**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 25**

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"Incoming."  
  
Natalie, now dressed in light blue scrubs, looked up from the message she was typing. Gwen's phone dinged in reply a few seconds later. "Thought I owed you a fair trade."  
  
You don't owe me anything," Gwen protested with a smile, unsure exactly what her sister-in-law was talking about, and opened the message to find a file attached. She looked up and smiled uncertainly at the message's sender, then tapped to play the video. It opened to the image of two dangling breasts, then Natalie's stomach as she straightened after starting the camera. She stepped back further, her nude body still filling most of the screen as she grinned and waved excitedly. The scene behind her made it apparent she was in a hotel room, the camera propped on the dresser and aimed at the little hallway behind her, the bathroom to the left of the door. Gwen thought she could hear the sound of running water, maybe the shower?  
  
The naked woman quickly turned and hurried to the door, opening it just enough to poke her head through while the rest of her stayed safely hidden behind. She stepped back and swung it open just a second later, revealing the surprised young pizza delivery driver standing in the hallway. He shuffled in uncertainly as Natalie hurried away to where her purse sat on the edge of the bed, unabashedly staring at her upturned ass as she bent over to retrieve his money. Gwen could hear her saying something as she took her time getting the bills out of her wallet.  
  
"What are you telling him?" she asked, her eyes locked on the screen.  
  
"Oh, just that I was getting ready to join my husband in the shower when the pizza showed up, and how much we love having pizza in bed together after sex," Natalie said with an impish grin.  
  
"So Adam was in the bathroom?"  
  
"Oh no, I was at a conference in Jacksonville that weekend. Adam was home, and I sent him this after. I just told the pizza guy that so he'd think somebody was there with me. A girl can't be too careful. Oh, and you can't see them, but I left some of my toys on the bed, too," she added.  
  
"You are crazy!"  
  
"Maybe, but Adam seemed to like it. He sent me a video back about an hour later, showing his, umm, appreciation. Wanna see?"  
  
"God no! But maybe I should show Tim this to pay you back for showing my brother mine."  
  
"Go for it. I would hope you've figured out by now that I've got no problem being seen naked. Oh shoot, almost forgot! Be right back!" Natalie hurried out the door while her puzzled sister-in-law remained in the kitchen to replay the video. She returned with a stack of paperwork. "The partnership stuff you asked Adam for. He kinda snuck it out of the office before your father had a chance to intercept it and make changes. Anyways, gotta go. Talk soon?"  
  
Gwen traded the paperwork for a hug. "Talk soon."  
  
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Tim and Cricket waved as they passed each other on the road, one on the way into town on an emergency call, the other on the way to the house for a weekend with her horse and friend. The lines of thunderstorms that had begun marching through the area before midnight were continuing, the downpours overwhelming several sump pumps that Tim was on his way to attend to while washing out the young woman's plans for a relaxing ride. There were still barn chores to do though, and that in itself was a comfort. Mucking stalls in a quiet country stable had become very much preferable to pushing papers in a sterile office.  
  
Gwen was pleased to see the young woman arriving earlier and earlier for her weekends, not to mention that the house was now the first stop after she exited the car rather than the barn. Marvin was not forgotten though, and Cricket hurried out to her horse soon after hugging the home's owner.  
  
Despite the rain there was still some discussion as to whether a ride might be risked before a particularly close flash of light and subsequent peal of thunder convinced them it would probably not be safe. They tended to the horses instead, meticulously grooming them before moving on to their tack.  
  
Gwen finally called a halt shortly before lunch. "Given the weather I was thinking of getting the grocery shopping done this afternoon. You're welcome to stay here..."  
  
She remembered with an equal mix of excitement and embarrassment her last trip to the store, and the show she had put on. "No, of course not! I'll go with you."  
  
"Okay, then we can make an afternoon of it, go somewhere for lunch, my treat."  
  
The young woman's protests that lunch should at least be split was overridden, and for the second time in a day two bodies rinsed themselves under the spray of the shower in the master bathroom. There was no time spent in the bedroom other than to change into clean clothes after, Gwen omitting a bra and daring Cricket to do the same.  
  
The young woman's shirt was not particularly revealing, but she still felt small thrills every time she reminded herself she was braless in public. It probably isn't even noticeable, she thought, and a quick glance at Gwen's chest only hinted at the fact her breasts were unrestrained. It was not until the dairy aisle of the grocery store that she noticed the hard little points gently moving up and down beneath her friend's shirt as she walked, and a quick check confirmed was in the same state. Still she was not pushed into displaying anything more, not like last time.  
  
"Forgot to mention," Gwen announced as she drove, "just us after dinner tonight. Tim's going out with some friends—somebody's birthday, I guess, so the TV is ours tonight. Hope that's okay with you."  
  
"Of course it is! It'll be nice to have someone to watch with."  
  
Both women had the meal preparations under way when Tim finally returned home, Gwen laughing and shooing him off to the shower when he tried to squeeze her rear end. She reached into the refrigerator a moment later and retrieved a beer. "He forgot this," she said, holding it out to Cricket, "Could you take it to him?"  
  
"Oh, uhh, sure..." He was stepping out of his jeans when she got to the bedroom, shirt already gone, penis flopping free after being freed from his sweat-soaked underwear. The casualness of his nudity flustered her momentarily, and the young woman had to remind herself she had seen him naked before, in far more compromising positions. Like when his cock had been in her hands...Tim looked up, a little surprised, freezing in place. "Uh, Gwen asked me to bring this to you."  
  
"Woman's a saint, I tell ya," he said, reaching for the can and breaking the spell. "Tell her I'll be right out to help get dinner ready."  
  
"Oh, we're almost done. We'll put it on the table when you're done, umm, showering."  
  
"Be out in a couple of minutes."  
  
He waited until Cricket retreated, then turned for the running shower, also mindful of how easy it had become to be naked in front of others. He wasn't exactly packing, but it was fun to show off what he did have. Would have been nice if Gwen delivered it in person though, maybe stayed to wash my back, he thought with a smile.  
  
They ate slowly, talking, Tim in no hurry to be on his way, almost wanting to call it a night and stay in. No, he finally decided, a guy's gotta do guy stuff sometimes, and reluctantly said his goodbyes after helping with clean up.  
  
There was plenty of wine and popcorn to go with the TV watching. Cricket was near the bottom of her second glass as they watched an R-rated crime suspense movie, the kind Gwen would never have consented to be shown in her living room back in the old days. There was a brief shot of a sultry young administrative assistant sliding down to her knees in front of a silver haired lawyer leaning against a desk, her likely destination of the man's waist just below the camera's reach, hinting strongly at the act she was about to perform. The scene faded, only to cut to an unmade bed, the camera focused on the now bare back of the woman as she apparently sat astride the man's face, his hands full of asscheek.  
  
"I never thought about doing—that-that way," Cricket mused, emboldened by the alcohol. "Of course, before I met you and Tim I always thought that—"she nodded at the TV before looking into the bottom of her glass, wishing it full again, "didn't actually happen nearly as much as people talked about it. I mean, even though I wanted to try it just once, just to see what it was like, putting a man's penis in your mouth, just seemed, I don't know, so far out there, and I knew Daniel would never let me do anything so dirty, much less do it to me. But when I see you two do it...well you both seemed to like it. You do, right?"  
  
Gwen looked down at the bottom of her own glass and smiled. "I wasn't sure I'd like it the first time I did it for him, but I do—a lot—now. It makes him happy, and I just, I don't know, something about having him in my mouth that I really enjoy. And I couldn't imagine a man returning the favor for me, either. But I'm really glad he did."  
  
Cricket smiled. "Did you ever imagine doing that with a woman before the first time you actually did?"  
  
Gwen paused. Before Miss Ritter? Never. Okay, she corrected herself, maybe once or twice, but that was just teenage curiosity...Before Natalie? Only in a few of her fevered dreams until the possibility became real. "Once or twice, but really, it just...happened. How about you?"  
  
The young woman blushed. "Maybe once or twice...but I'm glad it "just happened" with you. I do still want to feel what it's like to have a man do that, though. I have to guess it feels different?"  
  
"It does. Remember my experience is pretty limited—Tim's the only one that's done that for me, and yeah, it's a little different...but it's like he's guessing at what I want. Women just know, I guess. The guessing is fun, though. You never know where he's going next. Oh, and stubble."  
  
"Stubble?"  
  
"A man's razor stubble on your skin. Sometimes it tickles, sometimes it's a little like sandpaper..." Gwen giggled. "I sometimes wonder what a full beard would feel like, although I'm not about to ask Tim to grow one just to find out. I think women have the easier job, though. Men are happy anytime their things are in something else, and the fact there's a tongue involved just makes it just that much better." Gwen giggled again, this time at her coarseness. "I'm going to go close up the barn, then call it a night," she announced, stretching and yawning.  
  
"I'll go with you," Cricket volunteered, and the women trudged across the yard to make one last check of the horses. There was no longer any question of what bed the young woman would be in when they returned to the house, and she lay there naked next to Gwen, looking up at the ceiling, trying to rationalize how the situation she found herself in was any semblance of normal. Screw normal, she finally decided. I don't care. I like it. She smiled at an imagined conversation with her mother. Don't worry Mom, I must still like men—I got really excited putting my hand on Tim's penis. But sex with Gwen makes me feel really good...  
  
"I think we're turning you into us," Gwen said quietly as she turned on her side and threw an arm across the young woman's blanket-covered stomach. "Boring old people who are in bed before dark."  
  
"It's dark out, and I keep telling you I was like that before I knew you. I just like knowing I'm not the only one who appreciates that kind of pace."  
  
"Hmm." A kiss landed on her cheek, very close to her lips. "Good night. Don't forget, Tim will probably stumble in around midnight. He tries really hard to be quiet, but sometimes he's not very good at it." Gwen rolled again, her back now to the woman in her bed.  
  
Cricket rolled up behind her, hoping that would be alright, knowing it would be, luxuriating in the feel of a soft warm body. Her hand slid under the covers and over Gwen's ribcage, resting at the spot just below her breasts. "Do you think Tim will just go right to sleep when he comes home late?"  
  
"Maybe, maybe not...why?"  
  
"Just wasn't sure if you two had a, you know, a cutoff time for..." The young woman's fingers began to gently stroke the smooth skin they lay on.  
  
Gwen felt sure she knew what the unspoken activity was and smiled. "Are you worried you might miss cutoff, too?"  
  
The hand stopped and withdrew. "Oh—uh, sorry, no, just curious."  
  
Gwen rolled over to face her, a hand gently brushing Cricket's cheek. "Nothing to apologize for. And to answer your question, no, it's never too late for him—" or you, the Slut drily reminded her, "so don't be surprised if Tim has something on his mind when he comes home. Will you be alright if he does?"  
  
"Oh, uhh, of course, I mean, whatever you two do—or don't do is alright with me! I just asked because I was kinda wondering about-that...sorry, I'm such a pervert." Even in the dark Gwen could see the young woman blush.  
  
"No more than me...would you like me to help you before he comes home?"  
  
Cricket hesitated, thinking it rude to ask before blurting it out anyway. "I just like the way you feel—so soft and warm-if I can just touch you, that would be nice."  
  
"Touch all you want," Gwen replied, her hand already smoothing the young woman's side. "But I get to touch you, too." It was sometime before either woman's fingers reached for intimate spots, both enjoying the feel of fingertips gliding over feminine skin and muscle while their lips met with occasional brief kisses. Gwen was first to a breast, tongue gently flicking and bathing the nipple while the young woman sighed in pleasure. Legs opened in invitation, the older woman's hand happily accepting.  
  
Her lips continued on down Cricket's taut stomach, towards where one finger was now slowly gliding in and out while her palm pressed against the young woman's clit, finally sliding her body over a spread thigh to gently kiss at the wetness between her legs.  
  
"Oh God," Cricket moaned, "that is so good...I know what you mean about a woman hitting the right spots." It was some time before she raised her head to look down at the woman between her legs. "Can I do that to you now?" Gwen looked up and smiled, and the two women quickly changed places, the older woman's turn to look down at the head bobbing at her crotch.  
  
The young woman worked slowly, dipping to run her tongue up Gwen's sex, still marveling at the pleasant mildness of her taste, so unlike what she had imagined before that first time. Gradually, the hard little nub at the top became her focus. Gwen's hips twitched in response, and a pair of hands found their way to the back of the head tormenting her, fingers combing through her hair.  
  
She allowed the lips and tongue to withdraw after another moment or two, and Cricket sat up. "You said you were going to show me the gifts you got for modeling?"  
  
Gwen smiled and extricated herself from the woman between her legs. Neal was retrieved from the nightstand drawer first, his banishment to the closet ended after Natalie had left the day before.  
  
His was not the focus of the young woman kneeling on the bed, however, instead pointing at the other lifelike reproduction that had been placed in front of her. "I see what you mean about them being almost real. That one looks very familiar...Tim, right?" Gwen smiled and nodded. "Does it feel real, too?"  
  
"Touch it and find out."  
  
"Really? Are you sure?"  
  
"Why not? Of course."  
  
Cricket tentatively ran a finger up the length, giggling nervously at the feel of the yielding surface over the hardness beneath. "How in the heck did they do that?" she chirped, looking up at the older woman in wonder.  
  
"No idea. Pretty real, huh?"  
  
"Really real. Does it, uhh, feel real, like him, inside you?"  
  
"I suppose...it's hard to tell without the body the real one is attached to, though. You can pick it up you know. It doesn't bite."  
  
Cricket accepted the invitation with another nervous high-pitched giggle. "It's heavy."  
  
"It's certainly solid. Would you like to try it out?"  
  
"Really? You don't mind?"  
  
"I don't mind. Tell you what," Gwen said, getting off the bed long enough to retrieve the Magic Wand and plug it in, "you take this, and I can help you with that." She traded the vibrator for the dildo and gently pushed the young woman onto her back, climbing between legs opened in anticipation.  
  
Gwen waited until the tennis ball head of the wand was applied to the young woman's clit before gently pressing the head of the length against her opening. She waited for the angry buzz, then gently pushed his length forward, watching Tim's reproduction bull its way into another woman for the second time in two days. Cricket didn't have the labial lips Natalie had, and the length disappeared into her without abundant folds of flesh grabbing at it as it slid by.  
  
"Ohh! That is nice..." The young woman's hips rose to meet the invader, helping to push it deeply into her, testicles soon bumping against her bottom. "The ones you got me always feel so massive...this one feels comfortable, more real."  
  
"Mmm-hmmm..." Gwen had begun a regular cadence of thrust and withdraw, watching her friend accept the cudgel then give it back, hips twitching forward to hurry its return. The mad hum of the Wand was bringing her closer...  
  
The whoosh of the air conditioning could not completely mask the sound of a truck coming up the driveway. "Tim's home," Gwen said softly, an incredibly perverted idea beginning to form. "I know you're probably close, but do you think you can wait a little longer until Tim can join us?"  
  
"Uh, sure, yeah I guess," Cricket mumbled, lying there with the vibrator now turned off, waiting for the length inside her to be removed.  
  
"I'm going to say hello," Gwen continued, placing the dildo back on the nightstand. "Be right back."  
  
"Alright..." the young woman made her way under the covers, suddenly conscious of the fact she was naked in another woman's bed and that woman's husband was home.  
  
"You're back early!" Gwen called out as she turned the corner into the kitchen while Tim was shutting the door.  
  
"And you're naked, which is a great reason to come home early," he said with a grin as he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Hope I didn't interrupt anything..."  
  
"Well, actually..."  
  
"Oh, uh, well, I can watch some TV until you're uhh, done..."  
  
"No, it's fine, I want you to come to bed. But you should shower first. You smell like cigarettes."  
  
Yeah, bars'll do that...you sure? I can hang out here for a while if you want."  
  
"You've had a busy day and I'm not going to kick you out of your own bed! But if you're not too tired," she said, lowering her voice, "I think Cricket was hoping to see us together, if you know what I mean." His grin told her he did. "Come on." She grabbed him by the hand and led the way down the hall, letting go once he was at the foot of the bed.  
  
"Uhh, hey Cricket. Hope I didn't wake you..."  
  
"No," she squeaked, the covers modestly pulled up above her chest, "we—I—was awake." His eyes went to the dildo on the stand beside her—his dildo, a pretty good likeness he supposed, almost creepy how real it looked, although he had never really spent much time memorizing the look of his dick. It was just kind of there...he wondered where it had been tonight. Gwen, or perhaps even Cricket?  
  
"I'm, uhh, gonna take a quick shower—Gwen says I smell like cigarettes. Be right back." He hurried through a quick shampoo, body lather and rinse, his freshening erection getting a little more attention than necessary. He quickly rejoined the two women, making no effort to hide his bobbing cock as he tried not to hurry to his customary side of the bed, next to Gwen with Cricket to her other side. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence as they lay there, Tim and Gwen above the covers, Cricket still beneath them, each wondering what to do next.

