



Call Center

A WIFE-DATING ROMANCE

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By

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Monogamy in marriage is, increasingly, being rejected by Generation Y and the Millennials.

The best thing about married people having friends with benefits is the lack of strings.

CHAPTER 1

Her prick of a boss stood over her, scowling. "Your metro report leaves a lot to be desired. Your call logs show you've called everyone but Bondi's." He scowled harder. "You look bored with this conversation."

Jennifer replied, "Only when you talk."

Gary Alvarez was technically her supervisor at Greenway Organics and might have had the clout to fire her – if she wasn't the niece of the owner.

He leaned over her desk. "I expect to see concrete results." His smug face was twisted with a hint of aggravation.

She threw up a hand. "Fine, where do I get the concrete?"

Gary growled and stood straight. "I'm bringing this up with Mister Green." He snatched up his coffee cup so fast that the remnants sloshed onto his tie.

Jennifer blinked over a plastered fake smile. Uncle James wasn't going to fire her.

Gary knew it.

She knew he knew it.

She watched him go.

With an eyeroll, she brought up the Bondi account. She just... hated... calling Daniel Bondi. She wished the man would hire someone else to deal with his food deliveries. Or that Gary would assign the Bondi account to some other customer service rep.

She was paid better than the other reps and her uncle made sure she was the highest paid in the office. Her benefits ended there, though, and she had nothing more than a cubicle among thirty others. She also was solely responsible for the immediate metropolitan area – and that included Bondi.

Her uncle might love her being family and all, but he would be extra hard on her to make sure she earned any promotions within the company fairly. Good on the phone, there weren't many higher positions she might climb to that weren't already occupied by people who knew their business.

She held her finger up in hesitation, then tapped it down on the keyboard with resignation.

"Bondi's Pasta House?" The male voice was peppy and friendly.

And she hated it. Why can't a waitress answer? Why can't he be out of the office, she thought. But she knew she would have to talk to him eventually. "Hello, this is Greenway Organics—"

"Jennifer?"

She had deliberately left out her name, though she was supposed to announce it. The man knew anyway and she practically heard him smile on the other end of the line. She tried to keep the call on business and how many flats of bread and how many cases of tomato sauce he needed this week, but he kept diverting the call.

"So sexy."

She rolled her eyes and blew a breath upward to her bangs. "You don't even know what I look like."

"With a voice like that, I can imagine."

"Mister Bondi—"

"Call me Daniel."

From the beginning, she had adhered to her training and hadn't engaged him very much in conversation not related to business, except to try to deflect his advances. "This is inappropriate."

"Are you going to fire me?" The mirth in his voice tickled Jennifer's annoyance.

Her training wasn't working on him. She tried a different approach. "I could get

fired."

"You could come work for me. My personal secretary. You'd just have to sit on my lap all day." His chuckle was low and suggestive.

"I'm old and ugly."

"Never."

"I'm married."

His voice registered loss. "Oh..." he began theatrically, "all my hopes and dreams gone..." His voice returned to normal. "Not really. So am I." That chuckle again. "Are you really married?"

Jennifer let out a strangled cry of frustration.

Heads poked over cubicle walls.

"The order, Mister Bondi..."

CHAPTER 2

Jennifer shrugged off her husband.

Eddie frowned. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not in the mood."

He settled back against the pillow. "It's Friday night—"

"No."

He scrutinized her face. "What's wrong?"

She shifted one shoulder, then the other, then looked away. "It's work."

"Is your uncle hitting on you or something?"

Jennifer gave him a horrified look. "No, don't be gross."

"That Gary guy?"

"Sort of."

Eddie cracked his knuckles. "Want me to bully him?"

She looked at his thin frame and glasses and laughed.

He looked hurt. "Just because I'm an accountant doesn't mean I can't put the smack down—"

"Eddie, please. It's not really him anyway."

His face softened. "Someone else in the office?"

"No... it's..."

"Come on, spill."

She slumped over towards him and folded her arms. "There's this account, Bondi's..."

"Bondi's? The Italian restaurant on K Street?"

"I... yes, that one." She hadn't pictured its location in her mind before even though she knew the address. She hadn't wanted to think of anything that had to do with Daniel and his business. "Anyway, he's harassing me on the phone."

"Threatening to get you fired?" Eddie's voice dropped to serious levels and his shoulders tensed.

"No, sexually."

"Sexually? Over the phone?"

"Yes."

He snorted. "Does he reach through the phone and grab you or something?"

She gave him the dire look. "It's not funny. I have a job to do and he's always saying I sound sexy—"

"So?"

She coughed with frustration. "Excuse me, sexual harassment is a serious thing."

"Are you going to get him fired or something?"

She laughed abruptly. "That's what he said, today."

"Who cares what someone says on the phone. Besides, if he likes you, isn't that better for your job?"

"Sure, but does he have to be so flirty? He's married."

"He told you that?" Now he didn't look so amused.

"Yes, after I told him I was married. I hoped he would stop but he made a joke

about it."

"Is he a big account?"

She closed her eyes, shook her head, and flicked her fingers in annoyance. "No he's in the middle somewhere..."

"So it's not likely he could get you fired?"

"Why would he do that?"

"Because you're probably being bitchy to him on the phone?" His eyebrows rose high in question.

She pouted. "I probably am."

"Would it really hurt to let him flirt? You're a beautiful woman, and you really do sound sexy on the phone."

"I do not."

"Yes you do; it's all earthy and shit. Makes my dick tingle."

She laughed. "Stop."

"No, like really."

"Well, he's married. That makes him a bad man."

"So? You're married, too. Does that make you a bad woman?"

She coughed again, harder. "No; I'm not the one flirting."

"It's just talk—"

"Eddie."

"What?"

"Are you trying to justify flirting so you can chat up some hot chick?"

He laughed like she was insane. "What the fuck? We're talking about you."

She squinted at him and scrunched her lips over to one side.

He sighed. "Look, I have no interest in some hot little blonde with a super tight ass—" He held up his hands real close like he was gripping the smallest ass in the world.

"Eddie!"

"I'm kidding. But I'm also serious. I'm not your ex. I have no interest in running off and cheating on you with some blonde cheerleader."

"Nice of you to rub it in." She pulled up a shoulder. "There's a spot back there you missed with the knife."

"Give it a rest, would you? I'm not going to cheat on you."

She relaxed suddenly, knowing he was being honest. "Sorry."

"Sorry, not sorry?"

She shook her head. "No, really. That was kind of rude."

He squeezed her forearm. "I'm here for ya, bae."

She rolled her eyes shyly and smiled. "What am I going to do about...?"

"I have an idea."

"What?"

"Let's you and I go out tomorrow night."

"No pizza delivery? Really?"

"Serious. There's this Italian restaurant on K Street—"

"Oh no..." She shook her head violently.

"What? Why not?"

"He'll know me."

"He's seen your picture?"

"No..." she frowned in thought, "he'll know my voice."

He held up his hands and shook his head dramatically like a stand-up comic. "So don't talk."

"I don't know."

"Come on, it'll be fun. Maybe you'll catch a glimpse of the guy—"

"Why would I want to see him? I can barely stop from hanging up on him—"

"It might give you something to laugh at. Italian restaurant owners? Aren't they all as big as a truck?"

"Ugh, I don't even wanna—"

"Think of it. If he is, you can laugh at him the next time he calls. Or at least shrug off his advances..."

She moved her bangs to the side. "Maybe you have something there."

He winked at her.

"You're not mad he flirts with me?"

He shrugged off the question. "I'd flirt with you if I wasn't married..."

She gave him a dry look.

He shook his head. "Nah. I'm not mad about it. I think it's kinda cool."

"Cool?" She wasn't seeing his view.

"Sure. It makes me... feel happy that someone else sees what I see."

"Except he doesn't know what I look like."

"I mean, the sound of your voice. Definitely sexy."

"Uh huh..."

CHAPTER 3

The last time she had been to a proper restaurant was with her parents years ago. She felt like she was truly an older adult walking into the place on Eddie's arm.

Twenty-nine didn't feel old to her, but the dreaded thirty sure did. What did people do when they hit the big three-oh? Would she feel different? Was she here at Bondi's a year too early?

A young hostess seated them.

Eddie said, "You look tense."

With a burst of realization, she discovered herself hunched inward and bent over the menu. She looked around in embarrassment at the other patrons and straightened up. She looked around at the help, too, but didn't see anyone who might or might not be Daniel Bondi.

Eddie gave her a smug look. "See? It's just a restaurant. The roof didn't cave in on you. Besides, if you order a pizza, they use organics, right? No different than the veggie pizzas we get delivered from Maria's."

She looked at the prices. "Twenty-two dollars for a medium pizza with three toppings?"

"Eight dollars more. Big deal. We'll split one."

"Well, yeah, I hope so." She normally only ate two pieces. "Why not just get a small?"

"We could, but with a medium, we can take some home."

They ordered a medium.

Jennifer watched a man come out occasionally and float around the tables that had received their food. He was older, but trim and lithe.

Was that him? Certainly this guy was too young to own the restaurant. Maybe he was Daniel's son. If so, he was cute.

It was when they were nearly finished that the man swept up to their table and held out his arms. "Ah... such a beautiful couple. I hope you enjoyed your pizza?"

Jennifer froze. The voice was different, but the same. No, this man was definitely Daniel Bondi. If anything, his voice had a richer timbre in person than over an electronic connection. She almost choked, her eyes going wide.

Fortunately, her husband answered for them. "Absolutely awesome."

Delight lit up Daniel's angular face. His hair was thick up top, but slightly receded. His trimmed razor stubble showed flecks of silver. Teeth clean and straight, his eyes were generous with honesty and goodwill.

Jennifer's face went from shocked to a surprised smile. It had been pulled from her by the force of Daniel's sincerity. She said nothing, just nodded.

He brought his hands together in a single, silent clap and bowed his head. Though he didn't have anything like an Italian accent, he held some of the mannerisms. Second generation Italian? Born and raised in America? Took over the family restaurant?

Jennifer almost burned with curiosity.

Daniel lightly patted the table. "Bless you; come again." Then he was gone.

Eddie nudged her. "You're staring."

She gulped and picked up the remains of her glass of Chianti. She finished it off, looking wide-eyed at her husband. "That was him."

He looked at her with an insane expression. "That guy? Are you kidding?"

She kept her head and tone low. "Nope, I recognized the voice."

"Whoa, he's hot."

"What?"

Eddie wiggled his eyebrows. "If I was a girl, I'd be all over him."

"He's married."

"Lucky woman."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, he's hot. Don't you think so?"

She leaned back with a thump against the chair and folded her arms. She crossed one leg over and kicked out her foot. "He's old."

Eddie coughed. "Like what? Thirty five? Forty?"

"That's old."

"No it isn't."

"Would you go out with a forty year old woman?"

"Sure, if she looked as good as you."

The waitress interrupted them.

CHAPTER 4

Saturday night, usually reserved for pizza with Friday being the night of sex got all jumbled together.

Jennifer felt better, but not by a lot. She still didn't want Daniel flirting with her no matter how handsome the guy was.

Eddie wasn't giving up and brought him up just as he slid his hand down her naked body. "You didn't think he looked good for his age?"

"Well, I guess he did." She focused on what Eddie was doing down there.

Unfortunately, her husband was still talking while he played. "I feel bad for him, now."

"What? Why?"

His fingers circled her clit. "Because he's been nice to you and you've been a bitch to him."

"I haven't been a bitch, I just don't want him flirting with me."

"What's wrong with a little flirting? He's giving you compliments and you get all mad?"

She sighed. "It isn't like that. I have a job to do." She shivered at the movements of his fingers.

"Go easy on him the next time you have to call him."

"Why?"

"Because if you ever had a boyfriend, I could hope it would be someone like him."

"Boyfriend? I'm married; I don't need one."

"A lot of married gals have boyfriends now. It's the thing."

"It's not my thing. And you aren't having some side chick, either. Period. End of story."

"I don't want a side chick. But that guy would be totally cool if you were to have a boyfriend."

She exclaimed with exasperation, "He's married."

"Who cares? It's just flirting."

"Not if he was my boyfriend."

He laughed and inserted fingers into her pussy. "No, that would be beyond flirting."

