

Faithful
WIFE'S
FALL FROM
GRACE

BOOK 5

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.***

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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**, **Rakuten kobo** and other e-book sites. 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 (ongoing series)

Books 1-5

Flash of Stocking Collection (ongoing series)

Book 1

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

Books 1 and 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?

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other sites***

CHAPTER 1

The weeks that followed were an adjustment. I was Mike's wife *and* Scott's girlfriend. It sounds the same as before, but it was completely different. Because now it wasn't a game anymore. I was *really* Scott's girlfriend. Girlfriend without the air quotes.

So that meant Scott had more say over me. It wasn't just Friday and Saturday anymore. It was whenever. I started seeing Scott more often after work. Not just for sex. Going on dates. Hanging out. The things girlfriends and boyfriends do. We openly said the L word. In front of people too, like his basketball friends. We had progressed beyond infatuation and "50 Shades" games. Now we had a real relationship. A real romance. With lots of PDA.

When we were together, we didn't talk about Mike. It bothered Scott, knowing I wasn't completely his. So, when we were together we pretended like I wasn't married. We pretended Mike and I were really separated. I still wore my wedding rings though. I felt that was a line I couldn't cross.

If anything, Scott and I fucked more now than before. I began working out with him, and he pushed me in the gym just like he pushed me skiing. I was tighter and firmer than ever, the best shape of my life. Because of that, Scotty was even more into my body. I felt really confident about myself, and at Scotty's urging I began dressing even sexier than before. I began wearing those Lycra dresses that you have to practically pour yourself into, that looked painted on. Scott loved it and couldn't keep his hands off me. I loved it. I loved all the male attention I was getting. Not just from Scott, but practically all men looked at me like they wanted to fuck me. I loved it.

Scott always made me cum before I went home to Mike. Usually with his cock, but sometimes his tongue or fingers. I told Mike, and he said "He's taking all your horniness. He wants to make sure you don't desire me."

"Mike that's silly, we've having sex again," I said.

“But you’re getting no pleasure from it.”

“I do get pleasure. Here,” I said, touching my heart.

Mike smiled tightly at me. “Maybe someday I’ll be able to give you physical pleasure too, like before,” he lamented. Before I could say how good he was at going down on me, he said “With my cock. But you don’t look at my dick that way anymore, do you? When you look at my cock, you don’t get hot, you don’t think ‘*I want that inside me.*’ You look at my cock and you remember seeing it in the cage.”

“Mike that’s not true,” I assured him.

“Yes it is,” Mike said. “That’s what Scott did to me. You don’t look at me as a man anymore.”

“Mike that’s so crazy!” I scoffed. What he was saying was so out there I had to laugh. For a moment I thought he must be joking. But when I looked at him he had a serious look on his face. When I looked down though, I saw he was hard, with his erection tenting his pants.

I guess it was inevitable. It was bound to happen eventually. A couple weeks later, someone from work saw me and Scott together. I mean, not just together. Scotty and I were best buds, everyone knew that, and I worked for him, so we were together a lot.

I mean, “*together.*” Like, me with my top off and my skirt hiked up around my waist and sitting on Scott with his cock inside me. Yes, that’s the “together” I mean.

It was an intern. A freaking intern who walked in on us in my office. Scotty had come into my office to check some numbers on a spreadsheet. As often happened though, one thing led to another. Like, his finger in my pussy. Then his cock in my mouth. Me on his lap. Then his big cock inside me.

The story spread like wildfire. It was too juicy. The young hot shot partner fucking his pretty blonde account manager, who happened to be married. Next thing you know we’re in the senior partner’s office, Mr. Winters. It’s like the principal’s office. And he’s screaming at us. Freaking screaming at us.

The problem was, it wasn’t just I was married. But the senior partners liked Mike. In fact, they adored him. He pulled strings (at my request) to let them invest in Sapphire and now they were making tons of money. So, I was the unfaithful wife who was cheating on their new best friend, and Scott was

the asshole who got me to cheat.

God I was so scared. I was sure we were going to be fired. I wasn't worried so much for me. I was only an account manager. I could easily get another job, and Kellogg might even come with me. But Scott was a partner. Partner positions don't grow on trees, especially if Mr. Winters blackballed him. If Scotty lost his job, it would really derail his plans to build his house in Lake Michigan.

So, I did the only thing I could think of. I told Mr. Winters that Mike and I were separated, and Scott and I were dating. So, I wasn't cheating on Mike. We (me and Scott) weren't doing anything wrong. We were idiots for doing it in the office, but we weren't doing anything morally wrong. I told Mr. Winters I still wore my wedding rings because there was a chance Mike and I might get back together, but we agreed we could date others, and in fact I knew Mike was dating a girl Bitsy.

My story changed the equation. Mr. Winters was a fair man. He remembered how it was to be young. There was the issue of Scott fraternizing with his employee, but we were at the same level when we met and Scotty only recently got promoted, so Mr. Winters gave us a pass on that one. We got away with a hand slap, a warning not to fool around in the office, but otherwise we kept our jobs.

Oh my god, Mike was so mad when I told him later. I knew he would be, but not this angry. "Scott set it up!" he yelled.

"Mike, what? No," I said.

"He didn't lock the door!" he yelled. "He wanted you to get caught! To force you to say we're separated!"

"Mike that's crazy, we almost got fired," I insisted.

"Don't you see? He wanted you to say we're separated! Now everyone thinks we're separated! Don't you see Jen? He's driving a wedge between us!"

Later we were making love. I was on top of him, slowly rocking back and forth. I had managed to calm him down but he was still agitated. I hoped by making love he'd see we're still connected despite the "separation story."

"You're already with Scott a lot," he said. "This is his way of getting more of you. Next he'll ask you to move in with him."

"Well, if he does, I'll tell him no," I assured him. "In fact, tomorrow I'll tell everyone I'm still living with you because we're still working on

things.”

“Then everyone will know I’m a cuckold,” Mike said sourly.

“They will not Mike,” I assured him. “I told them you’re dating too. We’re dating other people while we work things out. That’s what they’ll think.”

“This is Scott’s plan,” Mike insisted. “He fucks you with his big dick. Gets you addicted to it. He puts me in a cage so you don’t see me sexually anymore. We tell people we’re separated. The more people we tell, the more we start believing it ourselves. All while he’s romancing you. Saying he loves you. And you’re saying you love him back. He’s wedging between us Jen. Emotionally and physically. Wedging between us.”

“Well, I don’t think there’s anything between us right now,” I joked as I slowly rocked back and forth on his cock. I smiled to try to break the tension. But Mike’s frown stayed on his face.

“Mike baby, you’re putting this all on Scott,” I said, trying to reason with him. “But *you* agreed to be caged. And the separation story was your idea. I just went with it because you’d said it before. So it’s not fair to blame Scott.”

I stared at Jen. I hated when she defended him. When she took his side over me. It tore at my heart.

Jen leaned down and kissed me. “Do you know you’ve never been so hard?” she asked. “And yes, I can feel you inside me. Admit it Mike. I know all this bothers you. But it gets you super-hot too.”

She was right, I had never been so turned on. But I was upset too. “But how does it end Jen?” I said. “When do we stop being separated?”

“I don’t know Mike. I guess we have to see how it goes,” she said evasively.

I stared at her. I hated that answer. It told me a lot. If the story changed to “Mike and Jen are back together,” then Scott’s position in his firm might be at risk. The senior partners – who I had made a lot of money for – might fire Scott as a *thank you* to me. Jen’s evasiveness meant she was more worried about Scott’s job than people thinking we were separated. Once again, she was picking Scott over me.

Trying to console me, she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. “Just go with it Mike,” she urged me. “Don’t you think it’s kinda

hot? The people at my work knowing I'm dating Scott? I know you. You love that. You're so freaking hard inside me." She wasn't moving any more on me, but I was still inside her.

"Stop Jen," I snapped at her. "Lust doesn't mean I'm happy. Don't you see how this is making me feel? Yes it's hot but you're choosing Scott over me every time, and you refuse to see how he's wedging himself between us."

"Okay, I know," Jen finally admitted. She rested her forehead on my chest, as if conceding she was wrong. "What can I do to make it better?"

"I don't know," I spat out. I was really pissed and upset.

Jen was silent as if counting to 10. Then she said, "I've got an idea."

"What?" I said angrily, the one syllable word coming out like a curse.

Jen paused, counting to 10 again. Then she said, "I'll date other people."

"What?"

"I'll date other people," Jen said. "So everyone will see it's not just Scott. And *you'll* see it's not just Scott."

My eyes went wide. This was exactly what I wanted. Both as the next move in our game, and also diluting Scott's hold over her. "Are you serious?" I asked. "You'll go on real dates? This won't be just part of the separation story?"

"Real dates," Jen assured me.

"Including ... sex?" I hesitantly – hopefully – asked.

"Slow down mister," Jen said with a grin. "I'm not that easy. Let's just see how it goes. I have to like him, right?"

"Yes, right, of course," I said, looking into my wife's beautiful face. "I like this idea Jen. I think it'll work."

Jen smiled at me. She began rocking back and forth on my cock again. I wrapped my arms around her neck, and we kissed as we made love.

CHAPTER 2

“So, you want to go to my place?” Bitsy asked with an inviting smile. It was the first time I’d seen her since President’s day weekend. I promised Jen I’d stop seeing her. So, I’d been dodging Bitsy’s calls, making up excuses to avoid seeing her. But I couldn’t just stop seeing her without giving her an explanation. Not over the phone or text either, but to her face. I owed Bitsy that much.

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

“What?”

I hesitated. This was not easy. Then I decided it was better to do it fast, like ripping off a band aid. “My wife,” I began. “It’s Jen.”

“What?” Bitsy said not understanding.

“Scott’s girlfriend. Jen. She’s my wife,” I told Bitsy. She still didn’t understand. It was incredibly embarrassing to say it, but she deserved an explanation. So, I said, “It’s a game we play. I like watching Jen – my wife - - with other men.”

Bitsy’s face went from non-comprehension, to shock, to disbelief, to understanding, to disgust, to anger, to fury. “Jen’s your wife?” she said incredulously. Then she really got it. My wife was the gorgeous, super-hot Jen. Bitsy was plain-Jane by comparison. I was diddling around with her, while my supermodel wife was fucking the hunkiest, most GQ guy in their friend group. Bitsy no doubt thought we’d been mocking her the entire time. She was completely humiliated.

“You bastard!” Bitsy angrily hissed, her voice full of emotion. With all her strength she slapped my face, knocking my glasses off. “You goddamn bastard!” she said again. This time her voice broke up at the end. Tears formed in her eyes. She turned and ran away.

I stood there a long time, feeling like shit. Our game wasn’t a game. It was more like war. And Bitsy was the first casualty.

The next Friday I was at work. We were in a meeting, reviewing Sapphire's performance. It was making tons of money, way better than projections. Everyone was going to get big bonuses, especially me and my team (Elaine, Steve and Brian). Also, the rumor was they were going to make me a partner. If they did, I'd be the youngest partner ever.

Everyone gushed praise at me. They thought I was the best thing since Warren Buffett. I wondered what they would think if they knew I got hot watching other men fuck my wife. That I got off when she came home with a well-used pussy full of another man's cream. If they knew I was a cuckold.

It was a stark contrast. Here, at work, I was a *Master of the Universe*, like in Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*. I was a superhero. Everything I did turned into gold. But at home, in my personal life, I was barely part of my wife's sex life. For her physical needs she turned to Scott. Even worse, she was in love with him.

After the Sapphire meeting I went into my office. I looked out the window at Manhattan, distracted by these thoughts. It was Friday. As they usually did, Jen and Scott were going to happy hour with their work friends. It was different this time though. Now everyone thought Jen and I were separated. They knew she was dating Scott. For the first time they were going to the happy hour together as a couple. And they'd be leaving together. People would see them leave, holding hands, and know they were going home to fuck. It was all out in the open now.

I was breathing hard. My heart was pounding. And my cock was so hard it hurt.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. Startled, I jerked my head around.

"Oh, sorry Mike," Elaine said apologetically. "Are you okay? I've been saying your name."

"Yeah, sorry," I said, forcing myself to breathe normally and calm down. "What's up?"

"Well, ah ...," Elaine began hesitantly. She looked embarrassed, like she was afraid to say whatever she wanted to say. "... I, ah, heard you separated from your wife."

My eyes went wide, and I stared at Elaine. How did she know? There were no overlaps between the people at my work and the people at Jen's work. How had the story gotten here, and so fast?

Then I realized. Friends of friends of friends. Kevin Bacon's six

degrees of separation. Of course the story had gotten around. It was too juicy not to.

“I’d ... rather not talk about it,” I sputtered, not knowing what else to say.

Elaine gave me a sympathetic nod. “It’s just, if you’d like to talk about it, I’m here,” she said. “My girlfriend just got divorced. It’s not the end of the world. You never know. Maybe this is for the best. You’ll meet someone else. Maybe you’ll be happier. If I can do anything, let me know.”

“We’re not getting a divorce,” I insisted. “We’re just ... working on things.”

“Yeah, sure,” Elaine said. She had a sympathetic look on her face, but skeptical too. “But anyways, right now, let me know if I can do anything.”

My head snapped up to look at her. The way she said “anyways.” For a moment she sounded like Jen. It made my heart ache for my wife. Sometimes it was the little things

Elaine looked into my eyes. She reached out and squeezed my hand. “Let me know if you need anything,” she offered again. “Like, anything. Just let me know.” She squeezed my hand again.

I looked back into Elaine’s eyes for a moment. I wasn’t stupid. I knew she was offering herself to me. Elaine was only 22. Barely out of college. She was fresh faced and very pretty. She had a sexy body. Curvy. Big chest. Nice legs. She always wore tight skirts and high heels. I knew for a fact a lot of guys in the office had asked her out and wanted to get into her pants. Elaine had rejected all those guys. She was too smart and ambitious to date a co-worker. Yet here she was, offering herself to me.

I was tempted. Who wouldn’t be? Elaine was young. Pretty. Sexy. *Young*.

I wasn’t stupid. I knew why she was interested in me. I was the new Golden Boy. On the fast track. Soon to be rich. Relatively young (I was 32). Not handsome but not ugly either. Not a mass murderer. The fact I had such a lovely wife credentialed me too, even if our marriage ended up cratering. Not having kids helped. Yeah, to Elaine I was a catch. She didn’t know I had a small dick. But maybe that didn’t matter to her. Maybe she wasn’t a sex freak like Jen. After all, from what I could tell, she didn’t hook up with the men from the office despite having many suitors.

When I didn’t say anything, Elaine smiled understandingly and said,

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. Sometimes it doesn’t work out. Sure, Jen’s pretty. Beautiful. You were young, you fell for her looks. That’s understandable. Honestly? I like Jen, she’s sweet, but she’s not the smartest light. Not like you. So, I get why you got tired of her. It’s not all about looks.” Elaine stepped closer to me and added, “And there are a lot of pretty girls out there, Mike.”

I stared at Elaine. I was shocked. She was being incredibly ballsy and forward, and disrespectful to Jen. I was her boss after all, and she was only a 22 year old recent college grad. But then, maybe that’s how Elaine survived (and excelled) in this Wall Street world dominated by men – by being ballsy and forward and uber confident.

I was even more shocked by the realization that Elaine thought *I* dumped Jen, not the other way around. Between me and Jen, Elaine thought I was the better catch.

Was that true? If we were both single, right now, who would fare better with the opposite sex, me or Jen? I had never thought about it before. When you’re young – in high school and college – looks and popularity meant everything. But grown up, the dynamics shifted. Being desirable was less about looks and more about money. Influence. Your stature in the world.

What if I was competing with Scott for a girl? Really competing. Say we were both courting the same girl. Not back in high school or college, but at this time in our lives. Who would the girl find more desirable? Me or Scott?

Scott might do well financially as a partner in an advertising firm. But Sapphire was going to change the world. I’d been on CNN! I was smarter than Scott, I was certain of that. And I was a nice person whereas Scott was an ass. When you’re older, were intelligence and kindness more desirable than good looks and the size of your cock?

But these questions were moot. It didn’t matter what Elaine thought, or Bitsy, or any other girl. The only girl I cared about was Jen.

Elaine invited me for a drink. “You look like you need someone to talk to,” she said. I politely begged off. By then the sun was going down. It was after 7pm. I knew Jen’s happy hour was probably going full tilt.

