



DEFILE HER

A DARK MENAGE ROMANCE

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By
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**The most difficult thing is the decision to act, the rest is merely tenacity. The fears are paper tigers. You can do anything you decide to do. You can act to change and control your life; and the procedure, the process is its own reward.
~ Amelia Earhart**

CHAPTER 1

Grace

I didn't like Bill.

In fact, I despised him.

I had a soft heart for only one man: my husband Paul. I didn't care about the plight of others. I didn't want to know their problems or trials and tribulations.

I had enough on my plate keeping my bond to my husband strong.

Everybody has problems.

I had enough of my own.

Paul was the kind who needed my strength. He was a good man – a great man – underneath, but he lacked decisive motivation. He was uncertain and doubtful.

I was there for him.

Everyone else was... inconsequential.

This was my life.

Bill was our neighbor and I watched him with folded arms as he tried to persuade my husband to attend what he thought was the party of the year.

The problem was, every party was the party of the year to Bill.

"Come on, Paul, you promised," Bill whined.

My husband pinched the bridge of his nose. "I know... I did. But we're just not all that much into parties—"

"You promised last time. Come on, dude."

I said nothing. Despite being unsympathetic to other people to the point of seeming callous, I was not bossy.

Not in the least.

It was with interest that I stood next to my husband in the backyard as he and Bill talked over the fence. Interest not in Bill, but in how my husband reacted to him.

Bill was tall, bald, and gangly. He rented the duplex next door and was always seen showing whites all around his eyes. I think he'd promise anyone anything if it made him feel special.

Paul shrugged. "Just not much into parties..." His diffidence with this made me proud.

Bill didn't stop whining. "Dude, you promised."

My husband sighed. "We don't do drugs—"

Our neighbor looked panicked and waved his hands. "No, no, Scott isn't like that. No drugs at his parties; I swear. At least, he tells everyone that..."

"Hmm."

I squeezed Paul's shoulder, willing him strength. I didn't necessarily care one way or the other if we went or not, but just that he showed determination and decisiveness in how he handled it.

I was there for him; I always was.

Bill appealed to me, "Tell him Grace. Remind him he promised."

I could have, sure. I could've easily reminded my husband that he had indeed promised. But... I just really didn't like Bill. I gave him a fake smile and shrugged.

It wasn't that Bill was a bad guy. It's just I didn't care about him. Or his troubles. So what if he wanted to make a good impression by bringing people he could introduce as friends? What did that have to do with us?

We were tools for someone else to climb their dumb social ladder?

What did I care?

I cared about my husband.

End of story.

Paul wasn't a weak man by appearance. Tall and handsome, he only lacked self-confidence. As a business efficiency advisor who sold his services on contract and commission, he needed all the help he could get.

I was there for him.

I helped him build his confidence.

We were in this life together, the two of us.

From him, I would never part.

I... believed in him.

Paul heaved a sigh and sent a little victory zinging through me. "We can't go. There's a bubble on the Chrysler's tire. It's going to be changed Monday, but I won't drive on it otherwise."

Our neighbor's eyes were all wide with amazement at his solution. "Dude, I'll drive. It'll be perfect. Then you can drink if you want."

Paul's shoulders sagged. "All right, fine."

Bill showed all his teeth and offered his fist for a bump. My husband ignored it and our neighbor dropped his fist. "So, like, I'll be leaving around seven tomorrow night."

I asked, "What kind of party? What kind of dress?"

"It's just a little neighborhood and friends thing. Casual all the way. There's a pool, too. Wear a bikini if you want; a lot of the girls do."

At 41, I was no longer a girl and doubted I could rock a bikini. I didn't even own one. I pretended interest. "Oh?"

He winked, pointed at us, and returned to his garage.

"Drinking might be the thing to do..." I folded my arms. I just didn't care to meet new people. Ever.

Paul squeezed me in a one-arm hug. "Sorry, but I did promise him. I need to keep my promises, too. Anyway, you don't drink."

"Seems like a great time to start."

Our condo was up for sale. A few parties were interested and the potential to move outweighed the stress of packing. I thought to myself, *I might drink after all.*

CHAPTER 2

Reed

The pounding on the back door made me squint one eye open. "Fuck off."

More pounding.

"Fuck off!"

And still more pounding.

Fuck... I grabbed the half empty whiskey bottle and snatched a half-smoked cigarillo. Then I wished I had one more hand. I put down the bottle and flicked my Bic to give flame to my smoke.

More pounding. Scott's voice drifted in, "Come on, Reed."

"Fuck off."

Still more pounding.

I stuck the lit cigarillo in my mouth and puffed, inhaling a small fraction of it. They weren't supposed to be inhaled, but fuck everyone else. I grabbed the whiskey bottle and staggered into the kitchen. I took a swig on my way to the back door.

More pounding. It echoed in my head like mortar explosions.

I growled, "If you keep pounding on that door, I'm going to break your fucking hand."

"Come on, Reed." But he didn't knock anymore.

I pulled open the back door and gave him my death scowl.

He recoiled. "Sorry, guy. I just figured you were asleep."

"Key fucking word there is 'was.' "

"Sorry. Anyway, just a reminder about the party."

I grunted. Can't a guy pass out on his couch and sleep through a Saturday without some pecker fucking pushing his prick into everything? I took the cigarillo out of my mouth and scrubbed the side of my face.

He said, "You can smoke, too."

"Fan-fucking-tastic." I took a swig and held my breath as the burn moved down. I let it out, relaxing. "All right. I'll be there."

"That's great—"

I had already slammed the back door in his face.

I liked Scott... but fuck...

At least there would be pussy there and I would probably have a good pick of it.

I showered and put on clean jeans and t-shirt. Over that I threw my army surplus overcoat. It wasn't a great image, but who gave a fuck? I liked the pockets. I wasn't out to win some soy-boi fashion contest. Leave that to Scott and his friends. In went my cigarettos and a fresh bottle of whiskey. Maybe I'd drink. Maybe I wouldn't.

Depended on what was there for the taking tonight.

I scratched at a scar and considered the advisability of continuing on my usual selection process. Change and avoid scars? Or continue and add more? Character building?

Play it safe? Or play it fast?

Safe?

Who was I kidding? I must still have been drunk.

Fuck it.

CHAPTER 3

Paul

I sat in the backseat next to my wife and looked out the window. "Where are you going? Wasn't that it back there with all the people?"

Bill held out a hand. "Do you see anywhere to park? I'll try around the block." His eyes bugged out further, looking ready to pop out of his head.

Damn. I hated being so far from transportation.

My quiet wife remained silent, neither pleased nor perturbed by the inconvenience. She wouldn't complain or comment, and simply accepted things as they were because she just didn't care.

Except that she cared about me.

If there was one guarantee in life, it was that. She wasn't hitched to me for money; she had caught my eye long before I had gotten my consulting business going. In fact, she had met me when I was slumming as a waiter.

Devoted and true, she was always by my side. I treasured that; I did not take it for granted.

No, I considered myself very lucky. Grace had seemed uncaring at first – as she was with all other people – but had eventually found something interesting in me. Her normally flat expression had begun to take on animation when I waited her table during lunches.

She had a simple beauty about her, something natural that flowed with her long, thin, wavy brunette hair. Her large eyes were a shade of brown so light they might have passed for gold. She was no fashion model blonde with puffy lips and big tits. Just... normal Grace.

Her poise came from her practicality and persistence, and it all promised to me a stability I found I needed. With her stability, I gained confidence.

I knew I had a problem there, that I lacked motivation due to the fear of failure. I was the model of second-guessing. For the word "doubt" there was

an entry in the dictionary with my picture in it. It had started with skepticism when I was younger, used to make myself sound knowledgeable to my peers, but had devolved when I was soundly defeated in a very public forum debate. Skepticism turned to doubt. Shown up as a fraud, I had begun to doubt my own grasp of everything, including my future.

A business degree led to being a waiter because I doubted myself as valuable enough to even be hired in business.

We got out of the parked car, around the block, and several hundred feet of sidewalk from the house.

Bill babbled nonsense about introductions and sticking close to him, but I wasn't listening.

Instead, I was merely walking with my wife, enjoying the closeness together in the setting of the sun. I held her hand as we followed Bill, and I celebrated within myself our sixteen years of marriage.

I squeezed her hand. "You really think we did the right thing about the Plan B Greystone, or the Plan A Monticello?" I had to ask. I felt a hint of doubt.

She lowered her head, looking at the sidewalk. "The Plan B Greystone was cheaper, but larger. We really didn't need all that space. The Monticello is definitely richer and more elegant, but I think it made more sense to get the smaller Monticello – even if it means paying a little more."

I nodded thoughtfully. She was right, as always. "Yeah, save money for more cheap space we don't need or pay more for a quality smaller plan?" We had already committed to the Monticello but I was in my usual habit of doubting. I made enough to squeeze us into it and it would certainly be more prestigious to us there.

All I had to do was just maintain my contracts and all was good. Any growth would be gravy, but I doubted I could pick up any new clients anyway.

The party house was a nice, large single story in the Glen Oaks Development. Finished a few years before, many of the plants and trees had developed enough to look homey. In and out, people went through the open front door.

I marveled for a few seconds at the next door neighbor's house, dark and quiet. The landscaping was fantastic compared to everything else around it.

Bill hummed worriedly.

There was no way we were going to be able to keep together...

I plunged in with my wife in hand, moving beyond Bill, waving at people without even bothering to focus on their faces – until one man stopped me.

He held out his hand. "Hi, I'm Scott Remy. You are?"

I shook his offering. "Paul Foley. My wife, Grace. We're friends of Bill's."

"Bill...?"

Bill, behind us, called over our shoulders. "Me, Bill."

Scott's face relaxed. "Oh, hey." He looked back at us. "I know three Bills. Nice to meet ya. There's a bar in the backyard, unless you brought your own. And a pool if you brought bathing suits." He waved us in.

I heard him and Bill start to talk behind me so I pulled Grace away and through the house.

It was very big and open, filled with simple furniture of Price Club quality. Lots of really ugly sticks in vases pointed at the ceiling like gravity defying spider webs or long alien finger bones.

I pulled Grace out back.

The pool had several people in it.

Underneath the patio roof to the right, a large group of women sat grouped around a scruffy-looking man. He had long hair, a beard, and wore clothing one might see on a homeless guy.

Grace's hand stiffened and I let go.

Deciding to go the other way, I went left towards the bar.

I turned to ask my wife what she might want, if anything.

She wasn't there.

CHAPTER 4

Grace

I think time stopped.

Maybe it was the thundering hooves of my heartbeat in my ears, close and harsh, that broke the spell.

I was staring.

He was staring.

And then the women around him began to look my way, faces wrought with annoyance and curiosity.

Who had caught his attention? Who was dominating his stare despite all the feminine gushing bitch-babble directed his way?

My throat was dry and I folded my arms convulsively. I deliberately turned my head away to walk out past the pool.

My husband was nowhere in sight.

Which might have been for the best.

He seeing me like this would've been bad.

Get a hold of yourself, Grace, I thought to myself.

I felt it, though, pulling at me...

I looked back.

He was sneering at me in a half smile. His eyes dropped down a little – to my hand – then back up. The sneery smile widened.

I was getting very ugly scowls now from those women around him.

I tore my gaze away, trembling in my own arms as my knees went weak. Fire burned intensely up inside of me - rude, suggestive, and powerful.

There was no question in my mind that I loved my husband and was solely devoted to him. I had no interest in other men, no matter how handsome. I was always unfazed.

But...

Not... this time.

I had heard it said that a woman can love one man with all her heart, with no room for another, but then they see one man who turns everything inside out - one man who, with just one look, can make her wet.

I stumbled weakly, sitting down on one of the pool lounges directly on someone's towel. I couldn't help myself or I would've fallen.

I had seen that one man.

I looked back, glancing nervously, hoping that he wasn't looking.

But he was.

And that sneery, sexy smile was even more pronounced.

He wasn't as handsome as my husband.

Why did I find him then suddenly so attractive?

His hair fell in long waves, almost as if it was unbrushed. Except that it was in fact brushed. His beard was short, but rather had the appearance of being unshaven rather than trimmed.

And his eyes...

Oh god, his eyes.

Piercing and filled with arrogant contempt, they shone at me with all the sure knowledge of everything I was thinking.

I licked my lips nervously and took several heaving breaths. If I hadn't, I was going to pass out.

He wore clothing no respectable man would wear. A wrinkled t-shirt over faded jeans held up by a brown leather belt was all grungy enough, but he topped all that off with what looked like a ragged military overcoat.

In one hand, a brown cigarette wafted smoke into the air. The other hand rested on a leaning, open bottle of amber liquid death.

He sat there and drew on the brown thing. His eyes squinted to slits, though those glittering orbs were still locked on me.

Me.

He had at least fifteen women around him, buxom, young, and beautiful – mostly – who should have easily kept his filthy eyes occupied.

But he was staring at me.

Heat and ache writhed in my pussy.

He blew out a cloud of smoke and moved the brown cigarette in his hand as if toying with the stem of a wine glass.

It was that disparity of mannerism that drew me up to my feet. I turned away, folding my arms again. Then I turned back, thinking to escape into

the house. I moved that way.

Except that he was there, a little off to the left of the back sliding glass door.

Each step I took was a quavering attempt at determination that devolved into despair. One of my faltering steps aimed me more towards... him.

I stopped moving.

He was watching me, puffing on that brown cigarette and finally taking a deep swig from his bottle.

I looked across the pool and saw my husband at the bar. He was looking at me with curiosity and concern.

I looked again at the man and took another step – in his direction. The ache in my pussy was so ravenous that I took another step just in hopes that the movement might assuage the gnawing, needy craving that was making walking so difficult.

My head started to feel a lack of blood, despite my pounding pulse.

I stepped into the cloud of smoke around him. It wasn't rank like I expected, but rather deep and mellow. The aroma reminded me of cognac – rich in vanilla and... leather.

I swallowed hard as the smoke served to increase the discomfiture between my legs.

All the while, he stared at me, eyes glittering and crooked smile giving me that knowing tilt.

I stood, just outside their circle and looked at him, heart hammering hard in my chest.

His head turned to the side, to his left to a buxom blonde gal sitting next to him. His eyes were still on me, but he whispered one word to the girl: "Move."

The blonde scowled furiously at me, but she got up in a petulant huff.

The man looked back at me and tilted his head to the chair.

So direct, so effortless, so above it all.

Before I could digest what I was doing, I came around the table and slid down into the chair. Partly because I doubted my legs were going to hold me up any longer. Partly because... I wanted to.

He watched me the whole way, eyes following, but his head not moving. He drew on that thing again and sent a puff of aromatic smoke away from me.

When he spoke, his voice was nothing at all like I expected. I had assumed he would rasp like dry crackling leaves, gritty and rough like his appearance. Instead, what came out was husky and smooth. "What's your name, darling?" The tones and flow were butter to my soul.

"Gr-Grace." I looked down to avoid his eyes and the scowls from the other women.

He leaned towards me, looking me directly in the side of my face. His breath smelled of the little rough cigarettes and a snap of whiskey. He said slowly, "Well... Grace... you made me hard."

I glanced down at his lap, but looked away quickly in case he saw it or the other partiers did. I gulped in a rushed spasm of embarrassment.

However, no one laughed at what he said.

In fact, more than half the girls got up and left. The rest sat back hard, crossing their arms and looking extremely jealous.

"I..." I couldn't bring an answer to the table that would've made me look anything more than a fumbling teenager. I would've had to go back that far to imagine the last time I was so speechless and tongue-tied around a man.

He plucked the cap of the whiskey bottle and screwed it into place. He was still looking at me.

Through me to the inside.

He murmured with a smirk, "Did I just tickle your girlie parts?"

To that, there could be no answer. How did he know? Was it plastered all over my face? By the way I felt – mortified and ashamed – I imagined I looked ill, not turned on.

How did he know?

He extended his hand. "Reed."

