

HOTWIFE EROTICA

CORRUPTING
A Married
WOMAN



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By

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**There's nothing so satisfying, so fulfilling, and so sweet as making love to
another man's wife.**

~ Unknown

CHAPTER 1

I heard the thump of the stereo early. The neighbor kids would be partying the whole weekend. All day, all night, and into the grim morning hours.

I wondered what the new neighbors would think. They're going to crap their pants.

They had moved in three days previous, into Apartment 4-A. Not a good spot; next door was the animal apartment, that stereo right up against 4-A's wall. The previous tenant, a balding fat man in his fifties, had given up trying to score any of the chicks who had partied and moved out.

Then again, maybe he tried to pick up on one of the guys.

I was forty and wondering if I should go or stay. The parties and noise amused me sometimes. I had an open invitation to circulate and I often did. Caught some nice nasty things on my cell phone. A lot of flashed tits and ass. A couple of blowjobs. Most were too blitzed on alcohol to care.

I was in 4-B, across from the new tenants. I could sleep through the noise if I wanted, but who wanted to when there were things to see and booze to drink? I didn't drink much but sometimes I ended up with a young thing draping from me. I never exploited them; wasn't interested. Everyone rages about an eighteen year old – except for me. I didn't care for having to teach some young thing how to wash or shave – or how to touch herself.

I liked them more my age. I liked relating to someone with a fully developed brain. I wanted to see passion, not base fuck-lust.

I showered. I liked being clean for the parties, even though I often had to shower again after. A lot of kids smoked cigarettes and some passed around marijuana as if it was their birthright now that they thought of themselves as adults. The stink could get horrendous in their pursuit of being a real adult.

What a joke. I wasn't sure what was worse: the vacant sugar-induced intoxication

of their youths; or the stupor from trying to act adult after toking themselves stupid on weed.

I drank. Some of the pot-kids hounded me saying pot was better than booze. I just shook my head. I never felt the burning need to tell everyone my booze was better than something else. "Hey, my booze is better than LSD." How retarded.

I never drank to excess. I liked having a clear head.

After my shower, I filled my steel hip flask with some Johnny Walker Red. It was an excellent blended Scotch. The single malts I saved for special occasions.

I knew things would have to change. I needed to move and get on with my home life. I'm not saying I wanted to be married, but the prospects in the Woodman Street Apartments were endless weekends of young tits and "whoa dude." I really didn't want that.

Not in any rush to even look for a new place, I had observed the couple moving into 4-A. I caught glimpses only, but the couple looked like they were in their thirties – late, maybe.

I had seen her out the peephole; she had wild hair tied back. She was bent over a little as sometimes tall chicks liked to do to hide their height. She looked good in her jeans – moved with that fluid grace of a woman who has matured.

I might never do more than say hi... But I was willing to try once. Strike up a conversation, see her face and eyes, see the way she moved and responded to a stranger. You never know. I had a thing for married women and I was always willing to try.

I sat at my computer and opened my stocks folder. I no longer worked. I had used my 401K and invested in a small handful of tech companies in the nineties – established ones. Microsoft had been my huge winner. I also had holdings with five other companies that had provided an excellent capital return. I bought in, waited, sold at the fifty-two week highs. I bought in again when they dropped to the annual lows.

Some of it was guesswork at where the lows and highs might level out, but the majority of my success was patience.

I wasn't a millionaire. Not by a long shot. But I was semi-retired. I watched my stocks and built more than enough to survive. My bank account expanded every year – I considered that mega-successful.

It gave me a lot of time. I wasn't sure I needed it or wanted it, but it sure beat working for some asshole who thought his prick was the biggest and baddest on the planet.

The music changed and the volume of noise from voices and laughter increased.

I turned off my computer and stretched. Guess I'll circulate – see what the dregs of youth can get into with a little bit of booze or pot in them.

I unfastened the chain, slid the bolt open, and twisted the deadbolt. The door came open easily, the bottom doorhandle not working. I don't ever remember it working.

I went out and locked my door. Then I moved over to 4-C.

A bright face, already half-slack with beer, said, "Hey, Kyle, sup!" He held out his hand up and to the side as if to high-five me sideways in a shake-slap.

I nodded. I hated the word "sup." It was stupid. Sup yours, Tucker. Stop acting like you're some ganger in the hood. I said, "Hey."

"Grab a beer, man."

The beers wouldn't last. But someone always came to the rescue with a keg or two. The bathrooms would be used for hours as kids emptied their bladders in a never-ending stream of beer-piss.

I hoisted my flask and smiled.

Tucker grinned. "Aw..."

I guess he thought I was insulting him by refusing to drink the crap they thought was cool.

His apartment was flooded with people already, but not as much as it would be when the sun went down. I didn't see anything nice in the apartment and never

had – except for the stereo. He sat in front of it jealously, guarding it with an iron will even when toasted beyond all recognition.

Kids bobbed their heads at me in that "whoa-dude" pot-smoking move that meant they were in with it. I raised my eyebrows in return as a quick gesture of acknowledgment.

But not all of them were potheads. About half the kids wouldn't touch it – mostly girls – who drank themselves silly instead.

There was already a keg in the kitchen. A beefy guy was standing there over it scowling at anyone who came near without the secret password or something. He glared at me, but I was already moving.

The two bedrooms already had kids in them. Sitting on the bed, talking on their cell phones, texting, and doing otherwise stupid kid-shit that held none of my interest.

I wandered back out to the front. More kids were coming in.

Behind them was an angry face. A little older.

I moved to the door.

He caught my eye and thrust his chin up to beckon me.

I moved out into the hall.

It was the new guy from 4-A. His wife was with him looking around his shoulder into the apartment.

I said, "Hi."

The husband was scowling. "Turn that shit down." His coloring was a light brown and his eyes were dark.

I said, "I don't think that's going to happen."

He thrust his finger at me. "I'll call the police. Turn the shit down."

It's not my stereo, dipshit. "The police won't come unless there's a body." I know,

I tried at first, before I gave in and just joined them. You'd be wise to do the same. But I left it unsaid.

He pulled his cell phone out with an exaggerated move, his bottom lip puckered and his chin thrust out in challenge. "I'm calling now."

I watched him thumb 911. Yeah, right. In this town? A thousand noise calls. You don't stand a chance, buddy.

He started talking and kept stopping. "Noise! Can't you hear it? What?"

His wife looked at me and looked at him.

He moved away, quickly realizing he couldn't hear. He went down the stairs to talk.

I smiled at her. She was somewhat attractive, if slightly plain. I said, "Hi, I'm Kyle." I held out my hand.

She blinked at it and then shook it. "I'm Kacey. You really can't turn down your stereo?"

I leaned close enough to talk normal so she could hear. I used the opportunity to inhale her scent. "It isn't my stereo."

She frowned. "Oh, you don't live in there?"

I shook my head and pointed across the hall.

She looked embarrassed. "Oh..."

I was still smiling. "I come out when they throw these parties. Figured I'd join them." I hefted my flask. "But I bring my own booze. Won't touch the crap they drink."

She covered her mouth and laughed.

I said, "The police won't come. They never do. Let me introduce you to Tucker. He's the stereo guy."

She looked down the stairs, but her husband wasn't in sight. "Oh, well..."

I motioned. "He's right inside the door..."

She stepped forward.

I followed her in.

She had her arms crossed, looking a little shy.

Tucker was looking at her with curiosity.

I said loudly, "Tucker, this is Kacey, your new neighbor."

A laughing girl plopped into Tucker's lap. Her beer sloshed in her cup.

Tucker gaped. "Oh? Cool dude. Yeah."

"She wants to know if you can turn it down?"

The kid pulled his dumb act. "Whuh? Can't hear you."

I leaned close to Kacey, inhaling her scent again. She smelled good. "That's what he does every time. It's no use, really."

Her husband came in, looking pissed.

Kacey said, "This is my husband, Jimmy."

The man was jerking his head as if aching for a fight. "Let's go. This is bullshit —"

A cheer went up from the little dinette by the kitchen. A girl was lifting her top, her tits on display. She opened her mouth like a horse, showing her lower teeth as if it was her first exposure to a crowd.

Jimmy immediately said in a smooth pick-up voice, "Hey..." He moved away from us and towards the tit-girl. He moved his shoulders as if getting comfortable.

Kacey rolled her eyes.

A beer cup was pressed into her hand by a feverish-looking fat boy with a silly

grin.

I shook my head at her. "Uh, you don't want that."

She shook her head and then looked at me with some defiance. "And why not?"

I made a face. "You don't know what's in it."

She looked into the cup with a worried look.

I shrugged. "Date rape drug, maybe. I wouldn't put it past them."

She held it out to me in rejection.

I held up my hands. "I don't want it. Give it to her." I pointed at some ditzy-looking girl that just came in. She was with another girl, all open mouthed and wide-eyed, showing their lower teeth like tit-girl.

Her friend gripped her arm and bounced. She said, "Wooo!"

I leaned towards Kacey's ear. "Tell you what, if you want something safe to drink, I have a clean selection."

She was looking at her husband.

Jimmy was taking pictures of the girl's tits on his phone. He was laughing and nodding his head.

Kacey scowled. "Sure, why not?"

I led her out of Tucker's place. The next two apartments down were also open with kids spilling in and out. Already in the hallway there was a girl getting felt up and kissed.

I had to be careful here. Kids went through any open door. I unlocked carefully and opened my door a crack. I turned to her and said, "Come in. So you can choose."

She hesitated. "I don't know..."

I frowned, thinking. "What do you like?"

"Anything good."

"I'm drinking Scotch, but don't have a small bottle of it. Do you like Irish Whisky?"

