

THE FINAL CHAPTER!

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

BOOK 8

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*Pete Andrews*



FAITHFUL WIFE'S FALL FROM GRACE  
BOOK 8



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](mailto:peteandrews1701@gmail.com).

# Contents

[ABOUT THE AUTHOR](#)

[CHAPTER 1](#)

[CHAPTER 2](#)

[CHAPTER 3](#)

[CHAPTER 4](#)

[CHAPTER 5](#)

[CHAPTER 6](#)

[CHAPTER 7](#)

[CHAPTER 8](#)

[CHAPTER 9](#)

[CHAPTER 10](#)

[CHAPTER 11](#)

[CHAPTER 12](#)

[CHAPTER 13](#)

[CHAPTER 14](#)

[EPILOGUE](#)



# CHAPTER 1

I ran down the street. I didn't know where I was going. I just ran to get away from the loft apartment and the people inside.

I finally stopped because I was out of breath. I found myself in front of an Avis rental car store. Without thinking, I went inside and rented a car. I drove out of the city, going south. I have no idea why south. I just drove south.

My iPhone was vibrating from calls and texts from Jen. I ignored them. After a while, Allie started calling and texting me too. I ignored those as well. Eventually I turned my phone off.

I had no plan. I just drove. When I got to North Carolina I was finally too exhausted to drive anymore. I got a room in a cheap motel. There was a liquor store across the street. I filled a cardboard box with bottles of cheap scotch and a plastic pack of red Solo cups. Then I went back to the room and drank until I passed out.

When I woke up, I was hung over. I ate breakfast at a greasy diner and drank 4 cups of strong black coffee. Then I got back in the rental car with my box of scotch and drove. My phone was still off. I got another cheap room someplace in Florida. Again I drank until I passed out.

In Florida the next day, I drove past a public golf course. On a whim I decided to stop and play. I wasn't a big golfer. I played with my dad growing up but hadn't played for years. I rented clubs and spent a few hours hacking at the little white ball. It was therapeutic. I found myself hating the ball more than Jen.

After golf, I found another cheap hotel, this one with a pool. I sat by the pool and drank cheap scotch. I finally turned on my phone. There were dozens of voice mails and text messages. I ignored them.

I called work. Somehow my meltdown had gotten to the people at my work. I half expected to be fired because of my AWOL, but instead everyone was worried about me. I was surprised, and really touched. My partners told me to take as much time as I needed. Steve and Brian, my main lieutenants, promised to cover for me.

Steve gave the phone to Elaine. She said she was really worried about me. She offered to join me. I was tempted. But I needed to be alone. I said I'd call when I eventually returned to NYC.

After hanging up with Elaine, a text came in, and then the phone rang. It was Jen. I ignore both. I turned the phone off again. I hated the bitch. I never wanted to see her again.

I stayed in Florida, wandering around the state. The pattern of each day was the same. Drive. Golf. Drink. Pass out.

As the days went by, my hatred for Jen eased. I was lonely and missing her. I daydreamed about Jen coming after me. I wasn't exactly off the grid. My iPhone was off, but I was using credit cards. It wouldn't take James Bond to find me. I started expecting Jen to knock on the door of my hotel room, sobbing and begging for forgiveness. I wasn't sure what I would do. I went back and forth. Sometimes I'd kick her out on her ass. Other times, when I was lonely and missing her, I'd forgive her and we'd try to heal and put our life back together.

But Jen never knocked on my door. She never came after me. I knew what happened. Scott used my meltdown to his advantage, and Jen was probably back with him in Michigan. I remembered how Scott yelled for me to get out so he could finish fucking Jen. In *MY* new house. My anger returned. *Jen never came after me.* She didn't care about me. She was probably at that moment fucking Scott. I hated her again. I despised Scott. I hated them both.

I called the realtor. I told her to sell the loft apartment. She told me I was crazy. I just bought the place; if I sold this quickly I'd lose money for sure. I told her I didn't care. I told her I caught Jen fucking her lover in the loft apartment. I told her I never wanted to see the apartment again. I told her to sell it immediately or I'd get another realtor.

The realtor went quiet hearing that. Finally, she said "I'm sorry Mike. Of course I'll sell it for you. I'll list it right away."

The loft apartment sold about a week later. The realtor did a good job. I lost money, but not too much. I couldn't help being sad when it sold. All of my dreams were now officially dead. My marriage was dead. Jen was dead to me.

Eventually I returned to New York City. I'd been gone almost a month. I went to work and everyone gave me a warm welcome back. Again I was touched. I didn't want to talk about Jen. People sensed that and they gave me space.

I'd only been at work for a couple of hours when my assistant came into my office and said, "Hey Mike? There's an Allie on the line for you."

I frowned at the phone for long moments. Finally, I picked it up. “Allie,” I said.

“So, you’re not dead,” Allie said with her sassy voice.

My frown deepened. I wasn’t in the mood for Allie’s bullshit. I said “How did you know I was back?”

“I know people at your office Mike,” she answered. Of course she did. I’d known Allie as long as Jen, over 10 years. When you know someone that long, the people you know start overlapping.

“That was a dick move, disappearing like that,” Allie chided me. “Jen was frantic.”

“I don’t care,” I told her.

“God Mike,” Allie lamented with a sigh.

“Did she tell you what happened?”

“Yes,” Allie said sounding uncomfortable. “Look Mike, I’m not taking sides.”

I couldn’t help laughing. “So, *she* has a side?” I said with a bitter laugh.

“God Mike,” she said again with another sigh. “Look ... have you checked your voice mail? Read your texts?”

“No,” I told her.

“Do that Mike,” Allie said. Then she hung up.



## CHAPTER 2

I didn't have my phone with me. It was at home. When I got home last night – I was staying in our old apartment – I tried to turn the phone on but it was out of power.

I waited until after work. I wasn't going to rush home to listen to her voice mails. *Fuck her*, I thought to myself.

When I got home, I plugged my phone in. I poured myself a Highland Park while I waited for it to charge.

When I turned it on, there were dozens of texts and voice mails. Almost all were from Jen. I got some satisfaction out of that, but I couldn't stomach going through all of it. After all, texts and voice mails didn't mean anything. If she really cared, she would've come after me. But she didn't.

The most recent voice mail was long. Over 5 minutes. I steeled myself, emotionally preparing myself to listen to Jen's message. Then I hit play. I listened to the girl I'd been with for over 10 years. The girl I fell head over heels in love with, the first time we met. The girl I thought I loved more than life, and who I thought I'd spend the rest of my life with. The girl I thought loved me.

Jen's message was hesitant. There were a lot of pauses. Her voice broke up. There was crying.

"So hey ...," Jen hesitantly began. "It's me again. I'm just calling ... I don't know if you're listening to my messages. I wish you would, and call me back, or at least text me. I called the police. I know you're in Florida. So, at least I know you're okay ...."

There was a long pause, and then she said "I think I understand why you got so upset. It's just, I was so excited to move back to New York. To move back *to you*. Mike, it's just, Scott was right there. And you said you'd be working until dinner. I thought I had enough time. I was so excited to go to dinner with you. Just you and me. And tell you the good news."

Another long pause. Then she continued. "I know I fucked up. I shouldn't have taken Scott to the loft apartment. It's just, he already checked out of his hotel. And the apartment was empty. I didn't really think of it as ours yet. It was empty. We hadn't bought furniture yet. The bed ... it wasn't *our* bed. We were going to throw it away. We'd never even use it."

Jen was crying now. She took a few moments to compose herself, then

she said “Allie told me what a dumb shit I was. She said the loft apartment means a lot to you. That taking Scott there was really shitty. And stupid. Mike I’m so sorry I did that. I really am. The loft apartment means a lot to me too. It does. It just didn’t feel like ours yet. I was so stupid. I’m so sorry.”

More tears. Sobbing. Then, after she calmed down, she said “So anyways ... the merger’s complete now, and the thing with the German company is getting really hot. I’ve thought about not going. I’ve thought about going to Florida and trying to find you. But, I think you want to be alone. So, I think I’m gonna go with the rest of the team to Europe. But Mike, if you get this message, please call me and I’ll come right home. *Please*. I love you Mike. I’ll do anything to make it right. *I will*. I’m so sorry. I love you, Mike.”

Jen’s last words were hard to understand, because she was crying so hard. I stared at the wall for a long time, trying to make sense of what I just heard.



A LITTLE WHILE LATER, Allie called me. “You check your phone?” she asked.

“What merger?” I asked.

“Our companies merged,” Allie said. “Jen’s moving back.”

“She’s here?”

“She’s still in Europe,” Allie said.

“Working on the deal with the German company?” I asked, trying to catch up.

“That deal closed. We got the client.”

“So, why’s she still in Europe?” I asked. But then I knew. “She’s with Scott. They stayed over.”

“Don’t freak out Mike,” Allie warned. “Yes, she’s in Europe with Scott. But she was frantic when you bolted. She’s barely holding it together.”

“Yeah, she goes on a romantic vacation in Europe with her *Scotty*, she’s really broken up about me,” I said sarcastically.

“Will you stop,” Allie said with a scowl in her voice. “I called Jen after I talked to you. She’s on a plane right now. She’ll be home in a couple hours. She wants to see you.”

“I do *NOT* want to see her!” I snapped.

“Mike stop being a dick!” Allie snapped back. “You have to see her! You have to!”



WE MET AT A COFFEE shop. Jen came alone. If Scott was with her, I would have walked out without a single word. But she came alone.

Jen looked beautiful as always. She looked hesitant and nervous. Her eyes were red from crying.

She hugged and kissed me. I hugged her back, but it was out of politeness. I didn't kiss her back. Jen noticed, and that set the tone for our conversation.

“I want to apologize again for what I did,” Jen began. “I was an idiot. I'm so sorry.”

“So let me understand,” I said to her. “You were happy to move back to me. So, you fucked Scott. In the place we just bought to start a family. That's how happy you were.”

Jen winced at my words. “I said I was an idiot,” she said in a soft voice.

“And then you go to Europe with him,” I said. “Instead of trying to find me.”

“I called and called,” Jen protested. Her eyes were watering up with tears.

“But then you go to Europe with him,” I said.

“Mike, it wasn't like that,” Jen pleaded. “We just merged. I was pressured to go. It wasn't a vacation.”

“You lie!” I snarled. My voice was so loud people turned to look at us. Seeing the stares, I composed myself and said in a lower voice, “You stayed with Scott after signing up the client.”

“A few of us stayed,” Jen told me. “It wasn't just me and Scott. Ask Allie. And I came home as soon as Allie called.”

“Did Scott come too?”

“Come? Where?”

“Did you fly back with Scott?” I hissed angrily.

“Yes,” Jen said. “He's worried about you too.”

“Fuck you Jen! He is not!” I screamed at her. “And I don't care anyway! He was screaming at me to leave when he had his dick inside you! He didn't fly back because he was worried about me! He flew back to be with you!”

Now people turned to stare at us. I didn't care. I glared at them, and they turned away. Jen was looking down at her feet.

"I'm sorry Mike," Jen said. She was crying now. "I really fucked up. I'll never let Scott in the loft apartment again. I swear."

"It doesn't matter," I told her. "I sold it."

Jen stared at me, her mouth parting in shock. Her lower lip began quivering. I think at that moment she realized I was serious. There was no going back to our old life. That life was over. It was dead. We were dead.

Jen began sobbing. "I'm sorry," she said, over and over again.

"Why are you crying?" I said to her. My voice was harsh. "This is *exactly* what you want."

"It isn't!" she pleaded between sobs.

"Yes it is," I told her. My voice was filled with bitterness, anger and hatred. "When you found out you were moving back, you wanted to celebrate with Scott, not me. *He* made the merger happen. *He* got partnerships for you and Allie. Scott's your hero, not me."

"Mike stop," Jen said, sobbing.

"And then when I left, you stayed with Scott," I said, my voice cold and bitter. "You went with him to Europe. You didn't come after me. You went with Scott. You want to be with him, not me."

"Mike no, please ...," Jen begged.

"It's over Jen," I told her. "We both know it's over. It's been over a long time." I pushed a yellow manila envelope to her.

"What's this?" she asked.

"You know what it is," I said. "Divorce papers."

"Mike nooooo," Jen wailed. She reached for me but I pulled my hands away.

I stood up. "Have your lawyer read it," I told her. I gave her a harsh, stern look. "Let's get this over with. I want to get on with my life. I'm sure you'll be happy with Scott."

I turned to leave but Jen grabbed my hand. "Mike, please, don't do this!" she begged. "We can work this out! Please!"

I pulled my hand away. "Goodbye Jen," I told her. Then I turned and walked away.



# CHAPTER 3

2 MONTHS LATER

JEN WAS IN SCOTT'S apartment. It was big and luxurious and had a magnificent view of the Hudson River. They were sweaty after just making love. Both were still panting, and their bodies tingled from their orgasms.

"So, you signed the papers?" Scott asked.

Jen had stalled about signing the divorce papers. But Mike wouldn't see her or even talk to her on the phone. They communicated through lawyers. And Mike's lawyers were particularly rough. They were the epitome of "asshole lawyers." They beat her down, insisting she sign the divorce papers.

Ultimately though, Jen signed the papers after talking to Allie.

"I want you to really think about what I'm about to say," Allie had said. "Why do you want Mike back? You've got Scott. You love him. So let Mike go. Get on with your life. Let him get on with *his* life."

"Yes, I signed the papers," Jen said to Scott, looking at the boats slowly moving through the Hudson river.

"So that's it," Scott said. "You're divorced?"

"I guess," Jen said with a shrug. "I guess there's legal stuff. But yeah, I'm divorced." With a forced grin, she added "I guess I'm single again. I need to update my Facebook status. And I'll have to think about dates for national holidays."

Scott smiled at her joke. He was being gentle and understanding. He knew divorce was emotional trauma, even if – as here – it was the right decision. "You're not single," he corrected her with a tender smile. "You've always got me for holidays."

Jen smiled at him. Scott kissed her and she kissed him back.

Scott brushed loose blonde strands from Jen's beautiful face. He looked into her blue eyes and said "So, marry me, Jenny."

"What?"

Scott took her face into his hands. He said, "I want you to marry me."

"Wow," Jen said, feeling surprised. Scott was a happy-go-lucky, live for the moment kind of man. She never expected him to want to marry anyone.

She certainly didn't expect his proposal.

As if sensing her thoughts, Scott said "I love you, Jenny. I've never felt this way with anyone. You make me want to be a better man." Scott took both her hands. Looking into her eyes, he asked, "You love me right?"

"Yes," Jen said, looking back into his eyes.

"I love you too," Scott said. He kissed her. "We're perfect for each other. You know we are," he said. "Marry me." Then he reached over and retrieved a small box from the side table. It was a ring box. He opened it.

Jen's eyes opened wide. "I think that's the biggest freaking diamond I've ever seen," she said. She laughed to break the tension.

Scott grinned at her. "Three months salary, right?" he joked. "And they told me it's pre-tax, not after-tax." They both laughed.

Then Scott got serious again. He took the engagement ring out of the box and moved towards Jen's ring finger. "Marry me Jenny," he said, moving the ring so it touched the tip of her finger. "Say yes."

But then Jen closed her hand, making a loose fist. "I can't Scott," she told him, a pained look on her pretty face. "I do love you. But my marriage just ended. I need some time to mourn that. I can't marry you. I need to get my head straight."

Scott was disappointed, but he took the news well. He was trying to be understanding and supportive. He forced a smile and said "Okay, I understand. I'll give you time." He grinned and added "A little. I'm gonna ask you again."

Jen smiled at him. She wrapped her arms around Scott's neck and kissed him.

Scott didn't mind giving Jen some time. Mike was out of the picture. He had her all to himself now. He knew it was just a matter of time before she said yes. Then, the prettiest, sexiest girl he had ever met would be his bride.

Already she was his, even without the ring on her finger. So Scott kissed her back and fondled her tight, sexy body. He was hard again. He got between her legs and pushed in. He moaned. He loved the feel of her sweet pussy. It almost felt as good as her mouth with those pouty lips. Yes, Scott didn't mind giving Jen some time, as long as he had her beautiful face to look at and her sexy body to play with. She was all his, and that's exactly how he wanted it.



## 6 MONTHS LATER

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I LIKE BEING BY MYSELF. But, I don't always want to be alone. So sometimes I go to a bar for a drink. I like crowded bars with a lot of energy. I keep to myself, not talking to anyone. But sometimes I like being around other people, even when I'm alone.

I was sipping my drink and watching the game on the big TV above the bar when I sensed someone sit next to me. I didn't look over. I didn't want to invite a conversation. Then I heard a pretty voice say, "Let me guess. I bet that's a Highland Park scotch."

I recognized the voice. I looked over. It was Jen, sitting on the bar stool next to me.

"Hello," I said. I was surprised to see her. I hadn't seen her for months. The last time was when I gave her the divorce papers.

"So, am I right?" Jen said with a grin, looking at my glass.

"Yes," I said with a half laugh.

The bar was crowded, and people were having trouble getting the bartender's attention. But the bartender immediately came over to get the pretty girl's (Jen's) drink order. I watched as Jen smiled and batted her eyelashes at him as she ordered a martini with olives.

"I almost didn't recognize you with that beard," Jen said.

I shrugged. "I wanted something new," I told her.

"I get that," Jen said. We lapsed into silence. Then she grinned and said, "So I have a confession. I'm on a blind date."

"Really?" I said, surprised.

"Yes," Jen said. "Allie set me up. One of Tony's friends."

"Huh," I said, processing that. "So, they're still together? Allie and Tony?"

"Just got engaged actually," Jen told me.

"Huh," I said again, the one syllable expressing my surprise. "Well, that's good. I'm happy for her." I offered my glass and said, "To Allie and Tony."

Jen smiled and clinked my glass. We toasted the newly engaged couple.

"Don't you think it's kinda weird?" Jen asked. "That we can talk like normal people, after the last time we talked?"

"Yeah, I guess it is," I agreed with a half laugh. "Sorry about sending

Sam after you.” Sam was my best friend from college, and he was a lawyer now. And my divorce attorney. He was the asshole lawyer who pressured Jen to sign the divorce papers.

“Well, I could’ve lived without the best man at our wedding calling me a bitch,” Jen said with a grin. “But it’s okay. It’s just funny now.”

“Sorry about that,” I said regretfully.

“Don’t worry about it,” Jen said with an unconcerned shrug. “Like I said. It’s just a funny story now.”

We lapsed into silence. Then Jen said, “I saw you on TV.”

“Oh, yeah,” I said with a laugh. We were rolling out Sapphire 2 and I was helping to promote the new service. I didn’t feel comfortable being a TV talking head. It wasn’t my thing. But people at work were insistent. With a shrug I said, “The marketing types thought I could help with the rollout.”

“That’s because you’re authentic and believable,” Jen said, giving me a crooked grin. “I know what I’m talking about. I’m one of those marketing types.”

We both laughed. But once again we lapsed into an awkward silence. Finally, I asked, “So, blind date?”

“I’m trying to decide if I want to go through with it,” Jen said. She motioned across the bar. “I think that’s him.”

I looked where she motioned. I saw an incredibly handsome man with dark hair and broad shoulders. “Looks like your type,” I said with a grin at her.

“My type?” she asked with a laugh.

“Tall dark and handsome,” I said still grinning at her.

“I guess,” Jen said with another laugh.

“You’re not with Scott anymore?” I asked.

“No, we’re still together,” Jen said with a shrug. “He splits between here and Michigan. I’m mostly here now.”

I slowly nodded, not really understanding. But I didn’t feel comfortable probing any further. Then Jen asked, “Are you with Elaine?”

“No,” I said, drawing out the one syllable in a thoughtful way. With a grin I said, “You know me. I prefer blondes.”

“I wondered about that,” Jen said with a laugh.

We lapsed into silence again. Jen finally stood up and said “Well, I guess I should go see my blind date.”

“Good luck with it,” I said with a grin at her.

Jen was about to join her blind date, but she hesitated. She said “So, does this mean you don’t hate me anymore?”

I looked at her for long moments, searching my feelings and considering my answer. Finally, I said “I’m not sure.”

Jen was smiling at me. But it was a fake smile. I saw pain behind the smile and I admit, it made me feel good. She nodded slowly and said, “Well, it was nice seeing you Mike.” Before she left, she added “I like the beard. It looks good on you.”



I HAD THE MADAM ON speed dial. I told her what I wanted. It was always the same. Blonde. Pretty. Young looking. Petite. Small breasts. Long legs. I was a good customer so, even though it was short notice, the Madam promised the girl within a hour. Almost as good as Dominos.

I didn’t want a relationship. That’s why I broke it off with Elaine. That’s why I didn’t date.

I had opportunities. A lot of opportunities. I was still relatively young, rich and single, and not a mass murderer. I didn’t have the burden of children. I was considered one of the new “*Masters of the Universe*” on Wall Street. I was on TV, and while I wasn’t tall, dark and handsome, I wasn’t ugly. So yeah, I had a lot of opportunities.

But I didn’t want a relationship. The last thing I wanted was a girlfriend, or god forbid another wife.

I’m a man though, and I get horny. So I found the Madam on the dark internet. I call her a couple times a month. Each time it’s a different girl. But each time it’s the *same* girl. Blonde. Pretty. Young looking. Petite. Small breasts. Long legs.

