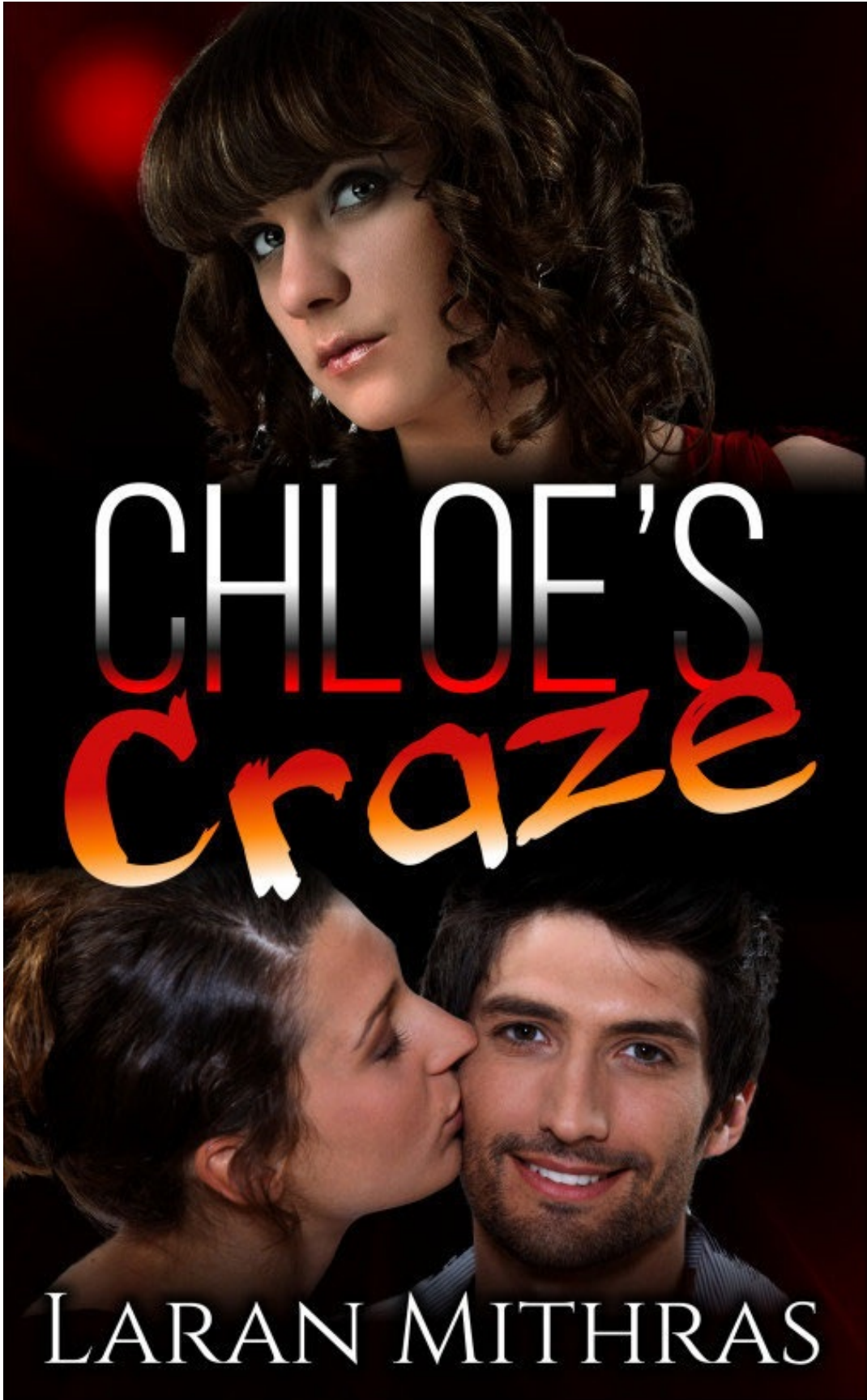


CHLOE'S  
*Craze*

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# **CHLOE'S CRAZE**

**By**

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**"It's my kink and I like it**

**Who gives a fuck what the couple next door thinks?"**

# CHAPTER 1

I heard my husband panting around the corner.

I knew what he was doing.

His sighs were breathy and high; he was getting close.

I came around stealthily, and leaned on the doorframe. I dug in my fingernails as I watched over his shoulder.

His cock was oiled and slick, his hand sliding up and down the full nine inches of his shaft.

I clenched my teeth.

Porn was on the computer screen...

He moaned lightly, looking at a naked brunette woman.

This was my entire fault.

Jake had been consumed by a gaming addiction in the first years of our marriage – it was something that ate all of his spare time and very much interfered with his sleep.

And mine.

I was a World of Warcraft widow almost immediately after the honeymoon. I struggled with him for five long years before winning.

That was a year ago and good riddance.

I had helped him get over his addiction by giving him another one: porn.

Yes, I was the cause of him masturbating to some anonymous picture on the internet.

And I loved it.

I moved up beside him and knelt.

He was startled. "Oh, Chloe."

"Whatcha doing, babe?" I took over, gripping his shaft and squeezing to test his nearness. It was extremely stiff. I slid slowly, up and down, and looked at the screen.

"Just... jacking off..."

"Sounds fun. Do you like her?" I tried to keep the edge out of my voice.

He sighed wistfully. "Yeah."

Despite myself, I was getting warm and achy down there. "What do you like about her?"

"I love her hair."

I swallowed my irritation. "And?" I stroked even slower, teasing him.

"She has beautiful pussy lips."

I had to admit, the ones on the brunette weren't ugly. I moved my fist up and lightly toyed and twisted at the head of his cock. "Would you like to put this in there?"

His voice shook with imminence. "Yeah..."

I was getting wet. I moved my grip slowly down the shaft as if my hand was the woman's pussy. "Does she feel good?"

He groaned, quivering, then panted. "Oh yeah..."

My husband had such a beautiful cock and I definitely loved stroking him. Especially to porn. I reached down between my legs and rubbed the front of my stretchy shorts. Then I slid my hand into them and moved my fingers over my clit.

Tension grew and spread, and I worked my fingers around my clit to advance the intensity. I curled my fingers up, dipping them inside to get at my natural moisture – now boosted by my excitement.

I toyed with myself, feeling the building lust. "Do you want to fuck her?"

Jake lifted his hips out of the chair a few inches, thrusting his cock up into the air. "Yes."

I maintained a firm grip and jacked his erection. "Do it, babe. Fuck her. Fuck her pussy." I sped my stroking. My chest began hammering with enthusiasm as my pulse accelerated. I glanced at the screen and scowled.

I had given him porn.

I loved it.

Really I did.

I wanted him to do this because I thought it would help him accept what I was really after: the satisfaction of my desires.

I wanted him to jack off to other women.

Just...

Not brunettes.

I admit it; I'm crazy.

But it's my kink and I want it.

I wanted him to fuck a blonde.

Is there something wrong with that? I just didn't like it when he looked at brunettes. I'm brunette; wasn't he satisfied with me? Why did he need to jack off to other brunettes? Couldn't he understand something so simple?

He claimed he liked brunettes better.

As I stroked him and fingered myself, I imagined his cock devastating a young

blonde pussy – stretching it out and ramming wildly.

His erection was so hard...

I loved the feel of gripping my husband as he looks at another woman. I revel in the trembling of lust as he looks at her and I stroke him. Having all that power in my hand made me feel more like a woman than anything else. Feeling his lust and coaxing it – milking it – was something I never grew tired of.

If anything, every time I helped him like this, I grew more addicted.

My own addiction.

My husband was moaning louder and louder.

I looked at the woman on the screen. Despite being brunette, she did have beautiful legs. She wasn't as young as I would have liked, but that my husband liked her was enough for me to urge him. Better than him ignoring me all day playing an online game. I rammed my grip down to the base, hard, over and over. "Fuck her!"

He thrust back up at my moves and groaned loudly.

The tension coiled up tight inside me. I gasped to him, "Fuck her hard, Jake. Do it—"

He was already exploding. His cock pulsed in my hand, twitching and jerking as it shot out a couple large streams of cum. They flew high. His eyes were glued to the brunette and he grunted with effort and satisfaction.

I had been with several boyfriends before settling on Jake. Dicks come in all shapes and sizes. They also squirt differently. Some just dribble out. Some come out in a weak stream that goes on and on. Some are geysers, like Jake.

I marveled at the force of his orgasm as my own threatened. I moved my fingers faster and felt the tight coil inside begin to move.

I let my head hang and I squeezed my eyes shut as I rolled over the edge. I kept a grip on my husband's shaft as it all let loose inside me. I tumbled down, bouncing with each wave as hot releases flashed through me. I urged him in my

head, Yes, fuck her. Fuck her hard! I gasped my way through the intense orgasm until my exhausted body gave up.

I slumped over, trembling, panting, and feeling the tingles vibrate every inch of my body.

I sighed inwardly.

*If only it had been a blonde, I would've licked the screen.*

His hand came down on my shoulder and I lifted my head. He was smiling at me, satisfied and sleepy.

I never understood how men got so tired after sex when, for me, everything felt alive and energized. Jake claimed it was draining. I wasn't sure about that.

He said, "Thank you. That was fun..."

I got back up on my feet and bent to kiss him. "Any time, babe."

## CHAPTER 2

I tensed up with imminent danger. "No!"

Jake rolled through the stop sign with barely a tap on the brakes. "What?"

"The stop sign." We were already through it and doom descended like a cold wash over my skin.

"No one was coming." He accelerated.

I looked back. "No, but there was a cop parked there."

He immediately let off the gas. "There was?"

I swallowed hard. Behind us, the cop car zoomed out from the side street and aimed right at us. Lights flashed.

Jake growled, "Fuck."

"Always stop at stop signs," I gently chided him.

He sighed in annoyance.

Even irritated, my husband was a handsome man. At 5'8" he wasn't particularly tall, but he had the assets where it mattered – in his pants. He had a nice full head of dark hair still, though I saw the silver strands peeking out here and there. As a salesman of athletic equipment, he considered his youthful image to be critical.

I thought he looked great for a 41 year old. I told him, "Don't be your normal self. Being blunt isn't going to get you out of anything."

The tap on the window made me jump. The cop was already at his door.

Jake rolled it down.

I expected a male cop; it was female. The voice was sterner than the typical male cop's, and likely was delivered to make up for being female.

Bitchy. Tough.

"License and registration please?" Her head followed my hand to the glove box. I was stunned for a second, shaking with alarm: she was blonde.

I handed it over to my husband and he gave her both.

She asked, "Did you see that stop sign back there?"

Jake sighed and said bluntly, "I didn't see anyone coming."

She walked away.

I looked back, following her moves. "You're going to get a ticket."

"What was your first clue?"

"You have no tact, Jake." I looked back again. "She was pretty, wasn't she?"

"I didn't look at her."

"You should've."

With an utter lack of enthusiasm, he grunted, "Yeah, when she hands me the ticket, I will." Blunt, direct, tactless. I loved him anyway.

We waited after that in silence, although my previous feeling of doom drawing in and down on my shoulders was replaced with a slight shiver of anticipation.

Would he like her?

The cop came back and handed him a leather book. "Sign here. It's not an admission of guilt, just a promise to appear."

He took the book and signed it.

I nudged him.

He handed the book back without looking at her. He had that pout of a scolded boy.

I laid my hand on his thigh. "Maybe you should get her number... in case you have any questions about the ticket."

He groaned, "Chloe..."

The blonde cop leaned down farther to look at me.

I flashed a big smile, trying to exude a sense of hope and encouragement.

The cop handed his license and registration back. "You have a nice day."

I nudged him again. "Aren't you going to ask her?"

"No."

The cop walked away.

A perfectly good blonde, gone.

*Well, she was older than I prefer, anyway. We'll find another.*

## CHAPTER 3

I developed my fantasy early. School, in fact, though I didn't think I realized it.

Donny Ross.

Just thinking of the name brings such bittersweet emotions.

Hatred. Love. Loss. Anger.

He played basketball in high school and he was my first real crush. I thought I had wrapped up my whole future when we went steady. He was gentle and loving that first time I lost my virginity in my junior year.

He was my everything. Every waking moment was spent doodling his name and mine. I had romantic visions of us riding horses in meadows and laughing in Tahiti.

I was so hopelessly wrapped around his finger that I would shamelessly spread for him whenever he wanted. If he called and wanted sex, I was there. I would do anything for him, and I did.

And then came the betrayal.

I really should've seen it coming – she was a tiny little blonde cheerleader with too big of a smile and too touchy by far.

Donny Ross fell for it.

I was at a party with him and watched him come out of the bathroom with her in tow.

I hadn't known it was him in there. Several of us were listening outside the door as Briana was very obviously fucked ragged. Her gasps and squeals and the loud slamming against the wall are still seared in my memory.

Everyone looked at me.

Me.

I wasn't the one who had cheated.

And yet, I was the focus.

I ran.

The anger and hurt that followed had me in tears of rage and pain. He had fucked the little blonde and everyone knew I was his girlfriend.

Donny Ross, you rotten bastard.

But late that night after the party – I want to remember it being somewhere after 2am – that I began to feel all that anger down in my pussy.

Was mine not good enough?

Was hers better?

I did it. I touched myself in defiance. I was so mad and grief stricken that I was rough on myself. Appallingly, I discovered that it felt good. Really, really good. I viciously attacked my clit until I had to force my face into my pillow to keep from waking my brother and parents.

The orgasm was intense.

I remember every quivering pulse to this day.

For days after, I diddled furiously, thinking that maybe he had hurt her because he was so frantically forceful with her. I hoped it, anyway.

I fantasized that he wrecked her pussy and I had so many orgasms over it that I even wrote a hot little rape story in my journal.

I destroyed that later.

But the emotion remained and grew over the years.

I thought possibly that such a strange thing would dissipate once I married Jake. He was devoted. He didn't cheat on me. But I imagined him occasionally in my

head raping the little blonde cheerleader. Destroying Briana's pussy and making her cry.

I was surprised, despite my experiences and fantasies, that I began wanting Jake to do it. I don't know, maybe as a way to assuage my trauma from high school? All I know is that more and more, I really wanted to watch my handsome and loving husband just fuck the brains out of a blonde girl.

I needed it.

Desperately.

My pussy ached for it so hard...

It's who I am. It's my kink and I make no apologies for it. I just wish Briana was still young and I could find her for Jake to...

Thoughts like these always interrupted my work at my desk. Accounts payable wasn't all that taxing at Whitman's – a big box retailer struggling to stay afloat. I could afford to daydream and I often did, until someone interrupted my fantasies.

Tricia plopped her plump ass right on the corner of my desk and blew out a loud breath. "We have competition..."

I tried to control the twitch of my cheek at her entry. She always sat on my desk – as if her ass was so heavy she had to constantly prop it up on something. I said, "Competition?" The girls at Whitman's viewed everybody as competition for the attentions of Ron, our general manager.

It wasn't that Ron was all that handsome or that any of us were really romantically interested in him, but maintaining a positive and pleasant work relationship with him was essential to keeping our jobs.

Bad impression with Ron? Uh oh, not likely to keep our jobs for long in those conditions.

Tricia gave me that squint-eyed look of a confidante about to spill all. Gossip was everywhere, even here. "The new hire. Ooh, all hotty-totty. She's rocking the tightest jeans I've ever seen, that's for sure."

"Oh? What's her name?"

"Kelly. She's all bright and batty-eyelashes around Ron and he's just eating it up." She said the last with enough disgust to make me feel it, too.