"I've never tried it."

"Come in and try some."

She looked back. "I don't know..."

I glanced around. "All right, look. I'll grab the bottle and let you try some. It's not a full bottle but you can carry it easily if you like it."

"Okay."

I dashed in.

My door swung open as it always did if I wasn't holding it.

I tugged open the cabinet as three kids moved into my apartment.

The boy and two girls gawked. The boy bobbed his head. "All right, a clean pad."

They dropped onto my couch.

I was in the process of saying, "My apartment isn't open for partying." My words seemed to have no effect.

The boy bobbed his head and lifted his beer cup.

I knew what he was thinking. Bob the head and show a beer and it's like, all cool. And shit.

I went to the door and shook my head. I handed Kacey the bottle. "Try a sip of this."

She looked at it. "Jameson?"

I said, "It's nice and smooth."

She tilted the bottle and blinked a few times as she swallowed. She coughed once. "Wow, that is smooth. But I think I got too much."

I said, "No worries. Drink what you want." I turned to the three kids and frowned. How the hell do I get them out of my apartment?

Jimmy pushed in with two more kids. Another kid was looking in with curiosity.

I slapped my forehead.

Kacey's husband had been scowling, but then he saw my place and his features relaxed. "Oh, this is nicer in here."

She frowned at him. "He said it wasn't a party pad."

Jimmy shrugged. "This looks better for you here. I'll be back in a bit; going to go get a keg."

She rolled her eyes but he didn't see it.

I waited for him to leave and then positioned her against my door. "Don't let any more in. I need to get these kids out of here."

She nodded.

I turned and saw something that made my blood boil. Some kid was at my computer turning it on. You little shit. I took four strides to him and gripped his ear.

The boy spazzed. "Hey, what the fuck, dude?"

"Get out of my apartment. Party is across the hall." I hustled him to the door and nodded to Kacey.

Her eyes were large and she opened the door to let me push him out. She closed the door behind him.

I turned to the rest. "Party is across the hall. Not here. Out!"

"Aw man..." A boy was bobbing his head. His feet were up on my furniture.

A girl was wandering down my hall.

Shit. I ran for the girl and grabbed her. "Out."

Kacey opened the door for me as I thrust the girl out.

The boy and two girls who had first come in were moving to the door. He said, "Hey, man, you didn't have to be a fucking dick."

I nodded. "Yeah, whatever. Just get out."

The other two who had come in also with Jimmy were looking at me like I was a bug. They didn't need much encouragement before leaving.

I blew out a relieved sigh. I shook my head at her. "You'll learn real fast you can't leave your door standing open."

She stepped out with me and I locked my door.

I said, "Let's just circulate a little. Little bit of drink, some laughs..."

She gave a lopsided smile. "Sounds like more fun than watching Dancing with the Stars."

I laughed. "Um, yeah. Definitely."

CHAPTER 2

I watched Kacey tilt back another swig. She was going too fast, but Jameson was smooth and smoky.

She said, "Wow, this is really good. Irish Whisky, huh?"

I moved her to the third apartment. "Glad you like it." I put my arm around her waist and gently guided her into Melissa and Christy's apartment. The two girls were always flaunting their tits, but the parties in their apartment were just a bit quieter. Booze, no drugs.

Kacey felt nice in my arm. I didn't let go right away.

She said, "Looks like everyone is having fun."

Boys and girls were snapping pictures of each other and drinking. Laughter and goofy faces were as threatening as things got.

I took a swig from my flask and put my arm back around her to move her away from the door. A large group of girls came in and suddenly there was the squealing of a dozen female voices as they all held their arms up for hugs.

She said, "My parties were never this loud."

"Uh, yeah. Mine neither." I maneuvered her to the wall so we were out of the way. "Your husband... Jimmy?"

She nodded.

"He's...Mexican?"

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah. Jimmy Rodriguez. All handsome and chased after by all the girls. I guess I caught him."

I nodded with understanding, even if I didn't know the whole story. "He seems to like the young girls."

She twisted her mouth. "He thinks he's still a rocking stud."

"Most of the girls here will laugh at him for being too old."

She took a fast swig. Her word was fierce. "Good."

"How long you been married?"

"Eight years."

I nodded again.

She took a smaller swig and blinked. "This stuff is potent."

"Go slow on it." I didn't want her passing out.

Kids pushed past me through the hall. The apartment was becoming overcrowded, fast. I glanced out the door to see what I could in the hallway. More kids were out there. I said, "It's getting packed in here."

She looked me up and down, her inebriation making her reckless.

It was what I wanted to see. I moved even closer to her, the heat from our bodies mingling.

Her eyes danced as they looked into mine.

I didn't feel she was overly attracted to me, but she was appreciating my protection and escort.

She took another swig and smiled.

I knew the whisky was getting to her. Too many swigs, too fast.

Jimmy poked his head in and looked around.

I turned so I was only half-facing her.

He saw us and nodded. He moved through four bodies and stood near. He had to talk loud to be heard. "I'm over in the apartment next door. Are you all right here?"

She nodded.

He looked at me with warning in his eyes, but I could tell he was eager to get back next door. How many tits are you missing, Jimmy?

We watched him go.

I turned back to face her and she gave a small smile.

A boy jostled her from the side. "Hey man, I'll take some of that." He was grabbing the bottle from her.

Another boy bobbed his head next to him. "Yeah, dude. Like, pass it here."

I tore the bottle back out of the kid's hands. "It's private," I said. I handed her back the bottle and moved even closer. Our knees were touching.

She laughed. "Um, thanks."

Shouts and screams echoed in the apartment as two girls fought to tickle each other. Cheers erupted and shirts were torn. Boys gravitated into the apartment like dogs to meat.

People were jostling my back.

I felt the time was right. Her husband was in the next apartment and she was getting toasted. I reached my right hand down and pushed my fingers between Kacey's thighs.

Her eyes went wide and she looked down to see my hand rubbing her crotch. "Uh, hello."

I pressed up, getting my fingers over her clit.

She said, "Um, we're friendly, aren't we?"

I said, "It's just a touch, Kacey. Just a touch."

She squirmed a little and giggled. "Oh my gosh."

I leaned closer to her ear. "Just a touch. Look over there at the dinette. Tits are

out and getting felt up. It's just a touch."

She gasped and I felt her knees wobble against mine.

I said, "Does that feel nice?"

She gasped. Her hips squirmed a little – I wasn't sure if she was trying to get away or not.

I asked again. "Does that feel nice?"

Her lower lip was quivering, her mouth open. "Yes."

I lifted my flask and let go of her. "Let's take a drink and look natural."

She was glancing side to side, but not in fear. She nodded and tilted back her bottle. She let out a long sigh after swallowing. Then she giggled. "It's been a long time since I've been felt up."

I put my mouth close to her ear. "You deserve to be felt up often."

Her mouth opened in a wordless gesture of surprise.

I moved my hand back to her jeans and pressed up against her pussy. It felt warm down there and she moaned as I pressed.

She said, "I'm married..."

"That's why you need this. A little bit of touching never hurt anyone."

She looked around and then down. Her thighs parted slightly.

"That's a good girl. Just a little wider."

She did.

I could feel the hollow hole of her entry. I pushed my fingers up, creating pressure on her clothing right at her hole.

She trembled. "Um, I'm married..."

I withdrew my hand and took her left hand. I raised it up until her wedding ring glittered between us. "Yes, and right now, Jimmy is in the next apartment with his tongue on some eighteen year old girl's nipple." I gently licked her wedding ring. "You need this."

Her eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open more. But she made no move to get away.

I put my hand back to her pussy and pressed.

She closed her eyes and her breathing quickened.

I said, "Let's get a little breathing room."

She opened her eyes and blinked, trying to focus. "Oh..."

"Come on. This is getting crowded."

"Yeah..."

I led her out.

Jimmy was in the second apartment pouring beer onto some girl's t-shirt. Boys were cheering as her nipples came into view.

Kacey started to look.

I said, "Don't look. You'll just get sick." I moved her to my door. "We can catch a breather in here. Use the bathroom and all that."

She was nodding.

I put my arm around her waist and ushered her inside.

Some boy in the hall came to the door as I was entering behind her. "Hey, dude..."

I shut the door in his face.

I heard an outraged exclamation from the other side of the door. "Dude!"

I shook my head.

She was leaning against the wall, head back and eyes closed.

I took the bottle from her and set it down on the lampstand. I wanted her cognizant, not passed out.

She visibly swallowed and opened her eyes, looking at me.

I smiled at her – one of those nasty, secretive smiles. I moved close to her and slid my arms around her waist. She was an inch shorter than me and tilted her head slightly to look into my eyes.

I saw a mixture of emotions there, flittering across her eyes like birds across a sky-scape. There was curiosity and fear, interest and uncertainty. It was what I wanted to see.

I slowly bent my head forward and closer.

She knew what was coming. It was the slow approach that prepared her and excited her. Her eyes went large and searched my face – scanning my eyes, my eyebrows, my cheekbones and then my open lips. Her lips opened automatically.

I felt her trembling in my arms. My lips touched hers and my tongue made its first penetration into her mouth. She was softly uncertain, not knowing whether to kiss back or not. This was normal. But within seconds, she was responding just as I expected.

Yes, I had a thing for married women. A wife was a far sexier prospect for me than some single gal. Single women were into dating and playing games. They were prowling and searching, never satisfied with passion until they thought they found what they were looking for.

I was interested in the passion.

Married women weren't on the prowl. Surely, approaching one was a very dicey gamble. Many were uptight, not wanting to cheat on their husbands. Hey, that was fair. I didn't push them. A lot of them, though, became excited by the attention. Some responded to a strong male personality with a need that transcended their vows. Best of all, married women didn't play games; there was

no need.

