

# Sandie's First Swing

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*Two families on their first holiday together find an unexpected way to spend their last night away*

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Sandie's First Swing Copyright Jenny Gently 2012 This is the story of a first and only 'wife swapping' evening, as told to me by a good friend. Let's call her Sandie. I have changed names and places but I suppose, if by an incredible coincidence you know the individuals involved, it might be possible to work out who they really are. The evening was unplanned and unintended and as yet is unrepeated but remains a powerful memory which she says has changed her forever. I have written it in the 'first person' as if Sandie was telling the tale herself. I might have embellished the sex a little – she was too drunk to remember all the details - but the story and the ending are exactly as she described them. 'Sandie' is the only person who knows about my writing. During a rather drunken evening at a friend's (third) hen party I confessed my writing to her and she confessed this story to me. 'Sandie' has read this story and is happy for me to publish it. She said it helped her re-live the best parts of the 'incident' without the guilt so here goes... my first publication as Jenny Gently. If you don't like wife swapping or infidelity stories, please don't read any further. There are other stories on this site which would suit you much better. Please don't read something you know will upset you and then send abusive messages to the author. Jenny x To give you a bit of background, my husband Tom is a tall, good-looking, highly successful businessman, now in his mid 'forties. He's going a bit grey but still has all his hair and is in great shape. I am a little younger and a secondary school teacher. I suppose I'm in good shape for my age too with a dress size of ten (on a good day), small boobs and shoulder length, suspiciously blonde hair. We both often go to the gym after work and at weekends and enjoy the outdoor life as often as we can fit it in. We have two lovely pre-teen children having started a family later in life than many. In short, we are a genuinely happy English family. Having kids is an easy way of making new friends and we have known Lisa and Paul since our youngest was only two years old and at nursery. Having two kids themselves, of similar ages to ours, we soon got to know each other better both as adult friends and for 'play dates' for the kids, with shared birthday parties, sleepovers and trips out a regular occurrence. Lisa and Paul are a bit younger than us – let's say mid 'thirties – and are great fun. Paul does a more physical job and has a great body. He spends a bit too much time in the gym and in front of the mirror for my liking and fancies himself rather more than I think he should but is otherwise good company. His wife is a close friend of mine who can always be

relied on to make an evening fun with news and anecdotes, many of an increasingly risqué nature. She is tall, slim to the point of skinny and genuinely blonde with surgically enhanced boobs which were a present for her thirtieth birthday. Over the years we have seen a lot of each other, our kids getting on very well indeed, so it was inevitable that, after one of the many dinner parties at each other's homes, it was suggested – and enthusiastically agreed - that the two families should try going on holiday for a week together as a group of eight the following Easter. Over the coming months, much after-dinner alcohol- fuelled debate ensued about where the holiday should be. Budget is an important consideration when four kids are involved but eventually we agreed to take a cottage in Snowdonia, the wild, beautiful North Wales National Park, an area Tom and I knew well and had always loved. To make it even more perfect, we booked an old stone cottage in a very isolated spot where there was plenty of good walking, exploring and good bike riding for the kids. Sadly though, we knew the local restaurants were poor so we would probably be eating all our meals in the cottage. Eventually the week arrived and we drive in convoy to the countryside. The weather was unusually kind for a British Easter and the cottage was amazing too, and was more like two tiny cottages knocked together into one. Over three hundred years old and with no mains power, it relied on an old petrol-driven generator for light and real fires for warmth. Like many old houses it had thick walls and small windows. The heavy lined curtains kept out almost all the light, and of course being in Wales, the rain clouds allowed little moonlight through anyway. When the lights were out it was very dark indeed but to our surprise the kids found this exciting rather than scary. The accommodation was simple but perfectly adequate for a week. Downstairs was a good sized lounge / dining room with a separate kitchen, a reasonable family bathroom and two small double bedrooms for the four adults. Upstairs was one large single attic room with four beds a TV and Playstation and a good selection of games to keep the kids amused when the weather turned bad – a fairly predictable happening in Wales. The holiday passed off almost without a hitch. True, the kids squabbled quite a lot but lots of fresh air meant that they were always exhausted at the end of the day and slept soundly together in the attic room from about 9pm which gave the four adults a little respite. There was lots of walking in the mountains, lots of playing on the beaches and the rocks nearby. We even found a leisure centre with an indoor / outdoor swimming pool and on the hottest day spent the entire time on the water flumes and sunbathing by the waterside. I have to say that Lisa with her slim figure, mega-boobs and bright red bikini made me in my dark blue one piece costume feel fat and frumpy but I consoled myself that there were a lot of older fatter women there and I wasn't the worst by far. My husband looked very attractive, playing boisterously with the kids in his blue shorts. I was pleased to see there was very little evidence of the approach of middle age and I enjoyed watching him when I knew he couldn't tell. Paul of course used the occasion to show off his body and I have to admit that it was worth showing off. In lycra-tight swim shorts his well defined chest and arm muscles almost shone in the water and his buttocks looked tight and firm. I tried not to stare but I'm sure Lisa caught me giving him the once-over a couple of times. Fortunately she didn't seem upset – I suppose when you look like the two of them you expect to attract attention, perhaps even crave it. It was Friday night – our last night in the cottage. The weather had been very good that day, and after a long walk along an old

