."  
  
Gwen examined her, looking for, well, she could guess. "What was that all about?"  
  
Natalie smiled, looked at her phone and pressed the screen. A few seconds later, Gwen's phone chimed in reply. She looked at the blonde questioningly, then took her phone out of her purse to look at the sent message. It was one the photos she had just taken, along with a note of invitation to join the picture's subject for a pre-meal snack.  
  
"A little game we started playing a while back," Natalie offered. "I send him something naughty with a clue as to where I am, he comes and finds me.  
  
"Oh. Sorry, but I might have ruined your game—I told him where you were."  
  
"That's okay. It was still fun."  
  
Gwen smiled and shook her head in disbelief. "So how long have you been doing this?"  
  
"Uhh, three years now. The first time it was on the 18th green—I had the pin flag draped over my delicate little flower. Good thing I took my dress off cuz' I had grass stains on my ass when I got home!"  
  
Gwen knew the hole lay dangerously close to the fringe of the banquet hall's outdoor seating. "And last year?"  
  
"Membership office."  
  
"The membership office? Isn't that locked after hours?"  
  
"Did you know the most common combination for an electronic lock is 1-2-3-4?" Natalie asked with a straight face. "I was sitting on a membership contract for that one. And this year, I thought the bar might be a good clue, but it sounds like he didn't even notice it. I wonder if Adam even figured out it wasn't a selfie this year? He probably hasn't thought it through that far yet. All he knows is that he got to belly up to the bar for a quick oyster cocktail before I got a taste of secret sauce, and that he's got some work to do when we get home. So...want to learn how to play?"  
  
Gwen eyed her. "What do you mean?"  
  
"Think Tim Nelson, fine upstanding working class representative to the upper crust gathered here tonight, might enjoy something quick before dinner? Maybe you would, too?"  
  
Hell yeah, the Slut answered. Gwen told her to hush. "It's too risky!"  
  
Natalie smiled and shrugged. "What's the worst that could happen?"  
  
"We get caught!"  
  
"Two married people caught up in a moment of passion? Oh, the horror!"  
  
"It would be the scandal of the year for the members! Of the decade!"  
  
"It would give them something to talk about besides the water hazard on 12. And Tim would probably become a folk hero among the male members."  
  
"And I'd be what?"  
  
"A sex goddess they could only dream of having. But that's only if you get caught, which I really doubt is gonna happen. C'mon." The blonde led the way back down the hall, Gwen looking over her shoulder as she followed.  
  
"Shouldn't we check the locker rooms?" she asked after closing the lounge door behind her.  
  
"I doubt anyone went in after your brother and I finished up, but if you'd like..." Gwen pushed her way into the women's locker room, a quick check confirming it was empty. She hesitated at the other door while Natalie looked on. She had never been in a men's locker room before, somehow expecting it to be very different than what she was used to on the other side, mildly surprised when it wasn't—bigger, with a little less privacy from your neighbor perhaps, and a peculiar funky masculine smell of sweat, must and cologne, but still lockers and benches. She rejoined her waiting sister-in-law.  
  
"Coast is clear?" Gwen nodded. "Alrighty, gimme your phone and get up on the bar. Wait!" she barked. "Are you wearing undies?"  
  
"Of course. But I noticed you weren't." Old man Nyquist would probably have had a stroke if he knew that, the Slut guffawed. Not to mention the buttplug in her ass!  
  
"Of course not. That's why I didn't let Adam come in me. I didn't want him running down my leg while we were talking to one of the partners. You better take yours off now. Easier than when you're sitting up there." Gwen obediently reached under her dress and bent down to slide them over her knees and shoes, in a hurry to get this done. Straightening up, she looked about for a place to put them. "Give 'em to me," Natalie ordered, holding out her hand. "At least they're not grannies," she giggled, grabbing the delicately offered lace.  
  
Gwen climbed on the bottom rung of a bar stool before hoisting herself on to the fine wood, cool against her exposed cheeks. "Don't show my face," she reminded her sister-in-law as she mimicked the pose she had herself photographed earlier.  
  
"You sure?" Natalie asked, focusing the camera. "You've got a cute smile now that you're using it more often. I'll see what I can do."  
  
It took less than a minute, and Gwen could see the woman holding her phone typing as she climbed down. "What are you doing?" she asked with a soft cry, the phone being handed back as she got close enough to reach for it.  
  
"Setting out the bait," she said with a smile. "Gimme a second to get back to the ballroom, then send that. Good hunting." Natalie waved and disappeared back into the hallway.  
  
Gwen looked down at the message ready to be sent to Tim, an absolutely obscene photo of her spread in invitation—no face, thankfully—and a message.  
  
Would you like a snack before dinner?  
  
She smoothed her dress down about her thighs then paced about the room for a moment, looking down at the picture, then back at the door. Mind made up, she pressed the send button then stood there, deciding to wait no more than ten minutes to be found before heading back to the dinner. The locker rooms might be a little safer for this if he does come looking for me, she conceded. The Slut bemoaned the idea of making this safer, but might be mollified if they were to choose the men's locker room. It was forbidden territory—women were absolutely not ever allowed in that bastion of masculinity! Doing—this—there—was almost as nasty, right?  
  
Natalie made it back just in time to see Tim reach for his phone and look at the message. His expression changed and he hurriedly stuffed the device back in his pocket, looking about helplessly as if expecting Gwen to be seated on a nearby table. She approached her brother-in-law, taking his hand in hers, discretely closing his fingers around the bit of fabric she had put in his palm. He didn't have to look to know what he had been handed—he knew the feel of lace and could guess where it had come from as he had watched Gwen dress that evening while he made plans to peel them off later. This was even better. "Wanna return these? Golfer's lounge. Down the hallway, third door on the right." Natalie smiled, then moved on to greet another club member.  
  
Tim smiled back sheepishly and moved away with forced casualness after hurriedly stuffing the panties in his pocket. Men's room door, women's room door...golfer's lounge. He cautiously opened it, unsure what he would find beyond. Gwen stood in the middle of the room, hands folded primly in front of her, waiting for him.  
  
"I, uhh, got your message."  
  
"I'm glad. So, I guess that means you want to?"  
  
He looked about and chuckled. "Well, yeah..."  
  
"Let's go in here." Tim followed her as she pushed through the men's door and to a bench between two rows of lockers to the right, temporarily out of sight should anyone interrupt. Now that they were there, neither could quite figure out what to do next. "Uhh, your message said something before dinner?" Tim offered.  
  
"I guess it did," Gwen agreed, and straddled the bench. She pulled her dress up before sitting down and laying back. "Like this?"  
  
Tim stripped off his suit jacket and hung it on an open locker door. "Love the presentation." Shoes, underwear and pants were next, and Gwen had to stifle a laugh at the sight of her husband, naked from the waist down with his erection poking through the tails of his shirt while his tie pointed down to it. He hurried to straddle the bench between her open legs and bent to taste her, feeling the wetness between her lips as his tongue dragged from the bottom up to find the hard button at the top. She sighed contentedly and looked about at her surroundings—another low stooped to, the Lady thought bitterly. A men's locker room. What's next—a gas station bathroom?  
  
He was bringing her along slowly, her climax building from his efforts and the excitement of the situation she had put herself in, but it would not arrive quickly and she wasn't sure she wanted it to. They were taking a huge risk being here in the first place; if they were discovered there would be no way to minimize the hit her parents' reputation. It would be better to enjoy the culmination of the feelings he was creating once they got home. But just because she wanted to draw out her arousal for the rest of the evening didn't mean it was fair to make him wait as well.  
  
"Put it in me," she gasped. "Please."  
  
Tim grinned, rose from his crouch with glistening cheeks and scooted forward, his thighs sliding under hers as the tip of his member pushed against, then through, her swollen lips. Gwen worked back against him, meeting his thrusts and he was soon ready to fill her with his seed.  
  
She sensed it, too. "Wait," she pleaded, pulling herself away from him and quickly rearranging herself so she now lay on her stomach. His cock, just inches from her face, seemed to twitch angrily after being whistled off its prey, and Gwen visualized the wet trail her pussy was making on the bench as she ground against it. She swallowed him, taking him as deeply as she dared and allowing him to use her mouth as he had her sex.  
  
Tim's attention was divided between his cock disappearing between the lips at his waist and the naked ass grinding on the bench. He was careful not to become too rough in his efforts and for the most part was successful before finally grunting and letting loose the first spurt. She recoiled a bit but held him firmly between her lips, determined not to spill a drop, collecting it all before swallowing with a gulp.  
  
"I should get back out there," Gwen told him as soon as she had let him slip from her mouth. They both hurried to their feet, he reaching for his pants while she again smoothed out her dress. "Can you take care of me when we get home?"  
  
Tim leaned over and kissed her. "Without a doubt. Oh, yeah--Natalie said I was supposed to give these back to you." He reached into his pocket and retrieved her underwear.  
  
"Keep them," she said softly, already at the door. "I won't need them."  
  
Gwen took several healthy gulps of wine before rejoining the others, hoping to mask whatever scent might remain in her mouth from Tim's offering, wondering if her mother would even know what it was if she noticed.  
  
Social and family obligations fulfilled, the Nelsons said their goodbyes a couple of hours later. She smiled at how easy it was to spot Tim's somewhat-battered truck in a sea of luxury cars and SUVs and happily settled into the passenger seat, anxious to be home where her urges could be taken care of.  
  
Tim started the vehicle and reached into his pocket. The lacy underwear was hung from the rearview mirror without permission being asked for. Gwen looked about nervously and willed herself not to remove them from public view. They swung back and forth from the thin waistband as he turned on to the road and headed for home.  
  
Her hand moved towards the mirror on its own when he turned into the gas station, but again she willed it back into place on her lap. "Getting' low," he said casually as he stopped by the well-lit pump and got out. She remained still as a customer from the vehicle the next row over made his way past the truck on the way to the store. The Lady prayed he had not noticed the black lace hanging in their window; the Slut hoped he had and correctly identified where they had been a short time ago. Tim returned to the truck's cab and was pleased to see his new decoration still hanging where he had left it. True to his word, he made sure Gwen went to sleep tired but happy.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 14**

They made love again the next morning, the memory of the previous night's adventure fueling their desire. A locker-room blowjob—the plotline of a porno—was definitely driving Tim's energetic fucking, but Natalie's discrete "panty-passing" maneuver had affected him as well. The idea she knew what they were doing, and where they were doing it excited him, almost as if he and Gwen had been putting on a show for yet another person.  
  
"Was that Natalie's idea last night?" Tim grunted as he lay between Gwen's widespread legs.  
  
"Uh-huh," she panted, pulling him deeper to grind against his pubic bone. "It sounded like a dirty game of hide-and-seek to me. She and Adam did it first—she said they've done that before, sends him a picture of herself in a spot that gives him a clue where to find her. She had me take the picture this year. I think I messed up, though-I told him where she was rather than letting him find her."  
  
"Huh," Tim replied in time to his next hard thrust. "I'll bet they weren't too mad. I know I wasn't after Nat helped me." The reward he had gotten for finding Gwen was fresh in his mind as he filled her a moment later.  
  
They lay together for only a moment before the Lady tartly reminded Gwen there were things to do now that the her lust had been temporarily satisfied. Tim volunteered to start the coffee but delayed, standing at the kitchen window watching his wife cross the yard to the barn. She was dressed in jeans, t-shirt and muck boots, the same outfit she always wore for turning out the horses, and he had seen her take that walk countless times before but still stopped to admire that cute little ass swinging back and forth. Those cheeks had looked especially good as she lay on her stomach on the locker room bench the night before, her head right at cock level...  
  
Looks like it's gonna be a nice day, he thought as he tore himself away. Much rather be out on the boat seein' if I could get that ass naked rather than going into town with Charlie to look at one of his jobs. Something more mundane from the previous evening's dinner popped into his head. Ed Masterson's wife had discretely asked him to inspect her husband's recent water heater installation, fearful the tank might rocket through the roof and into low orbit. Tim had promised he would do so and asked her to text Gwen to add it to the schedule; Ed's house was not too far from Charlie's jobsite, maybe just drag him along and do it now before The Mastersons made the local news? Gwen's phone was on the counter, where she had left it when they had returned home; he should probably text back and warn them he was planning on stopping by. Tim grabbed for her phone. The Nelsons locked their phones, more for the sake of their customers' privacy and security than anything they themselves had to hide, but they occasionally had need of the others' messages and contact information and knew how to get in.  
  
He almost dropped the device when the screen came to life. There was the message he had gotten last night, a picture of Gwen from the neck down, sitting on a bar with a black dress hiked up about her waist and legs wide open. Except his brain and his cock instantly knew this wasn't Gwen—the body wasn't quite so petite while the completely shaven sex featured very prominent pussy lips. Natalie! Tim stared at the image, letting it burn into his memory while wondering what to do next. He briefly considered forwarding it to his own phone but hesitated—he was sure he hadn't been meant to see it in the first place and to save it for himself felt like an invasion of their privacy. The accompanying message-"Would you like a snack before dinner?-made it apparent Natalie and Gwen had also played a game of hide and seek together. He'd have to ask about that, but in a roundabout way...despite his earlier exertions, the thought of his wife sitting on a barstool, her head between those widespread thighs caused his member to stir. Ain't you a greedy bastard, he chided himself with a chuckle. You got the show of a lifetime a week ago and you wanna change the channel? Tim got the information he needed and returned to Natalie's photo for one more look before finally placing the phone back on the counter.  
  
Tim slid into his truck and glanced at the underwear that swung from the rearview mirror. He couldn't believe Gwen had let them hang there in plain sight while he stopped to get gas last night, or let them remain after they had gotten home; she might have had something else more urgent on her mind just then, he thought, proudly remembering the promised orgasm he had delivered. She had obviously forgotten about them for now but would soon remember and ask to have them returned. He liked the idea of leaving them on display, like a teenager's trophy of sexual conquest—he remembered Charlie doing that a few times when they were younger, at least until the owner of the underwear demanded them back. It might be fun to send a message to his friend that Tim Nelson was capable of getting into a woman's pants, and that Gwen Nelson might not be the frigid stuck-up bitch Charlie thought she was. Common sense won out, and with a rueful shake of his head he threw them in the glove compartment.  
  
Tim pulled into his friend's driveway a half hour later. The big man amble out his front door and to the truck.  
  
"Hey."  
  
Charlie settled himself into the passenger seat with a combination wheeze and groan. "Hey." Tim looked over his shoulder to back out and could see his friend patting his pockets. "Got something to write on?" he asked, reaching for the glove compartment to help himself to whatever he could find. Tim wanted to stop him, but it was too late; what excuse could he give for not going in there anyway? "What the hell?" The big man withdrew the lacy garment almost reverently, unfolding the panties and admiring them. "You steal these from a job, you perv?"  
  
Tim glanced over at the man holding his wife's panties. "Put 'em back, and I didn't steal 'em."  
  
Charlie's expression changed to one of understanding and he grinned. "No shit! You finally got smart and got yourself a piece on the side! 'bout fucking time! You're cheaper than I thought if you're fucking around in the front seat of your truck instead of getting a room, but hey, at least you're getting some."  
  
"I'm not getting any on the side, you asshole!"  
  
The big man's grin disappeared and he gingerly grasped the edges of the underwear between thick fingertips as if the fabric had suddenly become radioactive. "They, uh, one of the girls?"  
  
"What the fuck is wrong with you? Those aren't my daughter's underwear!"  
  
"Alright, alright...so whose are they? Any one I know? And why do you have 'em in your glove compartment?"  
  
Tim smiled. "They're Gwen's, you nosy bastard."  
  
Charlie looked at him doubtfully. "Bullshit. She wears longjohns, and they're made of steel."  
  
"It's not bullshit, and how the hell would you know shit about her underwear? They're hers."  
  
"She know you took 'em?"  
  
"I didn't take 'em, she gave 'em to me—last night at the dinner." Tim knew he was revealing way too much, but didn't particularly care at the moment—it was fun to turn the tables on his friend for once.  
  
"Bullshit."  
  
"No shit."  
  
"What the hell for? Don't tell me she gave you your semi-annual pipe flushing here in the truck, cuz' I sure as hell ain't believin' that." Still, the big man spread his thighs and glanced down between them, looking for any tell-tale stains on the seat cover.  
  
"We didn't do it in here. We did it in the locker room at the Country Club."  
  
"Now I know you're just makin' shit up, and you suck at it." Charlie brought the lace up and inhaled deeply. "Mmm, perfume and the smell of bitch in heat. Fresh, too. Okay, maybe you did get laid last night. What's the occasion, she tryin' to get knocked up one more time?"  
  
"What? I told you to put 'em back," Tim yelled, snatching the underwear out from under his friend's nose and stashing them between his own thighs, a place he knew Charlie wouldn't dare go to try and retrieve them. "No, she's not trying to get pregnant. She just wanted to have sex."  
  
"Gwen Ice Queen Nelson wanted to get laid in the locker room of the Country Club," Charlie carefully stated, trying to make it obvious how unlikely that sounded. "I still call bullshit. So how did her panties get in your truck?"  
  
"She said I could hang on to 'em for her after."  
  
"So she was walking around without underwear all night? She was wearing one of those sensible pantsuits she wears to Chamber of Commerce meetings, right?"  
  
Tim laughed. "She was wearing a dress, a hot-looking little black one."  
  
"No shit," Charlie breathed, really wanting to believe what he was hearing. He had imagined that stuck-up-bitch in a lot less over the years, but the idea of Gwen Nelson strutting around in a short dress and bare pussy was pretty hot, especially if it was true. "You sure she ain't tryin' to get one in the oven before the kitchen closes?"  
  
"Some guys are better at talkin' about fuckin' than doin', and some are better at doin' than talkin'. You're really good at talkin'," Tim said with a grimace and a laugh.  
  
Charlie tried for quite a while for more details, but Tim wouldn't say anything more, an annoying smile plastered to his face as he tormented his friend. "Fuck you then, you probably ain't talkin' cuz you couldn't get it up." the big man grunted to signal his debate victory and finally fell into silence.  
  
Cricket arrived mid-morning, long after Tim had left on his errands. She and Gwen were sweating freely by the time they had finished saddling their mounts and the older woman surprised her companion by stripping off her shirt and jogbra before leading Dart out of the barn. Her undergarment was hung on a nearby nail to dry before she stuffed the shirt in her saddle bag. Grasping the saddlehorn, she swung a practiced leg over her mount. "Ready?"  
  
"Uh, yeah..." Cricket looked at the topless woman, weighing her choices. "Wait for me." Her bra was quickly hung next to Gwen's, and the two riders started up the hill. "Do you ride this way often?" the young woman asked after she had caught up.  
  
"Sometimes," Gwen admitted, "more often when the weather's nice. Do you mind?"  
  
"Oh—no, it's nice," she decided, "just different."  
  
"I found it's a good way to be reminded to maintain proper riding form, keep my upper body quiet and in sync with Dart's cadence," Gwen said, looking down at her chest. "If I don't, my breasts get too much of a workout and they end up sore. I think they prefer to be out in the fresh air anyways." Despite the heat, Gwen's erect nipples seemed to agree, the arch of her back proudly pointing them up the path.  
  
"Don't you worry about being seen?"  
  
"By who, the deer and squirrels? Have you seen another human during our rides yet?"  
  
Cricket smiled at the truth of the statement. "You look so natural like that," she said after a few moments and several glances. "It seems so...I dunno, like you not having clothes makes you and Dart more like equals, or something. Sorry, that sounds stupid, but I don't know how else to put it."  
  
First Mrs. Danning and now you, Gwen mused with mild exasperation. What is it about be being naked on a horse? "No, not stupid," she said quietly, "I'm...flattered, thank you. But maybe I see what you mean. You look very natural ...like that...too."  
  
The pair rode for several hours, the quiet rhythm of softly thudding hooves inviting their thoughts to wander into considering what the rest of the day and evening might bring, neither brave enough to openly discuss or plan with the other. Tim was already back and on the tractor moving manure when they rode back into the clearing. He brought the diesel to a low grumble as his wife dismounted and approached while Cricket hung back, suddenly very aware she was still topless and out in the open while admiring Gwen's self-confidence as she casually stood bare-breasted by the vehicle. "I'm going to run down to the grocery store for a couple of things for dinner after I turn Dart out," Gwen announced when she returned and led the horse into the barn. She reached into her saddlebag to retrieve her shirt and toss it over her head, reaching back into the loose collar to pull her ponytail out. "you can stay here and take a swim if you want."  
  
"No, I'll go with you," Cricket replied, hurrying to find her own shirt. She glanced at her bra hanging on the nail, noting that Gwen had not grabbed hers and both were left to be collected later. Her nipples rubbed sensuously against the warm fabric of her top as they worked to groom their mounts and then again as the truck bounced down the country road. She glanced over at the driver and could see Gwen's shirt remained open as far down as it could go, the zipper peeking from below where the seatbelt crossed over her cleavage. The sight reminded her shirt was open as well, risking exposure, and pulled the zipper up in a belated bow to modesty  
  
The sudden transition from the heat of the parking lot into the chill of the store's air conditioning made Cricket shiver, her nipples coming to attention from the shock. The two women did not go unnoticed by the other shoppers, particularly the men, as they made their way through the store still dressed in their tight riding breeches and knee-high leather boots. Cricket was painfully aware of the hard little points beneath the sheer fabric of her top while Gwen's shirt hung loosely enough to soften the effect without opening too much as to reveal what lay beneath. They made a stop in the beer aisle at Tim's request, Gwen selecting a carton from a bottom shelf and carefully loading it under the cart. The older man in the aisle with them did his best to be discrete, but it was obvious to Cricket his complete attention was on the space between her friend's hanging shirt and breasts. She straightened, and the satisfied customer quickly found a particularly interesting 12-pack to study.  
  
"Gwen, your shirt might be a little open," Cricket whispered urgently after they had moved away. "I think that guy back there could see down it when you picked up the beer."  
  
"I had no idea," the older woman said with a smile while making no effort to cover up. "Did he seem upset? I mean, he didn't have to look, right?"  
  
Cricket smiled. "No, I don't think he was upset. He didn't stop staring until you stood up again."  
  
"Huh." The memory of the first time she had "accidentally" exposed herself in this store was never far from Gwen's mind whenever she shopped here, and it had been the subject of several masturbatory fantasies after; she had even seen that nice young man in the meat department several times since, always wondering if she had similarly inspired him. They came to a sudden halt short of the meat section, Gwen smiling and reaching for Cricket's zipper despite the young woman's mild protests. "Can you get us some chicken?" she asked. "Get some breast—they're at the bottom of the case. Make sure you point out the ones you want."  
  
