

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace Book 2 by xleglover

<https://ourhotwives.org/forum/viewtopic.php?f=8&t=48315>

## Chapter 1

[Continuing from the end of Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace, Book 1]

"If you walk out that door we've over!" Mike yelled.

"Mike don't say that," Jen said, her eyes tearing up.

"You can't have it both ways Jen! If you leave don't come back!"

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

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

Jen leaned over and kissed his cheek. "I have to do this," she repeated. Jen walked out of their apartment. She walked down the stairs. But then she stopped. She couldn't leave it this way with Mike. She walked back upstairs and entered their apartment. Mike hadn't moved. He was still sitting on the sofa, where she'd left him. Jen sat down next to them. They were silent for long moments.

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

"I wanted you to fuck him," Mike told her.

"Mike, god," Jen said pleadingly, trying to make him understand. "You know what I've gone through since breaking up with him. Did you really think it would be just that? Just sex?"

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

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

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

"Isn't that part of the game? To explore these things?"

"You're leaving me Jen!" Mike said with exasperation.

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

"But you love him!"

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

Mike stared at Jen. She was right, he had said all those things. He had wanted them too, at some level. But he thought he could control it. He thought he could turn it off when he wanted, turn off their Game like

turning off the kitchen lights. But now he realized emotions were something he couldn't control.

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

"I don't know," Jen said honestly. "I think we just have to let it play out."

"A year? Will you be away a year?"

"It won't be a year Mike," Jen said with certainty in her voice.

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

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

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

Jen hugged Mike, her eyes welling up too. She felt horrible. She didn't want to hurt him. But she needed to do this. At this moment in her life, she needed to be with Scott. She still loved Mike. But she needed – wanted – to be with Scott.

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

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

"Even then. I'll wear them then too," Jen assured him.

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

"Of course I will," Jen promised immediately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You feel loose," Mike said, looking back into his wife's eyes.

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

"I was an idiot," Mike said with self-disgust.

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

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

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

"Is this the last time I'll be inside you?" Mike asked.

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

"What about your ass?"

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

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

"Mike, please, stop torturing yourself," Jen said in the soft, reassuring voice. "I don't want you like Scott. I want you like you. I just need Scott right now. But eventually I'll be over him. And then I'll be all yours again."

Mike exploded inside Jen. After cumming, he hugged her tight, not wanting to let her go. Eventually Jen pulled away. "Do you mind if I get a few things?" she asked him. Mike didn't answer at once. But he knew he had no choice. He nodded. Jen smiled and kissed him. Then she got off him and went into the bedroom. Mike was still panting from their sex, but Jen wasn't even breathing hard. He hadn't come close to making her cum. He barely even aroused her.

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

Jen jumped into the shower. Mike took the opportunity to look in her suitcase. She had packed her sexiest clothes. Her most clingy dresses and

shortest skirts. Her most revealing tops. Her most lacy and skimpy lingerie. Her highest high heels. Clearly she planned to dress to impress while in Michigan. As always when she was with Scott, she wanted to make herself look as fuckable as possible.

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

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

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

"Couldn't you at least wait until later to wear those?" Mike said with despair, referring to the diamond earrings. Now tears were flowing down his cheeks.

Jen hugged him. "Mike baby, come on, they're just earrings," she said soothingly.

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

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

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"How'd it go?" Scott said when Jen finally stepped into the Lyft.

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

On the plane, Jen started crying. "I can't believe what I did to him," she said sobbing.

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

"I know but ..."

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

"No," Jen said.

"Are you happier now?"

"I don't know," Jen said honestly.

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

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

"I'm really happy you're here," Scott whispered to her, kissing her softly on the lips.

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

"Good things happen fast."

"I guess."

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

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

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

"Forget it Scott," Jen said with a laugh.

"Then let's fuck in the bathroom," he said, still grinning at her.

"You said the bathroom's too small to get good leverage," she said, reminding him what he said during their President's day trip.

"I didn't say it's not worth the effort," he joked. He rubbed her pussy over her jeans. "God I've missed this too."

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

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

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

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

They stumbled into his Airstream trailer, kissing and groping each other. They hurriedly undressed each other and tumbled onto the bed. Scott was on top, and he penetrated Jen's pussy with his hard cock. In Scott's pickup it'd been fucking. Earlier that day in the office it'd been fucking. But this was making love. Their bodies were one, joined together by his cock inside her. Scott moved slow, slowly pulling out and then slowly pushing back in, all the while kissing her and tenderly fondling her body. Jen rocked back and forth with him. She kissed him back, and caressed his body too. Their kissing and fondling were urgent and passionate, showing how much they were still so incredibly into each other even after months of having sex,

even after having sex already twice that day. But it wasn't just physical. They were way past just physical. It was emotional too. They were in love. Their sex wasn't fucking, it was making love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scott put his finger to her lips, not wanting to hear about Mike. "Let's try this," he suggested. "We'll take it one day at a time. If you want to go back to him, I won't stop you. But while you're with me, be with me. Can we try that Jenny?"

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

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

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Chapter 2

"Where are we going?" Jen asked the next day as they rode in his pickup. "I thought you said we were going to work out."

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

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

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

Jen stood off to the side as Scott filled out some paperwork. For what he still wouldn't say. The people behind the desk – one older man, another younger (about Scott's age) – stole glances at her. Jen was reserved at first, shyly looking away and pretending not to notice their stares. She knew she looked good in what she was wearing – a sports bra that revealed her sexy flat stomach and black leggings that showed off her tight ass and long shapely legs. For some reason though, it felt like a new romance with Scott, so she felt obligated to only have eyes for Scott.

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

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

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

"What?" Jen asked.

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

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

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

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

"Why? Chicken?" Scott said grinning at her.

"I'm not chicken Scott."

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

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

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

"Swing towards me and let go," he said. "I'll catch you."

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

"Jenny I promise I'll catch you," Scott assured her. "But if I don't you'll land in the net. Now come on. Do it."

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

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

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

"I'm gonna let you go, and then we'll do it again," Scott said.

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

Scott let her go and Jen squealed again as she fell through the air and softly landed in the netting. This time though her squeals were of delight

rather than fear. Scott landed next to her a moment later. She hugged and kissed him before trying it again.

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

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

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

"Scotty, this is so awesome," Jen gushed. "I can't remember when I've had so much fun."

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

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

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

"Yes, right, one day at a time," Jen said. She smiled back at him, and she realized the smile wasn't forced at all. It was easy to smile at Scott. He was so handsome and confident, so charismatic. He had the most awesome

body. It was easy to be with him. She liked being with him. She liked it a lot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When he was on the verge of cumming, he pulled out and grabbed a handful of Jen’s hair. He roughly pulled her to him, making Jen squeal. He forced his cock into her mouth and throat. Jen’s hands flailed at the

sudden violation of her mouth, and her nostrils flared as she tried to breathe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can we not talk about Mike in that tone of voice?" Jen said.

"Whatever," Scott said with an irritated shrug.