What the hell, he finally thought, she wants a show. "I was hopin' you'd still be up," he grumbled, kissing her."I told you," she laughed, briefly turning her head to look at the woman behind her. "And I'm glad you're up," Gwen reached between them and gently shook his length. "I've been waiting for you. Could you do me a favor?""You could get me to do just about anything right now.""We were talking about oral sex before you came home, and I was telling Cricket how good you are at it. Could you kiss me down there?"Tim glanced at the young woman, noting her wide-eyed interest, then chuckled over his wife's bluntness. "Don't know about how good I am, but I'm willing. Be glad to." He kissed his way down a familiar stomach as she looked on, finally installing himself between open thighs that he hooked with strong arms.Her sex was pulled to his lips, and Cricket marveled at the casual display of strength as her friend gasped at the first flick of her hooded nub and turned and smiled dreamily at her friend. "Like I said, different, but nice," she sighed, "so nice." Her eyes closed as her senses surrendered to Tim's efforts.They were still closed when she spoke again. "Cricket?"The young woman's eyes darted from the head between Gwen's spread legs to her face. "Huh?""Would you like to try it?""You mean...do that, to you?" she asked uncertainly, afraid to dare to believe what was being offered."No, would you like to see how nice it feels?"Tim also guessed at what the invitation implied and brought his head up to look at his wife for confirmation."I, uhh, well, isn't that up to Tim?""It's up to both of you," Gwen said throatily. "If Tim's alright with it and you're alright with it...""It's alright with me," he replied after waiting long enough to keep from appearing overeager, eyes shifting between the two women to gauge their reactions."You should go first...""I did—and I will later, after you've had a chance. I feel bad you were interrupted earlier." Gwen gracefully swung her leg over the body between them and rolled away. "C'mon." Her hand pressed against Cricket's stomach, gently pushing her onto her back before moving up to cup a breast.Tim bided his time—patience, patience, he silently counseled, don't scare her, give Gwen enough time to change her mind—waiting until one leg slowly moved away from the other. It finally stopped, just enough room for his body to fit between them. He rose from the bed, his temporarily-freed cock red and angry-looking before it again disappeared under his freshly-repositioned body. Cricket looked down in wonder at the salt-and-pepper hair on the head poised above her crotch, his focus on the prize before him, and realized she had not left him much room to work with. Her eyes closed in embarrassment even as her legs opened further in lust-filled anticipation. The young woman nervously grasped her friend's hand for support.And there it was, just inches from his face. Delicate inner lips barely peeked from puffier outer ones lightly covered with wispy hair. It did not thicken much at the point where her lips met, where her clit lay hidden beneath. The pussy of my wife's friend in licking distance, my naked wife watching me. This has gotta be some kind of payback for years of keeping my dick in my pants, Tim rationalized. Better not screw this up...Despite her nerves, Cricket giggled as he felt the gentle kiss against her sex and the rasp of his cheeks against her thighs. Tim looked up in mild surprise. "Okay?""Oh—yes, it's just that your stubble tickles a little."Gwen smiled. "Told you.""Sorry, Gwen told me to shower. She didn't tell me I needed to shave. I've got an electric razor I can use, only take a minute...""No, no, you don't have to do that...it just tickles a little, that's all, I'll get used to it.""Tell me if you don't." He again bent to his task, tongue gently exploring the wet folds, working closer to the nub where they met. He eagerly inhaled the heady fragrance of a woman in heat, the scent stronger than the actual taste of her wetness.Cricket jumped at his first swipe at her clit, inhaling sharply in surprise, hoping for more. She was not disappointed, and her soft coos and sighs made it clear she had at least temporarily banished any reservations she had about the pleasure being given her. "I see what you mean, it does feel different," she said after opening her eyes just long enough to focus on Gwen smiling down at her. Eyelids drifted shut again as her hips twitched and her hand squeezed the one she held. "But nice different. I like it."Gwen gently smoothed her fingers over one breast, then the other. "Would you like me to hand you the vibrator?""No, that's okay...is it alright if I just...like this?""Of course."Tim helped produce her delayed orgasm a few moments later, the young woman softly chanting, "oh my...oh my," in time to her writhing hips until it was cut off with a sudden "oh my G--" and the constriction of every muscle as the first wave ripped through her. Tim kept up his efforts until delicate hands pushed his head against her sex. And then she was limp, spent, breathing heavily while her eyes opened to what she had just done. A quick check of the older woman still patiently smiling down on her helped soothe her fear and remorse; there was no anger in her friend's face, just a certain knowing satisfaction. "Ohh, that was nice!" Cricket looked down between her legs, to where Tim looked up at her, wondering if it was proper to remove himself now. "Thank you for—that," she hurriedly squeaked. "I had no idea...""You're welcome."Gwen gently kissed the young woman on the cheek and got to her knees. "Tim, do you think you can hold out a little longer? I'd like to do something first. I promise you'll be very well taken care of."He smiled, taking this as his cue to remove himself from between another woman's legs. "I always am. Does that mean I'm sitting this one out?"She rose from the bed. "No, but do you think you could lie down for me?"Tim grinned and lay back on the spot she had just vacated, next to where Cricket still reclined on her side, a hand propping her head up. Gwen waited until he was comfortable, then climbed on with him, a knee above each shoulder as she straddled him and steadied herself on the headboard beyond. "I—we—saw this in a movie tonight.""Must've been a hell of a movie," Tim was able to get out before his mouth was covered with her sex and his tongue slipped into the second pussy of the night. The abundant wetness he found was too real to make everything that happened since he had come home part of a dream, and Tim took it as well as her need to be satisfied as evidence his wife had enjoyed watching his earlier efforts.Cricket scrambled into a sitting position, legs crossed in front of her. Tim's potent erection was also right in front of her, and her stare alternated between the pulsing length and Gwen's hips undulating against his face while hands grasped at her ass. His finger occasionally brushed against the writhing woman's asshole; it had to be an accident, a heat of the moment thing, she decided.The arousal that had first begun to stir during the film and continued to grow in the hours since finally exploded into orgasm, the novelty of the position and the wickedness of an audience contributing every bit as much as her husband's tongue. Satisfied, she climbed off and looked down at a face wet with her juices. His face was wet before you used him like that, the Lady suggested darkly, but she brushed it aside. Tim had been very patient; he was past due to have his needs met now.Gwen took a breath to slow her breathing. "Cricket, would you like to practice?"The young woman glanced at the cock she had stopped staring at when her friend had dismounted. "You mean, like last time? Is that alright?""I don't think Tim will mind..." she turned to her smiling husband. "Right?"He made his shaft flex off his stomach a couple times in response, an ability Cricket found oddly amusing. "Happy to help.""Okay..." The young woman extended a finger and gently stroked the underside from where the loose skin of his ball sack turned to something more solid up to where the bulbous head began to flare. Another stroke and another finger was added, then a third. Fresh precum had been bubbling out of the tip since his cock had been freed from the blanket he had been laying on between her legs; she extended a fingertip to gingerly coat the pink head with the slickness. "Is that okay?""That's great.""It's so warm compared to the, uhh, other one."So she had been playing with it, Tim thought, and the image of it buried deep inside her flashed into his head. He didn't attempt to chase it out. Cricket paused, then formed an O over the tip of the head with her thumb and forefinger then gently pushed them down over the spongy mass, the opening expanding to fit him before again tightening beneath the flare and continuing down. More fingers joined the first with each stroke.Gwen waited until the fist was snugged up against the base of her husband's cock before impulsively reaching over from where she was sitting to scoop some more liquid from his cock head and offer the fingertip to Cricket. "Want to taste it?"The young woman hesitated. "Does it taste bad?" She quickly blushed and looked at Tim. "Sorry, I didn't mean—""It's okay," he laughed. "Fair question.""Doesn't taste like much at all," Gwen advised. "Maybe a little hint of salt."Cricket leaned forward to delicately take the offered finger between her lips. "Hmm, yeah, not much at all...""Would you like to put it in your mouth?"The young woman's eyes grew wide and she glanced meaningfully at the penis she was holding. "You mean—it?""Yes, it. You were wondering what it was like."Cricket looked at the cock's owner, but Tim was looking at his wife, unable to believe what he was hearing. "Can I?" He smiled helplessly and shrugged. The images of her friend kissing and licking the length before taking it in her mouth were burned into her brain and she acted from memory, bending forward to gently plant a kiss midway down the underside of the shaft, feeling the heat on her lips."Lie down with your head over his stomach," Gwen suggested. "it's easier on your back and neck.""Let's you control the action a little more, too," Tim added helpfully, and though the young woman wasn't quite sure what he meant, she was not going to ask now.It was an interesting view from there; her hand aiming the wet scarlet-hued head at her face. She delicately planted another kiss, this time on the spongy head, pulling back just enough to lick the salty moisture from her lips. Cricket did her best to imitate her friend's actions, kissing and licking up and down the length and beyond, the feel of his loose sac very different from the hardness that extended from it. She paused after a trip back up to the spongy head, her tongue following the valley through the underside of the mushroom head to his slit. The length jumped in response, lightly smacking her on the lips. The young woman looked up at her friend sitting next to her. "Do I put it in my mouth now?""Put it in whenever you want, although I think Tim would really like you to.""How far do I put it in?""As far as you want. Just not so far that you gag yourself."Cricket nodded, apparently thinking this information critical, and slowly parted her lips to take him, feeling the texture change as the head gave way to the shaft."You can also put your hand around the base of the guy's, uhh, penis to keep him from pushing in too far," Tim added. "Some guys get in a hurry. Your fist acts like a stopper against your mouth."Gwen laughed. "You never told me that!""Didn't think you needed to know. I'm always really careful not to gag you. But Cricket might be with a guy who isn't careful.""And how did you know about that little trick?""Somebody told me..." that somebody had been a girl prior to Gwen whom he had been in a hurry with once, and the hand always wrapped around the base of his cock after had been a clear signal she didn't trust the energetic young man to control himself.Cricket removed him from her mouth just far enough to speak even as she continued to stare at the thing in her hand. "Thanks, that's good to know." And then the mouth was back, beginning to pick up a bobbing rhythm like she had seen Gwen do. Like he's fucking my mouth...Tim's groans and sighs were cheers to the young woman, the gentle flexing of his hips a sign of hope that she was at least not a failure at this. She tested her limits, finding that spot where taking him any deeper might cause her to gag and splutter, trying to incorporate her tongue into the vagina her mouth had become. There was a hand gently smoothing her back, Gwen's, encouraging her efforts..."Tim, any words of advice?" the older woman looked up and asked, hand still turning circles on the back of the naked woman at his waist."No, she's—you're, doing fine, you're changing things up, that's good, no teeth, that's really good...Damn, is it good, really good, but I'm getting' close..."The older woman knew he had been even before he announced it. "A nice guy tells you when they're close to finishing, so it doesn't come as a surprise."Cricket's mouth popped off the end with the next stroke. "Ohh—what do I do know?"Gwen smiled. "Well, you could use your hand to make him come, or I can take over for you...""I can do it, unless you think you should," the young woman insisted."If you'd like to, be my guest.""Would it be alright if I, uhh, used my mouth?"The older woman gave another gentle smile. "Are you sure?""I want to see what it's like." Cricket bent, prepared to take him back in, then stopped. "I know you swallow it, after...should I?""You don't have to, no, a lot of women spit it out after from what I'm told.""Guys'll tell you if you swallow it shows you love 'em more, but I think that's bullshit," Tim grumbled. "It feels good either way—guys just think it's kinkier when a woman swallows."She briefly hesitated before again engulfing his length and resuming her bobbing. "Get ready," Gwen offered quietly, "you'll be surprised how fast it happens." The twitching of his hips was more pronounced now, in her opinion bringing him dangerously close to choking her, and the young woman briefly panicked, her hand reflexively gripped his cock at the base in response.The extra pressure was too much for Tim and the "Uhhh!" escaped his lips as the first jet leapt from his cock. Despite Gwen's warning, Cricket was caught unaware by the force of his spurt against the back of her throat and with a spluttering gag she attempted to pull away from the cock in her mouth while redirecting its aim, not fast enough for the second blast to still land on her tongue, the other spurts landing wetly on her turned cheek while she coughed his spend back up from her windpipe."Sorry, sorry," Gwen said soothingly, her hand on the young woman's back now trying to help her recover and breathe again. "I should have been more clear with my warning. I did the same thing the first time..."Cricket looked up, wide-eyed and a little shellshocked, her hand still wrapped around the rock-hard shaft. "I thought I knew what you meant, but he must have shot a gallon.""It just feels like that," Gwen said with a laugh. "There's a lot of force behind that little bit, though."The young woman turned her attention to the man whose cock she still held, his come dripping down her cheek. "I'm so sorry Tim," she chirped between coughs, "that couldn't have been too nice for you! I know I can do better than that—"He laughed. "To tell you the truth, I feel really bad how good it felt even while you were gagging on it. Are you okay?"Cricket gave another couple of coughs before replying. "I think so, yeah, and I'm glad you liked it but boy that was unexpected, like having somebody shoot a squirt pistol into the back of your mouth.""Now you know for next time, and you'll be ready," Gwen advised. "I kind of put my tongue against his head to keep him from squirting too far.""Good to know." Cricket finally let go of him. "Feels like I should clean up," she said with an embarrassed smile while gently touching the wetness on the side of her face. "I'll bring back a washcloth for you?""That would be great, thanks." Tim waited until the young woman was in the bathroom. "Sorry about almost choking your friend."Gwen shrugged and smiled. "You did choke her. That would have been an interesting emergency room visit. She wanted to try it though, and I thought she needs the experience and practice, so...""Uh-huh." His expression made it clear he thought that only part of the story. "You know most wives wouldn't have even offered her the chance, right?"Gwen's short laugh came out as a snort. "I have to guess most husbands would have thrown me out on the street for what I do with my sister-in-law, or that nice young woman in the bathroom." It was the Lady's turn to snort. Or for showing yourself to complete strangers, or for having such an obsession with that monstrosity of Neal's, or even thinking what it might be like to spread your legs for whatever man wanted you, she added."Maybe, maybe not. All I know is I'm not asking you to change a thing. You were just the opposite for so long, it's good to see your needle move the other way some.""You don't think my needle is in the red?"Let's just say I'm not ready to pop any relief valves, so I guess my hidden kinks are coming out and keeping pace with yours. Good thing we got each other. Now if only I could ride a horse, then you'd have a real catch...""You can ride, you just don't like to," she retorted with a smile. "And you're still the best catch I could have ever hoped for. Oh—remind me later to show you something Natalie sent me..."Cricket found them cuddling in each other's arms when she returned with the warm washcloth and wondered if she should retreat from an obviously private moment, but Gwen rolled her husband on his back and invited her friend on to the bed. She watched while Cricket cleaned and sleep soon followed, Gwen happily sandwiched between a soft and feminine body on one side, a rougher and more masculine one on the other.

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Cricket had been gone barely twenty minutes when the phone rang, the caller announcing herself as "Rae Rayburn, Mrs. Danning's personal assistant."  
  
Gwen willed calm into her voice. "Hello Ms. Rayburn, how are you?"  
  
"I'm well, thank you for asking. I hope I'm not catching you at a bad time?"  
  
"Not at all. How can I help you?"  
  
"I'm actually calling on behalf of Mr. Castigalli. He knows its short notice, but he was wondering if you might be available to pose next weekend?"  
  
"Oh, well..." Gwen paused to mentally check her calendar, already knowing it to be free. "I believe I could be, yes. What do I...uhh, where and when?"  
  
"Mrs. Danning's estate. Mr. Castigalli has in mind an area on the property. He also told me you would be needed for a short while on Friday night, then all day Saturday and Sunday. Will arriving Friday afternoon fit with your schedule?"  
  
Gwen did some quick calculations. Tim would be here to care for the horses, Cricket could meet her there after work..."Yes, I suppose that would be alright."  
  
"I can arrange transport for your horse--Esprit de Dartagnan is it?--any time this week that is convenient for you."  
  
Gwen was pleasantly surprised how easily the French name rolled off the tongue of the woman with a slight Southern drawl. "He's Dart for short and no, I can trailer him. I don't mind."  
  
"If you are sure then of course we'll be sure we have a space ready for him when you arrive."  
  
She smiled at the memory of the acres and acres of stables. Space at the inn was probably not going to be an issue. "Should I, uhh make hotel reservations nearby?"  
  
Rae laughed. "No, we have space for you as well. There's a little bungalow near the stables Mrs. Danning uses for her guests that come to ride. Will that be sufficient?"  
  
"I'm sure it will, yes."  
  
"And I understand you'll be bringing your own groom?"  
  
"A friend of mine, yes. I'm hoping she'll meet me there Friday evening."  
  
"Excellent! We'll have accommodations for her as well. And will your husband be traveling with you?"  
  
"Oh no," Gwen laughed. The idea had never occurred to her, and the thought of him watching her pose brought equal parts dread and excitement. "Tim is not into horses nearly as much as I am."  
  
"I understand from Mr. Castigalli that your husband likes to fish, is that right?"  
  
"Mr. Castigalli has good attention to detail. I think Tim—my husband—only mentioned it in passing."  
  
"We have a pond on the property, one that Mr. Danning kept stocked until he passed. It's not used much any more other than by one of our barn managers. Perhaps Mr. Nelson would like to try his luck there?"  
  
"Oh—well, I can certainly ask him." A large-mouth bass or his wife cavorting about naked in front of strangers, the Slut mused. I wonder which one will hold his interest longer?  
  
Gwen went to find him as soon as the call ended a few moments later. She was only mildly surprised at how quickly he accepted the invitation, his excitement obvious at the prospect of a stocked pond that had lay untouched for years. His presence presented a new problem—who would care for the other horses in their absence?  
  
That was solved with a call to Alison. Her daughter quickly volunteered to spend the weekend at the house, although she and Jason were hosting friends at the same time and would it be alright if they stayed there too? Gwen made a mental note to ensure the house in general and the guest room in particular were presentable by the time she left on Friday. At least the dinner planned for Tuesday night had given her a head start on that.  
  
Despite the air conditioning they chose to remain on top of the covers at bedtime, Tim sneaking furtive peeks at his naked wife as she lay there reading. "Gotta hand it to Natalie, that was a pretty ballsy move," he offered after returning his eyes to the paperwork he held.  
  
Gwen knew what he was referring to. As promised, she had shown him the video that afternoon, several times in fact, each time getting a short laugh and shake of the head from him. "Mm-hmm...but I think we both knew that before."  
  
"Yeah, I guess...she really gave him a good look at the whole package!"  
  
"Uh, huh," she agreed, remembering how she had spread her legs more than necessary to bend over for her wallet.  
  
He continued to study the papers, and Gwen assumed the topic had been dropped. "Maybe we should order pizza some time," Tim finally grumbled, not looking up.  
  
She laughed. "The hotel ice run was scary enough! And then when you tied me to the bed and left...anyone could have come in and seen me, a maid, or a maintenance worker...they would have seen my entire package then!" It was her turn to glance down her husband's naked body, watching his penis roll off its side and gain just a bit of firmness.  
  
"Not the entire package," he countered with a sly look. "Would've had to flip you over for that."  
  
A sudden impulse swept through her. The book was carefully laid on the nightstand and her head was laid on his stomach, index finger and thumb making a circle around the base of his still mostly-soft member. She dipped and took his spongy head between her lips.  
  
Ain't this is a nice surprise, he thought. "Whatcha doin' there?"  
  
"Practicing," Gwen said, lifting her mouth off of him long enough to answer. "So I can at least offer poor Cricket some better advice if she wants to try it again sometime. Don't choke me," she asked, using her finger and thumb to meaningfully shake his hardening member.  
  
Relief swept over Tim. Any mention of the previous night's activities had been avoided in the morning, but there was still a sort of "I can't believe we did that" vibe to the day. Of course, there had been that feeling in the house before, and it had always worked itself out...for his part, he had felt remorse only because he thought he should; in reality the stud in him had been most pleased to be called upon to demonstrate his oral talents on two fine pussies, and the reward delivered by Cricket's mouth while his wife looked on was too good to be true. Gwen's reference to his advice to Cricket made it seem like any regrets she might have had were fading as well.  
  
"The choking part wasn't my fault. I don't have a way to control the output," he offered cautiously. "Besides, you tried to warn her." Her only response was a muffled "mm-mmm" as he continued to grow. He hummed contentedly to show his appreciation, his hand caressing her back as she worked, able to reach just far enough to delve between her cheeks and lightly stroke her rosebud; Gwen shifted her body in response, bringing it closer to his fingers while bringing a leg up to clear the way to her sex.  
  
Tim took the hint, sliding up and down her furrow from clit to asshole, painting the crinkled muscle with the moisture he found along the way while Gwen took her time bringing him closer to the edge. Neither was in a hurry but she eventually got there first, taking over the tormenting of the hard little nub while his finger was busy plunging in and out of her. "No teeth," he joked as she trembled through her climax, mouth still full of cock. She bit down lightly in response, playfully giggling around her mouthful as the last tremors passed.  
  
Gwen was all business now, her focus to draw his seed out of the cockhead her tongue was flicking. The fist that had grown from thumb and index finger once his length had grown pushed down against the balls below, testing his advice on how to form a barrier should a man get to thrusting too deeply. For his part Tim practiced the self-control he had proclaimed himself to have the night before. "Gettin' there," he muttered through gritted teeth, following proper blowjob etiquette.  
  
"Mmm—hmmm..."  
  
"Ready?"  
  
"Mm-hmmm!"  
  
"Ahh--!" Gwen's positioning and timing was perfect, the bottom of her tongue covering his slit to blunt the first jet of milky white spend. Even in his pleasure he was careful not to try and push too deep, content to let her milk him with fist and lips. He'd save that urge to bury himself for another time, for her cunt...he could feel her throat contract in a swallow when he was finished, Gwen giving him a few more bobs of her head and swipes of her tongue before letting him slide from her mouth. She moved up to lie beside him, a long gentle kiss waiting for her.  
  
"How was that?" She asked when their lips finally parted.  
  
"Practice all you want," Tim grunted, "but I'd say you've got that pretty much perfect."  
  
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Eric was certain the invitation meant bad news; what kind, he couldn't be sure. The way Tim had quietly approached him as he was leaving for the day Monday, asking him if he might want to come up to the house for dinner the next night but not let the other employees know, made him wary. What warranted a private dinner with his bosses? Had he done something wrong? Nothing he could think of...a failing business would be bad news, too; either might mean the loss of his job. That thought distressed him; he liked the calm and sense of order here so much more when compared to the chaos of his previous job that he had actually temporarily put aside his goals of his own business. But why would they confide something like that to him?  
  
He was true to his word and didn't say anything to the others, waiting until it was just he and Tim left in the shop, gathering the change of clothes that had been suggested he bring and following his boss to the house. To the others there was nothing unusual about Eric being the last to leave; he usually was anyways.  
  
Tim seems to be his same old good-natured self, the young man thought as he stepped into the kitchen, and Gwen was as friendly as ever as she greeted him before turning to take another look in the oven. The others had insisted she not always been so nice, not outright mean necessarily, but kinda stuck up and bitchy. He was sure they had been mistaking that for her formality and professionalism.  
  
"Tim, perhaps you could offer Eric something to drink?" she asked rather pointedly while examining the roast.  
  
"Beer?" The older man said with a grin, holding out one of the two he held. Eric quickly evaluated the moral dilemma being presented. He really hadn't drunk at all until his last job had introduced him to it; he found he enjoyed beer, just not nearly as much as his old boss. Drinking on the job was pretty common there, not that he ever did it as he knew it was not very smart or safe; did going to dinner with your employers count as still being at work? Screw it, he decided, taking the can from Tim. Might need more than one to get through this. "Thank you."  
  
"Good heavens Tim, at least give the poor man a glass," she said with mock exasperation while reaching into the cabinet above her. "I'll be right back," she announced, wiping her hands on a nearby towel, "I want to check on Dancer. His ear looked like it might be bothering him this afternoon."  
  
Eric hurried out of the way, putting both glass and beer down to open the door for her then turning back to his host. "Do you, uhh, have some place I could clean up and change?" he asked, shrugging his backpack off his shoulder.  
  
"Use the master bath," Tim said, gesturing down the hall. Door at the end. I like that shower better. Should be some clean towels in there." He watched the young man disappear before deciding he probably needed a shower himself. Sure as hell not gonna share like Gwen does, he thought with a grin before going to retrieve some clean clothes.  
  