I brought my eyes up, then down, then up, and made myself dizzy. I jerked my hand up to let him shake it.

His grip was so gentle that I imagined him leading me for a dance. He held my hand as if to shake, but the only movement was his thumb sliding suggestively across the back of my hand. It sent chills racing up my arms, down my spine, and directly to my nipples.

I flinched at how hard they became and how harshly that gnawing, hollow need ached up inside my pussy. I snatched my hand away and clasped them into my lap. Just that slight little pressure on my jeans caused a flare of tension around my clit.

This is insane! This never happens to me. Is this man magic? I looked around wildly for my husband.

He was coming, aimed directly at us.

Reed saw my look, followed it, and looked down at my clasped hands.

I saw it all out of the corner of my eye.

He twisted the brown cigarette into an ash tray, carefully extinguishing the cherry. He was looking at the process of it but said, "Scoot closer."

I knew it was directed at me, and only me.

I twisted my head this way and that, but gripped the seat of the chair and moved it towards him.

He looked up at my husband and said, "Better." Again, to me.

Paul was looking at me with a puzzled smile. "You okay? You look a little ill."

The man answered for me, before I could do no more than draw half a breath. His voice drawled out, "She's fine."

My husband's eyebrows drew down. "Grace?"

I looked down into my lap and nodded.

He relaxed a little.

Reed slid the cigarette thing into his overcoat pocket. He said, "She's just mixing with us."

That seemed to put my husband at ease. He offered a ghost of a smile and extended his hand. "I'm Paul, her husband."

"Reed." The handshake was solid. Too solid. Knuckles turned white. For a long three seconds, the two men gripped, weighing each other – my husband wearing a puzzled look again, Reed staring him directly in the eyes. They broke the handshake.

From behind my husband, Bill's bug-eyes appeared. "Hey buddy, there you are."

Relief washed over me like one big orgasmic wave as Bill pulled Paul away towards the bar. No longer on the spot, I trembled with adrenaline from the release of tension.

Reed slid his arm around my shoulder creating an instant intimate burn that blazed down my back and arms. He muttered evenly to everyone around, "Now, what the fuck were we talking about before we were interrupted? Girlie parts, right?"

I felt as if I were being swept along, powerless to stop – and it scared me deeply.

CHAPTER 5

Reed

The woman was a major fucking pain in my dick.

Upon seeing her, it had swollen to the point of being cramped and crammed in my jeans. It fucking hurt.

Grace.

I rolled the flavor of her name around my tongue like a puff of Al Capone's Cognac Cigarillos. She was a pretty thing, not beautiful, but so fucking sexy that I knew I had to have her. The flare of her hips in her jeans had me aching to pound the married slut's pussy.

Once again, I fell for the married ones.

It was my usual method of getting laid.

Single chicks played games.

Fuck that.

Married women spread their legs and fucked with a desperation that ripped overwhelmingly powerful and satisfying loads out of my dick.

No games, just pure fuck-lust and satisfaction.

Easiest pussy in the game.

Also the most dangerous pussy in the game, but worth every grunt and thrust.

Grace.

I don't know what it was about this one...

The almost stringy-frizzy hair that suggested a hot fuck? The distance in her eyes that told me to come find her and drag her back? The disdain on her soft face for the clingy bitches around me? The well-kept mature body that made my balls ache? Or was it that speechless condition I knew meant she would do everything I say?

Grace was a sure thing.

I had no doubts at all. I was going to ram my dick so far up her pussy she would scream my name, and I would do it before the night was over. No doubt there; I could see her trembling for it even now.

The only question was her husband. There lied the danger. Care had to be taken. I was going to fuck his wife and enjoy it. Whether or not he accepted was uncertain.

I itched to take out my cigarillo, but I had made it a habit to stop smoking when I had found my slut for the night.

Grace.

She was perfect.

An easy mark.

So very sexy.

Fuck my dick hurts.

The silence around her husband had told me everything about her. She loved him and was ashamed over her attraction to me. She was fearful of saying anything to him that would betray her conflict of fidelity. If she had spoken to her husband, tried to shoo him away, then she would've been pegged as an opportunist who discarded fidelity whenever the mood struck her.

Opportunists were fine, but the ones worried about fidelity were better. Hotter. More passionate. Making them give up their fidelity caused a runaway reaction in them that threw passion at the process to cover their shame.

If they're going to cheat, it's going to be good.

Always.

A few of my friends and Scott's wandered near, knowing I had fixed my sights; they wanted to check out my choice.

Grace's shoulders were quivering under my arm and I knew just the thing to get her to loosen up.

I said to the remaining clingy bitches. "So... girlie parts. Who has the best breasts here? Where's the cleavage?"

Eager to regain their position with me – as if they ever had any – two of them unbuttoned all the way down and wriggled. Nothing showed, but the wobbling breasts made Grace blush.

She didn't have big ones. Medium-looking from what I could tell. Probably pulling slightly lower now at her age. Big nipples? Small? I was curious.

I pretended to look over the bigger bouncing beauties as if choosing.

Sure enough, Grace fidgeted and finally unbuttoned one of her blouse buttons. One. And she didn't wriggle. Personally, I was a leg man. Throw those suckers around me and give me access to your pussy. But Grace's move was predictable all the way. I'd get to her legs later.

I cleared my throat, ready to make my move. "Excuse me ladies, I need to use the restroom. Save my seat for me." Like any of them would let anyone or anything take my place...

I rose and turned to Grace. I bent down, sliding my hand into her blouse, beneath her bra and over her left breast. I cupped it, rubbing the bare flesh and feeling the very hard nipple with a swipe of my thumb. At the same time as my hand move, I covered her mouth with mine and kissed her like my tongue was fucking her pussy.

She shook, gasped, and then moaned. Her neck went limp, her head falling backwards, as her mouth worked with mine.

I was sure her husband was looking.

That was part of the plan.

Would he intercept?

The women were back to scowling.

I didn't care.

I straightened, removing my hand at the same time. I moved past her and into the house without looking at anybody.

Dear Husband Paul did not intercept.

This was beginning to look better and better.

My dick swelled again, pressing hard out against my jeans.

CHAPTER 6

Paul

Bill said, "Whoah..."

Was I really seeing some dirtbag groping and kissing my wife?

I blinked rapidly, trying to make sense. Confusion and jealousy rose within me.

She wasn't resisting.

Had someone drugged her?

But she didn't have a drink and hadn't touched the bottle on the table since she had went over and sat down.

She wasn't a drinker.

She wasn't a smoker.

She didn't do drugs.

But she was acting like she was in a trance.

I took a step towards the table as the man named Reed stopped kissing and touching her.

Her eyes instantly found mine.

At least you remember you're married!

I stared in outrage at the man walking away from her and into the house.

He did not look at me.

Grace was very obviously panting and had a delirious look on her face.

What's going on, dammit?

I took another step and another, gaining momentum into a determined walk. I approached the table and stood glaring down at her with confusion and question. "Why did you let that man kiss you?"

One of the women at the table snickered and said, "Uh oh..." in a low voice.

Grace looked at me with loss in her eyes.

What was she thinking?

She mumbled, "I... couldn't stop him..."

"You could've gotten up or slapped him."

Two of the women giggled derisively.

One of the men standing behind the seated women said, "Never seen anyone slap Reed..."

Another said, "Nope."

Grace said, "I'm... sorry, Paul..."

I motioned for her hand. "Come on; we'll go stand somewhere else."

She started to fold her arms as if cold, but then gripped her blouse shut and looked down. She said in a very shaky voice. "I'm okay right here..."

I squatted down to look her in the face. "Are you okay? Are you feeling all right?" I was trying to find some sense in my devoted wife not stopping Reed from kissing her. And feeling her breast!

She nodded fast, refusing to meet my eyes.

"Did you have something to drink?"

"No."

"Why did you let him touch you like that?"

Her eyes flicked up to mine, then away in a flash of shame. She clutched at her blouse.

She wasn't answering and I was getting frustrated. What had possessed her to allow some man to fondle her? Kiss her? She never spoke of anyone but me; there was no room in her life for something silly like this. Why hadn't she put him in his place?

Grace was not a loose woman. She wore her fidelity like a crown, displaying it for all to see. She never even smiled at other men. She just didn't have the time, care, or concern for any man but me.

And yet, she had sat there and been kissed with no resistance.

Did she know this man?

I opened my mouth, trying to find some way to break through her fugue.

"Do you know Reed from somewhere? In your past?"

She shook her head fast.

At least she was responsive.

"Why did you let him grope you?"

She looked farther away, not answering. But I could see her shoulders quivering.

I reached out and gripped her shoulder.

She gasped, tensing.

I felt her trembling like a leaf. She was scared. I rose and pulled on her arm. "Come on."

That's when the nightmare suddenly went from bad to worse.

CHAPTER 7

Grace

I was so ashamed that I couldn't do much more than sit still and look away. I couldn't even bear to look at the women who had scowled at me, but now seemed to be on my side – at least in a nonjudgmental way.

Paul pulled on my arm, hard.

The pain registered on my face and I resisted his pull.

Reed's voice had the full flavor of iron and command. "Hey."

My husband let go, turning to him.

Reed passed him, then behind me, drifting his hand across my shoulders.

I closed my eyes, hugging my arms to myself as my body responded. I was a mess. Despite the amazing heat I was feeling, I shook as if chilled. I had absolutely not a shred of control and I couldn't help it.

I was powerless.

Paul said, "You kissed my wife." It was an accusation.

Reed stopped before sitting down and rested his hand on my shoulder. He squeezed it protectively. "Yeah, that's right."

My husband looked like someone was trying to explain the impossible to him. He shook his head. "We're leaving."

Bill said, "I'm not going yet."

"We'll call a cab."

"On a Saturday night in this city?" He laughed.

Reed said, "You can leave if you want, but I think Grace wants to stay."

I was mortified at his words because... he was right. There was no way I was going to get up and leave, not when... I felt like this – so out of control and helpless.

What was this man doing to me? I had never, ever felt this way, not even with Paul, whom I loved with all my heart.

Except that Reed promised me something, possibly, more.

What was it?

Why was I frozen with indecision like a deer in the headlights?

Paul grabbed my arm again and pulled. "Come on, Grace." There was anger and threat in his voice now.

One of the men said, "Hey, dude, you're hurting her. Knock it off."

Reed moved his hand, gripping my husband's in his with a strange grip. His fingers pressed and suddenly Paul released me.

I leaned away, more towards Reed.

He said low and dangerous, "Touch her like that again, and I'll hurt you."

Paul shouted, "She's my wife. Didn't you see her ring?"

"I saw it. Congratulations. But she's staying right here."

And then all the doom of my shame was pulled forward.

Reed sat next to me and patted my thigh. "Ask your wife if she wants to stay."

Paul's mouth was open in rage and shock. "What?"

Reed pulled his hand away and shrugged, hands held out as if surrendering. "Ask your wife. If she wants to go, she can go. If she wants to stay, she's going to stay."

Please, don't make me do this! My throat constricted to the point where I thought I might begin sobbing.

My husband moved his head slowly, looking down at me – his expression holding something more like suspicion and a half measure of pleading. "Grace? You're coming, right?"

I couldn't answer.

Reed's hand rested gently on my thigh again and made a hot imprint through the denim. "Answer him, Grace. Tell him the truth. Do you want to stay? Or go?"

My chest vibrated with the stress and strain of trying to maintain my dignity. I loved my husband with all my heart; I had no doubts. But he would have to understand that at this moment, I didn't want to leave.

I still couldn't look him in the eyes. I whispered, rasping, "I want to stay."

Reed squeezed my thigh, sending a warm shiver of reassurance up my leg and into my chest. "See, Paul? She wants to stay."

For several long seconds, nothing was said.

Not even the women there giggled.

Finally, Paul croaked, "Grace? You're my wife..."

Reed stood abruptly. "You know, I'm getting tired of this conversation."

My husband's face cleared instantly with relief.

But Reed gently pulled up on my forearm. "Come on, Grace."

I rose with him on wobbly legs.

Paul's face clouded. "What?"

Reed spoke the words that filled me with simultaneous dread... and a thrill of hope. "We're going to my place where it's quiet."

"You can't take her!"

"Watch me." He pocketed his whiskey bottle and guided me around the table away from Paul.

I looked back at my husband, wanting to console him, wanting to go to him and explain, but totally unable of any willful action on my own. What I was experiencing was a paralysis of thought and decision. Something about Reed... removed all of my desire to react against him.

I didn't want to hurt my Paul; but I wanted to go with Reed.

Couldn't my husband see that?

And yet I knew that with every step I took in following Reed, I was effectively trampling on my marriage.

But... I had to do it.

There was no question in my mind; I had already decided that I was going with this man who I didn't really know. I was going to be close to him, if for this night, and my husband needed to understand.

I held not a single illusion he would.

Reed tore my marriage apart as surely parting tissue paper and that fact alone had me stunned and marveling at how easily he did it.

My marriage hadn't been weak by any means – and yet, Reed had wrecked it with just a single look. I would give my body to him if he asked it and...

And...

I hoped he did.

CHAPTER 8

Reed

I led her around the back and out the side yard to mine.

Her husband stayed back at first, but then followed, calling after his wife. "Grace? Where are you going? You can't do this."

I waited for him to catch up. "Paul?"

"What?"

"I suggest you turn around and go back to the party. I'll return her when I'm done."

"When you're done with what?"

"I'm going to fuck your wife."

To his credit, he tensed, fists bunching up. I respected that. "Don't be stupid."

"You can't..."

"I can and will. Now you have a choice: you can follow and watch to be certain I keep her safe; or you can crawl back to the party and try not to look embarrassed. Because I guarantee you, just about everyone there around the table knows my dick is going into your wife." I turned and led her into my yard.

He followed. "You can't just take some man's wife and—"

"Been there and fucking done it."

"You've done this before?"

I led them both inside. Then I shrugged at him as I removed my overcoat. "Yeah."

"What... How... Didn't the husbands—"

I untucked my t-shirt and stripped it off. I pointed to the scar on my middle left side. "Thirty-eight special. That was Mario Gonzales. He's still serving his prison sentence for aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. This scar over here—"

"You were shot?"

"Twice. And stabbed." I tore off Grace's blouse. It shredded under my hands easily. I grabbed her hand and led her into the bedroom with as much ease as if she were my own wife.

Paul jumped after us, now beginning to sound nervous. "She's my wife; I'm not going to allow this. You can't just—"

I spun at the bed. "Let me be perfectly fucking clear; you have no say." I removed her bra.

He just gaped at me, clearly not wanting to understand.

I had seen it all before, though I didn't normally seduce the women in front of their husbands. I unzipped my jeans and lowered them, stepping out completely naked.

Grace gasped.

I got that a lot. Six inches is fine and all and sometimes I wish I had that, but ten inches can really take a woman to orbit. Or pain. And it wasn't just my length, but the shape. I knew I had a long dick, but what really made the women tremble was the thickness. Some guys had smooth shafts; for whatever birth reason, mine was almost burlled like a tree. I had seen pictures of guys that used the pump. Mine had that appearance naturally.

I know a lot of guys would've loved to have what I had, but I knew it was a mixed blessing. Sometimes it hurt women.

He sputtered, "You can't—She won't—"

"She'll do exactly what I ask her. Wanna see how easy it is?" I looked at Grace. "Get on your knees and suck me hard while I explain this to your husband."

She gave one mournful glance at her husband before sinking down in front of me.

Paul was red, but not with rage. The hurt look on his face meant nothing to me. Had seen that before, too.

"So here's how it is, Paul. Can I call you Paul?"

"No."

"Good, because I don't fucking care. First, if she's clean..." I looked down at her. "Are you clean, darling?"

She nodded.

"Good, start sucking."

She touched my hardening dick and glanced at her husband again.

I admired her for that, she really did have a strong will. But I knew she'd blow me despite her strength because I knew the look. Her lips opened and took the head of my cock in. I gave her head a pet and leaned my shoulders back against the wall – my hips thrust out and my erection pointing into her mouth. I said to him, "See?"

