

# A Timely Introduction Ch 4 Revenge!

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*He came home to more than his girl*

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We arrived at my sister-in-law's later that morning. The bout with Little Willie at the truck stop was still fresh on our minds. I was noticing that since Alicia and I had embarked on this somewhat kinky way of life, our time alone together had improved. Whereas we used to talk little and only about mundane topics, we now spent hours together, chatting amiably, describing our feelings to each other. We talked a great deal about our sexual encounters together, discussing how we each felt when Mark first saw her naked in the spa or Willie put his hands on those gorgeous tits. We were less embarrassed to discuss these things than we had been the previous 30 years. But once we arrived at her sister's house, Alicia's mind was consumed with the issues at hand. I found a nice spot on the patio, stole a cold beer from the fridge, and relaxed while Alicia and Marcie talked. I knew this would be a long afternoon and that I would be as useless to them as pant legs on bra. The patio had high walls surrounding it, so the neighbors around could not see in. After a while, I moved the lounge chair into the shade near the door. As I drank Jim's beer (Marcie drank only mixers), I looked around and before long noticed movement in the upstairs window of the house next door. I doubted they could see into the shady spot I was in, but I lay still and watched for awhile. After about thirty minutes, the movement occurred again, and this time I could see a young man in the window, peering intently into Marcie's patio before lowering the drapes and disappearing from view. I chuckled and wondered what scenes had unfolded before him prior to our arrival. I drank two more beers before I fell asleep. I awoke some time later when Alicia came out to announce we were taking Marcie out to dinner that evening, so I should quit drinking and clean up. I told her about the kid in the window and suggested she make plans for some serious sunbathing in the near future. She giggled when I leered at her. It really was a brave new world for us. I suggested we shower together and she agreed readily enough. We closed ourselves in the bathroom and stripped each other. Neither of us was interested in doing contortions over the vanity though. We contented ourselves by stroking and washing each other, paying close attention to private parts. I played with her breasts while she washed me and she in turn stroked my cock while I soaped her hair. When we finished we stepped out and began to finish getting ready. We had brought a travel bathroom bag and now opened it. We had been showering

together for years and had developed a routine. She toweled off and dressed while I brushed my teeth and shaved. As I was finishing with the razor, she grumbled that she had forgotten her deodorant and would have to borrow Marcie's. Maybe it was because the routine was so familiar, but without even a thought she opened the door on her quest to find Marcie. It didn't take her long. There, in the doorway with her hand up, about to knock was her sister. And there I was facing the door wearing nothing but some residual shaving cream. Marcie stared at me, her eyes locking onto my genitals. Alicia's stroking had made me half hard, so she got what most would consider to be a nice view of me. I stared back, not moving as she took in my features. "Oh, Marcie, I was just coming to find you." Alicia finally realized she was staring and looked behind her. I fully expected my wife to react with speed, blocking the view while commanding me with her scolding voice to put some clothes on. And I still submit that two months ago she'd have done just that. But, to my amazement, she looked at my cock then looked me in the eyes and smiled, her eyes revealing a naughty sheen. She waited where she was, letting Marcie stare. Marcie finally recovered her senses and looked at Alicia. Her face was beet red by this time and she very pointedly looked anywhere except in my direction or into my wife's eyes. "Um, I...I was just going to say I got the reservations." She finally looked at Alicia, "I'm so sorry, I..I didn't mean to..." she had no idea what to say. Alicia laughed. "It's okay. Just don't compliment him on it. His head will swell and then he won't be able to drive." Then, she went through the door, gently closing it behind her. I looked into the mirror and smiled at myself. Didn't she realize her sister had just paid me the supreme compliment? I'd seen the lust in her eyes, even if my wife hadn't. I finished getting ready without further trouble and before long we were at the restaurant. We carefully avoided mentioning the incident and instead talked about better times. I played the role of designated driver so they could let go. They were half drunk before dinner was over. After dinner, they decided to visit a club that Marcie had wanted to try. We found a table near the back and out of the way of the crowds. I ordered a round of Margueritas for them and a soda for me. They began to dance which helped keep them somewhat sober. Then it happened. "That's her," Marcie hissed. "Who?" Alicia asked. "Pamela." "You mean THE Pamela?" Alicia craned her neck around trying to see her. A group of women had just entered and were seating themselves near the bar. I assumed Pamela was one of them. "That's Sue and Diane with her. They all work with Jim. I'm surprised they would hang out with Pamela. They're my age. We used to go out together in fact." She spent a few minutes explaining who was who to us. It was clear to me they worked together and were having a girls night out. "I wonder where Jim is?" I commented. We watched as they got drinks and began chatting and laughing. Then one of them, Sue, got up and excused herself. She headed down the small hallway where the restrooms were. We tried to ignore them for a while after that. But when Sue approached our table, Marcie's eyes narrowed. She approached from the back, in a rush, and then stooped next to Marcie. "HI!" she said. "Hi Sue." Marcie was polite. She even introduced us to Sue, her voice even and controlled. "I saw you sitting here when I came out of the bathroom. I don't want the others to know I'm talking with you. God, it's good to see you again." She took a breath, then continued. "When I heard what Jim had done, I was so angry with him. She's twenty years younger than him, for God's sake." Marcie was looking confused. "I saw you come in earlier," she finally