As soon as the girl arrived – her name was Mary – I took her to my bed. Usually, I’m more of a gentleman and offer a drink and small talk first. But seeing Jen had gotten me hot. She looked so good tonight. She was wearing her hair longer. It was halfway down her back. And her makeup was heavier, making her look even more like a super model. Her dress was short and tight. Was she wearing a bra? She wore nude stockings, and Christian Louboutin high heels (the kind with the red soles).

Mary was pretty and she had small pert breasts. Smaller than Jen even. She was practically flat chested. Her legs were long and she wore nude thigh high stockings. She kept her heels on when I fucked her. Madam makes sure

her girls know my preferences because I pay well. Wear stockings and keep the heels on. As I fucked Mary, I fantasized about Jen.

Afterwards I always want to be alone. Madam knows that, and she makes sure the girls know too. So after I was done, Mary quickly dressed. I paid her and gave her a big tip (all cash of course). Mary kissed me, and then she was gone. I would never see her again. Madam never sent the same girl. Another of my preferences.

Afterwards I thought about Jen. I'd be lying if I said I didn't think about her a lot. Often I wondered if it was a mistake to break it off with her.

I always reached the same conclusion. No, it wasn't a mistake. A man has limits. Even a cuckold has limits. Jen crossed the line too many times. She hurt me too much.

I gave Jen everything. I gave her my heart, my love, security, kindness, understanding, patience, unconditional acceptance, everything. And, my blessings to fuck Scott. To explore her wild side with him. To experience the thrill of a new relationship. To even fall in love. And what was my payback? What did she give me? She tore me apart. Over and over again. She tore out my heart, she tore out my soul, she tortured me, she destroyed me.

I wanted the hurt, the angst. That's part of being a cuckold. But Jen went too far. She hurt me too much. She had all the power in our relationship. She was supposed to take care of me. But she didn't. And she didn't seem to care. She didn't even seem to notice.

Jen asked me if I still hated her. Yes, I did. Maybe I didn't have the anger from before. But I still hated her. And a chance meeting at a bar wasn't going to change that. A polite cordial conversation wasn't going to change that. Her pretty face and sexy body weren't going to change that.

I hated her.



## CHAPTER 4

If things happened differently, I might never have seen Jen again. But life is like that. It's full of twists and turns.

About a week after seeing Jen, my parents called and told me Joey had cancer.

Joey and I were close friends, even though he was 10 years younger. I helped raised him. He was like my little brother.

Through my friendship with Joey, my parents got to know him too. They became close friends with Joey's parents. So, it wasn't a surprise they heard about Joey's cancer before me.

I rushed to the hospital. My parents were already there. To my surprise, Jen was there too. She met Joey through me. She was sitting by the bed, holding Joe's hand. My parents were at the foot of the bed, along with Joey's family.

I got angry seeing her. Why was *she* here? I knew she was close to Joey and my parents. Probably my parents called her. But she had no right to be here. She wasn't part of the family anymore. I got angry, furious.

But I calmed down. I told myself this was about Joey, not me. He looked scared. I could tell Jen, his parents, and my parents were trying to reassure him, raise his spirits, tell him it would all work out. Joey was still in college. He was still a kid, with his whole life still in front of him.

It sucked this was happening to him. It royally sucked. And all Jen was doing was trying to make him feel better. That's what we needed to do, reassure Joey and help him to muster the courage to beat cancer. So, I calmed down. I pushed my anger away and joined everyone at Joey's bed.

Jen saw me and stepped away from Joey. I took her place and I tried to raise Joey's spirits. We told him it would be okay. Jen stayed on the periphery and said encouraging things too.

I got emotional, seeing young Joey lying in the hospital bed. I was afraid he was going to die. I quickly excused myself, not wanting Joey to see my fear, because I didn't want him to be afraid. My parents joined me outside in the hallway, and we hugged and tried to comfort each other. Joey's parents came out too, and all of us formed a circle and hugged and tried to encourage each other.

Jen stayed with Joe, and a few minutes later I looked into his room. Jen

was sitting next to the bed again. She was holding Joey's hands, and their heads were close together, whispering something. The sight of them together reminded me of her with Scott. The way Jen was holding Joey's hand, and sitting close and whispering to him, it looked so intimate. It was like they were lovers.

Suddenly I got intensely jealous. Jealous of Joey with Jen. And I got angry at Jen, that she was still able to bring out these emotions in me. And angry at myself, that I was still allowing her to fuck up my head.

Visiting hours were ending and the nurses were shooing us out.

Jen whispered to me, "Can I talk to you?"

I nodded. I talked to my parents and Joey's parents first, agreeing to meet at the hospital again tomorrow. Then I walked with Jen outside.

"I'm sorry about Joey," Jen said. "I'm sure he'll be okay."

I nodded. I was still jealous and angry. And ashamed of myself at being jealous and angry of my sick brother.

Jen saw I was upset, but she assumed it was because of Joey's cancer. "Joey's strong, Mike," she assured me, squeezing my hand. "I'm sure he'll beat it."

I pulled my hand away from her. "It's nice you came," I said stiffly. "But it's hard for me to see you. I'd rather you didn't come again."

Jen winced at my harshness words. She looked hurt. "Okay, fine, I won't come back," she said in a soft voice. She looked sad. After a few moments, she said "If you can't stand seeing me, I guess you won't want to hear this."

"What?"

"Allie asked me to invite you to her wedding," Jen said. She fished in her pocket and handed me the invitation.

I stared at the invitation. To be honest, I was flattered to be invited. My relationship with Allie didn't start well. She never thought I was good enough for Jen. But, 10 years later, we were friends. At least, I considered her a friend. So, I was flattered to be invited. Still ....

I looked at Jen. I asked, "Are you bringing Scott?"

"If that matters to you, I won't," Jen said.

"Do whatever you want Jen," I snapped, my voice sharp again.

"Okay," Jen said with a shrug. "Then yes, I'm bringing him. He's my plus one."

I looked away, not sure what I was feeling. I felt Jen's eyes on me, as if

reading into my soul.

“You wanna get a drink? I need one after this,” she said, referring to Joey’s cancer.

I nodded. We started walking to a bar. Then Jen was on her iPhone to call a Lyft. She said, “Can you come over to my place? I want to show you something.”

Against my better judgment, I agreed. To be honest I was curious to see where she lived.

When we arrived, I looked around. She had a small apartment in Chelsea. The small size surprised me, as only 1 person could live there. “I thought you lived with Scott,” I said.

“No,” Jen said. She gave me a curious look and said, “Why would you think that?”

“Well, you lived in Michigan together, so I assumed ....”

Jen shrugged. She said, “We lived together for a while. But then I moved here. He doesn’t live too far away though. About 3 blocks that way. You can see the Hudson River from his apartment.”

I nodded, not sure how much I wanted to know. I looked around her apartment. There were a few framed pictures. A couple of her parents and sister, but mostly her and Scott. I had to admit, they were a good looking couple. Like, you’d see them together and think they were movie stars, or maybe he was an NFL quarterback and she was his super model wife, like a young Tom and Gisele when they were together.

“You look good together,” I told her.

“Thank you.”

“Can I ask you a question?” I said.

“That *is* a question,” Jen teased with a grin. “Go ahead, ask,” she said with a shrug.

“You’re still with Scott – but you go on blind dates?” I said.

Then Jen dropped the bombshell. She said, “Scott asked me to marry him.”

I think my heart stopped. I felt dizzy from my head suddenly spinning. But I tried to control it. I tried to hide how those 6 words turned my world upside down. “So, what did you say?” I managed to say.

“I told him I’m not ready,” Jen said. She looked around at her apartment and said “That’s when I moved here. I think we both needed some space.”

“Why aren’t you ready?” I asked. My heart was in my throat.

Jen looked at me. "I think I need closure with you first," she told me. "We've never talked."

I stared at her. Finally, I snapped, "Fine. Go ahead. Talk."

Jen frowned at the harshness of my voice. She went to the sideboard and poured 2 stiff vodkas. "Sorry I don't have scotch," she said as she handed me a glass. I took the glass but continued to stand. "Can we sit?" she said. I shrugged and sat down. Jen sat in the chair across from me. She crossed her legs, and I had to force myself not to look at her exposed thighs.

I waited for her to speak, but she was silent. "Go ahead, say something, talk," I said irritably.

"Okay, I'm just thinking," she said with some exasperation. After a moment she gave me a lopsided grin and said, "You know, we talk better when we're naked and about to fuck."

"I'm sure Scott would like that," I scoffed.

"Probably not," Jen said, a laugh in her voice. "You know, we've never really talked about that night at Johnny and Cassie's. You could've had Cass or that girl – what was her name? Maria. Why didn't you?"

"I just wanted to watch you," I said with a shrug. "You know how I am."

Jen gave me an intrigued smile. "Are you still that way?" she asked.

"Are we really talking about this?" I said with a half laugh.

"I'm just curious."

I shrugged again. "Some people say it's like a sexual orientation," I said.

"Okay," Jen said with another laugh in her voice. "So, are you still interested in what I'm doing? Like, are you curious if I slept with Giovanni?"

"Who's he?"

"That guy. My blind date."

"Giovanni?"

"I know, right?" Jen said with a grin. "Who names their kid Giovanni? It sounds like one of those guys on paperback book covers."

"Well, he is tall dark and handsome," I said, referring to our earlier conversation.

"Yes he is," Jen agreed with a grin. "So do you want to know?"

In fact, I very much wanted to know. But wanting to be cool, I threw out a nonchalant, "Sure, tell me."

Jen gave me a thoughtful smile, as if reading through my fake coolness. She got up to refresh our drinks. "No, I don't fuck on a first date," she said.

“I’m not that much of a slut.”

Jen returned with new martinis. This time she sat next to me on the sofa. She sat so close our knees almost touched. Her closeness made my heart beat faster. I tried to stay cool though. I said, “So what else do you want to talk about?”

“I want to tell you I think you were a real dick when you bolted on me,” she said.

My mouth dropped open and I gawked at her. *I* was a dick to her? After everything she did to me? After she left me and moved in with Scott? After she gave him all her love and attention? After she fucked Scott in the loft apartment? After she didn’t come after me, but instead went with Scott for a romantic vacation in Europe? *I* was a dick? *Me?* I was a dick?

I was about to get up and leave when Jen put her hand on my chest. “Mike, I’m joking,” she told me in a soft voice. “I know I was a shit to you. I’ve thought about it a lot, and I know I was a major shit to you. I’m sorry. I know I took it too far. Way, way too far. I’m really sorry.”

I looked at her. Stared at her really. I tried to sort out all my thoughts, what I was feeling at that moment. Finally, I blurted out, “Are you going to marry Scott?”

“I don’t know,” Jen said with a shrug. “I love him. But I don’t know if I ever want to get married again.”

I slowly nodded, processing what she just said: “*I love him.*”

As if reading my thoughts, Jen said “I’ll always love Scott. Just like I’ll always love you. And always love Colin a little. That’s how love is. At least, for me.”

All of a sudden, I was heartsick again. It was like 8 months ago, all the pain and hurt and angst coming back. I’d tried to ignore those feelings, forget about them, push them out of my consciousness, but now they were back. I moved to get up. “I should go,” I said.

But suddenly Jen moved onto my lap, straddling my thighs. “I can’t stand you hate me,” she said, her face so close to mine I could smell the chocolate scent of her brownish red lipstick. She kissed me. She pressed her tongue into my mouth.

I pulled away but she wrapped her arms around my neck. “Don’t you want me Mike?” she said as she kissed me again.

Yes, I did want her. I hated her. I was mad at her. Furious at her. But I *wanted* her. So I kissed her back. I pushed my tongue into her mouth. I ran

my hands over her body.

Jen hiked up her skirt and worked on my pants. I opened up her blouse and cupped and caressed her small perfect breasts. I looked at her left breast. The fifty five was still there.

Jen kissed me as she stroked my hard cock. Then, she guided me into her. She pushed down onto my lap so now I was all the way inside her.

I moaned, feeling her pussy. She had the best pussy. So smooth and soft. Not as tight as when we first met. Being repeatedly fucked by big dick Scott made it so she would never be tight again. But she still felt so incredibly good.

Jen looked into my eyes. She ran her fingertip across my lips. "I've missed your lips Mike," she told me. Then she kissed me. She let me touch her wherever I wanted as she moved up and down on my cock.

I was about to cum. Jen sensed it, because just before cumming, she pulled off me. She immediately wrapped her hand around my cock and rapidly stroked me up and down. I came on her stomach.

Afterwards she held me tight for a long time. I held her too. But eventually we let each other go. There was awkwardness between us again.

And sadness. I moved her off of me. I wasn't mean about it, but I moved her off of me.

What had we solved? What was different now than 10 minutes ago? We were divorced. She was still with Scott. She loved him. And she was probably going to marry him. A quick fuck didn't change anything. Nothing was different.

I got dressed. Just before leaving, I said to her "You've got your closure. So go ahead and marry Scott if you want." Then I left.



# CHAPTER 5

A FEW WEEKS LATER

JEN WAS AT SCOTT'S apartment that overlooked the Hudson River. She was sitting on the leather sofa reading a magazine in front of the contemporary gas fireplace. Scott walked over to her. She looked up at him and smiled. They kissed. Then he said, "They'll be here soon."

Jen nodded.

"Wear that dress I bought you," he said.

"Alright."

"And no bra," Scott added with a grin.

"Like I don't know that," Jen said with a grin back.

Jen went upstairs to dress. The dress Scott wanted her to wear was black, slinky and very short. She pulled on a lacy thong and black thigh high stockings, and then poured herself into the dress. The dress plunged daringly in the back, almost to her ass. No way she could wear a bra anyway. Jen stepped into shiny black Louboutin high heels and finished her hair and makeup.

When Jen walked downstairs, their guests were already there. Sloane and Victoria. Scott had met them somewhere. Sloane was a movie producer and Victoria a model. He was handsome and she was beautiful. They were married and liked to party with other beautiful couples. Scott liked to party too. He was still a "*live for the moment*" kind of man. He was always looking for pleasure and hedonistic experiences. This wasn't the first time they hooked up with another couple, and it wouldn't be the last.

Scott made drinks and they moved to the leather sofas in front of the contemporary fireplace. Sloane and Victoria had interesting stories. Jen liked them. As always, though, Scott was the center of attention. He was super charming and charismatic, so even successful men like Sloane deferred to him. That never failed to get Jen hot. Seeing other men defer to Scott. Seeing Scott bend other men to his will. It always got her wet.

They drank and passed around a joint. They laughed and talked. Then the mood turned intimate, and tensions rose. Jen made out with Victoria.

Men liked seeing pretty girls making out. Not lesbians, that wasn't nearly as sexy. But pretty, straight girls. Men liked seeing them kiss and touch each other. Jen liked it too. A little girl play got her hot.

Eventually Scott moved to Victoria, and Sloane moved to Jen. Sometimes they went to different bedrooms, but this night they all stayed on the leather sofas in front of the contemporary gas fireplace. Sloane was eager to fuck Jen. Scott had sent him a picture of his girlfriend. Jen was smoking hot in the picture, and she was even better looking in person.

Sloane groaned when Jen took his cock into her mouth. He quickly found out she was really good at giving head. But the real treat was when he penetrated her with his cock. Her pussy was incredible. So silky smooth and soft, and tight around his big cock. She felt so fucking good. He had to concentrate not to cum too fast. He wanted to make Jen cum first and didn't want her to think he was a loser by cumming too fast.

Sloan changed the angle of his thrusts and rotated his hips. He inwardly smiled when Jen moaned and clawed at his back. He had found her g-spot. Sloan didn't have the biggest cock, but he knew how to use it. He moved in and out, making sure to rub against both her clit and g-spot with each stroke. He felt Jen's breath quicken, and her nails dug into his arms. Sloane pressed down to stroke her clit even harder and rotated his hips to draw circles over her g-spot. Jen's heavy breathing turned to pants, and she looked desperately up into Sloan's eyes with glazed eyes. Her pouty lips parted into an O. Sloane knew he was about to make the gorgeous blonde cum.

Scott's focus was on Victoria. He was fucking her hard. He wasn't looking at Jen as her nails dug into Sloan's back. He wasn't looking as Jen's body tensed and her back arched. He wasn't looking as Jen rolled her head back in a long moan, and her pretty toes curled. Scott wasn't looking as Sloan made Jen cum hard on his cock. Instead, he was focused on Victoria.



LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER Sloane and Victoria were gone, Scott was in bed with Jen. She was under him, and he was inside her, fucking her.

Jen was moaning, and he was about to make her cum. Scott knew her body. He could tell she was about to cum from the way she panted, from the strained look on her beautiful face. He could tell from the way her body tensed, from the way she clawed at his arms and back.

Scott believed he fucked Jen better than any other man. They both liked

variety, and he'd enjoyed fucking Victoria. Scott was pretty sure he'd fucked the busty brunette model better than Sloane ever had, and he got off on that, fucking other men's wives better than their husbands.

Scott knew Jen had probably enjoyed sex with Sloan. She was a horny little slut after all. That was something he loved about her. But he believed *he* was the best lover she had ever had. He never failed to make her cum. He never failed to make her toes curl.



AFTER THEY WERE DONE, Scott drifted off to sleep. Jen was tired but still awake. Her thoughts drifted to Mike.

Mike was so different than Scott. Two people couldn't be any more different. Mike had said "You've got your closure. So go ahead and marry Scott if you want." Mike had been so bitter and angry when he said that. He still hated her.

Jen thought about Scott. She thought about tonight, with Sloan and Victoria. She would probably never see them again. Scott liked playing with new couples. He didn't like repeats.

Jen closed her eyes. She snuggled into Scott, and he sleepily wrapped his arm around her. Finally, she fell asleep.



## CHAPTER 6

*A FEW WEEKS LATER*

IT WAS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT. Jen was in her apartment in Chelsea. She'd had a quiet evening alone tonight.

She was mostly asleep when she felt someone get into bed beside her. It was Scott. She was sleeping on her side, facing away from him. He pressed his body against her back. He was naked and hard. He pressed his erection against Jen's ass.

In the past, Jen wore Mike's old frat t-shirt, comfy VS cotton panties and white cotton ankle socks to bed. Now though, she usually wore a silk negligee Scott had bought her. It had 2 spaghetti straps, delicate lace trim and barely covered her ass. She no longer wore panties to bed, and her feet were bare. Scott slept in the nude, and Jen did too for a while, but she found she slept better with something on. That's when Scott bought her the negligee. It was really nothing more than a silk camisole.

"Scotty, it's late," Jen whined sleepily as Scott got into bed and moved up behind her.

"That's okay, keep sleeping," Scott said. He moved Jen's long blonde hair to the side and kissed the back of her neck. His lips moved up to just below Jen's ear. He reached around and cupped her breast with his hand. He fondled her breast over the silk of the negligee. Jen's nipple soon hardened, and he rubbed it between his thumb and finger.

"Fuck Scott ...," Jen moaned. She was still half asleep, but her body was coming alive. She turned her head and Scott's lips found hers. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, and she let him, rolling her soft tongue over his. Scott moved his hand from Jen's breast, over her flat tummy to her pussy. She wasn't quite wet yet, so he licked his fingers. Then he pushed 2 fingers into her. With his thumb he rubbed her clit.

"Ugh god," Jen moaned into his mouth, and he penetrated her with his fingers. She rolled towards him, so she was on her back. Scott rolled too, so now he was halfway on top of her. They tongue kissed and Scott pushed deeper into her with his 2 fingers. Jen opened her legs to make it easier for

him to play with her sex.

Jen was wide awake now. She broke the kiss with Scott and moved down his body. She kissed down his well-defined chest, her fingers caressing along the ridges of his 6 pack. His beautiful cock was hard and pointing at her. She took the head of his cock into her mouth, licking and swallowing the precum. She wrapped both hands around his shaft, one on top of the other. He was so thick her fingers didn't touch her thumbs, and there was still a couple inches of his shaft above her hands. She took that part of his manhood into her mouth. She bobbed her blonde head up and down, her hands moving up and down in sync with her pretty face.

Scott closed his eyes and moaned. He moaned again when Jen lightly scrapped her long nails under his balls, and then teasingly ran a slender finger across his sandbar to his asshole. It amazed him how good she was at giving head. She kept getting better and better.

Scott pulled Jen off his cock and positioned her on her elbows and knees. He mounted her from behind, pushing his cock deep into her pussy. They both gasped at the pleasure when he penetrated her. Scott fucked Jen hard from behind. She came when he reached under and roughly squeezed her little tits and pinched her nipples.

Then Scott twisted Jen around onto her back, so now they were missionary. He continued to fuck her deep, but their sex wasn't as frantic now. They kissed and fondled each other. Jen's slim bare feet were on the back of Scott's muscular calves, and she caressed his back and arms as he slowly moved in and out of her. Now they were making love, rather than fucking. When Jen sensed Scott was cumming, she wrapped her arms and legs around him, encouraging him to cum inside her. Moments later, Scott's big muscular body tensed, and he pushed deep inside Jen, bottoming out inside her. He stayed that way, his hands gripping her slim hips, and he ejaculated his sperm into her womb. Jen had another mini-orgasm as she felt the powerful force of Scott's sperm hitting her walls.

"You wanna hit?" Scott asked a little later. Their breathing had returned to normal, and they were sitting up in bed. Scott was naked but Jen still wore the negligee.

"I was asleep," Jen said.

