

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Wife Swap

Amber Leigh

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About the Book

Mark and Anne have been tempted by the idea of wife swapping since they first shared their sexual fantasies. They have the desire, the determination and a watertight relationship. All they've ever lacked has been the right couple with whom they could swap.

But that small hurdle is overcome when they move next door to Johnny and Lisa. Their new neighbours are sexy and exciting. They are also avid swappers and engaged in organising the season's largest swinging party.

As Mark and Anne take their first tentative steps into the waters of swapping they are soon immersed in a tidal wave of new experiences. The only thing left for them to discover is whether or not their relationship is truly watertight.

Other titles available in the Nexus Enthusiast Series:

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WIFE SWAP

Amber Leigh

The LAST
WORD in
FETISH



enthusiast

After the Party

LISA USED HER thumb to roll the wedding band around her finger.

The diamond-cut facets danced in the glow of the overhead lights. Sparkling in so many different ways - needles of gold, glimmers of pure white, and devilish tinges of orange - Johnny couldn't help but think the ring reflected her personality. He snatched his gaze briefly from the road and admired her perfection in the nanosecond that his eyes were away from the motorway. He shook his head and grinned. 'You're an insatiable bitch.'

'What have I done now?' Her tone was shocked, injured and defensive, but he could hear the underlying smile.

'Didn't you get enough action at Becky's party?'

'I got plenty of action at Becky's party,' Lisa allowed.

She shifted position and he could hear the squeak and kiss of her short leather skirt against the Volvo's seat. From the periphery of his vision he saw her unfold her legs and realised that at some point in the evening, she had lost her stockings. It wasn't uncommon. He had lost a sock and his boxers in the course of the night. Her bare thighs disappeared and then reappeared repeatedly as the shadows of the road raced past. The dashboard clock told him it was a little after three in the morning. The only vehicles sharing their route were an endless convoy of juggernauts in the slow lane, yet he didn't dare risk lowering his gaze to admire her properly.

She inched closer, snaking her hand across his thigh and reaching for the front of his pants. Lowering her voice to a sultry whisper Lisa said, 'I got plenty of action, but I'm not sure I got enough.' Her palm cupped the swell of his mounting interest, rubbing lightly as though she knew he would still feel sore. 'Would I sound like that greedy bastard Oliver if I said, *Please, Sir, can I have some more?*'

'Oliver wasn't a greedy bastard. He was just hungry.'

'I know that feeling. I'm hungry.' She curled her fingers around the thickness of his erection and squeezed. Her touch was perpetually light. The sensitivity of her hand was as delicate as a harpist trailing a shivering glissando.

Johnny kept his gaze fixed on the road. 'To the best of my recollection, Oliver wasn't hungry for cock.' He paused for a second and wondered if he should make some smutty remark about Dickens, and then decided the joke wasn't worth the effort.

'Don't be evasive,' she purred. 'Answer my question: *Please, Sir, can I have some more?*'

Johnny drew a deep breath and flicked his gaze from the incessant stream of traffic on his left to the illuminated traffic signs beyond them. With a heroic effort, and more regret than he could contemplate, Johnny reached for her wrist and gently lifted her hand away. 'You're breaking the rules, Lisa.'

'I'm only asking for a little more. It was a good party.' She paused reflectively and then decided, 'It was a *great* party, even if Becky did host it. I'm just in the mood for a little extra.'

'Breaking the rules.'

She moved on the seat and he fought not to notice her. In the light and shadows of the overhead lights her skin was bleached and then hidden in blackness. Her raven hair shone silver during the brightest moments before vanishing to impenetrable dark. Her porcelain complexion - sapphire eyes, pouting lips and sculpted cheekbones - was gloriously

illuminated, then snatched into shadows. The cycle looked set to repeat itself until they arrived home. It was maddening to see her in such enticing glimpses.

'Which rule am I breaking?'

'You can't touch me while I'm driving. It's dangerous.'

'I was only touching your cock. You're not using that to drive, are you?'

'The rules are the rules, Lisa. We agreed on them months ago, after I nearly rear-ended that Toyota. You can't touch me while I'm driving.'

'Fine!'

It was the petulant declaration he expected.

