

Faithful
WIFE'S
FALL FROM
GRACE

BOOK 7

Pete Andrews



FAITHFUL WIFE'S FALL FROM GRACE
BOOK 7

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 (8 book series)

Books 1-8

Flash of Stocking Collection (2 book series)

Collection 1: Wife Watching Game and Other Stories

Collection 2: Wife Dates Another Man and Other Stories

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

Books 1 and 2

Opening Pandora's Box (5 book series)

Book 1: Jessie Plays For Her Husband

Book 2: Ollie Watches His Wife With Another Man

Book 3: Jessie Grows Closer To Roman

Book 4: Jessie Loses Herself In Roman

Book 5: How Can You Do This To Me?

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CHAPTER 1

Davis worked on Scott's arm first. When he was done with Scott, he turned his attention to Jen.

"Scott says you want a tat under your breast," Davis said to Jen.

"Yes, like the henna I had," Jen replied.

"I don't think I saw the henna," Davis said. He grinned at her and said "Well, come on, take off your shirt. I can't ink your tit with that on."

Jen was wearing a thin white cotton tank top. She was braless underneath, so the outline of her perky breasts and nipples were clearly apparent in the stretchy material. Back in New York, when she was with Mike, she never would have dressed so slutty. Even back in college when she was the wild JenJen, she had never dressed like this. But Scott liked her this way. His credo was live for the moment, and if you had a good body, show it off. To Scott it wasn't slutty. It was just Jenny being Jenny.

Jen grinned at Scott, who was standing behind Davis. Scott smiled back at her, and they shared a moment. Couples did things together, and that's what they were doing now. They were living for the moment, they were getting inked together. It was an experience that was bringing them even closer together.

Jen was sitting on a table. She whipped the tank top over her head. Then she leaned back on her elbows. She let Davis look at her. And Davis *did* look. Jen's breasts were small. But they were flawless, perfectly shaped, no hint of sag, with perky upturned nipples. "Very nice," Davis said grinning at her.

"I like them," Jen said smiling back at him.

"Davis, stop eye fucking my girlfriend and get to work," Scott said with a laugh.

Davis grinned at Scott, and then looked back at Jen. "So what do you want?" he asked.

"Right under here," Jen said, sliding her finger just under her left breast. "55. In lowercase script."

“You want it black?” the tat artist asked.

“Yeah. Really dark black. Like my other ones,” Jen said. Her other 2 tats were jet black too.

Davis nodded. “55. Angel numbers right?” he asked.

“Yes,” Jen said. “And it’s Scotty’s number when he plays basketball.”

Davis got it, and he chuckled. “And it’s Scott’s initials too, right?” he said, referring to Scott’s full name, Scott Stafford.

Jen smiled into Scott’s eyes and said “That’s right.”

“She’s inking her body for me,” Scott said proudly.

“I get it, I get it,” Davis said.

He brought over a couple books. He wanted to make sure he knew exactly the font and size of lettering Jen wanted. Jen flipped through the books until she found what she wanted. She wanted simple, not artsy. At least, not too artsy. So she picked a simple italicized script. The lettering would be small, about a quarter inch high.

Davis moved to the outer room to get his tools ready. Scott walked with him. “So what do you think of my girl?” Scott asked with a grin.

“I think she’s smoking hot,” Davis said with a grin back. “The bitch gave me a boner. I hope I can keep my hands steady.”

“I’ll fuck you up if your hand slips and you fuck up the tat,” Scott joked. “She came in here perfect. I want her to leave here more perfect, with my initials tattooed under her breast.”

“Fuck you Scott,” Davis said with a chuckle. “So she’s still wearing a wedding ring? But she’s getting tattooed permanently with your initials? I don’t think she’s gonna be wearing that ring much longer.”

“You got that right,” Scott said with a grin, and they high fived.

At that moment the door opened. A young black girl walked in. “Scott, this is my sister Jackie,” Davis said. “She’s a college freshman.”

Scott looked at Jackie. She had a pretty face with long cornrows, just like Davis. She was tall like Davis too, with a huge chest and big ass. Otherwise though her body was slim. Like Davis, her skin was jet black.

“Okay, let’s ink your girl’s tit,” Davis said with a grin at Scott. He picked up the needles and bottles of black ink he’d gathered.

“You know, I think I’ll hang here and keep Jackie company,” Scott told Davis.

Davis’s smile disappeared. He looked at Scott, and Scott looked

back. The 2 men were silently communicating. Making a deal. “Yeah?” Davis asked, wanting to make sure he understood.

“Yes,” Scott confirmed. There it was. A trade of flesh. Davis’s pretty, 18-year-old sister for Scott’s super-hot girlfriend.

“Where’s Scott?” Jen asked as Davis organized his needles, ink bottles and other paraphrenia on the worktable next to Jen.

“He’s talking to my sister Jackie,” Davis said. “Let’s get going, okay? I’ve got another appointment after you.”

“Yeah, okay,” Jen said. She was still leaning back on her elbows. She looked past Davis at the door to the next room. There was a frown on her pretty face.

“You want vodka before we start?” Davis asked. He pulled out an iced bottle of vodka and a shot glass.

“Sure,” Jen said with a shrug. Davis poured a shot and Jen tilted her head and drank it down.

“Another?”

“Why not?” Jen said. Davis poured another shot and Jen drank it down. The shots were big and Jen was tiny, so she began feeling tipsy. That was good, because it would dull the sting of getting inked with the sharp needles.

Davis put his big black hands on Jen’s shoulders. “Lay back,” he said, and eased her back. Jen followed his lead and laid back onto the cushioned table.

Davis looked down at Scott’s girlfriend. Fuck she was gorgeous. Her tits were perfect. He preferred big tits (and big asses), but her tits were perfect. He reached out and cupped her left breast with his hand. Jen’s entire breast easily fit in the palm of his big black hand.

“You sure you want to do this?” Davis said, gently kneading her breast. “This ain’t no henna. It’s permanent.”

“I know,” Jen said. She made no move to stop Davis from touching her.

“You can’t remove a tattoo,” Davis warned her, continuing. “People try. But it never works. It’ll leave a mark.” He rolled her nipple between his thumb and finger. “This won’t be as pretty anymore if you try to remove it.”

Jen’s eyes fluttered at his touch. “I’m not inking my breast,” she told

him. "I'm inking under it."

"You know what I mean," Davis said. He continued to fondle and rub her breast and nipple. Jen's nipple was hard now.

"I want to do this," she said breathing harder.

Davis nodded. He took his hand off Jen's breast. He was all business now. He wiped alcohol under her tit. Then he dipped a needle in the jet-black ink, and began inking fifty five under Jen's left breast, just below the soft swell of the underside of her small, perfect breast, in italicized brush script, about a quarter inch high.

Jen's body calmed down. Her breathing returned to normal. At some point she put earbuds in and listened to music. In addition to dulling the pain, the vodka made her sleepy and she dozed off.

Jen woke to a shake of her shoulder. "It's done," Davis announced. He helped Jen sit up and offered her a mirror.

Jen took the mirror and looked at herself. Her eyes focused on her left breast. There it was. Her new tat.

fifty five

It was perfect. Exactly what she wanted.

"I love it!" Jen gushed, smiling broadly at Davis. She looked around and asked "Where's Scotty?" She was excited to show him her new tat.

"He's still with Jackie," Davis said. He gave her a knowing, toothy grin.

Then Jen heard it. Moans. Grunts. The back of a sofa hitting the wall. Sounds of sex. Scott was fucking Davis's sister Jackie.

"What the fuck," Jen said under her breath. She had just tattooed herself with Scott's initials, and he was fucking another girl? She felt jealous and angry and upset.

"You need to rub this on it," Davis said.

"What?" Jen said. Then she realized the black man was rubbing moisturizer lotion on her new tat.

"A few times a day, rub this in," Davis said, continuing to rub the lotion on the fifty five tat. Then he moved his hand higher to her breast. Her small breast easily fit into the palm of his big black hand. He began

massaging her breast.

“I’m not into this,” Jen said, pulling away. The sex sounds were still coming from the other side of the wall. She was getting more angry and jealous.

“To Scott it’s just fucking,” Davis explained in a soothing voice. “It doesn’t mean nothing. Anyway, you don’t really think Scott’s a one-girl guy, do you?”

The black man was still kneading Jen’s breast and now he began thumbing her nipple. “You ever try black Jenny?” he asked, giving her another big toothy grin.

“I need to go,” Jen said, pulling away again. But Davis put his hands on her shoulders, keeping her on the cushioned table.

“You think Scott wants a jealous girlfriend? The best way to get him back is to fuck me. And enjoy doing it,” Davis said, still grinning at her. “Besides, you still need to pay me.”

Jen looked at Davis, processing what he said. Davis looked back at her. At her face, then down her body. Moving closer he said “You’re so fucking hot.”

Davis kissed her and Jen went with it. He tongued her, and she tongued him back. Davis’s hands were all over her, and Jen began exploring him back. Soon they were both panting hard.

Jen was already naked from the waist up. Now Davis worked on her jeans. He unsnapped the button and then pulled the zipper down. He began peeling the tight skinny jeans down her long shapely legs.

Jen let him. Davis was right. The last thing Scott wanted was a jealous girlfriend. Scott wasn’t a one-girl man. He was a *live for the moment* man. He was into pleasure. Hedonism. And really, wasn’t she the same way? That’s why she was with Scott after all, rather than Mike.

“No, I’ve never been with a black man,” Jen said huskily. She was aroused now. And, truthfully, she was curious about the black man. About black men. Was it true, once you go black you can’t go back?

“Then this is your lucky day,” Davis said with a grin at her. He finished pulling off her jeans and thong so now she was completely naked. He took a few long moments to look her up and down. Jen knew he was looking so she arched her back slightly, giving him a good look at her body. Jen was proud of her body, she knew she had a body men craved, and now after being with Scott her bashfulness was gone. So even though she barely

knew Davis really, she posed for him and let him have a good long look at her tight body.

Davis pulled off his shirt and Jen worked on his pants. When she saw his cock for the first time she was kinda surprised. Davis's penis was small. Not small-small like Mike. But small, maybe 6 inches hard. Jen knew 6 inches wasn't really small – it was probably average size -- but it just looked small because Davis was such a big man. And also, there was the urban legend of the “big black cock.” Davis's 6 inches certainly didn't live up to a BBC.

Davis moved between Jen's long shapely legs. To her relief, he put on a condom without being asked. Moments later he penetrated her. He grunted as his cock sunk into the tight silkiness of her pussy. “Fuck you feel good!” he gasped.

Davis fucked Jen on her back, on the cushioned table with her legs over his shoulders. He was a good lover. Jen's arousal grew and she lustfully fucked Davis back, pushing against his cock, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him open mouth. She came hard on his cock, crying out as the orgasmic pleasure ripped through her tight body. Davis fucked her through her orgasm, never letting up, and minutes later he came too.

Davis pulled out and pulled his pants up. At that moment Scott walked in. Scott motioned towards the door and Davis immediately left. Davis was bigger than Scott, but just like Johnny, in their relationship, Scott was the alpha male.

Jen was still recovering when Scott moved between her legs. He was hard and pushed into her.

Jen hadn't noticed him approach and grunted in surprise as she was penetrated with his bigger cock. Seeing Scott, her jealousy and anger returned. “Have fun with Davis's sister?” she said sarcastically.

“Yeah I did. Jackie's hot. And she's younger than you,” Scott said grinning at her.

“Fuck you Scott!” Jen hissed.

He grinned. “She's younger, but not as hot as you,” he said. He leaned down and kissed her.

Jen tried to turn her head but Scott wouldn't let her. He continued to open mouth kiss and tongue her, and eventually Jen kissed him back. Even though she just came minutes ago, Scott was arousing her again.

“So you traded me for Jackie? Is that it?” Jen hissed at Scott. Even though her body was aroused again, her feelings were still hurt.

“Something like that,” Scott said, fucking Jen even harder. He grinned at her. “It was hot fucking Davis’s sister knowing he was inking my girlfriend in here.”

“What the fuck Scott!” Jen angrily yelled.

“Don’t be a baby,” Scott shot back. He was still fucking her hard. “You loved it. I heard you cum.”

“I freaking tattooed myself with your initials!” Jen yelled.

“And I love you for it,” Scott said. He kissed Jen. Again she tried to fight it, but eventually she kissed him back. They made out as they fucked. Jen came, and then Scott came too. Unlike Davis, he wasn’t wearing a condom, so he shot his sperm into Jen. Jen whimpered as she felt his spunk hitting her walls, as she felt the warmth.

Scott held Jen tight as they panted and came down from their orgasms. He softly kissed her lips. “Live for the moment Jenny,” he told her between kisses. Looking into her eyes, he softly added, “Let yourself go. Go ahead and explore. Don’t worry. I’ll be there to catch you if you go too far. Just like at the trapeze. I’ll be your safety net.”

Jen stared at Scott. For the past 10 years, Mike had been her safety net. Their life had been calm and loving. Predictable maybe, but there was safety in predictability.

