

## **Lisa**

What brought me into Starbuck's I'll never know. I rarely — make that 'almost never' — go there. I suppose it was just some sort of craving for iced coffee. What I got, of course, was something else entirely.

As I waited to place my order, I felt a poke in my lower back. I turned to see who or what may have caused it.

"What are you doing here?" a smiling face demanded. It took me a moment or two to place the face I hadn't seen in a dozen years or more.

"Lisa?" I asked, clearly startled.

"You're out of your normal neighborhood, aren't you? What brings you to mine?"

"A little business," I replied. "I'm picking up some electronics I bought on Craigslist. Otherwise, you're right, I wouldn't normally be in these parts. Is this where you live now?"

"For about three years since Jeff and I finally called it 'quits'. It's close to work and it still manages to feel like a small town. Let's sit and catch up, shall we?" She pointed at a table for two.

I ordered. She ordered. I picked up the tab. We took up opposite sides of a table by the window and began telling our war stories as I luxuriated in her beautiful pale brown eyes.

"Are you still in 'tech'?" I asked to start her off.

"I've kind of moved into 'architecture'," she told me. "Not only is it more fun, it pays better. How about you?"

"I just pick up the occasional contract doing trouble-shooting. I'm trying to taper off so I can actually retire and have my whole day to myself. Almost there, too," I winked.

"Well, then, maybe that means I might see more of you, if you have lots of free time. What do you do for fun when you don't have that occasional contract?" She sounded genuinely interested.

"Oh, I just stalk beautiful women at the local eateries," I told her with a smile. "Beautiful women are so much fun." She laughed.

"You can stalk me anytime," she said with a grin. "Just give me a little advance warning and I'll dress up in my fanciest 'stalkee' outfit. But aren't you stalking your own permanent beautiful woman?"

I let my gaze fall a little, I guess. Lisa sensed it. "You couldn't have known, I suppose," I started my reply. "Janet passed four years ago February."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Lisa replied, clearly feeling my pain. "How are you holding up?"

"I'm fine," I told her. "It was tragic at the time, but it's wearing off. Car accident. She had terrible head injuries and we knew almost from the outset that she wasn't going to survive. It was quick. Thankfully."

"Listen," she shot back, "I have to get back to the office for a meeting at three. What are you doing tonight? Do you have to go back to Reno right away?"

"No, I don't have any immediate obligations..."

"Okay, let's have dinner tonight. I can either whip something up at my place or we can go out to a restaurant. You choose. Do you have my number?" I shook my head to indicate I had lost most of her contact information. She handed me her business card. "Call me so I'll have a call-back number." She stood, leaned across the table, and gave me a kiss on my cheek, then grabbed her bag and breezed out into the parking lot.

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My phone rang. Caller-ID told me it was Lisa calling back. "Hi, are you done with your meeting?"

"Done for the day. Where are you?"

"I'm at the mall doing a little shopping. Shall we meet someplace?"

"What kind of food do you like? There's a good Mexican restaurant and a good Thai restaurant right there in the mall. Does either one sound like something you'd like?"

"How about we get something Mexican 'to go' and have dinner at your place? No cooking, no cleaning, we each get exactly what we want for dinner, and it'll certainly be quieter than a mall restaurant."

"Love it," she squeaked. "Wait for me in front of the Mexican restaurant and I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

She was there in twelve, gave me another peck on the cheek, and led me inside. We ordered and made small talk while we waited for the order to come up front. In the parking lot we found my car and Lisa told me: "Wait here. I'll bring my car over and you can follow me."

It didn't take long. Lisa's house was only a few miles from downtown so we were there before the food had a chance to cool. It was a pleasant little villa under the airport glide path — something Lisa didn't mind but which made the house generally less desirable and therefore more affordable.

We sat at the table in her kitchenette and she pulled the cork from a bottle of inexpensive red wine.

"So, were you and Jeff formally married?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. Never quite got around to it. That probably worked out for the best, considering. How are your kids?"

"Grown and gone," I told her. "Nan is teaching in Wisconsin. Mark is a lawyer in DC. The 'grands' are healthy and growing up fast."

"You live alone, then?" I nodded. "It must get lonely."

"It's bearable. I have my golf buddies. How about you?"

"Yeah," she admitted, "I get lonely sometimes, but I can cope if I bury myself in work. On the other hand, it's always nice to bump into an old friend and use that as an excuse to take a break from the work. I'm really happy I happened to see you today."

"Me, too," I admitted. "I had forgotten you lived around here. 'Kismet', I guess."

She cleared the debris of the meal from the table into the trash compactor, grabbed her wine glass and my hand, and led me into the living room where she eased me onto the couch, then herself occupied the other half.

"If it is kismet — and I hope it is — then we ought to plan on seeing more of each other. Our fates demand it." She smiled and leaned over to give me a kiss... not on my cheek... on my lips. I kissed her back. When we broke the kiss, she took one last sip of her wine before reaching behind her to set it on the end table before returning to me. Slowly, carefully, as if to give me time to accept it or reject it, she leaned in closer to me. As her arms folded around my neck, mine wrapped around her waist and back. We kissed again, this time long and luxuriantly.

I don't know how long the kiss lasted — it was long, and our tongues were actively engaged with each other the whole time. "Well," she said, finally, "you sure do know how to get a girl horny."

I smiled. "Oh, are you horny?" I teased.

She leaned in closer and whispered "Yes. I am."

I pulled her head closer for another kiss, and with the other cupped a breast, using the thumb to make little circles around the nipple I could just barely detect through the material of her bra. She gave a little squeak and thrust her tongue as far into my mouth as she could manage while her free hand swept over the rapidly-expanding bulge in my pants. I probably gave a little squeak myself.

"Maybe we should move this into my bedroom," she suggested as we both came up for air. Without waiting for my permission, she rose from the couch, pulled me to my feet, and stepped out of her pumps. Shoeless, she led me across the room and through the doorway to her *boudoir*.

Stopping, she reached behind and started to undo the zipper at the back of her neck. As any gentleman would, I unzipped her and, not being able to resist in any case, began kissing the nape of her neck as her dress fell away to her feet. As I kissed, one hand swept over her bra-covered breast while the other caressed her pantyhosed *derriere*.

"You're making me very wet," she whispered as I continued caressing her. She turned to face me and we kissed again, long and deep. Using both hands, one on either side, I slid them under the hem of her pantyhose and pushed pantyhose and panties — why do women wear both? Aren't panties supposed to be redundant? — to her ankles. This put my face

right there at her lightly-furred pubis, so I gave it a little kiss followed by a tongue probing the slit.

By now, Lisa was holding onto my head to steady herself. Her feet were pumping alternately up and down trying to free herself of the remains of her pantyhose. I anchored the filmy material to the floor so she could step out of it and was rewarded by her new-found ability to spread her thighs. She gasped as my tongue explored further back toward the vestibule of her vagina.

"Look at me!" she wailed. "I'm naked and you've still got all your clothes on! It's not fair!"

I stood and stepped out of my loafers while she knelt and undid the belt at my waist. As luck would have it, this put her in exactly the right position to take my penis in her mouth as she stripped my undershorts down to join my pants around my ankles. And that's what she did.

"Now who's being unfair?" I demanded. "If you're going to eat me, shouldn't I have a pussy to lick?"

She stopped sucking my cock so she could laugh. "You're right; I'm being unfair." She stood and jumped on the bed, sprawling her body to show off her fuzzy taco, and spreading her slit with her hands. "Come and get it, lover boy."

I didn't need a second invitation. I stepped out of my pants, peeled my shirt off over my head, and lay down on her bed in the classic '69' position. She immediately resumed sucking my meat while I paid full attention to her vulva. Before I knew it, I had her making little throaty noises that I could actually feel on my cock as she worked on it.

"You're going to make me come in your mouth," I warned her. The only effect it seemed to have was that she sucked harder and licked faster. I couldn't hold on any longer. I emptied my jizz into her mouth and she just kept sucking and licking. What could I do? I kept licking her slit, alternating between her clit and the lips protecting her vagina, finally pulling her on top of me so she was centered over my tongue. Even with my erection starting to collapse, she kept at me, and only left my cock alone when it was completely deflated. I was happy she stopped because the head of my cock gets very tender after ejaculation, and too much licking actually becomes painful. Her cunt didn't appear to have any such problem. As long as I licked it, she would moan softly and occasionally twitch with another orgasm.

