

But Why Him Pt 7 (unrevised)

“It’s another beautiful day outside, perfect for a day to the beach, or relaxing by a pool.” The forecaster on the radio said. “But be aware that a thunderstorm is coming in overnight and will stay throughout most of the day tomorrow.”

Paige shut the radio off as she pulled into the driveway. The grocery store was practically empty this Thursday morning, just as she hoped. She did notice a young worker staring at her chest, but she can’t blame him for that. She didn’t get a tad turned-on knowing she was being watched, reminded her of the early days of this game she was playing.

She stepped out into the warm summer sun, knowing she had to enjoy days like this while she could. School days were fast approaching, and with it her days in the sun would be replaced with days behind a desk. She didn’t mind too much; she did mostly enjoy teaching. But she might just miss the company that came along with the sunbathing.

Paige was surprised when she turned around and did not see Hank standing there looking for some. They had spent most of Monday and Tuesday having fun together. Neither of them could get enough of the fantastic sex they made together. Paige wouldn’t admit it, but Hank knew just how to activate her body. It was thrilling and terrifying how he could control her.

She would sending teasing texts and pictures to David between sessions. He would get so incredibly excited, and by the time he got home he would throw himself at Paige. Paige finally had to tell both men she needed a day off on Wednesday, which both begrudgingly agreed to.

Paige hadn’t told David about Hank having his way in their bedroom. It was a mistake, one she wouldn’t let happen again. She made sure to keep her bedroom door closed Tuesday and had everything she needed already set out. She had washed the sheets and blankets before David got home, so he never suspected a thing.

She knew it was wrong to hold that secret, but she didn’t want to ruin her husband’s fantasy with her callous behaviour. It was a one off or so she hoped. Hank had a way of getting what he wanted and Paige was fearful if he caught her in a compromised situation again.

As she stepped inside, Paige began to think about those stupid words she had said in the heat of the moment. She hadn’t told David about the “I love you”, nor had she discussed it with Hank. But the smirk he kept giving her, made her aware that he was thinking about. It was a slip of the tongue, but Paige wasn’t sure if she meant it or not. As much as she wanted to pretend it was just sex, she couldn’t separate her feelings from it.

After finishing putting the groceries away, she decided to give Hank a call. After a day off, she was definitely ready to get some action, and figured Hank would be ready for more, too. Plus she could tease David, which would only lead to more incredible sex later. For Paige it was a win-win.

“Hey, where are you?” She asked as soon as he picked up.

“Haha... someone’s eager.” He laughed. “But unfortunately I can’t, I’m busy helping a friend.”

“Oh...” Paige disappointedly replied.

“Don’t fret, princess.” Hank answered. “How about you bring that pretty little ass over to my place tonight, I’ll cook us some dinner and we’ll see where the night goes.”

“Sounds like a plan.” She responded knowing how much of a tease these dates are to David.

David felt exhausted as he walked up their front steps. His boss had thrown down some expense reports to him at the end of the day, meaning he had to work overtime to check through them. He was glad Paige had taken a couple days off, he needed a relaxing night. He wasn’t sure he could get it up right now even if she had teased him. A quiet night of dinner and some TV was what he was looking forward to.

But when he stepped inside he saw Paige fixing her hair in-front of the mirror. She had on a skimpy bright, red dress, her breasts were quite prominently featured in the outfit. She had obviously done her makeup as if she going out; smoky eye shadow, blush, and red lipstick to match her dress. While she looked incredible, David felt only more exhausted by the thought of going back out.

“Hey, babe. Going out tonight?” He asked looking her as she fixed herself in the mirror.

“Wouldn’t you like to know.” She said with a smirk that said it all.

“Oh... I thought maybe we could have a nice, quiet night in.” He replied, putting his bag down as Paige sauntered towards him.

“Is that really what you want?” She asked reaching down and cupping his hardening cock.

“Mmm...” He groaned her gentle hand on him hard to resist.

“Cause it seems like that’s not what you want.” She responded.

David fell silent as Paige retracted her hand with a smirk. He watched as she grabbed a coat before sauntering outside into the night. David knew he should have stopped, just had a normal night in with his wife. But his tired mind didn’t seem to put up a fight at all, he just gave right in to his fantasy.

“Huh.” He exhaled as he turned away from the door to go scourge for some food.

Paige eagerly walked over to Hank’s house moving quickly as she saw the storm clouds rolling in. She was excited about her night in with Hank, more than excited than she ought to be. But she was pent up from a day and half off, and anticipating what Hank, and David afterwards, would do with her.

As she walked up his front steps, she couldn’t hide the smile on her face. She knew she was in store for a fun night, Hank was a surprisingly good guy once she broke through his rough exterior. He no doubt had planned a romantic night with her. Part of her wanted to skip right to sex, but a part of her enjoyed the romantic tension with Hank. It was like a new relationship, there’s always excitement at the prospects of what this could become. As she strode up his front walkway, she shut her phone off, not wanting any distractions.

Hank was just cutting some vegetables as Paige knocked at his front door. Hank grinned as he quickly walked towards the door. He wondered if he should try to fuck Paige raw tonight, he knew she was close to breaking. But he didn’t want to push it, not yet. He had more prepping to do with her.

“Evening, princess.” He said with a gigantic grin as he saw Paige looking as sexy as ever.

“Hey, Hank.” She replied. “I’ve been looking forward to tonight.” She said as she stepped into his house, Hank shutting the door behind her.