Her life now with Scott was crazy, wild. It was maybe the life she would have had if she never met Mike. It was exciting. Thrilling. She was having the best time. She had never felt more alive. And now, on top of all that, Scott was offering to be her safety net. He was offering to keep her safe even while she explored her wild side.

Jen held Scott tight. She kissed him back. Scott was still inside her, so they were still joined as one. She liked that feeling. She liked being one with Scotty.

CHAPTER 2

The next week, Jen picked me up in Scott's pickup. On the drive to the motel, she said "You're okay taking uBers?" We were stopped at a light. "We can get a rental car if you'd rather."

At that moment, I didn't care about uBer or rental cars or anything else for that matter. I only cared about one thing, and I was going crazy about it. "Did you do it?" I asked.

Jen looked at me. She knew what I was asking. She nodded her head.

"Let me see it," I demanded.

"Mike we're at a freaking light," she objected.

"Let me see it!" I hissed at her.

Jen sighed. With her eyes looking straight out the front windshield, she unbuttoned her blouse with her right hand. When she was unbuttoned down to her waist, she tugged the blouse open to let me look at her.

She was wearing a lacy, white bra. I looked under the left cup. There it was, fifty five, in black script lettering. The surrounding skin was a little red, so I knew it was real. It was permanent. My wife had permanently marked herself with another man's initials. It was like Scott had branded her as his.

I looked away, out the side window. "Okay," I said, my voice trembling with emotion. "You can button your shirt back."

Jen re-buttoned her blouse. The light turned green, and the car started again. "What do you think?" she asked after a few moments.

"I can't believe you did it," I said, still looking out the window. I didn't want to look at her.

Jen sighed. We drove the rest of the way to the motel in silence.

When we arrived, it was getting dark. Jen said, "We're partying at Johnny and Cassie's again."

"Fine," I said stiffly. I still wasn't looking at her.

"Do you remember the address?"

“Yes.”

“We have some time. Do you want me to come in?” Jen offered.

“No. I’ll meet you there,” I told her.

Jen sighed again. “So, you’re giving me the silent treatment?” she asked. “You’re going to act like a baby all weekend?”

“You think *I’m* the bad person here?” I said. I finally turned to look at her. I gave her an incredulous look.

“I told you what I was going to do,” she said.

“And that makes it okay?” I shot back.

“Mike ...,” Jen began, another sigh in her voice. “If you would just go with it, you’d enjoy it more.”

“How can I enjoy it?” I said, hurt and anger in my voice. “You’re living with another man! I never see you! We barely talk! How can I enjoy it?”

“I’m living your fantasy Mike,” Jen told me.

“Fuck you Jen!” I yelled at her, my hurt, jealousy and anger spilling over. Tears welled up in my eyes. At that moment I hated her, yet I loved her so much. I wanted to kill her, and I wanted to hug her and never let her go.

Abruptly Jen reached for my belt. I pushed her hands away. “No Jen!” I yelled.

“Let me!” Jen yelled back. Against my struggles, she managed to unzip my pants and pull out my cock. I was hard. She looked at me and gave me a half smile. She knew her new tat turned me on.

“It’s not all about sex,” I told her. Yes, I was hard. Yes, all of this turned me on. But it was breaking my heart too. It was killing me.

“A lot of it *is* about sex,” she said with a soft, consoling voice. “The game started about sex. Remember? Just go with it Mike.” Then she pulled her long blonde hair to the side and went down with me.

After I came, Jen kept my cock in her mouth as I softened. She kissed the tip of my cock and then sat back up and looked at me. Her lips were wet from the blowjob. “Try to be at Johnny’s by 7,” she told me.

“Okay,” I said with a nod. I was still panting.

Jen gave me a gentle smile and tenderly stroked my cheek. “Things will be okay Mike,” she assured me. “We’re just playing the game. That’s all.”

“It doesn’t feel that way,” I told her. “It doesn’t feel like we’ll ever

be together again.” I was so upset my voice trembled. My ears teared up. I wiped the tears away with the back of my hand.

Jen was about to say something, but I stopped her. “No, don’t,” I said. “It doesn’t matter what you say. It’ll only matter when you’re back with me.”

Inside the motel room, I composed myself. For the millionth time I told myself I couldn’t cry in front of Jen. I couldn’t be weak in front of her. I needed to man up and just go with it, because I was as guilty as her on moving us both down this path. I especially couldn’t be weak now, not while I was competing with Scott. He was the epitome of a man’s man. If I showed weakness – if I cried in front of her – it would just help Scott take her away from me, forever.

Lately I’d been wondering if it was worth the fight. After all, I was a partner now. The youngest ever. I was a rising star on Wall Street. I was having sex – as much as I wanted – with Elaine, a 22-year-old. She was pretty, smart, sexy. And she clearly wanted me.

Before getting on the plane, I thought about canceling the trip. I thought about calling Jen. We’d have an adult, reasonable conversation. I’d say separating – *really* separating – probably made sense. It would give her time to explore things with Scott. And I’d be able to work things out on my end. If we decided to get back together eventually, then good. But if not, then maybe it wasn’t meant to be. Sure, I’d be upset. But I had Elaine to help me through it. And I had my job.

But I didn’t call Jen. I didn’t cancel the trip. Because, while my connection to her was weak right now, at least it was a connection. I couldn’t stand the thought of really separating from her. To me, that was like falling off a cliff. It was the abyss.

I needed Jen. My heart needed her. My soul needed her. Maybe someday she would leave me for good. Divorce me for Scott.

Well, if that happened, so be it. I’d survive somehow, with Elaine or some other girl. But I wasn’t going to help that to happen. I was going to stay connected to her, to whatever extent I could, and then hope she would eventually tire of Scott and remember why she fell in love with me in the first place.

When I arrived at Johnny's the party was in full swing. There were hellos all around, and Cassie gave me a big hug and seemed really happy to see me. I shook Scott's hand but tried to stay clear of him. I was just too jealous and upset about his growing relationship with my wife to pretend we were friends. For his part, Scott didn't try very hard either to pretend we were friends. Johnny didn't notice our mutual standoffishness, but I think Cassie did. It made me wonder how much Jen had told her.

I got a moment alone with Jen. I said "I wanted to tell you. They made me a partner."

Jen's eyes went wide. "A partner? At your company?" she asked, shocked.

I nodded. I couldn't help grinning. She was clearly impressed and proud of me, and that made me feel great.

"Oh my god Mike, that's so amazing!" she gushed. She looked around to make sure no one was looking, then she reached up and kissed me. "I'm so proud of you!"

Now I was grinning ear-to-ear. I said "I got a big bonus. Remember that loft apartment? We can buy it now. I talked to the realtor. It's still there but it won't last much longer on the market."

Jen's smile disappeared. Looking hesitant, she sputtered "Well, um, yeah, that's great, let's talk about it later."

"Later?" I asked. Now I was frowning at her. "You said you loved that apartment. You loved the high ceilings, and the exposed pipes and brick. Remember? It even has a backyard for a swing set. You said it was perfect to start a family. Remember?"

"I still love it Mike," Jen whispered to me. Again, she glanced around to see if anyone was looking. "This just isn't the place to talk about it. Tomorrow, okay?"

I nodded. I was disappointed by her lukewarm reaction, but then I tried to understand her point of view. I agreed this wasn't the time and place to talk about it. Still, I got the impression she thought I was offering the loft apartment on the condition she move back to New York. That wasn't it at all. I wasn't trying to coerce her. I knew she wasn't going to abruptly drop Scott and come back to me. I just didn't want someone else to snap up the loft apartment. I was just trying to set things up for when she was with me again, and we could start a family. But I knew it wasn't going to happen immediately.

Back with the others, Scott was the life of the party, as always. He was the center of attention, like he was holding court. He talked about how well his new business was going. He also talked about how his new lake house was almost done. Jen hung on his every word, looking at him with almost reverence as he talked. She laughed and agreed with everything he said.

“I got the ropes hooked up,” Johnny said with a grin.

“Oh my god they’re gonna be so wicked,” Cassie blushed.

Jen hugged Scott’s arm and excitedly said, “I know! We Tarzaned around yesterday! It was so freaking awesome!”

My heart dropped as Jen went on and on about Scott’s business and his lake house. Making partner and the prospect of buying the loft apartment seemed to pale in comparison. Once again Scott seemed to be winning, at least in Jen’s eyes. And that’s all that mattered.

I guess Jen sensed how her words were affecting me, as she dialed down her enthusiasm about Scott by a few notches. She smiled at me and announced to everyone, “Mike just got promoted to partner.”

Everyone congratulated me, but there was no enthusiasm like with Scott. I understood of course, as these were his friends and his home court. I barely knew Johnny and Cassie, and there was no love between me and Scott. But even Jen’s congrats seemed halfhearted. She gave Scott a “freaking awesome” about his job and house. When was the last time I got a “freaking” anything from her?

It was at that moment I noticed Jen wasn’t wearing her engagement ring. She still wore her wedding ring, but not her engagement ring. The diamond on her engagement ring wasn’t big, just over one carat, but the other 2 Cs were pretty good and I’d saved months for it. On the inside of the band, I’d engraved “I’ll love you forever.” After I proposed and she said yes, she cried when I put it on her finger, and she promised to never take it off. But now she wasn’t wearing it. She wasn’t wearing it

That was too much. Too much. I felt my eyes tearing up. I quickly excused myself and went to the bathroom. I gripped the side of the basin and clenched my eyes shut, trying to pull myself together. I thought again that maybe it would be better to just separate for real. Give both of us space to work things out. At least then I wouldn’t have to deal with my insides being ripped apart over and over again.

But no, I couldn’t do that. If we separated for real – if I was

completely out of the picture -- then Jen would really fall under Scott's spell. He would win her over completely, by default, and I couldn't imagine life without her. I loved Jen! I loved her! I had to suck it up and stay in the game, because if I didn't, I'd lose her completely for sure.

I pulled myself together and returned to the group, but along the way I found the bottle of Highland Park from last time and poured myself a stiff one. When I got back, I was surprised to see new people there, 2 Hispanic men. I was introduced and found out their names were Jose and Luis. They were friends of Johnny and Cassie. That kind of surprised me because they didn't seem to fit in. Even though Johnny had tattoos up his arms and he worked construction, I still thought of him as a white collar kind of guy, and Cassie even more so. Jose and Luis were street kind of people. Jose had a snake tattoo that ran up his neck and he wore his jeans very low on his hips, like a ganger. Luis was a big man and seemed to have a perpetual sneer on his face. He had tats on his fingers that spelled out "FUCK YOU."

There was someone else there too. A Hispanic girl. Her name was Maria. She was petite and very cute. Despite being thin, she had big breasts. She looked really young. I later learned she was 19. She was shy and didn't say much, and mostly stayed close to Jose so I figured they were a couple.

"So Scott says you inked your tits," Johnny said with a grin.

"Don't be an ass," Cassie said, elbowing her boyfriend. She looked at Jen and asked, "You did the 55?"

By that time a few joints had been passed around and everyone was feeling relaxed. I could tell Jen was high because her eyelids were heavy. She smiled and said "Yeah, 55, they're Angel Numbers."

"Yeah right, they're also Scott's initials," Johnny said with a laugh. Cassie didn't laugh but she grinned. Scott was smiling too. He wrapped his muscular arm around Jen and gave her a big possessive hug. Jen seemed to melt into him.

"So, let's see it," Johnny urged her. Cassie seemed excited to see it too.

Jen was wearing a short sundress that buttoned up the front. It was not nearly enough clothing for Michigan in the dead of winter, but everyone expected to get into the hot tub so really it was just a cover up.

Jen began unbuttoning the sundress. She smiled at Johnny and Cassie as she did it, and it was almost like she was giving them a strip tease. Johnny and Cassie smiled back, and so did Scott, and it was like the 4 of them were

sharing a secret, like an inside joke. At that moment I knew something had happened. Had Scott and Johnny swapped girlfriends? Had they all fucked in a 4-way orgy? I wasn't sure *what* happened, but I was certain *something* had happened. And why didn't Jen tell me?

As Jen unbuttoned her dress, Jose and Luis moved in for a closer look. I'd already caught them stealing looks at her, and it didn't surprise me. Jen's drop dead gorgeous, and with her slim frame, tiny tits and long legs, she's achingly sexy. She was easily the prettiest girl there, and that's despite the fact that both Cassie and Maria were very beautiful in their own right.

Jen lowered the dress off her shoulders. She was wearing a white bikini underneath. It was a string bikini with small triangles that covered her breasts. We all looked at her left breast. Just below the bikini cup, below the swell of her left breast, there was black script lettering. It said "fifty five".

The script characters were tiny but still easy to read. The white of the bikini made the jet black lettering even more apparent. I realized then that Jen had chosen the white bikini on purpose, to contrast with the jet black of the lettering and make her new "fifty five" tattoo even more visible. She was proud of it. Proud to have her beautiful left breast inked with Scott's initials. Proud to announce to the whole world that she was Scott's girl. All this made me sick. But I have to admit, it got me hot too. I had to subtly adjust my pants so people wouldn't notice my growing erection.

