



Faithful
WIFE'S
FALL FROM
GRACE

BOOK 6

Pete Andrews

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FALL FROM GRACE

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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 wherever e-books are sold. 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 1-6

Flash of Stocking Collection (ongoing series)

Collection 1: Wife Watching Game And Other Stories

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

Books 1 and 2

Opening Pandora's Box (5 book series)

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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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CHAPTER 1

This book begins right after the end of Book 5

“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. Jen walked out of their apartment. She walked down the stairs. But then she stopped. She couldn’t leave it this way with Mike. She walked back upstairs and entered their apartment. Mike hadn’t moved. He was still sitting on the sofa, where she’d left him. Jen sat down next to them. They were silent for long moments.

Finally Jen broke the silence. In almost a whisper, she said, “I was done with Scott. It was over. But you made me wear this.” Jen opened her arms, motioning to the outfit Mike had picked out for her that morning. A clingy blouse. Tight, above the knee skirt. Stockings. 4” high heels. Thong panties. Mike had even omitted a bra, although she’d worn one anyway. “You wanted me to get back together with Scott.”

“I wanted you to fuck him,” Mike told her.

“Mike, god,” Jen said pleadingly, trying to make him understand. “You know what I’ve gone through since breaking up with him? You really thought it would be just that? Just sex?”

“Maybe it was a test,” Mike said defiantly. “To see if you still loved

him.” But then he realized how stupid he was. If it was a test, then he was the loser. Because she did still love Scott. And now she was leaving to be with him. Mike put his face in his hands. How could he be so stupid? He felt like his life was over. He wanted to cry. But he wasn’t going to let Jen see that.

Jen rubbed Mike’s back, trying to console him. “Love is a complicated thing,” she said softly. “I know I love you. I feel something for Scott. Is it love? I don’t know. Maybe. It’s not what I feel for you.”

Mike looked up at her. “Is that supposed to make me feel better?” he asked.

“Isn’t that part of the game? To explore these things?”

“You’re leaving me Jen!” Mike said with exasperation.

“I’m not leaving you,” Jen insisted. “I’m going to help Scott start his business. For a little while. It’s a business trip. I’ve gone on business trips before Mike. This is just part of the game.”

“But you love him!”

“You wanted me to fall in love!” Jen said imploringly. “You pushed me to Scott. You told me to get close to him. You did this Mike. I mean, not just you. Both of us. But you can’t say it’s all me. It’s both of us.”

Mike stared at Jen. She was right, he had said all those things. He had wanted them too, at some level. But he thought he could control it. He thought he could turn it off when he wanted, turn off their Game like turning off the kitchen lights. But now he realized emotions were something he couldn’t control.

“How long will you be away?” Mike asked, feeling defeated.

“I don’t know,” Jen said honestly. “I think we just have to let it play out.”

“A year? Will you be away a year?”

“It won’t be a year Mike,” Jen said with certainty in her voice.

“A month then?” Mike pressed. “Will you be back in a month?”

“... maybe more than a month,” Jen said hesitantly, less certain this time.

“More than a month but less than a year,” Mike said despairingly. His eyes were welling up with tears. “I’m not sure I can make it Jen. With you away that long. With another man. I won’t make it.” His voice was trembling. He was on the verge of tears.

Jen hugged Mike, her eyes welling up too. She felt horrible. She

didn't want to hurt him. But she needed to do this. At this moment in her life, she needed to be with Scott. She still loved Mike. But she needed – wanted – to be with Scott.

“I'll wear my rings,” Jen promised, referring to her wedding and engagement rings. “I won't take them off.”

“Except when you're around his parents,” Mike said bitterly, referring to what she did during President's day.

“Even with them. I'll wear them then too,” Jen assured him.

Mike looked at her. He was surprised and pleased by her answer. It was a small thing. But at least it was something. “You'll stay on the pill,” he told her.

“Of course I will,” Jen promised immediately.

“And you'll make him wear condoms when you're ovulating,” Mike said.

“... I'll try,” Jen hesitantly said, less sure this time. Seeing Mike's face cloud over, she said “Sometimes it's hard. You know how it goes. Things happen. But I'll try. At least so Scotty doesn't cum in me.” Seeing the hurt and anxiety on her husband's face, she rubbed his arm and said “I'm just trying to be completely honest with you baby.”

Mike looked down again, anguish covering his face. He hated when she called him Scotty. It tore him apart.

“I just don't know how I'm going to make it without seeing you that long,” he said, his voice cracking with emotion. He knew he was being pathetic, weak, but he couldn't help it.

“But it doesn't have to be that way Mike,” Jen said encouragingly, seeing a possible solution. “You can visit us in Michigan.”

Mike winced when she said “us.” Us and We. Those words no longer meant Jen and Mike. They meant Jen and Scott.

Jen felt Mike's back stiffen. Reading his thoughts, she hugged his arm and said “I mean you can visit me in Michigan. You can watch me with Scott. You love that right? And then you'll see it's just our game.”

“It doesn't feel like a game anymore,” Mike said gloomily. Jen didn't know what else she could do to make him feel better. Other than stay. Let Scott go. And she didn't want that. At this moment in her life, she wanted to be with Scott, not Mike.

“When can I visit you?” he asked, his voice cracking again. He sounded desperate. He was desperate. He needed a lifeline.

“Maybe a couple weeks,” Jen said, not quite sure. “Enough time for Scotty and me to get set up.”

“To get set up,” Mike thought to himself. Enough time for Jen to move in with Scott. Hang up her clothes. Put her things in the bathroom. The reality was really hitting him now. His wife was leaving him for another man. She was going to move in with him, live with him. She was going to make love with him all the time. She was going to hold his hand. She was going to sleep in his arms.

Despite everything, Mike was rock hard. Even with his eyes full of tears, he was rock hard.

Jen could tell. She gently pushed him so he was leaning into the sofa. Then she pulled up her skirt and straddled his thighs.

Jen worked on Mike’s belt and pulled out his cock. Reaching under her skirt, she pulled her thong to the side, then lowered herself on him.

Jen wrapped her arms around Mike’s neck. She looked into his eyes as she rocked back and forth on his cock. Mike put his hands on her long, sexy legs. He caressed her lacy stocking tops as she fucked him.

“You feel loose,” Mike said, looking back into his wife’s eyes.

“You know Scotty just fucked me,” Jen said in a soft voice, explaining why her pussy was loose. “You wanted that.”

“I’m an idiot,” Mike said with self-disgust.

“No. You knew I needed to finish with Scotty. You know me better than I know myself. That’s why I love you.”

“Do you really still love me?” Mike hated himself for sounding so pathetic, but he had to know.

“Of course I do Mike,” Jen said, kissing him softly on the lips.

“Is this the last time I’ll be inside you?” Mike asked.

“Mike baby, stop,” Jen said in a soft, reassuring voice. “You’re my husband. You’re going to be inside me millions of times. I’m going to make you cum millions of times. Like this. And with my mouth. My hands.”

“What about your ass?”

“My ass too,” Jen told him, kissing his lips again.

“But I don’t do that because I know you don’t like it,” Mike said, self-disgust in his voice again. “But Scott does. He takes what he wants. And you end up loving it. I should be more like Scott.”

“Mike, please, stop torturing yourself,” Jen said in the soft, reassuring voice. “I don’t want you like Scott. I want you like you. I just need Scott

right now. But eventually I'll be over him. And then I'll be all yours again."

Mike exploded inside Jen. After cumming, he hugged her tight, not wanting to let her go. Eventually Jen pulled away. "Do you mind if I get a few things?" she asked him. Mike didn't answer at once. But he knew he had no choice. He nodded.

Jen smiled and kissed him. Then she got off him and went into the bedroom. Mike was still panting from their sex, but Jen wasn't even breathing hard. He hadn't come close to making her cum. He barely even aroused her.

Mike heard Jen packing a suitcase. He also heard her talking on the phone. He moved closer and peeked in the bedroom. She had her iPhone to her ear as she threw dresses, blouses, high heels and lingerie into the suitcase. She was whispering and Mike couldn't hear, but she was obviously talking to Scott who was downstairs waiting for her.

Jen jumped into the shower. Mike took the opportunity to look in her suitcase. She had packed her sexiest clothes. Her most clingy dresses and shortest skirts. Her most revealing tops. Her most lacy and skimpy lingerie. Her highest high heels. Clearly she planned to dress to impress while in Michigan. As always when she was with Scott, she wanted to make herself look as fuckable as possible.

Mike saw a few bikinis. They were mostly strings and wouldn't hide much. There were a few but not many bras. That made sense. Scott preferred Jen braless.

Mike checked the zippered pouch of her suitcase. He found her birth control pills. That gave him some measure of comfort. He also found a box of condoms. The box said "Extra Thin – Feels Natural" and "XXL." In other words, Scott-size condoms. Rather than make him feel better that Jen was at least thinking about being careful when she was ovulating, it made him feel sick.

When Jen came out of the bedroom, her hair and makeup were perfect. She looked gorgeous. She was wearing skinny jeans and an off-the-shoulder top that revealed her sun-and-moon tattoo on her back. She was braless and wore Scott's diamond earrings in her ears. She hadn't worn those since breaking up with him months ago. In other words, she was dressed for him. She looked like Scott's girl again. More evidence that she wasn't his anymore.

"Couldn't you at least wait until later to put them on?" Mike said with

despair, referring to the diamond earrings. Now tears were flowing down his cheeks.

Jen hugged him. “Mike baby, come on, they’re just earrings,” she said soothingly.

“I just can’t believe how flippant you’re being about all this!” Mike yelled, all the anger, hurt and jealousy spilling over. “Like it doesn’t mean anything!”

“Mike I’m just playing the game,” Jen insisted. “In a few weeks, you’ll visit. You’ll watch me with Scott. It’ll get you hot. And you’ll see it’s just the game. You will Mike.”

“How’d it go?” Scott said when Jen finally stepped into the taxi.

“Hard,” Jen said. “It was hard.” Scott was smart enough not to pursue it. He put his arm around Jen and they rode to the airport in silence.

On the plane, Jen started crying. “I can’t believe what I did to him,” she said sobbing.

“You had to do it,” Scott assured her. “You have a right to be happy.”

“I know but ...”

“Were you happy before? After you broke up with me?” Scott asked, looking into her teary eyes.

“No,” Jen said.

“Are you happier now?”

“I don’t know,” Jen said honestly.

Scott tenderly wiped the tears from Jen’s beautiful blue eyes. “I’ll make you happy Jenny,” he assured her. “I promise.”

Scott ordered drinks. Jen felt better after a couple gins and tonics. They were sitting in first class. Scott put the arm rest up and pulled Jen towards him. He wrapped a big blanket around them and he hugged her close to him. Their heads were close together and they whispered as they held each other. People looking at them thought they were newly in love, or maybe honeymooners.

“I’m really happy you’re here,” Scott whispered to her, kissing her softly on the lips.

“It just happened so fast,” Jen whispered back. Just that morning she was with Mike, and she thought Scott was over. Now she had left Mike and

was going to live with Scott.

“Good things happen fast.”

“I guess.”

Scott stroked her braless breast under the blanket. “You look amazing by the way,” he said. Jen’s nipple quickly hardened. Scott thumbed it over the thin fabric of her blouse. “I can’t wait to get you home,” he said, kissing her again, this time more passionately.

Jen kissed him back. She was starting to feel better with Scott’s arms around her. He was so strong. She felt his ripped body when he moved. She felt safe with him. “I’ve missed this,” she said with a crooked grin, reaching under the blanket and stroking his cock over his pants. Scott was hard and the thick outline of his cock ran halfway down his thigh.

“Take it out,” Scott whispered, grinning back at her. “Make me cum.”

“Forget it Scott,” Jen said with a laugh.

“Then let’s fuck in the bathroom,” he said, still grinning at her.

“You said airplane bathrooms’ are too small to get good leverage,” she said, reminding him what he said during their President’s day weekend.

“I didn’t say it’s not worth doing,” he joked. He rubbed her pussy over her jeans. “God I’ve missed this too.”

“Slow down cowboy,” Jen said with a giggle, pushing his hand away. “I’m not going in the freaking bathroom with you,” she whispered. “People are already looking. We can wait until we get home.”

Scott smiled. “I like hearing you say that,” he said, looking into her eyes. “Calling my place your home.” He kissed her again. Jen kissed him back, and their hands wandered under the blanket. As she made out with Scott and got more and more aroused, Jen was able to forget, at least for a while, how horrible she’d been to Mike. Her body desired Scott, and her heart did too. Being in Scott’s arms, with his lips on hers, with his hands on her body, it helped dampen the guilt and hurt over what she’d done to Mike.

They didn’t make it home. They were fucking moments after getting in Scott’s old Ford pickup. The bench seat was cramped, but they didn’t care, their bodies needed each other. The car garage was mostly deserted, although 2 businessmen walked by as Jen was on top of Scott and riding him hard. Intrigued, they walked closer and was only a few feet away as Jen came on Scott’s cock. They were treated to the incredible sight of Jen’s beautiful face contorted with pleasure in the midst of an orgasm.

Scott sucked Jen's nipples, wanting to make her orgasm last longer and feel even better. Then he came, and in the throes of his orgasm he bit down hard on Jen's nipple, making her cry out, but she didn't try to pull away.

They stumbled into his Airstream trailer, kissing and groping each other. They hurriedly undressed each other and tumbled onto the bed. Scott was on top, and he penetrated Jen's pussy with his hard cock. In Scott's pickup it'd been fucking. Earlier that day in the office it'd been fucking. But this was making love. Their bodies were one, joined together by his cock inside her. Scott moved slow, slowly pulling out and then slowly pushing back in, all the while kissing her and tenderly fondling her body. Jen rocked back and forth with him. She kissed him back, and caressed his body too. Their kissing and fondling were urgent and passionate, showing how much they were still so incredibly into each other even after months of having sex, even after having sex already twice that day. But it wasn't just physical. They were way passed just physical. It was emotional too. They were in love. Their sex wasn't fucking, it was making love.

Jen came on Scott's cock, the third time that day. Scott came soon after, cumming inside her. Then they snuggled and kissed, and whispered sweet nothings. With his half hard cock still inside her, Scott softly kissed Jen's lips and whispered "I love you Jenny." Jen hugged him even tighter and whispered back "I love you too Scotty."

Eventually Scott pulled out. Jen rolled to her side and drifted off to sleep, physically and emotionally exhausted. Scott drifted to sleep too.

It was the middle of the night and Scott awoke to the sounds of crying. It was Jen. She was sobbing. Scott pulled her into his arms and kissed the back of her neck, trying to comfort her.

"I was so mean to him," Jen said between sobs. "He was so upset."

"I was upset too, when you broke up with me," Scott said softly.

Jen turned around to look at him. Scott looked at her face in the moonlight. Even with her eyes red and puffy and tears down her cheeks, she was incredibly beautiful. The most beautiful girl he had ever met in his entire life. The sexiest too. She had the perfect face, the perfect body. She was perfect.

"I didn't break up with Mike," Jen said, correcting him. "I'm with you now. But I didn't break up with Mike."

Scott put his finger to her lips, not wanting to hear about Mike.

“Let’s try this,” he suggested. “We’ll take it one day at a time. If you want to go back to him, I won’t stop you. But while you’re with me, be with me. Can we try that Jenny?”

Jen hesitated, then said “Yes, we can try that.” She wiped away tears and repeated, “One day at a time.”

“That’s all I want,” Scott said. He kissed her and cupped her breasts, and soon they were making love again. As Jen was cumming again on his cock, Scott knew he just needed time with her. He would make her forget all about Mike. And then she would be all his for real. And forever.

CHAPTER 2

“Where are we going?” Jen asked the next day as they rode in Scott’s pickup. “I thought you said we were going to work out.”

“We are,” Scott assured her. A few minutes later he turned into a parking lot outside a warehouse.

“This is your gym?” she asked doubtfully, looking at the warehouse. Other than them, the parking lot was mostly empty.

“Come on,” Scott said with a laugh. He took her hand and led her into the warehouse.

Jen stood off to the side as Scott filled out some paperwork. For what he still wouldn’t say. The people behind the desk – one older man, another younger – stole glances at her. The older man was probably late 40s or early 50s. He was ruggedly handsome and clearly took care of himself. The younger man looked like a younger version of the older man – maybe they were father/son? He was good looking too, and although he didn’t have the older man’s barrel chest, he had broad shoulders and powerful arms.

