Ted’s Story



Alwayswantedto

Ted leaned back in his chair but his gaze remained fixed on the picture perched on the desk separating him from the man desperately trying to communicate the strategic nature of his managerial skills. The man's name was Jason and he was a candidate for a senior management position. To ease his anxiety Ted avoided eye contact which Jason likely appreciated even though he knew Ted was only an interviewer. It also provided an excuse for Ted to stare at the picture strategically oriented to impress visitors with the attractiveness of Jason's family, and especially his late thirtyish wife.

Of course, that wasn't why Ted was staring at the man's wife at all. Though she was pretty, and the full height picture showed that she also had a nice figure, Ted wasn't even imagining having sex with her. At least, not directly. No, Ted had developed a more complex and ultimately more satisfying way of entertaining himself. He pictured the woman being seduced by a young man while her ambitious husband pursued his career for both of them, of course.

Ted's proxy wasn't a younger version of himself. Ted had, on many occasions, imagined seducing his friend's mothers and was often the recipient of teasing flirtations from the objects of his dreams. However, as strong as his desires were, and as playful as his friends' mothers became, Ted never worked up the courage to make a pass at any of them. In effect, the young

Casanova in Ted's daydreams made up for his failures as a young man.

That night in his hotel room Ted would commemorate his impression of Jason's wife in a story. Lance, the name Ted used for his proxy, would confidently seduce Jason's wife and throw a large bone deep into her pussy in many ludicrous positions, often across the desk in his home office in front of a picture of him with smiling with a senior VP. Ted often used the real first name of a candidate's wife, or sometimes substituted it with the name of one of the favorite mother's from his past. Either way, Lance would fuck their brains out with his larger-than-life tool amid a cacophony of squeals, moans and groans.

Ted was starting to get noticeably hard as Jason neared the end of his story. He shook his head to rid it of the picture of Lance's long cock disappearing inside Marsha's skirt, its sensitive head scraping several times off the inside of her tender thighs. He waited for Jason to finish talking.

"Can you give me another example of that?" he asked.

Jason looked momentarily confused but quickly recovered and launched, first tentatively but then more confidently, into another regaling tale of his managerial prowess. Ted made

Lance push Marsha forward onto Jason's desk from the left side and face her husband as he spoke. Lance lunged forward, slamming against ass and rocking Marsha ahead several inches, withdrew and slammed forward again, then again, and again. In his mind, Jason's eyes followed his wife back and forth, as if watching a tennis match, but he didn't miss a single beat in his bid for the vice-presidency.

Ted shook his head and both Lance and Marsha dissipated into thin air. He hoped this blowhard would shut up soon so he could get back to the hotel early. He was in the mood now and really wanted to write this one up. Marsha was a very pretty woman with a hot body. In the next half hour, under the pretext of reading a message, he managed to snap a couple of pictures of the family photo, zooming in to focus on Jason's sexy wife.

Ted sat at the desk in his hotel room, rubbing the front of his underwear as he always did once he got well into a new story. News splashed across the TV screen but Ted could hardly hear it because he was so engrossed in the words spilling onto the screen of his laptop until a disconcerting thought burst into his mind. Before he left home he had hired a young nerd to clear his old laptop at home which he suspected was contaminated by a virus. However, he had forgotten that his secret repository of "family" pictures, and worse, the videos he recorded of his wife while he was away, were accessible through the laptop.

He felt safe letting Linda use it but a computer-savvy kid might stumble upon the pictures, stories, and videos.

Long ago Ted had installed security cameras to cover the front and rear entrances of their home, both inside and outside. On one of his trips he had encountered a candidate with a wife that looked eerily similar to Linda, his own wife, and it had strangely excited him to imagine Lance trying to seduce her.

The fantasy had proved to be addictive and on several subsequent trips Ted enjoyed watching his wife online as she moved about the house through the additional cameras he installed in his study, the living room and kitchen, and even their bedroom. He particularly liked seeing her undress as she got ready for bed, completely unaware of being observed. Eventually he tired of it but the cameras remained installed and active, producing motion-triggered videos that were automatically saved on a large-capacity, wireless-accessible hard disk.

Ted logged onto his home security account and was relieved to find that everything was quiet on the home front. Linda had already gone to bed. He checked the login time and noted it so the next time he logged on he could verify whether or not anyone else had accessed the account. When he got home, he would check the last-access time of his “Linda” recordings.

Satisfied, Ted returned to the Marsha story. Lance was about plunge his huge cock deep between her widespread legs. Through his proxy, Ted grasped Marsha's ankles and pushed, lifting her ass off the bed. Ahhhhhh, the expectancy on her face was beautiful, simply beautiful. Lance sunk his meat into her hot, hairy hole.

Ted was pleased when he arrived home several days later. It had been a good trip with two more finds as good as Marsha. Everything seemed normal so if Gary had found the pictures or videos he hadn't informed Linda. She greeted him the same way she had on a hundred other occasions: outwardly happy to see him home but not overly so, with a feigned interest in how his trip went that quickly passed. Ted forgot about the computer until they were getting ready for bed.

"How did the young fellow make out with the computer?"

"He said it has a 'boat load' of viruses and one that is particularly nasty."

Ted stopped halfway under the covers. "Did he fix it?"

“Not yet.”

“Did he take it with him?”

“No, but he said he’d have to come back to finish cleaning it up.”

Relieved, Ted slipped all the way into bed. “Kind of nerdy, isn’t he?”

“Ted. That’s not nice.”

“I know. It’s just that he reminds me of me at that age.”

“You weren’t that bad.”

“You didn’t know me in high school.”

“He’s not in high school, dear. He was in Scott’s class.”

“Really? I didn’t know that. Well, I was almost as geeky as him when I was in school.”

Linda reached out to touch Ted's face. "Then I guess you had changed by the time I met you."

"I guess so but you wouldn't have given me the time of day if you knew me then."

"I would so. That's not fair."

"I'm just kidding. Actually, the kid does kind of look like I did at that age but I wasn't that shy and didn't have as much acne."

"Shy? I didn't think he was very shy. He was at first, I guess, but once he got on the computer he babbled like crazy."

"Really? He hardly says anything at work."

"Hmmm. Did you know he gives lessons to Mrs. Ashton?"

"Lessons?"

“Yeah, on how to use the computer and various programs, email and stuff.”

“Mrs. Ashton?”

Her husband was Ted’s boss two levels up. That was impressive. A good word from her couldn’t hurt Ted’s career.

“Do you think he could help you?”

“I can handle myself okay on a computer.”

“Yeah, but this kid is a real whiz, Linda. If he can help Mrs. Ashton, imagine what he could do for you.”

“Nice try, Ted. Do you really think it would impress her husband to hire the guy that’s helping his wife?”

Ted laughed. “How can you think I’d be so devious?” He reached for the bedside lamp. “I’m just trying to do what’s best for you,” he said in the darkness.

“Goodnight, Ted.”

Ted found the files in order the next night. He reviewed a few of his favorites, ones where Linda undressed in such an erotic way he could have sworn she was putting on an act. If the clips had been uploaded to a porn site most guys would think it wasn’t amateur. She entered the room languidly after her bath—Why hadn’t he thought to put a camera in there?—with her open robe flapping across her front, briefly exposing first one breast and then the other, and constantly displaying the neatly trimmed tuft of brown fur covering her freshly washed pussy. He had forgotten how sexy she could look. If only she was as sexy as she looked.

