



*Beth's
Dilemma*

A Hotwife Novella

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BETH'S DILEMMA

By

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**Sharing feels so wrong, so forbidden. The lust and passion so fulfilling yet so avoided. And
in a hundred years, no one is going to care who shared who.**

~ Anonymous

CHAPTER 1

The harrowing howl of Beth's tires on the pavement was followed by a drift of smoke. *Oh fuck...*

A teenage boy in his baggy jacket flipped her off, but seemed otherwise unbothered.

She laid her head on the steering wheel and tried to keep herself from hyperventilating. *I need to get a grip.* She had almost run the stop sign and had nearly hit the boy in the crosswalk.

As electrifying as her near disaster had been, worse was the swirl of emotions twisting and turning in her head and soul. Her husband had revealed something that had shocked her to her core – something that upset the life she had carefully crafted and cared for.

A honk behind her made her lift her head. The crosswalk was clear and the driver behind her wanted to move.

She took a deep breath and drove through the intersection. She took it slower, driving to her refuge, though the slower speed made her limbs ache with anxiety. *I need to be there, now!* Her foot twitched, wanting to press deeper on the pedal, but she resisted. Her refuge was her friend of decades. She had met Lynne when the young woman had worked in a bookstore - that was twenty years ago this March.

Beth had been buying the first in the Wheel of Time series, back when she still read real books. Seemed like life had devolved to magazines and internet since then. Lynne had been enthusiastic over her purchase and recommended the robust thickness of the book as well worth the read.

Return visits to The Book Barn fostered a growing friendship between the two. Lynne eventually moved on, but they remained close friends.

Beth parked a couple stores down from the 1930s house on a commercial street zoned for business. Painted a deep brick red with crème highlights, the converted home was now the Coffee Kitchen. It had become Beth's refuge from what she didn't understand. Lynne owned it.

On wobbly legs that didn't want to move for all of her frantic driving and desperation to get there, she entered the cozy cottage to the warm and comforting smells of soup and biscuits, topped over aromatically by the caress of coffee.

Blonde and bubbly Candi flashed white teeth from behind the soup counter. "Hi, Beth."

Nothing really needed to be said. Beth would come, go in the back, and hobnob with Candi's boss. The young girl knew her and trusted her as if she was some partner in the venture. Beth tried to smile and waved.

Customers paid her no attention. In truth, Beth never noticed. She went into the back and down the redecorated old hall. The master bedroom had been turned into a comfortable office with wallpaper and built-in oak cabinets that matched the crème accents nicely.

Lynne looked up from a crossword puzzle. "Hi, girl."

It was her way, though Beth was older by a year. At forty, Beth wondered if getting older was going to keep getting quicker. *The years have flown by...* "Hi."

Her friend's hair had changed over the years from curly to just wavy. Streaks of gray ran through her hair in little streams and Beth thought it made her younger friend look older. She was far too self-conscious to try letting her hair go like her friend – she kept it dyed close to her natural color. Or what it used to be.

Hair back, Lynne had seemed to mature in the face the same way Beth had. At a quick glance, some might have thought them sisters, but the similarity was only in the long, dark hair. Lynne pouted. "Uh oh, something's wrong?" She said it half playful and half serious.

Beth sank into the chair facing the desk as if she was a ship slowly sinking into the black depths of the ocean. She blew out a long breath. "I don't know where to begin."

Her friend tilted her head. "You never know where to begin; just say it."

Safe in her refuge, she was suddenly uncertain. *Can I say it? Should I have come? Why is life all upside down, now?*

Lynne straightened and put her pencil down. "Coffee?"

Relieved at the reprieve from her thoughts, she said, "Yes, please. That organic cocoa-cinnamon—"

Her friend was already nodding. "I know."

"No sugar—"

With a fist on a cocked hip and a look that carried all the disapproval of a stern parent, Lynne said, "I know."

Beth's shoulders collapsed down and forward as she clasped her hands in her lap. *Why on a Saturday? Saturday, of all days; the day we were married.*

The murmur of customers out front attacked her anxiety, attempting to relieve the pressure built up inside. *Can I find answers here? Don't I always? Lynne will know what to do.*

Her friend returned with two thick mugs trailing steam and seduction.

Coffee in front of her cooling, Beth sat staring at it.

Her friend sat in the chair beside her instead of her owner's chair. "What's happened? You chip a nail?"

Beth pursed her lips and brought up her fingers. Wagging them for her friend to see, she said, "No."

Lynne sat back and sipped her own coffee, looking at Beth over the rim. She waited.

What do I say? This is... "It's sort of personal."

Lynne's eyes shifted to the door. "You want me to shut the door or not tell me at all?"

She took a breath and held it, still trying to make up her mind on what to say. Too many thoughts ran through her mind at once, all screaming to be heard, giving an avalanche of advice that did nothing except bury her in indecision.

Her friend got up and quietly shut the door. She sat back down.

Beth said, "It's Bill..."

Lynne's eyes sharpened. "Is he sick?"

"No..."

Her friend's voice dropped in a panic. "Having an affair?"

Beth shook her head firmly. *My Bill? Never.* "No, nothing like that. Sort of..."

Lynne made a frustrated face, but waited.

"I was reading an article in Cosmo—"

The derision was heavy. "Oh, brother."

"It's not like that. The article was about secrets men keep that lead to break-ups."

Lynne's head shifted to the side with weariness. "You've been together for fifteen years now—"

"Sixteen."

"Whatever. You would've broken up by now. Why were you reading some trashy article, anyway?"

Beth sighed in exasperation. "We have a good relationship—"

Lynne rolled her eyes slowly. "Right, so why tamper with it?"

"I was curious after reading the article."

Her cup poised in two hands and a leg delicately crossed over the other, her friend said, "All right then, he should've been able to handle it. What happened? Did he say he was gay?"

Beth drank her coffee and almost choked. "No!"

Lynne waited, sipping, watching Beth.

"He said that he did have a secret and that I couldn't handle it."

Her friend sighed. "Obviously you couldn't or you wouldn't be here."

Should I tell her? Will she think he's weird? Me for being married to him? Why all this now after so long? Everything was going so well. "He said...he wants..."

The silence from her friend encouraged her to fill the void.

Beth placed her mug down with deliberation. "He said he wants to see me with another man."

Lynne froze and blinked once.

The silence stretched.

Beth grabbed her mug again, clinging to it as if trying to anchor herself in reality.

Her friend straightened abruptly, her spine stiffening and her eyes shifting to the right, and then to the left. "He what?"

Beth let out some pressure with a strangled laugh. "I know. Totally insane. But he thinks it would be great. I don't know why all this is blowing up now—"

"That's quite an admission—"

"I know, right?"

Her friend set down her mug and moved her chair closer and behind. Her hands came down on Beth's shoulders and began massaging them. "You're all tense."

"I can't help but think this is the end of everything. What am I going to do?" She shifted her shoulders, feeling a pressure so intense she thought her friend's fingers would cause it all to burst.

"You think your marriage is coming to an end?"

"Yes, I mean, why tell me this unless he's trying to shake me off?" She felt the tears welling. "I'm forty now. Isn't that when all the men get the itch for an eighteen year old?"

"He's forty-five; wouldn't he have already had it?"

Beth shook her head. "I mean me. I'm getting old. Too old?"

Her friend blew out a breath. "I just don't see Bill being that way with you."

"I didn't see it, either."

"Well, it doesn't have to mean the end..."

"How can you say that? How am I supposed to live knowing he wants to break up—"

"Did he say he wanted to end the marriage?"

"No, but how could it not end that way? He probably told me because he has his eye on some other woman—"

Her friend's abrupt and scornful laughter stopped her. "Bill? Are you serious? He doesn't even look at me."

"Well, he shouldn't."

"But men do – it was why at first I thought he might've revealed he was gay."

Beth coughed. "You want my husband checking you out?"

"I don't mean it that way. I just meant all men look; they're very visual. It's why we wear lipstick, for fuck's sake."

Is that why I dye my hair? For him? Or is it for me because I don't like getting and looking older?

Lynne massaged deeper into Beth's taut shoulders. "Relax, girl. Just because he harbors some secret fantasy doesn't mean everything's coming to an end."

She sighed. "What should I do?" It was the one question that overrode all others. Maybe it was her friend's working fingers that separated what mattered from all the rest. She felt some sense of relief as a bit of the tension melted away.

The fingers stopped moving as her friend gave it some consideration. "I bet you stormed out of the place after hearing it?"

She knows me too well. "Well, yes, what else could I have done? I was frantic."

Her friend leaned her head close, her words near to Beth's ear. "Go back and talk to him."

"How can I?"

"You've been talking for sixteen years, girl. Don't give up now."

Beth sighed. *Perhaps she's right.*

CHAPTER 2

Beth entered the small house they had paid off three years before. *Is this all going bye-bye?*

Bill was sitting in the living room on their paisley-print sofa they had chosen together. He stood, a worried look on his face. "Where've you been?"

"Lynne's."

A look of horror came over his face. "You told her?"

Fuck, that probably wasn't a good idea, was it? "Well..."

He slapped his hand to his face and drew it down.

"I didn't tell her everything..." *But I had. Maybe it's best if he doesn't know. I needed answers!*

He sighed. "I told you that you couldn't handle it."

I'm not a weak woman. I'm secure and confident. Or I was... She crossed her arms. "It was such a shock..."

He came to her and took her in his arms. "Come, sit down."

She tensed, though. "I—"

"Sit."

She sighed. "I feel like standing."

"All right."

"Lynne said I should talk to you."

"Smart woman."

"Do you check her out?" The suddenness of her own question was as shocking to her as it was to him – by the look on his face.

Bill frowned. "I've seen her, sure, but I don't check her out, no."

It sounded true, coming from him, but she still harbored doubts about his secret. *Is he wanting to see me with another man because he has his eye on another woman? I can't lose him.* "She thought you didn't, either."

He sat down, dropping onto the sofa as if collapsing. "I don't have eyes for any woman but you."

That sounded true, too.

"Then why..." *Then why all this? If I'm the focus, why does another man enter the picture? Can't you be happy with just me?*

He was watching her. "Then why do I want to see you...?"

She nodded.

Bill sighed in a way that told her he was trying to find the right way to present his ideas. "Because you're beautiful, and—"

"Why does that have to include someone else?" *Where is the sense in this?*

"Look, when we're out and about, I see men checking you out—"

Beth coughed. "No one checks me out. I'm too old."

But he was shaking his head. "I see it."

A warmth wended through her. *Men look at me? No way. I still got it?* For a split second, she wanted to laugh, but the worries clogged her thoughteries and she frowned instead. "What does that have to do with anything?"

He put a patient look on his face. He was still a handsome man, though his hair had receded dramatically from when they had married. Years of wearing a hard-hat for the public works division had taken its toll on his hair. He kept the rest short and what was left was well-speckled with gray. But his eyes were keen and his work kept him skinny, if not athletic. A tall man, he often intimidated people by his gaze rather than muscle. "When they look at you, it makes me proud."

That made her feel good, but the disconnect with her sensibility remained. "So what's wrong with us that you think—"

"There's nothing wrong with us."

She pursed her lips. It was true; they were quite happy together. They fit each other in complimentary ways that had become a very good kind of routine over the years. Sex with him was good and fulfilling. *So why?*

He said, "You asked." He held up his hands as if showing her all he had.

She had. The article had caused in her a concern that she might be overlooking something critical in their marriage. She had thought they had

good communication. She had thought he would reveal nothing she didn't already know – but she had felt compelled to ask.

The idea that her husband wanted to see her with another man was insane. She thought of no other man. She pined for no one. No secret admirers sent her love letters or emails. She got no suggestive messages on Facebook. No phone calls, texts, or secret rendezvous. She didn't want any of that. Not that she hadn't notice a flirt or two here and there while out on her own. But men often said nice things or smiled. It didn't mean they wanted to get in her pants, did it? *Of course not.*

Bill said, "What are you thinking?"

She dropped her shoulders in defeat, wishing Lynne was still kneading them. "That I can't accept this." She shook her head and held up a hand between them.

~ ~ ~

His sly look that night signaled his interest.

Beth wondered if it was a good idea, but warmed to his cuddling and nuzzling. *He wants me, isn't that enough?*

His stubble against her jaw scraped chills down her spine. His familiar soapy scent filled her with comfort and contentment.

Still, her thoughts intruded. *Why did he have a fantasy like that? Why not something like masturbating? Or watching dirty movies? I might be able to handle those kinds of kink. But orgies? Ugh.*

He kissed down her neck to her chest, touching his lips to the t-shirt covering her breasts. His hand slid down and rubbed over her panties.

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations.

He leaned back a little. "So what's your fantasy?"

Like, what? "I don't have any."

"No dildo fantasies? Anal?"

She jerked. "Oh god, no." She shook her head vigorously. "I mean, the anal part."

He chuckled. "So you have a dildo fantasy?"

She laughed in return. "Um, no. I have your dick, why would I need a dildo?"

"Because they're fun?"

"But they're not real."

"I ordered something for you I'd like to try." His voice was soothing.

However, she tensed. "Oh no, what did you do?" She didn't want to do freaky things.

"Calm down, Beth." He reached into the nightstand and pulled out something electronic. "It's just a bullet."

"A bullet?"

"A vibrator. See? Nothing horrible."

She had seen the likes before but hadn't paid attention. *Well, that doesn't look so bad.* "All right."

His smile shined with delight.

Her insides lit up slowly with heat when he touched the buzzing bullet to her panties. She felt the sexual tension begin turning and building. She looked down in amazement. *Wow, I didn't know that felt so good.* She had heard about vibrators, but thought they were used by defective women or those who couldn't get a man.

Bill's tongue flicking into her ear sent chills all along her back and arms, and delivered a jolt of lust to her pussy. She gasped and felt the initial heave within her that promised more to come and an eventual orgasm. This came a lot faster than normal; she was still in her panties.

She rectified that immediately. Slipping off her panties, she settled back down. The neck and shoulder rub earlier from Lynne had been nice, but not enough. This bullet offered a possible release that would sweep away her tension.

Her husband rubbed it lightly over her clit and around it.

She melted, even as the tightness in her pussy built. *This isn't so bad. Why didn't he order one sooner?* Tingles and vibrations caused her to jerk in satisfying spasms. It seemed so different than his normal manual stimulation. His finger was heavier, though she was used to it. This was lighter and more electric. She wondered if it was going to hurt when she came. *Is it going to be too much?* Her breathing became shallow.

He ran the bullet around, then pressed it against her clit, letting off after a second to repeat it all again.

Oh my gosh... This thing is amazing. Spiraling tighter in her, lust twisted into need. She felt the approaches of orgasm growing nearer and clearer. It was going to be a good one.

Her husband said, "Hold this." He pushed the bullet into her hand and placed it back to her pussy. He quickly removed his bed shorts. He stroked

his mostly hard erection to full and got between her legs.

She watched him, wondering what he wanted. The bullet felt good as she held it and her panting was growing faster with the approach of her orgasm.

He took it away and turned it off.

She wanted to cry. The tension in her began to melt. "I was almost there..."

"Perfect." He stabbed his cock into her with one hard thrust.

The sudden filling invasion brought the tension back. She gasped with shock and her hips arched up to meet his push. His pubic bone ground down onto her clit, giving her lust a push towards the edge.

He began hammering her, his hips slamming down onto hers and bringing with it the paralysis she felt when her orgasm began to seize her. The perfect tension rose within, sending her upward. Her limbs tensed.

His driving erection sent waves of delicious desire spreading through her.

She moaned underneath his familiar form, her hips working faster with his and bringing that final wave closer. An explosion of release came suddenly and unexpectedly sooner than she had anticipated. She cried out with relief and ecstasy, grinding her hips up to his as her pussy took over all sensation.

He chuckled down at her. "That was fast for you."

Pulses of passion swept her over and sent her tumbling with relief. She finally went limp, exhausted from such a large orgasm. "Wow..."

He laughed again, but there was a steamy heat in it. "We'll have to use that again." His words were a pant and signaled he was close.

She pulled on him, wanting it. *He's perfect in every way.* She felt the splashes of burning heat inside her. *Success...*

"I love you." He brought his head down and kissed her.

