

A romantic scene featuring a woman in white underwear being kissed on the neck by a man. The woman is looking back over her shoulder with a smile. The man's hands are resting on her hips. The background is a warm, golden-brown, textured surface.

Dare *to Try*

LARAN MITHRAS

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing white underwear. She is smiling and looking down. A man is kissing her on the neck. The background is a warm, golden-brown color. The text "Dare to Try" is overlaid in a large, stylized font.

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By

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Why not go out on a limb? Isn't that where the fruit is?

~ Frank Skully

CHAPTER 1

I really hate my best friend. "No, picking up a guy for a fuck is not like buying socks."

Kira waved her spoon in the air. "I'm telling you, Paige, it is."

I couldn't stand her. Well, not anymore. I watched her spoon take a peremptory plunge into her Neapolitan ice cream. Immediately it came up and her mouth sucked it in with a salacious sneer.

She wagged her spoon in the air again. "You buy socks, you wear them and then they go in the laundry."

My mouth was open, eyes up to the side, and my fingers held up in the air. I thought in my head safe from prying ears, Like, what the fuck? "No, you buy the socks you want, wear them and after washing they go into your drawer with your other intimate possessions."

She was binge-eating ice cream and binge-watching Game of Thrones. Again. Couldn't she see what all that ice cream was doing to her? The inflammation from the chemical ingredients were driving her to diabetes. But I know... You can't just tell people; they don't want to hear it. The excuses flow, like, "Oh, I have a sweet-tooth" or "I just can't give up this food" or "What are you talking about? It's food and it tastes good." Nope, Kira wouldn't listen; I tried once before. But here I was, grimacing over her slurping sounds. I sat skinny as the day we had met in traffic school to get out of our tickets. That was six years ago and Kira had ballooned as if someone had bit onto her toe and blew. She looked like an overstuffed sausage and was on that very biological edge of going from inflamed-plump to overt obesity.

She shook her head, her skin taut and full. "No, no, no. You take things too personally."

I rubbed my forehead. "I think sex is kind of personal, don't you think?"

She shifted her shoulders back and forth – if to wriggle her breasts in indignation or not, I don't know. She pronounced, "Sex is best when it's quick, dirty, and you don't even know the idiot's name."

I blew out a quiet breath. Maybe that's why you never got married. "It's great with my husband." Will was great in bed, and very satisfying. But lately he had been talking about a threesome with another man. While it sounded kinky enough to be interesting, I wasn't sure it was something I wanted to do.

Kira giggled. "So says the dull, devoted wife. You should be slapping him into arranging it right now. Where do I get a husband like that?"

I scowled. Dull? Excuse me? I ought to be slapping you. "He doesn't like brunettes."

Her distaste became evident and she dipped her spoon around in the ice cream, stabbing at it in thought. I knew she had set out that tub for exactly twenty minutes at room temperature to let it ripen and mature to the consistency she enjoyed. Only then would she have a food-gasm on the first bite, scrunching up her face and body as if producing the utmost pleasurable of sexual orgasms. She said, "I could dye my hair red." She gave me a saucy look.

"I don't share."

She looked away instantly. "No matter. I can just go pick up some guy at Tucker's later on. Quick, easy, no mess."

Her idea of picking some nameless dick at a bar disgusted me. But I also laughed inside, knowing she was well-beyond shaking her ass at some guy and hooking him. She used to be that way; not anymore. You'd have a better time just using your spoon. "I should go; need to get back." I didn't, but wanted to.

"You don't want to watch Game of Thrones?"

I pursed my lips. "I've already seen it."

"So watch it with me again."

I also knew you couldn't say anything bad about the show or the fans would think you're crazy, unfriend you on Facebook, and hate you for life. The thing

was, I'd already seen it. It was a good costume show, but not really my thing. I dare never admit to such heresy in public, lest I be pulled limb from limb by a maddened zombie-crowd. I ducked like a politician, and said, "Will is expecting me back."

She looked at me with educated and experienced eyes, a superior air in her voice. "Paige, you need to break free. Be a woman, not a wife. Get out and experience real life. Go pick up a man and use him."

I wanted to vomit. "I'll think about it." I picked up my purse and didn't say goodbye.

~ ~ ~

I was not in a real good mood driving home. I'm not sure why I still had Kira Barca as a friend. Was it because we became friends in traffic school, or because our parents knew each other at the country club? If I stopped being her friend, would her parents and my parents have a feud? Images of Chevy trucks filled with shotgun-waving ranchers facing off like warring factions in Road Warrior flashed through my mind. I don't need a bloody massacre in the family.

I drove an old CJ-7 Jeep with a soft top. Just enough space behind the rear seat to carry groceries. Today, it was empty. I got looks driving a Jeep; but the looks always surprised me. I was no blonde in a convertible with hair streaming back and breasts straining at a shirt two sizes too small. Nope, I was a tiny-titted redhead driving something you'd expect a bearded rogue to be driving. I turned heads, sometimes. It made me feel good. Sometimes, I got scowls and I don't know why. Maybe those people just didn't have the brains to figure out I was a woman and not a pre- or post-op trannie. Sometimes I wanted to scream, I'm not a chick-with-dick! If my Jeep ever died, I was going to get a boring sedan. Or a truck. Fuck the scowlers.

I didn't listen to music; none of it was any good and I hated the endless commercials. At the stupidly long and useless stoplight on Third, I grabbed up

my phone and texted my husband.

Me: On my way home

A moment later he responded.

Will: k

He knew I had gone to chat with Kira. He also knew the whole subject of his threesome idea was bugging me. It wasn't that the idea didn't sound good when we were together in bed, but I felt it only made good fantasy. Actually doing something like that went far beyond the bedroom. With someone from town, I had to think about the dangers of word getting out. I wasn't a slut who flung her legs out for all dicks that got hard. I couldn't get excited over the fallout from that kind of loose behavior. I wasn't an ice queen, I just knew I had found my man and was happy.

When he had first pushed the idea of actually bringing in another man instead of just talking about one, I had felt stunned. Almost like I had gone to school and totally forgotten the assignment that was crucial to not failing the course. Or that the IRS had popped up and given me notice I immediately owed far more than I could ever possibly pay due to some legitimate error four years previous and all the fines and fees and penalties had been accumulating. I didn't necessarily live my life scared, but I was certainly a cynical realist. If the IRS was going to come after you, your life was over.

I felt that kind of scared. Who would this man be? Who would he tell? How would he view me? Would I be a one-night whore? I didn't like those questions. All for what? A quick romp in the sack that I could have any day of the week with Will? It felt too risky. In fact, it felt really stupid. I might as well go buy a lottery ticket on the assumption I'll win and immediately go buy the most expensive house in Glenfield because, you know, I'm gonna win that lottery.

Our fantasy was best left fantasy. Couldn't he see that? We couldn't just invite some friend over and say, "Hey, we want you in bed." What would that friend say? Who would he tell? Too weird. Neither was I going to allow him to pick some stranger. No fucking way. Diseases? Weirdo? Stalker? Murderer? Fuck no, not for me. Way too dangerous.

If there was no one close and no safe stranger, I just couldn't see it happening.

Surely Will had to understand that? I didn't think he'd press the issue, really. He had broached the subject of making the fantasy real, that was all. I wanted to share happiness with him. I wanted him to know I was willing to think about it – for him. But the more I thought about it, the more insane it sounded.

I pulled into the ranch. Sometimes I hated it; sometimes I got by. My husband loved horses. He boarded and trained them. I was the odd girl out who didn't like horses. Out of all the women in the world who adored horses, he had fallen in love with me and me with him. I just couldn't get into his hobby. After we had married, he had moved us to this ranch to make a living out of it. I didn't complain or object, but I did refuse to help him. Horses are all great and beautiful and everything, but I like them at a distance. I don't like their smell or caring for them or anything like that. I was uninterested.

I waved at Jake. He was our ranch hand, doing the things I wouldn't do to help out. Jake was a drunk, or close to it. His wife, Christine, had divorced him for some over-tattooed biker-hunk with a belly and an attitude. Word was, the biker had dumped Christine for a younger blonde girl with enormous boobs. Said they felt better against his back.

Jake hadn't taken her back. He lifted his bottle in the door of the trailer to answer my wave. He was a sour-looking, older man beaten down by his reaction to life. He might have had a more positive attitude, but some people just enjoyed suffering over something they should just get over. I had seen him smile once and he had appeared pleasant-looking. With his morning duties over, he relaxed by leaning in the doorway of the trailer we had purchased for a live-in ranch hand.

I stopped at the back of the house in my usual spot. As I was sliding out of my seat, I got a wicked idea. Hurrying into the house, I dropped purse and keys on the couch. We had a cozy home that I liked, except for the color of the walls. I hated white walls and we had white walls. Will said it was easier to spot the flies that way. I liked darker color paints. Give me a good midnight blue or leather-brown wall. Heck, even a blood red. I hated white. I settled into my computer chair and glanced at my game icon for Elder Scrolls Online. I would play my Nord barbarian bitch with two maces later. I opened the browser and headed to Facebook.

I rubbed my hands together, feeling naughty and nerdy. I put in a new post on

my page: "I hate Game of Thrones" and put a sour face. I actually trembled as I posted the lie. I didn't hate the show at all, I just didn't want to binge watch it over and over like all of my friends seemed to do. I checked my Friend's list: one hundred and nineteen friends. Let's see how whacko my friends get.

Will came in, smelling very faintly of horse. I was used to it by now. When he had been out riding, he would come in and shower first. The faint smell was not unpleasant and he attained it from just being around them. He furrowed his brow at me, clearly anxious over my visit with Kira. "Hey..."

I blew out a frustrated breath, both at knowing he wanted to talk about the threesome thing and remembering Kira's sanctimonious spoon.

A frown creased his mouth. "Something wrong?"

I pulled up one knee on my chair and clasped my arms around it. My husband was certainly a handsome man. He kept his hair a little long – around shoulder length – to help keep the flies out of his ears and off his neck. Sometimes when he worked, his hair would come forward and hang adorably in his eyes. He had a sharp hat-ring imprinted into his hair at the moment. "No... I don't know. Sometimes I wonder why Kira and I are friends."

"She spazzed out over the idea?"

I laughed. "Yeah, but not like you think: she was all for it."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

I refreshed my Facebook page. Diane had responded to my post with a shocked face and "No way!" I looked back to Will. "She has some really out-there views about men and socks."

"Socks?"

I shook my head, not really wanting to go over it all with him – it was too fresh and frustrating in my mind. "It's stupid; I'll tell you about it later when I calm down."

"That bad, huh?" He looked disappointed.

I grunted in dismissal. "Like, I'm supposed to take her advice when all she can do is gorge herself on ice cream?"

He chuckled. "She was getting thick the last time I saw her."

I dropped my knee down and slapped both hands down on my thighs. "Thick? Thick? Are you kidding? Blimp!"

He snorted, wiping his nose. "Well, I haven't seen her in—"

"You don't want to."

He shook his head, a faraway look in his eyes. "That's too bad. People just don't seem to care." He focused back on me. "She was cute."

"Not anymore." I refreshed my Facebook page again. My friend's list now showed one hundred and seventeen. Two of my so-called friends had unfriended me. I laughed and shook my head.

He squinted, lifting his chin in question. "What?"

"I made a post about hating Game of Thrones. I've already lost two friends."

He pulled his head back in confusion. "Why would you do that? I thought you liked—"

"I do like it. I just didn't think it was good enough to watch twenty or thirty times. I have friends who can speak the lines as they happen."

He scratched his ear. "Huh. So what's your post proving?"

I gave him a very level and long look. "Which friends aren't really friends."

He shrugged and shook his head. "Sometimes you do some pretty daring things." He seemed to leave something hanging.

I knew what was dangling there. "Sometimes, not all the time." My warning was enough.

He sighed with patience and understanding. "All right, we'll talk later."

"Thank you." I refreshed the page. Another friend had unfriended me.

CHAPTER 2

By the end of the weekend, I had lost thirty-one butt-hurt friends. Good riddance. I settled into bed and told Will.

He shook his head, both eyebrows raised. "Feel better?"

That annoyed me. "Yes, in fact I do."

"What did that accomplish?"

Why don't you see the obvious? "If those people only liked me because they thought I liked everything they did, then they're not really friends. They unfriended me because I don't like some TV show? Fuck them."

"But you like Game of Thrones."

"They still unfriended me, rather than ask about it. I don't want those kinds of friends: people who only think about themselves."

He made a considering face and nodded. "I suppose you're right."

I smiled. "Flattery? From you?" I slapped his shoulder.

He laughed. "Shut up, you're wonderful."

"So..." I began. I walked a couple of fingers over his chest. "About this sock thing..."

His grin was relieved. "Finally?"

I giggled. "Well, it's really rather stupid. She thinks men are like socks - impersonal. You go buy them, put them on, then toss them into the laundry."

He made a face. "That sounds weird."

"I told her I looked at socks as being more intimate. You keep them, wash them,

then put them in your drawer with your intimate things. She couldn't get it."

"Maybe the ice cream was giving her brain freeze."

"Probably." I walked my fingers down and prodded at his bulge.

"You want these off?" He motioned to his briefs.

"Do you have to ask?"

His smile was his answer, and he pulled off his briefs.

I sighed. "Ah...there we go." I gripped his flesh, moving it around and squeezing. I was fascinated how a man's body could react and fill something with so much blood that it hardened. I moved my hand back and forth as it lay on his flat belly. He slowly began to harden. "I don't think my talk did any good with her except to excite my daring on Facebook."

"Lose any family?"

"One: my cousin Heather. I guess I'm not blood enough for her."

"Hmm."

"She's kinda weird anyway. Total rabid democrat who will support Hillary no matter what. She believes all the Starks are democrats and the Lannisters are republican."

"That bad?"

"I'm not kidding." I held his hard cock in my hand and smiled. I stroked him up and down.

He sighed happily and shifted his hips. "So, she...didn't help you to—"

"No, and I just don't think things like this are a good idea." We had been over all the arguments before in careful consideration of each other's feelings.

"Well, I like what you're doing to me right now and I bet another guy would, too."

I giggled. "Think so? I'm just moving my hand."

"Come on, you met me and we get along. Surely there are other men like me in the world."

I knew he wasn't suggesting I change husbands, but my first thought was always that I didn't want another one like him; I just wanted him.

He smiled slyly at me. "I know what you're thinking; you don't want to replace me."

I smiled wider, caught in the act.

He twisted towards me, reaching for my panties. "Are you as good with the other hand? You could be doing that to two at once."

I laughed, but gasped in interruption at his touch. "Two, huh?"

"Sure, two hard cocks? One in each hand?"

A moan escaped me as his fingers rubbed over my panties and the imagination of two hot cocks in my hands filled my thoughts. Could I make two men hard at the same time? What a thrill that would be. I trembled, opening my legs and closing my eyes as his fingers fueled my fire. "Two cocks?"

His whisper in my ear sent chills down my back. "Just for you." His fingers slid under my panties and rubbed down over my clit.

I groaned, shaking with a growing lust. My empty hand squeezed, wondering what it would be like to hold two cocks at once. A wave of pressure rolled up in me. I wanted it to happen now, not later, as if a man could magically appear and I could stroke his cock. I wanted it not so much for myself, but for Will. "You'd like to see that?"

His sigh was ragged. "Yes."

I moaned low, wanting another man at this very moment, just to please my husband. But I knew nothing was as simple as that. "Would you want me to make him cum?"

He flexed in my hand, his shaft swelling. "Oh, yeah."

I loved how a man's cock swelled up when it was about to cum, and the pulses and flexes that sent their ejaculation out. Would it be fun to do that to two at once? I knew it would. "I think I'd like that."

Will yelped suddenly, pulling his shaft out of my hand.

I knew I had pushed him over the edge. I quickly grabbed him again and stroked, wanting to feel the pulsing of his erection as he came. His face scrunched up and he held his breath, his body trembling. A strong flex in my hand preceded the eruption. His cum flew up into the air, strong and forceful. I relished the pulsing of his cock as I jacked him, feeling each forceful squirt of release.

Feeling it and imagining another man's cock doing that in my hand was enough for me. Or too much. The wave of pressure crashed into and over me, tumbling me over the edge. My body clenched and released in orgasm until I could scarcely breathe and my clit throbbed with over-sensitivity. I pushed his hand away and panted.

He sighed next to me, his muscles slowly relaxing in that drained exhaustion men feel after cumming. "We definitely need to find you another man."

I said nothing, still shaking with thrills and chills. But I don't want one.

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It was ten-something when Will came in, weeks later. He had a frown of concern on his face.

I turned away from Elder Scrolls Online. "What's wrong?"

"Jake's not feeling well. He went to Saint John's to see a doctor."

"He seemed fine yesterday. He come down with the flu or something?"

"No, but I've noticed he's slowing down the past two weeks. He finished off his duties and looked paler than a ghost."