"This will help you get back to sleep," Scott said with a grin. Jen grinned back at him. Scott lit the joint and sucked in the sweet smoke. He handed the joint to Jen, and she did the same. She closed her eyes and rolled her

head back, letting the sweet marijuana smoke flow through her body and relax her.

“So, who were you with?” Jen asked, handing the joint back to him.

“What?”

“Who were you with tonight?” Jen said again. She looked at him and said, “I can smell her perfume on you Scott.” After a moment she added “I tasted her on your cock.”

Scott looked back at Jen, as if gauging whether he should lie or not. Finally, he decided to tell the truth. He shrugged and said, “No one important.”

“A hook up?” Jen asked.

“No. I’ve been with her before,” Scott said, admitting it was more than a one-night stand. He looked at Jen and said, “Are you pissed? Because if you want me to stop seeing other girls, all you have to do is marry me.”

“Do I look pissed?” Jen said. “I just let you fuck me.”

“I’m just saying ....”

“Scott ... I know what you’re saying,” Jen said wearily.

She didn’t want to talk about this. She took the joint from Scott. The end was out, so she lit the end with a lighter as she deeply inhaled the sweet smoke into her lungs. She inhaled so much it made her cough.

They were silent for a moment. Then Jen asked, “Is she prettier than me?”

“Jenny, no one’s prettier than you,” Scott said honestly. “Honestly, I don’t even like her that much. She’s just a good fuck.”

Jen was looking at her feet. But she wasn’t really looking at anything. After a few moments, she said “Allie wants me to come a day early.”

Scott inwardly shrugged at her abrupt change of topic. When Jenny didn’t want to talk about something, there was no use fighting it. He asked, “Do you want me to come with you?”

“No. It’s just girl stuff. You’d be bored,” Jen said. “Just come Friday. In time for the rehearsal dinner.”

“Okay,” Scott said with a shrug. He brushed loose strands of blonde hair from Jen’s beautiful face and looked into her eyes. “If it bothers you, I won’t see her again.”

“It’s okay Scott. I like hedonism as much as you,” Jen said, repeating their “*live for the moment*” mantra. She added, “Just, next time, take a shower first, so I don’t have to taste her on you.” Then Jen got up and

brushed her teeth.



IT FELT GOOD TO BE in Miami, away from the frigid weather of New York City. I had to hand it to Allie, she'd gotten a good room block for her wedding guests. My room had a huge balcony overlooking the ocean from 30 stories high. That's where I was standing – on the balcony—when I heard a sweet voice behind me. I turned. I was shocked to see Jen.

“Hey, so you're here,” Jen said, grinning at me. “I was wondering if you were coming today.”

“I thought there's a mandatory function tonight,” I said. Allie and Tony had a busy schedule for their wedding weekend. There was even an app for it.

“It's a freaking wedding Mike. Nothing's mandatory except the wedding,” Jen said with a teasing laugh in her voice. “Some people skip the wedding and just go to the reception.”

“Well, I RSVP'd for tonight, so here I am,” I said with a shrug.

“So here you are,” Jen said, still grinning at me.

Then it occurred to me. Why was she on *my* balcony? I asked, “What are you doing here?”

“I'm the Maid of Honor so I sorta have to be here,” Jen joked, the grin still on her pretty face.

“No. I mean *here*,” I said. “On my balcony.”

“We have adjoining rooms,” she told me. “Our rooms share this balcony.”

I looked at her with surprise. “Okay ... why?” I asked.

“Well, I could lie and say it's a coincidence,” Jen said. “But I set it up. I thought maybe we could spend some time together. Continue our talk from before.”

“There's more to talk about?”

“I think so.”

“How's Scott feel about that?” I asked.

“He's not coming until tomorrow,” Jen told me.

I stared at her. I'm not stupid. I knew what she was doing. I didn't know why, but I knew what.

For the first time since the shock of seeing her on the balcony, I looked at Jen. At my ex-wife. She looked incredibly gorgeous (as usual). She was in

a bikini, and looked like she was just off the beach. There was sand on her feet and her hair looked windblown. The bikini was mostly string and left almost nothing to the imagination.

Jen was as sexier as ever, her body so tight and firm. Somehow, she already had a tan (but then she always tanned easily). Her bottoms barely covered anything, and their tininess made her long shapely legs look even longer, and shapelier. And, matching the bottoms, the cups of her top were just little triangles. The black *fifty five* was easy to see under the upward swell of her left breast.

Jen saw me staring at her chest. She asked, “Do you still hate it?”

My heart was suddenly beating harder. “What do you tell people?” I asked.

“It depends,” Jen said with a shrug. “Sometimes I say they’re Scott’s initials. Sometimes Angel Numbers. It depends who’s asking.”

I nodded slowly, processing that. I was still looking at the fifty five, inked just below the soft swell of her breast. I knew those breasts. I had seen them, touched them, kissed them, sucked on them countless times. They were perfectly shaped with eraser sized nipples, small, not even a handful, yet so perfect, soft yet firm, perky. I found it hard to breath. But what was more exciting? Her tits, or the fifty five?

“It’s kind of a mind fuck,” Jen said. “The *fifty five* tat.”

“What?”

“Scott thinks I got it for him, so it gets him excited,” Jen explained. “It makes other men look at my breasts, and that’s a good thing. I’m still a tease, if you were wondering. And it makes them wonder if I’ll get tatted for them if they win me. So, a mind fuck.”

“I thought you *did* get it for Scott,” I said.

“See?” Jen said with a grin. “That’s *your* mind fuck.”

I stared into Jen’s beautiful face. “What are you doing?” I asked, my throat bone dry.

Jen moved closer to me. “I just want to make sure that last time, I didn’t force you,” she said in a soft voice.

“You didn’t force me,” I said.

Jen moved even closer. “Good,” she said. “I just want to make sure.” She reached down and put her hand on my crotch. I was rock hard of course. She softly stroked me over my pants.

I clenched my teeth to stifle a moan. “What are you doing Jen?” I asked

again.

“You like the view?” she asked. She moved even closer. So close her pretty feet touched mine. I could feel the sand between her painted toes.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

Jen motioned over her shoulder, at the beach and ocean. “The view,” she said. She was still softly stroking my erection.

“Yeah, it’s nice,” I managed to say.

Jen nodded. “Keep looking,” she said. Then she got down on her knees. She took out my cock and put me in her mouth. She blew me, right there on the balcony. She scrapped her long nails on the inside of my thighs and under my balls. I moaned. I was practically panting now and my knees were weak. She licked the underside of my shaft as she tickled and caressed under my ball sack and along my sandbar. I groaned and held onto the rail for support. Then Jen bobbed on my cock as she rapidly stroked me with one hand. That’s when I came. I exploded in her mouth. It had taken only a few minutes.

“What’s happening Jen?” I asked her when we were in my room. I was still panting but had managed to stuff my now soft dick back into my pants.

Jen’s pouty lips were still wet from going down on me. She said, “I don’t want you to hate me anymore.”

“So, you’re going to fuck me until I stop hating you?” I said, bitterness in my voice.

Jen looked down at the harshness of my voice, not able to meet the glare in my eyes. “I just want to talk,” she said in a soft voice.

“So talk,” I said impatiently.

“Not now. I have to get back. Are you coming to the pool?”

I didn’t know, so I gave her a neutral shrug.

“Well, then I’ll see you at tonight’s *mandatory* event,” she said, grinning as she emphasized “mandatory.” Then she refreshed her lipstick. Where had she been hiding it? No way in that barely-anything bikini. Had she been holding the lipstick in her hand this whole time?

I watched as she rolled the lipstick over her pouty lips. I couldn’t help it. Is there anything sexier than a pretty girl putting on lipstick? She looked at me as I looked at her. She knew I couldn’t help looking at her. The lipstick was pink. It went with her blonde hair and gave her an innocent look. I knew she wasn’t innocent though. She loved sex. She loved big cocks. She loved it rough. She loved cocks in her pussy, in her mouth, even in her ass.

She wasn't sweet. She was a slut.

"So, I'll see you then," Jen said, turning to go.

I reached out and grabbed her wrist. "Why are you doing this to me?" I asked.

Jen pursed her lips. "Later Mike," she said. "We'll talk later."

After she was gone, I sat on the bed. I thought about my life. I was still fairly young, just in my 30s. I had a good job. I had money in the bank. I had as much sex as I wanted, with young beautiful girls. True they were hookers but while they cost money they didn't come with any baggage or obligations. And, if I wanted a girlfriend or even a wife I had a fairly large list of girls to choose from – I was considered a good catch.

So why was I still fixated on Jen? And did I want to go down that path again? You know the path I'm talking about. The one where she has all the power. Where she uses her pretty looks and sexy body to get whatever she wants. Where she uses my cuckold fantasies against me. Where I get so upset I actually cry and feel like less than a man. Where I pathetically beg for whatever crumbs she'll give me.

I abruptly decided to join the wedding party down by the pool. I put on a t-shirt and bathing suit, and flip flops.

Down at the pool, I said hi to Allie, and she introduced me to her groom Tony. Allie was glad to see me and gave me a hug. Tony was nice but both he and Allie were distracted by their upcoming nuptials. After polite chatting for a few minutes, I wandered off so they could be good hosts with their other friends and family.

I spotted Jen on the other side of the pool. She was her bubbly, social butterfly self. There were many pretty girls around the pool, but Jen was easily the most beautiful. It was always that way. Jen was always the prettiest girl in the room.

There were men constantly around her, trying to get her attention. Scott wasn't around to fend them off his girlfriend.

That stung. That Jen was Scott's girlfriend. Being away from her, I hadn't thought about it, or maybe I'd been able to force myself to not think about it. But now here, so close to her again, the hurt and angst came back, and *this* even after we were divorced.

Jen saw me from across the pool. She gave me a slight smile, then returned to flirting with other men. There it was. A crumb. She gave me a crumb of a smile. Was it enough? Was I really going down this path again?

I suddenly decided I *wasn't* going down that same path. This time it would be different.

I caught Jen's eye. I motioned to her with a nod towards the bath house, to meet me there. She gave me a questioning look, and then subtly opened her hand, telling me she would meet me in 5 minutes. Then she went back to talk to the guy she was flirting with.

Five minutes later, Jen met me at the bath house. The bath house was between us and the crowded pool so we had a moment of privacy. "Who's that you were talking to?" I asked. I seemed to recognize him.

"Giovanni," Jen said. "Remember? My blind date?"

"Oh yeah ...."

"He's engaged now," Jen told me.

"That's fast," I said.

"I guess he was dating his fiancée when we went out."

"The way you were dating Scott," I said.

"I guess," Jen said with a shrug. She tilted her head and said "Is this why you asked me over? To talk about Giovanni?"

I shook my head no. "Come back up to my room," I told her.

"Why?" she asked with her head tilted again. "I said we'd talk tonight."

"I'm not talking about that," I said. "Just come up to my room."

Jen looked at me for a long moment. Then she said "Alright."

"Okay, let's go," I said, moving to go.

"Wait, Mike," Jen said. "I can't exactly go up with you to your room. I'm with Scott, remember? And you're my ex-husband."

I looked incredulously at her. "You just blew me!"

"And you think I want Scott to find out?" Jen said. "You know what he would do to you if he found out?"

"I don't give a fuck!" I said, glaring at her. "You think I'm scared of him?!"

"Mike, I'm sorry, I said that wrong," Jen said apologetically.

I hated the way she was patronizing me. "I could destroy Scott!" I told her.

"What?"

"You think he's stronger than me?" I asked. "I could destroy him! Take all his money! Take his freedom! I could completely fuck up his life! I know computers, Jen! I could OWN Scott, or Giovanni, or anybody!"

Jen stared at me. Her lips parted in shock.

Finally, in a soft voice, she said, “Mike, look. Let me go first. Then follow in a few minutes.”

I continued to glare at her. I was hurt, she had wounded my ego. Fuck! She was in my head again!

“*I said it wrong.*” That’s what she said. “*I said it wrong.*” That was bullshit! She said it *exactly* the way she wanted to say it! To fuck with my head!

I was hard and Jen knew it. She leaned closer so she almost touched my erection.

In a soft voice she said, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. I know you’re not scared of Scott. But if people see us together, they’ll be drama with Scott tomorrow, and I don’t want Allie to have to deal with that. You know? So, I’ll go up first, and you follow. Okay?”

Through clenched teeth I hissed, “Fine.” Jen smiled at me, somewhat guardedly, then she turned to go up to my room.

I was ashamed of myself. I wasn’t a boastful person, and my outburst made me ashamed. And it didn’t matter anyway. Jen cared about hard muscles and big cocks, not a computer geek like me. I’d made a fool of myself.

I waited a few minutes, then went upstairs. She wasn’t in my room of course – she didn’t have a key. I opened the connecting door, and she stepped into my room.

I looked at her. My heart started beating faster. Just looking at her made my heart beat faster. Just being in the same room with her.

My eyes focused on her lips. They were still wet with the pink lipstick. And there was a scent of lemon around her. It was her hair. She always brushed a little lemon juice in her hair when she sat in the sun. She thought it helped to make her hair blonder.

“You put lemon in your hair,” I said.

“Yeah,” she said. “What’s up Mike? I have to get back. You know Allie. She’ll get mad at me.”

My eyes trailed down, from her face, down her neck, to her breasts. I forced myself not to look at the fifty five. My eyes moved lower. To her flat stomach. Her belly button. I reached out and touched her belly button.

“Are you trying to tickle me?” she asked with a grin.

Then I curled my finger in her bikini bottoms. I pulled on them.

“What the fuck Mike,” she said. It wasn’t an angry voice though.

I moved closer. I looked down. I could see her pussy. She still kept herself bare.

“You used to keep a landing strip,” I reminded her. “To prove to me you were a natural blonde.”

“Yeah, well, that was before you divorced me,” Jen said. She had a defiant look on her pretty face, but she didn’t try to pull away from my finger.

“You shaved it off before that,” I reminded her.

Jen shrugged but didn’t say anything back.

I pushed Jen onto the bed. I pulled her bottoms off and threw her legs apart. “Mike stop,” she said, squeezing her legs back together, but I forced them apart again. “Mike stop. We don’t have time for this.”

I got between her legs. I went down at her. Jen struggled at first but then gave into it. She stopped struggling and let me eat her out.

I’m good at eating pussy. I used all my magic on her. Soon she was moaning and clawing at the sheets. Her body shuddered as I made her cum.

I didn’t give her a chance to recover. I moved up her body, at the same time kicking off my bathing suit. I pushed into her with my hard cock. I wasn’t going to last long and Jen knew it. She looked me in the eye and said “Don’t cum in me Mike.”

When I didn’t answer, she glared at me and said “Don’t you dare cum in me Mike.”

I glared back at her. What she said hurt. It really hurt. But at the last moment I pulled out and came on her stomach.

I collapsed on top of her, panting. Finally, I rolled off and fell onto my back. Jen wiped my cum off her. Then she got under the blankets and pulled the sheets up to her chin.

“So that’s why you wanted me up here?” she asked. “To fuck me?”

“It’s not going to be like before,” I told her. “If you want a relationship with me, you’re not calling all the shots like last time.”

“A relationship?” Jen scoffed. “What? You think I want to marry you again? I don’t.”

“Of course not,” I scoffed back. “You want to marry Scott.”

“Mike, you don’t know anything,” Jen said with a glare at me. “I don’t want to marry Scott, or you, or anyone.”

“Then what do you want Jen?” I asked with exasperation. “What’s all this about?”

“That’s what I want to talk about later,” she said.

“Well too bad!” I yelled. “Talk about it now!”

Jen looked at the wall in front of her, not speaking for long moments. Maybe it was to collect her thoughts. Maybe to let me calm down.

Finally, she said “Scott lives moment to moment. That’s what he says. *Live for the moment.* And I like it, it’s fun. It’s exciting. Where I am in my life right now, it’s what I want. But ... sometimes I feel lost. Or, I don’t know ... I feel undirected. I mean, if you’re living for the moment, how can you plan for tomorrow? And if you can’t plan for tomorrow, then it’s like, you don’t know where you’re going.”

“So how does this affect me?” I asked impatiently.

Jen shrugged, like she wasn’t sure herself. “In my entire life, the only time I felt grounded was with you,” she said in a soft voice. “I want to feel grounded again.”

“What do I get out of it?” I asked.

“What do you want?” she asked back, looking into my face.

“Are you staying with Scott?”

Jen’s knees were up. She put her forehead on her knees, rubbing her forehead back and forth. “My relationship with Scott is complicated,” she said.

I looked at her, then looked away. We were silent for long moments. Finally, I looked back at her and asked “What happened in Europe?”

Jen was honest. “I thought I loved him,” she said. “Maybe enough to marry him. I don’t know ...” She was quiet again. Eventually she said, “So anyways ... that’s why I went with him.”

So there it was. All the cards were on the table. The reason she told me before about going to Europe with Scott was a lie. Yeah, maybe they were trying to sign up a big client. But that was only secondary. The real reason she went to Europe was to figure out if she loved Scott enough to marry him.

“So why aren’t you married then?” I asked bitterly.

“Mike, remember, *you* divorced me.”

“You just fucking said you wanted to marry him!” I yelled angrily.

Jen winced at my angry voice. She’s always hated being yelled out. She was silent for a long moment. Then she said “I *said* I didn’t know if I wanted to marry him. And anyways, I didn’t.”

“Didn’t what?” I asked.

“Didn’t what what?” she said back irritably.

“You decided you didn’t want to marry him?” I said. “Or you just haven’t married him *yet*?”

“I told you,” she said. “I don’t want to marry Scott. I don’t want to marry anyone.”

“So that’s supposed to make everything better,” I said angrily.

“No, I know things are different now,” she said.

“Then what do you want Jen?!” I asked again, exasperation in my voice.

“I want to have a relationship. With you,” Jen said. “I don’t know how, or what. Just something. I just know, you ground me. And it’s more than that. You’re still my friend. Maybe my best friend. I miss you Mike.”

“You are so full of shit Jen!” I angrily yelled. “You miss me? I’m your best friend? We didn’t see each other for months. And then we happened to run into each other, on your blind date. If not for that, that off chance, we probably never would have seen each other again.”

Jen glared back at me. She said, “First off, we were playing a game! Okay? A game! When your fantasies involve you getting hurt, don’t blame me when you get hurt!”

“I’m not talking about that!” I yelled. “I’m talking about after!”

“After what?”

“After you went to Europe with Scott!”

We were silent for long moments, glaring at each other.

Then Jen looked down at her feet. “Okay. Maybe you’re right,” she softly said. “Maybe we never would have seen each other again. But when I *did* see you ... it made me think.”

“Think about what?”

Jen looked at me again. “I need you in my life Mike. And I think you need me too. We don’t have to be married, or love each other. We just ... have to have something.”

I stared at her for long moments. Then I said, “If we do this, it’ll be different this time. You won’t be in control of everything like before. I’ll have control too.”

“Okay ...,” she said guardedly. “How?”

I thought about it. I hadn’t gotten this far in my head. I wasn’t sure ....

Then I blurted out, “I want you to fuck Giovanni. Tonight. I want you to seduce him, and fuck him.”

Jen’s lips parted into an O, surprised by my demand. “Mike, he’s freaking engaged,” she said.

“So, you make him cheat,” I said. “Does that bother you?”

“I don’t know,” Jen said, looking unsure. “Maybe.”

“You worried you can’t seduce him?” I said, challenging her. “Maybe his fiancée is prettier than you?”

“Fuck you Mike,” Jen said with a glare at me. “I can get any man I want.”

“Then do it,” I ordered her. “Tonight. Keep the curtains open. And the lights on.”

“So you can watch from the balcony, right?”

“You’re the one who got us connecting rooms,” I reminded her.

“My god this is freaking demented,” Jen said with a shake of her head. “And evil. He’s freaking engaged. I’m invited to the wedding. I’m friends with his fiancée.”

“Does that mean you’re not gonna do it?” I said, the challenge in my voice again.

“No,” Jen said looking into my eyes. “I’ll do it.” Then she gave me a sly smile and said “And I’ll enjoy it too. I bet Gio’ll curl my toes.”

I glared her. “Do you say shit like that to fuck with my head?” I asked as I had an immediate visceral reaction to her “curl my toes” comment. “Is this another mindfuck?”

Jen laughed. She said tauntingly, “What? About Giovanni curling my toes? Isn’t that what you want? To watch Gio make me cum? To make my pretty toes curl?”

“Stop saying it like that! Stop fucking with my head!” I angrily yelled. I was furious, out of control. I charged close and glared at her. I put my hands on her throat and yelled, “Stop it!”

“Are you going to hit me now Mike?” she asked. She looked scared but defiant.

My eyes went wide, and I took a step back, pulling my hands away. She thought I was going to hit her?

“Or maybe you’re going alpha on me,” Jen said, that defiant sparkle in her eyes. “Is that how you are now? You’re alpha with the girls you fuck?”

I barely heard her. I was still aghast that she thought I was going to hit her. *HAD* I come close to hitting her? I’d been furious with her. Sick of the mindfucks. I’d put my hands on her throat. But hit her?

“You really think I was going to hit you?” I asked, my voice shaky.

I guess she saw I was upset so her face softened. She put her hand on my

cheek. It was a tender touch. “I’ve really got to get back to the pool or Allie will seriously be pissed at me,” she said. “I’ll see you tonight.”

