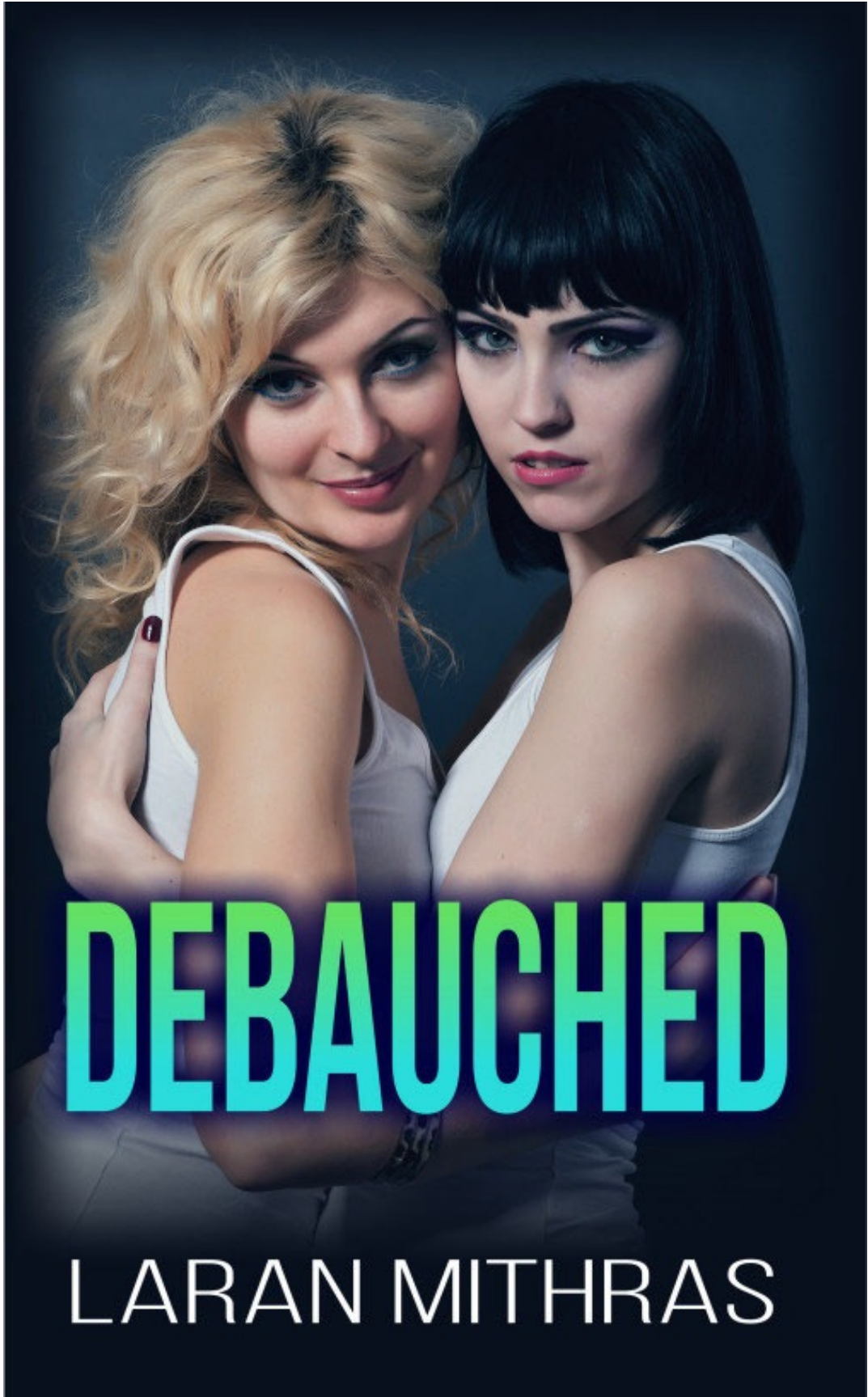


DEBAUCHED

LARAN MITHRAS



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Love should never be conditional.

CHAPTER 1

Maggie shook her head and shouted, "What am I seeing?"

Her husband Finn had his arms around a wild-haired blonde, kissing her in the kitchen.

Two year old Finnegan let go of her hand and ran to his father.

Her husband and the blonde bitch bimbo separated.

Both looked surprised and somewhat uneasy.

Finn tried to smooth his way out of it. "Maggie, dear, this is my sister—"

"Bullshit!"

The blonde came around the center board and held out her arms. "So you're Maggie. I'm Fate."

She looked at them both, stunned, anger draining away into confusion. "Fate? I don't believe it..."

Finn came to Fate's side and hugged her, putting his face close. His lopsided grin was not troubled. The resemblance was obvious.

Maggie faltered. "Fate? She was off balance. Perhaps it was the mild case of postpartum anxiety the doctor had diagnosed months before.

He had offered drugs, but she refused to take them.

Her husband had promised to bring help in the form of his sister – someone he felt close to and trusted.

Maggie's problems weren't severe: she just felt as if she wasn't herself anymore; that she was caged in; that anyone helping might find an excuse to take her baby away.

There was an empathy problem, too.

She loved Finn and Finn Junior. But she couldn't seem to show it. Withdrawn as she was, they had hired a nanny to care for the boy – an old woman with experience.

Finn had promised help and there she was...

Maggie stammered, "Fate?"

Her sister-in-law hugged her. "That's three times. If you spin around we'll be bound together forever."

She giggled a little and hugged her back. "You're here to... stay?"

Fate leaned back, keeping her in her arms and sighed. "My latest boyfriend didn't work out, either. I can't seem to pick them. I moved back and have an apartment on Patterson. Care to help me open boxes?"

Finn gripped Maggie's shoulder. "Go. Mary Ellen will see to dinner."

Getting out was the one thing that sort of eased the caged feeling.

Fate squeezed her arms. "Come, I want to get to know my sister-in-law."

Maggie was ready for that, but wasn't ready for the stunning feelings of this woman hugging her.

Not sexual... Just close.

She needed that.

She said, "I'm ready."

Like a newfound best friend, Fate swept her out of the kitchen with an ease that excited Maggie.

Could this be what she needed?

Was her husband right? If anyone could break Maggie's funk, was it his sister?

For the first time in what seemed like forever, her heart thumped with vitality in her chest.

The ride to Patterson Avenue was short.

Maggie heard the shower running when she entered the apartment. "You left your water running?"

"Oh, no. That's Joey, an old boyfriend of mine from years ago. He helped me move in. He's not a bother."

"He won't mind me here?"

"Goodness no." She grabbed Maggie's arm. "Come on. A shot of liquid courage will motivate us."

She let herself be pulled into the kitchen. Without a doubt, Fate seemed as natural and easy a person as she had ever met. "Finn says you don't have luck with boyfriends?"

Fate had been pouring a small shot of whiskey. Hearing the question, she upended the bottle and filled the tiny tumbler. "I don't know what it is. Too tall, too short, too attentive, too indifferent." She handed her the glass and held hers up. "Let's toast to our new friendship."

Maggie felt it. Within minutes, she had known Fate was the one woman who could break through to her real self. Reaching her hand out to the offered help, she touched glasses.

Her sister-in-law and new friend said, "Drink it all in one go or the toast fails." She took a breath and gulped back the entire tumbler.

She definitely didn't want to disappoint her. Taking a breath, she tipped back the glass and emptied it, ignoring the initial burn down her throat.

Instantly after finishing, she was gripped in a fierce hug and her lips kissed. "Oh, thank you. I can already feel we're going to be good friends. Let's open some boxes."

The first box she opened in the living room was filled with wall items. That burn

down her throat had turned into a warm blossom of well-being in her tummy. She pulled out a faded color picture of Finn, his parents, and his sister. Fate probably wasn't any more than eight years old in the picture, and Finn nine. She was hugging her brother with a proud smile.

As Finn had said, they'd always been close.

Fate said over her shoulder, "Are you hungry? My brother says you won't eat."

That was true. Part of the anxiety robbed her of her appetite. She was looking scrawny. "No, but..."

"What is it, sis?"

Maggie liked hearing that. "Maybe another shot of whiskey? I feel so relaxed—"

"Coming right up and you don't have to chug this one like a sailor if you don't want to." She laughed with a teasing lilt. She returned a moment later with two glasses. "Is there any other drink you prefer? I have vodka, too."

"Oh, no thank you; I got sick on vodka once."

"Then whiskey's the ticket." She sipped and set her glass aside to open a box. Out came a lamp. "Do you prefer Maggie or Magdeline?"

"Ugh, Magdeline always sounded so formal. I have a feeling names like those are only used at job interviews and funerals."

"Well then, we aren't going to be burying you anytime soon. Maggie it is."

She made a stack of the pictures next to the couch and turned to take care of the empty box.

A naked man stood in the hall.

Maggie yelped.

Fate coughed in indignation. "Joey, you jerk."

He smiled and waggled his eyebrows. "Didn't know you had a new lover."

"You know I don't go that way. This is my sister-in-law, Maggie."

He advanced on her, dick swinging. He held out his hand.

She was blushing, but shook his hand so as not to appear prudish.

Fate growled, "Joey, go cover up."

"I thought we could get reacquainted?"

Maggie gulped. "Maybe I should go?"

Fate waved a hand. "Nonsense. Joey's old news." She said to him, "Go cover up or I'll kick you out naked."

He left the room.

Blowing upwards into her blonde hair, she said, "I'm really sorry about that."

Maggie shook her head, trying not to look at Joey's tight little butt. "That's okay, it wasn't your fault." She put a hand to her head, feeling a sudden swoon. "I think I need to sit down a moment."

Fate put her hand to her cheek. "Oh, darn it, I think I probably gave you too much."

"No, I feel fine; I needed that drink. I just feel... a little unsteady." She definitely did not want people thinking she was frail. Even if she was.

Sitting on the couch helped her look steady, though the room twirled a bit. She reached over and grabbed her half-finished glass. It would be better to finish it and get it over with than waste it. She didn't want her sister-in-law thinking she was wasteful and unappreciative.

Gulping the rest didn't hurt and she breathed deeply as the tension she had felt for a long time – that sensation of being caged – was blissfully gone. "I feel so good..."

"That's what we like to hear."

Joey came out wrapped in a towel and sat next to her on the couch.

She turned her head to him and blinked.

He was grinning at her. "Maggie, was it?"

"That's right." She even felt comfortable sitting next to a man in a towel.

"And sister-in-law? She was so closed-lipped about him..."

Fate scowled. "Finn was none of your business; he's my brother and that's all you need to know."

He put his arm around Maggie's shoulder. "You sure are a pretty one." His towel began to rise.

Something inside her froze – not her sanity, but her sense of decency. It wasn't her fault he couldn't control his cock and the singular thought kept her in place instead of rushing to go put the empty glass in the kitchen.

She watched it rise to full height, tenting the towel in a towering hint of manhood.

At least it was covered.

She found herself staring at it.

Fate sat next to her with a bounce. Her lips went to Maggie's ear and she said, "Help me... with him. He has a fine... man-part. Would you help me blow him?"

Maggie blinked, still focused on the tent in Joey's towel. Finn had raved about his sister and she seemed so friendly and inclusive. For the first time in months, she felt as if her life was opening to freedom from that horrid caged-in sensation that haunted her every waking hour.

