

Midnight Bowling

by Slickman©

Note from Slick: I get a lot of requests for married couples and games and thought I'd do a bowling league. But this one is a special soft-swing league that rewards the winning couple. Check it out. All rights reserved.

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Allan and Betsy had been married seven years without children when both realized their life sucked. They both worked long hours during the week but on the weekends found themselves home on most Saturday nights. It was at the library when Betsy saw the advertisement on the community bulletin board.

"MIDNIGHT BOWLING LEAGUE FOR COUPLES, Open to all couples who want to have fun and meet others. Private bowling after hours. Call 555-9455."

Since they had bowled in a small league after college Betsy called the phone number after she got home.

"Hello," a woman's voice answered.

"Uh...hi, I'm calling about the Midnight Bowling league."

"Yes, what did you want to know?"

"Details I guess," Betsy answered. "How many couples, how much does it cost and I guess how serious are the bowlers?"

"Right now we only have six couples but one couple is moving away. The cost is \$40 per week and most of us are not very good at bowling."

"OK, that sounds great," Betsy said. "I'll need to ask my husband."

"Why don't you and your husband stop by our house and we can cover some of the other things about the league?"

It was a Saturday morning so Betsy knew they were bowling that night. "Can we just stop by tonight and watch?"

"No, I'm sorry. The building is locked for our league. We and the ball return man are the only ones in the building. Maybe you two can stop by after dinner tonight?"

Betsy didn't understand all of the secrecy. "My husband will be home soon. I'll call you back and let you know." They hung up and an hour later Allan returned. Betsy told him about her conversation.

"A private bowling league in a locked building after midnight," he repeated. "Its sounds strange."

"Please, what harm is there to just check it out?"

"OK, call her back and get directions," he said before going into the back yard to plant a few bushes he had just purchased.

Carol had the dinner ready to go in the oven when her husband Bob came home. "A couple interested in the bowling league is coming over tonight for dinner."

"Great, did you tell them anything about what we do?"

"No, after I told the last two couples they didn't call back."

"Maybe I can work on the guy and you can work on the woman?"

"That's what I was thinking," Carol smiled.

"I still don't know why this is so private," Allan said after pulling into the driveway of a couple they had never met.

"Relax, it can't be bad." Betsy said smoothing down her dress before exiting their car.

They moved to the front door and rang the doorbell. When the door opened they saw a short dark haired woman in a very tight blouse and skirt. "You must be Betsy and Allan. I'm Carol."

They shook hands and Carol led them into the den where Bob sat. He also greeted them and the four sat quietly until Allan spoke. "So why all the secrecy about the bowling league?"

Bob stood. "Why don't I show you the pool and Jacuzzi while the women get the dinner ready?"

The two guys walked out back while the women moved into the kitchen. Carol pulled out the large salad bowl full of lettuce and vegetables. "How long have you two been married?"

Betsy rolled her wedding ring. "Seven years."

"We've been married ten," Carol smiled. "After about six years we discovered that we lost a lot of the spark."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Betsy frowned.

"So that's why we started the bowling league."

"Bowling provides you sparks?" Betsy asked wondering why.

"Have you ever heard of soft swinging?" Carol asked as she turned up the oven.

Betsy knew what swinging was all about. "Not the soft part and what does that have anything to do with bowling?" She answered. When the woman leaned over to look into the oven she saw the shape of her thong through her tight skirt.

"Soft swinging is basically foreplay with other couples up to as far as you want to go but not all the way." Carol waited to see if the woman was going to run out of the kitchen but instead heard her pull out a kitchen chair and sit down.

Betsy and Allan had joked about playing adult games with their friends but were afraid to really go for it. "How does the bowling part work?"

Carol turned and peeked at the nice thighs on the younger woman. "We bowl to determine who does what to whom."

Betsy's eyes opened wider. "Oh my God. You mean like kissing and touching each other." She then realized why the doors were locked. "You do it right there in the bowling alley."

"Yes," Carol answered.

Bob walked Allan out by the hot tub and picked up a screen to scoop out some leaves that had fallen in. "I don't like to beat around the bush."

"Good," Allan said. "So are you going to tell me about the locked doors?"

"Have you ever heard about soft swinging?"

Allan was watching the man pick out the leaves but quickly turned to look into his face. "Swinging like swapping wives?"

"Not swapping in the sense of throwing car keys in a bowl and taking another woman home with you. Soft swing is basically kissing and touching up to but not including intercourse."

Allan laughed. "I figured it had to be something like that."

Bob put down the screen. "So it's fine with you then?"

"How does the bowling part work?"

"Each week the couples bowl each other. If you get a strike the person of the opposite sex of the other couple must do a dare."

"A dare. Give me an example."

"A kiss or maybe give you a massage."

"A massage anywhere you want?" Allan thought of the possibilities.

"Yes but during the bowling no one may expose any private areas."

"Jesus. Betsy will never go for it."

"I didn't think Carol would either," Bob grinned. "I think she agreed to it because of the no intercourse part."

"But you've been doing it for like four years. You've never once had intercourse with another couple?"

"No, but I will tell you that there is oral sex at times."

"I wish I could get Betsy to do oral," Allan sighed. "You know this sounds great but I'm sure that my wife won't go for it."

"Well Carol is telling her all about it now and I don't see her coming out to ask you to leave." They both turned to look into the patio door. "Let's give her a few more minutes."

"Allan would never allow me to mess around with another man," Betsy whispered.

"Have you ever been with another man?" Carol asked.

"Not really. I mean I've kissed guys in high school before Allan but never past second base."

"Me neither until the bowling league. It is amazing how different they kiss and how different they are built."

Betsy sat forward. "Do you remove clothing?"

"Not during the bowling but there is a lot of kissing and touching going on. Afterwards the couple that loses has to do whatever the couple that wins tells them to."

"There in the bowling alley?"

"They have a small lounge room with some sofas. We turn the lights down."

Betsy was shy about her body. "Even if Allan allowed it I don't think I could undress in front of strangers."

"From what I see you have a wonderful body. You should be proud to show it."

Betsy blushed as the woman's eyes rapped her covered breasts and flat stomach. "It's just kissing and touching right?"

"Have you ever done oral?"

Betsy sat up. "I don't do that."

"And, you've never had it done to you?"

"No, I think this is probably not a good thing for us."

"Oral is not a requirement as long as you set the limit up front," Carol smiled. There had been other couples in the past that had refused oral so it was no surprise.

"Good," Betsy said sitting down. "Allan won't allow it anyway."

"Does that mean that you are willing to try it?"

"Probably not," Betsy said. The door opened and the guys walked back in.

Allan could see his wife's flushed face and wondered how she felt. He also looked at Carol's nice stacked body and wondered how her nice round breasts would feel.

"Let's eat," Carol said wanting the new couple to think about what was laid out for them to consider.

"The hot tub was nice," Allan said trying to break the silence. He glanced at his wife who didn't seem to want to make eye contact with him.

"You two will have to come over and join us in the pool and hot tub," Bob said noticing that Betsy's nipples were hard and pushing out the front of her dress. He wondered if her panties were wet as well.

None of them spoke about the bowling league during the meal and when they finished Carol stood up. "Bob and I will clean up. Why don't you show Betsy the pool and hot tub?" She looked at Allan.

"Good idea," Allan said forcing a smile. He hoped that Betsy wouldn't be too upset. They moved outside and didn't speak until they were far enough from the house. "I guess Carol told you about what they do."

"God Allan, I've read about swingers but never thought we would be approached to do it."

"I know. I almost shit my pants when Bob told me. But they don't really swing.....I mean...you know...go all the way."

"Carol said it was just kissing and touching," Betsy said softly. She took her husband's hand and rubbed her thumb over it. They both became silent. After a minute she turned towards him. "Will you kiss me?"

Allan glanced at the house and didn't see them looking out the windows. He pulled her body to his and felt her mouth open immediately. It had been so long since they had french kissed and now she was the aggressor.

Betsy felt his hard-on immediately and knew that he was already hard before the kiss. His hands moved down to cup her buttocks while her tongue fucked in and out of his lips. Both pulled away and gasped for air. "JESUS!" Allan said.

They remained together as she nibbled on his ear. "Do you want to try it?"

"Do you?" He whispered back. Neither wanted to be the first to admit to it.

"If you want to I will," she said softly rubbing against his hard-on.

"If we don't like it we can always stop," he said.

"You won't be jealous?"

"No, because I'm the only one who can fuck you," he smiled.

"They will kiss me and touch me and get me all wet for you," she whispered.

"I know." They kissed some more and she pushed back and looked down at his bulge. "We better cool down before we go back inside."

Carol rubbed against her husband as he peeked through the curtains. "Are they still kissing?"

"No, they stopped but are just standing and talking."

"Kissing is a good sign," she grinned. "Did you see the size of his package? He was hard just thinking about it."

"I wonder if she is a natural blonde. We've never had a blonde pussy before."

Carol glanced out and saw them smiling. "I think they are going to go for it but do you think they will go for the test?"