Yes, perfect. Except... Thoughts bubbled within her. *Perfect except for his fantasy. Was he thinking of me? Or me with another man? Am I not good enough unless someone else does me? Why does it feel like he doesn't really love me?*

CHAPTER 3

Beth found no answers in the days that followed. She felt as if everything had come loose. Whereas her life had been secure, now it was adrift like a crewless boat on a vast ocean and the edge of the world near. Would her life go over the edge?

Gone was the comfort in her routine. The security of her relationship was no longer there and her limbs trembled with fear. Her efficiency at work suffered. As a personnel manager for Data-Tek, she handled scheduling, hiring and firing. Fortunately, no one needed hiring or firing. But she stared numbly at the schedules as if seeing them through a thick fog.

The haze in her brain did not go away as she sought clues to her life.

It was Tuesday morning when her cell rang.

Lynne's concerned voice came through. "Beth?"

"Hi." She tried to sound normal.

"Is everything all right? How did your talk go?"

She clicked out of the schedule file and slumped in her chair. "I don't know."

"You don't sound very good."

"Maybe I'm just feeling a little under the weather."

Lynne's incredulity was obvious. "You? Sick? Never."

Beth sighed. It was no use trying to hide things from her friend. "I feel so out of it and worried at the same time."

"Why don't you come by for coffee?"

She breathed for a moment, considering. *Actually, that does sound nice. Maybe a good bowl of soup...* "Okay."

"That's my girl." As if having read her thoughts, she said, "A little soup for your soul and we'll get you patched up."

"Okay." Beth felt a little better already, but was it the promise of fixing things or the soup? She clicked off and felt the brief relief flee her.

~ ~ ~

The normally comforting aromas in the Coffee Kitchen assaulted Beth with a difference that jarred her thoughts. Normal here, normal with Lynne and yet things so abnormal in her life brought with it all a fierce fear that her expectations of doom were going to come true.

Candi's bubbly greeting did nothing to alleviate the feeling, and only made it worse.

Lynne's smile started happy, but grew grim when she studied Beth's face. "Hmm, I think it better be pea soup with butter, and your normal coffee." She got up as Beth sat. "Be right back."

She wanted to let go and cry because she didn't know what else to do. *Why all this now? We were so happy.*

Her friend brought a cafeteria tray with two bowls and two mugs. She set it on the desk and sat next to Beth. "Don't start telling me anything until you've finished half your bowl."

It sounded like a good plan, even if half a bowl of soup would make no difference in what she talked about. She spooned the pea soup with little appetite, but realized after a few spoons that she was hungry and it was good.

Lynne kept her bowl in her hands and said, "So, tell me. What happened?"

She closed her eyes and opened them as if trying to clear away the thought-fog enveloping her. "I talked to him, like you suggested."

"And?"

"Nothing changed."

"What do you mean?"

Beth shrugged listlessly. "Nothing changed. He still has this fantasy..."

"Hold on. Did you really think he was going to change?"

Yes. "I wanted everything to go back to the way it was; we were happy."

"Beth, honey, he's still the same old Bill he was before he told you."

"But it feels so different. Things were right before; now they're wrong."

"What's wrong about it?"

She gaped at her friend. "Are you serious?"

Lynne put down her bowl. "A lot of people have weird kinks, and a lot weirder than Bill's."

You can't be serious. "You think this thing of his is okay?"

Her friend searched her eyes, her face carefully composed. Her words were slow. "If he says he loves you—"

"But he wants to see me with another man. It could blow the whole marriage apart."

"I think you're overdoing it—"

Beth scrunched up her shoulders. "Overdoing it? He wants me to take the trust I have and throw it all out the window."

Lynne shook her head. She scooted her chair back behind Beth's and gripped her shoulders. "Relax, girl. He wasn't asking you to throw everything away."

She blew out a breath, relieved that she was getting another massage. The last one had helped.

Her friend's fingers worked their wonders and she leaned close to Beth's ear. "Have you talked to him since Saturday?"

"No, not about..."

"You're not talking at all?"

"Oh, no, we're talking..." She let out a little laugh. "Some things are sort of normal."

Her friend chuckled low in her throat. "Some things, huh?" Beth knew she knew what that implied.

"We did things later. He used this little toy on me – a bullet." She laughed a little in embarrassment.

"Ah, a bullet? Those are nice."

My friend knows of these things? What does she know? "You're familiar with them?"

Lynne laughed. "Yes, I guess I am." She cleared her throat and lowered her voice. "Personally, I prefer the vibrating dildos. Roger likes to watch me use it."

Beth clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh my gosh, are you serious?"

Her friend kept working her hands. Her giggle was a little dismissive. "Just because I'm your friend doesn't mean I tell you all my secrets. Though I guess I just told some."

Beth burned with curiosity. *What other secrets might she have? Lynne likes dildos? No way. Her husband likes to watch her use them? Wow, that's kinky.* Wondering at this new revelation in her friend's personal life, she turned her thoughts to Bill. His use of the bullet had been a surprise, but had turned fun. He had also mentioned dildos. "So, Roger likes watching you?"

"Mm hmm." Lynne's tone hinted that she wouldn't say more about it. Her head was still close. She said into Beth's ear, "I think you should keep talking to Bill. You two were meant for each other; don't think it's all over."

The heat of her friend's breath tickled her ear canal and sent shivers down her back. The working of Lynne's fingers brought a numbing relief that sent waves of relaxation spreading through her turmoil. "That feels so good."

"Go home tonight and talk to him. Come back here tomorrow for lunch and let me help you through this."

"You really think more talking about his..."

"Yes, I do. Clamming up and worrying isn't doing you any good; your shoulders feel knotted up like steel cords."

I don't see how more talking is going to change anything. I can't see how it would avert the meltdown coming. "I don't know."

"Do it, girl. Don't throw it all away because you can't handle finding out something new about your husband."

"But I was so happy with him before."

"And you can still be happy with him. Trust me, he loves you or he wouldn't have told you."

She sighed, knowing that sounded true.

"I'll give you another massage tomorrow, but only if you talk to him." There was something hitched in her voice – a tension that hinted at something unsaid.

Beth wasn't sure what it was, but her own worries were worse than anything her friend could hide. "Okay." *Maybe I can change his mind.*

~ ~ ~

Beth had no courage until she was in bed. She watched Bill climb in and turn off the light. He settled as if to go to sleep, but she wanted to get this talking thing over with. Still, she wasn't sure how to begin. "About this fantasy of yours..."

"Hmm?" His sigh indicated a bit of impatience. Likely he wanted to go to sleep.

She chewed on her lip in the darkness. "When did you come down with it?"

"Come down with it? What?"

Yeah, this illness. Surely it can be cured. "When did you start feeling those things?"

"About watching you?"

There, the illness was out and exposed. "Yes." *Surely this can work. I just need to find the right cure.*

"Years, I guess."

What! "Years?"

She felt him shrug. "Yeah, years."

"You kept it from me all this time?" She felt a panicky loss of something she couldn't quite put her finger on.

"I didn't think you'd be able to handle it."

Obviously, I can't, duh. "But—"

"Honey, you asked."

"But I'm happy with you; I've never wanted anyone else."

He chuckled. "I think that's great."

"But you want me to sleep with another man—"

"It's not like my fantasy was me sleeping with another woman."

You better not. "But why can't it be just you and me?"

"It is."

"But you have this fantasy—"

He began sounding impatient. "That doesn't mean you and I change any different than we are." His sigh was heavy. "Let's just go to sleep."

She felt him shutting her down. *No, don't clam up.* "But—"

"Go to sleep, Beth."

Why isn't this working? She spent the next hour in silence, the only sound was her husband breathing – so normal, but now so very different.

CHAPTER 4

Wednesday's lunch-hour didn't feel like it was going to be a success. Beth drove to the Coffee Kitchen feeling dejected. Nothing had been solved or fixed the previous night by talking. *What is Lynne going to say? What am I going to do with my life?*

Candi waved, omitting her normal greeting. Something in her eyes said she knew Beth was troubled.

She pulled out a ten. "Two cinna-cocoa coffees."

The girl looked down at the money and out at the customers in a furtive glance. "You know you don't have to—"

She got coffee for free - and soup when she wanted it. *Not today – not after the failure of last night.* She pushed the ten. "Please."

Candi pursed her lips and poured two mugs. She rang up the purchase and handed back the change. Beth saw the girl had given her a discount, but she wasn't going to argue. She carried the two mugs back to Lynne's office.

Her friend was leaning forward towards the screen of her computer, chin thrust forward and resting on her hand. She was looking over coffee beans from her supplier. "Hey, girl."

Beth handed her a coffee and sat.

"I'll be...just a moment." She began clicking her mouse.

Beth tried to order her thoughts. *How to reveal failure? Just come out and say it?*

Lynne finished a moment later and came around the desk. She stood behind Beth and began massaging her shoulders. "All right, tell me."

This is it. "I failed."

The hands stopped. "You didn't talk to him?" The disappointment was heavy in her voice.

"No, I did. I mean that I failed to change his mind."

The hands began working again. "Oh." The disappointment remained.

"What?"

"You went home to talk to him to change his mind?" Her hands worked harder.

"Well, of course—"

Lynne coughed. "What if he doesn't change? You were supposed to talk to him, not be a mind-doctor."

That hit close to home about how she had thought to cure whatever illness he had with his fantasy. "But I only want him."

The hands paused briefly. "So you're going to wreck a fifteen year marriage—"

"Sixteen."

"Right, sorry. Sixteen years and you're going to toss it all away because he has a fantasy?"

"But I don't want his fantasy. Would you jump into bed with another man if Roger wanted it?"

The hands moved with more certainty. "Absolutely."

"You're kidding."

Lynne's voice was stern. "No, I'm not. I love Roger and he loves me. I want to be everything he desires in a woman."

"So you'd sleep with someone else to make him happy?" Beth couldn't believe it.

Lynne didn't answer right away. She leaned down and brought her head close to Beth's ear. "When he brought out the bullet, had you ever imagined using one before?"

"No?"

"But it was fun?"

"Yes?" *Where are you going with this?*

Her mouth drew closer to Beth's ear. "So who's to say indulging his fantasy might not be fun?"

Despite the warm chills at her breath, Beth jerked. "You really think I should sleep with another man—"

"What I think is that you need to loosen up."

"But I don't want to cheat on Bill!" The exasperation echoed in the office.

"Shh. No one says it's cheating if one partner wants it."

"What do you mean?"

Her friend's hands gripped and squeezed, sending pulses of pleasure down her shoulders and into her center core. Lynne said, "If you sleep around on him behind his back, it's cheating. But if he wants you to and knows about it, it isn't."

"Where do you get that?"

Lynne straightened and massaged deeper. "A wise rabbi once said that if you take his wife, it's adultery. If he loans you his wife, it's not."

"A rabbi? I'm Christian."

"Rabbis know all the intricacies and nuances of the books in the Old Testament – all the laws. How can you not trust them?"

Beth slumped. "This isn't fair."

Lynne sat behind her and leaned close. "Your husband wants to share something of himself with you. Shouldn't you want to share that with him?" Her lips came down and touched Beth's neck. "Shouldn't your love for your husband include the deepest sharing of secrets?"

Beth gasped at the touch of her friend's lips. The warmth and moisture from them left a deep tenderness on her neck that spread a paralyzing sense of peace through her. She closed her eyes as Lynne's kisses to her neck drove away her worries and fears. Stunned into silence at the sudden onset of serenity, Beth relaxed.

Lynne continued to kiss her neck lightly. "If he wants you to, why don't you?"

A tendril of tension twisted within her. "I don't want some stranger on me—" She stopped herself as Lynne's fingers twitched and the kissing stopped.

Her friend said, "If the fantasy involves you, then you have a say in it, right? You don't have to just roll over and be an unwilling participant."

"I don't?"

"Of course not." Her voice came closer to Beth's ear. "That's why I keep saying you should talk to him. Make a what-if plan. Just talk about it. Tell him what you definitely can't or won't do. Don't make any plans, just talk about the parameters. See how he reacts."

"You think he'd want me telling him my rules for his fantasy?"

"Well, in some ways, sure. He wants you to be a participant, so he should expect you'd have a say. I know Bill well enough to assume he'd want your input."

That sounds like my Bill. Maybe I could just talk about it. Maybe there's something different about it he'd like instead. Maybe I wouldn't have to actually sleep with another man... "Maybe."

Lynne's whisper into her ear erased her fear. "Just talk to him."

"All right." She left feeling better.

~ ~ ~

Beth made chicken and rice at home, carefully being neutral with her husband until after dinner.

Bill eyeballed her critically and she could see he knew something was up. He leaned back from his cleaned plate and finally said, "All right, what's on your mind?"

She froze, not ready for the talk. *I was hoping to talk in bed...* "Uh..."

"Spit it out." Bill was like that: very direct.

She sighed, and gripped the stem of her wine glass. "It's about your fantasy—"

He rolled his eyes. "Oh for shit's sake, just let it go."

This isn't starting out right at all. "No, wait. Wait. Look, I'm sorry I reacted so badly—"

He was waving her off. "Forget it. You asked, I told you. End of story."

"No, I'm sorry. I was just shocked, is all. I want to talk about this."

He sighed, a stubborn expectation on his face that indicated she was going to have to try real hard to get him to believe her.

She said, "Lynne keeps telling me to talk to you and she's right. I haven't handled this very well since you told—"

"Handled it very well? It was like I said, I didn't think you could handle it at all, and I was right."

She closed her eyes. "I'm sorry. Can we just start over from the beginning?"

"Start over?"

"Yes, like you just told me?"

He deadpanned, "I'm not sure what that's going to accomplish."

"Please."

He shrugged, his tone slightly flippant. "Fine, I just told you. Your keys are over there if you want to storm out of the house again."

She coughed. *You're being a dick, though I guess I deserve it.* "I won't storm out."

"That's a shock."

Dick. Dickdickdick. She sighed, but she loved him. She nodded and said, "So, was I supposed to have any sort of input in your fantasy?"

He slumped back a little in confusion, studying her face.

The silence made her uncomfortable. *Damn it, we're talking about your fantasy. Talk!* "Well?"

He blinked and frowned, then leaned cautiously forward. He lifted his wine glass without thought and twirled it in his fingers. "Uhh, well, yeah."

She felt as if his answer had just stubbed her mental toe without really answering anything. She drained the last of her white wine and set her glass down. "What kind of input?"

He shrugged in confusion. "I don't know, any of it? What do you mean by it?"

She took a deep breath. "I have this nightmare of some stranger on me..."

He frowned.

She said, "If anything like that ever happened, I would never want it to be some stranger." She shuddered.

He blinked and sat back, still twirling his glass in starts and stops. "Oh. Well, of course it wouldn't have to be. Though I wouldn't want it to be my brother."

Her eyes popped. "Tim? Um, no."

Bill chuckled. "Thank god for that."

"I...don't think I'd want any kind of family involved."

He shook his head. "Me, either."

She felt a flush of satisfaction at the ease of communication, no matter how rocky the beginning. She rose. "Well, that's all I wanted to talk about." *It's all I think I can handle.*

He looked disappointed, though there was an eager curiosity on his face as well. "That's all?"

She nodded. "I just wanted to know it wasn't all about you and nothing about me. Something for me to think about."

He nodded slowly, though his look told her he didn't understand.

CHAPTER 5

Beth walked confidently into the Coffee Kitchen. "Hi, Candi."

The girl's eyes crinkled with her bright smile and, just like that, they were back to normal.

She put a ten on the counter. "You know what I want."

Candi started to look around.

Beth stopped her. "Sell me the coffee or I swear I'll put you over my knee and spank you."

The girl giggled and poured the two coffees.

Beth made her way into the back office with them. "Hi."

Lynne's pencil was placed down carefully but without any attention. "Hey, girl. You look...happier today."

She let out a small smile and then quickly hid it again. "Maybe. We talked." She sat and placed the other coffee on the desk.

Her friend's eyes lit up conspiratorially. "I won't ask details, but I assume it went well?"

Beth twisted her lips in thought. "Uh..."

