

a Hotwife Novella



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By

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"If a woman hasn't got a tiny streak of a harlot in her, she's a dry stick as a rule." — D.H. Lawrence

CHAPTER 1

My wife tugged on my useless dick. "Are you sure, Wade? Nothing?"

Fuck, I hate this. "Nothing, I'm sorry." I had kicked in a door in Afghanistan and woken up in a hospital. Temporarily paralyzed from the waist down, I was discharged for medical purposes. I was still learning how to walk. I looked into Sarina's eyes. "Sorry."

She reached higher and hugged me. "That's okay. It'll heal."

I hugged her back fiercely. Nerve damage. The doctors at the VA had run electromyography and nerve conduction studies: the result was probable third degree nerve damage. I was told the nerves might repair themselves within six months – and they might never. Never is what scared the fuck out of me. Surgery was an option if things didn't improve. "I love you; I wish I could."

Her eyes behind her glasses watered. "It'll be okay."

That was the big question in my life at the moment. On military disability, I was using a cane. I had used a walker the first week and things had felt like they were improving fast. But now the improvement was slowing. I looked over at the aluminum cane I had to use. There was almost no feeling in my feet, except that they were cold. And definitely zilch between my legs. I barely felt myself peeing.

I'm not a pessimistic person; I always had a forward, positive attitude. However, no amount of my previous personality could have prepared me for the agonizing reality of questions that couldn't be answered. I so wanted to be healed. But I might never and the not knowing was what brought me down. I was sullen, doubting, and cursing.

My wife loved me through it all, though, and her energetic enthusiasm was a life preserver in my sea of self-pity.

She gave my dick a squeeze. I could feel it, after a fashion: pressure; a sense of

different temperature. But I couldn't feel it in the area of arousal. She said, "We'll have a fun time for your birthday."

I moved my head dully. Friends coming over with booze and laughter. I didn't feel the specialness of the event, but I appreciated their support – almost as much as I appreciated Sarina's. "Yeah..."

She planted a kiss on my lips. Her beauty was on the cute side; I loved that. No glamor model with hollow cheeks and four-mile legs, Sarina had more of a boyish playfulness about her looks. Her bangs and glasses gave her a girl-look, rather than a womanly look. She was thirty-four and I was a year older.

I can't imagine a greater frustration than wanting to be with my wife in bed, make love, and be complete – but can't.

~ ~ ~

I saw her place the new notepads in the drawer. I saw her glance quickly my way, then away. In the drawer were my old porn mags from before I had entered the service. We had looked at them sometimes when I had bought them. Now they sat in the drawer ignored. Looking at a naked woman didn't do me any good except to excite my frustration.

She wanted the best for me; I could feel it. Lurking in the back of my mind was the doubt. What if I never healed? She might end up giving up and leaving me for someone else.

I gripped the barbell harder and bench pressed several times: I wasn't counting. I never had been a slouch. Well-muscled and built, I swung an impressive package, too. Before the booby-trap. I had been confident, strong, and could pound pussy with the best of them. Sarina had been known to plead I had given her enough. Before the damned explosive device.

I think she knew what I was doing. Forcing my upper body to stay in shape and

even build more muscle was a way for me to escape my inadequacy from the waist down. She didn't try to dissuade me and I was thankful.

What if my healing stopped?

~ ~ ~

I sat on the couch as my friends showed up. None of my military buddies; they were still all overseas feeding the meatgrinder.

Victor, skinny and on the effeminate side, shook my hand. He liked to be called Vic. "Good to see you back."

I over-gripped his hand. "Thanks."

"I brought orange juice," he said with sparkling eyes, "Gary's bringing the vodka."

I made a motion towards the kitchen. "Sarina will take care of it. Pardon me if I don't get up."

He gave a judicious gesture as if completely understanding my condition.

I could get around all right, but even getting up from sitting was a chore. Without being able to feel very much, I risked over-balancing and pitching over onto my face. It might look amusing, but didn't feel good. And then to suffer the looks of pity from others made all of it ten times worse.

Stuart, Steve, and Gary were let in by my wife, and another round of handshaking and smiles circulated in the room. I might have been bitter over what had happened, but I felt my mood lifting little by little as they greeted me. Athan and Rich came in just after, both with brown paper sacks cradled in their arms.

Athan said, "We didn't trust Gary to buy enough vodka, so we brought more."

Gary grumped, "I bought three bottles."

Rich made a face and nudged Athan with his elbow. "See? Cheapskate."

Stuart was helping Sarina grab the sacks. He said, "Fuck man, you clean out all the liquor stores in town?"

Vic wrung his fingers together. "Should I go get more orange juice?"

My wife called out from the kitchen. "Just sit down, Vic. I'll run get some more. It's a two-minute drive."

I said, "Yeah, just sit down." I watched them all settle and grin.

Steve said, "Good to see you back, man. Is the leave permanent?"

"Yep. Medical discharge..."

He saw the look on my face. "What? You'd rather be back in Afghanistan?"

I snorted. "Fuck no. A discharge for medical reasons means they expect you can't return to service. My term was due up in February, but usually it's medical leave until then."

His look mirrored my feelings: realization of supreme disappointment with recovery.

Vic asked, "You're walking better, though, right?"

I wanted to curse. My shoulders tensed and I felt the rising of anger. I fought it and swallowed my frustration. I relaxed my jaw and delivered my honest assessment: "Yes... I am. I can feel a little in my feet now. Makes getting up and walking around less hazardous. But the progress seems to be slowing."

Sarina began handing out two drinks at a time. "I have a small cake for everyone that we'll cut up after I do drinks."

Athan groaned, "It's not a Walmart cake, is it?"

My wife said, "No, Anderson's Bakery."

He looked relieved. "Good. Walmart cakes taste like they use paint thinner for sugar."

Rich laughed.

Athan looked offended. "Well, they do."

Gary said, "Yeah, they do taste horrid. But how do you know what paint thinner tastes like?"

I looked around at my friends, knowing they weren't exactly like sitting around with my combat buddies, but feeling much the same support. I was grateful they were here.

CHAPTER 2

My head was swimming. The screwdrivers were hitting the spot. Fortunately, they didn't sing Happy Birthday and just clapped when I blew out the single candle on the cake. I didn't know if my wife only placed the one candle as a symbol of her desire or not, but it was on my mind.

The screwdrivers loosened tongues.

Even my wife was getting trashed. She was sitting on the arm of my chair, her legs to either side of the arm. I swear I saw all of them taking peeks. I felt good about that. My other head felt bad about that.

Gary said, "What exactly was the thing that got you? A rigged grenade? The head of an artillery shell?"

I looked into my glass. "Fuck, I don't know. Could've been an explosive pop-tart for all I know. But I had no shrapnel damage, so... I just remember waking up in the hospital with a headache."

He chuckled. "Good thing then, you might have lost your balls or something."

A wave of laughter swept through the room and right around to me – but there it stopped dead. I grunted, "It's a casualty, too."

Rich was incredulous. "It blew your dick off?"

I coughed. "No, not like that. It's nerve damage." I sighed heavily and took a huge gulp. "Right now it doesn't feel much. Report said I was blown back from the door and landed twenty feet away on my back."

I saw them wince in sympathy.

Stuart slurred, "It should come back though, right?"