Fate didn't wait for an answer. She got up and moved over to Joey's other side – forcing him to make room and scoot closer to Maggie.

He grinned like a pleased used car salesman. He peeled back the towel. "You want to see? I mean, you're sort of staring at it." His cock stood tall and throbbed. It wasn't all that thick, but it was long and well-shaped.

Maggie's heart began to beat warmer and faster. Her breathing accelerated as she sat so close to another man and looked at his bare cock.

Her sister-in-law grabbed his shaft, giving it little strokes. "See? He sure does have a nice one. Why don't you try?"

Maggie wanted to. Her hand twitched. What could be wrong with a little touching? Joey didn't seem to mind and Fate was offering. Also, her husband loved his sister – apparently enough to kiss her on the lips – and she was so very nice. She wanted to please her and for them to become friends. No, she didn't want to deny her, but what would her husband think? She said, "I really shouldn't... I don't think Finn would--"

Fate smiled slyly. "It's just a touch. Here, let me help you – and we don't need to tell my brother, do we?"

Maggie couldn't reject her. She didn't want to reject her. She offered her hand to her sister-in-law.

The blonde sister of her husband placed her hand on Joey's cock, caressing her fingers as she did.

Maggie shuddered. She felt the hot skin of the man's throbbing erection under her fingers. If she thinks it's okay, then it's okay, right? Stroking him would please Fate. So she did: she moved her hand up and down, feeling the velvet rigidity in her grip.

She was jacking another man's cock and it felt great.

CHAPTER 2

Fate had a satisfied smile that was probably driven by all that whiskey. She slid off the couch and said, "Stroke him into my mouth."

Maggie went with it, aiming Joey's cock into her sister-in-law's mouth. Surprised by the speed of the development, she didn't want to come off sounding like some old mother who disapproved of everything. Besides, she was having fun and Fate had hinted she wouldn't be telling on her.

What harm was a little stroking?

It was exciting – and more excitement than she had felt in a very long time. Maybe it was good for her. Maybe Finn was right after all: his sister could cure her if she wasn't going to take prescription drugs.

She relaxed and leaned onto Joey's shoulder while she stroked him. She watched Fate's pretty lips move over the head and caress it. It looked like fun. But it wasn't Joey her sister-in-law was looking at, she was looking at her.

Warmth spread inside and the dizziness went away, replaced by a sense of comfort so strong that Maggie might have masturbated him all night.

Fate hooked her finger and motioned to her. "Come down here."

She let go and fidgeted, but slid down off the couch.

Fate pulled her head close and kissed her. She whispered, "There, he's on your lips now. Help me kiss it." She laid her head sideways and began kissing the side of his shaft. She motioned, encouraging Maggie to join her.

Feeling that freedom and the memory of her lips pressing to hers, she copied her sister-in-law. Head down on Joey's thigh, she began kissing the other side. Their lips brushed on his hard length and their eyes crossed looking at each other as they licked.

Maggie might have laughed at the idea yesterday of licking some man's cock she

had just met, but it had happened so naturally and without pressure that she was enjoying the feeling of freedom. Finn wouldn't approve, but what harm was there in helping his sister lick this guy?

She moved her tongue out more and licked with more confidence. She was going with it, floating along freely with Fate. That her sister-in-law encouraged and approved meant more than momentary hesitations of propriety and doubt. The warmth inside her grew hotter and she licked with relish. At the top of his shaft, their tongues met around the helmet.

Fate rose a little and gripped the back of Maggie's neck. Their lips came together over the head of Joey's cock and they kissed. Her sister-in-law's tongue swirled around hers as intimately as Maggie had kissed Finn on their wedding day.

A deep delight rose upwards within her and drove out months of worry and stress. As if a lion let loose from its cage, she bounded blissfully into the kiss, giving back as much as she was taking.

Fate pulled back wistfully. "I knew you were special." She pushed gently on the back of her neck and onto Joey's cock.

Maggie sucked happily, moving her head up and down on his erection. It felt good to do something so free and unencumbered with the reality of her anxieties. The caged feeling was gone, and for that alone, she would've blown every man in the city. The doubt was gone and if she wasn't exactly feeling as if the old her was gone forever, she was eagerly embracing the new side of her elicited by Fate.

She sucked harder on the man's shaft, wanting to feel him respond to her mouth. She felt Fate's hand stroking her back and the warmth in her spread at the woman's gesture of approval.

Joey muttered, "Fuck, I might have to switch from blondes to black-haired women."

Fate said, "Don't get any ideas; she's married to my brother. Try anything funny and I'll bite your balls clean off your body."

He laughed. "Okay, okay." He tensed, gasped, and moved his hips. "Wow, that feels good."

"Don't think you're getting a blowjob for free. You're going to return the favor to her, I guarantee it."

He sighed. "Do I have to?"

"Do you want me to use a strap-on and humiliate you?"

"Uh, no."

"Then you'll do it without complaining."

Maggie sucked feverishly, listening to the plans Fate had for her.

Her sister-in-law kept stroking her back until her hand stopped, then slid down to Maggie's shorts. Her fingers pressed up into the crotch of them, applying pleasurable pressure there.

Maggie moaned and sucked faster. Heat grew and spread in her pussy.

"That's a girl; I knew we would get along famously. We're perfect for each other."

Joey groaned with effort and his shaft swelled in Maggie's mouth. She moved down so that the head of his shaft was comfortably seated on the middle of her tongue and against the roof of her mouth. His hot spurts came fast and light and she swallowed fast.

Fate's fingers pressing up into her shorts filled her with fire. She pulled off Joey's dick and let the last couple of spurts go where they would. She hummed with satisfaction at having caused the man to cum.

It had been fun.

CHAPTER 3

More boxes were unpacked until few remained. Fate didn't have much – as if her life was centered on other things rather than possessions. Not only that, but they all seemed disconnected. When Maggie mentioned that, Fate said, "Most of it was left by old boyfriends."

That certainly added another layer of dimension to her sister-in-law. Wouldn't she want to be rid of the stuff? Or was she amenable to using what they left behind because she was just using those old boyfriends anyway? No real attachment?

So the lamp on the mismatched end table didn't bring back memories? Who cared?

Something in that appealed to Maggie – but not in a way that made her want to emulate Fate. There was a breezy untroubled air about her sister-in-law that she desired but would never be able to grasp. She had Finn to counter such a conscious and careless lifestyle.

However, she could be her friend and maybe some of that would rub off on her and alleviate the anxiety that had made her life agony since Finnegan's birth. The thoughts recurred though, what would it be like to be so free?

She suspected she was drunk, but so was Fate. So was Joey who had joined in after the blowjob. Was it really that bad of her to do it? It didn't seem that bad, though she certainly would have folded her arms, stomped her foot, and declared it wicked and evil before meeting Fate.

She had to trust her sister-in-law; Finn had declared her the only person he trusted to befriend his wife and help her from the postpartum anxiety. Social contact was required when drugs weren't used. So, Maggie believed in her husband and trusted Fate.

No one was in a condition to drive Maggie home. Fate called Finn and told him she was crashing at the apartment until morning.

Her husband was okay with that – pleased she had let loose enough to drink, even if it was a little much.

She faced the prospect of Joey licking her in return for the blowjob with almost as carefree an attitude as Fate. It had to be the booze.

Her sister-in-law helped her undress. "Just lie back and let him do all the work. Close your eyes and let go."

She settled back on the bed and was relieved that she didn't have to move any more. The smallest movement sent the room tilting crazily. The touch of his tongue was a pinpoint of pleasure in the emptiness of her thoughts as the whiskey had total control of her body and mind.

Yes, it did feel good, and the warmth began to spread again – reluctant at first, then relentlessly. Joey did the job, but her husband was much better at it. He had offered to pleasure her this way, but she had refused. Too much of the caged feeling robbed all desire from her. Here, though, floating freely with the whiskey, she felt none of the anxiety. She moved her hips on his tongue and that didn't cause the room to sway.

Much.

Fate was on the bed next to her, petting her shoulder and stroking fingers through Maggie's black hair.

She wanted to go to sleep.

Joey's tongue was joined by his fingers and her pussy was opened to them as they probed and explored.

That felt good, too.

No, in fact it felt great.

She moaned happily with that sexual tension that promised an orgasm. The build-up was rapid and she twisted her hips and gasped as the tightening inside became unbearable. Fire erupted in her pussy and spread outward in an instant, releasing all the anticipation in pulses of gratifying pleasure.

She called out wordlessly and breathy, letting go of it in a good way. Tingles radiated along her skin and nipples until she finally quivered with the aftershocks and relaxed.

All three slept in the bed, Joey between them. He was spooned with Fate as Maggie drifted into a very peaceful sleep.

She didn't remember dreaming much, but awoke with a pressure in her head that promised a headache. She also felt Joey up against her, spooning her instead of Fate.

Did he even know? Was he awake?

She listened for breathing, but she heard deep breathing patterns from the other two.

She rose carefully, bringing a pounding to her head. She scrubbed a hand over her face and decided to use the shower.

In the bathroom, she poked through Fate's open box of toiletries and selected soap and shampoo. She opened the shampoo and sniffed it.

Yep, smelled like Fate.

The shower was hot and the water came out in stinging sprays – very different from their own more expensive Koehler heads at home. The biting pain on her skin roused her a little more and she began trying to piece together the previous afternoon and evening.

She had touched another man's cock and found it fun.

Maybe that wasn't so bad, but had she really blown him and swallowed some of his cum? What had she been thinking? Fate had seemed to approve, but would she also look back and wonder what they had done?

Later, she had lain in bed and been licked to orgasm? Was she remembering that right? Or had it been a dream?

She felt chilled in the shower, despite the heat. The remains of the alcohol or the onset of guilt? She hadn't done anything else that she remembered. At least Joey

hadn't fucked her.

Had he?

She felt around her pussy, probing and prodding for soreness. There wasn't any. That did, however, bring to recollection Fate's pressing down there while she was still in her shorts.

That seemed fine, at least, and could be excused as being her drunk sister-in-law. Joey was definitely not her husband, though, and she vaguely remembered his fingers pushing inside as he licked.

Maybe that wasn't so bad...

At least not as bad as the blowjob.

Was Fate going to be totally different this morning and reject Maggie as a sister?

She found out when she came out of the bathroom. She smelled coffee and went to the kitchen to face her doom.

Her sister-in-law was all smiles. "Good morning – and I don't say that lightly because I'm not a morning person."

Maggie giggled nervously, surprised that the woman seemed the same. "Not much me, either. Not since..."

"I know, but we'll work on that, okay?"

"Did I really... blow Joey yesterday?" She felt the stark horror displayed on her own face.

Fate's eyes twinkled and her smile was lopsided and amused. "Yes, and a good one, too. I was proud of you." She moved close and walked her fingers up the center of Maggie's flat chest. "I do think we're going to be the best of friends."

She felt her breath and pulse quicken with excitement. So the previous day had not been a dream. Neither was Fate upset about what had happened. But there was her husband to consider. "I love Finn..."

"Of course you do."

