

# Cary Continues

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*Cary learns to release herself to accept her inner desires.*

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“Did I hear that right?” Andrea asked, as she walked into the kitchen where Cary and I had been talking about the previous night’s activities. “Did you say you didn’t love me?” I shook my head. I was trapped. There was no correct answer. So I looked at the stunning blonde who eased into a chair across the table from me. Her hair was tousled. Devoid of makeup, her face still displayed the stunning features that could melt resistance with a glance of her sparkling blue eyes. She wore only a thin, spaghetti strapped shift of a delicate silver color that showed all the glorious curves I’d explored with my hands, lips, and tongue the previous evening. “What I said was that I wasn’t in love with you,” I admitted. “We’ll have to fix that,” she grinned, her eyes twinkled. “All my lovers must be desperately in love with me. By the way,” she turned to Cary, “Thanks for the toothbrush and amenities in the guest bathroom. That’s very thoughtful.” “You’re welcome,” Cary told her. “Let me get you a cup of coffee.” “That would be wonderful,” Andrea answered, “but what I really want this morning is to know that you’re desperately in love with my husband.” Cary’s laugh was silent. “Not exactly,” she answered, setting the cup down and taking a seat at the small table. “All right, darling,” Andrea said. “Being serious for just a moment, last night was wonderful for me. Please tell me it was the same for you.” “It was,” Cary began and stopped. “Good,” she concluded. “Just good? Are you being modest? Don’t hold back, darling,” Andrea pressed her. “Let’s be honest with each other. Kevin wants it to be exceptional for you. I know Drew did. Honestly.” “All right,” Cary said. “Better than good.” “How much better?” Andrea continued to push. “Andrea, honey,” I interjected. “Cary’s not comfortable talking about this.” “We have to be,” Andrea protested. “She wanted him so much that even my presence couldn’t screw it up. Even the knowledge that you and I would be together didn’t keep her from it. Cary, darling,” she said seriously, “did it meet your expectations?” “Yes,” Cary said, quietly. “It was everything I thought it would be and more.” “Good,” Andrea said with satisfaction. “Good. Excellent.” She sat back in her chair and seemed to relax. “Why is it so important to you?” Cary asked her. “Because, darling, I’m a cock-hungry slut, didn’t you know? I love fucking, and I especially loved fucking Kevin last night. Hell, I want him again right now! And I want you to feel the same way about Drew.” “Why, though?” “Because it’s fun, Cary. It’s wonderful! It feels so good to just turn loose and be a wanton slut. You felt it last night. I know you did. Don’t you want it over and over again?” “But there’s a time and a place for everything.” “Oh, that’s complete bullshit, darling,” Andrea beamed at

her. "The time is now and the place is wherever you happen to be. It's like a chocolate fudge brownie with ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce and a cherry, only not as fattening. It's pure joy. "I want us to be friends, Cary," she continued. "So, that's why I care. I want you to have your fudge brownie surprise whenever you want. And I love my Drew. You're his fudge brownie. The most important part of all this is that we care about each other, and share everything with each other. We can't be shy about it. We have to be open, honest, and willing to share our desires with one another." "Why do you want us to be friends?" Cary asked her. "Because you are beautiful and smart. Mostly because Drew loves you. So, I want to love you, too. And I want you and Kevin to love us the same way," Andrea said. "And that's the honest truth." "Drew loves me?" "Oh, my God, yes!" Andrea said. "Couldn't you tell?" "Aren't you the least bit jealous?" Andrea laughed. "No, baby, don't you see? He doesn't love you instead of me. He loves you in addition to me. He loves me. He loves you. I love him. I know I can love you and Kevin in addition to loving him. I hope the two of you can love us, too."

# Andrea had left Cary and me alone in the kitchen as she went to rouse her sleeping husband and take a shower. Cary sat across from me tracing a pattern on the table top. "Honey?" I said softly. Cary raised her head and looked at me. "It's all right." "Why would you say that to me?" "It looks to me like you might have some regrets." She didn't answer. Her eyes remained on the table top but she raised her head in a nod. "Don't you want Drew to love you?" "I want you to love me." "I do. I do love you, Cary." Her eyes met mine. She remained silent. "Let me take a guess," I said. "You're feeling guilty because you enjoyed it." This time she stared into my eyes. I smiled. "Tennis, baby." Her face crinkled into a small sneer and she shook her head gently. "It wasn't tennis, Kevin. You don't understand. He fucked me and I fucked him back. I loved it. He sucked my pussy and I came and came and I loved it. I held his cock in my hand, put it in my mouth and sucked him until he came. I felt shameless, and sexy, and I loved it. I swallowed every drop and sucked him until there wasn't anything left. I knelt on our bed and let him fuck me from behind. It was wonderful, and I loved it. He woke me up in the middle of the night sucking my breasts. I rolled over on top of him, slid his cock into me and came, I don't remember how many times, as I fucked him like that. And I loved it."