They shared a brief kiss, sensual in nature like two lovers would share. “I’ve been excited as well. I was just prepping dinner for us.” Hank told her, his hands smoothly moving to her lower back as he guided her towards the kitchen.

Hank had the dimmer lights down low, highlighting the dark wood found throughout his kitchen. It a rustic feel to it; like a modern wood cabin, somehow both futuristic and antique.

“Great. How can I help?” She asked, feeling the warmth of Hank’s hand.

“Oh no. No princess of mine needs to help in the kitchen.” He told her.

“You know, I’m more than just a pretty face, Hank.” She responded.

“I know, but let me pamper you, tonight.” He replied. “So, take seat and enjoy the wine as I cook you the best steak you’ll ever have.”

Paige couldn’t hold back the smile as she sat down at the island counter. It had been a while since she had been pampered. Her relationship with David had long ago passed the point where he would pamper her. It’s not that she craved it in any way, but it was nice to be spoiled every so often.

“So, you sound pretty confident in your steak.” She noted as he poured her a glass of red wine.

“I have a lifetime of experience perfecting the art of the steak.” He told as he placed the glass down in front of her.

“You sound so pretentious right now.” Paige laughed at his confident demeanour.

“Laugh all you want, but I guarantee anyone who eats my steak will want to sleep with me.” He declared as he pulled the meat out of the fridge.

“Haha... you’re ridiculous.” She responded before taking a sip of her wine.

“Laugh all you want... you know it’s true.” He replied.

“You ever that maybe the woman who’ve eaten your steak wanted to sleep with you before they tried your steak?” Paige questioned, taking another sip of the wonderful red wine.

“And what about the men?” He replied, making Paige nearly spit up her wine. “I’m kidding. I know you’re right, princess. But sometimes I like to believe women like me for more than my masculine qualities.”

“Of course, you are more than that.” She responded. “I never said they wanted to sleep with you was because of that.”

“What about you? Why have you chosen me?” He asked, looking at her earnestly.

“I go back to work in a few weeks.” She told him, quickly dodging his question and changing the subject. “Guess fall is coming soon.”

Hank smirk and turned back around to focus on the meal. Paige and him chatted about this and that as he seared the steaks and prepped the salad. He cooked the steaks to a perfect medium-

rare, cutting them into thin strips after taking them off heat. He put a dollop of garlic mashed potatoes on each plate before topping them with some steak strips and some au jus.

Paige's stomach was growling as Hank put the plate in front of her, the fragrant meal was making her starving. She barely waited for Hank to get his hand out of the way before she was digging into the meal. Her eyes went wide as she tasted it, the flavour and tenderness of the meat was awe inspiring.

"Told you it was good." Hank smirked as he saw Paige's reaction.

"Fuck me, that's delicious!" She responded, already taking another bite.

"Hehe... I told you what it did to women." He replied.

"If I wasn't already, I can see why someone might jump into bed with you after this meal." She told him. "It's so fucking good!"

Paige scarfed her plate down, doing everything but licking the plate itself. Hank smiled; he genuinely wanted to see Paige enjoy herself. He wanted her to be happy, and he knew he could make her feel cherished. He put his hand on her thigh as she finished her meal, Paige giving him the side eye as he gave her a gentle squeeze.

"I'm guessing I don't need to ask if you enjoyed the meal." He said standing up and taking her plate away.

"It was delicious. I'm quite impressed." She told him smiling at him as placed the plates in the sink.

"How about some dessert?" He asked going over to the fridge.

"Ooh... did you make me a decadent chocolate cake?" She asked as he opened the freezer.

"No, just some ice cream." He responded taking the carton out. "I got some chocolate syrup in the fridge."

Hank brought over two spoons as Paige opened the carton. Chocolate chip cookie dough was Paige's favourite, something Hank had remembered. They took turns scooping a spoon full of ice cream, then drizzling a bit of chocolate sauce over top. Paige felt Hank's hand go back to her thigh at one point, possessively holding her like she was already his.

"Let me feed you, princess." Hank said as he watched Paige eat.

"Haha... you're so ridiculous!" She giggled as he took scooped some ice cream out.

Hank smoothly brought the ice cream up to her lips, making eye contact with Paige the entire time. Paige kept the intimate look going as she parted her lips and allowed the spoon of ice cream into her mouth.

"How is it?" Hank asked watching her plump, red lips.

"Delicious. Although, you did forget the chocolate sauce." She answered.

"No, that's just for me." He replied taking hold of the bottle and opening the top.

"How... oh!" She gasped as Hank squirted some sauce onto her cleavage.

Hank just smiled at Paige and her shocked look before leaning in and licking the chocolate sauce off her cleavage. Paige gently wrapped her arms around his head as he kissed her breasts, a heat already pooling within her. Hank's hands grabbed her chest, gently massaging them through her dress, her nipples quickly growing from his touch.

"Mmmmm... you taste divine!" He seductively said, kissing up her collarbone to his neck.

"That's just the chocolate sauce!" She responded, closing her eyes and enjoying his lips on her neck.

"The chocolate sauce is long gone, princess!" He told her, pulling his lips away from neck, his hand cupping her cheek. "I'm only tasting you."

He pressed forward and kissed her lips, filling the kiss with fury and passionate. Paige's hands, which were still behind the old man's head, pulled him tightly, kissing him back with the same desperate energy. Their tongues met in a swirling motion, the taste of dinner and dessert swapping between them.