"I don't ever want to hurt him. I was drunk yesterday—"

She hugged her close. "Maggie, dear, no one can blame you for what happened yesterday and don't worry about me. I can keep our secret."

Joey came into the kitchen. "Any breakfast?"

Her sister-in-law released her and sighed. "Joey, go home."

He grunted sourly. "Same old Fate."

"You weren't complaining yesterday and yes, thank you for helping me move this stuff in."

He grunted again, a little less bitter. He left the kitchen.

Fate shook her head, looked directly into Maggie's eyes, and kept her voice low. "He's not much good for anything else."

"You didn't really like him?"

"Like what I think you mean? No. Too simple. No depth. Handsome and all, sure, but..." She gave her a despairing look and shook her head. "Just not... for me."

Maggie didn't want to go home – dreading the caged-in feeling – but knew it had to come.

CHAPTER 4

The caged-in feeling ate at her shoulders and back, tensing everything until she was pacing. Maybe not as bad as before she had met Fate.

She had married Finn on a secret getaway to Vegas to escape the disapproval of his parents. Wealthy enough to care, they were dead set on Finn marrying without their vetting and approval. He had wanted to avoid that.

No family had been present.

She not only had never met Donovan and Irene, but neither Fate.

Both Finn and Fate received a monthly stipend, no questions asked. Her husband operated a distillery that produced vodka and that allowed him a much freer range of options than his sister – who apparently did not work.

Since he wanted Maggie kept home to be a mother for his son, she didn't work, either – even when she had found caring for Finnegan to be a task beyond her ability.

She paced sometimes under the watchful eyes of Mary Ellen as she tried to show her son that she loved him.

Her best times were going out for walks with the stroller and getting air. Sometimes a little time at the park was enjoyable, except when other mothers were around. She would quickly become withdrawn and paranoid that they were taking pictures and sending in complaints. She would leave the park quickly when another parent showed up.

Her husband supported her as best he could and understood time was necessary for overcoming her issue.

Issues.

It wasn't just her relationship to her son that suffered, but also to her husband. So silently crazed by the caged sensation that she could barely move, she was

distant in bed.

She loved her husband and he knew that. Her tears had convinced him. But she just wished they could get away from the house and everything to spend time on some deserted island.

Fate didn't come by later. Nor the next day.

Was she mad? Had she been fibbing about being friends? Or was she still getting settled in her apartment and straightening out her affairs?

Or was her sister-in-law hiding that she was actually disapproving of what had happened in her apartment?

How could Fate blame her? She'd been drunk!

Her guts twisted inside and she still had no appetite. She was wasting away in the mirror, but weren't mirrors professional liars? Only showing someone what they wanted to see?

Maggie came to the conclusion that Fate had been a lifeline cast into the turbulent waters of her inner turmoil. Finn had been right. But where was she? Had it been a ruse?

She finally received a text.

Fate: Hey love.

Maggie stared at it for some time, hands shaking and a cold sweat on her palms.

Maggie: Hi

Fate: Who wants to go have drinks on a Thursday? Lol

Maggie: I'll go

Fate: Be there in a few

She ran to tell Mary Ellen she would be out of the house.

The old woman gave her a firm nod and dismissed her from mind as easy as that.

The woman had seen postpartum anxiety before, but whatever she thought of it, she held her tongue. Probably old enough to think it was all poppycock or something – from the days before postpartum had been recognized.

Maggie was not a bad mother.

She was a terrible mother and she couldn't help it.

She wanted to be a good mother, and also a good wife.

The doctor had said it was only a matter of time and a good social support system to get her back on her normal feet.

Fate to the rescue.

She waited outside in the fresh air.

Her sister-in-law pulled up in a flashy looking little car – an older BMW Z4. She waved from behind her sunglasses and crazy hair.

Maggie fell into the passenger seat and the car barely moved.

Her sister-in-law said, "Have you eaten since the other day?"

"I had an egg this morning."

"That's all?"

"I'm not that much skinnier than you."

Fate accelerated onto the street. "Yeah, but I'm already skinny." After a moment, she said, "Moving is such a hassle. Changes to the driver's license, bank accounts, new phone service – honestly, I don't know why I bother with a landline anymore. It's just another way for the federal government to charge forty dollars in taxes on a twenty-nine dollar phone bill."

Maggie wondered if Fate really had to worry about her expenditures. "Don't your parents give you enough—"

"Oh, sure. But I'm not out trying to blow through it as if it were a challenge. I bought this car fourteen years ago." She shook her head. "I was twenty-one then.

Time flies."

Maggie was younger than Finn by five years and Fate by four – just in her thirties.

Her sister-in-law said, "My father demanded efficiency. A hard nose he is. You do know he disapproves of Finn's distillery?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Nothing satisfies father. Literally. Nothing." She slammed on the brakes and laid on the horn. The BMW gripped the ground and howled its halt.

A bicyclist with earplugs connected to an MP3 player had cut perilously close in front of her.

She yelled, "Can't you see my hair?" Her hands fluffed it out in demonstration.

The young man on the bike looked startled and wobbled away towards the center lane.

In an instant, Maggie's worries about Fate's feelings toward her vanished. She laid a hand on her forearm. "Be careful."

"Oh..." She accelerated past the bicyclist. "It would've been him splattered on the road. Idiot can't even look behind him?"

"It must have been a good song."

She blinked at Maggie. "Wait, wait, what? Good song? What's a good song? Unless it was the Eagles playing Hotel California, it wasn't a good song."

"Isn't that, like, old?"

"Father used to listen to it. Sort of grew on me. Finn likes it, too."

"He's never played it."

Fate looked at her in dubious surprise. "Get out."

"Seriously."

Eyebrows went up. "You want to warm his heart? Play it - the reunion version."

"You think your brother is cold?"

"No, not at all. Just saying." She pulled into a parking lot. "I used to haunt this place, but it used to be called the Gin Wheel."

Maggie got out and followed Fate inside. They flashed IDs to the bouncer and were allowed in.

The Gin Wheel had turned into the Terrace Tavern sometime in the past – likely with the building of the Liberty Hotel next door. Competing directly with the hotel lounge, it enjoyed the upper hand in the exchange.

Business people were everywhere. Smart skirt-suits and open-jacketed three piece suits dominated the clientele.

Maggie felt underdressed.

Fate didn't seem bothered. She sat at the bar and ordered daiquiris. She said to Maggie, "Something pretty and colorful for us. Don't we deserve it?"

She wasn't going to argue. "Did Joey move in?"

Her sister-in-law looked scandalized. "No, why would you think such a thing?"

She shrugged helplessly. "After what... we did to him..."

Fate's eyes intensified in shock. "It was just a thing. Besides, how could I invite someone back to my place if he was there?"

Maggie giggled at the woman's bold and brassy sincerity. She so wanted to be like her. "Do you ever want to settle down?"

Something passed across her features Maggie couldn't identify. "When I'm... eighty."

"You don't like waking up to a warm man—"

"No. Ick. Not unless he's freshly showered."

"Is that why Joey was showering when we got there the other day?"

She gave Maggie a wry look. "Mm hmm. He was hoping for action. Well, I guess he got some."

The drinks were delivered and they burned through them fast. While waiting for the second round, a man in a suit came up to Fate.

He said, "Are you two a... couple?"

With a look up and down, Fate said, "Go away."

The man stiffened with disapproval, but marched away.

Another man a few seats down watched the exchange.

Maggie touched Fate's arm. "Excuse me." She went to the restroom while her sister-in-law waited for the drinks. She marveled at the woman's ability to size people up. One day she hoped to be that nervy.

Would Fate agree to a total trade with Maggie? She definitely didn't like her current self and Fate seemed the better adjusted of the two – even if she couldn't find a boyfriend.

Daddy issues?

Never got approval and now can't find a man of which she approves? Can't find an acceptable mate?

Was that a failure or a character asset?

When she came back out, the man who had been a few seats away was sitting next to Fate. They were in animated conversation.

Maggie resumed her stool and slid the waiting glass towards her.

Fate said, "Maggie, this is Aaron. Aaron, Maggie, my sister-in-law."

She said, "Hi."

Aaron nodded to her and frowned.

Fate said, "He's here drinking away his wife's apparent infidelity."

He groaned in pain and spun his empty glass. "Been going on a long time, apparently. Married twenty years and the last year, nothing." His look told them both he was referring sexually.

Maggie tried to look sympathetic. "Sorry to hear that."

His drink was delivered and he paid.

He said, "Nothing like a good old sob story to go with drinking, is there?"

Fate laid a hand on his arm. "Everything goes with drinking."

He chuckled. "Sure... no argument there. But what a waste of a marriage."

"Were you... attentive? If you don't mind me asking?"

"Attentive?" He shook his head. "More than you could imagine. I gave her everything. I... uh..."

"Go on."

He pursed his lips and said, "I'm very well... equipped. It's not a matter of satisfaction that drove her away."

Fate leaned back and placed her hand on her chest under her neck. "Oh, dear."

Maggie was studying how her sister-in-law reacted. She wanted so much to be as poised as her.

The woman got up and with a touch to Aaron's arm, traded seats so he was sitting in between them.

Maggie wondered what the businessman who got rejected would think.

Why had Fate taken to this man to talk to? Something less confident? No... something less commanding. Aaron was talking, not pushing. The businessman had hinted at their availability.

So did her sister-in-law like things a little less direct? Or just where she didn't

feel she had to compete with a man for brassiness?

Aaron didn't do more than just smile weakly, more absorbed in his situation rather than trying to make a play.

Perhaps that was how Joey had gotten lucky a few days ago: when he was being brassy and naked, Fate had dismissed him and told him to go cover up. When he had sat in a towel and she saw Maggie staring at it, Joey had been more successful. She had made the move instead of Joey and coaxed Maggie along.

She slurped her drink, happy that the caged tension was gone from her shoulders. She listened as Aaron talked of business and his hobby of bicycle riding. He joked half-seriously that one day he'd be old enough for a motorcycle because pedaling would be too hard.

Fate looked entranced.

Was she missing his wedding ring still on display?

Maggie wondered what possible interest Fate could have in this off-limits man – and even if he were to divorce soon, it wasn't a guarantee of availability. Many men claimed they would divorce to get a piece of ass.

Even though these thoughts paced back and forth in her head, she was curious as to where Fate might lead this little meeting.

It was on the third drink when Fate's warm and sexy smile was directed to her. There was a level of heat in the woman's look that made Maggie wet. Her nipples even hardened – just from the look.

Could she emulate her sister-in-law like that, someday?

Fate touched Aaron's arm. "You must need to use the restroom, right? Would you excuse us girls for a minute?"

"Oh, uh, sure. I'll just go wash my hands..."

She beamed a smile at him so bright it was blinding.

When he was gone, she scooted into his seat and moved her mouth to Maggie's

ear. "I'm interested in him but I need your help."

"Mine?"

"Help me... investigate him. Inspect him. Figure out what he's like."

"He seems nice..."

Fate nibbled her ear. "A little more than that, sis. I really need your perspective on this because I'm just not lucky with the guys. Be my back-up."

Maggie felt honored – and privileged to be with Fate at a critical time for her.
"I'd... be glad to."

CHAPTER 5

Maggie wanted nothing more than to be a real friend to her sister-in-law.

