

New Year's Kiss

A romantic illustration of a young man and woman about to kiss. The woman, on the left, has long, wavy brown hair and is wearing a red dress with a white fur collar and a yellow turtleneck. The man, on the right, has short brown hair and is wearing a brown leather jacket over a white shirt. They are standing in a snowy mountain landscape with snow-covered peaks and a small cabin in the background. Snowflakes are falling around them.

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DEDICATION:

For my wonderfully understanding husband. Also to 'Lindy-poo' for all your help, during the 'research'.

ONE

Bill had spent two weeks convincing Ally to come to this party. She knew very well what kind of party it was, and was not in the least put off by it any more. In fact she was thoroughly looking forward to it, now that she had made up her mind to go.

In their mid-thirties, Ally and Bill had been married for ten years and had been into the swinging lifestyle for the last seven, but this was the first time that they would be attending one of these house parties. They had heard all about them from their friends and were definitely curious. Although Ally had confessed to being slightly apprehensive underneath her excitement. Never having gone one on one with another sexual partner—it had always been the two of them and another couple—it was just a little bit intimidating. But Ally was definitely looking forward to the experience. Something else that she would be able to add to her mental list of ‘been-there-done-that!’

The two of them had enjoyed many encounters with other couples. It all added to their enjoyment of

each other. In the beginning she had worried about Bill developing feelings of love for the other women. But he always made sure she knew that she was the only one in his heart.

Now, Ally relished the moments when she could look over and see her husband rolling his talented tongue around another woman's throbbing clit. She intimately knew the thrills that were racing through the other woman's body and she always came harder while watching Bill.

The play times that she personally enjoyed the most were when she could enjoy Bill along with another female. To lick along one side of his erect penis as another warm tongue did the same on the other side was the most erotic moment she could imagine. Except maybe for the glorious moments when she could have her own tongue curling around a jumping, twitching clit and be getting fucked hard from behind. The sensation of a hard cock pounding into her mixed with the warm salty softness of pussy was absolutely mind-blowing.

Also, to be able to feel the hard musculature of a man against her skin and reach over to take the soft supple flesh of a breast in her hand was amazing. She didn't consider herself to be bisexual, she just thought of herself as 'sexual' in whatever form it occurred. While she thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of a hard cock buried deep in her pussy, she could just as easily get off with her face buried between a pair of feminine thighs.

TWO

When their friends Paul and Jane told them about the upcoming New Years Eve party, it came as something of a shock. Paul and Jane were relatively new to the life-style; in fact, Ally and Bill had been their first encounter. That was just over a year ago and they had been getting together for mind-shattering orgasms every month since.

The subject of the party came up one evening as they sat around enjoying a glass of wine. Paul and Bill were still totally nude, as was Ally; Jane had pulled her panties on with Paul's T-shirt. Her modesty always endeared her to Ally; she would ride Bill's hard cock with complete abandon, bury her tongue deep in Ally's own wet pussy or suck Paul's long shaft down her throat; then she would demurely cover herself and serve the rest of them cocktails.

When Ally had asked her about this funny little custom of hers, Jane had turned scarlet and lowered her eyes. "I guess it's like I have a split personality or something. When I am horny and we are all going at it, my mind is off in a totally erotic place. Then when it's all over and we are just us again, my mother's

voice comes screaming into my head, telling me that a good hostess always dresses appropriately and sees that her guests are comfortable." Taking a deep breath and finally lifting her glance from the floor, she looked Ally in the eye, "I guess that all sounds really nuts, doesn't it? You would think that by the time you turn thirty, you should be able to stop worrying what your mother thinks of you, but I just can't quite get past that."

Slipping her arm around Jane's shoulder, Ally tried her best to ease her mind, "I don't think you're nuts, hon. Maybe if more people worried about what their parents thought, we would have a much more civilized society. Who knows! All I know is that I think you are great just the way you are, and you have always been a perfect hostess."

They were both giggling as they return to the guys that night and everything was a lot more relaxed between all of them ever since. When Paul brought up the subject of this party, it came as a bit of a surprise to Ally and Bill. Paul soon had Bill turned on to the idea and they quickly had their heads together, at the kitchen table, going over details such as timing and location.

In the living room, Jane told Ally that they had been to one of these 'swing parties' a few weeks earlier and had had such a good time that they wanted to host one themselves, so that all of their 'friends' could get together. With New Year's Eve coming up, it simply seemed to make sense to them that it be the reason for the party. After all, what better way to bring in the New Year than downing in

the incredible waves of multiple orgasms?

Jane assured Ally that it was safe and that she was sure Ally would have a good time. Everyone would have to show proof that they were free from disease and condoms would be on hand all over the place. Ally's only concern was that she and Bill would be separated and off with other partners. As this would all be new to them both, she was afraid that there might be some hidden jealousy issues that would have to be dealt with.

Snuggling closer to Ally on the loveseat, Jane accidentally bumped her elbow, causing her to spill her wine. As the clear liquid ran down across Ally's breast, Jane slowly lowered her head. "A good hostess always cleans up any spills." She whispered as her tongue gently traced around the erect nipple to cleanse it of the warm fluid. A soft moan escaped Ally's throat at the feeling of Jane's warm breath against her sensitive flesh.

As she took her nipple into her mouth, rolling it around with her tongue, Ally could feel Jane wiggling out of her panties. She reached down to help her pull the tee shirt off and took hold of the round breasts as they escaped from the confining material. Laying back on the loveseat Ally pulled Jane down on top of her to kiss her lips, still sweet from the wine. Running her hands down the length of Jane's spine, Ally pressed against her ass grinding their hot pussies together.