Gwen returned to find the kitchen empty. She could hear the faint sound of water running, a sure sign the guest bathroom shower was occupied. Eric, she guessed, and Tim's absence meant he's probably in ours. She knew the guest bathroom had clean towels, it always did, but while laundry had been done over the weekend she couldn't remember stocking the supply in their own bath.  
  
Gwen smiled to herself as she passed the closed door to the girl's bathroom, imagining the tall and skinny young man on the other side naked, and briefly wondered what kind of butt and package were hidden under the loose work pants she had always seen him in.  
  
The fact the door to the master bathroom was closed as well did not register as unusual until she opened it. The frosted glass enclosure reflected in the mirror was not opaque enough to completely obscure the tall, slender blonde behind it--definitely not Tim. Gwen quickly realized her mistake and retreated even as she reasoned that Eric was facing away from her and she had not been seen. Emboldened, she lingered for a moment, eying his reflection while staying hidden behind the door. The view was sufficient to make it apparent he lacked the body hair her husband had, Eric's back and rear end relatively smooth. His ass was every bit as firm as she had imagined it to be, and the Slut shamelessly admired it. He turned to the side, enough to reveal the flaccid length hanging between his legs, a limp shaft tipped with a pink head that hung over a loose sac. Not cherub-like at all, she thought while The Lady screamed at the invasion of privacy being committed. Gwen was forced to agree, taking one more look before putting the towels on the vanity and quietly closing the door.  
  
A barefoot Tim, now dressed in jeans and Nelson Plumbing t-shirt, was first to rejoin Gwen in the kitchen. "If Eric asks, you put the towels in our bathroom, alright?" she coached while accepting a kiss on the cheek.  
  
"I thought there were towels already in there..."  
  
"There are now."  
  
Their guest rejoined them as the last of the food was being put on the dining room table. Tim stifled a laugh—his own attire was no match for Eric's slacks, dress shirt and tie. "You look very nice!" Gwen gushed to the blushing young man.  
  
"Yeah, but lose the tie—we don't wear 'em around here. Get caught in machinery..." Eric gratefully removed the restrictive adornment and accepted their invitation to sit down.  
  
"Guess you're wondering why we asked you here tonight," Tim began as the exchange of bowls and platters began. "You probably know as well as anybody how busy we are..."  
  
Eric nodded eagerly. Which is why the business being in trouble just made no sense. The Nelsons were too careful to be losing money in an environment like this.  
  
"So Gwen and I were talking, and we think it might be a good time to expand to handle all the extra business coming our way. We're getting calls for way more jobs we can respond to. But the two of us are maxed out and we're getting' too old for some of this shit. So, we're thinking of letting someone buy in, become a minority partner. You interested?"  
  
It was Gwen's turn to stifle a laugh at the way the bowl of green beans the young man was holding froze mid-lift while his eyes widened in recognition of what he was being offered. "Own a part of—your business? Me? You sure? I'm kinda the new guy here..."  
  
"You're damn good at what you do and we think the business could use some new blood moving forward."  
  
"Yeah but, a business like this...not sure if I could afford what it would take to buy in."  
  
"We've got a pretty good idea how much a share would be...you buy as many shares as you can afford. Keep buying as you keep saving, up to a third of the total. When Gwen and me decide it's time to get out, you get first shot at our shares. Sound fair?"  
  
"Uhh, that sounds good—really, really good, but shouldn't you be offering this to Cliff? He's been here the longest, and I'm, well, not much older than Mike or Andrew..."  
  
Gwen smiled. "Let's just say you're the second employee to know about our plan, and Cliff wholeheartedly approves of our choice. We want somebody younger who's got good ideas and is going to keep this place going for a long time, long after we're gone. You might be young, but we were your age when we started this place—think of us being here long enough to teach you the mistakes we made."  
  
"I don't know what to say..."  
  
"You don't have to give us an answer yet—in fact, we don't want you to. We've got a shitload of paperwork we're gonna send you home with. You're going to read through it, get a lawyer to help you understand it, and think it over. We don't need to start expanding tomorrow. But for now, nobody but us knows, right?"  
  
A stranger listening to the next two hours of conversation would never have guessed that no agreement had been reached, suggestions being offered and plans being made. Gwen for the most part sat and listened, occasionally giving her own thought to financial issues and office matters, pleased with how excited her husband and their prospective partner both seemed. Her mind did wander when the discussions turned more technical though, and invariably she found herself thinking about the upcoming weekend. Would she actually have to get naked? On this, both the Lady and Slut were agreed. Of course. Mrs. Danning had made that clear and Danilo had already taken pictures of her that way, for God's sake! But where? For how long? In front of how many people? Men, women, or both? What if she was asked to do something and she said no? Both her nerves and excitement simmered and jumped throughout the evening.  
  
Gwen finally broke the discussion up just before eleven, reminding them there was plenty of work scheduled for the next day, sending Eric home to the little apartment across town he had recently rented to be closer to the shop. They saw him off together before Gwen made one last trip out to the barn while Tim at least attempted to clean up the kitchen, gratefully accepting his wife's assistance in tackling the biggest parts when she returned.  
  
She was naked and bent over the bathroom sink washing her face when she felt the familiar bump of Tim's erection against her presented rear end. She did not straighten, instead reaching for the washcloth she knew was within reach, looking up into the mirror and smiling back at the bare-chested man gently grasping her hips. "I would have thought you'd be exhausted given all the excitement today."  
  
"I guess making life-changing business decisions makes me horny. You're not too tired, are you?"  
  
Gwen straightened and reached back between them to pet his hardness. "I've got a few minutes..."  
  
"Good." Tim bent to kiss her neck while his hands roamed her stomach, soon finding her breasts. Gwen's simmering arousal from her post-dinner daydreams flared at his touch and she closed her eyes, laid her head back on his shoulder, and let him explore. A finger pushed its way through her cleft, rough and insistent, curling up to fill her opening.  
  
"You're wet," he grumbled in ear.  
  
She wiggled against his midsection. "You're hard."  
  
"You noticed. Come to bed." Tim steered her out of the bathroom, letting her climb on the bed before joining her. His finger again found her sex while she stroked him. "Longest I've seen this in quite a while," he murmured, running his fingers through her thatch. "Maybe ever."  
  
"Mmmm...guess cutting it just makes it grow back longer."  
  
"Any idea if they're gonna trim ya this weekend?"  
  
"No, no idea..."  
  
"Maybe if they do you can ask them to cut the Nelson Plumbing logo into it? Might be good advertising."  
  
Gwen laughed, her hand leaving his staff long enough to lightly thump him on the arm. "Stop that! How much of a close-up do you think it's going to have?"

"I know how close I'd be if it was me taking the pictures...think they'll shave you bare?""I honestly have no idea. Why?""Just never seen you like that before. You've always had at least that little patch up here." He lightly pulled at a tuft on her mons."If they don't, Natalie has already made me promise to take off whatever they leave.""Really?""Really.""Maybe I could, uhh, be there, to, you know, supervise?"She breathed deeply, fucking back at the finger that was now rhythmically sliding in and out of her. "Whatever you want.""Right now I want this," Tim announced, rolling her onto her back and spreading her legs with his hips in one smooth motion. "Put me in," he commanded. Gwen reached between them to grab his length, rubbing the head up and down her slit until it dragged against her opening. Tim pushed, and she gasped in welcome at the length that filled her in one stroke.Dart always turns right when given his head and Tim always starts in a pushup, Gwen thought with a smile. She knew his predictability in this position better than any others—it had been the only one they had practiced for years. He always started with a handstand above her, as if trying to be a gentleman by keeping his weight off of the woman impaled beneath him, his thrusting even and measured. His politeness would always give way as he grew close however, slowly collapsing to slide his arms under hers, pulling her close as if she might get away, his face in her neck as he fucked her with more force. Up until a couple of years ago she had been ambivalent about the body that would sink down to press her into the mattress; it had meant that he was close to finishing and her duty would soon be done. From time to time being trapped under him gave the Slut a chance to stir her arousal, suggesting she was helpless to fend off his lust and might as well join in. The Lady would always arrive to chase the arousal away, however.But she had grown to love having him on her, to feel as though she were on the verge of having the breath squeezed out as he used her for his pleasure. Spread for him this way felt like such a submissive pose, perhaps not quite to the degree as being taken on all fours, but it was much more intimate being face-to-face, or face-to-neck as it were. She loved having his masculine, hairy, sometimes sweaty body covering her, not being able to do much other than grab his ass to pull him deeper or wrap her legs around his thrusting hips and hang on for dear life.At least they were a good fit together, she mused as he grunted in her ear. What would it be like with someone who was taller than me, like Neal, or even Eric? Do all men collapse on their woman in this position, and would that mean she would be smothered beneath a muscular chest? And what if the man between her legs were shorter? Would his face be buried between her breasts? That might be fun...she smiled into Tim's neck at that one.At least with Neal and Eric there wouldn't be any chest hair to tickle your nose, the Slut offered, reminding Gwen how the model at the toy party and the man in her shower seemed smooth compared to the chest rubbing against her nipples right now. What it would it be like to have one of them between her legs, the muscular body of a man but the smooth skin of a woman?Tim had moved from in-control lover to man urgently looking to fill her, his transition quicker than normal. He was done while the woman beneath him had just begun her climb to orgasm. "Sorry, little quick on the draw tonight," he murmured into her neck while bringing his breathing back to normal.Gwen patted his ass in understanding. "I noticed. I'm glad you didn't wait—it's not all about me, you should get what you want, too."He pushed up off her, again the gentleman. "I always do, and I want to make sure you do, too. Can I help you?""If you want, you can get a couple of my things out of the nightstand for me.""Sure. Which ones?""Uhh, my rabbit and umm, the one we made of you?"The vibrator was retrieved first, and Neal landed with a heavy thud next to her hand. Gwen looked up at her husband. "You sure that one's okay?"Tim shrugged. "I see mine going in ya all the time. Kinda fun seeing how you handle this one. Weird, I know. As long as it doesn't hurt you, or make you uncomfortable, or anything like that," he added hurriedly."I can manage," Gwen replied with a smile. The thick rubber cudgel was carefully positioned, and with a gentle push bulled her lips aside. "Goes in easier after you've been in me," she offered as it began to bottom out.Not like I stretched you out, Tim thought as he watched her fuck herself. Just gave you some of my best lube. His belief was confirmed by the milky white fluid that clung to the veiny cock as it withdrew, the giant penis with the plunger-like head wetly squishing in and out, pulling his seed back to run down the bottom of her ass and darken the comforter below. The buzzing head of the vibrator on her clitoris soon applied the coup de grace. Gwen recovered sufficiently to sit up and playfully admonish Tim for not telling her about the mess she was making before running to the bathroom for a washcloth to blot the bedcover dry; the dildo was taken to the bathroom sink to rinse it of their combined juices after. She noted with a smile that her hand was cleaning it in a way that she imagined would have eventually produced an eruption in the real thing, likely one that would have required wiping down the countertop and mirror. Given where you were pointing that thing, it would have been your face and boobs, the Slut laughed.\*\*\*Tim was home by lunch on Friday and discovered the trailer already hitched to Gwen's truck, his wife waiting patiently for his return before loading Dart. He threw some of his fishing gear in the back and they were on the road an hour later, Tim at the wheel while Gwen sat lost in thought in the passenger seat."This is all hers?" he asked, motioning to the fields and woods lining both sides of the long private country road to the estate after they had been on it for over a mile."Mm-hmm.""I see what you mean about her likin' her privacy. The stone walls musta cost a fortune, and I gotta guess people would've given up and turned around by this point.""Mm-hmm. The driveway is coming up soon. On the right."Truck and trailer rolled to a stop outside the massive wrought-iron gate, and Tim rolled down the window for the equally massive security guard approaching. "Mr. and Mrs. Nelson?" he asked."Yes, that's us...""My apologies, we sent for someone to come down from the stables to show you the way there when we saw your truck turn on to the road, but they haven't arrived yet. If you wait just a moment—""You saw us turn on to the road?" Tim asked. "You got helluva good vision.""Security camera at the turn off from the public road," the guard said with a shrug. "Others along the way. Can't be too careful.""Guess not...""It's alright," Gwen offered. "A guide isn't necessary. I've been there before—I know the way.""Of course," the huge man offered politely. "If you're sure then, I can have them meet you at the stable gate? Once again, my apologies...""That'll be fine and there's no need to apologize, really." The gate opened at the guard's motion back to the shack, and Tim pulled the truck through.He took in the massive mansion at the top of the rise surrounded by perfectly manicured lawns and gardens while steering for the drive to the right at his wife's direction. "Damn, so this is how the one percent live...""The one percent of one percent," Gwen guessed out loud.The stable compound that lay some distance down the drive did nothing to change his mind about their host's wealth. The steel gate slid open as they approached, a tall brunette standing next to a white Mercedes SUV on the other side apparently waiting for them. Gwen studied the woman as she approached while Tim rolled to a stop. She looked like a model, hair elegantly styled in a bun, a knee-length grey skirt encasing long slender legs. A crisp white shirt was sufficiently unbuttoned to show a broad hint of cleavage. The fabric did nothing to hide the lacy bra beneath, and the bra did little to contain the oversize breasts fighting to overwhelm it. A white silk scarf about her neck completed the outfit."Monsieur and Madame Nelson?" The woman asked in a distinctly French accent as she approached the open window, "Mademoiselle Rayburn sends her regrets, but she is in New York this weekend along with Madame Danning and has asked me to ensure all your needs are met. My name is Michelle, I tend to the Madame's guests up at the estate. This weekend I am happy to be at your disposal. If you would follow me, I will take you to where your horse will be stabled." She turned and retreated to the SUV, both Tim and Gwen watching a very firm ass roll beneath the tight skirt.They slowly trailed the woman past the rows of barns and riding rings Gwen remembered from her last visit, towards the edge of the compound where it bordered the woods and open fields that she had ridden in that day. They stopped at the end of the last long row of stalls where two neatly-dressed stable hands stood waiting, hands behind their back as if at parade rest.Michelle rejoined the couple as they exited the truck, gesturing to an open stall near the end. "This one, yes?" she asked the waiting hands."Yes'm, that's the one," one replied while both hurried to the back of the trailer. They were mildly surprised to see Gwen get there first, already working the latches to the swinging double doors."It's alright—I can get him," she said with a smile, already moving into the back with her horse."Are you sure, ma'am? We're here to help—""No, it's fine, really, I'll have him right out." Gwen began to pet Dart's neck while softly telling him how good a traveler he was.Tim joined them at the back of the trailer. "I've learned to never get between my wife and her horse," he said with a shrug and a smile.The stable hands smiled apologetically and stepped back. They had never seen any of Mrs. Danning's guests come in pulling their own trailer, and her guests definitely did not move their own horses. She certainly seemed happy to do it, however...they just hoped it had been noted they had offered their services and been turned down.The stall was immaculate, fresh sawdust and sand on the floor, the wooden walls clean of any splinters or scrapes that might tear expensive horse flesh. A small trough was filled with clean water, and another trough stood waiting for food."Will this do, Ma'am?" one of the hands asked anxiously, unused to standing around watching one of Mrs. Danning's guests do their work. "The stall is air-conditioned should it get too hot out.""It will be fine, thank you. And will we be staying nearby as well?""Of course, Madame, you are just a few meters that way—" she gestured at the wooden wall to her left—" close enough to be a short walk from your horse, but far enough to be away from the stable's activity and...smell. When you are satisfied all is well here, I will be happy to show you."After Dart had been told that she would check on him soon, Michelle led them down a path through some nearby hedges and a grove of manicured pines, the stable hands hurrying along as baggage carriers for the overnight bags Tim and Gwen had brought. Another line of hedges opened into a wide expanse of grass surrounding a large two-story Bavarian-style lodge built into the hillside behind it. "Madame Danning hopes this might suit your needs for the weekend? It is not quite as comfortable as the manor, but it is closer to your horse, and where you will be needed this weekend...""Not quite the size I had imagined when I heard bungalow," Tim observed with a laugh."Madame Danning uses it for more intimate gatherings of her friends," Michelle explained. "Private gatherings. It is rather, ehh, secluded?""It's just fine. Does she have other guests staying here this weekend as well?"Michelle looked back at him in confusion. "Oh no, Monsieur, it is just you and the Madame that will be staying here? Of course, I will be here to see to your needs, and there will be staff here as necessary...will that be alright? Allow me to show you should you have any doubts—I assure you it is quite cozy!" They were led in and around the elegant rooms, the master bedroom alone two-thirds the size of their entire house. The stable hands left their bags there and excused themselves, assuring Gwen that Dart would be their primary concern. Michelle stopped in the dining room. "Your chef Marta will be here shortly to begin dinner preparations. I was told to inform you that Mr. Castigalli would be arriving to meet with you a bit later, perhaps 7? Perhaps you would care to dine before he arrives?""I'm hoping for my friend to arrive about 7 as well. I was hoping to wait for her, but that would be rude to the others...can you make sure she is directed here when she arrives, and there is something for her to eat?""Of course, Madam, her arrangements have already been made. She will report to you here. In the meantime perhaps you would like to sit and relax until Mr. Castigalli arrives? Might I suggest the veranda? It is lovely this time of day." She led them out a door off the living room a huge pool that formed a sort of grotto in the hillside behind the second floor."Beautiful," Gwen said, looking out the stoneflagged deck surrounding the sparkling water, the grassy hillock around that flecked with rock outcroppings and waterfalls that in turn splashed into carefully constructed rocky creek beds that ran back to the pool. "Wish I brought my suit.""I'm sure I can find you one if you wish," Michelle offered, "although if I may be so bold, others have found them unnecessary. It is rather private here."The older woman smiled. "Thank you, I'll keep that in mind.""Now," Michelle continued, "may I offer you a refreshment while you and Monsieur Nelson enjoy the afternoon? We have a fully stocked bar and refrigerator and I am not unfamiliar with drink preparations. How may I serve you?"

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Dinner was served poolside as shadows crept across the grotto, Michelle appearing from time to time to serve the multiple courses and refresh their drinks. The smells and tastes of the various plates being brought to the table temporarily refreshed the hunger Gwen's excited nervousness had suppressed, and she made a point of at least sampling everything that was put before her and Tim.  
  
It wasn't the traditional case of nerves that was causing her distress, she was forced to admit; it was the fear that had been growing since she had accepted this crazy dare and was now reaching a fever pitch. She had known the unique feel of this special kind of fear ever since childhood, the misery it brought tempering her joy of riding competitively. It was the fear of failure, of embarrassing herself and her family in one of a hundred ways, of being found out as a fraud. It was Miss Ritter who had expertly manipulated the fear to teach her student the concentration and focus necessary for the single minded pursuit of a goal, of ignoring all mental, physical and emotional distraction to achieve it. Her mentor had made skilled use of it both as a tool and a weapon, and Gwen had admitted to herself long ago the methods had been effective and necessary as a means to a greater end and really not so bad as the Lady had wanted her to believe. It would be nice to have someone like Miss Ritter at the moment, to tell her exactly what her goal for tomorrow was and force her to focus on it... Gwen stared across the pool and thought about that time in her life before Tim.  
  
"Concentrate, foolish girl!"  
  
She was again standing in the living room of Miss Ritter's apartment, naked, as had become customary when she was summoned. This night was not about tending to her instructor's physical demands, though—tonight she was there to commit her mentor's very specific instructions for an upcoming competition to memory, to practice the sequence in her mind, to visualize every last action, right down to strength of a gentle nudge of her boot against the horse's flank at just the right moment. Gwen stood in a predesignated spot in the center of the wood floor, eyes closed and turning in place while her hands twitched imaginary reins with the deftness needed to guide a well-trained horse through a series of intricate maneuvers. Of course The apartment's resident was there too, circling her, occasionally demanding to know exactly where her charge was in the performance and what she needed to be aware of at that moment.  
  