Cricket looked back at her, wide-eyed. "Like this? Now my shirt's wide open!" she growled.  
  
"It's not wide open," Gwen corrected, "just a little open."  
  
"Wide open," Cricket repeated in a low voice, "and besides..."  
  
"You keep saying men don't notice you. Let's see."  
  
"This is different!"  
  
"Let's see," the older woman repeated, "if you get noticed."  
  
Cricket looked at her doubtfully and took a couple of steps towards the counter before looking back. Gwen returned her gaze, eyebrows raised slightly. "Chicken?" She said, and the young woman wasn't sure if it was a reminder or a dare. She continued on.  
  
A red-faced older man, balding with a silver crown of hair, stood waiting while he retied his bloodied apron. "Can I help you Miss?"  
  
She could feel the flush of her cheeks. "Uhh, yes, I'd, umm, like some chicken breasts." Cricket slowly bent over to look at them, concentrating on the cuts of meat before her, very aware her nipples were free of the fabric now hanging below them.  
  
"Which ones?" Her head came up to find the man looking back at her through the glass of the case, just in time to see his stare come up from a spot further down her body.  
  
"Umm, the biggest ones, please. Three?"  
  
The butcher took his time, his gaze darting between Cricket's request and the mounds dangling free inside her shirt. Small but firm, he noted, too small to get smothered by but big enough to wrap around my dick if she pushed 'em together. The young woman, cheeks ablaze, held her pose while he worked, intent on making sure her choices were correct. He eventually ran out of reasons to delay and finally straightened to put the selections on the scale.  
  
"Thank you," Cricket squeaked as she took the package from him, unable to make eye contact.  
  
"Any time." He watched her walk back to the cart, dimly aware of the other similarly attired waiting for her, taking a moment to admire the tight little bottom hurrying away.  
  
Gwen just smiled and waited until they had moved down the next aisle. "Well, I'd say you got noticed! I'm surprised you got chicken and not beef."  
  
Cricket just blushed in response and said nothing until they had paid for the groceries and gotten in the truck "I can't believe I did that," she blurted out. "I think he saw my boobs!"  
  
Gwen laughed. "Oh, I'm pretty sure he did. Think he minded?"  
  
"Not a bit," she laughed. "But it was so embarrassing to let him see me like that!"  
  
"But exciting too, right? Come on, you can admit it. Men really like to look. Sometimes it can be fun to let them think they're getting away with something."  
  
"Alright, yes it was exciting," Cricket admitted. "Still, it would be nice if I could get that kind of attention from a man without looking like I'm advertising for a good time."  
  
"You are looking for a good time, just not with him. I'll bet you made his day, though." And gave him a story to tell in the back room, the Slut added. "It doesn't hurt to practice your advertising for when you do meet Mr. Right." And now you sound just like Natalie, the Lady cautioned.  
  
They all swam before dinner, the need for bathing suits no longer even mentioned, their casual nudity becoming increasingly easy to dismiss as somehow normal. Shorts and t-shirts were the dress code for preparing and sitting down to their meal, relaxing on the deck as the shadows grew long across the yard.  
  
"I see what you mean about getting sore if you don't stay in sync in the saddle," Cricket whispered to Gwen as Tim took some plates back into the house. "I don't think I did such a good job. My breasts are pretty sore from all that bouncing."  
  
"Maybe the hot tub might help?" her friend suggested. "Tim, we're going up for a soak before bed. Are you joining us?"  
  
"Yup," came his voice from the kitchen. "I'll be right out."  
  
"We'll meet you up there," Gwen replied through the fabric of the shirt she was already pulling over her head. "Can you bring towels, please? We've got our wine." The two women were neck-deep in the steaming water when Tim arrived and hurriedly shed his clothes, Cricket noting the curious state of his penis, somewhere between soft and cuddly and hard and menacing. It soon disappeared under the surface as he settled himself with a contented sigh.

It was quiet for some time, just the hum of the pump motor and the forest at night. "How's your soreness?" Gwen asked, her voice loud against the stillness.  
  
"A little better," Cricket replied softly, hesitant to discuss in detail the afflicted parts with Tim so close. "Just have to be a little more careful tomorrow."  
  
"Let me see if I can help. Come over here and sit in front of me." Gwen shifted and brought an arm out of the water, waiting to gather the young woman in. Cricket hesitated, glancing at Tim before accepting the invitation. Gwen chose her spot for her, gently taking her by the shoulder and guiding her into a sitting position between her legs. Soft yet firm hands began at her neck and shoulders, caressing, kneading, and Cricket closed her eyes and relaxed into the reassuring comfort. The hands gradually worked lower, under the water's gently roiled surface, closer to her breasts, then to them. Gwen took the mounds and continued her caresses, slowly beginning to knead and squeeze as she might a sore calf, fingers occasionally brushing over the young woman's areolae and erect nipples, circling them before moving away.  
  
Tim didn't even bother to pretend to avert his stare as Gwen worked, the water's surface only partially obscuring his view, and he saw enough to know Cricket's breasts were her focus. A rumble came from the young woman's throat as her eyes fluttered and she slumped against the body behind her. His hand crept to his alert staff and began to idly tease and stroke as his wife's left hand was again on the move. Cricket gasped and opened herself wider to the finger now delicately probing between her legs.  
  
Gwen kissed and nibbled at her friend's exposed neck and ear while Cricket thrust her hips to meet the advance of the digit that teased her clit. Gwen obliged by firmly planting her palm on the flesh above the tingling button and sliding her finger into the slick opening further below. The young woman gasped again, then moaned softly as her hips alternated between pushing against the firmness above her clit and sinking down on the finger deep inside her. She was aware Tim was watching and welcomed the attention; awash in the excitement of the effect their little show must be having on him. She wanted to see if he was touching himself, but opening her eyes was too much effort...she briefly imagined that the man in the grocery store would be doing the same if were here right now...he wasn't at all handsome, but that wasn't the point.  
  
Her climax built slowly, in no small part because Gwen could sense it too and controlled its arrival, eventually deciding the time was right to let it explode over her young friend. Cricket's body bucked and twitched, frantically working to increase the pressure on her clit and the penetration of her friend's probing finger while she urgently hummed "mmm-mmm-mmm" in time to the violent thrust of her hips.  
  
Cricket lay her head back against her friend and panted as her orgasm spent itself. Gwen let her rest for some time, sensing just the right level of touch to give the young woman as what she would want herself, finally murmuring in her ear, "think you're okay to get out? We've been in a long time..."  
  
The young woman smiled and nodded, then rose on unsteady legs. Gwen steadied her and stood as well to gently guide her up on to the pool deck before looking back at Tim. He gave an apologetic smile and stood to reveal an impressive erection. Gwen smiled back and led the way down the hill.  
  
The Lady seized this moment to exert what little control she still retained, declaring if Gwen was to go through with the incredibly crazy and perverted idea the Slut had infected her with, it would be done in a controlled and orderly manner. "Sleep with us tonight," Gwen called over her shoulder as they entered the house, the words her young friend had hoped to hear. Gwen led the procession to their room and lay back on the bed, making it evident sleep was not first thing on her mind. Tim joined her on one side and Cricket the other, both very willing to let Gwen call the shots. She resolutely moved forward with her plan. "Think you could you help me a little now?" she asked the young woman.  
  
Cricket rolled to her side, eager to oblige. "Of course! What can I do?"  
  
"Well," Gwen replied slowly, spreading her legs as wide as the bodies on either side of her would allow, "do you think you could kiss me down there...you feel so good, and I think Tim would like to see that."  
  
He blushed but didn't disagree with her assertion as the wide-eyed young woman nodded and hurried to the space between Gwen's thighs. "I don't want you to feel left out," Gwen said, gently grasping and shaking his slick erection. "Can you bring this up here?" He got to his knees and shuffled to put his bouncing cock in reach of her lips, positioning himself to watch Cricket orally pleasure his wife.  
  
For Gwen, receiving that unique pleasure a woman best understood how to give while she paid loving homage to her husband's penis was everything she imagined it would be, feeling as though she were the conduit connecting three sexual beings. For some time this had been the stuff of masturbatory fantasies, always assuring the Lady even as her orgasm approached that it would never become reality. And yet the Slut had continued to suggest it as possible, finally convincing Gwen that she had the power and the right to make it happen. Still, the plan had not come together until the hot tub; having her hands on the body of a sexually-charged young woman while her husband watched had infused her with the bravery to turn fantasy to reality.  
  
Neither Cricket nor Tim had any issue whatsoever with Gwen taking control; to him in particular it just seemed a natural extension of the woman he had known for so long. Their attention was on each other, Tim fascinated by the face buried between his wife's legs making her hips grind and twitch, Cricket peering up the body before her and focusing on the length sliding back and forth between of her friend's lips.  
  
He wanted this to last, to at least wait until Gwen had climaxed, but the visuals and the overall situation, not to mention the talented mouth engulfing his cock, took its toll. "Gwen honey," he muttered, looking down at her, "I'm close."  
  
The woman sucking him opened her eyes and met his gaze. "Mm-hmm," she murmured around his cock. Cricket's tongue slowed, distracted by what she was certain was about to happen, not wanting to miss any of it.  
  
I tried, Tim thought, letting Gwen's tongue take him that last little bit to the edge before his own hips took over. She recoiled slightly then held herself still as Tim stiffened and let out a strangled groan, and Cricket imagined what she had seen erupting from him last week now flooding her friend's mouth. His hips twitched to mark each volley, little movements meant to get him deeper without choking the woman receiving his seed. Satisfied, He sank bank on to his haunches with another groan, Gwen letting his shining cock emerge from between her lips.  
  
Cricket watched her throat flex as she swallowed her husband's offering, then looked dreamily down at the woman between her legs as if to encourage her to resume. The young woman smiled apologetically for having stopped in the first place and renewed her efforts. What she had seen had affected her as well; she felt the need for another orgasm growing, and thought about reaching between her own legs to bring it about. She brushed away another idea, an even more perverted idea, but it would not be dismissed so easily. The young woman began to kiss her way up Gwen's body, across her stomach, taking first one nipple, then the other, between her lips. Cricket continued on until her mons was firmly pressed against her friend's. Her hips began a slow grinding and had made it to Gwen's neck when she was stopped.  
  
"I don't think you want to kiss me," her friend warned. "I mean, I just had Tim..."  
  
"It's alright," Cricket replied with a smile. "I don't mind. I mean, unless you do." Gwen hesitated, giving her friend one last chance to reconsider, then gently took the young woman's head in her hands. Their lips pressed together while hips continued to move with and against each other. Not unfamiliar, Cricket thought as their tongues began to dance, realizing she had tasted this on Gwen's lips before, a little stronger this time, saltier, a little bleachy...masculine. Gwen tasted herself, knew where those lips had just been, and thrust up to firmly press her clit against the young woman on top of her. She was the first to climax, aware that Cricket's hips had stopped to allow her to find the most satisfying spot to press against, their tongues still exploring. The young woman followed her into orgasm soon after. They came back to earth together, Cricket rolling limply off to the side, her body pressing against Gwen's right while Tim held her from the left. Sleep came easily for all of them.  
  
There was no repeat performance in the morning; Tim was up and out of the house before the women he had shared his bed with had even risen, on his way to the lake for a day of fishing with Charlie and another story he wouldn't tell. Gwen and Cricket rose a bit later, flashing knowing smiles at each other as they worked in the barn, both surprised at how little regret and guilt they felt, and how things just seemed right.  
  
They were on the trails early, Cricket choosing to remain in her shirt and bra due to lingering soreness, but promising to give her "new riding exercise" another try the next time she came over. Gwen remained clothed out of sympathy, despite being mildly annoyed by how unnatural her top now seemed to feel.  
  
"Sorry if I went too far last night," Cricket said after they had skirted the first low ridge. "I got a little carried away."  
  
Gwen laughed. "Carried away? What do you mean?"  
  
"I think I forced myself on you-I really wanted to rub against you...and kiss you...I was curious. Sorry about that."  
  
"Curious about what?"  
  
Cricket's cheeks went from pink to scarlet. "The, umm, you know..." her voice trailed off, "taste."  
  
Gwen laughed again. She realized laughing had become so much easier over the past year, even over subjects she would have found violently disagreeable not too long ago. "You can't say I didn't warn you. It takes some getting used to."  
  
"You don't think it was over the line?"  
  
"I'm not sure what line you mean..."  
  
"The 'look but don't touch' line?"  
  
"I really hadn't thought about it like that." Gwen thought for a moment. "No," she said, coming to her decision, "a taste is not a touch. You can have all you want, but I'm guessing you got more than enough last night."  
  
"It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be," Cricket replied quietly, "although judging from what I saw last week I'm sure I didn't get nearly as much as you did. It just seems like such a nasty thing to do—like something only a slut would do," she continued. "I think I like being a slut sometimes, at least under the right conditions."  
  
"It can be fun under the right conditions," Gwen agreed. "I never would have imagined it until N—" she caught herself just in time—"my friend showed me that it's possible to have a public side and a private side."  
  
"Just like you're showing me?" her companion said with a smile. "The student becomes the teacher..."  
  
"The student is still a student," Gwen replied with another laugh. "A student with a lot more to learn, I bet."  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"Mind if I skip the swim and head straight to the shower?" Cricket asked as they walked back to the house after turning out their mounts. "I'm feeling pretty grimy from all that dust, and I haven't washed my hair since I got here."  
  
"Of course not," Gwen replied. "Use the one in our bedroom."  
  
"Thanks...we can share, right?"  
  
The older woman smiled. "We can. More than enough room."  
  
The number of nozzles meant neither woman was ever out of the stinging spray unless they chose to be, each luxuriating in the wet warmth. "Wash your hair?" Gwen offered, stepping behind the other naked body and reaching for the shampoo. Her fingers sensuously worked the lather while Cricket luxuriated in the feeling of decadence. "Let me get the rest of you," her friend murmured, beginning to soap her shoulders and back. "How are your breasts today?"  
  
With great effort, Cricket raised her arms to cup the pert mounds. "Sore," she admitted, "my bra helped, but we were out there quite a while..."  
  
Gwen hummed in agreement, her hands already beginning to repeat the previous night's massage. Her fingers also eventually found the young woman's sex, the sensations making it difficult to stand. "Bed," Cricket gasped, reluctantly moving away from the body behind her, "you're going to make me fall down." Gwen stopped her outside the shower stall long enough to dry the young woman off, then let her lead the way to the next room.  
  
They lay down together after Gwen had retrieved her vibrators and dildos from her nightstand drawer, actions unhurried but intentions clear. Cricket's head start towards her hoped-for orgasm did not prevent her friend from quickly catching up. The young woman's lips pulled away from her friend's even as a finger circled her alert clit. "You really like it when I kiss you down there?"  
  
"Mmm-hmmm," Gwen affirmed, her hips rocking. Cricket smiled and began to work her way down the older woman's body, over erect nipples and smooth skin to the small patch of hair on her mons. Gwen's legs opened wide in invitation as she reached for a nearby dildo. A soft tongue began to tease and she turned to look at the open legs next to her head. The dildo was placed where it was meant to go, and with a soft push split the young woman's sex.  
  
"Ohhh," Cricket groaned into Gwen's pussy, welcoming the invasion and the finger circling her clit. The older woman slowly pulled it in and out, watching the incredibly erotic scene with fascination as her friend's labial lips seemed to grasp at the length, reluctant to let it go as it withdrew, trying to follow it deeper as it returned. She wondered if her pussy looked the same when it was filled with this impossibly large penis, or if it looked any different when Tim was doing the filling...big and thick is nice, the Slut admitted, but the real thing, being driven into her by a masculine pair of hips, is even nicer.  
  
The dildo inside her and the finger tormenting her button put Cricket over the edge a short time later. Gwen wanted to believe she could see her friend's sex flexing and grasping at the invader just as her own did the same in these moments. The activity between her legs stopped while the orgasm spent itself, only the heavy breathing of the woman between her legs to be felt.  
  
The tongue and the kisses began again, slowly at first as Cricket regained her senses, then with more energy. The Slut decided she had had enough, and her body agreed, forcing the body beside her on to her back while she straddled the young woman's face. Her own climax would not be denied, and she was not gentle as she ground against the tongue and lips beneath her.  
  
They lay together for some time basking in the afterglow, Cricket in no hurry to leave, almost hoping Tim might come home and discover them there, perhaps even join them…

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 15**

Gwen had been awaiting the phone call with nervous anticipation, but it still caught her off-guard "Mrs. Nelson?" the man on the other end began. "Danilo Castigalli. I understand Mrs. Danning told you I'd be calling?"  
  
"Oh, yes, she did. Uh, thank you for calling?"  
  
"Thank you for agreeing to take this job," he replied. "Mrs. Danning indicated you don't have a lot of modeling experience but is convinced she made the perfect "find" for this project and was very pleased you said yes. I'm sorry it's taken me so long to contact you, but I wanted to firm up my schedule before I made arrangements."  
  
"She's right, I really don't have any experience at all." She wondered whether he knew the circumstances under which she had been "found". He doesn't sound very old or very Italian, Gwen thought, and the mature European gentleman she had imagined was replaced by a younger man, late-twenties or early thirties, maybe.  
  
"I just arrived here in New York," he continued, "and I was hoping to make it down to the Atlanta area later this week. I was wondering if I might meet with you this weekend? I'm sure your time is very valuable, I promise to try and not take too much of it."  
  
"Oh—I didn't realize we'd be doing—this—so soon..."  
  
"Oh, no Mrs. Nelson, I just want to meet with you, get some ideas for the direction this might go, a few test shots at most. The actual shoot will be sometime later, once everything is arranged and the weather looks like it will cooperate."  
  
"Oh," Gwen repeated, this time with a small sense of relief. "I suppose I could make it to Atlanta this weekend to meet with you..." Perhaps Natalie could go with her, maybe they could stay with Liz...  
  
"I wouldn't dream of inconveniencing you like that," the young man assured her. "I understand you stable your horses at your home?"  
  
"Well, yes..."  
  
"Then if it's alright with you I'd like to meet with you there. Get to see you interacting with your own horses, watch you ride...would you mind?"  
  
"Not at all, yes of course you're welcome here, but I also don't mind coming to Atlanta. I'm sure you're a very busy man."  
  
"Not too busy to accommodate Sylvia Danning's wishes," he said with a laugh. "Would Saturday morning at 9 be alright?"  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"What time?" Tim asked when Gwen told him about the photographer's visit while they prepared for bed that evening.  
  
"9. Is that alright?"  
  
"Well, yeah, but uhh, Bob and Yvette asked us to come up to the lake on Saturday for a day out on the boat. I kinda wanted to go...I could just go alone, I guess."  
  
"No, don't," she replied, slipping beneath the sheets to lie next to him. "I don't want to be here alone with a complete stranger. I mean, if I'm still going to be posing the way Mrs. Danning had originally planned, he might think I'm, I don't know, the kind of woman who will do more than just pose? I've heard stories about casting couches..."  
  
"Casting couches are for auditioning and you've already got the part. Hell, if you're worried that he's gonna try something, I gotta guess that would piss off the billionaire that was so hot to hire you, and he'd have to be an idiot to take that kind of chance."  
  
Gwen wanted to believe that too, but the Lady demanded caution, reminding her the billionaire had helped herself to that young couple at the mansion. "I know, but I'd still rather you be around...maybe can we go out to the lake together after? Please?"  
  
He laughed and hugged her close. "I'll let 'em know we'll be up around noon. That gives your photographer about two hours." Tim hesitated. "Can I, uhh, ask you something now?"  
  
Gwen looked up from where she was nestled under his arm. "What?"  
  
"Well, I, uhh, the picture Natalie sent you," her confused look made him hurry to continue. "I, uhh, saw a picture on your phone—sorry, I was looking for the Masterson's number—just like the one you sent me at the Country Club, but it wasn't you."  
  
"Oh that—"  
  
"Did you two get together at the dinner?"  
  
Gwen knew what "get together" meant and opened her mouth to clear the confusion. She stopped, sensing the look in her husband's eyes was not anger or betrayal but excitement. "Would you be mad if we did?" she asked, looking down to rub his stomach above the sheet over his midsection.  
  
He shifted. "NO-no, I just, uhh...was, wondering if you did and what happened, is all."  
  
"Do you really want to know?"  
  
"Well, yeah..."  
  
Gwen reached down and flipped back the blanket to expose his already-potent erection, her finger delicately tracing a line from balls to tip. "If you're sure you want to know..."  
  
The Slut was given complete control for the next twenty minutes, fabricating an incredibly lurid and pornographic fantasy to satisfy Tim's inflamed imagination while her hand took care of his physical need. Gwen was surprised just how perverted the story became, of how she had straddled Natalie's face while her sister-in-law lay on the same locker room bench she and Tim had used, of how impossible it would have been to explain had they been caught. The telling of the tale had an effect on her as well, and she ground against her husband's hip while she stroked him, gently telling him to just lie back and let her take care of everything when he tried to return some of the pleasure he was getting.  
  
Gwen could tell her words and touch had brought him close to the edge, his breathing becoming labored, his cock red and angry-looking as he thrust it through her slowly tightening fist. She could feel the heat radiating from his blood-engorged shaft and anxiously awaited the first pearl jet of his seed, a little embarrassed by the pride she felt in being able to so effectively summon it at will. "Show me how much you have," she breathed as he drew close. I love seeing you shoot. Cricket does too-she still talks about it."  
  
"Really? She liked seeing that?" he asked through gritted teeth.  
  
"Uh-huh...thought it was so masculine..." The young woman's positive review of his performance put him over the point of no return, Gwen happily accommodating his release, quickly angling his cock up to turn it into an obscene fountain as white pulses arced and splattered his chest and stomach while he growled and twitched. Gwen waited until his final explosive exhale, then gave the mysterious thing in her hand an affectionate shake and went to get a washcloth. Her rabbit was retrieved from the nightstand after he had been thoroughly cleaned, and Tim watched attentively as she brought herself to orgasm a few moments later.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Gwen was glad that Natalie had been able to make it Friday morning. The chance to be out riding was never a bad thing, but she had come to truly appreciate the opportunity to spend time with her sister-in-law, to be able to let her guard down and talk freely without fear of judgement.  
  
"Are you excited?" the curvaceous blonde asked after Gwen had told her about the photographer's visit the next day. "I can't believe my own sister-in-law is posing at the request of one of the richest women in America!"  
  
"More nervous than excited. Especially if they stick to the plan..."  
  
"Know what the plan is yet, exactly?"  
  
"No. I'm hoping he at least gives me a clue tomorrow."  
  