"It's the only way to find out if they are serious."

They watched as the couple turned and walked towards the house before they ran into the kitchen and sat innocently at the table. The door open and they moved inside.

"Why don't we go into the den and have some wine?" Bob asked.

Betsy and Allan held hands as they followed the couple holding the wine bottle and four glasses. She sat next to Allan on the sofa making sure to keep her knees together and her dress down.

Bob put on some soft music while Carol poured the wine. Betsy quickly finished her glass and Betsy quickly poured another.

"I love this song," Carol grinned. She was sitting directly across from Allan on the settee and saw his eyes on her slightly opened legs. "Will you dance with me?" She looked at the nervous man.

Allan quickly looked at his wife for permission.

"Go ahead," Betsy smiled. She finished the second glass and knew that she needed another before telling them that they wanted to try the soft swing bowling.

As Carol moved her body into Allan's Bob sat next to Betsy with the bottle of wine. "Want some more?"

"Yes," Betsy giggled. Her eyes never left Carol and her husband's bodies which were now pressed tightly together.

Allan tried to hold his hard-on back but the woman kept pressing forward. Finally he

stopped resisting and let her feel the total eight inch length. Nothing more was said until the song was finished. He moved back towards the sofa and saw that Bob had taken his place.

"Sit next to me," Carol whispered. Her hand took his and guided him to the loveseat.

"So do you have anymore questions about the bowling league?" Bob asked. He noticed that Betsy's body had relaxed and was leaning back against the sofa.

Allan spoke. "If we start this and decide it is not for us then we can stop right?"

Carol reached over and took his hand. "No one has to do anything they don't want to do." She continued holding his hand as they rested on top of his muscular thigh.

Allan looked at his wife. "Do you still want to try it?"

Betsy finished her third glass. "Yes."

"OK so I guess we will meet you at the bowling lanes on Saturday at midnight," Allan grinned.

"Well, there is one more thing," Bob said. "Before you two can join the league we have to make sure you are serious."

"We are," Allan quickly said. "We talked about it and we want to try it."

"We've had couples in the past who have said the same thing but when we started to bowl and the kissing started they got cold feet."

Betsy leaned over against Bob's shoulder. "We want to do the kissing and....the touching. We are not sure about the lounge."

Carol squeezed Allan's hand and pulled it upward until the back of her thumb pressed into his large bulge. "We believe you but the others all want you to pass a test first."

Allan tried to ignore her thumb. "What kind of test?"

"If you allow us to kiss and touch you right now we will know that you are serious," Carol answered.

"NOW?" Allan asked. "You want to kiss and touch us now?"

"You can touch too," Carol grinned.

"We need to think about this," Allan said noticing that his wife had not said a word. "Right honey?"

The wine and the closeness of Bob had Betsy's body on fire. "They're right. If we can't do it now then we probably won't be able to do it then." Betsy too had noticed Bob's six inch boner in his slacks.

Carol could still see Allan's hesitation. "Let's do one step at a time and just kiss." Her thumb moved outward and slowly rubbed over his hidden crown. Betsy could not see it because their hands were in the way.

They all looked at Allan. "OK but just kiss." He started to turn towards Carol but saw Betsy's head twist around until Bob's mouth moved downward. He could see that Betsy's lips were closed tightly until Bob's tongue forced its way inside. It seemed that she resisted at first but a few seconds later opened her mouth all the way and her body relaxed. He knew he should feel jealous but instead it made him harder.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" Carol whispered while she moved her body sideways until her breast pressed into his shoulder. She nibbled on his ear as he continued watching. He saw Bob's tongue retreat and then Betsy's tongue follow it. "Are you going to kiss me?"

Allan's eyes closed when he turned towards her and felt her soft lips nibbling on his. She bit his upper lip with her teeth and pulled on it until his tongue moved out to lick over her them. His hand moved behind her back and pulled her softness closer while their mouths opened wide.

Betsy had forgotten about her husband kissing another woman because this man was so forceful unlike her husband who was gentle. His tongue was hard and relentless exploring her oral cavity. She felt his hand moving up and down her back touching the soft skin at her neck and lower over the top of her covered bikini panties. Her instincts were to stop him from going lower over her ass but her body wouldn't allow it.

Only the sounds of the soft music, the wet sounds of the kissing and the moaning could be heard for the next ten minutes. Allan's prick was about to explode just from the kissing when he pulled back and looked over at Bob who had pressed Betsy's down on the sofa with her lower legs hanging over. Her dress was dangerously high on her thighs and he could see Bob's right thigh forced between her opened legs.

"Ohhh," Betsy moaned feeling the rubbing against her wet and throbbing pussy mound. She felt her dress moving upward and tried to reach under him to push it down but instead felt his hard manhood against the back of her tiny fingers. "My dress," she whispered hoping that he would move back enough for her to push it down over her dripping panties.

"Touch me," Bob whispered. "You've made me so hard."

"We're just....supposed....to kiss," she whispered breathing rapidly.

"When I lift up turn over your hand," he whispered back.

"Oh God," Betsy thought feeling his body lift a fraction. She knew that Carol and Allan could not see her arm twisting or her opened fingers as he placed his covered shaft onto them.

Bob felt her hand but her fingers did not move. "Squeeze it."

Betsy turned her head and looked at her husband while slowly closing her fingers. He seemed so much thicker than Allan. She felt his hand pull her face back to his and looked into his eyes while she squeezed and then explored his length.

Carol knew by now that Bob had already touched Betsy or vice versa but Allan had not made any moves. She slid her tongue deep into his throat while she grabbed onto his hard-on.

Allan's eyes opened wide before he pulled his mouth from the slippery invader. He grabbed her wrist to pull her fingers off of his but she held him tight. "Don't, we can't....."

"Look at them" Carol giggled.

Allan turned and saw Betsy's bare leg now completely wrapped around Bob's waist. The dress was bunched up over her waist and he could only see the white strap of her panties. He was rubbing his thigh up and down while she humped his leg. "Betsy."

"Shhh let me touch you and make you happy." She felt his hand drop off her wrist and slowly stroked up and down his covered monster.

"Oh, stop or I'm going to cum," he warned.

Carol giggled and moved her hand away. She moved off of the loveseat and lifted her skirt before straddling his lap. "Let me make you really happy."

Allan kept watching his wife being dry humped while Carol did the same to him. His fingers moved around to cup her round ass through the skirt as she lifted and lowered her covered pussy against his hard-on. "OH GOD.....GET OFF!" He cried feeling the dam burst open. He lifted Carol's body and ran towards the hall bathroom.

Betsy too was about to cum when she heard her husband's scream. She pushed her head away and saw him running out. "What happened?" She asked Carol who was pulling her dress down over her nearly naked butt.

Carol giggled and moved to her knees next to Betsy. "He came," she whispered as Bob

continued to rub against Betsy's sex. "Do you want to cum too?"

"Yes," Betsy's said with half-closed eyes. "Yes." Her eyes fully closed until she felt fingers moving under Bob's thigh. They rubbed over her clitty causing her to moan. "OH YES RIGHT THERE!"

Bob moved back and off of Betsy's to watch Carol's expert fingers rub and touch Betsy's pussy through her white undies. The material was damp and pushed so far into the slit that they both could see that she was truly a natural blonde.

Betsy was there when she felt Bob move away. She opened her eyes to smile at him when she saw that it wasn't his fingers bringing her off. "CAROL!"

"Yes now cum baby.....cum." Carol's fingers moved into warp speed.

"OHHMYGOD!" Betsy's hips rose upward as her body exploded into tiny pieces

Allan didn't make it to the restroom in time and had to quickly grab tissues to absorb as much as he could through his moist boxers. He was happy the wetness didn't make it to his slacks and was almost dry when he heard his wife's screams. He quickly zipped and hurried out to see Carol pulling her fingers from between Betsy's opened legs. Bob was kneeling between them looking at the nearly bare golden pussy.

"Wow," Allan said moving in and pulling his wife's legs together. Bob and Carol moved away while he pulled Betsy's dress back down. "So did we pass the test?"

Carol sat down again on the loveseat not caring that her black thong was showing. "I think so. How about you Bob?"

"Definitely," Bob grinned. He had hoped to let Betsy jerk him off but didn't want to press the couple anymore.

"Good," Betsy giggled. She swung her legs around until she was sitting lady-like again. "But, I do have a question."

"Let's hear it," Carol smiled.

"Do...uh...women...you know....together?"

"If it's agreeable to everyone," Carol grinned.

"Whoa.....," Allan quickly said sitting forward. "I'm not messing around with any men."

Bob laughed. "So far we haven't had anyone who swung that way so you don't have to

worry."

"Good," he grinned.

"What about me?" Betsy said smacking his leg lightly. "Would you like to see me messing with another woman?"

Carol laughed. "All men like watching two women go at it."

"Well be better get going," Allan said standing up. He was still semi-hard. Betsy stood up next to him. "We will see you both on Saturday."

