



Faithful
WIFE'S
FALL FROM
GRACE

BOOK 4

Pete Andrews

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PETE ANDREWS

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

First Edition. October 2023.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write sexy romances. I used to publish under *xleglover* and *Flash of Stocking* on various sites.

My stories are romances, so they explore the feelings, emotions and relationships of the characters. My stories are also erotica, so the sex scenes are explicit. Often *very* explicit.

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.*”

You can find my books at **Amazon Kindle** and **Smashwords**. Also **Barnes & Noble**, **Apple Books**, and **Rakuten kobo**. If you'd like to join my mailing list or would like to send me a question or feedback, please email me at peteandrews1701@gmail.com.

BOOKS BY PETE ANDREWS

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace (on-going series)

Book 1

Book 2

Book 3

Book 4

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

Book 1

Book 2

Opening Pandora's Box (5 book series)

Book 1: Jessie Plays For Her Husband

Book 2: Ollie Watches His Wife With Another Man

Book 3: Jessie Grows Closer To Roman

Book 4: Jessie Loses Herself In Roman

Book 5: How Can You Do This To Me?

Available at Amazon Kindle and Smashwords

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CHAPTER 1 – MONTH 2

(This chapter begins right after the end of Book 3)

“Hey,” I said getting into bed with Scott.

“Hey,” Scott said back. He grinned at me. “So, he did it.”

“He did,” I said incredulously. I couldn’t believe it. My husband let me put his cock into a cock cage. *And* he let me give the key to Scott. So now Scott controlled Mike’s orgasms. He even controlled when Mike could touch his cock. I was shocked.

“I told you he’d do it,” Scott said.

“Yeah, you did,” I admitted. I still couldn’t believe it. “Thanks for not making fun of him.”

“I told you I’d be cool about it,” Scott said. “I don’t need to make fun of him. I control his dick.”

“Hush,” I said. I looked nervously at the door. I didn’t want Mike to hear.

“It won’t hurt him, will it?” I asked.

“I told you about that guy,” Scott said, repeating a story he told me before. “He’s been caged over a year now. Close to 2 years. His wife – I used to fuck her – she lets him out every couple months. He’s fine. Mike won’t be able to get an erection in the cage. The ring prevents blood flow. I think that’s how it works.”

“It’s not dangerous?” I asked worriedly.

“No, lots of cucks wear them, they’ve still got their dicks,” Scott assured me. “But I’ll tell you what. If you wear it long enough it’ll shrink your dick.”

“What?”

“Yeah, that guy I just talked about?” Scott said. “He’s lost an inch. Thinner too. Something about the spongy part of the dick. If you don’t get an erection for a long time it loses elasticity.”

“I don’t want Mike to get smaller,” I said with a frown.

“Seriously, does it matter?” Scott scoffed. “3 inches versus 4?”

“Easy for you to say,” I said with a laugh, looking at Scott’s enormous cock. “Would you want to lose an inch?”

“Would you want me too?” he said grinning at me.

“No,” I admitted with another laugh.

Scott laughed back. “You’re such a fucking size queen,” he said with a grin. Then he rolled on top of me. He pushed in. There was momentarily resistance, then my pussy loosened, and he slid in. It still felt like he was stretching me. And Scott said I still felt really tight around his cock. But I was definitely getting looser.

And no wonder. We were fucking almost every day now. Non-stop on our Friday and Saturday dates. And quickies at work during most other days. Scott liked taking me in my office. He liked to bend me over my desk and fuck me from behind. He liked doing me in his office too. Usually reverse cowgirl with him sitting in his leather desk chair. But also we got hotel rooms sometimes. You know, the kind that charged by the hour? I felt like such a whore at those sleazy hotels. It got me so hot.

“Did you feel him?” Scott asked as he slowly long stroked me.

“Mike? When he was inside you?”

“Not really,” I said honestly.

“See? It doesn’t matter if he gets smaller. You already don’t feel him.”

“God Scott you’re such a dick,” I said.

“Yeah, but you love my dick,” he said with a grin at me. He started fucking me faster and harder. We stopped talking, and our conversation turned from words to moans, and flesh slapping flesh.

After waiting for a while, I went into the bedroom. They were still fucking. It was almost an hour now. Their bodies glistened with a sheen of perspiration, and they were panting as they fucked. I have to admit, Scott has amazing stamina. From her moans and cries, Jen had cum a few times by now. Or maybe one long continuous orgasm. I think Scott had cum once, and he was already recovered and fucking Jen hard again.

I felt strange in the cage. I was definitely aroused watching my wife with Scott. But I wasn’t hard. It was a strange sensation. Aroused but not hard. The cage was preventing me from getting an erection.

It was like a slow burn. That's how it felt. Embers in the fireplace, instead of a roaring fire.

Eventually I went into the guest bedroom. Often, I masturbate before going to sleep. Especially since Jen began denying me her body. I need the relief. It helps me sleep. So I reached down without thinking. But instead of feeling my dick I felt the rigid plastic cage. It was a weird feeling. Like a part of me was cut off from the rest of my body. It was frustrating. I felt desire – I wanted the pleasure of an orgasm -- but couldn't do anything about it. At the same time I was – what? Calm? Balanced? I don't know. At least I wasn't depressed. I wasn't miserable. After a while I drifted off into a restless sleep.

When I woke up Jen was in bed with me. She felt me stir and woke up too. She turned to look at me. "Hi," she said sleepily.

"Hi," I said back.

Jen reached down and cupped my cock. She felt the plastic cage. "Wow," she said softly.

I pushed her hand away. "I'm still trying to process it," I said. She nodded and gave me an understanding smile.

I looked down at her body. She was naked. Well, that was an improvement. I looked at the 55 tat under her left tit. I brushed my finger across it.

Then I was cupping and fondling her breasts. I was licking and sucking her nipples.

I moved my hand down her body and flicked a finger across her clit. She winced. "Mike baby I'm really sore," she said.

I moved down her body. She smelled fresh, like vanilla and strawberries. She must have taken a shower last night before getting in bed with me. I opened her legs and licked her. Her pussy lips were red and swollen. I licked her gently and slowly. I kissed and licked her pussy a long time. Finally, she arched her back and curled her toes, and she came. I moved back up the bed and she snuggled into my arms.

Usually by now I had a raging erection. But I was still soft in the cage. I was aroused. My desires were still there. I wanted to fuck. But my dick was soft. You can't fuck with a soft dick. Anyway, my dick was locked away in the cage. And Scott had the key.

We took a shower together. It was like we used to be, really loving

and intimate. I spent a lot of time washing Jen's hair and rubbing her neck and shoulders. I gently washed her pussy.

Jen lovingly washed my body. It was weird when she got to my cock. I expected to feel her hand on me, it was like a reflex after so many years together. But I didn't feel anything. It was like last night, when I tried to jerk off. It was like my penis was cut off from the rest of my body. The most Jen could do was squirt soap and water to my cock to wash me.

We got dressed. I figured how to adjust the cage so it didn't show through my pants. Jen watched me, a curious expression on her face. "It doesn't help, you looking," I said sourly.

"Sorry. It's just ...," Jen began. She reached out and cupped my crotch. Feeling the rigid plastic tube instead of my penis, she said, "It's just ... wow."

Finally, the anger and bitterness came out. "I guess we really are just platonic friends now. Scott's won. I'm not your husband anymore. I don't have a cock. So I might as well be your girlfriend."

"Mike baby, calm down," Jen said, wrapping her arms around me. "We slept naked together. We showered. You just watched me dress. We made love --."

"We didn't make love!" I spat out.

"Mike there's all kinds of making love," Jen insisted soothingly. "You did this to me." She touched my lips. "Sometimes Scotty will take it off, and we'll do more kinds of making love. All kinds of making love."

Jen's words – "*sometimes Scotty will take it off*" – rang in my ears. It hurt to hear her say it. She knew – like I knew – that I had given Scott control of my manhood. To hear my wife say it, it shamed me. It emasculated me.

Jen saw my distress. She opened my pants and took out my cock. I was soft inside the rigid plastic cage. "I know you're upset," she said. "But usually you'd be hard now too. Even when you got upset, you got hard too."

It was true. Talking about my cuck fantasies always got me hard. In fact, at that moment I was aroused big time. But the cage prevented me from getting an erection.

"What's your point?" I snapped.

"This'll calm you," Jen said soothingly, tapping the plastic tube with her painted fingernail. "You masturbate too much. This way you won't get so depressed."

“So, you’re okay with this,” I said bitterly. “You want my dick in a cage.”

“Mike ...,” she sighed. “You’re not listening to me.”

I glared at her. “I’ll cut the lock off,” I snapped at her.

“Mike, you promised Scotty you wouldn’t,” Jen said frowning disapprovingly at me.

I couldn’t believe it. Jen was taking Scott’s side again. *Again!* I felt betrayed. I expected her to reassure me. Tell me everything would be okay. Instead, she was doubling down on Scott’s control over me. And I hated – *HATED* – when she called him “Scotty.”

Jen sensed how upset I was. In a softer voice, she said “Just go with it Mike. It’s only 2 months. This is your chance to live your fantasy.”

“And what happens after 2 months?” I spat out angrily.

“Calm down baby,” she said soothingly, rubbing my chest.

“It comes off after 2 months?” I pressed.

“Yes, of course,” she assured me.

“Then what?” I asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Where will *you* be then?”

“I’ll be with you,” Jen assured me.

“And what about Scott?”

“What about him?” Jen said.

“Don’t play games with me!” I said angrily.

“I’m not playing games,” Jen insisted. “I can’t tell you what I don’t know.”

I glared at her. But I didn’t want to press the Scott issue. Probably because I was afraid what she’d ultimately say.

“Then what about me – us – after the cage is off?” I asked her.

“Well go back to normal,” Jen promised. “We’ll have sex again. Anything you want to do?”

“What about you?” I asked. “Will you want sex with me?”

“Of course I will,” Jen insisted. “You’re my husband. I love you. I need intimacy with you.”

“But will you desire me physically?” I asked. “Will you get hot for me, like you used to?”

Jen didn’t answer. And she avoided my eyes. She finally said in a pleading voice, “Mike ... a lot’s happened, you know? I want to be honest. I

can't tell you what I don't know. I do know in 2 months, I'll still love you. I'll still be your wife. And I *will* want to be intimate with you. That's all I know right now."

CHAPTER 2 – MONTH 2

There's something about Scotty that drives me wild. Okay, well, 2 things (*lol*).

You probably can guess what the first thing is.

The second thing is above the first thing. It's the V formed by his pelvic muscle. Boys, I'll tell you something. Girls talk about that V all the time. *All. The. Time.* Since I'm into fitness, I know it's the part of a man's body where his lower abs meet the hip flexors. Most girls just call it a man's V.

You hardly ever see a man so fit he has a V. Scotty has one, and the first time I saw it, it got me so hot. I get hot *every* time I see it.

I like tracing along the ridges of his chest. His beautiful pecs. Then down to his belly button. I like slowly tracing circles around his belly button. Wider and wider. It's like a tease. For me as much as him.

Finally, my fingertips touch his V. I always shudder. It makes me wet touching his V. I thumb the hard muscle. It feels so awesome! Then I trace down, from his hip almost to his cock. Then I do the same thing on the other side.

Usually when I'm doing this, Scotty's got his hands behind his head, chilling as he watches me. As he feels me caressing him.

My touch turns him on. But also, the way I'm worshipping his body gets him hot. That's what it is. I'm *worshipping* his body.

Scotty's proud of his body. He spends a lot of time keeping it the way it is. He loves I can't take my eyes off him. That I can't keep my hands off him.

I get that. I'm the same way. Scotty's as much into my face and body. He says I'm the prettiest, hottest girl he's ever seen. So since we've been dating, I've been working out more to keep my body tight. I'm not trying to add muscle. I'm just trying to keep my shape. You know, keep my ass tight. Keep my thighs toned. Keep my stomach flat. Keep my little

breasts perky. I guess it's working because Scotty's just as into my body as I'm into his.

I tell him (truthfully) he's the most gorgeous, hottest man I've ever met. He says the same about me. So I guess we're a match.

So back to Scotty's V. I trace down it. First on the one side of the V. Then the other side. Then I get to ... y'know ... the first thing about Scotty that drives me wild.

"You love it?" he said as I take his cock into my hands.

"You know I do," I said, mesmerized by it. God. His cock so fits him. So hard. So heavy and dense. So freaking big. I still can't believe I'm able to get all of this into me.

Sometimes I can't help compare Scott to the other men in my life. Mike. And Joey.

Mike's cock – and I love it – but his cock is so much smaller. Four inches compared to Scott's 11. And much thinner. I think about if Scott was right, if Mike's penis will get smaller if he stays in the cage long enough. I wonder how I'll feel about that if it happens. His penis is already so small compared to other men's.

Joey's cock is almost as big as Scott's. It's not as long but maybe a little thicker. And it has a curve to it. It's so much bigger than Mike's.

I'm broken out of my reverie when Scott laughs and jokes, "Maybe I should put my cock in a cage."

"I'd cut off the lock," I said with a laugh back. "And probably they don't make your size in a cock cage." Looking at his manhood, I said, "Anyways, who would ever cage away something so sexy?"

Scott grinned at me. He loves it when I say things like that.

"How's Mike dealing with it?" he asked.

"He's dealing," I said with a shrug. "He's kind of bitter about it, but I think he'll be happier eventually. He used to masturbate so much. After cumming he always got so moody and depressed and that always worried me."

"And you didn't like him fucking Bitsy," Scott teased with a grin.

"Just shut up, okay?" I said. I didn't like thinking about Mike with other girls. Even a girl like Bitsy, who wasn't nearly as pretty or sexy as me. Honestly, she was kind of mousy. I know that's a mean thing to think, but I'm allowed since we're talking about my husband with another girl.

"How are you dealing with it?" Scott asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, did you expect to see his cock in a cage the day you married him?” Scott said grinning at me.

“No,” I admitted with a laugh.

“So, what do you think of him?”

“He’s my husband,” I said. “I think of him the same.”

“Really?” Scott said with a raised eyebrow. “You haven’t lost respect for him?”

I frowned at Scott. “You got Mike to put his cock in a cock cage,” I said. “You have the key. He needs your permission to cum. He needs your permission to even touch himself. Can’t you be nice now? Do you have to put him down more?”

“Okay, you’re right,” Scott with a shrug. “I’m just competitive.”

“You’ve won. What are you still competing about?”

Scott touched my wedding and engagement rings on my left hand. “You’re still wearing these rings,” he said.

“I’m not going to take off my rings Scott, so don’t even ask,” I said sternly.

“Okay, okay,” Scott said with a laugh. To his credit, he knew when to back off.

After a moment, Scott asked “So can you imagine Mike’s dick in you?”

I rolled my eyes at him. Of course I could imagine Mike’s cock inside me. After all, he was my exclusive sex partner for almost 10 years, we did it literally thousands of times.

But now, after Scott (and Joey), I wasn’t able to imagine getting pleasure from Mike. At that moment, I was wet and my nipples were hard looking at Scott’s cock, and holding it. I couldn’t imagine reacting the same way with Mike. Not with this big powerful thing in my hands.

Colin, my boyfriend before Mike, he had a great body like Scott. His cock was big (although not as big as Scott’s; maybe about the same as Joey’s). But he was a shitty boyfriend, and I fell in love with Mike, so his smaller cock didn’t bother me. Mike was (is) a kind and considerate lover, he always made sure I got off, so it was enough.

Things were different now. It started with Joey. Now Scotty. I’m a different girl now. Or maybe I’m back to the girl I used to be.

I still loved Mike. But I want more. I need more.

“So?” Scott pressed.

“So what?” I asked. I was slowly stroking Scott’s shaft.

“Can you imagine Mike’s dick inside you?” he asked again.

“Yes. But right now I want you,” I told him honestly.

Scott grinned. He flipped me onto my hands and knees and fucked me from behind. God he fucked me so good! It was a quickie though. We were in one of those by-the-hour seedy hotels. We had to get back to work for a meeting that afternoon.

Afterwards, while still panting, I moved to go to the bathroom but he held me. “I love you,” he said, looking into my eyes. He tenderly kissed my lips.

“I love you too Scotty,” I said. I hugged him and kissed him back. Then we got up to get dressed for our meeting.

CHAPTER 3 – MONTH 2

I was trying to adjust to my new reality. The first thing was to make sure no one found out about the cage. That actually wasn't hard. The tube curves down and inward, so it's easy to hide between my legs. It's not noticeable when I'm wearing pants. Probably it wouldn't be noticeable even if someone saw me in my boxers.

One thing I found out. Because it's curved down, I have to sit to piss. Like a girl. Once I realized that, I always closed and locked the bathroom door at home because I didn't want Jen to see me having to piss like a girl.

I was in a constant state of heat. Chastity was the ultimate denial after all. But also, now I was able to touch and look at Jen all I wanted. At first, I was concerned without release I'd go crazy with horniness. But I found out after a couple days things leveled off. I think it was because of my inability to get an erection in the cage. It was like my dick was telling the rest of my body, "nothing going on here so calm down."

So, I reached a level of peace. Jen had read me right. By not masturbating all the time, I didn't experience those terrible, debilitating lows. Like, I knew she was going to fuck Scott today at work. A quickie at the Blue Light Hotel. The prospect got me hot, and in the past I would have jerked off and then got depressed. Now though, I still got hot, but since I couldn't masturbate – couldn't even get an erection – I stayed balanced. I didn't get orgasmic pleasure, but I didn't fall over the cliff either. Like I said, I was balanced, and there was peace in that.

When Jen got home that night, I was all over her. Now more than ever she was the center of my universe. I couldn't get enough of her. I rubbed her feet after she kicked off her high heels. I made dinner while she sipped wine and listened to music. I drew her a bath and rubbed her neck and shoulders as she relaxed in the hot soapy water. Then in bed, I kissed up her neck, fondled her breasts and sucked her nipples, and then licked her pussy

until she came. I made her cum twice. They weren't the earth-shattering orgasms that Scott gave her. But she smiled lovingly at me and said they were soothing and really good. I lived for that now. For her attention. And I think she really liked all the attention I was giving her.

Towards the end of the week Jen took off the cage (she borrowed the key from Scott). She wanted to clean me, and check for chafing. She pressed ice against my cock to keep me soft. But feeling free, out of the cage, with her soft hands on me, I got desperate for an orgasm. "Please let me cum," I said to her.

"You have to ask Scott," she told me.

I didn't want to ask Scott. He already had too much control over me, and over Jen. "Please, just this one time," I said. I was practically begging now. I was desperate for an orgasm.

Jen frowned at me. "Scott said you would do this," she said. There was disapproval in her voice and I thought she was going to put my cock back in the cage. But then she licked her hand and began stroking me.

I didn't get hard immediately. I wondered if that was a side-effect of being caged.