'I didn't want to touch your stupid cock anyway. I wouldn't touch it now if you begged me.' She wriggled on her seat. While he thought she was going to simply fold her arms - turn away and maybe sleep - he was surprised to notice she was struggling with her clothes. The bolero jacket came off first, exposing her naked shoulders and chest. Her bare breasts swayed enticingly in the constant change from dark to light.

'Lisa!'

Instead of responding, she made an ungainly arc on the seat and released the fastener at the back of her skirt. Wriggling her hips, sliding the leather down over her thighs, she settled calmly in the passenger seat without any clothes. If he had wrenched his gaze from the road (and Johnny was desperate to tear his gaze from the road) he knew his beautiful wife would be sitting beside him in all her naked glory. From the corner of his eye he could make out her coltish legs, the smooth flesh of her shaved pussy and the awesome swell of her breasts. The hardness between his legs was so rigid it hurt.

Through clenched teeth he hissed, 'You're not wearing any clothes, Lisa.'

'Is that against the rules?'

'It's not against the rules but—'

‘Then I’ll stay without my clothes.’

She spoke with a finality that he had never challenged, but Johnny still tried to press his argument. ‘Someone might see.’

‘On a motorway? In the dark? At three in the morning?’

Inclining his head slightly to the left, never shifting his gaze from the road ahead, he said, ‘One of those truckers might see.’

She shrugged. ‘Let ‘em look.’ Adjusting her position, flexing her smile again, she asked, ‘Did you enjoy the party?’

He sighed. ‘It was a good party.’

‘Do you think mine will be better?’

‘I don’t *think* yours will be better. I *know* yours will be better.’

‘What did you get up to?’

He clutched the steering wheel tight. For an insane moment he could picture losing his concentration and swerving the vehicle into mayhem and carnage. Shaking his head, adamant he wouldn’t be drawn into the exchange Lisa wanted, Johnny said, ‘You’re breaking the rules again.’

‘Am not.’

‘You know you are.’

‘What rules am I breaking? Tell me? What rules?’

‘We don’t talk about any event until we’re home and safe in bed. You know that’s safest. You bloody well agreed when we set these rules.’

Her gaze flashed with that characteristic impatience he so loved and loathed. He could feel antipathy rolling from her in palpable waves and guessed she would find her jacket, curl herself into it and not talk to him for the remainder of their journey. She surprised him by stretching and saying, ‘Every inch of me aches.’

‘You’re OK, aren’t you?’ Concern made him snatch his gaze briefly from the road. He saw she was using her thumb to twist the wedding band around her finger.

Sighing pointedly, his fears for her well-being vanquished, he asked, 'Do you genuinely ache, or are you trying to tell me that parts of you are sore?'

She released a throaty chuckle. 'Becky was nibbling on my nipples. She can be a vicious bitch when she sets her mind to it. They feel really sensitive now. It hurts just to touch them.'

She paused and he guessed Lisa was studying, and maybe even stroking, her bare breasts. He gripped the steering wheel tightly enough to bleed the colour from his knuckles. His gaze remained focused on the road ahead.

'Is that a bruise she's left behind, or a smear of her lipstick?' Lisa pondered.

He heard the slurp of her tongue - knew without looking that she was lapping at herself - and then sighed when she said, 'Relief. It's just lipstick.'

'Lisa!' he warned.

'Did you have the pleasure of the hostess? I barely saw you all evening.'

The memory was too fresh to avoid. Becky was a Titian redhead with a sandy complexion blemished by light freckles. She had recognised him from those other parties he and Lisa had attended and made a special point of welcoming him. Conducting her hostess duties in a faux-dominatrix outfit - looking resplendent in thigh-length boots, a revealing waistcoat and a peaked cap - she had pressed herself against him and teased his length from his pants. Maintaining eye contact, never once letting her gaze slip from his, she had lowered herself to her knees and lapped at the end of his shaft.

Through wire-thin lips Johnny said, 'No talking about any event until after we've got back. That's the rule.'

'I was only asking.' She sniffed, as though appalled by his rudeness, and then fell back sulking into her seat. With a swiftness of mood change that was as fast as the motorway's shift from shadow to light, she sat brightly

forward and said, 'I finally got to meet up with that guy they call Donkey.' Her laughter was sudden and infectious. 'Shit! I was worried he was going to split me in two. Have you seen how big his cock is?'