She moaned happily that he had finally stopped teasing her and inserted his fingers.

He said, "Oh, like that thought, huh?"

"No, I like what you're doing."

"You were thinking of him."

"I was not." She grabbed his dick. It was surprisingly hard in her hand. "I think you want him."

"No thanks. No dude butt for me."

"Don't be racist."

He grew serious. "I'm not. I have nothing against gay guys. I'm hetero, okay? Sue me."

"So why are you all hard?"

"I'm thinking of you two together."

"So you can have another chick."

"No, that's not the reason."

"Then what?"

He blushed. He didn't do that often.

She nodded. "Oh, that threesome porn you look at?"

"Yeah, that's fun, but I was just all turned on thinking of him on you..."

She jacked his dick and said, "Not because it would give you an excuse to fuck some other girl?"

"No, because I think it's hot imagining him fucking you..." He groaned heavily and his cock twitched in her hand. Cum shot out, hot and fast.

She looked down at the squirts in surprise. Their generation was on the scene and rewriting the sexual mores of their parents. Things were changing for the better. More liberal and open. More honest and allowing.

Could she let Daniel flirt with her and still be married? She knew she could as many gals her age had a boyfriend or husband and another guy as a back-up. Guys did it, too, but Eddie didn't want another chick?

Was there anything wrong with his fantasy?

No, she thought. But was it hers?

CHAPTER 5

Eddie texted her Monday.

Eddie: Did you call him?

Jennifer: No busy

He left her alone after that; he knew she wasn't supposed to be receiving texts while working.

After work, feet up on the coffee table and all leaned back, he asked, "Why didn't you call him?"

"Why don't you call him?"

"Come on, Jennifer, it's your job."

"Because I don't place calls to him until Wednesday." Lately she hadn't called him at all or at the last possible instant on Friday. It meant Bondi's received their deliveries on Monday – not the day regularly scheduled by contract.

She was hurting his business, she realized, and yet he still was flirty with her.

Eddie nodded in understanding. "Oh, I was all lit over the idea—"

"I know." She wasn't looking at him. "Look, he's just a guy—"

"He's hot and owns a restaurant."

"What if he was jobless?"

His face lit up brighter. "Then he could come over all the time."

She laughed. "You don't even know him. Neither do I."

He shook his head pedantically. "So... get to know him."

Easy for you to say when I have my jerk of a boss leaning over me. She pursed her lips.

Tuesday morning at work, Gary Alvarez leaned against the top opening of her cubicle. "I noticed Bondi's delivery went out yesterday."

She stared at him.

"Nothing to say?"

"I'm listening to the voices in my head."

His eyelids lowered. "You're making my job difficult here. I'm your supervisor. It's my duty to make sure you do your job right, no matter who you're related to. I really don't appreciate your attitude." His head wagged with self-importance.

Technically, he was right, but she thought he didn't have to be such an ass about it. She lifted her unused coffee cup. "This is my cup of care. Oh look, it's empty."

His finger shot out and he punctuated his words with direct stabs of his index finger in the air. "You're not the only one that has the ear of the owner. He has implicit trust in me—"

She placed her hands at the sides of her temples. "You're about to exceed the limits of my medication."

Gary was definitely a pompous ass, even if he said he wasn't and did indeed have a job to do. He had a barrel chest over stick legs and he loved to puff out his chest around the employees. He strutted almost like a woman leading with her breasts. He inhaled and stuck his chest out. "You and I have a problem. You don't like the sound of my voice, do you?"

She looked up at him, eyes sparkling. "You know what I really love? The sound you make when you stop talking."

His face went through several spasms and contortions. He spun around and left, back stiff and neck tense.

She splayed out her fingers and held her hands in the air in frustration. Thank you. Just go away.

Bringing up her customer roster, she placed an early call to the Rainbow Room and typed up their order. After it, she brought up Wednesday's schedule and clicked on Bondi's contact.

"Bondi's Pasta House?"

She paused for a second, deciding on whether or not to use her name. She went with her standard defensive posture when calling him. "Hello, this is Greenway Organics." She knew he would interrupt her and stopped there.

"Is that my Jennifer? Ah, what a lovely sound on a beautiful Tuesday morning."

"Yes, this is Jennifer." She hoped that didn't sound stupid.

She heard the creak of a chair. "This is... rather early for your call. We just got our delivery yesterday."

She sighed heavily. "Yes, I know. I wanted to say I was sorry for that."

His voice was low and gravelly with compassion. "Aww... did someone make you call to apologize? My poor Jennifer."

"No, actually I'm calling on my own. Although my boss has been riding me—"

"Oh, no worries my pretty."

"No, I really mean it. I'm sorry."

His hum before beginning his words was cute. "You're so sweet. I'm sure everyone loves you."

She laughed. "Everyone but my boss."

"Then he is a stupid man."

She blew out a breath. "I swear, my boss is such a prick."

Daniel laughed delightedly on the other end.

Gary stuck his head into her cubicle. "What was that?"

Panicked, she gulped – eyes wide. "Uh, I said that I'm at a loss for what to pick."

Gary blinked angrily, then his faced melted into confusion. "Pick?"

"We're talking about kale choices."

Daniel was now cackling loudly on the other end.

Her boss scowled. "Kale?"

"Yes. Curly? Tuscan? Redbor? Do I need to use crayons and draw pictures to make this easier for you?"

His eyes darkened, but he moved away again. It wasn't procedure to bitch out the employees while they were on the phone with customers.

She blew out a breath. "I'm sorry you had to hear that, Mister Bondi."

"I told you to call me Daniel. It isn't against company policy is it?" His sniff after the burst of laughter sounded loud in her ear.

"No, it isn't... Daniel."

He moaned like a panhandler getting a hundred dollar bill. "Oh... the sweet sound of my name on your lips. So, do you need me to show your boss who's boss? I can duke it out with him."

"Duke it out?"

"You know, fist fight."

"No, I know what it means—"

"He doesn't have his sights on you, does he?"

She coughed in disbelief. "Him? Romantically? I think I'm going to throw up. No, he only wants to get me fired."

"I see; so then he really is a prick."

"With a capital P."

"I'll definitely fight him."

"I don't know; he might win. He's bigger than you."

He coughed to scoff. "Not likely... and how would you know? I could be ten foot tall."

"I saw you. You're skinny and—"

"You saw me? You saw me? How? When?" His voice became sneaky. "Have you been snooping my Facebook page? I don't think my picture is on there..."

"I saw you at your restaurant."

He howled quietly with feigned outrage. "Oh... did you now? And you didn't introduce yourself? I'm hurt. Deeply hurt."

"My husband thought you were handsome."

His groan was a warning sound, low and leery. "I don't swing that way, if that's what he's into..."

She laughed. "No, he isn't." This felt awkward to her. "Anyway, I can take this week's order if you'd like or I could call back later in the week."

"But we were having such a nice chat."

"I'm not really supposed to chat on the phone here."

"We could exchange cell numbers, then you could chat."

She recoiled at the idea. "I don't... think so..."

His sigh was audible. "Ah well, you can't blame a man for trying. I just wish I knew who you were and when it was. I would've arm-wrestled your husband right there for you."

She laughed. "Arm wrestled?"

"Winner take the spoils. Ever tried to arm wrestle a baker? I work with dough every day."

"Uh..." He had her speechless – much different than her boss.

"Please call back tomorrow; I'll have something of an order for you."

CHAPTER 6

"I called him today."

"Why didn't you text me?" Eddie sounded outraged.

"Tuesdays are a busy day." In truth, she hadn't felt all that good about admitting it. Daniel Bondi was still the man who had given her such a hard time with all the inappropriate flirting.

Eddie was up off the couch in a flash. "Let's continue this in bed."

"Why?"

"I'm getting hard."

"All I did was apologize."

"Come on, Jennifer." He made dramatic motions towards the bedroom.

She sighed, although the idea of stroking him sounded fun. How hard could he be over a phone call? She got up and followed.

He tore off his clothes, tie and dress shirt practically flying through the air to land near or on the chair.

She lifted her eyebrows. He was indeed hard, or mostly. She took it in her hand and gave it a few tugs. "Why would you be hard over a phone call to a customer?"

"Because he was hot." He pulled towards the bed and they climbed on together. "Are you going to get undressed?"

She gave him a critical look. "No, I can't say I'm all turned on over this."

"So what did he say?"

"After I apologized, my boss caught me telling Daniel that Gary was a prick."

He laughed. "No way."

"I covered it by saying something that sounded a lot like it. Something about picking Kale."

"He bought it?"

"Yeah." She stroked his hardness, pulling lightly to keep it straight and hard – more petting it than giving it strong jerks.

"So what did Daniel say?"

"He laughed at it all. Offered to beat up my boss."

"He should."

She made a face as if to say, "If only."

"What else did you talk about with him?"

"That we had seen him. He said he would've arm-wrestled you for me."

His dick swelled dramatically and he moaned.

She laughed. "That turns you on?"

He responded with a nervous laugh of his own. "Yeah, for some reason."

"He said, 'winner take the spoils.' "

His moan was long and quivery with lust. His hips pumped, sliding his cock through her moving hand.

Despite herself, Jennifer began to feel warmth in her pussy. The idea that her husband was so turned on over all this echoed inside her in a strange way. "I bet you would have let him win..."

His hips moved faster. "Fuck yeah, I would've."

"He wanted to exchange cell numbers—"

His eyes popped all the way open. "You did?"

"No, I thought it was kind of creepy."

"Creepy," he asked incredulously. "Are you kidding? Texting and phone calls? Facetime? That would be awesome."

"Eddie, he harassed me."

"He likes you."

"He doesn't even know me. He doesn't know what I look like."

"That's the perfect reason to get his number."

"But he's married."

"So? So are you. What would talking hurt? It's not like talking is cheating. Besides, if I know about it, it isn't cheating."

She shook her head, laughing. She knew some guys who thought even looking at another guy was cheating.

He gasped, "You could flirt with him in texts..."

"You'd want me to flirt with him?"

"Fuck yeah, he's hot."

"But what about you?"

He moaned, eyes closed, hips pumping hard. "I could be fingering you while you do it..." His shaft twitched and swelled. Cum jetted out, squirting along her skirt.

She released him and jumped off the bed. "Not on my skirt! I have to wear this..." She ran for the bathroom.

CHAPTER 7

"Bondi's Pasta House?"

"Hi... Daniel, this is Jennifer from Greenway—"

"My Jennifer! I know where you're from. It's so good to hear your sexy voice again."

She laughed and shook her head in exasperation. "How do you know I'm not some ugly, huge woman?"

His scoffing was amusing. "No. Never."

"With a mustache."

"Blasphemy."

She giggled.

"No woman that sounds like you could be anything but ravenously gorgeous."

She sighed and rolled her eyes. She hitched up in her chair and tried to look over the cubicle walls for the floating freak of doom, Gary.

Her boss didn't appear to be near.

She said, "I'm sorry? I missed that."

"I said that it's unfair you know what I look like but you won't let me see how beautiful you are. What's your last name? I can look you up on Facebook or LinkedIn."

"I'm..." She hesitated, thinking of Eddie. "My husband thinks I should have exchanged cell numbers with you."

Daniel sounded awestruck. "Aw... I'm telling you I like your husband right

now."

She laughed.

Gary poked his head in. "What are you doing? No personal calls while—"

She covered the mic and gritted through her teeth, "I'm on the phone with Bondi."

"Listen, I have thirty other employees to watch—"

"Hey, you know what that sounds like?"

Gary's eyebrows rose in interested question.

She said, "It sounds like: not my problem. Now please leave so I can conclude my customer call?"

He showed teeth in his grimace. He walked away, stiff, shaking his head.

Daniel said, "What was all that?"

"My boss again."

"You're right, he really is a prick."

Comforted by his sympathetic response, she said quickly, "Rowan. R-O-W-A-N. Jennifer Rowan."

She heard tapping.

Then an intake of breath.

A whisper so reverent she almost missed it came over the line. "So very beautiful. Your LinkedIn picture makes me want to cry."

She didn't know what to say over such impassioned and enthusiastic sentiment. It was almost sensual. No, in fact, it was. She felt warmth spread from between her thighs and tickle her chest. She stammered, "Th-thank you."

His voice grew excited. "I... Yes! I remember you! A lovely couple... last

weekend? Friday night?"