But after a few moments I was rock hard. "Oh god," I groaned as she stroked me. I knew it wouldn't take long. I felt my orgasm building. Just a few more seconds

Then Jen abruptly pulled her hand away. "What, no Jen, don't stop!" I cried. But it was too late. My cock jerked and semen dripped out of the end. I ejaculated but I got no pleasure from it. I got no sexual release. She ruined my orgasm. I still felt as horny, but now I was frustrated too.

While I panted, Jen cleaned me and applied ice again. When I was completely soft, she put my cock back in the cage. "You have to play by the rules Mike," she told me. Her voice was both firm and gentle. "You promised Scott."

"Anyways, I don't get it," she said. "You agreed to wear this. So why does it matter if you ask Scott? Why deny yourself? I want to make love to you. Why are you denying us?"

The way Jen said it, it made me feel good. She'd just ruined my orgasm, but she *wanted* to have sex with me. We were playing a game – *our* game – and it was *me* not following the rules.

But still I was upset. I was bothered by Scott's hold on her. And I still had pride. It was like she wanted me to bow down to Scott like a peasant

to a king, and that was unacceptable to me.

Jen sensed I was upset. In a softer voice, she said “See? You get upset when you cum.”

“It wasn’t a real orgasm,” I said bitterly.

“Well, you were a bad boy,” she said. She was smiling playfully at me, and she punched my arm. I found myself smiling back at her.

“Ask Scott,” Jen urged me. “Just give into it. It won’t be so bad.”

I was silent for a few moments. Then I said, “Do me a favor. Don’t tell Allie.”

Jen knew I was talking about my cock in a cage. With a giggle she said “Why, still hoping to check Allie-oh-la-la off your bucket list?”

“Long after Scott’s gone, you’ll still be friends with Allie. I just don’t want her to think I’m a freak,” I explained.

“Allie would never think that,” Jen assured me, hugging my arm. “But anyways, I promise, I won’t tell her.”

We went to the French bistro for dinner, which had become our favorite restaurant. The restaurant attracted a big French crowd, so it was full of handsome, well dressed French men. More than a few gave Jen long up and down looks as the Maître D' showed us to our table. I wondered how many of the GQ-worthy men in the restaurant had their cocks in a cage. I knew the answer of course. None.

I wondered if Jen thought about that. I wondered if she regretted marrying me. She was super-hot, always the prettiest girl in the room and had a killer body. Me, her husband, was an average looking guy and my little dick was in a cage. And, I let another man do it to me. How could Jen possibly be content married to me?

But Jen didn’t say that. Instead, she was excited to be so close to the soon to be ours (hopefully) loft apartment. She had called the real estate agent who agreed to let us tour the apartment again. So, after eating dinner, we met up with the agent and toured the apartment. Jen was super excited to be in the apartment again, and she held my hand and arm the entire time. It almost made me forget that my cock was in a cage.

CHAPTER 4 – MONTH 2

Friday, I went with Scott to Vince and Steve's party. They were both 24, five years younger than me, and they were part of my team at work. In fact, they worked for me.

Vince and Steve shared an apartment with Brian, who I learned was also 24. He bartended and played in a band when he wasn't auditioning for Broadway shows. The 3 guys shared an apartment because it was so expensive to live in New York City.

I didn't go *with* Scott of course. Unlike his basketball friends, people at work knew Mike, so we obviously couldn't be open about seeing each other. But, people knew me and Scotty were buds, so they weren't surprised when we showed up together.

It wasn't just I was married to Mike either. Scotty was a partner, and he was my boss. We had to be careful because if people found out we were dating, he might have problems with HR.

I socialized with Vince and Steve – for example, they were at Stowe – but I was kind of standoffish too. They were both VGL (very good looking) but I was their boss. They worked for me, so I tried to keep it professional.

They were young too. Five years younger than me. Yes, Joey was even younger, but normally I was attracted to older men, or at least guys my age. I was 29. Mike was 30. Scott was 37. You get my point. So even if I had been single, I wouldn't have been interested in Vince or Scott (or Brian for that matter).

I found out when we got there that it was a big party with the other apartments on their floor, and the ones below. So, there were a lot of people there crowding the apartments, the hallways and the stairwell that connected the 2 floors. It felt like a college dorm party. I found it exciting!

"Think anyone here has their cock in a cage?" Scott whispered to me with an evil mischievous grin on his face.

"Shut up," I said with a laugh, elbowing him in the chest.

Scott laughed. “Here wait,” he said. With people crowded around us, Scott hugged me close and took a selfie of us. “Send it to Mike,” he told me. “Tell him how much fun you’re having with me.”

“God,” I said with another laugh. I texted the picture to Mike, with the message: “Having an awesome time with Scotty. See you tomorrow. ILY, Jen.”

“Bet Mike wishes he could jerk off to that picture,” Scott joked.

“Just stop,” I told him with another laugh and punch of his arm.

Sometimes Scott touched my breast. Well, specifically, just below my left breast. I wasn’t wearing a bra (I usually went braless for him) so he was able to rub the 55 over my blouse. He was subtle about it, people didn’t notice. He always smiled at me when he did it.

Scott cornered me at the party and put his hand over my left breast. He rubbed the 55 with his thumb. “We’re going to make this permanent,” he said with a grin.

“No, we’re not,” I said with a laugh, pushing his hand away. We were surrounded by lots of people after all. Touching happened at parties like this, people don’t think anything of it, but I couldn’t let him keep touching me. People *would* notice then.

“Why not?”

“Um, my husband?” I said with a *hello?* tone of voice. “Mike would go ballistic. He hates tats anyways. He doesn’t want me to get inked up. The love tat and the sun and moon tat I have are already too many for him.”

“I caged his cock,” Scott said. “I’ll get him to agree to this too.”

“Yeah well”

“If Mike wasn’t around, would you get inked for me?” Scott asked.

“Mike *is* around.”

“I’m saying hypothetically.”

I shrugged. “I got inked with the love tat for Colin,” I said.

“So you *did* get tatted for Colin,” Scott said with a *gotcha* tone of voice.

I shrugged again. “Mike knows it was partly for Colin,” I said. “But mostly for me.”

“When you get inked permanently with my initials, he’ll know is 100% for me,” Scott said with a grin.

“Oh, he will, will he?” I said with a laugh.

“And I wanna get the love tat removed,” Scott said. “The only ink on

your body will be mine.”

“I like the love tat,” I said.

“I don’t care,” Scott said looking into my eyes. “Your body belongs to me.”

I stared into Scott’s face. Yes, at that moment, my panties were soaking. I got off being possessed. Being dominated. Being owned.

Scotty and I got separated. It was for the best, as we couldn’t hang next to each other the entire party. I found myself talking to Brian. He began hitting on me really hard. He saw my wedding ring but that didn’t deter him at all. I could tell Vince and Steve were mortified their roommate was hitting on their boss. While I was standoffish to Vince and Steve, I was dismissive and borderline bitchy to Brian. But really it was an act. Actually I was having fun with all the attention. And Brian was an absolute cutie, definitely VGL.

I was drinking too much. Brian kept refilling my red Solo cup. But everyone else was too. They turned off the lights in the hallways. The music was loud and hot, so people started dancing. I found myself dancing with Brian. He was a freaking incredible dancer. Over the loud music he shouted he majored in dance. I thought that was so awesome. That he majored in dance, and that he wasn’t gay. Just joking!

Brian and I danced to seriously sick African tribal beats. Brian grinded against me. I could tell he was fit in addition to being a cutie. He touched me as we danced, and I didn’t stop him. If he wasn’t sure before, very quickly he found out I was braless. Soon we were both sweating from all the dancing.

We went to a kitchen – I’m not sure which apartment – and he poured me vodka with ice. I threw in seltzer because if I drank straight vodka, I’d get seriously drunk. Well, more drunk because I was already tipsy. I’d get annihilated.

Vince and Steve seemed amused by it. I was slurring my words and really letting my hair down and they’d never seen me this way. I tried to still act standoffish around them, but it was hard being so drunk and with their roommate Brian hitting on me so hard. A part of me wondered where Scott was.

I was still acting the prissy bitch to Brian, but now he knew I was just pretending so he laughed at me. The little shit. He was seriously cute. He

moved into my space like he was going to kiss me, and I might have let him, but Vince and Steve were there. I moved back a step.

The 3 boys – can you call 24-year-olds boys? -- were looking at my tits. I was braless, my blouse was thin, and I was sweating from the dancing. I'm sure my nipples were showing. Their looking got me wet.

My head was spinning from all the vodka and dancing. Brian offered me some weed and that didn't help. I told the boys I had to pee and left them. When I came out of the bathroom – again, I didn't know whose apartment it was – Scotty was there. He pulled me into a bedroom. Then he was all over me.

He kissed me open mouth. He tongued me. He fondled my body. I kissed and touched him back. Flirting and dancing with Brian had gotten me hot. I think Scott was as drunk as me. And as horny too. Maybe he'd been flirting with a pretty girl. I didn't care if another girl got his dick hard, as long as *I* was the one he fucked with it.

Scotty hurriedly pulled off my blouse and skirt, never taking his lips off mine. I was freaking naked in just stockings and high heels when we fell onto a pile of coats on the bed. A voice inside me said this wasn't a good idea. There was a party going on right outside the bedroom door. And the door wasn't locked. But my body was burning, and I wanted Scott to fuck me.

Scott pulled out his cock and pushed into me. I grunted as he penetrated me. There was that familiar feeling of resistance, of pleasure and pain, and then my pussy opened up and he slid in. Slowly, with resistance, but he slid in. After fucking him regularly for weeks now, almost every day, my pussy was definitely getting used to his size.

Scotty put my legs over his shoulders and pounded me. God I loved it. He leaned down and kissed me, and I pushed my tongue into his mouth, wanting all of him.

Suddenly I sensed movement around us. I looked to the side. Fuck! There were people in the room! Including Vince and Steve!

“Shit, is that Jen?” someone said. I looked for the voice. It was Brian!

“Vince! Steve! Get these people out of here!” Scott yelled. The two 24-year-olds looked at each other, not sure what to do.

“Hey that's my coat,” someone in the crowd said.

“Vince! Steve! Now!” Scott ordered. You have to remember, Vince

and Steve worked for me, but we all worked for Scott.

Vince and Steve hurriedly ushered everyone out of the bedroom. They locked the door.

“Ah, Scott?” Vince asked, looking at me and then Scott.

Scott read his mind. He grinned and said, “Yeah you can stay.”

“Scott,” I said, trying to wiggle from him. Vince and Steve worked for me! They knew Mike! I didn’t want them to see me like this.

But there wasn’t anything I could do. I was freaking impaled on Scott’s big dick! And he had my legs over his shoulders! The combination made it impossible for me to move. I felt helpless. And humiliated.

“God ... Jen ...,” Steve said. The words came out like a moan. He was standing next to the bed, barely a foot from me. So was Vince, and Brian too. They were looking at my tits. It reminded me I was naked except for stockings and high heels.

“Hey bro, check this out,” Scott said to them, a big grin on his face. He pulled all the way out, and pushed in. My head rolled back, and I moaned. He chuckled and said “Jenny’s a slut for big cock.”

Brian chuckled too. Vince and Steve looked uncomfortable. I was their boss after all. I’m sure they never expected to see me like this.

“What’s under her tit?” Brian asked, looking at my left breast.

Scott pushed my breast up to give them a clearer look. “My number on my basketball team,” he told them. “And my initials.” My face reddened as he talked about me like I wasn’t there. With his freaking cock inside me.

“What about Mike?” Vince asked disbelievingly.

“What about Mike,” Scott said with a derisive laugh. Brian laughed too. Vince and Steve smiled uncomfortably.

Scott began moving inside me again. He also squeezed my breasts and thumbed my nipples. With so much stimulation there was no way to stop my moans. “You love my big cock, don’t you Jenny?” he said grinning down at me.

My cheeks flushed red. It wasn’t enough to fuck me in front of Vince and Steve, he wanted me to talk. But the way he was looking at me, I didn’t feel like I had a choice. So, breathing hard, I said “Yeah, I love your freaking big cock.” I glanced at my junior account execs. Vince and Steve looked uncomfortable, but they were sporting big hard-ons in their pants.

“Take out your cocks, go ahead,” Scott said as he continued to long stroke my pussy with his big cock. Brian hurriedly unzipped his pants and

took out his cock. Vince and Steve hesitated. But then they followed their roommate's lead (and the order of their boss's boss) and took out their cocks. All three began stroking themselves.

I tried not to look but they were right there, not a foot away from my face. Brian was the biggest of the 3. Vince and Steve were about the same size, although Steve was thicker. None were as big as Scott – or Joey. All three were bigger than Mike.

They were stroking themselves in sync with Scott fucking me. God the scene was so fucked up. I wondered if Scott was just going to let them look, or do something else. I was completely at his mercy.

Scott handed his iPhone to Vince. "Take video bro. Make sure to get Jenny's face."

Vince looked at me, as if waiting for my permission. I looked helplessly at him, but didn't object. He took Scott's phone and began recording it.

Then Scott raised the ante even more when he said "One of you, stick your cock in her mouth."

Brian didn't hesitate. Before I could say anything, he pulled my head to him and pushed his cock into my mouth. He wasn't as big as Scott but he was still plenty big. He was an aggressive shit and pushed down my throat. He made me gag. Scott laughed and said "Go ahead, fuck her face. She's a cum slut. She loves it."

Brian didn't have to be asked twice. It was a first for me, a cock in my pussy and another in my mouth. Getting fucked at both ends. My head was spinning with lust.

Steve hesitantly reached his hands out.

"Yeah bro, go ahead and feel her up," Scott said encouragingly.

Steve was breathing hard, hunger in his eyes. He cupped my breasts, squeezing and fondling me. Then he pinched and thumbed my hard nipples.

That sent me over the edge. My body shuddered on Scott's shaft, and I moaned with Brian's cock stuffed in my mouth. "Bro, you fucking made her cum!" Scott said gleefully, and he did high fives with Steve and Brian. My cheeks flushed red, even more humiliated at having cum at Steve's touch.

Scott looked at Vince who was still videoing. "Did you get that?" he asked. "Her face when she came?"

"Yeah, yeah," Vince assured him. He was panting. With one hand he was recording me with Scott's iPhone, with his other he was stroking

himself.

“Get into the action bro,” Scott told Vince. Vince hesitantly looked at me. It didn’t surprise me that Vince was the last to touch me. Of all my team, he was the most reserved, almost shy. And I knew he saw me as his mentor, even more than Steve who was a more independent go-getter. Still, I wasn’t able to say yes or no to Vince, because Brian was still fucking my mouth.

Vince tentatively reached for my leg (he was still recording with his other hand). My legs were still over Scott’s shoulders. Vince caressed my calf, and then my knee, and then my thigh. He stroked his thumb over the lace of my stocking tops. Then he touched the bare skin of my thigh above the stockings. His body shuddered when he touched my bare skin.

Scott was carefully watching what Vince was doing. “Jenny, I think Vince here has a serious crush on you,” he said with a chuckle. He turned his attention to Vince. “What do you think of her tat? You didn’t know she had that right?”

Scott was talking about my Love tattoo. Of course Vince never saw it. I had to be naked (like now) or wearing a really skimpy string bikini for it to be visible.

Vince shook his head, his eyes now mesmerized on my Love tat, and my pussy a couple inches over. He ran his finger over my Love tat. Then he trailed his fingers towards my pussy. I was stuffed with Scott’s cock inside me, but Vince didn’t seem to mind. By now my clit was hard and easily visible. Vince rubbed my clit with his fingertip.

“Ugh, god!” I cried as I came again, my moans muffled by Brian’s cock still in my mouth. My back arched and my body convulsed as my orgasm shot through my body. My orgasm sent Brian over the edge, and he came in my mouth. My throat muscles worked overtime to swallow down his load. Still, some of his cum dribbled out of my mouth, coating my lips and dripping down my cheek and neck.

Brian pulled his softening dick from my mouth, and I was finally able to breath. I was panting, as I was coming down from my orgasm. I had never felt so humiliated in my life. Both Steve and now Vince – junior execs who worked for me – had made me cum. And my lips and neck were coated with their roommate’s sperm.

I was still panting, trying to catch my breath, when Scott looked at Vince and Steve and said, “You wanna fuck her?”

Time seemed to stop as the 24-year-old boys processed the concept of fucking their boss. Scott said, “You got a condom?”

Steve was the first to recover. As Scott pulled out of me, Steve got a condom from his wallet and sheathed himself. He got between my legs and used his hand to position himself at my pussy lips. Steve pushed in and fucked me hard. He came after just a few moments. My head was spinning too much to notice if he was careful about pulling out. For all I knew the condom fell off and he left a load of sperm inside me.

“Your turn,” Scott said to Vince. Vince handed Scott’s phone to Brian, who kept videoing.

Then, like Steve, Vince got between my legs and put a condom on. I had a closer bond with Vince. I was his mentor. He would never hurt me. So, he looked at me and asked, “Can I?”

I was beyond the point of caring at that point. I was in slut mode. I wanted more cock.

“Yeah,” I told him. “Go ahead. Fuck me, Vince. I want you to. Make me cum.”

Vince pushed in. He lasted longer than Steve. And, to my surprise, he was a better lover. I *did* cum on Vince’s cock. Then he came. Once again, I hoped he was careful pulling out, but I was in no condition to check.

Brian moved to take Vince’s place, but Scott held him back. He looked disappointed that he wasn’t going to get his turn to fuck me. Scott pushed back into me. I grunted, as there was a noticeable difference between Scott’s cock and Vince and Steve’s (although both guys were bigger than Mike – they just weren’t porn star big like Scott).

I was impaled on Scott’s cock when he rolled over, so now he was on his back, and I was on top of him. My eyes went wide when Scott said “Brian, put on a condom and fuck Jenny’s ass.”

So, there it was. My first gang bang. And my first double penetration. Triple actually. Because, with Scott’s urging and permission, Vince and Steve took turns with my mouth as Scott and Brian fucked my pussy and ass.

I lost count of the number of times I came. I never imagined so much cock in all my holes. They passed Scott’s phone around. More than once I heard Scott say “Make sure you get her face in the picture.”

Scott was the only one to cum in my pussy. The other guys took off their condoms and came all over me. Mostly on my face. Scotty took a

picture of me after everyone was done. My face and hair were soaking with cum. Vince, Steve and Brian took pictures and video of me on their phones too. They all made sure to get my face in the pictures and videos.

Somehow Scott got me to his place. Frankly I don't remember, I must have passed out. When I woke up the next morning, I was dressed but covered in dried cum. It was everywhere. My face, neck and pussy. Matted in my hair. Scott was passed out next to me. Apparently, he dressed me and got me home, but was too drunk (just like me) to clean me.

I had a terrible headache. My stomach was queasy. It was worse than a hangover. I had a major migraine (I get them sometimes). Migraines are horrible. They're debilitating. I needed to get home. I needed Mike. He knew how to take care of me.

Somehow, I staggered out of Scott's apartment and got a taxi home (Scott was still passed out when I left). I looked and reeked of sex. While the driver kept looking at me in the mirror, he thankfully didn't say or try anything. When I got home, I was sobbing as I fell into Mike's arms.

