

Best Served Cold - Chapter 1, Cold as Ice

The lounge was crowded. It was Saturday night, and the barflies were out in swarms. We took the booth at the end of the room, hidden slightly from the crowd in a corner recess that hinted at false privacy. Exactly two drinks later he settled in next to her, drooling at my wife as he would a juicy steak.

"My God, you look delicious tonight, Linda."

My wife stared at him with wide, hungry eyes. She had finished her second of two drinks in the time it took me to finish one. Drinking was something she did on special occasions - our anniversary or New Year's Eve - and I could see she was unsteady from the two whiskey sours forced down over the past thirty minutes.

I flinched when he placed his hand on her thigh, and again when he spoke.

"My name is Stephan. You must be David. I hear you've been a naughty boy."

He looked across the table at me and grinned. His eyes glittered with the promise of trouble. Linda saw him watching me and followed with a small smile of her own.

He took her hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed it lightly.

"Your wife is most appreciative. I like that in a woman."

He leered at her, suggesting much more than the words that dripped from his mouth.

Suddenly he was more businesslike. He looked at me as if to assure he had my attention.

"Tonight you'll learn that hell does 'hath no fury like a woman scorned'."

"What do you mean by that?" I stammered.

"Relax, David. Your wife has decided to forgive your little indiscretion - but only after having a go at your game herself. Look at it as punishment, or a lesson, but either way, she's decided on her price. I'd suggest you pay it."

I shot her a questioning look, expecting her to explain. She didn't.

"So, what's this 'price' he's talking about?" I asked finally.

Her smile grew wider. She ran the tip of her finger around the rim of her glass, brought it slowly to her mouth, and gently sucked the moisture from it before answering. Her eyes were glassy, her pupils large, dark wells of mystery.

"You had your fun. Now it's my turn."

She turned toward him, pulled him close, and covered his mouth with hers. The kiss was long and deep. A minute passed, then two. She sucked at him hungrily, her tongue wrestling with his, her hands clutching him from behind his neck. I heard her moan softly as she melted away from him, then faced me again with the same smile.

Stephan composed himself, took a long drink of scotch, and sighed.

"It's been an interesting week, David - one I'll remember for a long time to come."

"An interesting week? What does he mean?"

She eyed me coolly, then looked straight at me as she spoke in a voice I was afraid could be heard at the next table.

"I've given myself to Stephan. He owns me - or has, for the past week, until midnight tonight. Your affair lasted much longer, but I thought a week would be enough. Any longer and I might not have been able to stop. He's handsome, intelligent, and very sexy - it just seemed to make sense. I put myself in his hands - told him I'd do anything he wanted for one week. Anything."

She looked over at him and wet her lips. His hand had edged her dress up and was now stroking her thigh.

"I have a request, Linda. Your husband is somewhat incredulous at this point. I can certainly understand why. You can move things along with a gesture of your willingness to cooperate. I'd like you to find the ladies' room, then remove whatever you're wearing under this pretty little flowered dress - bra, panties, stockings - everything. Put all of it in your purse, and return to us wearing nothing but your dress and shoes. While you're gone, David and I will get to know each other better. Run along now. We'll be counting the minutes..."

She left the table without a word. I had no trouble reading the mix of fear and excitement on her face.

We sat in silence for a long time before he spoke. The waiter returned with another round of drinks. The muzak changed from pop to classical. Growing beads of water trickled down the side of my glass, each droplet collapsing into the fresh paper napkin.

"If you could have only seen her the day she offered herself to me."

"She didn't offer herself to you. You'll never make me believe - "

"She went to her knees the first time I asked. I can still see her small fingers unzipping me, fumbling with my belt. And later, again, in the park, how her diamond sparkled in the afternoon sun."

"You lying son-of-a-bitch."

He went on as if I hadn't said a word.

"She closed her lips around my cock, almost dutifully, as I might have expected from your wife. She sucked me until I gave her every drop, then swallowed all of it without complaining. I like that. I had her go braless during our stroll in the park. We found a somewhat secluded spot behind a hedge near some picnic tables. She opened the front of her blouse just before she blew me again. We could hear the people talking just a few yards away as she milked me with her mouth. Her nipples hardened so quickly under my fingertips..."

He smiled and took another sip of his drink, taking in my reaction.

"Linda wouldn't do that. I don't believe any of it!"

"I can see why you'd think that at this point. But given time, I think you'll be surprised at what your wife is capable of. So many wives are sluts at heart. Linda is certainly no exception. She's well on her way to proving it."

I didn't know what to think. Linda was someone I had known for ten years, my wife, my lover, and my friend. Her attitude toward sex wasn't puritanical, but she wasn't a woman who lowered her inhibitions easily. His story was preposterous or at least exaggerated in the extreme. Yet, she was terribly hurt, full of the 'fury' he spoke of.

"Have another drink, David. Try to relax. It's not as if I'm not sympathetic to what you must be going through. Most men would rather kill than tolerate an unfaithful wife. Yet tolerate her submission to me is exactly what you must do. You could make it easier on yourself by considering an alternative to nursing your angst. A woman's sexual emancipation can be very arousing. Linda's a beautiful woman, a seething reservoir of untapped potential. Witnessing the results when the floodgates are pried open can be exhilarating, even life-changing, if you'll allow it.

"Just imagine, your own lovely wife satisfied again and again by another man - so quick to submit, to crave the taste of his cock - finally so eager to surrender herself to the indulgent bliss as it burrows its way deep inside her belly. I'd bet your pulse jumps a little at the very idea. Tell me I'm wrong, if you honestly can."

Suddenly the heat became oppressive. I was sweating. One of the bulbs in the lamp suspended over our table flickered, then went out. The remaining light threw sinister shadows over the face across from me.

I jumped as he slid quickly to the end of the booth and stood up. Linda passed in front of him and settled into the bench seat again, the flimsy cotton of her dress yielding to the subtle sway of her breasts.

Stephan took his place beside her, his shoulder pressed tightly against hers.

"Linda, show your husband what you've done."

She turned, giving him a puzzled look.

"Your purse, my dear. Show him what you're hiding in your purse."

She placed it on the table and opened it, tilting it in my direction to show me the contents.

"No, no, Linda. Take them out so we can see. Your husband needs proof - so, we must give him proof."

She pulled the ball of soft material through the opening, separating straps from lace. Bra, nylons, and finally panties, all lay in a row beside my glass, placed there one by one as she pushed them across the table. I reached out and lifted her bra, turning it mindlessly in my hands. It was still warm, and smelled of her bath oil and perfume. I looked up to meet her eyes again. She stared into me as though she was searching for something.

"David, do you have any remaining doubts about how far your wife will go to please me? She's sitting here beside me, naked under her little black dress. You have the evidence in your hands. Admit it. She's completely mine."

A flush of color spread over her face. Her blue eyes told me nothing as I peered into them. They seemed to pierce the shadows, almost glowing in the dim light.

"You wouldn't do this to me. You couldn't," I said unbelievably as I watched the curves of her body shift under the dress.

He smiled again at my response, then reached toward her, easily opening the top button of her dress. She didn't resist. His hand dropped to the second button, pressing it through the tiny slit as effortlessly as the first. Then the third, and fourth. I could see the white, soft skin of her collarbones and a hint of the valley between her breasts.

"Linda, will you do anything I ask?"

She answered in a whisper.

"Yes."

Her eyes were still locked on mine.

"Linda, expose your breasts for me."

She turned suddenly toward him. Her mouth opened as if she might have discovered the limit to which she would willingly continue their little game. She caught herself before uttering a sound, poised at the edge, calculating the distance before she jumped.

"Are you refusing?"

"I - no, I'll do it."

She undid two more buttons and pulled the front of the dress open, hoping the generous display of her breasts and nipples would satisfy him. He turned toward her, placed a hand on each of her shoulders, and slowly inched the dress over them, stopping halfway down her arms.

"Now, expose them, as I asked."

The bar was quieter now but still echoed with the steady hum of voices and the clatter of empty glasses. She peered around the corner of our booth, then, with trembling fingers, coaxed each bare breast from beneath her dress. The V formed by the remaining buttons forced them up and outward, her small pink nipples thrust forward into the dim light.

"I know what you're thinking, David. Your wife is sitting in public, practically naked to the waist. Anyone who happens by would certainly get an eyeful. Will it be our handsome young waiter or a drunken customer who's lost his way? I'm betting on the waiter. What do you think?"

Her face went crimson. She stared at the ice melting in her tall glass, her creamy breasts heaving with each breath.

"Well, I'm sure you're thinking many things. So many excuses for her behavior must be racing through your head. But before this night is over, you will have to face the truth, the real reason she's given herself to me for the past week. It's why she brought you here tonight."

I expected to pay, and pay dearly for the brief affair with Joanna. Linda had found the hand-written birthday card in the front pocket of my suit jacket. The suggestive wording was damning enough, but it was the picture of Joanna in the nude, sitting on my desk, cupping her breasts with both hands with a come-hither look that told the whole story. It was just sex - feral, spontaneous, animal sex; sex with no strings or emotional attachment. That hadn't been much consolation to Linda. She was devastated. She brooded for weeks, then seemed to recover. Now this.

"I'm sorry. I know I hurt you. I'm so sorry, Linda."

It was another of many apologies. I knew that. She had ignored the others, but this one brought an air of superiority to her. She sat up a little straighter with her shoulders back, thrusting her bare breasts toward me.

"It hurts, doesn't it? I spent weeks imagining the things you and Joanna did together. I tortured myself, trying to find some way to get over what you did, trying to figure out whether there would ever be a way to forgive you, to stay with you. When I met Stephan, I knew what I had to do. For me. For us."

I couldn't believe this was my wife sitting across from me. As she talked, she seemed taller, almost towering over me in her seat. She glared at me, her lips savoring the wicked satisfaction of each word.

"For us? You didn't do this for us!" I spat back at her.

Stephan casually fished a piece of ice from her glass.

"You're wrong, David. I did it for me first, but ultimately for us. I had to make sure you knew how I felt, how much it hurt. I wanted you to know that another man touched me in ways that made me dripping wet - a man so beautiful, so skillful at what a woman needs, that I'd do anything for him. So now, you're the one who will have to imagine what we did together. He made me do things we never did. And I liked it - no, loved it - all of it. I couldn't get enough of him. And he was always there - big, and hard, and - "

She stopped in mid-sentence with a sudden gasp. Stephan touched the ice to her nipple, moving it in small circles over the rising bud of pink flesh. He continued outward over the white mound of her breast. Her eyes closed. Her breathing came in ragged, jerking pants.

Stephan watched her face with fascination as he turned his attention to the other breast and nipple. After the ice melted, he rolled the nipple softly between thumb and forefinger. The pink bud hardened quickly, pouting at me as though she had willed it.

"Isn't she magnificent, David? So deliciously hungry. Completely lost in her uncontrollable desire. But please Linda, continue. This is your night, your chance to tell him what you feel."

She opened her eyes, studied me for a few seconds, then turned to Stephan. Her hand disappeared under the table, moving gently in his lap.

"I want you to touch me, Stephan. I live for the feel of your tongue against me, wetting my belly until it's cool and slick, gliding over the insides of my thighs until I scream for relief."

Suddenly her eyes were on me. They were filled with fire and arousal. A droplet of water fell from her nipple, spreading into a small spot on her dress.

"Something happens to me when I take him in my hands. He's hard for me, well, constantly. Not just hard - throbbing. I could play with his cock for hours. A large juicy drop forms so quickly at the tip right before he comes in my hands - God, David, if you only knew how wet I am just thinking about it."

She hadn't taken her eyes off me. They were eyes I no longer knew.

We sat there in silence, both trembling, for very different reasons.

Finally, Stephan ventured into the uneasy distance between us.

"Beautifully done, Linda. I'd say David should have no reason to doubt your pain or your sincerity. You can button your dress. I think he's seen enough."

She continued to look at me defiantly, waiting a while before pulling the dress over her shoulders and buttoning the front.

The waiter arrived seconds later with another round of drinks. His eyes never left the front of her dress. I was sure he could see glimpses of soft skin between the spaces where the material opened between the buttons. Stephan called him back just as he turned away.

"Linda, I believe you have an admirer."

I guessed he was a college student, a sandy-haired kid of about twenty. His fair skin turned bright red as he tried not to gawk.

"It's okay," he assured the boy. "She's a beautiful, sexy woman. No one could blame you for staring."

Linda glanced from the boy to me, then back again. The dress was like wet tissue paper over her moist, distended nipples.

"I do have to keep a tight rein on her in public though, especially when she drinks. Sometimes she has no shame at all. Do you know that she's naked under this pretty black dress? Isn't that right, Linda?"

She smiled up at the boy, replying with a slow wink.

"He's very cute," she teased.

The waiter saw her bra and panties piled beside my glass. His expression changed from embarrassment to hopeful amusement.

"Do you think I'm beautiful -," she squinted at his name tag, " - um, Chuck?"

"Yes, I do. Very beautiful," he replied, smiling weakly.

"Well, Chuckie, I'm not so sure my husband over there thinks so. He's fucking his accountant, Jo-an-na. The smaaart and sexxy Jo-an-na."

She was slurring every other word, and I could hear anger creep into her initial playful banter.

"Mmmmm - but Stephan thinks I'm beautiful, don't you Stephan?"

"Of course, my pet. Outstandingly, outrageously, irresistibly so."

He grinned at her, but she was still preoccupied with the waiter.

"So, Chuckie, he says he's not fuck-ing her anymore. He says it was just sexxxx. He says he's sorrrry. Think I should believe him, Chuckie? Whadya think?"

The kid squinted at me with a puzzled look. This was a complication he hadn't counted on.

"Well ma'am, I really wouldn't know."

She sighed in disgust, then lowered her eyes to his obvious erection, smiled, and the temptress returned.

"Hmm - but don't you think that if he can fuck other women, I should be able to fuck other men? You do think I'm fuckable, don't you, Chuckie?"

He decided a change in attitude was in order - from opportunist to diplomat.

"Well, all I can say is that if I had a lady like you, I'd spend all my spare time at home."

She whirled to face me, spilling her drink as her hand flashed in the air before me, her finger wagging in my face.

"See! HE wants to fuck me! Lots of men want to fuck me! I'll bet Chuckie could fuck me all night! And I'd love it! How do you like that? Want to watch me suck his big, hard cock? Want to watch Chuckie stick it in me and fuck me till I scream? Do you? Do you?"

I could hear the conversation in the next booth go suddenly silent as she raised her voice. She leaned toward me, red-faced and wild-eyed, as though she might come across the table after me. A button popped open where her breasts strained at the front of her dress. Crescents of firm white globes taunted me through the opening.

Stephan put a large hand on her shoulder as Chuckie made a hasty retreat. His touch calmed her; her body seemed to recognize it instantly. She leaned into him, eyes closed, a peaceful smile spreading across her lips. Stephan pushed the remains of her drink to my side of the table, then lifted her chin with two fingers.

"Feel better?"

She looked up at him with wanton eyes.

"Mmm - much. Kiss me, Stephan. Please, kiss me?"

Their lips touched, then locked together in a shameless display of lust. She worked her mouth fiercely against his, biting, licking, devouring him with her tongue. A second button had come undone as she pressed against him, allowing a small pillow of milky white flesh to push through the opening. An engorged nipple turned from pink to angry red as it rubbed back and forth across the tweed of his jacket.

It wasn't the Linda I knew in the seat across from me. She panted openly as she writhed against him, making little sucking noises when her mouth broke free from his. I had been ready to take my medicine; ready, I

thought, to weather any form of revenge she might take. But this - watching her surrender so completely to a man she praised as "so skillful at what a woman needs" - straddled a line that might never be able to be crossed back again. Could I feel her slipping away?

Much later, when she finally broke away from him, she collapsed against the back of the booth, panting and wide-eyed. A third button had opened on the front of her dress, and I could see beads of sweat dotting the heaving inner curves of both breasts. She was staring at me again, staring with lusty daggers.

"You - did - this," she gasped.

"I - I know I hurt you. I'm sorry - so sorry, Linda."

"You - did - this!" she repeated, this time louder as her breathing slowed.

"Okay, you win! Now I know what it feels like. It hurts - it hurts more than I could have known. But please don't take this any further."

"You - did - this! Say it! I want to hear you say it, God damn it!"

Stephan sat expressionless beside her. His hand moved gently along her thigh, stroking her with the tips of his broad fingers. Little by little, he pushed the hem of the dress as high as it would go, exposing a narrow expanse of bare thigh just visible beyond the edge of the table. She spread her legs an extra inch and waited for my answer. If it would put an end to this, I'd say what she wanted. I'd say anything.

"I did this," I answered, looking solemnly into her eyes.

It seemed to satisfy her. She smiled a smile I recognized, and her features softened.

"Yes, David, you did this. And now you have to pay."

She opened her legs as wide as the seat would allow. Stephan's hand wandered into the crevice between them. She watched me as he played with her, his hand hidden between tightly clenched thighs that twitched in rhythm to his every move. Her eyes left me only after she lost all control. She inhaled sharply as a brief shiver shook her body, then froze for an instant as though every muscle was preparing for what was to come. The tension melted from her as quickly as it had arrived. She slumped back in the seat, biting her lower lip to quiet the urgent whimpers that rose from her throat.

When she opened her eyes they were drilling into me again. Yet, her voice was softer now - the rage, pain, vengeance, all of it gone.

"Now you know, David."

I was sweating again. The room narrowed and spun like a kaleidoscope.

"Now you know just a little of what I went through for the past three weeks - day after day of imagining you with her, how you kissed her - night after night of wondering whether she was a better lover, and what it was that she did for you that I couldn't - weeks of torturing myself with images of the two of you together in bed in some cheap motel, and what you said to her while you fucked her. Did you tell her you loved her, David?"

I gripped the edge of the table to steady myself. It was a question she must have wanted to ask weeks ago, a question from the heart. She caught me off-guard, still reeling from the intimacy she lavished on the man beside her.

"Linda, so help me, I didn't. I could never do that. Never! It was just -"

"I know, David. Just sex. You say it as though it was nothing more than a handshake. 'Just sex.'"

We stared at each other in silence. It was the same familiar impasse, one we had reached weeks ago. And I had walked right into it again.

Stephan cleared his throat. He had been quiet a long time, watching us with interest as he sipped the rest of his scotch. He spoke after a quick glance at his watch.

"Linda, might I suggest we -"

"No, Stephan. Let me do this."

He sat back and waited for her to go on, looking slightly amused by her evolving confidence. He might have owned her for a week, but now she was in control and was determined to do this her way.

"I'm going upstairs with Stephan. He has a room here at the hotel. I want you to wait for me. All this will be over at midnight. I'll meet you back here, and we'll go home. Do this, and we'll be even. If you're not here when I get back, I'll leave you. It's the only way, David - the only way I can stay with you."

She was no longer angry, but the look she gave me guaranteed she was deadly serious. It was a final play I never could have imagined. I wanted to protest, to beg her not to go with him. I felt the contents of my stomach rise in my throat, and words refused to come.

"David, we're going to his room now. I'll let him do whatever he wants with me - anything at all. He can have me any way he likes, as many times as he likes. I'm not your wife for the next few hours, I'm his possession - just a piece of willing flesh. It's just sex, David. Remember? Just sex."

With that, after gathering the scraps of clothing still piled in front of me, they slid out of the booth and stopped to face each other. His hands were on her hips; hers caressed the lapels of his jacket. She hadn't

buttoned the front of her dress, and he was staring at her breasts through the gaping opening. She looked up at him, saw his eyes on her breasts, and smiled with pure lust and surrender. His hand stroked the small of her back as they made their way across the bar, then slid lower as they turned toward the bank of elevators and disappeared from sight.

Learning that your wife has had an affair is one thing. You can try to deal with it as a past event. Somehow it seems less real that way. You might make yourself believe her when she tells you it's over. You might even convince yourself that it will never happen again, at least with the same guy. Watching the clock while she's having sex with him is a much bitterer pill. Overwhelming jealousy and nagging helplessness batter your ego, reducing it to a pathetically bruised and bleeding carcass. What's left isn't pretty.

I don't remember how much I drank. Too much. It didn't do much for the pain, and the clock crawled even slower.

Minutes after they left, another drink appeared in front of me. I didn't look up. The last thing I needed was more quality time with Chuckie.

"I saw them leave. Is there anything I can do?"

That wasn't Chuckie's voice. She was leaning over me, hands resting on the edge of the table. Her name tag was inches from my face.

"I doubt it, uh, K.C."

Just two letters centered on the white plastic badge. Oh well, anyone but Chuckie.

"My real name's Casey, but everyone calls me K.C."

She wasn't going to go away, so I took another longer look. A sympathetic smile beamed at me from between platinum locks of shoulder-length hair. The black halter matched her tiny spandex shorts that plunged two inches below her navel and showed every detail between her slim legs. "Diva" was written across her firm, upturned breasts, each letter made of glittering rhinestones. Black heels, a tasteful, gold belly ring, and a narrow black collar finished the look. Small round glasses rested halfway down her nose. She peered over the top of the gold frames at me and smiled invitingly. Lord help me.

"Is there anyone here that doesn't know?" I asked, hoping for some consolation.

"Well, she was pretty loud, and Chuck loves to gossip about the customers."

"So, where is Chuck?"

"Oh, something came up. He had to go, so I'm covering for him."

She was leaning against the table, the tops of her bare thighs resting against the edge. The skin-tight black shorts had no legs at all, and even in the dim light, I could see they molded her plump labia like a second skin, parting the fleshy lips with the seam that ran between them.

"Are you sure I can't do something?"

She could do something alright. She could go upstairs with me, let me tie her to the bed, and fuck her until she begged for mercy.

"Well, K.C., I don't know what you could do at this point. My night's pretty much a disaster."

"Hmmm, are you really sure? I can be a very compliant girl, if you know what I mean."

Her eyes narrowed, and she fingered the collar around her neck suggestively.

"And I can be a very stupid guy. I guess everyone in the place knows what I mean."

She slid in beside me, her bare thigh pressed snugly against my own. A faint whiff of coconut and cinnamon filled the booth, carried by the heat from her trim body. It made my mouth water.

She leaned closer and lowered her voice. Her breath was hot and sweet on my face.

"So, she's really doing it with that guy upstairs?"

"Well, she's doing something with him up there, and I'd bet it isn't Parcheesi."

I finished my drink in two long, slow gulps, then watched the bottom of the empty glass, hoping it might fill itself so I didn't have to look up. After a minute of awkward silence, she went on, this time with the voice of a much younger girl.

"I cheated on my boyfriend last week - right over there."

She pointed to the busy hallway leading to the kitchen.

"It was after we closed - with one of the assistant managers. I didn't mean to do it - I mean, I didn't plan it or anything. We were just kidding around, and before I knew it, we were tearing at each other's clothes. When my boyfriend came to pick me up, he found us in the hallway, screwing against the wall. He didn't even say anything. He just looked at us, turned around, and left. He won't speak to me. I never got a second chance."

"You mean like I did?"

"Is it so bad? When it's over, you'll still be together. I mean, it's not like she's in love with the guy, right? It's just sex."

"Right. 'Just'."

Now I desperately needed another drink. I guess it showed. She scooped up my empty glass and had another in its place in two minutes.

She sat with me now and then over the next two hours when she found a few free minutes between customers. Every other drink was on the house. I lost track of how many. I know she was more irresistible with each one.

By eleven-thirty the crowd dwindled to a few regulars at the bar. She plopped in beside me again, this time collapsing against me. Her head found my shoulder, teasing my cheek with thick swirls of silky hair. She still smelled delicious.

"Mmmm - I'm exhausted. You make a wonderful pillow."

Her breathing was deep and slow. I could see the outline of her nipples through the halter. Further down, her flat belly, smooth as velvet, swelled slightly with each breath as it dipped beneath the wisp of black spandex. She was everything my ego craved - and everything that had led me to my fate this night.

"There's still time. No one would have to know," she breathed softly against my neck.

I felt her hand settle in my lap. Her fingers traced the outline of my dick, then closed in around it, squeezing in a gentle, regular rhythm.

"Besides, you need to feel better. Linda's having her fun. Why shouldn't you have some fun too? I'll do anything you want. Anything."

I pulled away and looked at her. She eyed me with sudden surprise and confusion.

"How do you know her name?"

She froze, as though I was speaking some unknown foreign language.

"How do I - ?"

"Her name. I never told you my wife's name."

Just as suddenly, her confusion melted into the same sultry smile.

"Oh, that. Jeez, you scared me. I thought you were freaking out or something."

"I'm not freaking out. I want to know how you know my wife's name!"

"I told you, Chuck loves to gossip, especially about his customers. He doesn't leave out many details. From what he said, your wife would have had any guy in the place running around with a tent in his pants tonight. I mean, it was pretty obvious when he came back to the bar."

She gave my cock a few more quick squeezes, smiling lasciviously.

"C'mon. Come play with me," she teased in her best little girl voice.

Why shouldn't I? My wife was with Stephan, probably enjoying all the things she'd thrown in my face, the "things we never did" together. This wasn't just revenge. She loved it. She had said so - admitted it to my face. Images came to mind that made me cringe. Would she let him come inside her? Let him come in her mouth? What could they possibly do that we hadn't already done in our own bed?

I lowered my head into the palms of my hands. The room was spinning again, and the nausea returned in nagging waves. I'd cheat again, to get back at her for cheating, all because I cheated in the first place. And so it would go, on and on, until it destroyed us, or worse, trapped us in a living hell of deception and revenge. I was teetering on the edge of a razor - it hurt too much to stay put, but I was too paralyzed by confusion and alcohol to make a leap in either direction.

"You don't look so good. You've had an awful lot to drink tonight."

When I raised my head to answer, I noticed she had moved away from me. Now she studied me with more concern than lust. Her outfit seemed to shrink by the minute. It took very little to imagine her naked, and even less to imagine how ravenous she would be with her lips sealed eagerly around my cock. But something was wrong - or at least not right enough.

"You're right," I groaned. "Actually, I feel like I might die any minute now. So as my last act, maybe I should do the right thing for a change. I'm sorry. You're more than any man I know could likely resist - except this man, on this night. All this has to stop and stop now. I know it might look like a huge gamble, but I still love her. It's a gamble I have to take."

She took my hand and gave it a little squeeze. There was something new in the way she looked at me. At first, I thought it was sympathy, but there was something else, deeper, more meaningful, and very tempting. Given my decision, I'd probably never know.