railway track, we were all hungry and thirsty. The four kids had eaten their dinner earlier and had gone into the cottage's games room to play darts and pool leaving the adults free to relax in the kitchen and lounge. Paul and Tom had cooked dinner for the kids which had been consumed with gusto, and were now preparing a slightly more sophisticated meal for the adults while Lisa and I chatted. Thanks in part to liberal doses of wine, this had taken much longer than we had originally predicted and as a result, by the time dinner was finally served, Lisa and I had drunk much more than we were accustomed to and were, as she put it, 'completely squiffy'. Perhaps as a result of this unaccustomed tipsiness, it took me much longer than it should to realise Paul seemed to be quite casually but deliberately touching me on my thighs and calves under the table as we sat and chatted before dinner. I tried to ignore it, but when his hand slipped higher up my thigh I looked at him sternly but jokingly. The look he gave me back was what could only be described as a suggestive grin - his eyes sparkled with mischief and I quickly looked round to see if Tom or Lisa had noticed. To my relief, they were both fully occupied, their heads pressed close together as they pored over a large map, working out where we had been that day and planning our route home for tomorrow. I fidgeted subtly a little further away from Paul's straying fingers and tried to ignore him but to be honest it felt good to believe he found me attractive, even in a light, flirty way and I drifted closer to him again as we began to eat our meal. Dinner consumed and another bottle of wine later, we were all feeling replete and the conversation after dinner had started roamed widely. I suppose we were all relieved that our first holiday had gone so smoothly, especially that the kids had got on together and behaved so well. We raised our glasses to the Welsh weather several times. As the evening progressed the conversation, as it was prone to do when Lisa and alcohol featured, had touched briefly, but initially only obliquely, on sex. Lisa had always been a terrible gossip and had heard that afternoon from a friend that another mutual friend had disgraced herself at a recent business awards ceremony by getting drunk and spending the night with two men after her husband had gone home. Lisa's unimpeachable sources were usually friends of friends. According to these 'sources', the husband had picked his wife up from the one of the men's houses the following morning, her dress covered in semen stains but had taken her back as if this wasn't unusual. We all expressed the expected amount of outward shock and horror – genuine in Tom and my case - but across the table I could see Paul smiling at me again, and felt his fingers trying to return to my thigh. Across the table Lisa was regaling us – in increasingly slurry words - with another story of an errant acquaintance. Her voice and hands were animated, touching my husband's arms and legs repeatedly as she spoke and directing almost all of her attention to him. To my surprise and annoyance, I noticed his hand resting on her shoulder, stroking her neck a little in an intimate gesture I felt belonged only to me. Telling myself he was probably as drunk as I was and unaware he was doing it, I tried to listen to Lisa's story but she was giggling so much at whatever Tom was whispering in her ear that her words became incomprehensible – especially to my rather inebriated ears. By now I had stopped trying to keep Paul's hands away from my thighs and in fact, if I'm honest, had started to enjoy the attention. Clearly my husband wasn't going to provide any! So there was something of a sexual frisson in the air and as the plates and cups were finally cleared. Partly in order to put a bit of distance between my legs and

Paul's fingers, I insisted on making more coffee and asked Tom to helping me wash up in the kitchen. Lisa moaned in mock disappointment as he rose to help, at which point Paul eagerly volunteered and took the tray of dirty cups through, leaving Tom and Lisa once again crouched over the map, his arms either side of her torso. Lisa was giggling, my husband Tom's face close up to hers as he leaned over her. She seemed to be rubbing her bottom against him playfully. In my inebriated state I found this funny and giggled myself as I gathered up the remaining crockery and went into the kitchen. Paul was standing at the sink as I entered the room, his arms deep in the warm soapy water. I placed the last few plates alongside the sink. "Are they OK?" He asked me, smiling. "I think they're flirting." I laughed, but felt a little pang of unhappiness about it. I frowned at the thought. Inside I knew it was hypocritical of me to feel jealous when Tom was simply flirting with Lisa and I myself had enjoyed Paul's touch on my thighs. Perhaps I needed a little more flirting myself. I started to place the cups one by one into the sink as Paul washed them up. Our fingers touched in the warm water. I paused then placed another dirty cup in the sink. Again our fingers touched. This time I paused and watched as Paul slowly drew a wet index finger up my arm, leaving a soapy wet trail up to my elbow. Neither of us spoke but to my surprise, I pressed my thigh against his and we washed the dishes together in loaded silence, feeling the warmth and strength of his powerful body against mine. The reverie of the moment was broken by the kettle which began singing insistently on the hob. With a slight sigh, I turned away from the sink and began to make four large strong coffees, wondering what – if anything – had just happened. A few minutes later I carried the tray of coffees into the lounge and placed it on the low table in front of Tom and Lisa, who were now sitting closely side by side on the sofa. The map was open on the table before them but it was obvious that neither of them were interested in anything but flirting with each other. Tom's hand rested on Lisa's upper thigh and she kept grasping him by the arm as she told him yet another story. I recognised the tale as a highly sexual one involving someone Tom and I knew well and which we had both been sworn to secrecy. I sat down and sipped the hot liquid very slowly to avoid having to make conversation while my mind was racing so fast. "I'm just going up to tell the kids to go to sleep!" Paul called as he left the kitchen and entered the hallway. Not wanting to raise a scene about Tom's outrageous flirting but also not wanting to have to sit and watch it, I volunteered to go too and weaved my rather unstable way up the steep stairs. There was silence as we entered the room where to our amazement the four kids were snuggled up in their sleeping bags. The younger two were already fast asleep, the older boys more than half way there. "Goodnight kids. No talking after midnight. We've got a long drive tomorrow." I said softly, in the certain knowledge that all four of them would be asleep within minutes after the day's long, tiring walk. Descending the stairs, we re-entered the lounge to finish our hot drinks. My wobbliness on the stairs had made me realise how much wine I had drunk and how much I could do with a strong coffee. As we entered the lounge area there was a sudden movement from the sofa and Tom and Lisa seemed to spring apart. I was annoyed at this. What had they been doing that they had felt so guilty about? I look at Paul for reassurance but he was acting as if nothing unusual had happened. Knowing I was slightly tipsy, I began to doubt my eyes and most certainly didn't want to make a scene on our last night. I crossed to the table and picked up my half full coffee cup. Turning round without looking I

