

CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

ACHE

to See Him

WITH HER



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**Arousal and fear tear me one way, then the other. The
struggle produces an excitement like none other I
have ever experienced**

~ the Cuckquean

CHAPTER 1

I am not a pervert.

No way.

I do not chase toddlers or animals.

I am a normal woman.

I just... have these feelings...

I want to share my man. But I don't, really. I keep that hidden. I don't know why these thoughts pop into my head. Did I need a Catholic priest with a cross and holy water?

But I do want to share him. At the oddest times, I thrill to the gentle caress of...

I won't call it a fantasy.

I struggle with that idea. Let's call it an idea. I'm a jealous woman. I love Hunter, with all my heart. I don't want to share him. I clench my jaw at the thought. Why would I ever want to share him with some other bitch? She has no right to him. I wear the ring.

I was a good girl; I still am. It was because I was a good girl that I couldn't keep a boyfriend. I wouldn't put out: they dumped me. Every single boyfriend.

I held to my goal and saved myself for marriage. For Hunter.

He's not a big man – not a brute. But he's intense, fit, and intelligent. Most important, he's mine. He owns our bicycle store – though I don't work there. Mountain bikes. Skateboards. Roller skates. Not great money, but good. He has two employees.

I stay home. And have these ideas.

I am not a pervert. I am not.

But why does my pussy become so wet thinking about it? Why do I tremble when thinking of sharing him?

~ ~ ~

Hunter was home. My Hunter.

"Kelly?" He poked his head into my office.

I wrote How-To books on domestics: things like sewing and cooking. The recipe books were my better sellers. I swiveled my chair to him. "Hmm?"

"Was it tomorrow or Thursday that Tracy is coming?"

Tracy was my younger cousin. Still living with Uncle Tim and Aunt Regina before going to college. They were going on a European tour; my cousin was coming here.

Ostensibly she was going to scout out places to rent while she went to college here. I think my uncle wanted her out of their house to avoid any wild parties.

I didn't need to glance at the calendar. I had been looking forward to visiting with her. She had been a baby when I graduated high school. We had visited several times. She was a sweet girl. I said, "Tomorrow."

"Did they ever decide how they were sending her? Bus? Plane?"

You forgot... I swallowed my thought. "I told you last week, they're driving her."

A dark look crossed his face. He didn't like it when I had to remind him of something. "Oh."

It wasn't my fault he was usually so preoccupied. "They're driving her to our door."

He had already dismissed his concern.

~ ~ ~

I don't know what my husband was thinking as he thrust into me. His intense look was darker lately when we made love.

I was attentive. I sucked him if he seemed willing. I would do anything for him. Doggie? I'd flip over. Missionary? I'd spread my legs. On my head, hanging off the bed? I was there.

Little digging doubts lately made me worry he was losing interest. Or hiding something. I wasn't sure which. I would ask him if things were all right. We had been married eleven years. Is he getting bored?

Was I not enough? I did what he wanted. Was I getting stale? I adored him; I gave my heart to him. Everything I belonged to him. What could I do to please him?

Fear forced its way into my hair follicles, raising them. Was I in danger of losing him? What if he had met someone? A woman? Heat flashed through my pussy, unwanted, but wanted. I didn't want to feel this while having doubts about another woman. But I did want to feel this while being with him.

He was everything to me. What wouldn't I do for him? I trembled, suddenly frightened that this might be our last – that circumstances might change in a twist of chance.

I touched his face above me and whispered, "I love you."

His eyes met mine and focused. He thrust harder, not answering. A fire was there

in his eyes – a heat in his face. Something... angry. Maybe.

Have I already lost him? Is the break-up coming? Dumped by six boyfriends only to be dumped by my husband? But I've been putting out!

He panted above me, faster.

Are you thinking of another woman? Someone you met? Who is she? Is she prettier than me? Fire flared deep in my pussy and spread like lava. My body quivered in a surge of lust. Have you had sex with her already?

My pussy clamped with a twinge of need and exploded through me in a hot release of relief. I cried out, clinging and quivering, as crushing waves of sexual satisfaction surged through me.

An image of him on some feminine form, fucking and grunting, sent a gush of wetness and warmth down my pussy. Tears built in my eyes at the jealousy. He's mine! It's not fair. But my pussy clamped on his sliding shaft, savoring the feel of his solid erection.

I felt his hotness scald me inside; he was cumming.

I clutched him, dragging him down to me into my embrace. I don't want to lose you.

He panted on me, twitching for several seconds – his cock pulsing inside my pussy. Then he finally answered me, whispering, "I love you, too."

Joy teased my heart and I felt ashamed I had cum thinking about him being with someone else. The effect was excruciating – the dichotomy dizzying.

I held him, gripping in my greed of him.

Why did I have those thoughts in my head? It just didn't make sense. I was a jealous person. Very jealous. I earned my husband: his love; his name; his ring. No one else deserved even a piece of him. Not even a look.

I felt dirty for thinking those things – sharing him. I felt slimed. Why did I have to ruin such a beautiful thing with my husband thinking those thoughts? Why did my pussy have its most satisfying orgasms when I did?

No one can find out about my... ideas. Embarrassing. What's wrong with me?

CHAPTER 2

I heard the shutting of car doors and a trunk.

I hit save on my Word program and launched from my chair. I hadn't seen my uncle and aunt in three years.

Does time really pass by so fast? I opened the front door and stood waiting.

My uncle strode up the path, arm out, big smile on his face. "Kelly, how're you doing?"

I embraced him. "Fine, you?" I was so happy to see him. Summers spent with them in my youth were not forgotten, but fondly recalled. That was back before they found they could have a child, after all. They weren't so certain until Aunt Regina had discovered little Tracy growing in her belly.

My mother's brother had married Regina a long time ago. Details of which I never really gathered and weren't offered. Sometimes, nieces are left out of family history.

Regina was a shrewd woman, frowning and scowling more often than not, with somewhat of a quick temper and quick humor. She wasn't a bad person, just not real sociable. She had always studied me as if I were some foreign street urchin hovering around the dinner table looking for scraps to steal.

She certainly hadn't hated me – taking me shopping sometimes to buy me socks or new tennis shoes. She had always seemed so practical.

My uncle Tim, on the other hand, was generous, affable, and never lost his smile. He patted me on the back and parted from me. Shaking his head, he said, "I still remember you as a gawky little girl. My, how beautiful you've become."

I rolled my eyes in embarrassment. "Thanks."

Regina came next, hands pursed at her waist. She looked much the same but had not aged very well. Many more wrinkles wreaked havoc on her face. But her

eyes were still the same, studious orbs of suspicion. She leaned back a little and eyed me critically. "You need to eat more."

Something always practical.

I said, "Hi Aunt Regina."

She suppressed a smile and came to me, giving me a brief hug. "I miss playing dominoes with you."

"I think about our games, often."

Behind her came Tracy, all grown and looking adult.

I gave her a look and then Regina. I said to my aunt, "I think you should be making my cousin eat more."

Regina scowled and hissed. She motioned with her hand as if she were swatting down a fly. "No matter what I feed her, she gains nothing. She's a string."

Tracy gave her mother an eyebrow and cocked hip. She looked at me and delivered a sly smile. "Hey."

I couldn't help grinning. "Hey yourself. Ready to find yourself an apartment?"

My cousin glanced at her parents – quick shots of accusation and suffering. "Sure..."

Uncle Tim grabbed her suitcase. "So where should this go?"

I waved them in. "Come in, come in."

"Sure, sure, but we need to be going. Early flight tomorrow from the hotel."

My cousin gave me a knowing look.

I laughed inwardly. She knew her parents and was conveying to me her familiarity with them that I had so long ago experienced. Twenty years had passed since I was a teenager, but Tracy was assuring me they were still the same. Had growing up with them day in and day out been different from my visits?

I got an answer almost right away. My cousin said, "Mom tells me you play dominoes. She never played with me."

Aunt Regina said with fresh finality, "She will teach you."

Why do I get the impression they're literally dumping their daughter with me? Is my cousin a bad seed or something? "If you want, I'll definitely teach you."

Uncle Tim gave a boisterous laugh as if that was satisfying. "See? There we go." He gave Tracy a hug. "You behave."

She gave him a dull, dry look.

Regina took her turn, standing before her and inspecting her – a critical look on her face. "Well now. Don't dawdle finding an apartment. And remember to stay within our price range."

"Yes, mother."

My cousin did not look petulant. I could see a measured patience in her face that said she wasn't a rebel. Perhaps my aunt and uncle didn't think she was an adult. But she was almost nineteen.

Over obsessive parents?

I think all they ever had was me for an example of a normal child.

Normal.

As if my feelings about Hunter were normal. I laughed to myself.

I studied Tracy, much to my dismay. Not because she exhibited something horrid, but because I realized that I was mimicking how Aunt Regina would look at me.

Still, my cousin was a frail thing, thin and pale. She had a gaunt beauty about her that was darling and delicate. Her hair was thin, like her mother's, and cut short. She wore jean shorts and a t-shirt, nothing more. Her eyes were large and absorbing, as if she saw more than she let on.

Maybe she did.

I had a fleeting fear she saw my shame – my strange ideas about my husband.

But that was silly.

Uncle Tim said, "Your husband not here? What was his name?" His attitude was rushed, as if trying to apportion some care towards my marriage.

"Hunter. He's working the bike store."

He nodded as if he knew that. "Of course. Too bad. Well... we must go." He gave me a hug again.

So did Aunt Regina.

Both gave quicker, more concise hugs to my cousin.

I could tell they loved her – but maybe harboring a touch of not wanting to appear too protective.

We watched them get back into their silver car and drive away. Regina waved from the passenger seat.

Tracy muttered, "Sorry they dumped me off here."

Sorrow touched my insides in a tender way. "Nonsense, cousin. You're very welcome here." I shut the door. "Let me show you your room."

CHAPTER 3

I served my vegetable lasagna for dinner.

Hunter was already sitting. "Your cousin is here?"

"She should be out in a moment; she was doing something on her tablet."

He didn't appear interested.