Lynne came around and stood behind her. Her hands came down and began working Beth's shoulders. "Please tell me it went well."

She sighed, relaxing to the wonderful feel of what stress remained being stripped away. "I talked to him about the stranger-thing - making sure he thought I should have input."

Lynne's voice elevated with encouragement. "Good."

"That was all."

The hands froze. The tone of let-down was evident. "That's all?" The hands began again.

She shrugged. "It was the biggest thing on my mind—"

"It's a start."

Beth blinked. "What else should I be talking to him about?"

Her friend leaned down, her breath teasing her ear. "Let's say you don't want to indulge his fantasy, but there are other ways of exciting him with it."

"What? How?" Her heart began thumping in her chest; the heat of Lynne's breath was tickling her ear.

The touch of her friend's lips on her neck made her close her eyes. *What is she doing to me? Why does this feel so good?* A minty feel of thrill suffused her limbs and her breathing became shallow.

Lynne whispered, "Get him talking about his fantasy when you...do things together. Maybe even play like it's happening."

And I don't have to actually do some guy? That sounds perfect...

Her friend placed more kisses on her neck.

A wave of dreamy delirium spread through her and she felt a shifting and moving like the gentle rocking of a boat in water. She let out a long, lingering sigh that signaled the last ship out for the stress she had been carrying. *Yes, her suggestion sounds good. Talking about it and pretending might satisfy his desire.* "That feels so good..."

Lynne laughed low. "Try it with him. Come back tomorrow and I'll massage your shoulders again. You already feel a lot less tense."

"You want me coming back here every day?"

"It's not like you're any trouble, and there's not much for me to do here except crossword puzzles or covering Candi on her lunch hour."

For the first time in a week, Beth began to feel the return of peace and confidence. "Okay."

A quick last kiss on her neck preceded Lynne's approval. "Good girl."

~ ~ ~

Beth watched Bill pull the bullet out of the nightstand with some amount of eagerness. *Will it be the same? Or will the novelty have worn off?*

He was smiling, looking eager. They normally didn't do things on the weekdays.

But she had another surprise in store for him and she looked at him with some amount of uncertainty. She waited until he touched the buzzing bullet to her clit. She gasped and then settled back. "So about your fantasy..."

He sounded surprised. "Yes?"

"What is it you imagine me doing?"

His pause of the bullet was brief. He began moving it again. "I suppose everything you do with me."

At least it wasn't like being tied down and raped or something. "Oh..." Twirls of tingles spread and spiraled as the bullet gave her pussy a buzz.

"You've been thinking about it?" His voice sounded hopeful.

"I was just wondering." She went silent for a moment. "Everything I do with you?"

"Yeah. I'd love to see you stroke a cock."

"Even though you can see me stroke yours?"

"Mm hmm. But watching you stroke someone else's? Even better."

"Why?" She was spinning slowly, comfortable with the talk and that she was with her husband and not actually doing any of these things. *This is almost as good as Lynne's massages.*

"It'd be hot seeing another man become erect under your hand. Very sexy."

She reached over and grabbed his hard shaft. "Stroke him like this?"

The bullet froze and her husband let out a ragged sigh. "Ah...yeah."

She stroked and played with the head. "You'd really like seeing me do this to another man?"

"You have no idea."

I guess not. She slipped her hand up and down his shaft faster. *Could I really do this to some other man?*

Her husband's moan vibrated through her ears down into her soul where it met the tingles from the bullet coming up. She gasped. Her words were shaky. "What else would you like to see me do?"

"Oh... I'd love to see your lips on him. Sucking him."

That's my cue, right? She slipped down, breaking contact with the bullet. But right now, this was about him. "Like this?" She lowered her mouth over the head of his cock.

He moaned louder, his body tensing. "Oh, fuck yes."

She sucked on him, twirling her tongue around the head and sucking down on his shaft.

His words were whispers of lust. "Yes, suck him. Suck him, Beth."

Heat rose in her in response to her husband's excitement. A flush of moisture wetted her pussy as she felt his stiff cock throbbing in her mouth.

He pulled her head off with an urgent groan and tossed her back.

She gasped with expectation. This was her Bill, in total control. He was going to take her and it was going to be good. It always was.

He was panting, positioning his pole for penetration. "And I'd want to see you open like this as he gets ready."

She tilted her hips up, widening her legs.

A look of dizziness came over his face and he stabbed his cock hard into her, filling her with one forceful thrust that ripped the breath out of her. He fucked her hard, like he always did, taking her so completely that she was paralyzed with the repeated filling of his thickness into her aching pussy. He panted, saying, "I'd want to see him fuck you like this."

His slapping hips to hers and the grind of his pubic bone against her clit had her high on the wave already. "Like this?"

He growled, forcing his erection into her with brutal love. "Yes. Fuck. Deep."

She cried out, tossed over on a torrent of passion and pleasure. Her pussy spasmed, clutching his cock in strong grips of need and greed.

The flooding spurts of searing seed splashed within her as he groaned loudly on the creaking bed.

She panted breathlessly, riding the waves of release and satisfaction accompanied by the moving bed during his orgasm. *So perfect...*

He collapsed into her arms and they lay together, catching their breaths and relaxing in the aftermath of the sexual hurricane.

She held him tight, mindless of their combined heat making a fine layer of moisture between them. *Lynne was right, that was good.*

~ ~ ~

Friday's lunch hour brought some relief to Beth. One of the technicians had been acting dodgy lately and word had circulated he was into meth. After a two week-review of his performance following the written warning, today was the day she had to fire him.

She had looked down at the date of the written warning, just two weeks prior, and realized so much had changed and could change without warning.

For his part, Meth-head Dean looked alternately upset and indifferent – as if his mind was shifting in so many directions it left him incoherent. He had shown flashes of his old self, but the other periods were getting worse. His skin had begun to look sallow and drawn.

She walked into her refuge and left that mess behind.

Candi dispelled the last of Dean. "Hi, Beth."

She let out a long sigh of satisfaction and then inhaled the aromas. "Hi, Candi." She put her money on the counter and gave the girl a stern look.

The little blonde rolled her eyes with a twisted smile and poured two cups of cinna-cocoa coffee. She carefully set them down. "Thank you sooo much, please come again." The sarcasm was lit with a fruity playfulness that made Beth laugh.

She carried the cups into the back office. Lynne was not at her desk and Beth heard the water running in the bathroom. She sat and relaxed in the padded chair. The gold vinyl was the buttoned, stuffed, cushy kind that was stiff until you settled onto it. All it took was a slight shift to settle her butt-bones just right into the button-dimples.

"Hey." Her friend's greeting was not surprised. Her smile was sincere and welcoming.

Beth took another deep sigh and wondered if things were finally going to return to normal. She hoped so.

Lynne leaned against the desk to Beth's side and took up the coffee. "You look chipper."

"I feel chipper. Mostly. Had to fire a meth addict today. Used to be a solid employee."

Lynne's face scrunched up. "Ew."

She shook her head. "Why do people get so caught up in drugs?"

Lynne shrugged. "Peer pressure. Friends. Lack of hope, maybe. The escape from reality."

"But it just makes things worse."

"You don't need to tell me that." The change in her face signaled a change of subject. "So..."

She smiled. "Rather talk about something not so depressing?"

Her friend laughed lightly. "Well, I don't think your issue is depressing."

"Huh. I sure thought so."

"It's just how you were looking at it."

"I guess so."

Lynne stood behind her and began massaging her shoulders. "Ah, yes. Much better. "

Beth relaxed to the finger movements and closed her eyes. Her hum of satisfaction was low and long. The cup clasped in her two hands provided warmth in her fingers that spread into her wrists. She began floating, dreamily.

Lynne's voice near her ear was soothing. "So, anything happen at home?"

A little chuckle bubbled up from her throat and broke her lips. "You could say that."

"Oh?" Interest was in her friend's voice, but she didn't pry.

Beth knew Lynne would let her tell her on her own, only coaxing if she thought it was necessary. "We did things last night and I used your suggestion."

Lynne's giggle was quiet and intrigued. "How did that turn out?" Her hands worked deep delight into Beth's shoulders.

She hummed happily and said, "Um, very fun." She covered her embarrassment with a nervous laugh.

Her friend's hands stopped.

Beth frowned, wondering if she had said something wrong.

But Lynne's hands started again, if feeling slightly warm and clammy to the touch. Her voice drifted closer to Beth's ear. "I'd hoped you would find it so."

Beth twisted her neck a little, letting the muscles stretch and relax. "You were right."

The fingers hitched a little, then resumed with more certainty. "Are you going to try that again?"

"Definitely. You don't think he'll get bored of it?"

Lynne's voice was a whisper. "No."

"I want to make him happy."

"Of course you do, Beth. Let go of your worries." Her fingers massaged her clavicles where they met under her neck. "Your husband will love you all the more for it."

Beth smiled. *And that's what I want, isn't it? We can play together, talking about his fantasy. It was actually fun.* She hummed her consent.

Lynne's whisper was close in her ear, sending wisps of hot breath tickling into her insides. "Bill wants to fantasize about sharing you. You

should let him. Help him." Her hands trailed down the center of Beth's chest, in between the small swell of her breasts. Her fingers rubbed the bone all the way down, then past her sternum until her hands rested on Beth's thighs at the hem of her jeans skirt.

Beth's heart began thumping faster and her breathing accelerated. Her eyes were still closed in that dreamy state of relaxation and satisfaction. *What is my friend doing?*

Lynne said, "Indulge his fantasies. Inflammate them." Her hands drew up and in between Beth's thighs. "He worships you..." Fingers drew up and stroked across Beth's panties.

She gasped, her eyes opening.

Lynne kissed her neck, moist and hot touches that sent shivers spinning down her back and arms. "If he likes you fantasizing with him, then do it. He wants it." He fingers brushed up and down Beth's panties over her clit.

She trembled, the shaking growing until she thought she'd break the chair. She tensed and gasped.

Lynne removed her hands and brought them back to Beth's shoulders.

CHAPTER 6

Beth Crawley, personnel manager for a major web-hosting company, had never felt so confused. She tried to focus on the applications file, scanning the work histories and qualifications of men and women who had applied in the last year.

It was generally a pointless exercise. Even if she found one, who waited around for up to a year to see if they would be hired? Applicants didn't stick around waiting – they needed a job and they often took the first to come along.

However, as simple and pointless as the review was in Beth's mind, she couldn't focus enough to finish. The memory of her friend's touch, whispers and kisses had her turned around inside and left her not knowing left from right.

Beth wasn't a lesbian and had never wanted to be one. Was yet another secret of her friend's something along that line? Lynne a lesbian? But she had never come on to Beth before and her friend was married to a handsome man. Roger was an architect who bicycled to work every day on his mountain bike. Once a month he'd be out mountain biking: he had the body that went with it.

Lynne had told her long ago that she couldn't keep up with him. Beth had assumed she meant the biking thing which is why she didn't own one. But in the back of her mind, she had wondered if Lynne's sly words had implied more than just biking.

If she had also meant in bed, was there anything neglected in Lynne that would cause her to be lesbian? Was that how it worked? *Or am I so straight I don't know what being a lesbian is?* Images of angry butches hating men

flashed through her brain. She had one lesbian friend on Facebook who was forever posting man-hating rants. She was an acquaintance, really – not a friend.

Lynne didn't hate men, though. Did that mean she was bi?

Beth twisted her lips in thought, staring at the application held in her hand without seeing even a single letter of it.

"Any luck?" The voice made her drop the application. Gary Gore was a pasty, pear-shaped man. His belt created a huge indent around his expansive flab. He wore heavy glasses and had a pretend mustache on his upper lip. He was also the owner.

"Oh..." She scooted the application that had fallen around on the others in the open file. "Not really, and these are so old..."

A slight scrunch of the face the girls in the company called Scary Gary told her he had figured as much. "Place ads, then."

"That was my next move."

Scary Gary never missed an opportunity to look the girls in the company up and down at least once. He didn't linger, but they all knew he was looking them over.

Beth shuddered. *Gross. I feel slimed.* She pursed her lips and turned away to avoid seeing his gaze. But he was already turning to leave. Even if the looks were fast, she always felt as if she had soaked in gross.

~ ~ ~

The weekend afforded her much time to think and most of it was about Lynne. Had her friend come on to her? Or had her touch merely been accentuating her encouragement to fantasize with Bill? And what of the kisses? Her friend had never indicated once that she was bi or had those kinds of feelings for another woman. Her indications had been all hetero.

Did a kiss to the neck count as lesbian? She hadn't tried kissing her mouth. Was a kiss to the neck any different than a kiss to the cheek? *Am I worrying over nothing?*

Bill ravaged her pussy Saturday night, teasing her with the bullet and telling her the nasty things he would want to see. She went with it, asking why he wanted to see some guy's cock in her. The thought made her clench up, but his words about how sexy she was affirmed Lynne's comment that

he worshiped her. She had cum on his fingers while he whispered about her taking a cock deep.

He had pounded her pussy after, sending her senseless into a state of bliss.

Sunday morning's shower and coffee offered her a time of reflection. Lynne had been right. Not only had talking resolved what Beth thought was the end, but she found she actually had fun listening to her husband get excited over his fantasy.

Kinky.

She sipped her coffee, missing the cinna-cocoa from the Coffee Kitchen. Just as her friend had suggested, Bill had opened up, admitting his love for her and his desire. He wasn't tired of her. He wasn't wanting to replace her. Beth still couldn't wrap her mind around the idea that seeing your lover with someone else was super sexy, but apparently Bill thought so.

Were Lynne's kisses just encouragement?

Bill came into the kitchen, freshly showered, and leaned down and planted a kiss on her lips.

She panicked for a brief second, not wanting to imagine kissing Lynne, but found herself tilting her head in curiosity. *No, even that peck was definitely different than her neck-kisses.*

She got up and went about making Sunday morning oatmeal with raisins.

~ ~ ~

Monday brought with it a curiosity that itched. *Is my friend gay? Or is it that only guys are gay, and women are lesbians? I need to know.*

Her lunch hour provided her the opportunity.

Walking into the Coffee Kitchen felt as if it were a new adventure, rife with unknowns that threatened her sense of sanity. *How easily I've moved beyond my husband's odd fantasy. How quickly disaster turned to some bedroom delight... But now, what is this new threat? Something more ominous? Will this be the end of our friendship?*

She barely murmured acknowledgment of Candi's welcome. She didn't order coffee.

Lynne's voice was perky from the extra bedroom-turned-storage area. "Hey, girl."

Beth leaned into the doorway. Boxes and supplies were neatly stacked around the walls and on shelves placed in the middle of the room. Dimly lit from one overhead bulb, she always felt as if this were the haunted room of the old house and she shivered against the door jamb. "Hi."

Her friend came out, clipboard in hand, and led them into her office. "How was your weekend? You seem a little quiet."

Memories of Bill's excitement and passion pushed a smile across her lips. "Pretty good, I guess."

Lynne sat next to her. "Just pretty good? Why the long face, then?"

Faced with the edge of eternity, the seconds stretched in silence. She shrugged her shoulders, needing to continue the conversation to ultimately find out if her friend was gay, but not wanting to. Forcing the words out of her mouth was more difficult than she had imagined in the planning of her thoughts. "I guess I'm still a little tense over it all..."

Her friend smiled warmly and moved to begin massaging Beth's shoulders. "You seemed happier last week." Her voice dropped low. "Did he say something new?" She glanced at the door.

Beth took a ragged breath. "Not really, but he seems really happy to be talking about it."

Her friend removed her hands. She stepped over and shut the door.

Beth felt as if she were being shut in against her better judgment. *Why do I feel like she's going to involve me in something illegal?*

Lynne stood behind her and began massaging again. "Did you have fun?"

"Yes."

Her friend let out a satisfied giggle. "Told you. It wasn't the end of the world."

You're right, it wasn't, but what about you? Are you gay? "I'm still repulsed by the idea—"

Lynne's hands came down her breast-bone, sliding downwards. Her whisper was close to Beth's ear. "But you're having fun. What's wrong with that?"

Shivers tingled along her limbs and she felt as if frozen – paralyzed with a pulsing uncertainty that left her mouth agape.