"Saturday evening."

"Yes."

She was quiet in embarrassment.

He said, "I wish I had known it was you. I would've kissed your hand."

She giggled.

"No, I would've thrown you to the floor and kissed you until you were breathless."

Tingles danced along her nipples, hardening them.

He sighed. "I must be making you mad again. I'm sorry, but a man like me cannot help but be overcome by your beauty."

"I'm... not mad."

His voice was filled with shocked surprise. "No?"

She laughed nervously. "No."

"Ah... my Jennifer..." There was a heavy sigh. "I suppose I should give you my order..."

She rushed in quickly with a tiny burst of impulsive bravery. "We can... exchange numbers..." She instantly felt bad and wrong for saying it. "I mean... maybe not—"

His voice quavered on the edge of tears, talking over the last part of what she said. "Oh, you know how to make a man so happy."

She was conflicted, but regretted how she had instantly backtracked. She hoped he hadn't heard it. "I'll... message you on LinkedIn with it."

"I am going to pass out."

She laughed. "About that order?"

CHAPTER 8

"He texted me."

Eddie gasped and grabbed his slacks.

She giggled. "Are you having an accident?"

He breathed heavily for a few seconds. "No, but it got very tickly there for a second. He texted you? What did he say?"

She rolled her eyes. "He said, 'Hello.' "

His face became the epitome of utter confusion. "That's all?"

"He's been a perfect gentleman in texts. Why do you look so disappointed?"

"I thought it would be all hot and sexy coming from him."

She recalled his words of reverence and her reaction. She decided not to tell her husband. "Well, he is married."

"But he flirts with you on the phone."

"Maybe he's just a different person on the phone. Maybe this is the real him?"

Eddie shook his head.

She put down her chicken salad. "You really want him to flirt with me?"

"Yes."

"Are you wanting to flirt with other women?"

He looked annoyed. "No."

"So he could flirt with me and I could flirt with him and you'd be happy?"

"Very."

"Why?"

"Because we're married and I think you having a boyfriend is so cool. A lot of couples our age do that."

"And you have no interest in flirting with other women?"

"None. Do I have to use sign language to get this across to you?" He made nonsensical finger motions in the air.

"I'm being serious."

"I know; you put down your dinner."

"What's that have to do with anything?"

"You always put down your food if you're talking seriously."

"I do?" She was perplexed, trying to remember past serious conversations.

He nodded. "It's how I know you're not in a joking mood."

"Are you implying I eat too much when—"

"Oh shut up."

She giggled. Those were his words for, "Stop being a twit; you're beautiful and sexy." She said, "I didn't realize I did that."

"Anyway, no, I don't want a girlfriend. I want you to have a boyfriend. Lots of guys our age brag on Twitter about their wives dating and having permanent boyfriends."

"Like your menage fantasy?"

"I guess..."

"And they like... their wives having sex with other guys?"

"Yeah, it's like so cool... It's the thing."

"So, lemme get this straight, I could date and have a boyfriend, and you'll be happy with it? And be faithful and monogamous?"

He nodded with so much enthusiasm that his glasses slid down his nose.

That didn't sound all that bad at all to Jennifer. Warmth built between her thighs. "Why don't we go into the bedroom..."

His eyes brightened.

They shed their clothes and climbed in naked. His hand was already latched onto her tingling pussy.

She said, "Tell me about these dates. What would you want me to do?"

"I'd want you to flirt with him. Flirt with Daniel." His fingers curled into her pussy.

"And?" She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feeling his fingers were making.

"I'd want you to dress super sexy for him. Show him cleavage. A lot of leg."

Warmth spread slowly up her body and tickled her nipples. "Is that all?"

"No. I'd want you to touch him a lot."

The idea of feeling another man's muscles in her grip made her nipples rise and harden. "Yeah?"

"Even touch his pants. I'd want you to feel his package."

Swirls of tension began twisting behind her clit. She moved her hand down and began moving the skin around the hood, trying to spread the tension and feed the sensation. Her husband's fingers moved in and out suggestively.

He asked, "Are you thinking about Daniel's dick?"

She laughed. "Uh, no. I'm thinking about what we're doing."

He was pouting. "Think about him."

"I only met him the once, sort of."

"Wasn't he hot?"

She didn't want to agree and hurt his feelings by suggesting Eddie wasn't. Her husband was a sharp looking guy. "I suppose he was; I didn't really notice."

He groaned in frustration.

"What's wrong?"

"I want you to think about him and be all turned on over him."

"Well, I'm sorry, but he wasn't high on my Christmas card list last week."

"But he's nice. And handsome. And I bet he has a nice dick."

She didn't really care much about dicks for the sake of dicks. Every guy had one and they seemed to overfocus on their parts more than what really mattered – exciting a woman. There was nothing exciting about a guy over-fascinated with his own dick.

"So you didn't call him?"

She sighed in exasperation. "I just got his number today and he said the best time to call him was when he was at work. I get off work at five, so that leaves just a couple of hours a day—"

Eddie stiffened. "Wait, you mean you could've been calling him right now?"

"Well, yeah..."

"Why didn't you?"

"Um, we were doing this..."

"Call him!"

"I'll call him tomorrow."

He held up a hand in futility. "You could've been on the phone flirting, and I could've been fapping the whole time."

She giggled, but she felt a little let down. "You'd really rather be doing that than this right now?"

"Yeah, we're just playing. But him? That's an opportunity you don't want to miss."

"But I have you."

"And you could have him as a boyfriend. It would be perfect."

"I don't know..."

"Fine, look, tomorrow you call him. I'll make you call him."

If you'll shut up about it... She said, "Okay, okay. Tomorrow." She didn't think Eddie was going to want the same thing in a few months. Next year, he would have a different fantasy. What would it be then? Other than knowing he looked at threesome porn, this sudden burst of bringing his private fantasies to reality was new for both of them.

It had to be a passing fad; surely he didn't want her to have a boyfriend, right? They were married. He made great money and they were talking about saving for a house.

Maybe they would start a family.

If she was going to do that, she wanted to do it with Eddie. Daniel, on the other hand, had a wife and home and business. Why would she want to get mixed up with him?

Eddie's fingers moved more forcefully, pulling her labia in and out. "I really want to do this while you talk to him. I want you to cum while he's on the phone."

That sounded... nasty. Something rose up in her abruptly and yanked on every single one of her pleasure nerves. She arched her back and gave a strangled cry as the waves of release rocked her on the bed.

Her husband was excited. "Yeah, think of him. Think of him naked..."

She started laughing and covered her face. "Stop it..."

He sprang up and dashed from the room.

She lifted her head in confusion and looked at the door.

He came back in, wide-eyed and jittery, holding her cell phone. "Text him."

"Text him what?"

"Anything. Just something."

She took the phone and had no intention of texting anything. "What? I..."

"Just tell him good night."

She blew out a breath of resignation. "If it'll make you happy." She drew up her legs and rested her feet on the bed in the posture of reading. She tapped the phone and Daniel's contact.

Eddie was masturbating at her feet.

She wasn't sure what to text, but finally tapped out a couple of words.

Her husband groaned with relief and hot spurts spattered her shins.

She squawked and started laughing. "You came?"

"Oh yeah... that was hot. While you were texting him. What did you say?"

"Nighty night."

She might have thought he would be disappointed because it wasn't salacious enough for him, but the light in his eyes looked as if she had started on the road to delivering on a promise that fulfilled his destiny.

He sagged back on the bed, sated.

CHAPTER 9

Eddie was roughly sifting through her closet.

She came out in her bra and panties, brush in hand. "What are you doing?"

"Wear something sexy."

"Whatever for?"

"For Daniel."

"What? He can't see—"

"For when you talk to him or text him."

"Well, he definitely wouldn't see—"

"Just wear something sexy. Take off your bra."

She covered her breasts as if they were exposed. "No way I'm going to work without a bra."

"Oh, come on."

"Eddie, I don't want Gary thinking I'm doing it for him."

Her husband stopped and frowned. "Hmm, I see your point. Okay, lose the panties."

She coughed. "I'm not going without panties. Control yourself."

He pouted.

She rolled her eyes. "I need to finish getting ready and you're running late."

He grunted. "Yeah..." He sighed. "All right, I gotta go." He gave her a kiss on

the lips and darted away.

She shook her head. What if you get what you want and find it isn't like your fantasy, hmm? Then I'm left cleaning up the mess. Still, Daniel was nicer than she had imagined. If she kept it on a friend-level, no one would get hurt and she could titillate Eddie with a spare few embellishments so he could get off on his fantasy.

When she got to work, she texted her husband.

Jennifer: Okay I'm at work with no panties

A moment later she received a shocked, wide-eyed smilie.

She put her phone away and adjusted her headset.

Gary leaned on the edge of her cubicle wall, holding his coffee cup. "I had a nice conversation with Mister -- um, your uncle -- and I was able to persuade him that you're not a good fit in your position. I think he's looking at removing you from the call center. I hear the janitorial company is looking for a late shift worker."

"Remove me? With my sales figures?" She smiled suddenly, very brightly.

He sneered and shifted his head a little.

Jennifer dropped her mouth open in mock surprise. "You lied to him about my sales figures, didn't you? Didn't you?"

A satisfied smirk scrolled across his lips. "Yeah, well, you cross me you end up getting burned."

She coughed in aggravation. "You know, I look at you sometimes and think, Wow, really? That's the sperm that won?"

His face hardened. "I'm the one with the power here."

Jennifer opened her eyes wide with mockery.

"You've been nothing but trouble. Why are you such a smart ass?"

She barely held back her mirth. "Because it's better than being a dumb ass."

Uncle James cleared his throat behind Gary.

With a jerk, her boss straightened and spun around. "Uh, Mister Green—"

Her uncle's eyes were heavy and shadowed. "My office, now."

"I can explain—"

"Now!" His bellow silenced the entire office. Heads poked over cubicle walls.

Gary scrambled away as if zapped in the butt by a live power cable.

Her uncle turned his gaze on her and he blew out a frustrated breath. "Did you have to rile him so?"

"I wanted you to see how he treated me."

He scratched absently along his jawline. "I imagine I'm going to find the real sales figures tell a different story?"

"I'm good at what I do."

"And the Bondi account?"

Her shoulders slumped. "You know..."

He gave her a wry look.

She said, "I called him yesterday with apologies. We're on much better terms now."

He looked at her for a moment and then nodded. "Good, though it never should've gotten to where it was in the first place." He pointed a finger delicately at her. "Learn from your mistakes and keep up the good work." He winked in that familiar way she had grown up with.

"I do. I will. I mean... thank you."

He flashed that good old Uncle James smile that was so friendly and easy-going. It evaporated after a few seconds, though, as his eyes and head shifted towards the stairs to his offices. He sighed and firmed his lips. "Gary, Gary, Gary..."

She watched him walk away.

CHAPTER 10

She tapped her phone at lunch.

Jennifer: I think I got my boss in trouble

Daniel: The prick?

Jennifer: Lol yes

Daniel: Fired?

Jennifer: I don't know yet

Jennifer: He was caught lying

Daniel: Too bad for him

Jennifer: Does your wife know you text me?

There was a long pause.

Daniel: You're at lunch?

Jennifer: Yes

Daniel: I'll call

She froze. A call was very personal. Her phone burred softly with the incoming call. Well, I guess I can't claim I'm not available... She tapped the receive button. "Hello?"

"Ah, there's my Jennifer. Calling and talking is faster, easier."

"Oh, yeah..."

"In answer to your question, no; my wife doesn't know."

"Isn't that sort of disrespectful?"

His hum before his answer was as open as any other time they had talked. "No, I don't think so. It's... sort of a sad story, if you'll hear me out."

"Sad? What happened?"

"Celia is a wonderful woman and a caring wife. When our son arrived nine years ago, she went through a hormonal shift..."

"You have a son?" This was sounding worse by the second.

"Marco, yes. Bright boy. Anyway, something changed inside her after the birth. The doctors said it was uncommon but not unheard of – that she lost the desire for personal intimacy. At best, she is much like my friend at home, but that's as far as it goes. We even sleep in separate rooms."

"Are you serious?"

"We spent thousands of dollars on doctors and therapists, were told that it was probably just temporary, but the change was permanent. She's a wonderful housewife and mother to our son. But..."