I handed Sarina my empty glass. "I'm hopeful. But right now it's in a coma." I shifted out one of my feet and twisted it. It was strange doing so and not feeling

the tendons and muscles move to accomplish it. I had never consciously felt it before, but the lack of feeling told me all I was missing. "I don't feel this. Muscles, tendons, nothing." I stamped my foot onto the carpet. "I feel this, but more as pressure than solid impacts."

Vic gave me a crazy-eyed look. "It was worse than that?"

I nodded.

He shook his head in sympathy.

I knew I had to give them a demonstration. Not because I wanted to, but because I really had to pee. I could feel the burn and interior pressure. I levered myself forward, grabbing my cane. "Gotta use the toilet." I slowly leaned forward and rose.

Sometimes Sarina helped me when she was around and off work. But I liked doing it myself.

I straightened carefully and leaned a little on the cane. "Took some time for me to do this, but..." But progress is slowing. I moved to the master bedroom. There was silence behind me.

~ ~ ~

I laughed at Rich's story. I hadn't felt this good in weeks. Except for seeing my Sarina at the airport. Half of the warmth and fun flowing through me was probably the screwdrivers. I was slurring and I knew it. But so were they.

Sarina had gone to the bedroom for something.

Steve, the only single guy in the group, came and stood beside me with his drink. He was wavering in the air. "You know. Huh. You know what? I could really hew-- use a blowjob."

I blinked. "Ain't that special..."

He nodded. "No, really. Like... I mean..." He blinked a few times. "You know soldiers... They get together."

I leaned away from him. "What the f-fuck are you trying to say?"

Rich quipped, "I think he wants you to suck him."

Steve's finger shot out to point at Rich, but he was looking at me. "Yeah, that. You know soldiers..."

I scrubbed at my mouth. "I think you have the wrong idea about us..."

"Aw, come on. Man on man in unee... uniform." He made a sucking motion with his hand. "I really fucking need one."

"Have Rich give you one." I waved him away like a bad smell.

Steve waved over me like a sapling in the wind. "He... He won't. Rotten bastard."

Sarina came out and headed to the kitchen.

Steve pointed. "Hey, do you..." He jabbed his finger and winked. "Do you think Shar... Do you think Sarina would?"

I tried to scowl at him. "What the fuck do you think she is? A vending mish... machine?" I drained off my glass and wiped my forehead. I was feeling great.

"Come on, dude..." He swirled his drink around. "Ask her."

My wife came in, eyes glassy and a smile plastered on her face. "Ask what?"

Steve tried to talk.

I talked over him. "He says he needs a blowjob and..." I swallowed a hiccup. "And Rich won't give him one."

Gary laughed raucously.

"So he asked me. I said fuck no. And now he wants me to ask you."

She snorted. "A blowjob?"

Steve looked hopeful and unbalanced at the same time. "Yeah, would you?"

She shook her head and giggled. "Um, no..."

"Aw, come on..." He shoved his glass towards me. "It's not like he can... he can..."

She gave him a frown followed by an eyebrow. "No, but that doesn't mean I'm giving out free blowjobs. Ask Gary for one."

Gary spoke up. "Hey. Hey now. Dee won't go for that. I'm married. Not sucking no cock. Not happening." He was climbing backwards up the loveseat. "Not doing it."

Athan and Rich were almost crying in laughter.

Steve said, "See? He's a prude. And... I'd pay ya. Don't have to give it for free." He grabbed his jeans. "I really need one."

She batted her eyelashes at him in confusion. "Do I look like some street whore?"

He started waving his hands. The remaining dregs of vodka and orange juice went flying. "No, no. You know, just for your time. Twenty bucks."

She dropped her mouth open in amused outrage. "Uh, no?"

"Forty bucks. You know you'd like it."

I started to lever myself up for another drink. "It's a fucking bidding war."

She giggled. "Women don't get anything out of blowjobs."

Steve seemed stunned. "Of course they do. Haven't you ever seen Deep Throat?"

Stuart started laughing and couldn't stop.

Steve waved him down. "Hey, knock it off. This is seer... serious nego... Fuck. Just shut up."

Stu fell over into Gary's lap, wheezing.

I expertly wielded the cane and managed to look like an old pirate tottering on a peg leg. I moved into the kitchen and fixed my drink.

Sarina said, "Blowjob is more like fifty bucks in my book."

I made my drink a little weaker. I think.

Steve was still swaying over my chair. "Fifty? Sure!" He unzipped right there. He dug in his pants with one hand.

My wife covered her eyes. "Oh my god."

He laughed and finally got it out. It was small. "Here ya go."

She lifted her hand like a visor and looked. Then she started laughing. "That little thing?"

Stu fell onto the floor, clutching his stomach and empty glass. He was red in the face, making no noise, just convulsing with laughter that wouldn't come out.

My wife shook her head. "That's small enough to go for forty."

Steve looked dumbfounded. "It gets a little harder. See?"

She took a closer look. "That's erect?"

He was all grins. "Yeah, wanna touch?"

I threatened him with my cane. "Get the fuck out of my way. I want to sit down."

Steve was making all kinds of funny faces and laughing. I think he was drunk. He moved out of the way, towards Sarina. "It's all hard now."

She covered her mouth. "Is that as big as it gets?"

Curious, I took a closer look. "Fuck, dude. Did it get bit off at the base?"

Stu howled on the floor, then went back to silent laughing. Athan and Rich were wiping their eyes.

My wife leaned over and gently plucked the head of his little cock upward. "How did it get so small?"

He made an outraged noise.

Gary was stunned. "No wonder the guy can't get a girlfriend."

I took a drink, looking at her fingers pinching the end of Steve's dick. She looked amused. But I felt sad. Drowning out the laughter in the living room was the realization she hadn't been able to touch a man like that for a while. What's she going through? How much torture compared to mine? Would it? Would it be a kindness to let her...?

Steve was fishing in his pocket, pulling out money. "Forty bucks."

I said, "You could put it on your car payment."

She gave me a baleful look. "That isn't a whole lot..." She worked as a secretary to a lawyer. Not great pay, but not bad.

I said, "No, but it's something. What if Steve wants a blowjob every week? Then you're putting a hundred and sixty against it."

She looked at his little thing. "Wow, it's so small."

Stu pounded the carpet with his hand and his face got even redder.

Vic said, "Shoot, I'd pay, too."

Gary said, "What about your wife?"

He coughed. "Lola? Brrr." He shivered dramatically.

I said, "Lola doesn't...?" I made a sucking motion.

Vic's face fell. "Fuck no."

Rich said, "You serious? With her big lips?"

Sarina said, "Lola? Wow, I thought she woulda been a great cocksucker."

Vic was crestfallen. "Uh, no."

She asked, "Do you have a little one, too?" Her eyes looked amused.

He threw up a hand. "No, that's the thing. It's normal."

Steve said, "Like mine?"

Stu began hacking and coughing, trying to get up.

Vic frowned fiercely. "Way the hell bigger than yours. Even soft."

"Bullshit."

Sarina said, "He doesn't believe you. Better show him."

Vic got up, stepped over Stu, and wrenched at his belt. He said to Steve, "Put that thing away. It's shameful."

"Is not. I'm nego... bargain... Fuck. Talking business." He pumped his stiff little dick out.

I followed it with my eyes. It couldn't have been more than three inches. He was so small his dick was like zero threat to me. Why not? Give her not only something she's missing but a way to pay off her car faster. Why the fuck not? "Do it. Take him into the guest bedroom and get it done."

She looked at me with an amused-horrified expression. "Are you serious?"