"Wasn't that the point, baby?" "We haven't fucked like that for ages, Kevin. You and me, I mean. We used to, but we haven't in a long time." I grinned at her. "It's okay, Cary. It was new and different with Drew. I understand that. I expected it. And I'm glad you loved it." "But, what about us, Kevin?" "Let's give it some time, darling. I think that this could well be the trigger for a new and heightened sensuality between the two of us. Don't you think?" "How am I going to get those images of doing it with Drew out of my mind when we're doing it together?" "Why should you? I don't care about that. Do you, really?" "I want us to be special." "We are special, baby. I think you're over-intellectualizing this. Let's just give it some time. We'll see what happens and how we feel about it." "What about you and Andrea?" "What about it?" "Were you like me? Was it good?" "She's enthusiastic and demanding. It was very vigorous. She is, of course, quite attractive, but with the lights off, I couldn't see her very well." "Did you like it, though?" "Yeah, sure. It was, you know, it was good." "Do you want to fuck her again?" This drew a shrug. "Only if it wouldn't hurt you, baby." "Do you want to do what she says? Do you want to become friends with them?" I shrugged. "I think it would be nice. And, I think, once you've

put these concerns behind you that you'll be okay with it, too. They're nice people, fun to be with, even aside from the sex, and they're quite likable." "Besides that, the sex is really good." "There is that," I chuckled. "Oh, God, Kevin. I knew I could be a slut with you. I didn't know I could just turn everything off emotionally and do it with somebody else." "Now you know." "What about the special friends thing?" "I don't think we need to be concerned about that right now. As she explained it, we'll just meet socially a few times to figure out how we get along together. There's no rush to develop any new relationships, though. Let's just see what happens." Our lives fell back into a somewhat normal pattern. Cary would see Drew each day at work. He always stopped to talk to her on the way past her desk. "Hello, gorgeous," he would say. "Have I told you today that I love you?" "Hush!" she told him. "Somebody is going to hear you." "So what?" "They'll think I'm easy." "You send them to me. I can testify that you're not." "Oh, really? And how are you going to explain that I let you screw me into senselessness?" "You did, but it wasn't easy. Do you know how much I miss the feel of your lips and tongue on my cock?" "Stop it, Drew. Seriously." "All right. But you do remember how good it felt to have my cock inside you." "Damn it, Drew! Are you trying to make me come right here?" "So you do remember." "Yes. I remember." "And are you starting to ache for me like I do for you?" "Please stop it, Drew. I do. When I go home Kevin and I fuck like teenagers in heat." "But it doesn't make the ache go away, does it?" "For a little while, until I see you here again." "So you do love me?" "I don't, Drew. Just because I want you doesn't mean I love you." "But you do want me?" "I want you. Right now, I want you to go back to work before you get us both in trouble." When she got home, Cary told Kevin about her encounter. "He's got my emotions in a jumble," she confessed. "He says he wants me to love him. Then he tells me he wants to fuck me again, and knows that I want it to." "And what do you tell him?" "That you're getting the benefit of my arousal. I told him that we're fucking like teenagers." "We have been." "I know. You were right. I just want it all the time. The two of you did this to me. You and Drew." "What did I do?" "The two of you. You make me want to fuck all the time." "So Andrea was right. Remember at breakfast when she said it would happen like this?" "What am I going to do?" "Ask him. Ask him what we're going to do to resolve this. Tell him you're constantly edgy and you need a solution." "In the meantime, please take me to bed. I need to feel you inside me." # "Good morning, my darling. Have I told you today that I love you?" Drew asked the next day. "Stop it, Drew. Okay. No. You haven't told me today." "I love you, Cary." "Fine. Love you, too, Drew. But we can't go on like this. We've got to fix this. I'm getting to the point where I can't stand it anymore." Drew smiled at her. "Would you and Kevin want to come over to our place this weekend?" "Can we? I mean, would it be an imposition?" "I'll call Andrea. She's got something in the works. I'll see if she's okay with you and Kevin joining us." "Your special friends?" Cary asked him. "I think so." "I don't know about that." "Just come meet them. Look, let me call Andrea, first. I see you at lunchtime." "According to Drew," Cary told me, "the special friends are gathering Friday. We're invited." "Are we?" "Dinner and socializing. He assured me that there wouldn't be any pressure for anything else." "Did he?" I chuckled. "How did he assure you?" "He said I belonged to him this weekend." "The whole weekend?" "I thought you'd like that. You and Andrea for the whole weekend?" "It will certainly test my stamina." "One more thing." "What's that?" "He keeps saying he loves me. Today, I told him I loved him back." "You are