Fate squeezed her arm and bounced on the stool. "This is going to be fun." She scooted back and Aaron resumed his stool a moment later. She said to him, "Do you have a room at the Liberty?"

He pursed his lips, deep in thought of his empty hotel room. "Yeah..."

She clutched his arm with that bright and sexy look on her face. "Why don't the three of us continue our conversation there?"

He jerked a little upright and squared his shoulders. "Oh?"

She waggled her eyebrows at him.

He looked over at Maggie as if in thought about consequences. Weighing, considering... "I would be pleased..."

After paying and tipping for their latest drink, they walked across the parking lot and onto the hotel grounds.

Maggie wasn't sure what Fate had in mind, but she was definitely happy that her sister-in-law wanted to include her. She felt the bond of friendship flowering fast and it made her giddy with joy.

Aaron's room was a nicer two-room suite. His briefcase and laptop were on the desk in the first small room. He started to pull out chairs.

Fate stopped him and pulled him towards the bedroom.

Maggie felt a tingle in her nipples and a twinge in her pussy. Was she going to help Fate stroke and suck him? Like she had with Joey? The prospect thrilled her, despite the sense of guilt that had strained her sensibilities the past couple of days. She loved her husband with all her heart, but his sister was depending on her.

Could she separate what she did with his sister from the love she had for him? It didn't seem possible, but faced with what Fate was suggesting at that very moment, she knew she needed to be there for her.

She would have to deal with the mental repercussions of possibly blowing this man later.

Fate asked him about his promiscuity.

Aaron seemed genuinely offended; he had been faithful and clean for twenty years.

The woman soothed him, explaining that in an age of communicable diseases, these questions were important.

Seconds later, she was kneeling down and lowering his pants. Out came an impressive cock that hung heavy and limp.

Fate said, "Don't be nervous."

"I'm not... I'm just... nervous."

She giggled and motioned Maggie to join her. "Let's wake this up."

Maggie knelt next to her sister-in-law and moved her mouth to the side of his hardening shaft. Fate licked the other side. This second time was much easier and she helped the woman lick the man's shaft. Again, their eyes met around the cock between them and their tongues touched in passing.

Maggie's nipples hardened to pebbles and her pussy was flooded with moisture.

Aaron was looking down with sheer amazement at both of them. "Makes me wonder why I was uselessly faithful for twenty years..."

Fate's tone was wry, "Because neither of us would be here doing this to you if you hadn't."

His eyebrows twitched. "Well, I guess it was worth the wait."

"You guess?" She moved her mouth down onto his cock and bobbed a little. She

gripped the base, pulled her mouth off and offered it to Maggie. "Suck him, sis."

She could not deny that siren lure. She wanted to please her and for them to be friends. She wanted and needed Fate's approval for herself and her sanity. She eagerly sucked Aaron's cock into her mouth and moved her head on his erection. The hot head rubbed back and forth on the roof of her mouth and her tongue. She slid her lips along the warm shaft and kept her jaw wide so as not to scrape with her teeth. She pulled back and twirled her tongue around his helmet.

He tasted good.

Fate pulled it away and sucked some more. Her fingers played and tangled in Maggie's hair at the back of her head.

They switched off once more and then Maggie was pulled into Fate's face for a kiss. Stunned by the overt sharing of passion, she kissed her sister-in-law with as much enthusiasm as she kissed her husband.

She had wondered if the first kiss they had shared over Joey's erection had been accidental, or drunken – something to be excused away to never happen again.

The kiss Maggie shared with Fate promised there would be more and it excited her to know the future would have them.

Her sister-in-law whispered, "Are you ready to lend me a hand?"

"I already am?"

"I want you to test-drive him. See how well he licks."

"Me?"

Fate nodded, bright-eyed and enthusiastic. "I want your opinion."

"Okay..."

"That's a girl. Let's get undressed."

Aaron was smiling down at them.

Maggie stood and removed her clothing after she saw Fate start. She trembled a

bit at the wicked feelings flying about her head, but she was determined to show her sister-in-law that she could be part of her life.

Fate kissed her again, naked body pressed to hers. Nipples rubbed skin and Maggie moaned with the building tension in her pussy.

Aaron said, "You want me to lick her and not you?"

Fate gave him a coy smile. "You'll have to impress her to impress me. If she doesn't like you..." She made a sprinkling motion with her fingers as if brushing off dust.

Maggie could tell he had been interested in Fate and not her, but that was okay with her – she was married, anyway. She wasn't out with her sister-in-law to date other men, but to become fast friends. She would definitely help her decide if the guy was worth it – besides, Joey had already licked her and it had been easier than she imagined.

The guilt lingered, and she knew it would have to be something she faced. What was another licking going to do to worsen it?

Nothing.

She got onto the bed and opened her legs.

Aaron stood between her knees and stroked himself.

She decided that looked really sexy and her hips lifted to beckon him. As long as she was here with her sister-in-law, she was safe. She would only do what Fate asked of her so as not to violate her marriage to Finn. Her sister-in-law would have her best interests in mind and Maggie felt the deep trust already.

Aaron knelt down and his tongue touched tentatively at her pussy. With slow licks, he moved on her clit and around it.

Maggie sighed and brought her hands up to rub over her nipples.

Fate sat on the bed next to her head and stroked her hair – comforting her as the man tongued her pussy.

She groaned happily as the man tongued at her folds and teased her clit. Fate's hand brushed her skin and caressed her face. It felt so good that she closed her eyes and drifted with the dreamy delight of the attention she was being given.

Fate shifted and kissed Maggie. Her lips were soft and pressed lightly – little kisses with no tongue.

She breathed faster as the tension wound up within her like a spring. Her hips moved with the twist inside and she groaned louder with satisfaction.

Fate whispered, "Is he good?"

She nodded, unsure if she could speak in her state of arousal.

Her sister-in-law moved her hand down and began teasing Maggie's nipples. "Does it feel good?"

She shuddered and moaned, the coil inside twisting tighter with desire.

Fate's hand moved down and rubbed slowly over Maggie's clit. Aaron's tongue moved around them and down to her folds.

Maggie felt like she was drifting on puffy clouds of pleasure. An ache gnawed deep inside her pussy, begging to be filled and the itch scratched. Her hips ground with slow effort – as if trying to stretch a muscle and bring relief. Her need only heightened.

She was panting now, pleased with the man's tongue and Fate's pressing fingers.

Her sister-in-law said, "Are you ready for the real test, sis?"

Maggie opened her eyes and moaned. She wasn't sure she could talk. She half-whispered and half-panted, "Yes... What?"

"Give him the full test drive."

"Full?"

"Try him for me. You're the perfect judge."

"Me? How? I'm married to—"

"I know; that's what makes it so perfect. Aaron's married and so are you. There's nothing that's going to happen between you two. Will you try him for me and give me your honest opinion?"

Maggie tried breathing more evenly to gather her thoughts, but Fate's persuasion had an elegant simplicity about it. Being that Maggie was married, she would have no desire to form some attachment to the man. Being that Fate was so bad at picking boyfriends, she valued Maggie's input.

She wanted to make Fate happy, but...

She said, "But Finn—"

Fate put her face to Maggie's. "Shh. My brother knows how horrible I am picking boyfriends. You understand that I love my brother, right? I value his wife's opinion, greatly." Her lips brushed over Maggie's mouth. "Will you be my sister right now? For me?"

Aaron must have had the idea. The thick head of his cock brushed over Maggie's pussy lips. She gasped with excitement. "I... want to make you happy. I want to be your friend..."

Fate's smile was loving. "Oh, I know you're all that. From the moment I laid eyes on you, I knew."

"Okay, for my sister..."

Aaron didn't wait for an invitation. His thick cock parted Maggie's lips and pushed into her married pussy. The violation stretched her open and the filling sensation of his push entered her emptiness.

Fate stroked her hair and face as Maggie cried out at the intrusion. Her body trembled, taut and tight with the tension of that sexual spring inside her. She lifted her hips to help the man get inside her and she looked up into his eyes.

Having a cock deep inside her and looking up into the eyes of another man was a shock that shook Maggie to her core. Only Finn had ever been up there in that position, looking down at her. Now, however, it was a married man – someone's husband – pushing his big cock deep into her pussy.

Fate's words about the perfection of it rang in her mind. Her sister-in-law was right. There was a simplicity about it that made total sense. She was married and so was he - a simple experiment between two married people that had nothing to do with bonding.

Something in his eyes told her he was thinking much the same. There was also surprise there and his cock flexed inside of her excitedly. He sank it all the way in and pushed, getting everything inside he could.

Fate's fingers slid down Maggie's body and toyed at her clit.

Maggie felt the sweet reward of fullness all through her pussy. With one savage grunt and lift of her hips, she offered herself to Aaron.

He pulled and pushed, and began driving his manhood into her, over and over. He huffed and panted, staring down into her eyes as he drove his thick dick deep into her depths.

Fate whispered, "Does he feel good, Maggie?"

She moaned loud as she was lifted high on the urgent swell of her sexual need. His sliding cock pulled her pussy lips in and out in a wet embrace she thought would only occur with Finn. Her pussy clamped hard on his moving shaft and the coil inside her exploded. She thrust her hips up and down, hard, hoping to rid herself of all that built-up sexual tension.

Fate looked as ecstatic as Maggie felt. Her eyes beamed brightly and she said, "Beautiful, sis. Totally beautiful."

Aaron gasped, "She feels so good..."

Fate warned him, "You better enjoy it because this is all you're getting of her."

Maggie wasn't even done cumming before he pulled out and flipped her over. He made her kneel and drove back into her pussy from behind. A massive orgasmic aftershock rocked her and her arms gave way. Ass in the air and face on the bedspread, she accepted his plowing manhood in a fever of delirious euphoria.

His hips slapped the backs of her thighs as his cock hit new angles in her she had never before felt. She moaned feverish gibberish as he frantically fucked her

from behind.

In another reality, she was the loving wife to Finn and mother of their son. She never thought of straying or flirting. Right here, however, she was a married woman, offering her pussy to another man, and being fucked joyously senseless.

Aaron pulled out, panting, and flipped her back over. She flopped limply onto her back and allowed him to knee her legs back open. He drove his erect manhood back in deep.

Maggie vaguely wondered what idiot woman would cheat on this man?

He thrust in slower, harder, driving her body up the bed. His face panted over hers.

She blinked blearily and looked for Fate.

Her sister-in-law was watching them and fingering her clit with a shocking ferocity.

Maggie gasped and a spasm wracked her pussy.

Aaron groaned, panting faster and faster. He shoved it all the way in and held it there.

When she felt the first scalding spurts of the man's seed, she lifted her hips to help him reach maximum penetration.

He grunted with the effort of pushing, and his cock unloaded a flood of hot cum into her.

She moaned and clung to him, rocking her hips to milk his shooting cock. She had taken Finn's cum hundreds of times. They had produced Finnegan from it. Now she accepted another man's seed deep inside her pussy and it didn't feel bad or wrong.

It felt good.

CHAPTER 6

Maggie moped.

Fate pursed her lips. "But you did so good. I'm proud of you."

"But... I'm married..."

"It was just a test drive. Like buying a car. Just because you test drove one doesn't mean you're going to buy it. Neither does it mean you're getting rid of your current car."

