I Love Your Wife

Part V: Maryland



Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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By Elliot Silvestri

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AFTER A MONTH on the road, homecoming is always a mix of relief and annoyance. My apartment had that stale odor of being closed up for too long. The fridge was empty of any real food. If I had an answering machine, it would have been full of messages from friends and family.

I opened the windows, ordered a pizza, turned off my phone, ate too much pizza after it arrived while watching something dreadful on television, and went to bed alone.

Mary slipped into bed next to me at 1:34am. “You’re late,” I mumbled.

“Out with a client,” she said, pressing her warm body next to mine. She was naked. Her skin on mine felt good. “Want to have sex?”

“Too tired.” It almost hurt to get the words out.

“Me too,” she agreed.

We both must have fallen asleep right after that because I don’t remember anything else until the morning sunlight was doing its damnedest to pierce through the blinds.

I got up, stumbled to the bathroom barely able to walk straight because I wasn’t yet fully awake, and tried to piss. This took a few minutes because once again I was sporting morningwood and while it’s possible to empty one’s bladder while fully erect, it’s difficult and messy. With some concentration and application of a cold, wet washcloth to my genitals, I became flaccid enough to use the toilet without making a mess worse than a toddler’s first foray into proper bathroom usage.

When I returned to bed, Mary had slid over from her side of the bed to mine, stealing the warm spot I had created during the night. With a sigh, I slipped into the bed on her side and wrapped my arm around her, pressing the palm of my hand to her breast. If she was going to steal my spot, I was going to take some liberties as well. Her breast was soft in high contrast to the hard metal ring that was permanently attached to her nipple.

“Don’t,” she complained, just awake enough to talk.

“You stole my spot.” I didn’t move my hand away.

“Move your feet, lose your seat.”

“This isn’t a chair.”

“Same principle.”

That was sufficient, I thought. “Enough foreplay. Want to have sex?”

She moaned slightly. “Didn’t you get enough while you were traveling all over the place?” Mary reached up and swept her straight blonde hair out of her eyes which she still didn’t open.

“As of last night, yes. As of this morning, no.” I slid my hand off her breast and down toward her pussy.

“No,” she complained, jerking her hips and twisting her leg upwards. “I need to pee.”

“So go pee and then come back here.”

“Too much effort.”

“You’re not going to pee in my bed and if you stay in my bed, we’re going to have sex.”

Moaning and groaning the entire time, Mary struggled out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

I slid back over to my side of the bed.

“Hey!” Mary complained when she returned.

“Completely fair,” I pointed out. “Ready for sex?”

“You really know how to romance a girl.”

“Says the prostitute to the client.” It sounded much nastier than I intended.

“Sex worker,” she immediately corrected me. “I’m not a whore or some common

streetwalker.”

“Sorry. Sex worker,” I corrected myself. “Would you like a romantic interlude of recreational sex with the man you married?”

“Not really,” she said. “I wasn’t kidding about last night. I was out late with a client.”

“Oh yeah,” I said, remembering our very brief conversation from the night before. “Tell me about him.”

“What makes you think it was a him?” she teased me.

“It’s always a him,” I pointed out. “But I’ll indulge you. Tell me about her.”

“It wasn’t a her.” I knew she was going to say that, but I had to play along with Mary’s game.

“It was a trans person?” I asked. “That’s something new.”

“It was a them. My client last night was a couple.”

“That’s even better; a two for one deal. Tell me about it.” He grinned because he couldn’t help himself. Even now there was a stirring in his loins.

“They were nervous,” she said.

“They’re always nervous,” I pointed out. “First time?”

“For me, no. For them, yes.”

“Ha. Very funny. But sex work, technically speaking, is illegal. That’s why they were nervous.”

“But the police have much better things to do than track down a nice white, college-educated woman who makes a little money on the side through less than legal means.”

“But tell me about this nice couple you met.”

“Who says they were a nice couple?”

“They would have to be a nice couple for you to meet them.”

Chapter Sixteen

MARY QUICKLY EVALUATED the couple she was meeting as a nice middle-class, suburban couple looking to have a little adventure because one had pushed the other to make this happen. In the coffee shop Mary couldn't immediately determine which one was pushing the other, but that didn't matter. If Mary had one singular talent in life—besides what she could do with her body—it was that she was an excellent judge of character and she immediately knew this pair was a nice couple.

They were already in the coffee shop and Mary picked them out of the crowd quite easily; they looked exactly like the pictures they had sent to Mary. She sat down at the table before they realized she was there. "Hello, Beatrice. Hello, William. I'm Mary."

Beatrice and William had been together long enough to be able to read and react to each other without having to think about it. They both startled the same way. They both glanced at each other in the same instant. They both shared the same nervous grin.

"Call me Bea," the wife said. It was obviously something she had said hundreds of times in her life before; it was the phrase of someone who hated the name given to her by her parents.

"I'm Bill," William said as he extended his hand across the table.

Mary shook it and followed by shaking Bea's hand as well. "I hope we're going to get a lot more familiar than a simple handshake tonight," Mary said, trying to break the ice.

Once again the couple exchanged a glance. "I thought you wanted to meet to make sure…" Bill trailed off, unable to finish the sentence. His wife completed the task.

"That we were safe. You know, that we aren't dangerous." Even Bea had trouble getting the words out.

"Oh, yeah, I know that. I'm a good judge of character. I normally meet with everyone in public first, and then go from there. But you two are safe. It's so obvious you're safe. And genuine. But before we leave to go have sex, I'd like a quick drink and something to eat." She picked up the menu from the table as the

married couple looked around nervously.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, as if she didn’t already know.

“Would you mind not being so…casual about what we’re planning?” Bea asked nervously.

Mary glanced around the busy coffee shop. No one was paying the least bit of attention to them. Even the waitresses didn’t notice the threesome. They were in public but in an intensely private sphere as well. “Sure. You still want to, don’t you?” she asked for clarification. “Because I didn’t come all this way for a coffee and scones.”