That wasn't unusual; my husband was a very focused and intense person. He was interested in me, his bike shop, and life around the house. I could tell that my visiting cousin was a distracting detail that he needed to confirm, then dismiss.

Tracy came into the kitchen with a pleased look on her face. "Smells good."

Hunter didn't even look.

I sorely loved my husband, but couldn't he even acknowledge her? She's a sweet girl.

I was done scooping into bowls and pointed her to a chair.

He glanced up at her as she passed. "Hi."

I sighed inwardly. At least he greeted her.

She sat with a bounce. "Hi." Her tone was cheery, peppy, and bubbly.

He ate without looking at her.

I sat and set my napkin in my lap. "Your room is okay?"

"Better than my room at home. I don't have a private bathroom."

"Aw, that's a shame."

"It's the way the house was built. Mom and dad have a small bathroom and the rest of the house shares: me; guests; whatever."

"You got used to it?"

She gave me a look that spoke of stoicism. "You do what you have to do."

"Will you be looking forward to getting your own place?"

She lowered her head over her plate and looked up at me. "Like you wouldn't believe..."

My husband took a sip of water and clued in on the conversation. He wasn't dense or dull, he was just so focused on certain things. "Kelly says they're trying to get rid of you?"

She turned her attention to him. "In a way. And that's fine by me. I'm ready to be out on my own."

He actually delivered a half-grin. "They didn't trust you alone for the summer?"

She snorted. "Obviously not. Like I'm going to wreck the place, or something."

His eyes danced for a moment in amusement. "You don't sound like you would." He went back to eating, my cousin dismissed from his mind as easily as that.

"No, I wouldn't. But you can't tell them anything."

Not wanting her to be left hanging over his silence, I said, "Uncle Tim was always like that."

"Mom is worse."

I laughed. I hadn't thought that of her when I was growing up visiting them.

Tracy had an anxious and aggravated look. "I'm not kidding."

I watched my husband eat. Why can't you be more attentive to her? The poor girl. I nodded at my cousin to show I understood. She's grown into such a cute young woman. Pretty eyes, porcelain skin, and an inner passion presented a perfect example of something I wanted to be.

But that time was long past. My hips had widened. Thighs thickened a little. I could still pull off a swimsuit, but my shape had definitely changed.

Why doesn't my husband even see her? I felt a warm rush of interest for Tracy that settled into my lower parts. Doesn't he find her attractive? Why can't he even look at her? Is he going gay? Is that why he seems different in bed with me now?

I prodded at a piece of broccoli. Many men were turning gay: coming out of the closet. Too much soy in their diets. Was my husband one of them?

I noticed Tracy shiver as she ate. Goosebumps were on her arms.

My uncle lived in Arizona, so our weather here probably felt very chill. I thought it was comfortable. However, we did keep the air conditioning going in the summer, even to the point of wearing extra clothing or using light blankets to watch TV. I and my husband both preferred it that way.

Would my cousin have thought to bring a jacket? A sweater? I could offer her one of mine, or take her to get some at the department store – just like Aunt Regina had done with me. I decided that would be fun.

I touched her arm. "How about we go to the mall tomorrow? Your mom used to buy me things – clothing and the like. I'd love to do the same for you."

Surprise and satisfaction swam across her face. "Sure."

"I won't take up a lot of your time; I know you need to find an apartment."

She tossed her head to the side. "Oh, I already found one."

Hunter gave her a quick glance. "That was fast."

"I don't know why mom and dad thought it would take me all summer." Her dry look told me she knew the real reason.

He asked, "What are you going for?"

"Graphics design."

He gave her a shifting eyebrow. "Thought everything here was mining."

"Most of it, but you actually have a well-regarded graphics design program. A lot of people don't know that."

He chuckled. "Well, I didn't."

I swelled with a sense of satisfaction; my husband was being sociable with my cousin. She's a part of me, maybe distantly, but still. It made me feel included with him as if he were paying attention to me. No, my husband did not ignore me – never. If I spoke, he was attentive. However, I knew he was focused and intense with his attention: I didn't blather like an idiot. I kept things short and personal – relevant and important. I think he appreciated that in me.

I think.

These little fears had filtered into my life lately in ways that caused concern. It was as if I were losing something special. A mid-life morph into mediocrity?

I don't think my husband was bored, but something in his eyes had changed. What was it? That look was what scared me. Was it disinterest? He even seemed disinterested in Tracy, despite a tiny flare of curiosity over the college course.

That was very much like Hunter. Focus on something, dissect it, digest it, and move on. Even now he was diverting his focus away from my cousin.

What's wrong with her? Can't you talk to her? She's a part of me in a distant way. Don't you find her appealing? Attractive?

An alarming anxiety brought my thoughts to a halt. An image of my husband touching Tracy in a tender way sent shivers spinning down my spine.

No! I will not think— An image of him lying with her brought a burst of fire flashing through my pussy. Panic pushed at me that such a sinful vision was apparent on my face. I swallowed hard and grabbed up my bowl.

I said to her, "We have a sci-fi flick we'll be watching tomorrow night. Popcorn and all. Interested?"

Her perfect cheeks widened in pleasure. "Sure."

~ ~ ~

I climbed into bed and waited for Hunter. While I laid there, I tapped notes onto my tablet. I wanted to put out another recipe book: organic desserts.

My mind wasn't entirely on my task.

Is my husband happy?

He wasn't a silent person if there was a problem: he believed in tackling the issue if something troubling arose. But maybe he was changing. Maybe not for the better.

He came out of the bathroom, that fresh minty smell of toothpaste preceding him. He removed his t-shirt and got into bed in just his boxers.

Normal. Like it had been for the last several years.

I rolled over and hugged him, running my hand down his chest.

He hummed happily.

I said, "Do I still look good?" I moved my hand lower.

He grunted. "Yeah, you look fantastic."

I rubbed his boxers. "As good as I used to?"

"You're becoming more of a woman."

I knew what that meant: I had wide hips. "My hips are too wide?"

He laughed. "No, they're sexy."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, why?"

I reached in and made skin-to-skin contact. I stroked his shaft slowly. "Because I don't have a figure like Tracy anymore."

"But you look great." He was firming.

"Do you think she looks good?"

"Uhh, I wasn't really looking at her... that way."

"You didn't notice her little shorts?"

"That's what she was wearing?"

I stifled my disappointment. Why don't you notice things? Do you ever notice me? If I wore shorts, would you even know it? I stroked him a little faster. "Yes, she had on these cute little things. It made me jealous."

"Whatever for?"

"That she could wear something like that, and I can't."

He was erect. "Have you tried?"

Would you recognize it if I did? "No."

"Buy something skimpy tomorrow."

"Shorts, maybe. I can't wear a tank top like her."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't have boobs to fall out."

"Huh?"

"Do you think her boobs are too small?"

He paused, his eyes wandering, thinking. "I don't think she has any?"

"So they are too small."

"Nah, they're fine."

"Mine are too big?"

He laughed. "Yours look great. Stuff those things into a push-up and my two employees would cum all over your tits."

I didn't care about them; I cared about my husband. "So you like my cousin's small ones?" I didn't wait for an answer; I wanted him in my mouth. I bent down and took his erection – licking and sucking down its length.

He gasped. "Yeah, I like them. They fit her frame."

I was pleased he had noticed. Is he thinking about her right now? The unbidden thought seemed more rhetorical than real. And why was I suddenly wanting him to think about her?

Jealousy jaded my sucking. Are you imagining her mouth on you? While getting green with suspicion, I moved my mouth faster on him in a different way than normal. I pressed my tongue against his shaft as I slid my head. Does that feel like her? Are you liking this?

My pussy clamped and quivered. Heat spread slowly, suffusing my sex with steam and need.

The jealousy evaporated – eradicated by the heat inside me. I sucked him harder, faster. I pulled off long enough to say, "She has such a pretty face. A pretty... mouth."

I devoured him again. I wanted him to think of her. I wanted his mind to see her head on him, feel her mouth on his cock. She's so pretty, how can you not think about her? I moved my mouth with more pressure and speed.

His hands gripped my head. He growled ferociously and pumped his hips upward, driving his cock up into my throat. His hands held my head still as he forced his cock into my mouth.

Yes, that's it. Use my mouth while you think of her. Fire spread in my pussy.

The head of his cock pushed deep, slamming past my gag reflex. I choked, but he held my head still.

I could feel his urgency and need. He was using me to get off – while thinking of her – and it made my pussy wet. Yes, she's better. Use my throat. At least I can do that for you... I wanted to cry and tears welled in my eyes. But at the same time, I gagged out a gasping, choking cry of intense ecstasy. My pussy convulsed with climax, pushing waves of wonderful release through my body.

So high and tight were those orgasmic explosions that I saw spots before my eyes - due to the orgasm or my lack of breath, I don't know. Everything on me shook with the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced.

My husband groaned and held my head down. I felt his cock swell in my mouth and the head of his cock pulse and squirt against the back of my throat.

I gagged, trying to swallow. I coughed. Sperm came flying out my mouth and nose. A heady euphoria lightened me, sending me drifting across pastures of perfect pleasure. He was using my mouth and throat as his personal fuck toy while he thought of her.

His brutal lust choked me and satisfied me. I felt privileged to be able to satisfy his immediate need. At least I was of some use to him.

If he had been getting ready to dump me – as I had thought a couple of days prior – was I demonstrating I could still be of use?

He should be thinking of Tracy; she's so much better than me. Cuter, nicer, sexier. Could she be what keeps us together? Even if I'm used for convenience?

When he released me, I coughed up a lot of cum.

I had never sensed such satisfaction within myself over something I might have thought was savage. It connected me to my husband in a way I couldn't divine. It was like I was floating on heavenly clouds of bliss and sexual satisfaction.

Moments later, as I curled over to go to sleep, the shame crashed down on me as hard as the orgasm. What had been so special was erased.

CHAPTER 4

I drove to the mall with Tracy. She was in another set of shorts and tank top. I could see her out of the corner of my eye.

Had Hunter found her attractive? Did her clothing reveal so much he couldn't help but notice? Had he? Or not?

