

horizontal memoirs

J.A. SMITH



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Horizontal Memoirs

by J. A. Smith

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Dedication

Alison, Alice, Amanda, Amber, Anette, Angela, Angie, Ann, Annie, Barbara, Bebe, Beth, Betsy, Bonnie, Candy, Carrie, Carol, Cecile, Charlene, Chris, Christie, Christine, Clair, Connie, Dana, Danette, Danielle, Darlene, Debbie, Dee, Donna, Doreen, Doris, Eileen, Evelyn, Idonna, Izzy, Jan, Jane, Janet, Janice, Jean, Jennifer, Jessica, Jill, Joan, Jody, Josie, Judith, Julie, Karen, Kat, Kate, Kathy, Kelly, Kim, Kori, Kris, Kristen, Lena, Leslie, Linda, Lisa, Liz, Lorie, Lynn, Madeline, Mandy, Margaret, Margie, Mary, Mary Ann, Mary Joe, Meiling, Merian, Michelle, Melissa, Minnie, Miss Birmingham, Miss Melbourne, Miss Sharona, Nancy, Natalie, Nettie, Paula, Pixie, Rachel, Rebecca, Regina, Renee, Rita, Robin, Rochelle, Ronda, Rose, Sandy, Sharon, Shelia, Shelly, Shirley, Stacy, Steph, Sue, Susan, Suzy, Tammy, Tanya, Tasha, Teresa, Terri, Tess, Tiffany, Tillie, Tracy, Tracy Ann, Ula, Veronica, Vickie, Wanda, Wendy, Yvonne

Introduction

We are Jon and Alison. We have been swingers for more than thirty-years. This book documents our swinging adventures and the people we met along the way. I originally planned to change names of our friends to protect the guilty. The problem was the changed name might match other swingers. Even fake names like Mortimer and Gertrude may actually be swingers somewhere. Therefore, to confuse the reader as much as possible, I have made up some names, mixed up couple's names, and in a few cases used a real name. All in an attempt to protect the identity of the participants and keep the reader as confused, regarding identity, as much as possible.

I have been careful to conceal the identity of relatively famous people. Unfortunately, there are no movie stars, major politicians, or sports figures in these stories. I am sure there are swingers in those professions, but I have not knowingly been aware of any such participants.

We have met a few important doctors, a state assemblyman, several school principals, army special forces, airline pilots, fire & police chiefs, a participant in the Tour d' France, many teachers, a retired secret service agent, several navy officers, a PTA official, an ex-NFL football player, a centerfold, a minister, a stripper, and a playboy bunny.

In most cases, the places and geographical locations are as stated. If I have used a fake name for a location, I will tell you so.

There is a great deal more humor in swinging than there is in normal lovemaking. Maybe humor can compensate for a little nervousness. I have found, when swinger couples are comfortable enough with each other, they enjoy a little chuckle now and then. I have included the humor in my telling of our stories. These are stories of how people behave when they feel secure with one another, and they are in erotic surroundings with other nice people.

Chapter One
Naughty Fun
Clair

We were at the home of George and Julie for dinner and playtime. Greg and Clair were also invited. After dinner, the six of us enjoyed each other in the normal swinger pile of naked bodies. Clair is a shapely, very pretty blonde. She is not a model, but she has been naked in several sexy magazines.

A little later in the evening when things were winding down, my wife, Alison, and Greg had fallen asleep on the bed. I was with Clair in front of the fireplace. The room was dimly lit with a few flickering candles and the glow from the fire. I was fucking Clair doggy style, in front of the fireplace, with George and Julie lying on their tummies watching us.

The warmth of the fire and the glow on her ass was very sexy. I did not think there was any way this could be more intimate, but I was wrong.

Clair lifted her head, and looking back at me, over her shoulder, said, "Put it in my ass."