Natalie smiled. "Maybe it's some sort of Lady Godiva-theme kinda thing. You know, naked beauty on horseback?"  
  
Gwen shook her head as a fresh shiver of fear-driven excitement ran through her. Would he really make her ride naked in front of a crowd? "It can't be that. Lady Godiva was blonde and beautiful with big breasts."  
  
Her companion chuckled. "I don't think there was any press allowed at the first event, so who knows what she looked like? Lady Godiva can be anything you want her to be. Brunette with a ponytail, firm tits that don't make her look like she's too top-heavy to sit straight on a horse...but you are beautiful, so you've got that angle covered no matter what."  
  
Gwen snorted dismissively. "I'm a working mother with a husband and two kids. I am NOT a model."  
  
"Mrs. Danning obviously thinks you've got the qualifications for the job. You should really stop being so hard on yourself."  
  
Gwen let it go, using her time on the trail as she usually did, thinking, mulling over the photographer's visit as well as other pressing matters.  
  
The heat of the midday sun made a swim after they returned a necessity, and the women made their way first to the kitchen for a drink, then the pool, tossing their sweat-soaked riding gear on the nearby deck chairs.  
  
"I wanted to let you know," Gwen said softly after both their heads had broken the surface and they began paddling. "I'm really sorry, but Tim saw the picture you sent me the other night. He was looking for a customer's phone number and...well..."  
  
Natalie grinned. "What, the one of me on the bar? Oh yeah? Did he like it?"  
  
"I'm sure he did," Gwen replied in surprise, "but doesn't it bother you he saw it? You're not mad or embarrassed? I should have deleted it, I'm sorry."  
  
The blonde laughed. "No, I'm not mad, and I'm only embarrassed if he didn't like it. Are you alright with him seeing it?"  
  
You've been showing him a lot more of Cricket, the Slut laughed. "I was more worried how you would feel about it...I thought you might want things like that kept just between us."  
  
"He's seen naked women before—" the Lady's paranoia suggested Natalie knew about their recent bedroom antics—"and I've got nothing to hide...he did like what he saw, right? You can be honest with me. Has he been able to get it up since?" The blonde took her companion's hesitation for confusion. "Get it up? You know, get an erection? I didn't scare it away, did I?"  
  
Gwen shook her head and chuckled. "Now who's being hard on themselves? I'm being honest-I'm sure he liked it, and it definitely had a positive effect on his, uhh, performance. Tim thought that you sent me the picture for the same reason you sent it to Adam, and that you and I..."  
  
"Oh-ho, he thought we got busy first? Was he disappointed when you told him we didn't?"  
  
"He always likes to hear about it when we do, so...I lied a little and made something up I thought he'd like. Sorry again."  
  
Natalie laughed. "Oh you dirty girl you! Don't be sorry-glad to help you get laid. And what did we do together, exactly?"  
  
"The things we do," Gwen answered evasively, "only in the lounge, and in the locker room. Somebody could have come in and seen us, that kind of thing."  
  
"Makes sense—good bedroom talk has to have some believability. Tim's a really nice guy, but he's still a guy and therefore has his fair share of kink in him...of course he likes the idea of two girls getting it on. His wife and sister-in-law? Even kinkier."  
  
If you only knew just how kinky he and I have gotten, Gwen thought. "Natalie," she asked after a few moments' silence, "can I ask you a question?"  
  
"'Course." She looked back expectantly.  
  
"You told me that when you were in college, you and your roommates used to, you know, sometimes you'd share in the bedroom?"  
  
"You mean sleep with each other?"  
  
"Well, yes, that, but the boys you brought home..."  
  
"Oh, you mean sharing the rod? That's what we called it when we shared guys. That's what you mean, right? It definitely made things interesting and educational for a bunch of always-horny college girls. Why do you ask?"  
  
"Oh, I was just wondering...I never really imagined people did that until you told me...did it ever bother you to see the guy you were with doing that with your roommate?"  
  
Natalie smiled and shook her head. "Not really, no. I always have liked the whole group play thing—it just feels so nasty to have a different set of hands on you! I think a lot of the times my roommates and me were just showing off our latest catch. And I know it sounds conceited, but I liked seeing how excited a new guy would get over me, and how they'd try to impress me with their cocksmanship. It was funny how hard some of those guys worked to get me to come. It was just so outside what I had always been taught good girls are supposed to do...girls are just as kinky as guys, I guess."  
  
"Was it different when it was Adam?"  
  
"I'll admit I got a little jealous the first time I saw him with Liz because I knew how much I liked him and he looked like he was really into her whole taking charge thing in bed. I worried he might like her better after, but I'm the one he kept asking out, so I figured sex is only one small part of mutual attraction. And besides, he shared me with other guys—and girls-and didn't freak out or get possessive, so it wouldn't be fair if I did. Why the sudden interest in this?"  
  
Gwen hesitated before answering, carefully organizing her thoughts. "I feel like I should be more upset that Tim thinks about you and me...doing what we do...but I'm not. And then I think that he should be way more upset with me for doing that, but he's not. To tell you the truth, I still feel guilty sometimes that I'm cheating on him, but I don't want to stop."  
  
Natalie eyed the naked woman and shrugged. "Cheating's when you do it without his permission. And that doesn't just go for sex—you could be spending time somebody with else without ever touching that person and still be cheating if you hide it from the person you love. But Tim knows and approves and likes what you're doing, apparently. If you like it and Tim likes it, and I like being part of it, and Adam knows and is okay with it, then everybody wins and it's nobody else's goddamn business what us four like."  
  
Gwen nodded curtly. "Makes perfect sense," she smiled, "but ever since you started being a bad influence on me, my emotions have been overriding sense. I wish the two would just agree on this."  
  
"Cold logic Gwen and feelings Gwen are a lot closer to equal now than when I started coming over here," Natalie said with a grin. "I'm predicting they'll be hand in hand in no time, and then look out! Just do me a favor?" she continued. Gwen looked up, anxious to do anything for her friend. "Promise you'll tell me if you catch Tim jerking off to my picture? I'd consider it quite the honor. Well, this little talk has gotten me really worked up." The blonde moved to the pool steps. "Can I borrow your bedroom for a few moments? Might make work a little more pleasant."  
  
"Oh—certainly, of course. Do you want me to uhh, help?"  
  
Natalie reached for her towel and grinned. "I thought you'd never ask."  
  
Gwen led the way down to the house and into the bedroom. Natalie followed along, eying the firm butt bouncing before her, embracing her sister-in-law from behind when she paused at the bed. Her hands began to roam, first turning circles on Gwen's stomach before one took the motion up to her breast while the other dipped between her legs. "You feel wonderful," Natalie murmured as she kissed Gwen's neck, "but I'm in the mood for something filling today. Could we use some of your toys?"  
  
"Of course," the woman in her grasp murmured back, but the arms about her did not retreat just yet. Natalie ground her mons against the base of Gwen's spine as her fingers danced over nipples and clit and her tongue teased an ear...she finally released her with a pat on her ass and casually lay down, waiting for the toys to be retrieved.  
  
Gwen joined her on the bed and reached for her sister-in-law's side. "I remember when Liz and me had a guy with us, she—oh yes, that's nice, right there- liked to sit on my face so she could watch him fuck me," Natalie said while her nipple was gently tongued. "How about you play the part of Liz and this—" she rolled on to her back and grabbed one of the dildos—"can be the lucky guy?"  
  
Gwen looked up from her breast. "Oh—okay."  
  
Natalie rolled on to her back. "C'mon up—climb aboard. Aww, I think it's trying to say hello," she joked as Gwen carefully straddled her sister-in-law's head, cautiously settling back against the tongue already splitting her slit. The legs below her spread and the giant phallus was positioned between them to slowly push against abundant scarlet-purple folds while a muffled "ohhh, yesss" reverberated against her own. Natalie's hand patted the bed next to her, searching, finally locating the Magic Wand and handing it to Gwen before pulling on the thigh next to her cheek to bring pussy more firmly into contact with tongue.  
  
Gwen shuddered at the feel of her clit being tickled, managing to thumb the switch on the vibrator and apply it to Natalie's. A soft groan of approval vibrated against her sex and the embedded penis began to saw in and out, changing angles and driving deep before retreating enough for Natalie's lips to grasp at the bulbous head as if trying to prevent its escape. I can see why Liz liked this, Gwen thought, relishing the physical and visual stimulation, imagining what it would be like if there was a real man between her sister-in-law's splayed legs. His face would almost certainly be just inches away from hers, or maybe he would be alternating kisses between her breasts...just a fantasy, the Slut calmly assured the Lady, just a fantasy.  
  
Gwen grew less concerned about smothering the woman below her as her arousal intensified, reasoning that Natalie had asked for her to be there in the first place and could ask her to move any time she wished. Her hips rocked back and forth against the face below her, one hand now on the bed supporting her body while the other worked the vibrator in the ways she knew she enjoyed. I doubt I could get it down there with a man in the way, she reasoned, imagining a masculine midsection grinding against her sister-in-law's mons, teasing the tingling nub threatening to peek out the top of her slit.  
  
Natalie was first, suddenly grabbing the hand holding the Magic Wand with her own and helping to both steer and mash it into her clit while the dildo was slammed as deeply as it could go. The tongue in Gwen's cleft stopped while the body below shuddered and convulsed, then went limp. Give her some air, the Lady insisted, and she obliged, gently rolling to her side.  
  
Natalie smiled weakly."Whoo, good one!" She reached out to pat the knee next to her shoulder. "You deserve a good one, too. C'mon-on your hands and knees."  
  
Gwen hurried into position, looking back over her shoulder while the blonde retrieved the vibrator, unsure what was to come next. "Like this?"  
  
"Uh-huh." Natalie kneeled behind the crouching woman and gently spread her legs a bit more, then reached around the front of Gwen's thigh and the brought the Magic Wand up into her crotch and on to her sex. She bucked at the sudden sensory overload radiating from her clit, but Natalie steadied her with a firm hand on her presented ass. A finger up dragged slowly up her slit, collecting her wetness to deposit and spread it around her puckered ring. She shivered, both from the vibrator and the touch against her most forbidden place, waiting to be penetrated, silently admitting she wanted it to happen.  
  
Natalie did not disappoint, her middle finger slowly pushing against the strong muscle while her thumb came down to effortlessly slide into her other opening. Gwen came with both fingers deep inside her, soft squeaks escaping in time to the contractions as she tried to simultaneously rock against both the invaders and the buzzing on her clit. The fingers stayed inside her as she sank to the bed, finally withdrawing to allow the hand they were attached to a moment to caress her naked backside.

"Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
Gwen descended the deck steps towards the rental car in their yard as the driver got out and straightened. He looked even younger than he had sounded, impossibly young, too young to be a noted artist, a slim, handsome boy with skin tone that belied a Mediterranean heritage. A shock of unruly black curls sat above a handsome face and easy smile.  
  
"I am." She offered her hand. "You must be Mr. Castigalli?"  
  
"Dan."  
  
"Please, call me Gwen." The young man smiling pleasantly but said nothing, his silence unnerving her a bit. "You must have gotten on the road early this morning. Can, I uhh, get you anything? Coffee, some water?"  
  
"Coffee would be great, but only if you already have some made." The smile never wavered and his eyes never left hers as he waited for her to lead the way.  
  
"I do, please come in." She turned, hiding her blush, and led him back up the stairs and into the kitchen. "My husband Tim is out in the workshop," Gwen felt the need to volunteer. "I'm sure he'll be along shortly." She imagined his eyes on her back as she turned to the counter and could not shake the feeling that she was somehow being evaluated, like a buyer might size up a horse for sale. Not that she had not sized him up as well, the Slut reminded her. KD's age, maybe even younger, she guessed. Must be a prodigy to have caught Mrs. Danning's eye. Was it even legal to pose nude for a teenager?  
  
"I'd like to meet him," Dan replied, taking the mug from her. As if on cue, there was the sound of boots on the deck.  
  
Gwen whirled to face the door, thankful for her husband's appearance to help break the stress she imagined, the Lady hoping that it was obvious to Tim that there was nothing inappropriate about being in the kitchen with the young man. He smiled easily at the young photographer and extended his hand.  
  
"Tim Nelson."  
  
"Dan Castigalli. It's nice to finally meet Gwen and yourself. You folks have a beautiful place here."  
  
Tim smiled. "We try to run a reputable home for wayward horses."  
  
Dan returned the smile and turned to Gwen. "Speaking of horses...I know your time is very valuable, so I'll try not to waste it. I was hoping we could start out in the barn? I'd like to see you interacting with them...maybe take some test photos of you grooming, saddling and riding, if that's alright."  
  
Tim led the trio out the door and down the stairs. "I doubt you'll be wanting to see my skill with a front end loader, so I'm going to head down to the shop. Let me know if you need anything." Their paths diverged, one to the shop, the young man to his car to retrieve his camera, and Gwen to the barn.  
  
"Your barn is immaculate,' the photographer remarked upon joining her in the cool shade of the barn's center aisle and looking about. "You must have a very attentive staff."  
  
Gwen laughed. "No staff, just me and my friend. She boards the Thoroughbred there—"she nodded to where Marvin stood with Dancer and Tigger in the middle of the paddock, eying the stranger warily while Dart ambled towards them—"and she does most of the work on weekends. My daughters pitch in when they come over, and my husband does the heavy lifting, bless his heart."  
  
"Well, that's impressive," he said truthfully. "Most of the owners and riders I associate with wouldn't be caught dead with a manure fork in their hands. Are the others your horses?"  
  
"The other two out in the paddock are my daughters. Dart's mine," she said, walking over to where the horse stood at the gate to rub his neck, her nervous tension forgotten now that she was in her sanctuary.  
  
"Seems pretty confident. I see he's the only one brave enough to come up and check me out."  
  
"He's probably just looking for a handout," Gwen said dismissively. "But yes, he's a brave boy..." the rubbing of his cheek had turned to an affectionate stroke.  
  
She sensed he now had the camera up to his eye and turned to confirm her suspicion. "Oh—uhh, sorry, what should I be doing now? Am I supposed to pose, or something? I'm so sorry, but I haven't done this before," she told him again.  
  
"You're doing fine, just keep what you're doing, and no, no, don't pose—pretend I'm not even here—just do what you normally do when you're out here, when you're doing chores. Maybe go through your routine for getting ready to ride? What do you do then?"  
  
She grabbed the halter and lead hanging by Dart's stall, resisting the urge to ignore the photographer's instruction and look at him or more exactly, the camera up to his eye. "I, uhh put a lead on him so I can groom him first, check him for anything that might make riding uncomfortable for him." Dart was happy to accept the bit and halter, knowing it meant some time together with his human, and walked on his own to where he was always tethered and saddled after the gate was opened. The other horses watched with interest, but came no closer.  
  
Gwen went through the routine she had repeated countless times, checking for sores or tenderness in the big animal's muscles as she curry combed, looking for weight shifts that might indicate lameness or hoof problems. The camera clicked, catching the muscle memory she had been acquiring since high school.  
  
"You need help with that?" Dan offered as the petite woman hefted the saddle off its stand and carried it to the horse, unsure such a small woman would be able to handle the task alone.  
  
"No, but thank you," she laughed, surprising the young photographer just how easily she managed to get it into place on the patient animal's back, impressed the horse had even dipped a bit to help.  
  
Everything ready, Gwen finally risked a glance at the camera, greeted by more clicks. She quickly turned away. "What should I do now?"  
  
"Well, if you wouldn't mind leading him out into the field below the trees..." the photographer followed, camera still to his eye, as woman and horse walked together. "Nice...okay, maybe you could mount him?" With much-practiced ease her left foot found the stirrup before the right leg saw swung over the big animal. "Great. Now, can you dismount, then re-mount?"  
  
Gwen looked down at the photographer, concerned she had done something wrong, and repeat the process. Dan moved about taking pictures from several angles, having her repeat the motion again and again until she found herself slightly winded. Finally satisfied, he left her in the saddle and asked the pair to "move around a bit."  
  
Horse and rider were put through their paces for the next half-hour, trots, gallops, more technical aspects from the world of dressage, as well as just standing and being. Tim came out from the shop to briefly watch and wave, Gwen seeing but not acknowledging him as she connected with her horse, not knowing exactly what the young photographer was looking for but anxious to not to embarrass either her or Dart in the process of giving it to him. He finally called a halt to the team's efforts, still taking photos while the process of getting the horse ready to ride was reversed.  
  
"You and Dart appear to be very much in tune with each other," Dan told her as they walked back to the house. "I can definitely understand what Mrs. Danning sees in you."  
  
"It's all him. Dart and I, well, I trust him completely and I think he trusts me," she said with a grimace. "I'm sure I won't be the same with the horse she picked out for this. Do you know anything about him—or her?"  
  
Dan seemed a little distracted, his mind elsewhere at the moment. "Him," he announced, bringing himself back, "and yes, I've met him. Very spirited, maybe even a little brash, I definitely wouldn't trust him with a lesser rider. He is very handsome, though-I'm sure you'll do fine."  
  
The young man's confident, easy going nature seemed to wane after they returned to the kitchen. "So, uhh, Gwen," he asked after taking a sip of water, "forgive me for asking, but did Mrs. Danning, did she uhh, tell you that part of her idea for this project involves, uhh both you and the horse posing without clothes?" He smiled apologetically at the weak joke.  
  
"She did..." Despite her embarrassment, Gwen looked him square in the eye, determined to show calm confidence in a way even Miss Ritter would have deemed sufficient.  
  
The young photographer mistook her confidence for icy annoyance, but continued on. "And, uh, again, forgive me for asking, but does, uh, your husband know?"  
  
Gwen could see him grow even more nervous with the second question, and impassiveness turned to compassion. "He does," she told him with a smile, "and he's okay with it. I have to admit I'm a little nervous about it, though."  
  
Dan grinned sheepishly. "You and me both. Sorry, I'm a little nervous, too. You'll be my first professional nude."  
  
Gwen's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? But you're a professional photographer—"  
  
"Of horses," he said, cutting her off. "And their riders, who wear clothes. I did a couple of nude portfolios in college, though," he added quickly, "and a couple more private portfolios of girlfriends." His blushed at this admission. "So I at least know what girls look like. To be honest, I wasn't sure why Mrs. Danning chose me for this, but she kept saying something about the way I capture a body in motion, and that it can't be that much of a stretch from the equine form to the human, so..." he shrugged and smiled again. "So you're stuck with me, I'm afraid."  
  
Gwen smiled, his admission somehow comforting, as if it had returned some small amount of control to her. "Mrs. Danning had a very good reason for asking you to do this, I'm sure. How long ago did you graduate from college?"  
  
He smiled. "Four years ago. I know, I know, I look young for my age, but trust me—I'm twenty-five. I can show you my passport, if you don't believe me."  
  
Not a teenager, at least, Gwen thought, but still young. He must think I'm ancient. "No," she said with a blush, "that's not necessary."  
  
"Which brings me back to the next thing on my to-do list," he continued, now avoiding eye contact. "I'd like to, umm, get a couple test shots—of you, without clothes-if that's alright?"  
  
Gwen hesitated. "Well, yes, certainly, I suppose we have to get to that sometime. Now's as good as never. What would you like me to do?"  
  
"Like I said, I don't have much experience with this...my girlfriends were already in the right way to be photographed," Gwen thought it cute that his blush deepened at what was being implied. "The models in school started out in robes until the instructors asked them to, uhh, disrobe...if you have a bathrobe, maybe you could change into that?"  
  
She smiled in acknowledgement. "I'll go change and come back out here?"  
  
"I think that's best, yeah...maybe just take the pictures in the living room? Or would that make you uncomfortable? These are just test shots, I promise. They won't get around."  
  
She rose from the table. "I'll trust you to make sure they don't. I'll take a shower and get changed."  
  
"No," he said suddenly, "no shower—please. I'd rather see you natural, like you just came in from riding, if you know what I mean."  
  
"If you mean sweaty with caked-on dirt, then yes I know what you mean."  
  
"Natural," he corrected. "I want to show an equestrienne in her most natural form, showing the effects and results of her passion. Sorry, I know that sounds hokey, but it's really the look I'm hoping for here...please?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "Would you like me to go roll around in the paddock for effect?"  
  
Dan laughed. "No, just like you are is fine."  
  
She turned to leave but he stopped her again. "Oh—Tim...I know you said he knows, but he's not going to get upset if he comes in and sees me taking pictures of you, is he? I'd really hate to be chased off your property."  
  
Gwen reversed direction towards the kitchen door. "I doubt that will be an issue, but I'll go warn him just in case." She waited patiently at the shop door until he had finished a weld. "Dan is going to take some test pictures of me," she announced matter-of-factly. "Without my clothes on. I wanted to warn you in case you came up to the house."  
  
"Oh yeah?" he replied with a smile. "Should I be there to chaperone?"  
  
"If you would like. Just try not to scare Dan, okay? I think he's a little nervous about it."  
  
"I find that hard to believe." He flipped the welder's mask down. "Let me get one more tack down and I'll be up."  
  
"Please don't burn yourself." She didn't wait for him, crossing the yard on shaky knees, re-entering the kitchen to find the young man still at the table, looking up at her anxiously. "Be right back," she announced, walking by him and down the hallway.  
  
She had only been gone a moment when Tim followed along, cautiously opening the door as if trying to avoid interrupting something, instead finding the young photographer adjusting his camera.  
  
"Hi, Tim," he said cautiously, looking up from his efforts.  
  
"Hey."  
  
Dan cleared his throat. "Gwen's certainly the accomplished rider. Beautiful to watch on horseback. Smooth and flowing, not at all technical-looking, like it comes naturally."  
  
"Yeah, she loves those horses...I pity the person that gets between her and them. Or her and our kids."  
  
"I could see that..."  
  
There was an uncomfortable silence, both men very aware of what they were waiting for. Gwen returned a moment later, her bathrobe wrapped about her. "You said the living room?"  
  
The photographer rose from his chair, again checking his camera. "Uhh, yeah, okay." She stood between the two rooms, arms at her side, facing the young man. Dan glanced at Tim, worried how he would react to his wife getting naked, then looked at Gwen "Okay, uhh, whenever you're ready, you can take the robe off."  
  
Gwen looked at Tim as well, raising her eyebrows to silently ask for his permission, or at least his acceptance. His smile was enough for her and quickly undid the sash with shaking fingers. She hesitated, taking a breath, the Lady scolding her to at least not make it seem like a striptease, then flipped the robe open, letting it slide off her arms and to the floor.  
  
She saw the young man's eyes widen slightly and resisted the urge to giggle at his flustered reaction. His eyes swept from her feet up to her face, quickly stopping there and focusing as if to make it clear he was not checking her out.  
  