With unspoken agreement, they moved as one to the floor, never losing contact with the other's hot body. Jane looked deeply into Ally's eyes, "Just stay

still.” She instructed her as she lifted herself slightly. Working her way down Ally’s body, Jane licked and kissed every inch of flesh from the hard lines of Ally’s collarbones all the way down to her throbbing pussy. With her hands lying softly across the bottom of Ally’s stomach, Jane whispered, “This is just a taste of what it will be like at the party. Just you and me; without Bill and Paul.” With that, Jane lowered her mouth to fan the ever-increasing flames between Ally’s thighs.

THREE

On New Year's Day Bill took the kids over to his parents' house. They were going to spend the night so Ally and he would be free to stay out as late as they wanted. Although they never played when the kids were around, it was always better when they were away for the night not just at home with the baby-sitter.

The kids loved going to their grandparents' place and Nanny and Poppa loved having them. They knew that they would be allowed to try and stay awake until midnight, to join their grandparents banging pots and shaking noisemakers. It was a silly tradition, but one that they all thoroughly enjoyed. So it was a perfect arrangement for them all.

When he got back to the house he found Ally in the bathtub. She had put some soft music on, lit a few candles and left the door open. Standing in the doorway Bill was amazed at how beautiful his wife looked. Her olive skin against the starkly white porcelain of the tub seemed even darker and as far as he was concerned her body was perfect. Her breasts may not ride quite as high on her chest and her

stomach may have lost some of its taut flatness, but she was the mother of his children and she was his queen. Bill was quick to get rid of all of his clothes and join her within the cloud of steam in the warm water. "Hi there my beautiful bride." He said as he lowered himself between her knees.

"Hi there!" Ally answered. "Are you ready for tonight?"

"Sure! I think it's going to be a blast!" Bill smiled as he carefully lathered Ally's breasts with the soap. "You're not worried about any of it are you?"

"Not really. As long as Jane is right and everyone there agrees that no means no! That's the only part that kind of scares me. What if some guy wants to get it on with me and I am not really all that interested?" she asked him as she took the soap from his fingers and began washing him.

"Well what did Jane say about that?" he asked as he raised himself to allow her access to his groin.

"She said that everyone had agreed that it has to be a mutual agreement between the couple and that if either one was uncomfortable that it was okay to say stop. So basically the same rules that we have always practiced under. I guess I am just being silly. It's just that it's a new situation for us is all." Slowly her hand was making sure that Bill's erect manhood was as clean as possible. "Now shush! I have work to do." She giggled

Ally had always been fascinated by the male anatomy and she especially liked her husband's own cock. It was bent slightly to the left as the result of a childhood accident with a door, although he had been

slightly embarrassed about it when they first got together she soon convinced him that it still worked just fine. As a matter of fact she thoroughly enjoyed the way that it felt as it rubbed against the inside of her vagina.

Looking up into Bill's loving eyes, Ally purred, "Do you know how much I love your cock?"

Closing his eyes to completely enjoy what he knew was coming, he chuckled, "Yes honey, I know. You tell me every day."

"I especially like this little freckle here, right on the rim of the head." She told him as her lips moved closer and closer to that wonderful freckle. He could feel her breath against his wet skin when she whispered, "This freckle has always seemed like a good starting point." With that her tongue darted out to run along the side of his cock.

Knowing her as well as he did, Bill knew that this was just a tease. This was a start to their weekend of wild, delirious sex. There was nothing routine about their sex life anymore. Ever since they had started swinging, it had been fantastic. His quiet little wife had turned back into the wild cat that he had fallen in love with all those years ago. Plus he knew that he was enjoying being with her more now, so it only made sense that he performed better. Whenever they had a weekend away from the kids, it was a sex fest, even without adding others into the mix.

This weekend promised to be even more so. He had been able to feel the pent up sexual tension in Ally for the past few days. When they made love at night, being careful to not wake the sleeping children

in the next room was becoming difficult. They both wanted and needed to just let go and howl at the moon.

Something that Bill had said years ago must be true; "The human species are actually little more than animals. Granted we hold our selves to be more civilized than apes, so we are civilized animals. But take a really good look at the animal kingdom. They are the free ones. They're not tied down and trapped by any laws other than the laws of nature. You know survive and procreate. If you look at the monkeys for instance, you'll see that they enjoy all kinds of sex with all kinds of partners. They are by no means monogamous, but they do have special partners who they continue returning to. If it were so wrong at the basic level, then the animals wouldn't do it. It's just man's law that has turned sexual freedom into a bad thing."

This mini speech had been his reply to Ally asking him if what they were doing was morally wrong. It had helped to alleviate all of her fears at the time and still did. She and Bill were happy; they had gotten to know each other again over the past seven years, and discovered that they did in fact still like each other. They were both very comfortable with their choices and were glad to be able to share this voyage with each other.

They both got a natural high from the anticipation of their playtime. They always enjoyed some sort of sexual act before meeting with the other couple and of course when they were alone later they would enjoy

each other again. That's how it always was; it began with the two of them and ended with the two of them. They were used to the building tension and knew very well how to handle it, but something about the upcoming party had both of their libidos raging. The anticipation was building up in them to the point of near madness.

Looking down, Bill marveled at his wife ability to take his full seven inches into her sweet throat. Her hair was wet and slicked back against her scalp, allowing him to enjoy the full view of her movements without her hair getting in the way. Seeing her little upturned nose press in against his groin as she sucked him into her ever deeper caused a deep moan to force its way between his lips.

Bill knew he was close to the point of no return. His balls were pulling up close to his body and rolling within their protective sac. He could feel his cock swelling within the close confines of Ally's warm mouth. Fireworks were going off behind his eyes and the only thought that kept racing through his mind was, 'Don't stop, oh my god don't stop!'

Holding onto the back of her head, Bill rammed his shaft into Ally's mouth and held her there as his seed exploded into her throat. Amazingly, she never pulled back, choked or spilled a drop. She simply kept sucking and swallowing until she had sucked every ounce from the very base of his balls. As she slowly pulled away from him she let her teeth run along the length of his softening shaft. "Holy shit Ally! I am so glad Gayle and Steve were such good teachers. That was unbelievable."