'Lisa!'

The mental image she conjured was unbearable. Johnny had seen the guy they called Donkey - conversation at parties never missed the two favourite topics of which woman had the biggest tits and which guy had the biggest cock - and he could easily picture the monstrous length sliding between his wife's legs. The thought of her having him, the concept of that mammoth shaft ploughing into her delicate hole, was enough to turn his palms slick against the steering wheel.

The car veered lightly to the right and he immediately compensated. His foot inched off the accelerator and he slowed a little. But his mind couldn't shake the glorious image of Lisa and the guy they called Donkey. He could almost hear her sighs of enjoyment and, with an empathy he believed that no other couple in the world could possibly share, he felt an echo of the pleasure she had enjoyed. In his mind's eye he pictured the guy called Donkey pulling out of her and leaving Lisa's hole lush and dark and open.

'He's certainly got some staying power,' Lisa said with a grin. 'He must have ridden me for a good half an hour.' She paused, giggled and then said, 'No. It wasn't a *good* half hour: it was a *great* half hour.'

'Rules, Lisa. You're breaking the rules.'

She ignored him. 'I feel so beautifully stretched and used. I'd be a lot sorer if that snooty wife of his hadn't gone down on me after. That girl with the designer specs helped her. Do you know the one I mean? Her head's not much to look at but she has that supermodel body with an almost perfectly flat chest?'

'Tara.'

‘That’s her. She’s hot. I could do her again. You should have tried her.’

‘I did.’

This was why he didn’t like talking about events on the journey home. Instead of concentrating on the negligible traffic and focusing on the mechanics of driving at a steady seventy through the night, he was more involved in the memory of what he had just done. Tara’s waiflike figure had been gloriously insubstantial to embrace. Her flat chest, although unimposing, made her spectacularly responsive. Flicking his tongue against her tiny, delicate nipples had inspired the woman to thrash and buck hungrily against him. When he slid between her legs, the tightness of her hole had been a splendid reward. The memory was still so rich he could taste the flavour of the woman’s kiss.

‘Really?’ There was genuine enthusiasm and arousal in Lisa’s voice. ‘You got to screw Tara? Is she tight? Was she any good? Would you do her again?’

He made the decision in an instant. A turnoff loomed to his right, he could see a gap between the trucks that was almost large enough for the Volvo, and he flicked the indicator as he squeezed through the space.

A thunderous horn bellowed angrily behind them. Headlamps flashed like a bolt of halogen lightning. And then he was scaling the exit road and pulling into a parking strip at the side of the off-road.

‘Johnny?’

He yanked the handbrake before popping his seat belt and then reached for her. Lisa escaped his grip and slipped out of the car. Johnny climbed across her seat after her. The thought that she was naked and out in the open air was exciting, but he knew it wasn’t the source of his arousal. Her talk of what she had done and who she had done it with – their exchange of experiences – was always the thing that thrilled him most. It never failed to turn him on when they were anticipating each party; it constantly kept him

aroused when they were attending one; and it always made him hard and in need of her when the party was over.

He caught up with her just outside the car door.

Her warm body was a divine contrast to the chill night around them. His fingers found her breasts, and then moved down to her waist. As he pulled her into his embrace his hands moved up and he revelled in the tactile bliss of her bare back. Her breasts pressed against him, her mouth found his, and then he was lost in her thrall.

It was almost magical the way she possessed him like no other woman.

He reflected that he was returning home from a party of excess and gratuitous sex. Naked flesh had been apparent in every direction. Easy conquests had fallen beneath him with a hunger that matched his own boundless appetite. Every detail of the evening was embedded in his memory and each passionate, exciting moment would stay with him forever as a treasured experience.

But being with Lisa was better.

'I've had six cocks inside me this evening,' she told him.

Her words rang musically above the whisper of the nearby motorway traffic. Distance and a hedging of trees muted the thunder of juggernauts. Aside from the glimmer of moonlight above, they were alone in a lightless void. But the scent of her body, the warmth of her words and the flavour of her arousal were all he needed.

