The Visitor: Part One

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An old friend makes a surprise visit and learns our secrets

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Chapter One

Fred Mankin is one of Robert's best friends.

They met in advanced algebra back in 9 th grade. Like Robert he was one of the school's biggest nerds. But he shouldn't have been. Unlike any of the other geeks Fred was very athletic. He swam, ran track and cross-country. He was an avid mountain biker and worked out on a regular basis. He was sporting an amazing body, but none of the in-crowd girls would get close to him. Why? He wore glasses that were too big for his head. It looked like his mom still dressed him, and he didn't know how to talk to girls.

After Robert and I started dating he confided that he hoped some of Robert's new found popularity would run off on him. It didn't. On the rare occasions his parents let him go out on weekends he had a strict curfew of 10 P.M.

When the graduated high school they both attended University of Michigan. Robert went and lived on the Ann Arbor campus while Fred went to the Dearborn campus and continued to live at home. The only thing in his life that changed was at the age of 18 he got his first girlfriend.

Her name was Molly and she was 16. Fred fell head over heels in love with her seconds after she touched his penis for the first time. He thought she was the one. Robert would tell me that at twenty he started planning their future together. He wanted to marry her. And it looked like that was going to happen. At the age of 23 Fred finally moved out of his parents and into the home him and Molly were going to start their future in. A week after he started moving she broke-up with him.

He was devastated. For the next year of his life he desperately tried to win her back. I'm sure he would have continued to try if he hadn't met Laurel. She was a hairdresser who was dating one of Fred's buddies. Within days of meeting Fred she dumped the friend and became the new love of his life.

He was happier than he'd ever been. He was finally going out with a girl who was model hot. He wasn't lying about that. She was 5'10, weighed 114lbs, and sported a 32A-24-34 figure. She had long hair; that for the most part was always dyed red. Besides love of a few similar bands the two had nothing in common. Robert and a few of his other friends wondered what she saw in him. They questioned that out loud because first and foremost they wanted their buddy to be happy.

In 1997 Fred made his first million. The following year they got married. Fred was so happy at the wedding. I could tell that she was enjoying the attention, but she looked anything but happy. After all the toasts he gave a big speech and declared in front of friends and family that they'd be together forever.

He would do anything for her. When she wanted a new house he had her dream house built. When she wanted to open up her own salon and day spa he gave her the money she needed. When she wanted to go on trips with and without him he bought her the tickets. When he wanted to talk about having children she always said that it wasn't a good time. Like a good husband he listened to what she was saying and tabled that conversation for another few months. Every time he broached the subject he got the same answer or she tried making him forget the question by fucking him.

Fred thought everything in their marriage was perfect. That is until November 2011. He grabbed her Ipad to look up something on IMDB. What he found were emails between her and another man. She was having an affair. So he did what any man in his situation would do. He confronted her. She turned the conversation against him by saying that he was a neglectful husband.

That night he called Robert. My husband suggested that he hire a private eye and gave him the name of someone. Fred called the next day. After the private eye hacked into Laurel's email, Facebook and other accounts a picture of her secret life started to develop. She was having numerous affairs with men she met on various sites. She enjoyed orgies and going to swing clubs.

Fred felt like a fool. He paid for her to travel to all these places. He paid for her affairs. Most men would throw their wives out for doing such things, but not Fred. He wanted to work things out. He wanted to remain married.

Not Laurel. She was finally free of having to pretend the marriage was real. She was finally to tell Fred the truth and that was she hadn't really loved him, and because of Michigan law she was going to get half.

Lawyers were hired. That didn't stop Fred from trying to reconcile. Up until the day the divorce papers were signed he refused to give up hope that she'd come to her senses and give their marriage

another try. That didn’t happen.

After everything was finalized and all of her possessions were out of the house he started spiraling downward. Being single wasn’t easy for him. He joined dating sites, but none of the women he wanted be with were responding to his emails. He started going to indie rock shows in hopes of meeting the kind of women that excited him. Those kinds of women didn’t want to meet him. He started drinking more. He was becoming depressed. Friends, including Robert were worried about his state of mind.