began to sit in the armchair across from the sofa. Unknown to me, Paul had also started to sit there and we collided drunkenly, spilling coffee all down Paul's shirt. "Oh no!" I gasped. "Quickly! Before it scalds you!" I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the kitchen where I immediately held a cloth under the tap and began to put cold water over the hot, wet patches on his shirt. It smelled strongly of coffee and stuck to his chest as I patted and patted it with the damp cloth. "Better take it off and we'll soak it now. Coffee is a bugger to get out." I said, turning to the sink for a last soaking of the cloth. When I turned back, Paul had stripped off his wet T shirt and was naked from the waist upwards. For a second I was taken aback. I had seen him working out in the gym many times, as did Tom, and had admired him at the pool too but I had not been that close to the clearly defined muscle structure I saw before me now, the firm flat tummy – almost a six-pack – and the powerful shoulders and arms. He looked simply amazing. "Give... um... give me the shirt... umm ..." I stammered like a love struck schoolgirl. Silently he gave it to me and I placed it in a bowl of cold water, leaving it to soak the way my mother had taught me. "Thanks Sandie." Paul said softly from behind me. "I appreciate this." His hands were on my waist. Just lightly. "It's ok Paul." I replied in a whisper. "I just hope... it all... comes out..." I turned around and his hands remained on my waist, his face close to mine. I felt strange, as if something had just happened but I couldn't tell what. His hands were firmer on my waist and he was gently pulling me towards him. He kissed me gently on the lips. I froze, my head spinning. He kissed me again. I didn't kiss him back but I didn't push him away either. My hands went to his chest as if to push him back instead began to stroke the strong, well defined muscles. He kissed me a third time and this time I returned his kiss, opening my mouth and feeling his tongue. His hands fell to my buttocks. This time I did pull away, mumbling stupidly. "Sorry... got to get back... Tom... Lisa..." I turned away from him and walked towards the kitchen door. Suddenly I was stopped short. In the hallway outside the kitchen was the usual full length wall mounted mirror. We had all used it to check our make-up, hair, hats etc before going out. Now to my astonishment I realised that it also gave anyone in the kitchen a good, clear view of the cottage's lounge, presumably to let parents keep an eye on their children while cooking. At the moment however it showed in full technicolour the scene on the room's large sofa. To my amazement, Lisa was lying back on the cushions, her skirt pulled right up over her waist, her legs splayed wide open with Tom, my husband of fifteen years, his chest as bare as Paul's, kneeling between her knees. His face was pressed hard up against her naked vulva. Her fingers were entwined in his hair, her head thrown back in pleasure as she apparently enjoyed a minor orgasm right there in the lounge. It was then I felt Paul's hands on my waist again. I span around and looked at him. He was also looking in the mirror but with a half smile on his face. Even in my drunken state I knew this was wrong. My first thought had been that Paul would attack Tom physically but he showed no sign of anger – far from it. My second thought was that my husband was cheating on me with one of my closest friends and that I should immediately go in and stop it but for reasons I can't understand even today, this simply made me more aroused and I did nothing but watch spellbound. Gradually I became aware of a closer presence behind me as Paul pressed himself against my back. His hands were on my arms, stroking them gently. His lips were on the back of my neck, then on the sides, then on my shoulders. He felt strong and warm and... His hands were

back on my waist now as he kissed my shoulders, my eyes still fixed on the two adulterers on the sofa who were now kissing open mouthed as Tom caressed Lisa's vulva to her obvious pleasure. Paul's hands moved to my buttocks, kneading them and I found myself pressing back against his fingers. His hands slipped around my sides. They were on my boobs, cupping them, feeling my nipples through my dress and bra. I leaned back into his strong, firm body and rested my head against his powerful chest. His hands slipped down to my groin and cupped my hot vulva through my dress. My legs went weak. Back at the sofa, Tom had stood up and was taking off his trousers and pants. I watched mesmerised as his cock sprang forwards. As Paul's finger began to massage my outer labia through my panties, so Lisa knelt on the floor and took my husband's cock in her mouth. Tom threw back his head and looked at the ceiling as she began to work on him and Paul's fingertip began to slide backward and forward over my cotton-covered slit. I felt a ball of heat glowing within me as he continued to massage my vulva and kiss my neck, a strange feeling of unreality all around me. I felt Paul's hot wet tongue on my ear and he nibbled my lobes as his hands continued their work down below, gradually raising the hem of my dress to gain access to my panties. I sighed loudly as his fingers slipped under the elastic and toyed with my sparse pubic hair. For a second, my eyes had trouble focussing on the mirror but when I blinked them back into focus, Tom had taken Lisa by the hands and raised her to her feet. She kicked her panties off her ankles and with a broad smile, took Tom by the hand and, before my eyes, led him across the room to the bedroom he and I were using. As she passed the hallway I could have sworn she saw me and Paul as he fondled me in the kitchen but my memory is fuddled by alcohol and lust. The bedroom door closed behind them. Before I could say anything or even move, Paul had spun me round and kissed me full on the lips. It took me by surprise. What took me even more by surprise was the way my body responded. I returned his kiss passionately, my mouth open, my tongue seeking his and for some time we 'made out' like teenagers in the kitchen doorway, his hands caressing every part of my body they could reach. Eventually we had to come up for air and without a word, Paul took my hand and gently in his and pulled me towards the bedroom door. Something inside me knew that I was about to cross a rubicon – that if I took that hand, things would start that I would not be able to stop and life would never be quite the same again. I took one last look at the door through which my husband of fifteen years has passed with his new lover, the sounds of their passion already audible, and took Paul's preferred hand. The bedroom door closed behind us too. I'm a little unsure exactly what happened next. Within seconds, Paul's lips were on mine again, his tongue reaching deep into my mouth with mine responding eagerly in kind. His hands were a blur; in my hair; stroking the back of my neck; on the small of my back, on my buttocks pulling my body tightly against his, pressing his erection into my belly; reaching under the hem of my dress; inside my panties on my buttocks; inside my panties on my vulva. I remember opening my legs slightly to give his fingers room and the shock of pleasure as his fingers slipped between my inner lips then the sudden disappointment coupled with relief when they moved away again. The bow on my waistband was undone, his hands were on my dress lifting it over my head; I raised my arms to help it pass; his hands were behind my back fiddling with my bra; it fell away leaving me standing only in my panties, my mind still a blur. He pulled my near-naked body into