FOUR

Gayle and Steve had been their first experience with swinging. Although they had been friends for a long time, as a matter of fact they were godparents to each other's children. They had all been getting together for cards every Friday night for years and once a month they had an adults only night.

Although they all loved their children deeply and were dedicated to them, it was agreed that everyone needed to have a break from them. So, once a month a baby-sitter would care for all the kids at one house, while the adults got together at the other's place. As the kids all got along so well it was an ideal arrangement.

Ally, Bill, Gayle and Steve would get together for supper and then watch a movie that wasn't suitable for while the kids were around, or play cards and just be loud and crazy. It was one of these particular nights when the topic of wife swapping came up. At first it was something of a joke. Steve loved the way Ally baked pies and was always teasing that he was going to take her home with him and leave Gayle with Bill.

"Sounds good to me!" was Bill's laughing response one night. "I am gaining too much weight from all the goodies she keeps making anyway"

Gayle was the one to respond to this, in an obviously flirty voice as she stood behind Bill and rubbed his shoulders, "Well, we could take care of that. You just need to get a bit more exercise is all. A couple of hours of really good sex every night for a week should just about do the job."

Ally was slightly shocked that her best friend would be so brazen with her husband sitting right across from them. Ally fully expected Steve to get upset. She had thought that there may even be a fight, but both of the men seemed to be enjoying the conversation.

"She's probably right Bill. I know it did wonders for me; I've lost about 10 pounds in the past two months or so. There is no workout program quite like a hellcat in your bed." Steve informed him with a huge grin.

Ally could hardly believe her ears, Steve wasn't pissed off at all, he wasn't even upset! In fact he seemed to be enjoying it all! Now her wonderful husband was going along with it too!

"Sounds good to me!" Bill grinned as he turned in his seat to pull Gayle down onto his lap, "How about taking on another client. You could be my trainer." Ally knew that she should be hurt or angry or ashamed of him; but somehow she just wasn't. In fact she was finding the whole thing rather compelling.

Giggling, Gayle glanced over at Steve and winked, "Sounds like a plan." She purred.

“Well, if you get to train him, then I get to train this little beauty here.”

Ally had been so busy trying to sift through the strange thoughts racing through her mind that she hadn't noticed that Steve had moved to stand behind her and he was now running his fingers softly down her arms. Bending so that his lips were against her ear, he whispered, “What do you think, hon? Do you want to try me on for size? I promise you'll like it.”

Looking across the table, Ally saw that her best friend and her husband were kissing and tentatively exploring each other with their hands. Steve was now rubbing her shoulders and placing light kisses against her neck. “Are you guys all serious? Is this really something we want to do?” She asked after a couple of attempts to clear her throat.

Gayle looked at her with glistening eyes, “Why not? I think it'd be fun. Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to be having sex with someone while Bill is bangin' someone else?”

“Well sure, I think everyone has those kinds of fantasies, but what if this hurts our friendship? What about the vows we all made at our weddings? Do we just forget about all of that? Do you really think it's a good idea?”

Steve pulled her up to her feet and held her in his arms. “I promise that I will be a very gentle lover, unless that's not what you want and I promise that we will all still be friends in the morning. I've seen you looking at me when you don't think anyone will notice and it turns me on to no end. Gayle has even noticed it and we've talked about what it would be

like to share you."

Ally was having an extremely hard time even keeping her legs under her, there was no way she could bring herself to look Steve in the eye. "I am so embarrassed! But even so, looking and dreaming are different than actually doing. It would be like I was cheating on Bill."

"Not if he was right there with you." Steve told her as he forced her chin up with his finger. "It's only cheating if you are doing it behind his back."

"And if at any time you feel uncomfortable all you have to do is say stop." Bill whispered from behind her as she felt him rubbing his hard cock against the ass of her jeans. "I can tell by the way you're breathing that you're turned on by the idea."

"What d'ya say Ally? It could be fun." Gayle breathed in her ear as she rubbed both guys asses.

After just one more slight hesitation Ally knew how to answer all of them. Standing on her tiptoes she placed a kiss on Steve's lips that started out soft, but quickly became something much deeper. Her body came alive with sensations, every nerve ending was tensed and ready. She could feel, as well as smell the heat that was emanating from all of them. Nothing else seemed to matter more to her at that particular moment, than feeling Steve naked against her skin.

Swiftly moving into the den, where they knew they could not be seen from the front windows, which face the road, just in case someone should unexpectedly come by, they all seemed to become a one-minded being. Arms and fingers became tangled as they raced

to get rid of every article of clothing. It had suddenly felt as though it was wrong to be clothed, every one of them wanted to touch, feel and taste skin.

As Ally slid her hands down Steve's hard abdomen to push his briefs to the floor, she suddenly stopped and looked closer. She had always thought that she had quite dark skin tone, but now she thought that her hands looked rather pasty. Steve and Gayle were not their only African-American friends, but he was by far the darkest of them all. For some reason this was something that Ally had never noticed before now. And he was big, not fat. She could see now that it was all muscle. At six foot two inches, he made Ally feel small. She had always thought that standing five feet ten inches was too tall for a woman ... until that moment.

Steve's fingers closed around her wrists and she looked up into his dark eyes. "What's wrong? Did you change your mind?" he asked quietly.

"No. It's just that I've never seen a black man naked before. And I suddenly realized how dark you really are."

Steve chuckled softly as he guided her hands to the waistband of his briefs. "We're not put together any different from other men. I guarantee you there's only one. And it doesn't bite!"

Keeping her eyes glued to his, Ally slid his last piece of clothing down over his ass and let it fall to the floor where he could step out of it. As he did, Ally slid her hands around to grasp his bare ass and press him tightly against herself. Steve slid his own large hands around Ally, one resting between her shoulder

blades as the other massaged her ass. Lowering his head slowly, his warm lips found Ally's again. Moaning into the moistness of her inviting mouth, Steve began slowly moving against Ally's lower abdomen.