"Are you going to make her life difficult?"

She gave me a sly, sinister look filled with promise and determination. "Oh, you better believe it, sister. Leave it all to me." She huffed off of my desk and strode out the door on her mission.

Curiosity wriggled and wormed inside of me until I was rotten to the core. I got up and went out of the office to find this new girl.

I liked walking the store anyway. The open airiness of the high ceiling overhead was always a refreshing change from my cramped office that I shared with four other in and out people. At least I had my own desk; they had to share the other one.

"Excuse me, miss?" A hobbled old man with wrinkles so deep I could only see one eye peered at me helplessly.

"Yes?"

"Cat food?"

I gave him that expression that said I was happy to help. I pointed. "We moved it all to the other side of the store. Far wall."

He nodded as if being told he had a week to live. "Always moving things around." He hobbled off, still mumbling. "I don't get around as well as I used to. Way over on the other..." His voice trailed away.

*It's not my fault; I don't make those decisions. I blinked brightly after him with a smile plastered on my face. "Oh well..."*

I found her in the snack aisle, pushing a broom.

I developed an ache in my pussy, right there at the end of the aisle, next to the Doritos display.

All I could see was her back, but her figure was tiny, tight, and tempting. Her blonde hair was frizzy-curly and so very retro to the 80s. Instantly, I imagined my husband's thick cock pushing up between that little gap at the back of her thighs. My pulse and breathing accelerated.

*She might be ugly. I took a few faltering steps, then took a deep breath and forged down the aisle. When I got up to her, I said, "You must be the new girl? Kelly?"*

She turned with that bright and vacant look of wonder that only a seriously cute blonde could pull off. She was adorable. A light spray of freckles crossed her nose and cheeks. Clean ivory was displayed in her slightly open mouth, and her tongue rested teasingly on her lower teeth. Her eyelashes were thickened with mascara and they hovered over faded blue eyes.

I noticed her eyes matched the level of fade in her jeans.

*Cute, cute, cute!*

I was in love.

Not that way, but yes, that way.

Right away, I swallowed to the image of my husband's cock brushing across her lips. You're perfect!

She said, "Oh, hi."

"I'm Chloe; pleased to meet you."

Her eyes darted delightfully to the sides before she asked, "Is it hard to work here?" Her face held all the charming innocence of a young, teenage girl.

I squirmed, rubbing my thighs together as best I could. I really needed to touch myself, but I wanted to chat her up. "Keep an eye out for Ken in produce. If he licks his lips at you, just flip him off."

Her eyes moved as if looking at a panorama of prizes at a carnival. "Oh, okay..."

*Perfect. Perfect. Perfect.*

I realized we were standing there, me looking at her with glazed eyes and her still smiling. I cleared my throat.

She made to push the broom again.

I said, "Maybe you'd like to come have drinks with me after work? I can fill you in about the people who work here. Are you old enough to drink?"

"I'm twenty-two. That sounds... like fun."

My cheeks hurt for being spread so wide. "It's a date, then. I'll hook up with you a little later."

In my office, I felt a deflating rush inside as my enthusiasm drained away. Reality was always such a downer. Not only did I have to surmount my husband's resistance to the entire idea of my fantasy, but now I had to convince Kelly, too.

Would she still meet my expectations after our get-together?

Would Jake find her so attractive that he finally gave in?

Would I finally get to see my husband's thickness split a little blonde pussy open and violate it roughly? I wanted to see it. I wanted to hear it. I wanted to feel his shaft hard and erect for her. I wanted to see him enjoy fucking her rough and hard. I wanted to hear her cry out at the pounding violation of her hole. I wanted him to blow his load into her little pussy.

I forced my fist down between my thighs and shuddered at the squirming ache inside me. Fortunately, no one was in the office at the moment and my quiet gasps for breath echoed lightly in the office space.

There was no way to fight the addiction for me. The strain of containing it made my chest hurt. I needed to finally satisfy it, not fight it.

No, it was hopeless to fight it.

The desire inside me was so strong and compelling that just sitting still made me feel as if my skin was going to shred itself and explode off my body if I didn't do something.

It seriously made me grind my teeth.

It wasn't going to be contained.

Delayed, maybe, but never denied.

I knew that.

Jake and Kelly. Possibly.

I needed that fulfillment in my life as a woman. I had needs and they needed to be met.

## CHAPTER 4

Jake was holding up a shirt, frowning critically at it.

I wondered if it was the lights. Only about half were on in the department store.

He shook his head and hung it back up.

Beneath the speakers emitting low Muzak accompanied by a cool flow of air from the overhead ducts, I spotted a clerk who almost fit my fantasy. Not as cute as Kelly, but... not bad.

So far, Kelly and I had hit it off just fine, but this was a long work in progress.

I scurried to Jake and stood close at his side. "Feel like being naughty?"

"Huh?"

I rubbed his jeans in long strokes, coaxing a reaction from his cock underneath. We were up against a shirt rack, so no one could see.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting you hard." We had done this before. I rubbed and squeezed until he was stiff and hanging far down his jeans leg.

He looked around. "Oh. Her?"

"Yes."

He sighed with resignation.

I said, "I love showing you off. Just try to look sexy."

He smirked, "I don't always?"

"Don't be a jerk; you know what I mean. Make eyes at her. Ask her where the

socks are."

"I love you, Chloe, not her."

"It's just a tease. I get off on it. Do it for me."

He nodded. "All right..."

I pushed him out from the shirt rack and towards the clerk.

She was nice-looking, with thick thighs and dirty blonde hair.

I hoped they clicked. I really did. I hovered by the shirt rack in case I needed to crush a fist against my clit.

He walked to her and said, "Hi."

She turned. Her eyes dropped down and widened. They flicked back up to his face immediately.

Jake tossed a thumb back towards me. "My wife wants me to ask you where the socks are."

I made an extreme effort not to growl and barely heaved a suppressed sigh of frustration.

The clerk's eyes dropped to my husband's jeans again, then to me and back to him. She licked her lips, swallowed, and stammered, "They're... um... o-over there... um, between the boy's section and this one." She looked down again at his bulge and then fled.

Satisfaction rolled over me in waves not unlike a really good orgasm. Causing such a reaction in a woman gave me flashes and bursts of triumph and contentment.

I wanted women to look at my husband's cock.

I wanted to see them gulp.

These were little victories, though.

I went to him on unsteady legs. "You should get her number."

"She wasn't all that pretty."

Who cares? "You should get it. I think she liked you."

"She ran from me in terror. Besides, you're way prettier."

I pinched hard on the bridge of my nose to quell the disappointment. "Can't you just... talk a little to them?" Frustration rose up so high in me that I thought if I stood still any longer that I would scream. I stomped away with heavy, petulant footfalls.

Did my husband not respect me?

Could he not see I had a need?

Why was he resisting it so much? Shouldn't he want to satisfy my fantasies? Wouldn't a good husband bend over backwards to please his wife? If he really loved me, wouldn't he be willing to do everything for me?

I swear, I was going to go insane. I had half a mind to go find the clerk and try to sweet-talk her.

But reality is such a depressing downer.

Who would believe anything I said?

I could feel my sanity nearing the end of its tether. Every passing week caused more tension and stress in my shoulders. I was beginning to get headaches from the excruciating fretting I was doing with my unfulfilled sexual desires.

Jake's resistance wasn't new.

No, it was an old friend from last year.

I had arranged a lunch with him one sunny day in May and thought I surely knew the key to unlocking his desire. I had him drive me in his Jeep to Hamilton High School and park. The small submarine sandwiches were a pretense: I was there to stroke him, not eat food.

The memory of it was strong.

We were parked by the school gate as the kids came out for lunch. They walked to their parked cars and drove off to wherever they went for lunch. I had his cock out and stroking him when the train of boys and girls appeared.

I searched frantically for a cheerleader, but didn't see any. I had thought for sure that one or some would bounce out in their uniforms, but none did, unfortunately.

He looked down, not looking outside. He enjoyed it, though, sighing happily.

I spotted a blonde. "Hey, look at the blonde girl."

He looked up and found her.

She walked head down and looking at her phone. Her ponytail swung from side to side and her jeans exposed a nice cleft that men referred to as camel toe.

I stroked him faster as she neared. "Doesn't she look sexy?"

He gasped, tensing. "Uh, she's cute, I guess."

"Wouldn't you like to split her little pussy open?"

He groaned and panted. "Uh..."

The girl passed.

He said, "I don't know how old she is."

"It doesn't matter. Look! There's one in shorts." I really went to work on him, pulling and stroking desperately. "Look at her legs."

"She's too young."

My curled fist sped up and down on his erection. "Imagine her bouncing on your cock right now – her tight little pussy all stretched open. Imagine it. Imagine fucking her. Do it, Jake! Ram your cock up her pussy. Give it—"

He growled as his orgasm shot up in a big glob and hit the windshield with an

audible splat. A second one followed and a third almost reached it.

The memory of it all was still strong – even the sound of his cum spattering the interior of the Jeep's windshield. But as vivid as it all was, Jake had seriously reamed me out over it later, promising me that we weren't doing that again.

If I thought back on it all, I think that was where I began feeling frustrated – and it had only grown worse over time.

I wanted him to violate a blonde cheerleader.

It was as simple as that.

However, I didn't think he was ever going to go for it. I relented some, but still saved a couple of YouTube videos of some unquestionably cute blonde cheerleaders dancing around. I stroked him to those, too, but I could tell that he just wasn't getting into the whole cheerleader thing.

What man doesn't drool over cheerleaders?

Apparently the one I married.

Having to give in and back off that way seemed to feed my addiction rather than blunt it.

I took a shuddering breath of despair in the department store.

I did not go chase off after the clerk.

I needed my husband to understand me, but he was unwilling.

Never had I felt so lonely, even standing next to Jake, than right now in public.

I needed a break, and fast.

## CHAPTER 5

I noticed the circles under my eyes on what was otherwise a sunny, cloudless morning. Just out of the shower and brushing my hair, I already felt the defeat.

This was yet another day in a long string of endless defeats. And tomorrow would be another.

And the next day...

For the first time, my lips trembled and my knees buckled in a way that flashed me right back to...

Donny Ross.

My own husband was unwilling to see to my needs.

Why didn't he understand?

Why couldn't he help me?

My eyes ached too much to water, though I felt like letting out a good cry. I really did. I guessed I wasn't sleeping well – too much stress.

I came out of the bathroom and went to his computer room. It had been his gaming room but even he didn't call it that anymore. He had joked about it becoming a porn room.

He sat there, erection in hand as he watched a video of a man and woman engaged in sex.

I bent down to kiss him. "Anything good?"

"Yeah, fun stuff."

I pointed to the video selection on the right. "What about that blonde girl? She looks pretty."

"Yeah, I already watched it."

It was a small thing, that wiggling little worm inside me that awoke and struggled: hope. "You did?"

He seemed surprised. "Yep, I thought she was cute and I thought of you."

I gave his shoulder a death-grip in gratitude. Most of all, I didn't want to fall over in shock, but I really did appreciate him thinking of me – a little. If only he thought a lot more about meeting together with me and my fantasy. "Save it and we'll watch it together after work?" I asked hopefully.

He moved his mouse over the porn folder on his desktop. "Already did. I thought you might want to."

I bent down again and kissed him fully on the lips. I was too scared to thank him for fear of breaking down and sounding deranged. I felt just that close to the edge.

As I left for work, I felt the dual pull, this way and that, the struggle between hope and despair. I was 38 and not getting younger. My one whole fantasy in life had yet to be fulfilled. I could feel the gravity of the grave pulling me down without ever having the satisfaction of getting what I most cherished. I also felt the dim glimmer of hope trying to be heard against the deluge of doom.

My lower lip picked up an annoying quiver I couldn't control as I drove.

I began looking at trees as I passed. How little effort it would be to stomp the gas pedal and steer into one. End of suffering. End of the excruciating longing that was wearing me down, down, and down.

Circles under my eyes? Headaches from clenching my jaw? Quivering lip?

Is this what I have become?

With still more deterioration to come?

My knuckles were white on the steering wheel as I pulled into my parking spot at Whitman's. I stared straight ahead at the chain link fence with the interwoven wooden slats. My Volvo was still running.

Gradually, I became aware of someone nearby.

I turned my head and it was difficult to do so as if my neck was all locked up. I heard creaks and pops.

Kelly stood outside, talking on her phone and waving her hand in the air against the building.

I took a breath and realized it was my first in many seconds. I collected myself and got out of the car.

She saw me and turned away as if to have some privacy, but I lingered behind her.

She said, "Come on, mom—" "I can't help it." "Would you just ask him?" "Why not?" "I don't have—" She noticed me. She didn't look annoyed, just hurt. Hurt over what she was talking about, not me standing there. She said quietly, "Thanks anyway, mom." There were tears in her eyes. She thumbed off.

"Are you okay, Kelly?"

She took a dramatic breath and looked up into the sky. "My roommate is kicking me out. Dad refuses to take me back in. Says I'm an adult and the mess I make isn't coming back. Mom agrees with him."

I had seen her work over the past couple of weeks; she was not a tidy worker.

The wheel of fortune made a small turn inside me. Dare I? My hands began to shake as I drew breath to hazard a huge gamble. Yes, I dared. But maybe this was exactly my answer. That worm of hope tried to stretch. "Do you need a place to stay?"

"Yeah, but I guess it's my car until I find something—"

"You could rent from us. We have a guest bedroom that never gets used." It actually did; it was the porn room.

Cautiously, she asked, "Really? Like how much?"

"Whatever your roomie charged you."

She hitched up her purse and shifted to her other foot. "You'd do that for me?"

She was so adorable. I gave her my best friendly grin and nodded.

"Wow, thanks!"

I walked with her inside.

And just as life seemed filled with the slightest possibility of a tiny morsel of potential, doom caved in again.

I was alerted by Tricia's smug smile at the service counter. She wiggled her eyebrows at me just as Ron came down the stairs from his office.

He wore that look.

It was an ugly look, filled with corporate arrogance and pursed-lipped pompousness. The swagger was there, too. Not a confident type of swagger, but the stiff kind that says, "I'm filled with all the power of authority and I'm about to use it."

Tall Ron frowned at Kelly as if a principal to a misbehaving student. He said in a clipped tone, "Kelly, I need to speak with you in my office." He didn't wait for an answer; he turned and stiff-swaggered back up to the office above mine.

My heart pounded so hard in my chest that I was breathless.

Kelly had mumbled, "Sure," but sounded very uncertain.

I knew what was coming. Kelly climbed the stairs to the Temple of Doom. I leaned on the service counter like a customer and whispered to Tricia, "What did you do?"

Her eyes lit up with conspiracy. She rested her elbows on the counter and we were face to face. "Well, I kicked over her broom, kicked the dustpan out into the middle of the floor—"

"That's not fair." Kelly was messy and untidy. Often she left a sweep-up job in the aisle while she wandered off to the bathroom. At Whitman's and likely anywhere else, too, the job got finished before the bathroom break. A customer

seeing a pile of dust, dirt, and debris in an aisle did not form a good impression.

Tricia acted as if we were kids who had found out about our Christmas presents. "Let's go listen."

She raced around the corner, surprising me that her bulk could move that fast.

Dejected, I followed her up the stairs. Indeed, I had not thought Kelly would last and she hadn't needed someone kicking the dustpan into the middle of the maintenance area to make it happen. I leaned against the wall on the other side of the door from Tricia and folded my arms.

Kelly said, confused, "What?"