I shook my head. "Hungover, probably."

Will sat in the spare chair and sighed. "I would agree with you, but when he's hungover, his face and eyes are all red."

"Hmm. Well, I hope he feels better."

He waved a hand, limply. "Yeah, I'm sure it's nothing. Probably iron-deficient."

I nodded. "Anemia? Paleness? Probably."

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It was after four the same day when my phone chimed. I was crafting armor in the game so it was no interruption. I snatched it up and checked the caller ID. It was Will. That troubled me; normally he texted.

I thumbed receive. "Hi?"

His voice was agitated. "Jake called."

"Uh oh?"

"Yeah, not good. The doctor said he's had several minor heart attacks."

I was shocked. "Heart attacks?"

He blew out a breath on the other end. "He was told to change his line of work immediately or risk a big one."

"That's awful." I felt bad for the man. His wife dumped him, and now this.

"What's he going to do?"

"He's not sure, but something a lot less strenuous. Greeter at Walmart or something. I'll need to hire in another hand. I can't do all this by myself."

I blew out a breath in imitation of his on my end. I knew what that meant: until he found someone, I'd likely have to feed the horses at the least.

Will said, "He's going to call tomorrow about cleaning out his trailer."

I felt sadness, dejection, and a forlorn feeling all at once. "Great..."

CHAPTER 3

I grudgingly helped. He had me feed the horses every morning, detailing how much of a bale to give to each, how much oats in the can, and how to refresh their water. I didn't like it, but I did it. Will wore himself out picking up the slack on everything else.

Days passed. Early on, I thought one of the horses was trying to bite me. It was a chestnut mare named Nevada, and she had white markings on her nose and lower legs. I realized the third morning that she was nibbling at me without intent to chomp. I was grossed out at first to the idea of horse slobber on me, but later I realized it wasn't all that bad. I even reached out and petted her nose. That sort of began a relationship that I looked forward to during the drudgery of having to perform some of Jake's old duties. Who would've thought a horse could be so affectionate? I was surprised.

Even if the smell wasn't as bad as I'd imagined, I still saved my morning shower for after feeding. I didn't like being out and about without a shower, but I didn't want to take two. So, I suffered.

I was preparing lunch when Will came in. I frowned. "You're early."

"Yeah, I know." He patted his phone. "I was checking Facebook and got a nice surprise."

"Oh? You post a Game of Thrones hate-meme?"

He chuckled. "No, better. Been in a conversation with a school-friend, Derek Grey. He just got divorced and lost his job."

"Poor son of a bitch." I rarely swore, but when I did, it was for good reason.

He laughed. "Yeah, I guess. But good news for us."

I slapped the bread over on the ham sandwich, realizing what he was saying. "You're kidding? He wants to take Jake's place?"

He nodded, eyes bright. "Sure does. Wants to get out of Seattle and away from his ex. Said the work would be good for him."

"When?" I felt hope, though I might wander out and pet Nevada now and then.

"This weekend. He's going to get storage for a few things and pack his car with clothing. His wife took the house and furniture."

I shook my head and said again, "Poor son of a bitch."

His smile quirked lopsided. "I think you'll like him; he was very popular in school."

Alarm bells started ringing in my head. "Um, you haven't been talking to him about—"

He waved both hands in defense. "No, no. No worries."

I sighed and handed him his plate. Thank God for that.

He made a face. "I don't think he'll be like Jake, though. No Sunday service for him. He's not the believing kind."

"An atheist?"

"I don't know; I haven't asked him. But he sometimes comments about Christians in an unflattering way."

I shrugged. Didn't matter to me, as long as he did the work. "Whatever."

~ ~ ~

I couldn't wait for the weekend, but not because I was anxious to meet this new man. I wanted to be done with chores I swore I never wanted to do. I cooked, cleaned and did laundry; that was my thing. Will worked the business; that was

his thing. Feeding the horses wasn't all that heavy a load, but I imagined Will would've complained if he had to clean the bathroom. I think he knew I was looking forward to being done with the extra work. I didn't complain, but the twisted lips, level looks, and fist on hip poses I gave surely alerted him to my silent resentment.

I watched out the window on the second floor Saturday afternoon as Will's friend parked a U-Haul truck next to the vacant trailer. The man who got out was indeed good-looking. What was his problem? What was his wife's problem? He looks like a decent guy. But people divorce for all kinds of reasons, neither wanting to make things work except for security. Was all that break-up so bad?

I had been married four years very young. Divorced at twenty-three and feeling free of the over-bearing, demanding, and selfish Brock Turner. I don't know why I had fallen for him. He had been handsome with a romance-novel name and eager to take on life. I never worried about the laughs I would get being known as Paige Turner. But then he had shifted his focus. Once he had me, I became a possession. I felt like the TV Will's friend was unloading from the U-Haul. Brock had turned into a dick – always demanding to know where I was and who I was with. Fuck him.

I always swore about Brock. Fucking dick.

My husband had said the man below was named Derek. Wasn't that another romance name? Undoubtedly: seemed like all male romance names had some suggestion of cock in them. Derek for dick and oil drilling? Yeah, sounds about right.

Derek, as if hearing my thoughts, shaded his eyes and looked up at the house.

I pulled back, startled into motion, and out of his view. Duh, that was dumb. I could have waved instead of showing I was frightened. This is my home, dammit. But there was no way I'd approach the window again; he'd think I was trying to sneak looks.

I settled into my downstairs room with the computers and read my emails. Derek crossed my mind, though. He had been muscular, like Will. Not too bulky, but obviously someone who took care of himself and spent time lifting weights or going to the gym. His brown hair had been buzzed in almost a flat top and gelled upwards. Definitely city-boy type. Something you'd see at a nightclub, not

mucking stables on a ranch.

My thoughts drifted elsewhere until a tired and sweaty Will came into the house, voice colliding and laughing with Derek's.

My husband said, "I'll pop a couple. Take a seat."

I heard the kitchen chair scrape away from the table.

Will raised his voice. "Paige?"

I sighed, hating introductions. "In here."

"Come on out and meet our new help."

"All right." I clicked off my browser to a blank grey desktop with few icons. I came out, feeling unworried. Get this over with.

Derek's delighted eyes were on me as I entered the kitchen. His smile spread in pleasure.

Will was giving me that "us-boys" look, whatever it meant. "This is Derek..."

Like, duh. I smiled, crossing my arms lightly.

"Derek, this is my wife, Paige."

The man's smile widened and his eyebrow ticked upwards on one side. "Hello." He held out his hand.

I put mine in his and shook. "Nice to meet you."

Will nudged me. "Can we put out an extra plate tonight? He hasn't—"

Derek shook his head, a look of effrontery on his face. "Aw, no, don't do that. I can pick something up."

"I thought you were going to go buy a used car? That's a lot to do on a Saturday."

"Yeah, but—"

I said, "An extra plate is no problem." I gave my husband a warning look; feeding the help had never been part of the job. "He can go to Safeway when he gets his car."

Derek looked amused. "You have Safeway out here?"

I re-crossed my arms and held up the fingers of one hand as if perplexed. "Yeah, one morning we woke up and boom, there was a Safeway where Roger's Roadside Food Cart used to be. I think aliens took pity on us and dropped it."

He laughed, showing a lot of white teeth.

Will glared at me without anger. "Be nice, I don't think he's ever been out of Seattle before."

Derek's face fell and he grunted in disgust. "I'm glad to be away."

I used that as an excuse to make my escape. "I'll leave you two boys to drink your beers and chat." I winked at Derek.

Will looked slightly hurt, but I knew he'd forget all about it in a moment. He wasn't simple, but he was a man.

~ ~ ~

Dinner was all homemade meatloaf, mashed potatoes and gravy – everything from scratch. I watched Derek sample all of it and make puzzled faces.

He said, "This is actually quite good."

I didn't know whether to stab him in the eye with my fork four times or thank him.

Will covered for me. "It's probably a bit different than standard restaurant fare. It's all organic and homemade."

Derek played with the gravy using one tine of his fork. "Even the gravy?"

"Yes," I said.

"It's fantastic."

I unclenched my fork from the stab-position. "Thank you."

He shook his head. "Barbara's kitchen expertise extended to opening a can. I think she took a college course on Advanced Cooking Neglect."

I snorted. "It isn't all that hard—"

"Tell that to her. Everything was pre-packaged and prepared or I had to take us to a restaurant."

"Not too good for your health."

He gave me one of those looks that asked what planet I thought I was from. I quirked my mouth to the side. People didn't want to know, or to learn. They didn't want the truth because it might illustrate their ignorance – and no one wants to be ignorant. So the Science of Investigation became the Science of Scoffing. Anything not previously known must be wrong or it would've been on Oprah.

Derek was looking at me askance. "Are you a vegan?"

I stabbed my fork into the meatloaf and took a large chunk into my mouth. "Mm hmm." I nodded enthusiastically. The Science of Scoffing had turned any dietary understanding into something excused as whacky tinfoil nonsense.

Will rubbed his face, as if weary, but he was hiding a smile.

Derek sat up a little straighter, jerked his head to the side, and said, "Ah, well... that explains it."

I maneuvered my fork into the stab position.

Will went into a coughing fit.

I said with relish, "We go to church, too." I flashed my eyes and lowered my

head as if imparting a great secret. "We have a Bible, too."

His eyes went large and he appeared very uncomfortable. He looked back and forth between me and my husband, several changes occurring in his features. Finally he nodded and said, "Oh." He said nothing more.

At least he had the decency to not rant-off in our kitchen. Will and I shared a look.

CHAPTER 4

I was in bed.

Will was toweling off after his evening shower. I got to see him this way in the morning, too. He had a grin on his face.

Like, what?

He said, "Thanks for not unloading on him."

"Pff." I slapped an imaginary gnat in the air. "What's the use? At least he didn't freak out."

"I don't think he's the kind."

"That's reassuring."

He climbed in naked.

I gave him an eyebrow. "You're not all wore out from all this extra work?"

"My shoulders and back are a little sore from the fence work, but otherwise..." He trailed off with a suggestive smile. "I think my fiery little redhead needs an attitude adjustment."

"Oh?" I was thrilled he wanted to make love to me. I hid it behind a challenge. "What makes you think I need an adjustment?" I was being playful and he saw it in my face.

"You get so uptight around men – as if we're interviewing them for our fantasy."

Aren't we? Isn't that what this friend thing is all about? I've seen your looks. "I didn't know it was a career move."

His mouth stifled any further attitude from mine, though I wanted to sling some more around and make a mess. My mood shifted into peace at his kiss, banishing

thoughts of more banter. This is what I love about my husband; his ability to become so focused on me that I was swept away with him wherever he wanted to go. He stopped kissing a few seconds later, leaving me wanting more. I loved being wrapped up and mouth-locked with him.

He removed my t-shirt and panties, and settled his face between my thighs. His grin was playful as he moved fingers around my pussy in preparation for a full-out tongue-tease. I felt the fingers of tension move and stretch, ready to grip me when his tongue hit my clit. He said nothing, just played for a few seconds and smiled. Then his tongue touched me and sent delicious shivers up my spine. The soft and wet slide of his tongue over my clit always caused pulses of pleasure throughout my pussy and deep into my hips.

His licking always created a strange separation between my mind and body - the pleasure taking over and pinning me in place while my mind enjoyed helplessly. My breathing was rapid and shallow, and my nipples peaked and ached. I slid both hands up and lightly pinched them, relieving and heightening the pleasure that swirled there.

He moved up and slid into me. My pussy opened and received him easily, and the thickness slowly pushed in and filled me. I closed my eyes, relishing the connection and bonding between us as his shaft reached deep. I wanted to wrap my arms and legs about him and hold him there, but men seem concentrated on movement, and he was pulling out a little to get everything lubed. I pouted at the too brief feeling of that deep bond, but then he was pushing back in and chasing away the disappointment. I smiled in satisfaction as he held it in deep and settled onto me.

I sighed happily and hung my arms from his neck. "I forgive you for making me feed horses."

He chuckled as if the idea of me being upset was something unconsidered. "Oh?"

"Mm hmm."

"I thought you liked Nevada?"

"I do, but that doesn't mean I want to work around them. I have enough to do inside."

His nod was certain. "I know. You keep a spotless house."

"Thank you."

His eyebrow twitched. "At least we have Derek around now. Maybe you'll end up thanking him."

"He's here to do a job, why should I thank him? You'll be paying him."

"It wouldn't hurt to be nice to him." He was moving, sliding his thickness in and out.

"I wasn't being mean."

"He's quite the ladies' man, you know."

Ugh, you're bringing that up again? And why do I go along with it? "Oh..."

"Don't sound so disappointed; he might have been fat and ugly."

"No, he's not ugly."

He leaned his head down, his mouth near my ear. "Did you see his bulge?"

I jerked in surprise. "Um, no. He has one?"

"Yep."

"You were checking out his bulge?" Are you weird?

He laughed, his body jerking on me and his thrusting slowed. "Well, only because I thought you might."

"It hadn't crossed my mind."

He began moving again. "Of course, maybe he was just excited to see a beautiful woman."

That made me feel good, but he didn't have to be so over-flattering. "I'm not beautiful—"

"Yes you are."

It still made me feel good, but I couldn't agree. "I have no breasts."

"Sure you do, and they're great."

I shook my head. "He probably likes huge ones." All men do...

"What if he likes yours?" He punctuated the question with some deep pushes.

The swelling swirls of pleasure twisted around in me, promising a satisfying release. "You think he might?" I found it strange that some men could like breasts like mine when most drooled over blonde bimbos sporting tits as big around as truck tires.

He thrust faster and fuller, hammering my pussy with strokes that felt so very good. "Why else would he be excited looking at you? He probably has a cock like mine."

Damn you! Now I couldn't help but imagine at this vulnerable moment that it was Derek above me, filling me and causing all these incredible increasing sensations that led to orgasm. Would his dick feel this good? My simple thought threw me over the edge. An explosive burst of relief wracked my body and I thrust my hips up at my husband. I wanted to feel that cock in me – his pretending to be Derek's. It felt so good...

~ ~ ~

Sunday morning I lay in bed, still so very relaxed from the night before.

Will was out tending the horses with Derek, showing him the necessities. He would be back in for breakfast and shower again for the Sunday service at church.

I felt somewhat sorry for him that he worked seven days a week, even if

Saturday and Sunday were more relaxed. But then, I worked seven days a week, too. The laundry didn't just jump in the washer and wash itself. Meals didn't magically appear on the table at the proper times from the food-faeries. The broom didn't have fun dancing around and sweeping the floors on its own. I didn't view any of it with distaste; it was our routine and we spent a lot of time together.

My thoughts drifted to Will's friend. Had he been excited? I hadn't noticed. I might have to sneak looks. But would he always be excited if he wasn't looking at me? Was Kira right? Could I treat a man her way, like a sock? Maybe I could. Maybe she was right. I'm not taking up gorging on ice cream – chemicals designed specifically to make you fat and sick. No way.

CHAPTER 5

I didn't catch a glimpse of Derek as we left for church. I can't say it was much of a disappointment – I didn't really need to know if he had a bulge or not this very minute. While my husband might have been very focused on sexual discovery, my mind worked differently. So what if Derek had one? So what if he had a tiny one? Pinky-sized? Would it matter? Or what if it was so big it hurt? Men thought size mattered, and it did – to a point. Sure, bigger than a pinky was great. But men who thought it took twelve inches and as thick as a wine bottle to satisfy a woman were smoking too much pot.

I didn't want to be a pussy-toy for some muscle-head with a cock the size of Wyoming. I didn't want the pain or the bleeding. Let the beach ball-breasted bimbos handle those beef-bastards. Not me, no thanks. But then there's the question of Derek's beliefs. Will and I might be willing to entertain such freaky fantasies as including another man, but should a Christian pussy be invaded by a non-Christian dick? Would it leave a smear of atheism? Would my pussy be tainted? Would it feel wrong forever after? These weren't questions with which one taps the shoulder of the reverend and asks.

Will seemed peppy. But he was oblivious to all that was flowing through my mind. He was probably thinking of nothing more daunting than what speed he was going. Why didn't men think more? Were they really that handicapped when the formation of the male chromosome destroyed much of the connective tissue between the two sides of the brain? I couldn't imagine not being able to think fully with both sides of my brain.

Derek Grey, Kira Barca, Will Thomas... Do these all fit together? Am I missing something? Or do I see a lot of disjointed nonsense?

Will parked the truck and moved with precision to get out.

I was still fuddled with questions that hadn't been solved on the drive to Valley Christian Fellowship. Maybe I'll pray inside. Maybe find some answers. I got out reluctantly.

He came around the truck. "You all right?"

I nodded, knowing that explaining everything would take longer than the walk to the door of the church. No, it would take ten laps around the property, probably. At a slow walk. Maybe even a crawl.

He thumbed the fob, locking the doors. He grasped my hand and we walked like a normal couple to the door.