I didn't think her tank top showed much – at all. And it was more baggy than sexy. The bottom of it hung over the top of her shorts, hiding some of what she could display there.

She was oblivious to my peripheral scrutiny. She was texting a friend on her phone, anyway.

My husband should be looking at her. Look how cute she is. If I was a man, I'd be looking at her. I considered the clothing she was wearing. No, it wasn't very revealing.

Despite my mental maunderings, I was angry. The little girl comes bouncing in with her perfect beauty and of course my husband is going to look at her. To want her. How dare she?

But I also looked at her. I sensed a bond there from our youth. Yes, he should be looking at her. Warmth wormed through my pussy. He should be staring at her. Touching her...

I parked my Jeep far from the entrance. I liked walking.

I think Tracy noticed and pouted.

We walked together. I could feel her beside me, moving easily with a sexy girlish gait. She had that spring in her step from newly formed young muscles.

She looked all around, her big brown eyes taking everything in. Her lips were parted, moving – as if talking to herself about what she saw.

Yes, Hunter would be stupid not to like her. She's my cousin, for fuck's sake. He can't just ignore her. I was determined not to allow that.

~ ~ ~

I held up a size zero flap of clothing. "You won't fit in these for much longer."

"Mom kept buying me twos. They don't fit – they just slip off."

"Don't worry, you'll sail past two in no time." I shook my head. "I used to fit into this size... When I was thirteen."

She gave me a wry look.

I pushed some short-shorts at her. "Let's get you some of these."

Surprise and interest crossed her face. "Really? Mom wouldn't buy them for me."

I offered some stretchy cottons. "These shorts are great. Very comfortable." I looked around to make sure no one was listening. "With these, you don't need panties."

Tracy blushed. "It's not uncomfortable?"

"Feels better without. What color do you like?"

"Blue..."

I cradled them on my buy-arm and held up another. "You like these?"

She made a face.

I put those back. "Let me go make a pile on the counter."

I was going to spend very little money on her – there was a big sale. Many things marked down seventy-five percent. On the way back, my eyes were drawn to some tops. There was a sleeveless display that showed some adorable looking designs. A soft cotton vest with lace sewn around the top edges. Light pink, white lace...

I grabbed one and brought it to her. "You like this?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Ohh... that's pretty."

It went onto my buy-arm. I looked over more shorts. I moved around a floor display to the other side and my eyes lit up. "Tracy..."

"Hmm?"

I held up some jeans shorts with slices cut in the back to expose skin. I winked at her. "How about these?"

She covered her mouth. "Mom would die."

I laughed. "Well, I'm not mom, I'm your cousin. We'll get these, too."

"They'll show my panties."

"Not if you don't wear any." I picked up two.

"I need to get a bathrobe. I'll pay for that. I forgot mine."

"Nonsense. Your mom spent hundreds on me over the years. Let's go see what they have."

I led the way and scanned ahead of me. I didn't want her to get the chance to pick some bulky terrycloth thing. I spied some short cotton robes and snatched one. "These look nice. What color do you like?"

"White."

I put the baby blue one back and selected a white. I held it up to her. It fell just below her crotch. Perfect. "What do you think?"

"That's... a nice robe."

I gave my brightest smile. "We'll get it. That was easy." Boy, my husband better notice all this, or he's braindead. Or dickdead. Or is that the same thing with a man?

I was having fun. Shopping didn't thrill me in the least – but this did. I was dressing my cousin to be sexy. Would my husband notice? My heart raced along merrily thumping away with excitement. Could I spark my husband's interest with the clothes I'm buying her? Would he see my cousin, then? Look at her differently?

Even though she would be wearing the clothes, I would be responsible. Would he react? Could I get him to be interested? Did my influence mean anything?

I wanted him to look at her. Seeing him do it would bring me satisfaction that I could still affect him, even if it was using my cousin's body to do it.

She and I were in this together – chipping away at my husband's wall of indifference. United, we would conquer his cold stronghold.

Yes, I was going to help her do it. How dare my husband insult my family? He had to notice my cousin. It was only right. Otherwise he was gay, and I didn't want to be married to a gay man.

At this point, I desperately needed Tracy to help me confirm that he wasn't.

And the warmth that flooded my pussy told me doing it was going to be fun.

I stopped last in the lingerie area. I knew what I was looking for. Snatching up a lace half-cami tank top, I waved it at her. "Ever wear one of these?"

Her eyes were large with interest. "Wow, that looks great."

"You don't want skin color for these – looks too much like underwear. But in black or white... I could get you one of each?"

"Wow, are you sure?"

I coughed. "They're six dollars each. I'll get you both."

"I don't know if I can wear those around mom."

"You're going to be nineteen in a few weeks. And you're moving out anyway."

She had a wistful smile on her face. "Yeah..."

I tossed the clothing onto the counter with our other purchases.

For buying her several outfits, the pile was small. Size zero and not much material... I wish I could've worn all this. I was too chicken.

I was going to launder it all right away once we got home. I wanted her to wear some of it for tonight's movie.

CHAPTER 5

I had persuaded Tracy to wear some of it after I was done washing and drying them – just to try it out, of course.

She was wearing some stretchy shorts with no panties and the white little half-cami tank top. It covered to just below her non-existent boobs and exposed an attractive expanse of her non-existent belly. Those stretchy shorts perfectly molded her little pussy, too.

I didn't tell her that. No need to get her upset or squeamish about wearing them.

Hunter came in near six, his usual time.

Tracy was helping me make tacos.

He gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Smells good."

Thank you, but what about Tracy? Notice anything? "Will be ready in a few minutes."

He said, "Hey Tracy." Then he spun and walked out.

I sighed. You couldn't even be bothered to look? Deep disappointment built in my depths. Why don't you notice her?

He was back by the time I was setting out the plate from the oven.

I couldn't tell if he looked at her or not.

I swear, I wanted to cram a taco down his throat. Whole. Or slap him with it. Wake up.

Dinner was a disaster.

It was actually quite good.

The conversation light and easy-going for a Friday night.

Perfectly normal, thus, a disaster.

I ground my teeth cleaning up; he hadn't taken any special notice of my cousin. The nerve!

I began preparing the popcorn. Dinner had been deliberately light to make room for the movie snack.

I wanted to cry. Was it not possible to interest my husband anymore? To excite him? I had thought for sure that Tracy could do it. Pity rose in me for my little cousin. So young and vulnerable. Why did my husband have to be so insensitive?

I set the buttered popcorn down on the coffee table. I always sat curled up in the recliner with a blanket, so I had my own, smaller bowl.

Hunter was already on the couch, lying with his head propped up into the corner of the sectional. He was covered in his blanket. Underneath he would be wearing his usual boxers and t-shirt.

Out popped his hand, finger poised on the remote.

Tracy sat at his feet.

I cradled my bowl and munched.

Hunter liked science fiction flicks. Sometimes I found them interesting.

It wasn't more than ten minutes into the movie when I noticed Tracy shivering. I was about to tell her to grab a blanket off her bed, but butter stains on it would mean I'd need to wash it. I didn't wash our movie blankets after every movie.

No, actually... I said, "Hunter."

"What?"

"Let Tracy under your blanket. She's freezing."

"Huh?" He looked at my cousin.

"She's freezing—"

Tracy was getting up. "I'll just go get a blanket—"

I shook my head. "Just get under there with him. I don't want to wash a third blanket. Make room, Hunter."

His face went through several expressions of thought and rejection. He grunted. "Come on." He held up the blanket.

Tracy was clutching her upper arms. "You sure?"

"Yeah, come on. We can share the popcorn easier."

Victory! I gave her a reassuring expression. There's no way he can ignore her now. She'll be lying against his boxers with those smooth stretch shorts. Perfect.

I watched his eyebrow twitch up a few times and his eyes register her thinly-clad body as she scooted under the blanket in front of him.

She said, "Where do you want the bowl?"

"By your stomach, so I can reach it."

"Okay..." She gave me a couple of searching looks and settled in. Head resting in her palm, she munched popcorn.

Hunter blinked a few times and shifted around.

My cousin seemed alarmed. "Am I making you uncomfortable?"

"Ye--, uh, no. Just need to find a good position here."

"Am I giving you enough room?" She began to scoot forward.

The popcorn bowl lurched towards the edge of the couch.

It wouldn't have been a big deal to clean up.

But my husband was fast. "No, no." He latched onto the bowl before it tipped. A couple pieces of popcorn landed on the floor. "Settle back against me. I don't

need all that room."

"Okay..."

I saw his eyes close as she settled back. Are you feeling her little butt against your boxers, dear? Resist that. Ha!

A look of concentration crossed his face and he opened his eyes, looking at me.

I gave him a satisfied smile and tossed a small handful of popcorn into my mouth. I hoped she was creating a rising reaction in him. Serves him right for ignoring her. And my efforts to get him to notice her.

We watched the movie for several minutes.

I saw Tracy squirm a few times – away from him. Each time, she would look at me and swallow.

Hunter had to stop her from moving though. "You're about to knock the bowl over."

She squeaked. "Oh, sorry."

His arm came around her and pulled her back to him.

Her eyes went large and looked at me again.

I gave her the most innocent expression and smile I could.

She pursed her lips and looked away, as if searching for an exit.

I almost frowned. Don't you like my husband? He's being nice...

But I was mistaken. She wasn't wanting to get away, she was trying to hide her squirming.

Now I got it. Oh, you're turned on, are you? You feel him and you want to hide it from me? You little minx. For several seconds, I was jealous. How dare the little girl tease my husband?

That feeling dissipated like mist on a sunny morning. Replacing it was

excitement. My heart thumped faster. My breathing accelerated. Were they both feeling each other's excitement under there?

I wanted my husband to be hard – so hard his dick was poking out and nestled between her legs. Right up against her thinly-covered pussy. Yes...

I kept a careful observation out of the corner of my eye and ate my popcorn. My other hand I let wander down my sweats and toy at my clit – all hidden by the blanket. Perfect.

My cousin kept moving, pressing back and jerking to a stop. She wasn't able to control herself.

My husband's hips were moving every once in a while – pressing forward. The slight shifting of the blanket gave it all away.

