**Kaycee: Confessions**

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**Kaycee: Confessions/Sharing Secrets**

In Part One, my wife Kaycee and I began to explore her exhibitionist and my voyeuristic proclivities. It started innocently: going to nude beaches, some semi-public sex, then weekends at a nude resort in Palm Springs. During our recent weekend in Palm Springs, we hiked to a desert oasis where we had sex and got caught by a stranger. Kaycee both surprised and delighted me by jerking the stranger off.

Afterwards, we made the decision to tell each other the secrets we've been keeping from each other. Kaycee and I have a great marriage, we love each other and are each other's best friend. I knew sharing those secrets would make our marriage stronger - at least I hoped it would.

Everyone portrayed is over eighteen. This is fiction; as always, all characters and events, etc. are figments of our imagination and have no connection to any living or dead persons, or true events. In other words, we repeat - this is all fiction.

It was Friday evening, four days after returning from our Palm Springs weekend. Both Kaycee and I worked all week and hadn't had time for 'The Conversation/Confessions'. I left work Friday at noon and by the time Kaycee walked in the door, there were flowers and candles on the dining room table and a French-roast chicken in the oven. I handed Kaycee a glass of Pinot Gris before she ran upstairs to change into her comfortable lounge wear.

We drank some wine, ate the meal I prepared, then sat down with after dinner drinks in the den. It was time to talk. Kaycee started.

"I knew I was different my junior year of high school when I made the cheerleading squad. Leading the crowd in cheers, wearing that outfit in front of thousands of students and fans - it did something to me. I had to wear a Kotex pad under my panties.

"I wasn't sexually active until my senior year. It may seem odd, but I rarely dated, I spent most of my time with a great group of boys and girls; my studies were the most important thing to me and it's how I met my first real boyfriend. His name was Kyle Bates and he was a nerd."

I wasn't too surprised Kaycee's first boyfriend was a nerd, I was a nerd in high school and throughout most of college. Although Kaycee is the most gorgeous woman I ever dated, she was never embarrassed by my residual nerdiness; I'm an accountant, for god's sake.

Kaycee continued. "So, instead of losing my virginity to the star quarterback like most of the stories in your magazine, I lost it to the guy who won my heart as he tutored me in Chemistry, right after we both turned eighteen.

"We'd go down to his parents' basement where there was a finished den. We'd get naked and make love on the couch. That was part of the excitement, the thrill that I might get caught."

I was seeing the pattern, Kaycee may have been a high schooler, but she was already stimulated in ways radically different from her peers: cheering in front of the crowds, knowing she might be caught by her boyfriend's parents. I would learn this was just the tip of the iceberg.

"What happened to Kyle?"

"After we graduated, he went to MIT and I went to OSU. Opposite coasts and to make things worse, his parents moved to Dallas right after graduation. We lost touch until our ten-year reunion. You met him there; he was the guy with the tall black woman."

"I remember him; his wife was the second most beautiful woman there. I remember you slow dancing with him - that was your first lover?"

"Oh, don't be getting jealous on me - Kyle and I had one dance together that night. He spent the dance thanking me for helping him get over his shyness. He said he would never have had the nerve to ask Sienna out if I hadn't been his first. It was sweet - Sienna came over and she thanked me before cutting in."

I poured us another drink; Kaycee smiled as she paused to take a sip.

"Which brings me to my college years and where things get crazy. I tried out for the cheer squad my freshman year, I didn't make it and began what I call my 'hippy' years. No make-up, didn't shave - not my underarms or legs, wore overalls most of the time. My parents were appalled when I came home for Spring break. I started to date Hal Peters, a hippy-wanna-be.

"I made Hal wait months before he got me in bed, I was still a 'good-girl' at the time. When we finally started having sex, we had to work around our roommates' schedules, the whole sock on the doorknob thing. About three weeks into it, Hal's roommate walks into the room while Hal and I are going at it. His roommate, Frank, was drunk. Hal started shouting at Frank - "didn't you see the sock?" but he didn't stop fucking me.

"Frank rolls over facing the opposite wall and we keep screwing. Frank turns after a minute or two and looks right at me. I came right then.

"That was the first of what turned out to be a reoccurring pattern. Me getting fucked by Hal with Frank watching. After the second time, Frank doesn't hide the fact he's masturbating while he watches. This turns me on even more, especially because Frank's cock is larger than Hal's, which wasn't much - Hal's hard-on couldn't have been five inches and barely thick as a thumb.