I decided I wanted to see my wife with Scott. I had to be careful. I didn’t want to be seen. Luckily they were at Death & Co., the East Village bar (Jen told me that morning). It was a crowded happening bar, especially

Friday nights. I'd be able to watch without being seen as long as I was careful.

At Death & Co. I found Jen's group pretty easily. Behind a crowd of people, I watched her. She stood next to Scott in a circle of people. I'd seen her many times before standing next to Scott among their work friends. But this time it was different. This time Jen was *with* Scott. She wasn't trying to hide it. She didn't have to anymore, now that everyone knew we were "separated," and they were dating.

Jen had the good graces not to be all over Scott. After all, she was still a married woman trying to "work things out with her husband." So, some modesty was needed, and she kept the PDA (public display of affection) to a minimum. She might be with Scott, dating him, but they couldn't be pawing over each other in public.

But still, as I watched, they definitely looked like a couple, more so now than ever before. What was it, I wondered. What were they doing differently now, than before?

I knew immediately of course. Anyone could see. You look at a crowd of people, at a guy and a girl, and you can always tell if they're together, or if they're just friends. Couples are inside each other's space. They look into the other's eyes. They defer to each other, get the other's opinion about everything. And also, there's touching. Touches of the other's arm which might not be sexual but which are definitely familiar and even intimate. Quick squeezes of the other's hand. Leaning into the other person. Yes, Jen looked like she was with Scott. She looked like his girlfriend. They looked like they were a couple.

My heart was pounding. I had a hard time breathing. I felt the familiar mix. The conflict. Heartache and cuckold lust.

Jen glanced my way and saw me, even though I was 3 deep in the crowd. We locked eyes. She looked surprised but then quickly recovered. She whispered something to Scott. Then Jen looked again at me, and moved towards the bathroom. I circled around towards her.

We turned a corner and found a semi-private space. "Are you okay?" Jen asked me. "You wanted to watch?"

I nodded, saying yes to both her questions. "You look hot," I said, moving my fingertips across her cheek, down her neck and then to her

breasts. Her makeup was perfect, and her hair brushed to a silky luster. She wore a short, tight dress, dark hose and high heels. Her outfit was borderline too risqué for work. But lately Jen had been dressing sexier than ever. I knew it was because of Scott. She wanted to look as fuckable as possible to him. Also though, her confidence was at an all-time high, as her body was even firmer and more toned now that she was working out with Scott.

It also went with our “separation” story. When you’re single again you want to look attractive to the opposite sex. So, people at her work probably understood why Jen was dressing in such sexy and revealing clothes. The men there were probably drooling over Jen and envious of Scott because he was getting into her pants.

“Thanks,” Jen said, giving me an appreciative smile. I moved closer. God, I wanted her so much. I knew what I should do. I should wall job Jen, push her against the wall and fuck her in the ass like Scott had done before. But I didn’t do it. That wasn’t me. So instead, I just looked at her. She was wearing Scott’s diamond earrings. I knew under her left breast the 55 tat was still there. And I was certain Scott was wearing the 55-11 leather wristband Jen had given him. God my dick was so hard it hurt.

We lapsed into silence. After a few moments she said, “Anyways ... I should probably get back.” She rubbed my arm. “I’ll see you at home.”

I nodded. Jen smiled at me, and I forced a smile back. Then she was gone, hurrying back to Scott. I stood there for a long time, like a statue. What she said, “anyways,” rang in my head. Sometimes it was the little things

CHAPTER 3

Mike watched me as I carefully rolled the nude stocking up my leg. I attached the snaps of the garter belt to the lacy welt, then did the same on my other leg. I wiggled into my dress. Moving to Mike, I turned so my back was to him and held up my hair. “Zip me?” I asked.

Mike ran his fingertips up my bare back. I wasn’t wearing a bra of course, since I was going out with Scott. His fingertips circled and then brushed across my sun-moon tat. “When are you going out with someone else?” he asked as he zipped me, reminding me of my promise to date other people (not just Scott).

“Well, someone has to ask me out first,” I said with a smile in my voice, making it sound like a joke. I stepped into my high heels, hoping he wouldn’t pursue it. But he did.

“We could go to a bar,” he suggested. It was one of his favorite fantasies. We separately go to a bar. He watches as men hit on me. I pick one out, and he rushes home. He watches from the closet as my new lover ravishes me.

“That’s not a date, it’s a pickup,” I pointed out.

“You wouldn’t have to go home with him,” Mike said, pulling me to him. He ran his hands over my ass. “Give him your number when he asks. He’ll call you. We’ll take it from there.”

“I don’t know Mike ...,” I said doubtfully. The thought of going to a meat market didn’t appeal to me.

“What about Sam?” he asked.

My eyes went wide. “Sam?” I said shocked. Sam was Mike’s best friend. They were roommates in college, frat brothers, his best man at our wedding. I’d known Sam for years, ever since I met Mike. Sam was geeky like Mike, in an endearing way, but not shy (which made sense since Sam was a lawyer). Chubby – he was always fighting his weight – but not bad looking.

“Sam’s between girlfriends,” Mike told me. He was caressing

between my ass cheeks over my tight dress. He grinned and said, “He’s always been hot for you.”

“No way Mike,” I said, pulling away. That was too weird. Sam was like Mike’s brother. The thought of Sam naked and on top of me was too weird.

“Because he’s not ripped like Scott?” Mike asked, a frown on his face.

“No, because he’s Sam,” I said.

“You’re not really going to date anyone else, are you?” Mike said. His question was like an accusation.

“Mike ...,” I said. I wrapped my arms around his neck and rested my forehead on his. “I will. It just needs to be the right guy. The right situation. Remember how long it took with Scott? It was weeks, and I already knew him. I haven’t even met this other guy yet.”

Mike put his arms back around my waist. “I just think it’ll be better if we add someone else to the game,” he said. “So, you’re not all about Scott.”

“I’m not all about Scott,” I insisted.

Mike looked into my eyes. “Yes, you are,” he said looking skeptical at me.

I averted my eyes and gave him a weak smile but didn’t respond. Eventually I tugged him towards the door. “Come on baby, we’ll be late,” I said.

We were playing the watching game again. We were with Scott’s basketball friends at a bar. I was watching Jen with Scott. It turned me to watching my wife with him, acting like his girlfriend. It pained my heart too, but that angst only added to my cuckold lust.

I think Jen preferred being with Scott’s friends, rather than their work friends. Even after coming out of the closet about their relationship, it was awkward hanging with that group. Apparently, I had supporters at her work and they frowned on Jen’s relationship with Scott, especially since there were rumors that Scott was the reason for our “separation” (which, ironically, was true, even though the separation story was our made up story).

Most of my supporters were the firm’s partners, the ones I’d gotten into Sapphire. They owed me some gratitude and were concerned I’d cut them out of Sapphire (I actually didn’t have that much power; once you were in, you were in as long as you wanted to be). I got some pleasure out of that.

I liked thinking about how Scott, as a relatively new partner, was taking heat from his senior partners over his role in “breaking up Mike and Jen’s marriage.”

I preferred Scott’s friends too. They still thought I was Jen’s old college friend, so that gave me the opportunity to mingle in their crowd and watch Jen with Scott.

The wild card was Bitsy. Would she reveal our “game” to the rest of the group? Also – and I knew this was cowardly – I didn’t want to see Bitsy. I knew I was wrong for deceiving her, and I felt guilty, like a complete ass.

When I told Jen I told Bitsy, she was happy. It was clear she didn’t want me to see Bitsy any more. She assured me I didn’t have to feel guilty. Bitsy was a grown woman and I’d been completely upfront with her about my separation being only temporary. “You don’t owe Bitsy anything,” Jen assured me. “And she had no right to expect anything of you.”

As Jen said this, she was tenderly stroking my cheek. It was red where Bitsy had slapped me. I frowned at her, thinking she was being harsh. After all, I’d told Bitsy only part of the truth. And the part I left out – that Jen and I were married, and we were playing a game -- was pretty big. Enormous.

Jen realized this and softened. “You feel horrible, I get it. Because you’re a really great guy,” she said with a kiss to my lips. “But if I break up with Scott, and he pulls shit on me, that wouldn’t be right, right?”

“If?” I said, still frowning at her.

“You know what I mean,” Jen said, avoiding my question about her and Scott. “You told Bitsy you weren’t looking for anything serious. So even if you didn’t tell her everything, she still shouldn’t have expected anything from you. And she told you she just wanted a fuck buddy, right? So really, she wasn’t being completely truthful with you either.”

“Yeah, I guess ...,” I hesitantly said, not fully convinced. Then we made love. Jen was the instigator, and she was all over me. She kissed and caressed me everywhere, even my ass. She lightly caressed her manicured fingernails between my ass cheeks, and then twirled her sweet tongue around and over my puckered asshole. She edged me, drawing out my orgasm, so when I finally came it was like an explosion. I think it was my reward for breaking up with Bitsy, and also reclaiming me as being exclusively hers.

That was a few weeks ago. Now I was in a bar with Scott’s basketball friends, watching Jen and Scott, and hoping Bitsy didn’t show up.

Jen told me Scott talked to Bitsy. Bitsy was still pissed, at Scott and Jen as much as me. But apparently Bitsy and Scott went way back. She promised Scott she wouldn't say anything. Jen assured me Bitsy wouldn't be there tonight. "Baby, she probably doesn't want to see you either," she gently said, rubbing my arm consolingly. I figured Jen was probably right, but that didn't stop me from being anxious whenever the door to the bar opened and people walked in.

As always, I watched Jen and Scott from a distance. She was having fun with Scott. She didn't seem concerned that Bitsy might have talked, and Scott's friends might know the truth. Scott said Bitsy wouldn't say anything, and to Jen Scott's word was golden. Which made sense. It was natural for a girl to trust and rely on her boyfriend, right? Once again, the influence Scott had over my wife made my heart ache, yet got my dick rock hard.

Everyone was dancing. As Jen would say, the DJ was "spinning some sick beats." Scott had his arm around Jen's waist and his leg between hers. Her skirt was hiked up revealing her long shapely legs, and to the sexy beat of the music she was grinding on Scott's thigh. It was like she was fucking him on the dance floor. It was almost obscene, but then everyone was doing it. I noticed that everyone dancing was beautiful. I mean, *seriously* good looking. Jen really fit in too. If anything, she was the prettiest girl out there, although to be honest she had serious competition. I was struck by a thought. How was it that all these Beautiful People came together, here, all at the same time? Are Beautiful People just attracted to each other, like magnets, so they just naturally gravitate towards each other?

Eventually Jen and Scott returned to their cluster of basketball friends. Jen loved to dance, she seemed to be glowing with a big smile on her gorgeous face. She had a sheen of perspiration on her forehead and cheeks, but that didn't detract at all from her beauty. If anything it made her look more alive. God she looked so happy. And I knew it was because she was with Scott. To emphasize that, she was holding Scott's hand as they rejoined their friends. It was little things like that that really got to me.

I was watching Jen so intently that I didn't notice when Scott appeared next to me. "Having fun?" he asked with a grin on his face. He knew I was watching Jen.

"Sure," I said tersely.

Scott's smile disappeared as he said, "So you hear the senior partners are giving me shit? Because you're making them so much money. You

probably feel like you won something.”

“I’m not petty like that Scott,” I told him. I was lying of course. Of course I was enjoying his misery.

“Yeah right,” Scott said with a skeptical laugh, reading through me. He moved back a couple feet, where there was better light. “Come here. I want to show you something.”

I frowned at him, not knowing what he was getting at. I followed him into the light. “What?” I said.

“Look at my jeans,” Scott said. He had a big, satisfied smile on his face. I looked down. There was a wet spot on his thigh.

“That’s Jenny,” Scott told me, wearing that same smug smile. “I got her so turned on, her pussy’s soaking. She wet my pants dancing. When was the last time you got her so wet Mike? Ever?”

I didn’t respond. I was suddenly breathing hard, and my heart was pounding.

“Of course, it helps she’s not wearing panties,” Scott said matter-of-factly. He opened his fist. Jen’s flimsy, lacy pink panties were in his hand. “Jenny took them off in the taxi. You should’ve seen the driver. We practically crashed with him drooling into the mirror.”

I stared at the lacy panties in Scott’s hand. My throat was dry from excitement. I looked at the cluster of Scott’s friends. Jen wasn’t there. “Where is she?” I managed to say.

Scott’s grin grew bigger. “I loaned her to Tyrone,” he told me. Tyrone was a big black man who played center for the Bolts. “Felt sorry for him. He dumped his girlfriend. She got too clingy. He hasn’t had pussy in a couple weeks. And Tyrone loves little blonde white chicks like Jenny.” He grinned and added with a shrug, “What can I say? I’m a team spirit kind of guy.”

“I suppose you can try to stop them,” Scott continued with an unconcerned shrug. “You better hurry though. Tyrone’s probably already fucking her. You’ll probably want this.” Scott held up a square foil package. It was a condom. “You’re anal about Jenny getting knocked up. So go. You better hurry Mike, or else Tyrone’s gonna cum inside her. Or maybe you like the idea of Jenny pregnant with a black man’s baby. Is that it? That do it for you Mike?”

“You can’t loan my wife to other men!” I hissed.

Scott grinned at me. We both knew my objection was lame. “Well,

that's up to Jenny, isn't it? It's her body. She went willingly with Tyrone," he said. "But like I said. Be my guest, try to stop it if you want. Or at least try to make Tyrone wear a condom."

My feet felt bolted to the floor. I knew I should run and find Jen. But for what reason? To stop Tyrone? Or to watch him fuck her? I saw it in my head. Tyrone was almost 7 feet, over a foot and a half taller than my wife. How was he fucking her? No way standing up. On her back then. His big black cock inside her. His black hands mauling her sweet little breasts. His black tongue down her throat.

Scott was smiling knowingly at me. He knew me too well. I wasn't going to stop Tyrone. I wanted Jen to get fucked by him. I wanted her to cum all over his black cock. And I wanted him to shoot his black seed inside her. Because yes, Jen pregnant with a black man's baby was a major cuckold turn on for me.

At that moment, the crowd shifted, and I saw Jen sitting at the bar, engrossed in a conversation with other girlfriends and wives. I understood immediately. Scott had been dicking me. Jen wasn't with Tyrone. Scott made it all up.

Scott was grinning at me. "Perverted fuck, aren't you?" he said with that superior grin on his face. "You guilt trip Jenny about using condoms, but really you get off on the risk. And really, what risk is there? She's on the fucking pill. Do you think I want her pregnant? No, I don't. I like her just the way she is. Her body's perfect. I don't want her perfect body ruined with a baby."

"What are you saying?" I said, glaring at him.

Scott told me his deal. "I don't tell Jenny about your pregnancy fantasy, about how you want her pregnant with a black man's baby, and you lay off on the condoms," he said.

I knew Scott wasn't the type of guy who wanted kids. He wanted his freedom, not the burden of children. "You know Jen's a strict Catholic?" I told him. "She doesn't believe in abortion."

Scott shrugged like that wasn't his problem. Probably, if Jen got pregnant and "ruined her perfect body" (his words not mine), he'd dump her. I glared at him.

"So we have a deal?" Scott asked.

"No," I told him. I wasn't doing a deal with the devil. "You tell Jen anything you want. But when she's ovulating, she's using condoms."

Scott glared back at me. Clearly, he didn't like to lose. He abruptly turned and stormed away.

Sometime later Jen approached me. We moved to a semi-private spot in the bar so no one could hear us. "What happened?" she asked. "Scott's upset."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He's just mad."

I decided it was better for her to hear it from me rather than Scott. "He doesn't like using condoms," I said.

Jen nodded slightly. She already knew that.

"He offered me a deal," I told her. "I stop making you use condoms when you're ovulating. And he won't tell you my fantasy."

"What fantasy?" Jen asked.

I hesitated, embarrassed to tell her. But then I decided to just get it over with. "Part of the cuckold fantasy ...," I said. It was hard saying the rest. But it was better for me to tell her than Scott. "Sometimes I fantasize about another man getting you pregnant."

Jen stared at me. She didn't say anything at once, like she was processing what I said. Finally, she said, "Well, I guess I'm not surprised. I've read about it"

Jen had read hot wife and cuckold stories on *Literotica* and *ourhotwives*, to try to better understand me. But people were different. I wasn't into every cuckold fetish. Like, I wasn't into creampie, and I had no desire to fluff up her lovers or cross-dress. "I'm not into everything," I quickly said, wanting to make the distinction.