his powerful arms and kissed me hard on the mouth. I barely recognise the 'me' that emerged now. Certainly I have never been so bold before or since but to my astonishment I confidently slipped my hand between our bellies and down the front of his shorts, grasping his shaft firmly. It felt simply huge in my fingers and I grunted into his mouth in surprise. His hands fell to my waist, then to my buttocks and he pulled me firmly against his body again, squeezing my hand, still wrapped around his cock, between our two stomachs. He slipped his hands inside my panties again and kneaded my buttocks as I clumsily massaged his erection, pulling my cheeks apart and running a finger lightly up and down my cleft, each downward stroke bringing his fingers closer to the base of my vulva and its precious hot core. It felt simply wonderful to be so sexual again. As his invading fingertips touched my pubic hair from beneath, I heard myself whimpering softly and rolled my hips against his hand as he brought his palms under my buttocks. I rubbed my groin brazenly against his leg as if I was still a desperate teenager at a school disco. I really can't explain what came over me next but before I knew it I had lowered myself to my knees and was unfastening Paul's shorts, pulling them and then the underpants inside them down to his knees. His already erect cock sort of 'popped' out as the elastic waistband suddenly released it from its captivity. I recoiled in surprise as it flicked forwards into my face. Jesus it was big! Suddenly I felt nervous – to my shame, not because I was about to commit adultery but because I was afraid Paul would find me a 'poor lay'. Steeling myself and trying to remember all the tricks I used to know when I was younger, I took the huge thick shaft in my right hand and, with my left hand cupping his balls, took the head of his cock into my mouth. It had been so long since I had knelt and sucked a cock that I had to think hard to remember how to do it properly. I knew Tom used to love what I did but over the years I had started to avoid it, much to his disappointment. Now, with the biggest cock I had ever encountered in my mouth, I had to remember fast but to my relief, instinct took over. In an instant, my mouth and tongue were around the head of Paul's cock and my hand was cupping and massaging his tight scrotum. My head began to dip forwards and backwards as I carefully let my teeth lightly grated against its firm sides and my tongue smothered its swelling, sensitive head. Above me, Paul moaned with pleasure which filled me with delight. My hands found his buttocks and pulled him deeper into my mouth. My chest felt tight with lust and my tongue was all over and around him, finding the sensitive groove behind its smooth head and toying with it until I felt his knees tremble. I was a real cock-sucker again! And what a cock! Not too long, but long enough to risk choking me and so, so thick! My head bobbed forwards and backwards in time with the motion of my hands on his buttocks, oblivious to the risk that he would cum in my mouth. I suppose that deep within my lust-filled mind was the thought that this whole encounter might end in simply a blow-job and that I could pretend that I hadn't been unfaithful. But if the thought was there, it was buried deeply and I knew I needed more, whatever the cost! It seems that Paul was more in control than me because he gently took my head in my hands, slowing my movements until they stopped. He tilted my face up towards his, my mouth still around his head. His eyes in the low light sparkled. My face was merely inches from his flat tummy. My God! He looked gorgeous! He took my hands and gently pulled me to my feet and straight into a passionate embrace, his lips pressed hard against mine, his mouth open, and his tongue seeking my own. His hands

slipped back inside my panties and once again found my buttocks. He slid his middle finger again down the cleft in my bottom, over my tight anus and deeper down between my thighs to reach the lower edge of my vulva. I moaned into his open mouth, feeling the last vestiges of reserve falling away and my knees weakening. I raised my arms around his muscular neck and hung from him, feeling his sheer masculine strength all around me. His hands returned to beneath my buttocks and to my surprise he effortlessly lifted me bodily from the ground. I wrapped my legs around his upper thighs as he carried me forward, staggering a little in the semi-darkness until we reached the double bed where he bent over and lowered me gently onto the covers. I dimly remember thinking that this was the last chance I had to retain even a tiny morsel of fidelity to my husband, but I was too far gone. I released Paul's neck and lay back on the pillows as he stood upright at the bedside, undressing quickly and casting his remaining clothes aside. I watched silently and helplessly as he mounted the foot of the bed. His hands quickly found my knees and his fingers ran from there slowly up the inside of my thighs towards my panties. His fingertips danced over my crotch, then slipped under the elastic at each side. Ludicrously my muddled brain wished I'd worn something sexier. "Lift up!" He whispered and like a child I obeyed, raising my hips from the bed. He deftly slipped my panties down, over my buttocks and, as I lowered my bottom back to the sheet, along my legs and away, leaving me fully exposed, naked before his own beautiful naked form. Despite my alcohol and lust filled mind, I automatically pressed my knees together in an instinctive if futile attempt at modesty. Paul seemed to notice this and chuckled then, placing a hand underneath each knee, firmly parted my thighs, spreading my legs wide and kneeling on the bed between them so that I could not close them again. Suddenly I was very much aware of my vulnerability. I had never flaunted my sex to a man like this before, not even to my husband but Paul gave me no time for second thoughts. His fingers began to stroke the inside of my thighs, moving ever upwards until they found the triangle of short, wiry hair that I ridiculously wished I had trimmed for him. He briefly paused as if inspecting my vulva as his fingers very slowly explored the full outline of my slit, before slipping firmly and confidently into my moist opening. Now it was really happening. My body had now been invaded by a new and exciting man. I heard myself moaning softly as his long middle finger slid its full length into my vagina until his palm rested against my mound. I could feel the heat from his hand against my sensitive skin and imagined the physical power of the man behind it. He began to move the finger around in small circles inside my body and my belly turned to jelly at this unfamiliar touch. My head fell back and I closed my eyes as my legs lost all remaining tension and fell wide open allowing him to penetrate me a little more. I could feel the rough skin of his strong hands against my clitoris and began to tremble with rising arousal, my breath catching in my throat as I moaned louder. My body tensed then relaxed and slowly, carefully I felt him slide a second finger into me alongside the first. I groaned again in pleasure as his fingers filled me more at which point to my amazement he turned his hand over and thrust his fingers deep into my body, withdrew them a little and thrust them in again. I yelped in surprise and a little pain as he worked his fingers in and out of my body, reaching deeper with each thrust, curling them upwards towards my pubic bone and seeking the rough inner patch of my G-spot. My hips bucked slowly but forcibly back and forth against his hand, my back arching,



