

A Desire to Explore

For the past two weeks, Tracy was distracted. Neal could see it in the way she did the household chores. Even when they were in bed together and making love, as passionate as it was, she still had a distracted look in her eyes. On her face. That contemplative look a person gets when they are looking into the distance and seeing, but not seeing.

Usually when Neal saw Tracy like that, he'd ask her what was wrong or what she was thinking. In this case, Neal knew exactly what was on his wife's mind.

Jordan.

Not in the sense that she was thinking of another man. Unsatisfied with her husband and dreaming of another relationship. She loved Neal. Her marriage was good, as good as anyone could really hope for. What she was really thinking of was the way Jordan fucked her. Thinking of her three encounters with Neal's friend.

They'd nervously stepped into this world and so far had walked through it unscathed. But after their last encounter, where Neal had watched and filmed his wife getting fucked, they'd come home with a great deal of weight on their shoulders. The minute they'd gotten home after, Neal had fucked his wife desperately. Tracy had clung to Neal like he was her lifeline in a raging storm. And this time they'd watched the video together as they made love.

Neal knew that when Tracy had watched herself on screen, watched what she allowed Jordan to do to her and how she reacted and let loose, that was the moment something inside her had clicked. Or maybe snapped.

Every day since, his wife had been deep in thought as she went about her daily routines. They hadn't talked about Jordan. They hadn't discussed doing anything else. Part of Neal wanted to keep exploring, but if it was going to traumatize his wife or hurt their marriage, then he'd lock that desire away in a heartbeat. No sexual adventure was worth losing what he had with Tracy.

So, for two weeks, Neal was silent, letting Tracy take everything in and process it at her own pace. He didn't want to pressure her. Didn't want to push anything and end up causing more harm than good. It was hard. Infuriating that he didn't feel like he could do anything to help. But he knew Tracy would talk to him when she was ready.

And she finally did.

It was Saturday night, and they were getting ready for bed after a long and lazy day where neither had spoken to the other even once. That was painful for Neal. It made his stomach churn. Silence was so loud.

He sat on the bed, pulling off his socks but covertly stealing glances at Tracy standing at the mirror in the bathroom. She was dressed in plain pale pink panties and an old t-shirt that was threadbare and thin. Brushing her teeth, her eyes focused on her reflection, quiet and contemplative.

Neal wanted to believe Tracy was okay. But he was starting to worry. Two weeks of being roommates with benefits rather than husband and wife. Had he ruined everything with his perverted desire to listen and watch his wife experience pleasure?

Or did she feel like she'd done something wrong because of her two little trysts with Jordan while Neal had been asleep? She'd confessed to those, and Neal had assured her it was okay.

That he didn't think she'd cheated or betrayed him. Honestly, he would have been surprised if they hadn't done a little bit more after he'd passed out. But he didn't say that, fearing Tracy might take it as him thinking she was a cock hungry slut.

Their dynamic was delicate, and the last thing he wanted was to make things worse.

"Neal?"

The sound of Tracy's voice made Neal jump out of his thoughts. He looked up. Tracy had rinsed her mouth and was leaning against the counter, still looking at her reflection.

"W...what is it, hon?" He hated that his voice cracked.

His wife bit her lip for a moment and then turned to face him. It was impossible not to notice the outline of her nipples pushing against the t-shirt and the crease between her thighs along the pink gusset of her panties. But Neal forced himself to look into her eyes and listen. This was important.

"This whole...whole thing with Jordan. You've enjoyed it. Right?" There was genuine curiosity in her voice.

"Of course." He sprang up from the bed, clad only in his boxers and one sock. "Trace, listen. I know it's been... wild. But I swear I loved it. All of it. And I don't see you any differently..."

Tracy held up a hand to stop him, firm but not angry. "Yes, you do, Neal. Of course you do. You have to. You saw Jordan fucking me. Inside me. Cumming in me. You saw it. You listened to it. And there's just no way you can look at me the same way you did before that. I know I can't. Every time I look in the mirror, I see myself swallowing his cock. Licking it and worshiping it. Every time I touch myself, I think about how it felt when he was inside me..."

She let out a heavy sigh and wrapped her arms around herself. "I don't want you to think that when we've been having sex I was thinking of Jordan. Don't take it that way. I know it's kinda cliché and maybe even hollow sounding, but sex with Jordan wasn't better. It was different. I love you. Sex with you is amazing, and I never ever wanna give that up. I'd honestly prefer if we both passed into the great blue yonder while old and having a last romp in bed."

Neal chuckled, and Tracy met his gaze, smiling sincerely but playfully.

"But Neal...this thing we're doing... It's changed me. Us. And we can't ignore that. We can't hide from it or push it aside. Shrug it off. We have to face it. Head on." She stepped out of the bathroom, coming over to take hold of his hands.

"I need your brutal honesty." She said, gripping his hands tight. "Did you enjoy it?"

Neal swallowed hard and took a moment. The answer was yes. Dissecting and explaining it was difficult, but overall the answer was yes. He smoothed his thumbs along the back of her hands, holding tight. "Yes, Trace." He finally said aloud. "Yes. I enjoyed it. More than I can say."

She nodded. "I did, too. Jordan's kind of an asshole, but..." A quick, bubbling laugh erupted from her throat. "But he's a monster in bed."

"True." Neal nodded, images flashing in his mind of his nerdy overweight friend really pounding his wife like some professional pornstar.

Tracy brushed her hand through her hair. "I'm not attracted to him, just so you know. Not in the conventional sense. He's a slob, though I think that's more by choice than by nature." She folded her arms under her breasts, propping them up under the t-shirt. "But he's got talent in the sheets and I'd be lying if I said I didn't wanna keep exploring his gifts."

Neal continued to nod. "I get it."

His wife rolled her eyes. "Honey. You may get it on a shallow sort of level..." She tapped his forehead. "But you're never gonna really understand. This is a woman thing. I know it feels good putting your penis in a vagina, but I guarantee a woman's feelings are twice as intense if not more. And that's not bragging or putting men down, it's just true." She patted his chest. "But I appreciate you trying to understand."

Neal sat down on the bed again and pulled Tracy down next to him. They leaned into each other for a few minutes, just sitting in silence before Neal put his arm around her, squeezing her arm. "So... what do you want to do? You're in the lead here Trace. I love you and I'll go whichever way you want."

She pressed her face into the crook of his neck. "Not going to be a possessive asshole and tell me what to do?" Her voice was muffled against him.

