





# CHEATER

A HOTWIFE FANTASY

JASON LENOV

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## A Hotwife Fantasy

by

**Jason Lenov**

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## Chapter One

“I think it would probably be best if you watched these alone. In private. Without me here, that is.” She was an attractive woman. Tall and leggy with blonde hair she wore in a ponytail. He’d found her after an exhaustive search, not wanting to have to look another man in the eye when confronted with the truth. “Her latest...sortie, so to speak, was a few days ago. It’s the last file on the card.” She slid the memory card towards him across the table.

“How bad is it?” he asked.

She shrugged. “Depends on what you mean by bad,” she replied. “I’ve had guys finding out who had been in the dark for twenty years. This...isn’t that. This has been going on for a month and a half maybe? Two months tops. Not much longer than when you hired me.”

He shook his head and stared at the memory card.

“I know it must be hard to believe,” she went on.

“It’s not,” he said, giving his head another shake.

She drew in a breath.

“It’s...complicated,” he said, trying to alleviate any awkwardness he might have caused her.

“It usually is.” She rearranged herself on the chair and fiddled with her coffee cup. “Look I don’t often do this. It’s not my job to...get involved. But I think you’ll find when you see the evidence that this isn’t some wild and carefree thing. Your wife is, I would say, deeply conflicted about what she’s doing. I don’t think this is necessarily the end of anything. Or, it doesn’t have to be. A lot of times the cheating spouse has checked out already. They’re out of the marriage emotionally just not legally. I don’t think that’s the case here. I think there’s hope. If that’s what you want, that is. I’m not sure why I’m telling you this. I just thought you should know, I guess. Since I’ve been around this a lot.”

He looked up at her from under his brow. “Thanks. I appreciate it. I made the payment on your website.”

“That’s why I’m here,” she replied, smiling. She glanced down at the memory card. “I don’t hand over the files until I’ve been paid.”

“Right. Of course,” he said, smiling back.

“Well if there isn’t anything else you’d like to discuss I won’t take up any more of your time,” she said. She stood up from the kitchen chair, grabbed her coat from where she’d hung it on the back and slipped into it.

“Let me show you to the door,” he said. He stood and walked her out of the kitchen. Through the narrow hallway, past the stairs and to the front door of the townhouse he and Naomi had moved into just a few years earlier. He found the absence of any strong feelings about the matter somewhat eerie. He’d dreaded this final meeting with Jenny. Dreaded the emotions that might surface because of it. He hated pain but could stand it fine on the outside. He detested it on the inside.

She turned and held out her hand.

He shook it, smiling again. “I appreciate your hard work on this. You’ve been very professional,” he said.

Jenny shook his hand and a small laugh bubbled out of her.

“Why’s that funny?” he asked, his smile going a little crooked.

“I’m sorry. It’s...because of what I was about to say.” She was still holding his hand. Hers was warm.

He saw the light in her eyes change. A funny feeling twisted in his stomach. “What were you about to say?” he asked, a little worried.

She looked him right in the eyes. Same way she had when she’d quoted her price. Same way she had when she’d told him the results of her



surveillance. She had a poise and confidence seldom seen in a woman her age. “You’re a very attractive man, Mr. Lyle.”

That took him aback. He tried not to let it show on his face.

“If things don’t work out with your wife I’d very much enjoy going for a coffee or a drink. Forgive me if that’s too forward. I don’t like to waste words or time.”

He smirked. Gave her hand a few more pumps. “That’s very unprofessional,” he remarked.

“My apologies,” she said, letting go of his hand.

“Not necessary,” he said, dismissing her with a wave. “I won’t lie. You’re a very attractive, interesting woman yourself. But I’m not ready to give up on my marriage just yet.”

“Of course. I’d say it’s been a pleasure working for you except, for you, I know it hasn’t. So, I say, lets just leave it at that for now and maybe we’ll run into each other sometime. You’ve got my number if you need to get a hold of me again.”

“That sounds about right. It has been a pleasure working with you as well. Even if I wish it had been under different circumstances. Maybe we will run

into each other again sometime.”

“Perhaps,” she replied. She turned, opened the door, pulled out a pair of sunglasses from her coat pocket and put them on against the glare of the sun. Her high heels clacked as she descended the stone steps to the sidewalk.

He watched her trim figure as she walked to the car and smiled at the compliment she’d paid him. Even if it had been inappropriate. If he’d been a different man he might have taken her up on her offer of a drink.

She got into her car without giving him another look and drove off.

He swung the door shut. Traipsed back through the hallway to the kitchen. Pulled the memory card off the table then walked upstairs to his home office. Closed the door and sat down behind his desk. Slipped the card into the reader on his laptop and gave the mouse a few shakes to wake up the monitor. The screen came to life and the file manager popped up.

He sat staring at the screen, wondering why he wasn’t more riled up. The gig was up. Naomi had cheated on him. She’d been cheating on him for probably two months now. Shouldn’t he feel something about that? Wouldn’t a normal man, a normal husband, be furious right now? Shouldn’t he be breaking something? Or screaming? Or going for a long run to vent those feelings?

Or was that just what they did in the movies?

It wasn't that he felt absolutely nothing. There was a slight sting of betrayal. Truth was, though, he believed he deserved that. At least in part. He knew he'd been working too much. Too much time out of town. If he'd stayed with the company instead of going out on his own he would have been home by six every day and here on the weekends with her, too. But the feeling of pushing fifty and just waiting out the clock to retire had felt like it might kill him. He wasn't done with life yet. He wasn't done making something of himself.

So he'd gone out on his own. And when business started booming, when it really took off, he'd neglected Naomi. He'd neglected their life together. He knew that. She'd begged him six months ago to slow down. To make time to rediscover what made them tick after two decades of getting the kids started on their lives. Now they were gone. Naomi had found someone. Something was broken between them and it was time to face it. Time to see if it could be fixed.

He clicked on the first video file. Was a little surprised when Jenny popped up on his screen. Seated at her desk and staring into the camera. "Hello Mr. Lyle. I wanted to mention this but didn't want to do it in person in case it caused you any embarrassment. Some of what you're about to see is very graphic. I've appended the letters GR to the files that are. That way you can decide which ones you want to watch or not." The clip ended and the player went black.

A strange energy buzzed inside him as his eyes scanned the filenames in the folder. Roughly half of them had the letters GR on the end. The energy shifted. Oddly close to excitement. Like he was somehow titillated at the thought of seeing Naomi in some sort of compromised pose with another man. He dismissed the thought as preposterous and had to wonder what was

wrong with him for entertaining it. Would he have to see a shrink about this? Sure seemed like it.

Not wanting to plunge right into the graphic stuff he clicked on an image file. The gallery app popped open on his screen and, a moment later, the image came into focus.

He drew in a breath at what he saw. Covered his mouth with a hand and leaned in closer to the screen. A slightly blurry photo of Naomi with her arm around the neck of a very tall, well built young man. Her eyes were closed and her head was tilted to one side. Prelude to a kiss.

His heart skipped a beat, kicked to life and seemed to jump into his throat. He leaned in even closer, staring intently at the image. A quiet jealousy swam somewhere in the depths of his innards. It was eclipsed by a perverse fascination.

He clicked the next image file down in the folder. The picture was taken from the same angle, through the same window. The pose had changed. Naomi's lips were now pressed against the man's mouth. Their kiss seemed passionate, even though it was just a still. He leaned closer still.

The jealousy didn't go away but it didn't swell, either. Just kept lazily swimming around. His fascination grew, however. He tipped his head slightly to one side, then the other. As if trying to draw all the information he could from the picture from many angles. There was something almost alluring about it. Something he couldn't put his finger on. Something... erotic.

He smirked, chuckled, then shook his head and closed his eyes. Was this why they made movies about this shit? Women cheating on their husbands? Was there something about this that guys liked? When he opened his eyes back up he found he couldn't stop staring at the picture.

In something of a daze, he clicked the next image. This time Naomi's head was tilted back. Her neck exposed, the man's lips on it. Sucking. A shudder passed through him at the sight of it. His crotch started to tighten.

Out of nowhere his jealousy flared up. Burst up in a hot column through him. Up through his chest, to his neck where it tightened his throat. He took a deep breath. Then another. Pressed it back down to his guts where it felt more manageable. That was the last thing he needed. That was the last thing they needed. If he was going to get them through this — and having seen what he'd just seen he was now certain he was going to get them through this — that particular emotion wasn't going to help. No. He'd have to play it cool. Keep a level head and a sound mind. Naomi had betrayed him, yes. But he'd had a few of his own indiscretions out on the road he felt terrible about.

Which was really what was keeping him from blowing this out of proportion. He'd been unfaithful himself. He hadn't told her. She'd never find out if he did. But he'd stepped outside the boundaries of their marriage. Getting upset at Naomi for doing the same thing would make him a hypocrite.

They were stronger than this. They were going to find a way through this. He was certain of it.

He could feel his palm had started to sweat. He moved the mouse pointer over the first video file and hovered. It wasn't marked graphic. Still, it scared him. Pictures were one thing. Still and silent. Images of actions trapped in the past. This was different. Seeing actual video, motion, arms, legs moving, shapes of lust, might hurt more.

He clenched his jaw and clicked on the file.

## Chapter Two

His mouth opened and he gasped.

The image was dark and grainy. There was Naomi, her forehead pressed against the man's chest, her hand down his pants. Her arm was rising and falling as she stroked him.

His hand started to tremble and he had a hard time adjusting the volume up to maximum. The background noise was loud but he could just make out what they were saying.

"I shouldn't be here," Naomi said, shaking her head against the man's chest.

"So leave," he said. His voice was pretty low but it sounded young. Not the deep, gravelly boom of a man her age. Rather the cocky, impertinent bark of a young stud.

Her shoulders sank. "I should," she said quietly.

"So go," the guy said. Before Naomi could react he hooked his thumb into the track pants he was wearing and pulled them halfway down his thighs.

Robert winced and turned his head to the side for a moment at the sight of Naomi's hand massaging a half-erect and fairly large cock. Sheesh. This wasn't graphic? If Jenny had considered this tame what the hell else was on the other videos? He turned back to stare.

Naomi still had her forehead pressed against her lover's chest. Her hand was still moving up and down the shaft of his cock. She looked...a little dejected, if he was being honest. Almost like she didn't want to be there for some reason. Was she being coerced? No. Jenny would have said something about that. It was almost like she didn't want to be there but couldn't help herself.

He dared to lean forward and peer closer at the video. That was definitely Naomi's slender hand on the guy's prick. A burst of energy surged through him when he saw her wedding band and the engagement ring she wore behind it. She kept her rings on when she jerked another guy off?

There was something wrong about that. Something grungy. Not disgusting enough to make him look away, though. Or turn the whole thing off, slam the laptop shut and get on the phone with his lawyer. No. He wanted to keep looking at it. Found it hard to look away. Like Naomi, who didn't want to be there but couldn't help herself, he couldn't help but continue watching.

He found his own arousal growing, too. And not the once a week, get-it-up-for-sex vibe he had to will to life. This came on with all the testosterone and fury of a twenty year old man's morning erection. He was getting hard without any touching. He was getting hard just watching.



It made him feel like he wasn't wired right. Shouldn't he be throwing the laptop across the room at seeing that? Instead he was leaning in closer and staring, wondering what was running through his wife's mind as she jerked off this young guy.

"Okay but I think this has to be the last time," he heard her say.

Young guy smirked. "Yeah. For sure." he said.

That got Robert fired up. Young smart ass talking to his wife like that. The guy was jacked but he'd been hitting the gym his whole life. He wouldn't hesitate for a second to give the guy a piece of his mind and maybe a fist to go with it.

Naomi sighed and slowly sank to her knees in front of the guy.

Robert's eyes burst wide open and he gasped. His hand shot out and slammed the laptop shut. He sat there with his hand over top of it like he was worried it might open back up on its own. That was enough for now. Almost too much. He had no idea how he was going to react to seeing Naomi take another man's cock into her mouth. That wasn't graphic?!? What the hell was graphic then?!?

The sound of the door opening, then slamming shut downstairs stirred him from his stupor. He glanced at the clock on the wall. Four-thirty. That would be Naomi, home from lunch and shopping with the girls. He drew in three deep breaths and let them out. Stood up and straightened the front of his

shirt. Took a few more breaths to wait for his cock to soften. He opened the door and walked out onto the landing just as Naomi was halfway up the stairs.

She startled, gasped, then pressed a hand to her chest. Her arms were draped in an assortment of paper shopping bags. She was wearing a white jacket and skirt that came to her knees. She had her makeup all done and her wavy, blonde hair was down.

“I’m sorry if I scared you,” he said.

She let out a few heavy breaths, then sighed and took her hand away from her chest. “I nearly fell off the stairs,” she said. She climbed up to the landing and tried to squeeze past him. Then, as if remembering herself, turned and smiled politely at him. “You’re home,” she said. “I didn’t think you’d be home.”

His eyes roamed her face. He was fairly certain she had gone out with the girls. But he couldn’t keep himself from looking for clues of another betrayal. Was her makeup too perfect? Would her hair really have stayed so well arranged through lunch and shopping? Or had she had a chance to reapply and run a brush through it before she got home? If so, why? “I took the afternoon off,” he said.

Her smile turned funny. “Really? That’s odd,” she said.

“Is it?” he asked.

She furrowed her brow. “Robert you’re a workaholic, remember? Yes. It is odd.”

He smiled at her. “Can I get a kiss?” he asked, stepping closer. He just barely saw the momentary panic in her eyes. The way they shifted slightly to the right for a moment.

“Honestly? Give me a chance to shower? The girls were on a rampage and I had fish for lunch.”

Her answer, and her fleeting trepidation, fueled his doubts about where she’d really been. Was that really what she’d had for lunch? “What kind of fish?” he asked.

She raised an eyebrow. “Salmon. Are you alright? Is everything alright?”

“Of course,” he replied. “Everything’s fine. I just wanted to kiss my wife is all.”

The furrow on her brow deepened. She shook her head, waves of golden hair swishing along her shoulders. She leaned in closer to him, pressed her cheek against his and made a kissing sound with her lips. Her breath smelled faintly of salmon and white wine.

It puzzled him why he found that somewhat disappointing... “Give me fifteen minutes to freshen up? Were you working?” she asked, pulling away.

The look she gave him aroused him. A slight smile. A girlish glint in her eye. She wanted something. She wanted him. “I’m mostly done.”

She smiled a little wider. “Well hang on then. Maybe we can find something else to mostly do.” She turned and let her eyes linger on his for a few moments before disappearing into the bedroom.

He found it strange and confusing that she’d try to initiate sex with him. After what he’d seen? What was she doing? Was this meant to confuse him? To obfuscate the fact that she was having an affair? Sex in the afternoon on a Wednesday? When was the last time they’d done that?

But he couldn’t stifle his own arousal. What it would be like doing it with her knowing what she’d done? Knowing she’d stroked another man’s cock. That she’d gone down on her knees in front of him and probably taken him into her mouth? The last thought sent an electric sizzle up his spine. If they made love he’d be fucking a cheater. Why the hell did that turn him on so much?

He walked back into the office. Took a seat behind the desk and pulled the screen up. Immediately hit the mute button on the keyboard. Closed out the image viewer and the media player and ejected the memory card. Slipped it into his drawer just as Naomi walked up to the door and leaned against the frame.

Her outfit took his breath away. Nothing but a loose, white t-shirt that barely reached her thighs. He could see the outline of her vulva beneath the triangle of red fabric of her thong. Her large milky breasts were clearly outlined and her nipples were poking up against the shirt. “Hey,” she said quietly. “Are you completely done now?” The look in her eye made him certain she had sex on her mind.

