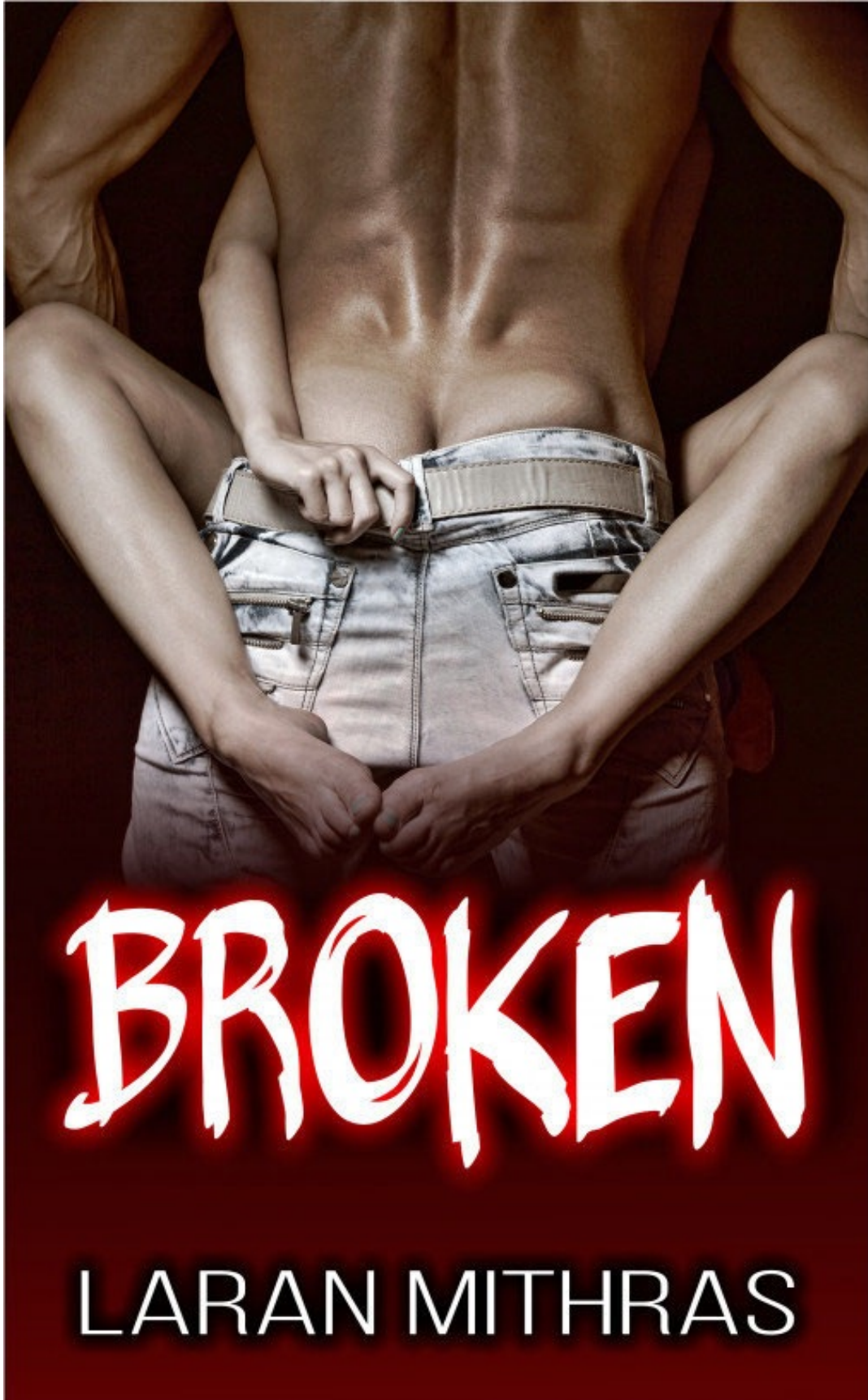


BROKEN

LARAN MITHRAS



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By

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Betrayal can only happen if you love.

John Le Carre

CHAPTER 1

Eddie

Rum makes my dick hard. Puts me in the mood.

I lifted the bottle at Viv. "Want more?"

"Okay."

My wife was pretty, but not a stunner. It was her personality I had fallen in love with. That she had D-cup breasts were just a bonus; they fit her just right.

I hadn't believed she wore a D when we were going out. She showed me her bra size one night at her apartment. I had always imagined Ds were huge, but they weren't all huge. A lot depended on other factors.

When she wore those push-up types, they really stood out.

She was wearing one now and our neighbor Bill was perving on them.

He said, "I'll take another." He waved his glass without looking.

Viv was trying not to look at him staring even though he was sitting right next to her on the couch.

Bill gave up for the moment and rose. He handed me the glass. "Need to use your restroom."

My wife and I watched him walk down the hall with a half-jaunt in his step. He was a scrawny, skinny guy.

She blew out a breath that lifted her brunette bangs.

I smirked. "Can't handle the attention?"

She moved her head as if battling various wasps of thoughts inside her mind. "I like it, except..." She colored and indicated her blouse.

"You should be flattered."

"What? Are you kidding?" She lifted her hand again and did a little finger wave towards her breasts. "This is all men ever seem to see."

"Not me." I poured our glasses full. Too full. We're going to be trashed. Oh well... fuck it.

"Maybe that's why I love you."

I handed her the drink and set Bill's on the coffee table. I picked up the remote and muted a particularly annoying music video. Leaning towards her over the arm of the recliner, I said, "It wasn't my ravishingly handsome features?"

She gave me one of those women-looks that said she knew all about me.

I sat back and relaxed, feeling the sway and motion of the ocean brought on by too much vodka. I said, "You've got sexy boobs, babe. Of course he's going to look. Anyone would."

"Can't he look at someone else's?"

"I ain't got 'em."

"It doesn't bother you he's drooling on mine?"

I opened my eyes, lifted my head, and considered her question. "No, actually. You've got 'em; you should flaunt 'em. Makes me feel proud that he envies me."

She coughed, then giggled. Twisting a little, she said, "Give him a little tease?" Her chest moved side to side.

I gave her my best, drunken smile. "There you go; that's the spirit."

I think I would've said something different if I was sober. Wouldn't I? Sometimes bad is good through the colored lenses of harder drink. Is alcohol the devil's

drink as grandma used to say? Or is it just that our inhibitions are removed by it to the point we are willing and eager to do things we might not normally with a clear head?

Hey guys, watch this.

Famous last drunken words.

Were we excused for our stupidity because we were drunk, or were we demonstrating the ultimate stupidity for being drunk?

Drunkenness, the natural extension of stupidity?

Yet, almost nothing beat the relaxation of a good toss of booze on a lazy Sunday. Worries and fears were displaced on a day meant for rest. Those good feelings that were hidden by anxiety all week were allowed to come forth and rejoice.

Bad becomes good.

What was bad?

Was appreciating my wife bad?

Was my neighbor's appreciation of my wife's assets bad?

Really?

I understood the whole coveting thy neighbor's wife thing, but was it bad that someone else also saw her qualities? Appreciated them? It was a compliment.

To her and to me.

Bill came out of the hall, hustling back to the sofa and his fresh drink. "My compliments on the cleaning service; your bathroom is as clean as mine."

Viv lifted her pinkie. "That would be me."

I said nothing behind my grin. Hey, I help. I lifted my glass in mock toast.

Bill mimicked me and gestured to Viv in invitation.

She took the opportunity – blushing – to squeeze her arms together and waggle just slightly. Her boobs moved back and forth as if waving hello.

Bill's grin widened and his eyes dropped down to rest on the offering. "I'll drink to those-- I mean, to that."

My wife colored further, but there was a glow of amusement and mischief on her face.

While he was staring at her chest, I gave her a thumbs-up and a judicious wink.

Bill said, "We ought to do this more often."

Feeling gracious, generous and gregarious, I replied, "Absolutely. How about Saturdays and Sundays?"

His eyes didn't find mine and didn't try; they were still on Viv's blouse. "Done deal, Eddie. I like it."

I snorted. "Yeah, you mean, you like them."

Now he did peek at me. "Well... yeah... heh... I could sit like this all day."

Viv blushed further, still. Her color was quite red and her lips pursed with suppressed embarrassment. She was not a prude, not an amateur, and not ignorant. She was, however, wary of being seen as cheap.

She loved compliments. With just an average face, she took all she could get. Really, her features might have been plain, but it was the goodness of her heart that made her stand out and made her beautiful.

Her boobs didn't hurt, either.

Her hips were wider than many men would like, but I found them soft and inviting.

Bill didn't seem put off by any of that and it felt nice to have someone so obviously impressed. It was as if Viv didn't believe me as her husband when I told her how attractive she was – she had to hear it from someone else.

Made me frustrated sometimes.

Why didn't she trust me?

Made me angry when she wanted to go on and on about it.

In a flash of irritation, I said, "Why don't you go into the bedroom and get rid of the bra? I bet Bill would appreciate that more."

Her look didn't change. She still had a shiny glow to her features and glassiness to her eyes that portrayed happiness, excitement, and delight. Her smile didn't falter or alter. The part of her lips showed just enough teeth to be considered an expression of being surprised and flattered.

She rose without a word and almost bustled to the bedroom to be rid of her bra and free her bust.

Bill gave me the most amusing expression of astonishment that I laughed with all the curiosity I felt through the vodka.

Would she do it?

She was normally very reserved about such things. She loved me enough to make sure she didn't send signals. It was nothing we had ever talked about, but we had grown to know each other over the years so that we became comfortable with our ways.

If I wasn't mad, she was doing it right. I'm sure that's how she viewed it.

Viv came back out still wearing her blouse.

At least she hadn't misread that signal! But I knew she wouldn't. Too reserved.

Too reserved?

She sat, blush gone, but obviously a little nervous about what Bill would think of her breasts now that they weren't held up and together. She had left an extra button undone.

Saucy girl.

It was what I would've done if I was a woman.

Bill's eyes lit on them as I had expected.

My wife tried to act casual and found nothing to do with her posture except pick up her glass and take a swig.

Bill murmured, "Very nice."

Her blush was back in an instant. "You think so?"

"Oh yeah. Man, I hate bras; they hide the nipples. If you... don't mind me saying... I'm rather enjoying the view now much better."

She looked down at her chest and in the act thrust it out a little. "I always thought they... hung a little too much."

Her nipples pressed against the cotton in a very revealing way.

I started to firm in my jeans; my wife has lovely nipples and that Bill was entranced by them made it all the better. Maybe his appreciation could convince her she wasn't ugly.

Bill lifted his glass to her breasts. "Those are beautiful, certainly – and very nice nipples."

She looked up at him and leaned forward to give him a cleavage tease – her blouse was too far buttoned to give him a real show.

Whatever Bill thought, he must have mistaken the gesture as an offer for something more. He tilted toward her and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

Her look of shock and innocence - followed by her hand covering her open mouth - was so comical that I busted out laughing.

I chortled, "Now you did it. Your kiss made her nipples stand out."

Bill raised both hands, vodka high in one, and said, "Perfect."

Viv was blinking, but not protesting.

He said, "Can I... Would you..."

I drank down the rest of my vodka. "Spit it out, man."

"I really would love to feel them – if that's okay? I mean, I wouldn't want you mad."

Getting up to go get the vodka bottle, I paused. "No... I wouldn't be mad. She's always doubting me when I say she's got a wonderful pair. Go ahead."

Viv's blush was as deep as before, but she was looking at me with eyes bigger than I had ever seen. Also there was an excited anticipation.

Yes, touch them. It'll be good for her.

I retrieved the bottle and poured more drinks.

His hand was lightly caressing her blouse. He breathed, "Wow... thank you."

My wife was accepting it and tense with uncertainty, but as he massaged, she relaxed and went limp against the back of the sofa. She closed her eyes and breathed through her open mouth.

I said, "I think she likes it."

Bill nodded. "Look at those nipples now. Wow, they're beauties. They just stand right out there, man..."

I felt like a teenager sharing the sight of panties as a conquest. There was that boasting pride that made my spine firm and sure. "And hard. They're amazing."

He gently – gingerly – tested a nipple for firmness. He gasped in awe.

My wife gasped, too, but not in awe – more like overwhelmed at our neighbor touching her. She did not shy away though

Thank you for not freaking out. Thank you for playing along. I was getting harder as my heart began racing. If she was playing along, was she okay with it? This was an unexpected turn. It was almost always me that initiated sex; I sort of had to lead the way. Was she just going along with my suggestion?

Was I surprised she wasn't protesting? Or was she surprised that I had suggested it? I felt as if I had just gotten off one of those spinning barrel rides and didn't know where I was facing because everything was spinning so much.

Not just from the vodka, but also my questions as to what we both were thinking and how we were reacting to Bill literally touching her tits through her blouse.

Part of me wanted to laugh and cheer that my normally reserved wife wasn't being so reserved.

Good for her!

Part of me wondered what she was thinking. But by the look on her face, she was dumbfounded at the turn of events. She wasn't slow or stupid. Neither of us had ever entered this kind of territory before. Our sex life was simple and pleasurable. Sometimes I was on top, sometimes her. It was quiet, passionate, and kept in the bedroom.

We avoided public displays of affection, except for me holding her around the waist. No teasing, no slaps on the butt, no outrageous groping. We kept all that at home.

It was a private thing – between us.

And yet, here I was, sitting with a hard-on, as Bill groped my wife's boobs.

Granted, it was her blouse, really.

Would he like a better touch? Skin on skin?

I felt that rise of teenage sexual adventure rising inside me, though I hadn't been a teenager for almost two decades. That boyish experimentation and exhilaration at doing something sexual – previously forbidden – drove doubts from my mind.

I leaned way forward, bent almost double. I was excited in more ways than one. I almost whispered as if to tell him to steal something while the shop owner wasn't looking. "Hey, Bill."

He reluctantly took his attention away.

I thrust my chin as if offering him to ride my bike. "Reach inside. Feel how soft they are... and how hard her nipples..." I could barely get it out through my adventurous enthusiasm.

Viv opened her mouth at me just as she had when Bill had pecked her lips. Her flabbergasted look of disbelief was once again comical.

I gave her a big grin as our neighbor slid his hand inside her blouse.

Her eyes went wider and she grabbed at her breasts with an arm. That only trapped his hand there. She gasped to me, "Eddie!"

I shrugged. "It's just a feel. It's not like you're cheating on me or something."

"But, he's touching my..." her eyes closed and she shuddered, "... breasts..."

I admonished, "Don't hurt them, Bill."

"Aw, no way, man. Never. These are fantastic."

Made confident by his assurances, I just grinned at Viv. Her eyes were still closed and she didn't see my smug look.

Her chest rose and fell, faster. Finally, she lifted her head and gripped her arm across her breasts again – once more trapping his hand there. "I think you've gotten enough of a feel."

I scoffed at her. "He has not."

She coughed at me in return. "Eddie."

"What? I keep telling you they're beautiful."

Bill mumbled, "They definitely are, I just can't see them."

Viv's pretend consternation and offense crumbled into a giggle. "It tickles."

He shifted his hand minutely...

She yelped and twitched, then laughed until the blush returned completely to her face. "You two..."

I shrugged. "What?"

"You're like little boys."

Bill agreed. "And we got our toys, right here."

She laughed harder, arm still trapping his hand.

I said, "I think she likes your hand in there."

She gave me a mock look of outrage. "I do not."

"That's a lie and you know it. He's being nice to you and you're ignoring him."

"I'm not ignoring him; he's feeling me up. I'm helpless." There was a twinkle in her eye that told me she was feeling playful, though.

Emboldened by that surprise sparkle in her eye, I said, "Grab his package; maybe he'll stop."

"What?"

"Are you afraid to touch his jeans? Stop everything—"

She coughed loudly in challenge and shot her hand out to his crotch. She gripped and squeezed.

He jumped and squawked. His hand came out of her blouse as if having been bitten.

She gave me a satisfied look. "There."

I shook my head. "I don't know, you kinda looked afraid of it to me."

"But, Eddie..." Her exasperated expression seemed more questioning than accusatory.

I lifted my hand with the drink and motioned with my two last fingers. "Come on, it's just teasing."

Bill groaned, "Can I see them?"

She wasn't sure who to answer and I silently thanked Bill for interceding. Two boys against one girl always made it easy.

I showed a lot of teeth and mimicked my boyhood memories. "Show us your tits!" I laughed after I said it.

Viv said, "Oh my gosh..."

Bill pleaded, "Please?"

She pursed her lips hard together and lowered her eyes. Her hands fumbled at her blouse and unbuttoned it. She pulled it open and exposed her breasts. She looked up for approval.

I cheered. "Who!"

Our neighbor leaned over and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

Once again, the astonishment on my wife's face was comical. However, it soon faded into a stupor as her eyes closed and her chest rose and fell faster. A moment later, she opened them in a daze and blinked. She focused on me.

Feeling very horny now, and soused up on vodka, I was wanting to exploit her drunkenness. How far could we get her to go? I made a sharp motion to get her attention while Bill was busy kissing and sucking on her boob. I pointed to his crotch and made a grabbing motion.

She half rolled her eyes at me, but as the beginning of the incensed eyeroll got to the ceiling, they went dazed again and closed. She reached her hand out and found his lap. She moved until her fingers gripped over the bulge.

I wanted to clap. Now we're talking. I didn't know you could do it.

For a few moments, Bill mouthed all over her tits while she squeezed and tried to stroke. He sat up straight, leaving behind wet nipples and woman flesh. "You want to see it? Seems only fair you showing your tits and all."

I expected to have to answer.

Viv surprised me by immediately saying, "Sure. I want to see, too."

I was pleased at her boldness. This was not exactly the Viv I knew. Not exactly. I knew she had a bit of a chip on her shoulder about not wanting to seem at odds with the group. Her compulsion to slay that perception was the unwitting ally to Bill and me. With just a little manipulation, we could get her to put out... Total teenage dream.

She saw the expression on my face. "It's only fair."

I motioned my support with my glass and took a hefty drink. "Absolutely right."

Sometimes bad is good. Sometimes bad is great.

CHAPTER 2

Eddie

Bill unfastened his jeans and slid them off completely. He wasn't bashful, apparently. Maybe because the dick that popped out wasn't anything that was going to win size awards. Average at best, he was a little smaller than me.