He laughed, pressing his face to her hair. "We both know that's not me. But if you want me to, I'll go all caveman and tell you you're my woman and throw you over my shoulder?"

They were both laughing now, pressing against each other. "God, don't even joke, Neal. I'd kick you in the nuts so fucking hard."

Falling back onto the bed, they cuddled close. "You know... it's kinda like a kick in the nuts watching you..." Neal muttered, her face in her hair.

"Is that... a good thing?"

"I...I don't know." Neal snorted. "I know you're going through some conflicting emotions and thoughts, but so am I. This... desire... It's so strange. I all at once hate it and love it. It kills me and makes me feel alive. The paradox of it. Watching you with someone else knowing you're supposed to be mine. And I don't mean that in a possessive way."

Tracy gripped Neal tighter, kissing his chest. "I know."

His hands traced her spine slowly. "I love you, Tracy. I'll follow your lead. This is your body. But it's our marriage. All I ask is you keep me involved, informed. Don't leave me. Metaphorically or actually."

Tracy snuggled closer, breathing in the scent of her husband. "Never. Jordan may be good in bed, but you're good in life. And that's what's most important."

Together they lay and finally let silence swallow them, letting their thoughts shift and twist and turn in the wind of their minds. They'd find a way. A place. This was new and strange but it was exciting and clearly what they both wanted. The only question was, how was all of this going to settle and what would their life look like when the dust cleared?

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Jordan was sweating rivers. His shirt was soaked through, as well as his track shorts. He plopped down on the locker room bench, panting like a dog. His hair was slicked and matted down, face red like he'd been blazed by the sun. And that was all just from a thirty-minute jog on the treadmill. Out of shape didn't even begin to describe him.

He peeled off his shirt, soaked through and smelly from his brief exercise. It was maybe his fifth time at the gym, and he was beginning to think it was more of a medieval torture dungeon than a place to keep you fit. Hell, a fair amount of the machines looked like devices that were meant to rip a person apart or subject them to horrors.

But if torturing himself made him more appealing to Tracy, as well as gave him more stamina if she wanted to continue their experiment, then he'd plow through. Besides, she wasn't wrong. Those words she'd spoken that last time they'd been together, about how if he just took better care of himself, he'd probably get more attention from women, had hit hard. Right in the chest. Right in the center of his insecurities.

He wasn't beyond having his feelings hurt. He knew he was overweight and out of shape. And for a long time it hadn't bothered him all that much. Sure girls didn't flock to him, but he got some action here and there, though it often took flashing his dick for the girls to show even the slightest interest. And even that interest was short-lived. Tracy seemed like a miracle. A woman that didn't want him romantically, but definitely enjoyed him sexually. She wasn't repulsed. At least not overtly. And because Neal was into some kinky weird shit, Jordan had become their willing participant. A toy really. But hell, if he got to plow that fine ass and pussy and mouth, Jordan would happily follow any rules they set. This was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he didn't want to blow it.

Ha. Blow it. Jordan chuckled to himself, grabbing a towel as he slipped his shorts and boxers off and wrapped the towel around his waist heading to the shower. Before he was a few steps from his gym bag and locker, he heard a buzz. His phone.

"Fuck. Please tell me the store didn't burn down." He muttered, going back and pulling his phone from the bag.

The number displayed was Tracy's.

Jordan tapped the green button. "Uh, Tracy? What's up?"

"Are you actually at the gym?" Tracy's voice was full of disbelief and suspicion.

"Uhhh, yeah... how'd you know that? Did you low jack my phone or something?" Jordan looked around the locker room. It was empty. The gym was mostly empty at this time of day so he'd been working out on his own with only a few others scattered around the gym at various equipment.

"Hardly. I noticed your car in the parking lot."

"You're here?"

"I come to the gym a couple times a week around this time. Perks of working from home. What are you doing here? Trolling for some gym bunny's?" Her tone was playful, light, but Jordan could sense an undertone that he couldn't quite understand.

"Nah. Girls like these aren't gonna wanna bounce with my belly." He chuckled.

“And what’s that say about me? I come here and I’ve bounced on your belly.”

Jordan’s cheeks reddened as he remembered the sight of Tracy riding him, bouncing and impaling herself, his belly rippling and her tits wildly jumping. The phantom squeeze of her pussy rippled along his growing cock. The towel tenting upward as he stood alone in the locker room.

“I guess you’re special.” And he meant it.

Tracy was quiet for a minute. “Where are you?” she finally asked, words hushed.

“Um. In the locker room. I just got finished working out.”

“Seriously? You were working out? Why?” There was genuine curiosity, and Jordan could imagine the shock on Tracy’s face at his admission.

“Y...yeah. Well, figured maybe I should do a little self care. Ya know? Doesn’t hurt.” He didn’t want to admit that their little talk had wormed its way into his brain and pride. But Tracy was smart, if she gave it any consideration, she could probably figure it out pretty easily.

“Well... good for you.” She muttered. “You said you’re in the locker room? Are you alone?”

“Uh. Yeah. Why?” Jordan was already confused as to why Tracy was calling him. Why did it matter if he was alone in the locker room?

The question was answered quickly when the door to the locker room opened and Tracy slipped inside. She was dressed in a spandex green sports bra and purple yoga tights that clung nicely and tightly with the seam in the center digging into her beautiful cameltoe. Her sneakers squeaked on the floor as she walked towards him, clutching her gym bag like it was a lifeline.

Jordan’s eyes widened watching her, hair pulled back in a ponytail and tits bouncing in the sports top. She cast glances around, as if expecting a bunch of men to jump out and ambush her, making this little meeting into a porn logic gangbang. Honestly, Jordan could picture it. Tracy naked and sweaty from a workout, a man laying on the bend and her on top, his cock in her ass while another man was on top inside her pussy. Her head tilted back at the end of the bench and another gym goer thrusting his cock deep into her throat. Tits being mauled and licked. Toes being worshiped.

Imagining Tracy airtight had Jordan’s cock at full mast, lifting the towel. If he weren’t holding onto it, it would have fallen to the floor.

“You’re sweating like a herd of pigs.” She said, coming to stand in front of him, seemingly not intimidated by the member that was hard and pointing directly at her.

“Thanks. Nice to see you too,” Jordan rolled his eyes.

Tracy sighed, shaking her head. “Get over yourself. I sweat like a bitch in heat when I workout too. Just didn’t picture you here working up a sweat. Kinda picture you behind a computer and getting a tan from the bright screen.”

