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Between
Them

*A hot
menage
romance*

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By

Laran Mithras

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**If you don't ask your husband what his fantasies are, how will you know
what fun you're missing out on?**

~ Author

CHAPTER 1

My mouth was open in a silent pant as I stroked my husband's fat cock. "You said you hired a new girl?"

Brock Campbell was a hunk of a man and I adored running my hands over his body, including his manhood. I have a fascination with cock; I love it. I love looking at it, playing with it, and licking it. Nothing thrills me more than applying my feminine hands to it and seeing it fully erect and filled with passion.

I made love to my husband, too, but I spent a lot of time jacking his lovely cock. I had learned to talk dirty, early. "What's she like?"

He groaned, but it wasn't in any kind of desire. "Holly...she's black."

"So?" I stroked him longer and slower. "Is she pretty?" I loved teasing him like this – feeling his cock respond under my touch as I mentioned women he met as a painter.

He sighed. "Sure..."

I squeezed his shaft. "How much time did you spend with her?"

"Actually, very little. Her name is Sheena and I left her with Tom's group. She already knows how to paint."

I didn't feel disappointed; I don't think I'd actually want him lusting after anyone but me, but the teasing was so much fun. "Does she have a pretty mouth?" I stroked higher up, teasing the helmet as if my hand was a mouth.

He gasped and his hips jerked. His cock swelled under my grip. "Yeah, she has pretty lips."

I smiled but he couldn't see it. I was sitting on the edge of the bed and his back was to me, between my legs. My head was resting against his naked hip. I toyed more at the head. "Does she have a pretty tongue?"

He chuckled, caught up now in my dirty-talk. "Yeah, it's cute and pink."

I could feel him trembling. His excitement fueled mine. "How tall is she?"

"Short. Five-three, maybe?"

"Does she have big boobs?"

"Nope, flat as a board. She's a stick."

I began jacking him with long strokes, speeding up. "Do you think she has a pretty pussy?"

He moaned low, trembling harder. "Oh...fuck, Holly, you're nasty."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." His hips began moving, thrusting in counter to my hand movement.

"Are you thinking about her little black pussy right now?"

My husband groaned louder, swept up with my salacious suggestions.

I jacked him fast and full, long strokes from tip to root. "Yes, that's it. Fuck her little black pussy. Do it. Fuck her good. Fill her up—"

He growled like a savage, arching his back and thrusting his hips forward. His cock swelled and began jerking powerfully, sending out spurts of cum to land on the towel I had spread beneath him.

I panted heavily, overwhelmed with lust and love. His cock pumped in my grip and I milked it with fascination. My pussy convulsed, feeling that familiar pang of need and ache.

He turned after a moment and pulled me up. His lips mashed to mine and we kissed in that satisfied sensuality that let me know how much he loved me.

~ ~ ~

I'm an author by day. And night. Or whenever I can put words to book. New Adult stuff that sold well – but I would never tell my readers I filled the book with what I called youth-cheese. Throw in some twerking, texting, and a lot of I-can-save-the-world attitude, and voila: instant seller.

I had dreams of writing romances more my age – early forties – but the field wasn't just littered with aspiring romance authors, it was crammed. With thousands of brand new authors releasing billionaire romances every single day of the week, the deluge of works were instantly lost in the mass of existing books. Searches only turned up around five thousand results – out of tens of thousands of actual books.

No way was I going to break into that. So I wrote my books for early-twenties readers who were still naïve enough to think they were the ones that were going to change the world.

I was working on a vampire were-shifter book where the hero, Logan, was twenty-two. Twenty-two for the last eight hundred years, that is. But I was having trouble putting feeling into the heroine, Savannah, supposedly a seven-hundred year old she-wolf perpetually aged at twenty-one. I think it was the name that bothered me and I toyed going with Alexandria or Anastasia. Young adults went crazy for those kind of names.

I was sitting at my desk, relaxing in my comfortable chair, and staring at our wedding picture. I often did when trying to find some inspiration. I did not get writer's block like some authors did: I kept up a biofeedback regimen every morning that kept me creative. That's when I heard a car door shut.

Curious, I rose from my desk and grabbed my water-glass. A car door out here was unusual - we lived on a rural route that hardly picked up any traffic. The only place near was the Wallace home across the road. Our side was covered with old peach trees. The Wallace Ranch had kept theirs up and had made a small living off of it.

Ours had gone fallow years before. The Wallace orchards went fallow only late last year when Gordon Wallace had been committed to a home by his family. He had been exhibiting signs of Alzheimer's. The daughter was an attorney in

another state and a For Sale sign had been posted on the property a few months before. Run down as it was, I wondered who would want it.

I took water from the cooler and stood looking out the kitchen window, sipping.

A smartly-dressed woman was out there, waving her hands around: the realtor. Standing beside her, looking where she was gesticulating, was a man. He didn't look old and he didn't look young, but his back was to me.

They walked into the house after she produced a key from the lockbox.

I drained half my water and waited, glancing over at the defrosting chicken for tonight's dinner. Chicken and rice, everything nice. Even now, little book-habits crept into my mind. I looked back out the kitchen window. Who would buy that place?

They came out a few minutes later and spoke on the walkway. The man used a hand to gesture and the realtor was nodding sagely as if she agreed with everything he was saying – whatever it was.

I peered closer, feeling something familiar in the scene. Some dream I had? What is it? No, it's the man. He looks familiar for some reason.

They were walking to the car, heads down and still talking. The realtor kept looking at him, smiling hopefully with what appeared to be romantic interest, but the man wasn't paying attention – or was deliberately ignoring her.

It was when he was climbing into the car that I got a good - if brief - look at the side of his head. That dark hair and the bold nose stunned me.

I snapped my fingers at the window. "I know you..." I frowned, trying to remember from where. The grocery store? Walmart? No... Someone my husband employed? No... Who are you? Why are you familiar?

But he wasn't all that familiar. Not very, anyway.

I watched the car pull away.

~ ~ ~

Chicken and rice, everything nice... I sat twisting my fork.

Brock gave me a funny look. "Something wrong with your chicken?"

I started, realizing I had just been sitting there numbly. "Oh, no." I laughed and shook my head. "Just..." How do I say that I'm at a loss of memory?

"Just what?" Brock was simple on the surface, and deep with smarts on the inside.

"Oh..." I shook my head. "I saw a realtor showing the Wallace place today."

"Oh? Who'd want to buy that old place?"

"That's what I thought. Anyway, the man looked familiar. I've been wracking my brain trying to figure it out. Walmart?"

"Why Walmart?"

I shrugged. "I don't know, maybe because everyone goes there? Or works there? Maybe he's like a butcher or stocker or something."

Brock raised an eyebrow. "I don't see a Walmart employee having the cash to buy the Wallace place."

I gestured with my fork. "Right. So, it's bugging me."

"Someone your family knew?"

I shook my head. No, that's not it.

"Maybe it's a movie star."

"No, no, he wasn't wearing sunglasses."

"Not all movie stars wear sunglasses."

I gave my husband an eyebrow. "They do when they're out in public and don't want people recognizing them."

He nodded. "Mm, probably so."

I was frustrated with trying to remember. "So how's Sheena?"

He moved with the change easily. "Seems to be working out fine. She painted with her husband for a few years—"

"Oh, she's married?"

"Not anymore. That's why she's here. Divorcing and she wants to be away."

I laughed. "I was wondering what she was doing out here. More opportunities in the city."

There were, and even Brock's business sometimes took him into the city.

He said, "Who knows how long she'll stay with us. I get the feeling she's waiting to see what happens."

I nodded. "I hear divorce is very upsetting like that. A year or more gone out of your life – spent fighting in court."

"Oh? Studying up on when you want to divorce me?" There was a twinkle in his eye.

I kicked him.

He chuckled. "I'm glad she came along, though, takes some pressure off Tom's team." He operated three teams of three painters and Tom's had been short one.

"She hasn't flirted with you, has she?" I said it as if I didn't care about the answer, but I really did.

"Nah, nothing like that. I think her mind is all on getting out of a relationship, not hunting for another."

Good.

~ ~ ~

Brock's fingers slid down my clit, teasing and toying. I sighed, relaxing to the swaying feeling his finger-movements made within me.

He said, "So when are you writing a nasty romance?"

"I don't know..."

"I'll read it."

I didn't want to think about my books right now.

He said, "What would it be about?"

"Huh?"

"You know, clean island castaway-type romances? Victorian? Vikings? Vampires?"

I giggled. "Yeah, that's my new niche: shipwrecked alpha-male billionaire vampire Viking in the late 1800s. Into BDSM, tatted from head to foot, and rides a motorcycle."

"Did they have motorcycles back then? I think not."

"It's fiction, dear. Romances are wholly unrealistic."

"Are they?"

"Of course – there's no such thing as a twenty-nine year old billionaire."

He went back to concentrating on my pussy.

I relaxed again and felt the swaying sensation return.

Brock said, "You figure out where you know that guy from?"

Grr... I'm trying not to think about it. "No."

"Maybe he's an old classmate."

Intrigued, I thought back to the boys I knew in high school. No...no...hmm.

"Is he?"

"Not that I can recall..." I thought back to the boys I had dated in school. No, it's not Jimmy Richards who took me to the prom. Definitely not. But something began to eat faster at me, drawing me in towards a swirling maelstrom of memory.

My husband's fingers worked their magic, bringing me closer to the edge and my memory closer to the eye of the storm. Bursting within me was my orgasm from out of nowhere. I cried out, lifting my hips as the tension within me tightened almost painfully, then sprung outward with pulses of relief. At the same time, my memory was sucked into the whirling vortex of recollection.

Brock was sliding fingers into me gently, coaxing my orgasm.

My eyes popped open. Oh my god, I remember him. What's his name? We went out once. Double-dated to Mickey's party with Janine and her boyfriend. What was his name? He had kissed me and some heavy petting had occurred. I moaned with relief, panting at the fading waves of orgasm. My memory shamelessly recalled how the man had rubbed my pussy through my panties – almost exactly how my husband had just done to make me cum. I felt the blush rise up my neck and cheeks. Gosh, I can't tell Brock that. I don't even remember the guy's name, anyway. I panted, relaxing, determined to forget about whoever he was. In any event, it hadn't worked out.

CHAPTER 2

I leaned up against the apartment parking garage wall. Handsome guy leaned in to kiss me. The dream was vivid with memory. But I felt my mind asking myself: had it happened like this?

His fingers reached down my jeans, curling a little to slide over my panties and hook my clit beneath them. I came instantly and awoke simultaneously.

I sat upright in bed, my body quivering and shaking, an ache deep in my convulsing pussy. Oh my god... Tristen. His name was Tristen.

Brock mumbled and turned towards me. "You okay, Holly?"

I was gasping, feeling the pulses of orgasm race through me, but they were weak ones. I nodded, then said in the darkness, "Yeah, stupid dream."

My husband seemed satisfied, and settled back down.

I rose and went into the bathroom. I can't tell him about Tristen. I dated him once... But maybe he was just looking at the place. Surely he won't buy it. The idea for an old flame to appear in my latest story pulled my attention away. Even if Tristen was just a one-time date with a little touching, the memory ignited a plot twist idea in my newest book.

I put Tristen out of my mind with a delicate simplicity after that night. Nothing had happened between us except some kissing and his touching me on the one date we had, so the importance of it all drained away like water in the sink.

~ ~ ~

I was driving home from Albertsons in my Grand Cherokee, back lightly stacked with groceries in green carry bags of recycled material, when I was struck with shivers of dread.

Our home is far out on a rural route, a good half hour drive southeast into the heart of Meridian, and another several minutes into Boise beyond it. From the straightaway nearing our home, you can see it for a good half-mile out on the right.

Right away, I saw something different on the left. There was a U-Haul in front of the Wallace home. What? I didn't see any sold-sign on the place.

Worry and curiosity creased my brow. Who bought it? Surely not Tristen. He looked at it well over a month ago. What an embarrassment that would be. I gripped the steering wheel tighter, dreading knowing.

Not seeing any movement there as I approached our house, I decided to park in the garage. Normally I parked in the drive. I hit the garage door opener and slid into place. I pushed the button and watched the door close on my exposure. Breathing a sigh of relief, I unloaded the Jeep.

Feeling safe behind the windows of my home, I put away the groceries while keeping as much of an eye on the window as I could. Who is it? Is it Tristen? Please be some old woman.

I was moving a bag of red potatoes over to the counter and dropped them. I stood dumbly in the kitchen at the sink, looking out the window at the man who had wrenched an old memory in me. "This can't be."

Tristen trotted up the ramp at the back of the U-Haul with a hand-truck.

I wanted to call someone. The police. The CIA. I wanted to know why. I wanted to stop this. The Department of Homeland Security – that was it. They'd know what to do. Officials would swarm our homes and settle this.

He came down the ramp, wheeling the hand-truck and moving down a shelving unit.

I stood there, potatoes at my feet, and shook my head. Why, in all of Meridian, did you have to move here? I need to call 911.

But I knew there was no one to call. No government agency would come out in their black cars loaded with agents in black suits and sunglasses to stop this. No helicopters would fly overhead threateningly. No unmanned drones the government promised would never be used against Americans but were would show up to end this tragedy.

How do I live my life here anymore? Hiding constantly? This is a disaster.

I bent and picked up the potatoes. I held the bag, looking at them, but thinking of Brock – wondering what was going to happen.

~ ~ ~

My husband drove into the driveway and got out of his white Dodge pick-up: so normal; so usual; so comforting; but now so nerve-wracking.

I wanted to run to him. I wanted consolation. I wanted him to solve this roadblock in my life. In our lives.

I watched my husband turn abruptly.

Oh my god, Tristen is talking to him. No...

Brock walked to the end of the driveway and looked both ways. Then he crossed the street.

I wanted to call him in, shout to get inside, because... Because why? I hurt myself. Or...there's a phone call. But there wasn't.

My husband shook hands with Tristen. The male-touch was made and my heart sank in dejection. Now they were going to be fast friends, yukking it up, sharing beers, and talking about me – inseparable bosom-buddies for the rest of our lives with me as the butt of the joke.

I raised my eyes to the ceiling. "God, why did You let this happen?"

He did not answer my question; maybe He didn't like being blamed.

I was happy. What's with this massive wrench? I can't be neighbors with a guy I dated. This can't work!

I watched with a growing aggravation as the two stood there and talked for nearly a half hour. Aggravation turned to anger. I mashed the bread of his sandwich down and dropped it on the table. I was fuming. In fact, I was steamed. Hosed. Pissed. I was developing a headache because I was clenching my teeth so hard.

Why did you have to come home right when he's outside? Why, why, why?

He finally came in, a smile on his face. I wanted to tear it off and stomp on it.

He said, "I met the guy who bought the Wallace place."

I was clenching my fists, sitting at the table. "I saw."

Brock isn't stupid. His eyebrows drew down. "What's wrong?"

I was up out of my chair, wanting action, my limbs jittering with adrenaline and ready to toss a car over the house. "Did you have to talk to him?"

My husband blinked, frowned, and looked totally surprised. He said, "He's a nice guy; his name is Tristen."

I snarled, "I know his name."

"You met him? Was he rude or something? He seemed nice—"

"No, I didn't meet him."

Brock came to me and gripped my shoulders, squeezing. "You're not making any sense, Holly. Tell me what's going on. You either met him or didn't."

I sighed, somewhat calmed in his grip, but still feeling the aggravation. "I know him from before. A long time ago."

He nodded in understanding. He released me and sat down. "All right, sit; let's hear about it."

I slumped into my chair, the energy draining away fast. I shook a little in the emptiness that remained.

Brock started to pick up his sandwich and stopped, looking at the mashed bread on top. He carefully lifted it, inspecting it as if looking at a crime.

So I mashed your sandwich; it's still edible. "You want me to make you another one?"

He gave me an innocent look. "No, why?" He took a bite.

I said, "I met him a long time ago. Like almost twenty years ago."

"Really? How?"

I fiddled with my fingers, letting out my aggravation in a dwindling display of effort. My energy was gone. "We went out on a date, once..."

He frowned at me. "Really? Him?"

I nodded, looking down and away.

"Oh, no..."

I looked up, glad that he realized the gravity of the tragedy. "Right."

"He's an old boyfriend?"

I almost laughed. "Oh, no. Nothing like that; it was only one date."

He looked subdued to say it, "Sex?"

I shook my head vigorously. "No...just kissing."

He looked relieved. "That was all?"

I took a deep breath. "And a little touching."

Brock didn't look all that happy. He put down his sandwich. "Don't tell me I'm going to have to live across the street from someone who got a handjob from you."

I laughed nervously. "No. No clothes came off." I said it quickly.

He blew out a breath. "Thank God."

"But he played with my panties."

He shook his head in dismissal. "I can handle that. I don't think I could've handled hearing something really happened."

"I also touched his jeans..."

He flicked at his sandwich, thinking. "Anything else?"

I leaned forward quickly, wanting to impress the importance of my answer. "Nothing. That's all that happened, and it was only one date."

"Kissing, fondling... Why only one date?"

"He told me he was going through the application process to be a cop."

My husband's eyes got large. "Oh..."

He knew my history. My father had been a cop and my mother had divorced him. He had been a different man at the end: hateful; abusive; suspicious; and forever out with his cop buddies. My mother had been through enough and had reached her limit; she had divorced him. That's when the stalking began. "No way did I want to suffer what my mother did."

"I understand."

I looked at him sharply.

He said, "I really do."

I felt the rest of my aggravation evaporate. Now I felt defeated. "What are we going to do?"

"There's nothing we can do and it was just one date. Don't let it ruin your life."

"But how am I supposed to—"

"He might not even remember you."

A flicker of hope pushed back the blanket of coldness inside me. "You think so?"

He didn't answer and the hope withered and wilted.

CHAPTER 3

I wrote in my book, killing off Savannah in a tragic kidnapping and devastating the hero, Logan. That's when I introduced Anastasia – old flame, returned from hundreds of years of seclusion. It was total cheese, but the young kids reading it would lap it up like a gay man licks sperm.

I need to find a different niche. Maybe dinosaur-shifter step-brother trillionaires from outerspace. Gawd, how tacky.

I put Tristen out of my mind. As much as possible. But now the kitchen became a dangerous place, bringing back the memory of him every single time I stepped foot inside. The refrigerator handle instantly reminded me of touching his jeans.

Why did one thing in my past have to be so disastrous now?

Brock had told me I should be thankful we hadn't gone farther. I suppose he was right. And maybe his slim offer of hope that Tristen wouldn't remember me would hold true and offer me the solace I needed. Maybe I could live securely in my own home knowing Tristen had totally forgotten me. I even added to my prayers every morning that he had. That wasn't selfish, right?

