**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 19**

"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 looked up, eyes wide and mouth open in surprise, the spell broken. Her wild and chaotic thoughts came together long enough to proudly acknowledge that yes, she had made the mess—well, technically Tim had made it, but she had definitely helped cause it—and glanced back down at his hairy stomach and chest dotted with the evidence as if to confirm that yes, she really had done that. The naked young woman nodded dumbly, letting go of the cock still in her grasp and slid off the bed to hurry to the bathroom.  
  
She reached for a washcloth, abruptly stopping to look at the woman in the mirror. Her cheeks and upper chest had the now-familiar rosy blush of sexual excitement, her painfully erect nipples begging for another's touch. If Daniel's family could see me now, she thought, contemplating the slut looking back at her, their long-held suspicions would be more than confirmed. Her sisters-in-law had always given her the impression they thought of her as some sort of sexual deviant for wanting to fornicate for her own pleasure. They might have forgiven her lust had she used it to make babies, but she hadn't been interested in that aspect of wifely duties. Of course, they didn't know or chose to ignore that their brother's needs were centered around the obligation he felt to produce a male heir rather than any evident physical or emotional desires.  
  
They probably lack the imagination or experience to believe I've fallen this far, Cricket thought, critically studying her reflection. There was a time when their opinion of her sordid actions might have mattered, back when she was more unsure of herself, back before she met Gwen, but not now. What mattered was that she had done it—for the first time she had been an active participant in a man's pleasure, had been the cause of his orgasm rather than just biologically correct opening to fill. Of course, there were still the ever-present feelings of self-doubt she had when evaluating her performance, whether it be on horseback, at work, or in the bedroom. Yes, she had done it, but had Tim actually enjoyed it, or was he just being polite? Could a man even be polite with an orgasm? The heavy breathing and grunts made her want to believe he had truly enjoyed her efforts, as were the pulsing fountains of semen now on his chest...and her hand, she thought, looking down. The wet sheen was already drying in spots, but a particularly large pearl of his come sat atop the knuckle on her middle finger like the jewel on some obscene ring. She hesitated, studying the vivid reminder of what she had just done before bringing it to her nose. There was no smell, really, nothing compared to the mixed scent of pool chlorine and male musk she had gulped in while kneeling between his legs. Cricket glanced at the doorway to ensure her privacy and gingerly brought the knuckle to the tip of her extended tongue.  
  
She had tasted sperm before, the traces left on Gwen's lips after she had serviced her husband, and once after a particularly frustrating session with Daniel. He had wheezed his way to an unusually quick orgasm before unceremoniously rolling off her and hurrying to the bathroom to clean up and redress. Fast, even for him, she had thought with bitter amusement while reaching down between her still open legs to stroke her tingling clit in apology for another frustrating night. Did men ever fake their orgasms, she wondered, and would he go so far as to do so to in order to be away from even their little bit of intimacy? She had been embarrassed to think she might be reason enough to do so. A sudden impulse urged her to tentatively probe inside her sex, feeling for any evidence proving he had not. She was wet there, wetter than what she imagined she could produce herself, and curled her finger to scoop out whatever he might have left. Cricket brought it up where she could examine the pearly goo more closely. Maybe he had been aroused to enough to relieve his pent-up urges in her after all...she brought it to her lips and got the impression of something salty and bitter, not terribly nice, and was suddenly filled with dread that perhaps the taste was the result of where it had been left and that her own body was the reason for the unpleasantness of it. Or perhaps it had just been a reflection of how she felt about her husband in general by that point. Either way, the overwhelming guilt and shame she immediately felt for putting in her mouth what was never intended to be sampled was enough to discourage her from ever taking another taste of it—or herself-again. It was not until Gwen had reassured her with words and actions that her pussy was not the repulsive thing she had begun to imagine it to be that she dared place the fault with him.  
  
And now here was another sample, and another opportunity...her tongue made contact with the pearl on her finger and she curled the tip to collect the wetness, bringing it back past her lips. It had cooled considerably from when it had first landed on her knuckle after it had bubbled up in a late pulse before falling back on to her finger. There was not much of it, a small portion compared to what was still on his chest and stomach, but still there was a stronger taste of salt as it warmed on her tongue than the traces she had gotten from Gwen. There was a bleachiness as well—perhaps from the pool chlorine on his cock or her finger—but the taste did not trigger the feelings of disgust and self-doubt Daniel's had long ago. In fact, it wasn't terrible at all and decided she could handle more, if needed...  
  
The washcloth soaked up the steaming water from the tap, and Cricket hurried back to the bedroom. Tim was still on his back, hands behind his head while Gwen lay on one elbow beside him smiling at her return. "Is it alright to touch it now?" The young woman asked, remembering how he had stopped her from continuing to stroke it immediately after she had emptied it.  
  
"Oh, yeah," he said with an embarrassed smile. "It only takes a minute or two to get over that. Then it's ready for whatever you want to do to it. Look, I can clean myself up—you don't have—"  
  
"No, I'd like to do it, if that's alright." Cricket knelt beside him before he could answer and began to gently clean the wet spots from his the sparse hairs of his chest, moving down to his more thickly forested stomach. She dabbed in and around his wiry pubic thatch before gently grasping the head of his softening cock between two fingers to move it and get to the puddles that lay beneath. The steel rod wrapped in yielding skin was gone, replaced by something more flexible, like...garden hose, she thought with a smile. Cricket worked carefully, meticulous in her efforts to bathe every last spot, even the loose sac hanging below his softening member. Memories of the care she had taken in grooming an instructor's horse after she had been once allowed to ride him came to mind; then, as now, she had worked to show her appreciation for being allowed such a privilege. Only it's not Gwen's horse, it's her husband, she sternly reminded herself for what seemed like the hundredth time. Cricket was pleased that just as she had developed no desire for her instructor's horse to become hers, she had no urge to possess the man whose body she was carefully tending to. The threat of it, an irrational fear that his orgasm might have triggered some sort of magical attraction in her, had occurred to her as she worked to coax the first spurt from his length. He still felt like just an older, wiser friend—not the kind of friends she and Gwen had become, certainly, but maybe she and Tim were friends with benefits now, whatever that meant? Cricket wasn't sure if an amateurish and educational handjob qualified her for that status.  
  
"Thank you Cricket, that was really good," Tim finally said with a smile, lifting himself off the bed. "Lemme know if you two need anything." Cricket imagined he looked rather pleased with himself as swaggered out of the room, watching that very masculine ass flexing its way down the hall before turning her attention back to the naked woman on the bed with her.  
  
"Sorry I sprang that on you like that," Gwen said softly, cupping the young woman's 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?" Cricket gladly allowed herself to be laid down, soft lips finding her own, a feminine hand delicately stroking the curve of her hip. Gwen's knee came up to gently push against the young woman's mound for Cricket to grind against. Her own hand pushed between the older woman's legs to find her very wet furrow, hips beginning to undulate in welcome to the finger on her clit. Gwen gently took a nipple between her lips, bathing it with her tongue, and Cricket moaned in response.  
  
Gwen continued to gently tease her friend's breast as she rolled her on to her back, a knee opening the way for her to lie between Cricket's parted thighs. The young woman gently scratched her back in encouragement, remembering the excitement a body between her legs had always produced, even if this one lacked the masculine roughness as well as the one part she had become accustomed to accepting in this position. As a matter of fact, it was nice to have the body on top of her take it's time with her pleasure instead of being unceremoniously mounted and rutted like a chore to be performed. The missing sensation of being filled, as small as Daniel was, could easily be dismissed in favor of the slow sensuous grinding against her mons and clit.  
  
Gwen pressed her body into the firm flesh below, reveling in the sensation of soft femininity against her own. Their lips met as the two women moved in tune with each other, tongues dancing while breasts and clits slid and ground against their opposite. Cricket was first to climax, frantically grabbing at the ass between her legs, desperately pulling it to her, twitching spasmodically against the pressure on her mons. Gwen was unable to stop her own motion long enough to let her friend come without any added stimulation, her own impending orgasm unwilling to be delayed. They lay there for some time afterwards, holding each other as they basked in their shared sexual high.  
  
"Did I do alright?" Cricket finally asked softly, unable to look into the eyes inches from her own. "I mean, with Tim...he left pretty quickly after...I thought he would have stayed."  
  
"He wanted to give us some time to ourselves," Gwen replied with a soft smile. "Maybe for us to recap your practice session in private, who knows? Besides, men usually have two things on their mind—sex and food, so I bet he went to get a sandwich."  
  
Cricket responded with her own impish smile. "So, as my instructor...do you have any critique for me?"  
  
"Practice makes perfect," Gwen laughed, "but I Tim certainly seemed to enjoy it, and I think you did, too. You did very well after being out of the saddle for a while."  
  
"I did." Cricket admitted, "Enjoy it, I mean. but did you? I mean—are you still alright that happened, and that I liked doing it?"  
  
"It happened because I wanted someone for you who we both could trust. I thought Tim has the qualifications, don't you?"  
  
"Of course, but you didn't answer my question..."  
  
"Yes. I'm still very alright you did that. I'm glad I could find you someone who meets my high standards for you. And I'm very happy that you liked practicing."  
  
Tim was a little self-conscious of the freshening erection his imagination had awoken when the women joined him in the kitchen twenty minutes later, smiling in embarrassment as Gwen playfully made it bounce with a pat on the head as she went by. He quietly retreated to get dressed and was back in time to say goodbye to their guest with a polite hug.  
  
Gwen and Tim looked at each other in awkward silence as the car turned and headed down the driveway. "That was interesting," he finally volunteered with a smile.  
  
"I know that was a surprise—sorry," Gwen said, concern in her eyes. "We were talking about finding someone for her to try out some of things she's been watching us do and I just all of the sudden got the idea that since she watched us she could just practice on you..." she shrugged helplessly. "Sorry. Guess I got carried away—again."  
  
He laughed and took her in his arms. "There's nothing to be sorry about! So you loaned a friend a tool! I'm flattered you felt like you could trust it-me...like that...with her."  
  
Gwen looked up at him, the worried look still there. "Your tool, you mean. I should have at least asked first. I wouldn't loan out anything in the shop without asking first."  
  
Tim chuckled at the ridiculousness of the comparison. "It's our tool, just like the ones in the shop," he compromised. "You can do what you want with it."  
  
"I just want to make sure the husband it's attached to is still mine. Do you still want to be with me?"  
  
"Are you serious? I love you like crazy," he said with a gentler laugh. "How could I not love a woman who lets me get away with that?"  
  
"I didn't let you get away with anything. I put you up to it. I'm the one who gets away with too much...Natalie, then Cricket, and all the things I've been doing..."  
  
"I trust you," he said simply, kissing her forehead. "Like I said, women with confidence are hot, and I know...that...took a hell of a lot of confidence."  
  
No more was said, and the remainder of their afternoon was spent doing the incredibly mundane things that was their life together—chores, dinner, TV, the normalcy seeming all the more absurd to Gwen given her particularly insane behavior of the past couple of days. She pondered it until nearly bedtime, the Lady preying on the quiet moments to bend her thoughts to the inevitable effects of such behavior on her marriage despite Tim's reassurances, the confidence he had professed to love being eroded by her nagging doubts. She was on her way back from the barn after making sure things there were in order for another night when the Slut managed to break through and suggest a simple way to quiet her nerves.  
  
"Tim," she asked simply, looking at him as he shuffled about the bedroom barefoot, still in his jeans and t-shirt, "I'm still the one you want to be with, right?"  
  
The uncertainty in her voice stopped him in his tracks. "Not a doubt in my mind," he said with the easy smile that used to annoy her as too carefree for the situation but now was comforting. "Why?"  
  
"Never mind, it's just me being silly..." Tim smiled to himself. Silly was not a word he had ever used to describe her behavior. "I know it's been a busy weekend for you, but, do you think...that you might want to be with me before we go to bed? Just us?"  
  
Tim grinned in response. "My favorite way. Whattya got in mind?"  
  
"Anything you want. Anything. Just tell me what to do and I'll do it." Gwen didn't wait for a response, kneeling before him and unbuckling his jeans to pull them down along with his underwear in a single motion. She was both pleased and relieved to see his length already rising with each beat of his heart to greet her.  
  
He gently cupped the back of her head and thrust his hips forward. "You can do this if you want..." Gwen opened her mouth to accept the bulbous head before it bumped her lips, swirling her tongue around the velvet skin, feeling the length finish swelling to full hardness behind it. "Look up at me," he ordered and her eyes rolled upward to find his, as if looking for approval. "Love that," he said with a smile, "only one thing wrong with this picture."  
  
"Hmm?" Gwen asked around his cock.  
  
"You still got your clothes on. They gotta go." She quickly took the hint and disengaged herself to stand and strip while he watched, again dropping to her knees as soon as she was free of her jeans. Gwen took him deeply into her mouth, deeper than she could ever remember, only backing off when she felt the impending trigger of her gag reflex as he bumped the back of her throat.  
  
"Mmmm," Tim groaned as he looked down at his wife bobbing on his cock while his hips remained still, allowing himself to be serviced. I really should be returning the favor, he thought, but damn she's gotten good at that, and she looks so goddamn hot doing it...  
  
"Next thing I want," Tim finally announced after several moments of oral heaven, "is you bent over the bed. Get your ass up in the air where I can get at your pussy."  
  
Gwen stopped in mid-lick of the underside of his shaft, looked up and smiled. "Yes, sir." She rose and assumed the position, legs spread for stability and propped up on elbows, looking back over her shoulder to where he still stood. "Like this?"  
  
Tim grinned and stepped up to run his hand over her upturned ass. "Oh yeah, just like that." The hand continued down into the valley between her cheeks, fingers deliberately dragging one at a time over her exposed rosebud. She shivered, and the hand stopped between one opening and the other.  
  
"Do you really like being touched there?" Tim asked. "Tell me the truth."  
  
"I...really like that," she murmured. "I never thought I would but...it's very sensitive."  
  
"Good to know. Know what I like?" He knelt behind her and planted a kiss at the base of her presented slit to answer his own question. "I never really got how beautiful a pussy is until you let me get up close and personal with yours." His tongue gently pushed through her lips, dipping into the wetness beneath. He was patient with his efforts, occasionally shifting his attention from between her legs to tickle her thighs and ass with his stubble as he softly kissed her skin, always returning to bring his tongue up and down her sex, occasionally pushing deeply to enter her with the stiffened muscle. Gwen made a motion to turn once, to make this about Tim again, but he stopped her with a stern command. "Don't move, this is exactly what I want," he growled, and she obeyed.  
  
Her hips twitched reflexively as his tongue continued to touch all the right places. With another reminder to stay where she was, he got to his feet and padded to her nightstand. Tim retrieved the Magic Wand, plugging it in and placing it next to her. "Use that," he told her. "I'm gonna be busy for a few minutes."  
  
Gwen looked back to where he had already moved behind her. "Busy with what?"  
  
"With this." Tim grabbed his length and levered it down, accurately splitting his target open with a single powerful thrust. His hand was no longer needed for aim with her so deeply impaled and joined the other one in taking a firm hold of her hips and control of their fuck.  
  
"Ohhh," she replied, both in understanding as well as the feeling of being filled so suddenly and completely. Gwen happily submitted to him, smiling contentedly as she lay her head and shoulders on the bed and brought the vibrator up between her legs.  
  
Tim groaned as the first vibrations coursed through her pussy and the cock it held. "Nice..." He worked to control his thrusting, mindful that too much enthusiasm at this moment might displace the buzzing instrument from her clit.

Gwen savored every sensation—the hands on her waist reminding her who was in charge while the cock sawing in and out of her confirmed that fact, the exquisite torment she was subjecting her clitoris to. She fucked back at the man behind her, hips rotating and flexing to get the most out of both what was inside her and buzzing madly against her, her climax building.  
  
"Getting close?" Tim asked in between grunts, the tone of his voice teasing as if he might delay or even deny her that release. His thrusting grew more forceful as he realized she had the vibrator firmly trapped between her and the bed, grinding against both it and him at the same time.  
  
"Uh—yes—uh—yesss—uh-close..."  
  
"I want to hear you come," he grumbled, careful not to let his anticipation send him over the edge before he could witness the real thing. "I want to hear you lose control."  
  
Gwen grit her teeth at the waves beginning to radiate from her sex. Not long now, she thought, as the inevitable drop off the cliff into space drew close. She was thankful Tim had chosen to drive himself down and pin her against the vibrator—her balance and muscle control was even now beginning to wane as the orgasm built. "Coming-now—I'm coming—now-ooohhhh," she groaned, the admission slipping from her despite all her years of tightly controlled displays of pleasure. "Oh God, I'm com—cominggg..." Her announcement trailed off as she momentarily stopped drawing breath, only to gasp on a sharp intake that was again held as another wave rolled across her. "Mm-mm-mmm-mmmmmmm," she muttered with each pulse, the last one sapping her remaining energy as it swept along. She was conscious of the man on top of her still buried deep inside, and with an effort pushed up enough to pull the mad buzzing clear of her clit.  
  
"Good one," Tim grumbled, taking advantage of the change in position to resume a slow thrust.  
  
"Mmmm," Gwen replied dreamily, her head still on the comforter. She was full of her husband, his hands back on her hips, feeling like she was his...he was now putting enough energy into each thrust to push her into the mattress and force a soft grunt.  
  
Tim groaned as he slowly withdrew after a particularly deep push. "Gettin' close," he muttered, concentrating on the view of his cock splitting her upturned cunt with each thrust. "Get up. On your hands and knees."  
  
Gwen languidly brought her body up off the comforter. "Like this?" she asked, looking over her shoulder.  
  
"Yup—uhh-like—uhh-that."  
  
She wiggled her hips against the cock inside her. "Are you going to fill me up?"  
  
Tim managed a chuckle through his exertion. "'Bout time I put some in your cunt, don't you think? Not sure how much I've got left, but you're getting it all."  
  
"I want it. Deep inside me. Deep inside my cunt."  
  
He gladly complied with her request a few violent thrusts later, giving one last lewd grunt along with his efforts to get as far up her as he could and deliver his load. He stuffed himself into her with each pulse, little shocks that were still powerful enough to make Gwen's tits shake. Tim slowly withdraw after he was done, enjoying the sight of his wet length reemerging from where it had been hidden.  
  
No longer pinned, Gwen stood on weak legs and kissed her husband, then bent and gently kissed his shiny cockhead. "I'm glad to see she returned your tool in good working condition," she said with a smile.  
  
"Our tool," Tim corrected, hugging her. "But I think you've got the magic to make it work no matter what."  
  
Both Nelsons wore contented smiles the next morning, their employees none the wiser for what had put them there. Over the next few days, Gwen had few spare moments to consider how she been able to leave the weekend behind and again become her public self, the wife, mother, and business owner the world knew and the Lady urged her to be.  
  
The phone call on Thursday roused the Slut from her nap. "Mrs. Nelson?"  
  
The voice was quickly recognizable, and a wave of nervousness swept over her. So soon? She hadn't even been fitted for whatever wardrobe he had in mind. "Oh, hello Mr. Castigali—"  
  
"Dan."  
  
"Gwen. How are you?" The prospect of being asked to pose so suddenly, without any time for preparation, both thrilled and frightened her.  
  
"I'm great. Listen, I know you're busy so I promise not to take too much of your time, but I have a couple of things I wanted to talk to you about, if that's alright."  
  
"Of course. How can I help you?"  
  
"Well, I've been looking at the test shots—they're great, by the way—and one of the things I noticed is that you and Dart really seem to have a...chemistry?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "We're know each other's faults and quirks and are tolerant of them, if that's what you mean."  
  
"I guess I do...you two are just connected. I don't see it that level that often, but I'm sure I saw it when I was out there, and the test shots back that up, at least to me. I know Mrs. Danning had a horse in mind for this, but I think I've convinced her that using yours would make for a more interesting portfolio. So, I was wondering if you would consider riding Dart for our shoot? We'd trailer him to the site, of course, and take care of stabling. He'd have his own personal groom and there's always a veterinarian on site, 24/7," he added quickly.  
  
"Dart?" Gwen asked, the request surprising her. "I'm sure he's not up to Mrs. Danning's standards for bloodlines. He's just an average all-around horse."  
  
"You're selling him short. He's got really good lines and there's this air of confidence about him. Usually comes from the rider, from what I've found...Mrs. Danning has seen a few of the test shots and agreed with what I'm seeing. What do you say?"  
  
Which shots has she seen, Gwen wondered, remembering how she had stood naked in her living room while the young photographer circled her. "I, uhh, sure, I guess," she stammered, pulling herself back to the question at hand. "But I'd still like to supply my own groom?"  
  
"Of course! And we can work out his transportation once we settle on a date for the shoot."  
  
Gwen relaxed a bit at the news the exact time for her to pose—her and Dart, she thought happily—was still to be determined. "Oh, if we're doing it at Mrs. Danning's I can trailer him—that's no problem. I've done it plenty of times before." She paused. "Speaking of the date...any idea when?"  
  
"Not yet," he admitted, but sooner than later. Speaking of which, the second thing I wanted to talk to you about...would it be too much to ask you to let your hair grow out until then?"  
  
"Oh—is there something wrong with my hair?"  
  
"No, no, nothing like that! It's just that I'm not sure what style I want for this yet, and it's easier to go from long to short than the other way around...we'll have a stylist at the shoot as part of the makeup routine, if that's alright." He paused before continuing, his tone less sure. "And if you could also, uhh, let the other hair grow out, too, your, uhh..." he dropped to a murmur, "pubic hair?"  
  
"Is that really going to be important for these pictures?" Gwen asked, her voice rising a bit in alarm, agreeing to the Lady's demand for some sort of protest. "Will someone be able to tell what I—look like—down there?"  
  
"It's won't be the focus, I promise you," the young man stammered, "We're not doing pornography, I swear! But you will be nude, and that IS part of the female body, and I noticed that you...trim pretty neatly, and if we want a more...natural...look, then it's easier if it's there to start with, right? I'm not sure how, uhh, natural, you are normally, but if you could just let it grow out a little, please?"  
  
The last part sounded like a plea to Gwen, and she softened as the Slut laughed about the absurdity of discussing muff length with a stranger. "I'm not sure what's normal for natural, but I'll let my hair grow a bit...in both places." She quickly imagined the current tidy pony tail progressing down to her rear end, or the coarse bush that had been between her legs before Natalie took the scissors and razor to it...  
  
"Great, thank you," Dan said, greatly relieved. "I understand you made your appointment to get fitted?" he said, mercifully changing the subject.  
  
Word travels fast, Gwen thought. "I did. Saturday."  
  
"That's what I understood. Wonderful. I think you'll look great in what we have picked out. Well, I won't take any more of your time. I promise to give you as much warning as possible before scheduling this—we know your time is valuable and certainly want to take your schedule into account."  
  
"Thank you, Dan, I appreciate that. I'll look forward to your call."  
  
"Really looking forward to having you and Dart pose."  
  
She sat and thought after they had said their goodbyes, yet again reminded of the trip to Atlanta coming up. She hoped the fitting might answer some questions as to exactly how she was going to be posing—the possibility of a raunchy cowgirl, or worse, could not be discounted by the Lady—but had been debating another potential stop while they were in the city as well. She had wavered on her commitment to it, occasionally drawing up the bravado to go forward before backing down again in quieter times when doubts could surface. Her desire for a little adventure was again on the rise; she walked purposefully to the house to retrieve the ornate slip of paper with the phone number on it and dialed before common sense could return.  
  