I don’t know why I did it. Why I told her. Maybe because I was feeling bad about scaring her. Maybe because I was punishing myself, because I really had been close to hitting her. So I grabbed her hand to stop her from leaving.

I said, “The girls I ... have sex with. There’s a woman. Her name’s Madam. That’s what I call her. I call her when I want a girl.”

Jen looked at me. She looked at me for a long time. Then finally she pulled her hand away.

“I’ve got to go Mike,” she said again. She turned, and then she was gone.



## CHAPTER 7

The “mandatory” event turned out to be cocktails and dinner for the wedding guests who came early. Most came early though, to enjoy the South Beach weather. It was certainly better to be in Miami than the frigid weather of New York City and other parts of the east coast.

I knew a lot of the people, at least by their faces. I knew most of Allie’s work colleagues and friends, since they were Jen’s too. I’d met lots of Allie’s family too, after knowing her for over a decade. I didn’t know Tony though, so there were lots of people for me to get lost in the crowd. That’s how I preferred it, to kind of be there but not be there, if you know what I mean. It also allowed me to keep an eye on Jen.

Jen was constantly surrounded by men. She was single now so the single guys (and a few of the married ones) saw their chance to snag one of the prettiest girls to ever walk in high heels, especially since Scott wasn’t there to fend off the predators.

Jen didn’t pay much attention to Giovanni at all. His fiancée Laura wasn’t there; I heard she was traveling for work so couldn’t make the wedding. So, Jen’s path was clear. But as the evening got later and she made no move to seduce Gio, I started thinking she wasn’t going to do it. Maybe she wasn’t interested in me anymore after I confessed about the Madam. After I admitted my sex life was limited to screwing prostitutes. I guess that didn’t make me very appealing to Jen.

Well, fuck her then. I fucked hookers by choice, not because it was my only option. At least hookers didn’t fuck with your head. Hookers were straight up with you. You paid, and they opened their legs for you. They weren’t complicated. Jen was complicated. That’s all she was, complicated. I tell her about the Madam and she’s not interested in me anymore? Well, who needs here? Jen can go fuck herself.

It was late. People were starting to go to their rooms. I was about to leave when Jen secretively motioned to me. I met her in a dark corridor, and we had a moment of privacy. “Do you have earphones?” she asked.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“Here,” she said, handing me her AirPods. “I thought you’d want to hear me talk to Giovanni.” It took just a second for the AirPods to connect to my iPhone.

“You’re still going to do it?” I asked, surprised. “It’s getting late.”

“I can’t exactly flirt with him in front of everybody,” Jen said. “He’s engaged, remember?”

“Yeah, right,” I said. At that moment I felt like a dumbshit. “Will you have enough time?” I asked.

“To get Gio up to my room?” Jen said with a half laugh. She was clearly confident. She took out her iPhone and called me. I answered and put the earphones in.

A few minutes later Jen sauntered over to Giovanni. “Hi Gio,” I heard Jen say to the tall Italian handsome man.

“Hi Jen,” Giovanni said.

“So, I guess I lost my chance with you,” Jen said, smiling into Gio’s eyes. “Now that you’re engaged.”

“Yeah, it must suck to be you,” Gio said with a laugh. Clearly, he assumed Jen was joking around.

“Not fair Gio,” Jen said. “One date and then you get engaged. You never asked me out again.”

Gio gave Jen an uncertain smile, like he was trying to figure out if she was bullshitting him. “What about Scott?” he asked.

“What about him? He’s not here,” Jen said. “What about Laura?”

“She’s not here. Working,” Gio said. He was looking at Jen with renewed interest.

“You’d cheat on Scott?” he asked.

Jen shrugged. “I cheat on him. He cheats on me. We don’t even call it cheating.”

Gio laughed.

“You’ll cheat on your fiancée?” Jen asked.

“You’d get me to cheat on my fiancée?” Gio asked back.

“Yes,” Jen said. With a sly grin, she said, “You just have to admit I’m prettier than Laura.”

Gio’s mouth opened in shock. He said, “Wow. You are a nasty girl.”

“So, am I?” Jen asked. “Prettier than Laura?”

“I think you know you are.”

“You have to say it if you want to fuck me,” Jen said with that sly grin.

“Yes Jen. You’re prettier and sexier than Laura.”

“Now who’s nasty?” Jen said, still smiling. “I’m in 3056. Give me a sec, and then followup me up.”

Jen walked towards the elevators. I managed to get in the elevator with her. “So, impressed?” she asked me. She was grinning at me.

I was impressed. That had been easy. And Gio was right. Nasty.

I said “I guess it’s not hard for you to pick up men.”

“I guess that’s a compliment, so thanks,” Jen said. “But really, it’s not hard for any girl to pick up men.”

I nodded. I was sure that was true, to some degree. But it didn’t hurt that Jen was drop dead gorgeous and her slinky dress was super short and showed off most of her beautiful, shapely legs.

“So, what are you thinking?” she asked me.

“I think it’s really hot you’re getting him to cheat on his fiancée,” I said.

Jen tilted her head at me. “So, you think cheating is hot?” she asked.

“Yes,” I admitted. I saw something in her face. I asked, “You ever cheat on me?”

“Scott?”

“Scott wasn’t cheating,” I said. “You know what I mean. With someone outside the game.”

The elevator arrived at our floor. “Gio will be here in a minute,” Jen said, moving to exit the elevator.

But I grabbed her wrist. “So, you *did* cheat on me,” I said. I remembered our old neighbor telling me about catching Jen in the basement with another man. Had it been Scott? Or someone else?

Jen looked at me. “Mike, why does it matter now?” she said. I let her hand go. She was right. It didn’t matter now.



I WATCHED FROM THE balcony. At 30 floors up, no one could see me (and anyway, it was my balcony). Jen left the curtains open and I could easily see her entire room through the sheers. With the light on in her room and the balcony dark, there was no way they could see me.

Jen made Giovanni a drink but soon his beer was sitting on the table along with her white wine. The amenable and hesitant Gio I’d heard downstairs turned dominate. He told Jen to take off her dress. Jen, who was so in control downstairs, turned submissive. She unzipped her dress and let it fall so it puddled around her high heeled feet. Then she stood passively as he gave her a long up and down look. Jen was in bra, panties and thigh high stockings, along with Jimmy Choo high heels. I could see Gio getting hard in

his pants.

Gio put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down to her knees. With a half grin – half sneer, he said “You know what to do.”

Jen hesitated only a moment. Then she worked on Gio’s belt and pulled down his zipper. She reached in and pulled out his cock. His cock was only half hard but still impressive. Long and thick, and hairless like a porn star. “Let me see those sexy lips around my cock,” he said with a grin at her.

Jen took Gio into her mouth. Gio rolled his head back and moaned as she worked her magic on his shaft and balls. “I heard you were good sucking cock,” he said, the word coming out like a moan.

Jen looked up at him. Her pouty lips were slick with his pre-cum and her spit. With a grin she asked “Am I better than Laura?”

Giovanni laughed. “Tell you what. You can think that if you want.”

Jen took his answer as a challenge. She renewed her efforts on Gio’s cock. She licked up the underside of his shaft and then sucked on his balls. Gio groaned as Jen took each of his balls into her mouth. She pulled down Gio’s pants the rest of the way. Then she went lower, licking across his sandbar. Gio moaned. He put one of his feet on the bed, opening himself up to her. Then Jen did something that really surprised me. She went lower. She licked and explored his puckered asshole with her tongue.

“Oh fuck!” Gio moaned. “You are a dirty girl!”

Jen looked up at him with sultry, heavy-lidded eyes. “You have no idea,” she said with a husky voice.

Gio was done with the teasing. He picked Jen up and threw her onto the bed. He ripped off her tiny thong panties, making Jen yelp. Then he threw her legs apart and positioned himself to mount her.

Gio held his thick cock in his hand and rubbed the big head up and down Jen’s slit. She was soaking. “You know I think Scott’s an arrogant asshole,” he said as he lubricated himself with Jen’s juices.

“You think so?” Jen said.

“Yeah, I can’t stand the mother fucker,” Gio said. He pressed his cockhead against Jen’s hole and was about to push in when he said “I’m gonna enjoy fucking his girl.”

“Laura’s chubby,” Jen said back. “She needs to lose weight to fit into her wedding dress.”

“Fuck you’re a bitch!” Gio hissed.

“Just shut up and fuck me good,” Jen told him. Gio glared down at her.

Gio pushed in and he groaned as he felt Jen's silky-smooth pussy. "Oh fuck your pussy's sweet," he said.

"Better than Laura's?" Jen asked.

"God you're a bitch," Gio said, but his words came out like a moan.

He got into serious fucking. He pushed at Jen's bra cups, so she reached behind her and unsnapped the bra. Gio pulled it off her.

Gio fucked Jen hard. Her legs were spread and the stilettos of her high heels pinched his calves. "Yeah, dig those heels into my legs," he said, holding her shoulders for leverage to fuck her hard. Then he lowered his head and covered her lips with his, pushing his tongue down into her throat.

Gio cupped and fondled Jen's breasts. "You really got inked with Scott's initials?" he asked, rubbing the fifty five with his thumb.

"Yes," Jen said.

"You love him that much?" Gio asked.

Jen didn't answer, instead wrapping her arms around Gio's neck and pulling his lips down to hers. "Don't stop," she moaned into his mouth as her orgasm neared.

Jen came on Gio's cock. Gio was close to cumming too. "Where do you want it?" he asked.

"Cum inside me!" Jen urged him.

Gio didn't hesitate. He definitely wanted to nut Scott's girl. So he fucked Jen harder. Then his legs and ass tensed, and he was groaning and moaning as he came, shooting his sperm deep into her.

Afterwards Gio rushed to dress. Just before going, he looked at Jen and said "So, this is our secret right?"

"Don't worry, Laura won't find out," Jen promised.

"Neither will Scott," Gio promised back. He gave Jen a lopsided grin and asked, "So am I a better fuck than Scott?"

Jen grinned and said, "Tell you what. You can think that if you want." Gio laughed. He gave her a quick kiss, then he was gone.



AFTERWARDS JEN LAID in the bed, as if catching her breath. Then she got up and knocked on our connecting door. I was still on the balcony, so I went into my room and opened the door.

Jen stepped in. She was naked except for the thigh highs and Jimmy Choos. She looked just fucked, which she was of course.

“You have way too many clothes on,” she told me. I was still fully dressed. She began undressing me.

We fucked. We started missionary, but then she maneuvered me so she was on top. Her pussy felt loose and wet. Just before I came, she pulled off of me. She finished me with her hand.

Afterwards we lay in the bed, side-by-side with our backs against the headboard. “Do you mind if I smoke?” she asked. She didn’t wait for me to answer. She got up and disappeared into her room for a moment. When she came back she was holding a cigarette and lighter. Also she had put on a t-shirt and put her hair in a ponytail.

“This is a non-smoking hotel,” I reminded her. “They’ll charge me for de-smoking.”

“So? You’re rich, right?” Jen said as she got back in the bed. She sat facing me, with one leg under her and the other pointing towards me. She lit up the cigarette.

“Wait, is that weed?” I asked, smelling the smoke.

“Yep,” Jen said as she inhaled the marijuana deep into her lungs. She closed her eyes and rolled her head back as she handed the joint to me.

I took the joint and looked at it for a moment. What the hell. I took a drag. “You always get high after sex?” I asked.

“Not always,” Jen said as she took the joint from me and took another drag.

“So I did it,” she said. She handed the joint back to me. I took another hit.

“Yes you did,” I said. I was starting to feel high.

“Get you hot?”

“Yes.”

“What was hotter?” she asked. “Seeing me fuck Gio? Hearing me seduce him? Knowing he was cheating on Laura? All the nasty talk?”

I thought a moment, then said “All of it.” Jen grinned.

I grinned back. Then getting serious, I asked “So what happens now?”

“I don’t know,” Jen said with a shrug. “It’s not like I’ve got it all planned out.”

We were silent for a moment. I looked down, between her legs. Even with the t-shirt I was able to see her pussy. The lips were red and swollen. I knew she got that way from getting fucked hard by Gio, not me. And there was a dollop of creamy cum leaking from between the parted lips. Gio’s.

Jen saw me looking. She pulled the t-shirt down to cover herself.

My eyes lingered between her legs (now covered by the t-shirt). Finally, I looked up at her face and asked, “So, ass play?”

“I’ve done it before,” Jen said with an unconcerned shrug. “To you.”

“Rarely.”

“Do you want me to lick your ass right now?”

My eyes went wide. Jen laughed and said, “So it’s okay if it’s you, but someone else it’s gross?”

“I’m not saying that,” I said.

“Yes you are,” Jen said. “Besides, it got your dick hard watching me lick Gio’s ass, right? Maybe I did it because I knew you were watching.”

“Why do you care?”

“You think I don’t care?” Jen said with an incredulous laugh. “Then why am I freaking sitting here on your bed?”

“Okay,” I said. “Then tell me about when you cheated on me.”

Jen frowned. Like before, she said “Why does it matter now?”

“Because it’ll turn me on,” I said honestly.

“Are you serious?” Jen asked with an incredulous laugh.

“Sure,” I said with a shrug. “So tell me. I won’t get mad. Like you said, it doesn’t matter anymore.”

Jen gave me a long look, as if considering. Finally, she said “Alright. It happened after we moved to New York City.”

“Before or after we got married?” I asked.

“Before.”

I slowly nodded, processing this information. After graduation from Penn State, we moved to New York City. We lived together for about a year, got engaged, and a year later we were married. So, there was a 2 year span when she could’ve cheated.

“Before or after we got engaged?” I asked, wanting to focus in on the timeframe.

“Before,” Jen said again.

“Are you going to make me draw it out of you?” I said, frustrated by her one-word answers. “Just tell me.”

“Take out your dick,” Jen said.

“What?” I asked, not understanding.

“I wanna know this is really turning you on.”

I looked at Jen for a minute. Then I tossed the blanket off me. Her eyes

focused on my cock. I was hard.

“Okay,” Jen said, looking at my erection. “It was Ronnie. Remember him?”

“Your first boss at your firm,” I said, nodding as I remembered. “He divorced his wife, right? Was it just once?”

“It was more than once,” Jen admitted. “It lasted about a month.”

I slowly nodded, processing all this. My head was spinning at these revelations. She didn’t just cheat on me. She had an affair. A romance.

Even though we were divorced, it still hurt. It tore at my heart. But my cock remained hard.

“So what happened?” I asked, my voice hoarse with lust. “How did it start?”

Jen looked at me for a moment, not answering. Then she moved towards me on the bed. “Give me your hand,” she said.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

Jen reached out and took my right hand. She moved it so my palm was up. She spit on my palm. Then she said “Play with yourself.”

I looked at her for a moment. Then I nodded. I wrapped my hand around my shaft. I slowly stroked up and down, her spit acting as lubricate.

“You remember Ronnie,” Jen said, beginning the story. “He was handsome and really powerful at the firm. I was assigned to him as a junior account exec. He took an interest in me and I was flattered. He was getting a divorce, but I only found out about that later. We were working on a big campaign. I was his right-hand girl so we were together a lot. A lot of late nights. One night it happened.”

I was staring at Jen, slowly stroking my dick. My heart was pounding. My throat was bone dry. “What about me?” I managed to say.

“You were there. Things were the same between you and me. I was careful, so you never suspected anything.”

“But ... if you loved me, why did you do it? *Did you love me?*”

“I think ... remember the camera analogy I told you? That Scott was in focus and you weren’t? I think it was like that. Ronnie was older. He was my boss, I looked up to him. He was handsome. Exciting. I think that’s why it happened.”

I slowly nodded again, trying to process all this information. Her affair with Ronnie sounded like her relationship with Scott. I was still stroking myself, but very slowly, and barely holding my shaft. I was trying to hold off

cumming.

Jen said “Can I asked you something?” When I nodded, she said “I can tell this is turning you on. But it’s upsetting you too?”

“Of course it is!” I snapped. My voice was harsh and it made her wince.

“Maybe I should go,” she said, motioning to get off the bed.

“No, don’t go,” I said immediately, grabbing her wrist. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have snapped at you. It was a long time ago, it doesn’t matter anymore. Please, just tell me the rest. How many times did you have sex?”

Jen hesitated, then nodded and settled back on the bed. “I don’t know,” she said, thinking. “It lasted about a month and almost every day. So 20 times maybe?”

“Was he good?”

“If he wasn’t good, I wouldn’t have fucked him 20 times,” Jen said with a shrug.

“Better than me?”

“Not better. Different.”

“Don’t lie,” I told her.

“I’m not lying,” Jen insisted. “Why should I lie now? Scotty’s better than you. His friend Johnny’s better than you. Gio’s better than you. But Ronnie was just different.”

“Thanks a lot,” I said with a laugh.

“You asked,” Jen said simply.

“Was Ronnie bigger than me?” I asked.

“You know you’re smaller than average, right?” Jen said. “So, most men are bigger than you. Ronnie was. But not that much bigger.” She looked into my eyes and asked, “Are you sorry I told you about Ronnie?”

“Were you ever going to tell me?”

“Yes, eventually I think,” Jen said thoughtfully. “When you told me your fantasies, I thought about telling you then. But then Scott happened and that kinda took over everything.”

“Yeah ....,” I said, agreeing.

“I had a lot of guilt about Ronnie,” Jen assured me. “I lived with a lot of guilt.”

“So, how’d it end?” I asked.

Jen shrugged and said, “One day Ronnie told me he was divorcing his wife. He asked me to marry him. Until then it was like a fairy tale. Not really real. But now he was asking me to leave you. And I told him no. I

chose you.”

I stared at her for long moments. She looked back into my eyes. Then she said, “Lay back.” She put her hands on my chest and pushed me back onto the bed, so I was on my back.

Jen opened my legs. She moved my hand away, and wrapped her hand around my cock. Then she lowered her head and licked the underside of my shaft. Then she licked my balls. She moved my legs up, and she went lower, licking my sandbar. Then she went even lower and licked my asshole.

I grunted as her soft tongue rimmed my asshole. She was stroking me at the same time. Feeling her tongue on my ass and her hand on my shaft, I came hard.

Afterwards Jen got ready for bed. When she came back a few minutes later, she was still wearing the t-shirt, but she had brushed her hair and teeth, and had put on panties. I hadn’t moved, still recovering from the orgasm she’d given me.

“Can you put on some clothes?” she asked.

Suddenly I felt awkward being naked in front of her. I hurriedly put on boxers and a t-shirt. Then Jen got into bed with me.

“Allie’s got us running all over the place tomorrow,” she told me. “I’ve got to sleep.”

“Okay,” I said. My head was still spinning from everything that had happened. “We still need to talk about what happens next.”

“I haven’t worked it all out Mike,” she said. “Why don’t we both think about it?”

“Okay,” I agreed. She nodded at me. Then she pulled a pillow to her and rolled to her side. Normally, back when we were married, I’d spoon her. But this time, I just laid on my back next to her with room between us so our bodies didn’t touch.



## CHAPTER 8

I woke up to a soft hand nudging my shoulder. I opened my eyes and saw Jen. She stood by the bed. She was showered and dressed, all ready to go.

“I’ve got to go,” she told me.

I nodded and wiped the sleep from my eyes. “Allie has you running around all day,” I said, remembering what she told me last night.

“Yes,” Jen said. She sat on the bed next to me. “Do you mind if I do something?”

“What?”

Jen reached out and scratched my new beard with her long-painted nails, under my chin. With a grin she said, “I’ve wanted to do that.”

I grinned back at her.

Then Jen’s smile disappeared, and she looked bothered. She said “What I told you last night, about Ronnie. What I didn’t say, what I want to say, is I’m sorry. I’ve always felt terrible about it. After I broke it off with Ronnie – about a month later – you proposed. I almost told you then. I almost told you a million times since then. But I was too scared.”

“Why didn’t you tell me once we started playing the game?” I asked.

“I almost did,” Jen said. “But I didn’t know cheating was part of your fantasy. I mean, I sorta did. But anyways, Scotty happened, so it was kinda hard to think about anything else.”

“I’m still trying to process it,” I admitted. “It does get me hot though. Can we talk about it more later?”

“I guess,” Jen said with a shrug. She brushed loose strands of silky blonde hair behind her ear. “So, it doesn’t bother you?”

“I don’t know – I’m still processing it,” I told her honestly. Jen was intently looking at me. I got the feeling there was something else she wasn’t telling me. Did she cheat more than once? Again, I remembered what Mrs. Connery said, about catching Jen in the basement with another man. I assumed it was Scott. But was it someone else? And if it was, why wouldn’t she tell me, especially after telling me about Ronnie?

But I was curious about something else too. So, I asked, “Something else I’m wondering about ....”

“What?” Jen asked.

“Why do you let Gio cum in you but not me?”

“It’s my body Mike,” Jen said, suddenly going cold.

“I know that,” I asked. “I’m just curious.”

“Well, I’m not sure I want to talk about it,” Jen said, abruptly standing up and ending the conversation. “Anyways, I’ve got to go.”

“Scott’s coming?” I asked.

“He’s almost here,” Jen told me.

We looked at each other, silent for a few moments. Then Jen said “So, to be continued?”

I reached out. I put my hand on Jen’s leg, behind her knee. She was wearing a short skirt and stockings. I caressed the silky nylon. “It’s hot,” I said. “You must be the only girl in Florida with stockings.”

