A Chance Encounter

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Two men become gay lovers and soon one wife joins in and then the other in wife swapping.

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Part Three.

Saturday evening arrived and after my shit, shave, shower and shampoo, got dressed as Sally did and were ready to go out when the buzzer from the gate sounded. Giving K9 a pat and telling him to be a good boy and look after the house, we went out.

‘No need for two cars,’ John said at the gate, ‘we’ve brought ours. Bob, this is Carol. Carol, meet Bob.’ He was introducing me to his quite attractive wife.

‘Hello Bob. John’s told me a lot about you,’ she said with a bright smile and twinkling eyes. I reached out to shake hands but she moved in close, ignoring it. ‘We’re continentals now,’ she said, and kissed me on both cheeks. I can’t remember what I stammered in reply. Sally knew Carol from the dog walking and knew John already. We got into John’s car with Carol driving and we went off to a restaurant that was out on the old highway. The meal wasn’t as good as it used to be but that is always the case. Find a decent place to eat and when you go a year or so later, it’s completely different. But the meal was passable and the only thing that puzzled me was the way Carol kept looking at me. Sizing me up like an undertaker measuring me for my coffin. She was about the same age as me but looked younger, well built up top and very pretty, which made me wonder why John should be bi-sexual with a wife like this. But then I remembered that he was like he is before he met and married Carol. Still, it made me wonder what he had told her about me.

Dinner over, we drove back and I insisted that they stop over at our house for coffee and brandy, or whatever, which they accepted. Carol made up for lost time by having a couple of doubles as she had been driving. She still unsettled me by the way she kept, appraising me is the only word I can think of. The talk was lively and overall, I think that we all enjoyed the evening. Carol, or it might have been John, suggested, that the next Saturday, we should have dinner at their house, which Sally and I accepted.

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It was a lovely Tuesday, both in the fucking of John and having him fuck me. The tightness of his backside to stick my cock into and the pleasure of his filling me and driving me wild in the happiness of having him fuck me.

We lay on the bed, having the odd kiss while stroking each other's organ, waiting till they were up and ready again for another session.

'I think Carol was quite taken with you on Saturday night,' he said.

'It was quite unsettling the way she kept looking at me,' I replied. 'Have you told her about us?'

'Good Lord no! She knows that I'm bi-sexual, but I wouldn't dream of mentioning you in that respect. She might let it slip to Sally. Oh! You haven't told Sally about us either, have you?'

'As you said,' and I smiled. 'Good Lord no!' and he laughed.

'Don't let the left hand know what the right hand is doing,' he said, giving my cock a squeeze with his right hand. I had to laugh at that and gave his a squeeze too, and as it was now a good handful, moved down the bed and took him into my mouth. I then swivelled round on the bed and let him take me in. We only sucked and tongued for a few minutes before taking our turn at fucking each other. This latter we could only do when I visited his home for Sally was always home and that really only gave us enough time for oral sex when she was dog walking.

Friday came and John arrived as usual and we went up and sunbathed naked. I'd told him about seeing Sally's face drop the week before when she saw that he was lying on his front, so this week, he stayed on his back. Sally came up as usual and I smiled when I saw her look at John's groin. He feigned being asleep and didn't open his eyes or move as she put the beers on the table. The trouble was, he knew she was there and his cock rose up to its usual hardness and lay up on his stomach. She didn't look directly at it but I'm sure she could see it out of the corner of her eyes and wondered what thoughts were going through her mind? Did she want him? Did I want Carol? With this last thought, my body told me otherwise for my prick started to rise up.

'Having nice thoughts?' she asked me, seeing that I had an erection.

'Yes,' I grinned. 'Seeing you in that bikini and knowing what's inside.'

'Sex mad,' she said, but smiled at me before she left.

‘You sod,’ I whispered to him and he smiled before he turned his head towards me and opened his eyes.

‘Well what turned you on then?’ he asked, seeing that I was up just as hard as he was.

‘You, you bugger. Seeing your prick rise up like that.’

‘Less of the bugger if you don’t mind,’ he replied.

‘Well you bugger me,’ I retorted.

‘Well bugger me, I do.’ he laughed.

‘I do that too,’ and we both laughed and he rolled off his lounger and took me into his mouth and sucked on me till I came in his mouth. Then I had my turn in seeing to him.

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Like last Saturday, we were ready to go out to dinner but to John and Carol’s house this time, and took four bottles of wine. Sally and I walked those five short minutes and was soon welcomed inside. Carol kissed me on the cheek and John kissed Sally on hers.

We were on time, seven o’clock, and were offered a drink and I opted for a gin and tonic, having had a couple of beers during the afternoon. We, that is John, Sally and myself sat down with our drinks, Carol taking hers into the kitchen to carry on preparing dinner. She flitted in and out, replenishing our glasses, getting a big smile every time and after my third glass, she announced that we should sit down as dinner was ready.

