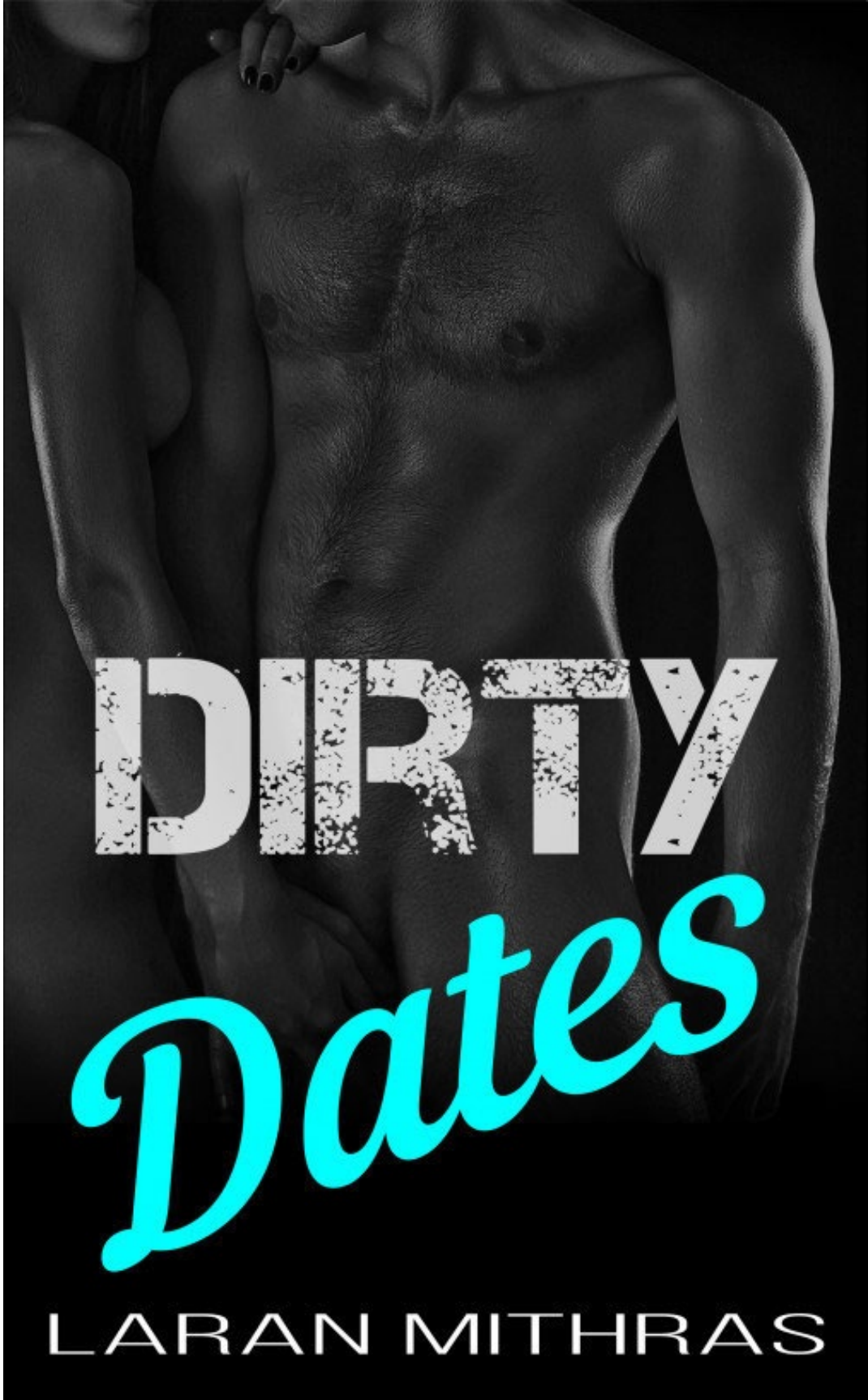


DIRTY

Dates

LARAN MITHRAS



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By

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**Nothing wonderful happens when you play it safe.
The courage to take the risk is the only decision that
brings great reward.**

CHAPTER 1

I was scared.

We were negotiating a blowjob.

I shook my head at him. "You absolutely cannot tell him; you're his best friend."

Dean fiddled with his unlit cigarette. I knew him; it was his nervous habit when he was thinking. I often did the same thing. His gravelly voice went with the white in his stubble. "That's a tough position to be in."

"What kind of a position do you think I'm in?"

He grunted and lit his cigarette. I knew it as a sign his mind was made up.

I sat in the passenger seat of his 1979 Ford Pickup and waited.

His crystal blue eyes glittered from the light of the dashboard as he put away his lighter. His drag on the cigarette was made from the side of his mouth with one eye partially closed.

I had come to value this man as a friend of my own. I didn't look outside, it was dark anyway. I looked at him and twisted my fingers.

He took a deep breath and let it out. Smoke mingled with it and I suddenly craved a cigarette of my own.

Maybe it was superstition, but a cigarette was a little token of success for me – something to be enjoyed. Even though my hands quivered for it, I resisted the urge to pull out my own pack – he hadn't given me his answer. If it was negative, I didn't want to spoil my habit by mixing defeat with satisfaction.

He tilted his head over at me. "I won't say anything..."

Relief flooded me like an ice-cold bucket of water over my head. I fumbled for my cigarettes.

"But..."

I froze.

He leaned towards me a little, fixing me with one eye. "That assumes he doesn't ask. I'm not going to lie to him for you."

My fingers shook as I pinched the cigarette between my knuckles. "Okay, fair enough."

Despite my success, I was still scared. I was being deceptive but I had no choice. I lit my habit and took a long pull. I held it in for a second and leaned my head back to let it out - it and all the stress.

The stress didn't seem to want to cooperate and it lingered inside me, unwanted.

He said, "I'm glad you came to me."

I coughed. "Give me a break."

"No, really."

I gave him a baleful look. "I'm forty-nine years old. I'm no teenager anymore."

"Who the fuck gives a shit how old you are? You look great."

I do not. No need to flatter me. I just rolled my eyes at him.

Dean poked my shoulder. "Don't give me that look. I've always looked you up and down."

"How can you possibly think I look good?"

"Carol." His word was a stop sign. "Not everyone likes young things."

I let out my frustration just as surely as I blew cigarette smoke. "I'm old."

"The fuck you are. I think you're mighty fine—"

"Oh come on."

He settled back against his door, eyeing me critically. "You trust me with this whole damn thing and now you don't believe me?"

I fidgeted, feeling sorry for myself. I flipped a hand up through my ponytail. "This gray is so attractive?"

"It looks good on you."

Where did all my beautiful brunette hair go? "It's ugly."

He sighed deeply. "Sheeit."

"You don't need to butter me up."

"What the fuck is wrong with you, woman?" His tone was incredulous. "If I was a dick, I'd just be having you suck me off right here. Learn how to take a fucking compliment."

I held up my hands. "But I'm at the end of my line. I'll be fifty next year—"

"Whopty-fuckin-do."

"No woman gets any that age—"

"Bull-fucking-shit. My parents brag on Facebook how many times they ding. They're in their seventies, for fuck's sake. It's fucking embarrassing."

I accidentally let out a laugh of disbelief. "No way."

He scowled. "Should I just have you suck my dick and get it over with?"

I sat silent for a moment and considered the burning ember of my habit. I felt small and sounded it, too. "You really think I'm attractive?"

"Fuck yes, haven't I been saying it?"

"You never said anything before."

"I'm always smiling at you."

"So?"

He scrubbed a hand across his forehead. "That's how I flirt. Fuck..."

I laughed a little. "You're serious?"

He looked annoyed. "Yeah, you ever see me run up and grab a woman's tit or something?"

I never had. I took a deeper drag on my cigarette. "So..."

He grumped, "Wanna get to it, huh?"

I stubbed out my cigarette in his ashtray.

He sniffed. "All right then. Is it all right if I enjoy it? Or will you get all pissy with me?"

I was about to question how he could enjoy a blowjob from an almost fifty year old woman, but I held my tongue. "I... won't get pissy."

He grunted sourly and opened his door. "Let's go inside, then."

I swallowed nervously and looked at his trailer. Dean wasn't a wealthy man and there was a clutter about his place that suggested trashy. But if one cared to notice, the clutter was arranged, stacked, neat, and tidy.

The inside was the same. He was something of a packrat with certain things - magazines mostly. The air smelled of stale cigarette smoke and whiskey. Not unpleasant on the whole when many people lived like pigs in places that smelled of dog piss, body odor, and rotten food.

No, I thought Dean's place smelled great. It had that promise of a clean man who had his vices. Since I liked the smell of cigarette smoke, I really liked his trailer's atmosphere. And the smell of whiskey? He didn't overdo it and that made all the difference.

The floor creaked as he stepped into the kitchen from the door. He motioned towards the front, then towards the back. His gravelly voice held a grit of uncertainty. "You want it in the living room there, or back in the bedroom? It's just a blowjob..."

In different circumstances, I might have picked the bedroom. However, I was anxious at my deceit and wanted to get it over with.

I pointed to the living room.

He motioned with his head and pulled the door shut behind me.

His caged bird flapped its wings at me and cocked its head. It croaked, "Hello little fucker. Hello little fucker."

Dean grunted. "Shut up, bird." He tossed a blanket over the cage.

I said, "You should have taught him some manners."

"Her."

"Whatever."

"What, like holding out one claw while she says it?" He held up his pinky, dainty-like. "My nephew taught her to cuss."

I pursed my lips in disapproval.

He gave me the look. "Did you come here to talk shit about my bird, or suck my dick?"

"I don't see a dick anywhere..."

He growled and started to unbuckle his belt. His pause told me he was thinking.

I asked, "What now?"

He looked bashful. "I kinda like it when the woman is undressed... you know..."

Great. He wants to see my body? He's going to faint from fright. "Can I just—"

"Please?"

I heaved a great sigh and undressed down to my bra and panties.

His face split into a grin of pleasure.

I think I blushed.

His pants came off and his cock swung into view.

My heart decided to do a jump straight up, a leap this way, and a jog that way. Something about seeing it frightened me. Was I doing wrong? Was my mission of mercy really a tour of tragedy?

He saw me quivering and his face softened. "Aw, Carol..." He hugged me to him and I held my arms up against my chest, fists at my neck.

But slowly, I realized he cared. I moved my arms to hug him back. "I'm sorry."

He rumbled against me. "No, don't say that." His calloused hand stroked my hair. "We don't have to do this—"

I pushed. "Yes we do." Our separation alleviated the comfort I had been starting to feel in his arms. That comfort was something dangerous. Even I knew that. I pointed to his couch.

He sat, looking at me with concern.

I didn't have time for that. Just do it, Carol, I told myself. I sat near him and grabbed his half-hard dick. It was the first new dick I'd touched in over twenty years.

I wasn't struck by a bolt from Heaven. I didn't die from heart failure. It actually felt fairly normal. But I wasn't sure whether to stroke him first or just start sucking. Seeing as I sort of enjoyed the feel of his skin, I stroked him for a bit.

He was looking at my eyes – all tender and concerned and...

I snapped, "What are you looking at?"

"Your beautiful face."

"I'm wearing glasses."

"They look great on you."

"They make me look like shit."

He chuckled and reached up. He gently took off my glasses. His eyebrows did a little dance. "Even better."

I burst out in an embarrassed giggle. "Do you ever give up?"

"Not with you."

I looked down quickly. Dean had never spoken so intimately to me before. It didn't seem right either, although it did make something flutter in my chest.

He lifted my chin with his knuckle. "I'm serious, Carol."

Now I really felt nervous. "This is..." Not right. But here I was stroking his cock. I bent over fast and took him into my mouth.

He let out a sigh so serene with satisfaction that I almost laughed. I pulled off. "Oh come on. It can't be that good."

His fingers played with my long ponytail. "You have no idea how long I've wondered about you."

That was definitely something I didn't want to talk about. I sucked him in again and felt his shaft harden. I moved my tongue around the head and teased it. I started moving my head up and down.

A moment later, he grated, "Hey."

I pulled off with a smack and looked up at him.

He tossed his head a little and said, "Do you mind if I do that to you? It'll help me get hard all the way."

I blinked. "Me? You want to... lick me?" I found that shocking.

He nodded, hopeful.

Maybe he really does think I'm pretty. Heat flushed through me and my mouth dropped open as my breathing became labored. I knew I should reject him, but so much of me wanted to feel his gesture. "Okay..."

His smile lit up the living room.

I leaned back, not wanting to make many moves. I let him pull off my panties. I searched his face as he looked at my pussy.

I kept everything super-trimmed and short - shaved all around with just a small triangular patch above my clit.

His eyes sparkled. "Awesome."

I wanted to laugh at him, but I was too afraid being naked from the waist down.

He asked, "How about the bra, too?"

I was sagging. It happened to everyone. My Bs filled a nice cup and looked great in a bra, but they hung more like flaps, now. I didn't have any weight to keep them puffy and full. "I don't know..."

He held up his hands. "All right, all right. I can't lick both areas at the same time anyway." He pulled on my hips and positioned me.

I was holding my thighs closed; I couldn't help it.

He raised his eyebrows at me. "Open up..."

"No."

"Come on, Carol..."

I exhaled loudly in frustration and opened my thighs a little.

He rolled his eyes over a crooked smile and bent down.

His wet tongue left a burning trail of terrifying tingles across my clit.

I called out in alarm and surprise.

He scowled at me. "Something hurt?"

"No... no... Sorry."

He grunted and went back to licking. Hot and cool alternated on my clit as his tongue swirled and passed over it. My thighs relaxed more and I shifted them

open a little wider.

He stopped and grinned at me. "There ya go."

I gasped as two of his gnarly fingers pressed into my pussy. His tongue teased and tortured me until my hips began squirming with need. Heat flared hot and wild behind my clit, spreading warmth through me with what he was doing.

I was enjoying it and that surprised me. It was just supposed to be a blowjob...

He kept going: licking; nibbling; and fingering.

I discovered a hidden well of lust that sprang up within me, overflowing with so much pressure that I gasped at its strength.

This was more than a cigarette high. This was no nicotine rush.

I had been scared about even giving Dean the blowjob – scared of the entire situation. But this feeling inside frightened me even more and drove my heartbeat into a frenzied hammering of panic.

Something was happening and the orgasm I was about to have was going to be off the scale.

One of his hands reached up and caressed my boob. It felt good, even through the bra, and made me heave in breaths of excitement.

I couldn't believe I was feeling this with Dean. I'd known him for two decades.

But something even more frightening was waiting, and I knew it. I felt it so deep in my bones that when Dean moved, I froze.

I knew it.

I wanted it.

Up he came, kissing his way up my caved-in stomach. I was so consumed with not being fat that I was sort of the other end of the extreme: I was bony.

Some women called me skanky. Just because I was skinny and smoked cigarettes?

Dean's face came up to mine and we kissed. More like maybe our mouths were pulled inevitably together like two cars head-on.

What I thought was fire inside of me got a lot hotter. I groaned with the sensation.