Her instructor provided distraction as well, plenty of it, trying to break the girl's concentration, dropping a book or pan, letting out sighs of disgust or muttering threats of returning the girl to where she had come from, just another stable hand shoveling horse shit. Gwen was not to open her eyes and check for the source of the noise or open her mouth and ask for Miss Ritter's forgiveness but to continue to work the horse in her mind. There were other methods used to break the student's focus as well, like the occasional knock on the door. Gwen had opened her eyes in surprise the first time, afraid the knock would be answered and reveal the naked girl inside, but quickly saw her instructor standing by the doorway, an annoyed look on her face and knuckles poised to rap again. "Stupid girl, are you afraid someone might see you like this? Does it matter? What they think of you has no effect on your performance. Or is it you wish them to see? Do you wish to become the object of their self-pleasure, or help them satisfy their lust? Your obvious urge to rut must be subdued and put away until I decide your focus is no longer required. Perhaps you should practice your routine out in the barn where you can be certain you would be seen? Would that be better?" Gwen hoped it was just a threat but knew better than to answer, instead closing her eyes and desperately trying to remember where she had left off, hoping Miss Ritter took this as a sufficient admission of wrongdoing. To her relief it was, at least that night, but the distraction soon became a favorite of hers, even pretending to open the door for a visitor. At least she hoped she had been pretending. She never actually heard or felt another other person in the room, but Miss Ritter spoke as though there were, speaking in the third person of the naked girl in the middle of visualizing a canter. The Slut was not the persuasive voice she was now, but she still saw great excitement in the possibility of being exposed like that, unable to do anything about it. For all she knew, her voyeur—or voyeurs, there might have been more than one—would be someone she associated with every day, maybe even Clint. The old man always seemed to be mentally undressing her, anyways.  
  
She had sometimes imagined in moments of weakness that he or the others had secretly been watching the night Miss Ritter had grown exasperated with her student's progress and made good her threat, making her practice the routine naked and on horseback in the riding ring below the apartment. The Lady made concentrating even more difficult than usual, screaming long and loud of the dangers of being caught despite the doors she knew to be locked at this late hour. Gwen did everything she could do to avoid displeasing her mentor any further—she had not wanted to imagine the consequences of that. To her great relief she was finally released to find her clothes and bed down her horse with a simple wave of the hand and a "I trust that in the future this will serve to remind you how much easier it is to concentrate in a more private setting."  
  
There were other means of testing her focus, ones of a more physical nature. Less than perfect posture was corrected with a firm push of an ever-present riding crop against her student's lower back, although it sometimes landed with a light slap under her breasts and was levered up for the same effect. . Her nipples were a favorite target of her mentor, flicking and circling them with the tip of the crop, looking for a flinch, hesitation or even change of breathing from her student. Or the crop might slide between her legs, occasionally from the front although Miss Ritter seemed to prefer inserting from the rear. It was then drawn back with agonizing slowness, whether to just tease or threaten further punishment Gwen could never tell, but she always hurried to correct whatever she guessed was the perceived imperfection. The polished leather knob would occasionally find its way between her buttocks to threaten her rosebud, as well...  
  
It was the command to kneel that Gwen anticipated and dreaded the most. She would do so with legs spread as if astride her mount, and while all of the normal distractions were fair game a vibrator would also be propped just a fraction of an inch from her exposed clit. The device would buzz maddeningly, taunting her while she visualized her routine and described it to Miss Ritter. Any relaxation of her pose risked contact with the device, and whether incidental or intentional the craved physical sensation would weaken her concentration and would always be followed by a sharp rebuke and the slap of the riding crop against her buttocks.  
  
During these more intense periods of preparation it was clear that the only pleasure she would be allowed would be in the pleasure of the training itself until Miss Ritter was satisfied that the specific goal she had set for her student had been reached. Gwen would then be permitted to celebrate her achievement, to let her happiness and pride come to the surface for a short time once she was out of the public eye before being given the next goal she would be working towards. Just as importantly to the young woman, she would also be allowed a release from the physical need that had been building as part of the celebration, a sort of reset before the task ahead. Even on these occasions Miss Ritter would be taken care of first, Gwen's effort to please the older woman only making the wait worse for what she hoped would be given her. If her mentor had found her effort 'satisfactory' she would be instructed to give in to her physical weakness while Miss Ritter observed, even then assuring her student's orgasm was an exercise in control. When she had been found 'more than satisfactory', her instructor would perform the deed, cold and clinical in her efforts. Still, Gwen truly felt most honored when her climaxes came via Miss Ritter's hand. The orgasms themselves had been wonderful, mostly free from the normal stigmas of shame and guilt because she could tell herself she "had no choice", but they was also the surest sign her efforts had exceeded expectations.  
  
After her marriage Gwen had done her best to make use of the skills Miss Ritter had taught her, but in the absence of a strong figure to set the goal and enforce her efforts to achieve it, it was not the same. She couldn't bring herself to admit that her instructor's methods had made use of her sexual arousal both as a distraction and eventual reward; her own self-imposed abstinence during preparations for a competitive event was little different than her normal abstinence and anything she might reward herself after the event was certainly not worth the guilt and shame that would come with it. Her performances were still certainly good, among the best wherever she rode, but the fear of being found wanting eventually outweighed the pleasure and she turned to her daughters' efforts. Gwen employed some but certainly not all of her mentor's methods and was thankful Tim was there to tactfully remind her she was training little girls and not world-class competitors.  
  
It would have been nice to have someone like Miss Ritter in preparing for this weekend, she mused, but who? Certainly not Cricket, although she found the idea of ceding control to someone so young intriguing; Tim might possess the ability to impose his will on her but seemed unwilling to do so. Natalie might be more inclined but she doubted that her sister-in-law could keep a straight face while doing so. Gwen sensed that Liz had the right combination of serious purpose and questionable methods to bend someone to her will, and the Slut liked the idea of finding out, but she lacked the encyclopedic knowledge of horsemanship that her former employer did. And even now she would know as much as Gwen did about what was to be required.  
  
She had actually called Mrs. Danning's assistant the week before, hoping she would be put in touch with the young photographer to get a better sense of his expectations, but all she was given was a message from Danilo telling her she would just "need to be herself and do what she always did." Gwen had no idea what that even meant; without knowing she could not put a sense of order to it, could not script the routine that she and Dart would perform for the camera that would serve as her judge and audience, and without that mental map the risk of failing was very real—and very frightening.  
  
The dessert plates were being cleared when Danilo Castigalli made his appearance, Morris Barofsky with him as well, along with a middle-aged woman whom the photographer introduced as Rose, his makeup artist and hairstylist. The young photographer gently grabbed Gwen's shoulders and kissed one of her cheeks then the other while the elderly tailor took her hand and gallantly kissed the back of it.  
  
"You look great," Danilo pronounced with a grin. "Wow—your hair grows fast. Love how long it got."  
  
"Oh—umm, thanks. Longer than I'm used to..." Wait until he sees the rest of it, the Slut laughed. That grew pretty fast too. Good thing it was cut so short to begin with.  
  
How are you feeling?"  
  
Gwen gave an apologetic smile. "Nervous?"  
  
"Tell you the truth, so am I, a little bit," Danilo said, returning the smile. "But really excited to see what we can come up with!" Gwen chose not to confess her own underlying excitement or the reason for it. "I don't want to waste your time, or Mr. Barofsky's," he continued, the tailor giving a shrug to indicate he really didn't mind, "so I was hoping we could get you to try on your wardrobe so he can make any last-minute adjustments before they're needed tomorrow. Okay if we do that, then you can get back to your peace and quiet?"  
  
"Of course. We have nowhere else to be tonight, anyways." She glanced at Tim as if for confirmation, his turn to shrug in response.  
  
"Great! I believe we left the things you need to try on in the living room?"  
  
Morris gestured back into the house. "If you would, dear lady. I'm anxious to see how close I came to everyone's expectations."  
  
She allowed herself to be led back into the living room. The tailor quickly unzipped the first bag, removing what appeared to be jeans and a white t-shirt, eying the garments critically for a moment before handing them to Gwen. She took them and looked back expectantly at the old man, waiting for something more to be retrieved. This couldn't be it...this is what she wore to muck stalls at home. "I was asked for something...basic," he explained, as if reading her mind.  
  
Gwen smiled and turned for the privacy of the bedroom. "Uhh, they are tailored to be worn without undergarments," Mr. Barofsky gently reminded her. She nodded without looking back and closed the door partway behind her. She stood naked a moment later, exhaling sharply to steady her nerves, and slid the shirt over her head. It was clean but didn't feel fresh out-of-the-package new, the fabric soft and broken in rather than crisp. The fit was snug, much tighter than she normally wore for chores. Her upper body was sharply defined beneath the cloth, hiding nothing about the flatness of her stomach, the gentle curve of her waist, or the size and shape of her breasts. The jeans were also clean but well-worn and exhibited the same fit as the shirt, molding to her rear and threatening to do the same to her crotch and outline of her sex. Cowboy lingerie, Gwen thought to herself with a wry smile as she examined her reflection in the mirror, noting the dark circles of her areolae just visible beneath the white fabric.  
  
Danilo looked pleased when she rejoined them in the living room, Mr. Barofksy equal parts pleased and relieved. Tim had the look he got when he was having impure thoughts...  
  
"Perfect!" the young photographer declared while the tailor hurried to her side.  
  
"Not quite. As always, excuse the touch," Morris mumbled, not waiting for a reply as his fingers inserted themselves under the waistline of the jeans and wiggled. "Not too tight? I'm especially concerned about the inseam. They should not be uncomfortable down there."  
  
"No, it's fine," Gwen answered truthfully. "The fabric seems to give a little more than the denim I'm used to."  
  
"A little bit of stretch fabric in the right spot goes a long ways," the tailor said absentmindedly. "I gathered some trousers from second-hand shops, some of them quite stretchy, took them apart and used the best pieces to put them back together. The crotch is comfortable? I would never forgive myself if your delicate parts were treated poorly."  
  
Gwen blushed a bit, suddenly focused on the rub of soft denim against her sex. "It feels fine," she replied with a smile.  
  
He turned to the photographer. "But we should complete the outfit and see the rest, yes?" Gwen was quickly given a pair of boots to step into, cowboy style and unadorned, true working boots, scuffed and worn but well cared for. A black leather belt with a simple buckle was handed over as well, and finally a pair of finely crafted work gloves, the leather thin and supple, the kind that you might use with a two-hundred dollar manure fork. These were all added to the outfit, and she stood for inspection, turning a slow circle for Danilo's critical eye. She was asked to bend and squat as well, the jeans more flexible than she would have ever have thought and very aware of them pressing on and separating her labial lips.  
  
"Perfect," Danilo finally repeated. "Very nicely done, Mr. Barofsky."  
  
He shrugged. "Nothing, really." He reached into the bag and pulled out two more shirts, both seemingly identical to the one she wore. "I made several," he explained, "should one become soiled. I made other trousers, too. Perhaps you could try them on as well?"  
  
Gwen gathered them and turned to retreat to the bedroom. "Forgive me for being so forward, but you might try them on here?" the old man asked, his voice soft and apologetic. "I would like to see if the clothes are leaving any marks on your skin that might tell me it is too restrictive. It would be quicker as well, and we would be on our way sooner, leaving you and your very patient husband more time to enjoy the evening...."  
  
She thought to ask Tim his opinion, but there was little doubt in her mind what that was. The elderly man had seen her naked, Danilo too, had actually taken pictures of her like that, so...what the hell. She responded by sitting down to remove the boots, the young photographer hurrying to help her pull them off.  
  
It didn't even occur to her that any sense of modesty she might have felt at one time over disrobing in front of a roomful of people was absent, replaced by a professional detachment and a warm glow of excitement. Fear intruded even here though, a fear that at this last minute they might find her body now lacked the necessary attributes and call the whole thing off. Gwen stood for the tailor while he examined her, even putting a foot on a nearby coffee table to allow him to look more closely for marks at the junction of her legs. She did notice Danilo and Rose with heads together in quiet conversation, apparently eying her critically as well, their inspection pausing between her legs, the photographer's undiscernible comment getting quick nods from the stylist. Three more shirts and three more pairs of jeans were put on and taken off in succession, each fitting the same way, each put through their paces with turns and movement.  
  
Morris was reaching into the next garment bag even as Gwen was gently pulling the last t-shirt over her head. He delicately removed a white dress shirt on a hanger, a pair of white riding breeches hanging from it as well.  
  
The shirt was reminiscent of ones worn in the many dressage events Gwen had competed in over the years, but there were marked differences. It was silk, for one, very sheer, and lacking a collar. It was also much tighter than anything she would have ever have worn then, , Gwen thought as she held her breath to button it up. Just like the t-shirt, the sheerness of the fabric did little to soften the lines of the torso and breasts beneath, and while the dark circles of her nipples were better hidden, their erect outline of was even more prominent. The jodhpurs followed form, more like exercise pants than proper ring wear, lacking the traditional leather seat. That would make sticking to the saddle more difficult, she thought with a grimace, not to mention making them even more form-fitting over her rear end. The old tailor had a hard time resisting the urge to reach in and smooth the lines of the shirttails trapped underneath the waistband, instead anxiously advising Gwen where to smooth out the slick fabric against her skin. A black riding coat was next, but this one was not designed to fasten as was tradition; the lapels were cut short enough to make that impossible and instead seemed to frame the rider's chest and stomach rather than obscure them. Black knee-length riding boots of extremely high quality, gleaming wickedly from the shine they had received, and white silk gloves completed the outfit. And this would be dressage judge lingerie, she decided.