Hank's hands moved to her hips as they kissed. Paige yelped as Hank hoisted her up on to the counter. But she quickly pulled him back into the kiss as her legs wrapped around his hips. They barely missed a beat as they returned to sucking on each other's tongues. The electricity and excitement in the room only increased as they kissed with love and passion.

Hank unhooked the straps of Paige's dress from her shoulders, allowing the hem to fall below her beckoning breasts. She moaned into Hank's mouth as his hands touched her breasts, an electrical current running through her as she felt his velvety touch. Her head was spinning with heat and passion as Hank broke the kiss.

"Mmmm!" She moaned as Hank took her aching nipple into his mouth.

Hank continued to pull her dress down and off her body leaving her in nothing but a small red thong as his tongue flicked her sensitive nipple. Paige closed her eyes and let her head fall back as she focused on her elderly neighbor's coarse hands on her breasts and his elastic tongue on her nipples.

"Ooohh!" She hummed as Hank drizzled a bit of chocolate sauce on each nipple.

The contrast of the cold sauce and Hank's warm tongue sent shivers down her spine. She could feel her pussy dripping as he showered her large breasts in attention. His grip was tight, his fingers dug into her supple tits, Paige biting her lips to keep herself from moaning already.

"Stick your tongue out!" Hank demanded as he pulled away from her chest.

Paige did as she was told, sticking her long, limber tongue for Hank. Hank then squeezed a bit of chocolate sauce on her tongue before kissing her again. Their tongues connected in a chocolaty embrace, sharing the sweet taste of a searing kiss.

"Mmmm... delicious!" Paige said as Hank pulled away.

"If you think that tastes good..." Hank replied, pulling his hard cock out.

Paige hopped off the counter and sank down to her knees as Hank zigzagged chocolate sauce down his shaft. Paige giggled as she took hold of the beast, smiling up at Hank as took a long

lick of his cock. She tasted both the chocolate and Hank's musky flavour, a taste of both sweet and salty.

"How does it taste?" Hank asked as he collected Paige's hair.

"Not bad... but maybe I need a second taste." She told him before opening her mouth and beginning to suck his cock.

Paige tasted the chocolate sauce first, the sweet taste investing her mouth. She heard Hank let out a low groan as Paige's plump lips wrapped around his cock. She began bobbing her head up and down his shaft. His large bulbous head quickly went to the back of her mouth and began sliding down her throat. Paige had quickly become an expert on sucking dick, especially Hank's.

Hank grinned down at his neighbor's wife as she sucked his cock down her throat. She was incapable; her throat hugging his cock like none had before. He bucked his hips forward urging her to go further to go deeper. He couldn't contain himself around her. Every second he spent with her just made him want her more.

Paige ground her nose into Hank's stomach as she swallowed every inch of him. It had become easier with watching passing day, but Hank's clear excitement and appreciation never changed. She loved hearing him groan and hold her down as her tongue licked his underside. She had never enjoyed sucking dick as much as she did with Hank.

Paige pushed his hands away, coming just far enough off to take a deep breath through her nose. She then started bobbing her head with determination, moving with intent and skillfulness. Hank admired the brunette's tenacity, she hell-bent on pleasing him with her lips. She was a quick learner as well; it takes most women weeks to figure out depthroating, but not Paige.

Paige began to bob her head, up and down his shaft, feeling his veiny appendage as she moved. It was far easier for her now than it used to be, she had learned how to control her gag. Her tongue swirled around it as she pulled off leaving a trail of saliva that made Hank's cock shine in the dim light. She was doing her best work for sure; she wanted him to cum into her mouth. She would ruin his plans for the night and mock him for it.

She knew that he would ultimately stop before it got to that point, but she would try her darnedest. Paige backed off his cock for a moment, holding his cock head in her mouth as she looked up into her eyes. Her heart beat in her chest as she looked at Hank's grizzled face. The excitement and thrill of the moment was unmatched.

"Oh, Paige!" Hank groaned as Paige sunk her lips back down his shaft. "Maybe we should move this party along."

"And what makes you think I want any more than this?" Paige mocked as she pulled her lips off his cock.

"Please, I can smell your juices already, princess." He replied with a grin as he leaned down towards her. "If you're gonna lie, don't make it so obvious."

Hank leaned in and kissed Paige as he down on the floor with her. Paige giggled as the elderly man spank her butt, the moment getting increasingly naughty as Hank and her made out some more. She could feel Hank's fingers hook her panties and slowly begin to pull them down.

She moaned into his mouth, his tongue stifled all sounds as his finger entered her pussy. His fingers slid in with no resistance, her juices making all too easy for him. He moved quickly, his fingers a blur, turning Paige into a hot mess. When Hank curled his fingers just right hitting her G-spot, Paige shook and stirred as she had a miniature orgasm.

“That’s a good, princess.” Hank cooed as he watched Paige cum. “Now why don’t you bend over for me.”

“Do you have a condom?” Paige asked.

“Of course, princess.” He responded pulling it out from his pocket.

Hank ripped the wrapper open and put it on as Paige turned around and bent over. She was his for the taking as she waited on her hands and knees. She felt a surge of excitement as Hank rested his hand on her back. She bit her lip as she felt him smack his cock against her pussy, with a ting of sadness as she felt the smooth plastic of the condom.

Paige had been surprised how compliant Hank had been. She expected it to be a constant issue with him, but he had remained quiet. Subconsciously, she wished he would push her a bit more on it. She remembered their first night together, how Hank was in raw and how much better it felt. Her rational brain was smart enough to not, but what were the chances she get pregnant if they did it one time?

