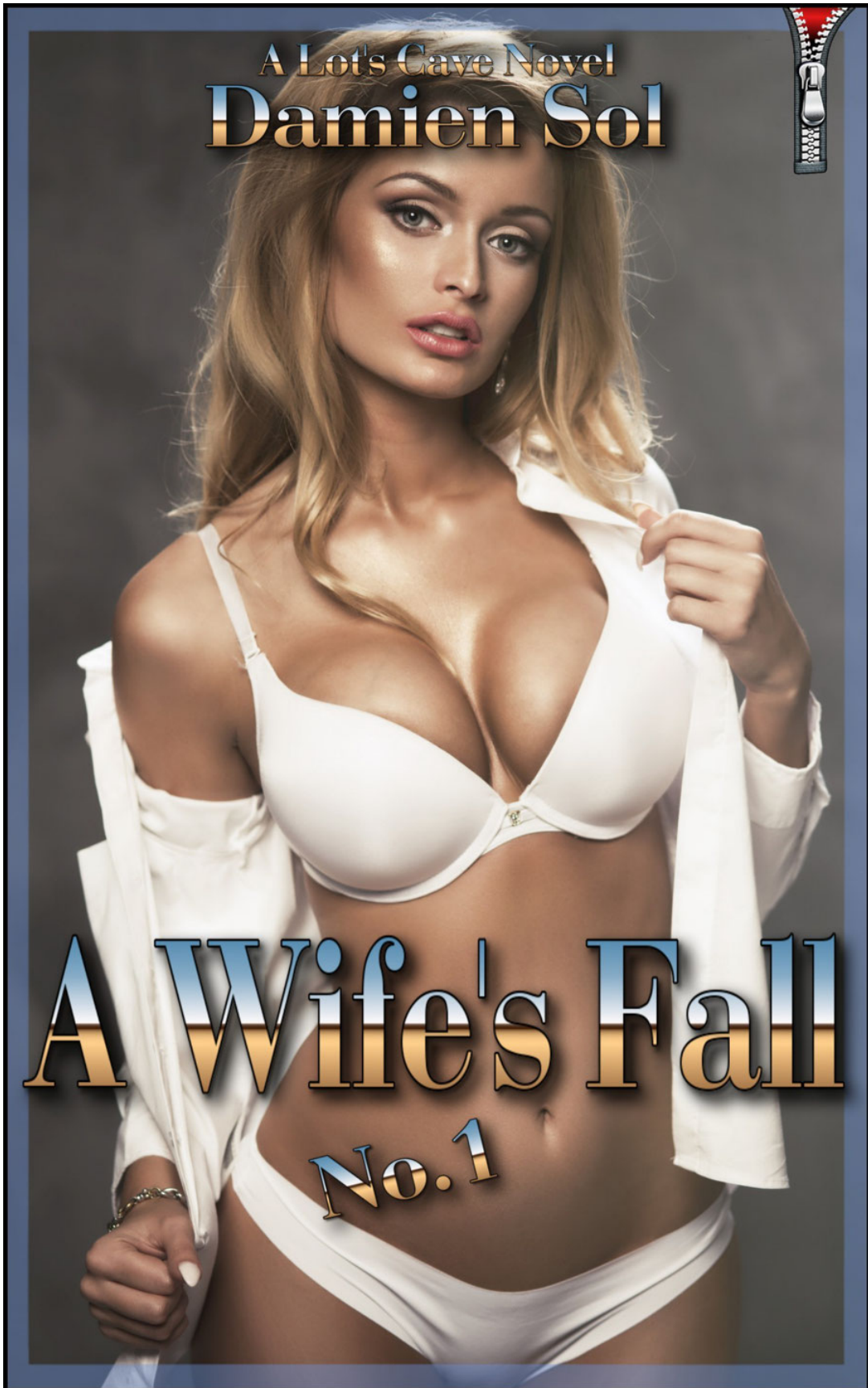


A Lot's Cave Novel
Damien Sol



A Wife's Fall

No. 1

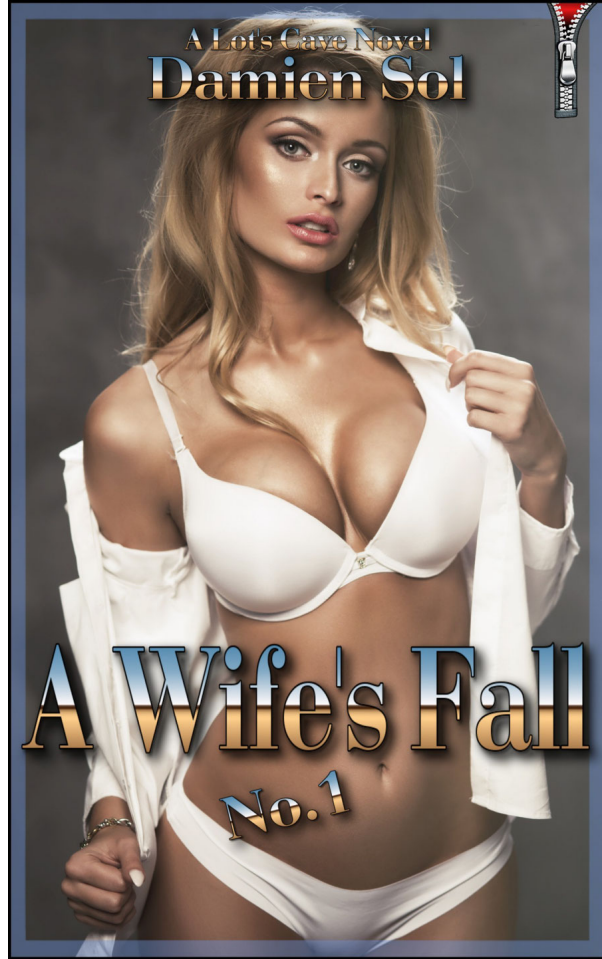


A Lots Cays Novel
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A Wife's Fall

No. 1



by Damien Sol

A Wife's Fall

No.1

Published by Lot's Cave

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A Lot's Cave Novel

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by Damien Sol

A Wives Fall

No. 1

Wayne

My name is Wayne Carter, I'm a blood spatter specialist with the city's crime lab. Yes, I know so was Dexter, but unlike him, who was a sociopath and a serial killer, I'm a psychopath or at least have the traits of one as my therapists has informed me along with the antisocial and personality disorder that I was born with, and I haven't killed anyone yet. However, the night is

still young so you never know. People would call me cold, uncaring, and standoffish and they would be right. I really have no interest in getting to know people. I enjoy my solitude, and peace that comes with it. That was until I met Betty when I was in school for my degree. Took me awhile given what I am to truly open up to her, I could tell she was getting frustrated with me for holding back things I thought weren't important. Yet once I did how she was so excited as I told her things that I never said to anyone. Just because I am what I am doesn't mean I don't know how to be charming, witty, and suave. Like sociopaths I can turn it on at a whim, I just rarely found a reason to until Betty.

We've been together for four years now, looking at that gold band on my left finger as I drove to the house that Betty and I had turned into a home. She knew of my struggles once I told her everything about my... disorder. She was a little scared at first it wasn't hard to see, yet she was the first woman that actually knew my true self. Every woman before her I've hidden what I am from them, which caused those relationships to die before it really went anywhere. Something I didn't really care about, much to their detriment. If I was truthful they were just cover so I could come off as a normal human being. I have no idea why people get so frightened when they learn what I am. I've seen enough crime scenes committed by 'sane' people to know I'm not the monster they make me out to be. I'm pretty much harmless unless I'm crossed. Then well, I go all scorched Earth on anyone who thought they could do that to me. Given my work I can make a person disappear and no one can say it would be murder, until they find a body they were just a missing person. Not that I would mind you, just stating I could go there if pushed too far.

As I drove down my street, arching an eyebrow at the unknown car that was parked in my spot in my driveway. I knew I was early getting home today; I didn't tell my wife I would be. I thought I'd surprise her and take her out for a romantic dinner. I know a psychopath with a heart. What can I say, Betty was the very first person I've ever grown close to, that's including my own parents. Something didn't feel right as I pulled up to the curb.

Silently entering my home, Betty hated how I can be so silent even when the old wood flooring creaked with the house's old age. What greeted me when I rounded the corner of the wall that separated the living room and the kitchen was not something I was ever expecting to experience. A naked, shocked, black man standing in my kitchen!

“Oh, you're the hubby huh?” The man asked with a cocky grin as he helped himself to my food. I might not understand complex emotions and whatnot, I do know what anger and rage is. At that moment, my rage was boiling my blood! However, that man wouldn't know it, seeing how I can keep my face as placid as the surface of a calm lake. “We'll get your wife back to you in an hour,” the man said, thinking I'd be so shocked that they could simply cockold me and I'd simply go along with it. Half a dozen ways I could kill the man ran through my mind along with how to dispose of the body. The man didn't see the punch coming until it was too late catching him square in the left eye. Causing him to fall to the floor and spilling the contents of the glass across it.

“You think you can...” Turning around as I heard the door of my bedroom opening behind me. I heard my wife's laughter from behind the other naked black man as he stood there gazing at me in shock.

“Wayne!” Betty gasped. My eyes narrowed coldly at my slut of a wife. The screams of the man on the floor filled the kitchen as I stepped hard on the man's junk, grinding my foot into it, all so he would learn you don't fuck another man's wife and think you can get away with it. “Honey it isn't...”

“You come into my house! Fuck my wife on my bed! And think nothing will happen to you!” I roared at the man on the floor ignoring the slut. Grinning

wickedly hoping the man would be peeing out blood for a very long time. “Get the fuck out of my house and take your whore with you,” I growled. “Oh no, you’ll leave naked, if you have the stones to fuck another man’s wife then you have the balls to leave nude.” How did I make them do this? At gun point of course, I had retrieved the hand gun I had hidden in case of an emergency.

“Wayne please...” Betty pleaded with me only to run down the driveway as I looked down the sights of my gun. I knew where she was going with her little fuck toys. I made sure I herded them in the right direction so all the neighborhood would know what a slut Betty was. Six blocks down the road they had reached her sister’s house. Another slut of the family, Betty’s sister thought she was so smart, so sneaky that no one knew she was stepping out on her husband.

Betty

God. Why did I ever listen to my stupid sister! I knew if I did this and Wayne ever found out I’d lose everything. I had seen it in his eyes once he saw me standing behind one of the men from my work. I’ve always wanted a three-way, yet Wayne wouldn’t hear of it. Always saying he doesn’t share. Okay, I should be happy that my husband wanted me all to himself. I am, really I am, or should I say was happy. I was so embarrassed as Wayne forced me to flee my home without a shred of clothing on.

“Celine!” I pounded on my sister’s front door. I looked back and Wayne was gone. God. What have I done! “Celine! Open the damn door!” I heard my sister’s footsteps approaching from the other side of the door.

“Betty?!” Celine had this curious look on her face as she saw me standing nude on her doorstep. I noted how Dean looked ashen and about to pass out while cupping his genitals. “Your friends can’t stay; Bill will be home soon.”

“We just need a phone.” I heard Sean, the one I was standing behind when my husband found us, say.

“Alright, walk around the house to the backyard, and be careful on how you sit. I’d rather not have to clean off your shit from my furniture,” Celine said, ushering me into her home. “Okay, you want to explain why you showed up here nude, and with two other naked men?” My sister asked as she closed the door.

“I should have never fucking listened to you!” I yelled taking Celine aback.

“Come on sis, it can’t be that...”

“You don’t know Wayne! I’m surprised he didn’t kill us!” I ranted throwing up my arms causing my sore breasts to bounce. The sex might have been good, but it was not worth the price of losing my husband. I was so glad I demanded them to wear condoms when they fucked me. God, this is so bad. How am I going to repair this? This was only meant to be a fling, something to get the itch out of my system and Wayne would never find out and I’d never do it again. I had sworn to myself that this would be a onetime thing. That this would be the only time I’d ever cheat on my husband.

“Wayne’s a cuck he wouldn’t...”

“Celine shut up! You don’t know that man. You don’t know the things I know about Wayne nor will you ever! Just go get me some damn clothes!” I was pacing the living room trying to see how I can get Wayne to talk to me. I knew I needed to give him time to cool down. Even that might not work, I saw the coldness of his eyes. I might have already lost him. God. I’m such a fucking idiot!

“So was it good at least?” Celine asked, as she handed me a t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants.

“Are you stupid?! Of course, it wasn’t! Risking my marriage for a fantasy!”

“Don’t get your panties in a twist.” Celine rolled her eyes at me. Thinking that just because she came home to her husband that gave her free rein to sleep around on him. I heard my sister walking out the back door as I sat on the couch balling my eyes out.

Wayne

I scowled as I stood in the doorway of my bedroom. My parents bought this house when I was just a little boy. I might have remodeled it when they transferred the title to me, long before I met Betty, when they moved upstate when my father got that promotion. So, I knew Betty wouldn’t be getting it in the divorce, and I was so leaning towards that path. Then a very, very wicked thought popped into my head. Looking down at the floor when I heard two cell phones ringing. Digging through their discarded pants another

sinister smile appeared on my lips at the thought of destroying those two's lives, just like they did with mine.

"Hello?" I answered as I held up both phones to my ears.

"Who the fuck are you, and why do you have my husband's phone?" I heard both women answer.