replied. "Girls' night out?" Sue giggled. "Actually, Diane and I are going to try to get that chippie drunk. Then we're going to set her up with some man. Jim is out west on business and gets home tonight. We thought how delicious it would be if he caught her in bed with someone. I know, it's a long shot, but we had so much fun scheming, we just had to try it." Marcie giggled. "Oh would I love to see that!" Alicia chimed in at that. "Marcie, does Pamela know you? I mean would she recognize you if met her?" "We've never met. But Jim may have had a picture at the office. Not any more of course." "I've been in his office many times. He's never kept pictures like that," Sue stated. "What are you thinking?" I asked Alicia. "Well," she said slowly, as if still thinking it through. "I was thinking that if we could hook her up with a man, and if she took him to Jim's place, then Marcie could show up and play the angry wife, not Jim's wife though, the other man's wife. If we timed it right, she'd be there when Jim returned." "We don't know his flight times," I replied doubtfully. "His plane lands at 12:55 tonight," Sue answered. "He should be home by 1:30. But he's only back that early because he caught an earlier flight. His original arrival time was 10 am tomorrow." She giggled. "I didn't tell Pam the new time." "But, Jim will certainly recognize me," Marcie said. "Yes, but that's the beauty of it. He'll know you planned the whole thing!" "But the guy will deny that Marcie is his wife," Sue pointed out. "No he won't," Alicia replied looking straight into my eyes. I was apoplectic. "You want me to pick her up?" "Yes. Don't you see; it's perfect! Marcie catches you with her; you pretend Marcie is your wife; then Jim walks in and finds his brother-in-law and his ex in the bedroom with his new girlfriend!" "Alicia, honey," Marcie said, "You haven't thought this through. If Bob does what you ask, he will have to fuck Pamela." Alicia smiled broadly. "I know." We argued about it for while longer, but in the end Alicia got her way. Sue snuck away from us and returned to her co-workers. I waited a few moments, then got up and sauntered over to them. I was nervous. The last time I tried to pick someone up, the Brady Bunch was still on television. In fact, I believed the plan would quickly fail because Pamela wouldn't be interested in a graying old man with a paunch. I was wrong. I established a place at the bar, then bought all three of them a drink. I also bought a beer for myself. When the drinks were delivered, I gave a little wave and worked my way to their table. "Care for a dance?" I asked politely. I'd decided that if Pamela truly went for older men, then my best shot was to be polite but charming. "No, thanks," Pamela said. Sue jumped up. "I will though," she said, then took my arm. I danced with her and then Diane and then Sue again. I bought another round of drinks after that and was invited to sit at their table. Sue was orchestrating things nicely, and before long, Pamela agreed to dance. We danced to a rock tune. Then, the band switched to a slow number. I took her in my arms as if it were the natural thing to do. She dragged her feet a moment, but then lay her head on my shoulder and accepted the dance. She felt firm and young and I wondered why I was doing this. "I love your perfume," I whispered to her. She looked up at me then. "Thanks." We talked. Small talk at first. I told her I was a visiting businessman and would be leaving town in the morning. When the dance ended we returned to our drinks. The ice had been broken. After that we danced often. I paid more and more attention to Pamela and ignored the others. I was at my very best, literally trying to charm the pants off this young woman. I was hard before long and she noticed right away. As we danced she ground herself against me, making my cock leap each time. After about an hour, Sue and Diane left. Pamela told them she