Damn him, why is Tristen always home? Doesn't a cop ever work? I growled quietly at the kitchen window as I watched him kick at the large old rock near the driveway. I needed to go out to the grocery store or we would have nothing for breakfast. No toast, eggs, oatmeal or anything else. Why did I have to park in the driveway again?

I glared out the window. Go back inside!

He finally did.

With a leap, I grabbed my keys, purse, and the recycled green bags. I moved like an Olympic athlete: efficient moves, spinning around the door, gracefully locking with one deft twist; darting out to my Jeep with all speed; and then dropping my keys like a total dork.

I fumbled, feeling heat and anger rising in me. My fingers were shaking so bad that I couldn't grip the electronic key the right way. I tried to turn it and dropped them again. I wanted to howl my anger at it and wither it into dust. Finally unlocking the doors, I thrust the bags inside and almost dove in.

My heart was racing. My pulse was pounding in my neck and head, creating a pressure that promised a very quaint headache very soon.

I accelerated backwards, seeing in my quick looks that he wasn't outside. I sped away, feeling as if I were escaping free with the goods and sailing towards safety.

~ ~ ~

My freedom didn't last long. I shopped fast, feeling free and light-headed. But unfortunately, I was done too soon to really enjoy it.

"Hey, Holly!" The rising voice made my insides itch. It was Patricia, wife to one of my husband's painters.

I didn't like her. Phony, overly sticky-sweet, and as shallow as a woman could be, I found her insufferable. "Oh...hi."

"Les tells me you all hired a new girl? A black girl? That's so good of you."

Why? Because she's black? Are you that lame? "Oh...Sheena, yes."

"I think that's so wonderful; maybe you'll hire more blacks and give them an opportunity."

You can't be serious. Do you know how stupid you sound? "Oh well, who knows?" I tried to push my cart past her.

She blocked me. "I didn't know blacks could be painters. Especially the women."

I stroked Brock's cock while talking about her pussy and I made him cum. How's that for some racial equality? "Yeah, I guess, huh?"

She smiled as if hugging herself and looked to the sky. "You're doing such good work hiring them. Keep up the good work."

Gawd, enough of your fakery. I moved my cart forcefully away and past her. "I'll tell Brock."

Her sticky-sweet rising pitch followed me. "It was nice talking to you."

Shut up. I rolled my eyes, but only in the safety of having my back to her. I didn't want there to be problems with my husband's painters.

The drive home drove away the freedom and replaced it with uncertainty. I won't look over if he's outside. I'll just drive into the garage and that will be that.

He was outside, in t-shirt and jeans, digging around the large rock with a shovel.

I pulled in, hitting the garage door opener. I waited, glancing once into the mirror. I saw him look towards my Jeep, but he went back to work.

I let off the brake and started to slide forward. I hit the brakes again; the door hadn't opened. Duh. I pressed the button. The door didn't move. I pressed it again, growling my frustration. "Come on."

The door didn't open.

Oh my god, are the batteries dead? I mashed it harder, hurting my thumb. "Come on!"

The door refused to open.

How can this be happening to me? I mashed the button repeatedly, but the garage door wasn't going anywhere. "Damn!" I beat my hands against the steering wheel in a burst of frustration. Doing it hurt.

Trying not to hyperventilate and failing miserably, I waited until I was somewhat calm. Just get out, grab the bags and get inside. Don't look and he won't look.

I took several deep breaths. I removed the keys and gripped them. Shouldering my purse, I opened the door and got out. Lifting the back, I grabbed all four carry bags. Shifting them to one hand, I shut the back of the Jeep and dropped two bags.

Oh, damn! Apples went rolling. The oatmeal container was gaining speed in its escape towards the lawn. My eyes widened in horror. How does food accelerate when it rolls away?

And then doom descended with all the calamity of hungry aliens crashing to Earth.

"Here, let me help you with that." The voice was gravelly, as if strained hoarse.

I straightened, waves of fear rolling through me. "No, no, I got it."

There was a raspy chuckle.

I dared to look. He was chasing down my Quaker oatmeal container that was making a run for the trees. I quickly settled the bags and began repacking what was near. Hurry! But it's too late...

Tristen approached, holding the naughty oatmeal and a few apples. "Here you go." His voice sounded painful.

I looked him in the face, unable to avoid the inevitable. He looked older, but essentially the same. Heavier wrinkles around curious eyes.

He said, "By the way, hi; I'm Tristen."

I mumbled, "Oh, hi. Thanks." I looked away.

"I bought the place across the street."

I secured the escape-artist food in the carry-bags. "Oh?"

"I met your husband..." He seemed expectant.

"Oh, right..." I stood with two of the bags. I was too late.

He was stooping. "Here, let me carry these others."

"That's okay..."

"You're...?"

I realized he was expecting an introduction. He doesn't recognize me? Wow, but then if I tell him my name... "Clumsy, I guess. It's not my day."

He followed me to the door. "Everybody drops something at one time or another. Was glad I could help."

That sounded nice and I started to breathe a little easier. I don't think he recognizes me. But how long can I get away with not telling him my name? Maybe I can just get him to set the bags down. "You can leave those there; I can get them."

"Nonsense. What kind of a man would I be if I didn't help out a neighbor. No boy scout, that's for sure."

I cringed: the sound of his voice felt to me as if it was painful. I didn't remember his voice being rough all those years ago. I let him in, helpless as to what to say.

He said, "You want these on the counter, or the floor?"

"Floor, please."

He nodded. "There you go." He wasn't lingering. "I'll get out of your hair, now."

"Thank you..."

He stopped in front of me and held out his hand. "I'm Tristen, what was your name?"

Fuck, I'm stuck. Or... "Mrs. Campbell. Thank you so much." I gestured to the door.

He seemed fine with that. "Mrs. Campbell. Okay." His smile was curious and uncertain, but he left.

I closed the door with a huge sigh. I guess I could've told him my middle name...but that would be sort of lying and I don't like doing that. The truth

always comes out.

~ ~ ~

I felt a little safer now, knowing he didn't recognize me, and went out to my Jeep to change the garage opener batteries.

Brock pulled in as I was fiddling with the battery hatch.

He climbed out, clipboard in hand. That usually meant he'd be making calls in his home-office. "Hey, beautiful."

I glanced across the street where Tristen was leaning up on his shovel, looking over at us. "Uh, hi."

My husband followed my glance. "Not scared to be out here, now?"

I blew out a breath. "What an awful day."

He appeared sympathetic. "Uh oh? Going to tell me about it over dinner?"

I snapped the battery cover back in place correctly this time. It stayed shut. "Yes, but it'll be another fifteen minutes or so." I slid the opener back onto the visor and tested it. The door began opening.

"All right..." He sounded a little distant.

I looked and he was looking across the street. He and Tristen were waving to each other. Oh, how darling... I rolled my eyes.

Then, to my utter horror, my husband walked to the street and crossed it.

What the hell is he going to do? Wasn't a wave enough?

Brock stopped and gestured to the rock. I saw Tristen chuckle and shake his

head. Then he leaned on the shovel in a relaxed pose and began talking.

What are they talking about? I closed the garage door and stomped into the house. What could they possibly find in common? Are they talking about me? His house? The rock?

I went about making the gravy for the mashed red potatoes. Angry, I dumped most of the flour in on the first tip of the cup. I jammed the fork into the clump with irritation. What could possibly be so interesting that you're over there talking to him? We need to lay down some ground rules. This just isn't going to work if you two become buddies or something. Ugh!

~ ~ ~

I gestured wildly with my fork. "The door wouldn't open. The batteries chose that exact second to die. I swear, it was fate."

My husband wore an amused smile.

"It's not funny."

"Sounds like it is. So what happened?"

Thanks for being so sensitive to my plight. "I tried to hurry. Grabbed the bags. Two fell and food went flying everywhere. Suddenly, out of nowhere, he's helping me collect food. It was awful."

"How tragic." There was a twinkle in his eye.

I made an indignant and irritated sound. "It was horrible."

"Are you going to need a prescription?"

I put my fork down a little too harshly. The clang punctuated my heat. "No. Don't you understand? It was embarrassing. Then he wanted to know my name. I

told him I was Mrs. Campbell."

Now he finally looked uncomfortable. "Oh, uh..."

"What?"

"He asked about that, so I told him your name."

My eyes wanted to pop out of my head. "You what? How could you?" I felt panic pushing in and the quivering in my limbs start.

He shrugged sheepishly. "He asked..."

I shook my head, the day going from horrid to worse in point zero zero two three seconds. I fanned myself, but that didn't help. I looked around to quell the sudden dizziness, but that made it worse. "What... What did he say?"

Brock shrugged again. "He just nodded."

Agh! Why are men so simplistic? A nod, a grunt, a shrug... A woman can't discern volumes of needed information off of crap like this! I looked at him pleadingly.

Brock lifted an eyebrow, then winked. "I don't think he remembers you."

I threw my hands high in the air. Finally, something I can use and chew. "Are you sure?" Confirmation from the man I loved was so very important to me.

"I wouldn't have said it—"

I waved him off. I didn't want to get into the fundamental differences in the way men and women thought. He wouldn't understand. "What kind of look did he have on his face?" This was important to know. It could mean he was thinking about me, remembered me, didn't care, or didn't like me.

My husband had the temerity to look annoyed. "How should I know? He seemed neutral. I wasn't gazing at his face with locked stares."

Ugh! It was just a simple question. I clenched my fists.

He sighed and reached over, clasping my wrist with his hand. "Relax, would

you? He didn't seem to recognize you and when I told him your name, there was no obvious reaction." He shook my wrist gently. "I think you're safe."

My breathing slowed. His touch was what I needed and his words what I wanted to hear. I lowered my head and nodded. I can always rely on Brock's strength. I let out a little laugh. "I'm sorry. I was just so worried that this was all going to be a disaster."

"I think you're making one where there isn't. Even if he knew, so what? One date? Kissing? A tiny bit of petting? Life doesn't end because you meet an old one-time date—"

I sighed loud. "I know. I guess I got all worked up over nothing." I shook my head. "It was twenty years ago. He can't possibly remember—"

Brock said, "Well, he might. The point is, it's not a major life-changing disaster."

CHAPTER 4

I was relaxed. Days had passed and the world hadn't ended in a fiery, flaming meteor collision of doom and despair. I had even made love to my husband the day before. It was with a sense of my old self that I sat on the edge of the bed with him standing between my legs, his back to me. I was reaching around, stroking him.

His cock was erect and eager. I jacked the length and leaned my head against his hips, watching my hand slide on his shaft. "So, meet any interesting women this last week? Have you been looking at Sheena?"

"Nah, no interesting women..." He hesitated.

"What? What are you thinking about?"

"You said you groped Tristen?"

I stopped moving my hand. "Well, yes, but it was really brief."

"Were you petting him like this?"

I let go of him abruptly, not wanting the mental image to connect with my hand. "No, of course not."

He chuckled. "Too bad for him."

"I don't want to talk about him."

"Okay."

I gripped him again, trying to keep focused that it was my husband in my hand and not some other guy.

He said, "How many other guys have you done this with?"

I let go and laughed. "What's eating you?"

He shrugged. "Just wondering."

I gripped him again and slid my hand suggestively. "Oh, I don't know..."

He sighed and his shaft flexed in my hand. "You naughty woman."

"What about Sheena?" I was determined not to talk about other guys I had stroked; who knew which ones he might know or meet in his line of work? The whole topic smelled like trouble. But Sheena was cute; he had showed me a shot of her on his cell phone.

"She's working out okay."

"Have you imagined her naked?"

He hummed contentedly. "A couple times."

"You like that?"

"Yeah."

I stroked slower. "Have you imagined her on your cock?"

"A couple times."

My pussy clenched happily. "Did you get hard?"

He chuckled. "No, but I felt it stir a little."

I jacked him faster. "Yeah? What were you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if her little body could take my cock."

Warm swirls rose in me, sending shivers up from my pussy to my hair follicles. "Ooo, nasty. You think she's small and tight?"

"Yeah." His hips began pumping.

I couldn't help myself. My left hand came down and began toying at my panties: I was getting worked up over his excitement. "Were you imagining your cock in her?"

"Yeah, I was thinking I'd have to hold her down and force it into her."

I hissed with lust. That sounded so very nasty. My fingers ground around my clit faster. I imagined his pale erection sliding into a stretched-open black pussy. I imagined Sheena moaning with need and relief as my husband pushed it into her. "You want to fuck her?"

He tensed and groaned, his hips thrusting faster. "Yeah, I want to cum in her..."

Waves of excitement exploded in me, the sneak-attack orgasm flashing past me in a drive-by explosion of pleasure. I gasped madly and jacked his shaft slowly with a tight grip. "Yes...fuck her. Fuck her little pussy. Shove it in deep." I brought my hand all the way back on his shaft as I said that.

He groaned, lifting on the balls of his feet, his cock swelling dramatically in my hand.

I marveled at my power in something so simple. I slid my hand with jerks slow up and fast back down. "Fuck her, Brock. Fuck the little black woman. Fuck her deep and hard."

He shook with effort, gasping. "Oh yeah, oh yeah...Sheena..."

I was half-delirious coming down off my fast orgasm. My heart and sex thrummed with satisfaction. "Yes, do it. Show me, Brock. Cum in her pussy."

His erection swelled and ejected a long stream of cum. He let out a loud groan of relief as more streams erupted from his convulsing cock.

I milked his shaft slowly, in time with his pulses. I felt his hips tensing and relaxing against my cheek; I loved it.

~ ~ ~

I was being held in the morning in the warmth of the covers.

Brock moaned happily. "That was a good night's sleep."

I giggled. "Yeah?"

He shook his head. "Oh yeah."

"I can do it again for you, whenever."

"You never answered me last night."

"Huh?" Uh oh, what's he going to ask?

"How many guys have you tugged like that? You're very good at it."

It's just my fascination with cock, is all. "I don't know."

"Oh come on. Why the secrets between us?" He rolled towards me and toyed at my panties.

Well, I guess I don't want secrets...but how do I avoid this? I gasped as my pussy tingled with tension. "What about you, Brock Campbell? How many cocks have you tugged?" I giggled at the tease. But hopefully it would deter him.

He looked at me with hesitation. Then he said, "Only one."

I laughed. "Your own?"

He chuckled with me. "No, I meant other cocks."

I almost sat bolt upright. "What? You?"

He looked embarrassed. "Yeah, I know. Mister heterosexual himself."

I laughed incredulously. "Who? What? Tell me about it?"

He shook his head. "It was nothing, really."

"You stroked some man's cock and it's nothing?"

He laughed, freer and easier. "Uh, no, definitely not a man. I was thirteen. It was a sleepover with some other guys. We were looking at Gallery magazines. We

were all trying to masturbate and act all cool about it – trying to hide it and all, but we all knew. So one friend said he'd take over stroking me so I could turn the pages."

I laughed abruptly. "You're kidding."

"Nope. So I let him."

"Were you turned on?"

"Over the magazine, sure. I stopped him, though, before I came."

I covered my mouth, my eyes wide. My pussy clenched, then clenched again and developed that nasty hollow ache. "So then you jacked him?"

He groaned with disgust at the memory. "Two of my other friends were laughing and betting they could jack each other off and finish the other one first. So Jimmy and Brian start going at each other's dicks in a race to see who could make the other guy finish first."

"Who won?"

He shook his head. "I don't remember. Dan, who had jacked me, wanted to be in on the race and wanted me to do it."

"No way."

"Way. So I did it."

"No way, you?"

"Well...he jacked me, so I jacked him."

"You made him cum?"

He nodded.

"Sounds like a lot of fun."

He sighed and said with a total lack of conviction, "Yeah, one of the highlights of my youth."

I laughed, covering my mouth again. "You?"

"Yes, me. Now what about you? I told you my secret, now what about the guys you've jacked?"

Fair is fair, I guess. "Three others, but not exactly like how I do with you."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, no towel and all that. Just pure jacking."

"Three, huh?" I felt his penis stiffening on my leg.

"Well, the first time was an excuse so I wouldn't have to have sex with the guy. He was pretty persistent."

"Did you? Have sex with him?"

"No. Not the first time I jacked him. But the experience was fun; I liked feeling his thing in my hands. It gave me a sense of power and control." I gripped his firming erection and stroked a little.

"Since what age?"

"Nineteen."

He laughed. "Wow, a lot of practice."

"Well, not as much as you might think. I mean, what? A couple of times with each guy? I jack you off way more." I stroked him faster.

"And you never stroked Tristen like this?"

"No, it was only through his jeans, and it wasn't even really a stroke-job. It was over pretty fast."

"Did you like what you felt?"

I stopped stroking him. "I don't really remember..."

"Don't stop."

I resumed.

He said, "Was he hard?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You guess so?"

"Well, it felt like it."

His hips moved slowly. "Did it feel good?"

I laughed. "I was rubbing his jeans. How can that feel good?"

"I mean, did he feel like he had a nice cock?"

"I suppose. Why? Are you wanting to go jack him?"

He rolled back, laughing. "Er, no. Was just wondering what you got out of it."

"Not much."

"Shame, huh?"

"Are you kidding?" I was flabbergasted. "Imagine if I had. How embarrassing to live across the street from him."

"Yeah, how horrible that you had some fun."

I frowned. "You know it's not like that. How could I show my face?"

He looked amused. "How could he show his?"

"It's different for girls."

"Uh huh, how?"

I stroked slower, more in thought over the conversation. "It's like once it happens, guys just seem to expect that you'll put out for them at any time. Even after everything's over. I'm just glad it was only three other guys other than you."

"See any of them around Meridian?"

I was shocked but thankful. "No! I think they all moved away."

"And here's Tristen."

"I didn't jack Tristen."

"Then why are you so afraid of him?"

I slumped back, stunned at the simple trap and how firmly it had caught me. I shook my head, searching for a way out of it. "I...guess I shouldn't be..."

CHAPTER 5

I watched Tristen maneuvering the large rock around the yard – twisting it one way and then the next. What are you doing? Safely behind my kitchen window, I munched an apple and shook my head.

Ed the postman drove up, depositing a bundle of mail into our mailbox on the road.

I took another bite and wondered how safe I would be to get the mail. Tristen is busy. I'll just take a little jaunt and grab the mail. It wouldn't do any good to leave it out there considering the occasional rash of mail theft that came and went – though it seemed to be happening more often now.

I moved to the front door and pulled it open. From here, Tristen couldn't see well into the doorway – not that he was looking at all. He hadn't noticed me opening the door.