"I'm so glad you two asked that. Me, I'm the husband of the woman your husbands have been fucking," I said, laughing manically in my head. I had to keep my mirth contained when they started cursing up a storm. "If you two hurry you might just catch them still naked just like I found them when I came home this afternoon," I stated giving them the address to Betty's sister's house. "I'm going to have whichever one of their cars it is that's sitting in my driveway towed," I informed them. "A dark blue, Nissan," I replied when they both asked what color it was.

"Tow that motherfucker! That bastard can pay for it himself!" The woman on the phone that was pressed to my right ear growled angrily. This I didn't hide my laughter from.

"Thank you, ladies," I said, when they gave me their condolences about finding out my wife was unfaithful. Hanging up the two phones, stomping hard on them destroying the screens on them. Knowing now they were only eight hundred dollar paperweights. Digging through their pockets finding the keys for their cars, throwing open my garage door. The sledgehammer resound as I struck their ignition keys bending them enough so they would never work again. Then riffling through their wallets, taking pictures of their IDs, hey if they think they can sleep with my wife and not pay for it, then

they are dead wrong! I tell you this: never leave money in your wallet if you're planning to fuck another person's wife. I had about a grand of their money in my pocket once I tossed their clothes into the blue Nissan. Unzipping my fly, pulling out my cock, and drenching the man's interior in my piss. I wonder how it's going to smell once it's been sitting out in the sun for days. Locking the doors in case they think to slip back onto my property before their wives find them at Celine's home.

Walking back into my house, calling the tow company the police department uses. Telling them there was an illegally parked dark blue Nissan sitting in my driveway. It took the rest of the night moving Betty's crap into the guest bedroom and moving the queen size bed from the master bedroom into it and taking out the one in the guest bedroom and setting it up in the master bedroom. There was no way I was ever sleeping on that thing ever again. I left the guest bedroom in shambles, Betty can fix it up, I sure as hell wasn't! By the time I was done, it was around ten o'clock and every picture that contained me and Betty was in the trash, including our wedding album. I went to bed with a smile on my face once I had cut Betty out of my life.

Betty

I'm so damn tired, I didn't sleep a wink last night. My mind just couldn't believe I had just destroyed my marriage, and for what? Thirty minutes of sex that didn't mean a damn thing! Why did Wayne come home then?! Why did I allow my own sister to sway me into trying it out? I don't fucking know! God. I wish I did. I knew if I could logically tell Wayne why I did it, he might not like it, but he would understand, yet I couldn't even figure it out myself. How could I tell Wayne when I didn't know myself. Fuck! What am I going to do?! I saw Bill giving me a disapproving look as I entered the kitchen. I knew my family didn't get along with Wayne, whereas Bill did. I don't know why they were so against Wayne he was always polite to them.

Always helped them when they needed it and still they treated him like a leper.

“So, you finally turned into your sister,” Bill said in disgust, as I poured myself a cup of coffee. My head snapped to the left in shock that he knew all about Celine. “Please,” drawing out the word, “don’t give me that look, I’m not an idiot,” he said, rolling his eyes. “Why do you think I haven’t kicked her ass out, so I can make her life as miserable as I can. I hope Wayne leaves you in your filth.” I thought I couldn’t feel much lower than I was then, I was wrong as Bill spat those last words to me before leaving the house.

“Morning sis,” Celine yawned as she walked into the kitchen. “I’ll be late home tonight...”

“You know Bill knows right?” I asked, which caused my sister to stop in her tracks.

“What?!”

“He knows what kind of a slut you are, and now me too all because I listened to you,” I said, darkly. If I’m going to be in this misery I saw no point in not bringing Celine along with me. “Apparently, you aren’t as smart as you think you are.”

“You can always leave if I’m too much of a slut for your sensibilities,” Celine sneered.

“Hmm... I wonder how your daughter is going to take the news when she grows up knowing you can't keep your legs closed and be faithful to your husband. But hey, I'm right there with you sister, at least I don't pretend to be a loving wife while allowing strange men to fuck me.”

“Hmpf! Whatever, Jan will never know!” Celine said, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

“Is she Bill's?” I asked, accusingly.

“Of course, she is! How can you ask me that?!” Celine retorted angrily.

“Well... with the number of men you've slept with, other than your husband, you can never be too sure,” I shrugged.

“Fuck this shit! I don't need you judging me!” Celine stomped out of the kitchen.

“You're just like mom you know!” I called after her.

“Fuck you Betty!” Knowing how we both hated our mother for constantly cheating on our father when we were growing up.

“Like mother, like daughters,” I whispered into my cup. I knew I had to go home. I couldn’t stay here. I had to face the music someday even if that meant facing the end of my marriage. “No time like the present,” I muttered to myself placing my coffee cup onto the counter. Knowing Wayne would probably be on his way to work at the moment. Taking the spare key for my home Wayne had given Bill for when we went on a trip somewhere so he could take care of the place during our absence. “Thanks for the bed sis! I’m going home!” I yelled out as I stood in the front doorway. Knowing the anger I heard and felt when the wives of my co-workers showed up yesterday was minor to what I was walking into – no one knew Wayne like I did – hoping that somehow I could salvage this.

I noticed the looks as I walked the six blocks to my home barefoot. God. I felt so dirty as the old men leered at me and their wives just glared at me before smacking their husbands. I walked quicker when I heard the whistles following after me. I swallowed hard noting Wayne’s car was still parked along the curb and how Dean’s car was gone. My own was left untouched but I knew that was due to his time with the police department and his time around lawyers. Wayne might struggle with emotions but he wasn’t stupid. My heart raced as I stepped up to the front door. As I reached for the doorknob I felt the coldness flood over me as I came face to face with my husband.

“Wayne... I...”

“Move.” Was the only word he said to me. No, hi slut. No, what do you want whore? Just move. Yet that one word spoke volumes to me. I felt neither anger nor spite in that word, just simple nothingness. He had told me long ago he could flip a switch in his mind and just cut off any feelings, if he had any, for a person at a whim. How it broke me that I was now one of those people. That was when I noticed the lack of his wedding ring on his left finger.

“Oh God! No! Please no!” I nervously rambled in my head unable to move from the doorway.

“Move.” I felt my body stepping out of the way.

“Wayne!” I latched onto the back of his shirt trying not to tear up. “Please... it meant nothing...”

“I don’t care,” Wayne said, in this cold, indifferent tone. Never turning to look at me as he stood at the end of the porch.

“Please honey...”

“I have to get to work so remove your hand from my shirt.”

“I’m...”

“I don’t care if you are or aren’t.” How my heart shattered as my hand fell away from his shirt. Falling to my knees, burying my face in my hands as I sobbed like a little baby as my husband drove away. I don’t know how long I was there for; I do know the moment I walked into our... or should I say Wayne’s home, what greeted me told me of the great challenge ahead of me. I ran around the house, like a chicken with its head cut off, looking for all

the photos of us together only to find them, along with our wedding album, in the trash.

“No Wayne! No!” I cried out. I thought I was all cried out, yet again it seemed I was wrong as my tears struck the glass of the picture frame of us at the beach on our first anniversary. I’m such a fucking idiot! I nearly fainted when I stepped into our bedroom only to find the bed, my things on the other nightstand were gone. Throwing open drawers, the closet noting how all my clothes were gone. Sliding down the wall, beating my head against it trying to pound the stupid out of it. “You are a stupid, stupid woman!” I screamed at myself. Walking listlessly through the house, knowing which room the bed came from. That’s where I found all my things dumped into a haphazard pile along with our once marital bed. The message was clear I was no longer welcomed in my husband’s bed.

Wayne

All through the drive to work, my mind began to form plans, within plans, and counterplans. I was going to make her life a living hell until she couldn’t take it anymore and fled the house then I would file for divorce. I was going to get my pound of flesh for the years I wasted.

Pulling up to the crime scene I had been called to on my day off. Popping my trunk, I always carried an extra kit in my car should something like this happen. Clipping my ID to my shirt as I got out of my car. Plucking the kit out of the trunk before shutting it. Nodding to the patrolman as she lifted the crime scene tape as I ducked underneath it.

“Thanks for coming in Ice.” My nickname I had earned due to my cold nature. “We have two rooms we need your keen eye on,” Detective Holly Morrison said, with a friendly smile. Her light red hair floated in the morning breeze, her green eyes showed off her Irish background.

“Not a problem Detective, needed to get out of the house anyway,” I said, offhandedly. Trying not to notice how her white blouse contoured to her breasts, and how her black slacks showed off those incredible legs of hers. I kept my smile from showing at how her pink toenails glinted in the light of the morning as her open toed heels lifted her ass.

“Hopefully this won’t take you too long,” Holly said, thinking it was a simple murder-suicide.

“I’ll have to see it before I can say,” I said, over my shoulder as I walked up the sidewalk towards the front door of the home. Turning my head to the left as I noted the news crew bucking the yellow tape. Listening to the shutters of the cameras as the other crime scene techs photographed the evidence.

“Morning Wayne, thought you were off?” Dale said, without looking up as he snapped a couple more photos of the dead man on the floor.

“I was,” I agreed as I looked around the room. My eyes running along the castoff spray along the walls and ceiling, “you find the knife yet?” I asked, knowing what kind of weapon was used just by the look of the spray.

“Not yet, you know you’re going to have show me how you do that,” Dale sated finally looking up at me.

“Trade secret,” I said, forcing a smile like I always do before getting to work.

Betty

I was pretty much useless as I was curled in a ball on the couch. The bedroom that I now occupied was still a mess. I just couldn’t bring myself to straighten up. The look in my husband’s eyes seemed to paralyze me. His words made my heart weep at what I had done to him. I’m not ashamed to say I was a drooling, weeping mess as the TV covered it all up. That was when I noticed the news had interrupted the show I wasn’t watching. I wouldn’t have paid attention to it if I hadn’t seen Wayne’s car there. Quickly hitting the record button knowing that this was probably the only way I’d ever be able to see my husband.

“You bitch! You take your damn hand off my husband!” I yelled as I noted how the red head behind the reporter was touching Wayne’s upper arm and the way she smiled at him. Telling me that she was interested in my husband. “Shit! This is bad! Really bad, if I don’t try to save our marriage I’m going to lose him,” I thought to myself. Racing over to the phone praying that Maggie could help me. Praying that his sister knew of a way that I could earn Wayne’s trust again.

“Hello?” I heard Maggie answer after the third ring.

“Hey Mags, it’s me,” I said, as I walked around the kitchen nervously.

“Oh hey Betty! How are you?!” I was always amazed how different she was from Wayne. While Wayne was cold and logical, Maggie was always chipper and joyful.

“Not great,” I admitted sadly.

“What’s wrong?! Did Wayne do something?!”

“No, no! Wayne’s done nothing wrong,” I said, taking all the pictures out of the trash. Even if I lost my husband I wanted to always remember that I was the cause of losing him in the first place. So then, if I ever remarry I wouldn’t be as stupid as I have been to risk Wayne’s trust.

“Then what’s this about?!” I could hear Maggie’s confusion in her voice.

“I need your help. I fucked up really, really bad! I don’t know if Wayne will ever love me again!” I broke down crying again as I told her what happened yesterday and what I came home to.

“You stupid, selfish bitch! How could you do that to my brother!” I let Maggie lay into me: I deserved every word that came out of her mouth.

“I know, don’t you think I don’t know. I should have never listened to my sister,” I said, as I leaned against the door of the refrigerator as I sat on the floor. Pulling my legs up to my chest as I pressed my forehead against my knees. “Is there a way I can save our marriage?”

“I don’t know. I don’t really think I want you as my brother’s wife right this second. I can’t believe you would listen to what the town slut has to say?!” I heard Maggie’s disdain for me in her voice. “Yet I never truly understood my brother. The one time I know that someone crossed him Wayne went dark for a few days, only to find everything that person valued destroyed. But that was someone he really didn’t like. I don’t know what I can tell you. I mean you still there right? He didn’t destroy your stuff did he?”

“No, he just dumped it all in the guest bedroom along with the bed I... cheated on,” I said, weakly.

“Oh... umm... listen just stay away from him for a few days. Don’t even try to talk to him. Trust me right now you don’t want that. He will eviscerate you! And whatever you do, for the love of God keep your damn legs closed! I’ll call Wayne and see if I can’t talk to him.”

I slid the phone away. Rocking back and forth not knowing what to do. I don’t know what I’d do if I lost Wayne. He might be hard to understand and not express his emotions and his needs. Yet I knew! I knew all those quirks of his. I knew what he wanted if he viewed something more than once, something he rarely did. I learned to read between the lines with him after six years of being together. However, I have no idea of the man I met at the door this morning. I’ve never seen that side of him before. My mind raced with what he was going to do to me, Sean, and Dean. Wiping my tears from

my cheeks, I could at least tell him why I did it even if I don't understand it. Walking over to the computer desk that sat behind the kitchen table so we could break up the space between the kitchen and our sunken living room. Writing out an email to Wayne praying that he read it. Pouring my heart into those little 'ones and zeros' hoping that my husband read it and didn't send it to the trash the first thing.

Wayne

I sat at my desk, going over the photos that the other crime scene techs had taken of the inside of the house. Typing up my report of how it looked like a crime of passion given the amount of cast off there was, and the numerous stab wounds. I had found the spot on the wall where the spray had jumped over and that only meant that was where the killer stood. I wasn't going to speculate on who the murderer was that was the police's job. I was only there to fill in the blanks for them. The DNA wouldn't be back for a few weeks or a month depending on the backlog in the lab. That's when my eyes noticed the icon on my mailbox.