"You didn't divorce her?"

He sounded scandalized. "Heavens, no. I still love her. She is the same Celia I married. How could I do that to her? It wasn't her fault."

Jennifer felt a lump form in her throat. "That's so sweet."

His voice hardened ever so slightly. "I wasn't saying it for sympathy."

"No, I get it. I understand."

"I love her... but she... can't really love me back. We exist like any other happy couple, except for that empty hole of intimacy. We go to parties and get-togethers, and movies. I have her on my arm, but that is all it will ever be now. There's nothing there inside her that desires more than a stable husband and provider - a friend."

Jennifer felt the truth backing the words. "You're a good husband, Daniel."

"I hope I am, but I hear you and—"

"Not other girls?"

No hum. Just an abrupt and quiet, "No."

"So you'd want to make sure she never found out you were flirting?"

"Right. I don't want her hurt. I will always be there for her, no matter what."

"And you know I'm married?"

"Yes. But the sound of your voice ignites in me... feelings I haven't had in years."

She blushed at the fact she was probably talking about sexual feelings with this man.

Daniel said, "Your husband knows, right?"

"That we exchanged numbers, yes. He's... okay with us talking and texting."

That amused hum preceded his words. "I really like him. You must thank him for me."

CHAPTER 11

Two months went by texting and talking. Jennifer's call activity was fully up to the top in efficiency and Gary was gone.

She was feeling happier and had become friends with Daniel.

At home, Eddie was constantly pushing to hear what they had talked about. He wanted to know every little flirt that had passed. He stroked himself in bed listening to her and pouted with disappointment that she wasn't flirting back.

It was a Thursday night when she was texting Daniel in bed and Eddie was licking and playing with her pussy.

She gave a shudder.

Her husband looked up. "Something good?"

She looked away from him and the phone, both. "Uh..." For a few seconds, she looked over at the dresser though her eyes were glazed over. She looked back at the phone and bit her lower lip. Her eyes flicked to his.

"What is it?" Eddie lifted his head higher.

She laughed abruptly. "Nothing really. He..."

"What?"

"He said it would be nice if he could take me to dinner Saturday night."

Her husband's eyes widened. "Really? Yes!"

She giggled. "I don't know if that's a good idea—"

"Oh, come on, Jenn. You have to say yes."

She shook her head at him in wonder. "But, it's like a date."

His eyes opened comically large and he said, "Like, duh."

"You'd really want me to go on a date with him?" Curiosity tinged her tone and not rejection.

Eddie pushed it. "That's what sexy wives do; they go on dates. You have to tell him yes." He got up on his knees, masturbating erratically with a desperate hand. "Do it."

"A married woman out on a date," she mused. "Sounds kinda hot."

"Because it is. Do it or I'll take the phone from you and do it myself."

With her husband jerking himself over her tingling pussy, she giggled with lusty warmth. It did sound good. She poised her fingers over the phone and considered him one last time. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," he rasped. He stroked himself faster.

"Okay..." She tapped her response.

Jennifer: I'd like that

A moment later, she could almost feel the stun through the phone.

Daniel: Wonderful!!!

She said, "He sounds happy."

Eddie moaned, hand working in a blur.

"You really like this, don't you?"

"Yeah," he gasped.

Her pleased giggle was touched by a spreading warmth. "What will I wear?"

"Don't worry; I'll help you."

And he did almost all day Saturday, trying to persuade her to wear revealing clothing.

She rejected all his efforts. "I don't want to dress like a slut."

He held out his arms four hours before she was due to leave to meet him. "It's a date. What's so hard to understand—"

"Eddie, I'm not a slut. Daniel has never asked me to send him a slutty selfie – just face shots."

He sighed with resignation. "All right, all right." He scrubbed his face down with a hand. "Fine, at least dress nice."

"I don't really have anything except for my business suits."

"Then wear that. Without a bra?"

"Eddie..."

He rolled his eyes. "Fine, whatever."

Inside though, she was tingling with excitement. Her nipples were hard the entire time she was picking out clothing to wear to see Daniel. The excitement was not lost on her and she practically quivered with eager anticipation. A date with a married man, she thought to herself. It seems so wrong but feels so fun.

She was turning thirty next month. Was this some kind of old person's reaction to aging? Was she joining the ranks of the cougar-class and going after anything with a beard and tats?

Eddie asked her, "What's the matter? You're staring at your jeans."

She was holding them up, considering them while thinking about age. "Maybe I should wear a skirt."

He nodded with much enthusiasm. "That short one we bought—"

"No, my suit skirt."

"You wear jeans with your suit jacket. Wear the short skirt—"

"No."

"How about those ripped jeans shorts? Those are hot."

She looked at him patiently. "This is a dinner date, not a walk at the park."

He looked totally flustered and frustrated. "You're making a big mistake."

"On my first date? No, I don't think so."

"I'm telling you..."

Her jeans were a little too worn for a dinner date. She folded them back up and put them away. She unhitched her sole suit skirt that matched her charcoal coat. She rarely wore it, but it felt right for tonight.

Eddie grumped, "You're going to be overdressed."

"You'd have me go in tassles and crotchless panties and nothing else if it was up to you."

His eyes lit up. "Or totally naked with an overcoat. Then you could flash him in the restaurant."

She shook her head and stifled a laugh. "Are all you boys alike?"

"Uh huh." He nodded with enthusiasm.

"You don't seem anything like Daniel."

"He's old."

She sighed. "He's nice. Not every guy has to be a perv." She dressed in front of him.

His eyes shone with an inner light of delight and lust. His breathing was ragged.

Jennifer looked at him askance. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah..."

"Are you going to be okay?"

"Yeah..."

"Are you going to be jealous?"

"Yeah..."

She blinked at him.

"I mean, whuh?"

"Are you going to be jealous?"

He looked confounded. "Uh, no."

"Are you sure? We're married and I love you."

"Oh Jenn, you can't imagine how thrilled I am... You going out on a date? It makes my dick swell."

She blew out a breath and suppressed a smile at the same time. "Yeah, we know about that."

"No, seriously. It makes me happy to see you... expanding like this."

"I look fat?"

He coughed. "No, I mean emotionally. Sexually. It makes me proud that you're so sexy you can turn on another man."

She allowed herself a small smile. It did indeed feel good to have Daniel interested in her. That her husband fully supported and pushed the idea felt... liberating. And yet, she wasn't sure she wanted all that Eddie might think he wanted. What if he had second thoughts? But anyway, it was just a dinner.

She would be out, without Eddie, in the presence of another man. Not something scary to her, but exhilarating. Not because Eddie was stifling – no, he was definitely her soul mate. They fit well together and thought the same. They loved each other. She felt excited because Daniel was married and in love, but found her irresistible. Was there more than what they shared on the phone? A real connection? Her heart fluttered with butterflies at the idea that they might find a

mutual attraction.

Eddie said, "I hope you don't clam up. I hope you flirt with him."

He sounded earnest and honest. "I'm not..." She put her hands on her hips and regarded him. "I suppose you want me to crawl under the table and give him a blowjob?"

His eyes lit up again. "That would be perfect!"

She sighed. "Not going to happen."

He growled in frustration.

"What if he likes me?"

He nodded as if it were obvious. "I hope he does. I want him to totally jones for you. I want him to go home later and jack off all night thinking about you."

She blurted laughter, but it died to the image in her mind of Daniel lying in a bed of twisted sheets moaning her name and handling his cock. Heat flared inside and made things warm and moist. Would he do that thinking of me? "That sounds nasty."

"So flirt with him."

"We'll see." She wasn't going to flirt with him if he smelled bad, or had a bad habit she didn't like. What if he picked his nose? What if he coughed on people without covering his mouth? What if he didn't brush his teeth? Although she knew from the very brief meeting in his restaurant that he didn't appear to suffer from being a nerd.

She gave her jacket a tug in the mirror. "Do I look okay?"

"You look like a prude."

She gave him the evil eye.

"Not enough cleavage."

"Feel lucky that I don't button the top button." She wasn't sure if she wanted to

guard against Daniel's prying eyes or wanted to contain the feelings within herself.

Eddie made a disgusted groan. "You're making a mistake..."

CHAPTER 12

She walked on unsteady feet into The Lion Lounge several minutes early. She was determined to be sitting already by the time Daniel arrived so she could try to regain some composure.

Daniel was already in the waiting area. He rose slowly, eyes lit similar to how Eddie's eyes had shined when she was getting ready. He held out his hands, half in a gesture for a hug and half as a display of pleasure. "Ah, my Jennifer. Finally, face to face."

She wasn't sure she was ready for a hug – she might fall over. She held her purse in front of her in clasped hands and looked down. "Yes, um, nice to see you."

He moved in such a way that transitioned from a prospective hug to one of just welcome with one hand towards the hostess. "Our table is ready."

She looked nervously at the hostess and at the specials board. There was a shrimp and scallops special at a very attractive price. Yes, order something cheap, not pricey. Don't be a moocher. She straightened a little with decision and followed the hostess. His touch on her elbow elicited nothing from the raging conflicts inside her.

She realized he was making all of this very easy.

They sat and opened the menus the hostess had given them. She totally missed the girl's name.

Daniel spared her a single ingratiating look. "Thank you, Dee." He looked at Jennifer. "I'm so glad you came early. I half thought you might decide at the last minute to bail on me."

She studied him for a brief instant. He was very handsome and open with his expressions. His beard was kept at stubble length, but very trimmed. He wore a suit jacket much like hers and Eddie's usual business attire – except that Eddie wore ties and Daniel eschewed the affectation. His dress shirt was unbuttoned at

the top and that was all. She decided to deflect his hint that she might've bailed. "Well, I don't get out much."

"Your husband doesn't take you out?"

"Oh, he does, it's just... not all that often," she finished lamely.

His eyes raked over her attire, fast. "I would be pleased to step in on evenings he would rather stay at home."

She gripped the lapel of her jacket. "Am I dressed okay?" It was out before she thought about the question.

His eyebrows rose a lot like her husband's. "Oh, indeed. Very subtle, just what I imagined."

She put her head down to the menu to avoid having to look embarrassed. "I think that special sounds good."

His hand touched hers and she jerked. But his voice was urgent. "No, not the special."

"Why not? I like shrimp—"

"Specials are usually a restaurant's favorite and preferred way of getting rid of old food." He cleared his throat quietly and pointedly. "You don't want old shrimp."

"Oh... right." She gulped and applied herself to actually reading the menu.

It was after dinner that she realized that being there with him was fun. She was laughing with him and enjoying his stories and even telling some of her own about her former supervisor.

Daniel was focused entirely on her. His eyes held a look of wonder and worship. He let her finish her tiny tale about Gary spilling his coffee all over himself before he said, "You are a captivating woman, Jennifer Rowan."

Instead of being embarrassed or nervous as she had been before dinner, she smiled shyly at him. "I... should take that as a compliment?"

He blinked in confusion and made his little hum. "Of course? You're everything I imagined and more."

"More?"

"You don't dress down or slutty like a lot of women do..."

She gulped hard. Darn you, Eddie. "Oh..."

Daniel's eyes twinkled with amusement. "Although there's nothing wrong with slutty in private."

She let out a relieved breath. Maybe he'd like my ripped up jeans shorts. "No?"

His hum came low. "Although you probably don't even dress like that in private, either."

She detected maybe a slight disappointment and rushed in, "Oh, no, I have a pair of ripped up jeans shorts that..."

His eyes flamed with excitement. "I'd love to see them sometime." He jerked upright a little. "I mean, a selfie or something. Or not. I don't want to intrude." He pulled at his collar and blushed in discomfort.

She almost laughed. She reached a hand to his and touched him lightly. "That's okay. I thought for a moment you'd never want to... see me in... something like that."

He laughed very nervously, though he looked relieved. "Oh, no, I would. Definitely." His hands touched himself in various spots as if checking all his clothing was still there.

She giggled.

"What?"

"You look like a nervous teenager."

He muttered without a hum, "I feel like one."

"You make a noise before speaking sometimes, but sometimes not—"

"Sorry."

"No, don't be. It's adorable."

He looked confused, but hopeful. "It is? My father... Well, let's just say it's a habit of speech I picked up. A bad habit."