She could feel his as yet unseen cock pressing against her. It felt hot and harder than any she had felt before, pulling back slightly from the man setting her on fire, Ally looked again into Steve's eyes. "I want to see." She whispered, "It feels wonderful and now I want to see."

Steve sighed, "Mmmm, but before you look down, look over there." He gestured with his chin across the room towards Bill and Gayle. "As the song says, 'ebony and ivory, together in perfect harmony.'" He whispered.

Ally felt her hard clit jump and twitch frantically as her eyes took in the amazing scene. Gayle was leaning back against the bookcase and Bill was on his knees in front of her. His pale skin stood out starkly against her darker where his arms were against her torso. Bill had his mouth clamped on Gayle's hot pussy and a full breast in each hand.

Gayle's head was thrown back as she let herself go and enjoy the feelings rushing through her. Soft moans were escaping her throat, clearly stating how much she was enjoying herself.

"Bill doesn't waste any time, does he?" Steve chuckled quietly, slowly running his hands up and down Ally's sides.

"No, I guess not. But I think, slow is nice once in a while." She smiled as she softly moved her hands

around his waist. First one hand and then the other made its way between them to grasp Steve's throbbing, rock hard cock.

Starting at the small hollow at the base of his throat, Ally kissed and licked her way down Steve's torso. Pausing only briefly to pay special attention to his nipples as well as the bottom of his rib cage. When she came to his belly button, she slid her tongue into it and felt him shudder ever so slightly. She could taste the saltiness of his heated skin mixed with a light underlying taste of his soap.

As she came to her knees at his feet, Ally opened her eyes to gaze upon the object of her desire. Her hands had been busy working his cock and balls into a frenzy. A small droplet of his juice glistened at the tiny opening. Sliding one hand up along the shaft, Ally squeezed more juice from him as she gently massaged his balls with the other. The sight of this was too much for Ally to resist. Her tongue darted out to remove the pre-cum from its precarious position.

As her tongue slid across the shiny purple head of his cock and her warm breath blew over his sensitive skin, Steve shuddered again. Looking up Ally stated, "I'm not really sure what I'm doing. So if I do something wrong just let me know."

Steve dropped to his knees in front of her, "Are you saying that you want a lesson?"

"Well, you did say that you were going to train me, didn't you?"

"Then come over here sweetheart and let the training begin." He said as he moved to the sofa

beside them. "By the way, it doesn't look too scary does it? It's just a cock. Just like Bill's."

"Well it's not quite like Bill's," she told him as she settled herself on the floor between his knees. "It's a bit bigger than his and a bit more purple!"

"Yeah, I bet it is!" Steve began slowly tracing his fingertips over Ally's face, outlining her eyes, nose and lips. "So, about your first lesson..."

"Yes please, teacher!"

"First of all remember to always be careful with your teeth. It may just be skin, but I happen to really like that particular piece of skin just the way it is. So try to keep your tongue over the bottom ones and use your lip to protect me from the top ones."

As she had been attentively listening, Ally had continued to stroke his hard cock. She was also running her hands along the inside of his upper thighs. Steve was extremely aroused and was starting to find it a little difficult to continue the lesson.

"Don't suck too hard. It's a cock, not a tootsies pop. You're not trying to get to the chewy centre." He sighed and settled himself back into the sofa cushions as Ally lowered her head to put into practice what she had just heard. Steve continued his instructions, which she followed to perfection.

"Roll your tongue around the head ...

Yeah, that's right ...

Just like that ...

That's so good ...

Now suck just the head into your mouth...

Not too hard, baby ...

Yeah, perfect ...

Keep moving your tongue around and stroke me slowly with your hand ...

Shit girl, that's good ...

Nice and slow, just like that ...

Perfect ...

Now wet your lips and slowly slide your mouth down onto me as far as you can go ...

Be careful of you teeth ...

That's it ...

Good ...

Stop for a second ...

Move your tongue around ...

Oh shit, yeah ...

Now, start going up and down on it ...

Yeah ...

Play with my balls ...

Oh fuck, go faster babe ...

That's it ...

Perfect ...

Oh shit, keep goin' Ally ...

Get up on your knees with your ass in the air ...

No, don't stop ...

Keeping suckin' me as you move ..."

As soon as Ally had herself repositioned she felt Bill behind her. Holding onto her hips he slid his hard cock deep into her throbbing wet pussy with one hard thrust. Moaning deeply on Steve's cock, Ally felt them both hit home. Bill was as deep into her pussy as possible, while Steve was hitting the back of her throat.

Looking up she saw that Steve was sucking deeply on one of Gayle's tits as he drove his fingers in and

out of her dripping pussy. Gayle looked down to Ally, reached down and pressed on the back of her head. "Keep goin' sweetie, he's really close!"

Ally closed her eyes and gave herself over to the sensation. With Steve now thrusting in and out of her mouth and Bill driving deeper and deeper into her pulsating pussy, Ally felt the biggest orgasm of her life start. The spasms started somewhere deep within her lower abdomen and spread through her entire body with amazing speed.

As her pussy muscles began convulsing around Bill's cock, his own orgasm began. As his hot cum boiled out of him an animalistic sound escaped his throat and he grabbed Ally's hips tighter and thrust even harder. At nearly the exact same moment, Steve grabbed the back of her head holding her still. "You don't have to swallow, but it's now or never baby!"

As the orgasm continued to roll over her, Ally reached around and squeezed his ass as an answer. As the words 'oh fuck' flew from his lips and his hot juices exploded into Ally's throat, Gayle started her own dance of ecstasy.

Four bone-jarring orgasm rocked the den sofa almost simultaneously. They all collapsed upon each other, sweating, moaning and gasping to catch their breath. Steve was the first to regain his composure. Gently stroking his hand through Ally's hair, he smiled, "You are an excellent student!"