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

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

"I get that," Jen said softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did she feel guilty? Yes. But Mike had put all this in motion. At the beginning, he pushed her into Scott's arms, and into his bed, and he encourage her to date Scott, not just fuck him. He was the one who freaking laid out a "fuck-me" outfit when she had moved on from Scott and thought she was over him. Now though, she was grateful for what Mike did. Because now she knew Scott wasn't over. She wasn't over him. She needed to be with him now, get him out of her system, or she would never be happy. She would always be thinking "what if?" That wouldn't be good for her or Mike. So it was better she was with Scotty now. That's what she told herself at least.

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

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

Mike could help a half laugh. "You're here for Jen's stuff?" he said.

"Yes."

He stood to the side and waved her in. "Well, come on in," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allie rolled her eyes at Mike. "Maybe I do need a drink," she deadpanned. She poured 2 fingers of Highland Park into a glass. Then she reached for the ice bucket.

"Just one ice cube. Otherwise it'll get diluted," he warned her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

this day, she sometimes pulled it down from the shelf when she was sad or lonely, or just needed a snuggle.

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

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

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

"No I don't," Allie said.

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

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

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

"Mike you don't know anything."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"I'll ship the suitcases tomorrow," Allie said later over the phone to Jen.

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

"Does he let you wear underwear?" Allie joked. They both laughed.

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

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

"He's drinking a lot," Allie told her.

"Sometimes he drinks a lot," Jen said. "Probably he's just stressed at work."

"It's not because of work Jen, and you know it," Allie scolded her.

"So you think I should come home?" Jen asked.

"Do you want to come home?"

"Not yet," Jen said. "I'm worried about Mike. But right now I want to be with Scott."

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't need you to remind me you had a fling with Scott," Jen said with a frown.

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

At that moment, Scott walked into the room. Jen smiled at him and affectionately rubbed his arm. Then she took his hand and squeezed it. "Yeah, I know," she said, smiling into Scott's eyes.

"So anyway," Allie continued. "I'm just saying, you have a right to be happy."

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

"Don't worry about Mike," Allie said. "He's a big boy. He'll figure it out."

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

"Seriously?" Allie said incredulously.

"I mean, yeah, you know how Mike is. He wants to watch me and Scott," Jen said. This time she couldn't help moaning when Scott reached around and squeezed and fondled her breasts. He unbuttoned and reached inside her blouse and thumbed her nipples. He had easy access because she was braless. Then, with one of his hands, he reached into her jeans and found her clit. Her clit was already moist and hard from arousal. He fingered and rubbed her. "I've gotta go Allie," she said, the words coming out like a urgent moan. She dropped the phone and twisted around to face Scott. Looking into his eyes, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Moments later he was inside her, and they were making love. Jen's worry about Mike faded away as she kissed Scott and caressed his hard body, and as she came on his hard cock.

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### Chapter 3

"I'll pick him up," Scott said to Jen Saturday morning.

"No Scott," Jen said as she continued dressing.

"I'll go with you then," Scott said, pressing.

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

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

"Scott he's my husband," Jen reminded him.

"Are you?" Scott demanded.

"Yes Scott, I'm gonna fuck Mike," Jen told him, frowning at him. Seeing his glare, she said in a softer voice "Look. It's been just you and me for 3 weeks. Mike's only here the weekend. Then it's just you and me again."

"This is fucked up," Scott said disgustedly.

"Do you want me to go home?" Jen asked.

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

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

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

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Mike pulled Jen into his arms as soon as he saw her at the airport. "God I've missed you," he said, hugging her tight, his face in the crook of her neck. Her thick, silky blonde hair draped over his face. He could smell her perfume and the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. They were familiar scents, the scents of his wife. God he needed that smell. It was like water to a dying man in the desert.

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

"You look amazing," he said, looking her up and down. "You look like you've lost weight."

"No, not really," Jen told him. "Scotty and I have been working out a lot. I think I'm more toned. My body fat's down to 20%."

"How do you know?" Mike asked.

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

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

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

"This is Scott's car?" Mike asked a few minutes later as Jen drove Scott's pickup.

"Yeah," Jen said. "It's old but he keeps it in really good shape."

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

"Are you really?" he asked.

"Yes Mike, I am," she told him. "I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it."

Mike nodded. He studied her. He said "You look happy Jen."

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

"Happy with Scott," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They fell onto the bed. Jen had unbuckled Mike's belt and unzipped him, so he pulled his pants down his legs with his feet. At the same time he worked on Jen's skinny jeans. He pulled them down her long legs, stopping only to unzip her ankle boots and toss them and her cotton socks to the

floor. Now they were both naked. Mike got on top of Jen, kissing and fondling her. His hard cock pressed against her thigh next to her pussy. Jen reached between their bodies and took hold of his shaft. She guided him to her pussy. Mike pushed inside. He gasped feeling her pussy. She had the best feeling pussy. Only 3 weeks but it could've been a lifetime. For moment he thought about whether she was looser, from fucking Scott's big cock non-stop for 3 weeks. He decided that maybe she was, but she still felt so good. He pushed hard into her, then back out, then into her again. He did that, and then came. He'd been inside her for less than a minute before cumming. Their sex had lasted less than 3 minutes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know that yet Mike," she told him honestly. Mike frowned but he didn't pursue it. He had promised himself not to be major drama this

weekend. He only had 2 days with his wife. He wanted to make the most of it. He didn't want to argue with her.

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

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

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

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

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

"Well ...," Jen said with a half laugh.

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

"Yes, every day," she said with another laugh.

"More than once?"

"Sometimes. Usually," Jen admitted, laughing again.

"I miss that," Mike said, suddenly getting sad. "I can't believe I didn't fuck you every day. I mean, look at you. You're so sexy. Everyone wants to fuck you. But it's not just that. It's more wanting to feel connected to you. That's what I really miss. I can't believe, sometimes we went a whole week without sex. Sometimes more. I was thinking about it. I can't for the life of

me figure out why I did that. I had you right there, with me, all to myself. Why didn't I make love to you every day? I just can't figure it out."

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

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

"I'm just saying --," she began, but Mike cut her off.

"Jen I have no interest in another girl," he told her.

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

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

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

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

Jen couldn't help laughing. "I'm sorry, I'm not laughing at you, it's just what you said," she said apologetically. "I mean Mike, how do you think I feel? You wanting to share me with other men? You're not exactly possessive of me. You don't think that doesn't bother me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," Mike admitted.

"Do you want to know anything else baby?"

"Where's he cum?" Mike asked, his heart pounding in his chest. "How's he fuck you?"

"You mean, what position?"

"Yes."

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

"Why's he on top in the mornings?" Mike asked. He was practically panting now.

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

"You mean more intimate," Mike said. "You're not fucking. You're making love with him."

"Yes, I guess." Jen saw the tortured look on her husband's face. "That bothers you," she said. It was part question, but also a statement.

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

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

"Do you say you love him?" he asked.

"Do you really want to know?" Jen said warily.

"Yes."

"Yes," Jen answered.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I tell him I love him," she said.

"Did you tell him that today?"

"I did," she admitted.

"Did you tell him that before you met me at the airport?"

Jen hesitated, then said "Yes."