"Good luck. I mean that" she told me, after a thoughtful pause.

She left without another word, looking every bit as good going as she did coming.

Eleven-forty. I went to find the men's room. I needed a walk to clear my head, and some cold water on my face might be just what the doctor ordered. As I circled the bar, Linda appeared under the archway leading to the lobby. She waved sheepishly as I approached, then kissed me lightly on the cheek. Whatever she had done upstairs, there was no longer

any visible evidence. Every hair was in place, her makeup was flawless, and I could see the faint outline of her bra under the dress.

Neither one of us knew quite what to say. She smiled at me warmly, a smile that told me we might survive this after all.

"Can we go now?" I begged, more eager than ever to leave all this behind.

She nodded, still smiling up at me.

"Oh, I was on my way to the restroom - if I can find it."

"They're in the lobby, just past the elevators," she offered. "I'll wait for you here."

There was no sign of Stephan. I didn't ask.

When I returned, she had vanished. After a stroll through the spacious lobby, I went back to the lounge. She was at the bar, chatting with K.C. I watched from under the archway, my guts churning like a blender. She closed her purse and thanked her with a friendly gesture, turned to leave, then noticed me waiting by the entrance. Another smile, and another kiss when she reached me.

"She's pretty," she mentioned casually as we headed for the door.

"She?" I croaked, my knees now buckling with each labored step.

"Your waitress. You forgot to pay your tab."

"Shit! I forgot to pay her? I've never done that. Christ!"

"It's okay, David. It's okay. Let's go home."

The door closed behind us as we stepped into the crisp chill of the first winter storm. She put her arm through mine and snuggled against me. Snowflakes frosted her hair, sparkling like brilliant rhinestones on black velvet. The lights and sounds of the hotel faded as we made our way through the dusting of new snow. In time the place vanished, swallowed by darkness and the frantic dance of white that slowly filled in our tracks, hiding all traces of the narrow trail of footprints that twisted backward into the night.

"It's over, David. The details aren't important."

"But I can't stop thinking about it. A few answers might help me make sense of it all. Then maybe I could let it go."

"You'll get over it, David. If I can, you can. It was one night."

We were lying in bed. She had buried her nose in a new paperback for the past hour. I was watching an unsettling late-night movie showing the misadventures of a well-meaning schmuck caught up in a disturbing night-long chain of events in a dream-like SoHo. Twenty-four hours had passed, almost to the hour.

"I wish I was as sure as you seem to be. Watching the two of you last night - I don't know - I don't know if I can get over it."

Her expression grew more serious as she listened. She closed the book and placed it on the nightstand, then rolled on her side to face me.

"David, what if I told you none of it was real?"

She stretched her legs, then drew them up in front of her pink nightshirt. I loved her legs. They were her best feature - long, slim, and smooth, revealing firm swells of delicate muscle that rose and fell beneath satin olive skin.

"It looked real enough to me."

"Did it?"

"Come on. You mean I imagined him kissing you, fondling your breasts, masturbating you in public? All that never happened?"

"I didn't say that, did I?"

"Then exactly what part of all this wasn't real, Linda? Are you telling me you didn't fuck him?"

"I'm asking you to consider that things may not always be what they seem to be. Do you remember telling me one of your fantasies? The night you took me to dinner on our last anniversary? How we came home, both a little tipsy after the bottle of wine with dinner, and exchanged fantasies before we made love?"

"I - I guess so - Christ, it that what this is about?"

"You said you thought about me having sex with another man, a stranger, a well-endowed one, if I remember correctly."

"But that was a fantasy! I told you I'd never want to live it out - that I couldn't get around the jealousy I'd feel."

"But you're living it out in your head, David. The things you saw could easily have been suggestions, innuendoes, illusions."

"What I saw was another man's hand between your legs, playing with you till you got off. You had an orgasm, in public for Christ sake!"

"Are you sure, David? It was real to you. Does that mean it actually happened? Everything? Just the way you're remembering it now?"

"So, you didn't fuck him?"

"Does it really matter? Think about us, David - what our marriage had become before last night, and where we are tonight. I was going to leave you. I love you desperately, but my confidence that you still loved me was gone. I lost faith in you, us, even myself. I didn't intend to use your fantasy to punish you, but it did plant the seed of an idea that seemed to offer what I needed to heal. I know I hurt you. I'm sorry.

"You have to decide, David. Was what you went through last night worth saving our marriage? Did you learn how agonizing infidelity can be to someone you betray, even if it is just sex? But most importantly, can two people love each other enough to forgive shared disloyalties and move on, using the past to strengthen their future?"

I was stunned. I had thought long and hard about the motive for her actions - revenge, punishment, or perhaps I had pushed her far beyond any rational response. I failed to consider that she did it for our marriage, a risky, final attempt to save us.

I didn't have words for what I felt, so I turned to her and kissed her. It was the kind of kiss that told her my decision was an easy one. She unfolded and pressed the length of her body against me, a perfect thigh thrown over my hip, her soft belly thrust tightly against my growing erection. She stopped now and then, sometimes to nibble playfully at my ear or neck, other times just to stare hopefully at me. A kind of joy filled her eyes that I hadn't seen in a long time.

Then, as her lips brushed my ear again, she whispered playfully, "Now, about that little fantasy or yours. Let me tell you what a bad girl I've been."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 2, The Night After

"Now, about that little fantasy of yours. Let me tell you what a bad girl I've been."

She stripped off her nightshirt, moved her leg over me, and straddled me seconds after that. It surprised me - how she seemed to know she could get me hard so soon after our talk about our time with her 'lover', Stephan. She wiggled her hips a little, letting my erection grow under her, centering it between the lips of her drenched sex. Then she was still, looking down at me expectantly as if she was waiting for me to begin.

"Well, don't you want to know?"

I was sure she was teasing. She wasn't.

She leaned forward, suspended over me on her outstretched arms. Her eyes locked on mine as though she was sifting through my thoughts. She wasn't just waiting; she was studying me. I wondered if it was to predict what I might say or whether she was deciding what secrets to reveal. How could she have healed so quickly? Was our marriage as fragile as I still feared?

"I already asked you that," I told her. "I mean, whether you really fucked him."

She pressed her hips into me and held them there. I pushed against her instinctively, thrusting upward just once, testing, unsure of what she wanted. More silence, frozen there together, straining against each other, crotch to crotch.

"Have you thought about it? Imagined what it might have been like? I mean, if you could have watched us there, in the room?"

"I can't stop thinking about it," I admitted, "after all the things he said, and how you told me yourself he 'owned you'. It's just that I keep trying to believe none of it happened, but I can't. It was too real, watching his hands on you, watching you kiss him. I do imagine his hotel room, the bed, him undressing you, and you wanting him to fuck you. I can even see you together fucking, in my more desperate moments. After that, just before you come, it all goes black. I just can't go there."

"Have you forgotten I've come with other men? Before we were married?"

"But that's not the same, and you know it. It's the thought of your face when it happens, the sounds and look I know so well, all while I'm rejected and afraid I've destroyed our marriage. How can you even compare the two?"

She sat up again and placed a finger against my lips.

"Shhh... shhh... shhh..."

I stopped ruminating out loud, regretting it had let my erection fade. Her body towered over me, so naked and beautiful, now so willing and forgiving, but still ripe with answers I might not want to hear. When she felt my cock shrink, she reached between her legs and ran her fingertips lightly over the head until she brought it back to life. I ached to put it inside her and chase all the unresolved chaos away.

"Think back, to the night you wanted to hear about the men I was with before you. I told you about having sex with them, most of them, I guess, and all the things about them you wanted to hear. Remember the hot guy in college who almost made me come just looking at his gorgeous, naked body? And how effortlessly I orgasmed two or three times with him every time we

did it? And just after I started my first job, the older man at my office who seduced me? How he tied me to the bed and played with me for such a long time? How I had to beg him over and over to fuck me? When I told you that night, you were so hard, and went a little crazy when we fucked. I'd never seen you like that before. I never told you, but that night stayed with me. I loved you like that - letting your fantasies take you over, fucking me like someone I didn't know. It was the best sex I've had - with anyone, ever."

I was stunned.

"But, you said so much last night about how you did things with him we never did, that you'd do anything for him. You said you weren't my wife when you went with him upstairs, that you were his and he could do anything he wanted to you. I didn't imagine all that. It was real. I was there."

"You hurt me, David. I had too much to drink. I wanted to hurt you back. They were just words to do that. I'm not even sure where some of them came from."

"So, you did fuck him. I - I just can't believe you'd do it."

"I didn't say I fucked him. I said I wanted to hurt you."

"So you didn't?"

"What's important now is that I think you know how it hurts to be betrayed. Just like the men from my past, the strangers we've fucked are incidental, as long as they're strangers. Joanna is history, gone from her job and your life from what you've told me, just like my old lovers. I'd rather not know more about her. I just want her to stay a stranger."

"Like Stephan?"

Linda paused, again finally smiling down at me.

"Imagine a dream, David:

Imagine I meet a handsome stranger I can't resist. Think of him as faceless, with a perfect body, and, the thing you men always obsess about, a huge cock. It's lunchtime, and we go to that same bar to have a drink. One drink becomes two, he invites me upstairs to fuck, and I can't say no. It's dirty and quick, and he fucks me like an animal. We get dressed and leave after an hour, and I never see him again. In the dream, do I come?"

"Um, sure. I can see that - or at least imagine it."

"So, what do you see?"

"I see your legs around his back; your body stiffens for an instant like it always does, then your eyes close and you moan, very loudly, while you come."

"And in your dream, if my sex with him was wonderful, and I think about it all day until I come home to you, and it makes me devour you like a rabid whore that night, would you want to fuck me right after you wake up from that dream?"

"I guess I would...yeah."

"Your cock is definitely telling me you would. And I'd really like it inside me now..."

I'm not sure we fucked like the memory of her best fuck ever, but she rode me like a demon on a mission to fix us.

Brief flashes of the night before returned to me as I looked up along her smooth belly and full, quivering breasts.

[Stephan]

"She went to her knees the first time I asked. I can still see her small fingers unzipping me, fumbling with my belt. And later, again, in the park, how her diamond sparkled in the afternoon sun."

[Linda]

"Something happens to me when I take him in my hands. I could play with his cock for hours. God David, if you only knew how wet I am just thinking about it."

[Stephan]

"A wife's sexual emancipation can be very arousing. Linda's a beautiful woman, a seething reservoir of untapped potential. Witnessing the results when the floodgates are pried open can be exhilarating, even life-changing if you'll allow it."

[Linda]

"I want you to know that another man touched me in ways that made me dripping wet - a man so beautiful, so skillful at what a woman needs, that I'd do anything for him."

[Stephan]

"Just imagine your lovely wife satisfied again and again by another man - so willing to submit, to crave the taste of him, so eager to surrender herself to the indulgent bliss of his cock burrowing its way deep into her belly. I'd bet your pulse jumps a little at the very idea. Tell me I'm wrong, if you honestly can."

Suddenly, she leaned over me again and lay on my chest, still thrusting furiously up and down on my cock. I felt her mouth against my ear, her breath hitting me in ragged gusts. She delivered the halting words with as much effort as she could summon.

"It doesn't matter - who I've fucked - or when - or where. I'm yours - all yours."

I lost control and emptied myself into her.

Best Served Cold - Chapter 3, The Past - Dark Confessions

Sex had never been a problem for us in our past. At first it was usually vanilla, sometimes with whipped cream and a cherry on top. Linda had never been shy about what she needed, but was more comfortable showing me than telling me. I wasn't much different - until that night years ago when we had returned from our anniversary dinner at a new upscale restaurant. We went to bed early after just a little too much wine, and for the very first time, I had asked for her fantasies.

"Um, I really don't have any. Well, not many," she had answered, with little apparent interest.

"That's OK. Just tell me one of yours, and I'll tell you one of mine," I had offered.

She turned toward me and rose up on one elbow, peering over at me with suspicion.

"What brought this on? Is there something you need to tell me?"

I had hoped it would go a different way.

"It's nothing like that - like a confession or anything. We've never done this, and I'm in the mood to hear something sexy about you. C'mon, just one of your deep, dark, dirty secrets? Something I'd never guess."

She frowned a little. I wondered if she was thinking of something too dark and dirty to tell me, or whether she was merely annoyed by the idea.

"Um - why don't you go first? Then maybe I'll know what this is all about," she said.

She was still there, still looking at me with raised eyebrows, somewhat amused, as though she thought I might back down if she batted the request back at me.

"Well, you know how curious I've always been about you and your past boyfriends. You never give me much of an answer."

She rolled her eyes and sighed.

"And I keep insisting there's nothing to tell. Nothing 'dark and dirty' at least. Yes, I had sex with four or five old boyfriends. Some of it was just okay, and some was great. Is my history with old boyfriends part of your fantasy? Because it isn't that dark or dirty, no matter what you might think."

"It's not that. Not exactly. My fantasy is watching you have sex with someone else, now, when we're married. I hinted at this before. I guess you didn't take me seriously."

Her expression had grown more sober. She squinted at me before she spoke.

"So, who would this be, exactly? I mean, would you really want me to do this?"

I shook my head and smiled.

"Absolutely not. It's a fantasy. I love your body - I'm absolutely addicted to it. I can't see you naked without getting at least a little hard, like when you get dressed in the morning, or undressed at night, or when you're in the tub, all wet and soapy, and call me in to tell me something. Don't you notice how I stare? Or when I try to steal a peek when you may not suspect it?"

"Oh, I notice all right. It's nice that you never stop wanting me. I guess I should tell you that more often, especially when you're perverting around the house hoping to catch me naked!"

She grinned at me and softened a bit. I could see her nipples stiffen through her nightshirt and tried not to stare.

"But it's not just that. I think about watching your body while you have sex. I think about seeing what I can't see when I'm in the same bed fucking you. And I'm fascinated about how you might respond, what you might do with another man. I doubt I could bear really watching you and him together, but it's still a fantasy. That's it. That's all. I just imagine it."

Linda thought for a long time. She looked down over the sheet to see if I was hard, then back at me again after I knew she saw I was. "So, if you never want to actually go through with any of it, what will you do about it? Will you always just think about it and never tell me?" she asked.

"I think what we should do is hear your fantasy now. It's your turn, remember?" I reminded her.

She had flopped down on her back beside me and let out an exasperated sigh. The bedside light was still on, and I studied her profile as she stared at the ceiling. There was always something about her face in profile that stopped my breath for a second, especially when she lifted her chin just a little with lips slightly parted. It was both elegant in its fine features and high cheekbones, and childlike in her expression of wonder and innocence. It hadn't changed at all from her college years, up to that very night.

"It was my very first job after college. Yes, I know. We were engaged. But there was this slightly older man who hit on me relentlessly. I told you a little about him before. Remember? He was slim and athletic, very good-looking, and so charismatic. He never asked if I had a boyfriend, and I don't think he cared. From the instant Jordan and I met, I was mesmerized by him, in a way that made me warm between my legs. I tried to ignore all of it, both his advances and the feelings I had for him.

"Eventually we went to lunch together, and then it was almost every day. He invited me to go with him to a party one Friday night. You were away, traveling on the road with your band. I was lonely, so I went with him. The more time I spent with him away from work, the harder it was to resist him. By the end of the night I was in love - or thought I was. He took me home, and we fucked. But not just that once. We did it every Friday night you were away, although there was never another party as an excuse.

"He broke my heart in a way. It was never anything other than sex for him. But I was so drawn to him, so obsessed. I was terrified you'd call off our engagement if you find out, but you never knew."

Linda had gone silent, still staring at the ceiling. Minutes passed as I tried to think back for any clue that she had been with him. It had been too many years, and all my Friday nights from that time were hazy or forgotten. There was nothing I could remember that would have given her affair away, even in light of the obsession she claimed had overwhelmed her.

"So, is that the kind of fantasy you wanted?" she asked, hesitantly.

Her voice was fragile and weak. Did she regret confessing to me, or had the obsession returned to haunt her?

"It's not exactly a fantasy though, is it?" I asked quietly. "Is there more?"

"He tied me to the bed, David. He played with me until I thought I might pass out from exhaustion and the need to come. He made me beg him to fuck me, and when I did he told me it wasn't enough. Other nights he'd make me crawl across the room with my wrists and ankles tied, then suck him. He'd masturbate while he watched me squirm and inch my way across the carpet, then complain how I'd disappointed him when I struggled to get his cock in my mouth with my hands tied behind my back. We always used a condom when we fucked - I was terrified I'd have his child instead of yours and you'd never know. Oh God...sometimes when I sucked him, there was so much semen I couldn't take all of it. I'd choke on it and he'd punish me for letting a little of it run out of my mouth, and then I wouldn't get to come at all that night. I don't know how much of it I swallowed by the time we stopped. It sounds so disgusting, doesn't it? But David, I wanted it. I craved it - all of it. At times I would have given up our life together just to know it would never stop. But it did.

She paused, trembling, and when she began again I could hear the pain creep into her voice. It became a slow, halting whisper with sudden interruptions when the words that shamed her refused to come.

"The obsession never left me, David. But I found the obsession wasn't for him at all. It was - to be played with, controlled and used by a powerful, charismatic man, to have - those same, crushing orgasms as when I struggled against the ropes - and knew I pleased him. All this time - I've chased it away, and found solace in the wonderful life we have together. I just couldn't bring myself to tell you.

"So that's it, David. That's my fantasy. Is it deep and dark enough for you?"

She turned away from me and turned off the light. I could hear her sobbing. I spooned against her and wiped the tears from her cheek, but there were so many. They were my words back then, the very same words she'd use with me much later.

"It doesn't matter - none of it matters - you're mine, all mine."

Linda was fine the next day. But I wanted to make sure she knew I didn't think less of her because of one fantasy, or any part of her past that had brought it to the surface.

I came home early and made a huge pan of paella with fresh seafood. Linda was home before it was ready, and she went to the bedroom to change. Back then she still wore blouses and suits that warned other men she was all business. If she had had a hard day at work, she would slip into her usual nightshirt before dinner and be ready for bed by nine o'clock. I watched her close her lips around the extra-large shrimp and take bites from their firm, white bodies, savoring the buttery flavor of the rice and spices. I had been preoccupied with her story from the night before, and watching her there across the table, obviously naked under her shirt, had filled me with images of her helplessly but eagerly submitting to her former lover.

"I've been thinking about your fantasy last night. We should share things like that more often. I wish I had known sooner - I thought about it all day."

She looked surprised for a second, then tried her best to hide her regret.

"I shouldn't have been so upset. I just didn't know how you'd react. It's the only fantasy I've had that's lasted for years, I guess, and I've always thought about telling you. The time was just never right. I'm glad you don't think I'm a freak."

"You know me better than that - at least you should. Maybe I should remind you how beautiful and sexy you are more often. Anyway, why would you ever think that?"

She stopped eating for a few seconds and looked down into her lap. She had never been embarrassed by sex. This was so unusual for her. I couldn't imagine what else she could be hiding.

"Sometimes I think about what I must have looked like, David - crawling around on the floor, begging to be fucked to the point of exhaustion, and God, there was just so much of my desperate pleading with him to fuck me and let me come on so many nights. If someone had seen me... And then, just when I cringe and want to curl up in a ball and hide from all of it, I want it again. It's like something in my blood. It builds and builds until I masturbate to thoughts of those times with him, and then it all goes away for a while. Do you think that's horrible?"

"I don't think it's good that you've hidden it from me for so long. And I think you should let go of the idea that it's something to be ashamed of. You may not understand why, but I think all of the stories about your past are very, very exciting. Seeing you like that would have had me hard in an instant - not only because I always love seeing you naked, but because seeing you let go, abandoning all the things that might keep you from being completely open and satisfied when you have sex, well, I can't think of anything I'd love more."

"You're not just saying that? Even though my fantasy is so slutty? Ugghh, I can't believe I still want all that, even now and then."

"I'd like to help, if I can. Instead of living with so much frustration, maybe you'd feel better if we could play with it a little. I think I know enough to get started, but you'll have to tell me what you want. Can you do that?"

She could.

I had tied her wrists to the headboard that night and teased her for an hour. I remember her eyes when I brought out a large dildo we had bought months before but had rarely used. I told her to close her eyes and imagine it was Jordan, and that she'd have to beg for every inch if she ever wanted to come. I gave her less than that, half an inch at a time, until she thrashed and pleaded for more. When the dildo filled her, he told her to raise her hips off the bed to take even more of it. She eagerly complied, and I worked her clit gently between my fingers until she came. I watched her tremble and gasp, praised her all the while, and assured her she had pleased him.

She was limp and sweaty when I untied her. She smiled at me, and wanted me to fuck her. "After all that?" I asked. "Especially after all that," she told me. "I want you inside me. Now I want to watch you come."

She simply relaxed under me and watched as I buried myself in her, over and over. I closed my eyes as she urged me on.

"He felt so good inside me, David. Did you like watching us? Did you like watching me come for him? Did you? Did you? I wanted you to watch him fuck me, David. I wanted you to watch me - to watch me come for him..."

Her stark submissiveness shocked me a little. I had never heard those words from her, or the same tone of her voice. She had made herself intentionally meek and docile, a willing receptacle to service me, just as she had serviced him.

I felt her fingers circle the base of my cock as I came in her. It was electric - and I pounded her furiously until it passed. Time always stops when I come, but it held me that time, body rigid, unable to breathe, longer than I could ever remember. It could have been hours. If only it had been.

We both collapsed and slept, but talked the next day. Had I given her what she needed? Was it enough? At least until her fantasy beckoned again?

"It was wonderful, David. I don't know why I was afraid to tell you. I won't hide my fantasies from you again - I promise."

"So, it was everything you wanted - everything you need?"

I remember the slight pause, as if she was trying to find the right words.

"David, I loved what you did. I love that you're my husband, and that you keep surprising me each time I worry what you might think of me."

She paused again, eyeing me cautiously.

"But in spite of what we'd like to believe, no one person can be everything to anyone. A husband can be loving and caring; he can protect his wife and provide for her, and be such a wonderful, reliable lover. But there are very attractive men who aren't at all like that, especially to someone with fantasies like mine. The very things that make you a perfect, loving husband set you apart from them. You're safe and kind, and they're aloof and dangerous. Jordan was that kind of man, after I got to know him. I knew he'd never love me, but I went back again and again for the unknown, the suspense, and the freedom to be with a dangerous stranger who wouldn't judge me for my obsessions. Men like Jordan aren't afraid to take what they want, even if it's someone's girlfriend, fiancée, or wife."

"So, it's the 'bad boy' thing then. The dangerous stranger who's good for your pussy, but bad for your life? I guess I get that. It's not the first time I've heard it, but it's a surprise coming from you. But I'm fine with it. I know I'm not that guy. In fact, I wouldn't want to be."

"So it doesn't scare you? That it amps up my fantasy? I'm not looking - I promise. But I said I'd be honest from now on."

"It doesn't scare me at all. It's kind of a hot fantasy, actually - my innocent little wife putting herself in the hands of some big, strong, scary guy with a huge cock."

"I'm serious, David. It doesn't have to be a scary guy with a huge cock, just not someone I know, or my husband - I mean, in my fantasy. You must recognize that when I come, I have all kinds of orgasms, right? Some are shorter, some are longer, some are deeply moving, and some are insanely intense and wild. All of those are good. Most are probably a little of each, all mixed together. What I'm saying is that sometimes it's the presence of an aggressive, forbidden stranger that makes the difference between 'insanely intense' and 'off the scale'."

"You mean the man and the fantasy together, right?"

"Exactly. I love what you did for me last night. It was insanely intense."

"But not off the scale," I conceded. "I'm not your bad boy fantasy. That's fine. I can live with that."

"I wish you wouldn't put it like that, David. You're the fantasy husband I never thought I'd have. You don't have to be anything more for me. I hope you believe that."

She had pulled the nightshirt up over her head and dropped it on the floor. It was a conversation stopper she had used time and time again. I stared as she walked slowly to my chair, wriggled her firm little ass into my lap, and nuzzled my ear.

"Come on, 'fantasy boy' - are you going to fuck me or not?"

We fucked a lot in the weeks and months that followed our harrowing night with Stephan. Some nights were cautious, but still loving. Others were frantic, hours-long orgies of every act and position we could think of. We were competing to repair the painful wreckage of our marriage, the result of my infidelity, but also of her planned revenge. It was a new awakening for us, but one still tainted with betrayal.

At times I wondered if I could be tempted again, whether a woman with her sights set on dragging me into that pit of deceit could eventually take me there again and pull me under. But Linda had become my life. Every second of every day I was reminded of the pain I had caused her, and how fortunate I was to still be with her.

Linda's effort was just as concerted, if not more, even though she had much more to forgive. She wasn't only more passionately wanton in the bedroom; she became a mouthwatering siren for me everywhere we went. She orphaned her old jeans for stylish slacks made of the most supple materials that molded her legs and ass into a delicious, living

sculpture. Her closet became a high-priced boutique of fitted tops and silky blouses, always with an option to show a little cleavage when she knew it would make me crazy. Even her work clothes were a bit less modest. When I teased her about who might notice at her office, she grinned and told me, "In your dreams, fantasy boy." If her plan was to keep me lusting after her twenty-four hours a day, she had succeeded. It wasn't lost on me that other men began to look as well. She never flirted, but there was something in her stride that told me she was always aware, and always a little giddy from the extra attention.

Best Served Cold - Chapter 4, Revelations

"David, I'm not fucking him. I'm not lying to you. I'm really not."

We were sitting outside in our screened lanai on a hot, summer, Sunday afternoon. Linda lay in the lounge chair beside me nursing her second iced tea. I pretended to be immersed in a new paperback, but couldn't take my eyes off her. Her pale skin didn't tan well, but on weekends she poured herself into these tiny little shorts, I was sure just to keep me horny.

Sex on Sunday afternoons had become a ritual for us - for her, really. I'd watch while she pranced around in front of me for half the day, then wait for her to slither next to me and slide her hand up the leg of my shorts. It hadn't come to that yet, but it was only a little after noon.

A small tuft of hair escaped the inner leg of her shorts along with a portion of plump labia. She rarely shaved down there, and I wondered how many others would be blessed with the same view before summer's end.

I had made her a few crop tops from some of her worn-out T-shirts. The colors had been bleached to pale grays and whites from years of her daily runs, and many of the seams had opened into ragged holes, so she refused to wear them any longer in public. Now they were cool and comfortable around the house in July and August, and she knew I loved seeing her in them. The bottom edges where I had cut a foot of material away continued to fray, making them shorter and shorter over time. I loved the way they exposed the lower curves of her breasts, and then much more when she reached for a cup or dish from one of our kitchen cabinets.