His astonished, strangled cry was nothing new to me either.

I said, "So if she's clean, and I want her, and she wants me, then that's all there is to it. If I want to fuck her and she wants me to fuck her, there's nothing you're going to say." I looked down at her. "You can do better than that." Her soft, wet mouth felt good, but she was too embarrassed to make an effort.

Paul tried to say something, but it came out choked.

I said, "Tell your wife to suck me better."

"What?"

I spoke slower. "Tell your wife to suck me better."

Now he got all indignant and shit on me. "I will not!"

"Tell her to suck me better so you don't have to see me slap your wife's face. Am I absolutely clear on this? Trust me, you don't want that kind of insult."

He tried shaking his head, tried stuttering an argument, and took a step forward.

"Tell her or I'm going to slap her. Do you really want me slapping your wife in front of you? And then having to beat the shit out of you when you take a swing at me?"

His eyes dropped to my many scars.

I didn't give a fuck what he thought his chances were, I just wanted a better blowjob.

He exhaled with much exasperation. In a stressed voice he told his wife, "Do it."

She tried.

I groaned. "Come on, Grace, more energy. You don't want me to brace your head against the mattress and skull fuck you, do you? In front of your husband? My cock reaches pretty far down throats."

Paul's eyes were glued to what she was doing.

She moved her head back and forth, giving me a much better suck-job.

I gave him a knowing look. "Doesn't she look beautiful with her lips on my cock?" I petted her head. "That's it, good girl."

Paul whispered, "This can't be happening. Grace!" The last word was a strained gargle of anguish.

I pumped my hips a little, moving my shaft in and out of her pretty mouth. I said to him as if discussing the décor of my room, "Like I said, if I want it and your girl is available, and she wants it, then we're fucking. That's all there is to it." I looked down at her. "Look up when you suck."

She did.

I muttered, "I love your wife's eyes..." I gripped her head on either side and thrust my hips, using her mouth as a fuckhole.

Paul was panting hard.

I knew he was close to hyperventilating from shock and indecision. Saw that before, too. I said to her, "Look at your husband."

Her eyes moved, looking over to him.

I slowed my thrusts, moving my shaft in and out of her mouth as if in slow motion. "Doesn't she look gorgeous, Paul? Hmm?"

He croaked.

"You know, the only way she'll learn how to give the best blowjobs is if you let her practice on lots of other guys."

He let out several rushes of breaths – almost as if sobbing.

I said, "All right, Grace. Get up and get naked. I want your pussy."

She pulled off, chest heaving beautifully. She kept glancing at her husband, but she rose and slowly removed her jeans.

I caught her panties up off the floor and tossed them to her husband. "Check how wet they are and understand."

He did, face crumpling in pain and anger. His teeth were as clenched as his fist around her panties.

Grace finally spoke to him. "I... I'm sorry..." Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Lay down."

With some hesitation, she did so.

I gripped her hips and pulled her to me. Her legs opened for me automatically.

Paul grated, "Grace..." He growled at me, "Why are you doing this?"

I slapped the head of my cock down hard on her clit. She arched her back and groaned. I said, "Why am I going to fuck your wife? Because I fucking want to." I said to her, "Beg for it."

He said, "I'm not going to stand here and watch this—"

I shrugged. "You're free to go, but she stays." I rubbed my cock up and down her wet slit, making her moan. "Beg for it, Grace."

She gasped a few times, then whispered, "Please." Her expression was tortured and desperate.

"Louder."

"P-please."

I moved my cock back and forth on her pussy and looked at Paul. "Tell me when and I'll stick it in your bitch."

He shook his head.

"Come on, Paul. Your wife just begged for it. Tell you what, if you tell me when to stick it in, I'll take it slow – a few inches at a time - and let her change her mind. If she changes her mind, I'll stop and you can take her with you. If you don't help me with this, I'm just going to ram the fuck out of your wife's pussy."

He licked his lips, eyes locked on my cock resting on her pussy. But, he shook his head again. "You can't—"

"You haven't learned the rules yet? What the fuck ever." I held onto her hips and pressed my cock forward. The head parted her wet lips and popped into her hole. With one straining thrust, I crammed my erection into his wife. I forced nine glorious inches wetly into her tight pussy grip before having to adjust. It felt incredible. I growled loudly in appreciation as my shaft was enveloped in her hot wetness. "Oh... fuck... she feels good Paul."

He whimpered another strangled sound.

I pulled out and slapped my dick down hard on her clit. "Ask me to violate you."

She looked surprised, but wanton. "What?"

"Ask me to violate you in front of your husband."

She shook her head, casting fearful glances at him.

I slapped my cock down again. "Ask."

"Please."

"No, ask. Ask and I'll slide it back into you and fuck you like you deserve."

Her lip quivered and the tears started fresh. She was looking at Paul. "I'm... sorry, Paul."

"Ask." I rubbed the head all over her pussy.

She closed her eyes, gasping harder. Her lips twisted, quivered, and parted. The voice that sounded was filled with self-loathing. "Violate me..."

in front of my husband."

I rammed my cock back into her, working to get it all in this time.

She groaned like crazy.

I looked over at Paul. Sure enough, I had read him right. He had a bulge in his jeans. I said to him, "Come here."

"What?"

"Come over here and hold your wife's hand."

"What?"

"She didn't like asking to be violated in front of you. It's obvious she loves you and right now she needs to know that you know that. Get the fuck over here and do the right thing. Hold her hand."

Heat and hurt was wild in his voice. "I'm not touching her!"

I shook my head in disappointment. "Bad move, Paul. Bad move." I thrust vigorously, finally getting all ten inches pretty much inside her with each thrust.

Her eyes rolled up in her head and she moaned uncontrollably.

I preferred wives; they were always great fucks. But...

But, I could not recall one that felt so... right.

I was violating her and it felt right.

Perfectly right.

CHAPTER 9

Paul

Nothing I had ever faced in my life was anything like what I was witnessing now.

Rage, heartache, and disbelief warred inside my head while my gut felt like someone had dropped a bowling ball on it from the top of an apartment building.

I had watched my devoted wife spread her legs willingly for this scruffy man as if she had no will at all except to cheat on me purposely.

My knuckles hurt from being clenched. The heat inside me made my shirt stick to my back.

All the while, Reed's scarred body moved, hips moving, cock sliding in and out of the pussy that had been mine just an hour before. He violated her so energetically and she responded as if she had never felt anything better.

The heat inside was so scalding that I even felt it in my dick. It pulsed in anger, throbbing madly at the injustice.

I considered rushing him and tackling him off of her, but she had asked for it, just like he said she would. It was her obvious desire to be fucked by him that stayed my hand. Which was probably fortunate for me because Reed moved with athletic strength.

Embarrassing myself wasn't the answer.

And then he had tried to get me involved with this tragedy to our marriage. He wanted me to ask! The man had the gall to want me to ask for my wife to be fucked.

I ground my teeth together; he was using her like a cheap sex doll and she was loving it.

This is wrong!

I took out my phone and began recording.

He noticed it. "Going to watch this again later?"

The top of my head almost felt like it was going to blow off. "No! It's for when I call the police."

He laughed derisively. "They'll do nothing because there's no crime. It isn't rape when she asks for it." He looked down at her. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

She exhaled sharply, closing her eyes.

Reed pulled out of her. "Ask for it."

She whimpered.

"Ask for it."

Another sharp exhale, then she said, "Fuck me, please."

The words drove stakes into the heart of our marriage.

If the cops can't do anything, I'm sure this will work with a divorce lawyer...

Reed flipped her over and teased her opening. "Tell him you love him and I'll stick it in."

She tore out an anguished, "No."

"Tell him."

She moaned in lust and shame. "I... love you..."

"Tell your husband and use his name." He gripped her hair and pulled her head up so she was looking at me. "Tell him."

Her lips quivered for a few seconds and then she said quietly, "I love you, Paul." Her face instantly went slack as he shoved his cock back into my wife.

He grinned at me, scooting them around so her head wasn't turned to look at me. Now she was facing me and he was behind her, smiling wickedly at me. He said conversationally, "It's not that she doesn't love you, Paul. She does. I saw that in her right away." He kept moving, forcing his cock in and out of Grace. "It's that women marry for love but spread for sex when a stronger alpha male is around. Nothing to be ashamed of."

I said, "I'm an alpha male."

"Yeah, I don't doubt you, but you're not a strong one. I am." He made several harsh thrusts, throwing her forward. "She's just obeying her natural instincts."

She gasped loudly, forcing herself back against him. "I'm not a slut." Though her actions to me sure looked different.

Reed slapped her ass, hard. "Nothing wrong with being a slut, Grace. Nothing at all. Be proud of it. Most husbands like it. By the looks of your

husband's jeans, he likes it, too."

Her eyes dropped to my jeans before I could turn away.

Now my ears burned with the shame. But they just didn't understand; I was angry, not turned on. My hardening was obviously due to my rage. The body would do weird things with strong emotions.

Reed wasn't stopping. "Tell me to violate your married pussy."

"No." Grace's answer gave me a little hope, but it was quickly drowned by the fact she had previously asked for it.

I looked back, trying to keep my bulge hidden.

He must have pulled out because his hand was moving behind her. "Ask me to violate your married pussy."

She sobbed, looked at me, teeth showing in an expression of lust. She snarled while staring at me, "Violate my married pussy."

He slammed back into her with enough force to knock her flat to the bed. He propped himself over her and drilled my wife's pussy like a maniac. He panted at me, "She's not really cheating on you, Paul."

I found no truth in that ridiculous claim.

"She's just acting on her natural instincts. She loves you—"

I laughed with all the outraged derision I felt.

"She does. Tell him, Grace."

She was moaning, face buried in the fabric of his black bedspread.

"Tell him. Tell him the truth."

It came out muffled, but she said clearly enough, "I love you. I love you."

He fucked her harder. "Say it louder and I'll fuck you harder. Go on."

"I love my husband. I swear it!"

The loud smacking sounds of his hips against her ass throbbed down into my dick – each slap produced a throb. This is insane...

Reed gasped, "You like getting fucked in front of your husband, don't you? You're drenched in there."

Her body shook as her hands clenched at the bedspread. She lifted her head and grimaced as if in immense pain. Then she cried out, slamming her face forward and down.

Reed laughed at me. "Fuck yeah, she's cumming on my cock. She loves it."

I watched his muscles bunch up and stand out. He stopped thrusting and just left it deep in her, grunting like a savage.

He was cumming in my wife. He had treated her like a sex doll and was using her pussy to milk a load of cum out of his balls.

My dick throbbed again, this time sending an immense glob of ooze out of it and soaking my boxers.

That my body reacted so sexually to this violation made me sick.

I saw Grace's face register that he was draining his balls into her. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes glazed over. Her hips began humping up and down lewdly, working with him to complete his orgasm.

I turned and ran into Reed's bathroom. With a flip of the toilet lid, I threw up.

CHAPTER 10

Grace

I knew I had made the biggest mistake of my life. How could I possibly express that to my husband?

He paced on the curb in front of Reed's house.

While we waited for the cab, he ranted. "How could you do this?"

I clutched the shredded remains of my blouse around my nakedness; Reed had kept my panties and bra. I felt like a cheap hooker, used and demeaned. At the same time, my pussy tingled with an excitement it had never before felt. I thought I wasn't going to make it home before having to vomit like Paul did.

"How?"

I shook my head. "I'm so sorry... I just..."

"You fucked him and you loved it."

I hung my head in shame. There simply wasn't anything to explain why I had fallen so hard under his spell. I looked back at his house.

Paul caught it, driving his accusation hard and hurt. "You want to go back in? I can just leave you here."

I looked out at the street, purposely avoiding what was behind us, but knowing I would never forget. Neither would Paul. I felt the end of the marriage at hand. "I meant what I said, about loving you. Only you."

His sarcasm was shouted, echoing across the street. "Oh, is that what you call it? Slutting like a whore in front of me? You make me sick."

His anger was so pungent that I knew there was no point in trying to make him understand.

A half hour later, we rode quietly home. The cabbie tried to talk and ask about my ripped blouse, but neither of us answered him. We both looked out our own windows.

Was there any chance of recovery from something like this?

I felt a deep shame and vulnerability. I had been strong before and in less than a half hour around Reed, had lost it all – all of my strength and fortitude. My bastion of marriage – my fidelity. Meanwhile, my pussy vibrated and tingled, disgustingly leaking out Reed's orgasm to wet the crotch of my jeans.

At home, Paul grabbed a pillow and blanket, heading for the couch.

I attempted to make some kind of a connection to see if we could somehow overcome this. "Maybe I was raped after all..."

His laughter was cruel. He held up his phone and wagged it at me. "I've got the evidence right here, Grace." He dripped sarcasm all over my name. "I've got you begging for it. Rape? Now you're going to start making up lies about tonight? How long before you try to convince me it never happened?"

I hugged myself, knowing that for anything in the world, I would make it all go away – as if it never had happened.

I crawled into a cold, unfeeling bed all alone. When I needed my husband the most, he had rejected me.

Deservedly.

CHAPTER 11

Reed

Sunday morning I sat in the same chair as I had the previous night when I had seduced Grace. I held a hand on my whiskey bottle and glared at it blearily.

Whenever Scott held parties, there were always people who stayed overnight and others who returned the next day. All under the pretenses of helping to clean up, but basically to keep the party going.

Sitting around me were about half the women of the previous night. A couple of their boyfriends and husbands were there, too, keeping a watch on their girls.

One of them was Lizzie, and she was married to a decent guy named Howie. When she reached out to me, gripping my arm and smiling in a suggestive way, I knew what she wanted. She had always kept her distance in that regards, but it looked like she had changed her mind.

I knew I could take her to my place and bust a good nut in her pussy and have her back before Howie noticed.

It was my thing and I was good at it. I loved cramming my dick deep into a married woman. Nothing else was like it.

Lizzie was a good-looking woman, too. Sexy as fuck for a flat-chested woman.

I looked at the chair to my left where Grace had sat. I turned slowly back to my bottle and gritted my teeth. I said to Lizzie, "Fuck off."

Her hand recoiled as if burned. Her face fell and she got up in a hurry.

I had hurt her feelings.

Who fucking cares?

I replayed my time with Grace, wondering how she and her husband were handling it all.

Grace.

My stomach was sour, churning like a whirlpool inside from too much whiskey, or...

Sean was a regular. He said, "You're in a mood this morning."

"Fuck you." I got up and left the group.

They muttered behind me, wondering what was going on.

I didn't care. Let them think what they wanted. I was obviously suffering from a hangover and fuck them if they didn't get it.

Hangover, right?

I stood at the edge of the pool with bottle in hand. I watched the little blue squiggles made in the water by the running filter. It was peaceful-like, but began to make me feel sick.

Sean, thinking because we knew each other that he was my friend or something, came to stand at my side. He gripped my shoulder hard.

Who the fuck do you think you are?

He said, "That wasn't cool, bro."

I spun, not fast, just deliberate, putting me facing the other way. He was just beginning to turn towards me when I brought my arm forward and then sharply reversed, driving my elbow into his side.

He grunted as he pitched into the pool with a heavy splash.

Fucker.

I looked at him, struggling and sputtering, but he was in the shallow end. If he was too fucking stupid to stand up then he deserved to drown.

I looked at the bottle of whiskey.

Was I getting too old to drink?

Fuck.

Grace.

I tossed the bottle into the pool. It landed, bobbing with a mournful plop next to Sean's head. So simple and useless.

I turned to the side yard, determined to just leave and... do something else.

Anything else.

I didn't know Grace's last name and that aggravated me for some reason. Normally I didn't care for details, just the pussy – and hers had been... different.

Good, great even.

Different.

I didn't even have her number.

CHAPTER 12

Paul

One month later...

I sat at my desk and stared blankly at the screen. It didn't matter, anyway, because the Fallon Project was done. A new account, a new contract.

A new commission.

The trauma of the last month had changed me.