“Whose idea was it?” Mary asked as Bill inserted the key card into the hotel door’s lock.

“Whose idea was what?” Bill replied as he pushed opened the door and ushered Mary inside.

“To hire me,” she said as she entered the rather generic hotel room and turned around to look at the couple. They exchanged a guilty glance—again—as Mary sat down on the edge of the bed and immediately kicked off her shoes. She dressed nicely for her job—not like a wanton slut or street walker, but attractively and just a hair below business professional—but she hated wearing high heels. They were always the first to go.

The couple remained silent and so Mary prompted them. “C’mon. Out with it. This didn’t just happen by accident. And the story you gave me on email —‘We’re looking for a fun adventure together.’—is just a little too pat to be the full truth.”

It was Bea who spoke. “Me. It was me. I…I want to see what it’s like to be with…you know, a woman. Bill’s great in bed and all that, but all my life I’ve had these desires for other women. Fuck.” The curse was mostly under her breath, but everyone heard it and Bill put a comforting hand on her shoulder. “I’m happy with Bill but…half the time when we have sex the only way I can cum is by pretending I’m with a woman. That’s so fucked up.”

Mary nodded, taking on her professional sex counselor role. “So what you’re saying is you have a need to explore your bisexuality. That’s completely understandable and normal. How religious was your family as you were growing up.”

“Too religious,” Bill interjected.

“Please don’t answer for her,” Mary said. She knew how to counsel couples though she had never done it in this context before.

“He’s completely correct. Way too conservative and way too religious.”

“And that’s why you repressed those desires about having sex with a woman. It’s a very common story, sadly enough,” said Mary.

“Yeah, well, I’m old enough now that…I don’t want to live the rest of my life wondering and I can’t proposition a friend or whatever because it’ll get back to my family. So we found you. On the internet.”

“I can assure you I’m very discrete,” Mary told the both of them, but turned her gaze to Bill. The couple was standing side-by-side, Bill’s hand on Bea’s shoulder and her arm around his waist. They made an attractive, if unconventional, pair. Bill was balding, but had a good figure and nicely shaped jaw that could have made him a leading man in community theater. Bea was average height but a little on the heavy side. The good thing was that gave her large breasts she showed off with a plunging neckline. Her hair was going to gray, Mary could tell that, but it was well-hidden with a professional dye job that gave her a brilliant chestnut brown main of hair.

“Am I just here to have sex with you, Bea? If Bill’s like most men, he’s happy to watch and I’m fine with that. Or did you have something else in mind?”

“Have you had sex with a woman before?” Bea asked suddenly.

“Yes. But it’s been years. I prefer sex with men, but enjoy it with women as well.”

Bea asked, “What’s it like?” She didn’t realize the ridiculousness of her question until she had spoken it.

“There’s an easy way to find out,” Mary told her and then she refocused her attention on Bill. “Do you want to see you wife make love with me?”

Silently, Bill nodded.

Mary stood up and extended her hand to Bea. After a quick glance back to Bill, Bea allowed herself to be pulled away from her husband and toward Mary.

The kiss, Mary knew, was critical. The first kiss set the mood and let her know how and what her partner wanted. It was the first time Bea had ever really kissed another woman and it was as passionate a kiss as Mary had ever had. Bea wanted this more than she wanted to let herself know.

They continued kissing as they slowly undressed. Their tongues and lips communicated silently like lovers always did. Before Bea realized it Mary’s hands were behind her back and unhooking her bra. When her large breasts were released she almost pulled away, but upon opening her eyes and meeting Mary’s gaze, she realized it was too late. She couldn’t back out now. Mary, with her smaller breasts, wore a bra that hooked in the front. She found that style easier to have when meeting with clients. Bea looked down and saw Mary’s beautiful breasts with just the left nipple pierced by a bright silver ring.

“Wow.”

Mary smiled. Bea didn’t pull away when Mary invited her onto the bed. The two women were lost in each other’s bodies and everything else faded into nothing. It took some choreography but eventually Bea found herself on her back with her legs spread and Mary kissing her way down to her pussy. As Mary’s tongue opened up the top of the slit, drawing out Bea’s clit, the older woman relaxed and realized this was exactly what she was doing was perfect. Mary didn’t eat pussy better than any other man Bea had been with, but maybe it was because Mary was a woman and had a softer touch or maybe it was because it had been so many years since Bea had been with anyone but her husband, but she found herself rapidly approaching climax.

Being more than familiar with the signs, Mary kept going, not letting Bea have a moment’s respite and was rewarded when the brunette released a huge groan and gasped and her body was wracked with the tremors of orgasm.

When it was over, Mary looked up from between Bea’s thighs. “I love your

wife's pussy," she said, locking eyes with Bill who looked on in amazement. Mary lowered her face back down to Mary and continued licking. Bea was already soaking wet and ready for anything else, so more cunnilingus was unnecessary, but the short look Mary had given Bill told her what she needed to know.

His hand was on his cock, holding himself through his pants. Mary could tell he wanted to pull it out and start jerking off. The bulge revealed he was fully erect and ready to fuck whatever was available. She lifted her face up again, showing Bill her lips and cheeks were smeared with Bea's pussy juices. "Take off your clothes and join us," she invited him.

"No!" Bea said abruptly.

"Okay, he can just watch," Mary said smoothly. She knew that it was the client who decided what was done and with two clients—a husband and a wife—it was to be the wife who made the ultimate decision.

"No, I want to go down on you," Bea stated with a vehemence of a woman denied something her entire life and now it was just inches away, within easy grasp.

Mary agreed straightaway. "Sure." A sidelong glance at Bill confirmed he was happy to go along with the Bea's decision.