I took a chance and asked again. "So, if you didn't fuck him, and haven't since that night, then at least tell me more about him. How did you meet Stephan, or find him, or whatever it took to get him to agree to something like that?"

It was one of her secrets I hadn't felt comfortable asking more about, but half a year had passed since that night, and seeing her there half-naked beside me had me wondering just how much of her he saw in that infamous hotel room. Had they fucked or not? She still hadn't committed to an answer that wasn't sometimes vague or misleading.

"I don't think you're fucking him. I'd just like some straight answers to a few honest questions. Finally. After all this time. I don't need to know - I want to know. It's old baggage - I can take it."

She turned her head and studied me for a while, sighed, then told me, "Okay - I guess it's time."

"Stephan isn't Stephan - he's Michael, an old friend from college. And I mean 'friend'. We met at a campus campfire when I first started back then in the fall. He was an upperclassman when I was a freshman, and he kind of took me under his wing. He was a big deal on campus - class president, wealthy family, and the ultimate catch for all the prissy sorority bunnies. I'm not sure what he saw in me - we just kind of clicked. I think he majored in both English and business, but he wanted to be an actor. I heard he moved to New York and almost made it off-Broadway. Later he moved back and opened his own publishing house here in the city. Our company does art layouts for his books and publications. I met him again two years ago at a job fair. I was working our booth when he happened by and he took me to lunch. We see each other now and then through work."

"So how does Stephan, or Michael, or whoever, go from being just an old friend to fingering you in front of me in a public bar?"

"David, he and I fucked a few times in college, but mostly we were just friends. Nothing's happened since. He's still a close friend. When I found the pictures of Joanna I was devastated. I needed a friend, and Michael was there for me. One day at lunch I told him that I was so angry it would serve you right if I did the same to you. When he asked if I was serious, I was shocked. He's still a gorgeous, sexy man, and it was tempting, but I just couldn't fuck him out of anger. He said he'd done some acting, and that he could make you believe I had fucked him out of spite if I thought it would help me heal. I turned him down - I was afraid of what you might do. But later, when I found the pain wasn't going away, I asked him to help. It was either that, or leave you."

"And, how did he help? I can imagine a few ways..."

"And you'd imagine wrong, David. He wrote a script. That was his doing. We rehearsed. I wanted him to fondle me in front of you. I wanted it to be so real you'd choke on it. So we did all that together, just a few times until I remembered most of the lines. He was much better at it than I was, and he promised he'd prompt me when the time came to do it."

"I won't lie to you, David. There were times when he put his hands on me that I wished he would tear my clothes off and fuck me. I'm pretty sure he felt the same way. The second time we rehearsed I could see he was

hard every minute. I tried to remember what his cock was like back then, back when I had it in my hands, and, well, everything else we did with it. He was there, so close to me when we rehearsed, unbuttoning my blouse, stroking my leg - I'd look down at his lap and think there was only a belt and a zipper between me and his hard cock, and that it would be so easy to just take it out, suck it again, and have it in me one more time. But neither of us had that last bit of courage to go through with it. And, I was still hurting so much.

"That night, up in the room after we left you, he offered. But only if I wanted him. He asked me if he could watch while I put my bra and panties back on, so I let him. I wanted him to see me, David. I wanted to be naked there with him, to show him all the signs that, although I couldn't bring myself to fuck him while I knew how you suffered down in the bar, I was wet for him - soaking, dripping, crazy fucking wet for him.

"I told him he could touch me. I couldn't say it, but I wanted his hand between my legs. I thought cumming would make it better, that it would let me be myself again, and I could tell you later that I didn't cheat, that he didn't fuck me. I was shaking when he put his hands on my breasts. After that, he stopped and moved back to look at me. I didn't want him to stop, David. But he just smiled and said he liked me that way, the way he remembered me right before he fucked me with those last final strokes, the ones that made me moan like the 'best little freshman piece of ass' he'd ever had. I wondered if I'd have liked hearing it as much back in school as I did there, standing naked in front of him. No one ever calls me 'the best piece of ass they've ever had' - not even you. But if a piece of ass is what I had to be for him, I was willing to be just that.

"We hugged before I left him. I pressed my hand against his pants and curled my fingers around the girth of his cock. I just stood there, clinging to the front of his pants, holding it, holding him, a second away from getting on my knees like I used to do with him. He could have had me if he insisted. But instead, he reached out to me, lifted my face gently, and asked me if I'd regret it the next day. When I couldn't bring myself to answer, he smiled and told me he thought I would.

"I rode the elevator down, wondering if you'd still be there. When I couldn't find you, I panicked - at first because I thought you might have left me for good. But then, seconds later, I fought the temptation to give up looking, ride the elevator up to his room again, take him inside me, and drain every last drop of cum from his body. I'm not sure how many times I walked to the elevator and back before I found you. You took my arm, we left together snuggled against each other, and I was relieved that the elevator would soon be many city blocks behind us."

I'm not sure what words to use to describe what her story did to me. I had hoped what I witnessed that night was fiction, feared that it wasn't, but wasn't prepared for a twisted mix of both. My heart was pounding. She got up, moved to where I sat, and lowered herself into my lap, straddling me.

"Are you okay?"

"I - I'm not sure. I didn't expect that - I mean, the parts where you wanted him to touch you, and you wanted to be naked with him, and how you wanted his cock. All that was real? What you said about how desperate you were for him to fuck you?"

"I promised you the truth someday, David. That's what I gave you. Are you sure you're okay? You look a little stunned. Maybe I should have waited to tell you..."

I put my hands under her top and explored her breasts with my fingertips. Her nipples hardened immediately, and she put her hands over mine, guiding them. Her eyes widened with understanding and she let out a sigh of relief. I knew she could feel my erection growing under her.

"If it happened today, would you take the elevator back up?" I asked.

"Would you like that, David? As part of your fantasy?"

She unbuttoned my shirt and ran her hands lovingly over my bare chest. Her voice was sultry and deep, almost a growl.

"Becaaaause...I'm sure if I asked...he'd be more than happy to do me. Orrr, I could come home someday...and tell you allll about how I sucked his cock...and how he fucked your wife, for hours and hours. And you'd nevvver, evvver, know if it was real or not. Remember, I'm the best - little - piece of freshman ass, he's ever had."

How could I tell whether she was teasing, or promising she might go through with it someday? I wasn't even sure which version I was hard for. "So, I'd never know for sure? I'd never know if your story really happened or not? That you might fuck him, or just make me believe you did, right? Like one of our fantasies?"

She grinned, worked her crotch slowly forward and back along my cock, and told me, "Yes, David. Can you believe either might happen? That it might depend on how 'persuasive' he might be on that one day? Or maybe how urgent my fantasy might be?"

I was sure she was only teasing, trying to play me, to get me harder right before we fucked. But the way she did it sounded almost like a promise. How badly did she want to fuck him?

"Now, let's go to bed, David. Let me show you what a bad girl I could be. Oh - Michael's number is in my cell. All I'd have to do is sliiide my finger along the surface, touch his name, and when he answers, beg him to fuck me."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 5, Winter of Discontent

A year had passed since the night I had paid for my infidelity. It was winter again, and the season resurrected ghosts from the time I sat across from Linda and Stephan in the Excelsior hotel bar. Linda and I had walked home through the city streets together in the snow. At the time, I feared it was the end of us, but we had found a new beginning by summer. Early snow flurries teased me with returning memories of that night, along with all the emotions that accompanied them. The first snow seemed to put Linda in a melancholy mood, and I wondered if shadows of our history haunted her as well.

I watched from our bedroom window as the snow fell. It was just after sunset, and the streets were still busy with early holiday shoppers. From eight stories up, the fine, tiny flakes floated and whirled in a deceiving promise the storm might wait until daylight before blanketing the streets and paralyzing traffic. The city had just begun to put up holiday decorations, and the snow sparkled as it danced near the colored lights on its chaotic fall to the ground.

Linda arrived behind me and put her arms around my waist, watching the brunt of winter arrive as well. She gave me little hugs as we stood there together, and finally nuzzled the back of my neck with her nose.

"It seems like yesterday, doesn't it?" she said thoughtfully. "The time passes so quickly."

"Have you seen him?" I asked.

"Now and then. Work stuff. He's the same."

"Lunches with him?"

"Not often. A few weeks ago. More work stuff."

"Do you think about him?"

"I do. You know, now and then."

We stood quietly for a while longer, staring down into the street.

"There is something we need to do, you know?" she continued quietly.

"Lot's to do," I answered, then sighed.

"One thing. Tonight? A place where I can get a strawberry daiquiri?"

"This isn't a repeat performance, is it?"

"Nope." She nuzzled me again, trailing her fingers across my cheek before making her way to the bedroom.

The walk to the Excelsior seemed to take longer than I remembered, maybe due to my dread of what had happened there. The wind hadn't picked up yet, and the snow was light and fluffy. Linda took my arm, but we didn't talk on the way. I noticed the snow speckling her hair and remembered my thoughts, now a year old. 'Like brilliant rhinestones on black velvet'. She'd glance at me and smile, then turn her sight back toward our destination. I saw the Excelsior as a well of anxiety, but she was celebrating our new beginning. Strange how we pictured the place existing in two different worlds.

The hotel bar was busy, and they were still serving food. A waiter met us at the entrance and led us to a table at the far side of the room. Linda tugged on his arm and stopped him.

"Wait. Could we have the booth, over there, in the corner?"

He left us menus and took our drink order before rushing away.

"It's the same one, isn't it?" I asked. "Where we sat before?"

"It is," she answered, smiling at me.

She shrugged her coat off her shoulders. Under it was the same flowered dress.

"The dress too?" Now I had to smile.

"Don't you like it? Maybe you'd like me to make some changes? Maybe with the way it fits? Or something else?"

The waiter returned with our drinks, but before he rushed away again, she stopped him.

"Excuse me. Does a 'Chuck' still work here? Cute guy, in his twenties, very friendly..."

"Nope - don't know him," he said quickly, without even looking at her. "Do you want to order from the menu?"

"We're fine for now," she told him. "Oh - but could you bring us another round of drinks? That way we won't bother you again for a while."

He raced off to the bar again.

Linda sipped her daiquiri, and I downed half my shot of scotch in one gulp. I had ordered it neat, and someone had put ice in my twelve-year-old single malt.

"So, what do you think? About my dress? Any changes you'd like to make?" The corners of her mouth turned up a little. Her eyes were wide and liquid, overflowing with expectation.

"As a matter of fact, there are," I answered, smiling. "I'd like you to put your panties here, on the table, right beside my drink. Can you do that, Linda?" That got a wider smile from her. I could play this game. I knew all about the rules - there weren't any.

"I certainly can, for a big, handsome guy like you. I'll do anything you want. I'll be right back."

I grabbed her wrist before she could slide across the seat.

"No, no. I want you to take them off here, at the table. What color are they?"

She paused and glanced quickly around the room.

"Um, they're black."

"What do they look like. Describe them."

"Lacy. Very thin. And tiny. Very tiny."

"Are they thin enough to see your pussy through them?"

She cleared her throat, looked around the room again, and finally answered.

"Um-hmm. My husband likes them that way."

"Good. Let's see them."

She slid her hand under the dress near the wall, felt around for the scrap of lace at her hip, then, looking carefully out over the room, drew the panties down her legs and over her shoes. I was impressed. Where had she learned to do that? It was almost as if she had practiced it.

She left them on the seat beside her.

I tapped a spot on the table, beside my glass. "Not there, here."

I thought I was challenging her, but she surprised me when they fell from her open fist onto the table. They were black, just like she had said, and they were now a slowly expanding ball of wadded lace, resting in front of me by my drink.

"And the rest?" I asked.

"The rest?"

"Yes. The rest of what you have on under that pretty dress."

For the first time that night, Linda was at a loss for words. She looked down at the menu, smiling, and was silent for a full minute before she spoke.

"But you can't expect me to - I mean, not here in the open?"

"How difficult can it be? Tell me what's under your dress."

She glanced around again, then leaned toward me and lowered her voice.

"My bra. Nothing else. I'll take it off for you, but not here. Over there, in the ladies room?"

I fingered the side of my glass for a few seconds, then downed the rest of my scotch. She was waiting for an answer, still pressed forward over the table, eyes wide with excitement.

The waiter brought our second round of drinks. I lowered my eyes to the second glass, again with two large ice cubes, so I stopped him to complain. "It's top-shelf scotch. I've ordered it 'neat' twice now. Can you fix it?" He scooped up the glass without a word and hurried away once again. It wasn't the service we remembered.

Linda raised her eyebrows. She looked surprised. "Well, my husband certainly wouldn't have been that forward. I'm impressed."

I stared for a long time at the buttons down the front of her dress. It narrowed to a snug fit just below her bust, and I could see the buttons part here and there to reveal bare skin underneath. "About your dress, Linda, and what's under it. Before you run off to the ladies' room, undo the buttons. I want to see." I doubted she'd refuse. She had done the same for Stephan in that very same booth a year ago. She didn't disappoint me.

"Um, okay. But if my husband knew what I'm doing, well, he'd be very upset."

"Your husband isn't here. Now, the buttons?"

She began to undo them, slowly, running her fingers lightly over each one before slipping it through the tight slit beneath it. I wondered how far she'd go.

"Is, this what you want?" she asked, with a sober stare.

She had stopped after the third one, and the dress had burst open to show me the inner curves of her breasts and the edges of the black bra through the opening. I remembered that she had gone much further for Stephan, but the bar had been almost empty by that hour and I knew she had been swept away by anger and her fantasies of submission to him.

"Good. I see it matches your panties. Did your husband buy the bra and panties for you?"

"He didn't. I bought them so he'd fuck me," she whispered.

"Doesn't he fuck you?"

"Of course. But not always the way I want it."

Her smile grew slowly after she said it. It became wider and more lascivious by the second. It was my turn to be impressed.

I nodded toward the restrooms.

"Don't button up. Just bring me your bra."

"I'll be right back," she said. She was still smiling as she left our booth.

I watched her cross the room, circle the bar, then disappear. Linda always turned a few heads in public, even when I was there beside her. Had I been there at the bar and seen her pass by, I would have been occupied with my own fantasies. She was a walking contradiction - at first glance, a refined, beautiful woman out for a cocktail with her husband; but after a longer look at the front of her dress, the way she moved with such a purposeful, confident stride and the fuck-me look in her eyes, she'd more than pass for an entirely corruptible wife, easily enticed by the right man with a cock she found irresistible.

But Linda had always been able to appear to be one thing to men, and then an instant later, chameleon-like, become whatever she decided they wanted her to be. She had been a late bloomer, eventually evolving into a beguiling siren in her late twenties. Even now she could reach into her past and revive the innocent but seductive woman-child I knew when we met. Boys loved it then, and men salivated over it later. She knew it, and I was sure she used it, sometimes to flirt with an attractive man, and other times just to make me crazy. It worked, for both purposes.

More than a few men looked as she paraded her breasts by them, but surprisingly, no one hit on her. I wondered if they would have if she had opened another button or two, and if she would have been daring enough to flirt, or maybe sit and have a drink with them, had they offered.

She returned with the same buttons opened, no more determined to reach our booth than the time that it took to leave it. Once in the booth across from me again I could see the bra was gone. Men at the bar must have enjoyed a surprisingly generous view of her breasts when she passed them. They were pushed upward and exposed where the dress parted, nearly revealing each pouting nipple. Still, she didn't seem at all embarrassed - in fact, she looked electrified. She wanted me to see her as a wife potentially offering her body to strangers - a lust-driven, desirable woman any man in that bar would fuck if she gave them the slightest sign she wanted it. She wasn't about to lose our little game, but I was more and more surprised to see how far she'd go to win it.

"I don't see it," I said.

"I did what you asked. I took it off. See?" She pried the opening wider to show me.

"Where is it, then?"

"Oh. It's - here." She put her purse on the table, opened it, then turned it toward me so I could see inside.

I tapped the table with my finger again, beside the panties. "Here - I'd like to see it."

She hesitated and looked down at her lap. She could play "coy" just as easily as she could the lascivious, neglected wife. It was exciting to see her fall into the role so easily. I had to concentrate to stay in character; the part she played so well promised so much more.

She returned her purse to her side, carefully placed the bra on the table, and slid it slowly across to me with one finger.

I moved it closer, next to her surrendered panties, fingered the lace for a while, then looked back up at her open dress.

"Show me more," I suggested.

"More? Here? What if someone I know comes in and sees me? What if someone tells my husband?"

"Our little 'dates' have never bothered you before," I reminded her.

"You know what I mean. What if someone sees my dress open and my underwear out on the table? You've never asked for any of this before, not in public. How would I ever explain this to David?"

"Why do you do it, then? Why keep coming back for more if you're so afraid?"

"You know why. I've told you why." She looked away, pretending to be too embarrassed to answer. "Sometimes my husband, he, um, doesn't always fuck me the way I want it. Need it, I mean."

"And what way is that, Linda?"

She leaned closer, straining over the table toward me, answering in the loudest whisper she could manage without being overheard. "The way you make me crawl and beg for it! The way you tie me and torture me before you let me cum! David's a decent man, not a monster like you. Letting a monster fuck me helps me live with a little of that same monster that's a part of me. But I can only live without it for so long before -" She stopped suddenly and turned her face away from me, staring vacantly out into the room while she continued. "- before I let you use me like you do. Before I get my fix and go back to having my husband inside me again, the way it should be."

In our mutual competition of words and fantasy brought to life, she had outdone me. But she had also shown me what it might be like to be her dark, portentous, phantom lover, the one who shows her the meaning of, what was it she had said? "Off the scale?" I wondered if she was still pretending, or whether she had possibly been taken to a place she hadn't planned to go. The air was heavy with silence for a while. She wouldn't look at me.

I took a chance to lighten the mood, and I chuckled as I put my hands up in surrender. "You win - I don't think I can take any more!" I wasn't at all prepared for what might come next if I was wrong. I held my breath and waited to see who the woman sitting in front of me might become.

Suddenly, she was the Linda I knew again. It threw me, twisted me around, and sent a chill of nervous relief through me. I assumed my surrender had ended our little game. Then I watched her sly smile return as she leaned forward with both elbows planted on the table, her chin resting in the palms of her hands. The look she gave me promised my surrender was worthless.

"You mean you don't want to see me do this?" Pressing closer to me against the edge of the table, she unfastened another button on the front of her dress. And another, and another, until it was open to her waist. I was stunned. Our booth was mostly hidden from sight, sandwiched in the corner of the room between the wall and a wide, decorative column. Maybe she and 'Stephan' had chosen it in advance back then for that very reason.

"Tell me, how much more do you want?" She waited for my answer while she pulled the front of her dress open, inch by inch. "You know I'm naked under this dress. Do you want me to take it off? I will. Right here. If you make me. If you order me to."

I peered around the column to make sure no one was close by. Both her breasts were completely exposed. She thrust them forward at me, daring me to tell her what to do next.

Once again, I was beaten. "Enough, Linda. I give up! I give up! You win!" I was grinning from ear to ear.

"Really?" she said, rolling her eyes with disappointment. "I'm surprised. That sounds like something my husband would say. Now, are you going to take me back and fuck me, or not?" She gathered the front of her dress together, still unbuttoned, and recovered her bra and panties from my side of the table, unable to hold back a proud grin. I was grinning myself. It was the first time we had role-played in public, and I was more than a little eager to find out who the woman across the table from me might be after I took her home.

Outside, the snow had become heavy and wet. An inch of white blanketed the sidewalks, and the quarter-sized flakes that landed on our faces and hair vanished in seconds as they melted. Most stores had closed, but we stopped now and then to window shop. I stood by patiently while Linda

studied the mannequins in her favorite boutique window as if she was waiting for them to twirl and pose for her.

"Would you like to see me in that when we go out?" she asked.

It was phosphorescent under the blazing display lights, with nothing I could make out that would hold it in place over her breasts. I couldn't see how gravity wouldn't take its toll and allow the shimmering material to fall, with embarrassing consequences. The thin sheath of weightless fabric was a scorching streak of red from bust to floor, with a long, open slit up the front. One of the mannequin's thighs pushed forward through the slit, exposed nearly to the hip in a pose that was both elegant and sexy.

"Would you wear that?" I asked, trying to picture her in it.

"Mmmmm - my husband would approve. He likes to show me off."

"And what if it shows you off too much? Wouldn't other men would be all over you?"

"Ahh, but you don't understand." She turned and circled her arms around me, locking her eyes on mine. "I think that's what he likes - watching me flirt, imagining what may come of it."

"And what do you like?" I asked.

"What do I like?" She put her hand between my legs and moved it slowly, up along my thigh to my cock. "I like a man who takes what he wants - girlfriends, fiance's, even wives."

She turned her face up into the snow to kiss me. We hadn't kissed like that in weeks. It became a long, deep, probing kiss that lasted for minutes. She pulled my hand inside her coat, then under the dress she had left unbuttoned. I grazed her nipple with the palm of my hand. It was already swollen and hard, and she moaned when I rolled it between my fingers. I explored everywhere I could, her breasts, down her smooth belly, and finally lower, to that soft, yielding flesh just above her pussy that I knew made her dripping wet.

Finally, she broke the kiss, shaken and breathless. "Oh God - we have to stop." When I began to take my hand from her coat, she pulled it back inside and held it tightly against her bare breast, staring at me so seriously as she recovered. The snow was falling faster, wetting her hair and face, when I noticed a tear on her cheek.

"Don't - we're fine," I whispered.

She wiped the tear away suddenly, like some annoying pest had landed on her.

She looked up at me again, eyes full of hope, with a crooked smile that told me she tried her best to believe me. "How did I ever find someone like you?" she asked, sniffing back another tear.

I wasn't sure what to say, so I just held her there in the snow. I cursed myself for poisoning her trust in me to begin with, but clung to the hope that she'd be able to love me again the way she did the day we were married.

Eventually, we both began to shiver in the soaking snow. It hit us both at once, and we began to laugh. She hugged me tighter, and put her lips against my ear.

"Take me home and fuck me?"

Best Served Cold - Chapter 6, The Party, Best-Laid Plans

It was days later, and she hadn't given up trying to persuade me to go with her. I watched as she undressed for bed, and she paused as she slid her panties off, knowing I might give in if she gave me her 'come fuck me' look.

"I'm not sure it's a good idea, Linda. Wouldn't it be awkward?"

Her office party was in two weeks, and spouses were invited. I knew some of the people she worked with, but not that well. All their best clients were invited as appreciation for their continuing allegiance. The invites included Michael and most of his staff.

"I wouldn't know what to say to him. It's not that I'm afraid of seeing him again. I think I understand the relationship you two have pretty well. But all those other people, the people you work with, your clients - you wouldn't want them to find out how he and I know each other. We might have a lot of explaining to do, and when our stories didn't agree, they'd be suspicious, maybe that you and he are having an affair. So many things could be at stake - your company's business, your job, and your reputation. Not to mention what our friends would think if the rumor spread. I can see a hundred ways it could go wrong, and very few that could go right."

I was curious to see how much longer she'd try to convince me. I was sure she knew my concerns were valid, but I could tell she wanted me there in spite of them. It had come up twice in the past two days, and if anything, she became more insistent that she wanted me there beside her.

"Don't you want to show me off in my new dress?"

A month before, the day after our evening walk home in the snow, I bought the red dress she had stopped to admire in the store window. I knew she'd want it for the holidays, so I had given it to her early in case the size wasn't right. She had gone back to exchange it for a size smaller. I was embarrassed by my mistake, but she assured me it was the way the dress fit, not my clueless search through her closet for the right size that had been the reason. She hadn't modeled it for me. She wanted to surprise me, to let me see her in it for the first time just before she wore it. It had been a long wait.

"I think the dress will show you off all by itself," I assured her. "Do you think Michael will be able to keep his hands off you?" I grinned, and she grinned back.

"If you don't go with me, you'll always wonder," she teased.

"Maybe I'd like that - wondering what he was doing with my sexy wife all night."

"You mean you'd like the story I'd tell you when I come home. You still fantasize about us, don't you?"

"I do. All the time. Do you?" I asked.

She knelt in front of me and pulled down my zipper, slowly. Her hand went inside, her fingers probing. "I do wonder sometimes...if maybe...he'd still want to fuck me." She ran one finger down my cock, from tip to balls, before zipping me up again. "Do you think maybe he would?" She looked back, smiling coyly over her shoulder as she walked away.

"Well, how do I look?"

I forgot all about the party until Linda had reminded me the day before. She had put her hair up, except for a few spiraling tendrils that hung loosely and invitingly along each side of her face. She posed in the doorway of our bedroom with her knee bent forward and her thigh exposed, just like the mannequin in the window. The slit up the front was more daring than I remembered, and I wondered whether the dress was appropriate for any occasion even remotely related to her work. She wasn't only beautiful; in the screaming red sheath stretched over her alabaster skin, she was the definition of 'erotic' - or maybe even 'come fuck me'. Maybe I should have agreed to go with her.

"My God. I thought it looked good in the window; you're gorgeous! I'm glad you were able to get the right size. It shows off every inch of you. Maybe I should be worried about Michael."

"I still wish you would change your mind, David. No one will know. Michael's very well-behaved. He won't make a scene if you don't."

"I know, but I'd just feel out of place. And I'd be miserable all night, trying to avoid any hint of our connection to him. I know how you two will probably be together, and the last thing I want is having everyone watch the two of you get touchy-feely while I stand by and get those looks from everyone. You know what I mean - the looks that a husband gets when they're sure the other guy's fucking his wife. It turns my stomach just picturing it."

She pursed her lips in a quick pout. "I still wish you'd be there with me. I like to show you off too, you know."

"Speaking of 'showing off', what are you wearing under that? It couldn't be much."

She raised the top of the slit a few inches to show me the bright red panties. The color was an exact match. "You like? I picked them up when I returned the other dress. It's like they were made to go together. See? They're so thin there's not even a panty line."

"And," I mused with a grin, "they're nearly transparent." I looked closer. "Did you shave down there?"

"Only a slight trim. They're just so tiny; I was afraid someone might get a glimpse under the dress when I sit. I'm nice and neat now."

"In case someone sees your pussy," I offered, trying unsuccessfully to hold back the hint of a smile.