Jen was reserved at first, shyly looking away and pretending not to notice their stares. She knew she looked good in what she was wearing – a sports bra that revealed her sexy flat stomach and black leggings that showed off her tight ass and long shapely legs. For some reason though, it felt like a new romance with Scott, so she felt obligated to only have eyes for him.

Then Jen realized how ridiculous that was. Part of the reason Scotty was attracted to her was her ongoing, bubbly personality, and also her sexiness. He liked the fact other men were hot for her; it made him proud to have her on his arm.

So rather than stay in the shadows, Jen walked up to the desk. She leaned into Scott, to show the men who she belonged to, but also smiled and made eye contact with them. Pretending to look at the papers, she turned to the side to give the men a prime view of her tight ass. She sexily twirled locks of her long blonde hair with her finger, and smiled and laughed when the older man told a couple bad jokes.

“So is it always gonna be that way with you?” Scott asked after he finished the paperwork and they walked towards the big hall.

“What?” Jen asked.

“Guys fucking you with their eyes,” Scott said looking at her.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Jen said, feigning innocence. Scott frowned but didn’t pursue it.

They entered the big hall and Jen looked around. “What is this?” she asked. It looked like a circus. A flying trapeze setup. There were thick poles (they looked like telephone poles) that rose up high. Ladders attached to the poles led to narrow platforms. Bars hung from the ceiling. There was netting under everything.

“What is this Scott?” Jen asked again, looking at him. He had a mischievous grin on his face. Then she got it. “No way. There is no freaking way I’m going up there.”

“Why? Chicken?” Scott said grinning at her.

“I’m not chicken Scott,” Jen said dryly.

“Yes you are. You’re a chicken. Jenny the chicken,” Scott said still grinning. He circled around her, flapping his arms like wings, clucking “Bwak, bwak, bwak, Jenny’s a chicken, bwak, bwak!”

Jen couldn’t help laughing. “Will you stop!” she said through laughs. Scotty was a grown man, older than her, and yet he was acting like a 5-year-old. It was hilarious. “Okay, okay, I’ll do it! Just stop that,” she said through more laughs.

“I cannot believe I’m doing this,” Jen lamented as she stood on a narrow platform 75 feet in the air. She was holding a bar. Scott was on the other side, swinging back and forth on another bar, but he was upside down using his legs to hold the bar.

“Swing towards me and let go,” he said. “I’ll catch you.”

“No freaking way,” Jen said, cringing at the thought. She was terrified.

“Jenny I promise I’ll catch you,” Scott assured her. “But if I don’t you’ll land in the net. It’s safe. Now come on. Do it.”

“Oh fuck,” Jen said to herself. Mustering up her courage, she stepped off the platform. She squealed as she swung towards Scott. Somehow she made herself let go of the bar. She squeezed her eyes shut and squealed even more. Then suddenly Scott had her hands. She opened her eyes and looked up. She was looking into Scott’s handsome face. He was smiling at her.

“See? Nothing to it,” Scott said. “Are you okay?”

“Oh my god that was so freaking awesome!” Jen gushed excitedly. It had been such a rush!

“I’m gonna let you go, and then we’ll do it again,” Scott said.

“Okay!” Jen said excitedly. Now she was excited at the prospect of flying through the air in the trapeze.

Scott let her go and Jen squealed again as she fell through the air and softly landed in the netting. This time though her squeals were of delight rather than fear. Scott landed next to her a moment later. She hugged and kissed him before trying it again.

They played on the trapeze for an hour. Jen quickly got the hang of it. It helped she was a gymnast in high school. In addition to swinging on the trapeze, she also tried the high wire. She mostly fell onto the netting below, but that was part of the fun. One time though she was able to make it all the way across the high wire, and she felt incredibly proud of herself.

Scott and Jen were lying on their backs on the thick netting. They were sweating and breathing hard. In addition to being fun, the trapeze was a major workout. “Where is everybody?” Jen asked looking around.

“I rented the place for 90 minutes,” Scott told her.

“Scotty, this is so awesome,” Jen gushed. “I can’t remember when I’ve had so much fun.”

Scott grinned at her. He reached up and brushed loose strands of blonde hair from her beautiful face. In the process he tenderly stroked her cheek. “I’m glad,” he said looking into her eyes. “I want to make you happy. Are you happy?”

“Yes, I am,” Jen said smiling back into his eyes. She realized she hadn’t thought about Mike since stepping into the big trapeze hall. Thinking of Mike suddenly made her feel melancholy.

Scott sensed the change in her mood. “Remember, one day at a time,” he reminded her. He smiled at her and caressed her cheek again. “Right?”

“Yes, right, one day at a time,” Jen said. She smiled back at him, and she realized the smile wasn’t forced at all. It was easy to smile at Scott. He was so handsome and confident, so charismatic. He had the most awesome body. It was easy to be with him. She liked being with him. She liked it a lot.

“So we’ve got this place for another half hour?” she asked. “Just us?”

When he nodded yes, Jen gave him a wicked smile. Then she pulled down his black Under Armour biker shorts. His cock was soft, yet it was still big, especially long. She grinned at him as she teasingly scraped her nails up his muscular thighs. Scott groaned and his cock twitched to life. Jen pulled her long blonde hair to the side, then she lowered her head and went down on him.

When he was hard, Scott pulled Jen to him and kissed her. They kissed and swapped spit for long moments, their hands exploring their bodies. Scott pulled off Jen's sports bra and leggings. If the men from earlier walked in now, they would see Jen's naked, lovely body.

They had to experiment to find the best position, because the big netting moved up and down with their movements. They found it was better if Jen was on top. She slid up and down his shaft. She was able to get into a rhythm with the netting, so its upward and downward movements intensified their fucking. It was like intercourse on steroids.

Jen had her arms around Scott's neck as she fucked him. Her long lush blonde hair draped over his head, and her lips on his. Scott cupped and caressed her small tits, rubbing her nipples between his thumbs and fingers, and Jen groaned and moaned into his mouth.

Jen cried out as she came. It was an incredibly intense orgasm, shooting through her entire body. Then Scott flipped her around. Now she was face down in the netting, looking down at the floor, and Scott fucked her from behind. He smashed her pretty face into the thick netting as he rammed her pussy. Jen held onto the cords of the netting for dear life as Scott jack-hammered into her.

When he was on the verge of cumming, he pulled out and grabbed a handful of Jen's hair. He roughly pulled her to him, making Jen squeal. He forced his cock into her mouth and throat. Jen's hands flailed at the sudden violation of her mouth, and her nostrils flared as she tried to breathe.

Then Scott came. He emptied his thick balls into Jen's mouth. He had two handfuls of her blonde hair so Jen had no choice but to swallow his cum. Her cheeks ballooned as his sperm flooded her mouth. Her neck muscles worked overtime to swallow it all, and she had to concentrate not to gag. Finally Scott was done and he let her go. Jen pulled away and gasped for air.

"What ... what ...," Jen asked between gasps. She didn't understand how their sex had so suddenly turned so violent.

As they drove away from the trapeze warehouse in Scott's pickup, he looked apologetic and said "Sorry about that last part."

"Okay," Jen said softly. "I guess I don't get what happened."

Scott was silent for long moments. Then he said "Those guys checking you out. It pissed me off."

"I can't help it when men look at me," Jen said feigning innocence.

"Fuck that Jenny," Scott snapped. "You were flirting. You know it."

Jen was silent, knowing he was right. After a few moments of silence, Scott said "I get that's how you are. I like it you're like that, at some level. But I don't get off on it." He added derisively, "I'm not a cuck like Mike."

"Can we not talk about Mike?" Jen said.

"Whatever," Scott said dismissively with an irritated shrug.

They lapsed into silence again. Finally Jen said "It's just, I guess I don't understand. You shared me before." She was talking about the gangbang with Brian, Vince and Steve.

"I told you. I live for the moment. It's about pleasure. But I didn't get off watching you flirt with other men. I'm not like Mike."

"I get that," Jen said softly.

"This is what I'm saying," Scott told her. "I don't believe in monogamy. I don't think it's natural. Or healthy. And life is short. Why limit yourself? But it has to be out in the open. No cheating. I don't do cheating. I don't want to have to worry about you going back there and fucking one of those guys."

"I don't do cheating either Scott," Jen assured him. Although even as she said the words she knew it was ironic. Here she was, a married woman, living with another man and having wild sex with him. And she was lying. She *had* cheated on Mike, and Scott With Joey.

"Anyways ...," she said, not knowing what else to say.

"I can't promise I won't be rough with you again," Scott said, being honest about himself, but also man enough to have some regret about it.

"It's alright Scotty," Jen said, hugging his arm and stroking his hard bicep. "You know I like rough. I haven't changed. I'm still a bottom."

Scott grinned at her. "And I'm still a top. Your top right?"

"Yes. My top," Jen said, smiling back at him. Scott wrapped his arm around her and she snuggled into his powerful body. She laid her head against his chest. Scott pulled her closer to him. They drove home that way,

with their bodies connected.

The next 2 weeks were a whirl of activity. Scott had something planned each day. Usually athletic, since they were both into their bodies. Rock climbing. Extreme downhill biking. Skiing. Paragliding. Jen loved it all. She loved the way Scotty pushed her. She felt she was really discovering herself. Growing as a person. And she was having the best time. Life with Scott Stafford was like living in an amusement park. There was always something new and exciting around every corner. Jen didn't know the last time she'd felt so alive. Well, actually she did. It was the last time she dated Scott, before breaking up with him.

They worked too, starting Scott's business. Scott knew everyone in town. He grew up here. So they started local. Jen learned a lot about networking from Scott. She learned about closing deals, and upselling, and negotiating. Lots of times she just stared at him with awe, and listened as he worked clients. He was freaking amazing. She had a lot of respect for Scott before, but now even more so. Just like athletically, Scott was pushing her professionally and she felt like she was really growing as a person. She was so incredibly happy to be working with him.

They had sex all the time. Usually in the morning when they woke up, and then at night before bed. Sometimes in the afternoon too, since they were working together in his Airstream trailer. They both couldn't get enough. And in the close confines of the small trailer, sometimes they got so worked up over each other they needed to fuck just for the release, so they could get back to work. They were like honeymooners. Jen had been dating and intimate with Scott for almost a year (including their months long breakup) but she felt she was still infatuated with him. Clearly Scott felt the same way, as he couldn't take his hands and eyes off her.

She thought about Mike of course. It had only been a couple weeks. They had a few brief calls and texts. She was surprised he wasn't insisting on more contact, but she assumed he was giving her space to do what she needed to do with Scott. She really appreciated that.

Jen still loved Mike. But even though it had only been two weeks apart, that love was kind of foggy now. She thought about the camera analogy again. When she looked at Mike through the camera, the picture was fuzzy, not quite in focus. When she looked at Scotty, the picture was crystal

clear.

Did she feel guilty? Yes. But Mike had put all this into motion. At the beginning, he pushed her into Scott's arms, and into his bed, and he encourage her to date Scott, not just fuck him. He was the one who laid out a "fuck-me" outfit when she had moved on from Scott and thought she was over him.

Now though, she was grateful for what Mike did. Because now she knew Scott wasn't over. She wasn't over him. She needed to be with him now, get him out of her system, or she would never be happy. She would always wonder "what if?" That wouldn't be good for her or Mike. So it was better she was with Scotty now. Anyway, that's what she told herself.

There was a knock at the door. It took some effort for Mike to get off the sofa and stand up. He walked over to the door and opened it.

It was Allie.

"God Mike you look like shit," Allie said in her sassy tone of voice.

Mike shrugged. "You're here for Jen's stuff?" he asked.

"Yes."

He stood to the side and waved her in. "Help yourself," he said.

Allie saw he had a tumbler in his hand. "Are you drunk Mike?" she asked.

"Well, that's all relative," Mike said. "Compared to you, probably I am. Compared to me last night, not yet." He laughed at his own joke. "You want one?"

"No, and I think you're done too," Allie said, taking the half full glass from his hand. She sniffed it. "Scotch?" she asked.

"Highland Park," Mike said with a nod. He grabbed the glass back from Allie. She let him have it, but she scowled at him.

"So, only two weeks and you're already falling apart?" she asked, sarcasm in her voice.

"Actually I've been doing a lot of thinking, about how self-destructive sexual fantasies are," Mike said with fake cheerfulness. He gulped down the rest of the scotch and refilled his glass. "Like, say a girl gets off on getting choked during sex. It even has a name. Erotic asphyxiation they call it. Yeah, she might get off on it. But if she's dead how is it a good thing?"

Allie rolled her eyes at Mike. "Maybe I do need a drink," she

deadpanned. She poured 2 fingers of Highland Park into a glass. Then she reached for the ice bucket.

“Just one ice cube. Otherwise, it’ll get diluted,” he warned her.

“I know how to fucking drink Mike,” Allie said. Just to spite him, she dropped in 2 ice cubes. Then she sat down on the sofa next to him. “So I guess your fantasy is self-destructive too?”

“It’s incredibly, idiotically, pathetically self-destruction,” Mike said with that tone of fake indifferent exuberance. The scotch was having its effect, and he was beginning to slur his words. “I love a girl. That would be Jen. Somehow the idea of her with other men gets sexualized in my head. So, she starts fucking other men and I get off on it. But then that’s not enough. You know, it’s like drugs. You start with weed, but then you need more, so you go to coke, and then --.”

“Yeah Mike, I get the analogy, go on,” Allie said impatiently in her sassy voice again.

Mike took another gulp of Highland Park. “So just sex isn’t enough anymore,” he said, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. “At least not faceless sex. I want her to not just fuck but date Scott. *Scotty*. That’s what she calls him. I want her to have a wild romance. Fall in love even. And it worked. She fell in love with Scotty. But there’s a problem. You know what happened next?”

“She moved in with him,” Allie said softly. She looked away, not able to look Mike in the face. They’d been joking around, but now it was serious. She’d been through it herself recently, with her husband RH. Her ex-husband. They were divorced now.

“That’s right,” Mike said. “Gone. Kaput. 10 years down the drain. Now she’s living with him. He’s probably fucking her right now. Oh, did I mention? She loves his cock. Can’t get enough. He’s a lot bigger than me. Sorry, TMI. But anyway, now she’s got it whenever she wants. Doesn’t have to worry about making excuses to me to see him. Pretty self-destructive, right?”

They were silent for long moments, sipping their Highland Parks, each with their own thoughts. “Mike, listen,” Allie finally said. “I’ve got a date tonight with Tony. So --.”

“Yeah, that’s fine,” Mike said. “You know where all her stuff is. Go ahead.” The cheerfulness was gone. Now what was left was sadness, depression and self-loathing.

Allie busied herself for the next half hour. She packed 2 large suitcases of Jen's clothes, her lingerie, jewelry, makeup, shoes. Mike got up to watch her. Allie had a list in her hand. She pulled a doll from the shelf. It was a worn Cabbage Patch doll. The doll was dressed like a puppy and had a red polka dotted bowtie. In all honestly it was a stupid looking doll. And it was old, practically falling apart. But Jen loved it. She called it Rovey, short for Rover. She got it when she was a little girl and it was her lovey. She slept with it from when she was 6 years old all the way through college. Even to this day, she sometimes pulled it down from the shelf when she was sad or lonely, or just needed a snuggle.

Mike took the doll from Allie and sat on the side of the bed. "She wants Rovey too?" he asked. Suddenly he was crying. Sobbing. Slinky dresses, revealing tops, stiletto high heels, those he could deal with. But this? If Jen took Rovey, he knew she would never come back.

"Oh my god Mike," Allie sighed, sitting on the bed next to him. "Forget it, keep the stupid doll. It's practically falling apart anyway."

"You must think I'm pathetic," Mike said, wiping the tears away with the back of his hand.

"No I don't," Allie said.

"Yes you do. A guy crying," he said self-reproachfully. "That's not your thing, or Jen's. Your men don't cry."

"Oh god will you get off that macho man kick," Allie scoffed. "You know what else you've sexualized? The idea that Scott is more of a man than you. Big muscles and big dicks don't make you a man."

"Allie, I've seen every one of your boyfriends. I know you ex RH. Every one of them is in the big muscles and big dick category."