Linda was awkward in bed, or rather, she make him feel awkward. Everything had to be perfect. She had to be comfortable and never lost herself to passion, neither his nor hers. Whenever he started to get carried away she would complain, sometimes by a displeased grunt or a motion or just a stiffening, and he would lose it. He always finished, of course, but it was plain Linda was eager for him to be done.

For years now, Ted had obtained greater sexual gratification from his stories. He wasn’t unfaithful though he couldn’t say he hadn’t tried. His success in launching an affair was as dismal as the attempted seductions of his friends’ mothers.

Looking back, he believed that he didn't know how or when to make it plain what he wanted, or lacked the courage to do so, and might have otherwise attained his goal. Oh well, it was too late to cry over spilt milk.

Gary returned the next day to clear the laptop of the virus and Ted engaged him to teach his wife how to use the computer better. She wasn't as adept as she thought she was so it was easy to leave Gary with a challenging array of things to show her, especially a complicated photo application that he knew she would enjoy. He wanted to keep Gary on long enough to be sure he mentioned to Mrs. Ashton that he was also working for the Nelson's.

The following week Ted traveled to two regional offices and conducted a dozen interviews, four of which produced some very juicy stories. He could hardly wait to review and submit them to SOL. First, he would review his favorite "Linda" files to see if he could add some intimate feminine movements to improve the stories. Details really spiced things up and raised his scores. He was glad he had hooked up extra cameras. However, he wasn't happy about what he found when he returned home.

Linda met him with her usual greeting. She praised Gary's tutoring and mentioned that he had told Mrs. Ashton about

them. All was well and good until Ted reviewed the past week's files to see if there were any gems he could use in his stories. He was hoping Linda had masturbated again with the translucent red dildo she kept hidden in her bottom drawer, or rubbed her breasts with oil before pushing her slick fingers into her pussy and sucking on the smaller dildo as she had done on several occasions.

But there wasn't any of that; only a couple of hours of boring video with Gary showing Linda how to use the Control Panel and Task Manager, how to configure Outlook, and then on to the photo program he had suggested. Ted skimmed quickly through most of it but slowed when the photo app lessons started. Linda was more interested but wasn't what caught Ted's attention. It was something about the way he spoke.

Gary was quite formal, consistently referring to Linda as Mrs. Nelson, but that wasn't it. He did most of the talking and after a few minutes Ted realized that despite his shy demeanour at work the young man spoke to Linda with great confidence. It wasn't just about computer things but also in the way he told Linda how to sit. Linda automatically resisted Ted's suggestions whenever he tried to show her how to do anything and quickly became impatient. She always insisted on doing things her own way. But with Gary, she was very compliant and did everything exactly the way he said to do it.

Ted peered at the video, suddenly noting what Linda was wearing. He paused and skipped back, stopping at several places until he saw her opening the front door to let Gary inside. She was wearing a pastel coloured tank top with a thin, white cotton shirt, unbuttoned, over tight black leotards. As Gary followed his wife up the stairs to the office Ted could see in his gaze that the thin cotton didn't hide her ass as intended. Poor Linda. She would have cringed if she was aware her outfit was so blatantly sexy.

Gary returned to the photo program at a point beyond where they had been before he skipped back. Linda was hunched over, peering at the screen.

"This is one of Mrs. Ashton's favorite programs."

"I like it too," Linda said.

"She spends hours on it every day."

"I can see why. It's fun."

“Yeah, well you have to be careful not to overdo it. People have a tendency to hunch over the screen like you’re doing now.”

Linda nodded, only half listening, as she manipulated a photograph on the screen.

Gary got up from his chair and moved to stand behind her.

“That’s good,” he said. “You’re getting better.”

Linda smiled but didn’t look up. She shrugged her shoulders which were probably getting stiff.

“Mrs. Ashton says it helps if I massage her shoulders.”

Ted was surprised when the lanky nerd rested his hands on Linda’s shoulders and started to knead them. He was more shocked when Linda didn’t resist. In fact, she didn’t seem to even notice. Her only response was to lean closer to the screen. He followed her in, fingers working her shoulders. Soon, his hands were moving from side to side as well, from the edge of her shoulders to the crook of her neck, and even sliding upward an inch or two along her neck until the edge of his

fingers grazed the lobes of her ears. Linda tilted her head away. She hated having her ears touched.

Gary had been sliding his hands back and forth and part way down her arms by the time she finally sat back and took a deep breath. Here it comes, Ted thought. She's going to shut him down. Gary's hands became still but remained on her shoulders.

"Are you hungry?" Linda asked.

"Yeah, kind of."

"Should I make us some lunch?"

Gary nodded and Linda got up. Ted gritted his teeth while he watched Gary ogle Linda's ass through the thin cotton shirt as they left the room. Her hips had widened in the last couple of years and that forced a gap between her upper thighs which created an intriguing, rolling gait that drew attention to her ass. When had that happened? He noted that Linda's tummy pout had also disappeared. Was that because of exercise and diet or had the widening hips also made her stomach more taut?

Whatever it was, it made Linda's walk markedly sexier than he remembered.

Nothing happened in the kitchen. They talked about a variety of things but not about the computer except when Gary mentioned how much Mrs. Ashton appreciated his massages, neck and otherwise. Linda didn't pick up on it and Gary didn't expand on what he meant by 'otherwise' much to Ted's chagrin. Was there something potentially scandalous he could use here?

Gary seemed to appreciate Linda's slower ascent of the stairs. Her ass swayed more than it had on the way down but she seemed unaware of it or Gary's attention. Perhaps she moved more slowly because she was climbing the stairs rather than down, or maybe because she had just eaten. Halfway up, Linda stooped to pick up a white thread that must have fallen off her white shirt. Gary almost collided with her. His hands flew out but stopped an inch from her butt, palms turned toward her and threatening to mold the curvature of her buttocks. Ted wondered what would have happened if he had actually touched her. Nobody seemed to notice the thread fall from Linda's hand near the top of the stairs, but Ted did.

When they reentered the office Gary pulled the chair away and replaced it with the wheeled stool he had been sitting on. Ted

didn't understand the purpose of this and thought it might be a posture thing until Gary started massaging Linda's neck within two minutes. He noted that the stool was backless, allowing Gary to see his wife's entire back, including the bare waist showing under the tank top, the thin cotton shirt acting like a veil more than a cover.

It was fifteen minutes into the afternoon session when Gary started edging the shirt off Linda's shoulders. Five minutes later he had worked it halfway to her elbows. Linda didn't protest when he slid the sleeves over her hands, pulling them one at a time away from the keyboard or mouse, and seemed unaware that he was removing her shirt. She sat, engrossed, in her cleavage-dipping tank top and now bared arms which Gary proceeded to massage, or from Ted's perspective, stroke and caress.

Ted watched in anger, biting his lip, awaiting the moment when Gary would go for his wife's breasts. He was mad at Linda for allowing this outrageous behavior. Gary leaned forward from time to time to say something. Linda always made an adjustment on the screen in response but didn't appear to question his need to be so close and that made Ted fume even more. Ted knew he was peering down Linda's top and a couple of times the front of his jeans bumped into Linda's back when he straightened up. To make things worse Linda didn't even lean forward to get out of the way.