It was lovely. Melon with prawns, lamb chops with all the trimmings and a small trifle as dessert. Seven bottles of wine were drunk, the eighth opened, but not finished before we went onto coffee and brandies. The two women washed up and John and I dried the dishes and left them to put them away in the right places. I think we were all half sloshed when we sat down in the small lounge. I sat down in the armchair and John sat down on the settee. Because of space, the arm of the chair and the settee touched each other at a ninety degree angle. The two women came in and Sally sat down on the settee next to John and Carol pulled over a foot stool and sat down to lean back against the arms of the settee and chair.

I can’t remember how many brandies I drank and I know I was half pissed when I saw the clock on the side and saw that it was midnight. Sally was half curled on the settee and Carol’s head had

slipped off the arm of the chair and was laying on my thigh.

I eased Carol's head back onto the arm of the air and stood up, swaying a bit.

'Well it's bedtime for me,' I slurred. 'Which of you two lovely ladies is coming home with me?' It was a joke that backfired.

Carol's head came up and she pushed herself up from the stool and swayed next to me.

'I will. That is, if Sally has no objection?' she said. I was jolted and immediately sober. I looked at Sally whose head slipped off the back rest of the settee and landed on John's shoulder.

'No objections,' she slurred. 'I'm too comfortable to move.' John gave me a sickly grin but nodded.

I was dumbfounded. Carol put her arm through mine and almost dragged me out of the house. She clung to my arm and rested her head on my shoulder as I walked towards my home, still muddled in my brain as to what exactly had gone down just now. I'd only made the remark as a joke and now, here I was, taking John's wife to my home and leaving Sally in his. No words were spoken until I opened the front door and let her walk in before me. K9 wagged his tail in greeting and she ruffled the hair on his head as I let him pass us to go and do his business out in the garden.

'Do you know, this is only the second time I've been in your house,' she said as I shut the door and when I turned, she kissed me. 'Now let's go to bed.'

'Through there,' I stammered, waving in the right direction. 'I've got to get K9 back inside first.'

I went back out and into the garden and rounded up the dog and shooed him back into the house. I was gone only a few minutes but Carol had undressed and was already in bed when I entered the bedroom. The lights were off but enough street lighting came through the window to see each other quite clearly. I could see her eyes shining in the gloom, the sheet, that's all the cover we used in the summer, pulled up to her chin. Her clothes were on the basket beside the side table and I was glad she was on the right side, for I could only sleep on the left hand side of the bed. I could also see her breasts pushing up the sheet and the shape of her body underneath as I walked round to the other side. I didn't try to cover myself or turn round as I got undressed, dropping my clothes on the floor. I saw her eyes widen as I dropped my underpants for her to see that I had already gotten an erection at having John's wife in my bed. There was a nagging of guilt in leaving Sally with John but pushed it to the back of my mind. She'd seen his cock and now she would find out if it was bigger than mine or not, which I doubted.

‘Just how I imagined you would look,’ Carol said in a low voice. ‘Big, hard and straight.’ I didn’t say anything but pulled the sheet down enough for me to get into bed, the action uncovering one breast. She half turned towards me as I settled down and I turned to her to meet her lips with mine as we kissed. My hand went up and covered her breast, feeling the nipple up and as hard as a nut.

I kissed her some more as I rolled her onto her back, still rubbing that soft and heavy breast. The kisses moved to her cheek, throat and neck before moving down to take the nipple of the tit closest to me into my mouth to suck and nibble. She gave out a low moan at this and didn’t stop me from pushing the sheet off her body as I kissed my way down over her stomach and into her pubic bush.

I used two fingers and my thumb to part the lips of her sex and insert the fingers inside her wet warmth, the thumb finding, and rubbing her clitoris. Her legs had opened as my hand had moved down between her thighs and gave me plenty of room to use it. I kissed all round the hairline as I let my fingers play with her for a few minutes before rolling over her leg and moving further down the bed myself.

I pulled my fingers out of her and replaced them with my tongue and felt her whole body quiver as my tongue entered her vagina. She was wet and ready but I wanted to give her a bit more head before penetration. I licked and sucked at her sex, managing to get the clit between my teeth for a nibble which really made her shake about.

‘Enough Bob, enough,’ she cried out. ‘Put it in, put it in now!’ I raised my head and saw hers moving from side to side as I moved up and felt my cock, hurting me now, slide along her thigh and slip down to feel the wetness seeping out of her. It was hard enough and at the right angle to move in between the lips and I let it just throb and tease at the entrance before swiftly falling forward and letting it ram itself right up inside her.

As our lower bodies met, she gave out a cry and I lifted myself up off of her heavy breasts and leaned on my elbows and made my cock twitch inside her. The muscles around my cock were working overtime in their spasmodic tensing, trying to get a real grip of the shaft inside her.

‘Just as I had hoped,’ she gasped, her eyes shining as she looked up at me. ‘Big enough. Now fuck me with it,’ she begged. So I did just that. Moving myself in and out of her, sometimes pausing with it almost out before sending it back up inside with a hard thrust.

‘This…is…love…ly,’ she gasped between my movements into her. ‘Don’t stop,’ she cried when I paused. ‘I’m nearly there.’ So I pummelled myself harder into her, knowing that I was having a job holding myself back now. Her bucking was sudden and nearly pushed me off as she started her orgasm, bouncing up and down underneath me. These final movements being all hers as I just hung

on in there till she gave out a scream and I let myself go at the cry she made. She suddenly went limp as I still kept pumping the last of my coming up into her until I felt as drained as she must have been.