It ratcheted up his own arousal. Partly at what she was wearing. Partly at what was running through her mind. What did Naomi Lyle want right now? He stood up from the desk and walked around it. Came to stand in front of her and made no apology about ogling her body. When he put a hand on her hip he felt a frisson of excitement run down his back. “What’s the occasion?” he asked.

She looked up and off to the right. “Um, you’re home? I have my husband to myself for a few hours? You know, that thing I’ve been whining about for the last six months?”

It hurt him a little to hear her say that. He’d been putting in long hours for both of them, after all. But the truth was he didn’t really have to. He’d been doing it mostly for him. But then she’d gone and cheated on him about it. What did that make him? What did that make them? And why were they about to do this? He couldn’t hide from the fact that he wanted it.

She raised her hand and undid his belt with her fingers. Slipped it into his pants and down into his underwear. Her slender fingers wrapped around his cock. She smiled.

He watched her. Stared at her eyes as she started stroking him to life. His erection grew easily, which was strange, given the other thing on his mind. Remembering the video triggered a strange instinct. He hooked his thumbs into his chinos and pushed them halfway down his thighs. He saw a flash of panic in her eyes and it excited him. Did she remember? Was she recalling what she'd done with that other guy? It was gone in an instant, a sultry smile in it's place. But he'd seen it and it made his cock grow hard in her hand.

Her composure reassembled she started sliding down with her back against the door frame.

He put a hand on her elbow. "You don't have to do that," he said quietly.

A girlish mischief flashed in her eyes. They darted side to side like she was too shy to look at him. "I want to do something nice for you," she whispered back.

He took his hand off of her elbow and let her slide to her knees. Stared down at her as she pulled his shirt aside and lifted his cock to her mouth. Gazed into her hungry eyes and his mind just twisted wondering whether that's the way she'd looked at her side guy. Did she gaze up at him lovingly when his cock was in her mouth? She wrapped her lips around the head of his prick and moved her head forward.

The soft wetness of the inside of her mouth felt heavenly. He could barely remember the last time they'd made love. Had no idea when she'd last

given him a blowjob. And standing in the door to his office, at that. Something was different about her. Of course it was.

*She's a cheating slut now, remember Robert?*

The thought sent a rush of heat pulsing through him.

Not just that, though. Because the way she was looking at him made him believe she really did want this. She wanted to please him. And he'd been denying her that. All because of the business.

He put a hand over his mouth and stifled a groan at her loving caresses. Her tongue was so soft and after so many years together she knew just how he liked it. Slow strokes in and out of her mouth, the underside of his cock gliding along her tongue. Felt himself getting harder and harder. Every so often the vision of her on her knees for the other guy would flare in his mind. It hardened him and brought him close to orgasm surprisingly fast for an old guy. He reached down and put a hand on her shoulder and smiled. "I might need to slow down," he said.

She pulled his cock out of her mouth and smacked her lips. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm mostly done." She slipped his cock past her lips again. Pulled her shirt up over her breasts.

He gasped at the gesture. So overtly sexual. So hungry. Did she really want him to come in her mouth? When was the last time he'd done that? It excited him even more. Suddenly he saw an old side of her. Not just his

wife and the mother to their kids. She was his lover again. It was just the two of them, basking in each other's love. Giving and receiving. Pleasing and being pleased.

His thigh shook. He felt his testicles tighten.

Naomi's head moved in slow strokes back and forth, her mouth caressing his cock.

"Fuck," he whispered.

She slowed, her mouth at the head of his cock. Moved her tongue side to side to side to side until...

"Fuck!" he grunted. Semen shot through his shaft. He felt it erupt out of the head of his cock and splash into her mouth and tongue. His body jerked at the first spasm.

She started moving back and forth again. Pulling his cum out of him, pulling on him with her mouth and stroking him with her tongue.

Pleasure flooded his mind. Each contraction of his orgasm felt more exquisite than the last. Her gentle sucking held the tension for an unfathomable amount of time. When his shoulders sagged and his hand shot up to the wall she gave one last, long slow draw with her mouth before



pulling his cock out and pressing a finger over her lips. She swallowed. Then, grabbing the trim on either side of the door frame, slid back up to stand in front of him.

He looked into her eyes and wondered what was going on? “That was...I really...” He smirked and shook his head. It had been too long since she’d done that for him. Couldn’t even find the words to thank her.

She pressed her cheek to his and made another kissing sound. “I love you, too,” she whispered.

## Chapter Three

He sat in his office tapping the memory card against the desk. Naomi had gone to a dentist's appointment leaving him alone in the house. At first he'd tried to work. That proved impossible. His mind kept wandering and wandering. Back to the pictures and the video he'd viewed the other day. Then to the way Naomi had looked at him when she'd had his cock in her mouth. He kept getting a vague half-erection he had to continually talk down. Finally he'd pulled the memory card out of the drawer.

He slipped it slowly into the reader. A moment later the player window popped up.

The image that sprang to life made him jump in his seat. The camera was much closer now. Still pointed through a window but bright enough that he could clearly make out Naomi's outline. She was seated on the edge of the bed. Her face was a little blurry. She was naked. The light caught her engagement ring and it glistened.

She had her legs open, hands on her knees. She had on the gold chain she wore around her neck. She was watching the man in front of her pull his hoodie off.

It was hard to believe what he was seeing. His wife sitting naked as another man undressed in front of her. Ready and waiting to perform another sex act while her husband was away on business.

He sank deeper into his mind at the thought. It could have been him in that video. She obviously still wanted it from him. She'd given him the hottest blowjob when she'd found him at home on a Wednesday. If he wasn't so damn busy he could have been the one servicing his wife instead of the stranger on the screen in front of him.

He sucked in a breath as the guy dropped his jeans and whipped his half-hard cock out. He lumbered towards Naomi, wagging it like he was teasing a dog with a treat. No emotion. No love. No tenderness or affection between them. It looked so...transactional.

Naomi took the cock into her mouth. Still leaning on her knees she started rocking back and forth. Slurp, slide, slurp, slide. In and out it went. Naomi looked a little bored. She raised her chest when the guy's hand fell to her tit.

He squeezed it a few times then pinched her nipple. Obviously a little too hard because she swatted his hand away.

The guy didn't seem to mind. He stood there staring at her sucking his cock until he was fully hard. He grabbed the root of his prick and pulled it out of her mouth. Stepped towards her and pushed a hand against her shoulder to get her to lie down.

Naomi scowled and shook her head. She waved her hand around her pussy and spread her legs wider. Said something Robert couldn't make out.

The guy looked at her for a few moments. Then, cock in hand, sank to his knees in front of her.

Robert's eyes widened as he watched Naomi put a hand on the back of the guy's head. She pulled him into her crotch and his jaw started moving as he licked her. She'd stopped grooming years ago and wore a full, dense bush.

A perverse amusement bubbled through Robert. Watching this young dude, probably used to the much more fashionable shaved or waxed cunts of younger women these days, lapping at a forty-seven year old, untended bush. Pubes tickling the inside of his nostrils and getting stuck in his teeth.

A thrill jolted him when Naomi, her hand still on the back of her lover's head keeping his mouth firmly in place, closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Her lips parted and he could see she was trying to focus on enjoying the pleasure this man's mouth was giving her. He stared wide-eyed as she ran her fingers through the guy's hair. Closed them a little tighter and pulled him to one side, adjusting him, using him for herself.

"Holy shit," he whispered as his perspective on Naomi re-framed in front of his eyes. For all the years they'd been together he'd lost sight of this. She'd become a wife, a mother, a friend. An occasional lover but not this woman. This woman was reveling in the act of lovemaking. She was focused on and consumed by her own pleasure. She was putting herself first, demanding an oral sacrifice at the entrance to her glorious temple before allowing anyone inside.

It was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen and the most beautiful way he'd ever looked at her. It made him long for her in a way he hadn't since they'd first met.

He gazed at her mouth as it fell open wider. At the way her chest heaved when the first ripples of pleasure passed through her. At the way she clung to the man's hair, pulling him back and forth, grinding his mouth against her sex. A shudder passed through her. Her body tensed. She let out a low moan and shook again. Then she fell onto the bed, her other arm draped over her forehead as she panted to catch her breath.

The guy popped up from between her legs.

She raised a hand and crooked a finger. Raised her legs into the air. She'd painted her pretty toes red and they drew Robert's attention as the guy crawled between her thighs.

He grabbed his thick cock and smacked it against her pussy a few times.

Naomi scowled and grabbed it. She said something Robert couldn't hear but she looked unimpressed at having her vagina smacked. She pulled the cock towards herself and the guy with. Closed her eyes as she found her hole with the head. Her hand slipped around to the guy's ass. She pulled him into herself.

He started sliding in and out. But it was the same sort of motion Naomi had made when she'd been giving him a blowjob. Routine. Clinical.

Robert gasped. Yes, Naomi was having sex with another man. But she wasn't having sex with the man in the video. Her eyes were closed. Her mind was far away. She was using this guy like he was a meat dildo. He put a hand over his mouth and his heart sank.

He wasn't just withholding sex from Naomi by focusing on the business and the trips. He was denying her intimacy. That's what she was searching for here. Something she could probably never find with a guy his age, no matter how thick or long his cock was. It was something only Robert could give her.

The guy started thrusting faster. He leaned in and tried to give Naomi a kiss.

Her eyes fluttered open and she moved her mouth away from his. "Wait... wait..." She said. Her voice crackled with static but she sounded a little breathless. "Do it like last time. I just...I want to...just do it like we did it last time..." She rolled over onto her stomach under his hulking frame.

Robert's eyes widened as he watched her plump, round ass rise up slowly off the bed. She spread her legs apart but kept her face down against the mattress.

The stranger spread his legs behind her, massaging his erect cock and staring down at what she was proffering. The guy bent at the knees into a squat and pressed the head of his cock against her sex. "Ugh," Naomi grunted.

He held it in place for a few moments. Then he slid it in, gliding into her pussy without stopping until he was balls deep.

Robert pressed a hand against his chest. The visual was jarring. That position, Naomi face down with her ass up, the guy squatting over her like they were animals, was feral and started an electric need buzzing inside Robert.

It was also strangely exhilarating. The way her mouth opened and how her fingers splayed on the sheets. The moan that escaped her and the way she craned her neck to look over her shoulder. “Do it,” she grunted.

The man bent at the waist. He put his hands on her waist, drew his cock out and slammed it back in.

Naomi moaned again and her hands clawed at the sheets.

The man inside Naomi’s pussy began a rough but rhythmic fuck. Pounding his cock into her pussy and making her body buck on the bed with each thrust. The sight was hypnotic. Like a video on loop the guy continued to pummel his cock into Naomi’s pussy, his hands on her hips.

Robert’s cock was stiff again from watching. A hot and turbulent lust bubbled between his legs. He kept trying to remind himself his wife was

betraying him. That a more natural reaction would have been to look away. There seemed to be nothing he could do to tear his eyes off the screen.

A few minutes in the man moved one hand from her hip to her shoulder. He pulled her up off the bed and onto all fours, continuing to fuck. Her tits slapped against each other. She threw her head back, mouth agape in ecstasy. It was an intensely erotic pose. He fucked her like that for a while, then slowed.

Naomi pushed back, bouncing on his cock, obviously trying to rub herself into an orgasm. She raised her hand between her legs and started flicking at her clit. She screwed her eyes shut tight.

Robert wondered what she was thinking about in that moment.

The guy grunted something too low to hear.

Naomi's eyes fluttered open. For a fleeting moment she was looking straight at the camera lens.

It sent another thrill through Robert. It was like she was looking directly at him.

She drew in a breath and held it. "Just do it in me," she sighed.



Another ripple of sexual excitement traveled through him. It was followed by a sharp sting of jealousy. Robert had always thought of finishing inside a woman as the ultimate act of intimacy. He'd never done it with any of the women he'd hooked up with on his business trips. He'd always worn a condom. Partly to assuage his own guilt.

Here was Naomi, taking this guy bareback and asking him to do it in me. It twisted an erotic knot inside him.

Naomi's mouth fell open. She let out a few ragged breaths.

Robert couldn't help but wonder if they were at the guy's cock hardening inside her as the moment drew close. He leaned even closer into the screen.

As her lover drove his cock balls deep into his wife, Robert leaned back in his chair and pressed a hand against his forehead. He watched the contours of Naomi's face change. Realized she was in the throes of her own orgasm. As he leaned in again he saw her mouth words he couldn't hear. "Oh Ro..."

The screen went black. On it he could see the faint reflection of his own face. A bead of sweat had formed on his brow. His eyes were wide. Between his legs his cock was aching. He swallowed back the knot that had formed in his throat and closed the laptop. Pulled his headphones out and swiveled in his chair.

He gasped at the sight of Naomi leaning against the door frame. Arms folded across her chest, eyes narrowed

## Chapter Four

“Y-you’re home,” he stammered. “I didn’t even hear you come in.” His cock was pulsing between his legs. He put a hand over it as casually as he could.

“What were you doing?” she asked.

He glanced back at the monitor. “I...uh...I was...” he said, pointing at the computer, his mind racing to come up with an excuse. “Just some light... working,” he said.

She stood up off the door frame and slowly walked towards the desk. She’d worn a very snug skirt to the dentist and still had her heels on.

Robert couldn’t help checking out her hips and her ass when she turned sideways to get a view of his monitor. “What?” he asked.

“Were you watching porn? And what are you doing home again? You’re never home.”

It occurred to him that he ought to be the one asking the suspecting questions. She was the one cheating on him! He felt a vague, somewhat nauseous guilt at titillating himself to videos of her having sex with another

man. He put on his most skeptical expression. “Porn? What? No!” he said, scoffing. He needed to turn this around somehow. But what he needed more than anything was to get his hands on her. His erection wouldn’t go away. The sight of her in that skirt was...driving him even more crazy.

“So why are you home?” she asked.

“Oh. That. Right. I...I guess, I got to thinking. That was...so nice what we did the other day. I thought maybe when you got back...I thought maybe we could have a repeat?”

Her eyes widened and her brow unfurrowed. “Really?” she asked.

“I mean only if you’re into it,” he replied.

A smile formed on her lips.

It warmed the inside of him seeing her happy at something he’d said. He felt like a bit of a fool. Here was his beautiful wife waiting for him at home. Desiring sex with him. Desiring it so much she had to go out and get it with another man. The jealousy flared through him again, hardening his erection. A weird sort of courage filled him. He pulled his hand away from his crotch and stood up.

Her eyes fell to his groin and opened wider still, then darted back to his. “Why do you have an erection?” she asked, shaking her head.

Instead of explaining, justifying, lying or any of that he walked around the desk and put a hand on the back of her neck. “Because my wife just walked into the room looking fucking sexy,” he said. He tilted his head and pressed his lips against hers in a deep kiss.

She moaned into his mouth as he groped her breast.

He dropped his hand to her ass and squeezed it. Despite her age it was tight from her regular routine of squats at the gym. It hardened his cock even more. When was the last time he’d touched her like this? So spontaneously? He pulled away from the kiss and gazed into her eyes. “What do you say?” he whispered.

She grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him out of the office and into the bedroom. She spun around and pulled off the snug jacket she was wearing.

His eyes fell to her large breasts, amply supported by her underwire bra. She’d left the top two buttons of her blouse undone and he could see the crevice of flesh her breasts made pressed against each other.

He undid the top two buttons of his shirt and pulled it off over his head. Tugged his belt open and pushed his pants and underwear down as she unzipped her skirt, let it drop and stepped out of it.

She was wearing her little red thong. Same one from the video. A heavy bra to match. She looked gorgeous in nothing but her heels and underwear.