I took another bite, almost done with the apple. I walked briskly to the mailbox. I bent down and peeked inside. A few bills and a card from mom. I scooped them up and then yelped.

"Hey." Tristen's voice startled me.

I straightened right away, not wanting to look like I was bending over for his benefit. "Uh, hi."

He was pointing at me, lightly bouncing his finger. "Holly, right?"

"Yes."

He kept bouncing his finger, a look of concentration on his face.

"Holly Campbell."

"Brock told me your first name. Would you rather I call you Mrs. Campbell?"

"What? Uh..." I guess it's pointless now... "No, um, Holly is fine."

He nodded. "Could you give me a hand with that rock?"

I blinked several times. "What?" That thing's way too heavy for me!

He flashed an easy smile even if his voice was harsh. "I was just kidding." He was still giving a sincere look of thoughtful effort and bouncing his finger. "I can't shake this feeling I've seen you before."

I waved my apple in the air, panicked. "Oh, you know, probably Walmart."

"I don't shop there."

"Or Albertsons."

"I shop at WinCo."

I took a bite of my apple and tried to shrug it off.

"Even your name sounds familiar..."

I started to walk towards the house, feeling the rising edge of fear and disaster.

He croaked like a frog. "Hey...I know you now."

Oh no, please. I quickened my pace. "Nah, not me."

"You're that friend of Janine Wilder."

I stopped, pinned into place by the truth. I turned and stuffed the mail under my arm. Tilting my hips to the side, I said with a sigh, "Yes, that's me. You finally figured it out."

He looked mockingly outraged. He thumbed himself, pointing back and forth across the street. "You recognized me?"

I looked to the side and tilted my head. I guess the truth isn't going to be hid now. "Yes, though it took the better part of three days to remember."

He rasped a laugh. "I was that forgettable?"

"No...it's just that was twenty years ago."

"Almost."

I took the last bite of my apple to cover having nothing to say.

He frowned. "I remember you sort of shut me off abruptly. Wouldn't return my calls. I mean, that's all water under the bridge now and all, but what happened? Did I comb my hair wrong or something?" He leaned back against the wood railing along our driveway.

I heaved a sigh, weary with hiding. "You became a cop. My father was a cop and I saw what it did to him and our family. How he treated mom. I vowed never to get involved with one."

He lifted his head slowly and then let it fall. "Right, I was in the application process at the time."

"So you're a cop now? How do you get all this free time?"

His laugh sounded painful. "I never became a cop."

I goggled at him. "But you were close. Within days or weeks you said. You bragged about it."

He lifted a hand and let it fall wearily. Then he raised his hand, placing his fingers together. "I was that close."

"What happened?"

He groaned or growled, I couldn't tell.

He shook his head. "Eats me to this day, I tell you. Failed the drug test. It returned a false positive."

"A false positive?"

"Yes. I've never even touched pot."

I blinked. "Neither have I. So many people..."

He was nodding. "Yeah, but not me. There was no way to appeal it. The recruitment process moved along without me while I tried to fight it. Eventually, I gave up."

I was shaking my head. "I'm sorry that didn't work out for you; I remember how excited you were to be going in."

He lifted one corner of his mouth. "Funny how life works, huh?"

I shifted to the other hip. "What happened to your voice? It was smooth—"

"Took a knife to the throat. Damaged my larynx and caused some laryngeal nerve damage on one side."

"Someone stabbed you?"

He tossed his head to the side. "I took on with a skip tracer when the police-thing failed. Did some back-up for him on some of his bounties—"

"What's a skip-tracer?"

"Another way of saying it is a bounty hunter. Skip-tracers hunt down bail jumpers. Bring them back in for a fee."

"Ohh..." I nodded with understanding. "And you got stabbed?"

"Four inch pocket knife." He pointed to his neck. There was a jagged white scar there.

I shook my head as if to dismiss the horror. "You could've died."

"Funny how life works, huh?"

"So what do you do now?"

"I still help on a few jobs doing back-up, but I'm trying to settle into home remodeling."

"That's quite a change from law enforcement and hunting down bad guys."

"You're telling me."

"So you didn't like doing that stuff? I would've thought with you wanting to be a cop and all you'd like that kind of thing."

"Being a skip-tracer?" He shook his head in weariness. "You see the worst of people. People who look normal. You see the drugs, the abuse, the children dragged along in their wake. You see the broken lives. I decided it wasn't for me, after all."

"But house remodeling?"

He pursed his lips and nodded. "I sort of fell into it."

"How do you fall into that?"

"When my father died, I inherited his house. It was in a pretty sorry state. Realtor told me I couldn't get anywhere near what it should be worth. So I forked over money for a new roof, carpet and interior paint. Ended up almost doubling what I put into it over what the realtor told me to expect."

I laughed. "Good for you."

"Then when mom died—"

"Wow, I'm sorry."

"No, don't be. Everyone has to go sometime. Mom died two years ago now..." He appeared to be thinking.

"I'm sorry."

"I put more effort into her place even though it was smaller. Made out like a bandit on the sale. That's what convinced me to go on my own and change the direction in how I made a living." He touched the scar at his throat. "Something less dirty."

I shook my head in wonder, amazed at his recounting of where his life had taken him. I reached out and touched his arm. "I think you're doing the right thing."

Brock's truck slowed and turned into the drive.

I took my hand away, fast.

Tristen turned his head, watching my husband pull in. He wore a smile, his hands stuffed into his worn jeans.

My husband climbed out. "Hey, Tristen. Hey babe." He kissed my cheek.

Tristen said, "I caught her trying to steal my rock."

I began laughing. "Oh, right. I almost had it up on my back and running down the street."

My husband snorted.

I said to Tristen, "What are you doing with that boulder, anyway?"

He waved a hand in disgust. "Cursing at it. I didn't like it where it was, right on the edge. Figured I'd move it to the front entry."

"Looks more like you're rolling it all around the yard."

"I am. You ever try to roll a rock that's more flat than round? It goes the way it wants to go."

Brock chuckled. "You want a hand?"

"Well, if you're offering. I asked your wife but she told me to take a flying fuck."

I dropped my mouth open. "I did not."

But both the men were laughing.

Brock said, "Give me a half hour; I'll come help."

Tristen gave a short nod. "Appreciate it." He raised a hand to wave. "Nice talking to you both."

~ ~ ~

Inside the house, I blew out a breath. That didn't go bad.

My husband was frowning. "So how did you go from being frightened for your life to you two holding hands?"

I blinked at him. "I wasn't holding his hand, I just touched him."

"Touched him?" His eyebrows wriggled.

I blushed. "Not like that. He was telling me his mom had died and how he decided to change the direction of his life. I felt bad for him."

"What's for dinner?"

"Leftover meatloaf."

"Mm, yum."

"I didn't expect you home so soon; I haven't even put it in."

"Need to make a few calls and wanted to be home to do it. No rush on the dinner."

"You're really going to help him with that boulder?"

"Sure, why not? I remember old man Wallace posing on that thing every year for the fourth of July."

"Maybe he'll give you the rock."

My husband gave that a serious look. "I wouldn't want it. What would we do with it?"

"I was joking."

He left the kitchen, mind already on his calls.

CHAPTER 6

I watched out the kitchen window as Brock and Tristen started and stopped. One minute they were shaking their heads, hands in the air as if to say the task was impossible. The next they were hunkered down trying to get a grip and move it towards the house.

I shook my head. Get a jackhammer and break the thing apart.

At one point, they both circled the rock, hands on hips, shaking their heads at it. They were making progress but not much.

Brock pointed, indicating an edge, then made a flipping motion.

Tristen was scowling, but shrugged.

Both squatted down and began shifting the heavier end of the rock up higher. My husband's back was to me and I could see them making a manly effort of it.

Just break it. Who cares?

They got the rock up, my husband stumbling with effort.

I could see what they were doing. If they could balance it on the smaller edge, the rock would roll on a longer surface the way they wanted it to go and it looked like the plan was working.

Tristen was smiling as the rock began to roll.

Brock was still stumbling, though, trying to get footing around the one awkward protrusion of the rock.

There was a very brief look of surprise and then both were straining on the rock. My husband's foot shot up, the rock beginning to tip the wrong way. Panic lit Tristen's features and he scrambled backwards to get away from it falling on him.

That was a mistake. The rock tipped and my husband went catapulting over it, arms flailing, right onto Tristen. Both men went down in a heap and the rock settled sickeningly close to them.

I emitted an involuntary scream of panic, not knowing if the rock had missed their feet or not. I dashed for the door and was outside, running full for the road. Two quick looks: no one was coming. I leaped across at a full run.

Tristen was groaning and rubbing his forehead.

Brock was moaning and trying to get off.

The rock was on his feet.

No! No broken feet! No! Lips pulled back in a feral snarl, I stood over them and gripped the flat edge. I heaved, panic giving my arms a superhuman strength. I howled with effort and lifted the rock enough for my husband to pull his feet out.

He twisted over onto his back, blood leaking from his lips. He said, "Ow."

I was down at his side instantly. "Why are you bleeding? Are you hurt?"

"I smashed my lip against his forehead. Split my lip with my teeth." He was touching it gingerly.

"Are your feet all right? Can you move them?"

He looked at me funny. "Yeah, see?" He wriggled them like a swimming duck. "What's wrong with you?"

Tristen grunted, hiding a laugh.

Stunned at their insensitivity, I held out my hands. "I thought you might have smashed them—"

My husband looked annoyed. "On that thing?"

"Yes! I don't want to see you crippled."

He gave me an eyebrow, still gingerly touching his lower lip. "That rock isn't manly enough to harm me."

I scowled and got to my feet. My husband was making a fool of me in front of Tristen.

The man nudged my husband lying next to him. "Hey."

Brock grunted.

"Let's have her move the rock."

"You think?"

Tristen was mockingly large-eyed. "Yeah, did you see her? One-handed flip of the rock, chest all pumped out—"

"Yeah, she does have a nice chest, doesn't she?"

I made an outraged sound.

Tristen tried to cover. "I meant muscles..." He blushed.

Brock said, "Sure you did."

The man laughed, holding up his hands. "You said it, not me."

My fists planted on hips, I said, "Are you two getting cozy together down there?"

Instantly, both men began mumbling and grumbling, making dismissive noises and moving away from each other.

Tristen was rasping, "I may not be against all that, but it wasn't what it looked like."

Satisfied I had gotten back at the two twerps, I said, "I come outside here and you two are all over each other. Must have been some violent kissing with all that blood."

Brock growled in a strangled manner. "Hey, now."

Tristen rubbed his head again. "Yeah, he's a beast. Tried to chew my forehead off."

My husband was perturbed. "How did we go from her chest to us—"

I coughed loudly. "Are you two going to play all day or are you going to move the rock?" Good grief, stop talking about my boobs. I glanced at Tristen and caught his eyes looking downward at my breasts.

He shifted his eyes up and away, just as fast. He licked his lips nervously.

Was that for me? Or just a nervous gesture? He seems embarrassed. "It's hot out here; I'm going back inside." I turned and stomped back to the house, feeling their eyes on me the whole way. But when I looked back, they weren't looking.

Both men were gesticulating over the rock, talking about how to turn it.

Had they been looking? A feeling of disappointment came over me. I guess we were having fun; did I spoil it?

~ ~ ~

I got Logan and Anastasia together in my story. They shared a night of hot wild sex, and then broke up the next day. Readers loved break-up conflicts. Well, I certainly didn't, but young readers seemed to like all that high school drama stupidity and inane angst.

I was typing up a section on Logan trying to contact Anastasia by cell phone but she was keeping hers off for three weeks because she had seen him talking to another woman who happened to be his long-lost sister. Total cheese, dripping with modern cliché, and so loved by readers.

The doorbell interrupted me.

I looked out the peephole and saw Tristen, so I answered it.

His hands were stuffed in his jeans pockets. "Hey."

Do you know how cute that makes a man look? As if the bad boy got caught? Caught...doing what? "Hey."

"When is Brock due home?"

Feeling oddly disappointed, I said, "Not sure; he doesn't really tell me."

Tristen grunted and looked over his shoulder. Then he looked back to me. "He offered to show me how to paint so I could do it myself." He reached a hand up and rubbed the back of his neck. "I think I want to take him up on that. Would save some cash not having to hire someone."

"You don't know how to paint?"

He looked affronted. "Well, yeah, but picking up a roller as a kid isn't the same as doing it like a professional."

I decided to tease him. "I think you just like having Brock around."

Tristen chuckled and shrugged, then appeared to not know how to respond.

I smiled. "Oh... Got a thing for him?"

He laughed. "No, although he's a good guy and I'm not against that kind of thing. I just really want to save some money here."

I said cryptically, "I see..."

His eyes dropped down to my breasts and then flicked away.

I wasn't sure whether I should be amused, offended, or confused. My t-shirt covered what I thought were large-enough breasts: Cs that sometimes became Ds depending on my hormone cycles. I sometimes wore push-ups to give my cleavage some depth when wearing blouses, but I didn't go overboard flaunting them.

I felt the cool air rushing out past me and the hot air from outside coming in. "You want to come in...? Have some iced tea...?"

He looked back across to his house and then back to me. He shrugged. "Sure, if

that's all right."

I let him in and he looked around. "Wow..."

"Wow?"

He was looking at our walls. "I love these colors."

"Brown?" My husband had painted the walls a walnut brown with all the trimming a bone white.

"This is great; usually people paint their walls boring white or that gross Navajo-white."

"You don't like Indians?"

He laughed. "No, not that. The color. It has green in it. Gross."

I laughed after he did. "Oh, well... Can't say I'm much of a green fan either, except in plants."

He shook his head as we came into the kitchen. "Love it. This is great. Brick red with white trim - awesome."

I had grown so used to it that I tilted my head to consider it all again. "He said he wanted to get a brick-kitchen effect without using brick."

He shrugged and shook his head. "It works."

I felt pride in my husband at Tristen's words. "I had my doubts at first with all these dark colors—"

"But it all looks so awesome."

I motioned to the kitchenette chair and then poured us both an iced tea.

He smiled and said, "Thanks. I think I'm going to want air-conditioning after being in here."

I laughed. "It's nice at times."

"These times."

I nodded. "These times."

He sipped his iced tea.

Feeling a little awkward standing and leaning against the counter while he sat, I sat down with him. "So..."

He lifted his head in a short, beckoning nod.

"So...where is Mrs. Tristen?"

"Mrs. Williams?"

"I never knew your last name."

"Williams." It was stated simply. "Never had one."

I leaned my chin back. "No? You?"

He was shaking his head as if not wanting to be bothered thinking about it. "Watched my parents divorce. Never wanted any part of it."

"You're kidding."

He looked annoyed. "No, why would I?"

"I just meant that you don't have an interest in women...or—"

"No, I like women just fine." His eyes started to drop, then shifted away. "Like them just fine."

What? You like what just fine? Women or my breasts? Probably women. "But not enough to be married?"

"Marriage is fine, too. Just not for me. Don't want to be like my parents."

"You're missing out on so much—"

"Am I?"

I shifted in my chair.

His eyes dropped down to my thighs.

I was wearing shorts, now. That time of year had arrived. I felt his eyes on my thighs and a warmth spread up my insides. I'm taking this as a compliment. Thank you, Tristen. "It's horrible sleeping alone."

His eyes were back on mine.

I sipped my tea as a defense.

He said, "Well, you get used to it. Not sure I could hang with a woman in bed. Wake up, roll over and elbow in the eye? I don't know."

I laughed lightly. "It's not like that. You get used to being aware of the other person."

"It's not like I get a lot of practice."

"No girlfriends?"

"Not at the moment. Why, you offering?"

My eyes went large.

He slapped his forehead. "Sorry, that just came out. Habit, you know..."

"Well, I'm married, too..."

"Bah..." He shook his head. "I've done plenty of married women."

"You what?"

"Well, a few, anyway. Less hassle, if you know what I mean."

I toyed at the top button of my blouse defensively. "I'm not sure I do... You're a home-wrecker?"

He looked annoyed again. "Fuck no – pardon my French. No, I'm just accepting that a married woman has other strings. Easier to disengage, if you know what I

mean."

"Disengage? You mean dump?"

He chuckled. "See, that's the thing. You dump a girlfriend. You don't dump a married woman because there was no carrying a relationship to begin with, except in bed."

"That seems crude."

"Why does it have to be? She's looking for a little fun. I give it to her. It ends when she's had enough. What's the problem?"

Wanting to turn the tables on him, I said, "And what about men? Do you occasionally have fun with married men?"

He looked at me as if I had spoken eleven different languages. "Where do you get that?"

"The other day when you two were moving the rock, you hinted you were okay with it, and at the door a few minutes ago you pretty much said it."

He waved a hand. "I've never taken a man to my bed, if that's what you're asking, no."

I arched an eyebrow at him.

He twisted his mouth. "Don't see a problem with it, but I like women."

"Oh? You two weren't groping each other down there?"

He laughed. "Why, jealous? I remember some groping that went on between you and me—"

I covered my mouth but then dropped my hand. "That was a long time ago."

He gave me an eyebrow in return. "What? Young and dumb?"

I latched onto that idea. "Yeah."

He leaned forward a little, closer to me. "What was the dumb part? That you

groped me or that you didn't go farther?"

I leaned back, feeling my heart pounding against my ribcage.

Brock came in the front door at that moment.

Tristen leaned back away from me and raised his glass to drink.

I licked my lips nervously and sipped my own.

My husband regarded us for a brief second that stretched a little too long. "Well, hello. Come for a visit?"

Tristen indicated the glass. "Drinking iced tea and talking about paint."

I felt my mouth open, realizing he was covering for what our conversation had really been.

My husband nodded once.

Tristen said, "I want to take you up on that painting offer."

"Ah, yeah. Easy to show."

Our neighbor set the glass down. "Thanks, Holly." He stood, facing Brock. "Whenever you can; I decided I wanted to paint on my own rather than hire."

"Sure thing. I can come by later tonight?"

Tristen smiled – all white teeth and raspy voiced. "Perfect."

CHAPTER 7

I shook my head.

Brock said, "You can watch."

"I don't want to go over there."

My husband leaned his head back, studying me critically. "What happened? Was something said earlier when I walked in?"

I shrugged, looking away.

He frowned and nodded. "Weren't just talking about paint, were you?"

I blew out a frustrated breath. When Brock latched onto something, he didn't let go. "I had asked him if he was gay."

My husband had the audacity to laugh.

"Hey, it was uncomfortable."

"So why did you ask him?"

I shrugged helplessly. "It just sort of came up."

"Did anything...else come up?"

I slapped his arm. "No!"

"Just asking."