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"So, anything I need to do for this weekend?" Tim asked, looking up from his plate at dinner that evening.  
  
"No," Gwen said, shaking her head. ""I need to be at the tack shop at 11, but we have the rest of the day to ourselves. Can we leave here at 7?"  
  
"We can," he agreed. "So what do you want to do with the rest of our weekend in the big city?"  
  
"Anything you want," Gwen said slowly, "although there's one thing—you don't have to if you don't want to," she added hurriedly.  
  
"Oh, yeah? What's that?"  
  
"Well..." she looked down at her food, pretending to concentrate on cutting her chicken, "I was hoping we could get you measured for something."  
  
Tim laughed. "Measured for what? Does this place sell high end mechanics overalls, too?"  
  
"Not there, somewhere else...remember when I modeled with Natalie over there?"  
  
He grinned. "How could I forget? Wish I coulda been there."  
  
Gwen pressed on. "I got a gift certificate along with the check they sent me for doing that, and I was hoping I could redeem it..."  
  
"A gift certificate from the place you modeled for?" he asked, the smile on his face turning to surprise as he began to guess at whatever he was being measured for was coming from there.  
  
"Uh-huh. They make this...product...it's a reproduction of...you, using a 3d printer, very lifelike from what I'm told. Natalie has one of Adam..." she trailed off after the rush of words, aware she was babbling.  
  
"You mean of my..." his eyes shifted down meaningfully to stare through the table at his lap. Eyes wide, Gwen nodded. "Really? A replica of my...dick...like the ones you have in your drawer?" Another urgent nod. "I'm flattered, but wouldn't you want something more like one of those? I don't really compare too well to them."  
  
"I don't want another one of those, I want one of you," Gwen said firmly. "Yours is my favorite and it might be nice if it was portable when I can't have the real thing."  
  
"Wait, measure? How do they do that?" Tim asked, suddenly growing suspicious.  
  
Gwen had been curious as well, and while hesitant to ask when she had called to make the appointment, did so anyways. "There are a couple of ways. We can do it at home—they send us a kit where we make a resin mold of your penis and send it back to them. They said it's not as accurate as the other way, but good for men who might be a little shy."  
  
"Huh. And what's the other way? And what does being shy have to do with it?"  
  
"They have a scanner at the shop—"  
  
"Like the one in our office?" Tim stifled a nervous laugh at the thought of his junk sandwiched between the copier lid and the glass below.  
  
"No, not like that. 3D, remember? This uses lasers-"  
  
"Lasers?"  
  
"Not dangerous ones, ones like the measurement lasers you guys use at job sites. She said you have to stay still in order for it to be accurate, but it only takes a few minutes."  
  
"Which is where the shy part comes in. I'm guessing this wouldn't be in total privacy, and I'd be hanging out there for the world to see?"  
  
"You seemed be okay hanging out at the lake last weekend," she said with a smile. "That's why I thought this might be a good way to do it. They have a private room set aside for this, so it wouldn't be the whole world. It would just be you, me, and the person running the scanner."  
  
"And I'm guessin' I need to get hard and stay hard for this," he said with a knowing smile. "Might not be so easy if I can't move and give it some attention, or whoever's running the scanner laughs at it..."  
  
"Why would they do that?" Gwen replied. "It's beautiful. I'll be there, maybe I can help when you have to stay still."  
  
"He does stand up for you every time," Tim said with a laugh. "What the hell. I can give it a try, if you want."  
  
"Thank you," Gwen said, hugging him. "I promise I'll make it worth your time after."  
  
"Counting on it. How about before, too?" His hand pushed its way down the back of her jeans, cupping her ass.  
  
"Maybe we should wait until after you get measured," she said with a smile, gently disengaging herself from him while gently running her hand up his crotch. "It might make it easier to keep him focused if he's ready to go?"  
  
"Awww, hell," Tim said with a good-natured groan. "You didn't tell me I was gonna get cut off."  
  
"Not cut off, just...primed. Think you can hold out until Saturday? I promise I'll take good care of you after."  
  
"Guess that means I can't take care of myself, either?"  
  
"If you can wait, I'll do it for you...after."  
  
The self-imposed celibacy was hard on Gwen as well, and lurid fantasies frequently came to mind as she lay in bed that night and sat at her desk the next day. The thought of being on the beach, spread wide for those young men alternated with particularly lewd poses for Dan's camera. Her resolve to share her husband's deprivation was sorely tested and she frequently resisted the urge to reach for the things in her nightstand. Tomorrow, she promised herself, once we're alone, tomorrow...

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 20**

Tim smiled to himself as the Georgia landscape rolled by. So much about the woman in the passenger seat had changed, all to his advantage, but her need for punctuality had not. They had been on the road to Atlanta at 7 that morning although he knew and she agreed it meant they likely would arrive early. But appointments were one of those areas Gwen Nelson did not like to leave things to chance and wanted plenty of time to spare should there be any issues along the way.  
  
He had to admit she might have been right when they turned on to a decidedly residential-looking street and started the countdown to Broadmoor. They drove slowly past turn-of-the-century row houses built right on top of one another, the kind where a person could reach out their kitchen window and shake hands with their neighbor in theirs. Some of the houses were showing their age, others had been kept up a bit better, but none looked like the location for an equestrian supply store. "You sure on the address?"  
  
"Barofsky's, Broadmoor Street, Greenbriar," she replied, looking down at the piece of paper she had written it on when making the appointment. Gwen had her doubts as well; she thought she knew all of the tack shops and horse supply outlets in the state, and most of the others in the surrounding areas, but she had never heard of this one. Must be one that caters to a very exclusive clientele, like Sylvia Danning, she had decided at the time. Now, she wasn't so sure. The neighborhood was perfectly respectable, but not a place she could imagine one of America's richest women frequenting. She wouldn't be, Gwen reminded herself. Her help would, today you're the help. Still, nothing looked at all like a store, much less one dealing in things for large animals.  
  
"One, Twenty, Four," Tim said as he rolled to a stop in front of a neatly-kept grey two-story house. "Mailbox says Barofsky?"  
  
"It does," Gwen agreed. "Maybe I somehow got the owner's home address by mistake?"  
  
"Maybe. Want me to go find out what the right one is?"  
  
"I can do it." She hopped out of the truck as soon as he had come to a stop in the short driveway behind an immaculate 40-year old Cadillac and climbed the porch steps to the front door.  
  
Her knock was quickly answered by an old man, a crown of silver hair circling his bald head. His round, chubby face was highlighted by bright red cheeks while very bushy silver brows sat above sparkling eyes. His head sat on top of an equally round body covered in a white dress shirt, reminding Gwen of a snowman, albeit one where the lowest boulder had been replaced by skinny legs made of kindling and covered in grey cloth. "Uh, hello, I was looking for Barofsky's—they sell Equestrian clothing—for people who ride horses?"  
  
"And you have found it," the old man beamed "You must be Gwen Nelson. Morris Barofsky," he proudly announced, extending his hand. "Please, please come in—and please, invite your...husband?" he looked past her at the truck, "in as well."  
  
"Are you sure this is the right place?" she asked, "I was expecting—"  
  
"You were sent here by Sylvia Danning, no? Trust, it is the right place and I am not some crazy old man."  
  
"Al-alright then," she stammered, turning back to Tim and waving him in.  
  
"I know it doesn't look like much," Morris apologized after Tim had joined her on the porch and they had stepped into the little living room. "I am a tailor, or was. My shop is downtown but I'm retired now and my sons run it. I still do some work for Mrs. Danning when she asks, though. Nice woman, very generous, she is how rich people should be."  
  
"You're a tailor?" Gwen asked, trying to hide the doubt in her voice. "But Mrs. Danning wanted me measured for a, uhh, riding outfit?"  
  
Morris waved his hand dismissively. "Business suit, show jacket, the skills needed are the same. Instead of flannel or cotton, I work with fabrics more suitable for athletic endeavors. Attention to detail and a practiced hand still count for something, regardless of the material." He shrugged. "I was Mr. Danning's personal tailor for many years until he passed, God rest his soul. Mrs. Danning—the second one-liked my work, so she gave me a try on an outfit she wanted for one of her riders. Turns out she liked it enough to continue giving me special projects ever since. It does not hurt that one of my sons is quite skilled in leatherwork, which she appreciates as well!" He winked as if sharing a secret, one that Gwen could not devine the meaning of. "Would you like a cup of coffee or some tea?" he continued. "Perhaps use the restroom before we begin?"  
  
"No, thank you, I'm fine," Gwen demurred, looking to Tim to confirm her answer.  
  
Morris smiled and paused, as if giving her a last chance to change her mind. "Well then, I don't want to take any more of your time than absolutely necessary," he finally announced. "Would you follow me?" The Nelsons trailed after the old man down the home's center hallway, stopping at a door on the left. The smell of warm dust and fabric wafted from a room filled with work tables and various pieces of clothing under construction. "My workshop, for when my sons have decided I have meddled enough downtown and need to go home," he said with a laugh. "I bring some of the work back with me and finish it in peace. Mr. Nelson, please, have a seat and relax. Mrs. Nelson, if you would, uhh, well, excuse me, but might I ask you to undress so I may begin taking your measurements? I understand it is unusual, but for what Mrs. Danning has in mind I must be precise. I am terribly sorry, but I don't have the luxury of a changing room here...I assure you I am a professional and a gentleman."  
  
Gwen smiled at him and nodded. The old man turned to busy himself at a nearby bench, whether out of genuine need for the things he was collecting or to give her some small measure of privacy, she couldn't tell. She looked at Tim and got a smile and shrug in return. Gwen was businesslike in her disrobing, slipping out of her shoes before removing her shirt and jeans and handing them to Tim. Her underwear was next, and the Lady pointedly reminded her she now stood naked in a strange man's home. I'm pretty sure we could outrun him if he managed to get by Tim, the Slut laughed.  
  
Morris began to turn back to her, looking down at the tape measure he held. "I tend to be rather exact in my meas—" he stopped short as he looked up at the naked woman standing in the middle of his workshop. "Oh, I, uhh," he stammered, momentarily at a loss for words, "I uhh, hadn't realized you weren't wearing underwear. I'm so sorry for not asking first."  
  
"I was," Gwen replied, frantically scrambling to reclaim it from her husband. "Oh God, I'm so sorry, I thought when you said undress you meant everything!"  
  
"No, no, it is quite alright, Mrs. Nelson, it is better this way if you are willing. It's just that most women aren't...but I forget how self-assured equestriennes can be. Please, you do not need to put it back on for me. As I was saying, I like to be exact in my measurements and underwear can get in the way...once again I assure you my intentions are purely professional."  
  
Gwen stopped with her hand on her panties. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable..." Make HIM uncomfortable? The Lady screamed. What about you?  
  
"Please Mrs. Nelson, it does not make me uncomfortable at all. I am a tailor with more years of experience than I wish to count and have measured naked women before. Including Mrs. Danning," he added with a wink. "But that is just between us, yes?" He looked at Tim. "Provided this does not make your husband uncomfortable, of course."  
  
Tim shrugged and smiled. "Since you've seen naked women before..."  
  
Morris looked back to Gwen, waiting for her answer. "Where would you like me to stand?" she asked, releasing her grip on the underwear.  
  
"Right where you are is fine, right where you are," he said, shuffling towards her. The tape measure was soon around her neck and then her arms, the old tailor mumbling numbers to himself as he slowly worked the tape up or down in small movements, frequently stopping to write something down then returning for more.  
  
"I will be working close to your more...intimate areas...now," he said slowly, almost apologetically. "Please understand I am not taking liberties, but I must have the measurements in order to have an accurate fit. Mrs. Danning is thinking your first outfit will be something stylish, perhaps a bit form-fitting, but not out of place in the show ring."  
  
Gwen laughed, remembering her clothing choices had been first and foremost made with propriety in mind when she had competed. "The competition ring can be a very formal place. Form-fitting is frowned upon."  
  
"Not necessarily so," Morris said gravely. "I have done it before at Mrs. Danning's request—the trick is to have something that catches and keeps the judges' eye without them having to condemn it as too scandalous for such a serious setting. You, you will not have judges watching your every move, but there will be a camera...and you are too elegant a woman to be wearing sleazy outfits." You won't be wearing anything at all for that camera—how's that for sleazy, the Lady asked, but was pointedly ignored.  
  
"You said first outfit. Will there be more than one?"  
  
"Two, as far as I know," the tailor said while examining his notes. "Something for the show ring, and something more Western in appearance."  
  
Oh God, slutty cowgirl, Gwen groaned to herself but remained quiet. She thought back to the calendar in the tackroom at Peachtree Stables where the male stablehands hung out. Her much younger self had accidentally found herself in there one day and had been shocked by the image of a tall blonde with huge breasts wearing leather chaps and a vest, boots, a cowboy hat and nothing else. There was no way she could pull that off like the blonde had..."Western?" she squeaked.  
  
"Perhaps country might be a bit more accurate," Morris replied. "Something more casual, properly fitted jeans—not too tight, but something that will highlight, if I may be so rude, your magnificent derriere? A shirt, also properly fitted of course, and some appropriate boots. That one will be easy to put together, I think, once it is decided exactly what is desired. So, may I start collecting measurements of your more, well, personal areas?"  
  
She nodded. He moved behind her and wrapped the tape about the top of her chest, where the swell of her mounds started. "If I may be so forward as to ask, Mrs. Nelson, what is your bra size?"  
  
"I'm a B cup," she admitted, "not much there, I'm afraid."  
  
"Oh, I disagree," he quickly retorted. "They are just right for a petite woman such as yourself. I've worked with other more, err, voluptuous riders who always just appear to be top-heavy. I spend a lot of time and effort trying to keep their bosoms under control with the tops I create. Some movement is fine, it helps attract and keep the judge's eye, too much is distracting. Speaking of which, if I may ask, do you prefer your bosom be firmly supported when you ride?"  
  
She smiled, thinking back on how most of her rides were now done topless. "I used to like a lot of...support, but I prefer a bit more freedom now."  
  
"Excellent! I'll see what I can't do to make you both stylish and comfortable." The tape continued to work its way down her breasts in small increments, Morris looking over her shoulder, his labored breathing warm on her neck, ensuring he had it positioned correctly before taking it away and recording the measurement. The tape was eventually over her nipples, Gwen hoping that he didn't take notice they were erect despite the fact Morris Barofsky obviously did not believe in wasting good money on lots of air conditioning. If he did notice, he didn't say anything and Gwen breathed a small sigh of relief as the measurements continued down her stomach.  
  
"I'd like to get the measurements of your legs and...other places now. Please excuse my touch," he mumbled to both the Nelsons as he knelt behind her. He started at the small of her back and work down across her buttocks, his fingers always pulling the tape together at the split of her cheeks. Finally satisfied, he rose with a groan and moved to Gwen's front before kneeling again. Morris started at her ankles and worked up, pausing at the top of her knee. "Now, Mrs. Nelson, I need to get your thighs and inseams. Again, I assure you, my intentions are purely professional. Might you stand with your legs a bit more apart, please?"  
  
Gwen walked her feet away from each other as the old tailor straightened from his hunched-over crouch, now at eye level with her bare sex. She could feel his warm breath occasionally rustling her tuft of hair as he leaned in to repeatedly wrap the tape around each thigh, slowly working his way up to where her legs met her body. He stopped short of the mark, his thick fingers just inches from her exposed lips. "I'm going to get your inseam measurements now," he announced, reminding her of a doctor alerting her to his next move. The tape was run from her ankle all the way up to where there was no more leg, his knuckle accidentally brushing against her lips and making her flinch. "My apologies," he said hastily, withdrawing both hand and tape to try again, brushing her more lightly this time. "My fingers are not quite so nimble as they once were. A bit arthritic, I'm afraid."  
  
Am I wet? Gwen suddenly wondered in panic. I'm certainly excited enough to be. Not by the wizened gnome himself kneeling at her feet, she knew, but by what he represented and the similarity to some of the most twisted parts of her fantasies. All it would take to complete the lewd image would be for him to whip it out and show his appreciation with a few good strokes...he's old, I wonder if he even could get that way any more, she reasoned. And am I even enough to get him excited? You're only making things worse, the Lady intoned. The more you wallow in your flithy imagination, the wetter you're going to get. He's sure to notice if he hasn't already, and what will he think of you then?  
  
The process was repeated on the other leg, only one press of his knuckle against the side of her swollen labia this time while she tried to focus on anything other than a crowd of men openly admiring her. "Mrs. Nelson, if I may be so rude yet again..." Oh God, hear it comes, he knows..."I see a little redness between your leg and your...well, where your leg meets your body. Do you chafe easily there?"  
  
"A little, sometimes, when I...perspire."  
  
Morris laughed. "It is probably a combination of your delicate skin and your choice of underwear. You won't be wearing any with these outfits—I know from experience Mrs. Danning dislikes panty lines—but I promise what I make will fit you perfectly and not cause you any discomfort...there...or anywhere else." With another groan and wheeze, the old man struggled to his feet, is eyes traveling slowly up her body to get one last look as he rose. "Very good, Mrs. Nelson, I believe I have what I need. You may get dressed now."  
  
Gwen put her clothes back on only a little faster than she had taken them off while the tailor finished his notes. Task done, he turned and smiled, eyes still sparkling. "Thank you for being so patient—and so lovely! I'm very excited to make sure you have the outfits a woman such as you deserves! I'll start today—after some reflection and a nap, of course!"  
  
Gwen smiled back. "Thank you Mr. Barofsky, you made this very easy," she fibbed. "I'm excited to see your work. If we're finished, we'll be going now to give you some peace and quiet for your reflection."  
  
The old man saw them out, smiling and waving as the truck backed out of his driveway. "He seemed nice," Gwen said thoughtfully, waving back.  
  
Tim snorted a laugh. "He had a pretty girl naked in his house—how could he be cranky? Hell, I'd be nice too if you ran around our shop like that."  
  
"You're already nice without me doing that. But I can from time to time if it makes you happy."  
  
"Makes me happy? What do you think?"  
  
"I think it would have to be after hours, when it's just you in there that I would be making happy."  
  
"If you gotta...so what's next?"  
  
Gwen looked at her watch. "We have a little time before our next appointment...maybe we should get lunch?"  
  
Tim groaned theatrically. "Oh yeah, the next appointment. Well, can't say I've ever had a problem getting it up on a full stomach. Got a place in mind?"  
  
Gwen didn't, but it was easy enough to find something not too far from their next stop, close enough to be in no hurry to arrive on-time without undue stress. Tim allowed himself a single beer while they ate to help quiet the nervousness that had been growing since they had left the house.  
  
He followed his wife's instructions to Sensual Sensations, pleasantly surprised to be parking in front of a neat little storefront rather than a seedy roadside sex mart, just as Gwen had been pleasantly surprised on her first visit. "They did a good job disguising it," Tim said with a smile. "Wonder how many little old ladies wander in looking for craft supplies?"  
  
"I would bet not as many as the little old ladies who know exactly what it is and go in anyways," Gwen replied with a smile. "C'mon."  
  
He was again surprised when he followed her in, this time by the interior, clean, well-lit and well-organized, wood floors rather than garish stained carpet. The inventory was another point of interest, an incredible variety of wares up front, clothing towards the back, all out in the open and all very sexual. Gwen was right about the little old ladies, he thought with a smile as a silver haired woman approached. "Gwen," she cried throwing her arms open to embrace her. "So good to see you again!"  
  
His wife returned the hug. "Dorothy! It's so nice to see you, too! And this is my husband, Tim."  
  
The older woman turned to him and hesitated, as if debating whether this man was the hugging type. She played it safe with a handshake. "It's very nice to meet you."  
  
"You as well, ma'am."  
  
The older woman turned her attention back to Gwen. "Cho said you were coming in today. So, this is your model?" she asked, nodding in Tim's direction. "I must say, you have excellent taste. Come on, I'll take you back." His head was on a swivel as he followed the two women between aisles packed with every imaginable kind of vibrator and dildo, then on into a forest of sheer and lacy garments, many too small to determine exactly what they were. Dorothy opened the door to what appeared to be a small break room, and a heavyset young woman looked up from the piece of modern furniture in the center of the room she was attending to. "Charlene? Your appointment. Gwen and Tim Nelson."  
  
The woman, in her mid-twenties, Gwen guessed, with short black hair and wearing dark jeans with a bright blue golf shirt, extended her hand. "I'm Charlene. Please, come in."  
  
"Much as I'd like to see exactly what you're asking to have reproduced," Dorothy said with a wink at a startled Tim, "I'll leave you three some privacy. Do me a favor and find me before you leave, Gwen. I have something for you." The door closed softly behind her.  
  
Tim looked about the room. It was non-descript, a couch and an easy chair along one wall, a flat screen TV hanging opposite them. He looked at whatever it was in the middle of the floor more closely. It looked like a padded triangle with rounded corners, the triangle itself fairly narrow in width and covered in blue faux-leather, with a sculpted base to keep it upright.

"So, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, I'm guessing this your first time doing this?"  
  
Gwen laughed nervously. "I'm afraid so. You'll have to tell us what to do."  
  
Charlotte smiled. "I understand we'll be getting Mr. Nelson's measurements today. Don't worry, it's all very discrete," she said, turning to Tim. "It will just be you two in here. I'll be in the other room once we get started."  
  
He laughed. "Gwen said you use lasers. Not from the next room, right?"  
  
"No, not at all. I'm in the next room, the lasers are in here." She motioned to the blue padded triangle. "Let me explain the process. Like I said, I'll be next door and you'll have this room all to yourselves so you can get comfortable and get yourself ready to be measured—don't worry, your door locks so no one can walk in on you. We've got a wide variety of visual stimulation that you can watch on the TV to help you along, if you like. I once had a client tell me that it was a lot like getting ready to give a sperm sample. Once you're in the state you want to be measured in, you'll insert yourself into LISA—"  
  
"Lisa?"  
  
"Laser Imaging and Scanning Apparatus," Charlene explained with a smile, walking back to the oddly-shaped piece of furniture in the middle of the room and waving the Nelsons over to examine it more closely. She flipped up the padding on one edge on the triangle and partially withdrew a canister from the triangle beneath. "This is our measurement device. Once you're ready, you'll straddle the cushion—" the technician reached for a very lifelike dildo sitting on a nearby table and slid it into the opening—"and insert yourself here. It's best if you put your full body weight on the cushion so you're in as far as you can go. Most men take their pants and shorts off for this, makes it easier to straddle the support." Charlene brushed her fingertips over the very realistic testicles that were resting comfortably in a shallower opening at the entrance of the canister. Make sure these are all the way in the holder beneath, as best as you can make them fit. Once you're comfortable, press this button here—" she pointed to a remote lying next to the device—"and I'll start LISA from my laptop in the next room. The light on the remote will turn red, which is your sign not to move, and you'll feel the sleeve tighten around you so you're snug, but not so much that it's painful. Once it does that, don't move until we're done—you have to stay still for best results. Some men feel the urge to let nature take its course and do what guys do, but please don't—this isn't THAT much like sperm donation," she said with a laugh. "After LISA thinks she has a good fit, the light will turn green and the scanning will begin. The lasers are perfectly safe, so no need to worry about any damage or harm," the young woman reassured Gwen rather than Tim. "Once the scanning is done, the green light will turn off, you'll feel the sleeve relax, and you can get up. The scanning won't take long, and I would recommend leaving the TV on while it does its thing to help keep you in an optimal state. If you do feel like you're starting to lose the edge though, just press the remote button to stop the scan and we can start again once you've had a chance to freshen it up, however you want to do that. No cameras in here, and it's none of my business what goes on behind locked doors. And feel free to take your time unlocking the door after we're done," she said with a knowing smile. "We won't need the room for a little while yet, so if you want to...unwind...after, that's fine, you won't be interrupted. So, any questions?" Tim and Gwen looked at each other for a response. "No? Okay, then. There's a little tablet on the table next to the couch—that controls the TV. I'll, uhh, leave you two alone. Absolutely no hurry—take your time." The young woman slipped from the room, closing the door behind her with a quiet click.  
  