I smirked at him but he wasn't paying attention.

Viv's hand wrapped around it and began stroking slowly.

He didn't go back to sucking on her boobs; he went in for a kiss. His hand came up and paid her breasts the attention he had promised.

I was liking it. Seeing her make out with him was interesting coming from a different perspective. She was just as familiar as before, but I was getting the whole picture. I saw her posture, the bend of her neck as she was turned to kiss him. I saw her mouth move.

That was something I had never seen before. I had always felt it, but never seen it.

Petulantly, I hoped she didn't do anything strange to ruin the mood. I was having fun and so was Bill. Would she do something weird? I wanted to be proud of her, not ashamed. I hoped I had taught her enough through the years to at least look competent at making out.

Her right hand on his dick never stopped moving. Seeing my normally reserved wife doing this was a pleasant shock. So no, she wasn't frigid and that was good. That she so easily did it after my suggestion showed I was in control.

That was a powerful rush at the very moment of my inebriated and courageous

condition. I squinted at her hand, critiquing her method. I worried she might be giving him a bad grope because he was just the neighbor, but she appeared to be doing it okay. I had watched her stroke me before, so I could see now it was much the same.

All is good. Green to go.

Bill, as if reading my thoughts, dropped his hand down to slip down between her thighs. He pressed against her jeans there and began rubbing.

My wife panted after he moved his head down to lick at her breasts again. She looked at me with glazed eyes.

I put my glass between my legs and gave her two thumbs up.

She closed her eyes and let her head drop back. Her thighs came open a little – a gesture towards wanting more, but keeping with her demure nature.

I was charged with the prospect of victory. Could Bill and I get my wife to really loosen up? Could he and I team up to make her compliant and... ours? That boyhood emotion rampaged around with the alcohol.

What a score it would be if...

I tried not to whine at her but it still came out adolescent. "Do you have to sit there in your clothes, Viv? He can't feel anything. Take them all off."

Her head came up for about as fast as too much vodka would allow and blinked at me. Her eyes widened a little, then settled back into something more smoky. She moved Bill's hand and got up. She said to him, "If you laugh at me..."

Bill was gaping. He shook his head with exaggeration. "No way, promise."

She gave him the evil eye, then smiled. She removed her clothes, fast – just as if I had told her we were going to have sex. She even slid off her panties with as much speed as she could manage – all while swaying unsteadily on her feet. That she did it without toppling over left my heart beating hard in fright.

I think she was daring herself and making the move before she lost courage. Or thought twice.

Bill was already naked from the waist down. He stripped off his t-shirt and patted the couch next to him. "Sit right down here. I don't bite."

She slumped onto the sofa with her thighs mostly closed.

He moved into the same position: kissing her; and sliding his fingers between her thighs.

I knew from high school that once you got hands on pussy, it was all over. No turning back. The girl always melted. I was jubilant to see Viv's thighs quiver and then part for his hand.

Score!

I sat forward, heart beating to excitement now rather than fright she might fall over and hurt herself. A roiling lump jumped up and down in my stomach as I watched his fingers move up and down over her shaved pussy.

Who would've thought I had a woman who would be so entertaining with just a little drink?

Okay, a lot of drink.

I was fascinated at the newfound possibility I could get my wife to loosen up and use her body to show us guys a good time.

It was perfect.

I had never known I could manipulate her so easily.

Her thighs came open wider and she emitted a desperate moan loud enough that I realized she never made that sound with me.

Was she really that excited, or was she putting on an act?

I scowled briefly, hoping she could feel my admonishing look not to overdo it. I didn't want her trying too hard because she had to compete with skinnier high school girls. There were none here, so she didn't need to be over the top to prove herself.

Just shut up and go along... We've got you now.

Bill's fingers were up inside her, moving in and out – slick with juices. He pulled his fingers up to his mouth and sucked on them. He inserted them into his mouth and sucked with one pull out. Then he moved them to tease Viv's lips.

She groaned and opened her mouth, allowing him to insert them. Her hips bucked upwards.

He looked over at me.

My face was plastered with the most victorious grin I could ever imagine feeling. I mouthed, "Do it." I wanted to get into some nasty action here. Make our own real-life porn. I picked up my phone and gave him the thumbs up.

My wife was oblivious because her eyes were closed. It didn't matter though; nothing could stop us now.

Bill pulled on her thighs and she opened her eyes with surprise. She saw where he wanted her and she moved with his urges. He bent down and began munching on her pussy with a full, open mouth.

Her eyes went large and she trembled and jerked as if plugged into an electrical outlet. She looked at me as I stood and aimed the phone. She turned her head away, pursing her lips with disapproval.

Hey, I don't care what you want; I want a video.

Bill moved up with alacrity and planted his hips to hers, resting his erection on her mound. He kissed her before she could do more than gurgle a muffled complaint.

He shifted and squirmed until his hips went still. His butt cheeks squeezed slowly together and his hips moved forward.

Viv gasped loud and shook even harder. She wasn't looking at me; she was looking down her body to her pussy. Or his cock. Or both.

Is he doing it? Yeah, dude! I tried getting the phone down to see and record it.

Too late. He arched his back and his hips were mashed to my wife's. He let out a long sigh of appreciation.

Viv's eyelids fluttered and she bit her lip, but could not contain the guttural groan that came out.

Oh come on... You don't make that sound normally. It's not like he's got a big dick. I moved around to their feet and considered the view. It was pretty dark and all I could see were his balls and the very bottom of her cushy ass.

Fuck, this sucks. It definitely was nothing like any of the pornos I had ever seen. I couldn't see shit. Two bodies mashed together were all I was recording.

Bill moved on her as if he were fucking her, so I had to be satisfied believing he was. Is this what I look like?

I moved around and captured what I could. I figured I could get into this teenage orgy dream, so I took off my clothing. My dick hung half hard at the prospect of getting a blowjob from my wife. I stroked at it to get it ready.

Bill moved with more effort on my wife and leaned up a little to use his arms for leverage.

I got the phone down and aimed it between them. Flashes of his slick shaft appeared and vanished as his hips moved up and down. It looked good, but unfortunately my wife was making exaggerated sounds.

Way to ruin it, Viv. Just shut up; you're making me look like a fool.

She didn't look up at me or offer to at least stroke my dick. She was too busy performing.

Bill kept going, humping and fucking my wife until I turned off the phone. He still kept going. Maybe the vodka had affected his dick, too. Mine still wasn't all the way hard.

I sat back down in the recliner and tried vainly to get my cock hard.

I watched him grunt on her for a long time.

I wiped at my forehead; it was warm. A glance at the window revealed fog collecting at the edges. They had been panting and gasping for... how long?

Our scrawny neighbor had been fucking my wife for well over an hour, by my estimation. I picked up my phone and began recording again, for the lack of anything else to do.

He leaned farther up on shaking arms and pushed harder, but at the same speed. His eyes squeezed shut and his upper body trembled with strain. His butt clenched and he let out a raspy grunt. His butt clenched again and another grunt. That happened six more times as he used my wife's pussy and came inside her.

My dick still wasn't ready and the vodka had turned from a pleasant buzz to a steady, whirling drone in my ears.

Bill panted with relief and pulled off of her. His dick came out, wet and dripping. He flopped to a sitting position and blew out a breath.

Viv reached down and toyed with her clit using a very delicate touch. Then she curved her fingers into her hole and pressed.

I closed my eyes to try resting a little. Maybe I just needed a little breather and my dick would work. Then I could take advantage of her too.

CHAPTER 3

Vivienne

I scrubbed at my forehead. My head was still spinning.

Eddie looked like he had passed out in the recliner.

Bill looked like he had just woken from a coma rather than just fucked me.

It had felt strange... and great. The unexpected sequence of events that led to our neighbor on me and in me still was a serendipitous surprise. This early evening had shown me a side of him I hadn't thought existed. He had never shown the slightest hint of interest in other women or me with other men. Nothing at all.

That he had encouraged what had happened was like a great door had opened. I knew I was going to have to address this with him when he woke up. I had sex with another man – right in front of him.

I hadn't cheated, at least. Was Eddie really so confident that he had shared me? Or was it just the booze? Had he and Bill secretly planned it? Had they wanted to get me drunk and take advantage of me?

The idea sent a delicious twitch up from my clit to my heart.

Bill was stroking himself next to me and said, "I might be ready to go again soon."

I hadn't cum and I was frustrated. But the time didn't seem right. Something nebulous told me that no matter how sexy it had been, that I wanted to be alone right now. I said, "Maybe you should go for now."

Our neighbor is a good guy. Friendly, gruff, and normally quiet. He gave a sulky

nod that made me want to giggle. "All right." He collected his clothes.

I watched him dress and leave by the front door and I felt better for it. I sat alone as my husband snored steadily across from me.

I had sex with Bill.

The thought now pounded down inside of me like a gavel from a judge. The wrongness of it waged a battle with the fading sensations of happiness. At first, I had been overjoyed that I could do something so risky with my husband's approval. I had shown I wasn't afraid to be adventurous.

But now...

Now I was feeling the despair of having lost something vital. Not my chastity, of course. At least, I was no virgin with my husband. On the other hand, I had allowed myself to be used. The hollow ache of loss in my chest pushed against the scandalously sexual tingles coming from my clit.

My husband had approved, but here I was feeling defeated.

Why? How?

Eddie snorted some moments later as I frowned into my thoughts. He scrubbed at his face and blinked blearily. "What?"

"I didn't say anything."

He tried to focus. "No, where..."

"He went home." I got up, still unsteady, and collected my clothing where they had fallen like so many discarded virtues.

I heard him get up behind me and follow me to the bedroom. He hit the hallway wall a couple of times and groaned.

I used the bathroom and tried to wash off. I ended up taking a shower, but that didn't help, either. Something was on me now that couldn't be removed.

A stain.

Tense and anxious, I climbed into bed next to Eddie.

He snorted again and rolled over to me. His hands groped out. "Hey..."

I pushed his hand away. "Not now, I'm exhausted."

He grumbled something petulant and turned back over.

I just wasn't in the mood to have more sex. I was, however, in the mood to think about it.

I had felt jubilation and joy that the tease-play I had with Bill was encouraged by my husband. That had been fun and the fact I had never considered the prospect fun before seemed like a stunning blow to my expectations. Had I really gone so long without being playful when I could have?

With Bill only? Or others?

Was Eddie hiding this desire all these years so that we both were missing out?

My hand drifted down to my pussy and toyed around my clit. My anxiety and frustration at not cumming had me tense. I moved my fingers around the hood and felt the swirling pleasure it generated. I wanted it to spread.

Eddie snored next to me.

I turned my thoughts to what had happened. It hadn't been great. Bill looked sexy and everything, but his cock had not been something with which to impress the more demanding ladies. Still, it had felt good.

That physical sensation was not what was making me breathe heavier, though. The sex had been much the same but it was the difference that had made me moan with lust while Bill had fucked me. Something inside recognized the fact that the average dick moving in and out of me wasn't supposed to be there. It had ignited inside me a passion so hot I had wanted to yell.

Of course, I hadn't. That strange mix of newness and forbidden sex had wound me up tight. Close to cumming, but the vodka had seemed to block all further progress.

I had liked it – a lot. Our neighbor had been fucking me - driving his cock respectfully into the pussy I had vowed to Eddie on our wedding day. It had been easy. Simple.

I bit my lip. I cheated, though. I had promised Eddie.

My fingers moved faster at my conflicting feelings.

It had felt... so good, though. So natural and right. I had offered up my pussy to him at my husband's urging and our neighbor had accepted. He had been so gentle and courteous.

Yes, it had been good. It was new and thrilling. I had been so turned on that the man fucking me hadn't been my husband.

So forbidden before, and now I realized how exciting it had been.

It had been so wonderful, so fun, and so... right for me.

I had let Bill fuck me and it had been... hot. What would it be like sober?

My fingers twirled faster as the long-awaited orgasm spread like a scorching fire from my pussy out through my body in waves of relief and release. I gasped quietly in bed and tried not to wake my husband with the force of my satisfaction.

CHAPTER 4

Eddie

I awoke in the foulest state of hangover I had ever experienced. Except for that first time when I was seventeen and trying to prove...

"Ugh..." There was no hung in this hangover. I was being pressed down by an enormous weight of illness, nausea, and queasiness. Moving to get out of bed to prepare for work made me want to up-chuck all the empty foulness swirling in my body.

My head pounded. My limbs quivered.

Normally, I can easily control my drinking. But sometimes a drinker gets happy and thinks another one sounds great. Then greater. Then the greatest. By then it's too late.

Whatever tipping point that was I had passed the previous night...

I groaned again.

Bill and Viv? Did that really happen?

I grabbed up my phone and headed into the bathroom. I did not look at my wife sleeping in the bed because the bathroom was on my side and it hurt to even turn my head.

I started the hot water and leaned against the sink with all the uncertainty of being able to stand. I thumbed my phone. I had forgotten to plug it in and it was at ten percent. I pressed photos and saw what I needed to see: several icons of my wife underneath Bill.

I gulped and shut off the phone.

Seeing those icons didn't make me feel better – exactly the opposite. Bile rose in my throat so suddenly that I trembled with that imminent feeling that I was going to vomit. A cold sweat broke out on my skin.

I waited, but didn't begin retching.

I showered and went out to the closets to dress. I glanced at her sleeping form just once.

Had she become something alien? If not, why did she feel like she wasn't the same person? Was she still my wife? Why was there this feeling that something huge had taken up residence between us?

I felt as if I had lost control of her. But on second thought, it pressed more on me that I had lost ownership of her.

Not that I thought I owned her like a possession.

But in essence, it felt the same. A thief had come and appropriated my property in the most inappropriate way.

I think I tried to have sex with her last night, too. The memory brought all the queasiness back.

Our marriage had been invaded, assaulted, and wrecked. She had been with another man. The sanctity of the marriage had been... broken.

What now? This can't be rewound or undone...

I finished dressing and left the house with my phone and charger. My job as an investment broker now seemed like a curse, rather than a blessing. It kept me away for long hours, but paid so well my wife didn't need to work.

She would be home all day while I had to suffer through my job before getting to talk to her.

We had to talk.

It had to be discussed and a plan made to repair...

Can it be repaired?

Can it be restored?

Can I live in the marriage knowing what had happened?

My office was small – all the brokers' offices were small. They didn't need room except for a desk for the computer, a filing cabinet, and a couple chairs.

Jim saw me come in. Though I kept my head down and headed straight for the coffee, he said, "Uh oh, that don't look good."

I guess I wore the hangover and conflict on my face. I ignored him and entered the partial sanctuary of my office. The normal routine partially took over. I booted my computer and plugged in my charger and phone.

A deep sigh was all I afforded myself before thumbing the phone and clicking one of... the icons. A tinny sound echoed quietly in my small tan-colored office. Bill's body moved on my wife.

I turned it off before I could see more. Why would I need to? I hovered over the delete button, but my computer was ready for login. I deleted the one I had opened with a firm press. Unfortunately, there were six more.

I put the phone down and went to work.

CHAPTER 5

Vivienne

I drifted through the early part of my day fluctuating between a minor hangover and a strange sensation of potential and empowerment.

This was a new day above all others – except perhaps my marriage to Eddie.

To borrow ideas from my World of Warcraft days, I had not just leveled, but I had boosted instantly into a realm where I was max-level and on top.

The opportunity in my life was as large as any I had ever seen. I felt as if I was a more complete person and in control of a bright future.

At the same time, I sensed hidden eyes watching me and ready to accuse. Was I wearing an invisible sign on my back that everyone would see who disapproved of my newfound freedom?

I now had a secret.

Who could I tell?

My best friend? Erica would not likely approve. No, she wouldn't understand.

The dairy section stocker at Safeway? No, she would give a blank stare to cover her disapproval.

No, I could tell no one. Definitely not mom. No one. The only person I could talk to was Eddie and I looked forward to it – even if I had no idea how to express how jazzed I was that we had done something so kinky.

Nope, no one to share this incredible and exciting secret with... except Bill.

His knock on our door was welcome if just for being able to look into the eyes of the man who had caused this newfound vista of possibilities.

Scrawny Bill.

He had his hands stuffed in his jeans pockets, looking like a scolded little boy. His eyes dropped down and up and down again. "I uh..."

I made a motion. "Come in before a fly gets in." I hated flies in the house. Drove me totally nuts until it was dead and disposed.

He grunted gratefully and stepped in, careful not to touch me.

I laughed inwardly. He was acting as if I had something dangerous about me – something contagious.

He shifted his shoulders in a slight shrug. "I just wanted to say..."

"Yes?" I looked at his features with what I hoped was my best look of interest and encouragement.

He laughed suddenly and scratched at his gray stubble. "A lot of things, I guess. Sorry? Thank you? I hope everything's okay? I was drunk?"

I giggled as much as the minor fugue of hangover allowed. My head did not pound with regret. "Silly."

He looked confused. "What?"

"No need to be sorry."

"Oh..." His posture relaxed and he breathed a little deeper. His eyes looked around and stopped on the couch, then snapped back to me. He started talking again as if to cover that lingering glance at the place of our coupling. "Oh, well, I just wanted to say that if you need to talk about anything," he thumbed over his shoulder in the vague direction of his house, "you know where I'm at."

"That's sweet of you, thank you."

He turned and let himself out.

I wasn't wanting him to go, but let him because I was at a loss as to what to do or say. It seemed a little awkward.

I turned most of the morning into my usual routine of laundry and setting freezer items out for tonight's dinner.

My mind, however, thought about Bill's visit and also his actions the previous night. An ache grew inside my pussy as I tried to recall how good it had felt.

Had it just been alcohol? Or had it really felt as energizing as I remembered? Had my body not literally vibrated with excitement and thrill as he had thrust his cock into me?

I didn't last past one o'clock.

I made my way over to Bill's duplex three doors down. The neighbor's little yap dog barked at me in challenge as I passed. The tiny little fuzzleball thought it owned the street.

I rang Bill's doorbell but he didn't answer.

I was startled when he came around the side of the house and said, "Thought I heard someone lurking by my door." He was holding hedge clippers. He stood there, gaunt and wiry in his faded jeans and crisp white t-shirt. His red MAGA cap was worn only when doing yard work.