But I knew my protest was weak. Jen confirmed it when she gave me a tight, forced smile.

"The point isn't my fantasy," I said, trying to turn things around. "Scott tried to blackmail me. That's the point."

"Mike, that's kinda harsh," Jen said.

I frowned. It stung whenever Jen took Scott's side over me. She saw it in my face too, and said "I know you hate when I say anything nice about him. But no one likes using condoms. That's not exactly blackmail."

"What do you call it?"

"I don't know," Jen sputtered. "But blackmail is evil. I know you don't always get along with Scotty, but he's not evil. You at least agree with that, right?"

I frowned. "It'd be easier to agree if you didn't call him Scotty," I said.

Jen squeezed my hand and said, "Come on, it's just a nickname."

"The way *baby* is our nickname," I told her bitterly. "Except you call Scott that too."

"Oh, I didn't realize," Jen said, looking startled. "I guess it comes out sometimes. I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

I nodded at my small victory. I said, "The point is, Scott doesn't want to use condoms anymore."

"It doesn't matter what he wants," Jen assured me. "When I'm ovulating, he wears condoms."

"You didn't in Michigan," I reminded her.

Jen frowned at me. "It's not fair to throw it in my face when I confess to you," she said. "I told you, I meant to, but it just happened. I could've lied but I told you. That counts for something right?"

I reluctantly nodded. She was right. I wanted her to tell me the truth, to tell me everything. The game was putting stress on our marriage, but we were really in trouble if she started lying to me or kept things from me. "Yes, I want you to tell me," I said.

Jen gave me a smile. She squeezed my hand and leaned her shoulder into me. "I *need* to tell you baby," she said. "You're my soul mate. If I don't tell you, it's like it didn't happen."

I smiled back at her. We were like that for a few moments, smiling into the other's eyes. Then she said, "Scott doesn't want to get me pregnant. Do you agree with that?"

"Yes," I said, nodding begrudgingly.

Jen squeezed my hand and leaned into me again. "So, he's not evil, trying to get me pregnant to take me away from you. He just likes skin-to-skin. I do too, who doesn't? I'll be better making him use condoms when I'm ovulating. I promise. And it doesn't matter what Scott wants. It's what you and I want. Okay Mr. Andrews?"

I couldn't help smiling. A real smile this time. Jen squeezed my hand again and said "I better get back."

"You know your nipples are showing," I told her, brushing my fingertips across the bosom of her dress. Her braless eraser nipples were slightly denting the silky fabric.

"Scotty likes me that way," Jen said. "And I know, even though you

say you hate it, you love it when I dress for him. And when I call him Scotty. Right?" She cupped my crotch. I was hard, just as she knew I would be.

"Sooner or later, it's got to end Jen," I told her, looking into her eyes.

Jen looked back into my eyes. After a few moments she repeated, "Sooner or later." She smiled at me briefly, then turned to go back to Scott.

CHAPTER 4

After leaving Scott's basketball friends, we decided to go to Scott's place (alone without Mike). It was my idea. I didn't want the tension between my two men. Also, I needed to talk to Scott alone. Before going to his apartment, we stopped at a speakeasy for a nightcap, one of those pre-prohibition bars you have to have a password to get into.

The bar was *Please Don't Tell* in East Village. It was really cute, you got in through a phone booth. It was dark inside and had an edgy, yet relaxed vibe. The place was packed but we managed to squeeze into a tiny booth with gold fringe running along the sides of a small round table. They served my Cosmo in a tea cup, and brought Scott's beer in a brown paper bag. We couldn't help grinning at the tea cup and paper bag sitting on our little round Victorian table. Like I said, the bar was really cute.

"So, you tried to blackmail Mike about condoms?" I said to Scott. I tried to put a sassy "what-the-fuck" attitude into my voice.

For a moment Scott looked alarmed. Clearly, he didn't expect Mike to tell me. He quickly recovered and went on the offensive. He said, "You won't believe what he's into. He gets off on --."

I interrupted him, saying "I already know Scott. So what? It's just a freaking fantasy."

"Fantasy," Scott repeated with a disparaging, sarcastic laugh. "He gets off on you fucking other dudes. He puts his dick in a cage. What kind of husband is that, Jen? What kind of man?"

"We are *not* talking about this," I told him. I wanted to put my hands over my ears. Instead, I took a big gulp of the Cosmo.

As I drank the Cosmo, Scott said "Now he wants you pregnant with a black man's baby."

The vodka went down wrong. I coughed and almost dropped the tea cup. Scott grinned as he handed me a napkin. "You didn't know that, did you?" he asked with a triumphant grin.

I didn't answer at once. I'd read stories about this particular fetish.

The titles were usually something like “Sweet White Wife Preggy With Black Lover’s Baby” or “Husband Wants Black Bull To Breed His White Wife.” Mike had never mentioned black men to me as part of the game. But that didn’t mean he didn’t fantasize about it. I finally shrugged and admitted, “No I didn’t. But so what? It’s still just fantasy.”

“It’s fucked up Jenny,” Scott said, giving me a *I-told-you-so* look. “I’m no saint. But Mike’s fantasies are fucked up.”

“It’s *because* of his fantasies that I’m with you now,” I reminded him.

Scott shook his head and gave me a knowing look. “We would’ve ended up together anyway,” he said. I gawked at him. “I’m not saying you’re a cheat,” he quickly assured me. “But it was moving this way. Remember? We were flirting all the time. I made up excuses to stop by your office.”

I couldn’t help smiling. “Really?” I said, feeling charmed and flattered.

“Yeah,” Scott admitted, grinning back at me. “You did too, right?”

I shyly brushed my hair behind my ear. “Okay, yes, a couple times,” I admitted, and we both laughed. We smiled at each other for a few moments. Then Scott reached over the little round table with the gold fringe, and took my hands into his.

“There’s chemistry between us,” he said, holding my hands and smiling into my eyes. I smiled back at him.

“Okay, maybe I was dicking with Mike,” Scott admitted with a sheepish grin. “I’ll be a good boy. I’ll use condoms. You won’t have to ask again. Just tell me when I need to.”

My smile grew wider. This was a side Mike never saw of Scott. Okay, yes, Scotty was a jerk sometimes. But often, like now, he was really sweet.

I felt like ... I don’t know. That I had 2 men in my life. Not just a game, but for real. I didn’t want to give up either. Not at that moment, at least. My head told me it had to end eventually. But my heart, and my passions, they didn’t want it to end. I knew it was dangerous. I was risking my marriage. I tried not to think about that. I put those concerns into a little box and pushed them into a closet in my head, mentally closing the door to stop thinking about them.

Scott leaned over to me. We kissed. It was a long, open mouth kiss, with tongue. No one watching could think it was a kiss between friends. No,

this was clearly a kiss of lovers.

I didn't know it at the time, but from across the dark bar, someone was watching.

We went to Scott's apartment and made love. I wasn't ovulating so I didn't mention condoms or pulling out. Scott fucked my pussy and made me cum. Then he fucked my ass and made me cum again (with the help of his finger on my clit). Sometimes it was making love. Sometimes, hard fucking. I loved both. I went from panting and desperately clutching at the sheets, to wrapping my arms around his neck and tenderly kissing him.

Scott pulled out and moved up to my head after making me cum from fucking my ass. The concept of ass-to-mouth was gross. But I didn't hesitate. I opened my lips and let him push his dirty cock into my mouth. Scott was thrilled with that. He told me how dirty and slutty I was as he fucked my face.

His demeaning dirty talk got me hot. I was still his bottom and humiliation got to me. I reached down to my pussy to play with myself as he fucked my face with his filthy dick. He saw what I was doing and pushed my hand away. He rapidly finger fucked me as he choked me with his long thick cock.

I came again moments before he exploded in my mouth and flooded my throat with his sperm. He pulled out of my mouth and shot all over my face. He came so much, it was everywhere. My face, my hair, my neck and tits. Scott took pictures and texted them to Mike. "He'll love this," he said grinning at me. I didn't stop him. He was right, Mike *would* love to see the pictures. Now that he was out of the cage, he would probably jerk off to them.

I jumped in the shower. I washed Scott's cum from my face and hair. Scotty joined me after a few minutes. He had pulled on his white Calvin Klein boxers, and they immediately got soaked. We joked and laughed as we washed each other. We kissed too, but they were tender, loving kisses and didn't lead to more sex (I think we were both spent by that time).

We toweled off and Scott went back to the bedroom. I stayed back and brushed my teeth. With the memory of the ass-to-mouth action fresh in my head, I brushed my teeth a second time.

When I came back, Scott was leaning against a pillow, relaxing in bed. He was watching TV. For a moment I stood at the door, looking at

him. He still wore the wet Calvin Klein briefs. God he was so hot. His chest, abs and arms were hard and defined, and the way the wet boxers outlined his half hard cock made my heart flutter.

They say girls are more into the emotional than physical. I think that's true, but I was definitely into the physical at that moment. We just had raw, raunchy sex and I'd had multiple, toe curling orgasms, but looking at Scott's gorgeous face and Adonis body, I felt stirring between my legs again. God I was such a slut!

I sat on the bed next to Scott, with one leg underneath me. "You're getting the bed wet," I said, touching the waistband of his wet boxers with my finger. He nodded but was focused on the TV. He was flipping between basketball and hockey playoff games. Mike always said this was the best time of the year for sports fans, with baseball in addition to basketball and hockey, and golf too.

"Who's playing?" I asked as I ran my fingertips along the hard, defined muscles of his chest.

"Houston and OKC," Scott said, his eyes still on the big flatscreen on the wall.

I nodded but didn't really care. I traced my fingertips along the hard ridges of his 6 pack and V.

"What?" he said, thinking I said something. He finally took his eyes off the TV and looked at me. He also noticed my hand on his chest, caressing him. On top of that, he saw the arousal in my face. Mike would say I had my cum face on.

"Are you horny again?" Scott said, giving me a knowing grin.

I gave him an embarrassed smile. "You're getting the bed wet" I said again, looking at his wet boxers. My eyes were focused on the way his cock was outlined in the wet cotton. God, it was like a python. Now I understood why men got off on braless girls in wet t-shirts.

Scott grinned and put his arms behind his head. The position made his pecs and biceps flex even more alluringly. He knew I was looking, and he knew he looked good. He liked being looked at.

"Here, let me," I said with a throating whisper. I took hold of the waistband and tugged the boxers down his legs. Since they were wet it took some effort. The whole time my eyes were on his cock. It was getting harder now. My arousal was getting Scott aroused too.

I ran my hand over it. I put it in my palm, lifting it, feeling it's

heaviness. It was so big, and thick, and solid, and heavy. “It’s so beautiful Scotty,” I told him.

“Bigger than Mike’s?” he asked with a grin.

“You know it is, shit head,” I said with a half laugh. I didn’t feel guilty making the comparison, because Mike always asked too.

“You’re super-hot too,” Scott said admiringly. He was looking me up and down. I was still naked from the shower.

His unabashed praise made me feel good. I *did* feel hot too. I was naturally petite, and I regularly exercised to stay fit, but lately I’d been working out with Scott and he really pushed me. I was more toned and firm than ever before. My body was probably as perfect as it would ever be. Just like Scotty’s.

“And you’re the prettiest girl I’ve ever met,” Scott added, looking into my face. His stare was so intense and sincere I had to look down, a slight blush coming to my cheeks.

I moved my hand to his rock-hard abs to just below his belly button. I felt stubble there. “You shave right?” I asked. I knew he did because he was hairless around his cock and ass.

“Like you,” he said, grinning at me. I was hairless too. I used to have a little landing strip – mostly to prove to Mike I was a natural blonde – but Scotty had taken care of that. I let him. He liked me to be completely bare, like a little girl.

“I don’t shave, I wax,” I corrected him.

“Well, I don’t wax,” he said with a laugh, making an ouch expression. “I guess it’s painful to be beautiful.” I laughed too. “Who does it anyway?” he asked.

“Who does what?”

“The wax.”

“The salon around the corner. Where I do my nails,” I told him.

“Usually Kimmy. She’s a little Vietnamese girl.”

Scott was silent for a moment, like he was processing that information. “So does little Kimmy give your clit a whirl when she’s waxing your puss?” he asked with a wicked grin.

“God your head is so in the gutter,” I said with a laugh.

“Not my head, my dick,” he said with a laugh back.

“Well, no, she doesn’t, but too bad for you because Kimmy’s really pretty,” I told him with a grin. “If I was a boy, I’d fuck her.” We both

laughed.

I was still caressing little circles under his belly button. I asked, “So if you don’t shave, what happens here? Do you have hair here?”

“A turf,” he said with a nod.

“Like around here?” I asked, putting my hand on his cock. I wanted to know if his turf was an extension of his pubic hair.

“Yeah,” he said with a shrug.

My breath caught and I shivered, thinking about it. He saw it and grinned. “Does that get you hot?” he asked.

“Well, yeah ...,” I admitted with an embarrassed laugh. It’s called a man’s happy trail. Allie calls it his TT – treasure trail. The path of pubic hair that starts at his belly button and ends at his pubes.

Scott was grinning at me. He could see I was turned on. It wasn’t just my flushed cheeks. My nipples were hard like little diamonds. “I’ll grow it back,” he promised.

“Okay,” I said. My heart was beating fast. “I’d ... like to see that,” I told him, caressing below his belly button.

“I’ve never met a chick who loves sex as much as you,” Scott said, still grinning at me. “You’re like a guy.”

“Well, is that bad?” I asked with another embarrassed laugh.

He didn’t answer. He just grinned at me.

I got up on my knees by his thighs. Scotty’s cock was half hard and laying against his thigh. It looked like a sleeping python. I took it in my hands and raise it, so it was pointing up. I knew from experience that if he was hard, it’d be pointing up on its own, but now in its current state I had to hold it up.

I moved it slightly back and forth. God it was so heavy. I thought about Mike’s dick. It wasn’t nearly as long, and much thinner. I was able to easily hold Mike’s cock with one hand. And I’d never call his cock “heavy.” Also, when Mike was half hard, as Scott was now, I could cup his entire dick in just one hand. In my palm. With Scott, I needed both hands just to hold his half hard shaft upright, and it towered up like a New York skyscraper.

“Suck it Jen,” Scott told me. I looked at him. It was an order, not a request. That was another difference between Mike and Scott. Mike never ordered me to do anything, and certainly not when it came to sex. He was too kind, a gentle soul. Scott was so different.

“Suck it,” Scott ordered again. This time he put his hand on my

shoulder and pushed me down. Again, something else Mike would never do. He would never force me. But it got me hot. I was a bottom. Being forced got me hot.

I lowered my head so now my long blonde hair tented over Scott's manhood. "Yeah, I love that," he moaned as he felt my soft, lush hair move over his stomach and thighs.

I opened my lips wide and took him into my mouth. I could only swallow a few inches. He was just too big. But Scott liked how I bobbed up and down, with my hands moving in sync with my mouth, and my long hair brushing back and forth against his skin. In moments he was rock hard. It always amazed me that a thing so big could get so hard. I mean, how much blood must it take?

I think Scott would've been happy to cum in my mouth, but that's not what I wanted. I stopped sucking him and then straddled his thighs. I reached down and guided his cock to my pussy. I ran the thick head back and forth between my pussy lips, kinda like teasing him (and me), and lubricating his cockhead with my juices (I was soaking). Finally, I positioned his cock and pushed down. Even though I was getting use to him – even though he'd been inside me not too long ago – I still grimaced as his big cock head popped inside me.

We looked into each other's eyes as I rode him. I used my thighs and abs, moving up and down in a rolling motion, all the way up on his shaft, and then all the way down. We didn't say anything, we just looked at each other, both of us breathing hard. Scotty reached up and cupped my tits. He fondled them and thumbed my nipples, squeezing and twisting them hard, making me moan and roll my head back.

I began squeezing my pussy, massaging him as I rode his shaft. "You're gonna fucking make me cum!" he moaned as I worked on him. It was a warning too. Like if I wanted to cum I better do it fast, or else slow down because otherwise he was gonna blow. But I didn't want to stop. I wanted to fuck him good. I knew an Adonis like Scotty was in high demand. I wanted him to salivate whenever he saw me.