"Anyway, we ended up somehow talking about that one date we had."

Brock looked totally surprised and amused. He leaned back against the bathroom doorframe and crossed his arms. "Oh...really? Spill."

I sighed. "He asked if I thought it was dumb because I only groped him or dumb because I didn't go farther?"

"Dumb?"

I didn't want to recount the whole convo. "Yeah, young and dumb?"

He seemed to get it. "Oh. And you said?"

"I didn't. You walked in."

"So there were no gropes for old time's sake?"

"No!" The thought, however, sent a thrill up my spine. My goodness, I can't think of these things. I need to turn this around and away from me. "Or would you have wanted that because then you could stroke his dick?"

Finally, he looked speechless; I had gotten the upper hand.

He said, "No, I was asking about you—"

I leaned up close to him, just barely making contact with my body. "Uh huh. You want to know what his dick feels like, don't you?"

His lips were parted and his voice shaky. "You tell me; you were the one that had it in your hand."

I reached down and squeezed him through his painter's pants. "He was hard."

My husband panted and his package stiffened noticeably.

I began rubbing. "It was a good size, too. Like yours."

He closed his eyes, his breathing coming harsher.

I mauled him, right there in our bathroom door. I stroked his erection through his pants, breathing my own breath up into his face. "You like that?"

"You didn't take it out and stroke it skin-to-skin?"

"Would you have wanted me to? So I could tell you?"

He moaned low and quietly. His answer was a whisper. "That...would've been nice."

"You would've wanted me to so I could tell you how it's shaped? What it felt like in my hand?"

He groaned louder. "Yes."

I felt a demanding dizziness spiraling up inside me, causing my head to go light and my mouth dry. I licked my lips. "You would've wanted me remembering what his cock felt like even though he lives right across the street?"

He shook against the wall. His sigh was satisfied. "Yes."

"It felt good through his jeans."

He rasped, eerily like Tristen. "I wish you had felt it. Stroked him." His eyes were closed.

I stroked him more firmly through his pants. Is he thinking about Tristen? Or is he remembering his episode with his childhood friend Dan? Which is it? "Would you really want to know if I had?"

"Yes... Maybe..."

"Maybe what?" I whispered it, not wanting to startle his closed-eyed reverie.

"Maybe you still can. I saw how he was looking at you..."

Jolts of electrical juice shot up my spine and down my arms. "You really want me touching another man?"

He panted for a moment, his brow furrowed. "He's a good man. What did you miss? What did it feel like? How can you tell me if you don't know?"

"I know what it felt like through his pants. Hard, nice shape—"

My husband moaned. "I want to know what it felt like in your hand..."

My own breathing became a pant. "You want me to touch it?"

He nodded, unable to speak. His eyes were still closed.

"You want me to...jack it?"

He groaned loudly and pushed me gently, but quickly, off of him. He twisted me around and put me up against the doorframe. "You naughty woman." His lips mashed into mine, verifying our wedding vows with his loving kiss.

I became dizzy and breathless. I panted heavily when he broke the kiss.

He was looking into my eyes. "If you jacked it, you could describe it to me..."

My fascination with cock overwhelmed me. Would I be doing this for me? Or you? What do you want, husband? For my experience? Or yours? I would do it for you, if you really wanted to know what his cock was like. That sounds like fun. "If I do, you'd like it?"

He stared at me for two seconds, a long two seconds, and then nodded slowly.

I watched him back away, saying nothing more and leaving so many unanswered questions in my head. Are you wanting me to jack him because it would be fun for me? Or because you want to know what's it's like to feel his cock?

CHAPTER 8

I decided to go with him. A curiosity built inside of me to the point that it created a lure too strong to resist. I wanted to know what they would talk about. I wanted to see what looks they gave each other.

Other than the initial greeting at Tristen's door, I was fairly ignored. I sat and watched Brock explain how to mask, what areas to start, and which places to begin. Listening to my husband, it did seem simple.

He demonstrated on a wall, first brushing around the edges and corners and along the baseboard. Then he filled in the rest with a roller.

Tristen had chosen a bluish-tinted gray paint.

My husband finished the wall and took a quick look at the baseboard paint. "Semi-gloss, good." He opened the can, lifted a brush and a long metal thing from his tool bag and knelt down. He showed Tristen what to do.

The man stood and watched, fists on hips. "Looks easy enough."

My husband held up the brush. "Don't get impatient. Don't over-dip your brush; you'll get runs the edger can't control and probably get paint up into the ferrule. Get paint in there and you ruin the brush. With enough practice, you get really fast even with a lightly wet brush."

"All right."

Brock handed him the brush and edger. "You try."

Tristen got down and began painting the baseboard. Almost as soon as the brush met the wood, he started cussing. "Dirty son of a bitch... Fucking scuzzbag..."

Brock laughed. "You're doing fine, why are you swearing?"

He leaned up, looking confused. "Huh? Oh... That's how I work. Guess I picked it up from rounding up bail-jumpers." He bent back down, face close to the

wood and began painting again. "Mother-fucking whore... Cocksucking asshole... Dirty fucking loser..."

Brock nodded. "So that's why you were cussing with the rock."

Tristen grunted in acknowledgment and continued painting. "Fucking limp-dick piece of shit..."

I began laughing, unable to contain it any longer.

He leaned up, looking for all the world like a wrongly-spanked boy. "What?"

I said, "Maybe you should compliment your work. Talk nice to it and take pride in it." I covered my mouth against another fit of giggles.

He furrowed his brow at me and then knelt back down. He hesitated, brush in hand and poised over the wood. He held his breath a couple of times in restraint, and let it out in sighs.

Don't strain yourself. I tried to block any eruptions of laughter.

Brock gave me a lopsided grin and a shake of his head, amusement all over his face.

Tristen applied the brush. "So beautiful... Wonderful tits... Fine ass... Delicious nipples..."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Brock began laughing and slapping his thigh.

I began fanning myself. Is he referring to me? Or someone he knows? Can't be Brock, he doesn't have tits... "Um, maybe you should just go back to cussing at it?"

Both men looked at me, sitting in my rampant blush and fanning myself rapidly.

Both erupted in laughter.

~ ~ ~

I was drinking water when Ed rolled by and deposited our mail. Perfect. Now I can walk outside and get a better look.

Tristen was across the street, leveling the ground around the rock at the side of the entry. He was wearing a tight t-shirt and those bad-boy jeans over a small butt. He looked as good as my husband, except as a shorter version. Compact, tight, and sexy.

I didn't feel bad having these thoughts: my husband seemed to support the idea of me touching him. The problem was, I didn't know what for. My benefit? His? He had said he wanted to know what Tristen's cock felt like through my descriptions. Did he want to know for himself? Or for me while he enjoyed the description? I felt as if any touching would be for my husband's benefit, though the prospect of me being the implement of my husband's curiosity was surprisingly tantalizing.

I walked to the mailbox, not too fast and not too slow. I kept my eyes on our neighbor, watching his moves. My husband wants to know what your cock feels like. For a moment, I felt a little put out, as if I resented being used. I turned to the mailbox, my back to the street. Go touch him yourself, Brock.

I turned to look back and saw Tristen coming across the street. He was smiling and squinting, that mean-boy look on him that he probably used when bounty-hunting.

He rasped, "Hey."

I held my mail up against my bosom. "Hi."

His eyes very briefly fell to my thighs.

I felt heat race up my insides from my pussy. How can a chance meeting at the mailbox turn so sensual?

He said, "Sorry about the other night."

"Oh...well... I guess some people have their habits when working."

He tossed his head in a gesture over his shoulder. "You want to see? Finished the living room."

The opportunity to be near him appealed to me. "Sure." I followed him across the street, checking out his compact figure from behind. Well-muscled on the upper body, his waist tapered down to hips that made mine look wide. Where Brock was four inches taller than me, Tristen was only an inch taller.

He led me inside. "I'm going to get AC next month."

"That'll be nice."

"Here it is."

I looked over the living room, now finished. The bluish gray gave the room a brooding look of coolness, even if it felt hot. I plucked at my blouse to get some air in.

He was watching me.

He had a black leather couch and a dark gray recliner. Each had reddish wooden accents. The blend of blacks and grays into reddish wood seemed to fit. I said, "This looks nice."

"You look hot."

Was that literal? Or figurative? Did you just flirt with me? I plucked at my blouse again. "I suppose I am."

He came close to me, studying my face.

I opened my mouth as my heart began to beat faster. I couldn't seem to get any air. What is he looking for? Is he finding it?

He tilted his head a little and took another step towards me. "You want something to drink?"

I couldn't help myself, I was panting, trying to get enough air to think properly.

My chest heaved in the most suggestive way. "Maybe something refreshing..."

He didn't move except for his head, turning it a little more to look at me doubtfully.

I was shaking now, overcome with the proximity of his body to mine. His soapy smell and faint natural fragrance of skin reached my nose. I felt my nipples harden and my pussy begin radiating heat. I licked suddenly dry lips.

Tristen didn't turn towards the kitchen. He took a slow step towards me, studying me with critical eyes that had seen so much crime and craziness.

I couldn't move – pinned in place as surely as if I were chained.

He took that final step that brought him closer to me than personal space said was appropriate, and still, I didn't move.

I could feel his breath on my face while his eyes searched mine. I gasped involuntarily, unable to do anything but struggle to breathe.

He leaned his head towards me and my hands came up in a final move of resistance. I placed them on his chest to keep distance, but my fingers curled onto claws as my thoughts melted away.

He pressed forward, his hands reaching up and grasping mine. He pushed me back against the wall, lifting my hands high and pinning them. His mouth pressed to mine and I felt the seductive and penis-like invasion of his tongue.

A tidal wave of lust, hidden and ignored, could no longer be contained. It broke me with a push of force that left me no other options. I kissed him back, desperately exploring his mouth while my hips met the press of his crotch.

My heart beat even faster. My breathing became shallower. My entire body trembled with the desire to experience the kiss. I felt the brush of his stubble against my chin and it inflamed within me a worming roll of heat and intimacy.

Our tongues licked each other so lasciviously that my pussy became drenched with desire.

He broke the kiss and looked me again in the eyes with that critical examination.

I panted loudly and squirmed against the press of his body.

He looked down and released a hand. He dropped his down to caress my breast through my blouse.

The soft swirls of sensation that rotated around my nipple caused me to quiver. My free hand came down on his shoulder and then scratched down his back in a demanding pull.

He kissed me again, his hand still roaming my breast and teasing my nipple.

I dropped my hand down and pulled on his butt, wanting a firmer press of body and bonding.

He went with it, pressing his discernible bulge into the vee of my shorts.

I felt his hardness through our clothing material; it rubbed suggestively over my covered clit. Waves of dizziness and disconnect rolled me over, erasing all other thought except for the building passion of the kiss.

He tilted his hips upward, sliding his hardness up and over my pussy.

I moaned as jagged jolts tore through me, sending shivers along every part of my skin. I reached my hand down without conscious thought to do so. I forced it between us, grabbing onto the object of my desire. Squeezing his hardness, I realized distantly that this was where we had left off so many years before.

I began stroking him through his jeans.

He broke the kiss, now panting himself with the headiness of the situation. His hand dropped down to finger me through my shorts.

Perfect. This is almost how it happened. I rubbed harder, shaping his cock in his jeans and squeezing. But this time, I will go farther.

We stood there, touching each other's private parts through clothing, doing what we shouldn't be doing, until I began pulling at his belt.

CHAPTER 9

I saw surprise and satisfaction appear on Tristen's face.

Receding from my thoughts was the fact I had come this far, willingly, for my husband's benefit. Coming into sharper focus was a need within me to do this, to see, and to experience.

That I had my husband's permission to do so shouldn't have stopped me from enjoying it, should it?

Not having seen a man naked in the flesh since before being married, I craved with curiosity to see what Tristen had hidden. Would it be an ugly thing? Would it be bent? Hairy? Gross? Or would it be pleasing? Would it be engorged and throbbing, excited for me? I needed to get my hands directly on it.

He let go and took over getting out of his pants. With a quick move, his jeans were off and his manhood hung free.

I had feared he might be huge. Ouch. I had been curious if it would look deformed. Yuck. But it was neither. My husband has a thick one and it seems just right. Tristen's shaft was not as thick, but I could tell it was longer.

Without any hesitation, I reached for it and took it. The hot, spongy feel in my hand firmed further than it was, becoming fully hard. Rigid and straight, I marveled at the length. He looked super-long – maybe an inch or two longer than Brock. Definitely not as thick, though. I realized he only looked very long because he was shorter than my husband. The overall effect made him look like he had a huge cock, but he really didn't.

Without a tremble in my hand, but with a wildly flailing one in my soul, I stroked Tristen. His shaft felt so good in my hand: hard; long; and excited.

His hand began unbuttoning my shorts.

Alarm rose in me that things might get too far. Of course, Tristen did not know

about my agreement with Brock. He didn't know this was just a touchy-feely event designed to turn on my husband. What is Tristen thinking? That I'm offering myself? I need to get a handle on this, quick.

I said, "No, I want to see this up close." I gave his shaft a squeeze. I pulled on him, towards the couch.

He gave me a curious look but said nothing. He allowed me to pull him.

I sat so that I could see his erection up close. Instantly, my mouth dropped open in wonder at seeing my first extra cock in so many years. Yeah, I remember what these look like.

He was smiling down at me.

I stroked him using two hands, alternating, joining, jacking. My hand moved perfectly and he responded naturally, his shaft flexing with the stroking. I wanted to giggle inside, feeling that joyful tickle teasing me, but held it in. Heat radiated up my pussy in waves of searing excitement.

"Hey."

I looked up, barely able to tear my eyes from his shaft.

He was grinning. "Open up your blouse." He gestured with his chin.

What's the harm in that? Brock didn't say anything about him looking at my breasts. I removed my hands and unbuttoned my blouse. I removed it completely and unclasped my bra. The air hitting my nipples made them even harder.

I looked up at him with a shy smile. "Is this what you wanted to see?"

"Perfect: they're beautiful."

Feeling satisfaction rising in my soul, I regripped his shaft and began pumping. I fucked him with my hands as my breathing began to accelerate.

He twisted and leaned down a little, teasing my nipple with rough fingers.

I gasped, squeezing on his shaft and jacking him faster.

He said, "This is what I missed out on all those years ago?"

I gasped again, unable to laugh, though I felt the urge. I tugged on him, wanting to feel it all, remember it all, and cherish it all. It was so rigid and engorged that I felt the rightness of the act without a hint of guilt. My husband wants me to do this; I'm okay.

A twisting surge of sexiness wound tight in my pussy, enwrapping and enhancing the ache that throbbed there. "You like this?"

"Sheeeit, what do you think?" He grunted a laugh of dismissal.

Will Brock be happy? I know I am. I hope he does so the memory isn't ruined. But is this what he really wants? Or does he want to do this himself? Is he too chicken? I had never known my husband to be afraid of something. Will he want more? Or is this one time all there will be? Do I want more? This is a lot of fun...

Tristen was groaning. It came out more as a growl with his damaged voice. "I'm going to love living here."

A huge thrill burst upwards in me. My pussy clenched on emptiness and I squirmed on the couch. He likes this? Would it be so bad if I did this more than once? I knew in my heart I had already made up my mind. I'll do this again, definitely. Even if it has to be a secret.

With Brock excited and telling me I should touch Tristen, I found all my normal inhibitions safely negated. My husband wants this. I wonder if he'll ever break down and do this himself? Does he jack off thinking back to him fisting Dan's cock? Did the nastiness and experimentation of a young teen boy carry over into adulthood?

I was panting, gazing intently at his thing. "You have such a pretty cock."

He coughed a laugh. "Never had anyone say that about it before."

"It is."

"Well, fuck, I'll put a bow on it and a frilly dress next time."

I giggled, finally amused enough to do anything but gasp and pant.

"I'm, uh..."

"What?"

Even his gasping was raspy. "I'm getting close."

"Oh."

"You better stop unless you want it all over you."

"No, I want to see it." I jacked harder.

He moaned and leaned his head back, then looked back down. "Can I cum on your tits?"

What is it with men and cumming on tits? "I guess so..."

"Oh, yeah, perfect." He began pumping his hips.

I stroked with him, struck by how similar the act was with what I did with my husband. It came so naturally and easily that I felt almost lost at the absence of wrongdoing. Isn't this supposed to be wrong? Why then, does it feel so right?

His body was tensing, and he was straining upwards on the balls of his feet. Almost exactly like my husband.

I used both hands, running my fingers down his ballsack and caressing while using my other hand to lightly twist at the head.

He emitted a high-pitched moan and thrust his hips forward. His cock was pointing at my face, swelling dramatically.

I tipped it down a little and jacked firmly while squeezing his balls. I felt his shaft swell and then pulse, a short stream of hot cum shooting out to land on my chest. I kept stroking, milking his shaft, but his first stream was the only one. The rest were spurts that didn't reach as far as what my husband could shoot. Tristen, however, came a lot, even if most of it didn't squirt far.

I shook my head. "Oh my goodness."

He was panting. "What?"

"That's a lot of cum."

"Oh?"

"Brock doesn't shoot as much..."

He took a deep breath. "Problems down there?"

"What? No..." I let go and wiped my hands on my blouse. "He's fine that way. He shoots farther than you – like four or five streams." I held out my hands to show how far.

Tristen looked surprised. "Oh. That far?"

I nodded, smiling up at him that we were talking about the man I loved.

"Shoot, I haven't shot that far since I was a teenager."

I giggled.

"Now I feel all inadequate."

I clapped a hand over my mouth to stifle a laugh. "Oh, don't. You're fine, really. Everyone's different—"

"I suppose he's bigger than me, too." He didn't sound shamed, but rather sarcastically resigned.

I shook my head. "Nope. He's a little thicker than you, but you're a good inch longer, at least."

"Oh yeah?"

"You two should whip them out and compare—"

Tristen began laughing. "Yeah, huh... That's always been on the top of my list. Sure..."

"You wouldn't want to see it?" I was edging out onto unknown territory. I used

my blouse to wipe his cum off my chest and boobs.

He shrugged as if totally overwhelmed with confusion. He opened his mouth, shaking his head, palms up in the air. "I don't know: sure, if he wants to show it."

I smiled. "You'd look at it?"

He tossed his head to the side. "Yeah, I guess. I told you I don't have a problem with that kind of thing."

"Ever had any boyfriends?"

Now he looked offended. He pointed to his own chest. "Me? Are you crazy? Ass is nothing like pussy. Why waste my time?"

"Oh..."

"Do you like it up the ass?" His question was accusatory. He bent down and lifted his jeans.

I shook my head. "Um, no."