Jordan snorted, making his belly and man tits jump. “Yeah, well, I’m not beyond doing a little physical fitness.”

“You’re right.” She admitted. “I won’t berate you for trying to be healthy.”

“Thanks. So, what exactly are you doing here? I mean, in the locker room?”

Again, Tracy looked around. “I needed to talk to you, and when I saw your car in the parking lot, figured you might be around. Guess I was hoping if you were here you were like, on one of the bikes or treadmills.”

Jordan shrugged. “I’m finished for the day. Taking it slow. But I was gonna take a shower...”

“Can I join?” Tracy blurted it out, standing up straight, pushing her chest out, and meeting Jordan’s surprised gaze.

“I...w...what?” he stammered.

Tracy pinched the bridge of her nose. “Fuck. This is... I’m so bad at this. Can we like... sit or... or...” She looked down at the floor for a minute and then up at Jordan with a defiant spark. “Or maybe we could talk in one of the private showers?”

Jordan looked over to the wall lined with opaque, closed door shower rooms meant for one. There was, of course, the communal shower area too, with its large bank of shower heads and drains for those who weren’t shy. He looked back at Tracy. “You... want to shower with me?”

This was becoming increasingly confusing. Not necessarily that Tracy wants to... well, what exactly did she want to do? Was she asking to fuck in the locker room shower? Or just to shower with him so they could have a private moment. But she could easily just ask him to come and meet her for coffee or something after he was done washing up. So what was her angle here?

He hadn’t heard from her or Neal about their little... adventure for two weeks. The hope that things would continue was starting to dwindle, which was another reason Jordan was starting to work out. Hoping that maybe if he shaved off some of his flab and showed some effort in his appearance, Tracy and Neal might reconsider. It was a long shot, but he didn’t have much else to try to entice the couple.

“Please don’t overthink this, Jordan. Let’s just... come on.” Tracy tossed her bag to land in front of Jordan’s locker, then quickly slipped off her sneakers and socks... but left everything else on as she headed to one of the private showers at the far end of the locker room.

Jordan watched her ass bounce and sway in the yoga tights, mesmerized for a moment before quickly following, still holding his towel. “Uh... aren’t you going to get undressed?”

Tracy looked back at him for a second, and a sly smile crossed her face. “Maybe if you earn it.”

What the fuck did that mean? Jordan’s cock throbbed and stiffened even further.

Pulling open the shower door, Tracy reached in and started the water, holding her hand under the spray to judge the temperature before nodding and vanishing inside the little alcove. Jordan stood stupidly, staring at the open door and listening to the spraying water before he finally shoved away all the thoughts and questions, dropped his towel, and stepped into the shower, closing the door behind him.

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Tracy simultaneously knew exactly what she was doing and also felt utterly lost. She’d come to the gym to try to burn off some energy. Clear her mind and come up with a solid and coherent

plan as to what she wanted to do and how she wanted to move forward. If she wanted to move forward.

On the one hand, if she boiled things down to their simplest form, Tracy wanted to continue. She wanted to fuck Jordan again and let him get rough with her. It had been a completely new experience with him. Letting loose. Not afraid to hurt him because Jordan wasn't the man she loved and wanted to spend her life with. Of course she didn't want to be cruel to the man, he was a bloated nerd, not some malicious secret hacker predator or something. Just a lonely man with geeky hobbies and a big dick that he happened to know how to use pretty well.

She could curse at him and egg him on, and Jordan was more than happy to engage in her dirty attitude. Neal loved listening to it... but she knew if she tried it with him... he'd never be able to handle it. Even imagining saying the things to her husband she'd said to Jordan had her stomach twisting and imagining Neal bursting in to tear and his self image shattering. It would be cruel.

But... she'd gotten a taste. A taste of what it was like to let go and have pure primal sex with no genuine regard for the other person's feelings. It was about physical pleasure. Period. And Jordan knew how to push her buttons. Funny enough, they seemed extremely compatible... at least when it came to this sort of dynamic. He definitely wasn't boyfriend material, not that she wanted a boyfriend.

So she knew that she wanted to have sex with the man again. Neal was open and willing. He'd listened and watched. All that was really left was for him to participate and... Tracy wasn't sure about that. This was where they were getting into the unknown. Could she entertain two men at once? Did she want one of those men to be her husband? Was it okay that she was even thinking about excluding her husband from her first threesome? And if she did, would he watch? Listen? Record and watch later? Or would Neal want to explore denial? Being completely excluded from the act and either left in the dark or have her tell him about it later.

A shiver ran through her as she stood against the far wall of the small private shower, the warm water soaking through her sports bra and yoga pants. They were already tight, but now they were plastered to her skin and slightly transparent, showing the darkness and pebbling of her nipples as well as the small, low rider white g-string she'd worn under the tights. She thought it was be fun to tease Jordan, but now she was wondering if this was sexy or just messy.

Honestly, she really hadn't expected to meet Jordan in a gym. But when she'd seen his car, she had to investigate. Calling him was easy, though it did something in her chest, clenching her heart. It was equal parts thrilling and anxiety inducing. Once she'd confirmed he was at the gym, and that he was in the locker room—already walking towards the girls' locker room to store her bag—she made a swift decision. Thinking too much would scare her off. Part of this new...lifestyle? adventure?...was simply trying to indulge her desires. It's what Neal wanted. It's what she wanted. And she was sure Jordan wouldn't pass up any opportunity to get back into her panties.

She marched to the locker room like a woman headed to war while also shooting off a very quick text to Neal. one of their loose rules—something they still needed to formalize and work on—was that she wouldn't leave him out of the loop. If she did anything, decided to do anything, she'd let him know. Not ask for permission. Let. Him. Know.

Of course, Neal could always tell her he was uncomfortable. That he wanted her to stop, and she'd listen. This wasn't about selfishness. It was about communication and mutual enjoyment. And how could you enjoy something when you were removing the choice to participate?

Jordan's at the gym. I'm going to meet him in the locker room.

Quick and concise. Also a bit... cryptic? Teasing?

A reply came back quickly.

In public?! Are you sure?

She hesitated in front of the locker room door and gave a quick look around the gym. There were maybe a half dozen people there. A couple of those were employees. Walking into the men's locker room was a risk, but not necessarily all that scandalous. She could always brush it off as a mistake. But... if she was going to do... something... that was going to be a risk. At best, she and Jordan might get kicked out and banned from the gym. At worst...police.

