**Some Changes in Amy**

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Luke and his wife, Amy, were a little unique in that they had known each other since about fourth grade but had never looked at each other as possible mate material until senior year of high school. Actually, Luke had always thought Amy was about as nice as they came but was way too shy to ask her for a date. That ended one day in the summer before that senior year started when they were attending a work conference and, on the last day, as they were walking back from their work assignments, Amy suddenly gave Luke a kiss. Nothing passionate or anything like that, just a nice warm and gentle kiss. Of course, that was all it took to get a 18-year old's hormones raging and, within an hour, Luke had gathered all the courage he could muster and had asked her for a date. She said yes.  
  
Amy had actually surprised herself with that kiss, having decided that Luke, despite his shyness, was a pretty interesting guy. He was athletic and obviously intelligent -- his grades gave that away, and not at all bad looking, particularly when you got to know him. She knew he had never really dated anyone. He had told her once when they were just sitting and randomly talking that he did have two dates with one girl but nothing had come of that. She had dated a little, but nothing very exceptional and had never found any of the boys she had dated to be that interesting so, eventually, they had drifted away.  
  
Luke had been so flustered when Amy, totally unexpectedly, had kissed him that he wasn't quite sure what to do. It was like a dream come true if she really meant it and, since she had said yes to his date request, she must have meant it. Actually, she was such a doll that he had never really considered asking her for a date. She was kind of quiet and reserved but seemed to be enthusiastic about life and he couldn't wait to take her out and, could he even imagine it, have her for a girlfriend. It was too good to be true, but it could happen. After all, she had kissed him. After the kiss, he could still taste her lipstick and he couldn't remember how long it had taken him before he washed his face really well. At least his mouth.  
  
That first date was to a football game and dance afterward. The game was close and they both enjoyed that but the dance was special for Luke. He got to hold Amy close, smell her perfume, feel her breath on his face -- he wasn't sure he could stand it. Of course, he had a double problem. First, he had to keep the erection he kept getting from showing and second, he had to keep it from poking her as that might end the relationship right there. He was successful at both and nearly breathed a sigh of relief every time they'd have a short break or sit out a dance and he could get control of himself again. When he took her home and said good night, he got another nice but too short kiss. The second and third dates were much the same as they each ended with a too short kiss. Luke wasn't at all sure what he wanted, he just knew that he wanted more but resigned himself to just wait and see what happened. She was still kissing him and, for right now, that was okay.  
  
The fourth date was a little different. It was a beautiful Saturday and they decided to pack a picnic lunch, go to Greenleaf Woods, eat, watch the animals, walk around and just hang out. They found an empty shelter house, had a very nice lunch of cold cuts, potato salad and chips. They sat and talked for a while, then headed out on one of the hiking paths. Surprisingly for such a beautiful day, there were very few people at the park and they had the path all to themselves. They were holding hands now when they walked and they laughed and teased and talked some more. When they stopped to watch two chipmunks playing, Luke couldn't stand it any longer, took Amy's chin in his hand and kissed her, holding it a little bit longer than the good night kisses usually went. When he backed away, he got a smile from Amy.  
  
More walking and laughing, then another stop to watch some squirrels that were . . . um, well, chasing each other around. Actually, one was chasing the other and they were everywhere, seemingly at once. Since they were standing still again, Luke stepped in front of Amy and kissed her again. He opened his eyes to see her eyes closed and her head tilted just a little before they broke apart. Eye contact with Amy after that, a look he had never seen from her before and he wasn't quite sure what it meant although he hoped he knew. They walked some more, still holding hands, bumping into each other as they laughed and teased. They were deep in the woods now and far from everything and Luke decided he had never been quite this happy in his life, and this girl holding his hand was the cause of it. When they stopped to check some colorful flowers that were growing alongside the path, all the happiness just welled up inside Luke and all he could do was look at Amy and drink her in.  
  
Amy looked up from the flowers -- Luke was watching her. Now she had seen Luke look at her quite a few times but she had never seen a look like the one on his face right now. As long seconds passed, she could feel her heart thumping, her face feeling strangely warm and, once more her head tilting sideways as that look totally swallowed her up. What was going on? She'd never felt like this before. She watched him as he slowly moved toward her. He was going to kiss her again. Why was she having trouble breathing? She felt like she was beginning to tremble as he got closer.  
  
Luke had never seen Amy's eyes like that, partly closed but boring into him like never before. This wasn't an Amy he had seen before but he was going to kiss her whoever she was. Their lips met and instantly, it was different. Her mouth ground against his, her arms went around his neck, her body jammed against his. He must be dreaming as suddenly he felt something, her tongue pushing between his lips and as he responded to its probing, she was exploring his mouth, teasing his tongue, biting his lips. Now his tongue was matching hers as his arms went around her and squeezed her even harder against him. He could feel her very nice breasts squashed against his chest. He had no idea how long they were joined that way nor did he care. Then, she pulled her head away and just looked at him. She was totally delicious, even more so than he had imagined, and he certainly had not yet imagined what had just happened.  
  
"Let's walk some more," she said breathily, still with her arms around him. He wasn't letting go of her either just yet.  
  
"You sure," Luke questioned tentatively. Now she loosened her grip on his neck and he relaxed his grip on her.  
  
"Sure," she responded brightly and gave him a short but very sloppy kiss.  
  
She stepped back on the path and when he joined her, her arm went around his waist followed quickly by his arm around her waist. Now they walked, hips bumping and she would occasionally stop and he'd get another minute of lips and tongue and body. He knew heaven couldn't be better than this. Finally, they retraced their steps and were back at the shelter house where everything was packed up and they headed for Amy's house. During the 30-minute drive they chatted and, at her house, expecting not sure what, Luke got the usual quick good night kiss.  
  
Of course, they continued to date and eventually married and, over time, Luke learned that his very prim and proper "daytime" wife changed completely once her sexual engine was somehow turned on. It could happen any number of ways. He learned he could whisper certain things in her ear as he gently caressed her, if she wasn't doing something too important. When she was showering, he could watch her as she was drying off and, if his look was just right, she melted right into whatever he wanted to do. Her "daytime" self was offended by profanity, by dirty jokes, by suggestive talk, by scantily clad women or women letting their boobs hang out. One day he told her a friend at work had watched some porn on the internet and said that Luke should watch it too. He suggested that to Amy and she was horrified and totally disgusted by the idea. Two days later she admitted to Luke that she had never seen porn and she supposed she could watch just a little just so she could tell herself that she had done it. Luke found the website and they watched together. By the end, Amy was so wound up and wild she nearly ripped Luke's clothes off and, mimicking what she had seen, she rode him cowgirl that night, something she never wanted to do and wasn't satisfied until she had orgasmed three times.  
  
Four years ago, they had bought a nice 2-story house in an older neighborhood thanks to Luke's grandma leaving her only grandson a rather sizable chunk of money. They were 25 now and felt a little out of place in the house at first. The neighbor on the north side was an 87-year old single lady, in poor health and the ones on the south were an older couple. Both had lived in their houses for many years. In a strange stroke of fate Mrs. Brown, the single lady, had been found dead in her bed by her only son who quickly sold the house. One week after Mrs. Brown's death, Mr. Branham, the neighbor on the south had a fatal heart attack and Mrs. Branham moved to Texas to live with a daughter there. So, in a very short time Luke and Amy had two new neighbors.  
  
On the south, a single mother with two daughters had moved in. Mother's name was Jen and the daughters were Anna and Kerry. Jen was 40 and you only knew that if she told you. She could easily pass for 30. And, Luke had decided she was a fine-looking neighbor. Blond, blue eyes, maybe five foot nine, a very nicely preserved body, dimples and a sparkling personality. Amy wasn't too sure about all this but Luke a was happy they had moved in. He loved his wife more than could be imagined, but he did enjoy looking. And the daughters were also nice to look at. Anna, the older one was 21, tall like her mother but with very dark brown hair and brown eyes and a relatively spectacular figure, often on display when she sun bathed in the back yard in her bikini -- a very small bikini at that. Kerry was very different. She was 20, blond and blue-eyed like her mother but only about five foot four. A figure not quite as spectacular as her sister's but very, very pleasant indeed. She also sun bathed but not as much as Anna did.  
  
On the north side, the situation was a little different. Two ladies moved into that house, both probably around 30 as they never mentioned their ages. Both nicely attractive without being anything super special or outstanding, but very pleasant and very neighborly, always willing to help if you needed it. Twice Amy had seen them kiss goodbye as one of them left so she wasn't quite sure how to handle that at all. But they were so nice and friendly it was impossible not to like them.  
  
It was early summer and Luke had seen the two daughters sunbathing, stretched out comfortably on the lounger each had. There was a subtle difference between them that he found fascinating. When they rolled over to get the sun on their back, each would untie the little string on their bikini to keep from getting a tan line. The difference came when they decided to roll over or stand up. Kerry would carefully retie to bikini string and then roll over. Anny, however, would simple sit up, giving Luke a perfect view of those wonderful tits if he happened to be looking, then put the top on and retie it. One day she even stood clear up and stretched before putting the top back on. One other thing she liked to do when she was on her stomach was to carefully gather the very small strip of material that covered her butt and push it down into her butt crack so it was totally invisible. No tan lines there either. Except for the tiny string that ran across her hips, she looked totally naked. Luke now always had his Nikon handy when he was looking out the upstairs window that gave the good view of their yard.  
  