I leaned down and wrapped my arms around his neck. I hotly whispered into his ear, "I want you to cum." Then I flicked my tongue inside his ear. That was an erogenous zone for him, just like me. "Cum inside me baby," I said, flicking my tongue in his ear.

"Oh fuck!" Scott groaned as I licked the inside of his ear while

continuing to grind on his cock. Suddenly he became a madman. He jerked to the side, throwing me onto my back, and then got between my legs. He slammed into me, getting balls deep in a single thrust, and threw my legs over his shoulders. Then he was fucking me hard and fast. I was moaning continuously, and clutching at the sheets at my sides as if holding on for dear life. I screamed as I came hard, and then my screams became whimpers as orgasmic pleasure flitted through my body. Even as my body shuttered and convulsed, Scott kept fucking me, right through my orgasm, and I think I came again, or maybe it was one long orgasm.

Finally Scott came. He pushed in deep and grabbed my hips to stay embedded there. He was bottomed out inside me as jet after jet of his sperm splattered against the walls of my womb. I squeezed my pussy muscles again, wanting to make his orgasm really good, and he rolled his head back, the cords of his neck tensing like steel cables as he moaned and growled with orgasmic pleasure.

Eventually Scott pulled out and he collapsed onto his back next to me. We were both panting. I think we were both amazed that sex could be so incredibly good. It was the best sex of our life, for both us. Each time was new and thrilling, yet it was familiar and comfortable too. I felt his hand searching for mine. He squeezed my hand in his, and I squeezed his hand back.

I felt him fingering my wedding and engagement rings. He said “Wedding rings are out dated.”

“What? Why?”

“Because they don’t work,” he explained. “They’re supposed to mark you as married. But you can always take them off. Like you did with my parents. So they’re not honest.”

I nodded but didn’t say anything, not sure where he was going with this.

“Tats are better,” Scott said, rubbing the henna under my left breast. The henna was starting to wear off and was fraying at the edges.

“It’ll be gone soon,” I told him.

Scott shrugged like he didn’t care. “If you were my wife, I’d ink a ring around your finger. That way you wouldn’t be able to take it off.”

“You’d ink a wedding ring on your wife?” I said with an incredulous half laugh.

“It wouldn’t have to look like a ring. Just a symbol. Like a small

black dot,” Scott said. He turned me onto my stomach and tapped my sun and moon tattoo. “That’s your thing, right? Minimalist.”

I turned and got up on my elbow to look at him. “Would you get one too?” I asked him.

“Yeah, sure, I guess,” he said with a shrug.

That surprised me. I looked at him for another moment. Scott had elaborate tat sleeves. What he was suggesting though – a little black dot on his wedding ring finger – and my ring finger – would barely be noticeable. Yet it was romantic.

I laid back in bed and looked at the ceiling, processing what he just said.

Rolling to me, Scott cupped my left breast. “Of course, I’d ink you here too, for real. Permanent,” he said, fingering the 55. “I’d add the 11 too.”

“God,” I said with a laugh.

“In script. All lowercase. fifty five eleven. Just below the curve of your left breast. Tiny. Minimalist.”

“So, you’ve thought about this,” I said with another laugh.

Scott grinned at me. “I have,” he said. Then he pulled me into his arms, and we kissed.

CHAPTER 5

I was sitting in my office, looking out the window when I heard “Jen!”

I was startled and almost fell off my chair. “What?” I said turning. It was Allie.

“God Jen, I called you four times,” Allie said with a frown. “What are you thinking about anyway?”

I realized I needed to talk about this with someone, and there was no one better than my best friend. “Can you close the door?” I asked in a hushed voice.

“Oh my god, you were thinking about Scott, right?” Allie said in a whispered voice. She closed the door and then sat in the chair across from me. “So what? How’s your game going?”

“It’s ... going,” I said hesitantly.

Allie looked at me, like she was waiting for more. After a moment I said, “It’s getting heavy with Scott.”

“Heavy how?”

“Like, emotions heavy.”

Allie tilted her head, like she didn’t understand. She said, “I thought that was the point. Mike wants you to date, not just fuck.”

I looked nervously at the door. The door was closed but the walls were thin. Allie got it and lowered her voice even more. She whispered, “I mean, god Jen, everyone thinks you’re separated from Mike and dating Scott. So yes, I can see how things might be getting emotional.”

“Yes but, Scott’s not just a fling,” I whispered back. “He feels like a real boyfriend. A *serious* boyfriend.”

“You mean, a guy if Mike wasn’t in the picture, you might get serious with?” Allie asked.

When I nodded, Allie sighed. “You’re playing with fire, y’know,” she said. “Whenever you add someone else”

“You could’ve warned me before.”

“I needed to warn you?” Allie said sarcastically. “Jen did you hear me? Everyone thinks you and Mike are *separated*. That you’re with Scott now. Seriously? You need me to warn you this is out of control?”

I looked down, knowing she was right. “It’s just supposed to be a game,” I said, but I knew my answer was weak.

“You have to end it with Scott,” Allie said immediately. I looked up, surprised. Despite what I told Mike, Allie had never been his biggest fan. She thought we were too different. In fact, early in my relationship with Mike, Allie had tried to break us up by setting me up on blind dates. Most of those men were cut in the mold of Scott. For a time, I was dating Mike and Allie’s blind dates. That was before Mike and I became exclusive.

Allie read my thoughts and said “Mike’s grown on me. And anyway, you’ve been together, what? Ten years? That’s a lot of time to throw away.”

I nodded slowly. Mike was my best friend, my soul mate. But now there was another man in the picture, and it was making me confused.

“So, you go in ahead,” Mike said excitedly. “I’ll follow in about 10 minutes.”

I nodded. At his urging, we were playing the “Jen goes in a bar alone and gets picked up while Mike watches” game. Actually, Mike hadn’t had to urge too much. After all, I promised to date other men. And I was starting to agree with Mike, that maybe it was better to add another man (or men) to our game, to dilute my relationship with Scott.

The bar was crowded but I found a seat. I sat down on the stool, crossed my legs (making sure to show some thigh) and ordered a white wine. I didn’t order vodka because I wanted to pace myself and keep my wits.

As I stared into the glass of white wine, I felt men looking at me, checking me out. I was nervous and, I have to admit, excited too. I subtly adjusted a little, to show more leg. A well-dressed man approached and offered to buy me a drink. I politely declined. A few other men followed. They were all well dressed like they were lawyers or stockbrokers. Some were a little older than me, others much older (one looked like he could be my father). I politely declined all their advances.

I started wondering what I was doing. Why was I being so selective? When I agreed to play this game tonight with Mike, I had fully intended to allow myself to get picked up, go back to the hotel room that Mike arranged, and get fucked. A couple of the men hitting on me had been handsome and

looked fit. I could let one fuck me, and then Mike and I could reconnect, he could reclaim me, and then maybe my feelings for Scott wouldn't be so strong. So why was I stalling?

I thought how much I had changed. Less than a year ago I had been a devoted, faithful wife. I still went to church almost every Sunday, fitting it in around my dates with Scott. Yet now I was contemplating a one-night stand with a complete stranger. And I sensed my hesitancy wasn't because of some lingering guilt over breaking my marriage vows. With Mike eagerly watching as men hit on me, and ready to bolt for the hotel room as soon as I picked a lover, I was beyond all that.

A tall dark-haired man sidled up to the bar next to me. He was wearing a leather jacket with a Harley t-shirt underneath. He looked like a biker, but a sophisticated one, like a lawyer who drove a BMW during the week and rode his Harley on the weekend. He reminded me of Scott.

"Is this spot taken?" he asked me.

"Yes. I'm waiting for my husband," I said, making sure to hold the wine glass with my left hand so he could see my wedding ring. I knew it turned Mike on if the men hitting on me knew I was married. That, if I went home with biker boy, he'd think I was cheating on my husband. It was part of Mike's cuckold fantasy.

"Alright if I sit here until he comes?" he asked me.

I shrugged like I didn't care and pretended to look at my iPhone.

"I'm Jake by the way," he said.

I gave him a slight nod but didn't respond. I continued to look at my iPhone and pretended to ignore him.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw biker boy grin good naturedly at my rejection. I saw he was handsome. He looked to be fit. He wore his dark hair slicked back, kinda like a young Johnny Depp.

"You're popular tonight," Jake said.

"What?"

"I think I'm the tenth guy to talk to you," he said with a smile at me.

"What, you're counting?" I asked with a half laugh.

"Actually, I am," Jake said, still smiling at me. "And you didn't shoot me down like the others. So I guess I'm lucky."

"I told you I'm waiting for my husband," I said with a dismissive flip of my hand.

Jake leaned in. Lowering his voice, he said "Look, I'll come to the

point. I don't think you're waiting for your husband. He's not coming. Or maybe you're not even married. You're lonely and looking for company."

"You seem to think you know me," I scoffed indignantly.

"No offense," Jake said, backing off a little but still close to me.

"Maybe you're just out for a little fun. Maybe you've been married too long, and you want to see if men still find you attractive. Well, believe me. They do. You're the best looking girl in here. You're smoking hot. You could have any man you want."

I stared at Jake, shocked at how forward he was being. But maybe this was dating in today's world. After all, I'd been off the market for 10 years.

And I found myself aroused by his forwardness. His brash confidence. But then, I *am* a bottom after all. And Jake was really handsome.

"And you think you're the man I want?" I whispered in a voice so low he could barely hear me in the crowded bar.

Jake smiled at me. He sensed he was close to getting into my pants. He leaned even closer, moving his hand to my knee. He softly caressed just above my knee and whispered "Let's get out of here. I don't live too far away."

I found myself breathing harder. This whole scene was so out there. A married girl, dressed to impress, sitting by herself in a notorious meat market with the intent of hooking up with a complete stranger, with her husband watching all of it from the shadows of the bar. And here Jake was, that stranger, and a handsome stranger at that, hitting on that married girl, inviting her to his apartment to fuck. The scene was like out of a cheap B-movie or thriller paperback. It was so naughty and demented. And it was getting me hot! I was aroused by all of it!

So why was I hesitating? Jake was clearly interested. I had Mike's permission. So why wasn't I going home with Jake?

Mike and I had it all planned. I'd say to Jake something like "I need to text my husband." I'd text to Mike "Honey I ran into Allie, we're going for drinks, it might be a late night so I'll call you tomorrow morning. ILY." That was our code for "go to the hotel." I'd let Jake glance down at my phone to read the text before sending it.

Then I'd look at Jake and say "You're right, my husband's not here. He's traveling for business."

I'd put my hand over Jake's, pressing his hand against my knee, and

say “I have a hotel room. I’d rather go there.”

Jake would agree of course. He’d understand I wouldn’t feel comfortable going to his apartment.

I’d finish my drink to give Mike time to get to the hotel. He’d watch everything from the adjoining room. Once we were done ... I mean, once Jake was done with my body ... I’d ask him to leave with an excuse like “I’ve got an early meeting tomorrow.” I’d give him a sad look, like I was guilty of cheating on my husband.

Jake would leave, smiling at having banged a married girl. Another notch in his belt. Mike would come in and reclaim me. If I felt a connection to Jake – if I liked him and if he fucked good -- I’d give him my number and Mike and I would talk about me seeing Jake again, maybe even setting him up as another “boyfriend.”

Mike and I had talked about this, planned it. It was an expansion of our game. And a way to dilute my relationship with Scott. I’d still see Scott. Still date him. Still fuck him. But now they’d be someone else too. Mike wanted to keep playing the game, he was addicted to seeing me with other men. But my relationship with Scott had gone past his comfort level. It had gone past my comfort level too. That’s why I was here, why I came here with the intention of being picked up and fucked.

But now at the moment of truth, with biker boy Jake’s hand on my knee, I was hesitating. And I finally realized why.

I felt guilty. I felt like I was cheating. But not on Mike. On Scott.

Looking back I should have seen it coming. After all, Scott felt like a *real* boyfriend. He *was* a real boyfriend. So of course I felt like I was cheating on him.

Strangely, my hesitation wasn’t about Mike. I didn’t feel like I was cheating on my husband. But why would I? Mike *wanted* me to fuck Jake.

I pushed Jake’s hand from my knee. “You’re really cute. But I’m married,” I said, trying to be gentle in rejecting him since I’d led him on. “I better go,” I said, sliding off the stool. I pulled down my skirt and put money on the bar to cover my drinks.

Jake was surprised. He thought he was going to score. He hurriedly said, “Can I call you?”

“No, I don’t think so,” I said with a tight smile. As I walked out of the bar, I glanced at Mike to let him know to go but he was already on his way out, a frown on his face.

“So what happened?” Mike asked, his hand cupping my breast. I was naked except for stockings and high heels. Mike was completely naked. His hard cock was pressing against my thigh. “It looked like you were into him,” he added.

“I don’t know. I thought I was. But it didn’t feel right,” I said. “It has to feel right. You understand that, right Mike?”

“Yes, of course,” Mike said, being supportive. But I heard the disappointment in his voice.

“Sorry. I know you’re disappointed,” I said. I reached between us and wrapped my hand around his cock. He was rock hard. I slowly stroked him.

“I get it. It’s got to feel right,” he said, breathing heavy as I stroked him. “I don’t want you to feel cheap.”

I thought that was an ironic thing to say given Mike’s goal of the game tonight – me getting fucked by a complete stranger. As if reading my thoughts, he said “I don’t want to force you into anything.”

“I know that baby,” I said, kissing him on the lips. I was still slowly stroking him.

Mike moved on top of me, getting between my legs. “I guess you’ll have to settle for me tonight,” he said as his cock head pressed against my pussy lips.

“Baby I’d never think that.”

Mike looked at me. Then instead of penetrating me, he pulled away and lowered his head to my pussy. “I want to make you cum,” he said.

“Mike ...,” I protested.

Then he was working on me. Really working on me. With his tongue, and his fingers. Using all his tricks. It was Friday, one of my regular date nights with Scott. But I broke that date with Scott to play the “bar pickup game” with Mike. Now I think Mike was feeling guilty because I didn’t have a big dick to play with. So, he was working on me with his tongue and fingers. Especially his tongue.

“God baby ...,” I moaned as he worked his magic on my pussy and clit. I arched my back and clutched at the sheets. He was so freaking good at this. “Mike ... Mike ...,” I moaned, and then I was curling my toes as I came on his tongue. Fuck, I thought gasping. He was so fucking good at eating pussy.

Then Mike moved up my body and entered me. He fucked me fast. I

could tell he was worked up from watching Jake and the other men hit on me. He didn't last long, cumming after just a few strokes. We hugged each other, and Mike spooned me close as we slept. The next day, we treated ourselves to a champagne brunch before going home.

I didn't tell Mike the real reason I didn't hook up with Jake. That I felt guilty about cheating on Scott. And even after cumming on my husband's tongue, I couldn't help looking forward to my date with Scott the next day. That made me feel more guilty.

CHAPTER 6

“So where were you last night?” Scott asked. We were on our Saturday night date, in a bar where I wouldn’t run into anyone I knew. Lots of people knew me and Mike were “separated,” and I knew at some level Mike would get turned on if I ran into someone we knew and they saw me with Scott. But all that was drama and I wasn’t up for it tonight. Especially since I knew Scott was going to ask about last night, like he just did.

I looked down at my feet. I’d broken our Friday night date to play the game with Mike. Because I felt guilty (and wary) about getting so close to Scott. But then I didn’t go to bed with Jake because it felt like cheating on Scott. God. This was so fucked up.

I wanted to come clean with Scott. I didn’t want to lie to him. My secret adulterous affair with Joey flitted through my head. I was obviously lying to Mike about that. But somehow that was different. Anyways, that’s how it felt.

“I played with Mike. You know, our game,” I said with a shrug. “We went to a bar. Separately. He watched as I got hit on.”

Scott’s face clouded over. Suddenly I felt his coldness towards me. “So, you got fucked?” he said, anger and hurt in his voice.

“No,” I said. His glare at me was so intense I looked down, not able to look into his eyes. “A guy hit on me. His name was Jake --.”

“I don’t give a fuck what his name is!” Scott hissed.

I winced. At the anger in his voice. And the accusation of cheating on him. We had agreed to not see anyone else while we played out our relationship (except for me with Mike of course).

“So you fucked him!” Scott said angrily.