After a quick reversal of positions Bea found herself down between Mary's legs but her pussy was still covered by panties. Nervously she pulled off the tiny white lace garment to reveal Mary's completely bare pussy which was already moist and filling the air with the scent of lust. To see another woman's pussy up close was a thrill to Bea. It was completely different from hers and yet the same as well. Mary had removed all her hair, so there was no way for Bea to be completely sure she was a natural blonde, but her lips and slightly protruding clit were exactly what Bea had hoped for. Bea did make a retroactive wish that she had thought to shave herself instead of leaving a neatly groomed triangle of thin brown curls.

She plunged ahead, licking Mary's pussy, pushing her tongue deeply into Mary's canal, tasting her, sucking her soft labia and firm little nubbin of a clit. It was wonderful and Bea lost herself in the moment. It didn't matter to Mary that Bea's technique was hardly polished, it was somewhat enjoyable to have Bea go down

on her, but the true pleasure was helping someone else completely enjoy herself in sex. Mary couldn't imagine what Bea's life had been like hiding her sexuality from her family and her friends and herself, but now Bea was finally free.

Because she was a sex worker Mary knew how to fake and orgasm and had done it more than once. The couple had paid plenty for Mary's time and there was no rush for her to fake it and leave. She allowed Bea to use her body, touching and exploring another woman for the first time. It didn't come easily and it wasn't the best she had ever had, but Mary eventually had an orgasm under Bea's attention.

"Oh, wow, did I do that to you?" Bea marveled when Mary's little orgasm had passed.

"Of course you did," Mary told her, sitting up and pulling Bea up to her for another kiss. She tasted her own pussy on the brunette's lips and thought that was sweet. Normally she only tasted her own pussy on a man's cock or fingers. She gave Bill another look, this time allowing Bea to see where her eyes were directed. He was still rubbing himself through his pants, having only removed his shirt. "I think Bill needs some attention. Do you want to share him or—"

Bea interrupted her. "I want to watch you fuck him." Bea actually got up from between Mary's legs and bounced over to her husband to help him undress. His cock was fully erect and he didn't resist when his wife pulled him forward, toward Mary. "I love her pussy," she whispered in his ear. "It's so sweet. And you'll love it too."

Mary was happy to invite Bill into her body, especially when it was under the eyes of his wife. As he climbed on top of her, Bea continued to hold his cock and kept holding it as he moved into her pussy, whether she was assisting or desperately holding onto him was impossible for Mary to separate, but he sank all the way into her and eventually Bea withdrew her hand.

Being a professional Mary knew just what to do, and that was largely just lie there as Bill started to fuck her. She made the right noises and motions as he plowed into her again and again as Bea watched. A quick glance over at the older woman told Mary that Bea's anxiety was rising as her husband fucked Mary. To Mary it was just another man she was fucking and while it wasn't completely meaningless—Mary was enjoying being fucked—she had no designs

on the man. In short, Bea had nothing to worry about, but that didn't belay Bea's fears. Mary reached out and grabbed the woman's hand and smiled at her. In between Bill's thrusts and her soft moans, she said to Bea, "You must love getting fucked by him."

A startled Bea asked, rather lamely, "What?"

"He's got a wonderful cock and he knows how to use it." She smiled warmly up at Bea. "I should know. I've fucked a lot of men."

Confused, Bea just nodded in agreement, not fully understanding. Mary waited a few seconds and then drew Bea down to her to share a kiss while Bill watched. "You had your turn with me, not it's his turn. It's fun to share and everyone gets a turn." Mary licked her lips and asked, "You had fun on your turn, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Bill deserves some fun too." Mary turned her head a few inches to look at the man fucking her. "You like fucking me?"

"Uh-huh." Already Bill's mind was gone; he was too focused on what his body was doing.

"If you don't want him to cum in me, say so," Mary said to Bea.

"What?"

"He's getting close," Mary said. Bill's cock was steel-hard and hot inside her body. If there was one thing she knew better than most women, it was when a man was close to the edge. "If you don't want him cumming in me, say so."

Bea didn't have an immediate answer. Between all the blowjobs, handjobs, and straight sex she had had with Bill over the years, she knew he preferred to cum in her pussy, and if that was off the table, then in her mouth. Cumming by hand was always his last choice. After considering what Mary had said, that Bill deserved some fun as well, she made up her min.

"He can cum in you." It wrenched her emotionally, but that was part of the thrill as well.

“Cum for me, sweetie,” Mary whispered in Bill’s ear, just loud enough for Bea to hear. “Fill up my pussy.”

And as if her words were enough to push him over the edge, he did so, cumming in thick, heavy spurts with deep grunts that seemed to imply that cumming was painful, but it was the only way for him to get any relief. It had been far too long since he had cum like that for his wife, almost as if he had forgotten how to truly have sex. Mary enjoyed the sensation of hot cum filling her up and Bill ejaculated heavily; there was even a small tremble of a minor orgasm on her part. When the moment had passed for the both of them she turned her head and saw Bea anxiously jilling off, her hand rapidly moving between her thighs. She was kneeling on the bed next to them and didn’t seem the least bit worried about lying down, as if the need to cum was more important than her own comfort. Mary watched, her lips pursed and parted while Bea got herself off one more time. The pudgy brunette let out a little shriek of pain that descended into an expression of pure pleasure.

Bill rolled off Mary with a satisfied groan. Before Mary could get up and head to the bathroom to clean up, Bea shot her hand between the pretty blonde’s legs and manually examined Mary’s bare pussy which was now soaked not only with her only lubrication but Bill’s cum as well. Two of her fingers darted inside Mary. Bea felt the heat of Mary’s pussy and the stickiness of Bill’s cum and the lovely sensation of a woman pleasured.

“He came in you,” Bea said, slightly stunned as she started to slowly masturbate her first Sapphic lover.

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“It seems wrong,” Bea said as she shook her head back and forth, marveling at the situation and wondering at exactly what she had done.

“Did you enjoy it?” Mary purposely left “it” undefined, letting Bea decide if she mean sex with Bill or sex with her or the sum of what the three of them had done together.

“Yes.” The answer came easily from Bea.