Lynne kissed her neck, sending more shivers and paralysis over her body. "If your husband wants you to do it, why don't you?"

Huh? Expecting something else, Beth blinked. Assuming Lynne would use the massaging as an opportunity for something lesbian, she did not expect any discussion along the lines of her husband's odd fantasy.

Her friend's hands slipped down and touched her thighs.

Uh oh, she going to touch me again...why am I not stopping her? Isn't this proof? Beth's breathing accelerated and her chest heaved with the effort of breathing.

Her friend added even more confusion to the calamitous thoughts rushing to and fro in Beth's head. Her head pounded with her racing pulse, causing a numbing buzz in her ears. Lynne's hands dipped between her thighs and pulled up. Her whisper was suggestive. "Maybe you should do it."

Beth's lips trembled, her breath taut with anticipation. Lynne's fingers came up and began brushing Beth's panties.

"He wants you to and it might be fun."

What? I thought you were gay. You're trying to tell me...what? To engage his fantasy? Her friend's fingers began pressing and rubbing over her clit. The confusion kept her silent. The sensations radiating up from her clit kept her still, though her legs trembled as if she were perched high up on a mountain cliff.

"I have something to tell you..."

Yes, here it comes. You're lesbian. I already know.

A kiss touched her neck and her friend's fingers began a more thoroughly delightful exploration.

Why am I finding this exciting? She began panting.

The fingers came up higher, then slid down Beth's panties.

Oh yes, definitely gay. Rainbow colored alarms flashed in her head. Pink-bikini'd men pranced about holding placards flamboyantly proclaiming their desire to be a woman for another man. Angry lesbians shouted derision at men. Her friend's fingers glided over her clit and found her slit. She felt her pussy opening to her friend's fingers and a fantastic feeling of shared intimacy surged up within her. But Beth was not prepared for what came next.

CHAPTER 7

Beth trembled in between lust and fear. *So she's a lesbian, does that mean I am? Why does this feel so good?* Her confusion was scattered by the bombshell whispered from her friend's lips.

Lynne kissed her way up to Beth's ear and whispered, "You know, my husband has talked about you...during sex."

What the fuck? You're not gay? Wait... "Whuh...?" Her friend's fingers probed deeper into her pussy, then withdrew. She came around and knelt in front of Beth. Dizzy with erotic emotions and cascading confusion, Beth stared dumbly.

Lynne moved Beth's panties aside and began massaging again.

She dropped her head back a little, breathing easier as the fingers slid deeper.

"Roger would love to have you." Three fingers pushed deep.

What? Roger? Oh, this feels so good. But, Roger? She had never thought of him that way. He was a handsome, younger guy and her friend's husband. Of course she had never thought of him that way. *But he thinks of me like that? Why do I feel betrayed? Used without my knowledge? How dare he?*

Lynne's fingers moved in and out, causing all kinds of amazing and paralyzing links of lust within Beth. Her friend said, "Are you thinking about him? Is he handsome enough for you?"

Overwhelmed by the sensational shivers racing up her spine, Beth said, "He...? He..."

Lynne looked up at her face. Her fingers slid in and out of Beth's pussy slowly. "He would love to have you. Is that so bad?"

She blinked several times. "But he's married to you." She closed her eyes, wanting Lynne to stop this obvious lesbian behavior, but finding instead a reason to enjoy what she was feeling just a little longer. Her friend's delicate fingers – heretofore not noticed in such a meaningful way – were now providing something sensational to Beth. *She can stop after I nail down this question...or something.*

"Isn't that better? Closer?"

Beth gasped as her ache tightened and turned – twisting into a promise she dreaded. *I can't cum – that would make me gay, right? I can't. But this feels too good to stop, I think. Does Roger really think of me that way?* "Roger?"

Lynne's giggle was seductive. "I've let him call me your name a few times."

A passionate panic shook her. "You've what?" But her words were breathy and at the edge of really deep sexual excitement. *Why am I feeling this? I've never thought of Roger like that...*

"Yep, was pretty hot. Have you ever thought of him...?"

Beth's voice was urgent. "No, never."

Her friend's fingers paused for only a brief second. "You don't think he's handsome?"

"Well, yes... Of course he is..." The sliding fingers were causing Beth all kinds of incoherent grief. She gasped, thinking of Roger calling her name. "He really called my name? You're not just joking...?"

"Girl, he's desperate to fuck you."

"But what about you?" *You're gay so it doesn't matter?*

"I think it would be so hot to see him with my best friend."

Somehow, her friend's words blunted the feeling of betrayal. This didn't seem to be some Roger-filth as Lynne was telling it, but something that had excited both of them.

Lynne worked a fourth finger in, stretching Beth's hole open. Her friend's hand worked in and out, deep and slow, causing more paralysis and passion.

Beth panted, then groaned.

Lynne whispered, "Would you like to feel his cock in here?"

An image of Roger's face above her and the sensation of what was being done to her pussy broke her acquiescence. Her thighs clamped shut and she

scooted reflexively back. Her friend's fingers came out. "No, he's your husband. I can't..."

Lynne was smiling. "I can't wait to tell him I had my fingers up your—"

"No, don't!" Beth panted in panic. *No one can know about this. It was just a test. I don't want to be a lesbian.* "You can't."

Her friend arched an eyebrow. "Well... I hate keeping secrets from him —"

"Please don't." She arranged her skirt downward. She looked anywhere but at her friend's face. The crushing weight of shame and guilt pressed in on her – the passion gone.

"Well, I won't, but I want you to do something first."

"What? Anything."

"Go home and tell Bill tonight about Roger's fantasy."

She was stunned. *Tell my husband your husband's secret? Isn't that a no-no?* "You want me to tell...?"

"Tell him. Then come back tomorrow and tell me exactly what he said. If you don't, I'll take that as permission to tell Roger what happened here."

"Are you...threatening me?"

Her friend shook her head vigorously. Her hand came down on Beth's thigh gently. "Oh, girl, no. You mean too much to me to do something like that."

"Then why—"

She shook her head slower. "I can't keep secrets from my husband; that's just wrong. I won't do it."

"But you're going to tell him anyway?" She felt a cliff nearing and she was on the ice and sliding fast.

"Well, eventually... But I suppose it can wait a little bit. Just come back tomorrow and tell me what Bill said."

Telling my husband would be the easy part. But how could I ever face Roger knowing what I know now? And if he knew about what Lynne had done to me in her office? Why did I let her do that to me? Caught in a seemingly no-win situation, she said, "All right."

~ ~ ~

Beth held her husband's semi-hard cock in her hand. They were lying in bed before sleep and she had reached over to fumble at his bed-shorts.

His grin was gleeful in the light of the alarm clock. "What's gotten into you?"

"I don't know." *How do I say this?*

"We used to do things only on the weekends. Is it my fantasy getting you excited?"

She coughed. "No."

He actually slumped.

"Well, I mean, it's something about it."

He grunted. "Oh? Like what?"

She concentrated on stroking him to avoid looking into his searching eyes; if she did look him in the eyes, she would lose all her carefully composed confidence. "I've been talking to Lynne about all this..."

"Yeah, I know." He didn't sound very happy. "What exactly have you told her?"

No, I need to talk about Roger, not your fantasy. She sighed. "Well, sort of everything."

He slapped his hand to his face. The exasperation in his word was explosive with regret. "Why?"

Torn with torment over everything that had happened, developed, and needed to be said, she said, "I felt so lost."

"You could've talked to me."

"I guess I needed a woman's perspective."

He grunted.

"I thought she would agree with me that it was all so insane."

He snorted.

"You can thank her for helping me see that your thing didn't mean the end of us."

He blew out a sigh. "Yeah, maybe."

She kept stroking. "She's helped me have fun with it."

"Well, at least there's that. I'll send her a Christmas card."

"There's more."

He went silent, listening, his body tense.

"She told me that Roger has a fantasy...about me."

"Huh? Roger?" The incredulity in his voice satisfied her thinking.

"Yeah, totally crazy, huh?"

"Well, no, but...Roger?"

Beth giggled with uncertainty. "Yeah, weird."

"But he's younger. What's he doing looking at you?"

It was her turn to almost collapse on the bed. The crushing weight of her fears piled on heavily. "Thanks, no need to remind me I'm forty and too old for—"

"No, I didn't mean it that way. I'm sorry; you're very sexy. I just thought he'd be looking at some blonde teenager or something."

"Well, she's a year older than him."

"He's thirty-five?"

She rolled her eyes. "No, thirty-eight."

"Huh. And he has a fantasy about you?"

Her hand stopped and started. "Yes." She felt his shaft begin to firm.

"No kidding?"

Are you insinuating I'm too old again? "Yes, no kidding."

"Did she say what kind of fantasy?"

"He wants to...um..."

"Wants to what?"

Why does this seem so hard to say? She stroked a little faster, trying to gather courage. "He wants to...do me."

Bill chuckled with pleasure. "Wow, Roger?"

She squeezed his hard shaft as if to threaten him. "Yes. I'm only two years older. But forty is so old—"

"Oh shut up. Like you said, it's only two years." He sighed and his cock flexed in her hand. "Roger: who would've thought?"

"Should we not be friends with them anymore?"

He jerked. "What? Hell no. I think they're great. I just never thought he'd have eyes for you. He always seemed so neutral."

"That what I thought. It's not like he's ever come on to me."

Bill's cock swelled. "Too bad, huh?"

"What? How can you say that? He's our friend."

"Oh shush. A little bit of teasing fun wouldn't have hurt anyone."

She sniffed and shook her head. Nothing, nowhere in their friendship to Lynne and Roger had ever hinted at such a thing. The idea just simply had never occurred to her that he might have some fantasy. But then, neither did she imagine her husband having the fantasy he did. Nor did she imagine Lynne having a dildo thing. She stroked slower, thinking about the secrets.

"How long has he had this thing for you?"

She was startled from her reveries. "Hmm? I don't know. But for a while now. Lynne said they've talked about me during sex a few times."

A flash of white told her he was smiling. "That's great."

She coughed. "You think so?"

His breathing was heavier. "Yeah." His hips moved, driving his shaft up and down in her hand. "So he imagines fucking you?"

She felt his cock swell in her hand. "Yes." She stroked faster. "Is that wrong of him?"

He didn't answer with words. His groan sounded as if he had just set down a heavy box. His cock flexed and began a series of powerful pulses.

She realized he was cumming. "Oh, my. That really turned you on?" She stroked slower, milking him.

He laughed, relieved. "Uh, yeah."

He really liked that? She had been looking for something like disapproval – the set of boundaries that limited these fantasies. Instead, he had confused her more.

CHAPTER 8

Lynne shut the door behind her. She came in a rush at Beth and gripped her arm as if hanging on. "So, what did he say?"

Coffee sloshed out of the two cups as she jerked in surprise. She held them out so as not to drip down her blouse and skirt. "Whoa, whoa, take it easy."

With a slight twist of her mouth in annoyance, Lynne took the cups and set them down.

Beth had bought them, hoping to use them as a shield against anything kinky her friend might have in mind. She let herself be gripped by the shoulders and lowered into the chair.

Lynne's head tilted as if to get a better look at Beth's eyes. "What did he say?"

With a heavy disappointment in all that had developed, she said, "He thought it was great."

Her friend's smile spread like a wave of wonder. "How wonderful."

She shook her head, trying to clear away the confusion, the anxiety and the feeling that she was heading into something wrong. "No, it's not wonderful—"

Her friend's hands rested on her knees, then slid up her thighs. "Of course it is—"

Beth clamped her thighs shut, determined not to engage in any more weird office activity.

Hands stopped, Lynne said, "Were you talking about it...during sex?"

She let out a sigh. "Yes."

An eyebrow and a knowing look crossed her friend's face. "Was he excited?"

She nodded, realizing she had felt his excitement within her, as if a tugboat pulling on the ropes of her soul. While she had not wanted to be turned on and had rather wanted Bill's concurrence that such a fantasy was wrong, she had instead felt the aches of passion stirring in her. *But was it just because my husband was excited? And it excited me?* "Yes...he was."

Her friend's hands moved and her smile widened.

Beth had no willpower to stop her, as if admitting her husband was excited had sapped her determination. Fingers brushed her panties and she relaxed her legs.

"That sounds like a lot of fun." Fingers snaked under her panties and began massaging.

Beth closed her eyes at the unwanted but welcome intrusion, breathing through her mouth. It felt good and wrong, and right and bad.

Lynne whispered, "I played with Roger last night, made him think of you." Her fingers pushed in deep. "He was so hard."

Beth gasped, her pussy clamping on Lynne's fingers at the mention of the event.

"I think you'd love his cock." Fingers shoved slowly in and out. "Would you like to feel it in here?"

Beth trembled, fighting the surge of sensuality inside her. *Am I fighting the image, or her fingers?* Her mouth was open and her eyes squeezed shut. She rolled her head to the side, her thighs tense while her pussy got worked by her friend's fingers. *I can't be a lesbian, so it must be the thought of Roger's cock—*

A tidal wave of tension rose so suddenly she felt as if tossed upwards to dizzying heights. She gasped in quickly, trying to catch a breath that wouldn't come. Trembles of tension tightened with a speed that had her holding her breath – eyes squeezed tightly shut.

Lynne's fingers worked faster, plunging into Beth's pussy. "Yes, you'd like to feel his cock, wouldn't you? You want to fuck him..."

Beth tensed more, twisting up out of her chair as the swell of passion lifted her higher. Then she was dropped, tumbling down fast. She let out a strangled cry, feeling the grip of her pussy clamping on her friend's fingers. A flood of relief swept her over, then tossed her back up. She stuffed her knuckles into her mouth and whimpered as her body shook with orgasm.

~ ~ ~

Beth stayed away from the Coffee Kitchen for two days before she got a call from Lynne. She begged off visiting telling her friend that she needed to think.

And she did.

What is going on with me? Why has my life went from comfortable to confusing? She looked over the new applications: over-educated; over-qualified; applying for half the pay they had received before...

Beth shook her head. So much in life wasn't making any sense. The politics blogs she read all claimed the unemployed were primarily uneducated white males. Yet each of the seven applications before her had been filled out by those unemployed white males and not a single one was uneducated.

My work doesn't fit the common sense and neither does my home-life. She flicked through the papers, trying to decide which was the least educated and qualified. *No point in embarrassing the better ones with our pay.*

"Well?" Scary Gary's eyes were on her as he leaned in the door. He liked to walk around, checking out the women.

She rubbed her fingertips fast, reflexively, as if trying to brush away something dirty on them. "They're all extremely over-qualified."

"Who cares?" His voice was airy and heavy at the same time, as if there couldn't possibly be any difficulty in choosing between Doritos or Cheetos.

"It would be shameful for any of them to accept our pay—"

"Who cares? Just pick one. They'll be glad to have a job." He lifted his upper lip in a quick gesture of indifference. Then he was gone.

Beth sighed. *He's probably right. Can it really be that simple? Can life offer up challenges that seem insurmountable but are really simple to solve?* She selected the application of one Robert Thomas: he had been out of work the longest. She lifted her phone, hoping her selection was the right one.

"Hello?"

Beth took a breath. *This won't be hard. He either takes it or not.* "Hi, Robert?"

"Yes?"

"This is Beth Crawley, Personnel Manager for Data-Tek?

A catch in the voice was followed by caution. "Yes?"

"I've looked over your application and you're quite a bit over-qualified
—"

A loud breath of frustration from the other end. The resignation in the voice was heavy. "I know."

"But we'd like to hire you on."

She heard him breathe on the other end.

She said, "Could you come in tomorrow? For an orientation and some further paperwork?"

The breathing came faster. His words were a rush of stunned hope. "Tomorrow?"

Beth thought he was going to cry.

~ ~ ~

The weekend gave Beth some time to relax. She had avoided the Coffee Kitchen all week. Disturbed by the development of events between her and her friend, she had stayed away and secured her libido against Lynne's lesbian leanings.

That's what they are, aren't they? She laid her head back on the lounge in the backyard. It was still chilly, not fully into spring yet, but warm enough to be outside in the fresh air.