In the end, Ted's angry scrutiny was all for naught. Gary limited his caressing strokes to Linda's neck and arms. Not once did he attempt an inappropriate scrape across the sides of her breasts and, though his mouth came perilously close to her ear, his lips never made contact.

They wrapped up their lesson and Linda led the way from the room. This time, Gary hung farther back and it was clear why. He stared at Linda's ass which, resplendent in the absence of the cotton shirt, seemed to have a life of its own. The flat shoes Linda preferred to wear accentuated the roll of her buttocks and Ted knew that if he had been in Gary's shoes he would have hung back too. Linda stepped slowly down the stairs as if unsure of her balance. She didn't look back which was unfortunate, Ted thought, because she would have caught Gary ogling her butt.

At the door, Linda asked if he could come the next day or if he was working for Mrs. Ashton. Gary assured her he would be there at ten and then made a startling comment.

"Mrs. Ashton always wears a nice dress for our lessons."

Ted knew the cameras didn't have the resolution to show it but he was convinced his wife blushed. Gary strode away as if a response wasn't expected.

Ted quickly opened the next file. Why hadn't he examined these online when he was away? He wouldn't have been able to come home but at least he could have called to make sure Linda was alright.

The first thing Ted noticed was that Linda was wearing a light brown dress. Why had she humored the little prick?

Though plain, the dress hugged Linda's figure, emphasizing the difference in the width of her waist and her hips, and also the difference between her tummy and the extent of her bosom. She wasn't big but had more than enough for her frame, especially when not hidden under baggy clothing. Ted noted that the dress was sleeveless and featured an open neck, leaving Linda's tanned shoulders and arms bare. As they started up the stairs, Gary spoke.

"Mrs. Nelson?"

Linda turned. "Yes?"

“High heels aren’t good for your feet, you know.”

Linda looked down and this time Ted was positive she blushed.

“Oh, I forgot I had them on. I usually wear slippers around the house.”

She stepped down to the main floor and held the banister while she lifted one foot, and then the other, to slip the heels off. She walked past Gary to the closet in the entranceway, dropped the shoes, and was about to put her slippers on when Gary spoke again.

“Stocking feet is better,” he said.

Linda nudged the slippers back into the closet and returned to the stairs. Gary followed her up and Ted noticed that, if anything, her cheeks rolled from side to side in a more dramatic display than even the stretchy leotards could offer. The geek obviously enjoyed the show all the way up the stairs and had to be wondering, as was Ted, if his wife was wearing any underwear at all.

Ted paused the video. What the hell had just happened?

In the office, the lessons proceeded with mind-numbing monotony. Despite the invitation of bare arms and shoulders, Gary didn't yield to temptation nor did he lean over Linda's shoulder to whisper in her ear or look down her dress. In fact, he remained seated though he had left the stool chair for Linda to use. After watching intently for half an hour, convinced Gary would make a move on his wife, Ted began skimming faster and faster through the video. They were half way to the door before he noticed they had taken a break for lunch.

Nothing happened in the kitchen. Gary hardly even looked at Linda as she made sandwiches, bent over in the refrigerator to get lettuce and tomatoes from the crisper, and reached for tall glasses in the top cupboard. Their conversation was mundane until the end.

"What do you teach Mrs. Ashton?" Linda asked.

"Oh, the same things I'm showing you, for the most part."

"Uh huh. And what about the other part?"

“Oh, things.”

“What things?”

Ted was struck by the coy, flirtatious manner the two words were delivered as Linda leaned forward on her elbows, an almost empty glass of milk dangling and swirling from her right hand. A splash of milk lined her upper right lip which was curled up in a mischievous smile.

“Are you sure you want to know?” Gary raised his eyebrows.

“Definitely,” Linda replied. “I’m intrigued.”

Ted was struck by the comfort with which they now spoke to each other and it bothered him. Even after years of marriage, Ted wasn’t relaxed near his wife, or any woman for that matter.

“Can you keep a secret?”

“Absolutely.” Linda straightened, as if affronted.

“I really shouldn’t tell you.”

“Oh, come on. You can’t leave me hanging after saying that.”

What a choice of words, Ted thought.

“It might cost you something.”

“Like what? More money?” Linda asked in a tone that suggested she knew that was beneath him.

“No, but you might have to do something for me.”

“Like what?”

“Like what Mrs. Ashton does.”

Linda’s tone became flirtatious again.

“Like wearing a dress when you ask?”

Gary didn't answer.

"Does Mrs. Ashton wear what you tell her to?"

"Uh huh."

"That's weird."

Linda put the last bite of her sandwich in her mouth and chewed it with a smile.

"I shouldn't tell you."

Linda encouraged him without saying a word, flashing her eyes. He gave in.

"Mrs. Ashton is a lonely lady and she suspects her husband is having an affair."

Linda stopped chewing but didn't speak.

“So I’m showing her how to look for clues in her husband’s computer and phone. Actually, I guess I’m doing it mostly myself. She isn’t as good on the computer as you.”

“Have you found anything?”

“I can’t say.”

Linda didn’t push it but, knowing her, Ted knew she wouldn’t let go until she found out. She wiped the milk from her lip as if she knew it was there all the time and grinned.

“Shall we get started?”

She stood up and pulled her shoulders back sharply, causing her breasts to thrust against the dress. Gary stuffed the rest of his sandwich into his mouth and let his eyes wander down her figure to her stocking feet.

“Are those pantyhose?” he asked.

Linda seemed caught off guard.

“No.”

“Good,” Gary said, and got up.

Linda climbed the stairs in a more business-like fashion than she had that morning and the day before which signaled that she had indeed been toying with her geeky tutor but was now having second thoughts. Perhaps Gary had gone too far with his impertinent remark about the pantyhose. Ted breathed a sigh of relief but it was cut short when her buttocks began to roll near the top of the stairs.

Linda returned to her photography program but had clearly lost interest. Gary stood behind her, as if waiting for something to happen.

“Can you show me some of the things you’re teaching Mrs. Ashton?”

Gary put his hands on Linda’s shoulders, the way he had done the day before.

“Are you sure you want to know, Mrs. Nelson?”

Linda nodded. Gary's hands began sliding from side to side, over to the edge of her shoulder and back to the crook of her neck. They moved back and forth but he didn't say anything else until his hands slipped onto her upper arm and then moved back to slide up her neck until his fingers could pinch her ear lobes. He leaned close to her ear.

"I'll show you a few things to look for and then you can practise to see if you can find some stuff on your own."

Linda nodded and Ted felt a chill run down his spine. Gary sat on the other chair and slid over to take control of the keyboard and mouse. Linda gave way. Ted couldn't see what Gary was doing and he provided little in the way of verbal explanation. Occasionally, he looked at Linda and she nodded her understanding. After about fifteen minutes, Gary slid out of the way and stood up as Linda rolled her chair into place. He resumed his place behind her and immediately put his hands on her shoulders. As she began operating the keyboard and mouse, he lifted his hands and stroked her skin from neck to elbows with the tips of his fingers. Several times he leaned close to whisper encouragement and his lips brushed her ears but Linda didn't shy away. She only nodded. Ted's blood went cold.