And the sum of my fears pressed into place. His cock was pushing at my pussy and I was too afraid to stop him.

I wasn't afraid of him; I was afraid of myself. Afraid of the ferocious magnetism I was feeling. I didn't resist because I didn't want to and that was what scared me so much.

My pussy split open, admitting the hot head of his erection. I felt the stretching as I opened to him. I felt the delicious sliding sensation as his hardness moved into me. Thickness pushed deep and I held the back of his leathery neck and gasped.

It felt so hard in there – something I had thought I might have forgotten.

How many years had it been?

A tremor began in my limbs I could not control. I mumbled, then just emitted a series of long, shaking sounds that felt like they were towed out of me far beyond any resistance I could muster.

I felt his pubic bone against mine.

I felt him throbbing inside of me.

And my hips bucked up in a single angry thrust.

Dean breathed over me, "Fuck, you're hot."

I was spinning, wanting more. I whimpered.

He moved, in and out, gaining speed and momentum. If I thought I had lost control, he wasn't aware that such a word existed.

He rammed into me, slamming the couch loudly against the wall. Sharp slaps of

his hips hitting mine filled the trailer. His pants and grunts filled my ear with their savagery and lust.

I loved it.

Not knowing before, I knew now that this was something I desperately needed.

My pussy was alive with feelings so intense that I was frozen into place as he fucked me.

It was raw and brutal. Only one rational thought drifted through my head: I was craving this.

So wrong.

So right.

So good.

His thickness swelled inside me and he roared out his passion. He started cumming inside me.

I lost it. I don't know if someone threw a bomb in the trailer or if a meteor had struck. Explosions rocked my body and I realized they were coming from me – from inside. I was having an orgasm like I hadn't had in... years? Five? Ten? More?

If anything, I was amazed everything still worked – or even remembered how to function.

Dean pulled back and out, dropping to the side in a panting collapse of muscle and satisfaction.

I just laid there, stunned. Tingles long forgotten reacquainted my body with the aftereffects of a good fuck.

I felt alive.

He moved, wiping his wrist over his forehead.

But that fear returned. I gripped his forearm, feeling the wiry hairs there. "Dean,

please, you can't tell Ross."

He sighed.

I pleaded with him. "You're his best friend; you can't. My husband can't know about this."

He scrubbed his face and groaned.

CHAPTER 2

I walked up to our tiny house. I was doing something I thought I'd never do: the walk of shame. How many times had Vicki and I laughed about that?

My key in the door felt wrong – as if I had surrendered authority to it by what had happened in Dean's trailer.

My husband could never know.

I stopped with the key in the lock. The lock was a solid one – a better one. Schlage. Heavy and strong.

We had rules we had worked out just like that lock. Firm, strong rules about what would happen.

One of the rules had been that whoever I chose had to be a stranger. It was now broken.

Another of the rules was that the date was just going to be flirting with a blowjob being the limit. That was broken, too.

I twisted the key and opened the door. The familiar plant in the entryway was the only living one in the house. Tall and cool, it offered no comfort to the burning shame sizzling on my skin.

I had agreed to those rules and they had sounded so simple. But it wasn't a simple thing for an almost fifty year old woman to just pick up some stranger and offer a blowjob. I had found the prospect daunting to the point of impossibility.

I didn't want to blow a stranger. Doing something outside my marriage like that just felt all wrong. But my husband had been adamant. He didn't want the shame of some friend knowing I was offering blowjobs.

I just couldn't do it by the rules, and I approached Dean instead.

I couldn't do it with some stranger.

And Dean was the only friend of his I trusted.

Ross called out from the bedroom, "Babe?"

I sighed, not wanting to face my husband and my doom. But I took the first step, and then the next.

He was lying on our bed, naked. His cock was different.

I dropped my purse on the dresser.

He was anxious. "How did it go?"

"I did it..."

"Did you see this?" He sounded excited.

I turned to him and sat on the side of the bed.

He was pointing eagerly at his manhood – his evidence of who he was that had not been available for testimony in a long, long time.

I wanted to hug him, but he wanted my attention on his dick. I peered at it. "It looks bigger."

He nodded with enthusiasm. "Some of it actually feels stiff."

"Are those the kegels? Or my date?"

"One or the other. Or both."

He had spent years suffering from almost total lack of erection. We weren't sure if it was an accident he'd been in several years back, age, diet, or nerve damage from drinking diet sodas. I could tug on him until he came, but he never got hard. Not for years. He had read it was a matter of resetting it by leaving it alone for a month. That didn't work. Other info claimed he needed to drink more water. That didn't work. The optimal mix of minerals didn't work. Exercise didn't work. Some online therapist assured everyone suffering erectile dysfunction that it was all in their head.

Yeah, right.

He had run the gamut of advice and methods of attaining an erection.

Lately he had been doing kegels.

And I had gone on my first date.

I gently gripped his shaft. There was indeed a little bit of stiffness to it – a firming that normally wasn't there – hadn't been there for years. "It... does seem... harder."

He nodded excitedly. "I couldn't get what you were doing off my mind. Stroke me and tell me what happened."

"I found a guy and blew him—"

He sat up a bit. "What did he look like? Was he young? Did you flirt first?"

I tried to hide a grimace. I poured oil onto my hand and stoked it into his skin. "He was somewhere around my age."

He looked crestfallen. "Why not a young guy?"

I gave him a very direct look. "They were taken by all the young gals."

"Oh..."

"Anyway, I let him take me to his car and I blew him in the parking lot."

"Was he big?"

"His cock? Yes."

Ross was pleased. His cock even twitched in my hand. "Circumcised?"

"Yes."

"Did you play with it much?"

"Just a little, to get it hard, you know."

He sighed happily. "You sexy woman."

I concentrated on his cock so I wouldn't have to look him in the eyes.

He said, "How long did you suck him? Did he taste good?"

I knew I had to play this up. "I sucked him for twenty minutes at least. I really liked it."

His cock began dribbling cum and he grabbed me and pulled me to his mouth.

We kissed as he twitched.

I loved him so much, but this was our life.



I slept cuddled next to my husband and dreamt of sex with Dean.

I think it was perhaps that first night that I felt the urge to actually do something like it again. But I knew it couldn't be Dean. I knew I had to find someone else; using my husband's best friend could not turn out well. It was a risk doing it the once; doing it again would be disastrous.

I drove later in the morning after he had gone to work.

I was out of work. Hadn't had a job since the mall closed down.

Local kids used the building for graffiti and vandalism. News was, they were going to tear it down, anyway. One hundred and four stores had once filled the mall to capacity. Work and times had been good. One by one, then in twos and threes, stores started closing. The vanishing of the middle class? The ravages of online shopping?

Whatever the reason, hundreds of jobs had been lost – one of them, mine.

Our house was empty: our daughter Felice had gone on to college and met a guy. There was little to keep me there during the day while Ross was at work.

I cruised into the city in my Jeep, looking for likely places for my next dirty deed. I couldn't use Dean; I'd have to actually find someone I didn't know. Town was too close and too small – mouths to ears too near. The city offered much more opportunity.

Where did a forty-nine year old woman go to get a date?

Even living with the shame of knowing what I had done – broke those rules we had so firmly established – why did my pussy twinge with excitement at the prospect of finding another date?

Why had my orgasm with Dean been so spectacular? Had I really needed to cum that bad? Or was the situation so dirty that it ignited everything in me?

An ache developed deep inside as I parked at a bar. I used the curbside so I could

zoom onto the expressway after. A few vehicles and motorcycles were scattered in the parking lot. I didn't think I was going to find anyone walking inside at this early time of day; I just wanted to scout out the place. Was it clean? Decent? Or seedy?

Would I need to scout another place out?

It was a place called Smitty's, built in the 70s as a restaurant. Seafood steakhouse if I remembered right. Forgot the name of it. It was on the busy corner of the expressway and Jefferson.

I wandered in and was eyeballed by the bartender.

I looked around at the decorations, the floor, and the tables. The bar itself was elaborate and long. The liquor wall was well-stocked.

I liked it.

Clean down to the floor.

The customers were a mix. A couple of businessmen were relaxing at a table, doodling designs on a napkin. Two bikers were at the bar, but they were old-timers – veterans if I was seeing the pins right. They were not the rough and ready tatted beasts that belonged to shady motorcycle clubs.

There was a lone woman in a frilly skirt and blouse that was somewhat reminiscent of a Bavarian barmaid costume.

Yes, I liked the place. I felt good about it.

I walked out and got into my Jeep.

I was searching for the next possible place to scout when my phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Carol."

"Oh hey, Vicki." She was my best friend.

"What are you up to? Want me to buy lunch?" She always offered. I always

refused.

"No, but thanks. I'm in the city, actually."

A fantastic pearl blue car pulled up beside me and stopped at the expressway.

I said, "Oh, wow."

"What?"

"Neat car, what is that? Do Facetime so you can see this." I tapped the icon and aimed the phone.

"Oh... nice. Is that a... Jaguar?"

I saw the icon over the license plate. "Yep." As I was aiming the phone, my eye caught movement in the driver's side mirror. I shifted my eyes over and gulped.

A big delivery truck was coming fast. Too fast.

"Oh fuck!" I laid on the horn as the truck loomed so fast I knew it was going to be bad. I tapped the camera icon by reflex. I don't know why.

There was hesitation and time seemed to hang.

Then the Jaguar began smoking tires. The blue car vibrated and shot forward, accelerating out into the intersection. That wasn't good, either, because trucks were coming. Big diesels.

The truck coming up from behind shot into the intersection right into a pounding explosion of diesel versus metal.

I screamed in horror and dropped the phone from nerveless and shaking fingers. I was shouting at the phone as I got out. "Did you see that?" I aimed it again at the intersection. Pieces of the delivery truck were still falling. The expressway was littered with debris.

Cars and trucks were screeching tires, trying to swerve around or avoid the disaster.

I felt things slow down, both the vehicles and the atmosphere. I tapped out of

video and put the phone to my ear. "Did you see that?"

"No, Facetime cut out when you hit the horn."

"Oh, right – I hit the video button." I was touching my forehead.

A siren sounded on the expressway. A cop must have been close and seen it.

"Did the car get crushed? What happened?"

"No, it peeled out. I think me blaring the horn made him look in his mirror. Do Facetime again, I'll show you." I tapped the button.

I panned the phone to the intersection after we connected.

Her voice was tinny and tiny. "Oh... wow..."

I was still shaking. "It happened so fast."

"Where'd the Jag go?"

I laughed incredulously. "Shot out of here like a bat out of Hell, that's for sure."

Cop cars started arriving.

Distant sirens took up. The fire station was near the next intersection on the expressway.

People had come out of the bar and were lining the sidewalk by my jeep.

I tapped the view around back to me. "This is too wild. I need to sit down. I'll call you later, okay?"

My friend's straight blonde hair framed her shocked face. "Sure thing, Carol. Be careful."

I checked the video file to see if I had really captured it. I had.

I looked up to see an officer approaching our crowd.

He looked down at the peel marks and then to us. "Did anyone witness the

accident?"

I raised my hand. "I did."

His eyes took me in at a glance and looked over the bar patrons shaking their heads. He stood before me, hand up in front and clasped to his duty belt. "Would you be able to provide a statement?"

"Sure, of course."

His eyes flicked down to my phone. "You didn't happen to get it on your phone, did you?"

"I did."

He sighed and nodded. "Stay right here; I'll send an officer over for a statement."

CHAPTER 3

I was shaking my head. "The driver wasn't even slowing down. If anything, he accelerated."

Ross made a face of disbelief. "Maybe he hit the gas by accident instead of the brake pedal. But on a big truck like that? The pedals are far apart. Doesn't make sense."

I picked at my chicken.

He asked, "Did you find any good places?"

"Well, I only went to the one. I was too shaken..."

"Mm, don't worry about it. I think I'd be shocked, too."

I knew my husband wouldn't pressure me to do the dating thing if I was really bothered, but I knew he was anxious.

And then again, so was I.

One blowjob – though it had turned into much more – and I was feeling the want and desire to do it again.

Something... in me was awakened. A light went on in a dark place. The rediscovery of forgotten things brought a sense of adventure and anticipation.

Would I find something there I needed and had missed?

I waited a few days and set my sights on Thursday evening.

I was getting ready and Ross was supporting himself on the doorframe, watching.

He mumbled, "No makeup?"

I scowled. I loved my husband, really. But even hinting at makeup suggested he thought I needed it. "I need to cover up more?"

His reaction was instant. Neutrality became panic on his face. "No, I didn't mean it that way. You're beautiful without makeup."

I know he thought he was telling the truth as he saw it, but why make the comment in the first place?

I looked in the mirror. Other than lining my eyes, I didn't wear any makeup. The glasses magnified my eyes just enough that they needed some darkness around them to balance out.

But was my face hideous? I didn't think so. Did it require makeup? I didn't think it did, either. The lines were there, however, reminding me I wasn't a perky teenager anymore. I had forgotten what perky was.

I did, however, look like a woman. An older woman. "I guess I could brush out my hair..."

"No, I like the ponytail; it's adorable." He was trying to be helpful and I loved him for it.

I removed the band and brushed it out. It just looked gray and... dull. He was right; the ponytail looked better. I rewrapped the band back into place.

He said, "You could always dye your hair."

"Never." Hair dye was not just toxic, it was bad for the hair. Convincing him of that was too much effort.

When I spritzed a light tap of perfume beneath my neck, he groaned happily. I shifted my eyes to him in the mirror and smiled.

I had been reticent at first. I had resisted, balked, fought, and only grudgingly admitted to doing this dating thing.

He had read that talking about fantasies could open doors to solving many problems in bed. I was willing to help him; he was my husband and I loved him.

We talked. We fantasized. My fantasies were tame, apparently. Wild in my thoughts, I had detailed being taken by the gladiators of Spartacus. I think my husband had yawned.

"That's fantasy," he had said.

Well, duh, we were fantasizing, right? But he had meant being more personal and immediate – grounded here in reality. That's when he began talking about me flirting.

I went along with it: I loved him.

Then it began to grow on me. I liked talking about his fantasies. It was exciting to think of a man flirting with me more than thinking of the cast of Spartacus.

But who would want to flirt with me?

Whenever I was online in some form of public forum or multiplayer environment, all I had to do was mention my age. Talk dried up real fast.

Still, my husband's fantasies became mine.

We had agreed to give it a try to awaken his long-dead member.

Now, for once, I think my fantasy was pulling ahead of him. No longer his alone, it was ours, and now mine. I felt a little nervous about that.

Now I wanted to pursue this instead of going along, if not just for his erection, then also myself. I felt like a boat set free of the mooring ropes and running under my own power.

I had much to explore.

I gave him a kiss before I went out. I held the back of his neck and spoke onto his lips, "Anything special you want tonight?"

He exhaled with a surge of excitement. "Another blowjob? For some reason, I really like the idea of a cock in your mouth."

"What if he wants to lick me?"

His breathing became labored. "I don't know... Yeah, maybe." He was nodding. "Yeah, sure."

I kissed his lips again. "Wish me luck."