She held a magazine that she wasn't even pretending to read. Her thoughts drifted to Robert, their new employee. Enthusiastic and sharp, he had dived gracefully into his job with an ease that made her feel happy to have selected him. Keeping the servers up and running and resolving hosting problems was beneath him, but he handled it all together with the other employees with a slickness that made even Scary Gary smile.

Giving him the job had felt so shameful, but he's so happy. If he cares about the pay cut, he certainly isn't showing it. She remembered him trembling with eagerness at the orientation – her surprise had turned to pleasure. Having given him something she didn't think he'd want, she felt as if her job had notched a success – a personal one. A professional one. And one in her soul.

She wanted to call her friend and share the interesting bit of news, but thoughts of her last visit intruded. *Am I a lesbian because I came on her*

fingers? How could I have allowed such a dirty thing to happen? But, no, I can't be a lesbian. I must have cum because she was talking about Roger...

That didn't make her feel better.

~ ~ ~

Bill glowered at her. He did not turn out the light. "What's eating you?"

Beth gave him an innocent look. "Hmm? Nothing." *In other words, I have a lot to think about and you wouldn't understand. Besides, I wouldn't know where to start.*

He squinted one eye down. "Don't give me your bullshit."

She sighed. *Do we know each other so well I can't keep a secret from him? Am I that easy to read?* She felt a warm tug at their bond at the thought. "Just been thinking a lot."

He nodded as if the excuse bored him. "Yeah, yeah, obviously. What about?"

Oh gosh, do I have to really tell you everything? "It's sort of private."

He looked slowly at her as if she had just said Mars was one huge pink alien mothership with drooling lizard-aliens on it waiting to invade Earth and impregnate the men.

She said defensively, "What?"

"Private?"

"Well—"

"I'm your husband."

You don't have to be right all the time, you know. Fuck. She slumped.

"Well?"

Beth lifted a hand as if to protest and let it fall in defeat. "It's about Lynne."

That gave him a look of confusion that produced in Beth a sadistic surge of satisfaction. He said, "Lynne? What about? Her husband's fantasy thing?"

Feeling bolder now that she had stumped her husband, she said, "Not exactly..."

"Tell me."

Is it as simple as that? What if he disapproves? What if he gets mad? What if he wants a divorce? "If I tell you, will you promise not to get mad?"

He made a raspberry with his lips and rolled his eyes.

Dammit, I love him. Does he have to make me wonder why I worry so much? "You promise?"

He rolled his eyes some more and bounced his head around as he did it. "Yeah, I promise. What did you do, screw someone behind my back?"

Horror tore through her. "No, of course not."

His nod was quick and direct. "Then I can't be mad. Spill."

It was that simple for her husband. His boundary was a secure line that did not waver with what ifs. She felt a little better, but embarrassed. "Well...you know how we were talking at her store?"

He urged her with a nod.

She pursed her lips. "Well..."

"Quit saying 'well' and just spit it out."

She twisted her mouth and gave him an evil eye. She took a breath and let it out. "While we were talking about your fantasy and this Roger-thing —"

"Roger-thing?" He shook his head. "Roger-thing? He has a fantasy, too. It's not a thing like it's something disgusting. It's not a tumor. He has a fantasy about you and there's nothing disgusting about it or you."

Had I been thinking that? No, I'm not disgusting. But isn't his fantasy? Or not? "But—"

"It's his fantasy, and I think it's a good one. If I were him, I'd be fantasizing about you, too. Just because you didn't think of him that way doesn't make him sick or something. Not like if his fantasy had been about me—"

Beth clapped a hand to her mouth. *But that's so close to the truth...* Yet, her husband was right: she had no reason to try to belittle someone's fantasy.

Bill must have seen something in her expression. "Or was it? Tell me."

"No...I..."

"Go on."

There was no way around him. Not tonight. Not here. "When we were talking about those things, Lynne was massaging me."

He stared blankly. "Yeah? So?"

"Well—"

His sharp look stopped her.

"Sorry. The...massaging got a little more involved."

His expression turned more serious and considering. "All right, go on."

She replied, slow at first, then in a rush to get it over with. "We were talking about your fantasy... How you wanted something...and that we should talk about it. But as we talked, she went from massaging my shoulders to touching me."

"Touching you?"

She knew he knew what she meant, but he was asking for clarification. Beth nodded. "Very...um, intimately."

His eyebrows rose. His words were slow. "I didn't know you had thoughts like that—"

Still in a rush, she said, "No, I don't."

He gave a short nod to placate her. "All right, all right, don't get excited."

"Does that make me a lesbian?"

He laughed and the bed shook.

What a jerk, I'm being serious.

He said, "Did you lick her pussy?"

Shock flopped her mouth open in a gasp. "Bill!"

"Did you?"

"Of course not."

"So you're not a lesbian."

Too simple; you're not getting it. "But I came...when she did it."

"You came when she licked your pussy?" He sounded confused and curious.

Beth thought her eyes were going to pop out. "No! When she...fingered me."

His words only increased her outrage. He said smugly, "Sounds fun."

"I'm being serious."

He snuggled closer and she felt the hardness beneath his bed-shorts. "So am I."

She coughed. "But doesn't that make me a lesbian?"

"Would you quit going on about that?"

"But doesn't it?" She felt his cock flexing through his shorts. *Goodness, do you get turned on by everything?*

He said, "Look, do you want to lick her pussy?"

"No, of course not."

"Then you're not a lesbian."

"It's not that simple."

He sighed. "Fine, we can be a little deeper. What do you prefer for an intimate bed-partner, a man or a woman?"

"You."

"Duh...am I a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"So...?" He bugged his eyes out at me with comic emphasis.

Jerk. "I can't believe it's that simple—"

"It is. If you don't prefer women, you're not a lesbian."

"But, with what happened—"

"Stop it. If you were tied down and blindfolded and fingers touched you and you didn't know their gender, you would probably still cum. You aren't a lesbian, get over it."

That made some sense. Sort of. "But I knew it was Lynne."

"So? If I was getting jacked by some guy, I'd probably cum. Just because I'm not gay doesn't mean something can't feel good. I'd have no control. Neither did you."

His twisted, simple and maddeningly mundane view made sense. She settled back wondering how she had blown it all out of proportion.

CHAPTER 9

Beth began to become comfortable as the weeks passed. Probably staying away from the Coffee Kitchen helped a lot. She talked to Lynne on the phone frequently and the edgy agitation began wearing away.

Bill was strangely quiet, perhaps sensing she needed time to digest all of this.

A few Saturdays after her last visit to Lynne, he made indications he was interested in sex. It certainly wasn't a bother as their couplings always affirmed to her that their bond was as strong as ever. She welcomed his advances.

He pulled the bullet out and began teasing her in bed. Outside, rain tapped fast against the window and a wind drove it one way and then the other. The shifting sound was soothing and serene.

He murmured into her ear. "You've been different lately. Not your usual self."

The vibrating toy sent tingles along her limbs and she sighed happily. Finally, she felt secure once again – satisfied with who she was and where she was in her marriage. Her husband's fantasy hadn't wrecked anything, despite her fears; they were just as strong a couple as before. She wriggled and snuggled closer to him, feeling so very much more a part of him now that she knew his unusual kink. *Yeah, I can live with it, and it's kind of fun getting him excited and talking about it.*

The sound of the wind driving the light rain outside made it sound more stormy than it really was. But the effect of the natural noise and the touch of the buzzing bullet had her drifting fast into a place of peace.

Bill whispered, "What's been on your mind?"

Her answer was easy and dreamy. "Not much, just adjusting to all this."

"To which part?"

She dropped her head over slightly to look at him. His face was too close and she settled looking blurrily at one of his eyes. "All of it. Your fantasy, Roger's fantasy, and what happened at Lynne's store."

"Still troubled about it all?"

Her breathing was deep and coming a little faster. Warmth spread swiftly through her. "No, not really. I think I'm all right with it all now."

"Have you been back to her store?"

Thought of going and feeling Lynne's fingers pushing into her pussy caused her to gasp. "No." An ache developed inside her and she reached over to grip her husband's shaft. It was hot in her hand and already hard. She gave it a squeeze.

Bill chuckled. "Afraid of her?"

Yes. "No, of course not."

He snorted.

Stop it. She remained quiet, hoping he would drop it.

"Or are you afraid of talking about Roger's fantasy?"

Another gasp ripped from her and she shifted her hips as the coil twisted with tension inside her. *Maybe not his fantasy. But no, certainly not Lynne being weird with me.*

Her husband said, "Or have you been thinking about what it would be like to be with Roger?"

A low moan of wariness and worry erupted from her throat as a wave of sexual anxiety reared up. *Wow, this orgasm is building fast.*

Bill didn't wait for an answer. He pulled the bullet away to Beth's disappointment. He climbed over her and positioned his erection.

She panted lightly, feeling the promise of the orgasm lurking. She needed her husband, right now, and he was ready to give.

He was grinning down at her, that smoky look of lust in his eyes. "Have you thought about..." He touched the head of his cock to her pussy and rubbed it over her clit.

Scintillating shivers of numbing need spilled through her, saturating her nerves and limbs.

He was panting also, lightly, a glow in his eyes. "Have you thought about what his cock might be like?" He pressed the head in.

The feeling of her pussy opening as her husband mentioned Roger's cock made her gasp loudly. *No, I haven't.* But the image was there in her mind.

Bill paused. "Have you thought about what it would be like to feel it inside?" He rammed his shaft straight in, immediately stretching and filling her pussy with hot man-hardness.

Her mouth was open in shock and so were her eyes. *No, I haven't. Really.* She gasped three times before she could say, "No."

He pounded his erection into her, taking away her breath and control.

She tried not to think about Roger and what it might be like, but the image in her mind was hammered home by her husband's maniacal lust. *Would it be like this? Would it be as satisfying as my husband? Surely not...*

He grunted hard above her, his hips smashing down into hers – just the way she liked it. "Maybe he has a big cock."

Why do men think a huge cock is better? The imagination of her pussy being stretched more than what she was feeling made her tremble with fear and curiosity. A flash of Roger's face in her mind along with the thought of being stretched even more caused an unexpected blossoming explosion of tension and sexual need. She felt herself thrown upward, quivering, as the tightness in her became unbearable. She broke over, falling with a loud cry. Her hips thrust convulsively as her orgasm snuck in and wrecked her moment with her husband.

Bill rammed her harder, a smile of delight and delirium on his face. "Yeah, that's right. Think of his cock. Imagine how it feels."

She cried out louder, helpless to stop the orgasm and also the image of Roger being the one who was delivering her this release. She clawed at her husband and gritted her teeth, grunting loudly as she came.

Her husband gasped harshly. "Yeah, your pussy likes that, doesn't it?" He groaned savagely and slammed it all the way in. His spurts of hot seed inside her signaled his satisfaction.

No, not Roger cumming in me. She panted, still clamping with the last of her orgasm. But her body clamped harder as her mind conjured Roger above her. Her groan erupted from her throat as her body pulsed with the grinding relief of her orgasm. "Ungh..."

Bill collapsed on top of her, hoarsely drawing and expelling breaths. His body twitched on her a few times, his cock sending a last few spurts into her.

So forbidden... She drifted dreamily, thinking of Roger, holding tight to her husband as his breathing slowed. *Why did this one feel so fulfilling?*

~ ~ ~

Beth still talked to Lynne on the phone and their conversations were easy and breezy. However, both avoided the topic of her last visit. Two months had passed. If Lynne felt disappointed, it didn't come out in the phone calls.

Beth effortlessly shifted names around on the schedule. Some couldn't work nights. Others could. Others couldn't work days. Others could work both. She knew them all reflexively now and created a schedule to allow for a vacation. It created no stress.

She was tapping her pen against her chin, finishing the schedule for the next two weeks. Her mouse hand darted and clicked. *I miss my friend. And the coffees. Maybe she's gotten the message I'm not into lesbian. Curiosity cornered her thinking. Maybe Roger's thing has died out? Just a temporary crush kind of thing?* Thoughts of Roger passed through her. She was wary of those thoughts, and did her best to keep them quiet. She had dreamed about him a few times, apparently from Bill's mention of him.

She glanced at the clock. Lunch was two hours away, yet. *If I go, what would happen? Would she apologize? Be happy to see me?*

~ ~ ~

Beth took a breath and went in.

Candi watched her entry with surprise and worry. Her voice caught with uncertainty. "Hi, Beth."

She smiled at the girl. "Two cinna-cocoas."

The little girl's apprehension evaporated and she went about pouring with a happy smile.

I wonder what she had thought? She paid and lifted the two mugs. With steps that were filled with tension and terror, she stepped into Lynne's office.

Her friend was on the phone and her eyes lit up at Beth's entry. She waved to a chair. She said into the phone, "Your favorite person just walked in."

Beth stood there with the coffee. *She's talking to my husband? Or hers? About what?*

Lynne giggled. "Yep, I know. Love you, too."

Not my husband, then. Hers. He still likes me?

"Okay, yep. Bye." She hung up the phone and stood. She came around the desk and took the offered cup. "Well, hi stranger."

How embarrassing. My previous absence is hanging right between us. "Hi." She backed up a little, away from the chair to lean against one of the built-in oak counters with cabinets beneath.

Lynne moved with her, but let Beth widen the distance. She looked curiously at her. "I began to think you were mad at me."

Which couldn't be true, because they talked on the phone quite a bit. Beth twisted her mouth with determination. "I..."

Disappointment dropped onto Lynne's face. "You were?"

She shook her head. "No... I guess what happened here made me a little uncomfortable."

The disappointment deepened. She set down her cup and gently took Beth's to set it aside. She held out her arms. "I'm sorry."

Beth let her friend hug her; it was a tight squeeze followed by a release. There was nothing sexual in it.

Her friend frowned. "Really. I'm sorry. I just thought..." She trailed off.

With the opportunity, she put her worry on the table. "It's just...I'm not a lesbian. I don't go that way."

Lynne looked stunned. "I didn't think you were. Neither am I..."

"But you..."

The silence hung between them, waiting for one of them to gather whatever courage to touch it. They took up their coffee cups for something to do, but the silence stretched.

Finally, Lynne said, "I'm not interested in you that way, girl, believe me."

Beth's eyes shifted to the chair without any control. She snapped her look back to her friend.

But Lynne saw it. She frowned and shook her head. "Despite what you might think, I have no desire to be with a woman."

Beth laughed a little with relief.

"What I did..."

She watched her friend closely, examining her demeanor and discomfort.

Lynne took a breath. "What I did was just something I felt was the right thing to do, considering what we were talking about."

She stayed quiet, looking into her friend's eyes.

"It was sort of an intimate subject and seemed to need an intimate gesture. I didn't want our talk seeming clinical or something."

An image of Lynne in a white lab coat holding a clipboard made her giggle. "Doctor Lynne?"

Her friend's answering giggle held some relief.

Beth tilted her head a little as if shrugging off the last of her conversational obstacles. "I was worried about doing something that I wasn't..."

Lynne stepped closer, glancing at the door. "I didn't do it to be lesbian; I did it to help you with what you were going through."

That made Beth feel a lot better.

"How is everything at home, anyway?"

CHAPTER 10

Beth leaned back against the counter, relieved that they could talk and the air was cleared between them. "Home? Fine." A smile drifted across her lips.

One that mirrored it took a lazy stroll across Lynne's lips. She gripped her coffee cup just below her chin and breathed in the aroma. One eyebrow quirked up. "Care to elaborate?"

Beth relaxed some, holding her cup in the same position. Still too hot to drink, she just held it there and took strength from the smell. "I guess I'm okay with his fantasy, now."

The eyebrow arched a little higher. "You guess?"

She suppressed a smile and fought down a rush of embarrassment. "It's been fun."

Lynne laughed. "See? I told you it might be." She looked down, moving her lips tightly together for a second. "So, tell me...."

"Hmm?" Beth sipped and felt the liquid warm its way to the back of her throat.

"Has he mentioned my husband's fantasy?"

Not wanting to dive headfirst into all that so soon, she said, "He seemed a bit disturbed that I called it 'Roger's thing.' "

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I got scolded for it."

A happy smile showed Lynne's approval. "Thank you, Bill..."

An edge of exasperation came through her words. "Oh come on, you have to admit this is all very strange."