Tim smiled. "Remember when we used to be safe and boring?"  
  
Gwen smiled back apologetically. "I'm sorry. We can do the home version, if you'd rather, or not do it at all—I don't want to make you do anything you don't want to."  
  
"Nah," he replied dismissively. "We're here, and if you want a replica of little ole' me, then well hell, I'm flattered. You're gonna help though, right?"  
  
"Of course! Maybe we should sit on the couch? We don't want to keep her waiting too long...I'm sure she's busy." Gwen imagined a line of couples out in the retail area, waiting for their turn.  
  
"Guess not. Don't want her to think somebody's bein' shy. Guess I should get comfortable?" he asked, unbuckling his belt. Shoes and socks were removed before his jeans, underwear stripped off after a brief hesitation. He shrugged and sat down on the couch.  
  
Gwen slipped her shoes off and knelt with her legs under her on the leather cushion next to Tim, facing him while he sat in a less than relaxed manner.  
  
"Looks like you've got a decent start," she said, softly petting his growing member.  
  
"I've gotten hard-ons in weirder places," he said with a grim laugh.  
  
"Really? Where?"  
  
"Well, maybe not weirder, but I can get 'em pretty much anywhere, but I think you know that by now..."  
  
"She said they have visual stimulation on the TV," Gwen said as she continued to fondle him. "Does that mean dirty movies?"  
  
Tim picked up the tablet. "Probably. Let's see...yup dirty movies. Lots of kinds."  
  
"Kinds? I never thought about there being kinds, just movies where people have sex. What kinds are there?"  
  
Tim looked at the display. "Well, they got amateur, anal, BDSM, cumshots, interracial, lesbian, MILF and mature..."  
  
"BDSM?  
  
"Tying people up, that kinda thing..."  
  
"Oh. What's your favorite kind?"  
  
Tim hesitated, a little surprised by the bluntness of the question and unsure about sharing that level of detail. "Uhh, I kinda like girl on girl, a little," he finally offered.  
  
"I should have guessed," she laughed. "So put it on."  
  
"You sure you don't mind?"  
  
"No, I want to see what all the fuss is about."  
  
"It's usually a really bad plot or no plot at all. Just people doing it."  
  
"So let's see." Tim tapped the screen and the TV came to life with his selection's title- Sapphic Soulmates Volume IV—and some very brief opening credits, followed an image of two naked young women on a bed locked in an embrace. Tim surrendered himself to his wife's efforts and sank back into the couch's cushions, reviewing the situation he found himself in. He was in the backroom of a sex shop, naked from the waist down, watching porn while his wife played with his erection. Yup, definitely the weirdest situation so far in a recent past filled with weird situations. His cock had no qualms about it whatsoever, happy to respond to the fingers stroking it while onscreen two girls pleasured each other.  
  
"They're pretty," Gwen said, her attention split between the TV and his staff while she continued to stroke. She watched with interest as the scene continued to grow more explicit, letting out a small gasp when the petite blonde spread herself both to the camera and her lover's tongue.  
  
"I, uhh, think I'm ready?" Tim volunteered. "Don't want to get too carried away and uhh, finish before I get measured."  
  
Gwen looked down at what she held and bent to gently kiss the tip. "Agreed."  
  
He stood and warily approached the device, sizing it up, absentmindedly giving himself a few last strokes for reassurance as he studied the somewhat realistic-looking slit and considered the fact he was about to stick his dick in something with lasers inside. With a deep breath he knelt on the stabilizers to either side as he straddled the cushion, his knees sliding down the small inclines to make it even easier to press himself deeply into the opening as the young technician had advised. Feels a little like getting on a motorcycle, Tim thought, the padded foam between his legs while his chest rested on the flip-top cushion, a motorcycle with a pussy. Now that would be a hell of a feature! This pussy was loose, though, so loose he could barely feel anything inside it; probably a good thing so as to help avoid what his body thought it should be doing when mounting something this way. After a quick reach below to position his balls in the hard plastic intended for them and a check to ensure he could still see the TV and girls now sixty-nining on it, he pressed the button on the remote.  
  
The light turned red, and a few seconds later a humming came from deep within the cushion beneath him. The void his cock was occupying quickly became tighter, reminding Tim of a blood pressure cuff that stopped just before it became uncomfortable. There was another delay, the sleeve about his erection tightening a bit around the head, loosening along spots on the shaft, trying for the perfect fit. There was another pause, and the light turned green.  
  
Tim hadn't been sure what to expect, but the absence of any sensation at all was somewhat comforting. He willed himself not to think about whether his erection might be flagging but instead concentrated on the TV where the blonde and her brunette pony-tailed lover were again face-to-face, vigorously rubbing their tits and pussies against each other while their tongues danced, the camera angles frequently switching to give the best of all views.  
  
Gwen's attention switched back and forth between the screen and her husband, fascinated by the women's lovemaking and yet also finding her husband's naked backside and the position it was in strangely alluring. That's what it probably looks like when he's taking me from behind...only he would be thrusting if it were me, pounding me before emptying himself, and he's not supposed to do that here, her common sense reminded her.  
  
The green light went out surprisingly quickly, and the sleeve loosened about Tim's member. He cautiously withdrew himself, stood and looked to where Gwen was still sitting on the couch. "I think that's it?"  
  
"I think so..." she looked at his erection. "Did you want me to take care of that now?"  
  
He smiled and shook his head. "Thanks, but we got a little while before dinner. Maybe we could find the hotel and take care of it on a comfortable bed?"  
  
"We can do that, too."  
  
They dressed quickly, leaving the video playing until the last possible moment before opening the door. Charlene gave them a smile and a thumbs up through the open doorway from where she sat in front of her laptop.  
  
"Really good measurements, nicely done, Mr. Nelson," she said as if he had just been measured for eyeglasses. "You stayed very still and umm, very solid," she said with a smile. "Thanks for making my job easy."  
  
"You're welcome?"  
  
"What happens now?" Gwen asked. "Do we wait for...it?"  
  
"Oh no, this will take a little bit of time. The measurements get fed into the 3D printer, some hand-tuning, make sure the pigments are right, maybe some hand touch-up. It takes a while to get everything right. We'll let you know when it's done and you can pick it up, or we can ship it."  
  
"Will anyone be able to tell what's in the box if you ship it?" Gwen had visions of the delivery service driver handing her a plastic bag containing a replica of her husband's penis.  
  
Charlene laughed. "Plain brown box, I promise."  
  
"Okay then...do you need anything more from us—from Tim, I mean?"  
  
"No, I think we're all set. Thank you both for being such good sports!"  
  
The Nelsons said their goodbyes and started towards the front of the store, Tim slowing down as they approached the line between the lingerie and the various toys. "Since we're here and we got nowhere else we got to be, maybe we can look around a little," he suggested, Gwen agreeing with a nod and a shy smile. He wandered the aisles, again marveling at the variety of shapes, colors, sizes and suggested uses of the vibrators and dildos that lined the shelves, holding up a couple for Gwen to examine before she reminded him that she already had some, thank you very much. They eventually found their way into an area full of ropes, whips and restraints. Tim looking at them thoughtfully, thinking, before finally turning to Gwen. "I've been a good boy today, right?"  
  
Gwen eyed him suspiciously. "Why?"  
  
"Good enough to deserve a toy?"  
  
"Like what?"  
  
He grinned, pulled a package down from a nearby hook and handed it to her. The clear plastic envelope contained a set of four purple velvet cuffs, each attached to a length of black cord. "You want me to tie you up?" She asked in a whisper, looking up from the bag in confusion.  
  
"Not me. You."  
  
Her arousal flared. If she let him tie her up, she'd be helpless, unable to stop him from doing whatever his dirty mind could imagine..."I guess, if you want," she said quietly.  
  
His grin remained as he took the package back from her. "I want." They moved on down the aisle, into an area where a multitude of DVDs lined the shelving, grouped in much the same categories as had been in the back room, along with others. The old Gwen would never have imagined wanting to watch such filth; the new Gwen and the events of the day so far had her actively wondering. She turned to Tim. "Maybe we should get one for us to watch—together. If you want to," she hurriedly added.  
  
"I always like sitting down to watch a movie with you," he said with a smile. "Got one in mind?"  
  
She quickly scanned the displayed categories, many of them interesting her even if she was not yet prepared to openly admit it. Her eyes stopped at the Couples-friendly section. "Maybe one from there?"  
  
Okay. Which one?"  
  
"Oh, I don't care. You pick." It only took Tim a moment to zero in on a selection and hand it to Gwen. The box art showed what appeared to be normal, everyday couples, more like her and Tim than what she imagined porn stars would look like. "Okay," she said simply, trying not to display too much interest before handing it back.  
  
"Any others? You seemed to like the subject matter in the back room."  
  
"So did you. If you want..." He did, picking out another title featuring two middle-aged women. Gwen's eyes stopped at the Fabulous Finishes section, curious as to what exactly that was, and lifted a title to examine it. "Oh my God," she exclaimed in a low voice, "it's nothing but men having orgasms!"  
  
"A lot of guys like watching that kind of stuff, at least I hear," Tim said with a grin. "Don't know about girls. Videos are buy two get one free, wanna try it?"  
  
She again tried to appear nonchalant. "If you want...but we should go find our hotel room now."  
  
They made their way to the checkout, Gwen thankful it was Tim carrying their merchandise and therefore identifying himself as the pervert. Guys were supposed to be like that...  
  
Dorothy was there, waiting for her. "All go well back there?" she asked the couple, a mischievous smile on her lips.  
  
"Yes, it went fine," Gwen replied, "quite the setup!"  
  
"It is," the older woman agreed as she began to ring up their items, Gwen blushing furiously at the implied admission to their sexual tastes. "I can't believe how popular it's gotten! Cho is about to break even on her investment on the equipment. More and more people are making their own...makes a great Christmas gift!" Gwen smiled as she imagined her mother's reaction while unwrapping a penis.  
  
The older woman produced a white paper bag from underneath the counter and deftly placed their purchases in it before sliding a long cardboard box out of it and showing it to Gwen. "From Cho, with many thanks for modeling," she said with a smile. "She hopes you'll do it again." The box was carefully placed back in the bag and everything handed to Tim. "Have fun, you two."  
  
Both Nelsons were blushing as they hurried to the car, looking about to see if anyone had observed where they had come from and what they were carrying. The bag was quickly stashed in Tim's overnight bag before he backed out of the parking space and began the search for their hotel.  
  
It was as Gwen had hoped when she had booked the room; not too close to downtown, clean and affordable. The elevator doors opened on the third floor and the couple found their room down towards the end of the long hallway, the keycard opening the door on the first try.  
  
Gwen entered first, Tim following along with the bags and setting them on the low bench next to the television. "Got some time to kill before dinner," he said with a grin as he wandered over to look out the window at the buildings of the business park next door.  
  
Gwen said as she came up from behind and hugged him about the waist. "Did you want to go to that big fishing gear superstore you were talking about? You said you wanted to go while we were here..."  
  
"You kidding me?" Tim said with a laugh, turning to take her in his arms. "After the day I've had so far? If I go walking through the store with this hard on, they'll probably think I like fishing a little too much. They'll be open tomorrow." His hands were already undressing her and Gwen was anxious to help, kicking off her shoes and unsnapping the catch to her jeans as he worked the buttons on her shirt.  
  
A pile of clothes grew next to the couple, his and hers, until there was no more left to add to it. Lips still pressed together, Tim backed her to the bed and gently lowered her on to it. Gwen opened her legs to him, eager to take him into her, to be fucked by the man she loved. He obliged her by effortlessly sliding in, each measured thrust pushing her a little further up the mattress until both bodies were in the middle. Tim grinned down at the woman below him and did not ask for her consent as he rolled to put her on top. Gwen was amenable to the new position, grinding against the hardness inside her and the pubic bone above it, riding her husband, the image of a jockey bent over her mount as horse and rider surged to the finish coming to her mind.  
  
This mount was active, flexing upwards with enough force to perhaps throw her from the saddle if she wasn't careful. Gwen would not be denied though, her pending orgasm hastened by the incessant pounding of muscle-covered bone against her clit. Tim beat her to the finish, giving one especially violent thrust while announcing he was coming as the first spurts began to fill her. That was enough to trigger Gwen's own orgasm and she twitched against the body she was impaled upon while laying limply on his chest. They lay this way for some time, catching their breath, until Tim's cock softened sufficiently to fall from her pussy, the first drops of come following it. They lay together for a longer time afterwards, sometimes dozing, sometimes just enjoying the feel of the warm body they held, their dinner reservation and Gwen's need for punctuality the only reason they eventually stirred.

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The restaurant was nice enough, neither too boisterous or too elegant. The bottle of wine Gwen had chosen helped prolong the glow of contentment the Nelsons had started in their hotel room and they sat quietly, just enjoying each other's company.  
  
Tim finally broke the silence. "I guess this is as good a time as any for a Nelson Plumbing partners meeting," he announced, gently smiling across the table at Gwen.  
  
She smiled back at him, confused. "Partners meeting? What are you talking about?"  
  
"Well, uhh...I've been thinking..."  
  
Her smile faded at the thoughtful tone of his voice. "Thinking about what?"  
  
"About retirement..."  
  
"Retirement? I thought we still had a ways to go before that?"  
  
"Yeah, yeah I guess we do," he hurriedly agreed, "but what happens when we're at that point? To the business, I mean? It's pretty clear the girls won't be taking over."  
  
The uncertainty made Gwen stop and consider the fact for the first time. "I just thought we'd sell it, I guess?"  
  
"We both worked our asses off to make it what it is now, Gwen, and we still do," Tim said with a shake of his head. "I'd hate like hell for someone else to screw up all that hard work."  
  
"So we make sure we're very careful about who we sell to," Gwen said slowly. "Is there something I don't know about that makes this important right now?"  
  
"Just been thinking, that's all."  
  
"So, if you've been thinking, I'm going to guess you've been thinking of a solution?"  
  
Tim smiled. "Uhh, maybe, yeah." He paused, then looked up and smiled. "I think we should expand."  
  
"Expand? How does that—"  
  
Tim already had his hand up to interrupt the expected rapid-fire questioning. "I was talking to Bob about it that night at their house, when we were on the deck at the grill? He suggested we sell a third of the business to a partner now and we keep the other two-thirds and the controlling interest. We use the partner's buy-in money to expand so we can keep it profitable for all of us, and then when we get ready to retire, sell our shares to him. If the new guy doesn't cut it, we'll probably know pretty quick so we buy him out and we're no worse off than before."  
  
Gwen desperately tried to sort the flood of questions running through her brain. "But we'd have to do a lot more business than what we do now—"  
  
"Uh-huh, and I think the business is there--you know how busy we are already. We just don't have the manpower to handle it all. So we add more crews and equipment, and we'd probably need to expand the shop to handle that, but we've got plenty of room for a bigger building..."  
  
"How many more crews?"  
  
"Another three-four, maybe, get more serious about our HVAC work..."  
  
"And how do we go about finding a partner?" Tim smiled again. "I think we already did. Eric."  
  
"Eric? Our Eric?"  
  
"Him. I know he's happy workin' for us, but he still wants his own shop, and he's still putting all his money away for that. He's good, real good, and I don't want to lose him."  
  
"I don't either, but he's so young...and besides, shouldn't we offer it to Cliff first? He's been with us for so long..."  
  
"We were young when we started, and we did it without any help. We'd be giving Eric a head-start. As for Cliff, I already kinda talked to him—he's thinking about retiring too, right after the boys get done college, and then he and Cheryl are going to go somewhere along the coast. He's not looking for new adventures at this point in his life. I thought we'd give him a fancy title—Director of Operations, something like that, and let him keep hammering the apprentices into shape. So, what do you think?"  
  
Gwen thought, trying to make sense of it all. "But like you said, we're already so busy and I'm barely keeping up with everything in the office right now..."  
  
Tim nodded. "I know. So we get you an admin, someone who can answer the phone, do the billing and ordering, maybe run the homeshow booths."  
  
"I don't know...I'm going to have to think about this, Tim. It's a huge leap."  
  
He smiled and nodded. It was exactly what he had hoped and expected to hear and was better than a flat out no; Gwen Nelson did not jump into any decision of importance. She would definitely take her time with something this big. "I know you do. Take some time and think about it. We're not retiring tomorrow."  
  
They sat in silence, both lost in their thoughts. Gwen finally looked up. "Let's do it."  
  
"Do...this?" Tim replied cautiously, what he was hearing not on his mental timetable.  
  
"Yes. We make an offer to Eric and expand. It sounds really scary, but I know you must have thought this through, and I trust you. The business means a lot to me, too, and now that you've brought it up, I want to see that it gets taken care of. So, what do we do next?"  
  
Dinner flew by, the Nelsons eating distractedly while they listed out all the things that had to be done, and Gwen found herself being infected by Tim's obvious enthusiasm for the venture. Eric's acceptance of their offer was their highest priority, and plans were made for a dinner at the house to discuss it with him.  
  
They left the restaurant hand in hand, Tim graciously opening the truck door for her. He made a right into a liquor store parking lot two blocks from the hotel . "I think we should get some champagne to celebrate," he said with a mischievous grin.  
  
"I've already had two glasses of wine," Gwen protested as he hopped out, returning moments later with a brown bag. The celebration started in the hotel elevator, Tim kissing her deeply as they rode up to the sixth floor, daring to slide his hand up beneath her dress and playfully squeeze her ass.  
  
He only took his hand away to open the door to their room, then hurried to uncork the bottle and pour the contents into little plastic cups. Gwen took her drink from him and lifted it as he toasted. "To our retirement plan."  
  
She sipped and smiled. "I shouldn't be drinking this. Champagne always hits me so hard."  
  
"Huh. Whaddya know." Tim gently took the cup from her hands and set it down, then took her in his arms. "Guess I'll have to cut you off when you've had too much." They kissed, savoring their growing arousal, letting it build with long slow kisses, touches and caresses. Still, Gwen was happy to feel strong fingers looking for the zipper on the back of her dress. They found it and pulled, the long, slow buzz loud in the quiet room until it could go no further down into the small of her back. She smiled and broke their embrace to step back and shrug the garment off her shoulders, letting it fall past her hips before again wrapping her arms around her husband's neck. Strong hands again firmly cupped her rear, at first over her sensible panties, then pushing down beneath the waistband to rasp against bare skin.  
  
The fingers had more difficulty with the clasp of her bra but persistence paid off and the erect nipples topping pert breasts were his reward. Her panties were next, and she stood naked, feeling very safe and secure in her man's embrace. He released her and retrieved her champagne.  
  
"Aren't you going to get undressed, too?" she asked, taking the cup from him.  
  
"Yup," he answered distractedly, taking a sip of his drink. "Champagne's getting warm...we should probably get a bucket of ice to put it in."  
  
"We've got a refrigerator, we can put it in there," Gwen suggested as she reached for the bottle.  
  
"Takes too long to get cold again," Tim said with a smile. "I think I saw an ice machine across from the elevator." He reached for the bucket and handed it to Gwen. "Maybe you can go get it?"  
  
She took the bucket and gave him a suspicious half-smile. "You just got me out of my clothes. You sure you want me to put them back on?"  
  
"Nope. I like you the way you are. Maybe you could just go like that..."  
  
Gwen laughed, sure he was joking. "And while I'm at it I could go down to the lobby and leave a wake-up call!"  
  
"I was thinking we could sleep in tomorrow, so we don't need a wake up call. We do need ice, though, and there's some right there by the elevator...why waste time getting dressed? You could be there and back in the time it'll take you to put your clothes on."  
  
"You're not kidding, are you? You really want me to go like this?"  
  
"Yeah, I do...you look so good naked."  
  
"You're crazy! What if someone sees me?"  
  
"Sounds pretty quiet out there. And even if someone does see you, they're going to think you look good naked, too." Tim smiled. "Do it. I dare you."  
  
The alcohol had effectively muted the Lady's protests while giving the Slut a loud and persuasive voice. Gwen looked back at her husband. "If you want me to...you'll leave the door open, right? You're not going to shut it when I go out?"  
  
"I'll leave the door open, I promise. Do it."  
  
Gwen continued to look at him, waiting for him to call a halt to the prank, getting a commanding stare in return. "You really want me to?"  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
She gulped the remainder of her champagne. Crazy, she grumbled to herself. This is just crazy. Bucket in one hand, Gwen cautiously opened the door just enough to keep her nakedness behind it while checking for an excuse to step away from this foolishness.  
  
The hallway was empty. Gwen glanced back at Tim, getting an expectant smile in return, and she again looked out, this time to plot the most direct route to her destination. There was a wide opening in the wall about halfway down the corridor; she had been more concerned with the back her dress riding up over Tim's hand when they had stepped off the elevator than taking note of her surroundings, and hoped the ice machine really was there. She shook her head in disbelief at what she was about to do, took a deep breath, then flung the door open and hurried into the hall at a quick trot. Gwen was halfway to her target before suddenly remembering that hotel doors shut themselves and pulled up short, decision-making made difficult by panic as she debated the value of going back to prop it open and whether she could make it in time. Her heart sank as she saw her refuge disappear behind the swinging door with an ominous thud and click. Only one way to go now, the Slut advised, and the sound of another door opening spurred her into a run.  
  
Gwen reached the relative safety of the vending area and frantically looked about for someplace, anyplace to hide. The machines were to her right against the wall, the opposite wall bare, but there was a space between the ice machine and back wall that might offer just a little more protection than nothing...she tried to control both her breathing and pounding heart, afraid both might be heard, and began to formulate an excuse for when they found her trapped in here even as she castigated herself for taking such a stupid chance. She listened intently for the sound of whoever had opened their door coming to investigate why a naked woman had been running down the hall.  
  
A couple moments passed, hours to the trapped woman, and no one came. Gwen cautiously crept out and peeked around the corner, quickly recoiling when she glimpsed someone standing in an open doorway, a fresh surge of adrenaline coursing through her before realizing it was the door to her room and the onlooker was Tim. She peeked again to confirm, feeling foolish, and he smiled, waving with one hand while the other held his phone, apparently taking pictures. She felt some small amount of relief that it was him, mixed with annoyance that he was filming her discomfort, but common sense told her that she was far from out of the woods and that being discovered was still likely, if not inevitable. Gwen shoved the bucket under the machine's spout, silently cursing the thunder of the cubes rattling through the funnel and into the plastic as well as the time it was taking.  
  
It was almost full when she heard the hum of the elevator rumbling to a stop across the hallway. Gwen froze, again calculating her chances of a frantic sprint getting her back to the room before the door opened, the ding of the bell signaling it was too late. She again retreated into her cubbyhole and crouched down to both hide from the elevator's passengers and at least cover her most private parts from their view.  
  