She was in the midst of changing out of the second of the three replicas when Michelle appeared from the hallway. Gwen, bottomless and the shirt down to its last button, hesitated at the woman's entrance, the Lady's responded to the surprise appearance by insisting she cover up in the presence of those who had no business seeing her like that."Excuse my intrusion, Madame," the young woman began, apparently unfazed by the sight of a group of people surrounding the nearly nude woman standing in the middle of the huge living room, "but you did ask to have your groom brought to you when she arrived. Shall I have her wait until...""No, that's alright Michelle, she doesn't have to wait."The woman stepped back and motioned to the room, Cricket cautiously creeping forward. Her reaction was somewhat different, eyes widening in surprise at the scene she had walked in on. "Oh—sorry, didn't mean to interrupt anything—""You're not," Gwen replied with a smile, her fingers still on the last button. "I'm just trying on my outfits for the weekend. Kristen, I'd like you to meet Danilo Castigalli, Morris Barofsky, and...Rose.""Nice to meet you, charmed," came the murmurs of greeting while Gwen undid the button and shed her remaining cover, naked while she reached for the next shirt to repeat the process. Cricket drifted over to where Tim stood, arms crossed and grinning at the show his wife was putting on. "Wow," she mouthed to him, and he nodded knowingly."Any problems finding us?" Gwen asked as the last button was fastened at her neck."Oh-uh, no, the directions were fine and I had a guide from the gate the rest of the way.""Did you eat yet?""No, uhh, I came straight here after work...""Sorry, we had an early dinner, but I asked them to save something for you.""Thank you, but Michelle already took my order, said it would be waiting for me back at my room when I get back there."Gwen stopped again. "Oh—I thought you were staying with us—I have to imagine there's more than one bedroom in this place." While there was more than enough room in their bed, appearances had to be maintained...Cricket laughed. "I have to imagine there's more than twenty. But they've got me staying in an apartment over Dart's stall—my stuff is already there. It's nice, nicer than my own place!""But you should stay with us...""I have a job this weekend, remember? I'm supposed to keep an eye on your horse while you're..." she motioned to her friend struggling to bring the tight riding breeches up over her bare rear end, "busy. Let me do my job,'k?"Gwen smiled, her hand now under the waistband smoothing out the shirttails trapped there. "If you change your mind...""I know where to find you. Down the path through the enchanted forest to the castle. Got it. And now, I'm going to make sure Dart is all tucked in. I was told we've got an early start tomorrow. And besides, I'm hungry." Cricket smiled. "See you tomorrow?""You will.""Oh, and you look incredible! I can't wait to see you and Dart together!" The young woman kissed Tim on the cheek, then hurried to Gwen, kissed her cheek as well, and excused herself."So yeah, speaking of early start times," the photographer announced, "will it be alright if we have you there at 9?"Gwen laughed. That wasn't at all early. The trucks were gone by then at home. "And where is there, exactly?""Riding ring 12, the one attached to your horse's barn. Rose will be here at 7 to take you to the shoot. She'll do your hair and makeup there, help you get dressed...""Oh—alright...I'm usually up at 5, but I'll set an alarm just in case.""Just tell Michelle what time you would like to get up and she'll make sure it happens."The fear could wait no longer. "So now can you tell me what you want me to do once I get there? I really don't know what to do...""What you do at home, or what you did in the competition ring, that kind of thing," Danilo casually answered. "A day in the life kind of thing. Nothing I'm sure you haven't done many times before. We'll do a shoot in the morning in the ring, break for lunch and let you get freshened up, then an afternoon shoot outdoors."I've never worn anything like this any day in my life, she thought nervously. "You said I'd be needed Sunday?""Oh—yeah, probably just the morning. We'll, uhh, sort out your outfit for that after I get a chance to look at what we get from tomorrow."Not much help at all, Gwen thought sourly. More details--tell me exactly what I have to do—I need to be ready! She could tell the young photographer was not prepared to go into detail, perhaps because he doesn't know himself, the Lady offered, and she continued to worry in silence. The last set of clothing was tried on, the fit as perfect as everything that it had followed, although Morris grumbled that he would have some last minute adjustments to make but guaranteed it would be back in time for Gwen to dress in the morning. It too was soon removed for the old man to pack back into the garment bag, and an uncomfortable moment of silence followed as Gwen stood there naked, waiting for further instructions."Well, ahh, I think that does it for tonight, Gwen," Danilo finally offered, nervously moving to kiss her cheek, trying to avoid any other physical contact with the nude woman. "Get some sleep—busy day tomorrow!" Morris excused himself as well after another peck on her hand and a quick glance up and down her body. And then it was just she and Tim."Guess I should go get dressed," she offered with a half --smile."Uhh, yeah, I guess, if you want..."She had not noticed the two robes lying on the end of the bed before, white and fluffy, and decided one would be sufficient cover between now and bedtime.Tim grunted his approval as she rejoined him on the veranda, softly lit by guttering torches scattered about the grotto and the pool itself.The click of Michelle's high heels on Italian marble announced her approach. "Marta would like to know if you desire anything more from the kitchen before she retires for the evening?"Tim and Gwen looked at each other, then to the woman. "No, I think we're good thanks. Tell her the meal was wonderful.""I will! May I get you another drink?""No, I think we're fine. We'll be heading to bed soon.""Of course! If I may be so bold, you had mentioned using the pool, yes? Perhaps you should before you retire? I find it such a treat for the senses to go from cool water to a warm bed...""We didn't bring our suits and I will not have you going to look for one," Gwen said softly, her voice motherly stern."I understand, but as I said before, they are not necessary! Many of Madame Danning's friends and guests enjoy a certain...freedom...here, out of the public eye. I like to think I have seen it all," she said with a laugh. "But I can assure you of my complete discretion. You and Monsieur are welcome to enjoy any freedom you might desire."There was a story behind that last comment, Gwen decided. "Thank you, I'll--we'll keep that in mind.""Of course! Please do not hesitate to call for me if you need anything at all!" Her footsteps receded back across the tiled floor of the living room behind them, leaving only the sound of crickets and water softly cascading down the rock walls. They sat in silence for some time, Gwen's eyes closed and breathing measured, frustrated by her feeble efforts to focus and keep the fear at bay."You nervous?" Tim finally asked."Very.""You'll be great, don't worry...maybe you should take Michelle's advice and go for a swim before bed. That seems to relax you at home...""I think she's still in the house.""She did say she's seen it all before..."She pretty much did in the living room earlier, Gwen thought with wryly. Concentrating wasn't working on her fear, maybe distraction might..."She did..." Gwen looked over at her husband. "I will if you will.""I will if you will.""You first." Tim rose from his chair, flashing a cocky smile at her the whole time as his shoes were kicked off, shirt pulled over his head, pants and underwear dropped around his ankles. She giggled at the sight of him standing there in nothing but a pair of gym socks, and even those were gone a short time later, his almost-erect length and balls bouncing gently as he balanced on one leg then the other to pull them off."I thought this was to relax," Gwen said with a smile, nodding to his midsection.He shrugged his smile now one of mild embarrassment. "Lots of ways to relax.""You know we're in somebody else's house, right?" She stood and did her own check of the house before pushing the loose robe off her shoulders, accepting Tim's hand as he led her down the steps into the cool water.He turned to kiss her once they were chest deep, and Gwen wrapped her body about him in response, letting herself be buoyed by strong arms and the water. "They're not home." His erection ignored the cold and bumped insistently against her sex. She was in no hurry to give him access though, enjoying the feel of the masculine body she was wrapped around, his lips against hers. They stayed this way for some time, her arms around his neck, Tim's hands grabbing her ass firmly to support her. Miss Ritter would not approve of this at all...Gwen ground her hips sensuously against the hardness she was perched on, finding it pleasant but not nearly enough so to dispel the impending sense of doom she felt. "Ready to use that?" she murmured in Tim's ear. Despite her own feelings, it would be unfair to leave him unsatisfied...The hardness continued to slide through her furrow, bumping against her opening, looking for a way in. "What do you think?""Not here. In a nice warm bed." Gwen was gently dropped to stand on her own two feet before reluctantly unwrapping her arms from around his neck. She turned in the chest-deep water, swatting away the hand that was insistently squeezing her cheek, then froze at the sight and sound of Michelle hurrying out on to the deck with towels. Apparently she was telling the truth about seeing it all, Gwen thought, because apparently the frequency with which she was anked in front of her was not enough to visibly fluster her. Several responses and actions were considered before she decided to stay where she was and wait for the young woman to act first. Tim for his part, felt a twinge of modesty and moved behind his wife to better shield the young woman from the possibility of seeing the erection that lurked just below the surface."My apologies for intruding, Monsieur and Madam but I was asked to deliver a message. I saw that you were sharing an intimate moment and felt it best to wait until you were, shall we say, satisfied. But I can now see you are perhaps moving on to continue in the comfort of your bed, yes? Again, my apologies and I will speak quickly." She looked over Gwen's shoulder at Tim. "Monsieur Nelson, Vincent, the man who will be your fishing guide tomorrow, would like to know what time he should call for you tomorrow morning?"Tim blinked back in surprise, very aware that the interruption had done nothing to diminish the hard on hidden behind his wife's back. "Would, uhh, 7 be too early?"Michelle smiled. "I would think that would allow you time to enjoy each other's company as well as time for sleep. I will make certain Vincent is here at that hour. Shall I wake you and the Madame together?""Sure. Oh, he'll need to get me back to my truck so I can pick up my stuff, though,""He will take you wherever you wish to go. I will tell him you will be expecting him at 7 o'clock." The young woman was now standing at the top of the stairs, holding a towel open in the expectation that one of the naked bodies would step into it.Gwen hesitated, sensing the woman would not leave until the towel was wrapped around her charge. She climbed the steps, moving carefully to avoid slips trips and falls like she had always warned the girls, and stepped into the luxurious fabric. Hands began to quickly dry her, including several passes over her breasts and one between her legs, and then Michelle hurried to repeat the process for Tim. He awkwardly turned away from the woman as he climbed out, doing his best not to appear as though her were pointing at her. He was dried too, getting a casual swipe or two over and under his manhood before Michelle stood back and let the couple wrap themselves in their towels while she gathered Gwen's robe and Tim's clothes. She escorted them to their bedroom, carefully hanging what had been discarded poolside while they waited in embarrassed silence.Michelle turned the covers down at one corner of the massive bed then looked back at them. "Will there be anything else? I feel badly I interrupted your private moment. IS there anything I might do to help you regain the mood? Whatever you might desire, I am at your service."Gwen looked back at the woman, the Slut certain of what was being suggested, the Lady in agreement and aghast. Michelle's blouse had somehow begun to become unfastened between dinner and now, very full breasts threatening to spill out from the deep cleavage the undone buttons had created. "Oh-uh, no, thank you very much, but I think we are set for the evening.""Very well, I will leave you to resume your intimate moment. I'm sure you have things well in hand—" the young woman looked at Tim's towel-covered hard on and smiled—" but if there is any way I can help, please do not hesitate to ask..." She turned and left the room, quietly shutting the door behind her.The couple looked at each other, waiting to see if they were truly alone at last. Gwen smiled and broke the nervous silence. "Guess she saw that when you were getting out of the pool," she said with a smile and a nod at his towel-covered length.Saw it? Tim thought. She dried it off. "Uhh, sorry about that...it has a mind of its own and no conscience. "It was thinking of you, though.""I'm sure it was..." Gwen tossed her towel on the bed and moved to kneel in front of her husband in one fluid motion. He eagerly anticipated what was coming and tossed his own to join hers, his still-undiminished hardness released to bob in front of his wife's lips. She gently kissed the tip, pursing her lips around the spongy head, then opened to slide the length between them. Gwen took her time, tasting the mix of chlorine and the steady drip of his pre-cum, allowing Tim to hold her head and ease himself into a gentle fucking of her mouth. He finally pulled away with a shudder and a groan. "Let me do you."She was laid back on the edge of the bed with legs spread but her attention was elsewhere, her mind trying to prepare for tomorrow despite not knowing what to prepare for. The tongue busy at work in her sex was just a pleasant distraction from her focus, and she knew there would be no orgasm tonight. She soon found herself wanting Tim to finish sooner than later, if for no other reason to stop the exquisite torment his distraction was causing. "I'm ready for you now," Gwen announced to the head between her legs. "How would you like me?"Tim looked up and grinned. "All fours, if you don't mind. I think this bed's just the right height for that." It was, and she waited patiently while he adjusted her position like a craftsman readying his workspace, pulling her back closer to the edge, spreading her legs a little more so he would fit snugly between them, one hand on her hip to hold her steady while the other lined himself up to enter her with one smooth stroke. He groaned at the wet warmth that enveloped him and Gwen's body was soon rocking in time to his energetic thrusts. She resolutely looked ahead at the headboard that seemed a long ways away across the huge bed.He was drawing close to his orgasm, his thrusts finishing with a small slap as skin met skin, his breathing more labored. "Tim," she asked over her shoulder, "can you come outside me tonight? I, umm, don't want any, uhh accidents in my outfits tomorrow..." The Slut doubted there would be any of his seed left in her by then, but he was pushing rather deep at the moment and she really didn't know how long it would take to find its way out...He snorted with effort. "Be glad to.""And try not to get any on the sheets. I'm sure they're very expensive."Another snort, this time accompanied by a short laugh. "Yes dear..." a few final frantic thrusts and he pulled back, letting his cock spring free enough to slide it up between her asscheeks. It continued to piston up and down the valley, the head rasping against her rosebud with each stroke, until he pulled her to him with a grunt, trapping the length between them. She could feel the warmth of his sperm as each grunt added more to the pool on the small of her back,.Gwen managed to remain upright and on all fours despite the weight of her spent husband trying to push her down into the incredibly soft comforter. With a final contented groan, Tim shifted, drawing away from her, standing back with hands on hips to admire his work."Can you get something to clean me up with?" she asked, still looking forward, afraid to move and perhaps let the wetness somehow slide off of her. He returned quickly, gently wiping away his orgasm. Finished, he bent to kiss his wife's still-presented sex.Gwen shivered at the touch of his lips, but knew his efforts tonight would be futile. She collapsed and rolled to her side."Want me to take care of you now?" Tim asked, a little confused by his wife's new pose."No, I'm fine. A little nervous about tomorrow, hard to concentrate, if you know what I mean.""Oh...got it. Sorry. I could have gone without, you know.""I didn't want you to."They were soon beneath the softest sheets either had ever felt, Gwen staring up at her reflection in the mirror above the bed as she tried to pull her thoughts together before giving up with a last sigh. She turned to her side, quietly cuddling Tim, both letting the excitement the day and evening catch up with them. Gwen was still awake and wrestling with her fear long after the start of Tim's heavy rhythmic breathing but eventually lapsed into sleep too, her dreams fueled by her frustrated arousal, scattered and lurid, old favorites and new situations. She could remember none of them when she was awoken by the sound of Michelle's softly calling as she carried a tray of coffee across the room. "Madame? Monsieur? My apologies, but it is time to get up.Gwen opened her eyes, suddenly aware that Michelle was in the room, checking to see if her naked body was covered while her vision cleared. To her relief she was, although a quick glance to her left told her Tim had kicked the covers off overnight, his naked backside presented to the young woman setting the coffee service on a nearby table."Would you like me to pour, Madame? Is there anything I can do to make waking up more pleasant for you or Monsieur Nelson?""No, we're fine, Michelle. We'll be out in a moment.""Of course. Breakfast will be ready for you." She retreated, the door closing with a soft click.Gwen playfully slapped her husband on his bare cheek. "Time to get up.""I'm up," he grumbled, breathing deeply. "I just didn't want to roll over while she was here and show her everything.""So now you're shy?""She saw all of me last night," he replied, rolling over to kiss his wife. "Don't want to seem like I'm flaunting it. And besides, my ass is not much to look at.""I disagree. As a matter of fact, I think you should be the one posing this weekend, not me.""I'm pretty sure Mrs. Danning doesn't want pictures of a naked guy fishing. You're the one she wants. Good choice, in my opinion."Breakfast was a sumptuous affair enjoyed on the veranda that Gwen mostly looked at rather than touched. She had plenty of time after getting ready to listen to her fears before the ATVs for she and Tim pulled up. They parted with a kiss, Gwen getting a reassuring "you'll be great" from her husband before Vincent whisked him off at a speed she thought a bit unsafe for that kind of vehicle. Rose was a bit more sedate and the two women had enough time to introduce themselves and discuss the upcoming weather ("hot and clear") before driving past Dart's now-closed stall and pulling up on the other side of the building in front of an immense riding ring. A young man was standing next to a door as if guarding it, pulling it open at the women's approach. Rose led the way down a hall to a door on the right, the small room behind it housing a sink, counter and stylist's chair. The dressage outfits from the night before was there as well, hanging from a coat rack.

"Can I get you anything before we begin, ma'am?" the older woman asked. Something to drink?"The wild idea that wine might serve as liquid courage flashed through her mind before the Lady chased it away with a reminder that it was still early morning. Besides, being drunk on horseback was not going to make this better..."No, I'm fine, and please, call me Gwen.""Alright, Gwen," Rose said with a smile. "In that case, here's a robe to change into—" she was handed something not unlike what she had dropped by the pool the night before—"just us girls, so you can hang your clothes over there."Gwen stripped quickly and donned the robe, taking the chair Rose had waiting. Her hair was washed and styled, braided and piled formally on the back of her head in a rather severe bun, the classic dressage ring look. Makeup was applied sparingly although Gwen thought the red lipstick a little shocking."Okay, uhh, one other thing before you get dressed," Rose said slowly, almost apologetically. "Dan thought a little trim...down there...might not be a bad idea. Nothing much," she added quickly, taking Gwen's silence for hesitation, " just a little scissor work, a couple of passes with a razor...don't worry, I've done tons of Brazilian waxes so I know my way around down there. But don't worry, I'm not taking much at all, just a trim!"I guess that answers if I'm still going to get naked, Gwen thought as she allowed the chair to be reclined back before a pair of stirrups were deployed that reminded her very much of a gynecological table. She allowed her ankles to be placed in them and knew the robe she wore hid little or nothing from the woman who had wheeled up between her legs on a stool. The robe was unceremoniously untied and flipped back. "Pardon the touch," Rose murmured, and Gwen heard rather than saw the scissors begin their work."If I you don't mind me saying so," the stylist said softly, "you have lovely pubic hair. So soft and straight, almost like you style it.""I didn't even know styling down there was a thing! I haven't touched it since Danilo asked me to let it grow after I agreed to this, promise!" Gwen babbled."I can assure you it's a thing," Rose replied, concentrating on her cuts like she was shaping a bonsai tree. "I have several clients. I have more who prefer bare because it's the thing nowadays, which is also why I do Brazilians."She was surprised just how little cutting was done, some on the margin of skin between her legs and her lips, a little more around the perimeter of her mons, apparently to straighten up the lines much like one would do before putting on a bathing suit. The smooth drag of the razor was even quicker, and Gwen could feel the stylist intently studying the finished product before pronouncing herself satisfied.The chair was brought back to a sitting position and Rose moved to where the morning's outfits were already hanging "Okay, let's get you dressed and delivered." The shirt was retrieved and the stylist held it out for an arm to be slid into it.Gwen did as she was asked, standing still while Rose worked to button her up. The stylist stepped back, making a circle around her half-naked charge, then retrieved the breeches and helped her into those as well. She did not bother to ask permission before reaching into them to smooth the shirt down in a very business-like manner, occasionally stepping back to check her work before returning. Finally satisfied, the boots were retrieved, and to Gwen's surprise, a black silk choker that was tied about her throat, the bow riding low on the back of her neck. The black coat was next, the fit carefully checked and imagined pieces of lint removed, and Gwen was handed the gloves last."Take a look and see what you think," Rose suggested, and Gwen turned for the first time to look at herself in the mirror.That's not me, she thought at first glance before deciding that yes, it really was. Miss Ritter had always thought the more daring outfits were a cheap attempt to distract the judges from the rider's glaring inadequacies, and this was far beyond anything she had ever seen in a competition ring. The Slut thought she wore the outfit well, very well; the shirt and breeches felt almost like a second skin but looked elegantly slutty, like high-society porn while the jacket somehow seemed to accentuate the look. She considered again how many people would see her like this and what they would think, but ultimately knew the only person it really mattered to was the woman who had commissioned it. "It's uh, daring," was all she could offer.Rose beamed. "I would say so. But I have to say with that body you were born to wear it. If you're half the rider Dan says you are these photos are going to start a new style trend." Gwen's stomach lurched at the reminder of the standard that was expected of her. "Ready?""Do you think so?"The stylist continued to grin and opened the door. "Let me show you the way."

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Rose led the way down a brightly lit cinderblock hallway to a metal fire door and pushed it open with an echoing bang and creak to reveal a large enclosed space on the other side. Gwen immediately recognized the dirt floor beyond surrounded by concrete walls and garage doors as the staging area between the arena to her right and the outside world to the left. She had been in spaces like this many times, focusing herself on the task ahead...  
  
The woman did not stop, instead turning to another metal door on the left and pushing that one open too. Gwen's eyes struggled to adjust to the brightness as she followed along into the sunlight beyond, but was at least able to make out an expanse of grass in front of her. A cart path drew a grey line between her and a trailer a hundred feet away where a horse was tethered to the trailer—Dart, she knew right away, and there was a small cluster of people gathered a few yards to his right. The group turned as one to look at the woman getting her bearings outside the open door. Danilo was there along with a pair of stable hands, a young blonde woman and a petite young brunette, both dressed in khakis and dark green polo shirt. That's Cricket, she quickly decided of the smaller woman, unsure how she had gotten into the standard uniform of Mrs. Danning's stable hands. There was a young man with them as well, dressed more casually in t-shirt and jeans...Gwen took a breath and walked towards the group in the practiced measured step Miss Ritter had demanded in these situations. Leave no doubt you are in control...  
  
"Gwen, you look incredible!" the young photographer called across the expanse of grass as he came to meet her. "How are you feeling?"  
  
"Same as last night," she admitted. "I really hope you and Mrs. Danning haven't made a mistake."  
  
He stepped back, eying her critically, then grinned. "I'm really sure we haven't!"  
  
"It's Dart who looks incredible," she deflected, moving to her horse, looking back in wonder at the young women coming up to join her. "This is the best he's looked in years, maybe ever! Is this your work?"  
  
"I'm Hannah, ma'am," the blonde said, "and to tell the truth, your groom did most of it. I tried to help, though."  
  
"We both worked on him," Cricket chirped nervously. "Hannah had the instructions on what was required, so I just did what she said."  
  
Gwen circled the horse, inspecting him, finding that her exacting standards had been met. "Who did the braids?" she asked after noting the effort that had gone into his mane, appreciating how they hung to the right as was proper for the show ring even if her own outfit was most certainly not. "I always hated doing those..."  
  
"Uhh, Kristen did," the young blonde volunteered. "I was told to do the tail as well, but she said you prefer it to be left unbraided so I banged it instead. I hope that's alright."  
  
"It is, and Kristen is right," Gwen said distractedly, her head next to Dart's as she said hello, "a braid makes the horse carry the tail stiffly. Leaving the tail unbraided helps demonstrate the animal is supple all the way through its back. And the bang is cut beautifully."  
  
There was a tinge of relief in the young woman's voice. "Thank you, ma'am."  
  
Greeting completed, Gwen turned back to the photographer, unsure what to do next. "I'd like you to meet my assistant, Marco," Danilo offered with a wave of his hand.  
  
The young man shuffled forward. "H'lo." Gwen shook the tentatively extended hand while evaluating its owner. Young and wiry with a shock of black curly hair, young enough to still be in high school, she thought with a hint of alarm, noting that his attempts to look anywhere but the body in front of him were occasionally failing. Just wait until the shirt comes off, the Lady darkly reminded her. He probably won't even pretend to look the other away.  
  
The young photographer clapped his hands. "Ready to get going?"  
  
Gwen squared her shoulders and checked her posture. "What do I have to do?"  
  
"Like I said, just what you always do. I'm going to have you walk down from the building to the trailer, get Dart ready for the ring, take him up and put him through a routine."  
  
She felt her stomach lurch. "I'm really sorry, I don't have a routine ready..."  
  
"You don't have to," Danilo said brightly. "I'll be calling for you. Are you alright with that?"  
  
Gwen felt a wave of hope-tinged relief surge through her, the Lady trying to inject a note of caution. She had not had someone calling out her program since childhood, and even then it had been easy enough for her nine-year old self to get through the instructions without much effort. It should be even easier now, she dared hope, given how much experience—and age—she had accumulated. Just follow the instructions, do what you're told..."Oh—of course, yes."  
  
Great! Now," the photographer continued, "a couple of rules. Number one, don't look at me or the camera unless I tell you to. Just pretend I'm not even here, go about your business. Two, be yourself. Trust your muscle memory, don't do anything you wouldn't normally do, just get your horse ready to ride, and then...ride the way you did that day at your house."  
  
The Lady's need for order took over, deciding that if this perversion was to continue there should at least be some structure to it, and quickly presented a list of tasks to be done. Dart was already impeccably groomed, not much to do there, but it would only be correct if Gwen did it as well. He would have to be saddled...she looked around, wondering if his tack had been retrieved.  
  
"Everything you need is in there," Danilo said with a nod towards the trailer, reading her mind. "Take a look, get yourself familiar with it, do a quick groom and then we can send you back to the building."  
  
Gwen stepped up into the cool shade of the equipment bay, Cricket and Hannah hovering just outside the door. Mrs. Danning had supplied the tack; a very high-quality dressage saddle, finely polished double-bit and reins. "We made sure Dart was alright with the fit and feel of everything last night," Cricket assured her, "then polished it up, not that it really needed it. I tried to guess how I thought you might like things arranged."  
  
"Thank you for doing that. You know me too well." She stepped back out in to the warmth of the morning sun to where the photographer was waiting for her. "I think I've got it. But..."  
  
His look changed to one of concern. "But what?"  
  
She tugged at the lapel of her coat. "Well, I don't normally wear this when I'm grooming or saddling up...it gets in the way...or these," Gwen said as she held out the gloves she clutched in her other hand.  
  
"Then don't wear them now. Put 'em on when you normally put 'em on, okay?" he suggested with an easy smile. She stepped back into the trailer, identifying a safe place to hang the coat before taking it off and carefully laying the gloves on the top of the collar. His assistant—Marco, was it?-is really going to love this look, she thought wryly, not that the coat was hiding that much...  
  
Danilo was holding his camera when she returned, Marco a computer tablet. "Ready?"  
  
She nodded grimly. "Ready."  
  
He led the way, Gwen following the young photographer, his assistant following her, no doubt with his eyes glued to your practically naked rear end, the Lady sniffed, until Danilo stopped at the cart path. "Okay, go back up inside, and when you're ready, come on out and go tend to your horse. Remember, be yourself and don't look at me, okay?"  
  
She nodded and continued on alone, opening the door and carefully shutting it again. She stood there breathing in the smell of cool dirt mixed with the heady scent of horse, finding some peace and her bearings in its familiarity. "Here we go," she muttered to no one, her mind firmly set to the task, and stepped back out.  
  
The photographer was where she had left him, Marco a few steps behind, the others nowhere to be seen. She sharply reminded herself of the photographer's instructions and focused on Dart standing quietly in the shade of the trailer, her gaze steady as each step brought him closer. Gwen willed herself to let routine and muscle memory carry her. Danilo's advice to forget he was even here proved to be exceedingly difficult, the camera clicking rapidly as she walked by, continuing as he crossed behind her, circling. Probably getting some good shots of my rear, Gwen thought, the Slut reminding her he had probably gotten an equally good look at her front.  
  
Dart turned his head to casually acknowledge her approach, shaking a fly off his ear in greeting. "Hello friend," she murmured, her nose to his, very aware the photographer was not far off capturing the moment, "do me a big favor and try and do what you can to make me look good, and I'll try really hard not to make you look bad." The horse dropped his head to nudge her chest in response, and Gwen set to work. She went through the motions of a brief grooming, not that he needed it, before retrieving the tack and saddle. They were of the highest quality—of course they were, she thought with mild amusement, and true to Cricket's word, Dart seemed to accept them well. After a final check of the saddle's cinch, she retrieved her coat and put it on, saving the gloves until the horse's lead was untied.  
  
"Okay, lead him up to the ring and stop in the staging area," Danilo softly directed, and as if on cue, the garage door began to roll up, Cricket and Hannah waiting inside. Horse and rider walked slowly, Gwen now staring at the grass in front of her but not seeing it, concentrating as she always had when preparing to compete, composing her thoughts and quieting her nerves, fighting her fear. She didn't look up at the young women as they stepped back into the shadows just inside the door, instead tearing her eyes from the path she had set for herself to look back at Dart and quietly praise the horse.  
  