They all walked to the door and Carol pulled Allan's lips to hers. Betsy and Bob were next as the two couples again frenched and rubbed over each other's asses. Allan pulled away first and a few seconds later Betsy and Bob broke apart. The guys shook hands while Betsy moved forward to hug Carol. She was surprised when Carol took her head in each hand and guided their lips together.

"Dam," Allan whispered seeing Carol's tongue slash into his wife's mouth.

Betsy was not ready for it but when it happened she didn't have the resistance to stop it. Carol's lips were so soft and her tongue narrow as it teased and probed. After fifteen seconds Carol moved back and turned to look at the passion on Allan's face. "See I told you that they enjoy it."

"Let's go," Allan smiled. He took his wife's hand and walked her to the door. Betsy moved inside not caring that her dress was over her moist panties.

Neither said a word as they moved out of their neighborhood and out onto the main street. At the next red light he turned to see her head back and her eyes closed. "Are you alright?"

Betsy didn't open her eyes. "I can't believe we just did that."

"We just kissed," Allan said trying to make light of what had happened.

"Allan we both climaxed."

He thought that she was sorry that it happened. "We can stop now if you want."

Betsy didn't respond as he pulled away. Her body was still on fire as she remembered how Bob felt in her fingers. She knew she could lie to her husband. "I touched him."

"What?" Allan asked not sure if he heard straight.

She kept her eyes closed. "I was trying to push down my dress and my hand.....my

fingers touched him."

"By accident," Allan added.

"At first but then I turned over my hand and grabbed it."

"Really?"

"I'm sorry," she said looking at him.

"Carol touched me too."

"If we are going to do this we have to touch," Betsy said before biting her lower lip. She moved her hand over to his lap and found him rock hard. "Hurry and get home."

Allan sped but kept it only nine miles per hour over the speed limit. As soon as he stopped the car in their garage and closed the door she unzipped his pants. Her fingers pulled out his long hard cock and gently stroked it. "He's not as long as you but he felt thicker around."

Allan leaned back as she jerked him off. "I'm surprised you agreed since they sometimes have oral sex."

Betsy's hand stopped. "Carol said it's not required if you don't want to do it."

"What if I want to do it?" He asked hoping she wouldn't break off his stick.

"Would you do it to another woman and let her do it to you?"

"Only if you said it was OK," he answered.

"I don't think I can agree because then it will be something that another woman can give you that I won't."

He was going to sigh but didn't. "That's fine. I won't do it either."

"Good," she said as she let him go and almost ran into the house. "Hurry up. I'll be in bed."

Allan stripped on his way up the stairs and stopped when he entered the bedroom seeing Betsy's naked on her back. Her arms were reaching out to him. "Hurry!"

He did hurry and seconds later he was pumping his hard shaft in and out of her honey pot. Neither needed nor wanted foreplay. "I haven't seen you this excited in a long time."

Betsy smiled. "I've never been this excited," she thought.

The following Tuesday morning Betsy was off from her part-time job at the library. She had just finished a load of dishes when the phone rang. It was Carol.

"Hi, are you busy?"

"No, it's my day off," Betsy answered.

"Well, a couple of the other women and I are going bowling and we wondered if you wanted to join us."

"The women from the midnight bowling?"

"Yes, I thought it might be nice if you get to know them before Saturday night."

"I'd like that," Betsy smiled. "I should practice some too so I won't be too embarrassed."

"Great. I'll pick you up in an hour."

Allan sat in his office at his car dealership when the phone rang. It was Bob. "Hey good morning," Allan answered.

"I just wanted to make sure we didn't run you away yesterday," Bob said.

Allan laughed. "Let me close my door." After he closed the door he picked back up the phone. "No actually last Saturday was the best it's been for a long time."

"Its funny how that works," Bob chuckled. "I forgot to mention that we do have a limit of strikes to keep out the ringers."

"Good idea," Allan said while sitting down. "How many?"

"No more than 5 strikes per game," Bob answered. "If you get more than 5 strikes the extra ones count as 10 pins but acts like an open frame."

"Got it," Allan said. "We forgot to ask what type of clothes."

"Oh yeah...uh...we ask everyone to wear jeans and a tee shirt. What you wear under them is up to you."

"Jeans."

"Yeah, we first allowed anything and let's just say that some didn't wear much at all. We want the bowling part to be relaxed and remember that no privates can be exposed during the bowling."

"You know I'm still shocked that Betsy has agreed to any of this," Allan said softly.

"I was the same with Carol. It seems that since it is a game and since there is no intercourse that the women go for it."

"I can't wait," Allan smiled.

"See you on Saturday."

"The other two women are already at the lanes," Carol said to Betsy after picking her up.

It was only a ten minute drive to the bowling alley. Carol didn't see the other two women so after she reserved a lane she left Betsy at the desk getting shoes while she went to her locker.

"Size 7," Betsy told the young kid behind the counter.

"Hi Betsy," a voice said from behind her. She turned to see a woman she knew from her church.

"Alice," Betsy smiled. They hugged and then the boy put her shoes down on the counter. "Glad to see you here. Maybe we can talk later." She took her shoes and walked towards the lockers. Carol had pulled out her bowling bag and was walking towards her. "We are on lane 14." They turned and walked to the curved seats.

Betsy was facing the lanes and didn't see anyone coming.

"Over here!" Carol yelled. Betsy turned and almost fell out of her seat.

"I guess we are bowling together," Alice grinned before putting her bowling bag on the floor next to Betsy.

"You.....bowl...on Saturday nights."

"Yes for over a year now." Alice replied. "We love it."

Betsy thought about Alice's handsome stud husband Don. "I don't believe it."

"So you are the new couple joining us," Alice giggled. "This is really weird." She turned to look at the older woman next to her. "This is Irene."

Betsy looked at the woman who seemed to be around 50 but was in great shape. "Hi I'm Betsy and I'm not a good bowler."

Irene laughed. "None of us are."

They all put on their shoes and after Betsy found a house ball that fit her they bowled the first game. Betsy threw two gutter balls the first frame and really felt embarrassed. "I told you."

They laughed and after Betsy relaxed she bowled better finishing with a 69. "Ooops!" Carol giggled. "Should we tell her what happens when someone bowls a 69?"

At first Betsy didn't understand until it finally hit her. "Oh God!"

Alice put her arm around her. "Sorry but it's a league rule."

"But I don't.....you know..." She looked at Carol for support.

"It is a rule," Carol said hoping the woman wouldn't quit right there. She didn't.

"Let's hope I bowl a lot better than a 69." She blushed and stood to start game number two. This time she had two strikes and two spares and had a 123 game. "I guess I'm not that bad."

They all took a potty break before the third game and when they returned Carol spoke. "How about we do a 30 minute game?"

Alice rolled her eyes. "Betsy might not be ready for that."

Betsy sat forward. "OK you have to tell me what it is first."

Carol moved closer so others couldn't hear her. "We bowl two against two and the losing team has to do what the winning team says for 30 minutes."

Betsy's eyes and mouth opened wide. "Do you mean here?"

Irene laughed. "No I live down the block. We can stop at my house."

"What kind of things does the losing team do?" Betsy asked. She had enjoyed kissing Carol yesterday but wasn't ready to go that far with another female.

"Same type of stuff that we do on the lanes on Saturday's," Carol whispered. "No exposures."

They all turned and looked at Betsy while she thought it over. "OK but I'm not really sure I can do this."

"It's OK if you don't want to do something," Alice smiled. She had noticed Betsy's nice ass for a while now and had wondered how soft it was.

"Betsy and I will be on a team," Carol smiled. Of the women she was the best bowler and knew that Betsy would be nervous.

Since now there was something on the line Betsy again became tight and threw her first ball in the gutter. She sighed and waited for her ball to return. The next ball went straight down and left two pins. "Eight.....not bad."

Carol hugged her and then bowled a strike. Irene got a spare and Alice opened missing a ten pin. Back and forth the lead went and in the bottom of the ninth frame it was practically tied.

"Just hit the head pin," Carol whispered as Betsy stood to bowl.

Betsy took her time aiming and walking to the line. Her arm swung back and after she let the ball go she knew it was a good one. The ball hit the head pin but left a 7-10 split. "Oh no."

"That's OK," Carol smiled. "Try to get one."

Betsy aimed for the 7 pin and missed it by a hair. "Sorry."

Carol stood and smiled as she rolled a good ball into the pocket. The pins mixed and they all stared as the 5 pin spun around but didn't fall. "SHIT!"

Betsy watched figuring that she could make it easily but they all watched the ball miss by three inches. "Oh no."

"Come on Irene," Alice sang as her partner stood ready to throw. The pins scattered but she too left a baby 3-10 split. Her second ball hit the 3 but it spun around and missed the 10 pin. It was now all up to Alice.

Alice smiled as she rolled her ball in her towel to get the oil off. All she needed was a total of nine pins to win. She took her time and lifted her arm as she let the ball go.

Betsy had to lean to the side to see the ball as it hook at the last moment and sliced into the pocket. Pins flew everywhere until there were none left. "YES!" Alice screamed as she pumped her fist. "WE WON!"