The other thing he had noticed was that, whenever he was working in the back yard, Anna would appear, usually in her bikini, to talk to him. Not at all an unpleasant experience. Today Luke was working on some shrubs in that yard when he heard Anna's voice.  
  
"Hey, Luke, sup?"  
  
"Just trying to catch up on some work that never ends when you own a house." He looked up to see Anna who had obviously just put on sunscreen as she was glistening in the bright sunlight.  
  
"That's what mom always says too," she replied, crouching down beside Luke and bending forward. "You cutting off all those little plants there?"  
  
From the corner of his eye, Luke could see those two sizeable globes nearly exposed and only about a foot from his face. "They're weeds and I need to get rid of them before they spread even more."  
  
She put her hand on his arm just below where the sleeve of his shirt ended to balance herself and then sat down beside him, cross-legged. He couldn't help but take a quick glance even though he knew she'd see him do it. If she wanted to tease, he could too. The tiny bit of the bikini that went up between her legs did a fairly good job of covering her -- a fairly good job. She was obviously shaved, or maybe waxed, he couldn't tell from the quick glance, but definitely a part of one of her labium was showing, just a hint but enough to cause a reaction in Luke.  
  
"I think it's so neat that you two live here and own this house. You're not that much older than I am." Her leg bumped his as she said that.  
  
Now this could be a problem. He could feel the beginnings of an erection and, sitting there, trimming weeds like he was, there wasn't much he could do about it. He glanced down and could see the beginning of a little bulge in his shorts. If she looked, she'd be able to see it to. Somehow, he knew that she had looked.  
  
"Listen, I better go over to my yard and sunbathe and quit bothering you."  
  
Luke looked at the sly smile she had on her face and he knew that she knew just how she was bothering him. She seemed to realize that her 21-year old body was good for tantalizing men and here she had Luke right next door to practice on.  
  
"That's okay, you're not bothering me at all. I'm enjoying your company since Amy went shopping with some girlfriends today." He just wanted her to know that her teasing wasn't going to be interrupted by Amy popping by. If she was okay with seeing his erection develop, he was okay with showing it.  
  
"Well, still," she said, stretching out one leg which squeezed a little more of the bikini into that cleft. Now when he looked, almost all of one nicely puffy lip was showing. He couldn't help but wonder how wet it was there, if she was really just teasing, or was she getting hot from doing it. "I haven't seen the Anderson's for a while and their car isn't in the driveway like usual." She tucked her leg back in but that puffy lip stayed out. The Anderson's were the neighbors on the other side of Anna's house.  
  
"Amy said she saw them putting suitcases in their car a couple days ago, like they were leaving on vacation or something."  
  
"I'll have to ask mom. She talks to them a lot." She seemed to be thinking about something. As she was thinking her eyes drifted to Luke's and that look told him that she was up to something and it somehow involved him. "I'm going to go get something to drink and then just lay around in the yard for a while. Mom and Anna are gone so I'll have things to myself. Now she grinned at Luke. "Bye," she said with a little wave and stood up, fixing the bottom of the bikini to cover herself and headed for her yard.  
  
"See you later," Luke replied, to another grin from her.  
  
Luke waited till she was inside and then headed inside himself, stopping to grab a Coke before heading upstairs to their bedroom with the window that overlooked the backyards. He grabbed his Nikon and sat down on the edge of the bed to wait. He didn't have to wait long.  
  
Anna came out the back door with a Coke and a bottle of sunscreen. She sat both of them down and very carefully turned the lounger so that it was facing the back of the house rather than out toward the alley as it usually was. She lay down on her back, then arched upward and reached behind her, fumbling for a few seconds before lifting her top off and tossing it beside the lounger. Luke's camera began clicking as she was now very topless. Quickly she arched up again and the bottoms slid down her leg and were likewise tossed aside. She was totally naked and Luke, shamelessly, was clicking away as he knew that was what she wanted.  
  
Anna grabbed the bottle of sunscreen and squirted some on her breasts, then began spreading it, squishing those delightful globes together, then side to side supposedly spreading the liquid but mostly putting on a show for Luke. Then another squirt to her belly this time, spreading again and this time a hand disappeared down between her legs and Luke knew that wasn't done to spread the sunscreen. Then she lay back, arms at her sides and legs spread as far as they could go, still staying on the lounger.  
  
Luke zoomed in so that, head to toe, she filled the viewer. Several clicks. Then more zoom so that those breasts filled the view, the nipples a little harder than normal he could tell. Click, click echoed through the bedroom. A tiny bit more zoom as he moved down her body to the clearly visible labia that she had opened to him. Deciding that he had enough photos for now he had another decision to make. After a little thought he decided he'd save it for tonight when Amy was home. He did go to his computer and download the pictures, viewing them one by one and actually deleting a few that were duplicates. He decided he had gotten a little too excited and had just let his finger keep clicking away. That brought a giggle.  
  
He went back to the window. Anna was still laying there, only now on her stomach. He could see the one boob squished out to the side as she lay on it. And her legs were still spread giving him another view this time. Back with the camera and more zooming and clicking, then to the computer and then checking each photo. No deleting this time as he had maintained more control. But he had an idea.  
  
As he went downstairs, he maneuvered the erection that had naturally developed from watching so that it was a little more prominent. He went out the back door, waited a few seconds, then yelled.  
  
"Hey Anna, how's it going?"  
  
She quickly sat up, covering her breasts with one arm. "Oh my gosh, Luke. I'm sorry. I thought you'd gone." No effort to cover up down below. "Turn around and let me put my suit on." Luke dutifully turned around and wondered where she was going to go with this. "Sorry again," she said and he turned to see her walking toward him and eying the bulge in his pants. "I thought with everyone gone I could get a chance to do some nude sunbathing. Never done that before."  
  
"Hey, no problem, Anna. Amy and I have done a little skinny dipping so I know what you mean.  
  
"Really. That's so cool. Just the two of you or were others doing it too?"  
  
"Yes to both," he smiled.  
  
"I need to do that sometime, if I could find someone to do it with me."  
  
Now it was Luke's chance. "Anna, with the way you look, you wouldn't have any trouble at all finding someone to skinny dip with you." Her cheeks actually got a little pink.

"Thanks, you're very kind." She looked Luke straight in the eye. "If I get a boyfriend, maybe we could go with you and Amy sometime." The picture of that happening nearly flummoxed him but he managed to hold it together.  
  
"Who knows," he said softly. "Things happen."  
  
It wasn't too long after that when Amy came home, anxious to show him what she'd found with her shopping. "So, what were you up to while I was gone?"  
  
"I did some weeding in the back yard, and watched Anna sunbathe."  
  
"Oh lord, did she do that little trick of sitting up to put her top on so you could see those giant knockers?"  
  
I didn't realize that Amy had noticed that but, then again, she didn't miss much. "Didn't see her do that today," which was true of course.  
  
"I thought I had big ones till she and her mom moved in. So, after you watching her all day, I suppose I'm in for one heck of a night then."  
  
Little did she know. "I guess I'll just have to check out your big ones and do some comparing, but don't plan on getting a lot of sleep."  
  
"Geesh! Men!"  
  
  
It was a few days later when Amy looked out the front window in time to see her best friend, Judy, coming up the front walk.  
  
"Thought I'd stop by for a little coffee and a lot of jabbering." They hugged as they always did when they met.  
  
"Wonderful, I'm ready to jabber and share some coffee with you."  
  
Amy fixed two cups of coffee in her Keurig and the two ladies talked for nearly an hour about old times, friends and anything else that happened to come up.  
  
"So, I haven't been here for a while. Have you gotten your new neighbors yet?"  
  
"Sure have, both sides."  
  
"Tell then."  
  
"The ones on this side," Amy gestured to the south, "are a single mother and two daughters. Sounds innocent enough, right?" She smiled. "Mom is a 40-year old going on 30. Oldest daughter is 21 and should be in Playboy. The youngest is 20 and is sweet, but a mini-Playboy herself."  
  
"I'm sure Luke is enjoying that."  
  
"Lord, yes. The two daughters are constantly sunbathing in bikinis. Miss Playboy manages to expose her gigantic boobs at least once each time. And, I think she has a girly crush on Luke. He can't go outside without her showing up in her bikini to talk with him. I think she carries it in her pocket all the time so she can make a quick change when she sees him." Both laughed pretty hard at that one.  
  
"You worried?"  
  
"Not really. I know when I'm truly loved, and I really am but I know Luke loves to look and she makes it easy for him to do that."  
  
"What about mom. She sounds okay as well."  
  
"She is but she has boyfriends, not live-ins but night spenders sometimes. We've talked a few times and I really like her. I'm sure her life isn't easy with those two girls."  
  
"What about the other side?"  
  
Amy waited a second and closed one eye. "Two ladies moved in."  
  
"More Playboy material."  
  
"Oh no, not at all. They're very pleasant and friendly and willing to help out wherever they can."  
  
"You sound a little tentative."  
  
"Yeah, I guess." She paused and looked in the direction of that house. "A couple of times I've seen them kissing when one was leaving."  
  
"Kissing?"  
  
"Definitely kissing."  
  
"Got it. So?  
  
"No problem. They're good neighbors and that's what's important."  
  
Judy was quiet for a moment. "Ever think about that?" she asked cautiously.  
  
"About what? You mean . . . with another woman?" She sounded puzzled.  
  