Sitting up and looking from Steve to Bill she sighed, "I think I may need a bit more practice though before I can consider myself to be a pro. You might enjoy my new found talent, honey."

With that, Bill kissed her deeply and tenderly. He could taste Steve, while she detected the taste of what had to be Gayle on his lips and tongue. It struck her then that she had not thought to say stop even once. All that kept going through her mind was that she wanted more. And she wanted it often. It must be that Steve was right, she thought. As long as the one you love is with you, sharing the experience, then it's not cheating. There is no guilt attached to the action at all.

That was the beginning for Ally and Bill. And what a wonderful beginning it was. After that first glorious orgasmic explosion, they had all had something to drink, without even thinking about putting their clothes back on. Then once they were nicely re-hydrated and rested they went at it again.

That night Ally had more orgasms than she had ever thought possible. By the time she kissed Steve and Gayle good-bye at the door, she intimately knew every inch of both of their bodies.

That was seven years ago and they still enjoy getting together with them for some amazing sex at least three times a year. They see each other more often than that. But they have all agreed that the sex is much better when they let the tension build up.

FIVE

When Ally and Bill were finished with their bath they both felt clean and refreshed. Ally took extra time getting dressed for this evening. She wanted to look her best, but at the same time she wanted to make sure that all of the other guests could tell that she was ready to play.

Having naturally curly hair made it a lot easier to fix a do. She simply pulled it up into a ponytail and let it fall in ringlets. Once her hair had been taken care of, she began to rub lotion onto her skin. Starting with her face and neck, she carefully covered every inch that she could reach. Soft, touchable skin was important to Ally. She considered her skin her biggest sexual organ. From what she had heard, talking to other women, most had certain spots where their skin was super sensitive. Every inch of Ally's skin was that way, especially when she was turned on. A kiss on the inside of her elbow or a light brush against her leg would be all it would take to start the fire blazing in her groin. So needless to say, she loved to be touched.

Sitting in front of her vanity naked to let the lotions soak into her skin, Ally began applying her makeup.

Understated would be the best way to describe it. A light brush of colour on her cheekbone and the bridge of her nose to give that sun-kissed look, some mascara to emphasis her long eyelashes and a coating of lip-gloss was all she wore. Over her entire face and neck she added a light dusting of glimmering powder. Appraising herself in the mirror, she was satisfied that she had accomplished that 'come hither' look.

Running her fingertips down her arms to reassure herself that the lotion had done its job, Ally moved to the bed. She had laid her clothes out for the night before she went into the bath. Stepping into the light blue thong, she turned to look in the full-length mirror. Adjusting the miniscule panties so that they laid perfectly against her skin, she thought she looked pretty good. After having two babies, she naturally had some stretch marks, but didn't every other woman who was going to be at this party? She pressed flat hands against the slight roundness of her tummy, remembering the total flatness it used to be. 'Oh well,' she thought to herself, 'I still look pretty good for a thirty-five year old mom.'

As she turned back to the bed to pick up the matching bra, she caught a glimpse of her ass in the mirror. It had retained its firm roundness, due mostly to the fact that Ally jogged most days and exercised at least twice a week. Adding that to running around after the kids, taking care of the house and unbelievable amounts of sex, it all worked together to keep her quite fit. After adjusting her breasts in the matching bra, Ally found herself getting slightly

flushed.

Her nipples were hard and pushing against the thin material, looking quite enticing, even to her. She couldn't resist rubbing her fingers across them, watching in the mirror as the tightened even more. Her pussy was also starting to tighten as she seriously considered calling out to Bill. She knew he would be more than willing to have a quickie before leaving.

Just as she was opening her mouth to call out to him, she heard Bill calling from the living room. "We'd better get a move on honey! Jane will be thinking that we've changed our minds soon."

Looking at the clock, Ally realized that it was in fact getting late. She hadn't realized that she had taken so long to get ready. Pulling her fine satin shirt over her hips she forced herself to keep going. It would have been so easy to stop and enjoy the way the material felt against her skin. Instead she slid her bare feet into her pumps and grabbed the white blouse from the bed.

As she ran down the stairs, her fingers fumbled with the tiny mother of pearl buttons up the front of the shirt. Bill was standing at the bottom of the stairs, holding her coat for her. She thought he looked wonderful in his crisp white button down shirt and navy pants. "I love watching you hurry down the stairs in that skirt." He smiled, "Did you know that it's so short that I can see the crotch of your panties when you're running like that?"

"That's the whole idea, isn't it?" Ally laughed as she finally got the last button to close. "Isn't that why you called up and told me to hurry?" she asked him

as she came to stand in front of him, reaching up to stroke his cheek.

“Well, yeah mostly. But we really do have to get going.”

SIX

When they arrived at Paul and Jane's house, Ally was amazed to find that they were not the first guests. Three cars were already lined up along the boulevard. As he was parking their own in the driveway behind Paul's, Bill chuckled, "Looks like they've invited some pretty anxious partiers!"

"I am getting kind of nervous again. Remember our promise, okay?"

"Don't worry babe! I have that promise held tight in my heart, it's one I would never even think of breaking."

Jane and Paul had taken down all of the Christmas decorations and redecorated the house in black and silver New Years Eve splendour. At all looked so festive with the clusters of balloons hanging in the corners, hats and noisemakers on the hall table lined up on either side of a bowl full of an assortment of condoms.

As Ally and Bill entered the living room Paul and a well-built blonde whom they did not know greeted them. "Hey guys! Glad you could make it. This is Cassie one of our assistant hostesses." He said as

Cassie took their coats from them. "Sam, the other assistant is with Jane right now giving another couple the grand tour."

"Assistant hostesses? What's with that Paul?" Ally asked their friend, extremely puzzled.

Wrapping his arm around her waist and lightly kissing her on the cheek, Paul told them about the agency that he and Jane had found. "This group is fantastic. They're all swingers that got together to help other swingers figure out the best and easiest way to hold parties and get together. They've all done it before so they let you pick their brains. That way we don't make the same old mistakes that have been made in the past. It's all very professionally run. I'll give you their card; you should go check it out. They always have some kind of event going on. You'd be surprised how many folks just like us there really are in this area."