"You have such a dirty mind. No one is going to be looking at my pussy tonight. And even if they catch a quick look, seeing it in red is better than seeing it with no panties at all, isn't it?"

"I - think that might be a trick question."

"I'll leave them off, if you want; maybe give Michael a good long look to refresh his memory?" She peeled them halfway down her thighs and stood with her hands on her hips, waiting for me to answer.

"Maybe I'd like to hear your story about that when you get home," I said, grinning.

"Better be careful what you wish for, fantasy boy. You just might get it.

"I'm sure he'll love the dress. Who wouldn't? But I'd rather have him see the panties than what's under them. Unless, your plan was to show him your neat little 'trim'..."

Her grin faded, and she squinted at me.

"Sometimes I think you're serious about Michael and me actually doing it. Are you?"

I thought for a few seconds before answering. Did I want to confess how I really felt? Would I regret it, or be unburdened by it?

"From what you've told me about him, he's a decent guy, not the 'Stephan' I met at the Excelsior last year. It means something that he's been a good friend to you for so long. I give him credit for that, and for not taking advantage of you that night.

"I don't know; I suppose I'm 'less uncomfortable' with the idea now. I don't think I would actually want to see it, but you know it's a fantasy of mine, and I know it would make you happy. I do think about it though, probably more than you know. I can't unsee all the things you've told me about the two of you back in school, and I know you're attracted to him, even now. And to be honest, sometimes I imagine him fucking you when we fuck, and I wonder whether the sounds you make and the things you do with me are the same as they were with him. I even wonder if sometimes you might imagine I'm him in bed while we're fucking - and that always gets me off..."

Linda was motionless, staring with disbelief. "I guess I don't understand what all that means, David," she said quietly. "He's a friend; one who cares about me. And I know he cares about our marriage. We fucked for a year in school, not that often, mostly only when I wanted to. He helped me with papers and homework; he drove me places when I needed to run errands off campus; he took care of me sometimes when I got sick, and took me out to eat on my birthday. I never knew why. I was a little fish in an ocean of gorgeous girls. He always had a girlfriend; I was always an afterthought, one he treated like a sister - well, most of the time."

She paused after pleading her innocence, then thought better of trying to further exaggerate it.

"Yes, David, if you want the truth, I do still think about what it would be like to have sex with him. But to discover you consider it that seriously after all we've been through with him - I had no idea, even knowing your little fantasies. I'm stunned."

We were at a standoff, with so much left up in the air.

She crossed the room to where I sat, hiked the dress up over her thighs, and knelt in front of me. "I don't want you to worry, David. I don't love him - I never did. I am attracted to him - he's a sexy man. But it was a college crush back then, and a little sex along with it. It happened over ten years ago. We've only seen each other again for the past two, and only when work requires it, other than the act we put on for you. I do enjoy teasing you about him, though. But, seriously, you do think about me having sex with him? That you might be okay with it someday?"

"Where did he touch you that night, in the hotel room? You said you wanted him to touch you," I told her, lost in thoughts of the red dress, rumpled and abandoned on the floor beside the bed where they might fuck.

"He touched my neck, my shoulders, and my breasts, David."

I could hear relief in her voice, and a hint of arousal.

"And you were naked?"

"I told you all this before. I had to take my dress off to put my bra back on."

"But you left your dress off. You wanted him to look at you first."

"Yes, David. It was so like my fantasy. He was dressed, and I was naked. I was powerless and he was in charge. But it wasn't at all about submitting to him when we were back in school; those feelings came later when I met Jordan."

"He watched me get dressed. There wasn't much to put on, just my bra and panties, and the dress I bought for that night."

"You bought the dress for that night? I'd never seen it before."

"I bought it when Michael and I started to rehearse. He gave me ideas of what to buy, and I kept it in the trunk of my car. He told me it should be something you'd believe I would wear, something everyday and innocent. Nothing slutty. It had to have buttons down the front or something easy to unfasten. He thought the black lace underwear would get to you, that you'd think I'd have planned to wear it under the dress for him later, in his hotel room. It was funny in a way - after Michael and I rehearsed the first time, I had to take that dress back too for a smaller size. He didn't think the first one was tight enough. It didn't open far enough to show my breasts when I unbuttoned it."

"You grabbed his cock before you left."

"We were hugging - I could feel his erection against me, and I just put my hand there. I didn't plan it. I didn't touch his penis. I held it through his pants. I didn't even move my hand."

"And did he like that? Did he want you to do more?"

"I don't know, David. He didn't say anything. But he was very hard."

"And big?"

"Big enough. It was through his pants, David."

"But you know, don't you? How big he is. From 'all the things you used to do with it' back in college."

"The one thing I won't do is compare his cock to yours. Any difference doesn't matter. It's a physical thing with him, and love with you. Remember our talk about kinds of men? And kinds of orgasms? Did I mention cocks? No - because it's the kind of man attached to it that gets me off, not the equipment he uses to do it."

"So, you won't even give me a hint?"

"Nope. You'll have to use your fantasies for that. But I can guess what you'll imagine; how I must have loved his 'massively thick, ten-inch cock when he stuck it in me'."

"I, um, don't think about it being quite that big. Just, 'big'. Something you can't bring yourself to let go of through his pants. Something you'd want again if he offered to fuck you with it."

She smiled and shook her head slowly. "It's time for me to go, David. I have to be there early to help with the food and arrange tables and chairs in our conference room. We've hired an amazing caterer. You haven't had dinner. Are you sure you won't come?"

"I'll be fine. There's a pizza in the freezer and beer in the fridge. I'll watch the game tonight and get a little drunk. It'll be fun. Maybe not as much fun as you'll have tonight, but I can wait till tomorrow to hear about that."

"Well, I'm sure I won't have as much to tell you as you imagine. But fantasize away. Just don't jerk off while I'm gone; leave that thing alone. I want to fuck you the second I get in the door. Fantasize about that."

I had never seen the bright red heels she was wearing when she left. Maybe she was afraid to show me the price tag. But I didn't care about the price. It was Christmas - she could have anything she wanted.

I suppose I should have been more anxious about Linda's party, but by then I had been inoculated against much worse horrors than her admitted attraction to Michael. I did find her relationship with him laced with eroticism, and their long friendship and Linda's evidence of his honorable character were a calming influence on the stories I wove about them in my head.

I made a pizza, drank some beer, and watched TV to pass the time. I wasn't tempted to 'jerk off', as Linda had feared, but I did think about her with Michael. I was preoccupied with how he'd like her new dress and whether he may get a peek at her red, see-through panties.

After a shower, I wandered into our shared bedroom closet to find my robe. On my way out, I noticed a streak of flowered material sandwiched between Linda's summer dresses and tops. I pried it from between the rest and recognized it as the dress she had worn for 'Stephan', and then for me when we role-played at the Excelsior bar a month ago. I took it to the bathroom, hung it on the shower door, and stared. There was nothing extraordinary about it. It looked new. For all I knew, she may have only worn it twice in public.

I felt a bit silly playing with the buttons, but I couldn't help undoing them, one by one, then pulling the top of the dress open as wide as it

would allow. I remembered her breasts surrounded and cinched by the fabric, pushed upward and outward across the table toward me. It was odd in a way; it was the first time I had touched the dress, after all we had been through. I thought about how Michael would have buttoned and unbuttoned it when they rehearsed, and how he was hard for her while playing his part. I passed my hand under the bottom hem, then inside, following the tapering waves of soft cotton upward to the waist. This was where his hand found her bare thigh, then crept slowly along it to her wet center that begged him for relief. I could imagine the tension between them as they played their parts, over and over, so desperately hungry for each other, yet too cautious to surrender to yet another infidelity.

My cell rang, and I went to the bedroom to answer it. It was an old college friend who always called around the holidays, just to catch up. I went back to the den where I was watching TV, and we talked for an hour. After he called, I was looking for a late-night movie when a text alert sounded. It was 11:00, and I thought Linda might have needed a ride home if she had been drinking.

Linda: *Party ran late. you ok?*

Me: *Fine. you coming home?*

Linda: *Still want your fantasy?*

Me ???

Linda: *Michael wants to play. ok?*

Me: *Play what?*

Linda: *With me. ok?*

Me: *dunno...for real?*

Linda: *For real.*

Me: *dunno...*

Linda: *Please? NO fucking.*

Me: *You drinking?*

Linda: *Just a little. Just one. OK, two.*

Me: *You sure? Only two?*

Linda: *Just two. White wine. No daiquiris...I wish!*

Me: *When will you be home?*

Linda: *Maybe an hour. NO fucking. I promise!*

Me: *Not at Michael's place.*

Linda: *No. Still at the office. Everyone's gone.*

Me: *1 hour then home. BEHAVE*

Linda: *You really want me to?*

Me: *Maybe....*

Linda: *Love you - bye!*

I stared at the phone in disbelief. Was it one of her games? Or had I said just enough before she left to make her believe I'd be okay with it? "Maybe"? Why the fuck had I said, "Maybe"?

She was home by 12:30, looking just as delicious as when she left. She was carrying the red shoes, now barefoot in the red dress, her hair a tangle of wild curls. She kissed me on the cheek, thanked me, and headed for the bedroom to change. I followed her to watch.

The dress was laid out on the bed, unwrinkled and blazing with color. She turned to me and smiled, standing by the bed in nothing but the red panties. I hadn't seen her in just the panties before. I could hardly breathe.

"Do you like them?" she asked. She turned her ass toward me, looked over her shoulder, and grinned.

"The question is, did Michael?" I asked.

"Of course not! At least, not like this. I promised we wouldn't fuck. Oh, come on, let's go to bed. I'll tell you everything."

She seemed so full of energy, like a kid on Christmas morning, flitting from room to room, turning off lights and the TV. When she returned to the bedroom, she hopped on the bed in her red panties and patted a spot beside her. She was radiant, glowing, and visibly excited.

"Come here, fantasy boy. I have things to tell you." She lay on her side and raised one bent knee, teasing me with the sight of the nearly transparent panties, glued to her slit like wet tissue. I climbed on the bed, moved alongside her, and ran my fingers through her hair.

"Michael wanted me to let it down after the party. He thought it was sexy. I guess it looks kind of wild though, doesn't it? No one saw it except Michael - and now you."

I touched her shoulder, then traced a path to her breasts. They were warm and flawless.

"Did he touch you like this?" I asked, repainting the picture of them together in my head.

"He did, David. I love his hands on me - you know that. Can you imagine him doing it?"

"Yes, I can. I am."

I moved down to her belly, and she gasped.

"Keep going, David, please?"

The panties were so delicate I was afraid they'd disintegrate when I slid my hand inside. There was no elastic, nothing more than a band of lace that came away from her skin the instant I touched it. Farther down, she was soaked. Two fingers slipped inside her with no resistance. I had never seen her that wet before we fucked.

"Did he come in you?" I'm sure I let the concern show in my voice.

"God, NO, David! I told you we didn't fuck. He played with me for an hour, with his hands, and his fingers. I couldn't even concentrate on his cock. I just gave up trying. I came twice; I didn't need him to fuck me. I'm wet for you, David - now. I came home to fuck you! Isn't all this what you wanted to hear? You're so hard..."

She lay on her back, panting, while I stroked her belly with one hand and dipped my fingers into the liquid pool of juices between her legs with the other. Finally, she placed her hand over mine and guided my fingers, swirling lightly over her drenched clit as she pleaded desperately for relief. "I want you inside me now. Only you, David. Please, will you do that? Now? Please?"

"Will you pretend I'm him?" I asked, tentatively.

"No, David, I promise, I won't."

"No - I'm asking you to do it, Linda. I want to see you pretend it's him. I want to see you come with him like you did in college. It's my fantasy. Will you do it, for me?"

She studied me for a few seconds, trying to make sure she understood. Then I saw a hint of a smile again when she finally recognized how genuine my fantasy was.

She unleashed her answer in a single, uninterrupted stream of urgent desperation. "I will, David, I'll pretend it was hours ago and I'll pretend he's on top of me, inside me, and he'll make me come and we'll get dressed and I'll come home to you and tell you all of it... Now please, fuck me!"

I lowered the panties slowly, inch by inch, down along her legs. She shivered with impatience. Her eyes were closed, and she spread her legs and touched herself. Her hips rose off the bed and she put her hand

between her legs, parting two fingers to cradle the engorged cord of flesh between them, offering up her clit to me as a tantalizing finish to her story.

Her body's response was how I imagined her with another lover; her belly was sunken and flat, quivering with contractions and spasms, and her eyes were closed as she imagined her lover's promise to fill her. If only I could have read her mind. I was struck suddenly by her uncommon beauty there beside me. Her naked body seemed to offer itself up to me. Thick swirls of wild, tangled hair fell across her face in places, hiding an eye, a cheek, and a portion of her wide mouth.

Then she opened her eyes and pleaded again, gasping and thrusting her hips in the air against her fingers. "Aren't you - going to fuck me, David? Don't - torture me, please! Please, David - I want you - here - inside me!"

I fell into her, sinking past her swollen, drenched labia, marveling at the liquid depth between her straining thighs. She clutched me suddenly, pulling me down onto her breasts and belly, chanting in even whispers close to my ear. "Fuck me - fuck me - fuck me - fuck me - " It went on and on, the rhythm and volume never changing. Her eyes were closed again, and I tried to guess who she imagined was there between her legs. She let out a sudden, short cry at first when she came. Then, in the brief seconds of silence between gasps and moans, in a small, fragile voice, I heard her whisper, "Michael...Michael...Michael..."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 7, Party Confessions

The following night, Linda was stretched out on the sofa, tapping away at her phone. In my head, I imagined her and Michael making out in one of the vacant offices at work, his hand under the red dress, fingers deep in her pussy as they kissed. Then it was Linda on her knees sucking him, greedily taking his semen in her mouth and down her throat as she had with her past lover, Jordan.

I sat across the room and stared. She wore another of my presents, a silky pajama set with roomy shorts and a brief vest that fastened at the front with a single loop and button. It was forest green, her favorite color, and she had loved it the minute she opened it. As she stretched and changed positions, the button came undone, exposing her nipples and much of the ivory domes of firm flesh beneath them. I couldn't help imagining Michael's hands on them. She gathered the sides together and buttoned it again, but not before she caught me looking.

"You're ogling me again. Do you want to have sex?"

When I didn't answer right away, she looked over at me and said, "You're thinking about me and Michael again, aren't you? While you're watching me?"

I confessed I was.

"You know, I found the dress I wore at the Excelsior hanging in the bathroom last night. Did you put it there?" she asked.

Fuck, I had forgotten to return it to the closet before she found it.

"I, ah, guess I'm busted," I confessed. "I had never even touched it - only you and Michael had. You were at the party with him, and I needed to know what it might have been like for you when he put his hands on you that night. When I put my hand up under it, I thought about what it must have been like to be him when he touched you and fingered you. I knew it was a ridiculous thing to do, but I was obsessed with memories of you wearing it, of how you unbuttoned it the second he ordered you to do it. Then, as I stared at your dress, there was this overwhelming need to know - if he was doing any of it, or all of it to you again at the party."

"So, you were that worried?" she asked.

"No, I can't explain why, but honestly, I was excited. But it does worry me too at times. Part of your attraction to him reminds me of what I did to you, and that my obsession with the fantasy might be some kind of ongoing, cosmic payback. I worry that I'm the one who's responsible for bringing the two of you together again, and thoughts of his hands on you, and your hands lovingly fondling his cock, is, well, exciting and devastating, both at the same time. I try, but I just can't get those images out of my head. It's become an obsession, much of the time a frustrating one."

Linda stared at me thoughtfully for a while before she answered. "I had no idea you were this concerned, David. I hope you don't think my attraction to Michael is some kind of revenge. It began long before I met you. I'm being as open and honest about it as I can possibly be. Yes, your affair with Joanna brought the three of us together that night, you and Michael face to face, but that's in the past. I've forgiven you. I want us to be happy together. If you don't want me to see him again, or even mention my past with him, I'll do that for you. Just tell me."

It was the last thing I expected to hear, especially with such genuine conviction. But I knew the fantasy would always haunt me after that night, even if it went unspoken. Repressing it would likely make it an obsession that would grow into more frustration and regret, and I'd much rather know Linda's sexual needs and fantasies than constantly wonder what they might be, or worse, worry that she'd explore them with Michael behind my back. Knowing each other's fantasies in uncensored detail and accepting them as part of who we are would be the only way I could be sure that we'd finally escape the past and avoid reliving it.

"I can't ask you to do that," I assured her. "I don't even want you to. Now that we've come this far, we can't start hiding things from each other. My fantasies of you and Michael are too consuming to abandon, and I have to trust you if I expect you to ever trust me again. While I was in the fantasy, running my hands over the dress you wore with him was as though I was there while you and he rehearsed. Except, instead of only rehearsing, I pictured his hands on you, and yours on him, and then you cumming, collapsing into his arms as he fingered you, and maybe even as he fucked you."

"Well, sorry, but it wasn't at all like that, David. It could have been. We were so close to giving in to it, to go beyond where Michael's script led us. But I guess I was more hurt than angry, and I desperately hoped there was still a way to fix us. Michael deserves a lot of credit for that too - I know he wanted me. It must have been painful for him - he was so hard the entire time we practiced our little plan. All I could think of much of the time was reaching over and taking his erection in my hand, even if it was just for a few seconds. I suppose it's why I couldn't resist doing it later that night in his hotel room."

"But you did take it in your hand, last night, didn't you?" I prompted her.

I saw her confusion change immediately to a warm smile. "Okay - what do you want to know about last night? But take off your pants first. I want to see you get hard. And come over here - I want to play with you while we talk."

I took off everything and lay beside her on the sofa. She giggled and ran her fingers over my chest, then down, lower. "I've always loved watching you get hard," she said quietly, as though someone might be close by and hear her. "I've seen men's erections before, but I rarely get to see them grow like this. It's rather fascinating, seeing something so helpless-looking grow into something so long and stiff it can reach all the way up inside me. Reeealy, raaather, faaascinating..." I watched her pretend to inspect it carefully, pulling and bending it to look from every angle. She grinned at me. "Did you know your cock is fascinating?"

Her grin became a satisfied smile as she began to milk it slowly from base to tip, watching it grow. "Now, what was it you wanted to know...?"

"Sooo, I guess you kissed him?" I asked.

"He kissed me, David. Just once - he was so eager to do more..."

"And he put his hand up under your pretty, red dress?"

"Ummm, no, not at first."

She went quiet for a minute, teasing me with the vague answer.

I unbuttoned her top and ran my palm lightly over her breast, circling my thumb over her nipple. "So, then he must have done something like this..."

She turned on her side and put her arm across my chest, moving closer, inches from my face. She delivered the words so slowly, drawing them out, waiting for my response between each phrase.

"He... pulled my top down... and... licked... my neck, and then... my breasts and nipples. I just... let him... play with me. I wanted evvvery bit of him. His attention... his mouth... his tongue... and yes..." she told me, staring into my eyes with passion, "his cock."

Running all of it through my head, digesting it, and making it come to life took time, and we were quiet for a minute before either of us spoke again. She was raking her long fingernails up and down over my erection, spending extra time on the glans where the sensation was almost unbearable.

"So, you did want him to fuck you," I said, finally.

"Of course, David. Before he was done, I wanted all of him inside me. But I promised you. So we didn't."

"And, when he had his hands under your dress?"

"It was easy for him. When we were finally alone, he wanted me to take my panties off, so I did. He pulled up my dress and fingered me for so, fucking, long before he ate me. I came in his mouth, and he drank like he was parched and I was an oasis in the desert. It was... just, so, wonderful."

"I can tell - you're smiling like it happened five minutes ago," I told her. But it was more than that. She was glowing. Her entire body was alive with her story. I could read every detail on her skin, in her eyes, and the way the words escaped from between her lips with such delicious heat and passion.

"And when it was your turn?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I didn't spend as much time on him. I wanted to. I played with his cock, used my hands on him, well, you know, like I do with you. I know it's been a long time, but it all came flooding back - the time I spent with him in school, how hard he'd get for me when I'd undress in front of him, and the way he'd always fuck me when I'd come begging for it.

"Eventually, I took him in my mouth. He even tasted the same, and I swallowed every last drop he had to give me. He didn't last long. Afterward, he told me how sex with me was so memorable back in college because he could tell how much it meant to me, that I was always so hungry for it. Then he added that I really was the best freshman piece of ass he had ever had. I laughed, but he stopped me, and he said he meant every word."

"I'm sure he was right, on all counts," I told her. "You know, I'm not sure why, but hearing you tell me about it the way you do... well, I probably should be, but I'm not as worried or jealous as I expected - maybe a bit envious though, that it's all so new and exciting for you..."

"Really David, you have nothing to worry about. Honestly. I want you for a husband, not him. I couldn't ask to be married to a more compassionate and understanding man."

"But thoughts of him fucking you excite you more and more each time we talk about him, don't they?" I suggested. "I can see it on your face, in your eyes. It makes you happy, doesn't it?"

"Just sex with him, David. I can see I can't hide it from you. I like him, and I'd really love to fuck him, but that's where it ends."

"So, I suppose I could look the other way now and then. You'd have to find times and places where you could be discreet; no one can know about this. And, I want you to tell me afterward, every time. It would have to be just sex - nothing like an affair. I guess I'm a bit embarrassed to admit it, but the thought of it excites me - my irresistibly fuckable wife having secret sex with an old college lover..."

"It's been a fantasy of yours even before that night, hasn't it?" she asked. "An irresistible man meeting me, seducing me, fucking me into total oblivion, and then having me come home to you so we can fuck after we play with one of my little stories about it? I don't completely understand it, but something we never expected happened to us that night with Stephan at the Excelsior. But are you sure this is something you really want? Bringing your fantasy to life? We can have fun with all kinds of fantasies together, in the dark, in our bed. But bringing them to life can't be undone."

"How can I be sure? But I'd like to know - I have to know. I just never thought any of it would actually happen until now. Did you?"

"Not really, David. But honestly, I'd always fantasized, maybe even dared to hope, that Michael might be more than just a client again someday. Fucking both of you without putting our marriage in danger was always as unlikely as winning the lottery twice in a row. Now, I think what you're suggesting may be even better."

The holidays arrived and departed as they always have, with last-minute shopping, wrapping presents, and the obligatory visits with family and friends. We planned a small New Year's Eve party at our place with fifteen or twenty guests. "Did you invite him?" I had asked, hoping I still had a say in the decision. "I suppose it would be awkward to uninvite him, but with our friends here, I don't think it's the right time or place. I would like to meet him though, eventually, if for no other reason than to be convinced he's not the 'Stephan' I met that night."

"I think I know what you'd like," she had said, grinning. "We'll have him over some other time, when the three of us can talk." There was something in her voice that suggested she had already planned it, and had expectations she hadn't shared. There was something in her eyes as well; it was always her eyes that gave her away when she spoke of Michael.

January turned bitterly cold, with more and more snow and all the inconveniences that came with it. Linda and I both returned to work without much of a break from the holiday madness. We were always a bit sad when the holidays were over; it was our favorite time of the year. We loved putting up the tree, and hated taking it down. On the street below, the strings of lights and blinking decorations were gone and the city had returned to browns and grays. Winter still held a few lingering ghosts from our past, but mine had faded to a pale remnant of the menacing specter born at the Excelsior Hotel bar. Linda's ghosts seemed to have disappeared completely, or she had hidden them well during her concentrated effort to keep us whole. Our work consumed us, and time accelerated until spring had brightened our spirits and reawakened our appetites for new bedtime fantasies.

"I saw Michael today."

I watched her there across from me, propped up near the end of the sofa with her legs stretched out in front of her. She raised one knee as she spoke, bunching her nightshirt up around her waist, showing me a mouthwatering expanse of bare leg from hip to toe. I could see between her legs where the familiar red panties barely covered her. I knew it wasn't a coincidence that the red panties suddenly appeared along with the mention of his name.

"At work?" I asked, still staring between her legs.

"No, not there..." She didn't look up from her tablet.

"Was it a place I'd know? Did you go to lunch, or maybe have a drink with him after work?" I guessed. My heart was pounding

"You're getting warmer," she said, trying to hold back a smile, still punching and swiping across the surface of her new iPad.

I went to the sofa and sat on the edge beside her. She was fiddling with her tablet, scrolling through collections of our friends' holiday photos.

The red panties had to be a sign; she hadn't worn them since the night of her office party.

"So, you had sex with him?" I asked, cautiously.

She put down her tablet and gave me an apologetic look. "You said it was okay, that you could look the other way occasionally. Did you change your mind?"

"Well, no. But I wanted you to let me know. That was our agreement."

"I am letting you know. Now."

"Then, when was it?" I asked, nervously. It had excited me at first, but now I worried her overly buoyant mood since the time of our agreement might be a sign of trouble.

"Today. Just today. Only one time." She began to smile again. "You're getting hard, aren't you?"

How could she always do that so easily, so predictably? There was this uncanny synergy in the sight of her willing body and her teasing, seductive smile that always reeled me in, and she was exquisitely adept at adding the words she knew would command my cock to rise for her when she wanted it.

"I want to see you," I told her, too distracted to answer her question. I adjusted her nightshirt and pulled the panties down along her legs and over her bare feet. She let the leg nearest me fall off the sofa, flaunting her bare sex, knowing it would make me harder. I held the wisp of red lace in my hands, drawing the waist taut with two fingers, matching the width of her hips. The panties felt as if they might float away in the air if I let them go. "You wore them for him when you were with him? Today?"

"I want you inside me while I tell you. Can we do it here, on the sofa?" Her eyes locked on mine so seriously, yet there was an unmistakable certainty that she knew I'd want what she promised. She was visibly wet, naked under the shirt, spreading her legs and inviting me in.

When I undressed and began to climb between her legs, she stopped me. "No - I want to be on top. I don't want you to be able to escape once I start," she teased.

"Why would I try to escape?" I asked, still a bit too ambivalent to fully accept her playfulness the way she intended it.

She narrowed her eyes, wearing her best playful grin. "Maybe it'll be too much for you."

Linda lowered herself slowly onto my erection, squirming a little to get comfortable. And she began her story.

"I told Michael you agreed to 'look the other way' if we decided to fuck. We had a long talk first. He didn't want to complicate our past by agreeing to fuck me if he wasn't sure you were okay with it - well, more than okay. I told him how hard you were when we pretended you were him fucking me after the party, and he was anxious to make our first 'date.'"

"A date? I'm not sure I like the sound of that."

"His word, not mine. Maybe this will be too much for you. Hmmm? Maybe I should stop..."