"Mike you don't know anything."

"Your new boyfriend Tony," Mike said. "Is he big muscles and big dick?"

Allie knew Mike had her. Tony was the definition of tall, dark and handsome. And he was a model. He was in high demand for modeling men's briefs because of his muscular thighs and ass. And because of his impressive package. Allie wasn't a size queen like Jen, but still she got a lot of pleasure out of Tony's package. "Okay, whatever," she said with a laugh. "But Tony's just a bad example."

Mike didn't reply. He was clutching Rovey and looking off into the distance, tears in his eyes, like his life was over.

“Mike, listen,” Allie said. “Fast forward a year. Say Jen is back with you, after living with Scott. Won’t that make it worth it? A lifetime of experiences to jerk off to.”

Mike couldn’t help a half laugh. “Yeah, I guess,” he said. He dropped Rovey on the bed and walked back to the family room. He refilled his glass with more Highland Park scotch.

Allie followed him. “Mike, stop,” she said, putting her hand over the open end of the glass. “You’re drinking too much. Come on. You’re not going to solve this problem with another problem.”

Mike jerked his hand away. “Allie, no offense,” he said. “But fuck off, okay?” Then he drained the glass. As Allie left with the 2 suitcases, Mike was refilling the glass with more scotch.

“I’ll ship the suitcases tomorrow,” Allie said later over the phone to Jen.

“Thank god,” Jen said with relief. “I think Scott’s tired of seeing me in the same underwear.”

“Does he even let you wear underwear?” Allie joked. They both laughed.

“Hey, just to let you know, Mike is falling apart over here,” Allie said. “He lost it when I tried to pack your stupid Cabbage Patch doll.”

“Shit,” Jen said. She realized that was a mistake. It was like if they had a pet. If she took the pet with her to Michigan, then Mike would have even more reason to think she wasn’t coming back.

“He’s drinking a lot,” Allie told her.

“Sometimes he drinks a lot,” Jen said. “Probably he’s just stressed at work.”

“It’s not because of work Jen, and you know it,” Allie scolded her.

“So you think I should come home?” Jen asked.

“Do you want to come home?”

“Not yet,” Jen said. “I’m worried about Mike. But right now I want to be with Scott.”

“Jen, listen,” Allie said. “Remember in college, when you first started going with Mike?”

“You told me it was a mistake,” Jen said, remembering. “You did everything you could to get me to break up with him.”

“Mike has grown on me. I like him,” Allie admitted. “But that doesn’t mean I was wrong about you two. I went through hell with RH. When we divorced, I thought my life was over. But now I see it was the best thing to do. For me *and* RH. I’m still young enough to find another man, fall in love, live happily ever after. So do you Jen. You’re not even 30 yet.”

“So you think I should stay here with Scott?” Jen asked.

“Yes,” Allie said definitively. “You’ve been miserable lately. And now you sound happy. Believe me Jen, happy is better than miserable. I’ve been there. And Scott’s a great guy. He’s an ass sometimes, but all guys are. And he’s incredible in bed.”

“I don’t need you to remind me you had a fling with Scott,” Jen said with a frown.

“It wasn’t a fling,” Allie said. “We fucked twice. Actually, to be honest, I seduced him. RH and I were separated. I just wanted to be with someone. He didn’t take advantage of me or anything. I actually respect him more after. He’s a great guy.”

At that moment, Scott walked into the room. Jen smiled at him and affectionately rubbed his arm. Then she took his hand and squeezed it.

“Yeah, I know,” she said, smiling into Scott’s eyes.

“So anyways,” Allie continued. “I’m just saying, you have a right to be happy.”

“Yeah, that’s what Scotty said too,” Jen said, rubbing Scott’s arm again. Scott moved behind Jen and wrapped his arms around her, hugging her to him.

“Don’t worry about Mike,” Allie said. “He’s a big boy. He’ll figure it out.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Jen said. She stifled a moan as Scott kissed up her neck, behind her ear. “Mike’s coming this weekend,” she said, suddenly finding it hard to talk with Scott nibbling her ear.

“Seriously?” Allie said incredulously.

“I mean, yeah, you know how Mike is. He wants to watch me and Scott,” Jen said. This time she couldn’t help moaning when Scott reached around and squeezed and fondled her breasts. He unbuttoned and reached inside her blouse and thumbed her nipples. He had easy access because she was braless.

Then, with one of his hands, he reached into her jeans and found her clit. Her clit was already moist and hard from arousal. He fingered and

rubbed her.

“I’ve gonna go Allie,” she said, the words coming out like a urgent moan. She dropped the phone and twisted around to face Scott. Looking into his eyes, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Moments later he was inside her, and they were making love. Jen’s worry about Mike faded away as she kissed Scott and caressed his hard body, and as she came on his hard cock.

CHAPTER 3

It was Saturday.

“I’ll pick him up,” Scott said to Jen.

“No Scott,” Jen said as she continued dressing.

“I’ll go with you then,” Scott said, pressing.

Jen gently put her hand on his chest. “Scott, no,” she said. “Mike and I need some alone time. It’s been 3 weeks.”

“Are you gonna fuck him?” Scott asked with a glare at her.

“Scott he’s my husband,” Jen reminded him.

“Are you?” Scott demanded.

“Yes Scott, Mike and I are going to have sex,” Jen told him, frowning at him. Seeing his glare, she said in a softer voice “Look. It’s been just you and me for 3 weeks. Mike’s only here the weekend. Then it’s just you and me again.”

“This is fucked up,” Scott said disgustedly.

“Do you want me to go home?” Jen asked.

“*THIS* is your home,” Scott told her. “Right here. With me. And no, I don’t want you to go back to New York.”

Jen moved to Scott. He was sitting down, so she pressed her stomach against his face. “I don’t want to go back to New York either,” she said, affectionately running her hands through his thick black hair. “I love you Scotty. I want to be here with you. But Mike is still my husband. Don’t freak about this. It’ll just make things harder.”

Scott wrapped his arms around Jen’s waist and pulled her to him. Looking in her eyes, he said “I love you too Jenny.” Then they kissed.

Mike pulled Jen into his arms as soon as he saw her at the airport. “God I’ve missed you,” he said, hugging her tight, his face in the crook of her neck. Her thick, silky blonde hair draped over his face. He could smell her perfume and the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. They were familiar

scents, the scents of his wife. God he needed that smell. It was like water to a dying man in the desert.

“Hey baby,” Jen said, hugging Mike back. She rubbed his back. Finally Mike let her go. He took a step back and looked at her.

“You look amazing,” he said, looking her up and down. “You look like you’ve lost weight.”

“No, not really,” Jen told him. “Scotty and I have been working out a lot. I think I’m more toned. My body fat’s way down.”

“How do you know?” Mike asked.

“The gym we go to,” Jen said. “They track it.”

Mike nodded slowly. Their meeting wasn’t the emotional reunion he had hoped for. She hadn’t even said she missed him. Instead, she was talking about working out with Scott and her body fat.

Then Jen smiled into his eyes and hugged his arm. “I’ve missed you too baby,” she said. “Come on.”

“This is Scott’s car?” Mike asked a few minutes later as Jen drove Scott’s pickup.

“Yeah,” Jen said. “It’s old but he keeps it in really good shape.”

“How many times have you fucked in here?” Mike asked abruptly.

They were stopped at a light. Jen turned to look at him. “Do you really want to know?” she asked.

“Yes.”

Jen thought about it, trying to remember. “Twice, I think,” she said.

Mike nodded slowly. He put his hand on Jen’s thigh, just inches from her pussy. She was wearing skinny jeans, a turtleneck and slim, black ankle boots. The jeans were capri style, so they ended above her ankles. Mike could see her sexy, slim ankles above the boots. “You really look good Jen,” he said.

“You look good too Mike,” Jen said. She didn’t know, but Mike was still drinking a lot. But he had cleaned up for the weekend. He got a haircut and a close shave, and even went to the tanning salon so he wouldn’t look pale. “I’m glad you’re here,” she said.

“Are you really?” he asked.

“Yes baby, I am,” she told him. “I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it.”

Mike nodded. He studied her. He said “You look happy Jen.”

“I am happy,” she said with a smile at him.

“Happy with Scott,” he said.

Jen's smile disappeared. "Let's not go there, okay baby?" she said softly. His hand was still on her thigh. She put her hand over his and squeezed reassuringly, and said, "We can talk later."

They drove the rest of the way in silence. Rather than a hotel, Jen got Mike a room at a motel. "It's a really small town," she explained, apologizing for the less than stellar accommodations. "Scott knows everyone. And, well, you know ..."

Mike got it. Everyone here knew Jen as Scott's girlfriend. Mike was posing as Jen's old college friend. She wanted to avoid people seeing her go into his hotel room. This way, Jen was able to drive right up to the door of his room, rather than having to go through a hotel lobby. And she'd picked a room in the back that wasn't visible from the road.

"I get it, I'm cool," Mike said. Jen gave him an appreciative smile.

Mike grabbed his small suitcase and they went into his motel room. "So, all the comforts of home," Jen joked as she turned on the light. She was looking towards the bathroom as Mike came up behind her. He put his hands on her shoulders. He squeezed her briefly, like he was massaging her shoulders. Then he pulled her long blonde hair to the side and kissed her neck.

Jen closed her eyes as her husband kissed up her neck. She had been with Mike for over 10 years, made love thousands of times, so he knew where and how she liked being touched. Mike circled her waist with his hands, and then brought them up to her breasts. She was braless under the turtleneck. He squeezed and fondled her tits as he kissed up her neck behind her ear.

Jen turned around and they kissed. Mike urgently pushed his tongue into his wife's mouth. Jen caressed his tongue with hers. She reached down and worked on his belt and zipper. Mike hurriedly tugged at the bottom of her shirt, and Jen lifted her arms so Mike could pull the turtleneck off her.

They fell onto the bed. Jen had unbuckled Mike's belt and unzipped him, so he kicked his pants down his legs with his feet. At the same time he worked on Jen's skinny jeans. He pulled them down her long legs, stopping only to unzip her ankle boots and toss them and her cotton socks to the floor. Now they were both naked. Mike got on top of Jen, kissing and fondling her. His hard cock pressed against her thigh next to her pussy. Jen reached between their bodies and took hold of his shaft. She guided him to her pussy. Mike pushed inside. He gasped feeling her pussy. She had the best

feeling pussy. Only 3 weeks but it could've been a lifetime. For moment he thought about whether she was looser, from fucking Scott's big cock non-stop for 3 weeks. He decided that maybe she was, but she still felt so good. He pushed hard into her, then back out, then into her again. He did that, and then came inside her. He'd been inside her for less than a minute before cumming. Their sex had lasted less than 3 minutes.

Afterwards they lay on the bed, on their backs, next to each other. Both were panting. "I guess not up to Scott's standards," he joked, but his smile was forced and fake.

Jen got up on her elbow and looked at him. "Mike, come on, don't start," she said softly, caressing his chest. "Scott's Scott and you're you. You torture yourself but you shouldn't."

"Maybe I like torturing myself," Mike said. "Maybe that's part of my fantasy."

"I've wondered about that," Jen said with a grin. Mike couldn't help smiling back at her.

"So, you're getting along, you and Scott?" Mike asked her.

"Yes, we're getting along," Jen answered.

"Not too much I hope," he joked. Jen smiled but didn't answer.

"So it's been three weeks," Mike pointed out. "Do you know now if it'll be closer to a month or a year?"

"I don't know that yet Mike," she told him honestly. Mike frowned but he didn't pursue it. He had promised himself not to be major drama this weekend. He only had 2 days with his wife. He wanted to make the most of it. He didn't want to argue with her.

"What's it like living here?" Mike asked, wanting to move to neutral territory.

"Well, it's cold," Jen said with a laugh. "But it's nice. I like it. Scotty grew up here. He knows everyone. Either he went to high school with them, or he worked summer jobs or partied with them. New York City is so big and anonymous. Small towns are really different."

"Yeah ...," Mike said, his voice trailing off and a cloud forming over his face.

"I said *different* Mike," Jen said soothingly. "I didn't say better. You asked me what it's like living here. I'm just telling you."

"Okay, yeah, I get it," Mike said, surrendering on the topic. Again, he didn't want to argue. He gave her a grin and asked "So do you fuck all the

time?”

“Well ...,” Jen said with a half laugh.

“Come on, tell me,” he pressed, still smiling at her. “Every day?”

“Yes, every day,” she said with another laugh.

“More than once?”

“Sometimes. Usually,” Jen admitted, laughing again.

“I miss that,” Mike said, suddenly getting sad. “I can’t believe I didn’t fuck you every day. I mean, look at you. You’re so sexy. Everyone wants to fuck you. But it’s not just that. It’s more wanting to feel connected to you. That’s what I really miss. I can’t believe, sometimes we went a whole week without sex. Sometimes more. I was thinking about it. I can’t for the life of me figure out why I did that. I had you right there, with me, all to myself. Why didn’t I make love to you every day? I just can’t figure it out.”

Jen was quiet after Mike stopped talking. She was sad because Mike was sad. “Are you seeing anyone?” she asked. “Have you seen Bitsy?”

“Believe me, Bitsy has no interest in me,” Mike said with a humorless half laugh, remembering the last time they’d seen each other.

“I’m just saying --,” she began, but Mike cut her off.

“Jen I have no interest in another girl,” he told her with finality.

Trying again, Jen said “I’m just saying, you can if you want to. It’s only fair. I just want you to be happy Mike. Maybe if you’re seeing someone while I’m with Scott, then it won’t be so hard on you.” With a grin she added “Think of it as a once-in-a-lifetime unlimited hall pass.”

“So then what happens?” Mike asked. “Sometime between a month and a year from now, you end it with Scott and I end it with whoever, and we get back together and live happily ever after?”

“I’m just saying, I need to finish things with Scott,” Jen said. “I need to get him out of my system. So while I’m doing that, well, maybe you can have fun with someone. It doesn’t have to be Bitsy. What about Elaine at work? I know she has the hots for you.”

“Yeah, maybe ...,” Mike said, his voice trailing off again. He was silent for long moments. Then he said “It just bothers me, that you’re willing to share me with another girl. What happened to being exclusive? What happened to being possessive of each other?”

Jen couldn’t help laughing. “I’m sorry, I’m not laughing at you, it’s just what you said,” she said apologetically. “I mean Mike, how do you think

I feel? You wanting to share me with other men? You're not exactly possessive of me. You don't think that doesn't bother me?"

Mike was silent, suddenly seeing his fantasy from her point of view. "I'm sorry," he said regretfully. "It doesn't mean I don't love you. I *do* love you. That's why the fantasy works for me. The more I love you, the more it works. I know that's fucked up."

"It's not fucked up, I get it," Jen said softly, affectionately caressing his chest. "I get you now. I think I do. And it's not like I wouldn't be jealous, if you hooked up with someone. But I wanna be fair. And I don't want you to be so sad. I worry about you Mike."

"Well, like Allie says, as long as you come back to me, it'll be a lifetime of jerk off material," Mike said grinning at her.

"She said that?" Jen said with a laugh.

"Yeah," Mike said grinning at her. Then getting more somber, he looked into her eyes and said "As long as you come back to me."

Jen's smile faded. She didn't know what to say. She didn't know how to reassure him.

They were silent for long moments. Jen noticed he was looking at her ears. She was wearing Scott's diamond earrings. Reading his thoughts, she said softly "I could have taken out his earrings. I could have worn a bra. But that would've been a fake. This is who I am right now Mike. I'm Scott's girlfriend. I want to be honest with you baby. That's the least I can do."

"Yeah ... thanks ... I appreciate that," Mike said, his voice choking up. His eyes welled up with tears. He looked away, not wanting Jen to see his weakness.

Despite everything, Mike was hard. Jen noticed. She reached down and wrapped her hand around his shaft. She slowly stroked him up and down. "Do you want to know anything else?" she asked, playing into his fantasies.

"Does he always make you cum?" Mike asked. He was breathing hard.

"Yes, usually," Jen said. Knowing he wanted the details, she said "Usually when he's fucking me. He's long you know, and thick. He does this thing of pulling all the way out, and then all the way back in. He knows how I like it, he kinda moves his hips and angles himself, so the whole time he's sliding in and out he's rubbing my clit, and my g-spot too. There's no way I'm not gonna cum."