There was sweat on her forehead that shone in the dim light, but not as bright as the light in her eyes.

‘You wonderful man,’ she breathed, her arms tight round my shoulders. ‘That was pure heaven.’

‘I agree with that last part,’ I gasped. ‘You are truly wonderful Carol.’ I eased my body down onto hers, feeling those lovely breasts spread out under my weight, the sweat from my chest mingling with hers.

‘Let me suck it,’ she said, giving my shoulders a push. I pulled out of her to a sucking sound and rolled over onto my back as she rose up and moved down the bed. She quickly took my wet cock into her mouth and I then gasped for she had taken the whole thing deep into her throat. Even John hadn’t been able to do that and it gave me an extra thrill to feel her nose bury itself, briefly in my pubic hairs. Up and down her head went as she sucked out whatever juices were left inside me as well as cleaning up my shaft from hers. She even chewed on me for the several minutes that she cleaned me up before letting me go and coming back up the bed to cuddle me.

‘That has been an experience I’ll never forget Bob, thank you,’ she said, kissing me hard on the lips.

‘I should be thanking you Carol,’ I replied, returning the kisses as I stroked her back with my free hand. Her hand was stroking my face before stroking my almost hairless chest.

‘How long before it’s up again?’ she asked, her hand moving down to fondle my balls.

‘About an hour I reckon,’ I replied.

‘Make it shorter than that,’ she said, her hand now working on my limp penis. ‘I’m hungry for more.’

We kissed and stroked each other and it was shorter, for she was very good with her manipulation of me and it was eventually up and hard again. This time she rolled on top of me and got astride my body and sat on my thighs, it looking rather strange to see my prick appear to be coming out from her pubic hairs. Then she rose up onto her knees and with one hand, held my cock upright and I felt the tip brush against her wet insides again and it suddenly got enveloped in her heat as she put it inside before lowering her body, the length of me disappearing inside her. She sat on my thighs with a big smile on her face as she shook her hair free from her face. The action making her breasts swing from side to side. These I stopped by reaching up and grasping them and held on as she began to bounce

up and down on me, virtually fucking herself on my erection.

I was enjoying the moulding of her breasts and she bounced up and down on my cock and was surprised when she lifted herself up off of me.

‘I want you to make me come with your mouth and I want to taste you properly,’ she said as she turned round and moved her legs back and lowered her sex down to my face as I felt her take my erect hard cock into her mouth.

I put my hands up by my face to stop her from actually smothering me as I licked and sucked at her clit as she worked her hand on me as she sucked away. It was a good job I had my hands up there for she sank lower to try and grind her sex against my mouth as she came in a veritable flood, nearly choking me. I came just after, feeling my sperm coat the inside of her mouth as she took it all and kept on sucking me, briefly lifting her head to give out a gargle before taking me back into that heat. I was literally drinking her there was so much coming out of her and I was gasping for breath and having difficulty in holding her lower body up so that I could breathe.

She finally let go of me and my prick felt the cold air, or it seemed cold after leaving that lovely hot mouth, and turned round and gave me a kiss. She got a good taste of herself for her coming was smeared all over my lips and chin.

‘That was good,’ she said, lying full length on me, making it hard for me to draw breath. ‘I’m glad I came with you.’ I didn’t say anything to this but just held her shoulders and kissed her before rolling her off me. I saw that it was close to three o’clock in the morning and knew that K9 would be waking me up around half six which he normally did. I pulled the rumpled sheet up and covered us both and cuddled into her, fitting together like two spoons. My limp cock was tight up to the cheeks of her bum and my right hand was over her side and held onto one breast.

‘Will we do it again in the morning Bob?’ she asked.

‘I hope so,’ I said as I gave her tit one more squeeze before settling myself down to sleep. ‘Goodnight Carol.’

‘Goodnight Bob,’ she replied and gave her bum a wiggle which was another thought added to my mind to a previous one.

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I was woken up by K9 nudging and licking my arm. I gave a groan and looked at the bedside clock

and saw that it was, as predicted, six thirty. How the hell does a dog know exactly what time it is I wondered as I got out of bed and was suddenly woken up to the fact that it was Carol lying there in the bed and not my wife Sally. I grinned at what we'd done before sleeping and went out of the bedroom to unlock the front door and let out the eager dog for him to do his business. I put the kettle on for coffee and smoked a cigarette while I wanted for it to boil.

I was surprised that I didn't have a hangover from the amount I had drunk the night before as I carried two mugs of coffee back into the bedroom. I placed one down on Carol's side table and the other on mine before I got back into bed to feel her warm body and nestled my now cold one up against hers, getting an erection as I did so.

'Now that's what a girl likes to have wake her up,' she said in a muffled voice from the pillow, then rolled over onto her back and pouted her lips for a kiss. This I did and settled down next to her as her hand took hold of my hard prick.

'How is your sex life with John then?' she asked.

'What?' I said, startled at what I thought I had heard her ask.