She breathed, 'Do you want to be the lucky seventh?'

He pulled his shaft from his pants and pushed it toward her.

She leant back over the bonnet of the car, parting her thighs and guiding him between her legs. While her body felt warm, and her kisses were hotter, the inside of her sex was scalding. His length had been sheathed in condoms throughout the party and the contrast of sensations was phenomenal. From the smooth and almost impersonal penetrations, this was the warm wet haven he could always

return to. The velvet sheath of her sex gripped him tight and the tremor of her muscles sucked against him. Breathing deeply, drinking in every detail, he plunged deeper as Lisa squeezed around him and pulled closer.

‘Hard,’ she muttered. ‘I want it hard.’

He was tempted to taunt her – make a joke that it was already hard – but he could sense she was in no mood for frivolous banter. Knowing her needs as well as his own, intuitive to her desires and drives, he put one hand under her bottom and the other in the centre of her back. Making sure his hold on her was adequate, treating her with his characteristic blend of tenderness and control, Johnny began to ride his length vigorously in and out.

She groaned.

Her pussy tried to grip tightly around him but her wetness made the hold intangible. He could hear the slick squelch of each thrust and smell the rich flavour of their mingled scents. Traffic continued to drone past on the motorway beneath but the blackness of the desert surrounding them remained unbroken. His thoughts were fixed only on the pleasure of being buried inside his wife and sharing the bliss of release. When he heard her begin to gasp – a series of sudden, snatched breaths – he knew the orgasm was almost upon her. Delighted by her receptiveness, overjoyed that she could still respond to him the way he always responded to her, Johnny continued to thrust until she shrieked with euphoria. Her body stiffened in his embrace, her cry whispered musically through the darkness and her inner muscles convulsed around him. He continued to slide back and forth, basking in the sensation of her pussy hungrily devouring him, trembling with a rush of emotions that were almost as strong as their physical symptoms.

‘Now I’ve had seven cocks tonight,’ she breathed. Her voice was drunk from the remnants of satisfaction. ‘That

huge guy called Donkey was one of them. Yet you're still the best lay of them all.'

Johnny came.

He couldn't resist the flattery of her words or the thrill of her confession. Shivering with the climax, he bucked harshly into her as his seed erupted. Through a haze of delight he heard Lisa cry out again, and then they were hugging and holding and giggling against each other. She kissed his mouth, passion spent but gratitude obvious. The sweetness of the exchange made Johnny want to melt into her again, even though his flailing shaft was already slipping from her hole.

In the last moments of their shared embrace they trembled together.

'That was what I needed to complete the evening,' Lisa whispered. 'Thanks.'

He shrugged off the seriousness of her voice, tucked himself back into his pants and gallantly helped Lisa into the passenger seat. As he took his place behind the wheel he said, 'You can thank me properly by declining our dinner invitation with the Kents.'

Lisa pursed her lips and her brow wrinkled. 'You were good just then. But you weren't *that* good. We're still going to dinner with the Kents tomorrow night. No way are we crying off.'

Johnny groaned. He tugged the car away from the side of the road and drove back onto the motorway. Feigning weariness he sighed and said, 'I'm not looking forward to four interminable hours with that grinning tit and his jailbait bride. Is he going to bore me some more with his talk of urban legends? Maybe he knows why her hair changes colour so bloody often.'

'Stop being Mr Grumpy. Be nice about our new neighbours.' She had found her jacket and placed it over her shoulders for warmth rather than modesty. Curled on the passenger seat, and with her eyes half-closed, her voice

was already shrouded with a gossamer veil of sleep. Slurring words together she said, 'They seem like good people and they're making the effort to be friendly. Besides, I like Mark's smile.'

Johnny sniffed. 'That's not a smile. It's a rictus.'

Lisa yawned. 'Change the subject, Johnny. I don't want to bicker.'

'Fair enough. How about you tell me what you want for your birthday?'

'Oh! That's easy.' She yawned again.

Knowing her as he did - knowing her more intimately than he believed any man had ever known a partner - Johnny felt sure she would be asleep within moments. He idly wondered if she would be able to complete her sentence before consciousness slipped from her grasp.