harsher grunts now coming from my mouth. I bit my lip to try not to wake the kids above but could not keep quiet. To be quite honest, giving birth to two children has robbed my vagina of much of its youthful tightness, so it wasn't until Paul inserted a third finger in me that the already incredible sensations became overwhelming. My moaning stopped, my chest became so tight I could hardly breathe and my body began to shake in my first major orgasm for a long, long time. I bucked hard against his hand now as if trying to ride it, feeling myself stretched further until what I suspect was a fourth finger was added to the incredible bulk thrust into me. My body now went into uncontrollable spasms. "Oh God! Yes! Fill me! Hurt me!" My words, though low, cut the silence in the room like a knife. "Shhh!" Paul hissed softly. I bit my hand hard to stifle the noise. There was a sudden loud sound of moaning coming through the bedroom wall and I recognised Lisa's voice in what could only be a cry of arousal or near-ecstasy. My mind dimly wondered what my husband might be doing to Paul's wife barely feet away from where Paul himself was practically fisting me so amazingly well for the first time in my life. The moan subsided and for a few seconds all I could hear were the creaking bedsprings and the soft, wet, slurping sounds of Paul's fingers in my vagina. Then a new wave of orgasm washed over me and my head simply span. The pungent odour of my body in climax hit my nostrils – something else that had not happened for far too long. "Don't stop..... Ohhhh!.....Fucking hell...." I bit hard into my knuckles to try and keep silent. A third spasm passed over me as my body writhed on the rumpled sheets and my splayed legs kicked uncontrollably until Paul pinned them down with his body. To my combined relief and disappointment, he slowed his fingering gradually to a stop and my climax subsided a little. I lay still, sweating, almost gasping for breath, my face burning. But there was to be little respite. Bending low between my thighs, Paul quickly leaned forward and licked my stretched and tingling slit with a long single stroke from its base to my clitoris. Oh my God! The touch of his tongue on my engorged lips was overpowering. My hands reached down to grip his head tightly. At first I tried to push his mouth away from my vulva then I tried to pull him hard against it. He licked me again, this time his tongue firm and pointed. My fingers entwined themselves in his hair and held him firmly as his tongue began to dart eagerly in and out and up and down my slit, first in long strokes along my inner lips, then in short rapid movements across and underneath my so so sensitive clitoris. I began to moan and writhe again as Paul's tongue found and played with my clitoris alone. I was on the verge of another orgasm, my body now feeling tired when he slipped two fingers back into my vagina, rotating them as his tongue worked my clitoris hard. I began to climax again, twitching and breathing in shorter and shorter gasps. I silently begged Paul to finish. To fuck me now before I passed out. As if reading my mind – or perhaps in my confusion I had spoke aloud - he released my vulva and slowly rose to his feet, watching me closely as I lay panting on the bed. He leaned over me and slowly and carefully introduced the tip of his cock between my open inner lips, placing his palms on my knees and firmly pushed them upwards and apart. This was it! This was the Big One! Deep down I knew I should have stopped him before yielding the very last vestige of morality but I was too far gone. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Paul!" I heard myself growl like an animal. "Fuck me now!" A steady 'thump thump' was coming through the wall from the room next door. It was not hard to imagine what Tom and Lisa were doing in 'our' room. It should have shocked me and brought