Hank could feel Paige’s warmth and wetness, even with a condom on. He knew she was hooked; her body responded to his touch like a woman in love would. She could deny it all she wanted, but the truth would come to light.

“Mmmm!” Paige moaned as Hank gently slid inside her.

She closed her eyes as he pushed his cock in, focusing on the size and shape. She squeezed her glutes, trying to get a feel of him through the condom. His cock was always felt good, though; its sheer size always surprised and delighted her. She could still smell the hearty meal wafting through the kitchen, now melding with the scent of her arousal. Paige groaned as Hank pushed in deeper, her pussy opening up as they fuck on his kitchen floor.

Hank put his hands on Paige’s hips, her pussy squeezing him tightly as he pushed in. He had for years dreamed of having Paige in this exact position. And now that he has her, the sex is even better than he could have ever imagined. Even with the condom on, it was the best sex of his life and he knew it was for Paige as well.

“Aarrghhh!” She groaned as he roughly shoved the last few inches in her.

Paige felt the smooth plastic against her cervix, enjoying the way it created tension in her body. She got goosebumps as he pulled, her body anticipating the incoming onslaught. Her toes curled and she groaned out again as Hank thrust back into her. There was little ramp-up now, her pussy had already been reshaped to his cock.

Hank ravaged her pussy like a man possessed, with quick and powerful thrust causing ripples to her body as he slammed into her. Paige couldn’t help but moan as her pussy was thoroughly fucked. She arched her back and pushed her ass back, trying to get Hank in deeper. She was so utterly his in that moment and didn’t seem to mind one bit.

Hank’s grip on her hips only tightened as her feminine moans sang through the wooden kitchen. It was music to Hank’s ears; hearing Paige enjoying herself was incredibly satisfying. He could

feel pussy tightly gripping his cock, the thin condom the only thing separating her pussy from tightly hugging his bare cock. He knew she wanted it, he just needed her to realize it, too.

Paige could feel the sweat on her brow forming as her body became nuclear hot. It was like a furnace was activated inside her, one that Hank held the keys to. Her moans grew louder and more desperate as she got closer to orgasm. Her body yearned for her release; she could feel her body being pushed ever closer as Hank's cock dove into her needy pussy.

"Aaahhh!!!" She cried out her eyes opening wide.

She turned her and looked back at it. Her mouth fell open as she saw two of Hank's chubby finger pushing down into her asshole. He had a large grin on his face as he pushed in deeper, Paige yelping as her tight hole was being stretched by her elderly neighbor's fingers.

Paige turned her head back, unsure if she should allow this. On the one hand, her ass being stretched wasn't exactly a comfortable feeling at the moment. She could feel a burning sensation as Hank sunk in knuckles deep. But, she had enjoyed Hank's tongue in her ass, and while his finger wasn't flexible like his tongue was, there undoubtedly was a certain thrill to it.

Hank took her looking away as consent, pressing his finger in further, until it was completely inside her butt. He twirled his finger inside her, spreading and opening her ass up. He could feel how tight her ass was, it would be a mighty struggle to get his cock even halfway inside her butt. But that made it all the more tempting.

"Uhh!" Paige moaned as Hank thrust his cock in her pussy as his finger remained deep in her ass.

She had never been so filled at one time, her body responding surprisingly quickly to the new sensations. The burn from her ass quickly mixed with the heat from her loins, creating a whole new feeling. It was both pleasure and pain, the one enhancing the other as she quickly relaxed her body and allowed Hank to do as he pleased.

Hank sensing Paige's body relaxing, began to move his hips and cock in unison. He could feel her body creeping towards an orgasm, one he knew would be explosive. Her moans became cries of passion as he brought her new pleasures she hadn't felt before. He plunged his finger into her butt just as his cock hit her cervix, Paige arching her back as the elderly man used her so thoroughly.

Her body shook and stirred, quickly losing control of her body. She panted like a dog, her cries getting louder and louder with each thrust of his cock or plunging of his finger. Her head felt fuzzy, the heat and pressure taking its toll on her mind. The room spun as she reached the apex of her orgasm, which with one last snap of Hank's hips, brought her crashing down on her.

"Oh shit!!!" She cried out as her body stiffened on his cock.

Paige's eyes rolled back as she experienced a euphoric high. Her pussy radiated an inferno of heat through her body as it squirted out all over Hank's cock. Her arms gave out and she fell to the floor, her body still shaking as the orgasmic pleasure filtered through her. Her legs gave out as Hank pulled his cock and fingers out.

Hank smiled down at his neighbor spilled out on his kitchen floor. Her beautiful body radiated from the orgasm he had just given her. The smell of her juices, filled his nostrils and made him

smile with pride. How he wished he could pull this stupid condom off and plant his seed in her fertile womb, but he knew better than to push her for now.

Paige giggled as Hank flipped her onto her back, the wood floor cool against her sweaty skin. She looked up at with adoration, her perspective on her elderly neighbor had changed so much. Where once she felt scorn and disgust, she now has a kinship with him. She cared about him, which was wrong, but it was hard for her to detach feels from sex.

Hank looked down at his beautiful neighbor. Those pretty brown eyes looking up at him with those full, red lips made her a one of one beauty. Her large breasts hung tight to her chest right below, the weight and feel of them etched in his brain. Paige was the girl of his dreams, and as he slid his cock back into her, he was so happy to have her, even for just the night.

“Mmm...” Paige groaned as Hank’s cock slid back into her.