My husband talked to him pretty much everyday, and every conversation ended with Robert reminding him that if he needed to get out of Detroit our door was always open.

Chapter Two

Friday June 13 th 2012

Fred met a girl online. She liked everything he liked. In his mind she was perfect. She didn’t feel the same way. Through email she broke his heart by writing she only saw him as a friend. After spending several hours crying he opened his laptop and booked a flight for Phoenix. He packed his bags, and in the morning he double-checked to make sure he didn’t forget anything. While he had everything he needed packed in his suitcase he did forget one thing, to call Robert to let him know he was coming.

Robert and Adam, our youngest child were going on an adventure vacation. They were flying to Chicago, then driving north and hitting every attraction until eventually hitting Seattle and then driving back home to Phoenix. They estimated they’d be home in about two weeks. While we were dropping them off at the airport Fred’s plane was arriving.

After landing he went to pick-up his rental car. After putting our address into the GPS he was on his way. Because he arrived in the early afternoon rush hour wasn’t that big of a problem. Nearly 45 minutes later he reached his final destination, our house. He rang the doorbell, but no one answered. He tried calling Robert’s phone, but it went straight to voicemail.

Thirty minutes later my daughters and I arrived home. I was shocked to see Fred sitting on our porch. After parking the car and getting out I said, “Fred Mankin what are you doing here?”

He stood-up, and as he walked over to give me a hug he said, “I finally decided to take him up on his invitation to visit. Where is he?”

After explaining where Robert was and how long he’d be gone Fred said, “I should probably stay in a

hotel.”

While he was one of my husband’s best friends he wasn’t one of mine. I barely knew the man. The only time I saw him were the few times we got together when we were visiting Michigan, the occasional wedding, and the one time Laurel and him came down here for a visit. I knew his ex better than him. Her and I played together a few times during her trips down here for so-called trade shows.

If he stayed in a hotel he would get even more depressed. I couldn’t let that happen. Plus if he stayed here we could become better friends. So I said, “Don’t be ridiculous. Our home is your home.”

“Awesome sauce,” he said.

As he was getting the bags out of his rental my 18 and 16-year old daughters Ami and Mandy got out of my car. I then introduced them to Fred. I couldn’t help but notice that his stare locked on Mandy a little to long. He couldn’t help it, a lot of men can’t stop gazing at my blonde hair, 5’7, 105lb, 32a-25-34 figure, braces wearing daughter.

Ami was also stunning. She had light brown hair, 5’5, 95lbs and sported a 32b-22-32 figure.

After shaking their hands he said, “Last time I saw you two you guys were in diapers. Look at how big you’ve gotten.

They laughed after he said that. After entering the house we showed him the guest room. After a long flight he decided to take a nap. The girls and I went downstairs.

Hours later Mandy and I were in the kitchen talking when Fred walked downstairs wearing only a swimsuit. We couldn’t take our eyes off of him. He was hot. He was over 6’0, weighed 185lbs (all of it pure muscle), and it looked like he had close to 0% body fat. He looked amazing. While we were checking him out he said, “I’m going to take a quick swim.”

“Go ahead,” I said. “After you’re done we can talk about dinner.”

“Deal,” he said as he walked out to the pool.

Mandy ran upstairs as he dived into the deep end. As he was doing laps my daughter ran downstairs in a very skimpy bikini. As she walked out to the pool she mouthed, “Dibs.”

She then layed on one of the chairs by the pool, moved her bikini bottoms to the right and started playing with herself as he swam by her. At first he didn’t notice her, but after a few laps he not only

noticed her presence, but what she was doing. For several minutes he watched her slide her fingers in and out of her wet cunt. He looked like a deer caught in headlights. It looked like he was wrestling about what to do next. He got out of the pool sporting a very impressive erection. It looked like he was going to approach her, but at the last second he grabbed his towel, stormed into the house, ran upstairs and slammed his door.

I followed him up there, knocked on his door while saying, “Is everything okay?”

He didn’t answer.

Instead of knocking I opened the door and found him sitting on the bed crying, He turned around and said, “I think I should stay in a hotel.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Your daughter was making me feel uncomfortable,” he said.

“What did she do?” I asked.