I wondered about that. What was a normal couple? A couple of years back, rumors had broke in the two-hundred plus congregation that there was a wife-swapping ring going around the church. I had been shocked, Will had seemed surprised, and those who whispered to us seemed secretive and strangely not disapproving. It was that lack of disapproval I recalled as we stepped from the asphalt of the parking lot to the cement of the entry. The reverend, Jonathan Wilks, had been rumored to be counseling certain of those involved when the rumor had spread. But no one had left the church that I had seen.

They're still here. I looked around as we entered the foyer. The glass partition into the primarily window-lit church beyond revealed familiar faces. Would those swappers be the ugly couples? Husbands who wanted someone prettier? Certainly the beautiful couples wouldn't do such a thing. Why would they need to?

There was a new face and an old one in the entry. The man was unfamiliar, but the woman triggered something in dim memory.

Will led me to the board where this couple was at. It was the church's community board. The man was tacking up a piece of paper with phone number slips cut into the bottom for tearing. My husband read what the man had put up.

I was wanting to get a seat; my husband suddenly wanted to talk.

Will said, "Oh, looking for work?"

The man nodded. "I'm not from around here, though..." His voice trailed off with a look to his wife. His hair was receded a little, prematurely, and cut short. He was neither handsome nor ugly, but as plain as pleasant could be. He had a sharp eye and smelled oddly of strong spice and leather. His wife was a pretty thing, curly black hair and innocent-looking.

It clicked in me. I touched her shoulder in recognition. "Nina? Nina Franklin?"

Her eyes sparkled for a moment in a worried face. She nodded and bit her lower lip, looking around.

I knew her from years before. She was the daughter of Gary and Wendy Franklin. She had taken pregnant at sixteen and disappeared. Later, her parents dropped out. It had been a sorrowful conversation topic in church. I had not known her well, except in passing. I said, "We haven't seen you in...so long."

She said, "I didn't know if I'd be welcome—"

"Of course you are."

She glanced at the man with her. She hugged his arm tight, as if never wanting to let go – not even in church. "This is my husband, Chip."

The man held out his hand to Will. "Charles. But I don't like that name much. I'm no prince of Britain. Just Chip." His voice had a rough edge to it, as if a smoker.

They shook. My husband was looking at both with considering eyes. "You must be the man..."

I tried not to sigh with anger. Just like a man to broach a very uncomfortable subject.

But Chip didn't seem bothered. "Er, yes. I was..."

If anything, Nina clutched his arm tighter.

I said, "Well, we're certainly glad to finally meet you."

Chip said, "We're only visiting. We...uh..."

Nina looked down. "My father is going into a home. We're trying to close out everything here and move him up to Mission City."

I touched her again. "Oh, I'm sorry. How is your mother?"

A purse of her lips preceded, "Died four years ago. Breast cancer."

I suddenly remembered talk of Wendy Franklin going around, but to my shame, I had walked away from such conversations. I did not want to talk about cancer, no matter who was getting it. "I'm sorry."

Will said, "Why Mission City? Mountain View is a good home here—"

Chip said, "That's where we live. We didn't think a three hour drive to visit..."

He nodded. "Oh, yeah, certainly." He squinted at the paper Chip had tacked up.

Ronnie, the usher, held out his arms to guide us into the sanctuary. "Service is about to start."

Rosa was deftly playing out the last strands of Praise to the Lord Almighty on the organ.

Will and Chip moved together. "So why put up a work ad here?"

I followed next to a grateful Nina – who seemed happy to have someone from the church to stand guard over her and escort her in.

Chip said, "I was ranch manager for Rosewood Ranch—"

Will was animated. "The one that got bought out?"

We all slid past a couple sitting at the end and settled onto the cushioned chairs.

Chip grunted. "Yeah, the new owners fired everyone." He did not sound happy.

My husband shook his head. "Ouch. We just had a position open up on our ranch, but I filled it with an old friend."

"You have a horse ranch?"

"Yep. Keep and breed horses. Nothing too fancy like a dude ranch. The position was just basically a barn manager type of work. No business management."

Chip blew out a breath. "Shoot, I woulda taken it. Got us and a four year old to feed."

"Shame; I'm having to teach my friend everything from scratch."

The assistant pastor, a kindly old man who squinted a lot, was taking the platform.

Chip leaned toward my husband. "Keep me in mind."

I had been ignoring Nina because I had been listening to the conversation. I gave her a reassuring look and a wink. "Boy or a girl?"

She whispered, "Boy. Randal."

~ ~ ~

I forgot to pray about Will's fantasy. But I knew God knew my heart and I made a mental note to pray later.

We parted from Chip and Nina warmly; they wanted to stay a bit longer and make their presence known to Reverend Wilks. Will paused in the entry and tore off a slip from Chip's ad. He slid it into his windbreaker pocket and we left.

In the truck, Will sighed. "Too bad Chip and Nina didn't live closer. Could've hired him for the position."

I shrugged. "Yeah, breaking them up with him in the trailer would be a hardship." The trailer was small enough for one man; it was way too small for a family.

"Maybe Derek will work out."

"You said he was a graphics artist?"

"For an advertising firm."

"And you think he'll adapt to all the physical work?"

"He was active in high school. Football—"

"Uh huh."

"I'm not kidding."

I gave my husband a sideways glance. He wasn't thinking beyond simple logic: once physical always physical. I rather thought that once someone experienced sedentary activity, they were unlikely to want to resume a physical lifestyle. But I didn't want to argue with him over something so worthless. Either Derek worked out or he didn't and predicting it now would serve no purpose. I couldn't help myself, and blurted, "He'll start whining before the week's out."

Will snorted. "You don't think much of him, do you?"

"He seems fine, but just not the type to handle horses and chores."

"Maybe. Maybe."

CHAPTER 6

I was right.

Will called out, "Paige?"

I raised my voice. "Folding laundry."

He came to our bedroom and leaned in. "You were right."

"Hmm?" I twisted on the floor to face him, one of his t-shirts dangling in my hands.

His grin was lopsided and bashful. "He griped about the work."

I giggled. "He lasted four days. That's two days longer than I gave him. Is he quitting?" Something in me didn't want that to happen – it was a sudden flash of fear.

"No, but he griped." He chuckled. "Wanted to let you know you were right."

I said nothing and instead finished folding his t-shirt.

He went back out.

I held the shirt in my lap and stared down at it. Will had held out hope Derek might be someone I could connect with to fulfill his fantasy. Is this an opportunity? Am I letting it slip by because of my reluctance? Am I being fair to my husband? What if he's right and it's great? What if I miss this chance and live like a wrinkled old crone the rest of my days because I was too afraid to say okay?

~ ~ ~

I felt suddenly as if time were running out. I felt as if the winning lottery ticket was spinning by and if I didn't grab it right now, I would forever be poor after. My chance would be gone – only coming once and if not acted on, never seen again. This was it. I went about my chores Friday completely disrupted and distracted. I half-finished tasks and started others, remembering only later. I folded kitchen towels and then set them on the counter only to begin checking the refrigerator for a grocery store jaunt in my Jeep. The towels sitting there caused confusion in me as to why I hadn't put them in the drawer where they belong.

Over it all was Derek: handsome; available to fulfill Will's fantasy; probably willing... Why was I stalling? Or would Derek laugh at us and reject the whole notion as weird? Men might be willing to stick their dick in anything but the wives of friends?

My hand shook as I raised my cell phone. My chest was trembling as I tapped my husband's entry. I felt light-headed and dizzy with desperation. Is this the right thing? Am I finally breaking out of my prudish prison for Will? I tapped the text message.

Me: Hey. I think I'm okay with Derek being the one

My husband's response was almost instantaneous. Almost.

Will: damn, dropped my phone when I saw that

Will: you sure?

I pursed my lips in a grim line of instant indecision. No, I'm not sure. Why do I feel like I'm gambling my life away? I took several deep breaths.

Me: I'm sure

Will took several minutes before he responded.

Will: I'll talk to him

I felt relieved; I didn't want to be the one to ask him like some desperate, begging woman. I thought that in sending the text I would feel relief that the thing was done, the ball rolling. Really, my shaking got worse. I felt clammy and panicked, and began pacing. Simultaneously and strangely, my pussy began heating and wetting in an obscene way. I was out of control and at a loss as to what I should be doing.

I turned off my cell phone. Deciding on escape, I grabbed up my green grocery bags and made a lively dash for my Jeep. I hoped that in driving, I could resume a semblance of control via simple routine. It also allowed me to be away from the house while the two men talked. I didn't want to look like I was hanging around waiting and wringing my hands like some silly schoolgirl. No, probably not a schoolgirl. Times were different now and it seemed like all the girls were already lesbians or would drop to their knees at the snap of fingers to deliver blowjobs. Or they were anal aficionados for every boy who asked. Peer pressure was dead. In its place was peer performance: children were drilled to be unique special snowflakes – as long as they were exactly like everyone else. If they weren't, they were shamed by teachers into being identical to the others. You went along or you were considered a trouble child with all the attendant pressure from teachers to parents to medicate their kids.

No, I guess I wasn't like a modern schoolgirl; I was an anachronism. So I fled in my Jeep, wondering if my sensibilities were so outdated as to be stunting. Was the modern successful woman a sleep-around? All the magazines claimed so. Real, liberated women eschewed vows and had shallow, gratifying sex with whomever they desired. Just as Kira had been suggesting. So said all the sage experts in the women's magazines. Was I educated enough to question unanimous psychologists? Was I able to say publicly that women should view monogamy as a benefit rather than the modern idea that it was a paternalistic chain on women's right to express their sexuality?

Who was I to say all those psychologists were wrong? They got a doctorate at college to be able to say that. Surely they must be right and it was healthy for women to have sex with everyone they met. Somehow, I just couldn't make my brain fully grasp that. I did not conform and therefore I would be considered mentally unstable to all the doctors. I had a mental disease that required medication.

My self-inflicted mental torture terrorized me at the grocery store so much that I

forgot to buy spinach and celery.

~ ~ ~

I was relieved to make it home. Calmer, I completed many of my mostly-finished chores. The laundry was put away. Dinner was started. The house looked presentable. I took up my cell phone and turned it on. There were messages from Will.

Will: had a talk with him. he wants to

Will: you there?

Will: when do you want to do this?

I read the texts dispassionately, feeling a comforting numbness settle over me. However, my pussy again began heating and wetting. A different kind of tremor rose in me – in my chest. It was an energizing eagerness connected to the turmoil between my legs.

Me: Tonight.

I wanted it done - over with. I didn't think I could handle letting another day pass. Like a mole to be removed, I didn't want to wait anxiously and worry about it for days on end.

Will responded a moment later.

Will: =)

CHAPTER 7

I felt like a deer caught in headlights when I saw Derek follow my husband into the house. Darkness was settling outside and the waft of soap from the two showered men sent shivers down my back.

Derek smiled at me curiously. "Paige." His greeting was mellow with interest and suggestion.

My pussy twitched and trembled. I shifted to release whatever was building there. I answered lamely, "Hi." While my pussy might have been sending sexual signals to my brain, my mind was frantically wondering if I had made a mistake. Could I take it all back? Could I call it all off? Or would that destroy my husband's fantasy? Would it wreck anything between us?

Feeling obligated, I smiled. I'm sure it looked crooked, nervous, and phony.

Will was sensitive to me and stood beside me. His hand trailed over my shoulder with a light touch. But he was looking at Derek. "A kiss might break the ice..."

Derek's handsome face melted into a more sensual grin and he approached me.

I trembled, eyes growing wider. My mouth opened, not in invitation, but to gasp in air I couldn't seem to get.

His lips touched mine in an awkward way, exploring and eager. I was struck by the oddity: the different feel of his mouth and tongue; and by the familiar sensations of being kissed. I relaxed a little. I guess this isn't so bad, and Will suggested it.

My husband was silent through it all and Derek ended the kiss. I was a little unsure of everything: how I felt; what they were thinking; and what I should be doing. But I felt a little better.

Will said, "Why don't we move this to the bedroom?"

The dreaded words seemed not so dreadful, though they still elicited a surge of

unease in me. Am I really going through with this? And I knew I had to, for my husband. I needed to do this and get through it, to discover what it was like on that other side. To live his fantasy and see whether or not it was something I would endure or enjoy. Beyond that, however, I was suddenly reluctant. "I'm not sure if..."

"Hmm?" A look of disappointment crossed my husband's face. He would be thinking that I wanted to back out.

"I mean, I...don't think I want an audience..." It was his fantasy, but I just didn't think I could do it like some lab rat performing under scrutiny.

"Oh..." He furrowed his brow in thought and then nodded slowly. "Okay..." He shrugged and then gestured for us to go.

Derek wore a smile and said nothing. His gentle hand touched the small of my back and moved me to the stairs.

My pussy clamped hard, and I was sure both of them could notice me walking funny. I don't even really know this man, how can my body be responding so sexually? How embarrassing. I took the steps up the stairs a little faster, wanting to flee the witnesses to my erotic reaction. The feelings in me twisted with tension, churning with need, and driving me to our bedroom. I was panting again by the time I shut the door behind us and leaned my back against it.

Derek began removing his clothes.

So this is it. I licked my lips and looked down, fumbling at my blouse buttons. Why had I been so sure with Will the first time, but now can't seem to know how to act?

He slid off his jeans and then his boxers.

My eyes latched onto his cock.

He grinned, planting both hands on his hips.

I took in his manhood with my eyes and mind. He was a little smaller than Will down there, but not by much. His cock began to harden as he watched me slide off my panties. I watched him grab it and begin stroking. Seeing him do

something so personal seemed to be the right thing at the right time. I felt more comfortable now that he was touching himself. His cock stretched and hardened, gradually firming into full erection. Yep, smaller than Will by half an inch, maybe, and it had a pronounced curve upward. Will's was straight.

He said, "Come down here and suck it."

I figured that was the thing to do, so I did. I knelt down and took his shaft into my hand. Touching his warm cock felt as if a valve had been opened, releasing pressure. I can do this. This is easy. I had thought I would be scared and horrified at touching another man's cock, but I wasn't. I leaned forward and took him into my mouth.

He sighed happily and ran his fingers through my hair.

I felt his shaft flex against my tongue. The head of his curved cock rubbed all along the roof of my mouth. I had a brief thought that deep throating him wouldn't have him going down my throat, but curving up and into my nasal passages. He tasted different than Will, something that reminded me more of damp ferns and clean water. I sucked and slurped, becoming more at ease. My pussy had been right all along, it seemed. This was easy.

He leaned back a little, hips thrust forward, his still good-looking body flexing his cock forward into and out of my mouth. His hand gripped my hair at the back of my head and moved it. He was a little rough, but seemed wrapped up in what was happening. "Yeah, Paige. Suck my cock, you dirty slut."

I pushed against his hips with my hands and pulled my mouth off him. "I am not a slut."

He looked surprised, then confused. "Oh, uh... I didn't mean it that way." He helped me up. "Come on, I want to fuck you."

His words sent thrills up my pussy and it started chewing on emptiness again, needing to be filled. I said, "Okay." I thought I had shut him down from calling me a slut, but he threw me down onto the bed. I bounced.

His hands were fast. He gripped my ankles and pulled, hauling me easily to the edge of the bed. His eyes were intense, focused, and smoldering.

I gasped, surprised by the forceful manhandling I was receiving. I guessed there would be no foreplay from him.

He leaned down a little and jabbed forward, his cock smashing up against my hole. He growled, pushing. He was at the wrong angle and I screwed up my face in pain as my pussy lips were dragged inward. He was gritting his teeth and wriggling his hips. Finally, the head of his cock got it right and popped inside of me. He exhaled with success and then grunted, pushing hard. His shaft slid into my abused pussy.

I twisted and squirmed, trying to get the angle right so it wouldn't hurt.

His eyes closed as he reached full penetration. That familiar filling sensation soothed me while his unfamiliar shape created unusual new sensations. He moved frantically in and out, and then settled into a skin-slapping pounding of my pussy that left me unable to catch a breath. Fully lubed now, his cock slid easily and touched spots I'd never been touched in before. It felt so odd that I was expecting it to hurt.

At first, it actually felt good and I enjoyed it. But after five minutes of gut-wrenching fucking, it began to be irritating. Fortunately, he pulled out and slapped the side of my thigh.

"Turn over," he commanded.

I did so with relief. Maybe the new position would feel better. I got on my hands and knees.

He was jacking his slick cock. "Yeah, that looks good. Fuck yeah." He rammed it back in, pulling hard on my hips with his hands. I was going to sport some nice bruises. He slammed his hips into my butt, driving his shaft into me with hyper speed. My pussy lips tingled in a way they never had before. This assault was so ferocious that I didn't have the sense to make an assessment of it. It was new, exciting, and tiring. I couldn't think much beyond that.