Gwen fervently hoped whoever was on the elevator would look across the hall as they exited. That they might stop for something out of the machines was too horrifying to contemplate. She heard the doors slide open and held her breath as an elderly couple shuffled off. Don't look here, don't look here, she begged, knowing that if she could see them they would see her. To her relief, their focus was on their footing and a moment later there came the sound of what she hoped was the door to their room opening, then closing with an echoing thud.  
  
For the second time Gwen felt the thrill of escape and grabbed for the full bucket, almost rushing out into the hall before reminding herself to stop and check if the way was clear. It was, and she raced down to where Tim was still standing half in and half out of the room, still taking pictures. He moved to the side to allow her to dash through the open door and triumphantly slam the bucket on the desk.  
  
Tim closed the door behind her and grinned. "Goddamn! I can't believe you really did it!"  
  
"You wanted me to," Gwen replied smoothly, trying to appear nonchalant while controlling her adrenaline-fueled exhilaration. There was arousal too, even more pronounced than before she had stepped into the hallway..."I thought you were going to get undressed while I went to get the ice?"  
  
"Oh yeah--kinda forgot in all the excitement." He hurried to strip, quickly revealing a potent erection that needed no more encouragement. She lay on the bed and smiled in invitation as her breathing gradually slowed, Tim quick to join her and take her in his arms. He was moving faster than usual, his hand already between her legs, but Gwen's impatience matched his and opened herself to give him access while she reached for his length.  
  
Tim slid his finger between slick lips and pushed into her opening, pleased to find her very wet. "I guess your ice run wasn't so bad?"  
  
"No, it wasn't," she admitted, firmly stroking his staff, correctly guessing it to be the result of her dash. "It was a little exciting knowing you wanted me to. Were you taking pictures of me?"  
  
"A video. I'm gonna watch it over and over. I thought that was sexy as hell." Tim nuzzled the exposed skin of her neck and thrust himself through her fist to emphasize his appreciation for the show. She allowed his cock to slide from her grasp a moment later as he rose and hovered over her, kissing his way down her body and teasing her nipples with his tongue while he stroked her clit with a callused finger. She would have been ready for him right then, but he had other ideas, and eventually kissed his way lower, down over her stomach and mound before settling between her legs to taste her wetness.  
  
Gwen shivered at the first touch of his tongue against her lips, feeling it push between them and slowly drag up her slit and across her button. She sighed as it withdrew, missing the contact, and firm hands gripped the back of Tim's head to hold him fast when he returned, determined not to let his tongue leave again while her sex rocked against his face. The soft moan announcing the start of her orgasm was cut short when it hit full-force, and he dutifully held his position while Gwen purposefully ground her pussy against anything solid she could find. Her body stiffened in time to a final high-pitched squeak, then went limp.  
  
She twitched spasmodically for a moment more before releasing her hold on his head, idly stroking his hair, the feel of her husband's breath hot against her wet skin reminding her of his patience while he allowed her to enjoy the afterglow of her climax.  
  
Gwen abruptly moved away and rolled over, getting up on all fours and presenting herself to him. "Do you want me?" she asked over her shoulder, further walking her knees apart in expectation of him accepting her invitation.  
  
"If you mean do I want to fuck you," Tim replied slowly, getting to his knees and shuffling towards the offered target, "yeah, I do. Hard."  
  
"As hard as you want. I can take it," she confidently assured him before turning back to look at the headboard, resolutely waiting for him to make good on his desire. Gwen felt the tip of his cock press against her lips as he lined himself up with one hand while steadying himself on her hip with the other. She braced for the impact but was instead surprised to be split with a single smooth thrust that stopped well short of its limit. "I thought you wanted it hard?" she challenged, looking back.  
  
Tim chuckled and shrugged. "Habit, I guess. Wanted to make sure you were ready for me. How's this?" He didn't wait for an answer as he pulled back then slammed forward.  
  
Gwen exhaled sharply as her head swiveled back to stare at the headboard in surprise. "That's good," she gasped, "but you can go harder, if you want."  
  
"Oh yeah?" Tim withdrew again, and she was more prepared this time for the thrust that ended with an audible slap of his midsection against her ass. "Too hard?"  
  
"No, I like that..." Gwen looked back at him and smiled. "Is this what you wanted to do to me in front of everybody on the beach?"  
  
Tim didn't return the smile, is expression stern as he looked down at the body impaled on his cock. "Uh-huh," he grunted before withdrawing and slamming into her again.  
  
Gwen did her best to absorb the shock of the impact. "Maybe you can next time—uh!—maybe you should—uh!—make me show them."  
  
"Oh, yeah," Tim groaned, imagining what the show they might have put on if they hadn't gone up into the woods. "Maybe I'd let them see what a great fuck you are...how hard you make me come." The force of his thrusts decreased as his pace increased, the rapidity of his strokes becoming more important than how hard he delivered them. "Coming—" he announced as he arched his back to get that last fraction of an inch of penetration, pulling Gwen's body tight to him as he filled her. Spent, Tim collapsed backwards, breathing heavily. No longer encumbered by the body on top of her or the cock inside, Gwen gently lowered herself to lie on a hip and look back at her husband lying spread-eagle at the end of the bed. She crawled towards the recovering man, up between his legs, kissing her way up his softening cock and over his stomach until she was able to lie next to him.  
  
"That was fun," Tim chuckled, bringing her to him with a strong arm about her shoulder.  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
"Think we need some more ice?"  
  
"I think we both need some sleep," Gwen said with a gentle laugh, and Tim was happy to agree.  
  
Old habits do die hard, and their customary wake-up times did not work well with their plan to sleep in. Gwen was up first, feeling the need for a shower before they made their way downstairs for breakfast. Tim arose with the idea of joining her, but the hotel room's combination bathtub and shower was not really built for two people with ideas of anything other than a quick wash, and he mumbled something about "going downstairs to get some coffee and bring back to the room," then left Gwen to soak under the hot spray.  
  
Tim was already back by the time she emerged from the bathroom, a towel wrapped about her head and another about her body. Gwen looked about expectantly. "Coffee?"

"Didn't get it yet," Tim said as he kneeled by a corner of the bed, working with a length of black rope. "Got sidetracked. I went out to the truck instead and got that stuff we got yesterday." He stood and stepped aside. Black cords ran down and underneath the corners of the bed from swatches of purple fabric that lay on the hastily smoothed sheets. "I was, uhh, thinkin', since we got time, maybe we could try out what I got?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "Before breakfast?"  
  
"C'mon, live on the edge a little. I promise you'll get breakfast after."  
  
Gwen smiled at that—she had done quite a bit of living on the edge in the hall last night—but she could also feel the first stirrings of excitement run through her. "Well, okay...let me dry my hair first." She returned a few moments later, Tim still clothed and sitting on the bed, the box that had been in the bag the day before now lying next to him.  
  
He nodded at the box and smiled. "You never opened what you got."  
  
"I was going to wait until we got home..." she sat down with the box between them and picked it up, a bit surprised by the weight. The top separated easily from the bottom to reveal a flyer of some sort lying on top of an impressively large and life-like flesh-colored dildo.  
  
Tim leaned over to look, then grinned. "Huh. I was guessing vibrator."  
  
Gwen smiled weakly and examined the flyer. A picture of a forest of dildos of various colors, shapes and sizes lined up like the bristles on a brush graced the top half, the bottom half announcing the product as an "authentic Risqué Reproduction," along with the signature of whoever had done the crafting, as well as care instructions. Someone had penned a message on the other side of the paper.  
  
Gwen, thanks again for helping with my party! Since you're having your own favorite made, I thought you might like this "nearly Neal," as Gita calls it, as well. I couldn't help but notice you seemed to be admiring the real thing that night... hope you'll model for us again!  
  
--Cho  
  
Tim looked at the box's contents. "Is mine gonna look that real? What's the note say, or is it none of my damn business? "  
  
Gwen blushed, worried that her husband might not approve of her being so blatant about ogling another man's penis, much less getting an apparently accurate reproduction of it...she was not about to start lying or hiding things from Tim, though, and handed him the note. "The male model at the party—Neal, remember I told you about him?—it's a copy of his, uh, him," she mumbled in explanation.  
  
Tim laughed. "He's not really that big, right? I mean, it's gotta be about the size of the ones you've got back home, and I always just kinda figured they supersize those things on purpose..."  
  
"It's probably pretty close to life-size," Gwen admitted, certain her memories had not enhanced it with time like some sort of fish story.  
  
"Damn! Well, you did say he was big. Can't blame ya for wanting a good look at it. That's an impressive piece of meat he's got swinging between his legs. Does his wife walk funny?"  
  
Gwen laughed, her nervousness dispelled by her husband's seeming indifference to her offense. "She seems happy with it, just like I'm so happy with yours I had a copy made. So, are we still going to live on the edge of a little," she asked, a little embarrassed by the memory of her fascination with the real-life version of what she held and anxious to change the subject, "or are we going to breakfast and then live life on a full stomach?"  
  
"No, no, now," Tim insisted, grabbing for the towel wrapped around his wife, Gwen letting him take it. He carefully laid it in the middle of the bed. "I want some breakfast in bed first. Up on the bed, lie on your back." She was not allowed much time to settle herself, the towel damp against her shoulder blades and butt, Tim gently grabbing for her right ankle and wrapping it in a purple cuff. He moved to the other ankle and repeated the process, then did the same for her wrists. The slack lines gave her plenty of room to flex and move her limbs, at least until Tim began to tighten them. Her arms were first to lose their freedom, stretched out at a forty five degree angle to her body while her legs were pulled into a wide V. It wasn't uncomfortable, but there was no slack for movement any more, either...Tim quickly placed a pillow under head and then stood at the end of the bed and surveyed his work, admiring the naked body stretched out before him for his pleasure.  
  
Gwen liked the look she was getting from him. It made her a little nervous to be bound and exposed like this in a strange place, what if the fire alarm suddenly went off, but the thought of being helpless while Tim did whatever he wanted excited her. She anxiously awaited his next move.  
  
Tim reluctantly turned away from his spread-eagled prize and picked up the box from where Gwen had put it on the desk, carefully extracting the dildo from the tissue paper that cradled it as though it might come to life. "Even the balls look real," Tim said with a laugh, returning to the bed. "I'll bet a lot of guys wouldn't be caught dead touching this thing, even if it the real thing," he announced, holding it gingerly behind the flared base. "I guess I draw the line at touching the real one." He put one knee on the bed between Gwen's widespread legs and placed the massive head of the rubber penis inches from her swelling labia like some sort of obscene directional arrow. Satisfied with its positioning, he stood up. "I wonder if they have room service here?"  
  
Gwen's eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare!"  
  
"Nah," he continued, seeming not to hear her. I'm pretty sure it's a serve-yourself kinda deal. Which means," he said, picking up the key card from the table, "that the coffee isn't going to get up here by itself. Be right back!"  
  
"Wait! You're not going to leave me here like this, are you?"  
  
He smiled and opened the door. "I'll be right back, I promise. I'll bring you a coffee, too."  
  
"But what if somebody comes while you're gone?"  
  
"Don't let 'em in. Be right back."  
  
She heard the door open, the sound of it closing coming after an eternity of waiting. Gwen tested her bonds, methodically trying to flex one limb, then another, confirming that none of them were allowed any freedom of movement. Pull harder, the Lady ominously advised, and the sensible part of her thought she might be able to part the Velcro holding the cuffs together if she did, but that would spoil Tim's fun... there's no reason why anybody would or could come in here on their own, she consoled herself. Except housekeeping...she turned her head to glance at the clock by the bed. 7:42. Too early for them to start, right? She remembered the maid who had walked in on her that morning at the resort KD was working at. What would she had done is she had seen me like this? Would she have taken pity and untied me, or would she have call the hotel manager or worse yet, the police? Or would she have looked at the dildo between my legs and understand exactly what kind of perverted game was being played here? She listened intently for the sounds of carts in the hall, to be followed by the knock on the door.  
  
Another thought began to take shape...maybe her exposure wouldn't be accidental at all...maybe even right now Tim was inviting a stranger—a man, she decided, it would be a man—to come take a look at the naked woman in room 624. It could happen, the Slut insisted, Tim knew she had no problem exposing herself, maybe this was his way of upping the ante. He wouldn't let the man touch her—he'd never allow that—but he might let the stranger pleasure himself in her presence, like she had imagined the men on the beach—and her fantasies—had wanted to do. The cuffs around her wrists became irritating as her clit begged to be touched.  
  
Tim stopped and nearly turned back as the door closed behind him. The cuffs had been a spur of the moment thing; he had intended to try them out in the safety of their own bedroom back home. But Gwen's dash down the hall at his request the night before had fueled the excitement he felt whenever she let him call the shots sexually; for so many years it was an unheard-of occurrence and the reason Charlie had always told him he was pussywhipped. Getting to call the shots from time to time now was a hell of a lot of fun, as long as it didn't end up pissing her off. Leaving Gwen Nelson tied up in a hotel room while he wandered the halls was something that might piss her off, he decided, and wondered whether it was smart to take that chance. An angry Gwen Nelson was a force to be reckoned with, and he didn't want to fuck up all the progress they had made...  
  
His cock convinced him to accept a compromise of sorts, and he was quick about getting down stairs and returning to the room. Gwen froze at the sound of the card sliding through the lock followed by the snick of the door she couldn't see opening, holding her breath until Tim appeared, juggling two coffees. "Everything okay?" he asked with genuine concern, his failing nerves questioning the wisdom of the wise-ass crack he had prepared about whether she had gotten any visitors. Gwen's sense of humor was more pronounced than before, but he wasn't sure it had progressed that far.  
  
He was met with a stare, that familiar look of seriousness mixed with annoyance, but something about it was not quite the same as the ones he and the girls normally got. "You left me tied up in a strange hotel room," she said with an air of gravity. What if housekeeping had come while you were gone?"  
  
He set down the cups and hurried to the bed. "Sorry, I'll get you loose—"  
  
"No—no, you don't have to," she interrupted, her tone softening. "unless you're done tying me up." He smiled and sat on the edge of the bed, running his hand over her stomach. "But what would have done if somebody had seen me like this?" Gwen asked, willing his hand to go lower and touch what she couldn't.  
  
"Guess that would have been my fault, so...." The bound woman got her wish, and the hand did go lower, cupping her mound to slide a finger inside her. He smiled at the soupy wetness that greeted him. "Did you want to be seen like this?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "It would have been your fault if I was...there's nothing I could have done about it."  
  
"That's true..." the finger began to slowly work in and out, her hips twitching in response. "Be right back." Tim stood, the frustration she felt at his finger's disappearance masked by her confusion.  
  
"Where are you going now?" He didn't answer, and she was mildly relieved to see he was heading for the bathroom and not the hallway.  
  
Tim reappeared a short time later, clothes discarded and holding a bottle of baby lotion that he had retrieved from Gwen's toiletries bag. He didn't offer any explanation or ask for permission as he climbed on the bed and straddled her midsection, his cock pointing to the ceiling. "Always wanted to try this..." Tim snapped open the cap on the bottle and squirted a line between her breasts down to where he sat. Strong hands began to spread and smooth the oil, and her hips tried to ground into the weight just above them as slippery fingers grasped at the glistening mounds on her chest, kneading them like pliant dough.  
  
"Good?" Tim asked, concentrating on the feel of her firm tits slipping and sliding around and between his fingers.  
  
"Wonderful..." She again thought about the time and the housekeepers. She couldn't remember hearing Tim apply the deadbolt when he came back; hopefully the Do Not Disturb sign had been put out.  
  
He applied a second line of oil, rubbing it in to make a slick, sensuous mess of her body, and bent to kiss her. Gwen could feel his length sliding up and down her stomach, and hoped it would be doing that somewhere further down soon. "I'm going to let you have your hands back," Tim murmured, freeing one wrist, then the other, "but just so I can watch you play with yourself." His body dipped and his chest glided down hers, his cock bumping along her slit as he withdrew to get off the bed between her legs. Gwen looked up at him, as much to make sure he was watching as to not appear too eager, and took over slowly spreading the oil over her upper body, erect nipples especially sensitive to her touch.  
  
It did not take her fingers long to find her sex, and Tim grunted in approval as he fisted his cock. "You can use, what'd they call it--Nearly Neal there, if you want." It was as much suggestion as permission, and Gwen reached between her legs for it, her slick fingers making it difficult to pick up and drag into position. Both hands were needed to line it up before she grasped the base and slowly pushed. Her sex welcomed the intruder, spreading to accommodate and envelop him. Gwen fed it in to herself until it could go no further, the balls against her asscheeks, and then slowly withdrew, all the while watching Tim for his reaction.  
  
He stared intently between her legs. Tim had seen this before, with her dildos at home, and it never ceased to amaze him that she could take something so big so easily. Gwen was happy to accept it, her cunt greedily swallowing the length, the cock disappeared into her, then returned, wet with her juices. He watched for several more moments, stroking himself while the strength of Nearly Neal's thrust grew in intensity and Gwen's legs twitched against their restraints in response. "Keep going," he muttered, crawling on to the mattress to kneel up and behind her head and watch the invader do its work from another angle.  
  
Gwen looked up the cock and fist above her forehead and spurred Nearly Neal on even harder as her finger intently circled her clit. Tim watched in fascination, the dildo's motion reminding him of a triphammer as the flesh colored shaft was slowly and methodically withdrawn and then slammed forward again and again, unaware that she was attempting to recreate the intensity with which she had been fucked the night before.  
  
The tensing of all her muscles as one as she climaxed, the effort almost painful to look at, and her sharp gasp triggered his own orgasm. She was dimly aware of the first splatter on her breast, then her neck, and the hot drops falling on her chin and cheek only heightened the explosiveness of her own release.  
  
Tim used a finger to gently push his come away from her eyes before leaning forward on all fours over her body to unshackle her ankles. Gwen raised her head to gently kiss the balls dangling just over her face, then giggled playfully as the finger she ran over her husband's exposed asshole made it contract while he twitched in surprise. Her legs free, Tim rolled to the side and watched as she pulled Nearly Neal from her pussy's grasp, her lips seemingly reluctant to give it up.  
  
They both froze at the sound of a knock on the door. "Housekeeping..."  
  
Tim looked back at the direction of the knocking. "Come back later, please!"  
  
They waited, both staring in the direction of the door, wondering if the request had been heard, finally smiling when it was clear they would not be having an uninvited guest. "Breakfast?" he asked, flashing a grin.  
  
"Shower," Gwen corrected, running her hands over her oil-slicked skin and through his come as if to emphasize her point. "Again. You too, this time."  
  
Tim nodded in understanding. "At this rate, might as well shoot for lunch."

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Gwen was first into the shower, playfully dismissing Tim's attempts to join her in the too-small bathtub while she washed away the oil from her breasts and stomach. He waited patiently for her to finish before trading places with her to clean the slickness he had accumulated from his slide down her body.  
  
Gwen stood looking into her overnight bag, idly pondering the merits of either the jeans or the sundress she had packed. The Lady's demands for some guilt or shame were proving to be a distraction, not so much for the acts themselves anymore, that rebuke had lost its effectiveness, but instead for her willing submission to another, even if it was her husband. Gwen had vowed to never again allow herself to be somebody's plaything after her experiences with Miss Ritter; The Lady pointedly reminded her that this broken promise only highlighted the weakness her growing perversion was exploiting.  
  
For Gwen, the thought frightened her. She was the boss, the bitch with iron panties, always in control, but she had truly enjoyed letting go of that for a while and letting Tim have his way—just like Miss Ritter did, the Lady ominously reminded her.  
  
It's not an all-or-nothing thing, the Slut countered. You let it go for a while—you just took a break, and it felt good. You can take back control any time you want. Try it! She smiled and reached for the sundress as a plan began to form despite the Lady's protests.  
  
He's so attractive, Gwen thought as her naked husband walked out of the bathroom, toweling his hair. A handsome face and easy smile, muscular arms and legs, and while he didn't exactly have a six pack, his stomach and chest just made him seem so male, so masculine. Not to mention that beautiful thing swinging between his legs...it was sleeping now, the soft length hanging halfway down over his loose sac. She felt a pang of regret over taking so long to fully appreciate the man she had been blessed with on nothing more than dumb luck, and briefly reconsidered subjecting him to her plot before silently promising to make it worth his while.  
  
As Tim feared, breakfast was over by the time they made it downstairs to check out, getting directions for a nearby place serving brunch the desk clerk swore by. They found it a mile down the road and were seated at a quiet table for two in the middle of the small dining room. "Nice dress," Tim noted as they waited for the server. "New?"  
  
"From your daughter's closet. I don't think she even remembers it was there." It was a floral print, two not-quite spaghetti straps over her otherwise bare shoulders, the hem ending above her knee. Gwen had thought it too revealing when it had first been purchased, but it hadn't been her money...  
  
Tim didn't look up from his menu. "Ali, or KD?" he asked distractedly.  
  
She giggled. "Alison. Do you think my chest is even close to being up to the task of filling out something of KD's? I'd need a lot more...volume..."  
  
Tim glanced about, guessing nobody could hear or was paying attention to their conversation. "Yours are perfect just the way they are," he volunteered softly, his voice dropping to a rumble. "Perfect for looking at, and...other things."  
  
"You don't think they're too small?"  
  
"They're perfect." he repeated, returning his attention to the menu, trying to decide between waffles or eggs. Gwen Nelson talking about her tits in the middle of a busy restaurant, he thought with a smile and shake of his head. Ain't things crazy.  
  
Their orders placed, Gwen bent to pick up her napkin she had dropped alongside the table while the young waitress had been asking Tim about his choice of potatoes. His eyes widened as he watched her bend at the waist, waiting until she had sat back up before leaning across the table towards her. "You're not wearing a bra," he whispered, more of a statement than a question.  
  
Gwen leaned forward to meet him halfway. "I'm not wearing any underwear at all," she whispered back. "Is that alright? Should I go out to the truck and get some?"  
  
"NO—no," he grumbled even as his eyes glanced downward to see if she was exposing herself even now. "But I thought we were stopping at Outdoor Outfitters on the way home?"  
  
"You said you wanted to, right? You were looking for some new lures?"  
  
"Well, yeah, but there'll be a lot of people there..." he glanced meaningfully at her chest.  
  
"Then I'll just have to be careful, right? It'll be just between us. But if you change your mind, I do have clean underwear in my bag..."  
  
He smiled. "No sense adding to the laundry."  
  
Tim's appetite was not diminished in the least by the secret he had been let in on, although he did eat with one eye on the other diners, wondering if some of them might have already caught a glimpse of something they shouldn't have. He did his best to pay attention while Gwen firmed up some of the expansion plans started at dinner the night before, thinking how much she looked like your typical Sunday morning soccer mom— a classic Southern belle if she had been with the kind of man she was supposed to have married, he reminded himself—and yet nothing about her gave the other diners any clue that only a thin layer of floral print fabric prevented her from being exposed as someone not quite so prim and proper. His glances about the room occasionally stopped on some of the other women, wondering if they were dressed similarly, if they too had secret sides known only to a lucky few...  
  