I didn't have an opinion on his choice because I refused to vote. Didn't want the jury summons.

Nevertheless, Bill was nice. Easy to get along with. Likeable.

I asked, "Is this a bad time?"

He blew out air from the side of his mouth and looked pained. He held up the clippers and grimaced at them. "Are you kidding me?"

"Oh, well... I thought..."

"What's that?"

"Do you... want to go inside?"

A twinkle of hope sparkled at the corner of one eye. "Oh, well sure."

After he closed the door inside, I unbuttoned my blouse to signal my intentions. Within seconds, we were naked and on the floor at the entry. His tongue hit my engorged clit and I trembled with delight.

Sensations similar to what I had felt the previous night swept up my body – but even more defined and rich with promise. I groaned and palmed my nipples as his tongue moved all over my labia and caused a titillating tingle to spread throughout my body and to tease and tickle even my fingernails and toenails. I curled my toes in response and gasped with pleasure.

I moved my hands down and ran my fingers through his hair. My wedding ring caught my attention and punctuated the exhilarating emotion of empowerment. I was married to Eddie and now had the endorsement of a new avenue of ecstasy that probably few others had.

I was on a fresh path to a new and beautiful vista.

My orgasm was winding to a feverish height and Bill sensed it. He moved up and plunged his cock directly into my pussy. Far better than just sex, I felt the slide of his manhood past my lips into the hole I had pledged and promised to Eddie.

The amazing thrill of a different manhood filling me was what I had been trying to recall. It was better than I had remembered. The alcohol had dulled it.

This was outstanding.

I had worn a white wedding dress for Eddie, but it was Bill who desperately pumped his cock in and out of my married pussy. The passion was more powerful. The lust more electric. The orgasm that built promised magnificence above all others.

I had never felt something so special during sex before. That I was married to Eddie and fucking Bill was... phenomenal.

I relished the slide of his hard shaft between my lips. I loved the feel of his

probing stiffness filling and vacating my pussy over and over. Even if he wasn't as long as my husband, the sex was exceptional and extraordinary.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and moaned freely. I felt so powerful and free giving my pussy to this man. My soul was enriched in ways I couldn't fathom.

Why had I thought this would be considered cheating? Why had I resisted the idea? I was having the best sex I had ever had – not because Bill was a great sex artist, but because I was married and sharing my pussy with another man.

He pounded his hips down onto mine with slow strokes.

If I had known it was this good, I would have fucked anybody. Everybody. Right from the beginning. I groaned with urgency as my orgasm built even higher.

I didn't even have to touch myself. What did it was the thought that my husband was at work while I was having the greatest sex I had ever had.

Maybe it was that I was sharing my pussy – Eddie's pussy by promise – with another man. Maybe it was that this was wrong according to the vows of my marriage. My wedding ring and dress, my vows and promises – all violated.

If this is cheating, I love it. Very much.

The tightness inside unwound explosively, sending heat swarming up my body in waves of release. I bucked my hips up at him as vigorously as I could and rode my orgasm to completion.

My pussy lips and clit turned sensitive and enriched the sliding feel of his thickness into me.

It was perfect and beautiful.

I eased down into the tranquility of the most satisfying fuck I had ever felt. I savored the salacious slide of his cock in and out of my pussy.

He stopped and panted, "Do you want me to pull out?"

I blinked in alarm. "Don't you dare." I wanted to feel his surrender. I wanted to

feel his hot cum blasting my insides. I wanted to feel him blow inside me especially because he wasn't my husband: it would make the sex that much more special.

I wanted to feel the evidence of his violation of my marriage.

I repeated, "Don't you dare. I want you to cum inside." My final word was a pleading whisper. "Deep."

He rose up and leaned over, pushing his throbbing cock deep. He grunted, much like he had the previous night. He blew hot blasts into my pussy. His cock flexed and pulsed and my hole was filled properly with cum that didn't belong to my husband.

It was incredible.

If this is what I've been missing...

I must have this. I must have this in my life and in my marriage. I must have more.

Every chance I get.

CHAPTER 6

Eddie

I called out for Viv.

She came out of the bedroom, phone in hand, looking normal and... stained.

Maybe it was just the way I was looking at her, but through my eyes, she carried a soiling stain that soured her appearance – even despite her glowing, quizzical smile.

I put my coat and briefcase down. "We need to talk."

Just as bright and without missing a beat, she said, "Sure."

I dropped down onto the sofa with all the weight of the issue riding on my shoulders.

The sofa where it had happened.

I felt sickened.

"This thing that happened last night..."

Her eyes lit up even brighter. "It was fun, wasn't it?"

I blinked at her.

She said, "You got some videos, too, right?"

I started shaking my head in rejection. "We were drunk."

A tiny look of confusion crossed her features. "Yes... well..."

"It shouldn't have happened."

Curious, she tilted her head. "But you had fun. You suggested it. You cheered him—"

"I was drunk." I stressed the excuse.

Her eyelids snapped closed several times and she grew a look of concentration on her brow. "You mean, if we hadn't been drinking, you wouldn't have encouraged him – us – to do—"

"Absolutely not. You're my wife. We made vows."

Her face went total mannequin.

I studied her, wondering why. "I mean, what would you think if I had fucked another woman right here—"

"Don't you dare." Her words were hot and filled with warning.

I nodded. "Right. It's the same thing. We need an understanding that something like this never happens again."

She looked away and down, filled with thoughts I couldn't read.

I pushed the point home. "It was a mistake because we were drunk. I'll have to forgive you for that—"

With heat, she stared directly into my eyes. "You were the one that pushed me to do it."

"You weren't resisting."

"I trusted you!" Angry hurt inflected her words.

"Trust me now, then."

"Why do I need to be forgiven? You were the one who wanted it. You were the one jacking off and filming it—"

I shouted to shut her up, "I was wrong!" I took a couple of deep breaths and calmed myself enough to say, "You should have realized I was drunk and stopped it all."

Her face went rigid with anger. "So it's all my fault."

I shrugged with exaggeration. "You were the one that fucked him."

She rose abruptly and spun away.

Before she could leave the living room, I said, "So that's settled. We don't do it ever again."

She stomped into the bedroom without a word. The bathroom door slammed a second later.

I took measured breaths that didn't want to be controlled. I pursed my lips to keep any further outbursts from erupting.

She'll get over it and we can get back to normal.

I think.

But, she's still... stained...

How long was I going to hold this drunken mistake over her and dare to touch her again? The very idea made my skin crawl.

CHAPTER 7

Vivienne

I couldn't believe my husband. At the moment of glory, victory, and freedom, he was stepping back like a scared little kid.

Who did he think he was? Thinking he can control me? Tell me what was what? Demand I take the blame for the promising door he had opened?

I scowled at myself in the mirror to confirm my expression carried just as much resentment and anger as I felt inside.

My visage almost snarled with it.

What the fuck? Am I supposed to follow him down paths he wants, then take the blame when he makes a mistake? It's not my fault!

I wanted to bash the mirror, but it was him I wanted to strike. Asshole.

I had thought Eddie had realized as much as I the promise of a new and exciting life ahead for both of us, but the jerk had retreated like a whimpering little dog and then had the audacity to blame me for it.

I wanted to move ahead. I wanted to embrace his change. I wanted to explore all we could be in inviting other men – even if it was just Bill.

Why do so many people think that the fun things are wrong? And why did I happen to marry one?

Hadn't he seen the wonder of what we had done? Not that it had been the best sex ever – it hadn't. At least, not last night's drunken foray. Sober, though...

Couldn't he sense it? Couldn't he grasp that life didn't have to be so harshly controlled? That sex could be an avenue for fun? Sex was good with my husband and all, but hadn't he grasped the extra excitement of getting kinky with another person?

Or was he pulling back because the third wasn't a woman?

Well, that wasn't happening. I certainly wouldn't get anything out of having a woman join us.

I spent several minutes calming down. The rapid, heated breaths slowed. The furrows on my brow softened.

I was still angry, but I didn't want to hit anyone.

And what if Eddie is right? What if it was all a drunken, stupid mistake? Was I being fair?

Now I felt something strange and unwanted: guilt.

This was not what I was in the bathroom searching for, that was for sure. I didn't want to view the best sex I had ever experienced earlier today to be something that festered within me as something undesirable.

Even being smaller than my husband, Bill had still given me the best and most exciting sex I had ever felt. The thrill of his cock working inside me had ignited all kinds of fiery passions and pleasures. I had cum on his cock with a force that had moved my world – and I hadn't even touched myself.

Guilt.

Anger.

Guilt back to anger.

How dare he make something special into something bad. My husband was forcing me to view one of the most wonderful experiences as something of which to be ashamed.

What an asshole.

The furrows of anger had returned.

And so did the guilt, pushing, prodding, and pulverizing my intent to be mad. I hung my head.

I had failed my vows to him in a drunken daze. I had then failed them again, deliberately, and felt wonderful doing it.

Heat ignited in my pussy as I remembered the pants and thrusts on Bill's floor. My husband at work, I had enjoyed the violation of my vows. I had enjoyed giving my body to someone other than my husband.

Yes, that was wrong. Why did it make me so horny?

I would have to do something to make things right. I loved my husband above all else and I guess... I owed it to him to do what he wanted, and not what I wanted.

I had made a promise.

CHAPTER 8

Eddie

I think I had gotten through to Viv, but I still couldn't touch her. My cock ached to be relieved, but the very thought of her underneath Bill filled me with disgust.

His cock had been in her. Yuck.

Ruined.

Still, I tried to be husbandly and nice. Maybe this feeling would pass in time. Unfortunately, the pressure in my balls did not.

I found myself in the bathroom, taking out my dick to stroke it. It had to be drained. I closed my eyes and jacked the semi-hard erection. Flashes of my wife under Bill's scrawny body kept interrupting me and stopping my complete excitement.

Nope, it wasn't going to get hard.

Angrily, I picked up my phone and thumbed to the vids. I hit Edit and began deleting. One by one, I erased them from my phone, until... the last one. I stabbed my thumb down on it with accusation.

The vid opened and played Bill's final seconds. Humping deep, he arched his back and strained. He began grunting, unleashing within my wife's pussy.

The torture in my balls and dick surged to a terrifying tickle. Suddenly, several quick squirts shot out from my dick and splattered the backwash beneath the mirror. I jacked my mostly hard shaft with irritation; it had been starting to get hard. As it was, the orgasm was fast and unfulfilling. I squeezed out the last few hot squirts as Bill finished cumming in my wife on the vid.

Heat, shame, and contempt for myself washed me from my scalp down to the pit of my stomach.

I panted at the video and closed it. I looked at the trashcan symbol and briefly wondered if I should keep it.

For what? To remind myself of her failure? I remember it just fine in my nightmares.

I stabbed my thumb down on the Delete and got rid of it. Now I was free. I was clean of it all. The mistake had been put behind me, discarded, and forgotten.

Time to move on.

However, I didn't feel any better.

I looked at the photo folder to make sure everything was gone: it was. All records erased. That didn't make me feel any better, either.

Why didn't it?

I couldn't handle thinking about what had happened, much less see it.

I had done the right thing.

Didn't surgery hurt? Wasn't pain part of the healing process?

Am I ever going to view my wife with the same love as before?

Sleeping on it until the next day didn't alleviate one iota of the feeling of filth that covered me and my perception of Viv. Her looks were satisfyingly contrite, but it wasn't good enough. I began to wonder if only death would clean the stain. Not that I would murder her, but that perhaps the wrong was just too great to overcome.

I went to work again without much sleep, though this time wasn't so much from drinking and watching my wife have sex with our neighbor, but because I was too upset over what had happened to get any restful slumber.

Jim held his coffee cup as if it were an award. "Uh oh..."

Shut up. I ignored him and went into my office.

He didn't follow me or make comment.

I sat and plugged in my phone and booted my computer.

Normal routine.

Everything back to normal – on the surface.

Could the routine restore my life? My wife? Our marriage? If I put effort into the routine, wouldn't we heal?

I thumbed to the pictures folder to make sure all the evidence was gone. It was, but that fact didn't bring me any comfort.

I should have kept one to remind myself of things that can't happen. I could've used it as a constant reminder that we had failed. But what was done was done. Healing was ahead.

I would return to normal, right? My wife would be my wife again, right? I could move on from the mistake and find happiness with her again, right?

I didn't know.

At this point, I didn't care: the wound was too fresh.

With a sigh, I started scanning the market indices and news.

I had seen Viv's looks. Angry at first, then sorry. She was seeing things my way, finally. We could grow wiser from the experience and she would once again be pure for me.

My dick began to harden at the promise.

CHAPTER 9

Vivienne

I looked around the side of Bill's house first. He wasn't working there. I rang his doorbell after a bracing intake of breath.

I was going to do the right thing.

He answered a moment later in nothing but a bath towel.

I gulped. "Is this a bad time?"

"No, come in..." He held his arm to the side in invitation.

Okay, just go in and say what I have to say... I stepped inside and clasped my fingers together to keep from fidgeting.

He shut the door and grinned at me. A lump was forming behind his towel.

I tried not to look at the swelling. "I came to say..." My eyes latched onto the growing bulge. The thing behind the towel had deliciously violated my pussy and marriage. Heat accompanied the ache in my clit.

Bill's smile was happy and mischievous. "That you want another round?"

I got wet.

He undid his towel and exposed that man-flesh that had given me such a fantastic fuck.

No, not that I want another go, but that we can't... My mouth was open and I was staring. His cock was now erect and ready. My pussy clamped and squeezed

on emptiness, needing a good cock inside to...

I was dressed for shopping. Black tights under my skirt, white blouse, and a sweater tied around my neck. I was armored against his weapon, but my insides were ready. My hands unclasped and I twitched towards his cock.

He stepped forward and embraced me for a kiss.

I melted so fast that I had no recollection of even thinking to resist.

Our mouths mashed hard and I positioned my hips to feel his erection on my covered clit.

He lifted me and carried me to the bedroom. He threw me down on the bed and flipped up my skirt. With a strong parting yank, he ripped my tights open.

I hadn't been wearing panties and his move brought me from guarded safety to full exposure and vulnerability in a single second. I was open and wet for our neighbor's cock, and there was no way I was going to stop him.

His stiffness plunged into my pussy with an invasive thrust of lust. Once again, I thrilled inside as this man gave my pussy the violation it craved. Our neighbor humped vigorously between my legs in a delicious display of infidelity.

My pussy clamped hard on him without any effort of my own. I needed his cock. It wasn't as good as my husband's, but I truly craved it.

Because it didn't belong to my husband. It didn't belong in my marriage. It was good because it didn't agree with my vows. The slide of his shaft in and out of my pussy – the constant massaging and movement of its passage through my pussy lips – was special because it was not my husband fucking me.

Only with another man could the act be so good. Only the violation could cause so much pleasure.

Yes.

I knew.

My husband was at work and I was giving the pussy I had promised to him to

another man. I was cheating and that what made it so satisfying. So sexy.

So special.

Already, my orgasm was building. He thrust so hard I was scooted to the edge of the bed. My head hung over and the blood rushed my face. I groaned with desire. "Fuck me..." Fuck my cheating pussy. Make me your whore...

He grunted harder on me, panting and thrusting just the way I needed.

Use me. Use my hole. I shook hard and my orgasm came early and fast. I whimpered in disappointment at the same time as I panted with the effort of making it a better one. I even twirled my fingers around my clit as hard as I could.

My orgasm didn't listen. It came and went fast, without that superlative relief of the previous day. But I was still charged. My nipples were hard pebbles in my blouse and my clit was throbbing and tingling.

Maybe not as good as yesterday, but still very satisfying...

Bill's orgasm deposited the salacious seed inside me as an offering to my womanhood. I accepted it all and worked my hips to milk his cock into me. I felt the hot squirts and smiled with pleasure. I had not only taken another man's cock, but also his sperm. I felt perfectly serene as his seed soaked my pussy.

This is how it's supposed to be. This is what I want. Knowing my husband was at work and Bill's hot cum was jetting into my pussy was the most sexy and special feeling of satisfaction I could have envisioned.

Our neighbor pulled his cock out of me and I lifted my knees up to my chest, keeping his emission inside of me and savoring the hotness.

My euphoria faded as fast as fog in a hot sun.

He grabbed up his towel and wiped his dick. He went into the bathroom and left me there.

I rubbed a hand down over my face. I had failed again. The crushing weight of guilt, so weighty in a marriage, seemed to cave in my chest.

How am I going to face Eddie? How am I going to explain ripped stockings? I had failed, but it had been good.

Why had it been so good?

Bill saw me straightening my clothing. "Anytime, Viv." He winked.

"I had actually come over to say..." I felt along my feelings. Yes, it had been good. But it had also been wrong. If I was going to be faithful to Eddie, it had to stop. "I had meant to come over and say that we shouldn't be doing this."

His face fell dramatically and shifted through some serious expressions. "Oh..."

I pressed my lips inward and looked down.

He said, "Sorry..."

I thought of different answers and platitudes, but couldn't come up with any. "I guess I should go."

I left his house feeling strangely victorious and defeated all at the same time. The air brushed my bare pussy underneath my skirt. No one could see the tear in the crotch, so I went to the store without changing.

No one was going to see.

I cruised the aisles selecting what needed to be replaced in the household. I did my duty as a faithful wife. Were the other wives here faithful? Or did they fail, too?

Why does that woman look so sexy? I marveled secretly as the short, thin woman strolled confidently past me. She was not very pretty, but she wasn't ugly. Her look was secure. Her skirt was just a tad longer than mine but still exposed her knees. She had to be approaching fifty, but her hair was carefully colored to hide any of that evidence. She wore no makeup. Her jewelry was limited to a tiny cross on a small chain and her wedding ring.

Her heels clicked on the floor of the supermarket and I looked down as she walked away.

I had my answer with a single glance.

Above her heel on her right foot was a thin anklet.

I lifted my eyebrows in surprise. An ankle bracelet? A shared wife? Her? I blinked a few times as she turned the corner at the end of the aisle. Or does she know what it means? Was it an accident? Maybe she just likes ankle bracelets. But the doubt of my excuses derailed my attempt to find a comfortable justification for such a blatant symbol.

No, she knew.

I pondered the woman as I finished getting what we needed.

