Blurring The Lines

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A weekend most of us would enjoy!

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Blurring The LInes!

My husband and I moved to Montreal from California, and well, it's been a bit of a shock for both of us, as the weather has gone from delightfully wonderful in November in San Luis Obispo, to horrifyingly cold in Montreal in December! However, we coped with the tough winter and have adapted as best as we can. We're both pretty open and inviting people so making some new friends has been easy. My husband found plenty of guys who enjoy hockey here. However, his best friend here is our neighbor Jean, and his wife Marie. We all get along pretty well. The guys go to hockey games, and Marie and I enjoy the tremendous art community here. We all bonded pretty quickly, and we dine together at least twice a week at restaurants, and we alternate cooking dinner once a week. Dining at home, however, has it's drawbacks. Like wine, and sometimes too much of it.

We were having a wonderful dinner at our house, and with Valentine's Day fast approaching, the wine was flowing. Our tongues were loosened up a bit as well. We were talking about prejudice and the idiocy of bigotry, and while we were both born in California, Jean was born in Barbados, and Marie in Montreal. They had suffered a bit as a result of it.

"It's no fun at all being a black man in a predominately white city, but try being a black man who speaks no French in a white city!" Jean laughed.

"It is true," said Marie, "the fact that he was not Canadian didn't bother my family, it was the fact that he only spoke English!"

"That's just wrong," said my husband. "Who cares where anyone is from or what language they speak?"

"Too many people," I chimed in, "think it's important, but it's hard to erase years of ignorance."

"I wouldn't say ignorance, just lack of experience. Marie's family understood my being black as they were themselves, but when they found out things like I enjoyed French films, and that I loved hockey, and was every bit as Canadian as they were, they got used to it."

"How long had you been there Jean?" asked my husband.

"I moved to Montreal when I was 12, at that age, any kid adapts pretty easily. I met Marie when I was 25. I can only imagine if my parents had moved to, say, South Carolina." Jean said, shaking his head.

"Yep, they might not have cottoned to ya like them Frenchies did up north an all." Both Jean and Marie laughed at my hillbilly accent. "Of course, they would have had a real problem with the black part, regardless of the fact that you speak better English than they do."

"Oh, some of the women might have been curious to see what he was like, rumours being what they are and all." Marie giggled. Jean looked embarrassed for a second. She noticed it and laughed all the harder.

He muttered, "Aw...not this stuff...", but she continued to laugh.

She looked over and smiled at her husband. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, Trish, I can honestly tell you, he's a solid seven and three quarter inches, nothing more, he doesn't possess some monster dick like some black guys are reputed to have!"

I laughed, but my husband gave him a sympathetic look. No guy wants to be discussed like that, but I felt obliged as Marie had started it.

"Just about what Mark has, and I've told him since we met that that it's how you use it, not the size of it." Marie nodded sagely as both men looked horribly embarrassed.

"Oh, come ON, Jean, I've never complained once, and I've never heard Trish say anything, we're both happy women, right?"

"True, very true." I said. "Seven years of happiness, and it's always good." For a second, I realized I was discussing my sex life with people we'd barely known for two months. Not something we would normally do!!!

We laughed some more and eventually finished up with a movie that we all laughed at and went to bed.

The next evening Jean came by the house on his own.

"What's up Jean?" asked my husband.

"Well, I don't know about you two, but Marie and I both have work issues that prevent us from enjoying Valentine's Day. She has to deal with a massive project that her idiot boss needs that Monday, and I'm working until late Saturday night and I'm on call for Sunday night. (Jean's an ER technician) So no big fun for us, how about you guys?"

I had to laugh. "As a school teacher, I'm covered, but Mark's screwed royally, aren't you honey?"

"Damn right. The new software goes to press three days after, so it's got to be perfect, and as a QC engineer, I'm the one that makes sure it IS perfect. I'll be running final test pretty much 24-7 up until we ship final."