"We decided you weren't a good fit—"

"But, you can't fire me," she said plaintively.

"Actually, being on probation means we can let you go for any reason—"

"But, I need this job."

I covered my face in my hand.

"I have your final pay right here, including all your work up to yesterday." Footsteps drew closer.

The door opened and Ron stood there expectantly until Kelly left the office and passed us. She didn't look at either of us, and just kept her head down.

Ron gave us both a disapproving look.

Tricia twinkled and twisted like a little girl, then pranced down the steps.

I muttered, "Tricia kicked the broom and dustpan so you'd fire her."

He sighed deeply and shook his head. "It doesn't matter; she wasn't a good fit. I was going to let her go anyway."

I pushed off from where I was leaning against the wall and went down the stairs. My steps quickened when I realized Kelly was leaving. I raced out the front after

her. "Kelly."

The girl was all hunched over, hugging herself. Tears were on her freckled cheeks. "Now I don't have a job. I'm getting kicked out and my parents refuse to help."

"Don't worry about it—"

"Don't worry? I don't have any money. All I have is my car."

"You'll stay with us."

She flashed the envelope containing her final pay in the air. "This is all I have. I can't pay rent. I have to eat. I have to put gas in the car to find another job..." Her face crumpled.

My heart shredded into a thousand sympathetic bits. I touched her shoulder. "Kelly, listen. You can stay with us and you can get back on your feet. We don't need the rent."

She wiped at her cheeks with the heel of her hand. "I'm such a loser."

"Don't say that. Everyone goes through these things. Success is going from failure to failure with patience and perseverance. Let us help you."

She sniffed, made a coughing sound, and launched herself into my arms. Her entire body was trembling from the strain and I could feel the tension in her arms and shoulders.

I patted her back, overwhelmed by her proximity. She felt soft, despite the anxiety, and she smelled of cheap makeup applied very light.

*No girl should have to go through this at such a young age. I fumed at the thought of her parents turning her away.*

Could this all ultimately lead to the fulfillment of my fantasy?

After all this time? Was it this close?

I squeezed her tighter. "I need your phone number." Yes, let us take you in.

You're ours now and you'll make a very fine fuck toy for my husband. I stroked her back, feeling the faint emotions of love stirring.

## CHAPTER 6

Kelly followed me home later after she had cleaned out her room from wherever she was staying. She didn't have much, but the back seat of her Toyota was stuffed full.

I was leading a prize – a great prize – home in triumph and victory.

Which deflated when I pulled into the driveway.

Jake was at the side by the shrubs talking to the brunette woman from next door. They had moved in the previous month and seemed agreeable in greeting. I didn't know their names, but I think my husband did.

*Chat. Chat. Chat.*

*Fuck.*

I got out of the car and the woman looked over at me and smiled.

I scowled.

Jake looked back at me and then shifted his look to where Kelly parked at the curb. He motioned me over.

I stomped once as I approached, but he was already turned back to the neighbor.

He said to me when I got to his side, "Piper wants to know if we'd like her to cook us all barbecue later."

"Barbecue?"

The woman said in earthy tone, "It gets so lonely over here and I'm tired with eating alone." It wasn't a pretty voice; it was a practical voice – the kind no one would notice.

Except for my husband.

Buy yourself a dog, bitch. I put on something resembling a smile. "Today's not a good day—"

Jake asked, "Why not?"

I indicated the girl sitting in her car. Her head was down at her phone. "We have a new roommate."

"Roommate?"

I nudged him. "We need to prepare your... office... for her."

He gave me a scrunched look of pain, then shook his head. "I have to move my computer... huh?"

"Yes."

Piper said, "I don't want to impose. Maybe another time?"

I was feeling better already. "Yes."

Kelly walked up the driveway towards us.

Piper raised her eyebrows at the package: tight jeans; big hair; gorgeous freckles; and perky breasts.

I squeezed Jake's arm. "This is Kelly. Isn't she just adorable?"

Piper made a surprised sound, but I wasn't looking at her.

I said, "Kelly, this is my husband, Jake." If the neighbor hadn't been standing there, I might have rubbed my husband for the girl right there.

Her eyes locked onto his, but broke away almost immediately to me, then down. "Hi."

*You're so sweet. I sighed happily. It was all coming together.*

My husband said slowly, "So you're taking over my computer room?"

I rolled my eyes. Blunt. Tactless.

Kelly said, "I..." She looked at me helplessly.

I scolded him, "She just lost her job and room today. Be nice. Why don't you help her with her things?" Get them together. Push them if I have to.

He turned to Piper. "Barbecue sure sounds good if I'm going to be moving stuff around."

She shook her head with a glance at me. "I really don't want to impose—"

"You wouldn't be imposing at all. Bring your stuff over and I'll set you up out back."

She looked at me, biting her lip.

*I guess not everything can go my way, but I'm having a talk with you later, Jake Williams. "That... sounds fine."*

An enchanted smile spread across her old face. "I'll go get things ready."

My husband pointed at her with a wink and said, "Just knock."

I pulled him away. I'll drag you if I have to.

He and Kelly went to her car.

I folded my arms and stroked my chin in thought and admiration. Her little butt swayed so perfectly in her tight little jeans and I was easily able to imagine the thickness of my husband's cock as he walked next to her.

He was going to split her open.

He was going to hurt her.

In a good way.

I wanted right there to see him toss her onto the hood of her car and just pound-slam her little pussy until she was screaming his name.

I got wet as I ground my teeth in impatience.

How long would it take him to spear that pussy? Tonight? I could only hope. Tomorrow? A week from now? A month?

The latter thought made me want to strangle him.

Moving his desk out wasn't as hard as he mumbled about, except that there were a lot of cords.

The knock at the front door reminded me he had invited a strange woman into our home.

Jake eyed me as he slid the computer desk. "Get that, would ya?"

I sighed with resignation. "Yeah."

The woman stood there with a big tray in her hands and a questioning smile on her lips.

I gave her a fake expression and let her in.

She asked, "Are you sure this is okay?"

At least she appreciated I didn't like her. "It's fine."

Her expression went flat after that and she looked down as she passed me.

She was in my house; she had better avert her eyes. At least she knew her place.

I let her out back where Jake had set out the barbecue implements. I went back inside to watch my husband and Kelly bond.

Except they were doing their own things in separate rooms. Kelly was dumping out boxes onto the floor while Jake was hooking up cords where he had squeezed his desk into our bedroom.

There was a knock on the back window. "Hello?"

I growled in frustration and went to see what the neighbor wanted. "What?" It was delivered a little rudely.

Piper blushed and looked down meekly. "Sorry, but the matches are all crumbly."

The ends must have gotten wet. Do you have any others? Or a lighter?"

I let out a long sigh and calmed myself. It wasn't her fault. "Yes, in the kitchen." I left the door open so she could follow me if she wanted.

She did. "So... you work. What do you do?"

It didn't sound nose-y to me, so I answered. "I'm an accounts payable clerk at Whitman's."

"Ah..."

"You?"

She rasped regretfully, "I don't work. My husband wanted me to stay at home..."

"Oh? What's he do?"

She answered with a decided measure of disapproval. "Travels a lot."

I laughed.

"He's a rep for John Deere. He goes all over the Western hemisphere." She rolled her eyes. "John Palmer, World traveler. Just not with his wife. I wish he'd move up or get promoted or something."

I handed her a matchbook and considered checking on Kelly and Jake, but knew they wouldn't be together. I figured I'd stick with Piper to see what had caused the conversation with my husband.

I was sneaky that way. Smart. Sly. Subtle.

She said, "I guess you want to know why I was chatting with your husband."

Stunned by her obvious mind-reading abilities, I stood there with my mouth open.

She twisted her lips to the side. "I just wanted someone to talk to and he was there. I had been meaning to try making conversation with you, but..."

"But?"

"You always looked so jealous. I don't mean that in a bad way."

"Me? Jealous? Never." I just didn't want some woman talking to my husband. That was all.

"I guess not..." Her eyes flicked towards the hall. "I don't know, I think I would be with a beautiful girl like that..." She let it hang there, unsaid.

I offered, "I work with her. Or did. I..." I let it trail off unsaid. What business was it of hers if I wanted my husband to ram her pussy into submission? "Jake is so devoted. No matter how hard I try to get him to loosen up..." I realized I was talking too much. Loosen up? Great, why don't I just tell her everything?

She blinked at me without accusation or suspicion. "He certainly hasn't flirted with me."

I rolled my eyes. "That's his pro—" I cleared my throat. "He's so... unshakable..." This wasn't going as I had planned. I studied her face to see how much I had revealed.

She wasn't an ugly woman, but she wouldn't make an attractive blonde, either. Her nose was large in a way that could only fit on a brunette. Her mouth was a little too wide and her eyes rather far apart. Nope, blondes needed tiny little mouths so they were all gagging and choking when my husband shoved his...

No, Piper wasn't ugly.

But she wasn't blonde.

And she was old – at least as old as me or Jake.

Blondes needed to be eighteen.

Younger, too, as that was legal in this state.

But Jake had laid down the law with me on that issue. So maybe I couldn't get him a 17 year old blonde cheerleader. He even refused the whole idea of an 18 year old. Legal! But he wouldn't go for it.

Claimed he thought if they were too young, then they were inexperienced and

immature.

But, that was the whole point!

If I couldn't sway my husband on someone young, then twenty-two wasn't so bad – and Kelly fit that perfectly.

Piper? Way too old.

And yet, there was Jake, not even really looking at Kelly. Instead he had been chatting up Piper, putting the moves on a woman that I didn't like.

She was too old. Out of the question.

She was brunette. Definitely not.

I followed her out to the grill.

After lighting it and sitting, she said, "I've almost forgotten what's it's like to be around other people." She folded her arms over her knees and looked away. "At home, I don't even bother getting dressed much. Run around the house naked, who cares?" She looked at me. "Was that too personal?"

I almost laughed, but I had tried to get Jake to do the same. "I... No, I don't think it is. We should have the privacy in our homes to do as we please."

"Right." She tossed her head to the side. "If I want to be naked while looking at porn..."

I was shocked. "You look at porn?"

She gave me a dry look. "I'm home alone for three weeks out of the month. I'm a grown woman. Besides, who doesn't look at porn?"

"I don't."

She gave me a sharp look of disbelief.

I stuttered, "W-well, I didn't when I was younger."

She gestured with her palm up. "There you go. You're older now, not a child."

"I didn't until I married Jake, anyway."

Her eyes got large. "He got you into porn?"

"No, I got him into it." I felt the heat rise in my face from the blush. I was talking too much.

She giggled. "Good for you. But... what man doesn't look at porn?"

I relented and told the truth. Some of it, anyway. "I got him into it because he was addicted to online gaming."

She squinted, thinking. "Everquest?"

"No, World of Warcraft."

She lifted her chin up slowly. "Goodness, a WoW widow?"

I blew out a long breath. "He was on the computer fourteen hours a day if he wasn't working. He claimed that wasn't an addiction and that certain other players were on for twenty hours a day."

She shook her head. "I've heard about it. I played a little Everquest back in the day but couldn't get into all the raiding."

I rolled my eyes. "Jake was all into it. He'd have his headset on calling out strange things and telling me not to bug him because he was in a raid."

She nodded slowly, then asked quietly, "So... you got him off all that with porn?"

"It... seemed like the thing to do. Replace one addiction with another."

Her eyebrows lifted. "He's addicted to... that now?"

I waved my hands and shook my head. I didn't want to give her intimate details. "No, no, not at all, really. But it definitely got him off the game."

"That's good."

"I think so."

"You know, that's very sophisticated of you..."

"Uh, thanks?"

"No, I mean it. I know my grandmother would've raised hell over granddad looking at a Playboy—"

I laughed. "Playboy? How tame."

She thrust her head towards me, eyes large. "I know, right? I mean, come on. Boobs? They show that all over TV now. Big deal."

Jake came out the sliding glass door. "There you are. What are you two talking about out here?"

I deadpanned, "Playboy and boobs."

He stopped, squeezed his eyes shut, and had a good laugh. "Maybe I should go back inside?"

I quipped, "Of course you don't want in on the conversation." I gave Piper a wry look, even if I didn't like her. "I had to marry the only man who isn't interested in boobs."

He sounded petulant. "I like boobs just like any other guy—"

"Sure you do. Did you check out Kelly's while you were helping her?"

"Of course not."

I held up my hand as if offering the smoking gun to the jury.

Piper was shaking, lips mangled together.

I realized she was trying not to laugh.

I shook my head. "Imagine how hard it was to get him hooked on porn."

She snorted and covered her mouth.

Jake growled, "Hey, now. Just what exactly are you talking about out here?"

I tried to calm him. "Just about your WoW addiction. That's all." I stressed, "Don't worry."

He visibly relaxed, but still held a pouty look on his face. He said to her, "It's not like I'm running around the house naked or anything—"

I said, "If only."

Piper rose. "I think I need to put the tri-tip on..."

I mocked her, very subtly. "Conversation's a little too uncomfortable for you?"

She furrowed her brow at me. "No, not at all. I just don't want to be part of starting a fight or anything—"

Jake said flatly, "We don't fight."

I nodded at her. "We don't. Well, not that often. Maybe once every three years or so." The last big fight was over the high school incident.

My husband said, "She doesn't need to know the details..."

"I wasn't going to tell her."

Now he relaxed the rest of the way.

So he had been worried I spilled all our beans?

I said, "So maybe you should try running around the house naked?"

My husband looked at me with suspicious eyes. "Not with Kelly here."

I wanted to urge him to do so, but with that damned Piper watching both of us, I was stuck.

## CHAPTER 7

I marveled at how messy the guest bedroom had become on the first evening. There were already clothes littering the floor and we had sent off Piper back to her cave.

I had wanted this first evening to be special for Jake and Kelly, not having to worry about entertaining a nosey neighbor.

Sadly, despite my winks to Jake, my encouragement to Kelly to open up, my almost overt pushing the two of them together, it was Jake and I that shared the bed that night.

I was almost in a state of panic.

She was here!

The perfect girl.

The one my husband would violate in a frantic spate of fucking. My pussy ached to think of it, but here we were in bed and Kelly was in her room.

I was fuming inside, but so hot and bothered that I rubbed my naked body all over Jake. "Don't you think she's pretty?" I tugged on his growing erection.

"Why is she here, anyway? This is all part of your fantasy, isn't it?"

"No. Yes. Well, maybe a lot of both." I breathed hotly and suggestively in his ear. "She got kicked out of her place and fired the same day. She needed a place to stay."

"So it had to be our place?"

I whispered with all the heat I felt. "She's perfect for you, babe. She has the tiniest little pussy that you can cram your cock into..."

He got hard. Not fast, but hard nevertheless. "You'd really want to see me fuck

that little girl? I thought we've been over this?"

"She's twenty-two."

"Too young."

"Oh come on, Jake. She's legal. Isn't she beautiful?"

"She's very cute..."

I stroked him faster. "Wouldn't you like to force this into her tight little pussy?"

"She's also very young."

I coughed in annoyance. "I suppose Piper is more your style?"

He gave me a sly grin. "Yes, I would say she is."

I growled in anger and put his cock down. "Why were you even talking to her? I don't like it."

"Because we waved at each other. So we started talking. Big deal. Besides, you're always hounding me to talk to women."

"Why her, though?"

"I like brunettes."

We were getting nowhere. I climbed over him to avoid going on with the same old argument. I positioned his cock at my pussy and rubbed. "Don't you think Kelly's little pussy would feel as good as this? Better even because it's so tight?"