He moved towards her and wrapped his arms around her back. Pulled her into another kiss and let his hands wander down to her hips and her ass. He slid them up her back and unclasped her bra. As he pulled it off over her shoulders he let one drift between her legs. His fingers slid along the line of the thong. It was damp and sticky with her wet. He pulled away from her lips and kissed her on the neck.

“I want you,” she whispered into his ear.

“Not yet,” he said, easing her onto the bed. He helped her sit. The urge gripping him seemed bizarre. An irresistible desire to play out what he’d seen on the video. To mimic the man she’d cheated on him with. He put his hands on her thighs and pushed them apart.

“Oh. Robert, I don’t know...” she whispered.

He looked up into her eyes. Leaned to the side and kissed the inside of her thigh. His cock throbbed between his legs at her scent. The sharp acidic tang of her woman juice. He needed it. He needed to taste it.

Her eyes widened as she watched him kiss his way towards her entrance. The muscles in her legs relaxed. She leaned back on one hand. Her lips

parted and she caressed his cheek with her palm, then ran her fingers up into his hair.

He pulled the small triangle covering her pussy off to one side. Was greeted with the beautiful sight of her dense pubic hair, a shade darker than the hair on her head. He moved his lips to the apex of her pussy and kissed her there.

“Oh Robert,” she sighed.

He looked up into her eyes. Saw a fleeting moment of sadness pass through them. Was she remembering what she'd done? Was she regretting it now that her husband was between her legs? The thought energized him. He kissed lower. Down the line of her folds, slipping his tongue between them and tasting the wet flowing from her. He kissed back up higher until he felt her clit against his lips.

He wished she'd grab his hair like she had in the video. He wished she'd use his mouth the same way. As a sort of penance for the times he'd been unfaithful. He wanted to worship her, to show her that she didn't need to look outside of their marriage for the intimacy she craved. At the same time thinking of her with that other man made his body throb with need for her.

She lovingly rubbed his cheek with her thumb. Gazing into his eyes as her lips parted wider when he sucked her clitoris into his mouth. “Oh god, Robert,” she moaned.

He sucked it in deeper. Twisted around it with his tongue. She tasted delicious. He couldn't wait to be inside her but he wanted this for her first. Moving his hands around to her ass he buried his face in her snatch. She leaned back, her large breasts rising and falling, each breath deeper and more excited than the last.

He licked her faster, feeling the tension in her body growing at his affection. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, savoring the scent of her.

Her hands fell to the top of his head and her back straightened. She pulled him closer in between her thighs just the way he'd craved. He felt her thighs start to quiver against his cheeks. She drew in a sharp breath then let out a moaning shriek as an orgasm swept through her.

Gasping for air he continued to suck. Tenderly twisting around her clit as fluid seeped from her onto his chin. He clung to her ass with his hands, stretching out her pleasure for her with his mouth and tongue until she collapsed onto her back on the bed, panting for air.

He clambered up to stand at the edge of the bed. She raised her feet up into the air. He grabbed her ankles and stepped forward, the head of his cock mashing against her wet slit.

"I need you in me," she whispered.

Gritting his teeth he thrust forward. His cock split her soaked folds and squeezed into the fleshy succor of her cunt. He groaned as her pussy



squeezed him. The energy coursing between them was electric. There was a needy desperation in her eyes. He pulled out and rammed back into her, making the bed shake. Splaying her feet apart he looked down at his cock disappearing into her tight cunt. It hardened at the sight.

Over twenty years they'd been married and he couldn't remember the last time they'd had sex this hot. Not even noon and they were at it, fucking like horny teenagers. He watched as she ran her hands up and down her thighs then wiggled her fingers, asking for his hands.

He put his hands in hers. She yanked him down onto herself, her gaze penetrating to the deepest part of him. "Fuck me, Robert. Fuck me hard," she begged.

He crawled up higher. Mounted the bed and tucked his thighs under hers sending her feet up over his head. Cocking his hips back he slammed into her and started pumping. His cock was pulsing. His mouth was a mess of her wet. He kissed her, plunging his filthy tongue into her mouth and making her moan into his.

When he closed his eyes he saw the loop of video on the computer screen. The young stud over top of her, pounding his stiff cock into her pussy. There her hands had been at her sides. Here they were gliding over his back, down onto his ass, pulling him deeper into herself, demanding he give her even more than he was giving.

His cock started to harden. He felt his balls come up between his legs. He opened his eyes to see her staring at him. "Fuck," he grunted. "I'm gonna'

come, baby. I'm gonna' come in you."

Her eyes widened. Her pussy squeezed him. She moved her hips up and down on the bed, grinding her pubic bone against his, rubbing her clit against him to try and catch up to his orgasm so they could climax together.

He slowed just a little to give her time.

"No! Fuck!" she shouted. Her nails dug into his ass.

Like spurs to a horse they drove him to fuck her faster again. His cock making wet shluck sounds as it moved in and out of her. He felt more of her liquid squish from her pussy slit and slather his balls.

"Do it," she seethed through clenched teeth. "Fill me with cum. Give me all that cum Robert, please!"

He groaned as his body stiffened, rigid as a board. It drove him deep into her flesh. His mind focused on the hot, wet pleasure of his cock flexing inside her tight heat. Spurt after gushing spurt of ejaculate shot from his cock and slathered her inside walls.

She let out a warbling moan and her body convulsed in a climax.

His hips started to work again. He tipped them up, rubbing her engorged clit with the root of his prick as he finished spending inside her. He collapsed onto her chest, pinning her hands to the mattress. He drove a few more lazy thrusts into her then his body relaxed, his hungry need satisfied.

He held himself inside her for a minute or so. Smiled when he felt her hand drift lazily up his back.

“Oh my god, Robert,” she whispered. “That was incredible.”

A heavy guilt washed over him. He pulled himself out of her and moved her leg out of the way to sit on the bed next to her. When she sat up he looked down her sweaty body. Down to the space between her legs where her cunt was leaking onto the floral pattern of the comforter cover. He put an arm over her shoulder, leaned in and kissed her forehead. It was salty with sweat. “I love you,” he said quietly.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her lip tremble. Just a small quiver before she looked away. It sent a panic rushing through him. She obviously felt as bad as he did. But he couldn’t do this right now. He couldn’t deal with her unearthing her secret and possibly having to reveal his. He needed a plan. He needed time to think. “I love you,” he said again, kissing her neck this time. “But I should at least try to get to the warehouse this week,” he added, chuckling. “Should we do dinner together? Maybe we can go out to eat?”

She sniffled and wiped the corner of her eye. But when she turned to look at him she was smiling. “That would be really lovely,” she said quietly.

“I should go for now,” he said, rubbing her leg and standing up off the bed to head for the shower.

“Robert!” she said.

He froze at the door of the bedroom and closed his eyes. Said a quiet prayer in his mind that this not be the moment she choose to confess. “Yes?” he asked quietly over his shoulder.

She opened her mouth to speak then paused for a moment. “I really love it when you’re around,” she said.

He let out a sigh of relief. Turned to her and smiled then quickly disappeared into the bathroom.

## Chapter Five

“Can you just...I’m just trying to make sure I understand you, can you just explain to me what you are hoping to get from this?” Jenny’s voice was compressed and nasal over the phone.

“I want to see it with my own eyes,” Robert explained, for the third time now.

There was a brief silence on the line. “Are you upset, Mr. Lyle?”

“Am I upset? Do I sound upset? No. I don’t think I’m upset. Why?”

“Because I’ve had these types of requests before. And the proper thing to do, the professional thing to do is to decline.”

“What? Why? Of course I’ll pay you for your time,” he said.

“This isn’t about my time or getting paid. You have to understand these are generally highly charged emotional situations. Some spouses just want to... you know, get even.”

He scoffed at the suggestion. “Please. I’m not like that. I have no desire to get even with anyone. I watched the videos. I saw the pictures. I’m fine. My wife is in bed right now watching TV. I have no ill will towards anyone. I just want to...I just want to see it.”

Another silence followed. “I’ll admit your reaction is pretty unusual. But I can’t just give you the address, Mr. Lyle. I need to be certain that nothing bad comes from this. That nothing illegal happens. I could lose my license.”

He let out an exasperated sigh. “Look I’m not asking for classified information here. I don’t own any kind of weapon and I don’t want or intend to hurt anyone. I just want to see what she’s doing with my own eyes.” He heard her sigh.

“I like you, Mr. Lyle. I want to help you.”

“Then please help me. I’ll make it more than worth your while.”

“This isn’t about money. I won’t give you the address. But I can take you there if you want,” she suggested.

“Wait. What?”

“I’ll drive you there. I’ll show you the house. I’m not sure if you examined the timestamps on those videos but...there’s definitely some sort of pattern.

A schedule, I guess you could call it.”

That sent a chill through him. A pattern? A schedule? That was cold. Calculating, too. Naomi obviously knew exactly what she was doing. And when she was doing it. It hardened something inside him. Maybe this wasn’t going to turn out the way he’d thought after all. “What’s the schedule?” he asked, his voice quiet.

“On the weeks that it happens? Mondays and then Wednesdays.”

Another shiver rippled through him. He would often leave early Monday mornings if he had to go out of town to avoid the rush. Get back either late Wednesday or early Thursday if he took the red-eye. She was banging her side guy the moment he left and right before he got back? Why? Was she having a mid-life crisis? Did she want a divorce? She’d seemed so sincere and loving during their interaction the other day. “When can you take me?” he asked, a grim note in his tone.

“Well, that depends on when she goes. I’d have to do some more surveillance and...”

“She’s going because I’m out of town,” he said. “I’m out of town on business a couple of times a month. I can tell her I’ll be gone a few days next week. You think that would work?” he asked.

“I suppose we could give it a shot,” Jenny replied.

“Fine. I’ll text you and we can figure out where and when to meet.”

“Alright. Get back to me,” she said.

“I will. Good night.”

“Good night Mr. Lyle.”

The line clicked and the call terminated. He made sure to erase his call record before pocketing the phone. He walked up from the basement where he’d gone to make the call. Poured himself a glass of water in the kitchen and downed a few gulps.

He couldn’t help ruminating on what Jenny had said. His initial angry reaction at the schedule had dulled. Who cared anyways? Schedule or not Naomi was engaging in a deliberate affair. He had grounds to seek a divorce and absolutely zero interest in it. They’d been through enough together that that would be a stupid solution to this. What he really wanted was his wife back to himself and to figure out why she’d done this in the first place. It was so unlike her.

And then there was the feeling. A persistent state of heightened arousal from knowing she was cheating. It’s what had brought him to climax so quickly from her blowjob. Thinking of her doing that to another man was...



ugh, hot. It inflamed parts of his libido he hadn't even known where there. Just remembering it made him want her again.

He rinsed out the glass, set it on the drying rack and padded quietly up the stairs. As he passed the door to his office on the way to the bedroom he felt the alluring pull of the memory card tucked into his drawer. He paused to think. He was sorely tempted to open it back up and click on one of the videos Jenny had marked as graphic. The light was still on in the bedroom. Naomi was probably reading.

He slipped into the office and closed the door as quietly as he could. A few moments later he was in front of the computer, light off, screen glaring back at him with the file explorer open to the contents of the drive. He hovered the mouse over a video and clicked.

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Her reading light was on in the bedroom.

Walking into the bathroom he squeezed some toothpaste onto his brush and started brushing his teeth, staring at his reflection in the mirror. Wasn't there a name for guys like him? Guys whose wives had affairs without them knowing? Wasn't it supposed to be humiliating? After all what would their friends or family think if they ever found out.

Strangely, that didn't worry him. This was between him and Naomi. Everyone else could just mind their own business.

His mind drifted back to what he'd seen. His erection had deflated but the tension in his groin hadn't. He found himself hoping that maybe Naomi wasn't asleep yet. That maybe she'd be interested in some reciprocation for her afternoon kindness. Because he had a rather large urge to fuck her brains out right then. And in that same position she'd taken in the video.

Bizarre, but there it was.

He rinsed, spat and wiped his mouth with a towel. Undid the buttons of his shirt on the way into the bedroom. Excitement spiked through him when he found Naomi in that same loose t-shirt, her back propped up against the pillows, a book in her hand. She looked up at him over her reading glasses and smiled. "Did you get all of your business done?" she asked.

"Mostly," he joked, smiling back. It was weird being in their bedroom together at the same time for a change. Weird, too, that he'd just watched what was essentially a pornographic movie of her having sex with another man. Having an orgasm on his cock, even. He couldn't honestly say he felt no animosity towards her for that. But it manifested as a greedy lust with an undercurrent of anger instead of sheer rage.

He threw his shirt on the chair in the corner of the room. Undid his belt and did the same with his pants. He sat down on the edge of the bed and peeled his socks off his feet. He smirked at these banal rituals of a stale marriage. Inside him, his hungry beast growled.

He swept his legs up onto the bed and under the comforter. Turned and smiled at Naomi, who was still watching him. There may have been a few more lines and creases on her skin than twenty years ago. She was still beautiful, though. He had not trouble accepting that she'd probably found her lover easily. He'd often heard Ben's friends tittering and calling her a milf when they thought they were out of earshot.

He wasn't sure what to say so he leaned sideways to kiss her goodnight. Finding a way to segue from his un-sexy undressing to a seduction seemed daunting. But when his puckered lips met hers and her mouth opened he felt the spark ignite between them.

Instantaneous and natural. Scalding hot and insistent. He felt a pull towards her that he hadn't in years. He kissed her more deeply and his body heated when she reciprocated. When he put a hand on her cheek she pulled in closer to him, hers wrapping around his neck.

He found himself slipping into that divine space young men slide into so easily that old men have to pry and wedge. Where the world is distant, it's many worries muted by the promise of a hot fuck and release.

His hand fell to her breast. He gave it a feral squeeze like he'd never felt tits before. When she moaned into his mouth about it he tucked the same hand under her shirt and pressed it against the soft flesh of her teat. He thumbed her nipple. His hand slid down the slight bump of her belly and between her legs.

She spread them, lewd and willing.

He tucked two fingers into her underwear. They grazed over the patch of her trimmed bush and down between the already splayed folds of her hot and sweaty pussy.

*The pussy she let another man come into.*

The thought pulled levers in his mind he didn't know were there. This beautiful woman he'd called his wife for twenty years, kissing him in their marriage bed, had been a sultry slut who gave it up to strangers in the shadows.

His body lurched when he felt her hand slip into his underwear. She moaned again when she felt that he was hard.

Suddenly his body was pulsing with lust. He grabbed her shoulder. Rolled her sideways, at the same time rising up onto his knees. He got up over her legs, yanked her by the hips, dragging her down the bed.

Her somewhat frightened gasp was a pleasant reward for his efforts.

He spun her fully onto her stomach, her head buried among the pillows. Grabbed the string of her thong and tugged it halfway down her legs. Drew in a breath to keep stop his mind from spinning at the sight of her sodden sex. He leaned over her. "I need it," he growled.

She gasped again and her hands moved out to her sides. Slowly she hoisted her ass up for him. Just like in the video. “Oh Robert,” she panted.

The video.

The video.

The video...

The video where she'd taken another man inside her cunt and let him spill. And while he was away on a business trip! It was wildly infuriating in the most erotic way. He pulled his stiff prick out of his underwear and got up on his feet to stand over top her.

She twisted her head, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. “Robert?” she whispered.

He bent at the knees, pressing the head of his cock against her snatch. It was warm and wet and just a little scratchy from her stubbly pubic hair. When he pressed the head in and felt her shudder he closed his eyes and stifled a groan.

“Oh Robert!” she moaned again.