"But Finn isn't a car."

Fate laughed. "No, he isn't. He's special and a good man. But... I think you realize that. I think you're pouting because you... liked what happened?"

Maggie glanced at her in fear.

"Aw, don't worry, sis. I wouldn't be impressed if you'd just laid there. I'm proud of you, really."

Her sister-in-law had seen right through to it. "But I'm supposed to love Finn—"

"And you do... don't you?"

"Of course."

Fate squeezed her knee outside the house. "Then you go in and keep doing that. You love my brother with everything you have – and my nephew, too. I would expect no less."

"You don't think less of me for... doing what I did?"

"Goodness girl, no. I very much appreciate the help. You showed me to avoid him."

"Avoid him?"

"Definitely. Too passionate. He'd smother me."

Maggie blinked at her. "I thought... he was good..."

Fate shrugged. "Someone can feel good, I have no problem with that, but Aaron I think would be looking for a wife – a replacement of what he's losing. Seeing him with you – his intensity – was enough for me. I value what you did for me, truly. Thank you."

Confused and dumbfounded, she said, "You're welcome?"

Fate giggled and hugged her. "You want to walk the mall tomorrow?"

"Oh, I'd love to, but Friday is my big day of shopping for the weekend. Three grocery stores and Walmart for Finnegan basics."

"Oh, no problem at all. Saturday, then. I have a friend of Joey's coming over. We were introduced yesterday and I can use your company for it. Us girls have to stick together."

"Oh, sure..."

Fate leaned in and kissed Maggie's lips. "Say hello to Finn for me."

She went into the house and pondered the day with Fate. Her sister-in-law almost acted as if nothing had happened except the favor she had asked of Maggie. Her gratitude was obvious, but was her sister-in-law missing something basic inside that denied a connection?

Certainly though, Maggie felt the connection and Fate admitted it, too. Apparently not the physical connection she had made with Aaron, though. Yet, was it really more than what Fate claimed? A favor? Was there really nothing more to what she had done with Aaron than helping her come to a decision?

Who weighed favors in the balance? Was Maggie's surrender to Aaron a violation of marriage vows? She certainly hadn't done anything with him out of a desire to replace her husband. Or was her surrender just what Fate claimed: a favor between sisters?

Did being a favor nullify the guilt she perceived?

She watched Finnegan sleeping in bed. Mary Ellen stood in the hallway watching her. Feeling the stirring of her sympathy inside, Maggie knelt down and hugged the sleeping boy. He was warm and breathing evenly, totally oblivious of his mother's hug. She closed her eyes and stroked his head – feeling the soft, downy texture of his hair.

She didn't want to wake him from his nap, though, so she stood up and left the room. Mary Ellen watched her and she wondered if the nanny could tell she was walking funny.

Maybe. Maybe not.

She made a cup of tea and waited for Finn to get home.

His arrival later did not produce a panic inside Maggie; she had come to whatever terms within herself excusing her behavior by passing the blame to Fate – though she didn't feel her sister-in-law was to blame.

It was a clever ruse over her own conscience.

When her husband kissed her, she kissed him back and hugged him as if desperate to feel him against her to erase the memory of Aaron.

"How are you getting along with my sister?"

"Famously, she says. She also said to say hello."

He grinned. "You seem relaxed."

Maggie blinked in surprise. She was feeling relaxed – not caged. However, her thoughts had been wrapped up trying to find a way past the guilt of what she had done. Justifying it had not been easy. "I am, actually."

"My sister is good for you."

Maggie could not necessarily deny that. If she hadn't felt guilty and trying to justify her infidelity, would she have felt caged instead? She couldn't tell him that, though. "I've been wondering... if we might try... tonight."

The sparkle that lit in his eye reminded her of his sister. "After dinner, then."

She smiled, hoping that she wouldn't get tense like she had the past two years. Love-making with Finn was something she wanted back – she wanted all of it back.

Was her sister-in-law going to help? Or was she going to wreck it all?

The trembling started during dinner.

Fear fought her fortitude as she tried to eat a piece of chicken. If the caged feeling wasn't harassing her this night, her lack of appetite surely was.

The anticipation brought its own anxiety and the trembles turned to shakes.

Finn noticed. He always noticed. "What's the matter, Maggie, my love?"

Her whisper was harsh for being affected by her fear. "I want... everything to be perfect. For us. For you." She put down her fork, unable to hold it any longer.

"And what in life is perfect? Jesus doesn't walk the Earth anymore."

Her voice cracked – not on the edge of tears, but from the force of her fears. "I want you to love me and be proud of me—"

"More than you know."

"But I'm so flawed."

"We all are. Every one of us—"

"I see these people everywhere – so happy and perfect. So normal."

Her husband put down his fork, too. "You're seeing what they want you to see. Everyone wants to be normal, so they act normal. Everyone has problems and many have worse problems than you. It's how we deal with those problems that makes us who we are. Do we fight? Do we give up?"

Maggie pursed her lips. She didn't think Fate having her test drive a man counted as fighting her problems.

"I see my sister is already having a positive effect on you."

She shifted her eyes away. Maybe she was when it didn't come to having Maggie get nasty with her boyfriends. She felt better when it came to the caged feeling. "You can see...?"

"You're questioning. You're concerned. You care. Last week? None of it."

"I always cared."

Finn said, "But not to the point of opening up about it."

She followed him to the bedroom after dinner. The trembling had only become worse. Her jitters made her walk funny – even worse than the soreness from having Aaron's thick cock plow her hours before.

He undressed her and himself.

She stood shivering, arms folded about her, looking at him as if she knew she was wretched and how could he love her?

He took her in a hug that smoothed some of that away. The trembles remained. "I love you, Maggie. You're going to get better and I'm here for you. Are you sure you want to do this?"

She nodded. She wasn't sure how well it would go, but she wanted to feel the imprint of her husband on her skin, not the memory of Aaron and how he had made her cum.

He lowered her to the bed and went to lick her.

She panicked, not knowing if enough of Aaron's orgasm had come out of her. Would he taste the difference? "No! Just... come up here. I want to feel you in me. Please."

He sounded disappointed. "All right, if you think you wouldn't get anything out of it..."

"I don't... think I would. Not tonight. Not yet..."

He settled between her legs and pressed the tip of his erection into her.

She let out a long breath, feeling the familiarity of his advance. This was what she wanted. This was what she aimed for. She wanted to be his and to love him.

His push entered her easier than Aaron had and the passage of his shaft into her rubbed those sore parts in a good way.

Her trembles tightened, turning into tension. Would he feel the other man's cum in her? Would she be able to be the wife Finn deserved? Or was her tension back? She wanted so much to be a woman for her husband that it brought tears to her eyes. Why couldn't she enjoy him?

She clutched at him desperately, wanting to pull him into her and onto her. She wanted to smother under his skin and leave the world behind.

He pumped into her, going slowly.

She ran her hands all up and down his back, cupping his butt and pulling with urgency. If she could take him, everything would be all right. If he came in her, it would erase Aaron's violation from her pussy.

She realized she didn't want Aaron. The trembles jolted her once, and then calmed somewhat. No, she felt it in her heart and soul: she didn't want Aaron. She wanted her husband; he was all that mattered – and that was what really mattered. Aaron was nothing. He was a favor to Fate.

Everything she wanted was right here.

She gasped, clenching onto her husband with a ferocity that caused him to pause.

He said, "You seem more... responsive than usual."

She didn't want to talk; she wanted to feel and experience her husband. "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

He moved again, sliding in and out of her. He flexed inside her, excited and aroused.

She squeezed her pussy on him and pulled – gripping and clawing at him with

urgency.

She needed to feel him.

She needed his completion.

He sped his thrusts after a few moments, moving deep and fast.

She moved her hands to his face above her. This is what she needed. She panted at his efforts, feeling the trembles reduce to almost nothing.

He leaned down and kissed her, completing the connection of love that she required. His tongue moved in her mouth, expressing his love as his cum burst forth from his cock and into her pussy.

She moaned with relief and wrapped her arms around his neck. One of her hands toyed in his hair at the back of his head.

This was her satisfaction.

This was her completion.

She was Finn's wife.

CHAPTER 7

Friday's shopping was Maggie's opportunity to be out among people without Finnegan. If she was alone, no one could look at her with those accusing eyes and claim she was a bad mother.

No one knew how horrible she was.

This Friday, she felt much better.

She missed Fate. She really missed her.

With her husband, she felt a closeness that hadn't been there in... years. She clung to that just as much as she clung to his sister like a life raft. There might not have been a spring in her step, though she was perilously close to such physical perfidy.

To think she actually felt good about herself in a way.

The question remained, though, did she erase the violation of Aaron with Finn? Or was it even a violation? If it was a favor for his sister, was it a conscious act of infidelity? She hadn't sought out the businessman with the purpose of cheating. She hadn't sought to make a mental connection or a relationship on the side. She hadn't asked for his number.

Was it a one night stand? But again, she hadn't sought him out or succumbed to his wily advances. It hadn't been a test of her resolve to remain faithful to Finn. There had been no struggle by Aaron to overcome the strength of her vows. There had been no willingness on her part to entertain his attempts at sexual advances.

Nothing of the like had occurred. Neither of them had gone into it with the intention of hooking up for some sexual gratification.

So was it really cheating?

If she hadn't intentionally surrendered to Aaron for the purposes of getting sex,

was it even a violation? Was it cheating? It couldn't have been much different if she had been passed out unconscious and he had stuck his dick in her. Would that be a personal violation on her part and be cheating?

Of course not.

She performed a favor for Fate, not Aaron. She did it for her sister-in-law, not her own sexual satisfaction. She gave of herself – made a sacrifice – to help Fate. In fact, wasn't that the strongest symbol of love there was? Self-sacrifice?

What had happened wasn't for her, or Aaron, it was for Fate and the woman had even thanked her for the selfless gift.

Shopping had never been so productive.

Important things had been considered. Her mind was fortified for Friday afternoon and night where she would face the caged feeling again.

Would she?

Arriving home, she felt the tickle of it – or perhaps the stress of worry over whether she would suffer it.

Anticipation could be an anxiety all its own.

She didn't feel as free as the previous day and the anxiety nibbled at her sanity. She wanted to spend time with Finnegan, but she couldn't. She wanted to be happy and cheerful at dinner, but she didn't feel it.

Too much worry over whether or not the anxiety would return full force.

She just wanted to be her old self and her biggest fear was that this was the new Maggie. This was the permanent Maggie and nothing would ever be as good as it was before.

Saturday brought hope. She went for a morning stroll with Finnegan and it felt good to be out of the house. He played in the stroller although he was getting a little big for it.

She skirted the park, moving the stroller only on the sidewalk around it. Her eyes

scanned fearfully for other parents pointing and frowning. She saw them here and there at the park. Some looked at her. Some had their phones out.

Were they taking pictures? Videos of her? Or were they just texting friends?

She couldn't go in the park – there was no way she could go that far with other parents around. She did, however, force herself to walk all the way around it. By the time she was on the street heading back towards home, her knuckles were white on the handles and her jaw hurt from clenching her teeth.