I raised my glass. "I think I'd like that. While I heal." I knew that would hit her the right way. She would do it for me. But I was doing it for her.

She looked down at Steve's little thing and fiddled with her glass. Then she saw what Vic had pulled out. Her eyes widened, and she licked her lips.

Vic's cock was not as big as mine, but it had the same type of shape – straight with a well-fitted helmet.

I smiled, knowing she was seeing my cock in its place.

Stuart caught some semblance of breath. He panted, "Oh, uh, me too?"

Gary jumped up. "Don't count me out."

Sarina held up a hand, panic in her eyes. "Whoa, wait a minute. Sucking on Steve's is one thing: it's so small."

Gary said, "I'll pay fifty. Even if you charge him forty. I'd love to see your face at my waist."

My wife blushed.

I felt a warm rush of something. Maybe it was having so many screwdrivers. Maybe it was the sugar rush from the small piece of cake. Maybe it was just me wanting her to feel what she was missing. Maybe I had a chance to give her what she wanted vicariously. I gave her my most genuine smile. "Do it."

She blushed. "I, uh..."

"Do it for me."

Her eyes developed a sadness and her head slowly dipped. The movement turned to assent. "Okay." She looked at Steve and lifted her chin. "You want that little thing sucked?"

"It ain't little."

"Follow me, big guy."

CHAPTER 3

I sat, swirling my drink before I took a gulp.

Gary said, "You really going to..."

"Sarina has supported me since... I got home. She's been the best wife a wounded soldier could have. And what have I given her in return?" I hiccupped. "Fuck. I just want her to be happy, too."

Vic had stuffed his cock back in his trousers. "So you really don't mind?"

"I don't fucking know." I rubbed at my eyes. "Maybe it will take her mind off what she's missing." I jabbed at my crotch. "Here."

Stu said, "You know, none of us really think she's some whore or something."

Athan and Rich hadn't said anything, or joined in wanting to participate. They looked at each other and drank their drinks. Both had girlfriends.

Only Steve was otherwise single with no gal in the wings. Gary, Stu, and Vic were married.

I answered Stu. "No, she's not. But if she's going to perform..."

Stu held up his hands. "I don't mind paying. Was just saying."

I thrust my chin at him. "Thanks."

We listened for a moment as Steve's heavy breathing became apparent in the other room.

I hope she gives him his money's worth. I felt a little embarrassed, for me, my wife, and the entire situation. My wife was blowing one of my friends in the other room.

Gary mumbled, "I don't know if I could let Dee do something like this. I'd be

worried she'd like it. Are you going to regret this in the morning?"

Maybe I will, I don't know. Did I drink too much? "Who the fuck knows."

Stu said, "Well, if you do, no hard feelings. Maybe we're all just toasted to shit."

I grunted. "That's what I was thinking." I scrubbed my forehead – it was damp and clammy. Yep, too fucking much to drink.

Vic looked eagerly towards the bedroom. He elbowed Stu. "I'm next. Lola would burst apart like the Death Star in Star Wars to do something so kinky."

Stu wrapped an arm around his shoulder. "I feel for you, man."

"I'm not kidding. I don't know what happened to her, but she thinks sex is icky and sticky."

I said, "Not Sarina. She was trying to coax some life into me before you all showed up."

Athan said, "And...?"

I gave him a sour look. "Nothing. Absofuckinglutely nothing."

~ ~ ~

I awoke with a headache the next day. It wasn't bad, but it didn't feel good. What must be understood is that pain reminded me that I was alive. Or at least some of me.

I had dreamed all night of her sucking Steve's little dick in front of everyone. Trying to get it in her mouth, trying to wake it up as if it too had nerve damage. In my dream, it was even smaller: it was the size of her pinky.

I didn't know what to feel as I sat on the wooden stool in the shower and got

clean. I had never used a stool in the shower before my injury, but I was thankful for it now. Balance was difficult and when leaning back to rinse my growing hair, almost impossible to maintain. At least my feet felt some of the heat.

Sarina was already up, having not sucked down so many glasses as me. "There you are."

I groaned.

"You want anything? Oatmeal?"

I groaned louder.

"Toast?" She set down a coffee cup for me.

"Yeah, maybe toast." I slumped into the wooden kitchen chair. We had a set of white oak to go with the cabinets. I looked around the breakfast nook in our townhouse. We had a small place, but affordable for what we made. Beggars couldn't be choosers, could they?

She slid two pieces into the toaster, then sagged against the counter to wait.

We had white tile countertops and my mind conjured up cum. "What did you think of last night?"

Her eyes shifted behind her large glasses. "Well, the party was fun and the cake was good. But I think you mean what happened later?"

I surrendered a grudging nod and took a deep breath. I didn't want her angry.

"I was wondering what you thought of last night."

I chuckled without any humor; my head still hurt. "Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking, except that maybe you could get something you were missing."

She came to me and threw her arms around me. "I'd wait until the end of the world for you."

I squeezed her arm around my neck. "Even if it meant no sex?"

"Even."

I felt it in her: the truth. It oozed from her pores and breath like oil onto dry skin. "I wouldn't do that to you."

She reacted to the pop of the toaster. She went to take care of it.

I said, "Did they treat you okay? They weren't rude, were they?"

"Heavens no." She scraped butter on the hot toast. "They were all so polite. Even more than normal."

I felt better about that.

"And I got a hundred and ninety dollars out of it." She set the plate down in front of me.

I picked up a piece. Before I bit, I said, "Did you get anything else out of it?"

She made a droopy face, then moved her lips to the side. "It's not like a woman gets anything from a blowjob. Although if I had any preference, I would've blown Athan. He's cute."

I hummed as I chewed. "He and Rich seemed very firm on not doing it."

She said, "It's not like it was some loss. I would have traded all of them for you."

The sentiment choked me up. "I'm trying."

She squeezed my forearm. "I know. And you'll get better."

"What if I don't?"

"You will."

"But what if I don't? I don't want you suffering because I can't..." I looked down at my lap.

She changed the subject. "Any feeling?"

I shook my head, then I changed it back. "It made me feel good last night to know you could do something... sexual. Even if it wasn't with me."

She looked at me askance. "Are you serious?"

My look told her I was. "You need, they need. I need. There's all of us wrapped up in that. It made me feel better up here," I tapped my head, "to know you were getting something you needed."

She rolled her eyes. "Not from a blowjob, I wasn't."

"Touching them wasn't nice?"

My wife blushed in front of me. I laughed lightly. "Which one did you like?"

"Stu. He's about the same size as you."

I was surprised. "That big?"

She nodded, blinking and looking down.

"It reminded you of me?"

She looked up and said, "Yes..." I could see the want in her eyes for me to be better.

It was me who reached over and squeezed her arm this time. "Maybe he can do something for you. Maybe the others can, too." I laughed abruptly. "I'm sure they'd pay for the privilege."

She was curious. "For me? Like what?"

I stated the obvious. "Lick you. Finger you. Things that would make you feel good."

An eyebrow went up. "And what do I charge for that?"

I shook my head slowly. "I can't tell you that. What price means something to you? I wouldn't know."

"Seems like we're almost discussing me being a whore."

I clenched my fist. "Never. The first time one of them treats you that way is when my fist starts hitting face."

"Calm down, Rambo, was just saying."

I chewed some more toast. "They have needs, we have needs. It's an arrangement of convenience, and offered only to them."

"I like the sound of that better, I guess."