me to my senses but it only turned me on more. "Fuck me Paul – like Tom's fucking Lisa." I hissed again, my voice no longer recognisable as my own. With a single powerful stroke, Paul drove his huge cock into me with what seemed like his whole weight. My eyes flew open in shocked surprise as he stretched my already-bruised vagina way beyond anything Tom's cock had ever done. "Jesus! Oh Jesus!" He began to slide himself confidently in and out of my body; first in long, slow, silent strokes, then with increasing speed and vigour. I felt my vagina tightening around his shaft and my arousal grew and grew with every deep penetration. His face barely inches above mine, Paul began to thrust harder and harder. I grunted aloud and he kissed me passionately on the lips, partly I'm sure to silence my squeals. My back arched again and I tried hard to clamp down on his thrusting cock with my pelvic floor. It seemed to work because for the first time Paul began to grunt too and he redoubled the ferocity of his thrusts, forcing my legs painfully wide. Now our bed began to make 'bump bump' noises in time with those coming from Tom and Lisa as his hard thrusts drove it and me gradually along the tiled floor. Without leaving my body, Paul reared up a little and pulled my legs in front of him, pressing them together and upwards into my chest with his strong hands, tightening me further around his cock. This was a real surprise, the sensations were amazing and the effect was instant. I gasped aloud as yet another climax flooded in on me. Forcing my knees even harder together, he pulled me down onto his driving cock. Its thick wiry base burned my vulva and as his thrusts grew faster and faster I felt him beginning to reach his own climax. With little warning, Paul's face twisted and contorted as he finally began to cum. Odd little grunting noises filled the room and he began the short, sharp, stabbing thrusts that meant he was ejaculating inside me. I could hear the sound of his balls slapping against my buttocks. I gasped with each deep, painful thrust as his muscles bunched and his powerful body slammed into mine. I gritted my teeth as his full weight came down upon me repeatedly, driving me hard into the sheets until I felt sure my back would burn with the friction. Eventually his thrusts slowed, then stopped and he rested, breathless, his weight heavy on my exhausted body. I felt the familiar and strangely pleasing sensation of a satisfied cock gradually softening inside me. Silence descended in our room, broken only by the continued sounds of the bed next door and Lisa's low moaning. Emotionally spent, I ran my palms up and down his slightly sweaty back and over the firm buttocks I had admired for so long as he laid on me, his flaccid cock still within my body. I stroked the back of his thighs as we lay there as if drawing his body into mine, still very much joined at the waist and ran my fingers almost lovingly over his shoulders and upper arms as we both recovered our breath. After what seemed an age, his cock slipped messily from my hot, sticky body and he rolled over to lie alongside me. I could hear both our breathing in the low light. "Are you ok?" He whispered. I nodded, almost incapable of speech. "I'm tired." I replied, feeling totally spent and physically battered. "That was ...." I rolled over onto my side, my back to Paul and without another sound, fell asleep. \*\*\* The rest of the night is a bit of a blur. I remember a little later, waking up to the feeling of Paul's hot body pressed against my back as we spooned together on the bed. I remember feeling his cock hard against my buttocks, rubbing back and forth against my sore vulva. I remember reaching behind to touch his hardness; him lifting me bodily onto my knees with my bottom in the air. I remember protesting half-heartedly as he knelt behind me and the shock as he entered

me doggy style – a position I find painful as it allows Tom to reach so deep within me it feels as if I've been punched in the belly afterwards. I remember clearly the massive invasion of Paul's cock from behind, deep into my vagina until his wiry pubic hair scraped against my buttocks; the pain of him stretching me; the pressure of his cock on my cervix. I remember reaching backwards to try and push him away but being overpowered by his strength. I remember him thrusting hard and violently into me, his hands holding my hips so tightly they bruised, the loving care of our first mating a thing of the past; the pain when he pulled my hair; the humiliation as he slapped my buttocks as he thrust in and out of my body. I remember him grunting almost in triumph as he came forcefully in me again and the weight of his body on my back as we fell to the bed. I remember less clearly him rising over me at least once more before the night was over and taking me again, my dazed mind and exhausted body in total compliance and submission to his desire. It must have been like fucking a doll, because it could be called nothing else. \*\*\* The following morning must rank as one of the worst in my life. I was awoken around six after very little sleep by the sound of the kids chatting in their 'dorm' room upstairs. My head throbbed, my body ached as if I had been hit by a train and it took a good few seconds for me to realise where I was, who the naked man was sleeping next to me and, as oceans of shame and guilt began to wash over me, what had happened last night. For the first and only time since our marriage, I had slept with another man! No, I thought as the memories gradually became clearer, I had been comprehensively fucked by someone who was not my husband. There could be no other word for it, I realised, remembering at least something of all the times he had taken me during the course of the night. I had cheated on my husband. I was an adulteress. The fact that Tom had also cheated on me didn't console me. An irresistible urge to get clean came over me, as if by removing the outer traces of my guilt I could somehow pretend it all hadn't happened. Slowly, carefully so as not to disturb the sleeping Paul, I slipped from the bed and stood very unsteadily alongside. My legs and hips ached terribly; the terrible soreness between my legs made me wince aloud and my head span. Paul stirred and for a second I thought he would wake up but he just rolled over and breathed more slowly in his sleep. I stood with my legs a little wider apart and looked around the room for something to cover my naked body. The room was strewn with discarded clothing; both mine and Paul's as well as the normal untidiness of a holiday bedroom. Eventually I spotted a long T shirt Paul had been wearing the previous day and slipped it over my head. It just about covered my bottom so, holding it down in case the kids appeared, I tiptoed from the room and into the hallway en route to the bathroom. "Hi Mummy!" I span around to see where the greeting had come from. "Why are you wearing Uncle Paul's top?" My ten year old daughter Emily was sitting on the stairs in her pyjamas, rubbing her eyes. "The boys are making too much noise. I can't sleep. What's that funny smell?" Still more than a little dopey myself, all I could do was whisper. "It's too early to come down yet Sweetheart. Pop up and tell the boys they can watch TV up there if they keep the sound down low." Emily frowned a little, but the prospect of being able to tell the older children what to do had a powerful appeal. She turned and skipped back up the stairs then paused and turned. "Auntie Lisa was making a terrible noise last night. Did she hurt herself?" My heart skipped a beat. Had the kids – especially the boys who were older – heard the sounds of our fucking and understood what was