Cassie slipped her arm around Bill and asked if they were ready to start their tour. Paul handed them a sheet of paper, which was the list of rules for the party and gave them a few moments to look it over.

#1 - no means NO!

#2 - Be respectful of the other couple and always check with both as to whether or not the interest is there.

#3 - Always be clean

#4 - Always use protection

#5 - NEVER discuss (at function or outside of it) what goes on between the participants. Privacy and discretion is of the utmost importance

"It all seems pretty straight forward and sensible to me." Was Bill's comment when he was done reading it. "I only have one question. What if we want to split up and not go as a couple?"

"Well then, you check with the other person in that couple to make sure that they are okay with it. As long as everyone is in agreement then it's cool. Plus Cassie here and Sam are single gals, so they are at your disposal if you're lookin' for a threesome or what ever." Paul informed them with a gleam in his eye. "So now, on with the tour!"

He walked them throughout the whole house. The living room had been designated as a 'safe room', in other words that was where you could meet other people, hang out and relax. It was also where the bar was set up as well as the table full of munchies. Downstairs in the rec room was the 'group room'. There were bowls filled with condoms everywhere as well as lubricants and 'toys' of every description all around the room. Upstairs were the 'private rooms'; as long as the door was open it was okay to enter. It was understood that if a door was closed then the room was already being used or was off limits.

With their tour over, Bill and Ally returned to the living room and were greeted by Jane. As Paul headed out with another couple to give them the grand tour, Jane introduced Ally and Bill to some of the other guests. Tammy and her husband Brian were the couple whom Jane had been showing around; Stephanie and Barry had been in the room, getting drinks from the bar when Paul had brought them through and they greeted Ally and Bill with a hug.

They all seemed to feel comfortable with each other right away and sat in a corner talking.

Barry and Bill had quite a bit in common, they both liked to go fishing and camping and they were both in the construction business. Stephanie was a stay-at-home mom just like Ally. It turned out that this was their first part as well and they were looking forward to the new experience just as much as Ally and Bill were.

At about nine o'clock a nice looking guy named Jason came over and quietly talked to Barry, then he and Stephanie left the 'safe room' together. Sitting back down beside Bill he told him, "We agreed before we got here that we would go one on one as long as the interest was there, and we worked out a signal. Did you see how she ran her hand up her leg? That was her signal that she was into him. So I hope she has fun." Turning to Bill, he asked "What about you two? Are you planning on sticking together as a couple or were you thinking about splitting up?"

"Well, we had in fact figured that we would split up for part of the time." Bill told him. "But we didn't even think to work out any secret signal or anything. I guess we should have thought of that."

"Don't worry." Whispered Jane, who had just come back into the room, looking slightly flushed and warm, "You'll know when it's okay!"

Ally had been talking to Sam on the other side of the room and came over to let Bill know that she was just going to run upstairs to use the bathroom. Placing a kiss on his lips she left the room, followed by more than a few sets of eyes.

SEVEN

Ally jumped as she pulled the bathroom door open. Unknown to her Barry had followed her up the stairs and patiently waited for her to finish using the facilities. With her hand against her breast, as if to still her fear Ally stepped into the hall. "Shit Barry! You scared the Hell out of me!" she giggled nervously, "It's all yours now."

Pulling himself up from where he had been lounging against the wall, Barry blocked her way to the stairs. "I didn't come up here to take a leak. I came up to see you. I've been watching you ever since you and Bill got here."

"Have you really?" she asked as she stepped a little closer to him. She was close enough to smell him, the mixture of his soap, cologne, hair gel and his own masculinity. It was a very intoxicating mix. Better than any of the drinks that were flowing through the party downstairs. Taking a deep breath, Ally reached out to trace her fingertips down the front of his black shirt, "I've been watching you, too!"

Barry lifted his hands to Ally's hips, sliding them around to her firm ass. With his fingers splayed, he gently massaged the flesh beneath his palms. Ally

raised her glance from his chin to his eyes. His pupils were totally dilated, showing his arousal as clearly as a red flag in the snow. "There's not much material to this skirt, and I can't feel any panty lines. Are you wearing a thong?" he asked.

"No! Not anymore!" she breathed as he pulled her against him for a kiss. His tongue darted between her lips. Their tongues met with absolute heat. She sucked his into her mouth, with a silent promise of what could lay ahead.

Throughout the deep, wet kiss his hands continued rubbing her ass, sliding the back of her skirt up. With his hands claspng the now naked roundness, he pushed her hard against him. She felt the heat from is rock hard penis pressing against the bottom of her stomach. Moaning softly into his mouth, her own hands found his ass and pressed the two of them together even harder.

"I am going to lick your pussy right here, where anybody coming up the stairs can see." he told her as he pushed her back against the wall. His hand slid between her legs. Two fingers easily slipped between the wet lips of her pussy to find her throbbing, swollen clit. Ally twitched as if she had received an electric shock. Barry knelt down at her feet as she pulled her skirt up to expose her pulsating pussy to him.

Leaning her shoulder blades on the wall, Ally bent her knees slightly and spread her legs for him. Lifting one of her feet by the ankle, Barry placed it on his bent knee so that she was more open to him.

Using his thumbs, he spread her shaved labia

wide, exposing her hard clit. Rubbing the tip of his tongue over the nub he felt her jump again. Slowly, he began rolling his tongue around. Flicking it, licking her juices into his mouth. Sliding his tongue farther back, he started tongue fucking her.

"Oh God yes! It feels so good! Eat me Barry!" she whispered, as she grabbed his head with both of her hands. Knowing that any of the other partiers could catch them any minute, Ally realized that this was the sluttiest thing she had ever done. And she realized that she didn't give a shit! In fact she hoped that someone would see them and get turned on. She let herself simply float away on the current of ecstasy and forget about where she was. It felt way too good!