"Yeah. I work with a girl that used to do some amateur modeling. She's married now and has a couple of kids but she was talking one day, about her modeling, and she and another lady, from Germany, were doing a shoot together and it was out of town so they booked a motel room for them. Just one room. Lana, my friend, said that the German girl was a little more liberal than she was. Lana said she was sure no lesbian but it was lots of fun experimenting."  
  
"Whoa, that's something."  
  
"You ever think about that or wonder what it might be like."  
  
"I suppose," Amy replied, looking thoughtful. "I had a couple of friends at school that were lesbians and I used to look at them and kinda wonder.  
  
"Me too," Judy added.  
  
"One was a pretty good friend. We had a lot of the same classes and used to study together. I guess I always wondered if she was kind of sizing me up. You know what I mean?"  
  
"Sure. It would be different, wouldn't it? Being with a woman rather than a man I mean."  
  
"That it would."  
  
"But somehow it works I guess." She looked at Amy who stared right back at her. There was a long and very pregnant silence. "Could you?" Judy asked quietly.  
  
"Oh my gosh," Amy replied, thinking carefully. "What did your friend say, that it was sure fun experimenting?"  
  
"That was it."  
  
Now both sat there quietly, then looked at each other.  
  
"Could you do it?" Amy asked, not sure why or what made her say it.  
  
"With you?"  
  
"No one else here."  
  
"Sure," Judy said very quietly. Amy stood up and walked to the stairway, then up toward her bedroom. Judy was right behind.  
  
"What now," Amy said.  
  
"I guess we get naked."  
  
Both decided that would be very interesting as neither had had many instances of being naked in front of another female. But that obviously had to happen. They undressed rather in unison, each removing their blouse, then their shorts, then stepping out of the sandals each had on. Now was the moment of truth and, very slowly they reached around behind and unclasped their bras. Equally slowly they were dropped and four bare breasts were in view. Next came the underwear. Each had on small bikini panties and they slid them off together, revealing a very dark muff on Amy and a lighter, tan one on Judy. They were both looking each other in the eye.  
  
"I've never been this close to a naked woman," Amy said cautiously, looking at Judy from head to toe. Judy was maybe five foot four with probably either large B or small C breasts that were nicely shaped with tiny nubs of pink nipples that were just a touch darker than her areola. A narrow waist topped nicely rounded hips and her legs seemed longer than you would expect on someone her height.  
  
"Me either," Judy returned, now also looking at Amy from head to toe. Amy was a little taller, maybe five-foot seven, with breasts that stretched her C bra. Unlike Judy's, her nipples stood out probably a quarter of an inch and were a dark brown as were her areola.  
  
"You know," Amy said as she looked, it's always amazing to me how different people are." She giggled. "I remember after Luke and I were dating and, um, petting pretty heavily, that he told me that some men had a penis that was 10 inches long and so big around your hand wouldn't fit around it. I nearly died."  
  
"Oh lord, I learned that too when Bill showed me one of those on the internet. Plus," and she was looking at Amy's nipples, "look at our nipples. I thought all nipples were the same, like mine, until I was in college and taking a swimming class. We had to take showers and we all wrapped in towels and hid in the little shower booths so no one could see anyone else. Except for one girl, of course, who just walked through the shower room totally naked, her big boobs bouncing and her nipples were bigger than yours."  
  
"Wow, I guess we were both pretty naïve." Amy giggled. "And still are in some ways."  
  
Someone had to make the first move and Judy decided she would be the one. She reached out and took hold of one of Amy's nipples between her thumb and forefinger and pulled and twisted just a little. Amy closed her eyes and took a deep breath, then felt the other nipple being pulled and twisted as well. Judy was amazed that they were growing slightly and getting much harder. Amy's wonderful sexual engine was beginning to hum and she took hold of Judy's cheeks and quickly pressed their lips together. Both still had their eyes open. Judy was pleasantly surprised as she knew it would happen eventually and Amy's lips were certainly softer than she was used to. So, she parted her lips and pressed her tongue against Amy's which quickly opened and sucked in that tongue, nibbling on it gently with her teeth.  
  
But, surprising herself a little, Amy wanted more and her hand moved to Judy's belly, then lower through the soft muff and quickly between her legs where one finger probed and quickly found a warm and very wet and velvety tube where it entered and stayed to a loud gasp from Judy who closed her eyes, nearly unable to believe that her best friend had her finger in her pussy. But Amy wasn't through and slid her finger out and up the slit searching for a little nub she knew was there. A little jerk from Judy told her she had found what she was searching for. She began gently rubbing.  
  
"Oh god," Judy moaned.  
  
"You too," Amy encouraged and quickly Judy's finger probed her, then began rubbing to some breathy jerking from Amy. As wonderful as it was, it was also awkward and Amy pushed Judy down onto the bed. She quickly kissed one of the little nipple nubs that Judy had that were now very smooth and very hard. They were fascinating in relation to her own. But there was another nub she was after again. She dropped to her knees and quickly spread Judy's legs, then moved her hands to that cleft and spread it wide. She'd never seen another clitoris before and she was fascinated and Judy's was certainly bigger than her own, and quickly she went to work on it. She just mimicked what Luke did to her and what she liked, and Judy seemed to like it too.  
  
She flicked her tongue back and forth over it, just kind of brushing the very tip. Judy's hips were moving to help her and she could hear those female moans, like what she did except that it wasn't her making them now. Then her lips found that clit and sucked it in to a loud groan from Judy. She sucked hard as her tongue caressed and in almost no time Judy let out a loud, "Oh shit," and her body was shaking and she was holding Amy's face against her pussy as a huge orgasm grabbed her and wouldn't let go.  
  
"Your turn," Judy said when she could breathe again and Amy wondered what was in store for her. Judy just wanted to make Amy feel as good as she had but wasn't quite sure she knew how to do it. She had watched a very few videos on the internet and she was quickly trying to remember what she had seen. Judy quickly stood up and pushed Amy down on the bed, a very hard push and Amy's legs actually lifted up in the air from the force of the push. Amy caught those legs as they came down and spread them as wide as she could. Amy's pussy was now spread wide and Judy could see that pink opening and the other little pink nub. It wasn't anything like hers and she went for it with her tongue, flicking away just as Amy had done to her. She remembered something she had seen and her tongue slid down lower and then inside that pink opening and she could taste the musky sweetness there. A loud groan from Amy told her she must be doing something right. A few seconds of that and she pulled Amy's legs together and jerked her over onto her stomach, then spread her legs again. Now, where the tongue had been, she jammed in two fingers.  
  
Amy instinctively lifted her hips to help and those fingers began moving in and out and in and out, faster and faster and harder and harder.  
  
"Oh fuck," Amy fairly shouted. Judy had never heard her use any profanity or anything else off-color and she worked even harder until Amy shouted again, "Fuck, I'm going to cum," and the ass that was facing Judy began to shake and jiggle as Amy moaned with each shake until she finally settled down and just lay there, face down, trying to catch her breath. "You can take them out now," she finally giggled and Judy realized she was so mesmerized by what was happening that her two fingers were still in Amy's pussy.  
  
"You sure," she said softly, an unseen smile on her face.  
  
"Yes," Amy grunted, still not moving. Then she slowly rolled over and sat up on the edge of the bed beside Judy. At last she slowly turned her head and looked at Judy who, equally slowly, turned to look at Amy. "Can you believe this?"  
  
"No. But yes, I guess. I think we both learned a few things today." A smile crossed her face. "Like I never knew you talked nasty at all."  
  
"Yeah, but during sex you never know what I'm going to do. I never know myself most of the time. But I do remember someone else saying, 'oh shit' when they were ready to cum."  
  
"Shit was the only off-color word my parents would let my brother use and I think I picked it up from him."  
  
"Did he say 'oh shit' before he would cum."  
  
"Oh, that was bad," Judy said, laughing. "If we were just starting this, I might roll you over and give your ass a good spanking."  
  
"Ooohhh, that might be nice," Amy giggled and then paused, looking at Judy again. "I'm getting weird but, now that we've had our little 'experiment' how brave can you be?"  
  
"Oh, lord, what now?"  
  
"The spanking thing. Has Bill ever given you a spanking while you were having sex?"  
  
Some pink cheeks from Judy. "Oh my gosh, no. Well, maybe one or two little whacks but nothing much." Then she opened her mouth and looked at Amy. "You?" she said, amazement in her voice.  
  
"Nope, same as you but here's my plan. We'll each tell our husbands we want to do that, to have them spank us and really hard, until our butts are bright red, even use some kind of a paddle if they want. And then they can screw their red-assed women."  
  
"You're serious?" Judy's eyes were wide.  
  
"If we can do this, we can do that. And then we can compare."  
  
"Oh my gosh. Well, if you can do it so can I." Then she closed one eye and looked at Amy. "And I suppose after we compare, you'll have something else to . . . um, experiment with."  
  
"Nope, it will be your turn for the next one. And I'll meet you for lunch at Panera tomorrow so we can compare."  
  
"You want to do that tonight?" Judy had an amazed look on her face.  
  
"Why not, we're ready for it."  
  
Loud laughter filled the room as they began getting dressed.  
  
It was evening that same day and Anna was just getting home from another boring date. Why did guys have to be so stupid, she wondered? Why weren't they like Luke? She knew she really didn't know Luke that well but, as far as she was concerned, he was perfect. As she walked into her bedroom and was ready to turn on the light, she saw light coming from the bedroom window next door. She quickly scurried to her window and -- she couldn't believe what she was seeing. There was Luke walking right toward that window and he was totally naked. She wished the cock she was seeing was hard but this was a start. Too quickly he lowered the blind and closed the slats. But she had an idea.  
  