Jen shrugged. “It’s my trademark,” she said.

I continued to caress behind her knee. Then I said, “Yeah. To be continued.”

Jen didn’t push my hand away. She didn’t move, letting me caress her for a few seconds more. Then she smiled and scratched my beard again, and moments later she was gone.

I stayed in my room for most of the day. I was still trying to process everything. Jen’s story about Ronnie really threw me for a loop. She cheated on me, when we were living together, right before we got engaged! It made me wonder if I really knew Jen. What happened with Ronnie, what happened with Scott, that person seemed so different from the girl I dated and married. So who was Jen? Which version of Jen was the *real* Jen?

I masturbated twice. Cheating was a big part of my cuckold fantasy. I wasn’t enough for Jen, I couldn’t give her what she needed, so she fucked another man behind my back. I was a cuck. How could that not turn me on?

In the mid-afternoon I heard people moving in Jen’s room. I assumed it was Jen and Scott. I heard sounds of sex. I was tempted to go on the balcony and look in their room, but since the sun was still out, I’d be seen for sure. So instead, I pressed my ear against the connecting door. Their sex lasted about 30 minutes. I heard grunts and moans, and the bed hitting the wall. I think I heard Jen cum.

After they were done their room got quiet. After thinking about it, I decided to take a chance. I silently went out to the balcony and looked into their sliding glass door. I saw Jen with Scott, in bed. They were asleep and naked, taking an after-sex nap. Scott’s arm was around her. Jen was

snuggled into him, her head on his chest, her long leg thrown over his.

I staggered back into my room. The sight was so disturbing. They looked so much in love. Jen looked so much in love with him. It made me angry. Since she loved Scott, why was she fooling around with me? Why was she playing with my emotions? Was she just fucking with me? Fucking around with my head?

Hearing them fucking, seeing them sleeping together in bed, it got me hot too. I didn't want my hand again. This time I wanted a girl. I called the Madam.

She answered how she always answered. "Hello Michael," the Madam said. She always called me Michael. She was the only person in the world who called me Michael. "Would you like a date?"

"Yes," I said. "But I'm in South Beach."

I sensed the Madam smile. She said, "I've got more pretty girls in Miami than New York City."

"Okay," I said. Without thinking I blurted out, "I want to cum inside her."

The Madam was silent for long moments. Finally said "It'll cost more."

"Fine, whatever," I said. Then I realized how ridiculous this was. Jen let Gio cum in her. She let Scott cum in her. She probably let other men cum in her. But not me. Why not? Why the fuck not?! She was driving me fucking crazy! She was so fucking with my head!

"Forget it, never mind, I don't want a date," I sputtered into the phone.

"Michael ... are you alright?" the Madam asked. There was concern in her voice.

"I'm fine," I said. Then I hung up the phone. I threw on a t-shirt and bathing suit and bolted from my room. I had to put distance between me and Jen. I went down to the pool. I jumped in and swam a few laps, wanting to clear my head. Then I went to the pool bar. I ordered a shot of tequila (they didn't have scotch) and gulped it down. Then I ordered another one, but I slowed down, sipping it.

Someone sat next to me at the bar. It was a girl. She was pretty. Dirty blonde. Cute face. Nice body. I was surprised when the girl turned to me. She smiled and said, "You're Mike Andrews. I saw you on CNN, talking about Sapphire."

"Yes," I said.

"I'm Amelia," the girl said, still smiling at me. "I'm here for Allie's

wedding too. We're cousins."

For the rest of the day, I talked to Amelia. She was easy to talk to. She was easy to look at too. She wasn't drop dead gorgeous like Jen, but she was cute. Pretty. And on top of that, she was clearly interested in me. She was single and so was I. I was smart, decent looking, rich, and I was on TV sometimes. And not a mass murderer. So, to Amelia I was a good catch.

We ended up in her room. We fucked. Amelia didn't ask me to wear a condom. She didn't ask me to pull out. But she didn't know me, and I didn't know her, so I pulled out at the end. It was the chivalrous thing to do. But it was nice having the option.

"God it's late," Amelia said. She moved to get out of bed. "I've got to get ready. You're going to the rehearsal dinner, right?"

I considered the prospect of seeing Jen and Scott together. I said, "I think I'll skip it."

Amelia smiled and got back into bed, snuggling her naked body against mine. "Maybe I'll skip it too," she said, kissing me.

I pulled away. "You should go. You're family," I told her. "Look, Amelia. Today was fun. I like you. But you don't want to get involved with me. Believe me. I'm fucked up."

Amelia's smile faded. "Jen's your ex, right?" she asked. "I guess it's hard, seeing her with someone else."

I shrugged but didn't say anything.

"You know, we could go together," Amelia said, grinning at me. "Make her jealous."

"Tempting," I said with a laugh, but from my tone she could tell I wasn't serious.

"Well, just in case you change your mind," Amelia said. She took my hand. With the hotel ballpoint pen from the side table, she wrote her cell number on the palm of my hand. "Call me if you change your mind. I live in New York too. I'd like to see you again."



## CHAPTER 9

I watched Scott fuck Jen later that night, after the rehearsal dinner. As I told Amelia, I didn't go to the rehearsal dinner. I got room service and picked at the food. I went to bed, but I was kidding myself. No way could I sleep. Even though I didn't want to see them together, I *HAD* to see them together. So, I turned off all the lights in my room, opened the door to the balcony and waited.

They got to the room just before midnight. I immediately went out to the balcony. I looked into the sliding glass door. Like before, the curtains were pulled back, with just the sheers for privacy. But with their lights on I had a clear view into their room with no risk of being seen.

Jen kicked off her high heels and went into the bathroom to get ready for bed. Scott undressed, taking off all his clothes. He looked as ripped as ever, his chest and thick arms even more defined, and tanned too. His big cock hung down his muscular thighs, and he wasn't even hard yet. For not the first time I compared my manhood to his. There really was no comparison. Mine was a pencil and his a baseball bat. Looking at his muscular body and big cock, thinking that monster would soon be in my ex-wife, I started to get hard.

Jen came out of the bathroom a few moments later. Her makeup was off and her hair tied back into a ponytail. She wore a white silk negligee that was little more than a camisole.

"Oh my god," Jen said with a giggle at seeing Scott naked with his dick hanging out. "Scotty I'm tired, and we have to get up early to do our hair and nails," she protested with a little girl whine.

"I'm happy with my nails," Scott joked.

"Allie and her bridesmaids dumb shit," Jen said with a laugh. Despite her protests, she reached back and pulled the scrunchie from her hair, freeing her long blonde hair. Then she put on glossy red lipstick and stepped back into her black high heels. She stepped into high heels!

Scott moved up behind her. He moved her long, lust blonde hair to the side and kissed the back of her neck. Jen closed her eyes as he kissed up her neck to just below her ear. Scott wrapped his arm around her, putting his hand on her stomach on the silky camisole. He gripped the material so it bunched into his fist, raising the camisole and exposing her. I saw Jen was

naked under the negligee. Scott moved his other hand to her mound. He ran a thick finger up and down her slit and ran circles around her clit.

“Fuck Scott,” Jen moaned as he flicked his fingertip over her clit.

“I make you wet?” Scott asked, running his finger up and down Jen’s slit again. Her lips were slick with excitement.

“You know you do,” Jen purred, rolling her head back again as he nuzzled below her ear.

“I thought you were tired,” Scott said with a chuckle. He pushed a finger into her pussy.

“Scotty, fuck,” Jen groaned. Her knees went weak and she buckled. She was held upright only by his palm over her mound and the finger in her pussy. She moaned as he rubbed her clit with his thumb while finger fucking her. “If you keep doing that you’re gonna make me freaking cum.”

“Is this my pussy Jenny?” Scott whispered in her ear as he kept fingering her.

“Yeah Scotty it’s yours,” Jen said.

Then Scott said, “You giving my pussy to other men?”

Jen’s pouty lips parted, and she moaned as he finger fucked her. She reached behind and wrapped her hand around his hard shaft. “You giving this to other girls?” she said back.

“I told you,” Scott said, pushing another finger into her. “Say yes and I’ll stop fucking other girls.”

Jen moaned again as he slid his fingers in and out of her. “No you won’t,” she said, breathing hard. “And I won’t stop fucking either. We both like it too much.”

Scott laughed. “Well at least you’re an honest bitch,” he said. There was anger in his voice, but amusement too. “So, you fucked Giovanni?” he said.

“Who told you that?”

“Allie told me,” Scott said. “She’s pissed you’re fucking around on me.” Jen didn’t respond.

“You know he buffs his nails,” Scott said deridingly. “Fucking faggot.”

“I’m just living for the moment,” Jen said. She turned so now they were facing each other. “And don’t worry. He didn’t fuck me as good as you.”

Scott grinned. He kissed Jen, and they collapsed onto the bed. For the next hour I watched them fuck. Scott’s stamina was amazing, relentlessly power ramming Jen’s pussy. Their bodies were drenched with sweat, and the soaking camisole clung to Jen’s body. She came at least twice. Both times

her tight sexy body tensed and her back arched, and then when the orgasm hit her body convulsed and she rolled her head back, screaming Scott's name over and over.

Then Scott fucked her slow. He was on top. Jen's arms were around his neck and her high heeled feet rested on the back on his muscular thighs. They were making love now. As Scott slow stroked her, they looked into each other's eyes, and they kissed, their tongues softly exploring each other's mouth.

"I'm almost there," I heard Scott say, his breathing heavy.

Jen hugged him tighter. "Cum inside me baby," she urged her. "I want to feel you cum in me."

I watched Scott's thighs and ass tense, his ball sac tightened up, and then he was cumming. Jen felt it. She pulled his head to hers, and she kissed him all through his orgasm. She didn't let him go until he was done flooding her womb with his seed. They held each other for long moments after, lightly kissing and whispering soft nothings.

I distinctly heard Scott whisper, "I love you Jenny. Even though you're a bitch."

Jen giggled and kissed him. Then she said "I love you too Scotty."

Scott turned off the lights in their room. They went to sleep. I went back into my room. I lay awake long into the night, looking up at the ceiling.

I masturbated too. But mostly I stared up at the ceiling. I'd seen and heard a lot, sitting there on the balcony. Clearly their relationship was complicated. They both lived for the moment, and that included playing with others. But the passion they had for each other was as super-hot as ever.

Of everything though, two words kept running through my head. What Scott said to Jen. "Say yes."

Scott still wanted Jen to marry him.



THE NEXT MORNING THERE was a soft knock on the connecting door. By this point I wasn't even surprised. I opened the door. Jen stood there. She looked exactly as the last time I saw her last night, just before Scott turned off the lights. Blonde hair messed up from fucking and sleep. No make up. Bare feet. Wearing just the camisole negligee.

"Where's Scott?" I asked.

"Golfing with some of the guys," Jen said.

“While you get your hair and nails done?” I said, remembering what she said last night.

“So, you watched last night?” she asked.

“That surprises you?”

Jen shrugged. “I heard you hooked up with Amelia,” she said.

Shit. Were there no secrets at this wedding?

Jen looked down and noticed my hand. She took my wrist and turned my hand to see my palm. She saw the telephone number Amelia had written there the day before. She pursed her lips and frowned. Then she dropped my hand.

She said, “She’s a bottle blonde. When I met her, she was a brunette. Just saying.”

“I know that,” I told her. “Her landing strip is brown. Hard to miss when I ate her out yesterday.”

Jen looked sharply at me. Glaring at me, she said “Fuck you, Mike!”

She turned to go but I grabbed her arm. I pushed her against the wall and got into her face.

“What game are you playing Jen?” I angrily hissed.

“What are you talking about?”

“You fuck Scott. You fuck Gio ...”

“So?” Jen said, giving me a taunting look. “I like to fuck!”

“Why are you fucking with me!” I angrily demanded.

“I told you,” Jen said simply. “You ground me.”

For some reason her answer disarmed me. What she said was so outrageous. In the context of everything, it was so outrageous. What we were doing was so outrageous.

I looked down. The camisole was light and almost see through. Barely anything at all. Her nipples dented the material, and the dark of her aureoles was visible through the sheer material.

I reached up and cupped her breast. I squeezed her nipple. Hard. It made Jen wince. “So, you’re an alpha now?” she said.

It was the second time she said that. She said it tauntingly, like she knew I wasn’t. It made me angry, a blow to my pride.

“That’s what you want,” I hissed at her. “A real man. Like your Scotty. Right?”

“I never said you weren’t a real man Mike,” Jen said, looking me in the eyes.

What she said disarmed me. Again. Maybe because I wanted to hear it. I loosened my grip on her arm and cupped her breast more tenderly. “Scott buy you this?” I asked, referring to the camisole negligee.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m with him. I can’t exactly wear your old frat t-shirt, can I?”

I didn’t say anything back. The memory of what Jen wore with me to bed – wore for years, when she was mine – it struck at my heart. I felt pain there. It hurt really bad.

“Why haven’t you married him?” I whispered, my voice hoarse with emotion.

“You keep asking the same questions.”

“So, answer again!” I yelled, my anger flashing again.

“I don’t want to marry Scott,” she said.

“You said you love him,” I said, remembering what she said last night. How could I ever forget? It was burned into my brain, along with Scott saying, “say yes.”

“I’ll always love Scott. Just like I’ll always love Colin. Just like I’ll always love you, sorta,” Jen said.

“Sorta?” I said with a humorless laugh.

Jen grinned and said, “Ask me again when you don’t have another girl’s number on your hand.” I laughed again, this time with more humor.

“It doesn’t have to be complicated Mike,” she told me. “We’re not married anymore. But I still want you in my life.” She pressed her body against mine. My hard cock poked against her stomach. Feeling that, she said “And you want me too.” She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me.

“I almost called Madam yesterday,” I admitted to her.

“For a girl?” Jen asked.

I nodded.

“But you didn’t go through with it?”

“No.”

“But you got laid anyways. With bottle blonde Amelia,” Jen said. Her voice was sharp.

I shrugged.

Jen looked at me, pursing her lips. It was always a sign of her disapproval when she pursed her lips. She said, “Next time you call Madam, tell me. I’ll fuck the girl. You can watch.”

I stared at Jen.

“Would you like that?”

I didn't hesitate. “Yes,” I said.

Then we stumbled to the bed, our lips smashed together, fondling each other. Jen got on top. She pulled the camisole over her head. I looked over her body. I took a long look, and Jen let me look. She had the perfect body for me. So slim and tight, little perky breasts, firm stomach. I looked down at her pussy. Her lips were still red and swollen. Scott had really ravaged her pussy.

Jen reached down and took my cock. As she lightly stroked me, she looked into my eyes and whispered “You wanna cum in me?”

I eagerly nodded. Then suddenly Jen had a condom in her hand. She must've been holding it this whole time. She ripped the small square package with her teeth. Then he rolled the condom onto my cock. She guided my cock into her. She was so loose I slipped in easily.

“Who's the better fuck, Scott or Gio?” I asked as she rode me.

“Scott,” Jen said.

“Scott or Colin?”

“You don't need to go down the list of my lovers,” Jen said. “Scott fucks me better than anyone.”

“Better than me?” I asked. I knew the answer, but I was completely in C-Space now and I wanted to hear her say it.

Jen leaned down so her lips touched my ear. “Yes Mike,” she whispered hotly into my ear. “Scotty fucks me better than you.”

I came.

Jen let me catch my breath, not moving until she felt my cock softening. Then she slowly pulled off my cock, reaching down to make sure the condom didn't fall off. She rolled the condom off my dick. Watching her do this, I couldn't help wondering again why she let other men cum inside her, but not me.

“You're worried about the girls the Madam sends me?” I asked her, looking at the used condom in her hand.

“No,” Jen said, tossing the condom in the trash next to the bed. “I'm sure you're careful.”

“Then why?”

Jen didn't answer my question. “I'm late,” she said, moving to get out of bed.

I grabbed her hand. "Tell me!" I insisted.

Jen gave me a tight smile. "You're smart Mike," she said. "You figure it out."

Then she asked, "Who's the better fuck? Me or Amelia?"

I didn't answer. She was the better fuck, but I wasn't going to give her that. Not after her non-answer to my question.

Jen shrugged. As she was leaving, she said, "Remember what I said about the Madam. You don't need other girls Mike. I'll do whatever you want."

Then she was gone.



## CHAPTER 10

The wedding was beautiful. I say that because all weddings are supposed to be beautiful. In reality though, I barely noticed the ceremony. My focus was on Jen.

She was beautiful in her bridesmaid dress. It was deep blue and slinky, off the shoulder with a long slit up the side. Her hair was up, with silky ringlets falling down her face. Her makeup was perfect. Her pouty lips glistened with glossy bright red lipstick. Her newly manicured nails were the same shiny bright red. She wore nude stockings. I had no doubt they were thigh highs, and wouldn't be surprised if she had a garter belt on as well. It was her trademark after all. Her high heels matched the deep blue of her dress. God she was so beautiful. Like a movie star or super model. Easily the prettiest girl in the room (including Allie, the bride).

I didn't realize it until the wedding party walked up the aisle, but Scott was in the wedding party too. He was one of the groomsmen. They clearly planned it in advance, as Scott escorted Jen up the aisle. They were all smiles walking up the aisle together, Jen hugging his arm and leaning into them. It was apparent they were a couple. Everyone already knew that, but if some didn't, they'd know by the way they walked up the aisle together.

It was at that moment I truly realized what I'd lost. If Jen was still mine, it would be me in Allie's wedding, not Scott. It would be me escorting Jen up the aisle. She'd be holding *my* arm, leaning into *me*, smiling into *my* eyes. But it wasn't me. It was Scott. He had replaced me in her life.

Yes, I was the one who pushed for the divorce. If not for that, we'd probably still be married. Maybe – probably – Jen would still be in a sexual, romantic relationship with Scott. But I'd still be in her life. And at something like this, Allie's wedding, she'd be with me, not Scott.

The sense of loss hit me hard. Really hard. My emotions fell off a cliff, like tumbling down an endless chasm.

The reception was even worse. You know how it works. The DJ announces, "And now, may I present for the first time, Mr. Tony Moretti and his new bride Mrs. Allie Moretti." Then, everyone stands and claps as the new married couple strides into the room.

But before that, they introduced the wedding party to all the guests. They were introduced as couples, the same pairs who walked up the aisle together.

But the couples didn't just walk in. They *DANCED* in. And each couple did their own thing, their own routine and choreography. They were so good, it was clear they'd spent a lot of time rehearsing, and they were rewarded with loud, enthusiastic shouts and applause from everyone.

Jen and Scott were the last to be introduced. It was like Allie saved the best for last. The DJ said, "And last but certainly not least, here are Mr. Scott Stafford and Miss Jenny Johnson."

If my head was reeling before, now my emotions were really going down the abyss. I had assumed Jen changed back to her maiden name. But to hear the DJ say it so enthusiastically and with so much joy, it tore at my heart. The DJ didn't know his effect on me, it wasn't on purpose, but that didn't help. And to hear him call her "Jenny" ... that's what Scott called her. She wasn't my "Jen" anymore. She was Scott's "Jenny."

Then it got even worse. Jen and Scott's dance routine was incredible. It was a mix of funky hip-hop, sexy tango, and dirty grinding. I knew Jen could dance – she minored in dance in college – but I never realized Scott was such a good dancer. They were really something, like people on *Dancing With the Stars*. They were all smiles as they danced, laughing and all eyes for each other, their bodies touching the entire time. From their dance, you could tell they had a real connection. Their relationship had really blossomed. They were a real couple. They were incredibly into each other, and it wasn't just physical, it was emotional too. I saw it. It was all there for everyone to see. And they got the loudest shouts and applause.

I sat there, disheartened and numb. Up to this moment, I had tried to ignore my emotions. Put them in a box, forget about them, pretend like they didn't exist.

But at that moment, I realized I still loved Jen. I loved her with all my heart, with my soul. I had never stopped loving her, and if anything, I loved her more now than ever.

But I had lost her. She loved Scott. She was Scott's girl now. His "Jenny."

The rest of the reception was a blur. I picked at the food. I made polite conversation but was mostly silent. I tried not to look at Jen. I couldn't take anymore. But every now and then she came into my view. Sometimes I saw her at the head table. Sometimes mingling. Sometimes dancing. She was always with Scott. On his arm or holding his hand. Talking and laughing with him. Smiling into his eyes. She looked as infatuated with him as ever.

I waited until it was polite to leave. Then, trying not to be noticed, I left the reception. I was supposed to stay another night. But I couldn't take anymore. I planned to quickly pack and catch a late flight. If there were no flights, I'd drive home. I didn't care. I just needed to get away.

I was hurrying to the elevator when I heard Jen behind me. I turned. She was so devastatingly beautiful, it hurt. She said, "Leaving so soon?"

"I've had enough," I told her. "I'm going home."

Jen's brow furrowed. "Oh," she said. "They haven't even cut the cake. And there's the brunch tomorrow. Allie'll be upset if you leave now."

"Yeah right," I said sarcastically. "Why'd she invite me anyway? She obviously wants you with Scott. She got pissed you fooled around with Gio."

Jen's frown deepened. "Mike, you don't know anything," she said. "I *told* Allie to tell Scott. If he thinks I'm with Gio, he won't think I'm with you. I know you hate to hear this ... but Scott's bigger than you, and he has a temper. I don't want him to hurt you."

"I can take care of myself!" I angrily hissed. Was there anything a girl can say that strikes at a guy's pride more than what Jen just said to me?