He flicked his hand out. "Well, there you go. Neither do I."

How did we go from talking about cock to ass? "But you'd look—"

"Sure, doesn't mean I'm gay."

"Okay, okay. You're not gay. How would you describe yourself?"

He chuckled his raspy, grating laugh. "Well... Maybe an opportunist." He waggled his eyebrows at me.

I blushed and began refitting my bra.

"You can leave that off..."

I stopped. "You really want to see them?"

Tristen made a face. "I wouldn't have told you to take it off in the first place if I didn't want to see them."

Um, yeah...duh. "All right." I dropped the bra on the blouse beside me. "So you're an opportunist who's never had a boyfriend. What is that termed? Polysexual? Pansexual? Transsexual?"

He laughed. "Uh, no, not transsexual."

"Oh well, whatever."

He sat down on the other side of my blouse. "Holly." He was looking at me, head tilted down, eyes intense. "Does it matter?"

"No, I suppose not."

He shook his head. "Well then, don't get all worked up over it."

How do I steer this to discover if he'd jack my husband? Just ask? And why does Brock's fantasy sound so nasty? I'm the one that likes jacking dick; why am I getting turned on at watching two men do it?

I had been silent too long in my thoughts. Tristen said, "Is something on your mind?"

I tried to smile, but it felt awkward. "Well..."

"Go on."

"I liked doing this..."

He chuckled. "Yeah, well, so did I..."

"But I did it because..." My courage was faltering. Is he going to think I'm weird? Brock is weird? We're weird?

"Because you pity me?" He sounded aggravated.

"What? No..."

"Fine then, why?"

I twisted my fingers together, trying to keep my thoughts from blurting out stupidly. "Brock was curious..."

He squinted at me, arm over the back of the couch and leg cross over his knee. A look of critical consideration came over his face. "Curious about what? If I'd take advantage of you?"

"Not exactly, no."

He waited.

I shrugged and said, "He wanted me to feel you so I could tell him."

He blinked once, then again, still looking at me studiously. "For what purpose?"

I wasn't sure Brock would appreciate me telling our neighbor about his childhood experience. "I don't know, curious as to how I describe it. How it felt..."

He pursed his lips and nodded. "So...did I feel all right?"

My nod was enthusiastic. "Very nice."

A smile sauntered across his lips. "So we can do this more?"

Nerves began nagging at me. "I don't know."

"You didn't like it? Or you only did it because of him?"

"Oh, I liked it; I love cock."

"But?"

"I just don't know if Brock is going to want me to keep doing it."

"Ah...I see." He looked away in thought. "I don't mind if he touches me. He can find out for himself, you know... Unless you're jealous or something."

Excitement flared again in my pussy. "You'd let him?"

He blew a breath out between pursed lips. "Sure, I don't care. But what about you?"

"I think I'd love to see it."

"Oh... That kind of thing turns you on?"

I giggled nervously. "I guess the idea of two men jacking each other is sort of hot if I got to watch." I didn't tell him it was my husband's experience that had recently caused the curiosity in me.

He eyed me appraisingly. "No shit?"

I began refitting my bra; I couldn't wait to tell Brock what I had done.

CHAPTER 10

I heard Brock's voice. "Holly?"

"In the bedroom." I was lying on the bed, naked and squirming. I had been fingering my pussy for the last half hour.

He came in and raised both eyebrows, a smile racing across his lips. "Well now..."

My heart was pounding as hard as it had with Tristen. "I did something for you today..."

"Oh?"

"With Tristen."

His eyes bulged and his mouth dropped open in a gasp.

I reached my arms out in a beckoning gesture.

He undressed quickly, climbing onto the bed. "What happened?"

I grabbed his soft cock and squeezed. "I guess I got a little naughty today."

He was definitely panting, his breath sounding labored. "Yeah? What? How?" His cock was swelling fast.

"You know how you told me to touch him?"

He gasped and his face paled. His answer was a hoarse whisper. "Yes?"

"Well, I touched him."

He groaned and jammed his fingers down on my pussy.

A surge of relief swept up from his touch, spiraling up my pussy and causing all

kinds of nasty tension within me. "I jacked him. For you."

He groaned louder, his shaft fully erect. "You're kidding."

"Nope. You told me I should, so I did."

"Wow..."

"I didn't think it would be so easy..."

He laughed – a mix of relief and disbelief. "Oh, come on."

"I'm not kidding." I began stroking him.

His fingers began moving in and out of me. "Tell me what it was like."

"His cock?"

My husband's shaft swelled and flexed. His answer was a gasp. "Yeah..."

"A little longer than yours, but not as thick."

He was shaking against me, his body quivering with a tension that had him trembling with the need to hear. "What did it look like?"

"It was nice."

He thrust his fingers deep into me when I said that. I moaned with the sudden stretching invasion and sensation of pleasure on my pussy lips. I lifted my hips. He said, "You jacked him?"

"Yes." I humped my hips to his fingers. "He has a nice, straight cock. Like yours."

He sighed raggedly. "Did you like touching it?"

Uh oh, is this one of those trap-questions? "It was okay." There, that's safe.

He seemed disappointed. "Just okay?"

Uh oh, wrong answer. He wants to know it was good because I'm supposed to

feel it for him. "Um, well, it felt very nice in my hands."

He sighed with satisfaction. "Nasty. Did you jack him until he came?"

"Yes."

Another ragged sigh and the trembling increased. "Where did he cum? On your face? In your mouth?"

I guess the truth would be better than him cumming in my mouth. "He wanted to cum on my breasts, so I let him."

Brock's eyes almost rolled white and he rammed his cock up into my fist with a forceful shove.

I gasped in surprise at his ardor and then held my breath.

He was panting, fast. "Did it feel good in your hand?"

"Yes."

"Did you like doing it?"

I hesitated, but said, "Yes."

"What else did you do?"

"I asked him after if he'd show his thing to you."

He jerked his head back a little. "You did?"

I nodded. "He said he wouldn't mind showing you or having you jack him while he jacks you."

He had been close. His eyes went large and he groaned with the realization he was being overtaken by orgasm. His cock swelled dramatically and began squirting streams of cum up between us.

I dropped my mouth open, slowly milk-fucking his cock with my hand. I so loved seeing this. Wow, he really got off on that idea. How can I get them together and see this happen?

~ ~ ~

It was later the same night after dinner and when we were in bed that my husband began asking questions.

Brock was turned to me on his side, his cock still showing that puffy engorged look from earlier. "Are you going to do it again?"

Uh oh? Another trap-question? What's the safe answer? I can't come right out and tell him I want to, can I? I need to know how he feels about it. I made the pretense of shifting around to face him while I ordered my thoughts. Not only did I want to see Tristen and my husband play with each other, but I also wanted to keep jacking Tristen; it had been too much fun. "I'm not sure..."

"You didn't like it enough?"

"It was fine, but...I wanted to only do what you wanted me to do: feel him."

"I thought you said you enjoyed it?"

"I did, but...I did it for you. So you'd know. I didn't want to do anything you didn't want me to do. As it was, I was worried about him cumming on my breasts."

Brock laughed. "That was fine."

"Well, I didn't know."

"You could've blown him, if you wanted to."

"Me?"

He laughed again. "Sure, why not?"

"Oh..."

"I didn't imagine you going over there just to squeeze his dick and then come running home to tell me about it."

And that's exactly what I had thought...

He said, "Next time, do what you feel is natural."

That's the problem; married women aren't supposed to do these things with neighbors. "Like what?"

He was hard. He climbed between my legs. "You can suck him. Didn't he want to do anything with you?"

"He tried to undo my shorts."

"Tried?"

"I didn't let him."

"Why?"

"I wasn't sure you wanted me doing anything besides feeling him."

He groaned long and slid his cock into me with one push. "Ohh... You're beautiful, Holly, you should've let him."

"You wouldn't have been jealous?"

"Not if you were honest with me and told me all about it. Sucking him sounds so nasty."

"If I'd blown him, you'd still want to kiss me?" Wow, I get to jack him again? I can blow him? He can go further? Lick me?

My husband moaned low above me. "Oh yes...definitely..."

The orgasm that exploded was a sudden shock and surprise. Rising from out of nowhere, the swell of sensation threw every thought out of my mind and consumed me with a buzzing and tingling paralysis that vibrated through every part of my body. I cried out through clenched teeth, my hips bucking wildly as my body writhed with desire.

~ ~ ~

Days blurred by in a haze of hesitation and question. I had apparently been given a green light by my husband to suck Tristen, if it should come to that.

I wanted to do it. At the same time, I held back, worried about the consequences. What if, in acceding to Brock's desires, I crossed some line in our marriage from which there was no return? What if having been satisfied with his fantasy of having me tell him what Tristen's cock is like that he then begins to focus on me and my motives?

I certainly didn't want to show my husband any less devotion than I truly felt and I didn't want him thinking I loved him less.

I hung on him for a few days, trying to squeeze my reassurance into him. I was his. I belonged to him. I was his wife.

He seemed subdued as well, in a way. His passion of a few nights before when I had told him about Tristen seemed submerged – there, but hiding like a crocodile on the hunt. What was he thinking? Regretting suggesting I allow things to go a little further?

If I did go further, would it be the final straw that breaks his fantasy with reality? I was a happy woman. A happy wife. Life brings its own doldrums and boring routines, but my love for Brock never suffered in that way. If anything in life was certain, it was us. Would slipping out a little to indulge his fantasy and my secret one endanger that?

I didn't want Tristen, not in that way. He was cute. His rough voice and manner was like a lure that I couldn't deny.

But thinking about him over the course of a few days brought home a realization of something fundamentally troubling: I liked him. A lot. Even if I was married and bonded to Brock and happy, I felt a growing connection on a primal level

with our neighbor. It wasn't the same devotion that I had with Brock, but something new. Something a little deeper than a friend.

It took a few days, but I realized my attraction to him wasn't just curiosity for my husband. I wanted to touch his cock. I wanted to feel it and suck it. And I wanted Tristen to do more. What that more was left me trembling with fear and desire. What would our neighbor do? Was he more bi than hetero? Would he rather get into a tug-match with Brock than do anything with me?

While I seethed with uncertainty over these questions, I also had a curiosity that felt like claustrophobia. I needed to know. My skin crawled with anxiety and need. That feeling grew.

I couldn't write in my book: Logan and Anastasia were going to have to wait. Their high school antics were on vacation, for now. My mind was that distracted.

I paced in the kitchen, mostly. I kept looking out the window. Was he there? Inside, working? Out back? In the barn? Walking in the orchards? What was he doing with me not there? I wanted to know.

I grabbed an apple and washed it with shaking hands. It was Wednesday.

Apple in hand, I left the house and crossed the street.

CHAPTER 11

I knocked on his door and then brought the apple up as if it were a talisman of shielding.

Tristen answered the door with a squint that was followed by a smile. "Hey, Holly." His rasp of my name caused a blossoming heat inside me.

I gestured with the apple. "So...what are you up to?"

"Installing a couple faucets." He motioned with his head. "Want to come in?"

I tried to sound nonchalant. "Oh, sure." My eyes inspected him, searching for clues as to what he was thinking. But his inscrutable face let nothing show.

He led me to the bathroom and sat on the rim of the tub. He hefted a faucet. "Installed two, no problem. This sink, though... Valve holes are too close. Wondering if I can file the faucet base down enough..."

"Why not just get a smaller faucet?"

He gave me a pained look. "You know how much these things cost?"

"No..."

"Enough." He twisted a file in his other hand and flipped it. "I don't know..."

I ventured an invitation. "Looks like you need a break." When he looked up at me, I bit into the apple to make it look like it was just an offhand suggestion. Trusty Apple of Social Defense, automatic saving throw for females against embarrassment. I laughed inside at my memories of pen and paper role-play gaming.

He shrugged and gave a short nod, looking at the faucet. "Don't know if I can file enough and still have it look good, anyway." He set it aside and stood. "You want a beer?"

"I don't drink beer."

His squint and scowl studied me like a suspicious suspect. "What do you want, Holly?" There was a stress on "do."

Well, you're direct, aren't you? "Oh, I don't know." I was looking slightly up into his eyes. "I guess I get a little lonely over there..."

The squint and scowl didn't leave. His eyes glittered as they searched mine. "Do you often get lonely?"

That set me back as I searched frantically for what might be a good answer. I didn't want him thinking I was some pathetic, bored housewife. "Normally, no." I waved the apple in thought. "I seem to be at a hard point in my book."

He grunted.

I said, "I just thought you might like some company."

At least then, he smiled. "You can come over any time." The smile vanished. "Does Brock know you're here?" He led me to the living room.

"Not right now, but he's okay with me being here."

"You sure?" He gave me a Robert Redford style double-take.

I nodded as we sat on the sofa and realized I had a good opening right there. I twisted towards him, leaning and resting my elbow along the back of the couch. "Actually, he was quite happy about me being able to describe your..."

He chuckled. "He wants to see it, he can come over and ask."

"Well, you know, men and their blustering protestations of having no interest in other men."

He wagged a finger. "Don't be so sure about that. Many really don't. Takes quite an open mind to be comfortable with what used to be so forbidden."

He was right, of course, and it made me appreciate my husband more. That I was touching Tristen's cock even though I was married to Brock had me realizing the

risk my husband was willing to take to involve me – and the trust. A warmth of love fuzzed through me at that idea and I suddenly wanted to be with my husband, touching him and reassuring him that I was there as his partner.

Tristen said, "You don't agree?"

"What? No, I was just thinking. My husband trusts me being here."

"And he knows that your hand was on my dick?"

I nodded. "He said I should've let you go farther."

"Oh? That's...interesting. Why?"

I shrugged. "Maybe to know what you'd do. Know more about you." I felt comfortable in his dimly-lit, bluish-gray living room.

"He could just ask."

I leaned close to his ear, a few inches away. "Oh, you know, that man-man thing?" I set my apple on the coffee table and rested my hand on his leg.

His squint and scowl returned, checking me out, but that smile also reappeared.

I began stroking his leg, petting it as if it were a cat. "So..."

Direct as usual, he motioned to his jeans. "Want to see it again?"

I laughed. "Whip it out. Not afraid are you?"

He chuckled, shaking his head. "No, heh, not afraid..."

"Will you whip it out for my husband?"

His squint sharpened. "Told you I would." He slid off his jeans and his semi-erect cock flopped in my sight.

"Maybe we should come over then... Friday night? Maybe sit around and..."

"Visit?" His eyes twinkled.

I nodded. Then I grabbed his cock. It felt cool, but was already hardening. A warm security flowed into me, calming my nerves, and filling me with peace. My husband likes this. I can do it. I began lightly stroking him, feeling his soft skin under my fingertips. His shaft hardened readily, standing up and throbbing with his heartbeat. "Do you like having a married woman do this?"

His grin held a hint of white teeth as he nodded. "Uh huh."

"I wonder how many you'd have over here doing this if we lived closer to—"

He was shaking his head. "I might not be against fooling around with a married woman, but you're different."

I arched an eyebrow in disbelief. "How?" I kept drawing my fingertips up his shaft.

"You and I have a little history; it might not have been much but there's a connection there."

That surprised me a little. "Is there?"

"That's what I sense out of it, anyway." His face flashed a little disappointment.

"Oh, I feel the same, really. I just didn't think you would." It wasn't the entire truth, but close enough. No, I didn't feel a connection over the only date we had twenty years before, but I did feel one now with how things turned out.

He relaxed and appeared satisfied.

I leaned over and lowered my mouth onto his cock.

He rasped, "Oh, baby."

His skin was warm now, and he had a soapy smell that went well with his skin-like flavor. I dropped my head lower, taking his hardness into my mouth and feeling it with my tongue. I moved my head up and down a little, massaging his engorged helmet with the roof of my mouth and my tongue. Then I pulled back a little and sucked at the head. I could feel it pulsing against my tongue.

He sighed happily and his hips tensed up with pleasure.

I was struck by how easy it seemed to be doing this; the hurdle I had imagined was absent as if it had never been there. Where was my inhibition? I had my mouth on another man, my husband away at work, and it had happened so easily. Shouldn't I be consumed with worry? Why am I so excited? Is it because Brock wants me to be able to tell him about Tristen? About his cock? If he had wanted me to do this for myself, would I have so easily done it? I pulled off. "Like that?"

He laughed, shaking his head. "Oh, Holly, you can come over all day long and do that..."

"My husband said I could."

His eyes showed his appreciation. "I'm gonna have to shake that man's hand."

I bent down again and began a more thorough sucking. I licked the shaft and held it in my hand. I sucked on the head and swirled my tongue around it. I used my thumb to rub the underside of his shaft at the helmet. Up and down my head went, using my mouth like a pussy on his cock.

There was only the intimate act of pleasuring him with my mouth and the feel of his excitement between my lips. If this had been for myself, I should be feeling guilty. But it's for Brock and now it seems perfect. Yet, I can't deny that I'm very much enjoying doing this for my husband...

He began groaning. "You're going to make me cum."

I giggled with my mouth still on him and sucked harder. Come on, give in to my mouth. Give me what you got. I sucked him like I sucked my husband, wanting his manly release – wanting to feel him tense and surrender to my femininity.

He tensed further, his hips coming up. His shaft swelled in my mouth.

I sucked harder at the tip and jacked his shaft with my hand. My control over him, like the captain of a ship, steered him true. He groaned and I felt the first convulsion. He grunted with effort and the first blast almost caught me by surprise as it hit the back of my throat. I went into overdrive, swallowing as fast as I could. But only the first squirt threatened to choke me.

I sucked slower, swallowing occasionally. I felt so much relief that he didn't have

some strong flavor to his cum. Some men's cum tasted like sink cleaner. Tristen's tasted like...butter. Light with the barest hint of salt.

He let out a ragged sigh and slumped back.

I leaned up, licking my lips. "So you like me coming over?"

His closed eyes opened for a brief second, looking sideways at me. "Oh yeah. You can come over as often as you want."

I giggled. "You're just saying that. I'm sure you'd say it to anyone who sucked your cock."

His head turned slowly to me, his eyes intent. "That's not true. You're different, Holly."

I started to laugh. "Me? What—"

He kissed me. The contact of his lips to mine and his tongue to mine tore away all pretension. There was passion there, deep and searching, hungering for me in a way that made me feel ashamed of my words in protest.

I felt the connection. I felt the strange bond between us that was so very different than what I had with my husband, but something on the same level. There was trust there, and honesty. There was the exciting meeting of two hearts together with desire and need that was decidedly different than the one symbolized by the wedding ring on my finger. This bond felt complementary to my existing marriage bond. It neither reduced what I had with Brock or tainted it with doubt.