Thirty minutes later Amy lay on her stomach with her torso over the end of the bed, hardly able to breathe. Luke was holding a mirror so she could twist her head and see the reflection.  
  
"Red isn't it?" he said, moving the mirror so she could see a little better. "Are you okay?"  
  
"I'm okay," she gulped out. "Oh, my gosh, I never imagined. Get the camera."  
  
Luke laid the mirror aside and got his camera. He took three or four pictures. "Why the heck did you want to do that?"  
  
Amy was thinking quickly. "One of the girls at work talks about it all the time and I decided I just wanted to try it. One more thing off my bucket list." Amy had a part-time job now and most of the people there were young women like herself and she brought many interesting stories home to share with Luke.  
  
"But why did you want me to hit so hard? That had to hurt like hell."  
  
"Why get spanked if it doesn't hurt? Now put that camera down and take care of both of us. You have to be horny as crap."  
  
He was and he did.  
  
Amy walked into Panera wearing a skirt, which was very unusual for her. But, when she had put on the shorts, they just made her very tender butt feel very uncomfortable. With the skirt, a full one at that, she was able to go semi-commando with no pressure on those sore cheeks. After Luke had finished taking care of both of them last night, he had very lovingly put some soothing lotion on her buns but she wasn't sure it had really helped although, probably it had. She was sure that any bubble butt that she had was even more bubbly now. She picked a table as far from everyone as possible and sat down, experimenting with ways to sit that weren't too painful. She finally ended up kind of on one hip with a leg tucked under her just as she saw Judy come through the front door.  
  
Each smiled at the other and Judy couldn't help but notice.  
  
"A skirt?" she quipped, a knowing smile on her face. She was dressed very normally for her in shorts and a sleeveless blouse.  
  
"Self-defense," Amy shrugged.  
  
"Do tell, do tell."  
  
"You first."  
  
"Okay," Judy grinned. "From the way you're sitting I think your story may be longer than mine." She took a deep breath. "When we got ready for bed, I told Bill what I wanted to do and got the strangest look. He asked if I was really sure of that because it sure was different. I told him I wanted to try it and he wanted to know where I'd gotten the idea for that. So, I made up a story that one of the women at work had been talking about it and I decided I might as well try it at least once."  
  
"Oh my gosh, great minds. That's exactly what I told Luke." They high fived each other.  
  
"I told him he could do it any way he wanted so he waited just a second and then told me I'd been a very bad girl for talking about something like that with the other women and he was going to have to give me a spanking. He made me get clear naked and lay across his lap. He'd spank for a while, and he was spanking hard because it really did sting, and then he'd rub, which felt kind of nice. It lasted for about five minutes and then, well, after that, you can guess. I think it kind of lit his fire a little because the 'after that' was pretty nice." Judy sighed. "Your turn."  
  
Amy took a deep breath. "We started kind of like you guys. Luke really questioned me, if I wanted to do it and I gave him the story like yours only I said I didn't want spanked, I wanted paddled and maybe he could use a wooden ruler or something. He said his rulers were plastic but he might have something if I was really serious. I could tell he was running to the basement and he came back with a piece of wood, longer than a ruler and I guess about as wide as your hand. He showed it to me and asked if I wanted him to use that. Looking at that piece of wood was really scary but, I decided that if I was going to do this it was going to be the real thing and I could handle whatever it was. So, I said yes.  
  
"I laid down on the end of the bed with my butt hanging off, ready for whatever, and got the first whack. It hurt like hell, but I was a little out of control, I think. We had decided on 20 whacks so I told him harder on the next one. It was harder and I thought I might die but I was determined not to cry out or if I did have to, that would be the limit. I told him harder again and I had to bite my lip. Harder I said and on the fourth one I squealed and told him it was about right. So, 16 more with just a couple of squeals and he was leaving time between them for me to recover a little. Oh, and this is a little embarrassing but after every three or four whacks he'd say I needed a little reward for being so good and, with my legs spread like they were, it was easy . . . and very rewarding." At that one Judy's eyes and mouth both opened wide and she couldn't help but giggle. "After the last one he got a mirror to show me how red I was and there were a couple of real welts. I made him take some pictures of it and then, well, like you guys, the rest of the evening was rewarding too."  
  
"So, yours was almost like BDSM or something wasn't it?"  
  
"I suppose. Don't think I'll be doing it again, at least for a while. Knowing Luke, he's already searching the internet for special paddles and whips and other stuff."

More laughing as the server came to take their order.  
  
It was the next day that Luke went out in the back yard after dinner and, not unusual, saw Anna coming across her yard toward him. No bikini this time, just some cut offs with holes and a nicely snug tank top.  
  
"Hi Luke. Hey, I have a huge favor to ask of you."  
  
Luke tried to keep his mind from creating all kinds of pictures but, it was a simple request so he needed to stay calm. "What's that, Anna?"  
  
"Do you have a good camera?"  
  
"I do."  
  
"Is there any way I could borrow it for a while?  
  
"I think we can arrange that. School project?"  
  
"What? Oh, yeah," she stumbled. "A school project. It would sure help out."  
  
"Let me run up and get it." He was gone for several minutes and returned with the camera and a cord. "You can connect this chord to a USB port on your computer and it will both charge the battery if you need to and also download pictures and videos to your computer."  
  
"That's perfect. Thanks so much." She surprised him with a quick hug. "I really appreciate it." Which was good because he certainly appreciated even the quick boob scrunching hug he got as well.  
  
Anny went inside her house and directly to her room. She turned the camera on and went to her window and aimed it at the window directly across from hers which now had the blinds open. She applied some zoom and could see very clearly into Luke and Amy's bedroom. She focused on different things and snapped a few practice pictures and then went to her computer. She plugged in the cord and attached it to the camera. Then she created a new folder called LA. She clicked on a couple of prompts and downloaded her pictures to the LA folder. She opened the folder and there were the pictures she had just taken. She clicked the "View" tab, then the "Large Icons" tab and her mouth fell open. A quick click on one of the icons and her screen sprang to life. That had to be Amy, and her butt cheeks were the color of a fire engine. Then she smiled. This was a great start but she was hoping for more.  
  
That night Anna was home alone in a very dark house and, just before 11 o'clock, she pulled a stool up to her bedroom window and waited and hoped. She was only there about 10 minutes before a light came on across from her and she saw Luke appear, then disappear. The same happened with Amy. Anna checked the camera to make sure everything was ready. In just a couple of minutes Luke appeared again, just as naked as he had been the night before. The camera was properly zoomed and was clicking. Then, and she couldn't believe it, an equally naked Amy appeared and they were kissing. More clicking of the camera. Now Amy's hand had hold of Luke's cock and Anna could see that it was growing. A little more zoom and more clicks.  
  
Luke quickly sat down on the end of the bed and Amy was on her knees in front of him, her mouth sliding up and down on that now very erect cock. Anna was watching the viewer and it was like she was only two or three feet from them. Luke's head was back and his hands were locked in Amy's hair. Suddenly he stood up and fairly lifted Amy to stand too, then pushed her back on the bed. Her feet were aimed directly at Anna and she spread her legs as wide as they would go. The camera was hard at work. Quickly Luke was between her legs and Anna couldn't believe what she was seeing. He threw Amy's legs over his shoulders and jammed that erection right in where Anna had been focused. Quickly, Anna switched to video mode and captured each and every thrust and withdrawal. Suddenly there was a difference in his movement and then he withdrew it for the last time and his head went down there. Anna again couldn't believe it but with Luke still on his knees she could see his cock bouncing as his tongue was working on Amy. It wasn't too long before Amy's hips arched off the bed and her body was noticeably jerking over and over. Anna switched off the video mode but was still ready as she watched them laying on the bed side by side and, with the zoom, could see both chests heaving with their heavy breathing. Then they both sat up and Anna zoomed in on Amy breasts. She would compare later.  
  
She saw Amy point toward the window and say something to Luke that brought a sheepish expression to his face. He stood up and walked to the window -- more clicks from the camera, put the blind down and closed the slats. Anna went to her computer and downloaded everything. By 1:00 am she had orgasmed four times and was getting a little sore so she shut off the computer and went to bed.  
  
Two days later Anna caught Luke in the backyard and returned the camera, thanking him profusely for letting her use it.  
  
"You get all the pictures you needed?" he asked.  
  
"Oh yeah," she replied excitedly. "Way more than I expected."  
  
Luke had been suspicious all along about her borrowing the camera but he suspected she had some devious plan to take pictures with a boyfriend or something. As he looked at the camera, he wondered. He went to his computer, attached the little chord and there was one picture still in the camera. Anna must have forgotten something. He downloaded it to a folder, then just clicked and up it came. A huge smile crossed his face. She hadn't forgotten anything. The picture was of a very naked Anna standing in front of a full-length mirror, the camera in one hand, the other waving at him. He clicked on the zoom and looked. She looked waxed and not just shaved.  
  
Several days had passed and Amy's very red butt had faded to very rosy, then mildly rosy and finally to its normal color. She was sure the lotion she applied generously had helped as had Luke's constant caressing and kissing as well. He kept telling her, as he licked away, that male saliva was a great healer. And the one time she let him squirt his semen all over her ass and then spread it around, that it was an even better healing agent. It was nice to be able to wear underwear again and get away from those full skirts at least.  
  