"I know, I know, I'm sorry," Jen quickly said pleadingly. "I just don't want you to get hurt. And I know you're too nice to get back at Scott with computers."

"Why do you care anyway?!" I yelled. There was anger, jealousy, and hurt in my voice. "I saw you last night! I heard you! I saw you today! You're with Scott! Why do you care about me?!"

"You want the real reason?" Jen asked.

"Yes! Tell me! Stop fucking with my head! Tell me!"

Then Jen said something that will haunt me forever. It tore at my soul. At my heart. It open half-healed wounds. It cruelly delved into *what-ifs* and *what-could-have-beens*.

Jen looked into my eyes and in a soft voice, she said "Mike ... the only reason I'm with Scott is I'm not with you."



## CHAPTER 11

I stared at Jen. Astonished. Baffled. Mystified. What she just said made no sense.

Jen saw my confusion. I saw confusion in her face too. And something else too. Emotion. This whole weekend, up until now, she'd been detached, unfeeling, result-oriented and transactional rather than emotional. Now though I saw a crack in that protective shell. For the first time in a long time, I saw a glimpse of the girl I fell in love with, the girl I married.

"I shouldn't have gone to Europe with Scott," she said, her voice low like a whisper and tinged with emotion. She sounded on the verge of crying. "I should have went after you."

"You loved Scott. You thought you wanted to marry him," I said, repeating what she'd told me before.

"I was messed up," Jen said. Now I saw tears in her eyes. "I was wrong. It was a mistake. I'm sorry."

"Saying sorry's not enough," I spat out bitterly.

"I know ...," she said, her voice trailing off. We lapsed into silence, just standing there in the big hallway outside the wedding reception. I didn't know what she wanted. I barely understood what she was saying. It didn't make sense. I'd seen her with him. It was Scotty and Jenny now. They were the couple now. On the verge of getting married. Of putting his ring on her finger. Right?

"So, what about Scott?" I asked. "Are you going to break up with him?"

Jen looked at me. She was unsure. She said, "If I break up with Scott ... then what happens?"

"What do you mean?"

"What will *you* do?" Jen asked.

I stared at her, not understanding. After long moments, I said "Are you asking, will I take you back?"

Jen looked into my eyes and said, "Yes. If I break up with Scott, will you take me back?"

Her answer sent me reeling again. Was this really happening? Were we getting back together?

But this was too easy. I'd seen Jen with Scott. Last night. Today! A relationship like theirs, you can't just turn it off like a light switch.

“What happens with Scott?” I asked. “You still work with him. You see him every day.”

Jen was slow to answer. Like, she didn’t want to answer. But to her credit, she told the truth.

“I can’t promise I’ll never be with him again,” she said. “We’ve got ... a connection. But it’ll be mostly physical. And I won’t do it behind your back. I’ll tell you everything. I’ll answer all your questions.” With a grin she added “You’ll never have to call the Madam again.”

Jen said it like a joke, to ease the tension. But it revealed what she really wanted. She wanted to go back to before, when she had me as her supportive husband, her rock, who took care of her emotionally, and she also had Scott as her exciting boyfriend who took care of all her physical needs and rocked her world sexually.

Did I really want to go back to that? Would I survive it a second time?

Jen read my thoughts. She reached out to me and said, “It won’t be like before. That’s not what I want.”

I glared at her. “I don’t think you know what you want,” I snapped at her. She was right. It wouldn’t be like before. She wouldn’t have all the control. I’d be in control too.

“Why won’t you let me cum in you?” I demanded.

Jen pursed her lips at me. I’d seen that look countless times before. It was her look of disapproval, something she wasn’t happy with. “I’m not ready to tell you that,” she said.

“Then when?”

“Soon,” Jen said. “It depends—.”

“Depends on what?” I hissed, my voice growing louder. Jen looked away from me. She wasn’t going to answer.

I got angry. She wanted to get back together, yet she was still playing games with me! Fucking with my head! I was tired of the lies!

“Who else did you cheat with?” I hissed at her. “I know you did! Mrs. Connery told me! She caught you in the basement with someone!”

Jen looked at me, surprise in her face. She looked away, as if remembering. That’s when I knew she *HAD* cheated with someone else! It wasn’t Scott – it was another man!

I grabbed her arm and yanked her to me. “Tell me Jen!” I demanded.

“It doesn’t matter anymore!” Jen said, protesting.

“It *does* matter!” I growled at her. “If you want to get back together, it

matters! You have to stop lying to me! You have to stop fucking with my head!”

“You’re hurting me,” Jen whined, trying to pull her arm from my grasp. There were tears in her eyes.

“*TELL ME!*” I demanded.

Suddenly Jen blurted out, “It was Joey.”

I stared at her. I wasn’t sure I heard right. Joey? My young friend? My 18-year-old friend who I helped raise, who was like my little brother? Joey?

Then it all came together, like pieces of a puzzle. Of course it was Joey. Who else could it be? He was the only person in the world she’d not want to tell me.

But still I was shocked. Joey. He was only 18 years old. He was like my little brother. Jen had an affair with Joey.

I staggered backwards. My head spun. I couldn’t breathe. I felt like I was going to vomit. Suddenly I was running. Running away from Jen. Running anywhere, as long as it was away from Jen.

I heard Jen calling after me. I looked back only once. She had collapsed to the floor and was sobbing.



A LITTLE LATER ALLIE rushed out to the big hallway outside the ballroom. Someone had told her something was up with Jen. She saw Jen curled into a ball on the floor, sobbing. She rushed over to her.

Allie got down on the floor and hugged her best friend. “Mike?” she asked.

Jen nodded her head. Her face was wet with tears. “I told him about Joey,” she said, the words hard to hear because she was still crying.

“Oh my god,” Allie lamented. She knew the whole story, the only person Jen had told. She hugged Jen tighter. “It’ll be alright honey,” she said soothingly. But as Jen sobbed in her arms, she wasn’t so sure.

Then Allie saw Scott rushing over. “What happened?” Scott said, looking concerned at Jen crying in Allie’s arms.

“She’s okay Scott,” Allie said. She forced a smile and joked “It’s not a party until someone’s crying.”

“Jenny ...,” Scott said, reaching for Jen. But Allie protectively shielded Jen from Scott. She helped Jen stand up.

“In a minute Scott,” Allie said, her arm in Jen’s. “Let me help her clean

up.”

“But—,” Scott began to protest.

“*In a minute*,” Allie said again, more sharply this time.

In the bathroom, Allie helped Jen fix her makeup. “I’m sorry this happened at your wedding,” Jen said regretfully.

“It’s okay honey, really,” Allie said. She looked at her best friend with concern. Then she asked, “What are you going to do?”



JEN MADE IT THROUGH the wedding reception. She dodged Scott’s questions, telling him they’d talk about it later. After the reception, in their room, Scott rounded on her. “So, what’s going on Jenny?” he asked.

“Wait,” Jen said, holding him off with a hand. She went into the bathroom and changed into a loose sweater, yoga pants and flats. She wiped off her makeup and put her hair in a ponytail. She was stalling. Finally, she opened the door. Scott was right there, waiting for her, his patience at an end.

“So?” he demanded, anger and impatience in his voice.

Jen looked at him. She said “Scott, I can’t do this anymore.”

“Do what?”

“This,” Jen said, waving her hand to indicate the two of them. “Us. I can’t do this anymore.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Scott ...,” Jen sighed. She got her suitcase and started to pack.

“What are you doing?” Scott demanded.

“I’m staying with Allie’s parents tonight.”

“No, you’re not,” Scott said, slamming the suitcase shut. “You’re staying here. With me. I love you, Jenny. And you love me.”

“I guess I do love you,” Jen said in a soft voice. She wasn’t looking at Scott. It was like she was talking to herself. “But the person who loves you – Jenny – I don’t like that person. I don’t want to be that person anymore.

That person’s cruel. She’s horrible. I can’t be that person anymore.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Scott said. He was frustrated and confused. “You make it sound like you’re different people. You’re not. You’re you. You don’t like Jenny? Okay fine, I’ll call you Jen, or Jennifer, whatever you want.”

Jen shook her head. She opened her suitcase and began packing again. “I just need to go,” she said. When she was done, she closed the suitcase and

grabbed her purse. “Goodbye Scott,” she said, moving towards the door.

Scott was shocked. This was all happening so fast. Just like that? She was breaking up with him? No way! She was *NOT* breaking up with him!

“This isn’t over!” he yelled at her.

Jen looked back at him. Then she opened the door and left.



## CHAPTER 12

ABOUT A WEEK LATER

I ARRIVED EARLY. I sat down and waited. A few minutes later Jen arrived. She was early too. She sat across from me.

“Thanks for meeting with me,” Jen said.

I nodded. A big part of me had wanted to say *no* when she texted me. My head was still reeling and it hurt too much. But another part was curious. I wanted to know what happened.

The waitress arrived and we ordered. I got a Highland Park and Jen got white wine. We waited until the drinks arrived. I took a gulp of the scotch, but Jen didn’t touch the wine. She put her feet up on the chair, so her thighs were pressed against her chest. I’d see her do that many times. She did it when she was upset or nervous. At that moment she looked to be both.

She was wearing a loose top and skinny jeans, and flats. Her hair was in a ponytail and she wore no makeup. The difference between this Jen and the girl since “Scott happened” was striking. The other girl – “Jenny” – she was a confident super model who dressed to impress. But the girl across from me was a “girl-next-door” kind of girl. Still beautiful, still a head turner, but unsure, hesitant, and scared. Which was the girl I fell in love with and married? I wasn’t sure.

After long moments, Jen finally began the story. She said “It happened when Joey moved in with us. That’s when it started.”

Her words “when it started” rang in my ears. “So you fucked him more than once?” I asked. There was anger, hurt and jealousy in my voice.

Jen seemed to wince from the harsh tone of my voice. “Yes,” she admitted.

“How many times?” I asked, my sharp voice an indictment of her infidelity.

Jen looked down, not able to meet my glare. “I don’t know,” she said.

She didn’t know. She fucked my young 18-year-old friend so much, she couldn’t remember how many times.

After long moments of silence, she said “You were traveling a lot and

working late, on the Sapphire project.” She quickly added “That’s no excuse. I’m just trying to explain.”

“Did it continue after he moved to the dorm?” I asked, my voice still a sharp accusation.

Jen looked down, again not able to meet my glare. “Yes,” she admitted in a whisper. She finally reached for the wine. Her hand was shaking. She gulped it all down. My glass was empty too. We ordered another round.

“Did you at least feel guilty?” I snarled at her.

“Yes,” Jen said. Her eyes were tearing up. “But ....” Her voice trailed off.

“But what?” I snapped.

Jen winced again at the anger in my voice. She wiped the tears with the back of her hand. “But I liked feeling sexy again. I liked the attention. You were busy at work. You hardly noticed me anymore. Again, that’s no excuse. But I think that’s why it happened. And why I didn’t stop it.”

I was silent for a while, sipping the scotch and processing her words. I remembered that time. She was right, I was really focused on Sapphire then. I was getting accolades from a lot of people. Attention from pretty girls like Elaine. After years of being together, I took Jen for granted.

The silence and my thoughts helped to cool my anger. “Then what happened?” I asked.

“Then Scott happened,” Jen said with a shrug. “He flirted with me all the time. I told you about it, and it got you hot. All of a sudden, I had your attention again. You were all over me. It was like when we first met. You encouraged me with Scott. And I think it was easier for me to go with it, because of Joey. I mean, my inhibitions were down. And you were so into it. You wanted to see me with Scott. And that kinda made me feel better about Joey. I started thinking he was part of the game too. It didn’t make it right. I’m just saying that’s how I justified it and dealt with the guilt.”

“You’ve thought a lot about this,” I observed.

“Not at the time,” Jen admitted. “But since then, I’ve had a lot of time to think.”

I nodded slowly, processing all this. “Did it continue after Scott started?” I asked.

Jen nodded yes. “Not often,” she said. “A few times.” She looked at me and said, “Remember Jake?”

My eyes opened wide with shock. “That was Joey?” I asked

incredulously. Jen nodded, her eyes down in shame.

“So, then what?” I asked.

“Joey found out about Scott,” Jen said. “He saw us at a bar. He got really upset. I haven’t talked to him since. Until the hospital ...”

We were silent. After a few moments, she hesitantly asked “How is he?”

“You haven’t talked to him?”

Jen shook her head no and said, “Not since you told me not to.”

I looked at her, wondering if she was telling the truth. But then, why lie now? I said “He’s on chemo. The doctors are optimistic.”

Jen nodded but didn’t say anything. She looked relieved though. She said, “I really sorry Mike. I’m sorry about everything. You’re such a good man and I was so bad to you. I was horrible.” There were tears in her eyes. She was on the verge of crying.

“Yes, you were,” I said flatly. But my anger was gone. I was emotionally exhausted. In shock.

“So, was it worth it?” I snapped at her. It was more than a question. It was an accusation, a cruel indictment of her betrayal. Were all the great fucks, the toe curling orgasms, the big dicks, the romance and NRE, were they worth our marriage?

“No,” Jen said, and then she was crying. Sobbing into her knees as she hugged her legs to her chest.

The waitress came around. “Are you okay ma’am?” she asked looking concerned.

Jen managed to stop crying. She wiped her tears with a napkin. She nodded her head at the waitress, and the waitress was discreet enough to give us space.

Jen looked at me with teary eyes and asked, “Was it worth it for you?”

I looked at her. Unlike the way I snapped at her, Jen’s was a simple question. Was living my cuckold fantasy worth our marriage?

This time it was me not able to meet her gaze. I looked down at the floor and whispered, “No.” We lapsed into silence again.

Eventually Jen said, “I broke up with Scott. It’s over.”

I looked up at her. I was surprised. But why did it matter? It didn’t change anything. I’d seen them together. They had a connection. A serious, physical and emotional connection. Jen had admitted as much. They might be broken up now, but that was only temporary. They’d eventually be back together again.

And anyway, Scott and Joey were 2 different issues. Jen tried to frame the story like one led to the other, that it was just one thing, but that was bullshit. Even if I could believe she was done with Scott, how could I forgive her betrayal with Joey? And then there was Ronnie. Sure, that was years ago. But in the context of Scott and Joey, it formed a pattern. I couldn't trust Jen. She cheated on me before, and she'd cheat again in the future. It was inevitable.

"Well, thanks for telling me," I said, throwing money on the table and abruptly getting up. "Goodbye Jen."

I turned to go but then Jen bolted out of her seat and rushed to me. "Mike, wait!" she said, desperation in her voice.

I turned to look at her. She looked at me. We were standing close together, almost touching. I didn't say anything, waiting for her to say whatever she wanted to say. She seemed at a loss for words though. Finally, she reached up and scratched my new beard, under my chin.

"I really like this," Jen said with a grin.

I managed a grin back, but it was forced, just like hers. Then I turned and left.



JEN WAS IN IN HER SMALL apartment in Chelsea looking out the window, at the skyline of New York. There was a knock on the door. Her heart leaped thinking it was Mike. But when she opened the door, it was Scott.

"What do you want Scott?" Jen asked, looking warily at him with the chain still on the door.

"Let me in Jenny," Scott said. "I just want to talk. Come on, you owe me that much."

Jen pursed her lips as she looked at Scott. Finally, she shrugged and took off the chain.

Scott was carrying a bag. He took out 2 beers, offering one to Jen. Jen shrugged and took it, saying "Just one." Scott shrugged a whatever back.

"So, tell me what's going on Jenny," Scott said. "I thought we had something good. I thought you were happy. Then all of a sudden, it's over. What happened?"

"Scott, you're fun. You're exciting. You're awesome in bed," Jen said. "But living for the moment isn't living. There's no future in that."

“I won’t be like that forever,” Scott promised. “Okay, I get you, you’re right, I need to grow up. Marry me and I’ll grow up. I’ll change. I promise.”

“Scott, no,” Jen said, her pretty face strained as she heard the pleading in Scott’s voice.

“Why not?” Scott asked. He held his hands out to her. “We love each other. You love me, Jenny. You say it all the time.”

Jen winced at Scott’s words. Because it was true. She had told him she loved him. Many times. “God this is so fucked up,” she whispered, putting her head in her hands.

Scott saw an opening. He moved over to the pretty blonde. He pressed his body against Jen’s and brushed her long blonde hair to the other side, exposing her beautiful face. He kissed up her neck to below her ear. “Come on,” he said, whispering into her ear as he nuzzled her neck. “We love each other. We’re perfect for each other. Don’t break us up.”

Scott kissed Jen’s lips. As he did, he worked her body with his hands. By now he knew all of her erogenous zones, better even than Mike. He worked one hand into her blouse, quickly disposing of her lacy bra. He squeezed his other hand into the front of her yoga pants. Within moments he was working both her nipples and clit while he kissed and tongued her.

Jen moaned and rolled her head back as he kissed and fondled her. Then she kissed and fondled him back. She pushed her tongue into his mouth and reached into his shirt to caress his muscular chest. She couldn’t help it. Her body was more attuned to Scott’s than any other man. They had a connection. They were two sides of the same coin. It was like God made them to fuck each other.

“You’re so fucking wet,” Scott hissed as he fingered her. Jen knew he was right. Scott always got her wet. Just being in the same room got her wet. When he looked at her, she got wet.

Jen knew it would be so easy to give into it. Take Scott’s beautiful cock into her mouth. Open her legs and let him fuck her. It would be so easy. And she would love it. Love it! She would scream as he made her cum.

Suddenly Jen pulled away from Scott. She pushed his hands away. “Stop Scott, stop!” she said, pulling her blouse closed. She got up from the sofa and moved away. She stood as far away from Scott as she could in her little apartment.

Jen was panting. Her nipples were hard and her pussy ached. She looked at Scott warily, like a deer in the crosshairs of a powerful lion. She knew he

could easily take her. Do what he wanted with her. He could throw her onto the bed and force her legs open. He could fuck her and she couldn't stop him. The possibility sent a chill down her spine.

"Scott, please leave," she said. She was begging him to leave.

"Jenny, why?" Scott said. He didn't understand. He knew she wanted him as much as he wanted her. She couldn't resist him. She was a slut for his body.

"Because ... maybe I need to grow up too," Jen said. "Please leave Scott," she begged again. "Please go. Please."

Scott's face was a mix of disbelief and non-comprehension. Then he got angry. "Fuck you then Jenny!" he spat out. "I know you'll be back! You'll come back to me! You will! Then maybe if you're lucky I'll take you back!" Then he stormed out of Jen's apartment, slamming the door behind him.

Jen stood motionless for a long time, clutching the top of the sofa. She stood that way until her breathing returned to normal. Until her nipples softened. Until her pussy stopped aching.

Finally, she moved. She picked up her phone. She frowned seeing no texts from Mike. She got into bed and looked out the window. At the skyline of New York.



## CHAPTER 13

TWO WEEKS LATER

“SO HOW WAS YOUR HONEYMOON?” I asked Allie.

“We haven’t gone actually,” Allie said. With a shrug she said “It’s the second marriage for both of us so there’s no rush. We’re going in the summer to Italy to visit his family.”

“That sounds so ... domesticated, Allie,” I said.

“I know, right?” Allie said with a laugh. With a grin she said, “I guess I’m not so Allie *Oh-La-La* anymore, huh Mike?”

“Oh ... you know about that nickname?” I sheepishly asked. Allie nodded and laughed again.

“So, what do you want to talk about?” Allie asked. We were in a Starbucks, meeting at my request.

“Three guesses,” I said.

“Jen, Jen and Jen,” Allie said. “So, you two made my wedding interesting.”

“Sorry about that.”

Allie shrugged.

“Why did you invite me Allie?” I asked. “To your wedding?”

“So, you want the truth?” Allie said. “Okay, I’ll tell you the truth. But don’t ask unless you want to hear the truth. Okay?”

I frowned at Allie, not really understanding what she was talking about. “Okay,” I said warily.

“About my wedding ... I asked Jen if she wanted me to invite you,” Allie said. “She did so I did.”

“How much do you know?” I asked. “You knew about Ronnie?”

“Yes.”

“I guess it’d be stupid for me to say you should’ve told me,” I said.

“Yeah Mike, that’d be really stupid,” Allie said in her feisty, “*you aren’t worthy to lick my high heels*” voice. So, despite what she said, she was still Allie Oh-La-La, at least partly.

“What about Joey?” I asked.

Allie hesitated. Then she shrugged and said, “Yes, I knew about Joey. Not when it started, but she eventually told me.” She had the good graces to at least look regretful about it.

“Allie ...,” I began. “I’m not sure what to do.”

“Are you asking for my advice?”

“Yes,” I said. “I mean, how can I trust her about Scott? And even if I can get past Scott, how do I forgive her about Joey?”

Allie looked at me a long time. Then she said, “Okay, let’s take them one at a time. Ronnie. It was a stupid affair. You guys had been going out a while by then. She was in New York City and wanted excitement. But instead of excitement she had you.”

“Thanks a lot,” I said sourly.

“You want the truth, right?” Allie said. “You’re a lot of things Mike, a lot of good things, but you’re not exciting. So, Ronnie comes along. He’s new and exciting. Jen falls under his spell. They have an affair. But she comes to her senses and ends it. She marries you. So? Are you gonna forgive her for that one?”

“She should’ve told me,” I said.