Without hesitation he sank lower, plying her cunt with his thick shaft. Stretching her and savoring the wet that bubbled up out of her and coated his balls. As he dug in to the root of his prick he felt her pussy squeeze him. Put a hand on either side of her hips and bent at the waist. “I’m going to fuck you now,” he growled.

“Oh god yes...”

He pulled his cock out of her hole then plunged it in again. Relished how her body shook. How her hands balled the same way they had with her lover. The way she rubbed her ass against his pelvis, demanding more of the same.

He eagerly obliged. Pulled his cock out and broke into a steady, easy rhythm driving in and out of her. He felt her snatch tighten around his prick with each thrust. Her eyes were shut tight and he could only imagine what was going on behind them. Was she imagining her tryst? Was she wishing this were her dark stranger and not her husband? The rage that drove through him only sharpened his appetite. He fucked her harder.

She reacted with a shaky, warbling mewl.

Each pump into her elicited a wet schluck from her messy hole. He stared at her beautiful round ass and wished he could lift her off the bed and play with her tits. But he was already dangerously close to giving up his game by imitating the film he’d seen. So instead he doubled down. Thrusting harder,

driving deeper. Piling into her tight crevice and feeling his own release looming up behind him.

“Oh god Robert fuck it into me!” she screamed.

He did her bidding. Plowing balls deep into her he felt her body shaking as she came. His cock started twitching and shot after shot of ejaculate sprayed deep into her as he groaned in pleasure.

Moments later the crackling energy between them receded. He blinked his eyes open and looked down at where they were conjoined. Now just regular people again, one of whom happened to be inside the other. He pulled his cock out of her. But instead of rolling onto his side next to her he stood up straight.

Drops of semen and Naomi juice dripped from the tip, splattering in a messy circle around her gaping lips.

She didn't demure and roll over and pull the covers up over her ass. Instead she stayed in position. Ass high in the air, pussy open for her husband's inspection, waiting for his next command.

A slight smile lit on his lips. He shook his head. It was almost as if the affair Jenny had discovered was having the opposite effect it normally did. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been that hungry for his wife, or she that willing. Finally he got down on his knees then lay down next to her.

Her body fell sideways, face turning towards him. Her cheeks were red and her eyes a little starry. “Well. Mr. Lyle,” she whispered, smiling.

He smirked, scoffing at the compliment but secretly proud of his prowess. And at his age...

“That was something,” she said quietly.

He knew that was an invitation to connect. Naomi reaching out and trying to find them again. But it was all so messy in his head. He leaned towards her and kissed her cheek. Drew in a breath and sighed. “I have to go out of town this week,” he said, already feeling vaguely guilty about the lie.

Her smile softened into something more cynical. “Of course you do,” she said.

“It’ll only be a few days,” he said.

“Sure. No problem. When?”

“Leaving early Monday. Back late Wednesday but don’t wait up. I’ll be in on the eleven fifteen.”



She nodded. Then she pulled the sheets up over her legs after drawing up her underwear.

He felt her slipping away again. Didn't like the feeling. When she turned to face the other way he put a hand on her shoulder. Wished he could come up with something else to say besides... "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, Robert. I love you, too," she replied, patting his hand.

## Chapter Six

He spent Sunday getting ready. Naomi had gone out with the girls again, this time for brunch at Mango, the overpriced vegan place that was trendy. He felt a little bad about the devious plan he'd concocted. Stranger still, he wasn't sure why he was doing it. It seemed almost childish when he thought about it. So he tried not to think.

Stole a few old blankets from the closet in the guest room and made a little nest for himself in the crawl space. Stashed some bottles of water and power bars down there as well. He wasn't sure how this was going to play out but vaguely understood that what he wanted was a glimpse into the life Naomi led when he wasn't there. Why didn't he just ask her? He asked himself that question many times.

The answers were always complicated. They were old. And so familiar. With the magic of lust and love worn down and nothing to ease his inhibitions what would he say? Hey I want to know you again? To him it sounded cheap and cheesy.

After finishing his hideout he packed a small carry on and arranged his suit and laptop bag for his phony trip the next day.

Naomi came home a little boozy and took a three hour nap. They shared a dinner of leftovers, chit-chatting about nothing in particular, before he said he needed to be up early and went up to bed.

He slept alright. Woke at four. Got shaved and dressed, packed his things and slipped out of the house without waking her, the way he always did. This time, instead of driving to the airport he drove across town to Jenny's office. He napped in the car. Woke up to Jenny tapping on his window. He rolled it down and covered his mouth. "Sorry about my breath," he muttered.

"You ready?" she asked.

He nodded. Got up out of the car and stowed his bags in the trunk. Got into Jenny's in the passenger seat.

As she sat down and closed the door she tapped one of the two coffee cups in the cup holder. "Milk and sugar, right?" she said.

He looked down at the cup, then up at her. "That's very nice of you. You didn't have to."

"I know I didn't," she said, turning out onto the street. They drove mostly in silence. After about twenty minutes he realized they were closing in on his part of town. His guts clenched when Jenny pulled onto the feeder street that led to their little cul-de-sac. Was Naomi having an affair with someone in their neighborhood? What the hell? He knew everyone she did and who on earth would she get into bed with from that crowd? Even more puzzling was that he was certain that none of those acquaintances looked anything like the guy in the video. "Where are we going?" he asked.

“You’ll see,” Jenny said. She turned and glanced at him. “You still okay? Not gonna’ freak out on me?”

He shook his head. His throat went tighter when they turned into the alley that led to their garage. He shot a nervous glance at Jenny.

Her eyes were steel and her expression betrayed nothing.

He turned and looked out the window, watching his house and backyard as they passed it. It came as something of a relief that Naomi wasn’t cheating on him in their house. In their marital bed. That might have taken things to a whole different level.

Jenny pulled the car to a stop under a tree, two doors down from their townhouse. She switched the engine off and reached into the back seat. Pulled a camera with a telephoto lens out of the duffel bag, followed by a long microphone with a radar-looking thing attached by the handle. She handed him the camera, a set of headphones, then flicked the tripod legs out under the microphone and pointed it at the window at the back of the house.

An awkward feeling twisted through him. She was the one cheating on him. But spying on her about it still felt kind of wrong. He wondered if he’d made a mistake setting this up the way he had.

“You can usually see them in that first floor window,” Jenny said, pointing at it. She checked her watch. “Probably ten or fifteen minutes from now if they keep their schedule.”

He lifted the camera to his face and pressed his eye against the viewfinder. The telescopic zoom was incredible and he'd have no trouble getting a clear view of what was going on. Still, it felt weird now that he was there. Now that he was about to spy on Naomi and for what?

It was the answer to that question that was the real source of his angst. Because what he should have done was talk to her. And the reason he hadn't done that was because he was a chicken. He hated conflict. He hated making her upset or dealing with her recriminations about his past behavior, even though he wasn't the one in the wrong here. He just hated rocking the boat because getting it steady again was just so much damn work.

No. He wasn't here to prove anything that hadn't already been proven. He was here because her cheating made him aroused. And that was a far more complicated and kind of scary thing to face. If he really wanted to work things out the best thing he could do right now was grow some balls.

"You having second thoughts?" Jenny asked from the driver's seat.

He turned and looked at her. "Maybe. Something like that," he muttered.

"We can still leave. I don't mind. I won't even charge you." She sat with her hands on the steering wheel.

He gave the offer a good long think. Trouble was he still wanted to see it for himself. This would be just like watching more videos of Naomi's indiscretion. He wanted the real thing. There was only one way to do that. "Can you do something for me?"

"Maybe," Jenny replied.

He handed her the camera and she laid it across her lap.

"I want you to leave me here."

"Say what?" she asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Can I leave my car in your lot for a few days?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm not sure what your plan is here but..."

"I need to see it up close. I'm gonna' go up there," he said, nodding towards the window.

She shook her head again. "I'm going to have to advise you against that. Those pics and videos I gave you are already over the line. They wouldn't

be admissible in court. They have a reasonable expectation to privacy when they're in there. If you get caught..."

"I won't get caught," he interrupted. "And this isn't going anywhere near a court or lawyers or any of that. I just want to see it with my own eyes."

Jenny stared at him and thought for a moment. She shook her head. "No," she said. "I'll look the other way if you want to sneak up to the house. I'm not just leaving you here. It's too risky. I don't like the vibe I'm getting off of you right now."

He let out a disappointed sigh. Still, he understood. This was Jenny's livelihood. And she didn't know him all that well. If he were to fly off the handle it would be on her for bringing him here. She'd be on the hook. "Alright," he said. "I'm not going to pout about it. It's okay if I go take a peek though? Over by the house?" he asked.

She sighed and slumped back in her seat. "No. It's not okay. But if you need to stretch your legs while we wait for your wife I guess I could catch a nap. Pretty early wake up call this morning," she said, closing her eyes.

He smiled. "Thanks, Jenny. I promise I'll be good. I won't be long. I just... want to see it."

She plugged her ears with two fingers.

He smirked and slipped out of the car. The sun was just up and he checked up and down the street to make sure there weren't any early bird joggers or dog walkers approaching. Confident that he was alone he stole across the street and ducked behind the hedge that went up one side of the house. Checking the windows to make sure no one was watching he crept up to the house, just around the corner from the porch. From there he had a view of a sliver of the driveway.

He waited for ten minutes, checking his watch every few. At the fifteen minute mark he started to wonder whether Naomi was going to show up at all. Had their rekindled passion changed her mind about seeing her lover? He found it strange that the thought filled him with love for her in one direction and sank his stomach with disappointment in the other. What the hell was so enticing about thinking of his wife cheating on him with another guy? He was about to sneak back towards the hedge when he heard the car.

He peered out around the corner and his heart skipped a beat. It was Naomi's little compact pulling in. His eyes widened. He watched her put it in park and turn the engine off. Saw her pull the rear view mirror and pucker her lips, checking her makeup before she saw her lover. His heart started beating harder.

He ducked back behind the wall when she opened the door. Heard her high heels clicking along the interlocking brick driveway. Who wore heels to a date on a Monday morning? His body tensed at the thought that he might actually witness Naomi getting laid in real life. His palms started to sweat.

The muted sound of a doorbell ringing drifted out through an open window. He held his breath. Heard footsteps. The front door opened. "Hey, hey," a smiling voice said from inside. He dared to lean sideways and glance



around the corner with one eye. Saw an arm extending out the door, trying to wrap around Naomi's waist and pull her inside.

She put a hand up and took a step back. "I'm not here for that," she said, her voice serious, almost business-like.

His stomach sank lower. He stifled a groan. She wasn't here for that? What the hell was she here for? Did this mean he wasn't going to see it after all? Why did that make him so mooney?

"What are you talking about?" the deep, male voice said.

"It's over. I'm sorry to be blunt. I'm sorry to do it like this. I didn't want to do it in a text."

"Wait, what? What the fuck?" the guy said.

"Things have changed. I love my husband. I mean, I always loved my husband. It's just...he's been around lately. It's made me realize how much I miss him. How much I care about him. I can't keep doing this."

"You said he's never around," the guy said.

Naomi shook her head. “That’s not...that’s my business. That’s between me and him. I’m sorry. This was...fun,” she said, sounding like she didn’t really mean it. “But it was never going to be a long term thing. We both knew that.”

A long silence followed. “He not go out of town after all?” the guy asked.

“No. He’s gone. I just don’t want to keep doing this behind his back,” she replied.

“You sure about that? I’ve still got a morning wood on. Be a shame to let it go to waste,” the guy said.

Robert’s eyes bugged when he saw Naomi’s drop lower and widen. His pulse quickened. It was obvious the guy, whoever he was, was showing Naomi his cock. And the way she was looking at it was crushingly erotic. She stared at it for a long time. Perhaps pondering the possibility of one last time? Maybe regretting what she was giving up?

*Please just go inside.*

He was sure no normal man would have had the thought. It was all he could think about in that moment. Why did he want so badly to see her succumb to her desire?

“You’re gonna’ miss it when it’s gone,” the guy said. “One last time?”

She licked her lips and dragged her eyes back up to look at her lover. “I’m sorry I...I can’t,” she whispered, shaking her head.

Her reply only added to the confusing cocktail of emotions swirling inside Robert. He felt the urge to spring from his hiding place, wrap his arms around his beautiful Naomi and take her home to start their happily ever after. But the sinking feeling was still there. A heavy disappointment that he wouldn’t witness what he’d come here to see. He slipped back behind the wall.

He heard her turn and walk down the steps, her heels clicking along the brick. The car door opened and shut. The engine coughed to life. He listened to her drive off and only then did he hear the front door close. He sighed.

Retracing his steps he snuck back out onto the sidewalk and casually strolled down the street to where Jenny was still waiting in the car. When he got in and closed the door she opened her eyes and turned her head to look at him. “You get what you wanted out of that?” she asked.

He stared through the windshield down the street. “I’m not sure,” he said.

She didn’t respond. Reached out and pressed the ignition switch.

He leaned forward when he saw the door to the house open again. The guy stepped out and pulled it shut behind him. Robert's eyes widened. He was a young guy. Couldn't have been over twenty five. Powerful build, wearing a hoodie, shorts and flip-flops. He got into the beater parked next to the garage, turned it on and peeled out of the driveway and down the street.

Jenny pulled away from the curb and turned in the direction of her office.

## Chapter Seven

Somewhere in between the stranger's house and the parking lot in front of Jenny's office Robert realized what he had to do. He needed to set aside this bizarre fetish he'd been nursing. He had to get in his car, drive home and come clean with Naomi. He'd probably miss a few days at the office about it. He'd have to wade through the inevitable conflict and tears it would bring.

Jenny pulled into the parking lot and turned the engine off. She turned to him. "I hope that gave you some sort of closure, Mr. Lyle," she said.

It pulled him out of his deep thoughts. He smiled at her. "How much do I owe you?" he asked.

She smiled back. "I'm not going to charge you for this. I give a lot of people a lot of bad news. If I can do some good every once in a while that's its own reward. I hope you and your wife can work things out. You seem to still really love her."

"Thanks, Jenny," he said. He offered his hand and she shook it. He stepped out of the car and walked to his. Opened the door and stepped in.

His mind whirled as he drove in the direction of home. What would he say to her when he saw her? How would she react seeing him home? Would he tell her what he'd seen that morning? Somewhere in the middle of all the

questions he realized there was really only one answer to all of them. The truth. If he was going to try and start over with Naomi they'd both have to commit to being honest. He wasn't much looking forward to confronting her about her affair. Or telling her how he'd found out about it. That would probably create it's own set of headaches. But there was no way to meaningfully move forward if they couldn't lay everything out on the table first.

As he turned off of Riverside and onto their little subdivision running along West street his gaze settled on their driveway off the little cul-de-sac at the end. His eyes widened when he saw the beater that had pulled out of Naomi's lover's house right before Jenny had pulled out onto the street. On the steps in front of the open door he saw the guy who'd been driving it. Hoodie, shorts and flip flops, standing with his hand in his pockets. Every once in a while a pair of arms would appear on either side of him. Naomi gesticulating wildly, no doubt.

An instinct gripped him and he pulled the car into Bill and June's empty driveway. He turned it off and hoped Naomi hadn't seen that it was him. He turned and stared at his front door, the blood coursing hot in his veins. He knew very well what he should do. What the right thing to do was. That was to drive the remaining distance to the house, pull into the driveway and demand to know just what was going on.

There were a few problems with that. The first was he didn't want that to be the way he first broached the very sensitive subject of Naomi's cheating. Did he have a right to be upset? Of course. But he wasn't. And acting the part just to scare the guy seemed like it would do more harm than good to whatever conversation he and Naomi were going to have.