Flowering within my soul was a joy at the discovery that Tristen didn't threaten me and my husband. I kissed him back with all the newfound emotion that was blossoming within me.

He pushed off of me, panting.

I gasped, too, locking gazes with him.

He reached for my shorts.

CHAPTER 12

I almost hesitated – the lingering hints of my inhibitions telling me this was so wrong. But my husband approved. He had chided me for not going forward – letting happen what seemed natural. How far was that? Should I let him and tell my husband about it?

Tristen slid off my shorts, and then my panties. I felt exposed, vulnerable, and filled with doubt. What is he thinking? Does he think my pussy is ugly?

He was staring raptly at it, smiling. "Beautiful."

I felt relief lift a distant weight from my concerns and my thoughts immediately turned to my husband. How far did he want me to go with Tristen? He only said he wanted me to discover what kind of package he had so I could describe it to him.

Tristen's face came down and the touch of his wet tongue to my clit was a calamity of convulsion and confusion.

Am I going too far? Is this crossing the line of my marriage? Brock didn't say anything about me being pleased. Little waves of tension teased my hips and I began to move them to his licking. This feels too good to stop. I can't tell my husband about this; I don't want to hurt him. I moaned suddenly, unable to contain it.

I felt him smile against my pussy. Then two of his fingers began probing – rubbing and teasing my lips. Coils of satisfaction and desire coupled with the waves of tension, creating a twisting hunger that brought with it a winding excitement.

I shouldn't be liking this, should I? Would Brock understand? No, he wouldn't. I can't tell him. I gasped and panted. His fingers pushed in and drove the waves higher. I can't tell him about this part – only the sucking. He'll like that. But this...

Tristen moved his fingers slowly in and out of me, pleasuring me with deliberate moves and causing all manner of deception in my mind.

This can't be good. I'm going to regret it later, I know I am. How am I ever going to hide this from my husband?

The waves pushed, close, driving me to undulate on the couch like a snake. With the tightening tension in my body, my mind frantically formulated an anchor to excuse what would likely form into guilt.

I need to get them together. If my husband gets closer to Tristen, then maybe he'll be more likely to accept something like this.

I don't know if my thoughts were fully focused and sensible. I think I didn't completely care at my rushed resolve. My body had other things in mind and it was instead totally consumed by Tristen's tongue. I rolled over inside, thrown upward in an upheaval of completion. I cried out, pulling on his head to keep it from moving – trying to pull it inside where the need and ache tumbled with exploding excitement. I panted shallowly, with effort, as lights danced before my eyes. I felt as if I couldn't get oxygen – as if my insides were seizing up and stopping all function. Each explosive burst released some of me, letting escape the pressure of passion in searing spasms.

I flopped on the couch, pushing his head away from my now hyper-sensitive clit.

He reached his tongue out one last time and gave it a fierce flick.

I yelled in fright as a painful wave tore through me, teasing me with memories of how hard I had just cum. My body quivered violently and I more firmly pushed him away. Relief and a sense of high sweetness suffused my limbs, making them wobbly and shaky.

I stared at his ceiling, taking in deep breaths of air.

He was sitting back, smiling. "I'd do more, but you drained me."

I realized what he meant, instantly. I was lying before him at the edge of the couch, my legs splayed wide open – offering. I closed them immediately and sat up. "Oh... Well, maybe it's good that I did."

He looked confused.

I grabbed my panties and shorts. "I'm not sure that's something I should be doing."

A look of disappointment came over his face that wrenched at me.

I'm sorry, but I don't want to hurt my husband; he means everything to me. However, Tristen's look made me feel not just saddened, but secretly happy. He really wants to do me? Wow.

I'm not a stupid blonde, despite being blonde. Sure, any man would probably stick his dick in anything. But most men saw a wedding ring and steered clear. Off limits, bad, boring. Maybe it was the men who shied from that. Maybe they thought married pussy was gross because some other man was in there. Maybe it was the women, so uptight about sex with anyone else that they gave off a total disinterest in anything sexual. Maybe it was mutual.

Maybe it was just how things were and they weren't to be questioned.

What I had just done was wrong and maybe I needed to conceal this from Brock.

~ ~ ~

I tried to make notes about my book. I toyed with the idea of throwing another male vampire in there that had a sexual interest in my main hero, Logan. I wrote several names down, narrowing in on Cade.

Cade is a great romance name; the kids will love it.

But I couldn't do much more than that.

Brock came in the front door.

I lurched from my chair, going to him to seek solace and security. I wrapped my

arms around him and hugged fiercely.

"What's this?" His voice sounded amused.

Immediately, I blushed, knowing I needed to tell him and get it out of the way. If I tell him immediately, maybe he won't be suspicious. "I...uh."

He raised eyebrows at me. "What's wrong?"

"I went across the street today..."

Interest lit his face. He looked toward the bedroom. "Care to tell me in the shower?"

I tried to keep the quaver out of my voice. "Okay."

He was eager, wanting to hear, but not wanting to listen while still wearing some paint specks. "I was showing Sheena the new sprayer I bought for Tom's group. She hadn't worked a Graco before."

I got into a steamy shower with him, relieved the focus wasn't already on me. "She's working out well?"

He was soaping. "Mm hmm. Good worker and Tom likes her."

I grabbed the soap, wanting to delay my part as long as possible. I soaped my hands then gave him back the bar. I took his cock and began stroking it. "Did you touch her?"

"No. Well, not like you're thinking. There were a few brushes. Nothing suggestive."

I felt good about that, knowing my trust in Brock was steadfast and deserved.

He said, "So what about Tristen today?"

I knew I couldn't avoid it and wanted to get it out anyway, but I felt the glare of guilt over what had happened. I started out unable to keep my voice from being defensive. "You know how you told me to blow him?"

He nodded, searching my face.

I tried not to look at him, instead looking down at his hardening cock. "So I went over and did it."

He gasped, his cock flexing rigidly in my hand. "Yeah? Are you teasing me or did you really?"

"No, I really did. I wanted to do it so I could tell you."

"Did you like it? What was it like?"

"It was...nice. He doesn't smell or anything and he...tastes fine."

Brock groaned and thrust his hips.

I jacked him with my slippery hands. "What do you want to know?"

"He was all hard for you?"

I nodded.

"Where did he cum?" His words were a panting series of gasps and half-breaths.

"In my mouth. I swallowed—"

My husband tensed and arched his back. Cum began spraying out of his cock in strong bursts.

Relief swished through me with the ease of a runway model. He wouldn't ask more questions – not right away.

It was in bed later that night that he did.

By then, I felt more confident.

"So, you blew him."

"You asked me to."

His eyes were searching mine. "Didn't you get any enjoyment out of it?"

Danger. "I did, in a way..."

"Like how?" His words were careful.

I shrugged. "It's exciting to have a man get hard and cum. It's a head-rush."

He smiled, looking relieved. But then doubt clouded his face. "Did you...do anything else?"

I knew then there was no way I could tell him. I could see the doubts and fears cross his face like a flag-waving crowd on parade. There was no way I was going to hurt my husband. "No, just what you asked," I lied. "Besides, he was finished."

He looked relieved. He also looked subdued.

I wanted to make things better. "I don't have to do that anymore if you're mad—"

"No, no. I'm not mad." But I could see something in his eyes that said he was certainly worried.

"I did it for you."

He took several deep breaths, then nodded.

I said into the silence, hoping to get beyond the difficulties this new entry into our marriage was causing, "He wants us to come over Friday night. Have a few drinks and chat."

"Chat?"

I wanted to steer all of this back to Brock. "I think he wants to show you his cock."

My husband laughed nervously. "Oh really?"

I nodded brightly.

"I don't know..."

What? This was for you. "Oh, come on."

He held up his hands. "Yeah, yeah, I'll go, but I don't know about any funny

stuff."

It must be that man-man thing. All bluster and no truth. But at least he wanted to go.

He turned to me, sliding his fingers over my panties. "So, do you like Tristen?"

Not wanting to admit any kind of bond, but also not wanting to sound uninterested for his sake, I said, "He's all right."

"No interest there?" That worry was in his voice.

"Only in your reaction when you see his stuff."

He chuckled. "You like that?"

"I think it's kind of hot." My hips moved to his gentle touch.

"Might be hotter to see you jack him."

I wasn't buying it. I kept my words soft and suggestive. "Maybe you should jack him yourself."

CHAPTER 13

It was Thursday, the day after the Great Lick and Suck. I trotted across the street, eager to tell Tristen.

He was on the side of the house, kicking at some piping around the shed.

I stuffed my hands into my shorts. "Hey."

"Hey there." He gave me an appreciative eye.

"Brock said tomorrow was good."

He nodded once, upward.

I stepped close - very close. "I need you to do something."

A flick of his eyebrow suggested he was thinking it was something to do with me.

I laughed. "Yes, that, too, but tomorrow..."

"Yeah?"

"I haven't told him about you...licking me."

He frowned.

"He didn't look like he'd take it well."

He shook his head, his gravelly voice sounding disappointed. "This isn't good."

"No, well, but..."

"I can keep it a secret, if that's how you want to play it."

"Yes, thank you. But that's not all I wanted to ask."

He crossed his arms and leaned against the shed with its flaking, lemon-yellow paint. "Oh?"

I looked down at the pipes he had been kicking, not knowing what they were for, either. But it was just something to do. I looked up into his face. "I need you to...handle him."

"What for?"

"I think it's a fantasy of his. Goes way back." I didn't want to be specific.

"You think it is?"

"I know it is, but he doesn't like to admit it."

"If it hasn't fully come out, why would you want me to do this?"

I sighed in determination. "He's my husband and I want him involved. I don't want to be off with you doing...things and he's not a part of it. He's the one that suggested I do something with you." I made a masturbating hand-motion.

He looked disbelieving. "That's quite a juggle. Feeling guilty?"

I nodded quickly.

"And you're hoping involving him will make it all better?"

I nodded again. It has to. I want it to.

"And what if it doesn't work out?"

I knew then that even though I wanted it to work out and keep coming over for fun with Tristen, that I would put a stop to things. It would all have to end: my husband was more important. A part of me wanted to die right there. "Please try." It was all I could say.

He nodded slowly. "I'll give it a shot." He paused for a few seconds, then motioned with his head. "You want to go inside?"

Feeling the despair at my desperate and unlikely plan had me nodding. Will this be the last time? I followed him inside.

He turned, taking me into a hug and a very deep kiss.

I melted against him, merging my body to his, and showing him my willingness with my tongue.

He began removing his clothing.

I broke the kiss and removed mine, ready to be licked and cum and feel better against the wall of worry. I grabbed his hardening shaft and squeezed. It felt so right in my hand.

He pulled me into the bedroom and pushed me down onto the bed. He spread my legs and pushed his face where I needed it. His tongue worked over my lips and clit, causing the teasing waves to tingle inside me and vibrate my inner core in ways that promised release.

I wanted him to lick me. I wanted to feel his wet tongue on my clit, sliding over it and sending shivers throughout my body. I needed it.

His fingers invaded, moving wetly around inside me and massaging my inner opening.

I groaned with desire. My pussy was on fire and clamping on his fingers.

With a faster move than I could follow, he leaned over me, placing his rigid shaft on my clit.

I gasped, tensing, not wanting to go that far with him. Definitely not.

But he only rested on me. He moved his hips, sliding his hard shaft back and forth over my clit.

Oh my goodness, that feels good. It felt raw and demanding. My hips responded, moving with him in counterthrust. My clit slid more vigorously against his shaft. My pussy clenched over and over on emptiness. I moaned out, breathlessly, and angled my pussy farther up to get friction on my lips. I was very close to cumming.

He smiled down at me and moved slower, massaging my sex with deliberate moves. He leaned fully down and kissed me.

Fires of desire burst in me, bringing more moans. My chest heaved with need for satisfaction and air. Oh, this is so wrong, but it feels so good. He can do this a little more...

He kissed deeper, shifting his body for a better kiss.

I felt his penis draw back and then press at my opening.

Oh, no...not this. We shouldn't. I tensed up, opening my mouth to protest.

He pulled back, though, and teased my clit again.

I slowly relaxed. Thank you. We can't, really. That's too far. I panted again, feeling the wonderful feelings flooding me at his teasing.

He shifted again, bringing the helmet of his erection back to my opening. He pressed.

I froze, feeling my pussy lips spreading and opening. Finally, I had no choice but to use words. "No... We can't..."

He panted, stopping. Then he moved.

I felt the head press deeper, popping inside. Just the head. I was frozen with alarm and also the filling sensation that promised relief. I was panting, too. "We can't. We can't." My body was rigid, close to cumming and also locked with tension.

Tristen growled and shoved.

His cock slid into me, filling my hungry pussy with one, hard shove.

I cried out, clawing his back as an enormous wave of raw lust rose in me, demanding more. I tilted my hips up as his shaft speared deep, sliding farther into me than any cock before. The filling feeling stretched inside and I found I couldn't move. I pulled on his butt, wordlessly, my mouth open in shock, surprise, and wonder.

He let out a long sigh and just held it in there, fully impaling me with his hardness.

It felt so very filling and good. My pussy took it all, deep, and squeezed tightly on his shaft in appreciation. I was mentally stunned, knowing his cock shouldn't be in me. I knew my pussy belonged to my husband and was being violated in a permanent way.

But he wasn't moving.

I took several tiny breaths, still frozen, though my pussy clamped on his cock with total abandon. It felt so perfect in there. I felt like we could sit still like this for hours, just suspended here in time while my pussy experienced the fullness of his manhood. It was almost as if we weren't really fucking...as long as he didn't move.

I laid there, strung tight on the edge of an orgasm that wanted to finish.

He groaned, rasping. "Oh, fuck." He pulled back.

I thought he was pulling out.

He wasn't. He pulled back to the tip and rammed his length back into me, driving me down onto the mattress and ripping a cry of lust and passion from my throat. I clawed at his butt, trying to pull him deep.

His hips slapped down onto mine, driving his hardness into me, and increasing the tension in me with each thrust. It doubled, tripled, and then exploded. His cock hammered my pussy and I came. My pussy burst with a series of shattering climactic explosions. I wailed loudly, pulling and clawing his back and butt.

His crotch slammed into my clit and his shaft rammed in and out of my engorged pussy lips.

There was no way I could stop him. There was no way I could stop myself. Long fingers of relief slowly suffused my body as his erection pounded my pussy. His thrusting threw me around on the bed and I wanted it.

I convulsed with spasms that left me with no control over my limbs. My arms dropped and my head moved with jerks to his thrusting. So very good...

He groaned loud and long, grunting with effort and held his shaft inside me as far as he could get it.

I felt his erection swell and throb. I felt the hot splashes deep inside me. I felt the perfection of the completion. He pulled off of me as I lay there panting, my pussy clamping over and over in the absence of his cock.

He took several deep breaths. "Fucking awesome."

No, I'm not awesome. I'm married to Brock and I have your sperm in me instead. I turned my head away, breathing heavily. I rolled onto my side. Why didn't I stop him? What am I going to tell Brock?

Tristen climbed beside me and held me.

I felt comforted in a small way, but worries about what I had done drove away the comfort.

CHAPTER 14

"Holly?"

My husband was home. I had showered, trying to rinse away the stain and memory of what I had done. It hadn't worked. I tried to keep my voice neutral. "In the bedroom." Really, I wanted to cry. How could I have let this happen? Why did something so wrong feel so good and right at the time?

He came into the bedroom.

I was pretending to read a book on writing, but I hadn't read a single word for the last two hours.

He said, "About tomorrow..."

Doom. It always starts with the word "about." I looked at him, unable to say anything.

He looked to the side. "Maybe about all of this..."

Bigger doom.

He kicked off his shoes and climbed onto the bed. He settled beside me, taking many calming breaths. "I'm not sure..."

"Not sure you have a fantasy?"

"It's not that. I've been plagued with doubts."

"You? Doubts?" Not my Brock Campbell.

He nodded. "This is all new to me."

I frowned. "You've had this thing since you were a teenager."

He looked at me with confusion and scrutiny. "The jacking thing?"

I nodded.

He shook his head. "No, I'm talking about what you do with Tristen."

Massive doom. World ending. Marriage ending. Who gets the refrigerator?

He shook his head. "I'm turned on by your talk of Tristen, but I have to wonder if I'm lacking in anything—"

"You? Are you serious? You're the one who asked me to touch him."

"I know—"

"Why did you ask if you didn't want me to?"

"I wanted to hear you describe it, to tell me about it. It sounded like fun."

"Well, you'll have your chance to find out for yourself tomorrow."

"I mean what you do with him."

I don't get it. "You asked me to touch him, so I did. What do you mean?"

"I don't want to lose you."

What? I made a confused face and lifted my hand. "Lose me?"

"Yeah, you said you loved touching cock. So what if you like touching his better? These are the doubts that have been—"

"Wait a minute, you want me to touch him so you can know what his cock feels like and—"

"I wanted you to touch him so you could know, and then tell me."

"So I could know?"

My husband nodded patiently. "I wanted to hear you get hot about it—"

"Wait, me? You wanted me to touch him for me?"

"That's what I've been saying—"

"Not for your fantasy of being a teenager and getting—"

He shook his head vigorously, looking aggravated. "I've been pushing you to get close to him for you."

I was walloped up the side of the head with what felt like half a continent. "What?" I shook my head, feeling a wave of relief, new worry, and total incomprehension.

"You touching him was exciting to me."

"Because I was touching another man's cock?"

"Exactly."

I shook my head. "Not because you were wanting to?" Am I really hearing this right?

"Well...I don't know about that. Maybe I do, but I got so turned on over you jacking him and then so twisted and torn with jealousy—"

I clutched him, looking him in the eyes, and feeling all the doom of what had happened earlier: Tristen's sperm deep inside my cheating pussy. I wanted to cry. "I did it for you—"

"You wouldn't want to run off with him?"

I dropped my mouth open in total shock. "Why would I ever—"

"I'm still your husband?"

I leaped at him the short distance and gripped him in a hug. Man, there is no way I can tell him what happened today. Ever. It would tear him apart. "I love you, Brock. Always." I said it with all the desperate attempt to cling to that which I no longer had.

He mumbled against my neck. "I guess I should have been more open about all this."

"Yes." Though I didn't know how that could've avoided the disaster that had befallen me today.

He leaned back so he could focus on my face. "We probably should've talked this through more—"

Seizing my sole surviving chance at continuing a normal life with my husband, I said, "I won't see him anymore. We can move away. It can be us, just you and me—"

He was shaking his head. "No, no... Tristen's a good guy."

Now I was really confused. "But—"

"You can keep...touching him, I suppose."

