

**BOURBON,
BABYSITTER,
and Blackmail**

*Wicked secrets...
Wicked deeds...*

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By

Laran Mithras

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Emotion resulting from a work of art is only of value when it is not obtained by sentimental blackmail.

~ Jean Cocteau, French Poet

CHAPTER 1

I hate my husband. Well, really I don't. I love him with a crushing sense of togetherness that threatens to suffocate, but never does.

"Mary?" Mike said.

I looked at him – my love – and frowned. "What?" I knew what he was asking, though and immediately said, "No."

Michael Thomas was criminally handsome. He should wear a sack over his head to hide his looks. His dark hair was wavy and combed back. He wore a very trimmed beard and his eyebrows were thick and manly. His dark brown eyes were smoky and promised gasping pleasure under the covers.

You should be arrested, dear.

"Why not? It's just dinner and he's treating. We can go right after the show." He held up his cell as if to indicate the call was easy.

I was shaking my head. I said emphatically, "No."

He frowned at me, confused. His look was questioning and not understanding. Luke had been the best man at our wedding a little over two years ago. He was a charming man, as hot-looking as Mike, but too much of a playboy. He said, "I thought you liked him?"

"I do, but I just don't want to go to dinner with him."

"With us."

I waved away his correction. "If I want to go to dinner, I want to go with you. Only you." I tried to keep the pleading out of my voice. I think I kept the fear out of it, too, though my body trembled as if in a deep chill.

My husband gripped my arms, concern on his face. "Okay, then." He sounded

disappointed; Luke was his best friend.

I couldn't look at him. I didn't want to see the hurt in his face. I was afraid, living with a fear that hovered behind me at every turn. I was not afraid of anything Luke might do to me; no, not at all. I leaned into Mike and squeezed, not wanting to let go – not wanting to ever let go. Please don't make us go.

He hugged me back, his strong arms enveloping me.

I nestled against his muscles and luxuriated in his sexy smell. The mixture of soap, skin and a touch of cologne that combined into that unique fragrance of comfort and love relaxed me. A little. I still wrestled with fear. It was not something likely to go away.

Tyler came crawling in. Our son was eight months old; I used his entrance as an excuse to break the hug and lift him. I did not necessarily want to stop hugging him so much as change the subject.

"Cammy will be here soon?" He checked his watch.

"Yes." Camila liked to be called Cammy; she was our babysitter.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I will tell him another time." He was looking at his cell and I could see the hurt in his eyes.

Don't do that to me, you jerk.

~ ~ ~

I let Cammy in. "Hi there."

She was a brazen little girl in her first year of Eastern Idaho Technical College – studying to be a dental assistant. Her father was a dentist and Cammy was learning so that she could work with him. "Hi, Mary."

I detected a certain glumness about the girl. I shut the door and followed her into the living room. We were in an apartment while our custom tract home was being built. "You sound a little sad; is everything okay?"

She plopped down with a bounce onto the couch and leaned forward, clasping her hands between her knees. She wore the typical pout of a teenager who thinks life is unfair. "I don't know. Why do I have to go to work for my father?"

I sat back on the easy chair next to her, stunned. At least a little. "I thought you were looking forward to—"

Her sigh was fierce. "I am, or was – I don't know."

I looked toward the bedroom. Mike was brushing his teeth and would be a minute or two more. Turning back to her, I said, "Are you having an argument with your father?"

Cammy was a pretty girl, thin like skinny teenagers from years past – not chunky as is so often seen now. Her face was filled with a hope that appeared despairing, but her personality was not one that would allow the girl to descend into the emotional depths of depression or into emo-hood. It would have been a shame to see the girl dye her blonde hair black. She shook her head. "No... I guess I just don't know if I want to work for him."

Mike came out. "Hi, Cammy."

Her eyes lit up and she smiled brightly. "Hi, Mister Thomas."

He grinned at her. "Mike, Cammy. Mike. Okay?"

The girl blushed.

My husband had that kind of effect on women. Me included. "Tyler will be getting hungry soon. Make sure he eats his peas."

Cammy made a face. "Okay."

Tyler would probably spit most of it out, but I wasn't going to cave to the sweet-demand and just buy him custard. Knowing the little monster, he would play with his peas more than eat them. "We'll be back around six-thirty or so."

I followed my husband out the door and he scooped an arm around me as we walked to the carport.

"Did I interrupt something?" he said.

"Oh, she was saying she didn't know if she wanted to work for her father."

He shook his head and made a piffing noise. "Teenagers."

"Yeah, really."

He thumbed the key remote and unlocked the car. "They don't know how good they have certain things – especially that one." He motioned his head back up to the apartment.

I worked as a new-accounts receptionist at Idaho Federal Credit Union. It was an unsatisfying job that paid a decent wage. My father worked in plumbing. No way was I going to follow in his footsteps and fix people's dirty toilets. For Cammy to have such an opportunity was something obviously beyond the girl's comprehension.

Mike worked for the Idaho Transportation Department as a transportation technician. He operated equipment in paving roads, generally. I always had an eye out for him when I saw work crews around.

I settled into the passenger's seat. "I think Cammy has a crush on you."

He grunted dismissively. "I have a much more beautiful woman in my sights."

I smiled; it was our little game. "Oh? Is she tall and blonde with enormous breasts?"

"No, she's average height with almost black hair and almost no boobs. She's sexy as hell and makes me hard thinking about her."

"Lucky woman."

He winked at me. "She probably doesn't know it."

"Are you saying I'm stupid?"

"Uh huh."

Jerk. I like hearing about your love for me. "Is this Lord of the Rings going to be as sappy as the last one?"

"I'll let you hold my hand if you get scared."

Jerk. My handsome jerk.

~ ~ ~

I entered our apartment, still stunned by all the flash and lights and dazzle-your-eyes cinematography that seemed to be the meat of movies. It made me feel cheap and insulted every time we went, but a night out with my Mike was something I would not want to forego.

"He's asleep," Cammy said. She was on the couch, arms stretched out grasping her knees.

Mike smiled and made his way back to the bedroom and bathroom. He hated using public restrooms.

"Any fuss?" I sat on the easy chair.

Our babysitter rolled her eyes. "Dinner, but it wasn't bad. He ate most of it and smeared the rest all over the tray."

"Are you feeling any better?"

She looked at me with those forlorn eyes that burned with an inner ambition. "I suppose. Your pictures cheered me up." She pointed to the new stack we had on the coffee table. Mike had taken a bunch of our house being built.

I smiled at her. "Someday you will have pictures of your own like that."

She shook her head and gave a single syllable laugh. "Not likely unless I do it on my own."

I frowned. "I don't mean to pry, but you don't have a boyfriend?"

She looked up at me with an angry look on her face. "The guys my age are total dweebs."

I laughed. "It can't be that bad—"

"Oh, it's bad. If they aren't fat and emo, they're whacked out on prescription drugs. Or pot. Or meth. Or they're into rap and can't pull up their pants."

I giggled. "Did you know that pants hanging off the ass originated in prison?"

She looked at me funny. "Huh? I thought it was a rap-thing."

"No, although it is popular now that way. Wearing them low like that was a male prisoner's signal that he was ready and willing to take another man up his ass—"

She slapped her hand to her mouth. "What?"

"No kidding."

"I don't think guys who—"

"I'm just saying where it originated. I bet half those boys would immediately pull up their pants if they knew."

She looked at me sideways. "I don't know. It seems like all the guys are bisexual."

"Oh, nonsense. It can't be that bad."

She looked at me as if I didn't know shit. "I wish I could find a real man."

I reached over and patted her knee. "You will. There's plenty of fish out there. I found Mike, after all."

Her face fell. "You're so lucky."

That made me feel good. "I suppose I am—"

"I wish I was beautiful, like you."

I laughed. "I don't know about that."

"You are. The both of you are so perfect."

"Perfect? Please. We found each other. We love each other. It will happen to you, too."

"Sure, if I looked like you. You have the perfect marriage, the perfect house being built and the perfect husband to give you a beautiful baby." Her mouth snapped shut as Mike emerged. She looked at him from under angry eyelashes.

Hmm, I don't like the sound of this. My jealous-bitch radar started making siren sounds in my head. "Let's settle up, shall we?" I reached into my purse and paid Cammy.

The girl stood, long legs emerging from short-shorts.

I used to be able to wear those. But my hips had widened with Tyler and they never fully slimmed back down.

Mike acted as if he had missed the conversation. "Come back next week."

I sighed. "Yes, for another empty movie."

"Empty? It was a good show."

"It was sappy."

"Well, it won't be Lord of the—"

"No, but it will be something filled with condescending message."

He grinned at me. He knew me too well. Movies were just propaganda flicks to me, although Lord of the Rings wasn't. Rumor had it the Tolkien family refused to budge on the storyline including such favorite Hollywood things as gay hobbits and jocular negro-elves. Given enough slack, Hollywood even pushed incest and bestiality in the name of laughs. Get people laughing and it doesn't

seem so bad, does it? He said. "You should just relax."

"With you, yes. I won't be accepting their constant message in the name of relaxation."

Cammy glowered at me.

Jealous-bitch threat-level four! I pictured a spinning red siren and people in jumpsuits racing around. I figured I would have to give the girl some thought. I let her out and watched her leave out the peephole.

"You and her doing girlie-talk?" His voice was smooth and playful.

I turned. "Maybe we should look for another sitter."

He shrugged. "What's wrong with Camila?"

I exhaled through my nose audibly. "I don't know. Maybe nothing. But it wouldn't hurt to have a back-up, right?"

He took me in his arms. "Something has you bugged."

"Do you think she's pretty?"

His eyes drew down, immediately suspicious.

Was he imagining some jealous-wife siren rotating in his head with people in jumpsuits – no, women in bikinis - running around?

He said, slow, "I'm sure she won't have a problem finding a guy."

I shook him in the hug. "I mean it. I'm just wondering if you think she's pretty."

"Sure, for a blonde. I guess she's rather cute."

Don't go overboard, buster. "She thinks we're perfect."

"Us?"

"Yes, us."

He looked over my head in thought. "We're happy, that's for sure. Although you won't get quadruple E fake tits for me."

I coughed in indignation. He didn't want or like fake tits. "I'm being serious."

He looked back down into my eyes. His were burning and shining with intensity and love. "Do you think there's a problem with Cammy?"

Was there? I didn't know. My jealous-bitch radar was rarely wrong, but did I have anything to worry about? Cammy was not Mike's type. "I think she likes you more than you realize."

He stiffened a little. "I don't want there to be issues between us over some little girl. Find a replacement for her; I'd rather not have this kind of crap surfacing when we're perfectly happy as it is."

His words comforted me; we were on the same page. Why tempt a jealous Cammy with more exposure to that which causes her dangerous emotions? I sure didn't want the girl taking out her frustrations on Tyler.

I resolved to find another sitter. Unfortunately, finding a replacement proved a bit more difficult.

CHAPTER 2

I awoke from the nightmare, vaguely remembering running. Running, running, running – all night long. I felt exhausted.

It was Saturday, our date-night, and I still had not found a sitter. I had even gone into a Laundromat and looked at their bulletin board. A fifteen year old school girl who had posted a scrawled note with little number tears was the only one and I left without taking a number.

How do parents allow their daughters to sit for other strangers? No way would I let that happen if I had a daughter.

Mike came into the bedroom with a cup of coffee. "You look sleepy."

"Oh... well. I guess I didn't sleep too well." Fear nibbled at the edges of my morning.

"Nightmares?"

I took the cup. "I don't remember." I did not want to admit to him that I was having them.

"Hmm. You know what solves a bad night's sleep?"

Oh no. I rolled my eyes at him and tried to hide my smile behind my coffee cup.

"Mike..."

"Sex. You need a good, hard cock to rattle your eyeballs around and leave you exhausted."

I snorted – the vision of eyeballs rolling in my head like one of those cheap stuffed animals was always funny. The two beads in the eyes went all different directions.

However, I could not say much when he slid off his shorts and stood there naked. No, I could not say much at all. He had such a beautiful dick to go with

such a handsome face. It hung there, nasty and fleshy, promising an invasion after just a moment or two of preparation.

"Mike..." I felt my heart begin to pound.

He stripped off his shirt. His chest was thinly covered with dark hair. His skin was very pale, but tanned at the neck and arms from working in the sun. Despite the tan difference, he was incredibly hunky and sexy. He began stroking himself while giving me a wicked grin.

I felt my insides begin to heat. I pursed my lips, a flush coming to my face as I tried to fight it. But I didn't want to fight it, did I? I could feel the ache develop and I knew that trying to resist was futile. With a grunt of frustration and surrender, I put my cup down on the nightstand.

His smile got bigger.

"I haven't showered yet."

"So what? I already did and I doubt our bed is dirty so you need one."

"But my hair is a mess." I was watching his hand move along his shaft. It was turning me on.

"So we'll mess it up some more."

I laughed; I couldn't help it. I threw back the covers and removed my panties.

He was on the bed faster than I could deflect him even though I welcomed his advance. His hand found my vagina and his mouth pressed into mine.

I moaned happily, feeling warm and comfortable. Then the fear began nibbling. No! Stop it. I knew resisting the fear was futile, too. As had happened so often in the past, I gripped him and pulled him to me. Take me and love me, quickly. Banish the fear. His love was the only thing that kept the fear at bay, but only each time we coupled. However, his love also fed it. I was trembling with lust and fear before I felt the head of his cock push into my hole.

I pulled desperately, wanting to forget the fear, hoping to kill it with my passion, but only feeding it more. My entire body was shaking by the time I felt his shaft

fill me with one long push.

I gasped, feeling full, and gripped his shoulders tightly. Wanting his body on mine, dreading it being gone one day, I pulled and clutched. I moved my hips with his and tears built in my eyes.

And the fear there grew.

~ ~ ~

I let Cammy in and gave her a critical look. I knew when people tried to snowball me. I had seen enough in the banking business to recognize the signals – the shifty eyes, the fidgeting, and talking too loud. Also, the conspiratorial tones when confiding something – these all meant danger. Cammy appeared to have little of that, though she did give me a funny look.

I might say it was then that I realized the girl viewed me as competition. I had seen those kinds of looks before – back in high school. What, did she think I was going to steal her boyfriend's letterman's jacket and parade it around the school? Did she think I was going to spread the rumor that she had blown the nerdy kid with zits all over his body?

I frowned at her and she looked away.

"Hi, Mary."

"Cammy." I said it in neutral greeting.

A look of desperation crossed the girl's features and then vanished, replaced by a blank look.

"Hello, Camila." Mike smiled at the girl and she blushed.

We led her into the living room and stood. I saw her glance down at the coffee table, looking for a new stack of pictures. There were none because I had hid

them. Another disappointed look crossed her face.

I said, "No peas tonight. There's some chicken and rice in there for him."

She nodded and glanced at a smiling Mike. She turned even redder.

I gave my husband a dry look she didn't see and motioned with my head. We left without any more words.

~ ~ ~

"No, I didn't." I rolled my eyes.

Mike grimaced at me. "Oh come on, that was a great movie."