The second, far more indecent and distracting, problem was the erection that was now bulging between his legs. Was he really going to jump out of the car sporting a full bore boner to scold his wife for being a cheat?

The third issue, one he was loathe to admit to himself, was that quite a large part of him wanted to see Naomi relent. He wanted to see her step aside, glance down the street to see if anyone was watching and let her side man come inside. He entertained the depraved fantasy of sneaking through the alley behind everyone's backyards, slipping in through the back door of the house and secretly spying on Naomi's final tryst.

What would it be like to see it in front of his eyes? Not only see but hear and smell each detail of Naomi taking another man. And in their marital bed? Would she do it in their bed? How could such a betrayal be so arousing? His cock throbbed.

He turned to look sideways again and his heart felt like it was swelling in his chest. There was Naomi, standing to one side, holding the door open and nervously glancing down the street as the man slipped past her. He saw her look side to side, then saw the door close.

His body sprang into action before his mind had a second to think about it. He was jumping out of the car, stealing along the wall of Bill and June's garage. Sneaking through the fence at the back of their yard and jogging past the garbage cans that lined the alley until he was at the back of his own yard.

Getting across the yard was risky. The bedrooms were at the back of the house, the windows looking out over the expansive lawn. Was Naomi already back there with her lover, their limbs entwined? Would she casually glance out the window and see her husband running towards her? It seemed unlikely and there was no other option, really, so he just dashed out and went for it.

When he got to the back wall of the house he pressed his back up against it and took a few seconds to catch his breath. Pulled his keys out of his pocket and slipped along the wall until he came to the back door. He slipped one in and twisted the lock open. He stepped into the house and shut the door quietly behind him. He could hear their voices now, though they were too muffled to make out what they were saying. Instead of opening the door to the kitchen he made his way down the steps and into the basement.

He walked past the little bar he'd installed the previous summer and the pool table they'd bought the month previous. To the stairs that led up to the front hall. He crept up carefully avoiding the fourth from the top that sometimes squeaked if you stepped on it right. He held his breath and stayed completely still.

"You shouldn't be here," he heard Naomi say.

"You know you want it," the guy said, then started chuckling.

"Todd I'm serious," Naomi protested.



“So am I,” Todd replied. “That was pretty cold what you did back there at my house.”

“Todd I’m sorry but it’s my life and I’m just not...”

“It’s my life, too, you know?” Todd said.

Naomi went silent.

“Like I know this was just a fling or whatever and I’m just your boy-toy but...”

“You’re not just my boy-toy,” Naomi muttered.

The words crawled through Robert and twisted his insides, hardening his cock.

Todd smirked and snickered. “Hey I’m not stupid, okay? You don’t have to pretend this was anything different than it was. I had what you needed and you helped yourself. I’m okay with that. But just showing up and being like ‘oh by the way it’s over?’ That’s some pretty harsh shit, Naomi.”

Robert winced when he heard Todd use her name. So personal and intimate. So much different than the video, than seeing her use him like a dildo. No. There was something more between them. Maybe nothing too serious but there were feelings there.

“You’re not a bitch like that,” Todd said.

A silence followed. “No,” Naomi whispered. “I’m not.”

Another silence. “So let me give you a goodbye. Something to remember me by. A memory I can have of that smoking hot milf who let me fuck her the summer after I finished college.”

Robert clutched his stomach. His cock was painfully erect. Smoking hot milf who let me fuck her. There was something so utterly depraved about taking pleasure in hearing another man say that about his wife.

“Fine,” Naomi whispered.

Robert clapped a hand over his mouth to stifle a groan.

“No,” Todd said. “Not like that. I’m not fucking you when you’re all mopey like that. You either want it or you don’t. And if you want it, act like it. Or I’m walking out of here and leaving a bad taste about this whole thing in both of our mouths.”

Another excruciating silence. Robert could sense the tension in the hallway through the door.

“Okay. Fine. You’re right.”

“Okay fine what?” Todd demanded.

“I...I want it,” Naomi said.

“Show me.”

A vise tightened around Robert’s stomach. He couldn’t stand not seeing it any more. His body was screaming for actual, visual evidence of Naomi’s adultery. He gripped the doorknob tight and turned it so very slowly. Eased the door open so that the smallest sliver of light was shining in from the kitchen. He got down on one knee on the top step and peered through the slit. He drew in a slow, quiet breath at what he saw.

Naomi was standing in front of Todd with her head lowered, arms at her sides. Todd’s thick, heavy cock was sagging out over the top of his shorts pointed at her feet. He had one thumb hooked in the elastic of his shorts, the other arm at his side. He was staring at her, waiting for her to act.

An erotic tremor rippled through Robert when she raised her hands and lifted the head of Todd's cock with one. The other she placed over top, stroking the phallus like she was petting an animal. The hungry look in her eye, laced with guilt, engorged his organ further.

Todd raised his hand and put a finger under her chin. "What's the matter?" he asked, his voice surprisingly tender and quiet.

Naomi turned her eyes away from his. "I...I want it," she said quietly. "But this is my house. This is our house. Me and my husband. We live here."

"Hey," Todd said, turning her chin to look into her eyes again. "Your husband, what's his name again?"

"Robert," Naomi whispered.

A shiver raced down Robert's back. Hearing her say his name, being drawn into the erotic game she was playing with Todd, was deeply arousing.

"Robert," Todd said. "Does Robert want you to be happy?"

She looked up at him and nodded.

One corner of Todd's mouth turned up in a half-smile. "What's gonna' make you happy?" he asked.

Naomi's lips parted. Her eyes fell to her hand, still stroking the cock that was now half-hard. "This cock," she whispered.

Robert's hand shot to his groin. He squeezed the head of his cock, feeling like he was going to orgasm just from watching the scene play out.

"That's better," Todd said, nodding. His hand fell from Naomi's chin to the root of his prick. He wrapped his muscular fist around it and gave it a shake. "Come on, babe. Help yourself to some happiness," he said.

Naomi sighed. She let her hands fall to her sides. Looked up into Todd's eyes and bit down on her lower lip. She raised one foot and pressed the heel against the toe of the other. Slowly slipped the high-heeled shoe off before doing the same with the other. Pressing her hands against Todd's chest, she bent her knees, hands sliding down his body for support as she lowered herself to kneel before him.

Robert's mind snapped a picture he was sure he was going to remember for the rest of his life. Naomi kneeling, hands in her lap, looking up at the hard phallus standing proudly erect just above her forehead. Ready to say goodbye to her lover with one final act of infidelity.

Todd gave his prick a shake. "Help yourself," he said, smirking.

It should have been horrible. It should have been an excruciating, gut-wrenching thing to witness. Every man's worst nightmare playing out right in front of his eyes. His wife, who he'd trusted, who he'd believed was loyal and faithful, ready to take another man's cock into her mouth. Perhaps it was horrible. It certainly felt excruciating in his guts. What made it bearable was how helpless she looked. She obviously felt very guilty. It was all over her expression and in her eyes. That cushioned his jealousy at her betrayal. But it was the fact that she was surrendering to some part of herself she seemed to have very little control over.

She'd tried to control it by going to Todd's place that morning and breaking up with him. He'd shown her the cock. Her resolve had faltered.

Robert had witnessed that. He hadn't expected it to lead to this.

Here Todd had only to take out his cock and give his little sermon about saying goodbye and she was on her knees in front of him ready to ease her own guilt about how she'd handled things. Naomi seemed to have a weakness. Cock. That would have been terrible, too. Except the moment she'd started getting enough of it at home she'd run back to her side-guy and tried to cut him off.

Robert again had his own guilty realization. He could have prevented all of this feeding her the cock two or three times a week. He felt incredibly foolish in that moment. He had a beautiful wife who craved sex and he'd neglected her. Even after she'd begged him he'd put his work first. To the point where she'd gone out and found a cock to fuck her even though there was obviously no great emotional attachment to it.

It was her desire that really got his juices flowing. He'd loved her and provided for her. But because she was so lovely and kind and maternal when she needed to be it hadn't even occurred to him that this carnal desire could flow so deeply inside of her. How did something so pretty need something so dirty?

His eyes widened and he held his breath as her mouth fell open.

She looked up at Todd and stuck her tongue out ready to receive his unholy sacrament.

Todd smirked. Looking so cocksure that he had just what Naomi needed. He pointed the head of his prick at her mouth. Pressed the underside of the head against her tongue and slid it back and forth. After a few glides he stepped forward, sliding half his shout into her mouth.

Naomi closed her eyes and groaned.

Robert nearly groaned with her. Was it really that satisfying? Did she really get off that much on sucking cock? What an idiot he'd been. He watched her cheeks hollow and her jaw move up and down, a look of contentment on her face as she suckled on Todd's thick organ.

Todd cupped her chin with his hand.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

“Happy now?” he asked.

Her eyelids fluttered and then she gave two slow nods.

Robert felt like his testicles were about to explode.

Todd swayed back and forth. Staring at Naomi’s pretty mouth and his prick sliding in and out. Smiling at how obediently she was letting him fuck her face.

She kept her hands in her lap and stared up at Todd.

Robert couldn’t stand it any more. As quietly as he could he pulled his zipper down. Pulled his own cock out of his pants and started stroking. Another man is fucking my wife’s mouth. The thought turned over and over in his mind. He brought himself to the edge of an orgasm then gripped his cock and staved it off. Did this three times until he saw the vein in Todd’s temple start twitching.

Todd pulled Naomi’s chin up higher. He pulled his cock out of her mouth with a wet pop. It was flushed bright red and throbbing. He nodded at



Naomi.

As if on cue she stuck her tongue out and stared up at him.

Bending one knee he jerked the head of his cock a few inches above her face. Gaspd, then grunted. A spurt of sperm shot out of his prick. It splattered across Naomi's face and tongue.

She flinched but quickly resumed her submissive pose.

He pointed lower, spraying the second squirt onto her blouse, across her tits.

Naomi closed her eyes and it drove Robert wild.

A third burst caught her cheek and forehead. She turned her head the other way.

Robert's cheeks puffed. An orgasm ballooned inside him, cum flowing and shooting out of his prick. Splattering on the door and the carpet and his pants. Oozing out onto his hand as his mind was dosed with a pleasure so hot he nearly fell backwards down the stairs. He pressed a hand against the wall and let out a shuddering breath.

Todd jerked out the last pulse of his load onto the other cheek and groaned. Standing up straight he shook his cock out, sending the last few flecks of ejaculate splattering along her chin. He tucked his cock back into his shorts. Reaching down he took both her hands and helped her stand. Stood there for a while staring at her cum-stained face, admiring his handiwork.

Naomi opened her eyes. “Okay,” she said. “Goodbye.”

Todd smirked. “Ha ha. Yeah, no,” he said, shaking his head.

Naomi furrowed her brow. “What do you mean no?” she asked.

“I mean when you’re done, when you’re filled and finished and you really mean goodbye? You tell me to get out. Until you can say that, you’re mine.”

Todd’s proclamation sent another shiver down Robert’s back. He eyed Naomi, who was looking at the ground again, semen dripping from her chin to her blouse. “Get upstairs and into bed. I’m getting us some drinks,” Todd said. He disappeared into the kitchen.

Robert watched Naomi stand there for a minute or so. Finally she sighed, lowered her head and shuffled towards the stairs. He shuddered at the realization that he was about to get a whole lot more of his fantasy than he’d first thought.

## Chapter Eight

After Todd followed Naomi up the stairs carrying two colas with ice, Robert quietly closed the door and slipped down to the basement. He paced back and forth, hand on his forehead, trying to figure out what to do.

Watching Naomi blow Todd had been exquisitely hot. But how much more of this was he going to take? More importantly, what was he going to tell Naomi when this was all over? Would he really be able to tell her the truth? That he'd lied to her and lurked in their house creeping on her fucking her lover?

He spun circles around this question in his mind until he heard her moan from the second floor. He gasped, stood perfectly still and held his breath.

“Oh fuck!”

His stomach twisted in on itself again. His cock, completely flaccid after the intense orgasm, began to rise and harden. A slight panic gripped him. He contemplated slipping out the back door, running back to the car and getting a hotel to get away from this erotic horror show.

Again his body acted before his mind could make itself up. He found himself mounting the basement steps two at a time. Tiptoeing through the hall and up the steps to the second floor. His guts started churning when he

realized they were in the master bedroom. Their bedroom. His and Naomi's. She was getting fucked in their marital bed by her lover, Todd.

He crept along the wall, head turned, until he could see a sliver of the large mirror hanging over the vanity opposite the bed. The reflected image took the wind out of his lungs.

Naomi was naked and on her knees in between Todd's legs. Todd was seated on the bed. He, too, was naked. He was leaning back on one hand. His other hand held Naomi's hair back in a ponytail. Her mouth was stuffed with half of his cock and Todd was moving her head up and down on it.

A hot pulse of jealous lust shot through Robert. A part of him couldn't believe Naomi could do something like this. Bring a man into their marital bed and suck his cock there. But his mind recalled all the times she'd tried to initiate sex only to be rejected. How he'd told her he was too tired, or his mind too preoccupied with work, to satisfy her.

He hadn't thought it was a big deal at the time. He'd always been under the impression that women didn't need sex the way men did. Sure, maybe they got horny when they were young but after a certain age? Watching Naomi nursing on Todd's thick dick shattered that delusion completely.

When his dick was fully hard Todd pulled her face off of it. Long ropes of sticky saliva hung between it and her lips. He pulled her hair, tilting her eyes up to his, and grinned. "Ready for a ride?" he asked. He let go of her hair and leaned back with both hands on the bed.

Naomi eyed the cock she'd just sucked back to life and shook her head. "We shouldn't be doing this," she whispered.

A pleasant warm feeling filled Robert at hearing that. It reassured him that he and Naomi still had a future together. She knew this was wrong. She still looked like she felt very guilty about it. It was also kind of hot that she was so horny she couldn't help but succumb to the temptation of Todd's prick.

"You want me to get out?" Todd asked, wearing the same smug grin. He was an attractive guy but that smile made his face incredibly punchable.

Naomi turned her eyes down towards the ground. She thought for a few moments, then shook her head.

"That's what I thought," Todd said. He laid down on his back, legs still hanging over the edge of the bed, and put his hands behind his head. "So? Get up and get riding, cowgirl," he said.

Naomi paused another moment. She put her hands on his knees and stood up. Stepped up onto the bed with one foot, then the other. Squatted down over him positioning her pussy right over his prick.

"Other way," Todd said, spinning a finger in the air.

Naomi scowled but did as he asked. She turned around so her ass was to him and squatted down again. Reached between her legs and grabbed his prick. Slid it along her slit and pressed the head against her entrance. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, her lips forming a tight line.

Robert would have paid a lot of money to know what was running through her mind in that moment. Was she wondering if she'd regret fucking Todd in their bed? Was she already contemplating how guilty she'd feel once he was gone? Once the fun was over, the feeling between her legs gone?

Somehow that made watching her slide down over that monster cock even hotter. Watching her guilty expression fade, a look of pained lust taking its place. Her pussy smacked and squished as she worked to stuff Todd's cock into it. She twisted her torso and rearranged her legs, moving side to side and pressing a hand against her belly as he filled her. It was obviously an effort to fit the fat cock inside herself.

Robert felt his own cock harden as he watched his pretty wife doing such a nasty thing.

She huffed out a sigh as she finally settled onto Todd's lap, the entire length of his cock jammed deep inside her pussy. She bent forward and put her hands on his knees. Slid halfway off his prick then back down again. She groaned as it filled her.

Todd raised a hand and brought it down on her ass cheek with a loud smack.

Naomi gasped, her back arching from the impact. She held her body still. Her rounded ass made the perfect target for another slap.