The door to the ring was open now as well, the space beyond cavernous and thankfully apparently empty. The cool breeze of air conditioning escaping the big building flowed past her, and Gwen was thankful that at least she would not be riding in the rapidly-building heat of the morning sun. "Okay, take a quick break," Danilo said with a smile as he joined them, "you're next rider in. Doing okay?" He smiled and quickly huddled with his young assistant, the pair talking quietly while he reviewed something on the tablet. Once satisfied, he turned back to the group. "Gwen I'm going to ask you to mount and dismount a few times—I want to get that from various angles. Ready?" She nodded and he moved to a spot ahead of her. "Okay, when you're ready."  
  
Gwen swung a leg up and over Dart's back six times, reversing the process each time to dismount and wait while Danilo moved to another spot. The photographer was finally satisfied and the rider a little surprised to find herself just a bit winded from the repeated effort. She was instructed to take her place at the entry to the ring.  
  
The next couple of hours were almost anticlimactic, Gwen falling into old routines as the photographer called out half-passes and flying changes of leg, passages and piaffes, many times putting himself dangerously close to Dart's path as the camera fired almost continuously. There were several breaks too, horse and rider given a chance to briefly rest while Danilo reviewed his efforts on Marco's tablet. It was during the first break Gwen reached down to sweep away a bit of imaginary dirt on her thigh and froze. Despite the air conditioning, sitting astride a working half-ton animal produces heat, and heat produces sweat. In this case, the sweat had turned the sheer white fabric covering her legs and crotch nearly transparent, the trimmed triangle of her thatch now visible beneath. The shirt had also lost what little ability it had to provide cover, and her areolae stood out like obscene buttons beside the too-short lapels of her coat. The Slut suggested it was not just sweat making her pants transparent, and Gwen fervently hoped her undeniable arousal would be mistaken for perspiration.  
  
She urgently motioned for Cricket to join her. "Could you see from where you were how much this outfit shows?" she whispered, flicking her eyes down her body in meaning.  
  
Cricket nodded and giggled nervously. "Yeah, sometimes, if you knew where to look...like when you were mounting and dismounting, your bum was kinda showing through your seat. Nobody seemed to mind, though," she added helpfully.  
  
"Of course they didn't," Gwen replied with a roll of her eyes, and thought about asking whether it might be a good time to take a break and change into the spares Mr. Barofsky had prepared, but decided she would probably be losing the soaked garments soon enough anyways. The suspense as to if—when, the Lady continued to remind her—that was going to happen was beginning to weigh heavily on her. Memories of that night in the ring with Miss Ritter were refreshed and comparisons were impossible to dispel; though the fear of discovery she felt that night were diminished, her excitement from the sheer perversity of it all was even more pronounced.  
  
She had not been called to remove anything by the time Danilo eventually called out "exercise finished, rider go tend to your horse." Dart was spurred into a smart trot back to the staging area where Gwen waited for Danilo to instruct her to dismount, imagining her pubic hair standing out like a dark arrow pointing to her sex when the leg swung wide over the horse's back. She knew it was impossible to hide anything as she led Dart back to the trailer while Danilo continued to orbit and shoot, Marco doing his best to stay out of his brother's way. She thought about leaving the coat on while she unsaddled the horse but knew routine was routine and it would be a mostly useless gesture anyways.  
  
"I think I've got what I need," Danilo announced after she had finished her tasks and given the horse a light kiss on the nose in thanks. "Gwen, Rose is going to take you back to the house so you can freshen up, get some lunch, and then she'll take you out to the site for the afternoon shoot. Sound good?"  
  
Gwen turned in surprise. That was it? The light breeze against her wet clothes was a reminder that it might feel nicer against bare skin. "Did I do something wrong?" she blurted.  
  
His look was one of genuine confusion. "Wrong? No! Why would you think that? You were great, exactly what I think Mrs. Danning was hoping for. Your horsemanship is wonderful to watch! You and Dart really seem to connect. I can only hope I was good enough to get that on film."  
  
"So, you don't need me to do anything else right now? No more posing?"  
  
"Nope, not until after lunch. The grooms will take care of Dart for you. You go take a shower and get something to eat. You were working really hard out there—you're soaked!"  
  
And you're sweaty, too, the Slut guffawed. Gwen blushed. "Sorry, but it was warm in there, even with the air conditioning..."  
  
"Nothing to apologize for—it was actually the look I was going for—you know, two athletes in sync. Now go and relax a little—we'll see you this afternoon."  
  
She accepted the ride from Rose after giving Cricket instructions she didn't need and getting politely shoo'd away.  
  
The break was brief but welcome. Gwen resisted the urge to relieve her sexual tension with a quick touch in the shower, promising herself something more with Tim later, the ever-present fear and nervousness of the afternoon schedule making the choice somewhat easier. She donned a robe for the lunch served by the pool and then she was back into her own clothes for the short ride to the afternoon's shoot.  
  
Rose steered the ATV down a fragrant path surrounded by Southern pine into an open field Gwen remembered from her ride with Mrs. Danning. A small wooden barn had been added since she had last been here, impossibly weathered and worn for the short amount of time since its construction. "That barn was on one of Mrs. Danning's ranches out west," Rose explained. "She had it taken down piece by piece and rebuilt here at Mr. Castigalli's request."  
  
She definitely spared no expense for this, Gwen mused as the ATV rolled towards a bus-sized RV set a short distance away. Danilo and his assistant were waiting for her there, Dart, Cricket, and Hannah nowhere in sight. Their whereabouts was her first question for the young photographer after they greeted each other.  
  
"They're in the barn, out of the sun," he explained, "figured since we'll be starting there..."  
  
She was led into the bus that was to serve as her dressing room, her hair set in a loose ponytail and makeup sparingly applied before she got into the jeans and t-shirt she had tried on the night before. Just as in the morning, one accessory was added, a folded red bandana wrapped and tied about her throat. At least no cowboy hat, she thought with some relief. She always looked so dumb in them...With a satisfied smile, Rose pronounced her ready and escorted her out the door to where the others now waited.  
  
"Dart took the morning ride really well," Cricket volunteered before being asked. "Not tired at all or favoring anything as far I can see." She looked to Hannah for confirmation and got a quick nod in response.  
  
"Thank you both for taking such good care of him. It's such a relief for me." Danilo quickly set up the afternoon's events, an outdoor repeat of the morning's performance. Gwen could feel the heat of the midday sun beginning to reverse the effects of her shower even as he talked, the back of her shirt quickly sticking to her. The trickle of sweat forming between her breasts meant the front would soon be in the same condition.  
  
The photographer again circled her as she walked to the barn through knee-high grass, gaze steady and head high as if she were walking to the winner's podium in the ring she had ridden in that morning. She was thankful to reach the shade of the barn but knew the stillness of the air inside would do nothing to dry her shirt. Its interior was a simple affair, and authentic; Dart loosely tied to a rail at the far end, hay piled deep on either side of the split upper floor. His tack was nearby as well, simpler affairs than what she had used for the ring but still high quality, the western saddle nicely broken in yet still in immaculate condition. She smiled at the grooming brushes she had been left. Even those were off a more basic design. They had apparently thought of everything.  
  
Dart looked different as well, the braids gone, the hooves clean but no longer brightly polished. Even his tail had somehow been magically un-banged, regaining its more natural look, albeit just slightly shorter. Of course, only Gwen would ever notice the change in length...  
  
She again pressed her nose lightly against the horse's while Danilo snapped away. "Take two," she murmured, "you were perfect this morning. Can we try it again?" She worked at her accustomed pace to ready him, the effort and the still heat of the barn soaking her, a wet spot beginning to stain the tight denim between her legs. It's just sweat, she tried to convince herself, nobody's going to think you've wet yourself. Maybe they'll think it's something else, the Slut teased.  
  
The shoot progressed as the morning's had, Gwen leading the horse from the barn before being asked to mount and dismount while Danilo orbited the pair, Gwen certain her breasts and the spreading dark spot would be impossible to miss on the images he was capturing. Danilo called out her moves from there, more trotting and galloping as would be natural for a horse and rider in this element, light on the technical maneuvers they had expertly displayed in the ring. There were frequent breaks too, chances for Gwen to confirm just how transparent her shirt had become and how much her wet spot continued to creep down the inside of her thighs. Just like before, she was not asked to change into the fresh clothing she was certain was in the RV, or just remove it altogether.

And then it was over, Gwen riding Dart back to the barn's open doorway before dismounting to lead him in, using buckets of water and sponges to cool down the sweating animal, giving him the customary kiss on his nose when she had finished with him. Gwen knew she should be relieved that she was still dressed, albeit showing much more than would be right in polite company of course but still leaving at least a little to the imagination; instead she felt disappointment in not being asked to at least go topless or even further—the cool breeze against her sweat-soaked skin would have been refreshing, she reasoned. Cooling off with a sponge bath right now might make a good photo...she dismissed the thought. Mrs. Danning wanted classy, not slutty, and she was not about to volunteer that pose anyways.  
  
"That was awesome!" Danilo gushed with genuine enthusiasm. "You're done for the day! Go and relax—you've earned it. Rose will run you back to the house."  
  
"And we'll get Dart back to his stall," Cricket volunteered. "Nothing to worry about."  
  
"I'm not," Gwen replied with a smile. "I know you've got it." She turned to Danilo. "What's the plan for tonight? Do I have more wardrobe I have to try on? I didn't think Mr. Barofsky designed anything else..."  
  
The young photographer nervously averted her gaze and began to walk away from the others, motioning to Gwen to follow. He walked until the group was out of earshot, but lowered his voice anyways. "There's, uhh, no wardrobe tomorrow—not really, anyways, if you know what I mean," he said, continuing to study the ground. "If you're still okay with that, that is. I mean, if you've had second thoughts about that I might be able to work with what I've already got..." It was clear that was not what he preferred.  
  
"No, I said I would," Gwen replied steadily, unsure if her tone did enough to make it sound like it was her obligation rather than her wish. "Where?"  
  
"Oh, I've got another spot picked out a couple fields over...very private," he assured her.  
  
"So not a lot of people will be there?"  
  
"Just the same people as today."  
  
"About that...your assistant...he seems...young?"  
  
"Marco? He's eighteen, but I promise he'll be very professional about—you," he stammered. "He hasn't said or done anything I should know about, right? If he has, please tell me and I'll beat his butt." Gwen's look of surprise made him hurry to continue. "He's my brother, so I can do that," he explained. "He graduated high school earlier this year, wants to follow along in the family business so to speak, so I hired him to make sure he understands having the Castigalli name doesn't prevent you from doing grunt work. If you'd rather he not be there—"  
  
"No, that's alright," Gwen reassured him, "as long as you think having to spend his day looking at a n—" she stopped, some small part of her not wanting to say the word naked and therefore admit she knew that part of the plan—"an old woman won't be too much for him."  
  
"Stop that. You might be older than him, but I'll bet you still turn heads. Younger men find mature women with your kind of confidence very attractive. So, uhh, I'd like to get an early start, is that alright?"  
  
The Lady laughed at the blurring of confidence and immorality. "Of course, How early?"  
  
"Well," he hesitated, as if delivering bad news, "I'd like to get some photos in the early morning light? Can Rose pick you up at 6?"  
  
"That'll be fine. And no wardrobe?"  
  
"Not much." He smiled weakly. "We'll get you squared away when you get to the site. Still alright?"  
  
"Still alright." The photographer excitedly repeated just how pleased he had been with the results of the day as they walked her back to the waiting ATV, Cricket and Hannah heading to the barn to tend to Dart after they had said their goodbyes and the vehicle had pulled away at a cautious pace.  
  
She was dropped off at the house a few moments later, Michelle waiting at the door for her and escorting her up the wide central stairs to where Tim waited by the pool. He was slouched in a lounge chair, the robe about his body opening at the knee and getting dangerously close to exposing him further up, a beer in his hand, and a smile on his face. He looked up as she bent to kiss him. "Good day?"  
  
"Good day," he rumbled. "You?"  
  
"I didn't get fired, so I guess we get to stay the night. Did you shower already?"  
  
He grinned. "Swim."  
  
Gwen knew he had not packed a bathing suit either and smiled. "Show off. Want come help me clean up? I want to hear how your day went."  
  
"I, uhh, would love to, but I think you have an appointment..."  
  
Michelle hurried in with the glass of wine Gwen had asked for on her way up the stairs. "Madame, would you like me to arrange a limousine to take you wherever you might like to go tonight? I understand you will not be needed again until tomorrow morning."  
  
Gwen laughed. "No, I think we would like to stay in tonight, if that's alright."  
  
"Of course! I will arrange for your dinner right away. In the meantime, your massage therapist awaits you any time you are ready."  
  
She looked at the woman in confusion, then at Tim. "Your appointment," he suggested.  
  
Gwen still wasn't quite sure she had it right. Massage?"  
  
"Yes Madame, Madame Danning makes her massage staff available for her guests after a day of riding. And as you are a particularly honored guest..."  
  
Memories of the massages Miss Ritter would give as a reward for good behavior came to mind, clinical and a bit rough but certainly therapeutic, and even her instructor's touch felt erotic when it was the only touch she knew. But her most recent experiences with the feel of more caring hands had been more pleasant in most ways. She would rather have Tim's hands on her at the moment, but there was time for both; having the aches and pains worked out first would make working out the lust that much more enjoyable. She hurried through her third shower of the day and returned the veranda just ahead of Michelle.  
  
"If you would follow me, Madame?"  
  
"May my husband come with me?"  
  
"Of course! There is room for Monsieur as well."  
  
Tim smiled and held up his glass. "Can I have my beer in there, or is it off-limits to alcohol?"  
  
Michelle laughed. "Liquid spirits help soothe the human one. I will check on you from time to time to ensure your glass does not become empty."  
  
The couple was escorted down a hallway to a warm softly-lit room large enough for the four massage tables in it as well as the chairs and sofas scattered along the walls. A buxom woman in her thirties greeted them, auburn hair framing black-rimmed glasses set on a pleasant face. "Good evening, my name is Margaret." She motioned to the first table. "Ma'am, if you would disrobe and lay face down on the table, I'll be glad to begin. Sir, please feel free to take a seat anywhere you like."  
  
Gwen waited until the woman turned back to the table holding her supplies before slipping off the robe and giving it to Tim. She draped the provided towel across her buttocks and closed her eyes as the therapist turned back to her. "Do you prefer oil?" the voice next to her ear asked softly.  
  
Miss Ritter had never used it, but Natalie had shown her the benefits..."Yes, please."  
  
It was warm against her skin, making it tingle just a bit as firm feminine hands pushed the liquid across her shoulders and the base of her neck before beginning to knead and push at the muscles beneath. Gwen let out an involuntary groan of pleasure at the feel of soreness exposed and pushed away by strong fingers.  
  
The fingers lightened on her skin. "Too hard?" Margaret asked softly.  
  
"No, just right," Gwen mumbled. "It's very nice."  
  
"Just let me know if my touch becomes uncomfortable."  
  
The fingers took their time working up her neck, probing and pushing then backing off to gently stroke. Her ears were next, a spot Gwen had never realized how erotic having them touched and fondled could be until Margaret's attentions made her arousal flare.  
  
The hands worked down Gwen's arms and she was surprised how the push of a thumb into the palm of her hand revealed soreness there as well. Miss Ritter had never been this thorough, always limiting her efforts to torso and legs, front and back. The always moving hands eventually retreated to where they had started, occasionally pausing their kneading and pushing on the muscles of her lower back to apply more oil.  
  
Gwen felt the edge of the towel lift slightly. "Would it be alright if I remove this to work on your glutes?"  
  
"Yes, that's fine," she murmured, and felt cool air on the freshly exposed flesh. A splash of the warm liquid followed, splashing on one cheek of her ass—a little like Tim finishing on me, she mused, although his doesn't tingle like that—then the other. Margaret spread it around with gentle swirling strokes that eventually turned into a firm press of her fingertips to reach the sore muscles beneath. The hands left to deliver another splash at the base of her spine, the aim apparently bad as Gwen felt a rivulet running down the valley between her cheeks, eventually tickling its way across her rosebud as it obeyed gravity.  
  
Margaret must have noticed it too, her finger deftly inserting itself between Gwen's partly spread thighs to land just short of her most intimate spot and catch the stray droplet. She dragged the oil back up the way it had come, Gwen twitching in surprise while her puckered ring reflexively winked.  
  
"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," the therapist soothed, her fingers already working the remains of the stray oil into the skin it had been intended for.  
  
"That's alright," Gwen quickly answered, not wanting the woman to become cautious now. "I'm glad you got it before it got all the way—down there."  
  
"It's all natural, very safe, even down there," the woman softly reassured her, continuing to work. "Many of Mrs. Danning's guests will attest to that." Her hands and fingers worked all of Gwen's rear end, several times coming within fractions of an inch of her rosebud but never actually touching it, the muscle involuntarily flexing in invitation each time.  
  
Margaret's fingers came just as close to the lips of Gwen's sex after she had allowed her legs to be parted more to allow access to her inner thighs. The hands lingered there for some time before moving down again, working calves and delivering an incredible foot rub.  
  
Gwen stifled a groan at the removal of the hands as Margaret bent by her ear. "Mrs. Nelson, would you like to turn over now?" The return of the drape was not offered, and she did not ask for it, rolling over to look up at the large breasts covered in green polo shirt partially blocking the face beyond before closing her eyes again. Her face was massaged, another delightful first, and she again looked up to find Margaret's chest hanging inches above her while the therapist bent to work her upper body. She began to straighten and Gwen closed her eyes again, unwilling to be caught looking. "Mrs. Nelson, I know many of the female riders get sore breasts after riding, even some of the men. I can take care of that if you like, but if you find my touch there uncomfortable..."  
  
"Ohh—uhh, they are a little sore, yes...I don't mind if it's not too much trouble," Gwen stammered over the Lady's protests. The woman's mostly innocent touch so far had fanned her arousal into full flame; it would only take Tim—or herself—a couple of minutes to finish the job once they were in private. This was not going to make delaying that any easier, she knew, but Gwen wanted them touched regardless of whether it was proper or not.  
  
"Not at all. It's something I do for many of Mrs. Danning's guests." She closed her eyes as Margaret retrieved more oil and could sense the woman's body bent over her head as a dollop of warm liquid was placed above each mound. Fingers circled slowly, the pressure they had been applying gradually easing as they moved on to the slopes of Gwen's pert breasts but still pushing into the soft flesh enough to find spots of soreness. The therapist worked deliberately, hands circling and scooping the orbs, alternately squeezing and smoothing, finally making their way to erect nipples to lightly rub and twiddle them between two fingers. And then the hands were moving further down her body, probing her ribcage and stomach while the Slut listed all the ways she might ask Tim to satisfy her back in the privacy of their room.  
  
Gwen guessed Margaret felt she had pushed the line of decency far enough after the woman spent little time at her midsection, thankfully staying away from the points where her legs met her hips and any lingering touch might cause an embarrassing reaction. Firm hands continued down to the tops of her thighs and beyond, and Gwen was surprised to feel firm palms reverse their course down by her ankles, working their back up to the as-yet untouched sides of her hips. They were gently rocked and pushed to loosen them, making Gwen's breasts wobble from the effort before the fingers went back to work, casually sliding through the neatly trimmed thatch as if oblivious to its presence. You were wrong about the line, the Lady said grimly, but Gwen had no desire to draw one now. The fingers began to glide lower, working towards the inside of legs that had opened on their own to allow better access without seeming too obvious. Just as when she had been on her stomach they teased under the guise of soothing sore muscles, coming tantalizingly close to her labial lips as Gwen fought the urge to rotate her hips to encourage the contact. The fingers retreated to again gently swirl on the skin between Gwen's hipbones, and the heel of a palm that rested just above her mons was a teasing annoyance—a couple of inches lower would be nicer and embarrassingly effective...the urge to surrender and give her body what is so sorely wanted was becoming impossible to ignore. Fingers attached to the palm landed lightly on the top of her mons, and her hips involuntarily twitched in response.  
  
"Everything alright so far?" Margaret murmured.  
  
"Oh—yes, wonderful..."  
  
"If you like, I can take care of that last little bit of stress you appear to be carrying..." Her fingers gently pressed down on the puffy swell beneath them, stroking.  
  