"Who said it first?"

"Mike, come on, does it matter?" she stammered.

"It matters a lot. Who said it first?" Mike pressed, looking intently at her.

Jen hesitated again, then she admitted in a soft voice, "I did." With those words Mike came.

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

"You've lost weight too," she said.

"I haven't had much of an appetite," Mike said.

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

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

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

"You can't stay?" Mike said immediately.

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

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

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

"Then we'll come back here for a little while."

"We?" Mike asked.

"Me and Scotty."

"But you're not staying?"

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

"I meant just you," Mike told her.

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

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

"I'm with you now," Jen said. "I'll come over tomorrow too," she promised.

"I don't mean for sex," Mike said. He felt desperate and panicked and hurt. "I want that too. But I need to be with you. Just be with you. Can you go to lunch with me? See a movie? Just hang out?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Scott, don't start okay?" Jen told him.

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

"Scott, god ....., " Jen sighed tiredly.

"DID – YOU – FUCK – HIM?!" Scott demanded, yelling at her.

"YES SCOTT I FUCKED MY FREAKING HUSBAND!" Jen yelled back at him.

Suddenly, Scott grabbed Jen and threw her on the bed. He ripped off her clothes and threw open her legs. He pushed in balls deep in a single violent thrust. Jen yelped at the sudden penetration. Scott fucked her hard. He put her legs over his shoulders and fucked her even harder. With each thrust

he rammed Jen into the mattress. It was like he was punishing her. He was angry and jealous and violent. He rammed Jen's pussy over and over.

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

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

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

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

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

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

room and he'll watch us again. Then he'll go home. That's the plan for the weekend. Can you deal with that Scott?"

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

"With you, Scott," Jen said.

"Are you sleeping with me or him?"

"With you."

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

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Scott and I walked into Johnny's house and Cassie immediately ran over and hugged me. "Well, finally I see you," she said, grinning and hugging me. She gave Scott a playful scowl over my shoulder. "Scott's been keeping you all to himself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I get it."

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

I hesitated, looking at Scott. "... I don't know," I admitted. Her question though reminded me of Mike. "Hey, my friend is joining us tonight," I told her. "Is that okay? His name's Mike. He's an old college friend. He's really nice, but shy."

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

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

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

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I uber'd to the party. Jen met me at the door. "Always fashionably late," she whispered, grinning at me.

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

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

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

There was a lot of laughing and talking as we lubricated ourselves with beer, wine and spirits. I kind of stayed off to the side. I'm not good around people, especially people I just met or don't know well. As always Scott was the life of the party. Jen sat next to him. They looked like a couple. They laughed, held hands, made eyes at each other. They sat close together so their thighs and shoulders touched. Sometimes they played with the other's fingers, you know, the way couples do when they're talking with other people, but still being a couple? Jen looked and smiled at me sometimes, but mostly she gave all her attention to Scott. That was the whole point of this, to let me see them together. But I could tell this wasn't an act for my benefit. This was real. They had the familiarity and intimacy of a couple. They were a couple.

I felt the jealousy and angst build up inside me. My cock was hard in my pants. I sat so it wasn't apparent, but if I stood up everyone would see my erection. Johnny lit a joint and passed it around. I took a hit, not wanting to stand out. I don't smoke weed often so it really hit me. But getting high relaxed me and helped calm my erection. Now if I had to stand it wouldn't be so embarrassing.

Cassie told Johnny to start the steaks, and she suggested we hit the hot tube while he fired up the wood grill. I went to the bathroom to change

into my bathing suit. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. I opened it and Jen snuck in, closing the door behind her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

was wearing her hair down; I saw she was letting it grow, her lush blonde locks were now over halfway down her back. Her makeup was perfect. She had on red lipstick that made her lips look wet. She looked devastatingly beautiful, and achingly sexy.

"Thank you," she said.

"New bikini?" I asked.

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

"Can I see it?" I asked. I put my hand on her shoulder, and tugged the spaghetti strap of her dress. I didn't tug hard. I was waiting for permission.

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

I had known Jen for over 10 years, seen her naked or in bikinis countless times, but still I couldn't help gawking at her body. She was so firm and toned, she could have been the cover girl for Fitness Magazine or a Playboy centerfold. "You look ... really incredible," I said, staring at her.

"I told you I've been working out with Scotty," she said. "I think I'm in the best shape of my life."

"Yeah, I see that."

"You saw me earlier."

"Yeah but ...."

"We were talking then," Jen said, finishing my thought.

"Yeah," I said. "Aren't you cold?"

"Well, I ...."

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

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

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

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

Jen smiled at me. But she didn't kiss me, or say she loved me, or even squeeze my hand. Instead she whispered, "I'll see you out there." Then she pulled her hand away and left. She closed the door behind her, and I listened to the click-click of her high heels as she walked across the hardwood floor.

I stood motionless for a while. I saw she had left her dress. I picked it up and pulled it to my nose. I breathed in deep. I smelled her perfume, and the strawberry vanilla scent of her shampoo. It made me want to cry, thinking about what I had lost. But because I was a cuckold, my cock was hard too. I couldn't go out there with an erection. And I didn't want them – especially Jen – to see tears in my eyes. So I sat on the bench and sipped the Highland Park, forcing myself to think about the Mets and dreaming they might someday be able to sign mega free agents like Mike Trout and Bryce Harper.

When I got to the outside porch, Johnny was working on the grill and Jen, Scott and Cassie were in the hot tub. I couldn't help noticing Jen's black

high heels on the brick patio. One was turned over, the other standing upright. The heels were thin stilettos, 4 inches high. They looked so sexy.

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

I then asked Johnny, "Can I take over for you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You mean, like before," Johnny said.

"Yeah but, a little closer to her tit," Scott told him. "A real tat."

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

Both Scott and Johnny had a lot of tattoos. Both had tat sleeves up their arms. Johnny had a couple on his chest too. I had noticed that Cassie had a black tribal in the small of her back.

"Jen do you have any others?" Cassie asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then Scott flipped Jen back onto her back. He was back inside her, but this time he was moving slow, taking his time with slow in-and-out strokes. He had his arms around Jen's neck and he kissed her as he rocked back and forth. Jen was kissing him back, and she had her arms around his, tenderly caressing his back and arms. Now they were making love, and it was clear they were incredibly into each other. It wasn't like frantic, impersonal porno sex you see on the internet. They knew each other, they knew each other's bodies, there was emotion there, not just physical pleasure. This was real intimacy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know," Jen said.

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

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

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

I nodded. "Cassie's nice," I said.

"She is," Jen agreed.

"What's the story with Johnny?" I asked.

"I don't know actually," Jen said with a laugh. "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

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

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

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

She kissed me softly. I kissed her back.

"It's hard seeing you with him," I admitted to her. "You seem closer to him now than before."

When Jen didn't say anything, I said "What? Tell me."

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

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

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

I stared at Jen, wondering if I could believe her. She was good at saying what she needed to say, to get her way. I wasn't stupid. I knew what she wanted. She wanted Scott, but she wanted me too, as fallback in case Scott cratered. Before meeting me, she'd been repeatedly hurt by men like Scott. The worse was her boyfriend before me, Colin. With me as her safety net, she could dalliance with Scott knowing I was there to catch her if shit hit the fan.