Eventually, she lifted her hips in a signal that I should stop my ministrations. She reoriented her body so we were head-to-head and we kissed again — long and deep again — with our naked bodies entwined. It lasted a long time and I was not anxious for it to end.

There was still an hour or more of daylight left when she rolled away from me. "Can I refill your wine glass?" she asked.

"If I have too much wine, I won't be able to drive home tonight."

"Is that a problem?" she asked. "You could stay over... unless you have obligations."

"I could stay over," I answered. "I have nothing that demands my presence back in Reno either tonight or tomorrow, but I don't have a change of clothes. I don't have a toothbrush. I don't have..."

"These are all solveable problems," Lisa soothed me. "I have to do a wash tonight. I'll just add your stuff in with mine and it'll be clean for the morning. I have spare everything-else. You'll survive."

"Okay. I'll stay."

"Great." She jumped off the bed as if in a fit of new-found energy and started collecting items of clothing we had casually dropped on her bedroom floor: my socks, shirt, and underwear, her blouse, panties, and bra, and carting them off to the laundry room. Moments later, I heard the washing machine start, and a few moments after that, Lisa reappeared in the bedroom with two fresh glasses of wine. "Would you like to sit out by the pool?"

"Like this?" I indicated my nakedness.

"It's quite private. The fence is high enough that I often go skinny-dipping and the screen enclosure even protects from airborne *voyeurs*. Your modesty will be preserved, I promise," and she winked.

I stood and took the proffered glass and she led me through the house to the — as she had promised — very private pool area. Setting her glass on a nearby table, she stepped into the pool and let the waters surround her.

"I always like to swim after sex," she offered with an impish grin. "It's so refreshing. It often makes me want a second round. You should try it."

I set my glass down and dove into the pool and in a few strokes — it wasn't very big — reached the far end. I turned and stroked back to where Lisa stood. Her arms went wide as I approached and we closed for an embrace and another long, deep kiss. Surprisingly, I found my penis beginning to swell again (but slowly) and it was no doubt helped along by Lisa's hand cupping my balls. It was an enjoyable sensation that I can honestly say I had never before experienced. As my cock gradually hardened, Lisa used one hand around my neck to steady herself as she lifted her hips, and the other to guide the tip of my cock back into her vagina. We stood there in the water for some time kissing, and me enjoying the sensation of her hot flesh warming my cold-from-the-water cock. Soon she began bobbing up and down on my cock and was obviously enjoying it. I, myself, was still somewhat numb from the incredible blowjob she had just gifted me with, but I was happy she was enjoying what pleasures I could provide.

She hung around my neck, bobbing up and down on my cock for over half an hour, squeaking and grunting and moaning with what I have to

assume were orgasms. I couldn't believe it. I had never before fucked a woman while immersed in water, but I recall hearing that sex in water is actually the most natural way for humans to have sex. It provides a near-perfect body alignment and the buoyancy of the water takes most of the effort out of moving one body against the other. It certainly worked for Lisa. After thirty-five or forty minutes of almost constant orgasm, she drooped her head against my shoulder and went to sleep. She went to sleep. Isn't that supposed to be what the guy does? I didn't even get one more orgasm. I was still too wasted from the first one.

I cupped my hands under her tiny little butt — Lisa barely weighed over a hundred — and started walking up the steps of the pool with her still impaled on my cock. I gently laid her down on one of the lounge chairs and draped her with a huge beach towel to keep her wet body from getting too cold, then I did the same for myself. In three minutes we were both asleep.

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I woke in darkness to a kiss on my lips.

"Did I conk out on you?" Lisa asked. "I'm so sorry... I've never done anything like that before."

I laughed. "I think you wore yourself out. Lord knows I wasn't doing anything but standing there. You were doing all the work."

She kissed me again. "Oh, that was so nice. I was just bouncing and cumming and bouncing and cumming... I felt like I could just fuck forever like that. I guess not."

"I guess not," I agreed with a smile. "And it was just like flipping a light switch. One moment you were humping and the next you were snoring."

"I do not snore," she protested.

"I was just pulling your leg. No, you don't snore. At least you didn't tonight. I hope I don't snore... at least not enough to keep you awake."

"If you do, you wind up on the couch in the living room."

We sat and talked in the living room (still naked), snuggled on the couch while we watched television (although we weren't paying as much attention to that as we were to each other), and finally shut the house down and went into the bedroom a little before ten. By then I was ready for some more cock-action and Lisa... well, Lisa was always ready for some more cock-action. She was already wet from our foreplay on the couch and I was already hard, mostly from the thought of finally getting to jizz inside that wonderful little snatch of hers. She crawled into bed, rolled onto her back, and spread her thighs to give me a clear view of what she had waiting for me. I crawled in between her legs and gave a kiss and a lick to her glistening wet pussy before moving up to her nipples and then her mouth.

Now in more-or-less perfect position, she grabbed my cock and guided it into the mouth of her vagina. I slid in like she was greased. Oh! What a great sensation! I'm surprised I didn't cum immediately, but I didn't. She clamped her legs around mine while I gently pistoned in and out, finally enjoying the feeling of being inside her with enough sensation still left in my penis. As much as I had enjoyed that first cataclysmic blowjob, this long, drawn-out build up to orgasm was at least as pleasurable, and Lisa seemed to be glad for the flesh-on-flesh contact.

"I don't think I have much more time left," I told her after about fifteen minutes of constant pumping.

"Don't worry about that," she comforted me, "I'm sure there'll be lots more opportunity to make up for it in the future. When you need to let go, let go. After the ride you gave me tonight, I won't mind being used a little for your pleasure," and then she pulled my head down for a long, sensuous kiss.

That was all it took. I exploded inside her, grunting like a boar, squirting cum by the pint (it felt like), while she worked the muscles of the walls of her vagina, squeezing my cock and letting go, squeezing and relaxing. I think she milked the last drop out of me.

I collapsed on top of her, panting heavily. That was some ride! She reached behind her to the box of tissues on the bedside table and quickly pulled three tissues which she transferred to her off hand before fetching another set of three. Yeah, this was going to be pretty messy when we finally disconnected, and that moment was not far off. I could feel my cock going limp and retracting out of her cunt.

She brought both bundles of tissues between our legs and used one to catch the semen dripping out of her slit while using the other to wrap my now-flaccid cock and catch any stray droplets. As I rolled onto my back next to her, she shifted to get her mouth on my rubbery organ. "Just going to clean this puppy a little so you don't mess up my sheets." Then she licked my limp dick until it stopped producing left-over semen. It felt... nice, but not as nice as being inside her.

She finally got around to giving me a good-night kiss. "My alarm goes off at seven. You don't have to get up with me. I'll shower and be gone by quarter-of-eight. Sleep as long as you like. Your undies will be on the dresser when you wake. I don't do breakfast, sorry, so you're on your own for that. There's a Burger King at highway 50. Pull the door closed behind you and it will lock. Call me before the weekend."

We slipped under the covers and she turned off the lights so we could sleep. Lisa backed up into my stomach and we dozed off like two spoons in a drawer.

I guess it was about 3:30 or 4am... I woke with a raging hard-on. Lisa was sound asleep. I toyed with the idea of waking her... gently, of course, with tender kiss after tender kiss... and finally settled for lifting her

knee enough to expose her cunt. With my spare hand, I reached around her front to help maneuver my now-throbbing cock into her pussy. It slid in with just a little urging.

Slowly and ever so gently, I slipped my meat in and out. Before I knew it, she was well lubricated and it became easier and easier to move inside her. And the feeling was heavenly! The folds of her vaginal wall massaged me as I entered and gave my skin a little tug as I exited, each new stroke exciting me more until finally I could stand no more and just let myself empty into her pussy. As far as I can tell, she didn't wake up during the whole time.

In the morning, we woke to a horrible mess. Lisa had cum all over her thighs and there was a puddle of it on the sheets between us. I, of course, knew where it had all come from, but Lisa just 'worked around it' as she got ready for work and out of the house.

When I finally woke up, I saw the mess and did my best to clean it up before I washed, dressed, and headed back north. Around noon my phone rang and caller ID said it was Lisa. "Hi, how are you feeling?" I greeted her.

"Holy mackerel!" Lisa exclaimed, "How much cum did you pump into me last night? Did you see the mess we left?"