Jean chuckled. "Not to be mean, but I'm glad I'm not the only one who's got issues. However, two weeks from now, Marie and I are going to be celebrating it late, at a ski resort up north. We're there a lot, and we get great deals, so we wondered if you two would like to join us. They have some great restaurants, the runs are beautiful, and the bar makes some great drinks. I can get you guys an adjoining room for the two nights for maybe 65.00 a night, and our frequent skiing card will get you two lift passes for 19.00 each, which will be good for the whole weekend. What do you say?"

I looked at Mark and smiled. "You're ON Jean! Mark's still on skis, but I love my board! Do you need the cash now?"

Mark laughed. "My insane, snowboard loving wife. Jean, you've opened the box and you'll never get it shut. She's a fiend for the snow!"

"Mon ami, I love it, Marie loves it, you just haven't had the great experiences that make you a snow fanatic! Up here, you'll get them, we can hit the slopes until well into April. We'll make a true believer out of you yet!" he said, patting Mark on the back. "Trish, let me make the reservations and such and then you can just write a cheque."

Oooh! Snow! For a native Californian, I love it, and it always puts me in the mood. With a late Valentine's celebration, I'd better pack some sexy lingerie as well, this ought to be a lot of fun.

The next weeks pass slowly, and I'm anxiously awaiting the trip. Mark will lose his mind when he sees the outfit I bought, and I'm going to have a very, very, nice time. Marie and I have discussed it

as well, and she assures me I'll love the place, and she raves about the restaurants and promises me a breakfast at one of them that will be the best I've ever had. We also discuss shopping (we ARE women, no?) and what we'll wear and I get a new pair of gloves and goggles to commemorate my first time on Canadian snow.

The night before we leave, Mark and I go for it in the shower, and it's a lot of fun slipping and sliding around in there, but we discover the door isn't as well sealed as we'd like. Oh well, half an hour's cleanup for a great orgasm is no big deal in my book.

Mark greets me in the morning with more flowers (he sent me a huge bouquet on the actual Valentine's Day), another card and some more chocolates, but he admits to getting it all at a discount, because he's a great guy, and wouldn't lie to me, or so I believed at the time.

The trip is smooth in Jean and Marie's capable SUV, and the scenery is gorgeous and I have to stop and take pictures a few times, and of course at one stop, the inevitable snowball fight starts as Mark and I find ourselves overmatched by the wily native and her longtime Canadian husband. Lots of fun, lots of giggles, and we're on our way.

We check in, unpack quickly, and hit the slopes, and it is glorious! Long graceful runs, short and exciting runs, this place has it all, and we love it. A quick lunch, and back to the slopes where we play the day away. We decide to skip the night runs for an elegant dinner and we find we've really bonded with our new friends. Some wine flows, and we dance, and naturally change partners at times as I find Jean to be a very good dancer, and Marie is surprised that Mark is so good, a few more drinks, and we retire for the night with expectations of tomorrow being superb.

Except Mark is getting no sleep tonight. Oooh, no. He comes out of the shower wearing a pair of flannel shorts and nothing else. He's already hard, and me wearing a lacey, black teddy is only going to make him harder. I've turned the lights off, and I've set up candles around the room.

"Hmm..." he says softly, "looks like someone has some ideas..."

"I do believe you mean me? Because, my incredibly handsome husband, I DO have some ideas. Naughty ones. Erotic ones. Even, dare I say it, kinky ones."

He laughs softly and comes over to the bed. He reaches down to kiss me, and I pull him downward.

"Oh, baby, the things I'm gonna do to you...."

He lays down next to me, still kissing me, "Do tell?"

"I'm just gonna show you, sexy..."

With that, we kiss deeply, and I surprise him by flipping him over, and climbing on top.

"You're all mine, boy, all mine, and you're gonna be sooo worn out tomorrow..." I whisper.

"Too tired to ski?" he whispers back.

"Too tired to walk...I'm going to fuck you until you can't see straight."