What was different about her husband? He obviously didn't think it was a violation of their marriage. He wasn't angry over something he had encouraged. Did they all do it together? Did he share her and approve? Was it done with love and respect?

Thoughts such as those are what occupied my mind as I approached the checker. It was Mario again. Handsome, efficient Mario.

CHAPTER 10

Vivienne

I placed my purchases up on the conveyor without really thinking about it. It was a function as automatic as the movement of the machine. Slide, stop. Slide stop.

Another day, another purchase.

I felt the air again on my pussy and felt the remains of Bill's orgasm leaking out of me.

I hope it doesn't drip far...

I shuffled to the side to stand in front of the pay machine as the last customer collected her change and left. How certain people took and pocketed change while texting was beyond me. She had no awareness of Mario.

Mario.

I looked up into his eyes as he moved my selections over the scanner.

He took the opportunity. "How are you today?"

"F-fine, thanks." Does he see it in my face? Does he see the evidence? The guilt? Will he pass judgment on me right here in Safeway?

"Did you find everything you need?"

I realized I was staring.

He was noticing. A curious look crossed his features. He still glanced and moved food items over the scanner. He deftly weighed the apples, tapped a number into

the keypad, and still had time to shift his eyes to me.

I felt my mouth was open. In fright? Fear? Wonder? I could feel my heat and I smelled the evidence of my scent mixed with Bill's. Was he detecting it?

His eyes moved. His gaze scattered to different points around me – looking for something. Then he slipped his hand into his apron and withdrew his phone. A thumb press and a tap later, he slid his phone towards me onto the pay counter.

I was thinking he knew I was married.

A greater heat and ache twisted inside of me. With a shaking hand, I clutched his phone and entered my number, oblivious to the attention being paid by the squat woman with donuts and a diet soda bottle beside me.

I placed the phone down.

He barely looked at it. A quick snatch while glancing around again made the tool disappear.

The exchange was made and I was getting wet. What did he want? Or was I so obvious that I was obviously blinded by my own signals? Did he really want my number to arrange...?

It wasn't until three days later that he contacted me. I was wondering what Eddie was going to do about inviting Bill over for drinks on Sunday when the landline rang – it was the number I had given Mario.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Vivienne? This is Mario."

A warm feeling rushed over me. "Oh, hi."

"I hope you don't mind me calling..."

"Well, I did give you my number."

He chuckled and the sound vibrated up my pussy. He said, "I'm glad you did. I was surprised."

"Oh come on, you must get tons of numbers."

"Actually, I don't. The only women that flirt with me are old, dumpy ladies."

Defensive alarm flashed through me. "Oh, am I old and dumpy?"

His laughter was rich and strong. "Not at all. That's why I was surprised."

"You're a handsome man."

He made a satisfied sound. "Do you... want to get together tomorrow?"

I sighed in vexation. "I can't. My husband is home on the weekends..." I blushed wondering what Mario would be thinking now.

"Ah, I see. He works during the week, though?" His breathing was coming a little faster over the phone.

"Yeah."

"Maybe Monday? I get an hour..."

"That would be nice."

"I can come to your place."

I twisted my lips to the side. "Or I can meet you at yours."

"Nah, my girlfriend is there all day..."

My eyes went large, but settled back into place. "Oh."

"Your place would be better."

Yeah, I guess so... My pussy was soaked. Despite his admission of a relationship, I was eager. "My place it is then."

He let out a breath he had been holding and his voice sank to sexy levels.

"Awesome."

I gave him my address and ended the call with a smoky exchange of hints and

promises. Success zinged through me like a lightning bolt.

I guess I still have it.

Was I destined to follow in the scrawny woman's footsteps who had stridden past me in the store wearing an ankle bracelet?

Was I to become a shared wife? A hotwife?

Except that my husband was having none of it.

Saturday submerged my success under various levels of stress. Trying to navigate around my husband as if nothing was bothering either of us was impossible.

He cornered me in the kitchen. "We're going over to Bill's tomorrow. A bit of a beer party. No hard drink." His look held all the warning I needed.

I said, "And no hanky-panky with Bill."

Immediately, "That's right; let's put that behind us. I'll be talking to him."

I covered a sigh and nodded. I had pretty much told Bill that it was over anyway. Despite my stress and concern, my pussy developed a deep ache.

As my husband left the kitchen, I realized I would have given anything right then to feel someone's cock sliding up into my pussy – someone who wasn't my husband.

I loved Eddie, but this... this was something else. I would love, hold, and have sex with my husband, but there was nothing like the experience of cheating on him. It felt too good.

Playing this double game of love and infidelity tore at me constantly. I loved no other man. But I wanted to fuck other men. I wanted to feel their cocks filling my pussy in violation of my wedding vows. I didn't want to marry them; I just wanted to offer my married pussy to desperate male cocks. Deep inside I knew that I wanted to offer myself to as many other men as I could. Not necessarily in sheer numbers, but for as many opportunities presenting themselves.

An idea ground at me that if I could be fucked by other men more times than by my husband, I would achieve the satisfaction my lust demanded – whether that be by one man or many.

All the while, loving my husband.

Was that what the shared woman at the grocery store felt? I wished I could sit in with her while she took other men – maybe I could learn something. Were her other men handsome? Was her husband? Was he involved or did she go alone to a special place?

Did she also love the violation of her vows?

I made a fantasy in my mind that we shared an understanding. If I ever saw her again, I would endeavor to introduce myself. I felt a kinship and curiosity: I wanted to know her.

Sunday at Bill's place I thought would be awkward.

I expected that stepping inside his door would show the guilt on my face as I looked down at where we had fucked last Monday.

My thoughts and expectations fled when we walked into a small beer party. Some MMA program was playing on the large screen. Five men and one woman sat and stood around holding beers in both cans and bottles.

I missed the names, not really caring. The woman, though, stood out and I remembered it easily enough: Ellie.

Ellie May? But she didn't look like a country girl. Slightly thick and still showing a sheen of sweat despite Bill's air conditioning, she was unfazed by my appearance and did not offer the comfort space of two girls together against the men.

I ignored her.

It was the shaggy, sandy-haired guy with beard stubble that corralled me in the kitchen. My husband had pulled Bill outside for a chat: the big chat.

"Vivienne - that's a pretty name." His eyes were grayish blue and glazed.

Embarrassment made me falter. "I, uh... What was your name again?"

"My nickname is Stoney. Throwing a lot of rocks at windows in my youth..." Two of his fingers held a Coors can; the other three fingers waved and wagged with his words. He bore tattoos on his fingers.

"Oh, right. Stoney." Why not Rocky?

His smile was solicitous. "I didn't think I'd find a pretty gal at Bill's..."

I began to get warm. I took a quick peep at the front door; it was still closed. "Pretty? Me?"

He lowered his voice, eyes, and raised his heat level. "Much nicer than Ellie."

Am I a selection to be made? Yet my own heat began building, too. Was this an opportunity? "Just because my breasts are bigger?"

His eyes scanned them and his smile was satisfactory – sexy. "Mighty fine, if I may say so. I figured old Bill might be a little..." He limped his hand and shimmied his shoulders.

I snorted. "Um..."

His eyes narrowed. "What, you don't get that from him? He lives alone, never has a woman, and just look at his window dressings."

I considered the paisley curtains. Gay? No, he's not. Is paisley some gay symbol? "Uh..."

Stoney leaned closer to me. "I'm telling you." He winked, then inhaled close to me.

He's smelling me. I pulled away a little, but not far. Just a natural reaction.

His eyebrows did a few flips, twirls and acrobatics on his forehead. "So... can I get your number?"

"I don't know..." No, wait. This is precisely the opportunity... I hesitated. Then I made sure I flashed my ring in his face.

He shrugged, focus undimmed.

Thrills raced up my quivering legs as a sexual urgency washed over me. I gulped.

He produced his phone.

I asked pointedly, "Are you clean?"

He regarded me for a second, phone held in the air, and a twinkle in his eye. His eyebrows lifted and fell. "Yes, and I guess that answers my question, too."

I entered my cell number. I had given Mario my landline. Why had I done that? Less personal? My personal cell was the much safer bet, for sure.

I handed the phone back just as the front door opened.

CHAPTER 11

Eddie

I stepped outside with Bill, determined to make this painless and fast. I had some strange sense that things between me and Viv weren't exactly right.

Bill's face was a tad tense. "Everything all right?"

I nodded, then shook my head.

He mimicked me, nodding at first, then shaking his head. "What's up?"

"What happened last weekend..."

His face registered disappointment. "Uh oh, shitting fuck?"

"Yeah." I nodded firmly. He got it. "We were drunk..."

Bill sighed wearily. "No more, huh?"

I shook my head. "We talked about it and came to a decision."

He tilted his head. "Was that why Viv changed when she came over the other day? You guys... talked?"

I froze. Wait, what? "Viv came over?"

"Yeah, Monday. We..."

"You two did it? Again?" Anger was rising fast. And hurt.

"Yeah... I didn't know... or think that anything was wrong."

I tried to fight the surging need for air. I struggled to get it in my lungs.

Bill's hand gripped my shoulder. "Hey, I'm sorry. I thought you knew... I thought... we, uh, had an understanding."

I exhaled as if punched. "No, we didn't."

He let go and sulked in silence.

I looked around at his shrubs without seeing them. Everything had a surreal feel to it, as if I were in a waking dream – or nightmare. The sick feeling in the pit of my stomach threatened to heave up anything that came down. I blinked and rubbed my forehead as a buzzing filled my ears.

Bill touched my arm. "Hey, you all right?"

I sagged against the stucco siding of his house and let out a long, shaky breath. "Yeah..." But I wasn't all right. Far from it. My knees felt as if they were supported by Jello. Viv had visited and not told me. They had fucked again.

I wanted to strangle her. Him. Myself.

The acid rose up in my throat and I swallowed convulsively, repeatedly. Is she against me now? Is she ripping the bonds of our marriage off? Are they already gone?

Bill's voice was low and raspy. "Sorry about all this..."

It wasn't his fault.

She had opened her legs.

She was the one who had failed.

I shook my head. "No, don't be. It was all just a big mistake." I pinched the bridge of my nose and tried to take a long, calm breath. "Don't blame yourself."

He exhaled loudly and looked away. "Sheeit..."

I was breathing easier, but feeling queasier. Viv had gone from loving wife to cheating bitch with seeming ease. Did she even love me anymore? Was our

marriage so worthless that she would happily fuck around on me without any remorse? Did she hate me that much?

I stood straight and placed my hands on my hips. Looking up into the partly cloudy sky, I wondered if those clouds looked down on anyone else in the same position. Is there any salvaging this? Or am I overreacting?

Bill grunted, "I'm with you, Eddie. Don't worry about me doing anything behind your back; I'm not like that."

I knew he wasn't, but his admission came as a big relief. Could it all be recovered? Even the thought of touching her made me cringe inwardly. She was... stained. Someone else's sweat was on her skin. Someone else's cum was in her pussy.

I was grossed out.

I ground my jaws together and pressed my lips firmly. The woman I loved had broken our vows. Was there any saving her? The marriage? Me?

I turned and went back inside.

CHAPTER 12

Vivienne

I moved out of the kitchen and away from Stoney and his simmering sexiness. Would I get a call from him? Would I answer it? Would I...?

Eddie looked ill. He was pasty white and stumbled when he made his way to the couch.

Bill glowered at me with something unreadable on his face.

Hey, we did it and it was good. Don't turn all crappy now. I frowned my disapproval at him as he passed me.

I wanted to sit away from Ellie, but my husband grabbed the other end of the couch away from her. Not wanting to be close to either of them right now, I squeezed next to some guy on the loveseat and leaned away.

I didn't want to cling to Eddie after he had just had a talk with Bill.

Alarm flashed through me and made me clench my beer bottle. Had Bill spilled the beans? I looked nervously at my husband. He was watching me with a decidedly sick look on his face.

Uh oh. I've been busted. I looked at the TV and tried to pretend interest.

I don't know if Ellie was watching me or the TV or Eddie or all of us, but she scooted closer to my husband. Her hands flicked at her blouse to expose some cleavage.

I wanted to laugh and groan at the same time. Did she really think she was going to impress him?

However, the thought sickened me that he just might – in his current state of mind. Tit for tat? Would he brazenly hook up with this hussy right in front of me to pay me back?

Eddie glanced right and made a face.

Ellie smiled suggestively and placed a hand on his arm. "Don't you just love these martial arts fights?"

His response was sour and he looked down at his arm in disgust. "Not really."

Her eyes flicked fast to me and away.

I hoped my burning gaze of jealousy seared her senses with pain. I couldn't help but see the wedding ring on her finger. I didn't know who her husband was or if he was here. The men were talking and watching, oblivious to the interaction between my husband and this woman.

I glared harder. Eddie hadn't forcefully removed her hand. You two-timing jerk! How dare you let her rub all over you? If you put your dick in that, it's over. I'll put a bullet in your brain.

I don't know if the force of my thoughts were heard by my husband or if he just correctly sensed my violent disapproval, but he plucked her hand from his arm and pushed it away.

Ellie pouted and tried to wriggle her thick breasts.

Was my husband like a retarded little dog? Follow the treat? Tongue lolling out? Oblivious to the wife who knew better? Too stupid to think past his own dick?

Eddie looked away with disgust so plain on his face that even Ellie had to look down and away. Her eyes snapped up to mine and she sneered, but she was beaten.

I sighed quietly with relief. My husband had shown he could at least be partially intelligent.

Holding my head higher, I surveyed the room with pride and victory. It was then that I noticed Stoney staring at me from beyond Eddie. He was holding his beer

bottle up near his lips, toying with it suggestively while his eyes were locked to mine.

Instantly, I felt his need. It was as if he were right up against me even if we were separated by fifteen or more feet. I got wet. My pussy clamped and ached on the promise of a filling, male thickness. My clit tingled and tickled at the prospect of letting this man push his hardness into my married pussy.

I squirmed on the loveseat. I felt the urge and went with it. I parted my knees open a few inches and gave Stoney an encouraging smile.

He winked.

I knew then we would fuck. How I wanted desperately nothing more than for him to throw me down onto the coffee table and stuff his cock into my pussy right here in front of everybody. Oh yes, that would be delicious. I wanted him to claim my pussy in front of as many witnesses as possible. I wanted to surrender my womanhood to his driving male lust and offer him willing renunciation of my wedding vows.

I knew then that allowing another man inside my pussy was a special gift and only one a married woman could give. I wanted to give that to him. To Mario. To any man. I wanted them to know that this wife was ready to fuck.

I was very wet. I opened my knees wider both as a signal to Stoney and also to let some air hopefully dry me out.

Being married didn't have to be so limiting after all. Just because I wore a ring didn't mean I couldn't fuck.

An unusual urge came over me – one totally unexpected and surprising. Never before had such a thought occurred to me, but it held a powerful attraction right now. I imagined myself lying, tied to the coffee table, as a line of men used my married pussy, one after the other.

I gasped in shock and used my beer bottle to cover it.

Twenty men. Fifty. All thrusting their cocks into my pussy. Oh yes... so good. So perfect. The violation of my vows hammered in by so many cocks...

I was panting, mouth open, bottle hovering close. The wave of orgasm swelled within me so suddenly that I clenched everything tightly together to stop it from breaking. My head swam with lust and determination.

Slowly, the threat of an embarrassing public orgasm faded.

I needed cock. Right now. Unfortunately, I wasn't going to get it and that made me angry.

The lust gave way to frustration.

CHAPTER 13

Eddie

Talking to Viv was an exercise in futility. Tension hung over us like a dead weight waiting to fall.

Was it over?

Did she hate me?

She didn't pack and move out, though, and she tried to be loving with me a few times over the next couple of days.

I couldn't stand her touch.

Tainted.

Stained.

Corrosive.

She didn't want to talk, though, and I honestly wondered if I had the resolve to persevere.

Work was no longer an escape outlet for me; it became a prison. What was she doing? Was she still going after Bill? Would our neighbor man-up to his promise?

I came home Monday to a thickness in the air that told me the tension was only getting worse. Tuesday wasn't any better, but my imagination made me perform the most frantic searches when she wasn't looking.

Tomorrow was my birthday. Was Wednesday going to be any better? Would I be able to sit at work and not wonder about her activities?

But this day, I resolved to settle my fears. Tomorrow would have to wait. I searched when she wasn't looking. I looked for signs she had been cheating. I checked the laundry. I looked in the bathroom for a raised toilet lid. I checked under the bed for discarded condom wrappers. I peeled back the sheets and looked for hairs.

I barely got the bed made before she found me standing by the nightstand.

She crossed her arms and looked hopeful. "Do you want to watch a movie or something?"

I let the truth out as much as I could allow. "I'm not really in the mood..."

She looked doubtful and disappointed. Disconsolate, even.

Was I being too hard on her? Was she being the good wife? Faithful now that we had our talk? Was the tension only in my head? I blurted, "Do you still love me?"

Her look of astonished anger made me feel bad. "Of course I do. What a silly question."

I looked away, ashamed.

"Are you ever going to get over all of this? It... happened. It was just sex—"

"Bill told me you went over there—"

She coughed in anger and then snapped her mouth shut. "Well, so I did."

"We're married."

"It was just sex."

I blew up, throwing my arms into the air hysterically. "Oh, it was just sex! How stupid of me. That's supposed to make it all better?"

She scowled and spun out of the doorway. Her stomps down the hall told me all

the tension was real.

I went into the laundry room and grabbed the roll of duct tape. I tore off a piece and folded it back so the sticky was facing out. Back in the bedroom, I patted the tape over the bedspread.

The tension intensified as I studied three curly hairs that weren't hers and probably weren't mine. However, they were definitely not Bill's.

My world crumbled in on me angrily and I wadded the tape into a ball and threw it.

My house had been invaded.

My wife violated.

My very own bed... defiled.

I stood there, tears forming and then dripping down my cheeks. I did not sob or weep; I was too angry for that. But I did shed tears of frustration and anger.

For whatever initial reason, Viv came back into the room and saw me. She rushed to me and tried to grip me in a hug. "Eddie, dear, are you okay? What's wrong?"

I heard the earnest tone of her voice. Something inside her cared – or she was putting on one hell of a show. Still, the touch of her skin made my flesh crawl. Had she held a dick in that hand earlier? Slobbered on some guy's erection with her mouth? I turned my head away in revulsion.