"I did what I could to clean up when I got up but you'll have to change those sheets before you invite another male guest over." I could hear her giggle on the other end of the line.

"Does that mean you're dumping me?" she asked. "I can guarantee you won't find a more appreciative pussy in the rest of the state than the one between my legs. Don't tell me I've got to start paying you for your services now!"

"If I could find another twenty or thirty appreciative pussies like yours, I might think of going into that business, but I suspect your cunt is one-of-a-kind. No, I'm not dumping you and I won't charge you for my ministrations, but I sure wish the commute wasn't so far."

"Well, if it becomes a problem, I can always move in with you. That way I'll be the one who worries about the commute and you can just save all your manly energies for when I get home from work."

"Or I can move in with you," I suggested. "Then the only problem would be when I take an out-of-town contract. You'd have to find alternate entertainment for the months I was gone."

"I don't want any 'alternate entertainment' and I don't want to think about you being 'gone'. Brad, don't talk like that!"

"Lisa, relax. I'm just pulling your leg." I could hear a sigh of relief from her end. "When am I going to see you again?"

"Tonight?" she asked hopefully.



"My place or yours? I already messed up your sheets. Do you want a chance at a rematch?"

"I'll put up with messy sheets anytime for a fucking like you gave me last night. Why don't you meet me at my place around six? Would you bring dinner so there's no time wasted cooking? Maybe Thai this time? Get me some *pad kee mao* and bring a change of clothes with you in case I talk you into staying over."

"Okay, see you at six."

## **Kellie**

I planned my arrival for a few minutes after six — I didn't want to seem too anxious to get into Lisa's pants — and found a strange car in the driveway. I was letting myself into the house when my cell phone rang. It was Lisa.

"Are you there already?" She sounded anxious. "We're in crisis mode at work and I'm stuck here for the time being. I'm so sorry. I'll call you when they cut me loose. In the meantime, make yourself comfortable and I'll get there as soon as I can, okay?"

I convinced her I was going to be fine and continued letting myself in. As the door closed behind me, a voice from the kitchen called "How was work?"

I peered around the corner to find a pretty 30-something (or maybe 40-something — sometimes it's hard to tell). "My day was easy," I replied, "but I expect you were asking Lisa."

Her head snapped around and a smile slowly crept over her face. "Oh, I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" she asked. "I'm Kellie, Lisa's sister. I thought I might surprise her by having dinner ready when she got home." She glanced at the bags of food in my hands. "I guess I should have called ahead to make sure she didn't have anything planned."

"Lisa just called me," I informed her. "She's stuck at work and doesn't know when she'll get free. I'm sorry to have to tell you your good deed will not go unpunished."

"Well, dinner's ready," she told me. "Let's eat and Lisa can re-heat whatever you brought when she gets here. Why don't you introduce yourself?"

"I'm Brad," I started, extending my hand toward hers. "Lisa and I are old friends. We bumped into each other recently, and she invited me over for dinner so we could catch up on what we've been doing in the years since we last saw each other."

Kellie tilted her head and squinted at me as if to say "*That's not exactly true...*"

"I'm Lisa's little sister, Kellie, and I sometimes invite myself over for dinner as I did tonight. When I do, I usually cook so Lisa has less reason to squabble over my bad manners. I hope you like chicken."

I smiled. "Chicken's fine. Let's eat."

Kellie and I made small talk during dinner, but I could tell she was probing to better understand my connection to her sister. I didn't mind. We're all grown-ups. We don't need to be coy about relationships.

I admitted that I was a widower.

"Are you and Lisa... close?"

"I think the word you meant was 'intimate'," I replied, and I paused considering how much Lisa would want to share with her younger sister. "Yes."

"So I guess I am interrupting something. That's a real bummer. I was hoping she hadn't put her brand on you yet."

"Why?" I asked. "Were you thinking of putting your brand on me?"

"You look like you'd be worth the effort," Kellie said with a serious look in her eye.

She reached over and squeezed my shoulder, and when I didn't object, leaned in closer and kissed me on the lips. I don't know what made me do it, but I put a hand on her breast, and that only encouraged her to kiss harder and deeper.

"Did Lisa say when she was getting home?" Kellie asked.

"She said she'd call when she got free," I told her. "She told me to make myself comfortable."

"Oh, that's nice," Kellie sighed. "I'd like to help you get comfortable." That's when her arms twined about my neck and she started kissing me like she meant it.

After a few minutes of kissing and fondling, Kellie broke our kiss long enough to ask: "Where do you and Lisa have sex, her bedroom?"

"Yes."

She led me down the hall past Lisa's bedroom to the guest bedroom, the one she used whenever she slept over at her sister's house, twisted the doorknob, and led me inside. There, she turned and resumed kissing me, and when I returned her affection, I felt her hand on the bulge in my pants.

"Can I talk you into giving me a short lesson in why my sister likes you so much?" she asked, and squeezed my cock a little harder.

"It's an attractive offer," I began, "but if Lisa comes home unexpectedly, we'll both be in deep hot water."

"She told you she'd call before setting off for home, right?" I nodded. "She'll call before she leaves work," she assured me. "You tell her that Kellie is visiting so she won't be surprised to find me here, and we'll

have time to finish up, clean up, make the bed, and make ourselves presentable. How's that for an attractive offer?"

I sat on the edge of her bed to take off my shoes while she kicked off her sandals, shed the sweatshirt she was wearing, and dropped her jeans. My shirt, slacks, and socks soon joined her clothes on the chest at the foot of the bed. Now Kellie wore only her bra and panties, and I wore only briefs. We closed for another kiss and that gave me the opportunity to unsnap her bra and probe inside the back of her panties for one of the nicest asses I have encountered in a very long time.

"Upprufft," she said through the kiss.

"What?" I asked, breaking the kiss.

"Do the front," she commanded.

I moved my hand to the front of her panties and discovered a baby-smooth hairless pussy. Slowly, I slid one finger along the crevice and was rewarded by a quick intake of breath from my partner-in-crime. Probing further, my fingertip found the entrance to her vagina and curved to enter an already-damp tunnel of love. Her thighs clamped briefly before relaxing to let my finger continue inside.

I could feel her hands tugging my briefs down from my waist and helping the waistband over a fully-erect cock. Once it was free, she switched to playing with it using both hands.

"We should get horizontal," she suggested. "There's no telling how much time we have with each other. You first."

I let my briefs drop to the floor before climbing into bed. She let her bra fall away and stripped the panties to the floor next to mine before slipping into bed beside me. We turned toward each other and kissed again. I slid my middle finger into her vagina as far as it would go, touched her clit with my thumb, and tried to bring those fingertips together. Someone told me that's the best way to find a woman's G-spot, and it's either true or so close to the truth it doesn't matter. Kellie started orgasming violently and trying to kiss and talk at the same time. All that came out was mumbling, but she was obviously enjoying whatever was happening. After a few minutes of that, she seemed to calm down somewhat and was able to speak.

"Holy fuck! How do you do that?" she gasped. "That was great! I can hardly wait to find out what you can do with this finger," and she grabbed my penis to give it a squeeze, a stroke, and a twist.

"Well, no time like the present."

She smiled and climbed onto my torso, positioning her vagina directly over my penis, and descending onto it until I was fully inserted. While she slowly and gently rose and fell on my cock, I played with her lovely pointed A-cup breasts, teasing her peanut-like nipples, and enjoying the little waves of pleasure she was providing.

"Now, you understand I can't *cum* for you, right?" I explained to Kellie. "Lisa will be expecting the same kind of treatment later tonight, and I

can't tell her 'oh, sorry, I filled your sister earlier so it'll be several more hours before I'm able to fuck you'. I'm certain she wouldn't understand."

This made Kellie laugh, and the laugh was interrupted halfway through by an enormous orgasm that made her grip my thighs behind her to keep from flinging herself off the bed.

My phone rang.

Kellie immediately disconnected and rolled away to the far side so I could roll toward my phone to answer it. 'Caller-ID' said it was Lisa.

"Are you done?" I asked as an opening gambit. Kellie stifled a laugh.

"Yes," Lisa confirmed, "I'll be home in twenty minutes."

"Okay. Kellie cooked dinner, and there may be enough left for you unless you want to reheat *pad kee mao*. We'll be waiting here for you."

"Kellie's there? That's awkward. I'll be home soon."