"One night, Hal pulls out a joint. It was the first time I smoked weed - which shows you what a goody-two-shoes I was at that point - and the three of us get high. Hal's playing with my body, we all three get naked, then Hal starts teasing Frank. "How'd you like a piece of this?" Shit like that. I ended up giving a hand-job to Frank that day. When I wrapped my hand around his cock, it was like a bolt of lightening travelled from my hand to my pussy. I came, not an earth-shattering orgasm, but an orgasm just the same.

"It escalated from there, always with Hal's prodding and encouragement. A week after the hand-job, I sucked Frank off after Hal finished fucking me. Two weeks after that I was moving from bed to bed, alternating between Hal and Frank. They both came inside me at least three times that day. It wasn't hard to keep them revved up; as I fucked one, I put on a show for the other. I was in ecstasy - of course, the weed helped fuel my libido.

"This went on for a month or so. Then, one afternoon, Hal comes into the room while I'm in bed with Frank. Hal didn't know Frank and I were having one-on-ones, he goes ape-shit and slaps me across the face. I got dressed and went back to my room across campus and never talked to Hal or Frank again after that day. The next week was finals week. I don't know what happened to either one of them.

"I spent my sophomore year in a shell; still dressing like a hippy, but kept my head down and spent all my time studying, trying to graduate a year early by taking extra heavy loads and summer classes.

"Want to hear something funny? You and I had a class together. You were a senior, I was a sophomore and we were in the same English Lit class. You were the guy who sat in the front row and told corny jokes - the class clown. I thought you were cute and funny."

This surprised me, I remembered the senior year English Lit class needed to complete one of my electives; but had no recollection of seeing Kaycee in the class. "I would have remembered that. No way you could have been in the class and me not noticing you."

Kaycee laughed. "You have to understand. I wore glasses, my hair was cut short, and I wore goofy clothes that hid my figure. And here's one more thing you don't know - I pursued you when we met seven years ago. I saw you at the Bridgeport Brewpub and recognized you; but I was with another guy and didn't want to be rude to him. I did ask the waitress, discreetly, if she knew you. She said you were a regular. That's why I was in the pub a week later wearing a short skirt when you approached me and started the conversation that led us here."

I remembered that night, of course. I saw the knock-dead, gorgeous blond with the long hair and long legs. She was sitting at the bar drinking a pint and I worked up the courage to introduce myself. Ten months later, we were married. "All this time you kept that from me. Why?"

"I think I always enjoyed the fact you thought you pursued me. You always took pride in making the first move."

"Well, even if you were there to meet me, I was the one who made it happen."

Kaycee leaned over and gave me a smacking kiss on the lips. "Yes you did and I love that you took the bait and made us a couple."

I figured Kaycee was through with her 'secrets'. "So, that's it? You were a hippy college girl and had sex with two roommates?"

A veil went across Kaycee's eyes. She took a deep breath. "No, now the hard part. Pour me another."

How bad could it be that Kaycee need another drink to continue? I was about to find out.

"The summer before my junior year ended my hippy period. I started shaving again and grew my hair out. My parents were so elated, they bought me a complete wardrobe of fashionable clothes. Half-way through my junior year I turned twenty-one. A couple of my girlfriends took me up to Seattle to celebrate. We drank a little in some of the clubs before walking past a strip joint that advertised amateur night with a five-hundred-dollar first place prize. We talked each other into going in, with no expectation that any of us would enter; just to watch it. After a few of the amateurs finished dancing, the announcer asked if there were any other entrants. I knew I could out-dance all those girls and I certainly had as nice a body, maybe a little smaller up top.

"So I entered, slowly stripped down to my shoes as I danced across the stage, even gave a few of the men in the front row a crotch shot. The audience went wild, I was turned on beyond anything I could remember and best of all - I won the five-hundred. Dancing in front of that crowd made me think back to the days cheering in front of a different crowd, but with more energy and indecency because I was naked. The men and women at the club could see my breasts, nipples, ass, my pussy - everything - and that made it so much more stimulating. The experience burned into my brain and I knew I'd do it again.

"Two weekends later, I went back to Seattle, this time by myself, and did it again. I used those two weeks to develop a routine. Something nasty-sexy to make certain I won first prize. And I did.