"Definitely."

I figured a little tease-test to him wouldn't hurt, and it didn't. Dean had seduced me by offering a lick. Finding out my husband approved of the idea was a step in my direction and a confirmation of his approval.

In all our fantasy talk previously, I had followed along behind him – sometimes willingly, sometimes being dragged.

For the first time, I felt as if I were the one taking the lead. It was all in my hands, was it not? Would I need to drag him at any point? Not having had this position before, I didn't know what kind of resistance to expect or what kind of force needed to be exerted.

It was I that wanted to go out on these dates now. Was that different? Maybe Dean had been a one-off kind of thing. He was attracted to me. I was vulnerable and scared. But with someone else? Would I have done that with just anyone? The certainty in me said no. However, the idea of flirting with a man and fielding it back was exciting.

As I drove into the city, I reflected that my certainty was for the tease. Would I really go for a blowjob, even if that was what my husband wanted? I didn't feel like that was a sustainable goal. I might tell him yes, but would I go through with it when I was rather enjoying some harmless flirting?

Maybe it depended on the man.

Still, something inside told me that hooking up just for a blowjob was something a hooker did, and I was not a whore.

As I neared Smitty's, I slowed and looked at the brightly-lit corner where I had witnessed the accident. Someone was parked there where I had been and that was okay with me: I didn't want to relive the memory of that event.

The concussive impact of tearing and exploding metal was not something I

wanted to remember.

It played through my mind anyway.

Maybe I should have scouted a different place?

I walked into the bar and those thoughts and memories promptly left me.

What do I do to pick up a man?

I chose a little table and sat.

I was sitting maybe five minutes when a different Bavarian girl named "Tina" came to the table. "What can I get you to drink?"

I held up my finger horizontally. "Maybe a small finger of vodka in a tall glass? The rest water?"

She nodded and swished away.

I resisted the urge to pull out my cell phone. I loved mine, but tried to only use it when necessary. I hated seeing people driving with their heads down. It annoyed me to see people out on dates ignoring each other and texting to other people.

As it was, three of the patrons at the bar were the old-guy bikers with sharp new leather jackets and excellently kept white beards. One of them was texting. Several of the men and women that were scattered at the tables were also texting.

One man was drinking a beer and was looking my way.

I smiled and looked down.

He didn't come to my table.

I received my drink and the bill placed written-side down.

It was almost an hour before someone approached me. I was beginning to think I should have caked my face with so much makeup I looked like a mannequin.

The interested voice shook me from my reverie of inspecting the drips remaining

in the bottom of my glass. "You waiting for your husband?"

I glanced at my finger before looking up: I was wearing my wedding ring. It hadn't really occurred to me not to wear it. A habit well-emplaced by twenty years of familiarity...

His face was open and not unattractive. Men came in all kinds of ugly shapes, sizes, and features. Sometimes handsome men had none of the sexy. Sometimes the ugly men had it oozing from their pores. Occasionally, there was a good mix.

In this case, his interest and honest expression made up for the fact that he didn't have a stunning face. He also had a decent figure. Forties, somewhere?

I approved.

That took all of a glance.

I also noted he had a ring on, as well. I asked in response, "Are you waiting for your wife?"

His smile was easy and quick - amused at my deft return. "No. Is this seat taken?"

"Not since I got here..."

He sat. "I'm Mike. May I refill your drink?"

"I see we speak the same dialect. I'm Carol." I pushed my glass towards him as he signaled Bavarian-girl.

He turned back and chuckled. "I don't know how many dialects I know..."

"Does your wife know you're here?"

There was a sharpness that entered his eyes. "Does your husband?"

"Actually, he does."

His features relaxed, his lips spreading wide. "Well now."

I gave him a tight smile. "Yes, well now." Inside, I was elated at the ease with

which I played this slightly younger man. Is it really so easy?

Bavarian girl – Tina - was there.

I repeated my order.

He ordered a Scotch, double, on the rocks.

Tina licked her lips as if cleaning them and twirled away.

No doubt she had seen many hook-ups.

I waited for him to make the social ventures.

He said, "Do you come here often?"

That told me two things: one, he was nervous; two, he didn't come here often or he would know I didn't. I answered, "This is my second time. I came in yesterday to look around."

He nodded in understanding. Then he said something stupid. "You aren't... working, right?"

I pressed my lips together and tapped my ring finger. The metallic sound on the table was a pointed reminder.

He actually blushed. "I'm... I'm sorry. I just don't know... I'm sorry."

I melted at his genuine shame and said, "Don't worry about it. Let's forget it was said."

He looked at me hopefully. His pleading expression warmed my heart.

I pursed my lips and nodded. "Forgotten."

His smile was relieved.

I said, "I answered your question, but you didn't answer mine. Does your wife know you're here?"

His face soured. "No, and it doesn't matter much." He checked his watch. "Right

now she's crawling around the floor for some greaseball who put a collar on her."

"A collar?"

"Yeah, that whole ownership bullshit thing. In another hour, she'll get her ass beat and apparently like it. Then he'll do her up the ass and make her lick him off."

"Sorry I asked..."

He sighed. "No, don't be. I shouldn't have unloaded all that on you."

"That's all right."

He blew out a louder breath and lowered his head. "It's just... distressing. She still wants to be married; I don't get that part."

I hummed. "I can't say I get that, either."

"She says her master wants her to stay with me. It pleases him. God, what..." He took a deep breath and held it. "There I go again."

Tina delivered the drinks.

He paid and waited for her to go far enough away. "Sorry. Let's talk about you. I really don't want to talk about me anymore."

I felt for him. "How did she get hooked up with—"

"She got into the whole Fifty Shades thing and further. Dove completely overboard. What about you? You're here and your husband knows it?"

I shifted in my chair. How much do I tell a stranger? But he's told me so much already... "Well... it's a bedroom thing."

He shrugged. "Of course. It all is." He wasn't being flippant, just observant.

I tilted my head to the side in thought. "It's a performance thing. He was in an accident several years back... We think it might have caused some kind of nerve damage. We don't know."

He lifted his head slowly and brought it back down. "I gotcha. Nothing to be ashamed of. Injuries can be debilitating."

"Yes, in this case, really debilitating."

He firmed his lips. "I feel sorry for him."

"Do you?" I found that suspicious.

But his answer was simple in that man-reason kind of way. "Our identity as men – our reputations – seem to revolve around how studly we are. Maybe it's unfair, but that's the way it is."

"Ross – my husband – is all man; he just has this issue to deal with."

"I'm glad you see it that way. So he approves because he can't...?"

"It's not exactly like that, no." I gulped at my drink. "He thinks it might help him respond if I... flirt. Date." I felt embarrassed, but he didn't appear fazed.

"It might. How long have you been... trying for him?"

I laughed nervously. "This is my second date. The first one... was a mistake."

"Don't worry; I won't ask."

"Oh, it's not a big deal; it was a friend. I was too chicken to... do what I'm doing right now."

"Is it hard sitting here?"

"It's strange."

He rose. "Excuse me a moment."

I watched him go to the restroom. He didn't look nervous or weird, and I relaxed with the feeling I had met someone like-minded.

When he returned, he sat and reached into his coat pocket. He flashed a package at me: a condom. "For later, if that's what you want."

Instead of putting me off, I felt as if I were wrapped in a security blanket. Mike cared enough to look and plan ahead, offer and even be ready.

I liked that.

His confidence made me feel at ease. Not as much as Dean, but good enough.

It was twenty minutes later when I asked, "So... where do we go?"

"I have a motel room a few blocks from here. Nice place."

I shrugged. "Okay."

He correctly took that as my ready signal and stood. His smile beckoned me.

I followed him out. "I'll follow you."

"Sure." He got into a crème-colored Lincoln Continental.

I almost didn't want him to see my Jeep.

His motel was indeed nice. Not some ramshackle place, but a newer one built for travelers and business people using the convention center.

I followed him upstairs and into a room that looked more suited to a basic hotel than a motel. Nicer furniture. Clean. Bright. All solid.

He removed his coat and began unbuttoning his shirt.

I had told him I was only out for a blowjob. The condom had stopped me from discussing it. The little package had rather set certain thoughts into motion. Safe sex. Not just safe from pregnancy, but safe from the attachments that went along with the act.

Sex with a condom was almost not sex at all. It was, of course, but I wouldn't actually be feeling him skin to skin. I might as well just ram a dildo up my pussy – it was little different. It was... safe. Easier to think that it wasn't even really sex. It was a condom in me, not his manhood.

Was I going to have sex with a man? Nope, I was going to have sex with a condom.

I removed my clothes.

He motioned with his chin to the bed. No words. He tore the package and unrolled the condom on his erection.

I was going to be used and there was something so interesting about it. My nipples hardened and my pussy became wet. I kept my bra on and settled back.

He didn't seem to care about my one article of clothing. He glanced over my body quickly, no expression on his face except hunger. No change in the set of his mouth gave me any indication for worry.

He saw me naked and didn't flinch.

This was turning out to be okay.

Then he stuck his condom-covered thing in me. Slick and warm, the lubed latex slid inside. It was nowhere near as good as the real thing. It didn't feel especially stimulating like Dean's cock had.

No, this was more... sanitary, and that made me feel much better about once again disregarding my husband's rules about what was going to happen.

It was just a condom. No big deal. Sort of like not really sex if I thought about it. I mean, it was obviously, but so impersonal that the act felt nothing more intimate than dildo play.

I was getting poked and prodded by plastic.

Big deal.

Not sex. Sex is supposed to feel good. This didn't. Not that it felt bad, but it didn't feel like sex.

Mike pumped above me.

I thought it unfair men could get off by just the act of moving. I was getting nothing out of this.

No, I was, but different.

I got nothing out of this physically. I was being rocked and moved and felt plastic. Yuck. No sexy factor.

On the other hand, I got something out of this emotionally.

I was going to be the vehicle for a married man to find some satisfaction. Someone like me who was looking for some relief – some action – to relieve some stress. That turned me on and in a much deeper way than the idea of flirting.

I had been turned on by the fantasy of flirting. Now I was getting turned on by something else – something deeper in my psyche.

He cursed above me. "Son of a bitch."

CHAPTER 4

I felt something different, but still asked in confusion, "What? Is something wrong?"

He pulled out and tore off the condom. "Condom tore." He threw it down in disgust. "And I only bought one."

I didn't feel like offering him my pussy bare. I didn't want to see the doubt in his face about my cleanliness. I knew I was clean, but would he trust me? Should he? I said, "I can blow you."

He exhaled in frustration and wiped his brow. "Yeah. Yeah, that sounds good."

I got off the bed and knelt down as he stood. "Oh, um..."

"What?"

I pointed to my purse. "Do you mind if I record this for my husband?"

He frowned at me. "As long as you don't get my face in it..."

"I won't." I mimicked holding my phone out. "Just this." I indicated my face and his cock.

He shrugged with a little smile. "Sure."

I grabbed my phone and tried to aim it steady. My hand was shaking. Will he really want to see this? Am I making a mistake?

I took his cock in my mouth and gagged. "Ugh, that lube is horrid."

"Oh gosh, I'm sorry. Let me clean it off."

I waited for him as he washed in the bathroom.

He came back out, somewhat softer.

I worked his cock, sliding my hand over it until he was firm. I began recording. After a few strokes, I put my mouth over him and began sucking.

Even though it was a recording, I almost felt as if my husband was watching me. I kept looking at my phone. I went slow, fast, and licked the underside up and down. I liked what I was doing and was having fun.

That he was married had me feeling that he and I were partners in crime. Compatriots for a cause. I licked my tongue around his helmet and he suddenly pulled back.

He groaned, "Ah... Let me finish it. On your face."

My face? Oh, whatever... "Okay." I smiled at the phone.

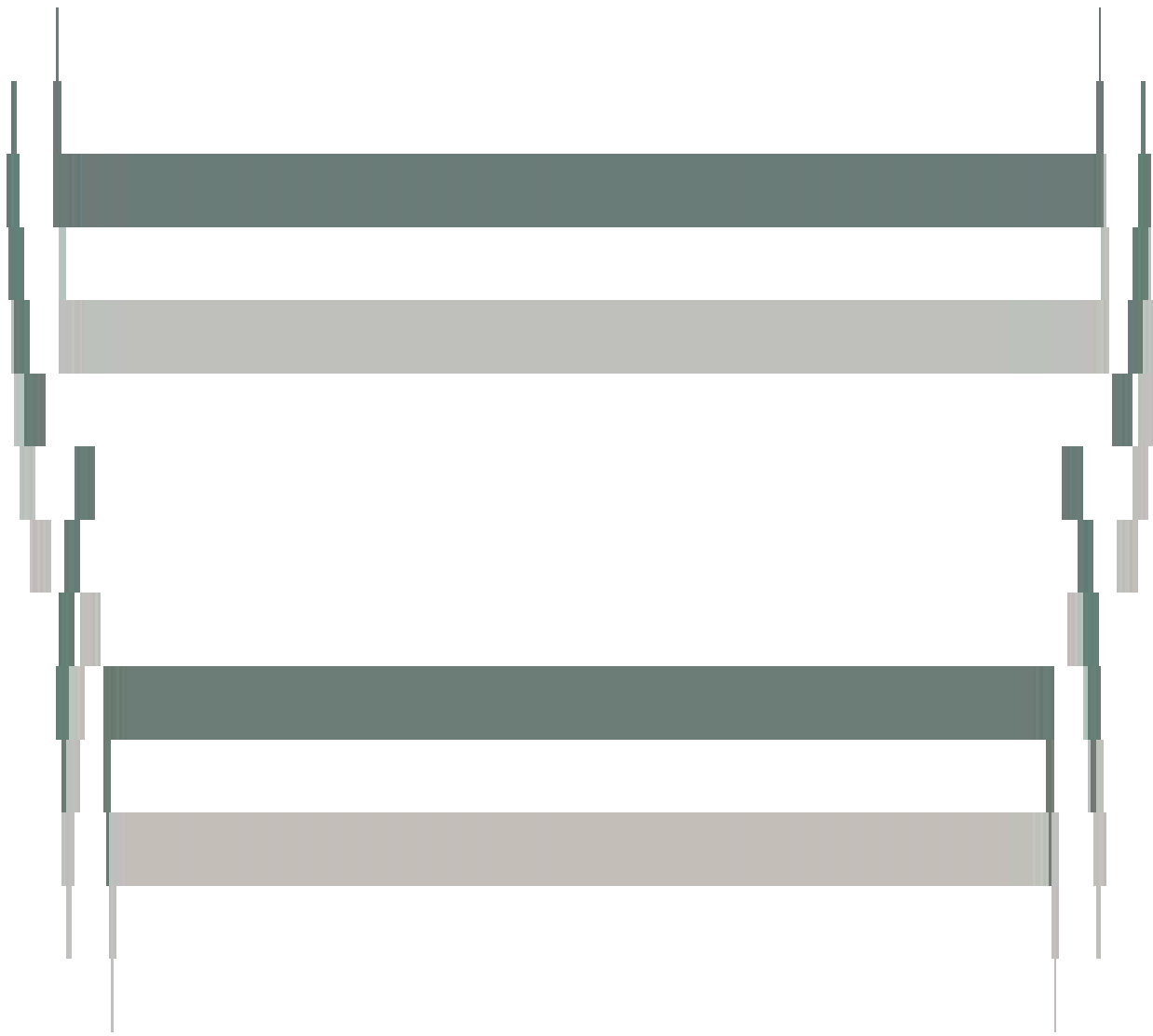
Mike jacked himself using two fingers really fast.