What transpired with a successful prospect was always rewarding. The sex was passionate. With a single gal, it was stiff. A married woman shamelessly fucked with a yearning that made all of it worth every minute of effort.

Sure, I wasn't going to find someone to marry this way. Like I said, I wasn't really interested in that kind of commitment. I mean, who knows. Yeah, someday I might be struck out of the blue by some special woman. But until then? Forget the teenage tits, the stupid games and the lack of passion – I was hunting for wives.

I was not selfish in my pursuit. I did not use and abuse. I gave as much satisfaction to them as they gave to me. If a relationship ended, it always ended well. I respected them and they respected me in return. I was always careful never to disparage their husbands to them – that would be insulting them for having married the guy. Little things like that mattered. Instead, I focused on them.

Women who wore a wedding ring loved it.

Kacey was kissing me back, still a little uncertain, but this was expected. I knew she was thinking that kissing was a risky step outside of her marriage, but that it was only a kiss.

I ran my hands slowly up her sides, around to her back and up to her hair. I tangled my fingers into the hair at the back of her head and kissed deeper.

She gave the moan I was wanting to hear.

I moved my hands back down as we kissed a little more passionately. Then I moved them back up the front of her blouse. I gently rubbed over her breasts through the fabric.

She gasped and arched her back. But she also stiffened. "Um, I'm married..."

I kept touching her. "I'll stop if you want."

She was blinking. "Yes. Please."

I stopped immediately. My hands left her and I moved back a pace. I said gently, "You should use my bathroom. Freshen up, right?"

She nodded shakily and moved towards the door where I pointed.

I wasn't worried. I knew she would be in the bathroom for several minutes thinking about what had happened. She would wash her face and look in the mirror. She would realize she had been having fun and had stopped it. She would then weigh whether her vows were worth some hugging and kissing.

I waited, patient. I had the feeling this wife was one of the right ones.

She came out, looking uncertain.

I gave her a smile and said, "Feeling better?" I pressed the whisky bottle into her hand as I said it.

She took it without thinking since she was concentrating on my words. Little psychological trick that almost always worked.

I employed the next trick. I lifted my flask and smiled, but didn't drink. The silence was the trigger.

In the lack of words, she raised her own bottle to fill the void.

I drank and so did she.

The next step had to be firm, but slow. I set my flask down and then took her wrist in my hand – the one holding the bottle. It's an unusual move, to grab someone's wrist. It temporarily causes confusion.

I used my other hand to take the bottle from her and set it down without letting go of her wrist.

I knew her mind was still confused over my hold on her wrist while justifying the removal of the bottle. Signals were crossed.

I pulled gently on her wrist and wrapped my other hand around her waist. She allowed it easily. I moved my head back to her slowly and everything fell into place. Her lips opened and we kissed. She responded with growing warmth.

The hurdle of her asking me to stop had passed.

CHAPTER 3

I was in seduction mode now. Not just for my benefit, but for hers. I could feel it in her: the need for passion.

Every woman had it. Most married women weren't getting it. Perhaps the depth of need determined how easy it was to tip those stupid, self-imposed walls of defense over. Some women denied themselves endlessly – needing passion but refusing it when the opportunity arose.

Those women died unhappy.

The way I looked at it? Why fight so hard to deny yourself happiness when in a hundred years no one was going to care?

I felt my arousal and knew the time was right to share it. While being kissed, her feeling my arousal would ignite her imagination. I pressed forward until she was up against the wall. I pulled her hips at me while I pressed my bulge into her crotch.

Her kissing became more passionate.

Bingo, baby.

I moved my hips, grinding my hardness around on her.

She moaned and it was the sweetest sound to my ears – the moan of a married woman as she feels another man's erection rubbing her.

I still needed to go slow, though, and let her imagination run rampant for a bit. It would make her hotter and hornier. I brought my hands up, cupping her head again. I kissed more fervently, my tongue exploring and fucking her mouth.

I felt her trembling – that was a great sign. It was my signal to go further. I moved my hands down to her butt and squeezed, pulling gently as I ground my crotch into hers. Her hips began to move, grinding back – moving her clit against my hardness to relieve some of her ache and need.

I left one hand on her butt and moved the other to her head, holding it and kissing a little more passionately.

She moaned again.

I took my hand from her head and ended the kiss. I moved it down her side as she panted and looked at me with glazed eyes. I was smiling slightly, looking into her eyes and her soul.

I moved my hand up to her breast again.

Her mouth dropped open and her knees shook, buckling a little. I knew it would come and my hand on her butt gripped firmer. She began panting as I slowly caressed her through her blouse.

Stopping my hand for a second, I pressed my erection against her more firmly and slowly moved it up. I knew the hardness would be sliding over her clit through her clothing.

She moaned again and her hips responded enthusiastically.

I moved my hand from her breast up to the side of her neck, gently gripping her and pulling her in for another kiss. I did not stop my grinding.

She went with it beautifully, wrapping her arms around me and humping back during the kiss.

I pulled my head back. She was gasping and trembling. I said, "You feel very good."

She whimpered a little.

That was to be expected. I think a married woman hearing that for the first time wonders if she should acknowledge the compliment. Maybe she wonders if she deserves it. All I know is that it's always the right thing to do.

I kept up my grinding, now being more suggestive. I had a hold on her hips as I moved my bulge up between her thighs in a long sliding move. I did this until she was shaking so hard that I could see her mouth trembling.

I moved my hand to the open part of her blouse and slid three fingers underneath. I gently massaged and stroked the beginning of her cleavage.

Her panting grew deeper.

I slowly unbuttoned a button.

She closed her eyes, her hips still moving against mine.

I lowered my fingers down further, still just caressing. I had to go slow with a woman – especially a married woman. I had to let her convince herself that she was not just turned on, but wanted more. If I went too fast, they would shut that open door before I knew what was going on.

It takes teasing. Slow teasing. If I went slow, the woman would almost beg me to proceed. If I went fast, suddenly I was trying to rape her. That wasn't good.

Her hands were kneading my back. That's another good sign. That means they want more.

I undid another button, just a little faster. I slid my hand slow again and reached further. She had wonderful breasts. The soft flesh begged for attention. I wanted to get them out, but knew I had to take my time. I caressed and then dipped a finger down to gently brush a nipple.

She gasped and arched her back.

That was my cue. I began unbuttoning her blouse with both hands. With sensuous moves, I parted her blouse and exposed her bra.

Before attacking them, I said to her, "You're beautiful." I kissed her again and ground my bulge against her. I knew this would help relax her that she had her blouse open. She might have expected me to attack her tits. Instead, I kissed her. It sent better signals to her brain.

We kissed for a few minutes, and then I pulled back. I unclasped the front of her bra and let it fall open. I trailed a finger teasingly over the swell of her breast and then near her nipple. I watched it harden noticeably.

I placed my palm gently on her breast and moved slowly.

She closed her eyes and panted, mouth open.

I made another exaggerated move of my bulge up her crotch.

She moaned low and her hips aggressively moved against me.

I kissed her again, enjoying the surrender of her body. While kissing her, I stripped her out of her blouse and bra. Then I hugged her to me during our kiss. Her arms went around my neck and she gripped tightly.

Jimmy, your wife is putty in my hands.

I stopped kissing her and leaned back a little on the right. My right hand went to her breast and rubbed lightly. She dropped her left hand down to my shoulder exactly like I wanted her to. I reached and grasped her wrist gently, pulling down until I was able to take her hand in mine. I kissed the back of her fingers and then rotated slightly, bringing her wedding ring towards me. I kissed her finger with the ring and then kissed the ring itself.

I was telling her I respected her marriage. I don't know what they thought at the moment they saw it, but I knew they liked it. I maneuvered her fingers and then sucked her wedding finger into my mouth. When I felt the metal and gem of the ring touching my lips, I licked around and then sucked with the ring just in my lips.

I pulled my lips off her finger and kissed her again. I moved my bulge up her crotch and she responded again with a moan.

I felt the time was right to give her something. I began unbuttoning my shirt. She either didn't notice or didn't care. I expect the latter. I got out of my shirt and let her run her hands over my chest muscles and through my hair.

Her fingers stroked and then clawed. I knew it was a good sign.

I smiled at her, close, and said, "How about a drink?"

She smiled, still panting, and said, "Okay."

I liked giving them little breathers. I wanted them to enjoy what was happening – to let it sink in that they're having fun.

We each took a swig.

I kissed her again and we kissed like natural lovers. While we were doing this, I took the next step. I unbelted and unzipped my jeans. I let them fall after a little push.

She was too occupied kissing me to know what was going on. She probably guessed, but was enjoying the kiss. Hard to talk with your mouth occupied and your defenses lowered.

I rubbed my boxers up against her.

She moaned and put her arms around my back. When I thrust my hips up, she dropped her hands down to my butt and squeezed. She moaned again feeling my boxers instead of jeans. That she didn't stop me was a full green signal to continue.

I thrust vigorously until she was panting and gasping. With a fast hand, I moved my boxers slightly so the head of my erection could slip out. Then I said, "Oops." I looked down with exaggerated slowness.

She looked down with me and gasped.

I made sure she got a good look at the head and three inches of shaft poking out before putting it away. I chuckled and said, "Sorry." I went back to kissing her while still pretending to fix my boxers.

I knew the image of my cock was in her head. Instead of putting it away, I let it all out. I used my hand to rub it up between her thighs.

She let out a long, low moan as she realized it was out and between her legs.