Using the fingers of one hand to hold her lips open, Barry slid two fingers of the other into her tight, hot hole. Closing his lips around her clit, he sucked it hard, flicking it at the same time with the tip of his tongue. He pumped his fingers into her and manipulated her clit with unbelievable talent. Her hands ceased stroking his hair to grab his shoulders instead. Digging her fingernails into the skin under his shirt, she looked down at him. She found that he was already looking up at her. The lower half of his face buried between her quivering thighs.

"Holy fuck Barry! I'm gonna cum!" she panted, her breath coming in short gasps.

"I know! Let it go girl. I want you to cum on my face. I want to drink you," he said against her throbbing pussy.

The back of her head banged on the wall as the first spasm raced through her. Her body tensed and

shook, hands flattened against the surface of the wall as wave after wave jolted her. Pulling his fingers from within her folds, Barry thrust his tongue deeply into her hole. Her pussy muscles contracted around it, forcing hot juices into his mouth. Covering his lips, chin and nose with her cum.

Ally screamed from the force of the orgasm and raised up onto her toes. Reluctantly pulling away from the heat of her sex, Barry gently kissed the tops of her legs.

Standing to press himself against her, he held her head in his hands and pulled her mouth to his. Kissing her deeply, his tongue roving around the inside of her mouth. Sharing her taste. Her acceptance of this making his cock grow even harder.

"Fuck, you taste good girl!" he said against her lips.

"I think it's my turn to taste you now" she told him in the same breath.

"Damn right it is!" he told her as he led her to the nearest bedroom.

EIGHT

There on the edge of the bed sat Bill. Their hostess, Jane was kneeling between his knees. She was sucking his cock with amazing speed. From the look on Bill's face, he was thoroughly enjoying the moment. Looking up he asked, rather breathlessly, "Having a good time honey? It sure looked like you were when I passed you in the hall."

"So far, so good, babe!" Ally told him with a giggle, as she backed out of the room, "Have fun."

The next room was all theirs. Barry undid his jeans as he walked in, letting them fall to the carpet. Stepping out of them, he turned to face Ally. Her fingers found the top button of his shirt. She began undoing them as he stroked himself. Pushing the shirt over his shoulders, she pressed her warm lips to his chest. She ran her hands down his sides. Kissing her way down across his abdomen, she went to her knees in front of him.

As Barry continued to slowly stroke his rigid cock, Ally's tongue darted out to lick the droplet of cum from its tip.

"Oh shit! Suck it baby!!!" Barry moaned as his other

hand went to the back of her head. "Suck the head!"

Ally moistened her lips and opened wide to take the shiny purple globe into her mouth. Closing her lips around the ridge, she started rubbing her tongue around the smooth flesh. Steve's oh-so-useful lesson from seven years ago was running through her mind. Barry continued jerking into her mouth. His hand hitting her lips as it travelled the length of his shaft. Ally sucked and licked the head as she reached between his legs to squeeze his balls.

Releasing his grip on his cock, Barry gently pushed on the back of Ally's head. Her wet lips slid down along his hardness. With the first few inches of him in her mouth, she swallowed. As her tongue moved to press his cock against the roof of her mouth, Barry moaned loudly.

Ally began pumping on his cock, allowing it to hit the back of her throat. Her tongue was in constant motion against his super-sensitive skin. Teeth lightly grazing the head as she pulled her head back. Barry held her head in his hands and thrust in and out of her sweet lips. Ally wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock, matching the motion of her mouth with her hand. While adding to Barry's enjoyment it ensured that he couldn't thrust in so far that it choked her.

"Faster bitch! Suck it harder!" Barry yelled as he rammed Ally's head down onto his meat. "Get ready.... here it comes."

Barry felt his juices boiling up from his balls. He shoved the engorged head of his cock harder into Ally's throat. Feeling himself swell even more, he

exploded with a guttural scream. Ally swallowed as fast as she could, but there was just too much. As fast as it was going down her throat, it was filling her mouth. Small amounts leaking between her lips, to drizzle down her chin.

Eventually the pulsating flow stopped. Barry released the pressure on Ally's head. She slid her lips back along his shaft, but continued to suck on him. He jumped and twitched as the nerves in his groin and legs were taken on a ride of ecstasy.

When he could take no more of her ministrations, he pulled out of her mouth. Pulling her up to stand with him, he kissed her again.

"I didn't hurt you did I? Are your jaws gonna be okay?"

Ally nuzzled his neck, murmuring against the warmth there, "I'll survive. I just hope this doesn't mean that we're done."

As Barry rubbed his thumb across her painfully erect nipple, he kissed the tip of her nose whispering, "Hell no! But let's go downstairs and find something to drink first. I wouldn't want you to get dehydrated!" They were both laughing softly as they made their way to the bar in the 'safe room'.

NINE

Neither Bill nor Stephanie was anywhere to be seen. Ally assumed that Bill was still occupied with Jane as she settled herself on Barry's lap. He had pulled his pants back on, but she knew full well that it was the only article of clothing he had on.

She finished her drink as Barry lightly brushed his hand across her nipples. "I think we've rested for long enough, don't you? I am definitely ready to close that bedroom door again."

As a soft smile crossed her lips, Ally stood up and whispered, "Let's go!"

As they came back into the bedroom, Barry let his pants fall once again to the floor and pulled Ally into his embrace. Slipping his fingers into the waistband of her skirt, he pushed it down over her hips. While her skirt fluttered to the floor, Ally pulled her top over her head. Barry's fingers went to the clasp of her bra, releasing her breasts. As soon as they were exposed, he sucked one of the hard puckered nipples into his mouth and rubbed his thumb gently over the other one.