She did not even say please, but she was not going to need to ask me twice. I withdrew my cock from her pussy. The soft lighting from the fireplace illuminated her ass. I spread her cheeks and saw her small puckered rear hole. I doubted my thick cock would fit in it. With our friends watching, I lubed her asshole, stroked a generous amount of lube on my cock, put the head of it against her ass opening, and gently pushed. To my surprise and delight, it went right in...her ass stretched to accept me.

I gave her a few gentle strokes until my cock was all the way in, and my balls had touched her pussy lips. I was fucking her in the ass as she moaned and played with her clit. Her ass gripped my cock with each stroke; she was on the verge of coming. I was giving her an orgasm from fucking her ass. She loved it, and so did I. As she started to

come, I went over the edge also, and we were lost in orgasmic delight.

This was the first time I had enjoyed anal sex with Clair. I would repeat the pleasure at her butt several times in the future. It was always wonderful but never as perfect as the first time in front of the fireplace...how could it have been?

The above story with Clair is a true story of a fun time we enjoyed as swingers. We would classify Clair and her husband Greg as *Horizontal Friends*. "Horizontal friends" is a term used when talking about swingers. It is the opposite of vertical friends. We play with our horizontal friends lying down and thus the name. Everyone else is a friend or a vertical friend.

The terms *Swinging* and *The Lifestyle*, are essentially interchangeable. Swinging has probably been happening as long as people have been having sex. Once you are in a loving relationship with your partner, conditions are right with another couple, and all the planets line up, you might take the next step to intimacy. It has happened countless times in the past. We have developed unbelievable closeness and bonds with others we have shared intimacies and nakedness with.

Our stories and adventures are not presented in chronological order. Rather they are loosely grouped by the swinger event, location, or activity. As you read about swinger places, you will find stories of our adventures. If I am talking about a swinger/lifestyle week at some resort, the stories there will either have occurred at the event or tied into that trip in some way.

It is easy to meet naughty friends at some swinger event, but every once in a while we have met someone at an unexpected time. It does not happen often, but when it does, it is very special. These situations are known as lucking out. One such erotic surprise occurred on a SCUBA diving trip to Cozumel, Mexico...where we met Candy.

Candy Was Dandy & Liquor Was Perfect

We traveled to Cozumel, Mexico with our vertical friends, Ned and Margaret. This was a weeklong trip at a diver's hotel. We were in a group with other divers for the entire week. We did not know any of the other divers.

One of the divers in our group was a cute, single, young female named Candy. She was a dedicated diver. We would learn later that she does not drink alcohol for a month before a dive trip.

In the interest of safety, when SCUBA diving, you always dive with a *buddy*. Candy, being single, dove with one of the dive masters from the dive company. The diving was spectacular in one of the world's finest dive locations.

On our second day, Margaret got a migraine headache. She was unable to dive. With Margaret back at the hotel, Candy and Ned were paired as buddies for diving. Margaret's headache would continue for the rest of the week. Candy, Ned, Alison, and I would become a dive foursome, as well as having breakfast, lunch, and dinner together each day. Very innocent really, four people getting to know one another, while enjoying top notch diving. Margaret did not dive until the end of the week.

When diving for a week it is important not to dive on the last day, so your body can get used to normal pressure before flying. This is a normal twenty-four hour period for safety. We used our twenty-four hours non-dive day for sightseeing. The five of us took a ferry to the mainland, rented a car, and drove to a couple nearby Mayan ruins. In itself, this would have been a great day of sightseeing, but it also gave us a chance to talk to Candy more and learn more about her.

Candy was in her twenties and turned out to be a stripper. She worked in a gentlemen's club in New Jersey. She would put on her show; if guys paid extra they could go into a back room with her. They could get a personal lap dance or other exotic service. No sex was involved, only

nude or almost nude dancing. She was medium height, with nice titties, and long black hair. Along the course of the day, we told Candy we were swingers. We also told her we had been to strip joints and swing clubs on a regular basis.

