

*Faithful*

**WIFE'S**  
FALL FROM  
**GRACE**

BOOK 3

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*Pete Andrews*



*FAITHFUL WIFE'S FALL FROM GRACE*  
*BOOK 3*

*PETE ANDREWS*

This is a work of fiction. *All characters are of legal age, and are 18 years old or older.*

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write sexy romances. I used to publish under *xleglover* on various sites.

My stories are romances, so they delve into the feelings, emotions and relationships of the characters. My stories have an emotional edge to them. The characters have thrilling adventures, but there's pain there too, at least for some of them.

I try to write stories that seem like real life. Yes, the situations are extreme, but I hope you come away thinking, "*Yes, I can see how that might happened.*"

If you'd like to join my no-spam mailing list, or would like to send me a question or feedback, please email me at [peteandrews1701@gmail.com](mailto:peteandrews1701@gmail.com).

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# CHAPTER 1

It was only the second weekend of us being platonic roommates but already I could see Saturdays being weird. We were normal just like before. We talked, we laughed, we shared the newspaper, we ate together. But no touching. No romantic affection. No saying “I love you.” When we walked, we didn’t hold hands. When we sat, we sat next to each other, but there was always space, so our legs didn’t touch. We were best friends, but platonic best friends.

Despite this, somehow, our feelings for each other actually grew. If you take sex out of a relationship, you take out all the touching, all the physical stuff, but you *still* have strong emotions for the other person, then that was really proof of love. It proved to me what people say is true. This “lifestyle” – sharing your wife with other men – actually brings you closer together.

We ate lunch at a little French bistro we wanted to try. About a block away was an old, converted warehouse with loft apartments for sale. We went over and looked around for fun. The apartments were amazing. Tall ceilings with huge windows. Exposed pipes and brick. You know, that trendy industrial look. I could tell Jen loved the place. I did too. But the prices were outrageously high.

Here's the thing. I know I'm average. Average face, average body (below average penis). I'm not GQ worthy like Scott. I don't have his cut tanned beach body. He's a better athlete. And now he was a full partner while I was still an analyst. I was feeling really lacking compared to Scott.

But if Sapphire really hit, my bonuses would be huge. I'd be able to buy one of these loft apartments for Jen. Scott wouldn't be able to do that, not even as a full partner. I'd at least be able to prove to Jen I was a better provider than him.

Jen closed the door to our bedroom to get ready for her date. Since I wasn't allowed to see her body, I wasn't allowed to watch her dress. When

she came out, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. God she was so beautiful!

She wore skinny jeans, high heels and a loose blouse. Kind of like her outfit from last week at Scott's basketball game. She wore her long blonde hair down and that brownish lipstick that gave her lips that sexy wet look.

Her blouse ended a little above her waist so you could see flashes of her sexy flat tummy depending on how she moved. I saw she was wearing pantyhose under the jeans, with the pantyhose waistband ending just below her belly button. I loved it when she wore pantyhose under jeans. Jen saw me looking at how the pantyhose extended past the top of her jeans to just below her belly button. With a grin she said, "Scotty loves this look too."

I was invited to go on their date. Jen knew that's what I got out of it. She was trying to make the game good for me too. I loved (and hated) watching her with Scott. Especially outside of sex. Seeing them together on dates, acting like a couple – that hurt so much, but was so deliciously arousing.

Just before Scott arrived to pick her up, Jen pulled me aside. "I'm getting inked tonight," she told me. "I *want* you to be there. But if you can't handle it, you should stay home."

I stared at her. I felt like she had hit me with a ton load of bricks. She told me this now, with Scott about to pick her up? I had a million questions. But I knew it was better for me to be there. She was still my wife. If I had to, I could drag her out of there, or call the cops. "I can handle it," I told her.

The tattoo artist was a tall, big black man. His name was Davis. Jen introduced me as an old friend from college (the same story we used before).

Davis laughed and joked with Scott. Clearly, they had history and were friends. Davis inspected the new tat on Scott's arm. They talked about some refinements to other tats on his tat sleeves.

Jen stood next to Scott. Compared to Davis and Scott, she was a novice in the world of body art, but she listened closely and chimed in, acting the role of supportive girlfriend. I stood off to the side, clearly out of place. A couple times Jen looked at me and gave me an encouraging smile. Then she went back to being Scott's girlfriend.

"So, you want a tat?" Davis said, turning his attention to Jen.

"Yes," Jen said. "The sun next to the moon."

Davis nodded thoughtfully. He pulled down a few books from the shelves. For the next 15 minutes, Davis, Jen and Scott looked though images

of the moon and sun. It was a surreal experience for me. My wife was about to permanently mark her body. But I had no say in it. The sun and moon? That was news to me. And I had no idea where she planned to put it. I couldn't believe this was happening.

As they looked at books with Davis, Jen and Scott held hands. Jen asked Scott for his opinion. They talked the pros and cons of the different sun and moon images. A few times Scott joked and Jen always laughed. Scott rubbed her back encouragingly, and Jen squeezed his hand. Jen didn't look at me, or involve me, or ask what I thought. Legally she was my wife. At that moment though, I felt – truly felt – she belonged to Scott and not me.

Jen made a final selection on the sun and moon images. Davis said it was painful to get inked so he offered a bottle of vodka. Jen and Scott both downed a couple of shots. Then Jen seemed to remember I was there. She brought the book over to me. “What do you think?” she asked me. The first image was a quarter moon. The second a starburst.

“You're really going to do this?” I whispered.

Jen nodded. It was like she was on a journey of self-exploration, and this was a really important step for her. I didn't say anything. I didn't say yes, but I didn't say no. After a few moments she smiled at me and went back to Scott and Davis.

“Where do you want it?” Davis asked.

“On my back,” Jen said. “Right behind my bra strap.”

“Okay, let's see,” Davis said, motioning with his finger to take off the blouse.

Jen hesitated a moment, as if out of modesty. Then she pulled her loose blouse over her head. She was wearing a black lacy bra. It was only partially opaque, so her nipples and aureoles were visible through the silky fabric. Davis gave her a long look, not even trying to be subtle about checking her out. Jen seemed self-conscious at first, then her posture straightened. She even arched her back like a model, as if saying “go ahead and look if you want.” I marveled at her confidence. She seemed so different from my wife of just a few months ago, before we started playing the game. I was fascinated and even obsessed with this new Jen. This return of JenJen. But I missed my wife too.

Jen turned around. Using a mirror, she pointed to where she wanted it. “Right behind the clasp,” she said, pointing to the middle of her back.

Jen and Davis discussed size and location. She said, “I don't want it

to be visible when I have a bra on.”

“What about a bikini?” Davis asked, grinning at her. “A string bikini?”

“Well, I guess it depends how tiny the string is,” Jen said grinning back.

I couldn't believe it. Jen was flirting with Davis!

As she flirted with the big black man, Jen smiled and made eyes with Scott. She never looked at me.

Jen twisted her long blonde hair a few times, so it was like a loose ponytail. She pulled it aside, so it was out of the way. She stepped out of her high heels and climbed up onto the padded table (it was like a massage table, but a little wider). She lay on her stomach, then reached behind and unsnapped her bra.

Davis used a clean cloth and disinfectant to prepare Jen's skin. His eyes moved up and down Jen's backside. Mine did too. She looked incredibly hot, with her bra unsnapped and her tight ass in those skinny jeans. Scott stroked Jen's lower back, over the nylon of her exposed pantyhose. It wasn't a sexual caress. It was more possessive, like he was telling Davis you can look but this is my girl.

My eyes moved from Scott's hand on her back down her long shapely legs. Jen's small slim feet looked even sexier in pantyhose. She was tapping her foot, like she always did when she was nervous or agitated. I think I knew why. Davis was gathering his tools, and the long needles looked scary. I was about to go to Jen to reassure her, but then she grabbed Scott's hand. *Of course*. Jen was with Scott, not me. So she looked to Scott for comfort.

This was all too crazy. It was starting to feel really real, that Jen belonged to Scott instead of me. I couldn't believe how insensitive Jen was being to my feelings. But then I thought ... if Jen *really* was with Scott, this was exactly how she would act. Jen had warned me sometimes I might feel like I was losing her. Sometimes it might look like she loved him. *Jen warned me*. She told me not to freak.

Davis was cleaning and sanitizing his needles. He pulled a bottle of ink from a shelf. It was jet black ink.

I started getting lightheaded. My wife was about to permanently ink herself with a jet-black tattoo. And she wasn't doing it for me. Despite what she said earlier, I felt she was doing it for Scott. It was like she was about to permanently brand her body for Scott.

Davis was about ready. Not able to resist, I moved closer. I watched as Davis dipped a needle into the bottle of jet-black ink. Then, he injected the jet-black ink into Jen's smooth, flawless white skin.

Jen grimaced as the needle punctured her white skin with permanent, jet-black ink. "Are you okay?" Davis asked.

"Yeah," Jen said. Her jaws were clenched to deal with the pain. I saw she was gripping Scott's hand.

Davis nodded and continued to ink Jen's back.

I felt despair as I watched Davis tattoo my wife. With each injection of the jet-black ink into her skin, I kept thinking, "*It's permanent. Jen's letting Scott brand her.*"

My body started shaking. That's how I got when I was beyond excited with cuckold lust. I tightly gripped the table behind me, to try to calm down and stop shaking. But Davis noticed me. "You okay buddy?" the black man asked, looking over at me.

Up to that moment, Jen had been looking the other way, at Scott. Now she turned to look at me. She raised an eyebrow, as if saying "Are you okay? Can you handle this?"

I nodded at her. I clenched my teeth to stop shaking. Jen looked at me for a long moment, then she turned her head back to Scott again. I saw she was tightly holding his hand, and he was smiling encouragingly at her.

A few moments later it was over. I was shocked, it only took about 15 minutes. I looked at Jen's back. The sun on the left and a partial moon on the right, with a vertical line in between. The sun, moon and vertical line were all solid jet-black, contrasting with Jen's lily white, silky skin. The entire tattoo was small, less than an inch square. When she wore a bra, you probably wouldn't even see it. But you *would* see it when she wore a string bikini, even when the strings (as Jen had said) were not tiny.

Scott's cell rang. "I'll be right back, it's the gang," he said moving out of the room.

Jen stood up, holding her unsnapped bra to her chest with her hands. Davis held up a small round container. "Moisturizer," he said. "You should apply some a few times a day. Here, let me." He turned Jen around so her back was to him. "You don't want to wear tight clothes for a few days." He rubbed the lotion over her new moon and sun tats.

"Like, no bra for a few days. Starting now," Davis said, tugging the bra from her hands. He grinned at me as he dropped the bra to the floor. Jen

turned to face him, her arms crossed so her hands covered her breasts. She knew what he was up to and was grinning at him.

Jen glanced at me, then back to Davis. Then she dropped her hands, revealing her perfect A-cup breasts to Davis. She stood there, proudly displaying her perky tits to the black man.

Davis looked at her tits, clearly liking what he saw. “Mike buddy, do me a favor and check on Scott,” he said, trying to get rid of me.

Before I could respond, Jen was kissing Davis. She kissed him opened mouth, and I could tell she was tonguing him. Davis squeezed and fondled Jen’s bare tits. Jen grabbed his ass. Then she reached between their bodies and rubbed his cock over his pants. I couldn’t believe this was my sweet, church going Catholic wife. She was being so shameless! So slutty! And with a black man no less! I loved it!

Then Jen pulled away. They were both panting. Jen put on her blouse and brushed her hair with her fingers. “Does that pay for it?” she asked with a grin at Davis.

“It’s an installment,” Davis joked with a grin back. He was still breathing hard and there was an enormous tent in his pants.

Jen pulled some bills from her purse and handed them to Davis. “I guess this’ll have to do for the rest,” she said. He shrugged and took the money.

Then she put her hand back over the tent in Davis’s pants. “They say black men have the biggest things,” she said with a sultry smile.

“Things?” Davis said with a laugh.

Jen’s smile widened. “Is that true?” she asked. She was still cupping his erection.

“What do you think?” Davis asked. His face was lustful as she began to gently rub his hand-on.

Jen tilted her head, like she was considering. “You’re big,” she said. “But I think Scott’s bigger.” Then she pulled her hand away.

Davis laughed and said, “You’re a fucking cock tease.” The way he was laughing, it was clear he was joking, and there was admiration in his voice.

“That was amazing!” I gushed when we had a private moment. Jen grinned at me. “I did that for you. Because you’ve been so

understanding.”

Immediately I felt deflated. “You’re not into Davis?” I asked.

“I mean, yeah, he’s hot, and he *is* freaking big,” she said. “But I’m with Scott.”

We took an uber to a bar to meet up with Scott’s basketball friends. I sat up front and Jen sat with Scott in the back. They were both excited about her new tat and laughed and talked the whole way. I barely heard them though. Seeing Jen kissing Davis, I hoped we could expand our game to other men, not just Scott, to dilute the impact of Scott on my wife. But Jen had made it clear she only kissed Davis as a consolation prize to me. As long as she was so infatuated and *in-like* with Scott, she wasn’t interested in anyone else.

At the bar, I hung out at the edges of Scott’s crowd. I didn’t belong, and it was weird for me to be there again role playing as Jen’s college friend. Without Jen knowing, I overheard her talking to some of the wives and girlfriends. They wanted to know how serious her separation was from her husband (me).

“We’ve been together a long time,” Jen said.

“How long?”

“Almost 10 years.”

“That’s not a reason to stay together if you’re not happy.”

“It’s a reason not to give up,” Jen said.

“But you look so happy with Scott.”

“I *am* happy,” Jen said.

“So be with Scott.”

“I *am* with Scott.”

“You know what I mean.”

“It’s not that simple. I’ve been with Mike forever,” Jen said.

“That’s not a reason to stay together.”

I staggered away, not able to listen to anymore. The way Jen talked, it sounded so real. Like we were really separated. And the only reason she wasn’t ending it with me completely was because of our history.

I needed to think. But I couldn’t think because my dick was so hard, and I was still practically shaking with desire. I went into the bathroom. It was crowded but finally I got some privacy in a stall. I took out my cock and stroked myself. I came almost immediately and hoped to god no one in the crowded bathroom heard my groan. Or smelled the aroma of my sperm

(which was doubtful since the bathroom smelled like beer). Afterwards though it was no better. Now in addition to being confused I had to deal with even more intense anguish.

I guess I must have wandered around the bar. Jen found me. “We’re going,” she whispered to me. I nodded. I joined them in the uber home.

When we got home my head was about to explode. Because remember, this was the night they were going to have sex without a condom for the first time. I felt like I was on a roller-coaster. One enormous monster hill after another.

I went through the hills in my head. Last night, Jen giving all her attention to Scott for his promotion and barely anything to me for the launch of Sapphire. Then no sex or intimacy all Saturday. Then this evening getting tatted up for Scott, and now about to let him inside her bareback. Why everything at once? My head spun as I tried to catch up with everything and deal with my emotions.

Then in bed, when they were naked, Jen told Scott she wanted him on top, so she could look into his face as he entered her for the first time without a condom. She said she wanted to kiss him as he slid into her, skin-to-skin.

It was what she would say to a guy she was really into, before he entered her bareback for the first time. Had she said that to me, so many years ago? I couldn’t remember.

But even if she had said that to me, it didn’t help that she was saying it to Scott now. I thought it wasn’t possible for my heart to break more. But she proved me wrong. She broke my heart even more.

I couldn’t watch. You’d think I’d want to. These were major cuckold events, to watch your wife penetrated by a bare cock, to watch her lover shoot his fertile seed into her womb. To watch them cuddle together, kiss and whisper sweet nothings, as his half hard cock falls out of her and his cum seeps from her pussy lips.

But I couldn’t. I was already too much of an emotional wreck. I collapsed onto the bed in Joe’s old room. Somehow, I fell asleep.

## CHAPTER 2

When I woke the next morning there was a sleeping body next to me. It was Jen. Her back was snuggled into me, and I was spooning her. She smelled fresh, like she'd taken a shower. She was wearing my old frat t-shirt and white cotton socks on her feet.

My waking up seemed to wake her up. She turned around to face me. "Hey baby," she said sleepily. She wrapped her arms around me, and I thought she was going to fall back asleep. Instead, though, she moved her lips to mine and kissed me. "You didn't watch last night," she said.

"No," I said.

"Why?"

"It was too much," I said honestly.

Jen looked at me. She nodded, as if seeming to understand.

"Did it feel difference?" I said, asking if it felt different skin-to-skin. There were things I needed to know.

"Yes."

"Better?"

"Yes."

"Did he cum in you?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"Just once," she said. "Then I told him he had to leave. I found you here. You were asleep."

I nodded. I reached down, into her VS cotton panties, into her pussy. I guess I was looking for evidence of his sperm inside her. But she was dry.

"I showered," she told me. After a moment she asked, "Would you rather I didn't? For next time?"

I was already hard, and my cock twitched at her question. But my emotions were all over the place. "I don't know Jen," I said, a helpless look on my face. "I don't know anymore."

Jen took off her panties and my boxers. She got on top of me. She spat into her palm and used the saliva to lubricate her pussy. Then she guided my cock into her. I didn't last long, and Jen didn't seem to mind. I think she was sore from getting fucked hard by Scott. He satisfied her too, so her body didn't need anything from me. She barely even got wet while I was fucking her.

Afterwards I said, "Let me see it." She knew what I was talking about of course. The tattoo. She pulled off my frat t-shirt and got on her stomach. I looked at her new tat. A little moon and sun. I got the bottle of moisturizer and gently rubbed some in. "Why a sun and moon?" I asked.

"I guess I should have a deep answer. Like a zen thing," she said with a shrug. "I just like it. I saw it on the internet. It makes me feel good."

"Did you get it for Scott?" I asked.

She turned back onto her side, facing me. "Maybe a little," she admitted. "Mostly for me. But a little for Scott. So I have something in common with him."

"You don't already have enough?" I said with a bitter laugh. "You two never run out of things to talk about."

"We talk about stupid things Mike, and our relationship is new," she told me gently. "I have lots more in common with you. Lots, lots more."

"It doesn't seem that way."

"It is," she insisted.

We were silent for long moments. "Yesterday was hard," I finally said. "I felt like you *really* were Scott's girl. Like it wasn't a game. You and Scott really were a couple."

Jen was silent a moment, then she said "... I felt that way too."

I stared at her, alarmed at her response. I said "That's why you held his hand, not mine. When you were getting inked."

"Honestly I didn't think about it," she said.

"But that's worse," I said. "Your instinct was Scott, not me."

"I told you, sometimes it might look like I love Scott," she said. "It might look like you're losing me."

"Am I losing you?" I asked, my heart in my throat.

"No Mike," she assured me. "It's just a game. It's our game. You and me."

"I'm not sure I want to play this game anymore," I told her with a humorless laugh. She reached down and cupped my cock. I was already

hard again. Her message was clear. I had a lot of angst from the game, but it turned me on like nothing else.

“I think we’re different. All boys and girls are,” Jen said. “For guys it’s physical. For girls it’s emotional. My fantasies are about romance. You know. The excitement of a new relationship. Being swept off my feet.”

“What about your rape fantasy?” I reminded her.

“Well, that too,” she said with a giggle. “But even that ... like humiliation. It only works if it’s someone you care about. It doesn’t work if it’s a stranger humiliating me.”

“I get that,” I said nodding slowly.

“So you see? My fantasies are about emotions. So that’s what you see. It looks like I’m his girl. It looks like I love him. But it’s just me playing out my fantasy.”

I was silent, trying to process that. Finally, I said “So when does *pretending* to be in love turn into *being* in love?”

“It won’t Mike. It won’t,” Jen assured me, squeezing my hand and rubbing my arm.

We settled into a mostly normal Sunday. At least from the outside. Inside, my stomach was still churning. I was still coming to grips with the past 2 days. Jen sensed it. There was a wall between us.

I watched football while Jen surfed on her computer. I looked over to see what she was doing. She was shopping for blouses and tops, and dresses. They all exposed her back. Clearly she was excited by her new tattoo and was eager to show it off.

Jen looked at me. I guess I have a cum face too because she saw I was excited. “Does it excite you knowing I got the tattoo for Scott?” she asked.

“Yes,” I admitted, as my breathing got harder. My wife had 2 tattoos. One for a past boyfriend, the other for her current boyfriend. None for me. Yes, it got me hot.

“I guess your fantasies aren’t all physical either,” she mused, remembering the cuckold stories she read. “They’re in your head. Like feeling neglected.”

“And jealousy. Feeling inadequate. Feeling like you’re picking Scott over me. Taking his side. Denying me -- not letting me touch you, or look at your body. Yes, those are emotions.” With a grin I joked “Unless you’re talking about my little head.”

Jen smiled at me. She said “Then what about yesterday – this weekend – hasn’t been awesome for you?”

“Has it been awesome for you?” I asked.

“Honestly? Yes,” she said.

I heard something in her voice. I said, “There’s a but there.”

Jen didn’t try to hide it. “I wanted Scotty to stay,” she said. “He was going to spend the night. But you were so upset, I sent him home.”