"Are you okay with doing it?"

She gave me that penetrating look that told me I had asked the wrong question. "I'm... okay with it only if you are first. This isn't something I would've planned on my own."

"Yes, yes, of course." Was I really okay with it? Other than a headache, I didn't feel bad about what happened. "Yeah, I'm fine with it. In fact, happy that you at least get to finally touch a hard dick."

She sipped her coffee and said nothing. Her eyes were drifting, thinking or remembering something.

I felt better. Maybe it was kinky. Maybe I was traveling the wrong path due to my injury. But I couldn't let her suffer with me.

CHAPTER 4

I answered my phone. "Yeah."

"Hey Wade." It was Vic.

"Hey guy."

"Uh, did everything turn out all right? This morning? Anything we need to talk about?"

I felt an instant bond of gratitude to him. "Nah, we're good. She's good. Everything's cool."

He exhaled in relief on the other end. "Cool. Cool. I didn't want to screw shit up because I was drunk."

"Nah, Vic; you're fine. No worries. She just might want to be a little more involved next time."

He sounded surprised. "Oh, yeah?"

"Sure, you know: she didn't get anything out of it except for money. We're thinking the offerings could... expand a little, you know."

"Ahh, sure. Gotcha. Gotcha. Would there be certain times?"

I chuckled. "Only limited by the depth of your pocketbook."

He laughed. "Perfect. And there at your home?"

"Yep."

"Understood. Thanks for... all of it."

"No problem, buddy. Just treat her right." I let the threat hang. "And make sure the others know if you talk to them. Keep it quiet, clean, and no one outside last

night's circle."

"All right."

~ ~ ~

I was on the floor doing stretching exercises – sitting on my ass and reaching for my feet. Each reach toward my toes, I attempted to move them. Twitch, twitch. I couldn't tell if there was any improvement. My feet felt cold and there was a distinct lack of reaction when I wanted to move anything down there. It was as if my mind was trying to move the toes of another person. No connection.

There had to be some connection, however. The fact that I could even cause them to twitch was supposed to be a positive sign.

Sarina came in and sat on my weight bench. "Do you really think this will help?"

"The stretching? Sure." I knew what she was asking and I was deflecting.

"No, the whole bit about them coming over."

I wanted to curl my toes. Curl, dammit! Twitch. "Maybe it will." I fought back my bitterness; it had become a comfortable mistress to me more and more. I was a strong man, never one to cry. Under these circumstances, I wanted to cry: the frustration was endless and eroded my will to endure.

"You don't think this would be destructive?"

"No." Because at least you'll get something I can't give.

She was resting her chin in her fists, looking at me. She was beautiful.

I wanted to pick her up, throw her down on the bed, and do what I used to do, until she was exhausted and begging me to stop. But I couldn't. I couldn't, and not for lack of want. "I want it..."

I think she knew why. I think she knew every damned thing that went on in my mind. I think my thoughts played across my face like a teleprompter and she read them before I spoke them. The strong man, humbled and begging, despises what he had become.

Curl, dammit! I raged. Twitch. And nothing else. A sad response to my determination and drive to be healed.

She got up without further input and went to finish laundry.

~ ~ ~

Vic came by in the afternoon.

I had answered the door, forcing my faltering feet to work. "Hey."

He looked down quickly, and not at my feet. "Hi..."

I motioned with my head for him to come in.

"Sarina's not busy? I hope?"

"Nah, she finished all her chores in the morning."

He tried a grin. "You do any chores?"

I shut the door. "Yeah, exercises." I lifted a foot as if to show him.

He looked shamed. I know what he was feeling and I didn't want him to feel bad. But he spoke before me and the look in his eyes had shifted to something more like support. His quiet words echoed his eyes. "Keep at it."

I took one breath and said, "Thanks." And I meant it.

Minutes later, hearing them talking in the guest bedroom, I wondered if this

would make her happy. I really didn't know if it would. I hoped it would. She was a soldier in her own right, staying by my side, smiling when I needed it, and supporting me in my darkest hours. And there were a lot of those. Would I ever heal? Could I? Or had I stopped? Had the progress halted and become permanent? Was this the best I would ever be?

If I was doomed to decrepitude, could I count on my closest friends to be there for my wife in ways I couldn't? Of that, I had little doubt. Most men were up to the task of consoling a woman with sex – and did their duties well. As much as I felt disconnected from my feet and dick, I likewise felt disconnected from that special part of my wife. They had to step in. They had to make it right. For me. For her.

When I heard the sighs and gasps, I felt the spike hammer down into my disability. Its accusation pierced and permeated my condition. I sat, glum and stunned, wondering what was producing those sounds. Touches? Licks? Tactile manipulation?

I could get up and hobble over to look in the door, but would that make me a beggar participant? Should I intervene like a peeping brute on something that my wife might rather be private? And for what excuse?

Clamps of consternation assaulted my stomach. Had I done the right thing? Really the right thing? My second thoughts were not welcome. I was doing this for her. For me – but mainly for her.

The sounds of passion were muted by a tentative exploration between my wife and another man – a friend, at least. Would she like it? Would he? I had little doubt he would, but women were different creatures. She had never been a prude and very much liked sex. She had never been cold or frigid around my friends – often flirting with them with as much effort as they with her.

I wondered, above all, if it would be enough. I fidgeted on the couch, trying to ignore and at the same time decipher what I was hearing.

~ ~ ~

I watched Sarina sit next to me. She appeared no different. She hadn't changed color or grown another head. Her eyes held no pity or newfound hatred. Instead, I detected concern in her look.

She said, "I guess I made some more money." Neutral, probing.

I had a lot of questions I wanted to ask. "Was it fun?" That seemed the most important thing on my mind.

She scrunched her face in thought. "It would have been more fun with you."

"What did you do with him?"

"I let him finger and lick me, and I blew him. Seventy-five dollars."

I felt a little numb in my head. "So you liked it." I wanted to make sure.

She took a deep breath. "Well, it was better than the blowjobs."

I patted her knee. "Good."

"He wanted to know how far he could go."

My pulse rate jumped a bit, as it always had before I kicked in a door overseas. "What did you tell him?"

"That I hated taking money for any of it because I didn't want to feel like a whore. But... I wasn't just going to be some easy meat for our horny friends. I like them, sure, but I guess keeping it business is better."

"How far did you say you'd go?"

"I didn't; I wanted to talk to you."

"I see."

"Do you? Are you sure this is satisfying to you? You're not just having me do this because of me?"

She always read me well. Thing was, I wouldn't be lying to her only telling her the partial truth. Yes, I was only doing it for her. But arranging this for her helped me feel as if I was involved in the least way, rather than sitting and offering nothing. Sure, I could finger and lick her, and I did, but I couldn't complete the husband and wife ritual. I couldn't show her my erotic appreciation by revealing my erection. I had to do this for her; I had to push her. I didn't push her away from me at all, but I had to push her to include the ability for my friends to step in for me. To do her right as she deserved. If I loved her but failed in one area, I wanted it made right by those who could help. So I told her the partial truth. "I'm wanting this because I can't. It will make me feel much better knowing you're being satisfied."

"All right." She put her hand over mine. "Just remember I love you – and only you."

CHAPTER 5

Days and weeks passed. I became comfortable with the visits. I smiled more and felt no fear. She didn't go far at first and kept things to oral and other play. I sensed a hesitation in her but I think as she saw me become more comfortable, so did she. We were that connected.