His cock twitched and he closed his eyes.

"Yes, imagine her on you right now. Imagine her little blonde pussy rubbing up against you."

His chest rose and fell heavier.

"Come on, do it." I shifted and got the head of his thick cock inside me. "Feel her young pussy wet against your cock."

He groaned lightly, arm thrown across his eyes. His cock twitched inside me, flexing and swelling.

I slid down on him, taking his length and thickness all the way in. I sighed wistfully and ground my hips down on him. I clamped as hard as I could. "Does her pussy feel tight?"

He gasped and shifted his hips, moving against me.

I leaned down on him and whispered, "I think you should go in there right now and fuck her until she's passed out. Force yourself on her."

"That would be rape."

"No, she wants it. I know she does."

"Did she tell you that?"

"Well, no, but—"

"I'm not forcing myself on anyone. End of story."

"All right, all right. But what if she came onto you? What if she flirted? Would you fuck her then?"

He sighed hotly. "I don't know..."

I clawed at his pecs in aggravation and drew a soft cry of pain from him. "Don't you understand, Jake? I need this. I want you to fuck her. Why can't you see your way to helping me with what I need? Don't you love me?"

"Of course I do..."

I started rocking back on his cock as if I was punishing it. "Then fuck her. Fuck her hard. Do it for me, please. Split her young pussy open and cram it full..."

I had talked myself into an orgasm. It was one of those sneaky things that wasn't at first preceded by a building urgency or tension. This one rose up out of nowhere, tickling and tensing everything in one fast rush. I broke on him, convulsing with sudden surges of sexual relief. I grunted and ground on him,

frantic to work all of it out and not feel like there was any left over to cause aggravation.

I bucked hard, barely restraining my voice to a grating hiss. "Fuck her Jake! Destroy her pussy..."

He gripped my hips and began heaving. "You really want me to do her?"

I was coming down, quivering and tingling. I was dizzy and barely got out a mumble. "Yes... please."

His hips slammed up onto my butt and our skin slapped loudly. "Fine, take it little girl! Is that what you want?"

I couldn't talk. The effects of the ninja orgasm and the effort of pushing it all through had left me weak. I just groaned in response as his shaft reamed my pulsing pussy out.

He growled under his breath and unleashed inside me, coating my canal with hot splashes that quickly became a flood. For several seconds, his cock flexed and shot his cum up inside me.

Finally, he let loose, flopping relaxed against the mattress. He said wearily, "If that's what you want, fine. But know this, Chloe. I'm not forcing myself on her. If she doesn't want it, nothing's happening. Am I understood?"

My fingers clawed at his chest softly. I murmured my approval. "Okay..."

Maybe it was all I could hope for. Maybe this small thing was a start.

## CHAPTER 8

I was still not really getting anywhere. I held up my phone, ready to text my plan.

Days had passed since she had moved in. Almost a week now. The girl was a total slob, no doubt.

But I used this to my advantage.

I snuck into her room while she was in the bathroom and stole a set of panties here and a set over there. I did that over the course of three days, telling her finally yesterday that I found it refreshing and sexy to go without panties.

I don't know if she missed the eight I had stolen and thrown away. At the least, she appeared to ponder the idea.

I thumbed Kelly's contact.

*Chloe: Meet us at Tashy's 5pm*

*Chloe: For dancing*

*Chloe: Wear that little blue dress of yours*

I thumbed my husband's text line.

*Chloe: Meet me at Tashy's after work for dancing*

*Chloe: Kelly will be there too*

*Chloe: You can dance a few with her*

*Chloe: So she doesn't feel left out*

A bloop and a bubble opened up.

*Kelly: Ok cool*

A half hour later, my husband answered.

*Jake: Sounds good*

I patted myself on the back for a job well planned and done.

Hopefully, she didn't have any panties left. And that short little blue dress would just have to catch my husband's attention. The idea of his cock firming in his pants as he stared at her slender legs made me hot and wet.

I stuffed my clenched fist down between my thighs and squeezed everything together.

Just then, Gerald came into the office. He sat at the other desk and heaved a weary sigh.

I grimaced with disappointment and removed my hand but I wasn't worried because there was nothing to see. Still, visions of Jake dancing with Kelly and sliding his hands down over her ass while she gazed up into his eyes had me squirming fitfully in my chair. I soaked out my panties just thinking about what they might do.

After work, I headed home. I took the next street up and intersected ours in sight of our house.

Kelly's car was gone.

I pulled into the driveway, satisfied that I was safe. I had one foot out of the car.

"Hi, Chloe."

*Oh god. I turned and waved at Piper. "Hey..."*

She stepped closer from the open garage over to the shrubs. "What are you up to?"

I was itching to get into the house and touch myself, but I wasn't going to tell her that. "Oh, nothing, really. What about you?"

She shrugged with a grin of embarrassment. "I don't know, looking at porn and learning to run around the house naked, I guess."

I peeked over the shrubs in alarm to see if she wasn't wearing bottoms.

She laughed, bent over, and slapped her thigh. "Not out here..."

"Oh..."

She looked a little embarrassed, a little adventurous, and a little daring. "I was inspired by your story, I guess you could say."

"Inspired? How?"

"That you used one addiction to cure another. And then I thought, is porn really all that bad? I mean, it has such a stigma. But does it deserve it?" She looked around to make sure no one was close. "People do all kinds of kinky things to get off. So what if I want to look a little at some nice naked guys?"

I wanted to be inside, not talking about private things. "Right..."

"Maybe...?"

"What?"

"Do you want to come over and look with me? A girl's kind of thing? Maybe?"

I felt my eyes pop open, horrified. "Me? No, of course not—"

She gave me a funny look. "Okay. Well, nothing to be ashamed of, anyway. It's just naked men."

"Uh well, I need to get inside, so..."

Her expression was one of amused disbelief. "Okay, then... See you later."

*Not if I can help it. "Yeah." I fled the driveway and the strange conversation.*

I made it safely into the front door – but not before she called after me. "I didn't mean to scare you; I just get lonely sometimes..."

I shut the door to block out the rest.

*What a funny woman.*

Safe inside my house, I went to Kelly's door and looked inside. There was not a speck of floor that could be seen under the carelessly tossed clothing. It was as if she threw with a plot plan in mind to make sure the carpet was completely covered.

I snickered at the idea that she put any plan or thought into where she threw her clothes.

It came off; it dropped.

Select something to wear? This one? No, toss it.

There were piles on her bed, too.

It was disgusting.

And yet, I felt a deep connection to her that yearned to be completed by my husband's very thick erection.

It would be the perfect culmination of our living arrangement.

I stripped out of my clothes and placed them carefully on the chair in my bedroom. Then I wandered into Kelly's room to look over the essence of her soul while I was naked. I wanted to feel her on my skin.

My nipples puckered and hardened.

I slid my fingers down and toyed around my clit. I moved and prodded the pleasure, spreading it nicely around. My husband might be dancing with her any minute now.

I heard my phone ring in the master bedroom.

I sighed, but then realized it might be my husband or Kelly. Sure enough, the voice registered "Jake Williams."

So the cat was out of the bag. Almost.

"Hello?"

*"Hey, is everything all right? You're not here."*

"I'm sorry, I had to stay late for a sudden work thing. Reports due in the morning. Why don't you and Kelly enjoy it while I work?"

His voice lowered dramatically. "Chloe..."

"Seriously, don't leave her hanging. You'll hurt her feelings. In fact, is she there?"

*"Yeah?"*

"Let me talk to her."

He sighed, but the phone shuffled.

*"Hello? Chloe?"*

"Yeah, it's me. Listen, I rarely get my husband out after work, but I'm hung up here. Can you do me a really big favor and make sure he dances and has some fun?"

*"Well, I guess so."*

"I'm counting on you, okay? He really needs it. Can you do that for me?"

*"I'll try..."*

"You'll do fine."

*"Here he is again."*

I ended the call after assuring him I wanted to be there. He didn't believe me, but it didn't matter.

My plan to get them together had worked. Now I needed to do things to keep them together.

When they got home later, I didn't immediately pull Jake aside for details. Nope,

I wanted to get in Kelly's little brain and insure it was thinking along the right avenues: my avenues. "Jake, honey, Kelly and I are going to have some nice girl-chat out back. Why don't you go look at some porn or something?"

Kelly gasped.

Jake looked perturbed.

I winked at her and waved my hand. "We make no secret about it. He does it, I do it... It's no big deal."

"Um, okay."

"Let's go sit out back. I want to hear all about your dancing."

"I don't dance very well."

I kept my thoughts to myself. You only need to lay there and let my husband fuck you. You'll love it, trust me. I shut the sliding glass door and sat next to her. Her dress was short, but her legs were together and I couldn't tell if she was wearing panties or not.

I hoped not and I hoped my husband had noticed. I said with a serious investigative tone, "Was Jake nice to you?"

She nodded. Her faded eyes and young face were so very cute. I wanted to grab her right there, hold her down, and yell for my husband. Of course, I couldn't do something like that, but the crazy thought did occur to me. My eyes fell to her legs and I couldn't stop myself from imagining them move to open, spreading wider to allow my husband entry.

It was a beautiful vision.

I swallowed to try regaining my focus. "Did you have fun dancing with him?"

She seemed to lack confidence in her expression. "I guess so... Like I said, I don't dance very well."

I touched her leg as a gesture of reassurance, but the contact stunned me – sending electric shivers all the way up my back. "It... It's okay. I hope you..."

hugged him? Did you get to dance close with him?"

She blushed and pressed her lips together. Her eyes flashed brightly. "Yes... one dance."

I squeezed her leg. "Awesome. Listen, Jake is sort of... withdrawn around women. It's a battle to get him to relax and have fun." None of that was true, but Kelly didn't know it. "I hope you'd be willing to help me break down his shyness around women?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you paid a lot of attention to him, it would help..."

"Attention? Like text him or something?"

I laughed, though she looked confused at my amusement. "No, I mean like sit next to him. Give him hugs. You do think he's handsome, don't you?"

She looked panicked. "Oh, of course. I just..."

"What?"

"I just thought you might get jealous."

I laughed, feigning shocked amusement. "Me? Heavens no, Kelly. I love it when women talk to my husband. I think it's sexy when they flirt with him. I mean, I feel so proud that he's mine that I want other women to see how sexy he is. Does that make sense?"

She nodded. "Like the whole bragging thing when guys have side-chicks and gals have side-dudes?"

I knew that with younger people, the idea of a friend with benefits had morphed into a stronger fuck-buddy type of relationship. It wasn't exactly the same, but it was close enough. I said, "Pretty much, yes. It really pleases me when some beautiful woman flirts with my husband. I take it as a huge compliment."

She leaned over dramatically. "Is he really in there looking at porn?"

I giggled at the naiveté of the girl. "Maybe. Maybe not. Why?"

"I mean, I know a lot of the guys in school did, but I didn't know older people did, too."

"You find that strange?"

"Well, just that everybody says it's bad or whatever—"

I interrupted her. "There's nothing bad about it. Even the lady next door looks at it."

"She does?" The surprised look on her face was comical.

Knowing I was having an impression on Kelly, I pressed in on shaping her attitudes. "Of course. In fact, she invited me to look with her as sort of a girl thing."

"She did?"

"I gave it serious consideration. It sure sounded like fun. I mean, what's the big deal?"

She sounded thrown off guard. Her eyes glazed, aimed at the ground. "Huh."

I drove forward, hoping to break through any reticence. "Porn is always more fun with two people. In fact, it's best for us women when a man is involved, too."

She looked back up at me and suppressed a smile. "All I ever got sexting was dick pics." She made a face.

"But see, that's sexting. Really enjoying porn isn't just about flashing your boobs or getting a dick pic. It's about doing it together. That's where the real fun is."

"Huh... I never looked at it that way."

"Just think, my husband might be in there right now stroking himself."

She giggled.

I said, "What?"

"I don't know. The whole boys playing with themselves thing is funny."

"Kelly, let's be adults here. You can't tell me that you've never found a little..." I made a motion with my finger, "manipulation to be fun?"

"Well... but... guys..."

"It's no different. I think it's fascinating that a man's flap of skin can become so... full and hard. If I had one, I'd never take my hands off it."

"But you do have one..." Her eyes drifted to the sliding glass door.

"No, I mean me physically."

She laughed delightedly. "Oh, like a FUTA?"

"What's that?"

Her eyes showed secretive mischief. It was pleasing to see. "You know, a girl with both parts. A pussy and a dick." She covered her face over a fit of giggles. "I feel so strange talking about this."

"Don't be embarrassed. We're talking about natural things. Your mom or dad never talked to you about—"

Her eyes bugged large. "No!"

I patted her knee. "Well, lucky you have me, then."

She asked, "You'd really play with it? If you had one?" Her question was delivered slowly, as if she didn't care, but I could see the interest in her expression.

"Oh, absolutely." I shifted my eyes to the sliding glass door as a signal to her. "Let me tell you, Jake has a really thick one."

Kelly was silent and looked down.

I said, "It's so fun to play with when he's looking at porn. I mean, I've had others,

you know, but this one... It's so beautiful."

Her eyes shifted up and down again. "You're lucky, I guess..."

I knew I had her. "You know what would be a real turn on?"

"What?"

"Seeing you appreciate his..."

"Me?"

"I'm proud of it, what can I say? But if he ever showed it to you, it would make me so happy to see you stroke it."

Her eyebrows shot up, but she didn't look at me.

I rushed in, thinking I might have scared her. "Not that Jake's the type of man who's just going to whip it out. Don't worry. I'm just saying..."

Kelly laughed with relief. "Oh." Her eyes searched the yard for a few seconds. "I knew a girl in my sophomore class of high school who wanted her boyfriend to cheat on her. She kept pushing her friends on him and he would do them behind her back..."

I shook my head. "No, it's different with me and Jake. For me, it's about sharing, not cheating. There's no going behind anyone's back. It makes me feel more of a woman, more alive and connected when another woman appreciates – flirts – with my man."

"Really?"

I delivered the final point with resolute determination. "In fact, it turns me on."

I told her all of this with supreme confidence. But those words were going to come back to haunt me.

## CHAPTER 9

Despite our chat, nothing sparked. I had thought, for sure, that I could get them in each other's arms soon after, but it didn't happen the next night, or the next.

So on the third night, I had another plan ready to go. I unwrapped the movie *Adrift* – which I had bought but never watched. I popped it in and loaded the menu, leaving it there.

I went to Kelly's room first. She was face down on her phone, texting. I said, "Hey, we're going to watch this great disaster movie called *Adrift*. Come watch with us; we're going to have popcorn." It wasn't really so much of a disaster movie, but also a touch romantic.

She looked up, that confused blonde look on her face. "Huh?"

"A movie. It'll be fun."

"Oh, sure." She unhitched her bare legs from under her and climbed off the bed. She was wearing shorts and showing very clearly her cleft.

I shuddered at the instant thought of her legs moving against my husband's. I was sure she must be out of panties. I motioned her close and said quietly, "Sit next to him on the couch; he'll like that."

Her eyes searched mine and she said, "Okay..."

I went into our bedroom where Jake was reading an athletic site for his work. "Hey."

"Huh?"

I smiled. So much like Kelly at this second... "Let's watch *Adrift*. I'm going to make popcorn."

He shifted his shoulders around. "Yeah, okay. I was wasting time with this anyway."

I detected no sarcasm, so I was sure I hadn't interrupted something important. I leaned over and whispered to him. "I'm going to put her between us under a blanket."