Narrowing my eyes as I saw my wife's email. My left index finger tapped my cheek as I leaned on my elbow wondering if I should read it. I moved my cursor back and forth between the email and the trash button. As the old saying goes: 'Praemonitus, Praemunitus' or loosely translated 'Forewarned is Forearmed.' I fought from rolling my eyes as I opened the email.

Dear my sweetest love,

I know you hate, or whatever happens when you flip that switch in your head, me right now. I can't say how sorry I am that I gave into my desire to experience what a threesome was like. I wish I'd never allowed my sister to talk me into it...

“God fucking Celine!” I growled loudly. I should have known that bitch had a hand in this. Opening up a new email, inputting Celine’s email address.

‘You fucking bitch!’ I wrote in the subject line. ‘You had to fuck up my marriage because you and your whore mother can’t keep your damn legs closed. Yes. I know all about your fucking slut of a mother. And yes, I was the one that told Bill about your whorish ways. You’re welcome! For someone as supposedly smart as you are, you sure are as dumb as you fucking look! I wonder if you even care that you’re known as the ‘Town Whore’ given how you slept with about every man in this city! Do you even fucking care that Jan knows this! No. I doubt you do! How I know this, because when Bill had to run in to work and you were out ‘At the gym’ as he put it, but we both know you were on your fucking back. Me and Betty took Jan to the park, I was walking her back to the playground when she overheard a group of fathers talking about you. You should have seen her cry! Still, I don’t think you care, what kind of mother leaves that kind of legacy for her own child?! Now stay the fuck out of my marriage! If you don’t heed this warning, and it’s the only one you will ever get, then you will see a side of me that you will never forget!’ I hit send before going back to Betty’s email.

I will forever hate myself for hurting you so much! Yet every time I brought it up to you, you shot me down. I know, I know. I should have listened. I should have never allowed that itch of mine to torment me so. Yet it did, and it only got worse as my mind wouldn't let go of it. I promise you it was only going to be the one time! I know that doesn't make it right. But once it got out of my system I was never going to stray again! I know you probably don't believe

that. I don't blame you. Just know I swear it was only going to be a onetime thing. If you see it in yourself, you don't have to answer me now I know that might be hard for you at the moment if ever, to work through this with me. I swear I'll go to a marriage counselor. I don't want to lose my husband! Although, I realize as I sit here in our home, that this email might be my last plea, this might be my last night as your wife, the last night I'll be able to spend under the same roof with you. Wayne I hope you read this email and give it some thought before you do anything. I really do love you, and I'm so ashamed of myself. I'll end this here and pray that I can still be called your wife.

Love always,

Betty.

As I was closing out the email, I heard the doorknob of the door that lead to my enclosed area starting to turn. I tried not to appear that I noticed how Holly strolled in with her blouse unbuttoned. Something I knew she didn't do walking around the bullpen. So I wondered just what she had in store as I arched an eyebrow as she closed the blinds. Opening up my report, hitting the print button before I forgot.

“So...” I heard the soft cadence of her voice as she ambled over to me. I watched her reflection in the glass screen of my computer as her finger ran along my back as she walked around me. My eyes glanced to the right as I noted how Holly rested that tight ass of hers on the edge of my desk. “I see you aren't wearing your wedding ring. Trouble in paradise I take it?” Holly asked, smiling coyly at me as I leaned back in my chair.

“Something like that.”

“You going to the award dinner next weekend?” Holly asked, slyly touching the back of my hand. I knew all the signs of flirting. I mean how could I not if I want to appear as a normal, sane, person.

“I was planning on it but...”

“Ah! And you’re not ready to make up with your wife,” Holly said, filling in the blanks as I bopped my nose telling her she hit the mark. “So do you think the two of you will work it out?”

“Can’t say, too soon to tell,” I stated shrugging my shoulders.

“Then...” I glance down as her hand ran up my arm as she leaned forward. Causing her blouse to open allowing me to peek as her light blue lacy bra and her rather alluring 36B breasts, “how about we go together?” Her perfume filled my nostrils as her hair brushed against my cheek. “I promise if you do I’ll make sure you forget all about her for the night,” Holly purred into my ear. “Think about it, won’t you?” she cooed before she kissed me. Did she ever know how to kiss, I have to say as her lips pulled away my mind was a little befuddled. “See you later Wayne, thanks for coming in again,” Holly spoke as she took my preliminary report from the printer before leaving my small office.

Betty

I grunted as I wrangled the mattress of the bed I had broken my vows on onto the box spring. If I had to sleep away from the man I loved to show him I still loved him, then I would stay in that room until the day I die if that was what it took to show him I was still his wife. Even if I was a stupid, slut of a wife. I was hanging up the clothes my husband had dumped on the floor. That was when I heard a pounding on the front door of my home.

“Alright, alright. I’m coming, hold your horses,” I grumbled as I walked towards the front door. “Celine?! What are you doing here?” I asked, perplexed as to why my sister was on my doorstep.

“You bitch!” Celine screeched at me. “Why did you tell Wayne I was the one that told you to cheat on your husband?!”

“It’s true was it not?” I replied with a pointed look.

“That’s not the point!”

“Then what is?” I sighed loudly. “Own up to it sis, I have to live with it the rest of my life. I don’t even know how you can look at Bill and not feel like shit. I do every time I see Wayne.”

“Can we not do this out here?” Celine sighed in defeat.

“Why not, the whole neighborhood knows what my naked ass looks like. So what if they know the kind of sluts we are. If you’re worried about that your kind of...”

“I know!” Celine yelled. I arched an eyebrow as my sister broke down crying. “I just couldn’t stop. God. What’s wrong with me?!” Celine sobbed into her hands.

“Come on,” I muttered as I guided my sister into the house. I could see her eyes moving around the room as I led her to my new bedroom. I saw her glance at me knowing how the walls once sported dozens of pictures of me and Wayne now they were bare, then her eyes shot down to the floor knowing what she had cost me. Her shoulders sank as we stood in the doorway of the guest bedroom reinforcing the new reality that had become my life. “Okay, why don’t you start from the beginning,” I said, keeping the joy from my face that Wayne had indeed read my email and didn’t trash it like I thought he would. Maybe there was hope for me yet.

“Here read it for yourself,” Celine sniffed handing over her phone.

As I read through the email that Wayne had sent her. My heart began to beat faster as I read the line about our marriage. “I still have a marriage!” I cried out in my mind. Although I wondered how he knew about Mom. I never told him about how we both knew about how she was cheating on our father – to this day still. My head shot up at the realization of that my parents haven’t slept in the same bed in over twenty-one years, or my father hasn’t spent any length of time alone with my mother since I was seven. Were we destined to go the way of my parents?! Not if I could help it. I, unlike my mother, would never cheat on Wayne, ever again. “Well, all I can say is you should heed my husband’s warning,” I said, handing back Celine’s phone.

“But he couldn’t mean it could he?” Celine asked, with a trembling voice.

“Oh, he does. Wayne doesn’t say something he doesn’t mean Celine. I told you, you do not know that man like I do,” I said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

“So how about if we try and not cheat on our husbands anymore?” I stated as I looked at my sister. “Do you want to live like Mom and Dad? When was the last time you and Bill had sex?” I watched as she fell face forward into her hands. “That long huh?” Rubbing Celine’s back nodded her head. “A year...”

“Three,” Celine whispered.

“Didn’t you find that odd?”

“I didn’t notice, I was so absorbed in the thrill of it I didn’t see what was going on around me. Now my baby knows what kind of woman I am! How can I ever show her how to be a strong woman if I’m willing to ruin her life and Bill’s because I can’t stop sleeping around?!”

“Well... maybe you can talk to Bill, get some counseling for you and your marriage. I don’t know if you can save your marriage Celine. The way I saw Bill look at me this morning, you might never win him back. But are you willing to try, or do you want to be one of those divorced mothers that’s known to take a man to their bed every night and not have a lasting relationship when they all know your reputation?” I asked, in a stern sisterly voice. “Because you know Bill won’t let you have Jan if that’s how your life is going to be. You know how much he loves his little girl.”

“I love Bill, and I’m not going to end up like Mom! Fuck! I am Mom!”
Celine expectorated as she fell back onto my naked bed. I had thrown out the sheets from that night. Wayne had left the residue of my sinful fall on it to visibly smack me across the face.

“Yeah, you kind of are sis,” I agreed. “But maybe there’s still time.”

“Would you stay with me if you were Bill?”

“With the amount of whoring around you’ve done? Probably not,” I admitted.

“Shit! Shit!” Celine cursed as her hands covered her face.

“Well, you got another eleven years to win him back,” I said, offhandedly.

“Huh?”

“You think Bill is just going to leave his daughter?” I asked, arching an eyebrow knowing how the courts usually sided with the mother no matter how much of a slut she was. I knew Bill well enough to know that he would never give up his daughter. He just loved Jan too much.

“But what if we do end up divorced?”

“Then you can be my roommate; no sense of us both being miserable alone,” I said, with a warm smile.

“That’s not helping,” Celine chuckled for the first time since coming into my home. I hoped it was still my home in the years to come. My head quickly turned towards the window as I heard a car door closing.

“Stay the fuck here, do not leave this room,” I warned as I got up from the bed. “I don’t think you or I would like to deal with Wayne if he saw you here right now.” Watching how Celine zipped her lips as I walked hurriedly to greet my husband. “Welcome home Wayne,” I said, as my husband walked through the door. Swallowing hard, wishing I had taken his sister’s advice and gave him a few days as those eyes narrowed. Dropping my chin as he didn’t return my greeting as he closed the front door. I felt a tear running down my cheek, then the forceful grip on my chin lifting it up.

“Why the fuck are you crying?!” Wayne asked, in this cold tone.

“Because... I’m the one who took the light from your eyes. The light I always saw when you looked at me. Now I hate how I see myself in them,” I admitted. Lying to him now would end everything I hoped to save.

“Good. As you fucking should,” Wayne said, roughly releasing my chin. “Tell your sister to get the fuck out of my house!” I jumped as he slammed

the door to my former bedroom. I wondered how he even knew Celine was even here.

Turning to look at my room as Celine exited it. “Sorry sis, I thought I was doing the right thing. I thought... fuck what I thought. Do what you have to do to save what you can. I’ll apologize to him if it will help.”

“It won’t.” We swallowed uneasily as we both looked at the man that inhabited my husband’s body. “Leave. Now. I won’t tell you again.” I felt the temperature dropping rapidly as his eyes bored into my sister. I had never seen the look of fear in my sister’s eyes as I did that day. I began to think Celine was starting to realize he meant every word of his warning.

“I’ll call you later,” Celine said, quickly exiting out the door.

“I’ll be in my room if you need me.”

“I won’t.” How those two words felt like a knife in my heart as Wayne walked into the kitchen.

Sulking back to the life that was now mine and mine alone to live. Trying not to cry as I heard Wayne rummaging through the kitchen as I went back to hanging my clothes.

Wayne

It was eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning as I stood out on the back patio my father had built years ago. The smoke of my cigarette drifted on the air as I stared at nothing in particular. I hadn't smoked in years. God. It felt so good to inhale that rich aroma. Why had I quit? Betty of course. Yet now, everything I changed or gave up for her was making a comeback. If she didn't like it I really didn't care. I heard the sliding door opening behind me.

"Wayne...?!" I kept my face placid as I turned. I saw the shock in her eyes as I blew out a puff of smoke. "I thought..."

"I did."

"But why?!" Betty asked, in a worrying tone.

"Who did I give it up for, and what did I come home to three days ago?" I asked, flicking the ashes. Turning back around as she dropped her head.

"Please Wayne, don't risk your health because I've been so stupid. I don't want to lose you to that." I felt her so close to me as I kept my back to her.

"Why do you care Betty? Obviously, you didn't when you let two men fuck you in my house," I asked, taking one last drag before letting the butt fall to the ground. My body jerked forward as she hugged me from behind. I felt her trembling as her hug tightened.

“I care! I’ve never stopped caring Wayne! And I never will, you’re the only man I want!”

“Could have fooled me,” I said, coldly.

“I can only say sorry so much Wayne! Please, tell me why did you start smoking again?”

“I saw no point in denying myself the things I used to like doing but gave them up for someone that didn’t respect me enough not to break their vows. And you know how I am when I give my word. So, I’m going to give you another one, I am going to date...” I felt her body stilling as a wicked smile formed on my lips, “as a matter-of-fact I have got one already lined up next weekend.”

“Please Wayne, don’t do this...”

“Why not? Did that ring on your finger stop you from taking two men to my bed, hmm? So tell me, why should I be the only one in this relationship being faithful to the other person?” Glancing down as her hands balled around my shirt.

“As long as you don’t fall in love with anyone,” Betty whispered. I knew she didn’t mean a word of it. “But don’t think I’m not got to try to win you back even if it takes me until I’m old and grey. I am not going to lose my

husband.” I heard her voice trembling as she squeezed me tighter. I wanted her to know that I was no longer hers. That ship had sailed three days ago. If she wasn’t willing to be faithful I saw no reason to remain so as well. Plus, I wanted her to sweat and worry that I would fall for another person. Trust me that wasn’t going to happen. If this marriage didn’t work out I wasn’t going to go through the process ever again. Opening myself up to Betty was hard enough and look what that got me. I have no problem staying single and fucking whomever I want when I want. Unlike most people I don’t need relationships, like I said before I enjoy my solitude.