Gwen's eyes again flew open, this time to see the masseuse standing beside her, smiling back, waiting for a response. She had no doubt what was being suggested; the story of Yvette McCallum's first job had been in the back of her mind since she had laid down. If it truly was as acceptable to both parties as she had made it sound, would it be so wrong to accept Margaret's implied offer now? The slut was emphatic in her belief it was. "Is that, uhh allowed?"  
  
"In addition to being licensed therapists, all of Mrs. Danning's massage staff are trained in sensual massage. She believes sexual release is vital to overall physical and mental well-being. While it might be frowned upon in a more public venue, it is encouraged here if her guest desires it. Provided both you and Mr. Nelson are comfortable with that type of massage, of course."  
  
Gwen's arousal made that all sound completely sensible and she turned her head to look at Tim, silently asking for permission. He shrugged and spoke for the first time in nearly half an hour. "If you want," he said, his legs crossed to hide the erection his wife's massage had inspired.  
  
She turned back and closed her eyes, decision made, thinking quickly, not wanting to make eye contact with the woman whose hand was even now turning gentle circles in her thatch. To accept that kind of offer from a complete stranger seemed so wrong, a new low...but the Slut was in charge now, arguing that Margaret had offered it and Tim had said alright and what would it hurt, really? "Al-alright," she said after a deep breath. "What do I do?"  
  
"Just lie there and let me take care of you..."  
  
The heel of Margaret's palm was now firmly planted just above her clitoris while her fingers began a light stroking on either side of Gwen's lips. Another digit pushed its way into her wetness, mixing it with the remains of the massage oil to make the sensitive skin tingle. Her clit tingled too as the finger began to expertly stroke it and Gwen's hips bucked in response, twitching uncontrollably at the overloading of her senses. Another hand soon joined the assault, a finger pushing deep inside her and curling up in search of her g-spot. She quickly found it, the touch pushing Gwen over the edge. She shuddered and let out a gasp to announce the arrival of her climax. Margaret seemed to know exactly what the woman on the table needed and desired, her touch perfectly applied as the orgasming woman twitched and convulsed, feeling the rhythmic contractions about her finger.  
  
Gwen felt the hands leave after the last waves of her climax and was aware of a warm towel being gently draped across her. "Relax, rest, take a nap if you want," Margaret whispered in her ear. "Stay like you are as long as you like."  
  
The woman straightened and looked at Tim. "I'm ready for you now, Mr. Nelson," she said softly, patting the empty table next to Gwen. "If you'd like to lie down on your stomach, I can begin."  
  
"Oh—uhh, well, I...I was just here to keep her company," he stammered, very aware of the almost painful erection he was sporting. It seemed dangerous to make it appear he was assuming the extra service provided to Gwen would also be offered to him  
  
"Weren't you fishing today?" the redhead asked. "My husband's a fisherman, too. He always enjoys a nice massage after a day on his boat."  
  
"You're married?"  
  
"Yes, I'm married, and yes he knows what I do here. It wasn't quite what he had in mind when I got my therapy certificate but Mrs. Danning is a very generous employer, I get good benefits and she pays for my continuing education. The hours can be a bit strange, but we don't mind. But enough about me. My boss likes to make sure all her guests feel pampered, so please-lie down. You seem to be carrying a lot of stress in your shoulders. Would you like me to work that out for you?"  
  
Gwen laughed from her own table, too relaxed to even open her eyes. "Go ahead, Tim. I think you'll like it."  
  
He cautiously rose, doing his best to surreptitiously pin his cock against his stomach so as not to tent the robe, or worse yet, have it poke out between the flaps. He waited until Margaret had her back turned to where her oils sat before hurriedly shedding his cover and lying down while arranging the drape across his ass, trapping the treacherous beast beneath him. Firm hands soon began to work tired muscles, and Tim groaned appreciatively.  
  
The massage was good, good enough to make his cock temporarily forget it had been hard, at least until she asked for permission to remove the towel to work his butt. The attention given the firm muscles of his asscheeks seemed innocent enough, at least until Margaret went a bit lower, massaging the insides of his thighs, casually brushing against the bottom of his sack and the skin between it and his asshole. Tim stiffened and held his breath, unsure where the next touch might land, his length fighting to regain its length beneath his weight.  
  
"Shhh," Margaret soothed gently caressing a cheek, "relax. Breathe normally." He did his best to do that as she worked her way down his legs, her touch both soothing and sensuous, his cock hard and unwilling to be lulled into a state of relaxed watchfulness again.  
  
His feet got the same sumptuous treatment Gwen's had—he was thankful they had at least been rinsed in pool water after spending the day in his work boots—and then came the dreaded request to "turn over."  
  
Tim hesitated, unsure how to gracefully explain why he couldn't, knowing his hard on would not magically wilt away any time soon. "I, uhh..." he mumbled into the cushion surrounding his face.

"Would you like your drape back?" Margaret asked softly, guessing the reason for his reluctance.  
  
"Yeah, that would be great..." The transfer from stomach to back was performed with a minimum of fuss, Margaret holding the towel between her and his midsection while smiling over to where Gwen now sat watching. Still, the cover could not hide the sizable lump beneath it.  
  
Tim was given the same view of the therapist's breasts that Gwen had gotten, hanging just inches from his mouth as she worked his chest, moving as far as she could down his stomach until moving to his side to work down past his towel-covered midsection. Just as she had with Gwen, Margaret eventually finished with his legs and moved back up. "Would it be alright if I remove the drape now, Mr. Nelson?"  
  
"Well, I, uhhh..." he stammered for a second time.  
  
"Have an erection?" Margaret asked softly. "Please don't be embarrassed—I'm flattered. I like to think it means I've been doing my job. Don't worry, I'm not offended at all—they showed us what they looked like in massage school and I've seen plenty of them since and massaged more than a few of them here. So, may I remove your drape and continue?"  
  
Tim kept his eyes closed, unwilling to look at the woman, waiting for Gwen to object and call a halt to this. Being part of Cricket's education had been one thing; this seemed like a step in another direction. "Uhh, sure, okay, I guess," he finally answered, and felt the weight lift from his hips. He had this brief absurd image of his cock springing up like a freed Jack-in-the-Box but knew that wasn't the case, that instead it was just lying there, laid flat by its own weight, hard and expectant.  
  
"It's beautiful," Margaret said, and Gwen had the feeling the compliment had been addressed to her rather than the owner.  
  
"Uhh, thanks?" a blushing Tim replied with still-closed eyes, unsure what the proper response to having your dick openly admired was.  
  
"Would you like me to finish my massage there?" Again, Gwen felt the question was directed at her, and Tim was thankful she could respond before he was forced to.  
  
"Please," she replied with a smile and a nod to her husband.  
  
The next ten minutes were an excruciating tease for Tim and not one he ever had a thought of stopping. Margaret worked all round the twitching shaft but never touched it with anything other than seemingly accidental brushes and swipes, the precum that was now leaking copiously from the tip casually spread about once it had dripped onto his stomach to mix with the oil already there. He shivered when the first fingertip was slowly drawn up the length from balls to the tip, anxious for the next stroke only to be disappointed when the finger resumed its gentle smoothing and circling of the skin above his hips.  
  
To his relief the fingers began to find their way to his cock with more frequency, gently stroking and swirling at first but gradually becoming more firm as the therapist's other hand joined in. Gwen watched in fascination, making mental notes for future practice after quickly judging her own efforts amateurish compared to this woman's confident and practiced touch, so professional in her manner despite the task she was performing.  
  
Tim groaned when the hands left him...he was close, so close to coming, to giving his tormentor a good look at the mess she was about to make. He opened his eyes in time to see a folded towel being placed on his chest and stomach from neck to just above the engorged head of his cock. Task completed, Margaret smiled at him reassuringly and returned her focus to his manhood. It did not take her long to get him to streak the dark terrycloth with ropes of his semen, her fist expertly wrapped around just the right spot on his shaft with just the right amount of squeeze while he thrust lewdly against it. She milked him with long, slow strokes to induce the last few drops to his tip, then collected with a delicate fingertip what she had pushed out and wipe it on the towel. Satisfied he was indeed finished, Margaret covered him as she had Gwen, told him to stay as long as he liked, then quietly left the room.  
  
After a few moments, he turned and smiled at Gwen. She smiled back and held up a bottle. "Would you like your beer now?"  
  
"I thought I emptied it."  
  
"Michelle brought a new one while Margaret was, umm, tending to you."  
  
"Oh." With an effort, Tim sat and swung his legs over the table, then rose and took the offered drink. "When? I didn't hear her come in."  
  
"Just a couple of minutes ago, just before you...finished."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"And I see I got another glass of wine while I was on the table..."  
  
"Yeah, Michelle brought you one while you were having your chest done."  
  
"Oh." They looked at other and shook their heads in a "I can't believe we just did that" kind of way. Tim bent to kiss her. "Was that okay? Are you okay?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "It was definitely different but yes I'm okay. Are you?"  
  
"I'm okay. Relaxed. Are you hungry?"  
  
"Famished."  
  
"I wonder if dinner's ready. I really want to hear about your day."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 29**

If my mother could see me now, Gwen mused as she sat poolside waiting for the second of five courses the chef was preparing. This was wealth and power of the highest order, the things Irene Curran had always respected most. Of course, she would not be so impressed that her daughter was sitting in the middle of it wearing nothing but a robe, or why she was even sitting there in the first place...  
  
"So, how'd it go?" Tim asked once they had finished carefully reassuring each other that their marriage was still strong after the massages they had received.  
  
Gwen recounted her day, including in her details how revealing her clothes had become during the photo sessions but leaving out how thrilling the exposure had been.  
  
"So I guess it wasn't too much of a leap to take 'em off then, huh?"  
  
"Oh, well, I didn't have to, at least not today. It sounds like I'll have to tomorrow, though..."  
  
Gwen sensed his mild disappointment at the news, something the Lady decided was just some sort of justification for her own perversion. "Oh. He give you any details about tomorrow, other than that, I mean?"  
  
"Not really, just that I wouldn't need to try anything on tonight..." Gwen felt a need to change the subject and keep her imagination at bay. "And how did your day go? How was the fishing? Was your guide nice?"  
  
"The fishing was great! Vince—real good guy, by the way—made it sound like this little overgrown pond on the way over, but it was a small lake, and nobody but us on it! Caught a bunch and one of them's getting delivered to the house after it's stuffed and mounted. Holy shit Gwen, this bass was huge! I almost felt bad about keeping him but Vince said the pond's overstocked and good to get some of the bigger guys outta there. He also said Mrs. Danning will take care of the taxidermy, her treat."  
  
"That's very nice of her." The skirmish over what wall at home his trophy would occupy could be fought later, Gwen decided. "Does he, umm, know why you're here?"  
  
"You mean why you're here? I don't think so...if he does he didn't let on. He was really quiet until he figured out he didn't have to kiss my ass. Once he found out I worked for a living and could bait my own hook, he got a little more talkative. Said it's kinda unusual for this place to only have a couple of people in it—it's usually full when it's being used, and that the people that stay here don't go in for fishing." He paused while Michelle brought the next course out, waiting until she had stepped back into the house before continuing on in a lowered voice. "He also said he's heard they go in for some pretty wild parties here."  
  
"Wild parties? Like how?"  
  
"He wouldn't say exactly, I think he was worried that if he said too much somebody would find out and he'd get in trouble. He just said that they're the kind of parties you have in private."  
  
"Oh." Gwen had a guess as to the kind of parties they were, given what Michelle and Margaret had already hinted at. She felt a tingle run through her at the thought of the house full of people running around naked, doing...things...  
  
"After a couple of beers he also asked if I had seen the basement yet."  
  
"The basement? I didn't know this place had one. What's so special about it?"  
  
"He wouldn't tell me that either, just that he has a buddy who does some work down there from time to time and that's it a hell of a room."  
  
"Huh." The conversation lapsed while they both considered the meaning of Vince's cryptic questions.  
  
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The last rays of the sun had disappeared behind the grotto's walls some time ago, Tim and Gwen basking in the guttering light of the scattered torches and the warm glow of excellent food and drink in their stomachs. They both had thoughts of another swim before bed, each willing to wait just a little longer before being the first to suggest it.  
  
The chirping of crickets was punctuated with the sound of Michelle's heels clicking across the marble floor. "Madame, I am sorry to interrupt you and Monsieur, but your groom is here to see you. Would you like me to show her in?"  
  
Gwen rose, suddenly concerned. "Of course—please."  
  
The young woman disappeared and returned a short time later, Cricket following close behind. "Is everything alright?" Gwen asked while Michelle excused herself.  
  
"Oh—yes, that's what I was coming to tell you. I just wanted to let you know Dart looks great and should be ready for tomorrow." She held out her hands defensively as the older woman approached for a hug. "Sorry—I don't smell so good right now—it was pretty hot today, but you knew that already, and I went for a ride with Hannah and some of the exercise riders after we got Dart back to his stall and settled in. I hope that's okay..."  
  
"Seriously? You're worried that I might not like the smell of horse?" Gwen said with a smile as she wrapped her arms around her friend. "I'm glad you got a chance to get out and have a little fun. Did they give you somebody good to ride?"  
  
"Do you really believe there's a bad horse anywhere on this property? Once they started listing off his lines I was afraid I might break him or something. I was also afraid I might not be up to the other riders' skill levels..."  
  
And were you?"  
  
"I held my own..."  
  
"You did a lot better than that, I'll bet. Did you eat yet?"  
  
"Not yet. Like I said, I wanted to make sure Dart was all set before I went riding, and then we went out right after that. I'm going back now to finish up my chores, and then I guess they've got dinner waiting for me in my room. Just wanted to let you know he's alright."  
  
"Thank you for doing that, I appreciate it...if not food, maybe you want to rinse off with a quick swim before you head back?"  
  
"Oh, uhh, thanks, but I didn't bring a suit..."  
  
Gwen smiled and pulled the top of her robe open to reveal the bare skin beneath. "Neither did we."  
  
"Really? But what about, you know," she looked about the room, "the others?"  
  
"Michelle is the only one we've seen, and from what I can tell bathing suits are kind of an afterthought here which doesn't bother her at all." Cricket didn't look convinced. "I was going in," Gwen said, walking back on to the pool deck, "come with me."  
  
The young woman followed and gave Tim a shy wave. "Are you going in, too?"  
  
"I will if you will," he answered with a grin as he rose from his chair. "But let me hit the bathroom first."  
  
Cricket stood and watched as Gwen shed her robe, laying it on a nearby lounge chair before slicing through the pool's surface with a neat little dive. Gwen. "Leave your underwear on, then," she encouraged after breaking the surface and looking back at the young woman, "it's like a bathing suit, right?"  
  
Cricket cautiously began to strip, looking back into the house after each item of clothing had been removed and carefully laid aside for easy retrieval later, hesitating first at her jog bra and then her panties before removing both and hurrying into the water. She swam towards her friend, the cool water refreshing and her nudity thrilling as she gave another look over her shoulder.  
  
"How did you get those clothes?" Gwen asked as the young woman drew close.  
  
"Oh, Hannah thought it might save some time and trouble explaining why a guest was poking around the stables...I'm guessing it's because what I was wearing made me look like somebody who was up to no good."  
  
Gwen laughed. "You don't have the look of a troublemaker!"  
  
"I can't blame them, I mean if I had that kind of stable I would be very careful about who's hanging around it...on the other hand, you looked incredible today! I've never really gotten a chance to watch you work without my own horse to worry about...I knew you were a good rider, but wow!"  
  
"You're too kind," Gwen demurred. "Hopefully my riding was enough to distract from my transparent wardrobe!"  
  
"Your outfits were pretty daring," Cricket admitted, "but I thought they looked good on you. Hannah thought you looked really sexy in them and that you would have had a very large audience if the stable hands had been allowed to watch." Gwen's arousal flared at the reminder of her frequent dream material. "She also noticed how interested Marco was."  
  
"I have to guess it's his job to pay attention."  
  
Cricket gave a curious smile, one that was a mixture of mischief and embarrassment. "Oh, he was working, but he's still a guy...Hannah thought, well...she kept pointing out the bulge in his jeans, said that he was either naturally well-endowed or something was making him that way."  
  
"Oh—oh. Really?"  
  
Cricket nodded and smiled. "She said if she were a guy she would have had one, too. I saw him, uhh, adjust himself once or twice when he thought no one was looking. At least, I think that's what he was doing..."  
  
"He's a young man," Gwen reasoned, "I think they're all like that all the time, no matter what they're looking at."  
  
"Maybe most of them...all I know is that even I was getting turned on watching you, and if I was, then he probably was, too. Sorry, probably not what you wanted to hear, but it's true." The young woman paddled backwards until she could stand and began moving her neck in circles, stretching.  
  
"Sore?"  
  
"A little," Cricket replied, "Sitting behind a desk makes my muscles forget what it's like to do real work all day."  
  
Gwen glided towards her. "Here, turn around, let me help." She stood behind her young friend and reached for her shoulders, gently massaging, getting a satisfied sigh and groan in response.  
  
The fingers gently probing Cricket's muscles only paused for a moment when Tim reappeared from around the corner, tossing his robe aside as he moved towards the pool. The young woman took note of his flaccid member, never missing an opportunity to study the various states of his equipment now that she been given permission. His cock and balls bounced back and forth as he approached the edge of the pool, looking so harmless in that state, so different than when it awoke and turned into something much more serious.  
  
"Cricket has a bit of a sore neck," Gwen said after he had surfaced. "My hands are a little tired after riding all day, want to take over and work on her muscles a bit?"  
  
Tim was about to suggest that perhaps Margaret was still around but held his tongue, unsure how much Gwen had shared of their pre-dinner activities. "Uh, sure," he replied simply, stepping behind the naked young woman as his wife moved away. He began to work the way he had discovered Gwen liked to be touched after she had started letting him, Cricket's shoulders near-perfect copies of his wife's. The young woman leaned back with another contented groan, the small of her back brushing against his soft member and giving it an excuse to rise should it be needed. She felt it begin to stir but did not move away, a swell of pride running through her in having caused that. Tim stayed where he was as well, quickly noting the body in front of him did not recoil at his growing cock's touch and if she was okay with it, then so was he.  
  
None of them heard the click of Michelle's high heels until she was on the pool deck. Tim froze in place, caught in the act, while Cricket turned crimson and crossed her arms over her chest. True to Gwen's words, the young woman did not seem at all shocked. "Will your groom be attending to Madame and Monsieur this evening?"  
  
Gwen looked up in confusion. "I'm sorry?"  
  
"Your groom, Madam. Will she be attending to you this evening? There is a smaller room next to yours that I can prepare for her if you will be requiring her services until morning."  
  
They all seemed to understand the implication simultaneously, Tim backing away while Cricket hurried to climb out of the pool, suddenly wanting her clothes and to get back to the stable. "No, no, I have chores to do yet tonight, and dinner, and..." she replied a bit too loudly, grabbing a nearby towel and hurrying to dress.  
  
Michelle looked expectantly at the woman still in the pool, as if asking for permission to allow the young woman to leave. "See you in the morning?" Gwen called out.  
  
"Yes, in the morning—bright and early, right?" Cricket called back, stumbling a bit while stuffing her feet back into her boots, trying to regain her composure.  
  
"Bright and early."  
  
"Okay, good night then! See you in the morning." She didn't wait to be shown the way out.  
  
"It will be just Madam and Monsieur tonight, then?"  
  
Gwen moved to the steps. "Yes, just us." She allowed herself to be dried, not minding the attention paid to her breasts and sex at all. Tim received the same treatment, his flagging erection partially revived, and the couple sat poolside in their robes, sharing embarrassed smiles and enjoying one last drink before bed. They eventually rose to make their way to their room, Michelle magically appearing to escort them and turn down the bed before asking if there was anything more she might do for them that evening.  
  
"No, thank you Michelle, I think we'll be fine." Gwen was moving towards her husband even before the door closed, dropping her robe and sinking to her knees in front of him as the latch clicked shut. His soft length was retrieved from beneath the folds of terrycloth and pulled out, lips gently kissing the crown and her tongue giving it a playful lick.  
  
Tim laughed. "That's a hell of a goodnight kiss."  
  
"I got an urge to do this when I was watching you get your massage," Gwen murmured, kissing her way down the underside of his stiffening length towards his balls. "Something I can give you that you don't get with a massage." At least, maybe not, the Slut offered. Maybe there's a massage style for that, too.  
  
"You don't need to give me anything," Tim grumbled, gently cupping the side of her head while she worked, "but I'll sure as hell take it." He was hard enough now for her lips to part and take him in, slowly sliding up and down the length to encourage his last little bit of growth.  
  