To his disappointment she was indeed careful all through their meal and then out to the truck, delicately climbing into the passenger seat with legs closed enough to prevent an inappropriate peek while he held her door open. She successfully reversed the process in the parking lot of Outdoor Outfitters, "everything for the outdoor sportsman under one roof!" and took Tim's hand as he led the way into what before this weekend had been the only toy store he cared to spend time in. Gwen had been here before with him; it was a favorite stop of his whenever he was in the area. She remembered the layout of the immense building and could believe the slogan, a main floor complete with stuffed hunting trophies scattered about a mountain pond stocked with fish. Second and third floors opened out onto the view of the first below, balustered railings lining the balconies above the atrium. The throng of customers always struck Gwen as a curious mix of men and a surprising number of women, urban professionals shoulder to shoulder with the more rural residents of the state, "rednecks," as some of them proudly proclaimed themselves, and she could understand how hunters and fisherman—and her husband-could easily spend an entire day here moving about the various displays, demonstrations and seminars..  
  
"What time you want me to meet you?" Tim asked after they paused just inside the entrance. Gwen had always set him free to wander for a set period of time while she sat in the café towards the rear of the main floor, instructing him to meet her there once his allowance of time was up.  
  
Gwen smiled. "Can I go with you? I promise to let you look as long as you want. But if you think I'll be in the way..."  
  
"No, you can come with me if you want," he replied quickly before she could change her mind. "Might be pretty boring for you, though." Tim led the way through the clothing displays between the entrance and the open wooden staircase that rose in an arcing sweep up to the second floor and everything fishing. She looked down at the shoppers below as she climbed, guessing the design of the stairs might allow them a quick glimpse up a skirt or dress if a girl wasn't careful. I would have settled for a thong, the Lady grumbled, certain the perverts below had worked out well in advance exactly where and when to look up. Gwen took her time, each step deliberate as she looked about, Tim keeping pace. He had guessed at the view from below as well and made note of her slow climb.  
  
Gwen had been on the second floor once before to collect Tim when had forgotten the time and the amount of things invented by mankind to catch a fish amazed her now as it had then. They wandered together through the racks of poles and shelves of lures, line and nets, clothing and coolers. Tim's attention was been split between the latest in fishing technology and his less than fully-clothed wife, watching as she wandered from time to time out to the railing while he examined the advances made in line strength, wondering if someone might be discretely standing underneath her and looking up.  
  
She patiently stood next to him while he kneeled in front of a low shelf, debating the merits of the frog-jig lure he held. A mannequin dressed in waders, flannel shirt and vest at the end of the row caught her eye and she smiled, imagining herself dressed in just the waders, wondering if Tim might find that sexier than lingerie. Or would he like just the vest, and nothing else...a giggle escaped her at the idea of fishing gear becoming the new naughty nightie and imagined modeling them at Cho's next party, or perhaps even at one of the many product demonstrations they gave at that little theatre downstairs...  
  
Tim looked up from where he was kneeling. "What?"  
  
"Oh, nothing." She turned away from him and bent over to retrieve something from the rack while he watched the hem of her dress rise higher and higher, the line of sight from where he kneeled perfect for seeing the first hint of a darker split nestled between firm thighs. Out of the corner of his eye he could see a man to his left, the view from where he stood probably not as good but still enough for him to take note of the ass being presented. He caught Tim's glance and hurriedly returned his attention to the multicolored lures in front of him.  
  
Gwen removed a plastic bag from a hanger near the floor, the clear plastic of the cylinder inside shot through with purple dots and ribbed in a spiral, a flat curl of rubber extending from one end. To Gwen, it looked like some sort of miniature vibrator. "This one's interesting," she said, straightening and turning back to Tim before needlessly bending over to show it to him.  
  
He glanced at it only briefly, his focus on the dangling breasts now visible inside her loose top, certain the guy behind him could see them too if he dared another look. "Oh yeah, that's a spring grub. I have one like that."  
  
"It looks like something they would have had at that other store yesterday."  
  
"Uh, yeah, I guess I see what you mean. Did you want one like that?"  
  
"Maybe next trip." Gwen squatted facing him, legs together but the dress riding high up the front of her thighs. "So many different colored worms," she mused, apparently unconcerned with the amount of exposed leg, looking at the rack. "They look like those gummy worms the girls used to like."  
  
Tim laughed nervously, aware that his body was probably blocking the view from his left, wondering if the guy would risk an obvious move for a better look. "Yeah, I guess they do."  
  
"I'm sorry, but this does not look real at all. I can't believe any fish would fall for this." Gwen reached sideways for a yellow and green striped worm, her right knee moving away from the other and dropping to the floor to balance herself, thighs opening and further pushing back her dress in the process.  
  
Tim's eyes left her spread legs long enough to acknowledge the lure she was holding, then returned to unabashedly stare at her exposed sex. "Uh, yeah, they do, though. I guess bass get dumb when they see something they want to eat."  
  
"Like fisherman," Gwen said with a mischievous smile, standing and smoothing her dress.  
  
Tim got a few more brief peeks as they continued to shop, certain the offered glimpses were intentional and not at all upset about it. He was ready to go after selecting a few items for purchase, probably sooner than if he been shopping alone, but he had seen the bait being offered and was anxious to rise to it. His request to see a little more once they were in the privacy of the truck's cab was gently rebuffed, as was his suggestion they pull off somewhere along the way like they had that night after Bob and Yvette's.  
  
Cricket had already left by the time they returned to the house, a note written with precise penmanship detailing her stay including the news that Alison had come over the previous afternoon and that they had ridden together. Tim returned to the kitchen after dropping their bags in the bedroom, wrapping his arms around her from behind and kissing her neck. "Now can I see some more?"  
  
"I'm going for a swim," Gwen replied while tilting her head to give his stubble more neck to rasp against. "If you come with me, you'll see everything." Callused hands scraped against the outside of her thighs, pulling her dress up as he nuzzled. She gently pushed them back down and pulled away. "Can you bring some towels and something to drink? I'll meet you up there."  
  
Gwen was already treading water in the middle of the pool when he came through the gate, dress discarded over the back of a nearby chair. "I thought I was going to get to see everything?" he said with a chuckle.  
  
"Maybe the view is better in here?"  
  
He grinned and quickly stripped, his erection catching on the waistband of his underwear before springing free.  
  
Gwen laughed. "How long have you had that?"  
  
"On and off since breakfast."  
  
"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have teased you like that. That wasn't very nice."  
  
"Aww, that's okay. You can be a cocktease all you want as long as they make good on the tease. You're gonna finish what you started—"he pulled her to him, easily holding on as she wrapped her legs around his waist and arms around his neck—"right?"  
  
His kiss cut off her answer. I'm a cocktease, she thought, wiggling against the hardness lodged in the folds of her sex, the Lady insulted by the label, the Slut wearing it with pride.  
  
He slowly walked with her still entwined about him towards the pool stairs, only letting her slide off his cock at the first step. Gwen led the way out of the water while Tim hung back, taking a moment to appreciate how her skin's wet sheen only made that beautiful ass more desirable.  
  
"Lie down," she requested, motioning to the nearest recliner. "I'm going to finish what I started." Tim smiled in reply, lying back with hands folded behind his head in a pose that smacked of casual confidence, waiting to see what exactly she had in mind. Gwen straddled the chair above his midsection, feet firmly planted on the wet cement, smiling down at him as he squinted up at the figure above him framed in the afternoon sun. Two fingers circled the head of his cock and levered it up, aiming while she sank down to meet it in one fluid motion, pausing when his flared knob nestled between the lips guarding her opening. Gwen smiled again and slowly sank down on it, her journey reminding Tim of a cylinder returning to rest position. He was the engine driving the piston for that cylinder, and his hips thrust up into her as she bottomed out against him.  
  
"Let me," she said, more of a command than a request.  
  
He finished the thrust and lay still. "Have at it."  
  
Gwen basked in the heat of the sun on her bare back for a moment before leaning forward and placing her hands on his chest, wiggling into the spike she was impaled on as if testing the fit. Satisfied, her hips began to rotate, her mound grinding sensuously against the wiry patch of hair over Tim's pubic bone. "You can play with my...tits...if you want." His hands were happy to have something to do besides grip the chair's armrests and enthusiastically applied themselves to their task, kneading the pliant flesh, thumbs circling and flicking the erect nipples.  
  
Gwen understood the position she had chosen to fuck her husband was no accident, just as being on all fours in the hotel had been done to send a message. On her hands and knees, her rear presented for his pleasure had always struck her as the pose of ultimate submission; it was the way males of all species took their mates. To have him beneath her like this was the polar opposite...so much like riding a horse, Gwen mused, both of us working together, but it's my dance to lead and my will to be obeyed when I'm in the saddle—or on a man. Her hips were still grinding, sliding him in and out now as she rose and fell on the length inside her. Her left foot came up off of the cement, then the right, allowing her to kneel astride her mount while she began to bounce up and down on him with surprising force.  
  
Tim noticed the enthusiasm in her style as well. "You like it hard?"  
  
"I do, sometimes, like last night—and right now," she grunted, emphasizing her point with an especially energetic stroke as she finished her thought.  
  
"I'll have to remember that." He let her use him, hoping to delay his own gratification long enough to completely fulfill hers, aware that her intensity was quickly making that impossible. Her fingers grasped at his chest, short nails leaving red marks as each downstroke was accompanied by an equally intense grinding of her clit against him. "You're gonna make me come, Gwen."  
  
"Come in me," she growled, "as deep as you can!" She again forced herself down on him to add an exclamation to her request, and his own fingers left marks on the tender flesh of her breasts when they moved to grasp her hips and force them against his. Gwen studied his face for the subtle and not-so-subtle signs of his orgasm as Tim screwed his eyes shut, his jaw tensing while his hips twitched with enough strength to briefly lift her off him while he pulsed inside her.  
  
His long exhalation and satisfied chuckle signaled the end of his immediate need and Gwen gently fell forward, her body light on his. The rotation of her clit returned, more gentle now, rebuilding the intensity. "Put your hands on my ass," she murmured into his neck. "I like them there." Gwen felt a finger land beyond one cheek and in the spread crevice between the other, resting lightly on her rosebud. She didn't care whether its resting place had been intentionally chosen or not; she wiggled against it in welcome, and the finger responded by circling the crinkled muscle a few times before pushing just hard enough to force it apart. Her body worked unbidden to maintain the delicious pressure on her clit while keeping the cock deeply buried and the finger right where it was.  
  
This climax did not sneak up on her; she could feel its approach and worked to exert her will on it, letting it creep forward in small bursts until deciding that allowing it to burst forth was a form of control as well. The orgasm obediently exploded through her, her asshole spasmodically gripping his fingertip, the walls of her pussy contracting around the softening cock that seemed reluctant to leave as waves of pleasure radiated from her sex.  
  
"I'm sorry I teased you like that," she repeated once her mind could again form words, murmuring into his neck. "And that I made you wait so long." "I just wanted to see...if I could. I'm sorry. That wasn't very nice."  
  
"It was worth the wait," Tim replied with a laugh. "I thought maybe you were punishing me for last night—and this morning."

Gwen sat up, his now limp member sliding from her to nestle between her lips as she continued to straddle him. "Punishing you? For what?"  
  
"You know, making you to go get ice, tying you up and leaving you...I was kinda calling the shots. I know you don't like people telling you what to do."  
  
"I liked you telling me what to do last night—and this morning," she insisted. "I'm just not used to it. I have to admit it was a little outside my comfort zone, but that's part of why it was so exciting, I think."  
  
Tim laughed. "Well, that's why I thought breakfast and after was your way of getting back at me."  
  
"It wasn't that exactly, it was just that I wanted to be sure that I could, I guess, still be in control if I need to."  
  
"That's why I was a little nervous about asking you to do that stuff—I knew you said you would if I wanted you to, but I didn't know if you really meant it, or were just trying to be nice..."  
  
"I did mean it. I think a man who's confident—and brave-enough to tell me what do is very attractive. It's very sexy." Gwen lewdly slid her hips back and forth over him.  
  
Tim arched an eyebrow and lightly slapped her asscheek. "Oh, yeah? So, I guess in that case, go get me a beer, woman."  
  
Gwen crossed her arms defiantly and laughed. "I didn't say all the time. Ask nicely and maybe we can go get it together."  
  
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"Your brother wanted me to warn you that your father caught wind of the fact that you guys are thinking about forming a partnership."  
  
Gwen smiled over at Natalie carefully guiding Tigger up the rutted section of trail. "I know. He called me as soon as he found out. He still doesn't quite understand why we're doing it, but he promised that Adam would be available to give us whatever help we need. How's he coming on the paperwork?"  
  
"Good, standard stuff so far, from what I understand. He's waiting on the financials and worth appraisal."  
  
"So are we. I think we're both a little worried the business isn't worth as much as we think it is."  
  
"Adam doesn't seem to think that will be a problem."  
  
We'll see."  
  
Gwen had eagerly awaited Natalie's arrival that morning; she had spent far too little time with her lately, something her sister-in-law keenly felt as well. They had plenty to catch up on, things phone calls just didn't seem to do as good a job at.  
  
Gwen smiled at the topless rider by her side. "Speaking of Adam, when you had your, uhh, model of him made, did they call you after to see if you wanted any alterations?"  
  
Natalie smiled back. "You mean my dildo. Sure did. I think they do that after so whoever you're having recreated doesn't hear that you might like him a little bit bigger, or wider, or both. Don't want 'em to think their perfect cock could be a little more perfect."  
  
"I suppose that makes sense, but won't they notice anyways once you get it?"  
  
"Maybe, maybe not...maybe they just prefer to think they really do look like that."  
  
So, did you, uhh, enhance Adam?"  
  
"I really wanted to put a turtleneck on him, you know, a foreskin, just to see what he'd say, but I just asked for him to be a little chubbier since I like 'em that way. I don't think he even noticed; he probably thought he was just having a really good day when they took his measurements...so I'm guessing you got a call, too. Did you get Tim supersized?"  
  
Gwen laughed. "No...I think it's perfect just the way it is."  
  
"Awww, that's so sweet! How'd he react to the whole measuring thing? Little Tim didn't get shy or anything like that?"  
  
"No, he was really good about it, probably better than I would have been." The Slut laughed and questioned her honesty.  
  
"So you guys stayed in Atlanta overnight, right? What else did you do while you were there?"  
  
"Oh, nothing much...a little shopping, dinner, decided to expand the business, back to the hotel. We did almost miss check out time Sunday morning, though," Gwen added with a mischievous smile.  
  
Natalie giggled. "I'm sure it wasn't because you overslept."  
  
"No..." Gwen hesitated, deciding the time was right to try and resolve one of her nagging concerns about her behavior over the weekend. "Can I ask you something? I know you told me once that you let Liz tie you up sometimes just because she likes to do that kind of thing...if you wanted to be tied up, that wouldn't be weird enough to get worried about, right?"  
  
Her sister-in-law smiled. "Alright, out with it, who got tied up, who did the tying and what were the circumstances? I want details, woman!"  
  
"We did a little shopping at Cho's after Tim's measurements. He wanted to get some cuffs, you know, the kind that go around your wrists and ankles, and, well... I let him use them on me that morning before we came home. That's why we were late checking out."  
  
"I knew it! I knew it! And you liked it?"  
  
Gwen could not look her companion in the eye. "I guess I did, yes. That's weird, right?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "No, not weird. A lot of people like it. There's a reason Cho sells that stuff—people buy it and use it. I'm not surprised you like it, probably more than you're letting on. I think it runs in your family. Your brother likes me to tie him up from time to time, too, although it almost killed him to ask me to do it the first time. You Currans have a pathological need for control, so you probably think it's very kinky to have to do things you're not supposed to be dong and have it be someone else's fault for a while." On the other hand, Natalie thought with a grin, your mother would make a superb dominatrix. Who knows, might already be. An image of the whip-wielding leather-teddy clad Curran matriarch came to mind before she returned her attention to Gwen. "So, nope, not weird, completely kinky, and completely normal. The nurse in me has to warn you about any rough stuff that might go with it, though—don't let him get carried away. Saw a couple of people come into the ER with some rather embarrassing injuries back in the day..."  
  
As long as we're baring it all, why don't you ask her if running naked down a hotel hallway is weird, the Lady asked, or letting another woman use your husband for hand job practice. Gwen ignored her, instead making sure she understood the meaning of "rough stuff", remembering the incredible variety of paddles, whips and clamps she had seen at Sensual Sensations. 'No, no rough stuff! He just tied me up and then, well he left for a while. I was so scared someone might come in while he was gone!"  
  
Her riding partner smiled knowingly. "I'll bet you were...imagine someone seeing you naked and you couldn't do a thing about it...you'd just have to let them look, or worse..."  
  
Gwen shifted in her saddle uncomfortably. Natalie knew quite a bit about her darkest fantasies. "You and Adam don't, uhh, no rough stuff, right? I'm just now getting used to the idea my little brother has sex; I can't bear the thought of him getting tortured."  
  
"Oh God, no!" she laughed. "I just tie him up and tease him until he begs. I love to hear big tough lawyer guy promise me anything if I'll just finish him off. I do have a leather bustier and thigh-high black boots though, make me look like a badass! I might have to borrow one of your riding crops for next time, just to make him worry a little. I promise I won't actually use it on him. So how long did Tim leave you tied up?"  
  
"I think he was gone about an hour, and then another forty five minutes after that, I guess."  
  
"He let you off easy! I finished Adam off after three and a half hours our last vacation. I wasn't even there for the first two hours. I just left the room and let him imagine what I was up to without him. I came back and made up some very detailed and explicit stories about where I had been for the next hour and a half. I think he was ready to believe anything I told him."  
  
"What kind of stories?"  
  
"Oh, you know...things I know make him really horny."  
  
"Oh...do you really think my family is like that? You know, controlling?"  
  
"Don't you? Admit it, there isn't a Curran out there that doesn't want to be calling the shots when they're in public. In private though? We know there's at least two of ya that like having to be someone's plaything for a while. It wouldn't surprise me at all if John and Barbara have some things hidden away for special play dates, things that neither one of 'em would ever admit to."  
  
Gwen wanted to argue, but couldn't. She was forced to admit the "calling the shots" remark certainly applied to her parents as well as John. He had stayed on the West coast after law school and joined a firm out there rather than join the family's because he hadn't wanted to work for his own father. A mental image of her very serious, respectable older brother, really a younger version of her father, tied to a bed while her equally respectable leather-clad sister-in-law hovered over him came to mind and was quickly dismissed.  
  
"So what did he do between the time he came back and when he finally let you go?"  
  
"You know..." she demurred. "Some touching, he massaged me with some baby oil...Cho gave me something while we were there, he used that on me. That kind of thing."  
  
"Oh, really? What kind of thing?" Natalie purred.  
  
"Well...you remember Neal? The male model at the party? She, uhh, gave me a reproduction of—him."  
  
"I know who Neal is," Natalie said with a laugh. "You're a lucky girl! So, is it accurate?"  
  
"I guess, from what I remember."  
  
"Oh, I think you remember just fine. Sorry Gwen, but we all noticed how you kept checking him out. I figured it was because you hadn't seen many up close and personal. I have to admit, up close it IS quite a specimen."  
  
"You ALL noticed? Oh my God, I'm so embarrassed! I didn't think I was looking at him like that."  
  
"You were and don't be, no harm in admiring works of art. Don't tell her I told you, but Liz was trying to get Gita to ask you if you wanted to touch it just to see your reaction."  
  
"I probably would have crawled under the table and died!"  
  
"Yeah, maybe, but you can be full of surprises...does Tim know the story behind your not-so-little gift?"  
  
"Cho left a hint on the card, and I didn't want to lie to him, so..."  
  
"And he was alright with it, knowing it's from a guy you know?"  
  
"I think he was. I mean, he used it on me...I think he liked seeing it—you know, in me."  
  
Natalie smiled. "Of course he did."  
  
"What do you mean by that?"  
  
"Nothing, nothing, sorry...hey, is it alright if we stop at the picnic meadow for a while? I've got some time before work and it's just such a beautiful spot on a day like this."  
  
The horses were tethered in the shade, Natalie shucking off her boots and jeans while Gwen laid out the small blanket she had tied behind her saddle, joining her sister-in-law on it once her own clothes had been shed. They lay together, eyes occasionally opening to look into the cloud-flecked sky before closing again to enjoy the quiet of the field and surrounding forest.  
  
"How's your friend Cricket doing?"  
  
Gwen's eyes popped open in fear that perhaps Natalie had somehow found out the depths to which their relationship had descended. That's ridiculous, she quickly rationalized. Only three people know about that, and none of us would have said a word..."She's good. She's over here most weekends riding."  
  
"I ran into Ali at the grocery store. She said Cricket was here more than her."  
  
Gwen rose on one elbow and looked at the nude woman lying next to her. "Ali's not mad about that, is she? She knows she can come over whenever she wants—"  
  
"Ali's fine with it," Natalie said with a laugh, not bothering to open her eyes. "She's glad that you have someone to ride with-she worries about you out here alone. If anything, she feels bad that her schedule makes it hard to come over more than she does."  
  
"Tell her I'm fine," Gwen gently retorted as she lay back down. "I'm a big girl."  
  
"So, I have to guess you two didn't just go to sleep after dinner Saturday night," Natalie deadpanned. "Am I right?"  
  
"No," Gwen answered truthfully, thankful the discussion seemed to be moving on from Cricket. "I can't believe I'm telling you this, but Tim told me to get some ice down the hall, so I did."  
  
It was Natalie's turn to get up on one elbow and look over, her heavy breasts spilling down across her chest. "I have to guess you're telling me this because there's more to the story than just ice?" she asked with a knowing grin.  
  
"I had to do it without clothes," Gwen replied, turning her head and squinting from the glare of the midday sun.  
  
"Ooohh, naked dares! I love those!" her sister-in-law gushed. "So much fun!"  
  
"You've done that?"  
  
"Not for ice, no, although now that you've done it I'm gonna have to try it just to keep up...naked pizza delivery is our thing."  
  
"Naked pizza delivery?"  
  
"Yeah, we order pizza, I answer the door in a towel and let it drop—accidentally, of course."  
  
"Really? Is Adam there when you do this?"  
  
"It's his idea half the time. He gets a kick out of seeing how the delivery guys react to another guy's naked wife. I don't even bother with the towel when I open the door for room service at the resort in the Caribbean we go to, but I don't think it's as big a deal for them since they've got the nude beach." Natalie's hand found Gwen's stomach and gently stroked. "Anybody see you when you were getting ice?"  
  
"No, I don't think so. There was an older couple that got off the elevator and could have seen me if they knew where to look, but I don't think they did." She laughed. "Tim got a video, though. I told him he couldn't show it to anyone."  
  
"Anyone?" The hand was moving further up and down her midsection, fingers grazing the bottom of her breasts and the top of her dark thatch. "Even me?"  
  
"Why would you want to see that?"  
  
"Because it sounds incredibly hot and you naked in a hotel hallway is something I never, ever thought I'd see when I first met you. You know you scared the hell out of me back then, right? Almost as much as your mother?"  
  
"Me? Why?" Gwen was sure she knew the answer, but she had to ask for appearance's sake.  
  
"Because you were so serious, so stern, and I thought you and your mother were going to join forces to get Adam to see me as a bad girl, which I kinda was and still am, and a bad idea, which I didn't think I was then or now, and by that point I had really fallen hopelessly in love with your brother. Things certainly have changed! Look at you now, naked and," Natalie bent to deliver a soft kiss while she slid a finger between Gwen's legs, "wet. So, can I see the video of the really hot chick doing a naked ice run?"  
  