CHAPTER 5 – MONTH 2

Mike took care of me. He could tell I'd been royally fucked. But he held off asking questions. He washed me. He pampered me. He's the only person in the world who knew how to treat my migraines. It was a combination of liquids, Advil and Aleve, food, sleep, and rubbing my neck and temples,. He knew exactly what to do. By mid-afternoon I was starting to feel like among the living again.

When I was feeling better, Mike asked "How many?"

"What?"

"How many were they?"

I looked at Mike. Then I said "Four."

He slowly nodded, processing that. "Scott and?"

"Vince and Steve. And their roommate Brian," I told him.

"God," Mike lamented sourly. "So now everyone at your work will know."

I hesitated, then said "It's worse. They took pictures and video."

"Did they get your face?" he asked, alarmed.

I nodded. "But they're cool guys," I assured him. "Don't worry. I'll handle it. Scotty will help me."

Mike slowly nodded. I could tell he wasn't satisfied by that answer, but at the moment there wasn't anything we could do. He asked, "So what did they do, exactly?"

I told Mike everything. Everything I remembered. After I was done, he said "God." There was disbelief in his voice. I got that. I got gangbanged last night. 4 guys. 4 cocks. And double penetrated. Triple penetrated. I couldn't believe it either.

Mike was silent for a few moments as he processed it all. Then he asked "How did it feel? With 2 guys inside you?"

"I mean ... it hurt at first," I said with a helpless smile. "You know how big Scott is. When Brian pushed into my ass, I thought they were going

to tear me apart. It made Scott feel even bigger, with Brian inside me. It hurt. But then it started feeling good.”

“I thought you didn’t like it in the ass,” he said.

“Well ... I’ve kinda gotten used to it,” I told him. Scott was fucking me regularly in the ass now. Once a week, at least. And he was huge.

It took me a while to get used to it. But I like it now. I knew it was hard for Mike to accept.

He was right, I didn’t *use* to like it. In fact, he’s never been in my ass. He tried once but I told him I didn’t like it. Because he’s such a nice guy, and cares about me so much, he never tried again. He never pressured me, ever. He’s always treated me like his goddess, even during those years he didn’t call me his “goddess.”

But Scott never asked my permission. He didn’t listen or care when I protested. He just did it.

Now he’s got me used to it. And now I like it.

So yeah ... when Brian pushed his cock into my ass, I liked it.

Mike was silent for a few moments. Then he asked, “Did you cum?” I nodded. “I came so hard,” I told him. “Then Vince and Steve took turns with my mouth. It was ... so freaking crazy.”

“How many times did you cum?”

“Honestly Mike I don’t know,” I admitted with a helpless smile.

“But a lot?”

“Yes.”

“Would you do it again?”

“Well, it would’ve been nice if it wasn’t people I work with,” I said with a half laugh.

“But you got off on that,” Mike said knowingly. “It was humiliating when Vince and Steve made you cum. And fucked you, and came on your face.”

“Yeah ...,” I admitted. “I don’t know how I’m going to face them Monday.”

“But you said they’re cool guys.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. I was leaning into Mike as we spoke, his arm around me. I reached into his pants and took out his cock. His cock was soft in the cage. Well, maybe a little stiff. His penis was pressing somewhat against the hard clear plastic. But definitely not hard. It wasn’t possible for

him to get hard. The cage was actually smaller than his cock when it was hard.

“Are you turned on?” I asked.

“I’m out of my mind turned on,” Mike said with a laugh. It wasn’t a ha-ha laugh. “This thing won’t let me get hard.”

“I don’t want another ruined orgasm,” he said with a helpless grin. “But I really want you right now.” He was caressing my back and ass, and breathing hard. I could tell he was really horny.

“Mike, Scotty has both keys,” I told him honestly. I couldn’t free his cock even if I wanted to.

“Not like you need my cock anyway, right?” he said sourly.

I was still looking at his cock in the rigid plastic cage. It looked so small, especially compared to what I got last night. “Mike baby, I just want to snuggle,” I said, snuggling into his arm.

“Answer my question,” Mike pressed. “At this moment, you have no desire for my cock. You’re not horny at all.”

Our rule was “*always the truth, and no sugar coating it.*” So, I said “At this moment, no.”

“But if Scott was here, you’d fuck him,” he said. “You’d *want* to fuck him, right?”

“Yes,” I told my husband honestly. I kissed his cheek. “I’m sorry. That’s just how I’m feeling now.”

“It’s okay,” Mike said. Despite looking sad, he hugged me tighter. “Thanks for telling me the truth.”

With my head pressed against his chest, I could hear his heart pounding. He was clearly turned on. Yet, his cock wasn’t erect. It was stiff somewhat and pressing against the plastic of the cage, but definitely not hard.

Seeing me looking at his caged cock, Mike asked “Were those guys bigger than me?”

Mike’s question didn’t surprise me. He’s obsessed with comparing himself to other men. “Yes, they’re bigger,” I told him. “Scotty told me, if you’re caged a long time, you might get smaller. The spongy part might lose elasticity. Did you know that?”

Mike looked at me for long moments. Then he nodded. “I’ve read that,” he said. “I guess you’ll really need other men then to get off.”

Mike was in major game playing mode now, so there was excitement instead of anger or bitterness in his words.

“I guess so,” I told him as I stared into his eyes.

Mike moaned at my answer. “I really need you Jen,” he said, breathing hard. He was rubbing my thigh. He looked desperate for sex. “Please,” he begged.

I felt sorry for him. But I liked when he begged. It meant I was his everything. I liked that.

“I don’t have the key,” I told him again. “Anyways, you have to ask Scott.”

At that moment my phone rang. I picked it up. It was Scott.

I gave Mike a tight smile. Then I pulled away from his arm and moved a few steps away. I brushed my hair behind my ear and said, “Hey shithead.”

“Shithead?”

“You heard me,” I said tersely.

“Where are you?” Scott asked.

“Not with you,” I said. He didn’t answer. I could tell he was getting mad.

I didn’t want to argue. So, I said, “I was major hung over, and I had a migraine. You were still passed out when I left. Mike helped me feel better.” I smiled gratefully at my husband.

“Okay, well, then thank Mike for taking care of my girl,” Scott said with a smile in his voice.

“Okay, yeah, I’ll definitely do that,” I said sarcastically.

“Last night was epic,” Scott said.

“That’s one word for it,” I said with a frown.

“So, I’ll be over at 6 tonight?” he said, referring to our standard Saturday night date.

“I don’t think I want to see you,” I said.

“Why not?”

“Why the fuck do you think Scott?” I snapped.

I sensed Scott getting angry again. He said, “I told you, your body belongs to me. Last night I felt like gang banging you. Don’t tell me you didn’t love it. How many times did you cum? You loved it.”

I was silent for long moments. My breathing got heavier, and I felt tingling in my panties. I whispered “It was Vince and Steve. How am I going to face them Monday? And they took video. Pictures of me.”

“Don’t worry about them,” Scott said sounding unconcerned. “I’ll

take care of it.”

“How?”

“I’ll tell you when I see you. I’ll be over at 6. Okay?”

I hesitated a long moment. Then I whispered, “Okay.”

“That’s my girl,” Scott said. “We’ll stay in. Take it easy. Watch a movie. I’ll bring carryout.” After a moment, he added, “Hey Jenny ... You know I only did last night because I knew you’d love it. I care about you. A lot.”

I hesitated for a moment, processing his words. Then I remembered my husband.

I held my hand over the phone and said to Mike, “Do you want to ask Scott?” When he hesitated, I said “Mike baby, you have to ask him now. Or else he might not bring the key.”

Mike hesitated some more. Then finally he reached for the phone. After more hesitation, he said “Scott this is Mike.”

I moved closer to hear Scott’s end of the call. “Hey bro,” he said good naturedly.

“Scott ...,” Mike began. “Tonight – can you bring the key?”

I could practically hear Scott shaking his head disapprovingly.

“Mike, if you want to ask me, you have to ask me,” he said with a frown in his voice.

Mike took a deep breath. He clenched his eyes shut. It was like he was in physical pain. Finally though, he said in a voice so low it was barely a whisper “Can you let me out tonight? So I can have sex with my wife?”

“See bro, was that so hard?” Scott said cheerfully. “Sure Mike, I’ll bring the key.”

After we hung up, I rubbed Mike’s back consolingly. I was pretty sure I knew what he was thinking. Trying to make him feel better, I said “It’s just a game Mike. It doesn’t make you less of a man.”

“It feels that way,” he said.

“You’re my man Mike,” I assured him. “You’re the same man I married.”

“But you have no desire for me,” he said.

I wasn’t going to lie to him. “Mike baby that’s different,” I said rubbing his back. “What matters is how I feel, right? And I love you.”

Mike watched me get ready for my date with Scott. Actually, there

wasn't much to see. I showered and did my hair and makeup. Mike intently watched me as I crisscrossed the hair next to my face into a single braid, the way Scott liked it. He watched as I took out Scott's diamond earrings from my ears, washed them in solution, and put them back in. I washed my wedding and engagement rings – Mike's rings – the same way. I slipped them back onto the ring finger of my left hand.

I wore black leggings and an oversized sweater. No bra of course. Nothing under the leggings. And socks. I was casual because we were just Hulu-ing it. Still, the leggings showed off my ass and legs, my best features. And the oversized sweater gave Scott a lot of room underneath to roam around.

I melted into Scott when he arrived. I was surprised how much I missed him since we'd been apart less than 12 hours. I guess there was still a lot of NRE there. I'd already forgiven him for last night. He was right. I had loved it. I had cum a lot. I trusted him about Steve and Vince, and the videos and pictures.

We kissed and fondled. From the way he acted, it was clear Scotty missed me too, which made me feel good. I forced myself to pull away and looked at Mike. God he looked so horny. Desperate even. "Give me the key Scott," I whispered into his ear. "I need to take care of Mike before he explodes."

Scott chuckled. He gave me the key and then whispered back "Just your hand. And after he goes back in the cage." I nodded.

I took Mike's hand and led him to our bedroom. I closed the door to give us privacy. We got on the bed, and I pulled down his pants and boxers. I showed him the gold key. "I'm only allowed to use my hand," I told him. "And after I have to put the cage back on."

Mike looked bothered but by that point he was so desperate he was willing to agree to anything. When he nodded I unlocked the cage and took it off. I expected his cock to get hard immediately but it stayed soft. I wondered if maybe he was already starting to get smaller. But when I touched him he got hard. "Go slow, I don't want to cum too fast," he said. I nodded and stroked him slow.

"Take off your sweater," he said.

"Okay, but tell me when you cum, I don't want to get it in my hair," I said as I pulled off the sweater. "Sorry, it's just ---."

"It's okay, I get it," he said. He was breathing hard as I stroked him.

“It feels so good,” he moaned. His eyes were heavy lidded with lust. He was looking at my tits. He reached out and cupped me, and then stroked the 55 tat under my left breast with his fingertip.

“Are you going to make it permanent?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “Scott wants me to.”

Mike moaned at my words. “That’s what he said?”

“Yeah. Last night.”

“What would you tell people when they see it?” he asked.

“Well, I’m not planning to go topless around people,” I joked.

“They might see it when you’re wearing a bikini,” he pointed out.

I thought about it. I remembered reading something. I said “There’s a thing call Angel Numbers. It’s a spiritual thing. 55 is supposed to be extra powerful, because it’s two 5s. So I’d say that. It’s a positive energy thing.”

“But if you inked yourself for real, Scott would know you did it for him,” Mike said.

“That’s because I *would* be doing it for him,” I said. “Is that what you want?”

“You inked yourself for Colin,” he said.

“So, you want me to get a little tattoo for each of my lovers? If we keep playing the game I might end up with a lot of tats.” I smiled to let him know I was joking.

Mike’s answer surprised me. He said “Just the ones you fall in love with.”

I stared at him.

“I’m going to cum,” he said breathlessly.

I nodded. I firmed up my grip and stroked him faster.

“Let me cum in your mouth,” he said pleadingly.

“You know I can’t do that,” I told him. “Scotty said only my hand.”

I stroked him faster. Then I pointed his cock to the side so he wouldn’t cum on me. I knew Scott wouldn’t like that. Moments later Mike grunted loudly and came.

CHAPTER 6 – MONTH 2

I gave the key to Scott. He took it and put his arm around me. Hugging me to him, he grinned at Mike and said, “See buddy, life’s good now, right?”

I knew Scott was just dicking with Mike. So I smiled at my husband and reached out and squeezed his hand, hoping to make him feel better. Mike squeezed my hand back, but his eyes were on Scott’s arm around me.

I gently pulled away from Scott. I said “Scott, about last night. Vince and Steve –.”

“Jenny, I’ve got it covered,” Scott assured me. “I took care of it. You don’t have anything to worry about. And they deleted the pictures and videos too.”

“So, the only ones left are the ones on your phone,” Mike said.

“That’s right bro. And you want copies, right? Here you go,” Scott said good-naturedly. He handed his iPhone to Mike. Mike frowned, I think because he was surprised (or maybe disappointed) that Scott was being so agreeable. Mike airdropped the videos and pictures to his phone.

I wanted to say, “See Mike, Scott’s really nice, this’ll all work out.” But I knew he hated when I said nice things about Scott. So I didn’t say anything.

Mike asked “Why’d you insist they get Jen’s face in the videos?”

“Because porn’s not hot if you can’t see the chick’s face,” Scott said with that agreeable voice again. “And I knew you’d especially want to see Jenny’s face in the videos.”

Now Mike looked really surprised. Scott was being really nice to him. Again though I didn’t say anything. Although, I did squeeze Scott’s hand, to let him know I was grateful he was being so nice to Mike.

After eating the Chinese carryout Scott brought, we settle in to watch a movie. We found a romantic comedy. It was an old movie, “About Last Night” with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore. I sat between Scott and Mike on

the sofa. Scott had his arm me and I was snuggled into him, which I thought was fair since this was our date night. But I also held Mike's hand on and off, so he knew I wasn't ignoring him.

As we watched Scotty caressed the back of my neck, turning me on. I moved my hand to his thigh and softly rubbed back and forth. He was hard. His erection went halfway down his thigh. I wondered how he was able to fit it all in his Levi's.

There's a scene in the movie where Rob is making out with Demi. He pulls off her top and bra and for a few moments you can see her breasts. "I thought Demi had big tits," Scott said.

"I think she got a boob job," I said.

"Shit Jen, Demi's as flat as you," Scott said as he watched the Demi / Rob sex scene.

"Jen's perfect," Mike said. "Demi looked a lot better before she got bigger breasts."

I smiled at Mike. He was the nicest, most considerate person I knew, and he always gave me 100% unconditional love and support. Scott, on the other hand, was an ass, even though sometimes he was a nice ass. Still, at that moment I had my hand over Scott's erection. I thought about it. Asshole with huge cock, versus really nice guy with a little dick. The thought made me giggle inside. I knew what I wanted. I squeezed Scott's hard-on and looked up at him. He took my invitation. He leaned down and kissed me. We didn't make it to the end of the movie.

Instead we went to the bedroom. I told Scott I was really sore from last night and he was gentle. He was on top, moving in me. But he was slow and gentle, and he didn't try to push in too much, just maybe half his shaft. Still it was a lot and I felt full. That feeling of fullness, combined with seeing the huge part of his cock outside me, really emphasized how big Scott was. He truly had a freaking amazing cock.

I noticed Mike walk into the room. Scott did too. He said to me "Maybe Mike wants to get into the game."

I looked at Scott. Was he going to include Mike, like a threesome? I didn't know how Mike would feel about that. His fantasy was to watch, not participate. But that always left him feeling neglected and left out. Maybe Scott was offering him an olive branch.

"Come here baby," I said reaching out for my husband. Mike came over to the bed and took my hand. Then his hand went to my breast and he

fondled me. He looked down at my pussy. Scotty was continuing to move in and out of me, slowly, with just half his shaft. Probably this was the closest Mike had ever been with Scott fucking me. His eyes were just a couple feet from my pussy. He seemed mesmerized by Scott's cock pushing in and out of me.

"Jenny, take out Mike's cock," Scott said as he continued to slowly fuck me.

I looked at Mike. He had a neutral expression on his face. I wasn't wired like him, so it was hard sometimes to figure out what turned him on. But I knew it got him hot when I compared his cock to Scott's. So I undid Mike's belt and zipper. He helped by pushing his pants and boxers down. Mike's cock was out now. He wasn't in the cage, so he was hard again.

"Take off your shirt baby," I told him, because he looked silly standing there in just his shirt with nothing else below. Mike took off his shirt. Now we were all naked.

"Watch this Mike," Scott said. With his next push in, Scott didn't stop halfway. Instead he slowly pushed all the way into me, until his balls were pressing against my ass. I clenched my teeth at the fullness, and the way it stretched me. It hurt a little, but that was mostly because of last night. It wasn't too bad, and I actually liked the feeling of fullness, and the stretching. I always did with Scotty.

Scott stayed buried inside me. "Feel her stomach bro," he told Mike. He took Mike's wrist and put his palm on my stomach. "That's my cock you're feeling."

"Pretty sick right?" Scott said grinning at Mike. "My cock's hit a wall. It's got a door though. That's what it feels like. Know what that is?"

"Jen's cervix," Mike said.

"That's right," Scott said, still grinning at Mike. "I can actually push inside." Scott grabbed my thighs and put my legs over his shoulders. That allowed him to get deeper inside me. "I have to push hard," he said. He dug his toes in the mattress for leverage, and his brow was creased with exertion. "It's tight," he gasped. "But yeah." Smashing Jen's thighs against his chest, he pushed harder. "Yeah. There. I think I'm inside."

Mike looked at me. I knew what he was thinking. Scott's cockhead was inside my cervix. If he came now, he'd shoot millions of his sperm directly into my womb, splashing inside me, greatly increasing the chance of pregnancy. I was on the pill. But still

“Not so much baby,” I gently told Scott. “I’m still sore.” I was sore too. But also, I was close to ovulating. I should have made Scott wear a condom. I would have too, if I’d known he was going to do this.

Scott smiled at me and nodded. He slowly pulled out. Mike’s eyes were on Scott’s cock. He slowly pulled out, inch by inch. His thick veiny shaft glistened with our combined juices.

My pussy was stretched so tight around Scott’s shaft that my inner lips stretched out as he pulled out. That suction touched a lot of nerve endings and it felt incredibly good. I was breathing hard and moaned as he pulled out. So did Scott.

It was just freaking amazing what Scotty could do to me with his beautiful cock. It wasn’t just the ultimate pleasure of an orgasm. He was so long he reached places inside me no other man had every touched. And he was so thick he caressed so many of my pleasure spots, places I didn’t even know existed before. Penetration sex with Scott was an exciting smorgasbord of delicious and delightful sensations capped with ultimate mind-blowing orgasmic pleasure.

Then my eyes drifted to Mike’s cock. I had not put the cage back on. He was hard again. His pale cock was four inches maybe. And thin.