It was so easy now, the pain from stretching feeling a distant memory now. All she felt was an overwhelming pleasure, her body getting excited as it felt her pussy getting filled again. She closed her eyes and squeezed her pussy, getting a good feel of his cock. She knew this was a feeling she could easily get addicted to. Fearfully, she thought she might already be.

Hank eased his way, feeling the gentle embrace of Paige’s pussy as he pressed in further. He stared down at her large breasts with amazement. Every time he saw them, he swore they got bigger. He reached down and began groping them, licking his lips as he squeezed her breasts. He began to lose control, and knew the end was near.

Paige felt Hank roughly shove his cock in deep, her pussy being completely filled by his massive appendage. But he didn’t hold himself there for long as he began to hammer his cock in and out of her pussy. Paige could feel his cock tapping against her cervix over and over again, sending chills down her spine and spikes of ecstasy right to her brain.

Hank nailed down on Paige’s needy pussy, fucking her with ever increasing power. Her squeezed her breasts tightly, her perfect chest feeling incredible in his hands. Her loud moans pushed him to go even harder, pressing deeper and harder into her than he ever had before. Sweat dripped down his forehead as he used every muscle in his body to fuck Paige right.

Paige spread her legs as wide as they go, wanting him in as deep as possible. His cock was stretching her to her limits and each thrust in from Hank was a punishing blow that sent a wave of pure bliss through her body. The air felt heavy, each breath laborious as the heat from their fucking session made in hard to breathe.

“Oh, Paige!” Hank cried out as he couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Yes, Hank!” Paige moaned out loudly, arching her back as she came as well.

Paige’s pussy began to coil itself around Hank’s cock, tightening around it and attempting to massage the cum out of him. A second later Hank began to cum, filling the condom with his sperm as they came together. Hank watched as Paige’s eye rolls back again and her tongue hung out. She looked ridiculous, but beautiful nonetheless.

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‘At last... my love has come along!’ The record player sang the classic Etta James song. ‘My lonely days are over. And life is like a song!’

Paige swayed her hips along to the rhythm, her head resting on Hank's shoulder. After their fun in the kitchen, they had put their clothes back on. Hank poured them another glass of wine as he led her to the living room. They smelled of sex and bad ideas, but neither mind as they listen to Hank's records. Eventually, he invited her to dance. The slow, sensual music brought emotions out of her as they held each other close.

Paige knew the increasingly sensual nature of their relationship was not part of David's fantasy. But it was his insistence on her spending time with Hank that lead her down this path. She never meant to grow feelings, but it's only human to fall for someone you're sleeping with. She didn't want to have these feelings, but they were becoming unavoidable.

Hank breathed in Paige's essence. He had dreamed of this for years; having Paige. But he never expected to actually love her. She was prized to him before; a pair of breasts upon an amazing frame with a beautiful face. But she was so much more than pretty; her spunky personality was infectious, and she pushed him to be better. He didn't want or need her anymore, he simply needed to know she was happy.

'At last... the skies above are blue!' Etta voice sang through as Hank looked down at Paige.

Paige looked back at Hank. She recognized the look in his eyes; it was one of love. It was strange seeing such a look from Hank. For so long he had look at her with lust, he coveted her as someone might a car. She was objectified in his eyes. But this look wasn't that, it was far deeper and personal. She didn't look away though, giving him hope that maybe she felt the same.

'My heart was wrapped in clover, the night I looked at you!' The silky, smooth voice sang causing Paige to inadvertently chuckle.

"What?" Hank asked curiously as he noticed Paige's laugh.

"I've just never listened to the lyrics." She replied. "My heart is wrapped in clover... what does that even mean?"

Hank gently spins Paige around. "It means she feels lucky in love. It's like she found a four-leaf clover, but it's the man she loves." Hank explained.

"I've just never heard someone say wrapped in clover." She responded.

"She feels lucky... and so do I." He replied with a smile.

"I guess we did get lucky in the kitchen." She told him.

"I mean more than that... it's far deeper than sex." He said, looking seriously and deeply into her eyes.

"Hank..." Paige responded, her eyes pleading him not to go down this road.

"You did say it, the other day." He replied, both knowing what he was referencing.

"We were in the heat of the moment." She answered looking away as the song and the next one began.

"Doesn't mean it's not true." Hank responded, Paige looking back at him.

"It's hard, Hank." She replied. "I do care for you, but I'm married and love David."

"Then why are you over here with me?" He asked.

Paige knew she had to tell him the truth, the whole truth. That this was initially just David's fantasy, that she never meant for things to go this far, and that unfortunately he was a pawn in their game. She opened her mouth to tell him, nerves coursing through her veins, and tears swelling in her eyes. But she couldn't form the words, they were stuck in her throat.

Paige was unable to get what she needed to say out before Hank leaned in and kissed her lips. It wasn't like previous full of pent-up passion and lust. This was calm, sensual, a kiss to symbolize the growing affection between them. It was the type of kiss Paige had been hoping to avoid with Hank.

"This... this is our last night." Paige sadly told him as they broke apart and looked into each other's eyes.

"I know." Hank responded, taking Paige's hand and leading her upstairs.

As they walked up the steps to his bedroom, Hank knew he had put Paige in a bind. She was a married woman and what started as just a bit of cheating fun had changed in ways she wasn't fully comfortable with. Neither of them meant for it to happen, but it did nonetheless. He knew he couldn't break the love she had for David, not in one night. There was one thing he could do, but he could never without her wanting it.