It was a beautiful day and she was in the back yard, checking to see what Luke had accomplished with his constant gardening. She had already decided that what he had most accomplished was having Anna hanging around him and when she was in one of her bikinis, she was definitely hanging. Amy did wonder though if those big things were hanging or just stuck way out there, defying gravity. She might have to ask Luke about that.  
  
"Hey, how are you today?" Amy turned to see Miranda, from the other next- door house heading toward her.  
  
"Good. How about you?" She had talked to both Miranda and Carol several times, and she liked them both. They were kind of bubbly and always seemed enthusiastic and she liked that.  
  
"Good too. Luke getting things taken care of out here?"  
  
Amy just replied like she normally would. "I think he's getting taken care of out here but he does get some work done too I think." She laughed.  
  
"I do see that, is it Anna, hanging around a lot. She's, umm, a healthy young thing isn't she."  
  
"Ha, ha, ha, that's one way to put it I guess. She does seem like a nice girl though."  
  
"That's good. I've talked to her mom several times and she seems nice too."  
  
"She is for sure."  
  
"It's hot out here. Would you like to go inside and get a Coke, or I have wine if you'd like that. I have both white and red."  
  
Amy wasn't sure she wanted a coke but maybe sneaking a glass of wine before dinner would be good. Luke had called and said he'd be late getting home so she had plenty of time. "Oooo, a glass of red wine sounds good."  
  
Miranda gestured and Amy followed her through the back door where Miranda pointed toward a couch and Amy sat down. After some clinking noises in the kitchen, Miranda was back with two wine glasses, each very full of red wine.  
  
"Hope you like this," she said. "I don't know much about wine but I like most of it so it doesn't matter much what we have." She plopped down in a chair with her own glass.  
  
"Oh, this is good," Amy said after taking a sip.  
  
"Thank goodness you like it," Miranda laughed. "I'd be a terrible host if you didn't." Miranda certainly wasn't a beauty, not at all like Anna and Kerry on the other side, but she was attractive. Dark complexion with nearly black hair and dark brown eyes. She looked athletic, small boobs, flat stomach and a tight butt. A few times Amy had thought about Miranda and Carol . . . together . . . but not too often.  
  
They talked and sipped wine when there was a noise from the front of the house, a yelled, "I'm home!" and then a clattering of footsteps going up the unseen staircase.  
  
"In case you're wondering," Miranda said, "that was Carol and she'll be back down here in about two minutes. Plus, unless I yell, there's a better than 50% chance that she'll be naked." She looked questioningly at Amy.  
  
"It's her house," Amy said, surprising herself. "If she wants to be naked, I can live with it." That would be a second naked woman, up close, in just a few days. Things were changing for sure.  
  
Sure enough, in just seconds, Carol bounded into the room, very naked, saw Amy and covered herself. "You didn't yell," she said to Miranda.  
  
"No reason to," Miranda replied calmly.  
  
"Oh." Carol dropped her arms. "Hi Amy." She looked around. "You guys have a head start. I'll be right back."  
  
"Bring the bottle," Miranda called after her.  
  
Carol was quickly back with a glass and the bottle, not a 750 ml one but a big 1.5 liters.  
  
Amy had nearly drained her glass and, with the empty stomach of early evening, she was getting a little buzz. Carol filled all the glasses again. The wine was good and Luke would be late so, why not.  
  
Carol was very different than Miranda in some ways. She had small boobs, a flat stomach and what looked like a solid butt, just like Miranda. But she had very light red hair, cut short by today's standards, pale blue eyes and lots of freckles. She also had a small four-leaf clover tattoo low on her belly and her left nipple was pierced. If there was more, Amy hadn't seen it yet.  
  
Miranda shrugged, stood up and began undressing. "I have to admit I like the free feeling of no clothes sometimes, and since you don't seem to mind," she smiled at Amy, "I think I'll join carol."  
  
"Listen, why don't you join us?" Carol said with a big smile. Amy was certainly feeling no pain by now and she thought for a second.  
  
"When in Rome?" she giggled out. "No tattoos or piercings to share but what the heck." She stood up and took her blouse off. She reached behind her back to undo her bra but stumbled a little. Carol quickly undid the clasp for her. She slid her shorts off and then the underwear. She looked down. She was naked -- they were all naked. She sat back down on the couch.  
  
They talked for a long time, about everything and nothing, and Carol had poured a third glass of wine, despite Amy's protests which weren't very convincing at all as she was certainly enjoying the wine. She was having some trouble focusing her eyes sometimes and she was giggling more than usual and some of her words sounded a little strange, even to her, but she was really having a good time. Carol stood up, smiled at Miranda, then came and sat down on the couch next to Amy.  
  
"Did that hurt?" Amy asked, pointing in the general direction of the pierced nipple.  
  
"Not really. I just wanted it so I did it. You can put up with a lot if you want something."  
  
Amy remembered a wooden board. "I know," she said, and her voice sounded a little strange. "How about the tattoo?"  
  
"A little," Carol replied, then stood up and turned her butt toward Amy. "That one hurt a little more." There was some kind of a flower on her left butt cheek. But Amy could also clearly see two puffy lips back there too. Carol sat down again. She looked Amy in the eye, then down at her breasts. "Your nipples are fantastic," Carol said softly and Amy could actually feel her breath on her right breast.  
  
"Thanks," she said as she finished that third glass of wine. Then she felt a hand on her breast, a female hand, for only the second time in her life. She looked down and watched that hand squeeze gently, then take hold of her nipple. Carol rolled it between her thumb and forefinger. Then she gently pulled on it. More rolling and pulling.  
  
"It's getting bigger," Carol whispered. More pulling and squeezing and then a gentle twist. It didn't hurt, quite, but sent shivers through Amy's body. Carol bent down and gently held the nipple with her lips. A little sucking and the end of Amy's breast stretched a little. She was breathing harder as she watched her nipple being fondled. She realized that Miranda was sitting down on the other side of her and quickly, the other nipple was being gently fondled as well.  
  
Amy couldn't quite comprehend what was happening. It was probably the wine, maybe the time with Judy. Maybe it was just her or all of it together but she was nearly panting now.  
  
"Get Marvin," Carol said softly and Amy looked a little alarmed. "Not a person," Carol assured as she continued pulling, squeezing and twisting to a now occasional very soft moan from Amy. Miranda was back and had something in her hand. It was hard for Amy to tell what it was but it looked familiar, just a little. She had a faint remembrance that it seemed like some kind of a dildo, at least it looked like that. She heard a buzzing sound and Marvin was headed toward her. Carol pulled on one knee and Miranda the other as Amy's legs spread. Suddenly Amy jerked as Marvin found what he was searching for. She felt herself being stretched as a vibrating and very fat Marvin found his way inside what was now her very wet and accepting pussy. She couldn't believe the feeling. Now she was really having trouble breathing and she saw Miranda move her hand and Marvin was vibrating even harder. She wanted to be quiet but her voice had a mind of its own.  
  
"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, Oh, fuck," she heard herself saying over and over between moans. Miranda's hand moved again and Marvin was attacking her even harder. She knew what was going to happen -- she actually wanted it to happen now. One more long, "Oh fuck," and her body was trembling and shivering and then shaking and jerking as the huge orgasm had her in its grasp. Finally, the jerking stopped , . . but Marvin didn't. Her nipples were being pulled and twisted and sucked, and Marvin vibrated relentlessly inside her and, seemingly before she knew it, the second orgasm had her jerking and moaning, stealing her breath and leaving her totally helpless. This time, when her moaning finally stopped, so did Marvin. Her nipples were also free, although she was sure they had never been bigger than they were now.  
  
Amy was afraid to look at either Miranda or Carol and neither of them said anything. It was going to take her a while to catch her breath and, after long seconds, she thought she could say something. "I better get home," she gasped out, "before Luke gets there. I need to fix dinner."  
  
"Let me help you," Miranda volunteered. Amy shakily stood up. Miranda held the underwear while Amy put her hand on Miranda's back and clumsily stepped into them. The same with the shorts. Miranda also began to help with the bra but Amy stopped her.  
  
"Gonna leave that off," she slurred out. "Luke will love to see these nipples sticking out on my blouse." She giggled a little. Then she put the blouse on and carefully buttoned it. The thin material did little to hide those giant nipple bumps on the front.  
  
"You want some help getting home?"  
  
"I'm good. I'll be careful." She picked up her bra. "Thanks for the wine."  
  
"No problem," Miranda said. "We'll see you later."  
  
"Probably so," Amy replied as she went out the back door and carefully headed for her own back door. She made it without falling and, once inside, soaked a dish towel in cold water and held it to her face. She also fixed herself a cup of coffee, hoping that would help too. She couldn't help but wonder if Judy might like to meet Miranda and Carol, and of course, Marvin. An hour later, when Luke got home, she seemed perfectly normal except for one thing.  
  
"Holy crap," he said. "To what do I owe the pleasure of those very nice lumps under your blouse?"  
  
She laughed. "You'll never know," she said and knew that tonight would be a little special . . . again.  
  
It was about 11 when Amy and Luke headed upstairs for bed, or whatever else might be in store. The way her life had gone lately, Amy wasn't sure about anything any longer. Just as they were heading up the stairs, they heard a car door slam. Luke knew that both Anna and Kerry were gone so it had to be Jen coming home. At the top of the stairs Amy headed for the bathroom and, curious, Luke went to check the window -- without turning on the light. Sure enough, quickly a light came on, not in Anna's room but in what he knew was Jen's room. Amy came out of the bathroom.  
  