I stared at her, shocked. “I can’t believe you just said that. I’m still upset. And then you lay that on me.”

“Our rule is to tell the truth, remember?” Jen said with frustration. “I don’t think it’s fair Mike. You’re getting everything you want. But just as I’m getting into my fantasy, I have to tell Scotty to go home.”

I gawked at her. “That is the bitchiest, most selfish thing you’ve ever said to me,” I angrily snapped. “*Sorry* you had to come back to reality and be my wife again,” I said sarcastically. “*Sorry* I can’t rock your world like your *Scotty*.” My voice was laced with anger and bitterness, and I emphasized “*Scotty*” as if putting derisive quotes around it.

Jen immediately did what girls do. She teared up. “It’s not fair Mike!” she said. “This is our game! *Our* game! We can’t agree to play the game, and then you yell at me when I play the game! I told you what might happen! I warned you! I told you not to freak if it happened! Why is this my fault?”

“Because you love him!” I yelled.

“I don’t freaking love him!” she yelled back. “Why do you keep saying that?”

“You said you’d hate me if I told you to stop!” I yelled.

“I did not! I said I’d be upset! How would you feel? You’re playing a game, and then all of the sudden it stops. So you don’t get to play the whole game. How would you feel? You’d be upset right? That’s all I said.”

We went to our separate corners to cool off. I thought a lot about what Jen said. I tried to look at it from her point of view. To her, the sex was almost secondary. It was the romance she liked most about the game. And I was ruining it for her whenever I pulled drama like this, because it pierced the veil of her fantasy romance with “*Scotty*.”

I tried to think about it in the context of my fantasies. It would be like Jen saying she was having sex with Scott only because I wanted her to. That she didn’t really like it. If that was how she felt, it would ruin it for me.

Later in bed, I said “You got a tattoo Jen. Don’t you see how that makes me feel?”

Jen turned to look at me. Maybe because I was talking calmly, reasonably, she was able to talk calmly to me too. “Mike, I’ve told you a million times I wanted another tattoo,” she said reasonably. “I’m into that. You married me knowing I was into that.”

“I don’t want your body covered in tattoos,” I said.

“I don’t want that either,” she said. “They’re tiny. But they’re a way I express myself. I’d never get sleeves like Scott. I like what he’s done, but I don’t want that.” She knew what was really bothering me, so she said “I didn’t get it for Scott. I didn’t. Yes, there’s a side benefit because now we have something else in common. But I got it for me.”

I slowly nodded, thinking about it. Then I admitted “It is kind of hot.”

Jen smiled at me. It was her first genuine smile to me in a couple days. She tenderly brushed her hand across my cheek. “You freak because you think what’s happening is real,” she said soothingly. “But it’s not real, it’s a game.”

I slowly nodded again. “So you’re going to keep seeing Scott?” I asked.

“I want to,” she said. “Is that okay?” She was asking me if I was vetoing it. If I was ending the game.

“Yes,” I said. With a sheepish grin I said “I just have to adjust to it. You’d think it wouldn’t be hard since it’s my fantasy, but it is.”

“But it’s exciting right?” she said with a grin at me.

“Yeah,” I admitted with a grin back.

We made love. Then we fell asleep with our bodies spooned together.

## CHAPTER 3

It became a routine. Jen was my wife Sunday through Thursday. Then she was my platonic best friend Friday and Saturday. I started thinking of them as “my days” and “Scott’s days.”

I admit, I got more excited as the week moved closer to Scott’s days. It was hard not being able to touch Jen or see her body. It was especially hard not being able to share affection with her (other than the affection between platonic friends). But that feeling of denial really pushed my cuckold buttons. By the time Scott left Sunday morning, I was always desperate for Jen. Both physically and emotionally. I think Jen really liked all the attention she was getting from both her men.

Like I said, we settled into a routine. Friday night, Jen and Scott went out with work friends and then she spent the night at his place. She got home by noon on Saturday and we spent the day as platonic best friends. Then she went out on a date with Scott, usually with his basketball friends, and they came back and spent the night at our apartment.

I think Jen liked Saturday nights best, because she could openly be Scott’s girlfriend. His basketball friends still thought she was separated. As long as I knew it was a game – and Jen repeatedly assured me it was a game – I got off on the situation. It got me hot that Scott’s friends thought Jen was struggling between picking between her husband (me) and Scott. Other cucks will know that the risk of losing your wife is one of the greatest thrills of the fantasy and this pushed that button.

I pressed Jen to tell me about these conversations. They got me incredibly hot. They usually went something like this:

*Friends:* “What’s Mike look like?”

*Jen:* “He’s cute, like a college professor.”

*Friends:* “But not hot like Scott.”

*Jen:* “Mike’s hot.” Then with a giggle “Okay, not like Scott.”

*Friends:* “What’s Mike do?”

*Jen:* “He’s an analyst on Wall Street.”

*Friends:* “But not a partner like Scott.”

Jen shrugs.

*Friends:* “What’s sex like with Scott?”

Jen grins and rolls her eyes, as if saying “freaking awesome!”

*Friends:* “And Mike?”

*Jen shrugs:* “You have to remember we’ve been together for 10 years.”

*Friends:* “So not as good as Scott.”

*Jen:* “Come on guys.”

*Friends:* “You still have sex with Mike? I thought you’re separated.”

*Jen:* “We’re trying to work it out.”

*Friends:* “Does he know you’re dating Scott?”

*Jen:* “We’re separated so I can do what I want. But yes, he knows.”

*Friends:* “So Scott’s better looking, he makes more money and he’s better in bed. Exactly what is there to decide?”

*Jen:* “Stop guys. It’s not that simple. I’ve been with Mike for 10 years.”

Jen told me she doesn’t enjoy these conversations with Scott’s friends. We’ve discussed changing our story to where she’s seriously thinking about divorcing me. Probably that would stop the questions from Scott’s friends. I like the change, it turns me on. Jen said she’s not sure, she’s thinking about it. She said it’s okay to pretend we’re separated, because what does that mean anyway? But she’s afraid if we pretend we’re close to getting a divorce that could screw with her head.

“What do you mean?” I asked, not understanding.

“I don’t know,” she said honestly. “I just think it might affect how I think about us; how I think about you. But I’ll think about it.”

I thought about what she said for a long time. I knew it was a warning sign, but it made me want to do it even more.

Sometimes I went out with Scott and Jen on their dates. Using on Friday nights, as it was getting weird for me to hang with them on Saturdays, because I really had no reason to be with them. Although Friday nights started getting difficult too. It was clear their work friends suspected Jen was

having an affair with Scott. So, they were awkward around me, as they thought she was cheating on me behind my back. At some level I really got off on that. But it was difficult with people giving me looks as Jen flirted with Scott right in front of me and I didn't do anything about it.

Sometimes I wondered if Jen was losing respect for me. It must be strange having a cuckold as a husband. I wanted her to fuck other men. It got me hot if people thought she was cheating on me. It got me even hotter that we were pretending to be separated. Also, there were the physical parts. Scott had a better body and was more endowed. He fucked her better and gave her better orgasms. I wondered how Jen could not lose respect for me given my psycho fantasies and compared physically to Scott. But whenever I asked Jen assured me the game wasn't affecting her feelings for me at all.

Jen started wearing blouses that showed off her new tat. Ones that swooped down in the back, or had openings in the back, either big ones or slits. When she was with me – on *my* days – she wore a bra underneath, so her new tat sometimes but mostly didn't peaked out. On Scott's days she went braless. Even then though, the sun and moon tat was tiny so you almost had to be right behind her to notice them. I had to admit they were incredibly sexy. I told her that and she was really happy I thought that.

Sometimes real life got in the way of our routine. Christmas fell on a Sunday this year. Jen and Scott had their regular Friday date; she was home by noon on Saturday (which was of course Christmas eve). As always on Christmas eve we planned to attend the evening service. Our routine was to then have a quiet dinner and open our presents to each other. On Sunday – Christmas – we planned to take the morning train to her parents in Belmont, MA. We would spend the night, then take the first train back home on Monday. We always made it a day trip because, frankly, Jen and her father didn't get along and a day was the most they could stand being under the same roof.

As we got ready for church on Saturday (Christmas eve), Jen asked me if Scott could stop by after. She wanted to see him since she wouldn't see him tomorrow on Christmas day. I didn't want to be a jerk, and I had Jen all to myself the next day, so I said yes.

## CHAPTER 4

We got home from church and only had a few minutes alone before Scott arrived. He brought carryout Chinese food and beer. I think because it was Christmas eve, Jen sat next to me so it was like Scott was our guest. But they drifted into their usual playful, flirty banter and soon I felt that *I* was the third wheel, even though she was sitting next to me.

I was hoping Scott would leave after eating dinner, but he made no move to leave, and Jen wasn't pushing him out the door either. Jen and I opened our presents. We had agreed to only spend \$100 on each other because we were saving to buy a house. Jen got me an old Tom Seaver jersey signed by Tom Terrific himself. I knew it cost more than \$100 but Jen said she got lucky on eBay. I knew she was lying, and she spent way more than \$100, but it made me feel good because it showed she really cared about me.

I gave Jen a signed Bruce Springsteen vinyl album. Not only was it signed by Bruce, but it was an original pressing of Greetings from Asbury Park, his very first album. Jen squealed when she opened the wrappings. I spent way more than \$100 too. When she asked me about it, I grinned at her and said I got lucky on eBay. She grinned back at me, both of us knowing we were busted.

I also got Jen some moisturizer, for her new tat. It was a small gift, and she didn't really need to put lotion on her tat anymore, but it was me supporting her. She understood the meaning behind the gift, and she hugged and kissed me.

Scott had the good graces not to interrupt as Jen and I opened gifts. Still, it bothered me he was even there. Then it was my turn to watch as they exchanged gifts. Jen gave Scott a leather wrist band. It was embroidered with "55-11." Scott grinned when he saw the numbers. They shared a good-natured laugh. It was clearly an inside joke, and I didn't get it. Jen saw my confusion and said, "55 is his number on the Bolts." I nodded and asked,

“What about 11?”

“Well ...,” Jen said and then she giggled and smiled at Scott. Scott grinned back at her. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, the way you feel when the people around you are sharing an inside joke and you don’t know what’s going on. Then I got it. 11. The length of Scott’s cock.

With my stomach churning, I watched as Jen opened Scott’s gift. It was a small box. Inside were diamond earrings. Jen squealed when she saw them. Just like when she saw the Bruce album. I found myself trying to figure out if she squealed more for my gift or Scott’s.

Jen immediately took off the pearl earrings she was wearing – ones I had given her – and she put on Scott’s diamond earrings. Then she moved over to him to give him a better look. “They’re so awesome!” she gushed, and she hugged and kissed him. Unlike when she hugged and kissed me when we exchanged gifts, she didn’t pull away from Scott. Soon they were making out on the sofa.

I watched as they made out and fondled. I couldn’t believe Jen was doing this on Christmas eve. But then it was Saturday, technically Scott’s day. And why should anything be different on holidays? I imagined Jen in a pretty Easter dress after coming home from church, a few months from now, straddling Scott’s lap like she was doing now, sharing spit with him, with his 11 inch cock buried deep inside her.

Jen finally pulled away from Scott. She was panting and her cheeks flushed. She moved to me. She had a major cum face on. Her nipples were so hard they dented her dress even through her bra. “I’m going to spend a little time with Scott,” she told me. She was still breathing hard.

I nodded. I wasn’t happy about it, but I nodded. Reading my emotions, she said “Just an hour. I promise.” To appease me, she added “Come and watch us.”

I nodded again, but still kept my face emotionless. She gave me a weak smile, as if saying “I can’t help it.” She squeezed my hand and then went back to Scott. They moved into our bedroom.

I gave them a few minutes, to let them get started. Then I went into our bedroom.

Jen was on top. Scott had his pants around his ankles. Jen’s black dress was off her shoulders and bundled around her waist. Otherwise, both were still dressed.

Jen’s pretty hands were on Scott’s chest for balance as she rode him.

She was looking down into his face, her eyelids heavy with lust. As she moved up and down, I saw her new moon-sun tattoo peak out from behind her bra strap. Then Scott pushed her bra up and cupped her tits. Jen moaned as he rubbed her nipples, throwing her head forward and her long blonde hair onto his chest and face. Jen groaned and her body shook as she came on his cock.

Scott threw Jen onto her hands and knees. Scott was a big man and Jen was tiny, so he threw her body around like a ragdoll. Scott pushed her skirt up so now her black Christmas dress was gathered around her waist like a belt. He pushed in, making Jen grunt and shoving her face into the mattress. He fucked her really hard, and Jen moaned continuously. There were no words, just “ah ah ah ah ah” as Scott pounded her. From my vantage point I saw he wasn’t wearing a condom. I knew they weren’t using condoms, but my head swirled with cuckold lust and angst whenever I saw his unprotected cock inside my wife.

At the end, Scott flipped Jen back onto her back. His body tensed and I knew he was about to cum. He pulled out all the way, with just the tip of his cock head inside her pussy. They were looking at each other, and Jen was lightly caressing his muscular chest with her nails. “Cum inside me baby,” she said encouragingly as she looked into his eyes.

Scott nodded, and then he pushed in deep, all the way to the root. With 11 inches I knew he was bottoming out in her. His cockhead was pressing against the opening of her cervix, perfectly positioned to splash her fertile eggs with his virile seed.

Gripping her hips, Scott pulled out and then back in, his face contorted as he orgasmed. He slammed in again and again. I knew each time he was shooting his sperm into my wife. Jen hugged him tight, pushing back against him, welcoming his seed into her. I panicked, trying to remember if she was ovulating. But then I remembered, no, that was a couple weeks ago, and they used condoms then. Still, I knew the only thing protecting my wife from pregnancy was the pill and it wasn’t 100%. The risk made me dizzy.

Finally, Scott was done and he collapsed on top of her. Jen tenderly ran her fingers through his hair. They kissed and whispered. I heard Scott whisper “I love fucking you.”

Jen smiled at him and said “I love fucking you too.”

I held my breath, fearing (and hoping) they would confess their love for each other. But they didn’t say anything more. Instead, they seemed

content with soft kissing.

Eventually Scott pulled out. He went slow and it seemed to take forever. His thick shaft was covered with white milky sperm. I was able to see between Jen's legs. Normally her pussy is a short slit with thin lips just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. Her pussy lips were normally pressed tightly together. Not now though. Never after Scott gets done with her. Her pussy gaped open and the lips were red and swollen. And Scott's sperm leaked from her pussy and rolled down her thighs to the sheets.

Jen glanced at me and then whispered to Scott, "You better go." He nodded and got up. Jen got up too. Scott pulled up his pants as Jen fixed her bra and dress (she only half zipped it, just to keep it from falling off her shoulders). She came to me and kissed me. "Thank you," she whispered into my ear.

Jen walked Scott to the door. "Wear this tomorrow," he told her, touching the diamond earrings. "I want to think about you wearing this on Christmas."

"Of course I'm going to wear them," Jen gushed smiling at him. "I want you to wear this too," she said, touching the leather wristband around his left hand. They smiled at each other, then kissed. "Merry Christmas baby," she softly told Scott and kissed him again. Then Scott reluctantly left.

Jen came back to me. "I'll shower and make the bed," she told me, as if that solved everything.

I ignored her. I pushed her back on the bed and pushed up her skirt. I took out my steel hard cock and rammed into her. There was no friction. I could barely feel anything. But she felt hot and wet from Scott's sperm. I pumped a couple of times and then came. Jen didn't moan, not even once, and there was no passion on her face. But she kissed me and held me tight.

I collapsed onto her, just as Scott had done a few minutes before. As with Scott, she tenderly brushed her fingers through my hair. "I love you Mike," she said to me, kissing me on the cheek.

"She didn't say she loves *fucking* me," I thought, consoling myself. "But she *did* say she loves *me*. That's something."

## CHAPTER 5

Jen wore Scott's diamond earrings the next day. I didn't say anything.

We packed a small overnight bag and took an uber to NYU to pick up Joe. Joe had a major project at school so couldn't afford the time to go home for Christmas, so we of course invited him to spend Christmas with us at Jen's parents.

With Joe there, we shifted back to the *normal* Mike and Jen. No mention of Scott or the game. Just a normal married couple with their brother on Christmas day. It was nice to be normal again. To be us again, where "we" meant me and Jen instead of Jen and Scott. For the first time in a long time, I felt like Jen was exclusively mine again.

But then I'd remember our new reality whenever I saw the sparkle of her new diamond earrings. Also, this morning, Jen giggled and pulled me into the shower with her. She was really playful and in a good mood. She loves Christmas with everything that goes with it, like decorating, making cookies, Christmas carols and TV shows (she loves the classics and always watches *It's a Wonderful Life*, *A Christmas Carol* and *Miracle on 34<sup>th</sup> Street* at least once during the holiday season). Also, I think she really appreciated me letting her spend some time with Scott last night without dropping any major drama on her.

In the shower I washed her hair and rubbed her neck like I usually did. We washed each other. Then she got down on her knees and went down on me. As she sucked me, she said "Want to hear what Scott said? Last night when we were cuddling?"

When I nodded, she said "He said he wanted to fuck me last night, so I'd have his cum in me all day today." Of course, I groaned and immediately came. Jen giggled as she licked me clean. "I knew you'd love that," she said with a smile in her voice. Grinning, she kissed the head of my now limp cock and said "He says that a lot. He wants to fuck me all the time so I'm

always walking around with his cum inside me.”

I tried not to look at the earrings or think about these things on the train up to Boston. My cuckold fantasies were thrilling and addictive and I could easily get lost in them 24/7, but I wanted today to be as normal as possible.

I was worried about spending the day with my brother-in-law, given our recent history. I was afraid he might let something slip to Mike or my family. Or touch me inappropriately. But Joey wasn't stupid. He behaved himself.

As we chatted on the train, I couldn't help noticing how different Joey was. He was still the same person of course, but more confident and mature. He told us he rushed a frat and that had really changed his social life. He was dating a couple girls, and there was a third he was interested in. Nothing serious but he was having fun. I was amazed by the changes. It was like, all of a sudden, Joey was grown up. It made me feel good inside, that I had helped a little.

I wore a top with a little slit opening in the back. I was really happy with my new tattoo and liked showing it off. I wanted to show my mom and sister the tattoo without taking off my blouse.

Mike's attitude about my tat had shifted 180 degrees. Now he thought it was sexy. I was surprised when he made me turn around in the train so my back was to Joey. “Joe, look at Jen's new tattoo,” he said opening the slit and pulling down my bra strap.

“Really cool,” Joey said. After I turned around, I looked at Joey. He was looking back at me and breathing a little harder. Fortunately, Mike didn't notice anything.

About 30 minutes from Belmont, I went to the bathroom to freshen up. I felt a finger reach into the slit of my blouse and pull my bra strap, like a rubber band. I jerked my head back to see who it was. I wasn't surprised to see Joey there, grinning at me.

Joey pushed me into the bathroom. “Joey, are you freaking crazy?” I hissed at him. Luckily no one saw us, but Mike was only one train car away.

“The tattoo's really sexy. I missed you,” Joey said, the smile still on his face. He was still the same sweet boy, but more confident now. He was really handsome too, and I knew he had an awesome body. Once again I was surprised he hadn't been snagged up yet by a pretty girl. But then, he said he

was dating, so maybe that was close to happening. I knew that someday a really lucky girl would be wearing his ring on her finger.

Still, this was Christmas day, and I was with Mike. “You shouldn’t have come,” I told him.

“I made up that story about a school project,” Joey admitted. “I knew Mike would invite me. I missed you. I wanted to see you.”

My lips parted in surprise. I couldn’t help feeling flattered. My affection for Joey came roaring back. And of course, so did my attraction to him.

Looking at Joey, I suddenly felt sorry for Mike. He was clueless about me and Joey. He thought it was just me and Scott, but it was Joey too. I wondered if maybe I sensed his cuckold fantasies, and that’s why I had sex with Joey. So many things made sense now. Like, how Mike’s anger over my love tattoo changed into desire. How he asked me a lot about what I did with Colin and my other old boyfriends. How Mike always encouraged me to wear short skirts and dresses that showed a lot of leg when we went out.

So maybe that led to Joey, and Joey led to Scott. Now I was having so much fun with Scott. Often when I woke up, the first thing I thought about was Scotty. When I went to bed, he was the last thing I thought about. I was crushing hard on Scott. I knew it was NRE, it wouldn’t last. But I was really enjoying it.

Mike had opened my eyes and now I was a different person. He’d released my inner slut, reminded me the thrill of being chased, of a new romance. I still loved my husband of course, but I was a new Jen now. Or maybe I was the Jen I used to be before I met Mike. I was *JenJen* again. And I didn’t want to go back.

“Jen, are you okay?” I heard Joey say.

The bathrooms in Acelas are big and have huge windows. I was looking through the window at the east coast of America speeding by as these thoughts went through my head. I turned back to Joey. “We don’t have time Joey,” I told him.

“So maybe later we *will* have time?” Joey said with a hopeful grin.