He gave me a warning look.

"Just be nice, okay?"

"Yeah," he grunted.

I waited until they were seated and brought out our smallest throw. "Scooch together."

Kelly got closer, but not touching.

That was fine. I covered them and went to get the popcorn. When I came back, I worked to get under the cover and said to Kelly, "Move over a little so I can get under this, too."

And then she was touching him.

Jake, for his part, was giving me a critical and suspicious eye, but he didn't spoil my plan.

I pressed the button on my future.

Or that's what it surely felt like.

Here I was, huddled under a blanket with my husband and a young lady who was almost perfect for my fantasy. I grew warm inside knowing the three of us were together and that this was the start of a beautiful future.

I got hot inside – not from the blanket, but from touching Kelly's side knowing that she was right up against and touching my husband. I tried not to squirm and ended up aching so hard that I clenched my thighs over and over.

This was what I wanted.

Except that she wasn't a cheerleader.

Nor was she in high school.

Okay, I was going to have to live with that.

But I knew if I could get over those little details, then I would be able to watch my husband fuck another woman. It was such a powerful lure that the core of my soul shook with the need. My pussy ached for it.

Desperately.

I wanted to see him driving his thickness into another woman. I wanted to see his cock splitting a pussy open as he took her roughly.

I needed it.

And I knew why.

Donny Ross.

With him, I hadn't been in control.

Now I was.

And I wanted to experience what happened to me from a different perspective – instead of being a victim, I wanted to be the one demanding it and controlling it. I wanted to erase my past as a victim by reliving the event. Jake would fuck her, not as a cheating disaster, but as a planned act of control and desire.

I needed so much to repair that wound deep inside me. Instead of humiliation, I would have pride. Instead of the hurt and pain, I would have arousal and the ultimate satisfaction.

And maybe that's why, after all, I had married Jake Williams. Yes, for love, but also because he was handsome and had the right equipment to satisfy my need in the future. My healing.

Now. Tonight.

I wanted to hear her whimper as my husband pounded this girl between us as hard as Donny had pounded Briana in that bathroom so long ago. I wanted to hear the slapping and grunts. I wanted to see the lust in his eyes as he satisfied himself with her.

I began quivering, mouth open and panting.

The touch of her skin was like lava against mine, and that was just the brush of our arms.

Disaster.

I blinked in utter confusion as the movie ended and they both got up.

*Wait...*

I sat, helpless, as my husband put the bowl away in the kitchen and Kelly stretched in front of me before taking out her phone and checking messages.

She said, "Hey, thanks for the show. It was fun."

I felt it all slipping through my fingers. "Wait..."

"Hmm?"

I heard Jake in the kitchen and spoke quickly, hushed. "You should thank him. He bought the movie." I lied. I had ordered the movie months ago. "Give him a big hug."

Her eyes registered an idea. "Ohh... Is this like that pride thing you were talking about?"

I nodded fast.

"Well, okay..."

I rose and stood next to her in a rush. "Do you think you could kiss him?" My mouth was dry as I said it.

She gave me a very acute look of uncertainty. "You want me to make out with him?"

"Please?"

"I don't know..."

"You do think he's handsome, don't you?"

"Yes, very much so. But does he even know I'm here?"

"Of course he does. Remember I told you we need to team up to break down his walls? We can do this together."

She still had a doubtful look on her face, but her lips were twisted over to the side in thought.

Jake was done in the kitchen.

I clutched her arm and said, "Try. For me?"

She didn't answer.

My heart was thumping madly as my husband came back into the room.

Was this it? Or not?

Was this the beginning? Or the end?

I was strung high on tension and anxiety. I was going to collapse if something didn't...

Kelly did what I wanted; she gave my husband a hug. She murmured, "Thanks for including me in the movie thing. It was nice."

I choked back a cry of relieved exultation. It came out as a croak and it caught my husband's attention.

I motioned for him to hug her closer and move his hands on her.

He knew exactly what I was gesturing and did so, pulling her close for a bear hug.

She did not protest.

Anxiety itched at my shoulders so hard I wanted to just scrunch them all the way up and make fists.

Kelly moved her head enough to look up at him. "Is, um, it like okay if I kiss you?" She laughed at the end like it was a stupid question.

My knees buckled and I stumbled with gratitude. Oh, thank you Kelly!

Jake had that sexy, amused grin of his plastered on his face. He lifted his eyebrows as an answer and bent his head down.

My heart stopped when their lips met.

It's happening!

I blinked rapidly several times trying to soak it all in. His hands roamed her back. Their mouths and heads moved slightly with the kiss. Then my husband dropped his hands down to her perfect little butt.

Kelly moaned lightly and squeezed her arms around his neck tighter.

Finally, I could stand the exhilaration no longer. I moved behind them and pressed in, wrapping my arms around both of them. The warmth of her body melded with mine and I nuzzled the girl's hair.

Kelly broke the kiss. "Mmm, this is nice."

I ran my hands down her arms and then back up to her neck and ears.

She leaned her head back against me.

I kissed her ear, licking along the lobe.

She gasped and shivered in our arms. She said, "I've only done things with another girl once..."

I kissed her neck and ear more and then said, "You're delicious, Kelly. But I want to show you something."

"Hmm?"

I could feel Jake's hands moving on her butt cheeks while I was pressed against them. I wanted the ultimate vindication of my womanhood. I wanted her to see my husband. "Can you feel my husband against you?"

"What?" Her voice was dreamy, slow.

"Can you feel his... bulge?"

She laughed just a little, but then her breath caught. "Yes..."

"It feels big and thick, doesn't it?"

I saw her neck and ears turn red. "Um... yeah..."

"I want you to see it – how beautiful it is. Jake, show her."

He went right along, likely feeling that the time was now and felt right. He pulled out of the hug.

As he did, I moved my hands up the front of Kelly's body, sliding over her thin frame and perky little boobs. I felt them through the t-shirt and gently caressed them.

She exhaled airily, obviously turned on.

Jake undid and lowered his jeans. He stepped out of them.

Kelly stiffened dramatically. "Oh my god!"

I soothed her. "Shh. Don't worry, it doesn't bite. Kneel with me so I can show it to you." I coaxed her down with me and I scooted to her side.

She said, "I've never seen one so big..."

I gripped my husband's shaft proudly. "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

She nodded frantically, mouth open in wonder.

I started stroking him. I didn't really need to because he was getting hard being exposed in front of Kelly. My pussy was putting out enough heat to melt an iceberg.

The ache was insane.

I told her, "Give me your hand." I offered my free hand.

She placed hers in mine.

I lifted it, pulling when she started to resist. She relaxed and I placed her hand on his cock with mine. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

She giggled nervously. "No, uh, I guess not."

Triumph flowed through me like a raging river of emotion. Holding my husband's cock while another woman touched it was a sensation I knew I would never forget. Every cell of my body wanted to sing in delirious victory.

It was happening.

I moved her hand and said, "It's okay to stroke it. He likes that."

Her voice was a little loud – likely nervous. "Well, yeah. Duh, what guy doesn't?" But she stroked him.

I was so wet that my panties were soaked.

I stroked her hair and shoulders. "You're doing so well. Aim it at me."

"Huh?"

"His cock. Aim it at me."

She did.

I scooted forward a few inches and took the head of his shaft into my mouth. I licked around the head – all the while maintaining eye contact with her.

Her face was an expression of pure marvel.

I knew though, that for things to go farther, I needed a more direct hand. I let go of his cock and moved to Kelly.

She stiffened in uncertainty.

I touched my lips to hers and felt them quivering. But she opened her mouth and our tongues were sliding over each other easily.

The girl moaned in my mouth.

I whispered, "Can... I taste you?"

"Me?"

"Please?"

Her eyes popped open – but not with horror. There was a shining in them that bespoke glee. "Yeah! Bring it."

With a surge of satisfaction, I pushed her back down and slid off her shorts. She wasn't wearing panties. The exposure of her little pussy made my own twinge with lust and need. I breathed out with pleasure and petted my hand down her cleft and clit.

I just needed to get her ready. Get her in the mood. Then I would release her to my husband and...

I bent down and licked up the girl's pussy in one long stroke. I had never done this before with any woman; it was a first for me. But Kelly sighed and moaned in such a way that I took as a great compliment. I licked and nibbled, swirling and twirling my tongue until the girl's hips were humping shamelessly on the rug. That I had such power to make a girl writhe like this was a powerful aphrodisiac.

I don't know what my husband was doing, but he was still standing off to my side.

When I had her worked into something close to a frenzy, I pulled up. "Kelly, would you... like to taste Jake?"

I had done all this with nothing more in mind than seeing her little mouth stretched obscenely over my husband's cock. That I had enjoyed preparing her was secondary to my primary goal.

She lifted her head, eyes dreamy, and said, "If you want me to..."

"We would really enjoy that."

"Okay." She got up sluggishly and knelt at Jake's feet.

He had been stroking himself, watching us. His eyes were ablaze with lust and interest.

I gripped him again and aimed it at Kelly's face. I stroked her head with my other hand.

She opened hesitantly and leaned in.

A huge twinge in my pussy made me groan as I watched her lips make contact with the helmet of Jake's beautiful cock.

It was so perfect.

So beautiful.

She opened wider, trying to fit it inside her mouth. She moved a little forward, taking the head inside. She pulled off abruptly. "Wow," she laughed, "it's so big."

"Just relax your jaw..."

She did it again, this time taking more.

I petted her head. "That's beautiful. You're doing fine. Go ahead and move a little."

She made a laugh sound on his dick but moved her head.

My husband moaned.

She pulled off again. "I can't move my tongue. He's too big."

"Don't worry about your tongue, unless you're teasing the head. See how much you can take..." I watched her try again.

She moved with hesitation, one hand on the base of his cock.

I said, "Here, let me help you." I was so overcome with exultation that I wanted the moment to be perfect. Her fumbling at fellatio was aggravating. I got behind her and gripped her head. I coaxed her movements, pulling back and pushing

forward.

She relaxed and went with it and I moved her head back and forth on my husband's erection.

My pussy was in a constant state of spasm and convulsion. It clamped over and over as the tension coiled within me without any physical stimulation.

In fact, I realized that I was going to cum just from helping Kelly suck my husband. I moved her head faster, harder, fucking his cock with her head.

My husband groaned louder, tensing.

Kelly hummed with uncertainty and made little choking sounds when I pushed her to the limit.

I whispered harshly, "You're doing so good, Kelly. Suck my husband. Suck his cock!"

Before my orgasm wound up tight enough to let loose, my husband blew his load. He squeezed his eyes shut and trembled, pumping his hips forward into Kelly's little mouth.

It was the most sexy, beautiful thing I had ever seen. That tension wound a little bit tighter...

Cum flew out of her mouth, though I noticed she was trying to swallow. Jake came a lot. Seeing the long drip of my husband's sperm leaking out of her mouth threw me over.

I fell back, crying out. I stuffed my fist down against my shorts. I tumbled over onto my side and rocked back and forth as waves of intense explosions tore through my body.

I rode those waves – transported high on the crests of elation. My husband had blown his cum into the mouth of a little blonde girl and it was the nastiest, sexiest thing I had ever seen.

If only she really had been young and not twenty-two.

If only she had been wearing a cheerleader outfit.

If only...

When I came to, I realized my husband was helping me up. He helped me down the hall to our bedroom.

The glow of satisfaction radiated from every pore of my body and the fading tingles reminded me that I had experienced my most intense orgasm ever.

But it wasn't done yet... they still had to fuck.

I mumbled, "What?"

"Let's go to bed."

"But what about you... doing her?"

"Shh, I already came."

"But—"

"Shh."

Despite the very satisfying victory of the evening, it was not yet complete.

That desperate empty feeling remained.

## CHAPTER 10

I awoke Saturday morning in a daze.

Jake was staring at me, hunched over in his computer chair, chin in hands, and elbows on knees.

I stretched with languor and lust.

Finally, I was on the path to sexual redemption, self-respect, and a sense of dignity.

"She's gone." His tone was flat.

I blinked a few times. There was something wrong with this picture.

I dropped my head down back onto the pillow. "What?"

"She's gone. Packed up and moved out."

I lifted my head and studied his face for the lie I knew had to be there. "What?"

"You heard me."

I dismissed his snarky sarcasm. "What do you mean, 'she's gone?' "

"She left a note."

I sat up in bed, heart beginning to pound faster. "Wait..."

He shrugged. "Go look for yourself."

I clenched my jaw at his unsympathetic manner; men weren't good at grasping the need behind a woman's questions. I swung out of bed and onto shaking feet. "You're joking..."

"Nope." He rose to follow me.

I rushed, naked, down the hall to her door.

It was open.

The room was spotless, although the bed was unmade. Not that she had cleaned anything, but that all her piles of clothes were gone.

*How can this be? What happened?*

Jake pointed to the bed, but I had already seen the piece of paper.

I snatched it and read the strange handwriting.

**Thanks for letting me crash but I really didn't want to  
get all hinkey with old people.**

**Kelly**

I reread the note, not understanding how this could be happening. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know."

He wasn't understanding my question. "We're old people?"

"To her we are. Told you she was too young."

I coughed in annoyance, but I felt the buzz of dizziness approaching. "She was perfect." Well, almost.

"She didn't think so."

*No! This can't be happening! Not now. Not when I was so close... I threw the*

*paper down and put my face into my hand.*

Jake must have realized my anguish. "Hey, it's okay."

I could see he just wasn't going to get it. I threw my hand down from my face and said hotly, "No, it's not! You haven't understood any of this—"

He took me in his arms.

"And now we're old people? How dare she?"

His hand petted my back.

I struggled against him. "Stop that. I hope she gets in a car wreck."

"Don't say that."

He was right, but the anger of her leaving and insulting us was burning hotter and brighter.

What had happened? She had enjoyed herself, or so it seemed, the previous night. Where had things gone wrong? What had been done during the naughty play that had turned her off? Me licking her? Me touching her? Or was it my husband cumming in her mouth? He tasted fine and he was clean – there was nothing gross about him.

And what was this 'old people' thing? I was 38; he was 41. That wasn't old.

I asked in a weak voice, "Am I old?"

He laughed.

No, he wasn't getting it.

He said, "You're young."

"Then why would she—"

"Because she was a kid."

"She's twenty-two."

"A kid."

"I wasn't a kid at twenty-two."

He took a patient breath. "Yeah, but I bet you thought forty was old back then."

I trembled in his arms with hurt and rage and resignation. He was right; I had.

I had been so close, but now it was all gone.

I was once again a nobody – a damaged person in my psyche with no hope of finally finding myself and my place in life.

There had to be a way to rectify all this. Surely Kelly just needed to see a little reason. I rushed back to our bedroom and grabbed our phone. I thumbed her contact.

*Chloe: Hey what happened?*

*Chloe: We need to talk*

*Chloe: Come back to the house*

Jake was watching over my shoulder. "She blocked you."

"What? How would you know that?"

He didn't answer for a few seconds, but lifted his finger and pointed to my texts. "Notice how they don't say 'delivered' underneath?"

Anger began to lose ground to despair and helplessness. I felt my indignation and ire slipping as if the cliff of failure wouldn't hold my mental fingernails. Claw as I might, I was slipping. I sank down to my knees onto the floor and cried.

My husband knelt with me, holding me.

I sobbed, "Tell me I'm not old."

"You're not."

"But I mean really. Am I old?"

"No."