was leaving as soon as her drink was finished. I wasn't sure if she was bluffing or not but when they left I asked Pamela for one more dance. I gathered her close and slid my hand down to her ass caressing her right cheek as we danced. She was wearing a thong, so I was able to feel her firm buttocks. She'd had a lot to drink and was laughing too loud and slurring her words. "Wanna get out of here together?" I asked. She touched me then, rubbing my hard cock through my pants. "Absolutely." I wasted no time getting her into my car and over to her house. I worried briefly that she'd see something that belonged to Alicia in the car, but my wife had been there and cleared the vehicle. It would pass for a rental I decided. We drove to her house without incident. She reached into her purse and brought out a remote, instructing me to park in the garage. I noticed another car park some ways back but Pam did not. We parked and she hit the remote again to close the door. I got out and hurried to her side to open the door for her. She got up unsteadily and I drew her into my arms and kissed her. I let my tongue drift into her mouth and she immediately got passionate. I was a little nervous. Even though Alicia had arranged all this, I felt a little like I was cheating. I did my best to hide it though and directed her to the house. As we passed through the door Pamela said she had to pee, then hurried in ahead of me. Taking the opportunity, I quickly touched the button next to the door. The big garage door began to rise. I quickly closed the door to muffle the sound. When she came out of the bathroom, she had discarded both her skirt and her thong. Standing just inside the living room, she discarded her blouse and her bra as I watched. "Do you like?" "Very much." At the sight of her nubile body, I forgot my discomfort at having sex with her. I could see why Jim was so enamored. Her breasts were high and large filling her chest area and spilling onto her abdomen. Her aureoles were light, almost indistinguishable from her tanned skin. Her nipples were dark however, very dark. They rose and fell with her quickened breathing, swollen and inviting. I likened her to a gypsy, dark, with just a hint of menace in her smile. Her shaven pussy was fat and succulent with a roundness that made her slit appear much deeper than normal. I studied that canyon, fascinated at the inner lips that poked through. Her strong thighs glistened from excess juice and I immediately wanted to explore. She came to me and started to tug at my shirt. I stopped ogling long enough to get undressed. She seemed impressed by the girth of my penis although she didn't comment at all on its length. I wondered if Jim was longer than my 7 plus inches. She ushered me toward the bedroom but I paused to pick up my clothes, my mind on the possibility of a hasty exit. The bedroom was large and well lit. I wanted to study this girl so I asked her to leave the lamp next to the bed on. She agreed, then lay on her back. I glanced at the clock. It was 12:15. I needed to move this along. I hoped that Marcie was in the house somewhere. I thought of my cute sister-in-law getting another look at my manhood and felt a surge despite my adoration for my absent wife. I hoped there were no unforeseen consequences to this insane plot. I got on the bed with her and took a breast in each hand lifting them, my fingers dancing across her nipples, my excitement apparent in my groin. She wrapped her cool slender fingers around me, cooing that I was soooo thick. I bent down and took one of those enchanting nipples into my mouth. I was lost to the moment. I lathered her nipple, then sucked it, feeling her quiver beneath me. She paused her stroking as I stormed her tits, tasting and stroking them until she could stand it no longer. She pushed me onto my back, then gripped my balls as she