“No, I didn’t,” I said, finally raising my eyes to meet his. “Mike wanted me to,” I said in a soft voice. “And honestly, I was going to. But then I couldn’t. Because I didn’t want to cheat on you.”

Scott took a moment to process my words. Then slowly his scowl turned to a smile. For long moments he didn’t say anything, like he was at a

loss for words. Finally, grinning ear to ear, he said “Good.” As he said it, he squeezed my hand. I smiled back at him. I squeezed his hand back and leaned into him.

“Ready to go?” Scott asked. I nodded. He threw some bills on the bar and we left to grab a cab.

We went to *Brooklyn Steel*. It was a hike from NYC (it’s in Brooklyn, duh!), but Scott wanted to take me because he knows I love great bands and Steel is one of the best music venues anywhere. When we got there the bouncer gave me a skeptical, long up-and-down look and asked for my ID. Seriously? He was carding me? I was almost 30?! On the other hand, it was kinda a compliment the bouncer thought I was under 21. I handed over my ID, self-conscious that people behind us were getting impatient for holding up the line.

The bouncer put blue bands around our wrists then waved us into the club. We had a great time! There were 3 bands on the card, and we went from sweating dancing to punk rock, to swaying to reggae, to slow dancing to a singer who looked a lot like Michael Buble.

The Steel was having a special promotion. Your blue band got you in for free next Saturday, as long as you kept it around your wrist all week. It was an honor system kind of thing to keep it on, and I guess they wanted the advertising (since their name was on the band). Scotty and I promised each other to keep the bands on, and to come back next Saturday.

In the taxi home, I said “You can’t tell Mike what I said. About not wanting to cheat on you.”

“You should tell him,” he told me. “So he won’t ask you to play that pathetic game again.”

“He’s my husband. I’m not saying I won’t do it again,” I said. I quickly added “But I won’t go to bed with anyone else. Okay?” I knew I could get Mike hot without actually having sex with another man.

“You know how ridiculous that sounds?” Scott scoffed.

“It might sound ridiculous but it’s why I’m with you,” I said. When he didn’t reply I leaned into him. I poked him in the stomach and in a softer voice I said “Right?”

He finally smiled and put his arm around me.

We walked into the apartment holding hands. Mike was up waiting for us. I left Scott and went to Mike, smiling at him and stroking his cheek. He smiled back, but it was like, he knew I was Scott’s all night, so he didn’t

try to pull me to him.

“What’s this?” Mike asked, touching the band around my wrist.

“Oh. From the club,” I said. I’d forgotten the wrist band was there.

“You still have it on?”

“I have to keep it on all week,” I said with a nod. “It’ll get us in free next week.”

“You and Scott?” he asked. He was looking over at Scott and saw he wore the same blue wrist band. Then he looked back at me

“Um ... yeah,” I said.

Mike nodded but didn’t say anything else. But I could tell he was really turned on.

Scotty and I had gotten worked up at the Steel, grinding to the reggae, slow dancing and touching to the Buble-cover, and we’d kissed and fondled in the taxi. We wanted each other. I let Scott lead me to the bedroom, with Mike watching us.

Scott spent a long time kissing me. He’s a really good kisser, and soon I was panting, especially since he kissed down my neck and caressed behind my ear. Scott knew all my erogenous spots and he was playing with all of them, even more than he normally does. I think maybe he was giving Mike a show as a *fuck you* for last night. Anyways, Scotty soon had me writhing and moaning under him. I wanted him inside me, but he wouldn’t push in. Instead, he teased me by rubbing his cock around and over my slit. I was whining and practically begging him to fuck me, and again I think he did it to get back at Mike. To show Mike how much I wanted him.

Finally Scott pushed into me. I groaned and my eyes rolled up into my head as his manhood stretched me. As my lover worked his cock into me, I saw with the corner of my eye Mike sitting in a chair next to the bed. He was stroking himself as Scott impaled me on his long, thick shaft. Mike’s eyes were focused on my pussy and Scott’s cock. It was like, the more Scott pushed into me, the more my pussy lips strained to take him, the more lustful Mike’s face got.

Scott held my hands over my head as he fucked me. We kissed as we fucked. Scott knew my body now, so he whispered into my ear “You’re cumming?”

“Yeah ...,” I said, my voice strained. “Almost ...”

Scott long stroked me harder, bearing down so his long shaft rubbed against my clit as he moved in and out. He released my hands and squeezed

my tits, pinching my nipples with his thumbs and fingers. He was still kissing me, and I was panting and moaning into his mouth. "OH MY GOD I'M CUMMING!" I cried, and then I was arching my back and curling my toes as I came on Scotty's cock.

Scotty fucked me through my orgasm, making it last. He kissed me though it too, his lips never leaving mine. When my body finally stopped shaking, I felt limp and numb under him. "God you always make me cum so good," I said, still breathing hard, awestruck in my voice.

Scott wrapped his arms around me. He cuddled me and kissed me. Our bodies were still connected. "I love you," he whispered to me.

"I love you too," I whispered back.

After recovering, I knew it was Scott's turn. I got on top and fucked him really good. I knew Scott's erogenous zones too. So at just the right moment I flicked my tongue into his ear. That drove him over the edge. His entire body tensed, and then he was cumming inside me. He pushed in deep and gripped my hips to stay that way, and I felt jet after jet of his spunk hitting my walls.

We held each other and kissed, our bodies still connected even though Scott was only half hard now. Finally I rolled off and his cock slid from my pussy. I felt his cum immediately flood down my ass cheeks and thighs.

I looked over at Mike. He had cum too, his penis was soft. I tried to read his face. I knew sometimes he got upset after cumming. I smiled at him, and he smiled back. Then Scott pulled me into his arms and we were kissing again.

CHAPTER 7

On Monday, I watched Jen dress for work. I tried not to be obvious about it. She wasn't wearing Scott's diamond earrings, and the 55 tat under her left tit was gone now. But she wore the blue band around her wrist from the Brooklyn Steel. I knew Scott was wearing the same wristband. It bothered me and turned me on too. Something so simple as a wristband, yet it had such a powerful effect on me. It wasn't the band, I knew. It was what the wristband represented. A connection between my wife and another man. A reminder that she was having experiences that didn't include me.

I watched as Jen rolled stockings up her long beautiful legs. Then as she wriggled into her dress. She brushed her long, thick blonde hair as it got tussled after putting on the dress, and she touched up her lipstick. The lipstick made her lips look wet. I quickly moved out of the bedroom, into the kitchen. Jen knew she had a powerful effect on me, but sometimes I didn't want to let her see it.

Jen followed me after a few moments. "Are you okay?" she asked me.

I looked at her. God she was so beautiful and sexy. Achingly so. I was so lucky to have such a gorgeous wife. Why was I sharing her with another man?

She was wearing a short tight dress, stockings and high heels. Borderline too risqué for work. But she always dressed sexier now. I knew it was because of Scott, not me.

"Are you going to fuck him at work?" I asked bitterly.

She didn't say anything. "Are you?" I snapped.

Jen moved closer to me. "Maybe," she said. I think I groaned. Or maybe it was a moan.

Jen got on her knees. She took out my cock and took me into her mouth. I came with my fingers interlaced in her soft blonde hair.

Afterwards she staggered to her feet. I guess it's hard getting from your knees to your feet when you're wearing 4 inch "fuck me" stiletto heels.

I grabbed her arms to help her balance.

“Where is this going Jen?” I asked her, as I gripped her arms. I felt helpless.

“I don’t know,” she said.

“But you love him,” I said. “You say it all the time.”

She didn’t deny it. Instead, she said, “Not like you Mike.”

But what did that mean? She loved him less? More? Or just different?

“I’m just going through something. It won’t last forever,” she assured me. But I wasn’t assured. Not the way they acted together.

I took her hand. She still wore her wedding ring and her engagement ring, even though she was telling everyone we were separated. That was something.

I looked at the blue band around her wrist. I curled my finger around it. It was just a piece of paper attached by a sticky part. I could easily rip it off her wrist. She was my wife. *My wife*. I should rip it off. Break this connection between her and Scott. It would be symbolic, but still.

Jen watched me, not trying to pull her wrist back. Finally, I let her wrist go.

Jen gave me an understanding smile. She hugged me and said “I love you baby.” Then she left to go to work.

CHAPTER 8

When I got to work, I went straight to the bathroom and brushed my teeth. I didn't have anything planned with Scott but if he stopped by my office I didn't want cum breath.

Once in my office I was too distracted to work. I sat in my desk chair, staring at the blue band around my wrist. Part of me had wanted Mike to rip it off. Every girl wants that right? For her husband to be possessive of her, to want her exclusively. But it was a stupid thought. The whole point of the game was Mike wanting to share me with other men.

Part of me though – maybe the bigger part – didn't want Mike to tear the band off. Because that would set off drama about me with Scott, and I didn't want that. I wanted Mike, but at the moment, at this point in my life, I wanted Scott too. I didn't want Mike to tell me to give up Scott. I didn't want to give up Scott.

And that thought scared me. That's why I was sitting in my office, staring at the stupid blue band around my wrist. I was confused. Things couldn't get worse.

Then things got worse.

My office phone buzzed. It was the receptionist. "Hey Jen," Sally the receptionist said. "There's a Joseph here."

I stared at the phone. Joey? Was it Joey? I still called him Joey. Mostly he went by Joe, or Joseph sometimes when he met someone new (like Sally).

I hadn't seen or spoken to Joey since Christmas. My thoughts flashed back to the quickie in the rear parking lot of the 24/7 market on Christmas day, and I couldn't help smiling. I realized I missed Joey. Not just the sex, but just seeing him.

"Um, Sally, could you send him to my office?" I said.

I was smiling when Joey walked in a few moments later, but then my

smile disappeared when I saw his face. He was frowning and looked angry. “Joey, what --?”

“I saw you!” Joey growled angrily.

“What?”

“I saw you! At the bar!” Joey snarled again. “I saw you with that guy! Your hands were all over him! You were practically fucking him!”

My mouth opened as I tried to catch up. Then I got it. That speakeasy, Please Don’t Tell, the one with the tea cups. Joey had been there, and he saw me with Scott. “Joey, what?” I sputtered, trying to buy time to think. “You were there? How’d you get past the bouncers?”

“I have a fake ID,” Joey said with “*duh!*” in his voice. “Who is that asshole Jen? You’re cheating on Mike?”

I glanced nervously at the door. I put aside the irony of Joey’s outrage of my possible infidelity. I mean, I’d fucked him too!

But at that moment, I was more concerned with Scott walking in. Joey might recognize him, and in his current state, and given how alpha Scott was, things might get violent.

“Let’s go someplace where we can talk,” I said in a calm voice. I took his arm and ushered him towards the door. “Just calm down, okay Joey? Remember, I work here.”

I didn’t know where else to go – I didn’t want a scene in any public place – so I ended up taking Joey back to our apartment. I knew Mike had a busy day at work so there was no risk he would walk in on us.

“I’m not cheating on Mike,” I said when we were sitting on the sofa. I decided I needed to tell Joey the truth. “Mike and I ...,” I began hesitantly. It was hard to tell someone you were in the “*lifestyle.*” Steeling myself, I said “Mike and I have an open relationship.”

It took Joey a moment to get it. Then his jaw dropped. “You fuck other people?” he said with shock. “You mean, Mike knows about us?”

“No!” I said. Now I was shocked too. “Of course not! It started after you and me.” In a moment of self-reflection, I added “Maybe it started *because* of you and me.”

“What? What do you mean?”

I shrugged, not sure myself. “Things changed after what happened,” I told my husband’s young friend. “I changed. I started being more outgoing at work. And Mike liked it. I think he wanted me to be more like I was back when we met in college.” I shrugged again and added “I guess we both

changed. And things started happening.”

“You mean, that guy I saw you with?” Joey asked.

I nodded. “His name’s Scott,” I said. “We work together. He’s my lover. My boyfriend really.”

“Your boyfriend?” Joey asked incredulously.

“That’s how Mike and I play it,” I explained. “We call it our game. I don’t want one-night stands. So, I’ve got a boyfriend.”

“A boyfriend?” Joey said, incredulity still in his voice. There was anger there too. “You’re married! How can you have a fucking boyfriend?!”

I was taken aback by Joey’s anger. And by the irony. But then I got it. Joey was still a boy really. He was only 18. He was jealous of Scott. He’d always had a crush on me. He accepted Mike since they were such close friends. But Scott was something else. Any other man would’ve been something else. Joey didn’t want me to be with another man. That was even more so now, with our relationship having moved from platonic friends to intimate lovers.

“Joey calm down,” I said in a soothing voice. I squeezed his hand reassuringly. “This is between me and Mike. It doesn’t affect you.”

“Why didn’t you pick me if you were going to open up your marriage?” Joey asked. There was anger and jealousy in his voice and hurt too.

“Joey, are you freaking crazy?” I said incredulously. “You’re only 18 years old. And Mike helped raise you. Do you think he would have agreed to you and me?”

Joey didn’t say anything. I could tell he was upset. He wouldn’t even look at me. I put my hand on his again. “Come on Joey,” I said, trying to get him to talk to me.

“So where does that leave us?” Joey finally said.

Being as gentle as possible, I said “There’s no *us*, Joey. Come on. You understand that, right? We shouldn’t have done what we did before. You’re only 18, and I’m eleven years older than you. We can’t do it again.”

Joey lashed out. “Why? Because now you’ve got – what’s his name, Scott?” he said derisively. “He’s replaced me?”

“Joey, god,” I said, pressing my hands against my head in frustration. “This is not about you. Don’t you see it’s 2 different things?”

“You wear this for Scott? You planning to fuck him today?” Joey said scornfully, flipping his finger along the hem of my skirt. My skirt ended

well above my knees; much shorter than the dresses I wore when Joey was living with us. Also, my dress hugged my body and I was wearing 4 inch stiletto heels. Joey no doubt saw the differences in my wardrobe.

“Joey ...,” I sighed with exasperation. But he was right after all, I had dressed to make myself as fuckable as possible for Scott.

Joey boldly put his hand on my leg and moved under my skirt. My skirt was so short he didn't have to move up my thigh too much before he felt the lace of my stocking tops. “You were planning to fuck him!” he said accusingly. “Fuck Jen you're a slut!”

“What? Joey!” I said, both shocked and indignant he would say that.

Joey kept moving his hand under my skirt. He reached my panties and I tried to push his hand away with both hands. “Joey! Stop!” I cried but he was too big and strong. His hand was cupping my panty-clad pussy with my skirt bundled around my waist.

Then Joey pushed me back onto the sofa and he was on top of me. He tried to kiss me but I twisted my head away. “No Joey!” I said as he tried to kiss me again. He had one hand on my breast. His other was still cupping my pussy. I felt his huge erection pressing against my thigh.

“No Joey stop!” I cried. I managed to pull my arm out from under him, and I slapped him hard across the cheek.

For a moment Joey looked shocked. Then he was crying. Balling, big tears running down his cheeks. He collapsed onto me, sobbing like a baby. “How could you Jen?” he cried, his tears wetting my neck.

I hesitated for long moments, not sure what to do. Then I wrapped my arms around him and tried to soothe him. “It's okay Joey, it's okay,” I said gently stroking his hair.

We were like that for long moments, Joey sobbing, me trying to soothe him. Then Joey moved his head and our lips touched. We looked at each other, his face so close to mine that I could feel his breathing. Then we were kissing.

It was passionate and urgent, and loving and gentle, all at the same time. Joey reached behind and pulled down the zipper of my dress. He pulled the dress off my shoulders. He didn't even bother taking off my bra. He just pushed the lacy white material up, exposing my breasts. His lips and hands were all over me, and I was moaning and rolling my head back as he sucked one nipple in his mouth and rubbed the other with his thumb and finger.

Joey reached down and pulled my thong panties down my legs. I raised my ass to help him. Then I was hurriedly fumbling with his belt and pants. I used my foot to push his pants down his leg, jabbing the back of his thigh and calf with my stiletto high heel in the process.

I was soaking when Joey rubbed his big cock up and down my slit. But an alarm bell went off in my head. I knew Joey was sexually active and I hadn't seen or talked to him since Christmas. I reached for my purse and pulled out a condom. It was one I used with Scott, one of the big ones.

I ripped the foil with my teeth and pressed the rubber against Joey's cockhead. I used both hands to roll the sheath down his shaft. The condom was XL size, and I realized it was harder to get it on Joey than Scott. Both men were big, but Scotty was longer while Joey was thicker.