Jose moved closer to get a better view of Jen's new tattoo. The bigger man, Luis, followed his friend's lead and moved closer too, and I got the impression that Jose was the leader of the two. Jose grinned, showing off perfectly white teeth against his darker Hispanic skin. "Nice ink," he said to Jen in a heavy Mexican accent.

"Thank you," Jen said, but she took a half step back. It was clear that she wasn't entirely comfortable being around Jose and Luis, especially with them being so close to her.

Oblivious to the dynamic between Jen and the 2 Mexicans, Scott laughed and tugged Jen's dress the rest of the way off. Jen laughed too, and they ran like kids to the hot tub. Everyone else quickly followed.

Wanting to be social, I offered to be bartender and got everyone another round of drinks. When I got to the hot tub, I saw Jen was between Scott and Johnny, and Maria was between Jose and Luis. Cassie was across from everyone, sitting alone, although in the confined space of the hot tub no one was really alone.

After I handed out the drinks, Cassie smiled at me and said “Come sit next to me Mike.” I glanced at Jen and she smiled at me, as if saying “See? My friends are really nice.”

I sat next to Cassie and we chatted. Her bikini was as tiny as Jen’s, and it was impossible not to notice her breasts. They were huge and they seemed to float on top of the bubbling water. Mostly though I watched Jen. She was talking to Scott and Johnny about something, and the two men were sitting so close to her I imagined their thighs must be touching under the water.

“So you’re married Mike?” Cassie asked. “I saw your wedding ring.”

“I’m separated actually,” I said.

“Huh. Separated. Just like Jenny,” Cassie said with a smile at me. “And your name’s Mike, just like her husband.”

“Yeah. Coincidence,” I said with a shrug. I didn’t care if Cassie figured out our ruse. The lie was really about protecting Scott and I didn’t give a fuck about him. I turned back to look at Jen. Johnny and Scott seemed even closer to her now.

Cassie saw where I was looking and asked me, “Jenny’s special to you, isn’t she?”

I turned to look at her. “We’ve known each other a long time,” I said. “We have history.”

Cassie laughed. “Okay, that’s a bullshit non-answer, but I’ll let you get away with it,” she said. With a grin she added “This time.”

Cassie said, “So you just made partner. I guess that’s a big deal in your business?”

“Yeah, sorta,” I said with a modest shrug. I wasn’t boastful or a self-promoter like Scott. And anyway, it would take too long to explain, and I was more interested in what Jen was doing.

We both looked at Jen again. Cassie whispered to me “You look at Jenny a lot.”

I gave her another shrug. Wanting to turn the tables on her, I said “Doesn’t it bother you your boyfriend is sitting so close to her?”

“I’m sitting close to you,” Cassie pointed out.

I frowned slightly. We were sitting close, the way people did in a hot tub, but not that close.

Cassie laughed and said, “Johnny and I like to have fun. Scott too.”

“What kind of fun?” I asked her.

Cassie gave me a knowing grin. Under the water she put her hand on my thigh and said "I think you know Mike." I pushed her hand away. Her grin grew wider, and asked me "You don't like to play?"

I turned back to look at Jen. Her pretty face looked strained. Her lips were parted in a small O. I'd seen that look many times. She was aroused. She had her *cum face* on. Both Scott and Johnny were sitting close and looking at her. But by the angle of their arms I could tell it was Johnny, not Scott. Johnny was fingering Jen under the water.

Cassie followed my eyes. She saw her boyfriend fingering another girl. Answering my unspoken question, she said "I told you we like to play."

"It doesn't bother you?" I asked.

"We're just dating," Cassie said with a shrug. "I don't love him."

Without thinking, I blurted out, "I love Jen."

"Of course you do," Cassie said, grinning at me. "She's your wife, right?"

I snapped my head to look at her. Still grinning at me, she said "It doesn't take Einstein to figure it out. Johnny's clueless. He's no Einstein." She laughed at her own joke.

Cassie moved her hand back to my leg, then to my crotch. "God you're hard," she said, giving my erection a squeeze over my bathing suit. "You like watching Jen with other men? You're one of those husbands?"

"She loves Scott," I said.

"Yes, I think she does," Cassie agreed. "She's crazy about him." She raised an eyebrow at me and said, "Your cock jerked when I said that."

Our attention was drawn to Maria and Jose. They were kissing. Maria was shy though, not wanting to make out with people so close, but Jose was insistent. He open mouth kissed Maria and held her tight so she couldn't squirm away, and eventually she just surrendered and went with it. Sensing her surrender, Jose began fondling her young body as he kept his tongue down her throat. Again, Maria went with it. They were neck deep in the water, so even though we all knew she was being fondled, we couldn't see anything.

Jose pulled at Maria's bikini top. She resisted, but Jose wouldn't let up. Eventually he managed to pull the strings at her neck and back. Moments later, Maria was topless and her bikini top was floating on top of the bubbling water.

My eyes darted between Jose and Maria, and Jen with Scott and

Johnny. Jen was staring at Jose making out with Maria. Scott was nuzzling her neck behind her ear, and I think his hand was on her breasts under the water. I think Johnny's hand was still between her legs. She had a major cum face on. Her lips were parted like she was moaning, but I couldn't hear because of the sound of the Jacuzzi.

Jose pulled Maria out of the water. She was shy and struggled, but again Jose was insistent. Now they were standing on the seat so only their calves were in the water. Maria looked scared and tried to cover her breasts with her hands. Still, I could see her big breasts were beautiful, like young ripe melons.

With his shirt off, I saw that Jose's snake tattoo ran from his neck and curled down his back. He had a smirk on his face. He twisted Maria around so now her back was to us. Then he tugged at her bikini bottoms. The young girl tried to stop him, but Jose pushed her hands away. He pulled the bottoms off her ass and down her skinny legs. Maria's cheeks were red, clearly mortified to be naked in front of strangers. Then Jose pushed her back, bending her over the side of the hot tub. He pulled down his swim trunks. His cock was hard. He wasn't huge. He was bigger than me, but not huge. It was a fat cock though, with a thick head.

Jose kicked Maria's legs apart. Grinning at his friend Luis, Jose bent his legs while he positioned his cock with his hand. Then he pushed up into Maria. The young Mexican girl cried out as she was penetrated by Jose's thick cock.

We all watched as this scene unfolded in front of our eyes. The Mexican drug dealer with the snake tattoo down his back. The pretty, shy girl with her ripe teenage body. We watched as Jose fucked Maria. We listened as their moans filled the air over the bubbling of the jacuzzi jets. (I found out later Jose and Luis sold drugs to Johnny and Cassie.)

Maria was slim and petite. She had the tight body of a teenager. Her skin was flawless and dark because of her heritage. She had big breasts and nice legs. She clutched the edge of the hot tub as Jose pounded her from behind. She kept her eyes closed, not wanting to make eye contact with any of us as we watched her getting fucked.

I looked over at Jen. Her beautiful face was strained with sexual desire. She watched Jose fuck Maria with heavy lidded eyes. I could tell she was breathing hard, panting. I'd never seen her so aroused.

Suddenly Cassie was in my ear. "What do you like better?" she

hissed into my ear. Her voice was huskily, she was clearly turned on too. “Jose fucking Maria? Or Jen with Scott and Johnny?”

Cassie snaked her hand into my bathing suit. She wrapped her hand around my hard cock. “Is this why you’re a cuckold?” she taunted me into my ear. “Because your dick’s so small?”

I looked at her. Again, I wondered how much Jen had told her. But then, Cassie seemed like a worldly girl, maybe she understood kinks like mine.

I felt motion in the water. It was Luis. He was walking past me towards Cassie.

“What do you want?” Cassie said dismissively as the Mexican drug dealer sat down next to her.

Luis looked over at Jen. “I want her,” he said with a heavy Mexican accent. “But she’s busy.” He looked back at Cassie and grinned. “So, I’ll settle for you.”

“Fuck you” Cassie scoffed with a laugh in her voice, but she didn’t stop Luis from pulling her onto his lap. Suddenly Luis was pushing his tongue down Cassie’s throat.

Luis pushed me, saying “Give us some room chief.” I slid over, and Luis used the extra room to twist Cassie around so now she was sitting on the jacuzzi seat, and he was on top of her. With his lips mashed against hers, he took off her bikini top. I couldn’t see much because she was in the water, but I could tell from his arm movements that he was mauling her bare tits.

I turned back to look at Jen. I was startled to see her gone. Scott and Johnny were gone too.

I quickly scrambled out of the hot tub. I was no longer interested in Maria and Jose, or Cassie and Luis. I needed to find my wife.

It didn’t take long to find her. There was a big bedroom down the hall. I assumed it was Johnny and Cassie’s master bedroom. Jen was on the bed, on her back. She was surrounded by Scott and Johnny. They were all naked, their bodies still wet from the water. Scott was between her open legs, fucking her, and Johnny was on his knees next to her head, his cock in her mouth.

I fell into a chair, my eyes locked on the scene in front of me. I couldn’t believe this was my wife getting gangbanged. I’d see Jen with Scott, but not with 2 men. And she wasn’t a passive participant in this threesome. She wasn’t being forced. Instead, she was hungrily sucking

Johnny's cock, using her hands to stroke his shaft while he fucked her face, and she lustfully pushed back against Scott's cock as he pounded her pussy. I couldn't resist any longer. I reached into my wet swim trunks and stroked myself.

It was when Jen came that I came. I watched her body suddenly tense, and it was like time stopping as she held that pose for a long moment, and then her back arched and her toes curled as she came. Her tight body trembled and convulsed as she came. It was the sound she made that pushed me over the edge. It was a muffled moan. Muffled because she was cumming and moaning with Johnny's cock stuffed down her throat. There was part of me, in the corner of my head, that said "Oh, that's what Jen's moan sounds like with a big cock in her mouth." That's when I came.

After I came – after I stopped panting and my breathing returned to normal – that's when the dark feelings hit me. Loss, depression, jealousy, anxiety, insecurity, inadequacy. All those dark feelings hit me. I couldn't believe this was my life now. How did I get here? How did we – me and Jen – get here?

Jen used to be all mine. We met in college and soon after we were inseparable. Maybe our sex life wasn't always exciting. Wasn't always passionate. But it was loving. We loved each other. We were best friends. Soul mates. Other than work, we spent all our time together. We did everything together. We were inseparable. It was like, we were one person.

Now all was different. I barely saw her anymore. She was living with another man. She looked to that other man – Scott – for all her sexual needs. But it wasn't the sex that bothered me the most. It was that Scott was replacing me in her consciousness, and her heart. Now she spent all her time with Scott, not me. Now she was inseparable with Scott, not me.

That's what hurt the most. And I only had myself to blame. I had launched her down this path. And for what? For my sexual fantasies. For the thrill of being cuckold. But I'd lost so much. I'd lost more than just my wife. I lost my best friend. I lost my soul mate.

Scott and Johnny didn't let up. They pounded Jen. They abused her body. And Jen seemed to love it all. She was insatiable. She couldn't get enough. It was hard to believe the girl on the bed was my wife. She had changed so much. It was like she was a different person.

Scott and Johnny switched positions. It was then that I saw they weren't wearing condoms. They were both taking her raw. I wondered if Jen

was still on the pill. I wondered who else she was fucking.

I left them. I walked down the hall. I paused at an open door to another bedroom. I saw Cassie there, with Luis, on the bed. Her legs were open. Luis was between her legs, eating her pussy. Cassie had her hands on his head, gripping his black hair. She was moaning, rolling her head back and forth.

Then Luis moved up her body. He held her legs wide apart. I watched as he mounted her. I heard Cassie gasped as he entered her body. She moaned as the large Mexican man began fucking her.

I didn't get it. Luis and Jose weren't gorgeous hunks like Scott and Johnny. They were rough looking. They worked on the street. And later I found out they were drug dealers. Why was a beautiful girl like Cassie with Luis? She was way better than him. In the hot tub it didn't seem like she even liked him.

I found my clothes. I peel off the wet, cum soaked bathing suit and dressed. Then I poured myself another Highland Park. I went outside to the firepit. The hot tub was empty. I sat by the fire, sipping the Highland Park. I was numb from it all. I just needed some time to myself.

Eventually I went back inside. The big living room was now an orgy. Scott was fucking Maria. Cassie was on her knees sucking Johnny. But, where was Jen? And the 2 Mexicans?

No

NO!!!!!!

I rushed back to the bedroom. What I saw will forever be burned into my brain. Jen was in the bed, on her side. Jose was in front, fucking her pussy. He was open mouth kissing her, and she was eagerly kissing him back.

Luis was behind her. His front was pressed against her back. He was kissing and biting her neck. Jen's long blonde hair, still half wet, covered his face. And he was fucking her ass. My wife was getting double penetrated by the two ugly, Mexican drug dealers. From her movements and moans, I could tell she was loving it.