'I asked, how is your sex with John?'

'What…what do you mean,' I stuttered, propping myself up on an elbow to look down to see her with a mischievous smile on her face.

'You know perfectly well what I mean. You've been having sex with John for the past couple of weeks.' I knew that my face had gone red so there was no reason for me to deny the fact when my own face had given me away.

'Did…did he tell you?'

'No. He didn't have to. I've been married to him long enough to know the signs. Three, no, nearly four years of only having sex once a week to suddenly start to have it three times. Tuesday and Friday nights being two of them.' The same bloody nights that I would be having Sally too.

'I also learned from Sally that you've been over to my house for beers with John on Tuesday and he comes over here on Fridays. It wasn't hard to work out. I know he's bi-sexual because he told me before we got married. All I stipulated was that he was to be discreet and pick another bi-sexual for his kind of sex, one that is clean. When he took another lover on, my sex life also increased, as has happened now. I'm glad that he's picked one closer to home so that I don't have to travel far to try

them out.’

‘You’ve had sex with these…these other men?’

‘Yes. But that’s between us for John doesn’t know that I’ve had them too. I must say he has a knack for picking nice men with big hard dicks like this,’ she said with a giggle as she gave my cock a squeeze.

‘You…you don’t mind then?’ I asked.

‘No. As long as you both use condoms. Don’t forget, I get to have extra sex as well. Like now, I hope,’ she said with another big smile on her face as she pushed the sheet down for her to see what she was holding in her hand. She moved down the bed and held it upright with her left hand and put her little finger and thumb round the head and saw that they didn’t meet. She then lifted the hand up, keeping her fingers in the same position and looked at them.

‘Definitely bigger than John. Not by much, but bigger. How the hell can he take this up his backside, it feels too big even for me?’ she said, shaking her head in wonderment. Carol did know the right things to say to a man I thought, taking it with a pinch of salt.

‘Do you say that to all of the men he makes love to?’ I asked. She saw that I knew she was having me on.

‘Yes,’ she giggled. ‘it boosts their ego, but in your case, I’m telling the truth. Now I want you to put it inside me and fuck my brains out,’ she said, releasing me and rolling over onto her back with her legs wide open. I didn’t need a second asking and got between them and had the pleasure of sliding up into her warm insides. ‘Oh it’s wonderful to have sex with a man who knows how to use what he’s got.’

‘I think John knows how to use his too,’ I said in his defence.

‘I know that, I wasn’t trying to belittle him, it’s just that I’m glad he’s chosen such a man as yourself,’ she said. ‘Oh! Oh, yes, yes,’ she breathed out as I must have touched somewhere right. She gripped my shoulders hard, her nails digging into my flesh as I began using my plunger. Her face glowed as she bucked up to meet my forward thrusts, our pubes bouncing off each other as I strove to get more of myself into her and she trying to get more in too.

‘I’m coming! I’m coming,’ she cried out and I slipped my hands up under her shoulders to pull her harder to me as I began to ram into her harder. ‘Yes, yes!’ she screamed as we both came at the

same time, her bucking and me jerking, to send my seed out to mix with her orgasmic juices. With my body flat on hers, her rock hard nipples had been scratching my chest as I moved on top, the sweat from both our bodies making the movement easy. Our pubes were straining against each other till we relaxed and I was able to ease my hands out and support myself back up onto my elbows, a sucking noise coming from the ungluing of our stomachs, making us both laugh. She pulled my head down and kissed me and then tried to hold my cock inside her as I began to pull out.

‘I hate this part,’ she said as my prick came free from her wet sex and I flopped over onto my back.

‘I’m the same when John pulls out,’ I said, then realising I shouldn’t really have said that.

‘Do you like having John inside you?’ she asked.

‘Yes, I do, and he likes having me inside him,’ I said.

‘Were you bi-sexual before you met John?’

‘No.’

‘So he seduced you?’

‘After a fashion I suppose, but I’m now glad he did for I like it. Also, I wouldn’t have really to have been able to get this close to you.’ She smiled and mouthed me a kiss. ‘Now it’s time for a shower and give K9 his breakfast.’

‘You’ve got a nice shaped bum,’ she said as I got of the bed.

‘John likes it too,’ I grinned at her as I went and had my shower. She went for hers as I got dressed and was feeding K9 when she came into the kitchen, fully dressed.

‘I wish I could stay all day with you,’ she said wistfully. ‘But, there are mouths to be fed. Come over to our house and I’ll cook breakfast.’

So, after locking K9 inside the house, I went with Carol to her house where, just before using the key to open the door, she stopped and wrapped her arms round me.

‘I’ve had a wonderful night Bob, and I hope we can do it again sometime,’ and kissed me quite passionately on the lips. A kiss that I returned with the same sentiments. She unlocked the front door and we went in. I saw her tilt her head both ways and turn back to me. ‘They must be still in bed,’ she

whispered. ‘The smell of coffee brewing will wake John up,’ and off she went into the kitchen. I made a motion to Carol of washing my hands and pointed to where the toilet was, she nodded, and I went off that way. I had to pass the doorway of the so called master bedroom and couldn’t help but glance inside.