"I guess we lost," Carol said to Betsy who was looking very nervous.

They gathered their balls and equipment and paid on the way out. "We will be there soon," Carol said to Irene as they headed towards their cars.

Betsy sat stiffly after getting into Carol's car. "Just kissing and touching right?"

"Right," Carol answered. "If you don't want to do something just say so." They drove slowly behind Irene's and Alice's cars and parked on the street in front of the woman's house. The garage door was open for Carol and Betsy so they walked in.

"Wine?" Irene asked after they all sat down in the living room.

"Yes," Betsy quickly answered. She looked at the women and wondered who she was going to be paired with. It was shortly apparent because Alice moved next to her on the sofa. "This is going to be weird," Betsy whispered as Irene turned on some music.

"I know," Alice grinned. Since they were all wearing shorts and a top none had to worry about showing too much.

Irene pulled Carol up to stand next to her. "Are we ready to start?"

They all looked at Betsy. "I guess so. What do you want me to do?" She looked at Alice who had hardly any breasts.

"Why don't we all dance?" Alice grinned. She stood up and waited for Betsy to do the same. Her arms opened and let Betsy moved closer but she was too nervous to touch their fronts.

Betsy relaxed somewhat when she realized that Alice was not going to attack her. She peeked over and saw Carol's lips move to Irene's and knew that things would soon be picking up.

"Kiss me," Alice whispered.

Betsy moved her face in front of Alice's and pressed her tightly closed mouth to her choir member's lips. They stayed closed until Alice's tongue dashed out and flicked before retreating. Again and again she did it until finally Betsy's lips opened and her tongue came out to play. They frenched for almost a minute until Betsy felt Alice's hands moved down her back until they cupped her buttocks.

"I've admired your ass for so long," Alice whispered.

Betsy smiled and opened her mouth more to let Alice explore. She didn't resist when the woman pulled their chests together or when Alice jammed her thigh between Betsy's. She dropped her fingers down to squeeze Alice's smaller butt as they continued frenching and rubbing their fronts together. After ten minutes all four women were very

turned on and wanted more.

"Touch me everywhere," Alice said knowing that Betsy had lost the game and was supposed to do what she said.

"Everywhere," Betsy repeated. This was going to be something new for her. She felt Alice move back giving her hands room. Betsy slid her hands from Alice's ass to the front above her pubic area. She quickly moved upward over the woman's navel and then north until her fingers rubbed and explored the woman's tiny titties. She quickly discovered that although her breasts were small her nipples were very long and hard.

"Ohhh good," Alice moaned before raising her own fingers to cup and fondle Betsy's mounds. Both had forgotten about Carol and Irene who were now lying on the soft rug nearby with their bodies twisted together as well as their mouths.

"I'm so hot," Alice whispered. "Touch me....touch my..pussy."

"Oh God," Betsy thought. She had never really thought about having sex with another woman but now one was asking her to feel her vagina. "I'm not.....sure..." She whispered until Alice grabbed Betsy's wrist and pulled it and her hand south until her fingers pressed into the feminine triangle. Betsy could feel the opened slit through the clothing and even some dampness.

"Please," Alice begged opening her legs wider. She pulled her hand away leaving Betsy's fingers into her indentation.

Betsy leaned back and watched her fingers as if they belonged to someone else. She pressed harder and deeper and slowly rubbed up and downward.

"Oh YES!" Alice cried. "Touch underneath." She pulled out her blouse and pulled out on her shorts.

"Underneath," Betsy repeated looking under the shorts at the red panties. "But what about not being exposed?"

"I won't be exposed!" Alice said again taking Betsy's hand and guiding it flatly down her stomach until her fingers touched the waistband of the undies. Alice pulled out the panties and again pushed Betsy's fingers downward. This time they felt a small patch of hair and then the shaven moist folds. The moisture helped her middle finger part the lips and disappear until it found and pressed against the woman's clitty.

"AHHHH!" Alice cried. "RIGHT THERE! DON'T STOP TOUCHING ME!"

Betsy looked up at the woman she had seen in church each week singing songs of faith to make sure she was Alice. This was the same woman who ran the church's raffle each year and made dinners for the needy. Now she was the needy person. She used her own

experience and soon had Alice holding on to her for support. She knew that Alice was close but decided to take the time and explore another woman.

"Ohhh," Alice moaned when Betsy's middle finger found her opening and dove deeply inside.

Betsy was surprised how tight she was and wondered if her husband Mathew was that big or thick. "Isn't this cheating?" She whispered to Alice as she fingered her.

"No, we are not fucking," Alice whispered back. "I'm so wet. You've made me so wet."

"I know," Betsy giggled. She peeked onto the floor and saw that Carol and Irene both had their hands down the other one's shorts. "Maybe we should lie down too." She felt Alice moving down and kept her fingers inside of her as she moved onto her back.

Betsy moved next to her and saw Alice's left hand moving to the top of her shorts. She knew it was too tight but Alice didn't hesitate opening them up.

"Turn next to me," Alice directed. As Betsy turned onto her side and they faced Alice wormed her small fingers under the opened shorts and light beige silky panties. She peeked under her hand at the blonde bush before invading Betsy's glistening slit. "You're wet too."

"OH GOD!" Betsy moaned feeling the first person other than her husband fingering her bare raised clitty. She raised her leg and allowed Alice to push deeply into her moist depths.

Only the moaning and wet sounds from below could be heard after the song was finished. Their lips and tongues moved back together until Alice climaxed first. "OH YES.....NOW!"

Betsy giggled and continued rubbing when she felt her own explosion approaching. "Alice...OH GOD!" Her hips rose upward.

Irene and Carol smiled seeing them cum and hurried to get each other off. A few seconds later they came at the same time. "AHHH.....OHHHHHHH!"

Betsy closed her eyes and smiled. For so long now she had forgotten how great sex could be and now had orgasms from a couple she had just met and a woman who sang behind her in her church choir. "See you on Saturday night," she said to Irene and Alice after climbing back into Carol's car.

"I never thought that I would go for the lesbian stuff," Betsy commented as they pulled into her driveway.

"Sometimes I prefer it better than a man," Carol grinned. "So I guess I'll see you on

Saturday night." She leaned over and lightly kissed Betsy's lips.

Betsy walked to her front door on shaky legs and sat later on the sofa for almost an hour. A few hours later Allan walked in and found her lying down.

"Are you OK?"

"Yes, very OK," Betsy smiled. "Sit down because I have something to tell you."

Five minutes later Allan got to speak. "I wish I could have seen it. Alice Gordon....are you sure it was Alice Gordon?"

"Yes, and she has the longest nipples and the tightest pussy"

"Tight huh?"

"Yeah Don must not be that big."

"Maybe I should stretch her out?" Allan joked pushing out his hard rod.

"No fucking remember?"

Note from Slick: Please read Midnight Bowling Ch. 01 to get up to speed. All rights reserved.

*

Allan and Betsy went bowling twice that week to improve their skills and by Saturday their games were on. On their way to the bowling alley at 11:45PM she clutched his hand. "God, I'm so nervous. I wonder who we will bowl."

Allan too was nervous. They parked their car and saw some other people leaving the lanes. When they walked in Carol was waiting for them.

"So you made it," Carol smiled. "We were hoping that you didn't chicken out."

"The night is young," Betsy said nervously. "Is everyone here?" She looked around at the empty lanes.

"Yes, they are in the lounge. We take a few minutes for introductions when new members join us."

They followed Alice to the desk for shoes, to pay and then into the lounge. They saw Mathew and Alice and waved. "Hello," Betsy smiled.

"I'm glad you two joined," Mathew smiled and shook Allan's hand. They had played on

the same church softball team a few years back. Carol then introduced them to Irene and Charles who were older. Amy and Rich were a lot younger probably in their mid-twenties and the last couple, John and Mary, were about the same age and were black. Allan and Betsy had not thought about the possibility of soft-swinging with a black couple.

They all talked for another ten minutes before Carol pulled out the schedule. As luck would have it Allan and Betsy were bowling against Alice and Mathew.

"Good," Alice smiled as they all walked towards the lanes. "We were hoping to bowl against you first."

"Us too," Allan smiled while watching Alice's cute little butt wiggling away from him.

After picking out their house balls they moved to their assigned lanes and noticed the three matches were very far apart. "Why aren't we close together?" Betsy asked Alice.

"There will be some intimate stuff going on and we feel it's better to not be so close."

Allan saw the man behind the counter move behind the pin machines figuring that he would be hidden but knew that he would also be peeking. "Would you go over the rules again?"

"Sure," Mathew grinned. He had not been able to keep his eyes off of Betsy's boobs since she arrived. "We play three games and the team that wins the most games will get to tell the other couple what to do when we go into the lounge."

Betsy asked, "How long does that last?"

Alice giggled. "As long as the two couples want it to last. We just have to be out of here by 9:00AM the next morning."

Allan glanced at Betsy and smiled. "What about the strikes?"

"Oh yeah, if you get a strike during a frame you can ask the player of the opposite team to do a dare."