When the condom was finally on, I used one hand to guide Joey's cock to my pussy. I put my other hand behind Joey's neck and pulled his head down to me. "Fuck me," I said as I pressed my lips against his.

Joey dug his toes into the sofa cushions and pushed into me. I gritted my teeth as he entered me. "Fuck Joey you're so freaking thick!" I said with clenched jaws, gasping as he stretched me. I mean, I'd been regularly fucking Scotty for months now, and he was huge, and yet whenever Joey fucked me it was like being a virgin again.

Joey fucked me hard. And he lasted forever (more evidence of how much sex he must get from coeds). I came really hard on his cock, and then he made me cum again before he exploded inside me. "Fuck me Joey, fuck me!" I chanted as I neared my first orgasm. "Oh fuck! You're making me cum! You're fucking making me cum Joey!" I cried as my orgasm hit. My nails bit into his arms and my head rolled back as I came on his thick cock. I screamed as orgasmic pleasure flooded my body.

After he was done Joey collapsed on top of me. We were both panting and sweaty. After a few moments I pushed up. "Joey, honey ...," I said gently pushing against his arms.

Joey got it. He got up on his elbows, then he pulled out. I darted my hand to his softening shaft to make sure the condom stayed on. There was a pop when his cockhead pulled out. I looked down between my legs. God. My pussy lips were so swollen and red and gaping open. I guess that's what porn writers would call a *ruined pussy*.

Joey took the condom off and rolled it in some tissues. He threw it in the trash. "Joey, Mike ...," I said with warning in my voice. Joey looked at

me, not understanding at first, then he got it. I couldn't allow my husband to find a used condom in our apartment. It would lead to too many questions.

Joey flushed the tissues and condom down the toilet. By the time he got back I had my dress around me, like a towel.

Joey began dressing. The anger, hurt and jealous were on his face again. "I can't believe Mike lets other men touch you," he said scornfully. "God what a loser."

"Joey --," I began, but he cut me off.

"I don't want to hear it," he said, his eyes watering up again. His voice cracked as he said "I never want to see you again." Before I could say anything he left, slamming the door behind him.

I sat on the sofa, not able to move. Then I started to cry.

CHAPTER 9

I couldn't concentrate at work. All I could think about was the way Jen dressed that morning. In a short tight dress, stockings and heels, and making her hair and makeup perfect. For Scott. I knew she planned on fucking him. That was pretty obvious.

And I thought about that blue band around her wrist. The same Scott wore. It was nothing, a free pass into the Brooklyn Steel. But it was everything too. The kind of thing a girlfriend did with her boyfriend. It was evidence of their connection, their relationship. Yet this girlfriend – Scott's girlfriend – was also my wife.

My wife. Did Jen even think of herself as my wife anymore? Or was she Scott's girlfriend? She wore his diamonds in her ears. She wore shorter skirts and higher heels, and often went braless for him. Until recently until it wore off, she had a henna tatted under her left breast for Scott (55, his jersey number and also his SS initials).

Also, I suspected her reluctance to have sex with Jake wasn't just because – as she put it -- it “didn't feel right.” I wondered if maybe she thought fucking Jake would be cheating on Scott. She didn't fuck Jake, not because of *our* marriage vows, but to stay true to Scott. The thought made me incredibly jealous and insecure.

But could I blame Jen? After all, her relationship with Scott was “normal.” He wanted his girlfriend all to himself, to be exclusive. Who could blame him? That was the normal way it worked. *I* was the one who gave up my exclusive rights to my wife's body. And to her heart too. I did more than give up my rights. I pushed her into Scott's arms.

I was heartsick, but also so hard. I couldn't resist anymore. I went into the bathroom. I locked the door of the stall. Then I masturbated into the toilet. Within moments I grunted and splattered my cum into the toilet. Then, with my passions sated, I felt the depression and all the other dark emotions crush down on me. I fought them off though. I told myself it was just a game. Jen was still my wife. She still loved me. Just that morning she

told me that. She assured me she still loved me.

I decided to go home. It was only midday and Jen wouldn't be home for hours. This way though, I could make us a nice dinner and we could talk about where things were going over candle lights and nice wine. I thought if I made it a romantic evening we could talk about us, and the reasons why we loved each other and got married in the first place.

Those hopes were thrown out the window when I walked into our apartment. It was quiet, but the apartment reeked of sex. Clearly Jen had fucked Scott here.

Then I heard sobbing. It was barely audible, but someone was crying. Not just someone. It was Jen.

I walked to our bedroom and looked in. Jen was sitting on the edge of the bed, her face in her hands, silently crying. Yes, she'd been fucking. You didn't have to be a genius to figure that out. The bed was messed up and her dress was off. She still had her bra on, but her panties were off. She wore stockings but they were laddered, more evidence that she'd been fucked hard. The bedroom reeked of sex, and Jen looked freshly fucked. But why was she crying?

I looked at Jen for a long time. God she was so beautiful and achingly sexy. Even crying, with her hair and makeup messed up, she was so pretty. And sitting perched on the edge of the bed, with just a lacy white bra, no panties, and laddered stockings, she looked so fuckable.

"What happened?" I finally said. Jen was so startled she yelped and practically jumped out of her skin.

"My god, Mike," she said looking shocked and startled. "What are you doing here?"

I thought it was a stupid question so I didn't answer it. Instead I sat on the bed beside her. Even though her legs were closed, I was able to see that her pussy lips were red and swollen. I put my hand on her knee. The feel of her silky stocking made me heady, especially since it was laddered in my palm. I pulled. Jen resisted at first, then she let me open her legs.

I looked at her pussy. God, it looked like someone took a bulldozer to it. Normally her pussy lips are smooth and tightly pressed together, like a teenager's. Now they were red and extended, and parted open.

I could tell Jen was tense and agitated as I looked at her. It was like she was scared. I didn't understand why, as obviously I'd seen her many times after fucking Scott.

“Scott just left?” I asked, looking at her freshly fucked pussy. “Why’d you come back here? And why are you crying? Was he mean to you?”

“So, um, ah, you didn’t see anyone?” Jen asked hesitantly.

“See someone?” I asked, not understanding. “You mean Scott? No, I didn’t see him.”

With my hand still on Jen’s knee, I felt her body relax. She looked towards the window and didn’t say anything for a few moments. Finally, she said “Actually it wasn’t Scott. It was Jake. Remember him? I ran into him at lunch. And ... well”

My eyes went wide. “Are you serious?” I said, astounded. I looked at her ruined pussy. “He really did you.”

I felt Jen’s body relax even more. She grinned and leaned back on her arms, giving me a better view of her sex. “Oh my god Mike he’s so thick,” she said with a giggle.

“That’s ... really sexy,” I said, moving my hand from her stockings to the bare skin above. I caressed her inner thighs. They were still moist.

I ran my finger along her pussy lips. Her lips were still moist too, but I didn’t see any sperm. As if reading my thoughts, she said “I made him use a condom. I don’t know him well.”

I slowly nodded, processing that. “So, you ran into Jake. Then what happened?” I asked as I caressed along her pussy lips.

“We talked, and flirted,” Jen said. “You know. It just kinda happened. And I knew you wanted it.”

“But why were you crying?” I asked.

My question seemed to take Jen by surprise. She didn’t answer at once. Finally, she sputtered “I mean, I don’t know. I guess I feel kinda slutty.”

I looked at my wife, studying her. Her answer didn’t seem quite right. Yeah, I get she doesn’t want to feel like a slut, but she cries right after cumming on Jake’s thick cock? I felt I knew the real reason she was crying. “You were crying because you felt like you cheated on Scott,” I said. It was a statement, not a question.

Jen looked at me surprised, her pretty mouth forming a small O. Finally, she sputtered “That’s not it. I mean, maybe it is. I don’t know. I don’t know Mike. The game’s confusing sometimes. You know?”

I slowly nodded. I was processing everything. “It bothers me you’re

so into him. That you'd cry about it. But it turns me on too. I know that makes no sense. I'm happy though you hooked up with Jake. I'd rather you have a couple guys, or three. It's not as risky for me."

"I get that," Jen said. "I don't know. We'll see."

"Didn't Jake make you cum?" I asked.

"Yeah but, Mike ...," she said. "It's more than just cumming. More than just sex."

I nodded. I couldn't help being disappointed. If Jen liked Jake, her feelings for Scott would be diluted. But it seemed like Jake was a one-time thing.

As if sensing my disappointment, Jen grabbed my arms and pulled me to her. "You want sloppy seconds mister?" she asked, reaching for my belt and zipper.

"After what Jake just did to you, I probably won't feel anything," I teased, helping Jen with my pants. I pulled out my rock-hard cock and got between her legs.

"That'll probably make you cum faster," Jen said with a giggle.

I grinned back at her. She knew me so well.

Mike reached behind Jen. "I'm surprised Jake didn't take this off," he said as he unsnapped her bra. It was Jake's first time with his wife, and usually the first time the guy wants to see and feel the girl's tits. Of course, Mike didn't know Jen had actually been with Joey, not Jake.

"Um, yeah, I don't know ...," Jen stammered. Lying about Joey came easier now. For some reason, playing the game helped.

Jen's eyes fluttered as Mike kissed up her neck and fondled her breasts. She'd been with Mike longer than any man and he definitely knew how to touch her. Even though she'd just cum hard with Joey not too long ago, she felt herself getting aroused. Also, the wickedness of the situation – being with her husband less than an hour after being with 18-year-old Joey – added to her arousal. She knew she was probably going to hell for thinking that (and for everything she was doing), but she couldn't help it.

Mike sensed Jen's growing passion, and it made him feel good. He worked extra hard to kiss and touch her where, and the way, he knew she liked it best. As they kissed and their bodies moved together, Mike felt incredibly aroused too. He felt ready to burst, but he willed himself not to cum. He wanted to prolong their pleasure as long as possible.

Mike got on top of Jen, between her legs. He put her legs on his shoulders and then, holding her thighs, he pulled her towards him. Panting, Jen reached between them and took his cock in her hand. She tried not to think about how small he felt after just being with Joey. She guided Mike to her pussy. Mike pushed forward and he slid in without any resistance.

“God you’re so loose,” Mike moaned. “Jake really stretched you.”

“Yeah,” Jen agreed as she wrapped her arms around Mike’s neck.

“Do you like that?” Mike panted as he moved in and out of his wife. He was in major cuckold mode now. “Being stretched?”

“Yes,” Jen said. “I love it.”

Mike kissed her ankles next to his head (her legs were still on his shoulders). He loved the feel of her nylons. “Is Jake as big as Scott?” he asked.

“Thicker,” Jen said as she compared Joey to Scott. “Scott’s longer.”

“What do you like better?”

Part of her wished Mike would just make love to her. For once, just let it be the 2 of them. But instead, he was focusing on other men fucking her, instead of him. It made her think about the differences between Mike and Joey, and Scott too. He felt so small inside her.

“Do you like thicker or longer better?” Mike asked again.

“Thicker,” Jen finally said. This was what Mike got out of the game, so she played along. “Scott reaches places Jake can’t,” she said. “But I like feeling stretched more.” Jen had to concentrate to say “Jake” and not “Joey.” She started wishing he would just cum, as she was afraid of slipping up and saying “Joey.”

“So Jake fucked you better than Scott?”

“It’s not just physical,” Jen said honestly. “I know Scott.”

“You have feelings for him,” Mike said, finishing her thought.

“Yes,” Jen said hesitantly. She never knew how much to say to her husband. How much he wanted to hear. Her feelings for Scott turned him on but got him jealous and upset too.

Reading her thoughts, Mike said “It’s okay. It gets me hot.”

Jen nodded. She knew that, although still she didn’t quite understand it.

Mike let Jen’s legs drop off his shoulders. He leaned down so now their bodies were pressed together. He fucked her slow in a grinding motion, and Jen moved her hips with his. She knew he was close to cumming.

“Did Jake fuck you better?” Mike asked, his words strained as he neared his orgasm. “Fuck you better than I’m fucking you now?”

Jen knew Mike was in major cuck mood. “Yes,” she said, knowing what he wanted to hear. It was the truth too.

“And Scott,” Mike continued as he grinded back and forth. “He fucks you better than me?”

“Yes,” Jen said honestly.

“Scott makes you cum harder than me?” Mike said. He was on the brink of cumming.

“Yes,” Jen said. She was past trying to spare her husband’s feelings – their game was past that. And anyways Mike already knew. He’d seen how she responded to Scott, seen the passion of their fucking and the intensity of the orgasms he gave her. Mike just wanted to hear her say it. “Yes, Scott makes me cum better than you,” she said.

“So – you like – fucking Scott – more than me?” Mike said, the words coming out like grunts through his labored breathing.

“Yes,” Jen said, again being honest.

Mike moaned as she said *yes*. He had never been so hard. He was about to explode. Looking into Jen’s eyes, he asked “Do you love Scott more than me?”

Jen looked back into her husband’s eyes. She didn’t answer at once. She felt confused and conflicted. Finally she said “I don’t know.”

Mike grunted and lurched, and he groaned as he came. He collapsed onto Jen’s body. It was one of the best orgasms of his life.

He pulled out and rolled off Jen, onto his back. Both he and Jen were silent, staring up at the ceiling. They both sensed a line had been crossed, and they were in a different place now.

CHAPTER 10

Jen avoided Scott the rest of the week. She was confused. There was what happened with Joey. But mostly, what she said to Mike when he asked “Do you love Scott more than me?” It was a spur of the moment thing, when she answered “I don’t know.”

But of course she knew. She loved Mike more. Whatever she felt for Scott – even if it did qualify as love – that was all temporary. Infatuation, nothing more. Mike was her husband. He was permanent, her soulmate. She was sure of that. But still, she felt confused. So that’s why she avoided Scott.

But she promised to go back to the Brooklyn Steel with Scott. They had a date – she’d worn the blue band around her wrist all week, just like Scott (their matching blue bands had prompted more than a few questions from her co-workers). And honestly, despite her confusion, she wanted to see Scott. She missed him.

Saturday night, Mike watched Jen get dressed for her date with Scott. He tried to be subtle, but Jen knew he was watching. It was kind of weird, your husband so interested in you getting dressed for a date with another man. But by this point Jen was kinda used to it.

“You should go,” Jen suggested as she wiggled into her dress.

“You’re coming back here after?” Mike asked.

“Yes but, you should go,” Jen said. She turned so her back was to her husband. Then she pulled up her hair, silently asking Mike to zip her. Mike looked at his wife’s back, exposed by the unzipped dress. She was braless of course, the way Scott liked her. And she wore his diamonds in her ears.

Mike caressed her back, where her bra strap would normally be. He’d been half hard watching Jen dress, but now he was fully hard. “You don’t think they’re sold out?” he asked as he zipped up her dress.

“Let’s check,” Jen said, letting her long blond hair fall. Brushing strands of hair behind her ear, she went to *TicketMaster* on her Mac. “They still have tickets,” she said. She bought a ticket for Mike. “They’ll email the

ticket to your phone baby,” she told him with a smile.

“Thanks,” Mike said, smiling back. The fact Jen made an effort to include him made him feel good. It was a little thing, but the kind of thing a wife did for her husband.

“I know you like to watch us,” Jen said with a grin, teasing him with a poke to the stomach. Mike grinned back. She felt better with the prospect of Mike being there. Then it would be their game. Yes, she’d be on a date with Scott, but the date would be in the context of their game.

A little later, Scott picked Jen up. They’d stopped worrying about people seeing them together. By this point, most people were under the impression that Mike and Jen were separated. They were still living together, trying to work things out, but were allowed to date other people. Nowadays it was almost routine for young married couples to go through something like this. Most people were not even really surprised, because the beautiful and bubbly Jen always seemed a strange match with the plain-looking and introverted Mike.

Mike gave Jen and Scott a 15-minute head start before leaving the apartment to get a taxi. As he walked down the hall to the elevator, a door opened and Mrs. Connery poked her head out. Mrs. Connery was their 80-year-old, noisy neighbor.

“That’s Jennifer’s new boyfriend?” Mrs. Connery asked. For some reason, she always called Jen “*Jennifer*.”

Not wanting to get into it, Mike said dismissively, “It’s a temporary thing. We’ll be back together soon.”

“He’s a different boy,” Mrs. Connery said. “Taller than the other one.”

“What?” Mike said, not understanding.