The move of my head in obvious rejection set her to trembling. Fear rolled off of her in palpable waves - and something else: desperation. She clung tighter. "Eddie, my love—"

The frustration that drove the tears stopped and instead poured out of my mouth. "How can you say that? How can you love me when you're nothing but a cheating bitch?"

Alarm in her eyes was reinforced by a tighter squeeze of her arms. "Eddie, please. You're the only one I love."

"But you fuck anyone—"

"I don't just fuck anyone—"

"So you admit it!" I shrugged out of her filthy embrace. I wanted to take a shower. Or ten.

Her eyes shifted and she changed the subject – but I saw it.

What? Do you think I'm stupid?

She said, "I love you; I always have. Why can't you accept me for—"

"Why can't I accept you fucking other men? Who's the guy? It's not Bill."

She jerked her head nervously. "What do you mean?"

I went over to the wall and picked the tape up off the floor. "Oh, I don't know." I thrust the evidence in her face. "Maybe these dark hairs from the bedspread?"

She twisted a little as if trying to escape, but said defiantly, "What if it was a girl I had in here? It would be all right then, right?"

I deflated instantly as her suggestion struck me. All stain vanished as if mold under a river of bleach. The filth changed to a vista of interest.

She stood, fists to hips, and challenged me with her eyes. Her eyebrows rose in pointed question.

I stammered and swallowed. Am I seeing a new woman in my wife? Something sexy? I tried to speak again. "Are y-you... Do you really have something going on with a woman?"

"That makes it all right?"

"Well, sure..." Wasn't it obvious? Sex with a man was cheating. But if she was having sex with a woman, that was... sexy.

"But if it's a man, it's bad?"

I nodded in confirmation. "That's right." Excitedly, I asked, "Who is she?"

She shook her head in disbelief. "I can't believe you. Hetero action is bad, but lesbian action is good—"

"Of course. Everyone knows that."

She blew out a breath and spun, stomping out of the room once again.

Wait, is it or is it not another woman? Don't leave me hanging here.

CHAPTER 14

Vivienne

I couldn't believe the hypocrisy.

It was a gnawing disease that ripped away at my senses and soul.

My husband had pushed me to be flirty and to try to be inclusive with his friends. He had suggested playing with Bill as if he were refereeing a sport. What was I supposed to do?

I had gone along, happy to follow my husband's direction, and then I had taken the blame for what had happened – even though he had cheered.

What the fuck is wrong with him?

What did he want?

Why was I taking all the blame?

And now he suddenly flips completely around claiming sex with a woman wasn't cheating? Could he be any more of a hypocrite?

The double standard scraped away at common sense.

He had wanted me to fuck Bill, then blamed me for it. It wasn't fair. Then after he had found evidence of my being with Mario, he had claimed I was a cheating bitch. Maybe I was... But then when I propose it was a woman, suddenly it's all good and fine.

Ridiculous!

I remembered Wednesday morning that it was his birthday. He didn't like celebrating it so much, but I had made him his favorite dinner the last three years as a way of saying I loved him. After he left for work in the morning, I made the preparations for dinner.

I didn't know where all this was going.

I just knew that I had to hold on to different forces pulling me in different directions. I knew I loved my husband – no doubt of that. I didn't love Bill or Mario.

No way.

But I was driven by a need so deep it left me physically shaking and exhausted: I needed to feel another man in me. I needed to feel that filling and fulfilling fuck while my husband was at work. I didn't want those other men in a loving way, I needed them in a sexual way. The thrill of offering my pussy in violation of my marriage was a high I could never otherwise duplicate.

The sliding insertion of manhood into me while I thought of my husband was so sexually stunning that it made me ache with desperation when I wasn't underneath another man. My orgasms with them were more powerful than I had ever felt and left me feeling so alive.

Not that Eddie was bad in bed or unsatisfying – certainly he was good. He satisfied me in every way. But the cheating orgasms were beyond intense. Beyond simple gratification.

Just... beyond.

I had to cheat on my husband; it felt too good.

Mario phoned before I was even done stuffing the dinner preparations back in the refrigerator. He had been calling every chance he could on his breaks.

I assured him that today was still on and that he could come over on his lunch break. I hung up abruptly, both looking forward to his visit and annoyed at yet another call confirming an already confirmed visit.

Handsome as all heck, Mario was beginning to feel a little sticky-close – and we

had only had sex twice.

I wanted his dick in me, not his issues. I ached for his erection, not his emotions. I wanted my pussy stretched open while my husband was at work, not having my mind wrenched by Mario's demands.

I answered the door at almost the exact same time as the previous two days and allowed Mario inside.

As before, he was immediately all over me. Hands grasping and fondling, scrabbling at my clothes. His mouth was on mine without even giving me a greeting. I shut the door before the nosey neighbor could see much. He wasn't out there, but sometimes he lingered by the fence.

Mario pushed us together into the bedroom. He was out of his Safeway apron and clothing in a flurry of hurry. He pushed me down onto the bed after I succeeded in struggling out of my clothing. He gave me one, long lick up my pussy before gripping and guiding his cock into me.

It was what I wanted.

I didn't want small talk. Pillow talk. I didn't want to cuddle. That was what my husband was for.

I wanted Mario's dick sliding up and into my pussy. I wanted to feel this man's flesh stretching me open. I wanted to feel the passage of his insertion between my lips. I wanted his hardness stuffing me open. I wanted to be pinned down by another man's lust while I was lying on my marriage bed. Mario had a long cock and it reached deep into places that brought total sexual satisfaction. He was the same thickness as my husband, but about two inches longer. I loved the contrast.

I humped my hips up at him, offering him everything I had promised to my husband. I didn't want to talk to him, but I thought the words, Use my pussy. Fuck me while my husband works to pay the bills. Pound my vows out of me. I moaned as he began pumping.

Long strokes of his cock as his hips pushed into mine filled and emptied me. I offered him all that I was. My married pussy was his to use. My wedding ring flashing on his shoulder was not a barrier, but an invitation.

As always, the act of fucking caused a delicious and desperate tension in my hips and legs. I was frozen in the act, only moving my hips to aid the cause of the rest of my body's immobility. The sexual tension and satisfaction of sensation was so strong that moving my hips was all I could do.

Mario fucked me deep and long with strong, fast strokes. One hand mauled my boobs while the other held him up. He panted with exertion.

No, he wasn't a great lover, but I didn't want that from him. His foreplay was non-existent, and his technique was simple. However, he was doing what I needed. His cock was violating my pussy while my husband sat at work.

I wanted to be a cheating slut.

A sexy wife.

A hotwife.

I wanted to open my legs for any man who wanted some married pussy.

My thoughts drifted away from Mario's grunts and gasps. Away from the bedroom where I slept with my husband. I thought of my wedding dress and my wedding day. I thought of Eddie sliding my ring on my finger in front of the guests. I thought of my bridesmaids and the groomsmen.

Oh, sexy. All the groomsmen lining up to use me... pounding my pussy on my wedding day. Yes... dress pulled up and legs spread wide. Balls slapping and dicks filling...

Mario pulled out and flipped me over. He climbed up behind me and slid his cock back into my soaked pussy. He drove hard and his balls slapped against my clit with sexy stimulation.

I was thinking it, but realized I had said it, harshly, "Drill me deep."

He reacted as if someone had slapped his ass. He slammed into me, driving his cock deep and fast. I reached under and fingered my clit. His balls slapped against both as I twisted my orgasm up to the tightest levels possible.

He gasped, "Fuck yes, I own your pussy."

My head was bouncing on the bed. "What about your girlfriend?"

"Yeah, I own that, too." His hips slapped hard against the backs of my thighs.

I moaned louder, feeling the orgasm coming.

He ruined the build when he said, "From now on, you fuck only me. Not your husband. Understand?"

My orgasm receded somewhat. What? I growled loudly in anger, "Shut up and fuck me."

He gripped my hair and pulled my head up, hard. My back arched and I felt my pussy begin to clamp.

He hissed with effort and his cock was a big, moving piston in my pussy. In and out, deep and hard.

Delicious.

I felt his cock swelling.

I gave a flurry of fingering and suddenly I was there, tumbling over in my head and feeling my body convulse in the throes of orgasm.

Not as strong as the previous two days.

Not as strong as it had been with Bill.

But it was satisfying to feel the release spread heat and relief throughout my body. I cried out deliriously as the waves jerked me with ultimate gratification.

Mario, you jerk. You ruined it with your talk. It could've been better.

He groaned louder and louder until his growl echoed in the bedroom. The slaps were loud and wet. The creaking of the bed frame was distressing.

Is he going to break the bed? How would I explain that?

The worry vanished as he plunged deep and his cock began flexing. Lava-hot seed pumped deep and coated my canal with cum.

I gasped and moaned with need. I pumped my hips to milk him. Taking his seed in my pussy was the ultimate violation and victory against my vows. His ejaculating dick defiled my marriage in the most outstanding way.

I needed more.

He pulled out, sated. There was no offer from him to help me, but I had already finished anyway. He didn't look at me as he clothed. "I'll call you later."

"Don't."

His eyes darted to mine. "I will. I want to make sure you abide—"

I twisted over and leaned on my elbow. "Listen, Mario. I like you, but—"

His finger stabbed out. "I own your pussy. I have rights."

"What?"

"I don't want you having sex with your husband. Your pussy is only for me, now."

I looked at him through new lenses. "Where are you getting this?"

"I don't like dipping my wick where another has been, got it? No more sex with your husband."

Defeat drenched my mood. Of all the cute guys around you have to be one of those? "Just go, Mario. And don't call. He'll be home."

He checked his watch and fumed silently. He pointed a warning finger at me again and walked out of the bedroom.

I rolled my eyes.

Bill wasn't like that.

CHAPTER 15

Eddie

I informed the desk at lunch I would be out the rest of the day. I never took time like this off, so my declaration made a few eyebrows rise, but it was within my purview for my position.

Hey, I might have been meeting a client.

The fact it was my birthday wouldn't have caused a fuss, either; the rest of the office staff took off entire days on their birthdays.

I was within my rights.

I drove home knowing Viv would be prepping my favorite dinner. I would be early, but she didn't have to make it as soon as I got home.

I picked up a tailgater two streets from the house. It was 1:08pm. I could see his irritated face in the rear-view mirror. And I mean, this guy was close. He wasn't just riding my bumper, he was practically giving me a push.

With an irritated sigh, I yanked the wheel over, stomped on the brakes, and let him pass.

He whooshed by without even bothering to look or give me the finger.

I shrugged it off. Maybe the guy was a doctor. Had to get to the hospital, fast. He turned right onto our street.

I frowned. Grumpy neighborhood jerk?

I was even more disturbed when the guy's car turned into my driveway. I slowed

and waited, barely moving forward.

The guy got out and trotted to our door.

He was inside a few seconds later.

A pressing weight settled onto my head and drove my shoulders down to droop in defeat. I pulled up to the curb in front of the neighbor's house.

Shutting off the car, I heard my breathing coming in pants and gasps. The air in the car seemed close and stifling. Defeat was on me as surely as any I had felt before.

It wasn't a woman Viv was seeing; it was a man - a younger man.

I squeezed the steering wheel in anger and frustration. My stomach felt as if it had grown a bowling ball and was dragging my intestines down. I gasped and blinked as spots swam before my eyes.

This can't be happening.

I gripped the door handle like a striking snake, and then paused.

Forgot my key.

I took it out and looked up at our house.

What was the guy doing in there? What were they saying? Were they laughing at me? Or just busy kissing?

Was today the end of our marriage? This was it, certainly. She didn't love me anymore. She couldn't. A younger guy? She didn't want someone in their thirties, she wanted a younger man.

What is he promising her?

Did she believe him? Knocked senseless by his charm? Why did she hate me? Was I something so horrible as a man that she was driven to find someone new? Were they going to come out with suitcases? Was she going to drive away with him into a new and wonderful life of bliss and happiness?

Am I that horrible as a husband?

No, it wasn't a woman. It was a man and my wife was a cheating bitch: filthy; stained; disgusting; and revolting.

I shook my head and the movement caused other movement.

Our neighbor was in his yard. Dave or something – the guy whose enormous wife had the tiny puff-dog that never stopped barking. Sometimes he lingered outside, having a smoke. It was annoying because his front door faced our front door. Our duplexes were built with a common wall and front doors positioned on the sides.

Sometimes we opened our front door to a cloud of smoke.

Viv didn't mind, but I hated it. Her parents had smoked; mine had not and there was no getting used to it for me.

The guy was standing there smoking. He saw me and looked away. I don't know if he recognized me as I didn't normally park on the street.

Then I caught... movement. Furtive movement. All I could see were his head and shoulders. His hand came up and puffed his cigarette but it was his other arm... Just barely perceptible, it was moving.

I blinked in astonishment. Is the guy wanking himself? Everything would be covered and it wasn't my business what he did in his yard, but... really?

He kept shifting his glance to me, quick-like and cagey as a cat around a rocking chair.

I knew he must be jerking himself. But why? Was this something he did while having smokes?

Not having an answer, I dismissed him; he wasn't important. I got out and walked to the house feeling all the jittery anger of having been betrayed. I felt like I was walking on round stones and wobbling with the effort of staying upright like a man.

The desire to crawl so as to be sure of my footing was a crazy little thing that

registered while walking up the driveway.

Dave jerked his head around, looked the other way, and then put out his cigarette. He shuffled back inside as if trying to get out of a rainstorm.

I heard it then, echoing between our houses. Muffled moans.

Was someone hurt?

I looked around uncertain.

The sounds had the feel of sex, though, and I wondered if they were coming from my house. I wasn't stupid and immediately connected the visitor and the moans into the obvious conclusion, but I still looked around with curiosity.

Our houses let out this much sound? Did anyone ever hear us...? I shook my head and focused on the damning noise. A flick of my eyes at the opposite duplex prompted the sudden shifting of the curtain in the window by the front door. Fuck off, Dave.

My hand reached for my door knob. My fingers hovered just near it and I stopped.

The sounds were louder now. Faint slaps punctuated muffled words.

Then all the noise receded and gave way to buzzing in my ears. My skin went cold.

I had done everything right. I had courted, loved, and married a beautiful woman. I had given her a home and worked to provide a comfortable household and living. I was faithful and caring. We didn't argue and fight and I was expressly loyal to her. I had done everything by the book of marital success. She wasn't drunk and I hadn't neglected her.

Yet, here she was in our home, getting fucked by another man.

I hadn't done anything to warrant this.

It was supremely unfair and insulting.

I gripped the knob hard, but stopped again. Barging inside in a rage was not going to accomplish anything.

It was my birthday today and my wife chose today to cheat on me.

No, storming in would have little positive effect; it was over.

I turned away from the door and kept my chin up level and straight. I would leave. I would get in my car and go.

There's nothing for me here.

I got in my car and turned the key in the ignition.

And then I just sat there staring at the steering wheel. I wasn't focused on it at all – it was fuzzy in my vision. I was looking beyond at what was to come.

Lonely again?

Without love?

Destined to be destitute?

My shoulders shook with anger, adrenaline, and exhaustion. I wanted to fall to the side and just close my eyes.

Movement at our door caught my attention. My vision cleared instantly.

The young man was coming out with such a satisfied jaunt in his step that he was strutting. Mere seconds after rutting with my wife.

I wanted to get out and confront him. I wanted to introduce my fist to his face. Thanks for ruining everyone, guy. You can have her.

But I didn't.

I just studied him. Young and handsome, he was otherwise oblivious: he hadn't looked towards the neighbor's house or at my car.

Confident, clueless, and careless.

I was better than him; I could see that. The only quality he and I might have shared was confidence. He was handsome, but young. My handsome features held more distinguished overtones.

I got looks.

So did he, apparently.

At least my wife didn't pick some ugly guy...

I shook my head. It didn't make it any better that he was good-looking and it was still over.

I watched his car zoom off in a whoosh of dust and exhaust.

Screw and scram. Wham bam, thank you, ma'am.

I got out and rewalked the steps of defeat and shame.

CHAPTER 16

Eddie

I went inside and heard a flurry of shuffling from the bedroom.

I trudged forward, advancing on the room like a lumbering Frankenstein or mummy. My limbs felt wooden and solid - senseless.

I stood in the doorway in time to see Viv stand upright and cling her blouse to her naked body.

Her eyes were large and bulging. Her lower lip trembled. "Oh, hi, I was just taking a nap."

"Naked?"

She blushed and tossed her head. "Yeah, strange habit. You found me out. I'm going to take a shower."

"I saw him."

Three words stopped her cold and froze her in place. She tossed her head to flip her hair out of the way. "Saw who? I was sleeping."

The anger revived and blew out of control. "Don't lie to me! I saw it. I heard him fucking you from outside the door!" Spittle sprayed from my mouth; I couldn't help it. Nothing wanted to work right in my rage. Too much moisture in my mouth and I couldn't swallow right.

With a start, she shrugged into her blouse. Her heavy breasts swung with determination. She came to me – two quick steps – and grabbed my arm. "Baby, don't do this—"

I yanked my arm away, hard. "Don't 'baby' me. Not after this."

"Please don't—"

"Don't what? Don't fuck around on you? I'm loyal; are you? No, of course you aren't. You offer your cunt to anyone who wants it!"

There. I had laid it all out. The score was in my favor. I twisted away and stomped down the hall. Going where, I didn't know. It was more for demonstration: I was done with her.

She called plaintively, "Eddie..."

What? Was I supposed to go cuddle her and tell her it was all right?

Fuck that, and pardon my French.

I stood in the living room and put hands on hips. The rage surged through me more powerful than any coffee rush. If this was the dark side, I knew its power.

No wonder why spouses kill each other. I could kill her now and be within my rights. Justified. But I knew that wasn't exactly true. For some reason, courts no longer thought such devastating violation was a killable cause.

Maybe the judges had never been cucked before. No defeat felt as bad as a wife who cheated. It was the ultimate insult.

"Eddie..." She was behind me.

I shrugged indifferently; I was going to show her she didn't matter. "Get out. Get your things and leave."

Her gasp of surprise was audible. "Leave? Wait—"

"Wait for what?" I turned to her, wooden-faced. Implacable. "Wait for another guy to come over?"