"You suppose? Touching? What?"

He searched my eyes. "I like you touching him."

"But I thought you said—"

He shook his head. "It's a turn-on. Maybe I just need to know everything's okay."

I leaned back too, trying to figure out what was really going on. "What is it you really want, Brock?"

"I want you to have fun. Us to have fun."

"But your doubts..."

"And jealousies. I know. I think it's the not-knowing that drives me insane. You're my wife; I should be confident everything is under control."

"Control?"

"You know what I mean..."

No I don't.

"Maybe just that we all know and agree on certain things..."

"Rules?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "Yeah, maybe. But not just between you and me, but with Tristen, too." He looked away. "I think I need to talk to him. I really need to talk to him..."

Panic gnawed at me, wondering what the two might talk about. "So, tomorrow, then." Whatever they talked about, I wanted to be there.

He licked his lips. "I guess so."

~ ~ ~

I stood at Tristen's door with my husband. I had not slept well at all, plagued with worries and wondering what motives everyone had.

I knew I had enjoyed Tristen's passion. I knew that I wanted it again. But I didn't see how this was going to happen with my husband so jealous.

Tristen answered the door. "Hey, you two." He let us in.

I followed my husband into the home where I had so willingly betrayed him the day before.

Tristen acted as if I wasn't there.

Thank you. I don't want my husband suspicious.

Brock waved off a beer offer. "Hey, um..." He looked back and forth between me and Tristen. "Why don't you and I go have a little talk outside?"

Tristen looked wary. "Oh? About?"

My husband motioned to me with his head. "About her."

He scratched at his chin. "Sure, of course."

My fingers wrestled together nervously, neither of them winning in the war that was tearing me apart inside. What are they going to talk about? Why can't I be involved? I opened my mouth to ask it but my husband knew me. He forestalled me with a raised hand and a wink.

Tristen led my husband out the back.

I sat on the couch, remembering with relish how I had jacked Tristen here and then blown him and been licked. I also hated myself for it, torn knowing I had done some things that had betrayed my husband's trust.

I leaped off the couch and went to the kitchen in the back. I spied through the window the two of them leaning against the barn and talking. My husband would motion with his hand, then Tristen would. They appeared to be talking about nothing that might cause alarm. There were no clenched fists or jaws.

I went and sat back down. I jumped back up to go check on them less than a minute later. Blowing out a sigh of exasperation, I stood there and just waited. How long can two men blab? I thought men just grunted a few times and imparted everything they needed to know. What's this long convo going on?

Brock stuck out his hand.

Tristen shook it.

Great, what did they do? Agree to trade underwear? I went and sat on the couch, trying to look all casual. Inside, I was a mess.

Tristen came in, giving me a sly look.

Brock followed him, giving me another sly look.

I wanted to scream, cry, and maybe melt in a puddle of gibberish.

My husband said, "Why don't you show me what he has?"

I tapped my neck in alarm. "Me?"

He nodded.

"But he can just whip it out—"

Brock lowered his chin a little, looking at me more directly. "I want you to be the one to show me."

I stood as he sat. I looked back and forth at the two. My husband nodded at me.

Tristen was grinning. He pointed to his crotch.

I wanted to stomp on his foot. Where is this going? He wants me to show him? Me?

Brock said, "Show me, Holly."

With a cough of disbelief, I grabbed Tristen's belt and tugged at it.

My husband was up suddenly, leaning close to my ear. His whisper was intended for me. "I want you to show me; I want you involved."

So I'm supposed to be the go-between for his cock-viewing fantasy? I guess I can do that. I relaxed and nodded. All right, all right. This can work.

Tristen didn't help until I had opened his fly. He helped me slip his pants down.

My husband had sat back down. His voice was raspy, like Tristen's. "Nice. Touch it - show me."

I hesitated only a second. I gripped Tristen's shaft and began playing.

Brock sighed as if in wonder.

Tristen said, "She does a good job."

Oh my god. Don't ruin it! I gasped in despair.

Brock chuckled nervously. "She sure does. She really gets into it."

What? He didn't freak out? I looked long at my husband, my hand not moving on Tristen's hardening cock until Brock gestured with his head to continue. His eyes

were on the man's shaft. I pulled Tristen closer to my husband and began jacking him up close. I didn't trust my voice, so I said nothing.

Brock said, "Fantastic."

Tristen sighed. "She's fucking awesome."

My husband said to me gently, "Would you show me you blowing him?"

Stunned, I stuttered, "Are-are-y-you sure?" What about your jealousy?

He nodded, eyes looking eager.

Was he? He had said he had felt jealous. Was he jealous now? Or was he fine because he knew what was happening? Shit, I don't know. I dropped down to my knees and pulled Tristen to me. I kept a careful watch on my husband – eyes locked to his – and put my mouth over Tristen's cock.

Brock sighed as if hefting a huge weight off his shoulders. He sat back abruptly and fidgeted at his pants. There was a lump there.

Tristen said, "Take it out, dude. Don't be shy. She's your wife."

With a grin, my husband did just that.

I sucked on Tristen while looking at my husband; I didn't want to miss a look that told me I had crossed the line. I can't say I was into this; I was too worried about what he was thinking.

Brock settled back and began playing with his shaft. "You're so beautiful, Holly..."

But I knew he was here for Tristen, not me. I pulled off and stood, moving Tristen over. "Sit. Why don't you two...?"

My husband chuckled. "She wants to see us jack each other."

Tristen shrugged. "I'm game." He sat and grabbed my husband's shaft.

My heart began beating faster. Yes, this is what my husband wanted. Finally, we're getting somewhere.

Brock hesitantly reached over and grabbed Tristen's cock. The two of them chuckled and looked embarrassed. They began jacking each other.

Brock said to me, "Is this what you wanted to see?"

I nodded, not correcting him that this was his fantasy.

Tristen said, "I might get more excited if Holly were to remove her clothes and give us a show."

Oh my god, perfect! Yes, that's what Brock had done with Dan at thirteen. Jacked each other while looking at naked women in a magazine. I couldn't hide my smile as I got out of my blouse and shorts. When my panties came off, the men jacked each other faster.

Seeing Tristen's hand on my husband's cock and vice-versa had me wet. They were both staring at my pussy and causing all kinds of sexual turmoil inside me. Without thought or control, my fingers found my folds and began rubbing.

Both men rumbled in amused and pleased laughter.

I blushed. I felt vastly satisfied that the two men who had fucked me recently were both stroking each other. It seemed fitting and right. I didn't trust my knees, so I pulled over a chair and sat.

Tristen looked very satisfied. "I could do this forever."

My husband's mouth was open, looking between my pussy and Tristen's moving hand. "So could I..."

I gasped, overcome with a sudden desire that they keep doing it. My voice was a pained whisper of hope. "Why d-don't you then?" I panted after I said it, breathless and feeling dizzy. This was for my husband. This could be something fulfilling.

He looked at me. "As long as you're a part of it."

"Like this?" My fingers had stopped moving inside me as I said it. I wasn't sure how he meant it.

The two men shared an amused look, both their hands paused.

Great, I try to figure them out and suddenly they're sharing looks. I trembled, filled with hope and also drained with despair. I just didn't know where this was going.

"Keep fingering yourself," Brock said.

I went about it readily. It wasn't hard with two handsome men facing me and stroking each other's cocks. But there was no way I was in any state to finish. Other than the nastiness of what was happening – a memory I would cherish forever – I couldn't feel the motivation to relax and really enjoy it.

The men apparently did.

Tristen tensed up and groaned.

Brock chuckled and jacked him faster.

Our neighbor lifted his hips up and squeezed his eyes shut. His shaft erupted, sending a squirt up and out. Several more followed that bubbled out and ran down my husband's hand.

I felt a slight twinge then – a hint of excitement that might have led to the build of an orgasm. But there was far too much worry for that. Still, I marveled at the sperm coating my husband's right hand – the same sperm that had filled me the day before.

Tristen leaned his head back for a moment, then brought it back up. He looked at my husband. "Uh, you aren't...against a little bit of...suck, are you?"

Brock shrugged. "Well, I prefer women and it's not something I've ever done..."

"Well, we can give it a try, huh?" He leaned over and put his mouth on my husband's cock.

I gasped, feeling extremely odd in the weirdest way. I know I had talked about the painter girl Sheena sucking him, but it had all been talk. Nice, sexy talk. But just talk. Seeing my husband's cock getting sucked was something that shocked me with how personal it was. I felt a connection that made me want to elbow

Tristen and giggle. Fun, isn't it? He's clean, smells good, and his cock is so much fun. I actually wanted to hug our neighbor right then. This was nothing like anything I might have imagined if the person blowing my husband had been Sheena. Or some other woman. Was it different because it was a man? Was it okay it was a man and not a woman?

I briefly imagined the black girl I had seen on my husband's cell phone being the one leaning over and sucking him. Would that be just as hot as this?

Brock's head was back, his hand over his eyes as if he couldn't bear to look. But his mouth was open and he was panting quietly. I think he was enjoying it.

I had kissed Tristen, and now those lips were on my husband's erection. It seemed to fit just perfect. The connection was made and confirmed.

A little of the worry left me, but much lingered. The fact remained that I had cheated on my husband.

Brock panted faster, then even faster.

Tristen's cheeks hollowed and worked as he sucked.

My husband groaned with anticipation as if he were just cresting the top of a rollercoaster's long drop.

Tristen gagged, then pulled off. Streams of Brock's cum flew up and out. Our neighbor snorted. "Shit, dude, you've got a fire-hose."

Seeing my husband's cock flexing in Tristen's hand and shooting cum that normally I only saw made me appreciate whatever these two men had agreed when they talked about involving me. A distant wave rolled within me, wanting to be connected, happy I was, but needing so much more.

Saturday morning was hell.

CHAPTER 15

I was toying with my husband's chest Saturday morning. "What were you two talking about out back?"

Brock sounded amused. "About you."

I wanted to claw him. Duh, I know that, Admiral Obvious. I sighed. "What about?"

"How this was all for you."

"You lied to him?"

"Lied? What?"

"To cover for your fantasy of touching his cock?"

He chuckled. "You keep saying that. Listen to me. Everything so far has been about you."

I shook my head. When I jacked him and talked about other women, it wasn't for me, it was for him. It had always been about him. His thing with Dan at thirteen was about him, not me. I coughed in anger, feeling aggravated that he couldn't come out and admit he had some bi tendencies. "Afraid to admit you liked touching Tristen's—"

"No, I'm not. But I did it for you."

"Where are you getting this?"

He squinted at me, so similar to Tristen. "You're the one who pushed the idea I should try it out."

"But it's your fantasy, not mine."

He shifted in bed to more fully face me. "I was happy as I was. I had no secret

fantasy to touch another man's cock."

I shifted also, leaning up farther. "What about what happened at thirteen?"

"So? So what? It happened. I didn't harbor any desires or bury any fantasy. You asked me about it, I told you, and you were the one who suggested I do all this."

I was exasperated. "Because I thought you had a fantasy—"

He was patient. "I did it because it seemed like your fantasy. It certainly wasn't mine."

I slumped back on the bed. "What did I miss, here?"

"I don't think you were really paying attention. I think maybe you assumed some things—"

"So you're saying I'm the one with the fantasy?"

He shrugged. "That's what it felt like to me. My fantasy has been for you to open up sexually to another man."

I sat up straight again. "Wait, what?"

"When you told me about touching Tristen on that date, I got curious. Dreamt about it. It was on my mind constantly. The seed was planted and it grew."

"You're kidding." I was so upended emotionally that I didn't know what to think.

He rolled out of bed. "Going to shower."

Good, gives me time to think. I laid there, mouth hanging open, and tried to work through all that had happened. This was all for me? He wants me to be sexual with Tristen? Is that a glimmer of victory?

I showered after him, quietly fogged in my mind like the steam in the bathroom. The hot water relaxed me a little, but my muscles felt sore from being tense. If he wants me to be sexual... Maybe this is where I need to tell him. I'll need to be sure, first.

~ ~ ~

I gathered the courage after breakfast. Standing in the kitchen, I faced him. "Tell me..."

His eyebrows were raised in question, waiting.

I twisted the towel in my hands. "Exactly what do you mean by sexual?"

He frowned. "You mean as far as my fantasy of you being sexual with another man?"

I nodded, too afraid to say anything that might disrupt the flow.

He leaned sideways against the counter. "It grew from curiosity. And maybe a lot of your talk when you stroke me. But I'd say I would be comfortable with you being sexual with another man."

"Another man."

"Tristen, not just any other man. I like Tristen."

Apparently; his cum was all over your hand last night. "Sexual as in how far?"

His look turned very serious. The gravity of his words were not lost on me. "As far as you were comfortable in going. It's been difficult getting you to loosen up to—"

A bubble of laughter came out. Incredulous at the shift in circumstances, I gagged down on the laughter and shook my head. "As far as I want?"

He nodded. "Only if you wanted. I wouldn't force you to do anything."

"And does that mean...if I actually felt like having sex with him..."

He took a deep breath. "Then you could." His voice was quivering slightly.

I sighed long and loud, the weight gone from my shoulders. "Are you serious?"

"You could. I'd like to know you would if you wanted to."

"With Tristen?" I could not believe my luck.

He nodded solemnly.

I laughed again. "Wow."

"Do you want to? Why are you laughing?"

I shook my head, shaking with barely suppressed laughter and relief. "Oh, Brock, I have something to admit."

"What?"

"I guess I've already been baptized with him in that regard. A couple days ago."

"What?" His word was sharp.

"I went over there to talk to him about you. To handle him."

He looked patient and attentive.

I said, "We went inside and kissed a little. He wanted to lick me, so I let him."

My husband smiled. "I like that."

Bolstered by his approval, I went on. "It went a little farther, though – more than I intended. He did me on his bed." There, off my chest. I can breathe!

Brock began panting, his eyes drawing down. "Did you? You fucked him?"

I laughed with relief. "Well, he fucked me—"

His sudden grip of my shoulders stopped me. "You fucked him?"

"Well, yes. Didn't you just say you wanted me to?"

"Behind my back? This is exactly what was eating at me—"

"It was an accident—"

His answer was a shout. "Accident? How the fuck can it be an accident?"

Trembling anew with fear and wide-eyed at his anger, I said, "He was licking me. Then he moved up. I thought he was just going to kiss me, but it went in."

He pushed himself away from me.

Panicked, I said, "Brock, it was a mistake and I knew it. I've been trying to find a way to fix—"

He threw up a hand. "You can't fix what's already happened. I trusted you."

"But you wanted this—"

His shout silenced me. "Not behind my back!"

I ran to him. "I'm sorry. I love you and I knew I had made a mistake as soon as it was over. It's been eating me up inside—"

"How do you think I feel? Finding out my wife sleeps around behind my back?"

I pulled on his shirt, pleading. "It was only once and I didn't go over there intending to do it."

He heaved a sigh, looking away. Lips pursed, he fumed in silence for a moment.

I said, "Please, I love you. We can stop all this. It's you I want. It's you that satisfies me—"

He looked back, sighing again.

I looked away, unable to meet his eyes and show him my shame. "I'm so sorry."

He pulled on my chin firmly to face him. "If you ever do something like that again, I'm gone. Do you get me?"

I searched his eyes, wanting to see the love but seeing only anger. "I'm sorry. I

won't go over there anymore." Anything to repair what I destroyed.

He shook his head. "No."

"What?"

"No, Tristen's fine. I'm talking about other men."

"But you're mad I had sex with him—"

"Because you did it behind my back."

"Then I won't go over there—"

He released me, a look of aggravation on his face. "No, he's fine. I need to talk to him again." He shook his head. "I shouldn't put all the blame on you."

I clutched his shirt. "I swear, I didn't intend to do anything..."

He sighed and nodded. But the sharpness returned. "If it had been anyone other than Tristen, I think I'd be packing right now."

I didn't know what to say. The tears rimming my eyelashes made a watery vision that swam as I searched my husband's face. "I don't want to hurt us."

"Then let's make sure we do this right. No secrets. No lies."

I was nodding vigorously, then realized I should be shaking my head. "I can let it just be you and him—"

Now he looked annoyed. "This is about you, not me. I like the idea you and Tristen could be together." He leaned down a little to quietly impress his point. "As long as we're in the open about it..."

I breathed in raggedly. "I promise."

He shook his head. "Guess I need to have a word with him. Can't say I blame him; you're sinfully sexy. But he needs to know..."

I watched him go to the door. "Where are you going?"

He leaned back around the doorframe of the kitchen. "To talk to him."

I wasn't sure where I was, where we were, or where we were going. Is anything solved? Settled? Am I his loving wife again?

~ ~ ~

I was looking out the window when I saw them emerge from Tristen's house.

My husband shoved him as they walked along the driveway. Tristen shoved him back. A few hand motions were made and some nods were given.

When they came close enough for me to see their faces, I covered my mouth in surprise. Both of them were bleeding from their lips. Oh my gosh, they fought. They're coming in here? Are they going to wreck the house? I panicked. I grabbed my cell phone in case I needed to call 911 and the paramedics.

Brock came in first, a satisfied look on his bloody lips. He grunted at me.

I'm not a man, I don't know what that inflection of grunt means! I twisted my fingers nervously around the cell. Ready for Armageddon right there on the tile floor of my entry. Our entry.

CHAPTER 16

My eyes felt like teacup saucers. "What happened?"

Brock and Tristen looked at me curiously.

My husband shrugged. "I talked to him."

Tristen said, "We had a few words."

"You're all bloody."

Both men shrugged and pointed back and forth between each other.

My husband said, "Man thing. You wouldn't understand."

Tristen nodded with a twist of bloody lips. "Yeah, just between us. Forget about it."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Forget about it?"

Brock nodded. "Yeah, it's settled." He looked at Tristen and said, "Right?"

Our neighbor looked positive and serious. "Absolutely."

I shook my head and held up my hands.

My husband came to me and gently took me in a hug. "Now we do this right."

"Do what? Are you going to punch me out?"

He laughed – the old Brock I knew. "Um, no, dear." He led me to the bedroom. Tristen followed.

I think a pack of nerve-wolves was ravaging me from the inside. "What's happening?"

"What should have happened before you went over there on your own."

Tristen sounded offended. "Hey, man, I couldn't help it. She's fucking hot."

Brock chuckled. "It's too late to ask, but at least we can redo this."

I plopped my mouth open as my husband began undressing me. "Uh..."

He winked and tried to smile, but his lip caused him to wince. "Just shush."

I said, "Are you sure—"

His look was as forthright as any I've known him to give. "Never more sure. We need to set this right."