I looked at him instead of the other cars as we drove home. "Great?"

"Yeah, that was awesome. Except for spilling my soda down my shirt." He had gripped the cup and the top had popped off. The cup had squeezed in and soda had drenched him. It had been the funniest part of the night.

"Great? It was a bunch of flashing lights, explosions and loud booms."

He looked at me. I could see he knew what I meant. "You really didn't like it?"

"No. The acting was horrible like it usually is. People think it's great because the camera angle looks good, the lighting is good and the booms are loud. Flat acting with a loud, crashing boom does not make it dramatic. It makes it cheesy and insulting."

"Don't you ever have fun watching movies?"

"Not when I'm being insulted as if I had the IQ of a turnip."

"I love watching movies with you."

And just like that, as he always did, he made me feel bad. I touched his arm lightly as he steered the car. "I love being with you – wherever it is." The fear washed over me again, like a wave. I felt my hand begin trembling and drew it away.

The fear had been stronger before – much stronger. But there had been a time when I had been without fear. My problem came just before getting pregnant with Tyler. Since his birth, I found my fear lessening as time passed. Maybe one day I will no longer fear.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"What? No." When I grew quiet, he thought he had hurt my feelings. I reached over and squeezed his leg with a clammy hand. "I love you and don't want to lose you."

He shook his head. I had said that a lot when the fear had been stronger. "You aren't losing me."

We turned into the apartment complex and pulled into the carport.

"I want us to be together, always." I was clutching his shirt and pulling him.

"We will be. Right now, however, I really need to use the bathroom and I want to take a shower. I'm all sticky."

I shook my head in a small smile. How had he watched the movie with all that wet soda drenching him?

We climbed the stairs and went inside to our familiar and temporary home. Cammy was on the couch, arms folded. There was a determined look on her face and she appeared to be nervous.

Uh oh. What's with her? I said to Mike, "You need any help—"

"I think I can handle peeling off my shirt. I'll be out in a few."

I watched him go, arms folded until I realized I was in a similar pose as Cammy. I dropped my arms and looked at the girl. She was looking after Mike and swallowing visibly. Then she shot me a look that was accusing and predatory.

What in the world is going on in the girl's mind?

She stood and started to talk, insecurity in her voice battling with determination. "I wanted to talk to you."

I looked into eyes that were squinted and had a calculating look to them. I am no pushover for glares or games, so I refolded my arms and struck a pose that told her I was not impressed. "Yes? Camila?"

Using a visibly shaking hand, she produced a scrap of light-blue paper from her back pocket. She held it up as if holding up a smoking gun. "I think we need to talk," she said.

I cannot adequately describe the chills that ran through me. No, not at all – because they weren't just chills, but pure terror. I tried to take a step towards her but my feet did not want to work. I stumbled. "Where did you get that? How could—" I had thrown that away, hadn't I? I had disposed of it, hadn't I? I had removed it from me as if tossing away the smoking gun from a murder. Hadn't I?

"Who is Luke? Hmm? I bet Mike would really like to see this."

I lunged, off-balance, reaching for the slip of paper.

She snatched it back out of my reach and thrust out her chin at me. "I'll scream and tell."

I stood in front of her, commanding, shaking, and afraid. "Give me that. You had no right—"

She took a step back, the paper held behind her. "I don't think so. Do you want me to show this to Mike? Take it and I'll spill the beans."

"I can tell your father that you—"

"Now who would be hurt more? My father or your husband? Because if you tell my father I will most definitely tell your husband."

I found myself wringing my hands. My body felt as if it was vibrating from within. "What do you want?"

Her smile lit up the room with doom. It was not friendly and neither was it for me. It was for herself as if she realized her gambit had paid off. "I'll tell you what I want..."

~ Almost two years previous... ~

I folded the sheet, my mind on Mike.

"Mary." Sheila was giving me a look. She was the assistant manager.

"Hmm?"

"Didn't you hear me the first time? The phone's for you, line three."

I looked at the blinking line. Had she? "Oh, I'm sorry." I was at my desk, supposedly stuffing terms notices into envelopes.

Sheila shook her head, though she was smiling, and walked away. Everyone knew I was trying to get pregnant and give me and Mike a child. A girl would be nice. I could comb her hair and tell her stories and color with her in coloring books.

I lifted the receiver and pressed the button. "Mary Thomas?"

"Hey there, beautiful." The voice was Luke's.

I rolled my eyes through a blush he couldn't see. Luke was a playboy and flirted with anything between the ages of eighteen and a hundred and two. "Hi, Luke." I drew out his name as if amused and weary at the same time.

"You still coming over?"

He was asking about our secret little planning session for Mike's birthday. We were going to throw around ideas and see if we could strike on something fun for the big three-oh. "Yes, in another forty-five minutes."

"Ok, just making sure. I'm turning down a hot date for you."

"Of course you are." I rolled my eyes the other way.

"I bought a very fine bourbon; we can sip some and concoct a birthday that will be unforgettable."

I giggled. He probably thought I would loosen up a little and show him cleavage. Problem was, I didn't have any cleavage. "Sure, sure."

I shook my head after hanging up the phone. Luke had been the best man at our wedding and had pinched and flirted with a few of my bridesmaid-friends. I was fairly certain he had bedded Sue, but she wouldn't confirm or deny the allegation. Meaning, they had.

Luke lived in a little place he called "the pad" just three blocks from our apartment. Mike talked sometimes about the endless parade of women back and forth from his front door, and his back door. I half expected to see a line of women impatiently leaning on one hip or the other outside his door.

But there was no one.

Luke was a dashing handsome man built a little more muscular than my Mike. Oh, he was handsome and knew it. His eyes were always dancing and amused when he looked at a woman. And his eyes were so intense and open – as if drinking you in when looking at you.

I was immune, of course.

He flashed me a smile and opened the screen door. "Come in, come in."

I went in willingly, wondering if the neighbors would think I was a new conquest. But inside I felt at ease. Luke was always a gentleman with me, though he gave me winks and looks.

He had a notepad of blue paper on his coffee table and a pencil there, ready to go. The décor in his home was all black and chrome. Typical man-cave collection of brutish manliness.

I sat on his black leather couch and he brought over two glasses and a bottle of

bourbon.

I waved off the bourbon. "None for me, thanks."

"Oh, come on. I bought this for us so we could make some wild plan for Mike." He poured two glasses.

I sighed and took a glass.

When he sat down, he sat next to me. His weight pulled the edge of the leather cushion towards him and I saw a flash of white between us. I looked down.

"Uh...?" I pulled up a pair of panties and dangled them between us.

Suddenly chuckling fast and nervous, he snatched them from my fingers and stuffed them down in the couch on his other side.

I shook my head and took a sip of the bourbon. My eyebrows climbed with delight. "Oh, wow. The flavors..."

He was nodding. "That's why I bought this one. Very good." He raised his glass at me and drank some.

I took another small sip and tried to identify the different varieties of what gave it such a good flavor.

He pulled the blue notepad over and said, "I imagine a stripper is out?"

"Most definitely."

He scratched out the top words on the list.

I giggled. He already had a short page of ideas.

"Wild orgy?"

"No."

He scratched another. "Midgets?"

I started laughing. "No. Something not sexual, okay?"

He feigned a disappointed pout and scratched off four more lines.

I rolled my eyes and took a drink. Feeling the beginnings of relaxation, I sighed. I could feel his heat next to me through my cotton blouse. He smelled almost like Mike, though his cologne was a subtle difference – a little more rugged than what my husband wore.

"Well," he said, "That leaves a few other things that aren't as exciting..."

I leaned back and sipped some more at the bourbon. A nice buzz was developing already. Empty stomach. Maybe I should slow down.

Not ten minutes later, I was lying back on Luke's bed. His head was between my legs, his tongue licking and lapping at my pussy. I moaned out in pleasure as his tongue did things to me that felt wonderful. I should stop... But maybe just a little more. It felt too good. "Oh yes, lick me. Yes..."

He pulled up and grinned. His dick was long and hard, bobbing there gently with weight. He was a lot longer than my husband, though his shaft was nowhere near as fat.

I stared at it, my mouth open in lust. I was panting. Surely he isn't going to—

He moved over me with confidence and my legs opened to admit him between them. When I felt the head of his cock touch my pussy lips, I groaned uncontrollably. I felt my hips tilt up to his.

He smiled and pushed his erection into me. My lips parted and I felt the fullness begin to penetrate into me. The fantastic sensation paralyzed me with anticipation and had me trembling with need.

Oh my gosh. My husband's best friend is... Feels so good... I felt his cock reaching further into me, hitting places I never knew could feel full. He hit the end of my canal and pushed a little more, stretching me inside a little deeper. Wow, what a feeling!

He moaned softly, smiling. "So good." He pulled back, sliding much of it out.

I sighed happily at the sensation and pulled on him to bring him back.

He rammed his cock into me with one hard shove.

My eyes flew open and my mouth gaped in surprise. Mike was always gentle and passionate – slow, even.

Luke began thrusting fast and hard. The bed moved, the mattress squeaking, and the frame creaking with the force of his moves.

I felt my body moving back and forth, tensing and relaxing, accepting his lust willingly. I was moaning and sighing at the same time.

Luke panted above me. "So beautiful."

I felt dizzy, looking up into his piercing eyes. His body slammed hard against mine, causing all sorts of feelings and emotions I had never before experienced. There was something brutal about what he did – how he did it – without being insensitive. It was passionate in a very masculine way and left me wanting more. "Yes, fuck me."

My own words caused a tingling in me that began building. I wanted him to pound me. I wanted to feel that delicious pain of his cock sliding hard into me.

He groaned, slamming harder.

I could not take a deep breath. He was pumping too fast, driving the air out of me. My pussy tensed, drawing in, coiling and sending out a stiffness to my limbs.

I wanted him to ram me. I wanted him to use his cock on me like a brute. I wanted to feel my femininity used by this hunk of a man. "Yes... fuck me! Fuck me!" I cried out and knew I was beyond and over the mountain of lust.

Convulsions ripped through me, sending flashes of light across my closed eyes and tingles of pleasure racing along my limbs and the surface of my skin. My pussy contracted on his cock, clamping down.

He moaned low and fierce. He sank in deep and held it there, rotating his hips. Then he jerked suddenly, pulled back and began thrusting his shaft into me faster than before. I felt the familiar hot wetness begin flooding me as his eyes screwed shut and he arched his back in orgasm. It felt so complete.

He collapsed on me, panting along with me. His shaft was still in me, occasionally throbbing and sending another stream of sperm into me. My pussy clamped with spasms of aftershock and excitement.

I began to breathe a little more normal. Wow.

He fucked me three more times before I told him I had to get home.

He did not treat me with scorn or disrespect. He was all smiles. He sat on the couch afterwards and scrawled something on the lower half of the blue notepad. He tore the bottom part off and handed it to me.

I shook my head, still luxuriating in the feel of such an amazingly passionate fucking. Folding the paper, I slid it into the side pocket of my purse.

With every step away from the house, the wonder faded and the guilt grew. Later would come the fear.

CHAPTER 3

~ Present day... ~

"Please," I said. The fear hit me hard, as strong as that first evening when I had come home and faced Mike. I reached out a very shaky hand; I could not seem to control the trembling.

Cammy tilted her head back and frowned at me. "No. I'll tell you what I want."

"Please." I looked quickly towards the hallway. Mike would still be in the shower. "Anything."

"I want a taste of what you have. I want Mike to treat me like he should be treating me."

Huh? Treating her like he should? What was that supposed to mean? I shook my head. "I don't understand."

She stuffed the paper into her back pocket and took a step closer to me. "I want you to convince him to be nicer to me. I want hugs and kisses. I want to know what it's like having a piece of your man."

What? You bitch. "What? How—"

"Convince him. Or I'll wave your dirt at him and tell him all about it."

"You went through my things—"

"Who cares? I did it and there isn't anything you can do about it."

"I can fire you—"

"And I will tell Mike."

I fumed, frustrated and furious, but fearing. This can't be happening! I must have forgotten that paper was still in my old purse. How could I be so stupid? "I can't tell him to—"

"You better." Her head wagged at me with a superior attitude of scorn and disdain.

I wanted to slap the bitch. Strangle her. Choke her to death... No. I was not like that. "I..."

"If he doesn't give me a hug when I come in next week, I will expose your dirty laundry right there." There was a light in her eyes, but it was not a nice glow.

How could this all have happened? I felt wet streaks on my cheeks and wiped them away. What could I do? I wracked my brain, knowing now was not a good time to think, but needing to find some way out – some way to avoid all this. But there was no way out. She had the evidence. I knew it was as damning as she knew it to be. I knew the words on it: Mary, thank you for such a wonderful time. If you want another afternoon of furious fucking, I'm here for you. So you don't have to ask Mike, here's my number. 292-1120.

Camila arched an eyebrow at me, then walked past me to leave. "Remember, if I don't get a hug from him at the door next week, I'll tell your secret. And I want him to treat me nicer."

The shutting of the door felt like the slamming of prison bars. My hands wrung over each other, twisting and fretting. I looked this way and that, wondering what I could do to get out of this ridiculous mess.

Why had I allowed Luke to fuck me? Why had I drunk enough bourbon to make me such an easy target for him? I had gone from dizzy to his bed in ten minutes and the evaporation of my normal resolve had stunned me even back then.

His surprise kiss on the couch had led to the bedroom and there was no way I could now turn back the clock and stop him. Why had I not stopped him then? Luke might be handsome, but I had never considered letting him bed me. My eyes were only for my husband.

Mike... why did I do it? Why did I do this to you? A stupid moment of bourbon and I had let Luke fuck me. Four times, even. Why? Why? Why?

I heard the shower shut off. I wiped my eyes again and made sure I was composed. Was there a way out? Cammy would expose me if I didn't convince Mike to... what? The girl wanted a taste of my life? She envied me that much? Mike was the only real man she could find? Was it true her male peers were so unmanly? I shook my head; my thoughts were all over the place. I knew the scattered direction was not going to produce real results. Maybe things will be clearer in the morning.

~ ~ ~

Things were not much clearer through the night and a full night of tossing and worrying produced nothing but a desperate determination to work this through. Sunday I fretted more. Monday morning produced only the same questions and thoughts.

"Another bad night?" Mike said. His face wore love and sympathy.

Damn. Damndamndamn. Why did this have to happen? I sighed and tried to keep the tremor from my voice. "I guess so."

He was lacing on his work-boots. "Was the movie that bad?"

I looked at him, knowing I didn't want to lie and knowing I could not tell him the truth. What was I going to do? I kissed him goodbye and collected my purse to leave for work.

Cammy had been in my closet, looking. She had found my old purse and the forgotten note. The nerve of the girl!

Work was a frustrating day where I accomplished little actual work. Sheila did not seem to notice and I slid through the day with thoughts of how to handle this mess.

The problem was, no matter from what angle I attacked it, I came to the same conclusion: Camila, the little brat, had me backed into a corner with no escape.

It was late in the day when I punched the girl's phone number into my cell. I was in the break-room sipping water.

"Hello?" Camila sounded normal.