He was a patient bastard. Ted had to give him that. It was half an hour before he made another suggestion. It hadn't slipped Ted's notice that the rubbing hands had moved onto Linda's back and, in transiting to her arms, managed to scrape along the side of her dress, beside her breasts. That she was oblivious indicated that whatever he showed her how to do was worth it. Ted gritted his teeth.

"It's not good to sit so long in such a tight dress. You should pull it up a bit so it's looser around your legs and hips."

Linda didn't respond, apparently as oblivious to his words as she was to his roaming hands.

"Lift up a bit," Gary instructed.

When Linda did he pinched the sides of her dress and pulled.

"Again," he said, tugging Linda's dress up and bunching it around her waist, relaxing the tension on her legs as the wider part closer to the hem slid up her legs.

"Again."

Gary pulled and the hem of the dress came perilously close to the juncture of her thighs. He gave one last tug and leaned over Linda's shoulder.

"Perfect," he said.

From the angle of the camera Ted couldn't see what 'perfect' meant but presumed her panties were now showing. In support of his theory, Gary maintained a leaning stance as he continued to run his hands over her arms and shoulders, occasionally running his hands under her arms to cop a feel of the sides of his wife's breasts. On one such occasion he must have done more than just scrape by because Linda became agitated.

"Would you like me to log onto my account and show you what I found out for Mrs. Ashton?"

Linda relaxed and Gary leaned over to take possession of the keyboard and mouse. After typing a few entries he relinquished the mouse and keyboard to Linda who leaned close to the screen. Gary's hands rubbed up and down her back and this time, when they reached around her sides, Linda

didn't protest. Ted could tell by the extent of his reach that Gary was cupping his wife's breasts.

Linda spent a long time peering at the screen, occasionally gasping in surprise. Gary's hands frequently visited the front of her dress and lingered longer each time, the flexing muscles in his skinny forearms betraying the molestation his fingers were foisting upon Linda's tits. And still she didn't notice. What was he showing her?

When Gary straightened up to massage Linda's neck and shoulders Ted was surprised to see the large lump in front of his pants. He wasn't wearing jeans today but rather pants made of some kind of light-weight material like the kind used to make running or hiking pants. Whatever it was made of his male equipment was explicitly outlined.

Ted couldn't understand how he could have missed how well endowed the young geek was. Had Linda missed it too? He tried to remember if she had noticed without looking back through the video. Now that he thought about it, he remembered several times when Linda glanced down at his lap while he demonstrated something on the screen.

Could he blame her? He hadn't paid attention to her sexually for months and when he did the sex wasn't much to write home about. He quickly satisfied himself, more to fulfill an obligation than to get off. He knew Linda didn't enjoy it so he rationalized that he was doing her a favor by getting it done quickly.

Linda suddenly sat back, catching Gary by surprise. The look on her face confirmed that she could feel his cock pressing into her back and he knew in that instant that Linda was interested in sex, just not with him. She didn't lean forward to break contact. Instead, she looked up at the geek pressing his manhood into her back and he slid his right hand along her shoulder until it curled around her throat.

"Surprised?"

Linda nodded. Ted though they were referring to the thing caught between them but he was wrong.

"You're thinking your husband might be involved in the same kind of activity, but we don't know that, yet."

Linda nodded again.

“I think you should lay down. You’ve had a bit of a shock.”

Without waiting for an answer Gary lifted Linda’s hand and led her to the double bed pressed against the wall. They used the office as a second guest bedroom when family visited. Linda sat on the bed and Gary urged her to lay down on her back.

“Close your eyes.”

She did and his hand grasped the inside of her right ankle, lowering to rub her foot before sliding up the stocking to her knee. His fingers trailed across her knee cap.

“Mrs. Ashton finds it relaxing when I do this,” he explained.

His hand crossed to the other knee and descended to her left foot. After rubbing it he returned to her knee, crossed to the other side and explored her lower thigh, then dropped to the knee and returned to the right ankle.

“Turn over,” he instructed.

Linda dutifully rolled away from him, onto her stomach, keeping her legs and feet together. Gary grasped her left ankle and pulled it toward him, then pushed the right foot away. His fingers trailed up the back of her calf, then dropped between her legs and pushed her knees apart.

“It will help you relax if I rub your legs.”

Linda didn’t respond. Gary started rubbing her legs anyway, up and down, from her toes, running along the soles of her feet, to her knees and beyond, up to the hem of her dress. Ted didn’t notice at first but eventually saw that his fingers were poking into the darkness of her skirt and each time he withdrew down the length of her legs, he traveled along the inside, pressuring them to open wider.

Gary’s hands pushed the skirt higher up the back of Linda’s thighs and still she made no protest. It actually looked like she had fallen asleep. Ted thought she might not be able to feel what Gary was doing but then he used both hands to push the skirt way up her thighs, along the outside, until it slid partway onto her buttocks, exposing the bottom of her panties.

He then returned to massaging Linda's legs but only descended to her feet three times. After that he only went as low as the knees before returning to her thighs and spent most of the time above the top of her stockings on her most tender skin. After a few minutes he lifted the dress higher, depositing it above her buttocks, and exposing her entire ass. The panties stretched across her buttocks half way down. They were so small it was no surprise her cheeks rolled around so much when she walked.

"Lovely," Gary murmured. "Even better than Mrs. Ashton. Much better."

Gary placed a hand on each buttock. Instead of rearing up in anger, Linda crossed her arms over the back of her head. Gary unhurriedly massaged her buttocks, squeezing them between his fingers and splaying his thumbs wide to rub their luxurious fullness with separate strokes. Linda's arms tightened around her head.

"Mrs. Ashton loves this. She says it takes her mind off her husband."

Linda nodded under her arms. Gary started to tug her panties down. He didn't do it in a single move. Instead, he did it

slowly, giving her every opportunity to protest. When she didn't, he smiled and made a meal of getting them half way down her thighs. He put his hand between them, high up, and told Ted's wife to close her legs. She did, trapping his hand between her thighs.

For several minutes neither of them moved. Gary waited patiently, watching her carefully. There was a tiny movement, barely perceptible, a mere flexing of her thighs. Several seconds later it happened again, and then again. Gary kept his hand rigidly still and he grinned when Linda's ass lifted.

"That's it," he whispered. "Come to Papa."

Linda's legs trembled.

"You can do it," he encouraged. "Mrs. Ashton wasn't so shy."

As if that gave her permission, Linda pushed her ass up and down, then flinched when her pussy contacted the back edge of Gary's thumb where his hand was still planted between her legs. Gary waited until she flinched again, then must have flexed his thumb because Linda's head suddenly lifted and her back arched before slumping back to the bed. The muscles in

his skinny forearm rippled and Ted knew his thumb was sliding through his wife's slit. Was she wet? With a sinking heart, Ted knew she was. She rarely got wet when they had sex.

Linda's head moved on the mattress but she didn't look up. Gary pushed his arm forward and Ted knew his fingers were inside her. He reached out with his left hand and stroked her hair and caressed her neck. He did this for several minutes, never stopping the manipulation between Linda's legs. Then Ted noticed his forearm twisting and he flicked his eyes from camera to camera trying to get the best view.