That very risk was what made her nipples harden and the heat between her thighs ignite, like a furnace being lit.

I'll be careful. Wish me luck. You know how big he is and how tight a fit it'll be.

She considered putting an emoji or something with it, but instead just left the statement as it was. Blunt. A bit teasing and humiliating. Decisive.

A few seconds passed, and then...

I love you. Tell me everything.

Her heart swelled. Her stomach twisted. For a second she wanted to turn around, run back to her car, speed to Neal's office and pull him into the copy room or whatever private place they could find. She had a sudden mental image of him fucking her while she sat on the copy machine, the light scanning and flashing under her ass and printing the quick flashes of her husband's cock plunging into her over and over. Creating a nasty little porn flip book that they could staple and take home as a nice token.

She started to laugh and smiled wider, sent a quick kiss emoji to him and then stuffed her phone in her bag and walked into the locker room.

Now she stood and watched as Jordan stepped into the shower, his larger body filling the space and further pressing her against the wall. He stood bare, his cock already full mast and bouncing between his thighs, under his hairy belly. She didn't view him as grotesque, though he was clearly in need of losing weight and was glad he was at least trying to start exercising. If he lost a little, and gained some muscle, his already impressive stamina would be on a whole other level. The thought made her tremble.

Standing under the spray, the water quickly washing away the sweat and cooling Jordan's red face, he looked her over, clothes already soaked and clinging like paint to Tracy's skin. "So... what did you want to talk about?" The question was genuine, even if the situation it was being asked in was strange.

Tracy looked over the man who had fucked her brains out twice. Technically more than that, but it all depended on how you counted the encounters. He was cute in a dorky way. Big but not too

far away from being like a soft teddy bear rather than a slug. His presence was slightly intimidating and of course, his cock and balls were almost magnificent. Reaching out she gently caressed the underside of his stiff dick, looking up at him.

“Neal and I have decided to... continue.” She started. “But... it’s on my terms. And that means we have some ground rules. I wanted to see if you were still interested.”

Jordan chuckled, his belly bouncing and cock smacking against Tracy’s wet palm. “I think we both know the answer to that.” He said, motioning down to his cock.

Tracy grinned. “Fair. But we need to be clear. You’re not gonna call me for a booty call. I will dictate when we do things. I’m not going behind Neal’s back, ever. He’s involved. I’m not exactly sure what that looks like just yet but he will always know.” Her hand moved along Jordan’s shaft, just carefully palming the member with the water splashing and dripping over them.

“Fine with me. Kinda like the fact he knows I’m fucking his wife.”

Tracy rolled her eyes. There was the asshole she knew. “Yeah, well, he likes it too. And this isn’t about just me. It’s about me and him... and I guess you. Obviously, we want you to be okay with this. If any one of us isn’t having fun or getting something out of it, then we aren’t going to continue.”

She brought her second hand to his balls, feeling the hairy swell of them dangling and squashing in her hand. “Also, if he tells me to stop, I’m stopping. Or if I want to end it, it ends. No ifs, ands, or buts.”

“Also, no coconuts.”

“I’ll remove these nuts if you even try to push us.” She gripped his testicles and twisted just enough to make the man gasp and put hands to the shower walls so he wouldn’t fall over from the painful pressure. “Got it?”

“Ye...yes ma...ma’am.” He grunted.

Tracy smiled. She liked the sound of that. It brought some new ideas bubbling up into her primal brain, but she pushed them away for another time to consider. “We want to explore this. So we all need to be willing to listen and take feedback, and understand. I know you’re not the most in tune with your emotions, but you’re gonna have to get mature about this, Jordan. Seriously.” She stopped squeezing and twisting his heavy balls and gave them a soft and gentle caress, trying to soothe the pain she’d caused.

After a second to let the nausea he felt pass, Jordan stood straight again and nodded. “I get it. I do.” And he did. He understood. Neal and Tracy were in it together. Completely. This wasn’t some cheating whore sort of situation. Or even one of those cuckold stories where the wife ran off with the bull and the man was just left alone. This was a joint effort, and they wanted to let Jordan in. They were trusting him. And he knew what a big deal that was. Trust. Real trust. This wasn’t lending money and expecting to be paid back. This was borrowing another man’s wife and expecting to handle her with care and return her happy and whole.

Their eyes met, and an understanding passed between them. Tracy’s hands wrapped around his cock, stroking it slowly. “So... you in?”

Jordan put his hands on Tracy's shoulders and with gentle pressure pushed her to kneel down on the wet floor, the water swirling around towards the drain. "I'm in... now put me in your mouth." He grinned cockily.

A tremor rushed through Tracy as she looked up and saw that dominant asshole persona coming through, and liked it. Just like with Neal, his experience of hating and loving seeing her with Jordan, Tracy also loved and hated Jordan's arrogance and cocky, condescending attitude. Keeping his cock in her hands, the water from the shower washing over her and soaking her hair, she leaned in and looked up at him and slowly ran the flat of her tongue against his purple, bulbous tip.

"Mmmm," Jordan groaned, watching her. "Fuck, I've missed your mouth. Put it on my cock. Let's make sure Neal has a good story to hear when you go home to him."

Tracy shivered at the thought of going home and telling Neal what she'd done, what she was about to do, which made her move forward and put her lips to Jordan's tip and slide along it towards the rim and then seal around the head. She kept the pressure in her mouth tight, sucking him as her hands twisted and squeezed along his shaft.

"Holy fucking shit." The man groaned, head tilting back under the relentless spray of the shower head. "Fuck Trace, that's amazing. Fucking suck my cock."

She didn't need much encouragement. Tracy had been thinking about sucking his cock for weeks. And now that she finally had it before her again, she was going to take full advantage. She started slow, moving her mouth along the head back and forth, tongue swirling around the slit and tasting the shower water and precum, a tangy, salty mixture. With soft, sucking lips, she moved around the head, juicy warm kisses along his sensitive skin. Down along the length, feeling the water splash and flow over them both as she found Jordan's heavy balls and started to suck on one like it was a decadent chocolate, trying to get to the warm, gooey center.

"Oh my god," Jordan groaned, hands on the shower wall, keeping himself from falling over as Tracy did more than just suck his cock. She worshiped it. Indulged herself in tasting every inch, exploring it, learning the veins and the ridges. How the skin grew taught, how his balls roiled and tightened. The taste of his leaking pre-cum.