“Yeah, okay,” Mike said, panting, the words coming out like a moan.

“Does that get you hot?” Jen asked with a knowing smile as she continued to slowly stroke him.

“Yes,” Mike admitted.

“Do you want to know anything else baby?”

“Where’s he cum?” Mike asked, his heart pounding in his chest.

“How’s he fuck you?”

“You mean, what position?”

“Yes.”

“He usually cums inside me. And we do it all kinds of ways,” Jen told her husband. She was still slowly stroking his cock. “I guess at night, mostly he’s behind me. At least he eventually ends up that way. He fucks me harder that way. It gets kinda wild sometimes. In the mornings, mostly he’s on top.”

“Why’s he on top in the mornings?” Mike asked. He was practically panting now.

“It’s not always that way, but ... I don’t know ...,” she said, thinking aloud. “In the mornings, it’s kinda more relaxed. You know ... he’s fucking me slow. We’re kissing. It’s still hot but, less urgent. Calmer.”

“You mean more intimate,” Mike said. “You’re not fucking. You’re making love with him.”

“Yes, I guess.” Jen saw the tortured look on her husband’s face.

“That bothers you,” she said. It was part question, but also a statement.

“Of course it bothers me,” Mike admitted. “But I guess that’s what this is about. You love him.”

Jen was silent, not responding. “*Yes, that’s what this is all about,*” she thought to herself. Mike hated it, but he loved it too. She could tell, because despite his anguish, he had never been harder.

“Do you say you love him?” he asked.

“Do you really want to know?” Jen said warily.

“Yes.”

“Yes,” Jen answered.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I tell him I love him,” she said.

“Did you tell him that today?”

“I did,” she admitted.

“Did you tell him that before you left to meet me at the airport?”

Jen hesitated, then said “Yes.”

“Who said it first?”

“Mike, come on, does it matter?” she stammered.

“It matters to me. Who said it first?” Mike pressed, looking intently at her.

Jen hesitated again, then she admitted in a soft voice, “I did.” With those words Mike came in Jen’s hand.

Afterwards, Mike wrapped his arm around Jen. She leaned her head against his chest. They were like that for long moments, not saying anything.

“You’ve lost weight too,” she said.

“I haven’t had much of an appetite,” Mike said.

“You need to eat Mike,” Jen told him. “And not drink so much.”

Mike didn’t answer. They lapsed into silence again.

“I better get back,” Jen finally said, pulling away from him.

“You can’t stay?” Mike said with alarm.

“Mike ... I need to get back,” she said again. She pulled away from Mike and stood up. She went into the bathroom to clean up. When she came out she started dressing.

“So tonight, we’re partying with Scott’s friends,” Jen told him as she dressed. “Johnny and Cassie. They’re really nice. You can watch me with Scott. That’ll get you hot right?”

“Yes,” Mike said as he watched her dress. “Then what?”

“Then we’ll come back here for a little while.”

“We?” Mike asked.

“Me and Scotty.”

“But you’re not staying?”

Jen looked around the room. “It’s probably not big enough for all 3 of us,” she said.

“I meant just you,” Mike told her.

Jen sighed. She sat on the bed and took Mike’s hand, and gently said, “Mike, I’m with Scott now. Not forever. But right now. So I sleep with him.”

“Will you spend any time with me?” he said. He knew he sounded desperate but he couldn’t help it.

“I’m with you now,” Jen said. “I’ll come over tomorrow too,” she promised.

“I don’t mean for sex,” Mike said. He felt desperate and panicked

and hurt. “I want that too. But I need to be with you. Just be with you. Can you go to lunch with me? See a movie? Just hang out?”

“Mike, the point was for you to see me with Scott,” she reminded him.

“I know that!” Mike said. There were tears in his eyes now. “But I need you Jen! I haven’t seen you for 3 weeks! I need you!” He knew he was begging, he knew he was pathetic, but he couldn’t help it.

“Okay, okay, of course,” Jen said soothingly, hugging him and stroking his back. “Of course. We’ll spend time together tomorrow. But I’ve got to go now Mike.” She pulled away from him and tenderly stroked his cheek. “I’ll see you tonight.” She reached into her pocket and handed him a small piece of paper. “This is the address. Bring a bathing suit too, okay? Johnny has a hot tub.”

“Yeah, okay,” Mike said. He wiped the tears from his eyes. “Sorry about getting emotional.” With a sheepish grin he added “I’m trying to give you space. I’m trying not to make drama for you.”

“And I appreciate that Mike,” Jen said, tenderly cupping his chin. She gave him a soft kiss. “I really do. I’ll see you later, okay?”

Mike sat in the bed after Jen was gone. He pulled his legs up and hugged his knees. Then he started to cry. He had held it mostly together while Jen was here, but now he lost it. He knew he was being pathetic. He knew showing his weakness to Jen only pushed her more to Scott. Jen wanted a strong confident man like Scott, not the weak crying man he had become. But Mike couldn’t help it. He was trying to give Jen space, hoping it would help her get over Scott faster and come back to him. But he felt despair without his wife. He feared she would fall even more in love with Scott and never return to him. Then what would he do?

“How’d it go?” Scott asked when Jen walked into the trailer. She could tell he was angry.

“Scott, don’t start, okay?” Jen told him.

“Did you fuck him?” he asked. He said it like an accusation.

“Scott, god . . .,” Jen sighed tiredly.

“*DID – YOU – FUCK – HIM?!*” Scott demanded, yelling at her.

“*YES SCOTT I HAD SEX WITH MY FREAKING HUSBAND!*” Jen yelled back at him.

Suddenly, Scott grabbed Jen and threw her onto the bed. He ripped off her clothes and threw open her legs. He pushed in balls deep in a single violent thrust. Jen yelped at the sudden penetration. Scott fucked her hard. He put her legs over his shoulders and fucked her even harder. With each thrust he rammed Jen into the mattress. It was like he was punishing her. He was angry and jealous and violent. He rammed Jen's pussy over and over.

Jen reached up. She looked into his eyes and tenderly caressed his face. Scott looked back into her eyes. It was a tender moment in the violence of his fucking her. He leaned down and kissed her. It was an open mouth kiss, and he pushed his tongue into her mouth. Jen rolled her tongue over his, and their kissing became passionate. Scott's violent fucking became passionate. Soon they were moving in rhythm, Jen moving her hips to match his thrusts, their hands exploring each other, their lips never parting. Jen's body exploded in a massive orgasm. She screamed so loud the fishermen on Lake Michigan probably heard her.

Jen could tell Scott was about to cum. "I want you in my mouth," she breathed to him.

Breathing hard, Scott nodded. He pulled out and moved up Jen's body. Jen eagerly sucked his cock into her mouth. She sucked and licked him and rapidly stroked his long shaft. Scott grunted and cried out, and his entire body spasmed as he came. Sperm flooded Jen's mouth. Jen stroked him hard to extend his pleasure and complete his orgasm. She managed not to gag as she swallowed his huge load. "God fuck!" Scott cried, rolling his head back as orgasmic pleasure flooded his body.

When they were done, they collapsed onto the bed, on their backs, next to each other. It was some of their best sex ever. "I guess that's makeup sex," Scott said with a grin.

"I guess so," Jen said laughing. Scott laughed too.

After their breathing returned to normal, Jen got up on an elbow and looked at Scott. She said, "We're going to Johnny's party. Then we'll go to Mike's room and he'll watch us. Tomorrow I'm gonna spend some alone time with Mike. Yes that will include sex. Then tomorrow night, we'll do something together, I don't know, dinner maybe. We'll go back to Mike's room and he'll watch us again. Then he'll go home. That's the plan for the weekend. Can you deal with that Scott?"

Scott was silent for a few moments, processing what Jen said. Finally he said "Are you with me or him?"

“With you, Scott,” Jen said.

“Are you sleeping with me or him?”

“With you.”

Scott nodded. He pulled Jen into his arms and kissed her. “Yes, I can deal with it,” he said, kissing her again.

CHAPTER 4

Scott and I walked into Johnny's house and Cassie immediately ran over and hugged me. "Well, finally I see you," she said, grinning and hugging me.

She gave Scott a playful scowl over my shoulder. He said, "Scott's been keeping you all to himself."

Johnny hugged me too and pushed a vodka martini into my hand. Clearly, he remembered I liked vodka. Then Cassie pulled me aside for girl talk.

Cassie reminded me of Allie. She was tall, beautiful and brunette with long wavy dark hair. She was curvy and had a huge chest, bigger than Allie's. She was Scott's age of 38 (I was 29, turning 30 soon). She hugged my arm and whispered "I didn't think I'd ever see you again. Scott said you broke up."

"We did for a while," I whispered back. "I'm sorry. I should have called you."

"But you're still married?" Cassie asked, looking at the rings on my left hand.

"My life is complicated," I said with a humorless laugh.

"Well, drink up and tell me everything," Cassie said, grinning as she nudged my glass to my lips. We laughed.

"You're still together with Johnny?" I asked her in a low voice so the boys couldn't hear.

"We're off and on," Cassie told me. "Right now we're on. I'm trying to figure out if he's a rebound boyfriend, or a real boyfriend."

"I get it."

"Is that Scott?" Cassie asked me. "A rebound boyfriend?"

I hesitated, looking at Scott. "... I don't know," I admitted. Her question though reminded me of Mike.

"Hey, my friend is joining us tonight," I told her. "Is that okay? His name's Mike. He's an old college friend. He's really nice, but shy."

“Sure. Johnny can always throw on another steak,” Cassie said. Looking thoughtful, she said “Mike. That’s your husband’s name too right?”

“Um, yeah ...,” I stammered. I took a gulp of the vodka and emptied the glass. “How about another?” I said, wanting to change the subject.

“That’s my party girl!” Cassie said grinning at me. Taking my arm again we returned to the boys.

I uber’d to the party. Jen met me at the door.

“Always fashionably late,” she whispered, grinning at me.

“Sorry,” I whispered back. She smiled and briefly squeezed my hand. Then she let my hand go and led me into the house. She introduced me to Cassie and Johnny. It was awkward shaking Scott’s hand, but I managed to force a friendly smile.

Cassie was really nice and she showed me the bar setup. I was surprised to see Highland Park there. It’s not over-the-top pricey, but it’s not on many people’s radar screens. Cassie explained “It’s your favorite right? Scott brought it for you.”

I looked over at Scott. He tipped his glass to me and said, “Anything for you buddy.” I tried not to glare at him. Yeah, my wife for a bottle of scotch. He got the better deal by far.

There was a lot of laughing and talking as we lubricated ourselves with beer, wine and spirits. I kind of stayed off to the side. I’m not good around people, especially people I just met or don’t know well. As always Scott was the life of the party.

Jen sat next to him. They looked like a couple. They laughed, held hands, made eyes at each other. They sat close together so their thighs and shoulders touched. Sometimes they played with the other’s fingers, you know, the way couples do when they’re talking with other people, but still being a couple?

Jen looked and smiled at me sometimes, but mostly she gave all her attention to Scott. That was the whole point of this, to let me see them together. But I could tell this wasn’t an act for my benefit. This was real. They had the familiarity and intimacy of a couple. They *were* a couple.

I felt the jealousy and angst building inside me. My cock was hard in my pants. I sat so it wasn’t apparent, but if I stood up everyone would see my erection.

Johnny lit a joint and passed it around. I took a hit, not wanting to stand out. I don't smoke weed often so it really hit me. But getting high relaxed me and helped calm my erection. Now if I had to stand it wouldn't be so embarrassing.

Cassie told Johnny to start the steaks, and she suggested we hit the hot tube while he fired up the wood grill. I went to the bathroom to change into my bathing suit. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. I opened it and Jen snuck in, closing the door behind her.

"I thought you might like this," she whispered, handing me another scotch.

I took the tumbler from her. "You said I was drinking too much," I reminded her.

"I thought it'll relax you," Jen whispered. "You're not talking to anyone Mike. It's really noticeable."

I felt my back stiffen. Was Jen getting on my case because I'm shy? I don't want to be shy. People who aren't shy – outgoing people -- won't understand this, but it's a major effort for me to talk to people. Sometimes I joke, I'm fluent in computer but human is a foreign language. It was worse here, since it was such a home court advantage for Scott, and I was already feeling insecure about his growing relationship with my wife.

"Sorry I'm not the life of the party like your 'Scotty'," I said bitterly.

"Mike it's not that," Jen said soothingly, rubbing my arm. "I just want you to have fun. I know you're shy. But Johnny and Cassie are really nice. And Scott promised to behave. He's been nice to you right? He brought your favorite scotch."

I hated when Jen took Scott's side. I hated when she defended him. *I HATED IT!* But I didn't want to get into an argument or throw major drama her way, so I said "Okay, I'll try harder."

I looked her up and down and said, "You look amazing by the way." She did too. She had worn a bathing suit under her dress. The dress was like a sundress. It was held up by 2 thin spaghetti straps and ended far above her knees. Her bikini was white but with the dress on I could only see the thin straps around her neck.

Jen was bare legged but somehow tanned even with snow covering the ground, and she was wearing high heels. She was wearing her hair down; I saw she was letting it grow, her lush blonde locks were now over halfway down her back. Her makeup was perfect. She had on red lipstick that made

her lips look wet. She looked devastatingly beautiful, and achingly sexy.

“Thank you,” she said.

“New bikini?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “They do a lot of hot tubing here,” she explained.

“Can I see it?” I asked. I put my hand on her shoulder and tugged the spaghetti strap of her dress. I didn’t tug hard. I was waiting for permission. She was my wife, but I felt like I needed her permission to see her body. Because, at that moment, she wasn’t my wife. She was Scott’s girlfriend.

Jen hesitated, like she was thinking the same thing as me. Then she reached behind her and unzipped the dress. She gave me a slight nod and I tugged the spaghetti straps off her shoulders. She had to wriggle because the dress was tight, but it eventually fell down her long legs and puddled around her high heeled feet.

I had known Jen for over 10 years, seen her naked or in bikinis countless times, but still I couldn’t help gawking at her body. She was so firm and toned, she could have been the cover girl for *Fitness Magazine* or one of the girls in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. “You look ... really incredible,” I said, staring at her.

“I told you I’ve been working out with Scotty,” she said proudly. “I think I’m in the best shape of my life.”

“Yeah, I see that.”

“You saw me earlier.”

“Yeah but”

“We were talking then,” Jen said, finishing my thought.

“Yes,” I said. “Aren’t you cold?”

“Well, I”

“I guess Scott keeps you warm,” I said, jealousy and bitterness in my voice.

Jen pursed her lips at me. She said, “I was going to say, Johnny keeps the heat up in the house, and he makes a big fire outside.”

I felt properly reprimanded. We were silent for a few moments. Then Jen moved towards the door. “We better get back,” she whispered. “I’ll go first. Give me a minute.”

I nodded. As she turned to go, I grabbed her hand. She looked at me, giving me a questioning look. I said “You looked good before too. Just as good as now. I just haven’t seen you.”

Jen smiled at me. But she didn’t kiss me, or say she loved me, or

even squeeze my hand. Instead, she whispered, “I’ll see you out there.” Then she pulled her hand away and left. She closed the door behind her, and I listened to the click-click of her high heels as she walked across the hardwood floor.

I stood motionless for a while. I saw she had left her dress. I picked it up and pulled it to my nose. I breathed in deep. I smelled her perfume, and the strawberry vanilla scent of her shampoo. It made me want to cry, thinking about what I had lost. But because I was a cuckold, my cock was hard too. Jen was in that tiny white beginning, in 4 inch stiletto high heels. Returning to the muscular arms of her chiseled, big-dicked boyfriend. It was all too much for me. My cock was so hard it hurt.

I couldn’t go out there with an erection. And I didn’t want them – especially Jen – to see tears in my eyes. So I sat on the bench and sipped the Highland Park, forcing myself to think about sports or possible bugs that needed fixing in Sapphire. Whatever. Anything to get my erection to go down.

When I got to the outside porch, Johnny was working on the grill and Jen, Scott and Cassie were in the hot tub. I couldn’t help noticing Jen’s black high heels on the brick patio. One was turned over, the other standing upright. The heels were thin stilettos, 4 inches high. They looked so sexy.