“Mom and Dad are having a cookout... do you want to come?” Betty asked, as she pulled away from me.

“No.”

“Why?”

“Let’s see, for the two years we dated, the four we’ve been married they’ve thought I was beneath them. I’ve bent over backwards for them long enough. And who did I do all that for?” I asked, arching an eyebrow as I turned.

“Me,” Betty said weakly, looking down at the pavers.

“That’s right, you. And what did my discomfort get me?” I inquired, lifting her chin. “I tell you what got me. A sister-in-law that whispers to her sister to cheat on me, in my own god damn HOUSE! A sister-in-law who I’ve had to cover for because she cares more about fucking around than being a damn

mother to her own child! Your whole family disrespects me every chance they can. So, no, I will not be joining you for your little ‘cookout’ or any other family function from here on out. I doubt anyone of them will care if I’m not there. Good riddance, I say,” I stated before leaving her there.

Betty

I never knew he felt that way about my family. Why hadn’t I seen it?! Every time my mother or father, or Celine for that matter tried to say something negative about him. I’d cut it off right then and there. No one talks about my husband like that at least not in front of me. God. I’m so damn stupid! My mind raced at who this date was as I felt the late morning sun on my skin. It had to be that woman I saw on the news! It had to be. Fuck! I knew if he applied that charm of his, he would definitely find his way into that woman’s pants. If she hadn’t already proposition my husband. “Fucking bitch!” I growled. Turning my head at the sound of a car horn in front of my house. Walking around the house, arching an eyebrow noting Bill’s SUV sitting in our driveway. Noting how my sister was talking to her husband before Bill nodded.

“Sis,” Celine said, as she got out of the vehicle. “Bill... we thought all of us could ride together.” I noted how Celine looked back to her husband a forlorn look appeared in her eyes. I knew they had talked once she got home from mine the other day. It gave me hope that if they were willing to work at it for Jan’s sake, that there might be hope for my own marriage.

“Wayne’s not coming, not now, not ever again,” I said, trying to keep my voice as stable as I could. “Why should he? It isn’t like you or our parents have been kind to him, now have you?” Celine dropped her head in shame, Bill had this smirk on his lips as he sat behind the wheel of his SUV. “Let me

tell Wayne I'm leaving, okay?" Walking towards the front door, I heard the TV going in the living room. What was playing did not fill me with warmth as a True Crime documentary was playing through the speakers as I heard Wayne making lunch. "Bill and Celine are here, I'm going to ride with them to my parent's house," I said, as Wayne was laying a leaf of lettuce on top of his sandwich.

"Okay, why are you telling me?"

"I'm always going to tell you where I am or going," I said, stepping up to him. Rising on the tips of my toes, placing a kiss on his cheek. "I'll be back before dinner." My eyes studied Wayne's face as he had his jaw set. "I love you Wayne; I'm never going to stop loving you." I saw his eyes glance at me. I could see his mind working on whether or not he could believe those words.

As Bill backed out of the driveway, I couldn't hold back the tears any longer. My Wayne, my true love going on a date! That wasn't me! Oh God! What if he falls for whomever it is?! What if... he gets her pregnant?!

"Sis? What's wrong?" Celine asked, peering around her seat.

"Wayne... he's..."

"What about him?" Bill inquired.

“Has a date next weekend,” I stammered out. I looked up as Bill laughed.

“Bill?” Celine quickly closed her mouth at whatever look her husband gave her.

“It’s what you get Betty. Did you honestly think you could do what you did and not face some consequences for your actions?” I saw Bill peering at me in the rear view mirror. I also knew it was meant for my sister as well.

“Is Uncle Wayne not my uncle anymore?” asked an inquisitive Jan.

“Oh no honey, Wayne is still very much your Uncle. We’re just having some problems that I caused by my own selfishness,” I said, looking over at my niece. Smiling at how pretty she looked in her unicorn t-shirt.

“Good,” Jan said, with a stern nod. “I love Uncle Wayne, he’s always nice to me more so than mommy is,” she said, before turning her attention out the window. I knew that stung my sister, and hard too, as I saw how she was trying very hard to hold back her tears. I noticed how Bill didn’t comfort my sister, what could you say to the truth? Celine has been neglecting her daughter for the past three years for whatever strange cock she could find.

“Are you going to let him?” Celine asked, with a trembling voice as she gazed at her daughter.

“Yes, what else can I do? I’m the one that put us in this situation in the first place. If I have to watch as he goes off every night with some... woman,” my hands balled up the fabric of my jeans trying to keep my anger at the thought of another woman’s hands on him, “then that’s what I’m going to do,” I said, although that didn’t mean I had to like it.

“Hmm... I think Wayne is onto something here,” Bill said, stroking his chin as we sat at a red light.

“You can’t mean that Bill, can you?” Celine asked, in shock.

“As compared to what you’ve been doing?!” Bill replied accusingly looking over at her. I saw my sister’s face ripen quickly yet couldn’t say anything against Bill’s words. “But unlike Wayne I have a daughter to take care of so I can’t go running off every night,” he said, getting in another dig at my sister.

“Don’t bring them around the house.” I heard my sister whisper.

“Trust me, if I do that, I’d be far more discreet than you have been,” Bill said, taking a left hand turn to my parent’s home.

My father is a high power corporate lawyer, and my mother is just as good at sitting on her ass and doing nothing while she fornicates with her lovers. I don’t know why my father hasn’t divorced her. I know he doesn’t love her any more. However, I think it’s time that I find out. I watched as Bill pulled along the long, looping driveway of my father’s expansive home. Our

parents greeted us as me and Celine walked into our childhood home with Bill and Jan right behind us.

“Jan!” My mother held out her arms to her grandchild. Watching her kiss Jan’s cheeks repeatedly.

“Where’s your husband?” My father asked me, as Bill closed the front door.

“At home,” I replied.

“Good. We have someone you should meet,” my mother said, as she rose. “Now don’t give me that look. That man isn’t good enough for you, you need someone to provide a good life for you.”

“Oh?” Watching how Celine cupped her daughter’s ears knowing I was about to lay into my parents.

“Jerold!” My father bellowed. Alright, I’ll admit the man was handsome, yet that wasn’t going to sway me as the man walked in. “Jerold here just joined my firm, he’s a bright and upcoming star in the firm,” my father said, praising his new hire.

“Hi, your pictures...” I looked at his outstretched hand in disgust. I could not believe they had the gall to do this, in front of everyone as they began to cluster in the hallway.

“You...” I took a deep breath and felt a hand on my shoulder. Bill nodded to me as I looked back at him. “You can’t keep your own damn legs closed during your whole damn marriage and have the audacity to try to ruin mine!” I screamed out taking my mother, father, and Jerold by surprise. “And why haven’t you left this slut?!” I asked, pointing right at my mother’s face. Her eyes widen in shock at the name I just called her. “I know you know all about the men she sleeps around with!” I heard the gasp of my audience. “And you two have the nerve. The fucking nerve to bring this!” Sticking my finger in Jerold’s face. “Here. To tell me my marriage, in your damn eyes, isn’t good enough for you! Well, you know what! I don’t fucking care! From where I sit my marriage is ten times better than anything, anything that you two have! And don’t you ever try this shit again! No wonder Wayne doesn’t want to come here ever again. Look at the shit you just pulled! Wayne’s a better damn person than this entire damn family!” I looked back as Bill opened the door.

“You know Mom,” Celine said, her disdain apparent in her voice. “You two were the same with Bill and me until Jan was born, do the two of you know how hurtful that is? Do the two of you care that your actions hurt your own children, and I mean all of it since the time I was ten. You know how I felt when we caught you with your little boy toy?! And how you didn’t man up and toss her ass out on to the street,” her eyes cut hard at our father, “you just put up with it. You two cheating on each other without a damn care how it would affect your children. Well, you know what! Good job! I’m just like you Mom,” Celine sneered. “I don’t know if Bill or my baby will ever forgive me, but I’m sure as hell going to try to make it up to them. If they will have me still. Because I am not going to turn out like the two of you! Come on Betty, we’re leaving!”

“If you ever hope to have a relationship with me...”

“And me,” Celine quickly added.

“You will get on your damn hands and knees and kiss Wayne’s ass for all the shit you spoke about him. He knows all of it!” I don’t know how he knows; he just does. Maybe it’s all that sneaking he does. That man is like a ghost, here one minute gone the next. “If you can’t do that then stay the hell out of our lives!” I shouted slamming the door behind me. God. That felt good.

“Damn...” Celine quickly caught herself as her daughter looked up to her. I saw the quivering of her eyes as Jan slipped her hand into hers. “I didn’t know you had that in you,” my sister shot me a smile.

“It was a long time coming,” I nodded, a little proud of myself.

“Honey.” I saw the luster of my sister’s eyes as she turned to look at Bill. I don’t remember when the last time I heard Bill call her that. “Come on, let’s go home,” Bill said, the keys of his SUV spun around his finger. He didn’t say it, but I could see the pride in his eyes.

“What about Wayne? You think he’ll want to come over for a cookout with just us?” Celine asked, between the two of us.

“I don’t know, I don’t think Wayne wants to see you right now.”

“Yeah, that’s understandable you were the cause of this whole mess,” Bill agreed.

“You mean Uncle Wayne is coming over?” Jan asked, with excited eyes.

“Maybe if you’re the one that asks him,” Celine said, looking down at her daughter. I knew it was a low ploy yet I wanted to be in my husband’s presence even if I couldn’t touch him like I yearned to do.

Smiling at my niece as we all climbed back into the SUV. Pulling out my phone, I was on edge as I hit the call button once I selected Wayne’s number and put it on speaker. My fingers drummed on my leg as I listened as the phone rang. “Please Wayne, pick up,” I muttered low. “Shit!” I cursed when he ended the call without even answering.

“Let me,” Bill said, linking his phone to the built-in Bluetooth of the SUV. We all listened to the ring tone through the speakers.

“What is it Betty?” I noticed Bill’s and Celine’s eyes looking at me as we sat at the end of the driveway of my parent’s home.

“What? Wayne’s smart, he would have figured out that I would use Bill’s phone to call him,” I stated.

“Well, I’m so happy to hear you regard my intelligence so highly.” I heard the sarcasm in his voice.

“Uncle Wayne?” Jan spoke up. I could only image what Wayne was doing at this moment. Probably cursing up a storm in his head so not to do so over the line.

“Hello Jan.” I heard the softness of his voice when he addressed her. It wasn’t lost on Celine either.

“Hi! Will you come over so we all can have a...” Jan looked to me wondering what she could call it.

“Jan wants to know if you would come over to Bill’s and Celine’s place and have a cookout with us?” Looking down at my phone when a text came in that read: Really?! Using a child? Kind of low even for you.

“I thought you were going to your parents place?”

“We were, then they were their typical selves,” Bill said, as I was typing out a respond to Wayne. That said: if it’s the only way I can be with you, then I’ll use every underhanded trick I know!

“Please Uncle Wayne,” Jan pleaded with him, in that cute adorable voice of hers. Looking down as another text came in that read: What the fuck did

they do now?!

I chewed my lip wondering if I should tell him everything, shaking the thought from my mind. If I wanted us to remain married I couldn't hide this from Wayne. So I sent back my reply: They brought this guy in telling me you aren't good enough for me and I should be dating this new lawyer that started in my father's firm. I told them off, called my own mother a slut, and my father a coward for not kicking her out; and told them to kiss your ass if they ever want to be in our lives ever again.

"Really now?" We all heard that little chuckle of his as it was carried over the line.

"It's true Wayne. I wouldn't lie to you. Ask Bill if you don't believe me," I said, inching forward in my seat. Hoping that I could capitalize on his lightened mood. Not to trick him or anything, just to get my husband back. I already miss feeling him lying next to me. Showing Bill the text I sent to Wayne.

"Yeah, that's pretty much what she told her mother. I got it all on video, well my phone was in my pocket so you'll just hear their conversation. But only if you come over," Bill said, he saw the smile on my face.

"You play dirty."

"So my wife tells me." Bill had this smirk on his lips at Wayne's sigh.

“I’m coming for Jan. Remember that.” Jan squealed in joy as she threw up her arms.

“Okay, what do we want?” Bill asked, looking at me and Celine.

“Hotdogs!” Jan cried out joyously.

“Only if it’s the beef kind,” Wayne put in.

“Wait. There’s a beef hotdog?!” Jan looked at me in confusion. “Are they good Uncle Wayne?!”

“Oh yes, better than the ones your Dad buys.”

“Hey!” I saw the text come the display in the dash that read: You use a child as a ploy, deal with it! “That’s just low man, my hotdogs are awesome.” I heard Bill grumble.

“Honey, don’t we have a pack of them in the fridge?” I asked, as my head filled the space between Bill’s and Celine’s seats.

“Yeah. Why?”

“Bring them and we’ll stop and get hamburger meat, and the buns and some chips,” I said, my heart was racing when Wayne hadn’t told me to stop calling him that.

“Say meet up at our place in an hour,” Bill said, putting the gearshift into drive.

“Alright.”

“Good...” My words stilled in my throat as Wayne cut off the line without warning.