lowered her mouth to my erection. The moment her lips touched me she used her lips and tongue in concert, pulsing them against my head as she lowered her mouth over me. No one had ever blown me quite this way. The feeling was incredible and I had to hold back as she worked her way down my shaft. I could see her pussy quivering above me and I wanted a taste of that delicacy. Pulling her ass on top of me, I placed my hands onto her cheeks and forced her to my watering mouth. I inhaled her scent deeply, then lightly ran the tip of my tongue over her labia. She quivered as I stroked her gently with my fingers and tongue. Suddenly, she crushed herself into me, groaning. I opened her lips and began to explore, my tongue touching every available part of her slit, slathering and tasting as she squirmed and leaked into my open mouth. She broke suddenly, and turned. Bracing herself on her arms she kissed me deeply, her tongue dancing inside my mouth. I met her tongue and forced it back. She sucked my tongue in and held it there tightly brushing the tip of it with her tongue. Her nipples were crushed against me, those huge breasts spilling around them and pressing into my chest. She broke the kiss finally, then raised herself onto one arm. Reaching back and grasping me, she guided me in. She took all of me at once, sighing as her ass cheeks rested against my groin. It was like sticking my dick into a hot cauldron. I had never felt anyone with so much heat. Her blood pressure must be soaring I thought as she began to pump me with her tight hole. My fear by this time was that I would never again screw my wife without thinking of this woman. She was an experience I could never forget. I grabbed a breast in each hand and rubbed her nipples as she rode me. She ground her sex into me bringing us both to sudden climax. We groaned in unison as I shot into her, the strength of my eruption surprising me. She reared up suddenly trying to milk the moment, her rhythm quickening as the orgasm took her. I had completely forgotten Marcie and was dumbfounded when she appeared in the doorway suddenly. She smiled at me and then watched closely as Pamela finished and removed herself from me. She was waiting to see my spent cock I realized then. She gazed at it a second, then put on her game face and stepped into the room. "Just what the hell is going on here!" she yelled. Pamela was on her knees and hands having just removed me. She spun around her ass hitting the bed beside me. "Who the hell are you?" she demanded. "I'm his wife," Marcie bellowed. Pamela looked at me, incredulously. "Marcie, honey, I..." She interrupted me. It was a chilling performance by her. "Why? Why would you do this to me? We've had good sex together. Why her, why now?" She put me on the spot and I hesitated, finally saying the first thing that came to mind. "Because sex with you has become boring!" I fairly yelled. Marcie looked like I'd slapped her and I realized she was playing this one close to the heart. She would be wondering, I was sure, if Jim would say the same thing when pressed. She stared at me for a moment, then looked at Pamela. Slowly, as if fighting off her own reluctance, she brought her hands to her blouse. She began unbuttoning it as we watched. "Marcie, what are you doing?" I asked, beginning to panic. "I want you to teach me she said simply. She pulled the blouse off, her hands moving faster but trembling. The bra came next, then her shorts and panties in one sweep. In seconds my sister-in-law stood naked in front of me. Marcie is five years younger than Alicia and still retained some of the gleam that youth bestows on us. Her breasts had only a little sag, her pink nipples proudly standing erect. She had nipples almost as large as Alicia's, though not quite. I doubt anyone will ever surpass my wife in that

department. Her pussy was unshaven and with her dark hair, not an inch of her lips was open to view. I stared though, my cock quivering as I gazed. She moved lithely to the bed. "I hope you don't mind sharing Pamela of course, took umbrage. "Get out of my bed, you crazy bitch," she hissed. "Pamela?" Jim was finally home. "What's going on here, " Pamela leaped from the bed, her breasts bobbing as she moved. "Jim! I thought you were coming in tomorrow morning!" I chuckled. I couldn't help it. "Bob?" "Welcome home Jim," I quipped. Marcie was on top of me, facing away from him, her hand still stroking me gently. She looked at me, a mixture of emotions apparent on her face. Slowly she turned to her estranged husband. His eyes got huge and he shook so bad I could see it from the bed. "Marcie?!" "Hi, honey," she said nonchalantly, still stroking me. Pamela was confused. "You know these people?" Jim looked at her disgustedly. "Know them? Of course I know them! You've just slept with my brother-in-law and my wife!" "What?" Jim was really angry now. His face turned red and his hands curled into fists. I knew I needed to get Marcie out of here. "I'm sure Alicia will be dying to hear what you two have done here." He threatened. Suddenly, a movement caught my eye in the walk-in closet. I had taken no notice of it before but the door had been open the entire time. Now, from the shadows, my wife emerged. She spoke. "She not only knows, but was instrumental in the planning of it." Jim and Pamela both spun to look at this newest intruder. "You didn't think twice before jumping into bed with this bimbo, Jim. Bob happens to be better looking than you and from what Marcie has told me, he's better in bed than you'll ever be, so what's wrong with Marcie getting some from him? I don't mind sharing. As to Pamela, well, obviously you haven't been satisfying her either." I was as flabbergasted as Jim and Pamela. Alicia had planned for Marcie to strip and join in? This could be an interesting weekend, I thought to myself. I fervently hoped so. "Oh, by the way Jim," she said, showing us the 8 mm tape in her hand. "I found a camcorder in your closet. I hope you don't mind, but I taped the evening's fun. I can make you a copy if you like." C