"I didn't count on the Oregon State's Men's basketball team being in Seattle to play the Huskies. Two guys from the team were in the audience. I didn't see them until I finished my routine or I might have run off the stage without finishing. It was Ty Johnson and Jamal Price. Jamal recognized me because I tutored him in math during the fall quarter. They stuck around until the winner was announced, then asked if they could buy me a late-night snack before they needed to be in for curfew. We went across the street where we had coffee and pie; they were polite and nice - real gentlemen. Ty asked me out, said we could see a movie when we were back in Corvallis. I said, 'yes'.

"Jamal made a big deal out of Ty asking first and Ty said, "Come along" and that's how it started."

I wondered if I heard her right and took a slug of bourbon. My mind wasn't certain it liked where this was going - although my cock could drive nails.

All right, maybe I'm a little slow here - it was at that moment I realized that exhibitionism and voyeurism not only pertain to the sense of sight, but also to the sense of hearing as well - hearing paints a picture inside the mind that can be as powerful as watching something happen. I remember sitting with my grandfather years before, he had vinyl records of old radio shows from the 30's and 40's - before television. We would sit and listen to the mystery stories of Boston Blackie and The Shadow. Our minds would 'see' what our eyes could not. Our imagination stimulated by the oral narrative.

A second thought came to me - was the experience more intense because I was sharing it with someone, my grandfather? Was this what made voyeurism so appealing to me - sharing these experiences with Kaycee, the exhibitionist?

This is what Kaycee was doing to me now, whether consciously or unconsciously, allowing me to experience her sexuality without actually experiencing it first-hand. All I could do in response to her last statement, "that's how it started" was reply, "go ahead", my needing to know what "it" would be.

Kaycee took another sip of her wine, building the suspense, and then began:

"Our first 'date' was fun. Both Ty and J, that's what we all called Jamal, were a kick to be around. They were the kind of guys that attracted other people. Instead of the movies, we drove up to Portland and went to a dance bar. I danced with one, then the other; they kept me on the dance floor by taking turns.

"The DJ played an old 70's song, 'Brick House', while I was on the dance floor with Ty. J just got up and joined us, with me in the middle between the two. Most of the other dancers gave us enough room to really move and some even quit dancing to watch. I soaked my panties when Ty whispered in my ear, "Don't you wish you could just do your strip routine right now?"

"When the song ended, I had to get off the dance floor and headed to the ladies' room. Two of the women who were dancing followed me in.

""Which of those guys are you fucking?" they asked.

""Neither, I can't decide."

"They both laughed. "Why decide? They look like they're good friends and friends share."

"They were still laughing as they walked out of the restroom. Ty, J and I stuck around for another half hour before it was time to drive back to Corvallis. They had a curfew because there was a game the next evening. They dropped me off at my apartment. They each got a kiss goodnight.

"I had to masturbate that night before I could fall asleep.

"Wednesday night, J and I went to see a movie. Ty was busy with some class assignment. J and I had a nice time and he gave me a scorching kiss that night when he dropped me off. He asked me to come over to his and Ty's place Friday. They had a game Sunday afternoon, so Saturday was out."

Kaycee stopped here for a moment, took a sip of wine and gave me my own scorching kiss. Her tongue played with mine, she reached down to my thigh and as her hand went under my shorts, she found my hard cock. She played with it a second; when her hand came up, her fingers were coated with my pre-cum. She licked her fingers and took another sip of wine.

"I went over to their apartment Friday evening. They were so cute, they were so proud of the dinner they made, complete with a salad. We sat down at the table, it even had candles lit, and we drank wine and ate the casserole.

"We finished dinner and sat on the sofa. Ty put on some music we could dance to; the third song was 'Brick House', but instead of dancing with me, they both sat down on the sofa. "Now you can do that strip for us" is all Ty said.

"I didn't hesitate, I did strip for them, doing my best, as if I was trying to win that first-place five-hundred-dollar prize. I was naked when the song ended, but another song started and I went over to J and sat on his lap. I had seen the girls at the strip joint do lap dances, so I knew what to do, and I made certain J knew the rules - no hands - as I ground on his lap, feeling his cock underneath his slacks. I kept up the grinding until that song ended.

