

## Twisted

"Fuck!" My right ankle twisted on the loose rock, shooting pain straight to my brain. I regained my balance and looked down in disgust; not 15 minutes into the hike and I manage to re-twist my already weak right ankle. There was nothing else to do but limp back to the car and drive home to spend the day icing with my leg up. So much for a day of solitude, scenery, and sun.

To my surprise, Michelle's car was in front of our house, as well as a truck I didn't recognize. Janet had said she and Michelle were going to do a little shopping then work out at the club after they took Zach over to Jason's for the day. I thought I'd at least have the place to myself, but apparently not. After parking in the garage, I walked over to the truck to see if I recognized it. It obviously didn't belong to someone working on the house; there were no tools in the bed, and the paint job was in immaculate condition. Just then, a female voice squealed loudly in delight at something. It sounded like it came from our back yard. Titillated and curious, I quietly limped around the north side of the house to see what was going on.

As I got closer, it became clear that I was listening to the sound of people fucking. A man's voice was making the most noise, repeatedly yelling this like "God, your pussy's so tight!" but there were women's voices as well, and I could clearly make out my wife's moaning. The other woman, who had to be Michelle, was being much more vocal, describing vividly how much she loved getting fucked while making all the sounds of a woman who meant what she said. I couldn't see anything through the fence, but the noise made it very clear what was going on; my wife and her friend were fucking the shit out of a couple of guys! I'd been trying to get Janet to screw guys in front of me for some time now, and not only was she doing it behind my back instead, but she had also involved Michelle, a very attractive co-worker at our school who most of the men had a hard-on for! How come I was only getting to listen, damn it?

And I didn't even get to listen for very long. One of the guys grunted that he was going to cum, and Michelle urged him to 'shot that cum in me, you bastard!' Shortly after he did, I could make out Janet encouraging her lover to do the same thing, which he did with a groan and a "oh, shit". Disappointedly, I heard the guys bounce quickly up from the ladies and jump in the pool, in a hurry for some reason to rinse off, I guess. No cuddling for these guys.

In some ways, the conversation the women had while the guys were goofing in the pool was even more interesting than what I had just heard. My wife was saying how much I would have enjoyed seeing them all make love, and that she knew I would have been beating off while I watched. (That was certainly true.) Michelle replied she would love to watch me jerk off, but she didn't want me to know she was making love to other guys so quickly after her break-up with Keith, her long-time fiancée. "He'll tell David and other guys at school what a slut I am, and I'll never get in peace at all. I know how guys are, Janet."

"I've been telling you that Thomas can keep a secret. He won't tell anyone. And he won't try to get you to have sex with him; he'd be happy just watching, believe me!"

"Wow, that somehow seems even weirder; he'd rather watch than actually do it? Doesn't sound like a typical guy at all, that's for sure. But like I said, Janet, until we find a way to make sure he won't tell anyone, I'm holding you to your promise that you won't tell anyone." Michelle giggled before

continuing. "I thought you said you were the one who couldn't keep secrets. You must be doing something right. Thomas still doesn't know you've been screwing around behind his back these last few months, does he?" (Last few months? Was she kidding?)

"No, he has no idea. Not that we make love very often, but the few times that we have he hasn't noticed any difference. You know, that one time we actually had sex just a few hours after I had made love to Randy? I thought for sure he'd be suspicious. He actually said I tasted great!"

Both of the women laughed. "Maybe it was Randy that tasted great! Come on, admit it, Janet. It excites you to be cheating on him, doesn't it! Makes the sex even dirtier and hotter, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, it does, I guess. I love sex with all of the guys we've been with (all of them? How many are they talking about?) and that isn't usual for me. Ryan and Zack have both made me cum just from fucking, and I've never been able to do that before." Michelle remarked how happy she was for my wife, and I guess I was as well. "Still, I'd love to get Thomas involved. I know he'll love some of the photos and videos we've taken at your place, but he'd do anything to watch us live." Janet laughed before adding, "And you have a couple of good ideas to keep him from talking, Michelle; I think they might even be fun to do!" (Keep me from talking? What could that mean?)

"Fun for us at least! Hey, if he's willing to do anything, he should at . . ."

"Ready for more, you sweet things?" a male voice interrupted.

The women stopped their conversation and responded with a "Hell yes!" Michelle teased, "It looks like there's been some shrinkage, though. You guys need some help with that?" The guys chanted back, "Hell yes!" and soon the sound of simultaneous blow-jobs came over the fence. This time, though, I planned on doing more than just listening in.

The ankle had stiffened up tremendously but I tried to ignore it as I slipped away around to the front of the house. Entering quietly from the side door, I made my way cautiously to our bedroom, which looked directly out to the pool. Turning the rod for the vertical blinds slowly and deliberately, I created just enough of a crack for me to look out onto the four people making love. The glass door was closed, but still some sound was coming through. Looking out, I got my first look at the two guys, neither of whom I knew. I also got my first look at Michelle naked as she was intertwined in a 69 position with her lover. As she was on top, I was able to get a great look at her ass. Pulling my camera from my backpack, and being careful to turn off the flash, I snapped a couple of photos of her riding the guy's face while knobbing him enthusiastically. He definitely was no longer struggling with 'shrinkage'.