"Wait! What? No - tell me!" She just couldn't resist teasing, right up to the last minute.

"Michael picked me up at lunch today, just a few blocks from the office. Don't worry - no one saw us. But even if they had, he and I do go to lunch there together now and then, just to talk shop. Still, it was exciting, imagining everyone knew I was slipping away to fuck a man who isn't my husband. I would never want the people I work with to know, but while I sat waiting for him at the little outdoor cafe, a few of the men stared at me, well, you know, the way they do when they think I might be available. I began to fantasize that a few of them knew what I was about to do, and that they wanted to fuck me before Michael got his turn. I imagined they were all hard for me, the 'innocent, everyday wife' who was unable to hide that she was on her way to be fucked by her lover.

"Then, in the middle of my fantasy, this guy appeared out of nowhere and asked if he could join me. He was so young, in his early twenties I guessed, a little scruffy, but so confident in the way he approached me with his boyish good looks. His crotch was at eye level, and I couldn't take my eyes off his faded jeans as he stood there beside me - such a cute little butt and very nice bulge where I imagined his cock waited so impatiently for me. It just looked so delicious. I told him I was waiting for my husband, but instead of folding and slinking away, he just smiled, and told me, 'Maybe some other time, then?' I wondered, had I not been waiting for Michael, if I might have gone with him to discover what was inside those faded jeans. I can still see the outline of his surprisingly large cock, right there in front of me, eagerly prepared to fuck me. But, I'm sure it was just my impatience to fuck Michael that made me even consider it. At least that's what I told myself as I watched his cute little butt disappear into the crowd."

She was rising and falling on my cock so slowly, timing her movements to match the words she used to draw me into her story. She had taken me deep inside her, and then stopped, impaled to the hilt as she closed her eyes, wearing a faint, satisfied smile. Her contractions were those of a small but powerful fist inside her belly, clamping, releasing, and then tightening again, over and over, as she relived her encounter with her scruffy admirer. At first, I had thought he was merely an exaggerated embellishment to her story, but then I wasn't so sure.

"Would you have fucked him?" I asked, quietly. "I mean, if it was a normal workday and you had stopped for lunch there? You've never told me anything like this before."

She opened her eyes and stared down at me with a look that penetrated any and all doubts I had about her sincerity. I knew how adept she was at leading me through a labyrinth of erotic surprises and trapdoors. Admittedly, I always followed her willingly, so eager to see her as a woman open to ever more perversity. But I was also more and more aware that she loved weaving our fantasies into her little stories while we fucked.

"You must know I look at other men, David - that I wonder what some of them might be like in bed. Does it seem so impossible that I might be seduced by at least one of them, far beyond my best attempt to refuse them?"

"So, you might fuck him? If you happen to meet him 'some other time?' Would you tell me?"

"I'm not that easy, David. But what if I had gone with him? What if that guy at the cafe took me somewhere and fucked me, even if it was only for a few minutes, for as long as it took for both of us to come? We'd never see each other again after a single, momentary lapse of judgment; it would be my little secret I'd remember on a day when I'm feeling less than attractive and need to know men other than my husband might still find me desirable."

I moved both hands to her breasts, pushing them gently upward and together, just as they had looked when bound by the unbuttoned opening at the front of her flowered dress. When her smile widened, I was sure she could read my mind. "Do you have many of these little secrets?" I asked, stunned and excited by her confession.

"Enough to keep you begging for more, David. But you only get one at a time, and only when I want to see you sweat a little while I get you hard." On the last word she clenched my cock as tightly as she could, holding it, watching me with amusement as I tried to delay spewing every drop I had into her tense, clutching belly.

"But maybe now you'd rather hear about Michael and me..." she teased, afraid I wouldn't last until she fed me the rest of her story.

"He owns a rental house, just outside the city. The last tenants had just moved out, so we had the entire house to ourselves. We talked for a while. He wanted to know all about you, especially about your decision to share me with him. I explained that I had filled you in on my history with him, and that it was a subject you and I have danced around and played with for a while now. He seemed satisfied with that.

"He told me about a couple he met when he worked as an actor in New York, a husband and wife who shared the fantasy of another man fucking her. They approached him one night after his show, and the husband watched his wife flirt with Michael outside the theater. He fucked the wife a few times while her husband watched. He said he often thought about fucking me when we'd see each other now and then, and he knew it had worked for

the couple in New York, but he doubted you'd ever be open to considering it, so he never suggested it.

"Anyway, we talked about old times, some of the strange and funny people we knew on campus, and yes, a little about having sex together back then. I asked him, 'Why me?' When he could have had any girl on campus? He told me it wasn't just one thing. He thought my body was perfect, and so was the way I fucked, like I was so hungry for it that nothing else mattered. I was shocked. I never knew he saw me that way. When I told him I assumed I was just an afterthought, he confessed that he used to masturbate thinking of me knocking on his door every time I needed sex. He never told me any of that back then. I was just happy and always a little surprised that a guy like Michael wanted to fuck me.

"He asked me to strip for him. It was lunchtime, and I was in my work clothes, but I think he liked that - watching me lay my jacket and blouse on the floor, seeing me peel my slacks off, then unfasten my bra and model my red panties for him. It was the first time he had seen me in just the panties and nothing else - I wanted to surprise him. I could tell by the way he stared and smiled at me that he recognized them from that night after the party. He told me to leave my heels on and turn and pose for him. His voice changed as I turned to face him again - I almost didn't recognize it. He told me to pull the panties down to my ankles and leave them there. I did, and I'm sure he could see how wet I was. That's when he called me a 'cock-hungry little slut.' I don't know how he knew what it would do to me. He just did. I liked it, David. No, I fucking loved hearing him say it."

"Is that how you saw yourself?" I asked.

"I only know it excited me, David. I've been the 'good girl' for so long, since after the time Jordan made me his slave, and for years before that. There is a difference, you know, between giving myself to a man and submitting to him in my fantasies. The way Michael spoke to me blurred those differences, as if he knew all about my fantasies and laid them bare in front of me. He said that the next time I see him I can't wear any panties at all. He said he wants me naked under my clothes like a 'little slut', so he could, 'see my pussy drip,' while I strip for him. From now on he wants to see all of me, and that I wouldn't be completely naked for him unless I was shaved. He was so insistent, so demanding in the way he said it that it brought back memories of Jordan's demands just before he tied me and fucked me. I was mortified that it made me so wet. I was afraid I might have to explain why if he asked. But he just looked between my legs and smiled like he understood.

"I know I don't have the body I had in college, but he kept telling me how beautiful I was. Then he'd grin and call me his, 'pretty little slut.' The longer he talked, the more I wanted him to see all of me. I took the panties off and turned and posed for him when he asked. I played with my breasts and spread my legs for him. He told me to play with myself, and I put my hand between my legs and did it, shamelessly, right there in front of him. When he finally reached out and lifted my breasts with his hands, it was as though nothing else existed outside of that room."

She paused, securely impaled on me, and took a few deep breaths. I could feel her juices begin to soak me, the unexpected coolness of the liquid as it coated the root of my cock and drenched my pubic hair. I could see reliving her time with him had stopped her story as though she was there, and that her confessions caused her to become lost in wanton sensations she couldn't express in words.

"Jesus, I wish I could have been there," I told her, needing a few deep breaths myself. "The thought of you stripping for him during your lunch hour, the clothes everyone sees you wear at the office in a pile at your feet; I doubt anyone but me would ever picture you there like that. I guess you were late getting back."

"He wanted me to call in sick the rest of the afternoon, so I did," she went on, finally. "After that, I just went to him, unzipped him, and sucked him. It was so like it used to be. He was thick and hard and the taste of him was so familiar. My hands were on him everywhere - his thighs, his ass, and his hard, flat stomach. He tried to stop me when he was close to cumming, but I wouldn't - I couldn't. He kept trying to back away from me, but I closed my mouth around him and pulled him close. It was as though it was Jordan's cock, and I'd be punished if I didn't drink everything he had to give me.

"When he came, I swallowed and swallowed, but a little of it leaked out of the corners of my mouth. I don't think he was even aware of it - he just closed his eyes, put his head back, and gave me all of it in a few surging gushes. There was so much semen, just as I remembered with Jordan. Still, this time no one scolded me or punished me for what I spilled. I was happy that I had pleased him, and that I had shown him how hungry I was for him, just like he said he remembered in college.

"We got naked and lay on the carpet together for a while after that. He couldn't keep his hands off my body. I loved how he had time for me after I finished him - how he stroked my neck and ran his fingers over me. I had forgotten how preoccupied he was with simply touching and stroking me all over back then.

"We had waited so long, so many years, and were so desperate for each other. There wasn't any foreplay - after he had time to recover, we just fucked. But it didn't take me back to how I remembered it in college like I expected. I wasn't his 'afterthought' anymore. I thought of you, when you surprised me by telling me that you could 'look the other way'. I imagined you there, watching, smiling with approval, telling me I could have his cock, and that I should enjoy every second of it. I came while I was thinking all that about you. It was so intense, yet so warm and satisfying.

"He watched me like you do when we dressed to leave. He kissed me, asked if I was okay, and when we could do it again. I reminded him you had said, 'now and then,' and I told him that it had to be just sex and nothing more, but that when he wanted me again, I'd be willing. He looked relieved in a way - maybe that we'd be able to fuck again, but also, maybe that the obsession I had for him back then was much different than

how I think of him now. I made it clear that I loved his body and his cock, but that I get amazing 'husband cock', and everything else I need, from you."

I had my hands on her hips, slowly rubbing my thumbs along the crease between her legs and her silken belly. My fingers wandered onto the yielding pillow of flesh just above where she had taken me inside her, sliding once over her slippery, engorged nub, then slightly higher, tracing even lines over the smooth, sensitive skin there.

She inhaled sharply, hissing, letting her head fall back.

"Sssss - you know what that does to me - you know I can't take it - God, you're killing me!"

My hands became careful spiders - deliberate, searching, crawling fingerlings, inching step by step up over her flat belly. She shuddered and hissed again. "Oh fuck, David - fuck! fuck!" She fell back, stretching her arms behind her until she caught herself, arching her back and whimpering. I pulled at her nipples, milking and stretching them just enough to make her gasp.

She leaned forward again, rising and falling on my cock, pounding me furiously with her perfect ass. Lowering my hands slowly back down her belly, I found the bare, drenched lips of her pussy, then probed and circled her rubbery clit with the tip of my finger.

"Oh fucking Christ, David I'm going to come I'm going to come - oh fuck me, fuck me, FUCK me..."

It was too much for me - I gaped at her straining torso, her shuddering breasts, and the tornado of hair whipping wildly about her shoulders. The words and sounds she made let me know the crest she was riding would break and carry her crashing over the edge in seconds. Just as she let it take her, she reached between us and circled the base of my cock tightly with her thumb and fingers. We rode over the cliff together, suddenly reaching and clutching at each other, sealing our mouths together in a deep, violent, carnivorous kiss.

She lay there panting on top of me afterward, her head on my chest, my leg trapped between her thighs. I could feel the hard rise of her mound push into my thigh in regular little spasms like earthquake aftershocks.

"God, David - that was perfect. I'm so happy. This is going to work, isn't it? I mean with Michael?"

"I have to admit, there is something exciting about it," I told her. "I want you to be happy. I know it's been my fantasy for so long, but I was always uneasy about how I might react if it really happened. You make it a lot easier for me to accept. I love seeing you like this. You know I've always craved your body, along with the sounds you make and the way you give yourself up to me when we make love. It isn't lost on me how lucky I am to have such a gorgeous, sexy wife. It's no wonder so many men want you. And I was the lucky one you chose."

"I always thought I was the lucky one, David. I still think that."

I loved staring into her wide eyes, inches away from mine on the pillow. It seemed impossible that they might hide secrets in those moments. It was as if I could fall into them and get lost in their depths, leaving all my doubts and fears behind.

"So, you don't mind if I see him again? Maybe not too soon, but eventually?"

"When I told you I could 'look the other way,' I meant it. As long as I have you as often as I need you, not just in bed, but in every other way, in my life. I want to share this with you. I want to know what you do with him - what he does to you - all of it. I suppose the only things that scare me are secrets, the things you and he share that I'm not aware of. I have to know everything. He has to understand that."

"We need to have him over, David, so we can talk about all of this. Are you comfortable with that? The only Michael you've ever known is 'Stephan'. You have to remember he's been an actor, and that 'Stephan' isn't the real Michael at all."

"Like I said, I don't want any secrets, and that includes who Michael really is." I took a deep breath, then exhaled. "This is surreal. I'm going to meet the man who's fucking my wife. And for some reason I can't possibly explain, I think I'm looking forward to it."

Linda raised her head and planted a quick kiss on my lips. "So am I, David. Probably even more than you are."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 9, Death by Chocolate

Linda and I made dinner together on Friday. My specialty was a spicy seafood cioppino over a bed of fettuccine. Linda had taken the afternoon off to make her 'Death by Chocolate' cake with her special touch, a drizzle of Courvoisier over the top and sides while it was iced. Four bottles of my favorite claret stood waiting on the kitchen counter, a silent rank of soldiers as reinforcements for the night to come.

Michael arrived early, surprisingly nervous and animated - not the 'Stephan' I remembered at all. He pumped my hand a few times after I let him in, patting my upper arm and smiling warmly. It was almost an unsaid apology, I thought, or at least an attempt to put me at ease. I had

remembered him as taller and more imposing, but he was my height and nearly the same build. He had been a much better actor than I had given him credit for.

Linda hugged him and pecked him on the cheek, and he took her hands in his for a minute, admiring her. "I suppose you know what a lucky man you are, don't you?" he told me, smiling past her as he held her there in front of me.

"I'm sure I do," I told him. My tone wasn't nearly as welcoming as his had been. Had I noticed a second of discomfort in his eyes when I answered him? Could he have possibly been afraid, or was it a brief flash of remorse?

"Oh - I almost forgot these," he said, after releasing Linda. He turned to recover a dozen roses for Linda and a bottle of scotch for me, just outside the door where he had left them before knocking. Linda beamed at him, gushing over the bouquet of red blooms and buds. I was pretty happy with the eighteen-year-old single malt myself.

Linda and Michael sat and talked in the living room while I boiled the water for the fettuccine. It was all business, with back and forth about projects and deadlines. They seemed more like coworkers than lovers. I was relieved the subject of sex between them hadn't come up. Yet, there was still a hint of uneasiness, mixed with the unexpected potential that anything, good or disastrous, might descend upon us. Each time I'd hear Linda's voice rise in awe of Michael, I'd imagine his cock in her, and her unbridled joy of its length and girth. The linguini rushed past al dente as my imagination boiled alongside it.

Our dinner seemed to be a hit with Michael; as much as he liked my main course, he heaped praise on Linda for her chocolate-cognac cake. A few humorous stories about Linda and Michael's college days here and there kept the conversation light, but still reminded me of when and where they first fucked. There was an air of sensual familiarity between them that I viewed with equal amounts of arousal and caution; it was mostly the way Linda gazed at him when he spoke, or touched his arm when she laughed with him. Or, maybe it was just the wine going to my head.

Later, after we moved to more comfortable surroundings in our living room, the small talk carried us through another hour before it ran out of steam and stalled into silence. I brought more wine from the kitchen along with a plate with slices of Linda's cake to snack on. Linda and I sat beside each other on the sofa, and I had offered Michael the recliner across from us. When we all ran out of words, he glanced at Linda, then me, and sighed.

"I guess we all know why I'm here tonight. So, I might as well start. David, I can imagine what you must think of me, after what I put you through," he began.

"What we put you through," Linda added.

He clasped his hands together, leaned forward in the chair, looked at the floor, and shook his head slowly from side to side.

"I cared about Linda. I didn't know you at all, and wanted to help her recover from whatever happened. I could see how much she was hurting - I've never seen her that upset. I'm not judging you - but it was all for her. Only for her. I was pretty rough on you. Jesus, the longer it went on, the more it escalated out of control. She was working out her pain, and I admit, I was caught up in how it felt to have her there beside me like that again. But I'm not that guy. I just care about her."

I could feel Linda's eyes on me as he spoke.

"Michael, David and I have talked about this. A lot. It took some time, but I don't think he hates you," she said.

"You wouldn't be here if I did," I told him. "It took a long time though. You can thank Linda for getting me through most of it. And you're very lucky I've never been a violent man. It took a lot of time for Linda and me to get through all of it, but we're better now, aren't we?"

I looked at her when I asked, hopeful she'd show Michael she agreed. Linda put her hand on mine and gave it a little squeeze.

"Besides, you were both lucky I didn't take my waitress's offer to fuck me, then never come back. A lot of other men would have," I told them.

"David! The pretty little Goth girl? The one I had to see about paying our tab after you forgot? Would you have fucked her?"

"With you and Michael upstairs, well, doing whatever? I was sick with fear and guilt, and revenge wasn't far from my mind. She almost had me persuaded, but I had pickled my brain with so much booze I wouldn't have been much good to her anyway, even if had wanted to fuck her - which I did, then didn't. I don't even remember some of it."

"I guess I would have deserved it, David. But I'm glad you didn't. It means a lot to me that you didn't make things worse."

I poured everyone another glass of wine as quiet descended again. Was Michael going to talk about what he and Linda had been up to? He seemed to be avoiding any mention of having sex with her, and what I had agreed to. If anything, he seemed to withdraw before ever hinting at it. We were all a little drunk, and strangely, instead of lessening our inhibitions, it smothered us into silence. I couldn't find the words myself, yet it was supposed to be the night we came to terms with our decision that Linda could have sex with him. In any case, there weren't going to be any secrets. Whatever this was to be, I had to be a part of it. As the night staggered into hesitancy and indecision, there remained only one way to do it.

Linda's white blouse was inches away, so I reached over and began unbuttoning it. One button, then two, then three, all the way down to where it was tucked into her slacks. She shot me a surprised look, but

didn't stop me. Michael sat across the room, staring in silence. She had bought the outfit for that night. It was simple, yet sexy, and I had noticed she hadn't worn a bra under it when she had dressed earlier that evening. The supple material displayed the round contours of her bare breasts beneath it, and the slacks, although roomy, were thin enough to outline her slim legs and perfect ass whenever the material happened to collapse against her. I hadn't commented on her outfit, but imagined it was part of the seduction she had planned. I knew he'd probably take the bait, but hadn't at all imagined I'd be the one to offer it.

I turned off all the lights except the one near her at the end of the sofa, then stood in front of her, parting her knees gently with both hands. She was breathing deeply, looking up at me with surprise and wonder. I smiled, just a little, and she returned it with a longer, more cautious one of her own.

I placed my hands inside her thighs and trailed my fingers slowly up along them to the warm V where they met. Her hips twitched, just for a second, against me. I traced lingering paths up along the creases of her groin, finally hooking my fingers inside the wide waistband. I tugged, just once, very lightly. Her lips parted, and she silently mouthed the words, "Are you sure?" as she stared up at me. I nodded, and answered silently, "I'm sure."

The catch at the waist opened easily, and I drew the zipper down as far as it would travel. I opened the last two buttons of her blouse, then spread the sides open, displaying the full expanse of her body from exquisite, porcelain shoulders to the lace at the edge of her panties. She flinched when my fingertips brushed her belly. Her flesh looked delicious in the warm light of the nearby lamp.

She slouched a bit, moving her hips just off the edge of the sofa, a position she knew would appear more helpless and yielding. I stopped for a moment to watch her breasts heave and her nipples harden. It was all there - the excitement, the submissiveness, and the desire I knew had surrounded and invaded her, the sum of all our collective erotic fantasies and experiences unleashed inside her. I wanted to put my hands on her, to kiss her breasts and belly, to feel her velvety skin respond to my touch and see her burning core drip for me. But in the next instant, I understood all of it would be for someone else that night.

I inched her open slacks down over her thighs, halfway to her knees. She tried to splay her legs, straining against the bunched material. I had never seen the lacey white panties, no doubt bought for that special night. I stopped to stare again after I lowered the panties against the slacks. She was sleek and hairless under them.

She had opened like an alien flower, with pulsing, wet petals surrounding a bright red, liquid center. An engorged, rubbery stalk lay among the petals, insistent and angry, the tiny head and mouth willing bait for sustenance lured to its entrance. I nearly surrendered, then resisted its siren's call, leaving it untouched for its intended invader.

Michael watched from his chair with fascination. When I turned to him, he had already taken his cock in his fist, lost in the sight of Linda's outrageous display of puckered nipples and drenched pussy. I nodded at him and stepped aside, offering all of her for whatever he wanted from her.

I watched him raise her legs and strip the slacks and panties off her in one forceful tug. He landed between her legs and put his mouth on her, licking and probing deeply within her. She clenched his face between her thighs while he worked on her, and I heard her quiet whispers as I backed away.

"Yes - yes - yes - oh, Michael, yes - there - oh FUCK, Michael - fuck fuck fuck, YES..."

Then he stood and looked down at her, stroking himself, committing every curve, hill and valley of her ravenous body to memory. He was so incredibly hard for her. The ridges and veins of his cock raged with greedy anticipation, and he dripped an unending string of syrupy precum.

I'm not sure what Linda saw when she looked at me then. It was something between me finally living a longtime fantasy, and preparing to run screaming into the night, I suppose. It's not quite what I felt, but I could see how she might have taken it for that. I was frozen there, as hard as I've ever been, possessed by the state of her body's luscious arousal, held captive by the scene before me.

She rose from the sofa and asked, "Can he stay, David?"

I tried the best I could to look over at him without staring at his raging erection. It was both frightening and erotic knowing he was so hard for Linda, and that she was nearly naked so close to him, so ready to let him have her. It was then I knew why she had avoided comparing us. At least she had been joking when she assumed I thought of him as having a "massively thick, ten-inch cock". Still, I recognized in an instant how his imposing, heavily veined girth must have fueled her hunger for it.

"It's fine," I managed to utter. Linda was standing next to him with her pleading eyes fixed on me.

"Are you sure?" she asked. A mix of her perfume and the heat from her body assaulted me in waves when she moved closer to me and took my hand. She looked so desperate, so beautiful, and so fuckable. I thought that if I could have read her mind, that she'd have been starved for him, for the thick, pulsing cock that stood rigid and upright, waiting impatiently for her to take it - in her mouth, then inside her, filling her belly as the length of it dragged across her glistening, distended clit. Even if she could find the words to tell me, I doubted that she'd dare to say them out loud. But her face, and her eyes, told me everything.

When I couldn't answer, she told me, "We'll go to the bedroom. Will you be okay out here?"

It was the perfect answer to something I couldn't reason my way out of. It wasn't my time to see anything more. I had told her I wasn't ready, and Linda had accepted it, in spite of her wish to have me there with her. After so many fantasies of her moaning under him, I couldn't bring myself to watch another man slide his oozing cock inside her.

"Sure. I'll be fine out here. Enjoy yourself - really, I want you to," I told her. It sounded silly and out of place after I had said it, but I was too shaken to offer any other response.

Michael was watching. I was sure he had begun to have doubts about where this was headed.

"It's okay, Michael," I assured him. "Just a case of first-time butterflies. Be careful with her. Make her happy - but seriously, don't fuck this up, all right?"

It certainly wasn't 'Stephan' who answered me. He looked down for a second, and then smiled at me. "I've always cared about her, David, in all the right ways. None of that has changed."

Linda took his hand, led him to our bedroom, and closed the door.

I heard them occasionally throughout the night. It was mostly Linda's passionate cries and her unmistakable responses to his fucking. But then Michael's lower-pitched groans would travel through the door and wall between the sounds she made and I imagined him coming in her each time. When I slept, I had bizarre dreams of them back in college - Linda in a short, pleated school-girl skirt and skin-tight, deeply cut, V-neck sweater, banging on his door begging for sex, then her on her knees sucking him as a river of semen escaped from both sides of her hungry mouth. The semen kept flowing into her, minute after minute, and she gulped it desperately, looking up at him as though she might be punished for consuming too little of it. I'd wake with an erection, then hear them fucking in our bedroom and wonder if the sounds they made had been woven into my dreams.

Michael left quietly, early the next morning. I pretended to sleep while I watched him tiptoe across the room and out the door. Linda was awake, and I went in to see if she was okay. She was naked, and lay with one leg exposed on top of the sheet, clutching the rest of it against her breasts. She rolled toward me when she heard me come in, baring the rest of her body as the sheet fell away. She yawned and stretched, then reached out for me to join her. I noticed a few used condoms on the bedside table, their contents leaking into a small, crusting puddle.

She drew me to her and hugged me as though we had been apart for weeks.

"Mmmmm - did you sleep?" She asked.

"A little. Did you?"

She nibbled on my ear. "Not much..."

"I heard," I said, teasing her.

"Were we loud? Sometimes I couldn't help it."

"So, you had a good time?"

She rolled on top of me, her face beaming, her eyes alive with excitement. "David, it was wonderful. He's full of surprises - but he doesn't know my body like you do. I missed that." She grinned, found my cock, and held it until it came to life in her hand.

"I had some pretty strange dreams last night," I confessed.

"Mmmm, dirty ones? About me?"

"Yes, about you, and very dirty."

"Ooooh, tell me! Tell me! The dirtiest one!"

"How about you in a tiny Catholic school-girl outfit, on your knees, sucking Michael until his cum flowed out of your mouth."

"Mmmm, I like it, but it wasn't anything that happened last night. I didn't have him in my mouth once. All he wanted to do was fuck, constantly, all night. He was insatiable."

"I guess that's understandable," I said. "He's waited a long time to come in my beautiful wife again."

"Oh stop! You make it sound so... so... well, yes, I guess that's about right!" she agreed, giggling.

"So, it's Saturday. What would you like to do today?" I asked.

She rolled off me onto her back, raised her arms over her head, and stretched her body from fingers to toes. It was a luscious sight. Every firm muscle under her tight, pale skin rose along the slim lines of her legs and torso, as though an artist's hand had coaxed the perfect erotic sculpture from pure, white marble.

"Breakfast! A big one!" she answered.

"And then what?"

"A shower, with you."

"And...?" I asked again.

"And then, you better get some rest. Because you're going to fuck me in every room today, all day long, until one of us can't fuck anymore."

"And then?"