He sat there in silence for several long minutes before saying, “She was masturbating.”

“So?” I responded.

“It’s wrong,” he said.

“She’s sixteen and shouldn’t be doing that out in the open,” he said.

“You never did that when you were her age?” I asked.

“Not in the open,” he said.

“But you still did it?” I asked.

“When I was alone?” he said. “I would never do it in front of any of my parents friends.”

“I doubt any of your parents friends looked like you.” I said.

“What do you mean by that?” he asked.

“You’re hot,” I said.

I could tell by the rise in his bathing suit that he enjoyed hearing that.

“You think so?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. “If you ask Mandy I’m sure she’ll say the same thing.”

“I want to hear you say it again,” he said.

“You’re hot,” I whispered into his ear.

“I’ve wanted you since high school,” he said as he reached into his trunks and started stroking his cock.

I got on my knees and pulled his trunks down to reveal a meaty 8-inch cock. I immediately put in my mouth and started sucking. Within minutes he started shaking and grunting. As soon as his body started doing that he shot his load right down my throat.

He then pushed me away, sat on the bed and started to cry. He kept on saying, “What have I done?” over and over.

“We did nothing wrong,” I said.

“Letting my best friend’s wife give me a blow-job is cheating,” he cried.

“Robert doesn’t care,” I said.

“You’re just saying that,” he said. “You’re just like my ex-wife.”

“No I’m not,” I said. “Robert and I have an open marriage.”

“You’re lying,” he said.

“Call him,” I replied.

“He’ll kill me if I told him what just happened,” he said.

“Call him,” I said once again.

He picked-up the phone off the night stand and called my husband. They talked for several minutes before he told him what happened. I think he expected Robert to yell at him, but he didn't. They talked for several more minutes before Fred disconnected.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Have fun," he replied. "I don't approve of your lifestyle. The two of you mock the sanctity of marriage. What would your children say if they knew what the two of you did behind closed doors? That's why your daughter practices inappropriate behavior. I can't stay here. I'm going to take a shower and then go to a hotel."

"Are you sure?" I said as I tried to comfort him.

"Get the fuck out of here," he said.

I walked out of the room and downstairs to find Mandy sitting in the kitchen glaring at me.

"Did you fuck him?" she asked.

"Nope," I said.

"Did you do anything?" she asked.

"I sucked his cock," I said. "That freaked him out even more. So after he takes his shower he's going to a hotel."

Before she could say anything we could hear the shower go on.

"But I don't want him to leave," she said.

"Me neither," I replied.

I then grabbed my daughters' hand and we ran upstairs. We sped past the bathroom and entered the guest room. Fresh clothes were sitting on the bed. Mandy picked them up and placed them on the dresser. She then grabbed me, pulled me closer to her and passionately kissed me. She then sat on the bed, dropped her bikini bottoms, removed her top, and started playing with herself.

To get more comfortable I unbuttoned and slid off my jeans. I then lifted up my shirt and threw it onto

the floor. My daughter motioned for me to come join her. So I walked my 5’7, 120lb, and 34C-24-34 body to the bed. I plopped down, spread my legs and started rubbing my pussy.

About ten minutes later we heard the shower stop. We both started rubbing faster in anticipation of what we both hoped would happen next. Finally we heard the bathroom door open and within seconds Fred, who was only wearing boxers, stood in the doorway. He was shocked at what he was witnessing. You could tell by the rise in his shorts that he enjoyed what we were doing. But you could also tell by the look in his eyes that he was wrestling with morality and desire. He turned away several times, but he keptlooking back. The moment he pulled down his boxers and started stroking his cock we knew morality lost.

He just stood there watching and stroking. He never made a move toward us. Eventually Mandy couldn’t take it anymore. She jumped off the bed, ran over to him and tried to kiss him on the lips, but he kept her at arms lengths. He looked over at me and after I told him it was okay he let her kiss him. She started by giving him a big sloppy kiss on his lips and proceeded to kiss every inch of his fit body until she arrived at his cock and promptly put it in her mouth.

His eyes rolled back as her lips kissed every inch of his thick shaft. I then got off the bed, walked up to him and kissed him on the lips as we both watched my baby blow him.