I felt her thighs clamp onto my shaft and squeeze. That was also a full green-light sign. I let her squeeze and move for a moment and then I said, "Ow..." I laughed. "Your jeans are rough."

"Oh..." Her words were breathless. "Sorry."

I unbuttoned her jeans and she let me. I moved them down slowly over her hips and bent down to drop them down. Coming back up, I licked a breast.

She was leaning her shoulders back against the wall, panting.

I kissed up her neck and to her ear. I breathed there for a few seconds, letting her hear me breathe.

She turned her head towards me.

I kissed her and then inserted my erection back between her legs. Of course, it did feel a whole ton better. The soft skin of her thighs felt heavenly. Her warm panties felt soft against my cock.

She gasped at the insertion and clamped it again with her thighs.

I ground back and forth and smiled when she started doing it back.

I pulled back a bit and heaved a relieved sigh. "Maybe another drink."

She slid down the wall and sat in partial relief and partial exhaustion from standing on wobbly legs.

I handed her the bottle.

She was staring at my cock with a nice blush on her face.

I leaned against the back of my couch. It angled my erection up nicely.

She stared at it, mouth parted.

This is where I liked to really show the woman something special. I put my bottle down and grabbed my cock. I began stroking it and said, "You're so beautiful, I hope you don't mind if I just look at you..."

Some women didn't like men jacking their own cocks. But most did – they were fascinated seeing something so personal. I especially wanted to do it while she was still wearing her panties, knowing it would make her feel safer.

I slid my hand up and down my shaft, very genuinely turned on. Her husband was outside somewhere and she was in with me, staring at my cock. I'm going to fuck your wife, Jimmy, and she's going to love it.

I growled low and pulled her up into a hug. I thrust my erection between her

thighs.

She whimpered and began moving her hips against me.

I moved us over to the couch and sat.

She looked down at my erection.

I said, "You can touch it, if you want. I'd like that."

Her hand trembled but didn't waver as she took hold of my shaft with her right hand. I used the opportunity to tease her breasts and nipples while she stroked me.

She looked a little dizzy.

I knew the whisky would have reduced her reservations long ago. I gently pushed her back, my mouth open. "Let me do something for you."

She let me lay her back.

I moved my face down and began kissing and licking her panties.

She moaned lightly and relaxed her legs.

I rubbed my fingers over the material and licked over where her clit would be.

She gasped and her hips came up.

I hooked a finger into the side of her panties and pulled. I put my tongue on her before she could protest. I licked with a wide tongue up her slit and clit.

She cried out with a shaking voice – any objection stilled by her pleasure. Nothing beats a tongue to stop a woman from saying no...

I licked and sucked, then inserted a couple of fingers into her wet hole.

She thrust her hips up, calling out wordlessly with desire.

I grabbed her panties and yanked them down.

She gasped, writhing on the couch as if she were one enormous worm of lust.

I yanked again and lowered them further. Not hearing a protest, I removed them completely. I put my tongue back on her pussy and she grabbed my head.

Nothing tastes better than married pussy.

CHAPTER 4

Her orgasm was intense. Her cries were strangled and her moves violent. She really needed to cum. Jimmy, you bad boy. You've been neglecting her.

I kissed my way up her body, pausing to kiss and lick her breasts.

Her chest was heaving as she looked down at me.

I moved slowly. I knew she knew what was coming. The head of my cock brushed her pussy lips and she gasped. She did not close her legs.

I reached down and gripped my erection, rubbing the head all over her pussy. Losing my own control, I centered it and pushed. I felt her wet, fleshy lips part and admit my cock. I felt my erection swell and harden even more.

With a gasping push, I slid my straining cock deep into her married pussy. There is nothing better than a willing wife. The pussy tastes better, feels better, and fucks better. At this point, I had no control. I thrust into her with groans of relief. My erection hardened further, straining and aching. The lust was satisfied by my movements in and out, so I drilled her. Her canal admitted me softly and clamped just right. Her body moved under me with each thrust, her head moving along the couch with each push. Her eyes were wide open and filled with wonder. Her mouth was open in surprise. Her arms clutched me frantically, pulling and rubbing.

I looked down at my shaft sliding in and out of her. I loved seeing it.

She was looking down with me, and moaning louder.

Yes, it's a thrill seeing another man's cock in you, isn't it? I moved my head close and kissed her.

She moaned and moved underneath me, her body responding nicely to my moves.

Too soon, I felt the stirrings of my orgasm. I quickened my thrusts. I knew she

felt it because she quickened hers.

When I knew it was coming, I said, "Give me your hand." I looked down at her left arm. I pulled out as she raised her hand. I gripped it with my right and jacked my cock with the left. It was very hard not to push deeper when I felt it coming, but I wanted this to be done right. The first time had to be something special.

I moved her hand to the head of my cock. I gasped loudly and aimed. Sperm erupted from my shaft, arching out over her hand. But the second, third and fourth shots blasted against her wedding ring, coating and covering it.

Her eyes were wide.

I panted a little, catching my breath. "Kacey."

She looked up at me nervously.

I said, "Clean it off with your mouth."

"My mouth?"

"It's the right thing to do." I gently guided her hand to her mouth. "Open."

She hesitantly opened her mouth a little.

I moved the wedding finger to her lips and rubbed. Sperm oozed down into her mouth.

She tasted tentatively and then licked a little.

"Open."

She did and I helped her put her finger into her mouth. She began sucking her finger and cleaning it.

I smiled down at her. "Good girl."

She looked at me as she did, bright-eyed and satisfied.

~ ~ ~

I knew the time afterwards would be awkward. Caught up in the lust before, her mind would now reassert itself and try to make sense of what had happened. She might blame the alcohol. She might blame me. In the end, she would blame herself.

I did my best to be comforting while her mind began working through what had happened. I was lying at her side, my fingers tracing patterns on her chest just below her neck.

I could see her eyes moving, opening, closing, looking to the side. She was battling the whisky and her thoughts.

The door shook to someone pounding on it. Jimmy's voice sounded outside, loud and slurring. "Kacey? Are you in there?"

She turned her head a little and went still. She was looking up at the ceiling. When Jimmy didn't knock again, she said, "I guess I should go."

I tapped lightly on her chest. "I'm right across the hall..."

She said nothing and got up.

I knew she would be thinking this was all a mistake.

She dressed, stumbling a little. She blew out a breath and shook her head.

I pulled on my boxers and shrugged into my shirt, but left it unbuttoned.

She was at the door. She looked at the profusion of locks. "Um, you want to let me out?"

"Of course." It would give me an opportunity to touch her. I gently took her shoulders and guided her to the side. I let my eyes linger on hers. Then I unlocked the door.

She gave me one last look, then looked down and scurried out.

~ ~ ~

I dreamt of her that night, as the music thumped away across the hall. Shouts and hoots and banging were heard all night. I slept through it all, even if the sounds were in my dreams.

The music was lower in the morning and I had my oatmeal and coffee in relative peace.

Someone was snoring outside my door, but that wasn't unusual. As long as he doesn't crap on my doorstep...

I was looking through price to earnings ratios when the knock came – light and timid.

I twisted around, looking at the door for only a second before getting up to answer it. I looked out the peephole and saw her wild hair. She was looking down and glancing to the sides.

I unlocked and opened up for her.

She started to open her mouth to say something.

I didn't give her the chance. I motioned. "Talk inside. Where others can't hear or interrupt."

She stepped in and I locked up the door.

She was standing there, arms crossed defensively. "I came over..." She swallowed, looking around nervously. "I came over to say it was all a mistake. It can't happen."

I used a curled finger to lift her chin so she was looking at me. I looked into her eyes, saying nothing. It's a psychological trick; the silence causes the other person to try to fill in the uncomfortable void.

She made a face. "I had too much to drink last night; I'm not like that."

I shook my head, leaning closer. "No, you're not like that."

Her pulse was racing. She backed up a little.

I kept moving until she was up against the wall. My finger stroked along her jaw.

She said, "I'm not a cheater. Last night was an accident." She was giving voice to how her mind justified it all.

I slowly pulled her into a hug, my face aimed at hers.

She said, "I'm not some slut—"

"No, you're not."

She looked panicked.

My lips touched hers. I felt her gasp on my lips. Then we were kissing. She gripped me tightly, pressing herself to me.

I knew she was throwing out her objections. I kissed her passionately, my hands roaming all over her back and butt. I could feel her trembling.

I ground my crotch against hers and felt her grind right back.

I gripped her hand and brought it down to my groin.

She moaned and began squeezing my package.

I said, "Remove your clothes."

She gasped. "What?"

"Remove your clothes."

She laughed. "I can't believe..."

"Remove them."

Her hands came up and began unbuttoning.

I undid her jeans.

She kept blinking, shaking her head, and laughing nervously.

I knelt to get her jeans off. I reached up and savagely yanked on her panties.

She yelped as they tore.

Her pussy was in my face. I pushed my nose and tongue into it.

Immediately she shook with a violent quiver, her thighs parting for my searching tongue.

She was clean – showered within the last hour or two. She shook as I licked.

I kissed her pussy and then rose slowly, kissing my way up her body. I gripped her wrist and brought up her hand when I was standing. I kissed her wedding ring while looking into her eyes.

She moaned uncontrollably, collapsing back against the wall.

I said, "Come." I pulled her to the couch.

She was already panting.

I pushed her down to kneel and removed my clothes. My erection was already hard and ready. "Use your hands to spread yourself open."

She put her head down on the couch as she knelt there and brought her hands to her pussy from underneath. They were shaking badly.

"Spread yourself open." I was rubbing the head of my cock lightly over her pussy and fingers.

She was panting heavier. Her fingers pulled herself open.