“Joey you’re crazy,” I said with a laugh. I pushed him towards the door. “Go, I have to pee.” I opened the door and looked both ways. The coast was clear. I curled my finger into the waist of his jeans. “I’ll see you later,” I said, giving his pants a tug. It was a playful, yet intimate thing, and he smiled at me. He left.

When I got back, I sat back in my seat next to Mike. I think Joey's eyes were on me, but I ignored him. I leaned into Mike and laid my head on his shoulder. I thought about last night. After he came in me, Scotty said "I love fucking you." I said back, "I love fucking you too."

Then, looking into my eyes, Scotty silently mouthed "I love you." I know Mike didn't see, because he would have said something. I didn't say anything back to Scott, silent or otherwise. Thinking about that, with my head on my husband's shoulder, I looked out the window and watched America speeding by.

When we got home my dad was all over Mike. He'd heard about Sapphire and was hoping Mike could let him invest. Mike had told me Sapphire was only open to really big investors, but my dad was lobbying him really hard to find a way for him to invest. I was actually relieved he was focused so much on Mike because that meant I didn't have to talk to him. My dad and I don't have the best relationship.

Mom and my sister were cooking. As always, they forgot to get some things and asked me to run to the little 24/7 market. It was run by a really nice Korean family, and it was always open, even on Christmas. Joey offered to go with me.

"So, you're dating?" I asked. "You're being nice to the girls, right?"

"Yes, definitely," Joey assured me immediately. "I hope you don't think I'm a player. We're just casually dating. Nothing serious yet."

"I get it," I assured him. I grinned at him and asked, "So, um ... any sex yet?"

Joey grinned back at me. He looked embarrassed. "It's weird talking to my sister-in-law about this."

"Yeah, but I think we're past that," I said.

"Yeah," he said with a nervous laugh. "One of the girls, Mary, yes. The other girl, Debbie, no."

"You like Mary more than Debbie?"

"No, I don't know, maybe," Joey said. "I just haven't gotten that far with Debbie yet."

"Okay," I said with a laugh. Wow. Joey was really different now.

"I had sex with the other girl, Maggie," Joey announced proudly.

"The third girl? I thought you weren't dating her yet," I said.

"We're not yet," he told me. "It was a mixer at the frat. We ended up in my room."

“I remember that room,” I said with a laugh. He laughed back.

“I’ve got them on speed dial,” Joey said with a proud grin. “I can have them whenever I want. Debbie too.”

He was being arrogant, but I knew he was just trying to impress me. So, I didn’t give him shit about it. Instead, I said (truthfully), “You don’t have to brag Joey. I know how good you are in bed.” I smiled at him, to make it clear I wasn’t giving him shit about anything.

We arrived at the 24/7 market. Instead of parking in the front, I drove to the back lot. It was deserted. “So how do I compare to college girls?” I asked, grinning at him.

Joey boldly reached over and cupped my breast over my blouse. “You’re way prettier Jen,” he gushed. “And way sexier.” He leaned in and kissed me. I kissed him back.

He unbuttoned my blouse and pushed his hand inside my bra. He rubbed my nipples and kissed up my neck. *God*. I rolled my head back and moaned. I could tell he was practicing with other girls because he was even better than before.

“Joey, Joey, Joey,” I moaned, pushing away from him. I was panting. So was he. I looked down and saw a huge tent in his pants.

I wanted him. I wanted to show him I was a better fuck than those college girls. And I wanted to feel Joey inside me again. Scott was longer, but Joey thicker. I wanted to remember how Joey felt. Compare him to Scott.

I thought about what Scott said to me, what I told Mike that morning. That he wanted to fuck me so much I was always walking around with his cum in my pussy. Then I thought about fucking Joey, right here in the parking lot. And then walking around all day at home, being around Mike all day, with his brother’s sperm inside me. It got me hot. So hot it made me dizzy.

I began undoing Joey’s pants. “Do you use condoms with those girls?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, hurriedly raising his butt to help me pull down his pants.

“You swear?” I said seriously. “Every time?” I didn’t want to put Mike (or Scott) at risk.

“I swear to god I always use condoms,” Joey swore.

Joey helped me take off my blouse and jeans. He pushed his seat

back and I got on top of him, straddling his thighs. As he kissed and fondled me, I reached between our bodies and guided him into me.

God! He was so thick! But he went inside me easier this time. I guess Scotty was stretching my pussy. Still, Joey was noticeably thicker than Scott. It felt wonderful! The way his cock stretched me. It felt so fucking good!

We had a fast, frantic fuck. The nastiness of the situation really turned me on! Fucking on Christmas day, with my husband's younger brother! I knew I was probably going to hell but god it turned me on so much! I came hard, moaning into Joey's mouth to stifle my screams. Then I rode Joey hard and he came inside me. I used my pussy muscles to milk every drop of cum from him. I wanted to be filled with his sperm!

Afterwards, we giggled like naughty kids as we hurriedly dressed. I made Joey inspect me to make sure I looked okay, and I did the same for him. I told Joey there wasn't going to be any more funny business at my parent's house and he agreed. He asked if he could see me back in New York, maybe the next time Mike traveled for work. I hesitated, then told him maybe, I'd let him know.

When we got home Mike was waiting for me. I guess he'd had enough of my father (I don't blame him). I took his hand and kissed him. Mike knew me better than anyone. Could he tell I was freshly fucked? Could he tell I'd just cum on his brother's cock, and I was full of his sperm? But Mike didn't say anything. He put his arm around me, and I leaned into him. He was really affectionate with me all day. I was too, to him. But at times, I couldn't help thinking about Joey. And Scott. Especially Joey. He was going to make a lucky girl really happy someday. He had the best qualities of Mike *and* Scott.

Before going to bed I took a shower. I didn't want to risk Mike smelling sex on my naked body. As always, we slept in my childhood bedroom. It only had a twin bed, so we had to snuggle. Neither of us minded that. I loved being in his arms. He was gentle, and there was so much tenderness and caring there. It reminded me why I loved him.

As we kissed and snuggled, our talk turned to the game. Mike brought it up. I think he needed to know where my head was, and I completely understood that because I was certainly going head over heels over Scott.

“The hardest part is knowing you're sharing things with Scott that you

would've been sharing with me if we didn't start doing this," he whispered to me. "It's become more than sex. Scott's a real boyfriend, not just a lover, and you're opening yourself to him. Not just your legs," he said with a sad smile, "But your heart."

When Mike said things like this it always confused me. I said, "But this is what you want, right?"

I saw him struggling to answer. Finally, he said "Yeah, it's just ... it's weird you dating another guy. You're so happy all the time, and I *want* you to be happy. But I know it's Scott why you're happy, not me. It's hard seeing that."

I didn't know what to say. He wants this, I'm doing it, then when I do it he gets upset, but he doesn't want me to stop. How do you respond to that?

"Can you tell me why you like Scott so much?" he asked. I looked at Mike. Our rule was honesty and no sugar coating it. I had a feeling he wanted his cuckold buttons pushed. So, I told him the truth.

"I guess I like the way Scott's so confident," I told him. "Like when we have sex. He does what he wants with me. He wants me to cum, but he doesn't really care if I cum, you know? It's about him. He uses me. He doesn't ask, he just does whatever he wants."

Mike nodded, as if processing that. I could tell he was hot. He whispered, "Like what, for example?"

I thought about it, trying to think of a good example. "Like, when I go down on you, it's usually in bed," I said. "We kiss and I play with you with my hand, and I move down and suck you. Right?"

He nodded, agreeing that's how our sex usually went. "With Scott, it's usually not in bed," I said, describing how I gave Scott blowjobs. "He pulls me down onto my knees. He doesn't give me a choice, he pushes me down. One time he pushed me down and then he said 'go ahead, you know what to do.' Like, he expected it, I had no choice."

"And that gets you hot," Mike said.

I nodded. "Colin was like that," I said. "It scared me back then, how much I liked it. Girls aren't supposed to be like that. We're supposed to be strong and independent. But now I get me better." I smiled at him and rubbed his chest, and said "You're a big part of that Mike. I know I have you, you're my anchor. So I can let myself go with Scott."

"Maybe I can be that way," he hesitantly offered.

"I don't want you to Mike," I said immediately. "You're so nice.

That's why I fell in love with you. I don't want you to change. Besides, it's not you. It wouldn't be the same thing if you did it."

He was silent, thinking about that. After a few moments I softly said "I want to tell you something. Because I want to be completely honest. I don't want to stop seeing Scott. I'm not ready to stop. I want to explore *this me* some more. But I want you to know I can't do this without you. You really are my anchor, Mike. I need you."

He stared at me. He looked pleased, but also alarmed. I guess he assumed I'd stop if he put his foot down.

"I don't know what to say," he finally said. "You're not giving me a choice. You want to keep seeing Scott, so you're going to keep seeing Scott. I have no say in this."

I gave Mike a crooked grin and said what I said the other day. "What about all this isn't awesome for you? I'm dating another man. I'm crushing on him. We're having wild sex. Isn't this exactly what you want?"

Mike grinned back at me. He took my left hand and rubbed my wedding rings. "I guess as long as you're still wearing these when we're done," he said.

"I will be Mike," I promised.

We had slow sex with me on top. I was worried he'd notice I was loose from Joey, but I guess he assumed my looseness was because of Scott last night. He came fast. And honestly, I wanted him to cum fast because I was sore from Joey today and Scott last night. But I think he had a really good orgasm.

Mike spooned me and held me tight. I thought about Scott. And I thought about Joey. I had 3 men, and they all thought I was the sexiest thing alive. I felt wicked, but god so alive. And happy. I pulled Mike's arm tighter around me and drifted off to sleep.

## CHAPTER 6

A couple weeks later I had to travel for work. I'd be gone for over a week. Jen asked me if she could spend time with Scott while I was away. I asked how much time and we talked about it. It was kind of up in the air, but she said it was possible – even probable – she'd stay with Scott at his apartment the whole time I was away.

I told her I had to think about it. I was happy she was being honest with me. But I had a lot of concerns about her spending some much time with Scott. They were already close, and this would only make them grow closer. But that excited me too. I guess I was masochist about it. I looked it up, *masochist* means “a person who derives sexual gratification from their own pain or humiliation.” That was me. I *wanted* Jen to grow closer to Scott. I *wanted* their feelings for each other to grow stronger. I *wanted* her to cum on his cock for a whole week straight. I *wanted* him to stretch out her pussy and ruin her for me.

I know it's fucked up. But my desires were like a drug. So in the end I told her I was okay with it. I made her promise though to call and text me so we would stay connected.

True to her word, Jen sent me pictures. Many of them fucking. But also pictures when they were hanging out, some in Scott's apartment, others out in public. Many were with Scott's basketball friends. It made sense they mostly socialized with Scott's friends as then Jen could openly be his girlfriend.

I studied each picture. I noticed a few things. First, Jen was wearing Scott's diamond earrings in all the pictures. She never took them off. It caused me angst that she was wearing another man's jewelry. But I also saw she always wore her wedding rings, so that made me feel better.

They went out almost every night and did fun things together. They saw *Hamilton* on Broadway. Jen went to another one of his basketball games. One night they even went bowling at one of those hip bars/bowling

alleys.

There was a picture at *Hamilton*. It must have been taken by someone else, as it didn't look like a selfie. Jen and Scott were sitting in their seats. He had his arm around her and she was leaning into him. Their heads were close together, and they were smiling into the camera. I probably stared at that picture more than any other. They looked like a couple, like they belonged together. It wasn't at all sexual, but I jerked off more than once staring at that picture.

Around Wednesday I saw Jen added a braid to her hair. It was just a single thin braid that ran down the left side of her face. When we next spoke on the phone, I asked her about it. She said Scott mentioned it so she braided her hair for him. She asked if I liked it. With my stomach churning I said it looked really pretty (which was true).

Scott texted me pictures too. There was a selfie as they waited in line for *Hamilton*. The message said "Don't worry, I'm taking good care of our girl."

*Our* girl. She was my wife, she was supposed to belong only to me. She was supposed to be exclusively mine. But she wasn't anymore. Not since we began playing the game.

There was a picture of Jen impaled on his cock. He was balls deep and her pussy lips were stretched tight around his thick shaft. Jen had sweat on her brow, and she was grimacing. Clearly, she was struggling to take all 11 inches of him. Scott's text message said "Pretty soon she'll be able to take my cock easier."

I wondered if Scott was sending these messages as a joke, to push my cuckold buttons. Or was he trying to one up me, to show the control he had over my wife. Probably some of both.

Friday night they went to happy hour with their work friends. All the pictures showed Jen with Scott. She wasn't just standing or sitting next to him. She looked *with* him. They looked together. Didn't her work friends suspect something was up between them? Wasn't Jen worried about that? I wanted to talk to her about it but decided to wait until I was back home so we could talk face-to-face.

Jen sent me short videos. In one Scott was fucking her really hard. So hard Jen was whimpering and chanting uncontrollably. At one point she screamed "You're making me cum! You're making me fucking cum!" Moments later, as he pounded her through her orgasm, she screamed "Make

me your slut! Make me your freaking slut!” A little later she yelled “I love your cock Scotty! I love you in me!”

I watched the video over and over. What Jen said was more disturbing – and arousing – than the actual fucking. I wondered why she sent these particular videos to me? More to talk about when I got home.

I finally got home Sunday morning. Jen wasn't there and that bothered me. I didn't expect her to meet me at the airport, but she could at least be home when I got there. I called her cell. I expected maybe she'd be out of breath, in the middle of fucking Scott again. But instead she was in a taxi. “I'm sorry baby, I'm running a little late, I'll be there soon,” she told me.

We hugged and kissed when she got home. I looked at her. “What?” she asked me.

We hadn't seen each other for over a week. During that time, she'd been with another man almost the whole time. I said, “I'm trying to figure out if you look different.”

Jen smiled at me. “Well, I think I'm the same girl,” she said. “But I do have something to talk to you about.”

I suddenly felt wary, and a sense of dread. “Let's get into bed and talk about it,” I suggested. It was what we always did when we talked about the game. We got undressed and caressed each other as we spoke, and then made love.

The first warning sign was when she said, “Let's just sit down.” She took my hand and led me to the sofa. She looked nervous, like she needed to tell me something but wasn't sure how to say it. It got me nervous too. And scared.

“You spent a lot of time with Scott,” I said, wanting to start the conversation.

“I did,” she said with a nod.

“You had fun?”

“Definitely, it was awesome,” she gushed. Then, out of the blue, she said, “Scott's birthday is this Wednesday.”

I frowned. “The CNN reception is on Wednesday,” I reminded her. My firm was having a reception to celebrate the success of Sapphire. It was set for Wednesday because Sapphire was going to be featured in a special segment on CNN. I was going to be in it. Jasmine Kelly (who used to work for ESPN and looked like a young Erin Andrews) had interviewed me for a

segment on CNN. It was a big night for me.

“I know, I didn’t forget, I’m excited about it,” Jen assured me. “But I was wondering if Scotty could come over after?” She said again, “It’s his birthday.”

I didn’t like the idea. It was my day – I was going to be on TV! – but if Scott was there, it would be all about him. Just like when Sapphire launched, yet he got all the attention because of his promotion to partner.

When I hesitated, Jen said, “If it was your birthday, I’d be saying the same thing to Scott.”

I stared at her. “About spending time with me on my birthday?” I asked her incredulously. “You’d need Scott’s permission for that?”

“No, I’m sorry, that came out wrong,” Jen said immediately. “I’m just nervous.”

“Nervous about what?” I asked. “You’re nervous about his birthday?”

“Sort of,” Jen replied. “It’s what he wants for his birthday present.”

“What?”

“He wants to take things farther. Me and him. He wants to take things farther,” she said. Then with a resolute expression and a stiffened back, she added “And honestly I do too.”

“Take it farther, how?” I asked. Now my stomach was really churning.

“You know Scotty’s helping me explore my sub side?” Jen said. “He calls it sub-space.”

I nodded. I’d heard it called that before. “So how does that affect us?” I asked.

Jen hesitated, then said “It’s hard for me to feel like Scotty’s bottom if I only see him Friday and Saturdays.”

“You just saw him a whole week,” I pointed out. Exasperation was creeping into my voice.

“I know, and that let us really explore things. I’m really getting to understand myself, Mike. Scotty’s majorly helping me. But now I’m back here.”

I stared at Jen. With a lump in my throat, I said “Are you saying you want to move in with Scott?”

“Of course not Mike,” Jen said immediately, taking my hands in hers. “I love you. This isn’t about us. It’s not about our marriage. It’s about me

exploring things.”

“Then what?” I asked.

“I want to try giving complete control to Scott,” Jen told me.

“Control of what?” I asked.

“Of me,” Jen said.

I stared at her, speechless. “Where does that leave me?” I asked, my throat dry.

“If Scott owns me,” Jen said. “Then you have to ask his permission.”

“For what?”

“For everything. To touch me. To see me naked. For sex. It would be like Fridays and Saturdays, but all the time.”

“Jen ...,” I said, my head spinning as I tried to process all this.

“But we could hold hands, and hug, and spoon in bed. We could be romantic all the time. He’d have my body, not my heart. So that part’s better right?”

“So, in other words, we’ll be platonic roommates 24/7?” I said bitterly.

“No Mike,” she said pleadingly, squeezing my hands again.

“Everything will be normal. I just said we’d be romantic and affectionate all the time. I’m all yours. Except physically. Sexually. That’ll belong to Scott.”

I stared at her, speechless again. I was breathing hard. She could tell this was exciting me. She gave me a hopeful smile and asked, “Doesn’t this push your buttons too? It’s like those stories on *Literotica* and *ourhotwives*. When the husband gets denied.”

“When would it start?” I asked. My throat was so dry my words were barely audible.

“It’s already started,” Jen told me.

I stared at her again. She wasn’t asking me. She was telling me.

“I haven’t seen you in a week,” I said, putting my hand on her knee and caressing her with my thumb. “I haven’t had sex in a week. I’m dying.”

“You can ask Scott if you want,” she said, gently pushing my hand away. “But I think he’ll say no.”

“You’re serious about this,” I said. “I can’t touch you.”

“Just not sexually,” she said. “But affection ....”

“Sex is a big part of affection!” I told her, frustrated and angry. “Sex is a big part of marriage!”

She winced at the anger in my voice. “This isn’t easy for me either,” she admitted in a soft voice. Her pretty face looked torn too. “But that’s why I need to do this. If it was easy, it wouldn’t be a journey. I want to do this Mike. It’s the only time in my life I’ll be able to explore this side of me.”

“So what, I never get to have sex with my wife again?” I angrily snapped.

“Of course, we’ll have sex again,” Jen assured me in a soothing voice. “This won’t last forever. Just 3 months. That’s what Scott wants for his birthday. From both of us. He wants me to be his sexually for 3 months.”

I stared at her. I didn’t know what to say.

Jen undressed and got ready for bed with the door closed. Then she opened the door for me. When I came in, she was wearing the PJs again with the long sleeve shirt and long pants.

I spooned her from behind, but I wasn’t allowed to touch her breasts. When she felt my erection pressing against her, she moved away until we weren’t touching. “Please work with me on this Mike,” she said pleadingly.

I was still adjusting to all this when Wednesday rolled around. We agreed to meet at the CNN reception. Jen promised not to be late, and true to her word, she arrived a few minutes early. She looked amazing as usual. She wore a black dress, tan hose and black heels. It was a classic “little black dress” outfit and she looked stunning. She was easily the prettiest girl in the room. She turned every male head in the room, and my colleagues gave me admiring and even envious glances. But of course, they didn’t know I was cut off from her body. They didn’t know her entire sexual life was with another man.

The partners made speeches gushing about how great I was. Then we watched the CNN segment. Jasmine Kelly called Sapphire not just evolutionary but revolutionary in the financial world, and she gave me most of the credit. Jen was smiling ear-to-ear. She beamed at me and squeezed my arm, and gushed into my ear “I’m so proud of you.”

Then we were in a yellow taxi going home. She held my hand and sat close to me, but when I tried to kiss her and put my hand on her leg, she gently pushed me away and said, “Mike please.”

She asked the driver to stop at a market. While I waited, she ran

inside to buy a birthday cake, candles and champagne. Sitting back beside me in the taxi, she opened a small bag so I could see inside. It was a box of condoms. "I just want to show you I'm being responsible," she whispered to me, in a low voice so the driver couldn't hear.

I saw a lot of irony in that. But I didn't want to start an argument. I whispered, "You're ovulating?" When she nodded, I whispered "What if he won't use a condom?" Scott was her master right? How far did this game go?

"Scotty's not like that Mike," she said, once again sticking up for him. "He'd never do anything to hurt me."

As we drove on in the darkness, I was wondering what was worse. That my wife was giving her body so completely to another man? Or that she was so emotionally close to him that she trusted him so much? It was agony. But, I admit, delicious agony. I was so hard in my pants in hurt.

Scott arrived a little bit after us. He took Jen into his arms and kissed her, like he owned her. Which I guess he did.

Jen melted into him and kissed him back. My breathing got heavier as I watched.

Finally, Jen pulled away and she looked at me a little embarrassed. She asked me to open the champagne as she got the cake ready.