Kellie wanted a little pussy-eating before she agreed to let me get dressed and get the house and the guest bedroom pulled together for Lisa's arrival.

"I'll pay that back the next time," she promised. "We'll schedule a little we-time, just you and me, when we won't have to worry about working around Lisa." She winked.

Lisa arrived just about on schedule and found Kellie and me sipping wine and talking around the dining room table. Lisa made a show of sniffing the available menu options before asking me to prep some Thai food for her. Lisa whispered in Kellie's ear and the two went off to have a private chat while I warmed dinner for Lisa.

## ***Ménage-à-trois***

"Kellie," Lisa started, "I really wish you'd give me a little warning before inviting yourself over. Brad and I had plans."

"Anything that might interest me?"

Lisa snarled. "Nothing that I would consider involving you in, no. Now please be a good sister and make your apologies before beating a swift retreat."

"He might enjoy a *ménage-à-trois*," Kellie shot back, smiling.

"Well, I wouldn't," Lisa snapped. "I'm more of a *pas-de-deux* girl myself."

"Why don't we ask him?" Kellie offered.

Lisa's mouth was agape. She couldn't believe what she was hearing and was searching for the words to tell her sister to go fuck herself when Kellie popped back into the dining room and called out: "Lisa and I are wondering if you're amenable to a threesome."

I looked up to see Kellie's smiling face and, right behind it, Lisa's shocked look. "I'll try anything once," I said with a smile.

Lisa uttered a little shriek. "I was not wondering," she added. "Kellie was wondering." There was a note of panic in her voice.

"Well, Kellie," I started, "if you can talk your sister into it, I think we all might find it enjoyable. Certainly, if you're anything like your sister I'm sure I would enjoy it." I advanced on Lisa and took her in my arms. "But if you're not comfortable sharing, Lisa, I'm perfectly happy to send Kellie home," and I kissed her full on the lips, a kiss she returned in full.

"Do you really think I would enjoy it?" she asked quietly. "Really?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "You'll never know until you try," I said. "Surely, lots of people have tried it and do like it enough to do it again and again. Will you? I don't know.

"I know that you love me and you want me all to yourself. Are you afraid I'll find Kellie more attractive than I do you and that you might lose me to her? Do you think I am that superficial a man who chooses partners based on surface features alone? Do you not have confidence that you, yourself, are a worthwhile person? That doesn't sound much like the Lisa I know and love. Even so, say the word and we will discuss it no further."

She stood on her tiptoes and kissed my lips again. "I have confidence that you won't do something that hurts me. You decide."

"Ask your sister to help you undress me. All this talk of threesomes is making me horny."

Lisa giggled and turned toward Kellie. "He says we should undress him." Kellie smiled and moved toward us and together they began to undo belt, shoes, zippers, and buttons, peeling away garments and giggling at the novelty of the experience until I stood before them with nothing but a hard cock bobbing in time to the pulsing of my heart.

Kellie gently took my meat in her hand and gave it a little squeeze. "You have excellent taste in men, sister," she told Lisa through a mile-wide smile, "but now I think it's our turn to get undressed," and she turned toward Lisa and kissed her the way a lover would, before beginning to unbutton Lisa's blouse.

I cannot begin to describe how wonderfully erotic it is to stand there in the nude and watch two beautiful women, both of whom I have enjoyed, strip each other naked, knowing all the while that we will all soon be enjoying each other again. By all rights, I should have spurted my load all over Lisa's carpet, ending the night for all of us, but I didn't.

When the last piece of fabric fell away from Lisa's body, Kellie stepped back to admire her sister's figure. "We haven't been naked in each others' presence since we were toddlers, I'll bet," Kellie remarked. "You're absolutely beautiful nude, Lisa."

Lisa had also had the opportunity of admiring Kellie's slender frame. "I didn't know you shaved," she said, "but that looks really hot. Your

breasts are pretty hot, too." Lisa stepped closer to her sister and took her in her arms to give her a hug and a deep, dark kiss that made me wonder if one or both might be bisexual. "But now..." Lisa turned toward me and gave me the same treatment, a naked hug and a kiss that I felt in my knees. Her hand slipped between our torsos and she pushed my cock down between her legs, then reached behind her and slipped the head easily into her vestibule. With almost no additional effort, I slid the entire shaft into her cunt. She gasped.

Kellie moved behind me and pressed her naked skin against my back before running her hands along my arms and down the torso onto my thighs.

"The pool," Lisa said between orgasms, and I understood she wanted some in-water fucking. Slowly, I withdrew my cock, took both women by their hands, and led them out to the pool area where Lisa led us down the steps into the water.

The cold water was like a tonic for my sex organ, shriveling the scrotum and partly desensitizing the shaft. In water up to our necks, I turned on Kellie, grabbed her by the waist, and brought her to me. As if by instinct, she wrapped her legs around me in just the right orientation for me to slide right into her cunt. She instantly buried her head into my collar and began a series of orgasms that left her gasping for breath. "Oh, God!" she cried out when she had regained some control, "oh, God!" Like her sister the previous night she began to bounce on my cock, and I was sure she was enjoying a tsunami of pleasant sensations. "Oh, fuck!" and she lifted her head to kiss my lips and stick her tongue into my mouth.

"Don't forget about me, lover," Lisa whispered in my ear.

"Let me get this one taken care of and you're next." I could feel a kiss on the back of my neck.

I kissed Kellie on her neck as she bounced on my cock. "Remember I've got your sister to attend to, also, so you can't use me all up."

She kissed me again and slid off my meat. "Save some more for me if you can," she begged. I smiled.

Lisa was on me almost the instant Kellie released me, and jumped up to mount me the way she had the evening previous. As she had then, she began a slow pumping action, and was soon in a more-or-less permanent state of orgasm, if her rapid deep breathing was any indication. Her nipples had gotten rock-hard and I could feel them rubbing up and down on my chest.

After fifteen minutes of humping Lisa, I looked over at Kellie who was leaning back at the edge of the pool playing with her nipples with one hand and her clit with the other. "I think Kellie needs seconds," I suggested to Lisa.

"Fuck her," Lisa replied, continuing her bouncing on my cock.

"That's kinda what I had in mind," I replied.

"This is the part about 'threesomes' that I don't like," she pouted, but she slid off my cock anyway, clearing the way for me to pay attention to her sister.

I waded over to Kellie and kissed the nipple she wasn't teasing, giving it a little suck as I did. She immediately stopped playing with herself and parted her thighs for me. "Is it time to get dry and head up to the bedroom?" I suggested.

Kellie smiled contentedly. "Right after you give me another piece of sausage," at which she grabbed a handful of cock and pulled it toward her vagina. I slid inside and began a slow in-and-out that was rewarded by the occasional twitch of her vaginal walls that threatened to make me erupt.

I admit to being amazed at how long I could hold off my orgasm and stay hard for the two women I had to service. Perhaps that was part of the equation: I subconsciously realized I had to satisfy both and thus was paying less attention to my own state of arousal than I was to theirs.

Lisa took a position astride her sister's head such that her pussy was directly in front of my face. It was too much of an invitation for me to ignore. I leaned forward and managed to get the tip of my tongue in contact with her clit and began to tease it. Lisa's head lolled back and her eyes closed. She began to twerk, perhaps involuntarily, on my tongue. The sensation of satisfying two women at once was delightful, so much so that I didn't realize my own orgasm was sneaking up on me until it was far, far too late. Suddenly, I filled Kellie's cunt with a monster load.

Lisa must have sensed it. She seemed to wake up suddenly. "Did you just *cum*?" she asked accusingly. I nodded.

"Fuck this!" she screamed, and I thought she was loud enough to draw complaints from her neighbors. She slapped Kellie on the back of her head. "The next time, you bring your own cock! I'm done having other people free-riding on my boyfriend!"

"The next time'?" Kellie asked with a smirk. "I guess that means you liked it."

Lisa giggled involuntarily. "It was fun," she admitted, "all except the thought of Brad's *cum* leaking out of your pussy. That part I didn't like."

Kellie stood to face her sister and I could see a glob of creamy fluid ooze down the inside of her thigh. "So, if I bring my own boyfriend, we can do it again?"

"If you bring your own boyfriend, we can do it again."

"Bless you, sister," Kellie told her. "Lie down on the chaise."