"You'd have to ask Tim," Gwen deflected, wanting those lips back, hoping for the finger to stay right where it was.  
  
"I will." She was kissed again, kissing back, her free hand reaching for Natalie's body. She briefly missed the lips as they again left hers, consoled by the guess as to where she thought they were going as they traveled down her neck to tease a nipple. Natalie's finger was now boldly probing deep inside her, pulling moisture from her opening and spreading it across already-wet pussy lips before returning for more. Gwen was disappointed when her attempt to return the favor between Natalie's legs came up short as her sister-in-law sat up and got to her knees.  
  
"You're getting a little untamed down here," she said with a smile, her fingers taking a quick detour to run through the tufts of Gwen's thatch before returning to her slit. "Want me to trim it up when we go back down?"  
  
"I can't-Danilo—the photographer—asked me to let it grow out until the photo shoot so he can decide on my hairstyle thennnnnnn ohhh that feels good," Gwen gasped and moaned, a finger now deliberately circling her clit.  
  
Natalie nodded. "Ahh, yes, the photo shoot. That's alright, I think I know the landmarks well enough by now to know where I'm going." She bent, gently kissing her carpeted mons, sliding down until her lips stopped at the top of her slit. A tongue flicked at Gwen's partially-hooded nub and she squeaked in welcome as Natalie's hand snaked down under her thigh to slide a finger in her opening. Her own hand found its way up her sister-in-law's thigh, to where her sex was presented; Gwen slid a finger up and down the abundant lips before pushing through them to fill Natalie's opening with one, then two fingers while a thumb rocked against her clit.  
  
Gwen's hips rocked back and forth, trying to help guide her sister-in-law to the most sensitive spots. And then suddenly the tongue was gone, the pussy surrounding her fingers also withdrawn, and Natalie reversed herself to straddle Gwen's leg. "Is this what you need?" she asked breathlessly, a smile on her face, her mons pressed solidly against the woman below her. "Because I know I do." Gwen reached for the ass straddling her thigh, her hips beginning to circle in response, creating even more blessed pressure against her clitoris. "Oh God, that feels so good," Natalie groaned and bent to capture a nipple between her lips. Gwen offered it gladly, her nipple and areola hungrily kissed, licked and nibbled.  
  
Natalie abruptly broke contact with Gwen's breast, throwing her head back and squeezing her eyes shut. "Oh-oh-oh-oh yes, oh yes," she chanted, her climax building steam. Oh, so good, so gooodddd—" her arms locked at the elbows, fighting to keep her upper body from falling heavily on the woman below her while her lower half gave up the fight and sagged against the thigh between hers. The waves finally passed and she allowed herself to gently sink down on to Gwen, conscious of the sex beneath her still grinding into her hip, fighting to bring about her own orgasm. "Here," she said softly, rolling to her side, encouraging Gwen to roll on top of her. "Turn around and bring yourself up here where I can get at you."  
  
Gwen got off the panting woman and turned, lying on her side with a leg bent at the knee to prop herself open.  
  
"No, get on top of me," Natalie offered, gently pulling at her upturned hip as if helping her to understand.  
  
"I don't want to crush you," Gwen replied unconvincingly, her body anxious to regain the contact that had broken. The orgasm that was even now stalking the edges of her senses made debate difficult.  
  
"I think we've proven that's not gonna happen," Natalie replied with a laugh. "You're light as a feather as opposed to some others that have assumed the position. C'mon, bring it up here. I want to kiss your beautiful pussy." Gwen brought a knee over the blonde's head, her pussy inches from the woman's face, crouching lightly over the big, beautiful breasts that had fallen a bit to each side. "Closer honey," Natalie coached, one hand on the front of her sister-in-law's thigh to compel her further back while the other hand pressed lightly on her back to settle on the body below. There was contact, glorious contact, and her body ground against the rediscovered pressure. "Mmm, that's better," came the muffled voice between legs as a tongue drew a line from her clit down, splitting her lips. Gwen sagged against the tongue, a part of her worried about her weight on the person below her, just as she always worried when in this position even as her climax built from the delightful contact. She crouched heavily on knees and shins, her upper body dead weight against Natalie's midsection, her head nestled between the vee of two raised thighs.  
  
In the end it was the feel of her clit against Natalie's chin that triggered the climax's storm of sensations, a tongue delicately probing her folds and the entrance to her opening. She took the gentle insistent pressure from Natalie's hands pulling her down that she was not smothering—or drowning!-the poor woman between her legs, the soft tickle of her breath on tingling lips confirming she was breathing easily as Gwen lay heavily on her body recovering. Natalie was in no hurry to make her move, allowing her to choose when to roll off to the side. They lay together, head to foot, looking up the sky, resting, recovering. Natalie made her shift with three minutes to spare.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 23**

The boat was drifting in a weedy cove at the south end of the lake, a man at both bow and stern, quietly sending lures out to imagined targets with a flick of the rods in their hands and slowly reeling them back in. Tim was glad he had been able to talk Charlie out of heading further up, "near where all the nudies go," for fear they might run into the McCallums and introductions might become necessary. He knew it was unlikely Bob and Yvette would reveal the nature of their friendship with Nelsons, but anything was possible.  
  
Charlie squinted out across the sparkling water into the shade where his cast had landed, satisfied he had dropped it close enough to the weeds to not get entangled but still draw out the bass that had to be in there. He looked down into the hull of the boat for his beer. It was only ten in the morning, but it was a Saturday morning, and he was fishing, so normal drinking rules didn't apply. "You guys almost done over at Fleetwood Homes?"  
  
Tim set his almost-empty coffee mug down and began to reel in his own apparently unsuccessful cast. "Just about. Billy must've been somewhere else when his crews did the subfloors on a couple of 'em...fucked 'em up real good, made my life miserable for a while. I took some pictures in case anybody bitches about some fixes I had to make before I ran lines." He put the rod down and reached for his phone, opening it up to the evidence before handing it to his friend.  
  
"Tried tellin' Billy not to hire those clusterfuck Lamie brothers...hell, I fired 'em for being screw-ups." Charlie thumbed through the images, grunting in agreement with Tim's appraisal. The view of poorly hung joists changed after a few more swipes to one of an intricately-carved bar...and a pair of bare legs spread wide on top of it. The photo ended at the woman's shoulders and the size of the screen made the level of detail less than what Charlie would have hoped for, but he hoped—he knew, it was Gwen-fucking-Nelson. "Holy fucking shit," he muttered, swiping quickly, hoping for more, instead getting a close-up view of a newly-installed drainage pump.  
  
"Yeah, pretty bad," Tim agreed, knowing it was not subflooring the man was commenting on; the photo had been put it there on purpose. He gave the wide-eyed man another few seconds to swipe back and stare before looking over. "Oh shit—forgot that was on there! Gimme that!" He reached for the phone with faked urgency, Charlie turning his shoulder to block him while his opposite hand held the phone out of range.  
  
"Hold on, hold on," the big man reasoned, trying to fend off his friend. "That ain't Gwen, is it?"  
  
"Yeah, it's Gwen," Tim replied, still appearing to look like he was serious about getting his phone back. "Who the fuck else would it be? She'll kill me if she finds out you saw it."  
  
"Relax, she ain't gonna find out, at least not from me," Charlie laughed. "This from the country club?"  
  
"Yeah it is and gimme my phone back, you asshole."  
  
Charlie relented, handing it back with a smile after one more look. "I really thought you were shitting me about fucking her in the locker room, but I guess you weren't. You got any others like that?"  
  
No..." The album in his underwear drawer was ignored, and the video from the weekend wasn't a picture, technically...  
  
"Gonna take some more?"  
  
"Maybe, why the hell do you care?"  
  
"Can I see 'em?"  
  
"That's my wife, you asshole!"  
  
I know, I know, but you can't blame me for wantin' a better look...she's damn hot when she ain't all covered up. C'mon, I always let you see any pictures I take. All I wanna do is look." Not completely true, Charlie admitted to himself, the thought of plowing the ice queen just to see the look on her face—whether it be shock or orgasmic joy-had always been something he frequently enjoyed imagining while rubbing one out, and having a visual reference would only enhance that. "I just wanna see some more of what I thought I'd never have a chance in hell of seeing. Maybe a close up? Send me that one so I can pull it up on a bigger screen? I always sent you mine," he repeated in a voice that coming from anybody else would have been a whine.  
  
"I didn't ask you to."  
  
"You didn't tell me to stop..."  
  
Tim remembered all of Charlie's photos, from the earliest Polaroids of girlfriends and wives through his latest conquests, anything from titties to spread legs to cumshots. Tim hadn't saved any of them, of course, not wanting to risk Gwen finding them, but he remembered them... "Man, I dunno...it took a lot for Gwen to send it, and she's gonna kill me if she finds out you saw it, and if she finds out I sent it to ya, she'll make it slow and painful—and expensive."  
  
Charlie understood the expensive part, divorces were like that... "C'mon man, don't be so pussywhipped..."  
  
"I wanna stay married and I want her to keep sending me pictures like that. So fuck you. I'm not pussywhipped, I just don't want this to get out."  
  
"It won't, it won't, you know I'd never fuck you over like that, it'd be just between you and me..." something clicked in Charlie's brain. "Wait—I thought you took the picture. Why'd she have to send it to you?"  
  
Tim thought fast. Natalie had taken the picture..."Don't be a dumb ass. I took it with her phone."  
  
Charlie smiled at him, accepting the explanation. He pressed on, confident Tim had not reached his breaking point yet. "So if you take some more, can I see 'em?"  
  
"I dunno, maybe, if you're not bein' an asshole..."  
  
"Titties make a nice picture, or maybe one like the one you got, only a close-up, know what I mean?"  
  
"Holy shit, you're putting in requests now? This is my wife you're talking about, not one of the girls at Scandals, remember?"  
  
"Just makin' some suggestions is all..."  
  
Tim smiled grimly. "Here's a suggestion. Keep it in your pants and be happy with what you get, or you don't get nothin' at all.  
  
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Gwen hurriedly reined Tigger to a halt just before they broke the tree line above the barn. Dart had shown his indignation with her choice of the Arabian as her mount that morning, but she knew KD's horse had gone the longest without riding and needed the exercise. Marvin was not particularly happy about being left behind either; Cricket was in Atlanta for the weekend, 'volunteering' at a home-loan workshop sponsored by her employers.  
  
She had let the horse choose the pace up and over the ridge that morning, giving him his head for a bit before pushing for more control and crisper response to her commands on the return trip. He responded well to the call for a sudden halt just before they broke cover, hooves sliding over the hard-packed dirt as he shifted his weight back and up the incline. His rider looked through the trees at the truck and boat parked down below in the yard; Tim and Charlie had returned, and descending to the barn topless was no longer an option. She patted the Arabian's neck and praised him for his attentiveness, then reached behind her to grab for the shirt tied to the saddle. Gwen guessed Charlie was between her and her nearest bra back in the bedroom, but nothing could be done about that now, and the shirt would have to do. After a quick scratch of the horse's cheek she gently touched his flank with a boot heel to start him forward and break cover.  
  
The truck and boat were still there when Gwen finished grooming her mount and turning him out, and she briefly thought about finding something to do in the barn until they were gone. It wasn't that she disliked Charlie, at least not any more; despite his opinion of her he had always been the kind of friend to give Tim, and by extension Gwen, the shirt off his back if necessary. In fact, the house as well as the barn she was now standing in had in large part come about because of quite a few weekends of his labor and expertise paid for with nothing more than lunch and beer.  
  
Still, there was something about him, about how he was so different from her husband and so like the kind of man her mother said all men were like, that gave her pause. Maybe it was the fact that despite his loud and quite often crude nature women still seemed to find him attractive; he couldn't keep a wife or girlfriend, but he certainly had no problems finding somebody to share his bed. Or perhaps it was that while he appeared to treat the wife of his best friend with the required level of respect, she would occasionally catch him looking at her. Undressing you, the Lady corrected, while the Slut pointed out he looked at most all women that way, even the ones he had already seen naked. Her mother was right about that part, Gwen decided. Men just had to look. They lacked the self-control not to.  
  
And I now apparently lack the self-control to not encourage them, Gwen thought grimly. Her customary cautious nature had quickly begun questioning the wisdom of letting Tim share that country club photo as soon as the lust that had made it seem like a good idea had worn off. Almost daily she considered telling him she had changed her mind and wanted it kept private if not deleted altogether, delaying, all the while wondering if it was already too late.  
  
Gwen sighed. A missing bra seemed pretty tame in comparison to what her husband's friend—or friends, the Lady quickly reminded her, who knows how many people he's shown, although Gwen doubted that—may have already seen. She looked down at her shirt, telling herself he probably wouldn't even notice anything different, choosing to ignore the nipples pushing against the damp fabric, and purposefully strode across the yard.  
  
They were seated at the kitchen table, both with a beer in their hand, Charlie with an empty before him as well. Gwen's plan to quickly walk past them and down the hall dissolved and she moved to her husband's side to bend and kiss him, the smell of sweat, gas and fish wafting up to greet her. "You need a shower." She smiled and nodded at his friend. "Charlie, nice to see you."  
  
The big man smiled back and nodded. "Gwen, good to see you."  
  
The Lady quickly pointed out the air of smug confidence about the man and the Slut didn't disagree. Like he knew something she didn't...he saw it, Gwen knew, he saw it, he saw my... "So did you two catch anything?"  
  
"Couple a decent size bass," Tim volunteered, "not big enough to keep, though. We'll let 'em grow up another year."  
  
Gwen paused, feeling a sudden surge of defiance, a need to regain some control. You want to look, Charlie? Look all you want. I'll make you beg for more, but you're not touching what your best friend can have any time and any way he wants. She took a glass from the cabinet over the sink and filled it. "How far up the lake did you go?" Running into the McCallums had been a concern of hers, as well. It was a big lake, but still...her defiance wavered a bit. Maybe he knew about that, too.  
  
Charlie took the opportunity to more closely examine the backside now presented up close and at eye level. The seat of her saddle-worn jeans was sung against the muscle beneath, and it made imagining her without them even easier. That ass would feel like silk-covered steel, probably a cute little asshole to wink back at him as she spread her cheeks for his review... definitely fuckable. A quick glance further up failed to confirm the presence of a bra strap beneath her shirt. If he couldn't see it, it wasn't there..."Just to Martin's Point. Tim doesn't trust my motor."  
  
Glass filled, Gwen turned and leaned back against the counter to face him. "I think Tim's got a good reason not to trust it. I seem to recall its left you stranded a few times."  
  
"Aww, there you go again, taking his side." He imagined her sitting on the edge of the sink like she had been on the bar, near enough to get that close up of the twat he had been teased with...furry, really furry, he had always imagined, but the picture had given him doubts, and the thought of Gwen Nelson shaving her pussy just made things even hotter. Without anything else to go on her tits maintained the shape and firmness he had always given them, and the little bullets making faint impressions on the fabric made him think her nipples were just as he had always guessed them to be.  
  
"He IS my husband," Gwen reminded their guest while moving past him on her way to the bedroom. "But even if he wasn't, I still think he's very smart." She paused long enough to pat the big man on his stubbled cheek. "He's also very handsome, and smart, handsome men can get me to agree with whatever they want. I'll leave you two to continue whatever you were doing; I'm going to go take a shower."  
  
Charlie grinned in mild disbelief at his friend, waiting until she was out of earshot. "She said you need a shower. Ain't yours big enough for both of ya, smart handsome guy? Your dick probably needs washing..."  
  
"While you sit in my kitchen and drink beer? No thanks. I'll wait 'til you leave."  
  
"Let me finish this one before you kick me out," the big man laughed. "So what the hell was that?" he asked, turning serious. "She seemed almost, I dunno, like she didn't hate me. I thought she was gonna slap me, but that wasn't a slap..."  
  
"She's never slapped you when you deserved it, and she never hated you," Tim argued. "She just thought you didn't like her, so she kept her distance."  
  
"Well, I gotta admit, I didn't think she was the friendliest person in the world, and I always thought that she kept ya on too short a leash, and that you really needed to get laid a lot more. Maybe things are changing some."  
  
"Maybe they are," Tim allowed. "She's not so serious as she used to be."  
  
Charlie raised his beer in salute. "Amen to that."  
  
"Amen to that."  
  
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Wen took her time in the shower, amazed by her boldness in the kitchen and excited to think she was naked in her house while Charlie was in it. Thoughts of walking back into the kitchen with nothing more than a towel were quickly dismissed with an embarrassed smile, and he was gone when she rejoined her husband in a fresh pair of jeans and a t-shirt, a bra added at the Lady's insistence just in case their guest had settled in for another beer. Tim took his shower alone and the afternoon passed uneventfully, small chores in the cool of the air-conditioned house and a simple dinner.  
  
His phone buzzed to announce the arrival of a message as they were clearing the table. Tim checked it out of habit, smiling as he read the contents.  
  
Gwen looked over and saw the smile. "Something good?"  
  
Tim looked up and smiled nervously. "Oh, uh, Charlie sent me something."  
  
"One of his dirty jokes, I assume?"  
  
"Oh, it's dirty alright, but it ain't a joke...you, uhh, listen, you said it was alright if Charlie, you know, saw your picture from the country club, right?"  
  
"Did you—he...?"  
  
Tim nodded. "While we were fishing today. Made it look like an accident—don't worry, he doesn't know you know. I told him you were gonna kill me if you found out he saw it...you're not, are you?"  
  
She felt a small surge of adrenaline, her stomach knotting in response. "Oh...no...no, I said you could, if you wanted. Are you laughing because he's making fun of me?"  
  
Tim laughed again. "Uhh, kinda the opposite. He's begging to see more."  
  
"More? How much more is there? That picture pretty much showed everything."  
  
"From the waist down," Tim corrected, "and from a distance. I think he's hoping for all of you, maybe in a little more, uh, detail. As a matter of fact," he continued, "I think he's trying to trade me for it." Tim waggled the phone at his wife. "Must want to see more of you pretty bad. First time he's ever sent me a video."  
  
"A video? Of who?"  
  
"Remember Corinne? I'm pretty sure it's her."  
  
Corinne was Charlie's girlfriend from a couple years back, before Gwen had begun her slide into depravity, a very quiet and reserved woman, almost mouse-like, who seemed to be the polar opposite of her then-boyfriend. The old Gwen had never understood what she had seen in him, but appreciated that for once Tim's best friend had met a woman with moral standards, someone a bit more like her. Of course, they eventually split up, women always did with Charlie, and he was on to his next conquest. "Of her?"  
  
"Well, both of them...together, if you know what I mean?"  
  
"Oh...Corinne, really?" That didn't sound like her at all. Gwen thought a moment. "Can I see if it really is her, or is it private?"  
  
Tim blushed a little. "Well, no I guess it's not private...are you sure you want to see it, though? It's uhh, pretty graphic."  
  
"Is it of them having sex?"  
  
"I guess you could say that, yeah..." Tim gave up trying to explain and slowly handed her the phone.  
  
She hit the play button and was quickly reminded of the start of the video she had seen on Alison's computer, looking down a man's bare stomach to a woman kneeling below him, although this belly was much more abundant and hairy than her son-in-law's. It could not completely hide the fist-wrapped penis below, or the woman who kneeled beneath that, looking up. Gwen was sure it was Corinne. She was naked to the waist, perhaps further than that, the nipples on her small breasts visible as she looked up at the cock she was stroking just inches from her face. Gwen quickly guessed what was about to happen, still not believing this woman capable of such a thing. Where Alison had appeared to patiently await her fate, Corinne seemed enthusiastic, closing her eyes and opening her mouth as she energetically tugged , reminding Gwen of a baby bird about to be fed. She flinched a bit as the first hot jet painted a line across her forehead and right eye but held steady as four more landed on her cheeks and parted lips. Charlie shuddered after each spurt, his belly shaking as he shivered through the orgasmic pulse.  
  
Gwen looked up at her husband, eyes wide in shock. "Oh my God! I had no idea she was like that! She's covered! And Charlie...I can't believe how much he had in him! Does he always...come...that much?"  
  
"Don't know," Tim chuckled nervously, remembering some of his artwork from the pictures. "I'll have to ask him some time."  
  
"She seemed like...she liked it. I never would have guessed she was like that..."  
  
Maybe she was just acting to make Charlie happy. They were probably watching a porno and maybe he thought it would be fun to re-enact the scene..."  
  
"You think they were watching a porno?"  
  
"Charlie is always saying how they set the mood..." Tim didn't go into specifics, how his friend had always been adamant that women said they didn't like them, but turned into bitches in heat pretty quick once the action started.  
  
"And they do—that-in pornos?"  
  
He laughed. "It's not a porno unless the guy shoots somewhere on the girl. Faces are a popular target." He was surprised to see Gwen turn up the volume and replay it, the audio confirming Corinne's enthusiasm, and then she replayed it again. Tim decided on a small risk. "Did you, uhh, want to watch one of the ones we got in Atlanta, see what I mean?"  
  
"We could do that," Gwen agreed, handing back the phone.  
  
"Which one?"  
  
"You pick."  
  
Tim weighed his choices. One was girl-on-girl, that was out for the purposes of his "demonstration", and the other one might be a little too extreme for a woman who had never watched one of these kinds of movies before. That left the couples video...

Gwen had gotten them both drinks and took a spot on the couch while he retrieved the carefully hidden disc and inserted it into the DVD player. Tim settled in, his arm around her, and Gwen snuggled her body into his.  
  
The title screen briefly announced the film as "Homemade Amateurs #26" , fading to another screen for "Bart and Desiree", then fading again to a scene that again reminded Gwen of what she had seen on Alison's computer, a home movie complete with a still-clothed thirtysomething couple embracing on what appeared to be someone's living room couch. They didn't look like porn stars, at least not what Gwen imagined porn stars would look like, and the bodies revealed when they unceremoniously rose and undressed seemed to confirm that. The woman's nakedness revealed a few extra pounds, sagging breasts and a Caesarean scar, her partner a few more extra pounds concentrated in his hairy belly that made the shaved penis and testicles beneath stand out almost comically. His cock seemed to be slow in awakening, and the woman dropped to her knees to help it along. The camera changed angle and zoomed in on the pink head disappearing between a pair of lips, confirming that there was somebody behind it and that the couple was not alone.  
  
These people—complete strangers—were having sex right in front of her and the world! Gwen remembered the intense arousal she felt when Cricket watched her and Tim and wondered if the woman on screen was feeling the same. The Slut offered her own critiqued—Tim was definitely much more attractive—and she watched carefully to see if they did it like she and Tim did, whether they were either enjoying parts of their partners efforts in particular, was there something new and exciting she might take advantage of to better satisfy her own husband, or herself?  
  
The man disengaged himself and sat on the sofa, slouching as the woman straddled him. The close-up of his erection bulling its way through swollen labial lips as his partner lowered herself on to him made Gwen's desire flare—the open sex swallowing the average-sized staff that seemed huge on the 40 inch screen, reminded her how much she enjoyed the feeling of Tim sliding into her, filling her. Gwen's hand resting on her husband's erection gave away his feelings about the scene, and his arm hung down over her shoulder, her shirt-covered breast being teased and fondled.  
  