With that, I kiss my way down his smooth chest, caressing him with my fingers, stroking his soft, yet strong body and with my fingers, I strip his shorts off to reveal his fully erect cock. Yes, it's not super huge, but I love it, and I lick the drops of pre-cum off of it, while I gently rub it with my fingertips. He moans softly, and I revel in the pleasure I give him, before I take him as deep as I can in my mouth. I go as deep as I can, several times, before I pull back and swirl my tongue around the head, which elicits several more spurts of pre-cum. I loooove to tease my man, and I'm good at it, so I play with him for a good ten minutes before I go as deep as possible and suck him for all I'm worth. After so much teasing, he only lasts a few minutes of intense sucking before he groans out his orgasm, but I take every drop and swirl it around in my open mouth to let him see before I swallow. He's tired, but he's smiling! He cools off for a minute, but not a second more as he pushes me backwards onto my back. I'm sideways on the bed, but I don't care as he kisses me passionately.

The kissing goes for a few minutes and then he works his way down me, gently kissing and caressing me with his lips and tongue, and taking the time to play with my erect nipples. I've come from having him suck them, so he doesn't spend...too much time there, before he goes all the way and gently kisses my pussy lips. I'm already wet, but they spread wide at his touch, and he licks me deeply as I gasp in pleasure! I love him sucking my pussy, and I tell him so...

"Oooh baby, that's just what I need....you suck that pussy good for me, you hear?" I whisper throatily.

His answering chuckle tells me he will do just that as he increases his intensity. He's incredible at eating me out and well, I come pretty easily from just about anything, so it's all good. He licks me deeply, then gently sucks my lips while darting hit tongue in between them and then he flicks it on my clit and I can't help it, I come with a gasp! He sucks it hard and I come again, this time much louder, and I hear him chuckle as he pulls up and slams his rock hard cock in me! He can go much longer the second time, and he does!

I'm just about orgasmed out when he finally shoots deep inside me with a grunt, and he collapses

beside me.

"Good one, baby, good one..." I whisper into his ear. We cuddle for a few minutes, and then quickly shower together with some slipping and sliding and giggles again. Then it's to bed for some much needed sleep.

We wake early, quickly eat with our friends and hit the slopes again. We teach Mark some board basics, and he tries it after lunch with some success. However, a storm rolls in faster than expected and we retreat to the lodge. Just as we finish dinner, we lose power!

There's some confusion but the generators power on and we have some lights. We pay quickly and decide to shoot the breeze in Marie and Jean's room with a bottle or two of wine. Not wanting to overtax the backup power, we light a fire and some candles Marie had brought and settle down with our wine. The conversation starts innocently enough, but sure enough, the guys get it turned towards sex and variations of "what's the freakiest thing you've ever done".

Except Marie and I aren't stupid, the guys have been refilling our glasses as fast as possible. OBVIOUSLY they have a reason, except the joke's on them as we figured this would happen and well, we had already considered this.

"Jean, you've filled her glass about five times in less than half an hour, and Mark, you haven't been stingy with my refills either. Do you two honestly think we're that dumb? You were hoping we'd get all freaky, and then with a 'suggestion' or two, you two pervs would get to see something really good, am I right?"

The looks on their faces are priceless as they quickly protest their innocence.

"No, honey, not at all, we're just relaxing. That's all, I swear."

"Uh-huh, right, totally innocent, I'm gonna show you what I think of your 'innocent'!" says Marie and she gets up angrily and steps towards him, except, that's not really her goal as she reaches out and kisses me deeply!

We totally get into it and some tongue is swapped then we pull apart and look at our men.

"That what you guys had in mind?"

Both of them are sitting there with their jaws on the floor.

"Baby," says Marie, "I'm very, very intelligent, as is Trish, we knew this was what you guys were hoping for, except we're ahead of you, by, oh, I don't know, Trish would you say a week?"

I nod assent. "A week sounds right."

"And YOU," she says to Mark, "you thought some wine would get us to loosen up and finally try this, except we've ALREADY done it."

"No shit?" says Jean, in awe.

"Yep, a week ago, we got together when you guys were at the game, and we did it totally sober. No wine needed. It was incredible, we both came a lot, but we let you two plot this painfully transparent attempt just so we could turn the tables on you both. Plus we set some ground rules and made sure we were both OK with all of what WE planned."

"Um," gulps Mark, "what exactly do you have planned?"