I leaned back, taking out my phone. It had become a daily habit. I thumbed the video, watching Reed take my wife again. Watching the outrageous act of theft and debauchery.

She had loved it.

Despite that, she professed her love in a defeated way, knowing I had every right to kick her out and get a divorce.

Except that she kept professing her love.

She tried to talk. She tried to explain how she had felt no control over the situation at all – that despite knowing it was wrong in her head and heart, she felt compelled to do it.

She mentioned magic, to which I had laughed uproariously.

The thing was, I could see her genuine efforts to try repairing what she had done.

And so, we were at a stalemate of sorts for a couple of weeks.

Last night had been the first night I had shared the same bed with her for sleeping. I had lain awake, facing away from her, wondering what was going through her head.

Wondering what was going through mine.

I felt my pulse accelerating as I watched Reed's body pump against my wife.

Anger was all I felt when I watched these, except that the anger kept stirring things below. As much as I hated Reed for what he had done to our marriage, my dick hardened every time I watched it. She had been so wanton, begging for him to violate her.

"Mister Foley?"

I put the phone away fast, hoping she hadn't heard the slapping of flesh.

My secretary kept things straight between us, never even calling me by my first name. That was fine and how I preferred it. I just hoped she didn't ask me to stand up...

I snapped a little irritably, "What?"

"Phone call from the Heritage Development Company?" She was lately used to me snapping at her. She handled it as if I had been as sweet as pie. She was a great secretary.

"Mmm." I grabbed the landline up as she left. "Hello?"

"Mister Foley?"

"Yes."

"This is Susie from Heritage Development Company calling to inform you of your final walkthrough? And to remind you the landscaping plan is due in no later than thirty days after possession."

"Okay."

"Final walkthrough will be this Friday at two."

I write it down on my blotter. "Got it."

I hung up after the pleasantries.

I had plunged forward with the Monticello Plan A despite the teetering wreckage of my marriage. It was my money buying the place, after all, because Grace didn't work.

Would the home purchase be a new start for us?

I toyed with my cell phone, thumbing back to the video. I hovered, considered deleting it, then thumbed it to play again.

I watched, mesmerized, as Reed displayed a very simple creed: he took. It was what I had done recently in my business contacts. I was harder, more demanding, more assertive.

My wife's violation of our marriage had changed me.

Or Reed had.

His words had been about direct simplicity. There had been no room for doubt – not in anything he had said or did.

Perhaps I owed him something.

Perhaps I really was indebted to him for slapping me out of my complacency with myself. Grace had certainly helped me, but she wasn't a hard person. Reed was. His patient and brutal explanation of why he was defiling my wife had moved me into a realm of self-reflection.

In a way, I admired him.

I shook my head, watching his face change expressions with what he was doing to Grace. And her face!

Pained. Hurt. Lusting. Enjoying.

It was all there.

Had she really lost control?

Or had she just thought it was a great time to cheat on me? In front of me? I had been faced with the choice of living with the humiliation as a permanent fixture or changing myself from within.

Live and learn.

Learn and advance.

Peace with the past.

Focus on the future.

Reed pumped my wife on the video. Could I really blame him? She was indeed very attractive. She was no fashion model or glamorous in the least, but her beauty was a simple thing, not one carefully constructed.

I looked down and ground my teeth together. There was no way I could get up from my desk now. My slacks were pressed up hard and tented.

CHAPTER 13

Grace

I saw the change in my husband.

I accepted it with joy and trepidation.

I was proud of him that his mannerisms more and more took on a harder edge – much more alpha and lacking the kind of doubt that paralyzed him in the past.

I was scared of it, though, wondering if he would use that newfound sense of self-worth to pitch me into the ditch of divorce.

I loved him.

I was horribly sorry for what had happened.

I thought about Reed a lot. Hating him for what he had done...

And thanking him for making me feel so alive. I knew most men stopped seeing women my age as sexual creatures. Reed had given me a reminding dose that I could still be sexually active and satisfied.

Unfortunately, Paul hadn't touched me since that awful night. No hugs. No kisses. Nothing sexual. It was as if I was unclean - an outcast within my own relationship.

I had never felt so alone and needed him so much at the same time.

And now on another in a seemingly endless string of lonely days, he ate across from me in total silence. In the preceding month he had at least scowled or grunted. It was a response to me of sorts and as little as it was, something I craved.

But tonight, nothing.

He spent the rest of the evening in the room he used as a second office at home. He had been working recently and I suspected he had landed a new account. I wanted to rejoice with him, but I couldn't; he wasn't talking.

I went to bed wondering if his silence meant he was preparing to heave me out of his life. I couldn't say I didn't deserve it.

I lied there, head resting on the pillow and turned away from his spot. If all I could get of him was the faint hint of his warmth across the divide that separated us, it was something.

He came in and turned on the closet hallway light.

I watched him undress. However, instead of going into the bathroom, he came to stand by me.

He looked down at me fiercely, chest expanding and contracting heavily. What surprised me the most wasn't the apparent anger on his face, but the tent in his boxers.

I blinked.

He tore the covers off of me and yanked off his boxers. His dick swung out and stood out straight.

I was alarmed. "What...?"

He reached down and began yanking my panties off.

"What are you doing?"

He didn't say anything. He removed my panties and threw them aside. Climbing over me, he shoved his hand between my knees and pushed them apart.

I began breathing heavy, afraid he was going to do something physically destructive to me or hurt me. I swallowed hard, but he scowled harder.

He grated, "Open your legs."

Was he really interested in sex with me? Was this the crack I had been looking for? I flinched, but let my legs fall open.

He dove forward, aiming his erection true. It slid into me painfully – I just wasn't ready.

I cried out quietly in pain.

He pulled and adjusted, driving back forward. After a couple of scrapes and discomfort, my pussy flushed with moisture.

I panted heavily, feeling the rise within me of pent-up lust and unsatisfied urgings. I placed trembling, doubtful hands on his shoulders.

He pumped hard – harder than he ever had. For several minutes he pounded into me. When he paused, I was completely wet and aroused. He panted, "You liked what Reed did to you, didn't you?"

I felt an intense twisting inside me, coiling dangerously tight. I suppressed any sound, though it felt like it was going to burst out of my mouth any second.

He gave me three very hard thrusts and leaned down to hiss, "You liked it, didn't you?"

"Paul..."

"Answer me!"

Fear fought inside me, struggling with a lust so deep the last time I had felt it was... that night with Reed. Dizzy from the conflict raging inside of me, I blurted, "I—I did..."

He began moving again and I could feel his shaft flexing inside me. "Tell me what you liked about it." His voice was a little calmer.

Was that really an invitation to talk about something that had caused so much anger? While we were doing it? I was stunned at the timing.

"Tell me." So much like... Reed.

I said, "I found it... very arousing... that..."

"That what?" His shaft slid in and out of me, as hard as I'd ever felt it.

"That he... did what he did... taking me while you watched."

He trembled above me in rage.

Except...

No, it wasn't rage. It was delirium.

He pumped faster, sighing with half-lidded eyes now. "Yeah?"

I nodded. "I thought... it was so hot that... I was going to melt."

He groaned, shaft flexing inside of me. "You liked his cock, didn't you? You liked it inside you, didn't you?"

That sounded like a very dangerous question that I was sure I shouldn't answer. However, my hips bucked up, thrusting my pussy up at his cock and I groaned loudly as the tension inside became very threatening. I fought back an orgasm. No way could I cum after he asked a question like that.

It would be the end of us.

He pressed down onto me, face close. He hissed, "You loved the feel of his cock, didn't you?"

Tears flowed because I knew I was about to cum. I couldn't hold it back. I gasped loudly, higher and higher.

"You came on his cock; you loved it, didn't you?"

There was nothing I could do to control it. "Yes! I'm sorry. I... didn't think... I would enjoy it as much as I did." My body convulsed hard. That high edge knocked me over, crashing down on me with lava-hot releases. It was a hard one. I bucked under my husband, remembering Reed's pounding

violation of my pussy. It had felt so good... Pulses and tingles vibrated through me in a rush of satisfaction.

Paul was all tensed up, eyes squeezed shut, and trembling on the edge. He was still, not moving. Suddenly he began hammering my pussy. "You... came on his cock!" Hot splashes squirted into me, signaling his release.

I gaped, surprised. I had expected him to pull out in disgust.

Was this a hate-fuck?

My chest heaved and my pussy clamped on his shaft. Tingles sizzled up my nipples and I almost expected to see electricity arc out of them.

Whatever this had just been, and even if it never happened again, this had been the hottest sex we had ever shared.

CHAPTER 14

Reed

I sat on the edge of my couch Monday morning.

Late Monday morning.

No bottle sat in front of me this time.

The banging on the front door hadn't interrupted sleep. Neither had the incessant ringing of the bell.

I sat there thinking.

Manny hammered his fist on the door. "Come on, Reed."

I called out, "Fuck off."

More bell ringing. "You're never drunk on Mondays."

I groaned and got up. I pulled open the front door. "I'm not fucking drunk."

"You never miss work. We have an appointment--"

"Handle it yourself."

"I'm not as good at this as you, I—"

"Just fucking do it yourself."

"Reed..."

I slammed the door in his face.

Fuck him.

I slumped back onto the couch.

There were no more knockings or doorbells.

I let my thoughts slide back to... Grace. The encounter had ruined me, somehow. Violating the bitch had been great fun, but now I couldn't seem to get it up for any other woman.

I slid out of my jeans and gripped my cock, strangling it with anger.

If I hadn't hooked up with that married bitch, I would still be playing the field. Pussy on call whenever I wanted it.

I blinked. My hand was moving, stroking my shaft and it was hardening.

Fuck you, Grace. Your pussy made my dick sick. It hardened to full. I stroked it in anger, thinking back to how such a good pussy could be so devastating. I thought of the curve of her chin and the look of her eyes as she had sucked me. I moved my hand faster, feeling it awakened for the first time in a couple of weeks.

I had thought it was withdrawals from whiskey, but maybe it had been something else all along?

I remembered pushing hard into her pussy, ramming her married hole with full violation. It had been good. Very, very good. She had been so wet and had shivered out an intense orgasm on my dick...

I let go, astonished at the fast rise of the tickle that preceded an orgasm.

I panted and stared at my hard member as it throbbed and jerked – so close to finishing.

Fuck you, Grace. You wrecked my dick.

I got up and went into the master bedroom that I never used except to fuck. I stared at the bed where we had...

I growled in exasperation and went into the shower. When it was hot, I climbed in and lathered up. My hands slid over old scars, five of them to be exact. Evidence that maybe my choice of married women wasn't a smart one.

For the first time, I doubted.

Maybe I needed to grow up.

Grace.

I leaned forward, resting my body at a taut angle on my forearm. I breathed against the tile as the water washed down my back. I gripped my erection and began stroking. The fucking thing was still hard.

Grace.

I stroked long and slow, giving my dick all the attention as if it was my only connection to the world.

To Grace.

She had been so sweet. So sexy. So someone else's.

My cock throbbed and flexed as my hand slid slickly along its length. I moaned hotly in the shower as I worked up the tension in my shaft and balls. It all pulled at the edges of my hips, straining and standing straight

out. I kept going, eyes closed as I tried to recall every feature of her face and every contour of her pussy.

I stopped.

Defeat reared an ugly head inside me and bared its teeth.

I was only hurting myself, and I had enough enemies as it was. I had dodged them all in Afghanistan long before, but hadn't dodged some of the angry and jealous husbands after. Did I need to be so fixated on women I shouldn't have?

Easier, simpler, less stressful – yet, dangerous.

The alternative wasn't any better. More games, more tricks, lies, deceptions, facades...

Fuck.

Maybe it was time to turn gay.

Yeah, fuck that, too.

I pushed off the tile and turned off the shower. I needed to get back on the job, or end up losing it.

CHAPTER 15

Paul

Move-in day to our new house was not as exciting as I had expected, but it was a relief and a new experience owning something. It was less thrilling seeing the movers in and out of our home.

I bought it, not them. What were they doing here? I think I wore a perpetual scowl all day long.

Itching to have them out and gone, I viewed this move as an elementary step to rebuilding my marriage to Grace. Here was a clean restart of sorts and a fresh place for us to realign after that life-changing event months before.

Grace kept looking at my face. "Are you okay?"

I watched a box being carried in by a booted mover who didn't care we had paid eleven thousand dollars for the carpeting. "Yeah, I just can't wait to be done with this."

"I wish I could help."

"Did you call about the landscaping?"

"Yes, Fletcher will be out next week."

I would've called more and pressed for speedier results. The sales manager at Heritage Development had recommended Fletcher Landscaping and Beautiful Views Grounds Care as favored among the homeowners in the Monticello Development. Both highly recommended. Fletcher was an old name, in business for forty years, and did perfect work. Beautiful Views was more expensive and run by younger hipsters with an eye towards the unusual. I said under my breath, "I'm glad we went with the cheaper one. I don't want palm trees mixed with weeping willows out back."

She was nodding. "Me, either. Just something traditional."

We had done this together, despite the fracture in our marriage. We would be reforged anew. I ached to be alone with her tonight and indulge

again the new ferocity of our sex life. Over the past few weeks, we had built up quite a bit of heat over what had happened at the party.

Instead of breaking apart and divorcing, we had embraced the experience together and moved on. Now it added to us, rather than detracted. My wife even pleased herself more when I was at work. This was a new Grace: easier; improved; more pliable than stiff. Perhaps my anger and outrage had knocked her loose. Maybe she felt weaker to me than before.

Not that I had been a tyrant by any means – just hurt.

And that was past.

We both adjusted to the changes in our relative positions and dealings with each other. Where she had seemingly shrank from her previous stature and became somewhat meeker, she also was much more sensitive to our marriage. It was a better fit.

For myself, I had viewed her right after as something soiled. I had been enraged that some other man had been in her; I could not get it out of my mind. Now, however, while that still weighed heavily on my mind, I did not consider her filthy or used. Had she not had boyfriends before me? Had she not been divorced from a three year marriage in her early twenties? If she was not ruined over that, then should I really be obsessed over another event in her life where she was with a man?

Certainly not; I was smarter than that.

I believed her when she said it was as if he had some form of control over her – or that she just lacked it around him. At first, hearing that hurt me more. Did not I appeal to her in such a way? She had explained that it was something deep and physical, having nothing to do with her heart or brain – both of which she assured me belonged to me.

I think I understood her. Women are attracted to bad boys, but usually don't want to marry them. Those that do marry the bad boys find that they're bad boys for a reason: they cheat, lie, and demean the love given by the foolish woman. As sexy as a bad boy might be, they weren't marriage material.

I watched a mover come in. The rest of the guys with him were contract help for the day.

The gruff guy handed me a clipboard. "Sign here that you've received everything in order."

I hadn't heard any broken plates or glasses rattling in the boxes, so I signed.

He blew out a weary breath and handed me a copy. "Here you go. Any questions, call this number right here." He circled it. "You'll get a questionnaire about my service; I'd appreciate if you filled it out and don't just throw it away..." He tried a smile, but I could see he was tired.

"Thanks."

"You two have a good day." He escaped the house as if afraid we would ask him to help open boxes.

He pulled the door shut behind him and I locked it.

Grace said, "Where do we start? Bathroom stuff? Kitchen?"

"Bedroom."

Her eyes flashed in recognition. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

Her lips flickered into a smile and she headed there with me in tow.

It took an hour to set up the bed frame with mattresses and sheets and such. I arranged the nightstand and placed its typical object inside from the box. I left out the dildo on the bed. We had bought it online the previous month. It was big and fleshy, like Reed's had been.

I liked to tease her with it.

She dug around a little further and produced oil and a towel. Stripped naked, she dropped back onto the towel.

I got naked in a house filled with unarranged furniture and unpacked boxes, because this was what I felt was most important. "Let's lube you up." I rubbed oil on the dildo and also on her labia.