"I got off J's lap and laughed when I saw the stains left behind on his slacks, one stain from me, the other from his pre-cum, I knew he hadn't cum yet. J had a look of yearning on his face, but a great big smile.

"I sat on Ty's lap and gave him the same treatment. Ty and I kissed, but I kept his hands down. When we finished the kiss, I looked over at J; he was naked and waiting his turn.

"That song ended and I moved back to J and told him, "The rules no longer apply." He got the message, alternated squeezing my breasts and my ass with those large hands of his. My pussy slipped back and forth across his hard cock, but didn't enter it until once, when the head of his cock was at the bottom of our strokes, J made a slightly different move with his hips and a few inches of his cock slid right in. I came immediately as the head rubbed my g-spot. Within seconds of my orgasm, J was fully embedded inside my pussy.

"I looked over at Ty and wasn't surprised to find he was now naked as well. Happy because there wasn't any need to choose between the two of them - I could have them both! - I assumed this would be like before, with Hal and Frank. I'd fuck one guy, then the other, back and forth. But J and Ty had other ideas.

"It obviously wasn't their first threesome because neither said a word. Ty laid down on the rug and J picked me off his lap, placed me right on Ty's, now I'm fucking Ty reverse cowgirl. J stood in front of me and gently pulled my head toward his cock. It was my first double-penetration."

I couldn't take it any longer. Kaycee's tale was driving me crazy and I had to free my cock. Kaycee, bless her heart, took pity on me and swallowed my cock, looking into my eyes the entire time. One minute of her deep throating technique had me cumming down her throat. I must have cum buckets, but not a drop escaped her lips.

"Feeling better?" she was giving me the sweet, 'cat-ate-the-canary' smile that I love so much.

"Much better. Is there more?"

"Much more, do you want to hear it now or later?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Well, I'm wetter than I can ever remember. I'd like your mouth on my pussy and your cock inside me. Can you wait for the rest of the story?"

In answer to Kaycee's question, I picked her up and carried her to bed. I almost tore her shirt getting it off her and her shorts followed. She wasn't kidding, her pussy was soaked and I lapped up her juices with my lips and tongue. She orgasmed when my teeth raked across her clit. She didn't have time to recover from her orgasm before I was fucking her. I able to last for the ten or so minutes before I came deep inside her womb, but only because of the blow-job.

Usually, if I cum twice, I'm ready to doze off into a peaceful relaxed state; but I was too wired this evening. I popped out of bed, grabbed a warm washcloth for Kaycee, ran downstairs for a couple of fresh drinks and sat up on the bed. "Tell me more, babe."

She laughed, "Well, I guess you proved you could handle it so far - so, why not? First though, I have to ask - do you want to know everything?"

I pointed to my cock, I'd cum twice in the last half-hour and it was growing again. "What do you think?"

"Well - all right, then. Here it goes buster. The last tales of your exhibitionist wife.

"That night, the three of us kept at it for a couple hours, I was insatiable. I knew Ty could see me giving J a blow-job while J looked down to watch Ty's cock sliding in and out of my pussy. They switched it up by placing me on my hands and knees; now Ty in my mouth, J in my pussy. Ty came first and while he went into the kitchen to get us some water, J took me into his bedroom, put me on the bed and made love to me missionary. He didn't seem to mind that Ty had cum in my mouth, he held my arms down above my head, kissing me while pumping in and out. I felt his cock grow and pulsate, filling my womb.

"Ty was back with a bottle of water. I settled back into J, his back against the wall behind the bed, he was cradling me in his arms. We drank for a minute to rehydrate, then Ty took me while I laid back against J, his hands fondling my breasts, his fingers tweaking my nipples. I must have cum four or more times before Ty's orgasm.

"We three fell asleep together; me between the two of them.

"When I woke up, I could smell bacon frying. J was on his side facing me; when he saw my eyes opening, he leaned in for a kiss, put me on my back and mounted me. It was a quickie because, as he said, "breakfast is ready." I walked naked to the kitchen table with J dripping out of me. Ty had a giant smile on his face when he saw me, "morning, sleepy-head". Ty was naked except for the apron. The three of us were all naked as we ate the bacon, eggs and toast.

"When we finished our meal, Ty told J it was his turn to do the dishes. J pretended to protest, but it was all for fun. Ty took my hand and we walked together into his bedroom. Ty and I made love for the next hour until J knocked on the door to remind Ty they had practice soon.