'I've already decided what I want for my birthday,' she mumbled. 'I want your secretary.'

Johnny clutched the steering wheel tighter.

Neighbours

LISA HAD EXPECTED Johnny's prediction would be right - dinner with the Kents promised to be deadly dull - but she was pleasantly surprised by the geniality the pair exuded. As well as being cordial hosts they were an attractive couple. Mark was tall and broad and, although his face was too plain to be called handsome, his constant smile was genuine and infectious and it made him likeable. Lisa decided Johnny had been unfair in dismissing him as a grinning tit and she suspected her husband would revise his opinion by the end of the evening.

Mark's huge build dwarfed his pretty wife, Anne, but her petite stature suited her sprightly character and made her easy company. She had already told them she was a freelance writer by profession and, in her caffeinated manner, had insisted Lisa should read an article she was composing. While Lisa knew the woman's frenetic pace could have been irritating under other circumstances, she thought Anne managed to carry it off as an engaging and almost winsome character trait. This evening her hair was a dark plum colour, a contrast from the blonde it had been when they moved in but not that dissimilar from the raven she had worn the week after. On her pageboy crop the colour looked vibrant and rich.

Lisa thought the only thing threatening to spoil the bonhomie of the evening was Johnny and his distracted mood. She passed him a subtle frown, trying to indicate

that his lack of interest was obvious and rude, but he was lost in a world of his own thoughts.

'I've got a special wine for this evening,' Mark announced. 'I thought I'd crack it open before we eat, just in case it tastes like piss.'

Warming to his honesty, Lisa laughed.

Anne patiently admonished her husband.

Johnny flexed a terse smile.

They stood in a quartet in the centre of Mark's kitchen. It was a pleasant room, with polished chrome fittings on a black and white décor, but homely enough to feel comfortable and not sterile. A brimming fruit bowl, an open bottle of cooking sherry and the general clutter of a room in use made it tolerably informal. The flavour of a spicy marinade peppered the air. Above the sounds of boiling pans and bubbling sauces a CD player mumbled its way through Elvis's greatest hits.

'Special wine?' Lisa asked. 'What's so special about it?'

Mark plucked the bottle from an ice bucket and studied the label. 'It's a Le Montrachet chardonnay,' he explained. 'A Grand Cru no less.'

Lost with the subject of wine, and never daring enough to bluff knowledge when she had none, Lisa asked again, 'What's so special about it?'

'It cost five hundred quid. I guess that should make it pretty special.'

Her reaction was instantaneous. 'You're not opening that for us.'

'We bloody well are,' Anne argued. 'It's not like Mark paid for it with his own money. He bought that from unscrupulous winnings.'

Johnny raised an eyebrow. 'You're a gambler, Mark?'

'I'm not a gambler. I'm a salesman.'

'OK,' said Lisa with a chuckle. 'That's intriguing. Would you care to explain? Or are you going to remain a man of mystery for the rest of the evening?'

Mark glanced from Lisa to Johnny, his ever-present grin briefly widening. 'I was at a sales conference last week. On the last day there were half a dozen high-rollers sitting in the hotel lobby arguing about which of them stood the best chance with a redhead they'd seen at the bar. Most of them were drunk. All of them were puffed up with the bluster of being the best salesman in the world. So I bet them each two grand I could talk her out of her knickers.'

Lisa surprised herself by laughing.

Anne took the bottle of wine from her husband. She wore the tight smile of a woman who had heard the anecdote before but was content to listen through it again. With no regard for the chardonnay's age or expense, she discreetly popped the cork and filled four crystal flutes while Mark continued.

'There was twelve grand sitting on the table,' he explained. 'And I had half a dozen drunken reps telling me they'd rescind their title as best salesman in the world if I could get the redhead out of her knickers.'

Lisa accepted her glass from Anne with a polite nod. Anxious to hear the rest of Mark's story she held his gaze and asked, 'What did you do?'

'I stepped politely over to the redhead and introduced myself. Before I'd had a chance to buy her a drink she'd pulled up her skirt and wriggled out of her knickers. She gave the sales reps a quick flash of her bare arse and then she thrust the pants into my hand.' He chuckled and said, 'It was the easiest twelve grand I ever made.'