Linda's cheeks were bulging up and Ted knew then Gary had more than two fingers inside her. Her hips flexed in response to every push and she worked herself back on his fingers. Gary leaned forward to keep himself deep inside her, his whole forearm twisting back and forth. He found the zipper of Linda's dress with his free hand and dragged it down her back. When she turned her head, he gave her instructions to deflect a potential protest.

"Turn your toes inward."

To Ted's amazement, that's exactly what Linda did. This woman, who railed against every suggestion he made, obeyed this geeky kid instantly. As soon as her toes were pointing at one another, Gary's arm slid forward and Ted knew by her reaction that he had pushed his entire, skinny hand inside her pussy. Linda's head lifted again and this time Gary's left hand found her throat to provide support.

"You're going to love this, Mrs. Nelson."

And she did. Linda released the first of many long, drawn out groans. Minutes later, moaning and gasping, she lifted her torso and Gary followed with his arm, working her pussy madly and bringing his left hand to bear under her tummy, sliding it back until she could rub her mound hard in his palm. Linda went wild, her body jerking from the hand impaling her from behind to shove herself onto the one in front.

"Yeah, Mrs. Nelson, go for it."

Linda was up on her elbows, thighs spread wide to accommodate Gary's hand, and knees bent to lift her feet off the bed. Ted wondered if that made his twisting hand feel better in her pussy and was immediately angered that this goofy looking kid could make his wife lose herself completely

to her passion, something he had never be able to do. He hated him and hated her for letting him do that to her, but couldn't look away or even fast forward through the video file. It was like driving by a bad accident. He was fascinated by his wife.

Gary grasped Linda's hair but there was no need to lift her head since her back was already arched in passion. He must have done it to slow her down because she had lost control of her legs which were trembling violently and her hips were gyrating erratically, up and down and from side to side, as if trying to wrench his arm from its socket.

"Whoa, Mrs. Nelson. Easy, easy."

Linda went rigid and her cheeks tightened into rock-hard lumps of granite. Her thighs shuddered, loosened, shook and tightened several times, and then she collapsed on the bed, her thighs and buttocks glistening with sweat. Her legs clamped on his forearm and tried to trap it when it withdrew but it was too slippery and her legs were now too weak.

"Boy, Mrs. Nelson. I knew you'd like it, but wow! Mr. Nelson must go away a lot."

He laughed and right then Ted wanted to kill him. Maybe it was time to buy a gun.

Linda's arms returned to cover the back of her head. Perhaps she was feeling ashamed of her wanton response and didn't want to hear about it. Gary got up and Ted thought he was going to leave.

"Good riddance, you little bastard. We'll meet again. Soon, you'll see."

But Gary didn't leave. Instead, he removed his shirt and quietly pushed his hiking pants down, releasing a large, half-hard cock. Despite himself, Ted had to admire its length and girth. It wasn't like the ridiculous mutant cocks featured in some pornos but it was impressive enough. It looked completely out of place hanging off this goofy kid's skinny, lanky body. Its shape and the texture of its skin, was the opposite of Gary's acne covered, lop-sided face.

Gary kneeled on the bed, his knees straddling Linda's.

"My turn, Mrs. Nelson."

Linda turned and looked back. For the first time she seemed to comprehend her predicament and started to push herself up but he pressed on her back, forcing her back onto the mattress, then grasped her hips and lifted her ass.

“No, Gary don’t.”

“It’s time to pay the piper, Mrs. Nelson.”

“I don’t want to know any more. I don’t care what my husband is doing.”

“I don’t either, Mrs. Nelson, but you owe me.”

Gary’s horse cock banged between her thighs, hardened from the contact, and lifted until the tip found her lower lips. He pressed forward, nudging into her slit. Linda’s head came up again and she started to rise up onto her elbows.

“Stay down,” Gary said. “It’ll be easier.”

Despite her protest, Linda flattened her face on the mattress and waited, on her knees with her ass in the air. Gary lifted

himself onto his feet, keeping the tip of his cock in her slit, and then pushed down slowly until he filled her. When he was all the way in, he grabbed her hands and pulled them back until they rested on top of her ass. Linda had exhaled the whole time she was being penetrated and now breathed harshly, gasping for breath.

"Okay, Mrs. Nelson. Here we go."

Ted watched, mesmerized, as he started fucking his wife with his big cock. Within seconds there wasn't a single vestige of protest from her. To the contrary, she made sounds that convinced him she would do anything to keep his big prick inside her forever. If he stopped now, Ted knew she would beg to be fucked. With a sinking feeling, he realized she would crave this geek's cock as, he expected, Mrs. Ashton did. Why had he pushed Linda to mention her, to pretend to need lessons? Look at her. Look at the way she loves it, loves his cock. God, she's wiggling around trying to extract every exquisite tingle she can.

Gary was soon slapping his thighs down upon Linda's ass with harsh regularity and she moaned each time he plunged home. It was unbelievable how much pulled out but still remained plugged into her pussy. Where was she putting it all? Ted knew that if he pulled out that far there would be more than an

inch of air showing, probably two. That is, if she would ever let him fuck her like that. Missionary, that's all he ever got and look at her now, absolutely loving it from behind. And such a pounding! God, if he made her the slightest bit uncomfortable, she complained and now she was mewling and groaning as her body was slammed into the mattress so hard it bounced half way up to meet his next assault. And then she did it. She begged him to fuck her harder!

"Oh yes. Yeah. Yeah. Harder," she gasped.

Gary rocked forward, pushing her off balance and flattening her on the bed. His knees squeezed her legs together and his hands grasped her cheeks as his cock continued to thrust hard inside her, rocking her deep into the mattress.

"I'll show you more of what your husband's been up to but you have to do extra things for me."

Linda groaned as he slowed down, pushed in and out very slowly and then slammed his cock in deep. She let out a yelp but it was from pleasure, not pain.

"Do you want to know what he's doing?"

“Yes, God yes.”

Ted didn’t believe her. She only wanted more of this and needed the pretence to feel she had to get something to justify it.

“That’s good,” Gary gasped, slamming hard against her ass. He grunted and gasped, then slammed in again. “Very good.” Slam, grunt, grunt. “But you have to work for it.” Slam, slam.

Ted knew he was getting close. He pulled her unzipped dress apart and reached around to grab Linda’s tits, the slammed into her backside again and again. Linda was moaning constantly, building up to her second, or maybe third orgasm. Gary released her tits and sat up, increasing speed, rocking her violently on the bed and holding her by the waist.

“Uh uh uh unghh unghhh unghhh,” she gasped and moaned.

Gary slid his hands back to hold her ass, spreading her cheeks apart and stretching his right thumb out to push between them. Linda lifted her head and wailed and Ted knew Gary’s thumb had probed her ass. God he would love to do that to a woman.

He had never had the courage to try it with Linda but did it through Lance in almost every story he wrote as he had his way with the wives of his interviewees.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God..."

"Ahhhhhhhhh," Gary cried out, the muscles in his skinny thighs bunching up. His head flew up and he stared at the ceiling, or would have if his eyes had been open.

"Oh God, Mrs. Nelson!"

He sat on her thighs for several minutes after he was done, obviously reluctant to pull his cock out of her steaming hot vagina, his hands caressing and squeezing her rosy buttocks. Clearly, Gary loved her ass. Linda didn't move a muscle to hurry him, not even a single twitch yet she never allowed Ted to stay inside her for more than five fucking seconds. But she seemed to love every second this kid fondled her ass.