Todd spanked her, gripped her ass cheek and shook it. “Come on, babe. Ride,” he said, jiggling her ass again.

Naomi dragged her foot up against his thigh. Did the same with the other. She got back up into a dirty squat, her tits sagging beneath her chest. She raised her ass and brought it down on his lap with a light slap. The muscles in her thighs flexed as she started twerking. Stimulating Todd’s cock and her own pleasure receptors as she rubbed her clit back and forth across it.

“Fuck that’s a nice view,” Todd growled, staring at her ass. He brought his hand to his mouth and stuck his middle finger in. Moved it back and forth a few times before pulling it out.

Naomi had her eyes closed. Her mouth was open and she was panting from the exertion of doing squats over Todd’s lap with his cock inside her. She gasped and her eyes flew open as she felt the tip of his finger press against her sphincter. She froze in mid-air above his lap and her hand shot back to his wrist. “Todd, don’t,” she muttered, glancing over her shoulder. She looked deeply embarrassed.

Todd grinned but kept his finger in place. “Come on, Naomi. Why you have to be like this?”

“I just don’t do that,” she said, her brow furrowing in irritation.

Todd sat up. He reached around with his other hand and palmed her tit. Squeezed it a few times and kissed the nape of her neck. "I know you want it," he whispered.

Naomi shook her head.

Robert realized his jaw had gone slack at what he was seeing. Naomi had never been into anal and that was fine by him. Seeing this young stud trying to talk her into it was scorching hot.

"Babe," Todd whispered. He leaned over to look at Naomi from the side. "Your whole body's fucking screaming for it any time I touch you there. What are you afraid of? You're being so stubborn about this," he said, chuckling.

Naomi's eyes darted around the room and she got a panicked look on her face. "Oh my god you shouldn't even be here!" she said, her voice shaking. Todd trying to fuck his finger into her ass had obviously pulled her out of the moment and flooded her with guilt.

Robert got ready to bolt into the guest room, convinced she was going to freak out.

"Hey, hey! Shh. It's okay. It's alright," Todd said, rubbing her arm to soothe her. "You're alright. Nothing bad's gonna' happen. He's never gonna' know



I was even here. Just relax,” he whispered.

Naomi calmed down. She relaxed her thighs and sat her ass down on his lap. His cock sank fully into her.

It gave Robert a clear view of her pussy. The tight, pretty folds stretched wide by the mass of Todd’s hard flesh. Her clit engorged and red, poking straight out from between her glistening labia.

Todd tucked his hand between her legs. He found her clit with his finger and started rubbing it.

Naomi’s eyes rolled back into her head. She leaned back, pressing her back against his chest, her legs falling a part a little wider.

Todd stuck his middle finger into his mouth and sucked on it. He lowered it behind her as he applied more pressure to her clit. “I’m gonna’ put it in, babe,” he whispered.

Naomi mewled and gave her head a weird shake-nod.

“I’m gonna’ put it into your asshole and make you come, okay? Todd’s gonna’ make you feel so good. You’re gonna’ come with my big cock up in your pussy. You ready? You ready?”

Robert's erection was throbbing. He could feel pre-cum oozing out the tip, soaking his underwear. He'd never seen or imagined anything so arousing as watching Naomi so deliciously used. The fact that she was cheating on him, that she'd been having an affair, faded into a distant part of his mind. He didn't care about that any more. His one regret was that he couldn't tell her to relax and enjoy herself. He could see the pangs of guilt on her face each time she had one and it made him feel terrible. If she could only know how much this was turning him on. How watching her in such pleasure was making him fall deeply back in love with her.

Todd's finger was making slick, wet sounds between her legs as he spun it. He pressed his other finger against her ass hole.

Naomi's body shook on his lap. Then she tensed, her brow furrowing.

"You gotta' relax, babe," Todd whispered. "Can you do that? Can you relax for me?"

Naomi scowled but quickly slipped back into her sexual trance. She relaxed her body. She raised her arm up over her head and wrapped it around the back of Todd's neck.

Todd smiled. He pushed his middle finger halfway into her ass and held it there.

Naomi let out a high warble. Her hips started moving back and forth. She ground her clit against Todd's finger.

Todd was looking at her from the side. Grinning as he watched her face contort from his manipulations. His hand moved behind her, slowly pulling his finger in and out of her ass. "There you go," he whispered. "See? I told you it would feel good. It feels so good, doesn't it?"

Naomi nodded her head. She was totally lost in her bliss. Her body shifted and twisted as Todd's finger spun faster over her clit. Her knees waved in and out and her mouth opened and closed.

Todd fucked her ass a little faster. The muscles in his forearm flexed as he crooked his finger inside Naomi's anus.

Naomi's hand shot to her pelvis. "Oh god," she whimpered. "I think I have to pee?"

Todd started chuckling. "You don't have to pee, babe. That's an orgasm but not like you've had before. Watch this," he whispered. He expertly tucked his hips back. His cock slithered out of Naomi's sopping pussy.

A moment later her body started to spasm.

Todd flicked her clit with all of his fingers.

She shrieked and her hips bucked forward. A plume of clear liquid shot out of her. It arced through the air and splattered all over the carpet. More liquid gushed out of her, slathering Todd's rigid prick.

He grinned as he helped her through her first squirting orgasm.

Robert could barely believe what he was seeing. He'd certainly never made her come like that. Funny thing was he felt absolutely no animosity towards Todd any more, or Naomi. Sure they were cheating. But any man that could make Naomi feel like that deserved a clap on the back and not a punch in the face.

Todd kept flicking at her clit until her body went limp on his lap. He leaned in and kissed her cheek, then pulled his finger out of her ass. "See? I told you. I told you you were gonna' feel so good. Fuck I love doing that to you. You're tired now, huh? Feeling sleepy?"

Naomi gave a few ragged nods.

"Todd's gonna' do all the work. You just relax." He rolled her sideways off his body and onto her back on the bed. He stood up and grabbed her ankles. Yanked her until her ass was nearly hanging over the edge of the bed. He pressed his prick into her soaked pussy and squeezed the shaft all the way in until his testicles bounced against her ass.

Naomi groaned and twisted on the bed.

Todd held her feet high in the air and started at his prick going in and out of her. “You just relax, babe,” he said. “Todd’s gonna’ do all the work.” His hips bucked faster and harder, the force of his thrusts shaking the bed and making Naomi moan. He spread her legs wide open, obviously getting off on using her like a doll.

The sight nearly caused Robert to shoot his wad. His beautiful Naomi getting utterly destroyed on their bed by this gentleman of a stud who’d had the courtesy to make her come before using her body.

Todd’s ass muscles flexed as he fucked her hard and deep. He threw his head back and drove his cock in to the hilt. His nuts tightened up and the root of it started to flex as he unloaded into her. “Oh fuck yeah,” he grunted.

Naomi thrashed on the bed, his seed delivery triggering another climax.

Robert felt like he was stretching his luck thin by lingering any longer. He tiptoed away from the door and down the stairs to the sounds of Naomi and Todd finishing their shared climax.

## Chapter Nine

Robert sat cross-legged in the small crawlspace behind the water heater. He'd retreated back to the basement thinking that Todd would be on his way after fucking Naomi. Three hours later and there was no sign of him leaving. He'd heard movement in the kitchen upstairs. Heard Todd's low, rumbling voice and Naomi's soft soprano answer it. So he sat marinating in a stew of jealous angst and arousal trying to think of what to do next.

Leaving the house was out of the question. Not for fear of getting caught, though. He just couldn't imagine tearing himself away if there was any possibility of a repeat of what he'd seen that morning.

When he heard footsteps above him in the kitchen again he crawled out of his hiding hole and up the stairs to listen at the door. He saw Naomi's tiny bare feet pad past the door to the basement, then Todd's much larger ones followed. His stomach clenched at the thought that they were walking around his house naked.

"You should go," he heard Naomi say.

"So tell me to get out," Todd replied.

Robert could hear the smirk in his voice. That hot feeling washed over him again. Flaring hotter each moment Naomi couldn't bring herself to kick her lover out.

“This is so wrong,” she muttered.

“I want to fuck you again,” Todd said quietly.

Naomi tsked and sighed.

Robert’s chest tightened.

“Come on. Look my cock’s getting hard. You’re so fucking beautiful.”

“Don’t. Don’t say that,” Naomi scolded.

“Why not? It’s true.”

“This is just about sex, Todd. If you keep talking like that I really will tell you to get out. I mean it. Cut it out.”

Hearing her put it like that was oddly soothing to Robert. It reaffirmed what he’d suspected. He hadn’t felt terribly threatened by Todd. Not even when he’d first found out from Jenny about Naomi’s cheating. Hearing her snap

at him laid to rest any fear that may have lingered in his mind. Naomi was his. She was just using Todd for sex.

“Alright, alright,” Todd replied, sounding defensive. “Let me fuck you then. Come on. I’ll do it the way you like.”

A shiver passed through Robert. The way she liked? When was the last time he’d said something like that to his wife? No wonder she was getting it from Todd. The guy was an animal and a considerate lover at the same time.

“Oh okay, fine,” Naomi relented.

Robert saw their feet traipse past the door. Close enough that he knew Todd probably had his big arms around Naomi. Maybe playing with her breasts as they walked up the stairs. He vowed to himself that he’d give her a day like this at least once a month. Walking around the house naked. Endless rounds of sex. Maybe some takeout. Just thinking about it made him smile.

He eased the door open again and walked across the hallway. Climbed the stairs and slid along the wall again until he could see the bed reflected in the mirror.

Naomi was on her knees on the bed, her legs folded thighs to calves so she was sitting on her feet. Her back was arched and she had her fists on the bed.



Todd was behind her. His long, thick cock already gliding into her pussy. He had one hand on the small of her back, the other fondling her breast. His eyes roamed her curved body as he penetrated into her.

“Oh god that feels amazing,” Naomi groaned as the entire length of his cock sank into her pussy.

Todd leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. Leaning closer he turned her head and tried to kiss her lips.

She turned her head the other way. “No kissing,” she whispered.

Todd moved away from her. He looked down at her ass, her back hole neatly displayed between her round ass cheeks as he plied her cunt with his cock. “You know this is a great position for anal,” he said, kissing her shoulder.

She shook her head. “I’m not letting you do that,” she said. “My husband doesn’t even get to do that.”

Hearing her say the words my husband while having another man’s cock inside her felt like someone taking a hand saw to his insides. He flinched when Todd spat on Naomi’s ass and pressed his thumb against her wet hole.

“Todd,” she moaned.

Todd crooked his thumb and tucked it into her. Using it as a hook he raised her ass a little higher, pressing down on it with his other hand.

Naomi's toes splayed and she wiggled her feet underneath her ass. "Oh my goooooood!" she moaned as Todd rocked back and forth in and out of her.

He leaned over her and his hand slid off her back and in between her legs.

Robert heard the wet sounds of her clit getting flicked again.

"You ever have two guys inside you?" Todd whispered.

"Mmfffh..." Naomi grunted.

Todd was working his thumb in and out of her back hole. He pushed her back and forth harder, the momentum making her cunt glide over his hard cock and the bed shake. "You're so fucking tight it would feel so amazing. If you want I can call my buddy Shawn and see if he wants to..."

Naomi's hand shot up, shutting down Todd's proposal. "Just stick to fucking me please?" she panted. She closed her eyes and squeezed her breast, then let the hand fall to Todd's thigh. It made her body twist slightly to the side, giving Robert a perfect view of her breasts.

He'd jerked off twice in the basement, to his shame. Orgasming alone in the basement while another man fucked his wife in the bedroom had been a peculiar flavor of pleasure. Now he found himself hardening again watching Todd plow into Naomi and fuck her back hole with his thumb.

"Oh god," Naomi groaned, pressing her hand against her abdomen. "It's that feeling again."

"That feeling?" Todd asked, smiling at her.

"Like I have to pee. I don't want to get the bed all wet," she whimpered.

Todd smiled wider, no doubt pleased that his efforts were so effective. He fucked his thumb deeper into her, keeping her body swaying back and forth over his cock.

"Oh...oh...oh!" Naomi panted. She rubbed her hand up her belly and across her breasts. She rubbed it over the back of her neck and over her face, pleasure overwhelming her. She pressed two fingers into her mouth and fucked them in and out. She threw her head back and shrieked.

Todd's cock slipped out of her like a slimy eel. He kept his fingers on her clit and his thumb in her ass.

Naomi planted her fists on the bed. Her face pinched and she screamed as wet gushed out of her, soaking the sheets.

“Oh yeah,” Todd growled, grinning. “You fucking come all over the bed.”

Naomi’s body started shaking.

Todd tipped his hips forward and stuffed his cock back into her.

Her eyes popped open wide as he slid in. She bent forward, then rocked back taking all of him into herself. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she shook as another orgasm tore through her.

Todd diligently serviced her with his cock and fingers until her shoulders sagged and she slumped forward. Pulling his thumb out of her ass he slid his hand up her back and pressed her face against the pillows. Kept her legs tucked under her thighs with her ass sticking up in the air and put both hands on her hips. Started drilling into her hard, his testicles slapping against her saturated pubic hair.

Robert watched the reflection of her ass hole winking at him in the mirror. Tensing each time Todd drilled into her and relaxing as he pulled out. It meant her entire pelvic floor was probably contracting. Sending more pleasure shooting through her and most likely driving her towards yet another climax. He knew he was pushing his luck again continuing to stand there. He couldn’t help himself. The view was too dirty. Too profane. It would have been wrong to look away.

Todd started to get sweaty. His lips twisted into a half-grin as he stared at Naomi's asshole, an intense look of concentration on his face. He pumped her ass back and forth, rubbing her greasy pussy over his thick prick until he grunted and the root started pumping again. He pulled her body backwards, driving his cock deep into her vagina and holding it there.

Robert's vision got a little fuzzy around the edges. A warmth crept down the back of his neck. His cock throbbed between his legs. There was something very primal about seeing another man depositing his seed into Naomi. An arousal that tickled and pinched him at the same time. From the tip of his own prick to the base of his animal brain. Watching that muscle flex, knowing it was sending gush after gush of hot ejaculate into Naomi was profoundly thrilling. Knowing the sperm would linger there for days. Knowing she still carried the morning's deposit inside herself. It made the skin on the back of his neck and spine prickle.

Todd let out a deep, satisfied groan. The muscles in his arms and shoulders relaxed. He slumped back onto his haunches. His cock fell out of Naomi, followed by a gush of the semen he'd blasted into her. He slapped her ass and shimmied backwards on the bed.

Robert snapped out of his trance as Todd stood up. He slid backwards along the wall a moment before Todd turned towards the door. He slipped into the guest bedroom as quietly as he could and hid behind the door, not wanting to close it in case either of them noticed the change.

"How about I get us something to eat?" Todd asked.

Naomi groaned. “No. No, no, no, no. We can’t do that. This is just about the sex. This is just because Robert...oh god! Robert,” she moaned.

It touched Robert deeply. He could hear in her voice that she was racked with guilt. He heard Todd whispering, consoling her again. Probably cradling her in his arms as he convinced her to let him get some food so he could fuck her again after. It took all of a minute before he was walking out of the bedroom putting his shirt on. “I’ll be back in fifteen or twenty. Don’t you shower. I want you dirty!” He thudded down the stairs, his flip-flops smacking against his feet and walked out the front door, slamming it behind him.

When he heard Naomi moan again Robert knew what he had to do.