His hand came down hard on my ass and I shrieked. I tried to pull away from him, my ass cheek stinging madly. He wasn't letting me get away. He pulled back with his hands, rougher and harder. I could feel his balls slapping my clit and that was probably the best part of it. But my ass sure did hurt.

He slapped me again, and then again right after. Agonizing threads of white hot pain spread from my already stinging ass cheek. Fuck! "Stop it!" I shouted.

He paused his pumping. "Huh?"

"I don't like being spanked! Fuck that hurts." I was pissed.

"What the fuck? Everybody loves a good spanking."

"Well, I ain't everybody." I was glaring back at him. My thighs were trembling from the pain in my right ass cheek. I knew I wouldn't be able to sit, just from three smacks.

"Oh, well...sorry." He pulled his cock out, a look of pure butt-hurt on his face. He began pressing it against my asshole.

I lunged forward. "No!"

"What?" He was trying to haul me back. "Spread your ass."

"No!"

"Come on, I'll fuck you up the ass and then you can suck me off."

I was incredulous. "What!"

He was smiling at me, bobbing his head. "Oh... Will's never taken your ass? Lucky me, then." A feverish look came over his face.

"No, he hasn't. And neither are you."

"Oh come on; you'll love it."

"Oh, uh huh, and you would know."

He seemed offended. "Women cum two or three times from anal sex. It's amazing."

I rolled my eyes. "I cum just fine from the proper hole. What's wrong with my pussy?"

"You're missing out..."

"The fuck I am."

"Why don't you want to?"

"Because I don't. My ass is for shitting, not screwing. I don't find anything attractive about having a cock up there."

He blew out a breath and looked off to the side. "Fine. Whatever." He jerked his head and made a hand motion. "Just turn over, then."

I did so, relieved that my ass was no longer under discussion.

He climbed over me and slid back in. Then he laid down on me. "You're a hot little fuck."

Is that all I am? I tried to keep my face neutral.

He fucked me slower this time and the upward curve of his erection wasn't too annoying. He panted and worked his hips, his body trembling on mine. He whispered, "Yeah, I own this pussy now."

Am I hearing this guy right? "Huh?"

He moved deeper, giving my pussy a better fucking – something more like what I was used to. "Yeah, we're going to be fucking all the time."

Like, what? "We are?"

"Yeah, I think you're pretty hot. Wouldn't want you not being able to get enough of me. Wouldn't look too good."

"Um..."

He was pumping away, lost in his own plans. "I'll try to give you six nights a week. But at least five."

"Are you kidding?"

He smiled down at me. "Not at all. I know it would be pretty tough to resist me,

so there's no reason to torture you. I'll make sure your pussy is good and fucked so you're satisfied."

I was shaking my head. "I'm satisfied enough with Will—"

He laughed. "Oh, come on. He didn't invite me here because you're happy. What is it? He can't get it up anymore?"

I started to lean up on my elbows. The move forced him to lean up to keep looking at me. I was incensed. "He gets it up just fine."

"Oh...so then he has a little one?"

I said with relish, "It's bigger than yours."

Now he looked really butt-hurt.

The nerve of this asshole!

CHAPTER 8

I paced the bedroom after Derek had left. I threw up my hands. "He thinks he's getting me every night? Fuck that!"

Will sat on the bed, looking stunned. "I'll talk to him—"

"He's not getting anything from me."

"If he treats you better—"

"Fuck no!" I wiped at my arms and skin and shame. "He's not ever touching me again. I'd rather drive a bus-full of girl scouts over a cliff than be with him again."

"It was that bad?"

I wanted to scream in revulsion. I wiped furiously at my arms as if trying to push the slime off of me. "Ugh!"

Will looked as if he was watching our ranch go up in flames. "I'm sorry..."

I sighed, frustrated. "It wasn't all bad..."

He looked hopeful.

I knew I was going to crush him though. "But the spanking and the way he treated me? I'd rather bob for turds in a public toilet than suck his dick again." I tried to spit as if there was a hair on my lips. I found myself doing it without conscious effort. "Ugh!"

"Maybe just sleep on it. You might see things differently—"

"The fuck I will."

"Why didn't you say something to him? Set him straight?"

"I did; he wasn't interested. All he was interested in was getting off."

He coughed, shaking his head. "Wow."

"Yeah, what a prick."

My husband shook his head. "No, not him. You. I wonder if you planned all this just to show me how awful—"

"What!" I undid and yanked down my jeans. I turned and pointed to my ass cheek. "Does this look like I'm making it up? It fucking hurts!"

"Oh... Ow, fuck. How many times did he spank you?"

"Three times?"

"Three? It looks like you've been beat with a two-by-four for a good hour."

"It fucking hurts!"

He went silent.

"Then he wanted to do me up the ass and make me suck him off."

He coughed again in disgust. "Gross. Are you serious?"

I turned, hauling up my pants. I kicked him, hard, in the shin. "You think I'm lying to you?" I stormed out of the room.

~ ~ ~

I cooled down by the next day. I slept in the guest bedroom because I couldn't stand to be around the man I loved. The hurt from how Derek treated me followed by my own husband questioning my account of what happened was too much. I didn't want anything touching me – not even a blanket. I showered for a

long time, hoping the disgusting feel of what I'd done would wash away with the water.

He knew he was in the wrong. He apologized repeatedly: through the door; by text messages; and in passing when I finally came out the next morning. I knew he was sorry; I felt it. But I was still reliving the nightmare that had occurred.

I headed out to my Jeep to go back to the store and get what I had forgotten. Spinach and celery were not a huge loss to the week's meals, but I wanted to get out, anyway.

"Hey." Derek was jogging towards the Jeep, looking sure of himself.

I groaned, really not wanting to see him. Ever again.

He placed a hand on the zipped down window flap of my Jeep's soft-top. "Hey." His grin and eye-twinkle told me he was laying on the charm. "Wanna go inside? For a quickie?"

I wanted to vomit. No, I wanted to projectile vomit. I wanted to do a full Linda Blair on his face. I wanted to see green pea soup hit him so hard that his hair flew back with the force of it. My words dripped acid. "I'm busy."

He shrugged as if it was nothing. "Well, maybe when you get back." His eyebrows wriggled. "And then again tonight."

I started the Jeep with shaking fingers. No, the fuck, way. "It's not happening."

"We can use my trailer—"

"I need to go."

He patted down on the window flap. "Sure thing. But this next time, we'll pop your ass cherry. It'll do wonders for you."

I couldn't help myself. I popped the clutch. The Jeep's wheels spun, slewing the vehicle sideways in the gravel. I corrected, noticing Derek dance off out of the way with a surprised and happy smile on his face. What the fuck are you grinning at, shit for brains? I shifted to second, engine revving high and popped the clutch on that, too. I hit the pavement of the road dangerously, Jeep leaning

heavily to one side. Fuck, slow down! I knew these old CJs could tip. The vehicle bobbed side to side for a moment and then settled into a straight roar. I realized I was at the high end of second gear. I shifted and blew out a breath as third gear propelled me away from the Great Ass Master Aficionado, Derek Grey.

I looked in the rear view mirror, seeing nothing but the entrance to our ranch and a large dust cloud settling from my hasty exit. I shifted my eyes ahead, catching a glimpse of a light bar on the roof of the approaching car. I down-shifted immediately, recognizing the patrol car. The speedometer wound down from fifty, to forty, and down to thirty five – just as we passed.

I recognized Danny Larsen, deputy sheriff. He was wagging his finger at me. I waved weakly, trying to smile. He did not make a u-turn to come get me.

I wiped at my brow. "Great, that's all I need to go along with my bruised ass: a ticket for doing fifty in a thirty five."

This time, I remembered the spinach and celery. However, I did not want to go home.

~ ~ ~

Will: where you at?

I took in a deep breath of cool air and let it out.

Me: Anderson park

Will: what are you doing there?

Me: relaxing

Will: you okay?

Me: yes

Me: be home soon

I looked up at the old confederate statue – a memorial of a bygone era now roundly smeared from all sides. Gone was the honor, the integrity, the earnest struggle for rights – all lost to the unending mantra that the South fought the civil war to keep slavery. The once honorable people, moving on their own towards ending slavery, were now cast as villains for a more concise history that painted Southerners as hate-filled racists. Gone was the remembrance of the blacks who had fought on the Confederate side. Gone were the words of leaders from both sides who claimed the war was not fought over slaves.

Make up anything to fit the moment: the purpose of the media. Did not Derek make me up in his own mind to fit his neat little ideas? In what way was that fair? It didn't seem to occur to him that his skewed vision might not be the truth. I was just to be some slutty pussy hole for him to abuse? Or an ass for him to pound so he can grin while I lick off his cock? I don't think so, and fuck the whole fantasy thing if that's what it's like.

I stood and stretched, listening to birds chirp carefree. I wished I could be a bird at that moment, just flitting around and flying free. Instead, I had to deal with home and a live-in ranch hand who assumed I was his personal pocket pussy toy. No matter the outcome, I needed to put my foot in his face and get the message across: last night wasn't happening again. And if Will didn't like it, that was just tough titties. But I knew he would understand. I knew he would feel bad. I sighed deeper and headed for my Jeep.

CHAPTER 9

I pulled into the ranch at the back.

I think the Ass Master Aficionado had been playing with his asshole while waiting for me. He leapt from behind something and raced for my Jeep. "Hey."

I rolled my eyes and swallowed hard. "Don't you have work to do?"

He started laughing, giving me a wink. Handsome as he was, the ache on my right ass cheek dispelled any attraction. He said, "Yeah, later. You and me."

I clutched the recycled carry bag to my chest and turned on him. "Don't you get it? No. It's not happening again."

An amazing transformation took over his features: he went from cocksure to confused. "Say what?"

"Did I stutter?"

"What? No..."

I stepped close, looking up at him with anger. "Listen again very carefully: you won't be touching me again."

His mouth dropped open and his head sort of shook with stunned superiority. "But it was hot—"

"Go find someone else to ass-rape."

"But you and me—"

"Are done." I shouldered past him.

"But Will promised—"

I spun. "I promised nothing. Get it through your fat head."

He arched his neck back in revulsion and looked me up and down. "You think you can give me the kiss off? I did this as a favor. I wouldn't give you the time of day—"

"Fuck off!" I kicked gravel at him and stomped inside. Behind the closed door, I shouted, "Fuck you, Derek Grey!" I did not look out the window.

I wanted to claw and shred the spinach right there. My hands wanted to form fists and kill something, preferably one idiot ranch hand who thought I was his personal slut.

I wasn't in the kitchen for more than three minutes when Will came in. His voice was irritated. "What's going on?"

I looked at him sweetly. "Whatever do you mean?" I couldn't entirely hide the edge in my voice. Whatever; I hope it cut deep.

"Derek says you went ballistic and was cussing him out like some crazy woman."

I struck a pose and smiled demurely. "Does it look like I'm crazy?"

He flinched.

Good, the edge was enough to cut.

He frowned, studying me. "What happened?"

Thank you for remembering I'm your wife. "He accosted me before I left—"

"Accosted you?"

"Yes, he ran up to me and practically demanded more sex. Told me I was going to get it in the ass and love it."

He coughed to cover his surprise. "Did he?"

"And then he's bursting out of whatever hiding place he was in running after me just as I got home. He wanted a quickie."

"Uh..."

"I'm not his personal slut. He's a ranch hand, not the paid fuck-service for the bored wife."

He pursed his lips. "I'll talk to him."

"Yeah? Really? And what are you going to say?"

"I'll tell him he can't be so demanding—"

"Excuse me? Demanding? You need to tell him he can't be even thinking about it anymore because he's not getting any."

He had his hands up, trying to calm me. "If he backs off a little—"

"No!"

"Shh shh shh..."

"Don't shush me!"

He sighed. "Listen, I'll get him to back off on the anal thing—"

I stabbed my finger into his chest. "Listen," I mimicked, "you'll get him off my back on everything."

"You don't want to try again with a better understanding between you—"

"No. No, period, no. Did I say no enough?"

His shoulders drooped and I saw the hurt in his eyes. But I also saw understanding. He said, "All right."

~ ~ ~

Derek tried some stupid tactic two days later. I had to laugh incredulously as he

pulled up to his trailer and got out of his car with a woman. She was blonde with big tits, of course. He was hooting and hollering, trying very obviously to make a show so that I would have to look outside.

He slapped her ass and she giggled like an airhead. She swished into his trailer and he turned in the doorway, leaning sexily against the frame and pretending not to look at our house. He hooted once more and then slammed the door.

Yeah, I see you and no, I'm not jealous. Stupid ass.

He made enough noise fucking her that we both heard it in the house. He had not been that loud with me, but he definitely was for this demonstration or whatever it was. If he thought I was going to hightail it out there and lay down the law, he was going to be waiting for a long time. I was getting what I wanted: for him to leave me alone. Let him pop blonde ass cherry; I didn't care.

But his growls and shouts were comical for trying to be heard.

What a lame ass. "This guy was really your friend?"

Will looked embarrassed. "Yeah, maybe the divorce tweaked him out."

Maybe. But grand-assery doesn't just pop into being like that. I think he was born that way. In fact, his mother probably birthed him out of her ass. I snorted to myself.

~ ~ ~

Derek lasted two more days.

I was reading on the internet about how much Hillary Clinton cared for the future of the republican party with all of those deplorable republicans wanting Trump. I found it quite hilarious.

Will leaned in. "Derek quit."

I laughed in delight, already in a mood to laugh due to the moronic media message.

He gave me an eyebrow. "I'll need you to help again."

I shook my head. "Any price."

"You really wanted him gone that bad?"

I nodded. "Surely there is a God in Heaven and He answered my prayers."

He looked at me disapprovingly. "Joking about God—"

"I wasn't joking."

He grunted and rubbed his face. "I think I'll call that cradle-robber."

I was shocked. "Will. That's not nice; he wasn't that much older than her."

He grunted again. "Maybe." His head disappeared from the doorway.

At least I won't have to hide in my own home from some jerk lurking around outside.

CHAPTER 10

I gave a happy wave on the back porch: Derek was speeding away. I harbored no hopes or illusions he saw me.

Will chuckled. "You're cruel."

Ire rose in me and I looked at him askance. "Are you going to try to make me the one that's supposed to feel bad that he was a dick? It wasn't my fault."

"No."

Huh? "Then why am I cruel?"

"Rubbing it in, I guess. Will he ever learn?"

"I don't care." I swooshed a fly away that buzzed too close.

"I guess I won't make you clean out the trailer."

"You got that right. Fumigate the thing, while you're at it. Or maybe we should just buy a new one."

He rolled his eyes at me, but I was half serious.

~ ~ ~

I spent almost two weeks feeding horses. Will taught me to curry - what a workout. He was pleased I agreed to it as it relieved him of a necessary step before brushing. I was able to spend a little more time with Nevada and I enjoyed it - though a very tall Arabian named Shorty gave me some nips. Will

described the horse as unusual, whatever that meant.

I did the work because we were waiting on Chip to finish out his two-week notice delivering pizza in Mission City. I'm not sure why someone would over-worry about two weeks of low pay when he could have just quit, but Will told me the man had thought it proper.

I was pleased to see them and thought nothing of my gesture as I waved happily from the back door. "Hi Nina!"

She turned and looked at me, shading her eyes against the sun. Her smile was instant and friendly. She stood with her son in hand while Chip was unloading a couple of boxes from his truck.

I stepped down from the back porch and walked over.

Nina looked around with all the innocence I remembered of her. "You have such a nice-looking home."

"If you can get away from the flies..."

She giggled. "I wanted to come and see Chip off." She looked over at the trailer. "Definitely too small."

"Sorry."

"That's okay, we really needed the better pay. Pizza delivery made me give up my car."

"Give it up?"

"Repossessed." She looked down in shame.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"No, please don't be. Thank you for hiring Chip. I didn't expect such welcome..." She trailed off, leaving many things unsaid about her past.

Chip, who had grabbed another box, leaned close to us. "This is what we needed."

Will emerged from the trailer. "I don't see a TV."

Chip hefted the box, turning away from us. "I don't watch that crap."

"What do you do?"

His rasp came with a grunt. "I read and smoke. But don't worry, I'll smoke outside."

I said, "We've had smokers before; you can smoke in the trailer."

He twisted around, hefting the box in one arm against his hip. With his other hand, he drew out a cigar from his pocket. He held it up and shook his head. "Need fresh air for these. Once a day, after work. Can't afford more than that."

Will chuckled. "Thought I smelled cigar on you."

Chip almost looked hurt. "It's not bad, is it? I buy only the finest—"

"No, not at all bad. It almost smells like a spicy cologne."

He grunted. "Good. For what I pay for them..."

I said to Nina, "You'll be visiting?"

"I'll be driving down on Sundays for the day. We'll keep in touch with emails and texts. Facebook, too."

"That sounds hard."

"Many things have been hard. But it's better than losing everything."

"How was Reverend Wilks?"