Despite my excitement and victory, nothing else really happened. The movements eventually stopped and I went back to watching the movie.

I had finished my bowl and was setting it on the floor when Tracy laughed.

My husband said, "Sorry."

"That tickles."

"I have nowhere to put my arm."

"You done?" She indicated the bowl.

"Yeah."

She leaned over and set the bowl on the coffee table. The blanket lifted enough for me to see his arm settled around her, hand up on her abdomen. As she settled back, his hand slid higher to draw her in.

For a moment, the two shifted around under the blanket getting comfortable.

Maybe a little too much shifting.

It almost looked like they were pressing back and forth against each other in a tit-for-tat game of dry-humping. She laughed a couple of times, then sighed.

Jealousy seared my veins. "You two having fun under there?"

Tracy froze, eyes large.

Hunter said, "Just getting comfortable."

They largely stopped moving.

Disappointment drove my jealousy away. Why did I open my mouth? I wanted him to react to her. A growing emotion pushed forward to make itself heard: I also wanted my cousin to see my husband for the sexy man he was.

What woman wouldn't be attracted to him? I was proud of him and Tracy was a beautiful little girl. She should be wild for him. Why wasn't she? What's wrong with you, cousin?

At the end of the movie, I was as conflicted as ever. Torn between wanting to cause him to notice her and have him only for myself, I was wearied. It felt as if I had run a mile and did medieval battle with axes flying and braids flinging.

Except I didn't have braids. But if I was a warrior, I would.

He sort of nudged Tracy out from under the blanket. "Out you go."

She looked disappointed, but she scooted out. She adjusted her top down a bit. "Thanks for keeping me warm."

He didn't even look at her. "Yeah. Sure. No problem." He got up, keeping the blanket around him.

But I saw.

Getting off the couch caused the blanket to part before he quickly shifted it around and covered himself. He had an erection tenting his boxers.

CHAPTER 6

I cornered him in the bedroom and grabbed his crotch. His cock was still mostly hard – and hot.

Not as hot as my jealousy. "Have a good time under that blanket?" I quickly jacked my hand on his boxers, stimulating stroking him. Taunting him with my suspicion.

His eyes blazed with heat and need. He gripped my arms, letting the blanket fall.

I was flying backwards through the air from a violent shove. Passion flared in my pussy and pulsed up through my body. I hit the bed on my back and bounced. I panted at the sudden excitement and adrenaline. I gloried in the burning hunger in his eyes.

Was it anger?

Was it the passion I was feeling?

Was it for me?

He yanked my sweat pants down so hard I yelped. I hadn't wanted him to know I wasn't wearing panties. I had wanted it to be a secret so I could diddle while watching the movie.

He jammed two fingers into me. He hissed, "You're fucking wet." He sawed his fingers in and out of my pussy, creating the most damning wet sounds.

There was no denying him.

He whispered, "I bet you wanted her to tease me under there, didn't you? You're getting off on it."

I couldn't answer.

"When I felt her press her little butt back against my boxers, I got hard." He tore

his boxers off, revealing his healthy, bobbing erection. He forced his way between my legs and thrust into my quivering pussy.

I was filled instantly with his lust, deep, and pushing deeper. I suppressed a whimper and squeezed my eyes shut.

He pulled back and paused. "And you know what?" He breathed for a few seconds, the head of his cock pulsing inside me with excitement. "I liked it." He rammed in hard, slamming all the way into me.

I kept my mouth closed, jaw clenched as my moan threatened to become a yell. The pain of his words drove as deep into my heart as his cock into my lust.

He fucked me fiercely – so hard and so good.

Was he thinking of her? That thought threw my anguish away from me. My lust at the shameful words multiplied inside – in my pussy and also in my heart.

The sudden shift from pain and jealousy shattered my reasoning – but I speculated that I was being hate-fucked.

No, I didn't deserve him. My cousin was better. Much better. Prettier, younger, sexier. Yes. He should have her, not someone as old as me. He was angry that he had to use me to satisfy himself. That pain was a pleasurable pang of remorse that saturated my pussy and spiked my passion.

His ferocity fueled my humiliation – my sentence of shame that I was being used – because he couldn't have her. But he should have her. She would enjoy my husband and he would enjoy her.

I was selfish to think he should be happy with me when she was just... so much better.

My hand reached down, rubbing my clit. His thrusts didn't stop or slow, and his hips mashed my hand against my clit over and over.

His enraged efforts at using my pussy caused my heart to clench. The exquisite desolation of the deed consumed me inside, spreading through my limbs as if the floodgates had been opened on a dam.

The sense swelled inside, inflating with incredible intensity.

I don't deserve him...

A stupor spread through me as my fingers swirled on my stimulated clit.

He wants her...

Tension twisted tight inside, torturing my breathing and causing me to emit sporadic strangled sobs.

He needs her.

Light flashed behind my closed eyelids. Explosions of raw exultation erupted in my pussy and throbbed instantly throughout my body – to my head and down to my toes. My skin quivered. My teeth chattered. My toes curled in on themselves as the extreme pain and pleasure of release proved too powerful for my senses.

My last cognizant thought was, I want him to have her.

I heard him, though, his words drifting dreamily through my ears. "I love you..."

~ ~ ~

Saturday morning was always a relaxing beginning to cap off the previous week. Before my shower, I went to the kitchen to get my cup of coffee.

Just like I always did.

Hunter was in the kitchen, robed like I was, sipping his coffee.

Just like always.

Tracy was there, too, though, in her robe also. Her feet were up on the edge of

the chair seat as she cupped her own coffee. Her robe wasn't long enough to cover anything with her feet up, but I couldn't see from the doorway.

I murmured, "Good morning."

Tracy's feet came down in a flash and one hand gathered her robe together at her breasts.

Had her robe been open enough to show anything? Was my husband getting a good view?

I lowered my eyebrows at my cousin.

Hunter grunted, "Morning."

Tracy offered a weak and uncertain smile.

I kept my eyes on her as I passed. There she is, trying to score on my husband. How dare she? But the thought in my head didn't have the urgency of agitation it had the previous day. Almost immediately, the thought was consumed by a curiosity about her exposure.

Had her feet up, knees to chin, exposed anything from where my husband was standing? Had her loosely tied robe been exposing anything?

Despite my initial scowl, my face smoothed quickly with each step I took into the kitchen.

She is very pretty. So sexy. So young. So perfect for my husband. Warmth tingled and tickled down my clit and spread through my pussy.

As I passed her from behind, I laid a hand on her shoulder and squeezed. "Sleep good?"

Tracy stuttered, "Um, y-yeah, I did."

I picked up the coffee pot and poured.

Hunter gave me a peck on the cheek. It sent chills down my back and reminded me of the intense sex we had the night before.

My cousin had picked up her coffee cup and escaped the kitchen.

Disappointment drifted through me. "Did I scare her away?"

My husband shrugged. "Maybe..."

I was half-turned to him. I noticed a bulge in his robe. Setting my cup back down, I ran my hand down his crotch. I gave him a smoky look. "You see something that got you excited?"

His face reddened slightly and he suppressed a smile. "Probably. I don't think she's all too aware what's being exposed..."

"Oh?" I reached in and discovered he wasn't wearing boxers. Oh my, this is new. Heat flooded my pussy. Did he take them off for her? In hopes she might see? I stroked him to full erection. "What was she showing?"

"With her feet up like that, she's showing off her panties. The way they form over everything, there wasn't much left to the imagination..."

His cock throbbed in my hand. That felt good.

I said, "Did you like looking at her and seeing that?"

His cock flexed. "Should I?"

I jacked him faster. My voice was a hoarse whisper. "Yes."

His eyes wandered across my face, seeing and searching.

What are you seeing? My shame? Or my desire?

"Why?"

I squeezed his shaft. "Because she's young and beautiful. And she's my cousin. Don't ignore her."

"I thought you were the jealous type—"

"She's my cousin."

"All right..."

"Do you want me to finish you?" His cock felt so good in my hands – so ready for Tracy's little pussy.

"No..."

Despair doused my desire. I wanted to help him – to masturbate him while he thought of her. I was at least good for that. I wanted to be a good wife to him, even if he deserved better.

I left the kitchen with my coffee to go take a shower.

CHAPTER 7

I was becoming more agitated.

Tracy avoided us the rest of the weekend, only coming out for meals. The scared look on her face when she looked at me told the story: she thought I was mad at her.

I wasn't mad; I was anxious.

She was shy with Hunter.

My husband was attentive to both of us.

I wanted her to open up more.

Instead, she stayed in her room.

Until Monday.

With Hunter off at work, she spent a little more time wandering the house and talking to me. I was her cousin, after all.

I put on my best face for her and was as cheerful as I could be. But I broached the subject before she could cement in her head any delusions she might have had. "I saw you wearing your robe on Saturday."

"Oh..."

We were in my office. I had saved my program and left the recipe details up on the screen. She was sitting where Hunter usually sat when he wanted to talk to me.

She glanced towards the door – her escape. "I'm sorry about that—"

I gave her an annoyed look. "Sorry for what? We thought that robe looked cute on you."

She looked at me suspiciously. "It doesn't cover much—"

"So?"

"I don't want to be flashing your husband."

I waved a hand in dismissal. "Oh don't be silly. He loved it."

"But he's your husband."

"Yes, so? You're also beautiful and my cousin. Who cares if he looks at you? If I was him, I would."

She blushed.

"Don't be so tense. No one's mad at you for being pretty."

"I feel like I should cover up more—"

"Don't you dare. Hunter's having a good time getting in peeks. You're a woman now; you should be playing your looks for all they're worth."

"With him?"

"Especially with him. He's not some guy off the street – some creep with vile vices and insidious intentions."

She laughed. "Well..."

I assured her. "Don't worry so much. Wear the cute things. Show off more." I lowered my voice in amusement. "Notice how flustered he gets. It's fun."

Her smile warmed her face and finally her eyes. She giggled.

"Noticed, have you?"

Her blush deepened. "How could I not?"