I staggered back. Yes, I'll admit it, seeing Jen gangbanged was a big fantasy of mine. The reality though was different. Imagine seeing your sweet wife being taken by 2 men – it would be hard for any man. Scott and Johnny were bad enough. But now, the Mexicans?

I consider myself an open-minded person. I lean to the left. I don't

think I'm prejudiced. But this really tested my principles. And I failed. Because all I could think about were these dirty, filthy, greasy faced Mexican's soiling my sweet wife's body.

What's worse, from the way Jen was open mouth kissing Jose back, the way she was moving in sync with the two men, the way her hands were moving over their bodies, from her grunts and moans, she was loving it. She was loving every second of it.

I was her husband. I should've marched to the bed and tore them off her. But I didn't. I stood there, my feet frozen to the floor, my eyes locked on the 2 Mexicans double teaming my sweet wife. Defiling her beautiful body. My cock was hard. I reached down and stroked myself. But even as I beat off, tears welled up in my eyes.

I don't know how long I watched. Long enough to cum. I staggered away, the dark emotions hitting me again. My cheeks were wet with tears.

I rushed to the door. I needed to get away from all this. Cassie saw me and stopped me. She saw the distress on my face, the tears down my cheeks.

Cassie told me it was too late to get an uBer, and I was too drunk and upset to drive or even walk back to the motel. Somehow, she convinced me to stay the night. She half led, half dragged me to a spare bedroom. I didn't think I could fall asleep. But I was emotionally and physically exhausted, so I passed out moments after my head hit the pillow.

CHAPTER 3

I woke up the next day to a nudge of my arm. When I opened my eyes it was Jen.

“Hey,” she softly said to me.

“Hey,” I said back. There was awkwardness between us. At least I felt the awkwardness. Or maybe it was uncertainty. I was uncertain how I fit in her life.

Jen climbed into bed next to me. “So last night was epic,” she said with a grin at me.

“Yes,” I agreed in a barely audible voice. I couldn’t look at her. I was looking at my feet.

“I did it on purpose,” she told me. “I let it happen. I wanted you to see who I am now.”

“What?” I said, looking at her. I didn’t understand.

“Right now, at this moment,” Jen said. “This is who I am now. The girl you saw last night. That’s who I am right now.”

“The girl with the fifty five tattoo,” I said, bitterness in my voice.

“Yes, that’s part of it,” Jen said with a shrug.

I looked at my feet again. “I didn’t recognize the girl last night,” I told her. “I don’t know who you are.”

Jen wrapped her arm in mine. She hugged my arm and said “I’m your wife Mike. I’m the same girl you married. I’m just exploring things now. You know, I went from being Colin’s girlfriend to being your wife. I was always Jen plus somebody. I was never just me. That’s what I’m exploring. Being me.”

“You’re Scott’s girlfriend,” I reminded her. “You’re you plus Scott.”

“Yes,” Jen agreed with a nod. “But really he’s just helping me explore myself.”

“But I could’ve done that!” I burst out, suddenly pleading with her. “Last night, I could’ve set all that up for you! You don’t need Scott! I could’ve done it!”

"I *do* need Scott," Jen insisted, in a gentle but firm voice.

"Why?" I cried. There were tears in my eyes now.

"Because it wouldn't be the same with you," Jen said, still with that gentle/firm voice. "I'd be doing it *for you*. Last night I did it for myself."

"But what about *us*?" I cried. "You're doing all this with Scott! We never see each other! Don't you think about me? Don't you miss me?"

"Mike of course I do," Jen assured me. She was rubbing my arm, trying to console me. "But I have to do this now. We have to do it. This is the time in our life for this."

"*Then* what happens?" I said, looking pleadingly at her. "You'll come back to me? It'll be just us again?"

"Yes," Jen said. "I told you before. That's what I want."

"What about Scott?"

"What about him?"

"Where will he be in your life?"

"I don't know Mike."

"Jen it can't be just us again if you're still his girlfriend," I said, pleading with her.

Up until then, Jen had been so confident, so sure, like she knew all the answers. Now though she looked unsure. "I don't know Mike," she hesitantly said. "Do we have to know everything right now? Can't we take it day by day?"

"I can't live that way Jen!" I cried, tears falling down my face. "Not with you here, with him! I miss you so much! I don't know how much longer I can take it, without you!"

"Sometimes couples have to be apart --," she began, but I cut her off.

"Not with you with another man!" I pleaded. "You're falling more in love with him every day. He's replacing me, and not just in bed. He did that a long time ago. But now you live with him. You spend all your time with him."

"I'm with you now," Jen said soothingly. "I sent Scott home. Johnny's letting us use his house. We can stay here. We have all day."

I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. That's all I get? One day? I pour my heart out to her and all I get is one day?

Trying to console me, trying to see my side of it, she said "I admit it's easier for me. I know it's easier for me to be without you because I have Scott. That's why I think you should find a girl to be with."

“I’m seeing Elaine,” I abruptly told her.

There was a long pause, as Jen processed that. “Oh,” she said with a slight nod of her head. Recovering from the initial shock, she rubbed my arm and said, “Well that’s good Mike.”

I admit I took pleasure from her reaction. But it was short lived. Because at the end of the day Scott still had Jen. I wanted my wife back, not Elaine.

Jen had showered. Her hair was still damp. She was wearing a t-shirt. Thankfully it was hers, not Scott’s. She had spared me that, at least this time. Now she pulled the blankets off me. I was naked except for boxers. I didn’t remember undressing. Had Cassie undressed me? It didn’t matter.

Jen pulled off my shorts, then straddled my thighs. She pulled the t-shirt over her head. She was naked underneath. She wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a teasing grin. “Don’t you want me?” she asked with a teasing grin. “Or are you getting all you need from Elaine?”

I ignored her joke. My eyes focused on her left breast. At the fifty five tattoo. I put my hands over her breasts, cupping her. They felt the same. They were the same small, perfect breasts. But now her left breast was branded with Scott’s initials.

Jen reached down and took my cock. I was rock hard. She kissed my lips, and then up the side of my face to my ear. “I know you love it,” she whispered into my ear. “You hate it, but you love it too.” Then she started to guide my cock into her. But I stopped her.

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her close. I buried my face in her blonde hair. She still smelled the same. The lilac of her moisturizer. Strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. I missed her so much. At that moment I didn’t care about the fifty five tattoo. I didn’t care about what happened last night. I just needed my wife. I needed to fill myself up with her. I needed to feel part of her life again.

“It’s okay Mike,” she said soothingly, stroking the back of my head. “It’ll be okay.”

“You don’t call me baby anymore,” I told her. “You don’t say you love me.”

Jen pulled away from me, to look in my face. “What? Of course I do.”

“We’re drifting apart,” I told her. “It’s not even 2 months and we’re

drifting apart. I feel it. I know you feel it too. You're distant. Yesterday you barely talked to me. These weekends together, it's like we're just going through the motions. You're going to wake up pretty soon and realize you don't want me anymore. That's how marriages end Jen."

Jen sighed and leaned her head against mine. "Mike, god, you're being so dramatic," she said. "Okay, yes, you're right. Right now, I'm so into Scott I'm sure you feel majorly neglected. But I already admitted that to you, last time. Remember, the camera analogy? And isn't that a big part of your cuckold fantasy? For me to spend all my time with my boyfriend? For you to feel like you're losing me? How is this not awesome for you?" She reached down and gripped my cock again. "You're so hard Mike. I *know* it's awesome for you. I just wish you would just go with it. You'd enjoy it more."

She guided my cock to her pussy. This time I let her. I slid balls deep into her without hardly any resistance.

"So who feels better?" she joked with a grin at me. "Me? Or Elaine?"

"Elaine's tighter," I told her.

Jen winced, like I had physically hit her. "Thanks a lot Mike," she said in a soft, pained voice.

Her reaction made me feel guilty. It was true, Elaine's pussy was tighter, but I still felt like a jerk. "You feel better," I told her.

"You don't have to lie," she said.

"I'm telling the truth," I said.

Jen didn't say anything at first. Then she said in a regretful voice, "It's not like I *want* you to see other girls. Especially Elaine. She's younger. Bigger boobs. I hate it. But I want to be fair. I don't want you to be so sad."

I heard the regret in her voice. The remorse. I said, "The only reason I'm seeing Elaine is because I don't have you."

She gave me an appreciative smile. She said "Thank you for saying that. That's makes me feel a little better."

Jen slowly rocked back and forth on my cock. I touched her body, both because I desired her, and also because I wanted to feel close to her. I asked "How did you end up with Jose and Luis?"

"You're not going to ask about Johnny?" she said with a laugh.

"I guess that didn't surprise me, from last time I was here," I said. "So, Scott shares you?"

“It’s not like that really,” she told me. “Scotty says it’s about experiences. He says there’s nothing wrong with pleasure, or being hedonistic.”

My heart and stomach churned inside me. Scott said *this*. Scott said that. It was all about Scott.

“He’s a live-for-the-moment kind of person,” she added.

“And that’s what you are too now,” I said. I tried to keep the bitterness out of my voice, but some came out.

“I’m just trying to be honest with you,” she said.

We were silent for long moments. Then I asked again, “So, the two Mexicans?”

“I didn’t plan it,” Jen said with a shrug. “But I didn’t stop it. I’m not attracted to them. Not at all. I actually think they’re kinda creepy. You know they’re drug dealers?”

My eyebrows rose at that information, but it didn’t surprise me. They looked like drug dealers.

“Anyways, they got into bed with me,” Jen said. “First Jose. Things started. I wasn’t into it, but I kinda just went with it. Then he was in me. And he called Luis, and he got behind me. I knew what he was going to do. By then I was kinda into it, so I just let it happen. So, that’s kinda the story.”

“You looked into it, like you were really getting off on it,” I said.

“I just *told you* I got into it,” she said.

“They made you cum,” I said.

“Yes.”

“More than once?”

“Yes.”

“They both came in you?”

Jen shrugged. “I think so. I’m not sure. I was kind of out of it by then. But I think they did.”

That’s when I came. With the image of the greasy Mexicans soiling my wife’s beautiful body with their sperm. She was way better than them, far outside their league, yet they spermed her, they combined their DNA with hers. I hated the image, but I loved it too. I grunted and jerked as I came in her pussy.

“You didn’t make them wear condoms,” I said a little later, as we lay on our sides looking at each other. “Johnny, Jose and Luis – they all came in you.”

“I’m on the pill Mike,” she assured me. “Every day. I swear to god, I’m anal about it.”

“That’s not what I’m saying,” I said. “These guys are drug dealers. You don’t know who they’ve been with. You don’t know who Johnny has been with.”

“I trust Scott,” Jen told me. “He would not put me in a situation like that.”

I stared at her. In a quiet voice I said “It used to be, you trusted me like that. You used to quote me. Now all you do is quote Scott.”

“But that makes sense right?” Jen said, trying to reason with me. “It’s just, I’m with him now. But that’s just *now*. I keep telling you. It won’t be forever. And by the way, I still trust you. I do Mike.”

We spent a quiet day together. I made a fire and we sat outside. We used Johnny’s hot tub. Jen made me dinner, and we sat close together as we ate.

We made love too. Three more times. I couldn’t get enough of her. She was right. The fact she preferred sex with others more than me ... that she was living with Scott ... that she allowed her lover to brand her breast with his initials ... that I was being denied not only sex with her on a regular basis, but just being with her ... the fact that Scott was her man now for all things sexual and non-sexual ... that she fucked whoever Scott wanted her to ... all those factors were supercharging my cuckold fantasies. I was perpetually worked up, excited, erect.

As it got later, I asked, “Can you stay with me tonight?”

Jen hesitated, then said “I promised Scott I’d come home.”

Hearing her call Scott’s house her home tore my heart apart – again. “So, you’ll never sleep with me again,” I hissed, lashing out.

“Mike you know that’s not true,” Jen said, hugging my arm and trying to reason with me. “Please just go with it. *Please*. It’ll be better for both of us.”

I didn’t respond. I didn’t want to fight in our last moments together. After a while I said, “I’ve got an early flight home tomorrow.”

“Okay, I understand,” she said. I waited for her to offer to have breakfast with me. Or drive me to the airport. But she didn’t offer. And I didn’t want to beg. I’d already done too much begging. Even a cuckold has limits.

Then I brought up what I’d wanted to talk about all day. I said “Your

birthday is coming up. The big 30.”

“Yeah, I know,” she lamented. “Ugh. 30 years old.”

I looked at her. Everyone dreads hitting the big three – oh. But I wondered if that was part of it. Part of what was happening to us. What she was doing.

Jen was beginning to feel old so she was doing everything she could to hold onto her youth. She was doing what young people did – experimenting, holding onto freedom, craving variety. She was being wild because when she stopped being wild, she was afraid she’d really be old.

“I was talking to my parents,” I said. “They were wondering if you could be in New York next weekend. They’d like to see you for your birthday.”