The woman onscreen dismounted and lay back on the couch, her legs spread. One foot rested on the floor while the other was hooked over the top of the sofa, wide open to her husband crouching between them. Gwen assumed he was her husband; both wore wedding rings and she could not imagine someone daring to do something like this on camera with someone else's spouse. The man smiled broadly and happily accepted his partner's invitation, enthusiastically using his tongue to collect their mingled juices from her bare sex for several moments more before sliding up her body and back into her waiting pussy. He pumped with purpose now, the woman softly crying out with each thrust until he pulled back to sit on his haunches while she turned over and got on all fours, elbows on the couch's arm rest. The man rose to the task before him and inserted himself, taking a couple of strokes to test the fit before renewing his efforts . Gwen could sense from the man's urgent thrusting he was nearing his end, not realizing she was holding her breath in anticipation of it, still surprised to see him suddenly withdraw and frantically stroke himself, finally painting her presented ass and lower back with gleaming pearl streaks.  
  
Gwen squeezed the hardness under her hand, her eyes still on the screen. "You men really like to show off," she said with a breathless giggle. "I'm amazed anyone ever gets pregnant."  
  
"Gotta show the results of our hard work, I guess. But we like it a lot the other way, too," Tim chuckled, firmly cupping her breast. "Gotta admit I was proud as hell about showing everyone what I put in you when you were pregnant. Couple more scenes on this," he said, looking at the back of the DVD box in his other hand. "Ready for another one?"  
  
Gwen lightly patted his hardness. "Maybe later. I'm ready for bed."  
  
"Guess that means I am too, then." The night's chores were left for later. They undressed and lay down together, not bothering to pull back the spread and sheets. "Do you think she knows?" Gwen murmured as he gently tongued her nipple.  
  
Tim's focus at that moment was not on answering questions. "Who? Knows what?"  
  
"Corinne. Do you think she knows Charlie is showing other people that video?"  
  
Gwen's tits had him in their spell. "Maybe, probably? He told me some of his other exes liked it when he showed me their pictures."  
  
"There were others? I thought you said that was the first time he had sent you something like that."  
  
Tim pulled himself from her beautiful pink-capped mounds. He needed his wits about him for this one. "First time for a video," he slowly corrected. "He's been showing me pictures like that for a while, and started sending 'em when he finally figured out the technology. I never asked him to, though," he added a bit defensively.  
  
"Were they explicit, like the video?"  
  
"A lot of 'em, yeah..."  
  
"Did you keep them, the photos?"  
  
"Nope, always deleted them." True enough...maybe he didn't delete them right away, but he did delete them.  
  
"But you looked at them...did he show them to everybody?"  
  
"I don't think so...I never heard anybody else talk about 'em...I guess he thought I might like looking at 'em."  
  
"Did you?"  
  
Tim could see he was not getting back to those beautiful tits, or further, until this was put to rest. And if he screwed up, he was probably not gonna get back to them at all..."I'm a guy, so, yeah, I like seeing stuff I'm not supposed to be seeing," he admitted. "It was even better because it was women that were real, that I knew, guess it was exciting to know that I knew a little bit about their private life."  
  
"Guess it wasn't so private," Gwen mused. "Did you like it more because I wasn't like that?"  
  
"That just didn't seem to fit you..." Tim deflected. Please, PLEASE let me get back to those tits now...  
  
"And now it does and that's why Charlie wants to see more?"  
  
"He probably wants to see more because to him you always were so careful with your appearance and I think he's beginning to realize there's been a very hot woman hiding right in front of him all these years. At the end of the day, he's still a horndog. What can I say? Naked women make guys happy."  
  
"You don't say." Gwen giggled and gently ran her fingers up his cock, Tim taking that as a sign it was safe to return to the current objects of his fascination and took a breast in his mouth. "Did you like showing him me naked?"  
  
Tim released her nipple just enough to reply. "I liked being able to show off what I've got, seeing his reaction, yeah...and to be real honest, I'm proud as hell of having a wife who looks as good as you, that I lucked into marrying a beautiful woman who's great in bed. Sorry, not real nice thinking of you like that, but just being honest."  
  
"I think it's very nice," she objected, resuming her stroking. "I like knowing you're proud of me."  
  
"I've always been proud of you, and for a lot of reasons. You being smoking hot is just one of 'em."  
  
Her legs parted in silent invitation. He was a little surprised by just how wet she was when his middle finger pushed down her slit and into her opening, getting a small "aahh" in response as her hips began to undulate. Maybe Charlie was right; porn can be a great mood-setter. "So, can I take some pictures of you sometime?"  
  
Gwen continued to grind against the finger in her. "You want to take more?" she asked, her hand on his shoulder as she nuzzled his chest.  
  
"Technically, I didn't take the one I have."  
  
"True..." she thought a moment. "You can if you want," she finally allowed, "but you can't show them to anybody—not even Charlie." The Lady cheered this small victory; one picture had been enough to prove she was not the frigid bitch he thought she was; there was no need to risk further exposure.  
  
Tim hesitated, his plan temporarily derailed. But naked pictures of Gwen only he could see were better than no naked pictures at all, he reasoned. Sucks to be you, Charlie..."Deal."  
  
Gwen unwrapped herself from him and waited for his finger to withdraw. "Are you going to get your phone?"  
  
He froze, up to his knuckle in her. "Now?"  
  
"Oh—I thought you meant now. We can do it some other time..."  
  
Tim rolled off the bed. "No, now's good." He hurried down the hallway, bobbing erection leading the way, and returned a short time later with phone in hand.  
  
Gwen lay there on her side waiting, head propped up on her hand. "How would you like me?"  
  
Charlie's requests came to mind despite the fact he would not be seeing them. "Uhh, alright if they're kinda graphic?"  
  
"If you want..."  
  
Then, uhh, maybe on your back, with uhh, everything showing?"  
  
"Your favorite," Gwen said with a smile before rolling on her back. She spread her legs, not as wide as the woman in the video, but wide enough to clearly expose her most private place.  
  
He grinned, the phone held out in front of him. "My favorite," he agreed. Even the regrowth of her thatch, still silky smooth, did nothing to hide the slender dark-pink line of her split from mons to the soft skin between her opening and ass, the delicate labial lips peeking out from the soft fold. Tim carefully focused, attempting to make both her pussy and the tits beyond clear.  
  
"Any others?"  
  
"Maybe, uhh, on your hands and knees? With your butt towards me?"  
  
"Your other favorite." Gwen got into position, on her hands and knees facing the headboard. My favorite too, she thought, when I need to be taken.  
  
"Maybe put your shoulders on the bed, so your butt kinda sticks up? And move your legs apart a little more? Like I'm getting ready to put it in you?" From this angle there were no stray hairs to distract from her lewdly presented sex, her puckered rosebud visible above it.  
  
She giggled, assuming the pose. "Are you?"  
  
Satisfied, he put the phone on the dresser behind him. "I am now." To her surprise masculine hands flipped her over, not roughly, but in a way that hinted at the muscles doing the flipping. Her legs were forced apart by his surging body before she had a chance to open for him, and his cock was buried deep with his first thrust, his practiced aim true. Despite his rushed entry, he fucked her with slow, measured strokes, letting her fuck him back, her clitoris grinding up into his pubic bone.  
  
"You just showed him my picture, right? You didn't send it to him?" Gwen breathed in his ear between thrusts.  
  
"Just let him see it—uhh!—I swear."  
  
"And he liked looking at it?"  
  
"Uhh!—yeah, he did."  
  
"And you liked showing it to him?"  
  
"Yup—uhh!"  
  
She fucked him, reveling in the waves of pleasure radiating from her sex. "If you want, you can show him the ones you just took..."  
  
Tim's thrusting slowed, pushing up and away from the neck he had been kissing to look down at her. "Really? You sure?"  
  
"Really."  
  
"I might have to retake them—you can see your face in the ones, uhh, on your back, and maybe the other ones, too."  
  
"That's alright," she said softly, her hips still grinding into him, "he already knows it's me. But you can't send them to him," she added with a hint of urgency in her voice. "I don't want them getting all over town. Just a little secret between you and him." She grabbed at his hips, pulling him closer, pressing into his pubic bone.  
  
Tim smiled down at Gwen, her look one of lust and bliss, and flexed forward to accommodate the contact she craved. Her eyes were closed in concentration and he found no hints as to whether her offer was just pillow talk. The picture on the bar, taken from a distance and cut off at the shoulders as it was, made it somehow more impersonal—it could have been anybody. What he had on his phone now was something much more intimate; did he really want to show anyone that, even his best friend?  
  
Yup, he decided with a savage thrust that made Gwen squeak in surprise, yup, he wanted Charlie to see the view he got just before he sank his cock in this fine piece of ass. Hell, that face she was making right now might be a good one to show him, let him see just how much the woman he had always claimed was frigid liked a good fucking...  
  
Gwen's grinding became more frantic, clutching at the body between her legs to satisfy her clit while getting as much of him into her as possible. She was thankful he stopped and buried himself deeply as her orgasm broke, letting her body find the right connections with his to facilitate the waves rolling out from her sex through her body. With a final gasp and contented smile she grew limp. Tim smiled down at her and teased her back to her senses with several short jabs.  
  
Gwen opened her eyes. "Did you come?"  
  
He smiled. "Not yet, but pretty soon."  
  
"Wait!" She did her best to scramble from underneath the man on her, pushing him to one side with surprising strength while sliding out the other. A thoroughly confused Tim watched her continue over the side of the bed, kneeling on the floor behind it. "Do it like Charlie did to Corinne. Just, no video," she added with a smile.  
  
Tim rose slowly. "You sure?"  
  
"I'm not quite ready to do this on camera yet."  
  
No, no, I mean...it's okay to come like that?  
  
"You men seem to like it...you liked it that other time you did it, right?"  
  
He stepped into position, his cock dangling in front of her forehead. "Well, yeah..."  
  
Gwen reached up and briefly rubbed a finger over the velvety head, coating it in the pre-cum seeping from the slit, then wrapped her fingers around the rock-hard shaft. She seemed to be staring it down, looking at it intently as she stroked. Tim was doing his part, pushing himself through her fingers, his skin pulling and stretching from the effort.  
  
And then the delicate fingers wrapped about him were gone, Gwen's hands now on the tops of her thighs. "You finish it," she said, continuing to stare the length in front of her. "Shoot it wherever you want." Tim was quick to oblige, fisting himself as she waited. "Is this what you wanted to do on the beach, show everybody what you can do whenever you want, who's boss?" she purred, "Did you want Bob and Yvette to watch you do this?" Gwen tilted her head back, eyes closed and a half-smile on her lips, her expression one of expectant patience. She knew what was coming.  
  
"Yeah," Tim grunted. The thought had come to mind then...she barely flinched as the first hot streak landed on her forehead and nose, and while she squeezed her eyes shut her patient smile remained.  
  
Once she was confident Tim was almost empty Gwen risked a squint to find his length and replace his fist with her lips. Her finger carefully wiped her eyelids clean, and she looked up and smiled. Tim shivered at the swipe of her tongue over his sensitive head and smiled back.  
  
Gwen removed him from her mouth, delicately holding his shaft between two fingers. "As good as watching Charlie do that?"  
  
"Better. How about you? I guess watching is better for you?"  
  
"This way is messier," Gwen allowed with a mischievous smile, "but I don't mind. You seem to like showing off a little." She cleaned up and they held each other after as they lay together, both reluctant to get up and finish the chores they knew needed doing before sleep.  
  
What was Charlie doing right now, Gwen thought as she lay there, was he masturbating to the memory of her legs spread wide in invitation? She wouldn't put it past him...no, she laughed grimly to herself, the chances were good he had someone with him even now to satisfy his lust. But would he use her for his self-satisfaction in a more quiet moment? Would he if he had something to look at while he stroked himself?  
  
Her fantasy world and real-life were coming dangerously close to intersecting, Gwen thought as she lay wrapped around her naked husband; public and private life must remain separate. The Lady's dire warnings troubled her even as the Slut slept off her orgasm, yet the task of closing up the barn was still done in nothing more than a pair of muck boots.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 24**

Sunday dinners at Norm and Irene Curran's house had always been a time for Gwen's parents to pronounce judgement on the firm, the family and the world, and today was no different. The Lady did her best to appear like she was following her mother's current line of reasoning as she and the others sat at the big dining room table, but it was difficult; Gwen was distracted by the Slut's constant attempts to get her mind to wander to the perverse and very dangerous secrets she was hiding from some, but not all, of the people in attendance.  
  
Other people had them too, Gwen reasoned, glancing at Alison and Jason seated to her left, ones she would probably still be ignorant of if her daughter hadn't left her computer on for her snooping mother to find. On the other hand, Adam and Natalie, seated across from her, were not quite so good at hiding them...no, that's wrong, she corrected herself. They're just more trusting with whom they share their secrets. Gwen felt an irrational flush of pride at being included in that inner circle.  
  
She looked at Irene Curran, seated at one end of the table, with feigned interest as to her opinion on the sad state of the recent law school graduates coming to the firm, and therefore young people in general. Even you probably have secrets, Gwen thought, and Dad too, although the idea they might be of a sexual nature was absurd— she just could not imagine them having the capacity for that. Theirs would likely be unreported income, offshore accounts, that kind of thing. Gwen smiled at the possibility that maybe her mother had never had sex at all—perhaps she had secretly paid someone to bear her children for her. She did have the capacity for that...  
  
"You don't agree?" Irene Curran asked, seeing her daughter's smile and returning it with a stare.  
  
The Lady was not so pleased with the answer bordering on outright rebuttal. "I think you're generalizing, Mother. Not all young people are like that. I know quite a few I think are doing just fine." She again glanced at her daughter, as if to emphasize the point. Alison smiled and looked down at her plate, blushing in silent thanks.  
  
"Hmpph. Well, some might turn out alright, I suppose." Irene pointedly focused on her granddaughter with a look of skeptical evaluation. "But she has the advantage of being a Curran." Obviously the Nelson half of her had not contributed to the outcome. "How she was raised was the key, that's no secret, something I took great pains to keep you on the straight and narrow with. I suppose I was mostly successful." With that, she began to lament the efforts of "parents these days," intent on educating Alison in the proper methods of childrearing.  
  
No longer the focus of her mother's scrutiny, Gwen shifted in her chair, wiggling her bottom against the hard seat. Speaking of secrets, she had one right now, something even Tim didn't know about, at least not yet. The spreader she had inserted before leaving home tickled her rosebud with every movement, sending shivers through her. She shifted again, producing another delightful tickle, and wondered if Natalie had hers in as well.  
  
"I swear Gwen," Irene Curran declared drily, interrupting her lesson, "it must be all that time you spend riding that has made you fidgety as all get out. You were always able to sit so still and ladylike when you were younger, before you developed that unhealthy obsession with horses. With all the riding you do I've always worried about your health, that perhaps you would even disfigure yourself and develop bow legs like some sort of...cowboy." Her pronunciation of the word made clear her opinion of the profession. "I could never understand why you don't at least ride sidesaddle? Proper women did for centuries."  
  
"Women have not ridden like that for quite some time, mother, but if I did and were to grow faint and swoon I might slip right off and fall to the ground, which would be most unladylike," Gwen playfully replied in a Southern Belle drawl long heard but little used. "With a horse between my legs I have much more control." Who's in control when it's Tim—or Natalie, or Cricket—between them would be an interesting topic for the dinner table, she thought mischievously.  
  
Ali again looked down at her plate, this time to hide her smile. Get her, Mom! Aunt Natalie could use some help knocking Grandma down a peg or two!  
  
Irene Curran thought the mention of anything between a woman's legs was not a proper subject for mixed company much less the dinner table, and she weighed the words, taking them apart and examining each one to decide which to take offense to. Her daughter's response was most certainly sassy, but she sensed a more private rebuke would be of greater value. She reluctantly let it pass with a raised eyebrow and a "hmph."  
  
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There was still plenty of daylight left when they returned home, and Gwen only had to bend at the waist once as she stripped for a swim for Tim notice the adornment between her cheeks. He chuckled. "I figured you might be wearing that."  
  
Gwen straightened, suddenly a little concerned. "Why? Could you tell?"  
  
"No, but you had it the past couple of times we've been at your parents...you act like you're getting away with something behind their back, like sneaking a cigarette in their garage."  
  
"You know I don't smoke," Gwen replied with a smile.  
  
"Yeah, well...you gonna wear it swimming?"  
  
"I don't think so...I wouldn't want to lose it..." She doubted her rosebud would give it up so easily for it to fall out on its own, but turned her back and again bent over, lewdly thrusting her rear out at her husband. "Could you take it out for me?"  
  
"Be glad to..." Tim grasped the flared head between two fingers and slowly pulled, intently watching the wrinkled muscle grasp at the teardrop-shaped invader as it was withdrawn, snapping closed once the rounded tip was free. He dared a touch, his finger gently tracing a line down between her cheeks, her asshole winking back at him in response. "You really like wearing it?"  
  
"If I'm in the right mood, yes," Gwen replied, patiently remaining bent over to let him touch, amused by his apparent fascination with yet another part of her body she herself had spent years pointedly ignoring. "It tickles."  
  
"I never really knew how sexy your butt...all your butt...is." Tim's finger began to gently circle her tightly closed muscle as if to make clear what he was admiring at the moment.  
  
Gwen shivered and her ring again contracted in response. She willed herself to relax, ready to welcome the finger if it tried to enter her. "I guess...I never thought of that part as sexy..."  
  
Rather than test the muscle's strength the finger withdrew and Tim headed for the door, his cock bouncing at half-mast and showing its admiration as well. "Swim?" he asked over his shoulder. Gwen smiled, nodded and followed.  
  
The muggy heat made the water seem almost icy as they dove in. Tim's balls pulled tight to his body with the shock, but his length only gave back a little of what had grown in the bedroom and soon regained its stoutness and more after he moved up behind Gwen at the pool's edge. Strong arms enveloped her as she reached for her drink sitting nearby on the concrete while his body gently but firmly pressed in from behind, and the masculinity wedging itself underneath her rear end and between her legs did not ask for permission to make itself at home. It wasn't rock-hard yet, but it would be very soon, and she could feel the warmth of his staff between her lips, contrasting nicely with the chill of the water. Gwen wiggled back against him, creating some space between herself and the wall to allow room enough to bend forward a bit more in obvious invitation.  
  
Gwen was aroused, but not to the point where she had to have him in her right now; her orgasm was a hill she was just now beginning to climb. She had always liked starting their lovemaking in the water, but the thrill had always been more mental than physical; the idea of being outdoors where they might be seen was an aphrodisiac she was just now becoming comfortable with. She preferred dry land for what came after, though, for when their play turned serious. The water somehow muted the physical intensity of having him inside her, as if creating too much slickness and lessening that delicious friction. She missed the warmth two bodies generated too, preferring to feel the heat radiating from the man she was impaled on rather than having him cool to the touch. And of course, buoyancy made a good pounding much more difficult, requiring effort to avoid being pushed away as his efforts grew more pronounced...but the bold confidence he was displaying in pinning her against the wall now was incredibly exciting in itself, and she was aroused by the idea she would not have a say in when and where she would be taken. Gwen slipped one hand between her legs to gently pet the now fully-erect beast insistently prodding between her lips, giving the bottom of the mushroom head a few strokes with her fingertips before pushing it up and in. The head momentarily hung up on the ring of her opening before breaking through with a pop, and Tim thrust forward to slide the rest of his shaft home.  
  
Firm hands roughly flattened her breasts as Tim tried for more leverage while he pushed himself deeply into her pussy, his cock relishing the warmth surrounding it after its exposure to the cool water. The little waves his thrusting created slapped noisily against the poolside while Gwen resolutely absorbed each firm stroke, arms locked at the elbows and hands gripping the pool's edge. Splashes crept up her back as the fucking being delivered became more urgent, Tim's body squeezing the water between his midsection and her ass out of the way.  
  
Tim seemed to have no problem whatsoever with the physical limitations of sex in the pool and did not announce his impending orgasm, his urgency giving it away, powerful exhalations through gritted teeth with each slam into Gwen's sex that finally ended with a strangled grunt. She imagined the pulses filling her as he twitched in time to each one, finally ending with a contented groan. Gentle waves still lapped about their bodies when he withdrew, a milky ribbon of white following his cock out to float suspended below the surface. Guess the filter will have to get that, he thought with a chuckle.  
  
Gwen took his laugh to mean a job well done and turned to kiss him. "That felt like a good one."  
  
"Yeah..."  
  
"I'm going down to the house. Coming?"  
  
I already did, the teenager in him replied, but Tim just grinned and followed along. The setting sun and humidity did little to dry her body as they made their way back down the hill, and he stood by patiently, unsure what to do next as Gwen carefully dried herself in the kitchen. Task completed, she flipped the towel over a nearby chair and without a word started down the hallway with her husband close behind. They climbed on the bed together, Tim tentatively reaching for her, awaiting instructions, unsure what was expected of him. It would be a little while before the mouse sleeping between his legs would again become the beast..."can I do anything for you?" He finally asked, his face close to hers.  
  
"You could touch me, maybe kiss me up here—" her lips briefly found his—"and down there. I'd like that. A lot."  
  
He smiled. "Sounds like fun. Did you want to use some of your things in the drawer, too?"  
  
"No, just you for now." Gwen appreciated the patience in his efforts, not rushing to her sex, teasing her with kisses on her neck and shoulders for some time before moving lower, as if sensing the pace she was hoping for. Her breasts were teased just the right amount before he captured a nipple with his tongue, and his callused fingers were delightfully slow in moving anywhere beyond the silky thatch covering her mons.  
  
A finger finally did stray further down, lightly dragging across her engorged clit and drawing an involuntary gasp. It seemed content where it was, tormenting the hard little nub even as Tim's lips and tongue began to make their way down her stomach. It was not until she felt her fur grazing against his cheek did the finger dip lower, noisily squishing in and out of her opening.  
  
Gwen wondered how much of his orgasm remained in her. "I can go clean up first, if you want," she belatedly volunteered, soft kisses already landing on the space just above her clit.  
  
"I'm good," he replied, and was true to his word, moving between her legs and working his tongue down her slit in slow motion. He paused and a finger drew some of the wetness from her, pushing down between her cheeks to paint her rosebud, drawing another gasp.  
  
"Is that okay?" came the voice from between her legs  
  
Gwen's hips twitched in response. "Uh-huh." The tongue returned and the finger continued to stroke, the tip now occasionally pushing against the muscle for a brief moment before resuming its stroking. Another push, this time enough to slide most of his fingernail past the ring. She hissed while arching her back and grabbing her tits in response.  
  
The finger stopped where it was. "Too much?"  
  
"No, alright, nice" she muttered, settling, her jaw clamped shut like Tim's had been earlier. "Not too far though." The thumb that slid into her pussy while his tongue worked her clit was a pleasant surprise, and she reveled in the pure sluttiness of having both openings filled through her climax.  
  
"Good one," Tim offered as he looked up, wet stubble glistening, his hand still between her closed legs in what Charlie sometimes called "the ole' six-pack carry." At least the vice-like grip her thighs had it in when she came had loosened...  
  
Gwen smiled, eyes still closed in post-orgasmic bliss. "Yeah."  
  
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She made sure to have dinner ready when Tim got home Tuesday night, knowing he would also need time for a shower before going back into town for the Planning Board meeting. He was seemingly in and out of the house in a flash, and after seeing him off Gwen settled in front of the TV.  
  