"Turn on the light," she said.  
  
"Not yet," he cautioned and reached for her hand. "Come along with me." Even in the darkness he could see the questioning look on her face as he led her to the front guest bedroom.  
  
"Oh my gosh," she gasped as she looked out the window there. Jen was there very clearly and, a man was with her. Actually, the man had her in quite a lip-lock. "Close the blinds. She should have some privacy."  
  
"If she wants privacy, she should close her own blinds. If not, we can watch."  
  
"No, we can't do that. That would be terrible." Through this protesting, Luke noted that Amy had not taken her eyes off that window. There was certainly something to be seen now too. Jen was pulling off her clothes as was the unknown man and soon, both were very naked. "We've got to leave," Amy said, again without moving. Luke had an idea about what was going to happen. Jen was now pumping a rather large erection and soon, had it in her mouth, her head bobbing up and down as she worked on it.  
  
"Easy to see where Anna got her figure, isn't it?" Amy had moved closer to the window.  
  
"Her tits are as big as Anna's for sure." Well, well, no more protesting Luke thought. Time to get to work. Out the window he could see that Jen was now laying on the bid, her legs spread wide and the strangers head was between those legs. By the writhing around that Jen was doing Luke guessed he was doing a pretty good job in there too. In the meantime, Luke reached around Amy and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. A few pulls on those wonderful nipples that really seemed oversized tonight. He slipped the blouse off her shoulders to no resistance from her. Then he quickly slid both pairs of her pants down her legs and she agreeably stepped out of them. Wanting her to feel the same thing that Jen was obviously feeling he slipped his finger into her now very wet cleft and found that little nub. He rubbed it gently.  
  
"You and Jen are getting your clits taken care of. Can you cum before she does?"  
  
"I can try," she murmured out.  
  
Luke quickly slipped his pants down. "Maybe this well help," he suggested as he slid inside her. The deep moan that accompanied his entry turned his motor to high. As he looked over Amy's shoulder, he could see that the stranger was now hovering over Jen and could tell that he had just buried his cock in her pussy as well.  
  
"I'll keep time with him. Can you keep time with her?"  
  
"Fuck yes," Amy gasped. "Let's go."  
  
And so began the little race. Luke was pumping hard, trying to match the stranger who was giving Jen about all she could handle. And Amy was banging her hips back into Luke, matching what Jen was doing. Luke knew that Amy would be coming very soon, from the tone of her moans, and he knew that when she did, he would fill her with sperm almost immediately. Luke had never watched, in person, two people having sex and he was pretty sure Amy hadn't either. Knowing her as he did, he knew she had to be wound so tight that when she let loose, it would be something. Now was the time as she fairly screamed, "OH SHIT," and began that wonderful trembling and jerking that went with her orgasms. And, in seconds, Luke was matching her with guttural grunts, his cock spasming inside her while, across the way, the same thing seemed to be taking place.

Catching her breath slowly, Amy muttered out, "Oh my gosh, I can't believe I just did that."  
  
"You mean the watching or the screwing?" Luke playfully asked, giving a couple more pumps.  
  
"I can't believe I actually watched that, and with you humping me like crazy."  
  
Out the window they could see the stranger getting dressed.  
  
"Guess he's not staying," Luke said. "Maybe I'll grab my camera and get a quick pic of Jen, before she gets dressed.  
  
"why don't we just go in the other room and you can take some pictures of me. I feel horny tonight . . . still.  
  
That was the best offer Luke had heard in a long time and he wasn't about to pass it up. The pictures he got were way more than he could have imagined or hoped for.  
  
Amy had just gotten back from picking up her birth control pills at the pharmacy and had parked the car in front of the house since she thought she might be going out later. As she came around the back of the car, she saw Jen coming down the steps from her porch and, seeing Amy, she waved and headed toward her. Amy waved back and smiled but, as Jen walked toward her, she had a different picture in her head and, hard as she tried, it just didn't want to leave.  
  
"Hey, neighbor," Jen called cheerfully. "We don't get to see each other very often here."  
  
"I know," Amy replied. "Come up and sit on the porch and let's take care of that right now."  
  
"Super," Jen replied and followed Amy to the porch where they both sat down in one of the Adirondack chairs that Amy liked so well.  
  
"How's everything going," Amy began.  
  
"Not too bad. Busy and stuff but that's the way life is I guess."  
  
"I know what you mean." Amy smiled. "I don't envy you having to keep up with those two daughters of yours. And trying to put both through college at the same time. That has to be a battle."  
  
Jen had to laugh at that. "Very true," she said. "Although it's not as bad as it might be. I guess I've never talked to you about my ex."  
  
"I don't want to be nosy," Amy cautioned.  
  
"Shit, it's no big secret," Jen quickly responded. "We had a few good years after his residency that was sheer hell trying to get through. He's a gynecologist by the way. I thought we were doing fine but I guess he saw some boobs and a twat that he liked better than mine and when I caught him at it, he just said fine."  
  
Amy couldn't speak to the twat issue of course, but she did wonder how anyone could find much better boobs than Jen had to offer.  
  
"We split and divorced with no issues. He didn't contest at all when I wanted sole custody of the girls. Scum bag that he is, he's regular with very generous alimony and child support payments and he's paying the entire cost of the girl's college. I guess I have to respect him for that." She shook her head.  
  
"I don't have any way to relate to that but, the money has to be a relief."  
  
"Oh, it is for sure." She paused a moment. "Oh, and speaking of the girls, I need to apologize to you."  
  
"For what?" Amy was instantly puzzled.  
  
"Well, for Anna." She looked knowingly at Amy. "She is 21 but she definitely has a girlish crush on Luke and she absolutely won't leave him alone even though I get after her all the time. I'm sure you've noticed."  
  
Amy giggled. "It is kind of funny but I don't think Luke minds at all. I totally trust him and know he loves me to the moon and back, but he does like to look. And Anna is something to look at for sure."  
  
"I understand both of those things. I kinda like to look myself."  
  
"At Luke?" she teased.  
  
"Oh, I like to look at Luke for sure. He's a good-looking guy." She was going right back at Amy.  
  
Amy was dying to tell Jen that she liked to look too, as she had found out the other night, but she wasn't about to say anything.  
  
"And I don't know where Anna gets those bikinis -- they hardly cover anything." She stopped and giggled. "I guess I shouldn't say much about that because I have a couple that are even smaller than hers.  
  
"Luke would like to look at that I'm sure."  
  
A big laugh from Jen. "Who knows, he may get a chance. I actually don't mind being looked at."  
  
They both saw Miranda back out of her driveway and drive off.  
  
"You met Miranda and Carol yet?"  
  
"Yes, matter of fact I spent some time at their house the other afternoon."  
  
"Ah, and did they offer you wine?"  
  
"They did. And it was very good."  
  
"Lots of refills I assume."  
  
"That for sure." Now Amy was getting just a little suspicious but tried to hide it as best she could.  
  
"Was Carol there?"  
  
"She came in while I was there, yeah."  
  
"Naked."  
  
"Miranda asked if I was okay with that before Carol came downstairs. Her house, so I said I was -- and she did."  
  
"And then Miranda got naked too." Now she was making a statement and not asking. And pretty soon your hooters and hoochie were out in the open air too."  
  
Amy just looked at her with that one.  
  
"The big question. Did you meet Marvin?"  
  
Amy's face was suddenly burning and she knew she must be bright red.  
  
"They have a way, don't they? And Marvin had his way with you, more than once I'll bet."  
  
"Twice," Amy mumbled.  
  
"Three for me but I was horny as hell. Hadn't had sex for a month and just couldn't stop. And they weren't about to let me stop."  
  
They sat and stared at each other for long moments. Finally, Jen smiled.  
  
"It did feel good. Damn good."  
  
"I know," was Amy's breathy reply. "I can hardly breath sitting here thinking about it."  
  
"Well, your chest is giving you away too. Those are pretty good lumps sticking out there."  
  
Amy hadn't worn a bra to the drug store and now her nipples were at about full staff. She was a little embarrassed but not much after the conversation they'd just had.  
  
"A quick peek?" Jen questioned.  
  
A deep breath from Amy, a quick look around and her blouse was up for about three seconds, then back down.  
  
"Oh my gosh, Luke has to love those. I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable but I usually just say what I'm thinking. Some people can't handle it."  
  
"I'm okay -- you just keep talking," Amy assured her. She couldn't believe this conversation already but it just seemed to fit in with the last few days. "And, you owe me."  
  
Now it was Jen's turn to look around and then lift her tee shirt. Amy didn't have a lot of experience with 40-year old breasts but Jen's had to be top of the line for sure.  
  
"Wow!" Amy said softly. "I told Luke the other day that I thought I had big ones till you guys moved in."  
  
That brought a nice laugh from Jen. "They come in handy some times. In a bikini, they attract attention. Bare, they get an even better result."  
  
Amy spoke before she even thought. "Bare?"  
  
"Skinny dipping, naked hot tub." She paused and looked Amy in the eye. "A little club I used to belong to." She winked. Of course, Amy's mind was racing. "Well, it was pretty exciting, at least for a while. A bunch of unattached males and females, mostly females unfortunately, getting together for some good old, well, I'll just say it, sexual fun."  
  
Amy was just staring. "Holy shit," she said.  
  