We sang happy birthday as the candles blazed on the cake. There were 11 candles. One for each decade, one for each year, and one for good luck. Scott was 37 (I was 32 and Jen 29). I realized Jen would almost surely make full partner before she was 37, so he wasn't that hot shit. But I didn't say that, as to her it would sound petty. Still, I was only 32 and Jasmine Kelly called my work "not just evolutionary but revolutionary." That made me feel better, especially since Jasmine was incredibly beautiful. Although there were rumors she was a lesbian and I have to admit that took something out of it.

"This is a perfect birthday," Scott said smiling at Jen. He was sitting next to her on the sofa, and I was across from them. He had his hand casually on her knee like he was her husband instead of me. "And I want to thank you for your gift," he said still smiling at her. "And you too buddy, thank you too," he said grinning at me.

I didn't say anything. What was there to say? He won and I lost.

Reading my mind, Scott said "You probably think I'm taking your wife away from you. Not doing that at all. She's on a journey and I'm just

helping her grow. In 3 months, you'll have her back."

Jen was smiling encouragingly at me. So was Scott. Like we were all in this together. Sitting around a campfire singing *Kumbaya*.

"What happens in 3 months?" I asked.

"You get Jen back," Scott said.

I glared at him. At Jen too. She was *my* wife, yet I needed *him* to give her back to me? This was so fucked up.

Jen saw I was getting angry. She came over to me. "Calm down baby," she whispered in my ear. "You said what matters is I'm still wearing this when we're done," she said, pressing my hand against the wedding rings on her left hand. "I will be," she promised. "So, let's worry about later, later."

"But will he still be involved then?" I whispered back.

"I don't know," she whispered. "I want to give you an answer. But I don't know now where I'll be 3 months from now. I just don't know Mike."

I stared at her. In my head, I understood what she was saying. But my heart was breaking hearing that she was so in-like with Scott she might not be ready to end it even after being sexually exclusive to him for 3 months.

"I'll never take these off," she promised, pressing my palm against her wedding rings again. "Does that help?"

Actually it did. At least she would have a constant reminder that she was my wife. I begrudgingly nodded, and she smiled at me. She kissed me on the cheek, and then went back to Scott.

"So Jenny says you're salty about not seeing her body," Scott said with a chuckle. "You get it though, right bro? Jenny's a sub. She can have only 1 master."

I looked at Jen. She was submissively looking down at her feet. When Scott said "master" she seemed to shiver slightly.

"So me, as her master, I control her body," Scott said matter-of-factly. "I control who she fucks. I control when she cums. And I can't have you fucking with my fuck toy. It'll ruin what I'm trying to do with her. You get that, right bro?"

I was breathing hard. Not only was this pushing Jen's buttons, it was pushing mine too. Somehow, I still managed to glare at him. "What are you saying?" I hissed.

"I'll let you see Jenny's body. Anytime you want. You can touch her

too,” Scott said. “If you agree to put your dick in a cage. And I get the key.”

I stared at Scott, shocked. Jen was looking at me too. She had an intrigued look on her face, as if curious as to what I was going to do.

I knew what Scott was trying to do. He was already fucking my wife. He controlled her body. But that wasn't enough. Now he wanted to control *me*. He wanted *me* to submit to him. And the fact he was doing this in front of Jen was intentional. He wanted me to give up my manhood with my wife watching.

Jen used to get hot for me. Okay, maybe we never had the red-hot passionate sex she got with Scott, but she used to get wet for me, she used to desire sex with me. I hoped someday we'd get back to that. But I knew if I submitted to Scott, if I let him put my cock in a cage, she'd lose all respect for me. I'd no longer be a man to her. She might still *love* me. But she would never have any passion or sexual interest in me again.

“No,” I told him.

Scott raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure bro?” he asked. “3 months is a long time without seeing or touching Jenny's sexy body. I might even let you have a piece of her sometimes.”

I almost said, “I don't need pity fucks,” but I knew that would make me look even more pathetic to Jen. So, I said again “No.”

Scott shrugged, like he didn't really care either way. I couldn't tell if he was pissed. Maybe he really didn't care either way. Finally, he got up and held out his hand to Jen. She took his hand and stood up too. “Time for my other birthday present,” he said, grinning at me. He winked at me as he squeezed my wife's ass.

Scott pulled Jen towards the bedroom, but she hesitated. She whispered something to him. He shrugged and then nodded and went into our bedroom.

As Scott went into our bedroom, Jen came to me. She got a wrapped box from behind the chair and gave it to me. “I wanted to get you something, for your big day,” she said smiling at me. I opened the wrapping. It was a bottle of Highland Park scotch. But the bottle was black and the label read *Highland Park Dark Origins*. “The man at the store said this is really good,” she explained. “They use sherry casks and that makes it darker and richer.”

I held the bottle in my hands, staring at it. “Thank you,” I said, my voice barely audible.

“Do you want me to pour you a glass?” she asked. “Here,” she said

before I could answer. She went into the kitchen. When she returned a moment later, she was carrying 2 glasses. “The man said you might like it without ice. So, I got you both, so you can try it both ways.”

I looked at the glasses in her hands. One had ice, the other didn't. “Thank you,” I said.

Jen put the glasses on the table and smiled weakly at me. She sat on my lap and hugged me. “I know this is hard for you,” she whispered into my ear. “Thank you for letting me do this.”

I nodded. This was so incredibly surreal. One moment she was my sweet, loving wife. The next she was going into the bedroom to fuck her lover. And he owned her body. She was my wife, but I wasn't allowed to touch her or see her naked. This was so fucking surreal.

She moved to get up, but I grabbed her wrist. “Just don't fall in love with him,” I told her.

Jen gently pressed her forehead against mine. “Baby, stop worrying about that,” she said gently. She kissed my cheek and then said again, “Don't worry about that.” She gave me an encouraging smile. Then she went to Scott in our bedroom.

They fucked for 2 hours. I watched some. I guess I was allowed to see Jen naked when she was with Scott.

Jen made Scott wear a condom because it was a dangerous time of the month for her. That was a consolation. And I came too. Twice. Once when Scott was fucking her brains out. The second time after they had both cum and she was snuggling in his arms. Both my orgasms were really intense, and they left me gasping.

After Scott left, Jen changed the sheets and showered with the bathroom door closed. She came out with her hair wet and wearing the same PJs. She got into bed and under the covers with me. She lay on her side, looking at me. We were both quiet for a long time. “I'm glad you said no. About the cage,” she finally said, tenderly stroking my cheek. “He was just being a shit.”

“So, you know he's a shit but you like him anyway,” I said with bitter sarcasm.

She was about to say something but stopped. She knew I got upset when she defended him. “I don't like him like I like you,” she said. “Like I love you.” She stroked my cheek again and smiled at me. “I'm so proud of you Mike. About Sapphire and the CNN interview.”

It seemed like she was happier about Scott's birthday than my success, but I didn't say that as I didn't want to get into an argument. So instead, I nodded and forced a smile. She read through it though. "I know the difference between real and fantasy Mike," she told me. "Scott's fantasy. But what you're doing, it's real. It's freaking amazing. You're going to change the world."

I smiled again, and this time it was more genuine. But not completely. Scott got her body, not me. He got to kiss her, he got her hand around his cock, he got to penetrate her. Not me.

I knew I was being a child. It was my fault. I'd let it happen. Now if I tried to stop it, I might push Jen to pick Scott over me. I wasn't going to do that. I loved her too much. I wasn't going to risk our marriage.

"Thanks for the scotch," I said.

"Did you try it?" she asked.

"Not yet. Tomorrow," I said.

Jen nodded. She noticed I was hard. "Maybe you should take a cold shower," she suggested.

"I've got my hand," I joked with a half laugh.

We spooned and Jen eventually fell asleep. I rolled onto my back. I took out my cock and began stroking myself. I fantasized about Scott fucking my wife.

# CHAPTER 7 – BEGINNING OF MONTH 1 OF 3

So, this became my new normal. My new reality. I was cut off from my wife's body. I wasn't part of her sex life. That was all Scott.

When we were together, Jen and I were a normal married couple. We held hands and kissed, and she was always really affectionate to me and gave me a lot of attention. But nothing sexual. She didn't look to me for sex and didn't need it from me either. She got all she needed from Scott.

Jen and Scott started having sex during the week. They kept their dates to just Fridays and Saturdays, but also started stealing away from work an hour here and there for a quickie. Since Jen worked for Scott, they were together more so it was easy.

I think now that they were sexually exclusive to each other, they wanted each other more, like newlyweds. By the time she got home to me in the evenings, Scott had completely sexually satisfied her, so she didn't need me for that. Even if I wasn't cut off from her sexually, she wouldn't have needed me for her sexual needs. It made me wonder what would happen after the 3 months were over. Would Jen desire me sexually? Or would she just have sex with me because I was her husband, like pity fucks?

One time I said to Jen that Scott took all her horniness so that's why she didn't look to me for sex. She hugged me and rubbed my arm (what she always did to make me feel better) and assured me it wasn't easy for her either. Still though, she never let me see her body or touch her sexually.

I was hard all the time. When I beat off, I got hard again almost instantly.

Jen started dressing even sexier for Scott – seeing her wearing tighter and more revealing outfits only made it worse for me. Also, she always wore his diamond earrings, and she did her hair with that single long braid running down the side of her pretty face. Dressing for Scott. Not for me, but for

another man. It got me so hot.

Jen wore dresses and blouses that showed off her new tat. She went braless. All to make herself pretty and fuckable for Scott. That made it worse for me too. I was constantly hard.

I jerked off constantly. Once or twice at work. Even more at home. My dick was getting raw from all the stroking I was doing. The bigger problem though was I got depressed after cumming. So, emotionally, I was up and down a lot. Still, it was the most exciting sexual time of my life. Which was ironic, since it came at the expense of my wife's body.

I got pictures and videos. Sometimes from Jen, sometimes Scott. One time Scott sent me a video of Jen blowing him. It looked like they were in his office. He was sitting at his desk with his pants down and shirt off. Jen was on her knees, between his legs. Her long blonde hair bounced up and down as her head bobbed on his shaft. Scott had his hands on either side of her head. I watched as he pushed her lower. Jen sucked and licked his balls, and then he pushed her still lower. He said, "Lick my ass."

Jen doesn't like ass play. She does it for me sometimes because she knows I love it (who doesn't?) but I would never force her because I know she thinks it's gross. She's the love of my life, my goddess, I would never force her to do anything. But Scott was forcing her. He was pushing her head down and not giving her a choice about it.

I watched as Scott moaned and rolled his head back as Jen licked his puckered asshole. "Yeah Mike, I love it when she licks my ass," he said into the phone. Jen's eyes snapped towards the phone, I guess realizing for the first time Scott was recording this. Then Scott snapped "Eat my ass slut" and Jen went back to working on him.

All I could see was the top of Jen's blonde head as her nose was stuck in his crack and she was licking his ass. She used her hands to stroke his shaft as she rimmed him with her tongue. This went on for long minutes. Jen had never licked my ass that long, not even close. Finally, Scott grunted and came. Ribbons of his spunk shot from his cock and splashed on his chest. Without being asked, Jen eagerly licked his cum from his six-pack stomach and cut chest. I watched as she licked along the ridges of his six-pack. Still breathing hard, Scott grinned into the phone and said "See bro? Jenny's my ass-licking slut now."

Jen giggled and said, "You're so bad."

Scott smiled at her. He pulled her to him, so now she was snuggled

into his chest. “Say hi to your husband Jenny,” he said grinning at me into the phone.

Still smiling and giggling, Jen looked into the phone and said, “Hi baby.”

I watched that video over and over. The Jen in the video seemed so different than the sweet girl I knew and married. She had really changed. She was more confident. She was really embracing her sexuality (she’d call it her “inner slut”). Sometimes when she was with me, she’d look off in the distance, and I’d know she was thinking about Scott. She listened to different music and watched different TV shows, and I knew they were ones she watched with him. All this cut at my heart, but it kept my dick hard too.

Like a fly attracted to fire, I found myself going on their dates with Scott’s basketball friends. I liked watching them together, interacting like a couple. It was agony but so delicious too. I guess that sums up life as a cuckold.

Jen usually went braless and wore blouses or dresses with slits or that scooped down to reveal her sun and moon tattoo. When Scott had his arm around her, he usually stroked her back, over her tat, like he was telling everyone she got inked for him. Seeing him do that always got me hot.

I liked seeing Scott curl his finger into the back pocket of her jeans. And seeing Jen hugging his arm and leaning into him and smiling into his eyes. And watching them whispering to each other or sharing an inside joke. Things like that always got me so hot.

Most of Scott’s friends were couples, either married or in serious relationships. Sometimes though singles would join the group. That’s how I met Bitsy. She was a friend of one of the girlfriends.

I thought I didn’t hear right when she was introduced to me. I thought she said her name was Betsy. No, her name really was Bitsy. She got the nickname when she was a kid, because she was so small. She still was tiny, probably 5 feet and barely 100 pounds. I always thought Jen was tiny, but she probably had 4 inches and maybe 10 pounds on Bitsy.

Bitsy was cute. Not beautiful, but she was cute. She was skinny but knew how to dress to be attractive. She wasn’t a head turner, but you wouldn’t turn away either.

I ended up spending time with Bitsy because we were both single, so we always got paired up whenever the group did couple activities. It wasn’t a hardship to hang with her. Bitsy was nice, I liked her. She was the kind of

girl you'd be friends with in college. You wouldn't lust after her, or even date her, but you'd like having her around because she was so nice and easy to get along with.

When I met Bitsy, she was 34 but was about to turn 35. She had short brown hair. She didn't wear makeup and that, combined with being so tiny, made her look younger. From a distance she looked like a high school teenager, which was pretty amazing given she was only 5 years from being 40 years old.

Bitsy wasn't married or dating anyone. I told her I was married but separated (like Jen, I wore my wedding ring). "Funny. Just like Scott's Jen," she said.

"That's actually part of the reason we're friends," I told Bitsy. It was the story Jen and I had agreed on. "We were friends in college. We reconnected on Facebook, because we're both going through the same thing."

"You mean failed marriages," Bitsy said.

"Our marriages aren't failures. I'm trying to get back together with my wife," I said. "I think Jen is too, trying to get back together with her husband."

"She doesn't look like she's trying to get back together," Bitsy said, looking across the bar at Jen. I looked too. Jen was laughing with Scott and holding his arm. As we watched, Scott pulled Jen into his arms and they kissed. He ran his hands down her back and into the back pockets of her skinny jeans, squeezing her ass.

There it was again. Cuckold angst. Delicious agony. God I was so hard.

"Are you okay?" Bitsy asked me.

"What?" I sputtered. I'd forgotten she was there.

Bitsy eyed me. She gave me a knowing smile and said, "Are you sure you're not trying to get together with Jen?"

"What?" I said not understanding.

"You're always looking at her," Bitsy said, that smile still on her face. "Let me guess. You had a crush on Jen in college. She married someone else. So did you. But now you're both getting divorced. It's your chance with her again, but Scott's in the way."

I stared at Bitsy. Then I said, "I told you. She's trying to get back together with her husband. I'm trying to get back together with my wife. Jen and I are just friends."

“Okay, whatever,” Bitsy said with a shrug. “I’m happy to hear that though. That you’re not holding out hope for Jen. Because she’s really into Scott. She’s probably in love with him. Believe me, girls can tell these things.”

People were dancing in the bar. Not just on the dance floor but everywhere. The lights were really low. A slow song started playing and Bitsy said “You wanna dance?” Before I could respond she wrapped her arms around me and started swaying. I had no choice but to put my arms around her too. I didn’t want to offend her. To be honest though, it felt good to hold a girl that way again.

I’d just been watching Jen with Scott so of course I was hard. I always got hard when I watched them together. Pressed against me, Bitsy felt my erection. Of course, she assumed it was because of her. She looked up at me and said, “Do you want to get out of here?”

I was instantly nervous. I hadn’t been with another girl, in any romantic or sexual way, since meeting Jen over 10 years ago. “I’m trying to get back together with my wife,” I stammered.

“But you’re separated,” Bitsy said.

“Yeah but .....,” I said. “I still love her.”

Bitsy looked disappointed. But she smiled at me. “That’s really sweet,” she said. “But we can be friends right?”

“Yes, absolutely,” I said. I liked Bitsy. I wanted to be friends.

“My birthday is next Saturday,” she told me. With a laugh she said “I’m at the point in my life I don’t celebrate birthdays anymore. But it sucks being alone. Want to take me to dinner?”

I talked to Jen about Bitsy’s invitation the next day (after she got home from spending the night with Scott). She didn’t like the idea. She frowned and said “We didn’t start this for you to have sex with other girls. I know that’s not fair. I’m just saying.”

“Bitsy’s not talking about sex. It’s just dinner,” I said.

Jen shook her head and laughed under her breath. “Mike, she’s turning 35. Her clock is ticking. She’s lonely. You’re handsome. You’re separated without any kids. *Believe me*, she’s very interested in you. Besides, I’ve seen how she looks at you. You’re a major catch.”

“I’m handsome?” I said with a self-deprecating half-laugh.

“Mike, you’re way handsome,” Jen assured me, squeezing my hand.

“Just because I’m doing this thing with Scott, don’t think I don’t think you’re handsome.”

I shrugged. I wasn’t trying to get compliments from her. I asked, “So, you’ve noticed Bitsy looking at me?” I was surprised she noticed me at all. Usually when she was with Scott, it was all about Scott. She smiled or nodded her head at me sometimes, but mostly she focused all her attention on him.

Jen read my mind. She gently said, “Mike baby, stop that. You’re my husband, I love you. You might not see it, but I look at you a lot. And yes, I’ve noticed Bitsy looking at you. Believe me, she’s interested.”

I slowly nodded, processing this new information. I watched as she frowned and bit her lip, which she often did when she was thinking. Finally, she asked “Do you want to take her out?”

Frankly I didn’t care. But I liked the fact Jen seemed jealous. Honestly – and this will sound terrible – it would’ve been better if Bitsy was hotter. If she looked more like Allie, for example. Bitsy wasn’t hot enough to really make Jen nervous. But I was getting some satisfaction by just adding another girl to the mix. And it wasn’t like Bitsy was unattractive. She was pleasant looking and had a great personality.

So, I said “We’re friends. It’s her birthday. Like you said, she’s alone. It seems like the right thing to do.”

“You know she’s going to try to seduce you into bed,” Jen told me. “Do you want to have sex with her?”

To be honest I hadn’t thought about it. I didn’t think about Bitsy in those terms. She was attractive, but I wasn’t attracted to her. If you looked in the dictionary under “platonic” you’d see a picture of Bitsy. That’s how I thought of her.

But I liked the fact Jen was jealous. Also, by this point I hadn’t been inside my wife or even seen her naked for weeks.

So, I said “I’m sure Bitsy’s better than my hand.” I laughed to make it sound like a joke, but it wasn’t really a joke and Jen knew it. She was denying me her body and all I had for sexual satisfaction was my hand.

Jen looked at me. She looked down at her feet. Then she looked at me again. Finally, she said “I guess I deserve that. And I guess it’s only fair.”

Now it was my turn to stare at Jen. I had not started this conversation wanting to sleep with Bitsy or any other girl. The only girl I wanted was

Jen. But now she was giving me permission to have sex with Bitsy.

That's not what I wanted. I *wanted* Jen to be possessive of me. Being a cuckold is a one-way street. She fucked other men, but I didn't fuck other girls. I didn't want to break my marital vows to her. And I didn't want Jen to *want me* to break our marital vows. I wanted Jen to insist on my fidelity to her. I didn't want her permission to fuck other girls. That's how I would know she still loved me, even while she was opening her legs to Scott.

My consolation was Jen was only saying this reluctantly. She didn't want me to have sex with Bitsy. But she was agreeing to it only because she knew it was unfair for the game to be so one-sided.

"The same rules apply," she told me with a forced smile. "You have to tell me if you feel like you're falling in love with her. And we both still have veto power."

"I don't feel like I have veto power over you and Scott," I told her, bitterness in my voice.

Jen gave me a reassuring smile, but she didn't dispute what I said.

The next weekend was mostly the same routine. Jen and Scott went out Friday night with their work friends. They spent the night at our apartment, and I watched them have sex. Usually Scott stayed over, but this time he left, and Jen and I slept together. I wondered if she made Scott go home and slept with me because of my date with Bitsy the next night. Jen didn't say that though.

Saturday was mostly a normal Saturday. As usual, around 6, she got ready for her date with Scott. This time though, I got ready for my date with Bitsy, in our guest bathroom.

As we were about to part, Jen handed me something. It was a box of condoms. "We don't want little Mikes running around," she joked with a forced smile. Frankly I wasn't planning to have sex with Bitsy, but I was enjoying the fact Jen was finally having to go through some pain.

"I don't know if Bitsy is on the pill," Jen said. "But if she's after you, it wouldn't hurt if you got her pregnant. Girls do that, you know."

I stared at Jen. I couldn't believe she said what she just said.

Then I looked at the box of condoms in my hand. The label on the box said "small/regular." I joked "I hope you weren't embarrassed buying these small ones."

