

Trying Something New

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The wife and I had just finished another fuck session. Boring.

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As I pulled my cock out of my wife's cunt she squirted as usual. Then she quickly twisted around and sucked and cleaned by dick with her tongue and lips. She did a thorough job, as usual. I almost yawned. This was the same thing we had been doing for months. I was bored. I believe she was too, just trying to please me. That was her way.

We rolled over and I pretended to go to sleep, but I was actually deep in thought. I had to do something to spice up this dull same-old-same-old we had been going through for so long. We both always came, but there was no fire, no passion as when we had first met ten years ago.

I was in my mid-thirties, Justin is the name, and my wife Phoebe was 32. We met right out of college for her. I had a good job already. We struck up a great relationship, and on the first date she went down on me. I thought I had found Miss Right. We fucked and sucked for a year and then got married, thinking it would continue to be great sex forever.

Phoebe was a real knockout, with her best feature her great gams, curvy and lovely with tiny feet, but her hair was spectacular, long and red. And her tits were just as I liked them. Like little cones poking out with small aureoles and nipples that became little rubies when she was turned on.

I wasn't too bad. Only average height, I still towered over Phoebe's 5 feet. I was fit, and intended to stay that way. I had never played sports, but I loved being in shape. My cock was not large, six inches when raging hard, but a perfect mouthful for my little red haired pixie.

We had good sex, but the greatness had fled after a few years. The last year we had been going through the motions. We always came. We had sex at least once a week and we always came. But the passion was gone. So I stayed awake pondering what to do. I was still pondering when I went to

sleep.

When I awakened it struck me like lightning. I knew what we had to do. If I could only convince Phoebe. I decided to show her instead. I got out of bed, performed my morning ablutions, and then did not get dressed. I stayed naked and proud. I went into the kitchen to start the coffee and cleaned up around the kitchen as I always did. Then I carried on with my normal routine, except for one thing. I called in to tell the office I would be out for a few days. Maybe a week or two. I had plenty of comp time saved up. I told them I was taking it.

Then I did my morning exercises, all the time staying nude, with Mr. Willie dangling around as I did my push-ups and sit-ups and worked on the glider. As I worked on my final routine Phoebe stumbled in to get her morning coffee. She glanced into the utility room where I was working out and did an actual double-take.

"What's up, babe," she said with a little grin.

"This is the new norm around here, hun," I said, and finished up on the equipment. I casually walked over and poured some coffee and sat at the breakfast bar. She was still grinning, not quite sure what to do. Finally, she went into the bathroom, took her shower, and came out of the room with a towel, drying her hair. But now she was nude, too. She was bright. She caught on quick. But this was going much farther than she may have imagined.

We spent the morning making and eating breakfast, cleaning up and then watching CNN or reading. All the time we stayed naked. I could see it aroused Phoebe because her nipples stayed hard, and not from the cold. It was late spring and quite warm. Myself, I stayed semi-hard most of the time, sometimes softening, other times, when she might walk past with her great, round ass, just below her long, flowing red hair, I would start getting aroused. Also, when I saw those hard as marbles nipples of hers. But mostly, we just passed the day.

At about noon the doorbell rang. Phoebe scurried away to the back room, and peeked around the corner. I went to the door, opened it, and stood proudly as the UPS man delivered a package. He stared but just took my signature, then walked away, shaking his head.

Phoebe came out, and she immediately ran over and knelt down and began sucking my cock. She was very enthusiastic. I pulled my dick out and told her to open wide, then I shot straight down her throat a squirt of cum. She loved the taste of my cum. She ate it like honey. Now I think she was catching on to the new norm.

Later in the afternoon Phoebe usually had friends over while I was at work. I told her not to change

her routine just because I was home for a few days. She gave me her quirky little smile as the doorbell rang again. This time she opened it. It was her best friend, Gwen. I had always suspected Gwen of going both ways from the way she looked at Phoebe, and the way she always checked out my ass when I walked by. Men notice these things, too.

Gwen started to take a step forward, then abruptly stopped. "What's happening, Phoebe. Is this a joke?"

"No, this is the new norm, Gwen. Come on in."

Gwen hesitated, then glanced over and saw my semi-hard cock, glanced at Phoebe's hard nipples, and decided to visit awhile, as she usually did.

She sat on the sofa and said, "Do I have to take off my clothes, too?", and laughed girlishly.