Janet's man was already hard and in the process of fucking her slowly missionary-style. I could hardly see her laying under him from where I was, but the noise she was making made it clear it was her. The guy was giving her a slow, rhythmic screwing, circling his hips while moving in and out of her with measured strokes. I turned my attention back to Michelle, who I could see much better. She was in the process of mounting her lover's dick, and giving me a full view of her large, natural breasts. Very nice; I'd been fantasizing about what they looked like naked for months! She teased her partner, putting just the tip of his cock in her before pulling it out again. She repeated the maneuver several times before finally sliding erotically all the way down on it with what seemed to be a very contented sigh.

As Michelle rode the guy cowgirl style, I could hear her say something to the dude balling my wife. He laughed, and actually stopped fucking, pulling his cock all the way out of Janet. Janet was saying

something, but I couldn't make it out. Then I heard Michelle saying "Make her say it! Make her beg for it!"

Now the man on top of my wife loudly declared, "If you want me to keep fucking you, you have to beg me for it, Janet. You've got to tell everyone who you want to fuck you!"

"Come on, Ryan! You know I love it when you fuck me; don't stop," my wife whined. So this was one of the men who had made her cum.

"Convince me, baby! Make me believe it!"

"I love your cock, Ryan! I want you to fuck me," she continued loudly. "No one fucks me the way you do!"

"I don't know. I think you should scream for it, don't you think so Michelle? Or maybe I should just make her wait until her husband gets home to take care of her!"

Michelle laughed even as she was sliding up and down on the guy's hard pole. "Better convince him, Janet, or you'll have to try and get Thomas hard enough to fuck you when he gets back!"

"Goddamnit," Janet fairly screamed. "I don't want Thomas's cock, I need yours, Ryan. He doesn't make me cum like you do. You're the best lover I've ever had." Her voice rose even higher. We don't have many close neighbors, but she was loud enough that even people down at the church could hear her. My wife obviously didn't care who heard her as she begged, "Please put your dick back in me! Please! I've got to have more of your big, hard, sweet cock! COME ON! FUCK ME, YOU BASTARD!"

"I think she means it, Ryan", Michelle remarked; the guy below her grunted in agreement. Ryan snorted in triumph, and pushed his dick all the way back into her. My wife's scream must have been heard down at the 7-11!

I snapped some more pictures of the four of them as they all fucked away. Twice I heard Michelle call out she was coming, and even more impressively I heard my wife screeching out that she was also climaxing. Amazing! Most of the shots focused on Michelle as she was between my wife and I. Her tits looked fantastic bouncing up and down as she rode her lover hard, and I couldn't help wishing I was carrying a video camera. Only when they all changed position was I able to get some good photos of my wife. Ryan turned her around, facing her head more toward me, so he could stand straddling the chaise lounge while fucking her from behind. Now I got a great view of my wife grunting lustily as a young man screwed her energetically doggy-style. Janet's boobs were swaying seductively with each stroke, and I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to be feeding my cock into her moaning mouth as she was drilled from behind. (That was when I realized I had decided to let my wife keep her secret . . . for now, at least.) Michelle and her guy had switched to missionary, the man pounding away at her like a jackhammer as she passionately urged him on with both words and repeated spansks to his ass.

It must have been a good half-hour fuck session before the two guys came. After a brief respite, all four took a dip in the pool to refresh themselves. I realized that if I wasn't planning on confronting the situation, I had better move my car. Gathering up my gear, I made my way out of the house and back to the garage. I drove to the other side of our association, parked the car, and limped through the common area. Sneaking over the low chain link fence, I tried to see if they were still in the backyard, but there

was no longer any sounds issuing forth. Just as I was contemplating finding a way to look inside the house without getting caught, I heard the screen door open. Quickly hiding behind a pepper tree, I looked through the branches to see the two guys walking toward their truck, escorted by the ladies. They all exchanged kisses right out in the open. As Ryan was kissing my wife goodbye, he worked his hands over her robe, opened it up completely, and proceeded to grip her ass, pulling her naked breasts tighter to him. After she broke the clinch, Janet slapped him playfully, but she wasn't disturbed enough to close up her robe immediately. She left her robe completely open until both guys were in the truck; only when the other guy started the engine to drive off did she tie the front together.

Heading back to the car, I knew I should wait longer before returning home, but my ankle was killing me. Besides, I was curious to see how my wife and Michelle would react if I 'just missed' catching them with their young studs. So, not ten minutes after the departure of their lovers, I came home to find them sitting casually in the front room. They were definitely surprised to see me so soon, but very concerned when I showed them my ankle. Janet helpfully got some ice for me, and as she did I commented that I was surprised to see them sitting only in robes. They 'confessed' that they had been 'skinny-dipping' just before I arrived, and if I had gotten home 'just a few minutes earlier, you would have caught us being bad.' (Yeah, really bad!) I pouted that it wasn't fair that I had missed such a beautiful sight, but Michelle retorted that I hadn't missed much. I quite sincerely replied, "I bet I missed a whole lot!" Both the women thanked me for the 'compliment'.