Lisa parked her tiny butt on the chaise, Kellie pushed her flat and parted her legs before dipping her head into Lisa's crotch. I couldn't see Kellie's tongue working Lisa, but I saw Lisa's eyes start to glaze over as her body surrendered to the erotic joy her sister now provided.

"Ahh..."

Another glob of jizz, and then another and another escaped from Kellie's cunt and followed the first down the inside of her thigh.

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My phone began to *purr* in my pocket and I instinctively checked the display before answering it. It was Kellie.

"Are you seeing Lisa this weekend?" she asked.

"I was planning on it," I admitted.

"Oh, good," she responded, "I'm hoping to introduce you both to my boyfriend, Tommy."

"I would check with your sister before dropping by unexpectedly," I warned her.

"Of course!" she assured me.

When I got a break in the project I was working on, I called Lisa.

"Have you spoken with Kellie?" She had not. "Well, get ready for her to gate-crash whatever we're going to be doing over the weekend," I warned her.

"*Hmm*," I heard her thinking, "maybe we should get away for the weekend, just you and me. How does that sound?"

"That sounds like a great idea," I agreed. "What do you have in mind?"

"Nothing yet, but you could surprise me..."

"Perhaps I will."

A dozen years ago, on a lark, I took flying lessons and got my license. I didn't own a plane, but such things can be rented. Janet and I enjoyed our share of '\$600 hamburgers' — fly 200 miles and return so you can enjoy an unimpressive lunch with your sweetie and you'll understand — and we even did some (really expensive) touring, but lately I hadn't had much reason to dash off into the wild blue yonder — until Lisa suggested I surprise her. That might do it.

I reserved a Cessna 152 with my local flying club and called Lisa. "Pack for an outdoorsy weekend and come directly to my place when you get off Friday. I think you'll like where I'm taking you."

"You usually take me to Heaven," she sniggered. "What's not to like?"

"Yeah, well, this launch area is in a different spot. Call me when you leave so I'll be ready when you get here."

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My phone rattled on the edge of my desk and I answered it. It was Lisa.

"I'm on my way," she informed me. "Thirty-five minutes if traffic isn't bad."

I stowed my bag in the trunk of the car and moved it to the street so Lisa could put her car in the garage. As I pattered with some last minute tasks, Lisa pulled into the driveway. I waved her forward into the garage and she parked it. I took her bag from the trunk of her car and transferred it to mine, gave her a kiss, and closed the garage door.

"So, where are we going?" she asked.

"It's supposed to be a surprise, isn't it?" I countered. I pulled away and headed for a small private airport nearby where I had taken my flying lessons and where I knew most of the business owners. I parked in a spot reserved for renters and got our two bags moved in behind the seats of the 152 they had prepped for me. Of course, I did my own pre-flight inspection as any sane pilot would, and started the engine. Lisa was smiling like a schoolgirl.

"Atlantic tower, Cessna November one niner three eight romeo ready to depart 2-6."

"3-8-Romeo, taxi right Charlie for runway 2-6, hold short."

"Taxi Charlie hold short 2-6, 3-8-Romeo."

I advanced the throttle and rolled the plane along the taxiway until it was just shy of runway 26. "3-8-Romeo holding short 2-6."

A two-engine Beech passed in front of us, touched down, and pulled onto a parallel taxiway.

"3-8-Romeo clear for departure 2-6. So long."

I rolled onto the runway, turned left, and pushed the throttle full forward. "Departing 2-6, 3-8-Romeo."

Once aloft, I turned into the northeast headed for Elko, Nevada and the accommodations I had booked for the weekend.

Yes, we thoroughly enjoyed it. Kellie didn't join us.

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Lisa answered her phone. It was Kellie.

"So, where did you guys go for the weekend?" she probed.

"To be honest," Lisa lied, "Brad didn't actually tell me where he was taking me, and I wasn't paying too much attention to the route, so I can't identify it accurately."

"I hope you had fun," Kellie teased. "Tommy and I missed you. I was hoping to introduce him to you."

"I'm sure we'll get to meet him when the time is right," Lisa parried. "What did the two of you do while we were away?"

"Oh... you know... the usual stuff we do on long, lazy weekends... fucking, mostly. I was kind of hoping you'd enjoy him enough to let me share Brad for a while, but it was okay. Tommy took care of me. You're still open to a foursome, aren't you?"

Lisa chuckled. "Yes, I suppose I am, at least once to see if it's worth repeating, but, Kellie, I'm not big on surprises. I don't want to plan a long, lazy weekend with Brad and discover that you've made plans on top of mine. If you want to have a foursome weekend, you have to plan it and let others know what you have planned. You can't just pop in: *'Hi, everybody, I'm here!'*, and expect to be welcomed when you've just crashed a party. Understand?"

Lisa could almost see Kellie hanging her head in remorse. "Yes, dear sister, I understand and I won't crash anymore of your weekends. Is that why you went away? Did Brad tell you I was planning to come over?"

"Yes, that was the reason we went away, and it was so much fun we may just do it again unless we know there's something planned. Get it?"

"Got it," Kellie confirmed. "So, what have you planned for next weekend?"

"I don't believe we have plans yet, but Brad is a man of many talents, you know."

"Talents I don't already know about?" Kellie probed. "Like what?"

"Well, for one thing, he's a licensed pilot, and quite good at it from what I've seen."

"Really! Did he fly you someplace this weekend? Where?"

"We went cabin-camping at a site owned by one of Brad's business contacts. It was a little southwest of Elko on the Humboldt River, I think, but I'm not 100% certain where."

"How cool! How long did it take to get there?"

"It was an hour and a quarter, maybe a little longer, between takeoff and landing. Total time with fussing over paperwork, maybe closer to two hours."

"Well, dear sister, may Tommy and I reserve some of your and Brad's time this coming weekend? You've given us many more things to think about and talk about."

"I will check with Brad to see if we can squeeze you into our busy social calendar, dear sister."

They each kissed through their phones before disconnecting.

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"Kellie is pushing very hard for a foursome weekend," Lisa told Brad. "Are you sure I'm going to like this?"

"I never promised you'd like it, sweetheart. I only suggested you might be like other people who liked it enough to do it more than once. I could be wrong."

"Have you ever...?"

Brad shook his head. "No, but I've seen a porn video of a many-something. I guess you could call it 'an orgy'."

"That sounds like a good research project," Lisa muttered. "I wonder where I'd find something like that?"

"There are lots of triple-X video stores around. Pick one and ask the clerk for a recommendation."

Her mouth went wide in a big 'O'. "I could never...!"

"I could go with you," Brad offered.

"...Or you could go yourself and save me the embarrassment."

Brad shook his head again. "Ix-nay. I insist you make your own choice on this and not rely on my biases."

We stepped up to the clerk at the counter. I stood aside to let Lisa deal with the clerk.

"I'm looking for something about 'orgies'," she began with clear signs of trepidation.

"Orgies," the clerk repeated and turned to the computer terminal that doubled as a cash register. He tapped on the keys and scanned the search results looking for anything he recognized. "I'm not very familiar with the topic, but if a selection has good reviews it would probably meet your requirements. Let me bring a few out so you can see what's popular."

He moved into the stacks and quickly pulled three DVDs before returning and splaying them across the counter for Lisa.

Lisa scanned them one-by-one before passing one of them to me for my opinion.

"Hmm... Looks interesting," I opined.

"This one," she told the clerk and handed him sufficient cash.

"That was horrible!" she exclaimed as we exited the store.

"But now you can cross that off your bucket list: 'buy porn video'; done!"

We went back to her place and loaded the disc into her player, then settled onto the couch to watch the action on her big-screen TV. On screen, couples arrived in ones and twos to a developing *soirée*, got drinks from the room's wet bar, took seats around the room, and began conversing with the other attendees. Before long, one couple could be seen kissing passionately and they were soon joined by several others who added 'fondling their partner' to the action. There were multiple cameras catching the action, it seemed, but the camera crews were very careful about staying out of the scenes themselves and a new-agey soundtrack played in the background.

Before long, a sultry brunette had hiked up her miniskirt and was preparing to settle on her partner's almost implausibly long cock. Another was licking and sucking her man's penis while another guy had plunged into her from behind. Several of the women were getting their pussies eaten, some by men, some by other women. A petite redhead was lying across the dining table, her legs splayed, while her mate slowly eased his meat inside her and slowly eased it out repeatedly. The whole video lasted a little over fifty minutes before all the females either had *cum* dripping from their vaginas or had successfully brought off their male counterparts into their mouths or onto their ample breasts. The DVD contained three of these short videos, all about the same general length, and starring some of the same actors in each.