Lynne blinked at her. "Are you serious? This is normal. Who doesn't have fantasies?"

Beth bugged her eyes a little and waved her free hand comically. "Hello? Me?"

"What? Nothing? No bad-boy with razor stubble handcuffing you and whipping your ass?"

Horror at the thought made her cringe. "What? No."

Lynne looked at her, searching and seeking, but without accusation. "No, I don't imagine you being too kinky—"

"I'm not kinky at all."

A small laugh escaped her friend's mouth. "What a shame."

"Why do you say that?"

"Come on, Beth, everyone has fantasies."

"Well, I didn't."

"Nothing at all?" Her friend did not look convinced.

She shook her head in confusion. "I was happy..."

"So all you ever wanted as you got older was Prince Charming to sweep you off your feet and take you to his palace? And you got it with Bill?"

A blush rose up her neck. "Yes..."

"All right, all right. Nothing wrong with that. But you're having fun with the toys?"

"It's just the one: the bullet. Yes."

"And you said you're having fun with Bill over his fantasy?"

Beth paused slightly. "Well, yes."

Lynne drained her cup and set it on the counter. Then she leaned on it with one arm, close to Beth. "And he's mentioned Roger?"

"It's kind of private..."

"That's my husband."

Beth laughed nervously. "Well, yeah. I guess so." She looked down into her cup and then finished it. Placing it down, she said, "He was surprised at first, thought Roger would be chasing some blonde cheerleader or something."

A very brief flash of annoyance and consideration flashed across her friend's face. "No, he doesn't go for that. All those high school games and immaturity?"

Beth frowned. *Great, he likes old?*

Lynne's voice lowered. "He likes women who have matured in their thinking – those who've experienced life. Knowing things, rather than stupidly ignorant. Besides, we were all schoolgirls, once."

"Ugh, don't remind me."

"See? We've matured."

But did I really? My thinking hasn't changed all that much since graduation... "I suppose..."

A weary tilt of her friend's head told her she was being obtuse. "Tell me you haven't learned anything as a woman in the last twenty years?"

Beth laughed low and brief. "Well, of course."

A single nod. "And you recently learned your husband had a fantasy."

She couldn't hide her smile. "But it seemed so huge...like it was going to wreck everything."

"Oh, Beth. Where's that young woman who read the Wheel of Time? Where's your adventure? You don't accomplish great things unless you venture out and leave your complacency behind."

"I wouldn't call his fantasy some grand adventure—"

"Of course it was. Look at how it made you feel. You were scared. You thought the world was ending. You thought God would come down off His throne and strike you and ten thousand other people dead just because."

Beth coughed. "I wasn't that bad."

"The hell you weren't. You thought he was sick."

"Well...not really sick—"

"Stop."

"What?"

"Don't try to cover over how you felt. Don't make excuses. Instead, look forward."

"Forward? How?"

A quick sigh preceded her friend's answer. "Look forward to how happy you are now. Don't dwell in the past or you will never find the happiness you already have."

"But I was happy before his fantasy-thing."

"It's not a thing; it's your husband's deepest emotions. Don't you want to be connected with him in life?"

Beth stuttered, "Of—of course."

"And you found that his fantasy, once you fought off your fears, was actually fun?"

She held a breath and tried to think of an objection. "Well...yes..."

Lynne gripped Beth's shoulders gently and shook her. "Wake up, girl. Move on. Let your adventure catch up to where you are with your husband."

She started to cough a protest, but instead just let out her breath. *Yes, she's right. I've been clinging to my objections and the fear.* "But..." *But I don't know what to do. Help.*

"But what?"

"How..."

"You said it became fun?"

"Yes."

"So? Enjoy it. That's how."

"I... I sort of am, I guess."

Lynne turned her head away at an angle but kept eye contact. "Has he... mentioned Roger while you're...in bed?"

Finally, she's beginning to understand how uncomfortable this can be. "Yes." Her answer was filled with relief and question. What was she to do?

Lynne turned her head back slowly. "Those times...were fun?"

Beth tried to look somewhere in the office for an answer. *Yes, they were. But should I say it? Shouldn't I act...? No, lying about it isn't the answer.* She looked back to Lynne, but there was no confidence or strength in her reply. "Yes."

Still gripping her shoulders, Lynne stepped closer. Her voice was barely audible. "You had fun when he mentioned Roger?"

She rolled her eyes quickly, looking upward for an answer hanging from the ceiling. But no, one wasn't there. "Yes."

"Don't be embarrassed that you have fun with your husband." She glanced at the open door.

"But it involves yours."

Lynne went and shut the door quietly. She came back, head down, eyes up and direct. "There's nothing wrong with sharing with your husband or him sharing with you. Who cares?"

Beth blinked. "But it's Roger."

Lynne's voice was still low despite the shut door. "I'm glad."

"But why?"

"Don't you get it? It gives us something to talk about."

"You talk about me?"

Her friend nodded.

"I mean, I know you did, but—"

"Yes, I use you to tease him until he's out of control." Her eyes lit up and her smile was bright. "It's a lot of fun."

"Should you be—"

Lynne leaned in, her lips near Beth's ear. "I'm glad it's you. And I'm glad you're having fun."

"But it seems so wrong..."

"But it isn't. You're exciting your husband."

"Only because he's thinking about me being with Roger." She tried to breathe evenly. She could feel Lynne's heat close to her neck.

Her friend's words were a whisper, shaky and eager. "Have you...cum thinking about Roger?"

I can't answer that. No way. Admitting that would be so wrong—

A small giggle escaped Lynne's mouth. "I can tell by your hesitation you have..."

"But—"

Even leaned back as she was, Lynne's lips were at her ear. "Shh."

Beth's heart hammered with threat of disruption.

Lynne said, "I think that's so hot."

Her own words failed and her answer was a thin whisper. "Are you kidding me?" *Could you be serious? Are you really telling me you think me cumming over your husband was great?*

Lynne's hand came up between Beth's legs, up under her usual jeans skirt, and touched her panties.

Her legs trembled and her thighs shook at first, but then parted.

Her friend's fingers massaged a rapidly growing ache that ate Beth's resolve.

Lynne licked at her ear. "Did you imagine his cock?"

Her already troubled breathing grew ragged. *There's no use but to tell her the truth. She would know I'm lying anyway...* "Yes." She closed her eyes, not wanting to see anything visual to confirm she was doing anything she hadn't thought she'd do.

Fingers trailed up and down over Beth's panties, teasing her clit underneath. Those fingers moved up and slid down behind the material to touch it directly.

Beth let out a sigh filled with need and relief. Her mouth stayed open and the trembling in her legs spread throughout her body.

"I'll describe it for you, so you can tell your husband." Fingers moved down and curled upward, finding and entering Beth's aching hole.

The slide of her friend's fingers into her lips and up into her left her paralyzed – the sliding sensation causing spirals of tension that robbed her of the ability to move. Beth moaned low.

"He is a long and thick fit."

She moaned louder, uncontrollably, as a wave of anticipation washed near. Her pussy clamped on Lynne's fingers and she dropped back onto the counter on her elbows. Her thighs opened wider. *Why am I so shameless?*

Out of reach of her ear, Lynne looked down to where she was manipulating Beth. "He dreams of your pussy."

A convulsion wracked her as her body tightened with the proximity of orgasm. But it receded. She moaned longer, worried that she was going to lose control. *Why does this feel so good?*

Lynne shoved her fingers up and down through Beth's pussy lips. "He wants to do this with his cock."

Beth trembled mightily, fighting the anxious feel of the approaching orgasm. It wasn't very close, but it had developed fast. "He does?"

Lynne looked back into her eyes. "Yes." She emphasized it with her fingers. "Would you like to feel it in here?"

Beth's pussy clamped tight and her gasp left no doubt as to her answer. *But I can't. I can't!*

"You want my husband to fuck you, don't you?"

Her trembling turned into violent shakes. Beth fought the sudden turn and approach of the orgasm. *I can't! I can't!*

"You want to lay under him and let him fill you with his cock, don't you?"

She clamped her mouth shut and gritted her teeth. Her pussy began clenching tightly, demanding and not getting. She groaned low with effort and air escaped her mouth audibly. *What would it feel like?*

"You want to be naughty with my husband because you want to know, don't you?"

Beth's mouth dropped open and she cried out softly, trying to stay quiet. Her hips pumped, totally out of control as the orgasm came closer. *Would it feel like this? Would it be good?*

Lynne's voice grew eager. Her fingers shoved faster into Beth's pussy. "Yes, that's it. Fuck him. Fuck Roger. Feel his cock up in you."

Her eyes popped out with terror. There was no way she could stop the orgasm that rose suddenly over her and descended. She stuffed her fist in her mouth and bit down. Her wail was strangled and muffled, but still echoed quietly in the office. Her pussy seized Lynne's fingers and gripped them, milking them as if they were a cock. She grunted with the effort of each squeeze, her hips thrusting lewdly towards her friend's hand.

The orgasm was a strong one that left her confused, curious, and filled with consternation.

CHAPTER 11

What do I do? How am I supposed to resolve this? Beth felt the need growing from the curiosity. It was a new force within her, bringing with it a sense of impending adventure. Her husband's fantasy, so alien before, now wrapped her with familiarity. What had started with a reaction of horror and doom now promised mystery and daring. She finished her dinner, glancing up at her husband as if studying his face might provide an answer. *What if I'm wrong?*

She waited until bed, building enough courage to say what she was going to say.

Bill robbed her of the opportunity just as she was opening her mouth to begin. He said, "I got you something."

"Huh?"

"I got you something new." His grin was sexy.

Wait, I wanted to talk... "Um..." I've finally the courage to say this and you're distracting me.

He reached under the bed and pulled up a box. Grinning, he pulled out an already unpackaged vibrator. But this was not a bullet; it was a full-on dildo in the exact shape of a penis.

She blinked. *Uh... But I wanted to talk...*

He said, "It plugs in, too. No annoying batteries."

Great, but... "Oh..."

He lowered his eyebrows in scrutiny. "Something wrong? Thought you'd like this?"

"Oh, it's fine, I just..." Just like that, she seemed tongue-tied.

"You just what?"

I just can't talk. Like duh. "I...wanted to talk."

His look grew even more serious. "Is everything all right?"

She nodded quickly. "Yes, but—"

"Now isn't the time for sex, you mean?" He looked disappointed.

She wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. He was so simple and sweet that she felt bad for ruining his moment. "No, no, sex is fine." She paused a moment, breathing a few times to order her thoughts. "That's what I wanted to talk about, anyway."

"Oh." He looked unsure. "Can I try this on you...while we're talking?"

She laughed nervously. "Sure...I guess so." She wanted to sound flippant to hide her eagerness at trying the new thing. She didn't want him thinking she'd prefer toys over him.

His smile brightened. He unraveled the thin cord and plugged the AC adaptor into the wall.

She watched him lube up the dildo with light olive oil. *I wonder if he'd lube up Roger's dick like that?* She giggled.

He looked serious. "What?"

"Having fun?"

"Huh? Oh. Shut up."

It broke the ice and she felt easier floating within the intimacy they shared.

He turned it on and a quiet humming filled her ears.

What's this going to be like? Fun? Boring? Juvenile? Do I really need a dildo like this when I have the real thing?

He climbed onto the bed naked and settled next to her. "So..." He touched the dildo to her clit and pushed it down.

The cold surface shocked her at first and she yelped.

His look was frantic. "Too much vibration?"

She laughed. "No, it's cold."

He looked relieved. "Oh. It'll warm up."

Easy for you to say. But her pussy was demanding her attention. Just as with the bullet, vibrating wonders sent shivers through her as he moved it over her clit and opening. She could feel warmth spread in her pussy. She gasped quietly.

"Like that?"

She was watching him move the life-like dick over her most private area. *Wow, this is kind of fun.*

"So what did you want to talk about?" His smile was welcoming.

Great, tease me with that thing and expect me to talk? "Um..." She reflexively grabbed onto her husband's cock and began stroking. He hardened rapidly and his firming had the same effect in her mind. She closed her eyes and said, "What..."

He moved the vibrating head all around her opening.

Fuck that feels great. She panted. "What if...I did this thing...once?"

He sounded disappointed. "You don't really like this? I thought you—"

"This? No, the dildo is fine."

"You like it?" He sounded hopeful. He began pushing the head in.

Would you shut up and let me talk? "Yes." She gasped as it began stretching her open and vibrating her inner lips. "But I wanted to talk about your fantasy."

The dildo froze, though it still sent amazing shivers up her back and arms. "Oh."

"What if I agreed to do it once...with Roger?"

Bill's cock flexed dramatically and his breathing became a pant. "What about it?" He began moving the dildo in jerks – his hand shaking so hard it was almost out of control.

"If I did, would it be enough?" She felt the dildo sliding in and moaned after her question. *Would Roger's feel like this? No, it wouldn't feel like hard rubber. It would be like skin and soft to the touch, and hot.*

Bill jerked. "Ack!"

Her husband's response threw her. "What?"

He grunted and groaned.

Then she realized his cock was flexing and spurting in her hand. "Oh, my..."

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"Two cinna—"

Candi waved her off. "Like I don't know what you want. Piff."

Beth glowered. "You need a spanking."

Candi's face lit up and her eyes flashed. "Think so?"

Oh my god, is everyone into getting spanked? "Just give me the coffee."

The girl's face went neutral and she poured the cups.

Beth carried them back.

Lynne was tearing a page out of the crossword puzzle booklet and crumpling it in anger.

"Something wrong?" She set one cup down.

A strangled cry of frustration from her friend emphasized her mood. "Sometimes I think the people that construct these and give the hints are retarded." She threw the wad angrily into the trash. "What's a thirteen-letter word for Star Wars? Give me a break."

Beth snorted. "Why torture yourself?"

Lynne stood. She waved dismissively at the booklet. "It's just something to do."

She held out her hand traffic-cop style. "Well, don't think my...um...is going to be the next entertainment today."

Lynne leaned her head back and laughed. Then she brought it down and covered her mouth – her face turning red. She waved to the chair and shut the office door.

Beth pointed a warning finger.

Her friend wiped at her nose and sat back down in her own chair. "Thanks." She indicated the cup.

Settling back with coffee in hands, she said, "I talked to Bill last night."

A slight freeze in her posture and a glance over at the counter where she had made Beth cum the previous day preceded her response. "Oh?"

"Not about that."

"Have you ever told him?"

"Oh, well, yes."

"He didn't have a problem...?"

Beth shook her head. "No." *Why when I want to say something does everyone else have something to say before me?*

"So what about?"

Thank you, Lynne, I love you, too. "About Roger's fantasy. And Bill's."

"Mine, too, for that matter." It was muttered behind her coffee cup.

But her friend's words bolstered her determination. "I asked Bill if once would be enough."

"Once?"

"Being with Roger."

Lynne sat up very straight, almost quivering with attention. "What did he say?"

"He didn't."

"Huh?"

Beth giggled. "He came."

"Oh." Lynne laughed. "I know, right? Sometimes I say your name and Roger's hosing me down."

Both shared some furtive glances at each other for a few seconds.

Beth said, "If I agree to this, for one time, would that be enough for Roger?"

"Would it be enough for Bill?" There was something else in her words, but Beth couldn't decipher it.

"He says it would."

Lynne's eyebrows quirked up ever so slightly. "You'd be willing to...?"

She breathed in a deep breath and let it out. *I'm curious. I wonder if it's enough to end the fantasy. Once fulfilled, it becomes boring, right? But I also want to know... "I might..." I need to know what happens. I need to know if it's all as fun as everyone else makes it sound. I need to know...what Roger's cock feels like. Damn, I've dreamt about it! "I'm willing to try it, once. To satisfy everyone." Including my curiosity.*

Never before in Beth's memory had Lynne's face lit up with a mixture of such hope, love, and connection.

CHAPTER 12

Beth fiddled nervously. *I can't believe I'm doing this. Should I back out? Can I?* Her pussy sent aches of negation through her. *No, I can't. More than I thought, I need this. I need to know.*

Bill looked over as they drove. "You okay?"

"Nervous, I guess."

He nodded slow, acknowledging her without words.