"I ended it with him."

I snorted and my head lolled back on a neck that no longer wanted to support my skull. "Yeah, right."

"No, I did. He was nothing, Eddie. Really—"

"Like I believe that? You think you can lie to me and I'll just suddenly be stupid enough to believe it?"

She dropped her eyes in proper submission to my integrity. Lies cannot stand against the truth and at least she knew it. "You're not stupid; I don't believe that."

"Then why lie to me now?"

She looked back up. "I'm not. It's over with him."

"Until you find the next available dick."

She looked down again and clasped her fingers together in a nervous struggle of futility. "I don't want our marriage to end. I love you—"

"Uh huh. You'll have a new dick in you tomorrow and I'm supposed to feel good about that?"

She looked away to the right, then the left. Her lips quivered and pursed. "I've only loved you—"

I threw out my arms and my words flowed hot, "Then what did I do wrong? Why do I deserve to have some asshole grunting on my bed with my wife? I gave you everything!"

She came to me, grabbing for my arm. "Please."

I recoiled – fully disgusted with the thought she would touch me. "Get out, Viv! Don't you understand? I don't want you anymore. I can't love a cheating cunt!"

She tried to grab again and I raised my arm to strike her.

She flinched backwards, but I did not follow through. I was raised to respect women, not hit them. Oh, I wanted to, though. My arm trembled with the effort of restraint.

I gritted, "Just leave."

She cried now, quietly, and just stood there. She gave a shaky exhale. "Where

will I go?"

I blinked at her, astonished. "Like I care? Go to one of your boyfriends. Then you can fuck all night. Just get out."

Her head slowly turned away in defeat. "All right..."

I lifted my chin.

She said, "I made your favorite dinner. It's in the refrigerator ready for the stove."

I remained steadfast and silent.

She turned to the bedroom and walked hurriedly away.

Fifteen minutes later, she brushed out the door carrying two suitcases, her face wet and red.

Good riddance. I was still standing in the living room, waiting for the stain to drain out my door. When she had left, I dropped my shoulders with a weariness I had not wanted to admit. Suddenly thirsty, I went to the kitchen.

Opening the refrigerator to get some orange juice, I saw her dinner preparations in the large lime-green mixing bowl – perfect as if prepared with loving care.

Fury whipped up in me. I grabbed the bowl and hauled it out fast as if touching it for any length of time might infect me. I dumped it over into the trash container and thrust the bowl down to empty it. I let go and pushed the entire bowl inside.

Fuck it; I'll buy a new bowl that isn't tainted with her lies.

The rage blew out of control. I launched a foot at the plastic garbage container and sent it and everything in it flying. The bowl spun out like a UFO and sailed across the dining room to shatter against the wall. Food went everywhere and I didn't care.

With a yank, I tore the wedding ring from my finger and flung it towards the gouge in the wall made by the bowl.

I stomped through the food remains and shards of the bowl to go take a shower: I had to get her off of me.

Out of me.

CHAPTER 17

Eddie

Peace was on the house except that it didn't bring me any satisfaction. The peace was a hidden beast, lurking and quiet from my rage and demonstration. It huddled out of sight, cowed by my fury and offering no grumbles or growls to disturb the silence.

It was as if my house - and entire life - was holding its breath.

I was out of the shower, my cock hanging half-hard. I was free. I could do what I wanted. I could walk around naked if I wanted to. I wore shorts anyway.

I knew I couldn't sleep in the bed. I would have to throw it all away and get a new mattress and frame. No way could I sleep on it.

I walked out into the living room and touched the front of my shorts. Maybe the neighbor knew what was good. Although I wouldn't stand outside and do it, I felt a sudden kinship with him that I was in on his secret.

The goofy neighbor had the right idea: a man's own hand doesn't cheat on him. It is faithful, loyal, and ready to perform night or day.

Like, even right now.

I sat down on the recliner and undid my shorts. I felt as if stroking myself would help ease the passage of betrayal out of my life. Turn inwards and wrap myself up in solitude and male satisfaction.

The sure cure.

I jacked my dick and it felt great. Fantastic.

Yet, as good as it felt, intrusive audible memories of her moans ruined it. She had invited some strange man inside our home and been intimate.

My cock wilted fast as the sickness in my stomach spread.

I looked down at my flaccid member and cursed it. My hand might be faithful, but my dick had decided it had a headache.

Traitor.

I rested my head back and stared into the acoustic stucco of the ceiling. Like a ghost, her presence made itself felt.

Why had I married her? She had been so straight-laced and loyal. She never talked about other men. She had never swooned over a singer or actor. Had she hidden it? Or had she always been true because she felt that was her part to play?

The entire drunken episode that started this was me urging her to not be so uptight – to go along with our friends and loosen up a bit. Having given her that part, had I caused her to refocus her role? She now pursued something I had introduced by mistake?

Maybe she hadn't hidden it all along.

She was stupid if she thought that was what I had intended. She should've known better. She should've resisted.

It was her fault.

She should've pulled back when I sobered up and snapped my fingers. Just like that, she should've...

Should've, would've, could've.

Damn it all.

How could she be so stupid? We had been happy.

The phone rang just after five.

I ignored it.

It rang again. And again. For the next fifteen minutes, it rang and rang and rang.

Kiss my ass, Viv.

It kept ringing.

I got up and made sure my shorts were fastened. In the gathering gloom, I went out for a walk; the air in the house had become stifling.

I started with some determination, passing several houses and heading towards the park. My energy, however, drained fast and when I got to the park I sat wearily on the bench.

Two moms were there supervising their kids on the swing set. They were chatting animatedly while casting glances in my direction.

One was wearing yoga tights and had an ass that looked incredible.

I began to harden.

I looked away and studied the street instead. While I might have enjoyed looking, I didn't want them to think I was checking out their kids or was some predator rapist or something.

I got up and went home after my erection calmed down.

Were either of those moms cheaters? Were they chatting about their latest fucks?

Maybe they talked about their secret affairs without naming names. Maybe they were each having an affair with the other one's husband.

Was it so common?

I pulled out my phone and did a search. The statistics on affairs weren't something I expected. Younger people were more likely to have affairs, not older people.

Boredom was out and decaying morals were in.

I entered the house as the phone was ringing. I glared at it and fumed.

It stopped ringing, then started again.

With a look to the ceiling, I stomped over to it, my ire rising with each step. What could she possibly say that meant anything?

I grabbed up the handset. My word was filled with impatient acid, "What?"

"Is Vivienne there?" A man's voice.

"No. Who's this?"

"This is Mario; I want to talk to her."

"She's. Not. Here."

Attitude from the ass vibrated through the phone. "Yeah, well, you tell her—"

"Hey! Fuck off, pal."

"You listen to me—"

"Eat a dick." I slammed the handset down, then picked up and punched in call-blocking on the last call.

There.

It wasn't the end of my night.

Not a half hour after blocking Mario, the young man pounded on my front door.

I answered it, still in my shorts and t-shirt.

He scowled. "I'm here to talk to Vivienne."

I growled, "She's not here. What part of that—"

"I want to talk to her." He put his hand on my chest and pushed me inside – not hard, but demanding. He followed in after me.

What the fuck? This is my house. I slapped his hand away and said, "Listen, dickwad, she's not here. Now get out."

His mouth went tight with anger and his finger came up and poked me in the chest. "No, you listen to me; you can't keep her away from me."

I'd had enough. I slapped his hand away, harder, and shoved him back towards the door. "Get out of my house."

He launched at me like a leaping cat. His hands grabbed my t-shirt and he rushed back inside.

Fuck this guy. I launched a straight, hard punch right into his left eye.

He let go with his left hand and cupped his eye in pain. However, he kept a locked grip on my t-shirt and swung me around with his right hand. The cotton fabric stretched as I struggled against it. It tore.

He swung me so hard that the impact with the wall next to the door came as a surprise. My head smacked with a dull thud and pain echoed through my skull.

I was stunned.

Whoever he was, this guy didn't know how to fight. He tried to punch me while still gripping my t-shirt in his fist. They felt like love taps, at best.

He let go of his eye and reached for my face. I tried to shift away and duck my head to keep him from poking my eyes, but that just offered him my hair. He gripped a handful of it and pulled.

My head came down.

Uh oh.

But he didn't really know how to fight. Neither of his knees nor his other fist were coming up to meet and wreck my face.

I twisted to the side despite the flaring pain of hair ripping out of my scalp. I launched the side of my foot into his stomach, hard.

He let go instantly and doubled over. His face went red, but he was backing away.

Adrenaline was pumping through me in rivers and I raised my fists ready to continue. Everything on my body vibrated with immediacy.

He backed to the door and pointed his finger at me. He wheezed, "I'm gonna kick your ass. You're dead, dude. Dead. I'm gonna mess you up." He was out the door.

Seeing him retreating, the fight went out of me. My fists unclenched and dropped. Disappointed, but still with challenge, I said with as much sarcasm as I could muster, "Yeah, whatever."

"Fuck you, dude. Fuck you." He turned and left my doorway.

Giving him the proverbial boot, I slammed the front door hard. Maybe I hadn't looked as good as Chuck Norris, but I had shown the punk who was the better fighter.

I was the man.

CHAPTER 18

Vivienne

Everything was falling apart around me. I couldn't turn to my friends and I was certain Eddie would probably have already cut off my credit card. Where I had felt so comfortable being out and about, I now felt ostracized, as if I were a stranger in a foreign country. Everyone else had a purpose and knew what to do. I was adrift and clueless.

Traffic signs confused me.

My car didn't even feel as if it belonged to me. Any second, a cop would pull me over and arrest me for being... lost in public. Driving without a purpose. Felony assault on the public decency.

Spinning siren lights, handcuffs snapped into place, and my head guarded as they lowered me into their backseat. Lights extinguished, taken away, and society made better. Everyone go back about your business, it's all handled.

I ended up at Stoney's; I just didn't have anywhere else immediate to turn.

He gave a flick of his eyebrows at the door and said, "You can crash here tonight." It was a statement that promised nothing except temporary haven. In the morning, I would be back on the streets.

What would I do?

At least I had a night out of the cold and dark. I went into his apartment grateful for the reprieve.

I guess I need a job. And a place to stay. And... a life.

Stoney was studying me with a twinkle in his eye. "Was all this an excuse to come over and see me early?"

We had texted back and forth a few times over the past couple of days while I was seeing Mario. We had planned for a rendezvous next week. I sat on the edge of his couch and said, "I had a fight with Eddie. It's his birthday today. He got mad and I left. I... needed some air."

All true. Total lies.

Stoney's lips lifted higher on one side and he jerked his head upward. Curls flopped limply. "You came to the right place."

It started with a sympathetic hug from him as he sat next to me. Just a hug – ripe with all the implications that he wanted sex in return for me staying.

We ended up in his bedroom and I tried to go with the flow of feelings. Sexual excitement taunted me from the edges of uncertainty and uncomfortable ignorance. Was this how it would have happened next week? Was I right to be here and not sleeping in my car? Was it worth it? Would this be exciting? Fulfilling?

I had come to yearn for the fulfillment of cheating on my husband; it was an intoxicating drug. Would it be as good now that he had kicked me out?

If the marriage was over, was I really cheating?

Stoney seemed to be oblivious, but at least he helped me believe enough to find some arousal out of it. He was taking my clothes off, roughly, in his bedroom. "Pretty little wife needs some real cock?"

People told me all the time they thought I was pretty. I think they really just meant I had big breasts. And Stoney had just echoed Mario in a way: they thought Eddie didn't have a decent man-package. I played along with his fantasies and said, "Uh huh."

He spun me around and pushed my face up against the wall. Breasts and cheek plastered flat, he yanked my shorts down.

I had no say or participation in the matter except to let him take control. I was

bared and exposed. I began to pant at his masculine ardor and confidence.

There was no stopping him.

His hand gripped my panties and ripped them downwards. The elastic band scraped down the sides of my thighs painfully. I was being prepared.

And it... was... exciting.

His hand came up between the back of my thighs and touched the heated entrance to my pussy. His rough fingers caressed my lips and explored inward.

I groaned with anticipation.

His left hand was still at the back of my neck pushing me against the wall. His right was thrusting two and then three fingers up my hole. He whispered close to my ear. "Does your pussy need a cock?"

I hissed, "Yes." Anything would be better than my sense of loss and confusion.

"You're a bad wife, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Very bad."

"You want to fuck a real man behind your hubby's back?"

I moaned excitedly. "Yes."

He shifted and I felt the press of him against my back. I felt the stiffness hit my butt and then angle down between the backs of my thighs. He was hot and hard and I could feel the throb of his erection as it nudged up against my pussy. I was ready.

He moved behind me, positioning himself. The head of his cock pressed and probed upward, pushing into my aching pussy. Then he thrust hard. His shaft speared upwards, impaling me fast and rough. I was stuffed instantly with his hardness and stretched satisfyingly open.

I groaned against the wall.

He didn't wait for me to adjust, just rammed upward over and over from behind.

My pussy flushed wet and provided what I needed. The discomfort vanished and was replaced with the gratifying tension and pleasure of being fucked.

My face scraped against the textured wall and my breasts squished flat with each thrust. He used my hole like it was his personal pocket pussy. I quivered with excitement.

He grated, "Your husband doesn't fuck you this good, does he?"

"No." I didn't know if it was true or not, but Stoney's style was definitely different.

"Say your husband's name while I fuck you."

"What?"

"Say his name."

I didn't know why he wanted that, but I acquiesced. "Eddie..."

His thrusting got harder. "Say it again."

"Eddie."

He pulled out and spun me around with a hard grip on my arm.

I was tossed down onto the bed with a bounce.

His eyes were alight with sexual fire. He was gripping his dick and jacking it without thought. He gripped my left hand and pulled it to his dick.

I thought he wanted me to stroke him but he crushed my fingers closed and rubbed the end of his dick all over my wedding ring.

Seeing it made me freeze with fascination. My nipples - already hard - began to ache with pain. No other symbol could Stoney have given me that excited me more than what he was doing. He was demonstrating his dominance by decorating my ring with his pre-cum.

I loved it.

He said, "You like this, don't you?"

I nodded. Unfortunately, the nagging realization that I shouldn't be wearing the ring if Eddie and I were breaking up was a cold, wet rag on my heat. For this to be special, I had to be married. I had to have my husband.

Otherwise, this was just fucking.

I could get all I needed from Eddie.

All thoughts fled when he pushed me down and climbed between my legs. His whole body was shaking with desperation. His eyes were intense and his mouth open exposing his teeth. He stabbed his cock back into me as if he were slamming all of his weight against a stuck door.

His cock hammered my pussy and I cried out with surprise and suspense. He mauled my breasts and bit hard on the nipples. He pulled and twisted and squeezed while panting his efforts over me.

My insides were battered into resistance and gave rise to that promising tension. This was not love-making. This was not mutual sexual satisfaction.

I was being viciously fucked.

And it was good.

One two-letter word would turn this into a brutal rape. All I had to say was "No."

However, I wanted to be fucked. The difference between this and my husband made it all worth it.

Stoney gasped, "Are you my married whore?" His hips slapped painfully down onto mine as he rammed his shaft into me.

I cried out in a wail, "Yes!" The answer had come on the swell of my orgasm from his words. I barely got it out before crashing over and tumbling down that long and arduous path of relief and release.

I drifted, barely feeling the pummeling my pussy was receiving. I bounced on the bed, head flopping as Stoney went berserk on my body.

It was good, though I didn't feel that connection I had felt with Bill. It was the loss of Eddie. I reached for him in my mind, wanting to return to that haven of marriage and security. I also wanted Stoney on me at the same time. Empty your balls into me...

He did, howling madly as if facing a tornado. His hot cum shot from his throbbing cock way up in there in my hole.

Success. Victory. Another man taken inside me. At the same time, I deflated in loss.

CHAPTER 19

Vivienne

I sighed wearily as he pulled out. My flesh was flush with tingles and vibrations. My pussy clamped in the aftershocks of orgasm.

It had been good... but not great.

What had made it so different? Stoney had been as dominating as Mario and more. With Bill, it had been all respect, but even then, the last time with Bill hadn't been as explosive as that first, sober time. With Mario, none of it was respect, except for the initial contact at the checkout.

Seemingly.

Or was I reading too much into everything? What if Bill and Mario's style just differed?

I was ruminating on that after Stoney had pulled out and flopped over beside me with an exaggerated sigh.

Style?

Then Stoney surprised me with a finish that stunned me into embarrassed silence. He lifted his legs back as if for a birthing position and grunted. A fart moistened the air and I recoiled in horror. He wasn't done though. He grunted harder, his face turning red. Another, longer, squeaking fart squeezed out of his butt.

I rolled away and off the bed, my face burning red with awkward disgust.

He sighed loudly, then sniffed at the air. He said, "Nothing better than a fuck and

a fart except for maybe pot. Wanna do some bong hits?"

I clued in on the smell in his apartment, finally. No, Rocky didn't fit as well as Stoney, that's for certain. "I need to get some water..."

"I'm going to light up."

Great. Whatever floats your boat. I scurried from the room before whatever smell he had emitted clung to my skin.

In the small kitchen, I ran into an invisible wall. Standing there was a girl covered in tattoos. She was wearing a tank top, panties, and sported purple hair and several piercings. Her eyes lit on me and brightened. "You must be that married woman. Stoney's told me all about you."

"Uh..." I felt my eyes bugging out, "Who are you?"

"I'm Kayleigh, his girlfriend."

Instantly, I covered my breasts and red pussy with my hands. "Girlfriend?"

She shrugged with a broad smile. "Yeah." She was acting as if her boyfriend and I hadn't just yelled through our orgasms minutes before.

I said, "Oh, sorry...?"

She looked amused and offended all at the same time. "Why?"

I coughed in confusion. "For having sex with your boyfriend?"

She snorted. "You're all he's talked about for the past few days. Besides, you're married."

"But..."

Her eyes took on a conspiratorial look. "Oh... right. Did he chase you out of the room with his farts?"

I gulped in revulsion. "Oh, uh, yeah..."

She rolled her eyes. "Smelly, but you get used to them."

I didn't want to be there, although talking to Kayleigh was the nicest thing that had happened so far.