Two and a half weeks after my birthday, my comfort turned to curiosity: it was a day Vic was over, getting from my wife what his stingy wife Lola wouldn't give. He had displayed parts that looked most like mine. Was my wife liking it? Enjoying it? When Steve came over, she giggled about him afterwards – that taking him barely registered. But Vic...

They were in the guest bedroom, already making the sounds I knew meant he was fucking her. Those butterflies in my stomach had long since turned to something more solid. I would sit and listen, remembering the ability to do that to my wife. The envy in me twisted and I rose from the couch. I deftly wielded my cane like a pro and walked over to the edge of the bedroom door.

She always kept it open: she wanted no secrets.

I felt my heart thumping at my intent to lurk and listen. I leaned and looked around the doorframe – one eye first to assess the situation. I almost felt like I was back in Afghanistan. My eyes swept my half of the designated target room. I saw my weight set. No enemies were present. But I was not searching for enemies. Instead, I found my allies, embraced on the bed in the act of sex.

They were lying across it. Vic was pumping on her, his shaft visible in brief flashes as it slid in and out of my wife's pussy. I felt a building pressure freeze me in place. Her head was turned towards the door. His was turned the other way, away from me. He kissed her neck a few times, but it was her face that captured my attention.

Her eyes were glazed and not just because she had taken off her glasses. Her mouth was partially open in relaxed excitement. She gripped his biceps as he worked his hips against hers with full strokes. She focused on me, not reacting in

any other way.

I felt that pressure press in on me and cause my breathing to shorten. I opened my mouth, too, to keep from drawing too hard through my nose. I didn't want to interrupt, even if my wife was watching me. Warmth spread through me and teased my imagination. Fuck, I wish I could do that. You look so beautiful under him.

With my body hidden behind the doorframe, I reached down and slid my hand over my bathrobe. I moved my hand inside and gripped my flaccid cock. I wish I was on her, hard and thrusting. I watched his thick shaft sliding – his hips hiding it as he thrust deep. I fondled myself, imagining I was him. Tension increased in me and so did the heat. It felt good, in its way, and my fascination grew as I watched them fuck.

Maybe a hint of a smile crossed her face. Then her eyes glazed over again and her knuckles whitened as she clutched harder. Her eyes closed and her hips began moving. She raised her knees up and back and let out a moan that vibrated down my entire body. Her hands slid down and gripped his butt, pulling.

I knew Sarina well; she was imagining me. She responded to him as if she were underneath me; I could feel it. Seeing her do it pushed my blood hard in my veins and I very much appreciated what she was doing, even if it was for herself. She knew I saw and she knew I knew, and she did it for me.

With her legs up, his shaft was visible plunging in and out. How I envied something that I had taken for granted not long ago: the ability to get an erection. I squeezed at my flaccid member, feeling the pressure of my fingers. I could feel the desire there, building. I should have had a raging hard-on to go with what I was feeling.

I don't know if I made a noise or not, but Vic looked over at the door and saw me. He stopped, a surprised and questioning look on his face. He said, "Is something...?"

I let go of my dick and brought it around the door frame. I waved and shook my head, turning away. I walked back to the couch, dick swinging in my robe. The brush of it against the terrycloth reminded me of my failure.

~ ~ ~

I was in my place, sitting, and twitching my toes when Vic came out.

He looked at me curiously and half pointed back towards the hall. "Were you...?"

"I was just checking in on her. Maybe watching and wishing I could... you know."

He laughed with relief. "I just didn't know if you wanted us to stop, or... something."

"No, no. If I'm looking in, I'm just looking."

"Oh, no worries, Wade. I'll be back next Friday afternoon. You can look in all you want."

I wriggled my toes. "Thanks."

~ ~ ~

I was lying back in bed, fingering Sarina, kissing her. "So who do you like best?"

"Hmm? Of our friends?"

I nodded against her cheek.

"Steve is easy and fast. Gary is really slow – takes his time. Vic is fun."

"Stuart?"

She was hesitating. "Stu, I think, I enjoy the most."

"Why him? I thought it would be Vic."

She was dragging her nails on my soft dick, sending chills up my back. "Stu has a thick one and not as long as yours. He doesn't go as deep but it seems more filling. Maybe more satisfying."

My hip muscles flexed, feeling that pang of eroticism that promised an erection, but refused to deliver. I twisted a little and felt my damned feet tingling. Pins and needles. Why can't they be normal?

"Something wrong?"

I groaned, "This incessant feeling of my feet being asleep..." I twitched my toes in agitation.

She said quietly, "That's more than you felt last week."

I thought about that. "Yeah, maybe."

"Is it all right if I like Stu's visits?"

"I was hoping you would."

Her warm hand gave my dick a squeeze. "It's nice to be ahead a couple payments on my car."

"You didn't mind me looking in earlier?"

Sarina jerked backwards and focused on my face. "Of course not. If you could sit on the bed and hold my hand, I'd be happier."

I chuckled. "I don't think the guys would go for that."

"Maybe, but probably not. Athan and Rich have never..."

I shook my head. "And probably won't. Some people have strange ideas. Maybe even noble ideas."

~ ~ ~

I answered the door to Stuart. "Hey, Stu."

A nod of greeting. "Wade."

I twisted and stepped back, letting him in. Of the planned visits this week, this was the one I was looking forward to the most. Vic would come tomorrow, but it was Stu who Sarina had said she liked more.

I settled on the couch in my spot and wriggled my toes. I was wearing my usual terrycloth robe and nothing underneath but a t-shirt.

He was dressed in a t-shirt and shorts. "Sharon thinks I'm at the gym."

"Ah, yeah? She doesn't suspect anything?"

Sarina came out of the kitchen and handed me a tea.

He said, "Nope. I make sure she gets some and don't neglect her."

"So she doesn't neglect you?"

"Not at all."

I motioned to my wife. "Then why are you...?"

His grin was a mile wide. "I've always thought Sarina was hot and would be a great fuck." He looked to her. "No offence..."

Her face was happy and bright. "None taken. In fact, I think that's a compliment." She held up a warning finger. "Don't think you're getting discounts for compliments."

He laughed heartily. "No, don't worry; I'm more than willing to pay for the

privilege. I know Gary is, too, though he might be willing to pay others, too."

I said, "Others?"

Stu made bug eyes. "Fuck yeah, he said he'd pay a hundred bucks to throat fuck Lola."

Lola was Vic's wife with the pouty lips. And apparently an ice queen.

Sarina giggled. "Well, he isn't going to be getting that kind of service from me."

Stu looked scandalized. "Oh no, not you. He respects you."

My shoulders shook. "Good. Ha, Lola."

"She needs like five big men on her stuffing her holes and occupying her hands. She needs her hair pulled and cum all over her."

I scrubbed the bridge of my nose, shoulders shaking faster. I caught my breath. I said to my wife, "Sorry, but that fits her."

"As long as you don't think I do."

I waved my hands at her. "Nope. Anyway, don't let me stop you two." I picked up my tea and tested it.

Stu sort of grinned at her and they went back to the guest bedroom.

I waited, rubbing one hand down between my thighs. The material rubbed over my bare dick. My breathing accelerated and I waited patiently for them to begin. I had told my wife I might check in on her. Maybe she would position them so I could watch without him seeing. Maybe she would tell him; I didn't know.

I slid my hand in and began squeezing my dick.