"Camila," I said.

"Yes?" Her voice sounded expectant and hesitant.

"I want to know that if I convince him to give you hugs and kisses that I will get that paper back."

There was a long pause.

"Camila?"

"I'm here."

"I want that—"

"I don't think so. I think I'm keeping this. Follow through and you'll have nothing to worry about."

"You can't do this—"

"Oh, I think I can. Do you want me to tell Mike?"

I exhaled loudly. "No."

"Then you're going to convince him—"

"Yes."

Camila giggled with excitement. "How fun!"

I grimaced. "This is blackmail."

She coughed in schoolgirl fashion. "Like, did you have to look that up on Wikipedia?"

I wanted to scream. I said nothing.

"See you Saturday." She clicked off.

For the next hour, I chewed over how I would broach this with Mike. Would I be able to keep a straight face? Sound normal? Sound as if the idea were mine? What would I tell him?

I only knew I had to. If I didn't convince him, Camila would tell him and my marriage would be over. I would lose the man I loved. I could not have that. I would not. I would not want to live if I lost him.

I would need to approach him carefully - he was very keen about my feelings. Perhaps that's how I would have to convince him. Trying to persuade him to hug and kiss her wouldn't work because he wasn't interested. But if I told him I wanted it...

I nodded to myself. It would be a lie – a horrible lie, but there was no other way.

~ ~ ~

I waited through dinner. I think he knew something was on my mind. He kept giving me searching looks. He tried to ask, but I avoided answering. Not until bed did I feel I had enough courage to try. "Honey..."

He was about to get into bed. He froze, standing there in his boxers. The look on his face was knowing. He knew just from my tone that whatever he suspected was bugging me was coming out.

I love you so much. I will not lose you. No matter what it takes. I knew then I had to do this. I patted the bed.

He arched an eyebrow and got in. "Finally going to tell me what's on your mind?"

I nodded, but suddenly found I didn't know how to start. All the rehearsed conversations in my mind fled.

"What is it?" he said. He leaned on an elbow, facing me.

"I have a request..." Holy shit, that sounded lame.

He raised an eyebrow again and waited.

How do I say this and not sound like I'm stupid? "Have you ever thought about..." No, that sounds worse.

The look on his face said he was being patient for me.

"I've been talking to Camila." I tried not to sound angry just mentioning her voice. I also tried not to sound scared.

"You sound scared."

Damn, this is impossible. "I thought it might be nice..." Dumb.

"Spit it out, Mary." He looked annoyed but not angry-annoyed. More like perplexed-annoyed. Was there such a flavor of annoyance?

"I want you to give her hugs." There. I blushed, feeling stupid.

"Hugs?" He blinked.

I blushed harder feeling supremely embarrassed. "And maybe kisses."

He jerked his head back as if I had grown a third eye. Then his eyes softened. "This is embarrassing you, isn't it?"

"I... uh..." I felt so hot that my scalp started feeling moist. Was this working?

His words were slow and caring. "Is this something like... maybe a fantasy or something?"

A light went off in my head. I had been thinking of trying to convince him that my idea of him being nice to her was something of a sympathy for her plight with boys her age. But his suggestion of a fantasy sounded a lot better. He was very considerate of my desires. I blurted out, "Yes."

He frowned and nodded. He did not sound very sure. "You want me to hug and

kiss our babysitter?"

To save our marriage, yes. So I won't lose you. So things won't fall apart. "Yes. I... I want you to."

"It would make you happy?"

Hell no. But you have to. I need you to do it. I won't lose you. I'll do anything to keep you. "I need... you to..." Fear gripped me so hard I began trembling with it and tears welled in my eyes.

His brow furrowed and he reached for me. His arm came over me, stroking my shoulder. "Hey, hey. Don't be afraid." He gave a short chuckle. "Don't be afraid."

"Please..."

He laughed and shook his head. "Calm down, okay? Relax. It's me; I'm here." His voice and hand was soothing.

I can't lose you. "Will you... Will you hug and kiss her?"

He stopped stroking my shoulder, but he left his hand there. "She's not something I've ever looked at like that and I would say no automatically. The thought isn't something—"

"Please—"

"I wasn't finished," he said. He looked into my teary eyes with his. "This is a fantasy of yours and would make you happy?"

Because I could keep you, yes. "Yes."

He stroked my shoulder again, looking thoughtful. "Don't be afraid of telling me these things."

I wasn't sure what to say. All I knew was he needed to hug Camila when she came in Saturday. "I... uh..."

"Don't worry. I'll think about it, okay? Let me sleep on it and we'll talk about it more tomorrow."

Tomorrow? But he hadn't said no. Would this work?

~ ~ ~

It was the next night when he brought it up.

I was in bed, worrying. Our bed was a large king-size that squeezed the confines of the room. The frame was rugged like my husband and the mattress deep and cushioned. It provided no comfort this evening.

"Are you sure you would be happy if I hugged and kissed our babysitter?"

Anything to keep you. "Yes."

"And what about Cammy? Does she know about this?"

"She does."

He nodded in understanding. "That girlie talk stuff, huh?"

"Right..."

"Alright then, I guess I will. Anything to make you happier."

I felt fear and relief. I felt as if a weight had been lifted. I felt as if I had escaped doom. I shook with relief, but with fear, also. "Thank you..."

He shook his head and gave me a funny look. "I love you, silly. All you had to do was ask. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Okay."

"Any other fantasies I should know about?" His tone told me I better not have any more surprises.

"Er, no..."

"You sure?"

"Just this one." Was he buying it?

"Alright."

"Would you hug her as soon as she comes in Saturday?"

"That soon, huh?"

"Please."

"Well, sure, I guess."

"At the door."

He laughed and shook his head. "Okay, okay." He kissed me and I felt a little better.

~ ~ ~

The worry lessened a little over the rest of the week. I felt more bothered by Camila's reaction and that she held my secret than any bother over Mike hugging her or kissing her.

She just wasn't my husband's type. He viewed blondes as empty-headed tit-toys for fat men.

Saturday, the shakes returned. All week I had told myself things would be okay, but my late afternoon fuck-session with Luke played on me with shame and blame. I fussed with Tyler and tried to act normal.

Mike wasn't buying it. He shook his head at me here and there throughout the

day.

The knock on the door at the appointed time sounded like the knocking of the Grim Reaper. Expecting doom wearing a cloak and scythe, I opened the door. "Camila."

She stood there, not in black with a wicked-looking blade, but in her normal shorts and t-shirt. If anything, she looked as nervous as I did, but in a different way. She was looking up at me through her lashes as if trying to hide behind them. I could even see her trembling and her pulse racing on her neck.

I cannot say I felt a kinship with this girl over the whole situation – as if we were some kind of scheming buddies. No, this was more like a shady conspiracy between criminals. It made me feel dirty.

"Mary-Beth," she said.

Using my full first name was like a slap back at me for using her first name instead of her nickname. The little bitch was trying to compete with me as an equal. If it wasn't for that little paper...

She must have seen the anger in my eyes. She shouldered past me and I closed the door.

Mike stood there, waiting. "I think Cammy wants a hug?" He had a sparkle in his eye, but not for her. He was doing this for me. Or so he thought. Damn, what a mess.

I watched my husband hug the girl.

Camila was silent and I could tell she was scared. She was also blushing heavily.

"You smell nice," he said.

She gave a very short nervous laugh and then broke the hug. She twisted her fingers around, looking at him and then away.

I could tell she didn't know what to do. I said to Mike, "We ready for the movies?"

He nodded and that was that. I have to say, I felt a lot better and very relieved it had gone off so well. The hug had been painless. Freed from the worry of the little bitch spilling my secret, I had more fun with Mike at the show than I had in a long time.

He noticed the change. "You seem happy."

What could I possibly say in response? Without ruining everything, there was little I could reveal. "Yes, I think so."

He patted my leg and rubbed as we drove home.

Had it been so bad? If Camila wanted a hug every Saturday, was that a poor price to pay for keeping my husband? She had said she wanted kisses, too. Would that be any different? It was most definitely more personal, and the idea made me feel queasy. Could I get him to wash his mouth out after kissing her? Or maybe the hugs were enough.

But, what if they weren't? Just as suddenly as the thought occurred, the fear crept back into the spotlight. It reared and waved its ugly head at me. What if Camila decided she would use that paper for more?

Her actions when we got home told me I had nothing to worry about.

CHAPTER 4

I entered the apartment first.

Camila was holding Tyler on the couch.

"He should be asleep."

She looked at me. "He was fussing a bit." She shrugged.

I nodded. Sometimes Tyler required a little attention before getting a good night's sleep. He was chewing on a toy and looked sleepy.

She said, "I think he's about ready." She carried him into the bedroom.

Mike went to the bedroom to use our bathroom.

I waited in the living room, fishing out twenty dollars.

"Where did Mike go?" Camila said.

"Bathroom." I handed her the cash.

"I was hoping for another..." She trailed off.

"He'll be out in a few. Are we square on our deal?"

The old Cammy-smile returned – happy and bright. She said, "Thank you."

I wanted to shake her by the throat. This wasn't some little schoolgirl game.

The girl almost bounced on her feet.

Mike came out and sat down on the couch. He looked back and forth between us.

I gave him a smile and flashed my eyes towards hers, but Camila was already

moving.

She sat down on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck, as if a cheerleader being held by a male cheerleader.

Rah rah whoopee.

Her smile made Mike smile and she bent her head down to kiss his lips.

I wanted to yank her back by the hair and say she had done enough, but the girl only pecked his lips.

She got up and squeezed her arms to her side as if excited and trying to hide her joy. She flashed me another bright smile and scurried past me to the door.

That wasn't bad at all. I think I can live with that if my secret will be safe.

Later, in bed, Mike said, "That all made you happy, huh?"

That my secret is safe and I get to keep you? Absolutely. "Yes."

"Hmmp. I never would have thought you the type to want to see me hug and kiss her."

"Well..."

"It's alright."

"Did you like..."

He arched an eyebrow at me. "Hugs are nice. Was I missing out on something all these months? Nah."

I leaned over and kissed him, wanting his memory to be of me and not her. That she got her hugs and kisses was enough; I did not want her on his mind as he slept or any other time when she wasn't around.

He took it as a signal and pushed me back. He snuggled close to me and I could feel him hardening. He said, "I love you."

I pulled on him, wanting him close and in me. "I love you, too." My passion was

desperate, relieved, and still trying to hide from the fear that would not go away.

At any time, Luke could say something to Mike. It was something that would not vanish. I could make no deals with Luke like I did with Camila. There would be no way I could stop Luke from boy-chatting with Mike one day and letting it slip...

I clutched him tighter as he thrust into me. He was mine and I would keep him – even if I was forced to share his hugs and kisses with the babysitter.

~ ~ ~

It was Friday when I got the call. I was closing out my terminal when my cell phone vibrated. Long ago, I had dreaded this. Not long ago, I had thought I might never receive the call.

Doom.

"Hello?" I had not bothered to check Caller ID. I was anxious to get home.

"Hey there." Sexy voice.

Oh shit. Luke. "Oh... uh..."

"I wanted to apologize..."

"Apologize?" I tried to sound dismissive and flippant. "For what?" Sweep it all under the rug. Don't admit it and it never happened.

"I get the impression you're trying to avoid me."

A sudden vision of him above me, grunting and ramming his cock into me in a passionate explosion of lust left me feeling distinctly warm. "Avoid you? Well..."

"Look, Mary-Beth. I'm sorry. I don't know how else to say it."

It's too late! And my secret was being held by some teenage babysitter. I said nothing.

He said into the silence, "It was wonderful, but I didn't mean to hurt you or cause a rift—"

I coughed. "I'm married to your best friend. How could you do that to him?"

"I didn't mean anything by it—"

"Oh no? Just slip me a paper with your number on it because you didn't mean for it to happen? Oopsies, but here's my number if you want more?"

He was quiet on the other end.

"I'm happy and I don't need some man chasing after me who only thinks with his dick." My voice suddenly broke. "I have Mike." I said it and I meant it.

"Alright... I'm sorry. I—"

I clicked off the phone. I did not want to hear any more. The tears that followed the end of the call were hot and filled with regret.

~ ~ ~

Camila came on Saturday, as usual.

I had told Mike to greet her as he had the week before. He had mentioned my idea of finding another babysitter, but I knew if we did that would lead to doom. I had to pretend I had a sudden change of heart.

I had said, "I guess I just feel sorry for her and the whole thing is sort of exciting. We don't need to find another sitter."

He had accepted it.

"Hi, Mary."

I was back on nickname basis. I tried it myself. "Hi, Cammy."

She blushed at me and came in, already excited and grinning.

Mike wrapped her little frame in a hug and they stood like that for a moment. I heard her sigh happily. Then she leaned up to his mouth and kissed him. It was a little more than a peck and involved their first exploratory adventure using tongues.

My husband appeared surprised, but went with it.

The kiss was short.

"She kisses funny," he said later in the car.

"She does?"

"She doesn't open her mouth very much."

"Oh? Do you like that?" I was suspiciously curious and, I admit, a little jealous.

"Eh? No. It's odd."

Just kiss her. My thoughts flashed to the phone call the previous day. Panicked, I rushed to keep my thoughts on Camila. "Just kiss her. Kiss her and hug her."

"Make her happy and that will make you happy?"

Unbidden, my mind recalled Luke sliding his cock into me. No, I want my husband! I reached over and gripped Mike's dick through his pants. Gripping it and squeezing, I never wanted to let go.

"Okay, okay," he said. He chuckled. "I can tell this excites you."

I recalled how I had rode Luke, pushing my pussy down onto his erection – how I had forced my unexpectedly hungry hole down to be filled. I had rotated my hips around in circles relishing the feel of his shaft spearing me far up inside. I

let out an involuntary gasp. I looked out the window hoping he hadn't heard.

"Excites you a lot, huh?"

Damn, he had heard. I couldn't admit it was the thought of Luke's cock buried deep in my pussy that had caused it. "Uh, I guess so."

After the cruddy movie, we drove home.

He said, "You seemed to like that picture."

I hadn't. I didn't really remember it. I had clutched his arm all the way through the movie. "I was thinking about you."

He smiled. "I think I like this new change in you."

"Change?" I was instantly nervous.

"You seem more open."

I am? If so, never open enough for the secret to come out. "Oh? Is that good?"

"Better than wondering what's got you worried. I had thought it was the stress of the new house."

I laughed, still nervous. "Oh, that's still stressful."

"Is that why this whole Cammy-thing came up? A way to relieve the stress?"

Yes, that sounded good. "I suppose it is. I hadn't thought too much about it."

He nodded in understanding. "How much is it stress and how much is sympathy?"

"What?" I was lost, not completely paying attention to his mistaken understanding of what was going on. I can't think in two directions at once!

"Was it the stress that got you wanting me to hug and kiss our babysitter, or was it that she can't find a decent boy?"

"Er, both maybe."

"But which was it more?"

I don't know. At least the conversation was taking my mind off Luke. Then I saw him again, that handsome man's face screwed up above me, crying out as I felt his hot spurts deep inside me. Panicked, I said, "There's no one like you, Mike. You're so wonderful and handsome."