I touched my cock to the pink insides.

She shuddered violently and pushed her hips back.

I gave her what she needed. I pushed my cock into her pussy until she had taken all of me. I pushed and wiggled with it all the way in, getting just a little deeper.

She groaned and whimpered with pleasure.

I gripped her hips and began pumping her, hard. Her mouth opened in a silent cry as I pounded her from behind. My balls slapped heavily against her clit. I thrilled to the feel of her muscles working with mine, moving with me, fucking me as I fucked her.

Her pussy felt fantastic. The velvety-wet feel was everything I wanted and desired. I gasped, "Play with yourself. Rub your clit."

I felt her fingers as my balls slapped there. I rammed my cock into her with force.

She didn't need much; she cried out in a rising, gasping wail that brought a flush to her skin.

My cock was straining, again, so hard and excited that it ached. There's nothing better than married pussy. I began grunting with effort, making sure I fucked her hard, fast, and deep.

Her mouth was open, her face slack. Her lips quivered from the force of my ramming. Her objections were forgotten. Thoughts of her husband were absent. Her ass was in the air and she was getting pounded by another man's cock. She was gone.

I plunged deep, feeling her pussy clamp on my shaft, and blasted my cum into her. I felt each shot race along my shaft and eject deep into her. I grunted, driving my cock as deep as it would go. My knees began shaking as I emptied into her.

My breathing became ragged as the last squirts flooded her pussy. I withdrew and collapsed sitting next to her raised butt.

She moved slowly until she was sitting on my left. Then she leaned over and rested her head on my shoulder.

I put my arm around her. "Was it good?"

She shook with a silent chuckle. "Um, I came over to say we couldn't ever do that anymore."

"I know."

"But—"

"But you needed this. I'm just giving you what you really want."

"But isn't this wrong?"

"Is it wrong to bring you happiness? Satisfaction?"

She didn't answer.

"I'm not here to steal you from Jimmy. I'm just here to help out."

She laughed low.

I said, "Are you all right?"

She shrugged. "I guess so."

"Do something for me."

"Hmm?"

"Grab my cock. With your left hand."

She gave me an embarrassed grin. "What's with my left hand?"

"It bears your wedding ring."

"So? Why all the fuss over it?"

"I'm showing you I respect your marriage."

"Isn't that an odd way to show it?"

I tilted my head to the side. "If I ignored it, then wouldn't I give the impression I don't want it to be on your finger? I pay attention to it to show I'm comfortable

with you being married."

"Oh..."

"I don't want you to leave Jimmy, I just want to help you be happy."

She was quiet, gripping my half-hard shaft.

I said, "Take me in your mouth."

She looked at me.

"Go on. I want you to kiss and lick my shaft with the same mouth you kiss your husband."

"Why?"

"So you can have our flavor on your tongue the whole day."

She giggled. "That's dirty."

"No it isn't. It's sexy. Go on, suck on it a little."

She gave me an eyebrow but took me into her mouth. Her lips looked beautiful sliding up and down my shaft.

I couldn't see her wedding ring, but we both knew it was there. I let her do that for a few minutes before pulling her up. I kissed her, tasting both of us on her tongue. I pulled back and touched her face. "You're beautiful."

She blushed.

CHAPTER 5

I had given her my cell and email.

The music thumped all day. The kids made their usual, loud noise.

I knew she would stay away, trying to figure out what had happened to her resolve. But my phone chimed later. It was a text message.

Kacey: Kyle?

I texted back.

Kyle: Yes?

There was no response. Maybe she was testing to see if I had given her a wrong number.

I went out later to grab a submarine sandwich. I looked at their door wondering if they were home and what they were doing. I didn't look before leaving if Jimmy was mingling; I really didn't care.

But on the way there and back, my curiosity grew. If he was there with the kids, she would be home, right? I climbed the stairs to my floor and waded through the young refuse that had nothing better to do than drink, smoke weed, act stupid and flash their tits.

Jimmy was in the first apartment.

Tucker bobbed his head at me. "Sup, Kyle?" He had to shout to be heard.

I lifted my chin in greeting and looked around. In the haze of the hallway, I saw Jimmy toking on a joint and trying to look sexy to a girl half his age. The girl had an irritated look on her face and was looking for an escape route.

I approached, bobbing my head in imitation. "Hey, Jimmy. Nice party, huh?"

He gave me a serious look. "Fuck yeah, man."

I glanced around, frowning. "Kacey here?"

He glanced quickly at the door and the irritated girl. "Nah, not tonight."

I nodded as if I didn't care.

He thrust his chin and said, "She said you guarded her well, but I don't think these parties are her thing."

But it's your thing, isn't it? I nodded again. I said nothing else and left him to his attempted conquest.

The encounter told me what I wanted to know: Jimmy was a dick; Kacey was home neglected; and she had covered what had happened by saying I was nice. I was smiling as I went inside my apartment.

~ ~ ~

Sunday brought back the noise after an almost semi-quiet night. The kids partied hardest Friday night and all day Saturday. By Saturday night, they were running out of steam. Sundays were usually just a collection of groans mixed with the stupid music. At least Tucker didn't play rap; I would've murdered him if he had.

I stayed in, scanning NASDAQ reports. The recent doom-plunge created opportunities. I had sold almost all my holdings and was sitting on a pile of cash. The time to buy back in was approaching. I never held on through a big fall – I rarely was in when they hit anyway.

I figured it was all rigged. Goldman Sachs that ran the computer programs controlling the entire stock exchange had that hacker one year get into their system. They had cried long and hard to the SEC to put the guy away for life because he might have been able to unfairly profit from what he saw.

What stopped Goldman Sachs from doing the same?

I played low key. In at the lows, sell when it reached near its fifty-two week high. Letting it all ride past that was always an invitation for disaster and the play of the incompetent.

But I had a while to wait. When crashes bottomed out, they didn't bounce back the next day in a surge of buying frenzy. Recoveries were long. People had lost everything and would be reluctant to just plunge back in. Bottoms struggled for months. That was the time to buy. When it struggled, that meant the bottom was in place.

I was putting my computer to sleep when the knock came.

I moved to the door and peeped out. It wasn't Kacey.

I didn't answer the door; I had learned not to. Likely the girl needed to use the bathroom. If I let her in, it would set a precedent and then my place would be known as the place to go for the girls who needed to pee or change their tampons.

Forget that shit.

From there, my place would devolve into just another hang-out pad. Girls would be hanging in the hall waiting for the bathroom, some would find a place to sit in my bedroom, boys would come in wondering where their latest tit-view went and instant party-pad.

Nuh uh. Not my place.

I sat on the couch and reached under where I had stashed Kacey's torn panties. They brought a smile to my face.

The knock came again.

Piss off.

I stuffed the panties back under the cushion and grabbed the remote. But I didn't feel like watching television. Eight hundred channels of boring, in-your-face advertising and opinions pre-packaged for consumption.

The knock came again, a little firmer.

I got up and went to the peephole. It was Kacey. I immediately unlocked the door and opened it. "Thought you were someone else."

She gave me an odd look, then looked around.

I motioned her in. "I think that didn't sound right. Several minutes ago a girl had knocked. Probably to use the bathroom."

She came in. "Oh."

"Thought she was back trying to be persistent."

She was looking at me, not really listening. I could see it in her eyes; her mind was on something else.

"Jimmy?" I locked the door.

"We just got back from mass. He said he was going to circulate." She had a disgusted look on her face.

"He was in Tucker's smoking pot yesterday."

She blew out a disgusted breath and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. "He promised he'd never do that again."

I shrugged. "I think he was trying to impress some underage girl."

"Figures."

I touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry. Probably not nice to hear."

She looked down. "It's all right."

"Mass, huh?"

She nodded. "He's a strict Catholic."

"You aren't?"

"Just a Christian."

I smiled. "Me, too."

She returned my smile at that, looking a little more relieved. "Um, we..."

I shook my head. "We helped each other out, with respect. Jesus said that loving our neighbor was one of the two primary commandments."

"But it's adultery."

I wiggled my hand in the air as if weighing. "Debatable."

"What?"

"Adultery is theft of a man's property. Wives were property back then. You're not property now and I'm not wanting to steal you."

She frowned at me and opened her mouth. Then she closed it. "Hmm."

I stroked her hair. "Why'd you come over?"

She blushed and looked down.

I smiled knowingly. I lifted her chin and kissed her. She opened up to me completely, hugging me with shaking arms.

I said, "Don't be afraid to enjoy passion in your life."

"But it's wrong."

I shrugged. "If you say so. But I'm going to show you just how wrong it can be."

Her face lit with a glow and her eyes flashed with desire.

I pulled her back into my bedroom and began undressing her.

She gave a half-laugh. "This is so wrong."

I was removing her panties, kneeling. "How can something so good and wonderful be wrong?"

"I'm married; I shouldn't be slutting around."

"You're not." I stood and began undressing. "Let go of those fears. Stop trying to hide your need for passion."

"I'm not afraid—"

"Yes you are. You're afraid to admit you enjoy it. Want it. You're afraid to admit you need it." I stripped off the cover and blankets from the bed. "Lay down."

She looked uncertain.

"I want to lick you."

She giggled for a second, twisting her fingers. Then she sat back on the bed.

I pushed her back and scooted her hips to the edge of the bed. I knelt and began lapping her clit.

She let out a long sigh and hummed with delight.

I looked up. "This sort of takes your mind off your objections, doesn't it?"

She clapped a hand over her mouth and laughed. But it turned into a groan when I put my tongue back to pleasuring her.