The smell of new carpet and paint filled my nostrils with excitement: it was sex in a new and different place – almost like how it had been at Reed's. It was that thought that made me change my approach.

I lightly slapped the dildo down onto her clit.

Her eyes popped open wide and she flinched.

I said, "Beg me to put it in."

She laughed nervously. "Don't tease me, Paul."

I rubbed the fat head of the dildo against her labia, then slapped it down again. "Beg me."

Her hips thrust upward suddenly, and she moaned. "Ah... Please."

I pushed the head in a little and pulled it out.

She whimpered, hips gyrating in need.

Beautiful Grace. Are you remembering? I slapped it down again. "Beg me to violate your married pussy."

Her eyes closed and an immense groan erupted from her throat. Her hips thrust up lewdly. "Oh... Please... violate my married pussy."

I thrust it in and got a sharp gasp. I said, "Do you want your pussy violated in front of your husband?"

She was trembling with lust. "Oh, yes."

I knew she had found everything with Reed a turn-on because he had done it to her in front of me. However, other than talking about how she had liked it, we had skirted around something large. I started with a question she was used to. "You loved the feel of his big cock in you, didn't you?"

"Yes."

I pulled out the dildo and gently rubbed it back and forth on her clit. "You miss his dick, don't you?" Mine was standing straight out, hard and bobbing to my pulse.

She gasped loudly and lifted her head, searching my face. She licked her lips and got up, turning over onto her hands and knees. "Would you... do me this way?"

It was how Reed had taken her at the end.

I felt a whirlwind of carnality and eroticism solidify in me to the point my entire body shook with excitement. I gripped my cock and positioned myself behind her. Sliding in was effortless. I held onto her hips and rammed her hard for a few strokes, then I held still. "You want Reed's thick dick in you, don't you?"

She groaned gutturally and shoved her hips back at me, forcing the fuck even if I wasn't moving.

Almost to the point of exploding, I panted, "Tell him to fuck you."

She cried out, body trembling visibly with lust. She wailed into the towel, "Fuck me Reed. Do it in front of my husband."

I lost it. I rammed hard, trying to keep it deep in her by pulling as much as I could on her hips.

She cried out beneath me, shuddering through an orgasm.

I gasped, ramming, "Yeah, cum on his dick. Cum on it, baby." I slapped my hips into hers and unleashed a hot eruption into her pussy. "Oh... yeah!" I pushed forward, lying on her back as my dick swelled and spurting inside her. I panted harshly on her neck. "Oh yeah. That was good..."

CHAPTER 16

Grace

Fantasies are one thing, reality is another.

Paul had uncovered something inside me that I had wanted to avoid. I had thought that over the last two months since the event, that I could ignore it because I hadn't thought about it. And if I didn't feed it, it would surely go away.

Except that my husband made the error of bringing it up.

As if exposed to the light meant the image was burned into my brain, I realized that I could no longer ignore it. I was forced to accept the fact that some part of me missed Reed. The sex with the man had been hotter than anything I had ever experienced. It was so wrong that it couldn't help but be the best.

Strange how that worked in my head.

Still, I didn't want to support any hurt or suspicion on Paul's part. If he brought it up, fine. But I wasn't going to risk the reparation of our marriage by sliding back into all that grief.

Not until he had mentioned it would I admit to myself that I missed Reed. Something about him from the very beginning had hooked into my soul and robbed me of all volition.

But I loved Paul, not Reed.

And that was all coming down in a crazy crash of confusion and despair.

The landscapers pulled up outside and I saw the man who had taken our plans get out of the passenger side of the truck. Behind on a trailer were the types of plants we had wanted. Behind that, a van with more workers.

I didn't see the trees we had ordered.

I went downstairs, frowning.

The doorbell told me the landscaper wanted to say something, hopefully about the trees.

Nothing I could have imagined would've prepared me for the frozen shock when I opened the door.

It was not the Mexican gentleman who had talked over the plans with me...

It was Reed.

I don't know what I looked like to him, but I knew my mouth was open.

He looked like he was in the act of hunching over in his overcoat and had frozen also. His eyes squinted at me, his face a mask of shock, indignation, and recognition.

He was holding a clipboard up as if to refer to it, but he instead dropped it down to his side.

Chills numbed my back and arms in a cascade of wooden doom. I finally gasped, "What are you doing here?"

His upper lip twitched. "I'm the landscaper..."

"You? What happened to Manny Gonzales?"

"He's my employee. Did you," his face hardened further, "know this was my company?"

I almost wailed, "No!" I clutched at the top of my sundress, feeling those same feelings deep inside that had led to so much trouble and heartache. "What? Are you Reed Fletcher?"

He was breathing heavy, angry. "No. I'm just Reed. Fletcher Reed is my father." He studied me, face softening a little. His eyes dropped down my body.

I shivered as his eyes traveled downward. I went to slam the door in his face. I couldn't deal with this.

His foot and arm caught the door and he pushed in.

I backed up hurriedly, keeping distance between us. "Get out."

He slammed the door and brought his finger up to my face. "I have a contract. Are you playing games with me, Grace?"

"Games?"

He said angrily and pedantically, "I'm a landscaper, and you just happened to choose me?"

I was desperate to escape all of this. "You came recommended. How was I supposed to know—"

He spun around, running his hand through his hair and putting his back to me. His normally smooth voice grated with the struggle of his words. "Meeting you was the worst thing that ever happened to me."

I hadn't expected an insult and was flabbergasted. "Wh-what?"

He turned back around to study my face again. "You ruined me for other women and I don't know why."

I wanted to laugh at him and tell him how happy I was that he was damaged by what he had done to me, but I found I couldn't. "What? Why me?"

He advanced on me.

I scrunched up against the wall of the entry and began breathing in panic.

However, he wasn't threatening me. He got close and serious. "I haven't been able to get you off my mind since I sent you and little hubbie away that night."

"My husband's not little."

He ignored that. He murmured like an archeologist studying a puzzling artifact, "What kind of magic did you work on me, woman? What kind of curse did you apply? Are you some kind of witch?"

Now I laughed incredulously. "Magic? It was you who took control of me..." I trailed off, staring into those eyes.

Those demanding eyes.

More than anything now, I felt almost naked in front of him. I wished I had worn jeans and a pullover today.

He looked at my face, eyes traveling around my features. He settled on my lips.

I licked them impulsively.

His eyes came back up to mine. "I did nothing to you."

"Except rape me!"

He smirked. "Your husband recorded you begging for it."

I huffed in frightened anger. "You commanded—"

"You had a choice all the way through it. You didn't have to accept my kiss. You didn't have to follow me home. You didn't have to--"

"Stop it!"

He looked around the house. "Are you still married to...?"

"Paul? Yes."

"Paul, that's right. The nice looking man who got a hard-on watching me fuck you."

His words drove deep daggers of lust up into my pussy. I panted sharply, squeezing my arms together around myself.

He squinted one eye at me. "No divorce, huh? Good. And how about your husband? How has he handled it?"

I didn't want to tell Reed that he was all my husband wanted to talk about. "It's none of your fucking business."

His eyebrows shot up. He mocked me, "Ooo, cussing from such a clean and pure lady. I didn't take you for foul-mouthed—"

"I'm not pure and I'm just using your language so maybe you'll understand—"

He dropped his clipboard and placed his hand over my mouth.

My eyes went wide.

He said, "I can't stop thinking about you, Grace."

I moaned behind his hand. I couldn't help myself.

He removed his hand.

I panted heavily.

He asked, "Am I on your mind constantly?"

"No, I'd forgotten all about you."

His lips spread in a smile. "Lying doesn't suit you. The corner of your left eye twitches."

"What?"

He moved closer, pressing me up against the wall. "Do you know how I've been tortured over you?"

"Go away. I hope you suffer—"

His hand came up between my legs and felt up against my panties.

I whimpered instantly, spreading my trembling legs before I could stop myself. Everything was going wrong.

His smile widened. "You're putting out a lot of heat, Grace. And your panties are moist."

"Stop it."

He moved his face closer.

I instinctively opened my lips.

He stopped just before touching them with his.

I launched forward, closing the gap between our faces. I pressed my lips to his and began a kiss that removed all feeling from my feet, my legs, my

arms... The feel of his fingers pressing up on my panties and the dance of his tongue on mine had the whole house spinning around me.

He moved my panties aside.

I gasped, "No, I'm married."

He rested his fingers directly on my labia.

I shuddered and shoved my hips forward. I had no control. "Please, don't..."

"You want me to put my fingers in, don't you?"

I couldn't answer or he'd know I was lying.

"Tell me you're married again and I'll put them in." He rubbed a little, sending exciting thrills racing up my body.

I moaned again.

"Tell me."

I was so far out of control that I clung to the only hope I had: my husband. "I'm..."

"Say it. Tell me you're married and I'll slide my fingers up your beautiful pussy..."

I didn't know if I was begging him to do it or not to do it. "Please, I'm married."

His fingers poked and slid up inside of me.

I groaned with lust, shaking so hard that I would've fallen over if he wasn't pinning me in place. I wanted to remain faithful; I had when this had all happened two months ago. But then he had touched me. And he was touching me again.

I was lost. Gone.

He moved his fingers in and out. "You have a very wet married pussy, Grace. Doesn't Paul give you enough?"

"Y-yes he does."

He looked amused. "Does he now? After what happened in my bedroom?"

I nodded.

He put his face to my ear. "Does he talk about me?"

I whimpered, knowing I had no control over myself at all. "Yes..."

"You know you can choose not to, but I want you to touch me. Feel how hard you've made me."

There was no stopping my trembling hand. I found his bulge and groped along it, feeling the stiffness under his jeans. I panted louder, groaning.

He asked, "You want to be fucked again, don't you?"

And there it was: my chance to escape. Tears watered my eyes because I knew that I couldn't. Instead of choosing fidelity and my commitment to my husband, I had to have Reed again. I nodded numbly.

He struggled with his jeans, dropping them. His erection sprang out and suggestively pointed at me.

I said, "I—"

"I know; you're married." He gripped my dress with both hands and shredded it off me.

I almost gushed with wetness.

He tore down my panties and exposed me. The cool air felt fine on my pussy, but I spread my legs for his hot member.

There was no question of resisting.

I couldn't.

He was going to fuck me and my entire body yearned for it.

As he got closer, peace and lust settled over my body. My mind began to clear and the fear receded.

CHAPTER 17

Reed

I don't know how the fuck this woman had such a control over me, but there was no stopping my dick. Not just it, but my entire being ached for it.

I pressed up against her nakedness, feeling her heat.

In my line of sexual adventure, pussy was pussy. They came in all shapes and sizes and angles. Who the fuck cared? It was made for dick and if I was erect for it and the woman willing, we were going to fuck.

Except Grace had robbed me of that simplicity.

The fucking woman had stolen from me my ability to be satisfied. I couldn't – wouldn't – even masturbate. But here she was, trembling against me, willingly spreading for my member.

I was going to take her, hard. I was going to punish her pussy for what it had done. I stripped out of my overcoat and t-shirt. I wanted to feel her cheating body against mine.

I lowered on my knees a bit and got my cock under her. I lifted her up against the wall and pinned her there. Her eyes swam in and out of focus as if she were swooning. I angled my cock up and rammed it straight up into her pussy.

Her legs flailed and she moaned with such relief that I was spurred into action.

Up and up I thrust, sliding my thick shaft in and out of her. I panted, "You like that, Grace?"

She didn't have that pained look on her face anymore. She nodded, eyes closed, and face serene with concentration. She really was enjoying it. There was no worry etched into her lines this time. She said, "Fuck me."

Excited at the change, I drove up into her harder. "I thought you were married?"

"I am."

"I thought you wanted me to leave?"

"I don't."

I gave her several thrusts and relished the feel of her tight velvet pussy wrapping so perfectly around my cock. "Are you my married slut?"

Her word came out forceful and determined. "Yes."

"You love this, don't you? Me fucking you while your husband is at work?"

She shuddered with lust. "Yes. But..."

"But what?"

"It was better when he was... watching..." For a moment, she looked uncertain and she studied my face. She looked adorable, eyes crossed trying to look at me; it made me want to kiss her.

I relaxed my efforts, moving in and out slower, but fully tip to root. "You got turned on when I fucked you in front of him?"

She nodded, biting her lip.

My voice was low. "You naughty wife." I thrust hard three times up into her. "And now you talk about it when you have sex?"

She nodded again.

"Tell me, have you introduced another man into your... bedroom activities?"

She looked horrified. "No!"

I chuckled at her vehemence in spite of her sluttiness. And for some reason, I felt good about it. "I bet you might have even liked this on your wedding night, hmm?"

She shook so violently that I thought she was cumming. She called out wordlessly, almost overcome with lust.

I laughed again and thrust deep, holding it there. "Would you have wanted me there on your wedding night, fucking you before he did while he watched?"

She groaned loudly, eyes rolling up in her head. She gasped, "Yes! Yes, I wish you'd been there..." Her body convulsed in my arms as she let loose. Her pussy clamped repeatedly on my dick as she came on it.

I rammed up into her. "Take my cock in your married pussy, bitch. Take it all. Doesn't it feel good having another man inside you?"

She panted harshly and heavily. She said, "Yes, it does. With you... it does..."

I thrust faster. "That's what I want to hear."

"Wait. Not here. Take me to the bedroom, on the bed."

I eased her back off the wall and carried her on my erection. "Which way?"

She indicated.

I carried her into the bedroom and tossed her down on the bed.

She scrambled to the other side. "Right here."

I grinned. "Is that where he sleeps?"

She had the dignity to blush. "Yes."

I reached under the cover and pulled out his pillow. "Turn over." She did and I placed his pillow under her lower abdomen, lifting her ass a little.

She asked, "What are you doing?"

"I want my balls to slap his pillow every time I thrust. I want our juices that are coating it to soak into the fabric. I want him to smell me fucking you."

She groaned and lifted her ass.

I stuck my cock down and aimed it, brushing it up and down her wet lips. "I bet you wished your husband was here, don't you?"

She moaned loudly in response.

I slipped the head back into her and very slowly slid my entire shaft into her married pussy. "You want him to watch me violate you. You want him to witness me defiling your pussy."

She made a lot of noises and her hips bucked up at me.

I took all that for a yes and began hammering her from behind. She mouthed nonsensical noises as I savored the experience of using another man's wife. I was back in stride, able to have sex and enjoy it. Married women had always been the best...

But somehow, this was even better.

Grace.

She jerked on the bed to my thrusts and I knew we were soaking out the pillow.

I asked her, "Do you want me to come back tomorrow? I think I want to use my married slut again."

She groaned heavily. "Ungh... yes."

Thrilled inside, I rammed her pussy in victory. In and out I stretched her out, claiming co-ownership with her husband, whether or not he agreed.

She clawed at the bed. "Do it, fuck me. Wreck my pussy, you bastard. Fuck me harder."

Inflamed by her words, I fucked her so hard the entire bed was moving. I plowed deep, buried to the hilt, and unleashed a flood of cum deep inside her. The orgasm tore from me rapidly and energetically, spurting my dominance deep into another man's wife.

I loved it.

The forceful ejaculation into her was phenomenal. Yet, as great as all the other wives had been, this one was even better.

Best of all.

Grace.

I pulled out and panted and puffed in exhaustion. I wiped my dick on the back of her thigh and staggered away. Suddenly lacking any strength, I sank down onto my knees.

She slowly got up and twisted around. Her face was beautifully flushed and vibrant.

I asked her, "Are you going to tell your husband?"

Clouds covered her expression. "I'm going to have to."

Genuinely concerned, I stuttered, "Are y-you going to be okay?" *What the fuck? What's wrong with me?*

She wiped at her eyes, though they were dry. "I don't know."

"But you still want me to come back tomorrow?" I asked hopefully.

She took a long time to answer – her thoughts elsewhere. Her light brown eyes traveled around the room without seeing anything. Finally, they settled back on me. In a small voice, she said, "Yes."

It was a simple word – one which I had demanded of women before. It was easy making them say yes.