“Then there’s nothing wrong with what we’ve done.” Bea nodded and made her hand go faster, rubbing Mary’s little clit. She moaned a little. “Keep going.”

“Can I make you cum?”

“Please.”

Bea fell down next to Mary and kissed the other woman while vigorously frigging her pussy. Mary would have loved to return the favor to Bea, but her hand was trapped between their bodies and at the moment it was too difficult to think about how to free it. She just let Bea take the lead and use her as she wanted. That’s what Mary was there for; to be used.

Mary came quiet pleasantly, her thighs closing around Bea’s hand while she gasped for air. After the climax had passed Bea brought her hand up to her mouth and tasted her fingers. She detected the strong flavor of Bill’s cum mixed with what she would normally identify as her pussy, but she knew it was Mary’s.

“Thank you,” Bea said softly, giving Mary another kiss while Bill watched.

“You’re welcome. It was my pleasure.”

They rested a few minutes and then, at Mary’s insistence, she went down on Bea again, not to give her an orgasm, but to make sure she was still well lubricated. Pretending she was playing a game Mary then switched over to Bill and sucked his cock a little, getting it hard. It didn’t take much effort for him to respond. Seeing that both members of the marriage were ready, Mary guided Bill into Bea and watched as the happy couple fucked as if it were their first time again.

While they didn’t pass out, Bea and Bill fell into that hazy twilight state between waking and sleeping. Mary slipped out of the shared bed. She had done this dozens of times before and did so without disturbing either of them. She quickly dressed, putting on the minimum amount of clothing to be able to walk unnoticed down the hotel hallway. It was only when she moved a chair to sit down and slip on her shoes did Bea stir.

“Where are you going?”

“Home. You don’t want me to spend the night. I charge by the hour.”

“When will we see you again?” Bea asked as Bill turned away from her.

Mary opened up her handbag and pulled out one of her very discrete business cards. “You know how to contact me,” she said as she left the card on the small table and then stuffed her bra and into the bag.

“Thank you, again.”

Mary softly opened the door letting light leak in from the outside. “You’re welcome. It was my pleasure, really it was.” The words weren’t a complete lie.

Chapter Seventeen

“You are amazing,” I told Mary.

“Don’t try to flatter me,” she said even as she reached for my cock. All during her story my erection hadn’t abated at all, which was great, but even better was her playing with me. I closed my eyes and relaxed, confident she knew exactly what pleased me.

“Hey!” she slapped me lightly on the balls rousing me from my reverie. “I’m not doing all the work here this morning. You want to have sex it’s going to be a two-way deal.”

“Okay, okay. Do you want to know what I’ve been doing while I was gone?”

She rolled her eyes. “No. I know what you’ve been doing: fucking married women.”

“You knew I’d be doing that from the time I met you.”

“Yeah, and most men don’t meet with a mental health counselor and then try to hit on her.”

“Can you blame a healthy, virile man from making a pass at a beautiful woman?” I asked somewhat rhetorically.

“It goes against the ethics of any good counselor.”

“You could have said no.”

“I should have,” she agreed.

The man who walked into the tiny space Mary rented as a counselor office made her freeze and internally groan. She congratulated herself on having enough control not to melt at his appearance, but it was a struggle. He was exactly her type. She reminded herself that he was here for help in his life and if she didn’t offer that help, she was failing him as a mental health professional.

After the initial formalities, Mary settled into what she considered her

professional chair and asked, “No, Jake, how can I help you today? You said when you set this appointment that you were having some depression?”

He was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands, head slightly bent down. When she asked the question he looked up at her. “Yeah…that was sort of a…well, that was a lie,” he admitted.

Mary’s expression didn’t change. “Are you having depression or are you here for something else you didn’t want to say over the phone?” Always remain professional, not aloof, but enough distance to let the patient know you are here to help. When he didn’t say anything immediately she prompted him. “This isn’t unusual. Lots of people come in here stating one problem and they actually have some other issue that is of concern.”

Abruptly Jake asked, “Are you married.”

“What?” His question started her.

“Are you married?” he repeated. “I don’t think I can do this with someone who is married. Actually, I don’t think I can do this with a woman who is married?”

Alert for some possible threat to herself Mary gently asked, “Do you have a problem with women in general?”

His demeanor changed. “Oh. No no no. Nothing like that. Maybe I do have a bit of depression, but it’s about one thing.”

“And what is that?” Initial conversations with clients could often cover lots of different territory so this wasn’t unusual for Mary.

“Don’t judge me now, but I’m only attracted to women who are married.”

“Sexually attracted?” she clarified.

“Right. In every way, really. But sexually is the problem. I have an uncontrollable urge at, you know, seducing them. I don’t have a type beyond married.”

“I see…” Mary didn’t know what to say at the moment and was going to give it

some thought but apparently once Jake started talking it was next to impossible to get him to stop.

“Ever since college I haven’t had a relationship with someone who wasn’t married or at the very least was engaged and about to get married. I can’t…you know, physically get aroused, unless she’s married.”

“It’s a common fantasy,” Mary interjected. “You are pursuing something that is forbidden so it might feel like a compulsion.”

“I’ve gone to bed with ten different women in the last year, all married. I tried dating an unmarried woman a month ago. She was…nice but when she stated getting physical.” He looked down at his lap. “I couldn’t perform. Never happens with a married woman. It’s like they’re attracted to me like moths and flames and all that. It’s like I can’t keep them away. So please, tell you if you’re married or not and if you are, send me to someone who isn’t a married woman.”

“Just to put you at ease, I’m not married.”

Jake relaxed visibly and settled back in the chair. “Thank you.”

Mary found herself staring at Jake’s forearms. It was a warm day and he was wearing a short sleeve shirt. The muscles on his forearms distracted her terribly, the way they played underneath his skin.

“So…you want to be able to be attracted to a woman who isn’t married,” she told him.

“And stop sleeping with women who are. Maybe it’s just me, but sometimes it seems like they throw themselves at me.”