I loved her taste. She was shaved bald and her lips were thin lines of invitation. I inserted a finger and played. Licking the wife of another man is a special experience every man should enjoy. For the woman, getting licked by another man is an experience every married woman should need at least once in their lives.

I licked with slow moves. My fingers twisted and played. She became a moaning, writhing goddess of lust.

I climbed up on the bed and laid next to her. "Let me see you lick me."

She giggled. She moved down and grabbed me with her right hand. She paused. Then she climbed over me to be on the other side, grabbing me with her left hand.

"Good girl."

She chuckled. Her wedding ring was shining brightly on the pale skin of my cock.

I hardened fully and grinned at her. "Stroke it and lick the head."

Her tongue came out, licking me, and I sighed happily. I glanced back and forth between her tongue and her wedding ring. I reached over and grabbed my cell. "Rub my cock on your face."

I took a couple pictures of my cock on her cheek, her mouth open and her eyes smoking with desire.

She said, "Those aren't going to find their way onto the internet." It was a statement.

"I don't share like that."

I got a picture of her kissing my dick and her lips over the helmet – all with her wedding ring prominent. "Beautiful."

She laughed, lowering her head so her hair was brushing my erection. She looked up and gave me a sexy look. She climbed over me, up my body. She settled down, her pussy near my cock. She rested her chest on mine and kissed me.

I held her in my arms and kissed back. She felt warm on me and my cock flexed between us. She gave a small laugh during our kiss and leaned up. Gripping my dick, she moved it all over her pussy. She moved her hips back and forth, her pussy lips doing what her tongue had done a few minutes before.

I was smiling, stroking my hands over her boobs.

She lifted a little and settled her pussy onto my erection. I felt her wet warmth slide down and engulf my shaft.

I closed my eyes and sighed.

She kept settling until she was firmly seated on my hips.

I felt my cock expanding in her, stretching a little longer in excitement.

She began moving, rocking back and forth, her pussy sliding up off my shaft and then back down. Her fingers clawed into my chest and she closed her eyes, moaning with pleasure. Her mouth dropped open and she rode faster.

I let her do what she wanted; she was having fun. It wasn't all about me – far from it. I generally didn't like to be on the bottom, but I was enjoying her way and the pleasure she was having.

She moaned happily. "That feels so good."

"Different than your husband?"

Her eyes opened, but she kept moving. "Oh, sure. He's a jack-rabbit."

"Oh."

"Gets on, pumps as fast as he can and then he's done. Rolls off and turns over."

I chuckled. "And you married that?"

"He was better before we were married. So handsome and sexy."

I loved hearing her talk about her husband as her pussy slid up and down my cock.

She said, "I guess it was the chase for him. He spent a lot more time before we got married. Now? Pff."

"And here I am."

She half-laughed. "Yes, and here you are." She closed her eyes and moved her head as if looking around. Her moves told me she was enjoying it and refusing her objections. Her hips moved harder on me.

I reached down and tried to finger her clit. I didn't keep contact except on her up-stroke. Still, it was enough to get her quivering and gasping.

She panted. "The things you do..."

"Does your pussy like my cock in there?"

"Yes..."

"Even though you're married?"

She groaned heavily and began rocking her hips back and forth frantically. Her teeth were clenched and her breathing was almost a hiss. She began to shake and move harder.

I gripped her hips, loving the feel of her pussy working my dick. "How does it feel to fuck another man's cock?"

She dropped her head back and squinted up her eyes. Her mouth dropped open as if with pain. She cried out and convulsed on me, her hips driving back on my cock, hard.

That was what I was waiting for. I firmed my grip on her hips and thrust mine up, driving my shaft up into her pussy, over and over. I huffed with effort, pushing as hard as I could into her.

She was coming down off her orgasm as I felt mine build. Her eyes were still closed and she went still, letting me piston my cock up into her.

I grunted and slammed my hips up into hers. I held it there as my cock expanded and burst man-seed far up inside her married pussy.

She dropped her mouth open again as she felt my sperm shooting in her. She ground her hips around in little circles, pushing down to take me in as far as she could.

Oh, fuck yes, I'm shooting my sperm into your wife, Jimmy. And she loves it.

CHAPTER 6

The workweek came and with it silence. Monday through Friday morning was almost like a long weekend for me.

My phone chimed on Tuesday. Text message from Kacey.

Kacey: miss you

Kyle: Come over.

Kacey: working

Kyle: What do you do?

Kacey: receptionist

I figured she was marginally busy with the one-word, no-punctuation replies. I didn't respond further after that and she didn't send any more texts until lunch.

Kacey: When can I come over?

Kyle: Any time?

Kacey: yum

Kyle: Is that good?

Kacey: lol

Kacey: Yes.

I smiled. The feeling inside of having brought happiness to a married woman is a special one that is above and beyond me exciting some single chick. There was a harder-earned satisfaction from doing so because many women were naturally set against their own needs.

Picking up a single girl who's looking is a minor victory. Picking up a woman who isn't looking, who is committed, and who feels bound to stay faithful is a triumph – and the sex is all the sweeter.

~ ~ ~

She came Wednesday.

Jimmy was home from work, and she had told him she was coming to see me, ostensibly to talk about Irish Whisky I had bought for Friday.

I had hardened knowing her husband knew she was here.

She said that he had warmed to the idea of the parties and that he didn't mind her being escorted by me.

I figured he thought it would keep her out of his hair while he tried to pick up some tits and anything to encourage that was good.

I had her on my bed, under me. My straining cock was splitting her pussy open, ramming deep. The bed squeaked in metallic protest as I drove my manhood into her pussy over and over.

She was groaning, clinging and pulling on me, her thighs spread out wide as she took me.

I fucked Jimmy's wife with forceful thrusts. It was good – it was very good. Her pussy was a perfect, moist glove for my cock.

I had made her cum on my tongue a half hour before. I wanted to fuck her hard, fast, and deep while she was in post-orgasmic bliss.

I moved her legs to my shoulders. Her wide hips widened further – rotated and tilted upwards. Her pussy was up and open. I began plunging my cock down into her. I was close and I wanted my seed as deep in her womb as possible.

I panted. "Do you want my cum in you?"

She groaned. "Yes..."

"Deep?"

"Yes..."

She might have been married to another man, but she had surrendered her married pussy completely to my cock.

I rammed down harder, grunting heavily as my orgasm built. My toes began twitching. Tingles raced and built from the soles of my feet all the way up to my balls. I growled and pushed down, driving my cock deep into her.

Her mouth was open and her eyes glazed.

I sent powerful squirts of sperm far up inside Jimmy's wife, flooding her deep with my seed. Each grunting spurt was a triumph and a relief.

She gasped underneath me, moving her hips with mine – accepting it all.

I sent several strong, fast squirts into her and then many more smaller ones at a more leisurely pace.

She was breathing heavy. "Whew."

I moved a little, coaxing another squirt out. "Hmm?"

She said, "You cum so much."

I chuckled. "I keep thinking of you. It builds up." I pulled out and dropped over to her side.

She turned to me and trailed her fingernails over my chest. "It sort of used to be like that with Jimmy. But you're better."

I glanced at her before looking back to the ceiling. "Not that I'm suggesting you leave him, but why do you stay?"

She tapped my chest with her fingers, thinking. "I don't know. I love him. It all

happened so gradually that I'm not sure where along the years sex became less fun to him and more of a chore."

"It's fun with me?"

She giggled low. "Yes."

"Why?"

She shrugged, a whimsical smile on her face. "I don't know; the things you do. The things you make me do."

"You don't do any of that with Jimmy?"

"No. Rabbit-on, rabbit-off."

I felt bad for her, even though it was to my advantage. "Have you ever tried?"

"Tried what?"

"Being seductive?"

"I'm not a prude. I've been there for him for eight years."

"Maybe he just needs some of that seduction from you."

"Are you saying he's bored?"

"Of course. But not necessarily because of anything you've done. Maybe it's what you haven't done."

"Like?" She sounded thoughtful.

"Have you ever sucked his wedding finger?"

"No."

"Have you ever taken time to just lick and fondle his dick?"

"Well... In the beginning, sure. But he sort of moved it into the rabbit-stage."

"You need to go back to seducing him."

She blew out a breath. "Why is it all on me?"

"I don't mean to sound simple, but men are lazy when it comes to sex. For men, we have to spend a lot of time getting women warmed up to cum. For women, you have to spend a lot of time keeping men interested enough not to be lazy."

"Sounds like a lot of work."

"Love is, in a way. And so is the sex. If you don't approach it together, you'll both be dissatisfied and become bored."

"You think I can pull him back?"

"Absolutely. You're sexy as all get out."

She laughed, but then quieted fast. "I wish he thought so."

"He does; he just doesn't remember. You have to remind him."

"What do I need to do?"

"The little things. The way you dress. The teasing, the looks. The extra stuff we do in bed together. You need to do all that with him."

"And he'll wake up?"

I nodded. "He'll wake up."

"You make it sound so easy."

I turned to her, intense. "Because it is."

She laughed. "You haven't lived with him for eight years."

"You're married to him."

"Yeah?"

"Look how easy it was for me to seduce you – to give you what you needed."

She pursed her lips in a smile and looked down.

"I gave you excitement and passion. And though you're married, here you are with my cum in you."

She didn't answer; she was looking away.

I didn't say these things to be mean to her; I wanted her to think. I wanted her to realize her own happiness was in her hands. Whether it be to seek that happiness elsewhere or, with her own husband, or both.

I said it because it was the truth. Not because I wanted her to be faithful to her husband – I wanted her to seek passion and enjoy life while she had it. No matter where she got it.

No woman deserved to be neglected in their marriages. Many were so faithful they were willing to die unhappy rather than seek happiness through a side outlet. Most men could be lured back into passion; it was up to the wife, as unfair as that sounded.