“Jennifer pretended it was you,” Mrs. Connery said. “But it wasn’t. People think my eyes are bad or I’m crazy. But I’m not. He wasn’t you. He was bigger. But shorter than her new boyfriend.”

“You ... saw Jen with someone?” Mike asked, his eyes going wide.

“In the laundry room,” Mrs. Connery said with a nod. “He wasn’t you. And he wasn’t that new boy. People think I’m crazy but I’m not.” Then abruptly Mrs. Connery disappeared back into her apartment, closing her door behind her.

Mike stared at the door for a long time. Then he half-walked, half-staggered outside to the taxi.

He thought about what Mrs. Connery said during the drive to the Brooklyn Steel. Had Jen cheated on him? “No way,” Mike thought. Jen was faithful, he was sure of that. Yes, she was involved with other men now, but that was part of their game, with his knowledge and blessings.

Yet ... Mike had doubts. Back in college, Jen had a reputation. Colin had been her boyfriend going back to high school, but they broke up a few times and there were stories about Jen sleeping around during their breakups. Even while she was with Colin there were rumors about Jen fucking guys behind his back.

Jen had told him the rumors were lies, she never cheated on Colin (although she admitted their relationship was fluid so a couple times it was unclear whether she and Colin were together when she hooked up with a guy, so technically she might have cheated those times). Mike believed Jen – of course he believed her, by then he was madly in love with her -- although he understood how such rumors started. Jen was incredibly beautiful and sexy, always the prettiest girl wherever she went, and she was outgoing and flirty too, so there were bound to be rumors.

Back when they first started dating, Mike was always afraid about Jen cheating on him. He knew he wasn't the best-looking guy, and Jen (being so beautiful) was constantly hit on. Mike used to get so jealous and angry it was almost debilitating. That's when Jen stopped flirting and being so bubbly. She kind of crawled into a shell. Mike stopped being so jealous, but in the process, Jen changed away from the girl he fell in love with.

In the years since, somehow a switch turned in Mike's head. The jealousy, the feeling of inadequacy, the fear of losing Jen to another man – somehow it got sexualized in Mike's head (and his dick). Back then, when they first got married, if confronted with evidence of Jen's cheating (as Mrs. Connery had just done), Mike would have been devastated. But now, the possibility of Jen's infidelity turned Mike on. In a way it lessened his concern about Scott. Maybe Jen was just a nymphomaniac. She loved sex and she couldn't get what she needed from him. Well, okay then, Mike was happy to let Jen get what she needed from men like Scott, and Jake, and whoever she fucked in the laundry room of their apartment building. Sex wasn't the same as love. As long as Jen loved only him – real love, not the facsimile of love she was feeling with Scott – then he was willing to share her body with other men.

The Brooklyn Steel was incredibly crowded but after searching for a

while Mike saw Jen and Scott. He positioned himself in a good vantage point but stayed behind people to avoid being seen. It was hotter for him if he was watching them on a date, as opposed to him being part of their date.

Scott had his arm around Jen, but she seemed kind of standoffish. Mike wondered if she was getting tired of Scott. Maybe she wished she was with Jake instead. Mike hoped that was the case. He was ready for Jen to get a new boy toy to play with.

“What’s up with you?” Scott asked Jen. He was frowning at Jen, feeling the same standoffishness that Mike had sensed.

“This is so fucked up,” Jen said with a resigned sigh.

“What’s fucked up?” Scott asked.

“You. Me. Me with you. With Mike, around someplace, watching us.”

“I thought that gets his dick hard,” Scott said with a grin. He playfully rolled his eyes, as if saying “We both know Mike is a pervert. What else is new?”

But Jen didn’t return his playfulness. “I’m freaking married Scott,” she said, frustration, conflict and even anger in her voice. “I should be with my husband, not you.”

“Don’t get pissed at me,” Scott said defensively.

“I’m not pissed at you,” Jen sputtered. “It’s just ... I don’t know”

Scott eyed Jen. God she was so beautiful. Even frustrated and angry, she was still gorgeous. The best-looking girl he’d ever met. The sexiest too. “Come on let’s dance, you’ll feel better,” he said grabbing her hand. A new band had just started playing and they were laying down – as Jen would say – some seriously sick beats.

Jen loved to dance. She knew Scott was right, dancing always made her feel better. She nodded and gulped down the rest of her Appletini. Scott did the same with his beer. He took her hand and guided her to the dance floor.

Mike watched as his wife held another man’s hand and let him lead her through the crowd. It was things like that – hand holding, tender kisses, whispered sweet nothings – those things were the hardest to watch. They got him incredibly hot too. Mike was so hard it hurt.

Jen and Scott danced to one song after another. They moved to the hard beats of the percussion and bass guitar. The dancing relaxed Jen and sent her to a different place. Scott was a good dancer and soon their bodies

were moving in a synchronized rhythm, their arms around each other, their bodies pressing together, their eyes on each other, their faces so close their lips almost touched.

Jen turned so her back was to Scott. Scott moved close so his front pressed into her back, both of them still moving to the hot beat of the sexy music. Jen raised her arms above her head, exposing herself to him. Scott wrapped his arms around her. He pressed one hand on her stomach, feeling the taut muscles of her tight abs as she moved. He put his other hand on her thigh, just above her skirt. As she moved his hand shifted and, at times, he felt the lacy tops of her thigh high stockings.

Jen leaned back against Scott, both of them still moving to the music. It was like their two bodies were now one. Jen rolled her head back and turned to him so they were looking into each other's eyes. Scott moved his hand higher up her leg and cupped her panty-clad pussy. Her sex was hot and damp, and Jen's eyes rolled up into her head as he rubbed her with his palm.

Scott brought his head down and he kissed her open mouth. With his one hand still covering her mound, he raised his other hand from her stomach and cupped her breast. Her dress was a thin silk so he easily felt the hard nipple of her braless tit. He squeezed her nipple with his thumb and forefinger and Jen moaned into his mouth.

"Take me home and fuck me," Jen said breathlessly when their lips finally parted. Scott was breathing hard too. He nodded as Jen pulled down the skirt of her dress. He took her hand and led her out of the club. Around them, people were still dancing to the music, barely noticing them leaving. Mike though, he noticed and hurried after his wife and her lover.

Jen and Scott got into the back of the taxi. Just before it left Mike got into the front seat. "I'm with them," he explained to the driver. Jen and Scott barely noticed. Jen was snuggled into Scott's arms and they were making out. A few times the driver almost got into an accident as he kept glancing into the mirror to see the pretty girl making out with the big broad shouldered guy.

Mike paid the driver a tip when they arrived at their apartment building. The driver's attention was only half on the money in Mike's hand as he watched Jen get out of the car. Jen gave the driver a good flash of lacy stocking top as her dress rode up getting out of the car. Scott had his arm around Jen as they walked into the building, with Jen leaning into him.

“Pretty girl,” the driver said to Mike as Jen disappeared with Scott into the building. “She his girlfriend?”

“No,” Mike said. “She’s my wife.”

The driver looked at Mike, as if seeing him for the first time. He was surprised, but not surprised. He’d been a taxi driver for a few years now, and he’d seen a lot of the perversity of New York City. “You and your lady into threesomes?” the driver asked.

Mike shook his head and said, “I just watch. My wife cuckolds me.”

The driver’s eyes went wide but he didn’t say anything more. Mike dropped the tip on the seat and followed Jen and Scott into the building.

Mike paused outside his apartment door. The Jen he just witnessed in the club and cab was wild, a sexed-up, shameless slut. She was like a stereotypical guy, thinking only with his dick. As a girl Jen was thinking only with her pussy. It made sense with what Mrs. Connery said earlier. Now, Mike would not be surprised at all if she cheated on him. Jen needed sex and she needed a lot of it, and clearly he couldn’t satisfy her. Strangely, Mike was okay with all of that. In fact, now that he had sexualized the jealousy and fear of losing her, part of him hoped Jen *had* cheated on him.

Mike opened the door, expecting to see Scott with his pants off and between Jen’s open legs, fucking her. Instead though, they were sitting on the sofa. Jen was sipping a glass of wine and Scott a beer.

Jen seemed calmer now, although she still had her cum face on. She rose immediately and went to Mike. She took his arm and led him into the kitchen. “Sorry,” she said apologetically. She seemed bashful, even shy now. It was like she was his wife again. At the club and in the taxi she’d been caught up in the moment. She let her passions control her. She had been *Jen-Jen*.

Now though, back in their apartment, with the lights on and without the heavy drum beats of the rock band, she was back to normal. Jen was a sweet girl who grew up in an average American suburb, was a politics junkie and went to church every Sunday. Yes, she had a major sex drive and maybe she had strayed because of it, but that didn’t make her a freak or any less loveable.

“It’s okay,” Mike said, stroking Jen’s cheek. Suddenly he felt a huge tide of love for his wife. He gushed, “You know, you’re my goddess.”

Jen smiled at him. They shared a moment, looking into each other’s eyes. Then, looking back where Scott was, she whispered “I said I’d get him

another beer.”

Mike nodded slowly. He felt the familiar heartache pangs of his wife doing things for another man. It was the simple things – like getting him a beer – that hurt the most.

Jen moved to the refrigerator and pulled out an IPA. Sometime ago she had begun stocking their frig with the strong, bitter beer, because that’s what Scott preferred. Holding Scott’s IPA, she briefly affectionately leaned into Mike, then moved back towards Scott.

Mike followed a few minutes later. When he got into the family room, Jen was sitting next to Scott. She was sipping wine and he was drinking the IPA. Again she looked shy and reserved as to Scott. Mike wondered if her standoffishness was because she regretted the way she responded when he asked the other night “Do you love Scott more than me?” Maybe she was trying to make it up to him.

Scott was staring at Jen. She was looking down at her feet. She sensed his eyes on her though, and she tilted her head up to look at him. Slowly he lowered his face to hers. His lips parted slightly and he kissed her.

Mike was sitting in the chair across from them on the sofa. Initially Jen didn’t kiss him back. But she didn’t pull away either. Scott moved his lips over hers, and pressed his tongue between her lips. Jen didn’t resist. She parted her lips for him. Scott pushed his tongue into her mouth, rolling his tongue over hers.

Mike could tell Jen was getting over her standoffishness and getting into the make-out session with Scott. Scott could tell too. With his lips locked on hers, and their tongues dancing, he pushed Jen onto her back. He ran his hand down her body. He grasped the back of her thigh and pulled her leg up so her sexy calf was on his ass.

The motion caused her dress to hike up, revealing her lacy stocking tops and her soft firm skin above. Scott ran his hand over her bare thigh, then onto her ass. She was wearing a thong so he had a lot of exposed skin to play with. Scott squeezed her firm ass cheeks and caressed her, and Jen moaned into his mouth.

Somehow Jen wiggled from underneath him and got on her knees on the floor. She reached up and worked on his belt and zipper. It was difficult taking his cock out of his pants because he was big, and hard. Eventually he did though, and Mike had a clear view of Scott’s cock. He was always amazed whenever he saw it. It was huge, both long and thick.

Jen was breathing hard as she looked at it. She was holding it with both hands, one hand on top of the other, yet still there was cock meat above. Also, he was so thick her hands formed Cs as she held him. Scott's cockhead was wet from precum.

Jen slowly stroked him up and down. Scott's eyes got heavy with lust as she did. "Take off your shirt," Jen whispered in a husky voice as she slowly stroked him. Looking into her pretty face, Scott unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it onto the floor. Jen ran her hands up and down his chiseled chest and hard abs. She ran her manicured fingernails over his hard pecs and the ridges of his six pack, and continued tracing along his V. Scott's body shuddered at her touch, and his hard cock jerked as she traced down his V towards his manhood.

Jen's eyes were heavy lidded as she caressed Scott's body. She glanced at Mike as she pulled her long blonde hair behind her. Then she lowered her head and opened her mouth.

Jen had to really open her mouth wide to take Scott's girth, and still she was only able to swallow a few inches. She slowly went down, and then up, her hands following her lips on his shaft. Scott moaned and rolled his head back at the pleasure.

Jen bobbed up and down, her blonde hair bouncing and swaying with her movements. Scott was breathing hard, and at one point he glanced over at Mike and moaned through clenched teeth "Fuck she sucks cock good."

Scott didn't last long. He kicked his legs back and forth, his back arched and his head rolled back, and then his entire body tensed. Jen's lips were clamped around his shaft and she held the base of his cock with her hands. She managed to keep him in her mouth even as his body jerked from orgasm. Scott grunted and moaned as he came. Finally he stopped jerking and his body seemed to relax. Jen kept her lips tightly around his cock as she slowly moved up his shaft. Despite Jen's efforts to be careful, Scott shuddered as now his cock was super sensitive.

Finally Jen was off Scott's cock. Her mouth was closed with her lips puckered. Her throat was working but she was trying not to swallow. She turned toward her husband. She was looking down, trying not to gag. Then she looked up at Mike and opened her mouth. Mike groaned when he saw Scott's milky spunk pooled in her curved tongue. Then Jen closed her mouth and swallowed. Mike groaned again.

Jen took a gulp of her wine. She was still on her knees on the floor,

facing Mike with her back to Scott. Still breathing hard, Scott moved up behind her and unzipped her dress. He pulled her blonde hair to the side and kissed the back of her neck. Jen's eyelids fluttered as he kissed behind her ear. Scott pushed the dress off her shoulders and reached around and cupped her perfect, braless, A-cup breasts. He fondled and rubbed her nipples as he continued to kiss and lick behind her ear. Jen's head rolled back and she moaned through parted lips.

Scott pulled Jen back onto the sofa. As he did he pulled her dress off and tossed it onto the floor, next to his shirt. Now Jen was naked except for her panties, stockings and high heels. Scott finished taking off his pants and briefs so now he was completely naked.

Scott pushed Jen down onto the sofa. He pulled her thong panties down off her long legs, and then opened her. He got between her open legs and lowered his head to her pussy.

Jen's body tensed as Scott went down on her. "Oh god, oh god," she said breathlessly. He licked between her pussy lips and flicked his tongue over and around her clit.

"You're so fucking wet," Scott said between licks. Scott didn't have Mike's technique, but still he was talented at eating pussy. Jen was soon writhing on the sofa and clutching at the cushions.

"You're making me fucking cum Scott!" Jen gasped as her orgasm neared. She grabbed his head, her fingers clutching his hair. Then Jen was crying out as she arched her back, the pointy toes of her high heels digging into the sofa cushions as she came on Scott's tongue.

Then Scott moved up Jen's body and wrapped his arms around her. He gently kissed her face as she panted and recovered from her orgasm. Jen hugged him back and they kissed and whispered sweet nothings as the lovers basked in their mutual orgasms.

Mike's jealousy really hit then. He could deal with the sex part; that turned him on. But the hugging and kissing that came after, the affection, that part tore at his heart. It turned him on too, but it tore at his heart.

As Mike watched Jen snuggle with Scott, and kiss and whisper to him, he felt like a complete third wheel. Jen's focus was 100% on Scott. It was times like this when he didn't feel like she was "his Jen." Instead, he felt like she was "Scott's Jen."

Mike had asked "Do you love Scott more than me?" Jen said "I don't know." At that moment, seeing them so tender and loving together, Jen's

response hit him even harder.

Scott picked up Jen and began moving towards their bedroom. Jen reached for Mike, as if wanting him to come with them, but Scott was laughing and tingling her, and soon she was laughing too and tingling back, so now all her attention was on Scott again. Mike was slow to follow. He knew what was about to happen. His wife was going to get fucked by her lover. Jen would love it and cum all over his cock. And then Scott would shoot his sperm deep inside her.

Mike wanted to see it happen. But he just needed to steel himself for a few moments. Eventually though, as their horse play and laughter turned to kisses and moans, Mike got off the chair and went into the bedroom to watch.

CHAPTER 11

Mike watched Scott fuck his wife for 2 hours. Most of the time his cock was in her pussy. But he was in her mouth and ass too. Jen came at least twice before Scott finally came, all happening in their marital bed. By the time they were done the bedroom reeked of sex. And this was after they gave each other oral earlier on the sofa.

Mike was relieved when Jen ushered Scott out of the apartment. She wasn't rude about it, but she made it clear she wanted to spend time with Mike. It was his turn now.

"Did you cum?" Jen asked Mike. They were lying on their sides, looking at each other.

"Not yet," Mike said.