"And you want Cammy to see that?"

Who's talking about Cammy? Oh, we are. "Yes, I guess. No boy is going to be a real man like you."

"I was a boy once."

"Never. You were born sexy."

He rolled his eyes at me.

I entered the apartment first, as usual.

Camila was pacing and stopped. Her face brightened and she looked embarrassed.

Mike headed to the bathroom.

I came close to the girl. "I've been good to my side of the bargain."

Cammy's face clouded over. "Yes?"

"I would like that paper back."

She struck an oh-yeah-really pose. Her voice held accusation. "For the number?"

"No," I said, fierce. "To destroy it."

"What if I want to keep it?"

I sighed. "Please, Cammy. I've kept my end of the bargain. Haven't I?"

A faint smile drifted across her pretty features. "Yes. He's wonderful."

I said dryly, "I know."

"Well, I don't have it with me—"

Mike came out and sat.

I dug in my purse and produced her twenty. "Here you are."

"Thanks." She swished over to Mike and sat down on his lap again. They started kissing right away.

I started to look around at anything but them, but stopped. Why should I look away? He's my husband and they're just kissing.

Cammy broke the kiss but instead of getting up, she straddled his lap and wrapped her arms back around his neck. She bent forward and they kissed again. This time, the girl was more responsive.

I knew what she was feeling; Mike was a caring and tender man, but manly all at once. He was sort of like Luke in his masculinity... I felt heat within me and then shame and anger that my thoughts had summoned Luke into my mind. I didn't want to think about him.

Cammy broke the kiss and leaned her head back. Her hips were moving on his lap and she sighed. She got off and passed me, saying in a whisper, "He's so dreamy."

Of course he is; that's why he's mine. I let her out, saying nothing and trying to banish the vision of Luke from my mind. Damn him for calling me! I want this gone and in the past.

In bed, I hugged Mike. I didn't want to think about Luke.

He said, "Wow, you're excited, aren't you?"

"You excite me."

He reached over and touched me, sliding his fingers down my cleft.

I moaned happily.

"She was a little more forward tonight."

"Hmm?" We were talking about Cammy again?

"She was being very suggestive, rubbing on me."

"Oh..."

"Is that what you wanted to see?"

"No."

"Oh? I had thought—"

"No, I just wanted you to show her a little of your caring side. Hugs and kisses are just fine."

He raised both eyebrows and gave a little nod. "Well, that's easy enough."

And a lot easier than thinking about the disaster of my secret with Luke.

His fingers were still rubbing and I grew more excited, warming within as I tried to banish the memory of his friend and the pain it had brought.

"I have a small confession," he said.

"Hmm?" My head was swimming. There was too much going on – too much to think about. I was lost in my own mind as if beset on all sides by different simultaneous conversations.

"I had started to get hard as she was rubbing on me. I'm sorry if—"

"Hard?" I felt relief his confession didn't involve something about Luke.

"It firmed a little. I guess even a little girl rubbing herself on me can be exciting. I had never looked at her that way." His hardening penis against my leg told me he was thinking about her.

And I had never looked at your friend that way, either. I had never imagined he had a long, awesome cock and the feelings it would give me. I tried to stamp down on that thought, but I moaned, despite my efforts.

Luke's fingers slipped under my panties and began rubbing.

Yes, more of you. Only you. I spread my legs and let him play.

"You feel very excited."

I could hear his fingers sloshing around in my juices. I had a sudden and instant fear that he could read my mind and he would know I had just been thinking about that damned afternoon with Luke. I tried to laugh it off, but the result was a very nervous chuckle. "Oh, well, maybe I am, I guess."

"So you're not mad at me for starting to get hard over Cammy?"

"Huh? No." I shook my head. I couldn't tell him what I was thinking about.

He tore my panties down my legs and then off me when I brought my legs together. His move was forceful – Like his friend's moves had been.

My heart began to race and my mouth opened slightly in surprise.

He moved over me and forced my legs open.

Yes.

He positioned his cock at my entrance and then dropped down onto me, driving his fat erection into me in one fast shove.

I groaned with lust. His move had been similar to Luke's bestial and brutal moves. Yes, passion. So good with you.

He grunted above me, forcing his shaft into me with hard strokes – harder than normal.

I responded with pleasure, tilting my hips up to his thrusts and clutching him tighter.

"You really like all this, don't you?" He panted above me.

"Yes... I love it."

When I came, I was biting his shoulder and strangling a cry of lust from within.

CHAPTER 5

Work for me almost returned to normal. My thoughts were mostly on doing what I was paid to do. Cammy entered my mind occasionally – about as much as that damned Luke.

The phone call I took on Friday shattered my sense of peace.

It was Mike.

"Hi?" I said. He normally did not call me at work.

"I called Luke—"

Oh crap.

"—and told him we'd come over tomorrow night. He's going to do up a barbecue."

"Honey, let's not—"

"We're going." His voice said he had heard my rejections before. Where he had patiently acceded to my desires in the matter, today he was telling me it was finally going to be his way.

I didn't want to make him mad. Neither did I want to hurt his feelings. But I couldn't tell him why I didn't want to go. The memory of Luke was just too painful. I said, "But—"

"No buts. We're going. He won't bite you and I think we've stalled him off long enough."

I knew he was right, but I didn't like it. "Maybe you can go over alone on Sunday—"

"Mary."

"What?"

"We're going."

I sighed. How was I going to handle this? I would have to ignore Luke and try to get through the evening without mentally collapsing. Can I do this?

~ ~ ~

Saturday was a day-long stressful event for me and I could see that Mike noticed. I don't think I was doing a good job of handling the situation.

"Are you nervous about Luke? Or about Cammy?" He seemed perturbed that I was being secretive about my feelings.

Pacing back and forth by the couch and twisting my fingers together, I said, "Uh, Camila. You make sure to hug her."

"Relax about her, would you? I'll give her the hugs for you."

Great. I couldn't show my disappointment on my face. Yet, also warring there within me was hope that the hugs would keep Camila quiet. What if she went back on her word? I paced some more. About the only benefit about their little arrangement was that Mike seemed more aggressive in bed. Like Luke.

Mike watched me from the easy chair, following me with his head while indolently kicking one foot over the arm – all sexy and bad-boy.

Cammy's knock had me moving to the door.

"Hi, Mary," she said.

I tried to read the girl's face without knowing what to look for. "Hi, come in."

Mike waved from his chair.

I said, "We'll be over at a friend's house. I left the number there on the coffee table."

"Oh, okay." She didn't seem to care. Her smile was all for my husband. She bounced over to him and sat on his lap.

I sighed quietly as they began kissing. I didn't like them kissing. No, not at all. But the alternative was far worse. Seeing this for the third or fourth time didn't seem as bad as I always envisioned it before it happened. I guess I was getting used to it. I waited patiently.

The girl stroked his hair back and gazed dreamily into his eyes.

Mike, for his part, had that playful twinkle in his eye that I knew was given to nice people and did not mean he wanted to have sex. His sex-look was smoky.

"I need to start coming over a little earlier," she said.

Wonderful.

"Then we can have a little more time."

Fan-fucking-tastic.

Camila climbed off him at my motion. I said, "A word in the kitchen?"

"Sure." She looked dizzy with contentment.

Mike raised an amused eyebrow, but said nothing.

I pulled her gently into the kitchen and turned to face her. I whispered, "Did you bring that paper?"

She frowned and whispered back, "No and I didn't say I was going to."

Frustration rose in me. "Please, Camila. I want to destroy it."

"What are you willing to offer for it?"

"What do you mean? You want money?" I was horrified. It was my paper.

"No. I don't need money. I meant, how far are you willing to go to get it back?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I want more time with Mike."

"What? You wanted hugs and kisses and you got them. That was our deal."

"I want more."

A sinking feeling washed over me, pulling me under the smothering weight of gloom. "I don't think Mike will go for more." Neither would I.

She shifted from one foot to the other, cocking her hip in a sassy pose full of expectation and attitude. "Well, you'll just have to convince him, won't you?"

"I can't force him to do anything. And how much is more?" I couldn't believe this was happening.

"I think I would like to touch him."

I froze; I knew what she meant. "I can't let you do that."

She raised an eyebrow at me and folded her arms. "So you're ready for me to air your dirty little secret? Right now?"

"No." I looked left and right, trying to think.

Mike said from the living room, "Are we going?"

"Yes, dear, in a minute." I turned back to Camila and whispered again, "You're not going to be touching my—"

"Then I'll be spilling the beans." She looked down her nose at me. "Like, right now."

You little bitch. He's my husband, not yours. I sighed audibly through my nose. "No, no." I sighed again, half fuming and half in weariness. The trembling was back. Why did one stupid afternoon make such a mess of my life? "I'll bring it up and see how he reacts. No promises."

She leaned close, her mouth a little to the side near my ear. "You better be convincing, because I think I want a little bit of attention when you two come home."

"Tonight?" I was shocked. And panicked.

She nodded slowly as if showing me her firm resolve. "That's right. Tonight. I get some petting and touching tonight or I tell all."

This can't be happening. How was I supposed to accomplish this? Could I? Should I? Was it worth it to keep Mike? And I knew it was and I hated Cammy for it. There was nothing, however, I could do.

I wanted to slap the little smile off the girl's face.

"Remember, tonight."

Like I could possibly forget.

~ ~ ~

I sat in the car, dreading everything. "Do we have to stay long?" I could not keep the shaking out of my voice. I did not even want to see Luke, much less spend time sitting around him.

"Is something bothering you about Luke, Mary? You've been very distant about him since my birthday bash you two planned."

The panic rose in me, from my heart to my throat. My husband was not a stupid man and anything I said could be used against me in a court of his law. I needed to deflect him, and fast. "I was thinking about Cammy." Get him off Luke.

He was quiet for a few seconds. "What about her?"

I turned to him. He was occasionally glancing sideways at me while he drove.

We didn't have much time – Luke's house was only a mile or so away. "We were talking in the kitchen and we have this little bet going."

"A bet? What's this?"

"She thinks you won't be a little more..." I trailed off, my throat seizing up in fear. I was almost choking on it. Keep talking. Get him off of Luke! "She thinks you don't like her that much and I bet her you would be a little more playful with her."

He cocked his head at me with a snap and went back to watching the road. "And this is what has you bothered?"

My mouth dropped open, wordlessly, stunned at the impossibility of the obstacles in my life. I could feel the pounding of my blood in my head, carrying with it my terror and trepidation. "You can't imagine how hard this is for me..."

"Admitting you want me to have some fun with the babysitter?"

"Yes."

"I thought you only wanted me to hug and kiss her?"

I was twisting my fingers and realized he was seeing it. I lifted my hands abruptly and let them fall. "I guess I want a little more."

"Being intimate with Camila is sort of serious, don't you think?"

Don't I know! "I..."

He looked over at me. We had pulled to a stop at a traffic light.

I tried to keep my fingers from entwining again. "I... want more."

"I guess I can see how this would be hard for you; it is very unlike you."

I laughed, hysteria coloring the edges of my panic. "It is. It is. This is all very new to me."

"Oh?" We moved forward through a green light. "This hasn't been something buried in you for a while?"

Buried. Oh boy. "Well, I guess it has. I suppose I mean that bringing this up is sort of new..."

We pulled to the curb in front of Luke's house. The scene of the crime.

He placed a hand on my leg. "Relax, Mary. I'm here for you. What do you mean by 'playful,' anyway? How playful would you like me to be?"

My eyes darted to the house and then back out the front windshield. I felt trapped, like I had felt in the kitchen with Camila. "Touch her for me, please. And if she wants to touch you..."

"That's a lot farther than some harmless hugs and kisses."

Of course it is. Way farther than I ever wanted. "Please." Will he accept? Can I settle this issue before confronting Luke?

"And this will make you happy?" He appeared doubtful. He knew me too well; I had never exhibited any inclination to share him.

"This is sort of new to me, Mike. I'm having a hard time saying these things—"

He leaned over and hugged me. "I love you and only you. Never be afraid to tell me what you want."

I nodded into his neck.

"I suppose I can be more playful. But if you ever see something you don't like, you tell me. I'll drop all this the instant you change your mind."

I wish I could change my mind right now. "Thank you." I wiped my eyes when he broke the hug.

"You okay?"

I nodded.

"Well, let's go have some barbecue."

Luke answered the door. His face was slow and pensive with its normally fast smile. He looked back and forth between me and Mike. "Hey, you two." He let

us in.

Mike gave him a hug but I moved behind my husband, using him as a shield.

Luke eyed me from over Mike's shoulder.

I looked away.

"I'm still trying to get the charcoals going." He did not try to step around and hug me, thankfully.

"Need help with it? You were never very good at getting it going." Mike offered his help.

"Yeah, sure. It's out back. I need to take the meat out of the marinade."

My husband clapped Luke on the arm.

Then Luke looked at me. "Mary, would you give me a hand with the meat?"

Mike gave me a small smile and a nod – a message saying it was a good idea and he expected me to take it.

I did not know terror could rattle my chest so hard. I felt as if I opened my mouth, my teeth would click like one of those wind-up snapping skeleton heads. I managed to say, "Okay." I did not want this.

Luke led the way into the kitchen while Mike went out back.

I said, "I'm not here to give you—"

His look was intent. "I didn't ask you two here to take anything. I wanted to get you alone to apologize, face-to-face."

I moved a plate over while he pulled the marinating meat from the refrigerator. "I love Mike and I don't want anything in between—"

"There's nothing except my regret," he said. His intensity gave me pause. "I didn't want to hurt you and it never would have happened if I had known—"

My voice was low, fierce, and bordering on breaking out in angry weeping. "I've

lived with the guilt for almost two years. I would do anything to go back and erase it."

He dropped the pieces onto the plate, one-by-one. His words were slow and quiet, much like Mike's. "So would I."

"I live in constant fear that you're going to chat it up with Mike one day and destroy everything I hold dear."

He looked into my eyes angrily. "I would never do that to you. What kind of a man do you think I am?"

"Don't all the boys talk—"

"Not this one."

A sense of calm descended over me and I went still. My ears filled with ringing and a numbness and fuzziness filled my head. My vision narrowed to the white plate holding slabs of red meat leaking wine. Then the plate receded. I felt the kitchen spin. My vision became a swirling white and gray field of static – like snow on a TV.

I floated, at peace. I wanted to shout with surprise at the sensation of not having a worry. I wanted to sing with the joy at the complete absence of tension. My body felt cool and comfortable. Everything was so serene.

I heard movement and voices.

Let me be at peace.

"Mary!" The voices were getting louder.

No, please. This is wonderful.

"Mary!"

I saw something in the whiteness. Distant, at the end of some tunnel of white, was movement.

No, just let me rest here.

The whiteness around me receded and a sick feeling erupted in my stomach. My mouth tasted minty and dry. My skin felt clammy and cold. I groaned.

"Mary? Are you alright?" Mike was leaning over me. I was on Luke's couch.

"What?"

