The Wild End of Summer, Chapter 1

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Going home, we meet three nice couples at the campground.

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I'm one of the lucky ones. I went to work in a really good job right out of college and was in the right place at the right time to be offered an early retirement buyout package when I was fifty-six. Yeah, how about that? And, it was a good package, too good to turn down.

So, I retired at fifty-six and my wife, Karen, she was fifty-three at the time, we went out and bought a nice travel trailer to do some touring around in. Yeah, like a lot of retired people. Don't knock it, we've had fun.

But the most fun was this year, near the end of summer. Was it ever.

We were on the way back home from a fairly long trip, now on the final leg, the last stop, where we would spend a few days before making the final four hundred miles home.

We got everything situated and were sitting outside enjoying a glass of wine when the couple from the next hookup site came over and introduced themselves. They, like us, were retired, he was Brian, she was Sandra and they were about our age, just this side shy of sixty.

Karen and I invited them over for wine and cheese the next afternoon as we found that, like us, they were staying on for another day, perhaps two. They seemed nice and we looked forward to getting to know them better.

As we chatted with Sandra and Brian, two more motorhomes pulled in across from us and began to hook-up. It didn't take long for us to call them over to join us and soon, the eight of us were having wine and snacks around our campfire.

The new couples were Kevin and Laura and Jeff and Alice and they'd known each other for ages, often travelled together like this and, like us, were nearing the end of their summer sojourn.

Now this seems like quite a cast and, well, it was eight people. But, let's consider the four most important people in this story: the women.

My honey, Karen, is fifty-five, still very nice looking, five foot six, one hundred twenty pounds, nice B-cup breasts, shoulder-length brown hair. Sandra was about Karen's age, shorter at five-two, slender, about one hundred pounds or so, long blond hair and a really nice figure, small but nice.

Laura was also about the age of the first two, medium-height, about five-four, around one-twenty, dark hair with some gray mixed-in, and nice big boobs, no doubt D-cups. She was stacked. Finally, Alice was younger, forty-four, forty-five, platinum blonde medium length, usually in a ponytail, also with a nice figure. They are all attractive women.

So, back to our nice early evening out by the campfire. I'd gone back inside to get another bottle of wine when I heard a shriek from one of the women outside. I ran outside just in time to see Alice with her top down around her waist, her rather large and firm breasts out in the open as she jumped around.

"What was it? Did it go away? What was it?" she was yelping as she hopped around, her nice boobs putting on quite a lovely show. She had been wearing a wraparound top which was now open and mostly off.

"What's wrong?" I asked Karen.

"Oh, something fell out of that tree above her and landed on her top. I think it was just a small branch or something but we all got a show," Karen told me as Alice pulled up her top.

"God, I'm so sorry, I'm so embarrassed," She blurted out.

Brian said, "Oh, I'm sure none of us guys minded, did we?"

"I sure didn't. Haven't seen a Playboy all week so it was nice to see such beauties," Kevin added.

The bottle of wine was soon empty again and Brian went over to their motorhome and brought a fresh one back as Jeff tossed a piece of bark he'd picked up over onto his wife's top.

"Come on, hon, let's show them some more of what I see all the time," he teased.

"Yeah, they're so nice, it's a nice warm summer night, Alice, let's get them out again for us all to

admire," I added.

Then, she said something that I wasn't expecting and I'm sure no one else was expecting either, "I'll flash them again if the other girls will."

Well, that started all the guys urging their wives to give a bit of show, a little look-see at their boobs. And, incredibly, my wife Karen stood up, asked the other gals to get up with her and opened her top and held it open.

Soon, they were all four in front of us, every one with her tits out to be admired and they were. There were comments galore about the beauties on display when Laura, I'm pretty sure it was her, she said, "Why don't we all swap? Swap spouses?"

Then, she added, "Well, we might not ever see each other ever again, why not?"

Now, we've known people who had told us that they swapped spouses and we had even been approached a few times. But in over a quarter of a century of being married, we had never done it, never even seriously considered it.

"I just couldn't do it, sorry, we've never done anything like that," Karen blurted out. I knew she was uncomfortable with the idea. She looked over at me and asked, "Is this something you want to do?"

Well, at the risk of starting an argument right in front of everyone, I simply took the coward's way out and shrugged. "Really up to you, hon."

Then, Alice said to her, "Look, it's wonderful that you two have been together as long as you have. But, have you ever wanted a little break from that? As wonderful as I'm sure John is, one of these other fellows, well, they're going to be different, exciting."

"Actually, Kevin and I and Jeff and Alice have travelled all summer together and we've swapped any number of times. But, we're each going home with the same husbands we started out with, that hasn't changed, just some fun and a little spice," Laura added.

"Well, Sandra and I have done some of this at home, both with Sandra's brother and his wife, Sandra had a relationship with her brother back to when she was still in middle school, and we also have swapped with a couple, strangely enough, from church. And we're still together. In fact we love telling each other about the swaps we've had, a few of them where all four are in the same room. We've loved it."

"Brian's right, Karen, we've swapped a number of times and, well, variety, they say, is the spice of life. And, we've always gone home together, it's really made us stronger, really. And, after this stop, we'll probably never ever see each other again," Sandra added.

"Well, you make it all sound so nice but I just don't know," Karen told them.

"Maybe if Karen got a preview of the fellows' equipment, she might be more interested. Would you want to see them drop their pants, Karen? I'll bet they'd be happy to show you what they've got," Laura offered.

I looked at Karen and she looked at me as I told her, "Hey it's no more than what you'd see at a nude beach, hon, might be interesting. You can still say no."

With that she nodded and Brian, Jeff and Kevin all stood up and were soon standing there with their shorts and briefs around their ankles.

Well, all you heard was the sizzle and occasional pop of the campfire as their three cocks hung down for my wife's inspection.

"Go ahead, Karen, and check them out, take a feel, I'll bet they wouldn't mind and I'm sure we wives won't either," Laura offered. Karen looked at me as I shrugged my shoulders and nodded my head toward the guys standing there and she smiled and took two or three steps over, reached down and took Brian's cock in her hand and squeezed softly.

Then she slowly let go, reached over and took Kevin's dick which was pretty big from what I could see. She gave it a nice feel, then went on to Jeff and felt his. Her hand opened and she stepped back, looked at me and asked, "Are you sure about this, John, that it's something you want to do?"

I nodded and she quickly added, "I have never been so hot and turned-on in all my life. Yes, yes, let's do it."

She really said it, Karen wants us to swap with these couples, do a sexual swap. I just really never thought she'd ever agree.

"Okay, let's put the names of the four guys in a hat, we can use Kevin's Red Sox cap, and each of us can draw a name. If you draw your hubby's name, then redraw," explained Sandra and we soon had drawn new partners and were to go back to each woman's RV to spend the next three hours with them. After that, we would all meet back at the campfire at our site.