I wasn't sure how long he would take, so I was just looking at the phone, trying to imagine my husband sitting right there watching.

His first squirt was a shock.

I jerked hard, closing my eyes. Then I went still and let him plaster my face with wetness.

I hoped I was aiming the phone right.



I drove home wondering how Ross would like it. I had done exactly what he had asked and if I had been stubborn at first and disbelieving I would like it, the entire episode ignited something inside me that was exciting.

I was smiling going in the door, shaking with enthusiasm over having scored the video. The key in the lock was a symbol of victory – a medal for my efforts - whereas a few days before the act of using my key had been one of shame.

Maybe my encounter wasn't the stuff of romances. Maybe it was sort of tawdry. Perhaps it would make a weak scene in a porn movie. But it was a personal accomplishment – a new step towards something that thrilled me. I had earned what I had done – flirted with a man and given him a blowjob.

It hadn't been easy, but definitely not hard.

The prospect of doing it again sent shivers through me.

"Carol?" Ross called.

"Yep, it's me."

He was in the bedroom, in a t-shirt and nothing else. His cock lay on his leg, somewhat bigger looking again.

I asked, "How is it?"

He knew I was asking about his erection strength. He frowned a little. "I was hoping it would be even stronger..."

I sat next to him and squeezed it. A light layer of oil was on it and the stiffness as my fingers slid over it felt the same as last time. "I've got something for you."

He chuckled. "I was just about to ask what happened."

"Well, I met a man and blew him."

His smile spread so fast. "Tell me."

I gave him an eyebrow gesture. "Even better."

"Huh?"

I pulled out my phone.

His eyes went wide. "You didn't," he breathed.

"I did. It's a little shaky sometimes..."

His eyes were large with need. "Lemme see."

I tapped the video file and played it.

His eyes got larger. His cock flexed in my fingers. He groaned with rising desperation and desire. "Oh... Oh, yes!" His eyes popped out at the cumshot and his semi-hard shaft jerked in my hand. His cum came out, the first squirt flying about an inch before landing.

I mused, "Wow, I haven't seen you squirt so strong in a while."

The rest of it dribbled – like normal.

I said, "Are you really liking this?"

He was panting. "Yes. I want a copy."

I began tapping. "Done."

He sagged back. "Shoot, that was good. Did he lick you?"

"No."

"Oh. Sorry."

I waved it off. "That's all right."

"You'll do it again?"

Definitely. "If you want me to." The certainty inside me was dominant. I had a feeling I wanted this even if he changed his mind.

"Did you have fun?"

"Yes, but it's not like going to an amusement park or something. Maybe it's more like fishing: there's a period of waiting involved."

He was nodding with enthusiasm. "This guy, he was nice to you?"

I shrugged. "His name was Mike. He said his wife was having some strange kind of affair."

He exhaled softly. "Whoa, perfect."

I cautiously advanced a hint. "Well, I don't know. I think he'll probably be expecting more, you know?"

My husband gulped and went quiet. He was thinking.

I knew better than to interrupt his musings. I was going to let him mull that and understand that my flirting could lead to much more serious things. I wanted that in his head – whether or not he approved.

It was my own thoughts that took over as I prepared for bed and finally climbed in.

I had enjoyed the emotional feeling of connecting with a man for sex as I had with Mike. I had provided him an outlet for his sexual frustration, as well as my own. But the condom had bothered me.

Which was well enough in the end.

He didn't trust me and how was I supposed to trust him? But if I began buying condoms, then I was just reinforcing that mistrust. Surely, it was safer, but it wasn't satisfying.

And the big thing was, I was going to have to play it safe exactly because I couldn't trust anyone. I was clean; I wasn't about to ruin it.

Unless I flirted with a man I knew.

As I drifted to sleep, I began thinking about the friends we had.

Dean was out; he was too close.

But our other friends? Some were single, some married. Maybe some of both were available? And could they keep things quiet?

Maybe then, I could pursue a rendezvous that didn't require the stupid condom.

Real sex.

That was for me...

CHAPTER 5

I settled on Woodie. Not too close a friend, and I knew he and his wife weren't exactly cuddle-bugs.

Some people just lived together. That was Woodie and Joanne.

Maybe Joanne was getting some on the side.

Maybe I could offer Woodie some help.

Maybe I was just making stuff up.

I walked into his repair shop where he tinkered with washers and dryers and resold them.

His shaggy head of hair was drawn back in a ponytail, though not as long as mine. He looked up from the bowels of a machine as if awoken from a nap. He recognized me and wiped a smudge of grease off his upper lip with his sleeve. "Hey, Carol."

"Hey, yourself."

"Got something for me to fix?"

"No..." I looked around. "Is this a good time?"

He looked curious and confused, and he shrugged in response. "Just trying to figure out if there's a bad motivator in this R2 unit."

I laughed at his Star Wars joke. "Is it beeping at you?"

He banged his fist against it. "Nah, it's just a tin can. So...?"

I sat on his work stool. There was a profusion of parts scattered on the workbench with wires sticking out at all angles. "I have this question I'd like to pose to you..."

He straightened and sat up on his footstool. Placing his wrists on his knees, he said, "Shoot."

I tried to keep my voice steady. I can do this. "If someone were to ask you out on a date, would you go and be able to keep it a secret?"

His brows drew down in thought, his eyes shifting here and there. "Someone asked you out on a date? You need my advice?"

I giggled. "Um, well, no. But would you?"

"Oh, me? Would I?" He lifted his shoulders in a series of shrugs. "Well... I don't know. I'm married, you know. So..."

"So?"

"So I guess it depended on who asked me."

"What if I asked you?" I gulped.

"You?" He frowned. "Well, yeah, I suppose I would and also keep it a secret, sure." He ended nodding.

"Okay, so would you?"

"Would I?"

I knew Woodie wasn't slow. He was over-thinking this, not seeing the obvious. I said, "So I'm asking you."

It dawned on him. His face cleared instantly and interest sparkled in his eyes. "Oh, you're asking me? Oh." He laughed. "Sorry, I thought this was some bit of advice or something." He put his electric screwdriver down. "I definitely would be interested. But..."

"But?"

"What about Ross?"

"Let's keep this between you and me."

"Well, all right..."

"Maybe we could meet in the city for drinks?"

"Ha, yeah, anyplace here in town and tongues start wagging. Although..."

"What?"

"My brother is out of town until Tuesday. We could have drinks at his place..."
He trailed off.

I was pleased his sharp mind caught on fast. "I think that sounds great."

"When?"

"Tonight?" I was thrilled to be arranging something so naughty as if discussing a service call. Negligible negotiation. Neat and tidy. Already, my nipples were hardening.

He nodded, eyes drifting to the side. "I'll want to get cleaned up after work. I hate this grime. Sort of comes with the job."

"I understand."

"Six thirty?"

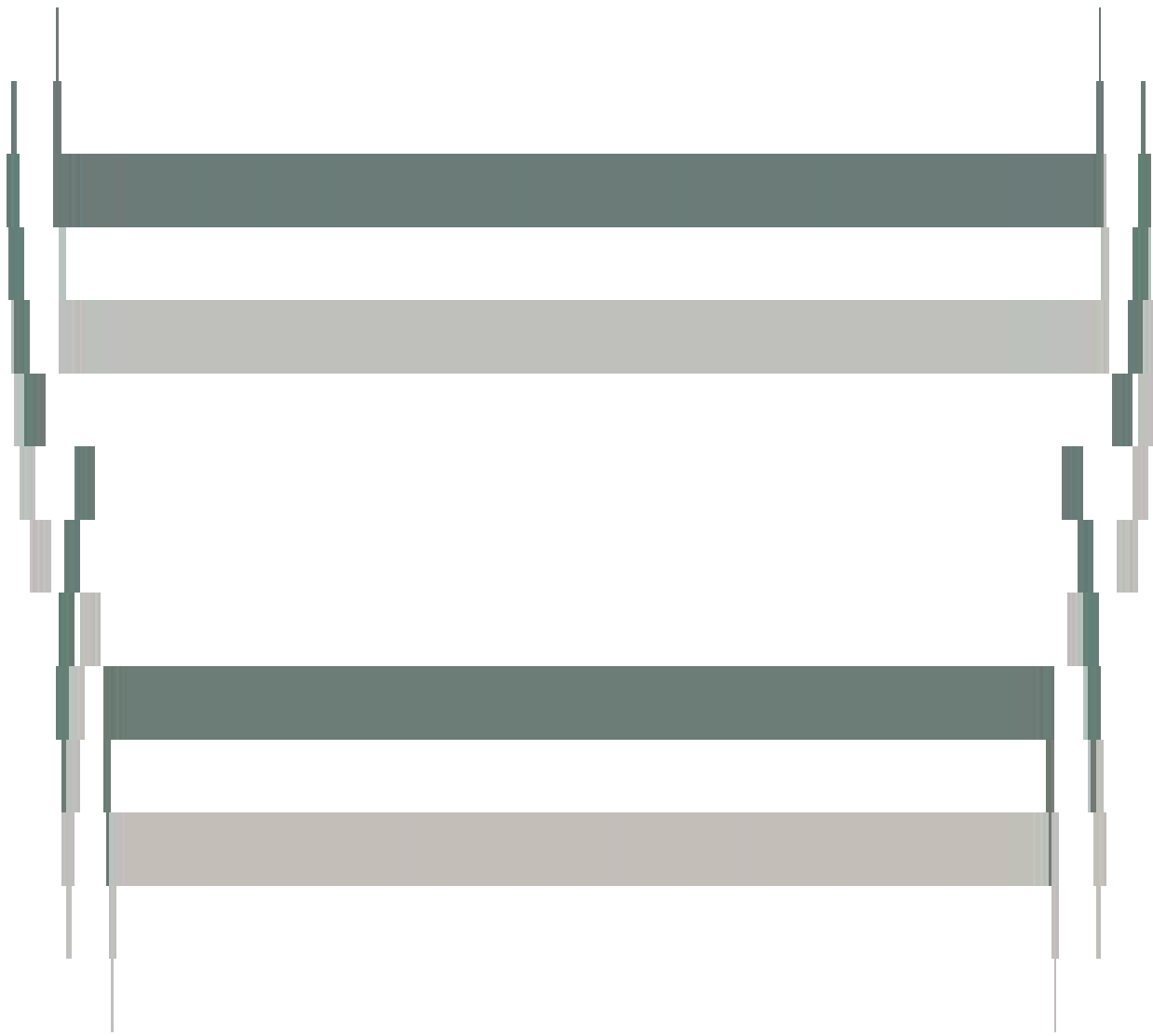
"Done. Where?"

"Meet me here and you can follow me. It's around the corner."

I smiled for the first time. "I'll be here."

His look of awe at his unexpected fortune was gratifying to me.

Yes, I think I made a good choice.



I pulled on my jeans.

Ross was watching. "Mike again?" He sounded hopeful.

"No, someone else. I'll have to think a bit about him—"

"Don't like the married guy?"

"Actually, I did, it's just..."

"What?"

I zipped up. "It was like I said, he'd likely be expecting a lot more than a blowjob now." I looked at his face carefully for reactions.

He was thinking, I could see it. "Oh, right..."

"I'll have to find a new guy if I want to get away with a blowjob."

"Right. Every time..." He scratched at his lip. "Did you like Mike?"

I wanted to be honest. "Yes and no."

"No? Why not?"

"He was a stranger. I didn't know a lot about him."

"You could always get to know him."

"I didn't get the impression he was willing to be interviewed and vetted for something more."

He grunted his acknowledgment. "Yeah, probably not, huh?"

I kissed his cheek. "Don't worry. I'm sure I can scrounge something up tonight."

His grin was sly. "You sexy woman."

I laughed, but it was a little bitter. "Not to the young guys, sorry."

"They don't know what they're missing."

"Are you going to play with it?" I dropped my eyes down.

"Yeah, every damn minute you're gone. Going to get a video of it?"

"I'll try. Mike was adamant about not getting his face in there."

"Yeah... I imagine a lot of guys would rather be anonymous..." He was disappointed.

I knew I couldn't do it with Woodie. What if even just a vid of his dick was enough for my husband to figure out? I wouldn't take the risk.



His brother's place was messy. Woodie was embarrassed. "Shit, I'm sorry."

I shook my head. "It's not your place."

He swept newspapers off the couch and fumed. "What a disgusting pig."

I agreed, but I wasn't going to say anything.

He plopped down on the couch in a huff. He took a wrapped hand towel out of the sack he had brought and unrolled two tumblers. Next he took out the bottle. "Rum okay?"

I shrugged. "As long as you're pouring."

"So why me?"

"I... know you and Joanne aren't all too lovey-dovey. Pardon me for saying it."

"No, no, that's all right. Yeah, I guess we're just going through the motions."

I took a long pull of the rum and let it burn my throat. A cigarette would be great with it, but I resisted. "We're all discreet?"

He considered me from under his shaggy hair. "Yeah, as long as you are."

I unbuttoned one button of my chambray shirt and gave him a smile.

Woodie is sharp. Sometimes too sharp. But he didn't miss or over interpret this signal. He leaned over and kissed me.

I let him, reveling in the sensation of a new pair of lips pressing their passion to mine. At least kissing wasn't sex: for this, I could not feel guilty.

When his hand touched my shirt and began caressing my boob, I could imagine that this wasn't sex, either.

I wasn't cheating on my husband. Woodie was mauling my clothes, not the bare skin of my breast. Sort of like how sex with Mike using a condom escaped my

guilt-test.

I warmed to the attention and his stiffness in the way he moved became a source of interest and excitement. We were exploring each other and I enjoyed it.

With one more gulp of rum, we were both removing clothing.

I latched onto his cock. Even flaccid, it was long. It was much like all of Woodie: lean; long; and languid. The last time I had seen a cock this length was my freshman year in high school when my gym teacher had plowed my virgin pussy.

I stroked him hard.

His hands were rubbing my breasts and pussy, relaxing me with his attention and care.

Yes, I definitely wanted this. More than I had with Mike, but in the same way. I was going to offer myself for Woodie's relief. Married and needing, he was welcome to use me. In return, I was going to use him. It was the perfect arrangement. More than doing this for my husband, I was going to do it for myself.

I had become too enamored of my husband's fantasy for it to be his alone, now.

I had made it mine.

I decided Woodie needed a little encouragement. "Fuck me."

He moved immediately, pulling and positioning me.

It felt so natural to do it with this friend and I accepted his direction. I put my legs out –one up on the back of the couch and the other out on the floor. I was open, ready.