I swiveled my chair to face her completely. Placing my elbows on my knees, I looked up at the ceiling and suppressed a smile. "It is such a rush to tease a man and see him become excited. Nothing like it."

She made a face. "I sort of felt that... once."

I straightened my back. "Uh oh? Story?"

She exhaled loudly. "My boyfriend – no, my ex-boyfriend. I thought he was the one. He was so cute... Well, I thought he was anyway."

"What happened?"

"I teased him to the point he took me. Forced himself on me, really. He was totally out of control. Took my virginity with about three thrusts and came. There was blood and cum and it wasn't fun."

My heart fell in sympathy. "He was the only one...?"

She nodded, sheepish and shy.

"I'm sorry."

Her eyes danced left and right, shining with a sudden build-up of tears. "I'm hoping I find someone who cares someday. But I'm just getting older."

I wanted to burst out laughing. I barely choked it back without making a sound. Laughter would not be the right medicine right now. I swallowed and said, "You have plenty of time to find the right man. The right one. The one who will complete your heart."

"Is that how Hunter is for you?"

I pressed in my lower lip and nodded quickly. I won't tell you about my problems, but certainly I can tell you how blessed I am to have him. "Yes, very much so."

"I envy you, Kelly."

"Oh, nonsense—"

"I always have. You're so mature and secure. You're not afraid of anything—"

I coughed. The attempt to hold back my hilarity almost failed. "Um, I'm human."

"But you seem like you know what you want in life. Will I ever have that?"

I laughed then, letting it out, but it was a sympathetic laugh that had my eyes tearing up in love for my cousin. "Oh yes. You most certainly will."

"I'd love to have what you have."

"And I'd love to have what you have."

She jerked backwards. "What do I have that you don't? I don't even have tits—"

"The world doesn't revolve around the size of your boobs."

She gave a bitter bark of disbelief. "Ask around, everyone else seems to think so."

"Hunter thinks yours are beautiful."

She blinked. Then again. A third time. Her head was forward on her neck, looking at me for clarification. "He does?"

I dipped my chin very slow.

"You're kidding."

"Nope. He's finding it difficult to control himself around you."

She laughed, light and delighted. "Are you serious?"

"Yep. That's why I wish I had what you had. A size zero figure. A beautiful face, pretty eyes—"

"Stop, I'm going to scream."

I laughed.

She sighed, shaking her head ever so slightly. "I wish I could be you."

I rolled my chair the few feet separating us and clasped her knee. "Be glad you are who you are. Celebrate it every day. And don't be afraid to make your move when you see an opportunity. Life has no dress rehearsal, and it is so horrible to

live with the regret for not doing the things you could have. Wishing you did doesn't bring those opportunities back."

She looked like she wanted to say something, but I could see her inhibitions stapling her mouth shut.

I released her knee. "Do you think Hunter is handsome?"

She gave me a dubious look of disbelief. "Well, yeah..."

"Tease him. Tease him all you want. As much as you can. See where it goes."

"And... this wouldn't bother you?"

"Of course not," I lied. Maybe I didn't lie. Maybe I did. Maybe a part of me did, or a hidden piece... I took a deep breath. "I adore my husband and he is just all tied up around you. It's hilarious."

Her face was alight with possibilities. "He really likes me?"

"Oh yeah..." I pointed downward. "I've seen the evidence."

Her eyes got real big and she reddened. Her voice was a squeak. "Over me?"

I nodded vigorously.

She breathed, "Wow..."

"I'd love to see more of that. Definitely fun."

She held up her fingers in the air. Her words were plaintive. "But I don't know what to do..."

"Men are very visual. Give him peeks. Flashes. Give him looks."

"Looks?"

"Sure, like dipping your eyes down to his pants, then back up with a hint of a smile. Drives men wild."

She giggled. "I'll need to remember that."

"Sometimes you have to be a little more overt."

"What's 'overt'?"

"Opposite of covert. In other words, out in the open, obvious."

"Oh, right."

"So in Hunter's case, he thinks you don't like him."

She looked astonished. "I do so."

"Well, you have to be overt about it. Men can be dense."

"What do you suggest?"

"A hug usually fixes men-problems. Wait till he's on the couch and drop onto his lap. Give him a hug. He'll like that." And so will I.

"It's that easy?"

"Yep."

"Sounds like fun..."

"It is."

"I thought everyone was mad at me."

I let out my bubble of laughter again, and just shook my head. "We're delighted to have you here."

"Doesn't company get old?"

"Sure, if they're not close. All depends on how everyone acts. Guests who push their way are resented. Those who dance their way aren't."

"You make it sound graceful."

"In a way, it is. All social interaction is a dance of senses, respect, and civility. Forcing yourself on another with your opinion or ideas is irresponsible and

imbecilic. You have been meek with us, not abrasive."

She exhaled with relief.

I said, "Maybe I'll put in a movie tonight. I'm sure it's bound to be cold." I winked.

She swallowed. "It was okay him sharing his blanket with me?"

"Of course. Although if you were some other woman..." My pussy clamped at the lie, but my heart stamped out that sensation pretty fast. Maybe it wasn't a lie. Something seemed so right inside after I said it.

"It was... fun, for sure."

I widened my smile in genuine pleasure. "That makes me happy."

Her skepticism was mixed with surprise.

I said, "I'd rather you have fun than be so turned off by him that I'm insulted."

She blinked. "Oh... I guess that makes sense."

"It should; he's very special to me. I want you to see that, too. I want you to enjoy his company, his attention, his touch..."

"It's exciting to be around him."

"Good. Don't hold back. Don't live with regret. Have fun before you miss it. Memories aren't made by playing it safe."

"I really want to be like you..."

No, you don't.

CHAPTER 8

I cornered Hunter as he came out of the bathroom after work. "Let's talk a minute."

The satisfaction that settled on his face was gratifying. "What about?" He hung up his tie. Despite owning his own store and able to dress as he pleased, he always wore a white shirt and black tie – with jeans and a sports coat.

"Tracy thinks you don't like her."

He chuckled.

"I'm serious. She thinks you're mad or something."

He blew out a breath, shook his head, and rolled his eyes. "Women."

"Stop it, I'm being serious."

"What would I be mad about?" He hung up his coat and slid the closet mirror-door shut.

"It doesn't matter; that's the impression she has. You need to be nicer to her."

His face hardened. Soft angles became chiseled stone. With one step, he gripped my arm harshly and forced me back.

My nipples hardened under my blouse. Are you going to hate-fuck me again? My pulse sped and tripped, gaining speed.

He didn't shred my clothing in disgust. Instead, he sat me down on the bed and lowered himself beside me. "All right, enough of this—"

"What?"

"For months now... No... This has been going on for a year or more. Something in you is changing. I saw it almost two years ago. Little subtle shifts in your

personality."

"I-I don't know what you mean."

"Don't play coy with me. You're pushing Tracy at me. As if you were looking for an excuse to get rid of me."

"No—"

"What is this distance in your eyes I've been seeing?" He didn't wait for an answer; he got up and shut the bedroom door. He sat back down. "Spill."

"Distance? Me? I see it in your eyes, not mine."

"Only because I don't know what's going on inside your head. Why have you been pulling back from me? Why are you pushing your cousin at me?"

I opened my mouth, an endless supply of words I could use ready to spill across the bedroom in an avalanche of anxiety. I searched his eyes, seeing the intensity there. The honesty. The bravery.

Something in me cracked. "I..."

He waited, watching my face.

"I want you to be happy."

"I am happy. Or I was. What's going on?"

I shook my head in little moves, still open mouthed. "I... I'm not... good enough for you. I—"

His eyebrows were down in a display of disgust and displeasure. "What?"

I clutched his bicep. "You deserve someone better—"

His jaw was clenched. "Where. Are. You. Getting. This. Shit?"

Tears welled in my eyes. "It's who I am... I have these thoughts..."

"What thoughts?"

"That you would be happier with a better woman—"

"Better? You 'better' explain to me real fast and make it good."

"All... All of my boyfriends dumped me... because I wouldn't put out. I saved myself... for you. But I can feel your disappointment..." My cheeks were wet.

"The only thing you feel is my hesitation because I don't know what's going on inside your head."

I opened my mouth to launch more mental missiles into word-weapons, but he grabbed my head in both hands.

His words were angry, subdued. "Listen to me, Kelly. Listen close. I love you. I'm not tired of you or getting ready to dump you, but you better come clean with me right here and right now because I'm fed up with not knowing."

My senses were jerked back to reality – back from the brink of a senseless verbal barrage. I have to trust my husband; I have no one else. No matter... the shame of it. "I have these urges..."

He let go of my face. "Describe them."

"It's embarrassing."

"Does it look like I'm going to make fun of you?"

Peace sifted down my spine like light snowflakes on a winter morning. I took a couple of deep breaths. I might have made him promise not to get mad. But did such foolishness ever work? I might have begged him to keep it a secret, but did my husband ever gossip about me to anyone else? Of course not. Okay, the truth. "I have these feelings of wanting to see you with another woman."

One eyebrow rose several notches. "You?"

"Yes, I know. At the same time, these feelings of jealousy pull me the other way. It's this damned tug of war that has me so confused. I don't know why I have these feelings. I'm ashamed of them—"

"No, I think I know why you have them."

I hadn't been able to figure them out. "Oh?" I couldn't keep the skepticism from my voice.

"You suffered through school and after with boyfriends who dumped you. Because you didn't put out. That's emotionally scarring. I think any sane person would question their ability to hold onto a partner."

"And you think that's why..."

"We're all insecure in one way or another. We deal with these insecurities in neurotic ways. Imagining me with someone else might be your way of satisfying me because you think you can't – or fear you can't."

If it was simple to him, it wasn't simple to me. "But these feelings are so intense —"

"I'd imagine so."

"Why didn't these feelings come out before?"

He pursed his lips, raised his eyebrows and lifted his shoulders. "Maybe you were hiding your fear. Maybe all this time your fear was wearing down your ability to hide it. Ignoring a problem doesn't make it go away; it just makes it worse. So it begins to leak out around the edges."

I breathed silently for a while, listening to my heartbeat and my inner feelings. "If that's the case, and I've just told you, will I get better?"