She smirked. "You don't have to cover yourself. I think I know what tits and cunt look like. You have nice ones." She looked at my bulging breasts with wistful, wishful thinking.

I spent the rest of the night talking to her like an old friend. She was only nineteen, but she seemed to have a more liberal mindset on sex than most older people did.

I crashed on their couch.

CHAPTER 20

Vivienne

I had to find work. Something for money. I wasn't dumb; I couldn't just crash on couches my whole life. If Eddie had kicked me out, I was going to have to find my way once again.

My old job managing Blockbuster Videos was out – the entire chain gone. I didn't want to revisit McDonalds where I had worked my first job. Neither Wendy's for my second.

I tried a small breakfast restaurant. The waitress looked at me with weary, harsh eyes and shook her head. I don't know if I was competition or not, but the place didn't look very busy.

She stopped me on second thought and gave me a considering look. "I don't want to sound rude..."

"No, what?"

She looked around at the plants and bright pink paint. Anywhere but me. "One of our waitresses last year..."

"Yes?"

"Don't take this wrong; it's just a suggestion."

I turned fully to her and gave her my undivided attention. "Yes...?"

"Apparently there's a calling for women... endowed like you. Over at the Red Horn Room?" Her face colored with embarrassment. Her hands briefly indicated her breasts to show me.

"Red Horn Room?"

She nodded enthusiastically. "Believe me, I'm not insulting you. But Amy – that's our waitress – told us that the Red Horn pays amateur women to flash their breasts. It's harmless and can pay very well." She looked down, disappointed. "I wish I could make two hundred a day..."

I blinked. "Two hundred?"

She looked up at me. "If you have the assets. Pardon me if I do say you have them. No offense..."

I kept blinking, thinking. "No... None taken..."

She touched my arm with a quick gesture of support. "Sorry we didn't have a position here, but the pay is nothing like..." She shook her head and went back to work.

And that's how I found myself standing at the front door of the Red Horn Room. The building itself was a bark brown color with a door painted deep red. A sign next to the door indicated access limited to persons over twenty-one and that ID would be checked.

Is this what I want? Or is it what I need? Two hundred could get me a motel room until I could find an apartment. A barely perceptible thumping told me the music inside was primal and loud.

I walked inside into a wall of booming music and flashing lights.

A mountain of a man who was as ugly as he was big moved just slightly to intercept me. "ID please."

I fished out my driver's license, my hand shaking with the tempo of the music.

He studied it and my face, then extended it out between his fingers as if he were holding a cigarette. His hair was greased back and his entire demeanor was slimy.

I said, "I understand you're hiring?"

He flicked his chin towards a doorway. "Go see the manager. Last door on the left past the bathrooms. Knock twice, hard."

I walked slowly towards the hall, wondering if I could possibly fit in here.

The large room was filled with tiny round tables – enough to hold glasses and maybe some cash. Chairs were everywhere. The place smelled clean, even if the lights were too dim and the place having the look of a seedy strip bar. The glaring light on the stage illuminated the brass pole too brightly and flared off almost painfully. Dim shapes of patrons, mostly men, sat dotted around the stage.

Thumping music accompanied the swirl and sway of a woman not much younger than me. She twirled around the pole and wriggled, letting her breasts provide the show. She looked confident and determined, as if ready to seduce every man and woman in the audience.

Even at this time of day, barely after lunch, the place had at least twenty patrons.

I skirted past a hostess who was topless and wearing the tightest satin shorts that left nothing to the imagination. She deftly balanced the tray of drinks in a twirl as she dodged me. She was very young. College, maybe? No older than that.

I knocked twice on the door.

An annoyed growl said in its best Star Trek imitation, "Come."

I stepped inside and shut the door.

A burly man with slicked hair and tattoos was signing papers and shoving them in an outbox. His eyes flicked up at me. "You're not a reporter." It was not a question.

"No..."

"Take off your blouse and let's see 'em."

"Uh..."

He looked up wearily and set the papers aside. "You're here for a job, right?"

"Well, yes..."

"Let's see what you've got. Tits or get the fuck out." He wasn't being rude, his impression was nothing except efficient honesty.

I removed my blouse and bra, though I hesitated on the bra. I felt the heat in my face.

His eyes checked my breasts – that's the only way I can describe it. They didn't linger and his expression did not change. He had seen a zillion boobs and mine were just another set of potential assets.

His lips quirked to the side. "Strip down; let's see if the rest of the package matches the top."

"I was told I could do amateur and only show my breasts?"

He was nodding already halfway through my question. His hand made hurry-up motions. "Yes, yes. But if you're going to wear shorts I don't want our customers seeing cellulite. Off with the jeans. Hurry up."

I felt like an insect.

I removed them, my face burning bright and hot.

Fortunately, he did not ask me to remove my panties.

He nodded with disinterest. "You'll do, but not for a job. We have two versions of amateur showings. One is a free for all on Friday night. You won't be in that one. We have a nightly one hour amateur peek and circulate to give our dancers a break. You can try that. The bunch of you get up on the stage topless and show your stuff. Then you circulate. Some customers might ask for a feel. Men and women. You get tips and they're all yours. We don't hire you, employ you, pay insurance on you, provide social security contributions, handle your taxes, or any of that shit. Do you have a problem with any of that?"

"N-no."

"Show up tonight or tomorrow or whenever. Check in with Bruce at the door and he'll tell you where to go." He was already looking down at more papers. "Now

go."

I dressed hurriedly, holding back tears. The man had been efficient, but incredibly insensitive. I left his office without any further words between us.

I pushed past Bruce and out the door to the parking lot. I took a deep breath in the outside air and trembled. The music had become blissfully muted with the shutting of the heavy door.

Could I ever go back in there?

My shoulders shook as sobs took over. I covered my face and cried.

"Are you okay?" A male voice, concerned and curious.

I looked up, expecting a cop come to arrest me or some detective making a deep file on my habits.

A balding man stood there looking genuinely sympathetic and somewhat nervous. He looked between me and the door.

I said, "Don't let me stop you—"

"No, that's all right. This is... my... first time here. Are you okay?"

I blew out air I was trying to hold in and blurted, "I can't go back in there. Not even for the money." I wiped at my nose and mouth and his eyes narrowed on my wedding ring.

He grew serious and quiet. After a moment, he asked, "This was your first time in there, too?"

I nodded. "A waitress told me I could make two hundred a night... but I can't. I just can't."

"You're married?"

I nodded again and looked down.

His tone picked up a hesitant curiosity. "Would you... like to go for some coffee? Talk about it?"

That sounded great, but he had come here for the shows. "I can't. I don't want to interrupt your..." I indicated the door helplessly.

He scoffed immediately. "Like I said, I've never been in there. I'd much rather sit and have some coffee with you."

I considered his demeanor and decided he was being genuine. "Okay..." I nodded my assent.

CHAPTER 21

Vivienne

We introduced ourselves on the way into the diner. His name was Ken.

Slowly, I realized I had begun feeling a little more secure about my predicament. The sense of loss retreated a little and I felt as if there was an invisible cocoon out in the world watching out for displaced wives.

We sat and ordered coffee.

His hands on the table, I noticed he wore a wedding ring, too.

I indicated his ring and touched my own. "Are we both on the outs?"

His chuckle was lamentable. "I guess you could say that. Stuck with someone who doesn't..." He shook his head and made a dismissive gesture.

"Love you?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I guess she does in her own way."

"What's her name?"

He seemed surprised at my question. "Maggie." A troubled cloud passed over his eyes.

"My husband is Eddie. I guess... we're fighting." It was a lie, but I'm sure this guy didn't want me dumping all my problems on him if he had his own.

He lost his foggy look and studied my face. "A woman as pretty as you? What in the world would you be fighting over?" He placed a hand on mine. "No, don't

answer that if you don't want to, but understand that I'll be a sympathetic ear if you do."

I blushed fast, feeling the need to be at least partly honest with him.

I accepted my coffee from the waitress and waited until she was safely out of hearing range. I leaned over my cup.

He imitated me, ready to listen.

I mentally prepared myself, then said, "We were drinking, you see, and..."

He waited, his eyes encouraging. I decided I liked him.

I said, "He kept pushing me to be friendly. To tease. I think he got carried away and he wanted me to show my..." I indicated them, "...to our neighbor."

He didn't look shocked.

"I was drunk. All three of us were. Things got a little out of hand and Bill – our neighbor – ended up... Well, we ended up..."

Ken whispered, "You... guys did it?"

I nodded, lips pursed to hold back the utterance of guilt. "But my husband urged me on the entire time. Told me to do it. But afterwards, he was all pissed off. So here I am."

He sat up a little straighter, head turned slightly to the side as if to hear me better out of one ear. "It was... fun while it was happening? But then he got mad when it was all over?"

I nodded. "When we sobered up, he suddenly turned around and said it wasn't going to happen ever again."

"Did that disappoint you?"

I looked down at my coffee to hide my struggle. "Well, yes... I had felt like something... special had opened up. Like it was an opportunity to see something new in me. Does that make any sense?" I looked up into his eyes, searching for

his support and understanding.

He was smiling. "It certainly does." He shook his head and looked away.

Alarmed, I asked, "What?"

"Nothing..." His eyes shifted to me and had a twinkle in them. "I guess... I just wish... it had been me."

I didn't get it. "You? With Bill?"

He sat back and laughed, a little too hard. "No, no. With you." He rubbed at his brow and tried to hide his blush. "Your neighbor was lucky."

I felt warmth suffuse my limbs for the first time today. "Oh, thank you."

"I'm sorry, I can't help it; you're beautiful, and..."

It was my turn to be embarrassed. "My husband doesn't think so."

He shook his head. "He doesn't understand what he's missing. Or the opportunity he's passing up."

"What opportunity?"

He answered as if it were obvious. "To share you. One man can't keep you all to himself. And I definitely would've been happy to be that extra man."

I couldn't stop my smile at his flattery and compliment. "Really? You would've?"

He nodded. "Is there any... hope... he'll change his mind?"

I looked away and picked up my cup. "I don't know."

"You need to try. Maybe I can help you. Give you support." He pulled out his phone and slid it to me. "Exchange numbers?"

I didn't want to tell him it wasn't as easy as just an argument – that I had been kicked out.

He said, "Maybe we can work on your husband together. I can be your secret

source of advice."

He was assuming I was still with him. I said, "It wouldn't be better if we divorced...?"

"Is that what you want?"

I shook my head emphatically.

He leaned over his cup again. "Then you need to go back to him and work this all out. You need to stress how much you love him." His hand reached over and rested on mine again, and stayed there.

I sighed wearily, wondering how I would work that miracle out.

He looked around and asked, "Do you... want to come over? My house is about five minutes from here."

My body responded with "yes" before my mind could catch up.

CHAPTER 22

Eddie

Work was even more of a grind than before. Weighing heavier on my mind was the whole fiasco of my private life.

Why had I gotten so drunk? Had I been struck stupid by booze? Was I really so weak that I had actually promoted what had happened?

I couldn't avoid the inevitable because the memory haunted me every damned second of the day. No, I could not duck or dodge my conscience.

I had promoted what had happened.

I had even cheered her on.

What was she supposed to think?

And now I viewed her as tainted because I had participated in encouraging her to do something she had never done before.

Really, it was my fault, not hers.

And that was what really got me.

The memories of her flooded back: all the caring; the cuddling; the sympathy; the understanding. What I had experienced with her through our marriage had been as close to perfection as I could want.

She had been my love, my wife.

And I had kicked her to the curb for doing what I had basically ordered her to

do.

No, I wasn't being fair in any of this.

As a man, I could not look myself in the mirror and tell myself it had been her fault. I had opened the door. I had pushed her through. And I had the blind audacity to place the blame on her? Had she not done what I had suggested as I might have expected a good wife to do?

Even Bill had shown he was a better man. Accepting first my suggestion to go further with Viv, and then to stop when I suggested it was all a mistake. Gracious, scrawny Bill. I had wronged him, too.

What a mess.

Growing in me was a seed sprouting out tendrils of truth. The condemnation was on me and me alone. If I had not suggested her being sexually open during a drunken bout, none of this would be like it was.

She would still be at home being a wife to me.

Preparing my favorite dinners for my birthday.

The memory of the bowl in the fridge with its perfectly arranged preparations made me choke up. Despite the fact she had some man visit, she had taken the time and care and love to make...

I clenched my fists at my desk.

Options and hedge funds were an annoyance. Retirement funds were an inconvenient irritation right now.

I had to fix this. Somehow.

I began practicing ways to talk to her. I would go home and call her cell phone and... talk.

I had to.

I would do it; my mind made up. In between data entries and file transfers,

mixed among the necessary perusals of differing funds of insurance and energy, I began to consider how best to approach this with my wife.

Yes, my wife.

Don't despair, Viv. I'll talk to you tonight. Trust me and don't give up.

CHAPTER 23

Vivienne

Ken pounded his thick cock into my pussy and kissed my mouth as passionately as Eddie ever had. I clung to him, giving back everything he was giving me because I had lost so much with my husband.

His house was clean and orderly – a woman's touch evident in everything about it: the care of the pillows on their bedspread; the careful dusting of the lamps on both nightstands; the careful way the bathroom was organized in his and hers areas of the wide counter.

I could see Maggie here, applying her feminine touch to the entire house she shared with Ken.

But right now, it was me he plowed with passion. There was something right about the whole thing. As his cock drove into me, we both shared something that was special, even if just for today: we were both married.

If I was a cheater, so was he. And yet, I knew he didn't hate his wife – not like my husband hated me. So if we cheated, it was a closed session of sharing that included no disrespect of others.

Ken was a talker, too. While he pounded me hard, deep, and fast, he asked, "Your husband doesn't make love to you like this, does he?"

"No..."

He grinned with pleasure. "I don't do it with Maggie like this, either." He pushed deep and slid his length in and out of me as if he had never had such good sex. "You feel amazing."

I asked eagerly, "I do?" I humped my hips up at him.

He fucked me harder, driving that tension in me to the breaking point, but then he slowed.

I was almost there! I looked at him quizzically.

He pleaded, "Please tell me we can do this again. Tell me we can make this a habit - an addiction."

"Really?"

He closed his eyes and slid his shaft slowly in and out. He sighed with heavenly gratification. "Yes. I'm hooked already. I want us to share a secret. I want to feel your pussy on my cock as often as we can."

I was floored by his flattery. Me? Really?

He sped up and I relaxed to enjoy the sensation of being filled by the cock of a married man. It was different than with Bill, Mario, or Stoney. With Ken, I was indeed sharing a secret with him.

From his wife.

Hoping I might find a place to stay, I asked, "If your wife found out, she'd move out?"

He stopped completely. "Oh yeah. She can't ever find out."

"If she did, I could be around... a lot more..." I could move in.

"No, no... It's best if you just come over when you're free. Keep it safe and secret. We can be married lovers and give each other the satisfaction we're missing..."

Despite my hopes being dashed to find a place to crash, I liked the sound of it. "You want to... keep fucking me?"

He groaned happily and slid his erection fully in and held it there. "Yes, forever."

Filled to the hilt with his manhood, I clenched on his hardness. He was giving

me what he had promised to the woman named Maggie that he had married. He was giving me a special gift that no unmarried man could give. He was sharing with me something forbidden and good.

It would be our secret.

I decided that I would be the woman that satisfied his fantasy. Yes, it was the perfect sharing. It wasn't just me that was giving away something special, it was both of us. The perfection of the sharing was beautiful and meant so much more.

Yes, I would come over again, wherever I settled. And yet, that looming separation threatened to soil what Ken and I were experiencing. Would it be the same when Eddie finally divorced me?

For right now, though, I was still married. So was Ken. It was still perfect. The tension wound up inside me tighter with each shove of Ken's married cock. I loved it. Not because I was stealing something from Maggie. If anything, I was helping her. I was supplementing her care and love for him by agreeing to exchange the deepest of gifts.

I felt a kinship to her and I had never met her. I wanted to help her by feeling her husband shoot his cum into me. I wouldn't just be sharing my gift with him, but with both of them at the same time – even if she didn't know it.

You can put me on your Christmas card list, Maggie. Thank me later...

His hips worked with frantic effort and sent me spinning higher with an easy joy. My wedding ring on his skin. His on mine.

Flawless. Faultless. Matchless.

I cried out with the instant twist and release of all that built-up sexual strain. It was a good, deep release that pulsed throughout my body, lifting me and dropping me in a sensual embrace of accomplishment. It wasn't a hard one, or a great one. It was a satisfying finish.

Not as good as I had experienced with Bill. Maybe even a little less than Mario. Possibly the same as with Stoney. But this was much more fulfilling inside in other ways, even if the physical euphoria was diminished.

I realized my grasp as my pussy pulsed with pleasure: something was different in a decreased way. The physical high wasn't reaching as high. Each coupling so far wasn't reaching the pinnacles I had felt when this had all started.

Was the newness wearing off?

I mentally groped at the otherwise better connection with Ken. Was I feeling better in other ways because Ken was married? It wasn't so much a matter of respect – Bill had been almost worshipful. His gratitude was tangible. Even more so than Ken, so far.

Ken panted, "I can cum in you?"

I nodded with as much careful encouragement I could muster. "Yes, please..."

He closed his eyes in relief and thrust in and out deep and slow. On his furthest reach, he would hold it there and press, his cock flexing in preparation inside me.

My pussy took his length all the way in. I clamped on him when his cock flexed and filled me. I squeezed his manhood with my pussy and silently thanked Ken and Maggie both for this wonderful gift.

This was so much better than doing it with a single man. I wondered where I could find a place that married men might gather.

Church?

I could develop a stable of husbands who would fuck me and fulfill my lust.

The ultimate fantasy.

Ken froze and I felt his cock thicken and harden even further inside of me. He grunted, then humped his hips with desperation. His cock filled me fully.

I groaned with the surge of tickles and felt his cum coat my canal with his release.

A beautiful gift.

CHAPTER 24

Vivienne

What had happened?

So much satisfaction had soured into so much emptiness.

I left his home with the promise to return – to take his calls. To meet him when available. I wanted that. I craved it even as it seemed to slip from my fingers.

I had nowhere to go.

Would Bill take me in for a night or two? Would I have to swing my tits in front of strange men for tips?

I couldn't go back there; it just wasn't me.

I took a call on my cell with trepidation when it announced an incoming call from... my husband.