Paige saw the door open, the bedroom she had become familiar with stood before her. But there was a sense of mournfulness in the air. Hank's hand held to hers tightly, neither wanted things to change or end, but reality is never that simple. Paige knew the longer they played around, the harder it would be to say goodbye. So, it had to end.

But it would end with a bang.

Hank finally took a step in and Paige tentatively followed. Her turned and looked at her, moving a strand of her hair out of her face, their eyes connected and hearts racing. They shared another kiss, this one desperate and hot, their tongue meeting for what might be the last time. Paige's chest felt flush as Hank kissed her with every last ounce of passion he had.

Breaking apart, they were both out of breath, but increasingly hot. Words didn't need to be spoken as both quickly removed their clothes again. Hank pulled the condom out and put it on as Paige sat down on the bed and watched. She felt something stir inside her as she stared at Hank's cock.

Hank pressed forward as soon as his last sock was off, kissing Paige with fiery and intention. Hank pushed Paige down onto the bed below, his body weight pressing her into the bed. Paige could feel his cock slapping against her inner thigh, igniting her body as it prepared itself for Hank's invasion.

They broke apart and began sliding back on the bed, moving to the head of the bed. Paige looked at him with both lust and a heavy heart. She knew this needed to be the last time, which gave a somber feeling to the occasion. This relationship had not gone as she thought it would, she never expected any of this. But she couldn't deny how Hank made her feel.

As they reached his headboard, they kissed again melting against one another. Hank reached down and grabbed his cock as he guided it towards Paige's pussy. Paige whimpered as he pressed himself against her hole, her body reacting to his manhood with excitement.

Hank broke the kiss as he slid into Paige, their eyes connected in an intense stare. Paige gently moaned as he spread her pussy lips apart. Their faces were just inches apart, neither of them pulling away. Both were feeling a cacophony of emotions, confusing and intense all the same time. It was weighty moment; a culmination of their relationship.

The slickness of the condom was a stark contrast to their intimate nature. It was a cruel reminder to Hank of the separation between the two of them. The one thing holding Paige back from being truly his... her commitment to her husband. But he loved Paige too much to try any slimy scheme. He had to respect her decision, even if it hurt him.

Hank leaned in and kissed her again as he slid into her. Her plump lips felt electric against his, every nerve in him yearning to be touched by her. If this truly was the last time they would be intimate together, Hank would make it unforgettable. Their affair may have been short, but it was meaningful to him, and he hoped it was for Paige as well.

Paige groaned as Hank sunk deeper into her. His shape size and size was unlike man she had been with before. She hated to admit it, but she would miss his cock. The way it stretched her out and activated everything inside her. It made her lightheaded, and it was a feeling she couldn't replicate.

But she would also miss Hank. Technically he would still be her neighbor, but there would be no more intimate moments together, no dates, and of course no incredible sex. She had become quite fond of spending time with him, an absurd thought just a month ago. Temptation would exist, she would likely see him often, memories of their encounters running through her head.

"Uhhh!" She moaned as Hank's cock brushed up against her cervix causing a tingling sensation through her body.

She held the elderly man tightly as he began to gently thrust in and out of her. He was making love to her again, gentle and intimate, just as she liked it. He kissed her neck, suckling on the tender skin as his cock engaged her body. The room was getting warmer by the second, the loving way in which Hank moved making Paige hotter by the second.

In this moment, Hank had all he could ever want; Paige in his bed, her pussy wrapped around his as they made love. It was a cruel reality that it would all be taken from him and he would never know if she would come back. He wanted to believe, but he couldn't be sure. While he knows how he feels, Paige's situation was more complicated.

"Mmmm!" Paige moaned her slick pussy easily taking his cock.

Hank's thrust became faster as both quickly ran towards the finish line. Their collective heat was feeding off of the intimacy they felt. Hank's gentle kisses on neck giving her goosebumps down her spine. Her heart beat becoming faster as Hank love making was incredible. She wrapped her legs around, locking the old man in, trying to get him even deeper.

"Oh, Paige!" Hank groaned, his testicles sending him clear signals that the end is near.

"Oh, Hank!" Paige replied, her body too on the edge of orgasm.

"Tell me you love me, even if you don't." He whispered in her ear. "Even if you don't, I need to hear you say it again."

"I do, Hank! I do love you, Hank!" She replied, her body peaking as the words slip from her lips.

Hank's lips crashed against her as he kissed her with all the pent-up passion he had ever felt for her. Paige felt and began kissing him back with equal fever. She gently cupped his face as their tongues met in the middle.

Paige closed her eyes as her body felt the ultimate high. Her body shook beneath Hank's as her pussy sent a tidal wave of pleasure through her. Her pussy tightened up around Hank's cock feeling the rigidity of his member, and the unfortunate plastic of the condom. It was an incredible high she felt in bed with Hank.

Hank began to cumming as well. His seed filled the condom, which he hoped would burst, filling her womb with his potent seed. But the condom held and he knew it was for the best. Paige would have been upset had that happened, and he never wanted to do that to her.

They kissed and held each other as they rode out their orgasm. They were tired and out of breath, but neither of them dared pulled away. They wanted the moment to last just a little, longer. Their shared connection, while brief, had blossomed into a beautiful shared moment.

"Just stay with me through the night." Hank shyly requested as he looked into her dark brown eyes.

"Ok." Paige responded, knowing it was wrong, but agreeing anyways.

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"Hello?" David called out wondering if Paige was home at all.

David looked around his empty kitchen this Friday morning, unsure where she was. When he woke up this morning, she wasn't in there bed. He thought maybe she passed out on their couch or gotten up early. But as he walked through their home, he didn't see her anywhere. He had creeping suspicion that Paige had stayed the night over at Hank's.