That night, back at the dive hotel at dinner, we talked about the first class diving we had experienced. While chatting, I remembered a dive magazine that contained a picture of a female diver underwater. The diver looked like Candy (same color dive outfit). I was sorry I had forgotten it in the room. After dinner when Ned and Margaret had returned to their room, I asked Candy if she would want to come to our room to see the dive magazine. This could not have worked out better if I had planned it.

In our room, I opened a bottle of an after dinner liquor. The three of us began sipping the fine liquor and talking more. Our chatting turned to Candy's line of employment. She admitted she had a fantasy of a woman coming into the club and buying a private lap dance. In her fantasy, Candy would take the woman to the back room and dance for her. Her fantasy would end up with her and the customer licking each other's pussies.

It did not take me long to figure out the evening was moving in a hot direction. I poured another round of drinks, while we talked a little more about her fantasy. In one of my more brilliant moves, I suggested to Candy that she did not have to fantasize about this anymore. I could pretend to be the manager of the club; Alison would play the part of the female customer.

We cut up some notepaper as money and a ticket. The three of us began role-playing to fulfill Candy's fantasy. I, as the manager, pretended to sell Alison a ticket. She took a chair in front of Candy and enjoyed the show (me too). Candy did her stripping dance. She removed all of her clothing except a small pair of panties. My cock was fully erect.

Then my wife told Candy she had a ticket for a private dance. Candy put my wife flat on her back on a bench in the room. Candy proceeded to give a very erotic dance, removing her panties, and putting her pussy right in my wife's face. Then it was full-blown fun. The girls licked each other and sucked me.

We would finish with me on my back with my cock buried into my wife's pussy, while Candy sat on my face with my tongue in her pussy. It started as Candy's fantasy and ended up as one of mine.

Candy told us one of her gimmicks to get money is to collect dollar bills from the male customers and tear a small hole where George Washington's head is located. She then puts the dollar on her nipples. She can get fifty dollars on each nipple. When Candy saw Alison's big nipples she said, "Wow, those are seventy-five dollar nipples."

Our friends, Ned and Margaret, never had a clue to our romp in the hay with Candy, even though our faces were locked in an uncontrollable smile all the next day. Candy lived in New Jersey, and we lived in California. These were the days before the Internet. Even though we exchanged cards and letters for a couple years, we drifted apart and lost the connection. She is probably a middle-aged grandmother today, with guys still gladly paying to see her pussy.

It is always fun when a seemingly non-erotic situation turns into something more. Meeting Candy and going from strangers, to friends, to playmates over the course of a week was fantastic. We have had times when things did not turn out as we planned, but every so often, a situation came along that far exceeded our expectations.

This was the case on one of our trip to a wild resort in Jamaica. This lifestyles friendly resort, near Negril, Jamaica, attracts swingers from all over the country, as well as all over the world. Over the years, we have had numerous

erotic times at this resort, including meeting a very attractive couple from the Midwest...Doug and Christie.

Doug & Christie

I had taken a nap after dinner one evening at the resort in Jamaica. When I woke up and came to the bar, I found my wife, Alison, talking to a nice looking couple. They had been chatting for a while. The couple was not into swapping partners, but Christie wanted to find a girl to fuck Doug while she watched. I could watch also, but it was only a watching date for me with no expectation of doing more. I was fine with that. We began our swinging adventures with only watching, and I still found it exciting. I liked the idea of watching a guy fuck my wife with the other wife watching also.

They went on about the limitations of the fun. I assured them I was Ok with it, but they were not sure. I took Christie up to the midnight buffet. She had coffee and I had a bowl of soup, while she again emphasized my limited role in this play session. I told her, "Look Christie, I'm not even going to ask you to do more. I don't want to put you in the position of having to refuse me." I told her I could give her a back rub or foot massage, which was the truth. She seemed to believe me. We went home to bed with a playtime set for the next day at noon.