Betty

There I stood in the window of my sister’s home waiting for the man I love and yet hurt so deeply by my stupid, selfish decision. I would have thought Wayne would have been there before we arrived back with the groceries for our own little cookout. Looking down at my phone, wondering if I should just call him, shaking my head. If Wayne gave his word he would be there, even if he didn’t like me at the moment.

“Betty?” Turning my head as my sister stood behind me. “What are you doing?”

“Waiting on Wayne to get here,” I said, turning my attention back out to their front yard. Placing my hand on the window pane hoping I could fix what I so stupidly took for granted.

“You do know he’s out back with Bill and Jan right?” My head snapped to the left as the words left my sister’s lips. “You’re creeping me out sis,” Celine said, backing away from me. Noting how her arms quickly pressed to her body as I ran past her like a mad woman. My hair whipped behind me as I raced for their back door. Flinging it open, inhaling the scent of fresh cut grass as it drifted on the air. Listening to Jan’s voice as she spoke to her Uncle. My heart hammered in my chest as I heard the softness of my husband’s voice.

Taking a dry swallow as I noted how the light of his eyes faded as those eyes of his fell upon me as I stepped out of their home. “Wayne.” His name left my lips as I stepped onto the pavers of my sister’s patio. “Honey,” I whispered as I stepped cautiously towards him. Glancing over to Jan as she slid out of the chair she was sitting in while Bill manned the grill. Smiling down at my niece as she took hold of my hand. Leading me to the chair she once occupied. I tried to keep my smile from showing as she whispered in his ear ‘Talk to her’. Alright, it might be immoral for me to rely on a child to get my husband to speak to me, yet I’ll take anything at this point in time. Reaching into my shirt, pulling out to the necklace that held his wedding ring that I had taken from the drawer of his nightstand. To show him, that to me, we were still married no matter how much I fucked up.

“Thank you, for coming here Wayne,” I said, my hand running along his forearm noting how his eyes glanced down at the ring.

“I told you why I came,” Wayne said, in a cold monotone voice.

“Still, I’m glad you’re here,” I said, smiling lovingly at him. Praying to the heavens that I can fix this. To get us back to the way things were before I had my brain fart. I knew if we didn’t then I would lose out on the best thing I’ve ever had no matter how difficult Wayne’s personality could be at times.

“Uncle Wayne?” Jan’s voice softened Wayne’s features as she looked at the two of us.

“Hmm?”

“We’re still going to the planetarium, right?” Jan asked, with a happy smile.

“And miss out on all those planets?!” I bit my lip as a smile touch his lips as Jan giggled.

“Can Aunt Betty come with?” Jan asked, innocently.

“I’d love to go with the two of you,” I stated slipping my hand into his noting how he wasn’t returning the comfort. However, it was the fact that I could still touch my husband and not have my hand tossed back into my lap that gave me hope... hope that I could still fix this. I knew it would take months if not years for him to open up to me once again. Nevertheless, I was determined not to go the way of divorce even if I had to watch my husband going out and dating women; I knew that would hurt me so much. I had set this into motion, I was the cause of this. I only had myself to blame for the

heartache I would be facing in the coming days. Moreover, I was determined to see this through.

“You aren’t going to leave my daughter hanging are you?” Bill asked from over his shoulder, as he flipped a burger. I could see how much Wayne wanted to say no, to tell me to fuck off, let go of his hand. I knew my husband, and when it came to Jan he couldn’t say no.

“Fine,” Wayne sighed.

“Yes!” Jan laughed happily as she threw her arms into the air. While I didn’t voice my eagerness to spend time with Wayne, I too was silently dancing a jig in my head.

“So when did you tell her you would take her?” I asked, looking over at Wayne.

“Wednesday,” Jan said, cutting in.

“But don’t you have school then?” I asked, arching an eyebrow.

“No, it’s a teacher workday,” Bill informed me. “I do appreciate you looking after her,” he said, turning to look at my husband.

“Don’t worry about it,” Wayne said, offhandedly.

I wondered what was going on in his mind as those cold, calculating eyes gazed off into the distance. I hoped that whatever it was wouldn’t lead him to finding himself in a jail cell or doing time. I knew my husband; I knew when he found me that day he wouldn’t kill us right out. Wayne wasn’t a fool, or stupid. He would wait until enough time had past to exact his revenge. I just hoped it wasn’t something that I couldn’t over look.

“Betty come help me carry the food out to the table,” Celine called out to me. Squeezing Wayne’s hand as I rose from my seat. My fingers ran along his shoulder before I went to help my sister to bring out the buns, condiments, and the pitcher of lemonade out to the patio table. Noticing how Celine couldn’t look Wayne in the eye as she and I set the table.

I kept my displeasure to myself as I noted how Wayne pulled out his pack of cigarettes from his pocket. My eyes following after him as he walked across the back yard as the puff of smoke trailed after him. Watching how he stood with his back to us, I don’t know what he was looking at yet in my mind I thought it was nothing in particular. I just hoped that when or if I could repair this damage I had caused, that I’d be able to get him to stop once again. I might have done something so stupid and selfish, yet it didn’t mean I wanted to watch my husband die.

Wayne

I was trying to keep my composure as I slowly drew on the cigarette between my lips. My mind wandered as I stared aimlessly at nothing in

particular. Running through scenarios in my head to deal with the men who had defiled my home. The bed I once shared with my wife. Even if I do decide to take her back, that bed would never find it's way into my bedroom. Finding myself growing irate as every plan that formed in my head wound up with bringing far too much attention to myself. I knew if I was going to retaliate against those men, I had to have a solid alibi. My name could not be anywhere near what I was planning. After all, I do work for the police, and they do tend to look at those in the department far more closely if suspected of a crime. Then again, what I was planning and what was coming their way had to be air tight. I also knew I couldn't make Betty disappear; the husband was always the first one they look at, that's just common knowledge. However, I had other plans on making Betty suffer that didn't involve the police. Would it be immoral? Probably. Moreover, I don't have a problem with immorality.

My ears perked as I heard Jan's voice, sighing in my mind. I really did like Jan. It was my hope, if a psychopath like me could hope, that Jan would take an interest in the sciences. Science could use all the women it could garner. Without turning around as I heard the footsteps nearing.

"Wayne?" I was curious as to why my jaw muscles clenched at the sound of my wife's voice. "I know I have no right to ask this of you. But please Wayne, cut back on the smoking." I felt her hands lightly resting on my back.

"You're right, you don't," I said, plainly. "Or did you forget that the moment you broke our marriage vows?"

"I know honey," I felt her fingers curling around my shirt, "I can't ever take back what I've willingly done. To you, to us, to our marriage. Yet I don't want to see you die either!"

“Oh?” I mused as I peered over my shoulder at Betty.

“Please Wayne, I know I fucked up majorly with us. That doesn’t mean I want to watch you die slowly as those things take your life.” I heard the pleading in her voice. Looking down as I felt my body betraying me. It would seem that my displeasure with my wife did not effect how my body reacted to how her body felt as she pressed her chest against my back. My mind flashed back to all the times I felt those breasts on my chest, my hands fondling them whenever we had sex. The way she would mew every time I teased those nipples. I cursed loudly in my head that no matter how furious I am at my so-called wife that my body was hers. Hers to entice for something to rise as given how my cock was filling with blood at that moment. After all it has been days since I’ve had sex or been this close to Betty. “Just please Wayne, quit now before it’s too late. I might have lost your trust, your love, that singular place in your heart right now. That does not mean I don’t love you. I know I have fallen from your eyes. That you must think horrible things about me. Things that I have rightfully earned to be called. But I am still your wife.” I looked down as her arms wrapped around me. “For however long I remain to be.”

“Hey, you guys hungry?” Bill’s voice filled the air. “Come and eat if you are.”

“Wayne come have lunch with me. I would really enjoy sharing a meal with you,” Betty said, lightly running her hands along my chest. “It’s been awhile since we’ve done that.”

I tried not to look at Betty’s sister given that it was her who set my marriage towards the sharp rocky shore, yet when my eyes did find their way to her,

her head would instantly drop, her gaze never meeting mine. I chalked that up to the guilt she must be feeling. Not that I cared. If her sister and I went the way of the dodo, if I never saw Celine again, it would be too soon.

“Okay, I admit these are better,” Bill spoke causing me to freeze in midbite.

“Hold on, I think I need to get this on tape,” I said, casting Jan a smile as she giggled and Bill rolled his eyes.

“Very funny,” Bill replied shaking his Hebrew National hot dog at me.

“But Daddy these are better,” Jan said, with a chipper tone.

“Don’t you go joining his side now,” Bill scolded in a false stern voice.

Looking down as I felt Betty’s hand on my leg. “It’s nice to see this side of you again,” Betty whispered in my ear. Feeling it inching higher, “And this side of you as well,” she said heatedly as her hand lightly patted my growing bulge. “I know we have a lot to work out, but to know this still rises for me...”

“I’m angry not dead,” I said coldly, removing her hand from my lap.

“Still, I can wait Wayne. Maybe you can hate fuck me when you need to, to take out this anger on me.”

Betty

I sighed loudly as Wayne quickly departed after I said those words. Berating myself for coming on to him so quickly. In my defense, I'm horny, and his body felt so good pressed against mine. My foray into my experiment in a threesome was not worth the cost I'm facing at the moment. It didn't matter who it was, it was the act that interested me not the people in it. My coworkers... thinking back they were a tad bit too eager to be the ones taking part in it. My mind raced wondering if they had already been planning to make me stray and when I talked to them about my fetish it gave them a way in. Recounting how they were more talkative, more charming than before I confided in them. I know I wasn't in my right mind given how I listened to my sister, and she wasn't the most reliable person on not being a cheating spouse.

“You had to know this wasn't going to be easy,” Bill said, over the rim of his glass as he glared at me.

“I know,” I muttered in defeat. Yet I longed to be at my husband's side. I know what I did would take time for Wayne to trust me again, maybe years if we lasted that long; and still, I might have fallen, but that didn't mean I don't love my husband.

“Sis, I can't say how sorry I am for my part in all of this,” Celine said, I saw the shame on her face as Bill glanced at her.

Blowing out a breath as I pulled out my phone. Texting my husband wondering if he wanted me to stay at Celine's place to give him space. I was willing to do anything – minus killing anyone – to prove myself to my husband. Biting my lip as the minutes wore on and not a word from my husband.

“Give him some more time, Wayne will call,” Celine said, sitting down beside me as I sulked on their couch. My back rested against the armrest as my nails picked at the denim of my jeans. Slyly peering over my knees wondering how Bill was willing to give Celine another chance.

“Sis, why aren't you in a motel?” I asked, bluntly.

“I don't know, honestly, if Bill cheated on me like I did to him.” I heard her loudly sigh. “I would have kicked his ass out. But... I don't know how but there's still some love for me in him even after everything I put us through. I'm hoping that you can win Wayne back. If there's anything I can do to help...”

“Thanks... but if Wayne found out, given that you were involved in the first place...”

“Ah. I understand,” Celine nodded. “Still, if there's anything I can do without Wayne finding out I'll do everything I can to help.” I felt her hand on my left shin as my sister looked at me.

“Thanks,” I said, forlornly.

“It will get better...” I saw how Celine glanced up, causing me to turn my head as Bill chased Jan through their house, “I hope.”

I jumped in my seat as my phone rang. My eyes widened and held hope in them as I noticed Wayne’s number on the screen of my phone. “Wayne!” I didn’t hesitate to answer.

“You have five minutes to get home, or you can stay there, your choice.” I looked at my phone oddly as the line went dead. I leapt from the couch catching my sister by surprise.

“Betty? What’s going on?” Celine called out to me as I hopped on one foot as I put on my shoes.

“I’m going home!” I cried joyously before I was out the door. I ran like my life depended on it – because it did – the six blocks to the home I share with Wayne. “Wayne! Wayne!” I called out as I rushed through the front door of our home. However, as I came to a stop in the open door way of our living room I was not prepared what I found waiting for me.

Wayne

“Strip and fuck it,” I commanded not bothering to look at my wife as I pointed to a ten inch black, suction-cup dildo that was planted on the floor.

“W-w-what?!” I heard Betty stammered from behind me.

“You wish to earn my forgiveness, yes?”

“Of course, Wayne. But... I don't understand?” I looked up as Betty rushed to my side.

“Obviously, you can infer what the black dildo is supposed to represent. Given that you had two black men fucking you on my god damn bed!” I shouted causing Betty to jump in startlement.

“Wayne it was never about them being black, hell they could be Asian or white for all I cared?!” I cocked my head to the side wondering if she knew she wasn't making her case any stronger for herself. My eyes followed her as she knelt at my side. “It was the act itself that fascinated me, not who was involved in it,” Betty said, taking hold of my hand. I could feel her trembling as she held it.

“I don't understand,” I admitted.

“Oh baby, I don't know if I can ever truly explain it myself. Yes they were black, yes I cheated on you. I freely admit that. Yet it wasn't about them, it

was about feeling the rush of the experience. To know the feeling of something that I've never felt before. I know you, on many occasions, said no, and I should have listen. However, it was like an addiction to me, always in the back of my mind whispering to me. To have a taste of it, but it only grew stronger the longer you said no. That didn't give me a right to do what I did to you." Tears began to form in her eyes as she stared at me. "If me riding that," Betty turned her head to look at the rubberized phallus, "is a step in earning your forgiveness I'll do it."

"Then what are you waiting for?" I asked, with a pointed look.

"O-okay, for you Wayne," Betty said, weakly. "I'll do anything to still be your wife."