The shows she normally watched were not holding her interest tonight; there was always office paperwork or barn chores to do, but she hesitated, looking for a little more excitement. The video had been exciting, the Slut slyly offered, and it did not take much cajoling for Gwen to go find where Tim had hidden them on the top shelf of his closet. The cover art of "Sapphic Sensuality #7" caught her eye as she retrieved the discs, two impossibly beautiful nude women embracing on a bed in a way that hid their naughtiest parts. Now that's what I always thought porn stars looked like, she thought with a smile while the Lady dismissed the picture as heavily touched up. She carried it back to the living room to find out if they looked that good in the video.  
  
Her clothes stayed on but she locked the kitchen door anyways for fear of interruption and the embarrassment of having to explain why there were two Lesbians having sex on her television. The credits rolled, introducing Amber and Brigitte, and the screen brightened to focus on a massage table. A leggy brunette lay face down on it, only a skimpy towel that barely concealed her ample buttocks for cover, while a statuesque blonde stood above her gently rubbing oil into the brunette's shoulder blades. The blonde was nude, breasts impossibly firm for their size, and bare puffy lips peeked over the edge of the table.  
  
Not the women on the box, Gwen realized, but still very beautiful. The cinematography—the Lady sneered at the word—looked professional when compared to what she had watched with Tim. But the women didn't seem "real"; not like the couple in the video and certainly not like Charlie and Corinne, or Ali and Jason. The women were beautiful, incredibly so, Gwen thought, and she was light years away from being in their league. Still, Gwen wanted to believe the way Tim looked at her—and others, she reluctantly admitted-meant that she was at least passable from the male point of view.  
  
She watched for ten minutes before stopping the DVD, right after the camera zoomed in to focus on the blonde's finger- Brigitte, Gwen had decided, she looked like a Brigitte—sliding between Amber open legs and into her bare sex. The women were beautiful, the picture clear and the scene well-shot, but it lacked something. Their excitement was scripted, their passion acted out, not real, not something Gwen could relate to. Over-acted was perhaps a better description; she saw none of the caring and quiet passion she felt with Natalie or Cricket, the need to make the other happy while appreciating what was being done for her. Instead the two women moaned, gasped and writhed in a way that she guessed people assumed two women would behave in this kind of situation. If that's what people pay to see, then any video with Cricket and me would be in would be absolutely boring. She took it back to the bedroom, to switch it with the video she and Tim had been watching. That one was more her speed, and while she was sure the people on it had been paid for their performance, she was still struck by their self-confidence; despite their physical flaws they seemed happy to perform for the world to see. Amber and Brigitte were professionals, but Bart and Desiree—probably not even her real name—were more like hobbyists, looking for a thrill...  
  
Sapphic Sensuality #7 was returned to its spot in Tim's closet, next to the box containing Nearly Neal. Gwen had put it there rather than with the others in her nightstand, telling herself that it could be useful to have a replacement if one of the ones in the drawer broke or wore out. The idea of one "wearing out" had amused the Slut to no end.  
  
Speaking of self-confidence, she thought with a smile, remembering that night at Mrs. Danning's house and how Neal had allowed himself to be revealed and restrained on that device—that Queen's Cross—to a crowd of strange women while they tormented the real-life model of what sat on the shelf as part of a sick, twisted party game. That cocky smile had never left his face while he fought to deny the various players victory, briefly disappearing when he could hold out no longer before returning as soon as he was spent. He seemed to know the power he held over an aroused woman.  
  
That game was sick, twisted, and sexy as all hell, the Slut added, and Gwen was forced to agree. She remembered handing out the plastic tubes filled with faithful recreations of a woman's sex, watching intently as the women lined up to be the one to make him come, and how disappointed she had been when Gita had not let the winner pull the sleeve off the massive cock buried inside to let his seed fly. Gwen was curious if the output of a man deprived for a week increased significantly, and if the size of the cock and balls producing it had an effect as well, but instead he emptied himself into a recreation of sixty-something year-old Dorothy's vagina. Age doesn't matter for that, Gwen told herself, to a man a pussy is a pussy, something of immense value. It doesn't lose effectiveness or wear out, and the adult male is always ready to put one to the test no matter the age of the owner. She had little doubt Neal would have been equally happy in the real thing, and so of course one a little younger, say, like hers for instance, would not have been refused either.

The video was forgotten as she looked up at the long carton, lost in thought, before carefully taking it down and sat on the edge of the bed. The lid was delicately removed and the flyer read again, Gwen noticing this time that it was "dishwasher safe," and "for added pleasure, put it in the microwave on half power for about fifteen to thirty seconds." Never thought of that, she had to admit. A warm one would be nice...she lifted the massive length out of the packaging, remembering how heavy it had felt that night she had delivered another copy of the same magnificent tool to the winner of the party game. It was no lighter now and she held it with both hands, examining it, noting the level of detail right down to the bulging veins tinged blue that ran its length, just like the real thing.Gwen gently laid it aside as if afraid of hurting it and undressed for bed. She took the instruction's advice and carried it to the kitchen, waiting there naked while the microwave worked. It was warm to the touch when she removed it, warm like Tim's was when his was engorged, and the dishtowel she had retrieved was wrapped around the length to keep the heat in while she made her way back to the bedroom.Gwen luxuriated in the feel of bare skin sliding under a crisp cotton sheet—God, why had it taken so long to find out how good that felt?—then took a deep breath and willed her mind to some order. Watching Amber and Brigitte had lit a low flame under her libido; the Slut already had her imagination working to bring the heat up.Growing up, Gwen's version of fantasy had centered around the horses she would own and ride someday. Her employment with Miss Ritter had added a few modest scenarios of a more carnal nature, but the Lady had always firmly tamped those out when they arose, and marriage, business ownership and motherhood had effectively made imagination a wasteful exercise—the here and now had been her focus all those years.But then the dreams started, and unspeakable acts soon followed, acts which soon became not only accepted but the building blocks for a more perverted fantasy world. It had taken Gwen a while to feel comfortable that the even the most sick and twisted scenes and images she could conjure in her imagination could safely stay there, locked away from a reality where they would certainly have dire consequences. And tonight the Slut had already begun to further elaborate on one that had first started soon after that night at Mrs. Danning's.The scene had become more explicitly enhanced each time it had been imagined since that night, and now she was there again, naked save for a pair of black high heels, their straps winding up her calves. You don't even like heels, the Lady sniffed, but Gwen thought they made a naked woman look slutty—in a good way, though, and the straps coiling around her legs only added to her wickedness. Neal, his confident smile and his mighty erection were there as well, restrained for the guests to play with.But tonight another plastic tube was available for the guests to use on him, one meticulously modeled after Gwen's sex. She had no idea how that was even done in real life, but it wasn't important right now—what was important was that it was her pussy that he seemed to enjoy most, groaning whenever it slid down his massive length. In the end the contestants all insisted on using hers, and it was with great pride she watched him fill it with an impossibly large load of sperm.The vibrator produced a very satisfactory orgasm shortly thereafter as the Slut began to suggest ways Neal might find his way inside her after she had used her mouth to help him recover, even as his reproduction found her open and waiting.Afterwards, Gwen found herself more troubled by her lack of remorse over the imaginary infidelity than the act itself. Just fantasy, the Slut assured her. You never owned those horses you dreamed of when you were a kid, this doesn't mean you'll end up riding Neal in real-life. It's just fun to think about. The Lady, Gwen knew, felt the point was being missed.\*\*\*The plain cardboard box was mixed in with all the others delivered on Thursday, it's only distinguishing feature that it was addressed to Gwen rather than the business. She knew what it was before opening it but opened it right there in the office, thankful the trucks were all out. As expected, the box inside was the same kind that had housed Nearly Neal up until his relocation to her drawer the other night. The flyer inside was the same as well, a forest of faux cocks gracing the front along with the logo and instructions, and underneath that was Tim.Gwen was momentarily afraid to pick it up; she knew how lifelike Neal's was, but this was a penis she had seen up close, had touched, sucked and fucked. It really looked like it had been taken from her husband in the midst of an erection...she scolded herself for being silly and removed the length from the box. Not as thick, long or heavy as Neal's, but still better because the real-life version was hers.The Lady brusquely reminded her of the paperwork that would not wait, and Gwen set the very realistic reproduction of her husband on a stack of invoices like a paperweight. It fascinated her though, and she found herself glancing at it as much as the monitor. So real, so hard, just begging to be used...she would not leave real Tim in that condition and an image of his very hard cock came to mind, sticking out of his workpants as he stood by her desk. It was hard in her imagination because she was naked, leaning back in her chair with heels up on the desk, legs spread wide for her husband to openly ogle. It did not take much convincing to match the pose in real-life, clothes discarded, the imaginary employees downstairs real enough in her mind to make her touch herself. The position she was in now would make it tough for Tim to fuck her, but if she were bent over the desk grasping at the invoices, paperwork be damned, while he hammered into her...would he be quiet enough to avoid alerting the workers downstairs as to what was going on? Would she want him to be? She took her time summoning her orgasm with the fantasy, the dildo and her fingers, an ear open to unwanted visitors. A very satisfactory climax eventually reduced her to gasps and twitches as the chair squeaked beneath her.Neal was nice, Tim's was her favorite, she decided after redressing. After all, wasn't that who she should be fantasizing about? At least on this the Lady could not disagree. All that was missing was the body it was attached to, pressing her into the mattress, the sparse hairs on his chest tickling her nipples while a stubbled cheek nuzzled her neck. Gwen partially followed the Lady's advice to make it her one-and-only. Neal and the other behemoths in her drawer were boxed up rather than thrown away altogether, stored on her closet floor should Natalie or Cricket ever need or want them.\*\*\*"I've never seen your mother pull off her prey like that." Natalie swung the uncinched saddle off of Tigger, her bare breasts bouncing with the effort, and carried it to the tack room."When? What do you mean?" Gwen was close behind, her smaller breasts still wobbling as she removed Dart's saddle, the sweaty horse shaking its head in appreciation."At dinner on Sunday. You cut her down pretty good with the whole sidesaddle thing. I was sure she was gonna carve you up for that, but it almost seemed like she didn't want to mess with you.""Oh, that. I didn't think I was that bad. I mean, how silly is the idea of riding sidesaddle in this day and age?""It's very silly," Natalie agreed. "What girl wouldn't want something big between their legs? And no, to the rest of the world what you said wasn't bad at all, but to Irene Curran, no rebuke or correction is too slight an offense to be met in force. But I think she's starting to understand that you just might be a match for her. Tell the truth, the lasting memory of the look on her face was the second best thing I saw on Sunday.""And what was the best?""Well, Tim sent me the video I asked him for."Gwen instantly knew which one. "He didn't!""Hey," Natalie replied with a smile, holding her hands up, "you said if I asked him...""I know, but...so you watched it?""Uh-huh. Thought it was cool as hell. You looked so cute, running around like you stole something! Adam thought it was great, too.""Oh my God! Adam saw it?!""No sex or anything, so I thought it would be safe for mature audiences.""So you showed my brother a video of his naked sister?""It's not like he got all hot and bothered, Gwen. He was just amazed that his formerly stuck-up big sister has progressed to the point where she was running around a hotel hallway like a sorority pledge being hazed. He wants to give Tim a big 'atta boy' for getting you to do that, by the way.Gwen shrugged. "He told me I should, so...but still, you let Adam see me naked!""Family members see each other naked all the time," Natalie answered dismissively. "Especially families that don't have a bathroom for every family member." Gwen doubted that, but held her tongue. "Doesn't mean they gonna start boinking or anything..." She giggled and gestured to her sister-in-law's bare torso. "After I'm done grooming Tigger, I'll do you too."Gwen looked down at the fine layer of Dart's chestnut-brown hair sticking to her sweat-soaked skin and smiled back. "I think you have the same problem.""Wanna finish up with these guys and go groom each other?"The cool spray of the shower quickly washed away the traces of the nude women's mounts, and each took their turn washing down the other. "Tim like the fuller look, or does he prefer something neater?" Natalie asked as she reached from behind Gwen to gently tug on the resurgent growth between her legs."He says he likes it however I like it," Gwen answered truthfully, pressing back into the soft body behind her."Promise me if they don't shave you bare at this photo shoot you'll let me do it," Natalie murmured into her ear. "I think you'd look hot with that look. But in the meantime, let me shampoo and dry it." Gwen leaned back against the body behind her as her thickening tuft was slowly soaped, rubbed, and stroked to create a lather. Fingers casually and carelessly ran across and into the lips below, and the hand shower that rinsed her was expertly aimed at her clit."Let's go dry and style it," Natalie whispered just loud enough to be heard over the running water, and the women toweled each other off before Gwen followed the blonde in the bedroom, allowing herself to be laid back with her head on the pillow and her legs open to the woman even now crawling between them. She looked down her body at her sister-in-law crouching over the vee of her legs, gently blowing on the mostly dry thatch, occasionally combing through it with her fingers. "Still a little ways to go before it gets as full as that first time I trimmed it," Natalie mused, examining it closely. "Even then, it wasn't that long. It's kinda silky, not wiry like mine gets." She dipped, her tongue gently pushing deep into her lips, dangerously close to her opening, and then slowly dragged up. "Mmm, you taste like leather," the blonde coo'd."Stop that! I do not!""You do! Maybe it's because you don't ride sidesaddle. Here, taste this." Natalie hurriedly inserted her middle finger as far as it would go, curling it collect some wetness as she pulled back, shuffling forward to put the digit to Gwen's lips while their mounds pressed together.She had tasted herself on Tim's cock in much the same position, but this seemed more...deviant. Gwen tentatively accepted the finger being pushed between her lips, playfully sucking it as she licked the tip."See? What does that taste like?""I don't know...me, I guess? But not leather."Natalie rose enough to get her hand between their two bodies, inserting the other middle finger into herself, again settling on the mons below and beginning to grind as she again offered her finger."What's this taste like?""You...The blonde grinned. "Uh-huh." She lifted just long enough to again coat the finger with her juices, then settled and resumed grinding as she again gently offered the digit to Gwen's lips. "Mmm, you give good finger..." She began to gently push it in and out, stroking the tongue in an effort to get it to stroke back. Gwen took the hint and sucked her as she would Tim."Sorry it's not the real thing, and that there's no creamy surprise inside but it really does make me understand why a guy likes this so much." The wet finger was slowly withdrawn and dragged down Gwen's neck to her nipple even as their hips continued to lewdly hump."You feel wonderful, but I could use a real one inside me right now. I can make do with the next best thing," Natalie said huskily as she rolled off towards the nightstand she knew held what she was looking for. "We need to get you a strap-on..." The drawer was pulled open, vibrators still there, but only one dildo.Natalie held it up, looking questioningly at Gwen. "Neal?"Gwen rolled to her side and smiled. She suspected her sister-in-law was just being nice; as much as she loved Tim's penis, there was no mistaking one for the other. "No, that's the one we had made of Tim.""Well, he's got a beautiful cock, then. Love the shape—looks like it gets in all the right places. What did you, umm, do with your other ones?""Oh, I put them in my closet," Gwen hurriedly announced, sliding off to the bed to retrieve them. "I figured since I've got that one, I won't need the others.""Oh...did Tim not like the competition?""Oh no, it's not that, it's just..." Gwen couldn't put her finger on it, exactly. She shouldn't have need of another man's penis if she had her husband's -whether real or reproduced—right? "Now that I have that one the others feel a little like...cheating."Natalie laughed. "I don't think dildos count as cheating, especially if Tim already knows about them. Just think of them as, oh, I don't know, just another tool in the toolbox. He didn't mind you using the other ones, right? He still gets to supply the real thing. And since it's not cheating," she continued, plugging the Magic Wand and turning back to flash a mischievous smile, "Mind if I give Tim here a workout?"Gwen looked at her sister-in-law, then the penis in her hand while the Slut goaded her on. "Uhh, sure, of course," she said quickly, putting down the box of alternates she still held.Natalie was already on her back, the vibrator between her legs. "What would be even kinkier," she said, holding out the dildo, "is if you did the honors."Gwen accepted the length and kneeled between her widespread thighs, focused on the vaginal lips before her, delicately touching them with the bulbous head. She slid it forward, watching the lips cling to the pink dome before opening to accept it, just enough for the crown to disappear inside, imagining the real one must look the same entering her."Oh, does Tim like to tease you like that, too? Adam loves making me beg him to put it in...""Sometimes...I like it, never knowing when he's going to go deeper.""Me too..."Gwen did not make her sister-in-law wait, pushing slowly, watching intently as the cock—Tim's cock—disappeared inside, finally bottoming out with his balls gently pressed against her rhythmically twitching ass."Oh, nice," Natalie breathed, "so nice. A really good fit. You're a lucky girl."Gwen smiled and answered by slowly withdrawing the length, pussy lips again grasping at it as if trying to keep it from leaving. She stopped just short of the head popping out before slowly pushing back in."Tim like to start out slow?""Sometimes, if he's not already really worked up.""Adam too. I guess most guys are like that once they get used to the idea of a steady supply of pussy. When they're younger I think they're worried it's the last one they're ever gonna get and so they wanna use it before they lose it. Ohhhh, that's good." The vibrator continued to grumble and groan as it worked above the methodically thrusting dildo."A little harder," Natalie coached after a few moments of slow, steady fucking. "I can take it. Oh god yeah, like that, fuck me Oh God yeah," Natalie panted, "like that. As deep as you can—I love it when I man tries to crawl up inside you when he's coming..."Who, Gwen wondered. Tim, like she had imagined Neal doing the day before? It would make sense...rather than being offended, Gwen took pride in the possibility. Her husband, an object of sexual desire who could have chosen any woman as his wife but chose her. It was the ultimate expression of trust to share him like this, even if it was just fantasy. It wasn't fantasy when you let Cricket touch him, the Lady reminded her darkly. Gwen moved closer to the writhing blonde, leaving just enough room between their two bodies to allow the faux penis space to forcefully thrust and withdraw."Ohhhh fuckkkk, coming..." The hand that had been mauling the blonde's breast reached down to apply extra pressure to the vibrator mashed against her clit. Gwen took that as her signal to drive Tim's cock deeply into her one last time, like he always did when he was emptying himself. Natalie's contorted features matched the muscles of her body, taut and straining, staccato twitches signaling each orgasmic wave crashing through her .Gwen could imagine her sex pulsing as well, milking the cock it enveloped...With an explosive exhale, Natalie went limp. An eye opened and looked up at the woman between her legs with a weak smile. "That was great, but we really do need to get you a strap on. You've got some skill with that thing, but I'd love to feel the whole body version."Gwen smiled back, unsure if she should remove the dildo now, or let the user do it. "I learn by observation and practice." Her smile faded. "Natalie," she blurted, "when you said to put him...deep inside you, did you mean Tim?"The blonde flashed an embarrassed smile and sat up. "Sorry, but yeah, that time it was Tim. I figured since I was using his dildo, I would just, you know, use the rest of him. But don't worry, it's just make-believe! I'd never do that behind your back. The number of people I've jilled off to over the years is way, way smaller than the number of actual bodies.""It's alright...but do you really think he's, uhh, fantasy material?""Oh my God yeah, don't you? He's such a stud! But like I said, just for make-believe," she added hurriedly."I do think he's a stud," Gwen admitted, "but I have to. I AM married to him...""You married well, then. You must think about other guys, right? Tell me you've never thought about being a bad girl with somebody besides Tim." Natalie did not wait for answer, unceremoniously swinging a leg over the woman sitting between them, her open sex flying by just inches from Gwen's face. The blonde rolled into a stand on the floor and bent for the box that had been retrieved from the closet. "Somebody like the model for this fine specimen here?" Her hand reappeared in a chokehold around Neal's significant girth. "I saw how you were looking at him that night of the party. Sure you weren't thinking of how much fun he would be to ride? I know I have. Never even thought about that magnificent ass pile-driving this beautiful thing into you?""I never said that," Gwen replied defensively, nervously glancing at the cudgel her sister-in-law was now sitting on the bed with. "Neal was attractive, yes, but I would never cheat on Tim!""If you say you wouldn't, then you wouldn't and I believe you," Natalie said with a dismissive shrug, "but it ain't cheatin' if you husband says it's okay. Adam always does in my fantasies. So let's pretend Tim said it was alright. Lie back and let 'ole Neal do ya right." The last sentence was said in a passable Australian accent, and Gwen smiled despite herself while reaching for the Magic Wand.

"Aww, c'mon honey and open up them pins. Lemme see yer cunny. Oi, she's a beaut, alright! Look at all that fur! You ain't gonna go cold in the Outback at night!""I'm going to trim it after," Gwen said with mock seriousness, the bulbous head of the vibrator poised above her clit."Naww, I like it," Natalie growled in a voice that was dropping in pitch with each sentence. "Let's me know I'm dealing with a grown woman. Besides, I know where the naughty parts are underneath." She shuffled forward up between the pair of widespread thighs and touched the massive head to the inner lips peeking out from Gwen's slit. "Ya look kinda dainty down there, I'll try not to hurt ya."Her sister-in-law's accent and corny banter reminded Gwen of when her daughters were small and they would play with their horse and rider figures on the living room, conjuring a detail make-believe world around them. "I'll be alright, just go slowly, okay?""Slow, right." The Magic Wand was already doing its job, buzzing madly as she first applied it lightly to her nub while Neal forced his way in. Natalie didn't stop him once the head was engulfed, the length slowly entering her, filling her until at last a pair of testicles gently bumped her bottom. "Aww, yeah," Natalie/Neal groaned, the shaft withdrawing just a bit before again pushing forward as if to better settle itself. "Christ, yer tight. No kids?""Two.""Yer shittin' me. Yer husband's a lucky man. Speakin' a which, I heard rumor he's got quite the willy swingin' between his legs."Gwen giggled. "He does."Natalie fell into a solid rhythm, strong and forceful but not violent as Gwen fucked back against the thing inside her. She did miss having a real body on top of her, pushing her into the mattress and up against the pillows, and tried to imagine just how heavy and powerful a man as big as Neal would feel like. He'd probably squeeze the breath out of her, unless he was careful...he'd be enough of a gentleman to not put his whole weight on her, she decided. But she might just give that ass a little slap to spur him on and encourage all the force those hips could generate."Looks like yer getting' close there, luv?" The fucking she was getting seemed to have a purpose behind it, not at all hesitant, as if being delivered by a man very confident in his sexual abilities, and in her imagination Neal grinned down at her even as his hips maintained their metronome-like movement."Uh huh, close," she muttered, her hips fucking back at Neal's thrusts, the vibrator doing its job very well. It wouldn't have a chance to do that with his body on top of her, she reasoned, but she might be willing to forego the maddening buzz on her clit for the grinding of his pubic bone."Hope yer not gonna make me pull out," Natalie/Neal grumbled, "You feel too good not to come in.""No, stay in me," Gwen panted, the first flashes of sensory overload starting to pulse from her midsection. "Stay all the way in me."She convulsed much as her sister-in-law had, muscles almost painfully clenched, sure she could feel her pussy trying to squeeze the life out of the invader. And then she too lay limp, the length slowly withdrawing."Whoo! Put a regular geyser in ya, I did! Yer gonna drip for a week!"Gwen smiled and shook her head. "You are crazy."Natalie smiled back and bent forward to gently kiss her mound. "I've got an imagination. And now I've got to go. My hands smell like leather," she added mischievously as she dressed."Will you stop that," Gwen said with a laugh. "I do not smell like leather down there.""Okay, maybe not leather," the blonde allowed, "but definitely like sex. And I love that scent on you."