I looked at her breasts. I ran my thumb under her left tit, just like Scott and Johnny had earlier that evening in the hot tub. "I suppose the next time I see you, you'll have a 55 tattoo here," I said angrily.

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

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

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

"Do you still love me?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"When?" I said, pressing again.

"Mike, tomorrow," Jen said with some exasperation. I could tell she was getting impatient with me again. Irritated with me being so weak and needy. She wanted to be with Scott. She didn't want me to ruin it for her with drama.

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

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Chapter 4

Jen climbed back into Scott's pickup after leaving Mike's room. Inside, Scott smiled at her and wrapped his big arm around her. She slid close to

him on the bench seat. She snuggled into his arm as they drove back to his Airstream trailer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jen didn't cum. Maybe because she'd had so much sex already that day (between Scott and Mike), maybe because of the emotional drama with Mike. But that wasn't going to stop Scott from cumming. Jen was too pretty, her body too sexy, her pussy too tight and silky smooth. Jen could tell he was about to cum. At the last moment, she wriggled from under him so his cock fell out. She immediately reached between their bodies and she took hold of his cock. She rapidly stroked him. Scott grunted and lurched, and he came on her pussy lips and stomach.

Afterwards they were snuggled together in bed, Jen in Scott's arm. She was softly caressing his chest, her fingertips tracing the well-defined muscles of his chest. "So why aren't you letting me cum in you?" Scott abruptly asked. They'd had sex 3 times that day (a lot, even for them). He had cum in her mouth, her face and just now on her stomach.

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

"Yes," Jen admitted.

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

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

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

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

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

"Not happening Scott," Jen told him confidently.

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

Jen squeezed her eyes shut, feeling frustrated. She didn't want to deal with this. Finally she said "I would go back to Mike," she said honestly. Then she quickly added "But I wouldn't be happy. I want to be with you. I wouldn't be happy without you."

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

"Scotty ...," Jen said, hugging his arm. "I didn't make you wear a condom. Did I? I didn't even ask. Because I don't want anything between us when you're inside me. I want to feel YOU. And if you did cum inside me, that'd be okay. Because I'm with you. It would feel right. It would be right."

Jen's words calmed Scott down. But then he said "If you got pregnant. And it was my baby. Would you stay with me?"

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

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

"Hey," Mike said, looking at her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

"Make the edges crisp."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How long are you staying?" Mike asked.

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

"So all day?" Mike asked surprised.

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

"You want to go someplace?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

Mike ran out for pizza and beer. It turned out that Penn State had an off week, so they half watched another Big 10 game while they ate the pizza and beer. Afterwards Mike made another run for coffee and the New York Times. When he got back they spent a lazy Saturday in bed, reading the coffee and reading the paper with college football playing in the background. They both felt comfortable together. They'd spent countless Saturdays like this. It was almost like being home again.

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

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

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

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

"Then why do you do it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Because I promised to be honest with you," she told him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What if I said no?" Mike said.

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

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

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

Jen winched at her husband's words. Now her eyes welled up with tears too. "Scott was so mad last night," she said. "Do want to know why?"

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

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

"Mike, do you freaking not understand what's going on?" Jen cried. "I'm trying to make it work, for both you and Scott. For all of us."

Mike didn't respond. He didn't know what to say. He was exhausted. Scott had beaten him. Jen had beaten him. After a while he said, "I don't want to fight. I'm trying not to be drama."

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

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

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

Mike slowly opened his eyes. Jen was at the mirror, finishing her makeup. She had already showered. She was dressed in a tight, short black dress. She wore black stockings and black high heels. Her hair and makeup were perfect. She looked stunning. Earlier that day, when she walked into his room, she had looked beautiful too, but sweet and girl-next-door beautiful. Now she looked movie star beautiful. Super model beautiful. Playboy centerfold beautiful. Once again, she had made herself as fuckable as possible for Scott.

"Come on Mike, get up, we have to meet Scott," she urged him as she brushed red lipstick onto her sexy, pouty lips. "I told him we'd meet him at 7."

Mike looked at the clock. It was 630. He looked at her again. She wore his wedding ring on her left hand. But she also had Scott's diamonds in her ears. And soon she'd have his initials permanent inked under her left breast.

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

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

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

Jen sat on the bed next to Mike. "Are you sure?" she asked. "You'll be okay?"

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

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

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

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

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

In the uBer a few minutes later, Mike squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to cry. He put little faith in Jen’s camera analogy. Even if she honestly felt that way now – that she wanted to be with Scott now, but long term she wanted to be with him – how likely was it she’d still feel that way down the road, after Scott had more time to work on her? Just look how much Scott had already won her over in just 3 weeks. She was already willing to let Scott permanently ink her with his initials! Where would Jen be in 3 months? Would she be completely Scott’s girl? Would she still have any feelings for him? Mike wasn’t even sure if Jen was telling the truth about the camera analogy. Maybe she was lying and saying whatever she had to, to appease him. To ease her guilt.

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

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Chapter 5

[The next morning]

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

"Didn't you get enough yesterday?" Scott said sarcastically.

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

"Huh," Scott scoffed. "I guess Mike's pencil dick doesn't do it for you."

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

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

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

"How?"

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

"So what am I supposed to say when they ask?" Scott asked.

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

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

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

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

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

Jen slid closer to Scott as the service began. She leaned her head against his shoulder. Scott tried not to look at her. But then eventually he looked down at her. He found her looking up at him with her big beautiful blue eyes. God she was so gorgeous. She smiled at him. The smile made her look even more beautiful. Scott glared at her, wanting to stay mad at her. But inside his heart was turning cart wheels.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That soon?" Scott said with a scowl.

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

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

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

Scott pinned Jen's hands above her head as he fucked her. He slammed his cock into her, violently fucking her. He glared at her and snarled "Don't ask me to pull out! I'm not going to pull out!"

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

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

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

Jen snuggled into Scott's side. He didn't at first, but then he wrapped his arm around her. She lightly stroked his chest. She said "I wasn't going to make you pull out. I thought I needed to keep things just for Mike, but then I realized that was stupid. This was especially stupid. I can get pregnant any time, it's not just when I'm ovulating. The pill's either gonna work, or it's not gonna work."

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

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

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

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

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The next weekend Jen and Scott went to Johnny's for dinner. Cassie was there of course. Johnny got the grill going, and they got into the hot tub as they waited for the embers to be ready for cooking. They were drinking and having fun when a couple Hispanic men suddenly appeared. Their names were Jose and Luis. Jen was scared, not because they were Hispanic (although they were the first Hispanics she had met in Michigan), but because they so suddenly appeared and also because – well because, they looked dangerous. Jose had a snake tattoo that ran up his neck and he wore his jeans very low on his hips, like a ganger. Luis was a big man and seemed to have a perpetual sneer on his face. He had tats on his fingers that spelled out "FUCK YOU."