"We shall see."

Betty

I have to admit my heart was racing as I rose from the floor. Dropping my shirt and bra to the floor. Feeling my skin heat as my husband's eyes couldn't look away from my chest. Ever since we've been at odds due to my own making I have missed the feel of his hands on my breasts.

"Tell me, was it worth it?" Wayne's voice startled me as I was pushing my pants down.

“God, no. Nothing was worth it, nothing is worth losing you,” I admitted as I peered at him when I was bent over.

“Was it even good? Where they better than me?” I shook my head rapidly.

“No,” I answered stepping out of my pants, my eyes lit up as Wayne beckoned me closer. My heart hammered in my chest as his legs parted. As if he was allowing me passage to the lap I had adorned for so many years. How good it felt to feel my panty clad ass on his denim covered leg.

“Explain.”

“Like I said it was never about who was in it, well if it was you as I would have liked, that would have been different,” I said shyly, with my head bowed. My fingers lightly plucked at the hem of his shirt as I sat bare chested on my husband’s lap. “And no, they weren’t any better than you are. Actually, it was like they just wanted to fuck me and use me. It kind of felt like they didn’t really care about me, in retrospect.”

“Oh?!” I saw the silent anger in my husband’s eyes once I said that. It gave me confidence that there was still hope for me.

“Mmmhmm,” I nodded, “they didn’t touched me like you do,” my eyes glanced over to him. “They just groped and pawed at me, did I enjoy it physically, yes I did,” I said, knowing if I lied to him it would not end well

for me. “Yet not near as much as I would have if it had been you,” I uttered weakly.

“Then why? Why do this to us, to me?” I heard the need to understand in his voice. To understand why I would do such a thing if I was happy, I was actually, truly I was.

“I don’t know honey; I just don’t know. I wish I could give you a better answer than that. All throughout it, one part of me was finally happy that I got to experience my little fetish, the other side, the side that loves being your wife was saying no, no, no. Yet the side that made me temporarily insane overruled it because that’s the best I can describe it... is insanity. I had to be if I was listening to my sister?!”

“I’ll give you that.” I heard Wayne’s voice softening, just a tad, as he spoke those words. I could see the need to touch me like he always had done before my indiscretion, yet the part of himself that made the cold hearted man that I have dealt with for the past few days was keeping him from doing it. My eyes flicked over to the dildo that was waiting on me.

“Did you get lube for it?” I asked, peering over at my husband.

“No, isn’t that their size?” Wayne inquired, as he rested against the right armrest of the chair. “Isn’t that the reason you chose two black men?” I saw his cocked eyebrow as I doubled over in laughter. There might be some with BBC but my coworkers were certainly not among them, nor was that a fetish of mine.

“Baby, you so shouldn’t worry about that, they couldn’t measure up to you,” I said, running the pads of my index and middle fingers up along the length of my husband’s bulge.

“So they weren’t bigger, so it really was just about the experience?” Wayne asked, tilting his head in confusion.

“Mmmhmm, that’s what it always been about Wayne,” I nodded. Lifting myself off his lap, hooking my thumb around the waistband of my underwear, bending down as I pushed them down to fill my sweet husband’s view of my eager, red mound. I released a startled squeak as I felt his hand smacking my ass. Then something happened, something that’s never happened before, a moan, a lust filled, hunger laden moan escaped my lips as another landed on my left ass cheek. “Another Wayne, you should punish your wife for disrespecting our marriage vows.” My hands shot out catching myself on the armrests to keep myself standing as my legs trembled. Then I felt something, something I haven’t felt in days. I was cumming, and hard, as another strike landed on my ass. That wasn’t something I was expecting to happen. I’ve never been one for a spanking, yet just the feel of Wayne’s hand on my body after so many days apart drove me over the edge.

My chest heaved; my body quaked as I steadied myself in the aftershocks of my climax. Peering over my shoulder seeing Wayne’s perplexed look at what had just happened. Turning around filling my husband’s view of my dangling 32C breasts. My eyes searched his, hoping to find something that told me that I could indeed save my marriage from my own foolishness.

“I miss these lips Wayne,” I whispered running my fingertip along his lower lip. “Don’t give up on me, I know I have much to make up for. Don’t throw away what we have because I became stupid for an hour.”

“Give me a reason why I shouldn’t,” Wayne said, in a cold, indifferent tone that I’ve grown to hear since my fall.

“I know I screwed up majorly, I get that,” I said, never looking away, always keeping my gaze squarely on his. “I get that it will take months or years to earn back what I shattered.” Sinking to my knees, placing my hands on his thighs, trying to ignore my husband’s hard cock before me. Yet just the outline of it alone made my mouth water. “You know it isn’t easy being with you either. I’m not complaining honey, I’m just stating facts. I know how you like those,” I stated trying to warm his mood with a smile. “Yet, as we grew together, you made some huge mistakes, granted not as big as mine, yet just as hurtful to me.” I could see those eyes of his trying to understand what I was saying and trying to comprehend the meaning of my words in that brain of his. “All I’m asking for, Wayne, is a chance to make it right between us. I’m here, on my knees, naked, praying that you can do that. To let me earn your trust again so that maybe I can be your wife again. I know you have that date. I can’t ask you to remain faithful to me when I was the one who broke our vows. All I can ask of you is to please wear a condom so that when I do finally earn it again, I can be with you like before all this,” I said, I couldn’t stop my body’s reaction when his eyes never left it. My nipples grew hard, harder than they ever have been, my mound throbbed like mad being this close to Wayne and his hard cock.

What I said was true, Sean and Dean were nowhere near the size of my husband. Then why did I do what I did? Hell if I know. Why does an addict shoot up in the streets? Because they have a need, my need was to find out what a threesome was like. However, as weak as that sounded, but it is the truth. It was like a drug to me. Whispering sweet nothings in my mind to give in and have a taste. In my haze that one sole obsession was all I could see, not the pain, the hurt, the trust I would destroy in its wake.

“Did you have them wear one?” Wayne asked, referring to the men I had slept with.

“Of course!” Taking his hands into mine, “Honey, I might have strayed from your side, but I’m not an idiot.” Slapping his thigh when Wayne gave me a look I knew all too well. However, my hand couldn’t help it, it moved on its own, like it’s always done, whenever I’m in this very position. I moaned in my mind as the palm of my hand ran up my husband’s hard... cock. “Please Wayne, let me see it. I won’t do anything, I promise...” I glared hatefully at his cell phone as it rang. How I hated the smirk on Wayne’s lips when he knew how much my mind wanted to see his manhood.

“This is he.” I pouted as Wayne answered his phone. “I see, I’ll be there in thirty.” My body stilled as his thumb and index finger took hold of my chin forcing me to look at him as Wayne leaned forward. “We’ll just have to put your humiliation on hold until I get back.”

“Humiliation?!” I uttered in my mind. I pondered on why he would want to humiliate me. His wife. My mind raced wondering if Wayne felt something like that when he came home that day.

“You did say you would do anything, or were you lying?”

“What, no?! Never,” I answered with shocked eyes at the thought that he would think that. “But why Wayne, why humiliate me like that?”

“Because you fucking deserve it!” Wayne hissed his nose an inch away from my own as I saw the rage in his eyes.

“Please Wayne you’re hurting me,” I whimpered as his grip on my chin grew painful. At that moment I was a tad fearful of my husband. The look in his eyes was not of the man I loved. It was like looking into the eyes of a wounded beast. A beast that I had backed into a corner and I feared I wouldn’t know how Wayne would react. Rubbing my chin as Wayne roughly released it, watching as he surged from his seat.

“Don’t bother with dinner.” I jumped as Wayne slammed the door behind him.

Wayne

The strobe lights of the police cruisers greeted me as I stopped outside of the police tape. Burying the anger I felt. It wouldn’t do me any good if I allowed it to interfere with my work. Blowing out a breath, clipping my badge to my shirt. Noticing the news crews that lined the police tape. My eyes flickered over to Detective Morrison as she waved her hand at me once she saw me as I got out of my car.

“Sorry for calling you in on your day off,” Holly said, as she held up the tape for me. Arching an eyebrow when she wasn’t dressed like she was the other day as my eyes fell on her black, lace up, Altama boots. I found it an odd match to her black dress pants and jacket. “I was on a date the other day,” Holly whispered to me noticing my confused look. “You might want to suit

up before you go in, it's not pretty," she whispered low into my ear allowing me to feel the curves of her breasts.

"Oh?" I replied with a cocked eyebrow.

"Yeah, looks like we've found their torture room," Holly said, keeping in step with me as she led me to the door referring to the group of sadistic bondage killers that had been dropping bodies across the city. "So are we still on for next Saturday?" she asked, with a rather coy smile as I zipped up in what I always thought looked like a human sized condom suit.

"Sure, but are you sure you want to go with me?" I inquired when I knew she had a husband. I wondered why she was stepping out on her own spouse.

"Wouldn't have asked you if I didn't," Holly replied with this sultry look in her green eyes.

"And your husband is alright with that?" I asked, with a pointed look as I lowered the respirator over my nose and mouth.

"Oh, don't worry about him," Holly uttered waving off the statement. I should be irked by that, you would think, right? Yet I really didn't feel anything. It was her life to fuck up not mine. Although the irony wasn't lost on me. "You aren't trying to back out are you?"

“No. If I give you my word, I stick to it,” I stated, my voice was muffled slightly by the mask.

“Mmm... good to know,” Holly cooed her hand reached for the door handle as I picked up my kit from the stoop. “After you,” she gestured as she held the door open for me.

Okay, I might not feel a whole lot of things, emotional wise. Yet even I can be revolted by the sheer evil man will inflict on another person as I stared at the wall, I couldn't look away at the snuff film that played upon it. The screams of their latest victim filled my ears as my eyes were captured by her rape and torture. Taking a dry swallow as I watched how her blood flew through the air, my eyes followed those droplets path, leading them to the right noting the splatter on the wall. Then to the floor where they slit the woman's throat. Her blood still there, they hadn't bothered to clean up the place given how the blood was clotted. However, her blood wasn't all that I saw. I counted a dozen, if not more, marring the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. Now I knew why Holly had called me in. I knew I'd be there all night.

Betty

I awoke by something jostling the bed I've come to call mine since my fall. Then I felt something, something I didn't expect, not this soon anyway. Arms, strong arms, wrapping themselves around me. It wasn't often, yet sometimes even Wayne just couldn't deal with what he saw at his job. It had to be something so horrible that even his mind couldn't handle it.

“Wayne?” I whispered groggily as I rolled over. “What’s wrong honey?!” Wayne didn’t say a word he only held me tighter. “Shh…” Stroking his hair, it didn’t matter what brought my husband to my bed, it was the fact that he came to me. Sought me out of his own accord, no matter what was between us at the moment. That whatever happened to him that his mind knew he could seek me out and I wouldn’t ask why. “It’s okay baby, I’m here.”

Placing a kiss on his shoulder, biting my lip as I felt the hands of my husband on my bare back. I couldn’t help it. I love how he felt in my arms. This is, after all, the first time in days Wayne came to me on his own.

However, as my alarm went off a few hours later, Wayne was nowhere to be seen. Sighing as I laid my arm across my eyes, yet I couldn’t stop the smile from forming on my lips. It was a small step but a step nonetheless that there was something left in Wayne that still saw me as his wife if he sought comfort from whatever was troubling him. Yawning as I walked out of my bedroom. My nose wiggled as I caught the scent that greeted me.

“Wayne?” I called softly as I peered around the corner into the kitchen. My eyes widened at the sight of the two plates on the counter. “What are you cooking?” I asked, with hope in my voice that my husband wanted to have breakfast with me. I knew it wasn’t much yet it was something, right?

“French toast, eggs, the turkey sausage you like,” Wayne said, into the pan.

“Thank you Wayne,” I said, sweetly. Stepping into the kitchen watching him work, something I loved to do. I loved watching Wayne cook.

“This is my thank you for waking you late last night,” Wayne said, from over his shoulder as he placed two hot slices of French toast onto the plate. Seeing the steam rising off the eggs as he plated the other two slices.

“Honey, you don’t have to thank me, I’m your wife. You can wake me up any time you want. But that doesn’t mean I’ll turn down having breakfast with you,” I said, with a smile on my face.

Granted I wasn’t expecting to be eating the food my husband had made for me in my underwear this morning, but I wasn’t going to complain. “God. I’ll starve if we divorce,” I moaned into my mind as the taste of the French toast exploded across my taste buds. I wasn’t expecting Wayne to carry on a conversation. Still would it kill him to say a word to me. Yet all I could do was watch his jaw moving as he chewed. The way his lips wrapped around the prongs of his fork as he took a bite of his eggs. Noticing how those deep green eyes of his kept glancing up to me as he took a sip of his orange juice.

“What?”

“Nothing,” I said, feeling my cheeks heat as his gaze lingered on my face.

“You’re going to be late,” Wayne muttered.

“So? I can be late if I want to,” I said, in the cutest voice I could muster. “I’m having breakfast with my husband,” I stated wiggling my nose.

“Uh-huh.” I heard the disbelief in his voice. Setting my fork down, I knew if we were going to work this out he was going to have to talk to me. I mean really talk to me, not this talking but not talking he’s been doing.

“Wayne, talk to me, please. Yell, curse, throw something, I don’t care. But this anger in you is going to eat you alive,” I said, instantly I noticed a change in demeanor.