Simple, even.

This was nothing new. Not something I was unaccustomed to hearing.

No, this was quite different.

More victorious.

More meaningful.

Something that lifted my heart in my chest and let my soul sing.

I shook my head in wonder, minutely, because of the strange, soft sensation that enveloped me.

I cursed myself for being a fool.

I was addicted.

CHAPTER 18

Paul

I came home to find the upper end of our street blocked by cop cars and other vehicles. Flashing lights twirled and blinked, and men and women milled around outside one of the bigger Monticellos.

I stopped the car, glaring at the cops and small crowd. My house was just four homes away on the opposite side of the street.

People started looking. I'm sure it wasn't just that I was stopped there; my flashy white Mazda Miata turned heads pretty often.

I flung up my hands in frustration so they could see. Did they have to block the whole street? I mean, really?

I sighed in annoyance and took the next street over to come back up from the other end. Just as I turned into the driveway, I pressed the clutch in and gunned the engine to let the crowd know I was irritated.

I hope this doesn't mean we've already got drug dealers...

The landscaping out front had been done while I was at work, and I braked in the driveway before going into the garage to admire the layout of the mature junipers Grace had picked – and also to calm myself over the silly nonsense a few houses up. The contrast between the pine green of the plants and the Swiss coffee color of the stucco house was sharp and distinctive.

I approved.

I drove into the garage and clicked the door shut on the opener.

My wife opened the inner door, leaned against the door frame and looked at me. She bit her lip, then walked back inside.

Something was up.

I gathered my briefcase and jacket and went inside.

She was waiting in the living room, twisting her fingers together in an endless fidget.

"What's going on?" I dropped my briefcase and tossed my coat over the back of our new, blue Chesterfield sofa.

Her hands and fingers didn't stop. "The landscapers came today."

"I noticed. The front looks great."

"They didn't bring the trees. Those come tomorrow by truck, and he said that the irrigation timer will be in later in the week. He'll be back to install it Thursday or Friday evening."

I shrugged. "Okay..."

"Paul, what if..." She looked away.

"What is it?"

"What if I told you that I drove down that street of the party past... Reed's house?"

Little alert alarms went off in my head. I tensed. "Did you?"

"No, I never have." Her face was open and honest, but something else was there.

I relaxed, letting out a relieved breath. "Well... even if you had..."

She waited.

Unfortunately, I was getting hard at the thought. I grinned at her. "I guess if you had, I wouldn't blame you."

"Why?"

I went to her and hugged her. "I've done a lot – and I mean a lot – of thinking about what happened there. I was hurt at first, but now..."

"Now it turns you on?"

I pressed my hardness against her. "In a way, yes. In certain other ways, no. Sexually, it was outrageous and should've broken us apart. I hated that he was so audacious to do it in front of me—"

"You would've preferred him doing it to me in private?"

I looked away. The idea of him ramming her while I was oblivious next door brought those hurt feelings back. "No, actually... I just meant that... it was humiliating to stand there powerless and yet be so turned on by it." I laughed and shook my head. "I berated my traitorous dick for weeks."

"I don't get it."

"Let's talk after dinner; let me order up my thoughts. It's all gone through my head, but I haven't developed any kind of plan on relating it to you."

She looked troubled, but said, "Okay."

After dinner, I felt prepared enough to talk. We hadn't done this – just repaired our relationship without dredging up details as to why.

I sat on the French Provincial chair in the bedroom. I had picked it out and wanted to make use of the money we had spent decorating the place. I crossed one leg over the other and leaned forward, hands in the air exactly as if I was talking to a prospective client. "I wasn't just hurt at what happened there." I was careful not to blame her; I didn't want to start an argument. "I was shamed and humiliated—"

"I'm sorry, Paul—"

"No, wait, just let me talk. Reed... showed me things about myself that I couldn't allow to continue. He demonstrated to me what being a man was all about – about wanting and taking. About being sure of one's self. About how to drive for a goal and seize it. He shamed and humiliated me into realizing that I wasn't a complete man." I settled back in the chair as if done. I lifted my hands. "Look at me now; two new clients in the last two months. I'm fearless. If anything, I think I'd shake his hand now in thanks for what he showed me."

Her eyes widened. "Shake his hand?"

"I can't say I liked being humiliated by a better man, but he caused me to become a better man. I'm happy with that."

"You're not blaming me then—"

I held out my palm to her. "Stop. At first, yes, I did. I was still... smarting for being shown up. But I know you, Grace. I know who you are and how you think. No, I don't blame you because if you hadn't wanted it to happen, it wouldn't have happened."

"I felt I had no control..."

"And I understand that. However, I can't blame you for it. I knew you would never cheat on me, but when it happened as it did, neither of us stopped it."

"We tried."

"Sort of, yes. We made protestations, but..."

She lowered her eyes and looked away. "I didn't try hard enough."

"Because you didn't want to. It was one hundred percent you there on your knees and on the bed. I saw it. I recognized it later. How can I blame you for that? Maybe my dick knew it first and that was why it got excited, despite the hurt. I watched you do something independent and it made me

envious – of him... and you." I chuckled ruefully. "Look how that one event impacted our lives. We're better now."

"You envied him?"

"For his command. But I sensed violence in him, something beneath the surface. Something brutal. That's why when he talked about slapping you, I had to do something. I felt it – that he would."

"I didn't think he would."

I let it go. "Maybe not hard, okay, but I think he would've."

"So you don't think about having sex with me as a failure, after he..."

"No. No, not at all." I rubbed at the stubble on my chin. "I... enjoy you more. I can't get the image of him cumming in you out of my head. Of you cumming on his dick—"

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Don't be. I saw raw sexual power there. I watch that video on my phone every day and I get hard when I do."

"You do?"

I felt a little hot under my collar and pulled at it, loosening my tie. "I have a confession to make."

"What?" Her eyes widened again. There was fear there, but I couldn't make out what might be causing it.

I plunged ahead with my admission. "I've come to... like seeing him behind you. Ramming you so hard your head flopped. Seeing your breasts sway back and forth. Especially when you pushed back against him." I laughed low. "I'm even getting hard now just talking about it."

She looked at me as if I was crazy. "You really liked seeing it?"

I nodded. "To know that it turned you on to have him do you in front of me tops it all off. I can't get up from my desk when I watch that video. I'm too hard and obvious."

She was quiet for a few seconds. "I have... my own confession to make."

"Hmm?" I expected more admission of how much she enjoyed him doing her. I was ready for that.

"Reed is our landscaper."

I didn't get it that first second. "What? He's Fletcher—"

"Fletcher is his father, retired. Left the business to his son."

I tensed, stunned. "So... he was here today?" My heart began to beat faster.

She nodded meekly.

"Did he...?"

Her eyes searched mine warily, hopefully. "Yes."

I rose so fast I almost fell over. "What did he do to you?"

She swallowed visibly and reached under her pillow on the bed. She pulled out her sundress and held it up. It was torn through.

I stared at it, cock hardening in my slacks to the point of pain.

She said, "I tried to stop him."

I knew though; I knew Reed. "But he made you ask for it?"

She nodded.

While my mind processed the shock, my body trembled with need – the need to force my dick into her and remind her pussy exactly to whom it belonged. I stripped frantically.

She began panting, chest heaving, while unbuttoning her blouse.

I stepped to her and tore it open.

Buttons flew.

Her breasts rose and fell, looking as if nothing had happened to them.

I pushed her back onto the bed and mauled her breasts, sucking one and pinching the other. Her familiar skin flavor soothed all my anxieties as I licked and sucked at her left nipple. I switched to the right. I gave up after a few seconds because my need was too great.

Her beautifully mature figure had been used by him again – their bodies in contact and her legs wrapped around his pumping hips.

The image of him humping her tore through my mind as I tried to control the shaking in my hands to undo her jeans. "Where did he take you?"

"In the entry."

I felt my heart skip a few beats in lust. They hadn't even made it past the front door before they were fucking. My dick ached.

She continued, "Then he carried me in here, to the bed."

Finally getting her jeans off, I climbed over her.

Her eyes widened. "Wait, his cum is still in there."

I groaned feverishly and drove my erection into my wife. I pounded fast and hard, trying to imagine the sounds they had made. "Was it good?"

She didn't answer for a few seconds, but I saw the effort in her eyes to remain focused. Finally, her eyes glazed over. "Yes."

I was nearing orgasm already, but my dick had never been harder. "What position did he take you?"

"Like this at first, but then I was on my stomach. He used your pillow to prop up my butt so he could take me from behind."

I felt the surge. Frantically, I pulled out, but it was too late. Cum erupted from my cock, splattering her as I turned her over. I plunged my squirting dick into her from behind and got three good pounding thrusts in before everything became too sensitive. I collapsed onto her back, groaning.

She murmured, "I guess that means you like what happened?"

Two months ago would be a different answer entirely. I would have thought her soiled and unclean. Now...

Now I thought her sexy.

She always had been, physically, but not emotionally.

I said, "He'll be back, won't he?"

She nodded into the bedspread.

A not-so-fleeting sensation of satisfaction rolled through me. It dawned on me that I was pleased by Reed's interest in my wife.

Would she stay true to me with all this happening? I had to know. "You still love me?"

She twisted over immediately, locking my eyes with her pained ones. "Always. It's just—"

"That's all I need to know—"

"No, wait. Listen, Paul, please." Her eyes started searching the room for her explanation, but I knew she was wondering where to start. She said, "I felt old and used up before—"

"You're not old and used up."

She pressed her lips together, still struggling with how to phrase her meaning – even if I already knew. She said, "You fill my heart and soul, but Reed... makes me feel attractive and sexually satisfied. Fulfilled, even."

"I don't satisfy you?"

She touched my face and laughed. "Of course you do. But I mean he's made me realize I am still an attractive, sexual woman. He... adds to what you give me; he doesn't take anything away."

Which is what I had already suspected. I was silent though, not wanting to mar our conversation with misunderstanding if she misinterpreted a poor choice of words.

She settled back a little and said, "It's so strangely erotic to know my pussy can make another man cum."

"Any other man?"

She lowered her eyes. "Well, no, just Reed."

I was still hard. I climbed over her, wanting to slide it in again, even if I knew I probably couldn't cum again tonight. I slid it all the way in and just held it there. I gave a little nudging push. "You want Reed's cock back in you?"

She whimpered, "Yes... If you love me, you'll let me fuck him, please."

The idea of his thick cock sliding in and out of my wife's pussy made me mimic the motions in my head. I wanted her to open up for him; it would be good for her. "I like it... I want you to fuck him."

She closed her eyes and lifted her hips up hard. She moaned low and it grew louder.

I knew she was about to cum. She just needed a little push. "Spread your legs open for him and let him use your beautiful pussy."

She groaned and cried out, bucking underneath me as her orgasm overtook her.

I thrust in and out, letting her do most of the work. "That's it, cum on his cock, Grace. Cum on his cock." A tickle raced in from my hips and up my shaft. A hot, single trickle jetted out and into her while she thought of another man.

Some things in life are treasured.

This was definitely at the top of the list.

CHAPTER 19

Grace

I stood pressed against the wall in the master bedroom hall leading to the bathroom. Reed gripped my hair as he thrust into me from behind. He turned my head, snarling, "Look in the mirror. Look! I want you to see the married slut in action as I ream out your pussy."

I saw my face: my mouth open; my lips wet from sucking his dick a few minutes before; my glazed eyes; and the sweat on my forehead.

His thick manhood moved forcefully in and out, filling me and leaving me empty with each thrust. But it felt so fulfilling. I locked eyes with myself in the mirror, knowing I was technically cheating, but realizing that it was so very, very good.

If I could hold and hug my husband, be cradled in his arms and kiss him as Reed worked my pussy, couldn't I die a happy woman? And was this really cheating if my husband wanted it?

I would never have decided to do something like this on my own; Reed had thrust that decision onto me – into me. I owed him a great debt for helping me remove things I hadn't known were stifling. He had opened up inside me new realms that I could explore – with him, with my husband.

With myself.

His face was a grimace of effort. "Look at the slut. My married slut. You love being my slut, don't you?"

I whispered, "I'm your slut..."

"I should've been there on your wedding day."

"Yes!"

"Fucking your pussy and sucking your new wedding ring."

That tightness inside twisted tighter, higher. "Yes!"

He pulled out of me and swung me by the hair around to the bed and pushed me towards it. It didn't hurt, but he was in control. He pushed me

down and got behind me. He reached past my head and adjusted the honeymoon picture on our nightstand so it was facing me squarely. "Look at your husband as I fuck you. Look at him and tell him you love him."

That tightness was getting closer and I was trembling with lust and imminence. "I love you, Paul."

He panted, "Do you feel my thick cock in your married pussy?"

"Yes."

"Does it feel good, Grace? Does it feel good while you look at the man you married?"

"Yes..."

"How good?" He pulled up on my hair. "How good?"

"V-very good."

He sighed and slowed. His voice lowered sexily. "Ah, Grace... I love y —"

Tingles ran up my back and down my shaking arms.

He said with a little more force, "I love your pussy, Grace. There's just nothing better..."

Had he been about to say something else? My feminine heart radar was making little jumps. I lowered my head as the wave rose and began turning over me. He jerked my head back up as it broke.

He said gently and without the previous... conviction, "Look at him as you cum on my cock."

I groaned and stuttered, saying nothing but making noises of release. The hot waves crashed through me with violence and alleviation from the tension. My flesh prickled and tingled as the last of the pulses passed through me.

He had cum, too; I felt the wetness and heat inside. He pulled out and flopped over onto the bed, pulling me to the side, with him. His arm encircled me.

I let my heavy breathing match his and felt my heart thumping with energy and zest. We both slowed and relaxed together.

His hand began stroking my arm, then my shoulder. His touch was a scraping sensation that was at once rough and gentle.

He kissed my neck.

Astonished, but not reacting, I reached to his hand and lightly touched it as he stroked. Tenderness flooded me and made my eyes water. *This is sweet...*

He kissed my neck again, sending my little heart radar to make some more excited jumps.

This was the second week of his visits and each time was as exciting as the last. My husband was ecstatic and our sex life was very vigorous and exhausting. I was fulfilled in many ways by what was happening.

I was enjoying the harmony of the after-sex when I felt him tense. "What's wrong?"

He grunted sourly. "Eh... nothing really. Just that fucking timer."

"It's not a big deal..." The timer he had promised was not only out of stock at all of the local stores, but also delayed from the factory. The company had sourced an American supplier for the display screen and supply to retail outlets was expected at any time. Something about avoiding the extra cost due to tariffs, according to Reed.

He mumbled, "I promised it two weeks ago. It makes me look bad."

"It's not your fault." I wanted to change the subject and talk about him, not our automated irrigation system. "So if your father was Fletcher Reed —"

He grunted, "Yeah?"

"What is your first name?"

"It's just Reed."

"Oh come on. You go by your last name?"

"That's how the army saw it." Sarcasm of the obvious.

"But you must have a first name."

I felt him jerk back from me and his voice took on an irritated tone. "It's just fucking Reed."

"What's on your driver's license?"

"Reed."

"Your birth certificate?"

"Reed. Am I stuttering?"

I turned over to face him. "What did your childhood friends call you?"

His face had a look of utter incomprehension. "Reed. What the fuck is wrong with that?"

I laughed; startled by the realization that he just had one name. "So there's no first name listed on either your birth certificate or your driver's license?"

His eyebrows were up comically. "No!"

"How did your parents get away with that?"

He shook his head slowly, eyes open wide, and said very carefully, "Who gives a fuck?"

"All right, all right. It's just... unusual." He looked relieved and I murmured, "For an unusual man. I suppose it fits."

"Fuck." Exasperation at the obvious.

I giggled. "Are you going to defile me again?"

"Tomorrow. Do you need to be defiled?"

I touched the bridge of his nose and drew my fingernail down. "Desperately."

"Then I'm your man." There was a strange change in the way his tone delivered that.

I touched one of his scars and traced the white outline.