"Well, we can't have that," Jen said with a grin, reaching down to stroke his hard cock.

"Wait ... in a little bit," Mike said, holding her wrist to prevent her from stroking him. He didn't want to cum too fast. "Let's just talk for a minute."

"Alright," Jen said. She waited for Mike to say something. He seemed at a loss for words.

Finally, Mike eased Jen onto her back and rose up on an elbow to look at her. Her nipples were still rock hard from being with Scott. He'd left bite marks on her neck and breasts. She smelled of sex. She smelled of Scott. Her inner thighs were moist from their love juices. Her pussy lips were swollen and gaped open, and Scott's cum leaked down her thighs. Jen's blonde hair was messed up, and all her makeup was gone. But she had an incredible glow to her, and her cheeks were flushed.

Mike had never seen any girl so beautiful, or so sexy. "You're so ... amazing," he said, trying to find the right words. He caressed her small, perky breasts, where Scott had left a mark. "You're so sexy," he gushed. "So super-hot."

"Thanks baby," Jen said grinning at him.

“You love fucking Scott so much,” he said.

“I do,” she said with a nod.

“He makes you cum so hard,” Mike said.

“He does.”

“You’re so into him,” Mike said.

“I am,” Jen agreed with another nod.

“Have you thought about seeing Jake again?”

Jen hesitated, taken off guard by her husband’s abrupt change of subject. Jake was Joey of course. She had thought about Joey, their last time together, when he stormed out. She knew that eventually, somehow, she had to fix things with Joey. But she didn’t know how yet. “Not really,” she finally sputtered with a shrug.

“I guess Jake was a one-time thing, because you’re so into Scott,” Mike said.

Jen looked at Mike. When she answered his other questions, she had a teasing smile on her face, because she knew she was saying exactly what her husband wanted to hear. But now she heard hurt and anxiety in his voice. “Are you okay Mike?” she asked, rubbing his arm.

“... it’s just hard, seeing you so into another man,” Mike said after a moment’s hesitation. “It’s more than just sex. You really have a connection with him. Seeing you two together ... it’s like you were meant to be together.”

Jen hesitated before responding. She didn’t want to get into this, because she was unsure about things herself – about her feelings. So, she deflected by grinning and running her hand back down to Mike’s cock. “But that turns you on, right?” she said, stroking him.

Mike breathed hard and nodded. “Yeah,” he said, the word coming out like a moan.

“So, you want sloppy seconds?” Jen said, a mischievous grin on her pretty face. When Mike nodded, she got on top. She used her hand to guide him into her pussy. He went in balls deep with almost no resistance.

Still, Mike moaned. He couldn’t feel much of Jen’s pussy, but knowing how she got so loose turned him on. “The game’s still exciting,” he told her as she slowly rocked back and forth on his shaft. They were looking into each other’s eyes. “But it’s not fun anymore.”

Jen grimaced and looked away. “I’m sorry what I said,” she said regretfully. She was referring to her answer to his “Do you love Scott more

than me?” question.

“You were just telling the truth,” Mike said.

“Sometimes I don’t know the truth,” Jen said. “It gets confusing sometimes.”

“You mean, you’re confused about what you’re feeling,” Mike said.

Jen nodded. When she did, she saw a cloud pass over her husband’s face. She understood why. She had just admitted to Mike she was confused over her feelings for Scott, and by extension, her feelings for him.

Jen stopped moving on Mike’s cock, although he was still inside her. She leaned down so her forehead was on his. “Oh baby ...,” she said, her voice trailing off.

Mike stroked her back. His caress was more affectionate than sexual. They were silent for long moments. Finally, he said “You know, when we started playing, I wanted you to make Scott fall in love with you. And then, I wanted you to dump him and come back to me. Break his heart.”

Mike paused, and then said, “I guess the joke’s on me.”

Jen rose up and looked at her husband. “What are we going to do Mike?” she asked pleadingly. She felt confused and conflicted.

“I think it’s time Jen,” Mike told her firmly. “It’s gone on long enough. You have to end it with Scott.”

Scott knew something was different – something wrong – when Jen walked into his office. As soon as she closed the door, he asked “What happened?”

“Scott we’ve got to stop,” Jen said.

“Stop what?” he asked.

“Us,” Jen said. She moved her hands, gesturing to both of them. “What we’re doing. We’ve got to stop.”

“Why?”

“You know why,” Jen said. “It’s getting too serious. It’s not healthy.”

“It’s healthy for me,” Scott insisted. “For us.”

“I’m talking about my marriage,” Jen told him. They looked at each other in silence for long moments, not saying anything.

Scott heard the finality and resolve in Jen’s voice. “So that’s it,” he said bitterly. “You walk in here. You end it. Just like that?”

Jen looked down, not able to look into his eyes. “You knew I was

married when we started this. You knew this was just a game. It was temporary Scott. You knew this,” she said. Despite being the truth, she felt like it was a weak answer. She looked up and saw the hurt and betrayal in his face. It made her wince inside. Softening, she said “This is hard for me too Scott.”

“So don’t do it,” he said pleadingly, anguish in his voice.

“I have to,” Jen told him.

The next day, Scott abruptly resigned. He said he was moving back home, to Michigan. He was going to finish building his house and open his own advertising company.

Jen wanted to visit him before he moved, to see how he was doing. To say goodbye. But she knew that would be a bad idea. They’d end up in bed and that wouldn’t help anyone. So, she didn’t visit him.

When she told Mike, he said “I guess you did break his heart.”

Jen slowly nodded. “I know this probably turns you on,” she said, her voice full of emotion and breaking up. “But I can’t talk about it right now. I just” Her voice trailed off. She was close to tears.

“I know baby, I wasn’t going to,” Mike said, hugging her. Then Jen did start crying as she pressed her face into her husband’s chest.

The next few weeks were like that. For Jen, it was getting over a major breakup. She didn’t say much. She was withdrawn. Mike found her crying sometimes.

For Mike, it was heart wrenching to see his wife so broken up over another man. But it fed into his cuckold fantasies too. He longed to know what Jen was thinking, what she was feeling inside. But he knew that was cruel, because like Scott, Jen’s heart was broken too. She was hurting.

They stopped having sex. Mike wanted it but Jen wasn’t in the mood. He wondered how his wife could go from being hyper-sexed up, wanting sex all the time, to a girl who was barely interested in sex. Maybe it was him she wasn’t interested in. Maybe she was spoiled now by what a man like Scott could give her and could no longer get hot for Mike and his less than average dick.

A few weeks after Scott moved away, Mike and Jen finally had sex again. Mike made sure Jen came. Not from his cock, from his tongue, but still it was something. Their sex was nowhere near as passionate or frantic as he had seen when she was with Scott. But their sex was loving. They were

making love, not fucking. At least that was what Mike told himself.

Later that night, Mike woke up. Jen was curled into a ball, silently weeping. It tore at his heart, the way she was so broken up over Scott. He hugged her, spooning her. “I’m sorry,” Jen told him between sobs. “I’ll get over it.”

“It’s okay, I understand,” Mike said, kissing the back of her neck. “You really loved him,” he said. He put a soft question mark into his voice, but Jen didn’t respond. Mike knew though. His wife had fallen in love with another man. She *might* get over it, their marriage *might* eventually return to normal, but they both would always know that for a time, Jen had loved Scott with both her body and her heart. Really loved him.

Despite this – or probably because of this – Mike was hard. His erection pressed against Jen’s ass as he spooned her. Now it was Mike’s turn to apologize. “I’m sorry. I can’t help it,” he told her.

Jen turned around to face him. She had stopped crying, but her cheeks were still wet from tears. She was wearing his old frat t-shirt and VS cotton panties. She took them off, then got on top of Mike. She was dry, so she used spit to lubricate herself. Then she guided his cock into her. “I love you,” Mike said, looking into his wife’s eyes as she slowly rocked back and forth on his shaft.

“I love you too,” Jen said, looking back into his eyes.

“But you still love Scott?” Mike asked.

Not directly answering, she said “I’ll get over it.”

Mike thought about suggesting they play the game again, with someone else. Maybe that guy Jake. It might help her get over Scott faster. But he didn’t say anything, as he knew it would come across as insensitive and self-serving. Mike definitely wanted to play the game again. At this point he was addicted to the intense thrill and excitement of his wife with other men. But it was too soon.

They stopped talking about Scott. Over time, Jen stopped crying, and she returned to normal. But it was her pre-Scott normal. Their lives were now divided into 2 parts: Pre-Scott and Post-Scott.

They told everyone they had reconciled and were back together. For a while there were juicy rumors that Jen only got back together with Mike because Scott dumped her. The rumors embarrassed and humiliated Mike but got him hot too. Jen started dressing as she had Pre-Scott, with dresses

and skirts down to her knees, conservative blouses, and low-heeled shoes. Paradoxically, Jen's conservative dress got Mike hot, because it was more proof she'd been dressing to make herself fuckable for Scott, not for him.

A few months after the breakup, Jen heard that Scott was going to be in the office for a couple days. Before quitting he'd been a partner so there were legal issues that had to be tied up.

"I think I'll call in sick," Jen said to Mike the morning Scott was going to be in the office. "I don't want to see him."

Mike sat next to his wife on their bed. He rubbed her knee and said "I think you *should* see him. It ended really fast. You should talk to him. I think you both need closure."

"I don't know," Jen said, uncertainty in her voice. They hadn't talked about Scott in months, and she had done her best not to think about him. She hesitantly said "I'm afraid to see him again."

Mike stared at his wife. Her message was clear. If she saw Scott again, and he hit on her, she would end up in his bed. They were silent for long moments. Then Mike gave Jen's knee an encouraging squeeze. "I've got to get to work," he said, standing up. He gave Jen a kiss then left their bedroom. She noticed he had a hard-on and it was tenting his pants.

Jen sighed, not knowing what to do. Finally, she got into the shower.

Mike was in the family room when he heard the shower turn on. He was conflicted. He knew what he wanted, but he also knew it was incredibly dangerous. But it was the danger that made it so thrilling. He hadn't felt that thrill since Jen broke up with Scott. Since they stopped playing the game. In the end, Mike let his little head control him.

With Jen in the shower, he went back into the bedroom. She had laid out her outfit on the bed. A conservative dress, plain white bra and panties, pantyhose, low heeled shoes. Mike pushed that away and laid out a different outfit. Then he left for work, his dick hard in his pants.

When Jen finished showering and went into the bedroom, she was surprised to see a different outfit on the bed. Clingy blouse. Tight, above the knee skirt. Stockings. 4" high heels. Thong panties. No bra.

Jen understood immediately. Mike had picked out a different outfit for her to wear. He wanted her to look fuckable to Scott.

"Mike you're crazy," she said under her breath. He was playing with fire. It had taken a lot for her to break it off with Scott. Now Mike wanted

her to tease him ... maybe even go to bed with him. Didn't he realize how dangerous that was?

Jen found herself putting on the clothes Mike had laid out for her. He hadn't included a bra (since he knew Scott preferred her braless). But Jen wasn't going to work without a bra, especially in the clingy thin blouse he picked out.

After dressing she looked in the mirror. The person who looked back at her was *Jen-Jen*. The sexy, flirty, bubbly "Jenny" who had been Scotty's girlfriend.

She wondered – was the real Jen Mike's conservative wife? Or Scotty's Jenny?

And which Jen did she want to be?

At work her co-workers looked at her as she walked to her office. No doubt they noticed the change in her outfit. No doubt they connected the dots between her sexier outfit and Scott's being there that day. Her cheeks flushed as she thought about all the gossiping about her and Scott that would happen.

Jen made a point to avoid Scott all day. Finally in the early evening Scott stepped into her office. "Hey," he said to her.

"Hey," Jen said back.

They were silent for long moments, just looking at each other. Finally, Scott said "Want to get a drink?" He quickly added "Just to talk."

"That's not a good idea," Jen said. Thinking about how people looked at her that morning, she added in a whisper, "I don't want anyone to get the wrong idea."

"I just want to talk Jen," Scott said. "One drink. I think you owe me that."

Jen told Scott she would meet him after work. They would go separately and meet someplace. She didn't want to be seen leaving together or getting in the same cab.

Once they were both at the bar, Scott looked her up and down and said, "You look good Jenny."

"Call me Jen, okay?" she said. He frowned at her but she ignored it.

"You wanted to talk?" she asked.

"I miss you," Scott said. "I'm not talking about sex. I mean, I miss that too. But mostly I just miss you."

"Scott ...," Jen sighed, shaking her head. "You said you wanted to

talk.”

“We are talking,” Scott insisted.

“Whatever,” Jen said with another shake of her head. Wanting to change the subject, she asked “How’s your new company?”

“You can’t admit you miss me too?” Scott asked. “We were together for months. You can’t give me that?”

“We weren’t together Scott,” Jen insisted. “It was just a game. You know that.”

“It was *not* a game!” Scott insisted, his voice rising. “Maybe it was a game to Mike! But it wasn’t a game for me! And it wasn’t a game for you either!”

People turned to look at them. Scott noticed and he lowered his voice. Looking into Jen’s eyes he said, “It wasn’t a game, Jenny. Not for you and me. It was real.” As he said these words, he put his hand on Jen’s knee.

“Please take your hand away,” Jen whispered.

“No,” Scott said. Now he was caressing her knee.

“Please don’t,” Jen implored.

“This is where my hand belongs Jenny,” Scott implored back.

Jen stared at Scott. She was breathing hard, and her heart was pounding. *Just* from sitting next to him. *Just* from his hand on her knee.

Earlier that morning, Mike had put his hand on her knee. She hadn’t responded to Mike the way she was responding to Scott now. She realized she had never responded to Mike that way.

“My hotel’s down the street,” Scott whispered to her. “Let’s go.”

Jen hesitated only a moment. “Okay,” she whispered back. She let Scott hold her hand as he led her out of the bar. No, it was more than letting him hold her hand. She held his hand back.

Mike was going out of his mind with lust and worry as the minutes ticked by. 6 o’clock, 7, then 8. Still Jen wasn’t home.

He called her phone repeatedly, but she didn’t pick up. He texted her but she didn’t respond.

Finally, Jen got home around 9. Mike knew immediately she’d been in bed with Scott. She had that freshly fucked look. “Why didn’t you answer your phone?” he demanded. “I was close to calling the police to look for you!”

“Mike --,” Jen began.

“I mean, I’m okay with whatever you did,” Mike assured her. “I was just worried. You were with Scott?”

“Yes, I was with Scott,” Jen said.

Mike took her hand to sit down next to him. “So tell me,” he said excitedly. “What happened?”

“No Mike,” Jen said, pulling her hand away.

“What?” Mike asked, not understanding.

“I’m not staying,” she said.

“What?” Mike said dumbly, still not understanding.

“I’m going with Scott to Michigan,” Jen told him. “I’m going to help him start his advertising firm.”

Mike stared at his wife. “You’re going to Michigan?” he asked. “To be with Scott?”

“I need to do this Mike,” she said pleadingly, trying to make him understand. “We always said we’d play the game until I got it out of my system. Scott’s not out of my system. The game’s not over yet Mike.”

“But you’re leaving me,” Mike said, feeling shocked and numb.

“It’ll be like before,” Jen said trying to reassure him. “We’ll tell people we’re working on things. It’s only temporary.”

But this wouldn’t be like before. Mike knew that. They would be *really* separated. Jen was leaving him to be with another man halfway across the country.

“No Jen,” Mike said shaking his head. “No. I don’t agree to this.”

“I have to do this Mike,” Jen insisted. “We started this together. You have to let me finish it.”

“God you’re a selfish bitch!” Mike said angrily. “It’s all about you! What about me?”

“Mike ...”

“If you walk out that door we’ve over!” Mike yelled.

“Mike don’t say that,” Jen said, her eyes tearing up.

“You can’t have it both ways Jen! If you leave don’t come back!”

They were silent for long moments. Finally, Jen said “I have to do this. Otherwise, I’ll never know.” After a pause she said, “Scotty’s waiting downstairs.”

Mike didn’t respond. Hearing her call him *Scotty* was the final blow. His heart was broken. He felt paralyzed, too stunned to move or say

anything.

Jen leaned over and kissed his cheek. “I have to do this,” she repeated. Mike watched as she stood up and walked out the door. Walked out of his life.

Mike and Jen’s Story Continues In

Faithful Wife’s Fall From Grace

Book 6

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