His look of intense determination erased all manner of second thoughts or doubts.

This was happening and in the right way. And it was so easy.

His push penetrated my pussy.

I gasped at the invasion, feeling the roll of pressure curve inside me as he moved in deeper. Fuck, this is so much better than a stupid condom...

He kept going, spearing into me as I began recalling that very first time when I was taking Coach Thompson's cock into my fourteen year old pussy. Now, thirty-five years later, a friend of my husband's did the same.

It felt better this time.

Way better.

I wasn't stiff, tight, or ignorant of what was to come.

He started out slow and respectful. My coach had fucked me hard – pounded me until I was screaming. Not that I wanted that initial pain now, but I did want that unrelenting ravenous connection.

I panted, "No, harder. Fuck me."

He seemed very happy to oblige. He squeezed his eyes shut and sinuously slammed his hips down onto mine. His cock sawed in and out, driving me tight with pressure. My lower body lifted and froze, accepting every pounding thrust he threw at me.

I felt as if my middle section was paralyzed – unable to move. But I did move, despite the tension. My hips jerked up to meet his. When I felt him start to ejaculate in me with all the sexy moans and groans of elation, I lost it. Unraveling in me was a force unlike any I had ever felt.

It was sexy.

It was nasty.

It was the sweetest release I had ever felt.

A sensation not sexual arose within me. I was not troubled by it in the least, though I should've been.

Instead, I welcomed it. I embraced it.

I adored it.

I was addicted.

CHAPTER 6

Another successful date, if not with a stranger.

Another satisfied night with my husband as he came to me telling him about a long blowjob and how I had been fingered.

His cock had felt stiffer – if I wasn't imagining things.

It was with the sexual victory of satisfaction that I set out to scout another bar or two in the city. Woodie had been fine, but what kind of relationship might I develop with someone equally lonely? A stranger to satisfy my husband?

My guilt forced me to try again.

My elation drove me to it with eager anticipation.

Somehow, somewhere, with someone, I was going to find the right combo and please both my husband and myself.

Ross had loved hearing that I was fingered. I suspected with enough dates, he would possibly, eventually, maybe, allow that I could actually fuck.

What a great thing that would be!

But I had to approach this with all caution. Throw my idea onto my husband too soon and he would naturally put on the brakes. Call the whole thing off. Sternly forbid any more dates.

My ache could not afford that. No, it was I that must now lead my husband, rather than how it had been before with me reluctantly following.

I had to dance like a ballerina, twisting about him until I had him facing where I wanted him going.

I didn't know if I could do it. I just knew I had to try. The hollow ache in my pussy hadn't been sated, it had been teased like a rabid dog.

Dangerous.

I chose a place in the city called the Pour House Pub. A little more on the upscale side. I walked in feeling that spring in my step. It was just after noon – way too early for the after-work crowd.

My spring went flat. My feet felt like concrete slippers, slapping down and sticking to the floor with their weight.

Vicki was there, and looking at me with surprise. My best friend.

Oh shit.

She waved brightly. "Carol!" Then she beckoned me to her table. "What are you doing here?"

I blushed because nothing came to mind and I knew I was caught. "Uh..."

Vicki blinked. And then blinked again, her face going pale. Her eyes widened. She whispered, "Carol?"

I sat in a rush. "I... uh..."

Her face fell. "Oh no..."

I swallowed. "It's not like that."

She arched a disappointed eyebrow at me. "It's not?"

"Fuck... can you keep a secret?"

She shook her head and bugged out her eyes at me. "You have to ask? What's going on? Are you and Ross having problems?"

I made shushing motions with my hands. "Shh..." I looked around.

No one was listening. No one cared.

I looked back to her. "Ross has had issues for the last several years." I made an erecting motion with my finger.

"Oh?"

"Anyway, he thinks if I find dates, he might be able to wake it up. A fantasy thing, you know?"

She sat back studying my face. "He... wants you to date?"

I nodded. "We've... seen some... results..."

Her eyes went very big. "You've... gone on dates?"

I nodded.

Her mouth dropped open in shock, then turned into a silent laugh. "Oh my gosh..."

"It's supposed to be a secret."

She laughed out loud, but lowered her voice. "Oh, I can keep a secret..." She shook her head.

I wondered what she was thinking. "What?"

Hovering over the table she said very low, "Where do I find a man like that? Let me date? Hell yeah."

I laughed derisively. "You? Yeah, right."

She looked at me as if I was crazy. "Are you kidding? I'd kill to have a husband who encouraged me to date."

I grimaced. "Well, he has a prob—" I cut off because someone was there.

Vicki bolted upright. "Oh. Carol? This is my friend."

I looked up and almost passed out.

It was Mike.

He stood, frozen, eyes flicking back and forth between us.

Vicki was oblivious. "He's in town for business." She wriggled in her seat.

I noticed his left hand wasn't wearing his wedding ring. I rose from the table. "Well, I gotta go. I'll let you two..." I couldn't finish and I couldn't wait to get out of there. I rushed for the door.

Outside, I gulped in a couple good deep breaths. Then I started laughing.

I might tell Vicki later. Maybe not. I guess it depended on how enamored she was of her friend, Mike.

"Carol? Carol Dwyer?"

I stumbled to a stop and looked.

A short man, bulky in the chest and wearing a black turtleneck and sports coat was smiling at me.

I didn't know him. "Yes?"

His hand pulled a cell phone from his pocket. "Do you think your husband might want to see these?"

I looked as he gently thrust the phone close. On the screen was a picture of me going into Woodie's shop.

He thumbed.

The next picture was me following Woodie up the stairs of his brother's apartment.

My face stiffened. "What the fuck do you want?"

He motioned with the phone as if dismissing my acerbity. "Just to talk."

I stood there, frozen, staring into the man's sharp eyes. What the... fuck... is going on?

He motioned to the door of the bar. "Let's talk."

"Not there."

His chin slowly lifted. "Ah, of course. Michael Larson? And your friend Vicki Parks?"

Fuck!

CHAPTER 7

I was pissed. I followed him to a café. Even his old Pontiac pissed me off. It was sleek and maintained, just like the driver's composure.

So sure of himself.

Someone wanted to blackmail me? Why?

I was not in a good mood as I followed him into a little diner, but I was more angry than afraid.

Why all this now? Was there some nebulous marriage force in the universe which took delight in punishing men and women who stepped outside of their vows?

He sat and motioned for me to sit.

I didn't have much choice; I needed to know what this guy was after.

"Charles 'the Chip' sends his regards."

"Who?" I was annoyed.

His eyes watched mine. I scowled at him. He said, "Tall blonde guy—"

I was shaking my head. "I don't know who the fuck you're talking about."

The waitress went stiff. "Um... did you want to see the menus?" She offered them half-heartedly.

The man didn't look at her. "Two coffees, please."

When she went away, I asked, "Exactly who are you, and how do you know me?"

He took out his phone and laid it flat on the table. He tapped into Notes and

began reading. "Carol Dwyer—"

"I didn't ask who I was, dipshit. I asked who you were."

He looked up, eyes hooking to mine and watching. They didn't just stay on my eyes, though. They flicked down to my lips, my shoulders, my fists, then back up to my ears and eyes. He did not look perturbed in the least.

He said, "I saw Freddy's funeral yesterday. Slicked-back hair, like usual. Amazing how the funeral home makes them look so natural—"

"Funeral?"

"Do you remember his hair?"

I leaned forward and punctuated my words clearly. "I don't know who you're talking about."

He didn't answer; he looked down and tapped on his phone.

I asked, "What are you doing?"

"Making notes." It was dismissive. He muttered, "Freddy is as bald as a cueball and his funeral was closed-casket. No, you obviously don't know him."

I was getting angrier. "Explain yourself or I'll call the police."

He looked up at me with a considering look. There was no tension there and yet there had been when he had first sat down. He rested one arm back along the backrest, relaxed and patient. "No, I don't think you will, considering what I might show your husband."

I was sort of caught there. While my husband approved of my dating, he wouldn't approve of Woodie being the date. But I couldn't tell this man that. I fumed.

He scrunched his lips to the side, thinking. Then he said, "You really are a nobody, aren't you?"

I got up.

He placed his hand instantly on the table, flat. "Don't go. Let me apologize."

I hesitated.

He placed his hand over his heart. "Cross my heart, hope to die—"

I barked an incredulous laugh, but sat back down.

He said, "I'm Gene Smith—"

"Smith? Uh huh."

The waitress delivered the coffees.

He sighed. "Private Investigator."

That made a little sense considering the pictures.

He pulled out his ID card and showed me.

I shook my head. "How do I know that's real?"

"Never seen one before, huh?"

"No."

"Anyway, that's me and I apologize for what appears to be strange questions."

I inhaled and exhaled loudly. "What is this about?"

"I work for Ramsay S. Smith—" He started as if the name meant something and was important with the initial.

I interrupted him. "Still don't know him."

For the first time, he smiled. "No, maybe not. But he knows you."

"Me?"

He tapped on his phone, then swiveled it towards me. On it, a video was playing. A blue car... the intersection... and my voice ... It was my video of that horrible

accident.

I said in shock, "How did you get that?"

"The department shared it with me when they dropped the matter."

"Dropped what matter?"

He pulled his phone back, aligning it neatly where it had rested before. He tapped out of the video. "The attempted murder of Ramsey S. Smith."

"Murder?"

"Attempted. But the police don't see it that way. I connected Freddy Gonzales to Charles 'the Chip' Munch."

I blinked at him. "Good thing his last name wasn't Monk."

His chuckle was amused, but tight. "Keep that to yourself. It is perhaps the deadliest thing you could say to him."

I laughed, but trailed off as he shook his head.

"I'm serious. But it's likely you'll never meet him, anyway. The Chip is suspected of being behind over two dozen murders."

"What's going on here?"

"You saved my brother's life."

"I did what?"

"When you laid on the horn, you got his attention. Quick enough for him to see the truck coming up behind him. He escaped being pushed into the intersection."

"Your brother?"

"Ramsey S. Smith, my brother."

"I thought you said you worked for him?"

His smile was friendly. "I do, the bastard pays well."

"Oh. Why would someone want to murder him?"

His eyebrows did a little dance. "Competition. My brother wants to tear down that mall and build an industrial site—"

"Our mall? He's the one?"

"Well, he's the most recent. He's certain he can build a site that would attract a very prominent contractor needing to expand. Hush-hush work for the military. The Chip had his chips in on a project here in the city."

"Oh..."

"My brother will want to meet you."

"What for?"

"To thank you personally."

I shook my head. "I would've done it for anybody."

"But you saved him. He might want to reward you."

"I'm not interested in a reward. It was a horrific crash."

He tapped on his phone.

"What are you doing?"

"Noting how you answered..."

I coughed. "Am I still being investigated?"

He chuckled. "No. But my brother is very demanding."

"What about those pictures?"

"I have no need of them. But why...? You and your husband are tight."

It's none of your business! However, the man seemed almost hurt and confused. I took a sip of my coffee and looked down. "It's a fantasy of his for me to date, okay?"

"Why were you scared of me showing—"

"Because he didn't want me embarrassing him by dating a friend."

He looked down. "I'm sorry; that must have been hard to admit." He tapped on his phone and turned to show me the photo file. "All gone."

"Thank you."

"May I call you later? To set up a meeting with my brother?"

"You have my number?"

"I'm close in with the sheriff's department."

"Well, I guess I can't stop you, can I?"

His smile was back, and a tenderness to his eyes. "I was just trying to be polite."

I let out a long breath of weariness. "I'm sorry. All this has been stressful: the accident; trying to find a date..."

"I understand."

And I knew he did.

CHAPTER 8

I faced another problem after, knowing that even seeing Woodie exposed me to problems of discovery.

If some private investigator could take pictures unnoticed, who else might? A nosey neighbor?

I couldn't risk being found with one of my husband's friends.

I scouted another bar that was a little classier – a sports bar frequented by all ages. I walked into it with higher hopes on a busy Friday night.

Clean and bright, the place served pizza and pasta at long tables with a trio of big screens showing some boxing match.

I didn't care for sports, but I sat at one of the long tables and sipped a vodka and water.

One of the guys cheering the match turned back to his friend and caught sight of me. "Whoa, did you see that..." He trailed off as his eyes registered my solitude. A smile spread over his features.

He waved and said, "Hi."

I returned his smile and raised my glass.

He licked his lips, talking around his friend. "You here with anybody?" He was a handsome-looking guy in his late thirties, maybe. A few lines on his face but no silver in his beard.

I shook my head and looked at him hopefully.

He got up and patted his friend on the shoulder. "Slide down so I can talk, dude." They exchanged places.

Am I really going to score a young man? No way.

He stuck out his hand. "Ringo." There was a slight slur to his voice.

"Carol." I put my hand in his and he was gentle. Feeling good about his personality, I lit up with interest.

We talked for an hour.

He was with his roommate Derek who was a cocky-looking tall man – all bright eyed and drunk. Another of his friends, Steve, was sober and the driver.

I was wondering if I was going to have to excuse myself and go find another prospect for a date when Ringo said, "You wanna come back to my place...?" He looked hopeful.

Perfect. I let him see my happiness and said, "Yes, absolutely."



Their apartment was a pure bachelor pad. Although not as messy as my last encounter with Woodie, the place still had a pizza box left out and several beer bottles.

An X-box system was scattered in front of the TV with a tangle of wires and controllers.

His roommate Derek went back out with Steve leaving me and Ringo alone.

I tried not to make a face seeing Ringo's room. Laundry was everywhere, though I couldn't tell what was clean or dirty.

He was still all-charm, but his juvenile mentality showed itself. "Let's get out of these clothes, huh?" His speech was very slurred.

While I might have been marginally put off by the apartment and condition, I was not put off sexually. A fire burned within me at the thought of just spreading myself open for this obviously horny young man.

I was married and he didn't care; he just wanted to fuck. It appealed so strongly within me that my pussy ached.

I wanted to get used.

It sounded so dirty and so good.

I was ready when he pushed me down onto the bed.

His cock was erect and he unrolled a condom onto it.

I felt a little disappointed. He didn't trust me? But then, maybe I shouldn't trust him.

His thrust was hard and direct. I was surprised the condom didn't tear. He grunted with relief and began humping.

It was not romantic. It was not tender.

It was ferocious and feverish.

His eyes were closed, and he panted above me with his exertions.

I loved it. It made me feel like a cheap whore. While I certainly wasn't, the feeling made me squirm with desire.

I didn't hear the front door open, but Derek leaned into the bedroom doorway. "Fucking that married woman?"

His question made me feel filthy good. I groaned loudly, out of control. "Oh... yesss..."

Derek's face lit up. "I brought Danny. Hurry up, we want a go with her."

Another voice said, "Dude, is that her?"

"Yeah."

"She's kinda... old."

Derek's voice lowered to a whisper but I could still hear it. "They're the most desperate. You gotta fuck them real rough. Serious as fuck."

"I can do that."

They came into the room and I watched as they undressed. My pussy became wetter.