"Maybe, maybe not. A neurosis like this doesn't go away overnight. Years are spent coming to terms."

"How do you know all this?"

"My mom gave me a codependency book my first year out of the house. I guess to deal with issues I had with dad."

"So what do I need to do?"

"I imagine you've already taken your first step: admitting it. Now that you no longer need to hide it..."

"I won't get the feelings anymore?"

"Oh, you will. For certain. But maybe now you can face it knowing I'm with you and they won't grow worse. Eventually..." He nodded. "So this is why you were pushing Tracy on me?"

I choked on my words and wrung my hands. "I guess so. It satisfied me deep inside to see you two so close. Especially under the blanket. At the same time, I was jealous, but..."

"But?"

I took a breath that shook my chest. I wiped at my eyes. "It's like the jealousy was dying. It's been getting weaker over the past several months."

"And with Tracy?"

"Little pangs of jealousy. Nothing more. Almost not there. The desire to see you with her is so strong I can barely think straight. I've been trying to hide it—"

He coughed. "And that will create further problems of its own. I have no idea what your issue would morph into at that point."

"The last time we did it, I imagined you hate-fucking me, and I had the most intense orgasm I've ever had."

He twisted towards me and gripped both shoulders. "I don't hate you; I can't. I love you so much it's a pressure deep in my chest."

"I'm just telling you what—"

He grunted and released me, turning his head away in thought. "Maybe hiding your desires was bringing out this new hate-fuck thing. Another way you're dealing with your insecurity. We need to avert that disaster from happening."

Panic prickled my skin. "I don't want that to get worse. It's horrible – but at the same time so satisfying..."

"I don't know how we're going to do this; Tracy isn't interested in me that way —"

"Oh yes she is."

He blinked at me, for the first time in the conversation off balance. "Huh?"

"She's very attracted to you; she just thought you were mad at her."

"I'm not mad at her."

"I guess because of the whole robe thing Saturday."

"I wasn't mad. It would've been you that should've been mad at her. She thought I was mad?"

"Well, she said she thought you didn't like her."

He chuckled. "She's a beautiful girl. Controlling myself around her out of respect for you..."

My pussy flushed with heat and moisture. I gasped and squirmed on the bed.

"You're attracted to her?"

"Very much so, but I couldn't—"

"No, I know what you're thinking. But..."

"But?"

"I need you to be attracted to her. I'm wet right now just talking about it."

"Well, it's not like it's real hard to be attracted... It's your cousin; what do you want me to do?"

I knew I couldn't tell him to fuck her, even though the need for it shook my bones with urgency. Let's just squash that for now... "Be friendly to her. Be very friendly." A surge of salacious splendor rolled up my pussy and into the center of my soul. I gasped and quivered on the bed. "Do what you feel you need to do... Please..." I moaned and closed my eyes. My pussy was clamping convulsively on emptiness.

CHAPTER 9

I composed myself for a half hour in the bathroom, then went out to make dinner.

My cousin was sitting on my husband's lap, giving him a hug.

My insides watered in lust and love. Seeing his arms around her and hers around his neck flushed my pussy with moisture again. I managed a smile and a wink for Tracy before my husband saw me.

He watched me warily for a couple of seconds.

I said with as much airy cheer as I could, "Going to make dinner." It came out natural. The thing was, it felt natural. I actually did feel as if I was walking on clouds of joy.

I kept dinner simple and served up spicy chicken and cheese.

Seated at the table, some awkwardness tormented me around the edges – as if I was intruding. I think I was more embarrassed than either of them, though I gave reassuring looks to both of them.

It wasn't the good chicken that settled so well in my stomach by the end of the dinner, it was the lack of anxiety that sat with me while sitting with them. Other than that touch of awkward torment. As if I didn't deserve to be sitting with them.

However, Hunter's looks propped me up in a way that conveyed his strength to me with an unspoken look that said, "Stay with me and we'll do this together. I'll be strong for both of us."

Dessert for me was a dose of love so strong I wanted to cry again. My insides watered and jellied, leaving me almost unable to move. My limbs tickled with the love I sensed from him.

After all I had divulged, he had cared. No, he had loved me enough to care. Like

a raw wound exposed to the air, the knowledge seemed a contradiction to what I had been feeling the past several months – what had been growing in me.

Am I being deceived? Is my husband tricking me? Cruelly? A tickle of interest there was submerged quickly by what had passed earlier and his promise to help me in any way he could.

My personality gasped for air, coming up from the drowning water of my fractured emotions. Was Hunter's intervention enough? Was it in time? For what? Or had I already passed the point of no return? Was my psyche so damaged by two decades of experience that his simple promise could never be enough?

The peace within me wanted to banish those worries.

For now. For a little while. Au revoir, until tomorrow.

The vengeance of my other selves might not be so sanguine. Would I have my peace today, only to be tortured for it tomorrow?

As easily as jumping from jealousy to lust, would my ego switch sides tomorrow and hound me to the ground of self-pity? Stamp me down until nothing remained enough to pity?

My husband's strength chased those thoughts away. Despite the dire severity of my fear, his calm assurance and level-headed approach to our love won through.

Even with all that, I made the popcorn with trembling hands and shaky breath.

Would his love be enough?

Or was I doomed?

Was there a return to normalcy? Or was I past the point of no return?

Had I crossed some ruminant Rubicon months ago and not been aware of my ruin?

Carrying the popcorn out to the living room, I had an epiphany – a flash of inspiration so sure and certain that I almost stumbled: I didn't want to go back to

being a jealous, insecure bitch.

No. No. Not me. Not going back there, no matter the cost. I was shaking my head.

Tracy was on the couch, alone. She was wearing those stretchy shorts and even I could tell from the doorway to the kitchen that she had no panties underneath them.

Only a sliver of jealousy spiked my senses. I mentally flicked it away with glee and ease.

I wanted...

I wanted to go over to her and... touch her.

Yes, I did. I wanted to run my finger's down her shorts, over her...

I swallowed and placed their larger bowl down on the coffee table.

She looked up at me with her bright, cheery smile that made me envy her. "I love how you butter the popcorn. None of that movie theater squirt."

A well of warmth in my heart blossomed and sent thrills of tenderness from my chest to my arms. "Takes a whole cube, plus some coconut oil."

"Coconut oil?"

"About a half cup. Mixes well with the butter so the end result isn't very gummy."

"Huh. Neat."

Hunter came out – t-shirt, boxers, and his manliness swinging behind the boxer-fabric. He held the two blankets in his arm. "Here you go."

I took mine. "Thank you."

He shook out his and motioned for Tracy to scoot aside. His eyes zeroed in on the girl's shorts and he froze.

My heart began thumping so madly in my chest that my eyelids were vibrating. I sat down before I fell over with lust. Just an easy move. Spread the blanket, ignore the flare of fire in my pussy. Pull the bowl up and watch excitedly – but not too excitedly – as Hunter held the blanket up for Tracy to crawl under.

I shuddered so severely that the popcorn moved in my bowl. She looked so sexy getting in with him that I had to lick my lips to keep from drooling.

Oh please, touch her, Hunter. Please run your hand along her skin. Feel her youth. I put some popcorn in my mouth to cover a gasp. Slide your fingers down her shorts... My head began pounding, not with headache and pain, but with elation and motivation. Yes, slide your hand in and touch her pussy. Move your fingers over her labia— I choked.

I chewed and patted my chest, but what I really wanted to do was stuff my fingers up my pussy. It ached so bad I didn't know how I was going to keep still.

Hunter asked, "You okay?" There was more meaning in that question than if I was choking.

I nodded and tried to make eye contact. "Got carried away... on the popcorn. I'm fine."

He had settled the blanket over them. His hand snaked out with the remote.

I tried to pay attention to the TV screen. We had a big flat screen for watching movies.

But didn't everyone?

Everybody seemed to buy brand new flat screens every Black Friday. What did they do with all those new TVs?

Ridiculous.

My gaze, unanchored by my opinions, wandered back to them. They were still under the blanket. Nothing.

I tossed more popcorn into my mouth to cover a pout.

I finished my bowl some time later and stretched to set it on the lampstand.

Shuffling caught my ears. I might have missed it if the movie hadn't been eerily quiet at that point.

Glancing over to them, I saw the blanket moving. His arm? Hers? Getting comfortable or playing?

My heart accelerated again, squeezing out some pounding that sounded loud in my ears.

I think his arm was around her, but instead of just holding her, was moving. Was he touching her breasts?

Tickles tantalized my pussy as what had to be her arm rose a little and angled back.

I shifted my eyes to the TV in case she looked. I didn't want to scare her off. She had been reaching back towards his waist area. Oh, I knew what she was doing and the fire flared inside so hot that I squirmed. I moved my hand slowly over to my shorts and slid my fingers down over my clit.

A quick eye-shift showed her arm moving. Massaging.

I couldn't handle it; I needed to do my own rubbing. I reached over and turned out the lamp, plunging my chair and the rest of the living room into darkness – except for the light from the movie.

Both of them looked at me, but I said nothing and squirmed around as if I were getting comfortable to watch the rest of the show.

I waited, barely, a minute or two. No, not even two minutes – I could not contain my excitement. I looked over.

The blanket was moving.

If I had to guess, she was stroking him. Touching my husband. Holding his shaft and feeling that silky hardness.

Yes, I was certain.

He was moving behind her, as if enjoying her stroking. His eyes were closed and his mouth was open.

Yep, score! I drove my fingers up my pussy and bit my lip to keep from crying out or moaning.

It didn't matter that each of us knew that playing was expected. We all acted like nothing was happening. Don't admit it and don't have to suffer the embarrassment.

Neatly hidden under that blanket, my cousin was touching my husband. Touching his cock and it made me so wet that I had to slow my finger movements lest I begin making wet noises.

A moment later? A half a second? An eternity? Tracy shifted more onto her back as the blanket moved in a new way.

Yes, a brush of something moving down. My husband's hand.

She closed her eyes, too.

Hunter's face was close to her hair and he moved slightly, bringing his nose against her scalp.