Dan smile was meant to be reassuring but came across as nervous as he again looked at Tim, his own patient smile the only reaction while he leaned against the kitchen counter with arms folded over his chest. The photographer hurriedly raised his camera to his eye where he stood, intent to be seen as working and not gawking, apparently unsure as to whether it was appropriate or safe to move any closer to the naked woman before him.  
  
The young man's nervousness was obvious, a fact which somehow greatly reduced Gwen's. She felt a sense of her power and control over the situation despite being the only naked one in the room, a feeling she decided she definitely liked. "Should I do something?" she asked again, arms hanging by her side, nipples hardening in the cool air. "Pose?"  
  
"Nope, no posing, you're fine. But, uhh, could you take your hair out of the ponytail?"  
  
She reached back to undo the band, her breasts pushing out towards the camera as she reached back. "Let me go comb it."  
  
"No, don't comb it—just let if fall. Natural, remember?"  
  
Gwen laughed. "Now you're really asking a lot! There's natural, and there's just plain messy!" She allowed the dark locks to fall down between her shoulder blades, quickly running her fingers through it.  
  
"No, it looks great, really. Okay turn to the side, give me a profile, please." She concentrated on her posture, shoulders back, chin up, her instructor's voice in her head. No slouching, stupid girl! Stable hands slouch! More clicks. "Turn again, so I can see your a...uhh, backside. Her buttock muscles flexed reflexively after she had turned her back to him, and Dan wondered if that had been for him. "One more turn please, other profile. Beautiful!" he lowered the camera and looked at her for a second before dropping his eyes to intently study the camera in his hands, as if to avoid being accused of staring. "It's so obvious you're a rider. You have the muscle tone of the show riders I've seen, uhh, well, without their clothes on. Tight abs and thighs, firm, uh, backside, even your back muscles and shoulders have tone to them.  
  
Gwen's lip curled mischievously. "I thought you haven't photographed any riders—like this—before?"  
  
His blush freshened. "I didn't have my camera when I saw them like that. We were, well, you know..." The young man hurried to deflect. "It's even more amazing you look like that after two kids. My mom has five, and she doesn't look like that—I mean, I've never seen my mom naked—" he stammered, desperate to correct the misunderstandings he was creating-"but I have seen her in a bathing suit, and she looks more like a, uhh, I don't know, a mom."  
  
Gwen wondered if she had to wait for permission to put her robe back on, but realized she didn't want to just yet, even if permission was given. "I'm sure your mother is beautiful. She has five children, I've only got two," she reasoned. "Is she an equestrienne? Is that how you got into the horse world?"  
  
"I wouldn't call her that, but she is a horse lover. She was an actress from Iowa, Dad's a film producer from Rome. They met at an audition, got married. Mom liked to drag me to horse shows when I was a kid. I'd take pictures for something to do, people with more money than sense told me how much they liked them and gave me money, so I got the idea I might be good at photography and went to college for it." He looked at his watch. "And I've taken way too much of your time." He looked up and realized there was still a naked woman standing in front of him waiting for instructions. The photographer averted his eyes. "You can go get dressed now, Gwen, I'm done with pictures. Just a couple more things." He turned and sat at the table, fishing something out of his pocket to write on.  
  
Gwen smiled, leaving the robe where it was and joined him. "I'm fine. What else do you need?"  
  
He glanced at the small tuft of pubic hair next to him just below the table's edge and then quickly away again, his train of thought derailed. "Uhh, yes, well, you'll need wardrobe. If you could contact this Equestrian Supply outfit in Atlanta, they can come out and do some measurements and fittings at your convenience. It will be on Mrs. Danning's tab, of course."  
  
"Wardrobe? I thought this—"she motioned to herself—"I won't be wearing this after all?" A part of her worried that she had failed the test.  
  
Dan smiled. "Only part of the time. For the rest, you'll need something a bit more...traditional for riding."  
  
Gwen looked down. "Alright...well then, I can go to Atlanta for this," she said taking the card from him. "I have something else I need to do there—I can get both done in one trip."  
  
"You're more than welcome to, but if you change your mind, just give them a call and they will come to see you. Do you think you could see them in the next couple of weeks?"  
  
"Is next weekend soon enough?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
Oh—and the last thing." His blush freshened as his eyes swept from her midsection up over her breasts to her eyes, then away again. "Your, uhh, hair. Could you let it grow until we do the shoot?"  
  
Gwen nodded. "I can do that. Do I need to have it styled?"  
  
Dan wouldn't look at her. "No, I'd just like it as long as possible. And uhh, if you could let your other hair grow as well...we can style either or both if we need to before the shoot."  
  
It was her turn to renew her blush. "You mean my...?" She glanced down at her crotch, but his focus was intentionally elsewhere and it was missed.  
  
"Your pubic hear" he mumbled. "It looks like you keep it trimmed up, but, uh, natural, right?"  
  
He rose from the table, only briefly making eye contact with her as he said his goodbyes. To the young man's surprise, she didn't bother to redress before escorting him out to his car and seeing him off, and he felt it safe to keep his eyes on the rearview mirror and the nude woman in it waving goodbye until he turned down the tree-lined portion of the driveway.

"Gwen Nelson," Tim admonished once they were back inside, "were you teasing that poor young man, running around naked like that?"聽  
  
"No! I just wanted to show him that he didn't have to be worried about me being shy when the time came for me to, uhh, pose."  
  
"Uh huh." His hand went to her crotch, inserting his middle finger between her lips before withdrawing it and holding it up for her to see. "You're wet."  
  
"Alright, maybe it was a little exciting...that's okay, right?"聽  
  
Tim laughed. "Ain't you full of surprises. But hell yeah, it's fine. Unfortunately, we can't do anything about your, uhh, condition right now, or mine for that matter. The McCallums are expecting us up at the lake, remember? We're already running late."  
  
She hugged him around the neck. "But when we get home?"  
  
"Game on."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 16**

Also, this story takes place in a world where STDs don't exist and only babies planned for and wanted do—in other words, a fantasy world. Any resemblance to real-life people is purely coincidental.  
  
The Lady grudgingly approved of Yvette McCallum. She had down-to-earth common sense and self-confidence, did not flaunt her obvious wealth and would have been someone to be respected, if not actually liked, even before Natalie had become such a bad influence and set the standards for decency so much lower. Of course, the Lady added tartly, her common sense and decency had been notably absent the day the met, but everyone makes mistakes...  
  
"Your house is beautiful," Gwen said, standing in an open living area that featured two stories of windows overlooking the lake. A deck ran along the front of the house, from which a set of stairs descended to the dock where the McCallums' boat was moored. "What a lovely view."  
  
"It's way too big for two people," Yvette said, "but it does come in handy for family get-togethers and holidays. Funny how we always end up hosting those..."  
  
"And as for the view," Bob McCallum added, "the windows are a double-edge sword. We can see out, but the neighbors can see in, and apparently they are less appreciative of their view than we are of ours." He nodded to the two cottages sitting on either point of the gently arcing inlet, in plain sight of the house that sat in the center of the shallow horseshoe. "We found that out right after we moved in. The folks in the white cottage saw us fooling around out here and couldn't figure out they could just look the other way. Boy, did he get red in the face when he told me—pulled me aside to talk so Yvette wouldn't hear, told me he and his wife could see us in here and that this wasn't a nudist colony and what we were doing was meant for behind closed doors. I told him the door was closed, it was the window that was open, which I don't think helped things. But I mean, hell, how can he expect me not to want to play a little hide the hot dog when you have a beautiful woman like that always walking around naked tempting me?" If the Lady respected Yvette, the Slut really liked Bob. He reminded her of Tim's friend Charlie, but in a good way, if that was even possible. He was out-going, self-confident without being arrogant, and was skilled in being inappropriate in ways that were kind of cute rather than crude.  
  
"You mean conceal the cocktail frank," Yvette retorted with a smile. "And I wasn't trying to tempt you. I just think in my own house clothing should be a choice not a requirement. The Slut chuckled at the woman's good-natured attempt to knock her husband's ego down a peg, but remembered that day on the beach and thought hot dog more appropriate, maybe even sausage. "We both like to have choices when we're here," she continued, pointedly eying Bob, "so to keep peace in the neighborhood and put these up." Yvette lifted a remote from an end table and a row of blinds advanced from left to right across the lower half of the wide expanse of glass. "I can only imagine what they must think is going on in here when we close 'em, but I'm willing to bet it involves Bob making his long-suffering wife do unthinkable things." Another press of the button and the shades reversed direction, again revealing the sparkling water of the lake.  
  
"She lies!" Bob said with a laugh. "There are no unthinkable things in her book! We haven't figured out a good way to add that kind of privacy to the deck, though and since we like to be comfortable outside too we spend a fair amount of time on the boat, which thanks to Tim is able to leave the dock way more than it used to. Speaking of that, we thought we could all go out and enjoy the nice afternoon?"  
  
"Bob stocked the galley fridge, be a shame to let his hard work go to waste," Yvette offered, the fabric of her white 4th of July celebration t-shirt unable to contain the bobbing and swaying going on beneath it, and the faint outline of two large brown circles were visible underneath the shirt as well.  
  
The men led the way down the dock, in a hurry to be underway while their wives trailed behind. "Listen," Yvette said quietly, "I want to apologize for Bob checking you out in there. He's a typical guy with a dirty mind, but sometimes I wish he would be a little more discrete about it. I swear his favorite hobby is mentally undressing women to add to his collection."  
  
"Oh, I didn't notice he had been," Gwen lied. "But really, he's already seen me that way, so there's nothing left for him to imagine. I'm sure he's harmless—I'll be fine, but thank you for thinking of me."  
  
Yvette laughed. "Nothing left to imagine. Honey, you're so cute. And yeah, he's harmless, but still, just let me know if he gets to be too much. You don't mind if I don't leave anything to Tim's imagination, right?"  
  
"Of course not. He's already seen you that way. We're all adults and we all know what we look like without our clothes," Gwen replied with feigned casualness.  
  
She marveled at the cabin cruiser as they stood beside it, at just how big it seemed compared to their own boat. "Tim's already had the tour, including a fair amount of time in the engine compartment," Yvette remarked drily, "but let me show you below decks." She and Gwen descended a short ladder into a small salon complete with galley, not big but certainly roomy enough to seat four for a meal. Two berths lay forward, snug accommodations with a thin bulkhead separating the two bunks. The engine rumbled to life, and they came back up on deck in time to see Tim cast off and hop aboard. "C'mon, the boys can drive. Let's go sit in the sun and catch the breeze." She led the way to a short ladder leading up to an open space over the salon forward of the cockpit, in front of where a bare-chested Bob was at the helm, carefully steering the large craft out of the small inlet at a speed low enough to avoid causing a wake and giving the neighbors something else to complain about.  
  
The women each took a spot on the foam cushions covering the top of the cabin. Yvette wasted no time in reaching for some nearby sunscreen and working it into the skin of her bare legs while Gwen sat and looked about, wondering if and when the woman next to her was going to take off her clothes. She glanced behind her into the cockpit, Bob smiling back, Tim standing beside him, his shirt now gone as well.  
  
Legs taken care of, Yvette took a quick look around to ensure they were now a distance from the little cove and their neighbors, then at Gwen. "You don't mind, right?" she asked quietly, glancing back at Tim.  
  
"No, of course not," Gwen said hurriedly. "I'm sure Tim will behave himself, but if he doesn't please tell me." And you? The Lady asked icily. Will you behave?  
  
Yvette smiled in thanks and casually pulled the t-shirt over her head before pushing her shorts down about her ankles. Gwen could see by the lack of tan lines the McCallums had not been kidding about how they got comfortable out here on the water—of course not, why would they?-- and she watched out of the corner of her eye as oily hands worked the now-exposed skin around a trim chestnut-colored bush before moving up her stomach. Yvette's motions slowed to languidly knead and smooth her ample breasts, making them glisten in the bright sun. "I think you missed a spot," a grinning Bob called out from behind her.  
  
"You always think I missed a spot." She spun the cushion with her bottom to face the cockpit and got to her knees to present her chest to her husband on the other side of the windscreen, hefting her full breasts for his inspection. "Where?"  
  
"Just put some more sunscreen on and rub it in, you'll get it," he told her, still smiling. Yvette sighed and applied another dollop of white cream to the top of each mound, looking down to carefully smooth it over and into the yielding flesh. Her hand made a quick, casual pass through the fluff between her legs as she brought it up to again present her breasts. "Better?"  
  
Gwen had been watching as well, her attention split between the alluring performance and the mesmerizing effect it had on the men. She wondered if Yvette had intended for it to look so erotic; the unsatiated arousal that had started with the photographer's visit and continued to grow made it easy to believe she had.  
  
Bob looked at the man standing next to him. "What do you think? Pretty good?"  
  
Gwen suppressed a giggle as Tim tried to appear as though he had been concentrating on the gauges and not the display. "Uh, yeah, they look great—I mean, it looks like you got 'em covered pretty good."  
  
Apparently satisfied with the response, Yvette lay back on the mat with her feet facing the appreciative men. They had a clear look up the length of her body, over thighs pressed together with a tuft of hair fluttering in the wind where they joined, and past full breasts that now hung to either side of her body. Gwen felt overdressed and decided it was safe to shed her t-shirt and shorts, the Lady conceding that much was acceptable. The Slut urged more, needlessly pointing out the naked woman beside her, but Gwen hesitated. "May I?" she asked, reaching across Yvette for the sunscreen and squeezing the contents of the bottle on to her legs while she pretended to consider her options. Her stomach and arms were next, and then there was no more uncovered flesh to be oiled. She stared out over the bow for a moment, at the brilliant blue water and the green of the shoreline in the distance, imagining two sets of eyes moving back and forth between her practically naked back and the completely naked body beside her. Not much difference between practically and completely, she rationalized, untying the knots holding her top together. It fell to her lap, set aside along with the bikini bottoms that were discarded as well. There was now more skin needing protection, and she quickly worked upward, applying one large splat of fresh lotion to the top of each breast. Not as much room on the shelf as Yvette has, Gwen thought ruefully and began to work the white cream in, her nipples coming to hard points despite the sun's heat. She worked the cream in far longer than necessary, almost to the point where the oily sheen had disappeared, relishing feel her heightened arousal had inflamed, fighting the urge to reach between her legs. The best thing to do now would be just to lie back and let things calm down a bit, regain some self-control... her head next to Yvette's feet, Gwen was certain her erect nipples were too close to the windshield not to go unnoticed by the men behind it.  
  
"I think you missed a spot."  
  
Gwen raised herself on one elbow and looked back over her shoulder at a grinning Bob. It sounded like a challenge, and she never liked to back down from challenges. She sat up and turned to face the grinning man. "Really? Where?"  
  
"It'll be easier to just put some more on," he deadpanned, and she reached for the lotion. Two more creamy dollops were applied and Gwen looked down to concentrate on her efforts, squeezing and massaging her pert breasts, eventually forcing herself stop to at least pretend she wasn't enjoying it so much.  
  
Gwen decided there wasn't enough of them to hold up for inspection and instead thrust her chest towards her audience. "Good?"  
  
"Really good," Tim said with a smile.  
  
"Incredible!" Bob exclaimed.  
  
Gwen lay back, her feet to the cockpit this time. Yvette was on one elbow, watching, a smile on her face. Gwen shyly acknowledged her with a nod and closed her eyes. The Lady took little comfort in the fact that the coaming around their perch as well as its height compared to most of the other boats on the lake meant that her lack of clothing would be difficult for passersby's to see.  
  
Bob soon appeared next to their side, his upper torso visible above the coaming. "You two want something to drink?"  
  
"Wine for me," Yvette answered, not bothering to look up. "Gwen, you want something? Coke, water, wine, beer?"  
  
"Some wine might be nice, thank you—but only if it's no trouble"  
  
He was back at the ladder a short time later, placing two clear plastic cups on the cabin roof. Yvette sat up and reached over to take hers, a forearm casually sliding across Gwen's bare midsection, making her shiver, the woman seeming not to notice. "While you're here, think you can put some lotion on my back?" Yvette rolled on to her stomach without waiting for an answer, giving Gwen a good look at her dangling breasts before they were pressed down into the towel.  
  
Gwen sat up to take her glass out of his way as Bob grabbed for the ladder. She quickly discovered Bob had brought their drinks and left his shorts behind. Sausage, definitely sausage, the Slut thought as his waist and penis cleared the top of the cabin roof. It hung in that undecided state between flaccid and erect, forming a gentle arc over the loose testicles below, the pink flared head forming a cradle over the balls that lay heavy in their sac. No tan lines there, either, Gwen noted. She wondered if Tim was the only one still clothed.  
  
"Guess I can do that." Bob straddled his wife's back, his heavy length laid between her asscheeks like a hot dog in a bun—enough with the damn tubed meat comparisons, the Lady demanded-- his hands at her shoulders. Gwen stayed sitting, stealing glances as he worked. Bob was very thorough, delivering more of a massage than a simple application of lotion, masculine hands kneading her shoulder blades, slowly circling down over the sides of breasts now mashed against the towel, then to the small of her back. Yvette lay with her head on crossed forearms, eyes closed, a contented smile on her face.  
  
Bob's fingers had reached the top of her ass, working just inches from where the head of his cock peered out from between her globes. His length retreated and poked insistently between her mostly-closed thighs as he shifted downward to straddle them, more sunscreen liberally and lovingly applied.  
  
Yvette's eyes fluttered open as one hand, then the other found their way down between her legs. "Down boy," she said while gently squeezing her legs shut against his advances. "We have guests. If you can't keep that dragon of yours under control you'll have to put it away."  
  
"Oh, that's alright," Gwen babbled. "Don't mind us! It's your boat! We're married, too you know!" She quickly decided she was not doing herself any favors and fell silent.  
  
Bob raised himself on all fours, hovering above his wife as he leaned forward to kiss her cheek while his erection slid over the small of her back. "Humblest apologies. It was just trying to get out of the sun and into its nest." He turned his attention to the woman next to him. "Sun's hot. You should get some lotion on your back, too. Don't want that cute little rear end to get all red for the wrong reasons." Gwen's brain went into crisis management mode, quickly evaluating possible responses. Maybe teasing him had taken things too far; he probably thought that had been her signal to let him go for something more, maybe to touch her. That was out of the question, but maybe just her back would be okay--but only if he asked Tim for permission first, not that Tim would allow it—would he? "Let me go take the wheel from your husband so he can make sure a sunburn on that beautiful body of yours doesn't limit his options later," he continued, reducing her crisis level to yellow alert, her mental flailing slowing, the Lady relieved and the Slut guessing what "options" he was referring to. Bob turned and moved to the ladder, his bobbing length passing just inches from her face, close enough that the fat spongy head would poke her squarely between the lips if she bent forward just a little more.  
  
Tim hurried forward, Gwen's curiosity about his clothing answered, his erection proudly leading the way. "Want me to put some on your back?"  
  
She turned over in invitation, spending more time than necessary on hands and knees for the benefit of the man behind the wheel before turning in place to lie down next to Yvette, her earlier concerns of having gone too far with her teasing forgotten. "If you want..."  
  
Tim took his cue from the boat's owner and straddled Gwen's rear end, nestling his cock into her split. She resisted the urge to bring her hips up a little more, to where he could slide in and do whatever he wanted, to shamelessly let him explore one of his options right there in front of the McCallums. A last burst of self-control kept her hips mostly in place, only tilting them enough for his length to saw across her sensitive rosebud as he worked. Tim finally pronounced her finished and reluctantly headed back to the cockpit.  
  
Now properly protected, the women remained on their stomachs, heads on forearms facing each other with eyes closed, the sun, breeze, and arousal making every inch of Gwen's exposed skin tingle sensually.  
  
"You stole my moves," Yvette said softly enough that she couldn't be heard by the men over the loud growl of the diesel.  
  
Gwen's eyes opened in surprise to find a knowing smile on the lips of the other woman. "I, uhh, what do you mean?"  
  
Yvette's look of contentment had not changed. "And here I was worrying that Bob was going to freak you out. I know a cocktease when I see one. Don't worry—he had it coming. HE always has it coming. It's just nice to meet someone else who can deliver it. Someone who appreciates the art of using a man's hard on to knock him off balance."  
  
"I'm sorry," Gwen stammered softly, watching Yvette's face for any sign she might be displeased. "I didn't mean to copy you! I don't normally do things like that—really, I don't!—but both of them seemed to really like what you were doing, and I guess I got caught up in it...so were you doing that... intentionally?"  
  
Yvette laughed. "You don't have to apologize and yes I was doing that on purpose, just like you were. It's good for Bob to have the tables turned him from time to time. You may not have noticed, but he is almost unnaturally gifted in the art of persuasion—I swear he could talk the devil out of his pitchfork. Ever since I've known him he's been able talk me out of my underwear and into his crazy schemes pretty much whenever he wants, especially now that it's just us two and I don't have to worry about the boys seeing or hearing something they shouldn't. So, being a tease lets me pretend I've got some control over my fate. It's fun as hell to get old Mr. Alpha Dog and his trusty sidekick little Bob to sit up and beg for what he's going to get anyways. Having you work him over too doubles the effect!"  
  
"I really shouldn't though," Gwen demurred. "I don't want him to think I'm being mean, or leading him on."  
  
"Don't you worry about that. He started it, and he knows I'm the one he needs to come to when he can't take it any more. But please, keep doing what you're doing—it'll be fun to see how he deals with both me and someone he thinks is a hot piece of ass—sorry for the frank evaluation, but he does think you're very attractive."  
  
Gwen smiled. "I'm flattered he would think so. And I'll try not to copy you any more."  
  
"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," Yvette said with a laugh. "Just don't be upset if I end up stealing some of yours. With your looks I'm going to have to work twice as hard to get his attention."  
  
"I don't have any moves, really. Or looks." Gwen quietly protested while the Slut purred in response to Bob's evaluation.  
  
"You're far too modest. But I guess I should get to work, so...." Yvette slowly turned over, Gwen using this as an excuse to raise her head off the towel to watch as the woman beside her again presented her breasts to the sun, She casually brought her right leg out and up to cock it at the knee casually open herself to the men in the cockpit. It was not a lewd display, not enough to appear as though she were presenting herself to be mounted, but rather just enough to broadly hint at the furrow beneath the thatch she now distractedly finger combed. Satisfied, she extended the bent leg to stretch it, then gently dropped it to the towel. "I've always found that you can't go wrong giving 'em a quick peek between your legs," the blonde said, eyes again closed. "Most men—and women, even though a lot of 'em won't admit it—will do whatever it takes to see what they shouldn't be seeing, and that little treasure we all have between our legs is the ultimate prize." Gwen wondered what the men behind the wheel thought, resisting the urge to look back over her shoulder, curious just how hard Tim could get without touching it. Maybe he WAS touching it...