I forced a grin and said to the 3 in the hot tub, “Anyone need a refill?” Scott asked for a beer and Jen and Cassie asked for refills of their white wine. Jen smiled at him when I handed Scott a new IPA and poured white wine into their plastic glasses.

I then asked Johnny, “Can I take over for you?”

“Really bud? That’s really nice of you,” Johnny said sounding grateful. He handed over the BBQ tools to me and then striped to his bathing suit and joined the others in the hot tub. Again Jen smiled and nodded at me. I wasn’t sure how long I could fake being a social person, but at least I was trying.

I noticed that Scott sat close to Jen in the hot tub, and Johnny sat close to Cassie. But then as the 4 laughed and talked, Johnny inched closer to Jen. Now Jen was between Scott and Johnny, and Cassie was sitting across from them. They were all still laughing and talking as a group, but the 2 men seemed to be more focused on Jen than Cassie.

Jen was prettier than Cassie. Not that Cassie wasn’t pretty, she was. But Jen was a knock-out and, like always, the prettiest girl in the room (or in

this case, the hot tub). Cassie was curvier, but Jen's small tits were ripe and perky like a teenager's, and her tight ass and long legs were to die for. So, at some level I wasn't surprised that Johnny would pay more attention to Jen than Cassie. On the other hand, it was strange since Cassie was Johnny's girlfriend. Cassie didn't seem to mind though. She was laughing and talking with Jen, showing no jealousy or irritation at all that her boyfriend was sitting next to Jen instead of her.

"Mike, can you bring over another joint?" Cassie called out to him.

"Sure," I said, checking the fire of the BBQ. The embers weren't ready yet so we had time. I got a joint and matches and handed them to Cassie.

"Thanks honey," Cassie said. She smiled and batted her eyelashes at me. Then she lit up and took a long drag. She gave the joint to me and I took a hit too. Then I handed it to Johnny, and they passed it around in a circle.

I was feeling no pain after the Highland Parks and the weed. I began feeling more comfortable in this group, and I realized Jen was right, I needed to relax and interact more.

Jen pulled out of the hot tub a little, holding herself up by her elbows on the side of the tub. "It feels awesome but I'm hot," she explained. Now the bubbles were just under her bikini-covered breasts.

"Your tat is gone," Johnny said, looking at her breasts. He reached out and stroked just under her left breast of her bikini top. I was surprised how forward and familiar he was being because he was practically touching her tit, but Jen didn't pull away, and Scott and Cassie didn't say anything.

"I told you before it was a henna," Jen said.

"Too bad, it was fucking sexy," Johnny said grinning at her.

My heart stopped when Scott said, "She's thinking about getting inked for real." He tugged the string at her neck slightly, raising the cup and revealing the soft swell of the underside of her left breast. "Right here," Scott said, stroking Jen just under her breast.

"You mean, like before," Johnny said.

"Yeah," Scott told him. "But a real tat this time. Permanent."

Jen looked nervously at me. "That was just talk Scotty," she said. "I haven't decided." Seeing my anxiety, Jen gave me a look as if saying "*don't go crazy, we'll talk later.*"

Both Scott and Johnny had a lot of tattoos. Both had tat sleeves up their arms. Johnny had a couple on his chest too. I had noticed that Cassie

had a black tribal on the small of her back.

“Jen do you have any other ink?” Cassie asked.

“You remember? The sun and moon on my back?” Jen said. She turned around. The sun and moon tat was small but clearly visible. Usually her bra strap would cover it, but the tiny bikini strap hid little.

“And this one too,” Jen said, turning back to face Cassie. She stood up so only her knees were in the water. She motioned to her hip. There was a small tat there, on her hip bone. It was a Japanese character. “It means love,” she told them.

The love tat was clearly visible, because Jen’s black bikini was mostly string with just tiny triangles to hide her private parts. But with a mischievous grin, Johnny said “Wait I can’t see.” He curled his finger in the string at her hip and pulled down. He pulled down enough to expose her shaved, completely bare pussy. “Okay, I can see it now,” Johnny said with a laugh. But he was looking at her pussy, not the love tat.

“Oh my god,” Jen said disgustedly. She pulled away from Johnny and sunk back into the water. I could tell by her movements she was readjusting her bikini bottoms under the water.

“You’re an ass Johnny,” Cassie said, but there was a laugh in her voice. Jen laughed too. So did Scott and Cassie.

I was breathing hard. Jen looked at me. She gave me a look that said “*I’ll explain later.*” I nodded. I moved back to the grill and put on the steaks. I kept my back to the hot tub, so they couldn’t see my erection. I forced myself to think about the Mets rotation, and the pitchers they might target in free agency. Then I thought about the sorry ass Jets. That was like getting dumped with a bucket of ice. Eventually my erection went down.

The rest of the evening was normal. We ate the steaks, drank more, did more weed. I stopped drinking because I wanted to be sober. Scott and Jen (and Johnny and Cassie) looked way past tipsy. Johnny and Cassie offered to let us spend the night at their house. I panicked at the idea, as then I wouldn’t be able to watch Jen with Scott. Keeping to her word though, Jen begged off. She surreptitiously gave me a smile and a wink, and I smiled back.

I had ubered over but Scott and Jen had drove over. “Let me drive Scott,” I told him.

“No way man, this is my car,” Scott said. He was drunk and slurring his words.

“You’re drunk Scott,” I told him. “What do you want? A DUI?” In a hushed voice so Johnny and Cassie couldn’t hear, I said “I’m not letting you drive my wife drunk.”

“Whatever,” Scott said disgustedly. He flipped me the bird as he threw the car keys at me. Jen had been saying goodbye to Johnny and Cassie so didn’t hear any of this.

Rather than sit in the front seat with me, Scott pulled Jen into the back seat. “Mike’s gonna drive so we can have some fun,” he said with a laugh to Jen. In the mirror, I saw Jen give me a brief smile, but then Scott was all over her. They kissed and fondled the whole drive to my motel. The car was silent except for sounds of their kissing and moans. When we got to my motel, Jen’s dress was off (she had her wet bikini in a bag). Scott’s shirt was off. He still had his pants on, but it was tented with a huge erection. Jen (naked) and Scott (half naked) ran from the pickup into my motel room, laughing and holding hands like drunken teenagers.

I looked into the back seat. Jen’s dress lay there, along with the black high heels. Scott’s shirt was there too. Impulsively, I gathered up their clothes, then joined them in my motel room.

Scott and Jen were on the bed, making out. They were both completely naked now. Their kissing was passionate but not urgent. I guess by now they had fucked enough they didn’t need to be urgent. They lived together now so they knew they had all the time in the world.

Scott was on top when he penetrated my wife’s pussy with his cock. Yes, I still thought of Jen as my wife, even though she was living with another man. I got some consolation that she was still wearing her engagement and wedding rings on her left hand. But she was clutching Scott’s hands as he fucked her, so I couldn’t clearly see her rings. The fact Jen held Scott’s hands, and I couldn’t see her rings, both caused me angst, but also got my cock even harder.

They started missionary, then Scott flipped her over onto her hands and knees. He pounded her into the mattress as he fucked her. Jen was whimpering and moaning. She came that way, with Scott fucking her from behind, and I watched as her back arched and her toes curled as her orgasm ripped through her body.

Then Scott flipped Jen back onto her back and took her missionary. He was back inside her, but this time he was moving slow, taking his time with slow in-and-out strokes. He had his arms around Jen’s neck and he

kissed her as he rocked back and forth. Jen was kissing him back, and she had her arms around him, tenderly caressing his back and arms. Now they were making love, and it was clear they were incredibly into each other. It wasn't like frantic, impersonal porno sex you see on the internet. They knew each other, they knew each other's bodies, there was emotion there, not just physical pleasure. This was real intimacy.

Seeing Jen like this, so into another man, like she was one with him, it tore at my gut. It ripped out my heart. It destroyed my soul.

Jen moaned out and her body shuddered under Scott. He was making her cum again on his cock. Scott kissed Jen through her orgasm, bearing down hard to increase her pleasure. Then I could tell Scott was close to cumming. I saw it the way the muscles in his ass and back of his thighs tensed. I heard Jen whisper "I want Mike to see you cum on my face."

Scott gave Jen a wicked grin, as if saying "*You're such a dirty girl.*" He pulled out and moved up Jen's body. He pointed his cock at Jen's pretty face and rapidly stroked himself. Then he grunted and came, emptying his balls all over my bride's sweet beautiful face. His milky sperm covered her nose, cheeks and mouth. It got into her hair. It dripped down her chin and neck. It was like he was marking my wife as his. And Jen was letting him do it. More than that, she had asked him to do it. She was sending me a message. "*I belong to Scott right now. Maybe I'll be yours again someday, but right now, at this moment, I'm Scott's girl.*" My eyes teared up. It took all I had not to cry.

Afterwards Jen and Scott untangled themselves. Jen went into the bathroom to clean up. It was awkward being alone with Scott, so we settled on common ground by turning on ESPN. Jen came out about 15 minutes later. She had cleaned up. Now her hair and makeup were perfect again. She was wearing the sundress and black high heels. She whispered to me, "I'll be right back." Then she took Scott's arm and they went out to the car.

"Can you wait here?" Jen asked Scott. "I need to finish with Mike."

"It's fucking cold Jen," Scott protested.

"Well you're wearing more than me," Jen said with a laugh, hugging her arms around her. "Get in the car and turn on the heat. I won't be long."

Scott grabbed Jen's wrist. "How long?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Jen said.

“I suppose he won’t take long,” Scott said with a grin, clearly referring to how short Mike lasted during sex.

“God you’re an ass,” Jen said, but she couldn’t help laughing. She squeezed his hand and kissed him. “I’ll be back,” she said, and she walked back to Mike’s motel room.

“Hey,” Jen said softly as she came back into my motel room. She closed the door behind her. “Did you have fun tonight?”

I nodded. “Cassie’s nice,” I said.

“She is,” Jen agreed.

“What’s the story with Johnny?” I asked.

“I don’t know actually,” Jen said with a laugh. “Let’s talk about it tomorrow.”

I was sitting on the sofa. Jen reached behind her. She unzipped her dress and pulled it off her. Like earlier, it puddled around her black high heels. She got on the sofa with me, straddling my thighs.

The sight of her naked body got me hot. Got me hotter than I already was. But I couldn’t help being jealous and hurt. “So this is where you fuck me so you don’t feel so guilty?” I said bitterly.

“No,” Jen said, wrapping her arms around my neck. Looking into my eyes, she said softly “This is where I make love to my husband.”

She kissed me softly. I kissed her back.

“It’s hard seeing you with him,” I admitted to her. “You seem closer to him now than before.”

When Jen didn’t say anything, I said “What? Tell me.”

Jen hesitated, then said in a soft voice “... I *do* feel closer to him than before.”

Jen’s answer tore at my heart. “So, you really love him now,” I said. I felt angry, jealous, insecure, desperate. All those emotions came out in my voice.

“Maybe I’m just crushing hard on him, and a month from now I won’t be able to stand him anymore,” she said, looking unsure. “I don’t know Mike. I’ve never done this before. We’ve never done this.”

I stared at Jen, wondering if I could believe her. She was good at saying what she needed to say, to get her way. I wasn’t stupid. I knew what she wanted. She wanted Scott, but she wanted me too, as fallback in case

Scott cratered. Before meeting me, she'd been repeatedly hurt by men like Scott. The worse was her boyfriend before me, Colin. With me as her safety net, she could dalliance with Scott knowing I was there to catch her if shit hit the fan.

I looked at her small, perfect breasts. They were shapely with perky upturned nipples. I ran my thumb under her left breast, just like Scott and Johnny had earlier that evening in the hot tub. "I guess the next time I see you, you'll have a 55 tattoo here," I said angrily.

"Mike ... I don't know," she said. I could tell she was losing patience with me. "It's my body, you know? And if I do it, you know it'll get you hot. You've told me that." She paused, like she was counting to 10 to let her irritation pass. She said in a softer voice, "Scott's waiting outside. I have to go. But I want you."

"Are you telling the truth?" I asked. "You really want me?" I was looking desperately into her eyes. I knew I was being needy, pathetic, but at that moment I was desperate for reassurance.

"I swear to God I am," Jen said. She reached between us and unzipped my pants. She took out my cock and guided me into her. I easily slipped into her balls deep. She was really loose now. We looked at each other as she rocked on my cock.

"Do you still love me?" I asked.

"Of course I love you," Jen told me, kissing me on the lips.

"I love you too," I said desperately, hugging her tight to me.

"I didn't let Scott cum in me," Jen told me as she looked into my eyes. "But I want *you* to cum inside me."

Oh god! Her words sent joy to my heart!

I didn't last long. I came inside her. Afterwards I continued to hug her, clutching her tight. I felt my cock soften and fall out of her, but I still held her to me. I didn't want to let her go.

Jen didn't pull away immediately. She hugged me back. We kissed. For a moment I could almost imagine she was mine again.

Eventually Jen pulled away and stood up. She wiggled back into her sundress and used her fingers to brush through her hair. "I'll see you tomorrow," she promised.

"When?" I said, pressing again.

"Mike, tomorrow," Jen said with some exasperation. I could tell she was getting impatient with me again. Irritated with me for being so weak and

needy. She wanted to be with Scott. She didn't want me to ruin it for her with drama.

Perhaps regretting being short with me, Jen's expression softened. She tenderly caressed my cheek and said, "Tomorrow baby." She kissed me, then moved to the door. She turned back just before leaving and gave me a slight smile. Then she left.

Jen climbed back into Scott's pickup after leaving Mike's room. Inside, Scott smiled at her and wrapped his big arm around her. She slid close to him on the bench seat. She snuggled into his arm as they drove back to his Airstream trailer.

"I know the trailer's small," he said regretfully as they neared his land on Lake Michigan.

"It's fine Scott," Jen assured him.

"My house will be done soon," Scott promised. "Johnny's been running double shifts of his crews. We can move over there. We'll have a lot more room." Johnny was a builder and he was GCing Scott's lake house.

"That'll be awesome Scotty," Jen said. She gave his bicep a reassuring squeeze and said "But I like the trailer. Really. It's cozy."

Scott smiled at her. "I can't wait to see you naked and Tarzaning around in my house," he said with a grin.

"Oh that's what you want, huh?" Jen teased with a laugh. She was smiling into his eyes.

Scott smiled back. They were at his place now. He put the truck into park and kissed her.

Inside the trailer, Scott fucked Jen slow. He was on top. The small lamp by the bed let them see each other. They were looking into each other's face. "How was it with Mike?" he asked as he slowly stroked in and out.

"Bad," Jen told him. "He's really upset."

"He's an adult Jenny," Scott told her. "You can't be with him just because you don't want to hurt his feelings."

"Scott, I don't want to talk about Mike," Jen said. She pulled him to her. "Just fuck me," she said, kissing him.

Jen didn't cum. Maybe because she'd had so much sex already that day (between Scott and Mike), maybe because of the emotional turmoil with Mike. But that wasn't going to stop Scott from cumming. Jen was too

pretty, her body too sexy, her pussy too tight and silky smooth. Jen could tell he was about to cum. At the last moment, she wriggled from under him so his cock fell out. She immediately reached between their bodies and she took hold of his cock. She rapidly stroked him. Scott grunted and lurched, and he came on her pussy lips and tummy.

Afterwards they were snuggled together in bed, Jen in Scott's arm. She was softly caressing his chest, her fingertips tracing the well-defined muscles of his chest.

"So why aren't you letting me cum in you?" Scott abruptly asked. They'd had sex 3 times that day (a lot, even for them). He had cum in her mouth, her face and just now on her stomach.

Jen didn't answer at once. Finally, she said "This is a bad time for me."

"You mean you're ovulating?" Scott asked.

"Yes."

Scott was silent for a moment, processing that. Then he said sharply "Did you let Mike cum inside you?" He said it like an accusation.

Jen pulled away. She got up on an elbow and looked at Scott. "He's my husband Scott," she said.

"So you let him cum inside you," Scott said. It was another accusation.

"Yes," Jen admitted.

"How many times?" Scott demanded.

"Scott, god ...," Jen lamented.

"*HOW MANY TIMES?*" he demanded again. Now he was shouting.

"Twice, okay?" Jen admitted. "Twice."

