

Let's Swing

By

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Chapter 1 – The Idea

The idea of swinging had never entered my mind until one day my wife said something to me. It was a little out of the blue and even though I have a very adventurous side this was a subject I didn't think my wife would ever bring up.

This is not to say that I was totally oblivious to the opposite sex. In fact I enjoyed looking at other women. There is just something extremely appealing about the female form. Curves, cleavage, legs, eyes, hair, I enjoy them all. But to touch another woman was just not in me.

I should probably introduce myself. I am a middle aged man. I work in technology and usually have a lot of freedom in how and when I work. This would have allowed me to play around if I had ever wanted to.

I am in pretty good shape. Except for the little bit of a bulge around my waist I am always fighting to keep control of. I dress nicely and try to always be clean and smell good.

My equipment is, well, average. I have never gotten a complaint or a snicker from girlfriends or my wife. But I think every man would like his penis to be a little longer.

I have always felt I would like it a little longer. The girth is wider than normal and my partners have always enjoyed my techniques. You adapt and learn to use what you were born with.

Women always talk about having to live up to the images on TV and movies. Well men are always trying to live up to the huge cocks in adult films. Where do they find those guys with dicks down to their knees?

My wife is beautiful, not in a movie actress kind of way but more in a very soft and loving person kind of way.

She dresses really nicely and has a few outfits that she looks really hot in. There is a particular pair of jeans and a ruffled tight white shirt that really turns me on.

Most of the time she usually wears business attire for her work and ends up covering her assets for some reason. I've told her that she should wear more of the kind of outfit that would showcase her assets. But she complains she doesn't think she looks good in them.

One time she started to wear a purple bustier I had bought for her. She had put it on and a pair of tight jeans. I was ready to jump her right there but then she chickened out and changed to something more subdued.

She is also always trying to fight those last few pounds she would like to lose. Also after kids things tend to sag. She will come into the bathroom and hold her breasts up and say "I need a boob job."

I look at her and say "You are beautiful just the way you are." She will usually tisk me and continues to look at herself holding her breasts up where she would like them.

I do have to admit that when we first meet they were bigger and fuller. But looking at myself in the mirror, I have no room to complain. I will usually concede "Dear if you want a boob job then let's save the money and you can get one." I usually get the same tisk and then she leaves.

Our sex lives have always had hills and valleys. I kind of relate it to a rollercoaster ride. The anticipation to the top of the hill is great and the down side is thrilling. But we seem to be at the end of the ride too often.

We have tried the usual stuff people that have been married for a long time do. We have done the roll playing. I don't like to talk a lot during sex, or that matter the rest of my life so this didn't work very well.

We did costumes, but she didn't really get into it very much. She does have a great collection of sexy outfits I have bought her. Oh did I mention I really like boots. The ones that go up the thighs and have lace ups and buckles.

I also like the patent leather shoes with the really high heels. When we were first dating she would wear these to work and called them "The come fuck me shoes." She has a really nice collection of these as well.

We did the bondage and discipline thing also. We switched back and forth but she seemed to like the dominant side and to tell the truth I liked it too.

So when we did make love it was wonderful. The problem we started running into was that we didn't have time or were too tired most of the time. So when we did have a chance we would both come in a matter of minutes and then were spent.

I remember when we were first dating and we would "sleep" together. Neither one of us got any sleep. I could go three to five times a night. These days it seems once is all I can muster. Even though I wish we could have multiple encounters in a night.

Lately her desire had really waned badly. I however am still pretty horny most of the time. Guys just seem to never stop wanting it.

Then one day she started telling me about this couple she had meet. It was through work and she had been seeing a lot of them recently. The stories she relayed were mostly harmless and to be honest, I paid only partial attention to what she would tell me about them.

The wife, Lisa, would tell my wife, Anna, about some of the things her and her husband would do. Sometimes very graphic details of their sex lives. Anna would come home and say "Well I saw Lisa today and she said..." fill in the blanks. Now I started to pay more attention to her stories. Hoping to hear something spicy about them. There was also a small hope that their escapades would spark something within her.

I tried not to seem too interested. The last thing I wanted my wife to think is that I would be interested in some other women. But I did secretly relish the stories she would tell me.

Then one day out of the blue Anna asked the question. We were changing out of our work clothes and into our pajamas for the evening. While in our bedroom Anna stops and asks me "Have you ever thought of having sex with another woman?"

Well what do you say to your wife? Of course I have looked at other women. On vacation at the beach, checking out younger babes in bikinis, at the mall the women in their tight fitting jeans. But I had never really thought of cheating on my wife, I just liked looking.

I fibbed a little and said "I love you and would never look at another woman that way." Points for the home team for the right answer. But she continues "Would you be jealous if I had sex with another woman?"

Ok, now we are talking porn movies flashing through my head. My first instinct is to say "If I can watch", but I decide to take the tactful route and say "I'm not sure dear."

She then says to me “Stop and come over here. I want to talk with you.” Now I start to worry. What has she been doing?

A couple of years ago a woman she knew through work had wanted them to have sex. She had even asked that I be included. Anna had called me on my cell and at first I thought it was a joke.

Then when she told me she was serious and would I come home. She then told me they were at the house drinking and were horny. I don’t know why but I said no. I still am not sure why I said no. I have seriously regretted that decision for a long time.