CHAPTER 6

I got up after a while when I heard the noises turn to obvious sex. I would have loved to watch it from start to finish, but my friends came over to use my wife, not have me stare at them. I moved to the door with that faint anticipation of imminent action. I leaned slowly around and took a peek.

He was lying on the bed on his back, the top of his head towards me: no way he could see me. Sarina was on top of him, riding him slowly. Her hips moved in those first tentative motions of getting warmed up. Later, if she rode him like she used to ride me, her movements would be desperate and frantic.

She saw me, but didn't do more than glance. She was wearing her glasses this time, but otherwise naked except for her socks. She eased up and back the other way, resting her hands behind her on his thighs. This exposed her pussy and I could see the base of his shaft stretching her open. It looked good.

I had worried before, when this had all started. Worried that she might like it. Concerned that I was doing the wrong thing. Fretted that things would turn bad. But seeing her bald pussy filled with Stu's cock was really no different than seeing it filled with mine. Nothing earth-shattering there that had threatened my ego. Rather than my ego being bruised and broken, I felt it pumped and proud. That was my beautiful wife on the bed, doing something for me, for her, and for us that was as natural as a hug or a kiss.

There was no threat, no danger, and no enemy in what I was seeing. My hips flexed and I reached my hand into my robe. I gripped my flaccid dick and began stroking it.

She made a show of rising up and down so I could see her pussy sliding over his cock. She rotated her hips around while pulled up and he slipped out. She giggled lightly and scooted back. She grabbed him and slid her mouth over his shaft. Her bangs obscured it, though.

Still, I appreciated it. She had said Stu was her favorite and I was glad she was enjoying this instead of just going through the motions for my benefit.

She scooted back up and rubbed his cock around her pussy. He certainly was thick: more than me.

I wondered if she had been implying that I drove too deep? At eight inches, I felt proud to be a man. Or had. I stroked at my dick as she pressed her pussy over the fat helmet of his cock. Her lips split open and the head popped inside. With a shift, she settled down on him. I wish I knew again what that felt like. You better be enjoying it, Stu.

She worked her hips on him while he rubbed over her small boobs. She rested her hands on his chest and wriggled her pussy all over his shaft. Then she began moving her hips back and forth with him all the way in. Her mouth came open and she glanced at me a few times. Her tongue flicked out and slid across her lower teeth and lip.

You dirty woman. I stroked more, pulling on my dick.

Stu groaned happily but pushed her up after a moment of that. He muttered, "I'll finish too fast that way." He began getting up, pushing her backwards.

I pulled back in case he looked around. I heard the bed shift, then my wife sigh. I risked a peek. No worries now, he had laid her back and was thrusting into her from up top. His back and butt were to me.

She spread her legs out wide and so did he for better grip. I had a view of his balls and most of his shaft. He pumped her with strong pushes at the end of each thrust, getting in that extra little bit of his cock. Sarina moaned happily - her hands on his butt and pulling. Her wedding ring shined in the overhead light and I wished that hand was on my butt.

Stu moaned and groaned, getting louder. "Fuck, this is phenomenal."

She asked, "You like it?"

"Yeah, I could do this forever. Your pussy feels so good."

"I like how you feel, too."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah."

Hearing my wife say that sent thrills down the front and back of my body.

Stu thrust faster, deeper. His butt clenched and pressed in with each deep thrust. "I'm glad your husband is letting me fuck you..." His words became too low for me to hear. Then they picked back up accompanied by gasps. "...better than I imagined."

She quivered underneath him. "I'm glad, too. I really... enjoy your visits." She began squirming underneath him.

The wet sound of their sex and the creak of the mattress on his thrusts told me his cock was being driven deep into her, even if I couldn't see it.

Her voice was shaking and I could tell she was close. "Fuck me, Stu. Harder."

I stroked faster, pulling and squeezing. Yeah, Stu. Give her what she needs. Feed her pussy.

Stu gave more effort, slapping his hips into my wife's. His groans grew more urgent and greedy.

I wanted to see him cum. I wanted to feel his ecstasy through his sounds. I wanted him to drive deep and unload his balls far inside my wife's pussy. I wanted to hear her orgasm and her cries of passion. I wanted to see her convulse underneath him as her urgency was unleashed with relief.

Their fucking grew more feverish.

I felt a heaviness and looked down. My dick hung heavy, partially engorged. I seemed to lose track of reality at that point. My senses receded except for my eyes. I gazed down at my dick – it being larger than I had seen it in months. I squeezed it, feeling the pressure. I stroked it, feeling the chills run up my back and the tension tease my thighs. A buzzing filled my ears and my head went cold.

I stumbled away from the door and caught myself on the wall. The cane thumped down to the carpet.

Tightness filled my throat and blackness started to overcome my vision. I fell to my knees to get the blood running back to my head. I panted there, on all fours, feeling close to passing out. I can feel.

My wife cried out in the room behind me.

I clutched my cane and got up holding it. I didn't use it. I looked down, digging my toes into the carpet. They still felt tingly – pins and needles, but not so much... as before. I took tentative steps, feeling the abrasion of the fibers beneath my feet. I wanted to clench up and burst. I made it to the couch after what seemed a long and painful struggle against myself, but it was really only a few seconds. The cane dangled uselessly in my hand. Just like my cock had done weeks before.

I rested it against the lampstand in its usual place and looked down at my dick. It was smaller, but still thicker than when it was totally flaccid. Maybe it hadn't woken all the way up. Maybe it hadn't firmed to the point I could insert it, but it had reacted!

I sat, stunned, as I heard Stuart finish in the bedroom with grunting groans of satisfaction. I wriggled my toes and realized I had been doing that for... days? Twitching for weeks? The pressure I had felt in my dick? The chills from my Sarina dragging her fingernails on it? My mouth was open and I probably looked drunk-stupid. I closed my robe over my dick and waited.

~ ~ ~

I gave Stuart a smile when he came out.

He looked pleased and pleased. He said, "You're a lucky man, Wade."

More than you know. "You'll be back next Thursday?"

His smile was such that it implied I had no idea. "Oh yeah." He looked down and lowered his voice. "I hope you don't mind if I get as much as I can."

I looked up at him with sincerity. I didn't think he was going to understand my words. I didn't think he could. "Nothing would please me more."

CHAPTER 7

I knew Sarina preferred Stuart, but I was very much anxious for this day: Friday. Vic was coming after work and I would have an opportunity to watch. He had said I could and I intended to exploit his offer.

My wife moved about the house as if it was a normal day; I had told her nothing of my reactions. I don't know why I wanted to keep something like that from her. Perhaps it was because I didn't want to give her a false hope of recovery when I wasn't sure myself. The stunning progress I had realized yesterday was not enough. No, it wasn't recovery, just progress. However, I was getting close to the time when the doctors had said I would require surgery.

I spent most of the day in the guest bedroom lifting weights, stretching, and wiggling my toes. I felt the need and I wanted to push. I worked myself relentlessly, until I was so exhausted the only thing left to do was shower.

My wife knew my moods: she knew to back off and leave me alone when I was pushing. Not that I didn't love her, but I was so focused on reaching that I had sometimes snapped at her during this disability. I didn't want to do that and she knew it wasn't about her.

In a way, it was all about her. I could live my life hobbling around with a cane, no problem. At least I had my feet. Many buddies overseas lost their feet. Their legs. And even their lives. They left behind crushed families wondering why. So I pushed: for me; for her – for us.