"Oh, a month ago? He was fine. Very nice and everything. Welcomed me back as if I'd never left."

"I told you you'd be welcomed."

She listlessly swung Randal's little hand. "Well, it was a very big deal with the families and all..."

"Oh, yeah, I bet. But everyone's happy now?"

She shrugged. "I suppose. But it seems like everyone still disapproves of how we got together."

I firmed my lips. "You know, in a hundred years, no one will care. If memories of history remain, it's that you fell in love and were married. No one's going to blink twice you were married at seventeen."

Her mouth twisted in a sour grin. "Tell that to my family."

"Your aunts and uncles mean that much to you?"

"They're all I have."

I touched her shoulder.

Will griped, "What's in these boxes? Heavier than Hell."

Chip grinned. "Books."

"You got a whole damned library here?"

"Just about."

"Dunno where you'll put them all."

Chip bubbled with laughter. "Everywhere." He pulled the last item from the bed of the truck: a folding chair. He set it up under the awning of the trailer with a move of finality. "There."

Will handed him a sheet. "This is the weekly schedule. Sundays are early so Paige and I can go to church."

Chip looked over the schedule and nodded. "Good. I'll come, too, if that don't bother ya."

"No...not at all."

Nina asked, "What time?"

Will said, "Ten."

She pouted. "I won't make too many of those, I bet. Once a month, maybe?"

I smiled. "You'll be welcome whenever you can."

~ ~ ~

I felt a lot of relief at returning to my regular routine. Laundry was nothing compared to currying a horse. I wasn't sure where my husband got the energy. Our lives returned to normal – even in the bedroom. I had held out on him, hurt and angry over the dick Derek. But I swallowed my guilt and shame and moved on. Or, I was determined to, at least.

Such a mistake was never going to occur again.

In my mind, after my morning prayers, I sacrificed Derek over and over on the altar of my conscience with a rusty, dull knife. And I enjoyed it. I think I felt cleaner for it, anyway. Sometimes, a little bit of dwelling is good for the soul. It wasn't my fault. It wasn't Will's fault. I placed the blame for all of this squarely on Derek. I mentally brushed off my hands and moved on.

Will told me over the following week that Chip was a great worker and if he kept up his work ethic, worth more than we were paying him. I would see the man relaxing in his chair in the late afternoon, book in one hand, cigar in the other. Clouds of smoke drifted lazily about him as he squinted at whatever he was reading. They were always hardbacks or larger paperbacks – reference books they looked like. I'm not sure if he was squinting because of the smoke, or needed glasses. He never leered after me or chased me down. His wave, if he saw me getting into or out of my Jeep, was always as bright and happy as the one I had given Nina.

CHAPTER 11

Spring advanced and the winter of Derek's Discontent drained off like so much dirt hosed away with water. The bees made their appearance, and so did hummingbirds, drawn to the honeysuckle at the front of the ranch. Will kept that all cut and trimmed to keep it from growing towards the horses at the back and to the state land backing our property.

It was one such sunny and lazy day that I felt melancholic for Nevada. I missed her nose nudges. I knew the schedule for the ranch and chose a time Chip would be on his break; I didn't want to interfere with anything he might be doing. Will would be out leading a horse for training. I would have the barn and adjoining stable to myself.

I didn't see Chip outside his trailer when I went out. He only sat outside in the shade after hours. I went inside the barn and towards the side. Nevada and Shorty were kept in the closer corral near the side door. I had my hand on the opened door when I heard a sound to my left. I glanced quickly, startled. Nothing was there except for the metal stairs leading up to the second floor. Nominally a hay loft, we kept little up there except boxes and crates of supplies and gear. The second floor opened to the back and front, but the doors were usually closed. I could see daylight reflected off the wall up in the open stairwell. The back upper door provided a fantastic view of the state land beyond our property.

I paused, smiling that Chip would be using his break to enjoy the view.

I was about to head out and call for Nevada when I heard another faint sound. It was familiar and I couldn't place it: a dull popping sound. What's he doing up there? Is he rummaging through our supplies? I felt a moment of terror as I considered we had hired a thief. Is he taking things and pawning them? While the business might be run by my husband, it was ours. I felt a rush of indignation rise in me. I let go of the side door and began sneaking up the metal stairs. They were the heavy grate kind that offered no-slip steps. I ascended easily and slowed near the top.

Silence greeted me, except now I could hear him breathing. His respiration didn't sound nervous – more relaxed. I looked all around, trying to determine direction before I popped my eyes over the lip of the stairway. He was near the rear loading door.

I slowly poked my head up, expecting to see him handling gear.

It took me a second to realize he wasn't poking around in a box. But he was definitely handling gear. He was sitting back on a bale of hay he must have hauled up there. The back of his head was to me and most of his left shoulder with his elbow behind him supporting his position. He was looking out at the distant mountains. I lifted my head to a more comfortable position and saw flashes of movement. Yep, handling gear: his own. His right hand came into sight, rising and disappearing. I realized I was catching glimpses of the head of his cock.

Oh my god, he's masturbating, not stealing stuff. I covered my mouth, eyes wide and looked back down the stairs. I need to escape; this is sort of a private thing, right?

He sighed happily and I froze. I looked back, drawn by the sound. He shifted a little more, raising his hips. His shaft was more in view now and it was thick and hard. Whereas Dick Derek had sported a deep red organ, Chip's was as pale as my own skin. The head was full and large atop a fat shaft. My mouth was dropped open as I watched. I was afraid to move or breathe that he might catch me. How would I explain that?

He sighed again, thrusting his hips in time with his hand. I watched with fascination as he played with himself in an unexpected way. He didn't just rabbit-jack his shaft, he slowly fucked it with his fist curled around it in a very sensual way. I found myself shifting uncomfortably witnessing something so intimate. But my eyes were glued. His shaft was fully engorged and upright, the head pointing straight up in the air.

He groaned low, briefly. I watched his tanned hand on his pale cock and wondered if his calluses felt rough on his man-skin. I felt hot with embarrassment and glanced back down the stairs. I made a decision to sneak back down, even if the metal stairs made no sound. I had to get out of here.

His groan drew me back again and I can't say I didn't want to look. His hips were

up and he was supported by his feet and his left elbow behind him. His cock was thick and hard, his fist slowly pumping up and down on it. I swallowed hard, wanting to leave but strangely wanting to see. It's my barn, isn't it? Shouldn't he be doing this in his trailer? But I couldn't argue the cool breeze and the wonderful view.

He was panting now and his shaft looked even more swollen. My heart beat faster; I knew he was getting close and a curiosity in me wanted to see him blow. Why not? He didn't know I was there. And his manhood was very nice-looking. His panting quickened. I was breathing through my mouth and felt my lips drying out. I licked them and went back to breathing open-mouthed. I realized I was anticipating his cumming and my breathing turned into a silent pant. I lowered my head a little to make sure I had enough time to duck and leave if he turned.

But he didn't turn. He dropped his head back a little and looked up at the roof of the barn. He tensed and cum bubbled up out of the head of his cock. It ran down his hand and shaft in pulses as he squeezed. He let out a ragged breath and then sighed with relief.

I had seen enough and risked being noticed. I crept back down the stairs and left the barn.

~ ~ ~

I felt awkward on Sunday. I had seen Chip handle himself a few days before and here he was going to church with us. But he paid me no more mind than usual and I heard his prayer responses next to us and they were just as genuine as ours. By the end of the sermon, I was realizing I was being weird. His wife was a three hour drive away. What else did he have? I felt ashamed I had intruded.

~ ~ ~

Unfortunately, the memory wouldn't go away. Even if I became accepting of what I had seen, it kept crossing my mind. I even dreamed about it at night. Not every night, but enough to remind me and start the whole thought process over again. Should I confess? Would it make any difference? Maybe not. Maybe some things should be kept secret.

One thing that did develop in me was more curiosity. Was he doing that every day on his break? Every couple of days? Only the once? Two weeks had passed since the event and I found I wanted to know. I felt confident I could talk my way through anything if caught, but if he was up there in the same way, I wouldn't be caught – not with him taking in the view.

I approached the barn with a mixture of dread, desire, and deception. Many things crossed my mind as I crossed the rear drive to the barn. Was this cheating on my husband? If I saw something, did it mean I was involved? What if Will saw some naked woman? Was that cheating? No, I didn't feel it would be. So I was okay, right? Besides, this was my property, too. I had every right to be in the barn if I wanted.

I entered the cool of the barn and the smell of fresh hay. The wall of greenish bales to my right gave the interior a comforting feel. The few empty stalls to the rear of the barn were ready and silent. The metal stairs that angled up towards the front of the second floor were empty. I didn't see Chip. I had waited to what I thought would be a safe time to go in – five minutes after Chip's scheduled break. I heard nothing.

I crept up the metal stairs.

Chip was leaned back on both elbows, looking out at the view.

Darn, he's not doing anything.

He leaned up, though, and hunched over.

I waited, wanting to leave in disappointment, but wondering what he did when he wasn't masturbating.

He undid his belt and a thrill went through me. He jerked at his jeans and I heard that familiar popping sound – the jean buttons popping undone. I nodded slowly: Chip wore button jeans with no zipper. He leaned back and began moving his hand. I stepped up one more step and lifted my head to a normal position. His manhood was growing, erecting from its flaccid state.

I swallowed hard, trying to keep my breathing even and quiet. When he had worked it hard and erect, I felt a flush of appreciation run down my insides. Yes, this is what I wanted to see.

He jacked his cock, much in the same way as the previous time. Almost three weeks had passed in mental torture for me and I realized as I was watching him that I felt relieved to be seeing it again. Was I really that weird? Who watches a man play with himself? Us girls laughed about that kind of thing in school, but here I was feeling happy to be seeing it. I watched his hand fuck his shaft and I squirmed with pleasure. I felt heat rush up my neck and I opened my mouth to let myself pant. A trembling tension twisted in me as he pleased himself.

Was I bad for stealing this intimacy from him that belonged to Nina? She was such a sweet girl; shouldn't I leave him to his ministrations and respect her sanctity of claim? But this was my barn, shouldn't I have a right to know what was going on in it? To see? I stayed where I was, feeling better at exerting my claim in my conscience.

My heart thudded in my chest and I felt warmth spread through me in a flush of excitement. Will had only ever touched himself to enter me; he had never given me something to watch like this. I found the experience to be erotic. My pussy developed a deep ache and I shifted on the stairs in annoyance. My nipples hardened with the salacious secrecy Chip and I were sharing without his knowledge.

It's my barn and my right. I get to watch this. My left hand crept down, searching, and finding my clit through my shorts. I rubbed slowly, trying to spread the tension away.

His cock was fully erect. He was lying back a little more and I had a great view of about half his shaft. I stepped one more step up and figured I'd still have plenty of time to duck and run if he turned. But the way he was lying would make turning difficult. I felt safe and had a better view. And...I liked what I saw.

I felt a flush of wetness inside me that begged for attention. His hand milked his shaft and I was mesmerized. Can I convince Will to do something like this?

Chip jacked slowly, conserving his finish. I felt another type of tension twisting in me: the desire to feel that shaft in my hand. To help him and enjoy giving him the relief he needed. I shoved away the idea that popped in my head that I was weird. If he needed to cum, did it matter if it was by his hand alone? Would mine make it any worse? My pussy clenched hard on emptiness. If he's in my barn and jacking, would Nina have any right to say I couldn't help him? Would Will?

Chip began groaning low, his hips now moving with his hand. It was so raw and erotic that I began panting. I kept it silent, but the effort made me light-headed. I felt naughty, nasty, and justified to be doing what I was doing. It was free. No payments, no consequences, no dues to be paid. I was watching a man jack his cock in my barn and I had every right to see it. To enjoy it. I wanted to see it. I wanted to enjoy it. I pressed my fingers harder against my shorts, feeling the beautiful burst of lust and need wracking my pussy.

He panted louder and then went quiet. The shaft and head of his cock swelled. I held my breath, fingers pressing hard against my clit through my shorts. A groaning sigh escaped him and cum bubbled up out of his cock. The first release lifted about an inch in the air and the rest flowed copiously out and over his hand. He didn't shoot far, but he shot a lot. It looked clean and fun.

I knew it was time to go. I snuck back down the stairs quickly and left the barn. Back inside the house, I threw myself on the bed and savaged my clit until I came. I moved fingers in and out of my clamping hole as the orgasm tore itself out of me.

I flopped my arm down limply on the bed, after. I felt good.

CHAPTER 12

I had no remorse, no regrets. I found over the next few days that he jacked every day. It became our secret, unbeknownst to him. It became my pleasure. When Will took me, our sex was enhanced and we both enjoyed it. I could find no downside to this, at all. Shit, I think even Kira would agree with it - in between mouthfuls of ice cream.

I grew bold on a Friday. Before leaving the house to go watch in the barn, I removed my panties. Fuck them, they were in the way. I slid on the loosest shorts I owned. Who was to say I couldn't enjoy what was going on a little more? Nina? Will? Chip? Who were they to say I couldn't touch myself? I owned my body and I could touch it if I wanted to. I was wet before I left the house.

Chip was up on the second floor, but I had been just a little too eager. I could hear him walking up there, not yet sitting in his usual stroking spot. I waited impatiently. Hurry up, dammit!

When he finally began jacking, my fingers slid easily up my shorts leg and began stroking my moist folds. My thighs trembled with excitement as I watched. His hand moved up and down his thick shaft and my fingers slid in and out of my pussy. I loved it. I had a new hobby: fuck the ice cream and binge TV. I was going to get as much of this as I could. I stifled several threatening gasps and kept quiet.

In a perfect romance novel, I would have cum just seeing his dick. I would've cum again when he touched it. And again as he jacked it. And again just before he came. Then a triple doozy as he shot. Maybe I wasn't built like other women who could just cum on command multiple times in a free-flowing explosion of eroticism.

Not me. Nope. I started cumming after most of his ejaculation was finished. I began cumming as I was turning to go down the stairs. I clenched my teeth, feeling the huge convulsion almost bend me over double. I saw spots before my eyes as I held my breath to keep from making noise. My eyes bugged out and I

grabbed my crotch as I tried to cross the floor of the barn. My knees didn't want to work and my thighs were clamped so tightly as my pussy convulsed that I was walking using only my legs below the knees. It probably looked like I really needed to pee.

I burst from the barn and stumbled through an aftershock before running for the house.

~ ~ ~

I chased some peas around my plate with a fork, trying to get them on the tines.

Will said, "You seem to be in a happy mood lately."

Because I am! This is fun. "I guess I'm glad Chip is working out and I don't have to curry horses..."

He nodded.

"He is working out, isn't he?" Panic pushed my insides around like one of those bitchy butch broads on my high school basketball team.

"I think I'm gonna have to fire him..." He twisted his mouth to the side in regret.

The panic burst from me like an alien out of my chest. "What!"

He laughed. "I'm kidding. I'm kidding. Don't worry, he's great. No more work for you."

I gaped like a fish out of water. I whacked his wrist with my fork. "That wasn't funny."

He snorted and wheezed. "Yes it was."

I coughed.

He shook his head, wiping his eyes. "He's great, really. Didn't have to show him anything except where everything was."

I let out a long sigh that did little to alleviate the aftereffects of panic. "That's a relief." In more ways than one.

"You like him?"

Uh oh. Loaded question? What's a safe answer? I like seeing him jack his cock? I like his cigar smoke? I like his pleasant attitude? "Um...I guess. What are you asking?" I couldn't keep the suspicion out of my voice.

A look of realization came over his face and he frantically shook his head. "No, no, nothing like that. I think we've learned from experience..."

"What do you mean?"

He touched my hand and squeezed. "No more Dereks. No more ranch hands."

I wasn't sure whether to be relieved or disappointed. I felt oddly off balance.

He went on, "Using our hand to try out a fantasy was a huge mistake."

"It was?"

"Sure, you had to hide from the guy in your own home. No more of that kind of nightmare."

"Oh." I felt as if something were being missed. But I felt happy he wasn't going to fire my new hobby.

~ ~ ~

On Saturday, I almost skipped outside to the barn. Will was out riding with one of the boarders and I knew Chip would take his break. A little weekend fun that

hurt no one was the right thing to do. The drone of bees in the distance faded as I entered the cool of the barn with its refreshing smell of green hay. I took a deep breath and felt the tickles of joy and serenity on a pleasant Saturday.

I approached the stairs and climbed.

Chip cleared his throat behind me.

I almost wet myself and would have if I had anything to pee. My hand clapped on my mouth and I lowered it quickly. "Oh..."

He was looking at me with a lopsided grin. "Looking for something?"

"Oh, um...um... Yes, for a curry brush. I miss Nevada sometimes and I thought I'd curry her. She's such a sweet horse and I thought... You know... So I'm looking for the brush..." I finished lamely.

He tossed his head slightly. "They're hanging in the tack room where they always are."