## Chapter Ten

He had no real plan or idea of what he was going to do or say. He just knew he had to do or say something. He'd never been so aroused as he was in that moment. He'd never experienced such a sexual thrill. He needed to set Naomi free. Needed to know she was enjoying herself as much as he was enjoying watching her. He walked out of the guest and towards the master bedroom door. He paused just in front of it, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Took a step forward and looked towards the bed.

An incredible rush of hot arousal washed over him. Naomi was on her back with her eyes closed. Her breasts were bare. There was a thin wisp of sheet lying across her stomach. Her legs were splayed like she was ready for an obstetric examination. Her furry pubes were matted with sweat and the clear ejaculate she'd spurted from Todd's fondling. The normally tight gash of her pussy was stretched into a pear-shaped hole. Todd's creamy emission oozed out of it, dripping down the crack of her ass and clumping on the wet sheets beneath her.

Robert felt like he could have stared at her forever. He closed his mouth and swallowed. "Naomi," he whispered.

Her eyes opened and, for a moment, her body went perfectly still.

He saw the moment the electrical signal hit the right part of her brain. Her eyes shot open wider. She shot up to sit on the bed, pulling sheets over herself. Closing her legs and scrambling up against the headboard. Covering her chest and huddling into a ball against the sight of her husband

standing in the bedroom door and staring at her betrayal. “Robert,” she gasped. Her brow arched and she covered her mouth with a hand. “Robert,” she said again.

He held both hands up. Waited for a moment to pass. For her brain to organize what was happening. For her to comprehend that it was really him and that he’d seen what he’d seen.

“Robert?” she said, her voice pleading.

“Everything is okay,” he said.

She looked down at her breasts. Down between her legs where the evidence of her adultery was still leaking out of her and darkening the white sheet she’d grabbed to cover herself. When she looked up at him again her face contorted in pain and she let out a sob. “Oh god, Robert!” she said, folding down onto the bed.

He couldn’t stand another moment of watching her like that. He walked briskly to the bed and sat down. Put a hand on her back and started rubbing, whispering “okay, okay. It’s okay. Everything’s going to be okay.”

After a minute of sobbing the worst of her grief seemed to ease. She looked up at him, looking like she still didn’t believe it was him sitting there next to her. She shook her head. “What have I done? What have I done?” she whispered.



He pulled her by the shoulders and made her sit up straight. Brushed the sweaty hair from her face, leaned in and kissed her gently on the lips. Gazed into her eyes and let himself smile a little.

“You’re still here?” she whispered.

“I’m still here,” he replied. “And I’m not going anywhere.”

She shook her head, obviously stunned that he was there and smiling and not throwing a fit. Not storming out of the house on the phone with his lawyer. She shook her head again. “What is happening?” she asked

He took a deep breath and wished he’d given more thought to how he was going to say what needed to be said.

Her lip started to tremble. “Do you hate me?” she whimpered.

He shook his head and rubbed his hand on her arm. “I don’t hate you. I don’t hate you, I love you. I’m not mad. I won’t ever be mad. But I’m never taking you for granted again.”

She stared at him blankly. “You forgive me?” she said, her voice just a breath.

“I forgive you.”

After a still moment she threw her hands around his neck and burst into sobs again.

He held her as long as he could before he started getting nervous that Todd would come back and find him there. He eased her gently away and looked straight into her eyes.

She shook her head again and started trying to scramble out of the bed. “He’s coming back. He’s coming back. He’s coming back,” she chanted. “I’ll tell him to leave. I’m so sorry. I’ll tell him to leave.”

He put his hands on her shoulders to calm her down again. “Look at me. Look right at me.” He smiled when she did. “There’s...so much to say. I don’t know where to start. And I don’t know how to make you understand this next part. So just listen, please?”

She gave two slow nods.

“I don’t want you to tell him to leave,” he whispered.

She furrowed her brow.

“I know that sounds crazy. What I’m about to say is going to sound crazy, too. I want you to trust me. Okay?”

She nodded once this time.

“I saw everything. I’ve been here all day. I’ll tell you all about that later. We’ll hash this all out later. Look at me.” He picked up her hand by the wrist and brought it to his rigid cock.

She blinked and stared as she ran her the tips of her fingers along the ridge of his penis.

“I’ve never seen you look more beautiful than you did today.”

She gasped and her eyes widened.

“When he was making love to you...”

“We weren’t making love,” she countered quickly, turning her eyes to the bed and shaking her head. “We were having sex. You and I make love,” she said quietly.

“When he was fucking you,” he growled, lust rising through him. “Naomi I loved seeing you like that. The only thing I hated was knowing you felt guilty. I saw it all over your face. I want you to do something for me.”

She nodded again.

“I want you to let go. Let go of that guilt and enjoy yourself.”

Her eyes widened in shock.

“I told you it was going to sound crazy,” he said, smiling. “But I really, really want it. I want it for me. But I want it for you even more. I want to see you fucking him like that without any of the guilt. Can you...do you think you can do that for me?”

She sat on the bed staring at him.

He could tell her mind was working. Putting pieces together. Trying to figure out if she could do this for him. He knew there was nothing he could say to help her. All he could do was wait and hope she got to where she needed to be before Todd got back with the food.

“You’re not mad,” she said after an incredibly long silence.

“I’m definitely not mad,” he replied.

“I cheated on you, Robert,” she pointed out.

“And we can sort all of that out later. You want to make it up to me? Do what I’m asking. It’ll make me the happiest man alive. I swear it.”

She stared and stared, her head tilted to one side as she weighed his words. Finally, she nodded. “I think I can do it,” she whispered.

He smiled, leaned forward and kissed her forehead. He pressed his cheek to hers. “Naomi?”

“Hmm?”

“Make it dirty.”

## Chapter Eleven

Naomi surprised him when she bounced off the bed scrambled over to the walk-in closet. She pulled the two sliding doors open, looked over her shoulder at him and waved for him to come join her.

His eyes widened as he stood and a smile started to form on his mouth. He watched her pull the small dressing chair out from the corner of the closet and arrange it at the center of the space. “What are you doing?” he asked.

She walked up to him, pressed her hands against his chest, got up on her toes and kissed him on the lips. “I’m giving you a front row seat. If that’s... what you want?” she asked. She seemed a little hesitant. Like she might be worried he’d reject the idea.

His smile widened and he shook his head in disbelief at how enthusiastically she was embracing his request. “You’re unbelievable,” he whispered.

She gazed into his eyes, her naked body pressed against him. “Robert?” she asked.

“What is it?”

“This is making me nervous,” she said.

“Why?” he asked, caressing her cheek with the backs of his fingers.

“It’s...it’s like I’m going to be performing for you or something,” she whispered.

The thought inflamed his passion. It was going to be like that and he only realized then that was what he really wanted. He wanted his beautiful wife, knowing he was there, to put on a dirty, sexual show for him. His own private porno. Watching her without her knowing had been hot. Watching her while she acted out his fantasy for him was going to be life-changing. He could feel it deep in his balls. He didn’t want her to be nervous, though. He really did just want her to let go and surrender to the thrill of being with another man without any inhibitions. “Don’t be nervous. Don’t worry about performing. Just be yourself. Pretend that I’m not here, if that’s what you want.”

“That’s not what I want,” she whispered. Her hand fell to his waist. Her fingers grazed the outline of his hard cock in his pants. She bit her lip. Took his hand and pulled it between her legs. “I’m getting turned on by this,” she said.

When she pressed his fingers against her pussy folds he felt her hot, sticky sap already dripping out of her. “God I can’t wait to fuck you,” he said. He put a hand on the back of her neck and pulled her into a deep kiss.

The door slammed downstairs.

She gasped and her eyes flew open. She pulled away and walked a few steps backwards out of the closet. Pulled the sliding doors shut leaving just a crack for him to stare through. She threw herself onto the bed and tossed a sheet over her body just as the sound of flip-flops rounded the corner.

“Cheeseburgers and fries!” Todd shouted, holding a paper bag above his head and grinning.

Naomi eyed him with a sultry stare. She let the sheet slip down off of one breast, exposing her erect nipple. Then she pulled it up off her legs and let them fall apart, showing him her dense bush and snatch. “I’m not that kind of hungry,” she said.

Todd’s eyes widened and fell to her pussy. He looked up into hers. “Holy shit,” he said, quietly. “What the hell happened to you while I was gone.”

She lifted a hand and crooked her finger slowly three times.

Todd tossed the paper bag with the burgers onto the vanity. He kicked off his flip-flops, tugged his hoodie and shirt off over his head and pulled his shorts and underwear down his legs. Stepping out of them he walked to the bed, rubbing his cock to life. He got onto his hands and knees and started crawling towards her, grinning.



When his face was above her stomach she stretched out a hand and pressed it against the top of his head, stopping him in his tracks.

“What gives?” he asked, looking a little puzzled.

She glanced down at her pussy, then looked back up at him. “Eat,” she whispered.

The softly spoken word sent a thrill racing down Robert’s back. It made him realize how hot it was getting in the closet already. Staying as still as possible, he unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall off his shoulders onto the floor. He undid his belt, wrapping his hand around the buckle so it would clatter. He pulled it out of his pants and carefully lowered it to the floor. Undoing his pants he pulled them down his legs, then padded over to the chair she’d set up and sat down.

Out on the bed Todd glanced down at her pussy. “That’s so nasty,” he said, before a smile curled one corner of his mouth.

“You said you wanted me dirty,” Naomi said.

Todd smirked. Staring into her eyes he lowered himself between her legs then buried his mouth in the thicket of pubic hair surrounding her pussy.

She dragged in a slow breath as his jaw started moving between her legs.

Todd reached up and squeezed her breast with his hand.

Her head rolled to one side, her eyes looking straight at the crack between the closet doors.

Robert's vision narrowed, focusing entirely on her gaze. In the periphery of his vision he saw her hand fall back down to Todd's head. He saw her fingers tighten around his hair. He saw her leg rise up and wrap around his neck, drawing his mouth in tighter to her sex. What aroused him most was the lust in her eyes. Lust for the man feeding on her pussy. Beneath that lust he saw love coursing and he knew that love was for him. He put a hand over his cock and squeezed it, biting down on the inside of his cheek to keep from groaning.

Naomi unwrapped her leg from around Todd's neck. She pulled him up by the hair.

He was panting and his mouth was soaked with spit and her wet. He grinned at her and started crawling up her body.

She stopped him with a hand on his chest. Rolled over onto her stomach and got up on her hands and knees facing the closet.

Todd shuffled around her, his cock hard from feeding on her. He spat into the palm of his hand and rubbed the head of his prick, then pressed it

against her.

Naomi gasped. She was staring straight at Robert. She drew in a slow breath as Todd entered her from behind. Her body bucked forward, breasts swaying as Todd impaled her with his hard prick. She bit down on her lip, then smiled as Todd started to fuck her.

That smile, and knowing it was for him, drove Robert wild. He tucked his hand into his underwear and wrapped it around his cock. Seeing his wife getting fucked from behind, knowing she knew he was there, made his entire body hum with sexual energy.

He thought of what it would be like to fuck her again when this was all over. What it was going to be like to sink into her pussy, knowing it had been used by another man. It had been incredibly arousing after he'd watched the videos. Would seeing it in real life make it different?

Todd spat on her ass and hooked his thumb back into her.

Naomi moaned and arched her back. She kept her eyes on the closet. On her husband lurking in the shadows and jerking himself off to the sight of her taking another man's cock.

Todd reached up with his other hand. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and tugged her head back so her chin was jutting out towards Robert. He started fucking her harder. Riding her from behind and shaking the bed, staring at

his thumb dipped into her ass. “I’m gonna’ fuck this asshole, baby. I’m gonna’ fuck you so good you’re gonna’ beg me for it,” he growled.

Naomi glanced over shoulder and scowled. But when she turned back towards the closet she gasped again and her eyes widened.

Robert gasped at the expression on her face. She looked like she was having a revelation. Maybe a change of heart about Todd’s anal intentions now that she knew her husband was watching? Now that he’d asked her to make it dirty?

She raised a hand off the bed and grabbed her pointy nipple between a finger and thumb. Her jaw fell as she gave it a rough twist. She squealed from the pain.

Todd looked up from staring at her ass and grinned. “Oh yeah? You like it like that?” he growled. He let go of her hair, pushed her hand away from her breast and pinched her nipple himself.

Her eyes rolled back in her head. Putting both hands on the mattress she started slamming back against his hard thrusts.

When he twisted her nipple she shrieked and spread her knees wider on the bed. Staring at the closet and Robert inside it, she lowered her chin to the mattress.

That gave Robert a spectacular gaze of her big, round ass and Todd's thumb inside it. He watched her body rocking back and forth, her ass cheeks jiggling with each of Todd's thrusts. His cock hardened in his hand. He put a hand over his mouth, knowing he wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer and not wanting to make any noise and give away his position.

His eyes drifted down her body. His body tensed. His eyes widened when they met hers. He saw her tongue flick out of her mouth. She licked along the line of her upper lip, pulling his trigger.

His cock flooded. His toes curled against the carpet. A wad of ejaculate burst from the head of his prick. Spouting up into the air and landing on his hand and underwear and abdomen. He saw the smallest smile form on Naomi's lips. As if somehow she knew what had just happened, that he'd climaxed from watching her getting fucked and licking her lips. The heat pulsing from his balls was insane.

Naomi closed her eyes. Her body shook. She pressed a fist against her mouth. Her shoulders started shaking, then her thighs.

"Yeah. Fucken' come all over that cock," Todd growled behind her.

She moaned as she crested her climax.

## Chapter Twelve

Naomi had insisted they had to eat the burgers down in the kitchen. She'd dragged Todd out of the bedroom and downstairs.

Robert took the opportunity to sneak out of the closet and duck into the guest bedroom. He waited patiently until they finished eating, then held his breath and tried to listen in on their conversation downstairs. Their voices were low and he couldn't make out what they were saying. A minute or so later he heard the front door close and the sound of Naomi's soft footsteps mounting the stairs.

"Robert? Rob?" she whispered.

He stuck his head out through the door. "I'm here," he said.

She jogged up the last few steps and into the guest room with him. Threw off the robe she'd put on to eat and threw her arms around his neck. Their lips met in a hot kiss.

He dragged his hands up and down her body, his erection already returning at feeling her so close to him again.

She pulled away and gazed into his eyes, a hand on either side of his face. "Is that what you wanted?" she asked.

"You were so beautiful. It was so hot, baby," he whispered. "I came so hard."

She smiled and bit her lip, then kissed him again. "We don't have much time," she whispered.

"Where did he go?" he asked as she backed him up towards the bed.

"I sent him to Sullivan's," she said.

"Sullivan's? For what?" he asked.

She looked off to the side and smiled. "It's a surprise," she said quietly. She pushed him down to sit on the bed and raised a leg to mount him and sit on his lap.

"Wait," he whispered.

She flashed a funny smile.

He lowered his eyes. “This is...this might seem strange,” he said. Out of the corner of his eye he saw she was watching him. Studying his expression, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

She slowly spread one leg apart from the other. Lifted it and set her foot on the edge of the bed next to him. Put a finger under his chin and raised it so he was looking into her eyes again. “You want to see it?” she asked.

His shoulders slumped as he gave a few nods. “Is that gross?”

“Kinky,” she said. Pressing three fingers against her pelvis she tilted her hips forward and pulled her pussy up.

His mouth fell open as he stared at her sex. The normally neat folds stretched and messy. Flecks of Todd’s cum splattered around them. He reached out and drew two fingers along her labia.

She put a hand around his wrist. Pressed the tips of his fingers against her hole, then pushed them into herself. She sucked in a breath and her pussy clenched as he entered her.

He felt Todd’s hot seed swimming inside her. It clung to his fingers and rolled down them, onto his palm. This was another man’s genetic material inside his Naomi. Todd had breached her and released inside of her and now he was still in there. It sent a flame of lust burning through Robert.