She shook her head. "I don't think it's bad."

He wiped his brow and let out a breath.

She laughed again.

He said, "I'm not making a good impression, am I? I'm not terribly up on dating —"

She shook her head with more freedom. "You are making the best impression ever."

His look of stunned surprise capped off the night.

CHAPTER 13

"What happened? What happened?" Eddie practically bounced on the balls of his feet as he followed her around the apartment.

"Nothing, really; we had a nice dinner."

"Did he touch you?"

"No." She didn't think he had. "Oh, well yes—"

"Tell me! Let's go to bed."

"It's a little early—"

"Come on." He dashed for the bedroom.

With a sigh, she followed him. Should I make something up? Or tell him the truth?

His excitement was evident when he dropped his sweats and his erection popped out red and used.

She looked at it. "It looks all beat up."

He chuckled. "Yeah, well... You were out on a date; I couldn't help myself."

That her husband had waited home and jerked himself while she was with Daniel gave her a strangely comforting feeling. Not that Eddie was neglected, but that he liked it so much he had apparently really gone at it with his dick. Tension drifted out of her shoulders and she smiled at him. "Does it hurt?"

He looked pained. "No..."

She undressed and got onto the bed next to him. She gripped his hot dick and squeezed her hand on the hard heat. "You really are excited."

"So, tell me."

She pouted. "It really was just a nice date. We talked and that was it."

The look of disastrous loss on his face was amusing and she giggled.

Eddie shook his head. "Just talked?" His eyes wandered away in thought and his mouth worked as if trying to form words. "I thought he was all hot for you?"

"He was – he is. He was just a gentleman, that's all. And he said he was glad I didn't dress slutty, so you were wrong."

Eddie looked more butthurt than Jennifer had ever seen him.

She gave his dick some gentle strokes. "I think he wanted to kiss me at the end in the parking lot."

His eyes lit up. "Why didn't he?"

"I... wasn't sure I should."

He coughed in amazed exasperation. "You ruined it."

"I didn't ruin anything. Anyway, he asked me out on another date."

Her husband blinked. "He did?"

She nodded. "Whenever you don't want to take me out, he said he would."

The smile that spread on his face was so pleased that it made her smile, too. He said, "Awesome. I can't wait to post this on Twitter. My wife is dating."

"Don't you dare. My mom follows your twitter account."

"Oh, well then I'll use one of my fake accounts."

She sniffed and shook her head.

His voice fell a little. "So he doesn't want you dressing slutty?"

"Well, not out to the dates. Although he did say he would love to see me in my

ripped jean shorts. Like a selfie..."

His dick flexed and jerked. "Oh yeah..." It came out in a long sigh of relief.

She giggled. "Why does that make you feel better?"

"Because I want him to see you." He ran his fingers into her panties. "I want him hard over you and wishing he could fuck you."

She closed her eyes and stroked him a little faster. Daniel had been nicer than she had ever imagined a few months ago. It felt good to have his attention.

Eddie jumped up suddenly. "Let's take a shot of you in your jeans."

"Right now?" She had just been beginning to relax and get in the mood.

"Yeah, come on." He was already at the dresser pulling out her skimpy shorts.

She exhaled in annoyance, but also felt a little thrill at the idea of posing for Daniel. Would he like it? She took the shorts from her husband and pulled off her panties. The shorts were ripped in such ways that panties could not be worn with them. Her hands shook as she slid them up and zippered them.

He was already pointing her phone.

"No, not in my bra."

"Why not?"

Although the idea appealed to her, she wasn't sure she was ready for that, yet. "Hang on." She shrugged into her blouse and knotted the bottom up at her belly button. "There."

Eddie was smiling patiently. "Yeah, okay. You're right, it looks great." He took a picture. She spun to show the backside and he took another while she was looking over her shoulder. He said, "Sexy."

I hope Daniel thinks so. "Let me see." She didn't like the one from the back – she looked too... something. Her chin was up. "Retake this one; I don't like it." She posed again, lowering her chin this time.

He took it, grinning broader. "Yeah, nicer. More seductive."

She approved of the new pose. "Better. Gimme." She deleted the other one. She put down the phone and pulled off the shorts and blouse.

He said, "Send it now."

"Don't you think it's a little soon?"

"No, not at all. This shows you're interested in him."

She straightened, standing there naked except for the bra. "Am I interested in him?"

Her husband grabbed her, crushing her body to him. She felt his hardness against her lower abdomen. He said low and husky, "Yes. I want you to want him. I want you to be hot for him." He moved his hand to her pussy and thrust his fingers up into her moistness. "I want you to think about him and dream about him. I want you... wet for him."

She moaned at the assault of his words, the feeling of his fingers fucking her pussy, and the emotions they brought out. That sense of liberation flexed inside her and spread its wings. Her legs shook as if she were on a high building at the very top overlooking the city. "Yeah?"

"Yeah... this makes me crazy. I love you so much more after the date..."

She steadied a little. "Not less?"

"No way. More. I can't wait for this to go farther. I'll be all over you."

She closed her eyes again and felt the tides of liberation wash up on her shores. If her husband really did like this and loved her more for it, how could it be wrong? Would Daniel really be that interested in her – despite all the flirting previously? Handsome, strong Daniel. She gasped as a swell of heat and tension made her knees tremble and buckle.

Eddie moved his fingers more suggestively in and out, and also up to caress her clit. "That's it, think about him. Imagine his fingers in you right now."

She groaned louder, feeling the rising swell of excitement rise over her.
"Yeah..."

"Imagine kissing him and holding his cock instead of mine right now."

Her hand gripped reflexively and she cried out as the swell broke over her. Shivers burst down her back and her hard nipples abraded against the inside of her bra. Heat erupted from her pussy in waves that brought intense satisfaction with each passing. "Oh... yes, Daniel..."

Eddie groaned.

She realized after a few seconds that something was cooling on her skin. Her husband had shot his load all over her hip and lower abdomen. Tingles radiated up and down her body as her knees gave way. She sagged against him, hanging on with one arm around his neck.

It was definitely the most unusual orgasm they had ever shared: standing up and masturbating each other over some other guy. She put her face into the crook of his neck and laughed weakly.

He gasped, "Can we send the picture now?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER 14

She held the phone out and pouted. It seemed so easy that she had gone from fully clothed to bra and panty pics. She thumbed the button and took the picture.

On her husband's suggestion, she had asked for something sexy in return from Daniel. That had produced a few days' worth of back and forth – Daniel protesting that men aren't capable of taking sexy pictures.

Eddie had suggested a bathroom shot in a towel and Daniel had reluctantly agreed.

That was days ago and Jennifer still looked at the picture every day. He was a very sexy man and well-built for being slender. Much like her husband.

She sent the picture with a text.

Jennifer: Like this one?

She knew he might not answer for an hour or more, depending on whether his wife was around or not. She came out and found her husband stroking himself on the bed, eyes closed, breathing raggedly. She said, "I haven't even left yet."

"I can't wait."

"Do you want me to handle that for you?"

"No, I don't want to finish until you get home."

"You're going to do that through our entire date?"

He nodded sheepishly. "It's what I was doing all last Saturday."

She shook her head. There lay her husband, smart and professional in his bookkeeping career, stroking himself madly over the fact that she was going out on her second date.

Her phone chimed.

"Oh, he texted me back."

"What did he say?"

She smiled at Daniel's text. "He said he wishes he could see more."

Eddie was up off the bed. "Let's do it. Let's give him a naked one so he thinks about it all through the date tonight."

"No way."

"Come on, Jenn. He wants it. If you do, then you can ask for a dick pic in return."

She rolled her eyes.

"Come on, aren't you the least bit curious as to what his cock looks like?"

"I think you are, definitely."

"Yeah, but what about you?"

She bit her lower lip. "Okay. Take it for me." She handed him her phone and stripped out of her bra and panties. "Not yet."

He waited patiently until she posed, forearm over her breasts and hand over her pussy. She turned a little sideways and said, "Okay."

"He can't see anything like that."

"That's the point."

"But he wants to see more."

"Well, I am naked, aren't I?"

He sighed and thumbed the phone. He handed it to her.

She swallowed hard. Should she?

"Send it," he said. His dick let out a clear drop of ooze and it began to drip. He gripped it fast and began stroking the pre-cum all over his shaft.

Feeling warmth building inside her over her husband being so turned on over it, she decided to do it. She texted him and attached the photo. "Okay, sent."

Eddie cried out and stood on his toes. His hand was off his dick in a flash.

"What?"

"That was close."

"Why? What happened? You getting too excited?"

"My wife just sent a naked picture to a handsome man. I almost lost it right there."

She giggled and shook her head. "You're hopeless."

"I love you so much."

"Just for sending the picture?"

"Yeah." He gripped his erection again and just held it. It was as long and hard as she had ever seen it; he was super-excited.

"So, the more I do this, the more you love me?"

He nodded.

I wonder how much I can make you love me? She smiled to herself and then her breath hitched as her phone chimed.

Daniel: Beautiful

Daniel: Awesome

Daniel: Superb

Eddie asked, "What's all that?"

She showed him.

He nodded with excitement. "Okay, now tell him fair is fair and you want a naked pic of him."

"Do I?" Before her husband even answered her, she knew she did.

"Yes. Ask him."

She tapped slowly, thinking.

Jennifer: I think I deserve a naked pic of you right?

No answer.

After a few minutes, she muttered, "I think I made him mad."

Her phone chimed a bit later and his text bubble appeared.

Daniel: Ready?

Jennifer: Yes

A picture bloomed in.

"He sent one."

Eddie crowded beside her. "Open it."

Daniel was in the bathroom, naked, hand on hip and looking back over his shoulder. Tit for tat, he had made sure nothing was showing except the side of his butt cheek.

Eddie smirked. "Good looking figure."

Jennifer was breathing heavily. Her husband was right – Daniel was a sexy man, most definitely.

"Ask him for a dick pic."

"Eddie..."

"Come on, he probably really wants to show you."

Jennifer: My husband wants you to send me a dick pic

He coughed. "Jennifer..."

She asked innocently, "What?"

Daniel: He does? Do you want one?

Jennifer: Yes

Daniel: Give me a few seconds

Eddie nudged her. "See? I told you."

"What if it's gross-looking?"

"On that body? Who knows, but probably not."

Her phone blooped a picture and both of them could see it right away. She tapped it and enlarged it. He was sitting on the edge of the tub in the bathroom. His cock was erect and beautiful. It reminded her very much of Eddie's, except it wasn't red at all – it was very skin-colored and even.

Her heart was pounding erratically and her pulse quivered in her throat.

Her husband sighed raggedly. "That looks great."

She mumbled defensively, "I don't know." Inside, her heart was beating fast and hard. She felt a little light-headed. Down below, her pussy felt hot and wet. It seemed so wrong to be looking at another man's dick, but her husband was so involved in it happening that her inner sense of liberation strengthened her confidence.

It really was a great-looking dick.

She had to admit.

She smiled dreamily at it.

Eddie whispered, "Makes you want to lick it, doesn't it?"

That snapped her out of her reverie and she reacted on defensive instinct. "No, of course not." She swiped away the picture and put the phone down.

"How can you not look at that and not be wet?"

Unfortunately, she couldn't dodge his hand and fingers. Her heat and moisture was invaded and tension coiled up inside her. Her breath caught and she gave a strangled giggle and cough.

His grin was sly. "You're wet."

"Well..."

"You liked his dick."

"It was okay."

He got close, licking up her jaw to whisper in her ear. "You want to touch it."

She couldn't resist any longer. Her knees buckled and quivered. "You'd want me to?"

"Yeah."

"What if I liked touching it?"

He groaned. "That's what I'm hoping."

"Really?" Assurances were always good. She didn't want to blurt out to the man whom she had given promises that she was aching inside to touch another man's cock.

Even if she did.

What if Eddie had second thoughts?

His dick oozed copiously. "I want your hands all over it. I want your wedding ring sliding up and down on his erection."

She jerked her head back. "You wouldn't want me to take it off?"

"No way."

She giggled. "That sounds kinky."

He breathed, "It sounds beautiful. Promise me you'll touch him tonight."

She wanted to touch Daniel; she really did. But would he allow it? Disapprove? She didn't want to turn him off. "I'll try..."