"You fainted. Are you okay?" His hand smoothed my brow and I wanted to cry for the loss of feeling I had just experienced - a life without pain, tension or stress.

How wonderful that would be. "What?" I was having trouble gathering my thoughts. My eyes opened wider, wondering if I had said anything or...

Luke was there, over Mike's shoulder, looking worried – concerned. And so very regretful.

For the first time in almost two years, I actually felt the urge to hug the man. The feeling grew with the realization of what he had said before I passed out; he never would have told Mike. I could have lived easier, breathed easier, and lived my life with Mike without the constant worry. The guilt would have healed, over time, as it had begun to, but the worry had never went away. The worry was always there, hanging over me and threatening me with disaster.

Now it was gone. I found myself looking up at the ceiling, as if to see where the worry had hung. I smiled, despite the aftereffects of the fainting spell. It vanished though as the sick feeling in my stomach occupied my awareness.

"Let me help you up," Mike said. He gently lifted me to a sitting position.

The movement made me queasy and want to throw up. I put a hand out to slow him or stop him. "I'm alright." Just stop moving me.

Luke gave a nervous chuckle. "Maybe the fumes from the marinade... heh."

I leaned my head back and rested. The queasiness subsided. I felt weak and shaky, but better than I had in a long time. How had I dealt with so much worry? It's absence bewildered me.

"You sure you're okay?" Mike was squinting at me – very worried.

Oh, how I wish I could tell you not to worry about me. I laughed, weakly. "I'm fine. I think maybe I need to eat."

CHAPTER 6

My euphoria at such a surprising evening evaporated in the car. The worry was still gone, but my thoughts turned to Camila.

Luke had been a gentleman and I could tell by his looks that he only wanted me to be happy and understand the regret he felt. During the evening with him, I felt as if I had my life back. With the secret safe and buried and no chance of Luke destroying my life, I felt as if a new joy had opened up with my husband. I actually looked forward to my future with him.

But... then came thoughts of Camila. With it, though the worry was different, came a crashing sense of regret about that damned little piece of paper. Even if I could get that paper, the girl knew. She could ruin everything that had seemed so much better just a few minutes ago.

"You sure you're okay?" Mike asked again. We were on our way home.

"Yes, just a silly fainting spell. All I needed was some food." What am I going to do about Camila? Maybe the girl would move away. Or get run over by a bus. Then my secret would be buried with her six feet under.

"You seemed a lot more like your old self there. I should have dragged you over sooner. You seem a little... like you're tensing up again?"

"Oh? I guess so." I wasn't sure what to say without raising any suspicions. "I guess I'm thinking about Camila." The truth for once.

"Oh. Well, I didn't forget."

I wished Camila would forget. Now that I've squared everything with Luke, I didn't have to worry about him telling Mike that he had fucked me four times that day and I had enjoyed it. His cock had felt so good violating my pussy... Crap I shouldn't think about that. I shouldn't think about how full and deep his shaft had made me feel. About how wonderful it had felt to have him pound my pussy with his lust. I felt my pussy twitch suddenly, and I gasped out.

"Thinking about her?" he said.

Yes! Not Luke. Her, yes. "Yes, I guess so..."

His laugh was halfway between rueful and amazed. "That's quite a fantasy you've kept secret."

Oh, you don't know my secrets... "Yes, it's been hard." As hard as Luke's thrusts had been, driving me back along the bed until my head was against the headboard. As hard as his brutal using of my pussy. As hard as my frantic riding of his shaft and the slamming of my butt down on his thighs. So very good and so very hard.

My moan caught both of us by surprise. I slapped my hand over my mouth and blushed deeply.

He was looking at me wide-eyed. "Don't be embarrassed. You're mine."

I felt so much love for him at that moment. We were pulling into our parking lot. I never wanted to lose this man. Ever. And yet I looked up towards our apartment dreading the girl in there watching our son. She still held my secret. If I had gotten rid of that paper, this would all be over. Instead, it was still going on.

"I guess you have some fun-time with Camila now." I tried to sound supportive.

He wormed an arm through mine and around my waist as we walked. "Oh, don't worry. I'll save it all for you later."

A half a smile ghosted across my lips. I looked forward to it. But first he had to play with Camila and satisfy her whims. How far would her whim extend? She wanted to taste what I had – my life, my husband. She wanted to taste a slice of what I lived every day. With a sinking dread, I knew she would eventually ask to sleep with him. I knew it; I could feel it. Had I been in her place, I would have wanted it, too.

For once, I cursed my husband being so handsome. So nice. So wonderful.

He led the way into the apartment. I wasn't sure I wanted to go in, but I did.

Camila was holding Tyler on the couch, lightly bouncing him on her knee. She said, "He didn't want to go to sleep right away, but I think he's sleepy now."

I picked him up from her and said, "I'll put him down." I gave him a hug and patted his back as I walked him into the bedroom.

When I came out, she was sitting on my husband's lap on the couch and they were kissing. She was running her hands all over his shoulders and chest. I knew how good he felt under my hands and I knew she was appreciating something very good.

I felt a little unsure what I should do or say, so I said nothing and sat in the easy chair. I watched their kiss grow more passionate and her movements more frantic.

Cammy pulled back, her eyes half-lidded and pulled off her t-shirt. Just like that in the middle of a Saturday evening, a half-naked girl was sitting on my husband's lap. Her flat chest was thrust out and my husband smiled at her. He reached up a hand and toyed with a tiny nipple. She arched her back and opened her mouth in a breathy sigh.

I knew that feeling. I felt jealous.

Cammy began moving her hips back and forth, rubbing herself on him through her shorts.

Mike chuckled.

Her movements reminded me of what I had done to Luke almost two years ago, but we had been naked. I gasped at the thought and Mike heard it.

I blushed.

He raised an eyebrow at me and dipped his chin, as if to say, "This is up to you how far I go." He leaned forward and kissed Cammy's left nipple. He watched me out of the corner of his eye.

I watched his tongue circle her nipple and felt my mouth open. I was trying not to remember Luke. I gave him a slow nod.

After a moment, the little girl climbed off my husband and began pulling at his belt. There was a lump in his pants and her eyes were all over it.

He pushed her back gently and stood. Glancing over at me with that question still on his face, he undid his belt and slipped off his jeans. Then he pulled off his briefs. His dick was mostly hard, hanging there and bobbing ever so slightly to the beating of his heart.

Cammy gave a nervous laugh that was accompanied by a gasp, and then more. She laughed low and throaty in satisfaction – her eyes large and round. Her voice was shaky. "Oh. Oh, wow."

"Beautiful, isn't it?" I said. My own voice surprised me that I had spoken, but he was my husband.

"I've never seen anything so big."

That might have been true. Mike was well-endowed, but not as long as Luke. Mike's was very fat and thick. It was probably more manly than anything sported by her current male peers who ate anything with soy or high fructose corn syrup. Mike avoided those foods completely as he said it shrank man-parts.

"Can I touch it?" She was looking at it with a mixture of fear and wonder.

I shook my head ruefully and gave a short laugh. "Well, that was our agreement... right?"

He sat down and leaned back, waiting to see what she would do.

She sat next to him and wrapped her little hand around his hardening shaft.

He closed his eyes.

Despite our babysitter touching him, I found myself wanting to tell her how to do it right. Not for her benefit, but for his. Don't strangle it, you'll damage what's mine. I wanted to protect my investment by telling the girl how to treat it.

Mike's hips began moving, thrusting his cock up in the air while Cammy moved her hand up and down the shaft.

I moaned at the sight of him being pleased.

He opened his eyes and looked at me. The instant connection was sexy. I'm not sure how to explain it. His eyes were locked with mine while the girl masturbated him. It was very steamy looking. My mouth opened in a silent pant.

Cammy bent down and wrapped her lips around the fat head of his shaft.

His eyes opened wider and she licked and sucked at it like a lollipop. She couldn't get her mouth down on it past the head – it was just too big.

He reached a hand over and began rubbing her shorts.

I'm not sure if it was the sucking or his hand on her shorts that did it, but I moaned again and my pussy convulsed.

Mike's eyes met mine again and I saw him open his mouth in a wordless gasp. He groaned.

Cammy's head moved faster on his penis and her hand worked his erection.

Suddenly, my husband was arching his back. Cammy held on, her cheeks moving as she sucked. Then she choked and pulled off quickly. She coughed as a jet of sperm erupted from my husband's shaft and splashed up her cheek and forehead.

She giggled and pulled back. His orgasm sent out three more spurts up into the air. "Oh my gosh. I've never seen one shoot so far." She coughed again and slapped her chest. She must have taken his first blast all the way to the back of her throat when she wasn't prepared.

She stroked it still and finally my husband pulled her hand away. I knew he would be overly-sensitive right about now.

She grinned at him. "That was fun. I can't wait until next week." She was blushing. She struggled into her t-shirt, suddenly in a rush to go.

Go diddle yourself? I paid her the sitting fee and she left.

Mike was rubbing his forehead and smiling. "That was interesting," he said.

~ ~ ~

I watched him come out of the bathroom after brushing his teeth. I was already in bed. I felt angry at him, a little, that he had thought the girl was fun. But I was more angry at her. All I knew was I needed to be with my husband – to show him a real woman and to wipe from his mind the experience with our babysitter. "Come here." I pulled back the covers, showing him my nakedness.

His smile was the same, warm expression of love I was used to. I detected no revulsion there now that he had blown his wad into Cammy's mouth. Or some of it. I knew I looked good; men would flirt with me at the credit union until I flashed my ring at them and even then, some would still flirt.

I was thin with small boobs. People thought I was sexy as hell. How could a woman be sexy with such small boobs? But I would notice men looking at me, at my sliver of chest in the open buttons of my blouses, and looking at my hips as I walked. Mike told me I had a deadly sexy walk with a beautiful ass and a luscious display of camel-toe.

I remember looking in the mirror one day and feeling embarrassed that my slacks rode up and outlined the cleft of my pussy. When I had told him I should buy different pants to hide it, he had said, "Don't you dare."

Yes, I knew men thought I was pretty. But I think all men would say that about any woman.

He climbed into bed. "You seem happy."

Yes, in a way and I couldn't tell him why. I was happy about Luke promising he would never tell and would never consider doing such a thing. "I guess I am." But thinking of Luke made me think of his dick and I blushed. I love my husband and I love his cock. He's perfect. But in this case, Luke's was impressive and had done such nasty things to me...

Mike's fingers found my vagina and eased past swollen lips. "Hmm, you're very excited."

I tried not to think about Luke's penis pushing into me but I gasped with the struggle.

"Watching Cammy suck me got you going, huh?"

"Uh... I guess so." I felt my heat permeating my insides, and the ache and need to be filled wringing my sex.

"What is it about her that you find so exciting?"

Nothing. Nothing at all. "What do you mean?"

He gazed into my eyes, his smoky look causing me to tremble with lust. "Is it that she's young? Or blonde? Or just that you like her and feel sorry?"

"What?" My mind did not want to focus. His fingers pushed in and played.

"I'm trying to understand why her for your fantasy. I'd rather it was someone older."

"No." No way am I giving you some woman to fuck so you can replace me.

"So you like it that she's so young?"

Damn, don't corner me like this. "I don't know. I guess so." What did I feel about him playing with her? I had felt sexy looking into his eyes as he had gotten blown. That had surprised me. Did it matter she was just a girl? I knew something so young was no temptation for my husband. His eye was on me and he only liked to comment about women around our age.

I realized if this had to happen, better it be Camila than some older, more predatory woman. While the girl might also be predatory, she didn't fit my husband's image of sexiness.

He pushed his erection against my leg and I gripped it, squeezing with love.

"You seemed to like seeing her mouth on it."

I laughed, but it turned into a moan. It had indeed looked sexy.

He climbed between my legs and rubbed his shaft over my needy lips and ravenous hole. "I wonder what she has in plan for next week." He pushed, the head of his penis parting my lips slow and easy.

No, faster. Harder. Do it like Luke. I moaned loud before I could stop myself.

He pulled out and repositioned himself. "Do you want me to finger her?"

She'll probably want that and end up having to demand it. "Yes."

He growled low and shoved hard. His fat erection stretched me open and slammed in with a sudden filling sensation.

I cried out, happy and wanting more. "Yes, fuck me. Ram me hard."

"Do you want me to make her cum?"

The idea of Camila shaking in orgasm to my husband's fingers ignited something in me unknown. I was babbling before I knew what I was saying. "Yes, make her cum. Make her scream." My own orgasm erupted from within me without warning. One second I was feeling intense pleasure, the next my insides were winding up and exploding. My legs shook and my toes curled. "Unh, yes! Punish the girl. Use her like a sex toy. I want to see her weep. Unh yesss!"

He pounded into me, harder than ever before and tears leaked out of my eyes. It felt out of this world. Like Luke. Ohh... my husband. Fuck me like Luke did. I felt the spurts of his hot sperm flooding me as he cried out. I clawed at his back. Yes, fill me like Luke did.

~ ~ ~

I floated through the next week on my cycle. Fortunately, they were short, and my husband knew to give me a little space. Luke did not call me and I assumed

he never would again. He would call Mike, as they were friends, but me? I was safe. I felt freer than at any time in recent memory.

I knew the call would come from Camila. "I can't sit this Saturday." She sounded disappointed.

I smiled. I figured we were synched and it made me want to laugh. "Oh, what a shame."

I think the girl heard the mockery in my voice. "I'll come the next Saturday." Her words were a promise.

My smugness vanished. "Fine. Bring the paper."

After I clicked off, that old familiar fear started nibbling around the edges of my world. Would Camila want more? Of course she would. I knew better. How could the girl resist Mike? Was I prepared for that? Was I mentally able to handle the day when she said she wanted him to fuck her? Could I go through with it as the only way to keep my husband?

I grew angry out of frustration. That damned slip of paper.

What were my choices? Slim and none and Slim just left town? Short of murder, was there any way out of this? I felt totally trapped being that I was not a murderer.

I even dreamt at night about the little bitch laying under my husband's thrusting body. I wanted to go full-banshee in my dreams but I was held back – unable to do anything but watch.

I felt so helpless. The old fear came back in full force and Mike was aware of it all.

CHAPTER 7

All day on our date-Saturday, I felt unsteady. Would this be the day she announced her demand? I knew it was coming. I could taste it in the dust. I devised to ask her about the paper immediately. I knew if she had it, then I might be safe from having to face that demand. If she didn't have it, then I would know she wasn't done demanding.

I paced and Mike watched.

"I'm just thinking about Cammy." I tried to forestall any questions.

He tilted his head at me, his eyes squinting as if trying to read really fine print. He was trying to figure me out.

Don't do that. I don't want you seeing my dirty little secret. I snorted. Little? My huge, ugly, destructive A-bomb of a secret.

"Are you frustrated because you..."

He knew I was frustrated – that much he was good at telling. "Because I what?" I tried to sound nonchalant.

"Because you want to be involved with her when I'm playing?"

The idea shocked me. "What? No. The girl should be punished." Punished. I liked that word.