While they played, Lisa and I cuddled on the couch saying little beyond the occasional mutter of surprise or delight. She didn't seem to mind my stroking her breasts and thighs and her 'Delta of Venus'. Every now and then she would rotate her head so our lips could meet, and I suspected the action we were watching on the screen might have been arousing her.

As the last scene of the last video faded to black, she finally spoke.

"I think I'd like a little sex before we go have dinner. What do you think?"

"I think I'd like to know what you thought of the *n*-some we just watched and whether you think you'd still enjoy a foursome?"

Lisa crinkled her lips in a show of consternation. "I think it wouldn't freak me out to be naked with a strange man..."

"...and maybe have sex with him..." I interjected.

"...and maybe have sex with him, as long as he isn't weird which, given my sister's circle of friends, isn't completely impossible."

"But you're still a little unsure..."

"Probably more than a little," she admitted after a pause to mull the question. "I'm trying to imagine the four of us, you, me, Kellie, and her boyfriend, all wandering around the house nude and getting kissed randomly and getting hugged randomly and getting entered randomly... Doesn't that give you a strange feeling?"

"It does," I admitted, "but I think it's probably more related to the fact that I... we don't know this 'Tommy'. I'll bet that if your phone rang right now and it was Jeff, whom you almost married, and Donna that we used to work with, and Donna invited you and me over for an intimate foursome on Saturday, you might feel odd because it's your first time in that kind of setting, but not because it's Donna and Jeff, because you know them. In fact, the fact that it's Jeff and Donna might make it seem less threatening.

"I think your negative feelings may be more a result of not being familiar enough with Tommy than enjoying the attentions of someone other

than me... and having that other someone enjoy you. Why don't you invite Kellie and Tommy over for Saturday and warn her in advance that it's just a 'getting to know you' evening and that nothing sexy is either scheduled or anticipated."

Lisa smiled. "That's a great idea. And I think you may be right about not knowing Tommy enough to feel comfortable around him."

She dialed Kellie's number and waited for her to pick up.

"Hi, sis," Kellie started. "What's up?"

"Brad just made a great suggestion," Lisa explained. "I need to feel more at ease with Tommy before anything... umm... sexy happens, so I'm inviting you and Tommy over for cocktails and conversation on Saturday so we can all get to know each other better. How does 7:30 work for you?"

"Let's say 7:30 tentatively and if Tommy has a problem we can adjust it later."

"Text me if you need to change anything."

They both disconnected. Lisa turned toward me and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I'm still very horny from watching two-plus hours of other people fucking, and I think you should help me with that problem."

Lisa and I spent a very enjoyable hour-and-a-half in her bed after which she confirmed that she was no longer so horny that she couldn't think of eating anything but my cock. We got dressed and drove two cars to her favorite restaurant and had dinner together before I headed back to my own home to get ready for the next day. I had picked up a short-term contract that required me to be on-site 9-to-5 at the customer's location for the next several weeks. The hourly rate was high enough that I thought it might let me take Lisa flying a few more times, and she was still a nine-to-fiver herself so it wasn't cutting into our personal time.

## ***Ménage-à-quatre***

Saturday afternoon, I drove down to Lisa's to help her get ready for guests that night. 'Getting ready for guests' for Lisa meant that I had to take the edge off her innate horniness by eating her pussy until it was numb. I'm not complaining, understand, but I worried that if she found Tommy attractive enough to discard her '*nothing sexy tonight*' rule, she wouldn't be able to respond to him adequately.

That's a joke, son... There's never any chance that Lisa won't be horny enough to respond adequately.

At the stroke of seven — Lisa had moved it up at Kellie's request — the doorbell rang and I welcomed Kellie and Tommy. Kellie greeted me with a delightfully sensuous kiss, and Tommy got a peck on the cheek from Lisa.

Lisa brought out finger foods and I handled the bar when we weren't all lounging in the living room and discussing all kinds of subjects. Tommy seemed like a nice enough guy. Kellie pumped me for more information about my flying exploits and let me know in no uncertain terms how much she wanted to experience them first-hand. While Kellie and I had our heads together talking about flying, I noticed — just noticed, nothing else — that Tommy and Lisa were huddled together in the kitchenette talking about... whatever they were talking about.

"Do you mind if I ask you a kind of personal question?" Tommy asked Lisa.

"I don't mind you asking," she told him, "but I might decline to answer."

"It's not about you, exactly," Tommy explained. "Tonight when we arrived, Kellie gave Brad a kiss like she was a former — or maybe a current — girlfriend. I was surprised, that's all, and I was wondering if they have a history. I figured if anybody would know, it would be you."

Lisa was smiling. "I'm going to have to take some time to construct an answer to that." She paused for a short while before continuing: "Yes, they do have a 'history', but I suspect your question is 'what kind of history?'. That's a more complicated question, and I suspect tonight is not the right time for me to address that. Sorry to be so cryptic. I'm just trying to calculate what information Kellie would consider 'confidential' enough that the answer ought to come directly from her. You wouldn't want your friends or worse, your brother, blabbing details of your private life, right?"

Tommy nodded. He understood. "Well, a different topic, then. Last week, Kellie and I showed up here unannounced to find you not at home." Lisa nodded and her mouth crinkled in her trademarked *moue*. "I don't know for sure, but I suspect she expected to find you and Brad here..."

"She did," Lisa confirmed.

"...and I suspect she planned to join you two in whatever you were doing."

"She wasn't clear on her plans?" Lisa asked. Tommy shook his head; *no*. "That little witch," Lisa muttered, "how could she do that to you?"

"Tell me: what did you think we would have been doing had we been home?"

Tommy paused. "If I were Brad, I would have been making love to you — or trying to."

Lisa glanced over her shoulder at her sister then turned back to Tommy. "My sister is a witch with a capital 'B'," she snarled. "Her treatment of you has been just despicable, and I'm going to correct that, if you don't mind." Tommy wore a somewhat startled expression on his face, so Lisa continued. "In case you haven't already suspected, Brad and I are 'an item', 'lovers' some might call us. Brad and Kellie also know each other

— in the Biblical sense. In fact, we three have had a threesome where Kellie poached my boyfriend, or tried to.

"I plainly admit that I do not like threesomes because it means I have to share my lover. I don't share well with others. Kellie The Witch proposed that a foursome would provide me with an alternate someone in case my own boyfriend was being 'used' when I needed attention.

"Last Saturday, Kellie intended to crash our intimate weekend — with you in tow, it seems. You were going to be that 'alternate someone' for our first foursome. Is that a surprise?"

Tommy seemed to be stranded somewhere between 'shocked' and 'delighted'. "It's a surprise," he admitted when he finally found his tongue, "but I can't say it's an unpleasant surprise, and I can't even say it's a total surprise. Thinking back on it now, I realize Kellie has been dropping little hints for over a week, telling me, for instance, how much I'm going to enjoy meeting her sister. She wasn't exaggerating, by the way; I really do enjoy your company even if the circumstances are more than a bit awkward."

Lisa laughed softly at that. "And here I was, worried that my sister would bring along some weird-o! You were completely in the dark about her nefarious plans. I ought to march right over there and rip some of her hair out for what she did to you."

"I'm not sure I would survive the unintended consequences of that," Tommy warned her. "Certainly, I would be in danger of having to find a new girlfriend. I wish you'd let me handle this if I can figure out how to handle this."

Lisa put her hand on the back of Tommy's neck and pulled him in closer. "Your wish is granted," she told him, and then she kissed him the way she kissed Brad. "Come along," she ordered, "I want to show you the house."

Her first stop was the master bedroom. "This is my room, the place where Brad and I usually have sex." As she said 'sex', she stroked Tommy's developing bulge with the palm of her hand and went immediately to undoing his belt buckle and pants. "I think I should pre-approve your equipment to see if you'll be an adequate substitute for my very accomplished lover. Do you mind?"

She had rendered Tommy speechless, but he was nevertheless still able to grope her A-cup breasts through several layers of material. As he did so, his pants slipped to the floor and he could feel Lisa's hands plunge inside his briefs. He leaned in for a kiss and got it.