Gwen patiently worked him, getting appreciative grunts and sharp intakes of breath when she found a particularly sensitive spot, teasing him towards orgasm before slowing her efforts to let him back down a bit. "Enough," he finally rumbled, "let me give you something you didn't get with your massage, either." She was lifted to her feet before being pushed back on to the bed, her ankles grabbed by callused hands and legs roughly spread wide. His hands found their way to her breasts even as his tongue made its first swipe from bottom to top, collecting her wetness. Tim did not show her the same subtlety he had received, instead bringing her to orgasm with insistent circling of his tongue and a mauling of her tits that had a delightfully masculine feel to it. He was mounting her even as the last tremors of her climax pulsed from her sex.  
  
Tim slid into his prize in one long stroke. "That feels so damn good every single time," he groaned from above her. "Gotta tell ya, all day long I was thinking about what you were doing and getting so horny I was worried I was gonna get a hard on in front of Vince."  
  
Gwen pushed back against his thrusts, filling herself with him, and the Slut's pride in what she had done to the poor assistant came tumbling out before she could stop it. "Cricket told me she and the other groom thought Marco had an erection today," she coo'd.  
  
Tim's hips came to a stop, his length buried to the hilt. "You mean Danilo's little brother?"  
  
"Mmm-hmmm..."  
  
He chuckled and resumed his motion, a little more urgent this time. "You musta put on a hell of a show. Betcha he started wearing it out as soon as he got a little privacy."  
  
"What do you mean?" Gwen felt obliged to ask, although she had idea exactly what he was talking about.  
  
"I'll bet he jacked off thinking about you, probably more than once," Tim hissed in time to a particularly forceful thrust.  
  
"Do you really think so?" Detailed images of the young man naked and hard, right down to a nest of jet-black pubic hair that matched the curls on his head, came to mind unbidden, and despite the Lady's protests Gwen did nothing to chase them away.  
  
"Maybe he's one of those guys who's into tribute pictures. He's gotta have access to the materials, right?"  
  
"What do you mean, tribute picture?"  
  
"Well, I hear some guys like to take pictures of women and, uh, decorate 'em."  
  
"When you say decorate, do you mean..." she lowered her voice to a murmur, "come on them?"  
  
Tim nodded and grinned, and, it was Gwen's turn to laugh. "You men have some really strange ways of getting your kicks. Did you ever do that?"  
  
"What, on a picture? Naw, never did. I like doin' it on the real thing..."  
  
The scene in her mind switched to one of Marco standing over one of her photos, stroking himself getting ready to decorate her..."If you want to do that—to me—tonight, I won't mind," she panted between his thrusts.  
  
Tim stopped again and looked down at her, a smile on his face. "That's a great idea..." He was quickly out of her, kneeling between her legs. "Any spot in particular?"  
  
"Oh—wherever you want. Is there a spot men like when they're doing this on pictures?"  
  
"Depends on what the picture is of, and how good their aim is, I guess...you know, a full body shot or a close-up of some, uhh, part..."  
  
"Like boobs, or...butt," Gwen continued, finishing his thought.  
  
"Yeah, like those. Or their face," he added helpfully, feeling foolish for even thinking that information was necessary.  
  
"Of course. That doesn't surprise me at all." At least any more, she thought. "Would you like to do that? You know, mark me?"  
  
"You don't mind? You sure?"  
  
"I know you like to, so..."  
  
"Don't know why I do," he said with a chuckle, hurrying to place himself astride her chest, "but there's just something really kinky about it...my way of getting' my kicks, I guess."  
  
"Mmm, I'll bet...I like it when you're kinky." Gwen looked at the dark red helmet just beyond her chin, Tim's fist already making it darker with the blood he was squeezing into it. "Just tell me when you're ready, alright?"  
  
"Will do."  
  
Gwen looked up at her husband, his face a mixture of concentration and intensity as he pleasured himself with one hand while gently groping her breast with the other. She remembered Michelle's apparent disregard for the nicety of knocking before entering a room and wondered what her reaction would be if she did so now. Probably no different than when she had walked in on Tim's massage, pausing after setting down the full wine glass to smile at the cock Margaret was expertly handling. No, Gwen mused, his choice of targets would probably not shock her at all—in fact, she might even offer to help clean up Madame after.  
  
"Close your eyes," Tim commanded, and for several seconds she heard the slickness his fist was stirring and his harsh breathing. Both suddenly stopped a half-second before the first hot jet struck her on the forehead. She recoiled a bit even as the second pulse landed on her nose and in her nostril, getting a snort and a soft yelp from her as the third pulse landed on her lips and open mouth. There was no Michelle to help with clean up, but the man who made the mess was happy to get her a washcloth.  
  
Gwen lay awake for some time after, waiting for sleep to come, feeling more than a little guilt over the fact that the man she was currently thinking perverted thoughts about was not the one whose arms she was lying naked in.

She would have liked to have been a fly on the wall of wherever Marco was staying tonight, just to see if Cricket, and Hannah, and Tim had been correct in their assumptions. Maybe he had printed out a picture, but of what? She had no idea what Danilo had captured, would there be anything erotic enough to inspire a young man to masturbate to it? Plenty, both Lady and Slut agreed, and the possibilities were reviewed. Something where her breasts or thatch had been visible beneath translucent fabric? A close-up of her face? She couldn't imagine one that would be sufficient to induce the young man to come, but wanted to think there had.  
  
Or maybe he hadn't even needed them, that his imagination would be enough, thoughts of him doing things with—or to—the nearly-naked woman that had teased him all day. In her mind he was naked on the bed, stroking a penis that seemed a little too large for the body it was attached to. He was thinking of her...  
  
The Lady harrumphed at the conceit, but the Slut had firm ideas what he would be imagining. She was naked and spread before him, or better yet he was in her, in the very same position Tim had been in a short time ago. The thought of her sleeping husband replaced by the naked young man brought her up short, and she pushed the thoughts away. Gwen let the arousal that had again been awakened simmer, reminding herself tomorrow started early.  
  
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They were under the covers when Michelle brought their coffee in the next morning. Not that it matters, Gwen thought with a smile, she's pretty much seen it all anyways. Breakfast was a more hurried affair than the previous day's, both Vince and Rose waiting for their charges outside while the morning sun was still barely peeking above the eastern tree line. The stylist tried to make conversation during the drive to the field a couple of miles over, but Gwen was lost in her thoughts, concentrating on the task ahead. If the previous day's exercises had been any indication, the equestrian skills needed would not be at all demanding. It was the other part, though...the nerves she had expected, the excited anticipation she had not.  
  
The ATV exited the pine forest into an open field covered with waist-high grass, the RV from yesterday sitting a short distance from a crude log lean-to, a horse trailer with Dart tethered to it not far off. She quickly counted four people standing nearby, the same group from the day before. Danilo strolled towards where Rose was parking near the RV. "Good morning!" he called out brightly.  
  
"Good morning..."  
  
"Sleep well?"  
  
"Alright." It would have been better if I hadn't been imagining what your brother was doing, she added silently while glancing over his shoulder at the young man.  
  
"Good! Well, not to rush you, but I want to make sure we get the right light this morning, so if you want to take a look at the tack that's been picked out for your horse, we can uhh, get you ready..."  
  
She gave Dart a quick greeting and look-over before following Danilo to the lean-to, the others trailing behind. The interior was every bit as rough as the exterior, and Dart's tack for the day matched the building. The bit was well-made unpolished iron, the traces thick black strips of leather. It was the saddle that interested her the most, something unlike anything she had seen before, a black leather frame supporting a mesh-like material. "This is different," she murmured to no one in particular.  
  
"Mrs. Danning's design, ma'am," Hannah offered helpfully. "The fabric is meant to wick away sweat from the rider and keep bare skin against leather to a minimum." The young woman hesitated and blushed." She, uhh, has guests who like to ride au naturel from time to time...they find it quite comfortable and she thought you might, too."  
  
"Oh—Uh, I—thank her for me." Hannah smiled and nodded as Gwen turned to the young photographer. "Everything seems alright?"  
  
"Good, good—why don't we head back to the RV so you can get ready, then." He accompanied her to the open door where Rose stood waiting, turning to attend to his own list of tasks as she entered.  
  
"Wash and dry your hair, just a little makeup," Rose explained as she handed Gwen a robe. There was no offer of privacy while she got out of her clothes, and after a moment's hesitation decided it would have been a silly gesture, anyways. She was in the robe and the styling chair just a moment later.  
  
Her hair was just dried and combed after it had been washed, left to hang loosely while makeup was again sparingly applied. "Okay, wardrobe," Rose announced after the last swipe of black eyeliner.  
  
"Oh, I didn't know..."  
  
"There's not much," the stylist replied with a smile, "but what there is...why don't you take off the robe and we can take care of it." Gwen stood nude as the woman produced a pair of black sandals, two rough leather cords hanging from each, and knelt before her. Her foot was gently lifted into each, the cords wound about her calves to secure them. "Oh," Rose said casually as she raised herself enough to reach a nearby pair of scissors before settling again, "as long as I'm down here," her fingers plucked at a tuft of Gwen's thatch as she looked up, "do you mind?" Her leg was gently prodded up onto a nearby chair, and her sex was open to the woman's face just inches from it. "That's better," the stylist pronounced after a few cuts and stood. A collar was next, this time a wide black piece, roughly cut like all of the other leather. "Not much else, I'm afraid," Rose said apologetically, handing her a pair of black kidskin gloves. "How's it feel?"  
  
Gwen managed a smile of her own. "Like I'm not wearing clothes."  
  
"If you don't mind me saying so, it suits you...you have a beautiful body. Danilo wanted to make sure this is the look he had in mind before we get started." The woman leaned out the RV door. "I think she's ready."  
  
Gwen heard the sound of his tramping on the steps a moment later. The young man entered and critically evaluated his model before averting his eyes out of instinct, bringing them back just a second later. "Yup."  
  
She felt a strange thrill at being the object of this man's attention and smiled. "Yup?"  
  
"Yup, this—you-are exactly what I had in mind. I'm, uhh, kind of a geek, big into comic books, superheroes when I was growing up, you know, that kind of thing. The first time I saw you ride you reminded me of some sort of warrior princess—" the Lady rolled her eyes, oh please—"how serious and focused you were, how well your horse responded to your authority, how you, uhh, acted and looked. So I kinda got this idea in my head..." he smiled sheepishly. "You look incredible."  
  
She blushed. "Thank you."  
  
"You okay to ride this way?"  
  
"Too late to back out now."  
  
He smiled reassuringly and handed her the nearby robe. "Put this on for now and come on out—it's kind of chilly out there." Cricket and Hannah were nowhere to be seen, but Marco was standing there by the door, the young man making an obvious effort to avoid looking at the woman exiting the RV as he handed his brother a camera. He's going to have to look sometime, the Slut taunted, and Gwen risked a glance down at the man's midsection while he was occupied. He looks 'normal' down there, she thought, at least as far as her limited experience with the male anatomy went. The brothers talked quietly for a moment, Danilo reviewing one last time what he wanted from his assistant, then turned back to Gwen. "So, umm, this'll pretty much be like yesterday..." Hardly, the Lady opined. "You walk to the barn, saddle up, go for a ride, I'll let you know what I'd like you to do when I want it. Sound okay?"  
  
"Sounds okay."  
  
Danilo squinted up at the brightening sky, studying it. "Light looks good, so, uhh...Rose'll be nearby with your robe for when we reset or take a break..." he motioned to a spot a few feet from where they stood, "so maybe you could give it to her now and you can start over there?"  
  
Gwen took a breath to steady herself, knowing the moment was at hand, a strange mix of fear and excitement rolling over her. Despite the Lady's plea to at least leave the robe on until she was in her assigned spot, Gwen untied the sash and slipped it off, handing it to the stylist and getting her gloves in return. The Slut wanted very badly to see Marco's reaction, but Gwen pushed the distraction away and focused on her task, stopping where the photographer had pointed and turning back. "Here?"  
  
His camera was already up and working. "Perfect. So, just start walking towards the barn, okay?"  
  
The wide swatch of grass before her was emerald-green, shorter than the golden-yellow field beyond the lean-to that was her target. Gwen collected herself and strode forward with purpose, eyes up and forward, shoulders back, acutely aware of the situation she had put herself in. Before this craziness all began, Miss Ritter's demands that her student carry the same poise and confidence in the ring no matter how trying the circumstances, even naked, had been nothing more than a metaphor, an impossible scenario; now, it was a nerve wracking, thrilling reality. She had prepared for it yesterday of course, and her outfits had been certainly revealing enough to test her nerve and focus. But today was a whole new level, the ultimate test of what Miss Ritter had prepared her for all those years ago.  
  
Gwen felt the lift and fall of her buttocks with each step, the slight bounce of her pert breasts with each footfall. The chill of the humid morning air against her bare skin raised goosebumps, but it was excitement that gave her nipples their straining erectness. This was so wrong, so nasty, so perverted, and she exulted in the moment. She knew Marco was trailing behind with a perfect view of her bare ass...what would he find most arousing when he was in his bed? Concentrate, she reminded herself, there's a job to do, and willed herself to not look at the photographer orbiting her, snapping away.  
  
Gwen continued into the gloom of the rough lean-to, the air a bit warmer and fragrant with hay, ignoring Danilo just a couple of feet away as she put her head to Dart's. "Think you can make me look good one more time?" she murmured, and the horse lifted his nose in response. Gwen groomed and saddled at her normal measured pace, very aware of just how close the camera was every time she bent to pick up a brush or some tack, knowing the camera could not miss her upturned ass and the treasure below it.  
  
Sandals, gloves and collar were all she wore as she led Dart from the barn, Gwen musing her horse was more dressed than she was. Danilo called a temporary halt while he adjusted some settings and reviewed what he had taken so far, Cricket and Hannah appearing from nowhere to tend to both horse and rider should anything be needed. Rose was there as well, but the robe she offered was rejected. They've all seen me naked, Gwen reasoned, her expression calm and impassive, almost daring the others to look. No one was able to resist the dare, sneaking furtive glances before pretending their interest was elsewhere.  
  
"Everything going alright?" Cricket asked in a murmur as she checked a cinch that she knew didn't need checking—Gwen had done it, after all.  
  
"I'm fine, you?"  
  
The young woman laughed. "You look calmer than I do! God I hope I have half of your confidence some day!"  
  
"I might look confident, but inside..." Gwen was surprised to hear herself admit that, a direct disobeying of Miss Ritter's instructions to never show anyone weakness.  
  
"Then you make it look good, and I still want to learn how you do it." Cricket and the others moved away as Danilo announced he was ready to resume.  
  
Just like the previous day, Gwen was asked to mount and dismount several times, this time her breasts openly swaying and bobbing with the movement, her sex no longer covered by even transparent fabric and lewdly opening wide to the camera and anyone standing behind her. She did notice that was the spot Marco had chosen to stay in even as his brother continued to circle and shoot.  
  
Satisfied, Danilo sent her off into the tall grass beyond, calling for simple lines and moves as he had done the previous afternoon, horse and rider performing them flawlessly, the distraction of performing them naked held at bay by Gwen's training.  
  
There was another distraction to cope with as well...it was while sitting erect in the saddle as Danilo snapped away at a standing pose that Gwen discovered Mrs. Danning's saddle included a firm ridge of leather underneath the yielding fabric that lined up nicely with the clitoris above it. The design was diabolically clever, keeping the hard strip out of the way of a rider in motion to avoid any painful smashing against it, but at rest, it presented something more tempting. Even the fabric covering it seemed different, softer and smoother as if to make sliding against it even easier. She fought to avoid the call of the leather ridge but found herself losing the battle as time went on, surreptitiously allowing her weight to briefly press against it during halts and breaks, eventually allowing for a quick flex of her hips to grind against the hardness as the morning wore on. She was thankful for the rising temperatures as the heat and the sweat it was causing could be blamed for the wetness she was certain was staining the saddle's fabric. She had no such excuses for her still-erect nipples.  
  
The spot was large and very evident when she removed the saddle once she was directed back to the lean-to, the splotch darker against the dark fabric. Gwen keenly felt the arousal her bold performance had caused as Dart was tended to and wondered if her excitement was obvious enough to be apparent to the camera just a few feet away. Towards the end of her ride she had begun to idly debate just how an orgasm might be concealed or explained away if she were to give in to the saddle's call, the thoughts finally dismissed as foolish. Long-practiced training prevented any loss of control, although Gwen knew her desire would eventually have to be satisfied.  
  
And then it was over. Danilo announced he had what he needed and how pleased he was with it, Cricket and Hannah were hurrying to get Dart back to the stable and into the trailer for his ride home, and Rose was handing back the robe. Much to the Slut's joy, a quick glance at the young assistant's midsection did seem to indicate he seemed more filled out there than she remembered. Moments later Gwen was fully dressed and saying her goodbyes, outwardly calm but almost giddy inside over what she had just done, trying to comprehend the whirlwind that had been the weekend and the suddenness with which it seemed to be ending.  
  
Rose chattered happily on the way back to the bungalow, telling her passenger how beautiful it had been to watch and how happy the photographer had seemed. Hugs and sincere thank yous were exchanged when she was dropped off at the front door where Michelle was waiting with a glass of wine for her, escorting her up to where Tim was again sitting by the pool, this time in jeans, t-shirt and apparently ready to go.  
  
Michelle turned to Gwen. "Shall I tell your masseuse you will be along shortly?"  
  
Gwen turned to the young woman, a little startled. A massage would be nice if it was anything like yesterday's. It would also be short, given her current condition-too short, the Lady suggested, and she didn't want to give the impression that was what she had come for..." "Thank you, that's very nice, but we'll be leaving as soon as my horse is brought back up to the stable. We have a long drive home..."  
  
Michelle seemed surprised. "Did Margaret somehow displease you yesterday? If so, I can arrange for another—"  
  
Gwen cut her off with a smile. "No, not at all, she was wonderful, but as I said, we should be getting home and I'm afraid I might want to stay and relax after she...finishes. But I would like to take a shower, if that's alright."  
  
The young woman's face brightened. "Of course! But you are allowed to stay and relax as long as you wish! Madame Danning made it clear you are welcome here for as long as you like."  
  
"I would love to do that," Gwen replied, "but we have a home and business to get back to."  
  
"I see. I will start your shower for you then."  
  
High heels clicked rapidly across the floor, and Gwen turned to her husband. "Want to come wash my back?"  
  
Tim gave her a look of mock disinterest. "I might get wet. I already took a shower..."  
  
"Then I guess I'll have to do it myself." She hesitated and smiled mischievously. "Or ask somebody else to do it."  
  
Tim laughed and rose. "I wouldn't mind watching that."  
  
"If you can watch you can do. Come on." They left a line of clothes across the bedroom to the shower and were under the already-warm spray a few moments later. Her back was washed as she had requested, but Gwen had another task in mind for the naked man behind her. She grabbed his hand, bringing a finger to her mouth and sucking for a moment before guiding it down to her cleft. Tim got the hint, circling the hard nub while he kissed her neck and his other hand palmed her tit. She moaned, pushing back into the freshening hardness wedged between her cheeks and came before it had a chance to be put to use, trusting Tim to hold her up as her knees grew weak and she put her own hands on the tile wall for support.  
  
Spent but with strength returning, Gwen bent forward, pushing the man behind her back, offering herself to him with a suggestive wiggle of her hips. He gladly accepted. With a push and a groan Tim sank deep, her hands still on the wall before her to brace for his pounding.  
  
The warm spray rained down on the joined bodies as he roughly grabbed her hips and thrust, taking his time, enjoying the view of his wife before him and the sensation of his cock gripped by her tight cunt. "Fuck me as hard as you want," Gwen panted over the sound of water falling on tile and the wet slap of his hips against her ass. Her encouragement spurred him on, grunting with each thrust. She wanted more, wanted to be well and truly used by this man, and turned her head to tell him so. "Fuck me until-" Her words suddenly stopped at the sight of the bathroom door opening, Michelle stepping in to put down the drinks they had left by the pool.  
  
Tim looked to where his wife's attention had been drawn to. Michelle smiled at the couple in the shower as the couple looked back, both finding the presence of an audience incredibly erotic. With a final savage thrust and grunt he came, lewdly trying to push his seed deeper with each pulse, looking back at the woman in the doorway the entire time, making a show of this display of male sexuality at it rawest.  
  
Gwen felt him give a last weak push along with a short exhale, and Michelle gracefully retreated. Tim chuckled, withdrew, and gave Gwen a playful pat on each cheek. "Sorry. I couldn't have stopped—"he nodded to the door—"if I wanted to."  
  
"I didn't want you to stop," she giggled, turning to kiss him. "I'm sure she's seen a lot more than that. But to be honest, I don't know why they bothered with doors in this place, though. We should go."  
  
It was still another hour before they left the bedroom, the bed offering a temptation neither could resist, both disappointed Michelle had not come to look in and see what the delay was.