"Ever so glad you asked, sweetie. Every damn guy in the world gets off and two girls going at it, but right after we met Marie confessed that two guys together got her hot, and I admitted that as one of my favorite ideas as well. Guess what? You want your show? We get one of our own, or you boys get nothing."

"Uh, well, we're not really into, uh, guys, see we....um..." Jean finishes lamely.

"Try again cherie, you've brought this up a few times and I'm fine with it, especially as Trish and I already played, but if you want more, you have to try what WE want."

"And not some vanilla stuff, either, no shoulder massages or hand jobs. Get it ON, boys, or no show for either of you."

"We're not going to be totally bitchy either, have a few more glasses of wine, that's fine with us." Marie hands the bottle to her husband.

Jean looks at Mark for a few moments and goes straight from the bottle, gulping it down as fast as he can. Mark follows suit and opens another bottle and pours about half of it into Jean's empty bottle and they both drink again.

Marie and I are trying not to giggle at our men, and as they finish their wine they look expectantly at us.

"Usually kissing is a good start, and remember, tongue is always good." Marie says with a wicked little laugh.

They stand there, and despite the wine, their nervousness is obvious. Then they reluctantly lean into each other and their lips touch. They hold for a moment and then pull back. They don't know, but Marie and I have a 50 dollar bet on which one will get into it sooner, and we've bet on each other's men and I'm thrilled to see Jean pull Mark closer and kiss him much deeper this time, to a muttered "damn" from Marie.

The bet's not really important as for some time we've both suspected our men weren't really as reluctant as they appeared to be. We'd both told stories of guys they'd gotten along with, and neither one of them was homophobic, both having a number of gay friends. We wanted to see if a little (ok, a LOT) of wine would get them rolling in that direction as we were thinking of a bigger picture, one including all four of us.

Their kissing continues as they get more comfortable with each other and Mark slowly pulls him back to the couch. Jean unbuttons Mark's shirt and pulls it off of him to reveal Mark's somewhat hairy chest and Mark returns the favor except Jean is smooth. There's a few giggles as they are simply unsure of who does what next and finally Mark reaches down and strokes Jean's crotch. The rising bulge shows that he's into it, and a quick glance shows Mark's equally hard. This ought to be soooo good as I hear Marie gasp. I look over and she's already got her hand up her skirt and is likely fingering herself. I walk over to join her on the chair as I reach out and caress her firm breasts through the thin fabric of her blouse. She lets out a soft moan, but uses her other hand to direct me attention to the guys who have now removed Jean's pants to reveal a pair of silk boxers with a massive erection poking out of them. He's just about Marks size as she said, although the head is a bit different in shape. Mark reaches out and pulls the boxers off, fully revealing his cock, and also that he's clean shaven.

Mark looks in Jean's eyes as if asking permission and Jean nods slowly while caressing Mark's shoulder and Mark slowly takes his cock into his mouth. We don't expect them to perform at the level we do as they are both brand new to this, but he takes it further than I expect with a gentle moan while Jean softly tells him, "gently, mon ami..."

Mark bobs up and down, slowly increasing his speed while Jean reaches over and caresses Mark's crotch.

"Easy, we should be taking care of each other, here..." he mutters as he helps Mark remove his pants and boxers. Mark's cock is rock hard and his pale, hairy body is a beautiful contrast to Jean's dark smooth one. They readjust themselves on the couch and begin a slow, gentle 69. Marie has

pulled my hand down to her crotch, and I slide my finger up to rub her very wet lips as she gasps again. While I've been interested in this scenario, I think it's something she's fantasized about for ages. She kisses and sucks the fingers on my other hand as I realize I'm getting fairly wet myself. This is incredible, but...

"Guys, should we move this to the bedroom? We do have a king size bed, you know?"

They pull apart reluctantly, and get up to go into the bedroom and we follow as we both shed our clothes along the way. They get back into their sweet 69 as we take our places on either side, me behind Jean, and Marie behind Mark. We caress their shoulders and hair, and reach across to softly rub our husband's balls while they suck each other. It is incredibly erotic, and now we're totally into the guys' action.