Finn was outside in his usual tweed country hat with black feather. He was watering the flowers in front. "Are you okay?" He dropped the hose and ran to her.

"I... I... don't know."

"This looks bad..."

"I... forced myself... to walk around the park."

He blinked. "You what?"

"I forced myself... to walk around the park. In front of everyone."

His concern evaporated and his face broke into a happy smile. "Are you serious, love?"

She nodded, taking deep, shaking breaths.

"That's wonderful."

That was easy for him to say; she felt like a wreck. Had it been worth it? She normally turned the stroller right around and went another way if there were people at the park.

She put her hand to her face and tried to calm herself.

Finn hugged her, stroking her back. "Aww, I'm sorry. I was just happy you did it. That's real progress."

"It doesn't feel like it." She broke away and knelt down to Finnegan. She gave

him a hug. "Mommy's sorry she's such a wreck." She unbuckled and lifted him out. Free on the ground, he hugged his father's leg.

She noticed the blue BMW. "Fate's here?"

"In the kitchen drinking your coffee."

She sighed. "What a relief. She really is helping me, I think."

His smile sparkled. "I knew she would."

She wondered what Joey's friend involved. She said, "I'm supposed to chaperone her today and be her support. Meeting some friend of Joey's."

His face soured instantly. "Oh..." Some of the grimace went away. "She says you're getting along well."

"We are." She thought of the kisses and her nipples tingled in memory.

"You can't imagine how happy that makes me." The grimace was gone, and his eyes and expression were steady.

Maggie rolled the stroller inside and collapsed it. It went into the hall closet before she headed for the kitchen.

She resisted running.

Fate perked up over her cup. "There you be."

"Sorry, I was out with Finnegan."

"Oh, don't apologize. I think I've drunk all your coffee." She looked her up and down. "How are you this morning?"

"Fine, I think. I walked around the entire park for the first time..."

Her eyes grew large in question. "Is that good?"

"I think so. I usually turn around when I see people there."

"Finn said you seemed a little better last night."

Maggie colored.

Fate's eyebrows rose. "Oh, that's what he meant..." An upward twitch of one eyebrow and a saucy smile prettied her face. "Well now, that's what we want to hear."

Maggie looked around the kitchen. "Can we go somewhere?"

A giggle of surprise. "Sure, sis. Anywhere." She rose and finished off her cup. She put it in the dishwasher.

With a touch that comforted Maggie, her sister-in-law led her outside.

Finn had rolled up the hose. "Ah, leaving already?"

Finnegan was squatted down inspecting a flower up close.

Fate said, "We're off." She kissed him on the lips - a soft peck.

Maggie had never seen a brother and sister so close. It was as if she were witnessing perfection. She kissed her husband next.

He said, "Don't worry about anything; Fate will get you through the day. Love you."

"I love you, too." She got into the car.

Fate said, "We have an hour and a half before we meet up with Waylon. How about we just drive? It's a pretty day."

"Anything is better than sitting at home and waiting for the anxiety to strike."

She reached over and squeezed her knee. "How are you feeling right now?"

"Like there's someone behind me. That caged in feeling is almost like a presence waiting to pounce. It makes my shoulders tense up."

She pursed her lips in commiseration. "I'm sorry, sis."

Maggie blew out a breath as the car moved onto the street. "Don't be. I really value your help."

"Well, don't think I'm just doing this because you need it; I'm also doing it because I want it."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, you just don't know. To meet the woman that netted Finn? That must've been some chase."

"Your brother chased me."

Something crossed over Fate's face. "I wouldn't have expected that. He can be so aloof."

They were accelerating onto the highway. Long stretches of road and trees were ahead.

Maggie asked, "You've always been close to him?"

"Very."

She shifted in her seat, uncomfortable about the prospect of asking something potentially insulting. "I've never seen a brother and sister as close as you two."

"It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?"

"I suppose. I don't really know; I was an only child."

"Aw, I'm sorry to hear that. But yes, I do think Finn and I are closer than most."

Maggie tried a laugh. "I swore when I first saw you that you were some other woman. I mean, it really looked like you both were kissing."

Fate shifted around in her seat and looked over at Maggie with a defensive set to her eyes. "We... were."

She gulped, feeling strange. She couldn't imagine anyone finding incestual hints to be exciting. Was her sister-in-law mad at her? She didn't want that. "Well, you are close, like you said."

"It's deeper than that, Maggie." She looked out at the road, keeping her eyes away from her. "I've loved my brother for a long time."

"Everybody loves their siblings."

"Not... like this."

Afraid to ask, but drawn into the question like a bear to honey, she said, "Is there something... going on between...?" How does one ask about incest? And was Fate really suggesting that?

Her sister-in-law said, "No. No, but I was very pleased he called about you. I want to help. I want to... be involved again."

Maggie was silent.

"Did you know he sent me away?"

"Finn?"

She nodded. "Maybe that's why I have such bad luck finding boyfriends. I'm looking for my brother."

Maggie felt a little sickly. She rubbed at her hands. "And... I have him. Does that... make you jealous?"

Fate's look was full and sad. "No, no, not at all. I'm happy for him and for you. I really am. I'm also happy to be of help – it means a lot to me to be... someone my brother wants around."

She felt sorry for her and her heart ached for the woman's plight. How did one go through life loving someone forbidden?

What kind of anxiety did that produce in a woman?

Probably something far worse than postpartum.

CHAPTER 8

Maggie followed Fate and Waylon up the steps to her apartment.

Joey's friend was a bookish looking guy all angular and wearing glasses. For all that, he had a handsome face and was clean-shaven.

Knowing what she did about her sister-in-law now, she wondered if Waylon was in any way like Finn. By appearances, no. Neither had Joey looked or acted anything like Finn.

Was Fate trying to find someone who wasn't Finn to counter the fact she had feelings for her brother? Or was she just really bad at picking them out? Or was she looking for the quiet qualities inside that Finn possessed in abundance?

Joey had been simple on the inside and his appearance was nothing like Finn – other than being in shape. Joey was definitely not Finn. Had he been an attempt at breaking the mold? Fate had said he was a very old friend.

What does someone do who can't have someone? Does she look for an identical replacement? Or try shattering the emotional shackles that keep her pining after an impossible love?

Fate poured drinks.

Maggie resolved to sip, not gulp. She kept her eyes on Waylon, weighing and judging him from Finn's perspective.

For his part, he kept looking at Maggie and frowning.

She knew why – she was the third wheel and he wanted to score with Fate.

Talk was about him. Fate questioned him about his work, what he liked, how he knew Joey. When the first drink was done, she asked him, "Have you ever done a married woman?"

He seemed surprised and said, "Actually, yes."

"More than one?"

"Three, why?"

"You want to make it four?" She indicated Maggie.

Waylon's eyebrows shot up.

Maggie gulped. Her sister-in-law wanted her to test drive him, too?

Fate said, "Take your pants off. I want to suck you."

He laughed in surprise. "What man can say no to that?"

"Maggie dear, let's get naked and give him something to look at." She winked at her.

Maggie undressed, wondering how much would be expected of her this time. Would Fate be more involved? Less? She undressed for her sister-in-law; she didn't care about Waylon. She sat back down on the couch as Fate leaned over him and sucked him to life.

Fate did not summon her to help. She looked up and said, "Lie back on the couch so he can look at you better."

Maggie did, not fast, not slow, not uncomfortable – just not sure what Fate expected of her.

Her sister-in-law pulled Waylon up and positioned him standing next to Maggie. She stroked his cock and whispered in his ear. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes, she is."

Tingles teased Maggie's nipples and warmth flooded her pussy. Hearing such a blatant compliment made her hot.

She kept watching Waylon, looking for whatever Fate might want to know. He certainly had a thick cock. She doubted she could manage more than a couple sucks on it before her jaw hurt.

Fate asked, "Do you want to fuck her?"

He chuckled. "I came here for you..."

Her sister-in-law whispered, "She test drives for me. To get to me, you have to go through her."

Maggie felt a rush of wetness in her pussy.

Waylon said, "No complaints from me."

Fate guided him down to Maggie's entrance. She jacked him above her pussy. "If you don't impress my sister, you don't impress me."

Maggie felt another rush of warmth inside at Fate's words. Being called sister instead of sister-in-law felt like an honor and privilege she had earned. She would gladly test drive Waylon for her.

Fate nestled the head of his thick cock at Maggie's folds and nudged him to insert the head.

She spread her leg out farther and shifted her hips. She looked down her frail body to where Fate stroked his shaft back and forth with the head just inside her.

Fate said, "It doesn't bother you that she's married?"

Waylon pushed, grunting a little as Maggie's pussy fought to open and accommodate him. "Not at all. I adore married women. Best pussy is married pussy." He shoved harder, splitting her pussy wide.

She groaned and trembled with the feeling of hard fullness invading her. When he was in, she panted and squeezed, trying to adjust. She said, "Hold a moment. Let me get used to it."

Fate knelt down and slipped her hand down Maggie's body. Her fingers spread and slid down her lips, then back up to tease her clit.

Waylon started moving, looking down at her through his glasses. His thickness pulled out and slid back in. He pressed further and harder, until his cock completely impaled her. He sighed happily. "Nothing better... than married pussy."

Maggie cried out as he began hammering her, fucking her hard and deep with his thick cock. The couch creaked and her cries echoed in the apartment, loud. Fire spread fast behind her clit, winding up and intensifying until she was panting and gasping so hard she felt out of breath.

Fate's fingers slid seductively over Maggie's clit and sent delicious shivers up her body as Waylon pounded her.

Different than Aaron by leaps and bounds, she found she was enjoying the punishment her pussy was receiving. Here was a man that loved violating married women – someone who liked fucking someone else's wife.

That drove the heat super-hot inside Maggie until she felt moisture accumulate on her skin. Her hips felt tight with tension and taut with the need to release.

His hand gripped the back of her head and pulled.

She opened her eyes and looked up into his feverish face.

He said, "Tell me your husband's name."

"Finn."

"Say his name while I fuck you." He drove harder.

Maggie groaned out with lust and excitement. "Ungh... Finn!" The tension twisted one more mighty time, and let loose. She convulsed on Waylon's cock as she was swept over by the first surge. Over and over she rolled, releasing fires of heat and relief in waves so large she shook with the effort.

All that made Waylon fuck her with a frenzy. He slammed his cock in as she came on him and his increased efforts prolonged her orgasm with a fresh series of waves.

His scalding hot cum spread in her pussy and coated their movements.

Maggie floated free, eyes closed, as she reveled in the victory of claiming the man's passion. This one was definitely much better than Aaron.

CHAPTER 9

Maggie shook her head. "What?"

Fate hugged her on the couch after Waylon had left. "He was definitely not my type."

"He was much better than Aaron."

"The way he kept going on about married women? What's he going to want with me? He'd only be interested in me if I married someone else."

"You could always pretend—"

"Not worth it."

"Oh, sorry. Anyway, I thought he was better."

Fate patted her knee. "Thank you, again. You were wonderful." She hugged her more fiercely then. She murmured into Maggie's hair, "No more Joey friends."

They played cards until it was time for Maggie to return home for dinner.

Fate said in the car, "I hope my... stuff about my brother didn't put you off."