They had talked for days. Rules, boundaries, what ifs, do and don'ts. Beth felt as if she had been being trained for a new job.

How is this all going to turn out? Badly? Goodly? Will I freeze up and disappoint everyone? She trembled with fear, hoping she could go through with it. *It's just one time. Maybe I can close my eyes and pretend it's Bill.*

Roger and Lynne's house was less than two blocks away. She felt the mounting pressure the closer they got.

Bill's smile was reassuring. "Relax, you're about to have a lot of fun."

She closed her eyes. *I can get through this. It'll be just like being with my husband. I can close my eyes and imagine it's him when it's happening. The ramming will be familiar and all I have to do is lay there. It'll be done.*

Her husband interrupted her careful planning. "I still don't like not being in there."

"He didn't want an audience. I'm not sure I can perform like some stage actor, either."

"You'll have to tell me everything."

I'm glad this is a one-time thing. My nerves can't handle this. "Sure..." Why did I ever agree to go through with this? How do other women do it?

The looming of the house made her pussy twitch and develop an ache. *I'm coming here to get fucked, and yet it feels as if it's my execution.* Her body began to tremble. *I can do this. I can do it and get it over with.*

The steps up to the front door felt like her last.

If this isn't over soon, I'll never be able to walk again. I'll have to crawl on my knees for the rest of my life.

Her husband gave her a reassuring squeeze. "You look beautiful."

She tried to draw a breath as they neared the door. "I don't know if I can do this."

His kiss to the side of her head calmed her a little. "Relax. Have some fun."

Ha, there's no way that's going to happen considering the wrecked state I'm in. I'll be lucky to not pass out.

His knock was followed almost immediately by Roger's answer.

Lynne's husband stood there at the door, looking eager. He glanced at Beth with a wide smile and then immediately turned his attention to Bill. He gave a slight nod and held out his hand. "Bill."

"Hey, Roger." Her husband shook his hand firmly. They stood there for a second, hands clasped, something passing between them behind their smiles – something bonding.

Lynne peeked around Roger's shoulder. "Are you two going to kiss or something? Let them in."

Roger chuckled and moved aside. His gesture to enter gave Beth a sense of relief that bewildered her.

At least I won't collapse out here on their doorstep next to the potted plant. It was painted with a smiling kitten. She could see it now, headlines blaring "Woman Dies Next to Kitten Potter."

She tried to maintain something of a neutral face when she entered.

Lynne grabbed her arm. "We'll be in the kitchen a moment. You two can go back to making eyes at each other."

Bill laughed.

Roger looked irked.

Beth felt a bubble of hilarity threaten to wreck her composure and flail wildly out of control.

"Come on." Lynne said in her ear.

She let herself be guided into the kitchen. *I'm definitely not hungry. Why are we in here?*

Her friend turned to face her. "Are you okay? You look deathly pale."

She inhaled the kitchen scents, trying to connect with some familiarity and maintain a grip. The faux brick paneling offered her some sense of comfort and her nerves began to steady. *That paneling really is very nice...* The kitchen felt cozy.

"Do you need something to eat?"

Beth's stomach lurched. "Um, no. I'm just a little nervous."

"I wish I could be in there for you, but he won't hear of it. Says the one-time thing should be private."

Who makes up these things? "I don't think I could do this with an audience."

Her friend searched her face. "I understand. Disappointed, but I understand. I'd probably feel the same in your position."

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Beth watched Roger's gesture toward the master bedroom. *This is it.* She was hugging herself as if cold. In fact, she did feel cold. But her pussy was gnawing at her, wet with determination to do something she shouldn't. She took a step under her husband's watchful eyes. His smile might normally have been reassuring. She stopped and locked eyes with his wonderful and caring gaze. *Save me from this.*

Lynne was smiling eagerly and nodded to her with a wink. She was sitting next to Bill on the couch, watching.

But Beth was looking at her husband. *Okay, he wants me to do this. I'll do it for him.* Her pussy clamped with heat. She took another step and her gaze left her husband to look at Roger.

He seemed at ease, though his jeans held a very noticeable bulge in them. He was already excited.

What will it look like? She stepped more smoothly, going to him and past him – heading down the hall to get this all over with. *Will he make a face when he sees me naked? Will I be able to hold back the tears?*

He followed her.

She stood in their bedroom and looked at the bed. *I can do this.* But her body trembled just as if she were standing on a cliff ready to jump off and hang-glide.

Roger's hand touched her shoulder. "Nervous?"

She nodded with a jerking convulsion. "A little." She tried to laugh it off.

"Don't be." He began unbuttoning his jeans.

Yes, let's hurry this up. She turned away, unbuttoning her blouse. She began undressing. She removed her blouse, jeans, and bra. Wondering if she should be completely naked, she turned to face him in her panties. *Will he be scowling?*

His eyes were locked on her. His smile said he very much approved.

She went from feeling completely embarrassed to amazed. He was gorgeous. Dark hair brushed back, his razor stubble accented his black eyes. She had never seen him look so ravishing. It was the same old Roger, but with his clothes off, the image stunned her. His chest was well-sprinkled with dark hair and his constant bike-riding showed in his sculpted form.

She blinked, looking down.

He smiled and came closer.

Her mouth dropped open, not because his cock was something monstrous, but that it looked so much like her husband's. It was well-formed and straight, and also erect. It was pointing at her, the helmet swollen and ready. She felt her insides wet even more. His cock was longer than her husband's by an inch or so, and just as thick.

He was grinning. "You can touch it."

Is that what I'm supposed to do? It looks like Bill's. Just do it. She tentatively reached a hand out and gripped his shaft. The electrifying shock that surged through her stunned her. It was hot and throbbing and that fact caused her some confusion. *What did I expect? Cold like the dildo?*

Roger's hand came up and cupped a breast, his thumb playing over the nipple and sending harder shivers down her spine. "You're beautiful."

His words echoed her husband's of just a half hour before. A warmth spread through her, contrasting with the cold shivers in her extremities. She was standing there almost naked with a naked man's cock in her hand that didn't belong to her husband. She almost glanced at the closed bedroom door. The lure of naughtiness rushed up on her and she stroked him a little. She looked up into his eyes.

He pulled her in and hugged her.

His scent was different than her husband's and she smelled the distinct aroma of Ivory soap. She and Bill used Kirk's Castile. She felt his skin press

into hers, his cock up between them and hot. She lost her steadiness and clutched him, her knees going weak.

His hand stroked her back and he held her there for a few minutes.

She began to feel a lot warmer but her trembling remained. *I can't believe I'm standing here naked with another man while my husband is waiting outside the bedroom. This is too weird.* But her pussy was wet, hot, and aching. The need gnawed at her insides, demanding action.

Roger moved her to the bed and gently lowered her. Then he removed her panties.

She studied his face, watching worriedly for disapproval.

His eyes became brighter and his smile widened. "You don't know how much I've dreamed of this, Beth. Thank you."

She wanted to laugh. *He's thanking me?* She wanted to cry in appreciation of his gratitude. She wanted to run from the room in fright. But most of all, she wanted to know. She spread her legs in invitation.

Expecting him to get on and do it, he surprised her by getting down quickly between her thighs. He pressed his face into her pussy and she gasped as if dunked in a cold pool. His tongue licked up flat and hot against her clit, sending swooning swirls up to her brain.

She dropped her mouth open and closed her eyes – unable to even think.

The soft texture of his tongue wormed over her clit and all along her folds causing waves of pleasure and warmth.

"You even taste good." He chuckled and inserted fingers into her pussy. "You're so wet..."

"I'm sorry."

He laughed louder. "Sorry for what? I'm glad you're excited."

"Oh..." *You are? I am? I guess I am.*

His tongue licked her again and began sending her spinning through warm and silky passages of passion.

She heard herself gasping. She felt her hips moving. But she had no control; his tongue was paralyzing her. His fingers pushing in her were robbing her of the will to move.

He moved up as she spun slowly in her mind.

She felt him coming nearer, over her. She realized at that moment that she felt peaceful. The trembles were still there, but different. Instead of nervous, they were now filled with anticipation.

He was over her, smiling and hungry.

She felt the press and push of his cock at her pussy. Her lips spread easily and she felt the sliding movement as his helmet stretched her open and entered. She opened her mouth in wonder as his thickness began sliding in and filling her.

She steeled herself for the push she was so used to, but he was different. Instead of ramming it all the way in like Bill did, Roger went slow. She felt the delicious ache of her pussy encompassing his slow insertion. It was almost like the blossoming of a flower – measured and deliberate without being violent. Her pussy filled, opening for him and taking him in.

Roger let out a long and happy sigh. "Your pussy feels fantastic, Beth."

His words made her feel so happy. "You like it?"

His answer was to pull out.

She whimpered in loss, that hollow ache demanding the comforting feel of his thickness back in her.

He said, "I love it. It's everything I'd dreamed about." He slid back in, just as slow, filling her with his shaft and his passion. His head came down and he settled on her, holding his chest off her with his elbows. His lips came down and met hers, completing the circuit of lust.

Connected at the mouth and hips, Beth felt all her worries and nerves evaporate.

CHAPTER 13

Beth moaned happily.

Roger thrust his cock into her with slow moves, so unlike her husband. Where Bill was animalistic in his passion, Roger was slow and sensuous.

She thrust her hips up with each thrust of his, feeling the synchronicity of their moves and the sexual synergy of their bonding. She loved it. Her hand gripped his muscular butt, pulling with his thrusts. His rhythmic filling of her pussy massaged away that hollow ache and replaced it with satisfaction.

Roger was a mouthy one. Bill almost never talked during the act. He said, "Do you like this?"

Do I? Do I? Are you kidding? She nodded emphatically. "Yes."

"Do you like how I feel in you?"

She panted, almost giddy with need. "Yes, very much."

His smile was so boyish and happy that it made her giggle. "You're so amazing."

"You really like it?" *Surely he's just saying it...*

"I wasn't sure what to expect—"

She laughed and surprised herself with how sexily it came out. "Me, either."

"You're definitely better than I imagined. I'm glad you agreed to this."

"I..." She went quiet, beginning to ponder what she was feeling at the same time as enjoying the sliding-filling of his beautiful shaft. "I'm glad, too."

He kissed her again, and she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her ankles came up and hooked the back of his thighs, pulling. She felt his

muscles working and flexing as he filled her – connected to her by his demanding desire.

She kissed him hungrily. *Don't stop. I want it. I want this.* Her soul pulled at his pushing thickness, tugging at his manliness, coaxing his cock into her with a building need. He was moving on her steadily, rocking them both with his moves as he pushed deep. His tongue moved on hers with as much greed as she felt.

She felt complete. She felt fulfilled. Rising in her was a satisfaction that was sweet and serene. *Thank you, Lynne. Thank you. You're the bestest friend ever.*

He broke the kiss and shook his head. "This is too awesome. I'm going to miss this." The touch of his lips again was tender.

Rising inside her in a swell of sensation was something familiar. With a shock of familiarity, the swelling turned into a wave she knew very well. She felt lifted up and dangling, her limbs shaking at the edge of... She cried out at the burst inside her. Explosions of ecstasy convulsed her core and sent brilliant tingles sizzling along her skin.

Roger whispered, "Amazing."

She couldn't answer with words; she was busy grunting with the force of her sneaky orgasm. Relaxation pulsed through her after each clenching wave. Her pussy clamped over and over on his thrusting erection. She felt so full and so fulfilled. *Yes, you are amazing.*

He panted above her, never increasing or decreasing the speed of his slow thrusting. But she felt he was near because his panting was becoming ragged. She felt his cock swell in her and then push deep and stop.

She opened her eyes, gasping heavily as her orgasm rippled away into complete satisfaction. He was above her, eyes squeezed shut and mouth open and frozen. *Oh, yes. Give it to me. Do it, Roger. Do it.*

He said breathily, "Oh fuck yes..." His cock flexed in her, sending out thrills of stretching pressure. A burst of hotness splashed deep inside her followed by more. His eyes popped open and he looked down into hers. "Fuck yes." He dropped his head down and kissed her passionately as his cock sent his cum spurting deep inside of her.

She moaned with the sense of completion that overwhelmed her. She pulled on him, wanting it all.

~ ~ ~

Beth dressed, not wanting to, but also wanting to. She wanted to lay in bed with him and do it again, but she knew they were expected. Outside in the living room were her husband and her best friend.

I did it and it wasn't bad at all. In fact, it was great. She smiled at Roger, suddenly embarrassed. But she didn't see regret there on his face. He was looking at her warmly with rapture on his face so plain that she laughed.

He immediately looked concerned. "What?"

She finished buttoning her blouse. "Nothing. I just wasn't sure what to expect."

His smile was what she wanted to see. He said, "It was everything I wanted and more."

That made her feel good.

He said, "What about you?"

Her smile conquered her face. "Um, that was like, wow."

He nodded, eyes bright. "That's what I thought, too."

She giggled, pleased that he was so happy with how she had been in bed. *Success, I guess.*

He firmed his lips, still looking at her with appreciation. "Guess we should get out there." He opened the door.

Leaving the bedroom was harder for her than entering it. But she followed after him smoothly.

Lynne jumped up off the couch and grabbed her husband's arm. She threw a wink at Beth and then dragged Roger into the kitchen.

Beth's eyes were on Bill. He had been sitting, twiddling his thumbs of all things. He looked up at her with such hope that she wanted to laugh. He got up and hugged her.

The comfort that radiated from their familiar hug soothed everything inside of her. He said low, "How did it go?"

She could hear the worry in his words. "It went okay."

He stiffened. "Just okay?"

Yeah, that sounded not too good, huh? "It went fine. Maybe we should talk about it at home?"

"Oh, sure, okay."

She snorted. She sure as hell wasn't going to sit down and begin discussing it all right here. "Don't worry; I had fun."

He jerked and said, "You did? That's great."

They made their goodbyes not long after; Beth thought Lynne was just as eager to hear from Roger as Bill was to hear from Beth.

~ ~ ~

Beth stroked her husband's cock in bed. "So what do you want to hear?"

"First and foremost..." His words were serious and sounded like something a judge would say. "Did you really have fun?"

She giggled. "Yes. I didn't think I would, but I did."

He let out a long sigh and his cock flexed. "Good. How did it all start? Did you blow him?"

She laughed. "Um, no. We undressed—"

"Did he undress you?"

"No. I undressed myself, except for my panties. He hugged me and then put me on the bed. Then he removed my panties."

Her husband groaned heavily and his cock burst with explosions of cum.

She let go and squawked. "I didn't even start to tell you everything."

He laughed between grunts and his sperm shot out like the fireworks she had felt inside when she had cum with Roger.

She shook her head. "So you really like that, huh?"

He panted, the spurts coming slower. "Pretty obvious, don't you think?"

~ ~ ~

It took two days to get the whole story out. Her husband became more and more excited, but Beth became more and more pensive.

He was slamming his cock into her three days later. "You liked his cock in you?"

She moaned happily, her pussy getting ravaged with passion. "Yes."

He stopped thrusting. "Then why have you been looking depressed?"

I feel it, too, and I know why. "I..."

"Are you sure he didn't say something to you that upset you? I'll deck him."

"No, he didn't. He was very sweet."

Bill groaned with barely contained control. "Then what is it?" He pulled out and knelt back, his erection bobbing and throbbing.

She bit her lip, wondering how he'd react. "I think...I'd be okay with it happening again."

His eyes bugged out almost comically and his cock swelled. Cum burst from the tip and spattered her.

She squawked, covering her face.

He said, "Oh my gosh..." He thrust his spurting erection back into her and rammed her desperately. "Sorry about that..."

She started giggling.

CHAPTER 14

Beth walked into the Coffee Kitchen with determination and apprehension. *Will Lynne freak out? She had wanted this, didn't she? But was she like me and only wanted it once?* She walked past Candi without even seeing her.

Lynne grinned. "Hey, girl."

"Hi." She stood, twisting her fingers a moment. Then she looked at the door and shut it.

Her friend gave her an amused eyebrow. "What's a nine-letter word for kitten?"

Beth frowned, totally thrown off by the weird question.

Her friend leaned back and laughed, slapping her thigh. "Oh, you're too obvious. Sit down and tell me what's eating you." Her look turned more subdued and concerned.