“Maybe you are attracted to them because you want to destroy a relationship that can never really be. If she’s married it’s going to be a short-term affair.”

“One of them I’ve been sleeping with for three years,” Jake admitted. “She says sex with me is the only reason she can stay in her marriage.”

Mary let out a long breath. “Okay, this is going to take a bit of work.”

The fact that Mary wasn't married was enough for Jake. Since she wasn't even engaged, that was good enough for him. No risks. They continued to see each other weekly. Mary found herself looking forward to their sessions with much more anticipation than was professional and she knew it.

Still, she always made sure she dressed attractively for him, a business suit or a dress that showed just a little too much cleavage, but it also might have been accidental. What wasn't accidental was her careful selection of undergarments even though she knew that Jake would never see them. She told herself that attention to detail was just in case, because one never knew.

They quickly discovered that Jake didn't have depression or some deep-seated desired to cause problems in other people's relationships because he had trouble with his own. When he asked for help in dating women who weren't married so as not to screw up his own life, she was happy to guide him through the process. She knew that the services she was providing weren't strictly mental health counseling as covered by insurance. That was okay with Mary. She wasn't above bending and breaking rules when it suited her.

Every week, except for the occasions when he was traveling, Jake would come to her office and tell her how he had failed again. Perhaps he gave her more information about his encounters than was strictly needed. Mary told herself it was good therapy for him to reveal every detail. In truth she all but memorized the details of his stories and went home at night to masturbate to them.

She knew she had a real problem when she started slipping her vibrator into her purse Thursday mornings before her sessions with Jake. She made sure the hour after his appointment was always free. It was her office and she could do as she pleased within the walls; that was what she told herself.

A few years earlier Mary had come into possession of her grandmother's wedding and engagement rings. The wedding band wasn't anything fancy, just a plain gold circle. The diamond topped other half of the pair wasn't particularly valuable or incredibly beautiful. After Grandma Jane had passed none of her cousins had wanted the rings that her grandmother had worn most of her life because they weren't valuable or fancy enough. That was good enough reason for Mary to claim them as her own. She ignored the fact that all her cousins were already married.

Although she knew it was wrong, putting Grandma Jane's engagement band on the third finger of her left hand felt like the right decision that Thursday morning. She hid her hand from the colleagues she shared the office suite with. She even hid it from Jake for the first few minutes of their session.

"I hate that I keep screwing up," he said, glaring out the window. "I know it sounds vain but sometimes it feels like women throw themselves at me. I'm not trying to be egotistic, but I know I'm good looking without knowing why. Shit. Her name's Roberta and she likes to be called Betty. I knew she was married. We've worked in the same office for I don't know how long. She's very plain and kinda fat, not that I'm hung up on appearances, but I couldn't help myself."

"What happened?" Mary asked because it was her job and she couldn't help herself. She needed to know.

"Betty had one of those lousy days that happen to everyone. Nothing spectacularly bad but shitty. And I couldn't help myself so I told her I'd meet her at a local bar close to the office after work and I'd buy her a drink. I hoped she wouldn't meet me. But she did. I bought her a drink. She told me she had been fighting with her husband for the past week—and I couldn't tell you about what because I wasn't listening to her. I was trying to figure out how to get her into bed."

"Did you sleep with her?" Mary asked. "I mean, did you have sex with her?"

Jake groaned in annoyance and frustration. "Yes. I told her something stupid like I could fix her problems with an hour in bed. We went to my place and I fucked her." He paused and tore his eyes away from the window where he had been gazing out the jagged cityscape of old buildings. "Sorry. Had sex with her. I don't mean to be so crude."

"It's okay. I've heard worse. What happened after you had sex with Betty."

"After the third time—"

"In one night?" Mary interrupted, a little bit astounded.

"Yeah. It lasted all of an hour. I can get it up several times for a new woman, a married woman. Anyway, after the third time she said she had to get home and thanked me and left."

“Oh. I see.”

“I think I made her happy. I don’t know.”

“And what about yourself? How did you feel?” Mary tapped her pen on her notepad. She was lefty so the notepad was positioned oddly in front of her on the small table next to her.

“Good that I made her happy. Lousy that I fucked another married woman. And I had promised myself—again!—that I wouldn’t…” He trailed off as he stared at Mary’s hand busily writing.

She was looking down as she made her notes and at first didn’t notice his pause, but when the silence became uncomfortable, she looked up and saw he was looking at her hand. “That you wouldn’t what?”

His original chain of thought gone, Jake instead said, “I thought you said you weren’t married.”

“I’m not,” she replied automatically. It was the truth.

Jake pointed at her hand, at her ring. “What’s that?”

Mary cursed under her breath and quickly spun the diamond around, hiding it in the palm of her hand, but it was already too late. “I got engaged a few weeks ago,” she lied. “I’ll be honest with you, Jake. I’ve been concealing it because I thought we were making good progress here and I didn’t want you to have to switch to a new counselor.” The lie came out smoothly and she was proud of herself.

Jake stood up and backed away, like Mary was brandishing some dangerous weapon. “We should probably stop. I don’t want—”

“I’m not going to sleep with you, Jake,” Mary said firmly, lying to his face. “And I’d like to point out I’m still not married. I’m only engaged.”

“It’s close enough,” Jake muttered.

She held up her hand and waved it at him, wiggling her finger. “It’s not a magic ring, Jake. It’s just a symbol. Try whatever you want, I won’t say yes to sleeping

with you."

"You say that like a challenge," he half laughed, angry at the situation.

"It is," she told him flatly. "I'm a professional. Not some cheap slut who says yes to every man she finds attractive."

"You think I'm attractive?" Jake asked, unable to help himself.

Mary caught herself short and realizes she had almost given away the game already. "You said so yourself already."

He paused to consider the compliment and then seemed to come to his senses. "No, I'm sorry. I can't do this any longer. It's too close to the truth. I have to leave. You'll have to recommend some other therapist."