She wrestled her thumbs together. "Well, it's kind of strange..."

"Love is strange."

Maggie didn't want to argue about incestuous love, but she was curious. "Did you always... kiss like that?"

Fate's eyes indicated she was done with the topic. "No, not always. But for a long time."

They hugged in the driveway.

Fate said, "I promise to call soon."

Maggie walked into the house to smells of... pea soup? Mary Ellen liked making it.

Finn came out of the hallway. "There she is." His hug was as fierce as Fate's had been. So similar, and so different. "How'd it go?"

She tried not to move much to expose how funny she was walking. "We talked a lot... and played cards."

"How do you feel?"

Other than sore and achy? Maggie thought about what she was feeling. A hint of the presence was back there somewhere and she bit her lip. "Much better, but I still..." She stretched her shoulders one way and the other.

"Maybe a good bowl of soup will chase it away for good."

Maggie liked Mary Ellen's soup. It was about the only thing her appetite would let her eat. She sat through dinner, wondering about Fate's relationship to her husband.

Finn had never said anything about it, other than that he loved his sister.

She uncorked the wine after dinner.

Finn's eyebrows rose. "You haven't had wine in a long time. Doesn't it make your anxiety—"

"I know. But I feel like having a glass." For courage – she wanted to talk about his sister.

She didn't work up the courage that night.

Sunday, she took Finnegan for a stroll again, early. She took him out of the stroller at the park and let him play on the playground. She sat and watched, intent.

No one else was around.

She watched him run and struggle on the ladder of the slide. She watched him slide down and land on his rump, hard. He looked confused, got up and rubbed at it. Then he ran back for the ladder to do it again.

She smiled at his determination.

She had made him with Finn. From which parent had the little one gotten that determination? Likely her husband.

A mom and her baby interrupted Maggie's musing.

She collected Finn and strolled him out of the park. She didn't look back, but she didn't think the mom was paying her any attention.

The rest of the day with Finn was something soft and tentative. She felt the anxiety lingering, but it didn't develop into the caged feeling. She flipped through the family photos in the leather albums Finn had brought with him.

Only one was familiar: the old photo with a nine year old Finn being hugged by his beaming sister, both standing in front of stern Donovan and Irene. What had happened to the ones she had seen in Fate's apartment? Some of the others showed how close the two were – even one where Fate sat on her brother's lap in her late teens.

Finn had nothing like those.

Had he really sent his sister away? And why? Because the forbidden kiss was so... bad? Evil? Dirty? Yucky?

What did Finn think of it?

Fate hadn't wanted to go into it much.

She loved him; he loved her. He sent her away.

What was Finn's side of it?

She had wine with her chicken dinner. She ate little of it, but drank the wine.

By the second glass, he looked at her with wonder in his face. "Are you...?"

Before Finnegan came along, she had often drunk a few glasses of wine to relax for sex. It had become a signal from her to him.

She suppressed a smile. "I think so?"

The pleased look on his face was stirring.

Unfortunately, Maggie ruined it in the bedroom when she said, "I wanted to talk about Fate."

His features faltered, but changed into a different smile. "What about?" He undressed and got into bed.

Feeling free – at the moment with no presence over her shoulder – she asked, "Why did you send her away?"

The replacement smile vanished in an instant. "What has she told you?"

Maggie was perplexed. Having been presented as her savior, she now faced a different side of his attitude towards his sister. "Very little..."

He took a deep breath and let it out, closing his eyes. He was on his back in bed.

She climbed next to him and put her hand on his chest. "What happened?"

He raised his head for a single glare, then dropped it back down to the pillow. "Nothing worth talking about. We were young. And stupid."

"Just because you loved each other?"

He exhaled loudly.

Maggie asked, "Is all this just over kissing?"

"No!" His head shot up again with all the vehemence of his rejection. "No, it isn't just about kissing. It's about other things, too. Other things that are vile."

"Vile?"

"I didn't want you ever knowing—"

"You can tell me."

He tensed, his hands up in the air. "This isn't something you reveal around a campfire over a cup of hot cocoa. It's shameful. It's shameful, Maggie."

"How... did it start? How far did it go?"

"You want to hear the details of incest?"

She felt sickened, but also curious. Had he suffered so long? What had happened? How had he treated Fate? "Tell me how it started. I want to know."

He took a deep breath. "We were vacationing at a mountain resort one summer. I was thirteen. Fate and I had our own little cabin. It was one room with a bathroom. We'd go hike and raft on the river every day with mom and dad."

She stroked his chest. "Go on."

"I woke up the first morning there with an erection. The thing was, my sister was sitting up next to me looking at it. It was poked right up out of my boxers. She saw me wake up and she grabbed it."

"She touched your...?"

"No, she grabbed it. She gripped it like it was hers. She asked me if it got like that often. It felt so good to have her hand on it that I froze. I was too young to think straight."

"And that was it?"

"No, that wasn't it. Maybe for that morning, but that second night I felt her sleeping next to me. I was hard all night. She was only twelve for fuck's sake."

Maggie shifted on the bed, feeling heat build inside her. She realized she loved Fate and it had developed so fast. "A little bit of touching—"

"A little bit? It was still hard in the morning and I invited her to touch it. I wanted her to touch it. I had felt her little butt while she slept. So I wanted it. She touched me again and cemented our path. The third night I was rubbing it against her. She caught me in the bathroom the next morning jerking off. She

said that I hadn't let her touch it."

She was panting, trying to keep her cool. Hearing the details twisted something in her stomach: revulsion; and a ravenous curiosity. "Did it end there?"

He laughed bitterly. "That was just the beginning. By the end of the week, she was stroking me every morning. I didn't finish or anything, but it felt so good, I let her. It was on the drive home that things got worse. She kept poking at it in the backseat. Giggling her head off. Mom and dad were oblivious. So I poked her back, touching her terrycloth shorts."

"In the same car with your parents?"

"Where else?"

"So what happened when you got home?"

"Nothing right away. But we both wanted to touch. She would come into my rooms sometimes in the mornings. I would let her play with it while I rubbed her panties. It was at the end of the summer when..." He swallowed.

Maggie looked down; he was erect. She gripped his shaft gently. "Tell me." She started stroking.

"It was August, a week before school. Hot as Hades. Our parents had stuck out this water slide in the backyard. Great way to cool off. Fate and I would go out and slide for a good hour. She was teasing me, rubbing her backside up against me like it was all some joke. Well, I got hard. I went to the side of the house to turn off the hose for the slide and she followed me. She grabbed it through my trunks and jacked it. So I fingered her in return, only that time, it got different. She pulled her suit to the side and let me touch her skin."

Maggie rubbed the precum that oozed out of his cock all over his shaft. "That was the first time you'd touched her?"

"Directly, yes. She pulled my dick out and played with me while I played with her. Maybe it all might have ended there or stopped if I hadn't been so horny. Stupid teenager."

"What happened?"

"I pushed her up against the side of the house and told her I wanted to feel something. I slid my dick between her legs and rubbed it there—"

"You entered her?"

"No, no. I was young, horny, and curious. I rubbed it there because I knew that's sort of how people did it. I had seen things. I wasn't wanting to actually do her, just feel what the feminine part felt like on my dick. But it felt so good..."

Maggie felt his erection throbbing in her hand. "That isn't incest, though it's close—"

"It didn't end there. Every day after that, when we were done sliding, I did it with her again at the side of the house. Rubbing it back and forth. I'd get frantic, wanting more but knowing I shouldn't – and Fate felt the same way."

"How did you know?"

"She was as eager as I was. She stood there the first day, eyes closed. But the second day? The third? She was tilting her hips at me and even more on the third day. It was the third day that I felt her hole. All I had done was rub the outside. But with her hips tilted, I felt the head of my dick nestle into the depression of her hole. I felt her heat and moisture. It was a whole new experience I'd never had before – and I was having it with my twelve year old sister."

Maggie was panting fast, hot with fire in her pussy. She climbed over her husband and straddled him. She placed his cock at her pussy and sank down on it until she was settled all the way down. "Tell me the rest."

He groaned, eyes closed. His hips made little thrusts and his cock throbbed in her with total arousal. "It was the day before school. I think we were both knowing it was some kind of limit or end. We were at the side of the house rubbing. I don't know what came over me. I felt her hole and her moisture on the end of my dick. I don't know if I was just wanting to know what it was like or what, but I grabbed her little hips and pushed."

Maggie groaned at the intense twisting inside. She ground her hips down hard on her husband as the swelling lifted her high.

He hissed with regret, "I pushed. I pushed my dick into my sister."

She cried out in ecstasy as the wave broke over her. Maybe Maggie wasn't Fate, but weren't they sisters, now? If Fate was using her to find a replacement for Finn, couldn't Maggie use herself as Fate at this moment? She forced her hips back hard, taking Finn's cock deep inside. She cried her release to the ceiling and felt the hot splashes of his cum up inside her pussy.

CHAPTER 10

Tuesday the caged feeling returned. It had been absent for a couple of days, at least.

Maggie had discovered a dark secret about her husband, of which he carried great shame. She didn't know how to help him escape his past. She didn't know if there was a way besides endless expensive counseling that offered self-doubt and recrimination. Or no doubt while laying the blame elsewhere.

It had happened and Finn would have to live with it his entire life.

So would Fate.

He had told her Monday night that they had fucked every chance they got – whenever their parents were out of the house – for eight years.

She had been twenty when he had moved out. She went to follow him, to set up a place nearby and he had told her what they had done was wrong and evil.

He had sent her away.

Maggie wasn't so sure. What was wrong and evil about love? Wasn't love the best gift anyone could give someone else?

Society could not agree and Maggie understood that: she felt it herself. She very much disapproved of what had happened, but at what point does hatred become redundant? At what point was Finn to be forgiven? Could he ever be forgiven, even though he had finally put a stop to it?

That was where Maggie disagreed with society. Her husband had stopped, why should he be hated for something that happened when he was young and dumb by his own account?

No, society would never forgive him if it were known.

Tuesday, fortunately, Fate texted.

Fate: Hello sis

Maggie: Hello

Fate: I'm at the Lamplighter. Come meet me?

Maggie: Right now?

Fate: Yes hurry

She wondered if her sister-in-law was psychic. She told Mary Ellen she would be out with Fate. She gave Finnegan a hug and a kiss and set him back down to play with his shapes and puzzles.

She wondered about getting a BMW. Could she be even more like Fate? Her five year old Volvo station wagon was dependable and useful. But fun?

She drove to the Lamplighter. Once a classy lounge, it now doubled as a café - and not doing a good job of it. It had changed hands almost every year for the last ten.

Fate came running to her, hair flying wildly behind her. "Sis!" She planted a kiss on her lips. "Thank you for coming." She hugged her arm and pulled her into the café part.

At her table, a broad man sat like a mountain. He was balding, but sporting a silver beard trimmed super short. His gray work shirt was crisp and stretched cleanly over muscles. His white t-shirt underneath poked up perfectly at the neck and a perfect finger-breadth beneath the short sleeves of the work shirt. His crisp blue eyes looked at Maggie with curiosity.

Fate bounced a little and said, "Maggie this is Hal. Hal, my sister Maggie."

She felt like correcting Fate, but decided not to. She shook the man's strong hand.