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

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

"Yeah, what a joke right?" Johnny said with a laugh. "Mexican drug dealers in Michigan. Trump was at least partially right." Both Scott and Cassie laughed at his joke.

As Johnny rolled a joint, Jen joked back, "Well at least they deliver."

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

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

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

"Yes, definitely," Jen said smiling back.

"Mike's nice. Quiet but nice," Cassie said.

"He's shy," Jen said.

"You ever date him?" Cassie asked.

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

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

"He's always been that way," Jen said with another laugh.

"So, I never got a chance to apologize," Cassie said. "For hitting on you." She was referring to the night they first met. (See Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace Book 1, Chapter 40).

"It's alright," Jen said with a laugh. "It got wild that night."

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

"No?" Jen said with another laugh. Looking into Cassie's eyes, she said "Actually I was flattered."

"Really? Why?" Cassie said.

"Well, because you're so beautiful," Jen said. "You remind me of my best friend Allie."

"Oh I do?" Cassie said with a laugh. "Is she wicked too?"

"She used to be. She just got divorced," Jen said. "She's getting her mojo back though."

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

"Well I'm straight," Jen said with a laugh.

"So am I," Cassie said, smiling into Jen's eyes.

Jen looked back into Cassie's eyes. She said "We've made out sometimes. And I've felt her up. Mostly on the dance floor, when we're trying to get guys hot." Jen grinned at her and added "She's got big tits like you."

"And you've got little ones," Cassie said grinning back at her.

"I like my little titties," Jen said.

Cassie moved closer so their lips were almost touching. "I like them too," she said huskily. She was so close Jen could feel the breath of her words on her face. "Wanna get the boys hot?"

Jen hesitated. She knew Scott wanted her to fuck Cassie. That was no surprise. All men had girl-girl fantasies. It was one of Mike's biggest

fantasies too. Last time, she had put Cassie off. She did it because she was scared. She had never had sex with a girl before. But mostly because she felt it was something she should save for Mike. As her husband, he should be there the first time she fucked a girl.

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

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

It was different kissing a girl compared to a boy. Most straight girls are submissive to a certain extent. That may not be politically correct but it's the truth. After all, a girl's expected to get on her knees and put a man's penis in her mouth. She's expected to open her legs and allow a man to penetrate her body.

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

"Yes," Jen moaned, her head rolling back.

"You like this?" Cassie said again, this time rubbing Jen's little nipples.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck Scott that's hot," Johnny said excitedly, his cock twitching at the prospect.

"She's my girl, asshole," Scott said, hitting Johnny's arm. "And besides, she's on the pill."

"It's still fucking hot," Johnny said, his eyes also on the girls in the hot tub.

"Come on," Cassie told Jen. She was holding Jen's hand as she climbed out of the hot tub. Cassie had taken her top off too, so they both were topless. Holding Jen's hand, Cassie walked over to the boys.

"Are you excited?" Cassie whispered to Johnny.

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

Cassie led Jen back into the house, into the bedroom. They toweled off, and then Cassie kissed Jen. They fell onto the bed. Cassie was on top. She explored and fondled Jen's body as she kissed her. Johnny got on the bed with them, behind Jen. He kissed her neck as he fondled her ass and sexy legs.

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

Scott was the alpha in the room. He and Johnny were best friends, and Johnny was actually the bigger man, but still Johnny always deferred to Scott. Scott pushed Cassie away and pressed up against Jen's back. He pulled her blonde hair so she looked at him, and then he was kissing her. With his hand, he grabbed his cock and lined it up with her pussy. He pushed in. Jen was soaking wet so it was easier to penetrate her than usual. Scott let Jen's hair go and said to Johnny "Kiss her while I fuck her."

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

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

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

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

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

"Condom asshole," Scott reminded him. Breathing hard in anticipation, he nodded and reached for a condom. He quickly sheathed his cock. Then he opened Jen's legs wide. Holding his cock, he pushed into her. He slid in balls deep, and then he moaned and his eyes went up into his head. "Fuck Scott you're right, she does have a fucking sweet pussy," Johnny groaned. Both Scott and Cassie laughed.

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

"Now my turn," Cassie said. She moved up Jen's body and straddled her head. "You ever lick pussy before Jenny?" she asked as she lowered her pussy on Jen's face. "Lick me honey," she purred. Jen hadn't ever licked pussy before, but she knew how she liked being licked, so she did that for Cassie. "Oh fuck, your girlfriend's good at eating pussy Scott," Cassie said with a moan, her eyelids fluttering.

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

Johnny was watching the 3 of them go at it. He was caressing Jen's thigh, admiring her body, her perfect little tits, her flat stomach, her long toned

legs. "Shit I'm hard again," he said to no one in particular. He moved up between Jen's legs again. He put on another condom and then penetrated Jen again. By this time, Jen's pussy was well used, so he was able to get inside her easier this time. Still her pussy felt so fuckin good.

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

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

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

Now look at her. Not even a year later. She was "separated" from Mike and living with another man. She was having threesomes and foursomes. And as of last night, not just with men but with girls too. She'd even had an affair with Mike's brother Joey. Being faithful to Mike was long past. Her marriage vows were broken a long time ago.

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

It was embarrassing too. Especially the part with Cassie. Cassie had used her tongue on her, and her fingers. Cassie had made her cum. She had made Cassie cum too, with her tongue. At the time she was licking Cassie's pussy, Johnny was fucking her from behind. And Scott had his dick in Cassie's mouth. God. It had been so wild! Jen pulled the sheet up to her eyes, covering her face. She giggled to herself at the memories. She was both embarrassed and thrilled. She was mortified at the thought of facing Johnny and Cassie today. Especially Cassie.

At that moment Johnny walked in. He was naked. "God Johnny put something on!" Jen said with an embarrassed laugh. She threw him a pillow.

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

"Where's Scott?"

"He's fucking Cassie," Johnny said simply.

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

Seeing Jen's expression, Johnny said "I hope you're not jealous."

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

"I'm not jealous, and Cassie's my girlfriend," Johnny told her with a shrug. "We've known each other forever. Since junior high school. Believe me, if

there was something between Scott and Cassie, it would've happened by now."

"But they're together now," Jen said irritably.

"It's just fucking," Johnny said. He was casual about it, like saying "they're just watching a movie." "They're just having fun."

"Why aren't you with them?" Jen asked.

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny's eyes fluttered. "You ever fuck your ex with your feet?" he asked.

Jen frowned. "Why'd you bring him up?"

"Scott mentioned him," Johnny said, looking regretful. "Sorry I shouldn't have. Scott's jealous though."

"Of my husband?" Jen asked.

"Yes."

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

Jen grinned at Johnny and ran her foot again up his shaft. She said "Actually, yes, I've used my feet on Mike. You want that?"

"I've got a better place for my cock," Johnny said grinning at her.

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

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

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

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

"You're seriously the prettiest girl I've ever met," Johnny told Jen between kisses. "Your body's so fucking tight." He put on a condom and spread her legs. He pushed his cock against her pussy lips, forcing his cock into her.