"Lay back on the bed," Lisa ordered, and Tommy complied. Lisa unsnapped her own slacks, slipped out of them, then peeled her panties before climbing up onto the bed, straddling Tommy, and slipping his now-hard cock into her vagina.

As she slid down onto his cock and slowly withdrew to start the cycle over, Tommy could sense her breathing change.

"I hope you're enjoying this as much as I am," he whispered.

Lisa didn't reply beyond a quick jiggle of her head to let him know that she was, in fact, enjoying herself. It wasn't more than five or six minutes, with Lisa harvesting multiple orgasms from Tommy's meat, before Tommy grunted and bucked.

"I'm so sorry," he apologized. "I tried my best to hold off..."

"Nothing to apologize for," Lisa assured him as she rolled away toward a box of tissues on the end table. "I had a good time." She swabbed her pussy to remove the dribble of semen now leaking out of it, leaned over, and took Tommy's penis into her mouth so she could lick it clean. "Let's get dressed and rejoin the party."

As Lisa and Tommy walked back into the living room, Lisa began speaking as if she were continuing something: "...and you've already seen the living room, of course. How do you like the house?"

"It's delightful," Tommy said, playing along, "and it has loads of usable space. I can see how you were attracted to it. I hope you got it at a good price." Lisa smiled.

"What have you two been talking about?" Lisa asked Kellie.

"I have almost talked Brad into including Tommy and me the next time you guys go flying," Kellie gushed. "Brad's been telling me about your last weekend away." She turned to Tommy. "Has Lisa been bending your ear about her house?"

"Not a bit," Tommy assured her. "I enjoyed it. In fact, Lisa is so charming I wouldn't complain if she spent the whole evening with me — so there!"

"Well, I think you guys should get to know each other while Lisa and I have a little girl-time to ourselves." Kellie got up and took Lisa by the hand to lead her out to the pool deck. Tommy sat down across from Brad.

"Well?" Kellie asked Lisa when they were well away from the conversation in the living room.

Lisa lifted her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. "He seems nice enough," she offered. "I was afraid he'd be some sort of weird-o. I'm very pleased that you seem to have linked up with a normal person. What does Tommy think of our plans for him?"

"I haven't been exactly explicit with him on all the fine details," Kellie admitted finally.

"Oh, I see," Lisa said disapprovingly. "And when, exactly, do you think you'll get around to that?"

"I thought I might broach the subject on our way home tonight," Kellie answered.

"Why do I have this nagging suspicion that your 'broaching the subject' won't go quite as far as it should into the 'fine details'? I think we ought to bring Tommy up to speed before we let you spirit him away. He's a



nice guy. He deserves to get it straight — from us." Lisa turned toward the living room.

"No!" Kellie almost shrieked.

"And why not?" Lisa demanded.

"I just... I feel he needs to be introduced to it slowly."

Lisa paused. "I disagree," she retorted before turning and marching back into the living room.

"Brad," she interrupted the men's conversation, "it seems Tommy doesn't know why he's here tonight. I mean, he knows he's here to meet us, but not why Kellie wants him to meet us." Kellie was looking for a quiet corner where she could hide.

"Oh?" Brad replied, switching his gaze toward Kellie. "Are you thinking we should fix that?"

"Yes, I am," and Lisa sat down next to Brad across from Tommy.

"Tommy," Kellie whimpered, "I am so sorry..."

"What's going on?" Tommy asked.

Lisa looked at Brad. Brad looked at Lisa. Brad started: "Lisa objects to having to share her boyfriend with... well, with anyone, actually, but with her sister especially." Tommy cocked his head to one side quizzically. "We three have enjoyed a threesome, and while I enjoyed it and Kellie seems to have enjoyed it, Lisa... didn't. She's not big in the 'sharing' category, particularly when the sharing involves someone in whom she feels she has a proprietary interest. I mean 'me', of course. She taunted her sister with the words 'next time, you bring your own cock!' and Kellie, wishing for a continuation, has made plans for 'bringing her own'. You're here tonight so that Lisa can... vet you as someone whom she would consider as an acceptable alternate if someone else" — he nodded toward Kellie; Kellie shrank back and turned away — "is occupying my time."

"You're talking about 'swinging'," Tommy ventured.

Brad shrugged his shoulders. "I think of 'swinging' as more free-form than what we three had in mind, but it may be a distinction without a difference. We had hoped Kellie might have briefed you on what tonight's meeting was about, but that seems to have slipped through the cracks."

Brad paused to let Tommy think and reply if he decided to reply. "I'm guessing that I'm hearing this because I have passed the first hurdle at least," he said at last. "That is, I haven't been eliminated as a prospective candidate." Lisa bobbed her head.

"I find Lisa quite as charming as Kellie, and I'm certain I would enjoy meeting Kellie's sister in a more intimate setting."

Tommy turned toward Kellie, now curled up in a chair in the corner. "*Lucy, dju got some 'splainin' to do,*" he told her in a mock *Ricky Ricardo* accent.

There was a brief pause before Lisa burst into laughter. Brad soon joined her. Kellie was torn between laughing and crying.

"Pool party tomorrow afternoon?" Brad asked Lisa.

"Sounds lovely," she said. "Why don't we invite Tommy and Kellie to join us?"

"Capital idea! Tommy, Lisa and I are having a pool party tomorrow around one. Why don't you and Kellie join us for a splashful afternoon?" He winked at Tommy.

"I'd be delighted," Tommy replied. "I hope Kellie gets over her embarrassment in time for her to come along," and he winked back.

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A few minutes after one the next day, Tommy's white Mustang turned into Lisa's driveway and parked next to Brad's Jeep. Kellie rapped twice on the front door and entered without waiting to be invited. They found Lisa and Brad lounging by the pool in their bathing suits, cocktails in hand.

Kellie went straight for Brad and gave him the same kind of kiss she had last night. Tommy was half expecting that and made a bee-line for Lisa, leaned down and kissed her in more-or-less the same way.

"You know where the liquor is," Lisa told Kellie.

Kellie left to pour drinks for Tommy and herself.

"Where can I change?" Tommy asked.

"You're not wearing your suit?" Lisa asked. Tommy shook his head. "Well, there are bedrooms down the hall... or you can just get naked right here," she suggested. "It's a safe bet that we're all going to be skinny-dipping before too long."

Tommy looked around. "It is pretty secluded," he opined, then he pulled his shirt over his head, unzipped his trousers and shed them, peeled his briefs, and dove into the pool.

Lisa had a half-startled/half-amused look on her face. "Do you mind if I go check him out?" she asked Brad.

Brad gestured toward the water. Lisa stood, unhooked her bikini top and tossed it, pushed the bottom down over her hips and stepped clear, then dove in, surfacing just inches away from Tommy.

"That was a real nice kiss you gave me. Are there any more of those left?"

"Lucky for you, I happen to have several dozen with your name on them." He swept Lisa toward him and brought his lips to hers. She already had her hand firmly coiled around his cock and she could feel it getting harder by the second. "If you do that, you're going to be the first one fucked today," he warned her.

"Too late," she snapped back, "'I've already had my first," and she flipped her head toward Brad.

"Now that's what I call 'a *full set of horns*'," Tommy replied, and Lisa laughed.

"Don't tell me you haven't sated my horny sister's appetite already today."

"Nope. I just picked her up and brought her straight here."

"She didn't invite you to stay over last night?" Lisa asked incredulously.

"I think she really needed some alone-time to get over the spanking you two gave her," Tommy suggested.

"That means you haven't been taken care of yet today!" Lisa squeaked.

"Yes, well... I did get a real nice ride last night for which I haven't yet thanked you."

"If you feel the need to thank me, please don't send a note. Just slide that nice fat cock of yours inside me. I'd like to be the one who poaches Kellie's boyfriend this time."

"My lady, your wish is my command." Lisa put her arms around his neck and hoisted her body enough that Tommy could guide his penis into her vagina. As she had done once before, she began to bounce slowly on his meat and in just a few minutes, Tommy could see her eyes glazing over and could feel her breath coming in gasps.

Kellie finally emerged from the house, now dressed in her swimsuit and carrying two drinks, one for her, one for Tommy.

Brad glanced over at her and whistled. "That's almost a swimsuit," he remarked. It was little more than two thin straps over her shoulders widening slightly to make a pretense of covering her nipples and terminating at her crotch in material just wide enough to hide her gash.

"Is it too *risqué*, do you think?" Kellie asked.