Fate dragged her down to sit beside her across from the mountain named Hal. "He owns the tire shop across the street. I had a flat."

Hal's voice wasn't as deep as Maggie might have expected. It was surprisingly

soft and gentle. "You're as pretty as your sister said."

Maggie blushed under the scrutiny.

A waitress in a pink and white short skirt uniform leaned backwards near her. "Can I get you anything, honey?"

"No, thank you. I'm fine." When the waitress had left, she leaned towards Fate. "Is... this about a... test drive?"

Her eyes flashed bright and she nodded.

Maggie straightened and looked at the mountain named Hal. He was going to crush her. He probably had a foot-long soda can dick. She would rather talk to Fate about Finn, but now wasn't the time.

They walked across the street to the fancy craftsman style wood décor tire shop. Hal led them through the plants and tire smells to the office hallway and up some narrow stairs. He barely fit without his shoulders brushing the walls of the staircase.

His office was clean and tidy, with only one stack of papers on his desk. He turned to Maggie. "So I understand..." He made a back and forth motion indicating both of them.

Maggie made a face. "To get to my sister, you have to come through me."

He raised eyebrows and blew out a breath. "Come here, then."

She stepped towards him and into his embrace. She felt a little awkward hugging someone she didn't know, but this was what Fate needed her for. Hal kissed her, probing his tongue deep. She tasted the coffee on his mouth and it was not unpleasant. His hand slid up and began searching.

She almost laughed; he couldn't find her boob.

He eventually discovered her nipple as it hardened. He ended the kiss and helped her remove her tank top.

She watched his face as he studied her tiny breasts, but she detected no mirth or

scorn.

He knelt and placed his mouth over her nipple and sucked.

Jolts of electricity tingled through her chest and her pussy grew warm. His hot tongue on her boob felt like smooth butter. He moved over to the other one and licked that one, too. Both her nipples stood out hard and aching.

Fate reached around from behind and undid her white shorts. She slid them and her panties off in one swipe.

Maggie stepped out of them.

Hal lifted her and placed her on the desk. There was a nice looking comfortable leather couch against the wall, but he chose the desk. His face buried between her thighs and he began licking.

She moaned happily at getting attention. This really wasn't so bad after all. Test driving for Fate? Why not? It felt good and she... liked it.

In the upstairs office of some tire shop she had never been in on a Tuesday afternoon, Maggie realized that she really liked what she was doing. She moaned as she ran her hands over her nipples. "You know I'm married, right? Does that matter to you?"

Hal ran the flat of his tongue up her clit and sent shivers racing up her spine. He said, "Not unless it matters to you. Truth is, I get more offers from married women than I do single chicks." He stood and removed his pants. His cock was not a foot long. It was well-shaped and... average. He did have a large set of balls, though.

She shared a look with Fate. Her sister-in-law lifted an eyebrow and tilted her head – as if to say, "Well, at least it's not small."

Hal was missing the exchange. He stroked himself and looked at Maggie's pussy. "You sure are a pretty one. Where's your husband?"

"At work."

"Does he know you're here?"

"No. Now shut up and fuck me."

He chuckled and moved up between her legs.

She felt the head part her lips and push inside. The heat of his shaft slid through her pussy lips and created a comfortable filling sensation inside. She wriggled on the desk.

He gripped her hips and began thrusting. He was very different from others she had taken. His hands pulled hard on her hips while he barely moved his cock. A little tilt of his hips and a hard pull provided full penetration.

It felt good to Maggie.

He didn't maintain that method, though, and switched to a more forceful method of thrusting. He spread his feet out and made hard pushes. The desk beneath her began skidding, making howling noises as if a large car were hitting the brakes on and off, hard.

She moaned at the assault.

Fate was on the couch, hand down her pants, diddling. Watching.

Hal thrust hard using his average length to great effect.

Maggie shuddered, feeling the excitement his effort created. "Fuck me... harder..." Tension wound inside her, twisting with the echoing howls of the desk on the floor.

He lifted her off and up, cradling her on his dick as he moved. He pushed her up against the wall and drove upwards shoving his cock up her pussy.

Maggie's thoughts drifted wildly to the image of a young Finn pushing his cock into Fate up against a wall for their first time. She moaned loudly as the sudden surge exploded within her. She knew Hal would think it was his expertise that caused her to cum, but she knew better.

For his part, he crushed her against the wall and grunted faster and harder.

She felt cocooned and safe, embraced by the big man as he plowed her pussy.

He groaned with relief a moment later, and Maggie was stunned into silence as a flood of his cum gushed up into her and kept gushing. His large balls apparently held a lot of cum. Within seconds, she heard the spatters of what was leaking out of her hit the floor.

It sounded like someone was slowly pouring a cup of water onto the floor. The liquid spattering sound was constant and Hal was still cumming. She could no longer feel him – her pussy was so full that it had nowhere to go but out. But the hot spurts kept coming.

Twenty seconds of orgasm? Finn had never cum so much.

He finally heaved a satisfied sigh and let his cock fall out of her. Another rush and gush of cum hit the floor as he did. He gently settled her down to stand on her own feet.

Maggie looked down at the impressive puddle. "You sure cum a lot..."

CHAPTER 11

Maggie leaned against her car in the Lamplighter parking lot. "Are you kidding?"

"Yeah, too messy. Too big."

"Why did you have me test-drive him?"

"I didn't know he was a gusher."

Maggie poked Fate's shoulder. "I think you're trying to find Finn without finding him."

Her face hardened. "What do you think you know about that?"

"Don't get defensive, Finn told me."

Her eyes narrowed. "How much?"

"Everything."

Fate's face fell in a cascade of fatigue and regret. "Why did he send me away, Maggie?"

"Because it was wrong?"

"Who says?"

Maggie grabbed the woman's arms. "It's wrong, Fate; it shouldn't have happened. Look at you: hunting for something you can't have and will never find."

Her lower lip quivered. "But... I love him."

Maggie pulled her into a hug and let her cry. She petted her hair. "Just a week ago, I wanted to be like you. I wanted to be you..."

Fate sniffed against her neck. "Why does it have to be this way?"

"Because it can't be the way you want it. Even Finn sees that."

"But it was so special..."

"Move on, Fate. Love your brother but let go of what can't be. Realize you were too young to really know any better."

She sobbed against Maggie and hid her face. "I just... wanted to be a girl, and then a woman... and be happy."

"Your parents never found out?"

She shook her head against Maggie's neck.

She took Fate's face in her hands and looked her in the eyes. "Be strong, Fate. Move on. I'll be here to help you. I'll be your sister."

Her sister-in-law sobbed and grabbed Maggie's face. She kissed her, gently and then hugged her with such a tight grip that her arms quivered with the effort. "You won't leave me? You won't send me away?"

Maggie petted her head. "I'll never leave you and I'll never send you away."

"Please don't."

"I won't... I think... you've suffered enough."

Fate let loose against her – years of pent-up sadness and regret flowing wetly onto her shoulder.

Maggie couldn't stop her own tears from the pain in the bond that had developed.

A connection had been made over twenty years before that had to be forcefully ripped apart, shredded, and amputated.

It could not be allowed to remain.

It could not be allowed to fester hidden in the recesses of their hearts or minds.

It needed to be destroyed.

For the good of society.

CHAPTER 12

Maggie rode Finn's cock with relish, riding up and down the length of his shaft and digging her fingernails into his chest.

Images of her being Fate instead fueled her imagination and desire – but of that, she wouldn't tell Finn.

There were many things she couldn't tell her husband, though he benefitted in ways he appreciated.

She couldn't tell him about test-driving for his sister.

She couldn't tell him how hot she got thinking of his cock inside Fate's pussy.

She couldn't tell him how she thought it unfair that his love for his sister was so forbidden.

She couldn't agree with it herself, but her pussy became so wet thinking of them together.

It could never be... except in her imagination.

Months had passed since that revelation in the Lamplighter parking lot. She would forever view that restaurant as her new beginning – for it was there that she entered into a phase of her life that included Fate within her protective sphere.

She had no more caged feelings.

She loved her son.

She loved Finn.

Perhaps most special of all, she came to love her sister-in-law. It was a beauty most perfect. They anticipated each other. They finished each other's sentences. They... kissed.

Maggie and Fate most definitely loved each other.

And Finn was pleased – not just because his wife loved his sister. Not just because they both got along so well, but because Maggie's anxiety went away.

It wasn't one day.

It wasn't a rainy day.

It wasn't a full moon.

It was just a day – just like any other. But Maggie found herself playing with Finnegan almost the entire day. She gave him hugs. She felt his little heartbeat against her chest. She also made love to her husband, unfettered, unworried about the tension and caged feeling she hadn't felt in... a while.

It had taken months, but Maggie knew that without Fate, none of this would've been possible. She made sure her sister-in-law was constantly invited to dinner, outings, breakfasts, holidays...

Blossoming from the hated past was something so marvelous it hurt.

EPILOGUE

Maggie looked over the sixth man this week. "What is your name?"

"Owen."

She dismissed the name; it didn't matter. She paced back and forth in front of him, considering. She wasn't agitated as she had been months before.

No, she was prowling.

Fate sat back, arms folded, legs crossed, eyes beaming that love and pride that so gratified Maggie.

Maggie said to him, "You're not likely to pass the test drive, are you sure you want to suffer the embarrassment of failing?"

He was a dark haired man – like Finn. His stubble was carefully trimmed and sexy. His eyes spoke of intelligence. He looked over at her sister-in-law and said, "I'd do anything for her."

She liked the response. "Get your clothes off." She stripped while he did. "Do you know how to use your tongue?"

He nodded.

"Show me." She led him to Fate's bedroom where she had taken Jake and Phil and Tom and Baxter... She didn't want to remember them. Yesterday was the past. This was a new day.

She settled back and let Owen pleasure her. His tongue touching her pussy felt good. It moved with vigor – definitely a good tongue for sister.

She pinched her hard nipples, relieving some of the pressure there.

Fate sat next to her on the bed, watching. "How is he?"

"So far, so good." She turned her attention to Owen. "Get inside me – and make love to me like you mean it. I want to be walking funny after this, or you won't pass the test."

The nice thing for Maggie was that Owen possessed the best cock she had seen yet. Not too long, but so very thick and hunky. It looked like a deadly weapon and that was what she craved. She did indeed want to go home walking funny. She wanted to have to hide her activities from her husband – not because she despised him, no, not at all. But because this was a secret – between sisters.

Owen stuffed his cock into her, opening her pussy wide and pushing inside. The passage of his shaft through her lips was a delight Maggie would always enjoy.

She took his cock all the way in and latched onto him with her hands and feet. She accepted his moves and sighed deeply with satisfaction over the feel of his erection in her pussy. "Fuck me, Owen. Fuck me hard and right."

He did. He also kissed her. Not all of the test drives did.

She looked dreamily over at Fate. "I like this one. I might need another test drive..."

Her sister-in-law smiled with pride and said, "I think that can be arranged."

Owen pumped harder, driving Maggie up the swell of sexual satisfaction. She gasped, "If you marry him, don't be stingy."

Fate's kiss was gentle and sure. She whispered, "I won't; I promise."

Thank you for reading Debauched!

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