Of course they are. I know that. But I'm going up the stairs to look for the brush because that's the only excuse I could come up with? Fuck. "Um..."

His face grew serious. "Actually, I'm glad you're heading up there. I found something you should see."

"Oh? Sure...of course." Perfect! A business excuse. I put on a serious and considering look on my face.

He brushed past me and went up the stairs.

I followed, arms hugging myself until I realized it made me look like a lost little girl. "What is it?"

He motioned me over to the bale of hay where I had hoped to watch him masturbate. I tried not to look at it with panic.

"Sit there."

"What?" My hand clutched my blouse at the top button.

"Sit. You need to see something." He pointed. "Look out at the mountains."

I sat on the edge, legs closed to hide my lack of panties under my short skirt.
"State land...it's a great view, I know."

"Wait." He walked away.

I started to get up.

"Sit." His smile was friendly enough.

I sat.

He walked back to the stairs. "Look out at the mountains."

"What am I supposed to see."

"Just a second."

I heaved a sigh, looking out at state land. It was peaceful looking and relaxing despite my predicament.

"Now," he said, "Look at the tins to the left."

"What? The tins? Is there something wrong with...them...?" Oh. My. God. I looked at the nearest tin and saw Chip's reflection. He was standing on the stairs, his head poking up and he was waving. I squawked like a frightened old woman who had seen a mouse. A really big, hairy mouse. With fangs.

He came back up and stood next to me.

My eyes were so large I thought my eyeballs would pop out of my head and roll out the loading door. Will I be able to find them? "Um..."

"Aww, don't act all embarrassed."

"Me? What?" Is he offering me a way out to save face?

"I'll be right back. Don't move."

But!

He went down the stairs and came back a few seconds later hefting a bale by the wires. He dropped the hay down near the tins. He motioned. "Sit there."

I stood, as a pretense to run or jump out of the door to the ground below – I didn't know which would be faster.

He moved past me and sat, undoing his buckle. "Sit."

"But—"

"Sit." He pointed with more force.

I sat.

He undid his buckle and for a brief second I thought he meant to spank me. Then he popped his jeans buttons.

I felt a wave of nerves. "Um..."

"You might as well be comfortable if you're going to watch."

The tension drained out of me so fast I felt my shoulders slump. "How long...?"

"Since the first time."

How would you know? Apparently my look gave me away.

He indicated the tins. "I chose the most polished of them and set it where I could see the stairs. Nothing for several days, then I see your red hair pop up. Thought I was going to have a heart attack."

"Why didn't you stop?"

"Because you did. If you had come fully up the stairs... Instead, you watched. So..."

"So you went ahead and did it anyway?"

His grin was sheepish. "Well, you went ahead and watched..." He pulled out his cock.

I swallowed, looking down at it with wide eyes. It looked so good from afar, but now up close it seemed too personal. "What about Nina?"

His look grew serious. "What about Will?"

My mouth dropped open. "I would never cheat on Will."

"I didn't ask you up here for that. And who would my wife blame? Me for playing with myself or you for watching?" He tilted his head back, looking at me with a curious squint.

I bit my lip, trying to find something witty to say. He really was a handsome man, in a rough way. No pretty boy was he, but not ugly, either. Always ready with a grin and a wink, I couldn't find anything repulsive about the man.

He began moving his hand.

I swallowed again and looked away.

He chuckled. "You might as well look."

I scowled at him without any heat and then dropped my eyes down.

He smiled and said, "No reason why you can't watch me do something and both of us enjoy it."

"But Nina—"

"Is my wife and I love her. But what difference does it make if you watch from there or pretend none of us know you're watching from back there?"

"Would she approve?"

He laughed. "Probably not. Would Will?"

I thought of his comments at dinner the previous night. "No."

"Well, we have to make sure neither of us get caught then, huh?"

"I'm not sure this is a fantastic idea—"

"Why not? I like relieving a little stress while taking in the beautiful view. You like watching it. It ain't hurting no one." His shaft was fully erect and I found my eyes locked to it.

"But—"

He leaned back a little. "Listen, Paige, maybe we could have gone on pretending you weren't watching. But we can't now. So what if you like watching?"

"But it isn't right."

"No? This is your barn, isn't it?"

I laughed suddenly, struck with how his words echoed my thoughts over the past weeks. "Yes, it is."

"And here I am, pulling my peter. Are you supposed to run away?"

"A proper lady would."

He laughed. "Oh, I see. Proper ladies don't like dick."

I laughed nervously. "Um...I like dick just fine."

He shrugged as if that was final. "So, no need for you to run off. Stay and enjoy the performance." His hand was moving with more confidence and I couldn't help but watch. He grinned at me. "You really do like it, huh?"

I heaved a sigh of surrender. "Yes, I guess I do. At first I was horrified—"

He sat up, a look of butt-hurt all over his face. "Horrified? Does my dick look gross or something?"

I laughed, rocking backward on the bale. "No, not at all. It's very..."

He raised his eyebrows at me. "Very...?"

I swallowed hard, nervous and feeling risky. "It's very nice."

"Nice? Nice? Isn't that what you say to someone ugly? They're nice?"

I giggled, covering my mouth and turning red. "You know what I mean..."

"No, I don't." He was still sliding his hand up and down his shaft.

"I mean it looks very nice. Very, very nice."

His grin spread into a pleased smile. "Yeah, Nina says it's beautiful."

"Should we be talking about her while you do that?"

"Why wouldn't we?" He began panting and I noticed he was looking at my legs while he was fucking his hand.

I think I turned several shades deeper red. "So, did you do this every day, or..."

"Or?"

"Or did you do it every day after you knew I was watching?"

His smile turned sly. "You're a smart one, aren't ya?"

I sat up stiffly. "Was that an insult?"

He barked a laugh. "Fuck no, it wasn't. I meant it." His hand kept moving for a few seconds of silence. "Yeah, I started doing it every day hoping you would watch."

I craned my head towards him. "Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack. I found it a turn on. I was scared at first I'd lose my job—"

I was shaking my head. "I wouldn't do that to you; you're a great worker."

He grunted. "Thanks. But I found myself getting hard knowing you might be watching. And when you did, it was all the more satisfying."

It dawned on me. I hooked my thumb towards the stairs, mouth open. "Did you...? Did you wait down there and purposely confront me?"

He chuckled. "Yep, a smart one. Yes, ma'am, I did."

I was horrified, but not sure over what. "But..."

"But? I figured all this super-secret spy bullshit was a bit childish. It was kind of unfair that I knew about you looking but you didn't."

"Yeah!" Then I realized I had closed his own argument for him.

He winked at me.

I coughed in exasperation.

He shrugged. "I think you deserved to know." His hand was stroking faster.

"I did...but..." I couldn't think straight anymore. His hand was on his flesh and it looked so very hot.

"You don't have to sneak around now." He tensed and his cock swelled. Cum bubbled up out of his shaft and ran freely down over his fingers. He sighed happily and leaned back.

Heat and wet flooded me being so close and I squirmed on the bale in extreme erotic agitation.

He panted breathlessly. "Just come on up Monday. It's hot for you, it's hot for me." He whipped a shop-rag out of his pocket and began wiping.

CHAPTER 13

Sunday was unsettling for me early in the day, though after lunch my nerves decided they were strung out over nothing. Will did not disown me due to some sixth sense that I had watched a man masturbate up close. Reverend Wilks did not preach a spirit-inspired sermon on adultery. And I hadn't committed adultery, anyway. Neither did God strike me down from His throne with a bolt of lightning or have the ground open up and swallow me.

If anything, though my nerves settled, my pussy began anticipating the next day. I jumped Will in the bedroom that night and fucked him silly.

~ ~ ~

My pussy ached all Monday morning. Not from the love-making the previous night, but over what was coming later in the morning. I was satisfied by my husband, feeling fulfilled. But my pussy hungered for this new, additional bit of salaciousness that Chip offered. I was going to be one very happy woman by lunch.

I climbed the stairs at the appointed time.

Chip was up there and nodded slowly, smiling, hands on hips. He was a shorter man with muscles in the places a ranch hand needed them. More compact than bulky, he presented a packed firecracker of a man. "Nice to see you, ma'am."

I rolled my eyes and tried not to smile.

He wriggled his fingers at the extra bale. "Sit."

Even though I had nowhere else to go except his indicated bale, I fought an urge

to resist. This was my barn. That was my bale of hay. I was an adult and he was an employee. But, without a reason not to, I sat.

He appeared oblivious to my inner conflict. He said, "I wasn't sure you'd come up again; I'm glad you did." His honesty disarmed me as surely as a scrap of meat placated a hungry dog. He began unbuttoning his jeans and sat. "I hope our secret stays a secret."

"Me, too." Despite the ease with which I had accepted this voyeurism, I still felt a thrill of danger and doom. I was doing something that was very close to all kinds of lines. Perhaps skirting that edge gave it the excitement that resonated in my pussy. I was totally happy with Will, but this kind of extra kink was so much fun. I felt simultaneously claustrophobic and fantastically free.

He sat and began handling himself. I watched closely, squeezing my thighs together at the pang of lust trying to auger up my pussy like a fat drill. The more his shaft expanded and lengthened, the wetter I became. Despite the heat inside me, my arms sprouted goose bumps. His smile was very satisfied.

A little unnerved, I said, "What are you smiling at?"

"You watching me. I think it's totally hot."

My heart thumped hard in my chest and my vision swam a little as I tried to contain myself. "Yes, it is...hot... Watching you do that." I was leaned forward - the twisting, gnawing pressure in my pussy making me hunch over.

He seemed a little self-conscious, but began closing his eyes and jacking with more enjoyment. I leaned a little closer, watching in wonder as his rough hand massaged his shaft. He opened his eyes and looked at me with curiosity.

I swallowed. "Doesn't your hand feel rough?"

He chuckled. "I hadn't thought much of it. Guess I'm used to it. Why, you want to try it?" He aimed his erection at me.

Uh, wow. Should I? How can I not? My hand twitched. "Umm..."

"Maybe yours is softer?"

I laughed nervously. "Well, I imagine it is."

"Give it a shot."

The barn twisted and swam around me as I moved before letting myself think too much. I knelt by him and reached for his shaft. I closed my fingers around his smooth hardness and a great shudder drifted up my body. His cock was hard and hot, the skin velvety smooth and taut. With a shaking hand, I gave it a few strokes. His satisfied sigh sent shivers up my back and heat flaring in my pussy. I stroked him like I did my husband and began gaining confidence. His dick was very thick, and about as long as Will's. It felt so very, very good in my hand.

His hips began moving, pumping his shaft up and down in my hand as I stroked. I couldn't help myself and my other hand came down and reached under my skirt. I rubbed along my quivering folds and up to my aching clit. I wasn't very coordinated. Waves of pleasure approached and receded, and each time I came close my hand on his cock stopped.

He panted, "You want me to take over again? So you can...do that?"

"No!" My hand gripped harder on his shaft. I knew he needed relief and that he missed his wife. Nina was such a nice young woman that I felt bad for them being separated. I went back to stroking him. It's the least I can do for you, Nina. I'll give your husband a hand until you two can be back together on your visits.

He groaned, his thighs tensing and his shaft swelling.

I felt the departure of worry and fear, felt the freedom of what I was doing and the pleasure it brought me. I moaned low, unable to contain the driving passion twisting up in my pussy.

Chip groaned suddenly, seemingly in response to my moan, and his cock swelled dramatically. I sped my hand motion, milking him as his cock erupted. He launched a few shots straight up, four or five inches out of the head of his dick. Before, I had witnessed it more like bubbling out. The remainder of his shots bubbled out like before, running down over my fingers like lava. Oh, how his cum scalded my fingers and fed my pussy with ache. His seed cooled rapidly on my hand, but I was frozen, lost in lust as I furiously fed my other fingers up my pussy. I couldn't stop my orgasm; there was no way. Reverend Wilks could come running up the stairs right now and I would still experience it. I gritted my teeth,

aware of the silence around the ranch. I bent my head down and barely contained my gasps and grunting. My body convulsed and my pussy clamped on my fingers.

He sighed next to me and made a wordless sound of approval and admiration.

I let go of his dick and felt the pulses of pleasure resonating inside me. I panted now, the paralyzing relief passing and fading into a glow of warmth and tingles. But now I felt embarrassed; I didn't know what to say.

He offered me a rag and I gratefully took it, wiping the evidence off my fingers. I said, "Um, thanks."

"That was a lot more fun than doing it myself."

I smiled with relief that the awkward second had passed. "Yeah." I sat back on the bale of hay. "So..."

"Hmm?" He was buttoning back up.

"Without Nina here for you, I'm sort of just helping out, right?" There. The cat was out of the bag and the can of worms opened. Or the big elephant was let loose.

He smiled hesitantly, tensing a little in the shoulders. He relaxed though, nodding, and let out a relieved sigh. "Exactly, friends helping friends is all."

I nodded eagerly, glad that he had no designs on tearing me away from my husband. "Friends helping friends."

He nodded once with more certainty. "Nothing wrong with that." But there was a weight of meaning behind the simple common sense phrase and I felt it: he belonged to Nina.

And I belonged to Will. That was something I firmly held in agreement with him. "Good...then I'll come give you and Nina a...hand tomorrow."

His smile was wide. "We'll look forward to it."

~ ~ ~

I was in bed later, handling Will's cock. It seemed so nasty to feel the memory of Chip's cum running down my fingers as I slid my hand up and down my husband's shaft. I cuddled close to him feeling happy and intimate. "I'm glad Derek is gone."

He half grunted and chuckled.

"Chip is a lot nicer."

"Yep."

"He's working out good?"

"Yep."

I'm trying to talk. Why are you only grunting? "He's a little rougher in the looks department, but his personality is far better than Derek's."

"Yep."

I stroked more suggestively, at a loss for words. "He always smiles at me."

"Yep."

"It's..." I lost my nerve.

"It's what?" He was clueless and curious.

I took a deep and shaking breath. "It's too bad he wasn't the one instead of Derek." I felt clammy immediately after – fear and uncertainty over my husband's reaction causing tremors of panic inside me.

He shifted a little and frowned. "Derek was better suited. Divorced, no attachments—"

"But he was a jerk."

"Sure, I know. But I don't think Chip would do anything like that. He's got a pretty wife and a son. Besides, it was a huge mistake to involve our ranch hand. We're not going to let that happen again."

I tried to keep my stroking even. Not certain what my face looked like, I covered by leaning over and taking him into my mouth. I savored the taste of his clean skin and swirled my tongue around the head. But my lips wanted to frown and this was the only way to avoid him seeing it.

I didn't know what to do or say. Me giving Chip a hand might not be what Will had wanted to do in involving another person, but he seemed so against any more of that kind of activity that I was frustrated that even the little bit of masturbation was off limits. Could I ever make him see?

~ ~ ~

Tuesday at dusk I grabbed up a bottle of Scotch. "You want to come out with me and chat with Chip?"

Will was scanning news pages on the internet. "Nah, maybe on Saturday, or something." His eyes hadn't left the screen. I knew his response before I asked: when he was reading news, he was totally wrapped up in his own world. I so loved him.

"Okay." I went out with the bottle and two tumblers.

Chip was leaning back in his little folding chair with a book held up in one hand and a cigar in the other. A light and fancy trail of smoke drifted aromatically upward and around him. I gingerly tested the air as he regarded me. He said, "Whatcha up to?"

I waved the bottle. "Drinks?"

He grunted. "Sure. There's another folding chair in there." He motioned with his head to the trailer.

It was leaning against the cabinet that passed as a kitchen. I set up next to him and poured drinks.

He said, "The cigar doesn't bother you?"

Smoke bugged me, but this smelled good. "Whatever that is, it smells good. But I hate cigarettes."

He chuckled and accepted the tumbler with his cigar hand. He gave it a sniff and a sip, his eyes wandering as he considered the flavor. "Peaty."

"Too?"

"No, it's good."

I went silent remembering our rendezvous from earlier in the day. Just as the day before, so I had jacked him today. It had been fun and good, giving us both release. "When's Nina coming to visit?"

He eyed me critically for a second. "This weekend, I'm sure. She wants to make it in time for church."

I smiled reassuringly. "That will be nice."

"You sure?"

I smiled around my Scotch. "Yes."

He twirled his glass in the air - amber Scotch swirled in it. "So what's the occasion?" He put his book down in his lap.

"I just wanted to talk."

He peered at me through the haze of spicy-smelling smoke and then nodded.

I looked down at his book, at his glass, at his cigar – anywhere but at him. "Would...Nina hate me?"

The glass went still. He chuckled low and then twirled his glass again. He took a sip. "I expect."

I felt my face fall.

He said, "She really likes you. Said you were so nice to her—"

"I think a lot of people hear sermons and maybe think that everyone is perfect and then expect you to be, too. She was such a happy girl...before..." I trailed off, realizing I was about to say something very insulting to him.

He grunted, not looking at me. "What I did was legal."