I could agree with the concept of setting it right. I can't say I could understand what the men thought was right.

Brock said, "Tristen, you finish undressing her."

"Yeah, all right, man." He went to work getting me out of my clothes. As he tugged down my panties, he licked my clit with a single swipe.

Electricity shot up my back, but I was too afraid to gasp.

Brock was chuckling, alternating looking amused and in pain as his lip kept splitting. "Try to relax, Holly."

My voice was nervous. "How can I relax? I've got two men all bloodied leering over me—"

Tristen laughed. "Just think of the blood as a Badge of Understanding."

Badge? Like a medal? Great. What's a promotion? Decapitation? "Uh..."

Tristen stood and hugged me.

I froze, looking over to my husband.

He was smiling, despite the split lip. He gave me a thumbs up.

Maybe it was then I started to relax, though maybe that was too strong an admission. No, some of the pressure left. Some remained.

Tristen kissed me.

I jerked, alarmed by the initial taste of blood, but there was no blood in his mouth. Still, I kissed hesitantly.

Brock shook his head. "You're all stiff."

Like I can help it after Convergeddon this morning?

"Tristen, get undressed and lay down." Brock was motioning to the bed.

He released me, smiling, too. He undressed and laid back on the bed.

My husband took me in his grasp, gently by the shoulders. "I love you, Holly. We're going to set this right, the way it should've started. Then we'll forget about the hiccup, okay?" He shook me a little. "Okay?"

I'm being thrown a life-preserver? Something to cling to? I opened my mouth in surprise, beginning to understand that my husband was no longer so mad at me. All the anger in his face from earlier was gone. I nodded, shaky at first, but then eager. Anything for you, my love.

My husband gave me that sexy look that I needed to see at that moment – banishing another large chunk of fear and uncertainty. "Climb on him and kiss him. Go on."

A flare of fear flamed within me.

He nodded. "Go on." He kissed my lips.

On trembling legs, and then trembling arms, I climbed over a grinning Tristen and settled high – not wanting to look like I was putting my pussy anywhere near his cock. I was looking at my husband.

"Kiss him. He's wanting it."

"And you?"

"More than you know."

I don't know if I consciously believed it fully, but I relaxed a lot. Well, he had said no more secrets and lies. I looked down at Tristen and dipped my head down to kiss him. Our lips and tongues met. I could feel his warm muscles beneath me, sending waves of heat up onto my skin. His Ivory soap-smell tickled my nostrils, causing a brief swoon. So different than my husband, but with his approval.

I broke the kiss and looked up at him.

He had removed his clothes and was handling his not yet erect cock. He winked at me and bent down beside us at the edge of the bed. His hands pulled on my hips, moving them – urging me back a little.

I followed his lead, still keeping my hips tilted up and away from Tristen's manhood. I didn't want to make my husband feel threatened, even though I was lying on another man and we were all naked.

Brock said, "This is how we should've started."

I felt him reach behind me; he had touched Tristen's cock. I felt his arm moving against the back of my thigh as he jacked the man below me. He reached his other hand underneath me and found my clit. He began rubbing gently.

I felt a thrill tingle through me as my husband masturbated me and Tristen, together.

Brock said, "Kiss him."

I did, still a little hesitant, but feeling a lot warmer as Tristen's heat and my husband's fingers chased away lingering reservations. Our neighbor was eager, kissing me deep like he had before. The connection between the three of us deepened that bonding feeling I had – that comfortable feeling of rightness.

Yes, this feels right. I kissed back, beginning to sigh in between kisses and feeling my hips squirming. I felt my husband's arm moving faster behind me. Wow, I never thought my husband jacking another cock would be so hot. I moaned, low, feeling less stressed.

Brock's nod next to me caught my attention. His hand moved up over my clit and began pushing on my mound, guiding me.

I scooted back a little at his urging.

His smile widened.

Then I felt him put Tristen's cock against my pussy lips. I gasped loud, surprised at first, but relaxing to the feel of my husband moving the other man's cock around my lips.

Brock leaned to my ear. "This is how it should have been." His arm was moving Tristen's cock all over my pussy.

I whimpered, feeling the undeniable lust with what my husband was doing to the both of us. I dropped my mouth open, too uncertain to say anything that might ruin it, when I felt my husband push the head of Tristen's cock into my lips.

His arm began moving again, jacking our friend's shaft as the helmet of his cock nestled against my hole. He whispered to me, "This is how it's supposed to be. This is what marriage is about. This is perfect."

I groaned uncontrollably in anticipation, feeling the connection between all three of us.

Brock pushed on my mound again. His other hand was furiously jacking Tristen's cock at my entrance.

I moved with his lead, feeling my hole press more firmly against the tip of our friend's shaft.

My husband concentrated more on Tristen, then, angling his erection more directly into me.

I felt the head push into my hole, spreading my lips open. I felt a wave of lust wash up my heated body, prickling my scalp and setting my nipples on fire. Rigid and hard, they scraped Tristen's chest.

Brock said, "Push, guy."

Tristen said, "Yeah, with pleasure."

I groaned loud as my husband fed another man's cock into my married pussy. Our friend's long shaft pushed into me, filling me as it went, and touching the ache that required immediate attention. My pussy flushed with wetness in a flash of understanding.

My husband said, "This is perfect."

I could feel his hand giving Tristen's cock a last few strokes of encouragement as it slid all the way in. I felt the tension of the filling, the exquisite stretching and massaging of my pussy lips. I felt the love from my husband as he let go of Tristen's shaft, and I felt the passion underneath me as our friend gasped when he reached full insertion.

I wriggled my butt farther back and tilted down, getting him all in.

My husband whispered, "Fucking perfect."

Tristen's harsh whisper echoed him. "She's fucking awesome."

The compliments from the two awakened in me a satisfaction and sense of completeness – as if the circle was closed and secured. My pussy began clamping on Tristen's hot shaft. I leaned up, eyes still closed, and settled more firmly on his manhood.

I felt it: the bonding connection. The coupling of our bodies echoed in our souls. I could feel his heart pounding as I rested my hands on his chest. I could hear his raspy breathing from his damaged vocal chords. I could hear my husband whispering his awe and satisfaction that my pussy was fully filled with our friend's cock.

My hips began moving on their own, despite my lingering hesitation to do anything that might upset the incredible gift my husband was giving me. I wanted him to love me so much that he shared me with Tristen. I wanted his trust. And I wanted that ultimate gift I was experiencing: the sharing of our commitment with someone else – someone we trusted as well. I was overwhelmed with the strength that flowed through my heart at that moment in the bond signified by my wedding ring on Tristen's chest.

I finally opened my eyes.

Tristen had a look of concentration on his face – all serious and intent.

My husband was stroking his erection, smiling giddily with a small trickle of blood flowing down his lower lip. He was looking me in the eyes and I saw the love.

I gasped as a wave of emotion swept over me – not unlike an orgasmic wave. I moved more confidently, moving my hips back and forth as I felt Tristen's stiff cock angling within me. My own whisper was as hoarse as theirs. "Was this... what you wanted, my love?"

His hand moved in a perfect fist on his engorged cock, slowly stroking up and down. His word was thick with emotion. "Yes."

My eyes rolled up in my head as a wave of elation swept through me. My hips moved faster, grinding my pussy down onto Tristen's cock. I gasped, on the verge of weeping, as the flexing of our bond matched the flexing of our friend's erection inside me.

Brock said, "What's the matter, guy? Don't like it in there?"

Tristen chuckled. "Nah, it's great. I'm not moving because she feels too damned good."

My husband snorted. "Give it to her."

"Yeah? Well...all right." Tristen gripped my hips and pushed up into me, spearing me deep and full. Then he pulled almost out and thrust it back up into me.

I groaned loud, feeling the stuffing-push and emptying-pull sensation twist my insides into a tightening knot.

That seemed to urge Tristen on, and he began pushing his cock up into me fast. He panted, louder and louder, until he began that rasping groan. His fingers dug into the fleshy flare of my hips and pulled.

I felt his manhood in me, plugging me open, and swelling. I rotated my hips,

whispering at first, but then getting louder. "Yes, fill me. Do it. Fuck me and cum."

I think my words began a chain reaction.

Brock groaned beside me in that familiar way. Sperm squirted out of his cock, splashing onto me and also Tristen. I felt the hot bursts spray against my arm and thigh. Portions of the streams erupting from my husband's excitement landed on Tristen's upper abs.

I felt a breathy and minty feeling twist in me, as if I were about to float away. The knot of lust tightened almost painfully within me and then released like an exploding firework – sending all kinds of sizzling flashes and electric tingles zipping outward from my pussy.

Tristen gasped in surprise, whether at my orgasm or Brock's - I wasn't sure. He pushed up into me and let loose his hot seed far up into my pussy.

A hint of worry fluttered by as if a moth. Would Tristen cumming in me be crossing a line? I needn't have worried.

Brock whispered, "Beautiful..."

Another wave or three of orgasm surprised me, convulsing my body on Tristen's shaft. I heaved in several breaths, then collapsed on his chest – feeling his beating heart, his satisfaction, my own heat and my husband's lust squirted between us. Yes, husband, this is perfect.

CHAPTER 17

I grabbed water later, after Tristen had left.

Brock was grinning at me, leaning against the refrigerator. "You're so sexy."

I wiped my mouth from almost spitting out my water. "Are you sure that's what you wanted?"

A slow nod. "All along."

"And you're sure this didn't start because of your bisexual fantasy?"

He shook his head just as slowly. "You were the one who thought I had one."

I shook my head. "I guess we didn't talk enough."

He shrugged. "All fixed now."

"So this was always about me?"

"Yep, ever since you talked about touching him through his jeans. Maybe it awakened in me that memory of Dan, who knows. But after you remembered who he was, the desire took hold and wouldn't let go – especially after I got to know him."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did." He laughed. "But I think you were too focused on it being my fantasy."

"I was. I wanted to please you."

He came to me and hugged me. "And you most certainly did, today."

I mumbled into his shoulder. "I never would have imagined you wanting to share me like that."

"Oh, it wasn't an easy thing, and most definitely not with some stranger or something. The man had to be special and I think Tristen is."

I didn't say anything, just snuggled closer.

He said, "Now that we've settled this right, you can go see him when you want."

"See him?"

"Yeah, if I'm at work and you get lonely..."

I laughed a short one. "Are you serious? Without you?"

"Yes, now that we started off again on the right foot. He and I had a nice little chat."

I snorted. "With your fists."

He laughed. "Well, that was a part of it. He needed to know this wasn't going to be some fling behind my back."

"What is it going to be?"

My husband was quiet a moment. "He understands that he treats both of us with respect or he gets the fist again."

"Is that why he punched you? He didn't agree?"

"No, he agreed right away. He punched me back as soon as I punched him. It's a guy-thing."

I shook my head. Men. Women are easier: a head wag and one liner is all it takes to put a bitch down.

Brock said, "Anyway, I told him you now have my permission. Just let me know when you do. No secrets between us."

"Oh...it's not always going to be the three of us?"

He looked down at me. "No..." He tapped his chest, then mine. "But in here, it will be. Hit him up Monday if you want. Just remember, I want to know about

it."

The final weights left me. My soul floated free, drifting happily with the current of our lives.

~ ~ ~

I was ambivalent about Monday when the morning arrived. I felt fully satisfied from two nights of completely draining sex from my husband. I do not believe we had ever so fully exerted ourselves with such primal passion that we left ourselves erotically exhausted.

But there I was, holding myself up to kiss him goodbye for work. "Going to grab little Sheena today? Rub your cock all over her face?"

He laughed, shaking his head. "Nasty woman. I don't think it's going to wake up again for a while." He kissed my forehead. "What about you? Going to go see Tristen later?"

I blew out a breath. "I'm not sure. You wore me out."

"Aww, sorry."

"I'm not complaining. You've been wild."

His eyebrows waggled. "You excite me."

"I hope I always do."

He kissed me again, but this time on the lips and with much tongue.

I sagged, panting after.

He smiled. "I hope you go visit him today."

"Oh my goodness."

"Hearing about it later might wake the old boy up."

"Oh gosh..." I was blushing. "Well, then maybe I will."

~ ~ ~

I knocked on Tristen's door while looking at the big rock he and my husband had moved. It really did look better by the door than by the driveway.

"Hey, baby." Tristen's familiar rasp greeted me.

"Hi." I smiled shyly, knowing what I was here for and knowing he knew as well.

He motioned with his head. "Come on in."

As soon as the door closed, he was tearing off his clothes. "Fuck, I couldn't wait. Two days is too long."

I laughed, feeling freer than I had in a long time. This time, there were no questions.

He fumbled at my clothing with shaking hands. Finally he said, "Get thee undressed, woman."

I laughed with delight. "Anxious?"

His words drove a stake of lust deep into the pit of my stomach. "I want my cock in you. Now."

Wetness flushed through me and I opened my mouth to get more air. Just those simple words changed everything about my current mood. To be so wanted and desired was a heady rush of confidence. Knowing my husband approved and loved me for it made it all the sweeter.

Tristen threw me to the bed, his muscles straining with brutish need. His panting was rapid and his cock stood straight out, engorged and throbbing. For me.

I gasped as my pussy clenched harshly at the sight.

He climbed over me, between my legs, and aimed his erection right at my open pussy. My heart fluttered with adrenaline as he rubbed and pushed at my opening. With it aligned, he shoved.

I cried out, tilting my hips up as his shaft sunk into me and drove that stake of lust deeper into my soul. I clawed at his back, lifting my head off the bed and groaning with effort as he filled me with hot, smooth man-cock. My pussy loved it. My desire needed it. My soul craved it.

Where Tristen had sex with me before with evident pleasure, this time was a brutal and frantic fuck that took all my breath away. His cock rammed in and out of my pussy. He was growling, his hips slamming down and forcing mine down into the mattress.

His headboard banged loudly against the wall in time with the thumping of his hips to mine.

He pulled me up, settling back on his ankles. He heaved up as I sat on him, his cock up in me far deeper than my husband could reach. I moaned with satisfaction.

He rasped, "Do you know how long I've wanted to fuck you?"

Huh? "Since you moved in?"

He laughed. "No, since I first saw you on that date twenty years ago."

"No way."

"You're beautiful, Holly."

"I'm sure you say that to all the married women."

"Nope."

"How many will I have to be competing with?"

"None."

I didn't believe him. "Sure..."

He lifted me off and turned me around. "Bad girl, you get spanked."

"What?"

His hand landed across my right ass cheek, stinging it and bringing tears to my eyes.

"Ow!"

His cock plowed back into me, driving me down onto the bed.

I muffled a loud groan into his bedspread as he drove his shaft in and out of me, hitting delicious places that wound me up tight.

He said, "With you around, no other women."

I couldn't talk.

He said, "I've wanted you for so long, Holly. And then when things developed here... It's a dream come true. Ain't no way I'm going to screw this up."

I wailed low and into the bed as my pussy took every plunge of his long cock.

He pulled out and flopped me over like a doll. His movements were feverish and desperate. "He said I get to fuck you."

I panted. "Yes."

"Then I plan to, as much as possible." He lifted my legs to his shoulders and got above me. He slipped the head of his cock back into me and went still, poised over me. "Do you like that idea?"

"As long as my husband does."

He gave a fast nod. "And you?"

I hissed it. "Yes."

He panted above me. "Ask for it."

"Ask?"

He wriggled his hips, moving the head of his cock around a little. "Ask for it."

"Fuck me?" I felt a building need that was gnawing me out from the inside.

He smiled. "You're Brock's wife. Are you sure you want my cock in your married pussy?"

I felt the beast within me slaving with sexual hunger. Tension tightened everything and my body was trembling with barely contained lust. I hissed again. "Yes."

"Say it."

Impatient, I rattled off everything I could. "Do it. Fuck me. Take me. Ram your cock into my pussy. Fuck me deep while my husband is at work—" The breath was knocked out of me and strangled by my cry as he dropped down fully onto me, driving his cock deep into my pussy.

Tristen rose and dropped, ramming his cock straight down into my hole. He pounded down into me, giving the deep lust in me the satisfaction it demanded.

I cried out, over and over, unable to control myself or my voice. I wanted to urge him on, but I couldn't vocalize anything except for my passionate responses.

Feeling free, I was filled. I was getting something I didn't know I needed, or thought I got all from my husband. And while my husband did satisfy me in every way and made me a happy woman, Tristen was opening up a new avenue in me different than what my husband provided. Brock completed my happiness. Tristen was completing my sensuality.

No longer did Tristen's cock feel like a violation. Fucking him didn't feel like cheating, because it wasn't. Taking him deep didn't mean I didn't love my husband. If anything, I loved him more.

My femininity flared. My lust crested. My sensuality mushroomed. And then, merging into one long volcanic eruption, my orgasm solidified all of them. I was almost screaming as the waves rolled over me.

Tristen dropped my legs down and began pushing deep. "Oh...yes. Beautiful Holly. Take my cock. Take it fucking deep you beautiful woman." He strained, pushing as far in as he could go, and let out his sexual satisfaction in searing bursts of seed.

Each convulsing throb of his shooting cock sent pulses through me of passion. I pulled on him, wanting it all, and wanting it deep.

~ ~ ~

I breathed slowly, relaxing in Tristen's embrace.

He said, "If you give me a half hour, I might be able to go again."

I groaned with weariness. "No... I don't know how I'm going to handle two men."

"Huh? Oh... You all wore out?"

I nodded.

He petted my shoulder. "I love you, Holly."

"What?" Should I be alarmed?

"You know I'm not the marrying kind, but you're married anyway."

"Yes?"

"I just want you to know, I love you. I probably always have."

I was silent.

"But maybe this works out better. You're married and I can be here for you in my own capacity."

I let out a small giggle. "I suppose so."

"I just wanted you to know you mean more to me than just some screw."

"Are you sure?"

He gave a single nod. "No other women for me as long as you'll have me."

Like the solid clank of a bank-vault door, something heretofore unseen settled perfectly into place. I laughed a little, lightly. "You know..."

"Hmm?" His fingers trailed lazily along the skin of my shoulder.

"It isn't like what I have with Brock...but, I think I love you, too. It's...different, but yes, I think I do."

A rattle of something came from his throat. Satisfaction? Surprise? Acceptance?

I wasn't sure. All I knew was that life had suddenly become far richer and more meaningful in almost every way. Tristen didn't take anything away from what I had with my husband; he multiplied it.

I drifted to sleep, feeling more contentment and peace than I had ever felt.

Thank you for reading Caught Between Them; I hope you enjoyed the story. As you can see, I don't have a stupid "blog team" following me around 5-starring everything the first hour of release. All reviews are appreciated.