“Oh,” she said, suddenly looking uncomfortable. “What do they know?”

“They know, Jen,” I said with a shrug. “How could they not know? Things get around. They know we’re separated.”

Jen looked down at her feet. She was really close to my mom and dad. “What did they say?” she asked in a barely audible voice.

“They’re sad,” I said, telling her the truth. “They really want to see you next weekend.” I reached over and took her hand. “I want to see you too baby. I *am* your husband. You should be with me on your birthday.”

Jen slowly nodded. She said, “I’ll talk to Scotty.”

My back went stiff. “You need to talk to him?” I said with a scowl.

“Mike ... you know I do,” she said. “We’d already made plans”

I stared at her. They had *already* made plans to celebrate her birthday? Without including me? Tears welled up in my eyes, *again*. My heart broke again.

She saw the look on my face and quickly said “We were going to invite you.”

I clenched my fists, trying to hold it together. They were going to invite me. Not Jen. But *they*. *They* were the couple, and I was the hanger on. Part of being a cuck was being a third wheel. But on her birthday? This was too much. I was about to cry again. But somehow I held the tears back.

“So, my parents,” I said. I was so emotional at that point my voice was trembling.

“Yes, of course, I’ll be there, I want to see you parents,” Jen said. She gave me a reassuring smile and squeezed my hand. “But maybe Scott

will come too.”

“Not to see my parents!” I said immediately.

“No, of course not, that’s not what I meant,” Jen hurriedly said.

“I want to go to the loft apartment with you,” I told her. “We have to decide if we want to buy it. Otherwise, someone else will. I don’t want Scott there when we go.”

“Okay,” she agreed. We were silent for long moments. Then she said, “I guess I better get going.”

I nodded but didn’t say anything. She hugged and kissed me. Before going she said, “I really was going to invite you for next weekend. I want to spend my birthday with you. I do Mike. I swear.”

I nodded again, but still didn’t say anything. I couldn’t say anything. It took all I had not to cry. If I tried to say something I would just start crying, and I didn’t want her to see me cry.

Jen hugged and kissed me again, and softly said “So I’ll see you next weekend.” I nodded.

She looked at me. She said, “I want to say, don’t fall in love with Elaine, but I guess I don’t have the right.”

“I’m not going to fall in love with her, Jen,” I told her stiffly.

Jen nodded. She looked at me for another long moment. Then she turned and left.

I watched the door close. I was motionless for a long time. Then I let it out. I cried.

CHAPTER 4

I went out with Elaine twice leading up to the weekend. I guess I'm not much of a player because I couldn't just take her to bed. That's what I was after, the sex. I needed release after the weekend. But I felt guilty just hooking up with Elaine.

So the first time I took her to a show on Broadway. Elaine said she wanted to see *Hamilton* and tickets were ungodly expensive (\$500 each!). Like I said, I'm not much of a player because I could have saved a lot of money by just taking her to bed.

The second time I took her to a nice dinner before fucking her. Elaine has expensive taste though (she calls it a "refined palate") so we ordered an expensive Bordeaux wine. It was from the 2000 vintage, which before I knew nothing about, and now I know it's damn expensive. The dinner wasn't as expensive as the *Hamilton* tickets, but it was in the ballpark.

So I dropped closed to two thousand to fuck Elaine twice. Why was I so horny? Because of the weekend. The more I thought about it, the more I replayed it in my head, the more aroused I got. Jen said she was living my fantasy, and she was right. All the angst, heartbreak, jealousy, insecurity, feeling neglected, it was all cuckold gold.

Jen told me to just go with it. To just enjoy it. I thought about that a lot, the week leading up to her birthday. Again, she was right. My dick was perpetually hard. I was constantly on edge. I thought about her all the time. This was the most thrilling sexual experience of my life.

I wished I had a time machine. I'd look into the future and see if Jen and I were together. Did it all work out like she promised? If I knew for certain she would eventually come back to me, that she would be mine again, then yes, I'd be able to go with it and just enjoy it. The problem was, I didn't know.

The second time I went out with Elaine was Thursday night. Jen was arriving the next day, so I was hoping that sex with Elaine would help me last longer with Jen. So, that was another reason I went out with Elaine twice.

Elaine never asked about Jen, and I didn't talk about her. Elaine was young, only 22. She wasn't looking to settle down. Although, she hinted she might be in a couple years. I thought about that a few times. Most men would leap at the chance to date Elaine. While she wasn't as drop dead gorgeous as Jen, she was in the ballpark. She was smart and had a great personality. If I dated Elaine, 2 years would go fast. Then, who knew what might happen?

The thing was, I didn't love Elaine. When I met Jen in college, I fell for her immediately. I was infatuated immediately. It wasn't like that with Elaine. I liked her company. I enjoyed sex with her. But being a friend with benefits was really the only thing I wanted with Elaine. If she dumped me tomorrow, I wouldn't care. If she said, "Hey Mike, it's been fun but I've met someone," I wouldn't care.

I met with the realtor about the loft apartment. I took care of all the paperwork. If Jen agreed, I'd be able to pull the trigger and the apartment would be ours. I wasn't going to pressure Jen to move back to New York. But, I wanted to line things up for when we were together again. I wanted to start a family as soon as she returned to me. As soon as we were together again, I was going to put a baby in her stomach. If we had a baby together, then that would even further make our marriage unbreakable so nothing like Scott would ever happen again.

CHAPTER 5

On Friday, Jen and Scott flew into LaGuardia and took a Lyft to their hotel. They were going to a happy hour with their old work friends that evening. The next day, Saturday, was her birthday. The plan was, she would spend the day with Mike and his parents. Sunday was Mike's too. They would tour the loft apartment and make a final decision about whether to buy it. Then Jen would rejoin Scott and fly back to Michigan.

Jen kind of felt like the child of divorced parents, going between Scott and Mike. She loved both men. Scott was gorgeous, charismatic and exciting. He was freaking incredible in bed. Mike was kind, considerate and steady. Their sex was loving.

Jen knew, at the moment, she was infatuated with Scott. Her infatuation was way past nine and a half weeks, and that told her something about how she felt about Scott. She felt guilty about Mike, but she rationalized she was living his cuckold fantasy. She knew though, their current situation wasn't sustainable. The next day would prove the point. How would she deal with Mike's parents? She loved his parents, she was really close to them. In many ways, they were more parents to her than her own parents. How would she explain to them she had left their son and was living with another man, but it was just temporary?

Jen was looking out the car window at the NYC skyline as she considered these thoughts. Scott moved close to her. He nuzzled the back of her neck and asked, "You miss New York?"

"Yes, I do," Jen said.

"I guess I do too," Scott admitted. "I like being back home, but there's nothing like New York City."

Jen looked at him. "Have you thought about moving back?" she asked hopefully. "It would be easy to move our business here."

"I've thought about it," Scott admitted. Looking into Jen's eyes, he said "But if we move back, that means you move back with Mike, right?"

"Would that be so bad?" Jen asked, still looking hopeful at him. "I

could spend a few nights a week with you, like before. So, I'd be living with you too. And we work together. I'd probably be with you more than Mike."

"He'd go for that?" Scott asked.

"I think so," Jen said hesitantly. After a moment, looking more certain, she said "I think I can talk him into it."

Scott thought about it, then shook his head. "It's not good for me Jenny," he said. "Before, yeah, maybe it would've been enough. But not anymore. I don't want to share you Jenny. I want you all for myself."

"You freaking share me all the time," Jen said with a grin, giggling so it sounded like a joke instead of an accusation.

Scott frowned at her. "You know what I mean," he said. "I'm not willing to be just the boyfriend anymore. I'm tired of seeing that wedding ring on your finger. I'm not the '*other man*,' Jenny. That's not how I roll."

"Fuck Scott, you freaking drop this on me now?" Jen lamented. "I'm seeing Mike's parents tomorrow."

"Jenny, we're perfect for each other," Scott said, putting his hands on her shoulders and looking into her eyes. "You know we are. This started out as a game for you. I admit, it was a game for me too. I wasn't expecting anything. But I fell in love with you. And you fell in love with me too, right?"

"Scott, stop, please, just stop," Jen said, looking pained. She didn't want to hear this.

"You love me," Scott pressed, looking into her eyes.

When Jen didn't reply, he said again, "You love me Jenny."

Jen looked back into Scott's eyes. She finally nodded.

"We're perfect for each other," Scott implored. "We love each other. We should be together. Not just for a while. Not just sometimes. All the time. Forever."

They went into the hotel to check in. There was an attractive woman at the reception desk. She perked up when she saw Scott walk up. He was gorgeous, the most handsome man she had seen in some time. "I'm Scott Stafford, I'm checking in," Scott said.

"Ah yes, Mr. Stafford," the woman said. The woman looked at Jen. She gave Jen an envious, although friendly, nod. She saw the wedding band around Jen's finger and said "Yes, here it is, a king-size suite for you and

your wife.”

Scott grinned at Jen. “That’s right, for me and Mrs. Stafford,” he said, still grinning at Jen. “Can you send up a bottle of champagne? We’re celebrating my wife’s birthday this weekend.”

“Oh my god, you’re so bad,” Jen said with a laugh when they were in the elevator.

“Hey, maybe that ring isn’t so bad,” Scott joked. Jen laughed and playfully punched his arm.

Inside their room, Scott pulled Jen into his arms. “I like the sound of that,” he said smiling at her. “Mrs. Jennifer Stafford.”

“Scott, come on,” Jen said laughing and pulling away.

But Scott grabbed her, and they fell onto the bed. They were soon kissing. Scott hiked up Jen’s dress and got between her open legs. He rubbed his hard cock up and down her slippery slit. “Tell me you like the sound of that too,” he said to her. “Mrs. Jennifer Stafford. Say you like it.”

“No Scott, come on,” Jen protested. She was aroused and wanted him inside her. She reached down to pull him into her, but he pulled away.

“Say it,” he said with a grin.

“No,” Jen said with a laugh.

“Then say it doesn’t suck,” Scott joked, a laugh in his voice. “Say the sound of Mrs. Jennifer Stafford doesn’t suck.”

“I do suck though,” Jen joked back. “And I swallow.”

Both Scott and Jen laughed. “Say it,” Scott said with a grin. He was teasing her by rubbing up and down her slit with his big cock but not pushing in.

“Okay, whatever, it doesn’t suck,” Jen said laughing. With a satisfied smile on his face, Scott pushed into her. Jen groaned feeling his big cock penetrating her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him as he fucked her.

But even as Jen took pleasure in Scott’s body and what he was doing to her, she felt like she had crossed a line. It was one of those lines that once you crossed it the first time, it was easy to cross again. And each time you crossed it, it was easier to go farther than the last time.

Allie hesitated when she heard a voice call her name. She was in *Death & Co*, at happy hour. There were a lot of people from work there, because everyone wanted to see Scott and Jen. It was like a reunion, the wayward heroes returning home.

She looked around for the voice. Then she heard the voice again. “Allie, over here,” came the whispered voice. Then she saw Mike. She navigated through the crowd to him. Mike quickly pulled her into a dark, semi-private corner.

“Mike, what the fuck?” Allie asked.

“Can you get Jen for me?” Mike asked.

“Oh my god Mike,” Allie said with a sigh. She knew the whole story of Mike’s cuckold fantasies and Jen’s relationship with Scott. As her best friend, Jen had told her everything. She also knew tonight was Scott’s night, and Jen wasn’t supposed to see Mike until tomorrow. “Are you sure this is a good idea? Scott’ll be pissed if he finds out you’re here.”

“She’s still my wife Allie!” Mike pleaded. “You owe me! You were in our wedding! Come on! I just want to see her for a minute!”

“God Mike,” Allie said with a shake of the head. With a sigh she said “Okay, whatever. I’ll get her.”

“Allie, thanks,” Mike said, reaching out and squeezing her hand. He looked past Allie’s shoulder and asked “Is that your new boyfriend Tony? Mr. Big Muscles and Big Dick?”

Allie laughed, remembering their last conversation. “That’s him,” she said grinning at Mike.

“He looks nice Allie,” Mike said. “You two make a good couple. I hope it works out for you.”

Allie stared at Mike. Here he was, all broken up about his wife with another man, practically begging for just 5 minutes with her, yet he still had time to think about other people. She shook her head. *The shithead does grow on you*, she thought to herself. She said, “I’ll get Jen.”

A few minutes later Jen joined Mike in the darkened corner. “Mike, what are you doing here?” she asked.

“I just want to see you,” Mike said, taking her hands and pulling her close.

“Mike, this isn’t cool,” Jen said disapprovingly. The story was out now, that she was separated from Mike and with Scott now. So, unlike before when Jen’s relationship with Scott was just rumors, Mike couldn’t

minge with her work friends in order to secretly watch her with Scott. Her work friends all knew Mike. If anyone saw him, it could start a big ugly scene and embarrass them all. "You need to go," she urgently whispered. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Jen, come on," Mike said, hugging her tight. "I just want to see you."