He shifted and coughed.

I lifted my eyebrows. "Does that tickle?"

"The scar tissue is sensitive."

I started to trace it again – it was a long jagged looking thing.

He gripped my hand and pushed it away. "Fuck woman, I don't know whether to kiss you or spank you."

I laughed, delighted.

He scowled and grabbed my head. He pulled me in for a tender kiss that sent waves of tingles down my back and all the way down to my feet.

CHAPTER 20

Reed

I watched Manny and the guys line up the potted plants, ready for placement.

I felt sick to my stomach.

I couldn't eat.

I couldn't sleep.

I couldn't think – without thinking of Grace Foley.

Fuck!

In Afghanistan, I had felt prickly sensations of danger that crawled over me as if tiny legs from thousands of insects. I felt almost that same sensation now when I thought of Grace. But it wasn't a death threat as such and she said her husband had given his assent to my visits.

Not like he was going to stop me anyway, but he wasn't going to come hunting me down with his daddy's shotgun.

No, it wasn't death; it was something far scarier.

Something destructive.

Change felt foreign and forced; it seemed as if I could not have avoided it, no matter how strong were my defenses against it. I relied on myself; knew myself. I trusted myself to navigate this fucked-up world and maintain my sense of identity.

But, no more.

I fucking felt impotent.

I had taken to sleeping in my master bedroom bed. Imagine that. No couch for me? Fuck.

Because this was where I had first taken Grace.

I sat for long hours in the evenings on my couch in the dark, wondering what she was doing and feeling the paralyzing tension of not having any control. Then I would go to bed and...

And...

Wish she was here.

My life was crumbling to ruins around me.

No chicks.

No dick relief.

No confidence to pull me through.

I was a loner in the post-apocalyptic wasteland of my mind with no idea which way to turn or go. My days were consumed with the next time I was able to get over to their home and fuck Grace. My nights were filled with anxiety that she was elsewhere.

I needed my dick inside her.

I needed to feel her warmth.

Her touch.

Her kiss.

Her caress.

In her arms, all of the disquieting misery of doubt and despair departed from me and was replaced by perfect peace.

I thumbed off from Tyler's Plumbing Supply and hit the Foley contact.

"Hello?" Even her voice sent chills of serenity sluicing down my spine.

"Hey."

"Hey. What's up?"

"Switch to FaceTime." I wanted to see her face. When she did, I took a grateful breath and admired her features. "I just got a call and that timer is in." I checked my watch and looked at my work crew. "I think I can swing by around seven and get it installed."

"So late?"

"It's the soonest I can—"

"No, I just meant you can come by and do it tomorrow. You don't have to rush right over..."

But I wanted to. Anything to be near her – it ached in my bones. "It's my job, darling, and I just wanted to warn you about me being back there so close to dark."

"Well, okay." So calm, so diffident.

Did she even care if I ever showed up again or not?

Not wanting to ever think along those lines, I said, "Just wanted to let you know."

A little flirty smile crossed her lips. *"Too bad you can't come by earlier..."*

That was what I wanted to hear and caused the blood to flood into my dick.

Yeah.

I found myself grinning wildly. "Tomorrow?"

She looked shocked. *"Saturday?"*

"Oh..." I had forgotten in my excitement. Paul would be home. "Oh, right..."

I ended the call, knowing I was going to have another fucked up weekend waiting for Monday. What a fucking lousy time to stop drinking.

I picked up the timer, leaving Manny alone to supervise the others. I didn't really like doing that – not that Manny was a bad worker; he was actually great. But when you had a business reputation to uphold, nothing worked like a hands-on presence. Getting complacent meant slipping.

I had been doing a lot of that with Grace over the past couple of weeks and I was skating the fine edge of potential embarrassment. What if Manny missed something? I had the eye – I grew up with it. Had Manny learned enough to do it on his own? Had he absorbed what my father had passed to me?

I was certain that if he had, he'd probably shear off and start his own company.

It was getting dark when I pulled up to the Foley place. It was smaller than mine but that didn't make me look down on them at all; their place was much more posh in a far better development – and their yard almost looked as good as mine.

I had received complaints from the Homeowners Association that my yard was too extravagant – meaning I was embarrassing everyone else.

Fuck them.

In the Monticello development, though, I was certain the Foley's would get no complaints.

I grabbed my tool bag and went around back. My danger sense began to tingle, oddly enough. Was being so near her that powerful?

I passed quietly through the gate so as not to disturb Paul and Grace. My danger sense hit alarming levels.

I kept going.

Into the darkness of my soul.

Into the light.

CHAPTER 21

Paul

I looked out front and saw the Fletcher Landscaping truck parked at the curb in the deepening gloom of the evening. "The landscaper is back," I called.

"Reed's here?" She came into the front spare bedroom I had converted to an office.

"I don't know who it is, I just saw the truck."

"Well, it has to be him; he said he was coming himself."

I made a resigned noise in my throat. "I'll go turn on the light out back."

She followed as far as the living room and sat back down.

I went into the den at the back and reached for the light switch by the sliding glass door.

That's when all hell broke loose.

There was a sharp challenge and suddenly there was a scuffle. I pulled back the sheers and saw some man taking a swing at Reed across the gut level with something shiny. Despite the overcoat, Reed moved fast, twisting to the side and batting the man's knife hand with his forearm. His other hand shot out straight into the man's neck.

My pulse instantly hit 200 miles per hour, and I watched agape.

The man went down, twisted over and pulled a gun. Before he could aim it, Reed's foot swung, sending the gun spinning away. He bunched up a fist and began beating the man on the ground.

I turned and yelled, "Call 911!"

Grace called, "What?"

"Call 911!" I watched in horror as Reed's fist fell over and over on the man's face. He turned, grabbed up a wrench from his tool bag and began ramming it down on the man's head. "He's killing someone!" Panic and dread flooded through me.

Grace rushed in, holding her phone. "What's going on?"

"Just call!" His violence was confirmed. Brutal and deadly.

Her hand shot up to her mouth as we both watched blood begin to fly. Reed wasn't stopping; he was in a bloodlust frenzy.

I pulled my wife away hurriedly.

She was thumbing the phone. "Our landscaper is in a fight in our backyard! There's blood— Yes, Grace Foley. That's right, 922 Terrace View. I don't know. No, I don't know."

I said fast, "Tell them he's going to kill him."

"What? Yes. That's my husband, Paul. No, we're fine. Okay. Okay. Bye."

"What was all that about?" I was afraid to look out back, but I could see Reed's shape through the sheers. He was standing, motionless, and holding his hand up to his head. His voice was too muted to make out.

Grace said, "They're sending the police; she told us to stay inside with the doors locked and only answer to the police."

I risked pulling back the sheers for a peek. Reed was standing there, cell phone to his ear, and shaking his other hand in pain. The man on the ground was too bloody for me to look at. Reed saw me and looked away.

The police arrived much later than I expected – a full twenty minutes and more after the fight. Three cars pulled up: two patrol cars; and an unmarked car that screamed cop all over it.

There was a knock on the door.

One uniformed officer stood there, his thumb hooked casually into his belt near his gun. "Paul and Grace Foley?"

I felt Grace's hand on my shoulder, gripping hard. I said, "Yes; they're out back."

His nod said that he knew it. "Can I come in and ask a few questions?"

"Sure, of course."

He spoke into the speaker-mic attached to his shoulder strap and then stepped inside. He pulled a notepad from his pocket and the stub of a pencil.

Then the questions began that I had a difficult time answering. Much to do with time and if we expected anyone to be in our backyard. To that one was the only one I could give a definite answer.

I showed the cop our den where I had flipped the switch and described what had happened. While explaining it, I saw several men in back, some

uniformed, some not. One plain clothes cop had Reed pulled to the side. Reed kept pointing and shaking his head. Two cops were looking in the decorative plants we had installed.

Finally, one called to the others. After a moment, a gloved officer placed a gun in a plastic bag.

The officer inside said, "Stay here, please? Don't go out back; it's a crime scene right now, understood? I'm going to head out back. The detective might have some things to ask you further."

I nodded. "Okay."

He spoke into his speaker-mic and went back out the front. A moment later, he appeared at the edge of the officers in back, talking to the man in the suit. The plain clothes officer gave a nod and looked at me in the window. He left the backyard.

I answered the door to his knock and the wail of a siren.

He looked at both of us – a quick cop glance that took everything in.

Behind him, an ambulance pulled up into the driveway. Neighbors were gathering across the street.

I had a strange sense of déjà vu.

The detective said, "I'm Detective Reed. Mind if I come in?"

Grace blurted, "Are you related to... Reed? Our landscaper?"

He pursed his lips. "Yeah, he's my cousin."

I let him in.

He took a deep breath and said, "I've always thought of him as the black sheep of the family, but," his eyes, squinted, flashed between us, "I'd have to say there was no better man that could've been in your backyard tonight unless it was myself or another cop – and maybe not even then."

I asked, "What's happening out back?"

"Your landscaper happened to stop the Muppie Slayer."

"The what?"

He smirked. "I didn't make the name up, the media did. Don't you read the news?"

"No."

Grace said, "What's a Muppie Slayer? Sounds like something from a game."

Detective Reed frowned. "Like I said, we don't make up the media names, although we might use them. The dirtbag bleeding his life out on

your patio is very possibly the guy responsible for murdering at least four other couples—"

"Murdering?" I felt Grace clutch me tighter.

"Are you sure you don't read the newspapers?"

"No, why would I?"

He made a face and explained. "The suspect makes a forced entry into an upscale home, forces the family at gunpoint into chairs and ties them down. Then he... cuts their throats. Cleans out any valuables he can find and then rabbits. What we find isn't pretty."

I breathed, suddenly lightheaded, "My god..."

"I almost hate to say it, but your landscaper – my cousin – might just be the hero of the year."

Reed saved us? The image of him hammering the wrench down into the man's head was vivid and stark.

The detective pulled his card out from a pocket. "Listen, I know the officer already got your statement. Do me a favor... if you have any questions, call me first." His look gave the impression of a plea.

I took the card and nodded. "I will."

His eyes flashed down, then back up to check my face. He gave a curt nod and turned to the door.

We went into the den and watched through the sheers what was going on. Cameras were out taking pictures. The paramedics waited off to the side. Pictures were taken of the house, the windows, the man on the ground, and even our plants. Flashlights shone here, there, everywhere – even along the fence tops. Meanwhile, the detective talked to Reed with animated, definite motions of his hands – explaining something in detail – like a coach to a football team. Reed listened mutely and nodded. They left the yard together.

The paramedics finally moved in and placed the man on a stretcher. They seemed to spend a lot of time fiddling with straps and things before lifting him. He was carried away.

Slowly, the cops began to leave the backyard.

I sank to the couch in the living room and began to shake.

Grace put an equally tremulous hand on my shoulder. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah... I just..." I swallowed. "It's all a shock; it happened so fast. Reed..."

"Reed what?"

The realization was almost like getting too much oxygen. Life had been running along on whatever track I had thought the new normal when suddenly everything was pitched onto a different track. The safety of our lives had been certain just as it was every other usual Friday night. Except that this time, unbeknownst to us, Death had come close to calling a visit.

The shock of awareness after the fact left adrenaline running uselessly through my veins. I lifted a shaking hand and scrubbed back my hair. I said, "Reed saved us."

CHAPTER 22

Grace

I called Reed Saturday morning. "Hey."

"Hey... is that my Grace?" His voice was slow and tired.

"Yes..."

"What's got you calling this old playboy so early?"

"Oh, have you got some gal there with you?" I teased him, though I wanted to hear his denial.

"I don't know, let me get a quick hand-count of how many I got here..."

"Jerk."

He chuckled. *"I'm here alone and you know it."*

"Are you okay? From last night?"

His grunt was sour. *"Eh. My knuckles sure hurt."*

"But I mean, I heard my husband's statement. The man tried to stab you?"

"More like slash me open. I was too quick for that shit."

"Where did you learn to fight like that? The army?"

"Some. Some here, some there..."

"But you're okay? You could've been killed."

"Any of the five pissed-off husbands that gave me scars could've done that..."

"Maybe you shouldn't mess with married women anymore."

"And miss out on you?"

"I mean others."

For a second, there was nothing, then a tone more raspy than his usually smooth and low voice. *"I gave them up months ago..."*

Another wave of biting tease took me. "Oh, you've moved on to single chicks now?"

He barked a laugh. *"Fuck that."*

I was silent.

So was he, until he finally muttered, *"I only want to be with you."*

Waves of happiness washed down me like sheets of refreshing water in a humid rainstorm. I looked around to see if my husband was close, but I didn't see him anywhere near. I was fairly certain he was in the kitchen. I said, "So when you tease me about being there on my wedding night... Do you imagine yourself as the groom?" It was a risky question, but I had to ask. I wouldn't have wanted anyone but Paul to be my husband, but was Reed's apparent change in behavior something more serious?

He laughed. *"Fuck no, not as the groom. Let Paul have that honor."*

Despite the denial, I felt strangely better for hearing him phrase it that way. "He wants to know if you can come by today, if you can. Or maybe we could visit you there?"

"I don't know; I guess. Why? I can't say I'm really... up to anything. After last night..."

I felt the warmth build in my pussy at his suggestion. To be talking so calmly about it... "He just wants to talk about what happened."

"Yeah... I can come by there later. After ten?"

"Anytime."

"All right."

He knocked on the door at eleven.

I stood just behind Paul when he answered the door.

The two men eyed each other, measuring and weighing based on whatever masculine view of recent experiences gave them. Paul let him in and shut the door. He turned and said, "Your cousin says we should be thankful—"

Reed groaned. "That pompous ass..."

I said, "You saved our lives."

"I put a man into the hospital."

Paul said, "I thought you'd murdered him."

"Murder?" Reed squinted. "Well, I don't know about that..."

I said, "I heard one of the paramedics saying the guy would be lucky to live through the ride to the hospital, and one of the cops telling him to drive really slow."

My husband grunted, "You sure have good ears..." He turned to Reed and held out his hand in offering. "You have our deepest thanks."

Reed gripped him and then winced in pain. "Ack, loser. My knuckles feel like they've been run over by all eighteen wheels of a semi. Kept me awake all night."

Paul mumbled, "Sorry."

"No, that's okay. It's okay."

I felt gratified that two men so special to me were talking without fists clenched.

Paul said, "I wanted to shake the hand of the man who... has become... such an integral part of our lives."

Reed straightened and regarded my husband critically. "I was happy to hear that you two came through it all... And I was determined to put the hurt on the asshole last night who apparently wanted to hurt the only two people that really matter to me."

My husband moved so fast, Reed couldn't react. Paul hugged him, man-like, and roughly pounded his back. Reed stood surprised, caught off guard, and then slowly returned the hug – making equally rough poundings on my husband's back with a sly smile.

Paul broke the hug and both men did the pursed lip thing as if to say, "No one better say anything suggestive about this..." My husband asked, "Care for a drink?"

Reed shook his head rigorously. "No, no.... I haven't touched alcohol for months now. I want to keep it that way. But if you don't mind..." He began pulling a half-used ugly brown cigarette from his pocket. "I'll light up a cigarillo..."

We were both shaking our heads.

My husband said, "Out back... if you need to..."

He placed it back into his overcoat pocket. "Didn't think so. But I wouldn't mind having a look out back for a bit. I brought the control box, too."

"You don't have to—"

Reed had already walked to the back sliding glass door. "It's not a problem. Oh... fuck."

I asked, "What?"

"They didn't clean up the blood. Shit, that's a big stain. You know, I'll clean that for you."

Paul said, "You don't have to do that."

"The fuck I don't. I made the mess."

"We were wondering..."

He turned to us.

My husband swallowed. "I mean, Reed, would you... please fuck my wife? I've wanted to see it again for—"

He was shaking his head. "I can't."

"What?"

He held up his hands. "I got that asshole's blood all over me and into my own cuts. I'm going in to be tested Monday. Who knows what that pervert might have had? No way I'm touching Grace until I know for sure." He looked at my husband with a curious smile. "But you actually asked?"