I gingerly climbed into the shower and rinsed my exertion away. I soaked under the shower head wondering if my efforts would be all I needed. Would I have to go under the knife? Even the doctors had said surgery was no guarantee – that the nerve damage might be permanent.

I soaped up. When I got to my dick, I concentrated. I felt the pressure, the sensation of touch, and the slippery feel of soap. It wasn't like I remembered it, but it was a lot better than weeks before when I had felt nothing but pressure. I stroked more, pulling at it as if using the jelking method: squeeze at the base

with fingers in a ring-shape and slowly pull down the length. It was a bullshit technique that did nothing except force the blood to expand the tissues inside. In this case, maybe just what I needed: more circulation. More use.

It didn't get as large as it had the previous day. Panic pushed around inside me followed by self-pity. Had it all been a cruel tease?

~ ~ ~

I still used the cane. I didn't want to give Sarina any false hopes. And who knew? Maybe the previous day had been a fluke. Maybe I would need the cane after a brief flash of what could have been. But I felt the fibers under my feet, and my toes wriggled on command. I answered the door for Victor. Disappointed it wasn't Stuart, I tried to hide the feeling. "Hey, Vic."

His smile was happy. "Wade."

"How's Lola?"

He rolled his eyes. "Cold as ever."

"Maybe she just needs a lover. Someone new and exciting."

He laughed. "Yeah, hey, let me tell you, I'd pay for that guy if he could pump some heat into her."

I made a face. "Sorry it's like that; I shouldn't joke." I shut the door behind him.

"Nah, that's okay. Makes me think maybe I should try something on her. I'd do anything if it meant she'd melt."

"Anything?"

He held out his hands. "Yeah, what? Better than suffering." He glanced at me guiltily.

I knew what he was thinking, but I ignored it. "Still don't mind if I..." I made a motion with my head towards the hall, "watch?"

His eyebrows shot up. "Oh, no, of course not. Just don't be looking at my ass."

I laughed. "No worries there, guy, I think male ass is the ugliest thing on the planet."

He exaggerated a swipe across his brow. "Whew."

I slugged his arm, lightly.

Sarina had been listening. "You'd really arrange something to happen to Lola?"

He laughed. "Not like murder. Maybe she just needs two men working her over. Or a black man. Or a fake rape or something." He looked lost. "There has to be something that ignites her imagination."

My wife's eyes sparkled. "There's always something, even if it's buried deep."

I looked at her quizzically.

She gave me an enigmatic smile and glance.

You rotten woman, are you implying I don't know your secrets? I gaped in effrontery.

She led Vic into the hall.

I followed after.

~ ~ ~

I sat on the weight bench, watching them on the bed. He was licking her pussy and fingering it, making her moan with satisfaction. I had my hand inside my

robe, hidden from them and stroking my dick. I wasn't sure if it felt like it was filling or not.

Sarina apparently knew what he wanted and she pushed at him after a bit. She climbed over him and moved her head to his erection. She looked over at me here and there, making sure I could see. Her eyes would drop to my moving robe. Her lips on his cock – the one that looked so much like mine – made no impression on me out of the ordinary. It was as if I was seeing my own shaft being sucked.

It was when he asked me that I realized I wasn't seeing anything that truly affected me. He asked, "How do you want to see this?" He was kneeling. My wife was lying back.

I was startled. "Oh, er, I don't know. Maybe seeing you in her..."

He twisted his lips in thought, then got off the bed. "Come on over; stand beside me." He pulled on my wife and positioned her at the edge of the bed.

I got up and stood beside him. Too late, I realized I had forgot about my cane; I was too busy holding my robe shut and fondling myself at the same time.

Neither of them noticed.

He pulled her, raising her hips almost a foot off the mattress. He brought her pussy in line with his cock and wiggled around until he was in the right spot at her opening. He said, "Okay, here goes." His muscles were standing out holding her hips up. She rested on her upper back and arms. He pushed forward slowly and his cock slid into her pussy.

I was seeing another man's dick enter my wife's pussy up close. It was sensational. I panted, moving my hand on what felt like a fatter dick. I pulled and tugged as I watched his shaft slowly move in and out of her – glistening with their juices. He was very slow and took his time with each move. It almost looked like a slow massage.

My wife's eyes were closed and she was limp. I could see the lump of his cock moving inside her on her lower abdomen. Her lips moved wetly in and out, following his sliding shaft as he fucked her.

My breath came in ragged gasps. I was definitely feeling something down below. Warmth spread down there and so did tingles and chills. My cock felt heavier as it filled with blood. It was thrilling to see her lifted like that – poised in his hands as he made slow and deep thrusts into her.

But it was Vic that got even more out of it. He gasped and pressed forward, his hips jerking in convulsions. He grunted loudly, pulling with his hands and pushing with his hips. His legs shook and he started chuckling, panting in between fits of laughter. "Guess that was pretty exciting for me, too – having you watch. Whew, couldn't control it." He slowly let her down and pulled out.

I turned to hide my stimulation and grabbed my cane with my back to them. When I turned back, he was stroking himself, a long drool of cum hanging like a rope off his cock. He was looking at my wife laying spread open in front of him. Her pussy was open and leaking their juices.

I felt my cock twitch.

CHAPTER 8

I dreamt strange and freaky dreams. These weren't unusual. Much of them dealt with the military; getting places on time to stand around and wait; cold food that was supposed to be hot; marches in the heat; and clearing houses. Sometimes I had dreams of shooting but never hitting my target – which was silly; my uniform held the Army Sharpshooter Marksmanship Qualification Award.

The dreams that gripped me with fascination, though, were the sex dreams. Sarina getting fucked as my friends milled around had me feeling horny. They used her, fucking her endlessly through orgasms in my dream. I awoke, feeling my cock engorged and almost hard. I touched it as I rested there in the early hours of the morning.

She slept curled beside me, one hand over on my shoulder.

I felt my dick, wondering if the dreams were a fluke. I felt my dick hard and had the dreams? Or did I have the dreams and those cause the erection? I didn't know and my dick wilted soon enough. I got out of bed and headed to the shower. My cock swung freely, feeling the air passing with its movement.

In the shower, I played with it after all the cleaning. I imagined it hard. I thought back on the dreams. Even my friends wives had been there watching. It seemed so... voyeuristic and nasty – that they wanted to see it. Wanted to see the violation of my wife by their husbands.

My dick began filling with blood and firming. It thickened in my hand until it was half-hard – about where it had been getting at my most excited. I soaped it and stroked fast, feeling a tickly build of sensation in my hips. Pulses of pleasure flared and receded as I jacked myself in the shower. Fuck this feels good. I wanted to stay in there and jack until I exploded, but I didn't know if I could or whether it would take all day.

~ ~ ~

Stuart knocked on the door when he was expected. He grinned at me. "Hey, hey! Looks like you're standing better."

I fucking blushed; I couldn't believe it. Kicking down doors, shooting at people pointing guns at me, gritting my teeth against crushing mental stress of combat and a firefight, and here I was blushing like some pig-tailed little girl. It was a mixture of gratitude that he'd noticed and pride in progress on my part. "I am a bit, thanks."

He stood close. "I'm welcome here and everything, right?"

I shut the door and paused, hand on knob. "Well, yeah... Why?"

"I enjoy my time with her; I was hoping she didn't think these visits were like a chore or something."

I smiled at the memory of our conversation about him. "Maybe she thinks that of Steve and his little..." I held up my pinky. "But about you? No."