Jen's hair fell over his face and he took a deep breath. He smelled her perfume, and the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. He also smelled the chocolate of her brownish red lipstick. They were familiar smells. And her body felt familiar too. He needed that familiarity. He couldn't wait for tomorrow. He needed the intimacy of holding his wife, if only for a few moments.

Jen gave into it and hugged Mike back. In truth, she missed Mike, despite her infatuation with Scott. It felt good to hug him.

"I'm on my way to pick up mom and dad from the airport," Mike told her.

"Okay," Jen said. Looking anxious, she said "I'm worried about tomorrow."

"Don't worry. They're not mad at you," Mike assured her. "They understand how things go sometimes. They just want to see you. They love you Jen."

"I love them too," Jen said. Feeling nervous, although trying to hide it, she asked "Will Joey be there? Tomorrow?"

"No," Mike said. "He wanted to, but he said he has to finish a paper for school."

Jen was both relieved and disappointed. Relieved, because she already had too much to deal with -- with Mike, his parents, and Scott. Disappointed, because she needed to eventually see Joey to work out the rift between them.

"You look so beautiful," Mike gushed, looking at her. She was wearing Scott's earrings, and the diamonds were sparkling even in the faint light of the darkened corner. Wanting to be nice, he said "Your earrings ... they look good on you."

Jen was surprised Mike was giving Scott a compliment. She joked "I'll tell Scott you approve." They both grinned at the joke.

Turning serious, Jen said "But, you see? We can make this work, the 3 of us. Scott's been really understanding about this weekend. He didn't

make major drama – any drama really -- about canceling our plans and coming here.”

A cloud passed over Mike’s face. “I’m sure you’re right,” he said diplomatically. “But it really hurts when you take his side. I hate it when you do that.”

“I’m not taking his side Mike,” Jen said, rubbing his arm. “I’m just saying, if we’re all adults, we can make this work. Will you think about it?”

“Think about what?”

“About trying to make it work, for all of us.”

The cloud over Mike’s face darkened. “You’re talking about something long term with Scott?” he said with a scowl at her.

“What if I was living with you again?” Jen began. “But Scott was still my boyfriend. Wouldn’t that be awesome for you? All those stories on *Our Hot Wives* and *Literotica*, they talk about wives having long term boyfriends. Isn’t that what you want?”

Mike frowned. “You’d sleep with him?”

“Yes, some nights.”

“How many nights?”

“I don’t know.”

“You’d still work with him?”

“Yes Mike, we have a business now, I can’t stop, it’s my career, and it’s good money.”

“So, who would you spend more time with?” Mike asked, his frown deepening.

“Honestly, since I work with him, if you count up the hours, probably Scott,” Jen said honestly. “But does it really matter? We’d be together again, you and me. And the loft apartment would be my home. *Our* home. And even when I was at Scott’s, it would just be an uBer away from you, not a flight like now. And wouldn’t it get you hot, if I did spend more time with Scott than you?” She grinned at Mike and said “I bet you would count up the hours and get more excited whenever I was with Scott more than you.”

“Jen, I don’t know,” Mike said doubtfully.

“But you’ll think about it?” Jen asked hopefully. “I mean, even when I spend the night with Scott, I’d be back with you the next day.”

Mike grabbed her and looked urgently into her face. “What happens when we start a family?” he asked.

“What?” Jen said, not understanding where he was going.

“When you go off the pill, you won’t have sex with Scott, right?” Mike asked, his voice almost desperate. “Right? You’ll only have sex with me until you’re pregnant. Right?”

“Yes, right,” Jen stammered. Honestly, she hadn’t thought about it. But of course, he was right.

“You’ll be able to stay away from Scott – not have sex with him – until you’re pregnant?” Mike pressed, wanting to make sure. “It might take months. You can stay away from him that long?”

“Mike, yes,” Jen said, exasperation in her voice. But then she thought about it. Would she be able to resist Scott for that long, especially if he was pressuring her for sex?

Mike studied Jen’s face. He saw the doubt in her face. If Jen went off the pill to start a family, and she wasn’t able to resist Scott ... if she let him into her without a condom ... if she let him cum inside her ... if his virile sperm found her fertile egg

Jen would get pregnant, her belly would grow, and it might be Scott’s baby inside her, not his.

Mike was breathing hard. His heart was pounding. His dick was rock hard. The cuckold agony, the thrill, the delicious angst, it was too much.

“I can’t take this,” he said, sounding exhausted and defeated. He rested his head on Jen’s shoulder, in the crook of her neck. Jen held him, patting his back, trying to console him.

Mike’s hand moved up between their bodies. He cupped her breast over her dress. He felt her bare breast through the delicate silky fabric. She was braless. Of course she was. She was Scott’s girl after all, and he liked her going without a bra.

Mike fondled her breast. He massaged it, found her nipple and rubbed it. It was her left breast. With the fifty five tattoo permanently inked underneath.

“Jen, I need you,” he said lustfully, pulling her closer to him. He was so aroused his body was practically trembling. He needed his wife.

“Mike, no, we can’t,” Jen said. She pulled away from him. She said, “You know we can’t. I have to get back.” Her voice was firm, indicating she was serious about no fooling around.

“To Scott,” Mike said, the cloud over his face again. Once again, he felt rejected. He had no doubt Jen would have eagerly given Scott a quickie if their roles were reversed.

“And you so get off on that,” Jen said looking knowingly at him. In a softer tone of voice, she said “It would work Mike. It *would*. We’d be together again. We’d be living together again. Think about it okay?”

Mike stared at Jen for long moments. Finally, he nodded. Jen smiled. It was only a partial victory, but now she had a plan to make it work for all of them. All 3 of them.

Jen kissed Mike and said, “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“When?” he asked.

“I’m not sure Mike,” Jen said. “In the morning sometime.”

Mike grabbed her hand. “I need to see you, Jen. I need to be with you, alone, before we see my parents.” Mike knew he sounded desperate, and he hated his weakness, but he couldn’t help it.

“I know Mike. We’ll spend time together. I promise,” Jen said. She kissed him again, then she went back to Scott.

“So, how’s Bubble Boy?” Allie asked when Jen returned. She gave Mike the nickname “Bubble Boy” in college, after watching a movie in their film studies class where a boy with health issues was kept in a plastic bubble to keep him from getting sick. Allie dubbed Mike Bubble Boy because just the thought of Mike with another girl got Jen insanely jealous. At least it did back then in college.

Jen scoffed. “He’s not Bubble Boy anymore,” she lamented.

“What? He’s seeing Bitsy again?” Allie asked.

“No, not Bitsy. A girl from work. Elaine.”

Allie looked wide-eyed at Jen. “Wait,” she said, alarm in her voice. “Is that the chick I met a couple years ago? At that party in Central Park?” Mike’s firm had a summer event in Central Park two summers ago, for summer interns. Elaine had been an intern then. At the time, Allie had been on the outs with her then-husband RH, so they invited her to lift her spirits.

Jen shrugged a yes to Allie.

“Jen!” Allie said, shocked. “You said that big titted bitch was a wife’s worse nightmare. Remember? You called her “the bitch in high heels.” And now you’re giving Mike a free pass with her?”

“What can I do?” Jen said, giving Allie a helpless look. “I’m with Scott. It’s only fair.”

“So, you’re so into Scott you’re letting Elaine get her claws into your

husband?”

“It’s only temporary Allie,” Jen told her best friend.

“What if Elaine has other plans? You like Scott that much?”

Jen frowned at Allie. “Look, I know it’s risky,” she admitted. “And yes, I know I’m crushing hard on Scott. But you encouraged me.”

“Don’t put this on me,” Allie quickly said.

“I’m not,” Jen said. “But you said I’m happy with Scott. Remember? You said I was miserable before, and now I’m happy. And you’re right, I’m happy with Scott.”

“Are you happier with Scott than Mike?” Allie asked.

Jen hesitated. “It’s a different kind of happy,” she said, trying to explain. “Life is calm with Mike. Comfortable. With Scott, it’s like living a roller coaster. It’s exciting. I don’t know. Maybe it’s just what I’m going through right now. I want the excitement. I feel so alive Allie. I like feeling this way.”

“Okay, I get it, I don’t blame you,” Allie said. “I mean, I like Mike, but I never thought you were a good match. But he’s a good person Jen. Be nice to him.”

“I love Mike,” Jen said. She looked helpless again. “That’s my problem. I want them both.”

“I don’t know Jen,” Allie said, looking doubtful. “You really think they’ll go for that? Maybe Mike will. He follows you around like a puppy dog, he always has. But Scott? I don’t see him sharing a girl with another man. Not long term anyway.”

Jen wasn’t sure about that either. In fact, Scott told her exactly that on the plane earlier. She didn’t know what to do.

CHAPTER 6

Jen slowly woke up the next morning. When she opened her eyes, she realized she was softly moaning and her body was aroused. She looked down. Scott was sucking one of her nipples, and he was fingering her pussy.

“Fuck Scott,” she said with a sleepy laugh in her voice. She groaned and arched her back as he bit down on her nipple and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

“Happy birthday Jenny,” Scott said with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Then he went back to sucking her nipple and rubbing her clit.

Jen moaned and arched her back. “This is how I want all my birthdays to start from now on,” she said with a laugh.

“I think I can arrange that,” Scott said with a grin. He rolled on top of her and opened her legs. He took his cock in his hand and rubbed the big head up and down her slit. She was already wet from his ministrations.

“Kiss me first,” Jen said, smiling into his eyes and reaching for him. Scott smiled back. He bent over and kissed her. Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

“Happy birthday,” Scott said again, smiling into her eyes.

“Thank you,” Jen said, looking back into his eyes. They kissed again.

They made out, both of their passions growing as their hands caressed and fondled each other. Scott reached between their bodies. He took hold of his cock and guided it to her pussy. He found her hole and pushed in. Jen moaned and arched her back as he penetrated her with his big hard cock.

Scott started slow, but then fucked harder and faster. Jen came hard on Scott’s cock. Her screams probably woke up the people in the next hotel room. The lovers didn’t care who they woke up. When Scott came he buried his cock balls deep into Jen’s pussy and shot his sperm deep inside her.

Afterwards, they laughed and rolled around in bed. They ordered room service for breakfast. Then they fucked again. Jen came on Scott’s cock again. He came inside her again.

As the morning moved towards noontime, Jen finally pulled herself

away from Scott. She had to get ready for her day with Mike and his parents. Scott wasn't going to let her off that easy though. He joined her in the shower, and he fucked her again. He fucked her hard, slamming her tight ass against the ceramic tile wall with each powerful thrust into her. They kissed open mouth as the shower rained down on them. Scott made her cum again. He fucked her hard through her orgasm, and he lasted a long time because of their earlier sex. When he finally came, he made sure to shoot his cum into her pussy again.

Fucking 3 times in the morning was a lot of sex, even for them. But Scott was jealous and annoyed that Jen was going to be with Mike and his parents. He wanted Jen's pussy to be so raw she wouldn't be able to have sex with Mike. And he wanted to make sure her body was completely satisfied so she wouldn't desire Mike at all. Sure, he knew they'd have sex. But Scott didn't want Jen to enjoy it, or desire it. He wanted Jen to fuck Mike out of obligation, like a pity fuck.

After fucking in the shower, Jen giggled and shooed Scott away so she could get ready. "So what are your plans today?" she asked a little later as she brushed her hair. She was talking about what Scott was going to do while she was with Mike.

"Some of our dear old partners want to meet with me," Scott said. "I think they want a piece of our action. I wouldn't mind outsourcing some of our projects. It'll free us up for new opportunities."

Jen nodded. She thought it was a good idea. Their little advertising agency was booming and they were swamped with work. They could definitely use the help. And also, maybe then she could work with her friends again. The happy hour last night reminded her how much she missed her friends and old co-workers. She especially missed working with Allie.

I approached Jen's hotel to pick her up. It was later than I hoped, being almost lunch time, but I wasn't going to say anything. I didn't want to get into an argument, and I was trying to stop sounding so desperate.

As I approached, I saw Jen waiting for me outside the hotel. Scott was with her. They were window shopping. They were laughing and talking. Jen was leaning into Scott, and he had his hand in the back pocket of her jeans.

They were looking at the store front so they didn't see me. I paused

to look at them. They looked happy together. The way they talked, the way they moved and touched, there was a familiarity and intimacy. This all started as a game, but they weren't playing a game anymore. They were a real couple.

If you think about it, a girl and a guy usually get together at first through a mutual physical attraction. That attraction leads to sex, but sex doesn't make you a couple. Well, it might for a while, but couples who are together *just* for sex usually don't last. To be a real couple, one that lasts, you need things in common, you need to be friends. You need shared experiences, you need inside jokes, you need familiarity and intimacy. If you have all that, then the intimacy and pleasure of sex have a greater impact. The sex fuels your heart and soul, in addition to pleasuring your body.

Being one person through intercourse, being skin-to-skin in the most intimate way possible, giving each other orgasmic pleasure, the sharing of juices and DNA, all those things work to bring two people even closer together. They become a real couple. They become inseparable. They fall in love.