Jen smiled, acknowledging my joke. Then she said, “I’ve never ever been embarrassed about you Mike. Size isn’t everything. It’s not.”

All evidence to the contrary, I thought to myself. But I didn’t say what I was thinking. I didn’t want drama, especially since this seemed to be hard for her (and I was loving every second of her misery).

“Remember. You have to tell me if you feel like you’re falling in love,” she reminded me.

“Jen there’s no way I’m going to fall in love with Bitsy,” I said. I laughed, kind of dismissively. I mean, I loved Jen with my heart and soul. There was no way I was going to fall in love with Bitsy or any other girl.

Jen looked at me. Then she said, “Maybe now you’ll believe me when *I* say that.”

What she said surprised me. Maybe now I *did* understand her point of view better. I said, “When you’re with him, you look like you’re in love. Bitsy said it too. She said you look like you’re in love with Scott.”

Jen frowned and pursed her lips. Clearly, she didn’t like it when I repeated things Bitsy said.

“It just *looks* that way Mike,” Jen said. “And I *told you* it would look that way sometimes. And anyways, isn’t that what you want?”

As I was processing that, before I could say anything, she added “And how do you think it makes me feel that you’ve never even *tried* to veto anything?”

I stared at her. What was she saying? That, just as I felt, she wanted me to be more possessive of her? Before I could respond, Jen’s iPhone buzzed. It was Scott, he was downstairs in the taxi (obviously we didn’t want to risk our neighbors seeing her leaving with Scott in the elevator or lobby, so she always met him outside in the cab).

“I’ll see you tomorrow then,” Jen said. She forced a smile and said “Have fun. But not too much fun.”

For a while after she left, I stood still, not able to move. On the one hand, I felt like we’d moved forward in our game, understanding each other better. On the other hand, I felt completely mystified as to what just happened, and what Jen was thinking.

I didn’t want to go to dinner with Bitsy. But it would be rude to cancel at the last minute, especially since it was her birthday. So, I put on my jacket and was about to leave when I saw the box of condoms. I wasn’t planning on sex with Bitsy. But I found myself opening the box and shoving

a couple condoms in my pocket. Then I left to pick up Bitsy.

## CHAPTER 8 – MONTH 1

It was impossible not to compare Bitsy to Jen. That's what I did our entire date. Maybe that always happens, when you're with someone for so long, and then you go out with someone else. It's impossible not to compare them and see the differences.

The physical differences were apparent. Bitsy was shorter and not as curvy as Jen (even though no one would say that Jen had an hourglass figure). She had short stringy brown hair. Jen's blonde hair was long, thick and lush. Bitsy was cute. Jen was supermodel beautiful. Bitsy had attractive legs. Jen's legs were to die for -- long, shapely and achingly desirable.

Both Bitsy and Jen knew how to dress. Jen spent a lot on clothes, and I could tell Bitsy did too. Bitsy's style was more conservative than Jen's though. Especially now, as Jen was dressing sexier than ever to make herself as fuckable as possible for Scott. I liked that Bitsy wore hose. I couldn't tell if she wore pantyhose or stockings (I assumed pantyhose), but at least she was wearing hose instead of going bare legged.

Bitsy didn't wear makeup, although tonight she had on some lipstick. Jen didn't wear heavy makeup, but she did wear makeup. Honestly Bitsy needed the makeup more than Jen. I know how terrible that sounds, but I'm just being honest.

The personality differences were apparent too. Bitsy was friendly and intelligent. As book smarts went, she was probably smarter than Jen. Bitsy was easy to talk to. I enjoyed her company.

But Jen was an outgoing social butterfly who lit up whatever room she was in. Part of it was her looks of course. But also it was her personality. She had a way of making you feel like you were the only person in the world when she talked to you. And she always knew exactly the right thing to say to make you feel good about yourself.

I took Bitsy to a trendy restaurant. It was fun and had a lot of energy, although I purposely picked a place that wasn't romantic. I noticed

something else in the restaurant. No heads turned to look at Bitsy as we walked to our table. The waiter didn't try to flirt with her. I was pretty sure that guys weren't hitting on Bitsy when I went to the bathroom (not that I cared).

As I ate dinner with Bitsy, I imagined that this was what life must be like for guys who had *ordinary* "attractive wives," compared to *super-hot* wives like Jen (or Allie, for example). I was so used to Jen getting uber-amounts of male attention. Being with Bitsy was so different. And, at some level, less stressful and agitating. I was able to relax. I didn't feel like I was constantly competing with every man on the planet for Jen's attention.

I thought again about how natural it was to compare Bitsy to Jen. I imagined Jen must do that too, comparing me to Scott. I ran through the checklist in my head.

Better looking? Scott

Better body? Scott

Bigger cock? Scott

Better lover? Scott

More confident? Scott

It was the wrong thing to think about, as it got me hot and made me hard. This happened right as we were getting up after dinner, and I saw Bitsy looking at my crotch. No way she could miss my erection, so she probably got the wrong idea and thought I was hot for her.

During dinner, Bitsy asked me the last time I had sex with my wife. I told her (truthfully) it'd been about a month. Bitsy assumed that was because we were separated. She didn't know it was because Jen was denying me her body and giving herself exclusively to another man.

Bitsy asked me if I was seeing anyone else. I told her no.

"No one?" Bitsy asked. "You haven't had sex in a month?"

"No," I said with a shrug, being honest.

"How can you go a month without sex?" she asked, looking mystified.

Her question surprised me. Intrigued, I asked, "So you can't go that long without sex?"

Bitsy laughed. "A real gentleman would never ask a girl that question," she said. She was grinning, so I knew she was joking.

"Are you on Tinder?" Bitsy asked me. "Or another dating site?"

"No," I said with another shrug. "Are you?"

“Mike, I guess I understand why you’re not on Tinder, because you’re married and only recently got separated,” Bitsy said. “But I’m single, I don’t have a steady, and people have needs. Even though girls aren’t supposed to admit that. So yes, I’m on Tinder.”

I was even more intrigued. I never thought about Bitsy in a sexual way, so hearing her admit she hooked up via Tinder when she got horny was fascinating to me.

With a grin, I asked, “So how often do you use Tinder?”

Bitsy laughed. “I’m not a nympho, if that’s what you’re asking,” she said with a grin.

I grinned back at her. We looked at each other for a long moment.

Then Bitsy asked, “Do you want a nightcap at my apartment?”

I wasn’t not naïve especially after our conversation about Tinder and hooking up. I knew she was offering herself to me. The question was, did I want her?

Even as we rode a taxi to her place, I hadn’t made up my mind. It wasn’t that Bitsy wasn’t pretty enough. No, she wasn’t super-hot like Jen. But she was attractive enough. She was cute. I liked cute. She was thin, waifish. I liked that. She had tiny tits. I liked that too. So she was fuckable. And I was horny. As I told her – if you don’t count my hand – I hadn’t had sex in a month, and all during that time I had to endure my cuck buttons being pushed by Jen’s relationship with Scott. I was definitely horny.

So what was holding me back? I had Jen’s permission, so I wouldn’t be cheating.

Even with Jen’s permission I’d be breaking my marriage vows, so that was a vote against. In the end though, I decided not to have sex with Bitsy it for 2 reasons.

First, Bitsy was a nice girl. She was clearly looking for a relationship, not just a hookup. I didn’t want to lead her on.

Second – and honestly this was probably the bigger consideration for me – Bitsy was friends with Scott and his basketball friends. What if I sucked in bed? What if I came too fast? What if she was disappointed with my office body or my small penis?

And then, what if she told people, and it got back to Jen? Everyone wants their mate to be desirable to other people. If a girl thought I sucked in bed – especially Bitsy, a girl who was attractive but far from hot – if I was rejected by a girl like Bitsy, then wouldn’t Jen lose even more respect for

me?

I was surprised by Bitsy's apartment. It was packed with hundreds – thousands – of books. They were all over the place. "Wow, you read a lot," I saw looking amazed at the tall stacks of books. It was like a library.

"I like the real thing," Bitsy said. "I've got a Kindle, but it's not the same as holding a real book. I like hardbacks too. I like the way they feel in my hands more than paperbacks."

"I guess I read everything on my iPad nowadays," I said with a shrug.

"Yeah, but don't you miss real books? Not just the way they feel. I love the smell of old books. And just the act of turning real pages, I just love it," Bitsy said. She had an excited eager smile on her face. She was excited about books. I thought that was pretty cool. And cute. I noticed she had a pretty smile.

Bitsy gave me a tour of her library. The books were stacked in neat rows, by subject and then author. It was organized chaos. But like I said, cute. And endearing.

The rows were packed close together, so we had to move sideways to get through. As Bitsy pointed out her favorites, we stood close together, almost touching at times. In fact, more than a few times we did touch. It was intimate and there was sexual tension in the air. Bitsy wasn't superhot like my wife, but she was attractive, clearly available, and I hadn't had sex in weeks. So yeah, I was aroused. But I'd already decided not to take our friendship there, so I started thinking of ways to politely leave.

Bitsy's tour of her apartment got to a bookcase full of pictures. I saw there were pictures of Bitsy with Scott's basketball friends. There was one of Bitsy dressed like a cheerleader. "A couple Halloweens ago," she told me in a soft voice. She was leaning into me slightly, so her shoulder touched mine.

"You look cute," I told her as I looked at the picture. She did too, although the picture was kind of fuzzy and she was only partially in the frame.

"I still have the outfit. Want to see it?" Bitsy offered. Before I could answer, she squeezed my hand and said, "I'll be right back."

I didn't know what to do. I knew I should leave. But I didn't want to leave. I was curious.

A few minutes later Bitsy came out of her bedroom, wearing the cheerleader outfit. It was an authentic high school cheer outfit, not one of those vamped up Halloween versions with plunging necklines and stiletto

high heels. Bitsy's had a vest, turtleneck, short, pleated skirt, white ankle socks and saddle shoes. She also wore nude pantyhose. "So, what do you think?" she asked with a hesitant smile. She did a little pirouette. As she did, the short skirt momentarily ballooned up, revealing blue briefs she wore over the pantyhose.

"So, I think you're into legs?" Bitsy asked me. "I've noticed. Whenever you look at a girl, you check out her legs. Like, you're always looking at Jen's legs. She *does* have amazing legs. But mine aren't bad, right?" As she said this, she moved her hand to the bottom of the pleated skirt and tugged it up a little, so her legs almost to her ass were exposed.

My heart was suddenly pounding. Bitsy was already young looking, and in the cheerleading outfit she looked even younger. And her legs *were* nice. Long and slim and shapely. She was right. They weren't as good as Jen's. But they were still alluring.

I found myself slowly reaching to her face. I stroked her cheek, and then ran my finger along her lips. Bitsy made no move to stop me. In fact, as I traced my finger across her lips, she parted her lips and took my finger into her mouth. I felt her lick and suck my finger like it was a cock.

I watched as Bitsy sucked my finger. As I watched her, she watched me. It was like time standing still. With my other hand I reached towards her chest. I unbuttoned the vest, then cupped and squeezed her breasts. She was wearing a bra underneath. Her breasts felt even smaller than Jen's.

Bitsy stopped sucking my finger. She breathlessly said, "Mike, god, if you're going to touch me like that, at least kiss me."

I felt out of control. Bitsy was such a tiny girl. In the cheerleader outfit, she looked so young and vulnerable. At that moment I knew what it was like to be a stud, a bull. I knew what it was like to be Scott.

I was going to use Bitsy's tiny body for my pleasure! I felt so powerful! I felt like a man!

I spun Bitsy around and pushed her down. She moaned as I bent her over the back of the sofa. I flipped up her short, pleated cheerleader skirt and pulled down the blue briefs. I paused to look at her ass. She was wearing cotton panties under the nude pantyhose. I ran my hands over her ass. The feel of the nylon and panties underneath inflamed me.

Bitsy moaned again as I tugged down the pantyhose and panties. I hurriedly pulled out my rock-hard cock and fumbled with a condom. I managed to get it on and then I felt between Bitsy's legs. She was soaking

wet. I bent my legs to position myself, and then I pushed into her.

I moaned and my head rolled back as I penetrated her. God it had been so long since I was inside a girl's pussy! Even though I was wearing a condom it felt so fucking good!

I gripped Bitsy's skinny hips and started fucking her. She was grunting and moaning as much as me. Somehow, I managed to last, and after a few minutes she moaned, arched her back and her pussy tightened around my cock. I was pretty sure she'd just cum, which made me feel even more like a man. With her taken care of, I let myself go. I jackhammered in and out, and Bitsy panted and moaned as I fucked the shit out of her. Finally, I came. It felt so good to cum inside a pussy rather than my hand!

I collapsed onto Bitsy's back. My face was in her hair. As I panted and came down from my orgasm, I thought about how different Bitsy smelled compared to Jen. That surprised me. Not the smell. But that I'd forgotten all about Jen. It was only for a few minutes. But it had never happened before. Certainly not since we started playing the game, as since then I'd been completely and constantly obsessed with my wife.

I pulled out, carefully holding the base of the condom so it wouldn't slide off my shrinking cock. I suddenly realized I didn't ask Bitsy if she was on the pill. Well anyway, it was okay, the condom wasn't torn. I threw it away, and then Bitsy led me to her bedroom. In her bed, I put my arm around her, and she snuggled into me.

"Are you okay?" I asked her softly.

"Yeah, it was so good!" Bitsy gushed. She was smiling at me, a look of delighted, surprised awe in her brown eyes. "God Mike you're such an animal!"

I could tell she meant it as a compliment. "Well, I guess I have a thing for cheerleaders," I joked with a sheepish smile. She giggled. From the satisfied look on her face, I got the feeling this wasn't the first time she used the cheerleading outfit to seduce a guy. I was learning more about her. I was starting to think she was sexually promiscuous.

"So, you're okay?" I asked again. She smiled and nodded her head, but I wanted to make sure she thought I was a good lover in case things got back to Scott and his friends and Jen. Especially Jen. So, I kissed down her body. I spent time kissing and fondling her breasts (hers were smaller than Jen's), then I moved lower to between her legs. I was surprised to find hair there. Jen had been completely bare for years, and now even the tiny landing

strip was gone. I was so used to Jen. It was another reminder I was with a different girl.

Honestly, I found Bitsy's tuff of pubic hair a turn-off. I didn't say anything of course. I ignored it and went down on her. I used all my tricks. I edged her back and forth. Soon she was writhing and whimpering, clutching at the sheets, begging me to let her cum. Finally, I did. I pushed 2 fingers into her pussy and finger fucked her as I rapidly flicked my tongue over her clit.

Bitsy screamed when she came. She screamed! She clamped my head between her thighs and screamed! It was like how Jen screamed with Scott. I tried to remember if Jen had ever screamed that way with me. When we first met? On our honeymoon? But no. I couldn't ever remember making Jen scream that way.

Afterwards I felt regret. The game was about Jen with other men, not me with other girls. I felt like I had violated my marriage vows and that made me sad. Once you cross that line you can't go back. Now I was no longer able to say I'd only been with Jen since meeting her. I felt like I lost something really special.

Bitsy wanted me to spend the night. That's the last thing I wanted. As politely as possible, I left. I rushed home. Jen was supposed to spend the night at Scott's. But I was hoping she was anxious about my date with Bitsy and would be there when I got home.

But Jen wasn't home. I used *Find My* on my iPhone. I saw her bar hopping, moving from club to club. By midnight she was at Scott's apartment.

I stared into the darkness, alone in bed. Clearly, Jen wasn't agitated or worried about my date with Bitsy. Instead, she was clubbing all night with Scott, having the best time with her *boyfriend* and his friends. Then later she would be in Scott's bed, getting her brains fucked out, cumming all over his cock. She wasn't worried or agitated about what I was doing with Bitsy. In fact, she was probably relieved I had Bitsy to ease any lingering guilt she might have over crushing so hard over Scott.

I felt those familiar waves of cuckold lust wash over me as I thought these thoughts. I pulled out my cock and slowly jerked off, thinking about Jen and Scott together. After cumming, a wave of depression washed over me. I drifted into restless sleep.

## CHAPTER 9 – MONTH 1

Jen got home around mid-morning. She was wearing a body-hugging dress and black hose, and black Mia flats. Her long blonde hair was brushed to a silky luster, and she wore light makeup, including the brownish-red lipstick that made her lips look silky and wet. As always nowadays, she looked super-model gorgeous and painfully fuckable. I couldn't help comparing her to Bitsy. There was no comparison really. Jen was a 10, and Bitsy was a 5, maybe a 6 if the lighting was right. Maybe it was mean for me to think that, but frankly it was the truth.

Jen looked tired and was walking gingerly. Scott must have really fucked her hard last night. She sat on the sofa next to me and laid her head on my shoulder.

“Late night?” I asked.

“Early morning,” she said sleepily. “When did you get home?”

“Last night,” I told her. “I saw you clubbing all over.”

“You stalking me?” she teased.

“Modern technology,” I said, motioning to my iPhone on the table.

“I stalked you too,” she said looking at me. *Find My* worked both ways. “I saw you at Bitsy’s.”

“Yes,” I said, looking back at her.

She studied me. Maybe it was intuition, maybe inevitability, but she knew I had sex with Bitsy. “We have a lot to talk about,” she said.

“Yes,” I agreed. “You first.”

Jen looked down at her feet. “Scott’s pushing things with me,” she said.

“How?”

“Just ... pushing my buttons,” she said. “Exploring me. Seeing what works. How my head works.”

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“People are different,” Jen explained. “Some girls like to be tied up.

Some whipped. Like *50 Shades*. For me it's more mental and emotional. He's exploring me."

"What do you mean exploring?" I asked. "Why don't you just tell him what you like?"

"I don't know what I like," she said with a helpless smile. "And anyways, it would ruin it if I told Scotty what to do. He's my top. He tells *me* what to do. I do what he says. I don't have a choice."

I frowned. I didn't like hearing the control another man had over my wife. But we had talked about that already. This wasn't the time to talk about it again. Instead, I asked, "So, why all the clubbing?"

"Scott wanted to see people," she told me. "His basketball friends." Seeing my questioning look, she took a deep breath, then said, "He told his friends he was going to ass fuck me. He said he's fucking me so much, my pussy's too loose, I don't feel as good anymore, so he's going to fuck my ass until my pussy's tight again."

My eyes went wide as I stared at Jen, not believing what she just said. Her cheeks were red. She was clearly embarrassed. She said, "He said it's my fault my pussy doesn't feel good anymore, so after he cums in my ass he's going to make me clean him with my mouth."

"He put his cock in your mouth after it was in your ass?" I asked. I was shocked and getting angry.

Jen heard the anger in my voice. "Calm down Mike," Jen said soothingly, putting her hand on mine. "He didn't do it."

I was still shocked and angry. I asked, "But he told his friends he was going to do it?"

"I don't know," Jen admitted with a weak, helpless smile. "You know in clubs? You separate into groups. So, he talked to his guy friends while I talked to the girls. He said he was going to tell them. But I don't know. I think he did though. The way his friends looked at me after." Her cheeks were even redder now as she re-lived it.

"That's why you bar hopped? So he could tell all his friends?" I asked.

Jen nodded. She was looking down at her feet again as she said "He told them I'm a slut and he guaranteed I'd cum just from getting my ass fucked. He said his friends didn't believe it. Because I look too sweet. He told them don't believe what I look like. I'm a slut and I can't get enough cock. I love the taste of cum, I can't get enough."

“He told his friends all this?” I asked incredulously.

“He said he did,” Jen said.

“And this got you hot?” I asked, trying to understand my wife.

“Being humiliated,” Jen said with a nod. “I hate it, but yes, it gets me hot. Remember I told you how Colin always made fun of my breasts? That always got me hot.”

I nodded. Yeah, I could see it. Having to stand there as Scott talked behind her back. Talking about her like she was a piece of meat. Then having to talk to his friends, knowing they knew she was getting fucked in the ass later that night. And she would beg for it because she was so in heat, such a slut. Humiliation did it for me too. I was wired differently from Jen, but there were enough similarities that I could see how it got her hot.

“He made me go to breakfast with his friends today,” Jen said. “He wanted them to see me. That I can barely walk.” She shivered at the memory. It wasn’t a *cold* shiver or a *fear* shiver. It was an *aroused* shiver. She had her cum face on as she re-lived it with me.

“So he *did* fuck you in the ass?” I asked. How was it possible? That huge thing in my wife’s pretty little hole.

Reading my thoughts, Jen nodded and said, “He used a lot of lube.”

“How much ...,” I asked, wanting to know how much of his 11 thick inches he pushed into her ass.

“I don’t know,” she said, acting a little shy. “Too much. It hurt. It felt like he was tearing me apart.” Then after a few moments she said, “It felt good too. I mean, it eventually felt good.”

I stared at her. I said, “Did you cum?”

“Yes,” she said. “He didn’t touch my clit, or even my nipples. I came anyways. It was a different kind of orgasm. It felt really good though. Freaking awesome actually.” With a laugh she added “But I can barely walk now.”

“He didn’t make me lick it after he pulled it out of my ass,” Jen said. “He said he was saving that one.”

“Saving it for what?” I asked.