Ringo groaned in disappointment. "I can't..." He pulled out and flopped over, sighing heavily. "I don't think I can cum. Too much to drink."

Derek was at me in a flash. "We'll take over, dude. Just go to sleep." He yanked my knees, his fingers digging in painfully.

My pussy clamped and twinged, needing to be filled again.

He rolled a condom on and asked, "You need this, don't you?"

"The condom? No, but I'm glad—"

He laughed. "I'm not talking about the condom you dumb cunt, I'm talking about my dick." He yanked on my hips and brought me to the edge. He wedged the head inside and pushed.

His friend Danny got on the bed and pulled my face to the side. He forced his cock into my mouth and began humping. I tried to suck him, but finally just let him fuck my mouth.

Derek growled, "Like that, bitch?"

I made a yes sound.

His smile brightened and a glow came to his eyes. "You're a fucking cheating slut, aren't you?"

"Uh huh." It felt so good admitting it. So nasty. I wanted him to use me like a whore.

Danny groaned with pleasure. "Suck me, whore."

I tried, but he was still moving more than I could follow. He leaned up and began pushing his cock to the back of my throat. "Ah, yeah, the fucking bitch deep throats."

Ringo had passed out.

Steve looked into the room and shook his head. He went back out to the living room.

Derek rammed hard, veins standing out on his neck. "Fuck man, this whore can take it all."

I couldn't breathe. Danny had pushed his cock into my mouth so far it was blocking my air passage. I struggled. I began seeing spots. My hearing went numb with a loud buzzing.

Whatever sexy feeling I had evaporated.

Derek was cussing at me but I couldn't hear what was being said. Dimly, I felt him pounding my pussy.

Pain had flared in my throat but receded.

The next thing I knew, I was being hauled up by the hair.

Danny was lying back panting.

Derek was laughing. "You made her pass out. I want her mouth too."

I found myself on my knees, taking in grateful breaths from a mouth filled with cum.

He said to his spent friend, "You don't know how to treat a whore, do you?"

I coughed up a glob of cum.

Danny said, "Fuck it, she took my load. That's all that matters."

Derek jerked my head towards him. The condom was off and his cock at my mouth. "You have to show them who's boss or they'll get mouthy."

"What the fuck ever."

Derek jerked my head again. "Suck it, bitch. Take my cock into your cheating mouth." He grabbed fistfuls of my hair on either side of my head and began hip thrusting into my mouth.

It wasn't as bad as being choked to death by Danny's dick, so I relaxed a little. I decided I just wanted out of here.

His cock rammed the back of my throat but quickly. He laughed incredulously. "How many cocks have you sucked, cunt?"

There was no point in answering; he wasn't giving me a chance to speak.

His body was tensing. He pulled out and began jacking his shaft. "Hey, Danny. Watch this." He panted faster. "I'm gonna cumblast her face."

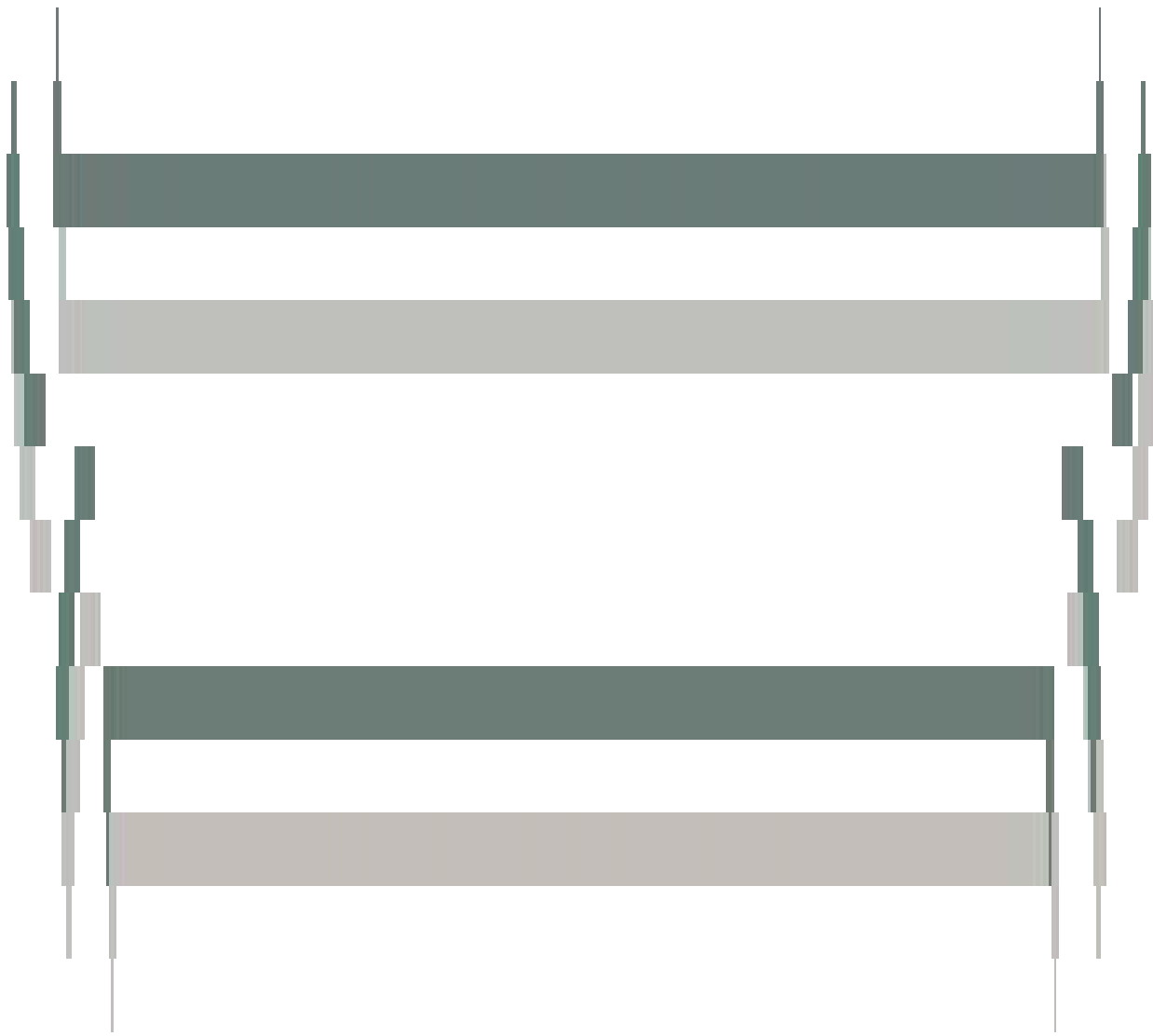
I opened my mouth, relieved it was almost over. This is the last time I go out with some young guy. Fuck this.

Derek's voice rose in pitch and fever. "Fuck yeah, here it comes, ungh!"

Cum erupted onto my face – hot splashes of his release that did nothing for me except get in one eye. Oww...

He was laughing with relief. "Aw, fuck man. Look at her cummy face." He laughed like a little kid. Then his fist grew rapidly in size.

I felt the impact on my forehead. I slammed over backwards to the floor - feeling nothing.



I came around to shouting.

Steve was hitting Derek over and over. "You stupid piece of shit!"

Derek was enraged. "She's a fucking whore!"

The sober guy threw the jerk against the wall. "You trying to kill her?" His punch landed in Derek's gut.

"No! I was trying to give her a jelly doughnut."

Danny was laughing on the bed. "Stupid fucker missed."

I crawled away, trying to find my clothing. Sobs erupted and tears clouded my eyes. My head hurt, bad.

What had started out nasty had become the worst experience of my sexual life.

Steve helped me a few moments later. "I'm really sorry about this..."

I said the only thing I could, "I want to go home..." And be with my husband.

CHAPTER 9

I told my husband my date had gotten forceful, wanting to fuck me and that I had fallen off the bed trying to get away. I had a bruise, but it wasn't as bad as it had felt at first.

He didn't know whether to be excited or sad for a second, but his concern melted away any sexual excitement he might have gotten. He hugged me to him.

I was home. I was safe.

I slept in the comfort of his arms the entire night.

It was Saturday morning and I was chatting with Vicki on her porch. "What is a jelly doughnut?"

"You've never had a jelly doughnut? It's a doughnut with jelly filling—"

I shook my head. "No, in sex."

She looked dumbfounded. "I don't know..." She pulled out her phone and started tapping.

I was sitting on the rail, sipping the orange juice she had brought out.

"Oh my."

"What?"

"It's where some guy cums on your face, then gives you a bloody nose. The blood mixes with the cum—"

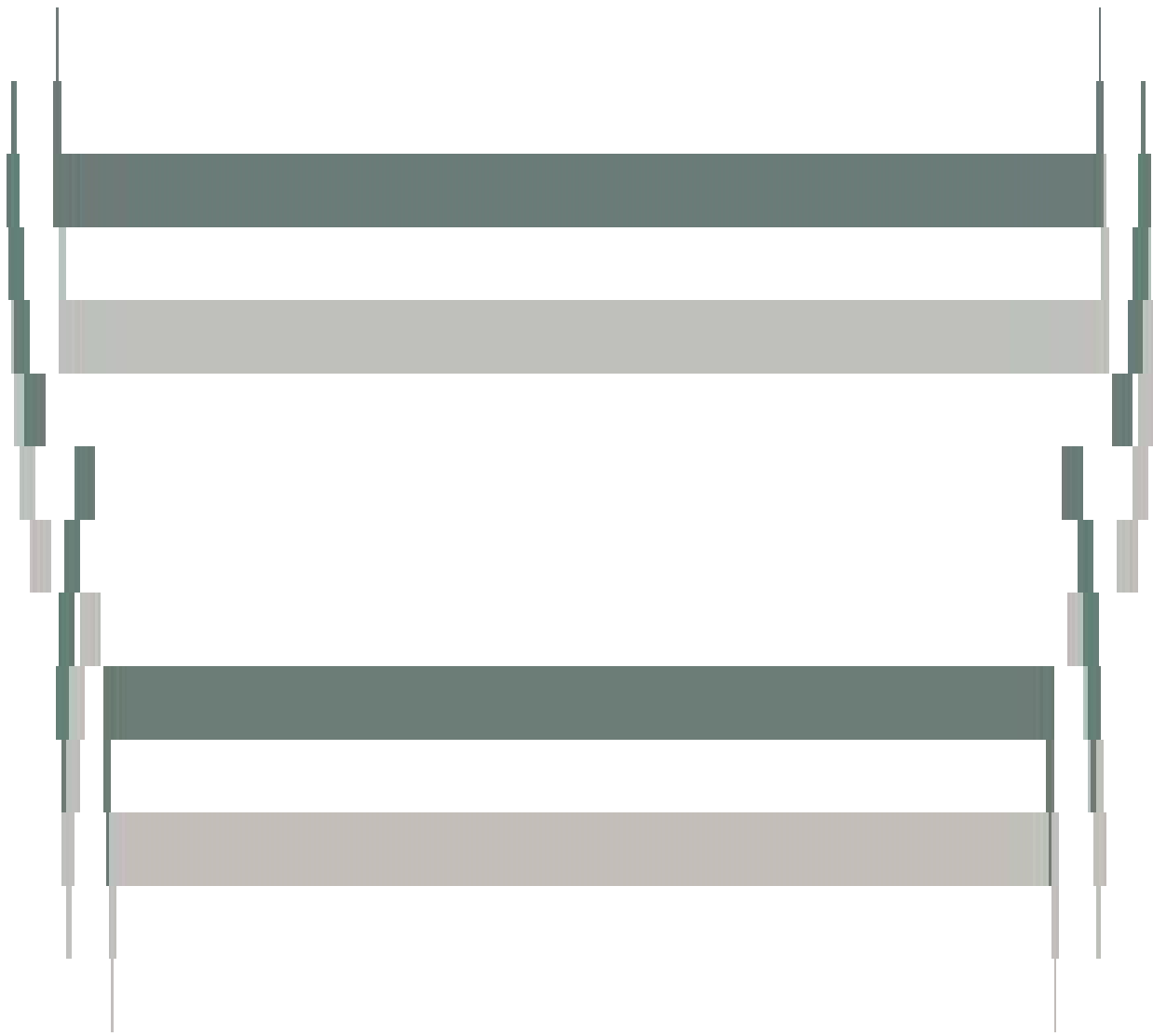
"Stop." I felt sick and looked away.

My friend shook her head. "This is going to happen with strangers. How do you know what you're getting?"

I didn't want to bring up Mike. She wasn't berating me, so I wouldn't berate her. But really, she was right. How were we supposed to know? Both of us had trusted Mike. Had we just gotten lucky?

Vicki said, "If you aren't more selective, you could end up dead."

So can you...



Later Saturday night, Ross wanted to know why I wasn't going out. "I've been getting really good reactions from it." He was indicating his crotch.

Yeah, but is it worth my nose? My face? My life? I hung my head, not wanting to answer.

He frowned in suspicion. "What's the matter?"

I turned to him, grabbing the placket of his work shirt. "Ross..."

He waited.

"Some of these men are wanting more than just a blowjob..."

He began breathing heavier. "Yeah, I've thought of that. A lot."

"I got away from the last one, and I hit my head falling off the bed. What if he had been more forceful?" I hated lying to him, but he needed to understand I could be in danger. He also hadn't relented on the date needing to be a stranger.

His voice got shaky. "I've been thinking that... you could let them..."

"Let them what?"

"Have sex with you." He said it quickly, then held his breath. Finally, he let it out and chuckled. "I can't believe how just saying it is having an effect on my dick."

"Are you sure those aren't the kegels working?"

He shrugged. "I don't know, but I started to get hard telling you just now." He started removing his pants. "It feels so alive."

I didn't want to jerk him off right now.

He sat on the bed and pointed. "Look at that." He started jacking himself.

I blinked a couple times. It was semi-erect. It flopped over if he let go, but it was very much stiffer than I'd seen in... years.

I reached down and gripped him. It definitely was firmer. I felt a victory of sorts, but this bit about strangers was digging at me. I say next to him. "It might be easier if we knew who—"

"No, definitely not. No one we know." He moved a hand over his head. "We can't."

His tone told me it was useless to argue.

I sighed quietly.

"You don't like the idea of having sex, do you?"

No, it's not that at all... But the whole stranger thing had gone sour with a punch to my forehead. Knocked some sense into me. "I don't know, Ross; I'll have to think about it."

He hugged me – just a squeeze.

Then he pressured me the rest of the weekend and all into the following week. Each day that passed had me more sure than ever that I was not going to go out fishing for the unknown.

I relented Wednesday and made arrangements with another friend of the family for Thursday night. Brett was a more recent friend and not too close to my husband.

I assumed he would make a fine choice: he was nice; decent-looking; funny; and always smiling.

Thursday night had my husband moving about our little home in his t-shirt and nothing else. He was excited and even his little guy looked rather perky. He watched me getting ready. "I really look forward to these nights."

I don't. Though I did, really. Just not for what happened the last time. I brushed out my hair and whipped it back into my signature ponytail.

"Carol..."