"Come on, Jenn..."

She drew in a better breath and let it out. "I said, I'll try."

CHAPTER 15

Daniel stood close to her in the parking lot. Without his characteristic hum, he bashfully said, "Thank you for another wonderful evening."

She didn't back away; she lifted her chin up to look at him with a quizzical smile. "I should be thanking you."

He gulped. "Hug?" His eyebrows lifted with question.

She laughed suddenly at his boyish uncertainty. "Sure, that would be nice."

There was a hint of surprised joy in his eyes before she was engulfed in a close and lingering hug. She felt his clothed body against hers and his slender, muscular figure. Excitement and relaxation battled instantly inside her as a sensation of fuzzy cotton packed her throat and chest.

She very much enjoyed the feeling.

His hands did not wander, but he did pull her in close and adjust his stance to hers so that the hug was full contact, from head down to almost ankles.

She felt him against her – his manhood. It was a heady sensation twirling around inside her to be so close to that impressive-looking man-flesh on her phone.

At the same time, she felt the moment was stolen: taken from his wife unknowingly; and encouraged by her husband – who was probably feverishly masturbating at home. It felt... good on both sides of the equation, even if her conscience said it might be all wrong.

Is that why this feels so good?

She shifted her hips forward, wanting to feel more of the impression of his hardening lump.

He instantly reacted, moving his hands down, hesitantly at first, but then with more confidence, to pull her in tighter. His hands cupped her ass and squeezed.

It felt natural to surrender to his masculinity. She moaned softly and involuntarily gave a thrust to his crotch.

Again, his reaction was almost instant – as if her sounds and movements were considered permission for his actions. He bent his head back enough from smelling her hair to look her in the face.

Excitement cascaded down her body in a rush of icy-hot shivers: he was positioned to kiss her. A tiny, daring flare of forbidden excitement made her heart flutter. She had not kissed any other man since her wedding. That she was about to was so... juicy.

He brought his lips down and she parted hers.

They kissed in a gentle mash of lips. His tongue moved against her mouth and sent electrical shivers to tighten her shoulder muscles. She kissed him back, reveling in the easy way in which their mouths explored each other, while at the same time worrying he might taste some remnant of the filet mignon she had eaten for dinner.

She tasted wine on him and hoped that was what he got from her.

Her hand slid down over his butt and squeezed.

He murmured into her mouth something wordless. His hand reached back and took hers, moving it around to the front. He placed her hand on his bulge.

Her heart began hammering hard in her chest. She gripped his package and felt along it, trying to determine the direction of the shaft and the location of the head. Was it as big as it looked in the picture? Smaller?

A touch sent delicious tremor up her chest: his hand moved against her thigh up under her skirt. She moved her foot out a little as his fingers rose up tentatively to touch at her panties. The edge of his finger moved up her covered labia and over her clit. Even through the material, it felt heavenly.

She moaned into his mouth her intention to willingly submit right then and now to whatever he had in mind.

Except that he didn't do anything but slowly release her.

She looked at him in loss and unspoken question.

He took a deep breath and gave her the sexiest smile she had ever seen.

When she got home, a naked Eddie was almost jumping around her in circles. "What happened?" His erection bobbed red and stiff. His hand kept going to it for a few strokes, then releasing it.

"Not much, really—"

"What?" His disappointment was so acute that her fears were quenched.

She said, "Okay, okay. We kissed in the parking lot."

His eyes were lit bright. "Let's go to bed."

She stifled a smile and followed him. His butt cheeks jiggled tautly with his excitement and tension.

He flung himself onto the bed and grabbed his dick. "Did you touch it?"

She laughed. She hadn't even gotten one button undone on her blouse. "Wait for me to undress, then I'll tell you all about it."

He huffed with indignation and started jacking fast and hard.

Even seeing this before, she was still amazed that her husband could be so turned on over something that many others might view as a terrible violation. She got naked and climbed beside him. Taking over his erection, she said, "He was perfectly normal until it was time to come home."

He sighed disgustedly.

"Relax... Anyway, he asked me for a hug in the parking lot—"

"Did you?"

"Shut up and let me tell you."

"Okay, okay. Go on. Tell me everything."

She giggled. Eddie couldn't even stop encouraging her to tell him so that she could give him details. "I can't tell you if you're talking."

He made a sound of aggravation and rolled his eyes. He pressed his lips shut and made a hurried rolling motion with his hand.

She stroked him lightly, knowing he was likely close. "We hugged and it was very... nice."

He gave her a pained look.

"Then he kissed me."

Eddie groaned and looked relieved.

"I could feel him against me and I pulled on him to feel it better."

He sighed happily, his eyes going all dreamy-like.

"He took my hand and placed it on his pants."

His eyes popped open wide and he took her hand away from his erection with a swipe. "Yeah? What did you do?"

"You won't be mad?"

"No!"

"Okay, well, I squeezed and felt it."

He groaned again and nodded.

She gripped his erection again and felt its heat and thickness. Yes, you're close. She made small movements, stroking from the base to the tip. "He brought his hand up between my legs and rubbed my panties—"

Her husband tensed up and he gasped. "Yeah? Did you like it? Did you like the feel of his cock? Was it nice?"

"Very much so—"

His shaft flexed and began pulsing. Strong squirts leapt up and out. Eddie moaned feverishly and pumped his hips, fucking his cock through her grip. "Oh, fuck yeah..."

She kept her hand still and let him masturbate himself through it. She watched the squirts land hotly on her hand and more on his leg.

Finally, he asked, "What else did you do? Did he reach inside—"

"Nothing else."

"What? Come on..."

"We were in a parking lot. There were people around."

He sighed in exasperation.

Her phone chimed. She twisted around and stretched for her phone. Eddie's hand touched her hip and slid over it.

"Is that him?"

"Yes." She settled back and held up the phone to read.

"What's he saying?"

"He says he can't stop thinking about me."

Her husband pushed between her legs and moved to lick her. "Text him while I lick you. Pretend it's him."

She moaned in anticipation; she was pretty worked up. "Okay."

"Tell him you can't stop thinking of him, either."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, do it." His tongue came down and took away her reservations.

Her excitement rose and fueled her liberation. She texted Daniel, teasing him while her husband licked up and down her clit. It was awesome and her hips

moved suggestively. She swiped back and forth between Daniel's naked picture and their texts.

Eddie stopped long enough to suggest, "Ask him if he wants a more private date."

"Private?"

"Yeah, like here..."

Her breathing accelerated dramatically. "Here?"

"Ask him. I'd love to be here and watch."

"Watch what?"

His fingers probed inside her wetness. "I want to see him kiss and lick you. I want to see you suck his cock—"

She moaned at the sudden surge of tension. She thrust her hips up. "Yeah?"

"I want to see your lips slide up and down on his shaft."

"Are you serious?"

"Very. Ask him."

Urged on by her husband's tongue and thoughts of Daniel, she twisted her lips to the side in thought. She tapped a question slowly and hit send.

Eddie tongued her, sending waves of pleasure up to battle against the tension of uncertainty coming down from her brain.

Her phone finally chimed.

Eddie lifted his head. "You asked him? What did he say?"

She was nodding through a bubbling excitement and sense of dread. "He says it would be a dream come true."

Her husband knelt up and crawled forward rapidly. His dick was hard again.

She marveled at it. "But, you just finished like ten minutes ago..."

"I can't help it." He stabbed it into her and began driving madly into her. "Don't think of me, think of him. Just close your eyes. I'm Daniel, okay?"

"Okay..." She closed her eyes, though she didn't need to; she couldn't get the man off her mind anyway. Her husband made love to her desperately, with full, hard strokes into her pussy. She didn't see her husband; she saw Daniel.

Eddie pumped with more desperate vigor than she had ever felt from him. He gasped, "Tell him he can come over. Tell him."

She brought up her phone again and focused on the screen. She hadn't responded to his comment and she wondered if he thought she disapproved.

Jennifer: Tomorrow?

Daniel: Really?

Jennifer: Yes

Daniel: Definitely

Jennifer: My husband wants to watch

There was no answer for a long time.

Eddie groaned, "What's he saying?"

"He said tomorrow definitely."

Her husband yelled out in surprise, his shaft swelling inside her. She felt a few hot squirts inside her as he grunted through a second orgasm.

Am I going to be under Daniel like this tomorrow?

Eddie pushed in three times as far as he could to let loose a few after-squirts. His hips pressed fully to hers and his stiffness filling her was enough to push her over the edge. He grunted, "Fuck him, Jenn. Fuck him. Please fuck him. I want his cock in your pussy."

She cried out wordlessly, caught up in his excitement and her own. She thrust her hips up at him and brought them down at a hard angle to mash her clit against his pubic bone.

After a moment of intense pulses of heat and relief, she sighed wistfully, "Oh, Daniel..."

Eddie dropped down onto her and kissed her frantically. "This is going to be so wonderful..."

CHAPTER 16

Eddie dropped his hands Sunday morning, palms open and pleading. "Oh, come on."

"He doesn't want an audience. He wants it to be just him and me."

He blew out a breath. "Well, maybe it should be that way the first time."

She frowned, knowing Daniel wasn't likely to relent. "He's just not into that voyeur stuff. He wants it private."

He was nodding, grasping at the hope the man would change his mind after the first time. "Okay, okay. I'll just..." He motioned around the apartment helplessly.

"I thought... maybe..." She blushed.

"What?"

"I thought I'd shave for him."

His eyes blinked in confusion, and then dawning interest. "Your pussy?"

She nodded. "Do you want to shave it for me?"

His mouth dropped open and he breathed, "Yeah... I'd be honored." He followed her into the bathroom. "Can I be naked while I do it?"

She giggled. "Sure. I've never seen you so horny so often..."

"I can't help it. I can't wait for him to get here."

"Are you going to leave, or wait out...?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll just sit in the living room. That way I can hear you."

She stripped naked while the tub filled.

He selected a razor with shaking fingers.

She noticed. "Maybe I should do it."

"No, I can do it. I should, anyway. Prepare your pussy for his cock? Most definitely."

When the bath was ready, she got in and said, "Really, maybe I should do it; I don't want to be cut." She washed although she had already showered early in the morning.

"I can do it."

"But—"

"I want to do it."

She was ready and slid up onto the rim against the wall. "Okay, then..."

He sat opposite her, naked and erect. He held the razor and gazed longingly at her pussy. "I'll be careful."

She giggled.

He whispered as he shaved her, "I want him to love your pussy. I want him to be addicted to it. I want it to be beautiful for him."

His words were making her wet.

Will he like it? She looked down at her bare pussy; Eddie had done a fantastic job with the utmost of care. That he had shaved her made her feel safe and secure in what was going to happen later.

It's going to be okay, isn't it?

Her husband sat back and jacked his dick. "Fuck yeah. Beautiful. He better like it."

"What if he doesn't?"

Eddie let go of his dick and laughed. "Then he's gay."

"I'm serious."

His mirth melted away. "I'll always love it."

She knew he meant well, but the uncertainty of it all plagued her. Her eyes dropped down to the water in the tub. What if it all went horribly wrong? What if he was mean or rude? What if he made her feel cheap afterward?

He touched her knee. "It'll be okay; you'll enjoy it."

She looked up into his eyes. Wonderful, caring, loving Eddie Rowan – professional bookkeeper and faithful husband, willing to shave and share her with another man. How did I get so lucky? Am I risking everything? "Are you sure you want me to do this? He'll be here in a couple of hours. There's still time to back out."

He looked mortified. "Don't you dare back out."

She got out of the tub and put on her bathrobe, filled with lingering uncertainties.

Daniel's knock on the apartment door later was like a death knell of doom. She felt the impacts in her chest. Despite the sudden onslaught of fear, her pussy tightened with tension. Her heart began racing due to the rush of adrenaline.

Now more than ever, she doubted she could go through with it.

As her husband answered the door, she teetered on the edge of jumping up from the couch and avoiding a certain catastrophe.

Except that she was rooted in place, hands on knees, and quivering like a leaf. She watched Daniel give a little start of surprise at seeing Eddie answer the door. He peered at her husband with curiosity at first, and then with a smile. Her husband was beaming and looking sheepish. He held out his hand right away.