"That was the first night and morning of our love affair. They really were best friends and they both treated me like a lady, probably more than I deserved considering where we met and what we became.

"The sex was out of this world. I know you're wondering, so I'll just tell you."

I had so many questions at this point, I didn't know which one Kaycee was about to answer. She proceeded to answer two of my top ten.

"Jamal was slightly bigger than you, maybe a half-inch longer if I had to guess, but with a bit more girth. Ty was smaller, both in length and girth. They're the only two black guys I've ever been with, so I can't say anything about the whole BBC myth. You and Jamal are the two biggest guys I've ever been with, so please don't go getting all weird on me about that. I've told you before, your cock is perfect."

All I could do was give my wife a kiss. She continued.

"And yes, they double-teamed me. The first time was a week after that weekend, Ty took my ass and J took my pussy.

"But, as much as I loved when they were both inside me at the same time, it never compared to all the times I would fuck one while the other watched. And my favorite thing was when we'd play some music, they'd sit on the sofa naked, stroking their cocks and I'd do a striptease and dance naked. Their dark brown eyes would burn into my skin. I could feel those eyes caress me. There were times I'd orgasm without being touched."

I had to ask, "Sounds like you three had a decent relationship. What happened?"

"Both Ty and Jamal were drafted into the European league."

"Did you ever get with either of them again?"

"We used to write once in a while. But the last time we ever got together was a week after finals. They were gone soon after the term ended. You need to know something, Tony. I've been with six men in my life. Kyle in high school; Hal, Frank, Ty and Jamal in college; and you. I may have done some things in college that would qualify as slutty, but I never considered myself a slut. I hope you don't either."

"No one after Jamal and Ty since college? It was over a year later before we met."

"And for that year and a half I wasn't with anyone until you and I made love."

"Well, I never thought about you as slutty, even after what you just told me. Now, are you done telling your secrets?"

"Done"

"Is it time to tell you mine?"

"Tomorrow, what with the storytelling and the sex, I'm exhausted. Let's just sleep and you can tell me tomorrow. OK?"

Kaycee rested her head on my shoulder, wrapped her arm around my chest and fell asleep right after whispering, "I love you, Tony. Let's not fuck that up."

We woke up the next morning, went for a run along the river, then had lunch at the Bridgeport pub. By two we were home; Kaycee filled our soaking tub with hot water and we settled in.

"I think I know; but I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

I looked into Kaycee's blue eyes and blurted it out. "My secret fantasy is to watch you get fucked. Hearing you relate your college experiences only reinforced my desire to see it happen. But the thing is, I was up last night after you fell asleep and gave it a lot of thought. I realized that an important part of my fantasy is this - anytime I think of you with another man, that man is just a figment of my imagination, he doesn't exist."

I paused here, trying to find the words to explain my meaning. Kaycee was obviously confused. "How does that work?"

"I don't know. Last night when you told me about Ty and Jamal, it was so exciting, but some of that was because I don't know what those guys look like. Sure, I understand they're two, tall black men, but there aren't any faces. If I look at a black dude or any dude on the street, I don't say to myself, "that's the guy I want Kaycee to fuck", it's just too real."

"I think I get it Tony. That's why you stopped me from going any further at the oasis. I thought I was acting out one of your Penthouse letters and you'd get a charge out of it. Zack being a real person screwed up the fantasy."

I nodded in agreement. "And yet, since that day, I sometimes find myself regretting that I did stop you with only giving him a hand-job. You were so beautiful."

Kaycee leaned forward to kiss me before asking, "What now, lover?"

"I don't know. Do you have any ideas?"

"Well, we've established that I'm an exhibitionist and you're a voyeur. That you want to watch me with another man, maybe - and that's very scary. Joshua Tree was a spur-of-the-moment thing; anything we do after today's conversation would be pre-planned."

Kaycee then suggested something I never thought I'd hear from her, "Would you feel any better about this arrangement if we found another couple to do a soft-swap with? Where we share a room with another couple, watch each other, but no physical swapping. It doesn't completely fulfill your fantasy, but it gives me a safe environment to fulfill my kink. And maybe you'd be happy watching the other woman get it from her husband. Who knows? Maybe it does satisfy your kink, too."

And that's how we ended up putting our own ad in the Northwest Swingers magazine.