'You must be one hell of a salesman,' Johnny muttered.

'He is,' Anne agreed. 'He's gifted with a silver tongue.'

Lisa considered him carefully. She wondered if Mark had offered a percentage of his winnings to the redhead, or if he really was the most gifted salesman she had ever met. Not sure which explanation was most likely, and unable to contain her curiosity, she finally asked, 'How the hell did you manage to get her to take off her pants so quickly?'

Anne said, 'It was easy enough for him.' She patted her plum crop and said, 'I happened to be a redhead that week.' Handing out the remainder of the drinks, and then stepping dutifully back to her husband's side, she added, 'But I've always had a superstitious thing about money that's been won with those sorts of bets.' Shivering, she added, 'It makes me worry that bad karma's going to come back at us if we use it for anything other than frivolous stuff. That's why Mark gave a big chunk of it to some animal charity and we blew the rest on a couple of new outfits and this bottle of plonk.'

Lisa shook her head, bewildered and amazed by this unexpected facet of their new neighbours. She glanced at Johnny and was pleased to see that some of his earlier stiffness had evaporated. He didn't look exactly like his usual affable self - it was clear that something was still worrying him - but he didn't seem as distracted as before. Knowing there was no opportunity to ask what was troubling him, wishing she had cancelled their dinner engagement with the Kents so they could discuss the cause of his consternation, she reluctantly dragged her attention from her husband when Mark proposed the toast.

'To neighbours,' he declared.

Johnny and Lisa raised their glasses and repeated the words.

Anne took the first sip of the chardonnay and grimaced. Wrinkling her nose and dancing daintily backwards, she gasped, 'It's fucking awful. It tastes like piss.'

Within moments all four of them were laughing together.

* * *

'You OK, Johnny?'

He blinked himself back to the room and realised how rude his silence must have seemed. Anne had dragged Lisa upstairs to get her opinion on the article she was writing.

Johnny and Mark had remained in the kitchen and, at some point when the host began to muse about an urban legend that dealt with a choking rottweiler, Johnny had found his thoughts drifting.

‘I’m so sorry. I was miles away.’

‘You seem a little quiet. Anne and I aren’t making you uncomfortable, are we?’

‘No. Nothing like that. I’m just ...’ He flexed an apologetic grin and said, ‘Between you and me, I’m trying to think how I can get the birthday present Lisa wants.’

‘What’s she after?’

For an instant Johnny almost blurted the truth. ‘*She’s asked to have my secretary for a night.*’ He could feel the words brimming behind his lips and it was only when he thought how his host might respond that he stopped himself from speaking. Shaking his head, grinning broadly as he prepared to skate around the subject, he said, ‘I’ll fret about it tomorrow when I’m back in the office. At least that way I’ll be salaried and unhappy. What were we talking about?’

Mark turned his attention back to the marinade. He moved smoothly and efficiently around the kitchen and Johnny watched with quiet admiration. His own skills in the kitchen didn’t go much further than the kettle and the microwave and he was always willing to applaud those people with abilities he didn’t possess.

‘Is that your recipe for a successful marriage?’ Mark asked as he stirred something in a large pot. He replaced its lid, wiped his hands on a dishcloth and then tossed it to one side. ‘Do you recommend making sure your lady gets exactly what she wants?’

Johnny sipped at his chardonnay. He didn’t think the drink was as terrible as Anne had declared but he couldn’t imagine it was worth the price Mark had paid. ‘Do you know a better way to keep a marriage successful?’

‘No. And with a partner as attractive as your Lisa, I can understand why you put the effort into keeping her happy.’ His ceaseless grin widened as he added, ‘She’s a very attractive lady.’

Johnny glanced toward the back door and the windows that led to the rear garden. Pulling a cigar from his jacket pocket he asked, ‘Am I OK to smoke one of these out there?’

‘Sure. Either Anne or I will come out and join you in a minute. I need to keep an eye on my salmon and cilantro sauce.’