That's when Daniel smiled. They shook hands and her date came into their home. This was far more complicated than some dinner date – he was inside their apartment where they lived in privacy.

Had she cleaned enough?

Her head was buzzing, on the verge of faintness, while the two men chatted.

Before she could catch her breath or wits, Eddie was gesturing to her in permission and stepped aside. She looked up into Daniel's soft eyes as he stood before her. He said something, but she wasn't paying attention.

Right now, I could end it. Stop it right here, but... She reached up to his offered hand and let herself be pulled up. I still have time.

Then he was hugging her and kissing her – right in front of Eddie. Her thoughts were swept away as a tiny measure of calm soothed the worst of the fears. Her heart still beat fast, but not as hard. Down below, her stomach flipped and fluttered queasily. Below that, heat flushed through her pussy.

Eddie murmured, "Bedroom is that way..."

She tensed a little. Don't be so eager that you ruin this... But she kept those thoughts to herself instead of speaking them to her husband.

Daniel gently put pressure on the small of her back as he pulled back from the hug. She let him guide her, and they were walking to the bedroom. She looked at the doorway she had passed so many times before without thought to the safety and sanctity of the room.

Now she was being led through it so that a married man could...

She gasped and stumbled a little – more like a hiccup and a faltering step.

Daniel shut the door behind them.

She turned to him, wanting to stop it all but losing the desire to do so with each passing second.

He undid the tie on her robe and opened it.

She let it happen.

He pulled her in, hugging the exposed nakedness to himself.

She collapsed against him, trembling with fear and desire both. Her nipples were

hard points and if she thought she was wet before, she was almost gushing now. She felt a trickle of moisture wet the very top of her inner thigh.

He brought his hand up between her thighs and touched her. His eyes and smile lit up. "Are you wet for me?"

She tried to laugh but it didn't come out; she was far too nervous.

CHAPTER 17

Eddie, outside in the living room, sat on the couch. He had watched his wife and Daniel go into the bedroom and shut the door. He was so turned on that he was shaking with desperation. At the same time, the effect on his body robbed him of an erection. The tightness in his chest and the solid rock in his gut were completely unexpected.

Worry tightened his shoulders and made him clench his teeth.

He heard nothing in the bedroom and it aggravated his torment. He stood up from the couch and tiptoed to the bedroom door. He tried to hold his ragged breath as he listened.

A couple of wet sounds were all he heard. Kissing, likely.

Finally, his cock swelled.

He swallowed and rubbed at his jeans.

Daniel murmured something that his wife didn't answer.

Backing into the bathroom, Eddie quietly unzipped his pants. He pulled out his swollen cock and started to play, but it wasn't fully hard. Overjoyed that his wife was finally doing something so sexy, he played with his dick in hopes of waking it fully. It was hyper-sensitive and tickly, possibly due to the heavy rock feeling in his gut.

He heard faint shuffling from the bedroom and then silence.

He waited, panting, straining to hear.

There was a familiar sound he had never noticed before now that he knew in an instant: the creak of the mattress. Someone was getting into bed.

Silence again.

He heard a feminine gasp, and then nothing for a moment. Next he heard Daniel groan with appreciation and relief.

Immediately, the bed started creaking gently, quietly.

Eddie leaned against the bathroom wall connecting the rooms and let out an involuntary moan of lust. His dick hardened into full erection and he gripped it with a trembling hand. He jacked rapidly, panting open-mouthed against the wall.

His wife was fucking another man, finally, and he loved it. "Oh yes..." he whispered. His beautiful wife who had looked so gorgeous in her wedding gown was in their bedroom taking another man's cock. Exultation bubbled up in his chest as he stroked an erection that had become super-hard.

Very few times in his life had he felt so much success: his graduation from college; his marriage to Jennifer; getting hired as a bookkeeper. But his wife fucking another man topped them all.

By far.

Euphoria swept up his body and he stroked his erection feverishly to the sounds coming from the bedroom.

Almost scaring him was the escape of sound from Jennifer – a small thing, an airy moan filled with pleasure and enjoyment.

He stopped moving his hand immediately. He gasped against the wall, straining to hear more. He tried to imagine his bride lying there on their bed, her legs spread in her wedding dress as Daniel moved between them.

Only the creaking of the mattress answered him.

He whispered, "Do it, Daniel. Violate her pussy, deep. Fuck my wife and make her love it."

As if she had heard him, Jennifer moaned again, louder and with the sound of urgency.

Daniel murmured something.

She answered with a muted, "Yes..."

The creaking increased, becoming louder.

Eddie twisted around, leaning his back against the wall. He looked at his face in the mirror; it was pale and he felt clammy. He thrust out his hips and jacked his cock with full strokes as he listened. His wife was getting fucked behind him in the other room and she apparently liked it. He groaned with victory, "Fuck yes..."

CHAPTER 18

Jennifer's head twisted from side to side, slowly. Daniel's thickness drove in and out of her wet pussy. What had so scared her at first was all gone in the natural act of sex.

His erection speared her perfectly, filling her aching hole in a continuous in and out motion of masculine lust.

She loved it.

Eddie had been right.

She had thought she might feel dirty and cheap – being used by a man she had once hated not so long ago.

No, she didn't feel cheap at all, or dirty, or slutty.

She felt good.

Coupling with Daniel erased all her fears and doubts. Having this handsome man in her and making love to her was the opposite of everything she had expected.

It wasn't ugly, it was beautiful.

She moaned again, louder still, feeling that tension twist tighter inside her. That she had predicted something different and got something else left her in a daze of discovery.

Yes, her husband had been right; everything was okay. More than okay.

She gripped her hands onto Daniel's flexing butt cheeks and pulled on him, knowing she was getting close. She wanted to touch and hold him, feeling his muscles working as he drove that filling thickness into her soul.

More than okay. It was excellent.

Daniel whispered, "You're so beautiful. You feel so good."

She pulled harder and thrust her hips up with more vigor. She could feel his hardness expanding. It was something so intimate and personal that she swooned at the rush of emotions flowing through her.

Had it ever been this good with Eddie? When Daniel first entered her, it had been electrifying. Not that there was anything special about his cock, but that she had opened herself and was actually receiving the ardor of another man. She had simply been numb and stunned.

It had been normal - that first thrust. Sex was sex. Cock was cock. But the situation became clearer to her with each beautiful thrust: he was married to another woman; she was married to Eddie; and they were sharing a naughty moment.

Yes, in her mind, it was all electrifying.

His mouth came down on hers and she felt his body trembling and straining as he moved. If Eddie was a barometer of male sex, Daniel was very close.

They kissed ravenously.

He pulled his head up, panting. "I guess I should pull out..."

She clutched his butt tighter. "No."

His eyes swirled with question, then danced with delight. He thrust deep and hard, driving his lust into hers and making her groan with urgency.

It exploded from a high, tight place, crashing down onto her with repeated waves of rapture and relief. She cried out quietly, trying not to just let loose and possibly embarrass herself.

Daniel's thrusts jerked to a stop and then he drove hard into her pussy. Hot wetness touched her insides in several bursts. He let out several quiet exclamations of gladness and satisfaction.

Jennifer relaxed in the peace and euphoria of satisfying sex. She had taken Daniel's lust into her pussy and milked it out of him. She had coaxed his

manliness into surrender and she felt...

Triumphant.

He settled down onto her and kissed her. He murmured onto her lips, "Give me a few moments and I think I can go again."

She laughed quietly. "Really?"

"Not normally, but with you?" He smothered any words from her with his lips.

She reveled in the afterglow as her body tingled hot and excited, and her tongue accepted the wrestling match with his. She had a strange urge to thank Daniel's wife.

She wondered if Celia would understand.

Her mind drifted to Eddie. What was he doing? Had he stayed or left? Would he be happy for her that it had turned out so good?

Daniel said, "I, uh..."

"Hmm?"

"Was I okay? Was it good for you?" He chuckled. "That sounds tacky, huh?"

She giggled. "No, it's okay, really. Yes, it was... wonderful."

Relief washed over him so obviously that she laughed again.

She heard a creak in the hallway outside and tension drifted into her shoulders. That would be Eddie. Was he anxious? Curious? Excited? Did he expect her out there?

Daniel traced his finger down her nose.

She muttered, "I know, it's kinda big."

He laughed, almost loudly. "It's perfect. I'm used to big Roman noses in my family..."

She focused on his aquiline nose. Long and bold, she tried to imagine what his mother's looked like.

He reared up and pulled out his sopping dick. It was smeared with their juices – wet with evidence of their union. Cum dripped from the end of his cock and down onto the bedspread.

She looked at his half hard erection, marveling that it was still so swollen.

He dropped his eyes. "I know; it's not very big. I'm sure your husband is bigger."

She gave a scoffing laugh. "No, actually you're bigger."

He looked amazed and pleased. "I am?"

Not wanting to make him think Eddie had a size problem, she explained. "It's about the same thickness, but you're longer."

Delighted curiosity lit up his face. "How much longer?" He was absently holding his fingers a couple inches apart.

She pressed her lips together to hold back laughter. "Uh, only about that much." She spaced her thumb and finger an inch apart. It was her best guesstimate.

His face fell slightly, but still retained something of a pleased look. "Oh. Well. That's something, isn't it?"

She sat up and leaned on one hand to look close at him. "It's not all about size..."

He flicked his eyes away and nodded. "Right, of course. Sorry I'm being silly."

"You're not silly, you're adorable."

His flash of teeth was as genuine as Eddie's had been on their wedding day.

The strange similarity brought to mind a feeling that made her look away. Some might consider what she had done cheating. But she felt none of that stigma. Instead, she felt... more of a woman.

As if something new had opened up inside her.

Something beautiful.

He grinned with mischief and stroked his cock.

She felt her lips spread in a smile. It was one thing to see her husband doing it, but it was super sexy to see Daniel doing it.

He gave it several good strokes. "Turn around; I think it's ready."

Surprised at his rapid recovery, she twisted around and got on her hands and knees. Eager to have him fill her aching hole again, she wriggled her butt.

He gave her cheek a light spank. "Gorgeous."

"It's not too big?"

He laughed. "It's perfect."

His continued protestations of her beauty and attractiveness warmed her thoroughly. "Mmm, stick it in."

He gripped her hip with one hand and guided his cock to her.

She felt the touch on her lips and the press of heat and thickness. Her lips spread open and that solid pole slid back into her, connecting them in such a magnificent and moving way. She groaned hungrily; her body was still thrumming from the previous fucking.

He hauled back on her hips, pressing his to her ass, and flexing his dick inside her. He groaned loudly with so much pleasure that she giggled.

She gasped through the laughter, "Is it that good?"

He breathed, "More than you can imagine." He began thrusting, deep.

She felt her tingling insides being stimulated again. The heat from the previous orgasm made her squirm on his cock. She reached for her pillow and then changed her mind. Feeling close to Eddie in spirit, she grabbed his pillow and planted her face in it. She bit into the pillow as Daniel drove into her pussy from behind. Her grunts and groans of lust were muffled.

At the same time, a slight feeling of regret came over her. She could have been doing this long before. Why had she resisted? How could she have possibly thought this marvelous act was something to be avoided? She wasn't ashamed, she was jubilant.

She wanted to erase her resistance in the past and redo it. Of course, she couldn't and it made her heart ache to think of all she might have done if she hadn't been so...

She pushed back against his thrusts, though she didn't need to; he was driving deeper into her than anyone had ever gotten before. She was touched in places she hadn't known there was to touch. It was fulfilling and an accomplishment she would carry the rest of her life.

She felt it.

She cried into the pillow, wanting him to drive away her regret and make up for lost time, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Could he hear the desperation in her voice? Could he understand her remorse at all the lost time? She knew now that this couldn't be a one-time thing. She needed Daniel. She tossed her head up off the pillow and pleaded with him, "Fuck me!"

CHAPTER 19

Jennifer was limp on the bed. Her body was hot and weak. Her forehead was damp and she murmured into the pillow wordless things.

He had fucked her three times and her pussy throbbed, sore and used – but oh so good.

She tried to kiss him goodbye when he said he had to go. His stroke across her hair was caring and affectionate.

How could she have possibly thought he was an ass?

She heard him talking to Eddie outside the room but couldn't make out the words. She heard the door shut and then her husband raced into the room.