"Only if you want to," I said. "This is our thing now, but anyone is welcome."

Gwen decided to act perfectly normal, and started a conversation with Phoebe, talking about some new store. But she kept glancing at me, sitting in my easy chair, with my cock starting to rise. Then, as if in a trance, as she chatted with Phoebe, she slowly started to take off her own clothes. It was the strangest thing. It took about 15 minutes, but, finally, she was as nude and Phoebe and me. And she was nonchalantly wagging one of her crossed legs.

I got up, walked over, and said, "Let's let Phoebe show you what good friends you both are."

Phoebe was grinning her little grin. She came over, pushed Gwen down on the sofa and proceeded to start eating some friend pussy. At the same time, I crouched over Gwen's face and let her get a good look at the ass she was always admiring. Then I lowered it and her tongue shot out and, as she moaned from the eating out she was getting, she began to lick my balls and ass hole. It felt so good that I turned my body around and rammed my cock into her wide open mouth. Then I face fucked her, holding onto her brunette hair, making her take it all. At the same time, Phoebe had started fist-fucking her dear friend with her little pixie hand, and Gwen was cumming hard from all the attention.

This was what I had in mind with the "new norm." Gwen had finally had enough cumming and Phoebe and I kissed her and took her to the bathroom, washed her in the shower (all of us together) and dressed her. We let her go home with plenty of good things to dream about that night.

This was just the beginning. Phoebe and I had wild sex that night, but the experiment was going to continue.

The next day began the same way as the one before. Neither of us dressed. We started the day nude and stayed that way. Only, today, Phoebe's brother was coming over to pick up some old pictures we had stored. Phoebe asked me what we should do. I told her this was the new norm and to carry on as we were. She blushed as she thought of her brother seeing her that way. But she was a good wife, and she could see what it was doing for our sex life.

When the doorbell rang this time I told Phoebe to answer it. She was blushing so much her entire body had a rose hue, but as she walked to the door I could see her nipples standing out. She shyly opened the door and her brother, Paul, stared with consternation in his face. Phoebe backed up and told him to come in. He hesitantly walked in and then saw me with my semi-hard standing by my easy chair. "Hey Paul," I said, and grinned at him.

"What the fuck," he said. And I said, "Perhaps."

I could see the hard-on starting in his khakis. Phoebe boldly walked over and told him that this was a nudist house now and that he had to strip if he wanted to stay. I could see the struggle going on in his face. He was loving seeing his sister naked. It had probably been one of the things he jerked off to when they were in college together. Finally the novelty of the situation got to him and he decided to join us, maybe just to show his little sister what he had.

He took off his clothes, folded them neatly, and placed them in an empty chair. Then Phoebe got up to go get the pictures, just as normal as could be. She brought them back in to find me in my easy chair and Paul sitting on the sofa, with a raging hard-on. He must have been proud of those 8 inches. Phoebe just giggled and sat in her chair. We again started to have a pleasant conversation.

This went on for several minutes, with both of the men chatting about golf and the economy, but with both displaying large, hard cocks. Finally it was too much for Phoebe. She stood up, and I could see pussy juice running down her legs. She slowly walked over and kissed Paul on the lips. Then she straddled him, reached down, and put his cock in her wet cunt. He only had to ram a little to get it all in, she was so moist and ready. He rolled over on his back, and she rode him like a little cowgirl.

I was not about to miss out on something that had never happened before. My wife had always been completely loyal. Today she was getting fucked hard by her own brother. Well, she was about to be fucked by her husband at the same time. I went over to the sofa, knelt down behind her. and started cramming my cock into ass hole. She literally jumped with surprise, almost losing Paul's cock, but she settled into it and I crammed more and more into that tight hole, made tighter by the other cock I could feel coming into her pussy.

Paul and I developed a rhythm. He fucked into his sister's pussy while I pulled out of her ass. Then I fucked her ass and he pulled his cock out of her little cunny. We kept this up while Phoebe was moaning and crying out with pleasure, until she had cum so much she started begging us to squirt some cum into her. Any hole or both, she didn't care, she just wanted some man cum. We obliged. We both shot at the same time. I swore I could feel his cum hitting the back of her vagina as mine hit the wall of her ass. It was very good.

Again, as if we were developing a routine, we took Paul into the shower. We all washed each other, laughing and giggling and just enjoying our nudity. As Gwen before, we sent Paul off, with the pictures, to dream of a wonderful fuck session.