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

"Your pussy's so sweet," Johnny gushed as he pushed in, inch-by-inch.

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

At some point, Scott and Cassie were there. They got on the bed and Johnny leaned back, giving them access to Jen's body. Scott kissed Jen and played with her tits while Cassie licked her clit, all while Johnny continued to fuck her pussy. It was like last night – the stimulation was too much. Jen screamed as she came with a massive orgasm, her entire body convulsing and spasming. They didn't let up though. All 3 kept kissing, licking and fucking Jen's body. Jen came again, and while the orgasm wasn't as violent, it seemed just as intense, starting from the depths of her being and slowing rolling through her body until it cascaded over her clit and nipples. Her scream wasn't as loud, but it was desperate and even soulful. Afterwards she couldn't take anymore. She begged them to stop.

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

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

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

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

Jen grinned back.

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

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

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

"I see the difference," Jen assured him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If he's gonna go postal tell him not to come," Scott told her.

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

Scott frowned, irritation flashing on his handsome face. But he quickly pushed the irritation away. After all, he was winning. He was turning Jenny into his girl.

Scott moved on top of Jen, pushing down his shorts in the process. He kissed her and paused only long enough to pull his shirt over her head. Then he was kissing her again and fondling her body. Soon they were both

panting and breathing hard, and Jen reached down to guide his cock into her. She moaned and rolled her head back as he entered her. Then there were fucking. Kissing and fondling while he moved in and out. Making love.

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

"I love you too Scotty," Jen said, looking back into Scott's eyes. They kissed and held each other as they made slow love.

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

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

Mike also did work on the side for CATF, for Colonel Banks. He got a charge from that work; it was like being a secret agent. But Banks hadn't contact him in a while. He wondered why but didn't try contacting Banks. To be honest, he was afraid of the intense military man.

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

Elaine was the youngest person on his team, by far. She was only 23. She acted older though, and seemed more worldly than just 23. She certainly didn't dress like a college girl. Elaine wore only expensive designer dresses

and skirts, and her feet were always in stiletto high heels. Also, as she was today, she usually wore hose.

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

Mike couldn’t help smiling. Elaine was the only person on his team to call him boss.

Mike remembered that Jen suggested he date a girl. She had specifically suggested Elaine. That hurt when Jen said that. She used to be jealous of Elaine. Over a year ago, when he was working closely with Elaine on a prototype of Sapphire, Jen flew in a jealous rage and accused him of having an affair. But that had been before their Game. Before Scott. Now Jen didn’t care if he had an affair with Elaine. In fact, she encouraged it. Mike knew it was because Jen felt guilty about Scott. And she wanted more room to be with Scott. All of that really tore at Mike’s heart.

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

“You feel like getting a drink?” Mike suddenly asked.

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

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

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

I think Elaine enjoyed it too. I made sure she came with my tongue. Then when we fucked I was able to last over 15 minutes (I timed it with a few quick glances at her bedside alarm clock). By the time I came we were both sweaty. It was actually easy for me to hold off. Elaine was pretty and sexy but she wasn't stunning like Jen, she didn't have blonde hair or tiny tits, she didn't have Jen's super tight ass or long gorgeous legs. And, frankly, her pussy didn't feel as good. Most of all, I wasn't in my cuck-space with Elaine. So it was easy for me to hold off and last.

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

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

"What happened?" she gently probed.

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

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

"Why? Scott looks like a model. One of those guys on TV."

"And you're Mike Andrews," Elaine said immediately. "The creator of Sapphire. The youngest partner ever."

I stared at Elaine. Now I was shocked. Clearly Elaine valued different things than Jen. For her, professional success was a priority. For Jen, looks meant more. Alpha-ness meant more.

Elaine confirmed my thoughts by saying "I get it. Jen's into looks. Lots of girls are. I think that's stupid though. Looks don't last. That's why I'm more into what's inside." As she said this she tapped my chest. "What's inside here. You're a good man Mike. You're brilliant. And also, by the way, I think you're really cute. I always have." With a grin she added "And you're a great lover."

"Well, thanks," I sputtered, overwhelmed by her compliments. "I've always thought you were pretty."

"And young too, right?" Elaine said with a laugh. She was 23 and I was 10 years older. "That's okay, don't worry. I've always had a thing for older men." With a teasing twinkle in her eye she added "You're actually kinda young for me though." We both laughed.

Elaine pulled away a little so she could look at me. She stroked my chest and said "So are you going to ask me out? Or was this just a hook up?"

I thought about it. The reality was, I was lonely. I liked Elaine. She was pretty and sexy. And yes, she was young, and what man didn't get off on that? "I'd like to ask you out," I finally said. "But I want to be honest. I'm trying to get back together with Jen. She told me she'll eventually come back to me."

"You'd take her back, after leaving you for another man?" Elaine asked me incredulously.

"I can't help it," I said, giving Elaine a helpless look. "I love her."

Elaine frowned at me. I could tell she was considering her options. Finally she said, "Well, okay ... I guess I can live with that. After all, we're not

exclusive, right? So we'll see how it goes." She grinned at me and added "Friends with benefits."

"Alright," I said with a laugh. I'd never had a friends with benefits. But then I was struck by a thought. From Jen's perspective, was I now a friends with benefits?

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## Chapter 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jen was sitting on a table. She pulled the tank top over her head. Then she leaned back on her elbows. She let Davis look at her. And Davis did look.

Jen's breasts were small. But they were flawless, perfectly shaped, no hint of sag, with perky upturned nipples. "Very nice," Davis said grinning at her.

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

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

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

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

"You want it in black?" the tat artist asked.

"Of course black," Jen said. Her other 2 tats were jet black too.

Davis nodded. "55. Angel numbers right?" he asked.

"Yes," Jen said. "And it's Scotty's number when he plays basketball."

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

Jen smiled into Scott's eyes and said "That's right."

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

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

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

"I'll fuck you up if your hand slips and you fuck up the tat," Scott joked. "She came in here perfect. I want her to leave here perfect."

"Fuck you Scott," Davis said with a chuckle. "So she's still wearing a wedding ring? But she's getting inked with your initials? I don't think she's gonna be wearing that ring much longer."

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

At that moment the door opened. A young black girl walked in. "Scott, this is my sister Jackie," Davis said. "She's a grad student here."

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

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

"You know, I think I'll hang here and keep Jackie company," Scott told Davis.

Davis's smile disappeared. He looked at Scott, and Scott looked back. The 2 men were silently communicating. Making a deal. "Yeah?" Davis asked, wanting to make sure he understood.

"Yes," Scott confirmed. There it was. A trade of flesh. Davis's young, pretty sister for Scott's super-hot girlfriend.

"Where's Scott?" Jen asked as Davis organized his needles, ink bottles and other paraphrenia on the work table next to Jen.

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

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

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

"Sure," Jen said with a shrug. Davis poured a shot and Jen tilted her head and drunk it down.

"Another?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jen's eyes fluttered at his touch. "I'm not inking my breast," she told him. "I'm inking under it."