Some men never would. Those wives needed to find their passion with another man, even if remaining dedicated to their marriages. There was no law stating, "Thou shalt suffer in marriage."

If the husband was too stupid and lazy to care for his wife, how could he blame another man for filling the void? What right did a husband have to demand his wife be unhappy?

That wasn't love; it was abuse.

CHAPTER 7

I bought a new bottle of Irish Whisky for Kacey. Friday's music thumped through the entire apartment building. Girls and boys, some of age, many not, hung in the hallways and three apartments on my floor drinking, smoking and being loud.

Jimmy was already out, smiling a rakish grin and flirting with an underage girl. He was waving a bottle around, just having handed her one as I came up the stairs.

He glanced at me and went back to leaning over the giggling girl.

I came up to them, holding my liquor sack. "Hey, Jimmy."

He bobbed his head, looking a little annoyed at the interruption. "Hey."

I leaned close to his ear. "She's thirteen." I knew; I had heard her talking weeks before.

Jimmy's face went pale – to his credit. He gulped and grabbed the bottle from the girl.

The thirteen-year old dropped her mouth open in a cough of annoyance. "Hey, like..."

Kacey suddenly appeared on my right and took my arm in hers. "We have drinks?" She was dressed in a short skirt and half-unbuttoned blouse.

Jimmy was looking at me and his eyes drew down. He began pointing his finger. "No funny stuff with my wife—"

I leaned back close again. My words were firm. "I don't steal wives." It was the truth. I just fuck them.

He bobbed his head a little backwards and chewed his lip. Then he grunted. "All right, then."

Jimmy moved into Tucker's apartment.

The boy's voice floated out. "Sup, Jimmy!"

"Sup, man?"

I shook my head and led her into my apartment.

She hadn't worn panties; I was fucking her within twenty minutes to a passionate and loud orgasm.

~ ~ ~

I heard her knock at eleven on Saturday.

She came in wearing the same skirt.

I raised an eyebrow at it. "That didn't make your husband jealous?"

She snorted. "No."

"That sounds odd."

She sat on my couch. "I tried a little of what you said last night, when he finally came in."

"Oh?" I sat beside her.

"I stroked and blew him."

"Well, that's good. Did he like it?"

"Sure, then he called me Lisa."

I laughed and then stopped myself. "Sorry."

"That's all right. I got back at him and called him Kyle."

A chill went through me. "That's probably not a good idea."

She tossed her head. "Maybe not, but it just came out. I was so pissed."

I sighed and nodded. "But he didn't say anything about you coming over dressed like that?"

"No, but he gave me a funny look."

I shrugged. "Who knows, maybe it will help wake him up."

"Maybe. At least the sex was a little more fun with him than normal."

"No rabbit-humping?"

"Nope. He seemed a lot more intense and forceful."

I smiled. "Good." I turned her head towards me and tried to kiss her.

She pulled her head back. "Um, his cock was in there like twelve hours ago."

"So? Doesn't matter."

She opened her mouth and let me kiss her.

After a moment, I said, "Have you kissed him after you've sucked me?"

She giggled and nodded.

I said, "Hot."

She nodded faster. "It turns me on for some strange reason."

I traced her mouth with my finger. "I love seeing my cum on your lips."

She blushed. "I like it there."

"Undress."

She smiled coyly but got up and stripped.

I removed my clothing while she did. I sat back down naked and stroked my cock. "Kneel and suck me."

Kacey knelt and used her left hand, making sure her wedding ring was aimed my way. She moved her mouth up and down my shaft as she looked into my eyes.

I said, "Do you like sucking another man's cock?"

She sucked and then pulled off with a smack. "Yes. It's sexy and fun." She went back to sliding her lips on my cock-skin.

I pushed her off after a minute. "Your turn." I kept pushing gently, maneuvering her back on my rug. She laid down at my motion and spread her legs. "Has Jimmy licked you here?"

"Um, no, but he was in me last night."

"I'm sure you're clean now."

"I think you're the only one—" She gasped and then settled into a moan as I licked her. "The only one who will do this."

"He will."

"I doubt it."

I inserted a few fingers. "Has he ever?"

"A few times."

"Then he will again. As soon as that spark is fanned into a flame."

"You don't think his spark has gone out?"

I chuckled. "If he's horning after a thirteen-year old, then no."

She looked up in surprise. "That girl was thirteen?"

"Mm hmm." I kept licking.

"I wondered why you were talking to him."

"Figured it wouldn't be good for either of you if he got picked up for molestation."

She blew out a breath. "I'm not thirteen anymore."

"Shush. You're sexy and don't need to be thirteen. It was just his ignorance. He got disgusted real fast when I told him."

"Oh." She breathed raggedly for a moment. "Good."

I brought her to orgasm on the floor of my apartment. I pulled on her shaking arms, bringing her up to straddle me as I knelt. I hummed happily as her warm pussy descended over my cock and slid down my shaft.

She had her arms around me, her hips moving back and forth and moaning like a ghost in a cartoon when Jimmy knocked on the door.

"Kacey?" His voice drifted through the door and was barely heard above the thumping of the music.

I flexed in her, hearing his voice as I fucked his wife.

She paused for only a second, then went back to moving her hips on me. She kept moaning. She fucked me with bliss while her husband stood a few feet away on the other side of the door. But he wouldn't be able to hear anything.

I gripped her hips and moved with her, thrusting upwards when she rocked back. I could feel it coming. "Does my cock feel good in you?"

"Yes."

Jimmy didn't knock again.

"Are you going to come back for more?"

"Oh, fuck yes."

My movements quickened, and then I was sending fast squirts up into her pussy. I panted heavily, luxuriating in the feel of my cock emptying into her fantastic

pussy.

After a moment of hugging, I said, "Let's get dressed and circulate a little. So Jimmy doesn't wonder where you are."

"Oh. Okay." She didn't seem eager to do it.

I wanted Jimmy feeling comfortable, not suspicious. His jealousy could destroy their marriage and I didn't want to bring that on Kacey.

We moved out into the hall a few minutes later, a bottle in her hand.

A couple of dipshits were toking up right outside my door. I coughed and waved the haze away, scowling at them.

The kid, bobbing his head and totally glassy-eyed, slowly offered me the joint. It looked like he was using all his concentration to either hold his breath or move the joint. Or both.

I wanted to slap it out of his hand. I said to Kacey, "What a waste of a young mind."

"It's not supposed to hurt you—"

"Look around you. Point out at just one intelligent conversation. I'll give you an hour to look."

She looked at me doubtfully, but then she looked around at the slack faces, the bobbing heads and the constant drone of "Huh huh huh."

Some idiot caught me scowling. His head bobbed viciously on his neck. "What's your problem, dude?"

I ignored him. I ignored Tucker's apartment, too. Jimmy could be in any of the three open party-doors, but less likely in the third. Melissa and Christy seemed to attract the better type of partier.

I held her around the waist and moved her inside. The noise wasn't so bad in here and the level of activity was primarily texting.

I said to Melissa, "Nice and quiet in here, today."

She looked at me with bright eyes that weren't flirty. The brightness faded right away. It was her attempt to appear nice to everyone. "Oh, yeah..." She went back to texting.

I moved Kacey into the kitchen and we leaned against the counter. I had my arm around her.

Girls went by, back and forth, all of them checking the refrigerator and finding nothing. In the hall to the bedroom were a couple of boys and a group of girls around them. Their hair was gelled up and spiked.

I pointed and said to Kacey, "I guess girls requires spiky hair nowadays."

"It probably reminds them of the anime cartoons."

"Oh, yeah."

Jimmy came in looking around. He spotted me and moved to the kitchen around partiers. He saw Kacey. "There you are."

I said, "It's quieter in here. Less hassle." I hadn't removed my arm from her waist.

He furrowed his brow and then nodded, looking relieved. He said to Kacey, "I'm going to grab a kegger for Tucker's."

"Oh, okay."

He looked at her and then me.

I said, "I've already fended off boys who tried to grope her."

His look grew angry. "Who?"

I leaned closer to him. "Don't worry, I sent them on their way. Haven't seen them for the last half hour." All of which was true, if I counted the previous weekend and the grabby kids wanting her bottle.

He grunted. "I'll be back soon."

She said again, "Okay."

We watched him go.

She leaned to me. "I need to use your bathroom; your cum is running down my legs."

CHAPTER 8

An hour later, I was ramming her hard up against the wall of my apartment. Having a second orgasm wasn't hard if I gave myself enough time to recover. I hadn't.

I grunted hard, feeling the orgasm trying to tickle its way to fullness, but it hovered there just out of reach.

Kacey moved up and down the wall to my thrusts. Her legs were wrapped around my waist. She was still in her skirt.

I drove up into her hard, trying to find that sensation that brought on my orgasm.

Her back was arched and her hips moved on me and with me. A light sheen of moisture was on her face and her breathing came in ragged pants.

She sure feels good. Come on and finish. I grunted with effort.

Jimmy knocked on the door. "Kacey? Are you in there? Kyle?"

That was all it took. I cried out, thrusting up harder into her pussy. I clutched her butt cheeks and pulled, pushing up into her. My cum erupted hotly from my cock to flood her womb.

She quivered, her pussy working frantically on me.

I sent my seed up into Jimmy's wife as he knocked on the door again. I kissed her, moving a little, still deep, as I coaxed the last of my seed out and into her. I gasped, "Answer the door. I'll be in the bathroom."

I dropped her down gently and scooped up my pants. I closed the bathroom door as she opened the front door.

I heard them talking. The front door shut.