He knew it would happen. Linda's cheeks began to twitch and Gary soon pressed forward, sinking his cock into her cunt. It built slowly and lasted longer, and was even tender for a while, but in the end Gary rattled her ass into the mattress, making

the whole bed shake violently and bang repeatedly against the wall though he tried to hold her still, one hand clutching a cheek and the other her neck or the hair on the back of her head. They rutted and grunted like animals, loud enough to wake the neighbours. Had they no shame?

Gary was back at ten sharp the next morning. Linda was wearing a green, sleeveless blouse and white, pleated skirt that ended a conservative two inches above her knees. Gary admired her legs as they ascended the stairs but got right down to business when they reached the office. He must have made some interesting revelations because Linda reacted with surprise and great interest three times. However, the lesson lasted barely half an hour before Gary led Linda to the bed. She started to sit on it but he sat down first and swung her around to stand in front of him. He looked her up and down and, though she seemed uncomfortable under the scrutiny, Linda didn't look away.

"You're a very beautiful woman, Mrs. Nelson."

"Thank you, Gary."

"Did you appreciate what I showed you this morning?"

“Yes. It was very interesting.”

Gary put his hands on the outside of Linda’s knees.

“Just interesting?” he asked.

Linda smiled and responded, “Intriguing, I think, would describe it better.”

“Intriguing,” Gary repeated. His hands slid up Linda’s legs and disappeared beneath the material. A bump in the back showed where they landed, on the underside of each buttock. “Is that all?”

“Intriguing is enough,” Linda replied.

“Does that mean you want to learn more?”

“Yes, much more.”

Gary’s hands dropped out of Linda’s skirt and the smile withdrew from her face.

“Are you upset?” she asked.

“No. Quite the contrary,” he replied, finding her hands and pulling her down until she was kneeling before him. “You know you have to make me happy, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Linda smiled. “I remember.”

Gary looked down at his lap and then at her.

“If I must, I guess I must,” she said, reaching for his belt.

“Is it so horrible?”

“No,” she answered. She unzipped him and reached in to pull him out. Her expression changed. “It’s not horrible at all.”

Linda pulled Gary’s large cock out, and seemed curiously surprised given that the day before it had filled her pussy. But then, Ted reasoned, she hadn’t actually seen it and now she could see just how large it really was, in comparison to what she knew. Ted cringed as her fingers wrapped around the

sturdy shaft and started to slowly pull in up and down. She was looking at it in awe.

Gary waited only a moment before pulling her head forward and down, down to his waiting cock, and pushed her mouth onto his stiff member. She bobbed up and down several times but Gary grasped her head and began flexing his hips, obviously impatient.

“Take it deep,” he gasped.

Linda pushed her head lower, struggling to fit more of the massive tool inside her mouth. Gary closed his eyes and shoved upward.

“Deeper,” he urged.

Linda pushed down, accomplishing another inch, then yanked her head upward, completely off his cock and coughed, sputtering wetly.

“You’re so big,” she gasped.

Gary looked pleased.

“I don’t know if I can.”

A look of concern crossed his face.

“Spit on it.”

Linda spit delicately on his tip.

“More,” he insisted. “Gob on it.”

Linda complied.

“Again.”

Another, bigger gob followed. Gary urged her head down until it enveloped his impressive dick. She stopped a few inches down but Gary applied more pressure and she sunk a few inches lower. When he tried to push her head further she gobbled another inch but then quickly yanked her head up despite his hold. She gasped and sputtered, then quickly

lowered her head and bobbed rapidly half a dozen times before reaching further, held still for several seconds, then popped off.

“That’s awesome, Mrs. Nelson.”

“Don’t you think it’s time you called me by my first name?”

“I like to keep things professional. And anyway, you’re the mother of someone I went to school with.”

Ted didn’t like the reference to their son and neither, apparently, did Linda. She spat on his cock and plunged upon it, working it roughly and, judging by the grimace on Gary’s face, scraped the shaft with her teeth.

“Sorry,” she apologized when she pulled off, but a smile covered her face.

“Nicely, please, if you want to know more, Mrs. Nelson.”

Linda stopped smiling and dribbled a long stream of spittle on Gary’s cock to his obvious pleasure, lowered her head to hover for a few seconds above its tip, then flicked her tongue over his

glans, licking it several times before her lips closed over the head and quickly sank in a twisting motion down the shaft. Gary groaned loudly.

This time, Linda's face reached almost to the root and he folded his arms around her head.

"Oh my God, Mrs. Nelson. You're the best, the very best."

Gary's arms loosened but Linda kept her head in place but twisted to jerk delirious gasps from his throat. She held her head still for a respite, then began bobbing and twisting again, breathing loudly through her flaring nostrils. Suddenly, white cream forced past her lips, flooding Gary's root. Linda loosened her lips and, as she drew her head up, left a trail of white spunk clinging to his shaft. A small tidal wave of jism flooded out of her mouth as another convulsion gripped the boy and then she was off, the residue trapped in her mouth and throat dripping onto his throbbing cock which continued squirting its final throes onto her lips and chin. She drew back and laughed, wiping the white goo from her mouth.

"That was quick."

“Yeah,” Gary gasped.

“I’ve never done that before.”

“You mean get it on your face?”

“Yes. Believe it or not, I haven’t sucked a man’s penis since before I was married.”

Her response startled Ted and he wondered whose cock she had sucked.

“I bet you wanted to splash it around some more, didn’t you? Here,” Linda waved her hand over her face. “And here,” she said, passing her hand across her breasts.

Gary nodded, too excited by her suggestion to speak.

Linda started to unbutton her blouse.

“I want to know more.”

Gary nodded.

“I want to know everything.”

The blouse was almost off. Gary’s head bobbed up and down. Though he had touched them, he hadn’t seen Linda’s breasts. She pulled the blouse apart and Ted was stunned to see that she wasn’t wearing a bra. She arched her back to lift her tits and Gary reached out, tentatively, as if they would break, unlike the rough way he had handled them the day before. The nipples were stiff and stood up proudly, springing back when flicked.

“Do you like them?”

“Yeah. Oh, yeah.”

Gary fondled her firm tits and fingered her nipples which were perfect, not too long or thick.

“They’re perfect,” he said.

“I don’t know if they’re that good but it looks like they’ll do,” she said. “Do you want to see more?”

Gary nodded and Linda lifted her skirt. Ted should have known, given the lack of a bra, but was surprised when her neatly trimmed tuft appeared. Gary’s cock surged as soon as it sprang into view.

“Nice,” he muttered, more to himself than to her.

“You have to show me more before you get it.”

“Even if I kiss it?”

Linda hesitated and Gary sensed an advantage. He pursued.

“You do want me to kiss it, don’t you?”

Linda continued to hesitate so Gary grabbed her hand and pulled her onto the bed. He sat her beside him but then quickly twisted her around onto her back, pushed her legs apart and lowered his face onto her muff. His tongue lathered her lips before she could answer but they both knew what she would

say. A minutes later, Gary was licking and kissing and sucking Linda's lower lips while he inserted a finger inside her and wiggled it delicately in her hole. Her eyes were closed and her back was already arching to shove her pussy on her goofy lover's ugly face.

