

# **A Swinger's Life**

**By: Emily Sinclair**

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# Chapter One

## Anniversary Dinner

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Dear Diary,

*I never believed in love at first sight. I mean, how absurdly ridiculous is it to think that we can love someone just by glancing upon them once? That is, in my humble opinion, complete hog's wash. There's much more to falling in love than looks unless your goal is to find a trophy wife, or sugar daddy where emotions, personality, and let's face it sex play little part in the relationship.*

*I am of the opinion that love at first sight should be changed to lust at first sight. Now don't get me wrong, I have nothing against lust, in fact I've been guilty of lusting after more than a fair few, but lust is not love. Again, don't get me wrong, lust can eventually turn into love if there's a deeper connection beyond the immediate thrill of sex, but it takes time. It takes time for a person's true personality to show, and for feelings to grow. Love also takes a great deal of patience and understanding – something I've been accused of lacking from time to time.*

*Austin – my boyfriend of the last five years was lust at first sight for me. I was madly in love with him in under a month, and five years later we are still going strong. Tonight is our...*

"ERICA!" My boyfriend Austin yelled up the stairs at me, breaking my train of thought. "If you're not dressed and down here in two minutes you're going as you are!"

"Be down in a minute," I yelled back while looking down at the lacy bra and panties that were the only things covering my modesty. He wasn't kidding either. If I wasn't down there in two minutes he would take me out wearing only my bra and panties and, as much as I'd like to say otherwise, it wouldn't be the first time. I was running late on my birthday two years ago. I was kept over at work for more than an hour and by the time I got home, took a quick shower and was partially dressed, the bathroom door opened and Austin pulled me out; telling me I was going as is or not at all. After a fair amount of complaining on my part, I acquiesced and left the house in naught but my undies. I was scared shitless and people looked at me as if I were insane, but the excitement it raised in me was like nothing else. And when we got home from a wonderfully intimate dinner at the beach, we had some of the best sex ever.

I told my friends about the incident and the reactions ran from complete shock to downright jealousy. A few even went so far as to say that I must be submissive to him to allow such treatment. I never considered myself submissive. Adventurous, but not submissive.

I took one last look at the page I had written and then slammed the book shut. After tucking it away in the bottom of a dusty box in the back of my closet where no one but me has looked in years, I took off my bra and put on a short, form-fitting strapless royal blue and silver dress and matching silver heels and joined Austin downstairs. As much as I'd like to go out wearing nothing at all, I'm pretty sure Maggiano's – our favorite Italian restaurant, had a very strict clothing policy.

It was our five year anniversary and Austin had the whole night planned for us. If there was one quality about Austin – other than his Olympian physique, striking grey eyes, his willingness to push my limits, and an insatiable sexual appetite that keeps us together it's that he

never forgets a date. Birthdays, anniversaries, the day we first met, the place and time of our first kiss, he remembers things most men forget ten seconds after they happen.

"Are you wearing panties?" He asked while looking me up and down.

"Of course I'm wearing panties," I replied.

"Take them off."

"Excuse me? What do you mean take them off?"

"I mean, take them off. I want you to go without panties tonight."

I gave him a brief eyebrow-raised look and then reached under the short hem of my dress and pulled the thong down, bracing a hand on his muscular chest as I stepped out of them one foot at a time. I held them hooked on the end of one finger in front of him. He grabbed them and tossed them across the room where they landed at the foot of the steps leading upstairs.

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Maggiano's was a small, but incredibly popular Italian restaurant with a reservation list longer than California, but Austin never had to wait thanks to his brother Antonio owning the place. Maggiano's was cozy and intimate with its polished hardwood floors and solid maple tables. But the best part was the waiters didn't bother you every two minutes in the hopes of earning a larger tip.

"Good evening," we were greeted by a young woman named Sofia. "Do you have a reservation?" It wasn't surprising that she didn't recognize us. Austin never made it a habit of abusing his family privilege and the last time we were here was more than two years ago when the greeter was a woman named Rosa.

"Reservation for two, under Maggiano" Austin replied.

"Oh, um, yes, right this way sir," Sofia stammered. "We have your table already set for you." It wasn't our usual table set in the far corner away from everyone else. No, this table was right smack dab in the center of the room and was the only empty table in the house. "Would you care to see the wine list?"

"No thanks, we'll take a bottle of the 1995 Barolo Cerequio," Austin replied ordering one of my favorite wines.

"Excellent choice, Sir," Sofia smiled. "I'll have that brought out right away."

As the greeter turned and walked away I suddenly wished she was standing right back where she was only moments ago. Not because she was lovely and I liked looking at her, although she was quite pretty. No, I wished she was back standing at the left side of the table because she blocked me from seeing my boss, Miss Amanda Parker sitting at the next table. How I missed her when we entered is beyond me, but there was no missing her now. She gave me a forced smile and returned her attention to her latest conquest – a twenty something blonde that looked more at home on a stage pole than in a fancy Italian restaurant.

To say I didn't get along with Miss Parker was an understatement. I was one of the few with the guts to refuse to bow to her every demand, and I certainly never kissed her ass like so many others in the hopeless attempt that I would get a raise, or god forbid, a promotion. I gave her a forced smile back and turned my attention to my boyfriend. Or at least I tried to. It was hard to concentrate on him with her looming in the background over his shoulder.

"Something the matter?" Austin asked.

"No, it's just that my boss is sitting at the table behind you."

"Ah. Would you like me to ask her to join us?" he asked with a wicked grin. He knew my hatred of her was nearly without limits. "No? Perhaps I could have my brother ask her to leave?"

"Don't be ridiculous," I replied. "If you did that I'd never come back here again. I might not like her, but she's got as much a right to eat here as we do."