“Mike do you seriously think that? Maybe that happens in your Star Trek and Avengers universe, but not in real life,” Allie scoffed. “If something like that happens, you don’t tell. You live with the guilt. You don’t risk your marriage.”

“I would’ve told Jen,” I insisted.

“Of course you would have,” Allie said. “But *you* never would have cheated. Right? Like that Elaine chick. I bet you had a chance to get in her pants. But you didn’t, right? That’s my point.”

I frowned at Allie, not certain I agreed with her. I said, “But it wasn’t just Ronnie.”

“I’ll get to the others,” Allie said. “But do you forgive her for Ronnie?”

“I guess.”

“You guess?” Allie said, scoffing again.

“Okay, yes, I forgive her for Ronnie,” I said.

“Okay then,” Allie said. “Now Scott.”

“Joey was next,” I pointed out.

“I’m not going in your anal-retentive sequential order,” Allie said feistily. “I wanna talk about Scott first.”

“Okay, whatever,” I said.

“Okay then,” Allie said. “Ready for the truth?”

I frowned. “Go ahead,” I said warily.

Allie looked me in the eye and said, “Scott was all on you.”

My eyes bulged out in shock. I was coming out of my chair to protest but Allie glared at me.

“Sit down and let me finish!” she ordered. “*Then* you get your say!” I glared back at Allie, but I sat back down. I wanted to hear what she had to say.

“*You* pushed her to Scott,” Allie said. “Yes, I know Jen was hot for him, she probably even had a crush on him. But she wasn’t going to fuck him. I know this Mike, she talked to me about it. Until you pushed her to him. And not just to fuck him, but to date him.

And what happened when Scott wanted to see her more? Did you say no? What happened when they put your dick in a cage? Did you say no? What happened when Jen moved to Michigan with Scott? Did you say no?

Did you go to Michigan and drag Jen’s skinny ass back home? No, you didn’t do anything of that. And when Scott took Jen to Europe, instead of going after her, you went AWOL. She was *your* wife Mike! She loved you! All you had to do was say no!”

I stared at Allie. I didn’t say anything, my head and heart trying to process all that she said. Finally, I said “What about Joey?”

“Joey’s on Jen,” Allie said flatly. “So that makes it one you, one Jen, and one you forgive her for.” She shrugged and added “Doesn’t sound so bad to me. Nothing you can’t work out.”

I laughed. Nothing we can’t work out. Yeah, right. It was all so simple. Allie leaned in and said, “Mike, let me ask you a question.”

“Go ahead,” I told her.

“Your cuckold fantasy,” Allie began. “For it to work, your wife has to be beautiful right?”

“Yes,” I said with a shrug. That was obvious.

“She’s got to have a sexy body,” Allie said. “And like to flirt. Right?”

“Yes,” I said with another shrug.

“You want men to notice her,” Allie said. “You want her to be hit on all the time. Right?”

“Yes,” I said again.

“And the wife has got to be willing to do it, right? She’s got to be willing to be with other men. Maybe even tempted to cheat. Right? That turns it

from fantasy to real, right?”

“Allie, it was Joey,” I said. “He’s only 18. He’s like my brother.”

“And you’ve never had fantasies about barely legal girls? About sisters?” Allie said. With a crooked grin she said, “You know Jen’s practically *my* sister. You’ve never had fantasies about me? About doing Jen’s best friend?”

“Okay I’ve thought about it,” I admitted, giving her a defiant look. “But I’ve never done anything, have I? I’ve never hit on you. I’ve never even touched you.”

“But that’s how *your* fantasy works,” Allie said with a knowing grin at me. “You’re faithful to Jen. Completely faithful. But she’s not supposed to be. She’s supposed to fuck other men. She’s supposed to cheat on you. She’s supposed to be bad, Mike. You want her to be bad.”

Again, I stared at Allie, processing her words.

“Just call her,” Allie told me. “She looks at her phone constantly, hoping you’ll call. She loves you Mike. She really wants to get back together with you. She’ll do anything.”

“Has she seen Scott?” I asked.

Allie shook her head, telling me she wasn’t going to answer that question. “Call her Mike,” she urged me. “You ask her that.”



“GOT A MINUTE?” SCOTT said to Jen.

Jen nodded her head. She’d managed to avoid Scott outside work, but she couldn’t do that here in the office. They still worked together after all.

Scott entered her office and closed the door. “Leave the door open Scott,” Jen told him.

“Come on Jenny, chill. I’m not going to rape you,” Scott scoffed. With a grin he added “Unless that’s what you want.”

Jen rolled her eyes at him. But she felt the familiar tingling between her legs. He was making her wet again. She tried to fight it, but it was useless. It was like a live wire connection from Scott to her clit. He did it for her, more than any other man. Jen did her best to hide it from him. But with the knowing grin he was giving her, she knew that was useless too. They’d spent too much time together. He knew her too well.

“What do you want Scott?” she said irritably.

“What? I’m not Scotty anymore?” he said, that knowing grin still on his

face.

Jen rolled her eyes again. “What?” she demanded.

“Just want to tell you, I’m moving back to Michigan,” Scott announced.

“Oh.”

“I’m opening a remote office there,” Scott said, continuing. “The partners think we can grow our presence out there more if I’m out there. I’ll be targeting auto companies at first, then expanding to the west.”

“Okay,” Jen said hesitantly. “Well, good. Sounds exciting. I’m happy for you Scott.”

Scott moved closer. “Come with me Jenny,” he urged her. “We make a great team. We’ll get a lot of clients and get filthy rich. Come on. You like Michigan right? Johnny and Cassie miss you. Especially Cassie. Come with me to Michigan.”

“Scott ...”

Scott moved around Jen’s desk and got on one knee, right in front of where Jen was sitting. “I know I fucked up last time,” he said. “Give me another chance. It won’t be like last time. It’ll be better than last time.”

Scott put his hand on Jen’s knee. Jen didn’t stop him. Then he put his hands behind her knees and pulled her to him. The motion on her leather chair caused her short skirt to hike up, exposing her lacy stocking tops. Jen’s breath caught when he put his hand on her exposed thigh above the stockings. She bit down on her lip to stifle a moan when he caressed her sensitive inner thigh. Scott caressed up her thigh to her silk panties. They were wet. Wet for Scott.

Scott pushed up her skirt so it bundled around her waist like a belt. He tugged her panties down and Jen helped him, lifting her ass off the chair. Then he pushed her legs apart. Again Jen didn’t stop him. Scott looked at Jen’s pussy. She was still keeping herself completely shaved. Maybe she wasn’t calling him Scotty anymore, but she was still keeping herself completely bare. He reached up between her legs and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Jen gritted her teeth to stifle another moan. She couldn’t believe this was happening. For weeks since Allie’s wedding she’d avoided Scott, put up defenses against him, and now here she was, surrendering to him after only a few minutes being alone with him, her defenses tumbling down, opening her legs for him.

Scott stood up so now his crotch was in-line with Jen’s eyes. Jen could

see he was erect. His hard cock tented his pants halfway down his muscular thighs. Not able to stop herself, Jen reached for him. For his manhood. She rubbed his shaft up and down, making him get even harder and bigger.

Scott grinned. He knew he had her. He hurriedly unbuckled his pants and pulled out his cock. His grin widened seeing that Jenny's eyes were locked on his hard cock. Again, he locked his hands behind Jen's knees. He pulled her farther off her leather chair and opened her legs wide. He saw that Jenny was breathing hard and her eyelids half closed with lust. She was ready for it. She wanted his cock inside her. Soon she would be calling him Scotty again.

He moved forward, holding his cock in his hand. He pressed it against Jen's pussy. He rubbed it up and down her slit, lubricating himself with Jen's wetness. Then he pressed his cock at Jen's opening. He was about to penetrate her when Jen put a hand to his chest.

"Wait, Scott," she said, pulling away.

"Don't worry. I locked your door," Scott assured her. He moved to her again, ready to penetrate her, to mate with her, to make her his again.

But Jen swiveled in the chair and staggered to her feet. She almost tripped in her high heels. She clumsily tugged her skirt down. Then she was on the phone. "Allie come here now!" she said desperately.

Jen unlocked her door. A moment later Allie was there, looking worried. She looked at Jen and then Scott. Jen was panting and her face flushed. Scott's cock was hard and out of his pants. Jen's panties were on the floor. It was easy to read the situation. "Get the fuck out Scott!" Allie hissed at him. "Now!"

Scott gave a half, incredulous laugh, and shook his head. He worked his cock back into his pants, taking his time to let the girls – especially Jenny— look at his impressive manhood. As he left, he looked into Jen's eyes and said, "It's only a matter of time. Soon you'll be begging for my cock. In your pussy. Your mouth. Your ass. You'll beg me to fuck you."

Jen collapsed into Allie's arms when Scott was gone. She was breathing hard and her heart was pounding. Then the pants turned to sobs. Allie patted Jen's back, trying to calm her down. In her head she mentally shook her head, thinking about how bad Jen had it for Scott.



I KNOCKED ON THE DORM room door. The person inside shouted "It's

open” and I opened the door. I smiled at the person sitting on the bed. “Hi Joey,” I said.

“Hi Mike,” Joey said back with a grin.

“So, how’s it going?” I asked, sitting down next to my young friend.

“Good I think,” Joey said. “The chemo’s working. The tests came back good. I think I dodged the bullet.”

“That’s really good Joey,” I said, squeezing his arm encouragingly. I saw though, that while the chemo may have beat the cancer, it had come with a cost. Joey had lost a lot of weight. He looked like a shadow of himself. I also knew that the threat of cancer would loom over him for the rest of his life. He beat it once; could he beat it again, if it came back?

“Are you back in class?” I asked.

“Yes. Not a full load yet, but I’m getting there,” Joey said. Then he asked “So, have you heard from Jen lately?”

“She was at Allie’s wedding. Allie got re-married,” I told him.

“Oh, cool,” Joey said. “So, did she mention me? She visited that one time, and nothing since then. I’m only asking cause we kinda got into a fight a few months back. I thought we were cool after her visit, but now I’m not so sure.”

I looked away from Joey. “Yes, we talked about you,” I said, my voice suddenly filled with emotion. “She’s cool. Everything’s good.”

“You talked about me?” Joey asked.

I looked at him. I looked him in the eyes. “Yes Joey,” I said. “We talked about you.”

Joey looked back at me. He looked back into my eyes. A look of shame came over his face. He said, “I’m sorry Mike. I’m really sorry.”

I nodded but didn’t say anything.

“Is that why ...,” Joey hesitantly began. “Is that why you divorced?”

I forced a smile. I stood up and took his head in my hands. I kissed the top of his head and said “I’ll always be there for you Joey. I love you.” Then I moved to go.

Joey stopped me as he said “So you talked to Jen? Are you friends? Any chance you’ll get back together?”

I gave Joey a tight smile but didn’t say anything. I turned and left.



## CHAPTER 14

I thought about it for over a week. It was pretty much all I thought about. Finally, I picked up my phone and sent a text to Jen.

Mike: want to get a drink?

Jen's text came back immediately.

Jen: yes. when/where?

I picked a dive bar someplace. It was dark and had booths. We'd have privacy to talk.

Like the last time, I ordered a Highland Park scotch and Jen a white wine. "I saw Joey," I told her after the drinks arrived.

"Oh. Okay ...," Jen said hesitantly.

"You should visit him sometime," I said. "He's back in his dorm room."

"Um, okay," Jen said, the hesitance still in her voice. "Maybe I will."

We lapsed into silence. I sipped the scotch and Jen sipped her wine. Finally, she said "Is that why you wanted to meet? To tell me about Joey?"

"I was just wondering," I began. "It doesn't matter anymore. But I'm curious. About why you wouldn't let me cum inside you."

Jen lowered her eyes, looking sad. "It doesn't matter anymore?" she asked softly.

"I don't know if it matters," I said. "I have to know first."

Jen hesitated for long moments. Finally, she shrugged and said, "I don't know Mike ...."

With a half laugh she said, "Playing the game, we spent so much time talking about guys cumming in me. Who was allowed to cum in me, who wasn't, who had to wear a condom, what if the condom broke, was I on the pill, what I'd do if I got pregnant. Oh my god we spent so much energy on that." Jen grinned at me.

"I guess I was kinda obsessed with it," I said with a grin back.

"Kinda?" Jen said with a laugh. I laughed back.

"And, to be honest, there was a naughtiness to it, especially if a guy came a lot," Jen said, continuing. "And it felt good. If he came hard. I felt it then. Hitting me inside. Sometimes if I felt it, it'd make me cum. Not a big orgasm but still an orgasm."

I nodded. I'd see her cum that way before.

"So it kinda got sexualized in my head," Jen told me. "The whole

cumming thing. I used it to make sex better. For me. For Scott. For whoever I was fucking. It was just about sex, to get off. It wasn't special anymore, or intimate. It was just a guy cumming in me. And I was fine with that. It was like a sex toy and didn't mean anything, and I was fine with that."

I nodded again, prompting her to continue.

Jen hesitated again, as if deciding whether to tell me the rest. Finally, she said, "So that night I seduced you in my apartment. I knew you were about to cum. And all of a sudden, I got scared. What if, when you came in me, it felt special again? What if it felt intimate? Because it was you. And I couldn't handle that. So that's why. That's why I won't let you cum in me."

I stared at her. Was this more of the same? More games? More fucking with my head?

"I don't ...," I began, my voice choking on emotion. "I don't know how I can trust you again. I know it was my fault too. But you took it too far."

"I know," Jen said, tears in her eyes. "I know I did. And I don't ..."

"Don't want?"

"I don't know who I am anymore," Jen said, tears falling down her cheeks. "I don't know if I'm the girl who cheated with Ronnie and Joey. Who moved to Michigan with Scott. Or the girl who was your wife. I don't know anymore Mike."

I moved closer in the booth so we were almost touching. "I should have said no to Michigan," I said. "Or forced you to come home."

"Yes, you should have," Jen said with a nod.

"Would you have come home with me?" I asked.

"Yes," Jen said with certainty. "I might not have liked it, but I would have. We'd still be married then."

"You said you didn't want to marry me again," I said.

Jen moved closer so now we were touching. She leaned into me and squeezed both my hands. She said, "I was lying Mike."

I couldn't help laughing.

Then we were kissing. We were holding each other. Hugging each other.

"I don't want to lie to you anymore Mike," she told me. "I can't promise I won't be with Scott again. I can't resist him. I have so far. But I don't think I can."

"You're that into him?" I asked, my heart breaking again. We weren't even back together yet but already she was breaking my heart again.

Jen hugged me tighter, clinging to me, and said, “I don’t want to be with him. I want to be with you. But I can’t resist him. And he won’t leave me alone.”

“Do you *want* him to leave you alone?” I asked. Jen looked at me with tears in her eyes. She didn’t answer. Her silence told me everything.

“Let me come home with you,” she begged. She looked desperate, afraid.

Jen felt so good in my arms. I could smell the vanilla-strawberry of her shampoo. The perfume she dabbed behind her ears. She looked and smelled like my wife. And despite everything, she felt like my wife. I loved her.

I took her home to my apartment. We made love. It wasn’t about pleasure. It was about love. Jen let me cum inside her. When I did, she cried. She hugged me tight and wouldn’t let me go. All night long she wouldn’t let me go.



## EPILOGUE

It was awkward reconnecting. We had to get to know each other again. But our lovemaking WAS special and intimate. And when I came inside her – and now I always came inside her, Jen insisted I cum inside her – she always cried. She hugged me and cried. It would be some time — months – before she finally stopped crying after we made love. But she always held me tight. To this very day she always hugs me for a long time after we make love.

We talked too. Not at first, but eventually. There were a lot of loose ends. We had to work them out.

“It started in Europe,” Jen told me one night. We’d just made love. We were both naked, laying on our sides, looking at each other. “You pulled off my rings. Scott convinced me to go to Europe. Instead of going after you. I let him talk me into it. It was stupid. But I was confused about you. And I thought I loved Scott.”

My heart was pounding as she spoke. I was breathing hard. Jen noticed. She put her hand on my chest. “Are you okay?” she asked. “Do you want me to keep going?”

“Yes,” I said. My voice was hoarse.

Jen saw I was hard. I’d just cum but I was already hard again. I always got hard whenever she talked about her time with Scott. She wrapped her hand around my shaft. “Do you want me to do this?” she asked, stroking me up and down.

“Yes,” I said, almost panting. “Go slow.” I didn’t want to cum fast. That was the only way I could make it through her stories. Because it hurt too much after I came. But I needed to know what happened.

“So anyways,” Jen said, slowly stroking me as she continued her story. “We got the client. A few of us stayed after. Me and Scott, a couple other couples. We toured a lot of beautiful places, we ate at fancy restaurants, we made love at night. I thought I loved Scott. I guess I did. But I couldn’t stop thinking about you. Like, we’d be in a beautiful church, and I’d think *I wish Mike was here to see this*. Or, I’d be eating something delicious at dinner, and I’d think *I bet Mike would really love this*. And I started thinking, if I was really in love with Scott so much, then why couldn’t I stop thinking about you?”

“Even though he was fucking you so good?” I said.

Jen stopped stroking me. She heard the lust in my voice, but also the hurt and jealousy. She kissed my cheek and whispered into my ear “Yeah Mike, even though he fucked me so good.”

She began stroking me again, going slow and holding me loosely, to keep me from cumming too fast. She said, “There’s something about Scott. I’ve got a sexual connection with him. I can’t explain it. I look at him and get wet. If I’m with him, I want him inside me. I think that lust made me think I loved him more than I did. It was easy to say I loved him, when he was inside me, after he made me cum. It was so easy. And I guess I do kinda love him. Kinda like how I still love Colin, sort of. But not like you. I finally figured that out.”

“So why’d you stay with him after you figured it out?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” Jen said. “It took me a while to figure out. And Scott was talking me places ... places I wanted to go. And you divorced me, so ... so I stayed with Scott.”

“He took you places?” I asked, not understanding.

“Sexually,” Jen said as she continued to slowly stroke me. “We swapped with other couples. Threesomes. With girls and boys. Scott set up everything. He was in control.” With a helpless smile she added “You know me. I like it when I’m not in control.”

“You’re a bottom,” I said.

“Yes,” Jen said. She squeezed my cock and looked knowingly at me. “You’re a bottom too, I think. That’s why we got into trouble.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“Here’s an example,” Jen said. “You know when I got this?” she said, motioning to the fifty five tat under her left breast. “If you’d been there, you’d watch me, right? You’d be right beside me, just like when I got the sun and moon tat. Right?”

“Yes of course,” I said, not understanding where she was going with this. “Where else would I be?”

“Do you know where Scott was?”

“Where?”

“He was in the other room, fucking Davis’s sister.”

My eyes opened wide and I gawked at her. “Seriously?” I said with disbelief.

Jen nodded. She said “When I’m with Scott, it’s all about Scott. But

when I'm with you, it's all about me. I know that sounds selfish. I *am* selfish. But every girl wants a knight in shining armor. That's who you are Mike. My knight in shining armor. It just took me a while to remember that."

"So you love me just cause I kiss your feet?"

"Don't say it like that Mike," Jen said, rubbing my chest. "And anyways that's just one reason. There are a million reasons why I love you. I'm just giving you an example why I couldn't ever really love Scott."

"But still ... if he walked in right now, you'd want to fuck him? You'd let him?"

Jen got quiet, knowing we were moving into dangerous territory. "I've been a good girl Mike," she told me.

"But eventually it'll happen, won't it?" I asked.

Jen hesitated. After a few moments she said, "... maybe." After another pause, she said, "If it happens, what will you do?"

"Will you move in with him?"

"No."

"Will you start spending all your time with him?"

"No."

"Will you go out of your way to fuck him again?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll survive it," I said with a hard, angry voice. "But you don't have my permission. Not like before. If it happens, it happens, but you don't have my permission. You'll be doing something I don't want. But I'll survive it."

Jen winced at the hard tone of my voice. "Ok ...," she said, her voice trailing off.

Sometimes I got angry during our talks. Like now.

Now I was mad. Furious.

I grabbed her long blonde hair. I jerked her down to my cock. I forced my cock into her mouth. I fucked her face, as hard as possible, as rough as possible. I wanted to hurt her.

Jen didn't resist or say no. And when I was done, she licked my cock until it was clean. She kissed it. Then she moved up my body and snuggled into my arms.

All she wanted was for me to hold her. To love her again.

But I hadn't said I loved her. Not yet. She hadn't either. We still had a

ways to go for that.

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SO THAT'S WHAT OUR conversations were like. We talked, we fought, we laughed some, cried some more. They got me hot. They got me upset. They made Jen sad. But happy too. Usually it ended with making love, and holding each other after. We were still broken, but trying to mend ourselves.

I was insanely jealous about Scott. I didn't want her to see him, or even talk to him. That wasn't possible of course. They worked together on the same clients. It was impossible for them not to talk and interact.

It made it easier that he was mostly in Michigan. But it was only *mostly*. He still came to New York a few times a month. When he did, Jen made sure to tell me. And she always made sure to be home on time, not a minute late. She was trying to assure me she was being a good girl.

But I still felt it was just a matter of time before she'd be in his bed again. I dreaded that happening. Yes, the idea got me hot, but I honestly didn't want it to happen. If Scott got another chance with Jen, would she fall under his spell again? I didn't want to take the chance.