That's what I saw when I looked at Jen and Scott. With her head against his shoulder. With his hand in her back pocket. They were a real couple. They were in love.

Jen and I used to be like that. *We* were the inseparable couple, the ones in love. We had all the shared experiences and inside jokes. Could we get that back? Especially if, even after she moved back with me, Scott was still in her life? Could I ever get my wife back? Would she ever truly be mine again, as long as Scott was in the picture?

"So, hey ...," I said as I approached them.

Jen immediately turned around to look at me. Scott turned too. Seeing me looking at them practically attached at the hip, Jen took a half step away from Scott so she was no longer leaning into him. Scott reluctantly pulled his hand from her back pocket.

It was awkward, standing in a circle like that, with Jen next to him. Scott and I politely shook hands, although I think for both of us it was just for Jen's benefit. Jen took a couple steps to me so she was on my side of the circle. Just like that she was my wife again. But was she really? The bond between Jen and Scott didn't just turn off. That was made clear when, just before we left Scott, Jen moved to him, they whispered for a few moments, and she gave him a brief, soft kiss on the lips. Seeing that hurt. It really hurt.

Finally Jen and I were alone, walking down the street. I reached for her hand. Thankfully she let me hold her hand. She held my hand back too. Thankfully she did that. If she hadn't, I might have lost it.

I stopped and smiled at her. I held her hands and looked into her eyes, and said "So, happy birthday."

"Thanks," Jen said, grinning back at me.

"Thanks for coming," I said.

"Mike, honey, you don't have to thank me," she said back.

We looked at each other. I didn't know what to say next. She didn't either. Finally we gave each other another smile and hand squeeze, and we started walking down the street again.

It was awkward trying to reconnect. Transitioning from Scott's girlfriend to my wife. You know the saying, friends can get together after not seeing each other a long time and pick up like they were never apart? That wasn't true for me and Jen.

I mean, it probably would've been true if we were just trying to reconnect as friends. But we were trying to come back together as husband and wife. We still loved each other. At least, I still loved Jen, more now than ever before. But feeling love for someone isn't the same as expressing that love. It was hard for me to show my love to Jen, and I think it was the same for her, because we had been apart so long with only brief periods together.

And there was the elephant in the room, Scott. Jen was in a romantic relationship with him. She loved him, and their bond together was stronger and deeper now than ever before. All those things formed a wall between us. Reconnecting meant fighting through that wall.

So yes, it was hard to reconnect. As we walked down the street, we talked about neutral topics. Allie's new boyfriend Tony. My Sapphire project at work. The next election. We even talked about the stupid weather.

We ended up at the French bistro we had discovered when we first toured the loft apartment. Turns out Jen's hotel wasn't far away. We ate lunch there and ordered a bottle of wine. As we sipped wine we talked about more meaningful things. Our mutual friends. My parents, her parents. Other relatives. We talked about my new partnership. Really talked about it, not the superficial bullshit from last weekend. I started feeling that wall coming down and starting to reconnect with her.

My firm had a retreat for all the partners in the spring, at a ritzy resort in the Caribbean. Jen was excited to hear about it. We talked about how fun

it sounded. Jen said, “I can’t wait to go.”

I didn’t say anything, but when she said that my heart leaped. Because for Jen to go to the retreat with me, it meant we would have to be back together. It was the first hint she’d given me on when she would return to me. By the time of the spring partner retreat.

We were supposed to tour the loft apartment tomorrow, but it was right around the corner. So I called the realtor and she came over and gave me the key. The realtor knew buying the loft apartment was part of us getting back together after separation, so she gave us space. She told us to take as much time as we needed, and to leave the key under the mat and she would get it later.

We toured the loft apartment. We took our time, moving from room to room. We walked the backyard and talked about where the swing set would go. I think Jen fell in love with the place again. I could tell from her face. It was perfect for starting a family. It was perfect for us.

My eyes watered up when Jen enthusiastically agreed we should buy it. I immediately called the realtor with the good news. I’d done all the paperwork already. It was a cash deal. So just like that it was done. We bought it. The loft apartment was ours.

The loft apartment was empty of furniture. Except, there was a bed in the master bedroom. It was made up with sheets, comforter and pillows. The realtor kept the bed there to show scale.

I was tempted to make love to Jen right then and there, on that bed. I wanted her – needed her – so bad. But I decided to wait. The loft apartment belonged to us now, but Jen didn’t belong to me, not yet. She was still living with Scott and I only had her for a few hours. She wouldn’t be mine again until she lived with me again – until she slept in my bed – *our bed* -- again. So I decided to wait until then to make love to her in the loft apartment. Until then, the apartment would be like a virgin, pure and unsoiled. When Jen was back with me, when she was my wife again, we would make love in the loft apartment for the first time to christen our new life back together.

We went to our old apartment, my current home (and Jen’s too until she left me to live with Scott). We owned that too. Now that we owned the loft apartment, we talked about selling it. But the apartment held too many good memories for us. It was our first home after getting married after all. So we decided to keep it. Maybe we might eventually rent it out. It probably wasn’t the best financial decision, but it was the right sentimental decision.

And I was overjoyed that Jen wanted to keep the old apartment. It meant those 10 years with me, before Scott, still meant a lot to her.

We went to our master bedroom and made love. My plan to last longer by having sex with Elaine didn't work. Well, maybe I lasted an extra minute or two. But Jen's gorgeous face and sexy body were just too much for me. And even though we hadn't talked about Scott or the game, she was still Scott's girlfriend, probably they had sex just that morning, and the image of his hand in her pocket still burned in my memory. In other words, I was still surrounded by all the trappings of being a cuckold. And then, when I looked at the fifty five tattoo under her sweet, perfect left breast, I came. There was no way I could stop myself from cumming.

Afterwards I went down on her. She hadn't cum from our intercourse, and I wanted to make her cum. She tried to stop me and I thought it was because I'd just cum inside her. In the past, before the game and Scott, I'd always been reluctant to go down on her after cumming in her, and she knew that. I think most men are the same way.

But she said, "Scott came in me this morning."

I was poised to lick her pussy and looked up at her. "I don't care," I said, lowering my head again to start working on her.

But Jen stopped me again. "Mike – he came in me three times," she warned.

Again I looked up at her, processing what she just said. I understood Scott's motivations immediately of course. He fucked her so much to take all her desire. To take all her horniness. To prevent me the satisfaction of seeing desire in my wife's eyes as we made love, to prevent me from hearing her moan or feeling her writhe underneath me with pleasure as I stroked her pussy with my cock. Jen didn't often cum on my cock, but after fucking and no doubt cumming 3 times with Scott, I had no chance to get her off. Scott took all that from me.

Also, Scott came inside her so much to mark her as his property. The fifty five tat under her breast wasn't enough for him. He also wanted to fill her up with his sperm. To show both me and Jen who she belonged to, who her real man was.

But I didn't care. I wanted to make my wife cum. So I went down on her. I ate her out. She was really wet. I knew part of that was because I just came in her. And I hoped that part of it was her arousal because of what I was doing to her. But I also knew it was because of Scott. I was eating his

sperm.

To my satisfaction though, I heard Jen moan. I felt her writhed under my tongue and I sensed her claw at the sheets. Her body tensed, her back arched and she cried out when she came. Afterwards she giggled like a little girl. “God I’ve missed that,” she said grinning at me. I hadn’t gone done on her since she moved to Michigan. “You’re the best at that baby.”

I grinned back and my heart leaped, because she called me “baby,” our pet name for each other. I felt reconnected to her. It proved to me that a couple needs sex together to be a couple. Sex wasn’t just pleasure. It was the intimacy that made 2 people a couple. At that moment I was happy. Even happier than earlier, when we bought the loft apartment. Because I felt like she was my wife again.

But then Jen grinned at me and asked “So, are you into that?”

“Into what?”

“You know,” she said. She had an intrigued look on her face, and another look too, like she was embarrassed to ask. “Going down on me after Scott’s cum in me. Creampies.”

My face dropped at her question. I was shocked. I wasn’t into creampies. I know some cucks are into that, but not me. I didn’t go down on Jen because Scott came in her. I did it despite that. Because I wanted to give her pleasure.

Then I realized Scott’s trap. He set this up. He wanted Jen to think I liked creampies. That I liked the taste of another man’s sperm – of his sperm. Scott wanted to emasculate me in the eyes of my wife. Make her see me as less than a man.

Jen saw the cloud on my face. She knew I was upset. “Oh okay, you’re not into that, I’m sorry, I was just curious,” she said. Sensing how I felt, she said “If you *did* like it, that would be okay. I don’t think it’s a bad thing.” Then with a grin she added “Actually it’s kinda hot.”

“Hot?” I said with a scoff. “If Scott liked it, would it be hot?”

“No,” she said. “But Scott’s Scott and you’re you.”

I frown at her. Really Jen? This was your way of making me feel better? But then, I guessed I deserved it. I was, after all, a man who got off watching other men fuck his wife.

“Let’s not talk about this,” Jen said, leaning into me and squeezing my arm.

But now we were talking about Scott and there were things we needed

to talk about. “What you said last night ... it sounds like you want a poly relationship,” I said.

“I don’t know what the label is,” Jen said. “I’m just trying to make it work for all of us.”

“But before, you said you’d eventually get over Scott,” I said.

“That still might happen.”

“Might?” I said, immediately concerned. “Before you said *will*, not *might*.”

Jen sighed and laid her forehead on my shoulder. “Mike, do we have to have all the answers right now?” she said pleadingly. “Can’t we just live for the moment? See how it goes?”

There it was again. *Live for the moment*. Scott’s mantra. And now Jen’s too.

I said “What about me? Will you eventually get over me too?”

“Mike, come on,” she sighed.

“Answer me!” I pressed.

“Mike I’m married to you,” she said.

“That’s no answer!”

“Of course it’s an answer,” she shot back. “It’s the only answer you should need.”

I scowled at her. I looked at her left hand and said “Why aren’t you wearing your engagement ring? Why are you only wearing your wedding ring?”

I was shocked when Jen smiled. “You think this is funny?” I snapped angrily.

“No, no, I’m sorry,” she said, immediately wiping the smile off her face. “It was just something that happened at the hotel.”

“What?”

Jen looked warily at me. It was like she realized her mistake in bringing it up. “You’re not going to like it,” she warned.

“Tell me!” I demanded.

“Well ...,” she began. “When we were checking in, the clerk saw my ring and thought I was Scott’s wife.”

I didn’t think it was possible to hurt any more than I already hurt. To fall even further into the abyss. But that did it for me. Now people were thinking that Jen was married to Scott.

“It was bound to happen eventually,” Jen said softly, trying to console

me. "People see me with Scott ... they see the ring ... people assume things."

"Is that your way of making me feel better?" I said, my voice barely audible. I couldn't believe how flippant she was about it.

"Mike come on," Jen gently said in that soothing voice. "You make it sound like the end of the world. It's not. People thinking I'm married to Scott? How does that not turn you on?" She saw I was erect. She wrapped her hand around my hard shaft and grinned at me. "See? It does get you hot."

I closed my eyes as she stroked my cock up and down. Then I opened my eyes again. I looked at her. "Why aren't you wearing your engagement ring?" I asked again.

"Scott gets upset seeing it," Jen said honestly. "It's just easier not wearing it, around his friends and parents. I have to think about his feelings too. I know you probably hate than answer but I'm just trying to be honest."

I stared at her. After a few moments I said "When you have sex. With Scott. Do you ever think about having his baby?"

"What?" Jen said with a laugh, surprised by my non-sequitur.

"When people are intimate ... when a man is giving a girl pleasure ... it's natural for the girl to think about having the man's baby."

"I think you read too many stories on Literotica," Jen said with another laugh.

"Please answer my question," I pressed.

Jen sighed. She thought about my question. She finally said "I guess sometimes I've thought about having Scott's baby. Not that I want his baby. I don't know. I guess you're right. When you're intimate a long time with the same man, the thought pops in your head sometimes. But that's it. I don't want his baby."

"Do you want my baby?" I asked.

"Mike ... yes," Jen said with exasperation in her voice.

"But you love us both," I said, pressing again. "Why do you want my baby, but not his?"

"Well ...," Jen began. I could tell this was something she hadn't thought about before. She thought about it and said "I've told you love isn't always the same. This proves it."

I stared at her. I desperately wanted to believe her.

"What we talked about last night," I said. "If we're back together,

and you're still seeing him, and you go off the pill so we can start a family, but you slip and have sex with him, and he cums inside you and you get pregnant, what would you do?"

"God Mike," Jen lamented at my complicated hypothetical.

"I need to know Jen!" I insisted. "This is important!"

Jen sighed again. "I guess I'd do what every normal wife of a cuckold husband would do," she said. "I'd go to the drugstore and take a morning after pill."

Jen's answer stunned me. Even though she was a liberal Democrat, she was pro-life because of her Catholic upbringing. She'd never taken a morning after pill, even though I knew she had a couple of scares with boyfriends before me.