Mary set aside her pen and stood up. "Do you mean that?" she asked. "Do you no longer want to see me as a therapist?"

"Yes." Jake said it with such vehemence there was no doubt to his mindset.

Mary nodded once to acknowledge his decision. "That's fine then. I understand. I'll get you some names but before I do that, can I ask you one more question?"

Jake looked visibly relieved at the outcome of the conversation. "Sure. Yeah. What do you need to know?"

She tilted her head to the side in a gesture she hoped was fetching and swept some of her blond hair behind one ear. "Care to have sex?"

It was as if he didn't understand what she was asking. Jake blinked several times and said, "I'm sorry, could you repeat that question?"

Mary's stomach was a hard stone of anxiety but she had already crossed the line so it didn't matter now what she did or said. "Care to have sex? We're no longer client and counselor so I'm not bound by any ethical restrictions. Plus, as you just discovered I am engaged to another man." The last part was still a lie. Since Jake seemed unsure if he should proceed Mary put her hand up to her blouse and casually slipped open the top button, putting more of her cleavage on display.

“See what I mean,” Jake said, his eyes not moving from her chest as she slowly opened another button revealing her pink bra. “Women can’t resist me for some reason.”

“It’s understandable,” Mary agreed. “The moment you walked into my office I was determined to fuck you.” She quickly finished opening up her shirt while Jake watched, mouth agape.

“So you understand,” he finally managed to say.

“I do,” she agreed and dropped her white silk blouse to her chair. She felt confident stripping in front of him. “So do you want to have sex or are you going to leave and make me jill off. Again.”

“Again?” he asked.

“I’ve been doing it ever since our second session.” That was only a half lie.

Jake found himself drawn across the space between them and a moment later they were kissing, their tongues darting back and forth, exploring. Jake’s hands were immediately busy and dropped to Mary’s hips, found the zipper on her skirt and drew it down, letting the material fall around her shoes. He wasn’t surprised, but was delighted, to find the plain stockings she wore were held up by a garter belt. He was even more thrilled to discover that she wore her panties over the garters. The three pieces of lingerie were a set and he knew they were the sort of thing a woman only wore when she was trying to impress her partner or seduce one.

“I never had a chance, did I?” he asked her, breaking the kiss for a breath of air.

“No,” she said and went down on her knees. Mary was ashamed that her fingers were shaking as she impatiently unbuckled his belt and opened up his pants; but she wasn’t ashamed at what she was doing. Jake neither helped nor resisted as she pulled down his tight red boxers to reveal his already erect cock. Her mouth was watering with anticipation and was thrilled when her tongue licked the tip of his cock. The precum was slightly salty and slippery. It was perfect and she engulfed the head between her lips and then pushed forward as far as possible. He wasn’t huge or over endowed so it was fairly easy for her to get all of him into her mouth to the point where he was pressing the back of her throat. She repressed her gag reflex and inhaled through her nose, taking in his masculine

scent while noticing he trimmed back his pubic hair. Mary tried not to think about why exactly he did that because she knew the practical answer and she wanted to pretend this was a romantic interlude.

“I have to have you,” he said, holding her face between his hands.

She looked up at him with her crystal blue eyes and backed off his cock. “Uh-huh,” she agreed.

That was all the encouragement he needed. Jake pulled Mary to her feet, spun her around and forced her into a kneeling position on the small couch that filled most of one side of the tiny office. Together they yanked her panties down her legs, almost tearing them in the process so excited were they to get on with the process.

Mary didn’t have a favorite position but immediately decided that kneeling and getting rammed from behind was probably at the top of the list. His cock sought out her entrance which was practically drooling in anticipation. A little push was all he needed to enter her pussy; Mary was eager to welcome him insider her body.

He made a little noise of satisfaction as they fitted together perfectly.

“Quiet,” she hissed. “My office mates.”

He nodded, grabbed her hips, and started thrusting. There was no skill or technique to what he did. It was just hard and fast and that was all Mary needed. Suddenly aware she was moaning louder than he was, she bit down on her forearm, trying to remain silent while she thought about his cock filling her up and waiting for him to cum in her because she needed him to cum in her and then his finger was on her clit and her fingers were claws tearing into the couch’s padding and there was a blinding white light and a searing heat in her cunt that almost made her pass out because of the power of his orgasm.

“I’m sorry,” he immediately apologized. “That was too fast. You didn’t enjoy it.”

Mary glanced at the clock on the self. “We still have a half hour before the end of the session. Can you get it up again?”

He couldn’t believe he heard himself say. “Yeah, but I’ll need a little help.”

Chapter Eighteen

IT WAS THREE months before anything really changed between Jake and Mary. He continued to show up at their regular appointment time and she continued to have sex with him. They didn't talk about his addiction to fucking married women, they just had sex.

It was a delight every time for Jake. Mary played up the fact she was engaged and was sleeping with him behind her fiancé's back. Every Thursday she wore a something was the peak of her wardrobe. By the end of their first month Mary had used up all her sexy lingerie and was reduced to running to the store every Wednesday night to ensure she had something new to wear for when Jake peeled off her clothes. She knew it was ridiculous because—at most—he saw her in her finery for only a few seconds before it hit the floor and they hit the couch. Still, she couldn't stop herself. After a few weeks she did wise up and start ordering lingerie online.

She couldn't help herself. She knew it was wrong to lie to Jake, but she brushed that aside with the reasoning that this was something he enjoyed and he did truly love it. It was the other lie that caught up to her eventually.

Jake came into her office on the day she had chosen to wear a yellow bra with demi-cups that didn't fully cover her areola along with a matching pair of thong panties that were little more than two small triangles of fabric and three pieces of string. She felt gorgeous and sexy and couldn't wait to get Jake's dick inside her.

"What's this?" he asked the moment she closed the door to her private office. He brandished a generic sort of form letter Mary was all too familiar with. His words were calm, but he spoke them with a clenched jaw. He was clearly angry and ready for a fight.