I sighed quietly. Yes, smell her hair. Isn't she adorable?

His lips parted and he moved them through her hair to her forehead. The blanket near her waist began moving.

Yes, touch her. Is your hand on her shorts or down them? Is she wet for you, husband?

She moved her chin up and their faces aligned.

The move was so natural and normal that I knew what was coming: a kiss.

I watched my husband's lips touch hers and meld together as their mouths opened. I tightened my throat to keep from groaning. I shoved more fingers up my pussy, trying to chase away that ache.

They kissed for a little while, his hand still moving on her down there under the blanket.

She moaned – low and almost silent. Sexy and needy and so very sweet.

I couldn't handle it and shot out of my chair.

CHAPTER 10

They both looked at me as I took the three steps to the couch.

Eyes were large.

I couldn't keep the smile off my face. Was I about to wreck it all? Ruin it? Shove my foot into my mouth or stomp what was developing into destruction?

They looked uneasy.

No, they looked frightened.

But I wasn't standing over them to frighten them. Oozing from my throat like so much sexy syrup, I said, "Let me show you something, cousin."

I sat, pulling back the blanket.

His hand wasn't down her shorts, but he could have removed it. However, his cock was hanging out of his boxers, hard and ready. Her hand was near it.

I gave my sexiest, smokiest smile. "Sit up."

They swung their legs out. I could see Tracy trembling.

No need to be afraid. None at all. I gripped my husband's erection and soaked in its warmth. My pussy pulsed a few times, sending flares of fire up inside.

He had sat up between me and Tracy. I leaned over his lap as if he weren't there. "Isn't it beautiful?" I wagged his cock in my hand. I could barely talk; the words came thick and slow.

Her eyes were still large, but she looked down at his manhood and marveled.

I said, "He likes something a certain way. Watch me." I lowered my mouth down and slid my lips over his shaft.

I think I was trembling as much as she was. Maybe more. Were they looking at me as if I was crazy? Weird? But this seemed like the right thing to be doing.

I pulled up and looked at her. "Some women bob their heads like a woodpecker. He doesn't like that. Relax your mouth and take it in softly. Feel the skin and shape with your tongue and roof of your mouth. Hmm?" I demonstrated again.

Tracy hadn't gotten up and bolted for the bedroom.

I said, "Now you." I aimed his erection her direction. "Go on..."

Her features held uncertainty, but she slowly bent over.

I held his shaft proudly as her head lowered. Then I felt her breath on my fingers. My husband sighed.

I stroked her hair with my other hand. I felt her head moving a little, up and down. A rising relief settled my trembles and I let go of his cock. With both hands, I played in her hair and guided her head.

She moaned – an escape of a whimper that held something other than fear. Yes, an accidental admission of appreciation. Her head moved with more vigor – still slow.

I wasn't really guiding her head; she knew where his cock was. But through her movements and my husband's satisfied sighs, I gained peace through participation. I was involved and despite my weird feelings of before, this felt right at this time.

Would my usual feelings return? That she was better? That I wasn't worth being a sexual pursuit for my husband?

I didn't know, but right now I felt alive and attracted to both of them at the same time. As much as I wanted my husband to receive sexual gratification, I also wanted that for my cousin. I asked him, "Why don't you do the same for her? Show her how good you are with that tongue?"

"You want that?"

"Very much."

Tracy groaned beneath us.

I couldn't help the smile. "I think she wants it, too."

He pulled her up.

Her mouth was open, lips red and wet, and her face flushed with lust.

Hunter moved her back onto the couch.

Together, we took hold of her shorts and slid them down and off.

She had a very trimmed patch of hair down there, sparse and thin and very short. The rest of her was hairless.

I moved up to her head as Hunter pulled on her hips.

Tracy looked up at me with large, wondering eyes.

I whispered, "Don't look back. Don't regret."

His tongue touched her, sending tremors up her taut belly to her neck. The little hollow there quivered slightly. She uttered a monosyllabic warning, as if she were getting into an extremely cold pool.

I knew what she was feeling. That first time Hunter licked me I thought my body was going to tremble apart and the pieces fly in different directions. The tension and pressure inside had held me in place and unable to move. The wet movement of his tongue around my clit had sent spirals of stimulation swirling up my body.

Yes, she would be feeling this.

I said, "Is this your first...?"

Her eyes looked up at me, then back down to his head. She nodded.

"Nothing quite like it, is there? Feel his soft tongue? Feel the tension?"

Tracy's chest began heaving.

Hunter inserted a finger in her.

She moaned, arching her back.

I said, "Feel the tickle in your nipples?"

She was already sliding her hands up towards them. Her eyes closed and opened, closed again. Her hands kneaded her breasts through her top. Her chest rose and fell faster. Her brow furrowed.

I petted her forehead and hair. She was so beautiful and young: my sexy cousin.

Her forehead dampened slightly and her lower lip began quivering.

"Yes, relax and let it happen—"

She cried out, mouth dropping open. She bent her head back and thrust her chest up as her legs squeezed together on my husband's head. She convulsed and contorted on the couch, riding his head and her orgasm with that youthful, lithe grace.

A rush of exultation rose in me, thrilling me with its strength. My husband did that to her.

Hunter disengaged and began stroking his cock. He was panting, looking at her perfect pussy.

A serious swirl of need twisted in me: I knew what he was thinking. What he was wanting.

I wanted that, too.

He said, "Get her top off." He rose on shaky legs and got out of his boxers. His body was shaking with need.

A similar tremor opened up in me and I helped her out of her top.

Her eyes were on him, not me. Her mouth opened slightly, closed a little and opened again in a movement of breathing, panting, and wanting.

I started to back away. I wanted to watch, but my husband was about to be with

her and I knew it wasn't my place to intervene. Moisture flooded my pussy and I reached down to placate my ache.

Hunter's look was furious. Or just more intense. His words stopped me from retreating out of the room. "Get over here." It was a command that left no room for conversation. He was knelt between her thighs, cock in hand.

I froze.

He pointed. "Get behind me here."

A short battle in my heart waged across already scarred territory. I knew he needed her and it hurt. I wanted him to have her and it made my pussy feel alive.

But another sensation – another emotion made a surprise attack: satisfaction. Yes, satisfaction – that elusive feeling that only comforted me when I had cum thinking of him hating me and fucking another woman.

Satisfaction.

I settled down onto my knees where he had pointed.

He panted, "Hold onto my dick. Stroke it. Keep with me."

I croaked, "Okay."

"You're going to be a part of this."

My heart leapt in excitement.

He moved forward. There was nowhere for his dick to go but against my cousin's little pussy.

She was watching us, eager and uncertain.

I gave her a smile filled with my exultation and exuberance. Then I rubbed the head of his cock all over her labia. I don't know how he's going to fit that into her...

His head was turned towards me. He whispered in harsh tones, "Jack me into her. Stroke my cock like I was already in her – how you would want me to be..."

Although my hand was shaking, I jacked him slow and deep.

He closed his eyes, the head of his shaft still pressed against her pussy. "Yeah..." His eyes came open a moment later. "Is this what you want?"

I nodded.

"Say it."

I shook my head. "It's... not what I want..."

His brows lowered in scrutiny.

"It's... what I... need. Please..." I pulled forward on his shaft, as if to push him into her. "It's what she needs, too." I almost choked on the words, but they rang right and settled comfortably in my heart. Yes, that was the right thing to say.

My husband leaned forward.

The head of his cock began pushing open my cousin's pretty pussy.

CHAPTER 11

I moaned louder than Tracy, watching his shaft slowly forcing its way into her pussy.

It was everything I had hoped for, dreamed of, and wanted. But the reality was even better.

His shaft was hard and straight in my hand before I let go. I gripped his shoulders, feeling his muscles working as he pulled her hips towards him, impaling her on his cock.

He adjusted several times – back a little, forward a little – getting the angle and insertion right.

Tracy whimpered, "How do you handle this?"

I touched her thigh. "Just breathe; you'll get used to it real fast."

"I feel like I'm going to split apart."

I petted her skin. "You're doing fine." The pride in my husband's cock had never been greater. Thick and sturdy, it had taken me a while to get used to it. I was amazed he was getting it inside my cousin's hole.

Her face had that uncomfortable uncertainty, laced with urgency and longing. She wanted it, and it made me so very wet.

I toyed with myself using desperate fingers. I wanted to bite something to keep from wailing, and considered gnawing on my husband's shoulder. I decided against it and just tortured my clit instead.

The excitement here I experienced was not what I expected. My desires for him to fuck another woman were borne of insecurity – a sense I wasn't worthy. Here, I was participating. It was new and fresh. The expectations left me nothing except amusement that I thought I couldn't or shouldn't be involved.

My husband was fucking my cousin! And it was as intense as my insecure fantasies – but without the tears. Without the heartache. Without the need to settle for hate-fucking.

Hunter grunted and panted, pressing and pushing until his pole was obscured by her pussy. He was in her. He blew out a breath. "What an amazingly tight little pussy..."

I whispered, unable to speak loudly at all, "It feels good?"

He muttered, "Fucking awesome..." He pulled back, his shaft reappearing, slick and shiny.

Tracy moaned quietly with loss.

He shoved it back in, driving deep.

Her eyes came open, and mouth, and her nostrils flared with surprise. Then she closed her eyes, letting them droop into a swooning stupor.

Fuck her, Hunter! Show her little pussy what a real cock is like.

My husband did not disappoint me. He pushed in and out, taking about two full seconds to shove it all the way in. He wasn't interested in just making himself cum in her pussy, he wanted to savor it.

I wanted it no other way. That old part of me that had the weird fantasy was happy he was enjoying her – wanted to enjoy her. This new part of me, excited by my inclusion, wanted the experience to be good for both of them. The natural part of me, related to Tracy, wanted her to find this the most pleasurable experience ever.

Joy leapt in my heart that I was sharing something so wonderful with her. She and I would be able to look at each other and know – without words – how close we were bonded by experience. My love for my cousin expended as surely as her pussy had expanded to fit my husband's cock.