"Fuck you Jen!" Scott growled. Glaring at her, he got out of the bed and went to the refrigerator. He pulled out a beer and took a long gulp.

"Can I have a beer too please?" Jen asked with a calm voice.

Scott glared at Jen again. But he got another beer and walked back to the bed. He handed her the beer. Then he sat on the bed next to her.

They were silent for long moments. Jen had her knees up to her chin as she sipped the beer. Finally in a soothing, soft voice, Jen said "He's my husband. There's got to be some things just for him. Anyways, it doesn't matter. I'm on the pill."

"So, if it doesn't matter, why make *me* pull out, and let *him* cum inside you?" Scott shot back angrily. "What would you do if you got

pregnant?” he demanded.

“Not happening Scott,” Jen told him confidently. “I’m on the pill.”

“But what would you do?” Scott said, pressing for an answer.

Jen squeezed her eyes shut, feeling frustrated. She didn’t want to deal with this. Finally, she said “I would go back to Mike,” she said honestly.

Then she quickly added “But I wouldn’t be happy. I want to be with *you*. I wouldn’t be happy without you.”

“How do you think it makes me feel Jenny?” Scott asked. He looked vulnerable. Scott was such a big, powerful, confident man. Jen wasn’t used to seeing him vulnerable. The sight tugged at her heart. It made her love him even more.

“Scotty ...,” Jen said, hugging his arm. “I don’t make you wear a condom. Do I? I don’t even ask anymore. Because I don’t want anything between us when you’re inside me. I want to feel *you*. And if you *had* cum inside me today, that’d be okay. Because I’m with you. It would feel right. It would *be* right.”

Jen’s words calmed Scott down.

But then he asked, “If you got pregnant. And it was my baby. Would you stay with me?”

“Scott ...,” Jen began. She looked at him in the eyes and said, “Be honest. If I got pregnant ... would you still want me?”

CHAPTER 5

The next day, Jen got to Mike's motel just before noon. He opened the door and she quickly slipped in. She didn't want anyone Scott knew to see her go into another man's hotel room. Her life was already too complicated.

"Hey," Mike said, looking at her.

"Hey," Jen said back. They stood a few feet apart. It was awkward between them. She was living with another man, and these brief reunions were awkward.

Finally Mike moved closer and hugged her. She hugged him back. "So what have you been doing?" he asked. "I thought you'd be over sooner."

"We slept in. I was tired from yesterday," she explained. "Then I wanted to make Scott breakfast."

"Oh ... what'd you make him?"

"He likes walnut pancakes," Jen said. "It's actually kinda hard, to keep the walnuts from burning. And making the edges crisp. It's his mom's recipe."

"You've seen his parents?" Mike asked.

"Not yet," Jen said. "Tomorrow though, we're going to church."

Mike nodded slowly, processing this information. He asked "How do you do it?"

"What?"

"Make the edges crisp."

"Corn starch," Jen explained. "You put some in milk, and then dab the pancake edges in the pan."

Mike slowly nodded again. "You always make him breakfast?" he asked.

"Not always," Jen said. "Sometimes. Usually on weekends."

Mike frowned. His stomach was churning. For some reason, hearing that she made Scott his favorite dishes for breakfast really bothered him.

Jen noticed the cloud over his face. "I'm here now though," she said,

moving to him. She wrapped her arms around Mike's neck and they kissed. She was wearing a clingy sweater, short skirt, tights and flats. Mike rubbed her back as they kissed. He felt bra straps underneath. He was quickly hard. He moved her to the bed. They collapsed on the bed. Mike didn't allow his lips to part from hers. He was hungry for her. Not just for the physical pleasure of sex. He just needed to be with her. He wanted to be as close as possible with her, he wanted to be one with her.

Mike pushed up her skirt. He tugged down her black tights. Jen worked on his belt and zipper. He got between her open legs and pushed in. He hugged and kissed her as he made love to her. Again he came fast. Panting, he pulled out and rolled to the side. He pulled her with him, so he continued to hug her long after his breathing was back to normal.

"How long are you staying?" Mike asked.

"I told Scotty we'd meet him at 7," Jen said.

"So all day?" Mike asked surprised.

"Yes."

Mike felt incredibly relieved, and grateful. "Thanks," he gushed.

"You don't have to thank me Mike."

Mike thought about what to do. "You want to watch the Penn State game?" he suggested.

"That's an awesome idea," Jen said grinning at him.

"You want to go someplace?" he asked.

"Well ... it's just, Scotty knows everyone here," she said apologetically.

"You don't want anyone to see you with me," Mike said. With a forced, humorless grin, he said "It's hard being the other man."

"But it gets you hot, right?" Jen said with a grin. Mike was half hard, his cock already stirring back to life. Jen reached down and wrapped her hand around his cock. His cock was still partially slick from their juices. It made it easy for her to slowly stroke him.

"You think you can cum again so fast?" she asked with a grin. It had been less than 5 minutes since he came inside her. Mike enthusiastically nodded his head, and it made her giggle. Jen pulled her hair to the side and went down on him. He quickly proved to her that he was able to cum again.

Mike ran out for pizza and beer. It turned out that Penn State had an off week, so they half watched another Big 10 game while they ate the pizza and beer. Afterwards Mike made another run for coffee and the New York

Times. When he got back they spent a lazy Saturday in bed, reading the coffee and reading the paper with college football playing in the background. They both felt comfortable together. They'd spent countless Saturdays like this. It was almost like being home again.

They got sleepy from the beer and the activity the previous day, and began drifting off. "Take this off," Mike asked her, touching the soft sweater. "I don't want sex. I just want to feel close to you."

Jen smiled at him. She took off the sweater. "Bra too?" she asked.

"Yes," Mike said. "You go braless for Scott but not me?" he said. He grinned to keep things light and make it sound like a joke.

"Honestly sometimes I don't feel comfortable without a bra," Jen said.

"Then why do you do it?"

Jen shrugged and said "Because that's what he likes." Seeing the cloud pass over his face, she squeezed his hand and said "You want me to tell you everything right?"

"Yes," Mike said. His gut was wrenching again. "It just hurts to hear."

Jen gave him a sympathetic smile and tenderly ran her hand down his cheek. She took off the bra and skirt, and was about to take off the black tights when Mike stopped her. "Leave those on," he said with a grin at her.

"Still my Mike," Jen said with a grin back at him. She knew he was a major leg man and loved when she wore hosiery.

They snuggled in bed under the covers. They were on their sides, looking at each other. "I know this is hard for you," she said. "It's hard for me too. You called me a selfish bitch. You're right, I am. Because I want both of you."

"That's ... hard to hear," Mike said. "But I guess not a surprise at this point."

"I think I am going to get that tat," Jen suddenly announced. "Under my breast. It'll be really small."

Mike was alarmed. "What will it say?" he asked, but he already knew.

"55," Jen said. "Not numbers like before. In script." Then she said again, "It'll be really small. Tiny lettering."

55. Scott's number on his basketball jersey. And also his initials, SS.

Jen was permanently branding herself with Scott's initials.

"Why are you telling me this?" Mike asked, desperation in his voice. Tears were welling up in his eyes.

"Because I promised to be honest with you," she told him. "I want to tell you everything. You deserve at least that."

Tears fell down his cheeks. "So you really are his," he said, his voice choking up.

Jen said "I really am into Angel Numbers," she said. The numbers 55 were a powerful spiritual icon because of the two 5s; they were supposed to give the bearer a lot of positive energy.

"That's bullshit Jen," Mike said. But there wasn't anger in his voice. Instead he sounded tired and defeated.

"Let me finish," Jen told him in a soothing voice. "Yes, I'm doing it for Scott. But I'm also into Angel Numbers. It's just like my Love tat Mike. It's about Love but also about Colin. And you love my Love tat. It gets you hot. You'll love my 55 tat too."

"It'll be right under your breast Jen," Mike said. "I'll see it all the time."

"And it'll get you hot every time you see it," Jen said. She reached down and cupped his crotch. "You're hot right now," she said, gently pressing his erection.

"What if I said no?" Mike said.

"You can't say no Mike," Jen told him. "I'm sorry. I love you. You have a right to know what I'm doing. But it's my body. And I want to do this."

"You want to do it for Scott," Mike said bitterly. Once again he felt torn apart. How many times can a person have his heart broken? Tears were falling down his cheeks.

They were silent for long moments. Then Mike softly said "I love you Jen. But right now I hate you too." His voice was full of emotion as he said this. What people say is right. Love and hate are just 2 sides of the same coin.

Jen winced at her husband's words. Now her eyes welled up with tears too. She said, "You know, it was easier for me to break up with Colin because I had the love tat. And maybe someday it'll be easier to break up with Scott because I'll have the 55 tat. You know how sentimental I am. How I hate when things end. The tats comfort me."

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?” Mike asked. “Where’s my tat then?”

“Maybe I don’t have a tat for you because I know deep down I’ll always be with you,” Jen replied.

“You mean I’ll always follow you around like your lovesick puppy dog,” Mike said bitterly.

Jen sighed. She said, “Scott was so mad last night. Do want to know why?”

Mike didn’t answer so Jen continued. “Right now I’m ovulating,” she told Mike. “He got mad because I let you cum in me, but not him.”

“Oh, are you looking for a thank you?” Mike lashed out, his voice tinged with anger and sarcasm. “I’m your husband! It’s my right to cum inside you!”

“Mike, do you freaking not understand what’s going on?” Jen cried as tears flowed down her cheeks. “I’m trying to make it work, for both you and Scott! And me! For all of us! I’m sorry we got into this! *But we got into this!* I’m doing the best I can do!”

Mike didn’t respond. He didn’t know what to say. He was exhausted. Scott had beaten him. Jen had beaten him.

After a while he said, “I don’t want to fight. I’m trying not to be drama.”

Jen wiped her eyes with her hand. “You know why I let you cum in me, and not Scott?” she softly said. “It’s like a camera focus. That’s how I think of it. Right now, at this moment, Scott’s in focus. He’s who I want to be with. But when I think about myself with children ... when I think long term ... when I think about growing old with someone ... you’re in that picture with me. Not Scott. You.”

Mike looked at Jen. “Thank you for saying that,” he said, his voice emotional again. He moved towards her. They kissed. They made soft, slow love. Then they drifted off to sleep, both emotionally exhausted.

Mike woke to the sound of Jen’s voice. “Mike baby, wake up,” she said. “We have to meet Scott.”

Mike slowly opened his eyes. Jen was at the mirror, finishing her makeup. She had already showered. She was dressed in a tight, short black dress. She wore black stockings and black high heels. Her hair and makeup

were perfect. She looked stunning. Earlier that day, when she walked into his room, she had looked beautiful too, but sweet and girl-next-door beautiful. Now she looked movie star beautiful. Super model sexy. *Playboy* centerfold hot. Once again, she had made herself as fuckable as possible for Scott.

“Come on Mike, get up, we have to meet Scott,” she urged him as she painted red lipstick over her sexy, pouty lips. “I told him we’d meet at 7.”

Mike looked at the clock. It was 6:30. He looked at her again. She wore his wedding and engagement rings on her left hand. But she also had Scott’s diamonds in her ears. And soon she’d have his initials permanent inked under her left breast.

“I think I’m going to head out,” Mike told her. “There’s a flight tonight back to New York.”

“Oh,” Jen said surprised. She stopped playing with her lips to look at him. “Why?”

“I really appreciate this weekend,” Mike said, forcing a grin. “What you did to set up everything. Thank you. But there’s only so much my heart can take.” He grinned to let her know he was joking. But really, he wasn’t joking. “Tell Scott thanks for getting the Highland Park last night. I appreciate it.”

Jen sat on the bed next to Mike. “Are you sure?” she asked. “You’ll be okay?”

“Yes, definitely, I’m fine,” Mike assured her, giving her another smile. “It’ll just take me a minute to pack. Can you drive me to the airport?”

“Well, um, I promised to meet Scott at 7,” she stammered, looking apologetic.

Mike forced a smile. “No worries. I’ll get an uber,” he said. Inside his heart was breaking again. Just one more example that Scott was more important than him.

As if sensing his thoughts, Jen said “I meant what I said before.”

Mike nodded and smiled again. “I don’t really hate you,” he said. He laughed to lighten the moment. For the same reason, Jen laughed too.

In the uBer a few minutes later, Mike squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to cry. He put little faith in Jen’s camera analogy. Even if she honestly felt that way now – that she wanted to be with Scott now, but long term she wanted to be with him – how likely was it she’d still feel that way down the road, after Scott had more time to work on her?

Just look how much Scott had already won her over in just 3 weeks. She was already willing to let Scott permanently ink her with his initials! Where would Jen be in 3 months? Would she be completely Scott's girl? Would she still have *any* feelings for him? Mike wasn't even sure if Jen was telling the truth about the camera analogy. Maybe she was lying and saying whatever she had to, to appease him. To ease her guilt. Maybe their sex was nothing more than pity fucks.

But then, Mike hadn't told Jen the whole truth either. Because at that moment, he *did* hate Jen. He loved her. But he hated her too.

CHAPTER 6

The next morning

“I think last night was the first time we haven’t had sex since I got here,” Jen said as they drove to church in Scott’s pickup. They were meeting Scott’s parents.

“Didn’t you get enough yesterday?” Scott said sarcastically.

“No. Not from you,” Jen said, hugging his big muscular arm.

“Huh,” Scott scoffed. “I guess Mike’s pencil dick doesn’t do it for you.”

Jen sighed. She felt uncomfortable when he made fun of Mike, but this was no time to call him on it. Scott was still mad at her letting Mike but not him cum inside her. “I’m just trying to make it work for all of us Scott,” she said gingerly, telling him the same thing she told Mike last night. “I’m with you. Mike went home yesterday and I’m with you.”

“How can I feel like you’re with me when you wear those?” Scott asked, motioning to the rings on Jen’s left hand. “Especially today. I told you before. My mom and dad are old fashioned. They won’t understand.”

“It’s okay Scott,” Jen assured him. She tried to be gentle. She didn’t want to fight. “Your mom figured it out.”

“How?”

“She saw the marks the rings leave on my finger,” Jen told him. “She knows I’m married and working through things. I’m sure she told your father.”

“So, what am I supposed to say when they ask?” Scott asked.

“Tell them I’m married and working on things,” Jen shrugged. “Tell them you’re helping me work on things.” She rubbed his arm and said, “It’s true Scott.”

They stopped at a light. Jen took off her wedding and engagement

rings. Scott watched her. Jen put the engagement ring with the sparkling diamond in a zippered pouch of her purse. Then she put the thin gold wedding band back on her finger. Without the diamond of the engagement ring, it wasn't as apparent she was wearing a wedding ring. "Is this better?" Jen asked.

Scott scoffed and gave her a whatever shrug. But his anger eased down a notch.

At church, Scott's parents greeted Jen with big smiles. "We were so happy when Scott told us you were back together!" his mom gushed with a big excited smile. His dad was beaming at her too with an even bigger smile. They both gave Jen a big hug.

Jen was wearing a knee length dress, appropriately conservative for church. Still, when she sat down the dress hiked up to mid-thigh. She had on stockings and high heels. Scott glanced down at her legs. He felt his cock stiffen. Even though he was annoyed at her, he was still a man, and no red-blooded man could look at Jenny Andrews' long sexy legs and not get aroused. He put his hand on her thigh. Then, as if remembering he was still angry with her, he started to jerk his hand away. But Jen stopped him. She put both her hands on his, pressing his hand to her thigh. Scott could feel garter straps under the dress. His cock got even harder. Jen looked him in the eyes, silently saying to him "*I wore this for you.*"

Jen slid closer to Scott as the service began. She leaned her head against his shoulder. Scott tried not to look at her. But then eventually he looked down at her. He found her looking up at him with her big beautiful blue eyes. God she was so gorgeous. Young, innocent and sweet looking. And gorgeous.

She smiled at him. The smile made her look even more beautiful. Scott glared at her, wanting to stay mad at her. But inside his heart was turning cartwheels.

As the service moved on, the congregation knelt to say a prayer. When Jen knelt onto the soft pillow on the floor, her dress hiked up higher and she flashed her lacy stocking tops to anyone who was looking (and more than a few men were looking). Scott was looking. He was looking down at her legs, at the exposed stocking tops.