"You'd do that?" I said. "You swear you'd do that?"

"Yes Mike," she said. There was impatience and irritation in her voice now, but I didn't care. If she was going to have a long-term relationship with another man, I had to know these things.

"Okay," I said, finally satisfied.

"Okay what?" Jen asked.

"Okay to what you said last night," I told her. "I agree."

Jen's eyes opened wide, and she got a big smile. "Really?" she said excitedly. She looked so beautiful at that moment. And, ironically, even though I just agreed for her to be long term with another man, she felt like my wife again. I would have agreed to anything.

Jen climbed on top of me and we made love. Afterwards, I was uneasy about having given in. What if she never grew tired of Scott? Then I'd have to live with my wife spending part of the week in another man's bed for the rest of my life. I didn't want a poly relationship. Other people are into it, but it's a big turn off for me.

But I thought about the loft apartment we had just bought. That apartment with the high ceilings, exposed brick and little backyard was where I clung onto hope and held my dreams. It was where we were going to start a family. And once we had a baby or two, once she was a mother, Jen would focus her life on our family. I was certain of it. And then there would be no room for another man. She would be mine again. All mine. And we would live happily ever after -- me, Jen and our children, in that loft apartment.

CHAPTER 7

Jen hadn't needed to pack much on this weekend trip to New York. After all, she had her closet in our old apartment to pick for clothes.

For dinner with my parents, Jen wore a turtleneck sweater, knit skirt, tights and flats. She wore her long blonde hair down and a little makeup. She looked gorgeous, but in a wholesome, sweet, girl-next-door way. It was how she used to dress before we started playing the game. It was a far cry from the sexy way she dressed for Scott, when she was trying to look as fuckable as possible for him. I much preferred *this* Jen. *This* was how my wife dressed.

Jen didn't wear the diamond earrings Scott had given her. I was relieved about that. Instead, she wore pearl ones I had given her back in college, before we got married. She didn't put her engagement ring on though. She told me she had left it with her things back at Scott's house in Michigan. She told me she didn't want to risk losing it, by putting it on and taking it off. I suspected she worried Scott would get upset if she brought it with her. That bothered me, that she was picking him over me again, but I didn't push the issue.

I won't bore you with details of dinner with my parents. They were happy to see Jen of course, and there lots of hugs and kisses. They were happy to see me and Jen together. But it was awkward too. They knew Jen and I were separated, and she was living in Michigan with another man. They didn't know my kinks, but that didn't matter because we were past saying this was a game. Jen and I were *really* separated, and she was *really* in love with another man.

We had a nice dinner and Jen blew out the candles on a birthday cake. My parents gave her some presents. But it was all melancholy and sad. When we said goodbye my mom cried, and it looked like my dad was barely holding it together. Jen cried too when she hugged my mom and dad

goodbye.

“I seriously, really need a drink,” Jen said after, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand. I did too. We went into a bar and found a booth. We were silent as we sipped our drinks. I think we were both trying to get over the emotional trauma that we both just experienced with my parents.

Jen’s iPhone buzzed. She took it out of her bag and read the text. Then she looked at me.

“It’s Scott?” I asked. I knew it was. Of course it was.

“Yes.”

“What does he want?” I said. But I already knew.

Jen hesitantly said, “He was wondering if he could stop by. To say happy birthday to me.”

I glared at her. “Fucking you three times this morning wasn’t enough *happy birthday*?” I hissed.

“Mike, please,” she said.

I could tell she wanted to see Scott. And I felt like she was giving me a test, about what we talked about earlier, when I agreed to her long-term relationship with Scott. This wasn’t a game any more, this was real life. She and Scott were in a serious romantic relationship, and I had given my blessings. So now, would I man up and stick to my agreement, or whine and cry like a pathetic baby?

“Okay, fine, whatever,” I said. I would stick to my agreement, but I didn’t have to be happy about it. She couldn’t expect that.

Scott arrived about 30 minutes later. Jen hesitantly asked me, “Do you mind if I spend a little time alone with Scott?”

“This is my night Jen,” I objected.

“No sex. Just talk,” Jen hurriedly assured me. “Just a little alone time.”

I glared at her. But then I gave in. “30 minutes,” I told her.

Jen gratefully smiled and squeezed my hand. “Thank you,” she said. “We’ll go across the street, to the bar over there.”

Without thinking, I said “No, stay here.”

Jen looked at me. “Are you sure?” she asked. I knew what she was thinking. We had come into the bar together, people had pegged us as a couple. If now Jen sat with a different man, people would wonder what was

up. They'd look at me and wonder why I was letting another man move in on my girl.

My dick got hard thinking about this, as I went full tilt into my C-Space. "Yes, stay here," I told her, my voice suddenly dry from excitement.

So once again I watched my wife with her boyfriend. They went into another booth. They sat close and whispered to each other with their heads close, all the while holding hands. The bartender and waitresses noticed Jen moving from me to Scott, and they clustered around the bar to gossip. My waitress approached me and asked "Would you and your wife like another drink?" As she said this, her eyes darted from me, alone in the booth, to the booth across the bar where my wife was, at that moment, snuggled into another man's arm and kissing him.

It was all torture but so thrilling. The delicious cuckold angst. It made me want to cry in misery, and jump for joy at the same time. I knew I was sick. I knew I needed major therapy. But also my dick was so hard it hurt. I couldn't wait to get Jen home and fuck her, and to hear what she and Scott talked about.

I was afraid Jen would be away for longer than 30 minutes. I was afraid she would ask if Scott could come home with us, or worse, if she could go back to the hotel with him. But she didn't. She was back within 30 minutes. And Scott left the bar by himself.

It was awkward paying the check, with the waitress looking between me and Jen, and the door that Scott just left through. But it also kept my dick hard. Once we were back in our old apartment, I was all over her. Jen giggled at how insistent I was, but she didn't deny me. I tore off her clothes and fucked her. Then, for the first time in months, I held her as we drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER 8

We made love again the next morning. Then we decided to have brunch at that French bistro near the loft apartment. If the realtor hadn't picked up the key yet and it was still under the mat, we'd visit the apartment again before Jen rejoined Scott to return to Michigan.

We walked from the subway to the French bistro. Christmas decorations were out and there were carols and Christmas music playing as we walked. The air was brisk. It felt like Christmas. Jen and I had spent every Christmas together for the last 10 years. I asked her, "Will you be here for Christmas? With me?"

"I'd like that," Jen said with a squeeze of my hand. "Do you mind if I talk to Scott first? I'm sure we'll work something out. But I should talk to him first."

I begrudgingly said yes. I guess this was my new normal now. My new reality. Scott was now firmly in my wife's life. She had to check with him before committing to holiday plans. I wondered in the future if we'd make a schedule. Scott gets Jen for Thanksgiving, I get her for Christmas and New Years, he gets her for Valentines day. My new reality seemed so surreal. My emotions were all over the place. My heart hated it. My dick loved it.

We stopped to window shop. At a men's store, Jen's attention was drawn to a tie. "Oh my god, that one's perfect!" she gushed.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"Scotty just got a new suit," Jen said, excitement lighting up her beautiful face. "We've been looking for a tie. That's what we were doing when you picked me up yesterday."

"Oh," I said. I remembered how they were window shopping. I remembered how she was leaning into him, and his hand was in her back pocket.

"This one's perfect," Jen said looking at the tie in the window. "Do you mind if I run in and get it? It'll only take a sec."

“Yeah, sure,” I said. What else could I say?

As Jen ran into the shop to buy the tie for Scott, my gut was wrenching inside. Didn’t she see what she was doing to me? It was never just *us* anymore. Even when we were alone together, she was always thinking about him too.

Jen came out a moment later, stuffing a small paper bag into her purse. She took my arm and smiled at me. “Come on, I’m starving,” she said smiling at me. No mention of Scott. Her attention focused solely on me again. How did she do it? Switching back and forth like that?

As we were finishing lunch my phone rang. It was work. They were having a major glitch with Sapphire, and they needed me *now*, to help fix it. It was an emergency.

“It’s okay, go, they need you,” Jen said.

“You’re not going to be here much longer,” I said, already missing her.

“I’ll still be here when you’re done,” Jen assured me. “Scotty has meetings all day and our flight’s not until late tonight. We’ll get an early dinner together.”

“It might take a few hours,” I warned her.

“I’ll be fine Mike,” Jen said. “There’s a furniture store down the street. I might browse there, then take some measurements at the loft apartment.”

I went to work and organized my team. I pushed them hard to fix the bug. Not only did we need to get Sapphire back online, I wanted to get back to Jen as soon as possible. As it turned out, it was a simple fix. We were done in just over an hour. I got an uBer and rushed back to Jen.

Jen was in the furniture store when she got a call from Scott. “Where are you?” he said excitedly. “I have to talk to you! I’ve got great news!”

“Why? What happened?”

“Just tell me where you are!” Scott urgently said.

When they were together Scott hugged and kissed Jen. “Where’s Mike?” he asked.

“He had to go to work,” Jen said. “Tell me what happened.”

“The partners want to merge with us!” Scott said excitedly.

“What?”

“They want to merge with us!” Scott said. “They see what we’ve done. Right now they have no presence in the mid-west. They want to merge with us to expand their portfolio. We can move back here. We’ll be in Michigan sometimes, but we’ll live here in New York City.”

Jen looked wide-eyed at Scott. “Are you serious?” she said, shocked.

“There’s more,” Scott said excitedly. “I’ll be a partner again. And you’ll be a partner too. And Allie. I knew you wouldn’t want to be a partner without Allie. So, I told them Allie was part of the deal. If they wanted the merger, they had to make Allie a partner too.”

Jen’s lips parted in shock and her eyes went wide. She didn’t know what to say. This was the most incredible news. The most *freaking* incredible news. They would move back to New York. She would be a partner. And her best friend Allie too.

And best of all, she would live with Mike again. She would still be with Scott a lot, but she would *live* with Mike again. She wanted that.

“Scotty ... god Scotty,” she said, at a loss for words.

Scott pulled Jen into his arms. “I love you Jenny,” he said, looking into her blue eyes. “I know I’m an asshole sometimes. But I’m trying to be a better man. I *want* to be a better man. For you.”

Jen stared back into Scott’s eyes. Then she got up on her tip toes and wrapped her arms around his neck. She kissed him.

Mike uBered straight to the loft apartment, expecting Jen to be there measuring the rooms for new furniture. When he arrived, he checked under the mat. The key was gone. He checked the doorknob. It was unlocked.

Mike’s world began to completely fall apart when he walked into the loft apartment. On the floor were Jen’s clothes. Her flats. Blouse. Bra. Wool mini-skirt skirt. Black tights. Panties.

Jen’s discarded clothes made a path from the door to the master bedroom. Mike saw men’s clothing there too. He knew who they belonged to.

Mike looked at the door to the master bedroom. The door was open. There were sounds. He clearly recognized Jen’s voice. She was moaning.

Mike found himself moving towards the open door. He looked in.

Jen was on her back, on the bed. Scott was on top of her. They were naked. Jen's legs were on his shoulders. His cock was deep inside her pussy. He was fucking her with long deep strokes. Jen was caressing his back and arms as he fucked her. They were kissing. Jen was moaning into Scott's mouth as they kissed and fucked.

Mike's hopes and dreams had been tied to this loft apartment. This was where they would start a family. This was where Jen would be exclusively his again. But now Mike knew all those dreams were a fantasy that would never come true. The loft apartment was now soiled. Ruined. Mike knew he would never live here.

Mike watched as Scott fucked Jen. He listened to Jen moan into Scott's mouth. He watched as her fingers caressed his back. He saw the wedding band on her finger.

Something snapped in Mike's head. He moved towards the bed.

That was when Scott noticed him. "Mike, get out until we're done!" Scott yelled with an angry glare at Mike.

Jen saw Mike too. "Baby ...," she said seeing him. She reached for him, even as she was under Scott's body and impaled on his big cock. "Mike baby, come here. I'm moving back to New York."

As they spoke to him, Scott stopped moving, but his cock was still deep inside Jen. He glared at Mike. "Get the fuck out!" he yelled at Mike again.

"No, Scott," Jen said, looking at Scott and then Mike again. "Baby ...," she said, still reaching for him.

Mike grabbed Jen's left hand. He pulled at the wedding ring.

"Mike, what? Stop!" Jen cried.

"Just let him go Jenny!" Scott yelled. "Go Mike! Get the fuck out of here!"

Mike got the wedding ring past Jen's knuckle. Then it slid off easily the rest of the way. He gripped the gold ring in his fist. He glared at Jen's ringless left hand for a moment, then turned and walked towards the door.

"No Mike come back!" Jen cried. She was crying now.

"Let him go Jenny!" Scott yelled. "You don't need him!"

Mike didn't stop or look back. As he slammed the door shut, he heard Jen crying his name and sobbing.

Mike never went into the loft apartment again.

The End Is Coming!
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