She lay her head back down and remained on her stomach, intent on not stealing any more of Yvette's moves but emboldened by her display. Her hand went to an asscheek to scratch an imaginary itch, the actual motion more of a caress. Gwen shifted on her towel, feigning an effort to get more comfortable while one leg crept away from the other. A hint of air against her lips told her the view had likely improved for the men behind her and she ground her mons against the towel at the thought, relishing the feeling of pressure on her clit and only reluctantly stopping to lie still.  
  
"Pretty hot," Bob yelled from the shade of the cockpit. "You ladies mind if we stop for a swim and a sit?"  
  
Yvette sat up to look around, bringing both legs up to cock them at the knee, forming a darkened valley at their junction. "You're the captain. Right here?"  
  
"We'll get run over here. I was thinking the beach."  
  
"The beach?" Gwen asked, risking a look about. There were a couple of boats off in the distance, probably too far off to make out the women on the top of the cabin cruiser...  
  
"The one we met you two at. That alright, or do you just want to stay out drive around for a while? Whatever you're comfortable with."  
  
"No, the beach is fine," Gwen politely insisted. "A swim would be nice." The engine's roar grew louder as the craft increased speed, eventually dying back to a low grumble, then silence, as they coasted in close to the shore. She cautiously raised her head again. The now-familiar anchorage was more crowded than the last time they had been there; four unoccupied boats in all, with two couples on the sand lying close enough to each other to assume they were together, a group of four what appeared to be college-age water skiers taking a break, and two single men sitting apart up near the tree line. The skiers were the only ones bothering with swimwear, the young men alternating between nervous sideways glances at the naked flesh on display about them and looks at the boat that had just arrived.  
  
Tim and Bob were already busy at the stern loading a raft with items meant to stay afloat and dry on the trip to shore. Gwen could see their attention to the task had distracted them enough to soften their erections considerably, but she knew they could easily be summoned to return.  
  
Their husbands were not the focus of the male beachgoers, though; it was the women now standing forward of the cockpit. The height of the cabin which had offered the Lady some comfort from prying eyes now made the Slut feel as though she were on a stage not unlike in her dreams and fantasies.  
  
The men were the first in the water, towing the raft behind them to shore. The feeling of being on display made Gwen take her time as Yvette clambered down the ladder and walked to the swim deck at the stern, apparently not at all concerned with the amount of the attention those on the beach were giving her. Her t-shirt and shorts had been left behind; Gwen glanced at her own bikini lying at her feet, debating as to whether it should be brought along and kept close to hand just in case. She joined Yvette on the stern empty-handed.  
  
Gwen stood up in chest-deep water after a short swim and began to trudge to shore, rivulets cascading down over her glistening skin as more of her body emerged with each step. Tim and Bob had set up camp halfway up the beach, the couples on one side and the skiers on the other, the single men behind them. She risked glances at the other beachgoers; the couples to her left lay on their sides with the men's attention back on their partners, touching and caressing while they talked softly. It was nothing overtly sexual, but their nudity made it look erotic. One of the single men up by the trees seemed reluctant to show too much, legs drawn up before him in a hug, but the other, an older man, proudly sat with legs spread to display an erection poking out from beneath the hairy belly that formed a roof above it. The group of four young men studied the newcomers intently as they walked up the beach, and Gwen willed herself to briefly return their stares, making them lose their nerve and look elsewhere.  
  
Yvette was already arranging their blanket, on all fours with her rear thrust unnecessarily high into the air, giving both her husband kneeling at the small cooler behind her and the couples beyond a clear view of her sex. Gwen looked on in shock as Bob impulsively leaned forward, pressing his face between her upturned ass for a second before withdrawing. Gwen could guess where his lips, and maybe even his tongue, had been... "Guests, remember?" Yvette reminded him, although she didn't seem at all upset, even playfully wiggling her ass at him.  
  
"It's like a reverse fried ice cream after you've been in the water," Bob replied with a laugh. "Chilly on the outside, hot and wet on the inside."  
  
"Hmmm, limited time only. It warms up when I leave it out in the sun..."  
  
"Can I get some more before it does?"  
  
"Maybe we can take another swim later."  
  
Gwen kneeled on the blanket that Tim had laid out for them, bent over the already smooth fabric as if to adjust it, letting her breasts dangle and jiggle for Bob to ogle while she presented her backside to the skiers behind her. Tim's erection had begun to return, balls still drawn up tight from his swim while the length pulsed to life, showing its appreciation for the situation it found itself in. Gwen found herself enjoying the McCallum's casual openness, admiring it even, and she took her time completing her task, holding her pose, finally lying down next to her husband and turning to put her arm over his waist while keeping her back and ass to the four appreciative young men.  
  
"Everything okay?" she murmured, her hand brushing across his awakening member as she reached for his hip. Tim started, and she withdrew in panic. "Sorry, sorry!"  
  
"No, it's okay," he said with a chuckle, quickly turning on to his side to face her while replacing her hand on his cock. He slipped his own hand down between her thighs, inserting a finger into her wetness and making her shiver when he found her clit. "Feels like you're doing okay too."  
  
"I can't believe we're doing this."  
  
He grinned. "I know, huh? Pretty wild..." Tim glanced over his shoulder to where Yvette now sat between Bob's spread legs, her back to him while he applied more lotion. "Want me to put some more on you, too? It probably washed off when you swam in."  
  
There was the sound of an outboard in the distance. "Sure." The Nelsons assumed the same position as the McCallums, Tim hurrying to catch up to Bob who by now had finished Yvette's back and had reached around to begin on her breasts. She arched her back in welcome, pushing them into his hands while a contented groan escaped from her lips. His hand crept down her stomach, circling, and Yvette opened herself to welcome it...  
  
The sound of the motor grew louder until it could no longer be ignored. Gwen looked about for the newcomer, the Slut hoping it was carrying more naked people to see and be seen by. Dread filled her when she saw the boat.  
  
A white runabout with the words "MARINE PATROL" on the hull was pulling into the little anchorage, between her and the boat she had arrived on, in her panicked mind cutting off her escape. Gwen looked about wildly as the Lady screamed she had finally gone too far, wondering if she should run for the trees or at least grab her towel to take with her to jail. There would be no way to explain this away; her family, her business associates would all know her for the pervert she really was. Maybe Natalie would come post bail...she felt as though she were going to be sick.  
  
The skiers seemed nervous despite their clothed status while the single men retreated into the trees. Only the other couples seemed unconcerned, although they were now releasing each other from their embraces, the men lying on their stomachs to hide potent erections.  
  
Bob and Yvette showed even less concern, rising from their towel and walking to the waterline. "Hey Frank, hi Ellis," she called out with a wave when the boat was within shouting distance.  
  
"Hey folks," the officer on the passenger side of the cockpit waved back. He looked about to be retirement age, and in her panic Gwen weighed the odds of hiding from him in the woods until he got tired and went away. Not the driver, though, she admitted. He was a large man, young and obviously in shape and would be more than capable of running her down. Would he really tackle a naked woman? The officer didn't seem to notice the display of nudity, though, instead focusing on the four skiers.  
  
"What are you doing here this time of day?" Bob called out, both he and Yvette seemingly oblivious to the fact they were naked as the day they were born in front of law enforcement officials. "Thought you'd be up at Hellsapoppin."  
  
"We were," the older officer replied. "Got a call of some reckless skiers down by Martin's so we responded. Couldn't find 'em, though. You seen any in your travels?" He might have been talking to Bob, but his attention too was on the four young men.  
  
"Nope, we've only been here a little bit, but it's quiet as usual. I'd offer you two a beer, but I know you're on duty..."  
  
Frank laughed. "Won't be on duty in a while." Yvette took this as her cue to run back to the cooler. She retrieved two cans, the officers smiling in appreciation at her kindness and her wildly bouncing breasts as she hurried back to the water's edge to wade, then swim to the boat. The officers stored them in a cooler that doubled as a fishing-without-a-permit evidence locker and after thanking her openly stared while Yvette's bouncing ass emerged from the water as she waded back to stand next to her husband.  
  
"Everything okay here, nobody causin' any trouble?" the older man asked, his attention back on the skiers.  
  
"Everything's good here," Yvette reassured him, how standing with hands on the small of her back, her hips thrust at the boat.  
  
"Alright then. We're headed back up to Hellsapoppin. Let us know if you see any bad guys--you got our number." Both officers waved as Ellis advanced the throttle, the engine roared to life, and the craft sped off.  
  
When will you ever learn, the Lady admonished as Gwen's heart stopped trying to beat its way out of her chest. Relief flooded over her—unbelievably, she was not going to jail!—and her adrenaline-fueled panic turned to something akin to giddiness. The giddiness in turn fueled her arousal, the feeling she had gotten away with something very naughty an incredibly powerful aphrodisiac.  
  
"Honey, are you alright?" Yvette asked as the McCallums returned to their blanket, Gwen's trembling noticeable.  
  
"You know them?" she asked incredulously.  
  
"Oh, yeah! We met Frank when we first moved here—taught our boater safety class. He's the one that told Bob about this beach. Ellis is new to this lake—first year. Really nice guys."  
  
"And they don't care if we're...like this?"  
  
Bob laughed. "Better here than one of the prude beaches. They've got far more important things to worry about than a few naked people. They don't bother you as long as you keep certain things to certain places. All unofficial, of course, but it's kind of common knowledge where those places are if you know who to ask. Of course," Yvette added, "Mr. Subtle here felt the local law would be the subject matter experts and asked them."  
  
Bob laughed and shrugged. "If anyone would know where they look the other way, it would be them."  
  
Gwen's shaking slowed, the adrenaline having run its course, helped by the warmth of the sun and Tim's strong arms wrapped around her. The single men silently emerged from the trees like deer knowing the bear had moved on, and the couples next to them returned to their cuddling, even more intently focused on each other after their interruption. Even the skiers seemed relieved.  
  
"Swim?" Bob asked his wife, his erection returning after the latest distraction.  
  
"I was just in, but anything for you, dear," she said with a smile, rising from her blanket. "Would you two like to join us?"  
  
Gwen snuggled back into Tim, hoping he would get the hint and pick up where he left off before Frank and Ellis' visit. "Maybe later."  
  
Yvette smiled in understanding. "Got it. We'll be back."  
  
The McCallums only swam a short way into chest-deep water before embracing and sharing a passionate kiss, her arms around his neck, her legs evidently wrapped around his waist while Bob's hands had disappeared under the water to cradle her ass. Tim took this moment to resume at his wife's shoulders, casually caressing and massaging while the head of his resurgent cock bumped against her spine.  
  
The couples beside them were now beyond the caressing stage. Both women lay on their back, legs spread to allow their partner's hand the freedom to play while they stroked the cocks hovering at their hip. The skiers decided it was a good time for a swim as well and conveniently situated themselves in waist deep water directly below and in front of the couples, trying to appear nonchalant while watching the scene and occasionally glancing back to where Yvette was still wrapped around her husband.  
  
Gwen knew the skiers could plainly see her and Tim as well... she remembered how Natalie had described showing off for that waiter in the Caribbean and the way he had expressed his gratitude for her generosity. Maybe one or even all of the young men would get caught up in the moment and do the same, inspired by the various acts of eroticism all about them.  
  
She certainly felt the pull of that eroticism; Yvette had apparently given in and was now impaled on Bob's cock, the movement of their bodies above the surface making it clear as to what was happening below it. Gwen realized with a start she was watching two people have intercourse, to make love; she had seen Natalie and Liz of course, and Alison's tape, but this just seemed different. And besides, she still hadn't seen "it", really—most of the joined couple was still underwater. But she wanted to see "it", all of it, and better understood Cricket's fascination with her voyeurism. The couple's lovemaking was passionate, beautiful, intense and very public; and as Yvette had said, it was something she knew she shouldn't be seeing, which made it all the more exciting—and wrong. But if they wanted to be watched, did that make it alright?  
  
Beside them, the couples seemed to have reached their own moments of need and were getting up; both men, arms heavily tattooed, their cocks very much at the ready, were leading the women up to the little sandy spot in the woods behind the beach. The single men watched with interest, waiting until the couples disappeared into the woods before slipping back in themselves. It concerned Gwen; what if they were up to no good? The Slut dismissed the thought. The couples weren't carrying anything of value—being naked, they aren't carrying anything at all, she thought with a smile, and the men certainly looked like they could take care of themselves.  
  
All the while, Tim's hand crept lower, inspired by their friends and the naked woman between his legs, to her breasts, fondling and tweaking her nipples into hard points as he gently squeezed her mounds. The kisses on her neck were a constant tease and source of delight as Tim alternated between her earlobe and the sensitive skin below. His hand crept lower, and Gwen opened her legs wide in invitation, shamelessly exposing her most intimate spot to the young men and the couple in the water, inviting them to look. Tim's hand slid down between her thighs soon after, his rough palm covering her mons while his index finger slid down one side of her engorged lips, the pinky down the other. The middle finger was next, easily finding her soaked opening only to be joined by the finger next to it, fucking her with one, two, three slow strokes in front of everybody before they withdrew and slid up to capture her clit.  
  
Her orgasm arrived with explosive force and she fought to stay in the here and now, wanting to the reaction of her audience, her climax only made more powerful by the spectators. Her lip was trapped between her front teeth in an effort to remain quiet, her body rigid save for the small convulsions she was helpless to control.  
  
The roaring in her ears was not enough to prevent her from overhearing one of the skiers mutter "holy shit," in admiration and disbelief. Gwen gave the wide-eyed young men the wide-eyed a shy smile as the pulses of sexual energy rocketing though her slowed and diminished; as one they returned it with an embarrassed one of their own. The McCallums were still locked in their embrace, their bodies now still, their kisses more gentle and caring than fervent. They eventually separated, left the water and rejoined the Nelsons; the couples beside them soon returned, laughing and smiling, although Gwen noted their pairings had switched since they had left. The men that had followed them into the woods came out soon after, the older man's penis no longer hard enough to poke out from the abundant roll of flesh above it, shuffling past on the way out to their boats while the skiers seemed to lose their nerve and swam out to their own craft, roaring away shortly after.  
  
Lust no longer clouding her judgement, Gwen took stock of her situation. . She was naked in public, her nearest stitch of clothing several hundred feet away. Not good. She had just openly orgasmed in front of strangers while wishing she could watch them do the same. Really bad. She was cradled in the arms of her naked husband, the evidence of his feelings on the matter pressed against her back. That part at least was very good. She should be feeling more shame and remorse, and that she didn't was bad in itself, but the arousal she felt re-awakening had the potential to be very good. Her husband's strong arms, and the twitching of his stiff length, had her attention now.  
  
She would satisfy him right here, if he were patient and allowed her arousal to build again. But not yet; her excitement was not at the point where she could recklessly throw away all restraint and perform such a private act in front of others. But he had been patient, and it was unfair to make him wait even longer..."Would you like to go for a walk in the woods?" Gwen quietly asked over her shoulder.  
  
"Plenty of beautiful scenery right here," Bob observed with a grin. "You can stay right where you are and we can all enjoy the view together."  
  
Yvette gently slapped her husband's arm. "Or you can let them do what they want, you dirty old man. Leave her alone. Gwen honey, go on ahead. We're in no hurry. Take your time. We'll be here when you get back."  
  
Tim was getting to his feet, his angry looking dark-red length bobbing and swaying by Gwen's ear. "A walk would be good for both of us," he announced, helping her up. They walked hand in hand to the opening in the berm, the little patch of bush-enclosed sand unchanged from their last visit.  
  
"We're here," she said softly, turning and wrapping her arms around his waist.  
  
"Yup. What'd you have in mind?"  
  
"Anything you want. Anything..."  
  
Tim smiled. "Anything? Be careful what you ask for. It's been an interesting day, and my head's full of nasty thoughts."  
  
"Anything you want," she repeated firmly, her hand now between their bodies, stroking his length. "You can tell me your nasty thoughts, if you'd like."  
  
"What if I wanted to take you back down to the beach and do it right there in front of everybody?"  
  
"Anything," she repeated, and Tim knew she would keep her word, but years of marriage had taught him caution, and that might be pushing her too far. I got a good thing going, don't fuck it up...  
  
"Aw hell, I don't think I'm gonna last long enough for much of a show anyways," he said, thrusting his cock through her fist. "Lay down and spread your legs."

Gwen dropped to his feet, laying back in the warm sand and expectantly opening herself to him. You just dodged a second bullet today, the Lady sniffed—imagine the embarrassment if he had taken you in front of everybody!  
  
Yeah, imagine, the Slut countered.  
  
"Wider." Tim smiled down at her in approval as she complied. "You wanna hear my nasty thoughts? Well, I was thinkin' that it was damn nice of ya to give those guys on the beach such a good look at your pussy. Bet they're gonna be imagining what it would have felt like when they're jacking off tonight. Or maybe they're sitting on their boat right now, bragging to each other about how bad they would have messed it up. They just get to talk. I'm getting the real thing." Tim dropped to his hands and knees, covering her body with his before lodging his cock in her with one smooth thrust. "Tight, and wet as hell. Sorry, but I'm not gonna last long."  
  
Gwen nodded. "I didn't expect you to. Like you said, it's been an interesting day."  
  
"Amen to that," he grunted between thrusts. "Amen to that."  
  
Tim was not gentle, pounding her with purpose, the sand and not the sun turning her asscheeks red. He suddenly withdrew after a particularly savage thrust and struggled to stand while Gwen looked about in confusion and concern, trying to get up with him. "Stay down—stay like that," he ordered as he stood over her, urgently stroking himself. The first pearly jet erupted from his wet red tip a moment later. It appeared to Gwen as though everything slowed, a graceful bolt of white reaching the pinnacle of its arc before falling to splatter just below her neck. Others followed, each burst accompanied by a lewd grunt from Tim, marching down between her breasts and to her belly button. The jets diminished to a dribble and he dropped to his knees, rubbing the tip in her tuft of pubic hair to catch the last drops.  
  
"Wow!" Gwen said with a laugh. "I'm sorry you had to wait so long! You had a bunch stored up! And me miles away from a washcloth." She brought her hand up to the first wet spot on her chest, intent on wiping it away, wondering if leaves might work better.  
  
"No—don't," Tim said, gently catching her forearm. "Leave it."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Really. You said anything, right? With the way things have been going at home, I've kinda gotten to like showing off my work."  
  
Gwen smiled. She should say no, that this was too much to ask, but she had committed to him..."I did say anything." He helped her up and they started back. She looked down at what he had left, the heat of her body and the day already melting his milky spend into a liquid that was beginning to trace wet trails down her skin. Her thatch still had some of his opaque droplets clinging to individual strands, but these too were becoming clear, matting the short hair in places. She nearly giggled at the thought of being Tim's activity achievement badge.  
  
The other couples were still there, one of the women now using her mouth to revive her new partner's erection while he casually scratched her back. Bob and Yvette's attention were on their friends return however, and Gwen blushed at his obvious scrutiny. "Looks like you mighta missed the target, son," he said with a laugh as they drew close." Sure has hell can't blame ya though for being a little quick on the draw with a woman as beautiful as Gwen."  
  
"I hit what I was aiming for," Tim replied with a knowing smile.  
  
"Well, it looks to me like your husband does not lack for strength, volume or dedication to task," Yvette told the naked woman standing above her. Tim grinned at the compliment. "Of course, you provide a lot of inspiration. Good thing he's got decent aim. That would've hurt like hell in the eyes."  
  
Gwen blushed furiously, feeling the first droplets tickle their way past her mons and down between her thighs. "He's very considerate."  
  
"Maybe Bob could steal a move or two of his." Yvette looked at her husband for a moment. "Or at least get some pointers on his aim." She looked about the anchorage bathed in late afternoon light. "Back to the house for something to eat?"

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 17**

Gwen was surprised at how easy being naked around others had become. The McCallums had been in no hurry to get dressed after they had all returned to the boat and the Nelsons followed suit, the Lady claiming that it while the lack of clothing was disturbing it would have been impolite not to follow their hosts' lead. Yvette was not being particularly modest as her husband steered the craft out of the anchorage and across the lake, the ankle of one leg casually resting on the knee of the other as she sat in a bucket seat behind where the men stood at the wheel. Gwen caught Bob looking at the top of her own thatch-crowned cleft more than once as she slouched with legs crossed at the ankles in a most unladylike fashion, posture and presentation that her mother would have disapproved of even if her had daughter had been wearing clothes. Bob eventually brought the boat to a temporary halt a safe distance from the McCallums' dock and their disapproving neighbors, allowing everyone time to get dressed. Gwen reluctantly returned to just her shorts and shirt, deciding adding the bikini beneath would be overkill.  
  
A menu of steaks, veggies and salad had been decided upon on their trip back, the men assigned to grill duty on the deck while their wives manned the kitchen. "That was fun," Yvette said with a smile once the women were alone and she began cutting the fresh zucchini from the morning's farmer's market. "You seemed a lot more relaxed than I thought you might be. I remember how nervous you looked that day we met you!"  
  
"Oh, I was nervous today, too," Gwen admitted, "but not as bad as that first time! I wasn't used to being that exposed in public—I'm still not!-and you really shocked me when you did—that—to Bob, right there in front of us! I also remembered you didn't have Bob...uhhh...do anything in return, and I thought that was because you were shy."  
  
Yvette laughed. "I'm definitely not shy. I just didn't want to make it look like I was trying to put on a show, even if Bob was—I thought it might be a little too much for you. But you got in the spirit of things pretty quickly today! And I was really impressed with Tim winning the endurance award. Now that I think about it, you both outlasted me and Bob. "  
  
"Oh, you mean..." Gwen replied, blushing when she figured out exactly what the blonde was referring to. "I didn't know you...yet, today. When?"  
  
"Oh, yeah. I was first one out. I came hard. Usually do, one way or the other, when we're out there. I think I get as turned on teasing Bob and showing off as he does being teased and showing me off. I didn't last long at all, but I usually don't."  
  
"I didn't notice..."  
  
"I think you your eyes were closed at the time. You were pretty into what Tim was doing between your legs. Bob went off as soon as you opened them for those guys in the water. He's like a dog to a bone for that visual. And we both really enjoyed watching your little trip to outer space—you have so much self-control! So that left Tim, and I also have to give him the most artistic award for giving you that pearl necklace. God, there was a lot of him on you—if the peepers hadn't already left I would have thought they contributed. I consider myself somewhat of an expert on that kind of thing, and I have to say his output was impressive for a middle-aged man. Does he always come that much?"  
  