She was a vision. A wet, lustful angel licking all over Jordan's penis, making his fat legs shake. He was already sore and slightly weak from exercising earlier, Tracy was going to make him collapse.

Tracy allowed her mind to go blank. To simply be. To be a body. A woman. Tits and pussy and ass and mouth and tongue. She was sex. Her hand moved up between Jordan's thighs, pushing between his hairy ass cheeks and finding the man's asshole. She rubbed in slow circles as she began to take in the head of his cock, swallowing it with slow sensual intent.

"Holy shit...Trac...fuuuuuuck. Do you do this for Neal...goddamn fuck."

She considered teasing, pulling back and telling him that this sort of treatment was only for real men, and Neal was nowhere near man enough for her to worship his cock. But she was still struggling and trying to decide if that was actually a direction she wanted to go. Did she want to tease and torment and...cuck, her husband? And if she did, what did that look like exactly? Honestly, teasing Neal was fun, and when she was in the middle of extreme ecstasy, shouting

profanities at Neal, it was hot. But did she want to do that more? Or did she just want to save that for when she and Jordan were fucking like monkeys?

Her finger pressed into Jordan's asshole just as her nose pressed against his pubic hair, his whole cock down her throat.

"Shit...shit fuck I'm gonna..." Jordan was panting.

Tracy found his prostate and pressed. It was like a button. Pressing it made Jordan cum instantly, shooting his thick, hot cum deep and straight down Tracy's throat. She gagged at the sudden release and immediately pulled back, coughing up the cum he'd nearly choked her with. Not that she couldn't have swallowed it, but it was the sudden release, the surprise of his ejaculation that made her choke. Jordan kept shooting, covering Tracy's face with thick cream as he moaned and gasped, hands on the wall and spasming as he released his massive load.

Thankfully, the water helped thin out and wash away the cum that has shot into Tracy's eye and quickly washed the rest away from her face as she brushed back her wet hair and looked up at Jordan who was taking deep steadying breaths, eyes shut and face red as water cascaded down his face and chest.

"Guess you like that, huh?" She chuckled, slowly getting to her feet.

"Fuck Trace. I've never... fuck. You just unlocked a new kink for me." He chuckled and finally leaned back, his back slapping the shower wall with a thick smack.

Tracy started to laugh. "Fuck really? I thought most guys liked that."

"Does Neal?" he asked, hands wiping water away from his face.

She shrugged, "I've done it a couple times for special occasions. He doesn't cum as quickly as you, but yeah."

They looked at each other for a long moment, as if gauging how they should react and respond to what they'd just done. It wasn't uncomfortable, but it was tense in the way you knew something was coming, that something was about to change, and you just weren't sure if you were ready.

"Do you wanna come over?" Jordan finally blurted, staring at the woman in front of him who was soaking wet, yoga pants and top drenched and sticking to her amazing body.

"Come over?" She asked, raising an eyebrow curiously.

"To my place. Maybe... stay the night?"

Tracy stared at him wide eyed. This was abrupt. But then again... was it really that unexpected? This was all new, but Tracy wanted to try. To figure out the paths she wanted to take and the places she didn't want to go. So far she'd only had sex with Jordan while Neal was at least in the vicinity. A couple blowjobs without him. But she'd also fucked Jordan while Neal was out cold, asleep and dead to the world. Was being with Jordan while Neal was back at their house really all that different?

Sure, logistically it was. But it wouldn't be all that different. Did she want to do that, though? Go to Jordan's house and fuck? Because clearly that's what he was asking. Unless he was actually

inviting her over to play Smash Brothers or something. That would be embarrassing if she went expecting sex, and he handed her a Nintendo controller.

Biting her lip, she looked Jordan over. She'd be lying if she said she hadn't been thinking about fucking him for the last couple weeks. And now that Neal was okay with it, that he wanted to go further, and so did she...

"I don't know what all this looks like." Tracy whispered. Jordan was quiet, patient. "We haven't talked about doing things while apart. But..." She took a deep breath and let the many possibilities and scenarios rush through her mind before opening her eyes and meeting Jordan's gaze. "Think you'd be okay with me spending the night?"

...

Neal slumped in his chair, phone to his ear, and staring out his office window.

"Neal? Honey?" Tracy's voice brought Neal back from his brief shock and blackout, reality crashing down.

"Uh. Yeah. Yeah, I'm here. Um... so... so you're not coming home?" His voice shook slightly, but he wasn't sure if it was from nerves or from excitement.

"Don't say it like that. I'll be home in the morning, but tonight... I'm gonna stay at Jordan's." She paused for a second, and Neal could imagine her biting her nails nervously. "Unless you don't want me to. If it's too much, just tell me, okay? Remember, we promised honesty..."

"No...no it's... it's okay. I... it's just a surprise. I, we... didn't really talk about you... uh, being away..." Neal grabbed hold of his fidget spinner and started spinning it between his thumb and forefinger.

"I know." She was quiet for a moment. Neal imagined her worrying at her lip. Tapping her foot as she thought. "I think this is something we need to try. So far, we've done it all together. And I like that. It makes me feel safe. Not that I think Jordan is a threat or anything, honestly he's sort of like an ugly teddy bear."

They both laughed, though there wasn't much mirth in it.

Tracy cleared her throat. "We need to see how far we can go with this. I've read up some on this whole... dynamic, and the wife going out on her own is pretty common."

"Sure." Neal replied, but it didn't have much weight.

"And it's not like I'm going to some stranger's place or a random hotel. You know where Jordan lives. You even have a key to his house, don't you?"

"I know where he keeps his spare, yeah." Neal mumbled, still staring out the window as if the overcast sky might have answers to questions he wasn't even sure he had the words for yet. Was Tracy trying to convince him, or trying to convince herself? Maybe both?

"See. So... are you... are we, okay with this?" The tone in Tracy's voice was earnest but strained. Neal could tell that she was just as nervous about this as he was. She was the one being brave and asking to spend the night with another man, without him there. But was Neal brave enough to let it happen? To trust Jordan with his wife?

They'd already crossed boundaries. Jordan had fucked and cum inside his wife multiple times. Was her spending the night with him really all that drastic?

The soft noise of the ball bearings and whirling spinner filled the quiet as Neal held the phone and let his mind spin like the toy in his hand.

"Neal," Tracy whispered. "You know I love you."