"And then we'll do it all over again, tomorrow. I have so much to tell you, and I love doing it while we fuck."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 10, The Game

As relaxed as our relationship became with Michael, I hadn't watched them in our bed. Fantasies of them fucking was one thing, but I wasn't sure I could see another man "have" Linda. I could manipulate my own fantasies as I pictured them, editing the moments of intimacy between them to suit my comfort level, but I was in a place where I feared watching them together might churn up those jagged shards of possessiveness and jealousy that assaulted me that first night at the Excelsior. What would I do? Stand there with my dick in my hand while I watched him bring my wife to orgasm? That seemed so pathetic. Maybe it was better not to know.

For a while, I found the subject just awkward enough to leave things as they were. That first night he stayed over, I'd slept on the sofa only a few yards away and masturbated to the sounds of Linda urging him on. All of it had been new and exciting, and the moans of her orgasm were more than enough to finish me. The time after that was sleepless torture. I cringed when I thought of giving up both Linda and our bed to him after a second time, and how it might become our future, all while I tossed and turned on our sofa like an outcast. Not that thoughts of another man putting a smile on Linda's face after a night with her didn't still excite me, but it became unbearably unlike what my past fantasies had promised, that Linda and I would sow the seeds of our new fantasies together.

One night after Linda and I made love, she asked why I still hadn't watched Michael fuck her. "He's the one who brought it up," she admitted. "And I think it's time - it would be good for us, wouldn't it? I want you to be there - it doesn't seem right having you sleep out there on the sofa. I know you masturbate while you listen to us. You love seeing me naked. Wouldn't you like to see me under him, or on top, riding him? Hasn't that always been your fantasy?"

I admitted as much. "But are you sure he'd be able to keep it up with me there, watching like some kind of spectator?"

She rolled on top of me and grinned. "Welll - he's always been ready, always so hard for me, and then again so incredibly soon after we fuck. Why do you think I'm so happy all the time? I have two men I can depend on to fuck me completely and deliriously senseless, whenever I want them.

Why shouldn't they both be in the room with me at the same time? Or maybe in the same bed."

I didn't have an immediate answer for her, but still wondered how it might work. She could see I still struggled with all kinds of potential mishaps and embarrassment.

"What if we leave the bedroom door open the next time he stays?" she suggested. "You could wander in quietly, or just watch from the door if that's more comfortable for you the first time. He's already told me he wouldn't mind if you want to be there. In fact, he said he wondered how long it was going to take you to ask. He's done this before when he lived in New York, remember?"

"So, what then?" I asked her. "Would you want me on the bed with the two of you? Or maybe more than just that?" I knew I was asking the questions of an unsettled novice, but it was a place my fantasies hadn't yet taken me.

"It's not that I haven't thought about it, David, but I guess I never went so far as to imagine all the things the three of us might do together every second. But, imagining having two naked men in my bed at the same time - mmmm, it is hard to see how that could be a bad thing."

"You'd want both of us to fuck you then? Maybe take turns?"

"I have fantasies too, David, and that's been one of them for a while now. But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Maybe just let it happen and see where it takes us?"

"But you still have some idea, right? About what you'd want if you had two cocks to play with instead of just one?"

She shook her head slowly and grinned at me as her hand tested bringing my cock back to life. "One cock is fine. But since you brought it up, two just might be better...," she teased. "But I wouldn't worry about how and when I'd want both of you - you don't know what Michael is like in bed. He might surprise you with how generous he is."

"You mean, generous with his cock..."

"Mmmm, maybe that too," she assured me, as my erection began to return in her expert hands. "Now, maybe you'd like to put this big, hard thing inside me. I'm sure you can be just as generous if we talk more about you and Michael fucking me."

We fucked furiously, and I'm afraid I came much too soon. But Linda didn't seem to mind at all. Afterward, her face was pure satisfaction and contentment, her gaze fixed on the ceiling above us.

I came home Saturday afternoon to find Linda still at work on her laptop, her eyes scanning the screen intensely. She didn't often work from home, but her office had an unplanned deadline and she had been at it all day. She had sighed when she got the news from her boss that morning, knowing it would likely take most of her day. I knew better than to ask her if I could help; she was the artist, I was the 'tech guy'. Unless her laptop needed a virus dead and gone, I'd be useless. I left in the morning to give her peace and quiet for half the day, hoping it would cut short the time it would take her to finish.

"I have food, and something else you'll like. Almost done?" I asked when I returned.

She looked up and smiled. "Thank you! I'm so starved - I've been at this all day with nothing to eat but munchies. And we're out of everything to drink except water and beer."

"So, we have Kung Pao Chicken, and for me, some Thai Curry. I know the spicy stuff gives you heartburn, but I couldn't resist a little curry for myself."

I set the food on the table, then opened the large grocery bag. "And, you're going to love what else I brought you." She sat back in her chair and watched me lift the Bacardi and strawberries from the bag. "I'm afraid the strawberries are frozen. The weather's so bad I gave up looking for fresh ones. This time of year I doubt there are any within hundreds of miles. Sorry about that."

She got up and hugged me, planting a quick kiss on my lips. "You're always thinking of me - did you get something for yourself?"

"To drink? Well, I still have that eighteen-year-old single malt Michael was kind enough to give me the night he came to dinner to show me what a 'good friend' he was to you. You remember that night, don't you? How friendly he was to you?" I grinned, and she took a step back and punched me.

"I seem to remember you liking what a 'good friend' he was to me after he fucked me to within an inch of my life in our bed. You couldn't keep your hands or your cock away from me the entire weekend. Come on now, admit it..." She was backing away slowly with her hands spread, having her usual fun teasing me.

"Okay, I admit it. How many times did he fuck you that night anyway? I can't quite remember," I teased back. "Let me think, was it three, or four, or five...?"

"Keep going," she said. "You'll get to the right number eventually..."

We were both so hungry we sat at the table and devoured the food in silence. When I began to make her a daiquiri, she told me to wait. "It's early - are you trying to get me drunk and have your way with me, mister? You know you can have me any time you want, don't you?"

She began to unbutton her blouse as she ate. There was just enough of her cleavage exposed to make me want to put my hands inside. She didn't look up - she simply undid the final button, stretched her arms and straightened her back just enough to thrust her breasts through the opening. Then she was staring at me, flashing her best sex-kitten smile, watching me drool. "Any time, any way you want - just let me know," she assured me. "What was it she said the other night in one of your old movies? 'All you have to do is whistle. Just put your lips together, and blow?' "

I was hardly Bogey, but she had done a seriously heart-stopping imitation of Bacall. In fact, quoting the film made me consider how much like Bacall Linda could be in her most daring, seductive moments. She had been so girly when we first met. I thought it had been an act, but it was still so sexy. Marriage had changed her though as she became what she imagined a wife should be - soft, pretty, and innocent, with a maturity that seemed almost a veneer at times. Year by year I could see she was determined to grow into the part, to put on a new skin, one she borrowed from the women who managed her at work, and from the older wives of couples we socialized with. But now and then the girly Linda would emerge, suddenly and unexpectedly, often when she used it to let me know she was horny, or even sometimes to flirt with other men. She could turn it on and off in an instant, and she knew how well it worked. Men loved it, and so did I.

But just as there was a vestige of her girly side, Linda sheltered a darker, more assertive side as well. She used it much less often, but I learned it could also be summoned by sexual desire after long periods of stress. I grew to love that she would constantly surprise me with seductions laced with lurking secret fantasies and what she came to confess as her sometimes 'good girl/bad girl' inner conflict.

I understood her darker nature much better after her confession about Jordan, her past coworker who teased out and inflamed her submissive addiction. In time, the public assertive Linda had become more dominant, which gave her an air of professionalism at work and of the 'proper wife' everywhere else. Even her taste in clothing had matured; the little girl baggy shorts and T-shirts had been discarded for fitted slacks, silk blouses, and sundresses influenced by her image of what a 'proper' wife should wear.

Age had been kind to Linda - more than kind, actually. Her figure had blossomed in her early thirties with perfectly flared hips and fuller breasts, but she still miraculously retained her wasp-like waist and long, slim legs. She wore the changes well, most often with the physical appearance of a Stepford wife, but with a sharp wit and keen ability to hold her own in any conversation about any subject. At first glance she was a pretty housewife, but she soon became a fascinating enigma after any man spent five minutes with her. It gave the girly Linda an even more potent effect when she let it out to play. Men were drawn to her as though they didn't care that she was my wife, and that hadn't always been easy for me to ignore.

"I just might take you up on that tonight," I answered with a knowing grin. "I have some other surprises, ones I think you'll like even more."

"So where are they?" she asked, peering into the bags I brought home.

"You'll have to wait till tonight - maybe after a few more daiquiris."

"Can't you give me a hint? You know how I hate waiting for presents!"

"Well, it's something we can play with," I promised with a smile.

"I know that look - I hope it's not another dildo, at least not one even bigger than the last one you bought. I never liked it, but I know you got off pretending it belonged to some big stud that was fucking me. It really didn't work that well for me. I prefer real cock, fantasy boy. You know - thick and hard and warm, with a nice fat head that leaks a little so I know I'm making it happy?"

"Sorry about that. I guess I could tell, and it's why I put it away after a while. But I wanted to know how you'd like a much bigger cock during sex. So, you didn't like it at all?"

"David! That thing was huge! A little of it was wonderful - I'm sure you noticed how I loved the first few inches of it. But any more than that felt like a giant post stuck up inside me. I don't want to feel like I'm giving birth while I'm having sex. I want a man to use his penis to satisfy me, and to feel like I've been with a live, warm human being afterward."

"But, you like Michael's though, right? You never were honest with me about his size."

"I was, David. I told you it didn't matter, that the man mattered."

"I've seen it myself, Linda. Why can't you be honest about it? You must be able to tell the difference. Can you tell me what kind of difference? How it feels inside you?"

"Honestly David, you really are a glutton for punishment today. Does hearing me tell you things like that turn you on?"

"It's - complicated," I confessed. "In a way, yes. Imagining his big cock exciting you when you see it, hold it, and then put it in your mouth - the image I get is breathtaking. When I think about how great it makes you feel, how satisfying it must be for you when he's pumping away inside you, it's sexy as hell, and I'm happy for you, glad that he can do that for you. He's been a good friend to you, and has a cock that you like just as much. I guess a woman couldn't have it any better than that, especially a married woman with a husband that allows it. But with all those emotions comes the danger, the fear that you'll like it a little too much, and that there's nothing I could do to compete with that if I had to. We men are stuck with what we're born with."

"You men and your competition thing. And comparing dick sizes is the ultimate cliché. You do know that women don't live for your cocks, right? That we don't get up every morning and think, 'Now where can I go to find the biggest cock out there today?'. Don't get me wrong - we love your cocks. But we don't measure them or marry them. We don't obsess over them, at least not like you men do."

"So, you're not going to tell me," I said finally.

She stared at me for a few seconds, narrowing her eyes, thinking. "If that's what you want, fine. There is a difference. And yes, one I can feel. It's the way it pushes against my clit, the way it tugs at it while he's fucking me. But sometimes I come too soon. Sometimes the way he does it when he gets so excited, pounding me so relentlessly, is just too intense. It's great quickie sex, but not the prolonged, loving sex I need from you. He's not that much bigger, David; it would never be enough to make me give up yours for his. Never. Is that what you wanted to know? Are you satisfied now?"

I couldn't decide whether she was determined, angry, or just exhausted from trying to make me understand. I knew if I didn't respond, she'd think she hurt me; but actually, her honesty, in words that came so easily for her, was both comforting and a bit arousing. I wondered if she realized she had again added to the lurid images I was collecting in my head of Michael and her fucking.

"Completely satisfied," I told her, with every ounce of sincerity I could manage. "That's all you had to say. I just needed honesty, and was afraid if you were holding anything back, if there were any of those secrets we've talked about, we'd be in trouble."

She reached across the table and took my hand. "David, there are secrets. But they're our secrets, not secrets between Michael and me. He'll never know everything about us, what our lives have been like before him, or feel our love for each other now. I've told you before, if you want me to stop fucking him, I will."

"No, I don't want that, Linda, if you don't. All I want is honest answers to my questions and concerns, especially the nagging ones that fuel my insecurities. I guess I'm still learning, still trying to feel my way through it to do this the right way, if there is one."

"We both are, David. And I'm sorry that I wasn't completely honest with you. But I didn't know that it was on your mind so much, and I guess I was afraid the truth would hurt. It won't happen again. I promise to tell you all about his giant, enormous cock." Now she was teasing me, and her final grin was all she needed to change the subject.

She came to me, sat on my lap, and kissed me deeply. I put my hand inside her open blouse, palming her breast and nipple. She released a soft moan as we kissed, and I knew she'd be wet inside her lined, winter jeans. She broke the kiss and smiled, an inch from my face.

"Wanna fuck? I'm not sure I can wait for my daiquiri." I loved it when she veered from affectionate to nasty in the blink of an eye. Nothing made me harder.

"Maybe I want to make you wait," I said, grinning back at her. "Maybe I want you begging for it."

"I can beg. I can show you," she assured me.

"Not convincingly enough before two daiquiris. I want my gorgeous wife a little drunk and very slutty tonight before I show her my surprise."

Her hand moved to my crotch, squeezing lightly. "I can do slutty. Maybe more than you know, mister. But I'm warning you, if my husband finds us, he may want to join in. And that might scare you, because I love his big cock, and you'd be SO left out."

"I'll take my chances," I told her. "I'm sure a little slut like you will be worth waiting for. And, I know for a fact that married pussy is the best kind. Slutty married pussy, well, that's something special. I'd stand in line for that."

"Then you better get busy, mister. Those daiquiris aren't going to make themselves. And my husband's scotch is a gift from my boyfriend, so you can have as much as you want, as long as your cock still works." She had elevated teasing to an art form long ago, one with her signature little hooks that reeled me in, escalating her part in our fantasies. At least by now I recognized it for what it was.

Linda finished her work by early evening. By then I had enough time to make our bedroom much more likely to match my surprise. The pitcher of daiquiris was made, this time with just a bit more rum than Linda was used to. She wrinkled her brow a little at the first sip as though she knew something was different, but by the second glass she was sipping faster, enjoying the alcohol rush through her veins, then the light-headed calm that washed over her.

"Okay, can I see your surprise now that you've got me drunk?" she asked.

"I think it's time," I told her. "But you have to put this on first."

"Mmmmm, kinky," she said with a tipsy grin. "So, you're going to have your way with me while I'm blindfolded?"

I went behind her and placed the black strip of cloth over her eyes, tying it with a double knot at the back. "Now, follow me to your defilement, sexy lady."

Our bedroom was lit by rows of flickering candles, on the window sill, her dresser, and across the headboard that rose three feet above our

pillows. I had forgone real candles, hoping the small battery-powered ones would last much of the night without extra care.

I took two steps back and told her to take her clothes off. All of them.

She hesitated. "Okay David, what are you doing?"

"I want you naked. You're a toy tonight. Obey me, and you'll be rewarded. Don't, and you'll be punished, in the most cruel ways imaginable." I knew I couldn't put enough evil in my voice to scare her, but she got the message.

She grinned, then willingly began to play her part. "But Sir, which piece of clothing should I remove first? I don't want to be punished." It was her innocent little wifey voice, and it made me extra hard.

"I want to see how you choose to expose yourself before your Master. You decide, but beg me first. Beg me to take each piece of clothing off, and tell me what you want to show me."

"Okay - I'll take my blouse off for you..."

"No! Beg me! Then tell me why."

"Um, okaaay, 'Master'. Can I take my blouse off for you? Please?"

"Why would you want to do that?"

She grinned again. "Oh, 'Master', I want you to see my tits, sooo much. I hope you like them." It was more tongue-in-cheek than I had wanted, but I'd take whatever she'd give me.

"So, show them to me."

She unbuttoned her blouse so slowly, lingering on each button, pretending the embarrassment was almost more than she could stand. I watched her pull it off her shoulders, then hold it out in front of her, presenting it to me.

"It's all yours, 'Master'."

I tugged it from her outstretched hand, backed away again, and waited.

"Can I take off my bra, 'Master'? I really do want to show you my tits. I hope you like them."

"Yes, my toy, take it off and show me. I hope they're worthy."

She removed her bra and held it out for me. I took it from her and put my hands on her breasts, lifting and squeezing them. "Do you like the way I fondle you?"

"Ohhh yes, 'Master'. My tits are yours, all yours. You can even suck them if you want." She couldn't hold back another grin.

When I sucked her nipple into my mouth, she inhaled suddenly, then made a quiet little sound, something between a moan and a whimper.

"Ahh, my little toy likes it. But don't be afraid. If you need to moan like a little slut, then do it. In fact, I insist."

I sucked again, this time on the opposite breast, and the sound of her moan filled the room. Without warning, I took her face in my hands and kissed her deeply. She moaned again, eyes unseeing behind the blindfold, submitting to her 'unknown Master'. Turning her head to the side, I whispered closely by her ear, "My little slut wants to fuck, doesn't she?"

"Yes!" she hissed. "I want Master to fuck me until I come. Please!" She seemed to fall into the game instantly then, her pleading so sincere I was convinced it was genuine.

"But you'll have to strip first. I haven't even seen your pussy yet. Do you want to show me?"

"Yes - yes, I will. I want to! I want to show you my pussy so you can fuck me."

She wasted no time stripping off her socks, jeans, and panties, dropping them on the floor beside her.

"I-I'm naked for you, Master. Will you take me now?"

"Only if you behave, my toy. Now, get on the bed and spread your legs. Show me how you want to take your Master's cock."

I led her to the bed and helped her onto it. She stretched out her arms and legs in a show of complete surrender. When I put the padded handcuffs on her, she turned her head suddenly from side to side, as though she might see through the blindfold to watch. I passed a heavy rope through an opening in the headboard, then drew it tightly around the short chain between the cuffs. As I pulled the rope, it drew her hands above her head, closer the headboard, until her wrists were fastened there but free to pivot about the center of the cuffs.

"So, our long night begins," I said solemnly. "Do you have any idea how many times you'll be used tonight, my toy?"

"You can use me any way you want, 'Master'. As many times as you want. My body belongs to you. All of it."

She was smiling again, expecting me to climb between her legs and fuck her - the usual attempt at BDSM sex we had played with a few times in the past. Nothing more. A 'husband fuck' with a bit more edge than usual. We both knew my edge wasn't as believable as Jordan's had been, but I was getting there, and she was playing her part. I still wondered if her words were anything like the words she used with him, and if it brought

back memories of their sessions together. I guessed that this was a snack to her compared to Jordan's full-course meal. So far.

"I can see by your smile that you underestimate me, that you believe this won't be enough to break you, to make you a true slut. I believe you're very, very wrong."

I went to our bedroom door and opened it so he could enter. He went to her and slipped the blindfold off. In the warm, flickering candlelight, she opened her eyes to see Michael standing over her. He was naked and erect, smiling at the astonished expression on her face.

"M-Michael - what, how? Oh my God! David, did you do this? Ask him here? Like this?"

Michael placed a single finger over her lips, quieting her in an instant. I'll admit his tone was more convincing than mine. "Our toy shouldn't be asking such questions, should she, David? Doesn't she understand we're her Masters? We don't answer to her - she answers to us."

"She understands she can be punished, but she doesn't know what she'll have to do tonight to avoid it," I told him.

"Well, I think it's time she finds out, don't you, David?"

Michael reached into his hidden bag of surprises he had brought with him. Linda's eyes widened when she saw the thing he retrieved. He carried it to the bed and leaned close to her, brandishing the immense object. With a flick of the switch, the head of the lifelike dildo began to writhe in small circles, lazily revolving at the end of the thick, veiny, shaft. Neither of us knew for sure whether Linda's look of speechless intimidation was real or created for our benefit.

"Now, now, Linda, we won't use this on you - yet. Maybe if you show us how grateful you are for having two cocks in your bed, we won't have to use it at all. That's what she wanted, wasn't it, David? Two cocks in her bed?"

"She said it might be better than one, Michael. Might. But I think she's going to find out."

"Well, she certainly isn't going anywhere, tied like this, so we might as well help her make up her mind. I do like her like this, David. It's one of my areas of expertise. You should have said something earlier, although I always suspected it - you know as well as I do - the way she seems to beg for it, even when she doesn't try."

Linda stared up at him as he spoke. Her eyes were wide with something that could have passed for fear, but I was sure it was mostly surprise, and growing hunger for Michael's cock. Was it my imagination, or did she pull the rope just a little tighter while she listened?

"She is a pretty little thing, David. I hope you appreciate her, and what she could be after she's broken."

"She has these obscene fantasies about other men," I said. "She teases me with her stories about them."

"I suppose you're looking forward to this then, David. Can you imagine her as the kind of wife who might enjoy making fucking other men a hobby? Having it become an obsession after her first taste of strange cock?"

"But a real slut?" I said. I looked down at her, tied to the bed. "I - I doubt that will ever happen, Michael. She loves sex, and teasing me with her fantasies. And I'm sure you know she loves your cock. We both get off on all that, but I don't think 'slut' is in the cards for her."

"A shame. But maybe I can help with that. What do you think, Linda?"

She glared at him, fully aware of her part in the game as our submissive toy. "I'm not a slut! And I never will be, no matter what you do to me! I love my husband!" Her protests almost sounded authentic. Almost.

"You sound very sure of yourself, Linda. But I'm sure we can pry the slut out of you in time. That's because I'm sure there's one in you. Would you mind if I had a go at her first, David?"

Linda looked back and forth at us, still a bit stunned that we had arranged this.

"Michael, I'm surprised you had to ask," I told him. "I'm pretty sure there's enough of her for both of us."

Michael climbed onto the bed and knelt at her feet. "Open your legs now, Linda. Show me that wet little pussy again, like you do while David sleeps on the couch. You really should be ashamed that he has to sleep out there while you're cumming on my cock all night."

"But he, it's, his decision..." she objected.

"Now, what did we say about being grateful, Linda? Interrupting isn't being grateful. It might even result in punishment." He picked up the phallus again and turned it on, holding it close to her pussy, teasing her. I could see she feared taking the large, insidious, squirming thing inside her.

She spread her legs as far as she could manage, and Michael climbed between them, his cock even thicker and harder than I had remembered it. "Watch her face, David. She loves this," he told me. "Now, don't you hold back. I want David to see the real you when I put my cock in you. Understand, my toy?"

She glanced over at me, then looked up at him and nodded, held helplessly by the cuffs above her head. "I will. He's waited so long. I want him to see."

Michael buried the entire length of his cock in her in a second. She let out a little "Uhh" when he thudded to a stop against her. I saw her

breasts heave a few times as she took several deep breaths in anticipation of what she knew was to come. She looked at me one last time, then told him, "David's finally here - he wants to watch. Are you going to show my husband how you fuck me or not?" She seemed to assume she led the game then. She didn't.

"It's not quite that simple tonight, Linda. You're the toy, remember? Come on, say it for me..." I had to hand it to him - his voice was masterful and unforgiving. Having an experienced actor in our bed was surprisingly convincing.

"I'm your toy," she recited looking up into his eyes, as if in a trance.

"And what do boys do with toys, Linda?"

"Umm, fuck them?" It was her wifey voice again, and she had me trembling with thoughts of Michael using her.

"Well, yes, eventually, but boys like to play with their toys first. David, would you like to play with our toy for a while?"

"I'd absolutely love to play with our toy," I assured him.

Michael withdrew from her pussy without another full stroke, and I took his place. She was soaking wet, and I pushed into her even more easily than Michael had.

"Go on, David. Enjoy her. You can see she wants it. But save yourself - there's much more to come. There's something I adore about a sweet little wife who gets the kind of sex she needs. I think it's the light in her eyes when she truly becomes a slut. Yes, it's the process that's invigorating, but the result - when a woman will do anything, give up anything, even her pride or dignity, to satisfy her newly acquired, ceaseless hunger for cock? That's a stunning and ultimately rewarding accomplishment."

Linda looked up at me as I pumped in and out of her. Her breathing was ragged, and her chest was heaving as I stroked. It was as though she was trying to steady her balance atop a precipice that separated reality on one side from the game on the other.

Suddenly, she mouthed the silent words to me - "Thank you." I cracked a smile and nodded for a second. She had given me the password to the game, a sign she knew I may need to freely carry it out to its likely conclusion. It was the very contrast between "innocent" and "savage" that ignited and fueled the game. That Linda could want both, could be both, hardened both Michael's cock and mine. What could be more madly exciting and fiercely formidable than a "savage, slutty wife"?

Michael appeared at the side of the bed with the mechanical phallus. He held it before him so she could see and flicked the switch. This time the dildo pumped forward and back in long, menacing strokes. Another setting made the entire shaft convulse, thickening and narrowing along the entire length of it. The expansion and contraction made the thing look obscenely

alive, its diameter increasing to impressive girth at times. Linda stared and trembled, and as I fucked her, I couldn't tell whether she was frightened or excited by the sight of its potential invasion.

"We like our toys to be grateful, Linda," Michael said, holding the phallus closer to give her a better look. "Now, we could wait until it's too late and let our mechanical friend have its way with you, or you could avoid that by letting us know you appreciate us. After all, we're giving you what you need, what only your husband and I can provide for you."

He placed the squirming dildo on her belly, running it slowly over the soft, yielding expanse of skin. She stared down at it, following its path over her body as it inflated over and over again like an obese, breathing creature. When she didn't comply, he nestled the base lower where my cock entered her and laid it lengthwise along her torso so the bulbous head lay inches above her navel.

"Think of it, Linda. Look how far it will penetrate you. Have you ever taken a cock that big?"

She glared at him, refusing to answer, not believing he'd try to make her take all of it.

"Still no reply? Not one 'thank you' for giving you not one, but two cocks?"

She was shaking more violently as I continued to stroke, and I could tell she was seconds from cumming. When I pulled out of her, she shook her head violently with eyes closed, trying to keep her impending orgasm alive. Her hips bucked in heated frustration when she was denied it. I had never seen anything quite like it. It was an astonishing and mouthwatering sight.

"I'm afraid the unique talents of our mechanical friend aren't enough to make her sing, David. And that's all you have to do, Linda. Sing your praises to us. Tell us how our cocks are everything you need. Tell us you'll give up everything you are to be our little slut."

Linda did her best to feign fear and frustration, suddenly twisting and pulling at the rope that held her wrists to the headboard. She stopped when Michael climbed on the bed and held the wriggling phallus against the opening to her pussy. Her body froze as the spongy, rotating head began to bore into her. He stopped it an inch inside her and let it have its way with her.

Lifting her head, she watched it enter her. She was quivering again, shifting her stare between the dildo and Michael's face.

"Oh, Michael...oh fuck... it's...going to make me...come. I need to come on your cock, Michael, not this... thing...please don't, Michael. Please...don't."