My husband was giving me a very strange look as if I had said something totally unrelated to the conversation. I guess I had never mentioned anything about punishing until that nasty sex-session we had two weeks prior. Was he trying to decide if I was kinky?

What the hell was I to him if he thought I really wanted him to play with our babysitter, if not kinky? I wanted to scream. Yes, punishing her would be so good.

When the knock came, finally, after such a long day of pacing, I opened the door to see Camila. She was wearing her blonde hair braided in a small ponytail. She was wearing a loose blue miniskirt and a white blouse. I detected a hint of perfume on her that was surprisingly mild. "Camila."

"Hi, Mary." Her smile was sly and somewhat hesitant.

The girl is up to something. "Can we talk a second?"

She shrugged and I stepped outside and partially closed the door.

"Did you bring the paper?"

She held up her hands. "No pockets."

I didn't buy the excuse; she had a purse but I had all I needed to know. The girl was on an ever-demanding path that would stop where? When would it stop? Would it ever? Would she ever decide that a slice was enough? It was hard enough giving her a slice of my husband and having to suffer it. But what if she wanted more? What if she wanted to go all the way? What if she wanted my husband to fuck her every Saturday night?

Uncertainty assaulted me – that fear waving at me in greeting and resuming its place of permanence. The trembling that had been so gloriously absent began reacquainting itself with my limbs.

I turned and we walked into the apartment.

She skipped ahead of me and met a standing Mike. They hugged and kissed. She clung to him, her head moving with passion as she tongued my husband's mouth.

I was fine now with kissing. It didn't bother me at all. Pff. Big deal. I was still mad at her that all this was happening, but the kissing was nothing extra to my fear and anger.

Cammy stepped back and looked down at her skirt. Her back was to me. I saw her lift the front of her skirt and then drop it. She looked up into my husband's sparkling eyes.

He said nothing, but he leaned down and planted a small kiss on her lips. Then

he walked over to me - where he belonged. She might get kisses and hugs and get to have a little playtime, but he was mine.

Out in the car he said, "She wasn't wearing panties."

"Oh?" A vision of the girl in our apartment waiting around while not wearing panties caused me to squirm. She would be waiting for Mike. Waiting for his fingers and his kisses. Afterwards, though, he would ram me. A heat rose in me filled with anger and lust. I wasn't sure what to think about it. "Sounds nasty."

"She has a cute little pussy." His eyes smoked at me.

I swallowed and squirmed some more. I imagined his fingers in there and both the lust and anger grew. I couldn't tell which was winning, but the anger was as new as the lust. Oh, I had been angry before – at myself over the paper – but I had not felt so angry at Camila. More like betrayed. Victimized and wondering why the girl was doing this to me. No, this was a mad anger.

It was at the front of my mind, crowding out the fear.

I was being driven to the edge; I could feel it. The fear grew, the lust grew, and the anger grew. I felt like I was being ripped in three different directions. But I didn't know what was going to happen.

~ ~ ~

I led the way into the apartment.

Camila was on her cell phone. "Umhmm... Yes, daddy. I understand." She sighed. "I said I understand. Alright. I love you, too. Bye." She clicked off and rolled her eyes.

Seeing her frustrated gave me a flash of satisfaction. "Father riding you about something at your age?" Eighteen was still such a young age, even if technically an adult.

"He wants me to switch Radiology professors." She rolled her eyes again. "Who cares who teaches it as long as I learn the stuff, right?"

Mike frowned. "It bothers your father what professor you have?"

She coughed in indignation. "Everything bothers my father. He has to be in control of everything."

I said, "But you're an adult now." I said it, but I didn't feel it.

"It's more complicated than that." She was sitting on the couch, one leg over the other and her foot kicking in irritation. "He wants to retire someday and hand me the dental practice. But only if I first become an assistant. He'll pay my college to become a dentist if I pass his hurdles. He bought my car and is even talking about buying me a condo."

"That's very generous of him," Mike said.

She leaned forward. "But what if I don't want to be a dentist?"

I said, "You don't?"

She leaned all the way back, hitting her back against the back of the couch and folded her arms. She looked to the side. "I hate constantly being under his thumb."

Mike said, "So why don't you move away? Go out on your own?"

She coughed. "I can't. What would I do? Work at a fast food joint? I can't support myself on that."

"Could you stay at home and find another career choice?"

She looked at Mike. "No. If I don't follow what he has planned, I get nothing. He'll kick me out and stop paying for schooling. Even my car is in his name."

I said, "Sounds like you're stuck." I could not hide the tiniest bit of satisfaction from my voice.

She shot me a look and then looked over at Mike. Her chin came up. She looked

back and forth between me and him and then inched her skirt up a little on one leg while looking at my husband.

I rolled my eyes and walked into the kitchen.

I heard Mike say, "I'll be right back."

I dispensed a glass of water from the cooler and walked back out into the living room.

We said nothing to each other.

Mike came back out a few minutes later in just his briefs and gave both of us a grin.

Camila smiled. "Sexy." She leaned towards the arm of the couch and raised her skirt enough to expose her pussy.

He grinned wider and slipped off his briefs.

My heart started to pound with the ever-familiar fear and lust. I watched him fondle himself and then begin stroking his hardening penis. He was looking down at Cammy's pussy and I found it suddenly very intensely sexual. It was familiar, even if he was doing it for her. I felt comfortable with it, despite the thudding of my pulse. Nothing wrong with my husband stroking his cock.

He settled onto the couch and she shed her blouse. When she settled back, he unbuttoned her skirt and pulled it off.

Our babysitter reclined on our couch, naked before my husband. Her chest was flat and her hips were so small. Her pussy was even tinier than I imagined. She was completely shaved and her small pussy lips were puffed out and swollen.

Mike reached his fingers in and began toying with them.

Camila let out a sigh and leaned her head back. Her mouth was open and she didn't move.

The heat of lust grew in me.

I watched my husband insert a finger into her and heard her gasp. Her legs tensed, the slender muscles outlined on her smooth skin.

Mike looked back at me, searching. His fingers toyed with her lips and prodded her hole.

I was sitting, squirming, and trying not to rub myself through my slacks.

He raised an eyebrow at me in question.

I said nothing, but my hand drifted down and began pressing against my clit through my clothing.

He took that as an answer and bent down, bringing his mouth to Cammy's pussy. His licks drew immediate gasps and groans from the little girl. Her voice rose, shocked and surprised, growing in volume as if stunned at something she had never felt before.

Is this your first pussy-licking? I began making circular motions, increasing the pressure. It felt good. I began to pant, knowing the feelings she was experiencing. Mike's tongue was heavenly. Tortuous even. The lust flared in me even hotter. Yes, make the girl squirm and scream. Lick her pussy until she cries.

Cammy was trembling, so reminiscent of myself when hit by lust and fear. Her groans grew into cries and fanned the fires of my own passion. I wanted her to feel the shock of a real man. I wanted Mike to show her what she couldn't ever own. I wanted him to hurt her pussy; to spank it. To punish her.

He sawed a finger in and out and shook his head. He glanced over at me and I saw his eyes shine with pleasure at seeing me rubbing myself. He raised both sexy eyebrows and nodded as if in question.

Do I like it? Yes, I do. Sort of. I gave him a shaky nod.

He leaned up and knelt. He fingered her with one hand and stroked himself with the other.

I shifted uncomfortably. We had not talked about him trying to do anything other than play with her, but I could see he was erect and hard. I could tell he wanted to slide it into her.

This wasn't something I had prepared myself for. Camila hadn't even demanded it yet. But the girl ruined that little technicality when she leaned her head up.

"I think I want you to do me." She was looking at Mike. Then she looked over at me.

I moved my hand away from my aching crotch. I said nothing, feeling suddenly helpless and angry.

Her look was not so much a question as a challenge. Will I let them? Or would she have to tell Mike my secret?

My husband looked at me, his hand still sliding along his shaft.

I got up suddenly. My limbs felt jittery. I looked back and forth between them and gave him my nod.

If anything, he looked surprised. He looked back at Cammy, all spread open below him, and moved up. He held his erection and touched it to her tiny pussy.

I felt a sick feeling grow in my stomach. I couldn't watch this. No way. I walked back to the bedroom and sat on the bed.

I heard them saying something to each other and then it went quiet. I heard Cammy gasp. Soon, I heard more gasping and a few groans. Mike said something again. Then more gasps from her. Mike grunted a few times then was saying something to her again.

This went on for almost two hours. I lay in bed, humiliated. Blackmailed into letting my husband be seduced by a little girl. Lurking there was a rage, too. I wanted to go yank her hair and throw her out. The nerve of the girl!

Eventually all sounds ceased. I heard the front door shut a few minutes later. Mike walked into the bedroom, naked.

CHAPTER 8

I was angry. Angry at her, angry at myself, and even angry at my husband.
"Well? Was she good?"

He paused, looking at me questioningly. Then he said dismissively, "I have no idea."

"What do you mean? You fucked her for almost two hours."

He shook his head. "Nah. I couldn't get it in; her pussy was too tight." He climbed onto the bed as relief washed over me like a warm waterfall.

I didn't know what to say. They didn't do it? Elation filled me and I smiled. I even laughed. "Oh, really?"

"Yeah."

"Are you disappointed?"

He was quiet for a moment. "Not entirely. She told me she was getting sore from all the trying and I wanted to come be with you, anyway."

I felt bad. My anger was gone just like that. I gripped his soft penis and smiled at him.

He said, "I'm surprised you weren't out there watching. This was your idea."

"I wasn't ready for such a large leap, I guess. I figured you would play with her and she would go home."

"Ah."

"So I came in here. I didn't want to see it."

He hardened in my grip and unbuttoned my slacks.

I felt the rush of juices in me and the ache throb again.

"I don't have to do her, you know."

"No, that's okay." It's not okay, but she wants it.

"I sent her home and told her to work on stretching herself out."

Great.

His fingers took down my panties and they joined my slacks on the floor. "So you still like me playing with her?"

No. However, I recalled how good he had looked fingering and licking her little pussy. And I had been excited – warm and juicy inside. I had felt close to him, even if I had been sitting in the chair away from them. "I didn't think I would like it, but it looked fun."

"You wanted this and thought you wouldn't like it?"

"Well, it's all sort of new to me."

"A bit of an exploration for you, huh?"

"Yes."

He put his head down between my thighs and I closed my eyes as his tongue touched my pussy. Pleasure radiated through me and my limbs shook with tingles of lust.

I gasped, thinking of him licking her a couple of hours before. "Did she taste alright?"

He leaned up a little and looked at me while inserting some fingers. "Yes. Like you. Light and clean."

"Should I shave myself?" I kept everything very trimmed.

His tongue started licking again and I moaned.

He stopped long enough to say, "No. I like yours just like it is."

I felt his tongue again, and the memory of his tongue on Cammy's pussy caused my ache inside to roll over. I groaned loud. "You wanted to fuck her?"

"Well, sort of. I was hard and I thought you wanted me to."

I thought of his cock stretching her open and pounding her and I felt the approach of an orgasm, sudden and intense. Would I want my husband to fuck her? A part of me adamantly said no. Another part hungered to see it and the hunger was growing.

He moved up and slid his erection into me. It was delicious; it always was. My pussy opened, stretching around his heavenly shaft. He sank in smoothly, filling me like no other man had ever before. The sliding sensation on my pussy lips sent shivers of tension through me, bringing the orgasm nearer. I almost laughed – normally I took a lot longer to reach this stage.

He pushed all the way in and held it there, leaning down to kiss me. My pussy clenched on his shaft as our tongues wrestled. He had kissed her with that mouth and even licked her pussy. The orgasm approached rapidly and then receded a little. It hovered there threateningly. I felt so full and complete. Even though Luke had been deeper in me, he had not filled me so full. Just the thought of Luke's pounding cock made me clamp down on his penis and thrust my hips. Fuck me hard, husband.

He did not, though. He slid out very slowly and slid back in just as slow. "I want you to know I love you, even if I do fuck Cammy. And I will still love you after."

His words caused a slow whirl of lust in me that lured my orgasm. I gasped, my body tensing. He began moving faster, driving his erection into me. Could I watch them?

Lights danced before my eyes as I squeezed them shut. The coil of lust in me broke and my limbs shook with the force of the orgasm. I cried out.

He sped his movements, pounding his cock into me like I needed.

Oh, Luke. You were such a sexy fuck.

~ ~ ~

Saturday came again and with it a different kind of nervousness. The fear had receded some, but still hung there and bothered me. I felt pulled in two directions – fear of Camila telling my husband about Luke and torn with the desire to see Mike plow her.

Neither had my anger gone away. I still wanted to hurt the girl somehow for the pain and grief she was causing me. Blackmail did not feel good.

I opened the door. Camila was there, hands clasped in front of her. She was wearing shorts and a tank-top, her hair clipped back in a ponytail. I said, "Hello." I didn't know what to feel. I think I was beginning to go numb inside. Forced to do something not of my will, but strangely attracted to what was happening, I felt confused and lost.

"Hi." She swished in, her ponytail swinging.

"No boyfriends, yet?" I dared to hope.

Mike was seated in the living room, waiting.

She turned back to me and tilted her head. "No. I don't really need one, do I?" She flipped back around and went and plopped down onto my husband's lap.

He said, "You'll find one, someday. Be patient."

She kissed his lips and said, "I already have you. The best there is."

I had to agree with that, but it wasn't very sympathetic to her expression. He was my husband, not hers.

He chuckled and gave her another kiss. Then he lifted her off. "We'll be back in a couple hours."

She pouted, nodding. Then she said, voice seductive, "I'll be ready."

I started to tremble, the fear winning out over the other emotions ripping at me.

We left and the trembling only increased. Was this the night it happened? Was this the night I watched her seduce my husband? Would I be able to handle it? Or would I finally break and kill the girl?

The movie annoyed me more than normal. I tried to enjoy my time with my husband, but the fear overwhelmed me. By the end, I was a nervous wreck.

"Are you alright?" he said in the car. We were driving home.

"I'm nervous." It was the truth.

"You can call it off at any time, you know. My feelings won't be hurt."

I wish I could, but I can't. "No, I need you to do her." It was also the truth.

"You don't seem like you like this whole thing."

"I don't know."

He shrugged. "Then I won't. I don't want to see you so—"

I gripped his leg. "No, please. I... want you to do her."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded frantically, feeling helpless and desperate. Don't make me beg; I don't think I could handle it.

He gave me an eyebrow then sighed. "If you don't like it afterwards, this all ends. I'm not going to continue doing this if it bothers you so much."

No! If you end it, she'll tell! I tried to smile through the panic. "I'll like it. I've almost cum thinking about you two together." It was the truth, even if not the whole truth.

"Well then, don't let this fantasy of yours hurt what we have. I love you and won't do this if I think it's hurting you."

I wanted to cry. I looked out the window as we pulled into our parking lot.

"Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I'm just happy your mine and that you're... doing this for me."

"Hmm. Well. We'll be talking about it later, then."

Inside the apartment, Camila waited.

Mike went to the bathroom and I sat in the recliner.

The girl blushed at me, arms folded.

I wanted to punish her, but I didn't know how I could. Little brat. I felt totally helpless.