When I looked at Scott on top of me -- his handsome face, the stiff cords in his neck, his pecs, muscular arms, six pack, his super sexy V, and his long thick cock halfway inside me – god he was such a man!

Then I looked at Mike. My sweet Mike. Thin. Not out of shape, but soft where Scott was hard and defined. And his cock. Four inches and thin. And normally in a cock cage. Mike was so different from the man who was inside me.

I told Mike before, being caged didn’t make him less of a man. Having a small penis didn’t make him less of a man. But with both Mike and Scott right there, next to each other, it was impossible not to compare them. With Scott’s big cock inside me, and Mike’s little hard cock. Yes, my husband was a man. But he wasn’t a man like Scott.

Scott began moving inside me again. Back and forth, back and forth. He pushed in farther, not all the way, but farther. He reached up and cupped my tits. He fondled me and pinched my nipples. I winced even as pleasure shot through me. Scotty was an awesome good lover and he was really getting to know my body.

Scotty leaned forward so now my thighs were smashed against my tits

and his chest. He kissed me, even as he began ramming me really hard and fast. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back, open mouth with a lot of tongue.

He was going to make me cum. I was almost there. I was moaning into his mouth. He reached under me. He rammed a finger into my ass. That sent me over the edge. I screamed as my body exploded. It was a freaking incredible orgasm. I saw stars. I freaking saw stars in my eyes. After the wildness of last night I expected our sex to be laid back, but this was maybe the best orgasm of my life.

Scott tenderly kissed me as I panted and recovered from my orgasm. “I love you Jenny,” he said to me softly.

“I love you too Scotty,” I said, still panting. At that moment, I really did love him. At least, that’s how it felt. When someone gives you that much pleasure, you can’t help but love him.

I was still panting when Scotty leaned back up. “I’m about to cum,” he said to Mike. I looked over. Mike was still there. I’d forgotten about him. I know that sounds horrible, but I’d been so in the moment with Scotty, it just happened.

“Mike, record this,” Scotty said. He handed Mike his iPhone. “Something for our collection,” he said with a grin at Mike.

Mike took Scott’s iPhone and began recording. He was still naked.

“Make sure to get Jen’s face in the picture,” Scott said as he moved back and forth inside me. His face looked labored. I knew he was about to cum.

Mike moved a little behind Scott and to the side, so now my body and face were in the picture. Scott released my legs from his shoulders, so now Mike had a clearer view of my pussy too.

Scott continued to move in and out of me. He was moving slow. Mike was taking close ups of my pussy getting fucked, and then wider angles of my face and Scotty fucking me.

“Okay, here we go,” Scott said breathlessly. “Point it at Jen’s pussy and my cock.” Scott pushed in, and then he slowly – slowly – pulled all the way out, except for his cockhead and maybe an inch of his shaft. “Oh god!” he cried as he came. He was still only an inch inside me, so you could see his glistening shaft and his balls tighten and release as he ejaculated inside me. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Scott cried with each shot of his sperm into me, with each bolt of pleasure through his muscular body.

Finally he was done. He was breathing hard, supporting his hard body with his arms on either side of me. His cock was still hard, and he still had just his cockhead and an inch of shaft inside me.

“Are you still recording?” Scott asked Mike. When Mike nodded, he said “Focus on Jenny’s pussy again. Are you ready?”

When Mike nodded again, Scott slowly pulled out. My pussy lips held onto him again, especially his fat cockhead. When my lips finally released him there was an audible pop. And then there was a flood of his sperm flowing out of my pussy, down between my ass cheeks and then onto the bed.

“That’s a good one,” Scott said smiling at Mike. “I’ll be watching that again. How about you buddy?”

Mike barely nodded. He had a frown on his face.

The after-sex part was always awkward, with my body still tangled with Scott’s, and Mike watching. Also – and I think every girl will understand this – after the intimacy of intercourse, you inevitably have immense feelings for your lover at that moment, especially if you’re with a guy you already have feelings for, so you want to spend a little snuggle time with him. So I was happy when Mike offered to make us drinks. I promised him we’d be out in a few minutes.

“That was awesome Scott,” I whispered after Mike was gone. “I mean, god”

“Me too,” Scott gushed, smiling at me. “I don’t think I’ve been so sexually in sync with anyone before.”

“Yeah,” I said softly, looking down and smiling. I hesitantly said “We still have to talk about yesterday.”

“You’re on a journey and I’m trying to explore things with you,” Scott said simply.

“Yeah but ... a gang bang? Double penetration? I’ve never done that before,” I said with a helpless smile.

“More like triple penetration,” he joked. He said “I thought about – what would you call it? Quad penetration?”

“Um, exactly how would that work?” I said with a skeptical look.

“Me in your ass,” Scott said with an evil grin at me. “Brian in your mouth. Vince and Steve in your pussy.”

“Two guys in my pussy?” I said incredulously. “Are you freaking out of your mind?”

Four cocks? Two in my pussy? Was he crazy? Still, the thought made me shiver.

Scott laughed. I smiled. I liked to hear him laugh.

“I guess I was surprised you wanted to share me,” I said hesitantly. “I mean, I knew we’ve talked about it. But”

“I’m not like Mike,” Scott assured me. “I don’t get off on sharing you. I want you to experience new things. I get off on your pleasure.”

I smiled at that. What girl wouldn’t smile at that? I said “Well, I think Mike would say he gets off on my pleasure too.”

“Really? You think we’re the same?”

I hesitated, then said “No, I know you’re not the same.”

After a few moments Scott said “You know President’s Day is coming up? It’s a long weekend.”

“Yeah?”

“Remember we talked about visiting my land in Lake Michigan? How about it? A long weekend hiking and skiing. Being outdoors.”

“That sounds awesome!” I gushed. “Let me ask Mike.”

Scott put his hand on mine. “No, I mean just you. Just you and me,” he said looking into my eyes. “I want to introduce you to my parents.”

“Oh,” I said, my heart suddenly beating wildly. “Your mom and dad?”

“Yeah. You’ll like them,” Scott said. “And I know they’ll like you. A lot.”

“Um, well, hmmm,” I said, stalling for time. “Let me think about it. Anyways, I think maybe you should go. Mike is still getting his head around being caged. You get that right?”

“Yeah, sure, okay,” Scott said. He was frowning at my abrupt dismissal. He got dressed and I put on a robe.

“So think about President’s Day,” he told me.

“I will,” I promised. “Um, Scott ... about the cage ... can you give me one of the keys? So that way you don’t always have to be here.”

“The rule is he has to ask me,” Scott reminded me.

“I know but he did ask you,” I said. “I’ll put the cage back on after.”

“Alright, fine,” Scott said, handing the key to me. “But just your mouth, or hand. Not your pussy. This is mine for 3 months.” As he said this he grinned and reached into my robe and cupped my pussy.

“Scott, come on,” I said, giggling as I pushed his hand away. “Mike’s

my freaking husband.”

“That’s the point,” Scott said. “You’re mine for another 2 months. He’s just a dude with his dick in a plastic tube.”

“Scott, come on,” I said rolling my eyes at him.

“Okay, whatever,” Scott said with a laugh, relenting. “But just once, then he goes back in the cage.” Then he got serious and said “But think about President’s day Jenny. I really want you to meet my parents. It’s important to me.”

“Okay, I will Scott, I said I would,” I said. I forced a smile, but inside my feelings were churning.

CHAPTER 7 – MONTH 2

I walked Scott to the door. I kissed him to stop him from saying “I love you.” Then, as gently as possible, I ushered him out the door.

I went to Mike and squeezed his hand. “I’ll take a shower,” I said. But when I tried to move away, he wouldn’t let my hand go.

I smiled at him. “Guess who’s cock isn’t in the cage,” I said teasingly.

Mike was all over me. He was a madman. He clearly didn’t want me to shower before taking me. “You’re so wet,” he said cupping my pussy with his hand as he kissed me.

“Scott always cums a lot,” I told him.

“When he pulled out, his cum flooded out of you,” he said.

“Yeah,” I said. I felt it flow down between my ass cheeks. And then of course I felt it laying in the wet spot. “I hope I’m not pregnant.”

Mike moaned at my words.

Mike laid me on my back and got between my legs. “I’m going to cum really fast,” he said. It was like a warning.

“Baby that’s okay,” I said.

Mike hovered there, his cock at my pussy lips, not pushing in. I knew what he was thinking. “It’s okay Mike,” I assured him. “I don’t compare you to Scott.”

“Yes you do,” he said looking into my eyes. With the way he was looking at me, I couldn’t lie to him.

“Okay I do,” I admitted. “But you’re just two different people. Like when we were watching the movie. What you said about Demi. You were really nice and he was an ass.”

Mike pushed into me. He went right in, there was no resistance. Did I feel him? Yes, of course. Did I feel any stretching? No. Did I feel full? No. Did I feel any pleasure?

I might have. Mike was hard. If he angled himself, he’d rub against

my clit so of course I felt pleasure. You didn't have to have a big dick to get a girl off. But Mike came fast. After a few strokes. Less than 30 seconds.

"I'm sorry," he said, panting after collapsing on top of me.

"Mike baby it's okay," I said hugging him.

Still panting, Mike watched me as I washed his cock with a warm towel. Then I pressed ice against it. When he was completely soft, I kissed the tip and put his cock back in the cage.

The next day, Sunday, was difficult for me. Mike wanted, and needed, my attention. So much had happened in just the last 2 days – a gangbang with 4 men (2 were my employees no less), double and triple penetration, and then last night with Scott. There were lots of pictures and videos. Mike was beyond excited. But he was up and down about it. All he wanted to do was talk about it, and hold me, and cuddle me.

I tried to give Mike the attention he wanted but I was so distracted by my last conversation with Scott. He wanted me to go to Michigan with him ... to meet his parents! What he said kept replaying in my head: "I really want you to meet my parents. It's important to me."

I checked my phone constantly during the day. I wanted Scotty to text or call me, but I didn't want it too. I tried not to let Mike see how distracted I was.

That evening in bed, Mike watched the video of the gangbang. Again. It got him so hot, me being banged with dicks in my pussy, ass and mouth. It got me hot too, especially the humiliation of being taken by Vince and Steve. It was beyond humiliating, so way over the top. I still couldn't believe it happened. Honestly I was mortified by it all. I couldn't believe how slutty I'd become.

My thoughts, though, were dominated by Scott wanting me to meet his parents. So much was happening so fast, my head was spinning. Wow. Scott wanted me to meet his parents. That was big. When a boy introduces you to his parents, that's a big thing. I felt ... flattered. And excited. And scared. It was a game, but at that moment it felt so real. I was really Scott Stafford's girlfriend. He was really my boyfriend. And he wanted me to meet his parents.

Mike begged me to let him out of the cage. I finally let him out, but I said he had to take care of himself. He agreed. He stroked himself as he watched the movie again. He asked me to take off my top. I took off my top,

and then my bra. When he saw the 55 under my left breast he came.

Once again I cleaned Mike's cock with a warm towel. I kissed the tip. And then I put his cock back in the cock cage.

The next morning I was nervous about seeing Vince and Steve. We needed to have a come to Jesus talk. Yeah, okay, they fucked me. But that was then and this was now, and I needed to know 2 things. First, will they keep their mouths shut? Second, will they still follow my orders? Because I was still their boss and we had work to do.

I looked for them first thing, as soon as I got to work. I was shocked to find out they both resigned that morning.

"What happened to Vince and Steve?" I said running into Scott's office.

"I told you I took care of it," Scott said casually, a grin on his face.

"You fired them?" I said, my eyes going wide in shock.

"No, of course not," Scott said. "I convinced them it was in their best interests to resign. Don't worry about them. I got them jobs at the Finley firm. I've got a buddy there. They both got raises. Big raises. Everything's good."

"Scott, everything's not good," I said looking incredulously at him.

"Vince and Steve were my guys. Two of my main guys. They're important parts of my team. You had no right. Not without talking to me."

Scott hooked a finger in the front of my skirt and pulled me to him.

"Jenny come on," he said. "They fucked your pussy. They fucked your ass. They came on your face. Do you really think you could still work with them? Whenever they saw you, they'd be thinking about fucking you again. And eventually they'd talk. This was the right move. Trust me on this Jen. I'm just looking out for you."

I was staring at Scott. This was all happening so fast. My head was spinning.

"What'd you do yesterday?" Scott asked, changing the subject. His arms were around me and he was stroking my ass.

"You know ... hung with Mike," I said. I felt like we needed to talk about Steve and Vince more, but for Scott the issue was decided and over. He was taking control, and I was letting him. He was my boss after all, I really had no choice. But also, he was my boyfriend and I was letting him take the lead, make decisions for both of us.

“I bet he enjoyed being out of the cave,” Scott said with a grin. I shrugged.

“Did you put him back in the cage?” he asked.

“Yes,” I nodded.

“Did Mike make you cum yesterday?”

I hesitated. In fact, Mike could have made me cum with his tongue. And he tried to go down on me, more than once. But for some reason I didn't let him. I wasn't mean about it. But I didn't let him. “No,” I told Scott.

He smiled. “I'm glad,” he said appreciatively. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” I said honestly.

Then we were kissing. He hurriedly tugged off my skirt. I yanked down his pants. He mounted me. He fucked me bent over his desk. Our love making was wild and passionate. I came on his cock. He came inside me.

Afterwards I was snuggling in his arms. “Have you thought about President's day?” he asked as he stroked my hair.

“I haven't talked to Mike yet.”

Scott frowned. “Do you need to talk to him?” he asked, disapproval in his voice.

“Yes Scott,” I sighed. “I do.”

“So talk tonight.”

“Scott ... don't push so hard,” I said warily.

“Fine, whatever,” he said disgustedly, pushing me off his lap. “I've got work to do,” he said and got dressed. I dressed too.

“We're going to lunch today?” I asked him as I fixed my clothes. We had a standing lunch date on Monday and Wednesday. Sometimes we went with others, sometimes alone. We had to be discreet about it when we went with others obviously, but we still enjoyed being with each other.

“I'm busy,” Scott said dismissively.

I gawked at him. “So now you're giving me the silent treatment?”

“I just ... would like some consideration,” he sputtered, as if trying to find the right words.

“What do you think we just did?” I asked him incredulously, my hand waving at his desk where he bent me over and fucked me.

“I want to spend the weekend with you,” Scott said. “Why is that such a big decision?”

“I'm married Scott,” I reminded him. “Married people usually spend

national holidays with each other.”

“You know Jenny, it’s not all about you,” Scott scoffed.

I stared at him. “What the fuck Scott,” I said.

“Yeah, whatever,” he said dismissively. I stared at him another moment. Then I left. I managed not to slam his door.

CHAPTER 8 – MONTH 2

Mike stayed in the cage all week. I noticed he was agitated at first, and then he calmed down. Like, his body adjusted to not being able to cum. He was still aroused. Constantly aroused, I could tell. But he seemed at peace. Or maybe, he just accepted it.

Anyways, I was happy to not have Mike all over me. I know that sounds terrible. But I was so distracted by Scott. He was giving me the major brush off and it was really bothering me.

Thursday I finally sat down with Mike. “Scott wants me to go to Michigan with him,” I said. “Next weekend. It’s a long weekend.”

“I guess I’m not invited,” Mike said. He made it sound like a joke. I gave him a weak smile.

Mike was silent for a few moments. “Well, we don’t have plans,” he finally said.

“No,” I agreed. It was true, we didn’t have plans.

“Well, he’s your boyfriend,” Mike said with a grin, as if that explained it all, and giving me his blessing to go.

Then I dropped the bombshell. I said, “He wants me to meet his parents.”

“Oh,” Mike said.

Yeah, *oh*. Mike got it. This was getting really real.

We were silent for long moments. Then Mike asked, “You think Scott’s getting serious?”

Jen shrugged. “He obviously knows I’m married. He knows about you,” she said. “I don’t know. It might be nothing. Maybe his parents nag and he just wants to show them he has a girlfriend.”

Mike reached out and touched the braid in my hair. He knew I braided my hair for Scott, just like I wore his diamond earrings. “How do you feel about it?” he asked.

“It feels real,” I said honestly.

“I thought that was the point,” Mike said.

“Yeah”

Mike looked at me intently. “Do you love him?” he asked.

“I guess I feel the same as before,” I said honestly. “A lot happened this weekend. Maybe that’s why I feel more attached to him right now.” With a laugh I joked “Like the prisoner’s syndrome.”

But Mike was serious. He said, “It sounds dangerous.”

“The whole game’s dangerous,” I said with another laugh. “But, he did something that was really shitty.” I told Mike about Vince and Steve.

“He fired them?” he said incredulously.

“Practically,” I said. “He got them new jobs, but it’s not like he gave them a choice.”

“I’d never do that,” Mike said.

“I know baby, that’s what I’m saying,” I said. “That’s why I love you. And why whatever I’m feeling for Scott, it’s not love. I don’t think it is. He’s just exciting. Like a big tidal wave. I’m just having fun riding it. But eventually it’ll end.”

“So you want to go?” Mike asked.

“Yes,” I said honestly. “But I want you to be okay with it. You can veto it and I won’t be mad. I’ll be disappointed but not mad.”

Mike thought about it. “Will you call and text me?” he asked.

“Yes, definitely,” I assured him.

“All the time,” he said, wanting to make sure I understood the ground rules.

“Yes baby, constantly,” I promised.

“Well, okay then,” he said hesitantly.

I told Scott the news the next day. Just like that, the wall between us disappeared. He was all smiles. Within moments we were fucking on his desk.

I was relieved, and happy, we were past this. I guess it was our first argument. I didn’t like that wall between us. It felt good to be connected again.

I knew it was crazy. To have a husband *and* a boyfriend. But other people made it work. People post on *ourhotwives* and other sites and it sounds real. For the most part everyone’s happy. They’re making it work. So why not us too?

On Saturday I went along on Jen and Scott's date. Jen would be with him all next weekend, so I guess I just wanted to be around her (even though I wouldn't be *with* her).

I was getting used to being in the cage. In a way it was a relief. It took the pressure off about performing in bed with Jen. I was always able to get her off with my tongue, no problem. Now, with the cage on, I didn't have to worry about trying to get her off with my cock. I didn't have to worry about my performance compared to Scott. It wasn't even an option, so I didn't stress about it.

Did I miss orgasms? Well, yeah, of course. But it's like, you lose one thing but gain another. It was like tantric sex, where an orgasm isn't the objective. You're trying to prolong the act to increase the sexual energy and intimacy with your partner. That probably sounds like bullshit, but I felt like Jen and I were closer and more intimate than ever before. We held hands and snuggled, and we talked about everything, often late into the night. True we didn't have sex. But still, we were soul mates.

I watched Jen with Scott from across the room. They were talking with some of his basketball friends. For some reason Jen was spending a lot of time fiddling with Scott's shirt sleeve. Curious, I walked over. "Hey, what's going on?" I asked.

"Oh, hey Mike," Jen said to me. We were surrounded by people, so we were back to roleplaying being old college friends. "I was showing Scott his shirt's convertible."