"It appears to be an EOB from you insurance company? Is something wrong?" She played innocent but realized this could all go horribly wrong if Jake was truly angry at her.

His voice went momentarily louder. "You've been billing my insurance while we've…" He managed to regain a bit of his composure and lowered his volume. "You've billed them for counseling services while we've been fucking. Yeah, I've got a problem with that."

"Why? Are you unsatisfied with the service you've been provided?" Mary

fiddled with her blouse and somehow the top few buttons suddenly came undone and she was exposing a lot of flesh when she shouldn't have been.

His voice dropped to an angry whisper. "It's insurance fraud. You can't charge them for what we've been doing!"

Mary shrugged off his concern. "So report me or don't." She finished opening up her shirt all the way but left it hanging on her shoulders. "I didn't charge you the copay either. You might want to mention that."

Jake put his hands over his face. "I can't believe this."

"Well, I've had a lousy few months, financially speaking, and I couldn't afford to lose even one client."

"Oh. That's rough."

"Tell me about it. Although my introduction to prostitution actually hasn't been half-bad."

"What? You're a prostitute?"

Mary had come to terms with what she was doing many weeks ago. "What do you call it when you—or someone else—has sex for money? Your insurance is essentially paying me to fuck you…and I'm okay with that." Casually Mary dropped her professional business blouse off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor.

"Holy shit, I can't believe this," Jake muttered to himself but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the expanse of smooth skin that Mary had revealed to him.

"Can't believe what?" asked Mary as she continued to undress, first kicking off her shoes and then lowering the zipper on her slacks and before dropping them next to her blouse. She felt powerful and confident in front of Jake even though she was only standing in her very tiny bra and panties.

"That I'm not telling you no."

Mary laughed and leaned over to the window, partly to lower the shade, but mostly to show off her ass to Jake, displaying the tiny thong she was wearing.

She wasn’t the sort of woman to wear thongs but to show off for her lover, she certainly was willing to try them out. Mary liked the idea that no one in her office knew what she had on under her suit. The best part was learning that even though they weren’t traditional underwear, they weren’t uncomfortable as she had feared. The sexiness warded off the tiny sliver of discomfort. “Ready to get to business?” she asked him.

“I see you’re dressing for your new role as a prostitute,” he said somewhat sarcastically as he started undressing himself. Jake might have had some reticence in continuing their relationship, but he was still a man at heart and couldn’t resist the nearly-naked body of a beautiful woman.

“You know it, honey,” she said rotating her hips more than was strictly necessary. Jake didn’t need the enticement. He was on her in a flash, pulling off the remainders of her clothes, leaving her naked. She liked that he didn’t fully undress when he had sex with her. It made her feel a little dirty and she liked that. It was a wonderful feeling to her.

The moment he entered her from behind she groaned and heard herself say, “Oh god fuck yes.”

Jake grinned and started pumping away. He couldn’t help himself and smacked her ass with his hand a few times.

“Ow! Yeah, that feels good.” Mary wasn’t above enjoying a little rough sex but this was something new with Jake. She caught herself too late. The last thing she wanted was for her colleagues to overhear her and Jake having sex.

“I’ve never fucked a prostitute before, let alone one who’s getting married,” Jake commented. “That makes you a slut. I like that.”

“Me too,” she grunted as she came. She wasn’t ashamed of cumming, but she was surprised at herself because it happened so quickly.

When Mary went home that night, she browsed through the internet and discovered it wasn’t that hard to become a sex worked. The first thing she learned was that prostitute was considered a pejorative term by professional escorts and sex workers.

She resolved at once to do things the right way.

Two weeks later when Jake returned from yet another business trip, he received an odd announcement from Mary. “I’m starting to close down the bulk of this practice,” she told him as they both casually started undressing. It was almost mechanical at this point; they both knew what they wanted and they were both ready for it.

“What? Last time I saw you, you were claiming that you were all but in the poor house and needed every client you could get.” Jake was surprised, but it didn’t stop him from taking off his shirt and opening up her pants so Mary could knee in front of him and suck his cock.

Before getting down on her knees Mary said, “I’ve got new clients in a new practice.”

“What new practice?”

She grinned and licked the length of his cock. “I’m now splitting my time between counseling and sex work.”

“What?” Jake was stunned.

Mary pressed on. If she couldn’t make this work with Jake, there wasn’t much reason to try and combine her two jobs. “Sex work pays better,” she admitted. “I just need to build up a clientele so I can quick this annoying counseling work.” She popped his cock back into her mouth and eagerly sucked. Jake, as always, responded even though he had a hundred questions.

“Don’t you like being a counselor?” he asked her, gently taking her face between his hands and pulling his cock out of her mouth, much to Mary’s annoyance.

Mary sighed and realized she wasn’t going to be able to skip over this and give Jake a blowjob and be done with it. Still, she knew how to distract him. Her bra was still on so she reached around behind her back and freed her breasts while talking. “You don’t know what it’s like listening to people’s problems day in and day out. Too many of them don’t want to solve their problems, or even let me solve them. They just want to whine to me about it.”

“Don’t you have a counseling degree?” he asked. “Don’t you want to use your

education?”

Mary had to remind herself not to roll her eyes or sigh. “You sound like my father,” she pointed out. “And I’m not quitting being a counselor; I’m just cutting back on my hours. I’m going to keep my certifications and license. I’ll see a few clients just to stay fresh.” She stood up and shimmied out of her skirt, then went back to her knees and put his cock back in her mouth.

“I think you’re crazy,” he told her.

Grinning around his cock and backing off to the point where just her tongue touched the tip of his purpled head, she told him, “Crazy is good.”

Jake was rising up. Obviously he didn’t have much of a problem with Mary’s sudden announcement and shift in career. “But what does your fiancé think of this decision.”

Mary was grateful her mouth of full of him at that moment because she had all but forgotten in the heat of anticipation of fucking Jake once again that she was supposed to be getting married. She had remembered to put on her grandmother’s engagement ring that morning but rings were the least of her concerns at the moment. She didn’t pause in her fellatio, but she did give her answer careful consideration.