"How long is the dare?" Allan asked.

"Until the person bowling the strike bowls again."

"Bob told me about the five strike rule," Allan grinned wondering if Mathew was a good bowler. He had a nice hook ball during the warm-ups.

"Right."

"And there are no exposed body parts right?" Betsy asked.

"Not while we are bowling," Alice answered.

"Are you ready?" Mathew asked.

"Ready?" Allan asked his wife. There would be no turning back.

She gulped. "Yes."

First game

Alice went first and got five pins and finished with nine. Next was Betsy who almost threw a gutter ball but managed to take off the ten pin. She threw again and picked up a spare. "YES!" She screamed.

Mathew threw a nice ball in the pocket and got a standing ten pin. He missed it and then Allan got a spare.

"You guys have been practicing," Alice whispered to Betsy on her way to bowl.

Only opens and spares were made until the fourth frame when Mathew's ball took them all down. He turned and smiled at Betsy.

"Oh God, what is my dare?" She asked.

Mathew sat down and motioned for her to come to him. When she stood before him he pulled her down onto his lap. "How about giving me your hottest kiss?" Alice had told him about what a good kisser she was.

Betsy turned and looked at her husband for permission. "Go ahead," Allan smiled. He had already seen her kissing and rubbing against Bob so it wouldn't be that much a shock.

Betsy turned and faced the handsome man and leaned forward until their lips touched. Her eyes closed as she waited for his tongue to come to her but it didn't. She realized that she was supposed to give him her hottest kisses which meant she had to be the aggressor. Her tongue eased out and licked over his lower lip. She tasted the beer that he had been drinking and then moved between his teeth until she found his tongue.

Alice moved next to Allan. "You're up." Allan quickly bowled and got a spare. He returned to see his wife's mouth moving around and around.

Alice stood. "They are going to be doing that until Mathew bowls again so I might as well

go."

Betsy had forgotten all about bowling and was sucking on this man's tongue when someone tapped her on her shoulder.

"You're up," Alice giggled.

"Oh," Betsy blushed as she moved off of Mathew's lap and peeked down at the hard-on that had been pushing up against her butt. He was not as big as Allan but it didn't matter. She hurried to the lane and got a 7-10 split. "Shit!"

They all laughed and after she made the 7 pin Mathew stood and moved past her. Allan tried his best to get a strike but kept getting nine pins. It was Betsy who got the next strike. "HOORAY!" She ran back and hugged her husband before turning to Mathew. "Now it's your turn to give me your hottest kiss."

"After I bowl," Mathew grinned. He got a big split and missed before turning and standing in front of her. "Sitting or standing?"

"Oh God," Betsy thought. If they stood their fronts would be pressed together. "Standing."

It was Allan's turn to bowl but he waited and watched his wife's soft breasts press into another man. Mathew's bulge jabbed into her soft belly as their open lips again came together. Their mouths were open enough for him to see the tongues mixing and twisting together.

"Take your time and get a strike," Alice whispered. She wanted some action too.

Allan focused on the small mark on the lanes and his follow-through. He looked up as the ball moved across the head pin and smacked the Brooklyn side. Nine pins fell and the five pin spun around and around until it fell. "STRIKE BABY!"

"ALRIGHT!" Alice screamed. She ran up to him and pressed her body into his. "Think of something nasty while I bowl."

Betsy and Mathew continued to french and rub their stomachs together. Their hands moved up and their backs but not lower over their butts. They heard the screams knowing that Allan had stuck but didn't break their hold. By the time Alice was finished bowling both Mathew and she were breathing heavily.

"Wow," Betsy gasped as she moved away from Mathew. "I haven't kissed like that in years."

"Very nice," Allan grinned with open arms for Alice.

"Sitting, standing or lying?" She giggled.

"Lying?" Allan repeated while looking around. "Where?"

"On the carpet back there," Alice pointed to the carpeted area behind the seats.

"Lying of course." He followed her to the carpet.

"It might be best if you were on the bottom," she giggled. She waited until he was on his back before gliding down on top of him. She opened her legs and pressed her pussy mound down against the large tent in his jeans.

Alice too was a great kisser and with her lower body rubbing quickly had Allan ready to cum. He pulled his lips from hers and pressed down on her lower back to stop her grinding motion. "We better stop."

"Let's just kiss," she giggled before jabbing her small but sharp tongue back down his throat.

"Uh....you're up," Betsy said as she kicked her husband's foot. "Now get serious because we need to win this first game."

Allan stood and knew that his hard-on was pressing outward but didn't care. He looked at the score in the eighth frame and saw that they were about 10 points behind. "I'll do my best."

All eyes watched him release the ball and watched the ball split the head pin. It looked like a 7-10 split until both tumbled over into the gutter. "A STRIKE!"

"Shit," Mathew mumbled. He wanted to win the first one.

"Hold that thought until I return," Alice giggled. She moved to the lane, picked up her ball and leaned forward. When she bent at the waist her shirt popped upward and hey saw the thin red straps of her thong.

"I need to get some new undies," Betsy whispered to Allan.

Alice's ball also hit the headpin but the 7 and 10 didn't fall. Either did the 4 and 6 pins. "OUCH!"

"Get two," Mathew said now very serious. After she missed he frowned.

"Sorry baby," she purred while moving over to Allan. "What is your dare?"

"Sit on my lap and let me massage your backside," he whispered.

"You naughty boy," she giggled. She sat across his legs facing the lanes and felt his fingers sliding lightly over her rear pockets. Seconds later the fingers pushed down harder and he was taking turns squeezing both cheeks.

Betsy got a spare and smiled when she turned until she saw Allan fondling Alice's ass. She then realized that more than kissing would be next. As much as she wanted Mathew to get a strike so he could touch her or her him she wanted to win.

Mathew took his time and steadied the ball on his right thigh. The lanes had dried out some so he knew he had to move the ball further right. He released the ball and waited until it hooked into the pocket. Again he left the ten pin. "FUCK!"

Allan grinned and slid his middle finger down Alice's butt cleft. The digit moved under the mounds and between her thighs allowing him to move to the front.

Betsy tried not to smile when Mathew missed and then heard Alice moan. She turned and looked down between the woman's thighs and saw the tip of Allen's fingers rubbing over her crotch. Things were definitely heating up and she was falling behind.

Mathew made the spare and saw that they still had a few pins lead. As he walked back and Alice moved off of Allan's lap he noticed where Allan's finger moved from.

"Come on baby. Get me a strike," Betsy purred.

Allan took his time like Mathew but his ball hit the pocket perfectly causing the pins to shatter apart. He had his first double strike and now a big lead. "YES!" He did a Tiger Wood's arm pump and twisted around.

Betsy jumped up and gave him a big wet kiss and Alice was waiting for another dare. He remembered what Betsy said about Alice's nipples and sat down. "Sit on my lap again."

"OK," Alice giggled glancing down at his eight inch covered rod. Her arm moved around his neck and she whispered. "What is my dare?"

"Rumor has it that you have long hard nipples. I think that I should find out if that's true."

"Go ahead," she giggled while leaning back and pushing out her upper body.

"HEY ALICE YOU ARE UP!" Mathew shouted.

"Hold that thought until I get back," she giggled. Again she bent to show her red thong and she picked up eight pins. She left the one and five pins which was fairly hard to pick up for a straight ball bowler like she was.

"Right down the middle Alice," Mathew coached.

She turned. "Duh.....I think I know that." She turned and let it roll. The ball headed for the head pin but was slightly off. Since her ball was so light it bounce to the side and missed the five pin.

"SHIT!" Mathew groaned. He knew now that they were down by eight or nine.

"Sorry," Alice said knowing her husband gets into a rage when he loses sometimes. She knew it was because he wanted to win to be in control of Betsy when they went into the lounge.

Mathew took a deep breath and again let a perfect throw go. This time it hooked into the pocket. "YES!" Since it was the tenth frame he had two more throws. The strike put him even but he knew he needed another strike.

Allan moved back to let Alice sit down and quickly reached up to cup and fondle her small left breast. He already knew she was not wearing a bra and was truly amazed how hard and long her nipple was. "Nice."

Alice rubbed her butt against the huge cock under her and knew that Allan had taken over the biggest cock prize. It didn't matter who really won the games because later on she knew that she would be jerking him off or even going down on him.

Mathew again let the ball go over his mark but he threw it harder this time and the ball didn't make it back to the pocket. It left one pin which he made. All Allan needed was two pins.

"Come on Mr. Lucky," Mathew joked. "See if you can knock two down."

"I think I can handle that," Allan smiled. He hit the headpin to be safe and got a split but it was enough to win. "I guess we got the first game."

"Yes and I have Betsy until we start bowling again," Mathew grinned.

"We need a potty break," Alice said reaching for Betsy's hand. But she pulled it back.

"I can wait."

Alice and Allan stood and walked towards the restroom while Betsy stood and walked up to Mathew. "It's your dare."

"I may have lost but now I'm going to win. Sit next to me and let met touch those babies."