Michelle stayed for over half an hour as I iced. Overall we just made small talk, but there were a few teasing comments made. Once Michelle checked on how swollen my ankle was getting, then turned to Janet, saying "Maybe you'll be lucky and there will be swelling somewhere else as well." And as she was leaving, she thanked me for allowing Janet to spend so much time with her. "I think it's great that you're able to let her have her own friends and time on her own like this. Most guys would feel insecure about not being able to fill all her needs, but not you." She hit the word fill hard, smiling at Janet as she said it, but Janet was able to keep a straight face, surprisingly. She muttered something like "watch it" as they were kissing goodbye however.

After Michelle left, I hobbled back to bed to keep my ankle elevated. Janet accompanied me, teasing me about how turned on I seemed by the idea of catching the two of them naked in the pool. When I lay down on the bed, she sat down next to me, let her robe fall open, and grabbed at my crotch. "Mmmm, I think there is some swelling here as well." Smiling, she pulled my hiking shorts off, pulled at my pud a few times, then started going down on me. The vision that I still had in my mind of her and Michelle getting fucked not even an hour ago made me get hard in no time, which surprised my wife. "Man, you must really want to screw Michelle, Thomas! Look at how hard you're getting!"

Without another word, she swung her hips around and planted her pussy in my face. I was amazed she was letting me eat her so soon after fucking other men; wasn't she afraid of getting caught? I mean, she had been in the pool, but still! "Better get me good and wet, Thomas, if you want to put that big cock in me!" my wife ordered. I did as I was told, and found her pussy still very wet, and not surprisingly, more salty than normal. I didn't say a word about it—in my position, it would have been difficult to—as I lapped away at her swollen lips and clit. She moaned how good it felt, but she certainly wasn't sounding nearly as excited as she was with the other guys. Sometimes she would comment how I probably wished I was going down on Michelle instead of her, but actually I was quite content where I was.

Janet decided it was time for a good fucking, so she climbed on top of me, being careful not to bang up against my right leg and ankle. As she hovered above my cock, she queried, "Were you fantasizing

about Michelle and I while you were hiking, Thomas?" When I confessed that I had been, she said I probably wished the two of them had been 'fucking two young studs' while I was gone instead of 'just sitting around the pool after shopping'. I agreed those were the type of thoughts I usually had, to which Janet responded "Well, why don't you pretend I've been fucked by a couple of young well-hung guys while you were out tripping over rocks? Would that turn you on?" I couldn't fucking believe it! Janet was actually going to pretend her infidelity was just a made up story! What a slut!

As my wife slowly rode me, she asked me if her cunt felt different at all. "Does it feel stretched out, Thomas. God, both guys had such big dicks, I'm surprised you can feel anything! You are inside me, aren't you?" She made a show of reaching down between her legs, then looking to check. "I guess so, I just can't believe you're all the way in" she exclaimed as she ground her crotch into mine. "I can barely feel anything." She smiled as she watched my wife; she knew my taunts were driving me nuts. Then she added more fuel. "It's probably a good thing you just fantasize about Michelle, Thomas. I doubt you'd be able to satisfy her. It wasn't just these two guys either; Keith had a very large cock as well, which probably spoiled her for guys like you."

Now she was bringing other women into the scene to tease me. "What makes you think Keith had a big dick?"

Janet smiled as she squeezed me with her thighs. "Well, of course she told me, silly." She paused for effect. "Plus, in order to try to keep the relationship working, Michelle tried to spice up their sex life. So I screwed Keith a few times before the breakup, and trust me, Thomas, his cock is much bigger than yours."

I didn't know whether to believe her or not, but my cock sure did. I started shooting off into her pussy just as she was bragging about fucking her friends' ex-fiancée. Before I would have been sure it was just a story, but after what I had seen this afternoon, I couldn't be sure anymore. I lay there limp as a rag doll as my wife continued to grind herself against my wilting cock. She seemed to want even more loving, despite all the attention she had received that day.

"You didn't really screw Keith, did you?"

Janet smiled mysteriously. "If I say no, then I can't use him in stories anymore. You don't want that, do you Thomas? You obviously got off on the idea I had been screwing him without you knowing. Just like you liked the idea of Michelle and I fucking young men while you were gone. It's better to keep you guessing, I think, Thomas. That way maybe I can get a few more useable hard-ons out of you." She gave me a tweak on the tip of my dick. "Oh, look at the time! I've got to pick up Zach. You'd better rest up, sweetie."

With that she threw on some clothes and went out to her car. Just out of curiosity, I went out to the front room to watch as she drove away. Sure enough, my wife was talking on the phone as she backed into our driveway. I could see her laughing as she talked animatedly to whoever was on the other end. Making my way back to bed, I knew for sure she wasn't talking to our son.