making progress.” “Well, I have a message for you from Andrea. She said to make sure Drew told me to let you know that she loves you, too.” “She said that?” Cary nodded. “Kevin.” “Yes, my love?” “I’m okay with it. You can love her, too. As long as you don’t stop loving me.” “I told you. I will love you forever.” “Good. You want to show me how much?” “Again?” “Don’t be an ass, Kevin. Knowing I’m going to fuck Drew all weekend has made me horny as hell.” # The coffee was really pretty good. This time, however, my Saturday morning company was the stunning blonde, Andrea. We sat at her kitchen table. I wore shorts and a T-shirt I’d brought. She was dressed only in a transparent peignoir. “I know you heard them,” she grinned at me over the top of her cup. “Now how would you know that?” I asked. “Because when she was hollering, ‘Fuck me, Drew. I love your cock. Fuck me harder,’ your cock was like a steel girder.” “Guilty as charged. I heard them.” “And how did you do with it emotionally. I know what it did sexually.” “I’m okay. I really am. In fact, I’m glad she’s enjoying it.” “Now tell me about our friends,” she ordered. “Oh, well, what can I say? Everybody was extremely nice.” “And attractive?” “Most definitely attractive,” I grinned. “None as stunningly beautiful as you, of course.” “Kevin, darling,” she said, “I’m going to fuck you all day today and all night tonight. You don’t need to flatter me.” I laughed. “It wasn’t flattery, my dear. You truly are the star.” “Rachel, the dark haired girl? She wanted to know when the two of you were going to be initiated. She’s quite anxious about you.” “Now I’m flattered.” “So, tell me. When do you think Cary will be ready? I’m sure you already are.” “Are you as anxious to share me as Rachel is to try me out?” “One of the delights of my life is to share those things I love with others. When?” “I don’t know, Andrea, honestly. If this past week is any indication, certainly by the end of the month.” “What’s happening at the end of the month?” Cary asked as she stepped into the kitchen with Drew right behind her. “Uh, another get together like last night,” I said quickly. “With all the friends.” “Andrea,” Cary said sternly, “You should have warned us. They were all gorgeous!” “I told her that,” I laughed. “And they were warm and welcoming.” “They’re really all nice people,” Andrea said, standing up to get cups for Cary and Drew. “That one man, is it Rich? Richard?” Cary asked. “Rich,” Drew nodded, taking a seat at the table. “Well, I was talking to his wife, Rachel, I think. And he just came up from behind and put his hands right on top of my hips. I thought I was going to cream right there!” “Really, Cary,” I said, somewhat amazed at her confession. “No, I understand completely,” Andrea interjected. “Rich has got the touch. I don’t know what it is, but he has that effect.” “If I hadn’t been promised to Drew for the weekend, I would have taken him in the back and just shoved his cock up inside me,” Cary said. She took a sip from her cup. “Really?” Andrea grinned at me. “Well, I knew he’d screwed everybody else in the room.” She shrugged one shoulder under her thin nightshirt. “They’re the special friends, right?” “Yes, they are,” Andrea answered. “And, weren’t we sort of auditioning to be part of them?” “After a fashion.” “So? How did we do?” “Cary,” I said cautiously. “Are you, I mean, do you think we’re at a point...” “Oh, for Pete’s sake, Kevin,” Cary said. “They’re good people. I can see that. They were nice and polite. All of them are beautiful. I mean, the redhead, Jennifer? I bet she had you drooling.” “Yeah, Cary,” Drew said, “but we don’t want you to rush into anything.” “Last night was a check-out session to see if we’d be acceptable partners, wasn’t it? All I want to know is how we made out. Did we pass?” “You passed.” Andrea beamed at her. “Everybody agreed you’re both attractive and