Again that night we had great sex, but this time she wanted it in the bunghole again. She was starting to like it very much.

This was the start of a routine that lasted for days. There were several days when nothing happened because no one stopped by. However, when we did have visitors various reactions occurred. The Jehovah's Witnesses ran away, of course. But others stayed.

One day Jimmy, the boy next door, whose Mom was a lovely MILF, stopped by to drop off an invitation to his high school graduation. I could hear him on the porch, glanced out and saw who it was, and told Phoebe to answer the door. She did, and he almost collapsed. She took his hand and brought him into the house.

"Jimmy, this is a nudist house now. Do you want to sit down? If you stay you have to take off your clothes."

He just stared at her tits, so she started helping him take off his clothes. He finally got the idea. He hadn't even glanced in my direction. He was staring so hard at Phoebe. He must have been cheering for his good luck in his head. He finished taking off his clothes and his 5 inches was perfectly adequate. It was hard, of course.

Finally, he glanced over and saw me. "Sir, is this alright?" I told him it was perfectly alright, we were nudists, for awhile anyway, and he could look at my wife all he wanted to. So he stared and I saw a little pre-cum start leaking out of his cock.

I called Phoebe over and whispered to her to go over and start giving him a blow job. She grinned her quirky grin and went to Jimmy immediately. She drew him into the living room. Then she placed a throw pillow on the floor and gestured to him to come closer. He did. She started slowly licking his balls and taking his whole 5 inches into her mouth and rolling it around. I had something in mind, so I

asked her to stop a moment.

I walked over, with my own hard-on sticking out and told Jimmy we were going to do something he would remember for the rest of his life. Then I started jerking off and told him to do the same. We were whacking off together and Phoebe was down on her knees begging for cock. After 3 or 4 minutes I knew Jimmy couldn't hold out much longer, so I told Phoebe to open her mouth wide. She did. Then I told Jimmy he could come in my wife's mouth. He did. So did I. We came and came, most of it going into her wide open mouth, filling it up, but some was also splashing on her face and her little, perky tits. The feeling of the cum was making her shiver and her pussy was virtually running with juices down her thighs. She drank all the cum, then wiped up what was left and licked it off her fingers. Then she licked Jimmy and me clean.

We followed the usual routine. Washed Jimmy up and sent him on his way in a sort of sex daze.

The next day, Jimmy's mom, Jenny came over. I opened the door. She stormed in and began raving about us corrupting her son. Apparently Jimmy couldn't help telling his mom about what had happened. I knew why. Jimmy had been lusting for his own mom for a year now. They were neighbors, and I could see the way he looked at her when they were out in the yard. He was constantly staring at her large breasts. Actually, they were nice, not too saggy, and a fine cleavage. I had lusted for them myself.

I proceeded to tell Jenny that exact story, about her son wanting her because of her great figure and beautiful face. At the same time little Phoebe was drawing Jenny over to the sofa and sat beside her. Jenny was cooling down. She was actually glad to know that someone, even her son, found her attractive, after her husband had left her for his secretary. All the while Phoebe was caressing her, holding her hand and rubbing her arms and back.

Jenny finally really looked at us, and she blushed bright red. I sat beside her and put my arms around her, then began to kiss her lips and nuzzle her neck. She couldn't help but respond. She had not had sex in months. After getting her warmed up, we undressed her, and it was my turn to eat some pussy. I had Jenny sit in a chair, knelt down between her legs and began making love to a MILF. I squeezed the head of her clit and it popped out. I nibbled on it and sucked it in. Then I spread her labia apart and began some serious muff-diving. And I do mean muff. This pussy had never been shaved. It tasted great. While I was eating pussy my wife was fucking my ass with her tongue, the little pixie.

After I made her cum too many times to count, Phoebe sat on Jenny's face and got her own pussy sucked dry.

Then our Jenny was all used up, and definitely not upset with us. As per routine, we washed her up and she went home, probably remembering what I had told her about Jimmy's lust for her. I don't know how that came out.

But I do know how our story came out. Phoebe loved her Justin. She realized that this had all been for her benefit as much as mine. We finally gave up the nudity routine. But we found many more ways to make our sex-life spontaneous and loving. And we were both willing to try almost anything if it would make us cum harder and harder.