“You want me to throw something?!” Wayne said, coldly.

“God, yes...” Jumping in my seat as his plate went flying into the wall.

“All that did was ruin the wall,” Wayne said, in a sneer. “Got any more bright ideas?”

Anger, was good. At least it was something. “As matter-of-fact I do,” I said, matching his gaze. I had to be strong, I had to weather the storm that awaited me.

“Oh? Do you now?”

“Mmmhmm,” I nodded. “Monday I made an appointment with a marriage counselor. You’re therapist was the one that recommended her.”

“I see, do tell, why exactly would I agree to this?” Wayne asked, as he leaned back in his chair.

“Because,” getting up from my seat, walking around the table and kneeling at his side, “I know you still love me, in your own way, in here,” I said, placing my hand over his heart. “Otherwise, I wouldn’t still be in this house, you wouldn’t have come to my bed. You’re sister told me what you did to the one person that crossed you. And I’m still here. Why?” I hoped I wasn’t pushing my husband too fast as those eyes bored into me. “Because somewhere in that heart of yours you still think of me as your wife,” I said, getting to my feet. The dildo was still there on the floor, I didn’t remove it knowing Wayne would have a fit if I did. Unclasping my bra, and shimmying out of my panties, if Wayne wanted to humiliate me for my transgressions then so be it. Watching how Wayne had an odd look on his face as I walked into the living room. “You wanted this last night,” I said, rubbing that rubberized cock against my clit. Feeling my lips running along its length as my husband watched on.

Lifting my hips, biting my lip as its head pressed against my entrance. Whimpering as it breached the threshold of my cunt. Feeling it stretching me out, lifting up when it got too much for me when I reached the six inch mark. My eyes never leaving his as I fucked myself on our living room floor. “Yes Wayne!” I called out as I lost myself in the bliss that was flooding my body. My hands ran up my chest, cradling by breasts as I rode that phallus hard. “Is this what you want? To watch me debase myself like this?” I asked, with hungry eyes. Smelling my sex in the air as it coated the dildo with every roll of my hips. My eyes glanced down, curling my tongue, feeling its tip touch my cupid’s bow at the sight of the movement beneath his robe. “To make me act like a slut for you?”

“Well, how do you explain your actions that led to this?”

“I can’t but if making me be your slut will fix it, then I’ll be your slut for as long as you want,” I answered rubbing my clit. “Fuck! Wayne, I’m cumming!” I screamed out. “You need release honey, let me give it to you,” I said, the need was clear as day in my voice. “Use me as much or as little as you want.”

“Oh?!”

“Mmmhmm,” I hummed, pinching my nipples at the thought of feeling my husband’s manhood. I eyed Wayne as he rose from his seat. Then my eyes zeroed in on the tent that protruded before him. My mouth watered at the prospect of having it back where it belonged. Wayne reached forward taking hold of my chin forcing me to look up at him.

“Anything I want?”

“Yes baby,” reaching up and resting my hands on his thighs, “anything you want,” I said, trying to keep my lust from my voice. My canal clenched around the dildo that was still lodged deep inside of me. I was not expecting Wayne to hate fuck my face, yet that was what happened as his balls slapped my chin. Nonetheless, the moment his cum exploded in my mouth that was all I could think about. I didn’t swallow my coworkers cum, although I did allow them to paint my breasts. I know it was stupid, but it felt wrong to swallow another man’s cum given what I was doing at the time. So the moment his cum hit my tongue, I didn’t hesitate to swallow it all. My eyes fluttered as his rod slid along my tongue as he pulled out. My eyes followed after Wayne as he left me there after depositing his load. Hissing as I lifted myself off that rubberized cock. Feeling my channel clenching once its head left my cunt. Knowing if Wayne kept having me riding that thing I would be

looser than a wet paper bag in a thunderstorm. Making a mental note to visit an adult store after work as I walked towards the bathroom to shower before heading off to work.



I stared listlessly at my computer screen. Sighing heavily when it wasn't even past lunch yet and still Wayne hadn't called me. It was another thing that I've come to realize that in my fall I was alone in my struggle. However, I did hope that with the marriage counselor we could build back what I had taken for granted. Turning my seat towards the opening of my cubicle as I heard footsteps approaching. Sighing once again when Sean's and Dean's faces appeared in the entrance to my cubicle.

“Hey Betty, how’s that cuck of a husband?” Dean asked, I narrowed my eyes hatefully at his words. How could I have been so damn stupid in being tempted by this man.

“Wayne’s fine, does your car still smell like piss?” I shot back with a sneer. “You still pissing blood?” I asked, with a cruel smirk. Seeing his eyes darkening at my words.

“Whoa, whoa, lets simmer down,” Sean said, trying to play moderator. “Betty how about we finish what we started before your husband came home?” he asked, with this sinful grin on his face. Did he really think I would be foolish enough to fall for their crap again? I mean honestly?!

“It isn’t going happen, not now, not ever again,” I said, plainly. “So you should be more focused on trying to get back with your wives than trying to fuck me. If you even care about them.”

“Come on Bett’s, you know you love our black cocks, way more than you do that skinny white boys...” I noted Sean’s confused look, whenever my vision cleared, as I doubled over in laughter.

“You... think... you’re... bigger?!” I uttered through heaves of breath. The way the two of them looked at each other only caused another round of rib splitting laughter. Do all men think they have the biggest cocks in the world? Those two sure seemed to think so. “Trust me, I wasn’t fucking you for your size. If my husband had agreed, not that I’m blaming Wayne, this is entirely my fault. But whomever would have joined would feel inadequate, that’s how big he is, and the two of you aren’t anywhere near what my husband is,” I said, coldly. “I used you just like how you used me. That’s all there is

to it, nothing more, nothing less. Now why don't you go do whatever it is you do, and a word of advice, I wouldn't bad mouth my husband again. I seriously doubt he's through with the two of you," I said, ominously.

"Please, like that cuck is going to do anything," Dean said, waving off my warning like it was nothing.

"You obviously don't know my husband. Don't say I didn't warn you," I uttered shooing them away. I knew if Wayne found out that I'm still talking to them he would have my ass tossed in a matter of seconds. I was determined not to go the way of divorce not without giving it my all to save my marriage. Although, I couldn't stop my cunt from heating at the thought of being my husband's little slut. Biting my lip, wondering if this was going to become a strange new fetish for me.

Quickly digging into my purse, running a Google search for the closest adult store near to my work. Giggling madly as I scrolled through their website. My tongue stuck out of the corner of my mouth, my finger moved up the screen, my body reacting to what was playing out in my mind. Looking for something in my husband's size. I wanted to make sure that when I could finally line my husband's bed again that Wayne wouldn't feel any difference in the way my pussy feels as compared to what that black dildo would have made my womanhood.

"Mmm... yes I think you will do," I cooed as I eyed the white flesh colored dildo. Quickly hiding my phone when I heard footsteps approaching. It wouldn't do if my boss found me slacking off or looking at dildos that I could use to fuck myself for my husband's viewing pleasure. I was not expecting Maggie to show herself, not after what I had told her of what I had done to her brother. "Hello Margaret," I said formally, addressing my sister-in-law.

“Have you had lunch yet?” Maggie asked, her green eyes had the same intensity that Wayne’s had. Unlike Wayne’s due to what he is, Maggie’s always had a softness to them.

“No, I was going to skip it so I could head home early. Why?” I asked, arching an eyebrow, something I think I picked up from my husband.

“Not anymore you’re not,” Maggie said, with this pointed look as she cocked out her hip. “So come on, or don’t you want to save your marriage?” I nearly jumped out of my seat when she said those words. The sound of my purse scraped along my desk as it ran along its surface. I rolled my eyes and sighed loudly when I heard Sean’s and Dean’s voices. I had no idea how they always knew when a woman – in my sister-in-law’s case a first time visitor – appeared on the floor I worked on. I noted how Maggie turned her head slightly, seeing some of my husband in her as those eyes noted my coworkers walking towards her. While she might not be like Wayne is, sometimes I seriously doubted she wasn’t too far from him. If the look on her face at that moment was any indication of the mood Maggie was in. “Beat it,” Maggie said, coldly. “I’m spoken for,” she stated flashing her wedding ring. Her mood continued to darken as we stepped out of my cubicle.

“You heard her,” I said, staring down my two former cohorts. “Sorry Maggie, sometimes they can’t take no for an answer.”

“They the ones that you cheated on my brother with?” Maggie asked, loud enough for my whole floor to hear.

“Unfortunately,” I whispered low. I noted the disgusted look on her face as she shook her head in disbelief.

“Come on, we need to talk... somewhere more private,” Maggie said, taking command of my arm and leading me towards the elevators. “I hope you’re not still talking to those men?” I had no problem hearing the disdain in Maggie’s voice when she asked me that. Not that I didn’t deserve it. I did. After all I am now an official cheating wife. How I hated that label. I always thought I could be better than that, be better than what my mother is. Then again, all my life that’s all I saw, my parents cheating on each other without a care in the world. Being faithful to a spouse was not something I was raised amongst. I really did hope that I could win back my husband. No matter how difficult Wayne can be sometimes. He is still the man I long to be with.

“No, I’m not,” I said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Good. Otherwise I’d let you do this on your own and watch you fail,” Maggie stated as we stepped into the cab of the elevator.

“Why are you here then?” I asked, as the doors rolled closed.

“To help my brother, he is kind of stupid in the relationship sense,” Maggie answered crossing her arms waiting for the elevator to reach the ground floor. “No matter what you did, albeit it was a very stupid thing to do...” She would get no argument from me there, “you are good for my brother. That’s the only reason I am here,” Maggie said, her green eyes glanced over to me.

“Okay, you wanted to talk in private,” I said, as we took the farthest booth in the back, tucked into the corner of the restaurant within walking distance from my office. “I know I’m not your favorite person at the moment. Yet I am trying to redeem myself to Wayne, as slow as that’s coming along,” I sighed.

“Yeah... that’s why I’m here. Wayne’s not taking my calls,” Maggie said, dropping a bomb on me. Wayne always took his sister’s calls. “I’m worried Betty, I’m worried Wayne’s going to do something that’s going to land him in jail or worse,” she whispered low. I glanced down as Maggie took hold of my hands. I could feel her trembling, and that scared me to no end.

“Has Wayne done that before?” I asked, not really wanting to know the answer to that question.

“Once. Only one time in our lives that he’s cut off all communication to me. Is when...”

“He went dark,” I said, finishing her sentence to which Maggie nodded. Yet I found that odd given while I might not be his favorite person at the moment Wayne did take my calls and text albeit he allowed minutes to pass before he did. Whereas before all this they were answered immediately. I honestly don’t know how to take that. Was he honestly keeping me close because somewhere in his anger filled mind he still sees me as his wife, or something far more fiendish? Lowering my head, my brown hair brushed along my chest knowing I was the cause of all of this. The cause of my husband cutting ties to his sister. The cause that he might do something... no, I know he’ll do something. I can feel it in my gut. I might be a terrible woman for putting my husband through this, but I haven’t slept beside him for all this time and not know that man like the back of my hand; or at least that’s what I thought anyway.

“Does Wayne talk to you? I mean you are still living in my parents’ old house aren’t you?” Maggie asked, causing my eyes to glance up at her.

“I am, although not in the same bed.” The sadness I felt from being away from my husband’s touch was evident in my words.

“But you’re still there, right?” I nodded weakly, dropping my gaze. “The Wayne I know wouldn’t let you stay if you crossed him like you did.” My eyes shot up, wondering what this could mean for me and my husband. “I mean he didn’t change the locks, hasn’t kicked you out, and all the other things he’s done that I don’t know about...”

“H-he came to my room this morning when he got in,” I spoke with a trembling voice.

“Oh?! Go on, what happened?” Maggie asked, clearly interested in her brother’s behavior.

“I don’t know what happened when he was called in last night, but something had to have happened given how he crawled into my bed and held me tight. Wayne doesn’t do that,” I stated watching Maggie nod in agreement. “The only time he’s ever done that was when they were on the trail of that brutal child killer a few years ago, who was leaving parts of their bodies all over the city. Since then he hasn’t held me like he did this morning since that case,” I said, glancing down when Maggie had yet to remove her hand from mine. Noting how Maggie sat back in her seat as the waitress

approached us. I knew Maggie well enough to know when it involved Wayne she would become as tight lipped as her brother was.

“Hmm... see, this is another thing that isn't conducive to the Wayne I know.” I watched Maggie chew on her lip once the waitress left us. “Which means what advice I had to offer isn't going to work, at least not with this version of Wayne,” Maggie muttered deep in thought. “He must have changed a lot during his time with you,” she said, those green eyes of hers bored into me. “To think my brother actually let a person past that cold exterior of his.” Maggie had a genuine smile on her lips as she gazed at me. “I'm quite impressed,” Maggie stated, I couldn't help but feel my own cheeks heat at her praise. “That's not something even I have done and I'm his sister,” she chuckled. My heart raced; my ears twitched at the sound of the pleather that covered the seats squeaking as Maggie leaned forward. “I guess this means I'm just going to have to stay for a while to figure out this brother of mine,” Maggie said, flashing me a smile.