How long, Ted wondered, had it been since he gone down on her? Probably before Scott was born. He felt ashamed, watching how much pleasure this young geek was delivering to his wife and how much she loved it. Sure, she pushed his head away the few times he had attempted to eat her but he had given up too quickly, confirming her suspicion he didn't really want to do it and his that she didn't want him to do it because he would then expect her to suck his cock. But this kid liked sucking her clit and Linda responded to his loving attention, knowing he wasn't in a hurry.

She was a lump of quivering, twitching flesh when Gary paused to pull her skirt off. Naked, he rolled her onto her tummy and she raised her ass to wait for the thickness she knew he wanted to put into her from behind. Gary complimented her on her body as he pulled his shirt and pants off but when he got on the bed, he lay on his back, feet by her head. She started to turn around, thinking he wanted her to ride him, a prospect that obviously didn't displease her, but Gary stopped her. He grabbed her legs and spread them wide, then pulled her pussy up to his mouth. As soon as his lips

latched onto her lower ones, she gasped and grabbed his cock. Ted groaned, realizing he had never done sixty-nine with his wife.

Linda sucked Gary's cock but often gave up as he worked his magic on her cunt. She was like putty under his exploring tongue, nibbling lips, and probing fingers. Judging by her response, it seemed to Ted that the kid knew just what to do and when. Just when he thought his wife couldn't be more under his control, Gary nudged his fingertip into her rear hole. Now he's done it, he thought. She'll hate that!

Linda cried out and Gary withdrew. Ted smiled, satisfied, but Gary returned a few seconds later for a quick rub around her anus and pulled away. Of course, he was soon back again, circling several times before escaping, then returned for a quick dip, a lovely probe up to the second knuckle. Ted watched in dismay as Gary continued the rectal teasing until the full length of his finger was working inside his wife's ass. He was surprised to realize that his own cock had found its way into his hand and he was jacking his less impressive meat, imagining it was him fingering his wife's ass. He didn't even think to use Lance as his surrogate intermediary.

He watched as the ugly little geek fingered his wife's ass and jacked off, dreaming of doing it himself. But he didn't mind.

He would make it even better when he wrote the story of Lance fingering Linda's ass, a lonely little housewife whose husband ignored her to pursue younger, less interesting poontang. What a tool. Lance, a better lover than either himself or Gary, would lift his head to rim her hole with his tongue.

As if on cue, Gary did just that, and Ted frowned. Gary lifted his shoulders from the bed and his neck strained forward until his tongued poked between Linda's cheeks. He licked and licked, then stiffened the tip of his tongue and swirled it around the entrance to her hole. Linda convulsed into an orgasm which, like the day before, stiffened her whole body and made it shudder uncontrollably. Ted knew he had never been able to pleasure her like that and probably never would. Hurt pierced his heart but in his mind he knew he could make Lance do it.

Gary waited for her orgasm to subside, then turned her over and spun her around. He clambered between her legs, pushing them wide open and, when his hands slid to the back of her knees, forced them back. Before she could protest, he sank his cock deep into her pussy and leaned close to her face, kissing her several times before speaking.

"Do you want more cock, Mrs. Nelson?"

“Yes, it’s so big. Give it to me, hard,” she responded, thinking he wanted her to be slutty.

Gary shook his head. “Just be yourself,” he said.

Linda nodded her understanding in time to the movement of his cock inside her, its bulk making her upper lip curl upward. She could feel it everywhere and was already responding, starting to climb the mountain yet again.

“I mean, do you want to feel it in a place you’ve never had it?”

Linda’s face showed comprehension, followed by instant apprehension.

“I’ve never done it like that, never even been touched there, before today.”

“But you liked it, didn’t you?”

“Yessss,” she hissed.

“You’ll love it, Mrs. Nelson. Remember how my hand felt inside you?”

Linda nodded.

“Well, it’ll be like that, but better, once you get used to it. Will you try?”

“Maybe.”

“That’s not good enough. Will you try?” Gary demanded.

“You’re too big.”

“You can do it if you make yourself ready. You took my hand and you didn’t think you could do that, did you?”

Linda shook her head then nodded. She wasn’t sure she understood. She reached up to grasp her ankles.

“Fuck me harder,” she said, trying to put his mind on something else.

“Will you make yourself ready?”

“Yes, yes. Now fuck me.”

Linda thrust her hips up, using the grip on her ankles to lift herself.

“Deeper,” she cried.

“Will you try hard to make yourself ready?”

“Yes. Yes, I’ll do my best. I’ll do it. Now fuck me you little shit.”

Gary grinned and increased his pace.

“Okay. I’ll leave some things to help.”

It was very late, almost morning, when Ted left his office. He slipped into bed beside his wife, too tired to confront her and feeling too inadequate to hate her for what she had done. His years of neglect had left her vulnerable. Still, he hadn’t come

away empty handed. He knew more than he could ever have imagined about his boss and his wife and he could use that to exert pressure for a raise and promotion and held a multitude of ideas for stories about Lance and Linda that were spinning out of control in his head. In the morning, he would know what to do but for now he was tired, very, very tired.

"How are the computer lesson's coming along?" he asked at breakfast the next morning.

"Quite well. Gary really is very knowledge and quite a good teacher."

"I imagine he is." Ted barely succeeded in not rolling his eyes.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing. I've just heard that about him. Usually the guys that are good can't teach but Gary —Ted had a hard time speaking his name— is good at both."

"He is," Linda concurred.

Ted gritted his teeth. How could she act so normally around him when she was letting that little shit fuck her brains out? To top it off, Ted knew she as planning on letting him blow his wad on her face, and might even let him try to get that huge wang of his inside her ass.

Ted took a deep breath and tried to relax as he regarded his wife. She had been puttering around in the kitchen since he got up and probably had been doing the same all morning. He asked her to sit down while he ate but she fidgeted constantly and was up and about within two minutes. Now she stood at the sink, moving her weight from one foot to the other as if slow dancing to a song in her head. She had emptied the cupboard and was washing all the glasses and mugs by hand.

"What's wrong with the dishwasher," he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, offering no other explanation.

"Did he mention us to Ashton's wife?"

"Yes, I told you he did."

"Oh, yeah. I forgot."

“He’s been telling me a few things about her and her husband that you might find interesting.”

“Really? What kind of things?”

“I don’t know enough yet. I’ll let you know when I do.”

“So you’re going to keep up the lessons. You don’t mind?”

“No, not if it helps you.”

“Okay.”

Ted’s answer surprised even himself but he knew it was the right thing to do. At any rate, it was inevitable. She would seek him out now that she had experienced true sexual gratification.

“Are you scheduled for more lessons soon?”

“I don’t know. He’s going to call me when he’s free.”

“I see.”

Ted took his plate to the sink and dropped it into the water. Uncharacteristically, he tried to pat Linda on the butt. She turned on him angrily and he backed off, confused by the vigor of her response.

“Sorry.”

“It’s just that I, uh, have a headache.”

“It’s okay.”

Ted withdrew from the kitchen. Something was obviously bothering her and he took some satisfaction in guessing it was due to guilt. Perhaps she didn’t find it so easy to cheat on him after all.

Ted returned to the bedroom to dress for the day. Perhaps he’d go to the club to play a round of golf. As he changed, he noticed a little bag on Linda’s dresser and wandered over to have a peek. Surely, she wasn’t in need of dildos now?