"She was underage."

"Not in this state."

I knew he was right. Age of consent was often younger than eighteen and it was sixteen, here. "But she wasn't even out of school."

"I robbed her of her life, you mean?" One eyebrow was up.

I felt frustrated, wanting to agree but knowing it was rude.

He took another sip. "She finished school, you know. Got her GED."

"She did?"

He nodded. "I made her do it."

Now I felt like a total boob. "Oh..."

"She loves me. I love her. We love our son."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." He puffed on his cigar, moved his mouth around, then blew out smoke. "Many people don't ask; they assume. We're happy and we have a family. She lost her mother and her father hardly recognizes her. I'm all she has."

I realized my assumptions about them were ignorant. I didn't really know much about them and had automatically thought of them as troubled. "She really said she liked me?"

He nodded.

"I'm sorry you two have to be apart."

"Eh, don't worry about it. Maybe I can move her back into town instead of selling her father's place."

I felt good for her and for him. "That would be wonderful!"

He gave me a sly look from under his eyebrows. "I just have to make sure I can keep the job. No point in moving back here if there's no work."

I clutched at my blouse. "Oh, no. I don't think you need to worry; Will keeps saying how good a worker you are." I wasn't going to tell him we thought he was underpaid: raises should be a surprise.

"Well, I hope I can keep it that way."

"Why, are you just giving us a show of effort?"

He cackled. "No, I always work like this. I mean, someone who has Will's ear could make him decide to get rid of me." He glanced at me pointedly, with uncertainty.

I sat up straight. "I would never do such a thing."

He made a considering noise. "I don't know; women can be finicky. What if you get tired of..." His eyes flicked to the barn.

"If you don't shut up, I'm going to hit you with this bottle."

He laughed, clean and light. "All right, all right. Just saying."

"No, I wouldn't do that to you. I'd just stop coming up there."

"That'd be a shame."

I looked at him squarely. "Even considering Nina and maybe moving her back to town?"

He squinted at me through the smoke. "Yeah, it would. I'd like to think I made a

new friend."

I drank some of my Scotch. "I think you have."

"Then let's be friends."

I knew what he was asking: to be friends with what we were doing in the barn. "I help you out and you help me out?"

He jerked back a little, an amused smile on his face. "Doesn't seem like I've gotten to do anything for you. Yet"

A fiery flash of heat surged up through my pussy. "Oh, uh..." I laughed. I hadn't thought of that. "Well, I don't know..."

He drained off his glass and handed it to me. "That's all right. I didn't mean anything by it." He stuck his cigar in his mouth.

Feeling uncertain about where the conversation had turned, and not wanting to tread on thin ice, I rose to go. "Guess I'll see you...tomorrow."

He winked at me.

I spent a night of desperate dreams and tortuous tossing. Tomorrow was going to be something I never expected.

CHAPTER 14

I crawled back into bed after making Will breakfast. I snatched another half hour of sleep before forcing myself to get up. The day wasn't getting any younger and I had things to do. I sped through my chores with thoughts of handling Chip's cock. It was a fun accent to the day that did not interfere with my love for my husband.

I fought the grinding ache in my pussy and had to stop myself a couple of times from relieving the pressure right then and there: in the bathroom; the shower; the laundry room; the kitchen; at my computer. His words about helping me meandered maddeningly through my thoughts. Would it be different if he touched me? Would that be crossing any lines? If touching him had crossed the line from safe to something secretive, would his touch make it any worse? Would Nina hate me any more for allowing him to...relieve my pressure?

I hadn't made up my mind by the time I went into the barn. I wore my shortest skirt and no panties. My standard white cotton blouse was buttoned up appropriately, but I knew Will wouldn't go into the barn. He didn't have a need to when he was walking horses. The closest he would come was the tack room, adjoining, but separate, from the barn. Knowing this as I climbed the stairs did not contribute to any kind of resolve. I just wasn't sure Chip should touch me. I might help him out as a friend, but what if he touched me and I liked it? What if that ruined everything? His respect for me? His position on the ranch? Without ever having traveled that territory, I could provide myself no answers. Certainly, the territory I had traveled with Derek cautioned against it all, heavily.

Chip was sitting, waiting, hands clasped between knees and hunched over – elbows on knees. His crooked smile held nothing devious, sly, or opportunistic – not like Derek's smile. Chip's held no arrogance or expectation: it was all friend.

I relaxed and returned his smile. "Hey."

He chuckled and unbuttoned his jeans.

I scooted the other bale a little closer and sat, hiding my nakedness under the

skirt.

Within seconds, I had his fat cock in my hands and worshiped the way its sponginess swelled and hardened. It felt so good and strong in my grip. His manhood responded to my touch and I felt a giddy sense of power pulse through me. My smaller smile broadened and I stroked him.

He sighed and leaned his head back.

A buzzing tension filled me, pushing me into a semi-delirious state. The barn swam around me as I panted with excitement. His cock looked so perfect and beautiful – so thick and manly. With my heart threatening to thump out of my chest and a jerking move of my body, I leaned over and put my mouth over the head of his cock. I couldn't help myself; I had to taste him.

Chip let out a surprised "Ahh..." that trailed off into a long sigh. The head of his cock was smooth and hot, tasting like soaped skin. I felt flashes of erotic electricity shoot up my pussy. My hand dug upwards, fingers sliding into my folds. I sucked him, slowly at first, then harder with more effort. I lowered my head down, filling my mouth almost to the back with his flesh. He moaned happily.

I pulled off, trying to get breath.

His smile was very surprised and his chuckle told me he liked it. His eyes dropped between us, watching my hand. He lifted my skirt to see.

Panic attacked me, sending the buzzy fuzziness away. I still didn't know if this farther than we should go. "No," I whispered. I removed my hand and closed my thighs.

Chip leaned toward me, looking concerned. "Let me help you."

I leaned away, then twisted. I felt his hands grip my hips gently to hold me. In leaning and twisting, I was lying on my bale of hay with my hips up to the side. He crawled over me to the side and said, "It's okay. What you did was nice."

I panted, wondering if I could get up and run. His hand stopped me. I felt his fingers brush up the backs of my thighs and find my folds. My body shuddered as his rough fingers ran a furrow of fury over my pussy lips. I felt his breath on

my neck as I lay on the bale. His mouth came close until his lips brushed my neck at the collar. Shivers of shock sent tremors and goose bumps all down my back until they collided at the fire growing in my pussy. I had thought I was hot before.

Chip angled his fingers until they began pushing inside.

I moaned low with a quiver I could not contain. My hips fell over so I was lying flat on my stomach. My legs parted outwards without any conscious thought of my own. I closed my eyes as his fingers pushed in and added to the need gnawing my insides. A well of wonderful sensations slid up me with the passage of his rough fingers through my lips. My hips arched up, pushing my ass into the air. I must look ridiculous, but this feels so...

His lips brushed my ear and I felt the pinch of teeth. I shuddered with the sensation at my pussy and the tiny flare of pain on the edge of my ear. His hot breath entered my ear and caused another source of tremors. I whimpered quietly, humping my hips as his fingers moved in and out of my drenched pussy. I was floating wild and free as he kissed down my neck again. I felt him scoot closer and angle his mouth lower against my collar, pushing it aside. Tingles vibrated my neck and arms. My teeth wanted to chatter – and all the while, my hips were moving with a growing need.

Chip sent me sailing. I was beyond control and I knew it. Oh my god, thank you, Nina. Thank you, thank you.

I felt his fingers leave and I moaned low, "No..." He touched me again, rubbing up and down my aching hole, then sliding his fingers over my clit. I hissed with need. He pulled up from my neck to work his fingers into me better.

He whispered, "You're so sexy..."

In this position? Are you kidding? I felt his leg roughly force mine open more. His sliding fingers made wet sounds. The light breeze from the open rear loading door lightly caressed my body. His fingers left again and was replaced by a broad pressure against my hole. I knew what it was and I froze in stunned paralysis. His thick cock pushed against my lips. I felt my pussy opening. I felt my hips arch up against him. With a hard shove, Chip's cock filled my pussy with one, filling thrust. I felt the sudden stretching and invasion of hot man-flesh fast and deep. In a quarter of a second, his shaft fully impaled me. I gasped, clawing

at the bale of hay.

I knew I could never thank Nina for this, but I felt so privileged and thankful that her husband had just rammed his cock deep into me. I moaned louder in wonder.

He was pulling out a bit and stopped. "Shh." He thrust back in slow and deep. His cock began fucking into my pussy with long strokes that pressed his hips against the backs of my thighs. I felt his thick shaft moving inside me, sliding in and out of my pulsating pussy. I clamped my mouth shut, and my eyes, too. The fantastic feeling had me grinding my hips back against him, wanting more.

He lifted me from under my arms so that I was mostly kneeling, but leaning far forward. His hands were under my arms and cupping back and up over my shoulders. He pulled on me as he pushed, driving his dick into me with slow thrusts. I felt his thighs tense against the backs of mine at the end of each deep push. I loved it. We moved together like a sinuous pairing of snakes, fucking each other in this strange position amidst a cloud of gasps and grunts.

His whisper behind me was too much. "Your pussy feels fantastic."

I whispered back, riding higher on a wave I hoped would be quiet. "Yeah? You like it?" I thrust back desperately against him, wanting to feel his cock as deep as it could get. My orgasm wasn't waiting. I trembled as if in a deep bone-chilling cold though I was on fire inside. I gritted my teeth and hissed through them as large waves of climax blew me apart. I hung limply, quivering, as he held me up and thrust harder. My pussy clamped and convulsed, trying to capture his thickness where it belonged.

I felt his grip tighten and his hands shake. He thrust more brutally, pounding his cock into my pussy. I heard him breathing with effort behind me and then felt him push in and stop. I felt the delicious swelling inside me and then the eruption of his cum far up in my pussy. I wriggled with as much effort as I could, milking his spurting shaft. I felt an instant connection to him and Nina as he pumped my pussy full with scalding cum. I felt a deep joy and satisfaction that I could help him out and her, too, by being here for him.

I wanted to run out and call Nina, thanking her for such an incredible gift and relishing with her the intimacy we now shared. But I knew I couldn't; she wouldn't understand. She would think I was trying to take him away. No, I couldn't express my joy of sharing with her.

Chip settled me gently back down as his cock slipped free. I could hear him panting behind me. He breathed, "Wow."

I giggled quietly, rolling over onto my side. I looked up at him, searching his face. He looked relieved, and that was all. There was no expectancy there, no attitude or aggressive demands I had seen in Derek. No sneer, no disapproval, no judgment. I closed my eyes for a second, feeling overwhelmed by relaxation.

He muttered, "Thank you...very much, ma'am."

I laughed again. "That was...sort of a surprise."

His eyes got large and he shook his head. "I couldn't help myself. I'm sorry if—"

"Sorry? No. And...thank you; I think I really needed that."

"Me too." He offered me a shop rag.

CHAPTER 15

I floated through the rest of the day in a mixture of fear and wonder. Fear that Will might find out. Wonder at the intense satisfaction I had received. I knew that there was no way today was going to be a one-time mistake: I was going to need more. I felt the love for my husband as strong as ever, but now felt a need as strong as steel steering me back to the barn very soon. There was no way I was going back now. No way I was going to stop being there as a friend for Chip.

His relief was my relief. I also knew I wanted to reignite Will's passion for his fantasy. It would be a perfect fit, despite Chip being our hand. My husband needed to understand that what I did with Chip wasn't for love, but something between friends. Couldn't I be friends to our ranch hand?

The problem was, I didn't know what I could do to set it right. I didn't want to keep secrets from my husband, but I had no choice. Can I hint at him using Nina? Like if I mention her would he begin thinking of Chip that way?

I rolled over in bed and reached for his cock. It was only seven and he was not yet asleep. I began rubbing him. He smiled at me and shifted his legs open.

He mumbled, "Feeling sexy, huh?"

"Mm hmm." I knew bringing up Chip wouldn't work; I had already tried that. I reached under his briefs and grabbed that stick I adored so much. I stroked it with love. "Do you think Nina's pretty?" Does that sound lame or what?

"She's kinda young. But I guess so."

"Do you like curly black hair?"

"I love your hair," he assured me in a very suspicious tone.

Ugh. This isn't the time to talk about me. But I knew he thought I was testing him, to see if he was really happy with me. "I'm not going to change my hair. I

just wanted to know if you liked it?"

"Black is fine, curly is fine. I like all colors of hair, except orange."

I snorted.

"And dyke cuts."

I laughed.

His cock firmed in my hand and I stroked slower.

I said, "So you think she's pretty?"

He shrugged. "Sure. Show her to me in twenty years and let's see what a good dose of maturity does for her."

This isn't working, dammit. "Chip says she likes me."

"I guess...that's nice."

I jacked a little faster, trying to gather up my courage. "I wonder what her kink is?"

He chuckled. "At her age? Who knows. Maybe playing Pokemon while getting her toes sucked."

I snorted so hard I had to wipe my nose. "Oh my gosh."

He chuckled.

I dared. "I think I saw her checking you out." It was mostly a lie. I think she had been looking at Will to see if he had any kind of disapproval in his features. I made sure to keep my stroking steady.

His cock might have flexed; I wasn't sure. "Me? Are you serious? All I saw from her was fawning eyes for Chip."

I had seen it, too. "You think she might be fun?"

He shook his head. "Never thought about her like that."

I jacked faster. "You think she's a rough rider?" I slowed. "Or a lazy lay?"

He laughed, his cock swelling. "Isn't she a bit young—"

"She's twenty."

He held out his hands. "Oh, she's twenty. Well, then..." He rolled his eyes.

My pussy was wet from hoping I could get a sexy reaction out of him. But it wasn't happening.

He said, "I really haven't thought of her that way, at all. She's small, cute, a mom, and his wife."

I tried one last time. "Maybe she would appreciate an experienced man like you ___"

"And Chip isn't experienced? He can't be more than five years younger than me."

Defeat distracted me from my purpose. Oh well, I tried.

~ ~ ~

Days and weeks passed into early autumn. I fucked Chip in the barn almost every day. My pussy was wet for him, and wanton. I made sure it got a very stiff dose of what it needed. Sex with my husband got better, too, and I indulged our full intimacy with refreshed relish. I had fun: my life had taken on a new element of erotic thrill.

But I was still conflicted. Even though what I did with Chip was between friends, I still felt like I wanted Will to be a part of it all. The same feeling grew with what I felt for Nina. That Sunday after Chip had taken me in the barn, I had hugged her fiercely before going to church. It was as if I wanted to press into her with my senses and share what I knew and she didn't. I wanted to touch her and hold her hand and communicate with her in a way that only two women could

who shared the same man. But I couldn't, of course. Not only could I not share my new source of adventure with my husband, but neither the wife of the man with whom I had found it. I was flustered and frustrated.

Nina appreciated my friendliness, and she eased into a very relaxed relationship with me. We talked and chatted about her moving into her father's house. She was definitely for the idea, though she wondered if she would always be reminded of her mother's death if she did.

I headed out to the barn in the breezy chill of a cloudy day. Will was making a delivery to the rendering plant and wouldn't be back until after noon. Chip and I could actually make noise, if we wanted to.

He was standing, looking out the upper doors. "Hey."

I said it back around my smile, "Hey."

He turned, hand already on his belt. "Going to miss seeing me at night?"

I shrugged. He meant occasionally talking to him when he smoked and read after hours. He and Nina were finalizing her father's move back to Washburn and into Mountain View Rest Home. He would be living in her father's home and driving to work every day. I said, "Do you plan on taking your break at home, too?"

He chuckled. "No. Twenty minutes there, twenty minutes back doesn't leave a lot of time for a break. By the time I got there, I'd have to come back. Besides, what we do is...fun."

I laughed. "I know, right?" I had figured the distance would preclude breaks at home. He was naked and stroking, sitting on the bale. I tossed my jeans to the floor and climbed on, facing him. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I slowly eased my pussy over his thick cock and let my meager weight do the work. My hole spread open easily and began impaling itself on his shaft. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the filling feeling slide up inside me. His rough hands on my hips felt alive and harsh. My skin thrilled with tingles and tension. I let out a deep breath when I was filled all the way.

He flexed his cock in me, sending out these little stretching waves of pleasure. I squeezed back. He said, "You're not going to be jealous that my wife will be in town?"

I froze, hearing the suspicion. I opened my eyes and looked at him with a severe look. "Hell, no. I love Nina." I moved on him, gently rocking my pussy back and forth and feeling his hard shaft move inside me.

He gave me an eyebrow. "So you don't view me like your property?"

"Property?" Though I asked it seriously, I moved with more interest on his cock.

"You know, like you have a claim?"

I giggled. "I thought we talked about this? I'm not making any claims on you and I wouldn't want you wrecking what you have with Nina over me."

"I don't intend to."

I was moving faster, with more fluid moves of my hips. Riding his cock was so very good. "We're friends, and this is what we do as friends." I stressed it. "Friends, nothing more."