She sank into the chair across the desk. "Is everything all right between us?"

Lynne's look went serious. "As right as can be. Why?"

She let out a long breath. "You aren't mad about what happened?"

Her friend coughed in indignation. "Pissed."

Beth blinked.

Her friend rolled her eyes. "Beth, honey, relax." She shrugged. "No, I'm not mad or pissed, except that I wish I could've been in there with you both. He's my husband."

"That's what Bill's been saying."

"Mmm, well, I'm not mad, just disappointed is all. But, no worries. How about you? Is everything all right between you and Bill?"

Beth let out a little laugh. "Yeah, surprise."

Lynne shook her head and laughed. "Told you." Her eyes narrowed and she scrutinized her. "What?"

She looked around. "What, is it that obvious?"

Her friend leaned forward and slapped her crossword puzzle magazine lightly aside. "You come in here looking like a cat at a dog kennel and you shut the door. And you're sitting there fidgeting in your chair like a second grader that has to go to the bathroom."

Beth laughed lightly. "I'm that obvious, huh?"

"And you didn't bring coffees. What's eating you?"

She twisted her fingers together nervously. "Would... Maybe... I think..."

Lynne groaned. "You got ADD, girl?"

Beth laughed, releasing some tension. "What if I...wanted to do it again?" *There, it's out. Now she can blow up.*

Her friend's mouth opened slowly and hung there.

She felt embarrassed. "What?"

Lynne shook her head. "Is that really you, Beth? You're not some imposter wearing her skin?"

"What are you talking about?"

Her friend straightened. "Just a couple months ago you came in claiming your life was over."

Do you have to remind me? "Well..."

They shared a look for a few seconds before her friend said, "Of course you can. But under one condition."

Hope flared in Beth. "What?"

"I want to be there."

She laughed with relief. "Oh, Bill said that, too."

Lynne's eyebrows shot up. "You already talked to him about this?"

She nodded.

"Why didn't you come to me first?"

"Bill's my husband..."

Her friend nodded in understanding. "Right, yes. You wanted to clear it with your mate first. Silly me." She looked at her with serious intent. "He'd love to. We'd love to." Her face broke into a cautious smile. "But I want to be there."

Beth nodded enthusiastically. "I'm fine with that. But what about Roger? He was the one who wanted it private."

Lynne leaned back and waved a hand. "Oh, sure, if it was only going to be once. I think he'd drive a bus full of girl scouts over a cliff to be with you again."

She straightened. "He doesn't have to do that—"

"It was a joke, girl."

"Oh."

Her friend smiled easily. "Well then, I guess I'm going to have some great news for my husband tonight."

~ ~ ~

Sunday afternoon couldn't come fast enough for Beth. The week had passed slowly with anticipation and teasing. She felt more filled with satisfaction than ever before. Closer to her husband, closer to her friend, and more complete as a woman.

Bill said, "You okay?"

She had been looking anxiously at the passing cars. "Oh. Yes, just anxious to get there, I suppose."

He reached over and squeezed her thigh. "I'm glad you changed your mind about all this."

"Huh?"

"My whole fantasy-thing."

She turned more fully to him. "It's not a thing. Maybe I was a little uptight about it all, but it's something very special to you. I want to be a part of it now." Her pussy clenched with need. *If having Roger's dick back in me makes everyone happy, then I'll do whatever it takes – because it certainly made me happy.*

He squeezed her thigh again. "Good. If you ever begin to have doubts again, say something."

"Okay."

Their arrival at the home where it had happened, where she had finally let go and become more of a woman, was so very different this time around. She wore a smile she could not hide.

Roger answered, just like he had two weeks prior. "Beth. Bill." He offered his hand.

Lynne peeked around her husband's shoulder. "Just let them in, already. Sheesh, men."

The male chuckles sent several thrills through Beth. She smiled shyly, knowing she knew them both intimately and shared with them something deeper than superficial pleasantries.

After shaking hands, Bill produced his sack. "Got a bottle of wine, here."

Roger motioned them in. "Bring it on in."

Lynne disappeared into the kitchen with it.

Beth stood in the entry feeling only a little nervous. Roger's eyes were on hers.

He said, "Thank you for coming." But there was more in his words than what he said. He stepped to her and took her into a hug.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her husband's face split into a satisfied and interested smile. But Roger's form captured her attention. She could feel his excitement against her.

He said, "Is it all right if I kiss her?"

Her husband chuckled happily. "Sure, please do."

Roger pressed his lips to hers, his tongue darting in. They kissed deeply right in front of her husband.

Lynne came out and handed a wineglass to Bill. "I see they're already getting started."

Roger broke the kiss and chuckled. Then he released Beth from the hug. "Just a welcome kiss."

"You didn't have to stop." She handed a glass to Beth since she was free now. She disappeared back into the kitchen.

Roger motioned into the living room and they stood idly until Lynne rejoined them with two more glasses.

Beth didn't want to stand around and chat, her pussy was gnawing at her insides like a ravenous bear.

But Roger wasn't about to start any kind of stalling conversation. "Let's take our wine to the bedroom."

CHAPTER 15

Beth was in heaven. Lacking the anxiety of the last time she was in their bedroom, her moves came easily. She undressed with Roger until he stopped her and took over. He undid her bra and slid down her panties.

Remembering her husband's question, she waited until Roger stood back up. Then she sank down in front of him. "I got scolded for not doing this..."

Bill was sitting in a chair at one side of the bed. Lynne was in a chair at the other side. He said, "I didn't scold you, I just asked."

Beth giggled. "I'm just kidding." Her eyes were on Roger's cock, though. Up close it looked even more beautiful. She took it in her hand and slid the head into her mouth, feeling the hot softness of the helmet on her tongue and roof of her mouth.

Her husband sighed happily.

Beth looked over at him, Roger's cock still in her mouth.

He was leaning back in the chair looking quite happy. He shifted his jeans a little at his growing excitement.

She looked upwards and into Roger's smiling face. He looked just as happy. She slid her lips back and forth along his shaft. She couldn't get it all in her mouth and didn't try. She just slurped happily at the head.

Roger shook his head. "All right, all right. Enough of that, or this will end real fast." He was backing away from her.

She pulled her lips off with a smack and smiled up at him. He had a clean flavor.

He pulled her up and moved her to the bed.

She let herself be laid back and he climbed next to her.

He kissed her and his hand found her folds.

Beth relaxed, moaning happily as she felt that dual connection between her mouth and pussy. Her husband watched on her side, and she could see her friend on Roger's side. She grabbed his cock and began stroking it.

Bill's look was stunned and happy, filled with wonder as if he had discovered he held the winning lottery ticket. He shifted more obviously and pushed at his jeans.

Lynne was looking them up and down, a smoky look in her eyes and a sinuous fidgeting in her chair.

Roger guided her, turning her on her side to face her husband. He lifted her leg and toyed with her pussy from behind.

Bill was smiling eagerly.

She rested her head down on her arm and felt Roger bring his hardness between her legs, spooning from the back. The head rubbed around her folds and she watched her husband watch them.

Bill's mouth was open and he was panting quietly. He pushed harder at his jeans.

Lynne said, "Hot, isn't it? You can take it out. I don't think they'll mind."

Roger chuckled. "Be my guest. It is your wife."

Her husband groaned and undid his jeans. He pulled out his cock and began stroking it.

She smiled at him happily. Then she felt Roger's cock begin angling into her pussy. She arched her back a little, pressing her butt back to help his entry. She looked down her body but couldn't see anything. However, she felt her hole stretch awkwardly and shifted a little more to angle it right.

Roger sighed with satisfaction as the head slipped in.

Bill groaned with lust and his erection firmed completely. He jacked himself slowly as he watched.

Beth let her head be pulled until she was getting kissed. She explored his tongue eagerly while she felt his thickness pushing into her a little ways before stopping. Stretched open at the entrance, her pussy lips felt the throb of Roger's cock as he held it still in her.

He broke the kiss and began sliding his cock in and out of her. He was only able to get about half of it in from their position.

Beth moaned and worked with him, thrusting back as he thrust forward. She wanted more. She wanted it all in her.

He didn't keep that position for long, and she figured he must have wanted more in there, too. She let herself be flipped over and pulled up for a doggie entry. She panted and trembled, wanting to feel it now.

He didn't disappoint her.

Butt in the air, she felt his helmet push into her again. Then his shaft was sending delicious shivers up her back as it slid through her pussy lips and deep inside. She moaned out with satisfaction and need as his thickness stretched her open and filled her.

He set up a rhythm, sliding in and out with that same slowness he had used the last time. "Fantastic."

Yes, you are! She laid her head down on the bed and looked at her husband as Roger's cock filled her aching pussy.

He wore a fearfully wondrous look on his face and he was panting with desperation, his eyes locked on her union with Roger. He noticed her looking and looked into her eyes. He whispered, "I love you."

She couldn't hear it, but the lip movements were obvious. She smiled and mouthed it back to him. "I love you, too."

Roger didn't keep that up for too long. He seemed more interested in experiencing as much of her as possible. He pulled out and flipped her over. He lifted her legs to his shoulders and angled himself so far up that her pussy was aimed straight up.

Lynne gasped and got up. "Sorry, but..." She opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a huge dildo.

Roger chuckled as Beth looked between them. Then his cock began pressing down into her pussy. Her lips opened and admitted him again, and his fullness slid deep. She let out a loud sigh.

Lynne had removed her jeans and was sitting in the chair, pushing the dildo into her pussy. Beth noticed she was shaved and wondered if Roger preferred that over her own trimmed hair.

Roger eased himself up and down, sinking his shaft down into Beth's pussy, over and over.

She let out another long sigh.

He grinned at her. "Feel good?"

She laughed. "Absolutely."

Lynne moaned loudly and began shoving the dildo into her pussy with both hands. Her legs were spread over each arm and she was wide open and exposed.

Beth gasped as she watched her friend fuck herself with the large toy penis. *Wow, that looks fun.*

Her friend was gasping louder. She was whispering raggedly, "Yes, do it. Fuck her. Fuck her deep. Shove your cock deep into her pussy."

She glanced over at her husband on the other side. He wasn't jacking his cock anymore but she could see it was oozing freely. *I guess the audience isn't so bad after all...*

Roger kept her guessing. He sank in and then began shifting.

She felt herself being pulled and tried to keep her pussy on his cock. She was flipped around until he was lying down and she was up on his hips. She giggled.

"Ride me, babe."

She giggled again, her hips already moving on him, riding her pussy up and down his shaft. She rotated her hips, moving his thickness around and hitting spots that felt good. She leaned on his chest and closed her eyes, relishing the feel of being filled with his cock. It was so hard and smooth and hot that her pussy clamped repeatedly on it.

Her husband said, "Yeah, do it. Fuck him, Beth."

Her eyes popped open and she laughed. Her hair was a mess and she glanced at him through her bangs. "Are you sure you're liking this?"

"Oh yeah. Can't even touch myself."

She hummed happily and kept riding Roger. *If he's really okay with this, then I want to keep doing it. I want more. A lot more.* She rode him faster and harder, moving with effort.

Roger chuckled. "Whoa, wild woman."

She stopped. "Oh... You don't like it?"

Lynne groaned. "Don't stop... Don't stop..."

He said, "No, I like it fine. But it'll be over too soon." He began moving, flipping her over again. His cock still in her, he got her on her back again. He used his knees to widen her legs.

Bill was gasping. "Yeah, do it. Fuck her. Fuck her hard."

Roger looked over. "Hard?"

"Yeah, hard." His hand was back on his cock.

"Deep..." said Lynne.

Beth felt him push deep and hold still. Then he pulled and thrust back in, hard. His sudden filling thickness tore a gasp from her.

Roger moved with more effort now and not the leisurely sex he had given her previously. His shaft thrust into her forcefully. Fast in, a slight pause, and then a slow withdrawal.

Beth whimpered.

His pushes moved her on the bed and the instant filling drove her passion tighter and tighter.

She clutched at him, clawing as her pussy took all of his manliness. "Unh... Give it to me..."

Roger grunted above her, driving his cock deep.

Lynne cried out, dildo in both hands and plunging it in and out of her pussy with harsh moves. Her legs were quivering violently and her teeth were clenched together, eyes squeezed shut.

Beth panted. *She's cumming, wow.* The heat inside increased dramatically and she pushed her hips up at each hard thrust from Roger.

The bed began to squeak, though he still wasn't as forceful as her husband. Still, the fucking she was getting was so thorough that she was almost delirious. She looked over at her husband, hoping he was having as good a time as she. She watched him stroking while Roger fucked her right in front of him.

Her husband was obviously happy watching Roger force his cock into her. His look was one of pure pleasure.

A swelling wave overcame her, thrusting her up and bringing forth a wail of passion. She thrust her hips up hard and grunted, releasing the tight tension within her. Pulse after pulse of pleasure ripped outward from her pussy and she flopped about on the bed, grunting and convulsing with effort and relief. She began shivering as the explosive tingles sizzled her senses.

Smaller convulsions in her pussy gripped Roger's cock over and over without any kind of effort from her.

He stopped thrusting and said, "That feels...so nice..."

Beth was moved again. He pulled out and sat back against the headboard. Then he motioned her to climb onto his cock.

She shook her head. "I don't think I can ride too well..."

"Get on; I'll do the work."

She climbed on, still not having any more than a jittery, vague control of her limbs.

He positioned his erection up and slid it up into her as she settled onto his chest. And he did do the work. He shoved his cock up into her while

wrapping her with his arms.

She sighed dreamily on his chest, drifting in that post-orgasmic state of satisfaction and relaxation. She felt as if she had just gotten an all-over and all-inside massage. Her muscles felt like jelly.

Roger panted beneath her, driving his shaft up inside her pussy.

She closed her eyes and let him fuck her. The sounds in the room were distant as she floated senseless. She heard herself moaning lightly, as if on the edge of consciousness, but she had no control over that, either.

Roger said, "I hope you're going to want more. I don't think I can go without you, now."

She hummed in response. *Take me. Fuck me. Don't stop. Don't ever stop.*

His cock swelled in her, up inside. He grunted as if trying to unscrew a stuck lid. His erection pulsed and she felt the hot explosion of wetness far up inside her pussy. He gripped her hips, pulling down as he thrust up and deep.

Beth moaned quietly through a long sigh, her mouth open and eyes shut. She felt Roger's cum wetting her deep, while her husband muttered with approval.

EPILOGUE

Beth had never felt more alive in her life. Never more complete. With the attention of two men, she realized just how sexy she could be. She felt as if everything one of them said was justified by the other. The circle of satisfaction was complete.

She didn't run over every day and get boned – it wasn't like that. She liked it when it happened and the two couples made sure everyone seemed happy. Once a month became the routine and she settled happily into it.

Bill gushed over her, being ever closer than she could remember. It was a satisfying warmth in their bond that matched nothing else, except perhaps the day they were married.

She was lying in bed with him some months later.

He said, "Don't you have any fantasies?"

Me? "What do you mean?"

"This was all about me. Makes me feel selfish."

She laughed inside herself. "Well..."

"Stop saying 'well.' "

She sniffed at him. "Fine..." She gave him a smirky smile. "But fantasies? Mine? I don't know. I was always happy with you."

"No lesbian fantasies or—"

She coughed. "Um, no."

"Nothing to do with Lynne?"

"No. Why? Are you wanting to get some silly threeway going or something?"

He laughed. "Hey, I turned down her offer of a blowjob a couple months ago."

She twisted her lips. "You could've let her. A blowjob would've been okay."

"I didn't want one. How do you keep turning this into what I want? What do you want?" He tapped her chest lightly.

"I want you to love me and I want this happiness to go on."

He looked disappointed. "Nothing kinky?"

"Not everyone has to have kinky desires. Some of us just want to be happy."

"You're not hiding anything...?"

"No. Gosh, remember how uptight I was about yours?"

He rolled his eyes. "Mm hmm."

"Be happy knowing I'm happy."

He searched her eyes for a long moment, then leaned over and kissed her.

Thank you for reading Beth's Dilemma. As you can see, I don't have a stupid "street team" following me around and 5-starring every book an hour after release. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

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