I really seriously regretted that decision. But at the time I didn’t know if it was a test or was she wanting something a little different to spice things up as well.

The other woman was a dominatrix and had a large collection of toys and outfits. She would also share stories with Anna and I was always interested in hearing the latest from her.

My mind wanders back to the present. I sit next to her and she starts “Lisa and John swing.” Ok, I’m not slow but I had to think for a minute. Light bulb goes on and my eyes get wide.

She continues “They want us to join them. What do you think?” As I am picking my jaw up off the floor I try to gather my thoughts as not to appear too eager at the proposal.

I start “Well I think it would be interesting.” Good, not too committed to the idea so it doesn’t frighten her. I continue “It might spice our sex lives up a little. What do you think?” The balls back in her court.

She thinks about it for a while and then says “I think it would be interesting to try something different.” Good, she likes the idea so I can push ahead a little. “What have they said to you about it?”

She relates that she was at their office on business today and that after the meeting they adjourned to John’s office. I ask “Was Lisa there too?” She says “Yes” and continues. “They really want us.” Ok, this is a wide open statement. Want us how?

She continues “I am just not comfortable with my body.” I reassure her “You are beautiful and I love you just the way you are.” She knows I mean it but when you are unhappy with yourself there is little consoling.

She then decides “Well think about it and we can discuss it again later.” She doesn’t bring the subject up again that evening but it is hard for me not to think about it.

I then get a thought in my head that maybe they really only want Anna and she will only do it if I am there. They probably never thought about me and maybe only asked that I be included so as not to offend Anna.

The scenarios go through my mind. What would it be like to have sex with another woman after so long of being with my wife? How would I feel seeing another man touch my wife in a sexual way?

When I was in college a friend of mine and our girlfriends had gone on a double date. The usual evening of eating out and then going to the bars to drink. Later that evening we decided to go out to a park and make out with our girlfriends.

We laid out a blanket and both started. After a while I look over and the other couple is getting naked. Soon they are fucking like rabbits next to me and my girlfriend. I nudge her and direct her attention to them.

Without a beat she starts to undress. I think “What the hell.” At that age I was ready for sex 24 hours a day. Once we are both naked we begin. I keep trying to sneak peaks over at the other couple to see what they are doing. Always looking for new techniques, wink.

I start to think back about all of my girlfriends and the different places we would have sex. I remember one girlfriend coming to visit me while I was working late one night. We went to an office and closed the door. I thought I had locked it until the cleaning people walked in on us.

I also remembered some of the interesting positions I could get into in the back seat of cars. My first car was an old Volkswagen. Looking back at that now I am lucky I didn’t break anything important.

Other than these that was about as exciting as I got. My wife never really got into doing it in different places. She was very much a do it in bed person.

I didn’t bring any of this up again for a while. She would mention that she had seen them through work and would relay some of Lisa’s juicy stories to me.

The stories were right out of a men's magazine. She would tell me of their sex in different places and how John liked to watch Lisa and other women have sex. I was envious of him. To be able to see your wife with other women was very exciting idea to me all of the sudden.

I was always interested and gave her my undivided attention when she would relay the stories. But I didn't push about anything else. I still didn't want to appear overly interested and scare her off the idea. But inside I always wanted to hear more.

I did ask one time what they looked like. She described them to me. She said Lisa was very pretty, had red hair and really large breasts. Ok, got two of my favorite things about a woman, redhead and large breasts.

She said John was very business looking and that he was an attractive man. I asked her "Are you attracted to him?" She thought it over and then said "Yes, in a physical way."

Some more time went by without her saying anything else. Then one day she calls me at work and says "Lisa and John want to have dinner with us."

Now I am a little nervous. The time has come to put up or shut up. She asks "Do you still want to meet them?" I have to make a fast decision but try to seem not too eager. I respond "Yes, let's go to dinner with them. I would like to meet them and talk."

I start to do a little research on swinging. I love Internet search engines. You can ask them anything and have thousands of bits of information returned in milliseconds.

I am amazed at the amount of information and the number of sites that cater to swinging couples. I go to one of the sites and enter my zip code.

To take a step back and tell you where I live. It is a moderate sized town. I would say it about a million people spread over a large area. It is very laid back and a little on the conservative side. Not a place I would ever think that is a place where you would find a lot of people interested in alternate relationship styles.

Anyway, once I enter my zip code in within seconds hundreds of couples pop up on my screen. I start reading through some of the descriptions to see if I could pick out Lisa and John's. I realize after seeing the hundreds of listing it would probably be impossible to spot them.

I sit back and look at my computer screen and think "Wow that is a lot of people for this small town." I come quickly to the realization that this is a lot more popular than I imagined.

The idea is really starting to gel with me. I hope that this would spice up or lives a little bit. I also see it as a chance to have more sex and live a little on the edge of badness.

But I also think about the fact I have not been with anyone else in a long time. I know my wife's body really well. I know what turns her on and what she doesn't like in making love. It has been a long time since I have discovered anything new about her.

How would this work for someone new? Am I so stuck in my ways that I wouldn't be able to please Lisa? Well a lot of these questions roll through my mind. But in the end I decide to stick with the plan and have dinner with them.

I figure that dinner would be harmless enough. I don't think I would ever be more wrong.

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