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

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

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

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

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

Jen took the mirror and looked at herself. Her eyes focused on her left breast. There it was. Her new tat. Fifty five, in lowercase script, jet black. It was perfect. Exactly what she wanted.

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

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

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

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

“You need to rub this on it,” Davis said.

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

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

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

“To Scott it’s just fucking,” Davis explained in a soothing voice. “It doesn’t mean nothing. Anyway, you didn’t really think Scott’s a one-girl guy, did you?” The black man was still kneading Jen’s breast and now he began thumbing her nipple. “You ever try black Jenny?” he asked, giving her another big toothy grin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Davis moved between Jen's long shapely legs. To her relief, he put on a condom without being asked. Moments later he penetrated her. He

grunted as his cock sunk into the tight silkiness of her pussy. "Fuck you feel good!" he gasped.

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

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

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

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

"Yeah I did. Jackie's hot," Scott said grinning at her. He leaned down and kissed her. "But she's not as hot as you."

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

"So you and Davis traded girls? Is that it?" Jen hissed at Scott. Even though her body was aroused again, her feelings were still hurt.

"Something like that," Scott said, fucking Jen even hotter. He grinned at her. "It was hot fucking Davis's sister knowing he was inking my girlfriend here."

“What the fuck Scott!” Jen angrily yelled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Let me see it," I demanded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you remember the address?"

"Yes."

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

"No. I'll meet you there," I told her.

Jen sighed again. "So you're giving me the silent treatment?" she said.

"You're going to act like a baby all weekend?"

"You think I'm the bad person here?" I said. I finally turned to look at her. I gave her an incredulous look.

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

"And that makes it okay?" I shot back.

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

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

"I'm living your fantasy Mike," Jen told me.

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

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

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

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

"Just go with it Mike," she told me again. Then she pulled her long blonde hair to the side and went down with me.

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

"Okay," I said with a nod. I was still panting.

Jen gave me a gentle smile and tenderly stroked my cheek. "Things will be okay Mike," she assured me.

"It doesn't feel that way," I told her. "It doesn't feel like we'll ever be together again." I was so upset my voice trembled. My ears teared up. I wiped the tears away with the back of my hand.

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

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Inside the motel room, I composed myself. For the millionth time I told myself I couldn't cry in front of Jen. I couldn't be weak in front of her. I needed to man up and just go with it, because I was as guilty as her on setting her down this path. I especially couldn't be weak now, not while I was competing with Scott. He was the epitome of a man's man. If I

showed weakness – if I cried in front of her – it would just help Scott take her away from me, forever.

Lately I'd been wondering if it was worth the fight. After all, I was a partner now. The youngest ever. I was a rising star on Wall Street. I was dating a 23 year old. She was pretty, smart, sexy. And she clearly wanted me. Before getting on the plane I thought about canceling the trip. I thought about calling Jen. We'd have an adult, reasonable conversation. I'd say separating – really separating – probably made sense. It would give her time to explore things with Scott. And I'd be able to work things out on my end. If we decided to get back together eventually, then good. But if not, then maybe it wasn't meant to be. Sure, I'd be upset. But I had Elaine to help me through it. And I had my job.

But I didn't call Jen. I didn't cancel the trip. Because, while my connection to her was weak right now, at least it was a connection. I couldn't stand the thought of really separating from her. To me, that was like falling off a cliff. It was the abyss. I needed Jen. My heart needed her. My soul needed her. Maybe someday she would leave me for good. Divorce me for Scott. Well, if that happened, so be it. I'd survive somehow, with Elaine or some other girl. But I wasn't going to help that to happen. I was going to stay connected to her, to whatever extent I could, and then hope she'd eventually tire of Scott and remember why she fell in love with me in the first place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

again, and we could start a family. But I knew it wasn't going to happen immediately.

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

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

"Oh my god they're gonna be so wicked," Cassie blushed.

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

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

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

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

It was at that moment I noticed Jen wasn't wearing her engagement ring. She still wore her wedding ring, but not her engagement ring. The diamond on her engagement ring wasn't big, just over 1 carat, but the other 2 Cs were pretty good and I'd saved months for it. On the inside of

the band I'd engraved "I'll love you forever." After I proposed and she said yes, she cried when I put it on her finger, and she promised to never take it off. But now she wasn't wearing it. She wasn't wearing it ....

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

But no, I couldn't do that. If we separated for real – if I was completely out of the picture -- then Jen would really fall under Scott's spell. He would win her over completely, and I couldn't imagine life without her. I loved Jen! I loved her! I had to suck it up and stay in the game, because if I didn't I'd lose her completely for sure.

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

There was someone else there too. A Hispanic girl. Her name was Maria. She was petite and very cute. She looked really young too. If she was 20 I'd be surprised. She was shy and didn't say much, and mostly stayed close to Jose so I figured they were a couple.

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

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

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

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

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

Jen was wearing a short sundress that buttoned up the front. It was not nearly enough clothing for Michigan in the dead of winter, but everyone expected to get into the hot tub so really it was just a cover up. Jen began unbuttoning the sundress. She smiled at Johnny and Cassie as she did it, and it was almost like she was giving them a strip tease. Johnny and Cassie smiled back, and so did Scott, and it was like the 4 of them were sharing a secret. At that moment I knew something had happened. Had Scott and Johnny swapped girlfriends? Had they all fucked in a 4 way orgy? I wasn't sure what happened, but I was certain something had happened. And why didn't Jen tell me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wanting to be social, I offered to be bartender and got everyone another round of drinks. When I got to the hot tub, I saw Jen was between Scott and Johnny, and Maria was between Jose and Luis. Cassie was across from them sitting alone, although in the confined space of the hot tub no one was really alone. After I handed out the drinks, Cassie smiled at me and said "Come sit next to me Mike." I glanced at Jen and she smiled at me, as if saying "See? My friends are really nice."

I sat next to Cassie and we chatted. Her bikini was as tiny as Jen's, and it was impossible not to notice her breasts. They were huge and they seemed to float on top of the bubbling water. Mostly though I watched Jen. She was talking to Scott and Johnny about something, and the two

men were sitting so close to her I imagined their thighs must be touching under the water.

"So you're married Mike?" Cassie asked. "I saw your wedding ring."

"I'm separated actually," I said.

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

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

Cassie saw where I was looking and asked me, "Jenny's special to you, isn't she?"

I turned to look at her. "We've known each other a long time," I said. "We have history."

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

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

I gave her a shrug. Wanting to turn the tables on her, I said "Doesn't it bother you with your boyfriend so close to her?"

"Johnny and I like to have fun," Cassie said. "Scott too."

"What kind of fun?" I asked her.

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

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

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

"Doesn't it bother you?" I asked.

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

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

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

I snapped my head to look at her. Still grinning at me, she said "It doesn't take Einstein to figure it out. Johnny's clueless but he's no Einstein." She laughed at her own joke. She moved her hand back to my leg, then to my crotch. "God you're hard," she said, giving my erection a squeeze over my bathing suit. "You like watching other men fuck your wife?"

"She loves Scott," I said.