"So, you'll be our little slut? Let David and me use your body any way we want? Both of us, in your bed?"

"For fuck's sake, Michael...yes...to all that...I never wanted it...any other way. David wants it too...now fuck me so I can...cum on your cock...pleeeeeease..."

She moaned and clasped her legs around him when he entered her, jerking wildly against the rope that held her wrists. When he teased her with slow, even strokes, she shoved her hips up into him, bucking wildly to take more of his cock into the liquid depths of her cunt.

This was a woman I no longer knew. The sounds she made were those of a captured animal desperate for freedom. A few were new to me - the alternating raw growls and shrill shrieks were stunning, if not frightening at times. When he teased her and stopped, she thrashed wildly against the rope that held her. One of the flickering lights fell from the top of the headboard onto the pillow beside her, and in the darkened room, the tiny LED cast a jittering mix of shadow and light over her face, taunting me with fleeting expressions of ravenous hunger that will stay with me forever. Here and there during her fevered delirium I glimpsed shocking flashes of her eyes on me, accusatory daggers meant to show me once and for all what she needed me to see, as if to say, "Any more questions NOW?"

Then he offered her to me again, and I took my place where he had withdrawn. It was as far from 'making love' as I had ever known with her, our bodies raging against each other, her eyes closed, wide mouth panting, face tilted upward toward the rope that she knew surrendered her to us. I lost track of how many times we traded places and took her, so many that I wondered how she'd outlast us. An hour passed, and she only wanted more of us.

Michael's endurance finally eclipsed my own. Minutes after I emptied myself into her writhing body, he fucked her brutally, stopping now and then while she thrashed against her bonds and begged him to finish her. Then he'd penetrate her again, suddenly and deeply, her grunts and moans filling the room. Rivulets of sweat poured from his body onto hers as he worked. Their bodies glistened in the flickering light, an animated diorama of masterful domination and willing submission. I was transfixed as I watched. Was this my wife? This lust crazed, convulsing flesh? This eager receptacle for her Master's inevitable spew? At his best, I thought, Jordan could not have given her more.

Linda's orgasm exploded in the midst of her endless cries and whimpering, in spite of Michael's best attempt to delay it. She had tired of fighting the cuffs about her wrists and the rope that stretched her arms overhead, finally exhausted and limp under him. Whether she pretended to hide its approach, or nurtured the building climax until it spontaneously washed over her, was impossible to detect. It was sudden, unexpected, and violent. Every last bit of energy came pouring out of her in a stream of raging obscenity that echoed through the room.

"Fuckfuckfuck! Goddamit fuck me Michael I'm your slut Michael fuck your slut - fuck me fuck me fuck me..."

She could have been possessed by a demon, but more likely she was possessed by the cock of a man who, in those few seconds, seemed to own her body completely. I watched him take her hips in his hands and lift them off the bed, his fingers pressing into her firm little ass on either side, clutching her tightly as he worked his hard meat in and out of her flat, shuddering belly. She collapsed after her climax took the wind from her, silently urging him on as she stared up into his eyes. She mouthed the words before I was able to discern them, then, in soft, whispering pleadings, her words became clear to me.

"Please, Michael, cum in me...cum inside me, Michael. Cum inside me, cum inside me, cum inside me..."

He began to fuck her with faster, more powerful thrusts. She lay there, helplessly watching him take her, surrendering every last remnant of lust that remained in her twitching body. The scene was so powerful, so gut wrenching, that I stood and paced to gather my senses. When I passed the foot of the bed I saw the thick root of his cock buried in her, suddenly still, then heard his groans as it began - the abrupt spasms along the underside of his erection, pumping his semen into her with violent contractions.

He held her there for a while, her hips raised in the air against him. I followed the lines of her slim thighs, then to her flat, sunken belly that still held the remains of his pulsing meat buried deeply inside her. She saw me watching and turned her face toward me. Her smile was first one of utter bliss, then grew to assure me, I thought, that she was still mine. When her mouth formed the words, "Love you", I knew her smile was everything I had imagined.

I'm not sure whether Michael noticed her silent message to me, or whether it had anything to do with his decision to leave without spending the night. No one said a word as he and I dressed. He leaned over the bed and kissed Linda on the cheek. She tilted her face up to him, asking for a kiss on the lips, and he obliged, lingering only a second or two. Maybe it was three. Then I walked him to the door.

"Do you think everything's okay with the two of you?" he asked. It surprised me. I expected him to gloat, or at least tell me what a great fuck she was.

"I'm fine," I told him. "And I'm pretty sure Linda is better than fine. But I'm surprised you're not staying this time."

He glanced back at our bedroom door, then smiled at me. "I think you two need some time alone, don't you?" he asked. "I've done this before, David, and I know the first time's the hardest, at least for her husband. Honestly, would you really want me to stay?"

"You're right," I said. "Linda and I have some things to, well, understand about tonight."

"I get it, David. I'm sure I'd feel the same way if she was my wife. So, we'll do this again sometime?" he asked, quizzing me with his sincere expression.

"I think you can count on that. But she'll let you know. I expect you'll be seeing each other to...um..."

"To fuck, David?"

"I guess that's what I was trying to say, Michael. I'm not sure why I couldn't. I know you'll see each other, and I know she'll want to fuck you again - I mean probably just the two of you. Guess I'm still just a little nervous about saying it out loud in front of you."

"So, do you still have doubts, David?"

"Not doubts, exactly. The idea of you together, fucking, excites me. The idea of you in love with her, or her with you, not so much. It makes me a little ill, actually. The physical stuff is pretty amazing. I'm fine with all that.."

"The 'physical stuff' is everything, David. Don't mistake the friendship Linda and I have for something else. We have great sex together. It's always been that way. Nothing more."

"Yeah, I can see that," I said with a knowing smile as I let him out.

"What were you two talking about out there?" she asked, as I sat on the bed by her side. "Plotting how to tie me up and fuck me again? By the way, I really need to pee, so untie me?"

"Hmmm, I don't know...I was planning on having my way with you again like that. Maybe all to myself this time."

"David, I'm sorry - I ache down there. I don't think I could be very convincing. But untie me, and I promise to do slutty things to you..."

I untied her, and she came strolling back to me a few minutes later, still damp and sweaty, and still exquisitely naked. She snuggled beside me on the bed and we lay quietly in the dark, her body outlined by the glow of tiny lights still flickering about the room. She had thrown one bare leg over me, and was nuzzling my shoulder and neck.

"Are you sorry you waited so long?" she whispered close to my ear.

"No, not really," I answered. "I just needed the time, I guess. Time to accept you having sex with him again after so long - outside of my fantasies, that is. And I had to be part of it after it actually

happened. After all we've been through, I couldn't see us staying together unless we do this together. Michael may not be 'in love' with you, but I can tell he likes you, and he really loves fucking you. There's no way I could live with that as some kind of cowering onlooker, always afraid he'd eventually win both your body and your heart."

"That's so sweet, David, but I keep telling you you don't have to worry. It's mostly the idea though, that I'm married, and fucking this guy I had a college crush on. It's our dirty little secret, one only the three of us know about. Besides, I think you love having a slutty wife who has sex with other men. Right?"

"Other men? So there are others?"

She trailed her hand down to my cock and began to play with it.

"Would you like there to be? I could tell you stories about them, I mean, if there were other men, which there aren't."

She giggled when my erection came back to life.

"So, do you think about it - about which men you might want to fuck? Some young stud who hits on you, one you don't even know?"

"Does it surprise you that I think about those things, David? What surprises me is that most husbands can't imagine their wives fantasizing about it. But we do, all the time. You know how men are around me. Some are so sure they'll have a chance to fuck me when they flirt with me, whether I flirt back or not. If there's chemistry between us, or even if he just has an amazing body, sometimes I'll imagine us together fucking, secretly, frantically, in some hidden place where no one might find us. Just quick, anonymous sex, and then we're on our way, never to see each other again. It's the taboo, David - that I could be this horny wife who might throw caution to the wind on some ordinary day and fuck a hot stranger if he knows exactly how to seduce me."

"But that must be different now, with Michael. He's not a stranger, and it's more than just one ordinary day. Is it exciting for you in the same way? To be the "little slut" in the game Michael and I planned for you? Is that really how you see yourself when other men flirt with you?"

She rolled on top of me, then propped herself up on her elbows so I could see her grin.

"It's still exciting, David - not because others might think I'm a little slut, but because my husband imagines I'm one in his fantasies, and he loves it."

Best Served Cold - Chapter 11, Return to the Excelsior

It was Linda's idea that the three of us go out together now and then. We'd travel a few hours to nearby cities on some weekends where there were new restaurants to discover, art galleries to visit, and outdoor festivals where she could show complete strangers how much she loved the company of her two men. I'm sure there were times when some might have tried to guess which of us was her lover after she put her hands on us, alternating her attention between us. I often wondered what they thought when she took both our hands, or pulled us both close so she could put an arm around each of our waists and give us both a peck on the cheek.

We'd shop for her new outfits together on those trips and loved seeing her change into them and wear them the same day. Michael's tastes ran more to the chic and sexy: open bolero jackets worn over glittering tube tops that showed more than a little cleavage and her flat little belly; roomy, chiffon blouses that could unbutton to reveal more or less of a lacy bra or sometimes bare breasts, underneath them; and airy, sleeveless tops with delicate spaghetti straps that displayed the enticing curves of her breasts beneath the soft, supple fabric. My choices were less glamorous, but ones I knew implied she was likely someone's wife in our trio, though never giving away which of us was the lucky one. I had always loved her in cotton summer dresses. They reminded me of her past innocence long ago when we first met. Now she wore them with little underneath, and I lived for those few seconds on a summer afternoon when the sun behind her displayed the entire, delicious silhouette of her body. When a breeze lifted the billowing dress to show her bare legs and ass, I wondered how many men, how many husbands, desired her in the time it took to steal a glance and look away.

We shared our bed with Michael almost every weekend. Sometimes Linda wanted us one after the other, over and over; then there were nights one of us would watch when she was greedy for the other to finish her. We became comfortable with him there at the breakfast table, he in his boxers, and Linda in just her panties as she made us thick, yellow omelets and a large pan of sizzling bacon. Michael and I would stare as we watched her stretch, up on tiptoe, when she reached for a plate or bowl on an upper shelf. Each time she bent to look in the refrigerator with her pantied little ass toward us, we would catch each other grinning. We didn't need words to show how the mouth-watering lines of her body made both of us a little hard, and I'd see the head of his cock creep from the leg of his boxers after a while, inflating and inching forward until it was obvious he would have wanted her one more time before he left.

As months passed, Michael began to travel more and more. He claimed it was for work, but Linda began to worry it might be his way of bowing out of our threesome. He put his rental house up for sale, explaining to Linda that he'd had a generous offer in a market where returns were disappointing. It meant the time they spent together was now only in our bed, which I had to admit was a certain relief to me. I still harbored this sliver of worry that more private time together would allow shared

intimacies to draw them closer in ways I might regret. There was also the looming dread of having to console Linda if she was right. I knew it wouldn't devastate her, but it might fuck up our life for a while if she took it badly. The last thing I wanted was to see her emotions flattened while she did her best to convince me nothing was wrong. It wasn't that I believed she was truly in love with him, but the potential sting of rejection might leave a scattered trail of annoying refuse we'd have to mop up after his retreat. I certainly wasn't celebrating his future absence; I knew it would leave an empty space in our bed, and maybe in Linda's heart - but I wasn't about to intervene to delay or prevent it either.

More months passed until our future took an unexpected new direction.

"How long has it been now, since our first night here? It must be..."

"A little over three years," I reminded her.

Linda sat across from me in the corner booth at the Excelsior Hotel bar. The waiter had just set her second strawberry daiquiri on the table in front of her, and she lifted it to take a sip as though she was savoring her first.

"It seems longer," she mused, as she casually ran her finger over the chilled bowl of her glass.

"Well, a lot has happened - we've changed since that night," I offered.

"For the better, don't you think?" She looked up at me, gazing into my eyes, hopeful that her suggestion was one I agreed with.

I smiled at her, lifted my single malt, and took a generous gulp. Its familiar sting at the back of my throat never disappointed, and the velvet aftertaste was pure luxury. It was my first, and I was ready for a second. The service had improved, and not a trace of ice had diluted the rich, amber liquid to a paler color or taste.

"Are you kidding? You do remember that first night here, don't you?" I reminded her, astonished that she could entertain any answer but the right one.

"I remember it, but I'm sure not the way you do. You really believed us, didn't you? That Michael's 'Stephan' had completely owned me - well, owned my body, at least. I regretted it for a long time after that night. I was just so angry at you for a while that I couldn't admit it. My God, thinking back, it was a savage assault on your male ego. But sometimes I wonder if it was the seed that grew over time and led us to where we are today. You don't regret that? Not at all? Are you happy, David?"

It was an easy answer, one without hesitation or need for thought. "How could I not be, Linda? We tell each other things we could never say out loud before. You may still have a few dirty little secrets, but I know you better than I ever could have hoped. Your little secrets are what make me want you even more, and hopefully you've mostly forgiven me for the worst mistake of my life. Making love is as tender and intimate as ever, and fucking is now a world of infinite imagination and possibilities."

I understood her concern. We had been through this a hundred times, but there seemed never to be a time when another tiny thread of doubt and regret wasn't unraveled and discarded.

"So, do you miss him?" I asked.

"He's been gone for a year now, but sometimes I do. It was harder at first when he moved out to LA. It's made him famous, and I've never blamed Michael for leaving, for winning the part on the daytime soap that made his dream come true. But I'm not that college coed anymore; I don't think of him every day, or wonder constantly if he might love me someday."

"But you do miss him a little? Maybe when you see him on TV?" I asked.

I recognized her sigh of frustration all too well, and that hint of a smile that followed it. "I haven't seen him or talked to him since he left. I hope he's still a friend, that we'll always be friends, but to be honest, what I miss, David, is his cock."

"You mean his big cock?"

"Well, at least now you know," she admitted, not trying to hide her sly smile. "But what I miss more is knowing two men I adore want my body constantly, and that both could make me come in so many different ways. I had two unique, skillful lovers who cared for me and fucked me like there was no other woman on earth like me. I'm just very lucky I still have the one I really want."

Her smile faded as she spoke. She was giving me what was in her heart and mind, allowing it to pour out of her without censoring or fear of how I'd accept it. She was silent for a minute, took another sip of her drink, and looked up at me with a raised eyebrow as if to ask whether her answer completely satisfied me.

"Everything is different now, David. You, me, Michael - all of it has changed so much. Michael has moved on, and soon, so will we. With your promotion, we'll make a new life a thousand miles away from here. I don't mind leaving at all. We can live very well on your new salary, and I'll enjoy not working, at least for a while. I can spend my free time decorating our new home - we'll finally have a yard and the peace and quiet of the countryside. There's also the potential privacy we've never enjoyed in the city. I'm sure you know what that could mean for us." She stopped then, waiting to be certain I understood. I did. "I love the quaint little village, and the city is less than thirty minutes away. I

want this every bit as much as you do, David. If someone like Michael comes along, and we agree we want him in our life, who knows? But I'm not looking for his replacement. After my history with him, I doubt there is another 'Michael' quite like him."

I watched her expression as she spoke, and was reminded of how exquisitely her looks had changed. No one would take her for the perfect housewife now, the girl with a softness of both character and body that once provided cover for her growing, perverse fantasies. She had cut her hair shorter in a more severe style. The straight curtain of dark, gleaming ebony followed the line of her jaw, freely exposing the nape of her neck. It made her a stylish woman of confidence and determination. The lines of her body were sleek and trim, with a trace of firm muscle that rose to reveal itself when she stretched her legs or wore the sleeveless tops that exposed her bare arms and shoulders. Her face was less heart-shaped, with finely chiseled cheekbones that could have belonged to any one of the most highly paid fashion models. Everyone we knew could see at first glance how her body had changed, thanks to her daily jogs through the city, and then her habitual, intense workouts at the gym. Michael had given her a few pointers at first, and she had been addicted to it ever since. It showed with every step she took; the lithe, panther-like stride turned heads everywhere she went. Yes, Michael had definitely changed us, in more ways than one.

"Which brings us to why we're here tonight," she said, "to make the night our lasting memory of the Excelsior instead of the one we'd both like to forget. Tonight, you own me, David. I'll do whatever you say, be whatever you want me to be. I see some very attractive men here tonight. Tell me to flirt with them, and I will. Tell me to pick one and I'll play the slut for you. Or, when the curtain falls on our little play, I can take you to our room and you can be him, the man who fucks a wife while her husband waits here in the bar, agonizing over the size of your cock. It's all for you, David. Everything I am tonight is for you."

I had expected a game, but not one that handed me the master key to her submissive fantasies. It was to be how we'd remember not only our last night at the Excelsior, but our last night in the city as well. How was I to know how potentially scandalous her game was meant to be? I wasn't certain myself how far I was willing to go to reconstruct the memory of 'Stephan's' Svengali-like hold on her back then, his hand between her legs, fingers working deeply in her wet pussy as she came for him just across the table from me.

"You would really have me choose a guy here for you to flirt with and play the slut with tonight? All I'd have to do is order you to do it? As though I was Stephan, or even Jordan?"

"What else would you have me do, David? I'm not wearing panties, so having me take them off isn't an option like it was back then. And there are so many young guys here tonight. But I'd prefer the choice was mine. Not all of these guys are deserving of my body. I hope you'd agree."

Her words shocked me, paralyzing me where I sat. She offered up her fantasy with such a perverse mix of lasciviousness and sweetness that it seemed to hang in the air between us.

"You know I'm playing with you, don't you David? That I'm completely in your hands? That I'm only guessing what you want me to be tonight? If I'm wrong, just tell me what you want from me."

When I didn't answer, she reached across the table and gently put her hands on mine.

"I still tease you about seducing a sexy stranger I might meet someday. It seems to excite you when we fuck, but does it ever hurt you later, when you have some time to think about it? Does it upset you, or make you jealous? You're not at all sorry we've come to this? Sorry that you've agreed I'd be free to do it again someday if it's something we enjoy together?"

"Have I given you any sign that I am?" I asked.

"Of course not, David. But do you ever think of me as, well, a slut, in the true sense of the word? That I'm constantly on the prowl for men, that I'd sport-fuck them behind your back and go on my merry way, completely guiltless, like some kind of predator? Because sometimes I worry that you might think of me like that after we play with these fantasies time and time again."

"Why? Have there been more than I know? More than Michael?"

"Only Michael," she promised. "But I'm not blind to the fact that lots of men want me - it seems more now than ever. And I don't want every man I see, but I know I'd have a good chance with many of them if I'd really try. But in my fantasies I need them to pursue me, to want me badly enough to win me. I'd have to be a challenge to them, a fearless woman they don't fear. The best men are surprises, ones that appear by chance; men who can keep up with the little clues I give them about what I like and who I am. But even they have to work me. The difference is, they're the ones who know what the prize is and are willing to do what it takes to win it. If it continues to be one of your fantasies, and someone like that happens to come along and I'm genuinely attracted to him, I'll tell you, and we can decide together whether to pursue it. It's what I've promised you from the start. But they're so rare...you and Michael set a pretty high bar."

"So, only Michael then? No one else?"

She tilted her head and squinted at me, as she had when I had tried to explain Schrodinger's cat to her for the first time. "I thought you knew better by now, David. It's always been a game we've played together. It still is, and always will be. But there are labels, ones people use that hurt. It would crush me if you began to think of me that way - that I'm that easy, or deceitful."

It was my turn to take her hands in mine, lifting them off the table between us. "The only labels I'd use to describe you are ones that would make you very wet, and me very hard, I promise."

And so drama had been brought into a game where there was to be none. The night was meant to exterminate the last remaining ghosts that inhabited the Excelsior. It was finally up to me to shake the last of them off, to detach their tenuous grip on us and send them to a place where they could only be recalled as harmless shadows of our past. Could I be 'Stephan'? Linda was betting I could.

"Take a good look, then," I told her. "Is there a 'worthy' cock for you in the house? Someone we'd like to play with?" I asked, grinning.

"Mmmm, let me see. There are so many hot, young men here. More than enough, I think. Plenty looking for a horny wife," she teased, eyeing the room with a hungry smile.

"Why don't you find out, then?" I suggested. "Try promising him what's under your skirt, but twist him around your finger a bit first. I'd like to see that. But tell me, how will you know whether his cock is 'worthy'?"

Linda rose from her seat, turned to me, reached down and placed a hand on the front of my slacks, and gave my cock a light squeeze. "Sweetheart, this is how I'll tell. After a little encouragement, it never lies." It was the secret wink she gave me that told me she didn't need more of my encouragement - she was well into imagining one of many possible versions of how the night might go.

The bar had morphed over the years. Once a refuge for weary businessmen routinely booked at the Excelsior, it had been redecorated and reborn as an upscale hipster hangout where new money and inflated egos kept prices high and chased travelers on expense accounts to less expensive watering holes. Yet, in any social situation, there had never been an ego Linda couldn't massage, weaving tendrils of solicitation through the most formidable shields against intrusion. She was a match for the best of them, eventually pulling the strings, making them forfeit whatever game she chose. Many imagined they could easily seduce her, carelessly underestimating the cunning of a beautiful woman, when in fact, milking what she wanted from them was both a natural talent and a seemingly supernatural force to be reckoned with.

I watched her stroll to the bar, rolling her hips just a fraction more than was decent for an unassuming wife. Our booth was hidden away well enough that I was sure no one knew we shared it, and the attention she drew from those at the bar grew with every passing second as she waited to order another drink.

She had chosen her most provocative business attire for our last night there: a black suit jacket closed by a single button over a scanty, black half-bra; black six-inch heels; and a very short black skirt flaunting an unending stretch of naked thigh. She wore a pair of huge, black-rimmed

glasses I knew the hipsters would cream over. She was an office wet dream, and a jealous husband's worst nightmare.

Watching Linda work her men was fascinating, and she had more than her share to choose from there at the bar. She touched and fawned over them, promising one after another with her charm and sexy smile that he might be the one to put his cock in her later. Eventually, she lavished more attention on one lucky guy, and the others drifted away into a hungry sea of young women more their own age. I was astonished when she brought him to our booth and ushered him in beside her.

"David, this is Johnny. Johnny, this is my date tonight, David."

He put up a good front, reaching across the table to shake my hand, smiling at me like he might just send me packing before the night was over. I wondered what she had promised him.

"David, it so happens that Johnny and I have met before. You remember the guy I told you about at the cafe when I was waiting for Michael to pick me up? That first time he took me to his place to fuck me?"

Johnny's smile faded a bit. He looked at Linda, then me, then back again at Linda, as though he was waiting for the punchline.

"I understand you like married women, Johnny," I said with as sober a face as I could manage.

Johnny began to sweat a little, suspecting this wasn't going to be his usual night out.

"I - I guess I do. But you must too, right, David?"

"I guess I do, Johnny," I answered, with a frighteningly arrogant grin. "I like them because they'll do all kinds of things for me - things they'd never do for their husbands. Isn't that right, Linda?"

Linda sighed, looked down at the table, then rolled her eyes up at me. "You're not going to tell him, are you? I mean, some of the things you make me do - they're just so - filthy and disgusting. Really, David, you just go too far sometimes." She looked over at Johnny, staring deeply into his eyes. "My husband's so afraid of him - terrified, in fact. You see, David knows certain people. People who will do just about anything he tells them to do. So, my husband just lets David have me whenever he wants me." Suddenly she looked back at me and beamed with pride. "But that's my David. He always gets what he wants. Always."

"That I do, Johnny, that I do," I told him. He inched away from Linda and smiled, somewhat painfully. "So, Johnny, what do you like about our Linda? I mean, the first time you saw her, what about her got you hard? Her tits? Maybe her legs? She's got great legs, doesn't she? But she told me you met outside, right? With lots of people around? You probably didn't get a really good look."

Johnny was out of words, and I was sure I could see his hand shake a little when he lifted his beer.

"C'mon, Linda, help him decide. Give him a better look at your tits. Go on. Open the jacket and lose the bra."

Linda twisted toward Johnny in the booth, unfastened the single button at the front of her jacket, and held it open. She was completely naked under it except for the tiny half-bra, and her nipples began to harden in the chilly air.

"Go on, Johnny - give those nipples a little pinch. She loves that. Sometimes, when we fuck, I bite them so hard they're sore for days. But then she is a little pain freak, aren't you, baby?"

"You said you wouldn't tell, David," she murmured as she exposed herself to her new friend.

"That's okay, I believe you," Johnny said as he moved a few more inches away from her.

"Aww, Jesus, Johnny, I'll bet you're waiting for all of it, right? So you can feel her up and suck those pretty titties? Go on, Linda, show him all of it."

Linda unhooked the front of the bra and withdrew it from under her jacket, still facing Johnny, thrusting her chest toward him, offering everything to him.

"Now, those are some fine tits, aren't they Johnny? It's okay, taste 'em. Give 'em a good lick and a suck. She loves that, don't you, baby?"

Linda gave me a quick glance and rolled her eyes. Maybe I was overacting. Johnny's eyes were as big as my glass, searching feverishly around the column that hid our booth from anyone who might see or hear.

"I - I just thought that - um - she was alone," he stammered, "and that - maybe she liked me, and..."

"And that maybe she'd fuck you, right?" I joked. "Well, now that's a possibility Johnny, but she's very picky about certain things. The last guy that picked her up, well, his cock was, let's say, just average. And that really pissed her off, right baby?"

Linda's smile was so wide I thought her face may crack. "You know I like them big, David. Huge, actually. Little dicks do piss me off. I guess I'm so used to yours that anything smaller...well, my pussy deserves better. If they don't measure up, I let everyone know. I just can't control myself when I get angry."

"And let me tell you, Johnny, that is some sweet, tight pussy. C'mon baby, pull your skirt up. Show the boy what I mean."

Linda paused and glared at me. Would she let me push her further than 'Stephan' had? She had promised to make the night a lasting memory of the Excelsior, one that would erase my night of humiliation there. She had said it just minutes before: "I'll play the slut for you." How far did she intend to go to let me be 'Stephan'?

She raised herself up slightly and hiked the skirt to her waist, meeting my challenge with her famous, evil grin. Pulling one knee up onto the bench, she canted her hips upward as though she was meeting the thrust of the best and biggest cock she had ever enjoyed. Johnny stared, his mouth gaping, his back against the wall at the end of the booth. This was my final hour, my finest hour, if only Linda would pass the baton from 'Stephan' to me.