"I know." His voice was raw, dry, throat threatening to close.

"Tell me it's okay." She needed his confirmation. His consent. Neal appreciated that, but it also put so much pressure on him rather than Tracy making the decision for herself.

"O...okay..." he finally breathed, setting the fidget spinner down on the desk. "Keep me posted. Text me. Just... to let me know you're okay."

"Of course. I...I'll be back in the morning and we can talk about everything. I promise." Her voice was fragile, as if maybe she hadn't wanted him to agree.

The line was quiet, faint soft sounds of static the only thing besides their breaths filling their ears.

"I love you." Tracy whispered.

"I love you too," Neal answered, gripping his phone tight, then let it slip from his grasp when the line finally went dead.

...

Jordan's apartment was nicer than Tracy expected. Considering Jordan's general appearance and demeanor, she honestly imagined an apartment full of games and consoles, junk food and trash littering the floor. But when she walked in, she was met with a well taken care of home. There were shelves full of console games, board games, and comics, all neatly arranged and free of dust. A large television took up most of the living room, with multiple gaming consoles. A shelf dedicated to DVDs and blurays, took up the space on either side of the television. The scent of sea breeze air freshener with an undertone of greasy pizza rolls permeated the small space. No trash, except in the trash can in the kitchen that was full, but not overflowing. It was the apartment of a bachelor gamer for sure, but not of some lonely incel sad sack.

"Do you...uh, want something to drink?" Jordan asked, closing the door behind him. His hand lingered on the chair lock before leaving it dangling.

Tracy appreciated the thought Jordan seemed to be giving their situation. Putting the chain on might make it seem like he was trying to lock Tracy in. Leaving it off the hook sent the signal that she was free to go as she pleased. Who knew Jordan could be such a gentleman? He was continuing to surprise Tracy.

"No, thanks." Tracy kept looking around, noting the shelves that had anime figures on them, posters on the wall of games and movies. It was like a mini version of Jordan's store.

It was a moment of acceptance, decompression, and acclimation. Her heart was still thundering from their quick exit from the gym. Thankfully no one had come in while she and Jordan got dried off and Tracy quickly changed clothes. Jordan kept a look out while she ducked deeper into the sea of lockers to get dressed, but it had still been exciting and frightening.

Thankfully she wasn't living in some sort of porn universe because it would have been the perfect set up for a squad of gym bros to come in, see her dripping wet and taken advantage. The idea of being taken and made air tight... well it wasn't unappealing, but she was already nervous about just going to another man's apartment overnight. Participating in a gangbang was something much much further off to consider, if ever.

No one saw her leave the men's locker room. It was the perfect crime. Dressed in jeggings and a t-shirt, she felt comfortable, but also stifled.

She was in a whole new space now, heart pounding with anticipation. Not that some random men were going to walk in, but that she was completely alone with Jordan. Alone and here for one specific reason.

Jordan watched Tracy, and Tracy analyzed the apartment. Both were clearly out of their depth, and even though they'd fucked, this was a completely new situation and neither was ready to make the first move.

Tracy was the first to break the silence, holding her gym bag tight and brushing back her damp hair. "So..."

"The...the uh, bedroom is through there." Jordan pointed to the short hallway that branched off to two doors, one to the bathroom and the other his bedroom.

Tracy nodded, staring at the door and then looking back at Jordan as he blushed and watched her patiently. The cocky douche she'd been dealing with before was gone, at least for now. The man standing off to the side was one who was far more timid and nervous. This wasn't just fantasy fulfilment anymore, at least not like the voyeuristic, exploitative things he'd gotten to indulge in with Tracy thus far. It was sort of sweet, honestly. Jordan wasn't the dick that he presented himself to be.

Letting her bag slip off her shoulder, Tracy took a slow, deep breath, steeling herself for what she was about to do, and started marching towards Jordan's bedroom. Pulling off her shirt as she went, deliberately swaying her hips, she glanced back at Jordan who was watching her ass as if hypnotised.

Summoning courage and confidence that she honestly didn't really feel she had, Tracy crooked a finger at him as she pushed Jordan's bedroom door open. "Are you coming?"

Jordan smirked and stood a straighter. "Not yet... but soon enough."

Tracy rolled her eyes. That was the Jordan she knew.

...

Jordan lay back on his bed, Power Ranger bedsheets rumpled beneath him as he held his phone up, filming Tracy as she knelt between his legs, her face buried under his hairy balls. Her hand stroked his fat cock up and down, balls pressed to her face, and her tongue between his ass cheeks lapping at his asshole.

"Shit! Ohhhh fuck Trace, god, that feels good." He still couldn't believe this woman was eating his ass like this.

They'd agreed that they should film some of their play for Neal to watch later. It was clear Neal liked to listen and watch, and Tracy had planned on returning home and telling her husband every detail, but having footage and photos to back up her narrative seemed like a no brainer.

Before, Jordan would have been annoyed at being forced to be a cameraman while he just wanted to enjoy Tracy's mouth and body. But this was an easy enough price to pay to get what most men only dreamed of.

He lifted and spread his legs further, allowing Tracy to dig her tongue deeper into his ass. "That's fucking right...shit Trace, your tongue is fucking heaven in my ass." The feeling of her rough, warm appendage lapping at him was making his cock harder by the second, balls clenching as she attempted to penetrate his anus with the tip of her tongue.

All Tracy could do was moan as she pressed her nose against his taint, his balls pressed to her face, hand moving like a piston up and down along his rigid shaft. Ass wasn't usually her first choice, but seeing Jordan come so hard from her prostate rub earlier, she was inspired to help him explore this newfound kink. This couldn't be all about her and Neal. Jordan was a person, not a toy. His pleasure mattered too.

"Ohhh fuck, here..." Jordan put down the camera and reached for Tracy, surprising her as he guided her so that she straddled his face. He pulled her ass down onto him, tongue fat and hot, lashing at her pussy and asshole while his fat legs wrapped around her neck and pulled her back down so her face was buried once again into his ass.

His flexibility was surprising, and Tracy wondered if he was into yoga or something to be able to wrap himself around her like this. Those thoughts were short lived as she got lost in feeling her holes getting slathered with his thick tongue and lips. The wet, slurping slick sounds of their mouths on each other's nethers filled the room along with their heavy moans and pants.

The camera captured the sounds, the lens pointed to the ceiling where Jordan had tossed it down.