I couldn't tell if he was just saying it to soothe me or he meant it. I shook my head. "Why would she say something so mean?"

"Because she's a kid with no sense of respect."

That much, I believed him. She had seemed so perfect, yet not. And her attitudes might have been easy-going, but had also been immature.

She had been just a kid – even at twenty-two. The bitter taste in my mouth agreed with my husband but also tasted of utter failure.

I wanted nothing more than to erase the last few weeks. In fact, I wanted nothing more than to just erase my life.

If only I had never dated Donny Ross.

Except that I had and I had to live with it. I had to live with the stigma that he had cheated on me and that I had been powerless in the relationship.

My entire life would be just one long rendition of Donny Ross' horrible insult to who I was and with Kelly ditching us I had no resources with which to fix the wrong.

Over the weekend, I felt my mind slipping and fraying. By Monday...

I knew it was going to break.

## CHAPTER 11

While at work on Monday, I considered sending one of Jake's dick pics to Tricia. That's how numb and destitute I had become.

The trees I passed on the way home had never looked more welcoming. A quick shift of the wheel and I would at last have a quick boost of dignity – being able to make an effective change in my life that was under my own control and not someone else's.

Was not suicide the most dignified act of self-determination one could make?

And yet I didn't because I had Jake.

I loved Jake.

My husband would miss me and that hurt me inside because it also meant he was robbing me of that last shred of dignity I had in being able to choose my own future.

I was stuck in a deep, dark rut from which I had no power to remove myself. I was sliding down fast into failure, destruction, and defeat.

Pulling into my driveway later than usual put another driving nail into my coffin: Jake was out chatting with that woman again.

Why can't she stay in her cave? I gripped the wheel and clenched my jaw so hard that they both looked at me – wondering why I hadn't gotten out of the car.

I didn't want him talking to her.

I didn't like her.

She wasn't young, blonde, or a cheerleader.

She wasn't perfect.

She was... a nuisance.

I got out of the car, slamming the door. I hoped that would make my husband realize he shouldn't be sniffing after this married woman's skirt.

Piper waved at me, showing a lot of teeth in her big smile.

Too much teeth. She actually looked happy to see me. Or something else.

She had the temerity to lick her lips and look at my husband.

They stood, chatting easily over the shrubs.

I went and stood next to him, taking his arm possessively and digging in my fingernails.

Piper Palmer wasn't getting it. "Hi, Chloe." It didn't sound fake or forced. It was not insulting or unpleasant.

I had to give her that much. I muttered, "Hi."

"I was asking Jake here if I could come over and cook you two dinner again. I have a lasagna ready to go."

"Isn't your husband home?"

Her face didn't change from the happy, open amiability. "No, not yet. He thinks next week." She winked at me.

*Why did you wink at me?*

Jake said, "Lasagna sounds great. But you've already cooked barbecue for us. We should cook for you."

*I'm not cooking shit for her. I dug my fingernails harder into his arm.*

He glanced at me obliviously.

She waved a hand. "Oh, it's no problem. Let me cook this one. You can do the next one."

*There's going to be more than one? I said, "Can we go into the house?"*

Piper piped, "You two go ahead. I'll come over in a little while."

I began to shake in outrage. What had my husband promised?

Our neighbor paused. "Chloe? Do you drink wine? I have Merlot, Chianti, and Cabernet."

Wine sounded great. Give me the fucking bottle and I'll guzzle it right here. My nerves were demanding it. "Uh... Chianti..." Maybe it would help. Maybe not.

She winked at me again and wriggled her fingers in a wave at my husband.

My husband.

I dragged him away as she turned to her house.

When I got him into the house, I demanded, "What was the meaning of all that?"

He played dumb. "She's coming over to cook us dinner."

"Jake Williams, I'm not stupid."

"No one said you were."

"Why her?"

"She gets lonely."

"So what? That's her problem."

He sighed. "She's really very nice, Chloe—"

"Oh stop it. I can tell you're mooning after her."

"I'm not; I'm just being nice."

"Liar."

"Well, I am. I like her."

"I don't."

"Why? What's wrong with her? She's not blonde enough? Young enough? She doesn't have small, perky tits?"

I scowled at the image of Piper's large breasts in her dresses. They hung heavy. Mine were almost nothing.

Yeah, I was jealous.

My husband had also pretty much put me on the spot with his assessment of how I thought about it all.

He crossed his arms and furrowed his brow.

That's when the mother of all bombs dropped.

My life shattered before I knew it had blown apart in the explosive revelation.

Everything was over.

He asked, "What did you and Kelly talk about out back?"

"What?"

"That day you took Kelly out back when she first moved in. What did you talk about?"

I was saying it before I felt the cold wash of fear down my spine. "We talked about you and how I wanted her to be... Why are you asking this?"

"Piper heard it all over the fence, but she wouldn't tell me what was said."

My mind raced frantically, trying to remember what I had said – exactly. I couldn't. Except that I had told Kelly I really loved it when women flirted with my husband. I had been talking normally and with confidence, not hushed and secretive.

Loss greater than anything I had felt before loomed over me.

He must have seen my stricken face. "What?"

I leaned on the back of the couch, then stumbled around to sink down onto the safety of the cushions – instead of pitching forward and face-slammng the floor. "I... uh..." This isn't happening.

He sat with me. "Uh... did you talk about your fetish?"

I gasped and croaked, "Sort of."

He nodded slowly in understanding. "No wonder she was flirting with me."

The pang of discovery drove deep into my soul. I was uncovered, exposed, and vulnerable. "We need to move."

He laughed. "It can't be that bad."

"It is. Please." There had to be some solace in the situation.

"We're probably still upside down on the loan. And besides, we can't find anything like this now. We'd be homeless."

I felt a watery swirl in my guts. I bolted for the bathroom; it looked like diarrhea was on the agenda.

## CHAPTER 12

No matter how uncomfortable I tried to make Piper, the obnoxious woman remained so pleasant that I began to feel guilty.

Except that she wasn't obnoxious because of how she acted, but how she didn't act.

She did not react to my jealous looks.

She smiled amiably at my biting comments.

She refused to take my silence as disapproval and instead chatted about things with my husband: work; homes; yard work; and his personal history.

Nope, nothing that rankled, except that her easy-going, peppy attitude made me feel as if I was being petty to an aunt or grandma – not that she looked so old, but that no one would want to treat their closest relatives so poorly.

Further rankling me was that she looked good for being so old. Her eyes were bright and happy, she didn't try to hide her large nose, she didn't tuck her bold chin under to hide it – nope, she was perfectly comfortable with her slightly better than plain looks. The wrinkles at her eyes crinkled deeply with frequent use.

How could such a self-admitted lonely wife be so happy?

And worse for all the irritation I felt, my husband seemed enamored with her. He was relaxed, leaned back, and looking sexy.

Damn him.

Of course, he wasn't paying any attention to me because I was refusing to talk. I answered a few questions directed at me by Piper with some grunts and snarls, so they both basically just talked to each other.

Unfortunately, I could not insult her cooking: the lasagna was mouth-watering.

The wine, however, began removing some of my sulkiness. Not much, but a little. So I actually responded when Piper looked my way.

"Chloe... Do you do the grocery shopping?"

I knew she was going to use it as an invite to come along with me. "Alone, yes." I stressed it.

She made a sympathetic face. "So do I." And that was where she left it. With elegant poise, she turned her attention back to Jake as if we had just had a full-length conversation – not because she was ignoring me, but because I could tell she detected I would say no to shopping together.

How could it be so easy for her to read me?

Every minute that passed, I relaxed a little more.

She certainly wasn't acting like she was here to exclude me. In fact, she was acting exactly opposite how I imagined when I drove up.

*I still don't like you; you're old. I interrupted them, hoping I could get a rise out of her and salvage my authority in my own home. "How old are you, anyway, Piper?"*

Without the slightest hesitation or huff of indignation at being interrupted, she said, "Forty. I know, sometimes I feel so old and other times not old at all. But it's like, where did all the years go? And how much faster will they fly now?"

I said defensively, "I don't feel old."

She looked shocked. "You? You're the epitome of youthful beauty. I wish I looked half as good as you."

"You can't be serious."

"I'm not kidding, Chloe. I envy you. You're thin. I've got hips and thick thighs. How do you do it? You have beautiful hair. Mine won't do anything and it's got a ton of grey. I'm about to give up on coloring it. And you have beautiful eyes, a wonderful nose, and a perfect mouth. I mean, look at mine..." She held up her fingers to indicate her face and rolled her eyes. She shook her head and

muttered, "Jake is one lucky man to have such a beautiful wife. He really picked well."

I sat there, dumbstruck. I detected not a single flake of a snowjob in her words or manner. You really think that of me?

The compliments blunted all of my anger into confusion and pushed it all down.

Dangerously down.

I excused myself and made for the bathroom. I shut and locked the door and sat on the toilet lid. Faintly, I could hear them talking out there. Laughing about something to do with the street.

I stuffed my hand down between my thighs, gritting my teeth that Jake was paying so much attention to Piper.

Despite the confusion, I still felt the anger, dull and low, beating lightly in my pussy.

Why her? He acted as if he was on a date with her.

I ground my fist back and forth at the angry ache growing and gnawing at my insides.

He was out there right now flirting with her.

He'd probably get her number.

With a hiss of ire, I stuffed my hand down my jeans. I fingered the heat there angrily.

He might even kiss her while I was in the bathroom.

Tension wound up inside me and made me want to yell.

*Yes, they're probably kissing. She might even be groping him, the bitch. And he's probably got his hands inside her top, feeling her big breasts.*

I bit back a groan and swirled my fingers harder around my clit. Heat blossomed and spread.

*Yes, he's touching her and pinching her nipples. His tongue is in her mouth.  
Yes...*

I gasped and pressed my fingers up inside me.

*He might even lift her onto the kitchen table and dive under her dress. Her  
fingers would be in his hair as he licked her pussy...*

I muttered, "Oh god..." as the orgasm turned violent inside me and broke. Hot shivers rushed down as lava-hot tingles raced upward. Explosive pulses shot out, causing me to jerk and buck on the toilet lid. I bit down on my wrist to keep from squealing.

*Damn it! I hate you Piper Palmer.*

I shuddered to the hot flashes of heat and quivered at the contrasting chill on top of my skin. I moved slower, letting my orgasm sweep over me completely until it was just little pulses zinging my pussy.

I felt exhausted, and strangely less angry.

When she left for the night, I felt more than ever that I had actually had a pleasant time and that I had treated her badly.

Except that my husband liked her.

I got into bed in a huff and turned out my light.

He turned towards me and looked at me.

I turned my back towards him.

"What's eating you, Chloe?"

"I don't like her."

"Why not? She's nice."

"So? Anyone can be nice."

"Like Kelly?"

That stung. I turned towards him. "What is it about her that you find you have to flirt so much with her?"

He shrugged one shoulder. "Because I know you want me to flirt. You even tried to get me to ask for the cop's number who gave me the ticket. Besides, I like Piper. She's our age and definitely more mature than Kelly was."

"But Kelly was perfect. Didn't you like her?"

"What kind of a question is that? I blew a load in her mouth. It was fun. Her immaturity, not so much. I wouldn't call her perfect, by far."

"But she was young and blonde—"

"And I love brunettes."

My pussy clamped. "But my fantasy—"

"Is a young, blonde cheerleader; I know. What if that girl? What was her name? The one who made your boyfriend--"

"Briana?"

"Yeah. What if she changed her hair color? What if it's black now? Or red?"

I saw it. Or brunette. I lay there, staring at him.

What was perfect about Briana? The image? Or the event? If I blamed Donny Ross for all that had happened, did it matter what Briana looked like?

Did I want to get back at Briana? Or Donny? Or was I just a slave to my own senseless psychosis of trying to rewrite my young failure into an adult version of control?

Did any of it matter now, except for the grinding need inside me to take back control? To relive the event decades later but this time remove the cheating?

Was it an answer to all I had suffered?

Was it the answer?

I rolled over.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm fine." But what I really needed to do was think - and the hundred thousand different thoughts flying in from every angle was going to take patience to digest.

I had no time for talk when so many thoughts were assailing me. I'd spend all night trying to make him understand just one when I had so many...

If Piper had indeed heard everything I had told Kelly, then she knew that flirting with my husband would make me feel good. Considering what had happened in the bathroom a few hours before was proof enough of that.

I didn't like being wrong.

I liked it less that she was right.

## CHAPTER 13

By the following Friday, I was determined.

That's not to say I was confident.

I was scared.

Was courage just acting stupidly without thought to the consequences?

Friday morning, after a night of fitful tossing, I turned to my husband early before we were due to get up.

I reached to him and felt along his boxers. His cock was semi-hard and I gave it a squeeze.

He hummed a murmur of something.

"Hey." I moved my hand in quick little strokes.

His erection wilted as he came awake. "Hmm?" He lifted his head.

I opened my mouth, forcing the words I had practiced for two days. Forcing, hard. "If you... want to flirt with Piper, go ahead."

Something in my voice must have spoken of tension. He lifted up suddenly and wiped at his eyes. "What?"

"Flirt with her, if you want."

"Not if you want?"

"What I want doesn't matter."

"Yes it does."

This wasn't going the way I had thought. I had imagined him getting hard and

eagerly agreeing, not arguing with me about what mattered to me.

Sensitive, caring – loving – Jake Williams.

I said, "No, what I mean is that what I strictly want doesn't... not matter. I guess I mean that what should matter is what we want."

He stared at me blankly.

*Oh my gosh, was that not clear enough? "Talk."*

He shifted his chin to the side a touch. "That's quite... different coming from you."

The wound of his gentle barb bit deep. I said in a small voice, "I'm sorry. I should've been more... inclusive of what you wanted, too."

Again, that silent stare.

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm wondering if you mean it."

"I do. I might not like it, but I mean it."

He nodded slowly, once, in the dim light of the dawn.

"Anyway, you can flirt with her. It's not like she would resist knowing what she knows."

"You know what else I like about her?"

Jealousy flared. "What?"

"I like that she's married. There's no threat there. She loves her husband. She's just lonely. There aren't any strings to be tied there."

"You've... thought a lot about this?" The pang in my pussy pushed at the anger of jealousy.

"Haven't you noticed my porn folder?" He asked it with a low level of sarcasm.

I didn't get it. "Sure, what's that got to do with—"

"All the videos I save are men that share their wives with a friend. All those women are married."

I hadn't known. "They are? Why would you like those?"

"Because it excites me to see a man violating someone else's wife. It gets me hard when a bunch of men line up on someone's wife and take turns fucking her."

I was shocked. "Do you want me to do that?"

He laughed abruptly, forcefully. "No, no. I imagine I'm one of the men, obviously. Not that you're the wife. It turns me on to think of my dick being in there where it isn't supposed to be. Shooting my cum into another man's beautiful bride."

It sounded strangely... erotic. I swallowed hard and opened my mouth to get in more air. "You like that? But not for me?"

"Right. I don't want some other man touching you. But I'd love to just pound the daylights out of some married broad. I see a wedding ring now and I get hard."

I was so totally unprepared for all this, despite a week's worth of deliberation and preparation. "How come you've never told me about all this?"

He made a rueful chuckle. "Because it was always about your thing, not mine. Your desires, not mine."

"You make me sound awful."

"I don't mean to, I'm just saying."

"So if I had found a young brunette cheerleader, you would've done her?"

He laughed. "Well, I guess I might have. At least that's a step in the right direction."