going on beneath them? “She was just having a bad dream, Em...” I replied reassuringly. “Did it keep you all awake?” “No Mum.” She replied and I felt so relieved. “Just me.” And with that she went up and into the dorm room. I breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief and opened the bathroom door, slipping inside silently and locking it behind me before turning slowly around to look in the mirror and face the fallen woman I felt sure would stare accusingly back at me. To my surprise, I had not grown devil’s horns during the night – the woman in the mirror was definitely me, but not a ‘me’ I would want anyone else to see. My hair was a mess, my remaining make up smudged over my face – a face that was flushed pink. My eyes still bore some make-up but were puffy and dull. I groaned when I saw two large, dark love bites on my neck. Oh my God! Hickeys! I hadn’t had one of those since I was in school. What could Paul have been thinking of? What other damage would I find? Gingerly I grasped the hem of the T shirt and rolled it up and over my head, casting it aside nervously then stared carefully at my naked body in the mirror. My posture sagged with shame but to my relief, there were no more love bites immediately visible although my chest was flushed pink too. My boobs ached terribly and as I carefully inspected them, I noticed there were small bruises on the sides as if from fingertips and my nipples were very sore. I shuddered as I noticed the fading remains of teeth marks on the sides of both. What had I done? I knew I had to look in one further place to find out. With great trepidation I raised one foot onto the side of the bath and bent over to inspect the final ‘scene of the crime’ between my legs. What I saw shocked me. Firstly my pubic hair was matted with dried and drying semen and the smell of stale sex was palpable. My outer lips were angrily swollen, red and puffy, as were my inner lips and there were thin trickles of semen down the inside of both thighs. There was a second large dark love bite on the inside of my left thigh too. Jesus! What had he done to me? What had I let him do? And what had I done to him? How on earth could I face Tom? I stepped into the shower and washed and washed myself until my skin hurt, as if mere soap and water could erase the shame and guilt. My vulva was too sore to wash as thoroughly as I wanted with semen oozing from me even as I showered, but eventually I felt a little more human, stepped onto the bath mat, carefully dried myself off, wrapped my body in the towel and nervously stepped outside the bathroom door. In the hallway I realised I had a problem. My clean clothes were in our bedroom – a room in which my husband and my ‘friend’ were probably still in bed together. I couldn’t bear the thought of finding them asleep in the same bed, surrounded by the evidence of infidelity I had myself left in the room with Paul – or even worse, walk in on them having one last fuck ‘for the road’. My dirty clothes were in the room with Paul and I couldn’t bear to go in there again and face my guilt – or have to dissuade Paul from wanting a last fuck with me. What could I do? Well I’m British so obviously I went to make tea in the kitchen, still wrapped in my towel, hoping none of the kids would come down and see me. Ten minutes later, shivering in the cold and hugging a warm mug to my bruised chest, I felt a bit better. Above my head I could hear the TV playing and the kids chatting loudly. I tried to hear what they were saying but it was no good. “Morning...” A muffled voice said from behind me. I turned to see Lisa standing in the kitchen doorway dressed only in Tom’s checked shirt. Something prevented us making more than the most fleeting of eye contact but in that half-second I was able to take in her appearance. Lisa looked as bad as I had felt before my shower. Something vindictive in

me was pleased that this woman nearly ten years younger than me could look so bad after a night of passion but then I remembered that this was the woman my husband had fucked so spectacularly volubly the night before and I added anger to my mix of shame and guilt. "Tea?" I asked as casually as I could manage and she nodded, clasping the mug to her chest as I had done before sloping away silently towards the bathroom, walking a little strangely as if she too was sore... There was an air of tired, hung-over, guilt-ridden tension throughout the cottage as we eventually rose and dressed. I wore the dowdiest jeans and highest-necked top I could find but the hickey was still visible above the neckline. Barely a word was exchanged as Lisa and the two men took turns to use the bathroom. While Paul was in the shower I recovered my clothes from his and Lisa's room, shuddering at the memory of what had happened there one hours before. The terms of our rental meant we all had to be out by 10am so there was no time for post mortems, recriminations or accusation. The kids must have realised something was wrong because the four adults barely spoke to each other while packing and cleaning the cottage, and none of us ate breakfast – we were barely able to look each other in the eye. Finally the two cars were packed and the kids hugged and fastened in the back seats. It was the moment I had dreaded – goodbye time. With stiff formality, Tom shook Paul's hand and kissed Lisa on the cheek. Lisa appeared to want to kiss him on the lips but Tom avoided them. I kissed Lisa too and she squeezed my hand as we parted, looking anxiously into my eyes. I'm not sure what she saw. Finally it was my turn to kiss Paul goodbye. He pecked me on the cheek as if nothing had happened but as he did so he whispered "Call me... please!" And so the holiday came to an awkward, embarrassing end. The journey home was over three hours long and, once the kids had settled with their ipods and books, an uneasy silence fell between Tom and me. I suppose we both knew this had to be discussed but neither of us wanted to start. After nearly a whole hour staring out of the window and fidgeting painfully on my sore bottom, Tom made the first attempt to break the ice. "Are you... ok?" He ventured. I nodded. "I'm not sure what happened last night, I..." He continued. "You fucked Lisa right in front of me, that's what happened?" I hissed angrily, as if to distract from my own guilt. To his credit, Tom didn't react badly. "I think we both surprised ourselves, don't you? If what I heard coming from your room last night is anything to go by!" I wondered what exactly he meant. Certainly my own behaviour had been quite unlike anything I had done before. "I mean we both discovered a side to our nature we didn't realise was there." "I suppose you're right." I replied. "And I suppose if we don't talk about it the whole thing will fester and cause damage we can't repair. If that's not already happened." "What do you mean?" He asked. "I mean do you want to leave me now?" I said softly but firmly. "For Lisa? I don't think she's on offer!" "I mean now I'm... soiled goods! Can you live with me after what Paul did... what I did...?" "Do you want to leave me after what I did?" He challenged. "I don't think so. No, I know I don't" I replied after a few moments' thought. Tom was visibly relieved. "So we'll try and work our way through this? Together? Not just for the kids?" "We'll try. I still love you even though I hate what you did. And you must feel the same about me I guess." "That's good. Because I still love you too but I can't bear to think of him doing... all those things I heard... to you." "It wasn't easy for me, hearing all the noise coming from our room – OUR room, Tom." "I know, I'm sorry." He sounded sorry too. I squeezed his hand and he squeezed mine and silence descended but