Paul fidgeted. "I look at that video almost every day. I feel like I owe you because I've changed so much."

He nodded. "I saw the change right away."

"I wanted to kill you at first, but... now... I want you involved... with us."

Reed was silent, eyes bright and almost... moist. He gripped my husband by the shoulders and gave him a gentle shake of friendliness. "I don't—" His voice broke, choked. He swallowed and started again. "I don't think I've ever heard happier words..." He crushed my husband to him and clenched his jaw in the attempt to hold back tears.

CHAPTER 23

Reed

By Wednesday, my results were in and I was called. The nurse informed me the test came out positive.

That scared the living fuck out of me.

"Positive for what? What kind of disease?"

Annoyance on the other end. *"No, positive as in there's nothing. Nothing to worry about."*

"Wait, positive means I'm clean?"

A loud sigh. "Yes."

"Well, fuck you very much for that clear explanation."

I thumbed off.

Fuck. My hands were shaking.

It was almost as bad as when my idiot cousin Jeff had called on Monday to inform me that the man I had beaten out back of the Foley's, one Wendell Alex Gardner, was not expected to survive. If there was any love between us, it showed when he promised to do his best to steer charges away from me. Self-defense and shut up about everything.

That surprised me. Jeff had always looked down on me for joining the army. He thought I was a sluggard for taking over my father's business instead of making my own fortune.

Fuck him, too.

But I guess I had to swallow my retorts because the ass had actually stepped in for me and done something manly.

This was a double whammy week for me dodging two bullets with those two bits of news, but today's from the nurse had me shaking giddily as if I was the sole survivor of a passenger jet plane crash and had walked away.

I phoned Grace and told her the news. I agreed to come over that evening.

I knocked on the Foley's door, not wanting to announce my presence with the doorbell. I owed the man inside that I had so deliberately humiliated. I owed him my life.

I would not have gone on without Grace.

I had given up drinking.

My forecast of my future was one of buckling down and becoming more like Paul.

He had given so much; changed so much. He had adapted.

He was the better man.

And something in me yearned to leave behind the badass bad boy bucking against life and love. To be a better man. If Paul could become a better man, so could I.

Grace answered the door. "Oh, hey. I almost didn't catch the knock." She let me in. "Why didn't you ring the doorbell?"

I shrugged. "Didn't feel like pushing the button."

She smirked and shook her head. "Always doing it your way."

I gazed into her eyes for a moment. "Doing it my way..." *Yeah, I can certainly change... doing it my way. I can do this.* I saw Paul come around into the entry and I offered my hand.

He shook it. "You did a fantastic job cleaning..." His face said he didn't want to talk about it. "But I mean, everything else, too. We love the landscaping."

"Thank my father, but thanks for the compliment. I hope it was worth the eight grand."

They both looked pleased. He said, "You bet. I'm certain that spending another two grand with that hipster company would have had me swimming in an eclectic sea of cactus and ferns."

I laughed. "You're not far off. They're... full of it."

His grin was broad and he clapped his hands together. "So... my phone is all charged up..."

I surprised him by grabbing him for another man-hug. I pounded his back, and then broke away. "Hey, uh, I wanted to say thank you."

"For what?"

Grace watched us both with amused curiosity.

I said, "Your change in all this. I've seen men change before over their wives, but this one really meant something to me. Probably because of Grace. But I really admire the changes in you; they're forcing me to reassess my own future. You set an example for me about adapting and I really admire that."

He turned and led us to the bedroom, shrugging along the way. "It was either that or divorce, defeat, and further humiliation."

"That's what I admire about it. You made the right choice. Now I have to make mine."

Grace's voice was harried. "What choices are you making? Are you moving away or something? Cutting your hair?"

"No, no, nothing like that. I'm wedded to my father's business and I've had enough of short hair from the army. I just mean that, the whole playboy thing and what I do to women... and their husbands..."

Paul looked crestfallen. "You're going to stop coming around?"

I hadn't considered that. In the act of removing my overcoat, I stopped. "If you asked me to leave right now, I'd leave, and that would be that. I've wasted too much time making enemies of good men by taking their wives for a spin."

He shook his head. "Neither of us want you to go. Please don't."

I finished removing my coat. "Then I'll stay." I put my gaze on Grace. "For as long as you want me to." My chest crushed in looking at her and I knew right then that denying it was the filthiest thing I could ever do to her, to him, and to me: I loved her.

When did this happen?

My mind raced back...

And back and back. The sex in my bedroom, the kiss and grope at the table. The looks we shared as she sat next to me.

No, I went all the way back to that instant stunning vision when she had stopped by the pool and looked at me.

I had loved her then.

Paul had his phone ready. "Should I ask?"

I was half-choked as I removed my t-shirt and jeans. I didn't answer right away until I stood naked before them. While Grace slowly undressed with an obvious level of uncertainty over our conversation, I said to Paul, "It is I who should ask you. It is I who should beg you. Please, Paul, may I enjoy Grace?"

He wore a look of pure astonishment. He blinked a few times and shook his head. "Well, yes, of course."

As if someone had shoved a live electric cable on my ass, I leapt for Grace. She squawked as I grabbed her with shaking hands.

I might not have ever touched her again if that asshole out back had gutted me, or shot me. I might never have touched her again if the medical results came back that I had contracted something incurable. My entire life now was my marriage to my company, but more so to what I had with Grace.

If I couldn't touch and have her, there was no reason to live.

I laid my quivering hands on the flesh of her shoulders and closed my eyes as I relished the feel of silk and warmth under my fingers. I dropped down, ripping her panties down to her ankles. "Step out of these."

She did.

I stood and struggled with the clasp of her bra and grew impatient. I ripped it apart, freeing her breasts. I said, "I'll buy you another bra. Sorry." Then I lifted her and threw her down on the bed. She bounced, legs splaying to keep from flipping over.

Just how I wanted it. I gripped her calves and hauled on them, bringing her ass to the edge of the bed. Instantly, I was down, putting my tongue against that delicious pussy. I moved my tongue harshly up her hot lips and played around the little protrusion that indicated her desire.

I used to get prepared by forcing the woman to give me a blowjob. But with Grace, I wanted to taste and feel her sex with a kiss.

She apparently liked it, moaning loudly in surprise and excitement.

Up and down I ran my tongue. I circled it around and flicked at her clit. Pressed on it with my tongue and moved my whole head. I teased her opening with the tip.

Her thighs trembled at the sides of my face.

I knew she was ready. I stood, gripping my erection and giving it a few strokes. I looked at Paul. "How do you want me to take her?"

He chuckled in surprise. "I thought you did it however you wanted..."

I didn't want to spoil his fun. I beckoned. "Come here."

He came and stood by me.

I aimed my cock down and rubbed the big helmet down over her pussy. "Do you like seeing it in, or going in?"

"All of it." He sounded excited.

I nodded, applying a little pressure at her entrance, teasing her. "Get the phone in close. I'll take it real slow."

He knelt and got close.

Grace laughed. "What are you doing?"

Paul said, "Getting a great close up of it going in."

She giggled with embarrassment.

I knew that Paul wanted to see and she wanted to experience - fundamental differences in men and women. I'd give her what she wished for in a bit. I teased her opening and pressed a little, widening her pussy around the helmet of my erection. "See it going in?"

Paul panted, "Yeah."

"Does it look good? Does your wife's pussy look beautiful spreading open to another cock?"

"Yeah..."

I pressed, sliding in a little. Then I pulled out. "Look how open her hole is." It closed up quickly though.

Paul moaned happily.

I pushed back in, sliding in about halfway. I said to him, "She feels so good..."

He groaned and rubbed at his slacks.

I said, "Get out of those and get involved."

"Are you sure?"

I laughed. "Yes." I pulled out and waited while he undressed. I stroked while Grace pouted. I winked at her.

He stood naked, dick rising rapidly and picking up his phone. He returned to my side.

I said, "Nice dick, man." It was just average, but I didn't want to humiliate him. I wanted him having fun and a compliment was really the best way to go about it.

"Oh, uh, thanks."

I put my dick back to her pussy just as she drew breath to say something. I shoved the head back into her and grabbed her hips. "Okay, get the phone really close." I pushed with my hips and pulled on hers. I made sure to do it really slow, sinking my shaft into her pussy until I was pressed against her. I pulled out and did it again. "Does that look good, Paul?"

He was holding the phone and gripping his dick. "Oh yeah. Beautiful."

"All right, I'm going to give Grace some attention."

She quipped, "It's about time."

I laughed at her. "You're becoming mouthy, woman."

"Learned it from you."

I lifted her and moved us together further up the bed. Then I settled down onto her and gave her some deep strokes. I leaned down to her ear and whispered, "I love you."

She jerked under me, startled, tensing and trembling. Shaking arms encircled my shoulders and her hands went clammy on my back. She pressed her head against mine and said, "I love you, too, Reed." It was loud enough for her husband to hear.

He moaned beside me.

I motioned him to get closer.

He climbed on the bed.

I said, "She has a beautiful mouth, doesn't she?" I kissed her deeply, but fast. "And it's free right now. Get over there and get some action."

She looked at her husband brightly with an eager smile as I pumped her pussy.

I told her, "Don't make him finish." I moved aside a little so he could get his dick into her mouth. She really did look beautiful with a cock in her mouth, even if it wasn't mine. I fucked her deep and slow, pressing all the way in with passion rather than brute lust.

She moaned on his cock and her hips moved just as slow as mine with me.

Beautiful Grace.

I pulled out. "Okay, Paul, your turn. Get in there."

He blinked in surprise with a quizzical smile.

CHAPTER 24

EPILOGUE

Paul

I was amazed at the difference in Reed's approach. This was turning out even better than I had salaciously expected. Instead of isolating me and using my wife, he was including me in an act of sensual beauty.

I scrambled over and got between my wife's legs. My erection pulsed wildly at the prospect of sliding right inside where his had just been. I entered my wife, thrusting in easily to the base of my shaft. I groaned heavily at the feel of her wet pussy wrapping my dick.

Even though I had felt her many, many times, this was so very different from all the other times. Maybe it really didn't feel different, but I swore that it did. She was smoother, wetter, and hotter than I ever remembered her. Reed had warmed my wife's pussy for me and it felt fantastic.

I leaned down on her and kissed her. "I love you, Grace."

She beamed up at me, happier than at any time since our wedding. "I love you, too."

"Are you having fun?"

She bit her lip, eyes bright, and nodded with enthusiasm.

I promised her, "Then we're doing this again."

She squeezed me in a grateful hug. "I'm... so glad we gave all of this – us – a chance..."

I held myself still inside her and pressed my lips to hers in a gentle kiss. "So am I." I pulled out and offered Reed his turn again.

His face was a picture of happiness. There was no scowl there that had greeted me when we met. No sneer. And despite the violence in him that had been confirmed, it was as if he had touched it and recoiled.

I watched him pull up my wife. He sat her on his lap facing him and helped her hips move as she rode him. His mouth devoured her breasts and raked her back with his fingers.

I got down and got my phone in sight of their union. Her pussy was all stretched out around his thick shaft and she rode it lovingly. Seeing his erection inside my wife was blameless and stainless.

How could I have ever thought she was ruined?

It was perfectly suitable and fitting that they should be fucking. I wanted more. Much more.

I gasped as I stroked my erection, "Fuck him Grace."

She responded, hips moving faster, and taking his dick deeper. I felt the exultation with her, through my eyes.

Reed chuckled low. "Want me to change positions?"

I said, "Sure." *I mean, whatever you want, of course.*

He pulled her off and I got a good shot of his slick shaft flexing and pulsing. I panted, "Get that thing back into my wife."

He motioned to the headboard. "I need a pillow."

I handed him mine.

He said, "It doesn't have to be yours."

"I want it to be mine."

Grace knew what was coming. She got on all fours, then settled her lower abdomen onto my pillow. Her ass was thrust upwards and her legs spread out wide.

Reed gripped his dick and said, "Okay, this is where I'll finish. Do you want me finishing in her? Or do you want me to pull out for a video shot of it?"

I laughed weakly. "No, don't pull out."

"All right, just asking."

He waited while I moved around to stand at the edge of the bed beside him. I gave him a nod.

He put the head of his cock to her entrance and pushed in – sliding it slowly for my benefit.

For that, I was extremely grateful. Grace didn't understand why I watched the video I had taken of that night. She couldn't comprehend why I watched it every single day. But seeing his shaft inside her was something that brought me the utmost joy. She was beautiful; so was his massive cock. Couldn't she grasp that there was nothing more exciting for me than seeing her pussy taking it all inside? Seeing her enjoy it? Seeing and feeling her pleased by it?

I reached out and held her hand. She gripped me fiercely as he eased inside of her and began pumping.

It was good that he was fucking her, even if she didn't understand why. I wanted her pussy open and taking all of him. I needed it.

She didn't understand it, but she accepted it. Maybe she would never comprehend. Maybe women just didn't get it. Maybe they never would. But I fully understood how joyous this kind of cuckold situation could be.

It brought me immense satisfaction and happiness.

I needed this and I never wanted it to stop.

I gasped, "Fuck her Reed. Fuck my wife. Fuck her good and hard."

He groaned thankfully and began hammering her, his hips rising until the only thing I saw was his shaft angled into her, then falling until he slammed her forward and down. Over and over, he pounded his big cock into my wife's pussy and brought her euphoric pleasure.

Her eyes closed and she gasped and moaned breathily, louder and louder.

I coaxed her, "Do it, baby. Cum on his dick. Let go and enjoy it." I got a shot of my wife's slack face, moving and jerking, as Reed roughly fucked her pussy.

I loved it.

I needed more and this could never stop.

"Fuck her deep, Reed. As deep as you can go."

My wife's moans turned to low wails.

Reed grunted harder and louder, driving faster and deeper until Grace's head was flopping. His breathing was ragged and harsh.

I whispered, "Do it. Cum in her. Blast her deep and fill her up."

They both heard it.

Grace cried out and bucked back underneath his assault. She clawed at the bed and buried her face as she gasped through an orgasm. Her hips moved, then stopped, then moved again frantically.

I was ecstatic. "That's it, baby. Milk his cock. Make him cum."

She grunted, grinding through a second series of convulsions.

Reed called out, "Oh yeah!" He strained, pushing hard.

I moved quickly around and aimed the phone. The base of his shaft was barely visible, but it was making strong flexing motions, pulsing as he shot his load into my wife's pussy.

It was gorgeous.

Suddenly, I couldn't help it. I gripped my shaft and stroked madly. My orgasm tore from my cock hotly, and spurted onto the backs of their legs.

Reed's head whipped around, then relaxed when he saw I was cumming. He chuckled appreciatively. "Well, I was going to offer her pussy after..."

I laughed weakly. "That's all right. I'll likely be ready again tonight."

A sadness clouded his look as he pulled out. "I envy you, Paul."

"Me? Why?"

Grace rolled over and flopped her arms out wide as if surrendering. She looked exhausted.

He frowned. "I have to go home. It's empty there. You..." He turned and gestured to Grace.

I gripped his shoulder with my clean hand. "Hey. I want you coming back as often as you can. As often as you want."

He looked dubious. "Are you sure about that?"

"I am. I want... to share her with you; it makes me happy. It makes her happy. It makes you happy. It's perfect."

His face almost crumpled into tears. He grabbed me into a hug, trying to keep a space between our lower areas. However, as much as he bent, his long dick brushed mine. I felt the cooling cum on his cock against mine. Just the touch of his and my wife's juices on my dick caused a secondary orgasmic ejaculation from my still hard erection. It splattered against his thigh but either he didn't feel it or was a gentleman and ignored it.

He let go and looked me in the eyes. "Deal." He laughed. "There's no way I can turn down such a generous offer." He motioned with his head. "Let's give her a kiss."

And with much love, we did.

For Grace.

Thank you for reading Defile Her, I hope you enjoyed the twisted tale!

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