Jen looked into my face as she said, “He wants you to be there when he does it.”

I couldn’t help moaning. And I wasn’t able to help myself. I took out my cock and stroked myself. To hell with the stupid “platonic roommate rules.”

“So Scott degrading your wife gets you hot?” she asked with a crooked grin. I felt like a jerk, a loser of a husband, but yes it did get me hot. Before I could say anything, Jen said, “It’s okay. I think you and me, we’re kinda wired the same way. And that’s a good thing, right?”

She was looking at my hard cock as I slowly stroked myself. She asked, “Was that inside Bitsy?”

“Yes,” I said.

Jen looked sad, but also there was resignation in her face. It was like she was saying, *I have no right to stop you from fucking Bitsy given what I’m doing with Scott.* “You used a condom right? I don’t want anything permanent,” she said.

Jen’s words hit me the wrong way, and I got mad. “You mean, like your loose pussy?” I snapped bitterly, although there was lust in my voice too. “What about me? If you’re too loose for Scott, I won’t feel anything.” Despite my anger, I was incredibly turned on. I was stroking myself slowly, trying to hold off my orgasm.

“I was talking about you getting Bitsy pregnant,” she said. There was an edge to her voice, like she was forcing herself to be patient. “I don’t think my pussy’s really loose. Scott just said that. It still hurts at first when he first enters me.”

“So you’re not loose for Scott,” I said with that same bitterness. “What about me? Do you think about how your pussy will feel for me? Or maybe you don’t care anymore about my pleasure.”

This time it was Jen who got mad. “You just fucked another girl,” she shot back. “I guess you liked fucking Bitsy more than me because she’s tighter.”

“Well, I wouldn’t know, would I? Since I’m not allowed to have sex with you anymore.”

Jen winced at my rebuke. We both looked away and were silent as we let things cool down.

Finally, in a calmer voice, I said, “You’re the only person I want to have sex with. I don’t want anyone else. No girl could ever be better than you.”

Jen was calmer too when she spoke. She said, “I *do* care about your pleasure, Mike. I think a lot about how to push your buttons. Yes, I’m enjoying being with Scott, I won’t lie, but I *am* trying to make it good for you too. Part of the reason I agreed to do the denial thing was I knew at some

level it excites you.” After a few moments, she added, “And anyways, girls have babies and their sex lives don’t end. There are exercises that I can do. So even if I’m looser now, I’ll be tight again when I stop seeing Scott.”

“Will you stop seeing Scott?” I asked.

“Mike ...,” Jen said with exasperation in her voice. “Yes. I *will* stop seeing Scott. And then it’ll be just me and you again, and I’ll want it to be just me and you, and I *will* be hot for you. We’ll have a great sex life just like before, and we’ll have lots of babies and be really happy for the rest of our lives.”

We were silent for long moments. Her assurances should have made me happy and eased my fears, but my emotions were all over the place. And I couldn’t help thinking she was just saying what she knew I wanted to hear.

Finally, she said, “So tell me about Bitsy.” She had a frown on her pretty face. Unlike me, she got nothing from hearing about me with Bitsy. But she needed to know.

“I wasn’t planning on it,” I told her honestly. “It just kind of happened.”

“I get that,” Jen said with an ironic, humorless half laugh. “So, she seduced you right? How?”

I stared at Jen. It was like she knew exactly what had gone down.

Jen read my mind. She said, “I told you. Bitsy wants you. It’s what I would’ve done. So, how’d she do it?”

I hesitated, then said “She put on a cheerleader outfit.” I was embarrassed. Saying it out loud sounded so stupid. So juvenile.

But Jen didn’t laugh or even smile. She just nodded thoughtfully, and said, “She figured out you like leggy girls. And the barely legal look. She did what she had to do to get you into her bed.”

I stared at Jen. I couldn’t believe it. She *did* know exactly what went down last night.

We were silent for long moments. When Jen told me about Scott, it was painful but incredibly exciting too. For her though, there was only pain. And it showed on her pretty face. Sadness and regret. Because of that, I didn’t know what to say.

“So how was she?” she asked, finally breaking the silence.

“Okay,” I said with a shrug.

“That’s all, just okay?” she asked with a half laugh.

“You want to hear about it?”

“Yes. No,” she said. After a moment she said “Yes.”

“She’s nothing like you,” I assured her. “I was horny. I used her to get off. I’m not proud about it. In fact, I feel shitty about it.”

Jen nodded slowly, processing my words. “You’re too nice Mike. You don’t have to feel bad. She’s an adult. And I’ve heard about Bitsy. She gets around.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. My back was stiffening. I instinctively felt like I had to defend her.

Jen sensed how I felt and said, “Calm down Mike. I’m not saying she’s a slut. I’m just saying she has a healthy appetite for sex. I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with that. She gets around. That’s all I’m saying.”

I slowly nodded. This jived with my thoughts about Bitsy. She might not be, in her words, a nympho, but she was probably promiscuous. And, honestly, it made her more interesting to me.

Jen read my thoughts and laughed. “Maybe you want her to be a slut,” she said. “Like me.”

“You’re not a slut,” I insisted.

“Yes I am Mike,” she said looking into my face. “Maybe not with you. But I am with Scott.”

I stared at her. Her words cut me to the core. Was that what she wanted? To hurt me with Scott, because I was hurting her with Bitsy?

“Anyways ...,” she began. “I don’t like what you’re doing with Bitsy. But at least I’m not threatened by her. I know I’m prettier. My body is better. I’m sure I’m a better fuck.”

“Wow. That’s kind of mean,” I said.

Jen shrugged and looked unconcerned. She said, “She’s fucking my husband, so I’m allowed to be mean. I’m just saying, she doesn’t threaten me. I don’t like it, but I can deal.”

“You’re assuming I want to see her again,” I said.

“Well ... it helps, right?” Jen said.

“Helps,” I repeated, bitter sarcasm in my voice. “You mean, since you’ve cut me off, this way at least I can get my rocks off sometimes? But how *lucky* you are. Bitsy’s not hot enough to make you feel jealous. What if it was someone like Allie? How would you feel then?”

Jen stared at me. She looked taken aback. “You want to have sex with Allie?” she asked.

“I didn’t say that,” I said.

“I guess ... I could ask her,” she said hesitantly.

“I don’t want a mercy fuck!” I hissed.

“It wouldn’t be a mercy fuck Mike,” Jen insisted. “Allie likes you. She’s not with RH anymore ....”

“Are we really talking about this?” I said incredulously, anger and hurt in my voice. “You love Scott so much you’d let me fuck Allie? Your best friend?”

“Have you not been listening?” Jen snapped back. “I hate it you’re fucking Bitsy!”

We were silent for long moments, both of us trying to calm down.

Eventually, in a calm reasonable voice, Jen said “I don’t love Scott. I’ve told you that. I don’t love him. But I’m not ready to end things with him yet. Like I said, he’s helping me explore things.

I don’t know how I’d feel about you with Allie. I’d have to think about it. But I see how you look at her. All men look at her that way. You’re giving me a gift, to be with Scott. If Allie’s on your bucket list, maybe that’s a gift I can give you. It would really hurt me. But I know I’m hurting you. So maybe that would even things out.”

## CHAPTER 10 – MONTH 1

The next Sunday was the Superbowl. I asked Jen, “Some people at work are getting together at a bar for the Superbowl. Will you go with me?”

“Of course, I’ll go with you baby,” Jen said immediately, grabbing my arm. “Why do you ask like that?”

“I thought you’d want to watch the game with Scott,” I said.

“Mike baby,” Jen said, hugging my arm. “First of all, you’re my husband. And anyways, it’s on Sunday. Your day.”

I nodded. I felt like it was a shallow victory. If the game happened to be on a Friday, or Saturday, I knew she’d want to be with Scott. I might be allowed to go as a tag along, but my status would be third wheel, not as her husband. Not as her man.

Jen wore a casual outfit to the party. A loose blouse and skinny jeans that she rolled halfway up her shapely calves, and black flats that tied around her ankles. She was gorgeous – she was always gorgeous – but certainly not dressed to impress. “No high heels? No pantyhose under your jeans?” I joked, although there was an edge in my voice, as I knew she would have dressed differently if she was going with Scott to a Super Bowl party.

“Do you really want me to dress like that around the people you work with?” she asked.

“Why not? You know I love watching you flirt,” I said with a grin.

“Well, I’m not sure *my boyfriend* would like that,” Jen teased with a grin back at me. She went into the bedroom. When she came out, she was wearing a different top. It was clingy and there was a slit in the back, exposing her bra strap. Depending on how she moved, her sun moon tattoo would be visible under the bra strap. And she had put on pantyhose under her skinny jeans. “Better?” she asked me.

“Yes, better,” I said my pulse quickening.

Jen was a social butterfly at the Superbowl party. That's how she always was. She loved to socialize. My co-workers – the men – lavished attention on her, both because she was so beautiful, and also because of her bubbly personality. Jen was also popular among my female co-workers because she was so nice and outgoing. I was really proud she was my wife.

At one point Jen was sitting at the bar, on a bar stool, with one long leg crossed over the other. "A lot of guys are taking long looks at your back," I told her with a grin.

"Oh, and *you* would notice right?" she teased with a smile back at me.

"If you take off your bra, they'll be able to see your tat," I said.

"Mike I'm not going to take off my bra," she said firmly.

"If Scott asked, you would, right?"

"Yes," Jen said honestly. "But Mike, I don't care about Scott's friends. I *do* care about these people because you work with them. I want them to think I'm a good wife to you. So you see? You say all I think about is Scott, and I don't treat you like my husband. But I do."

"Maybe there are different standards for husbands and lovers," I said.

Jen laughed. "Well, then, isn't it better I use the husband standard with you?" she asked. We grinned at each other.

I reached down and touched the top of her foot, the part left exposed by the black ballerina flats. "Am I allowed to touch you here?" I asked her as I caressed the top of her foot. I loved the silky feel of the pantyhose.

"Mike baby stop torturing yourself," she pleaded. "It's only another 2 months."

"So you're saying I can't touch you at all?" I said bitterly.

Jen hesitated, then said "... you can touch me."

My eyes rose at the invitation. I moved my hand to Jen's ankle. To her calf. To her thigh. I pressed my body against hers. "I want you more now than I ever have," I told her, looking urgently in her eyes.

"Mike your friends are looking," Jen said glancing nervously around the bar.

"I don't care," I said. "Let's find someplace. A storeroom. The basement. Like you do with Scott. Let me fuck you. Or you can go down on me. Or at least make me cum with your hand."

I saw Jen weaken. I saw it in her eyes. We'd been together for 10 years and she loved me. She cared about me. No way she could cut me off for 3 months straight. And it was really 3 months and a week, since I was

traveling the week before this all started. I knew deep down she needed me as much as I needed her, at least for the emotional connection.

At that moment her cell rang. "It's Scott," Jen said looking at the screen. Giving me a weak smile, she hopped off the bar stool. She pulled her long blonde hair to the side and brought the phone to her ear. She moved a few feet away for privacy. Within moments she was laughing and talking with Scott on the phone. She talked to Scott for close to 20 minutes. It was like she was with *him*, even though she was with me at the party. When she finally hung up, she smiled at me and squeezed my hand. But our brief moment of intimacy was gone.

# CHAPTER 11 – MONTH 1

The next Saturday I went with Jen and Scott to a party of his basketball friends. Jen suggested I hang with Bitsy. She said this way I could watch her and Scott without it being weird me being there. She made it sound like she was doing it for me, as she knew it got me hot watching them together. But I knew this way she could enjoy herself with Scott more as she wouldn't have to worry about me. Also, it bothered me she was okay with me being with another girl. I felt like this could result in us drifting apart.

I was actually standoffish around Bitsy at the party. I didn't want to lead her on. Also, even though I liked her, and enjoyed sex with her that one time, I wasn't attracted to her really.

I kept my distance from Jen and Scott but still managed to keep them in sight. Jen had outdone herself tonight. God, she looked so hot. She wore a black stretchy dress that looked painted on. In the back it swooped down past her bra strap. That is, where her bra strap would've been if she was wearing a bra, which she wasn't. Her moon/sun tat looked so incredibly hot.

The dress ended way above her knees. She wore black hose, and it had to be pantyhose because otherwise stocking tops would have shown (that's how short the dress was). Jen clicked-clacked around the bar's hardwood floors in 4-inch shiny black Jimmy Choo stiletto heels.

Scott was just as overwhelmed by her as me (and as every other man in the bar). He couldn't keep his eyes and hands off her.

The bar had clusters of sofas scattered around, which made sense because the bar was actually a hybrid bar/coffee hang out spot. Scott and his friends were grouped at one of the clusters. He was sitting on a sofa with Jen beside him. She had one long leg crossed over the other, and sitting on the sofa the way she was, she was showing a lot of thigh. As Scott told a story to his friends, his hand was on Jen's thigh, his thumb caressing her knee. Everyone was looking at them, listening to Scott's story, but also looking at Jen in the killer dress and his hand on her knee.

Scott whispered something to Jen. She stared at him. He grinned at some of his friends, and they grinned back at him. Then he stood up and offered his hand, and Jen took it, standing up too. He led her out of the bar. To no one in particular he said “We’re getting a smoke.” There were some grins as we all watched them disappear out of the bar. Scott’s hand was on Jen’s bare back, over her moon/sun tattoo. I watched as his hand trailed down her back to her ass. Then I watched as he squeezed her ass. Everyone else was watching too. There were more grins, and whispers too.

I didn’t know what was going on. It seemed like an inside joke, where I was the only one who didn’t know the punch line. Then I heard someone say, “wall job.”

Then I got it. It was like before, when Scott told everyone he was going to fuck Jen in the ass. This time, he told all his guy friends he was going to give Jen a wall job. That’s what he was doing now. Giving my wife a wall job.

Bitsy heard it too. “What’s a wall job?” she whispered to me.

My voice was dry, but I managed to say “Sex standing up. The girl against the wall.”

“They have a name for that?” Bitsy said, her face screwed up in a puzzled expression.

“Usually the girl’s got her face smashed against the wall,” I explained in a low voice. “As she gets fucked in the ass.”

“Oh,” Bitsy said. “Well, that’s her thing, right?”

I stared at Bitsy. She had heard about it too. About Scott fucking her in the ass.

They were gone about 25 minutes. When they returned Scott had a big satisfied smile on his face. Jen’s hair was disheveled, and her dress wrinkled. She still looked gorgeous, but not as perfectly coiffed as before. Everyone knew she was *just fucked*. The only question was, in the pussy or ass? Or maybe both?

Jen was red-faced, not able to look anyone in the eye. She knew everyone knew. She whispered something to Scott. He grinned and nodded. Then she made a beeline to the bathroom.

Scott moved over to me. Bitsy was whispering with her girlfriends, no doubt about Jen, so we had a moment of privacy. “I just fucked your pretty wife,” he told me. “She’s getting to like it in the ass.”

I didn’t say anything. My face was burning.

“She’s in the bathroom,” he said, grinning at me. “I guess my cum is running down her leg. I didn’t make her lick my cock after I pulled out of her asshole. I’m saving that one for you to see, buddy.”

I was breathing hard. It was hard to believe how much my sweet church going wife had changed. Having a wild affair with another man. Letting him fuck her up the ass. In the back alley of the bar, with everyone knowing what was going on. I couldn’t believe my wife had turned into such a slut.

I loved it. I loved her.

Jen returned a few minutes later. She went to Scott. Instead of me. I was getting used to it, but it still hurt.

Scott put his arm around her, and she leaned into him. They kissed. Jen still looked red-faced, embarrassed everyone knew she just got wall fucked. But now everyone was good-naturedly joking about it. It’s *romantic*, people said, *how Scott and Jen can’t keep their hands off each other*. They’re clearly in love, people said. People wondered, *when is Jen finally going to stop wearing that wedding ring and go all in with Scott?*

I stared at Jen from across the room. Now she was bare legged. Her pantyhose probably had runs from the fucking, so she had to take them off. For a moment I imagined the scene. Jen’s pretty face pressed up against the brick wall in the back alley of the club. Her skirt up. Her pantyhose and thong pushed down her legs to around her knees. Scott fucking her from behind. Lifting Jen out of her *Jimmy Choos* with every powerful upward thrust. Making her grunt as he fucked her ass. Did she cum from the ass fucking, like before? Did she moan and claw into the brick wall as she orgasmed on his cock in her ass? And did she beg him to cum inside her, to fill her ass up with his seed?

Jen was smiling and talking with Scott and his friends. She had her cum face on. Even though she just got fucked, she was still lustful. There was an edge to Scott’s games. But Jen got off on the humiliation. I did too, honestly.

I thought about what her old boyfriend Colin used to do to her. He humiliated her in a cruel way. Jen got off on it, but she also hated him for it. Scott’s games were more playful. Humiliation without the debasement. It didn’t make Jen hate Scott. It made her want him more. It made her more attached to him.

Bitsy moved close to me and whispered “You want to come to my

place?”

I looked at her. Bitsy was cute. But she was a pale shadow of Jen’s beauty and sexiness. Still, I was so hard. I wasn’t attracted to her. Not really. But her pussy – her mouth – they were a lot better than my hand.

I stalled. I said I had to take a call and texted Jen. First I wrote “I’m going over to Bitsy’s.”

But then I reconsidered, and wrote “I’m thinking about going over to Bitsy’s.” I hit send.

I watched Jen from across the room. She looked at her iPhone. She frowned and then glanced my way. She texted back “Thinking?”

I texted “What you just did with Scott. It got me hot.”

*Jen:* “Then why just thinking?”

*Me:* “I don’t want to lead her on.”

*Jen:* “She’s an adult.”

*Me:* “You want me to go with her?”

*Jen:* “You know how I feel. I’m trying to be fair.”

*Me:* “Can you spend the night at home?”

*Jen:* “It’s Scott’s night.”

*Me:* “I mean with Scott. I’d rather watch you with him than have sex with Bitsy.”

I watched as Jen stared at her phone. She whispered something to Scott. He laughed and whispered back. Then her thumbs moved over her phone.

*Jen:* “Scott doesn’t want you to watch us tonight. He says go home with Bitsy.”

I stared incredulously at my phone. Then I texted back.

*Me:* “And you’re okay with that?”

*Jen:* “No. You know how I feel. But this is Scott’s night. And I’m trying to be fair to you.”

I stared at the screen. My heart was aching. I didn’t want Jen to be fair. I wanted her to be jealous, possessive over me. Finally, I texted back “I’ll see you later then.” I did it as much out of spite and hurt as the desire to get off.

There was a pause. Jen looked sad. I was glad she was sad.

Then she texted: “See you tomorrow then.”

I stared at the screen again. My heart would not allow me to end our

conversation that way. Even though I knew I was being a pathetic cuckold husband, I texted to her “I love you.”

Jen texted back “ily2”.

My heart sank even lower. She couldn’t even take the time to spell it out.

Even though I was incredibly hot, I lasted with Bitsy. With Jen I always came so fast. With Bitsy, I lasted so long I started getting soft, and I had to fantasize about Jen with Scott to get hard again. In fact, I was fantasizing about my wife and her lover when I finally came inside Bitsy.

I had gone down on Bitsy before our intercourse, because I wanted to make sure it was good for her. I was surprised to find her completely bare down there. She hesitantly smiled and said “I could tell last time you don’t like hair.”

I was flattered. I softly caressed her bare mound and said, “You’re beautiful. And sexy.”

Afterwards we lay in her bed. I had my arm around her, and she was snuggled into me. She said “Was that your ex? The person you were texting at the bar?”

I stared at her. I was always amazed by female intuition. I said “She’s not my ex. We’re separated.”

“So how’s that going?” Bitsy asked.

I looked at Bitsy and said “I want to be completely truthful with you. I love my wife. I want to get back together. I think we *will* get back together.”

Bitsy nodded but didn’t say anything. She looked resigned. And sad. Her look made me feel like shit.

“Well, until then we can hang out,” Bitsy said. She sounded cheerful but I could tell it was forced.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” I said. I was being honest. I liked Bitsy. I enjoyed being with her. The sex was good. I got off with her. And it made me feel good I was able to get her off. I supposed this was what it was like to have a fuck buddy.

I drifted off to sleep with Bitsy. I woke up around 3am. I was alarmed at having fallen asleep. I didn’t want to sleep with her. I didn’t want that kind of intimacy. I quietly got out of bed and dressed. I wrote a short note: “I had a good time. I’ll call you. Mike”

When I got home, I was surprised to see Jen's bag on the sofa. My heart leaped! She was home! But then I saw signs of Scott too. His jacket. Empty beer cans. I quietly moved to the bedroom.

They were there, asleep. They were naked, their bodies tangled together. Jen's beautiful, angelic face was on his muscular chest. Her long, lush blonde hair was draped over her face and his chest. Her arm was around him, her leg tangled with his. Scott had both arms possessively wrapped around my wife.

I stood there for a long time, watching them sleep. I felt like she loved him. I felt like I was losing her. But Jen had told me it was just part of the game. It might look like that sometimes, but it wasn't real. She told me not to freak.