Betsy bit her lower lip and sat down next to him. She leaned back and felt his fingers move up from her navel until his right hand softly cupped her left breast.

"Ummm," she moaned. "That feels so good." He caressed her mound and toyed with the

raised tip. She normally liked to have her breasts touched which Allan had gradually stopped doing when they made love. Now this man was going to touch and massage them until she bowed again.

"Turn your body so I can touch both at the same time," he whispered. She did as he said and now he was holding both of her soft titties.

Betsy leaned her head back onto his shoulder while he rubbed and played. "Do you like them?"

Since they were alone Mathew got brave. "Yes, I want to suck and kiss them later."

"Good, they want you to suck and kiss them," she whispered back.

He got braver. "I want to kiss and suck your whole body." He leaned over and nibbled on her neck. "I'm going to lick your pussy until you scream."

Betsy started to move away because it was going past just the dare. But he was too strong and held her breasts and body down. His fingers were pulling on her nipples now causing a serious flood between her thighs.

Mathew glance back at the restroom doors and saw that their spouses were not coming back yet. As he fondled her left breast he pushed his right down over her navel.

Betsy was so into his caresses she didn't feel his straying hand until he lifted her shirt and quickly shoved under her jeans. He made it past her panty waistband and into her bush before she grabbed his wrist. "Don't."

"Shit," he thought. If he could have touched her clit she might have let him go deeper. "Sorry." He pulled his hand out and back to gently squeezing her boobs.

She moved up and stood looking at the damp spot where the tip of his covered cock was. "We should probably go into the restrooms and dry off."

"You too?" he grinned.

"I'm dripping," she giggled.

Allan passed his wife on the way back and stopped. "Well, are we going to go into the lounge?" He saw that her shirt was messed up and half of it pulled out of her jeans.

"Are we?" She asked back.

"If we win we can control what we do back there," he whispered.

"I know," she grinned. "So we better win."

Second Game

Betsy again sat next to Mathew as Alice started bowling the second game. She leaned back into him as he once again massaged her breasts. She had thought about removing her bra in the restroom but held back.

Allan was amazed that he was sitting across from his wife so calmly while another man caressed her chest. They all knew that things would be picking up as the games went on. Alice got a spare and danced back to the seats. "YOU TWO ARE GOING DOWN!"

"We'll see about that," Betsy glared. Her nipples were pressing outward as she grabbed her ball and wiggled her ass. She too got a spare and stuck out her tongue when she walked back.

The men both got spares and the second game was tight until the sixth frame when Allan threw a strike. "OK here we go." He moved back to the seats and waited for Alice to bowl. She opened and ran back next to him. "And my dare is?"

"Sit across my lap again."

Alice placed her butt on his crotch, wiggled it and waited.

Betsy waited to bowl because she wanted to see what he would do. She smiled as Allan pulled out the bottom of Alice's shirt and slid his hands upward until he cupped both bare titties. Since he was under the shirt he was not exposing any private areas.

"They're not very big," Alice whispered as she leaned her head back onto his shoulder. "But this is." She again wiggled her ass against his hard-on.

Allan was amazed as he toyed with the long hard tips. He would push them to the side and let them spring back. For the next four minutes he rubbed and played causing Alice to moan and wiggle on his knob. "Ohh."

Again they went a few frames before anyone got a strike. This time it was Mathew. "My turn," he grinned.

Betsy sat back knowing that he was going to touch her under her clothes but she didn't know where.

"It's not fair that you are wearing a bra," he said. "Lean forward."

Betsy did as he said while peeking back at him. She felt him lift the back of her shirt and then reach upward to release her bra clasp. "Mathew!"

He laughed. "I'm not going to expose anything." He pulled her back again and reached his right hand up under the front of her shirt. The cups were easily lifted and seconds later he held her nice soft bare left breast in his hand.

"Ahhh," Betsy moaned. Feeling skin on skin was so much better.

He caressed both mounds and then concentrated on the hard buds. Betsy had her eyes closed when Alice tapped her knee. "You're up."

Betsy allowed him to remove his hand before she pulled her arms into the shirt and magically pulled her bra out from the bottom. She knew that the thin tee shirt was not going to hide her hard and dark nipples but she really didn't care. She tried to concentrate on bowling but being braless and knowing that Allan was going to touch them some more caused her to throw a gutter ball. "OH NO!"

"Jesus Betsy," Allan complained.

"Sorry," she said. She tried to do better this time but only got three pins.

"Good girl," Mathew grinned. She again sat next to him and again he reached under her shirt to play with her soft treasures.

"It's your turn," Allan quickly announced.

"I hope I get another strike."

"Me too," Betsy thought. She sat back and watched as he did just that.

"A double baby!" He ran back and jumped into the chair next to her again. He didn't hesitate as he again fondled her bare tits but this time put his opened lips on hers.

"Oh God," Betsy thought feeling her nipples being rubbed and his tongue flicking against her own. She had read that women could orgasm just from having their breasts touched but didn't believe it until now. What took her over the edge was when he sucked her tongue into his lips. She jerked her mouth away and a minute later climaxed.

"AHHH!.....OHHH!"

Allan was returning from bowling a spare and froze as he watched his wife's orgasm. He knew then that they were going to the lounge no matter who won.

"Lucky girl," Alice whispered as she moved by Allan.

Betsy's eyes opened and she was quickly embarrassed that she had climaxed in front of them. She leaned her head against Mathew's shoulder and didn't stop him from continuing to touch her chest. As Alice bowled they saw Carol walking up to them.

"So how does our new couple like it so far?" Carol asked as she sat next to Betsy who smiled.

"I think you have a permanent team," Allan answered.

"And the lounge?" Carol asked as she watched Mathew's moving hand under Betsy's shirt

"Yes," Betsy answered.

"Good, I'll see you all in there later." Carol stood. "Do you want to buy a raffle ticket for \$5?"

Mathew already had his money out.

"Sure, so what do we win....money?" Allan asked.

"It's better than money," Alice giggled. "Which ever couple wins gets to be pleased for 15 minutes by everyone from the opposite sex."

"Can I buy two?" Allan joked.

"Nope, just one ticket per couple. The money goes into paying for our Christmas party."

"Thanks, I hope you win," Carol grinned as she wrote their names on the tickets.

"Me too."

It was Mathews turn to bowl. Allan moved next to his wife.

"The lounge?"

"Is it OK?" Betsy whispered.

"Yes," he replied. "Definitely yes."

"A TURKEY BABY!" Mathew screamed after getting this third strike in a row.

"Shit," Allan said knowing that they were getting blown away in the second game. He walked by Mathew knowing that he was going to keep working on Betsy which was causing her bowling to go to hell.

Betsy sighed and leaned back when he returned figuring he was going to again massage her breasts. But, after picking up the bottom of her shirt he instead unsnapped her jeans.

She turned to look into his eyes as she heard and felt her zipper being lowered. "Oh God," she thought when his fingers pulled out the front of her white panties and moved underneath. "OH MATHEW!" She cried when he touched her bare clitoris for the first time.

Allan was in the middle of his backswing when she screamed. Luckily he managed to hold up without moving over the foul line. He turned to see Mathew's hand down the front of his wife's jeans that were open showing her panties. He stared at the hand moving up and down knowing he was finger-fucking her deeply.

Betsy's body was almost straight as she lifted her hips and legs outward giving him more access to her dripping sex. Her hands moved around his neck for support as he pumped two fingers in and out of her. "OH YES!"

Alice was happy to see Betsy agreeing to the lounge but she was not getting any action. "Get a strike," she whispered towards Allan. He did. "YES!" She smiled.

Allan moved back and looked down Mathew's wrist and saw his fingers moving in his wife's blonde bush. As he stared he felt Alice grab his hand. "Our turn."

Alice pulled him back. "Let me do you."

He knew it was his choice but how can a man turn down an offer like that? "Sure." He leaned back as she released his jeans and pulled down his zipper. She snaked her tiny fingers through the opening in his boxers and explored until she found his hard and ready cock.

"You monster," she whispered moving up to the knob, gathering some pre-cum lubrication and moving back down again.

"It's my turn," Mathew whispered to Betsy who was almost ready to cum again.

"No stay," she begged trying to grab his hand. But he smiled and moved to the lane.

Mathew had bowled enough in this league to know that the couple who was turned on the most bowled the worst. He knew the second game was theirs as he tried for four in a row. But he left the ten pin again.

Betsy's jeans were still open and her panties down to the top of her golden hairs when Allan walked back. "Sorry I missed."

Allan saw that it was his turn so he pulled Alice's fingers out and fixed his jeans. He

moved to the lane and managed to get five pins. All he was thinking about was getting back to her fingers. He opened and knew they were crushed.

"It's OK," Alice giggled. "Come here and let Mommy make you feel all better." She grabbed his jeans while he stood before her and pulled them down to mid thigh. "It's better this way."

Allan turned and sat down she stood to bowl. "I'll be right back."

After getting only four pins total she returned and put her hand down the top of his boxers. She gathered more pre-cum and started to slowly stroke him. As Betsy bowled she whispered, "I hope to lick and suck it later."