Wayne

Rolling out of bed around eleven after a three hour nap due to the late night I had. Stretching, yawning while I ambled into my bathroom. Knowing I had to get into work by one, to keep my hours below the overtime threshold. I so didn't want a long down time stuck at home with Betty at the moment. Maybe that will pass, maybe it won't, I really don't know. Double checking myself in the mirror when the scenes of last night flashed before my eyes. Granted I can think of some sick and disturbing things, especially what I want to happen to those two men that think they can defile my home and get away with it. What I saw in that room even chilled my cold demeanor.

“Hello?” I answered my phone as I stood in only my towel once I got out of the shower.

“Hey Wayne, you coming in today?” Holly asked, arching my eyebrow wondering what her fascination with me was about.

“Yeah, why?”

“Well, you know I rely on your blood splatter analysts more than I do with Grey’s.” I was confused, Grey was almost as good as I am, granted he flirted with far too much with the women in the bull pen. Yet his work was beyond reproach.

“You sure that’s what this is about? Or are you just tired of his old, worn out pickup lines?” I asked, wondering just how far I can lead her down the rabbit hole I was currently finding myself in.

“Maybe?!” Looking down wondering why my cock wasn’t responding at how sexy that giggle of hers sounds. I’ve never had that happen before; it was an odd experience to say the least. I hoped this didn’t continue into Saturday. Shaking my head at the thought of what caused it. It couldn’t be it. Not with what I am. It’s just impossible. “So…” Her voice took on a sultry tone to it, “when can I expect you to be in?”

“Should be there by one,” I answered, if she wanted the chase, I wasn’t about to deny her. Laying out an aquamarine button down collared shirt, along with a black pair of slacks on my bed as I went about preparing to

head into work. Lifting the right side of the dresser and pulling it away from the wall so not to leave scuff marks on the floor to give away the secret hiding place I had made for a certain item. An item given to me by a very dangerous man. Who shall remain nameless in this story, I am a man of my word after all. Let's call him Jeff for future reference. Why am I still alive if Jeff was so dangerous, you ask. Simple. I have the only evidence that ties him to a murder. I'm not about to get into the details of that case, you might know the details of it and well... things could get ugly. It's the only piece of evidence the man ever left behind. I should know given I now know what to look for with his kills. Where that piece of evidence has stayed hidden, safe from him all this time, until I needed a favor like I did at that moment. Sure, I could easily kill those two men without a care in the world. Yet I like not being in jail. I'm far too pretty. Sure they might suspect me at the beginning but with the alibi I'm going to make sure I have when it happens there will be no way they will be able to tie their murders back to me. Replacing the fake vent cover, and moving the dresser back making sure nothing was out of place. I couldn't let on to its location in case Betty grew suspicious.

I wasn't about to harm her, torment her oh yes, harm her, no. I'm me, I'm not stupid. I know I'd be the first one the cops look at if something happened to her. Getting Betty's sister or mother out of the picture was another thing I couldn't do. Those who think I should just kill her and be done with it aren't thinking ahead. They're allowing their emotions to get in the way. Emotions will only get you caught and a needle in your arm. Oh no, that isn't what's going to happen to me. Would it feel good to feel the life slipping out of my wife's body while my hands are around her neck. Most definitely. Would that get me caught? Again yes. I do work with some pretty good detectives. I don't need them sniffing at my heels for the rest of my life.

Pulling out the burner phone Jeff had left for me at a dead drop. I knew once this was done, my leverage over him would be gone. Worth it, I'll say. Powering it on, given how I had turned it off and removed the battery after our last conversation so Jeff wouldn't be able to track the phone. Yes. The police, and other law enforcement offices can turn your phone on, or in this

case the man that rooted this phone. It's a back door that the phone companies had put into the software that is if the battery was still in place. Then it wouldn't have been all that hard for Jeff to pinpoint my location from the phone's GPS.

"We need to talk." I sent the text to the only number stored in that phone as I quickly dressed.

"Ten minutes." Was the only reply I received. Walking hurriedly out of my house, I know burner phones will make tracking the phone very difficult if the cops get on to me. However, by the time this is done, the phone will be lining some trash heap. Still, that didn't mean I wasn't going to cover my tracks. Again, I'm not an idiot. I had enough time to transfer the information along with their pictures to the phone after I had pulled into the gas station's parking lot a few miles from my home. Answering the call on the first ring. "Well now, I didn't think I would ever be hearing from you again." His tone was cold, calm, and devoid of any and all emotion as Jeff spoke over the line. "Has your conscience grown so great that you're finally going to turn me in?" I knew he was fishing, looking to see if he had to run or enough time to take me out.

"No. I need a favor," I said, plainly.

"Oh?! A favor from me, whatever for?"

"No need to play coy, we both know what you are," I said, slyly looking around making sure I wasn't drawing attention to myself.

“No more so than you, if you’re calling me for a favor.” The man rebutted. What could I say to that, the man was right after all. “And if I do this thing for you, what do I get out of it?”

“What we both know what you want. To become a ghost once again,” I stated.

“I see, and what is this favor that you seek of me?”

“I’m sending you their info now,” I said, sending the draft of the text I had already made beforehand. I knew where they both were staying since their wives had kicked them out of their homes. “I want you to do what you do best.”

“You know I only...”

“They fit your criteria, they are after all serial cheaters,” I said, sure I could have had him take out my wife. However, I want to watch her torment myself not have her snuffed out by someone else. Where’s the fun in that? “As you see, their wives have filed their divorces under adultery,” I spoke, I did find it odd that the man only went after people who have broken their wedding vows.

“And how do you know they’re cheaters?”

Taking a deep breath, steadying myself, given how this was the first time I have spoken about of my wife's infidelity to someone that wasn't Betty. "Because I caught those two fuck nuts fucking my wife!" I growled. My eye twitched when I heard the man chuckling.

"And yet I don't see your wife on this list..."

"She's mine," I spoke forcibly.

"A man after my own heart. How do you want this done?"

"As publicly as possible, so I can't be connected to it. Next week. Tuesday and Wednesday I'll be at work, do it then," I directed.

"Very well. We do have a deal; I do hope you live up to your end." With that Jeff ended the call. Removing the battery and storing it in the middle console. I knew he wouldn't get in touch again not until the job was done. Starting my car, pulling out of the other entrance on the other side of the gas station. Going whichever way I could, to make sure I wasn't being followed. After a few miles and not seeing anyone behind me tailing me. I headed off to work.



The End

Author's Note



While no one advocates sex as the prime focus of life; and while sexual privacy is very important, many adults harbor fears about themselves and their sexual behavior. These fears could easily be erased if they were more aware of other people's "deviant" behavior.

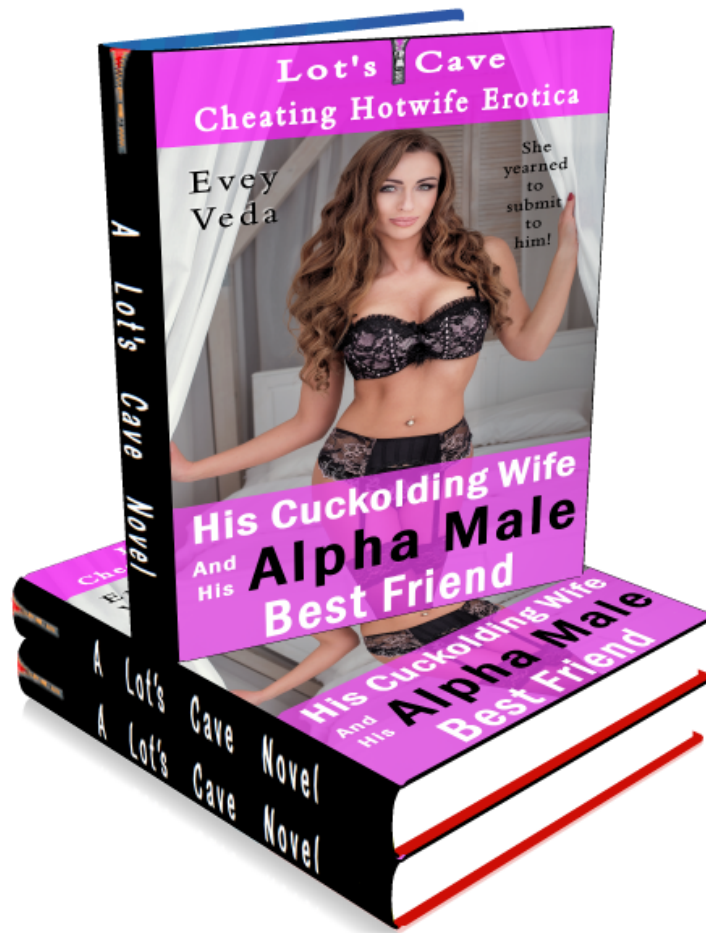
Most of us have been brought up to be at least slightly ashamed of anything sexual, and it is frequently reassuring to discover that we are not different, naughty, or even perverted in our sexual practices.

In discussing sex with others, people find out how truly normal they are. I hope you enjoy my stories.

Look for more of my hot and erotic eBooks, available now at www.LotsCave.com, the publisher of controversially taboo erotica.

Cuckold Exotica

If you enjoyed ‘Cheating On My Husband While Impregnated’ and find the idea of cuckolding your husband exciting and too hot to ignore, don’t miss reading Evey Veda’s erotic short story entitled ‘His Cuckolding Wife And His Alpha Male Best Friend’. It’s available now at Lot’s Cave, your naughty erotic eBook source. The story features a hot wife who can’t resist submitting to a real alpha!



Evey Veda's HIS CUCKOLDING WIFE AND HIS ALPHA MALE BEST FRIEND

[Available from Lot's Cave](#)

(Description)

My husband knew I was a helpless flirt. He liked the possibility of another man enjoying and appreciating his sexy wife. After meeting his alpha male friend, I couldn't resist the opportunity to be ravished by him! Now my husband's best friend intends to humiliate him by taking me hard and unprotected! Just how deep will my husband's humiliation be?

(Excerpt)

Little did I realize, my husband's best friend noticed my animalistic cravings. And, while my husband wasn't about to take charge, his best friend was. It finally happened after a late night dinner party we were hosting. The three of us were a few drinks in, just enough to loosen up and forget our prior inhibitions by now. Everyone else had already gone for the night leaving us a bit too relaxed.

“You going to keep staring at my cock, baby?”

As a hot shade of red spread across my cheeks, I turned my attention back to my drink. I couldn't deny it. I'd been staring at the outline of his cock all night.

“What’s wrong, doesn’t your husband satisfy a pretty thing like you?” He smirked then, taking a sip of his scotch.

“It’s not... it’s not like that. I just—” My words trailed off, as he grabbed my hand, placing it over his large bulge. Out of impulse, I gave his cock a squeeze. His shaft felt long and thick, throbbing from the impromptu touch.

Pressing more firmly against my palm, he set his drink down on the living room table. “Just need something bigger? Better?”

Inadvertently, my eyes wandered to my husband then, as he sat beside us his mouth slightly agape. He’d heard everything, his own cock starting to harden from the boldness of his friend. Even semi-erect, his best friend’s cock was easily triple the size.

“Come on, baby. Let your husband get a good look at what you need. Show him what it takes to satisfy a hot little slut like you.”

If you discovered your wife was willing to submit to your dominate best friend, do you think...? Read ‘His Cuckolding Wife And His Alpha Male Best Friend’, available now at www.LotsCave.com..

Billionaire Erotica

If you enjoyed this hot story and haven't read E. Connally's erotic romance story, 'The Prize' it's available now at Lot's Cave, your controversial erotica eBook source. This story features Mary Ann for whom "The thought of doing a strip tease in front of a crowd turned her stomach into knots...!"



E. Connally's THE PRIZE

[Available from Lot's Cave](#)

(Description)

Mary Ann was stuck in dead-end jobs with mountains of school loan debt. A week after her tenth high school reunion a proposal came that would change her life. She was invited to be auctioned at the annual Billionaires Ball. For this indulgence all her student debt would be paid, and she would receive one million a year for ten years. What should she do?

(Excerpt)

He smiled answering the unasked question, “I can only tell you that one of our members has taken an interest in you and thought you could use a break.”

He continued with what he knew from experience would be her other questions. “The money at the end of the conference weekend will be put in an annuity and it is all yours. All expenses will come through this office during the year leading up to the conference. Cindy will be your shepherd during the year. By the way, she went through this process eight years ago.”

Mary Ann’s head whipped around looking at the closed door and now she really wondered why she was chosen. If her competition involved women like Cindy, she shouldn’t be here at all. She was dumpy, overweight and had no idea how to dress like Cindy.

Her mind spun as Mr. Conway continued, “I’m sure you are wondering what would be expected of you during the conference and during the weekend with the auction winner? Well, most of that is up to you. You will not be required to do anything against your moral code, but there are stipulations. During the conference you will be required to sell yourself to the members and entice the auction bidding process. You see the auction must reach a minimum of thirty million dollars before you are eligible for the monetary prize.”

He looked at her making sure she understood. She looked confused, so he continued, “Sex sells. You have a year to hone your beauty, remake yourself however you want and have all the resources to make it happen. Then you can just taunt all the rich guys bidding for you.”

“There are all sorts of options: strip tease, a BDSM display, a fashion show, you name it, and it has been done here. Whatever you want to do is totally up to you. However, if you don’t reach the thirty million mark, the deal for the prize at the end is void.”

Mary Ann understood now. She was expected to put on a sex show. The more risqué the show, the higher the bids.

What would you do—how far would you go if someone offered you a million dollars for ten years of your life...? Read ‘The Prize’, available now at www.LotsCave.com!

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