This was different and exciting. As the noon hour approached, we showered and got ready. We were both nervous and anxious for noon to get here. We arrived at their room right on time. We had brought a drink with us. The four of us sat on the bed, clothed and chatting. We all got naked with Doug and Alison on one side of the bed. Christie and I were on the other side. Christie is an attractive woman with very large titties. I was sorry I had not included her titties with my offer of a back or foot massage, but I was going to stick by my word.

Doug and Alison were touching and getting into it a bit. I was rubbing Christie's feet while we watched. My cock was hard as a rock. Doug was a little nervous; he was not as hard as he would have wanted. My hard-on was not helping him much.

I told Doug and Christie I had taken a little blue pill before coming over. It helped give me an erection. Doug had never used one of the erectile dysfunction pills before (better known in the Lifestyles as pecker pills). We chatted about the drug for a short time. I offered to get one for him if he was interested—which he was. I made a quick dash to our room and returned with the blue, pecker pill for Doug. I told him it takes thirty-minutes to an hour to work. Waiting for the pill to kick in, he began licking Alison's pussy.

I continued massaging Christie's feet and the back of her legs. Christie was turned on watching her husband, and she was enjoying my attention to her. She liked it so much I got a little bolder, moving my hand up to behind her knee. I thought that would be it; I was not going to break the promise I had made her.

Christie was getting so aroused, she had conveniently forgotten the agreement from the previous night. She began rubbing my neck, arm, and back, making sure her leg was in easy reach for me to go higher in my massage. I still played it cool. Doug and my wife were moving slowly, but Christie and I were kicking up the pace. Christie moaned and rubbed her titties against me. I moved my hand to her inner thigh. I still did not know where this was going. We were already way past what I had expected but there was no turning back now.

I still took my time moving toward her pussy, but Christie wasted no time and started stroking my hard cock. That was it; all bets were off. I touched her pussy lips as she kissed me. My wife and Doug had not gotten to second base yet, but I was rounding third and heading for home.

Doug and Alison were watching as Christie handed me a condom. She lay back with her legs spread and pussy waiting. I hope the spouses enjoyed the show. I gave Christie a good fucking, then rolled her over and did her doggy style. She loved it. I was not paying much attention to the other two but suspect they were enjoying themselves also. What began as a watching only fuck session, between her husband and my wife, ended up as erotic sex between Christie and me with them doing much of the watching.

These adventures with Clair, Candy, Doug, and Christie occurred at a time in our lives when we were experienced swingers. It was not always like that. We began with only watching couples have sex and did not swap partners until eight years after attending our first swinger's party. We were the slowest moving swingers we have ever heard of. It took us five years before we even did anything oral with another couple. At those times in our lives, we enjoyed going to swing clubs and swinger's events, with no thought of doing more. It is surprising we got into swinging at all. Like many things in our life, we just lucked out.

Chapter Two

How We Got Started

Our Introduction to Swinging

My wife and I have always had a terrific sex life. We were not even married yet when we learned about swing clubs. Yes, we had read about such goings on in sexy magazines but thought there was no way it could be true.

I was in emergency services at the time. At a fire station one night after a call, I was looking at a swinger magazine that had been lying around. This was a magazine sold on street corners with ads from people looking for sex. This was long before the Internet, where finding sex would become much easier. The magazine had been around the fire station for some time. A firefighter had gotten it, carefully peeled off an address label from a fire-fighting magazine, and stuck it on the swinger magazine. The label had been addressed to a fire chief, making it appear he subscribed to the thing. It was a typical firehouse prank.

I looked at some of the personal ads in this magazine and noticed an ad for a swing club in a city nearby. They had a swing party every Saturday night. It had dancing, food, and rooms around the house where people could have sex. It was couples only, with no drugs. People brought their own bottles of wine or other alcohol to drink. I was immediately interested, cutting out the ad, and putting it in my wallet.