"What?" I asked.

"His sleeve," Jen said, touching the cuff of Scott's shirt again. "It buttons, but you can use cufflinks too."

"Oh, okay," I said. As she spoke Jen ran her hands along Scott's arm, like she was smoothing out his shirt sleeve. Then she fiddled with the cuff of his shirt again. She went on and on about Scott's shirt, until, frankly, people got bored and started to drift away. But it was such a girlfriend thing to do. The way she was focusing on the most minute detail about Scott. The way she cared. It was how a girlfriend would care about her boyfriend. I found myself breathing harder. It aroused me. But of course I knew I was soft in the cage.

Jen went with Scott to get a smoke. I watched as they walked away. Scott's arm was around her waist, and she was leaning into him. He hooked his thumb into the back pocket of her jeans, and she leaned into him more.

That's when it really hit me. This wasn't a game anymore. Jen and Scott really *were* girlfriend and boyfriend. And next week he was taking her to meet his parents.

I sensed someone beside me. I turned. It was Bitsy.

"You've been avoiding me," Bitsy said with a knowing grin at me.

"No ...," I stammered.

"Yes, you have," Bitsy said. She was still smiling, but it was a melancholy smile. She looked at my left hand. At my wedding ring.

"How's your wife? Have you seen her?"

"Yes," I said honestly.

"Are you having sex with her?" Bitsy asked. I thought she was being really forward, but then maybe she had a right to be. She at least had that much right to ask the question.

I thought about my cock in the cage. I honestly said "No, not really."

Bitsy nodded slowly, as if trying to figure out what "not really" meant. Then she moved closer and whispered "I get it's complicated for you. I think you're a great lover. We both have needs. We can be special friends. I won't guilt you after. No strings, I promise."

I stared at Bitsy. I'd been with Jen for 10 years, so I'd been out of the dating scene for a decade. This was all new to me. Was this how you asked someone to be your fuck buddy in today's world?

Later I was able to get a private moment with Jen. "I saw you talking to Bitsy," she whispered, grinning at me. "Y'know she can't stop talking about you. She says you're freaking awesome in bed."

"I wish my wife thought I was freaking awesome in bed," I deadpanned.

"Mike, come on," Jen said still smiling at me. She playfully elbowed me. "I do think you're awesome. I'm just crushing on Scotty right now."

I nodded slowly. I found it amazing the conversations we had. Did other married couples in the "lifestyle" talk like this? I said "Well, I doubt Bitsy will think I'm good in bed if she saw me without my pants."

Jen knew I was talking about the cage. "I'll take it off, if you want to be with her tonight," she said.

What she said hurt me. It pained my heart. "I'm not playing the game to have sex with other girls," I told her with a frown. "And to be honest it bothers me how flippant you are about it."

Jen's smile disappeared. She looked around. When she was sure no

one was looking, she reached down and squeezed my hand. “It does bother me, Mike. It really bothers me,” she told me. “That’s part of the reason I want you to wear it. A big part. But I go back to what’s fair. And if I know it’s just Bitsy ... I mean, you’re not going to bars and picking up girls ... I can deal with it then.”

Jen words made me feel better. Not completely better, but better. But still I was hurt. So I said, “And it doesn’t hurt you’re not threatened by her.”

Jen shrugged. She managed to grin and joked, “Is this you saying you want in Allie’s pants again?”

“I never said that,” I insisted.

She grinned again and said, “I’m just joking.”

“So ... what do you want to do?” Jen whispered. “I have the key.”

“I don’t have to ask Scott?” I said bitterly.

“Mike,” Jen said squeezing my hand again. “If it’s to be with someone else”

I got it. Scott wanted me caged to prevent me from having sex with Jen. He didn’t care if I fucked Bitsy. In fact he *wanted* me to fuck other girls. He was trying to throw a wedge in our marriage.

“You’re sleeping over at Scott’s?” I asked. Jen nodded. With a lopsided grin I asked “So will I get any tomorrow?”

“Mike ... Scotty’s introducing me to his parents,” Jen said gently. “I think I should be exclusive until then. You know? To stay in the mood?”

I did understand. It was fucking crazy – the whole game was fucking crazy – but I understood. Jen was in major girlfriend mode right now. She didn’t want to break that spell by having sex with me. Not until after President’s day weekend.

I thought about Bitsy. I seriously needed pussy. And she was willing and available. “Okay, let me have the key.”

Jen handed the key to me. “I’ll see you tomorrow,” she said.

“You’re already leaving?” I asked.

“Scotty wants to go shopping,” she said. With a grin she said “He wants to buy me special lingerie for next weekend. Bras and panties --.”

“I thought you always went braless with him,” I said. I looked at her chest. She was braless now. I could just make out little dents in her blouse made by her nipples.

“Well yeah, but I can’t go braless around his parents,” Jen said.

“But, you have lots of bras,” I said.

“He’s just really into it,” Jen said, her eyes big and sparkling. She sounded so excited. I got it. There was still major NRE. And now her new boyfriend was taking her lingerie shopping for the first time. First times are exciting.

“Remember our rule,” I told her. “You tell me if you feel like you’re really falling in love.”

“Well, you too,” Jen told me back. “And use condoms with Bitsy. No little Mikes running around.”

I smiled at her joke. “You’re ovulating next weekend?” I asked.

Jen nodded. “I’ll have to be careful,” she said.

“Will you be careful?” I asked.

“Mike baby, of course I will,” she promised.

Later that night, I was anxious when Bitsy pulled down my pants. Was my cock smaller from being in the cage? But Bitsy didn’t notice any difference. At least she didn’t say anything.

It took a while for me to get hard though. I mean, I’d get hard and then soft. The condom didn’t help. I wondered if that was an after-effect of being caged.

I closed my eyes and pretended I was watching the video of Jen getting gang banged. I immediately got rock hard. And then, feeling lustful, I flipped Bitsy onto her hands and knees and fucked her ass. I’d never been so aggressive with Jen. But this was Bitsy, not my Goddess Jen. So I fucked her ass.

I reached under Bitsy and pinched her tiny tits and rubbed her clit as I fucked her. I think she came. Honestly though I didn’t care. I think I was taking out all my frustrations, hurt and anger about Jen on Bitsy.

After we were done Bitsy said “What got into you?”

As I panted and recovered from my orgasm, I started feeling bad for using Bitsy that way. I was about to apologize when she grinned and gushed “God Mike you’re such an animal. You’re so shy and quiet around people, but in bed you’re something else.”

I was mystified when Bitsy curled herself into my arm. She stroked my chest with her fingertips. She shyly said “I like it in the ass. How did you know? God you made me cum so hard.”

So maybe that was how it worked. If you abuse girls they think you’re a great lover. If you’re kind and gentle they think you’re a loser.

Bitsy was disappointed when I got up to go home. But I didn't want her to become attached to me. I didn't want the intimacy of sleeping together. We were friends with benefits, that's all. I didn't want to lead her on.

I was surprised to find Jen at home. She was with Scott of course. I heard sounds of sex coming from our bedroom.

There were shopping bags on the sofa. Expensive lingerie boutiques like [Agent Provocateur](#) and La Petite Coquette. I looked in the bags. So many bras, panties, garter belts and stockings. Even a bustier. All satin or silk, and heavily laced. I looked at the price tags and my eyes went wide. Scott had gone all out. No expense spared to make my wife's body even more fuckable for him, I thought bitterly.

There were clothes in the bags too. A white off-the-shoulder sweater. And a long blue velvet dress with a gold zipper in the back.

But my attention was drawn to a bikini in one of the bags. A bikini, in Michigan in the winter? The bikini was all black and mostly strings, with just a few tiny triangles, and the bottom was a thong. What the fuck? Jen couldn't wear this in public. It would barely hide her nipples and pussy, and her ass would be completely exposed (except for the string running between her cheeks).

"That's for Jen, not you bro," Scott joked. Jen was next to him. I didn't hear them come into the room. I immediately dropped the bikini back in the bag.

"So you smashed Bitsy?" Scott said grinning at me. "I hear you're making her squeal like a horny pig. Way to go bro." Scott was naked. His cock glistened with their combined juices. Even though he was softening, his cock still snaked down his thigh like a thick python.

"Scott shut up," Jen said with a laugh. She came to me. She was naked too, except for high heels. Jen had been wearing jeans. So she had taken off the heels to strip out of the skinny jeans, and then put the heels back on. To be more fuckable for Scott. I was so hard it hurt.

"Come here Mike," Jen said, taking my arm and leading me into the guest bedroom. "You're home early," she said when we were alone. "Have fun?"

I knew she was asking if I had sex with Bitsy. "Yeah, sure," I said.

My erection was apparent in my pants. Jen took out my cock. For a moment my heart leaped, thinking she was going to let me inside her. Maybe

she wanted to reclaim me after my sex with Bitsy. But instead she washed my cock with a warm towel. And she pressed ice against my cock and balls until I was soft. “You have it?” she asked.

I nodded, motioning to my jacket. Jen found the cage in the pocket. She put my soft cock in the cage and locked it.

Jen saw my disappointment. She gave me a playful smile. “It’s your fault mister. You could have stayed at Bitsy’s.”

“Jen what do you think when you see me in this?” I asked. There was desperation in my voice. I had to know.

“Mike baby,” she said gently. “Don’t compare yourself to Scott. You’re different people.”

“You mean he’s a man, and I’m a cuck,” I said.

“Mike you’re doing it again,” Jen said. “Don’t torture yourself. That’s what this is for.” She wiggled the cock cage. “To keep you balanced.”

“I thought it was to keep your pussy fresh for Scott,” I said bitterly.

“Mike baby ...,” Jen sighed. She got on my lap, straddling my legs. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her forehead against mine. “Stop torturing yourself,” she said again.

I knew I was being an idiot. “Sorry,” I said. “I guess I’m just feeling insecure with everything happening. It’s hard not to be part of your sex life anymore.”

“Of course you are Mike,” she said, hugging me tight. “There’s more to sex than intercourse.” She opened my shirt, so now her naked tits were pressing against my chest. “What do you think this is?” she said, kissing me.

But even though my cock was pressing against her pussy, I was in a cage, and I was soft anyway. So I was useless as a man to her.

“Let me make you cum,” I said, pushing her off my lap and onto her back.

“Mike, Scott just came in me,” Jen said squeezing her thighs shut.

“I don’t care,” I told her, opening up her legs. I wasn’t into creampiees but at that moment I didn’t care. I was desperate to give her an orgasm, to show her I was still able to give her body pleasure.

“Mike, no,” Jen said firmly, squeezing her legs shut again. “Not until after next week.”

“Oh I forgot,” I said sarcastically, bitterness in my voice. “You’re all Scott’s right now.”

“Mike, come on,” Jen said in a pleading voice. “We talked about this.”

Jen hugged me for long moments, giving me a chance to calm down. Then she moved to go. “I better get back to Scotty.”

But I held her wrist. “Jen, the other day. You said it hurt that I never tried to veto anything. Should I veto next weekend?”

Jen gave me a tight smile. “We’re kind of past that,” she said gently, but firmly. “And Mike ... if you have to ask, it doesn’t work.” She rubbed my arm, to take the sting out of her words. Then she went back to Scott.

CHAPTER 9 – MONTH 2

I frantically moved up and down on Scott's cock. It was the second time we fucked today. Earlier we fucked in my office. Now we were fucking in his. He was in his big leather chair and I was on top of him, riding his cock. The weekend was still a few days away, and I was more in heat for Scott than ever. I think the prospect of going away for the weekend was making me extra horny for him.

Scott seemed just a horny for me too. "I'm gonna fucking cum," he groaned.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and rocked hard on his dick. "I'm cumming too," I told him as I kissed him. "Cum with me baby."

Since he was a partner, Scott had a private bathroom off his office. That was good because he always came so much, and our bodies were sweaty from sex. I went into his bathroom and cleaned up (especially my inner thighs where he was running out of me), then put my bra and panties back on (yes, I did wear a bra at work, although I took it off after work if we went out). In just my lingerie (including stockings and high heels), I sat on the sofa with him, snuggling into his arm. "I've got the Kellogg meeting soon," I said, talking about my team meeting. Kellogg was my biggest client.

"I know," Scott said as he played with the braid in my hair. He loved playing with the braid, twisting it with his fingers. "I heard from Vince and Steve."

I got up on my elbow and looked at him. "And?"

Scott grinned and said "They're having another party. We're invited."

"Oh, I bet we are," I said with a laugh. "Why didn't they call me?"

"I think they know it's up to me," Scott said simply.

I stared at Scott. He was saying, whether Steve and Vince got to fuck me again was up to him. And those boys knew it.

"Right?" Scott said, a grin on his face.

I hesitated and then softly said “Right.” Even though we just had sex, and I just had an incredible orgasm, my pussy was tingling again. “So are you going to share me again?” I asked.

“Not with Steve and Vince,” Scott said with a chuckle. “When you were their boss it was hot. Now they’re just losers.”

“You’re real nice Scott,” I said frowning at him.

Scott moved his hand to my left breast. He tugged the bra up slightly, revealing the 55 tat. He lightly brushed it with his finger. “Believe me, they think changing jobs was worth it to fuck their sexy boss,” he told me with a grin. “And don’t give me that innocent bullshit. You got off on it.”

Yes, I did get off on it. The afternoon before the gangbang, I’d been in a meeting with Vince and Steve, giving them direction about the Kelloggs account. I actually gave them a mild talking-to because they both needed to step up their game. To their credit they took the reprimand like men, but no one likes being dressed down by their boss. Then, just hours later, the tables were turned. I was on my back completely naked, and they were taking turns with my mouth, ass and pussy, and coming all over my face. I’d gone from their powerful boss to a submissive cum slut ...

I shivered at the memory. Scott laughed. Yes, the dickhead knew I got off on it.

“I just want to know if gangbangs will be a regular thing in my future,” I said to him.

Scott shrugged. “I’m a seat-of-the-pants guy Jenny, you know that. I didn’t plan Steve and Vince, it just happened. Live for the moment. Right? It keeps life fun. That’s why you like being with me.”

“God Scott,” I said with a laugh. But he was right. Being with him was always exciting and fun. Life with Scott was like a thrill ride at an amusement park.

Scott was still brushing his fingers over the 55. He pushed my bra up and began thumbing my nipples.

“Scott, god, again?” I said with a helpless smile. I looked down. God, he was getting hard again.

“Yeah, I’ll share you again,” he told me with a grin. “I like controlling your body. I like watching you cum.”

It amazed me. Both Mike and Scott wanted to share me with other men. For opposite reasons though. With Mike it was his cuckold fantasies. When Mike shared me with another man, he was submitting to that man, as

much as me. But with Scott it was a power trip. He was in control, of both me and the other man fucking me.

Scott lifted me onto his lap. With a powerful tug he ripped off my panties, making me yelped. Then he pushed himself inside me again. “Scott I’ve got my Kelloggs meeting,” I reminded him with alarm.

“Yes,” he agreed, thrusting in and out of me. Fucking me. “And you’ll be at that meeting with your pussy full of my cum.”

CHAPTER 10 – MONTH 2

I watched Jen pack and re-pack. She'd been doing it all week. "I can't decide what to bring," she explained.

"Why don't you bring a bigger suitcase?" I suggested.

"Scotty told me to travel light," Jen replied. Once again there was that familiar tug of my heartstrings. I hated hearing how much influence he had over her. She was my wife, but she deferred to Scott more than me. I tried to chalk that up to NRE. I didn't want to hit Jen with drama, not since she was leaving with Scott in just a couple hours.

I watched as Jen tried again to pack. All the new lingerie Scott bought her was there. So were the blue dress and white sweater, and the black bikini. High heels. Short skirts. Heavy cotton tights since it was cold in Lake Michigan.

"Don't forget this," I told her. I had bought 2 boxes of condoms. That was a lot of condoms for a long weekend, but this was them. I put them in the suitcase.

"Thanks baby," she said with a quick squeeze of my hand. She was barely listening to me though as she tried to decide between black or pink high heels. In the end she stuffed both in the suitcase.

"Can you at least try to pretend not to be so excited?" I said with exasperation.

"It's not I'm excited," Jen replied distractedly as she continued to work on her suitcase. "I'm just nervous to meet his parents."

I pulled her into my arms. "Can you stop for a minute," I said hugging her. "You're going to be gone 3 days."

Finally, she focused her attention on me. She hugged me back and said "It's only a weekend. I'll be home Monday night. You're away longer on your business trips."

"That's completely different," Mike said. "I don't go with another girl."

“Baby, come on ...,” Jen said. She was right and I knew it. This was the nature of our game.

Jen felt the cock cage instead of my penis poking against her. “Oh ... let me give you the key. Are you going to see Bitsy?” she asked.

“Yeah, I guess,” I told her. We didn’t have anything set up, but I had her number of course. Jen handed me the key. Then she went back to packing.

Scott bought us first class tickets. Lie flats. It was really something to settle into those big leather seats. The cubicles were almost like little personal apartments. We lowered the divider so our cubicles were joined.

“So we have to get our story straight,” I told him as I leaned into his arm.

“Our story?” he asked.

“Your parents are gonna ask. Especially your mom,” I said. “Like, what’s our first date?”

“I thought it was the bike ride,” Scott said.

“So, we’re going with that?” I asked. “A bike ride in the city and then we went to a bar to watch Penn State.”

“Sure, why not?” Scott said, not understanding the significance of my questions.

“Scott, we talked half the time about Mike, and you ended up touching my pussy over my holely jeans,” I reminded him in a low voice so the people around us couldn’t hear. “Not exactly a romantic first date.”

“Speak for yourself,” he joked with a grin.

“Okay, whatever,” I said ignoring his stupid joke. “If your mom asks, we didn’t kiss.”

Scott looked thoughtful, as if trying to remember. “I don’t think we kissed,” he said.

“I know, we didn’t,” I said. “If your mom asks, tell the truth. I don’t want her to think I’m easy.”

“Okay,” Scott said with a laugh. He looked me up and down. “You look fucking hot.”

I smiled. I was wearing a clingy turtleneck, short skirt, black tights and zip up ankle boots. I was going for the sexy but cute look. It was nice to hear Scott’s compliment. I wanted to look fuckable for him, but I obviously couldn’t wear anything over the top since our first stop was his parent’s

house. “You in the Mile High club?” he asked with a grin.

“No,” I told him with a laugh. “But I guess you are.”

He grimaced at the memory. “The bathroom’s too small to get good leverage,” he lamented.

“Oh, how sad for you,” I said with another laugh.

“No reason you can’t go down on me,” he suggested with a grin.

“Ah, *no*,” I told him. “I’m not meeting your parents with cum breath.”

“There’s a thing called toothpaste,” he said.

“Not happening Scott,” I told him.

Scott smiled into my eyes. Then he got serious. “So, can you do something for me?”

“What?”

Scott tapped my wedding and engagement rings. “Don’t wear this around my parents,” he said.

I stared at Scott. “I can’t take off my rings Scott,” I said. “I promised Mike.”