He nodded. "What's that look on your face?"

He caught me briefly frowning over Will. "I just wish we could involve my husband."

"His fantasy?"

I had told him about it - all of it. "Yeah, but he's so against involving an employee that I can't even bring it up. It's as if he's decided to bury it all and forget about it."

"Shame." Chip was like that. Sometimes just a single word conveyed a lot.

"What about Nina? I know you didn't think—"

His grin was followed by a lift of his eyebrow. "Actually, I've been working on her a bit."

I stopped moving and just let my pussy clench on his thick manhood. It was a shared connection that warmed me in the chill. "What?"

"We've always sort of had this dominant-submissive kind of relationship – her

being so young and all."

"Ew."

"No, no, not like collars and that kind of shit. More like an adult to child type of relationship. She's always looked up to me for being older: to provide answers; directions; and orders. Nothing real serious, but she was young when we..."

"Yeah."

"So I've been telling her how much you like her. It makes her feel good. Makes her feel accepted. Makes her feel like an adult. Included."

"She is an adult."

"But she still looks up to me and wants to please me."

I began moving a little again. "Okay, so?"

"She wants to please you, too."

I stopped. "Me? What?"

He chuckled. "I got her to want to show you how much she appreciates and accepts you."

"Are you kidding?"

He shook his head.

I began lifting up and down on him, feeling the sliding skin of his hot cock through the lips of my pussy. Our fucking was sublimely smooth. "So what does this involve?"

His rough hands pulled on my hips, guiding me on his silky-smooth shaft. The contrast made me convulse with lust. I wanted this man to fuck me. Fuck me hard. He said, "She wants you to be involved with us."

I laughed, shaking my head. "I can't believe this."

"What?"

"This is what Will wanted, only in reverse. He wanted a man with us and instead, it's me as a woman joining another couple."

He chuckled. "You really don't think he'd want—"

"He shuts me down every time I bring it up. Hard. The one bad experience apparently killed it for him."

"Pity."

"Yeah, I know. I hate keeping this from him, but he just won't hear it."

He thrust up into me harder. "Think you can come over Sunday evening?" They were moving into her father's home - her old home - Saturday.

I trembled a little in uncertainty. Will Nina really accept me? Will this make her hate me? But I also trembled on that wonderfully thick shaft pulsing in my pussy. I rode down harder on him. "Yes."

CHAPTER 16

I tried one last time Saturday night to talk to Will. I was riding him, relishing the different feel of his cock in me instead of Chip's. While Chip was fun, Will's was meaningful. I didn't fuck Will, I made love to him. It was perfect. "Do you think Nina might..." I lost my confidence.

Will looked up at me with curious and considering eyes. "Might what?"

I moved a little more forcefully, using the motion to bolster my courage. But my voice shook when I said, "Do you think she might have a nice pussy?"

I felt him flex. He sighed as if frustrated. "I don't know."

I moved a little slower to punctuate my next words. "I wonder if she'd feel different...on you."

He gasped, grabbing my hips. "Because she's younger?"

I moved with him, feeling a building urgency in his hips underneath me. "Maybe. Maybe she's tighter. Or looser. Or softer—"

He groaned quietly, his eyes half closed. "Maybe." His hips began bucking upwards, harder.

Is he getting more into it because he's thinking about her? What she'd be like in bed? Heat exploded in me and my pussy became a lot wetter. I ground my hips down on him in response to my burst of lust. "Are you thinking about her?"

He groaned, his cock flexing again inside me.

I lifted and fell, fucking him with different moves. "Are you thinking about what her pussy would feel like?"

His face took on a tortured look and his hands clasped harder on my hips. His cock swelled in me.

I knew then he was thinking about her. It excited me and sent my heart racing. "Yes, imagine her. Imagine doing her right now. Think of her pussy on your cock!"

He growled and threw me over onto my back.

I panted, my body convulsing and caught up in his masculinity. "Yes!"

He rammed his cock back into me and speared me deep. He thrust hard, slapping his hips into mine.

I pulled on his shoulders, feeling a euphoric swelling of success. "Is it good? Do it, fuck me like you'd fuck her. Show me how you'd fuck Nina."

My husband growled louder and pounded his cock into me. The bed rocked and protested with loud creaks and squeaks. I felt his strength and muscles working to give me his passion. I felt filled in my pussy and in my soul. My vision swam and I saw lights.

He tensed deep and began unloading his hot cum. I worked my hips, milking his spurting shaft. At this moment, he and Chip were identical: stiff and squirting, shaft swollen and convulsing deep inside me. I loved it and was slowly swept up a large wave of tension inside. With a bursting release, I convulsed through my orgasm – waves of pleasure radiating outward from my hips and throwing tingles throughout my body.

I was so buzzed from my orgasm I didn't realize Will had settled on me until my pulses slowed. I clutched his shoulders and sighed happily. "That was fun."

He chuckled and leaned up. "Mmm."

"You were thinking of her?"

He laughed again, sheepishly. "Well, you were talking about her."

I smiled, excited. "Maybe we should get her sometime—"

"No way." He flopped off me and laid back to my side. "Not going to happen."

"But she might—"

"It was all a bad idea. Some fantasies should just remain in the bedroom."

"But—"

His tone was firm. "We made a mistake and I will never allow that to happen to you again."

~ ~ ~

I didn't know what to do or how to think of it all. I had gotten my husband to cum thinking of Nina, but to what end? I wanted him to accept Chip as a friend and what I did with him, but even him thinking about Nina and cracking his wall that way wasn't working. I had never thought I might get excited thinking of my husband with another woman, much less encouraging him to do so, but Nina was different. And I had been very excited to help him do it. It was quite a surprise to me. Were my efforts to get him to soften over them ever going to bear fruit?

I was putting the last of the dishes away from supper when I said, "Nina invited me over." I tried to keep hesitation from my voice. "You want to come?"

Will waved me off. "I see Chip every day. Besides, they just moved in. You going to help them unpack or something?"

"I...don't know." I knew.

"Count me out of this one."

I felt relieved. I gave him a kiss on the lips. "It's okay. I love you."

"Love you, too." He produced an envelope. "Give this to Chip."

I plucked it from his fingers. "His raise?"

He nodded curtly. "He deserves it."

I smiled. "He'll be pleased."

He gave me a stern look. "Make sure you guys don't over-celebrate. I need him here clear-headed tomorrow morning."

I giggled. "No drinking, I swear."

His nod was again curt. "Good."

~ ~ ~

I drove my Jeep out to the eastern end of town. I didn't know entirely what to expect. Nina was submissive? But no collar stuff? I hope she doesn't call him "daddy." I don't think I could handle that type of relationship. I thought about Kira, too, and her advice. There was no way I could consider Chip like a pair of socks. You don't just treat your friends that way: like they're disposable. Unless they're like Kira...or Derek. No, Chip was different. We shared a bond of friendship that didn't intrude on my love for Will. Just like I felt a so far unfulfilled bond with Nina and that didn't intrude on my love for my husband, either.

I knocked on their door – an old wooden thing with flaking paint. But the home was nice for being old with a roof that looked solid.

Chip answered. He leaned out quickly and whispered, "Just so you know, she doesn't know..."

I nodded.

He said, "Just play along like that and everything will be fine."

I nodded again, wondering how far this submissive thing went with Nina. I moved past him and into the entry. The family room was piled with boxes, some open, most not. "Was this really a good time?"

Chip coughed. "Sure, why not. We can unpack all week. Already got the kitchen and bedroom set up."

"Oh."

Nina came around the corner. "And we can use the break." She leaned down to Randal who had come bouncing after her, hair wet and dressed in pajamas. "Time for bed."

Without a word, the four year old bounced around in a circle and bounced down the hall.

I giggled. "All that energy."

Nina laughed. "Yeah, and he'll be out like a light in three minutes. I don't know how kids turn on and off their energy switches. If I jumped around like that, I'd be up all night."

I laughed with her. "Me too."

She came to me and gave me a shy hug, a look in her eyes told me she knew this wasn't just a simple visit.

I blushed.

Then she did, too.

We laughed.

I needn't have worried about the "daddy" thing. Chip gently guided us into the bedroom and within minutes of my arrival, just as gently ordered Nina to help undress me. I think my face was as red as hers and my eyes as bright with the stunning indecency of it all, but I wasn't overly nervous. In fact, my pussy began aching. He ordered her to undress herself and she did so with only a quick glance at me.

Chip said, "Now, undress me."

Nina, chin down a little, said, "Yes sir." It sounded so cute and quavering that I wanted to laugh in delight. The young woman was twisting her fingers around

and together as if she were trying to knot them. But her hands reached out without hesitation and trembling fingers began unbuttoning his shirt.

I relaxed some, standing there naked. Nina had not done more than just look at me. There was no judgment in her face of my figure. While I don't consider myself having any kind of boobs to speak of, they were bigger than Nina's. Her boyish figure had turned a bit less boyish over the past few years: her hips had widened attractively after the birth of their son. I had a brief flash of Will looking at her hips and wondered if he'd be as appreciative.

Chip laid back on the bed, handling his flaccid cock. It began swelling.

Nina glanced at me, searching my face to see whether I had approval or disapproval for her husband. I wanted to hug her.

Chip motioned to me. "Come sit on my stomach, facing my feet."

With a sly smile, I said, "Yes sir."

His face split into a happy grin.

I climbed over him, wanting to take over and be my somewhat dominant self, but I fought the urge and just waited.

He said to Nina, "Come sit on my legs."

She did so, wordlessly, eyes large and wondering. She kept glancing at me to see how I was reacting. I kept nothing but a happy smile on my face. Truth was, I felt it. I had wanted so long for Nina to be involved, knowing and approving. I wanted us to be the kind of close friends that we didn't have to hold anything back.

Nina straddled his legs facing me. She leaned forward and said, "Thank you for coming...and..."

I moved my head a little, smile still offering her sunshine.

She drew a breath. "And for all of this." She closed her eyes and kissed me on the lips.

That was a shock to me. I had never kissed a woman before. More of a shock was when she opened her mouth and I found myself locked in a mind-numbing kiss with this young girl. I think I was numb because even though I am all desiring of man and cock, I found myself drawn into her kiss as if I were tumbling down hill out of control. I kissed her back, sharing her gentle lips with my own. It didn't last and when she pulled away, I felt dizzy. Confused kind of dizzy, but in a good way. I looked down and saw she was stroking her husband's shaft with both small hands. Her eyes were locked to mine and her mouth was open. A slight tension of worry or wonder was on her face – probably hoping I approved.

I put my hands with hers and helped her stroke him. "Is...this okay?" I wasn't asking him; I was asking her.

Her mouth erupted in a happy smile and she nodded fast and reassuringly. She was a little breathless. "Um, yes. Yes. Are you...all right with this?" The shy worry reappeared.

"Yes, I want you to be happy. I am very okay with this."

Her smile returned, reminding me of the bright little girl before she had run off with Chip.

Her husband said to me, "Scoot forward and lean back." He guided me, hands on my hips.

I scooted forward until my pussy touched his shaft. I felt her fingers brushing along my lips as she stroked him. I leaned back and supported myself with my hands on the bed. I felt his hands slide over my skin and slide up to my breasts. I closed my eyes and quivered as his rough skin brushed over my nipples. That brought a gasp from me.

He said, "Wet me up with your mouth, Nina."

Her response was a whisper of awe. "Yes sir." She put her head over his cock and I felt her hair brush my lower abdomen. She moved and sucked him, her knuckles brushing up and down my pussy lips. I trembled with an excitement unexpected. He was gently mauling my breasts and nipples while his wife's fingers brushed my very sensitive lips and clit. I very suddenly needed something hard in me, and deep. I ground my hips helplessly.

I need a dick! Put it in me now, please. I squirmed.

He said, "Rub it against her, little one. Tease her."

I was watching her head move and wishing I could be more involved. She pulled off and pressed the top of his shaft against me and moved it around. The hot and saliva-wet contact of his skin on my pussy sent shivers through me that vibrated the bed. She kept licking, too, and her tongue moved up and down his shaft, and also up and over my clit. The first touch of her tongue on my clit jolted me as if I had been struck by lightning. I tensed all the way up at the sudden shock and gasped. Her wet tongue glided over my throbbing clit and turned the shivers into uncontrolled shaking.

Nina was concerned. "Are you okay? Am I doing something wrong?"

I panted hard, gasping and trying not to laugh in amazement. "No, I'm fine. You're fine. That feels so...good."

"Oh." She giggled and put her head back down. Her tongue licked up his cock again and toyed at my clit.

I thought I was going to die. I thought I was going to explode. I thought that if I didn't get a cock right then, my sanity would shatter and I would sit with Kira binge-watching TV with drool coming out of my mouth. I felt the insanity building, threatening to escape.

Chip said, "Put it in her." He shifted. "Guide it in."

Nina calmly took her mouth away and left my clit throbbing and demanding more. I felt her press the head of his cock against my hole. I shifted to allow better entry. It was sort of an odd angle, but slowly she pushed the head until it popped into my opening.

I leaned up now, wanting to sit on him and get it in. He pushed up underneath me and his cock slid up inside my pussy.

I let out a loud groan of relief but it was ripped from me as Nina shifted down to lick his moving shaft and my exposed clit. Up and down her tongue went, moving up his shaft to me then down off me. The on and off contact drove me insane. Every muscle I had on my body was tense and shaking. An unseen wave

built with force far and near, deep inside me and all around. I felt as if a whirlwind was about to lift me and carry me away.

Nina's tongue left. She moved up to sit on his thighs. Her hand was down, massaging his balls and the part of his shaft that moved in and out of me. She had a very sly and smoky smile on her face that said any concerns she might have had were satisfied. She whispered, "This is so sexy."

I couldn't speak. My mouth was open and all that came out were huffs.

She leaned forward and kissed me again. I welcomed it, or maybe my lips did. I seemed to have no control over anything. But just like two magnets, our mouths locked. I swirled my tongue with hers, relishing the softer and more delicate feel of her tongue compared to a man's. Her fingers brushed and massaged up and down, sometimes sliding over my clit. My pussy quivered with Chip's cock sliding up and down inside of it.

Dizziness overtook me again. I pushed with my hands, levering myself up to sit straight. I wrapped my arms around Nina in a hug and she hugged me back. We kissed again, more comfortable this time, as her husband pistoned my pussy like a machine.

He groaned loud, flexing underneath me. His cock went in and stayed deep. I gasped in the kiss as his cock swelled in me. My clit twinged and twanged with jolts of pleasure as her fingers briefly massaged over it. Chip's grip on my hips tightened and I felt the burst of his cum deep inside my pussy. Nina's hand worked his balls and massaged his shaft, milking her husband's cum up into my pussy.

It was too much. With a surprised cry, my orgasm slammed into me with such force that I convulsed on his hips, my head hitting forward on Nina's shoulder. I cried out, shaking so hard I thought it was going to give me a head rush. When the cataclysm passed, I was left trembling with exhaustion.

Nina was beaming approvingly.

EPILOGUE

I had dared to do something outside the self-imposed boundaries of my imagination. I had stepped outside of what I had considered decent and found something that was not indecent. I had dared to try.

Instead of shame and sorrow, I found happiness and enrichment. Including Nina made it all worthwhile. It opened up entirely new dimensions in my relationship with both of them that was deeper than I could have imagined. It was a bond, not unlike marriage, that went deep and unspoken. There were no dark secrets of hidden shame. There were only secrets. Some things remain in the bedroom, such as the relationship between a husband and wife. You don't parade those things around in view of everyone else and you don't feel embarrassed about it when sitting in church. Likewise I found it the same with Chip and Nina.

There was no shame, no embarrassment, and no fear.

I was still missing something important, though: my husband in the matter. Keeping this secret from my husband was something I had to do. He was so against the idea that he wouldn't hear anything about it. How could he be missing out on something so wonderful?

I knew I had to do something.

Nina had asked me after, "Do you think Will might...?"

"No, I'm sorry."

The look of hurt on her face made me want to cry. "Does he not like me?"

I had touched her shoulder. "He likes you."

"Does he think I'm ugly or something?"

"No, Nina. He doesn't. He thinks you're beautiful." I hadn't said young.

I knew that somehow, I would have to find a way to convince my husband that

he was wrong. I just didn't know how. Was teasing him with Nina the way? I had looked at her and wondered if I could handle seeing my husband slide his cock into her pussy. Thinking about it and getting excited is far different than doing it, though. I wasn't even sure I could handle it. Would I feel special knowing Will appreciated her like I did? Would I feel good seeing her cum on my husband's cock? I knew I could definitely like seeing that. But what about my husband? Would I really want to see him cum in her? Could I? I didn't know and I didn't know how to approach it all.

Maybe teasing him with Nina was the best way. Maybe it wasn't.

But I had to try.

Thank you for reading Dare to Try. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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