I had to stop with what I saw in there.

They were not sleeping as Carol thought. John was wide awake and at that moment, was between Sally’s legs and licking her out. She was laying on her back, her arm across her eyes and gently moving as John probed her vagina with his tongue. Both were naked and I could see a sheen of sweat between Sally’s breasts. There were soft moans coming from her and I could clearly hear the slurping noise that John was making and I moved off to the toilet, not wanting to be seen watching them from the doorway. In the toilet, I found that I couldn’t pee because I had a massive erection, caused by seeing my wife, naked, being plated by another man. But what the hell, I had, just a short time before, been fucking his wife, so I shouldn’t start casting stones. So without having had a piss, quietly left the toilet and went back to the kitchen where Carol was getting things out to cook breakfast.

‘Coffee’s brewing,’ she called out from the kitchen.

‘Just coming,’ John called back and it was a good ten minutes before he came into the kitchen in a bath robe and followed, a few minutes later by Sally, dressed and looking a little sheepish.

‘Good morning,’ she said in a low voice.

‘Good morning sweetheart,’ I said, getting up and giving her a kiss on the cheek before sitting down again. John moved round the table and gave Carol a kiss. I nearly asked how did the night go but thought better of it and thanked Carol for the plate she put in front of me. The others sat down and we ate in silence for a little while until I spoke up.

‘For Christ’s sake, lighten up you three. What I said last night, half pissed, was said as a joke. We’re adults, not children. It was intended as a jocular remark and it was taken up and no one objected. So what happened, has happened and I’m not ashamed of it,’ I said.

‘I shouldn’t have taken up the offer,’ said Carol.

‘I should have said no,’ said Sally.

‘I shouldn’t have agreed,’ said John, ‘but, sorry Carol, but I enjoyed last night.’

‘You shouldn’t be sorry John, for I enjoyed it too,’ Carol answered him.

‘I must admit, that I did too,’ said Sally, blushing a bright red.

‘As I did,’ I said. ‘Now, thank you Carol for a lovely breakfast and a memorable night, I think it’s time I went back home. Now which of you two lovely women would like to come with me?’ I said this with a smile and it made them laugh.

‘I think I’d better jump in before Carol,’ said Sally, ‘otherwise it might finish up as a permanent swap.’

‘Well I don’t agree to a permanent swap, but I wouldn’t be averse to another one later. If that’s alright with you John?’ Carol said.

‘You’d have to ask Bob or Sally on that happening,’ he replied.

‘Don’t throw the ball into my court,’ Sally protested.

‘Return serve to you John,’ I said in answer, not really wanting to be the one to start something that might escalate out of control.

‘I know what,’ John said, getting up from the table and going to a drawer of the dresser and pulling out a post-it pad of notelets. He sat back down and jotted down two words on four sheets. ‘The question is, do we do this again. We all either tick the yes or the no. We shuffle them up so that we don’t know who ticked either of the answers.’ He ticked one and turned his paper upside down and passed a note and pencil to Sally who was sitting next to him. She covered her ticked question and passed the next page and pencil to me. I ticked mine and passed on to Carol who did hers. Each of us had a chance to shuffle the four pages together and handed them back to John.

‘It has to be unanimous. The first is, yes. The second, yes,’ he was calling them out as he turned them over, one at a time. ‘The third is, yes.’ We all looked at each other, Carol’s eyes were shining and guessed she had ticked yes, as I had done. I couldn’t read those of my wife Sally’s or John’s as he slowly turned over the last one. ‘Yes!’ We all burst out laughing, Sally giving me a shy smile and Carol kissed me on the cheek. ‘Well, I must say that I think we can all say that we must have enjoyed ourselves last night.’

With the air cleared in our respect of wife swapping, why is it always called wife swapping? Why not husband swapping, for it amounts to the same thing? Anyway, the ice was broken so to speak and we were now able to talk about it, but only in generalities. We talked for about twenty minutes before I

suggested to Sally that it was about time to go home, before K9 started chewing the settee again. We said our goodbyes, getting a wink from John and whisper that he'd see me on Tuesday.

'Did you sleep well last night?' Sally asked me as we walked home.

'Hardly got a wink,' I said with a grin.

'Neither did I,' she said with a giggle, giving my arm a squeeze. K9 was pleased to see Sally and jumped about, barking as we entered the house.

'Did you give him his breakfast?' Sally asked.

'Yes,' I sighed. 'I'm still tired. I'm going to bed till lunchtime.'

'I think I'll join you,' Sally said. 'I hope she made the bed before you left. I made theirs.' It was and so we got undressed and went under the sheet.

'What was Carol like in bed?' she asked, snuggling up to me.

'Not better than you sweetheart,' I replied. 'What was John like?'

'Not better than you sweetheart,' and I had to join her in the laugh. Sally then asked me what did Carol and I do after we'd left her house. I told her and asked her what had happened with John .

'I could have slept where I was I was that comfortable but John kissed me and pulled my head down onto his lap and I could feel what I saw up on the sun deck. He unbuttoned the top buttons of my dress and slipped his hand inside and pulled one breast out and played with the nipple, raising it up hard. He then did the same to the other one and I began to get a tingling in my stomach, for I realised then that it wasn't you touching me.