“Just don’t wear them around my parents,” Scott pressed. “They know you’re married. I told them you’re separated. But they’re old-fashioned. They’re good people, but simple. They won’t understand why you’re wearing a wedding ring when you’re dating me.”

“Scott,” I sighed. “You’re putting me in a bad spot.”

“Just don’t wear them around my parents,” Scott pressed again. “How bad is that?”

I stared at Scott for long moments. “Okay,” I finally said. I took off my wedding and engagement rings and put them in a zippered pouch of my purse.

“Thank you,” Scott said appreciatively. He pulled my left hand to his lips and kissed it.

“You don’t have to be so dramatic,” I said with a laugh, pulling my hand away from him.

“You’re right,” he said with a grin and shrug. “They’re just rings.”

Yeah, just rings, I thought. The ring Mike put on my finger when he asked me to marry him. And the other ring he put on my finger at our wedding.

Just rings.

Scott's car was parked at the airport. He kept it in the long-term parking lot to make it easy when he visited home. It was a Ford pickup from the 80s. It was old but in immaculate condition. There was barely a scratch on the outside, and it looked brand new inside. Clearly Scott worked hard to keep his stuff in perfect condition.

As soon as we were inside, Scott pulled me into his arms and kissed me. "We've never done it in a car," he said reaching under my turtleneck to fondle my breasts.

I pushed his hands away. "Not now Scott," I told him. "I'm too nervous about meeting your parents."

"Seriously?" he said. It was the first time I'd turned him away since we started doing it.

"Yeah Scott," I told him. *WTF?* He wanted me to look freshly fucked when I met his mom? His dad?

"Okay fine, I'll get you later," Scott said with a grin. He gave my black tights-covered thigh a squeeze. "Actually, I'm glad you're nervous. It means you care."

Scott was right. I did care. As I felt where my wedding and engagement rings used to be, I wondered if I cared too much.

The meeting with Scotty's parents went great. They were really nice. They had lunch ready and we talked as we ate. They of course asked a lot of questions about me. I told them the truth. I told them about growing up in Belmont and going to school at Penn State. I told them I married my college sweetheart Mike, but we were separated (that was the only lie). I didn't go into details about the separation. I could tell they wanted more information, especially Scott's mom. I was dating their son after all. Was I available or not? Did I see their son as just a rebound boyfriend, or was I serious about him? But they could tell I didn't want to talk about it and they were discreet enough not to press.

After lunch Scotty drove me to his land on Lake Michigan. There was snow on the ground and Lake Michigan was a shiny sparkle of ice. People were ice skating! As we approached, I could see the snowcapped evergreens of Manistee National Forest not too far away. It was beautiful. It looked like a freaking postcard!

We got to Scott's land, and I was surprised to see construction there. I thought he was building his house in the future, but actually he was building

it now. It looked like he was working on the foundation. He also had a camper, one of those silvery Airstream trailers. Scott told me it was old, from the 70s. But it was polished so it looked new from the outside. Inside, Scotty had refurbished it with rustic wood paneling and thick carpets. It kinda felt like a log cabin inside. It was awesome!

It was toasty warm inside the trailer. Scotty said one of his buddies – Johnny – came around yesterday and turned on the heat and water. We were making love within minutes of being in his trailer. It felt different being with Scott in his hometown, on his land, inside his little Airstream trailer. It was so different from New York City. My husband was half a continent away. I felt like I was in Scott's world now. More than ever, I felt like Scotty's girlfriend.

As Scott fucked me on the bed (which was bigger than you'd think in the trailer) I glanced at my suitcase on the floor. I remembered the condoms inside, the ones Mike put there. Fuck! I forgot to tell Scott to put on a condom and our passion was too far along to stop now. "Scotty you can't cum inside me," I told him.

"Really?" he panted. He looked disappointed. He liked cumming inside me. He liked cumming in my mouth too, and on my face, but mostly he liked cumming inside me. I think all men are like that.

"Yeah, you can't," I told him. I was ovulating. This was the most fertile time of my cycle. I was on the pill, but it was still dangerous.

Scotty made me cum. Like always he made me cum hard and I practically screamed. I wondered how insulated his trailer was cause otherwise ice skaters on Lake Michigan might have heard me. Then Scott came. At the last moment he pulled out and shot his cum onto my tits and stomach. As we both panted and recovered from our orgasms, I played with his sperm. I grinned at him and swallowed a dollop on my fingertip. He smiled back at me.

"Is this all weekend?" he asked.

"Yes, I brought condoms," I said. "I'm ovulating Scott."

"But you're on the pill."

"You know how I feel about that Scott."

Scott frowned and looked disappointed but he didn't argue about it.

Afterwards we bundled up to go cross-country skiing. Scott went to college at Vermont on a skiing scholarship. So, he was an awesome skier (both downhill and cross-country). He was a way better skier than me, but he

was teaching me and I was getting better. Scott pushed me athletically, not just in skiing but everything we did, and I really liked that. He didn't take the attitude "you're a girl so I'll just go slower." Instead, he went his normal speed and he encouraged me to keep up with him. I really liked that about him.

I was all bundled up – including gloves – when I remembered my wedding rings. They were still in my purse. It felt weird without them on, since they'd been on my ring finger on my left hand for years. But I decided it would be too much trouble to put them on, now that I was all bundled up. I'd put the rings back on later after we got back.

We skied for close to 3 hours. It was a workout! And also so beautiful. We skied along the banks of Lake Michigan and then into Manistee National Forest. There were people around us as we skied, but inside Manistee there are so many trails it felt like we were the only people in the world. We took a selfie, and Scott grinned and asked "Should we text it to Mike?"

I have to admit that, at that moment, I'd forgotten all about Mike. I know that sounds terrible, but being outdoors, with the fun of skiing and all the beauty around us, New York City seemed so far away. I looked at the picture. We were both bundled up in stocking caps and scarfs. We were smiling into the camera, our heads close together, and my nose and cheeks were flushed from the exertion and the cold. I knew Mike would like the picture. I wrote "Having a great time with Scotty. ILY" and sent him the picture.

We were exhausted when we got back to the trailer. Still, we fucked again. We were both still insatiable for each other.

I was exhausted from skiing, our non-stop sex and the nervousness of meeting Scott's parents. So after our sex, I pulled on my black tights as I was chilly, and a tight t-shirt (it was like a crop top). Then I snuggled into Scott's chest. As he held me, he said "My buddy Johnny is coming over later."

"Okay," I said sleepily, barely hearing him. Then I drifted off into a nap in his arms.

I woke to voices. I slowly opened my eyes. I was still in the trailer's small bed. Scott was sitting with a man I didn't know, right next to the bed, just a few feet from me. In the crop top, my belly was showing. And I wasn't wearing a bra. On top of that, my black tights were like dark pantyhose. They weren't like jeans.

What the fuck? Scott let a man into the trailer while I was sleeping, while I was barely dressed? And he didn't even pull the blanket to cover me?

"Hey Jenny," Scott said to me as I woke up. He was smiling at me. "This is my buddy Johnny."

Scott and Johnny were drinking beers. Johnny was looking at me. He was getting a good look at my bare stomach, and my braless breasts in the tight crop top. And at my ass and legs in the black tights.

"Hi Johnny," I said awkwardly, pulling the blanket to cover me. "Um Scott? Privacy? I need to get dressed."

"Sure, babe. Come on Johnny let's look at the foundation," Scott said with a chuckle. As he walked past me, he leaned over and kissed me. He even freaking reached down and cupped and squeezed my breast.

Johnny was watching all this. He grinned at me and said, "Nice to meet you Jenny." He offered me his hand.

"Um, nice to meet you too," I said with more awkwardness, and shook his hand. I was shaking his hand as Scott still had his hand on my breast!

As they walked outside, Johnny gushed "Fuck Scott, your new girlfriend's smoking hot!"

I couldn't help smiling. What girl didn't like being called hot? I jumped in the shower. The shower was tiny but the water was hot. I took a quick shower. I did my hair and makeup. I braided the side of my hair the way Scott liked it. Then I put on the new white top Scott had bought me. It was long sleeved but off the shoulder, and clingy. And it barely reached my belly button.

I went braless. With the clingy material, it was pretty obvious I was braless. But that's how Scotty liked me. We weren't seeing his parents tonight, and Scott clearly didn't mind his friend Johnny looking at me. I wore skinny jeans and UGGs on my feet. Under the jeans I had on the black tights. I went without panties, but then, I usually didn't wear panties with tights and pantyhose.

Then I remembered. My wedding and engagement rings. I got them from my purse and put them back on. Thinking of Mike, I took a selfie. I made sure the rings were in the picture. I texted the picture to Mike with the message: "Going to dinner with Scotty and his friend Johnny. ILY"

"You guys can come back in," I said out the door. A moment later, Scott and Johnny joined me in the trailer.

Both men gave me long up and down looks. Their eyes focused on my braless tits. And the flash of my stomach between my top and jeans. I was pretty sure they liked what they saw.

We went to dinner at a local pub. Scott knew everyone. He went to high school with a lot of them. Scott introduced me around. I was really popular with the boys. At one point Scott whispered into my ear “all my friends want to bend you over and fuck your brains out.” It was a compliment the way he said it, and I was flattered. Scott was proud I was on his arm, and that made me feel really good. He stood next to me the entire night, either holding my hand or with his arm around me. More than once he told me “I’m not letting these mother fuckers get close to you.”

Scott and Johnny got pitchers of beer and kept refilling my mug. I started getting tipsy. At one point Scott made me turn around in the booth, so my back was to Johnny. Scott tugged down my top. “What do you think? Sexy right?” he said to his friend. I knew they were talking about my moon and sun tat.

“Yeah,” Johnny said. I felt his fingers on my back, touching the tat. His hands were calloused. Scott’s were too, but Johnny more so. “She got any more ink?” he asked.

“She’s got a couple more,” Scott told him.

It was weird, being talked about with me right there. It made me feel like an object. A piece of meat. It got me hot.

“Let’s go home,” I whispered to Scott a little later. I was drunk and horny, I wanted to fuck.

“We’re going to Johnny’s,” Scott told me. “He’s got a hot tub. Don’t worry, I brought your bikini.”

I sat between Scott and Johnny on the bench seat of Scott’s pickup as we drove to Johnny’s. I was leaning against Scotty, but it was close quarters, so my leg was against Johnny’s.

At Johnny’s place, I went into the bathroom and changed into the new black bikini that Scott bought me. The bikini was mostly strings. It left little to the imagination.

We all got in the hot tub. It was outside on Johnny’s porch. Scott and Johnny sat on either side of me, and our view was the huge Lake Michigan at night. It was completely dark except for the stars. The view was incredible.

It was crowded in the hot tub with me and the 2 men. Johnny was a big man, bigger than Scott even. They both wrestled in high school (again

making me think about Joey). Scott told me he wrestled at 195 pounds, and Johnny at 220. Scott was probably still around 195 – he was all well-defined muscle. Johnny wasn't as chiseled as Scott. He gained weight since high school. He was still fit though. He was probably 250 pounds now, with super powerful arms and legs, but he didn't have a six pack or a V like Scott.

Johnny was super cute. Really good looking, just like Scott. They talked about their exploits in high school. They were borderline juvenile delinquents, and their stories were hilarious. I got the impression they bedded their share of pretty girls. That didn't surprise me. Both were really hunky, and they had the personality to charm a girl's pants off.

We drank more beer, and Johnny lit up a joint. We passed it around. I felt like Scott was intentionally getting me messed up. I wondered if this was a prelude to sharing me with Johnny.

I couldn't believe how much I had changed. Not too long ago I'd been a completely faithful wife. Mike had been the only man in my life (and bed) for 10 years. Then Joey happened. Then Scott. Now I was sitting in a hot tub with 2 men (neither my husband), and if Scott gave permission to Johnny to fuck me, I'd let him. I didn't recognize myself. But I was having the most exciting and fun time of my life.

I fingered my wedding and engagement rings under the water. I wondered if Mike was fucking Bitsy at that moment. The thought bothered me, but then I had Scotty.

"You want to see Jen's other tat?" Scott said to Johnny. With a finger he tugged up the small black triangle hiding my left breast, revealing the bottom of my tit (but not so much to show my nipple).

"Is that 55, your number?" Johnny said, his eyes going wide.

"That's right," Scott said with a grin back. "My initials too." Once again, they were talking about me like I wasn't there. It made my cheeks burn.

"It's a henna," I told Johnny.

"So, you got a husband?" Johnny asked looking at the rings on my left hand.

"She's separated," Scott said answering for me.

Johnny slowly nodded as if processing that. His best friend was dating a married girl, who was separated but still wore her wedding rings. I could see why it might be confusing. "Does he know you got tatted with Scott's initials?" he asked.

“I told you, it’s not a real tattoo,” I said. With a shrug I said “It was just something fun to do. It’s not permanent.”

The conversation drifted to Johnny’s girlfriend, Cassandra. Cassie was recently divorced. Johnny had been dating her for about 6 months. Johnny, Cassie and Scott went to high school together.

“Are you serious?” I asked.

“Are you and Scott serious?” Johnny said with a grin at me. Okay, he got me there. I shut my mouth.

We got out of the hot tub. Scott got out first, and I followed. The suction of the water pulled my top down. For a brief moment, my nipples were exposed and Johnny was looking at my naked breasts. I quickly fixed my top. Johnny looked from my chest to my face and we stared at each other. From the hips down I was still in the water. I felt a hand on my leg. It was Johnny’s hand. It moved up my thigh and then he was cupping my pussy over my bikini bottoms. I continued to stare at Johnny’s face, breathing harder now. It was for only a moment, as then I was out of the hot tub and back in the house with Scotty.

Scotty had to help me dress because I was so wasted. He put me in one of Johnny’s big sweatshirts and took me home in the Ford pickup. I was close to passing out by the time we were back in his Airstream trailer, but I came back to life when Scotty penetrated me with his big cock. We had frantic sex. Sex is always better when I’m high. As he fucked me hard, Scott reached under and pushed a finger into my asshole. I came hard. Moments later Scott came.

Scott pulled out and fell onto his back beside me. We were both panting. I curled into him and pulled up the blankets. Just as I passed out, I realized Scott didn’t use a condom and came inside me.

CHAPTER 11 - MONTH 2

When I woke up it was sunny outside. And Scotty was fucking me again. It's kinda strange to wake up with a big cock inside of you. And with your body all horny for sex and desiring an orgasm. I wondered how long Scott had been working on me. Well, long enough to get my body all fired up.

Scotty looked into my face as he fucked me slow. "I love you," he said as he looked into my eyes.

"I love you too Scotty," I said back to him. I did too. At that moment that's how I felt.

My orgasm hit. It was a long orgasm that slowly washed through my body. I arched my back and curled my toes as the pleasure washed through me. As the pleasure peaked, I tightly hugged Scotty's neck and rolled my head back in a long moan.

Scotty pulled out mostly and stayed there, just his tip still inside me, giving me a chance to recover. He leaned close and kissed all over my face as I panted and caught my breath. I remembered last night, when he came inside me. I was on the pill but I didn't want to take chances, especially since I was ovulating. I knew getting pregnant with Scott's baby would be a disaster, and it wasn't just because of Mike and my marriage. Scott was the kind of man who would bolt if he got a girl pregnant. Or, he would want me to get an abortion. I supported choice but personally would never get an abortion. So if that happened, where would I be? Where would Mike and I be?

"You can't cum inside me Scott," I told him as he pushed back in and began to move inside me again.

Scott didn't say anything for a long moment, he just stared into my face. Then he said "I came inside you last night. So why does it matter?"

"Do you want to get me a morning after pill?" I asked him. I'd risk one time, but not twice.

Scott started at me. Then he said, "I'll cum in your mouth. And you'll

swallow it all.”

“I always swallow your cum, baby,” I said. I was being truthful. Or, more accurately, I always *tried* to swallow it all. Sometimes he came so much it was impossible.

Moments later Scott straddled my face and pushed his dick into my mouth. I had to open my mouth as wide as possible because he was so thick. He grabbed my hair and pulled me closer as he rolled his head back and came. It felt like his cock was down my throat. I couldn't breathe, and I had to fight back gagging. My throat muscles worked overtime to swallow his big ejaculation. Finally he pulled out and I gasped for air.

Afterwards we snuggled. He had his arm around me and my head was on his chest. I was relaxed, content. I think Scott was too. We were basking in the afterglow of incredible sex. And also, of being with someone you really wanted to be with.

My thoughts drifted to Mike. As I looked out the small window of the Airstream trailer, at the frozen, beautiful Lake Michigan, New York City seemed so far away. Mike seemed so far away. It wasn't that being with Scott felt more right than with Mike. It was more like ... a camera. When I pointed the camera at Mike, it was out of focus. When pointed at Scott, the image was sharp and clear. At least, that's how it was here in Lake Michigan with my husband hundreds of miles away.

I thought about Mike with Bitsy. That still bothered me. But at that moment it felt abstract. Mike and I hadn't been sexually intimate in a long time. Yes, we had intercourse the day after I was with Steve and Vince, but it was fast and part of the game. It was Mike using me to get off, rather than making love. Yes, we still held hands, we snuggled, we were affectionate and talked a lot. But the lack of real sexual intimacy made a difference. And his dick was in a cage. Maybe it was getting smaller because of that, and Mike didn't seem to mind that much.

All this was fucking with my head. Mike felt more like my platonic best friend instead of my husband. And Scotty felt like my real boyfriend. Yes, that was the purpose of the 3 months. But I guess I never thought it would work so well.

“What are you thinking about?” Scott asked me. He was twirling my hair braid in his finger.

I didn't want to talk about Mike with Scott. So I asked “What's the story with Johnny?”

“He’s been my best friend forever,” Scott said.

I got on my elbow and looked at Scott. “I thought you were going to share me last night,” I said.

Scott grinned. “Johnny would’ve jumped at the chance to fuck you,” he said.

“What about Cassie?”

“I don’t know how serious they are,” Scott said. “Cassie just got divorced. I doubt she’s looking for a serious relationship this soon. Probably they’re just fuck buddies.”

“Johnny talks about her like he loves her,” I said.

“Maybe he does,” Scott said with a shrug. “Doesn’t mean Cass loves him back.”

We had to get up. We were meeting Scott’s parents to go to church. I wore the new velvet blue dress Scotty bought me. It hugged my curves and tapered passed my knees like a pencil skirt, and it had a shiny gold zipper that went all the way down the back. Since it was church and Scott’s parents, I pulled the zipper high up my back. Still, the shiny gold zipper against the blue velvet material made a statement.

I knew the dress was a little too much for church, but we were meeting Johnny and Cassie for a late lunch after and I wanted to look good. I wanted to impress Scott’s friends. Especially Cassie. She knew Scott since high school so I wanted to make a good impression. And as any girl will tell you, a girl dresses more for other girls than for boys.

As we were about to walk out of the trailer, Scott touched my left hand. Oops, I forgot. I took off my rings and put them in my purse. “It would be nice if I didn’t have to remind you,” he told me, jokingly chastising me.