I did not want my new girlfriend to think I was a pervert, so I kept the ad in my wallet. I did not tell her about it. (Luck would take care of that for me.) It was only a week later; she and I were on the north coast of California at a romantic cottage on the ocean. We made love, of course, but after, we could hear the people in the next room also having sex.

We tried to listen at the wall. We even put a glass against the wall to try to hear them better. Not good enough, so we went outside and tried to look into their room at their sliding glass door. They had the blinds drawn, but we could get a glimpse of their feet in bed when the vertical slats moved a

little. Exciting stuff for a couple that had never seen other people having sex. The best part was we were not arrested as peeping toms.

The timing was perfect. I took out the ad for the swing club from my wallet and showed it to her. "If you think catching a tiny glimpse of people screwing is exciting? We can go to this club and watch people fucking up close."

She looked at the ad. It was a Friday evening; there was a dance the next night. It only took a little chatting before we agreed to give it a try. She called the club. (The woman had to call by their rules.) We were twenty-four hours away from our first swing club adventure.

Steve and Sally's was a swing club that had operated for many years in Oakland. It was in a three story Victorian home that must have been a hundred years old. It occupied a gigantic lot right in downtown with a large yard full of mature trees. It was a fantastic place.

By the time we arrived, there were probably forty to fifty people already there. People were attractive and sexily dressed. Music was playing, and people were dancing or chatting. As a BYOB party, most people brought a bottle of wine. It was comfortable and not intimidating. We had only agreed to go there to watch be watched. We had no plans to swap partners anytime soon. This first exposure to swinging was more of a fact finding mission, rather than looking for sex partners.

As a new couple, the host gave us a tour of the club. The house had a full basement with a fifteen-foot diameter redwood hot tub. The first floor had the main room for socializing, a dance area, and a kitchen. The second floor had a large group room with a mirrored ceiling. It also had several smaller semi-private rooms. The top floor was the attic with a dozen or more spaces. Each with a mattress and an entrance covered only with sheers. In the middle of the top floor was a circular bed out in the open.

We opened our wine, got a couple glasses, and found a place in the main room to sit. We nervously danced a little. We did talk to a few people, but since we did not plan to swap, we did not want to mislead anyone.

A few people had headed upstairs, and a few others had headed to the basement hot tub. We decided to try the hot tub first. There were already naked people in the tub when we got there. Some were touching one another. We were already past my wildest expectations. They had little shelves you could put your clothes. We undressed, and I was sporting a first class hard-on. A couple other guys had boners too, so I pretended I always walk around with my cock pointing the way.

Once in the hot tub we could enjoy watching all the people coming and going. Other people were touching and we even saw some oral sex. Exciting stuff we thought, but we had not been upstairs yet. We got out of the tub, dried off with the towels provided, grabbed our clothes, and put the towel around our waist...like the other people. Trying to blend in, we headed upstairs. We figured the group room was the best place to see naughty behavior, and we were so right.

We entered the group room. It was about twenty by twenty-five feet, with the floor covered in mattresses and the ceiling covered in mirrors. There was a TV in the corner playing porn. Alison sat in one corner, and I sat right next to her. We positioned ourselves so no one could possibly touch her. Couples were sitting against the walls around the room. Everyone was naked.

On my right was a guy less than a foot away. He was on his back with a woman riding his cock. Right there next to me is this hot female getting fucked and loving it. When she finished and slid up off his still hard cock, I saw her juices or his cum dripping out of her pussy. You hear people say sometimes. "You're not in Kansas anymore." Well, we were

so far from Kansas, at this point in time, I did not think half the people in that room had ever heard of Kansas.

The couple next to us finished, and my attention shifted to a couple across the room. The guy was sitting against the other wall; his date was on all four giving him a blowjob. She was young, shapely, and had a beautiful ass pointed right at me. A guy came up behind her, slid his cock into her pussy, and fucked her doggy while she is sucking cock. She did not even bother to turn around to see who it was. She took her fucking and kept on sucking. This guy finished fucking her, and a couple other guys came over to take his place. They did her doggy also, without her knowing who they were. It was similar to waiting in line at the deli...now serving number 43.