Jen remembered Easter, when she told Mike she couldn't wear thigh high stockings as she would flash herself when she knelt in the pew, the way she was doing now. It made her feel guilty, but then when she saw Scott

looking at her with growing arousal, she was glad she wore stockings for him. She knew she would always wear stockings for Scott, if that kept him interested in her.

After church they went to a diner for brunch. His parents asked Scott about his new business. "It's going great," he said. He added "Jenny's helping me with it. She's helping me a lot."

Scott's mom and dad both gave Jen big appreciative smiles. Then his mom's eyes drifted to the wedding ring on her finger. She and her husband had noticed it earlier and had whispered about it in church. It was time to address the elephant in the room, so she gently asked, "Jenny you're still married?"

"I guess you could say we're separated," Jen said. She looked at Scott, into his eyes. "It's kind of confusing, for both me and Scott. But I'm here because I want to be with Scott." She looked back at his mom and dad and gave them an embarrassed, sheepish smile. "I know that probably sounds stupid"

"No, no, not at all," mom quickly said. She gave Jen's hand an encouraging squeeze. Because she was a mom, and a woman, she had sensed the tension between Jen and her son. She took Scott's hand and joined it with Jen's. "As long as you're together, that's all that matters."

Scott was still cold to Jen on the way home. She took his hand and said "I don't want to fight anymore Scott."

Scott jerked his hand away. "When's he coming again?" he asked.

"I don't know," Jen said. "I guess 2 or 3 weeks."

"That soon?" Scott said with a scowl.

"Scotty ... isn't it enough that I'm here with you?" Jen said pleadingly. "I'm not with Mike. I'm with *you*."

Inside the Airstream trailer, Scott threw Jen onto the bed. He was still angry with her, but he craved her body and could no longer resist. He jerked up her skirt and tore off her thong panties, making Jen yelp. He pulled down his pants and lined up his cock with her pussy. Her pussy lips glistened with arousal. Jen needed him as much as he needed her.

Scott pushed in, and after some initial resistance, he was balls deep inside her. He kissed Jen, and then kissed up her neck, making her moan. "Oh fuck yes Scotty! Fuck me! I so need this! Fuck me Scotty!" she cried.

Scott pinned Jen's hands above her head as he fucked her. He slammed his cock into her, violently fucking her. He glared at her and

snarled “Don’t ask me to pull out! I’m not going to pull out!”

Jen came first. She tightly squeezed Scott’s hands as her orgasm hit, and cried out as orgasmic pleasure shot through her body.

Scott squeezed Jen’s hands back. He was cumming. He kissed and moaned into her mouth, ramming her hard, over and over again. Each time he ejaculated his sperm into her. Afterwards he pushed in all the way, trapping his potent seed deep insider her fertile womb.

Finally, he pulled out. Still panting, he collapsed onto his back next to her. “I’m not apologizing for what I just did,” he told her. “I’m a man Jenny. You’re either my girl or you’re not. If you’re not, then there’s the door. Get out. Go back to your cuck husband.”

Jen snuggled into Scott’s side. He didn’t at first, but then he wrapped his arm around her. She lightly stroked his chest.

She said “I wasn’t going to make you pull out. I thought I needed to keep things just for Mike, but then I realized that was stupid. This was especially stupid. I can get pregnant any time, it’s not just when I’m ovulating. The pill’s either gonna work, or it’s not gonna work.”

Jen felt some of the tension leave Scott’s body. She got up on an elbow and looked into his eyes. She said, “Last night, when Mike left, I thought to myself, do I want to go with him, or do I want to stay here with you? And I’ll admit, there was a little bit of me that wanted to go with Mike. But most of me wants to be here with you.”

“But someday you might want to go back to Mike?” Scott asked.

Jen didn’t answer his question directly. “I want to play it day by day, like you said,” she said. “Are you okay with that? Or do you want me to leave?”

Scott hesitated only a second. “I want you to stay,” he told her. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

CHAPTER 7

The next weekend Jen and Scott went to Johnny's for dinner. Cassie was there of course. Johnny got the grill going, and they got into the hot tub as they waited for the embers to be ready for cooking.

The four were drinking and having fun when a couple Hispanic men suddenly appeared. Their names were Jose and Luis. Jen was scared, not because they were Hispanic (although they were the first Hispanics she had met in Michigan), but because they so suddenly appeared and also because -- well -- because, they looked dangerous. Jose had a snake tattoo that ran up his neck and he wore his jeans very low on his hips, like a gangsta. Luis was a big man and seemed to have a perpetual sneer on his face. He had tats on the front of his fingers that spelled out "FUCK YOU."

Johnny, Scott and Cassie clearly knew the men. Jose and Luis walked to the hot tub. They spoke to Johnny but the entire time their eyes were on Jen and Cassie in their skimpy bikinis. Johnny handed over some money, and Luis gave him a small plastic bag. Weed. They lingered a little longer, both men looking at the girls. Then they left.

"They're your dealers?" Jen asked wide eyed.

"Yeah, what a joke right?" Johnny said with a laugh. "Mexican drug dealers in Michigan." Both Scott and Cassie laughed.

As Johnny rolled a joint, Jen joked, "Well at least they deliver." All four laughed again.

Johnny lit the joint and took a long drag. Then he passed it to Cassie. "It's not all business. We hang out sometimes with Jose and Luis, don't we Cass?" he said with a lecherous grin at her.

"Yeah Johnny, whatever," Cassie jeered. She sucked on the joint, then handed it to Jen.

Jose and Luis were soon forgotten as they passed around the joint and got high. Johnny rolled a second one and Scott went to the kitchen for another round of beers. Cassie took the opportunity to slide over to Jen. "So

last week was fun,” Cassie said smiling at her.

“Yes, definitely,” Jen said smiling back.

“Mike’s nice. Quiet but nice,” Cassie said.

“He’s shy,” Jen said.

“You ever date him?” Cassie asked.

Jen was surprised by Cassie’s abrupt question. “Why do you ask?” she said with a laugh. She laughed to hide her nervousness.

“Just the way Mike acted,” Cassie said. “He followed you around like a lovesick puppy dog.”

“He’s always been that way,” Jen said with another laugh. She also laughed inside because those were the exact same words Mike used to describe himself.

“So, I never got a chance to apologize,” Cassie said. “For hitting on you.” She was referring to the night they first met.

“It’s alright,” Jen said with a laugh. “It got wild that night.”

“It always gets wild at Johnny’s,” Cassie said with a grin. “Believe me, you haven’t seen wild yet.”

“No?” Jen said with another laugh. Looking into Cassie’s eyes, she said “Actually I was flattered.”

“Really? Why?” Cassie said.

“Well, because you’re so pretty,” Jen said. “You remind me of my best friend Allie.”

“Oh I do?” Cassie said with a grin. “Is she wicked too?”

“She used to be. She just got divorced,” Jen said. “She’s getting her mojo back though.”

“Wow, Allie does sound like me,” Cassie said, looking melancholy for a moment. Then the melancholy was gone and she gave Jen a wicked grin. “So, you ever fuck Allie?”

“Well I’m straight,” Jen said with a laugh.

“So am I,” Cassie said, smiling into Jen’s eyes.

Jen looked back into Cassie’s eyes. She said “We made out sometimes. And groped each other. Mostly on the dance floor, when we’re trying to get guys hot.” Jen grinned at her and added “She’s got big tits like you.”

“And you’ve got little ones,” Cassie said grinning back at her.

“I like my little titties,” Jen said.

Cassie moved closer so their lips were almost touching. “I like them

too,” she said huskily. She was so close Jen could feel the breath of her words on her face. “Wanna get the boys hot?”

Jen hesitated. She knew Scott wanted her to fuck Cassie. That was no surprise. All men had girl-girl fantasies. It was one of Mike’s biggest fantasies too. Last time, she had put Cassie off. She did it because she was scared. She had never had sex with a girl before. But mostly because she felt it was something she should save for Mike. As her husband, he should be there the first time she fucked a girl.

But she had decided such boundaries were stupid. Keeping things exclusively for Mike didn’t work while she was Scott’s girl. And she was Scott’s girl. She might be legally married to Mike, but right now, at this moment, she was Scott’s girl.

Looking into Cassie’s beautiful brown eyes, Jen reached behind her neck. She pulled the string. She pulled the string at her back too. Instantly her bikini top was lost in the bubbling water of the hot tub. Cassie looked at Jen’s bare tits. Then she looked back up at Jen’s beautiful face. Jen wrapped her arms around Cassie’s neck. “Yeah, let’s get the boys hot,” she said, and then she kissed Cassie.

It was different kissing a girl compared to a boy. Most straight girls are submissive to a certain extent. After all, a girl’s expected to get on her knees and put a man’s penis in her mouth. She’s expected to open her legs and allow a man to penetrate her body.

But there are degrees of submissiveness. Jen was extremely submissive, and Cassie not so much. So even though Jen had started it, Cassie took over. “You like this?” she said as she kissed up Jen’s neck, just below her ear.

“Yes,” Jen moaned, her head rolling back.

“You like this?” Cassie said again, this time rubbing Jen’s little eraser nipples.

“Yeah,” Jen said, the word coming out like another moan. “Ugh god,” she groaned as Cassie twisted her hard nipples.

“Your tiny tits are so sensitive,” Cassie said, giving Jen a wicked grin as she fondled her breasts and rubbed her nipples.

“Yeah,” Jen breathed, her mouth parted in an O. She grimaced as Cassie again twisted her nipples. “God, fuck,” Jen groaned.

“Oh my god, you’re so fun to play with,” Cassie said with a laugh. “I’m gonna have so much fun with your little body.”

By the fire pit, Scott and Johnny stood watching. “This is good,” Scott said. His cock was rock hard. “This is really good.”

Johnny was super hard too. “You’re gonna let me fuck her this time, right?” he asked his best friend.

“Yeah,” Scott said with a nod, his eyes not moving from the action in the hot tub. “Use a condom though. She’s ovulating.”

“Fuck Scott that’s hot!” Johnny said excitedly, his cock twitching at the prospect. “Let me cum inside her!”

“She’s my girl, asshole,” Scott said, hitting Johnny’s arm. “And besides, she’s on the pill.”

“So let me cum inside her then,” Johnny said again.

“No way asshole,” Scott said with another slap to Johnny’s arm.

“Come on,” Cassie told Jen. She held Jen’s hand as she climbed out of the hot tub. Cassie had taken off her top too, so they both were topless. Cassie’s breasts were large and perfect, and stood proudly on her chest. Not as perky as Jen’s with upturned nipples, but still firm especially for their size. Both girls had very sexy, very ripe bodies.

Holding Jen’s hand, Cassie walked over to the boys.

“Are you excited?” Cassie whispered to Johnny.

“Fucking yes!” Johnny whispered back, a big excited grin on his face. Cassie grinned back at him. They’d talked about fucking Scott’s girlfriend. They’d had threesomes with other girls before, but no one as pretty and sexy as Jen, not even close.

Cassie led Jen back into the house, into the bedroom. They toweled off, and then Cassie kissed Jen. They fell onto the bed. Cassie was on top. She explored and fondled Jen’s body as she kissed her.

Johnny got on the bed with them, behind Jen. He kissed her neck as he fondled her ass and sexy legs.

Johnny pulled Jen to him, so now she was facing him. Johnny kissed Jen, his lips replacing Cassie’s. “I’ve wanted you since I met you,” he whispered into her ear as he kissed up her neck. Jen was breathing hard. Cassie’s and Johnny’s mouths and hands were all over her body and they were experienced lovers, they knew how to give pleasure. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d been so turned on.

Scott was the alpha in the room. He and Johnny were best friends, and Johnny was actually the bigger man, but still Johnny always deferred to Scott. Scott pushed Cassie away and pressed up against Jen’s back. He

pulled her blonde hair so she looked at him, and then he was kissing her. With his hand, he grabbed his cock and lined it up with her pussy. He pushed in. Jen was soaking wet so it was easier to penetrate her than usual. Scott let Jen's hair go and said to Johnny "Kiss Jenny while I fuck her."

Johnny didn't have to be asked twice. His lips were immediately on Jen's again, pushing his tongue down her throat. He fondled Jen's tits and fingered her clit while Scott fucked her from behind.

Then Cassie moved down Jen's body. She nudged Johnny's hand away and moved her lips to Jen's pussy. Cassie went down on Jen as Scott fucked her from behind. As Scott thrusted in and out of her, Cassie licked over and around Jen's clit. As they did that, Johnny used his tongue and fingers on Jen's nipples.

It was too much for Jen. Suddenly she came. She came hard. Her body exploded in a massive orgasm. Then her body shuddered from secondary climaxes. Her orgasm was so intense she was left mumbling incoherently and her arms and legs were jerking uncontrollably.

The feel of Jen's pussy spasming on his cock pushed Scott over the edge. He tightly gripped Jen's slim hips as he jack-hammered into her, shooting his sperm deep into her ovulating pussy. When he pulled out, his cum seeped from her pussy lips and down her crack.

"Come on, my turn man," Johnny said desperately. Scott and Cassie gave him room, and Johnny got on top of Jen.

"Condom asshole," Scott reminded him. Breathing hard in anticipation, he nodded and reached for a condom. He quickly sheathed his cock. Then he opened Jen's legs wide. Holding his cock, he pushed into her. He slid in balls deep, and then he moaned and his eyes went up into his head.

"Fuck Scott you're right, she does have a fucking sweet pussy," Johnny groaned. Both Scott and Cassie laughed.

Johnny fucked Jen hard. He kissed her and fondled her tight petite body as he fucked her. He had wanted Jen from the moment he saw her, and he wanted the experience to last, but her pussy felt too fucking good. Her face was too fucking pretty and her body was too fucking tight and sexy. Within moments he came, shooting off into the condom. Both Scott and Cassie laughed at how fast he came.

"Now my turn," Cassie said. She moved up Jen's body and straddled her head. "You ever lick pussy before Jenny?" she asked as she lowered her

pussy on Jen's face. "Lick me honey," she purred. Jen hadn't ever licked pussy before, but she knew how she liked being licked, especially by Mike, so she did that for Cassie. She licked Cassie the way Mike licked her. "Oh fuck, your girlfriend's good at eating pussy Scott," Cassie said with a moan, her eyelids fluttering.

Scott moved up to Cassie. He wrapped an arm around her and kissed her, pushing his tongue in deep. He mauled her big tits as he kissed her, making Cassie moan again.

Johnny was watching the 3 of them go at it. He was caressing Jen's thigh, admiring her body, her perfect little tits, her flat stomach, her long toned legs. "Shit I'm hard again," he said to no one in particular. He moved up between Jen's legs again. He put on another condom and then penetrated Jen again. By this time, Jen's pussy was well used, so he was able to get inside her easier this time. Still her pussy felt so fucking good.

Scott saw that Johnny was fucking Jen again, and he was hard again too. He pulled Cassie off Jen's face and pushed her onto her hands and knees. Then he penetrated her from behind. He began fucking Cassie like a dog. Cassie's head was above Jen's, as she was on her back. They looked at each other as their pussies were pounded. Cassie lowered her face and kissed Jen. They made out and tongued each other as they got fucked by the other's boyfriend.

When Jen woke up the sun was shining through the window. Initially she was disoriented being in a strange bed, but then the memories of last night came flooding into her head. She was in the bed where they'd fucked. The bed – the entire room – still reeked of sex. Jen reeked of sex too. Dried cum was splattered on her body, and some was even matted in her blonde hair. Parts of her body were sore, mostly her pussy, but even her mouth and breasts ached a little. She and Cassie had been fucked repeatedly by the boys.

Jen wondered where Scott was. But she was happy for the moment of solitude. She was amazed at how much her life had changed. Just a year ago, she was Mike's faithful wife. They had an ordinary marriage. Loving, but ordinary. She had been devoted to Mike. He was her man, her only man. Sure, she looked at cute guys. But she never strayed. She never broke her marriage vows.

Now look at her. Not even a year later. She was “separated” from Mike and living with another man. She was having threesomes and foursomes. And as of last night, not just with men but with girls too. She’d even had an affair with Joey, Mike’s young friend who he practically helped raise. Being faithful to Mike was long past. Her marriage vows had been broken a long time ago.

Jen amazed at how much she had changed. She missed Mike. She felt guilty about him. But she was happy with Scott. Being with him was so exciting! And last night, it’d been so wild. Thrilling! She had cum so many times. She lost count of the number of times she’d cum.