engaging, and that you'd be an asset to the group." "Good!" Cary said. "And the first one I want is Rich. I want him to touch me, make me come, and then fuck him until my eyes roll back in my head. I'm sorry, Drew. I do love you and all, but that's just the hormones screaming for a jungle fuck." "Uh, excuse me," I said, sounding tentative, "has anybody seen my wife? I don't know this woman!" "Still in here, sweetie," Cary said. "But thanks to you and Drew, and Andrea, I've discovered that I like sex. I mean, I really, really like it. And as long as nobody else minds, I want it." Andrea looked at me and grinned. "I think our little girl is all grown up." "So?" Cary asked. "We were talking about another gathering around the end of the month," Andrea informed her. "Can we move it up?" "Next weekend, if you want," Andrea nodded. "Great! I've got to pee. Kevin? Do you have our bag?" Once in the master bedroom where I'd spend the night with Andrea, I retrieved the bag and headed toward the guest room that Cary had established as her base of operations. She came out of the bathroom and sat on the bed, crossing one leg on top of the other. "Go ahead," she said. "Say whatever it is that's on your mind." "Honey," I began, "this is only the second weekend. Are you sure you're ready to lunge forward like this?" "Sometime during the night," she said, "I realized that I had been trying to keep everything tightly wrapped up. But, nobody else seemed to care. When I looked at those women at the party, Rachel, Jennifer and Denise, I realized they were all just like me. They all appeared to be perfectly normal, decent, and socially acceptable ladies. But, just like me, all of them had fucked Drew, and gone a step farther with the other men in the group. None of them appeared scarred. In fact, they all seemed quite happy. So, I thought, if my husband is okay with this, then why should I put up this pretense? So, are you okay with this? Are you okay with me being like them?" "The only thing I care about is your happiness, Cary. I love you more dearly than anything in the world. If this is what you want, and it doesn't damage our relationship, then I want you to do and be whatever it is that makes you happy." "You told me you would love me forever." "And that's the truth." "Well, I will love you forever, too, Kevin. Not in the way I love Drew and Angela. Not in the way I may love Jeremy, Rich, and David. But in the special way I have always loved you. I've learned that what Andrea said is true. It is fun. And as long as it doesn't hurt you, I want to do it. "Like playing tennis?" "Would you stop with the tennis thing?" "Okay. But I still suck at tennis. And, as far as I'm concerned, you can play with anybody you want, get all hot and sweaty, have a good time, and enjoy yourself. Then you just come home, take a shower, get cleaned up, and you're none the worse for wear." "Sounds like sex." "Sounds like tennis." "So sex really is like tennis." "Just sayin'." She kissed me on the forehead. "I love you, baby. Enjoy your weekend." "You too, darling. Love you, too." "So, darling," I said softly to Andrea in the darkness of her bedroom, "tell me about this initiation thing." We had enjoyed a lovely day. One or the other was always dragging the opposite number into various forms of sensual delight. At one point, Drew and Cary appeared in the bedroom as Andrea was straddled across my hips. "We want to know if we can join you," Cary asked. "We'd like to do this together." "Come right in, darling," Andrea answered. "There's plenty of room and the atmosphere is fine." "Have you ever watched Drew doing it with somebody else?" Cary wanted to know as she climbed on the bed. Andrea nodded. "A few times." "Well you've kept Kevin to yourself. I'd like to see the two of you together." "We're together right now," Andrea giggled. "I see that," Cary grinned at her. She leaned over and

kissed me on the lips. "Feel good?" "I do," I answered. "And having you in here with us is really hot." "You're not just going to let her sit here and watch, are you baby?" Andrea addressed her husband. "I was thinking it might be kind of hot to let her kiss Kevin while I screwed her from behind," Drew offered. "What do you think, Cary?" "I like that idea. You mind making out with me while I'm getting fucked, baby?" "Sounds scorching to me," I replied. So Andrea rode me while my wife kissed and tongued me as Drew pounded into her from behind. I could feel his thrusts into Cary translated through her body. She moaned at least two orgasms into my mouth before I exploded inside Andrea. After a light supper, Andrea and I retired to the master bedroom as Drew and Cary necked on the couch of their TV room. We made long and tender love to each other until Andrea begged me to screw her like Drew had done Cary earlier in the day. I knelt behind her and easily slid into her. She backed into me with increasing force, commenting on how hot it had been to see Drew and Cary together. That memory brought me to a crashing climax, which was apparently Andrea's evil intention. We were lying next to each other in the dark when I asked her about the initiation. "I can't tell you," she said. "You'll tell Cary and that might ruin it." "Sweetie, you said it wasn't a big deal. Just tell me so I can assure Cary it will be all right." "Well, we'll just gather around and strip the both of you down. Then we'll all get naked as well. I'll bring Cary in here and put a blindfold on her. We've got some silk restraints. We just put her arms and legs in those. Drew will probably be the first. The guys just all take turns trying to make her come as many times as they can." "My God, Andrea! That's not an initiation. It's just a gangbang!" "Well, yeah, I guess. Nobody else complained." "Honey, there should be some sort of ceremonial commitment or something. I mean, if it really is an initiation, don't you think?" "Like what, Kevin? What are you thinking?" "I don't know. First, I guess we should all agree to respect the dignity of each other." "Okay." "Then, don't you think we should honor the relationships they have with each other?" "We could do that. What else?" "Maybe we could all agree to freely give one another to the group? Something like that?" "We never thought of anything like that, Kevin. But I like it. I like the idea of honoring the dignity of each person, giving up your spouse to the group willingly, and still honoring the standing relationships. I like it. Can you come up with some sort of wording we can use?" "Sure." "By Friday night?" "I guess so." "It will be a real initiation then. And we do it when we're all naked, right?" "If you think that's appropriate." "Honey," she said, stretching up to kiss me tenderly, "so little of what we do is appropriate. Why should this be different?"