Alison and I were in a high level of horniness and played in the group room in one corner. We fucked knowing others were watching us make love. We also observed others fucking, sucking and licking. This was a huge turn on for both of us. We were horny for days after the experience.

We loved this place. The building and the grounds were beautiful, the food was delicious, and the sexual energy was fantastic. We would return here many a Saturday night for the next few years. All this time, in our early swinging days, we were only watching and being watched. That was our thing, which we thought would not change. We were wrong, but it would take eight years before we would *go all the way* with another couple.

Before the Internet

After our good time at the swing club in Oakland, I purchased the swinger magazines myself and got an anonymous mailbox. My wife and I started answering ads. This was a tedious process. We had to read all the ads, finding the few that might be a match, writing a nice letter, and then waiting for a reply. It was time consuming. Many people never answered back. Those that did may not

answer for a month or even more. We would keep the letters in a safe place and answer when we had time. Many times it would be weeks later. It was a miracle we met anyone this way.

It was fun reading the ads with my wife and writing letters together. It always ended up with us getting all horny and fucking. We spread the letters we received on the living room floor, checked them out, wrote answers, and got ourselves turned on. We spent a couple years at this and only got to the point of having a drink with someone a few times. We did find two couples in our general area with which we connected. One lived in the Bay area eighty-miles away. The other was much closer at thirty-miles to the north.

We met, had introduction drinks or dinner, and played with them. In those days playing meant, each couple was on a different bed with only watching going on. It was still exciting to have someone's wife strip naked and show us her pussy up close.

These activities were very vanilla compared to our later wild times. It took years before we got through our rookie period and began touching, swapping, and oral. We have blossomed a bit as evidenced by our stories. We did maintain our friendship with these first two couples and see them occasionally today.

Prior to the Internet, swing clubs and swinger magazines were the only good way we found to meet new people. Like almost everything else in our lives, the Internet changed things. It made it much easier to meet people, who were looking for adventure in the bedroom. We had been involved in swinging for about five years when the Internet took off. All of a sudden, we could scan for location, age, preferences, or key words that would indicate a person was looking to play. The computer and the Internet made finding fuck friends easy.

For the next five years, we were watch only swingers. We attended swing clubs often. We had a few watch only adventures with couples and single guys we found on the Internet. During this time, we went to several swing clubs in southern California, but Steve and Sally's, swing club in Oakland, was by far our favorite.

As we neared the time to retire from work, we knew we were going to need to make a whole bunch of new friends. Most of our socializing had revolved around work friends. When we retired, we made a concerted effort to develop a new base of friends. We had been around swinging and the Lifestyle for five years by this time; we figured this was an area we would be able to expand our friendships.

The day after we retired, we were driving our motor home to Baja California for a month long dive trip. We brought all the brochures we had on upcoming lifestyle trips and events. Before we reached the Mexican border, we had booked a long weekend, swinger houseboat trip, for the fall.

The boats left the marina and followed one another to a pre-planned cove. This was not a cruising weekend but rather a boat ride to a close private cove. In the cove, we would tie the boats together and party for three days. The boats were close enough together so you could climb over the railings, going from boat to boat. We were still only watching and being watched, with some minor touching occasionally. That would change for the better on this first, Lifestyles houseboat trip to Lake Mohave.

Nettie & Kim On Lake Mohave

We were the only non-swapping swingers on the boat, but we still enjoyed watching the other couples. Our boat mates understood where we were in the Lifestyle. It was the first night out; most of the couples had finished playing for the night. Alison and I were in our sleeping bag on the roof, watching Nettie lick Kim's pussy. All of a sudden, Alison slipped out of the sleeping bag, crawled over to the two girls, and began touching Kim. I was surprised and fully