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“SO YOU MUST'VE LOVED fucking Joey,” I said one evening. Jen was on top of me, slowly riding my cock. We were having another one of our talks.

“Why do you say that?” Jen asked.

“Because it lasted so long,” I said.

Jen stopped moving, although I was still inside her.

“Can I tell you something?” she said. “You won't like it. But I want you to know. I don't want to keep anything from you anymore.”

“Okay,” I said warily.

“I don't regret what I did with Joey,” Jen said. “I regret lying to you, and doing it behind your back. But I don't regret what I did. I made him happy. And that's important, you know?”

Jen had a sad look on her face as she finished. She was referring to Joey's cancer. It was in remission but who knew if it would last. He might not make it to his next birthday. The doctors had warned as much. But if he did die early, at least he had been able to have a steamy affair with a super-hot girl like Jen. That was what she was saying.

“I get what you're saying,” I said looking into her eyes.

Jen nodded at me. She began moving up and down on my cock again. “But yeah, it didn’t suck fucking Joey.” She felt my cock jerk inside her and it made her grin. “You want details?”

“I know he’s big,” I said. I’d seen Joey naked of course. I helped raise him. We worked out together sometimes.

Jen rolled her eyes. “He’s freaking huge,” she gushed. “Especially thick. He’s the thickest I’ve ever had.”

“Really?”

“Oh yeah,” Jen said, smiling at me. “Mike, it’s like I felt like a virgin whenever he fucked me.” That’s when I grunted and came.

Afterwards we held each other as we always did. Jen smiled at me and scratched my beard, under my chin. “I wish I knew about your fantasies before,” she said. “Then, I wouldn’t have had to do it behind your back.”

“You really think I would’ve gone along with you fucking that kid?” I said with a harrumph in my voice.

“It didn’t just happen Mike,” Jen told me. “It took time. And it wasn’t on purpose. I think you would’ve gotten into it. We’d be in bed, just like this. We’d talk and you’d get hot. You would’ve told me to fuck Joey.”

“It’s just, he’s so young,” I said.

“But legal,” Jen pointed out.

“Barely,” I said. We both laughed.

“And he’s like my brother,” I said.

“But he’s *not* your brother,” Jen said. “And anyways, isn’t that a turn on?”

“For you maybe,” I said.

Jen frowned at me. It was playful, but still a frown. “I thought we were telling each other the truth,” she said. “You’ve never fantasized about Emma? She’s pretty, but it’s hotter cause she’s my sister, right? What if I gave you a free pass? You’d do her, right?”

“Not if it meant Vick got you,” I deadpanned. Emma was Jen’s older sister, and Vick was her husband.

“Ha! That’ll never happen,” Jen said with a laugh. We both didn’t think much of Emma’s husband. “Okay, well, then I take it back. If you’re not into it, you’re not into it.”

She was still grinning at me. She reached over to her side table for the glass of ice water. She always had ice water close by because she often got thirsty in the middle of the night. “Here, drink this,” she said.

“Why?”

“Just drink it,” she said with a laugh. I couldn’t help grinning. I took a sip.

“Okay, that’s truth serum,” Jen told me, the grin still on her face. “You now have no choice but to tell me your deepest darkest secrets. So Mr. Mike Andrews, the taboo of your wife with an innocent 18-year-old boy who you helped raise does not at all get you hot?”

I tried to keep a straight face, but then I laughed. “Okay, yes, it does,” I said, the laugh still in my voice. Jen laughed too, and for a while we hugged and kissed in bed.

“That’s all I’m saying,” Jen whispered to me, serious again. “Things might’ve turned out differently with Joey. We could’ve done it together. I wish I told you about Ronnie. We could’ve done that together too.”

I looked Jen in the eyes. “If you get tempted in the future,” I said. “Will you tell me before it happens? So we can do it together?”

“I won’t get tempted in the future,” she assured me.

“Yes you will,” I said, kissing her. “Yes you will.”



“WHAT WOULD’VE HAPPENED if we didn’t divorce?” I asked one night. We were on our sides in bed, looking at each other. Another one of our talks. “Have you thought about it?”

Jen laughed. “Sorry, I’m not making fun of you,” she said grinning at me. She affectionately scratched my beard, under my chin. “Have I thought about it? Mike I’ve obsessed over it.”

“You have?”

“Of course I have.”

“So?” I prompted her.

“Back then I told you I’d get over Scott,” Jen said with a shrug. “And I did. I would’ve come back to you. That’s what would’ve happened if you didn’t divorce me.”

I didn’t miss the way she said it. That *I* divorced *her*. But that was bullshit. I still remembered the pain of when she was living with Scott in Michigan and I was barely an afterthought.

“So that’s it?” I snapped angrily. “Just like that? We would’ve eventually gotten back together? That’s all you have to say?”

Jen scowled at me. The pain and anger went both ways. Especially as

time passed and our relationship strengthened, and she was more secure I wouldn't leave her. She felt more free to vent about the pain I'd put her through, and that mostly involved divorcing her. Abandoning her.

But I think Jen understood my point, that I needed a better answer. I needed more assurance we would've gotten back together again.

So, after a few moments, she said, "You know, a big part of the game – the biggest part – was the effect on you. Before the game, you got busy with work. You constantly traveled, and when you were gone you hardly called me. You got distracted by all the pretty girls with short dresses in your office. Then the game happened and everything changed. You focused on me again. You got obsessed with me. I need that. Maybe it makes me a terrible person, but I need that. I never got that from Scott. Or Colin, or anybody. Only you."

"So you would've come back to me cause I'm whipped?" I said sarcastically.

"Mike ...," she said, her voice suddenly full of emotion. "If you don't know by now I can't live without you, then you really don't know anything."

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. She yelled "And you *still* haven't said you love me! And are you ever going to marry me again?!"

Jen ran from the room, sobbing.



THIS TIME I RAN AFTER Jen. I say "*this time*," because in the past I hadn't. I didn't run after her when she went to Michigan with Scott. I didn't run after her when she went to Europe (again with Scott). There were other examples. But this time I ran after her.

She was in our bed, curled in a ball and sobbing. I spooned her. She pushed me away but I hugged her tight. I wouldn't let her go.

"It's hard for me," I told her. "It's hard saying it. But I feel it. I've always felt it. I've never stopped feeling it."

She turned so she faced me and pounded my chest with her fists. "You can't even say you love me now!" she yelled as tears fell down her cheeks.

"You haven't said it either!" I yelled back at her.

"Well, I love you!" she yelled. "I freaking love you! Are you satisfied now?! I love you!" She continued to hammer my chest with her fists.

"Stop Jen!" I yelled.

"NO!" she yelled back, continuing to hit me.

“I want to give you something!” I said.

“What?!” she said back, her fist still pounding me.

Finally, she stopped. “What?” she said again, wiping the tears from her eyes.

I reached over to the table next to my side of the bed.

“It took me a while to get this,” I said. I took out a small box. I told her about getting the large, perfect diamond direct from a mine in South Africa. Calvin Klein designed the setting special for Jen. I met Calvin because he invested in Sapphire.

I opened the box to show her. It was an engagement ring. It cost me a fortune. An ungodly amount of money. But Jen deserved it.

“I don’t want this!” she angrily snapped, sounding like a spoiled child. “I want *MY* rings!”

So, I got her old rings. The original engagement ring with the tiny, flawed diamond, that I gave her when I first proposed. And the simple gold band I’d put on her finger when we were first married. I’d kept them of course. I couldn’t bring myself to get rid of them.

“So, is this your way of asking me to marry you again?” she said, frowning at me.

“Yes,” I said.

“Well then ...,” she said. She held out her ring finger. I slipped on her old engagement ring. I was about to put on her wedding ring, but she closed her finger. “When you marry me,” she told me.

Then she eyed the other ring, the new engagement ring. “So, you really know Calvin Klein? He really designed this special?” she asked.

I nodded. “He said it’s the first engagement ring he’s ever designed,” I told her.

Jen snatched up the box. “I’ll take it too,” she told me, clutching it in her fist. It made me grin.

By that point I didn’t care about the ring. “This wasn’t very romantic,” I said worriedly. “Are you disappointed?”

But then she was sobbing again. At least this time, she hugged herself to me. “I’m not disappointed,” she said between her sobs. “I just want to be your wife again.” Then she looked at me through tear-stained eyes. “I just want to be your *baby* again.”

We got married (re-married) the next weekend. It was simple, just before a justice of the peace. The only witnesses were Allie and Tony. We went to

dinner at Per Se. It was where Jen and I originally got engaged. I initially suggested something more trendy, thinking she'd want that, but Jen insisted on Per Se.

As dinner ended, I pulled Allie aside. "Allie ... thanks for everything," I said.

Allie gave me one of her Allie Oh-La-La grins. "You got it Mike," she said.

"No, really," I said, grabbing her hands. My voice choked up with emotion. "Next to Jen and Sam, I think you're my best friend."

Allie took a step back, clearly moved. I think I even saw a tear in her eye. "Well, you know ...," she began, her voice trailing off and suddenly full of emotion too. "I've got your back bubble-boy."

We got the honeymoon suite at the Ritz Carlton. I helped Jen out of her wedding dress. It wasn't really a wedding dress. More like a white cocktail dress. But there were snaps in the back she needed help with.

"Just think Mike," she said with a teasing grin as I moved on top of her, about to push my hard cock into her. "Two wedding nights, and both times you're the first man to fuck me."

I pulled back, shocked. "What?" I said, my eyes going wide.

"I'm just teasing," Jen said with a giggle. "But that's your fantasy right?"

It WAS my fantasy. A new bride fucking another man on her wedding night. One time when I was trying to explain my cuckold fantasy to Jen, I made her watch a movie with me, 5x2. In it, on her wedding day, a new bride is fucked by another man (a stranger) while her husband is passed out in their honeymoon suite.

"Is that what you want?" I asked, suddenly jealous and insecure, but also extremely aroused.

"I'm just joking," Jen said with a laugh. She reached between our bodies and grabbed my cock to guide it into her. She felt how hard I was. "But I can tell you like the idea."

"Why would you say that now?" I said, both upset and aroused.

"Mike *baby*, calm down," Jen said, softly scratching my beard under my chin. "I'm just playing. But if you want to, I know something we can do."

"What?" I said.

"I'll tell you soon," Jen said. "I want to make sure you're ready for it."

"Jen ... don't start fucking with my head again," I said pleading with her.

"I'm not baby," Jen said, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing

me. “I swear to god I’m not.” As we made love, on the night of our second wedding, I realized with a start that Jen had called me “baby,” not once but twice. It was the first time she’d called me by our pet name since we got back together.

“Okay ... I trust you,” I told her.

“Do you really?” she asked, looking up at me with her big beautiful blue eyes.

“I do,” I said. Then I added, “I do baby.”

Jen’s eyes opened wide. It was the first time *I’d* used the pet name too. She hugged me tight and started to cry.



JOEY MADE IT TO HIS next birthday. With no remission in sight.

We took him out to celebrate. It was a Wednesday. My parents and Joey’s parents were coming to celebrate this weekend, so we’d have another birthday dinner this Saturday, a big shindig with lots of friends and family. But today was his actual birthday, his 19<sup>th</sup> birthday, so we took him out to celebrate, just me, Jen and Joey.

As dinner was ending, Joey got up to go to the bathroom. “He looks good,” I whispered to Jen.

“Yeah,” she agreed. But while she pretended to be cheerful and upbeat during dinner, now she looked sad and concerned. Joey had lost a lot of weight. He looked frail, a shadow of his past self.

Earlier we’d met with Joey’s doctor. The cancer was definitely in remission and the outlook was good. But afterwards the doctor pulled me and Jen aside and told us the risk was still great. Joey would need to be tested every 6 months to make sure there was no sign of the cancer returning.

“I was thinking,” I said. I moved my hand to Jen’s knee. “Maybe there’s something special we can give Joey for his birthday.”

Jen stared at me. “Are you serious?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, looking back into her eyes. I edged my hand under her skirt. I caressed her lacy stocking tops. “I want you to.”

Jen looked back at me. She saw how excited I was. “I want you there,” she whispered to me. “If we’re going to do this, I want to do it together. I want you to watch us.”

An image of Jen rolling on the floor with 19-year-old Joey flashed through my head. Their bodies twisted into a pretzel, with their hands all

over each other, his big cock inside her, their mouths pressed together. It made me shudder.

But I said “No. I don’t want to be there.” I wanted this but I couldn’t watch them. It turned me on. But I couldn’t watch my young friend fuck my wife. I wasn’t ready for that.

“Then I’m not doing it,” Jen said defiantly.

I caressed her cheek again. “Please baby,” I said pleadingly. “I want this.”

Jen’s face softened, hearing me call her “baby.” She reached into my lap. She felt my erection, confirmation this was turning me on. “Mike ... are you sure this is a good idea?”

“It’s for Joey,” I said.

Jen laughed. “You’re so full of shit,” she said with a grin at me.

I grinned back. I kissed up her cheek to her ear. I whispered, “It is for Joey. I want you to give yourself to him. As a special birthday present. But it’s for me too. For us.”

“I don’t need this,” Jen assured me. “All I need is you.”

“Now you’re full of shit,” I said, grinning as I repeated her own words. “I know you. You do need this.”

But Jen didn’t grin back at me. She looked bothered and sad. “You still don’t trust me?” she asked.

“I do trust you,” I assured her. I kissed her near her ear again. My hands were all over her, under the table, exploring. “Don’t you miss it?” I whispered.

“I miss this,” Jen said, her lips parting in a soft moan. “The way you’re acting right now.”

“Then you’ll do it?” I asked, excitement in my voice.

“Yes,” Jen said softly.

I smiled excitedly at her. “I want you to make him feel good,” I said.

“I will,” Jen promised.

I looked around to make sure no one in the restaurant was looking. Then I moved my hands up her body and cupped her breasts. “I want you to let *him* make *you* feel good,” I told her, as I fondled her. I was looking into her eyes as I said this. I didn’t want guilt to hold her back. I wanted her to be passionate with Joey, I wanted her to scream his name when she came on his cock.

Jen understood what I was thinking. “I will,” she promised in a throaty

voice. Her cheeks were getting flushed. The prospect of being with another man again was arousing her. She was getting her cum face on.

I left her alone then. I didn't want to be there when Joey got back. He knew our history, that I shared Jen's body with other men. He knew I was a cuckold. But I didn't want to be there when he walked out of the restaurant holding my wife's hand.

I went home and waited. The old anxieties returned: jealousy, inadequacy, insecurity. The cuckold angst felt delicious and made my dick so incredibly hard. But I was scared too. And my heart hurt.

I watched the clock. One hour led to two. Two to three. Then four. Four hours! Why wasn't she home yet! Why had I started this again?! Maybe she planned to sleep over with Joey. That prospect tore my heart apart. I wanted Jen back with me. I needed her back with me. Why the fuck did I start this again?!

But then the door opened, and Jen stepped into our apartment. Her hair was tussled, and her cheeks still flushed. She was holding her high heels in her hand. She seemed to be walking gingerly on unsteady knees. In other words, she looked freshly fucked.

She crawled into bed and snuggled into my arms.

"You did it?" I asked.

"I did," she said.

"How was it?" I asked her.

"It was awkward at first," she said. "He couldn't get hard. I guess aftereffects of the chemo."

"But you got him through it?"

"I got him through it," Jen said.

"Then how was it?" I asked.

"It was so good Mike," Jen said, her head against my chest.

Her words were like daggers to my heart. Not just good. *So good.*

"So you had fun?" I asked.

"So much fun," she said.

"And Joey?"

"He had fun too," Jen told me. "He came twice."

"And you?"

"More than twice," she said with a giggle.

I was breathing hard and my heart was pounding. My dick was so hard it hurt. But my heart felt like it was breaking. Jen saw my face and asked,

“Are you okay baby?”

“No. Yes.” I grinned sheepishly, knowing I’d pushed her to do it. “It was my idea,” I said, like a confessional to a priest. It was all on me. I couldn’t blame her.

“Yes it was.”

“You were gone a long time,” I said.

Jen nodded. “It was more than sex,” she said. “We talked a lot.”

“I guess then it was more than a pity fuck,” I said. I said it like a joke, but I was scared to hear her answer. But I *needed* to hear her answer.

Jen hesitated, then softly said “Yes it was.” She looked at me and saw the distress on my face. She said “I guess Joey and I needed closure. Tonight was closure. Thank you for realizing it. And letting me do this.”

I nodded but didn’t say anything. Jen saw I was upset. She kissed me and said “You know what the best part is?”

“What?”

“The effect this has on you,” Jen said, tenderly smiling at me. “Knowing you were here, waiting for me, and all you thought about was me. I’m right, right?”

“Yes,” I admitted.

Jen smiled and melted into me. “I’ll answer all your questions,” she told me in a soft voice. “But I won’t hurt you like before. I promise, I won’t.”

“What do you mean?”

“You need to understand Mike,” Jen said, looking into my eyes. “You ask me things like, is he bigger than me? Do I like his cock better than yours? Does he fuck me better than you? And I get it, it turns you on. And when I answer, I’m telling the truth. But it’s the truth of *THAT* moment. Maybe at that moment, when Joey’s inside me, or Scott, or whoever, I think he’s a better lover than you. But in real life, you’re my favorite lover. I love sex with you the most and it’s not even close. It’s not you’re number one, it’s more than that. You’re the only man on my list.”

I looked back into Jen’s eyes. I felt warm inside. Loved. The jealousy I had, the insecurity and angst, they were all gone. I just felt loved.

“If we play the game again, and I’m not saying we will or I even want that,” Jen said, continuing. “Then I’m going to take care of you this time baby.” She kissed me softly. “It won’t be like last time. I’m going to take care of you.”

I was intrigued (and turned on) by the control Jen was taking.

Remembering a prior conversation, I grinned and said, “I thought you said we’re both bottoms.”

Jen smiled back at me. “I’m a bottom with other men. With you, I’m your top.”

She grinned at me, and I grinned back. When it came to sex, Jen was my top and I was her bottom. I could live with that. It actually felt right.

“Will you see Joe again?” I asked.

“He’s a close friend, of course I’ll see him,” Jen teased, playing coy.

“You know what I mean,” I said.

Jen got onto an elbow and looked at me. She reached under my chin and affectionally scratched my beard. “No, I won’t see Joey again. It’s not good for us. You know?”

“Yes,” I agreed. No, it wasn’t good for us. But I have to admit, I was disappointed.

“Make love to me baby,” Jen said, rolling onto her back and pulling me with her. “I need you really bad right now.” And so I did.



I WAITED FOR IT TO happen. For Jen to slip up and end up in Scott’s bed. I knew Scott had a lot of opportunities to make it happen. They still worked together, closely on a number of clients. Scott was in New York about a week a month, and Jen traveled to Michigan now and again to service their mutual clients.

I knew it was going to happen, and I dreaded it. I was actually open to playing the game again. But not with Scott. He was too dangerous. He had actually proposed to Jen. He wanted to marry her. No way did I want her to get involved with him again.

But as days turned into weeks, and weeks into months, nothing happened. I knew Jen would tell me if something happened. I trusted her to tell me. I just didn’t trust her to not start fucking Scott again.

A few months after we got remarried, Jen was packing for a weeklong business trip. With Scott. I was sure it was going to happen then. With a week alone with my wife, of course Scott would be able to seduce her. The question was when, not if. Would she end up in his bed the third night, the fourth? Maybe the first. Maybe Jen would spend all week with Scott in his room, fucking late into the night and sleeping in his arms after.

But I couldn’t lose Jen again. I loved her too much. No matter what

happened I wasn't going to lose her again.

"Before I said if it happened, I'll survive it," I said to her as I watched her pack. "But I should've said *we*. We'll survive it."

Jen looked up from packing. She smiled and moved to me. She kissed me, and then melted into my arms. "Don't worry baby, nothing will happen," she assured me.

"I'm just saying if," I said.

"Okay, you can say that if you want, but it's not going to happen," she said again. "You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm not into Scott anymore," Jen said. "You know that connection we had? It's not there anymore."

"Oh," I said. "Why?"

"I've thought about it," Jen said thoughtfully. "I think it's because you said no. You said I don't have your permission."

I gawked at her. "You mean that's all it takes?" I said dumbly.

"I guess," Jen said, looking as mystified as me. Then we were hugging and kissing, and moments later making love.



ABOUT A MONTH LATER, we were lounging in my apartment (our apartment now). Jen was looking around the close confides. "You know, I think we should think about moving to a bigger place," she said.

Immediately I felt bad about my unilateral selling of the loft apartment. Jen saw the distress on my face. She must've read my thoughts because she smiled at me and scratched my beard under my chin. "Not in the City," she said. "I want to move to the burbs. Connecticut maybe."

My eyes went wide with surprise. Jen loved living in the city. Growing up, her dream had always been to live in New York City. Now she wanted to move to Connecticut?

Then she gave me an even bigger surprise. "You know that thing I said we could do?" she said. "I think you're ready. I hope you are. I know I am."

"What?" I asked.

Jen moved closer to me. She got on my lap, straddling my thighs. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her face just inches from mine. "I want to start a family Mike," she said looking into my eyes. "I want to have your baby."

Suddenly I was all smiles. My heart was doing cartwheels. “I want that too,” I told her as I looked back into her eyes.

Jen gave me a mischievous grin and said, “I went off the pill. Wanna start now?”

So yeah.

We started, right then.



*THE END*  
*(To be continued?)*