He pulled his hand out of her sex. Wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her onto his lap. His cock twitched against her wiry pubes. When he looked up he saw her staring into his eyes.

She reached between them. Found his cock with her fingers and tilted it towards her opening. She shuffled closer, taking him into herself and squeezing him with the walls of her tight channel.

He groaned as Todd's sperm squished out of her and coated his shaft.

Naomi put her arms around his neck and started rocking back and forth on his lap. She gazed into his eyes. "I love you so much, Robert," she said. Pressing her hands to his cheeks she kissed him again. "I'm so glad you're still mine." She let her forehead fall against his.

"You're always going to be mine, baby," he said. "You looked so beautiful with him fucking you. I don't know what it is. I can't get enough of it. I love seeing you like that." He moved his hands to her hips and groaned as she rocked harder in his lap. His cock hardened inside her and he closed his eyes, savoring the feeling.

She pressed her cheek against his. "You've got to come soon, Rob," she whispered. "He's going to be back soon. Come inside me, baby. Fill me up."

“You’re already so full,” he blurted. His eyes shot open to find Naomi staring right into them. “I’m sorry I...”

She shook her head. “It’s okay,” she said quietly. She paused and watched him for a while. “I am so full. I’m full of Todd’s cum.”

The words flooded through him and made his body go rigid. His cock lurched and a burst of pleasure shot up from his groin to his brain. “Oh god,” he groaned.

She wrapped her arms around him, hands around his back and pressed his cheek to her breasts, holding him as he ejaculated into her used vagina.

His cock jumped and spat wad after wad of sperm into her. He ruminated on how it was mingling with Todd’s load. A cum cocktail from two men being mixed inside Naomi’s hot pussy. The thought made him groan again and he hugged her tighter.

She gave him a few seconds after he’d finished, then slipped off of his lap. Two streaks of yellowish sperm ran down her legs. “I’ve got to clean up or he’ll know somethings up,” she said, looking bashful and retreating towards the door. “You should get back into the closet,” she whispered. “So you can enjoy your surprise.”

He watched her leave. His eyes glazed over. Naomi was going to clean herself up. Going to clean herself after her husband came inside her. So her lover wouldn’t notice. It gave him a funny tickling feeling somewhere

between the base of his stomach and his balls. He stood up and walked to the master bedroom. Tucked himself back into the closet and pulled the doors to almost shut.

Outside the sun was almost setting. He could hardly believe it. He'd been in his house all day watching Naomi getting fucked by her lover. Even more bizarre was that he'd loved every second of it. He wondered what her surprise would be? He wondered if Todd would stay the night? Would he be forced to sleep in their walk-in closet then watch Todd take Naomi again in the morning? That sounded a little brutal but it still made his cock ache.

A few minutes later the front door opened and shut and he heard Todd bounding up the steps in his flip-flops. "Naomi? Hey! Where are you? There you are! I got the stuff."

Naomi walked in holding Todd's hand and leading him towards the bed. She was naked and when they got to the mattress Todd started to strip while Naomi arranged all the throw and sleeping pillows up in a pile at the end of the bed directly across from the closet.

She stared at the crack in the doors as she lay her beautiful naked body down on top of the pillow mountain. She rested her elbows on the mattress. Her ass way high up right at Todd's crotch level.

Robert's stomach dropped and his heart soared as he realized what was about to happen. He blinked in disbelief a few times when Todd picked up the bottle he'd been sent to get at Sullivan's. He stared at Naomi who was wearing the faintest hint of a half smile as she gazed at him.

“I knew you were gonna’ give it up,” Todd said, smirking and chuckling.

Naomi turned and looked at him over her shoulder. “Okay but this is it, though,” she said.

Todd flashed a wicked grin. “Whatever you say, baby,” he replied.

“No. This time I mean it. When you’re done this time I want you to get out.”

His smile faded at hearing the magic words get out. He froze for a moment, a certain melancholy look floating across his expression. Then the smile came back. “Alright. I get it,” he said. “It was one helluva’ ride.”

Naomi thought for a moment before nodding. “Get to work,” she said. She turned to face Robert again and winked.

A thrilling excitement rushed through him when Todd popped the cap on the bottle of lube and squeezed it over Naomi’s ass. He was about to watch his wife give her anal virginity to a stranger. She was going to do it as dirty for him as he could ever ask for. It filled him with love for her.

Todd squeezed out what looked to be half the bottle onto her ass hole. He squeezed a line out onto his cock like he was applying condiment to a hot dog, then rubbed it in until his dick was glistening in the dimming light.

“Be gentle,” Naomi said quietly. She said it for Todd but the way she was looking straight at Robert when she said it made him know it was meant for him.

Todd pointed the head of his cock at her ass hole. He applied gentle pressure, mashing the crown against the tight ring of muscle and spreading it slightly.

Naomi gasped and braced herself against the mattress. She looked startled when he pressed a half inch of his shaft into her. Her eyes darted side to side. She winced and wiggled her butt as he worked himself deeper.

“Eh? Whaddya think? You like it?” Todd asked, grinning.

Naomi looked sideways. “It’s...not bad.”

Todd grinned wider. “Not bad? You fucking love it, don’t you?” He mashed another half inch of his cock into her.

Naomi huffed. Her fingers splayed on the mattress. She coughed out a laugh at Todd’s enthusiasm. “It’s alright,” she said, giggling.

Robert stared with his jaw slack and eyes nearly bugging out of his skull. He couldn't believe Naomi was enjoying anal. Their lives were going to be totally changed after this day.

Todd thrust his hips and jammed another inch into her, a little rougher this time. He raised his hand and smacked her ass, then did the same with the other.

Naomi's eyes widened. She looked like she couldn't believe how much she was enjoying anal.

Todd pulled a couple of inches out, then slammed back in.

"Ouch!" Naomi squeaked, wincing.

"That's part of the fun," Todd growled. He pulled out and eased back in, finding a rhythm with his hips and pushing more and more of his cock into her anus with each thrust.

Naomi's mouth fell open. Her body started undulating on the pillows in time with Todd's thrusts. She worked a hand between her body and the pillows, tucking it between her legs. A moment later Robert heard her fingers slip-sliding along her wet pussy crack and clitoris. She stared at the crack in the closet, fingering herself while Todd ass-fucked her rougher and rougher.

Soon he was banging her so hard the whole bed was shaking. Biting down on his lower lip and staring at his cock moving in and out of her.

Naomi began emitting an operatic sounding warble each time he drove himself into her. Her body erupting in a convulsing tremor as he pulled out. Her fingers flew faster against her clit. Her shoulders started shaking.

“So. Fucking. Tight,” Todd grunted.

“You’re fucking my ass. You’re fucking my ass,” Naomi said, as if she was trying to convince herself it was really happening. “You’re going to make me come from fucking my aaaaaaaaaa...”

Robert heard her pussy squish but couldn’t see the gush of liquid from his vantage point. He saw the moment it splattered across Todd’s balls, though. Todd’s eyes rolled back into his head. His head rolled back onto his shoulders and he let out an “aaaagghhh!” as the pleasure of a hot lady-juice ball-bath sent a climax ripping through him.

Naomi twitched and tensed and squeezed. She moaned and their two voices sounded like wolves howling at the moon at night. She shuddered her way through multi-peak orgasm then collapsed, one arm out at her side the other shoved between her legs. Her feet limp and dangling over the edge of the mattress.

Todd, for the first time, looked totally out of control. He collapsed on top of her, his body twitching like he was having a seizure. His arms spread eagle out on either side of them. This lasted for nearly a minute before he regained control of himself. He hauled himself up on one hand, then the other. Got up on his feet, grabbed the root of his cock and pulled the deflating hose out of Naomi's ass. It exited with a soft, wet pop. He stared at her gaping ass hole for a while.

"It's time to go, Todd," she whispered. The room was nearly dark.

He looked up at her and paused for a moment, then nodded. Picked up his shorts and put them on. Put the hoodie on over his head and slipped his feet into his flip-flops. He stood at the foot of the bed staring at her. "Can I get a goodbye kiss?" he asked.

She turned her head to face him. She shook it against the pillow. "No, Todd. This was just about the sex. That's all this was about. No emotions. No kissing. I had a good time. It's over now."

Todd, who was young and virile and handsome, who would no doubt go on to claim many other women before settling down, had a moment of feeling about that.

Robert watched it play out on his face and almost felt a little sorry for Todd. Todd going lonely out into the night while Robert was lucky enough to crawl into bed with Naomi. Life was a funny thing sometimes.



“Thanks for the good times,” Todd said, his mood lifting.

“Thanks for the times,” Naomi said.

Todd turned around and disappeared through the bedroom door. Thirty seconds latter Robert heard the front door open and shut.

It was time to sort things out.

## Chapter Thirteen

“So who the hell is Todd?”

Naomi had showered and was now huddled up in her big fluffy white bathrobe against the headboard.

Robert sat in his underwear on the bed next to her, his legs stretched out.

She sighed and her shoulders slumped. “You were out of town. I was lonely. I went to a bar. Alone. He hit on me. I’m so sorry, Robert.”

He stared at her and knew this was the right time. “You’re not the only one who needs to be sorry.”

She turned her head and a tired smile formed on her lips. “Is that my apology?”

He furrowed his brow. “No, Naomi, I don’t think you understand. On a few of my trips I...”

“You cheated on me,” she said. “I understand, Robert. I was asking if that was all the apology I was going to get for it?”

His eyes widened and his mouth fell open. “You...you knew about that?” he asked.

She smiled and leaned her head back against the headboard to stare at the ceiling. “Of course I knew about that. It’s the only reason I don’t feel worse about what happened.”

He shook his head. “How...how did you...”

She sighed again. “Let’s just say you probably shouldn’t consider an acting career,” she said.

He looked down at his lap. “That bad, huh?” he muttered.

“Terrible,” she replied. After a moment she reached out and put a hand over his. “Don’t beat yourself up about it now.”

“I do feel bad,” he said.

“Let’s not turn this into a pity party,” she said.

“You didn’t say anything?” he said, turning to look at her.

“What was I supposed to say? I wasn’t about to leave you. I barely saw you as it was. We have a good life. It’s just sex. I guess...I guess that’s why I figured I could just go out and get some for myself, too. I’m glad you’re not mad. This would all be so much messier if you were mad.”

It dawned on him what a gift he’d been given in Naomi. Loyal, faithful, tolerant Naomi who’d let his affairs run their course and now they were here. He’d never take her for granted again. “I love you so much,” he whispered.

“I love hearing that,” she said, closing her eyes. “I’ll never get tired of hearing that.”

A long silence followed.

“So how old is he? Twenty-five?” he asked. Was it strange to take such an interest in the man that had fucked his wife?

“Twenty-four. He’s just out of college.” She covered half her mouth with a hand and looked away. “Oh god it’s all so embarrassing and tawdry.”

He didn't think so at all. "How did he pick you up?"

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "You're not going to make me run the gamut of reeling you every sordid detail, are you?"

He thought about it for a moment. "I don't know why. It turns me on," he said.

She turned her head towards him. His answer seemed to have piqued her interest. "Strangest thing," she whispered. "I was at the bar alone. He just came up to me. You know how cocky young guys are. He was a gentleman about it, too. All 'scuse me ma'am but I couldn't help noticing how hot you are.'" She smirked. "It made me feel young. And hot. Even though I sag here and there now," she said, patting her stomach.

He shook his head. "No. No, no. Some guys are really into women older than they are. And he was right. You are hot." He couldn't stop staring at her. Remembered the feeling from when they'd just met. When he didn't want to do anything but stare at her and have sex with her. He'd never thought he'd get that back.

"This is so weird. But I sure do like the way you're looking at me right now," she whispered.

"Was it good? Was the sex good?" he asked, knowing the answer full well.

“Oh come on, Robert. He made me squirt. Of course it was good. You’re not getting upset, are you?”

He shook his head. Strangely, he wasn’t getting upset at all. “What made it good?” he pried. He wanted to know every last detail of what had been running through her mind when she fucked Todd.

“I’m not sure if you’re asking for a fight here or what? What do you want me to say to that?” she asked.

“Of course I’m not asking for a fight. I know it’s strange. I know it doesn’t exactly fit the mold of the jealous husband coming home to find his wife getting fucked. I promise you I’m not feeling any of that. I’m so...intrigued by all this. I just want to know more. I want to know what you were feeling, what you were thinking when you were with him.”

She eyed him suspiciously for a moment, then relaxed. “Don’t take this the wrong way, please. But it was his cock. That...that giant fucking cock,” she said, arching her brow.

It pushed a pleasant warmth into his groin. Hearing her talk about another man’s cock like that. “His cock felt good?” he asked.

She looked up into his eyes again. “His cock felt incredible,” she said, studying his reaction.

He smiled to make sure she knew he wasn't mad. "That's hot," he said.

She smirked and looked away, then flashed a coy smile at him. "Your turn. How did you find out?"

He sighed. "I hired a private investigator."

"I figured as much," she said. "Was it a woman? Brunette? A little bit mousey? Skinny thing?"

He nodded. "You knew?" he asked.

"I suspected," she said quietly.

"And you kept meeting him?"

She paused for a moment. "I didn't know how else to get your attention. I saw her on the way out of his house a few times. Funny thing was it actually felt nice knowing you cared enough to have me followed."

He put a hand on her arm and squeezed. "I'll never again take you for granted. I promise," he said.

She curled a little closer into him. “I really want to believe that.”

They sat in a comfortable silence for a while.

“So it really was just sex?” he asked.

“It really was just sex,” she answered. “I don’t have room in my life for anyone but you. But I felt empty inside with you barely around. I’m sorry, Robert. I really, really am.” She squeezed his hand.

“You don’t have to keep saying that. I don’t mean to sound like an ass but should we just call it even and move on?”

She turned to him again and smiled. “I’d say yes except I’m not really sure that’s what I want.”

He scowled. “What do you mean?”

She turned and curled up against him, resting her chin on his shoulder. “I mean that we can call it even, sure. As for moving on? Sorry but I’m a little bit curious as to why watching me fuck another guy gave you a giant erection and made you fall in love with me all over again?”



He started chuckling and put an arm around her. “You and me both, Naomi. You and me both,” he said.

She dropped her hand to his lap and massaged it over his cock. “Seriously, though,” she said quietly. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard of that happening.”

He shrugged. “Maybe we just haven’t been paying attention,” he suggested. His cock started to harden at her gentle touch. He turned and smiled at her. “You aren’t sore from all that...”

“Fucking?” she whispered.

His cock twitched in her hand.

“My god,” she said, her eyes widening as she stared at the bulge rising in his underwear. “It’s like it shaved twenty years off your libido.”

He stared down at her. He felt the same way. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had more than one orgasm in a day.

“Robert?” she said, looking up at him with wide, curious eyes.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Do you think...do you think you’d let me do it again?”

The muscles in his jaw clenched at the question. He felt an overpowering need to dominate her, to punish her for asking such a deliciously dirty question. “Aren’t you getting a little ahead of yourself?” he growled, rolling over onto her and opening her robe. His eyes widened at the sight of her curvy body. He pulled his underwear down.

“Not if it gets you this excited I’m not,” she said.

He smirked.

She spread her legs.

He crawled up in between them and pressed his prick against her entrance. She was drenched again. All just from a few minutes of talking about what had happened that day and wondering if it might happen again. “I know I’m never leaving you to your own devices again, that’s for sure.”

She gasped and smiled as he entered her. Her eyes fluttered shut. “That’s the way I like it,” she whispered.

END OF PART ONE

Also by Jason Lenov