I flicked my eyes to him in the mirror. "Hmm?"

"You really can have sex with your date... if you want to..."

I was silent.

"If you don't, that's fine, too; I won't push you."

"Would you really want me coming home with some other man's cum in me?"

His eyes lit up and he swallowed so visibly I thought his throat was convulsing.

"I... uh... yeah. Does that... make you laugh at me?"

I turned to him. "Now why would I laugh at you?"

"Because I can't get it up? I mean, how pathetic can a guy be having to fantasize about other men doing it because he can't?"

"Stop it, Ross. I've never laughed at you."

"It makes me feel vulnerable, admitting all this. At the same time, I can't get it off my mind."

I took a breath and held it in for a moment, imagining the rush of nicotine. "I didn't want to do this at first, but I've... come to like it. I like it, okay? I'm not just doing this for you anymore, but for both of us."

He nodded. "I'm glad."

"No, I... don't think you understand. I really enjoy this dating thing."

"What part of it?"

I squeezed my shoulders inwards, looking up to the ceiling. "I don't know. All of it. The whole meeting someone and talking. Finding out what they're like underneath. What turns them on. The thrill of the chase. Being chased. Sharing intimacy without having to worry about them being boyfriends. And coming home to you."

"So if I wanted it all to stop?"

I laughed. "I don't know. I don't know if I'd want to stop. We might have to arm-wrestle to settle it." It was a tease and I knew he knew it; he could win a match

against me in a second.

He was smiling. "Well, I like you dating."

"Do you even know how it makes me feel?"

He went serious. "Bad?"

"No, that's the funny thing. Not bad at all, but rather dirty. Nasty. Sexy. It feels good. Too good to give up."

A sexier smile spread on his lips. "Good."

I gave him a kiss at the front door. "You want me coming home with cum on my lips? Or in my pussy?"

He looked almost on the point of passing out. No audible word could be heard, just a croak. "Pussy."

"Then I will and I'll tell you all about it."

I left him at the door, looking pale and feverish. I drove straight to Brett's. I checked my mirrors, looked around at all the cars and made a quick walk for his front door.

He had a little tract home – a box even smaller than ours. Neighbors were close, but I didn't see anyone looking. I knocked.

Brett answered. I chose him because he was big. Brawny Brett, I had always thought of him. A little bit of a belly, but not so much it was in the way. He had worked cement for years and it showed. The poor construction food from the food trucks and gas station minimarts showed, too. His smile was white and big. "Carol, come in."

I stepped inside, directly into the living room – and right into the face of another of our friends: Robert. "What's..." I didn't want to sound impolite.

Brett cleared his throat and said, "Well, uh..."

Robert was smiling.

Agh! I whirled on Brett. "You told him."

He held up his hands helplessly. "I had to. He and I have always had hard-ons for you."

"You weren't supposed to tell anybody."

"But he's my best friend."

The entire avalanche of friendship and trust broadsided me with enlightenment. How could I possibly assume that a friend would not have a best friend with which he shared all? Just like I eventually did with Vicki?

How long would Ross's secret be safe with us until he spilled to Dean?

I couldn't blame Brett any more than I could blame myself for telling Vicki or Ross someday telling Dean. Of course, Dean already knew, but that was beside the point.

Had Woodie told his best friend? Who is his best friend anyway? The thought paled me.

Robert said, "I'm sorry if it was a rude thing to do, but we both have been hot for you for so long..."

I liked Robert. Quiet and shy, I had no idea he had ever looked at me that way before. Still a little peeved, though I was calming down, I asked, "How come you never said anything before?"

He chuckled. "Yeah, right, just walk up to some wife and tell her you want to jump her bones? I don't think that's a good strategy for a long life."

Brett's hands rested on my shoulders. "If you want to cancel, I understand, but we really hope you want to stay."

Robert gulped and nodded. "Please stay."

What could I do? Deny that I really wanted to stay? Ten minutes later, I was downing a screwdriver. My pussy was demanding no more delays. That craving rose in me, stronger than my need for cigarettes. My hands shook with

desperation just as bad – if not worse – than my cigarette shakes.

I was sitting in between the two men on Brett's couch. I felt comforted and safe. Very safe.

Robert touched my head, turning it after I had swallowed the last of my screwdriver. His lips met mine in a tender touch that made way for his tongue.

Warmth rolled through me and I melted into his kiss, wanting to feel the press of his flesh against me.

Exciting for being so different than my husband, I surrendered to his kiss.

Brett's hands began touching me from the other side – caressing my boobs through my chambray shirt. His fingers ranged up and stroked the hollow of my neck, tickling me and sending shivers all down my arms.

These men were treating me like a woman, not an object.

Fire flared in my pussy and I felt the moisture accumulate.

I dropped a hand down to Robert's lap and rubbed. There was already some stiffness down there and I probed it with my fingers. The way I was twisted around meant I could only handle Robert.

Brett's hand moved down and pressed at my jeans, giving light little pushes to my pussy. Yet, it needed so much more...

Robert stopped kissing me and smiled with victory. "Wow, this is great." He shrugged out of his jeans, exposing his manhood. It was the first uncircumcised dick I had ever seen, but it was mostly hard now – only a small lip of skin was stretched over the lower edge of his helmet.

I gripped it without him asking and moved my hand up and down.

"Oh how long I've wanted this..."

I giggled. "Even though I'm married?"

He looked at me as if I was weird. "Married women are the best."

"Oh, are they, now?"

He nodded.

"And how many have you done?"

He gave a serious look of consideration.

I had meant it as a joke, but he was thinking.

He said, "Six, before you."

I was stunned. "Here in town?"

He laughed. "Yeah, where else?"

"Who—"

He shook his head. "Don't ask; I'm not telling. But I'll say this, out of all of them, I've always had my eyes on you."

Brett rumbled a chuckle next to me. "Me, too."

"And how many have you had?"

"None. Just you."

I felt strangely honored by their admissions. I concentrated on Robert while Brett got undressed.

The big man rumbled, "You want to flip for who goes first?"

I laughed at the silliness.

Robert fetched a coin. "Call it."

"Tails."

I snorted.

Robert slapped the coin out of the air and onto his wrist. He uncovered it. "Ha

ha, heads. Suck it."

"Try not to take too long."

He snickered. "Oh, I'm taking my time. Take a number."

I laughed and wiped my eyes. "Would you two shut up?"

But I was being pulled up by an eager Robert towards Brett's bedroom.

The big man said, "Don't mess up my bed."

"I'm going to make the hugest puddle on it and you're going to sleep in it."

"I knew I shouldn't have told you."

I was shaking with silent laughter from the two friends bantering.

Robert coughed. "You called me thirty seconds after she called you."

"It was longer than that."

"Was not." He gently guided me to a reclining position on the bed. He said to me, "Before Brett makes a mess of you, I want to taste it."

Brett grumbled, "If you wanted to suck my dick, why didn't you say so?"

Robert was incensed. "Excuse me?"

All thoughts of trying to intervene between the two evaporated when Robert's tongue touched my tingling clit. Rigidity tightened my entire body as the focus of satisfaction radiated out from the center of my pussy.

The swirl of his smooth, wet tongue teased me with the hot and cold contrast as his tongue passed over my clit. The wonderful thrills caused by his moving tongue left me short of breath. The insides of my thighs tightened and tickled as he teased the twisting coil inside me.

I groaned with the winding of that inner tension.

Just when I thought I was going to fly in different directions in a shattering

release, he stopped.

I whimpered.

He flipped me over and up until I was kneeling. He entered me doggie style. The smooth softness of his shaft penetrated and filled my aching hole.

I pushed back against his thrust, driving my pussy onto his cock. His member was the scratch for my itch deep inside.

He let out such a loud moan of relief and satisfaction that I laughed.

Robert said, "Oh, you just don't know..."

"Know what?"

"How great you feel."

I kept pushing back against his thrusts until he gripped my hips and began giving me his better effort. The slaps of his hips against mine complemented the deep feelings of fulfillment inside that had me barely able to hold myself up on my hands.

He panted, "Absolutely the best married pussy ever."

I grunted with our pushes. "You like married pussy?"

"I love your pussy." His hands scratched over my back, teasing and pulled, marking and making such an impression that I felt I was about to collapse.

I was getting close again. His thrusts rocked my frame, shaking it with his intensity.

But he was faster, finding his release before I could accept mine. His hot squirts inside teased and tantalized me, torturing me with the promise of my own release as yet unfulfilled.

I fell over as he pulled out.

Brett was on me like a dog on a bone. His mouth came down on my pussy.

Robert laughed. "Dude, you want to eat my cum?"

I looked down at Brett's eager face.

He was blushing, and the color was getting deeper. "No, I just want a taste of her."

Robert guffawed. "You want to eat my cum."

"Shut up."

What I felt, though, was his tongue traveling only over my clit. Only a few dips down my lips exposed him to Robert's jeering.

My eyes went upward as his licking lifted me to lofty heights.

Once again, I was left hanging, on the edge, out on a limb, quivering with expected, explosive release.

Brett moved up my body and pressed his engorged excitement into my pussy. I stretched to accommodate him. It was exquisite and I caught my breath to hold it in anticipation of the invasion.

Onward he pushed, filling and stretching me so fully that I was beginning to feel woozy from not breathing.

His cock made me complete in the same way Dean's had. But with Brett, it was different – more of a filling completeness rather than something felt in my soul.

The big man pushed into me, moving his cock in and out over and over – each thrust lifting me higher and farther.

Finally, I could take no more. Bursting inside was the feeling that I was falling, releasing all the tension as I tumbled through tense convulsions.

Robert breathed something appreciative that I didn't catch. He settled near my head and I eagerly took his semi-hard shaft into my mouth. He didn't throat-fuck me like the younger guys had. Instead, he stroked my hair as I sucked him.

Brett whispered, "That looks so good." He groaned with pressure. "Oh, yeah..."

Gonna cum." He redoubled his efforts, pumping into the home stretch.

My pussy took the pounding with pleasure.

This was far different than how Derek and Danny had treated me. Here, I felt wanted and cherished. There, I had felt worthless and used.

I knew right then, as Brett's hot squirts filled me inside, that I could never go back to dating strangers.

And that meant a huge problem at home.

CHAPTER 10

I stroked my husband's almost hard erection. "Are you sure you want to hear it?"

Ross scowled. "Does my cock lie?"

I giggled. "No, I guess not." I stroked him lightly, not wanting him to cum until I had told him the sanitized details. Names were changed to protect the innocent. My honesty went into hiding – under witness protection.

"The man invited his friend. I didn't know he was going to do that."

His eyes popped open. "Two men?"

I nodded solemnly. "I... took both."

His eyes bugged out even more. "Both?"

I swallowed and nodded again.

He shoved me frantically.

I squawked, thinking he was attacking me, but it wasn't physically, it was sexually. He undressed me as if he hated me.

But his tongue touching my pussy was anything but hate.

I gasped, "I'm still dirty..."

He moaned in a rush of lust. His tongue dipped and dove, badgered and bathed my pussy in his saliva.

I got slobbered.

But it was the purest heaven of elevation and ecstasy. My husband was giving me his approval, lending my promiscuity his permission, and wrapping my heart with his worship.

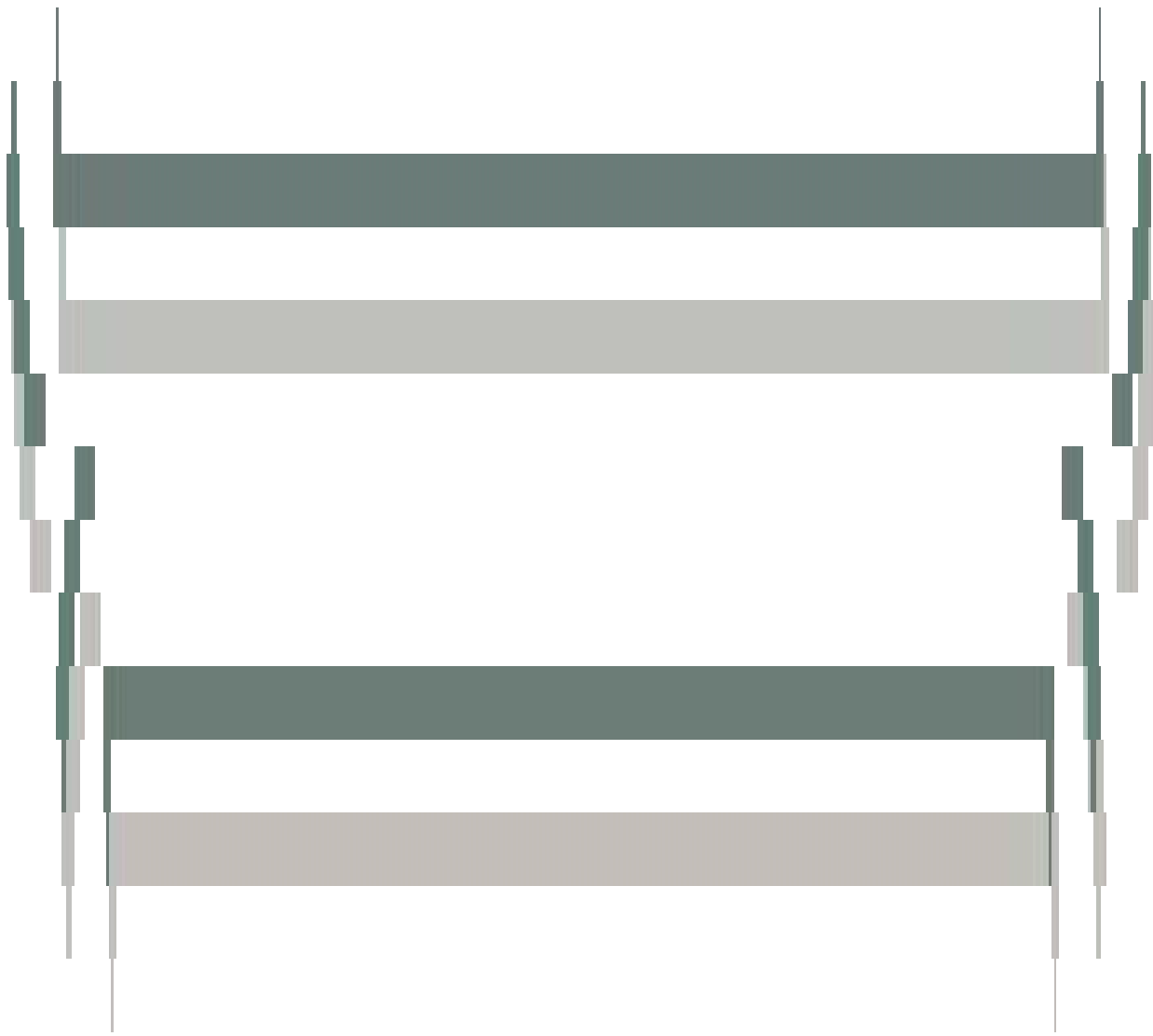
Very sharp jolts prickled inside my pussy and began to spread. I cried out as the tension became intense.