“It would be nice if I didn’t have to ask you to pull out all the time,” I joked back.

Scott laughed. “Okay, touché,” he said grinning.

Scott’s parents were members of one of those trendy non-denominational churches. It was called New Covenant Church of Lake

Michigan. Mike and I go to a small Catholic church (Mike isn't Catholic, or even religious really, but he always goes with me). All the lights and music of New Covenant was kind of jarring. It kinda reminded me of Joel Osteen, but on steroids. Not that it was bad or anything. It was just different.

"Jen you're so beautiful," Scott's mom said to me after the service. Touching my velvet dress, she gushed "My goodness this is so beautiful. Jen you look like a movie star, you really do."

"Scotty bought the dress for me," I said, smiling over at Scott.

"He's such a good boy," his mom said, smiling proudly at her son.

"He is," I agreed. "He bought me these earrings too. For Christmas." I held back my hair so she could see better.

"Oh my goodness, they're so beautiful," his mom gushed as she inspected the earrings. "You're so beautiful Jen. You and Scott make a lovely couple."

"Thank you."

His mom took my arm and led me away from Scott and his father. "I can't remember the last time Scott introduced us to a girl," she said. "You must be really special to him."

"He's special to me too," I said.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," his mom said. Then she hesitantly said "So ... are you getting a divorce? Do you see your husband?"

"It's kinda complicated," I said with a nervous laugh. "Scotty's helping me through it. He's being a really good friend."

"But he's more than a friend, right?" his mom said. "Scott told me he loves you."

"You freaking told your mom you love me?" I said to Scott as we drove in his Ford pickup to lunch.

"I do love you," Scott said. "You know that."

"Yeah, but Scott ...," I said with exasperation. I took my engagement and wedding rings from my purse and put them on. "Have you forgotten about this?" I said in frustration, showing my left hand to him. "We have to stop saying the L word. This is fun Scott but it's going to end. You know that right?"

Scott didn't answer. Instead, he pulled into a parking lot, behind an old deserted warehouse.

"Let's go," he angrily said, pulling me onto his lap. He pushed the

bench seat back all the way to make more room. Then he tugged up my dress to my waist and ripped off my panties.

“Scotty, no, we’re meeting Johnny and Cassie,” I protested.

“That’s right!” he growled. “And when you meet them you’ll be full of my cum!”

Scott fucked me hard. I mean, really hard. It was like he was punishing me. I came and he kept fucking me. I came again. He kept fucking me. Finally he came. There was no talk of pulling out. Scott came inside me. And yeah, he filled my pussy up with his cum.

After he was done, he drove on to the restaurant. As we approached I saw a Marriott. “Scott, stop there,” I told him.

“We’re already late,” he snapped.

“Scott, I cannot meet Cassie looking like this!” I told him sternly.

Scott glared at me. I glared back. Then he relented and pulled into the Marriott.

Scott waited in the car while I rushed inside to the bathroom. Thankfully it was empty. I looked in the mirror. God. I looked so freshly fucked. I took off my dress. I wiped my pussy and inner thighs. I sighed. Scott had cum so much and he was flooding out of me. So much for being careful. I realized we hadn’t used even one of the condoms Mike gave me. So far this weekend, every time we fucked, Scott had been inside me bareback, and he came inside me – what? Twice? Three times? I couldn’t even remember. Was I freaking crazy? If I got pregnant, Scott would dump me, and Mike would dump me too with another man’s baby in my stomach. I didn’t believe in abortion. I was pro-choice, but for me, growing up Catholic, I would never get an abortion. So what would I do if I got pregnant?

After wiping my pussy, I patted my body with damp towels. Then I spritzed on perfume, more than I normally used. I put my dress back on. I went braless and left the zipper open halfway down my back, so the sun and moon tattoo was visible. I thought that might put Scott in a better mood. Then I fixed my hair and makeup. I looked in the mirror. Okay, this was better. I didn’t look so much like a cheap slut who just got her brains fucked out in a pickup truck.

I got back into the pickup. Scott looked at me. He was still glaring at me.

“Okay, look,” I said gently, in a soft, conciliatory voice. “This is complicated. It’s confusing for all 3 of us.”

“You mean the 2 of us,” Scott said. “You and me.”

“Mike too,” I said. “Come on Scott. Mike too.”

We silently agreed to disagree. Scott drove to the restaurant. He still wasn't talking to me, but at least he wasn't glaring at me anymore.

Johnny and Cassie were already there, waiting for us. They welcomed us with mimosas. My eyes opened wide at the sparkling drink. God I needed a drink. I drained mine down, and didn't try to stop the waiter when he offered to refill my glass.

“Party girl,” Cassie said with a crooked grin at me. “I'm all for that. Let's let wasted.” Cassie clinked my glass and then downed her mimosa. I drained mine too – my second one. The waiter came around again with the pitcher of mimosa.

“Can we switch to just champagne?” I asked. I needed the alcohol, and didn't want it diluted with fruit.

Cassie laughed. “Scott I love your new girlfriend,” she said grinning at me. She took my arm and led me to the table. I was beginning to like Cassie.

CHAPTER 12 – MONTH 2

Cassie reminded me of Allie. She was tall, beautiful and a brunette with long wavy dark hair. She was curvy and had a huge chest, bigger than Allie's. She was Scott's age 37 (I was 29, turning 30 in a couple months). I was grateful she was wearing a dress and high heels so I didn't feel overdressed.

We got along really well. I liked her and I think she liked me too. After about an hour of drinking champagne I had to pee. So did Cassie. We went to the bathroom arm in arm, both of us feeling tipsy and giggling.

"Garter belt?" Cassie asked me as I pulled down my dress after peeing. Thigh highs (instead of pantyhose) were becoming more common, but garter belts were still somewhat rare, even for girls in New York City.

"Scotty bought it for me," I explained. "This is our first trip together."

Cassie slowly nodded. We both fixed our makeup and hair. "You smoke?" she asked me.

"God I'd love one," I gushed. We walked outside. It was cold but bearable. Cassie lit a cigarette for me, then for her.

"So you're having a bad day," Cassie observed. "Meeting Scott's parents, right? I get that. They can't stand me."

I was curious why, but from her expression, it seemed she didn't want to get into it. "They're okay," I said with a shrug. "It's Scott."

"What's up?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

I'd just met Cassie, but she was really nice, and it felt good to talk about it. So, I said "Well, I'm married."

"I can see that," Cassie said with a laugh, looking at the rings on my left hand. "Johnny says you're separated?"

I nodded. I said, "Mike and I needed some time apart. But we're getting back together, eventually. We've been together 10 years. You don't just throw that away." I was telling Cassie the story we agreed on, but it felt

like I was mixing truth along with the fiction.

“I get that,” Cassie said understandingly.

“I’ve been honest with Scott,” I said, continuing. “And he was okay with it. Until this weekend.”

Cassie looked at me for long moments, like she was reading into my soul. Then she said “Let me guess. You’ve both said the L word.”

I looked at her, surprised. Then I nodded.

“Well honey, what did you think would happen?” Cassie said gently.

“I don’t know,” I said helplessly. “There’s a different though, right? I mean you can *feel* love for someone. But not be *in* love.”

“Oh honey,” Cassie said. “I get what you’re saying. But you know that’s bullshit right?”

We went to Johnny’s place after brunch. Scott turned on college basketball while Johnny made drinks. We shifted from champagne to vodka cocktails. I was getting drunk, but so was Scott, and that was good because at least we weren’t arguing anymore.

My iPhone pinged. It was a text from Mike. I realized guiltily I hadn’t texted or called him since dinner last night. Scott looked over my shoulder as I opened the text. It said “At a Knicks game with Bitsy.” There was a picture of Mike and Bitsy. He had his arm around her and they were smiling into the camera.

“They look happy,” Scott said to me. “I bet Mike’s been smashing Bitsy non-stop.”

“Scott stop,” I said staring at the picture. I hated the picture but I couldn’t stop looking at it.

“Mike’s with Bitsy,” Scott said. “You’re with me. You said it’s complicated. It’s not complicated. It’s simple.”

“Scott, just stop,” I said. I was whispering, because I didn’t want Johnny and Cassie to hear in the kitchen. “I don’t want to freaking talk about this here.”

As the sun went down Johnny made a fire next to the hot tub. He grilled steaks and we ate outside by the big fire. I picked at my food, barely eating anything, as I still thought about the picture of Mike with Bitsy.

After dinner we changed into our bathing suits and got in the hot bubbling water of the hot tub. Once again Johnny lit a joint and passed it

around. I took a long drag. And I drank more vodka. I wanted to get wasted.

“Jen, show Cassie your tat,” Johnny said grinning at me.

“I’ve already seen it,” Cassie said.

“Not the one on her back,” Johnny said. “The one on her tit.”

Johnny and Scott were both grinning at me. Cassie had a curious, slight smile on her beautiful face.

I felt drunk, borderline room spinning. Slurring my words, I said “It’s not on my tit.” I tugged up my top just enough to expose the 55.

Cassie’s eyes rose. She looked at Scott who grinned at her. Then she looked at me again. “Scott’s initials?” she asked.

“No babe, it’s like, whatchamacall, a double entendre,” Johnny said, slurring his words like me. “It’s Scott’s initials and his basketball number.”

“You mean homonym dumb shit,” Cassie said with a laugh. She looked back at me and smiled. She rubbed the 55 with her thumb. “Maybe double entendre is right, with it here,” she said smiling at me. Her finger moved from the 55 to the bottom of my breast. Now she was rubbing me – caressing me – there.

Cassie moved close, so our faces almost touched. “Have you ever kissed a girl?” she asked in a soft voice.

I nodded. “Allie,” I said. “She’s my best friend.”

“I can be your best friend,” Cassie said. And then she pressed her lips against mine.

Cassie’s lips were soft. She parted her lips and now she was kissing me open mouth. She slipped her tongue into my mouth. Her tongue was soft too.

I wanted to push Cassie away. But when I tried to move my hands, I realized Scott was holding my wrists.

Cassie wrapped her arms around my neck. She ran her fingers through my hair as she kissed me. I found myself kissing her back. Around us, Scott and Johnny grinned excitedly at each other. I realized then Scott didn’t want to share me with Johnny. He wanted to share me with Cassie.

“Kiss her neck, behind her ear,” Scott told Cassie. But Cassie didn’t need any help. She was already expertly caressing my neck with her long fingernails. I moaned into her mouth.

I felt someone tugging at the strings of my bikini at my neck. Someone else tugged the string at my back. I didn’t know who. Then I felt

the tension of the strings give way. Moments later my top was floating in the water.

“Move over Cassie,” Johnny said. He moved in beside his girlfriend. He lowered his head and sucked one of my nipples into his mouth. “Ugh god,” I moaned.

“No Johnny she’s mine,” Cassie said. She pushed Johnny away. Then her mouth replaced Johnny’s at my tits.

I looked over at Scott. “No Scotty please,” I said reaching for him. I looked desperately at him. I’d never been with a girl. This was happening too fast. I barely knew Cassie. I wasn’t ready for this.

Scott looked disappointed. But he pulled me from Cassie. He said quick goodbyes as he bundled me up in towels. Then he drove us home.

Scott threw me on the bed inside the trailer. The towels flew everywhere, leaving me naked except for my bikini bottoms. He ripped them off and got between my legs. He mounted me, penetrating me with his cock.

It was like in his pickup before. He fucked me with anger and fury. He made me cum. Then he came. Like before there was no talk of a condom or pulling out. Scott pushed deep inside me and stayed there, bottomed out inside me, as he splashed his seed against my womb.

Afterwards Scott seemed regretful. He tenderly kissed all over my face and said, “I’m sorry, I love you,” over and over again. I was about to pass out from all the vodka and weed. I curled up into his arms and said, “I love you too baby.” Then I passed out.

When I opened my eyes, Scott was already awake. He was looking at me. The memories of last night came rushing back.

“I’m sorry about Cassie,” I said. It was true. I was sorry I disappointed him. He smiled at me. Then he kissed me. Then he made love to me. To his credit, he pulled out when he came, and I didn’t have to ask him.

We dressed and went on a long hike through Manistee National Forest. We held hands. By silent agreement, we didn’t talk about the drama from yesterday.

We got back to Scott’s trailer, and we undressed each other. He entered me, again without a condom. We were on our sides, looking at each other, our legs tangled together with our bodies connected. He fucked me

slow. We talked as he slowly moved in and out of me.

“You said you kissed Allie,” he said.

“In college. Like, sometimes at parties we’d slow dance to get boys hot,” I explained. “A couple times we kissed. But it was just to get boys hot. We never did it.”

“Cassie’s straight,” Scott said. “But she likes fucking girls. I suppose she’s bi-curious.”

I nodded. I said, “I like Cassie. She’s nice.”

“You’re not ready, I get that,” Scott said.

“Yeah but, it’s more than that,” I said. I wanted to be truthful. I knew of course girl-on-girl was a big fantasy for guys. It was a big fantasy for Mike. I said, “The first time I do it, *if* I do it, Mike has to be there. It’s only right Scott. He’s my husband.”

Scott stared at me. He didn’t answer.

At least this time, he didn’t get angry. He looked sad though. We made slow love. I came on his cock, as we kissed. I moaned into his mouth as I climaxed. Then he put me on my back and fucked me harder, more urgently, but not in anger like before. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him as he pounded me. “I’m cumming,” he growled.

I didn’t say “pull out.” I did the opposite. I wrapped my arms tighter around his neck. I wrapped my legs around him too. I let him cum inside me. I encouraged him to cum inside me.

We showered and dressed. Then we drove to the airport. Scott’s parents met us there, to say goodbye. We had a little time before our flight, so we sat in a Starbucks for a coffee. Scott pulled out the blueprints of his house to show me and his parents. He was really proud of the plans, and it got him in a better mood. Scotty was especially proud of the overlapping lofts and the ropes to “Tarzan” around (as he put it).

“Scott, honey, it’s not practical,” I gently told him. “You need to add stairs.”

“I’ve got stairs,” Scott said defensively, pointing to the plans.

“That’s a spiral staircase honey,” I said as gently as possible. “Think about when you have a family. The spiral stairs won’t be safe for little kids. Or the ropes. Think about little super active boys trying to Tarzan around before they’re old enough.”

Scott frowned, not liking my suggestions. But Scott’s mom and dad smiled approvingly at me.

“My parents like you,” Scott said when we were seated in the plane.

“I like them too,” I told him. I did to.

Scott put his arm around me and kissed me. “I wish we met a long time ago,” he said. “Before you met Mike.”

“Scotty, I don’t want to go there,” I told him gently. “I *can’t* go there.”

As I spoke the diamond of my engagement ring sparkled from the sunlight shining in the little window next to us. I’d put my wedding and engagement rings back on after saying goodbye to Scott’s parents.

Scott didn’t say anything. What could he say? I leaned into his arm. Despite the drama I was exhausted. From all the partying, the stress of meeting his parents, all the sex. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER 13 – MONTH 2 - WHAT MIKE DID OVER THE WEEKEND

After Jen left, I lasted about an hour. Then I used the key to unlock the cage and jerked off watching the video from Jen's gangbang. I came twice. The orgasms were intense, but the depression and despair that followed were worse in the opposite direction.

I wondered how I was going to make it through the weekend. Then I thought of Bitsy. She was my friend. She was available. While not beautiful, she wasn't hard on the eyes either. I called her up to ask her out. She sounded really happy to hear from me. She offered to make me dinner, rather than go out.

I knew she was offering more than dinner. Honestly, at that moment, I wanted that. I wanted to fuck Bitsy. I was horny knowing Jen was going to spend the weekend with her boyfriend. *And I was pissed at Jen because she was going to spend the weekend with her boyfriend.* I know that sounds crazy, but that's the conflict I constantly felt playing the game.

As the evening approached, I showered and dressed for my date. Just as I was about to go, I got a text from Jen. It was a selfie. They were in ski outfits and smiling into the camera, with tall evergreens and virgin snow in the background. Jen's pretty face was flushed from the cold. Her nose and cheeks were red, and she had a big smile on her face. She looked so beautiful. And so happy. I knew it had nothing to do with me. She was happy because she was with Scott.

I wondered how many times they had already fucked. At least once. Maybe twice. How many orgasms would Scott give my wife this weekend?

Jen's text said "Having a great time with Scotty. ILY." Her message sounded so transactional. Like, "getting on the plane now" or "we're ordering pizza for dinner." There was no emotion or affection there. She

didn't say "I miss you" or "I wish you were here." She didn't spell out "love" or include a heart emoji or even write "xoxoxo." It felt like she sent the text out of a sense of obligation, rather than any love for me.

I got hard looking at the picture. I was tempted to beat off. But I decided to save it for Bitsy. A pussy – even if it wasn't Jen's pussy -- was better than my hand. Also, it was my way of saying f-you to Jen. The picture of Jen and Scott got me hard, and I was going to use that erection to pleasure another girl. That gave me some sadistic satisfaction.

Bitsy greeted me with a kiss and a glass of wine. She was wearing a clingy sweater and slacks. I don't know why, but I said "You should wear skirts more."

"Oh ... really?" she hesitantly asked. My abrupt – and rude – comment caught her off guard.

"Yeah, you have nice legs," I told her.

"Oh ...," she said, a slight smile coming to her face. "I'll be right back." She went into her bedroom.

At that moment I wasn't sure who I was. In my entire life, I never said to a girl "you should wear shirts more," especially someone like Bitsy who I didn't really know well and had no claim to. But rather than being offended by my crass remark, she seemed pleased. Was this the secret to being a successful player? Treat girls like shit, order them around, and don't give them respect?

"Better?" Bitsy asked a moment later. She still wore the sweater, but now she was wearing a short skirt that ended a couple inches above her knees. Underneath she wore black tights.

I nodded and took a sip of my wine. Bitsy smiled at me and went back into the kitchen. "I hope you like chicken casserole," she said.

I followed Bitsy into the kitchen. I looked at her as she cooked. Her sweater clung to her breasts and emphasized how flat she was. Her skirt was tight, and even though Bitsy wasn't curvy – her slim hips and skinny ass were almost like a boy's -- she looked good in it. Her tights were opaque black and she had shapely calves. Looking at her, I came to realize that Bitsy could pretty easily pickup men if she wanted. She wasn't a beauty or super hot, but she was definitely fuckable, especially if you were into thin, flat chested girls (like me).

"When were you fucked last?" I asked her.

"What?" Bitsy said with an uncertain laugh. She looked at me

uncertainly, as if wondering if I was going to go off into a jealous tantrum.

I moved closer. I raised my hand and traced my finger over her lips. “When were you fucked last?” I asked again.

Bitsy was silent for a long moment. Then she said “Tuesday.”

“Who?”

She shrugged but didn’t answer.

I moved my hand down. I fondled her breasts as I looked into her eyes. Then I moved my hand lower. I moved my hand under her skirt. I fingered her pussy. Her tights were damp. I continued to look into her eyes as I fingered her. “Mike, if you’re going to do that, at least kiss me,” Bitsy said breathlessly.