Soon afterwards Mandy stood-up and kissed me. We then grabbed a hand and walked him over to the bed. We layed him on his back. Mandy sat on his face while I sucked his cock. I soon motioned for her to join me. We each took a ball and started sucking on them while Mandy jerked him off. I then moved down to his asshole and licked that while my daughter kissed his shaft.

He then had me sit on his face. He spanked and played with my ass while he fucked me with his tongue. Mandy used this opportunity to jump on his cock and start riding. He pushed me off of his face so he could have the perfect view of my youngest daughter as he fucked her.

I layed down ext to him and said, “ Fuck my daughter faster.”

He did.

I then positioned myself next to her. I told him to rub her clit. As he did that I started sucking on my baby’s nipples.

He then had us both get on all fours and shake our asses. After watching us he got behind me and inserted his cock. Mandy then positioned herself in front of me and shoved her ass in my face. This took him to the point of no return. He once again started shaking and grunting right before filling my

cunt with his spunk. He then collapsed onto the bed with the biggest smile on his face. As Mandy started kissing his body I gave him a big kiss on the lips and said, “I’m guessing you’re not going to the hotel.”

“No way,” he said right before kissing me back.

Chapter 3

Saturday June 14 th 2012

Right after waking-up Fred went out for a morning run. He did this every morning as a way to clear to his head. On this particular morning he was reflecting on the events of the previous night. In his mind he crossed several lines. He fucked his best friend’s wife and youngest daughter. He learned that not only his best friend and his wife were in an open relationship, but they were also involved sexually with at least one of their daughters. The thought of that sickened and titillated him at the same time. If he told anyone about this there was a chance he could get his friends in trouble. If he didn’t tell anyone it could drive him crazy.

When he got back to the house he found Ami sitting in the kitchen eating a bagel.

“Did you have a good run?” she asked between bites.

“Yeah, but it’s really hot outside,” he responded.

“That’s why mom went running at the gym,” Ami said.

“That’s a smarter idea than running out there,” he said while going to the fridge to grab a bottle of water.

“Yep,” she said.

“When will she be back?” he asked right before taking a drink.

“Not until later,” she said. “Every Saturday her and Jenny go to the gym and then grab lunch.”

“Oh okay,” he said. “I’m going to go take a shower.

He then went upstairs to the guest room. Put fresh clothes on the dresser. Grabbed a clean pair of boxers and walked to the bathroom. As he started the shower he was kind of hoping that Ami would

join him. The very thought of that hardened his cock. He put his hand on it, closed his eyes and imagined her climbing in the shower. The speed of his strokes increased as he imagined fucking her from behind while her body leaned against the glass walls. He then pictured her spreading her asshole and him entering her. The thought of that excited him. He started stroking even faster. Soon he was spraying cum all over the shower. He then sat on the floor and started crying.

He was becoming something he didn't understand. While he enjoyed sex he was very reserved in the way he approached it. For his entire life he was told that the purpose of sex was to procreate and nothing more. He remembered a conversation that he had with his father many years back. His dad told him about temptation and all the things to avoid and how they went against the good book. Even though he loved and respected his dad he wondered if maybe everything he told him about sex was wrong.

If sex was only about making babies why did last night feel so good. Maybe if he acted this way with Laurel she wouldn't of left him. Maybe if he knew and understood what she wanted they would have had a relationship like Robert and Gail's. Deep in his heart he knew that wouldn't of happened. If she told him what she really desired he would've blocked it out.

He made a promise to himself that he was going to be more open minded for the rest of the trip. He wasn't going to think of repercussions of his actions. He was going to have fun.

After he finished up in the shower he was hoping that maybe Ami would be in his room. She wasn't. Instead of getting dressed he decided to take a nap. He felt he earned that since he didn't get much sleep the previous night. So he lied on the bed, closed his eyes, and quickly dozed off.

He woke-up around 11:30. He jumped out of bed, put his clothes on and walked downstairs. It appeared that no one was home. He walked to the cabinets and found some bread. He then checked the fridge and discovered turkey slices. After making a sandwich Mandy walked in with several of her friends.