I sat up and he pulled the top of my dress down and undid my bra and pulled it off. His hands came round my back and fondled me as he kissed my neck. He slid off the settee and pulled me down onto the rug. It was nice and soft and not covered in dog hairs,' she chuckled, for our carpet in the lounge had more hairs than wool covering it.

'He then kissed his way down and pulled my dress and panties off and kissed me down there. Well he did more than kiss, he sucked and tongued me, just like you do. He excited me that much that I wanted him inside me. You don't think I'm bad by wanting him, do you? Especially with him arousing me like you do?'

‘Not at all darling,’ I said with a kiss and I fondled her breast as I spoke.

‘I was practically begging for it and he rolled over on top of me and put himself inside and began to fuck me. We both came at the same time. Then…then he asked me to suck on him. So…so I did. You don’t think that was bad of me, do you?’

‘No,’ I said, ‘I…’ I nearly said that I often sucked his cock. Fortunately, she didn’t catch on my hesitation and carried on talking.

‘He kept on stroking my body and I…I did the same to him. It took a little while but we were aroused again and he fucked me for the second time before we fell asleep. It was light when we woke up and he went down on me and asked me to suck on him again after I’d had an orgasm.’

I remembered seeing him down between her legs but didn’t know that she had sucked him afterwards.

‘I had his erection in my mouth and was sucking on him when we heard Carol call out that coffee was brewing. He was holding my head as I sucked and he called out that he was coming, and come he did. In my mouth. I didn’t know what to do and he kept hold of my head as he came and held me there till I…I’d swallowed it.’ She buried her head in my shoulder and I held her tight. She’d not let me come in her mouth, let alone swallow it, maybe, maybe?

I kissed her and kept on kissing her as I moved down the bed, taking my time at kissing her breasts and nibbling on the nipples and had her groaning because I had put my fingers up inside her. I carried on kissing her and got between her legs and put my tongue where John had, not so long ago, put his prick, up into her vagina. My cock was throbbing as I squashed it as I lay there, licking and sucking her to an orgasm.

‘Oh Bob, you do it much better than John did,’ she said, kissing my wet lips as I covered her body with mine. I moved my hips and let my cock slip between her thighs and I entered where John had last been and fucked my wife. But she didn’t let me finish. She pushed me off quite strongly and I rolled over onto my back and she was quickly up on her knees to take hold of my erection and take it into her mouth.

She was learning how to suck and use her tongue and I was getting near my peak.

‘I’m coming,’ I said as I started to buck my hips. ‘I’m coming,’ but she didn’t stop as she usually did. She kept on sucking and licking me till I erupted in her mouth, not believing that I’d accumulated that

much in so short a time. I didn’t hold her head as John had done and she had stopped sucking but kept working her hand on me. She twisted her head slightly to look up at me, her eyes twinkling as if to say, look what I’m doing to you. I’m sure her mouth was full when she pulled off of me and I saw her swallow my sperm and lick her lips afterwards. I couldn’t help but drag her upright and kiss her wet lips at what she had just done. We keeled over, our lips still glued to each other as we hit the bed and there, we lay, kissing and stroking each other till we fell asleep.

It was too late really for lunch, so we made do with a sandwich and lay by the pool for the afternoon till Sally went dog walking and had dinner early and went to bed to have a lovely sex session.

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It was Tuesday again and I told Sally that I was going over to John’s for a beer.

‘And no doubt, compare notes of Saturday night,’ she said with a laugh.

‘As you probably did with Carol when dog walking on Sunday,’ I replied. At least she had the decency to blush.

John welcomed me into his arms as soon as I was in the house, both of us kissing each other. The beers were out and ready and we took them into the bedroom and got undressed and got onto the bed.

‘I’m glad that we did what we did on Saturday,’ I said, sipping at my beer, looking at his erection up on his stomach. ‘The sex with Sally on Sunday was great. Better than it has been.’

‘The same goes here,’ he replied, stroking my cock and getting out a condom from the drawer. ‘But this is what I’ve been looking forward to,’ he said, bending his head and taking the head of my cock into his mouth and giving it a suck before rolling the condom down over it and down the shaft.

‘It was nice having Carol and Sally but this is what I look forward to myself. A vagina’s good but too slack, whereas….,’ and I patted and stroked the cheeks of his bum as he presented himself to me. ‘You are much tighter and give me more feeling. Also, I like it when you are fucking me, something the girls can’t do.’

‘You talk too much,’ John said. ‘Put it in and fuck me.’

It was nice to part those brown cheeks and place the head of my cock to the small brown patch and push forward and watch the head strain at first, before slipping into that tight orifice and feel the all

enclosing warmth and feeling I got every time I shoved my prick up his arse. He gave out the usual gasp as I widened his entrance and the sigh when I slid fully inside, to nestle the cheeks of his bum up against my thighs.

‘This is what the girls can’t give me,’ he said as I began to move myself in and out, loving the tightness and grip of his muscle as I fucked him, knowing the pleasure he was getting. I came too early, such was my need. Not only in the fucking of him but having him fuck me in a few minutes time.