I threw Bitsy onto her bed and fucked her. We never ate the casserole; it burned in the oven.

Afterwards, in a soft voice, Bitsy said, “Don’t take this the wrong way. But you’re so angry in bed.” She quickly added “You’re a super nice guy all the other times. And I like it, you’re a great lover. But it seems like you’re so angry during sex.”

I was silent for long moments. Then I said “My wife’s dating a guy from her work. Her boss actually. He’s a real player.”

“Is that why you separated?” Bitsy gently asked.

Again I paused. Finally I nodded.

“What do you mean he’s a player?” she asked.

“Y’know, he looks like he stepped out of the cover of GQ,” I said with a shrug. I thought it was ironic I was describing a person Bitsy knew. “He’s hung like a horse.”

“You’re really cute Mike,” Bitsy said reassuringly. “And you’re got a nice body.”

I laughed, but it was without any humor. She was being nice and I appreciated it. But by this point I knew Bitsy was sexually experienced. She’d been with her share of men. So she knew – and I knew she knew – that my cock was smaller than average. Also, saying someone has a “nice” body is the same as saying “he’s got a good personality.” I wasn’t offended though. I was to Scott what Bitsy was to Jen.

As if reading my thoughts, she squeezed my hand and said “Size doesn’t matter. It’s what you do with it that counts. I think you’re a great lover Mike.”

I gave Bitsy a tight smile. I appreciated she was trying, but really her

words weren't helping. After a few moments she said "So, your wife's having a fling with her boss. She promises it's a temporary thing, and eventually she'll come back to you?"

I stared at Bitsy. "Something like that," I said. Again I was amazed at a woman's intuition. But then, maybe it wasn't that hard to figure out.

"And you'll take her back?"

I shrugged. "You probably think that's pathetic," I said.

Bitsy shrugged back but didn't say anything. If anything she looked disappointed. I think she realized at that moment there truly wasn't any future for us. She was just temporary, until my wife returned to me. I felt guilty, like I was using her, even though I was being honest with her.

Bitsy snuggled in my arms. "Would you mind staying tonight?" she asked. She sounded sad and lonely. I felt like it was the least I could do. And honestly, she felt good in my arms. I hugged her closer to me and we drifted off to sleep.

I woke up early the next morning. Bitsy was still asleep. I didn't want to do the breakfast thing. I didn't want us to become a couple. I silently dressed, scribbled down a quick note, then left.

I checked my phone. Jen had sent a few texts and pictures. Her and Scott. Both posed and candid.

I went to the office and tried to work. I didn't have anything else to do, even though it was President's day weekend.

But I couldn't concentrate. I locked my office door then took out my phone. I jerked off to the pictures of Jen and Scott. After cumming I immediately got depressed. I resisted masturbating again because I didn't want to deal with that intense depression and distraught, not with still 48 hours to go until Jen was with me again.

Later that afternoon I started thinking about what I was going to do that night. If alone I knew I wouldn't be able to resist jerking off, and that would just lead to depression.

I abruptly realized that I didn't get depressed when I was with Bitsy. Even after sex, even if I fantasized about Jen and Scott while cumming, I didn't get depressed. Bitsy liked me. I liked her. Why was I so worried about leading her on? After all, we were both adults and I was being open with her.

I called Bitsy up and she immediately agreed to go out with me. We went to a bookstore in Chelsea. We spent a couple hours browsing the

shelves of books. It sounds boring but the time flew. Bitsy knew a ton about books and she was so into it. I got caught up in her excitement and it was fun. Then we sat down with others for a poetry reading. I'm not into poetry – I don't know much about it really – but it was fun listening to the various authors as they dramatically read from their books. Afterwards you could buy their books and have them autograph them. I think Bitsy bought a book from each of the authors. She's really into getting signed autographed books.

As Bitsy waited in line for an autograph, I thought about Jen. We'd never gone to a poetry reading, or spent time in bookstores. I was glad to be doing different things. Because it helped not to miss Jen so much, or think about her all the time.

But it was sad too. Married couples are supposed to have shared experiences. Their entire life together is supposed to be a shared experience.

But now Jen was having experiences without me, and I was having experiences without her. We were like that show on *Amazon Prime*, the *Peripheral*. Jen and I were stubs. We were creating branches from our shared timeline.

As I waited for Bitsy, I got a text. My heart leaped when I saw it was from Jen. The text said "Going to dinner with Scotty and his friend Johnny. ILY"

There was a picture, a selfie. God Jen looked amazing. So incredibly hot. She was wearing a white top. I remembered Scott bought it for her. It was long sleeved but off the shoulder, and clingy. She was clearly braless. She was wearing skinny jeans. God, her ass and legs looked so good in those jeans.

I stared at the picture. Then I stared at her message, especially the "ILY." I wished she wrote it out – "I love you." Maybe she was just in a hurry.

My cock was hard and my heart was aching. What a combination. I texted back "I'm glad you're having fun. I love you."

I wrote it out – *I love you* – because I felt one of us had to say it. To stay connected. But did it work, if only one wrote it? I told myself I was being stupid. Jen did say it. ILY and I Love You were the same thing. I just wished she had written it out.

After the bookstore we went to Bitsy's apartment. We ate pizza and watched a movie on her TV. Jen liked romantic comedies. Bitsy liked all movies, especially ones based on books she'd read. We watched *Lincoln*

Lawyer.

Bitsy told me the book was written by Michael Connelly. I admitted to her I didn't read a lot, although I think I had heard of Michael Connelly. She frowned, like she was determined to get me to read more. She went to her stacks of books and pulled down 3 books, all by Connelly. *Lincoln Lawyer*, *Brass Verdict* and *The Reversal*. She explained all had the same main character, Mickey Haller. Bitsy made me promise to read them. I grinned and told her I would. The movie was actually really good so it would be fun to read more stories with Mickey Haller.

Afterwards we fucked. I wanted to call it fucking because I didn't want to call it making love. I slept over again. This time she didn't have to ask me. It just kind of happened. I realized I was enjoying being with Bitsy. It made me feel guilty though, because I felt like I was betraying Jen.

I went home early the next morning. I made a decision to stop seeing Bitsy. I didn't want to like her too much. I didn't want to develop feelings for her. In a little over a month Jen would be mine again. I knew it would take work to reconnect and get back to the way we were, and I didn't want Bitsy to complicate things. It would be complicated enough dealing with Scott.

I waited by my phone all day, hoping for a call or text from Jen. As the day went on I got more agitated. And frankly, I got pissed as time passed and she didn't call or text me.

In the early afternoon my phone rang and I practically leaped for it. But I was crestfallen when I saw it was Bitsy, not Jen. She said she had 2 tickets to the Knicks game that night, and invited me to go with her. I hesitated. I wanted to cool things with Bitsy, but I didn't have any other plans, and this was the Knicks after all. Also, I was irritated with Jen. So, as much to spite Jen as to be with Bitsy (and see the Knicks), I agreed to go.

When we were at the game, I put my arm around Bitsy and pulled her close. We smiled into the camera as I took a selfie. When Bitsy wasn't looking, I texted the picture to Jen with the message: "At a Knicks game with Bitsy." I purposefully didn't add "I love you" or even ILY. I sent the text and tried not to think about Jen.

CHAPTER 14

Mike was there when I got home. “I missed you,” he said as he hugged me. “I missed you too,” I said, hugging him back.

It was awkward being together again. I think the game had moved to another level over the weekend, for both of us. I knew it had for me.

We didn’t talk about the game, or Scott, or Bitsy. We avoided talking about it. We went to dinner at the French bistro we liked. As we ate, I looked out the window. I could see the building with the loft apartment a few blocks away. I compared that loft apartment, here in New York City, with the house Scott was building on the shores of Lake Michigan. Then I forced those thoughts away. They were too confusing to think about.

“So ...,” Mike said later when we were in bed.

“So ...,” I said back, turning on my side to face him.

“How was it?” he asked.

“It was really something,” I said.

“You met his parents?” he asked.

“Yes, they’re really nice,” I gushed. After a moment I hesitantly added “I took my wedding rings off around them. They know I’m married. They’re nice but simple people. They wouldn’t understand.”

Mike was silent as he processed that information. When he didn’t answer, I said “I just don’t want to keep anything from you. I put them back on right after.”

Mike nodded but still he didn’t say anything. Finally, he said “You told them we’re separated?”

I nodded. “You’re telling Bitsy the same thing?” I asked.

Mike nodded. He was silent again. Then he said “Sometimes it feels like we’re *really* separated. It felt that way this weekend, sometimes.” After a moment’s hesitation, he said “I don’t like that feeling.”

“But we’re not *really* separated Mike,” I assured him. “And it’s supposed to feel real. We want that right? It makes the game more

exciting.” I looked down. He was hard in his boxers.

He saw me looking. He said, “Just because I’m hard doesn’t mean I’m happy. Things need to change Jen. We can’t go on like this.”

“I think things need to change too,” I said softly.

Mike’s eyes went wide. “How?” he asked. There was anxiety in his voice.

I reached down and put my hand against his erection. “Well, I don’t think this needs to be caged anymore.”

“That’s an improvement,” Mike said with a grin. I think it was the first time he smiled that day. “Why?”

I hesitated, steeling myself for what I was about to say. But I had to say it. I had to tell him. Otherwise, it wouldn’t be fair.

I reached out and took Mike’s hand in mine, and said “The cage was about helping me feel like Scott’s girlfriend. For real. I don’t need anything to feel that way anymore.”

I watched as Mike’s smile disappeared. “So what does that mean?” he asked.

“Well, it means I don’t want to play the 3-month game anymore,” I told him. I smiled and squeezed his erection over his boxers. This time he didn’t smile or say “that’s an improvement.”

“And?” he prompted, knowing there was more.

Once again, I steeled myself. Then I said “I guess I want to talk about when things have to end. With Scott. We’ve never really talked about that. He’s my boyfriend. We like each other. We get along. Why does it have to end?”

“I don’t get what you’re saying,” Mike said. “Scott’s a player. Eventually he’ll move to another girl. Or girls.”

“Why? Do you think *you’ll* ever get tired of me?”

“Of course not Jen.”

“Then why do you think Scott will?” I asked. I was feeling indignant. “I know how to keep him happy.”

“What about me?” Mike asked.

“Mike baby, I know how to keep you happy too,” I assured him.

“I don’t get what you’re saying,” Mike said, shaking his head. He was frustrated, and agitated. “What? You want 2 husbands?”

“I don’t want 2 husbands. You’re the only husband I want,” I assured Mike, squeezing his hands. “I just don’t want an artificial deadline on my

relationship with Scott. I want to be able to tell him we can be together as long as we want to be together. If he does get tired of me, or I get tired of him, well, *that's* when it will end.”

I said, “I’m not saying it’ll never end. It probably *will* end eventually. I just don’t want to put an artificial deadline on it.”

Mike stared at me. I could tell all this got him hot, but scared too. “So what happens when Scott makes you choose between him and me?” he asked.

“That won’t happen Mike.”

“It already *is* happening! We don’t have sex anymore Jen! Because of Scott!”

“That was just part of the game,” I said, squeezing his hands, trying to reassure him. “Mike baby, admit it, you got off on it. Come on, you did. And anyways, it doesn’t matter, I told you, we’re not doing that anymore.”

“Because you don’t need that to feel like his girlfriend,” Mike spat out bitterly.

I squeezed Mike’s hands again. “Mike, that’s what you wanted all along,” I said, trying to reason with him. “You didn’t want me to *just* fuck Scott. You wanted me to date him. You wanted me to *feel* like his girlfriend. You still do, right? So, if you really think about it, what I’m saying is exactly what you wanted to happen.”

Mike stared at me, trying to process everything. “So, if we’re not playing that game anymore, I can do this,” he said, reaching out and squeezing my breasts. I could tell he felt bitter, and hurt, and scared.

“You can do anything you want,” I assured him, making no move to stop him. “I’m yours again.”

“Mine,” he said with a sarcastic laugh. “That’s bullshit. You’re not mine. You’re Scott’s. *That’s* what we’re talking about.”

“Mike baby, now you’re not being honest,” I said in a soft, gentle voice. “I’m your wife. I live with you. Sometimes I’m with Scott. *Sometimes*. But we *both* want that. You still get hot seeing me with Scotty. Right?”

Before he could answer, I said “You even love it when I call him Scotty. You hate it. But you love it too. Just like the 55 tattoo. It gets you hot.”

Mike stared at me. I knew my husband better than anyone. I knew how he was wired. I might not understand it sometimes, but I knew.

He unbuttoned my blouse and pulled it off my shoulders. He looked at my breasts. “Do I look the same?” I asked.

He didn’t answer. He stared at the 55 tattoo under my left breast for long moments.

“Can you take this out?” he asked, touching the braid in my hair. “And these?” He added, touching Scott’s diamond earrings.

“Yes, of course,” I said immediately. I took off Scott’s earrings and unbraided my hair.

His eyes went back to the 55 tattoo.

“Do you like it?” I asked him. I gave him a grin and playfully teased, “Do you like your wife’s breast *branded* with another man’s initials?”

Mike moaned and his body tensed up. I smiled inside. I knew how to push my husband’s buttons.

“So, I can do this then,” he said as he took off my clothes. He finished undressing me and himself.

Mike opened my legs. He stared at my pussy. I knew what he saw because I’d looked at myself earlier.

I knew Mike loved the way my pussy looked. The way it *used* to look. Like a teenager’s. With slim lips tightly pressed together. That wasn’t how my pussy looked now. After a long weekend of getting fucked by Scott, my pussy lips were still red and puffy, and gaped apart.

This evidence of Scott’s big dick fucking me seemed to inflamed Mike. He lowered his tongue and worked his magic. It took me a while to cum because my body was satiated after the weekend with Scott. But Mike had a very talented tongue. Eventually I was moaning and arching my back as I came.

“I’m glad I can still get you off,” he said a moment later as he pulled me into his arms.

“Of course you can Mike. You’ve got a freaking awesome tongue,” I said honestly, smiling at him and touching his lips with my fingertip.

“When did he fuck you last?” he asked me.

“This morning,” I said.

He nodded slowly. “You let him cum inside you,” he said. It was a statement, not a question. I’d showered but I guess I still tasted different.

“It just kinda happened,” I admitted sheepishly. He looked worried. I said, “I’m anal now about taking the pill.”

“But you’re ovulating,” he said.

“I’m sure I’m okay.”

“How many times did he cum inside you?” he pressed.

I hesitated, then admitted “A lot.”

He stared at me. He was breathing hard.

“I’m sure I’m not pregnant,” I said again.

“What if you are?” he asked. He knew I was pro-choice, but personally I’d never get an abortion. I mean, if I had to I would, but I’d feel really shitty about it. It would really hurt me.

“I’m not so let’s not think about it,” I said. I tried to sound confident, but honestly I wasn’t sure so my words were a prayer to God.

Then Mike blurted out, “If you’re pregnant I’ll take care of the baby. I’ll take care of you and the baby.”

My eyes went wide with surprise. I knew with certainty that Scott would *never* raise another man’s child. But Mike just said he would.

That’s why I married Mike. That’s why I loved him. He was such a good man.

I rolled Mike onto his back and got on top of him. I reached between our bodies and guided his cock to me.

“You’re so freaking hard,” I whispered huskily.

I positioned his cock between my pussy lips. I lowered myself onto him. There was no resistance. He slid in balls deep without any effort.

He looked thoughtful as he looked up at me. I sensed he was comparing me to Bitsy.

I asked, “Am I as tight as Bitsy?”

“No,” he told me, looking into my eyes. It was just one word. One syllable. But it came out harshly. It made me wince.

“Don’t hate me Mike,” I said pleadingly. My voice trembled and my eyes teared up. “We both started this. I can’t help how I feel.”

Mike softened and said, “You still feel good. You feel better than Bitsy.”

I smiled at my husband. His words made me feel better, but honestly we both were still on edge. Our marriage was strained. How could it not be with another man in the mix? But I wasn’t ready to end things with Scott. And I was pretty sure that, if Mike was being honest with himself, he wasn’t ready either.

We both still wanted to play *our game*.

Mike wrapped his arms around my neck and we kissed. I slowly

moved up and down on his shaft. We both wanted it to last. We needed the intimacy, the connection. We softly kissed as we made love.

Mike came. He came inside me, adding his sperm to Scott's from the weekend.

We hugged for long moments. Then I rolled onto my side. Mike wrapped his arm around me, and I snuggled into it.

"Sooo ...," I began in a soft voice. I was caressing his chest. I said, "I don't want you to see Bitsy anymore."

Mike got up on an elbow and looked at me.

"Okay," he agreed without any protest.

"Okay," I said back, sealing our agreement. I'd keep seeing Scott. But he wouldn't see Bitsy or any other girl.

I snuggled back into his arm. We snuggled that way for a long time.

"Can we talk?" I asked walking into Scott's office. When he nodded, I closed and locked his door. I moved to his side of the desk, leaning against the edge. Since he was sitting in his big leather chair, our legs were almost touching.

"This weekend was fun," I told him, smiling at him. "I'd like more weekends like that."

Scott smiled at me. He put his hand behind my knee. "I'd like that too," he said. He began to softly caress the back of my knee. That part of my body is incredibly sensitive. If you don't touch me right it actually hurts, like tickling the bottom of your foot. But Scott knew how to touch me. His caresses made me shiver and I felt myself getting wet.

"I want us to go steady," I announced. I giggled. I couldn't help it. It was such a high school thing to say.

"What?" he said with a laugh.

"You heard me," I said with a grin back.

"So, you gonna wear my high school ring?" he joked with a laugh.

"If you want," I said with a laugh back.

Scott looked at me, his face getting serious. He knew I was talking about taking our relationship to another level. To a more serious level.

"What about Mike?" he asked. "Are you divorcing him?"

"Of course not."

"Then how can we go steady?" Scott scoffed.

“Mike’s my husband, you’re my boyfriend. My *real* boyfriend,” I said. “Mike is willing to share.”

“What if *I’m* not willing to share?” he said.

“This weekend was fun. We’ll have more weekends like that. Let’s focus on that,” I said.

Scott stood up and pushed me onto my back on his desk. He pushed up my skirt. He unzipped his pants and took out his cock, then he pulled my panties to the side. I grunted as he pushed into me. Even though I was used to him know he still felt super big, especially at the beginning.

Scott leaned over and looked into my face as he fucked me. “I don’t share Jen,” he hissed as he fucked me.

“You freaking gang banged me,” I reminded him. “You wanted me to fuck Johnny, and Cassie.”

“You know that’s different,” he said as he pounded me. I knew what he meant of course. Mike was my husband. I wore his rings on my left hand. I had a life with him.

“I can’t be yours with Mike,” I told him. “But I’ll be yours with everyone but Mike. Isn’t that enough?”

Scott didn’t answer. He just kept fucking me. He fucked me hard. He made me cum. Then he came too. Like Mike last night, he came inside me.

Mike and Jen’s Story Continues In

Faithful Wife’s Fall From Grace
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