"So I should have no say in who—"

"I didn't say that. What if Kelly had been brunette? But she had been a cheerleader? What then? Or what if it had been some other woman who was young and blonde, but hadn't been a cheerleader? Or if—"

"Wait."

He pressed, "What if none of the details matter except that you relive the trauma under different circumstances. Do the people matter? If they do, you need to divorce me, marry Donny Brasco—"

"Donny Ross."

"Whatever. You need to marry him and find Briana. Specifically them. And then relive it your way. Or if it's just the circumstance, then the people don't matter. Their images don't matter."

"I'm certainly not going to go find Donny or Briana."

His voice turned gentle and persuasive. "Then who they were or what they looked like doesn't matter, does it? It's the situation."

It made sense.

Dammit.

But this wasn't how I had seen it and I had believed otherwise for decades. "Do you really find Piper so attractive?"

"You're way more beautiful than her. She's just a nice, lonely wife. Nothing more."

My pussy twisted and gnawed at my insides, aching and needy. "So you're going to flirt with her, then?"

"Sure, I'll give it a shot. She might reject me."

I laughed. "I don't see that happening."

"How do you know? Maybe she just really wants company and nothing else."

An impending sense of doom floated into my thoughts. No, she has to want him!

Panic competed with my need. I simply had not thought that Piper would not be sexually interested in my husband. I whispered desperately, "You'll try?"

He shrugged a shoulder. "Like I said, I'll give it a shot – if that's what you really want."

Feeling my certainty that she would instantly accede slip away, I reached out frantically to grab hold of even a small promise of hope. "Try. Try for me. If it has to be her, I'm... fine with it."

"Are you sure?"

All week long I had been faced with the prospect of dying without ever realizing my fantasy. But I knew not all fantasies were perfect. Not everything was the precise, exact image of what we held dear. People were flawed, frail, and filled with faults. No one was perfect. No fulfillment of a fantasy was ever perfect.

Kelly had been young and beautiful and blonde – and not perfect. The cop hadn't been a cheerleader and had been older – not perfect. The department store clerk hadn't been a cheerleader, either.

Not perfect.

Nothing was perfect.

And who would reject imperfection?

If someone's perfect vision of winning a twenty million dollar lottery resulted in winning only a ten million dollar lottery, would they reject it? Would they be that insane?

If Jake's fantasy wasn't a mirror image of mine and included things I hadn't considered, should I divorce my otherwise perfect husband?

Blunt. Direct. Okay, maybe he wasn't absolutely perfect, but he was for me. With a flash, I realized I had settled, so to speak, for imperfection with my husband.

Because, there was no perfection.

And in Jake, I had found an enduring love and devotion to each other that many

other couples could never attain.

From imperfection.

I touched his hand and squeezed it. "I'm sure."

## CHAPTER 14

He invited her Saturday night for dinner.

Her husband had flown in for the entirety of one whole day and had left Saturday afternoon. Otherwise, Jake would've invited her Friday when we had made our decision.

Was I going to witness success? His and mine together?

Or rejection?

In the imperfection of our lives, where did Piper fit into all this? What faults did she have that might skew our fantasies? What might be in her bag of kinks that would ruin everything?

I made small rib eyes for dinner. Simple. Nothing filling.

She sat with us at the table and talked about how her husband was flying off to England. "Will I ever get to go to England? See the queen? Make faces at the Buckingham Palace Guard?"

I asked, "Do you think he has... women in other ports?"

She looked down at her plate. "I don't know. Maybe he does..."

I felt sorry for her – for not knowing. This dinner was infinitely more comfortable than the previous week. I was looking at her in a much different light.

In fact, I was imagining her in a wedding dress with my husband straining between her legs. I shifted in my chair several times. Apparently, my pussy found my husband's fantasy exciting.

After dinner, she sat on one end of the couch.

I sat on the other.

Jake waited, deliberately, then sat down next to her, close.

It was an odd feeling seeing my husband sitting next to her, though he had done so not long before with Kelly. This time it was his intent and I felt as if I had no control over the rollercoaster, except that I had chosen to get on the ride and hadn't been forced.

It was a strange middle ground that relied on my husband and involved trust. Could I trust him to steer our mutual fantasies?

Piper hummed with contentment at his closeness. "Well now, this is nice." She said it looking back and forth between us.

My husband murmured gamely, "Nothing like sitting with two beautiful ladies..."

I wasn't sure if he said that for my benefit or to hint to her. Maybe both. I hung on and let the ride take us where it would.

She locked eyes with me in a neutral way that contained not a hint of challenge. There was something there behind the look, behind the small, very relaxed smile that showed just a little teeth and suggested maybe curiosity and interest.

Without breaking eye contact with me for even a second, she twisted to the side towards Jake and rested her arm behind his neck.

It was not an intimate move, but it was intensely personal.

There was still no challenge in her eyes and her movement passed by my reticence as if it wasn't even there.

I wanted this.

And didn't.

Though I didn't want it, I knew I had to have it – to finally settle in my mind the unresolved emotions from so long ago. Would this be the cure? Or make the wound worse?

Which way would the rollercoaster go? Would it jerk me the wrong way? Or the

right way?

Jake dropped his hand down to rest on her thigh.

Now that was an intimate move.

My pulse began to accelerate. My breathing became a little restricted.

Not panic mode.

Preparation.

She said to me, "I wonder if your husband is a good kisser?" Easy. Plain. No muss or insinuation. She might have been asking what my favorite TV show was. But she asked me, not him.

That empowered me.

I decided to imitate my husband and just be blunt. "Good, yes. Best in the world? No."

Jake squawked.

I made a mental lean on the rollercoaster ride to exert a little bit of me – a little bit of control. I said to her, "Why don't you try it and find out?"

My husband was busy looking at me, feigning wound over my implied insult.

He had to know I was just ribbing him. Besides, I had said he was a good kisser.

Piper was looking at him expectantly, but he was still looking at me. She said, "I think he's mad at you."

That made me laugh, because I knew he wasn't. But I had apparently sent his mind spinning.

He cleared the expression from his face and chuckled, shaking his head. "You think you know someone..." It was filled with snark.

"Oh yeah, I'm one big secret you just can't figure out."

He was turning his head, though, and didn't respond. I knew he was going to kiss her and had already put our little joking aside.

Their lips touched and parted.

The couch didn't rear up and start bucking at the blasphemy. It was no different than the kiss he had given Kelly, but this was longer and more involved. He started slow and worked up to a passion.

I felt a sense of... nothing.

It was a kiss.

I should've been outraged, but I wasn't. How could I be when I had all but forced him and Kelly to kiss? Been there, seen it. And just like the Pirates of the Caribbean ride at Disneyland when the boat is on the moving track, bumping along and grinding only to drop off into deeper free-floating water, I felt as if I suddenly became very comfortable.

As much as I had previously not liked Piper, she was infinitely more mature and... like us... than Kelly.

Or any young girl that I thought would satisfy my craze.

When they broke the kiss, I didn't know what to do.

Where was this ride going? Should I steer it?

I no sooner barely got that thought through my head when Piper was up and sitting between us, rather than on the other side of my husband. She twisted to me, just like she had to him, and placed her arm around my shoulder. She had one of the smokiest grins on her lips I had ever seen.

And then she was kissing me.

I was so taken aback that I froze, although my mouth was participating in the kiss.

Already starting to harden, my nipples began aching. The mouth that had just kissed my husband was now kissing me and it seemed so perfect in a world of

imperfections.

My breathing settled, relaxed, and my pulse became deep and slow.

When she stopped kissing me, her eyes sparkled on mine, and she said, "I really meant what I said about looking at things together. Are you sure you wouldn't want to come by, like tomorrow, and look with me? It'd be fun."

"I... don't want to intrude."

Jake coughed and grumbled under his breath.

Piper looked at me as if I had told a joke. "No way, lady. Solo is so dull. It's always more fun with two."

I couldn't argue that and I was... curious. "Tomorrow?"

Her eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "Can you come over at ten? I like to look just before lunch..."

I felt the excitement in her eyes build in my chest. My smile grew with it. "Well, okay."

She bounced on the couch and clapped her hands. Her eyebrows did a dingle wiggle and she said, "Fun."

"What... do you... like to look at?"

She made a quick glance to Jake as if to make sure he wasn't close enough to hear, but of course he was. "Men masturbating." There was a hint of a question in her expression, but not her voice.

"Oh... I can definitely get into that."

Her expression was so pleased that we both laughed.

I offered, "Jake does a pretty good job of doing that..."

He chuckled.

She lifted her eyebrows in question, still looking at me.

I said, "And he has the tool for it, too."

"He's not one of those small men?"

He grumbled, "Hey, I'm right here."

I said, "No, quite the opposite. Do you wanna see?"

She squeezed both hands on my thigh with anticipation and bit her lip through her grin. "Would love to."

I leaned out to see his face and took on the tone of telling him to fetch the laundry. "Jake, honey, be a dear and show her what you have."

He sighed with contentment. "Ahh, this is where I get to wave my dick around. Love it." He stood and unzipped his jeans.

Piper twisted fast, pouncing her hips around and down right next to mine. Her arm encircled my shoulders as she turned to watch my husband. She asked me, "Is it scary?"

That made me laugh until I was almost crying.

She had gone still, though, in wonder. "Oh my gosh."

I wiped my eyes.

Jake stroked it, getting it hard.

Piper licked her lips.

When it was fully hard, he put his hands on his hips and thrust them out. His erection bobbed and moved heavily.

She looked at me in horror.

I said with a little laugh, "What?"

"Do you... really fit that thing inside you? You're so small."

"Actually, yes."

Her tone was disbelief. "Wow."

"It's not that big."

Jake grumbled.

Piper shook her head. "No, it's not." She turned quickly, bringing her hand up to stall any complaint from Jake. He was so close that her hand butted right against the head of his cock. "Oh, oops, sorry."

My pussy turned all the way around inside and began a deep ache that spread faster than I could breathe.

She said, "I was going to say that I wasn't trying to say you were small. You're obviously not. I just meant that as nice as it is I'm shocked your wife can handle that. Her hips are so tiny. Sorry I touched you."

Had I read all the signals wrong? I shook my head. "You... don't want to touch him?"

She looked shocked. "Me? Why yes, I do..."

*Oh, you wanted an invitation. How considerate... "Please, do."*

Her face lit up again with pure delight.

Jake stood still, obediently, waiting.

Piper reached for him and petted the helmet, then took him gently in her grip. She let out a hollow-sounding breath of awe. "Oh... very nice..."

I rose inside, swelling with urgency. The ride felt good. Very good. "Stroke him."

She made a noise of lust and began jacking my husband.

I watched her movements, so different from mine. So odd with unfamiliarity. But her fingers so delicate and beautiful against my husband's thickness. I found myself stroking her back.

She looked at me, mouth open. "Can I...?"

"If you don't suck him, I'll grab your head and force it." There was as much heat in my voice as I had felt with Kelly, but this felt better. Far better.

She licked her lips and immediately moved to take him into her mouth. Her wide lips encircled his thickness and slid along the shaft.

Seeing my husband's cock in her mouth felt so right. I wanted her to suck him good and make him feel good. I wanted her to lick and move her mouth all over his dick and provide him the proper service the beauty of his erection deserved.

I leaned in close and brushed her hair back from her cheek. Her lips slid back and forth on his engorged erection. Where Kelly had trouble, Piper's mouth seemed a far better fit. She hummed as she sucked.

I was wet. I felt my panties soaked out and I hadn't been aware I was leaking.

She pulled off his cock and turned to me, grabbing, and pulling me in for a kiss.

It was sublime.

The flavor of my husband's cock was evident, as was the hint of char from the rib eyes. Her mouth had its own unique hint of flavor as well and it all sent me spinning crazily around like I was on the teacups ride.

Piper was definitely a better fit than Kelly. The girl hadn't been sexually mature enough to even know how to enjoy and involve others. Piper did it with ease.

I was no spectator trying to work out my feelings while watching my husband seduce her. No, I was deeply and intimately involved.

Thank you, Piper Palmer.

I was breathless, hot, and churning inside. I said, "I would really... like for... my husband to be with you."

She let go of his cock and turned fully to me. She took my face in both her hands, cupping my cheeks. Her voice was low, serious, and gentle. "To be honest, that wasn't what I intended..."

My chest began to fall, collapsing in on itself with failure.

She went on, "But," her eyes shifted back and forth as if looking at differing prizes, "I think I like both of you enough to do it. I'll do it. For you."

I wanted to cry. My fingers itched to move, claw, grasp – to do something. For so long, I had suffered nothing but failure – and now, sitting on our couch in our living room, I felt the quavering scales of victory and defeat finally tilting my way. I gasped abruptly, "Please..."

She laid a finger on my lips and then hugged me.

Jake scratched at his chin, considering both of us.

She stood and held out her hand – not to him, but to me.

I grasped it gratefully and let her lift me up.

Within seconds, we were in the bedroom.

This was where my entire life was going to come down to the ultimate question of my trauma and I shook like a leaf in the wind at the prospect.

I think Piper knew. I knew my husband knew, because they didn't engage in any kind of foreplay.

Her clothes came off, revealing fleshy hips and thick thighs. Very attractive on her frame. Her breasts were heavy and sagging slightly with age. Still beautiful in that feminine way. She wasn't shaved bald, but everything was very trimmed. Seeing her pussy made me blush at our differences. She had big fleshy labia where mine were thin nothings around my hole.

Jake lowered her down across the bed and parted her legs with his knee. He took just a moment to appreciate her form and he moved his hand up to caress one large breast.

The touch raised no alarms inside me. But the heat surely did rise. Please, fuck her, Jake. Don't tease me. Not now. What if the roof caves in while you're obsessed with her boobs? Just do it already! Please!

As if sensing my thoughts, he bent down, his erection bobbing heavy and close to her trimmed pussy.

That he was erect and had an attractive woman under him didn't make me feel threatened in the least – it all seemed so natural, as if this was the way it should be. Piper was doing the proper thing submitting to my husband's arousal, because... she should be submitting.

Jake gripped his cock in one hand, paused, and looked at me. It was a neutral look but I knew what he meant: do you want me to do this?

She looked at me also and winked.

I gave him the barest perceptible nod.

He turned to her, lowered himself down, and placed his cock right on her pussy.

My breathing rapidly accelerated, but the heat inside had been replaced by a chill. I quivered harder. The ache in my pussy was still there, though, but it was very different. It almost seemed to vibrate as it ached.

Jake shifted. The head of his cock parted her ample labia and slid inside.

My breath was taken away. I stood open-mouthed as the tip of my husband's familiar cock vanished inside another woman. And then it was sliding in, slowly.

Everything deflated and I took a timorous breath. The pounding pulse in my ears became thread and weaker. The tension left my shoulders and the vibrating ache became... almost pleasant.

The shaft slid inside, away from view, and I was breathing.

It hadn't happened fast – the insertion. Except that it had. He had been slow enough doing it and now he was balls deep inside our neighbor. I just hadn't had time to process everything as it happened. Slow, but over so fast that I began wondering why I had been so tense.

Piper moaned fully as she took him all in. "Oh wow." Her hips bucked up once and she squeezed her eyes shut as if savoring the most delectable chocolate.

Jake pulled out, adjusting, and slid back in.

I was witnessing something so unthreatening that I felt giddy to the point of

laughter. Had I worried so much about this? I took a step closer, wanting to experience it more intimately.

My husband moved, humping his hips into hers, butt clenching and unclenching, shaft appearing and disappearing. Piper looked radiant, if unsure what to do.