This included Sara, who just turned 17. She's 5'7, 125lbs, blonde hair, a 34C-27-36 figure, and bright blue eyes.

Then there was Holly. She is sixteen and is a light skinned African-American girl. She has long black hair. She's about 5'5, 110lbs and has an amazing 34B-25-35 figure.

Next was Astrid. She's a 6-foot tall 18-year-old with long blonde hair and amazing natural DD breasts.

Then there was Leia. She was brown haired 17-year-old, who was 5'3, 105lbs and sported a 32c-24-

36 figure.

The final girl was Alana. She was 16, had brown hair, was 5’6, 123lbs and featured a stunning 34c-26-34 body.

Steve and Matt, two muscular 17-year-old boys rounded out the pack of teens.

“We’re going use the pool,” Mandy said as her friends walked through the open screen door. “You can join is if you want to.”

He thought about it for a moment before saying, “Thanks for the invite, but I have some emails that I need to answer.”

He then got up from the table and walked to his room. As he sat on the bed he thought to himself about his answer. He really wanted to go out there and hang with Mandy and her friends. But that would’ve been weird. Hours earlier he promised himself that he would have fun and not worry about repercussions. So he took off his clothes, put on a swimsuit and walked back downstairs.

As he neared the bottom of the stairs he saw Alana enter the bathroom. When he met her he thought she was the prettiest of Mandy’s friends. He was going to do something he wouldn’t normally do; he was going to follow her into the bathroom.

He was shaking as he opened the door. He didn’t know if this would work or what would happen. When he got it fully open he saw her changing into her bikini. This caused his confidence to disappear. Which meant he'd do what he'd normally do, apologize and close the door behind him.

He then sat on the bench outside the bathroom trying to come up with a way to spin the humiliating scene. Before he could do just that she walked out of the bathroom wearing a skimpy two-piece bikini. She looked at him and said, “Did you like what you saw?”

“Yes,” Fred stuttered.

“My turn then,” she replied.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“You saw me, now I want to see you,” she answered. “Now.”

Fred stood-up and slowly pulled down his swimsuit. His erect meaty cock was sticking out.

“Now stroke it and tell me what you want to do to me?” she asked.

Fred grabbed his shaft and started playing with it as he said, “I want kiss every inch of you. And make your gorgeous feel as much pleasure as I know you’re going to give me.”

She smiled as she grabbed his hand and dragged him to the den. They sat on the couch, where she removed her top and started kissing him. She then moved her long hair to the side and started sucking his cock.

He put his hand on the back of her head and moved it up and down his large piece of meat.

He then moved her upward so he could kiss and slap her tits for a few short moments. She then resumed sucking his cock.

She stood-up and took off her bikini bottoms. She got on her stomach and Fred started fingering her twat. He then positioned her in a way she could suck him off, while he continued inserting his fingers into her wet hole.

He then had her sit on her ass and raise her legs. He got on the floor and started fucking her with his tongue. After playing with her clit gave her a very intense orgasm.

After making her cum several times he had her get on all fours. At first he finger fucked her pussy and ass before sticking his cock inside of her. He grabbed onto her ass cheeks and slapped them every couple of minutes.

Soon he had her get on her back. He slapped his junk against her clit, causing her to have another orgasm. Before her body stopped quivering he started fucking her fast and furious, which made her cum multiple times.

She then got on her knees and sucked him off for a few minutes before climbing onto his cock. As she rode it he reached behind and stuck a finger into her ass. This made her cum again.

She started begging him to fuck her faster. This made him go slower, and it was driving her crazy. By the time she was enjoying his leisurely pace he changed things up and started moving faster.

She jumped off and started sucking his cock again. After nibbling every inch of his thick love muscle she jumped back onto him. This time he got a perfect view of her ass. As she bounced up and down on his love muscle he knew he was reaching his breaking point.

“I’m going cum,” he said.

“Fill me up,” she squealed as she started bouncing faster.

He grabbed her by the sides and held her still as he shot his load deep inside of her.

She then collapsed next to him on the couch where they cuddled and kissed for nearly 30 minutes. He then looked into her eyes and said, “Let’s go see what your friends are doing.”