“He’s okay with it,” she said cautiously as she pulled back and allowed herself a moment’s rest.

“That doesn’t sound convincing,” Jake told her as he brought her to her feet and spun her around; this time opting to bend her over one of the chairs in the office. She reached down between her legs and guided him into her waiting pussy.

“It’s kind of private,” she told him. “Between him and me, okay.”

“Fine, fine,” Jake agreed. All women were different about their infidelity and he had apparently found Mary’s limit.

But on the plus side, she had found a way out of her fake impending marriage.

Chapter Nineteen

I REACHED OUT and lightly plucked the ring that ran through her nipple. “You’re beautiful,” I told her.

“Is that your idea of foreplay?” Mary asked, pretending to be snarky but she reached for my cock which quickly grew under her attention.

“Yes.” I lowered my mouth to her breast without the nipple and listened to her light sighs for half a minute before switching to the other. As always, the contrast of hard metal through soft flesh momentarily shocked me. She ran her fingers through my hair, unable to help herself. Since she had moved her hand from my cock, I moved my hand down to her pussy. Mary opened her legs for me.

“You like your wedding ring, don’t you?” she asked me.

“Mmm-hmm,” I moaned into her tit.

Our wedding had been small, just a few friends and relatives. Mary didn’t get on well with most of her family and I preferred a private life. My family is huge but I only like a very few members of it. We had traditional rings that we kept in a jewelry box at her place, but I quickly discovered that married women, for some reason that didn’t make sense to me, were more willing to go to bed with a single man than a married one. It was just easier to leave the wedding band in a box. I would have been thrilled for Mary to wear hers while we were together, but she wasn’t big on jewelry in general and her clients—those who hired her for sex, not the traditional clients in need of counseling—preferred a sex worker who wasn’t married. She didn’t mind lying to them about her marital status.

Still, she knew that I got off on the idea of fucking a married woman—even if the woman I was fucking was the one I was married to. After one of my longer business trips, I came back home to discover her in my bed—our bed really—wearing nothing but the new wedding ring through her nipple. Sadly, I couldn’t play with it that first night because she had been pierced just a week earlier and was still healing. Once she had fully healed and we both decided it suited both her and us, we found a locking ring that supposedly couldn’t be removed once it was joined. We knew that wasn’t true because a pair of heavy duty wire cutters would go right through the metal, but we liked the idea.

“You like that your wife fucks other men, don’t you?” she asked me. Mary was

always very vocal during sex. I liked that too.

“Mmm-hmm,” I agreed.

“You didn’t fuck anyone else while you were gone, did you?”

I let her nipple fall from my mouth with a wet sucking noise. “I sure did,” I told her. “What to hear about it.”

“No.” Her face was inscrutable.

“Want to see pictures of them?”

“No.” Her expression didn’t change but her eyes were a dazzling, brilliant blue and I knew—as always—she wanted to know everything that I had done.

The only agreement we made before we agreed to get married was that our marriage bed was the only place we couldn’t have sex with someone else. That was why she maintained her own place. Most of her long-term clients she brought back to what we called her apartment. (And for tax reasons it was a great write-off for business purposes. We found out that if she reported her occupation to the IRS as an entertainer certain expenses—such as the rent on an apartment maintained for business purposes—were tax deductible. The IRS doesn’t care what your occupation is…as long as you report that income and pay taxes on it.) The apartment that was by default my home contained what we called our marriage bed. Sometimes she stayed in my apartment when I was out of town, sometimes she didn’t. It depended on circumstances. She often said that she didn’t like staying alone in our place. I didn’t begrudge her that.

Though it killed me I pulled myself away from her naked body and grabbed my phone and summoned up the photos from my trip.

“This is Ginny,” I said as the nude pictures of the curvy and cute blonde came up.

“She’s kind of fat,” the immediately judgmental Mary said.

“Jealousy doesn’t become you.”

“Mm-hmm,” was her comment. She wasn’t the least bit shy about flicking

through the pictures of Ginny. “Carrie again?” she asked about my long-term almost sort-of girlfriend who had to be tied up to force herself to have sex with someone other than her husband.

“Of course. She’s a great lay.”

“Does she know that you take these dirty pictures of her?”

“Of course not.”

“And Minnie. And her husband,” Mary said as she got to the next series. “I never would have pegged you as bisexual when I met you.”

“Situational sexual behavior,” I reminded my wife. “Minnie loves making her husband be submissive to everyone, including her lover.”

“Did he make you cum?” she asked me.

“Yes.”

“Yeah, you’re bi,” she decided and moved on to Connie. “And who is this with Connie?”

“Her wife, Sheila.”

“I don’t think I’ve seen pictures of her before. She’s not my type but she’s kind of hot.” She flipped through a couple. “Did you fuck the both of them? I know that Connie’s bi but what about Sheila?” She looked at me curiously.

“She’s a lesbian,” I confirmed.

“Oh. So you didn’t have sex with her?”

I briefly considered telling Mary everything, the whole truth, that maybe at this very moment both Connie and Sheila were pregnant from my sperm; Connie from the traditional way, Sheila from some impromptu artificial insemination. But I didn’t. “No. I didn’t have sex with her. I had sex in front of her, with Connie. Apparently watching hetero sex gets her off.”

“People are weird,” Mary decaled and pulled my by the cock on top of her. I was

hard, of course, because I liked watching her look at the pictures of people I had sex with.

“What do you mean?” I asked as I entered her pussy. She was wet. She was always wet when I wanted to have sex with her. We were connected in that way.

“People are weird because of sex,” she told me. “I mean, there’s this idea of normal, but anyone who is completely normal is the exception. Weird is better.”

“Weird is better,” I agreed as I continued to fuck the woman who was my wife, but was already thinking about the next, new married woman I’d be bedding in a few weeks.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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