My husband came out naked.

She said, "I've been working on stretching it out."

My fear doubled and heat began moistening my insides. The idea of the girl trying to stretch her pussy was oddly exciting. What had she done? Inserted a few fingers? Tried to shove a bottle up there? I squirmed in my chair, my pulse beginning to race. A knot of sickness wormed inside my stomach.

He said, "Oh? Good. I figured we could try some oil this time."

She reached up as he stood there and gripped his penis.

I watched her little hand squeeze and stroke him until it was hard. Then she scooted to the edge of the couch and tried to get her mouth onto him. She got the head in and pushed her head forward, onto his cock.

I moaned. It looked so sexy. Watching my husband stand there and Cammy's head move back and forth was dead-sexy. I had sort of liked it before, and I had to say I really liked it now. Yes, suck my husband. Suck his cock, you little bitch. I wanted to go over there and force her head further onto his shaft.

Mike looked over at me and I gave him a semi-wicked grin. With all that I was feeling, I knew my smile would be hard to read. It felt odd on my face.

He pulled back after a moment and said, "Let's get you ready."

Cammy gazed up at him with hope and lust. It gave her movements a slow, sensuous motion that I immediately identified as my own.

Yes, I was feeling the lust, wasn't I?

He pushed her back on the couch so she was lying back with her feet on the floor, legs open, and her head against the backrest. He grabbed the bottle of oil from the lamp stand and poured a little on his fingers. "Olive oil," he said.

"You don't use lubricants from the store?" she said.

"Nah." He applied oily fingers to her pussy and began working them into her. "Those all contain parabens and parabens cause cancer."

"They do?" She looked horrified.

He nodded. "Look it up."

She gasped at the pleasure his fingers caused. "But olive oil?"

"Sure. You never want to put anything on your skin you wouldn't want to eat."

"Huh, why?"

"Because your skin is actually more absorbent than eating something. Whatever is on your skin gets into your bloodstream faster than if you ate it."

"I never heard of that."

"Now you have." He smeared some oil on his erection and knelt down between her legs.

My heart began hammering in my chest. Would I be able to sit here and watch this? I had fled last week.

Faster than I could decide what to do or feel, I saw him rub his oiled cock up and down her greased slit.

Her mouth was open and her eyes watching what he was doing.

He dipped it low and nudged at her hole. I couldn't see; her leg was in the way. Both of them tensed. Her mouth opened more and in discomfort.

Heat flared in me and I squirmed in the chair. Yes, make the little bitch hurt.

He pulled back and then pushed forward again. Cammy tensed up, a look of pain screwing up her face.

He said, "Try to relax a little."

"Okay." Her voice was timid and shaky.

I said, "You're not a virgin, are you?" My own voice was shaky, too.

She barked a short laugh. "Uh, no, but the two I had before were tiny. Four inches was the biggest, but it was really small around."

Mike chuckled.

My husband was not enormous, but he was twice that, and super fat.

He held his breath.

Cammy gasped and then panted. "No, no, it's too big."

He let out his breath. "There we go."

"It's too big."

"It's in."

"What? It is?" She tried to lean up to see.

"Well, the head is. That's the hard part."

My pussy clenched. I found that I was sitting here and feeling just fine, though still trembling and nervous. The world had not collapsed in on me. Give it to her.

He gripped her hips and pulled.

She moaned loud and then louder – her moan turning into a low wail.

My husband's hips moved forward, then stopped. "See? Easy." He pulled back.

Cammy gasped, her mouth still open with the shock of his entry.

He leaned forward over her and shoved his hips forward.

I couldn't see it, but I knew he was forcing his shaft into her little pussy.

She groaned again and her body quivered.

He leaned further down and covered her mouth with his. They kissed, feverishly as his hips moved closer to hers. They stopped when there was no space between them. He broke the kiss. "Wow, you're tight."

Her eyes were large and round. "I can't believe it." She panted and laughed at the same time. "I feel so full."

I watched my husband's butt squeeze with an extra push, then flex as he withdrew. I almost came. The suddenness of the convulsion within me caused me to gasp. My clit was on fire, needing attention. I reached my hand down my pants and gave it the relief it needed. Of course, it only served to bring my orgasm closer. I toyed, teasing myself as I watched my husband fuck our babysitter.

He set up an easy thrusting motion, moving his cock slowly in and out of her.

Cammy moaned low and happy, a smile and look of joy crossing over her features.

Mike said, "I'll pull out when I get close."

She shook her head. "I got on the pill."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "It's okay; I want it all. I got on them just for you."

While it might have been fun for me to see him pull out and hose her down – the little bitch – I also felt good that my husband didn't need to. I watched him thrust his cock into her and her tiny body move with the thrusts.

She never looked at me. Too busy, I suppose. Which was fine by me; I was busy playing with myself and finding I was having fun doing it. Mike looked over at me several times and his smile said he found my condition very acceptable.

Uncomfortable, I slid my slacks off and sat in my panties, hand down them and playing with my electrified pussy. It felt wonderful and very nasty. Fuck her harder, husband. Make her scream. Punish that pussy. My orgasm twirled closer.

Mike was grunting, shoving his shaft into her little body.

The room around me squeezed in and then tipped. My orgasm uncoiled within me like a busted spring, sending out hard pulses of pain and pleasure throughout my body. I tried to fight the escape of grunts from my mouth, but I could not – it only made the contractions and convulsions worse. My hand worked fast, driving the orgasm along and forcing a hard and satisfying finish. I finally slumped, relaxing. Tingles ran through me and little pulses shook me inside.

Mike was grinning at me and looked happier than when we had talked in the car. He was still moving his hips and I could hear the juices of their sex as that fat shaft moved in and out of her.

He said to her, "Are you ready?"

Her eyes were still big. She said nothing, perhaps not sure what he meant.

He's about to cum, you dumb twit.

He sped his thrusts and her mouth opened again. Light slapping sounds filled the room and his panting increased. Pulling on her thin hips, he rammed it in and held it there. His head arched back and his butt clenched over and over.

She was growling lightly in pain as my husband shot his sperm into her.

Her pain made me feel good. His injection into her did not. Suddenly jealous that she had taken what should have been mine, the aggravation of it all resettled on me. I might have enjoyed some of it, but I was still being blackmailed and I did not like it.

CHAPTER 9

~ Two months later... ~

The fear in me grew, as did the anger. I was angry at myself and especially at Camila. I was not angry with Mike.

Also growing was a lust at what they were doing. While I wanted the girl to get run over and be forever removed from my life, I also looked forward to the nights when my husband fucked her silly. I liked seeing his cock pistoning in and out of Cammy's pussy.

There was more, though, that didn't sit right with me, but there was nothing I could do or say. Saturday nights turned into Saturday nights and Wednesday lunch-breaks. The girl demanded more and got it; I couldn't say no. She had an extra-long break on Wednesdays and came over to the apartment during Mike's lunch break. I had been forced to convince him I wanted him to come home and fuck the girl on his lunch hour.

What really bothered me were the looks that developed. While I learned to enjoy what was going on while it was happening, Camila grew bolder and more vindictive. Her looks towards me were accusing, as if I had betrayed the wonderful man that was my husband. I had, yes, but she was acting as if the betrayal also hurt her. When he was on her and fucking her, she would look at me over his shoulder. Her looks were pure hatred.

It was those times the fear grew and swallowed any satisfaction I got from the blackmail. The worry increased and Camila's demands were aimed to increase my discomfort. She knew she had me over a barrel and she was determined to take what she could.

When she looked at me with hate, she also clutched my husband to her as I would do when fearing losing him. My jealous-bitch alarms were sounding more

and more. It was not good.

It was Wednesday and I called as I was told to do. Camila had demanded I call home at exactly twelve forty-five. I had to tell Mike I would be calling and try to sound convincing that I wanted to listen in. It had turned him on that I was going to call.

Mike answered. "Hello? Mary?"

"Yes."

He chuckled. He was also panting. "I'll lay the phone here so you can hear."

"Are you fucking her right now?" I kept my voice low; I was in the break-room at the credit union.

"Yes." His panting was punctuated with grunts. I could hear Cammy sighing close near the phone. They were in our bedroom, on our bed.

Despite my humiliation and anger, my insides warmed.

There was movement and I could tell he put the receiver down next to them.

Camila was normally rather quiet when they screwed. Today with me listening in, the little bitch played it up. She moaned loud and said, "Oh yes" over and over.

I gritted my teeth.

He rammed her hard, the slaps coming over the phone line all too well.

The bombshell for me, though, was when she cried out in orgasm from his pounding and said, "Oh yes! I love you, Mike!"

I felt the chill of fear freeze me where I stood. My skin went clammy.

Mike did not answer her, but he suddenly began growling and the slaps of his skin into hers got even louder. The bed creaked in protest and the headboard began banging against the wall.

She said, breathy, "Yes, fill me. Fill me with your love."

My hand squeezed the cell phone so hard it cracked.

My husband grunted loud, like a savage, eight times. He was cumming in her little pussy and enjoying it.

I think it was the phone call that did it for me. The fear pulled one way harder. The anger another, harder. And my lust collapsed – it had been the lust holding it together.

I do not remember leaving work or what I said to Sheila. But I remember her concerned look as I walked away. I found myself driving – not maniacally, but in a numbness that resulted from the complete loss of hope.

I was going to lose my husband. I knew that. But I was not going to lose him to the little bitch's plan. She would not win him away from me by asking for more and more. I had endured enough and my mind could no longer hold it together.

I went home. They were already gone; she back to college and he back to work. The bed was a mess and the room smelled of very heavy sex.

I sat on the rumpled bedcover and cried.

I must have sat there the rest of the day because I was startled by Mike's voice.

"Mary?"

I jerked.

"Mary? What's wrong?" He was there, kneeling before me as I sat on the bed.

"I can't do it anymore." I said it, knowing I said it, but not feeling that I had. So I repeated myself to be sure I had. "I can't do it anymore."

"Hey. What's the matter? Are we talking about Camila?"

"Yes."

He nodded slowly. "I thought you liked it."

"I hated it."

He seemed shocked and slightly irritated in his confusion. "But you came while we were—"

I jerked my head up, shaking with the fear. Knowing what was coming. "I hated it, even if some of it made me cum."

"Then why—"

"She blackmailed me."

"She what?" Anger crossed his features. "This wasn't your idea?"

"No! Never. I never wanted to share you."

His mouth set in a firm line. So handsome.

And I'm going to lose him. I knew his next words.

"What was she blackmailing you over? Something at the credit union?"

I started sobbing, hating myself. I dreaded saying it, but I did not hesitate. "No. I had an affair with Luke."

He shot to his feet, a stunned look on his face. "You what?"

The tears were hot and flowed down my face like twin rivers. "When we planned your birthday."

"This has been going on for two years now?" His voice shook with indignation and hurt.

I shook my head. "No. Only that day."

He shook his head at me and walked away.

The bathroom door slammed and I heard him turn on the shower.

I got up and stumbled. My feet had fallen asleep. I went to the closet and pulled out two suitcases. Did any of it matter anymore? Do I need to pack anything? I should just get in my car and drive. I can lay out in the street somewhere and just die.

My mother called. I had forgotten to pick up Tyler. I asked her if he could stay there overnight.

I didn't know what to pack. Clothing? For what? I took the picture I had of us together and placed it in the first suitcase.

It was over. My life was over. But at least Camila held nothing over me anymore.

~ ~ ~

I still hadn't put anything more in the suitcases when he came out of the bathroom. I was still crying, though the tears had long since run dry. I just stood there, trembling.

He stood beside me. "Packing to go to Luke's?"

I coughed in disgust. "No! I only ever wanted you. I tried to stay away from him —"

"So that's why."

"Yes, that's why. He apologized to me at the barbecue. I thought things might be better, but Camila already knew."

He pulled on my arm and turned me. "You covered all this up for two years."

"Of course I did. I didn't want to lose you."

He stared into my eyes, hurt. Shaking his head slowly. It was the most painful thing I can ever imagine seeing. His eyes grew hard and he said, "I think it's time you told me everything."

I had nothing left to lose. So I did.

~ ~ ~

We were sitting on the couch.

"I think it was the phone call I was forced to make today. I don't know. Something in me snapped."

"You could have avoided all this—"

"Yes, by throwing away that damned slip of paper."

"No, by telling me that it had happened. Not by hiding shit from me." He was angry.

"I didn't want to lose you." Why couldn't he understand that?

His face grew darker. "You weren't going to lose me."

A cold chill washed over me that left me gaping at him. "But..."

"Yes, I'm angry. But I'm more angry at him."

"But it was me that let him—"

He waved me to silence. "He told me while you and I were still engaged to watch you because he'd make a play for you whether you wanted it or not."

"You knew he would?" I was stunned.

He sniffed. Then he chuckled. "The rotten bastard."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think you'd need the warning. You seemed impervious to anything he might throw at you."

"Bourbon was my weakness."

He shook his head. "You should never have hidden it from me. So all this stress I thought was over the baby and house was your secret..."

I nodded. I'm not going to lose you?

He grew angry again. "And Camila took advantage of you. Of us." He crossed his arms and his jaw clenched. "I only enjoyed it all because I thought it was your fantasy."

"I liked it when you were rough with her."

"Oh? Is that why you kept mentioning she should be punished?"

I wiped my arms with my hands. I felt clammy from the sweat that had oozed from me as I told him everything. I was wore out. "I need a shower."

He nodded, then shook his head at some thought about our conversation.

What was he thinking? "Will you still be here when I get out?"

He got up and gripped my shoulders. He shook me gently. "You're mine and I'm not giving you up or kicking you out because of a half-drunken mistake." He turned me and slapped my bottom. "Now go take your shower."

I rubbed the sting and went to the bathroom. I tried to shower away the grime of the past few months, but I only succeeded in washing away the clamminess from my skin. I realized then that I was angry. Very angry.

Camila had taken advantage of me, playing some game that became more and more serious as time went on. Pushing and pushing until I broke. I had been used, even if I had liked some of it.

The girl needs to be punished.

I came out of the bathroom with a frown on my face. Then it vanished. Mike was standing there at the bed, holding the picture of us I had placed in the suitcase.

He turned and motioned me closer.

I did and he wrapped me into a fierce hug.

He said into my hair, "I suppose we should fire the babysitter."

"Mmm." I hugged him tightly.

He broke the hug and said, "Let's go to bed. I need to sleep on all this."

I did not know what was in store for tomorrow, but I still had my husband.

It was a start.

~ ~ ~

Thursday felt like a dangerous day, but I couldn't say why. It started out like any other day. I felt a synch with my husband I had not felt in a long time, but nothing was said as we went our separate ways to work.

Sheila was forgiving and asked if everything was alright. I assured her it was and apologized profusely for walking out the previous day.

My drive home felt different. Something was still unsettling. I picked up Tyler from mom's. She didn't seem bothered that I hadn't picked him up the previous day. I think she knew something was up.

"Hi," I said when Mike came in.

"Hi. Your day seem different?"

I was quiet a moment. We locked eyes. "It did."

"Are you just saying that or..."