He sighed. "Betsy doesn't do oral. I can't do it or have it done to me."

"Too bad," Alice frowned. They turned and watched as Betsy managed to get only seven pins.

As Mathew bowled Alice sped up her motion but he slowed her down. "I don't want to cum."

"Saving it for later?" She asked.

"Yes."

For the next few frames none of them bowled well because the match was already decided. Alice sat down after bowling an eighty five and saw that Betsy had sixty points. If she got nine more she made the magic 69 score. She didn't mention anything until Betsy left one pin. "UH..OH!"

Betsy turned and looked. "What?"

"If you don't make this you will have a score of 69."

It hit Betsy like a ton of bricks. "OH GOD!" She looked at the score. She had to make it.

"So what?" Allan added.

"We told her about the 69 rule. If you bowl a 69 you have to do a 69 in the lounge after the games."

"Really?" Allan asked. He saw the fright on his wife's face. "Just make the spare."

"Don't miss Betsy," Mathew grinned.

"OH SHIT," Betsy said as she grabbed her ball and looked at the tiny five pin so far

away. She knew about the rule and knew it was a rule that couldn't be broken. With trembling legs she walked to the foul line and let it go.

All eyes were on the light blue ball that seemed to be to the right a little. The ball seemed to take forever as it rolled over and over until it got to the pin. They all saw the pin shake and it looked like it was going to fall until it wiggled back upward.

"OH NO!" Betsy gasped as she fell to her knees.

"Does she really have to do a 69?" Allan asked Alice.

"I'm afraid so."

Betsy walked back and sat down next to Allan. "Are you alright?"

"No, I'm not sure if I can do it and if I don't we might be kicked out of the league."

Mathew bowled and Allan finished. The games were now tied at one each. The third game determined who would be the master couple in the lounge.

They all moved to the restroom and as Allan and Mathew took a pee next to each other Allan spoke. "Betsy doesn't do oral."

"That's too bad," he grinned. "I enjoyed you two being in the league."

After Mathew left Allan waited for Betsy by the restrooms. She came out and he pulled her aside. "We lost it in the second game because we were not focused. They had us so turned on we didn't concentrate. We have to do the same to them this game."

"It means getting some strikes," she said as she watched Alice coming out of the restroom.

"I know. Just try to hit the headpin."

"I will."

Third game.

"We will take it easier on you this game," Mathew bragged when Allan and Betsy returned.

"We'll see," Allan smiled. The man was starting to get on his nerves. He kept Betsy next to him as Alice only picked up 6 pins in the first frame. "Concentrate and hit the head pin."

"OK," she smiled.

Allan stood as her ball evenly split the alley and smacked the headpin. It took a while for all of them to fall but they finally did. "A STRIKE!" Betsy screamed while jumping up and down.

Mathew smiled looking at her bouncing breasts. The strike would put them behind but it also meant he had to do a dare for her. "What's it going to be baby?"

Betsy glanced at her husband knowing what he wanted her to do. She had touched Bob the other night but now it was going to be different. "Lean back."

"Why Betsy what are you going to do?"

Betsy blushed as she fumbled opening his belt and then the jeans. She saw his hard-on pointing down his left leg as she unzipped him and then pulled out the top of his tighty-whities.

Even Alice had to stop and watch as shy and conservative Betsy's fingers searched down through his thick pubic hairs until she curled her fingers around his shaft. It felt hot and damp as she squeezed and rubbed.

"OH YEAH!" Mathew moaned. Her thumb rubbed over the red crown and gathered moisture needed for her to stroke.

Alice smiled and tossed a split. She missed the three pins and it was Mathew's turn to bowl. "Do I have to?" He joked.

"Yes," Betsy answered letting him go. "But hurry back."

Mathew had lost his composure and was still hard as he let his ball go. It hooked out to the right and never came back. He was lucky to pick up three pins. "Shit."

After he opened he moved back next to Betsy and opened his pants. "Don't stop now."

Betsy glanced over at her husband before grabbing Mathew's cock again. "I won't."

Allan took his time and aimed for the pocket and blew the pins away. "OK," he grinned as he returned next to Alice. He knew it was time for his fingers to get wet. But it was her turn to bowl.

"I can't wait to touch your sweet pussy," he whispered as she moved by him.

Alice smiled and hurried to get her ball. Again she got only three pins and only a total of five after her second ball. "I'm ready."

Mathew pulled Betsy's fingers from his shaft and staggered to the ball return. He knew that he needed to concentrate and get his own strike but his ball hooked too much this time and he got a split. "Mother-fucker!"

"MATHEW!" Alice cried out. She was leaning back as Allan opened her jeans.

"Sorry," he said.

Allan managed to reach under the tiny red triangle and rub into her moist slit before Betsy stood to bowl. "You're right," he said to his wife.

"About what?" Alice asked as Allan's middle finger pushed deeply inside of her.

"It's a secret," he laughed.

She pinched his arm. "Tell me."

Allan moved his finger in and out of her narrow hole. "She told me how tight you were." He whispered knowing that Mathew was trying to hear his answer.

"Oh," she giggled. "Maybe sometime you can stretch it out for me," she whispered back.

"Can't do that. Soft-swing remember?"

"Shucks."

Betsy got a spare and Mathew again opened missing a seven pin this time. He was definitely rattled. For the next four frames no one struck until Betsy threw another one. "OH MY GOD!" She yelled in joy.

"What now?" Mathew asked as she returned to her seat next to him.

"You'll see."

Mathew managed to get a spare and when he returned she motioned for him to lie down on the carpet behind the seats. Alice and Allan stood and watched as she pulled his jeans down to his knees and then straddled his thighs.

Allan had to laugh when Betsy snaked both of her hands up the leg openings of Mathew's briefs. As she jerked him off in her right hand her left hand cupped and caressed his tight nuts.

"Ohhh," Mathew moaned. Normally he could hold out longer but seeing her huge tits above him and both of her hands working on him below was too much. "I'M CUMING!"

"Shit Betsy," Allan groaned. He didn't want Mathew to cum because he knew he would once again concentrate on bowling.

Betsy giggled and pulled her sticky fingers out and stood up. She saw Allan frowning and realized what she had done. It was her turn to bowl. "Keep hitting the head pin."

The men both picked up more strikes along the way but Allan had four to Mathew's three by the time the ninth frame rolled around. Mathew sat down and after Allan missed the ten pin saw that they were about ten pins behind. He stood and whispered to Alice. "Get as many as you can."

Alice relaxed and made a spare which put the pressure back on Betsy. Betsy once again hit the head pin but got a baby 3-10 split.

"Come on you have to make it," Allan cheered. "You can do it."

Betsy focused on the first pin knowing she had to hit it first. She let the ball go and watched as it evenly parted the two pins. "I MADE IT!" She ran back and hugged Allan before getting eight on her next ball. It was Mathew's turn. And he knew he needed a double.

They all were standing as Mathew's ball hooked into the pocket and the pins scattered. "YES!" They were now tied and if he could get another pin it would mean Allan would have to double.

Again the ball hooked in and again the pins fell.

"Shit," Allan groaned. Mathew picked up nine more and then he moved to bowl.

His ball was true as soon as it left his hand. It was a perfect strike!

"ONE MORE!" He yelled.

Allan focused and threw another one that hit the Brooklyn side. The pins spun around and finally fell. "I DID IT!" He only needed one more pin on the last ball.

"You did but you can't win," Mathew smiled as he walked up to shake Allan's hand.

"I've got another ball."

"Nope that was your sixth strike." Mathew announced. "It only counts as ten pins and you don't get another ball."

"OH DAMN!" Allan groaned. They all moved to the seats and sat.

"Well are you going to the lounge or not?" Mathew asked.

"If you don't want to that's fine," Allan said knowing the 69 was Betsy's biggest hang-up.

"I can try it," she said softly.

They noticed the other couples were already inside. "Come on we can watch for a while first," Alice grinned. She took Betsy's hand and they all walked down the narrow hallway. When they turned the corner they stopped.

"Jesus," Allan gasped. Only ten feet from them was the black woman completely naked on her back. Bob's head was moving between her thighs. He looked at her tall thin caramel skinned body wishing it was him tasting her chocolate nectar.

Betsy's eyes were on the black hard-on now sliding up and down into Carol's lips. From her angle she saw Carol's opened pussy lips as she performed on her hands and knees.

"Come on," Alice said leading them around the first group. They stopped at the second sofa and saw the young couple sitting next to each other. The young blonde girl was sitting spread legged as the older man Charles fingered her dark haired pussy.

"You're the only natural blonde here," Alice whispered to Betsy. Betsy's eyes were locked on the young man's thin but long cock that was in the grasp of Irene. "Wow."

"Over here," Mathew grinned. He moved to the sofa and motioned Betsy to stand in front of him. "Care if I unwrap my present?"

"Go ahead," Allan smiled.

Betsy took her husband's hand as they were undressed by a couple they had spent many Sunday mornings with. Mathew stood to remove Betsy's shirt and leaned to kiss her right nipple before sitting back down.