I held his hips tight as I bucked and jerked my own hips as I came inside him, loving the groans he gave at each thrust into him as I filled the bulbous end of the condom. He cried out as I pulled back, feeling him try to grip me as I withdrew, watching his ring piece pucker back in its closure from my foray into his field. He quickly turned round to pull off the condom with tissues before taking me into his mouth to suck out the residue still there, before lying back and smiling up at me.

‘That was lovely,’ he said. ‘But then, I think you know and that you now like it as much as I do.’

‘You’re right there,’ I replied, stroking his big throbbing cock. ‘Now I want this weapon of yours to be used in the same way inside me.’

He passed me over a condom which I rolled down on his prick and went forward onto my knees and relaxed myself as his hand came to my hip and I felt him begin to push himself into me. I get a rush of blood to my head at this first pressure at my backside and now welcomed that small bit of pain as I was widened enough for the head of his cock to enter me and have the rest of his pulsating organ slide in to give me a nerve tingling experience once again.

He still caused sparks to fly within my body as he moved back and forth, massaging my back passage as he fucked me, but coming much too quickly for my liking. Ramming himself up to the cheeks of my bum, his thighs hitting me and his balls slapping at the same time. Then the fierce jerks as he started to come, grinding his body tight up to mine as I felt his prick swell that little bit more as his seed filled the condom. He leaned over my back for a few moments, breathing heavily before pulling back, causing me to cry out in dismay at losing that heat and throbbing that gave me such pleasure. Like him, I quickly stripped off the used rubber and sucked on him till his cock was once again clean before falling back onto the bed, feeling well and truly fucked.

‘That was just great,’ John said. ‘Better than having a woman. What do you think Bob?’

‘Much tighter and a woman doesn’t have what we have,’ I said, stroking his deflating organ. ‘This, to suck on. Did you know that Carol knows that we do this together?’ I asked.

‘What!’ he exclaimed, alarmed, coming up onto his elbow. ‘Did you tell her?’

‘No. You did.’

‘What!’

‘Indirectly that is. After three years, Carol’s sex life has taken on a new turn. She starts getting sex from you three times a week. As it did with the previous men you’ve had as lovers. She learned from Sally that we have some beers every Tuesday and Friday, and that you now have sex with her on the same nights. She just put two and two together. Us two to be precise.’

‘Oh shit,’ he said, flopping onto his back.

‘Don’t worry about it, she’s happy. For you and for what she’s getting out of us being together,’ I said.

He then began to laugh and I couldn’t help but laugh with him, seeing the funny side of it.

‘Does Sally know?’ he asked a few minutes later.

‘I hope not. She hasn’t made any reference to us, er, doing what we do,’ I said in reply.

‘Will you tell her?’

‘God no! She’s only just learned how to suck a cock, thanks to you,’ I grinned. ‘Do you have anal sex with Sally?’

‘God no!’ he laughed. ‘She’d freak out if I tried it with her. She tolerates me having a male lover but that’s as far as it goes, except for wife swapping now. She’s quite keen in having you again. I wonder why?’ he asked with a sly smile, stroking my prick.

‘Well I think we shouldn’t push it. Let’s say a month between this wife swapping, otherwise it might get out of hand,’ I said.

‘I agree with you,’ he said slowly. ‘We can’t having Carol getting too fond of this, now can we?’

‘I should say the same about Sally. I can’t have her trying to get too much of what I like,’ I said.

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So we agreed, without asking the women, that we wouldn't swap again for another three weeks, though we would still have Tuesday and Friday's for our regular sex. We laughed over who we thought would ask when the next session would be, because we both thought that Carol would be the one to ask.

Sally was now used to seeing us naked up on the sun deck and John learned that while we were up there, she would be topless down by the pool. I suggested to John that he should ask Carol to join her some afternoons over the weekend and we could all sit by the pool, even swim if they wanted to.

So two Saturday's later, John and Carol turned up and we went down to the patio. I'd laid out four loungers with cushions and I got four cold beers and we, John and I sat there, sipping our beer, waiting. Waiting to see who would take her top of first. I was surprised that it was Sally, and with Carol seeing her breasts for the first time, didn't exactly gape but looked and shrugged her shoulders and took off her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra and I already knew that she did some sunbathing naked up on their own sun deck.

John and I grinned at each other and I now took the bull by the horns.

'How about a swim John?' I said as I stood up and whipped off my shorts and went and jumped into the pool, naked. I heard Sally cry out, 'Bob!' as I jumped in. 'What?' I cried out after I'd surfaced.

'Where's your costume?'

'Don't need one. Carol's seen me naked, so why do I need one?'

'Sally's seen me too,' said John, standing up and taking his shorts off and I saw, as the girls must have done, his cock and balls swinging about as he jumped into the water to half drown me. He came shooting to the surface, spitting water at me and grabbed and hugged me.

'Male bonding,' I heard Sally say.

'Yeah,' Carol answered her drily.

We couldn't get the girls to join us and so after about fifteen minutes in the pool, we got out, water streaming down our bodies, cock and balls swinging freely, towelling ourselves before stretching out on a lounger.