I realized Jake had stopped.

He said, "Are you okay?"

I barked a short little laugh. "Yeah, do it." I lifted an arm, brushing it across my blouse and the nipples underneath. "Do it." My pulse began racing again as the heat replaced the chill. "Fuck her, Jake."

His lips broadened in a pleased smile and he began moving in and out with his usual effort.

It wasn't scary. It wasn't horrifying. I didn't melt away in shame.

I reveled in it all.

The way she moaned and moved under him as he plowed her pussy was making me hotter than I had ever been. I stuffed a hand down my jeans, frantic to touch that immense need.

He fucked her like that for a couple of minutes, then harder. Her body was shoved by his thrusts and her boobs wobbled at the sides of her chest to his efforts.

He knew what I wanted.

He lifted her legs up to his shoulders. She had a wide expanse of thighs that way, but it looked great. He clambered up over her and began driving his cock down into her pussy. Great, loud slaps echoed in the bedroom and Piper squeezed her eyes shut. She was mauling her own boobs as my husband's balls punished her ass.

She cried out, "Ah! Oh, fuck... yes..."

And still Jake had more, because he knew. We had talked endlessly about it and

he knew. He growled, grunting hard, and put all his weight into pounding her wet pussy. Her juices glistened on his plunging cock and her labia became swollen. Her body jerked harshly to each driving drop of his hips.

We had always talked about this. He would pull out and finish on whoever we got so I could see his finish.

Except that his body was now shaking with lust and need. All of his muscles stood out as he brutally fucked Piper.

The woman took it all.

And then he was straining, gritting his teeth, and just grinding his hips against hers. He cried out several times, harshly.

He was releasing his load inside her!

He was cumming in Piper's pussy, blasting her deep with his powerful squirts.

She groaned loud with lust and thrust her hips up at him convulsively. She was taking his orgasm deep inside.

I cried out suddenly, overcome with explosive lust as my husband's balls emptied into our neighbor.

It was ultra-sexy beautiful and I couldn't remain on my feet. The tension wound so tight so suddenly that it shattered, knocking me down to the floor in a convulsing heap.

Bursting fireworks radiated the most intense pulses and tingles along every miniscule inch of my body. I quivered on the floor, mumbling incoherently in my orgasmic euphoria.

Above me, on the bed, was their sexually satisfied breathing.

## CHAPTER 15

I was alive with all the triumph I had ever wanted. It was mine, finally. Now I could move on, hand in hand with my husband, into a future free of this obsession.

I stepped sprightly around the shrubs the next morning, keeping my promise to watch some porn with Piper.

I was secure inside myself for once in my life, and from now on. I had seen what I needed to see, felt what I needed to experience, and been an integral part of the very issue that had caused such trauma in my youth.

My life was righted, and I was on course.

I didn't need the obsession any longer.

I could tell Piper that the once was enough and it wouldn't happen again.

I knocked on her door and was admitted to the cleanest, neatest house I had ever seen, except as models for big home sellers. I gawked. "Your place is... so clean..."

She said drily, "Yeah, I have nothing else to do all day..."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. At least I get compliments like yours."

I felt ashamed for having thought of her place as a cave in the past. "Do you even live in these rooms?"

"No."

I laughed.

She said, "Who would I live in them with? Mom comes to visit us maybe once a

year and since we moved here not once. No one else visits. No need to sit on the couch..."

"I'm sorry."

She tittered laughter. "Stop it already. But thank you. I wasn't kidding when I said it gets lonely here."

I wanted to apologize again but held my tongue.

"Come on, computer's in the bedroom. Do you want anything to drink?"

"Sure, water's good."

"It's already there."

We walked into the master bedroom and it still looked like a model home. Nothing was out to be seen. There was even only a picture frame on the nightstand next to the lamp. I expected it to contain one of the fake pictures – as if her life was completely fabricated – but there she was smiling next to a clean-cut and handsome man. "This is your husband?" I dared not pick up the picture for fear of leaving fingerprints that she'd have to scrub off.

"Yep, that's him." There was an air of resigned determination about her voice. "Let's sit."

I felt kind of like she didn't want to talk about him.

Her computer desk was picture perfect. Everything was wireless, so there weren't any cords to be seen. She indicated a chair and I sat. I looked down to make sure one of my hairs didn't fall out and make a mess. It was really that disgustingly clean.

She opened a drawer and carefully placed out some oil. Then she shrugged out of her shorts. They were folded neatly and set behind her on the bed. She rubbed her hands with glee. "I'll show you my favorites."

She sat and clicked into her file explorer. There weren't even any icons on her desktop. It was insane. Her background was a long beach with a big red and white lighthouse on the side.

Her hand moved fast on the mouse. A couple of quick clicks and the media player blossomed to life, showing a closeup of a face that looked remarkably like Jake.

Not him, but close.

Maybe that's why she was smitten with him if this was her favorite.

The man settled back and revealed a very erect cock, very nicely shaped and already slick with whatever he used for lube.

I murmured, "Wow, very nice."

She exhaled appreciation. "Just watch how he does it and the faces he makes. The sounds are even better." She lifted a foot to the edge of her seat and placed her hand at her clit. She glanced at me. "Get comfortable."

Having already seen her naked, being next to her like this seemed ordinary and easy. I stripped off my jeans and panties. I folded them somewhat neatly on the floor beside me.

She was smiling at me. "Very nice, Chloe."

I blushed at the compliment. "I'm kinda skinny."

"Women would kill for that body. I mean, look at mine. God..."

"You're pretty."

She laughed. "Thanks for the compliment, anyway." She turned her head straight to watch the man.

Indeed, I was drawn to his apparent mood of lust and sensuality. He stroked his cock so lovingly and sexily that I started to get moist. Piper was already swirling her fingers around so I did the same.

I had thought it might be awkward, but the surprise of how comfortable it felt left me speechless. It was as if we had always done this together, but even better was how much nicer it felt to sit here with someone else and do it.

The video was absolutely crystal clear and the audio was superb. I could almost imagine he was in the room with us, giving us a private show. I worked my fingers in and out, following his movements.

"He's great, isn't he?"

My voice was a little shaky. "Definitely. He reminds me of how Jake sometimes does it. This guy is really into it."

She nodded knowingly. "There's plenty of jerk and squirts out there. This hunk knows how to push a woman's buttons. Mine, anyway."

I watched, fascinated, as the man's hand slid up and down his shaft like he was fucking the most beautiful woman in the world.

What happened next caught me by surprise.

Piper whipped out a slim blue vibrator. She turned it on and in a smooth motion, twisted and applied it to my clit.

I came up out of my chair, thrusting my hips out in shock.

It... felt... incredible.

Not so much due to the vibration itself, though that was nice, but rather that someone else was doing it to me. Tingles sizzled energetically all over my body and it felt like my entire pussy became one big vibrating machine. I crashed back down into the chair, groaning and moaning in alarm.

The suddenness had instantly worked up a tension that threatened to let loose as a sneak orgasm.

I gasped, panting for air.

She smiled slyly. "Does that feel nice?"

My answer was all breathy and rushed. "Yes!"

She angled the vibrator into me.

I cried out quietly in shock as she pushed it in and out.

She said, "No, look at the video."

I did, and watched the man stroke while she mimicked his speed with the in and out of the vibrator. I began shaking so badly I wasn't sure I could keep my chair.

Then she about nailed me to it because I froze, unable to move.

She removed the vibrator and twisted around, kneeling. She said, "Don't take your eyes off the video."

I didn't want to anyway, but that's not what froze me in place. It was when she stuck her tongue on me that did it. I moaned loud, watching the man's slick hand move up and down as she licked up and down my clit.

My thighs shook and strained. My pussy was thrust lewdly at her face and I was panting as if I had run a mile. The man's cock looked so beautiful and with what she was doing to me, I didn't last. I couldn't help but imagine that hard erection rubbing me right where her tongue was. I almost sobbed as the explosion inside me sent enormous waves roiling through my body. I humped my hips up and down frantically.

She wasn't licking me anymore, but trying to move her fingers in and out of my clamping pussy. Her head was turned to the screen. "Look at that cock, baby. Doesn't it look good?"

The man in the video moaned and then coughed. Cum flew out of his dick and Piper jammed her fingers into me as far as she could.

I saw stars, lights, flashes and fireworks. I was almost yelling with the force and length of my orgasm. Everything was on fire inside me as I collapsed onto the chair. It rocked unsteadily before settling.

Piper's eyes were bright and intense. "I hope that was okay? I mean, me playing with you?"

I mumbled gibberish, panting in the thrill of orgasmic exhaustion.

She had done something I had never done. Other than briefly touching Kelly... I wouldn't have known what had just happened was so exciting if it hadn't been sprung on me by surprise.

Maybe that's what made it even better and it made me appreciate Piper Palmer in ways I had not assumed.

On a simple Sunday, something new was opened inside me.

## CHAPTER 16

It was Wednesday evening two months later when it happened. The middle of the week was a new beginning – something fresh and different from all before it.

A day after a normal Tuesday, a day before a usual Thursday, but this was anything but typical. No, this was a day that would mark my departure from obsession to the embarkation of satisfaction.

I didn't know it yet, not until late in the evening.

Piper came over a few times a week, giving and taking sex as we all pleased. The awkwardness of the first time had passed and I was alive with potential and possibility.

I didn't look at the trees anymore as I passed them to and from work – unless it was to admire their beauty - for my life had turned beautiful and was about to become even more different than it had been.

Piper was doing a comical little strip-tease, dancing like the green woman from the original Star Trek series. Jake was waving a twenty her way, but making no move to give it to her. I was behind him, my arms around his waist, stroking his erection.

I recalled how I had used to do this while he looked at porn not so long ago and how much better it was now. To feel him pulsing in my hand while he watched our neighbor made me hot and wet. I knew my time would come later tonight – he always wanted to be there for me. I waved his dick at her.

She came over, done stripping, and fell to her knees. I fed his cock into her mouth and stroked the base while she sucked. She looked so pretty with my husband's cock in her mouth and I stopped handling him and just stroked her face.

Jake, though, gets impatient and likes to stop before he wastes his orgasm – so it was no surprise when he stopped her after maybe three minutes. He hauled her

up and tossed her onto the bed.

And I mean tossed.

She bounced, laughing, as he pulled on her legs.

I was right there with him.

We put our faces together at her pussy and began a combination of kissing each other and licking her. My tongue collided with his, ran over her clit, and brushed across his lips. She had a hand on each of our heads, lightly scratching her fingers through our hair.

This was my favorite part where I could be face to face with the man I loved and kiss him, while giving her pleasure at the same time.

I murmured, "Are you going to fuck her or play all night?" I loved seeing it. How I had ever thought that the whole Donny Ross thing had been a disaster was beyond me. But I had been young back then.

He chuckled and got up.

I moved aside, sliding my hand down to my clit. I climbed next to her and kissed her mouth. She wrapped both arms around my neck and kissed me passionately.

Jake said, "Scoot." He pulled on her.

We broke the kiss.

He applied the big head of his cock to her clit and pushed down. He shoved in once, eliciting a groan from Piper, then pulled it out.

He flipped her over onto her knees and rubbed at her opening from behind. With one thrust, he drove straight into her pussy, eliciting another lusty groan. Then he pulled out.

Piper panted, "Don't tease me."

He rolled her onto her side and slid his cock in that way. Once. Deep. and pulled out.

She slapped a hand to her forehead. "I'm going to scream."

I giggled. "What are you doing, Jake?"

"Teasing her."

"I don't think she wants to be teased."

"Oh really? What a shame."

Piper whimpered dramatically, comically.

Jake hauled on her, pulling her up. "You want it, huh?"

She replied petulantly, "Yes."

I thought he was going to break her arm, he pulled so roughly.

He had her up and slammed her back against the wall of the bedroom. He grunted, shifting around, then stabbed his erection upward into her.

I almost doubled over at the tension inside me. He had not done this before and he knew that this was how Donny Ross had taken Briana.

He rammed hard, muscles flexing and bulging as he drove his cock up into Piper's pussy.

She wailed out, clawing at his back and raising welts. She looked gorgeous getting ravished, and her skin was flushed red with heat and lust.

Over and over he drove up into her until it was all she could do to hang on.

He stumbled backwards, pulling her off the wall. He grinned at me. "Not bad, huh?"

I nodded weakly and licked my lips. I was so turned on, I had all five of my fingers stuffed up my pussy.

He huffed with the exertion. "Can't do that for long. Wow, it makes my knees burn." He laughed ruefully. "Guess I'm getting older."

Piper pushed him. "Sit down, old man, and I'll do some of the work."

Jake sat on the bed and propped himself leaning back on his hands.

She started to get on him, facing him, but then turned around. She sat on him that way, facing out.

She did it for me.

I scrambled up and left Jake's side. I got down between their legs and she leaned back to allow me access. I got my face in there, watching his slick shaft slide up into her pussy and back out in half-length strokes.

I pressed my tongue against his shaft and licked upward until I passed the top of Piper's labia and onto her clit. I circled there a few times, then licked back down.

Both of them moaned happily.

She grabbed my head with both hands and pulled, mashing my tongue to them. She hissed, "Yes, lick it, Chloe."

I moved my tongue as energetically as I could with my face mashed against them. I could feel on my chin and lips my husband's moving cock and the press of her clit against my nose.

Jake was basically fucking Piper on my face and my pussy went into some severe spasms. I licked, moaning, wanting to feel and taste what was happening between my husband and our neighbor.

Jake laughed and pushed Piper off of him.

I pouted. "What?"

"It tickled. I'm already on the edge." He pushed and pulled at Piper as if she was a couch cushion. He got her onto her back and forced her legs open. His cock was super-erect, bobbing and throbbing and all engorged. He gently lowered himself onto and into her, sliding his thickness all the way in.

Piper sighed and wrapped her arms around him.

He settled onto her and kissed her as his hips humped between hers. The sound of his cock sliding in and out of her wetly and the similar sound of their kissing had me stuffing fingers back inside my pussy.

I had thought that a Donny Ross incident would be horrifying. I had thought it would be terrible. I had assumed it would cure me and I would move on, hating the whole obsession that had driven me for decades.

But here I was, sitting on the floor, loving every second of it. Fuck her, Jake. Fuck her and don't stop. She was the perfect fuck toy for my husband and I wanted him to use her as much as possible.

Wednesday evening. Nothing unusual, but so far beyond my expectations that when it happened, the entire day changed.

Jake pumped into her, kissing her, until they stopped for breath.

She stroked his face and said it. She said it and opened a whole new realm of possibility that raised such a joy in my heart...

She said, "I love you, Jake."

He gasped, crying out in alarm, then started hammering his cock deep into her pussy. He huffed, grunting as he came, and forced himself to respond while his balls pumped her full of cum. "I love you, too."

Piper immediately looked at me and motioned desperately for me to join them.

But I was gone. Hearing her profess her love that I had sensed before, and hearing my husband return it in the middle of shooting his load into her pussy was exactly everything I wanted to hear. My fingers twirled around my clit as I was lifted. I couldn't tell which way was what. I wailed loudly as it broke, tossing me trembling and tumbling down through a successive series of internal eruptions.

It was like I had been propelled to a new vista of experience and awareness, high above worries and concerns. It was emotional paradise.

I joined them on the bed not long later, hugging all three of us together.

No, it wasn't just another Wednesday; it had become the beginning of something I would never regret.

**Thank you for reading Chloe's Craze, I hope you found the story entertaining!**

**All reviews are so very much appreciated.**

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