He opened the top of the bag and peeked inside. In a flash, he understood why Linda was so fidgety, why she kept moving about and shifting her weight from foot to foot, and particularly why she didn't want to sit down. He closed the bag and wondered if she had started with the mid-sized one that was missing or had already used the first two.

Downstairs, on impulse, Ted informed his wife that he had received an email calling him away on an urgent interview, right away, the next day.

"But you just got home," Linda complained.

"It can't be helped but I'll only be gone a few days."

Ted planned on staying at a nearby motel to keep watch on his wife and her young lover. He could use the respite to write up the story forming in his head and knew there would be plenty of video material to spice up all his stories for the foreseeable future. And once he got access to Gary's account, he knew there would be something he could hold on Ashton, and maybe even some great videos of his wife. She was pretty good looking and if what he had seen on his own home videos was anything to go by, the little prick was probably giving her a good pounding too. Ted wanted to see that. She would make

good material for a Lance story. He pictured Mrs. Ashton's head rattling off a wall as Gary banged her face. God, Ashton's place was probably rigged with security cameras. Could he access them?

"Okay, honey, but they should give you some extra time off for calling you back so soon."

"You know they're too cheap for that, unless..."

"Unless?"

"Unless you can get something I can use from Gary about the Ashton's."

"I'll try."

"Please do. It's important."

"Okay, I'll do whatever I have to."

"What does that mean?"

“Nothing. Just that I might have to be sweet to my young tutor. I think he’s got a crush on me.”

“You always were popular with Scott’s friends.”

“I was, wasn’t I?”

“You’re a young man’s dream, honey. Anyway, I’ve got to run. Going to get in a game of golf.”

“Okay, honey. Have a good time.”

She surprised Ted by coming over for a kiss. He put his hands on her hips and she turned the light peck into a real kiss. His hands slid down onto her ass and over to the middle just before the kiss ended and felt a small, hard disk right where he expected to find it. He was both horrified and thrilled at the same time.

“I’ll see you later.”

Ted left but returned to the house a few minutes later, having forgotten his wallet upstairs. Linda wasn't in the kitchen. He climbed the stairs, quietly, almost stealthily, and heard her voice as soon as he reached the top. He made his way to bedroom and retrieved his wallet, then returned, pausing outside the door to the office. Linda was speaking on the telephone.

"It's nice to talk to you, too, Mrs. Huber. Yes, Scott is doing well. He's almost finished his second year now."

"Uh huh, that's right. He's a good tutor and my husband says he's doing quite well at work too. He's in great demand, he says."

"Mmhmm. He's coming? Okay, thanks, and it was wonderful to finally speak to you."

There was a pause and Linda spoke again, only this time her voice was totally different, low and throaty, almost to the point of being hoarse.

"I'm ready," she rasped.

There was a long pause while Linda listened. Ted wondered what Gary was saying to change her eager look to one of disappointment.

"Tomorrow, at the usual time? ... Well, if that's what you want ... but, you can come early if you want. He'll be gone by eight."

A shorter pause ensued.

"The third one," Linda said.

"Okay, if you think so."

Ted walked to stairs. He didn't want to ruin everything by getting caught eavesdropping. Though disappointed nothing would happen until morning, he rubbed his cock as he descended the stairs and played his wife's first words to Gary over in his head.

"I'm ready," she had rasped.

To think he'd been living with such a hot woman all these years! He didn't want to wait until morning to see her let loose. What was the matter with that fucking kid?

Ted watched the whole performance live from a motel room only blocks from his home. At times he felt sick to his stomach but couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen or his hand from his cock. Despite her eagerness on the phone, Linda was reluctant to go through with it and almost quit several times during Gary's first attempts to penetrate her rear. But later, he had never seen a woman so desperate for sex. She begged him not to stop. And the sounds. Good God! Ted couldn't have imagined she would act like a feral animal. What a dimension that would add to his stories.

She lay on the bed, breasts pressed flat on the mattress but her hips only half way there while her head twisted back so she could watch Gary's face as he prepared to penetrate her dark hole. Her mouth opened in a small 'O' as soon as his tip pierced her ring, then widened to mouth a silent scream, relaxing only when he eased back. He didn't ask if she was OK but waited a few seconds before flexing his hips, forcing her mouth open again.

The almost penetration was maintained for a few seconds longer before he withdrew. Linda's face, which had fallen on

the pillow, lifted as her back arched, tits appearing and thrusting hard nipples forth. He eased out and she fell back to the bed but he was upon her right away, startling her with a quick penetration. This time, when her back arched and head lifted, he flexed his hips to pop the entire head inside instead of withdrawing. The open mouth closed as her face fell into the pillow and her hands gripped the sheets.

Gary pushed and pushed and her wails grew louder with each inch of shaft she accommodated in her ass. The sheets were clutched with greater ferocity but her head didn't lift. It seemed to take forever but eventually his cock was embedded to the balls. He waited until she lifted her ass and then began to stroke in and out, tiny strokes at first, but then grew in length and frequency until he was fucking her as if they were doing it normally. Ted could only wonder how it felt.

Several times, during the initial penetration, Gary turned to look directly at the hidden cameras and grinned which was unnerving for Ted. Did he know? Ted shook it off and watched his wife give herself utterly to her tutor no matter what position he pulled her into, stretched out on the bed, on all fours, bent almost double while he squatted above her, she loved it all.

After it was done, they went downstairs and Linda fixed him some lunch which they ate in the living room. As soon as they finished, Gary pulled Linda onto her knees before him. He shifted forward to the edge of the couch and pulled her face close. Her mouth opened and he pushed his cock inside, then sat flexing his hips until he unleashed his load. He surprised Ted by not spraying it on her face but keeping it inside her mouth until he was done.

After that, Gary pulled Linda up to sit beside him on the couch and proceeded to tell her about Mrs. Ashton. Evidently, she wasn't the prim and proper executive's wife, or at least, hadn't always been. Unknown to him, Mr. Ashton's career advancement had been vastly aided by a discreet but selectively promiscuous wife. Put simply, she had fucked her husband into his present position but that wasn't all.

Gary discovered her online diary and found that she had secretly enjoyed the illicit liaisons and missed them. Her husband, much to her dismay, was satisfied with his accomplishments so the opportunity to 'help' no longer availed her of the opportunity to please his bosses. The problem was, though Mrs. Ashton admitted to herself that she enjoyed the sex, she firmly believed she only did the things she did—which were described in intimate detail in the diary—to advance her husband's career.

Gary planned to seduce Mrs. Ashton and to record the hunt for their mutual amusement. He promised to degrade the lady to make up for past insults but only if Linda submitted herself to similar but less extreme treatments. Did she have sufficient desire for retribution to subject herself to these terms?

Ted was shocked to see his wife nod her head without the slightest hesitation. With that, Gary stood and took her hand. He led her away into the only room in which Ted hadn't thought to have cameras installed—his office.

That night he received the following email from Gary:

"Dear Mr. Nelson. Please provide me with a reference to do further work for Mrs. Ashton. It seems she might be interested in the same kind of tutoring I'm conducting for your wife. I'm sure I could repay the favor in the near future with additional informational services for you. Cheers, Gary."

How could Ted resist such an intriguing request?

THE END