Last night he had spent it alone, catching up on some TV shows and picking at some leftover Thai. It had been a pretty boring night. He knew Paige was over at Hank's, and usually that would entertain him for a while. But last night, he was just too tired, and wished he could have just spent the night with Paige.

Going to bed, he wondered when Paige would be back. She had snuck in late several times, so it was unlikely he'd even hear her come in. He still hoped she wouldn't be too late, even if she could sneak in without waking him.

He was getting increasingly perturbed as he made himself a bowl of cereal. He tried calling Paige, but it went straight to voicemail. He knew she had stayed the night with him, which felt like a step too far. This was a fun fantasy of his, but last night felt more like something Paige wanted than something he did. He knew Paige enjoyed herself, but could it be more to it?

He couldn't dwell on it too much as he had to get to work. He went back to the bedroom and put his work clothes on, stopped by the kitchen to grab his lunch then headed for the front door.

"Oh... hey!" Paige said as she walked in right as David was about to leave. "Heading to work already?"

"Ya...figured I'd get in early so I can leave early and head to my parent's place for the weekend." He told her, noticing the dress from last night and unkempt hair.

“Right, your dad’s surgery.” She remembered. “I said I’d go with you.”

“Ummm... Paige, did you stay the nights at Hank?” He asked dumbfounded.

Paige got a terrified look on her face. “Umm... well, yes, but...” She tried to explain.

“Paige, that’s not ok.” David sternly said.

“I know, and I should have known better...” Paige replied.

“Yes, you should have.” He interrupted. “I need some time to think about this.” He said step past her to the door.

“Ok.” She responded. “I love you.”

David stopped for a second; something about how she said that felt... off. “I love you, too.” He said before opening the front door.

Hank watched David from his bedroom window as he walked to his car and drove off. David and him barely ever spoke, but he hated him with all his heart. He had unjustly stolen Paige from him. She should be in his home, in his kitchen, and in his bed. But all because he met her first, Paige was still with him.

He sighed to himself as the car faded away. There was no scheme, trick, or move left. He loved Paige, and so he had to let her make her decisions. If she wanted to stay with David, he had to respect that. He hoped that their bond was strong enough and she would come back, but he couldn’t be sure.

“What up slut!” Shyla said after Paige picked up her call.

“Huh... I wish you didn’t call me that sometimes.” Paige replied, still reeling from her brief conversation with David this morning.

“I mean one of us has a side piece and it’s not me!” Shyla responded.

“Hank’s not a side piece.” Paige answered. “And plus, I ended it last night.”

“Really? Why?” Shyla asked.

“Things were getting out of hand with him.” Paige told her.

“Lame.” Shyla responded. “How did David handle it?”

“Haven’t told him.” Paige replied. “He was mad at me this morning.”

“Why? What did you do?” Shyla asked.

“I sort of slept over at Hank’s home.” Paige admitted.

“And?” Shyla responded.

“And I slept next to him all night.” Paige replied.

“So, what’s the big deal?” Shyla asked.

“The big deal is I broke unspoken promise, that I would always return to David.” Paige told her. “It’s different when you’re married. There’s an expectation of always being for each other there at the end of the day. And I broke that.”

“So, David’s fine with you fucking Hank, but sleeping in the same bed is a no-no.” Shyla replied.

“It’s hard to explain.” Paige responded. “There’s something very intimate about sleeping and snuggling with a man in bed.”

“I get that, but what did David expect?” Shyla asked. “You’ve never been able to separate sex and intimacy. It felt inevitable you’d get attached to Hank.”

“That doesn’t make it right.” Paige replied.

“But David’s the one who pushed you into Hank’s arms, so he has to take some responsibility.” Shyla explained. “Plus, it’s over now, so who cares.”

“Ya, you’re right.” Paige agreed. “It’s over so it’s not a big deal. What are you up to today?”

David leaned back in his car and closed his eyes as the day had gone by in a blur. He had barely gotten any work done today, but not for the typical reason. He kept picturing Hank and Paige snuggled together in their bed. He was horrified to be picturing that. When he had imagined his fantasy before all this started, it was always a fling between Paige and Hank, never getting serious.

The longer he thought about it, the angrier he got. Paige knew she had crossed a line, that’s why she was acting guilty this morning. He wondered if she had done it before, and gotten into bed just before he woke up. Something like this doesn’t just accidentally happen, which made him wonder if she was holding back details.

The car ride home was mostly silent for him. He was angry at Paige and he couldn’t see the part he played in pushing her down this path. Sure, it had been his fantasy, but he never thought she might get attached. Even as Hank and Paige went out on dates, he pictured Paige bored out of her mind. Never did he think she would actually grow to enjoy time with him.

Paige had just returned from a day out shopping with Shyla. She looked at the dress she had bought; an ornate, light blue dress, decorated in little flowers that showed off her body. She tried it on in the store and looked beautiful, but she wasn’t sure when she would actually wear it.

Just as she put the dress down, she heard the front door open. Paige knew it must be David and she got a little worried. He hadn’t left in a good mood this morning, but she was hopeful that his mood had softened since then. She left the bedroom and headed right for the front door to meet him.

“Hey, there.” She said with a small smile.

“Hey.” David coldly returned. “Just here to grab some clothes then take off.”

“Ya, I got a bag upstairs ready to go.” Paige replied, hopeful David wasn’t too upset.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to come.” He responded.

“David...” Paige pleaded to him.