"Mmmh hhh hhhmmmm slurp shlick shhhh sslurp shhhhshhhs hssssllllkkkk." The sounds were lewd, loud, and unapologetic.

Jordan gripped Tracy's beautiful ass, spreading her cheeks, shoving his tongue between them to taste her anus. Bitter and sweet. He pressed his tongue past the ring of muscles, making Tracy squirm and gasp. He tightened his legs around her like he was trying to keep her in a headlock—a wrestling move he'd seen countless times when he used to watch WWE and play the games. Tracy's pussy dripped along his chin, down his neck, the nectar of a sweet fruit that he wanted to devour and never stop.

The intimacy of being truly alone, of indulging in each other unrestricted, unafraid that a jealous husband might barge in and demand they stop, was a whole new feeling. Every touch. Ever lick. Kiss. Nibble. It was all private. Theirs. They may have been taking some photos and videos, but even those were by choice, curated, selected. Neal would only get what they decided to share. There was something powerful about that, and it made Jordan as hard as steel.

Palming Tracy's ass, he pulled her away from his mouth reluctantly and began pushing her down. Her thighs and pussy rubbed over his hairy chest and belly. Tracy instinctively knew what Jordan was doing and leaned up, adjusting her position and straddling him, taking hold of his cock and aiming it at her dripping pussy.

No words passed between them as Tracy adjusted, Jordan grabbing his phone again and aiming it at her ass, the sight between her legs of his cock thrusting upward towards her smooth cunt was beyond erotic. The way the shadows played along her skin, the light shining off droplets of arousal and saliva that dripped from her pussy as she lowered herself, his bare tip touching her lips. She gasped, her ass flexing and clenching. Jordan reached out and took hold of her ass cheek, his other hand filming the married woman slowly impaling herself onto him.

“Oh, fuck.” She gasped. “Oh, shit, Jordan... so fucking big.” Her hand caressed his base, holding him steady as his purple head slipped between her lips and vanished, swallowed by her beautiful pussy.

“Ohhhhh god Trace...fuck your cunt is pure velvet.” Jordan groaned, lying back and basking in the feel of her warmth.

“Yeah, you like that... my pretty bald pussy taking this fat nerd cock?” She attempted to chuckle, but it got lost in a groan as she sank down an inch, then another.

“You fucking love it. That married cunt loves this nerdy dick.” He gave her ass a slap, and she grunted, sliding down even further, halfway down now and her lips obscenely stretching around him.

“Oh, my god,” Tracy gasped, the feeling of Jordan’s cock pushing against her walls, pressing deeper and deeper inside, intense. Her mind fogged. Thoughts of her husband quickly pushed to the recesses of her mind as she focused on the pleasure of Jordan’s fat member invading. Steadying herself, she put her feet down on either side of his lap, hands on his fatty thighs, now squatting and moving herself up and down. Her ass pushed out towards Jordan’s view, cheeks open to expose her gripping lips as she moved along his shaft.

“Holy shit!” Jordan muttered, zooming the camera in. “Fuck Neal’s going to cream himself when he sees this.”

“Mmmm, fuck. You want my husband cumming to the sight of your big blunt dick opening me?” Tracy gripped his thighs like she were a bird of prey perched and waiting to swoop down. She flexed her thighs, lifting herself so just Jordan’s head was inside her, arching and angling so he could capture in excessive detail how her cunt was sucking at his penis.

“Fuck your cunt looks beautiful with my cock inside it.” Jordan muttered, breathing slowly, trying to keep control of his need to pound the ever-loving shit out of Tracy’s pussy.

Reaching back, Tracy pulled her cheek wider, letting one of her fingers rim her anus. “Fuck Jordan, you’re so big. God, it’s so good. So full.”

“Lower yourself. Do it slow.” He instructed, bringing his own hand to her other ass cheek, opening her wider like this was a peep show. Her pink star puckered and twitched as she caressed it with her finger, her lips gripping tightly around Jordan’s veined shaft, thick warm white cream dripping down his length as Tracy moved, impaling herself repeatedly.

They moved in sync. Up and down. Gripping cheeks. Watching and feeling her pussy devour his massive dick, leaving a froth of cream around his hairy base. Tracy imagined Neal watching, seeing how wet she was for his friend. How her pussy was stretching in ways he never accomplished. Not that Neal’s cock didn’t feel good, or that he was bad in bed at all, she really loved having sex with her husband. He wasn’t lacking. But this was a whole different experience.

If Neal was a wonderful dinner, Jordan was a decadent four course meal. Not something you wanted every day, but no question you'd enjoy it and want it again.

Tracy bounced rhythmically, her breasts bouncing and ass slapping Jordan's belly. "Oh fuck. Oh fuck! God fucking shit Jordan, your cock is so good!" Her hands went to her tits, squeezing them as she continued riding steadily.

"Yeah, oooohhhh fuck Tracy yes, take my cock. Take it all." He finally dropped the phone, the video cutting out as it tumbled to the floor, and grabbed hold of Tracy's hips, guiding her to ride faster. "Shit, your cunt is so tight."

"Mmmm fuck, you love it. You love my married cunt. Fuck it, Jordan. Fuck my tight little pussy!" She leaned back, falling onto Jordan's stomach and turning her head, kissing him sloppy and hurried as he wrapped his arms around her waist and began thrusting erratically. Her legs spread, his cock pumping fast and furious, making her juices splash as her tits bounced and his man tits rubbed her back.

"Fuck. Fuck! Holy fuck!" They moaned together, their bodies colliding in loud slaps, both approaching their climax.

...

Neal's hand fapped his cock raw, his free hand holding his phone, watching the footage that Jordan had sent him. His cock plowing into his wife. Bare. Thick. Stretching her. Making her cunt drip cream. Their gasps and pants, and moans.

He was transfixed, like an onlooker driving past a car crash, it twisted his stomach, made him nervous and sick, and also... morbidly curious.

The sound of Tracy's cries of pleasure was familiar, ingrained into his bones and his brain. But these were new, laced with taboo and adventure. This was her first true, real solo with Jordan. Neal wasn't there to stop it. Wasn't there to wake up and catch them in the act and either put an end to the activity or watch?

Instead, Neal was reduced to the good ol' days of jerking off to videos and photos. But these weren't strangers, unknown models and stars. This was his wife. He was watching his wife's ass ripple and clench. Her pussy squeezing Jordan's thick dick as it plunged deep over and over. She was screaming. Saying filthy things. And it was all for another man.