"Sometimes," Gwen answered, the frankness of the conversation knocking her off-balance. "He tries to stay hydrated," she added, feeling the need to justify his volume.  
  
Yvette was being liberal with the olive oil she was adding to the pan, muttering "shit" when a mistimed shake of the nearly empty bottle deposited a healthy splatter on her shirt. Wordlessly she peeled it off and tossed it on the back of a nearby chair, returning to her stirring.  
  
"Have you and Bob always been this—had this relaxed attitude?" Gwen blurted out, unable to stop the words as they left her mouth. "Forgive me, that was a very rude thing to ask."  
  
The woman laughed, her bare breasts shaking a bit from the effort. "It didn't sound rude to me at all. Relaxed...I like that...by relaxed, do you mean our lack of clothing, our lack of a verbal filter, or...lack of public modesty and decency?"  
  
"Yes, all of that, I guess. Not that you're indecent, or bad people," she hurriedly added, "you both just seem so comfortable in your own skin—"Gwen blushed at the unintended pun—"have you two always been that way?"  
  
Yvette smiled down at the pan and continued to stir. "I guess I was a lot more shy a long, long time ago, when I was a girl...Bob was pretty much already the way he is now when I met him, just looking for a girl who wasn't scared off by it. I just thought it was how guys were, and the way he showed it was very attractive... he was so self-confident, like he didn't have anything to hide, made me feel like maybe having my own sinful thoughts wasn't so bad. I was raised in a very religious home—the kind of religious where dancing is a sin, and my father was a deacon in the church," she said softly. "Growing up, I always felt like every day was an exercise in self-control and self-denial, that everything other than honoring the Lord and your parents was gonna get you in a world of trouble. Silver-tongued Bob put me on the road to rethinking my moral compass, and my first job pretty much blew it up altogether."  
  
"Your first job? Really? What was that?"  
  
Yvette paused, sizing up the woman next to her, evaluating her, a sly smile eventually curling her lip. "I worked at a massage parlor for five years."  
  
Gwen looked back in confusion. "You have a certification in massage therapy? When did you have time to get that? I know you said you've got degrees in teaching and Psychology..."  
  
"It wasn't that kind of massage, Gwen," Yvette said with a patient laugh. "I do have my Bachelors in Education and my Masters in Psychology. But the place I worked didn't require certification, just strong hands and people skills." She could see her friend was still confused. "I gave back rubs and hand jobs. That kind of massage parlor, know what I mean? That's why I know so much about a man's output? I definitely saw enough of it."  
  
Gwen was unable to hide her shock. "Oh my God, Yvette, I'm so sorry! That must have been horrible!"  
  
"Nothing to be sorry about! I didn't have a disease, I had bills. And it wasn't horrible. It was actually a pretty good job. Not one I've ever put on a resume, but still...look, I'm not proud of what I did, but I'm not ashamed, either—I did what I did to survive." There seemed to be tinge of defiance in her voice, as if daring the other woman to disagree.  
  
Gwen looked back nervously in the direction of the great room, towards where the men were at the grill on the deck beyond. "Does Bob know?" she asked, lowering her voice.  
  
Another smile while she continued to stir, breasts swaying back and forth. "Bob found me the job."  
  
"So it was his idea? I know you said he's really good at talking you into things, but even that?"  
  
"Nope, as a matter of fact it was one of those rare times I had to talk him into something. Have I overshared, or would you like to hear how I came to be giving happy endings to strange men?"  
  
"If you'd like to tell me, but if you don't like to talk about it I certainly understand."  
  
"I don't mind talking about it. I'm just careful who I talk about it with. Relaxed, right? Lack of verbal filters? I don't share this with everyone, but I think seeing each other the way we did this afternoon puts us on a more personal basis, don't you?"  
  
Gwen nodded, pretending to concentrate on the lettuce she was again rewashing, anxiously awaiting the topless woman with the knife to resume her story.  
  
"I was sixteen when I met Bob, and my parents did not approve of him in any way, shape or form. He was a year older than me and didn't go to our church, hell, he didn't go to church at all. But he was so unlike anybody else I had ever met and he was so genuinely nice to me and I really liked that he seemed to like me for who I was and treated me as an equal, not like the boys in our congregation. I always got the feeling they thought it was God's law that I would have to marry one of them and submit to their will, and even then that just didn't seem right to me. So Bob and I found ways to see each other without my parents knowing. I think that's when I really started to understand just how much Bob liked me, always working so hard to outwit my family, although with six kids my parents had a hard time keeping track of all of us all the time.  
  
Then I started my senior year and he went off to college, and I figured he would find a girl at school and that would be the end of it, and I would be stuck with Jimmy Evans from our congregation who liked to try and stick his hand up my dress every time our chaperones weren't looking. My parents were convinced he was a good God-fearing boy though, and I'm sure thought I would be the perfect Mrs. Evans.  
  
But Bob found ways to see me every time he came home on break, and he wrote me so many letters! His sister had to give them to me at school, and I hid them in my locker, but I thought it was so sweet he would go through all that trouble just for me. He kept telling me how he wanted us to be together, so, he came home for summer break, I graduated, and we did what stupid kids have done for centuries—we eloped.  
  
My parents were furious, claimed that Bob had kidnapped me, but I was eighteen and in love and there wasn't much they could do. They figured I was on the fast path to hell and waited for me to humble myself in the eyes of the Lord and come crawling back like the Prodigal Daughter. I'm sure they weren't happy that I had been defiled and that they would have to suffer that embarrassment in front of the congregation as well as pay a healthy dowry for groping Jimmy Evans to take used goods.  
  
Bob and I were going to make it work no matter what but we quickly figured out what all the other stupid kids over the centuries found out—love makes a lot of problems bearable, but it doesn't keep you from starving. Bob was still going to school and had two jobs to boot, and I had every intention of being the loving wife, making him dinner and washing his clothes, but it pretty quickly became apparent I was going to have to make some financial contributions as well. Well, the job market wasn't real good there to begin with, the economy was in a downturn and I was an eighteen year-old girl with no experience and no marketable skills, so I found nothing at all.  
  
We were both getting desperate because the rent on our fleabag apartment was overdue and the landlady had a reputation for making life difficult if you didn't pay up. Bob told her our sob story, hoping we could buy some time, for what, we had no idea. The landlady told him to go see a girl in one of the other apartments in the building, that she had found jobs for some of the coeds that she rented to. Bob went to see her, turned out she was a student herself and "had some contact." She told him she'd be willing to set up an interview for me with the owner of a little business off one of the exits on the interstate. She told him what kind of business went on there, Bob said thanks but no way and came back to our apartment to tell me why she had been a dead end.  
  
Bob knew what a massage parlor was, but I sure as hell didn't. Even after he explained it to me, though, I still wasn't as against it as he was. He said he was going to quit college and find a full time job, but I knew that we'd always be struggling to break even if he didn't have a degree, and he had to finish school for us to eventually get ahead. I kept giving myself these get-tough pep talks, that I was an adult and a married woman and nobody was going to help us but me. In three months I had gone from sleeping in a tiny bedroom with my two sisters to sleeping on the floor of a dirty apartment with my new husband and in another couple of months might be homeless. I was scared to death of living on the street and decided that moral bankruptcy was better than financial, and that I could pray for forgiveness every day and still take a paycheck. Besides, all that had been offered was an interview, and I hadn't even had a single one of those yet. I could go for the practice and I didn't have to take the job if it didn't seem right for me.  
  
It took him a little bit, but Bob finally gave in and went back to tell the girl in the other apartment. And so a couple of days later I met with Betty Tranh, the owner of this place. Bob came along too; it was the only way he would let me go.  
  
She took us both in her office and didn't pull any punches as to what I would be expected to do there. There were a couple of times I had convinced myself this was crazy and had started figuring out how to sleep two in a car, but then she started explaining how much I could make if I worked hard and wasn't one of those 'lazy American girls who thought they better than everyone else,' and I figured out I could make more, a lot more, doing this than anything I was qualified for. The hours were more flexible too, so I could be home when I needed to and fulfill my wifely duties. I mean, everybody wants to think of themselves as being on some sort of moral high ground, but that doesn't put macaroni and cheese dinner on the table with the broken leg that you picked up off the side of the road. Betty thought I had the right body for it—I was a few pounds lighter then and my boobs hadn't suffered the indignities of three kids, and asked if I had any experience. I couldn't lie and told her in my best serious adult voice that I didn't have any experience in this line of work, but I was a quick learner! She pointed at Bob and asked if I ever played with his dick, which made me laugh. I told her yes, and I admitted to touching Jimmy Evans' once, too. She told me I was qualified enough and offered me the job, but said she had to know right then because she had plenty of other girls who wanted a job too. And so the next afternoon I reported for my first day of work at Peaceful Dragon Asian Massage.  
  
"But isn't that kind of work illegal?" Gwen asked, still amazed at how casual Yvette made it all sound.  
  
"Technically, maybe, yeah, I guess, but there were and still are billboards all up and down I-95 advertising these places, so my eighteen-year old brain figured if they advertised 'em they must be legal and I left it at that. The local cops got free samples, so they weren't about to screw up a good thing. As long as what we were doing didn't cross over the line into actual prostitution, they let things slide."  
  
"But...didn't it?"  
  
"Nah, I always thought of it as a more complete massage," she said with a laugh. "Betty made it clear that using your hands was okay, using one of your orifices was not. She was this tiny little Vietnamese woman, tough as nails, who came here as a refugee with even less than Bob and I had and had worked her ass off to make a good life for herself and was not about to let it get taken away from her. If you were hooking, either inside the business or freelancing, you were out of there. She didn't want the legal hassle and she didn't want the competition. Betty was really nice to work for, though. She took care of her employees, paid well, provided uniforms—white tank top and shorts, no underwear—we had adjustable tables and she put rubber floor mats down for us to stand on while we worked. We even had a real break room with a refrigerator and nice furniture, much better than what Bob and I had at home! She didn't take any shit, either—if you were a client with questionable attitude or hygiene you cleaned up your act or were out the door.  
  
"She was the first independent woman I had ever really known and I looked up to her. She was also very patient with me, took me under her wing and did most of my training. I know I was terrible at it when I started! I just thought you grabbed on and started tugging until white stuff came out. Even though she said I had experience, I didn't have a lot—handjobs were for teenagers in the backseat of cars, and I was a married woman who had more adult ways of pleasing her husband. But she taught me different touches, and different moves—I remember the first time she got a guy close to coming then took her hands off his dick and worked his chest instead. He groaned and start humping the air to get her to come back, which I thought was so cool! She was so efficient, never acting like she was in a hurry but still getting clients off the table without them feeling rushed so she could get another paying customer on it.  
  
"Betty was the one that taught me men had two sex organs—their penis and their brain. She really knew how to stroke egos as well as dicks. When she was around the clients she always referred to their cocks as 'dragons'; angry dragons, sleeping dragons, dragon ready to strike, that kind of thing. I asked her why and she told me that even the man with the littlest dick wants to be told he is the master of a mysterious, ferocious beast. So, I took it a step further and started using fake Vietnamese-to-English translations to describe the dicks under my care—alert dragon looking left, wary dragon looking right, eager dragon straining its neck. I always told the guys with little ones that they 'had a beautiful stout dragon overfull with essence' She laughed at how ridiculous that sounded coming out of a white girl with a southern drawl, but also told me I was a smart girl for doing it—'make bigger tip that way'. Of course, she also laughed at me the first time I saw an armored dragon."  
  
"Armored dragon?"  
  
"Uncircumcised. My second day without Betty in the room with me, and the guy turns over and I thought something was wrong with him! I hurried off and told her that this guy didn't look right. She came in to take a look, called me a silly girl and apologized to the client that I was new, did the massage with me watching and showed how the armor slid down and out of the way to reveal the dragon beneath. After he was gone she told me all guys are born like that, but most American boys have it cut off when they're little. Even though Betty did all the work on that one, she still let me keep the tip. She was really good to work for..."  
  
"Still, working there, it couldn't have been very nice experience..."  
  
"It really was pretty good once I got used to it—I have to guess way better than plucking chickens at the processing plant, which was another job I applied for and didn't get. Almost to a person my clients were polite and respectful, and I've always thought it had to do with them being naked. I think clothes are another layer of mental protection and people feel braver and less vulnerable when they're in them, take them off and all you have is you. I've been to strip clubs, and the guys there just seem more arrogant, almost like they're better people than the performers; they've got their clothes on and the girls don't so they've got the advantage. If you made strip club patrons get naked at the door I think their attitudes would change considerably. I could tell how vulnerable some of my clients felt when they were naked on my table, especially when they turned over, and I really worked hard to make them feel comfortable. I know I felt like I was giving back some control when I took my clothes off for them."

"You had to take your clothes off?"  
  
"I didn't have to, we could technically say no to any request, but we got a percentage of the bill, and the bill was bigger and the tips better if I did. To be honest, that's when I first realized I've got an exhibitionist streak—I was always flattered that a guy would pay to see little old me naked. The pricing was done a la carte. A client would start out with a basic massage. A 'joyful release of the dragon's essence' was extra, but I can't ever remember a client not paying for a handjob. Taking off your top was a few dollars more, taking off your shorts a few dollars more than that. Letting them touch you was also on the menu, but no insertion allowed, although I had a few guys I trusted enough to 'slip' and get really close. I had a couple of guys that liked it when I worked from up above their head and 'accidentally' let my boobs hang in their face while I massaged their chest. Using the girls to get him off—'the dragon exploring the mountain valley'—was an extra charge, and a prostate massage was pretty good money, probably because some of the girls wouldn't do it. I did—once Betty explained how there was a little trigger for his gun hidden up in there, I'd snap on a glove, throw on some lube and go rooting around. They went off quicker, they left happy, and I got my table back for the next client. Of course, talking dirty was free and a good way to move them along too."  
  
"Yvette, you make this sound all so normal... How did Bob feel about all this?"  
  
"To me it was normal. I know it sounds weird, but it really was always just a job. A job I liked, but still, and any moral conflict I might have had went away when I saw my paycheck. We paid the rent and had enough for real milk too, not the powdered stuff! And when we finally saved enough money to buy a real bed, I thought we were rich! It was used, but still, it had a real frame and a real mattress with a box spring and we weren't sleeping on that disgusting carpet! As for Bob...he wasn't too sure about things at first, but he got used to it. I never gave him any reason to think it was something more than a job. I always wore my wedding ring when I worked—it seemed to cut down on guys asking me out after my shift, although a few tried anyways. But I never once had any desire to see any of my clients outside of work. Bob was then and still is my guy. The clients knowing you were married helped with the tips too, I think."  
  
"How?"  
  
"I think some guys genuinely felt guilty that a married woman was in such a bad way that she had to give them handjobs to make money and so threw a few extra bucks my way to make themselves feel better. Other guys though, they really got off on having another guy's wife perform that service for 'em. You could always tell who those guys were," Yvette said with a laugh. "They always wanted to know if they were bigger than my husband. I always told them they were, which was a lie as often as not, but I always told Bob the truth. After a while he got to like hearing about my day and didn't seem to have a problem hearing a client's dick was bigger than his, or how much he had in him. He knew he was the one I was coming straight home to after work.  
  
I've always liked trying to figure out what made people tick—guess that's why I went into psychology-so the work really was interesting, I was a young women getting paid to look at and touch naked men. The truckers were definitely not model material, too much time behind the wheel, but the military types from the base were fun to look at, and I always liked checking out their packages no matter who was on the table—the variety was amazing! These huge guys with tiny little peckers, wimpy looking young guys with whoppers...it was fascinating to see the big tough he-men exposed and vulnerable. I always looked at each client as a puzzle I was being paid to solve, seeing what it was going to make him happy and make him want to ask for me again while being as efficient as possible. The women were tougher, though."  
  
"You had women clients?"  
  
"Uh huh. Not many, just three, but they were all regulars. One was the classic bull dyke trucker, hard to tell she was a woman until she took off her clothes, another was the wife of a trucker client of mine—they'd run team up and down the coast and stop at the Dragon, the wife got hers while he watched and then the husband would get his while she watched and then and then they'd be back on the road. And then there was this sweet little white-haired old lady, grandmother-librarian type, who I think preferred to believe this was a legit massage that just always got a little out of hand. I never figured out how she had gotten there in the first place. She never asked for anything, didn't really talk; Betty just gave me a list of what she wanted the first time and it never changed after that. Me with my clothes on, giving her a back and butt massage followed by some breast work; labial and clitoral massage, she'd get flushed in the chest and breathe hard and see you next time. The women were tough though. I didn't know what they liked; I barely knew what I liked—Bob had to convince me I was not committing an unpardonable sin by touching myself. I never did it before I moved in with him because there was zero privacy and I was afraid I'd be struck down by the divine hand and my parents would know why. Thankfully all my clients, even the women, were very patient with me and kept coming back, God knows why.  
  
So anyways, I worked there for a year before Bob insisted I start going to school, too. I worked there all the way through college while Bob graduated, went to work for a local accountant, got fed up with working for someone else and started his own business. Betty was one of his first clients, although I think she was always a little suspicious that we might have been working together to rip her off. He did right by her though, and he eventually had her doing well enough to buy out a competitor the next exit down and open a second location. I finally left when I started student teaching.  
  
So to answer your original question, Bob's business got off the ground, we felt that despite crushing student loans we were making enough to pop out three kids in five years and put a roof over their heads, I went back for my Master's once they were in school, and Bob and I played responsible youth team coach and PTA member in public. We saved our "relaxed attitude" for behind closed doors and vacations without the kids, and kept our private life private, pretty successfully, I like to think. And then the boys were out of the house and we moved up here and couldn't see why we needed to keep it behind closed doors any more. Or curtained windows, although the neighbors seem to disagree."  
  
"Do your children know?"  
  
"What, about my job? No, I haven't told them, but only because I worry more about putting images in their head they can't unthink than me being ashamed or embarrassed. But if any one of them had dared try as stupid a move as Bob and I had, I would have trotted it out as an example of what they might have had to do to make things work. As for our relaxed attitude, well, we we're never ones to tell them that sex was bad or that the human body should be hidden away, but we did try to teach them some common-sense discretion. We didn't go into details about what was going on behind our own closed doors, just to knock and wait until invited in. Now that they're grown up they at least know enough to call before dropping by so we have time to put something on. And that's our story."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
"Yeah, wow. And thank you for listening and not judging. Sympathy I appreciate but it's not necessary; judgement I don't appreciate and really don't need. "  
  
"Oh," Gwen stammered, "it's not my place to judge. I think a lot of us had to make difficult decisions starting out—I know I did!"  
  
Yvette smiled. "Sounds like a story I'd like to hear if you don't mind telling it. Like I said, I love to see what makes interesting people interesting. It's the psychologist in me. But no pressure—if it's too personal, I understand."  
  
Gwen hesitated. If anyone would understand the conditions of her employment under Miss Ritter, it would be this woman. Not too long ago she would have considered her circumstances then every bit as dire as Yvette's, but she would not have spoken a word of it, either. But since then there was the growing realization as to what it had truly been, and that rather than bad it had taken something as good as Tim to change...there was also a feeling that it might be safe to open up to this woman.  
  
"Really, you don't have to tell me Gwen," Yvette said, sensing reluctance. "Maybe you could tell me how you and Tim ended up on the beach that day?"  
  
Bob chose that moment to stick his head around the doorframe. "Steaks are done—" he saw his wife's bare back and grinned. "Should I close the blinds?"  
  
"We're eating on the deck," Yvette countered, her attention still on Gwen, studying her. "Can you get me a clean shirt from the laundry room? I did wash this morning." She waited until Bob's head disappeared from the doorway. "I'd still like to hear your story Gwen, later," she said with a smile. "As little or as much as you'd like to tell me. I get the feeling you've had some very interesting experiences in your life!" She picked up the bowl of zucchini. "And by the way," she said, giving a hint of a smile, "Your husband has a great body and an absolutely beautiful dragon."  
  
"Oh, uh, thank you," Gwen stammered. "Bob's is very nice, too! It certainly does get big."  
  
"The head does at least, especially when properly inspired."  
  
The shirt Bob selected did not leave much to the imagination, the faded yellow tank top thin enough to clearly show the imprint of Yvette's nipples and areolae beneath it, but it was sufficient to sit out in the open in the early evening light. The conversation was lively, not of the day's events even though the topic was not intentionally avoided, but of married life, and children, and businesses, of the many things the two couples had in common. For once it was not an effort for Gwen; she found the McCallums refreshingly honest and funny, and just very nice to be around. It was Tim who finally suggested it was time to go, long after the lake's surface had turned black and the lights of houses on the distant shore twinkled from the line of trees forming a dark border against the night sky above. Gwen reluctantly agreed. "It's a bit of a drive home," she offered as a sort of apology.  
  
"You could stay here tonight," Yvette suggested. "Plenty of guest rooms, and we're told breakfast on the deck as the lake wakes up is very nice."  
  
"I'd love to," Gwen said truthfully, "but my friend—she boards her horse with us—she's staying at the house, and she turned out the horses this afternoon. She was expecting us back this evening, and if I know her she's probably already done the evening chores; I wouldn't want to leave the morning chores to her, too. Besides," she added, feeling the need for something more, "We didn't bring a change of clothes."  
  
"No need for 'em," Bob said with a grin. "We have the blinds, and robes for breakfast out here in the morning. The neighbors haven't complained about that yet."  
  
"We understand," Yvette offered with a knowing smile. "Maybe the next time you come you could plan to stay overnight?"  
  
"I—we-would like that, right Tim? And we'd love to have you to our house, too! It's set back from the road, and we have a pool, so you can wear as much or as little as you'd like!" Gwen blushed and fell silent, feeling the offer sounded a little too eager.  
  
"Sounds like fun," Yvette said, hugging her. "We're so glad you came." The Slut purred at the feel of Bob's semi-hard length beneath his shorts when it was his turn to embrace her.  
  
"You okay to drive?" Gwen asked as Tim turned the truck on to the dirt road leading away from the lakefront. "You had a lot of sun today."  
  
"And a lot of excitement. But yeah, I'm fine. You can take a nap if you want, I'm good."  
  
Gwen said nothing but remained alert in the darkness, wanting to be another set of eyes for Tim. Her mind was still active as they drove, thinking, evaluating, asking what-ifs as it always did when her attention was not required elsewhere.  
  
"Definitely a lot of excitement," Tim heard the soft voice from the gloom of the truck's passenger seat muse. "My mother always warned me about men and their dirty minds. I don't think she ever considered the possibility her daughter would be worse than a man."  
  