Wondering if he was misreading Mark’s compliment, Johnny stepped outside the house and wished he had kept his thoughts focused on the evening. If he’d spent less time worrying about Lisa and his secretary, Debbie, and if he’d paid more attention to Mark’s mannerisms and conversation, Johnny knew he would have a better idea of how to take the comment about Lisa. At a swinging party, or at any event with swappers, he knew the remark would have been a thinly veiled enquiry into Lisa’s availability. Because this couple seemed so straight and normal (terminally normal was the expression that kept creeping to the forefront of his mind), Johnny felt sure he was seeing signs where they didn’t really exist.

Tucking the cheroot in one corner of his mouth he sparked his Zippo with a flick of his thumb and wondered if there had been genuine indications about the couple’s interest or if he was simply too tired and distracted to properly interpret events. Anne was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt but it was obvious that she was braless. He hadn’t been able to miss the detail of her neat nipples jutting stiffly against the cotton. And Mark’s anecdote, innocent enough on the surface, implied that the couple didn’t mind deceiving other people and showed that Anne had no issues about removing her pants in public or wriggling her bare backside at strangers.

He felt the familiar stirrings of arousal in the front of his pants and shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other before telling himself he was wrong. Taking in the splendour of the suburban garden, admiring the nicely landscaped touches the Kents had added since moving in, he drew on his cigar and decided he was thinking too much. Sipping again at his chardonnay, finding it grew more palatable with each mouthful, he almost laughed at the ridiculous idea of Mark and Anne being swingers or swappers.

Through an open window from the kitchen he heard Mark's baritone voice. 'Anne? Honey?' he called. 'Can I borrow you down here in the kitchen?' The simplicity of their affection, and their easy way with each other, was enough to convince Johnny that they weren't involved with any alternative lifestyle. Laughing at his own foolishness, he smoked a little more of his cigar and marvelled at the idiocy of thinking that Mark and Anne might be swingers.

When Lisa glanced up from the article she saw Anne had stepped out of her jeans and T-shirt. She wore a skimpy thong and its lack of substance accentuated her diminutive size. Braless, but with not much of a chest to speak of, she still managed to look like a powerfully sexual creature. Her suntanned skin was the colour of rose gold. Her minimal breasts were little more than pectoral muscles, tipped with mocha areolae and nipples. She made no attempt to cover herself - every nuance of her posture indicated a confidence in her nakedness - and she still seemed to buzz with the same furious energy Lisa had noticed earlier.

'Mark prefers me not to wear jeans when we're entertaining,' Anne said by way of explanation. She bent down, picked up the discarded clothes and tossed them into a convenient laundry basket. 'He says it's more appropriate for entertaining if I look like a woman.'

'You certainly look like a woman in that outfit,' Lisa said dryly. 'Are you going down to dinner like that?'

Anne giggled, a pretty and musical sound. 'I don't think Mark would object. What would your Johnny say?'

She stood on tiptoes and did a dainty pirouette to display her back. The rear of the thong disappeared between her taut buttocks. Drinking in every detail, Lisa could see the shadow of dark curls that was neatly crushed inside the gusset of the thong. Every inch of her golden skin looked surprisingly inviting. As Lisa studied the woman's back and buttocks, and then her breasts, she realised her breathing had dropped to an expectant hush. The heady atmosphere of anticipation made her momentarily queasy and - still sitting at the computer keyboard, with Anne's article on the screen before her - she pressed her thighs together.

'Johnny wouldn't raise any objections.'

'Is he not comfortable here tonight? He seems a little distant.'

Lisa shrugged. Although she was worried about Johnny she was more concerned with why Anne had suddenly and unexpectedly undressed. Nudity didn't trouble her - she figured it would have made for some rather uneasy swinging parties if it had - but she couldn't equate Anne's nakedness with what she expected from this evening with their new neighbours. 'We had a late night last night,' Lisa said eventually. 'I think he's just a little tired.'

'Poor boy,' Anne said. 'What can we do to pep him up?'

'Again,' said Lisa with a sour grin, 'you going downstairs like that wouldn't spoil his night.'

Anne waved a dismissive hand, finally blushing. 'I can't see Johnny being interested in me when he's married to you. You're gorgeous, with bosoms and height and beauty. I'm just flat-chested and plain.'

Lisa had heard false praise before - and she recognised the difference between self-deprecation and fishing for