"Well, I've got 15 years on you so who knows what might happen. But I finally quit the club. With so many females, we had lots of threesomes, you know, the FFM kind, that were really fun. You could both do and watch." She grinned. "Then they got some guys that were kind of weird so I just quit. You ever done a threesome?" She watched Amy's reaction. "Oh my gosh, you're blushing. I guess not then. I've got some guys I date now and that takes care of things. You probably see me bring some of them home, don't you?"  
  
Now Amy's mind was racing and filled with pictures from the other night, very vivid pictures. And her face felt very, very hot. Jen was looking at her, then up at the houses, then back at Amy.  
  
"I suppose I should be sure to close the blinds, shouldn't I? Unless you like watching. Do you?"  
  
Just thinking about that night and what Jen was saying now had Amy very wet and she could almost feel her nipples growing under her simple blouse. And Jen was looking there too, not at the wetness but certainly at the nipples.  
  
"I don't mind being watched at all. I'm used to it from that club. You're not allowed to grade my performance though. Some of my partners aren't the greatest." She laughed and Amy couldn't help but join in. "Plus, if you're like me at all, and Luke is there too, you get your brains screwed out while you're watching."  
  
Amy nodded. Jen was different but she like her. "Want to have dinner with us tonight? Will be nice to get to know each other a little."  
  
"Would love it. Plus, I'll leave Anna and Kerry at home," then a loud giggle, "so I can have Luke all to myself."  
  
"I'll be there so you'll have to share him at least."  
  
"Agreeable. What time?"  
  
"How's six thirty?  
  
"Perfect. Should I wear my bikini, go bare or what?"  
  
"That's up to you," Amy laughed. "Luke will like it either way." She couldn't believe she was saying that, all the while wondering just how Jen might appear at their house at six thirty. After this conversation, she wouldn't put anything past her.  
  
Amy sent Luke a text telling him Jen was coming for dinner at 6:30 and to be sure to be home before that. He texted back quickly, "no problem" and she knew that meant he'd be there and even if he had to cancel something else, he'd be there. Luke did like to look and with Jen right there, the looking would be easy. She started getting things ready for dinner and, of course, her mind began racing with all sorts of thoughts.  
  
How would Jen be dressed and would what she was wearing totally tantalize Luke?  
  
She had talked about a threesome. Would she actually suggest that and how would Amy react to that?  
  
If they all agreed, what would happen. They'd all be naked and did she want to be naked next to those big hooters of Jen's?  
  
Would Luke be picturing that view out the window of Jen in action?  
  
She really liked Jen after their conversation this afternoon but did she like her enough to let whatever happened, happen?  
  
Could she watch as Luke put his business in that unknown twat of Jen's?  
  
What would she be doing if that happened?  
  
Too many questions. Her brain was on autopilot and she couldn't get it to shut off.  
  
What a few days with all that had happened she couldn't believe she was thinking about having a threesome. Before today, she had never even thought about something like that and she wasn't even sure she knew how they worked. Maybe a couple of videos on the internet before Luke got home. She was going a little crazy, and maybe all for naught. Maybe Jen would come, they'd have a nice dinner, some pleasant conversation, maybe a glass of wine. She wasn't sure about the wine as it seemed to get her into trouble sometimes. Not actually trouble but . . . Her mind trailed off. Maybe she should just have a lot of wine and see what happened.  
  
Amy had to decide what to wear too. It would be casual, probably just shorts and a simple blouse or something. If she went braless, she was sure Luke would like that. But that might be a sign to Jen that sex was in the air and she was ready for it. Was she ready for it? Obviously not. Would the wine get her ready for it? Who knows? Plus, with all this thinking, dinner wasn't being prepared. Maybe a glass of wine right now to calm her a little. Sure, that might do it. Or it might just be a start to . . .  
  
Amy poured herself a glass of wine, not in a wine glass, but a tumbler instead. They had four wine glasses but she didn't want to get one dirty. At least that's what she told herself. She took a sip, then a swallow, then a gulp. Quickly, she did feel a little more relaxed and was able to work on getting dinner ready.  
  
Surprisingly, a little after five, she heard a knock on the back door. It was Jen, asking if there was anything she could do to help with dinner since things had happened on such short notice. Amy invited her in telling her there might be so she was glad to have both company and a backup if she needed some help. She took a sip from her wine glass, then self-consciously asked Jen if she'd like some too.  
  
"Love it," Jen replied and laughed. She was eyeing Amy's tumbler.  
  
"I didn't want to get the wine glasses dirty before dinner so," she held up the tumbler.  
  
"I'll take a tumbler too," Jen said. "We'll save the good stuff for dinner."  
  
"Or after dinner?" raced through Amy's mind but she didn't say it. She tried to check on Jen's clothes, not what she could see but what she couldn't see, or couldn't see because it wasn't there. She had on some snug shorts that could be easily classed as short-shorts and a thin and sleeveless knit blouse. The blouse wasn't quite transparent, but not opaque either. It was as Amy had expected, just a little. What she was checking out . . . wasn't there. She decided that if Jen could do it, so could she, even though the fact that hers wasn't there would be much more obvious than it was on Jen. And she had some pretty tight short-shorts as well. She actually had one pair that left about the bottom inch of her butt cheeks showing but she hadn't worn those for years. In fact, she had never worn them as an adult, not since she was a young teen and then, she was small enough that the butt cheeks didn't show. She just might, she thought.  
  
Dinner was coming along nicely now and the tumblers had been refilled. Amy had cautioned herself not to do that as she was starting on the first tumbler full but, by the time that one was finished she had totally forgotten about the caution. She knew the wine was a caution-killer for sure but, what the heck. Que sera, sera. Jen was beginning to giggle a little too.  
  
"Let me go change while I've got a chance," Amy said and headed upstairs. She rummaged a little but finally found the shorts and then found a fairly snug knit top that was plunging in the back and the front. She had decided she wasn't going to let Jen come over for dinner and out "sexy" her in front of Luke. She pulled off the shorts she had on, paused a moment, then pulled off the bikini panties too. The shorts barely fit and she checked carefully to at least be sure her muff wasn't peeking out around the edges. It wasn't. She put the top on. It clung to her shape and did nothing to hide her nipples that were standing at rest at the moment. Even as she watched, just thinking about watching had them grow just a little. She was ready.  
  
Back downstairs Jen had just about finished her second tumbler of wine when Luke came through the garage door into the kitchen. He had met Jen a couple of times but nothing significant. And, of course, he had watched through the window.  
  
"Welcome home," she said, jumping up and giving him a big hug -- to an amazed look on his face. "I'm so glad Amy invited me for dinner. I've been wanting to get to know you guys better." Of course, Luke had seen Jen through that window and thought that was his secret. But Jen knew that Luke had seen her and was looking at him with a special look that he didn't quite understand. Then Amy walked in with half her tooshie hanging out of her shorts and a top so tight he wondered if she could breathe. He got a luscious hug from her too.  
  
Luke gulped, trying to understand but just shook his head. Something was going on and his mind was whirring as it scanned all the various possibilities. Since Amy was getting ready to serve dinner, he'd just have to wait and see.  
  
At the dining room table, everything was set and he and Jen sat down, Jen directly across from him. Amy was carefully filling the wine glasses but he could tell very quickly that he was getting a late start on that. Experience told him that might be a good thing, at least the ladies having a little of that wine ahead of time. They were eating and chatting and he was watching Jen trying not to be obviously watching her. She was watching him too, but was not trying to hide it at all.  
  
"I apologized to Amy earlier, for Anna, but now I'll apologize to you." Jen smiled sheepishly. Luke had a puzzled look but he was pretty sure he knew what this was about. "I know she likes to show most of her hooters right in front of you when you're working in the yard. Does that bother you too much?" Jen had kind of a sly but sexy look on her face when she asked that.  
  
Amy laughed. "The lump in his pants answers that question," she quipped, laughing again. Luke decided she'd had quite a bit of wine before he got there.  
  
"Well, I was thinking about the other bother too, but she likes to do that. Amy knows about her little trick of sitting up to put her bikini top back on. I guess she doesn't hide that very well."  
  
"I told her you like tits, so I was sure you enjoyed that," Amy added. She wasn't sure she'd said that to Jen but, what the heck, it was true.  
  
"I told Amy to be sure your blinds are shut before you get to messing around. Don't need Anna getting a view like you guys got the other night."  
  
What the hell, Luke thought. He looked at Amy who just smiled and sent him a little kiss. Seems like the ladies had been talking and sharing. He wondered what else they may have been talking about.  
  
Both Amy and Jen had finished their dinner wine, as had Luke and Amy hurried to refill all three. Luke had to admit he was enjoying watching the bottom part of Amy's buns jiggling around as she walked here and there. He was dying to find out from Amy what she and Jen had talked about, particularly because of the way Jen kept looking at him. He wouldn't have been at all surprised to find her foot exploring the space between his legs as she was right across from him. It hadn't happened though. He watched Amy sit down and take a big drink of her wine.  
  
"Jen told me she used to be in a club where they had threesomes all the time and she wondered if we'd ever done that." She had a totally innocent look on her face but Luke knew she wasn't talking about golf.  
  
"Um, what did you say?"  
  
"You know what I said. I told her no."  
  
Now Luke's brain was whirring as he processed all the things that might have caused that kind of a conversation. He took a fairly large gulp of his wine.  
  
Jen was looking at him with a very dubious look that he tried to read, but what he thought he might be reading made him a little nervous, and maybe anxious.  
  