He didn't look so certain, but he appeared to consider it. He brought his hand down on my shoulder. "Thanks." He squeezed. "Shit, man, those are some muscles."

I laughed. "Nothing else to do but lift weights and wiggle my toes. I can't stand watching TV."

He made a knowing face. "Oh yeah, I hear ya."

I watched him give Sarina a hug. She always let me talk to my friends before saying or doing anything. When her friends were around, I did the same. Even though most of my friends had now had their dicks in my wife and I hadn't been intimate with any of her friends. It was still the same: some gesture of respect.

They went into the guest bedroom.

I sat on the couch and immediately grabbed my cock. I squeezed and massaged,

doing a little bit of jelking. I heard them murmuring in the other room. I stroked and pulled, wondering if she was doing that to him. I had never seen the two foreplay, so I didn't know what they did. Did he kiss her while she stroked him hard?

The very idea began filling my dick with blood. I firmed thinking about his tongue on hers, and her hands milking his cock to hardness so he could thrust it into her pussy. The thought filled me with heat and I hoped she was doing it. I hoped she was gripping his shaft with two hands and begging it to life. I wanted her to slide her hands along his cock and excite him. My hand moved on my shaft, coaxing it to life. I could feel it, warm in my hand and puffy with the beginning of excitement.

I heard them making sounds like sex. I got up quickly and left my cane sitting against the lampstand; I could feel my feet enough to not need it, even if I had fooled my wife into thinking I did. I felt the carpet fibers under my feet and the tickle as the soles of me feet slid over them. I felt my toes splay out as I leaned sideways to look through the door.

He had my wife on the bed, knelt over. He was thrusting into her from behind, pulling on her hips. My wife's hair moved in shorts bursts with his thrusts. I couldn't see anything but the back and side of his butt and the side of her hips. Her butt moved in tight jiggles as he slapped in. She was gasping and pushing back against his pushes. He jerked his hips forward, driving his cock into her with forceful slaps.

I felt good. Satisfaction rolled through me as he gave my wife what she wanted. He was filling her pussy with his cock and it was from him that she wanted it most. She would be feeling him inside her as he thrust deep, and enjoying that feel of being filled properly. I felt happy for my wife.

He pushed her away, not roughly, and shifted back a little. He motioned her over.

I don't know if I imagined it, but her eyes found me and swept past.

She settled back, spreading her legs wide. She reached down and pulled open her pussy. She whispered, loud enough for me to hear, "I need your cock. Put it in me, Stuart. Fuck me. Please."

He chuckled, pulling on his cock like I was pulling on mine. He moved up and

lowered himself onto her. His hips settled down and his butt began moving. My wife wrapped her arms and legs around him and moaned so soulfully that I felt jagged tickles run along my dick.

He said, "You like that?" He put his feet out for traction and began humping deep.

Sarina gasped, "Yes."

"You look forward to me visiting?"

She grunted for a few seconds, then said, "Yes..."

"You like my cock?"

She gave a lustful laugh. "Yes. I want you in me, even when you aren't here."

He groaned, "Oh... fuck..."

I wasn't sure if her eyes connected with mine again, but she whispered to him, just barely audible, "You don't have to pay. I need you inside me."

"I don't?"

"Just come over more often. Please..."

He chuckled low and lewd, "Oh, yeah, baby. I can do that. Anything to fuck you more."

She cried out as her orgasm welled in her. I knew that sound. She was very much enjoying being with him, under him, and feeling him in her pussy. Begging for more.

My cock swelled, throbbing with excitement. I panted quietly against the wall, occasionally peeking at him moving forcefully between her legs. He was plowing her, hard. I felt the helmet of my dick brush against the wall.

They moaned in the room together, higher and higher.

I looked down in wonder. My dick was touching the wall – standing straight out. My mouth dropped open and I backed up a little. I gripped it and stroked it, fast.

Hard, like the sounds coming from the guest bedroom where my friend fucked my wife into silliness. My cock had responded, hardening into what I was holding now. A lump grew thick in my throat.

I listened to the sounds of passion on the other side of the wall and my wife's familiar sounds of sexual satisfaction. Under another man. I jacked faster, feeling my shaft swell a little further. It wasn't perfect, but it was far thicker and harder than yesterday.

Stuart was thrusting so hard my wife was grunting with effort. Her hips moved to his. Her eyes caught mine as I stumbled into the room.

I grated, "Stuart, get out. Out!"

He scrambled up off my wife. "What...?"

His eyes and hers dropped down to my moving hand and my stiff cock.

I panted, "Out. Wait in the living room."

He got off the bed fast as my wife lay there frozen, her eyes widening and watering more by the second.

My vision began to swim. I climbed onto the bed as everything went so completely blurry that I couldn't see. Then it all cleared as my tears dripped out. "Sarina..."

Her lip quivered. "Wade!"

I thrust my cock into her open hole, feeling the lips spread around the helmet of my dick. I pushed in, feeling that glorious sliding of my erection into feminine wet and warmth. I slid deep, pushing everything I could into her. My back and butt trembled with remembered relief as her pussy took me all in.

She groaned out in wonder, clutching me tight as I slid home. Her own hot tears began running over her cheeks. "Wade..."

I remembered it all: her feel; her hands; her breath on my lips; her tongue on mine as we kissed; and the overwhelming satisfaction of sharing something so intimate between two people in love. I stroked her face, kissing her, and

thrusting into her pussy with all the force of my love.

EPILOGUE

I made love to her again that night. It was harder and I didn't think we'd wake it up, but she finally coaxed it hard. I considered the first time a miracle; the second was a gift from God.

I let her move on me, riding me, and watched her eyes watching mine. She had cried, she had laughed, she had danced. At the end of the day, she was just hugging me, all cried out, but happy that I was back. Or mostly back. I felt a confidence now that in a few days - or a week at the outside – I'd be back to normal.

I stroked my hands over her small breasts. "I love you," I said it for probably the hundredth time. I felt that deep appreciation that she had supported me and stuck by me. She had even accepted my unusual offer of doing my friends in my place and had still stuck with me.

Her smile was tired; she had cried much that day with joy and relief. "I love you, too. I knew you could do it."

I thought it was a good time to bring up something I had heard earlier. "You knew I was standing there; did you mean what you said about him not paying? Stuart?"

She stopped moving. "Oh, you heard that?" Her face broke into an embarrassed smile. "I mean, I have three payments left on the car. They knocked an entire year off..."

"They really wanted you."

She looked down and started moving slowly again. "I guess we don't need any of them here for that anymore."

"Nope, no point."

She bit her lip and looked up into my eyes. "Is it okay if... Stuart keeps coming

over?"

I was surprised. "You like him that much?"

She looked uncertain, but she nodded.

I felt as if I had a new promise in life – a new lease. I took a breath. "As long as you're mine."

She dropped down onto my chest and rested her mouth against my cheek. "Always yours."

I felt the tickle blossom and heaved up, hammering my hips up against her ass - my cock sliding in deep, over and over. My orgasm built with a thin tension that reminded me I had already cum once today. I groaned, "Yes, yes, he's fine. He can fuck you. We can share you." I exploded inside her, hot pulses ripping up the shaft of my dick and shooting deep into her pussy. My balls squeezed painfully, forcing out the second orgasm of the day.

That orgasm was just the beginning – a new beginning, and Stuart was going to be a part of it.

Thank you for reading Call Wife. I hope you enjoyed the story. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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