I felt my lips firm. "I will never lie to you."

He raised an eyebrow. "Just hide things?" He said it gently.

I set Tyler aside on the couch and got up. I hugged my man. "I'm sorry. So sorry about it all."

He stroked my hair and hugged back. "Make sure it never happens again. Love is trust."

I nodded into his neck. "No more hiding."

"Did you fire Camila, yet?"

"No."

"Time for it later. Going for a shower."

I wandered through the kitchen, making chicken soup. Something did feel unfinished and I figured it was Camila. On the one hand, I was relieved and jubilant I would not lose Mike over that stupid afternoon with Luke. I was still angry at Camila, though a part of me was reluctant.

We had a close evening together and Mike gave me a smoky look later.

"I've missed the old Mary for two years," he said.

It brought a smile to my face.

He took my hand and led me to the bedroom. Undressing, he said, "Should I ply you with a little bourbon first?"

I coughed in indignation and it turned into a chuckle. "No."

"That jerk. I never thought he would actually try. He's such a bad boy."

"He apologized."

"To you. I'll have to have a talk with him later."

We climbed into bed, naked.

"I think he'll be mortified, you know."

He smiled. "Too bad for him. It'll be nice to see him off-balance and caught out for once."

I laughed. Suave and ultra-cool Luke would be sweating.

He said, "He really did you four times?"

I wasn't sure how to answer, but I didn't want to lie. Not anymore. "Uh, yes."

"Amazing. I can go twice, but four times? Wow."

I giggled, but it was nervous. I took his dick in my hand and fondled it. "I like yours better."

He raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Am I bigger?"

"Er... No."

"No?" He looked incredulous. "You're kidding."

His penis hardened in my hands. "You're a lot thicker, but he has a couple inches on you."

He appeared completely fazed. "Wow, no kidding?"

"Yep."

"No wonder he gets all the chicks."

I laughed. "Well, I didn't go back later."

"Yes, you didn't, did you?"

"Nope." His cock was fully hard in my hands.

"Four times? Was he that much fun?"

I didn't want to answer, but I had to, and I wasn't going to lie. Not when I had been given a second chance. "I don't want you to be mad..."

"Mad? No." He moved his hips to my stroking. His fingers found my pussy and I

sighed happily.

"Well, yes, he was fun."

He frowned. "How so?"

I knew the look. It wasn't irritation, it was his thinking-face. I drew a deep breath. "Uh... he gave it to me really hard."

His mouth fell open and his pulse started showing in his neck. His cock gave a huge twitch. "Hard?"

I nodded. "He rammed me. I was walking funny when I came home. I thought for sure you would notice."

He moaned. "Sounds like you had fun."

"I have more fun with you. Especially when you get forceful."

He smiled and moved over me between my legs. He got his head down between my thighs and applied his tongue to my pussy.

I moaned happily.

He stuck a couple fingers in and sawed them in and out. "Did he lick you?"

"Yes. And he kissed me several times."

His tongue worked faster on my clit and I arched my back. He leaned up and moved over me. I felt his cock brush my pussy. "Were you... pretending that you liked me licking Camila? Because of the blackmail thing?"

I drew in a shuddering breath. "I thought I would have to, but no, I wasn't pretending."

"Huh. Surprising."

"It was to me, too. I liked some of what happened. Like you said, watching you ram her made me cum."

He shoved his shaft into me, hard. "Did Luke do it like that?"

I shook my head. "No. It was very slow at first. Sort of like how you do it." I felt his cock expand and twitch in me.

"You liked it hard?"

"It was different than you and I guess I enjoyed it like that. It was almost brutal."

He was panting above me and began shoving his shaft into me with strong strokes.

I gave him some surprised eyes. "This is turning you on?"

He laughed. "I guess it is."

"Oh. Okay." I giggled.

"Do you like it better when I give it to you hard?"

I reached up and stroked the sides of his face. "I like anything with you. It's nice both ways."

"But you have seemed to really like it when I give it to you hard and when I was giving it hard to Camila."

"Maybe because it seems punishing. Me for what I did and her for what she did to me."

He stopped. "Luke's brutal use of your pussy made you think of punishment?"

"Maybe. I enjoyed it, but I knew it was wrong. I just couldn't seem to control myself."

He started pumping again.

I said, "Did you really enjoy pounding Camila?"

He looked down at me. "Yes. Not at first so much. Pussy is pussy. But after a few times, I have to admit I enjoyed ramming her. It turned you on and that turned me on."

I felt my orgasm lurking and hinting. "You liked her little pussy?"

"Yes, I did."

A bit of the fear ghosted across my thoughts. "She said she loved you. Do you love her?"

He froze. "Hell no. What gave you that idea?"

"I didn't hear you answer her and I didn't know..."

"I told you before, I'm not interested in some young girl. I would have rather helped your fantasy - if it had really been yours – with someone our age. But it's only you I love. I did this for you. Not for me." He began moving again.

That made me feel better.

"I only fucked Cammy for you."

The orgasm approached fast. "You liked her bad little pussy?" The room was starting to spin.

He slammed hard into me. "Yes."

I cried out, the orgasm reaching high within me and causing my muscles to tense painfully.

He said, "Filling her pussy full of cum was fun."

Lights exploded in my head and my back arched painfully as painful contractions wracked my body.

He panted, close. "Did you ever think of Luke when I was rough with you?"

I opened my mouth, trying to breathe. "Yes." It came out strained. I was still jerking to my orgasm.

He tensed up, his muscles bulging. He sank all the way in and said, "Oh, yeah..."

I felt the hot spurts inside me and I felt whole again.

Punishment...

CHAPTER 10

I toyed with his chest hair after the explosive sex. "Maybe we shouldn't just fire her."

"She can't blackmail you anymore."

"I know, but she should be punished."

"Bad little girl?"

"Yep."

He frowned. "What kind of punishment? We can't do anything illegal—"

"No, not anything criminal."

"I don't know how you think we can punish her. It's not like she's our daughter and we can spank her."

Spank? Hmmm.

"What's that goofy look on your face?"

"Why can't we spank her? She needs it."

"She's not going to stand around and let us spank her."

I raised an eyebrow. "I'm willing to bet she'll take a spanking if it means she can come over for a slice of you."

"You want to share me with her? After all this?"

I ran a finger along his soft dick. "But you liked it. And I think Saturdays after date night wasn't so bad."

"You want to see her ridden hard?"

"Very hard."

"For how long?"

I shrugged. "Who knows. A year? Less? More. She'll eventually move on. Get a boyfriend or lose interest in you."

He chuckled. "She won't go for it, anyway."

I grinned at him. "Oh, I think she will. I'm going to give her a taste of her own medicine."

"Are you sure about this?"

I leaned up on an elbow. "She had her fun. Now it's time we had ours."

~ ~ ~

I stopped at the sporting goods store on Friday after getting Tyler. I made a simple purchase; no shopping necessary. Brand didn't matter and neither did the color.

~ ~ ~

I paced on Saturday.

Mike watched me from the easy chair. Back and forth his head moved, following me. "Are you sure?"

"Very."

"And sharing me?"

"It won't be that way this time. We'll be taking. We'll be in control: together."

He raised his eyebrows at me. "Well, if you get tired of taking, let me know and it will all end."

I smiled at him but it wasn't at him. I was smiling thinking of Camila.

He shook his head. "I'd hate to be Camila facing you."

"She had the upper hand for long enough. Now she pays."

"What if she says no?"

I hadn't told him everything. "She won't." I hadn't wanted him to try talking me out of it.

For the first time since this all started, I wanted her to get here faster.

He said, "I imagine you weren't really taking up Ping-Pong?"

I stopped pacing and looked at him. "One of those paddles will be for her butt."

"That's what I thought." He shook his head, giving me a naughty smile.

Camila's knock came a couple of minutes early.

I opened the door. With a bright smile that did not reach my eyes, I said, "Cammy, dear girl."

She did a double-take and then gave me a flippant shrug. "Hello, Mary-Beth." She leaned towards me and said in a low voice, "I want a weekend with him alone. Tell him and make it happen." She brushed past me into the apartment.

I shut the door and followed her in, a wicked smile on my face. "No, I don't think so, Cammy."

She turned, shocked, but frowning. Coming close again, she whispered, "Tell him or I tell him about your little secret. Understand?" She stood back, giving me a smug eyebrow.

"No, dear, I think we're going to do something different."

She looked at Mike. "I'll tell him." Her voice was a taunting sing-song.

It made me want to slap her.

Mike was not smiling. "Camila."

She moved over to him and sat down in his lap. She shot me a dirty look and started to move her face in for a kiss.

My husband wasn't going for it. "Camila. My wife calls the shots here. All the time. From now on."

She looked back and forth between us. Then she wagged her head. "Well, I guess it's time your secret came out then—"

Mike said, "I already know."

The girl froze. "Huh? Whuh?"

"I said I know."

"That she fucked some guy named Luke?" Her voice rose in challenge.

Mike nodded.

I stood there, arms crossed and gave her back her petulant head-wag. "He knows."

Camila's mouth dropped open and her eyes became large with loss. "But—"

I said, "We're going to do something different tonight."

The girl got up and wrung her hands. Tears welled in her eyes and she kept glancing at Mike. I could see that her neat little plan that had worked so well for the last few months had disintegrated. "What do you mean?"

"Tyler is at his grandma's. We're staying home tonight."

Her shoulders slumped. "I guess I'll go."

"No, you're staying."

"What? Why?"

"You're going to be punished."

"What?"

"You're going to strip down and get your butt beat with that paddle there." I pointed to the lampstand.

"I don't think so." She gave me a look, one side of her upper lip raised in an offended sneer.

I began pacing again.

Mike grinned, not knowing what was coming, but relishing my performance.

"Oh, let's see. A simple phone call to a certain dentist informing him his daughter blackmailed her way into a married man's bedroom—"

"You wouldn't dare!" The girl paled.

I walked over to the paddle and lifted it. Underneath was a slip of paper. I showed it to her. "This is your father's work number, is it not?"

She snatched it from my fingers even though I did not move my hand back to stop her.

My hand remained stretched out, as if still holding the paper. "The number is in the phone book, Cammy, dear."

Mike looked a little unsure which is why I did not want to tell him I was going to blackmail the girl in return.

The girl's mouth dropped open. "You can't do this!"

"I bet your father would be real disappointed in you."

Camila began to shake. "You can't tell him. He'll disown me and kick me out. I'll lose my car. I'll lose—"

"You'll lose that wonderful life he promised you."

She went silent.

"Strip down, girl."

"This isn't fair!"

I picked up the paddle. "Oh, it's very fair."

"You can't do this to me." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

I spun the paddle and grinned. "You wanted a taste of my husband. But it was on your terms. Do you still want a taste of him?"

Camila gripped her arms as if cold. She glanced at Mike.

"If you still want a piece of him, it will be on our terms. My terms. What will you do to keep having him?"

She looked back at me, uncomprehending.

"You used me, Cammy. But what you didn't count on was that Mike and I come together. You can't separate us. Now it's our turn to use you. Strip and lay across his lap."

"But—"

"Strip or I call your father. The choice is yours. You can walk out that door never to return, or you can stay and have my husband on my terms."

Her open mouth slowly closed and our babysitter began to strip.

Mike gave me a questioning look but I nodded as if everything was okay. It was, really. I knew Cammy still wanted a piece of Mike. I knew she would do anything for it. Her bluster was just shock at losing the upper hand.

"Are you going to beat me?" Her lip quivered.

I stepped over to her. "Cammy, don't think such things. I'm going to spank you for what you did to us. After that, we're going into the bedroom and have some

fun."

I could see her thinking it through and giving a small nod. I had the girl figured just fine. She looked scared, but my promise of bedroom fun was what caused her to accept the punishment.

"If you want to feel my husband in you again, ask for the spanking."

"Ask? What?"

"Ask for it. Or you can go."

She looked longingly at Mike. "I can still have him?"

"On my terms. Saturday nights only. No more extra days and never alone. Ask for it."

She looked at me with a desperate hope in her eyes. "I'll take the spanking."

"Ask right."

She twisted her fingers around each other. "Spank me, please."

I motioned towards Mike.

She lay naked across my husband's lap, her little butt upturned. She looked over her shoulder at me with a scared look.

I gave her a stern look in return.

Mike raised his hand and brought it down hard in a loud slap on her butt. It was so tight, it barely jiggled.

She gasped and arched her back.

Mike nodded to me.

I brought the paddle down onto one buttcheek with all my strength in four hard whacks. Then I delivered four more to the other.

Camila was wailing low in pain, crying in a quavering voice. Her butt flamed a

nice red and I felt satisfied.

She was whimpering as Mike helped her up.

I gave the girl a smile that was a little more genuine. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now let's go to the bedroom and have some fun."

Mike led the way.

Camila looked back at me as if it was some kind of trick or joke, but I just waved her forward.

In the bedroom, Mike stripped.

I unbuttoned my blouse.

She stood there, holding her arms again. "What are we going to do?"

I said, "We're going to take our pleasure with you."

"What?"

"Lay on the bed."

"But—"

"Lay on the bed." I pointed.

Mike was stroking his dick and it was growing hard.

She looked at it and moved to obey. She winced in pain as she sat, but then laid back.

I slid off my slacks and then my panties.

Camila looked at me furtively; I had never been naked in front of her before.

My husband was looking at the little girl's pussy and sliding his hand along his shaft. It was very sexy. He pulled her to the edge of the bed so her legs hung over and open. He scooted up and rubbed the head of his erection all over her clit.

She looked up at him and gave a nervous smile, as if surprised that he was going to fuck her after all that had transpired.

I climbed on the bed next to her and pried open her small pussy. "Stick it in her, dear."

He pressed the head in and I pried her pussy lips back farther. Then I climbed over her face and lowered myself until I felt my pussy brush her nose. "Start using your tongue, girl."

"What? No."

"You want my husband in you? We come together. Start using your tongue or you can go home."

"But I'm not a lesbian."

"Neither am I. Start licking."

Mike was trying not to laugh. He was, however, very turned on.

I watched his shaft slide into Cammy's pussy. It looked beautiful. "I want you to fuck her hard. Really hard."

Cammy moaned beneath me and I felt her tongue on my pussy lips.

I closed my eyes as the bed moved to my husband's vigorous thrusts. The girl's tongue slid along my lips and clit.

Mike was grunting, slamming his hips into the girl.

I opened my eyes and looked down. His cock was a blur. In and out of Cammy's pussy. The girl moaned beneath me and I felt the hint of a far-off orgasm. It would take a while, but I liked what I was seeing. "Does her pussy feel good?"

"Yeah." He was panting.

Cammy's tongue felt good and I felt love for my husband that it was me giving him something rather than it being stolen from me.

I leaned forward towards Mike. He smiled and slowed his thrusts. We touched

lips and began kissing. We both moaned through the kiss. With his cock buried in our babysitter and her tongue on my pussy, our kiss made the triangular union perfect.

~ ~ ~

It started with bourbon.

After the pitfalls of fear and insecurity, it turned into something very different and very exciting.