"You know, it isn't fair," she quickly said. "Amy has on that tight little outfit that shows those tremendous nipples that she has. I have this." She held her arms out and shrugged. "Amy says you really like to look at tits. Not fair," and with that she reached down, grabbed the bottom of her blouse and lifted it up and off. "That's the only way you'll be able to see my nipples," she said in Luke's direction.  
  
Luke sure did like to look, so he did. Big and shapely with just a mite of sag, not bad at all for a lady Jen's age.  
  
"Yeah, well, now he can see your giant ones so, " and Amy pulled her knit top up and off, "he needs this to see mine." She giggled. "Now he has two to look at."  
  
"Four," Luke said quickly, getting into the spirit of things. That brought a pair of laughs.  
  
But Jen wasn't through yet. "Amy is showing those little peaks at her buns and that's not fair either." She stood up, put her fingers in the waist band of her shorts and they were quickly around her ankles. She turned. "How's that," she questioned.  
  
It looked pretty darn good to him but he wondered what was going on with Amy that she was letting this happen. Plus, he couldn't help but wonder how far she'd let it go if Jen was going to try to take it further. And how far would he let it go? "Very nice," he said.  
  
"That's all, just very nice," she said, bending over a little and thrusting her ass toward Luke. Of course, this also showed a nicely puffy pair of labia as well.  
  
Amy stood up and her short-shorts quickly followed Jens to the floor. He'd never seen her muff in the company of someone else, and it was very exciting for him.  
  
Luke was wondering how he was going to deal with the problem he was having with his pants. The problem was actually the erection that had continued growing and was now very uncomfortable. He twisted one way, then squirmed the other but nothing seemed to help much. He was about ready to just reach down and fix things a little when Jen turned around to face him. Shaved he quickly decided, not waxed.

"A little problem there, Lukie boy?" The look that she was giving him wasn't helping his problem at all.  
  
She looked at Amy. "Should we fix that for him?"  
  
Amy looked from Jen to Luke, then back to Jen and back to Luke. All those questions she had this afternoon were rattling around in her slightly numbed brain and, like it or not, they had to be answered and fairly quickly. She took a very deep breath. "Sure," she said. "The poor guy needs help."  
  
Jen dropped to her knees as Amy slid out of her chair and followed suit. They both disappeared under the table.  
  
"Go ahead," he heard Jen say. Someone was loosening his belt, unsnapping his pants and lowering the zipper. There was some tugging and he lifted his butt to help without even thinking about it. Hands were doing something to his underwear and he realized that his erection was now out of the pants and, two sets of eyes were seeing it. Amy was the only female who had ever seen that, but now there was another. A hand took hold of him, he wasn't sure whose, but it didn't matter as sensations began racing through his body.  
  
"You first," he heard Jen say.  
  
"No, go ahead. I want to watch," Amy answered.  
  
Someone was stroking, very gently. He decided it must be Jen. Then there was another feeling. It was warm and wet and felt very much like a tongue, then he felt what had to be lips. More and more of him was being engulfed. Then still more and he felt lips against his pubs and another hand gently squeezed his balls. It had to be Jen. He couldn't even imagine it but it was happening. She pulled away, clear to the head which she rolled in her lips, then back down again, then the whole thing repeated until she let loose totally.  
  
"Go ahead," he heard her say.  
  
Then more lips, not all the way this time. It must be Amy.  
  
"Try it," a voice said. He was having trouble focusing now. More lips, pushing down and down -- a gagging sound.  
  
"Relax. Just relax right here. Ignore what your body is telling you."  
  
On again and down. A stop with a tiny sound. Then a little further. Lips against his pubs again.  
  
"See," from under the table.  
  
"You want to finish?" he heard Amy say.  
  
Luke felt like he was about to die. He would go a very happy man if that happened.  
  
"Sure," and he was swallowed again, and again and again, over and over until he felt it building and it happened, his body jerking as he knew the mouth was gone and a hand was working. At last his body stopped jerking and trembling.  
  
"Is there a napkin up there," he heard Jen say. A little rustling and Amy appeared. She grabbed a napkin and looked at him.  
  
"I did it," she said, a huge smile on her face. "Did you like that?"  
  
Not trusting his voice, Luke just nodded.  
  
"I know you did," Amy said, smiling at him. "But we're not through yet." She handed the napkin to Jen who began wiping the jizz off her face.  
  
"Nope, not through yet," Jen said.  
  
They both came around the table and grabbed a hand, pulling him toward the family room. What the hell was going on. He'd never even thought about a threesome. Well, not quite true because all teens have those kinds of fantasies but that's what they were -- fantasies. This was not a fantasy. He could tell from the rather limp cock he had that had just shot its load in Jen's face after getting a good working over from both Amy and Jen. And, two very beautiful and very naked women were leading him somewhere for something else. It was happening and there was going to be more. As he looked at Jen, he couldn't help wondering how he'd feel if the threesome was going the other way, with Amy in the middle and another guy ready to get at her. His brain was still frazzled and his nerves hadn't stopped firing enough for him to think clearly. Amy was grabbing his shirt and just dragging it off over his head without unbuttoning it. She was certainly into this and was having no qualms about Jen about to ravage his body. He guessed that might happen. Whoever, his body was ready for it, except his cock.  
  
"Lay down," Amy ordered and he did. He thought they might go to the bedroom but things were happening too fast for that. "I need to get you ready for Jen."  
  
Quickly her mouth was on him with that new trick she had learned today. He was amazed at how good she had gotten so quickly as her head bobbed up and down, taking all of him in each time. Every time see came up he could see his cock dripping with her saliva and all the other juices that were coming from her throat. He could hardly breathe, and what she was doing was certainly working as he could feel his cock throbbing with the steely erection he had gotten.  
  
"Let me for a while," Jen said and Amy backed off but what was happening didn't change at all. Jen didn't seem to mind at all that his cock was drenched with Amy's juices but just kept looking up at Luke as her head bobbed up and down. He could see Amy smiling and watching closely.  
  
"He's sure ready," Jen said, pulling off. "Who's first?" She smiled, grabbing Luke with those big blue eyes of hers.  
  
"You are," Amy laughed. "He does me all the time so you go ahead."  
  
This was sure a slightly different Amy than he was used to and he couldn't help but wonder what the heck had happened to create what he was seeing. And Jen. He had seen her, ogled her a little probably, but now here she was, lifting one leg to straddle him and settling her pussy on that pulsing member of his that had just loaded her face with cum. Whatever, she was sliding onto it slowly and he was slipping past those velvety and very wet walls that held him tight. Not as tight as Amy held him but he wasn't complaining.  
  
"Ready?" she said in just about the most sultry voice he had ever heard.  
  
"He's ready," Amy said quickly. She was nodding. Then, she was laying beside him, her face right by his ear as Jen began rocking back and forth and up and down.  
  
"I thought you might enjoy her," she whispered. "After you watched her fucking the other night. How is she? Does it feel good. Is she better than I am. Tell me."  
  
His brain was frying from what was happening and the only part of him doing any thinking right now was his penis that was buried in Jen's very hot and very fast-moving pussy. It was thinking that it was liking what was happening and it wasn't going to judge between the two of them. He was vaguely aware that Amy was moving somewhere and then he felt her legs along side his head and the sweet and very musky odor that was assailing his nose told hm her pussy was right there. Sure enough, it settled down on his mouth and his tongue went to work. He was just flicking and licking as fast and hard as he could -- it was up to her to find where the best place to put her clit would be. She evidently was finding it okay as he was hearing occasional moans from up above. Also, a few grunts and murmurings from a little further away. Then he saw arms moving toward Amy and new sounds from her. What was going on? Obviously, Jen was playing with her nipples, he just knew it. And Amy was letting her do it. Something had sure changed and he had missed out on it.  
  
Having just had an orgasm a little over five minutes ago, Luke was doing very well at making this last. The ladies had not had that experience and something told him that Amy was about to join him as post orgasmic as her moans were getting louder and louder and then he heard a much more intense, "OH FUCK," and she was bouncing and vibrating and just rubbing her pussy on his face in her orgasmic thrashings. After long moments she lifted off his face and her lips were against his, giving him a very passionate and sloppy kiss.  
  
"Tastes good," she said. "I didn't know I tasted that good." Without moving from where she was her hand moved between Jens legs as Jen was bouncing up and down on Luke's cock, and she was rubbing away to new and much louder grunts and groans from Jen.  
  
"Fuck, I'm cumming," Jen moaned and her body began to shake and her bouncing stopped but her body was still moving as suddenly, every nerve in Luke's body was firing and he was shooting another load of his jism, this time inside Jen. With that, she just collapsed on top of him, her huge boobs crushed against his chest. He heard Amy giggle and she moved Jen's head just a little so she could plant another of those wonderful kisses on his lips.  
  
"Was that good?" she asked softly.  
  
Jen raised her head. "I needed that and it was good for me." From just a few inches away she looked at Luke. "Eh?" she said questioningly.  
  
"Ha," he answered. "I don't know what's going on around here," he said as he put an arm around each of them.  
  
"It's the neighborhood," Jen volunteered.  
  
"The neighbors I think," Amy countered. She was wondering if she should fill Luke in on everything that had happened the last few days. Maybe she would, a little at a time, but not right now. Things had changed, that's for sure. Then she said, "I have some dessert. We can get dressed or eat naked. And I may get another glass of wine." A giggle followed that.  
  
Jen couldn't help but think of all of the hours that Anna had spent playfully trying to seduce Luke while she, doing absolutely nothing, had just screwed his brains out. Irony has a way sometimes.