Everything quivered: my feet; my thighs; my arms. Even my teeth chattered as I clenched my jaw through an orgasm that surprised me with its severity.

There was something deep about it – not superficial.

My husband leaned up, chin wet, and stroked his shaft. It wasn't fully hard, but it looked so much bigger than I had come to expect.

Despite my joy at seeing the effect on him, my heart knew there was a vast disconnect in our relationship that couldn't go on.



I took a call on my cell phone the next morning. "Hello?"

"Carol?"

"Yes?"

"Gene Smith, private investigator."

"Oh... right."

"My brother would like to meet you today. Are you available between noon and three?"

"Sure."

"Do you know Audrey's Café?"

"On Second? Sure, everyone knows it."

"Meet us there at..." There was a pause.

I particularly didn't care to meet Gene's brother, but I had saved his life. I guess.

"One o'clock?"

"I'll be there."

"Thank you, Carol. We'll see you then."

I told my husband. He offered to come but I declined. Just in case Gene mentioned anything about my dalliances. I just wasn't comfortable with it. But I needed to talk to my husband – alone.

In depth.

I walked into Audrey's and waved at her. She was always in the back cooking, visible through the window looking at the patrons.

Several locals were inside, but immediately catching my eye was Gene. He waved to me.

Sitting facing him with his back to me was a man in a suit.

Gene got up as I approached the table. "Carol, thank you for coming. I'm going to leave you with my brother. This is Ramsey S. Smith."

He delivered the name as if I should know it. I didn't.

Ramsey half rose from the booth and extended his hand in gesture. "Please sit."

Gene left the diner.

I sat in Gene's spot.

Ramsey looked only marginally like Gene. He had a hardness to his eyes – a calculation and sharpness that reminded me of the president. His suit lacked a tie but even I could tell was well-tailored.

I maintained my silence, not knowing what the fuck was expected of me.

He opened our conversation with about what I expected, though with an intensity far beyond my level of preparedness. "I want you to understand how deeply I appreciate what you did at that intersection. Very. Deeply."

"It was nothing."

"It was selfless."

I wasn't sure how to answer that.

He pursed his lips. "My brother is a good man. Does an exceptional job."

I looked over at the condiments container. I really didn't care about his brother. But my one second of apparent inattention was snapped back to immediate reality.

"He's been running background checks on you for the last two weeks."

My mouth firmed with stiffness and anger. "Why?"

Ramsey's lips twitched into a hint of a smile. "You were employed by Anderson's Department Store as general manager."

I exhaled in annoyance. "I understand you're appreciative, but is there a point to this invasion of my privacy?"

"There is. You were employed in that capacity for just short of eight years."

I looked down. Those had been good times and his detail brought back memories.

He continued. "You have no debt, no... financial vices, and no addictions other than cigarettes."

"Gene wins the kewpie doll."

Ramsey suppressed a chuckle. Very sure of himself. Very suave.

I rose to go. "You're welcome for me saving your life."

His eyes flashed with amusement. "Carol, I'd like to offer you employment."

I was half up and froze.

His eyebrows twitched upwards. Otherwise, he was stock still.

I sank back down. "You... what?"

"I had my brother run thorough checks on you the past two weeks. I'm about to tear down the Northpoint Mall and rebuild in its place. I want you to be the property manager."

I blinked in disbelief. "Me." I didn't ask him.

"You. You have excellent qualifications and you're local. You're perfect."

My mouth dropped open. I had been completely unable to find work. No one wanted some manager when they needed a cook or cashier at McDonalds. "Me?" This time, it was a question.

"You, Carol. I want dedicated people, and everything I've seen and heard about

you is top-notch. I want you – you – in my organization." He snapped his cuff out. "The pay is a hundred thousand a year to start. You'll need to earn your pay above that. But I have no doubts you'll exceed the expectations of the payroll department."

My face went slack. "A... hundred thousand?"

"More than you were making, yes. If I were to pay you less, it would be a scandal in the organization. You'll need to be sharp. You'll need to be on top of things. But I think my brother and I have chosen well."

I couldn't stop my tears. "I'm sorry..."

He looked at me confused and surprised.

My shoulders shook. "I'm so sorry..."

His eyebrows drew down in concern.

A sob tore my throat and I hid my eyes in shame. "I'm... so sorry for this display." I choked back several more sobs that threatened to overwhelm me. "I... won't... disappoint you. Thank you. Thank you."

CHAPTER 11

I was smoking out in the backyard. I dragged deeply on the cigarette, feeling the infusion of life and energy as the nicotine high raced through my limbs.

I shuddered with relief and let out a long breath of smoke.

The heady aroma of burning tobacco soothed my nerves and settled my jitters to mere twitches of satisfaction.

My husband opened the sliding glass door. "Mind if I join you, Mrs. Executive?"

I let out a burst of derisive laughter. "I don't know about that executive part."

"As if it wasn't."

"It's a management job."

Ross shook his head. "In Ramsey S. Smith's structure..." Even he used the initial.

I still didn't know what the "S" stood for.

He clutched my forearm as he sat next to me. "I love you, Carol. You can't understand how happy I am—"

"I can't? I've known you—"

"Yes, I know. And yet, your accusation aches. You're hiding something."

I took a quick hit of tobacco.

"Tell me." His entreaty was enticing for its familiarity. "What is it? What's been on your mind?"

I fiddled with my cigarette, but the motion provided no alternative way of facing my husband. "It's the dating thing."

He lit his cigarette. He didn't smoke as much as I did, so when he lit up, he was ready for a long conversation. "Go on."

"I haven't been honest with you." Just saying it sent flutters of fear down my body.

His arm froze from bringing his hand and cigarette up to his mouth. He rotated the cigarette between his fingers.

"Much has happened that I haven't told you." I glanced at his face.

His eyes were glittering gems filled with resentment.

I rushed in, knowing it was too late to avoid the truth. "I haven't only done strangers."

He shifted, as if discovering he was sitting on something that pained him. "Go on."

"I've... dated friends."

He threw his cigarette down and stomped on it. "Dammit, Carol! I told you no one we know."

"I know, but—"

"Who was it?"

"Ross—"

"Who was it?" His shout echoed over the backyard.

"Dean."

His hand slapped to his forehead. "Fucking hell."

"And Woodie and Brett and Robert..."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" His eyes bulged out. He reached down and snatched up the crushed cigarette. With hand shaking in rage, he relit it and took a drag.

"I'm sorry."

His voice was strangled by anger. "We agreed—"

"Ross, the strangers treated me bad."

He was shifting around in his chair, adjusting his pants. "What?"

"I didn't tell you how badly I was treated."

He went still, frozen like a statue. "What?"

I couldn't hold back my tears, despite my elation at landing a job. The hurt inside between me and my husband was far deeper. "Remember my bruise?" I indicated my forehead.

His eyes narrowed.

"They made me suck them. I passed out because they were gagging me. Then one made me suck him until he came. He punched me. He was aiming for my nose but missed."

Ross rose from the chair in a rush so sudden the chair fell over backwards. "Who were they? I want names and I fucking want them now!"

I shook my head. "It's done. It's past."

He shouted at me as if I was at fault. "No one treats my wife like that!"

I felt small. My voice sounded small. "That's why I chose friends..."

All of the tension melted out of him so fast it was visible. He collapsed down onto his knees and dropped his head into my lap. "My Carol..."

"I'm sorry, but I had to break the rules. I couldn't trust strangers anymore." I tried to stroke his head.

He shook it, rejecting my touch. "No... No, it's my fault."

He was shaking.

"I'm sorry."

His voice broke, but it sounded odd. He lifted his head. Instead of anger, I saw confused amusement. "No, don't be sorry. I can't believe I'm turned on by this."

"You're what?"

He rose slowly and grabbed and poked at his crotch. "I'm turned on by it. Can you believe it? I'm fucking nuts."

I shook my head, not wanting him to be angry at himself.

He was adamant. "Feel it!" He grabbed my hand and placed it on his crotch. "Feel it. Do you feel it?"

There was a lump.

I looked up at him, uncomprehending of what he expected.

He looked at his cigarette, burning down without being used. He turned it in his hand and lifted it, losing focus. He took a drag and straightened. Letting out his breath, he blew a big smoke cloud.

I gently squeezed his lump. "You liked me... fucking your friends?"

He closed his eyes. "I..."

I squeezed again.

He sighed. "My head says no, but my dick says yes."

"Ross..."

He disengaged from my hand and sat down. "What?"

"You have to understand, strangers were a danger to me. Our friends were the only ones that treated me with any respect and made me feel safe."

He was looking down, nodding. His words were bitter. "Which is why they're friends, the fuckers."

I clutched his arm. "Don't blame them; I was the one that approached them."

He laid his forehead in his palm and closed his eyes. He stayed like that for a long while.

I waited patiently, knowing his silence wasn't necessarily an invitation. I felt him thinking – now was not the time to interrupt.

His words were slow, desultory. "Did they laugh at me?"

I rushed the truth. "No, not at all. Not one of them."

He looked up, his eyes strained, and just looked at me. "Did you tell all of them about my problem?"

"Only Dean."

He breathed, "Dean, my best friend."

"He almost didn't agree to keep it a secret."

His eyes shifted to me. "I'm surprised he did."

"Actually, he said he would tell the truth if you asked him, but otherwise wouldn't say anything."

Ross's shoulders shook in silent laughter. "Yeah, that sounds like Dean..."

"He was very nice."

"Did he like it?"

I just looked at him for a moment and we sort of stared each other down. Finally, I said, "Yes."

My husband shifted in his chair again, then grabbed his crotch. He shook his head in disbelief. "Fuck if this isn't turning me on."

EPILOGUE

I welcomed Dean inside the house. I clutched his arm to try imparting my hope as if it were courage.

He peered down at me, his stubble and gray hairs all aglow with concern. "Is... he okay?"

I whispered, "He's a little embarrassed."

He laughed ruefully. "I'm the one that's fucking embarrassed."

I tugged him, hoping their meeting would mend fences. "Come on."

Much of the hole in my life had been filled. My joblessness and hopelessness as a productive citizen of society had been cured.

That was great.

That was fine.

But there was still a hole in my soul between me and my husband and his best friend.

I might not have needed to worry so much.

Dean stepped into the bedroom and my husband stood straight in his face.

Ross muttered, "Thank you... for understanding."

A slight motion of Dean's head preceded, "It's nothing."

"Thank you for keeping it quiet."

Dean snorted. "You know you can trust me."

"And thank you for treating my wife so well."

Now Dean began to look annoyed. "Did you think I might not have?"

Ross's hand clapped down on Dean's shoulder and squeezed. "No. I've always trusted you."

The two stared at each other for a few seconds – little nods passing between them.

I didn't know what the fuck was going on. Probably some man-bond bullshit that was all eyes, eyebrows, and grunts.

Ross stepped back and indicated the bed. "Please."

I have never seen Dean nod slower. I thought I would pass out before his chin dropped to its lowest point.

I was wearing a robe. Dean took it off.

I didn't feel self-conscious standing in front of him naked. Neither did I feel the least bit awkward for being naked in the presence of my husband and another man.

It felt right.

My husband's best friend lowered me to the bed and instantly put his tongue to work.

Doubts, concerns, and reservations went flying away like so many disturbed birds.

I felt the bed settle lower next to me: Ross had reclined beside me, naked. His dick was half-hard and looking good.

I was pleased by this, more than ever before. Maybe so many years of fruitless hopes were now resurfacing and being fulfilled. My husband was aroused, if not completely hard. How I longed for him to recover, though I had long past lost hope.

Dean's tongue was magic.

I gripped my boobs – what was left of them – and manipulated my nipples lightly. Tingles swirled through me in pleasurable patterns of satisfaction.

I was going to be fifty in two months – and here I was on our bed with my husband and our friend. I had done the impossible: I had enticed another man.

I was breathless, relaxing and floating on the satisfaction of Dean's oral stimulus.

I felt my husband's hand join mine, massaging and caressing my skin. It added legitimacy to what was happening that removed tension I wasn't aware existed.

I think I melted into a puddle of gooey putty.

I wasn't aware of any change until Dean stopped licking. I heard him remove his clothes and then felt my pussy stretching open.

I sort of came back to myself then. I felt as if I had drunk half a bottle of Vodka and had awoken in the middle of the night. I didn't know what time it was. I didn't know what day it was. Or year. I didn't even fucking know my name.

Where am I?

I blinked slowly enough to fully wet my eyes with moisture.

Dean was over me, smiling down into my upturned face. His thickness was filling me gently, stretching me open and delivering a deep satisfaction.

My husband was watching, swallowing repeatedly, and stroking my arm.

His friend pushed deep, in and out, giving me a ride as special as the first time. He was better than the others – closer and more personal.

I had known Dean for so long...

I became morose as thoughts of the past drifted through and imprinted themselves on me. I fought back tears.

He tensed above me leaning down to kiss me.

Desperation drove me into the kiss as if I were trying to grab onto our past and bring us together years before.

Ten years ago, I didn't want him. Now, I despaired for not knowing.

He jerked on me, unleashing hotness so deep into me...

My back rose up off the bed as my orgasm rolled over me unexpectedly – lifting me in a slow roll of pleasure and then release. I flopped down to the bed and tried to control my legs from jerking out of control. I cried out quietly, clutching onto Dean's shoulders.

I had cum for another man while lying right next to my husband. It wasn't just dirty, it was right.

My body thrummed with tingles and thrills.

I felt so alive.

Dean pulled back and I looked over to my husband.

His cock stood straight up – even, clean, and hard.

I looked up into his bright eyes. "Ross..."

Dean moved away respectfully.

My husband mounted me. Such a strange recollection of doing it sometime in the distant past. But he was as familiar to me as a comfortable slipper.

I wept; I couldn't stop it.

He slid into me. He hadn't been able to get it inside for years.

I was crying. He was smiling.

He said, "I don't know how long I can last... But I think this is a victory of sorts."

I nodded, the tears flowing hotter.

Time lost.

Opportunities missed.

A past filled with personal pain.

I looked up as he moved inside of me, a little hesitant at first, as if testing his sensitivity.

So much wasted time.

But Dean was here and my husband was hard.

Like a falling puzzle piece perfectly fitting into place, I saw the future.

A new career.

A new lover.

A renewed husband.

A bond between three that should have always been there.

Through the tears bubbled a sob that rose up like the last gasp of a drowning woman. But it wasn't the last gasp. It was a new gasp – because it turned into laughter.

The past could not be recalled or relived.

I looked up at my husband and into the future.

Thank you for reading Dirty Dates. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

For other storyline-type romantic erotica by Laran Mithras, check out these titles:

Eclipse of Her Heart – husband, wife, and a friend with voyeurism

Two Vampires For Leah – a woman stumbles into the arms of two old vampire friends

Another Man to Confuse Me – a woman is torn between two lovers with a decision she can't make

Young Bride, Hotwife – on the run, an older man encourages his young wife to mature

Training the Bride – she meets a billionaire and is trained for sharing

Out on the Lake – a woman is caught masturbating in her window