"Your mother was right about men having dirty minds," Tim replied. "And I'm sure mine is way worse than yours. I've had years to develop a pretty extensive catalog of nasty thoughts."  
  
"Were those things you said in the woods today some of them?"  
  
"Well, yeah."  
  
"Then I think mine is catching up with yours pretty quickly." She paused. "Can I be honest with you?"  
  
"You always have, as far as I know."  
  
"When you said those things about the guys in the water and what they would be doing later, I got really excited thinking about that. I know it's just pretend, but what if they had really done that...right then, in front of us? Would you have been mad"  
  
Tim laughed. "Wouldn't have blamed 'em. I was a little surprised they chickened out and left when they did—I guess none of 'em wanted to be the first to jack off in front of their buddies. I'm pretty sure Bob wanted to reach down and give himself a few strokes in your honor on the boat."  
  
"Really? You sure it wasn't Yvette who had his attention?"  
  
"I think you both had his attention, but I'm gonna bet he spent more time on you trying to wish your legs open."  
  
"Did you want to do the same for Yvette?"  
  
Tim shifted uneasily in his seat. "Well, she was naked, and uhh, she seems like she's really, I don't know, sexually confident, which I think is attractive as hell in a woman..."  
  
"You like confident women? Then how did you end up with me?"  
  
He laughed. "Because you were one of the most confident women I had ever met and still are. Hell, when I met you I thought you were a little bit arrogant, even. Most of you equestriennes are; I guess it comes from learning how to make a half-ton animal do whatever you want with a tap of your heel in the ribs."  
  
"It's a very gentle tap, they barely feel it," she protested. "Maybe I was confident around horses, but I wasn't around men, and definitely not in bed..."  
  
"You were confident in bed, too—you were just very confident a once a week schedule to accommodate my needs was enough. Wasn't my preference, but I just figured I just an over-the top horn-dog and you weren't. Everything else about your personality was...really attractive, so it was pretty easy to work around the bedroom. And then it seemed like you started treating your sex life like you did your riding, getting some instruction, lots of practice and pushing your comfort levels a little, getting the confidence to try out what's in that dirty mind of yours."  
  
"I like when you try out what's in your mind, too," she replied softly. "Like in the woods this afternoon. Makes me feel like I have a partner in crime."  
  
"Yeah, gotta admit that was pretty wild. Wasn't sure you'd do it. Charlie would have a stroke if he ever found out about that."  
  
"Because he still thinks I'm stuck up cold fish of a wife," Gwen added, finishing the thought.  
  
Tim cleared his throat. "Well...I think, uhh, maybe he's not so sure, anymore..." Tim paused. "My turn to be honest...remember the undies you gave me to hold on to the night of the dinner? In the locker room?" He added needlessly. "And then I hung 'em on the rearview?"  
  
"Yes, where everyone at the gas station saw them," Gwen answered slowly. "Then they got put in the wash and are in my drawer now. Why?" She glanced up at the mirror as if to confirm her story.  
  
"I put 'em in the wash after Charlie got a hold of 'em and stuck his nose in the crotch."  
  
"WHAT!? How...?"  
  
"We went out to look at a job the next day, and I was gonna leave 'em on the mirror because he's always giving me shit about what he's getting and I'm not, so I wanted to show him I'm getting some, too. Stupid guy shit, I know, it's none of his business, but I'm a guy, so...but I chickened out and threw 'em in the glove compartment before I got to his house. He found 'em in there anyways and thought I either they were mine or I had someone on the side, so I told him the truth. He didn't believe me, especially after I told him how I got 'em, but I think he really wants to."  
  
"Oh my God Tim, really?" Gwen cried, Tim thankful and a little surprised her tone was of amused disbelief and not anger. "Did you tell him everything?"  
  
"Not everything, just that we were in the locker room and your underwear was in the way," he said with a smile. "I didn't tell him they were already gone when I got there, and don't worry, I didn't show him the picture you used as bait—that's tucked away safe in my phone when I need a pick-me-up. I just told him enough to drive him nuts wondering."  
  
Her hand began to pet the hardness under his shorts. "You think he would have believed you if you had showed him the picture?"  
  
He hesitated, the sensation in his lap distracting him from the composition of his answer. "He probably still would have called bullshit cuz' you can't see your face in it, but it would've been a hell of a lot of fun watching him drool over it and try to figure out if it was you. I know it sounds bad, but I've always liked it when guys look at you—like those guys on the beach today. It makes me feel like I've got something really special, something that other guys would kill to have, like a nice boat or a car. It's also that someone as pretty as you would be with a guy like me. Sorry, I know that sounds pretty shallow. I don't own you."  
  
"I think I like being owned and shown off sometimes," she admitted with a giggle. "So he really sniffed them?"  
  
"Your undies? Practically inhaled 'em. He really liked your perfume," Tim answered with a laugh, leaving out his friend's earthier evaluation of her musk.  
  
Gwen was quiet for a moment, gently stroking his length. "If you want, you can show him my picture," she finally offered.  
  
"Really? You don't care if he saw you like that?"  
  
"I don't care if you don't..." she lied. The idea excited her, a chance to tease the man who had considered her a cold fish for so long. She knew she had changed so much since that night they had double-dated in his car..."but you can't send it to him, and you can't let him know that I said you could. Maybe let him see it accidentally? But you have to tell me what he says, either good or bad."  
  
"Oh, it'll be good, I can guarantee that...X-rated, but good."  
  
"Then I want to hear that, too."  
  
They were quiet for a moment, the hand on his lap still. "So you never answered my question," Gwen said quietly. "Did you want to show Yvette what you thought of her confidence?"  
  
"Did I want to? I've got a dirty mind, remember? So, yup. But I didn't think that would have gone over too good with either you or her. And even then Bob would have had to have gone first. Guess I'm just as chicken as those guys in the ski boat." He glanced down at the hand in his lap. "I'm gonna be a sticky distracted driver if you keep that up. Maybe I can pull off down one of these roads, we can put a blanket in the back and look up at the stars?"  
  
"Along with a million mosquitos," Gwen laughed, removing her hand. "Maybe we could just stay in here?"  
  
Tim grinned and scanned the roadside ahead. "McKendry's Auto Body," he said, reading from a sign as he pulled off the 2-lane highway into the parking lot of a closed repair shop. "Trick I learned in high school. Nobody's going to notice another truck in a parking lot full of cars." He selected a spot at the end of the row, away from the glow of the single floodlight on the building. "View's not the greatest," he announced, unbuckling his belt and pushing the seat back, "but what I want to see is in here."

Gwen unbuckled her own belt and slid closer to her husband. "I'm glad you like the scenery."  
  
Tim's hand was already on the move as he kissed her, fingertips pushing under the waistband of her shorts, not wasting any time in moving down through her thatch to the junction of her already parted legs and into the wet furrow between them.  
  
"I can reach you better if you take these off," she murmured around his kiss, rubbing the fabric over his hardness meaningfully. She was sorry to feel his lips and finger retreat, but she used the moment to remove her own shorts before resuming their kiss and welcoming the hand back. "Do you think Bob and Yvette are doing the same thing right now?"  
  
"He was probably all over her before we even got out of the driveway," Tim replied with a chuckle. "But they might be at it again right now, maybe they got a second time in 'em."  
  
"Third," Gwen corrected, lowering her head to his lap. "They did it at the beach."  
  
"Third," Tim agreed. "My bad."  
  
The headlights and noise of the cars that sped by on the road they faced did little to distract Gwen as she imagined the McCallums watching her while she pleased her husband, Bob admiring her skills, Yvette envious of the beautiful dragon and what it was capable of producing. They watched her being pleased as well, the rough finger slowly thrusting in and out of her, watching her grind against the callused palm the invader was attached to, creating a delicious pressure on her mons and clit.  
  
Tim groaned and shivered as she swirled her tongue around the tip before letting her lips slide down the length again. "I'm close, honey, really close..."  
  
"Mm-hmm!" Her hand took over the stroking while her lips formed a seal behind the flare of the sensitive head, ready for his eruption. Fantasy Bob watched with envy as she accepted then swallowed every last drop of Tim's load while Yvette bent to take her own husband's oversized-mushroom head between her lips and duplicate the feat. Gwen shuddered through her orgasm, softly grunting around the spent cock between her lips.  
  
They spent several moments recovering, her head in his lap and his hand between her legs, before Tim finally pulled her up for a kiss. "Two," he said with a tired smile as he released her and reached for his shorts. "We might still be one behind Bob and Yvette."  
  
"And they're probably comfortable in their bed and we're in a parking lot," Gwen reminded him. "Cricket is probably wondering where we are. We can talk about catching up when we get home."  
  
Any fatigue Tim might have felt as he drove was overridden by the sight of Gwen sitting in the gloom with her shorts still on the floor, her legs spread wide, letting the breeze from the open window tickle and dry her wet sex.  
  
Author's postscript: Fair warning. I've never been to a massage parlor other than the one Mrs. Badger occasionally runs (very limited hours of operation; very exclusive client list) I've only heard about them from a "guy who knows a guy." Peaceful Dragon Asian Massage is based solely on what I would imagine it to be like in this story. If you feel the need to correct my errata, understand that I will happily read your comments for future use but will not be going back to amend what I've already written, so...well, you can't say you weren't warned.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 18**

The house was quiet when Cricket arrived. That was not unexpected; she knew Tim and Gwen had planned a day out with friends and was glad they had chosen to go to the lake today. The young woman worried that her seemingly constant presence was making the Nelsons alter their own lives to accommodate hers, but still she lacked the resolve to limit her weekends with them, and this was a nice compromise. Cricket was flattered that she had earned enough trust to roam their property at will, but of course, she thought, if they trust me enough to let me watch them have sex then being left alone with access to the refrigerator is a pretty easy reach.  
  
Cricket made sure all the chores were done before saddling Marvin and working on some exercises in the field below the woods. They were dutifully performed, as they had been since she had learned them as a student growing up at the various riding academies, but the cool shade and freedom of the wooded trail beckoned and Cricket wasted no time spurring her mount towards the canopy of trees at a gentle gallop after completing the prescribed routines.  
  
The horse was very willing to comply. His human always smelled happy now, a pleasant development and welcome change from her constant worry and sadness before he had come to live here. He was content to be wherever she was, and her mood was his as well. He snorted defiantly at the imagined unknowns hiding in the trees about them and tossed his head at the opportunity to take to the trail and show his bravery.  
  
Cricket shed her shirt when the path demanded they slow to a walk, confident her small breasts could handle their unrestricted movement at this pace, the air drying the sheen of sweat and making her nipples turn hard. The trail to the overlook and picnic table soon opened to her right, exactly where horse and rider had learned it would be; with a gentle nudge of her heel Marvin turned.  
  
She stopped the horse in the shade before the open grass beyond and dismounted with the ease of someone who had done it thousands of times before. Marvin was loosely tethered to a nearby branch to cool and rest while Cricket strolled a little further to the edge of the tree line, to where the shade abruptly ended like a curtain lifting on glorious sunlight, and sat down.  
  
It was nice here, beautiful...the view, the smell of pine, the sound of songbirds, and the leaves fluttering in the breeze. The young woman would never have called herself a country girl before her marriage, growing up in well-ordered suburbia on the edges of several big cities, and had only moved to a more rural part of Georgia because Daniel's new job required it. He had considered it being banished to a little backwoods hell-hole and couldn't wait to get out, but Cricket had grown to enjoy the slower pace and relative peace, a bright spot in the disaster that had been her marriage. She could quite easily live here, picturing a little house and barn in this clearing, and wondered if the Nelsons might be willing to sell it someday. She laughed at the idea and shook her head; there was the matter of food and rent and school loans and Marvin's room and board to be settled before the idea of owning her own place could even be dreamed about. But it could be hers for the moment, savoring the shade's coolness on her bare back and breasts, the wall of mid-day heat discernible just a few feet in front of her. The breeze might be nice on her bare legs and bottom, she thought with a giggle, kicking off her boots and discarding her riding breeches. She was again the little wood fairy she had often pretended to be as a child when arguing parents or obnoxious schoolmates required an escape into the imaginary forest she ruled. The fairy had been dressed in brightly-colored silks and sparkly gauze then, but that was before she had learned to appreciate the feel of air and sun against her skin. Fairies are creatures of nature and magic, and nature's creatures don't need clothes, so naturally fairies should be naked, she reasoned with a smile.  
  
Cricket lay back, looking up at the moving ceiling of leaves above with the blue sky peeking between them, wondering how long she could lie here and still be at the house when the Nelsons returned. Her finger idly traced lines across her bare stomach, up underneath her breasts then down to where her thatch began, making her shiver. A need had been building for several days, one that had been occasionally dulled but not satiated by the gifts from her friend in her bedroom drawer. Would the sun and water have made Gwen too tired for something more than sleep tonight, or would her focus be on her husband?  
  
It's her responsibility to satisfy Tim's needs, not your perversions, Cricket grumpily reminded herself. That's on you, and there are other people out there besides Gwen and Tim to be perverted with. But doing—that—with a strange woman was out of the question; Gwen was right that it was something special friends shared, and a stranger would never begin to reproduce the feelings she got when doing "that" with her best friend. A man would be more suitable for base sexual gratification, straight-out down-and-dirty humping, but even with no need for any sort of emotional attachment she was not yet ready to enter into a use-and be-used situation. Besides, finding one was still a problem; approaching a man for a trade of physical pleasures was just not a conversation she could ever imagine herself starting. And certainly not with anyone at work, which is the only place she ever really came into contact with someone possessing the necessary equipment. Gossip spread fast even from office to office and branch to branch, and she had no desire to have her name added to the list of the company sluts.  
  
With a deep exhalation she, cleared her mind, closed her eyes and let her fingers travel farther, smoothing over the swell of her breasts and brushing against nipples now erect from excitement rather than chill, down further below to where her pubic mound gave way to labia swelling in anticipation. Her legs came apart on their own accord, opening to her fingers and the world. She idly wondered if Gwen's velvet-wrapped steel will, that ability to make a horse gladly do as she politely commanded, worked on men as well and if it could be learned. It would be so much easier, she thought, if I could just point at some guy and say take your clothes off so I can fuck you. She laughed at the thought, doubting that even in her fantasies she possessed the necessary skills to bend a man to her will.  
  
Maybe a younger man, also inexperienced and unsure of himself, might do her bidding, she rationalized ...there was that intern, fresh out of high school, he was kinda cute in a geeky way...her finger dipped to spread her growing wetness over sensitive lips. Maybe being the older woman with a full-time position at the bank might make her an authority figure in his eyes. She imagined instructing him to meet her at a local hotel or else-the fantasy allowed her to have the money for a hotel room and the power to deliver an ultimatum-and ordering him to get naked and stand for inspection as soon as he stepped into the room. He was already hard—she had heard young men walked around with perpetual erections—and Cricket, still dressed in her best business attire, confidently circled him as if sizing up her prey. Skinny, maybe even a little bony, but a nice smile and a cute butt, with a penis like Tim's and not at all like Daniel's. She could sense he was not arrogant but eager to please, and judging from the speed with which he had followed her order to undress, obedient, too. Yes, this practice pony would be a suitable ride. She instructed him to lie on the bed, reveling in his complete attention as she teased him while slowly unveiling her own body. She did not let him touch her when his mistress finally joined him on the bed, not yet, running her own hands over his bare skin in exploration, the distant memory of the feel of a man coming back to her. Unlike her ex, he did nothing to discourage her thorough examination of his cock as she looked for responses to certain grips or strokes, practicing, always practicing, mimicking the things Gwen did to make Tim groan with approval. Cricket tasted the young man next and was not disparaged for wanting to perform such a nasty act, getting a soft 'oh' as he instinctively thrust his hardness up against her searching tongue. There was the same faint hints of musk and saltiness she had found on her friend's lips after they had been wrapped around Tim's shaft. The young man was made to gasp and squirm for what to him seemed like an eternity before Cricket lay back against the pillows in her fantasy hotel bed and demanded the young intern return the favor, something he did with skill and enthusiasm. She outwardly maintained her collected composure, controlling her body's reaction to his searching tongue, unwilling to expose her true vulnerability to him just yet. His mistress eventually deemed herself satisfied with his efforts and he was finally allowed to mount her, but only after sternly being instructed "not to come too fast," like every other man afforded this privilege before had. He obeyed faithfully, still grunting in her ear with each powerful thrust when Cricket's fingers delivered her orgasm. Marvin paused his shaking off of a particularly bothersome deerfly ensure she was in no danger as his human rhythmically writhed and chirped.  
  
She lay there recovering her breath and senses, the breeze cool against her sweat-soaked skin, chiding herself for the utter ridiculousness of that particular fantasy. Young and timid was sure to equal inexperienced, and she was not qualified to play the role of teacher. Besides, in real life her dalliance would have ended with him spinning his own version of events, telling everybody how the stuck-up bitch in Finance had begged him to fuck her.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Cricket awoke from where she had fallen asleep on the couch, alert to the sound of a truck pulling into the driveway over the soft drone of the TV weather report. She rose and glanced at the clock—after midnight-before checking to make sure she had gotten dressed again after spending the afternoon and evening prancing about the house wickedly naked, suddenly worried it might not be Gwen and Tim after all.  
  
The door opened and she smiled as Gwen entered, nude from t-shirt down to sandals. "Lose something?" the young woman asked with a smile, eying her friend's bare hips and legs meaningfully.  
  
The Lady sighed and began to recite the list. Decency, common sense, morality, sanity..."Took them off in the truck," Gwen offered matter-of-factly. "They were in the way. Everything go alright here? Horses okay?"  
  
Cricket was momentarily distracted by Tim's entrance, checking to see if he was similarly attired, disappointed he was not. "Uhh, yes, everything was fine, horses are fine," the young woman finally replied, focusing on the eyes of the bottomless woman in front of her. "I think Dart was a little peeved it was Marvin and not him going out today."  
  
"He'll get over it," Gwen said with a yawn, stretching her arms over her head and bringing the shirt's bottom up to just below her belly button. "I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted. Coming to bed?"  
  
"Uhh, yes, okay..." Cricket hesitated. That sounded like an invitation, but was it? Screw it, she decided, more afraid of missing what might happen in her absence than being told she was in the wrong place. Thankfully Gwen gave the impression her friend's choice of where to sleep was completely natural and correct, and the two women were already naked and side by side under the covers when Tim joined them. Cricket's curiosity was already advancing theories as to what exactly had happened in the truck. She was disappointed when it became obvious there would be no answers or activity as sleep was the only thing on her bedmates' minds. The aroused young woman scolded herself for even expecting something more rather than just the comfort of the soft warm body she was even now snuggling in to. Her excitement simmered as she nodded off.  
  
She slept soundly, the movement of the others as they got out of bed waking her. Cricket watched discretely as Tim bent to pull on his underwear, ass thrust out at her while his dangling cock and balls peeked from between his thighs. Gwen didn't bother dressing, and the young woman took that as her sign she was not required to either. Breakfast was an interesting affair, two naked women and a fully dressed Tim, and the casual exhibitionism inflamed the young woman's lust.  
  
They got into their riding breeches and boots at the last possible moment before heading out to the barn after breakfast, shirts carried but not worn as they started up the hill. "Good time at the lake yesterday?" Cricket asked.  
  
Gwen smiled. "A very good time. Our friends have a beautiful spot up there." She paused. "Listen, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. I'm hoping you can do me a favor."  
  
"Anything!" Cricket replied eagerly. "You know that."  
  
"Well, I was wondering if you'd like a job for a weekend. Not sure when yet, exactly, but you'd get paid for it."  
  
"Of course I'll do it! And you are not paying me anything. Marvin, room, board, remember?"  
  
"I haven't forgotten, and how can you say yes when you don't even know what the job is yet?"  
  
"Doesn't matter. I owe you so much, whatever it is is the least I can do. So, what's the job?"  
  
"Well, I've been asked to pose for some photos, horse and rider, that kind of thing...I'd like you along as a sort of groom, someone to keep an eye on things if I get busy or distracted."  
  
"You're posing for photos? You mean, like professionally? Like for a magazine spread or something?"  
  
"Oh God, they better not be!" Her friend laughed nervously. "Photos for a private collection. The person who is commissioning the work owns the horse and is supplying a groom, but I'd prefer somebody I trust with me just to make sure I'm not missing anything."  
  
"I'm flattered you'd ask me and of course I'll do it, but wouldn't you want Ali or KD, instead?"  
  
Gwen laughed. "Not for this, no. I trust you, and since you've already seen me a certain way..."  
  
"Certain way? What does that mean?"  
  
Gwen took a breath and stared at the dirt path passing below her. "I'll be posing nude."  
  
"Nude? While riding a horse? Like Lady Godiva?"  
  
Gwen began to tell the young woman Natalie had guessed the same thing, but held back. "Maybe, I don't know...the photographer didn't give me many details, just that some nudity will be required. They keep telling me it'll be art, you know, tastefully done."  
  
"Who wants you to pose for this kind of...art?"  
  
Gwen took another breath. "Remember that lingerie party I went to a little while back?"  
  
"How could I forget!"  
  
"Do you know who Sylvia Danning is?"  
  
"Do I know who Sylvia Danning is? As a very junior banking professional, yes I know who Sylvia Danning is. As a former competitive equestrienne, yes I know who Sylvia Danning is..." Cricket's eyes widened. "Wait, was she at the lingerie party?"  
  
"It was at her mansion. She hosted it and found out I rode, got a report on me from..."Gwen paused, "an old instructor of mine, and invited me back to ride with her at her stables. I guess I passed some sort of test and she asked me to pose for something that she wants to put in one of her houses she's redecorating."  
  
"You rode with Sylvia Danning, one of the best-known equestriennes in America, and definitely the richest...well, it sounds like she has excellent taste as well. It definitely makes sense why she would ask you."  
  
"Not to me, but she did, so like an idiot I said yes."  
  
"Wow...just wow. But you really want me there, too? Are you sure? I mean, is she going to let a commoner like me anywhere near one of her horses? I have to imagine we're talking something with world-class lines and therefore very, very expensive."  
  
"Why wouldn't she? You're an excellent and knowledgeable horsewoman—we both know money can't buy horse sense, and so does she. In fact, if she's looking for someone with a particular look and impeccable equestrian skills like she claims, then you should be the one posing. But I made it a condition of me accepting that if she wants me, she has to let me have you. You're the only one I trust for this."  
  
"Like I said, I'm flattered you'd ask me...Tim knows about this, right?"  
  
"Tim knows, but he's about the only one—Alison and KD don't even know. So you have to keep it all just between us, okay? Mrs. Danning is very protective of her privacy, almost as much as I am." The Lady scoffed at that last assertion. Getting naked in front of complete strangers was not exactly something you did to maintain privacy.  
  