I took pictures of them. More pictures to add to my collection. I focused on their faces. On Jen's breast pressed against his hard chest. On her small pretty foot, resting on his muscular calf. On his arms around her. On Jen's inner thighs. They were still moist from their sex. I took a video of them sleeping together like that.

I went into the spare bedroom. I slowly stroked myself as I looked at the pictures. I tried to hold off my orgasm. I wanted to make it last. But it was too much. When I came the pleasure was incredibly intense. It was a lot better than with Bitsy.

# CHAPTER 12 – MONTH 1

I woke up to loud moans and squeaks of the mattress. The sounds drove the sleepiness from my head. It was morning, as sunlight was streaming into the room from the windows. I got dressed and moved to the master bedroom. I looked inside. What I saw will forever be burned into my brain.

Jen was completely naked. She was on her back, her head at the foot of the bed. Her head was tilted over the edge of the mattress and her mouth was wide open. Scott was standing up with his knees bent. His dick was down her throat. He was fucking her face.

I watched as Scott slowly moved back and forth. He couldn't get more than half his cock into her mouth, but still that meant he had almost 6 inches down her throat. He was down her throat too. I could tell by how her throat muscles moved. He pushed more in and Jen started to gag. "You can do it babe, just relax," he said with a soothingly, loving voice. Up to that moment Jen's body was tensed. But then I saw her relax. "That's it, that's it," Scott said in that same soothing, encouraging voice. He pushed another inch in. Then another. Jen had 8 inches of thick cock down her throat. I saw her nostrils flare, but she didn't gag or try to pull away. She was Scott's bottom, and she was letting him do what he wanted with her.

Scott slowly moved back and forth. He went faster, and he leaned over and reached for Jen's tits and pussy. He fondled and fingered her as he fucked her face. Jen arched her body at the feel of his touch, and I heard muffled moans from her. Scott pinched her nipples with one hand and fingered her clit with the other, while fucking her face with his cock.

I saw Jen's body tremble and spasm as she came. Then Scott hissed, "Are you ready? I'm about to cum? Are you ready?" Jen nodded and then Scott growled and arched his back as he came. I saw Jen's throat muscles working overtime to swallow all of his seed. On her back, with her neck arched, it was an amazing sight as her throat muscles worked to swallow his

big load of cum. That was another image burned into my brain forever.

Scott leaned over Jen, breathing hard. He slowly pulled his cock out of her mouth. God it was like a thick python. How had she been able to take all of that down her throat?

Scott noticed me standing at the door. He said, "Do you want to fuck her?"

"What?" I said, not understanding. We were only in month 1 of 3. I wasn't allowed to fuck her.

"Ask me, and I'll let you fuck her," Scott said.

I stared at Scott. Then I looked at Jen. She was staring at me, an inquisitive look on her pretty face. Without saying a word, I turned and walked away.

I heard them dressing. Then Jen walked Scott to the door. They kissed and whispered. I couldn't make out their words. After he was gone, Jen came to me and sat next to me on the sofa.

Jen wrapped her arm around mine and leaned her head against my shoulder. "Are you okay?" she asked.

I shrugged. What was there to say?

"I got up early," she said. "You were asleep."

"You don't have to explain Jen," I said. "It's just part of the game."

"Yes, that's all it is," Jen said hopefully, as if glad and relieved I was finally getting it. But then she noticed the hurt on my face. "It *is* Mike," she said trying to reassure me. "It's just the game we're playing."

I nodded but didn't say anything. I looked at her. She was wearing the diamond earrings. Scott's earrings. Jen noticed me looking. With a tight smile, she took off the earrings and put them on the coffee table.

"Scott wanted me to tell you, his offer stands," Jen said. "We can make love. All you have to do is ask him."

"I'm not going to ask his permission to have sex with my own wife!" I snapped angrily.

"Okay, okay," she said soothingly, hugging my arm tighter. "I'm just saying, I'd like it too. I'd like it if we made love. I really miss it."

"Jen this is so fucked up!" I said angrily. "We have to ask *his* permission to make love!"

"It's only another 2 months," she said soothingly. She gave me a playful grin and said, "You're so getting off on this. Being denied. Come on, admit it. I know it's a crazy 3 months, but it's only 3 months. And now

there's only 2 months left. It'll be over soon. And you're getting off on it. Admit it baby, you are."

I would not admit it. I would not. But she was right. Some part of me – some demented, machoistic part of me – got off on being denied my wife's body.

"You've got cum breath," I told her.

"Oh sorry," she said, getting up to brush her teeth.

But I grabbed her wrist, keeping her next to me. "It's okay," I said. I asked "How many times did you fuck last night?"

"At the bar, when you were there," Jen said. "Then here."

I reached into my sweats and began stroking myself. "And how many times here?"

"Twice."

"So three times."

Jen nodded. "But here, it was like one long time. He came, but he didn't pull out. He didn't really get soft. He kept fucking me until he was hard again. Then we were doing it again. I think we fucked for over an hour."

"You must be sore," I said. I was breathing hard as I stroked myself.

Jen nodded.

"How many times did you cum?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "Once at the bar, definitely. But here, I don't know. It was like one long continuous orgasm. It never stopped."

"And then this morning," I said. "He fucked your face."

"Yes. And he fingered me. He made me cum."

I was looking at Jen's beautiful face as we talked. Now my eyes traveled down her body. She was wearing her long fluffy white robe. I knew she was naked underneath. "Let me see your legs," I said. I was stroking myself rapidly.

"Mike, no," Jen said.

"You flirt with everyone!" I reminded her. "I've seen you flash Sam!" Sam was my best friend from college.

"Even if we're platonic friends you can show me your legs!" I was begging now but I didn't care. I wanted to see her body! I *needed* to see her body!

Jen was looking at me, her face expressionless. She moved her hand

down and slowly parted her robe, revealing her long shapely legs almost up to her pussy.

“Let me see your pussy,” I said as I rapidly jerked myself.

“Mike ...,” Jen said hesitantly.

“Please!” I begged.

Jen untied the robe and parted it. She opened her legs a little, giving me a clear view of her pussy.

My wife has the prettiest pussy. Two thin lips, pressed tightly together, just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. She has the prettiest, sweetish looking pussy, like an innocent teenager’s.

But no more. Now Jen’s pussy lips were red and swollen, and they weren’t pressed together. Instead, they gaped open. The tight slit my wife used to have was gone. Scott was changing her pussy to fit him.

I was still jerking off. I was close to cumming. I stroked myself slower, not wanting to cum too fast.

“I don’t feel like you’re mine anymore,” I said.

“I’m not yours,” Jen said. “I’m Scott’s.”

I stared at her. I felt like she was being cruel. What a cruel thing to say.

Then Jen added, “In the game I’m not yours. My body isn’t. But my heart is yours. And in two more months, my body will be yours again too.”

“But even when the 3 months are over, you’ll still want to see Scott,” I said. “You’ll still want to fuck him. We’ll go back to Fridays and Saturdays, when your body will belong to him, not me. Right? So your body won’t be mine. Not completely.”

Jen didn’t say anything. She didn’t even try to deny it.

“I need to tell you something,” she said.

“What?”

“Scott says he loves me.”

I stared at her. “What did you say?” I asked, dread in my heart.

Jen hesitated, then said, “I told him I love him too.”

At that moment I grunted and came.

## CHAPTER 13 – MONTH 1

“Don’t freak,” Jen said, rubbing my chest as I came down from my orgasm. “Remember? *Feeling* love doesn’t mean I’m *in* love.”

I stared at Jen, still breathing hard. I went to the bathroom and cleaned up. When I returned I said, “Aren’t you worried about leading Scott on?”

Jen knew what I was talking about. It was my dilemma with Bitsy too, and she knew it. She said “You know Scott. He’s a player. He says the L word to get into girl’s pants. And anyways, he knows about you. Bitsy doesn’t know about me.”

“But how do you feel? When he says he loves you?”

“Of course, it feels good,” Jen said with a helpless shrug. “It’s romantic. Girls love that. But I know the difference between a crush and real love.”

I was silent, thinking about that. Eventually Jen said, “You know, Bitsy’s not innocent. She gets around.” She had said the same thing before, but still I couldn’t help instinctively feeling like I should defend her. Jen saw it in my face and said, “I’m not insulting her. I’m just telling you what I’ve heard.”

I shrugged and said “I know she’s not innocent.”

“I’m just saying, if you’re feeling sorry for her, don’t,” Jen said. “Bitsy gets around. I’ve heard she’s promiscuous.”

I felt anger rise inside me. I liked Bitsy. She was a sweet girl. I didn’t like what Jen was saying. “Bitsy’s nice,” I told her. “What do you mean, get around? Promiscuous? I know she’s not a virgin. She probably has a healthy sex life. But that’s doesn’t make her a slut.”

“Mike calm down,” Jen said soothingly, rubbing my chest. “I’m not saying she’s a slut. I’m just saying, she knows what she’s doing. You don’t have to worry about leading her on. When you want to break up with her, you can, you don’t have to feel guilty about it.”

My head spun from this conversation. Flustered, I snapped, “We’re not going together, so I don’t have to worry about breaking up with her. We’re just friends. I’ll stop whenever I want to stop.”

“Okay, okay,” Jen said soothingly, rubbing my chest again.

After a few moments, she hesitantly asked “So how was last night?”

“It was fine,” I said. I was being honest. The word “*fine*” fit how I felt about sex with Bitsy. It wasn’t great. It wasn’t lousy. It was fine.

Jen gave me a crooked grin and said “Bitsy says you’re a freaking animal in bed. She can’t stop talking about how great a lover you are.”

“You talked to her?” I asked, surprised.

“I talked to someone who talked to her,” Jen said. She admitted, “I like Bitsy but I don’t want to talk to her about you.”

I nodded but didn’t reply. What I hoped would happen, happened. Bitsy thought I was a good lover, and it got back to Jen. I should feel proud, gratified, validated, victorious. But after watching how Scott manhandled Jen just moments before – and how she loved it -- I felt like a pale imitation of Scott. Just like Bitsy was a pale imitation of Jen.

“You don’t like talking about it?” she asked.

I didn’t know what to say. “It’s just sex,” I said with a shrug. “Just a way to get off.”

Jen smiled slightly. She seemed pleased by my answer. I guess if I was trying to make her feel jealous and threatened, to make her feel some pain and angst, I was doing a lousy job.

“I thought about you and Allie,” Jen said. “I don’t want to do it.” She quickly added “She’d do it, I know she would. And it wouldn’t be a pity fuck. She likes you. I think she’s curious about you. But it would be too weird, you know? She’s my best friend.”

I shrugged. I didn’t care. I said flippantly, “If something was going to happen with Allie, I’d rather see the two of you together.”

Jen’s eyes got wide, and then she laughed. I couldn’t help laughing too, even though my insides were still churning.

“Sooo, I’m going to take a shower,” Jen said with a grin still on her pretty face. “Do you want to go to brunch? That French bistro? I’m starving.”

As we sat by the big fireplace sipping wine in the French bistro, I said

“The way Scott controls you ... has he offered you to other men?”

Jen was in the middle of swallowing a sip of wine. She almost choked. “He’s talked about it,” she said after a cough. She was wary, as if afraid I was going to get angry.

“Would you do it if he asked you?”

“Scott doesn’t ask me. He orders me,” Jen said. “And yes, if he ordered me to fuck another man – or men -- I would.”

I stared at her. I’d mentioned the idea to her, after she started getting hot and heavy with Scott, of adding other men to our game. “You told me you don’t want faceless hookups,” I reminded her.

“I don’t,” she said.

“So how’s this different?”

“It’s different because it’s Scott. He’s controlling it.”

“You mean you’d do it for Scott,” I said with a scowl at her. “You won’t do it for me, but you’d do it for Scott.”

I wanted Jen to see other men so it wasn’t just about Scott. To dilute the feelings she had for him. To dilute his control over her. Now, she was willing to fuck other men because *Scott* wanted her to. It was even worse. His control over her was growing.

Jen read my thoughts. “I get why you’re upset Mike,” she said, reaching over the table and squeezing my hand. “Let’s not fight. You want me to be with more than one man, right? Okay, yes, if it happens, I’d be doing it for Scott. But if he’s the reason I’m making your fantasy come true, isn’t that another reason he’s good for us?”

“For us?” I snapped. “You mean, for you.”

“For us. For our game,” Jen insisted. “Mike baby, I don’t want to fight. Please.”

We were silent for long moments. Then Jen smiled and squeezed my hand. “*You* could be one of the men, Mike,” she said encouragingly. “Scotty said so. You just have to ask him.”

I scowled at her. “You know how I feel about that,” I said defiantly.

“I know he’s being a dick. Of course, he’s being a dick,” Jen said, trying to reason with me. “But really, why does it matter? Just call him up. Text him even. Just say, Scott can I have sex with Jen? That’s all you have to say. I know he’ll say yes.”

“Don’t you see I can’t do that?” I said with exasperation.

“Why?” Jen said. From her face I could tell she honestly didn’t

understand.

How could I explain? Yes, I had cuckold fantasies, but I was still a man. I had pride. Scott was trying to take away my manhood. Like before, when he tried to get me to wear a cock cage. And I knew – I *knew* in my heart – that if I did what Scott asked – if I submitted to him – Jen would lose whatever respect she had left for me. Maybe she didn't think so now, but over time she would, especially with Scott in her ear, demeaning me to her.

So, I ignored her question. Instead, I asked “Has he picked any guys?”

She nodded. “Some of his basketball friends,” she said.

“He's told them already?” I asked.

“Not the details, I don't think,” she said. With a helpless smile she added “He told me lots of the guys want to bend me over a table. That's how he said it. A lot of his friends want to *bend me over a table*.” She shivered as she said this, but she laughed too.

I couldn't help grinning. “Well, the way you were dressed last night, I don't blame them,” I said smiling at her.

Jen smiled back at me. “See? That's how our game should be Mike. Just like now. Both of us having fun. Joking around. The game is temporary. Scott is temporary. We should be having fun and living in the moment.”

“Yeah ...,” I said, my voice trailing off. If I was certain it would be over in 2 months – if I knew for sure she would eventually stop seeing Scott – then maybe I *would* text Scott for permission.

But I wasn't sure. Scott was better looking than me. His body was better. He made more money. He fucked her better. *And* they were saying they loved each other. It was impossible not to be afraid I was going to lose her to Scott. And I would lose her faster if she lost all respect for me.

“So anyways ...,” Jen began hesitantly. She asked, “Do we have plans for Valentine's day?”

I stared at her. “Yes,” I said sharply. “Of course, we have plans for Valentine's day.”

How could she ask me that? We were married for fuck's sake! She was my wife! Like all married couples, we had a standing date on Valentine's day! On *every* Valentine's day! That's just how it worked!

“Well, I mean, I definitely want to do that,” she said. “But what about Scott?”

I stared at Jen again. It was like she just stuck a dagger into my heart. “What about him?” I hissed.

“Mike baby, he *is* supposed to be my boyfriend,” she said with that reasonable voice again. “He’s only having sex with me, not other girls. I can’t just bail on him. Just like I’d never bail on you.”

“So, what do you want to do on Valentine’s Day? This is Scott’s idea, right? So, what does *he* want to do?” I spat out angrily.

Jen was silent, counting to ten. She squeezed my hand again, trying to reassure me and calm me down. “Yes, he has an idea, and I said no. He wants to double date. Me and Scott and you and Bitsy. I said no of course.”

I stared at her. I was dumbfounded, at a loss for words. Finally, I said “So, what then?”

“I thought maybe we’d go out alone. You and me,” Jen said. “And then Scott would join us later. See? Not so terrible. We’ve done that before.”

“I’m surprised Scott would agree to that,” I said bitterly.

“Well ...,” Jen said hesitantly.

“What Jen? Just tell me!” I said angrily, knowing there was more. My insides were filled with dread. I knew whatever it was, it was bad.

“Okay, first off, it’s just temporary. A henna tattoo,” Jen said warily.

“Another tat?!”

“A henna Mike,” Jen told me pleadingly. “It’s temporary. It’ll wear off by the time the 3 months are over. In 2 months, it’ll be gone.”

“Jen ...,” I said, suddenly exhausted. Emotionally exhausted. Yet, my cock was so hard it hurt. “What? Wear?”

Jen took a deep breath, as if knowing I was going to explode and preparing herself for it. She took out her iPhone. She pressed and swiped a few times, and then she showed me the picture. “Here,” she said.

I looked at the iPhone screen. It was a picture of a girl’s breast. She was wearing a tiny crop top so you could see the underside of her breast. She was braless – her nipple through the crop top was clearly visible. The girl was petite like Jen, with about the same size breasts. So the picture showed what Jen would look like if she was wearing that crop top.

The girl in the picture had a tat underneath her left breast. It said “good vibes” in small script letters.

“You want to tattoo your breast?” I said incredulously.

“A little one,” Jen said trying to reassure me. “Smaller than hers.”

Way smaller. And not my breast. Underneath, like in the picture. You won't even see it when I'm wearing a bra. And remember, it'll only be a henna."

"What will it say?" I said, frowning at Jen.

"It'll be little. Two tiny numbers," she said.

"What Jen?!" I said angrily. My voice was so loud people turned to look at us.

Jen hesitated. Then she whispered "55."

I was confused for a moment. Then I remembered.

55 was Scott's number on his basketball team, the Bolts.

Then I realized it was more than that. Scott's last name was Stafford. And 5 looked like S. His number 55 was his initials SS. Jen was going to ink herself with her lover's – her boyfriend's – initials.

"It's part of Scott being my top," she explained in a whispered voice. "He wants all his friends to see it. They'll think it's a real tat. See how it pushes my buttons? And yours too Mike. And remember, it's just a henna."

"But you want a real one," I said, reading her thoughts and seeing into the future.

Jen was right. I hated the idea, but it pushed my buttons. My cock was so hard, I was so on the edge, if I touched myself, I'd probably cum.

"I don't know if I do or don't," she said with a shrug. "This way I get to try it out. But won't it be sexy? Think about me on the beach, in a string bikini. It'll peak out sometimes. Don't you think that's sexy? Especially if men are looking at me, trying to figure out if it's really there. Mike, I know you'd love that."

"Not if it's Scott's initials!" I hissed angrily.

"Of course, the permanent one won't be that," Jen said trying to reassure me.

"Then what?" I demanded.

"I don't know," she said honestly. "I have some ideas, but I haven't decided. I don't even know if I want a permanent one."

"So, for me to spend Valentine's day with you, I have to agree to let Scott brand you with his initials?" I said bitterly.

Jen smiled. "Mike you're being so dramatic," she said with a playful roll of her eyes. "I know when you say things like '*Scott's branding me*' you think the idea's hot."

"Fuck you, Jen!" I hissed angrily.

At that moment the waiter appeared. He asked if we wanted more wine. I was too angry to respond. Jen said “Yes, please.” The waiter quickly refilled our glasses and then hurried away, seeing the tension between us.

“It’s only a henna Mike,” she reminded me in a whispered, reasonable voice. “And we have lots of Valentine’s days in our life. This is just one. A one-time thing.”

I couldn’t believe it. First Jen wanted to be with Scott on Valentine’s day. Second, she wanted to ink herself with his initials. And not just anywhere, but her breast. Why not just next to her clit?

She reached across the table and squeezed my hand again. “I know I’m throwing a lot at you,” she said in that soothing, reasonable voice. “But Valentines Day is soon so I have to schedule things with Davis.” Davis was the black tattoo artist.

“You can at least sound a little less excited,” I said bitterly. “At least pretend to be.”

“Okay I’m horrible. But I am excited,” she admitted. With a helpless smile she said “I’m wet just talking about it. Scott’s really pushing my boundaries. It’s exciting. Thrilling.”

“He’s wedging himself between us!” I insisted.

“He is not Mike,” she assured me. “It’s only a henna. And it’s only one Valentine’s day in all our Valentine’s days together. Mike baby, I’m sorry I’m so excited but I wanted to tell you about it. You’re my soul mate. If I don’t tell you about something, it’s like it didn’t happen.”

I stared at her. Jen wasn’t asking me. She was telling me. And she was happy. She was really happy.

I could throw a tantrum and burst her bubble. Or I could just go with it. It was only 2 more months.

And despite everything – despite all the angst and heartache – my cock was so incredibly hard. The idea of Scott branding my wife with his initials got be so fucking hot. Maybe I should just let it happen. Savior it, enjoy it all. And then hope and pray for the best in 2 months.

## CHAPTER 14 – BEGINNING OF MONTH 2 OF 3

Jen was stunning in the new dress she bought for Valentine's day. It was pink and elaborate lace from the waist up. It had a daring V cutout in back, starting from almost her arms on both sides and trailing down to converge at her waist. It bared most of her back, so of course she was braless. Her sun and moon tattoo was clearly visible to anyone looking at her back.

The skirt of the dress was pleated somewhat and ended way above her knees. Needless to say, she was showing a lot of her gorgeous legs. She bought new white Jimmy Choo high heels to go with the dress. She completed the outfit with nude, silky hose. I assume it was pantyhose because the skirt was so short. I found out later she was wearing thigh highs that ended way up her legs, just below her pussy.