"Then what's the problem?"

I didn't get to answer immediately as our conversation was interrupted by a tall, raven-haired woman carrying tray with our wine and two glasses on it approached the table. "Good evening, my name is Fiona and I'll be your server this evening," the busty waitress said with a slight accent. She set a glass in front of each of us and filled it about two inches with a very aromatic red wine. After handing us each a menu and making sure there was nothing else she could get for us, she left us to look over the many great choices.

"She's not wearing any panties," I whispered to Austin after the waitress left.

"The waitress?" he said a little confused.

"No, my boss. She's not wearing panties and she keeps spreading her legs open."

"You're not wearing panties either," Austin pointed out. "I don't see what the big deal is. Besides, why are you looking between her legs? Is there something you're not telling me?"

"Of course not!" I exclaimed a little too loud, garnering the looks of those around us. "But she's going out of her way to show me that she isn't wearing any."

"Well, maybe you should show her that you're not wearing any either."

"No way!"

"Why not?"

"Because she's my boss, and I can't stand her."

"And yet you keep eyeing her and she keeps spreading her legs for you. Go ahead, spread your legs open. See if she takes notice."

"You're out of your mind. Is that why you asked me to take off my panties before we left? You want me to show everyone my goods?"

"No, I asked you to remove them because after dinner I plan on fucking your brains out," he grinned. "Having you flash the goods is just icing on the cake. Describe it to me."

"Describe what to you?"

"Her pussy. Tell me what it looks like."

"Are you serious? It's our anniversary for god's sake and you want me to describe another woman's pussy to you? That is wrong on so many levels." And yet I was still unable to fully pull my eyes away. Austin took a long sip of wine and stared deeply into my eyes.

"Spread your legs open, babe. Let her see what she'll never get. And describe to me what her pussy looks like."

"She's completely shaved," I found myself replying "IT looks like she might have a tattoo down there but I can't make out what it is."

"Go on," Austin said never taking his eyes off mine.

"Her outer labia are fat and puffy," I went on describing my boss's pussy "and her inner labia barely show at all."

"What about her clit? Can you see it?"

"No, but I do see the hood. It's pierced."

"Sounds like she has a lovely pussy."

"She does," I let slip without meaning to.

"So you like her pussy do you?" Austin smirked.

"That's not what I meant at all. I only meant that her pussy looks nice. Oh shut up!"

"I didn't say anything. You're the one going on about how nice her pussy is. Are you showing her yours?"

"No."

"Why not? It's only fair don't you think? Go on, spread your legs and give her a peek while we decide what we want to eat."

I took a sip of wine and picked up the menu, spreading my legs open at the same time. I didn't know what it was about Austin that I couldn't say no to. He has a way of hypnotizing me with those mysterious grey eyes, pushing me to do things beyond my comfort level. I wish I could hate him for it, but I couldn't. After all, how could I hate someone so capable of showing me my true self?

Miss Parker raised her wine glass to me and smiled as she mouthed the words "*Nice Pussy.*" I could feel my body go flush and I averted my eyes back to the menu. My legs remained open of their own accord. Like the time he took me out wearing only my bra and panties, something stirred deep within me. It was a very basic and primal feeling of excitement that I was virtually powerless to stop. Despite my feelings towards the woman, the more she gazed beneath the fabric of my dress at my naked mound, the hornier I felt myself becoming. Austin says he's going to fuck my brains out, but it just might be his lying on the bed in a pile of oversexed euphoria by the time I'm done with him.

Fiona returned to our table after about ten minutes. Anywhere else and the time wasted waiting would have annoyed the hell out of me, but Maggiano's was known to be as laid back as it is intimate and the staff liked to give everyone ample time to go over the menu.

"Are you ready to order?" Fiona asked in her slightly chirpy voice.

"I think we are," Austin replied. "I'll have the Chicken Valdostano topped with three pieces of prosciutto and extra fontina cheese please."

"Of course, sir. And for you ma'am?" she asked turning to me.

"Hmm?" I said a little distracted at the site of stuffy Miss Parker running a finger along her slit. "I'll have the same thing." My gaze returned to my boss who was smiling at me wickedly. This was a side of her I had never seen or really cared to imagine, but now that I was seeing it I couldn't get it out of my mind. I was well beyond my normal limits of comfort by showing another woman my bare pussy, let alone rubbing myself off while out in public. She had a lot of guts I'll give her that.

"So tell me, love," Austin said pouring us both another glass of wine "how does looking at your boss's bare pussy make you feel? Be honest now."

"It's like a train wreck," I answered, "Not her pussy. That's actually quite nice. I just mean that like a train wreck I can't seem to stop watching. She's rubbing herself under the table, you know."

"No, I don't know since my back is to her, but I'll take your word for it. Do you like seeing her do it?"

"She's got more balls than I do, that's for sure."

"That's a good thing. If you had balls we probably wouldn't be sitting here right now."

"Ha, ha, very funny."

"She's rubbing herself for you. Why don't you return the favor?"

"That's asking too much. We're sitting in the open where everyone can see me doing it. She's against the wall. Besides, I'm not going to do that in public."

Dinner was spent with me giving my boss a good view of my pussy while Austin and I talked about old times and what the future might bring. Now, you might be thinking awesome boyfriend, intimate dinner, when is he going to pop the damn question already? The answer to that is never. Neither of us believes in the ritual of marriage. It is an antiquated religious

ceremony and as atheists has no part in our lives. Besides, we don't need a piece of paper and some guy dressed in a suit or robes to tell us how to love each other. As for Miss Parker, she had put on her show long enough and after downing the last of her wine left with her blonde bimbo a full ten minutes before Austin and I.