“Save it, Paige.” He told her walking past her. “I need some more time alone.”

“Really? Is it that big a deal that you need multiple days to think about it.” She replied following him.

“It is a big deal and your guilty attitude tells me you know it’s a big deal, too.” He responded turning around to face her.

“Yes, I made a mistake, but why is it such a big deal to you?” She argued back.

“Because I trusted you.” He answered. “I trusted that you understood where the line was and wouldn’t cross it. How do I know there aren’t other things you’re not telling me?”

Paige hesitated for a second. “I—I’ve always been honest with you...” She tentatively said.

David side eyed her. “What did you do?” He asked, squinting at her suspiciously.

“Nothing.” Paige nervously answered.

“You’re lying to me!” He accused.

Paige shift uncomfortably under his gaze. “There was another mistake... Hank and I... did it in our bed.” She told him.

The world froze for David for a moment and he swore he heard a high pitched screech in his ears. “I— I need to leave.” He said quickly turning to head to the bedroom.

“David... let’s talk about this.” Paige replied going after him.

“I have nothing to say to you.” He responded, walking up the stairs.

“You can’t blame this all on me!” She argued back.

“What do you mean by that?” David asked, turning and looking down at Paige.

“You need to take responsibility for the part you’ve taken in this.” Paige answered.

“So, because this was my fantasy, it’s all my fault?!?” He angrily accused.

“No, that’s not what I said.” Paige replied, ascending the stairs to get face-to-face with him. “I chose to take part in your fantasy, but you have been all gas, no brakes since we started. You pushed me into increasingly compromising situations, so sorry if I had trouble finding the line when you never seemed to have one.”

“So, it is my fault.” He responded.

“No, I just want you to recognize the part you’ve taken played in all this.” She answered.

“I haven’t done anything wrong!” He argued. “I was supportive and told you that it was okay not to go further with it.”

“And we both know in that moment you were lying.” She responded. “Don’t act like I forced this on you! We both wanted this, but...”

“Wow, wow... since, when did you want this?” He asked. “I specifically remember you nearly in tears about Hank touching you.”

“Things have... changed.” Paige explained. “Hank isn’t the person I thought he was.”

“So, you like him?” He replied seriously.

“Uhh... what do you want me to say?” Paige answered. “That making us go on dates and touch each other turned into us being more than neighbors? I think we passed that after he started fingering me.”

“Hey, I didn’t make you do anything!” David responded.

“You didn’t exactly beg me to stop either though.” She replied.

“This isn’t what I wanted.” He said.

“Well then we shouldn’t have started down this path to begin with.” She replied.

“No, no.” He waved her off. “I never wanted you to get attached to Hank.”

“That’s not how people work, David.” She told him.

“If you knew that then why did you go along with it?” He accused.

“I—I didn’t expect it to happen either.” She answered defeatedly.

“So, you admit you like Hank.” He replied.

“Yes, obviously.” She confessed. “It doesn’t matter I ended it with Hank last night anyways.”

“You did? Why?” Slipped out of David’s mouth.

“What the fuck.” Paige reacted.

“No... that’s not what I meant.” He embarrassingly replied.

“Then what did you mean?” She asked confused and upset.

“I just thought you’d discuss it with me before breaking it off or at least give me a heads up.” He explained.

“Haha!” Paige laughed.

“What’s so funny?” David angrily questioned.

“No, it’s nothing... just that after all this arguing you still want me to see Hank.” She giggled.

“That’s not true!” He replied.

“Please, you know I can read you like a book.” She told him. “Despite it, you still have that stupid fantasy!”

“This isn’t about me.” He replied.

“This has all been about you, it’s your fantasy after all!” Paige responded.

“But you’re the one that screwed up!” David argued back.

“I know that, and I feel bad, but this isn’t all on me!” She replied.

“At this point, I don’t know how you feel!” He responded.

“I’m telling you how.” She told him.

“And I don’t know if I can trust that!” He said.

That last acknowledgement struck Paige the hardest. Through it all there was a deep seated trust between David and her. But now he was claiming that the trust was gone, and that hurt Paige. An awkward silence came over them as they let that last point stew in their anger.

“You know what, you should go to your parents place alone this weekend.” She told him and stormed off.

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‘BEEP! BEEP!’ The microwave sounded as Hank looked depressingly at the microwaved meal he had heated up.

Hank was leaning against the kitchen counter watching his food heat up. He wasn’t even hungry, he was basically making himself eat. It was long past his usual dinner time, but he just couldn’t get the motivation to do anything today.

He was in mourning and depressed. His time with Paige had been short, but amazing. She was so much more than a pretty face, and he saw that now. She was everything he could want in a mate; beautiful, of course, but also funny, caring, and sweet. He doubt he would ever find someone like her again, and even if he could, he didn’t want them, he wanted Paige.

As he pulled the pathetic meal out of microwave, he couldn’t help but compare it to last night’s meal. Specifically the company from last night. He sat down at the table alone, he remembered Paige being here with him just a 24 hours ago. He swore he could still hear her laugh and picture those big, brown eyes.

He had Paige, he could hold, touch and kiss her. But now he dug into a depressing meal, that tasted like nothing as he sat quietly alone.

“Hank?” The soft voice said from behind him.

Hank turned and saw Paige, like an angel descending from heaven. The setting sun was at her back, surrounding her in a halo of light. Her face a half smile, half serious tone as she stood in the doorway of his kitchen. Hank was shocked and relieved to see her as he stood to meet her.

To be continued...

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