It was embarrassing too. Especially the part with Cassie. Cassie had used her tongue on her, and her fingers. Cassie had made her cum. She had made Cassie cum too, with her tongue. At the time she was licking Cassie’s pussy, Johnny was fucking her from behind. And then Scott pulled Cassie off her face and fucked her pussy from behind. God! It had been so wild! Jen pulled the sheet up to her eyes, covering her face. She giggled to herself at the memories. *JenJen* had been wild in college, but nothing like this! She was both embarrassed and thrilled. She was mortified at the thought of facing Johnny and Cassie today. Especially Cassie.

At that moment, Johnny walked in. He was naked.

“God Johnny put something on!” Jen said with an embarrassed laugh. She threw him a pillow.

Johnny laughed too. He used the pillow to cover his private parts. “I wanted to check on you,” he said, smiling at her. “Howya doing?”

“Where’s Scott?”

“He’s fucking Cassie,” Johnny said simply.

Jen’s lips parted in a surprised O. Then she listened. She heard sounds of sex. Scott was with Cassie in just the next bedroom over.

Seeing Jen’s expression, Johnny said “I hope you’re not jealous.”

“Well, I am,” Jen said crossly. Last night was different. They’d all been together. Now Scott was alone with Cassie. It was *completely* different.

“I’m not jealous, and Cassie’s my girlfriend,” Johnny told her with a shrug. “We’ve known each other forever. Since junior high school. Believe me, if there was something between Scott and Cassie, it would’ve happened by now.”

“But they’re together now,” Jen said irritably.

“It’s just fucking,” Johnny said. He was casual about it, like saying

“they’re just watching a movie.”

“Why aren’t you with them?” Jen asked.

Johnny put his hand on Jen’s leg, on top of the sheet. He ran his hand up her thigh. “I told you,” he said. “I wanted to check on you.”

Jen looked at Johnny. He was handsome and was actually bigger than Scott. He was taller, had broader shoulders and thicker thighs. His chest and abs weren’t as ripped like Scott’s, but he still had a hot body. Jen felt small when she was with Scott. With Johnny she felt absolutely tiny. Fortunately his cock wasn’t as big as his body. If it was, he’d tear her apart. His cock was actually smaller than Scott’s. But he was still big enough. Way big enough.

Johnny noticed Jen looking at his body. He grinned, knowing he was going to get more of her pussy. He curled a finger in the sheet at her chin and pulled it. Jen let him. Johnny pulled the sheet away, exposing Jen’s naked, sexy body. She didn’t move or cover herself; she let him look at her body.

Johnny’s eyes moved up and down Jen’s body. His breathing got heavy as he looked at her perfect, perky tits, her sexy flat stomach, her bare mound, her long beautiful legs. He looked at her face too. Even first thing in the morning with her hair messed up and no make up, she was so incredibly gorgeous. His eyes focused on her feet. He took her left foot in his hands. “You have pretty feet,” he said, his voice hoarse from arousal.

“I know,” Jen said, giving him a teasing smile. She pulled her foot from Johnny’s hands and moved it under the pillow. She felt his cock. He was hard. She ran her toes up his shaft.

Johnny’s eyes fluttered. “You ever fuck your ex with your feet?” he asked.

Jen frowned. “Why’d you bring him up?”

“Scott mentioned him,” Johnny said, looking apologetic. “Sorry I shouldn’t have. Scott’s jealous though.”

“Of my husband?” Jen asked.

“Yes.”

Jen nodded slowly, processing that. She liked that Scott was jealous. Especially since, at that moment, he was having sex with Cassie. Maybe what Johnny said was true. They were old high school friends who liked to have fun, and part of that fun included sex.

Jen grinned at Johnny and ran her foot again up his shaft. She said “Actually, yes, I’ve used my feet on Mike. He likes it better when I’m

wearing high heels.”

Johnny laughed. “That’s hot,” he said.

“You want that?” Jen asked with a grin. Her *Jimmy Choos* were someplace in the house.

“I’ve got a better place for my cock,” Johnny said grinning at her.

“I bet you do,” Jen said with a grin and pulled the pillow away, exposing his hard cock.

“Maybe you’ll do me with your feet some other time,” he said.

“Maybe I will,” Jen said with a teasing smile.

Grinning, Johnny climbed on top of her. “Johnny, I’m filthy,” Jen protested weakly. She had dried cum stains all over her body.

“I like filthy,” Johnny joked. They both laughed. Johnny got on top of Jen and kissed her. He supported most of his weight on his powerful arms, otherwise he’d crush Jen’s petite body under his huge frame.

Johnny explored and fondled Jen’s body as he kissed her. Jen caressed his body too. Last night had been super hot but rushed too. This was more relaxed. It was morning. They had all day, all the time in the world.

“You’re seriously the prettiest girl I’ve ever met,” Johnny told Jen between kisses.

“That’s not nice,” Jen said. “Cassie.”

“You’re prettier than Cassie, and she knows it,” Johnny said. “Why do you think she wanted to fuck you so much?”

Johnny continued to kiss and explore Jen’s body. “Your body’s so fucking tight,” he said. He put on a condom and spread her legs. He pushed his cock against her pussy lips, forcing his cock into her.

“God Johnny you feel good,” Jen moaned, her eyes rolling back into her head.

“Your pussy’s so sweet,” Johnny gushed as he pushed in, inch-by-inch.

Johnny rocked back and forth, fucking Jen slow with long strokes. Jen had her arms around his neck and they kissed as he fucked her. Johnny reached down and fingered her ass, making her groan with pleasure.

At some point, Scott and Cassie were there. They got on the bed and Johnny leaned back, giving them access to Jen’s body. Scott kissed Jen and played with her tits while Cassie licked her clit, all while Johnny continued to fuck her pussy. It was like last night – the stimulation was too much. Jen

screamed as she came with a massive orgasm, her entire body convulsing and spasming. They didn't let up though. All 3 kept kissing, licking and fucking Jen's body. Jen came again, and while the orgasm wasn't as violent, it seemed just as intense, starting from the depths of her being and slowing rolling through her body until it cascaded over her clit and nipples. Her scream wasn't as loud, but it was desperate and even soulful. Afterwards she couldn't take anymore. She begged them to stop.

Later Jen and Scott were alone in his Airstream trailer. They showered and then lazed around in bed, recovering from last night and earlier that morning. Scott was in boxers. Jen wore one of his button-down shirts. "So is that going to be a regular thing?" she asked him, referring to their orgy with Cassie and Johnny.

"You had fun right?" Scott said smiling at her. He tenderly brushed loose locks of blonde hair from her beautiful face.

"Yeah, I mean, variety is fun," Jen admitted with a smile and a shrug.

"Variety is fun," Scott agreed. "You know how I am. Live for the moment. Last night was hedonistic. There's nothing wrong with hedonism." With a grin he joked "They even have a resort named for it."

Jen grinned back.

"You're still my girl though," he told her. "I might let you fuck Johnny but you're still mine."

"I like being yours," Jen said, smiling at him. She was running her fingertips over his chest, following the definition of his ripped chest.

"I'm not like Mike though. I'm not a cuck," Scott quickly added. "I don't get off on you fucking other guys. I get off on pleasure. And experiences. For both of us."

"I see the difference," Jen assured him.

"So, you fucked Cassie," Scott said with a grin. "I thought you were saving the girl-girl action for him."

By "him," Jen knew Scott was referring to Mike of course. "I told you," she said. "I wanted boundaries at first. I thought they were important. But we've gotten closer. They don't make sense anymore." With a shrug, she said "At least that's how I feel."

"I'm glad you feel that way," Scott said, smiling into her eyes. He kissed her. Jen kissed him back. For a few moments they made out, and Scott began stiffening in his boxers.

Jen suddenly announced, "Mike's visiting next weekend."

Scott didn't answer at once. His face momentarily clouded over, but then he forced a smile. "That's cool," he said with forced cheerfulness. "Maybe we'll go over to Johnny and Cassie's again. It'll get Mike hot."

"I'm sure it will," Jen said with a laugh. Then they made out some more.

A little later Jen was tracing the tats on Scott's arm sleeves with her painted nails. "You said Davis will be in town this week?" she asked.

"Yes," Scott said. "He's doing this here." He pointed to a small rectangular space on his left arm. It was one of the few places on his arms not yet inked.

"You think he might have time for me?" Jen asked.

Scott's eyes got big with surprise. "You want that 55 tat under your tit?" he asked. They'd talked about it, making the previous henna permanent, but Scott hadn't been sure how serious she was about it.

"I do," she said. "I like where I am right now. No boundaries. Living for the moment. I want the 55 tat. It goes along with all that. It feels right."

Scott's grin got even wider. "Mike's gonna shit in his pants," he said with a laugh.

Jen shrugged. She said, "Honestly I just want to get it over with. You're right, he'll be mad. But I want him to see who I am now. He has to accept me for being me."

"If he's gonna go ape-shit-crazy, tell him not to come," Scott told her.

"Scotty you know I can't do that," she said.

Scott frowned, irritation flashing on his handsome face. But he quickly pushed the irritation away. After all, he was winning. He was turning Jenny into his girl. Soon, Jenny would be all his, and Mike would be a loser who used to have a smoking hot wife.

Scott moved on top of Jen, pushing down his shorts in the process. He kissed her and paused only long enough to pull his shirt over her head. Then he was kissing her again and fondling her naked body. Soon they were both panting and breathing hard, and Jen reached down to guide his cock into her. She moaned and rolled her head back as he entered her. Then they were fucking. Kissing and fondling while he moved in and out. Making love.

"I love you Jenny," Scott said, looking into her eyes.

"I love you too Scotty," Jen said, looking back into Scott's eyes.

They kissed and held each other as they made slow love.

CHAPTER 8

Mike was looking out the window into darkness, thinking about Jen, wondering what she was doing. He was working hard, pouring himself into his work. He did it to help take his mind off Jen. He also did it to get ahead in his job. He wanted to show Jen that, while he might not be as handsome or good in bed as Scott, he was more successful professionally. Mike needed something he was better at than Scott. Both for his ego, and also to get Jen to move back to New York and live with him again as his wife.

It was working too, at least the professional part. Earlier that week Mike had been made a partner in his firm based on the success of Sapphire. It was a surprise announcement, and he was now the youngest partner ever. He was waiting for the weekend to tell Jen.

There was a knock at the door, breaking Mike's reverie. He turned to look. It was Elaine.

Elaine was the youngest person on his team, by far. She was only 22. She acted older though and seemed more worldly than just 22.

Elaine certainly didn't dress like a young girl just a year out of college. Even Jen, back when she was only 22, wore mostly jeans and sneakers. Elaine wore only expensive designer dresses and skirts, and her feet were always in stiletto high heels. Also, as she was today, she usually wore hose.

"So Mike, I didn't get a chance to talk to you at the reception," Elaine said, smiling at him. "Congrats! Wow, youngest partner ever. But you deserve it boss."

Mike couldn't help smiling. Elaine was the only person on his team who called him *boss*.

Mike remembered Jen suggested he date a girl. She had specifically suggested Elaine. That hurt when Jen said that. She used to be jealous of Elaine. Over a year ago, when he was working closely with Elaine on a prototype of Sapphire, Jen flew in a jealous rage and accused him of having an affair.

But that had been before their Game. Before Scott. Now Jen didn't care if he had an affair with Elaine. In fact, she encouraged it. Mike knew it was because Jen felt guilty about Scott. And she wanted more room to be with Scott. All of that really tore at Mike's heart.

Still, Elaine was here. She was young. Pretty. Available. And Mike was all alone, with his wife living with another man halfway across the country.

"You feel like getting a drink?" Mike suddenly asked.

Elaine's eyes went wide, shocked. Mike had never asked her out for a drink, lunch, dinner, nothing. But she quickly recovered and was composed again. "Sounds fun," she said, acting cool and nonchalant. "I need to finish something. Meet in 15?"

I let Elaine seduce me. We got a drink and then went to her apartment. We fucked. She was clearly the aggressor. She had hit on me before and I'd said no. She wasn't taking no for an answer this time. Not that I fought it. I was a willing participant.

I enjoyed it too. It was impossible not to. She was young and pretty. She had a sexy body. She was curvy and voluptuous. I preferred slim and petite (like Jen), but that didn't mean I didn't appreciate her curvy body. She had a good body, and I enjoyed it.

I think Elaine enjoyed it too. I made sure she came with my tongue. Then when we fucked I was able to last almost 20 minutes (I timed it with a few quick glances at her bedside alarm clock). By the time I came we were both sweaty.

It was actually easy for me to hold off. Elaine was pretty and sexy but she wasn't stunning like Jen, she didn't have blonde hair or tiny tits, she didn't have Jen's super tight ass or long gorgeous legs. And, frankly, Elaine's pussy didn't feel as good. Maybe her pussy was tighter, because she was 7 years younger and her pussy hadn't been ravaged by a monster cock like Scott's for months. But Elaine's pussy wasn't silky smooth like Jen's. And even though Jen's pussy wasn't as tight as it used to be, it's not like it was incredibly loose. It was just looser.

Most of all, I wasn't in my cuck-space with Elaine. So, it was easy for me to hold off and last. With Elaine, it was just physical. With Jen, it's physical *and emotional*. Any man into the cuckold fantasy will know what

I'm talking about.

Afterwards we hung out and watched a movie. I was in my t-shirt and boxers and Elaine wore a long Ranger's jersey. I had my arm around her and she leaned her head on my chest. "So I heard you're separated from Jen again?" she asked.

I thought it was a stupid question. Of course we were separated. If we weren't separated I certainly wouldn't be cheating on my wife. But I didn't say any of that of course. Instead I just nodded my head yes.

"What happened?" she gently probed.

I hesitated. Then I told her the truth. "She left me for another man."

"Oh," Elaine said. She was clearly shocked. "She dumped you? I can't believe that."

"Why? Scott looks like a model. Like a movie star on TV."

"And you're *Mike Andrews*," Elaine said immediately. "The creator of Sapphire. The youngest partner in our firm, ever."

I stared at Elaine. Now *I* was shocked. Clearly Elaine valued different things than Jen. For her, professional success was a priority. For Jen, looks meant more. Alpha-ness meant more. Sexual prowess meant more.

Elaine confirmed my thoughts by saying "I get it. Jen's into looks. Lots of girls are. I think that's stupid though. Looks don't last. That's why I'm more into what's inside." As she said this, she tapped my chest. "What's inside here. You're a good man Mike. A kind man. You're brilliant. And also, by the way, I think you're really cute. I always have." With a grin she added "And you're a great lover. I mean, you seriously got me off. Twice!"

"Well, thanks," I sputtered, overwhelmed by her compliments. I got her to cum twice? I knew once with my tongue. She came a second time on my cock too? I had begun to think my cock was too small and thin to get any girl off.

Kind of shyly, I said, "I've always thought you were pretty."

"And young too, right?" Elaine said with a laugh. She was 22 and I was 10 years older. "That's okay don't worry. I've always had a thing for older men." With a teasing twinkle in her eye, she added "You're actually kind of young for me." We both laughed.

Elaine pulled away a little so she could look at me. She stroked my chest and said "So are you going to ask me out? Or was this just a hook up?"

I thought about it. The reality was, I was lonely. I liked Elaine. She was pretty and sexy. And yes, she was young – barely out of college -- and what man didn't get off on that?

"I'd like to ask you out," I finally said. "But I want to be honest. I'm trying to get back together with Jen. She told me she'll eventually come back to me."

"You'd take her back, after leaving you for another man?" Elaine asked me incredulously.

"I can't help it," I said, giving Elaine a helpless look. "I love her."

Elaine frowned at me. I could tell she was considering her options. Finally, she said, "Well, okay ... I guess I can live with that. After all, we're not exclusive, you and me, right? So we'll see how it goes." She grinned at me and added "We'll be friends with benefits."

"Alright," I said with a laugh. I'd never had a friend with benefits. Then I realized that wasn't right. Bitsy. So Elaine would be my second. Both while married to the girl of my dreams. The love of my life.

But then I was struck by a thought.

From Jen's perspective, was I now a *friend with benefits*?

Mike and Jen's Story Continues In

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace
Book 7

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