"You can remove the shirt," Alice giggled. She released Allan's jeans and pulled them down to his feet. As he kicked them off she quickly jerked down his boxers. "OH MY GOD!"

The rest of the room got quiet as they all peeked over to see the new man with the big cock. The men also glanced at Betsy's nice rack.

Mathew slowly pulled Betsy's panties from her moist lips and after moving them from her feet caressed up both thighs until his fingers moved into her yellow mane. "Open up."

Betsy looked over as Alice stroked Allan. She spread her feet apart and felt Mathew's fingers exploring into her dampness.

Alice stopped first. "Now you can undress us." Alice and Mathew stood as their church friends removed their clothes. Now naked their bodies and lips moved together. Hands and fingers explored until they all fell onto the sofa.

"Straddle me," Mathew commanded.

"But," Betsy said looking at his raised five inch thin cock. "We can't....."

"I know," he grinned. "But we can rub together. See..."

Betsy turned to see Alice straddling Allan's lap and her hand guiding the huge cock against her opened lips.

"OK but no....."

"No fucking. I know," Mathew grinned. He leaned back as Betsy's legs opened and her bare ass sat on his thighs. "Do you want to rub or do you want me to?"

"I will," she said quickly not really trusting him. She grabbed his pole and moved her pussy over it until the crown pressed into her clitty.

"Ummm," Betsy moaned. She felt him pull her body forward until his mouth captured her right nipple. Soft swing was pretty nice.

They rubbed and kissed for almost ten minutes before Mathew pushed her back. "Are you ready?"

Betsy knew that he was referring to the 69. "I think so."

They stood up and walked to the soft carpeted area. "Just kiss and lick it if you can't take it in your mouth," he whispered.

"Ok," she said nervously. She waited until he was on his back before facing his feet and lowering her body on top of his.

"Stop," Allan said to Alice when he saw Mathew lie down and then Betsy take the 69 position on top. "This I have to see."

Betsy felt Mathew's tongue right away teasing around her moist lips and grabbed onto the pink lollipop beneath her face. She held it over as she lightly kissed up and down the side.

"Good," Mathew whispered. His tongue moved down from Betsy's bush until it teased over her raised clitoris. He licked so very lightly.

"Ahhh," Betsy moaned. The tongue felt so different than a finger. It was damp and sharp as it flicked lightly. Her legs opened wider as she moved her mouth to his balls and kissed the hairy orbs.

Mathew took his time and after a year's experience on other women knew what they liked. He licked all the way down to the bottom and teased his tongue underneath to her rear hole.

"Mathew!" She gasped feeling his tongue on her anus.

He grinned and moved back to her wanton sex. His tongue teased again but harder this time.

"OHH!" She moaned lifting her head upward. As she looked back down at the red tip in her fist she kissed the small hole and tasted her first drops of pre-cum.

As soon as she kissed the tip Mathew sucked in her clitty and flicked it back and forth with his tongue. He felt her lips open and then drop until the throbbing head disappeared into her lips.

Betsy had a cock in her mouth for the first time but didn't know what to do with it. She tightened her lips around it and sucked before licking against over the small hole. As she licked it she felt his hips rise upward until another inch moved over her tongue.

"Come on let me teach her," Alice said to Allan. She moved him next to Mathew and tapped Betsy's shoulders. "Watch me."

Betsy's lips popped off like on a Popsicle and she stared as Alice sucked in almost four inches of Allan's cock. She saw Alice's lips lock tight and then the woman's head lifting and lowering.

Mathew continued licking Betsy's hot pussy and knew when it as Betsy's turn because hot wetness captured almost all of his pecker.

Betsy continued with head movements as she peeked over at Alice who had taken almost all of Allan's cock. She tilted her head and neck until all of her supper disappeared.

It was good that Mathew had cum before because he managed to hold back as they raced for satisfaction. He heard Allan's cry and knew that his wife was swallowing every drop. For two minutes he flicked, licked and sucked Betsy's pleasure button until her mouth away and she screamed. "I'M CUMING!"

Allan continued to work on Alice while Betsy did Mathew.

"Don't cum in her mouth," Alice said back to her husband.

Betsy moved her lips away. "Did Allan cum in yours?"

"Yes but....."

"Then Mathew will cum in mine," Betsy said as she once again engulfed the cock and while raising and lowering her head.

"Wait, let's go to the sofa," Mathew grinned. They all stood and after Mathew and Alice sat down Allan and Betsy dropped to their knees in front. "This is much better."

Betsy looked up into Mathew's eyes as her lips once again captured the pink shaft. She looked over at Alice who had her eyes closed while Allan's tongue got her off. Mathew climaxed first and gave her a warning. "NOW BETSY NOW!"

Betsy held her lips tight and felt his first blast and then the second. She swallowed quickly before he discharged his last drops. She pulled back and licked her lips. "Bowling a 69 wasn't so bad after all."

It was only a few minutes later when Alice grabbed Allan's head and held it tightly against her sex. "OH GOD NOW.....YES NOW!"

Allan moved his wet face away and heard the clapping. He turned to see the other naked bowling members standing around them. "Welcome to the bowling club," Bob grinned.

"Thanks," Allan smiled back. He moved to the sofa as the others moved back to theirs. "What now?"

"It's time for the raffle," Carol announced. She reached into her right pocket and pulled out a ticket. She turned it over and read the names. "It's our newest members Allan and Betsy."

"WE WON!" Allan cried out. But he then looked at Betsy's face. "It's OK, if you don't want to do it."

"No, I do," she blushed knowing that the other five men would soon be touching and kissing her at the same time.

"OK, on the carpet," Carol instructed. After Allan and Betsy moved onto their backs the others gathered around them on their knees. "Fifteen minutes."

Betsy saw Mathew and Bob at her feet and the older man Charles and the young guy Rich at her waistline. The black man was kneeling at her shoulder. Their hands all touched her at the same time which caused her to giggle. But seconds later the touches became harder and sensual. Hands and fingers touched over her stomach and neck

area. They moved up her legs until fingers teased into her golden fleece. She glanced down at the black fingers on her round breasts and closed her eyes as the hands on her legs slowly opened them up.

The women were scrambling to get by Allan's hips first so they could touch the huge cock they had seen before. Allan peeked down as Irene's and Amy's hands curled around his thickness at the same time. It was then the black woman's soft lips moved down onto his. Their tongues mixed together while the other women took turns stroking him until he was rock hard. He felt the first tongue lick over his crown and then another one joined it.

"OHHH!" Betsy moaned when one of the men licked her swollen clitty and then two of them suckled her hard nipples. As lips and tongues brought her body heat up she felt dampness on her cheek and turned to see the long thin black cockhead. She smiled at John as her head turned and her tiny mouth opened.

Similar things were happening with Allan. The women took turns sucking on his joy stick while Mary moved her mouth from his and then straddled his head. His hands reached up around her hips and then pulled downward until the black woman's opened moist pussy pressed onto his mouth. He felt the coarse dark pubic hairs on his nose while he jammed his tongue into her lips against her raised clitoris.

Carol and Bob moved back and smiled at the twisted bodies on the floor. She reached into her left pocket for the other raffle tickets and laughed. "It seems that the new couple always wins the raffle on the first night they bowl."

Allan didn't last the full fifteen minutes and felt his pink cannon explode into a warm mouth. The lips moved off after the first discharge and then new lips took the second load. He had not eaten pussy before but now had one sitting on his face. Finally after two more minutes Mary climaxed and moved off to let him breath easily again.

"I'm going to cum Betsy," John said to give her a warning but the new woman's lips stayed tight around his dark pole.

Betsy tried to swallow John's cum but it was the same time that she climaxed. Her head twisted to the side. "OH YES!" She spit out the spunk and looked down at the young man's damp face rising up from between her thighs. The time was up and they all moved away leaving the spent new couple on the floor.

Allan sat up first and saw Mathew on the sofa. "What now?"

"Well we could mess around some more or we could go out and practice bowl," Mathew grinned.

"Really, we can still bowl?"

"Yeah come on," Mathew and Allan quickly dressed and moved out of the lounge.

"Well, I don't believe that," Betsy sighed. "They would rather bowl than kiss and touch us."

"Men," Alice grinned. "When they are done they are done. Women are different." She moved closer to Betsy and leaned over to suck in the closest nipple.

"But women are not.....done." Betsy smiled. After Alice suckled on both nips Betsy moved down onto her back. She felt Alice's tongue leave snail marks down her belly until the woman's lips and tongue moved into her honey pot.

"Let me show you how it's really done."

"YES SHOW ME!" Betsy cried.

It was exactly a week later when Allan and Betsy walked to the lane assigned to them and saw John and Mary. "We were hoping it was you," Betsy grinned.

After warm-ups Allan pulled her aside. "Don't forget to get him as excited as you can."

"Don't worry. I will," Betsy giggled. She walked to the lane and confidently threw a strike.

"Come here John and let me see what you have for me tonight," Betsy giggled.