We went to dinner at *Per Se*. It's where we got engaged, and we always went there for anniversaries and Valentine's day. Obviously, it was weird this year. It was a romantic dinner, we sat close, we held hands, we talked about our future. But still this was my new normal. She let me touch her lovingly, but not intimately. And I knew I wouldn't be the man to make love to her tonight.

My new normal was evident on her body. She still wore my wedding rings. But she also wore Scott's diamond earrings. On her back, bared to the world to see (because of her new dress), was the sun and moon tattoo she got with Scott's encouragement. And inside her dress, her breast was branded with Scott's initials. I hadn't seen it yet – I wasn't allowed to see her naked body unless she was with Scott – but she told me she had gotten inked.

"Which breast?" I asked her.

Jen smiled, hearing the excitement in my voice. I hated the new tat, but loved it too. That's how I was with all of this -- conflicted. With a

mischievous sparkle in her beautiful blue eyes, she said “Left.”

I glared at her. “You know why he picked the left don’t you?” I said angrily. Scott tatted my wife’s left breast because that was the side she wore my engagement and wedding rings! He was clearly pissing in my face!

“Of course I know baby,” Jen said squeezing my hand reassuringly. “He’s fucking with you Mike. Just ignore him. It’s only a henna. It’ll be gone in a couple months.”

I continued to scowl but I didn’t really have a response back to that. Especially since my dick was rock hard and Jen knew it. Finally, I asked “He’s coming over later?”

“Yes,” Jen said. “I’ll text him when we leave.”

I heard the excitement in her voice. She wanted dinner -- dinner *with me* – to be over so she could be with Scott.

With a teasing grin, Jen added, “You’ll get to see the new tat then. After Scotty undresses me.” A soft moan escaped my lips and she giggled. She knew how to push my cuck buttons.

“So what’s Bitsy doing tonight?” Jen asked. “You know she can’t stop talking about you.”

“Why? Jealous?” I asked.

“Of course I’m jealous,” she said. She was no longer smiling.

“You said she didn’t threaten you,” I reminded her.

“Mike, you’re my husband. Of course I’m jealous. It’s only fair you get Bitsy since I’m with Scott. But that doesn’t mean I’m not jealous. It doesn’t mean I *want you* having sex with another woman.”

I shrugged, not knowing how to respond to that. She had the power to end my relationship with Bitsy. All she had to do was stop seeing Scott. But she didn’t want to do that.

After a few moments Jen asked again “So what’s she doing? It’s Valentine’s day. Did she call you?”

“No, I haven’t talked to her since last time,” I said. With a shrug I said, “I don’t know what’s she’s doing tonight. Maybe she’s pissed because I haven’t called her. You said she gets around. Maybe she’s moved on and is with another guy tonight.”

“I doubt that,” Jen said. “She can’t stop talking about you.”

“You’ve talked to her?”

“No,” Jen said, shaking her head. “I’ve talked to people who have talked to her.”

I shrugged. I didn't care about Bitsy. I was pleased though, that she was talking about me and Jen had heard about it. I felt some satisfaction with that.

Then it dawned on me why she was asking. "You're trying to get rid of me, right? You want me to go over to Bitsy's so you can spend more time with Scott tonight."

"Mike god no," Jen said immediately, squeezing my hand again. "I'm just curious. Let's not argue. It's our favorite restaurant in the world. Let's just enjoy ourselves."

I nodded. I knew I was being a child. This was *our* game. If anything, I pushed her into it. Now I was taking my anxieties and doubts out on her. I forced myself to chill. After all, this was my only time alone with Jen tonight. Once we got home, she'd be Scott's again.

Sometime later Jen said, "I was thinking ...."

"What?"

Jen lowered her voice. She whispered "You don't have to *just* watch tonight baby. All you have to do is ask Scott."

"No," I said immediately.

"You don't even have to talk to him," Jen pressed. "Just text him."

"No Jen," I said stubbornly. "Why do you even care? It's not like you get anything from me."

"I get a lot from you Mike," Jen assured me. Then she sheepishly admitted, "Also, this way you won't have to see Bitsy anymore. I'll take care of your needs."

My heart leaped. She truly was jealous about Bitsy. And she wanted me all to herself. That made me feel incredible.

"*Take care of my needs,*" I said hopefully, repeating her words. "So not just tonight. You'll let me have sex with you again, whenever I want."

"Yes," Jen said.

"But each time I'd have to get Scott's permission," I said bitterly.

"Maybe not baby," Jen said encouragingly. "Maybe just for intercourse, not anything else. You just need to talk to Scott."

I knew "everything else" meant her hands and mouth. But that was okay. I'd love any intimacy with her again. But to get that, I had to ask Scott. To regain access to my wife's body – to have sex with my wife again – I had to ask another man.

"No," I stubbornly told her.

Jen sighed. “It’s just, I worry about you,” she said. “You’re moody Mike. I love that part about you, I love *all* of you, but you get moody and you get all worked up about things.” She lowered her voice again and said, “And it gets worse when you beat off. You get depressed after you cum. I see it. It worries me. If you let me take care of you, you won’t need to take care of yourself so much, so you won’t get so down. Even when you do, I’ll be there and we’d be able to reconnect.”

“Jen ... what do you want me to say?” I said, frustrated. “You’re my wife. But I have to get another man’s permission to make love to you. To even see you naked. I understand you’re on a journey, and it’s only 2 more months. I get it. I want to support you. But I’m not going to ask Scott. I’m not. I might be a cuck but I’m still a man. I mean, frankly, if I asked Scott for permission, you’d lose all respect for me.”

“Mike I would not,” Jen insisted immediately. “I wouldn’t.”

I shrugged. Maybe that’s what she believed. Maybe at first, it might even be true. But over time she would lose respect for me, especially with Scott whispering into her ear, demeaning me.

I decided to change the subject. With a proud smile, I said “Sapphire’s doing great, better than projections. I’m in line for a big bonus, maybe even early partnership.”

“Oh my god baby that’s so awesome!” Jen gushed. “I’m so proud of you!”

“Remember that loft apartment down the street from the French bistro?” I asked. “I want to buy it. As soon as the bonus comes in.”

Jen’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious? The bonus will be that much?” she asked looking incredulous.

I nodded, a big grin on my face. “Enough to buy it with cash,” I told her proudly.

“Oh my god,” Jen said looking awed and shocked. It felt great seeing that look on her beautiful face. It made me feel like a superhero.

“It’s got 3 bedrooms. And a den,” I reminded her. “Big enough to start a family.”

“Yes. I remember,” Jen said, still trying to process all of this. It was borderline life changing. We were saving money for a house, but we still had a couple years to go, and even then, we’d have to choose between a tiny apartment in New York City or moving to New Jersey. Now everything was different. It was happening *now*. We could buy a big apartment in the heart

of NYC.

“You still want to start a family?” I asked her.

“Yes, of course baby,” she said immediately.

“So we can start soon. You want that right?”

“Yes, definitely,” she assured me.

I had led Jen down the path. Now it was time to pounce.

“So obviously you have to stop with Scott,” I told her. “When you go off the pill. We can’t take a chance. Even with condoms.”

“Of course, I will Mike. Two months, it’s over,” she insisted. I was relieved she unconditionally agreed without any hesitation.

She grinned and said “We don’t want little Scotties running around. We want little Mikeys.”

I smiled back. But hearing her say little “Scotties” made my hard cock twitch. Jen getting pregnant by another man ... well, that was the ultimate cuckold fantasy right?

## CHAPTER 15 – MONTH 2

Scott was waiting for us when we got home. They hugged and kissed, and just like that, Jen went from being mine to being his. They exchanged Valentine's Day gifts. Scott gave her racy lingerie. Jen gave him a framed picture of them together. Scott really liked the picture. He asked, "From our first date?" and Jen smiled and nodded.

They were typical Valentine's Day gifts. That's what bothered me. They were the kind of gifts couples gave each other. I didn't know when their first date was. At this point the timeline of their relationship was blurry to me. But clearly, they both knew when it was. It was another sign of their couple-ness.

Scott was in a social mood so we talked before they retired to the bedroom for sex. He was from Michigan, and he talked about wanting to move back someday. A couple years ago he bought land on Lake Michigan, not too far from the Manistee National Forest. I had heard of Lake Michigan of course (it was one of the Great Lakes, right?) but not Manistee.

"Lake Michigan is the largest body of fresh water in the world," Scott said proudly. "I've got 10 acres with 1000 feet on the water. You can see Manistee National Forest. I'm going to build a big house with huge windows facing the water and the forest. I'm going to have tall ceilings and lofts instead of floors, and they're going to be facing the windows. I'll put thick rope cables, so you Tarzan from one loft to another."

"Oh my god that sounds so freaking awesome!" Jen gushed, her attention riveted on him. "It sounds so fun! So many places to hike and bike."

"And water ski in the summer, and snow skiing in the winter," Scott agreed, a big grin on his face. "You've gotta come with me to visit sometime."

"I'd love to!" Jen said enthusiastically. Then she seemed to remember I was there. She looked at me and said, "We'd love to, right

Mike?”

I nodded curtly. But what about their relationship ending in 2 months? How did that fit into visiting him?

I thought about the loft apartment in SoHo. Less than an hour ago Jen had been so excited about it, so proud of me. Now it seemed she had forgotten all about that. She was more excited about Scott’s place at Lake Michigan.

Jen and Scott were smiling at each other. For long moments they smiled into the other’s eyes. Then they were kissing.

It got hot and heavy fast. They didn’t even bother to move to the bedroom. Jen’s pink Valentine’s day dress disappeared. So did Scott’s clothes. She straddled his muscular thighs. With their lips planted together, Jen urgently reached down between their bodies and guided his cock to her pussy.

I watched as he penetrated my wife. He was bareback of course. Jen slowly impaled herself on him. They were both gasping and moaning as his cock disappeared into her, inch by inch.

It took long moments, but eventually he was balls deep inside her. Even though I’d seen it before I still couldn’t believe it fit inside her. He was over 11 inches! Almost a fucking foot! And thick! How was it possible my little petite Jen could take all of him inside her?

But it was clear Jen loved it. Loved every thick inch of him. Her face was flushed as she passionately kissed him. They stayed like that for long moments, not moving with Scott’s cock completely inside her, passionately making out with their arms around each other and their bodies connected as one.

I was rock hard. I took out my cock and began stroking myself.

Jen began moving up and down. Scott controlled her movements. He gripped her hips, and with his muscular arms he moved her up and down on his shaft. Jen was moaning continuously, saying “Ah ah ah ah ah ah ....”

At some point, Scott turned her around, reverse cowgirl, so she was facing me. Jen was moving up and down now on her own volition, with Scott reaching around and squeezing her tits and pinching her nipples. She was leaning back with her head turned and her arms around his neck. They were kissing as they fucked.

I looked between her legs. Her pussy was grotesquely stretched wide around his thick cock. Scott had a thick vein running up the underside of his

shaft, and her pussy was stretched tight around it, as if she was custom-shaped to fit him.

Her pussy lips stretched up as if holding him, like suction, wherever she moved up his shaft. At that moment, seeing her stretched like that, I knew with certainty Jen's pussy was ruined for me. She'd never feel as tight round my small dick, and I'd never be able to give her pleasure much less get her to orgasm on my little cock.

Scott's hands moved to her hips. Apparently, he wanted to control her movements again. At that moment I saw her naked breasts for the first time that night. That's when I saw it. The new tattoo. 55 inked under her left breast. My wife had allowed herself to be branded with another man's initials.

At that moment I came. It was maybe the most intense orgasm of my life.

Immediately though, I felt waves of intense depression. It was what I always felt after cumming nowadays. My heart was broken. I wasn't able to breathe. I didn't care if I lived or died. That's how I felt. That's how debilitating it was.

Jen didn't notice though. She didn't even look at me. Scott was ramming her now. Rapidly thrusting up into her pussy, like a jackhammer. Jen was whimpering, a continuous wail of helpless moans.

I saw her body tense and her head jerk back, and I knew she was cumming. Then Scott came. His balls tightened and the root of his cock jerked. It happened once, twice, three times. I knew each time he was shooting a jet of sperm into Jen's womb. He continued to thrust into her. After a few moments, the shaft of his cock was slick with his milky white seed.

My eyes traveled back up to Jen's breasts. To the small 55 inked in jet black ink below her left breast. Jen belonged to Scott now, and the tattoo was just more evidence of it. My feelings of depression and despair got worse.

They shifted position. Scott held Jen in his arms. His arms were around her and she was cuddled into him. They kissed softly and whispered sweet nothings. I distinctly heard Scott whisper, "I love you Jenny."

Then Jen said, "I love you too Scotty."

I felt my world crashing down around me. I felt like my life was over. I couldn't take any more. I got up and walked out of the room.

I heard Jen say, "Wait Mike." She rushed over to me. Somehow, she'd managed to throw on a robe. So even in that moment, I wasn't able to feel her naked body against me.

"You're upset," Jen said looking at my face.

"Of course I'm upset!" I spat back, bitterness in my voice. "You just said you love him! He branded you!"

Jen took my arm and led me out of the bedroom and to the sofa in our family room. She sat down next to me, her head on my shoulder, tightly holding my arm. We were silent for long moments. Then, reading my thoughts, she softly said "It's only a henna. It's not permanent. And I can *feel* love for Scotty, but not be *in love*. I've told you."

"That doesn't help Jen," I told her.

"It doesn't help because you won't ask Scott," Jen gently said, continuing our conversation from before. About me asking Scott for permission to have sex with my wife again.

"So it's my fault?" I said angrily.

"It's not your fault Mike," she said soothingly. "I'm just saying, it would be easier for you if you were more opened minded."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't go crazy," Jen said warily.

"Crazy about what?" I said not understanding.

"Will you keep an open mind about it?" she asked.

"About what Jen?" I said with exasperation.

Jen looked at me for long moments, studying me, as if gauging whether I could handle it. Then she reached into her bag and handed me a small box.

I opened the box and looked inside.

It was a cock cage.

I stared incredulously at the box. "You want me to wear this?" I said disbelievingly.

"I've read a lot about it," Jen quickly explained. "If you don't cum so much, you won't get so upset. And when you do cum, it'll be with me. You won't get so upset."

My head was spinning. My wife really wanted to put my cock in a cage?

“If you put this on, you can see me naked again,” Jen said. “You can watch me dress. Touch me wherever you want. We can even have sex sometimes.”

“When?”

“When Scott says,” she said.

“You said before I’d only have to ask him for intercourse.”

“Mike baby, we can’t do anything if you’re wearing this,” Jen pointed out gently. “But, I mean, you could take care of me.”

“Thanks a lot,” I said sarcastically.

Jen smiled slightly. She said, “I’ve missed your tongue.”

I couldn’t help smiling. And feeling good. At least I was better than Scott at something.

“So Scott would have the key,” I said trying to process all this.

“No. I would,” Jen said. “But I won’t take it off unless he says so. Or times you can’t wear it, like if you have to travel for work.”

After I was silent for a few moments, she said, “I can tell you don’t completely hate the idea.” Her eyes were on my cock. I was rock hard again.

Jen wrapped her hand around my shaft. “When it’s off we can do this,” she said, slowly stroking me. “Don’t you miss this?”

My eyes fluttered and my breath caught as I felt her hand wrap around me. Then she began stroking me. “Oh god,” I moaned. It’d been so long since I had any sexual contact with her, over a month. “Yeah, I missed it,” I said, the words coming out like a long moan.

“I’ll make you cum, then I’ll put it on you, okay?” she said as she continued to slowly stroke me.

“Who’s idea was it?” I asked.

Jen hesitated, then said honestly, “Scott’s.” She quickly added “But I think it’s a good idea too.”

My cock jerked at her words. She felt it too. She said, “I know you Mike. You hate it, but you love it too. Just go with it baby. Give into it.”

I hesitated for long moments. Then I said “I want your pussy.”

Scott was in the room. I hadn’t notice – I didn’t know how long he’d been listening – but Jen turned to him and asked, “Is that okay Scotty?”

“Sure, as long as he puts on a condom,” Scott said.

“He doesn’t like sloppy seconds,” Jen said looking back at me.

“Okay then?” she asked.

“Okay,” I agreed.

“Let’s make sure we’re all on the same page,” Scott said. “Your cock goes in the cage. I say when it comes off. You don’t try to get out of it.”

“Say yes Mike,” Jen urged me.

I hesitated. Jen was still slowly stroking me. God, I wanted to be inside her so bad. And if I agreed, I’d get her body back. I’d be able to see her. Touch her. Make her cum with my tongue.

“Yes,” I said. And with that one word, I lost my manhood.

Scott was hard. He was stroking himself. The bastard was getting off on this.

Then, looking at Scott, I said, “But it comes off if I want to be with Bitsy. I don’t have to ask you about that.”

“Done,” Scott said immediately.

Jen glared at Scott. Then she looked at me. “Why do you still need Bitsy if I’m taking care of you?” she asked with an edge to her voice.

“Because he might say no,” I told my wife. “At least this way you’ll be on my side.”

Jen frowned at me. Then she realized what I was asking wasn’t unreasonable. She softened and nodded, admitting she understood my point.

She asked me, “Where’s your condoms?”

I told her and she got one. She ripped the foil package open with her teeth, then expertly rolled the condom down my shaft. As she did, she eyed Scott and saw he was stroking himself. “Save that for me Scotty,” she told him with a grin.

“I’ve always got more for you babe,” Scott said with a grin back. Jen laughed.

Then she looked back at me, the grin still on her pretty face. She stood up and dropped the robe. Since I was sitting down, her tits were eyelevel. I stared at the 55 inked under her left breast. If she had bigger breasts, the tattoo might be hidden. But Jen’s tits were tiny, and perky. So the 55 was clearly visible.

Jen knew I was looking at it. “What do you think?” she asked.

“It’s disturbing,” I told her. Then I admitted “And sexy.”

“Thanks for being honest,” Jen said, smiling appreciatively at me.

Jen straddled my legs, like she’d done with Scott earlier. She reached down between us, and guided my cock to her pussy. Unlike with Scott, it

took no effort for my cock to penetrate her. I was balls deep inside her immediately.

Oh my god. She felt so loose. I didn't feel anything. No friction at all. Just warm wetness. I didn't know if that was Jen, or Scott's sperm still inside her.

Jen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. Really kissed me, with tongue. I kissed her back. Urgently. Hungrily. It was our first sexual kiss in over a month.

Then she moved on my cock. She didn't need to move up and down, like with Scott. I didn't have his 11 inches. I was barely over 4 inches hard, and thin, not even half his size. So, all Jen had to do was move her hips back and forth. She moved once, back and forth. Then again. Then a third time.

I came. I was inside her for less than 30 seconds, and I came. I couldn't help comparing my performance to Scott's. Me, 30 seconds. Him, 30 minutes. I knew Jen must be comparing us too. Why in the world would she ever want sex with me again?

Things happened fast after I came. It was like she planned it out ahead of time. Or maybe they planned it out together.

Jen washed my cock with a warm soapy towel, and then she shaved me. Everything, even my crack, like a Brazilian. She only left some fuzz directly above my cock.

She put a ring behind my balls. Then she took the cage out of the box. It was a rigid clear plastic tube that angled down. There was a hole in the end to piss.

Jen pressed a bag of ice against my cock to ensure I was completely soft.

Then she asked, "Are you ready?" She was now holding my cock in one hand, and the tube in the other.

My head was spinning at that point. It was a surreal experience. I just nodded.

Jen inserted my soft cock into the tube. Then she locked the tube to the ring, making it impossible to take the tube off without unlocking the lock.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"Weird," I said honestly. I looked at my cock in the cage. It was a perfect fit. There was almost no extra room in the tube. I found out later she

bought the CB6000S model. It was their smallest cock cage, almost an inch shorter than the normal model. The cage was only 2.5 inches in length. When I was soft, my dick was just over 2 inches, so it was a perfect fit.

“Nice bro,” Scott said, standing behind Jen and looking at my caged cock. His cock was free of course. He was hard again, and his 11 inches of virile manhood was swinging back and forth between his chiseled legs.

Jen handed Scott both keys. “Don’t worry, I won’t lose them,” he said grinning at me.

Scott tugged Jen towards the bedroom, but she said “Give me a sec.”

Jen sat on the sofa next to me and hugged me. We were both naked, so she was pressing her tits against my chest. “Now we can do this all we want,” she said encouragingly. She kissed me – really kissed me, with tongue – then said, “I’ll finish with Scott, and then we’ll sleep together, okay?”

“Okay,” I said, feeling numb. Things had happened so fast. I was still trying to catch up.

“An hour. Two at most,” she promised.

I nodded.

“Give us some time alone,” she said. She looked at the clock. It was 10pm. “Until 1030. Then you can join us. Okay?”

I nodded again.

Jen kissed me again, then joined Scott in the bedroom. She closed the door behind her, but she didn’t lock it.

I looked down at myself. Holy fuck. I was in a cage. My cock was in a fucking cage.

TO BE CONTINUED IN  
*FAITHFUL WIFE’S FALL FROM GRACE*  
*BOOK 4*