Her nipples were quite large, standing out from the

dark areola about half an inch. Barry sucked as much into his mouth as he could and rolled the hardness around with his tongue. The sounds coming from Ally's throat could only be described as purrs. She was clearly enjoying herself as her hands kneaded the muscles in his shoulders.

Together they made their way onto the bed. Lying beside her, Barry carried on consuming her breasts. Sucking first on one nipple and then the other. Kissing the warm valley between them. Licking along the fold underneath the weight of them. Stopping occasionally to return to her lips for another deep kiss.

"You have great tits!" he told her during one of these short breaks. "So big and ripe! I love your nipples."

All he got for an answer was a soft moan and pressure on the back of his head, guiding him back down to her waiting mounds. Her hand had once again found his cock and was stroking along its length. Turning her fingers as they reached the head and running her thumb over the slit in the tip. He felt the need building within his sac again. By the way Ally was squeezing her thighs together and squirming on the bed, he could tell that she was ready too.

Reaching to get the condom from the bedside table, Barry knelt between her legs. As he tore the packet open Ally sat up and took it from him. "Let me!" she whispered.

As she slowly rolled the thin, lubricated membrane onto the head of his over-heated, pulsating cock,

Barry moaned softly. She took her time rolling it down along his shaft. It suddenly seemed more like a natural part of the whole sexual act, rather than an interruption to the process.

Pulling the elastic from her hair, Ally laid back against the pillows, her hair fanning out around her shoulders. Barry lowered his face to within an inch of hers. "I am really glad we all decided to come to this party tonight."

"Me too." Ally whispered against his lips as he kissed her again. Moving to position himself over her, he felt her hands flatten against his chest. "I'm scared," she whispered.

"Of what? You're not a virgin to this whole scene. You've gone this far. What's there to be afraid of now?"

"You're bigger than I am used to. What if it hurts and I can't do it?" As she asked this her hands stroked along his cock, suspended above her hot pussy.

"I promise you that I will go slow. If it's not enjoyable for you, then it's no good for me either."

With this Ally guided the head of his cock to her waiting hole. As she felt the slight pop indicating that the head was past the muscles at the opening of her pussy, a quiet cry escaped her lips. A slight burning sensation ran through her sensitive inner flesh as she tried to relax.

Barry held still, waiting for her to show him that she was ready. It didn't take too long before she started slowly moving her hips. He gently pushed another inch into her and slowly pulled back, only to push in a little farther. The walls of her steamy pussy

hugged his cock while the muscles rippled along its length. Nearly his full length was in when he felt the back of her vagina stop his progress.

Lying down on top of her, wrapping his arms under the small of her back, he whispered, "Just stay still for a minute. I love the feeling of being inside a pussy as deep as I can go. The way your muscle move against me feels incredible. Besides actually cumming, this is my favorite part of the whole thing."

Ally couldn't wait for a full minute to pass. She had to feel that huge cock sliding along her pussy walls. Holding his ass in her hands, she started moving her hips slightly. Just enough to have the head relieve the pressure on her deepest area and push against it again. Every nerve ending within her was alive and she knew another orgasm was not far off.

Pulling his hands out from beneath her, Barry pushed her hands up above her head and held them there. Kissing her panting lips he asked, "Are you sure you're ready?"

"Oh God, yes!"

As his hips joined hers in the dance, he felt her start to shudder. Arching her back and bucking her hips against him as her orgasm tore through her like a tornado. Feeling the pulsing muscles squeezing his cock, Barry pumped into her faster. Pulling almost all the way out and driving it back in. As her orgasm passed, he slowed slightly. "Oh fuck Barry, don't stop!" she cried out.

Rising up onto his hands, Barry pulled one of her legs up. With her knee over his shoulder they continued thrusting on each other. Deeper than either

had thought possible. Meeting his every thrust, Ally could feel his balls hitting her ass.

Their bodies were covered with sweat. Breathing was very labored. Suddenly Barry pulled out. "I want you doggie style." he told her and turned her onto her stomach. With her legs spread wide and her ass in the air, Ally reached back for him. With one long hard thrust he was buried in her again. Holding onto her hips, he slid her pussy up and down his shaft.

As her pussy lips hit the base of his cock, she screamed but didn't stop moving on him. "Holy shit! It feels so good!"

Her hand went between her legs, pulling his balls against her pussy as his cock banged into her. Barry couldn't hold back any longer. He drove into her as hard as he could and felt his explosion shake her pussy walls. Her own orgasm started simultaneously and they both cried out as they were thrown over the edge of reality into the world of ecstasy.

Slowly coming back to earth, they lay in each other's arms, kissing and enjoying the afterglow. As Ally moved to start looking for her clothes she winced slightly. "I may not be able to walk right for a week. But, wow, this was my kind of party."

Looking at the clock on the bedside table she realized that it was five minutes till midnight. "Oh shit, I have to go it's nearly midnight." She told Barry as she scrambled into her clothes.

"So what's going to happen? You gonna turn into a pumpkin or something?" Barry chuckled from his lounging position in the centre of the big bed.

"Yeah! Something like that!" Ally called as she flew

through the door and down the hall. Grabbing a coat from the hall closet, she practically threw herself out the front door. As the bitter cold air hit her, it took her breath away but she kept running down the walkway. As she approached the big old maple at the end of the yard her eyes were searching frantically.

Just when she thought that it was hopeless a shadowy figure stepped out from behind the tree and she ran right into it. Bill's arms wrapped around her and held her tight against his chest. As her breathing began to slow, he lowered his head. Kissing his wife deeply and tenderly, knowing that she was his soul. He knew he was home whenever he could hold her, no matter how far or how fast they each wandered; this was where they truly belonged.

"Happy New Year darling! I told you I would remember our promise." He whispered against her lips, " I love you!"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jojo is a happily married, mother of three beautiful daughters. Living in a small town in southern Ontario gives her lots of quiet time to spend on her writing. She is a natural story-teller, and devout lover of sensual fantasy. So, it seems only natural that erotic romance should become her genre.