And that was something deeper than the incredibly intense orgasm I had during the hate-fuck. That coupling had been a physical fulfillment of a strange fantasy. But it had been superficial, never touching the deepest part of my heart – only

hurting it with ideas that were harmful.

I wanted to believe I could leave all that behind. I knew better, though. Deep inside, it lurked – like a beast awaiting its chance.

Would I ever be better? Had I arrested my descent into madness and severe fetish sex? What if the next thing that turned me on had been choking? As if I only deserved to be use-fucked and choked? Had I been heading in that direction?

More importantly, had I averted it?

Had my husband averted it?

Was I an enormous super-tanker taking a nudge by a tugboat? Enough to turn me? Was his intervention enough to steer me away from an endless fall into depravity?

I feared.

But right now, I felt promise.

If this is what our sex life could be...

I gave a harsh pant as the tension inside unraveled – blossoming into a tumbling release of pressure and passion. I rode the waves easily, relishing the relief and depth of the orgasm I was having.

No, definitely not as painfully intense as the hate-fuck. But more satisfying on such a deeper level.

My head was grabbed.

I popped my eyes open, startled.

Hunter pulled me with one hand, joining my mouth to his. His tongue fucked into my mouth as surely as his cock was sliding in and out of my cousin.

It was a passionate kiss, reminiscent of all the wonderful times my love had kissed me in the past. The same fervor was there, somehow new.

Had my fantasies isolated me so much from his heart? Had it always been there, waiting for me?

Now my eyes watered. Not with pain, but sadness that I hadn't seen it. Had I come so close to losing him? Losing that touch of his soul to mine? His heart to mine? His mind to mine?

I hugged him in a rush, squeezing my eyes shut. I couldn't stop the tears. "I love you."

He stopped moving and leaned back a little.

I blinked at him, searching his face.

That old smile was there, that old loving look. "I love you, too." His kiss was tender.

Then he started moving again, fucking my cousin – but looking at me. "Are you getting what you wanted?"

I nodded vigorously. I ran my hand up her thigh to her hips. "She's beautiful. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

He moved faster and closed his eyes.

I smiled at my cousin, wiping my eyes. I gave her a wink and a thumbs-up.

My husband was about to cum. I hoped he didn't pull out. Tracy should feel the splendor of taking a man's full orgasm inside her.

Deep.

She needed that experience.

So did I.

Don't rip her off...

He trembled violently and exhaled harshly, leaning over her. His butt clenched and jerked. Forceful little pushes were the only indication that he was cumming. He was so quiet – more than he was with me.

As if the less noise he made the less likely he would scare her.

But she was looking up at him with a rapt expression of reverence and respect.

Heat flooded my heart and overflowed. I squeezed her thigh with a gratitude for her appreciation.

He was so quiet – just a few explosive breaths of air as he squirted deep into her.

I sighed with sublime satisfaction.

He had given her something special. She was my cousin: that made it proper and pleasing.

In fact, that made it perfect.

~ ~ ~

A return to my usual fantasies was not what I had in mind. Not as a goal, anyway.

I am not a pervert!

So why was I excited inside when later my husband told me he was going to spend some time with her alone?

Ready for bed, he had stunned me with the announcement. It made sense. Perfect sense. Involving me for the first part, savoring her in private for the next.

My pussy had flushed with moisture. I wanted to encourage him but was struggling against my joy at being tossed aside and left alone.

I wanted him to go into her room and enjoy her. I wanted her to enjoy him.

I was grateful my husband had chewed over my fantasies. Instead of just wanting him to fuck any woman – any better woman – I now wanted him to fuck my cousin. Only my cousin.

This was a major shift. Though I feared a return to the usual fantasies and fears. Which is why I struggled to keep my emotions in check.

I had smiled and told him to have fun with her.

When he closed our door, and then hers behind him, my heart wrenched ever so slightly – the return of that insecurity that he didn't love me. Or that I wasn't good enough for him.

None of that was helped along by the noise they made. The moans, the groans, the panting, the mattress moving and squeaking.

There was passion coming from that room – raw, nasty passion.

I had to tell myself that when he and I were alone, we sounded like that. And we did. But my heart, tricked by my old fantasies, played up the noise and imagined that he was in there getting what I couldn't give him.

Ten o'clock passed. Eleven. Midnight. The fucking went on and on. Little spaces of silence, then more moans and groans.

I diddled. I twirled fingers down there. I stuffed a few in. At one in the morning, I had my face in the pillow trying to cram all my fingers into my pussy – to abuse and punish it for not being good enough.

I couldn't help it.

I squealed into the pillow. No, I almost screamed into the pillow as my pussy convulsed and clamped on my fucking fingers. It was good. It was too good. The orgasm was that intense, painful ignition of fear and insecurity. I muffled my howl in my pillow as I imagined him in there grunting and cumming in her.

They were perfect together. His bestial sex drive was bridled by her beauty.

But that orgasm in tribute to this revelation was not fulfilling. It was a shot of sugar that produced a thin rush of... nothing. Nothing meaningful.

I was left empty, still hearing them fuck in the next room.

Not completely empty. No, the memory of earlier flooded to the surface of my thoughts and brought a smile to my sweaty face.

No, this was not perfect. That was perfect. What had happened earlier was the puzzle piece that fit with so much promise and fulfillment.

Yes, the real satisfaction, the real pleasure and peace of mind had been delivered with me involved.

I longed to be in the other room with them, but I understood my husband's wishes. It only made sense.

No, he was not rejecting me.

Although he sure had stamina tonight...

As surely as I was sleepy, I knew he would return to my bed and we would be whole.

~ ~ ~

I awoke, unaware I had fallen asleep.

"Kelly?" he said again.

I mumbled something ridiculous – pure gibberish. He was lying next to me, smelling of Hunter, and love, and sex.

He said, "Do you need...?"

Despite the hour – three in the morning – he tirelessly offered me satisfaction.

The love I felt from him was a steady push against my ugly fantasies. I released them and gripped him in a hug.

He chuckled. "I love you, you know."

I nodded.

"You and me, after breakfast."

"You mean that?"

I could see his smile in the dim light of the alarm clock. "I need it."

"You have Tracy—"

"From you."

EPILOGUE

I whimpered quietly.

Hunter laughed above me. His cock filled me deep, plunging in smoothly and sliding out with all the delicious lust between us. "Why are you being quiet?"

"We have company..."

"It's Tracy. Your cousin. She knows I'm in here doing this."

"She does?"

"I told her last night that I was saving the best for last – for her not to get offended."

I gave an incredulous laugh. "You told her?"

"Well, I didn't want her thinking that I was only going to be doing her from now on."

I knew he wasn't – felt he wasn't, but I asked it anyway, "You aren't?"

"Your cousin is great, but no one can replace you."

His moves, his words, his caress of my soul contented me so completely that I felt a deep shift within. Something nasty and dirty was exposed to the light of his love – that lurking insecurity. I felt it wither and my bond to my husband strengthen.

Defeated? I don't know.

A cornered beast will turn and fight. Was I going to suffer setbacks? I sensed I would. Unwelcome now.

I knew he would help me through them. My entire life hung on his strength. Would he be enough to carry both of us?

His shaft speared me deep and tender, pushing away those ridiculous fantasies. Had I been fearful of losing him like I had my boyfriends?

A new emotion came in, made introductions, and set about trashing the shit out of my unwanted fantasies. Her name was Anger.

I hated my old boyfriends; they had dumped me. I hated them for who they were and what they did. And I was left with this? Fantasies of failure as a parting gift? Fuck them!

With a burst of irritation, I gripped my husband's ass. "Fuck me. Hard."

He blinked, surprised.

I had not talked like that in... years.

So much wasted time. So many regrets.

And now I pushed them behind me with all the disgust I harbored for those boyfriends. They had left me a parting gift.

Some gift.

Insecurity? Failure? Fantasies of not being able to hold onto the man that loved me? Fuck that.

I thrust my hips up at my husband, fucking him back. "Give it to me." I reached up and grabbed a handful of hair at the back of his head. "Give. It. To. Me."

His cock swelled inside of me. He drove his hips faster, slapping down onto mine.

I could take him. I always had. "You want this pussy? Take it."

He let out a groan and his eyes squeezed shut. His cock filled me – its entire length stretching me open and stuffing me full.

I almost laughed. Not at him, but at my victory. Yes, I remembered doing this. I remembered all the times I had goaded him into taking me – and cumming. That final act of surrender was not mine opening my legs, but his in giving me his

cum.

His cock pulsed inside, squirting his hot passion into my pussy.

I hadn't realized I had lost that perfection.

Now I had it back.

~ ~ ~

I stumbled out to the kitchen at noon, the impressions of his lips still all over my face – my lips bruised and blissful where I remembered them pressing. Still felt them there.

Tracy was sitting, idly chewing on a few crackers.

I said, "You want anything?"

"Nah, I had some fruit."

I nodded.

She looked past me and back. She lowered her voice, "I'm so sore... How do you walk after all that...?"

I laughed, feeling all the joy and love I had for my cousin come rushing to the fore. "You get used to it."

Her eyes looked haunted and it was a moment before she spoke, "I don't... want to be a problem."

A surge of sympathy swept me down onto my knees next to her. I gripped her arm and stroked her shoulder. My words were a choked whisper, "Oh, Tracy. You aren't a problem. You could never be a problem."

Her eyes searched mine. "Promise?"

"The world isn't big enough to hold the depth of that promise."

~ ~ ~

Sunday followed a day of rest. I felt sorry for my husband. It wasn't me and my cousin who would be walking funny for the rest of the week.

I sat next to him on our bed.

He was mounting Tracy, sliding his cock into her pussy with quite a bit more ease than Friday night.

But he was looking at me, and leaning for a kiss.

I would be next after her. He wouldn't finish in her – he was saving that for me. The best for last.

I kissed him, hungry for his face, his kiss, his love – and it was transmitted by his tongue.

His breath entered my mouth in puffs as he thrust into my cousin.

My hand was on her shoulder and I felt her muscles moving as she responded to Hunter's movements.

It was so natural and pure, the three of us.

So normal.

And perfect.

Thank you for reading Ache to See Him with Her. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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