She said, "He's in the bathroom. Went in there a few minutes ago not feeling

well."

"What were you doing?"

"Drinking."

Silence. Then, "Oh."

I came out dressed, playing the part. I rubbed my forehead. "Too fast on that new stuff. Oh, hi, Jimmy." I sat back down on the couch next to the lampstand where I had left my bottle.

He was squinting, but his face was relaxing. "How come you weren't at Melissa and Christy's?"

She said, "We were, but it gets too loud sometimes. And crowded."

He grunted and nodded, satisfied.

She dropped into the recliner and picked up her bottle. "We've just been hanging out here, drinking and swapping stories."

He nodded faster. "Good, then. Okay. Just wanted to check on you." He moved to the door and studied the locks. "Uh..."

I got up. "I'll let you out."

He grunted. "Uh, thanks."

You're welcome. Your wife's pussy has two loads of my cum in her. Maybe I should thank you. "There you go."

He left without anything further.

I sat back down and she came over to sit next to me. I said, "I think he's getting suspicious."

"So?"

I heaved a sigh. "So? That's not good. He might react by kicking you out."

She made a face. "Oh..."

"Do you want to stay married to him?"

"Yes."

"Then he can't be suspicious."

She nodded. "What do I do?"

I looked into her eyes. "Make sure he gets attention tonight."

~ ~ ~

It was after eight at night. Saturday had passed and I felt recovered enough to try a third time. I heaved over her, pushing my cock into her on my bed. The squeaks of the mattress and the headboard banging against the wall was mingled with her cries of lust.

I fucked her hard and fast, a sheen of sweat covering us both. I looked down, watching my engorged penis sliding in and out of another man's wife. It was a beautiful sight and one I'll always find special.

It was thoughts of sending her home with a third load of cum in her that won it over for me. I dropped onto her chest, grabbing her butt and pushing deep. I pressed hard, finding a little more penetration as she relaxed her hips to take it.

Take my cum. Take it to your husband. Three loads! I cried out in a painful growl as my overworked balls drew up and my seed shot deep into her with light and fast squirts. I swear I saw brilliant lights. An ache in my groin and balls told me I had gone too far. They were going to raise the white flag and surrender if I kept it up.

I stopped moving at all, the last few dribblets of seed draining into her. Then I moved a little, working any final drops out inside her. I didn't want to waste any

of it – I wanted every single drop of my seed inside her womb.

I sent her home to her husband filled with my cum.

~ ~ ~

Sunday was less noise, as usual.

She knocked after Sunday mass.

I let her in. "Jimmy?"

"Taking a shower."

I shrugged and locked the door. "Uh, I don't think I can get anything working today, but I can lick you...?" My balls felt as if someone had jumped up and down on them with steel-toed boots. Or hammered them with a sledgehammer for an hour.

She giggled. "Oh, that's okay. We can just talk."

I raised my eyebrows and motioned to the couch. "What's on your mind?"

She blushed. "Well..."

I smiled, curious.

"I went home last night and was able to interest Jimmy in some fun."

My eyebrows went up again. "Sounds interesting. What happened?"

"I started playing with his cock and licking it. I asked him if he had gotten turned on by any of the girls. It got him instantly hard."

I lowered one eyebrow. "Hmm." I did not disapprove, though I might have

wished he had responded to Kacey instead of another girl. I said nothing against it. Hey, everybody has their thing.

She said, "I basically treated his cock like it was yours."

"And he liked it all right?"

She laughed. "Oh yeah. I ended up climbing on him and riding. I think he was gone."

"Thinking of some girl?"

"No, liking what I was doing. He was moaning all over the place."

I smiled, tilted my head, and said, "Hey, that's better than before, isn't it?"

She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes and nodded.

"Did that make you happy?"

She tensed up a little, her fingers twisting around themselves. "Yes. I just hope it wasn't a one-time thing."

I squeezed her knee. "Keep at it. Do everything you do with me. Rubbing his cock all over your face, stroking him – all of it."

"You think he really needs all that?"

"Yes, really. If a man thinks you love his cock and can't wait to stroke it all over your face, he can't fail to get turned on."

"When will he view me as more than just a sucking machine?"

That isn't fair, Kacey. I pursed my lips. "I don't think Jimmy's like that. Light the fire in him and it will fuel a return from him to you."

"I don't know."

"Look, if you have to suck him three times before he wants to lick you, would it be worth it?"

She said nothing, but she nodded.

"Then give it a little effort. Maybe you're the one that has to take the step, but if you want it, you'll pay the price."

"Why can't he be the one making the effort?"

"Because he isn't. It's up to you."

"And you're sure this will work?"

I shook her knee. "Yep."

"If it doesn't?"

I held up my hands. "I'll give you whatever happiness he won't. Gladly."

Jimmy knocked on the door. "Kacey? Kyle?"

I got up and unlocked for him. I let him in.

He glanced back and forth. He said, "Are you going to be in here drinking?"

I held up my hands and shook my head. "A repeat of yesterday? No, not today. She and I were just talking."

He looked confused. He was looking at her. "Oh, you're not going to drink?"

She shook her head. "Not today. Guess I had my fill yesterday."

That's right you did. With my sperm. I watched them.

Jimmy appeared disappointed, though not much. "Oh. What are you going to do?"

Kacey shrugged. "Go back to our apartment. Maybe read or something. I don't know."

I could tell he wanted her occupied. Still hankering for young tits? Your wife has some beautiful ones I've licked.

His face fell.

I said, "Maybe I'll have her over Monday for a quick drink." More like I'll have her over to shove my dick deep into her pussy. I'll fuck your wife nice and hard and send her back to you with my seed up inside her womb. Again.

He grunted. "Yeah, I guess." He was frowning. There were no parties Monday.

Kacey got up and went to the door. "Thanks for the chat, Kyle."

"Sure. Now you know the difference between whisky and whiskey."

She laughed.

CHAPTER 9

I didn't know until later that the three-load day was going to be my best with her. It would have been hard to top anyway. But not just the best, but also the top.

From there, things began to slow.

I had known to expect this, but it was still hard on me.

Kacey came over Friday nights, Saturday afternoons, and Sunday after mass, three out of the next four weeks. She sheepishly mentioned her cycle on the weekend she stayed away.

But we kept our fucking to once per day. We talked more, mostly about her husband, Jimmy.

I had invested a lot to win her pussy; I'm not ashamed to admit it. But I had known I would never possess it other than the moments we were together.

I could see it coming.

She told me their sex was getting better. He even only spent Friday night circulating. She said that their sex the last week had been downright hot.

He began questioning why she drank after mass. She didn't, but he didn't know that. He thought everything she did with me was drinking.

I finally began making arrangements. It tore me up inside to do so, but I couldn't tell her that. Ever. I had enjoyed Kacey and I had thrilled to see the pleasure in her face when we were together.

But her visits had become a habit. A fun habit to her, but a habit nonetheless.

I wasn't sure she would come over Sunday after mass; Jimmy had been exerting pressure. I had been fucking her for six weeks.

She came, looking down the whole time I let her in. She said, "Hi."

I felt it; the reluctance to be here. I did the only thing I could do: I swept her into my arms and kissed her with all the passion I felt and knew would be denied.

But I had this one day.

I don't know if she felt it, but when I tongued her to orgasm, it was a brutal convulsion of ecstasy. My eyes were glassy as I climbed over her; I was fighting back tears. All of my love and lust for this woman was wrapped up in my erection.

I thrust it into her gently, taking my time. I slid my thickness into her, knowing there would be no more. I held her close and humped my hips, driving my shaft in and out of her married pussy with the angst of knowing this was the last.

I pressed it deep and held it there. I kissed her then, softly. She responded to me better than she had for a while. When I stopped kissing her, I gazed into her eyes and said with a harsh whisper, "I love you, Kacey."

I did not wait for an answer; I didn't expect one. I heaved my hips into hers and drove my cock as far in as it would go, over and over.

She gasped at my ferocity.

My bed squeaked, squawked, and slammed.

She panted desperately at my assault.

I groaned as my orgasm began its fateful finale. My seed shot deep into her and I did my best to make sure every drop emptied into her.

She clasped my shoulders and her pulse beat harshly in her neck. Her mouth was open, that feverish look on her face reminiscent of a few weeks previous.

I panted above her and flexed my cock, sending one more glob of sperm into her. I withdrew. I knelt back between her legs and caught my breath. I grabbed her left hand. I brought it up and kissed her wedding ring.

EPILOGUE

Monday, the boxes arrived. I really didn't have much- no life full of memories to fill boxes. Just stuff. Kacey's panties that I still had went into a box with other stuff. One memory in a small collection of personal belongings worthless to anyone else. Just stuff.

The movers came Wednesday. The apartment was vacant by the time she got off of work.

My cell and email were changed.

I moved away.

I know if I wanted to, I could've stayed. I could've even looked her up later. But I didn't. I had helped her and her life was on the mend. She knew what she needed to know to make it what she wanted – what she needed.

I moved into a rundown place in a quieter neighborhood. The owner said I had an option to buy. I told him I rented the place with that intention. A couple stock trades and I could own my own place, fixing it up as I went.

I saw them.

Curtains moved here and there on the street as I directed the movers with my boxes of stuff. Women peeked out, looking, wondering.

I know I'm a handsome man. Nothing wrong with looking. But what was there, behind those curtains? Loneliness? Curiosity? Despair?

A need unfilled?

Thank you for reading *Corrupting a Married Woman*. As you can see, I don't have a "street posse" running around giving me a dozen 5-stars on release. I earn all my reviews legitimately. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

If you liked this story, please check out other titles by Laran Mithras!