in a much more bearable atmosphere. “Did you... do it... a lot?” He asked with a shame-faced look as if not wanting to know the answer but unable not to ask the question. I frowned, desperate to get the confessions over and move on – or was it to stop facing my – no, our – guilt? “A few times.” Was my cryptic reply. Tom made a strange guttural sound as if in distress. “It’s not as if you were a monk is it?” I hissed angrily. “Lisa’s squealing woke up Emily. You could hear it all over the house!” “I know!” He hissed back. “She was insatiable. It almost scared me!” Now it was my turn to snort in derision. “Sorry. But she was.” “Did you... you know... inside her?” I asked, remembering how Tom’s face looked above mine whenever he climaxed within me. It was a face I had previously thought only I would ever see. “Yes.” He replied after a pause. There was a longer pause then he went on. “Well in the condom anyway. Lisa had a box by the bed even though she knows I had the ‘snip’”. He thought for another second before asking almost threateningly. “Did Paul... cum...inside you too?” “Yes...” I replied as softly as I could then suddenly shot back in my seat. “Oh my God!” I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper as realisation dawned. It had clearly dawned on Tom too. “Didn’t you use any... protection?” He asked almost inaudibly, as if unwilling to utter the words. My heart stopped and my blood ran cold. “Oh my God! Oh my God!” Was all I could reply. “What? You didn’t?” “I didn’t think. You and I never need it so... I didn’t think!” “Christ! You let him cum in you unprotected? All those times?” “Oh my God!” “You could be pregnant!” “Jesus! Tom I’m so sorry...” “He could have knocked you up already! How many times did you do it?” “Three. No, four! I don’t knowwww!” I confessed, my head sinking into my chest. “Four times? And you slept with it all inside you all night?” I nodded, my eyes quite unable to meet his. Tom breathed in slowly and noisily. “Well at the very least we have to get you the morning after pill really quickly.” He croaked. “We’ll go to a pharmacist on the way back, that way no-one will know who you are.” I could feel the tears beginning to run down my cheeks. “I’m so sorry Tom. I didn’t mean it to happen. I’m sorry any of it happened...” I snuffled, ashamed, as if I couldn’t even get infidelity right. To my surprise, he reached across the gear shift and held my hand. He squeezed it. “I’m sorry too. I don’t know what came over us. Neither of us should have done it. It’s not your fault – well not just your fault. There’s enough guilt to go round.” There was a long pause. I stared out of the window at the fields flashing past. “Do you think we will get over it?” I asked through my drying tears. Tom didn’t reply straight away. “Do you want to?” He eventually countered. I nodded emphatically, adding: “If you can forgive me.” Tom went silent for what seemed like a long time but can only have been a couple of minutes. “I can if you can.” He eventually whispered, raising my hand to his lips. I dissolved in tears. Later on in the journey we pulled off the motorway and stopped for lunch in a market town nearby. While Tom took the kids to McDonalds – something I would never have allowed in normal circumstances – I found a medium sized pharmacy and obtained the morning after pill, not without more than a few white lies. We returned home with a rather lighter atmosphere in the car. Lisa called me on my mobile that evening but I didn’t take the call. She left a voicemail message hoping we were both OK and reassuring us that the ‘first time’ was always difficult. She said we should feel free to talk to either of them if we felt we needed to. I didn’t call back. The next two weeks were difficult for Tom and me as we tried to maintain a ‘normal’ household for the kids while trying to adjust to the fact that we had both been so easily persuaded to be unfaithful. It didn’t always

work and several times either Tom lost his temper or I burst into tears for no reason the kids could either see or understand. Needless to say, neither of us wanted sex for a while. Both of us had ended the weekend sore – very sore in my case - and Tom couldn't bear to get intimate with me while I still bore the 'hickey' marks of my infidelity. Outside the house I wore high collars and scarves but Tom could still see them when we were at home. His own hickeys were fading much faster but once mine began to fade too, things started to return to something closer to 'normal'. Then, just when it looked like we had put the worst of the problem behind us, I missed my period and we found out that the pills had failed and I was pregnant with what could only have been Paul's child. When I came out of the bathroom with the home test in my hand we were both stunned. To my relief there were no rows; no shouting; only a few tears, mostly from me. I met Lisa for coffee a few days later on 'neutral ground'. We talked awkwardly about the usual stuff but we both knew that we had to talk over that night and I eventually found the courage to begin. What Lisa said surprised me. It seems she and Paul have been low-level swingers for some years and thought Tom and I had been sending out signs we were interested during the week. I could almost see what she meant – certainly I had been much more flirty than normal and had certainly watched Paul more than perhaps I should – but there had never been any intention on my part at least. It seems that leaving hickeys to 'mark' your conquests is part of the swinging game, and helps keep the memory of the thrill in you and your partner's minds for longer. She even hinted that she and Paul would like a repeat performance but I pretended I hadn't understood that suggestion. Lisa asked me several times if I was alright about when had happened and I tried to pass it off as an interesting experience. I didn't tell her that I was actually pregnant with Paul's baby as I sat opposite her – some things need to remain secret. Thank goodness neither Tom nor I even considered keeping the baby and within two weeks I had a termination. Tom held my hand throughout the whole process which helped repair the bond between us further. They also tested both of us for STDs which hadn't occurred to either of us. Fortunately there were none. Now the physical scars have vanished and the psychological ones are fading too. We won't be quite the same again but at least we are a family still. We still see Lisa and Paul, mostly for the kids' sake, but we won't be going on holiday with them again. In a quiet moment I do sometimes remember what was without question the best, most exciting sex of my life. But there's more to life than just sex and I think my swinging days are over.