"You know, Johnny, when she cums, you wouldn't believe the look on her face. And the sounds she makes - well, it's a wonder to behold. Go on, Linda. Show him. If his dick isn't up to what your pussy deserves, it may be the only time he sees anything like it."

I wasn't sure whether Linda was determined to show me she would do anything I asked, or whether she was determined to show Johnny what he may see if he fucked her. I moved to the bench on their side of the booth to provide some cover as Linda dipped her finger between her glistening pussy lips. I pressed against her from behind and lowered my chin onto her shoulder by her ear.

"You want to suck him, don't you?" I whispered, just loud enough that Johnny would overhear. "You want to suck all of it out of him - every drop of his cum, don't you?"

She let her head fall back, rested it against mine, and whimpered her answer. "God, yes..."

"You want him to watch you cum, don't you? To show him how you slut for me."

"Oh, fuck, David - yessss," she hissed as she worked her fingers between her spread legs.

"Do you want to fuck her, Johnny? Just look at this angel face, begging for cock. Do you think that you could possibly satisfy her? Is your cock big enough, Johnny?"

Linda whimpered at those words, and her body trembled against me. In spite of the show she put on for Johnny, I wondered if she could actually cum there in our booth. She had claimed she faked her orgasm in this same booth with 'Stephan', and she had convinced me that all her confessions of that night were true. Now I wasn't so sure.

Johnny stared at her drenched pussy, unable to answer a single one of my questions.

I circled my arm around her and held her breast in the palm of my hand, trapping the nipple between my two middle fingers, scissoring them open

and closed, pinching and pulling at the unbearably sensitive, pink flesh. When I put my mouth on her neck and sucked, her body suddenly bolted, then stiffened. She began to cry out in short little mewls like a hungry kitten, and I moved my hand to cover her mouth, muffling the sounds as they increased in pitch and intensity until she slowly quieted and collapsed against me, gasping and panting.

To my surprise, she turned to me quickly and urgently, took my face in her hands, and kissed me deeply for a very long time. "It's all for you," she whispered. "I belong to you. Only you."

Linda motioned to Johnny to follow us as we left the bar. He walked between us, nervous but hopeful, unable to escape the unending, seductive lure of Linda's big brown eyes on him. We arrived at the elevator and waited for the doors to open. Once the three of us were inside, Linda touched the glowing button, the doors closed, and the elevator began its ascent.

Best Served Cold - Chapter 12, Dirty Little Whore

Linda motioned to Johnny to follow us as we left the bar. He walked between us, nervous but hopeful, unable to escape the unending, seductive lure of Linda's big brown eyes on him. We arrived at the elevator and waited for the doors to open. Once the three of us were inside, Linda touched the glowing button, the doors closed, and the elevator began its ascent...

As I reached for the button above it, she stopped me and shook her head just once, flashing me a quick, private smile. When the doors opened, she turned to Johnny, pressed her hand against the front of his pants, and gave his cock a squeeze. Then, in the cruelest finish of false promises, she told him, "Oh, Johnny, I'm afraid that would never be enough for me tonight. But as you told me there in the cafe that day, 'maybe some other time, then?'" She pushed gently against his chest until he backed out through the doors, they closed again, and the elevator continued up to the floor and room where she had craved Michael's cock on that infamous night, three years ago.

"So, this is it. The room where you 'almost' fucked him? Does it look the same?" I asked. She ignored the room's contents, and my question, still living her part from our booth downstairs.

"So, I came here to let you use me like you always do - unless you wanted Johnny to come with us. I thought for a second you had decided to let him fuck me after you were done with me. But then you'd probably want pictures of me again to show all your 'people'. You almost gave us away there in the elevator.

"Nah - just a last-minute reflex to pick the right floor. The poor kid was out of his depth anyway. Besides, he'd never be able to satisfy a little slut like you. I know better - it's why you come to me for cock instead of your husband. I keep wondering if he knows what a little slut you are though. My guess is, he does, but he's too afraid to do anything about it. Fuck, he really doesn't know what he's missing."

Linda stood waiting under the small, recessed ceiling light just inside the door. The rest of the room lay in darkness, and she appeared to be purposefully placed on display in the cone of light. I took a seat and stared, making her wait. She unbuttoned her jacket, let her eyes drift closed, and lifted her chin a little into the light with both hands on her hips, posing there like some disciplined office priss turned X-rated diva. The play lived on.

"Take off your clothes. I want to see you."

Her posture changed immediately from 'proud' to 'accommodating'.

"Yes, Sir. Whatever you want, Sir," she said, her voice now submissively demure as she lowered her eyes to mine.

She removed her glasses, bent her knees, and lowered herself gracefully to place them on the floor beside her. The jacket was next, shrugged from her shoulders and lowered to the floor as well, folded, just as I imagined she had done for Michael. After wriggling it over her hips and thighs, the skirt fell to the carpet in a dark, discarded circle around her ankles. She stepped out of the scant puddle of material and kicked it aside.

"Keep the heels on," I ordered. "Turn around, slowly. Show me everything."

Again I imagined how she must have looked to Michael that night as she pivoted so slowly on those heels and offered her body to him. He must have seen the same mix of hunger and submission in her eyes, the same willing display of breasts, ass, legs and pussy, the same hint of glistening liquid seeping from between her swelling labia. I wondered how he could have controlled his lingering desire for her, how he managed to refrain from putting her on the bed and fucking her until her screams could be heard throughout the hotel.

"Do you like showing off? Seeing men drool over your naked body?" I asked.

"Always, but especially for you."

"Do you do it so they'll fuck you?"

"Sometimes. When I can find a man I want to fuck."

"Or maybe it's just because you like seeing them get hard before you send them slinking away in frustration."

"Sometimes that, too," she replied, now eyeing me hungrily.

"Like you treated your Johnny tonight?"

"I'm sure he'll live. He got his show. He wouldn't touch me. He wasn't worthy. Besides, I've told you, I belong to you tonight. All of me - inside and out."

"Then show me. Turn around and bend over. Spread your legs. You have to give up everything to me, if you're worthy yourself."

"Yes, Sir," she replied softly, her voice submissive once again.

I was stunned at first sight. I had never seen Linda hold this pose or position before. It excited me; yet, I couldn't fend off a degree of sympathy at seeing my wife made to humiliate herself, even though I was her only spectator, and for the night, her self-chosen Master. But it was her fantasy, and part of her plan to dispose of the last remaining dregs of agony suffered here years ago. I knew what she expected - her plan was to give me one final chance to step into her fantasies as a convincing 'Master'. The pleading look on her face assured me what she now needed was more than a hopeful imitation. Her eyes dispatched the fervent message as a hungry demand. It was time to man up.

I walked to her, opened my slacks, freed my erection into the light, and slid it into her without a word. Her pussy was slick and sopping wet, and I entered her easily and swiftly. Still, it surprised her; I heard her grunt softly and felt her body react with a sudden, slight lurch forward. I held fast there, buried deeply inside her, holding her hips tightly against me with both hands. I could feel the regular contractions within her belly beckoning for the thrusting she craved, but I withheld it, testing the limits of her frustration.

It was a difficult position for her to hold, bent at the waist, her palms digging into her thighs. The rhythm of her breathing became more irregular, and its pace and depth increased. I was unsure whether it was the result of my stubbornly motionless cock, or the surrender of her body's ability to sustain the tiring pose. But I wanted her words. I knew she would beg, and as her fantasy-master, I needed to hear it.

"P-please, Sir - why won't you - fuck me? I - did everything - you wanted. Why?"

"You said your pussy belongs to me," I reminded her. "Were you just teasing me like you teased Johnny tonight? Was it a lie?"

"No, no - it's all for you. All of it! All of me!"

"Then if I own it, you can't complain about how I use it. If what you say is true, I can use it any way I want, can't I?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm sorry, Sir. You can keep your cock in me forever. I do want it - all of it. Please forgive me for being so selfish?"

Again she stunned me - I had never heard her beg so mercilessly, or lower herself with such abject groveling to belong to a man, solely for his cock. This is what her sessions with Jordan must have resembled; I could imagine her helpless, naked body at his mercy, a starving supplicant at his feet, always willing to give up everything she was, craving the orgasms he denied her. And now she was reliving it willingly, promoting me, her husband, to the only master she could rely on for relief. But it was only after keeping her final reward tantalizingly out of reach that she begged sufficiently for my acquiescence.

I withdrew from her and stood her upright, facing me. I noticed her chin quiver, but her eyes told me she needed much more than I had given her. How could she suddenly have made herself seem so small, so vulnerable, so fragile? It was as though the proud, confident outer skin of the woman she had become was shed, exposing a raw, defenseless core of compliant surrender. My reaction was a heady mix of bewilderment and eroticism.

I placed my hands on her shoulders, then ran them slowly over her body, pausing under her breasts to lift and palm them, then trailed them lower over her shivering belly to her pussy. She parted her legs instinctively to let me in, and I pushed two fingers inside, cushioning her clit between them. She gasped, lost her footing a little, and found it again with her feet planted another foot apart. She was dripping wet.

"I'm curious," I told her. "What is it you really want tonight? Oh, I know you want to cum, but how, exactly? Tell me what this tight little pussy is begging for tonight. Something very nasty, I'll bet."

I took her face in my hands as she considered her answer, tilting her head up and turning it from side to side as one might examine prize breeding stock. Her eyes were wild with expectation, portals forced open to expose hints of secrets held at unknowable depths. If only I could have lowered a light to the bottom of that well.

"There - on the bed - I'll show you," she promised, her voice a nervous quaver of lust and feigned reservation.

"Then show me," I ordered. "I like little whores who aren't afraid to show me how constantly hungry for cock they are."

Linda blanched at first when she heard the word - I imagined she never thought I'd go so far as to call her a 'whore'. But then I caught her

brief smile a second later, one of perverse satisfaction that I would dare to use it. When she moved toward the bed, I stopped her.

"Not like that. You have to show me you're worthy, remember?" I didn't have to remind her she had used the same word with Johnny only an hour before. She raised her eyebrows and almost succeeded in holding back a fleeting smile.

I retrieved a terrycloth sash from one of the hotel robes, stretching it between my fists as I approached her. Linda eyed it cautiously, taking a step back as I came closer.

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked, pretending it may be something more depraved than she was willing to suffer.

"Turn around," I ordered. When she obeyed, I pulled her arms behind her back and looped the sash around her wrists, tying it in a loose knot.

"I want you on your knees, here, in front of me."

She knelt slowly, carefully, showing a willing deference meant to amplify her submission.

"If you want my cock, you'll have to work to get to it. If you're worthy, you'll show me how much you want it."

"But, my hands..." she began. It was then she understood. Pulling the stiff leather of the belt through the buckle and the loops of my pants was the hardest. It was soaked with saliva by the time she finished, and she left a series of indentations along the edges where she had gnawed and tugged at it with her teeth. She crushed her face against me as she fought for the zipper, finally capturing it between her teeth and pulling it open. I watched in amazement as she worked my pants over my hips and down my legs, her hair whipping and slashing from side to side like some crazed animal in heat. Her determination and energy seemed limitless, and she was flushed and breathless when she finally freed my cock.

It was then she looked up at me with the face of a little girl, shaking me with her next words.

"Was I a good girl for you? Did I do everything right? Will you fuck me now, please?"

Her voice was higher pitched and fearful, as though she might be punished for failing to accomplish an almost impossible task in the expected time or fashion. I froze there, letting my part in the play fall away, overwhelmed by a sudden rush of sympathy for when Jordan had first made her his slave. Had she really been so willing at the start, or had he taken advantage of her girlish innocence, gradually corrupting it with his own selfish fetishes? I reached out and helped her to her feet. She could see through me when I took her face in my hands again, and she frowned at me.

"Don't David - you're fucking everything up. I'm your whore, not you're boring little wife tonight. You have to own me! You have to use me like your whore and make me beg for it! Until now, everything was just so, right..."

Her disappointment spread through the room like a cloud of poison. She was frozen there, staring at me, her face still gently cradled in my hands. I began to question whether I could play Jordan's equal, even if just for a night, but I was determined to make this work, any way she wanted it. If only she wasn't so, fucking, beautiful...

"Get on your knees and suck my cock. And do it like you'll never have another one."

She sank to her knees immediately and opened her mouth, anxiously looking up at me.

"Well, are you waiting for me to feed it to you?" I asked impatiently.

She leaned forward, her hands still secured behind her back, certain she could capture my cock-head between her lips. She looked puzzled when I moved an inch to one side, denying her her prize. She inched closer, craning her neck to reach it, and I shifted to my other foot, making it bob in the opposite direction. It was then she looked up at me, narrowed her eyes, and gave me her evil grin. I didn't have to ask if I had turned my mistake around.

"You're not very good at this, are you?" I commented after a few minutes of easily dodging her yawning, hungry mouth. "Have you ever sucked a cock before? Maybe you need lessons..."

"I'm so sorry, Sir," she offered. "I'll try harder, I promise."

"Never mind. I'm just not used to girls with so little talent. Here, I'll put it in for you. But you don't get any cum this time. Maybe with more practice..."

"But Sir, I've waited all night for your cum. Please let me try again?"

"Just try to suck me for a while. You'll get plenty later."

To say she wasn't talented would have been an outrageous lie. Linda knew my cock as well as her own pussy, and she had her little tricks to either edge me on forever, or have me gushing like a geyser in minutes. Still, I tried to look bored while she used them all, never quite sure if I could outlast her very talented mouth. I managed, but not by much.

When I couldn't hold out any longer, I ordered her onto the bed. She sat on the edge with her hands tied behind her, looking like a very used, but still willing waif who would eagerly fuck for her dinner.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"Without the heels," I told her. "Let me have them." I passed my fingers lightly over her feet and toes as I removed them, then massaged her feet to see her reaction. She drew a deep breath and let her head fall back, savoring the brief kindness.

"Lie back. Spread your legs like a good whore."

Her movements were tentative and careful, as though she might be punished if she didn't exceed my slightest expectation. When I climbed between her legs, put my mouth against her pussy, and pressed my tongue firmly against her clit, she moaned as though her relief was guaranteed.

"Well, now we see your true talent. At least you can moan like a whore. I think you're at your best when you're doing it. Shall we try again?"

She did her best to prove me right when I attacked her clit a second time, but not before I lapped at the juicy center of her sex, feeling her hips rise to press repeatedly against my mouth. When I finally sucked her clit gently between my lips, her body shuddered, and my reward chased the final remnants of poison from the room.

"Sssss - fuck, David - fuck fuck fuck..."

"Is that an order or a request from my little whore," I asked, peering from between her legs, up over her rutting mound.

"I - I don't know what you want me to say. Tell me and I'll say it. I just want - "

"I know, I know. My little whore wants my cock in her, but I haven't heard her tell me where yet."

"Fuck, David - how many times do I have to tell you? You own all of me. Put your cock anywhere. I'm yours. My entire fucking body is yours!"

"True, true, my little whore. But I wonder if you truly mean it? Get on your belly with your ass in the air. Maybe I'll take you in every hole. Would you like that?"

She scrambled up onto the bed with my help, balanced on her knees, then dropped her head and shoulders to the pillow. Her wrists remained tied behind her back, leaving her perfect ass and pussy elevated and intentionally surrendered for any use I might enjoy.

I lay down on the bed beside her, my face inches from hers, staring into the depths of her eyes. Neither of us said a word for minutes. I tried to mine a clue from those depths, to know what kind of cruelty she needed, or whether that was what she needed at all. It was all there on her face, in her eyes - fear, desperation, and an overwhelming craving to be taken and used. She was trembling, possessed by her returning obsession, hopeful, no, demanding that I give life to it and deliver the final moments of feral release. She didn't need words to convince me that sustaining our play was everything to her in those quiet minutes. When

her patience had finally worn thin, she ended our retreat and broke the silence.

"Don't tell me what hole you want, David. I don't want to know until you're in me. Will you do that? Will you fuck me like your little whore? If you torture me like Jordan did I'm not sure I could bear the suffering; I was so desperate to cum that I became his whore. Is that what you want, David? To make me your whore? Because I'll do it, but only for you, to be owned only by you. Just cum in me, then let me cum too? Please? I'm begging you."

"You really should learn not to reveal your needs so easily, my toy. Torturing you by withholding them, making you more and more desperate for relief, gets me even harder for your little cunt, and for all the other holes you're offering me. Make you my little whore? I believe you already are. The only thing you haven't done is prove to me with your body that you rabidly embrace it."

"Then what more can I do? How much more of me do you want? Just use me. Please - just use me. Use my body until there's nothing left to use."

I entered her from behind, slipping into her gaping pussy slowly, an inch at a time, then retreating quickly, without a pause. I'm not sure how deeply I pushed inside her each time she began to moan - three inches, or maybe four, but I'd always stop short of burying myself in her and pause, relishing the tight fist in her belly that let me know she craved to be filled. When I finally gave it, she took all of my cock greedily, struggling to free her hands, growling as she managed to thrust her hips against me to savor the full length and breadth of it inside her.

When her moans began to die, I grasped the dark shock of hair at the back of her head and pummeled into her recklessly, fiercely, using the reins of hair to restrain her, reminding her that she would be ridden to her limits by her Master. Regular, forceful gasps escaped into the room's wary shadows each time I plunged into her, and I could hear her whisper, "yes! - yes! - yes!" as I pulled the reins tighter.

She cried out in pain when I edged the head of my cock into her ass. I stopped and withdrew quickly, gently letting her head and shoulders fall back onto the pillow.

"You can have my ass, David. Get the lube. It's in my overnight bag. I want you to have all of me. But hurry - please? Please hurry. I want to cum with you in me."

I climbed back on the bed after an almost comical, feverish search through her jumbled collection of cosmetics for the container of lube. In my frantic rush back to bed, I marveled that she had managed to plan every possible act of our little play. When I entered her again, greased to the hilt, she groaned and lifted her ass higher to let me in. "Ohhh, David - it's good now - sooo good - you can have me there - take me there, fuck me - I want all of you in me..."

After three full strokes, I reached between her legs and ran my finger firmly along her clit, just once. Her convulsing sphincter cinched tightly around me as she came, and I spewed everything I had into her bowels. We orgasmed together at the exact moment, and it seemed to go on and on, the two of us locked together in a relentless cycle of jerking spasms that refused to release us. I imagined filling her with semen until her belly was extended and round with it, and her cries were never-ending. "Oh my fucking God, David - fuck me - fuckfuckfuuuuuck..."

We lay together afterward, limp, wet, and too exhausted for words. As my pounding heart recovered and my breathing slowed, all I could think about was whether I had given her enough of what she needed, enough of what she had imagined the night would be. I wondered how many times she had returned for more of Jordan's humiliation and torture, and whether her occasional thirst for it could ever be quenched, even if just for an hour, by a loving husband.

"Did you like it, David? Taking me like your whore?" she asked quietly as we lay there in the dark.

"I should be asking you that," I answered. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"David, it was everything I wanted tonight, even more than I thought you might agree to. But I wanted you to have this night too, to remember us together here instead of 'Stephan' and me. The nights were nothing alike, in spite of what you may have imagined. This is the one I want to remember. I want you to as well."

She put her leg over me and snuggled against me as though she couldn't get close enough. I was, well, contented, I suppose, my spirits lifted by the great sex, and by a better understanding and acceptance of Linda's darker appetites. There was also a selfish satisfaction that I could free her darker side so men like Jordan weren't her only refuge when it rose to haunt her. But it still unnerved me a little too, that the woman Linda had become over the past several years, my svelte, confident, panther-like beauty, could recast herself so easily and completely as the submissive little girl I had met so intimately for the first time that night.

Linda woke me in the middle of the night, and we made love gently but passionately as we had so many times in our own bed. But there were also fleeting moments when her Master's voice urged her on, and her little girl cried out to me, begging me to make her mine. I wondered if the night would finally become an actualized addition to our fantasy-fucking on those nights when making love wasn't enough for her. I only knew I was both comforted and intoxicated by my newfound ability to become a celebrated player in her darkest fantasies.

Best Served Cold - Chapter 13, Goodbye and Hello

We talked the next morning, about our future, and about sex. It seemed more comfortable somehow after our night of fantasy.

It had been three years since Michael moved on. Ever since the time Michael left us it was understood that Linda might take advantage of an opportunity to seduce a man she couldn't resist - that rare man who "gets" her and she considers "worthy" of her body. There had been only two of them, nearly a year apart - a very, very young artist she described as "wiser than his years", with a body she still raved about, and a slightly older couple at a party one night, but then they had seduced both of us.

Linda remained worldly and a bit aloof around my friends, which to my surprise, made her even more attractive to them. They'd comment on her looks while doing their best to make it sound like a compliment, but I could always tell when they secretly wished they could fuck her. Linda routinely kept the men's advances in our social circle at bay; her looks and refined sexuality intimidated all but the bravest of them. Most often their courage came from a bottle after spending a few quiet moments with her. I'd watch at a distance while she toyed with their egos for a while before she shamed them into an embarrassing retreat. It was hard to blame them at times though; Linda could be ravishing in the outfits she chose to bring them just a little too close to the flame.

Linda's stories became ones she'd unveil little by little while we fucked in the dark, quiet refuge of our bedroom. Each time she'd recount them softly, sometimes breathlessly, next to my ear on my pillow, she'd add some small detail that elevated her tale to a new level of surprising perversity. I'd wonder if each new version she spun was secretly rationed, held back for a time when the rest had lost the ability to surprise and excite me. It didn't matter to me whether her embellishments were true or not at the time; her guileless confessions always followed after her stories took us to the edge of a precarious cliff and pushed us over, sweaty and writhing into the beckoning abyss.

"Are you ever jealous, even once in a while, when I tell you how tempted I am to have sex with another man?" she had asked, out of the blue. "I know you like to hear my stories, but do you ever worry? That I might fall for one of them? Or that there might be another Jordan out there who would gladly try to seduce me with the same addiction? "

"Have I given you any reason to think so? That I worry?" I asked.

"No, never. But I can't help wondering sometimes. You see how men look at me, how some even approach me the very first time and assume I'll fuck them. I could stop if you wanted me to. Would you miss my little stories? We could always find other kinky ways to fuck."

She was dressing as we talked, and I had hoped when we paraded back through the hotel lobby to check out that she'd wear the same outfit she wore the night before. Instead, she had packed a fitted, copper-colored fall blouse and a pair of skin-tight blue jeans. The blouse hugged her slim waist, emphasizing her bust and shoulders.

"Could you keep the bra and panties in your bag?" I begged. "I'd like showing you off a little before we leave, even if it's just a hint of your bare breasts under the blouse. I'm sure there'll be at least a few hungry guys at breakfast who would appreciate it - I mean other than myself."

She looked over her shoulder and grinned at me while she unfastened and shrugged off her bra. "Well, I guess that answers my question then. And I can read your mind - you'd have me go to breakfast naked if I wouldn't be arrested, wouldn't you, you pervert?"

"I shamelessly admit that watching all the men in this hotel drool at the sight of your perfect, naked body would make my day."

"Seriously, David - you really don't ever get jealous, at all?"

I hadn't counted on how the blouse would thrust her breasts upward, straining the few buttons fastened over them. The open buttons at the top displayed a tantalizing, open V of perfect, ivory flesh against the darker, silky material. The faint rise of her nipples beneath the fabric made my mouth water.

"It's not that I don't think about some guy you might meet who knows exactly how to seduce you, or that you could entertain a fleeting infatuation with a man whose looks you can't resist. But look at you - you're going to be faced with those temptations every day whether I'm okay with it or not. I see how men stare at you, how they want you. I'd rather you be honest about it, fuck him if you can't resist him, then forget him and come back to what we have. You know how much I love beautiful things. In the past it was so tempting to own you, to try to possess you like some rare piece of art. We both know couples like that - and most of them aren't happy. Hell, sometimes I wonder if some of them ever fuck at all. It's not that I'm never concerned. Losing you would destroy me. But after everything we've been through, trusting you is the only possible way I can believe we'll have a brighter future together. The important thing is, I'm proud of you, who you are, and that you can enjoy sex with another man on that rare occasion, tell me about him, and not bring it crashing down on our heads later..." Like I did, I thought to myself.

"I know it's still a favorite fantasy of yours, and I promise I'll always tell you about them, David, if and when they exist. I'll never be a wife who fucks around behind your back. Besides, I love being your dirty little slut, making your cock sooo hard when I tell you about all my dirty little fantasies," she told me, grinning.

I was disappointed that no one seemed to notice her breasts at breakfast. I asked her to get me another helping of eggs and bacon from the buffet

so I could watch. At least I noticed, and sometimes that was more than enough to feed my fantasies. It did take a while for my erection to deflate before we could go to the front desk to check out. I never could watch her walk across a room full of men with her breasts dancing under her blouse without getting hard for her.

There was a chill in the air when we stepped outside. They had put up a wide, green awning over the main entrance of the Excelsior. The old red-and-white tower of a sign on the roof was gone and one of neon just outside the hotel entrance advertised the newly remodeled bar as "The Hot Spot - 50 Ways to Meet Your Lover." As we left, we turned to look at it again and laughed. The neighborhood was changing, and not for the better. Or maybe it was just our time to move on.

"I'm sure I won't miss the place," I joked as we began our walk back to our apartment. "Will you?"

"Not even a little, David," she assured me, without a hint of sentimentality. "It's infested with the past. Our future can't come soon enough."

On our way, we passed the former boutique where I had bought Linda's red party dress. The lifeless window display was now crowded with decaying mannequins wearing G-strings and see-through bras above rows of multicolored dildos, butt plugs, and vibrators. Even that didn't seem to dampen her spirits.

We crossed the street to a little park near our building and found the bench we used almost every day when we had first moved in. It had been a way to get to know the neighborhood and the people with history there. Little had changed; couples stopped to let us pet their dogs, and a kid and his dad were flying a kite in the wide, open space between rows of cedars at either end.

"We should go in," I said. "We leave tomorrow. Lots to do."

Linda took my hand and smiled at me. "Miles to go...", she recited, knowing I'd understand.

I couldn't resist taking her in my arms as we stood. It surprised her at first, but she fell into me and hugged me as though she might never let go.

"Was last night really everything you needed it to be?" I asked. "I need to know."

It was my turn to be surprised when she looked up into my eyes as though she was peering inside me, seeing me for the very first time.

"David, you were wonderful. No - you were off the scale."

END