His voice was hyper with excitement. "Are you okay?"

She moaned a wordless response and cracked an eyelid to look at him.

His face was all lit up and he was bouncing on his feet. "He was in here for two hours..." His eyes locked onto her pussy. "Whoa, it's all puffy..."

"He came in me... three times."

His eyes bugged out. "He did? Did he use a condom?"

"No... I wanted to feel it inside—" She was roughly grabbed and yanked. "What are you doing? I'm sore."

He wasn't getting ready to fuck her, though. His eyes were blazing with hunger. "Inside you?"

"Yeah, there's three loads in there."

He emitted a strangled and desperate moan. He dove down, pushing his face right into her swollen pussy.

She gasped at the touch of his tongue. "I haven't cleaned up..."

He began licking and sucking as if his life depended on it.

She blinked rapidly. "You don't want to lick... I mean, I can feel it coming out, Eddie... Don't—"

He sucked harder. His nose mashed against her clit and his tongue probed as far as he could stuff it into her pussy.

She realized he wanted to taste it. The electrifying tingles spread in jagged sensations out from her abused pussy. She gripped his hair and pulled his head against her. She moaned, "Oh my god, are you really wanting to eat it? That's so hot..."

He groaned feverishly and kept up the assault on her pussy.

It felt great. I also felt nasty and she writhed on the bed as her husband tried to suck Daniel's cum out of her. She grunted, squeezing and pushing. "Here it comes..."

He gave a surprised sound and his tongue began working furiously.

It felt so good that she tensed up as that winding core inside of her began to tiredly tighten. She stroked his hair and head, shifting her hips up and down as she fed him the results of her and Daniel's lust.

This was something she had never before imagined doing and yet she found it so exciting and satisfying.

She liked it.

A lot.

"Do it, Eddie. Suck his cum out of me. Eat it." She dropped her head back onto his pillow and reveled in the sensations brought by his tongue. "So hot..."

When he was done, he crawled up beside her and kissed her.

She said, "I'm too sore for sex..."

He didn't look disappointed. "That's okay. Tell me everything that happened."

"Do you want me to handle you?"

"Uh, no, I'm sore, too. But... you can suck it."

"Okay." She stroked his shoulder before he shifted and felt an immense wave of appreciation. What a loving husband; of course I'll suck you.

He took off his pants.

She blinked in surprise. "Wow, what did you do to it? It's all red."

He laughed in embarrassment. "I was jacking the entire time. I couldn't help it."

She took it gingerly in her fingers and kissed the head.

He winced.

She lightly licked and then took the hardening head inside her mouth.

He gasped, "Did you like it? Fucking him?"

"Mm hmm."

"Really liked it?"

She pulled off. "Yes."

"Are you going to do it again?"

"If you want to."

"No, you. Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"Was he that good?"

"Yes."

"Was his dick bigger than mine?"

"Yes."

Cum lanced out strongly from his cock and jetted her in the face. He groaned with loss and relief as his erection ejaculated his approval all over her face and neck.

She laughed. "Oh my gosh, I haven't even told you anything yet..."

CHAPTER 20

Jennifer shook her head. "I'm sorry, but he doesn't want an audience."

Eddie was distraught. "But I want to see. I have a right to see; you're my wife."

She held up her hands. "It's not going to happen." In the three weeks since the first time she and Daniel had fucked, her husband had pestered her every day. She was fed up with it. "Get over it."

"Come on, Jenn. He's been here four times already. He can't be shy any longer."

She let a little heat into her voice. "Look, it's not his thing, okay?"

He stiffened, frowning. "This isn't working."

"It's working just fine."

"If you aren't going to let me watch, then this all ends here."

She snorted. "I'm not ending anything with him. It's done. You can't go back on —"

"He can't come over anymore. I won't allow it."

She sighed in exasperation. "You wanted this, Eddie; it's way too late to back out now."

"It's over between you two."

"No, it isn't. I'm not going to stop just because you're pouting like a little baby. I want to see him and I'll keep seeing him."

"You're my wife." He stressed the words.

"Then you shouldn't have pushed so hard for me to do all this. It wasn't my idea."

"So... what? You're going to keep fucking him?" His voice was rising.

"I most certainly am and you're not going to stop me."

He breathed hard for a minute, glaring at her. "You're addicted to his cock, aren't you?"

"Yes, and so what if I am? That's what you wanted." She put her fists on her hips. "I need it now. I need it inside me. You're the one who keeps telling me to imagine it's him when you're in me. I'm not going to give it up because you're throwing a tantrum."

He shifted uncomfortably on his feet. A lump was rising in his pants and she saw it.

She gripped him there and squeezed. "Getting excited, are you?" There was still a little heat in her voice. "I'm going to keep fucking him no matter what you say. I love his cock inside me. I love feeling it reach those deep places you can't touch. I love feeling him cum inside me."

It was cruel, and they both knew it.

Eddie made a couple gasping sounds and she felt his cock twitch in his pants. He said, "This is bullshit." He twisted away.

At work later, she texted Daniel.

Jennifer: Might have to find a place to do it

Jennifer: Eddie wants to stop us

Jennifer: Because he can't watch

The response came a little later.

Daniel: I'm sorry to hear that

Daniel: We can get a motel room

She couldn't respond – she was on the phone with customers.

She met him after work for drinks, as they had taken to doing. She said, "A motel, huh?" She kept her voice low in the hubbub of conversation.

He gave that rakish grin of his. "If you're ever interested, we can always skip drinks and—"

"Like today?" She couldn't hold back the hope.

"It's a little late..." He checked his watch and then looked at the approaching cocktail waitress. "No, maybe it's not too late. Come on." He reached and took her hand. He said to the waitress, "Changed our mind, thanks."

He drove them to the Colonial Motel, an upscale construction that was cleaner than usual and sported a white column motif that didn't look pretentious.

Within minutes, both were tearing off clothes to get at each other.

He said, "Maybe this is better."

"We don't have to clean anything up after..."

His hands roamed over her breasts, igniting the heat inside her. She gripped his dangling cock and tugged it to erection.

He paused long enough to study her face. "Does he know we're doing this?"

"Are you kidding? No."

"Is this going to be something upsetting for you?"

She squeezed his manhood suggestively and breathed, "I don't think so, Daniel..." She stood on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear, "Now fuck me."

He gripped her shoulders in that way she loved and moved her to the bed. He laid her back and moved his head between her legs. His tongue slid up her lips, slow and sure, and very different from how Eddie did it.

She sighed and squirmed, enjoying the attention. When he had licked her into a panting frenzy, he moved up her body. Meaning to offer him such a favor in return, she asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

His eyebrows twitched and his eyes lit up with amusement and suggestion.
"There is."

"Tell me."

"Stop wearing panties to work."

She lifted her head. "What?"

"Wear skirts and start going without panties."

"Why?"

"It's make me all horny thinking of you sitting there without them. And when we talk?" He hummed in appreciation.

She considered the request. She knew if Eddie had asked it, she would have said no. But with Daniel... it sounded so naughty. She pressed her lower lip in and bit it. "Okay."

"Perfect." He lifted her legs and bent her knees so they were up by her head. He pressed down on her shins, causing her hips to tilt and bringing her pussy upwards. He aimed his cock down at her lips. "Are you going to tell your husband about this?"

"Do you think I should?"

He pressed the head inside and dropped down, driving his entire length into her.
"He likes you being naughty."

She groaned as his thickness spread her open and filled the void so perfectly in one plunge. "Yeah? Do you like me being naughty?"

"Yes, you're my little married slut. I say that with the utmost affection." He moved up and down, his cock moving like a piston in and out of her pussy.

She watched it, rapt with lust. She asked, "Do you like fucking a married woman?"

"Yes, much better. No strings. But..."

"But what?"

"It's you. You're my Jennifer."

She gripped his forearms and moaned as his cock pounded her pussy.

He gasped, "You've never asked me to wear a condom."

"No."

"Are you infertile?"

"Not that I'm aware."

"You don't practice any birth control?"

"Only with my husband – when I know it's my fertile time."

He stopped. "But not with me?"

She studied his face. "No, not with you."

"Why?"

"I..."

"Go on," he urged.

"I love you, Daniel."

A bright smile spread on his face. "I love you, too, my Jennifer." Then he began driving down into her pussy, hard and deep.

She moaned loudly. "Do it. Fuck my married pussy. Fill me up."

He fucked her furiously for several minutes, bed squeaking and the headboard knocking lightly on the wall. Her pussy took it all, the lips pulling in and out wetly as his erection violated her. "So this won't be bothering you? Are you sure?"

"No. And I'm going to tell my husband. I think he'll like it."

"But do you like it?"

She knew what he meant, though she didn't give him the answer she thought he was looking for. "It turns me on more than you can imagine that you're fucking me while my husband waits at home. It... excites me. When I get home, I'm going to prove it by feeding him what comes out of my pussy."

He blinked, slowing his thrusts. "He likes that? Creampies?"

She nodded, too embarrassed to have told him before. She hadn't wanted Daniel to think they were weird.

He looked amused. "Well then, I better make sure I give you a proper load." He ground his hips down, rotating and thrusting. His pubic bone mashed against her clit and she cried out with satisfaction. His shaft swelled and the hot spurts she felt told her he was squirting his cum into her deep and fast. Deeper than her husband ever had.

She clutched at him, quivering as the orgasm held her on the edge of pain and pleasure.

He moved his hands down and gripped her butt, pulling up hard. It had the effect of making sure there wasn't even a sliver of his cock that wasn't buried inside her. He grunted harshly, emptying his balls into her while trying to get even more depth. His cum blasted her womb.

She knew what he was doing and his silent effort to impregnate her pushed her over the edge. She came violently, almost screaming with lust. Her back and hips bucked as she tried her best to milk everything out of him.

She would do anything for him. She was married to a man she loved, but now she also loved another. Daniel had grown on her to the point she valued him as much as she valued her husband. Anything. Anything at all. Yes, she would even bear his son if that happened.

EPILOGUE

Jennifer found him sitting on the floor, back resting against the couch, one arm resting on a bent up knee.

He looked at her. "A little late?" It was delivered without any incrimination she could detect.

She set down her purse and keys. "I have something to tell you."

He held up a hand. "Before you do, I need to say I'm sorry."

Some of the anger left her and until that point, hadn't really thought she was angry. Her shoulders drooped a little and she looked with love down at the man she had married.

He said, "I was wrong. I shouldn't have been making demands."

"But you're my husband."

"I know, right? Except that I need to understand there's a third person in all this and not everything is going to go my way. I wanted you to do this and I got what I wanted. I just need to stop trying to control everything. Anyway, I'm sorry."

"I love you, Eddie."

His smile was crooked – almost exactly like Daniel's. "You forgive me?"

She tossed her head to the side. "It was nothing..."

His smile widened. "So what did you have to tell me?"

"I'm late because I went with Daniel to the Colonial."

He jerked his head back. "Really? You? A motel?"

"I'm also going to stop wearing panties to work." She snorted to herself in

amusement.

"Get out." He didn't believe it. "You'd never."

"You wanted a naughty wife..."

"You never would've gone without panties for me."

A small smile spread on her face. "Silly, I did all of this for you. I've... changed because of you."

He grunted thoughtfully. "Yeah. Yeah, I guess so. So you really went to the Colonial?" His eyes were suspicious.

"Lay down."

"Huh?"

"Lay down and find out."

He frowned in confusion, but he laid back on the floor.

She stepped over to him and reached up her skirt. She slipped her panties down and off with a yank. Tossing them aside, she hitched up her skirt and squatted over her husband's face. "Open your mouth and find out."

His eyes were wide and he groaned with lust. "Oh... yeah..."

She settled slowly down so as not to press down too hard on his face. "Do you see it?"

"I think so?"

She felt things moving now that she had squatted. "It's coming."

He groaned again and she rested her pussy against her husband's mouth. She closed her eyes as Daniel's cum began to run out of her and her husband licked feverishly at her pussy. She moaned, "Oh Eddie, you are the perfect husband."

He licked faster and sucked harder.

Love swelled up inside her and so did that wonderful tension. She was going to cum on her husband's face and right now there was nowhere else she wanted to be.

Thank you for reading Call Center! I hope you enjoyed this hotwife tale. All reviews are very much appreciated.

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