When the video blurred, the sound mixing with cries of pleasure and the bumping and clunking of the phone falling to the floor, Neal's orgasm took charge. He came all over his stomach and hand as the video continued for just another couple seconds, filming total blackness but the sound picking up the skin slaps of Jordan's belly against Tracy, her pussy squelching.

Neal dropped his own phone, gasping as he ejaculated, thick spurts making a mess as he fell back onto his bed. His breath came in gasps. His stomach was tight, abs clenching and balls tightening as if his body were trying to empty itself of every tiny little sperm.

Silence washed in when the video finished, only the sound of Neal's pants filling the space. His hand slipped away from his cock, now small, shriveled, and flaccid. The back of his hand and fingers were covered in thick cum, drying quickly. Pools of his spend jiggled on his stomach as he breathed, trying to catch his breath.

A soft buzz grabbed his attention, his phone laying on the sheets notifying him Tracy had texted. Mind still thick with endorphins, but quickly settling into that post-nut clarity of guilt and worry, Neal picked up the phone and opened the text.

A picture filled the screen.

Tracy was on all fours, ass out, pussy puffy and swollen, thick drips of white cum stringing down from her lips between her open thighs. Her asshole winking. Jordan's cock at the side of the frame, covered in white cream and slick fluids, slightly soft but still large and intimidating.

Neal looked down at his shriveled member and back to the photo, hand shaking. He placed the phone facedown on the nightstand and lay back, staring up at the ceiling. As if a fog was lifting, Neal felt a weight press against his chest. Had this been a mistake? He may have gotten off on this, but things had moved so fast. What was once just a one off kink had become something more complicated. Tracy was at Jordan's. Neal was separate from this encounter. No amount of videos or photos could make up for the fact that he wasn't physically near his wife. The scent of sex. The sounds, during and after, were absent. Those things felt like integral parts of the experience.

He wanted to be there. To be with Tracy as she came down from her orgasm and showed him the evidence of her passion. A picture of her dripping pussy was like looking at a thumbnail picture of the Mona Lisa. It was a copy shrunk and condensed. He wanted the real thing.

And what if Tracy decided that she liked being alone with Jordan? What if she didn't want Neal to ever be there with her again?

Nightmares slipped into the creases of his mind as all evidence of his orgasm vanished from his bloodstream. Dreams where this was the last text he ever received from his wife. Images of her coming back home, belly swollen with Jordan's child. Moving out. Telling him that Jordan was the better man, the better choice. Or maybe Jordan moving in. Displacing Neal, forcing him into the guest room and taking his place in the marital bed.

Seconds, minutes, hours ticked by as Neal lay motionless, staring up at the ceiling, ignoring the occasional buzzes of his phone. Shame was like a cold, slick sweat all over his body. Everything he imagined twisted his heart and turned his stomach to acid. But... at the same time, his cock became hard. Throbbing and pulsing with his pounding heart as he lay like an insomniac, wondering what his life was going to be when the morning came.

...

The loud sounds of Jordan's snores drifted across the hall, sliding under the bathroom door and softly echoing in the pleasantly clean, tiled room. Tracy lay in the tub, no water, just a place to have privacy. The couch would have been more comfortable, but she didn't want Jordan walking out and possibly getting sucked into another round of fucking. After that first time, Jordan and she had fucked twice more. Once on all fours, using her hair like reins, pounding her asshole deep and hard, shooting his load into her. Next had been simple missionary, long and slow and intense. Staring into Jordan's eyes and trying to figure out how her life had gone from a sweet, if a bit kinky, monogamous marriage to... this. Whatever *this* was. Whatever it was going to become.

Tracy reached between her legs and traced her fingers along her pussy, feeling the puffy soreness from how hard Jordan had taken her. His cum was still dripping out, pooling onto the tub floor. Strings of slippery, glistening white came away when she held her fingers up. So thick.

And so much! Jordan had cum four times within just a few hours. Neal was lucky if he could manage twice in as much time.

She shook her head. Thoughts like that felt too much like shaming her husband. Everyone was different. Sexual experience and prowess, all things that could vary for any number of reasons. And just because he couldn't go multiple rounds like Jordan, didn't lessen the enjoyment she felt when she was with Neal.

But sitting in Jordan's tub, listening to his snores and feeling his thick cum dripping from not only her pussy but her ass, she couldn't help but feel guilty. Like she'd chosen Jordan over Neal. She'd made this choice. Well... Neal had agreed, so it wasn't just all on her. Even so, she had decided to come home with Jordan and try to do this whole overnight thing.

As enjoyable as the sex was—and it was mind-blowing, there was no denying that—something was missing. There was a lack of... thrill. Before, when she'd fucked Jordan or given him that blowjob at his store, Neal had been a part of it. Present either physically or tangentially. It hadn't been just for her own enjoyment, it had been for Neal.

Jordan had sent the first video and a few photos to Neal. And she'd sent him that photo of Jordan's first load inside her, hoping for some sort of response. Hoping... Well, she wasn't exactly sure what she was hoping for. But Neal hadn't responded.

Once Jordan fell asleep, Tracy had slipped away and settled into the tub for privacy, texting Neal a few times. Still no response.

Was he asleep? Should she call him? She held her phone in one hand while her other continued dipping into herself, feeling the cream and sticky warmth. Her eyes closed, imagining Neal standing next to her as she lay in the tub, playing with her sore pussy and letting her husband see the mess that had been put inside her and was leaking out. The heat, just from that daydream, was ten times as intense as all the pleasure she'd experienced with Jordan.

She moaned and imagined Neal listening just beyond the shower curtain, hiding herself behind it for a tease as she touched herself.

That's what was missing.

Neal's listening ear. His watching eye. Filming and sending photos was kinky and fun, but it wasn't the same as her husband being right there with her.

She needed her husband. He should be here.

Her thumb tapped the phone icon next to Neal's name. She let her hand cup her mound, the seeping cum coating her palm as she held the phone to her ear, listening to it ring.

Click. "Y...yeah?" Neal's voice was shaking, rough.

"Neal?" Tracy felt her words waver as a few tears shimmered in her eyes. "Neal, can you come to Jordan's? I... I need you here."

There was quiet on the line. Neal's heavy pants. Tracy's shallow breaths.

"Please, baby."

"Of course." He finally spoke, words trembling. "Of course. I'll be there soon."

Tracy hung up and curled herself up in the tub, heart pounding as she waited to be whole again.