"For the country club? Yes. For an afternoon pool party among people who will surely be naked and fucking each other within the hour... no."

"It looks as though Tommy and Lisa are leading by example in that department. Perhaps we ought to follow their lead?" She put the drinks down on a table, slipped her hands inside the straps, and popped them off her shoulders. The entire garment dropped to the floor leaving her completely naked. Brad stood and untied the cord that kept the waist of his swim trunks snug, and it soon joined the two other swimsuits. Kellie moved in to press her skin against his.

"You know what I really like?" she asked and immediately answered her own question: "Fucking in the pool. I couldn't believe how nice it was last time supported by the water and your cock keeping me from sinking. Can we do that again?"

"I think that's what your sister is doing." Brad took her hand and led her down the steps into deep water, pulled her closer, and lifted her butt,

barely bigger than Lisa's, up until his cock flipped into her slit. As he let her down, Kellie used two fingers to guide the tip of his penis into the vestibule of her vagina, then sucked his tongue into her mouth just as her first orgasm arrived.

Lisa bobbed on Tommy's cock for twenty minutes or more, always in a state of orgasm or recovering from one. She lifted her head so she could whisper in his ear: "How are you doing?"

"Almost there," Tommy assured her.

"Anything I can do to help?"

"You want me to finish and go limp?"

"I want you to enjoy me so you'll want to do me again sometime," she admitted.

"Feel like giving me a blowjob?"

She hesitated. "Okay."

"If you don't..."

"No, it's okay, really. I just love the way it feels when a guy cums inside me. You don't have a vagina so you don't know what it feels like, but it's really soothing, and it helps me down from the high spots."

"I can live with that. Let's move this onto dry land, huh?"

Lisa disconnected and stroked toward the steps followed closely by Tommy. "Poacher," Kellie whispered at her sister as she passed by.

Lisa laid back on the nearest lounge and spread her thighs.

"How about 'doggie style'?" Tommy asked.

Lisa smiled and flipped onto her knees and forearms so Tommy would have easy access to her cunt from behind. He slipped inside her well-lubricated pussy and began a slow, rhythmic in-and-out. He could feel the walls of Lisa's vagina twitch every now and then. "Oh, baby, that's so nice," he told her. Lisa closed her eyes and let him provide her with a few more orgasms while he pumped his own up to the breaking point. "Oh, baby... oh, fuck... oh..." She pulled free of his cock, flipped around, and sucked his meat into her mouth before starting a swirling motion with her tongue around the head of his penis accompanied by a slight suction. "Geez..." and he started bucking and pumping semen while Lisa swallowed his load whole.

Brad and Kellie had stopped their own fucking to watch Tommy lose his composure to Lisa's ministrations. "Holy shit," Kellie whispered, "where did she learn to suck cock like that, I wonder?"

"I don't know," Brad admitted, "but she can render me rubber-legged with her tongue."

"Now Tommy will expect that I'll be able to give him the same kind of treatment, I'll bet. I'm going to have to get Lisa to show me how it's done."

"I wouldn't worry about that," Brad comforted her. "I'm sure your technique will be entirely adequate to the task even if it's completely original and unique. If you want to practice on me, I'll be happy to help."

"After we finish here," she said, and resumed her gentle bouncing on Brad's stiff penis.

Twenty minutes of more-or-less constant orgasms had started to tire Kellie out and it was showing. Her bouncing had slowed and she had to hold much tighter to Brad's neck to keep from slipping off his penis even in the water with its natural buoyancy.

"You feel like you're about done," Brad offered.

"Yeah," she replied, "it's starting to become 'work', so maybe we need to take a breather."

"Is it time for that blowjob you promised?"

"Okay," she agreed, "but I think we should get dried off and do it in the spare bedroom, yes?"

"Done," Brad confirmed, and lifted her off his cock and dropped her into the water.

They climbed out of the pool, dried their bodies with the beach towels from the stack Lisa had prepared, and moved hand-in-hand down the corridor to the bedrooms.

Inside the guest bedroom, Brad lay down on the bedspread on his back and motioned Kellie to climb on top of him. Her pussy was now close to Brad's mouth and his penis close to hers. Brad gave her cunt a few exploratory kisses before sticking his tongue into the entrance to her vagina. Kellie dipped her head and sucked Brad's sausage into her mouth. "Lovely," Brad offered as she began to lick him.

She hadn't worked on Brad more than a few minutes before she began tasting his pre-cum, that lubricating fluid that Mother Nature provides so that a penis can slide easily into a vagina. She was having a little trouble concentrating on the job at hand because Brad's tongue was providing a series of orgasms, some small and quiet, others larger and accompanied by involuntary twitches and twerks of her hips. This was as enjoyable as sex under water and she deliberately slowed her tongue-teasing so that Brad would have more time to pleasure her pussy. For his part, Brad was enjoying the wonderful sensations of Kellie lollipopping him and hoped he wouldn't cum too soon. He knew, however, that he couldn't last forever.

'Forever' rolled around much sooner than Brad would have preferred, and with a huge sigh he surrendered all the semen his body had prepared for his lover of the moment. Kellie noted that pre-cum and semen tasted very differently as she gobbled Brad's essence.

"No more," Brad begged as his cock started to go limp, "that hurts."

Kellie stopped licking and sucking Brad's penis, but Brad continued his tongue-caresses of Kellie's hairless vulva for several more minutes and several more orgasms.

As the sun began threatening to head for the western horizon, the air started to cool and activities naturally migrated indoors. Lisa and Tommy had settled themselves on the couch still naked and were watching TV while Lisa toyed with his still-not-fully-recovered organ. Brad and Kellie soon joined them and Brad pulled Lisa to her feet for a long, languorous kiss.

"I love you," he told her and kissed her again.

"And I you," she assured him.

"Tommy's not going to steal you from me?" he asked.

"As much chance of that as Kellie stealing you from me," she answered. "She hasn't stolen you from me, has she?"

Brad shook his head. "Not possible," Brad told her. "As much as I enjoy her sexually, she isn't Lisa, and it's Lisa who owns my heart. So... did you enjoy your first foursome?"

Lisa paused as if thinking. "I did," she said at last. "I thought I might not, and I suppose that was due to some feeling in the back of my head that it would change the way you and I deal with each other, but I see now that the fear was unfounded, because you still love me and I still love you, and we can share ourselves with other partners without changing that. It's actually rather comforting knowing that our love for each other can withstand that, don't you agree?"

"I hadn't thought of it in exactly those terms," Brad nodded, "but that's a very good way of putting it. Our love transcends exclusivity."

They kissed again before Lisa turned toward Tommy. She kissed Tommy, too. "Thank you," she told him, "for letting me experience you."

Tommy laughed. "Ha! It's me who should thank you. You are a spectacular lover, and I need to thank Brad for being so open as to let me experience you." He reached across and shook Brad's hand.

Kellie approached her sister and pressed her naked body to Lisa's, kissing her deeply as she did. "Dear sister, I do hope you enjoyed today enough to do it again, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to share in your treasure."

Lisa coiled her arm around Kellie's neck and pulled her closer for another kiss of the sort sisters rarely give each other. "It was educational..." Lisa answered with a smile and a wink before kissing Kellie again.

"I hear you have a bathing suit..." Lisa started.

Kellie loped out to the pool deck, picked up her discarded bright yellow 'thing' and stepped quickly into it before parading back into the living room to model it.

Lisa gasped at the skimpiness of it before issuing a low whistle. "Where did you get..."

"Online," Kellie said, "and it's so light, shipping is free!"

"What is..."

"It's called a 'slingshot'. Of course you can't wear it to the beach without getting arrested, and Brad thinks it would be inappropriate for the country club, too, but isn't it just darling?" she asked as she spun around to model it for everyone. "You couldn't wear it, of course, Lisa, until you get yourself a wax job... you know... down there," and she pointed at Lisa's crotch before bursting into giggles.

"I'm not sure I could wear it at all," Lisa replied, "waxed or not. I mean, I don't mind being naked, but that's just... provocative."

"Yes, dear," Kellie said seriously, "that's what it's for. And it works, too, doesn't it?" she asked Brad with a smile.

"Only when it's on," Brad replied, and everybody laughed.

For her birthday, Lisa got her own 'slingshot' from Brad — in rosebud pink to match her nipples. The next day she got her first 'Brazilian'.