"Hello?" Certainly, I expected something procedural, such as: come get more of your things; papers have been drawn up; we need to talk about splitting the household...

"Vivienne?" He never called me that.

My face hardened with rocky resignation that things were just going to get worse. My voice held none of the solidity as my expression. "Yes?"

He sighed on the other end. "C-come home and... talk."

"Talk about what?" I didn't want to be screamed at and told what a horrible

person I was – even if I was.

"About me... us."

Was he sounding contrite? Subdued, certainly. I marveled and raised my eyebrows, though he couldn't see it. I was sitting in my car, doing nothing but pondering my future. Would this talk be another nail in the coffin of my future? "I thought you didn't want me around? I smelled bad, or something."

He sighed again, more forcefully. "Please?"

I wasn't sure what I was walking into, but I said, "All right."

Get it over with. Do it and see what he has to say. Learn from it if he devolves into a screaming rage – then never come back.

"I'll be home at six."

"Okay." I tapped off.

Feeling Ken's cum soaking me, I resolved to get cleaned up first. If my husband didn't think Ken's cum was the ultimate gift, then I probably shouldn't have it dripping out of me. I needed to wash my face and fix my hair, too.

I used a restaurant restroom and inquired after about a job: they weren't hiring.

My life spun out of my reach. I had been a good wife – loyal and faithful. I had administered our nest for him with care and devotion. At his suggestion, I had done something that threw all of that to the wind.

I was twisting now, with no direction or hope. Having relented and given my husband what he wanted, I had thrown my future overboard and abandoned it.

Even if the new experience was enriching, was it worth it? I should have pinched my face up and denied Eddie. I had done what he wanted and I was the slut for doing it.

Life ruined.

Was there any further point to trying?

Ken didn't want me – not that way.

Bill wouldn't have me – too honorable.

Mario wanted to dominate me – not for me.

Stoney wanted extra pussy – and a reason to fart.

The one man I truly loved – Eddie – was sick of me.

It wasn't my fault.

It wasn't fair.

Why did I get the shaft and no one else?

I drove home at six. The street felt different as if it were watching – as if everyone who lived there was watching.

Laughing.

Shaking their heads in derision.

I was not upbeat.

The little yap-dog next door yapped ferociously at my approach. It shook on its little stick legs as it tried to sound and look vicious. Its little eyes were bugged out hysterically and it gnashed its teeth in a frenzy.

It was almost as if the little turd knew I didn't belong anymore.

I knocked on the door, despite a wall of certainty that I should even bother. My three raps faltered and the third was weak. I entertained a flash desire to flee. I looked towards my car on the street as the door opened.

Eddie looked at me intently, lips firmed.

Damn it, I knew I shouldn't have come. I rolled my eyes at my stupidity.

He invited me in by backing up, though, creating a void that seemed to suck me in.

I took a hesitant step inside. "Is this just going to be a bitch-out session? Because I have other places to be—"

"No, it's not. Please, come in."

I didn't know what he was playing at, but I came in. The house felt familiar and wrong. All the effort and it comes to this. Wasted. Useless.

He shut the door.

I folded my arms.

He indicated the couch. "Sit."

I did and he sat on the sofa, too, a little away from me. He turned towards me, his right knee resting up on the cushion and keeping a safe obstacle between us.

He scratched nervously and said, "I had... words prepared." He shook his head. "I've forgotten how I was going to say it."

"How awful I am?" Even disgusted with it all, I tried to help him jog his memory. Ever faithful spouse.

"No, not that. I wanted to say it was my fault and I was wrong."

I huffed in frustration. "That's... just great. Wonderful. Couldn't you tell a therapist this?"

"I wanted to tell you. I wanted you to know I don't blame you. I... can't."

"That doesn't change what happened, Eddie."

"No, it doesn't. I have to live with that, but..."

I folded my arms again and sat back. Is this some masculine demonstration of how perfect you are because I'm so flawed?

He looked at me patiently and pointedly, and said, "I want to make our marriage work."

I sat, stunned, and chewed over his words. "Make it work?"

"Maybe that sound wrong. I don't want to force anything. I want us to be together. To work together to—"

"You're kidding? I thought you—"

"No, I'm not. I really want to be your husband. For you to be my wife."

I just sat there, looking at him. I just couldn't fathom what to say. So many questions ran through my head. How would we get over what had happened? Would he ever forgive me? Would he ever love me again?

He hung his head and said, "I'm sorry about all this. I really am."

CHAPTER 25

Eddie

She gave in.

I was surprised and instantly wondering if I had made the right move. Was I going to be able to truly forgive her? Despite it all being my fault, would I ever be able to touch her again?

The one thing that bothered me was that I was no longer able to sit naked in my own home and jack my dick like a real man.

Like the neighbor.

I had to return to the dutiful husband who was so manly he never touched his dick.

I ended up touching it anyway, in the shower. I got quite good at using the running water and stroking myself to finish. I had to do something – she was sleeping in the guest bedroom.

Weeks passed.

We moved around each other warily, but I felt as if the worst was passed. Slowly, we grew easier around each other.

She didn't speak of other men or what might have happened the few days she had been gone. She had good days and normal days. The good days, she glowed.

I suspected she had met someone while she had been out of the house. Early on, we determined that Mario was out of the picture. She also had blocked his number.

So some other guy had access to her. Her ear? Was he a convenient friend to hear her troubles? Or did he have more?

That she might actually have another man on the side while we patched things together kept me from getting close to her. Still, no matter what the circumstances, I was determined to make this work. I wanted her back. I wanted my wife back.

She was in the home, as before, but a gulf of some size still separated us. Despite that, she was as devoted as before. She managed the house perfectly and always presented me with meals prepared with all the care and concern only Vivienne could have.

She was perfect.

Except for my suspicion.

That little detail provoked an aggravating doubt that haunted my days and nights. Worse, the doubt grew. I didn't doubt our marriage at all; I saw her effort. I saw her attentive participation in our goal of repairing our marriage. But the doubt grew anyway because I sensed sometimes the aura of sex about her.

Who was it?

That question plagued my morning showers. I jacked my dick angrily, wondering who had my wife's daytime attention. I came by the house a couple times a week and spied.

I never saw anything.

No man. No lesbian woman. No visitors.

Sometimes she was there. Sometimes she was gone.

Was she going somewhere?

Despite my growing aggravation, I could tell we were becoming close again. We both started sharing small laughter sometimes. We watched movies together. We sat closer.

Through it all, she was silent about anything extra-curricular. She offered nothing. At the same time, she proved to me that she was my wife. She was the same Viv as before, just with something extra.

Could I get over whatever it was?

I had opened that door and caused that change. Could I adapt to what I had done and give back to her the kind of devotion our marriage required?

I felt duty-bound to try.

Time eased much of that struggle. We just naturally grew back together.

Still, though, the aggravation grew. My masturbation became incessant and furious in the shower. I don't know how a psychologist would have classified my behavior, but it built until I began having sexual thoughts about Viv.

I wanted her again, though I was afraid things still weren't right.

During the day at work, I sat at my desk and wondered if she was meeting someone. When I did that, my body would tense and my fists clench. My dick would ache to be touched – begging for the angry release I gave it every morning.

When I saw her at the end of the day, I melted. I knew I loved her. I knew she loved me: I could see it in her eyes. She wanted this to work and she was patient in her efforts. She made my dinners, did my laundry, and offered not a peep of complaint. No new independence asserted itself in our natural, married power structure.

But there was that something...

Something extra.

CHAPTER 26

Vivienne

I had found my comfort zone.

Or so I had thought.

Weeks had passed into months since I had come back home. I think my husband grew to love me again. I gave him everything I had but not because I tried. No, I didn't even have to try. It came natural – my love for him.

I wanted to touch him, but I figured he would know when the time was right. I refrained from hugging him. I did not suggest or hint. It was a big thing one night when his thigh touched mine as we watched a movie.

He did not recoil.

That was a huge step - a victory that shocked me with how long we had gone without that close contact of simple intimacy.

I wanted him to be certain. I wanted my Eddie to be comfortable. I wanted him to tell me when things were right.

I was his wife; I submitted to whatever he thought was our schedule of marital repair. I wanted more, but I waited. It had to be right for him, too.

I was comfortable with this because I had Ken to go see. I felt good that we were both married and shared our secrets between us. He needed something extra his wife couldn't give him. I stepped in for that. He provided me with something I yearned for: the feel of cock in my pussy that wasn't supposed to be there. There was nothing emotional about it, except that he and I appreciated each other.

He would never leave his wife; he loved her. I would never leave Eddie – at least, I definitely didn't want to. I wouldn't leave him because I loved him. I just had the itch that begged scratching – that need to hold onto the thrill of cheating.

I walked into Ken's house on a Friday afternoon. We had fucked for months.

I was... unsettled.

As was my habit, my eyes wandered to the mantle where a picture of Ken and Maggie and their three children sat. I could see the happiness there. I could feel the love. She loved Ken like I loved Eddie.

And it disturbed me.

Ken was brusque and demanding, as usual. "Get in the bedroom." His tone said he wanted sex, right now. It never ceased to raise a thrill in me.

That's where the unsettled feeling came into play with the whole situation. I loved being with Ken. He was strong, confident, and his cock was married to someone else. My pussy was married to someone else. It was perfect. Except...

Except that the thrill I had felt so strongly with Bill, and then Mario, and later on Ken at first, was receding away from me like the tides of the ocean.

Exposing... barrenness. Those waters of excitement took away everything and left behind a blank landscape of sand that held little interest.

That euphoria was gone.

In my mind, I definitely enjoyed what I was doing with Ken. But the climactic thrill had dwindled to nothing.

I went into his bedroom and stripped fast. Practiced now, I knew what to do and what he wanted.

He mounted me from behind with a single thrust. I was wet for him, as usual. His cock slid right in and filled me with that now familiar stuffed feeling that I adored.

He pressed all the way in and pushed so that we both moved forward. I went

with it, connected to him at the hips by his impaling erection. I clamped on him and squeezed. It felt wonderful to have his cock in me and I closed my eyes and sighed deeply.

Forty-nine times we had fucked. If I came over again, we would hit fifty. And yet, there was that big if. He was married and loved her. I still kept coming. It hadn't seemed to matter at first, but now...

He grabbed my hair and pulled back.

I gritted my teeth as his hips crashed against mine.

He fucked me hard, like usual. His cock was the perfect piston in my pussy and the slapping sounds of his passion filled the bedroom. He fucked me where they slept.

Where his devoted wife dreamed next to him, comfortable in her bedroom.

He grunted, "Are you my married slut?"

"Yes."

"You love cheating on your husband with me?"

"Yes." I waited a few seconds and slapping thrusts, "Do you like cheating on your wife with me?" I had never asked him before; I had simply gone with whatever he had suggested.

He groaned loud, his cock swelling. Then he cried out, hammering my pussy hard. My words had hit his secret spot and thrown him over the edge. He blasted my pussy with his orgasm. He cried out, "Yes! I love fucking you. Right here where she sleeps." He grunted hard and crammed his erection deep into me. "Oh fuck..."

It was good. It was so good, I almost came.

It was bad. It was so seminal at that particular point, that my orgasm receded away – far away.

I... felt... for Maggie. Whoever she was. Whatever her personality. She could be

a bitch for all I knew or cared, and yet...

The picture of them on the mantle swam through my mind like an Olympic athlete. There was happiness there. I was an impediment of sorts to that – a tumor on the marriage of a happy couple.

I was hurting Maggie and she didn't even know it. If she had known Ken needed to sow his oats, this might have produced within me a different reaction. But she didn't. She blindly provided him a home and he held secrets from her.

The worst secrets.

Well, I don't know. He might have been a closeted gay.

Or was this worse?

Wasn't this worse?

If he had been gay, Maggie would not ultimately be threatened. She was fine as a woman but her husband had homosexual tendencies. In this case, he was having a hetero-affair and that directly challenged Maggie's femininity and womanhood. This directly implied she wasn't good enough.

Whereas I knew my husband was good enough and I cheated on him for the sake of the cheating thrill, Ken and Maggie were a different cut of cloth. He cheated on her because he thought she wasn't giving him what he needed.

A subtle difference.

A difference that made all the difference.

Ken panted, "Sorry, that was fast." He pulled his dripping dick out of me. "You want me to finger you?"

At least he was considerate.

There was no way I was going to finish; too much was going through my mind. "No, that's okay." I gave him a reassuring smile. "I have a toy and some porn at home I was really looking forward to." It was a lie, but I knew he'd swallow it.

He looked amused. "Ah, okay."

I grabbed up my clothes and dressed.

He reclined, watching me while he toyed with his thick cock. "Monday?"

I straightened my blouse with a Jean-Luc Picard tug. "I don't know, Ken. Things are changing at home. I think I won't be coming over any more."

His face melted into shock. "Wait, wait, wait..."

I turned and walked out of the bedroom.

He followed, calling after me. "I thought we were good together?"

I turned at the front door and glanced at the mantle and the picture. "We are. We were. I think it's best this way." I touched his chin. "I'm going to devote myself to my husband." Like Maggie devotes herself to you. Take the hint, Ken.

"But..."

I left.

EPILOGUE

Vivienne

I had almost done it. I had almost been human and wrecked everything like a total fuck-up.

Pardon my French.

I had relaxed my standards – my limits – and went along with Eddie. In the process, I had almost lost it all. At the last instant, I reached back for the safety and security of the one true thing I knew: my marriage to my husband.

I wouldn't be a Maggie. I didn't want to be a Maggie. I owed it to her not to put her in a place I didn't want to be. Neither did I want to make my husband a Maggie – cucked and insulted.

I owed him more than that.

Eddie had taken me back in and given me his trust. I felt his love, and yet I was rewarding him with my pursuit of the thrill of cheating? It had been good. No, in fact it had been great.

But...

I went home from Ken's and prepared dinner for my man.

I would never again cheat on my husband. Not just because the thrill had dissipated. Not just because my desperate search for that initial thrill had been fruitless. Not just because of Maggie.

No, I would never cheat on my husband again because he deserved respect.

"Viv?"

I turned in surprise. He was home early. I felt his tentative reach – a finger of his self that wanted more with me. I smiled with the warmth I felt for him. "Yes?"

He looked torn and fidgety. His eyes darted all over the place. "I uh... Do you want to... go into the bedroom?" His eyebrows shifted upwards and he attempted a mangled smile.

Poor guy is probably horny as all heck after three months... I hesitated only a second; I still had Ken's cum in me. But I wanted to be with my husband. I wanted to give him what he wanted. I wanted to be his wife. My smile erupted with delight. "Why, yes."

He puffed out a sigh, audibly. "Great..." His body and limbs were shaking. Yes, he was definitely hot and horny.

I followed Eddie into the bedroom. I remembered it for not having slept in it as if I were looking back at a home I no longer owned.

He was undressing. A little reminiscent of Ken's eagerness.

That was my cue, and I shed my clothes as fast as I had earlier for the other man.

He came to me and hugged me naked. Our mouths met in our first kiss in... too long. My nipples hardened. My pussy moistened... more. His familiar touch and scent made me want to wrap him onto me like a favorite coat.

He was mine.

I was his.

He settled me back onto the bed and began to lower his head. I definitely did not want him to do that. Not right now. Not until I had showered away that evidence. "No, come up here, please. It's been too long..."

He didn't blink or hesitate. Instead, he laughed. "Okay, that's fine. I don't think I can stand waiting anyway."

Then he was on me, sliding his cock – my promised cock – into me. "Mmm,

you're wet."

I was overjoyed at the feeling of the cock I had gone so long without. I was blown away by the rush of emotions that swept over me at the welcome intimacy we shared. I gasped, "I've wanted you..."

He was panting harshly and just staying still. His cock flexed over and over inside me. "Wow... I've missed this..."

I gave an abrupt laugh. "Me too." I raised my hips up towards him.

His eyes bulged out and I went still to avoid finishing him so fast. He breathed for a moment and then said, "I've been stroking my dick like a teenager, recently."

I felt a little neglected that he found better times with his hand. "Was it good?"

"No, not as good as this. I just..."

I stroked his shoulder. "I understand."

He pumped a few times and relaxed. He began again and worked up a rhythm, but his face looked troubled.

I asked him gently, "What's wrong?" I wanted everything to be right. I wanted him happy.

He looked away, fast, then back to me. "We never really talked about..."

"About what?"

He stopped moving, but not in anger or frustration. He stopped because his mouth had fallen open as if he were on the edge. He was: his cock twitched over and over inside me. He slowly relaxed again and he sighed. He said, "About the other men."

I went cold.

He missed it. He moved a little and stopped again, as if having made up his mind he should be still for whatever he wanted to talk about.

You're on the edge, but want to talk about...? I was perplexed.

He gasped, "Were they good?"

"What do you mean?" I really didn't want to insult him by answering.

"I want... I'd like to..."

"What?"

My husband closed his eyes and stayed still until the tension drained away. He really was on the edge of finishing. He said, "I want to know..."

"Know what?"

He chuckled ruefully and shook his head. "I guess I'm curious. I want to know everything." He moved his hips again, thrusting his erection into me with a couple of good, hard pushes.

"Like what?"

"Well... did any of them have bigger cocks than me?"

"Bigger?"

He nodded, eyes shining with intensity.

I was appalled. Should I tell him? I wanted to be honest with him, though. I wanted our marriage strong on trust and truth. "Well... there was a married guy..."

"What was his name?"

"Ken."

He closed his eyes and went still. He let out a very tense breath. "And... he had a bigger cock?"

I nodded.

"Was it good?"

"The sex...?"

"Yes."

I nodded slowly again. "Yes."

He groaned. "You... liked his big cock in your pussy?" He was barely understandable due to his frenzied panting.

"Uh... y-yes, it was fun."

His eyes bugged out and then squeezed shut. He began hammering his cock into me with a vicious and lustful effort. He cried out, very loud. His tone held all the defeat of someone surrendering but at the same time victorious with the embrasure of something new.

His cum squirted hotly into my pussy, adding to Ken's still there. His entire body strained and vibrated with excitement and release. "Oh yes, yes! So good. So... very... good."

I was still frozen in shock.

His mouth came down on mine and reinforced with passion his love and approval.

Thank you for reading Broken!

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