Gwen spent the rest of the ride trying her best to answer the questions Cricket peppered her with, telling her about the Danilo's visit the morning before. "Oh, and before I forget," she asked. Tim and I have to go to Atlanta next weekend. I'm being fitted for wardrobe for this thing. Think you might be able to stay overnight and take care of the horses? Would it make you nervous being here alone overnight?"  
  
"No, that's fine, be happy to," Cricket said distractedly, "but wardrobe? I thought you were posing nude?"  
  
"Only for some of the pictures, I guess. So they're getting my measurements, and I thought Tim and I could make it a weekend away."  
  
"Sounds like fun," Cricket said with a smile. They rode in silence for several moments before the young woman spoke again. "I know I'm being nosy, and you can tell me it's none of my business, but it's been driving me crazy ever since you got home last night...I have to guess most people come home from the lake with all their clothes. What happened?"  
  
Gwen smiled mischievously, a long-unused expression for her that was finally getting more practice. "I told you. I had all of my clothes. I just wasn't wearing them."  
  
"Yes, but why not?"  
  
"We were in the mood, so we pulled off the road for a bit and took care of things. It was dark and we were halfway home and I thought Tim might like it if I didn't put my shorts back on."  
  
Cricket giggled. "Whoa! You guys are so wild! I was hoping it was something like that!"  
  
It was Gwen's turn to laugh. "Hoping? Why?"  
  
"Sorry," the young woman said, blushing as her giggling faded away. "It just sounds like such a wild spur of the moment thing to do. I think it's so cool how you do...things like that...whenever you want, anywhere and anytime. I don't have to tell you how lame my own life is, so I guess I'm living vicariously through you. Wish I could have been there to see it."  
  
"Three in the truck would have been pretty tight."  
  
"You know what I mean. I just really like seeing you and Tim together. It's...I don't know, it's wrong and sexy and beautiful and exciting all at the same time, I guess. Normal people being kinky, not anything I ever imagined happening, and Daniel certainly didn't give me any reason to think I was wrong. And besides," she added, suddenly feeling the need for some sort of further justification, "you and Tim are my education. I always learned best by watching other riders, then trying to repeat the motions later. I want to be ready when later comes for that."

"You have to practice what you've been watching eventually."  
  
"You find the guy, I'll practice. I'm not picky. If he's got your seal of approval, that's good enough for me."  
  
"The only man who will get my seal of approval is one who deserves the attention of someone very special."  
  
\*\*\*  
  
The riders turned their attention to themselves after their horses were groomed and turned out to stand with the others in the shade of the barn's overhang. A cold drink and swim, perhaps some late lunch, were a given before Cricket went home. She was dispatched to the workshop to let Tim in on their plans while Gwen went to the house to collect towels and drinks.  
  
They were waiting for her at the pool when Gwen got there, neither terribly surprised she had discarded her riding gear down at the house. Her appearance was Tim and Cricket's signal it was safe to begin their own undressing, Gwen amused that neither had felt bold enough to get a head start without her present despite the oppressive midday heat.  
  
They stood for a moment on the hot concrete with glasses in hand, sipping from them and talking about their mornings before they sat their drinks down within reach of the pool's edge and slipped into the cool, sparkling water. Gwen admired her friend's bare bottom, glistening wet and very firm, as it briefly broached the surface before the owner dove again on her way to the pool's edge. A quick glance confirmed Tim had been admiring it as well, eyes fixed on the spot it had disappeared beneath the water.  
  
Cricket surfaced at the far end and pushed off the wall, now on her back with eyes closed against the glaring sun, seemingly unaware she was gliding in her friend's direction. Gwen was entranced by the body drifting towards her, pert breasts forming little volcanic islands above the wavelets that washed across her firm stomach and down between her closed legs. Her pubic thatch almost seemed alive as the silky strands waved to and fro in the gentle current flowing over it. It never occurred to her to move out of the young woman's way as she drew closer, and a lazy kick of her feet softly propelled the top of Cricket's head into Gwen's midsection.  
  
Surprised by the obstruction, she spluttered and struggled to stand in the waist deep water. Gwen reached out to steady her, one hand beneath Cricket's belly button, the other firmly palming a breast, pulling the young woman's body into her own.  
  
"Sorry, I should have been looking where I was going," Cricket stammered, now firmly on her own two feet. The hands holding her close did not move away, Gwen's sun-warmed breasts and stomach a welcome shock against her own chill.  
  
"My fault, I should have moved," Gwen countered softly from over her shoulder, close to her ear. "I saw you coming, but you just looked so...nice, floating like that. I guess I was distracted, sorry."  
  
"Better than bumping my head into the wall." Cricket covered the hands with her own to prevent them from withdrawing. "Thanks for catching me."  
  
"Mm-hmm." A soft kiss on the young woman's neck made her shiver. "Cold?"  
  
Cricket closed her eyes and smiled. "No, warming up. You feel nice."  
  
"Thank you. So do you." The kisses on her neck resumed, and the young woman tilted her head to open up to the soft lips. She loosened the hold on the hands underneath hers, wishing them into action. She was not disappointed, and her rapidly-drying torso was stroked and caressed. It felt good, too good not to share, and she turned to find the lips that were now tormenting her ear. Cricket caught a glimpse of Tim leaning back against the pool's edge at the shallow end near the stairs, watching with a guilty grin. His hands were on the coaming behind him, making it appear as if he was thrusting his hips and very evident erection at them. Gwen's lips brought her attention back to the woman holding her.  
  
The next few moments were an overload of sensations for Cricket—the warmth of the body in front of her and the glaring sun on her back, the warmth between her legs despite the chill of the water she stood in, the softness of her kiss and a searching tongue sliding across her own, the erotic thrill of putting on an erotic display for an audience. Gwen and Cricket held each other, their hands both turning gentle circles on shoulder blades and lower backs, occasionally taking firmer holds of butt cheeks.  
  
Gwen finally broke the kiss. "I was hoping you might want to before you left."  
  
"Really? Me too!"  
  
The older woman looked over her shoulder to where her husband stood entranced. "Tim, do you mind if Cricket and I go down to the house?"  
  
"Not at all," he replied with a grin. "Knock yourself out! Want me to, uhh, hang out up here?"  
  
"You don't have to. Come down when you're ready, but could you grab the clothes and drinks and bring them with you when you're ready to get out?"  
  
"Be glad to." Tim was ready to get out now and climbed from the pool as the women passed through the gate, delaying his collection duties to watch those beautiful asses swish their way down the hill. He paused again after picking up Cricket's pile of riding gear. Her riding breeches, sitting on the heat of the pool deck, felt as though they had just come from the dryer although the strong smell of horse and leather told a different story. Tim could see the light-blue fabric of her underwear still tucked inside where she had peeled both garments off in one push. With another look at the gate to ensure he was alone, Tim dropped the breeches and retrieved the threadbare panties for closer examination. They were common-sense, run of the mill underwear long on utility and short on sexiness, but he knew where they had been just a short time ago. This is some stupid shit, he told himself, you've seen what they were covering and the sooner you get your ass in gear the sooner you'll probably get to see it again. But he continued to examine them; they had been actually touching the young woman's pussy, pressed against by her saddle, and that made them somehow forbidden and therefore, more exciting.  
  
They were warm like the breeches they had been in, but still damp from her ride. Tim looked again at the gate and reversed them to get a better look at the thin strip of fabric between the leg holes. This was wet rather than damp, and he wondered if that was all sweat, or something more. Tim impulsively brought them up to his face, not burying his nose in the fabric like Charlie had done with Gwen's, but still close enough to catch a strong whiff of feminine perspiration, different and more delicate than a man's, and something else, something definitely not horse but yet very recognizable that made his already-potent erection throb in response. He had gone for many years without catching a whiff of it, but the memories of his youth and the scent of the girls he had been with before Gwen had never been forgotten. His wife's musk, bitch in heat as Charlie had put it, was something he had happily gotten acquainted with now that she was much freer about giving him access to the spring it flowed from, and the panties in front of his nose held the aroma of something very familiar yet still different. No two women looked or smelled the same, he reminded himself, adding Cricket's scent to his mental catalog. His wife and the woman who had produced that intoxicating perfume were in his house right now, maybe even together on his bed. What the hell was he doing up here? He smiled at how this kink had distracted him from the one down the hill and finished collecting all that he could carry.  
  
Tim hurried down the hallway and pulled up short at the open door. They were indeed stretched out on the bed in each other's arms, Gwen breaking their kiss to greet him. "Come and join us-we'll make room," she said, removing herself from Cricket's embrace and opening a spot between them. "Do you mind if I take care of Tim first?" she asked the young woman. "Watch and learn, right?"  
  
"No, of course," Cricket politely replied as he gingerly eased himself into position, trying to avoid contact with her for fear it might be considered inappropriate. At least the mention of a learning experience sounded like permission for her to stay.  
  
Gwen rolled to her side and gently inserted a knee between his closed thighs, sitting up and kneeling between them as he opened to give her room. She studied the erection before her, reaching out to delicately drag a fingernail from the bottom of Tim's slit down his length, lightly scratching across the loose skin of his sac. "I must have been pretty bad at this when I started," she mused, watching his cock jump in response to her touch, "touching it, I mean." She remembered Yvette's evaluation of her own early skills as uninspired grabbing and tugging and imagined her form could not have been any better, and her desire to be anything more than barely sufficient had definitely lacked. Her finger went back to circle the spongy head, spreading the liquid beginning to seep from it.  
  
"You weren't bad, just inexperienced," Tim said, encouraging her on. In truth, for the longest time he had just been glad she touched it at all and was not about to complain about her dutiful and businesslike attitude as she prepared him for his once-a-week fuck. "Once you started getting some practice, though..."  
  
Gwen smiled, spreading her index and middle finger to slide down either side of his cock. "I had a lot to learn...you men and your equipment are very different and very intimidating." Tim could sense her thoughts drifting, and assumed she was revisiting the old days. Wherever she was, he was relieved to see her again focus on the cock she was holding. His relief turned to disappointment and confusion as she smiled and abruptly let go, climbing out of her spot and kneeling beside him. She continued to study his length for a moment, then spoke. "Would you mind if Cricket tried for a little bit? I think she's ready for some practice."  
  
His mind reeled, not believing what he had just heard, the sensible tone of her voice making it sound like the most normal request in the world. "Try? You mean..." he glanced down at his hard on. "It?"  
  
"Just touching it a little, that's all. I thought it might be good for her to try that with someone she knew. Somebody understanding and patient."  
  
Cricket sat by in open-mouthed shock. This was not the type of thing you practiced with someone you knew! Or maybe it was, she thought wildly, but not with the husband of your best friend!  
  
Tim hesitated, looking to his wife then to the young woman and back for any sign this might be a joke or a trap, his cock urging he throw caution to the wind. "What do you want her to, uhh, do?"  
  
"Just touch it," she repeated, "see that it doesn't bite, that it likes to be pet. C'mon," Gwen said, decision made, to the wide-eyed young woman across from her, patting the vacated spot between Tim's open legs, "you try it."  
  
"Me? Are you sure? I mean," she squeaked softly, "he's your husband."  
  
"Which means I know he'll be the perfect gentleman. I told you, someone very special. You get him ready for me and I'll take care of the rest. I know you like to watch the other riders, but at some point you have to put a foot in the stirrup."  
  
"But what if I do it wrong? What if he doesn't like it, or I hurt it?" Cricket asked, her voice rising along with her panic as she stared at his engorged shaft.  
  
"You won't, but he'll let you know if you do, won't you, Tim?" Gwen replied calmly.  
  
"Uh yeah, sure, but you can't do it wrong." he lied, "you'll do fine, don't worry." He was beginning to feel a little self-conscious about the requirements of his own performance as he lay there between the two women while they debated who would be taking care of his straining cock.  
  
Cricket bit her lip, her mind made up despite what common sense told her. "Okay, if you really mean it..." she climbed into the spot vacated by her friend, sitting a bit farther back from "it"—call it what it is, a penis, my best friend's husband's penis, she primly reminded-between his knees rather than his thighs. It was still close enough to get a very good look from a novel angle at the impressive thing right in front of her, a rock-hard length of male flesh atop loose flesh being stretched by the two boulders contained within. The young woman looked again to her friend for one last confirmation.  
  
"Go ahead, give it a try. Just do what I do. Don't try and canter your first time up, just walk."  
  
Cricket smiled nervously and steeled herself to the task. Breathing was forgotten as she bent forward and tentatively extended an index finger like Gwen had done, the tip hovering over the bottom of the bulbous pink head. She pressed down almost imperceptibly, gently tapping the velvety flesh so lightly Tim could barely feel it. The finger's owner did, or at least imagined she did, soft and hot to the touch; she pressed a little harder, feeling hardness below the sponge. Her finger began to very softly draw a line down his length, avoiding the slit and the moisture collecting in it to cross through the flat spot beneath, carefully keeping her fingertip flat to avoid any unfortunate scratching. The penis jumped in response and Cricket quickly withdrew in surprise.  
  
"It's alright," Gwen offered softly, reassuringly stroking the young woman's back down to her buttocks. "You've seen it do that when I touch him, right?"  
  
"Sorry, got a mind of its own," Tim offered.  
  
"Oh-I knew that," Cricket muttered softly to both her instructors and gently resumed tracing a path down the hardness, over prominent veins down into the soft folds of skin covering his balls, feeling their own yielding hardness beneath, one moving under a very gentle and tentative prod. Her nervousness was still there, but it was now competing with the growing fascination with what she was touching. It was so male, hard and protruding and intimidating, not soft and squishy and vulnerable like herself...her finger reversed its course and came up more quickly, not avoiding the leaking tip this time, repeating Gwen's move of swirling the slick moisture about the top, sliding through the slippery liquid to spread it over the velvety helmet. The hand on her back was moving lower now, a finger sliding between her cheeks to gently stroke her rosebud. She froze a moment, distracted, then wiggled in welcome and returned her attention to the magnificent penis she was taming.  
  
The young woman grew bolder, delicately wrapping her fingers around the middle of the shaft, afraid to squeeze any harder and cause the owner discomfort until Gwen assured her he could take it. The young woman gasped. "I can't believe how hot it is! And so hard!"  
  
The older woman chuckled. "Lots of hot blood in there right now, and more always trying to get in. And hard is good, right? Remember how I start out squeezing gently and stroking up and down, then grip it harder the longer I go? Try that. Just make sure you've got lots of lubrication though, you don't want to rub him raw."  
  
"I never thought about that," Cricket breathed, her hand freezing in place midway up his length. She looked up at Tim. "Is it slippery enough?"  
  
"If your hand moves without sticking, it's slippery enough. I produce a lot of my own lube, but some guys need some extra out of a bottle, at least so I hear. Baby oil, that kind of thing." She nodded intently, as if hearing a mystery of the universe revealed.  
  
Cricket gently pulled back on the cock in her fist, bringing it up away from his stomach as much as she dared. For some reason the sensation of the slick shaft transitioning to the mushroom head with a bump of her fist over the crown delighted her, and she savored the feel of each finger sliding down into the furrow below then popping up over the flare, each digit deliberately traveling over the little obstruction.  
  
"He likes it when you play with his testicles while you do that," Gwen suggested softly.  
  
"Is that alright?" the young woman asked. "I've seen you do it, but I was always told they're really sensitive and kicking a man there will stop them in their tracks. I don't want to hurt him."  
  
"I'm glad you know all about that for self-defense and yeah, kicking me there will do that," Tim said with a chuckle, "so please don't unless you really think I deserve it. But you can hold 'em, if you want. They can take a little handling." She delicately cupped the orbs in her palm, gently lifting to feel their weight, watching the loose skin move to accommodate her.  
  
"Wow! For some reason they're heavier than I thought they'd be!"  
  
Tim laughed. "I never thought about 'em that way. Are they blue?"  
  
"Blue?" Cricket asked in confusion, looking down to check regardless. Deep red, almost dark, but not blue.  
  
"Blue balls. What guys call it when they haven't uhh, gone off in a while and the pressure builds up." About fourteen hours since that blowjob in the truck, he thought. I guess that's enough time to count as a while...  
  
Cricket smiled at the idea that they had to be emptied regularly and continued to gently stroke as Tim's hips began to thrust back against her hand. "Am I doing it right?"  
  
"You're doing great," Tim said with a strained grumble. You can go a little tighter if you want."  
  
"Sometimes it's good to switch it up a little, try something different, too," Gwen suggested. "Maybe run a finger along the top. You've seen me do that, right?"  
  
Cricket nodded, one finger delicately keeping Tim's cock levered away from his body, the index finger of the other hand starting in the wild tangle of coarse pubic hair at the base and traveling up to the tip. The finger stroking her asshole was moving too, into her very wet furrow in search of her clit. She spread her legs in response, no longer caring that her calves were firmly pressed against Tim's knees. She continued to explore the cock she held, always careful to return to stroking it, the more urgent thrusting of Tim's hips giving her hope she was not a complete screw up at this. Her own hips were now flexing in response to the insistent stroking of her button, their rotating syncing with the cock being pushed through her fist.  
  
Gwen also noticed the rhythmic flexing of Cricket's hips in time to the strokes of Tim's cock. She looked on, conflicted with a mixture of lust, jealousy and doubt knowing that the young woman was subconsciously impaled upon what she held. The Lady suggested the strong possibility that Tim would prefer the touch of the younger woman; what then? He married you knowing you didn't fuck, the Slut growled back, no way he's going anywhere now that you do. And if he trusts you with her (and Natalie, and Liz, the Lady nastily added), then you better damn well trust him to still want you after. In her heart, Gwen knew she knew he would. And it WAS an incredibly erotic scene she was watching unfold before her, probably because it was so incredibly wrong...  
  
She could see the signs of Tim's impending orgasm—the angry red of his cock head, his more labored breathing and that grunt with the completion of each stroke to his cock's base that signaled he was close. "I think he's almost ready. Right, Tim?"  
  
Her husband's jaw was set, tightened muscles clearly visible. "Uh-huh. Oh, yeah."  
  
Cricket reluctantly let go and began to move out of the way, regretting both for the loss of the finger on her clit and the control over this man's pleasure. "Guess you better take it from here..."  
  
The hand still between her legs withdrew to press down on her back. "No, you've gone this far, you finish it," she said softly.  
  
"Really? You mean like...let him finish?"  
  
"Don't let him. Make him. Take control. Make him show you what he he's got for you. You do want him to show you, right?"  
  
Cricket looked down and nodded, trying to make sense of the fact she was now expected to make this man lose control and explode like he had for Gwen those other times. She settled back into position, thankful the finger was already making its way back into her sex, knowing she very much wanted to make it happen.

"Tighten your grip when he gets closer," Gwen advised. "Like you're making a very tight vagina with your fingers. Not so tight he can't get in it, though."  
  
"How's this?" the young woman asked, wrapping her fingers more tightly around his shaft.  
  
"Good," Tim grunted, pushing up against her fist to test it.  
  
Cricket held still, remembering the times she had watched Gwen do this she had actually stroked very little as he grew close, letting him thrust, like he was fucking her hand, only moving her fist up his length so he could begin another stroke. "Careful with your aim," Gwen counseled. Those first couple of shots are pretty powerful and could go anywhere."  
  
The young woman hurriedly adjusted the angle to something just less than straight up. "This okay?" she asked, never taking her eyes off what she held.  
  
"That's fine. Get ready..." Tim grabbed the hand around his cock in response, repositioning it just below the sensitive head and forcing her fist to close harder than she thought possible as he erupted.  
  
"Ohmygodohmygodohmygod," Cricket chanted, intent on the spitting monster she held, dimly aware of the arc of the first jet as it rocketed skyward before falling on to his chest with a wet slap. Message delivered, Tim's hold on her hand loosened but she held steady as he emptied himself, finally reduced to dribbles that ran down the fingers encircling his shaft. He finally pronounced himself spent with a sharp exhalation.  
  
"Oh my God!" The wide-eyed woman exclaimed again, unsure what to do next, unwilling to let go of the thing she held just yet, beginning to stroke again. "I swear I could feel it shooting up inside his, uh penis! Was that alright?"  
  
Tim chuckled and again grabbed her hand, more gently this time, stopping her movement. "It was great, but I'm kinda sensitive right now..."  
  
"I usually get a warm washcloth to clean him up," Gwen advised softly. "Since you helped make the mess, think you can take care of that?" Cricket nodded again, climbed off the bed and hurried to the bathroom.  
  
"Thank you for doing that," Gwen said in a low voice, moving up to kiss him.  
  
Tim chuckled, not believing he was being thanked for allowing another woman to jack him off. "Uh, yeah, you're welcome? Hope I did okay."  
  
"You did great. You're probably pretty relaxed at the moment. Is it alright if Cricket and I, uhh, finish what you started?"  
  
He chuckled again. "Alright? I'd be disappointed as hell if you didn't. I'll, uhh, get out of your way."  
  
"You don't have to," she replied urgently. "You can stay..."  
  
"Nahhh, I'm okay for now. You know us guys. Sex and food, our top two priorities. Since I got priority number one taken care of for a while , I'll go make a sandwich or something. Give you two some girl time, compare notes, that kind of thing."  
  
Gwen smiled as Cricket returned with the washcloth. She carefully cleaned him, treating his softening member with great respect as she gently wrapped it in the warm wet fabric.  
  
"Thank you Cricket, that was really good," Tim said with a smile, lifting himself off the bed. "Lemme know if you two need anything." He ambled down the hall while Gwen laid the young woman down and held her.  
  
"Sorry I sprang that on you like that," Gwen said softly, cupping her cheek. "I never told my students before the first time they were getting on the horse until it was right there in front of them. That way they didn't worry so much. I know it wasn't your first time, but still..."  
  
"Close enough to the first time," Cricket replied with a chirp. "And I can't believe you're apologizing! Thank you for trusting me enough to do that!"  
  
"Just between us, right?"  
  
"Of course! Who am I gonna tell?"  
  
There was not much talk after that, just soft moans and sighs as they turned their attention to each other's more urgent needs, hands running up and down warm flesh, lingering in the most sensitive areas. Cricket was gently pushed on to her back as Gwen moved between her legs, gently laying on top of her as a man would do before penetrating her, the older woman's mons thrusting forward against the one below. Lips, breasts, and sexes all unerringly found their counterparts to grind against each other and further inflame their arousal. The young woman's release was first, but Gwen was close behind. They lay there together after, recovering, caressing, both aware that a line had been crossed, both wondering if the other had regrets, neither wishing to step back.