They stayed for two more beers and two hours before getting dressed and going home and I got told

off for stripping naked. Mind you, sex was great that night and I wondered if she was remembering what John looked like naked.

John and I had anal sex on Tuesday and oral sex on Friday, though for the second session of this, we went and laid down on the bed so that we could take each other in the mouth when we were soft. Getting the whole penis into our mouths to suck and tongue till the opposite erection slowly emerged from within as they grew big enough to be able to send out that life giving seed which I had now come to love tasting before swallowing.

*

We tried out the new steak house Saturday, out on B section and found it quite good but we skipped the coffee. I sensed that the other three were slightly on edge for this was the night we were going to swap partners again. It was a nervous quadruplet that drove back home, Sally driving, not drinking as much as the rest of us. She made up for it at home, knocking back three, one after the other to catch us up.

There was a certain amount of tension in the air with what we would shortly be doing, whereas the last time, we'd been half pissed. Well somebody had to start the ball rolling even though it was only just gone eleven o'clock, so it might as well be me. I stood up which caused the others to suddenly get to their feet.

'I…I'll sleep upstairs tonight,' I said to Sally. 'You sleep in our room and can take John into the one here, downstairs,' I said softly. She came over and gave me a brief kiss on the lips, her face having a reddish tinge. I saw John standing there with an obvious erection inside his trousers and it turned me on to get one too. Sally turned and took John's hand and led him off to our bedroom. I held out my hand to Carol, which she took, and I led her upstairs, turning out the lounge light as I switched on the staircase light. I turned this off as we entered that upstairs room for there was enough street lighting to be able to see each other.

'I've been looking forward to this night all week,' she said, coming into my open arms and we kissed.

'So have I,' I said, my voice sounding quite hoarse as I undid the buttons of her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her full breasts looked lovely as I slipped the blouse off and bent down and kissed each nipple. She lifted up my head and took my shirt off and kissed my nipples in response, though I don't think my nipples stood up hard like hers did.

I hooked my fingers into the top of her skirt and eased it down over her hips, along with her panties. I kissed her breasts again and kept on kissing down over her stomach until I was kissing her inner

thighs as she stepped out of the clothes. She pulled me up so that she could undo my trousers and pulled them down along with my underpants, my erection causing a bit of a problem for her. When it sprang free and bounced about, she grabbed hold of it and took the head into her mouth and began to suck on it.

I was trying to get my trousers off but couldn't because of my shoes. I had to push her off so that I could sit on the bed to finish my undressing to be as naked as she was. I stood up and turned her round and laid her down on the bed and got on alongside her, kissing her lips as I caressed her breasts. Then I slowly moved down, kissing her all the way until her legs opened for me to move in between and dive into her muff.

She gave a small jerk and then began squirming as my tongue probed and teased her vagina, not forgetting to pay attention to her clit. I licked all round the inner lips of her sex, keeping the folds open with my fingers as I brought her up to the point where she was about to have an orgasm.

'Now Bob!, Now! Put it in and fuck me,' she gasped, tugging at my ears. I quickly moved up her body and my cock slid into the inner heat of her body and she gasped and her legs came up and her heels started to dig into my kidneys. She was already bucking underneath me and came almost instantly, shuddering and shaking as she did so. I just hung in there, not moving as of yet, but waited until she came down from the heavens. She pulled my head down and kissed me hard on the lips.

'Oh Bob, that was wonderful,' she said, the muscles inside her vagina kept squeezing me as she spoke, her fingers not digging into my back now. Though she did a little later and also score some furrows down my back with her fingernails as we fucked and brought her up to another orgasm, me coming at the same time, pushing myself into her as hard as I could as she appeared to be fighting me as we thrashed about on the bed.

We were panting heavily and our sweat mingled as I pulled out of her to a squelching sound and her cry of dismay at losing my cock from inside her. As I rolled over onto my back she was quickly up and got astride of me, upside down and took my wet cock head into her mouth and began sucking with a sense of urgency. Her wet sex was above my mouth and I stuck my tongue up inside and got a taste of my sperm along with her orgasmic juices.

She only gave up when she couldn't draw anymore dregs out of my cock and turned round and slipped into my arms for more kisses. She couldn't keep her hand still from stroking my chest, arm, stomach and my deflated penis.

'We should do this more often,' she whispered into my ear. 'You're so good for me.'

‘No. As much as I like being in bed with you, once a month is enough otherwise we would become too complacent and it wouldn’t be as exciting as it is now,’ I whispered back. ‘To change the subject, do you ever go back to England?’

‘Yes, occasionally,’ she replied.

‘Have you been back this year yet?’

‘No. Why?’

‘Well Sally always goes back during August. For a month, for you know that August is the hottest month of the year out here.’

‘A month! You spend a whole month alone, in this bed?’

‘No, the bed downstairs, and I’m not alone, I still have K9 to look after. Not in bed though,’ I chuckled. I stopped her from speaking any more by kissing her, having planted the seed in her mind and now it was time for some other kind of seed to be put inside her. So we had another good fuck before falling asleep.

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