I have no idea how long either will last but Jean surprises me by pulling off of Mark's cock to mutter that he's almost there, Mark stops long enough to tell him it's OK and that he's not far behind. A few more moments and Jean pulls off to moan loudly as he erupts in Mark's mouth! Mark keeps sucking him as Jean goes back to his cock sucking it greedily. After a few seconds Mark pulls away with Jean's cum on his lips as he yells out his own orgasm!

As it's his first of the night, I know there's going to be a lot, but Jean keeps sucking, draining him before pulling back to reveal a few drops on his own lips. They rearrange themselves and kiss again, even more deeply than before, not quite a snowball, but they exchange their own cum before we pull them apart. Marie kisses my husband deeply and I lock lips with Jean. After all, the tastes on their lips are ones we're familiar with!

We kiss for a few moments, as the guys take a bit to explore unfamiliar territory and it's OK with us. Now we could simply give them the show we promised, but well, we figure they were good sports so they should get to enjoy the show as well as watch. We kiss and caress the men and it's not long before they are both sporting fresh erections, then Marie lays down on the bed and spreads her legs, beckoning me to her. I kiss her deeply, and we enjoy our lips, but I move down slowly, taking time to suck her rock hard brown nipples as she lets out little sounds of pleasure. Then I position myself to lick her sweet pussy, but not before we give the guys some direction.

"Trish is going to make me have some sweet orgasms, but her pussy isn't going to be lonely, I want it filled with one of these hard cocks and I want the other in my mouth, is that clear?"

The guys grin sheepishly and Jean gets into position behind me, as Mark lowers himself to allow Marie to suck him. He enters her mouth as Jean's cock enters my waiting pussy. Of course I dive into her warm and wet pussy and lick her as deeply as I can. I'm not sure how well I'll be able to

concentrate on her with a nice cock filling me up, but I'm going to give it a great try.

Jean's motion is different than Mark's but he's very gentle, and I can see Mark is being careful to not ram himself into Marie's mouth. I settle in to lick her sweetness and am rewarded by her getting even wetter. We discovered in our earlier explorations that we're both very wet women, and that we both love the taste of the other. I lick her as deep as I can, while using my fingers to caress the inside of her thighs. Her moan is muffled by the cock, but I know she's enjoying herself. Mark's gasps tell me he's enjoying himself. Jean is grunting a bit as he's picked up the pace of his fucking, but he's also caressing me with his hands, stroking my hips and caressing my ass. Not better than Mark, just different, and I'm loving it.

I begin sucking on her clit as hard as I can and she starts to buck a bit, and I know her orgasm isn't far off, especially as she confessed that fingering herself while giving head always results in a huge climax, so I figure having her pussy eaten so intensely while taking a cock in her beautiful mouth should be good for a solid screamer!

The question of who will come first hits my mind as while I'm enjoying my fucking, I'm spending a lot of time making her come, and not concentrating on my own pleasure. The question is answered as Mark shouts out as he shoots into her mouth as she sucks him deeply. he can't take it anymore as he pulls away and his cum flies from her mouth as she screams out HER orgasm and soaks my face! I take her lips into my mouth and suck them as hard as I can and her second strikes for me as her husband starts to grunt loudly and slap my ass! Please, I only need a few more seconds and Jean holds on as he starts to yell, no, no, no, no, a few more strokes please! He slams deeply into me four more times and that last does the trick as I shudder out my intense orgasm!!!! I clench as tightly as I can but he pulls out and I can feel his cum splatter all over my ass and legs as he must still be spurting!

Mark has collapsed on the bed next to Marie, Jean falls to the other side as I slowly pull myself up to drop next to him. We are spent. I am in his arms as Marie holds my hand across his stomach. Jean reaches out to take Mark's hand and holds it as we breathe deeply.

There are no words, just four people that have shared an incredibly intimate time. Later there will be more, both men double penetrating both of us, a girl's night, a guy's night, and the now and again swapping of partners. Are we all bi now? We don't know. We actually don't care, we're together, and we're all friends here, isn't that enough?