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

Our attention was drawn to Maria and Jose. They were kissing. Maria was shy though, not wanting to make out with people so close, but Jose was insistent. He open mouth kissed Maria and held her tight so she couldn't squirm away, and eventually she just surrendered and went with it.

Sensing her surrender, Jose began fondling her body as he kept his tongue down her throat. Again Maria went with it. They were neck deep in the water, so even through we all knew she was being fondled, we couldn't see anything.

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

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

Jose pulled Maria out of the water. She was shy and struggled, but again Jose was insistent. Now they were standing on the seat so only their calves were in the water. Maria looked scared and covered her breasts with her hands.

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

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

We all watched as this scene unfolded in front of our eyes. The Mexican drug dealer with the snake tattoo down his back. The pretty, shy girl with her ripe teenage body. We watched as Jose fucked Maria. We listened as their moans filled the air.

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

I looked over at Jen. Her beautiful face was strained with sexual desire. She watched Jose fuck Maria with heavy lidded eyes. I could tell she was breathing hard, panting. I'd never seen her so aroused. Suddenly Cassie was in my ear. "What do you like better?" she hissed into my ear. Her voice was huskily, she was clearly turned on too. "Jose fucking Maria? Or Jen with Scott and Johnny?"

Cassie snaked her hand into my bathing suit. She wrapped her hand around my cock. "Is this why you're a cuck?" she hissed into my ear. "Because your dick's so small?"

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

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

"What do you want?" Cassie said to him as he sat down next to her.

Luis looked over at Jen. "I want her," he said. "But she's busy." He looked back at Cassie. "So I'll settle for you."

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

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

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

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

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

I fell into a chair, my eyes locked on the scene in front of me. I couldn’t believe this was my wife getting gangbanged. I’d see Jen with Scott, but not with 2 men. And she wasn’t a passive participant in this threesome. She was hungrily sucking Johnny’s cock, using her hands to stroke his shaft while he fucked her face, and she lustfully pushed back against Scott’s cock as he pounded. I couldn’t resist any longer. I reached into my wet swim trunks and stroked myself.

It was when Jen came that I came. I watched her body suddenly tense, and it was like time stopping as she held that pose for a long moment, and then her back arched and her toes curled as she came. Her tight body trembled and convulsed as she came. It was the sound she made that pushed me over the edge. It was a muffled moan. Muffled because she

was cumming and moaning with Johnny's cock stuffed down her throat. There was part of me, in the corner of my head, that said "Oh, that's what Jen's moan sounds like with a big cock in her mouth." That's when I came.

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

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

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

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

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

Scott and Johnny switched positions. It was then that I saw they weren't wearing condoms. They were both taking her raw. I wondered if Jen was still on the pill. I wondered who else she was fucking.

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

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

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

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

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

No...

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

Luis was behind her. His front was pressed against her back. He was kissing and biting her neck. Jen's long blonde hair, still half wet, covered his face. And he was fucking her ass. My wife was getting double

penetrated by the two Mexicans. From her movements and moans, I could tell she was loving it.

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

I consider myself an open-minded person. I lean to the left. I don't think I'm prejudiced. But this really tested my principles. And I failed. Because all I could think about were these dirty, filthy, greasy faced Mexican's soiling my sweet wife's body.

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

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

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

I rushed to the door. I needed to get away from all this. Cassie saw me and stopped me. She saw the distress on my face, the tears down my cheeks. She told me it was too late to get an uBer, and I was too drunk and upset to drive or even walk back to the motel. Somehow she convinced me to stay the night. She half led, half dragged me to a spare bedroom. I didn't think I could fall asleep. But I was emotionally and physically exhausted, so I passed out moments after my head hit the pillow.

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

"Hey," she softly said to me.

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

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

"Yes," I agreed in a barely audible voice. I looked over at my feet.

"I did it on purpose," she announced. "I let it happen. I wanted you to see who I am now."

"What?" I said, looking at her. I didn't understand.

"Right now, at this moment," Jen said. "This is who I am now."

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

"Yes, that's part of it," Jen said with a shrug.

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

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

"You're Scott's girlfriend," I reminded her.

"Yes," Jen said with a nod. "But really he's just helping me explore myself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What about Scott?"

"What about him?"

"Where will he be in your life?"

"I don't know Mike."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm seeing Elaine," I told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's okay Mike," she said soothingly, stroking the back of my head. "It'll be okay."

"You don't call me baby anymore," I told her. "You haven't said you love me."

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

"We're drifting apart," I told her. "It's not even 2 months and we're drifting apart. I feel it. I know you feel it too. You're distant. Yesterday you barely talked to me. These weekends together, it's like we're just going through the motions. You're going to wake up pretty soon and realize you don't want me anymore. That's how marriages end Jen."

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

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

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

"Elaine's tighter," I told her.

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

Her reaction made me feel guilty. It was true, but I still felt like a jerk.

"You feel better," I told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He's a live-for-the-moment kind of person," she added.

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

"I'm just trying to be honest with you," she said.

We were silent for long moments. Then I asked again, "So, the two Mexican guys?"

"I didn't plan it," Jen said. "But I didn't stop it. I'm not attracted to them. Not at all. I actually think they're kinda creepy. But they got into bed with me. First Jose. Things started. I wasn't into it, but I kinda just went with it. Then he was in me. And he called Luis and he got behind me. I knew what he was going to do. By then I was kinda into it, so I just let it happen. So, that's kinda the story."

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

"I told you I got into it," she said.

"They made you cum," I said.

"Yes."

"More than once?"

"Yes."

"They both came in you?" I asked.

"Yes. I think so," Jen said, trying to remember. "Yes, I think they did."

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

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

"I'm on the pill Mike," she assured me. "Every day. I swear to god, I'm anal about it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

As it got later I ask "Can you sleep with me tonight?"

Jen hesitated, then said "I promised Scott I'd come home."

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

"Mike you know that's not true," Jen said, hugging my arm and trying to reason with me. "Please just go with it. Please."

I didn't respond. I didn't want to fight in our last moments together. After a while I said "So I've got an early flight home tomorrow."

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

Then I brought up what I’d wanted to talk about all day. I said “Your birthday is coming up. The big 30.”

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

I looked at her. Everyone dreads hitting the big three – oh. But I wondered if that was part of it. Jen was beginning to feel old so she was doing everything she could to hold onto her youth. She was doing what young people did – experimenting, holding onto freedom, craving variety. She was being wild because when she stopped being wild, she was afraid she’d really be old.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mike ... you know I do," she said. "We had already made plans ...."

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

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

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

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

"Yes, of course, I'll be there, I want to see you parents," Jen said. She gave me a reassuring smile and squeezed my hand. "But maybe Scott will come too."

"Not to see my parents!" I said immediately.

"No, of course not, that's not what I meant," Jen hurriedly said.

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

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

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

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

Jen hugged and kissed me again, and softly said "So I'll see you next weekend." I nodded. She looked at me for another long moment, then she left.

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

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Chapter 7

I went out with Elaine twice leading up to the weekend. I guess I'm not much of a player because I couldn't just take her to bed. That's what I was after, the sex. I needed release after the weekend. But I felt guilty just hooking up with Elaine. So the first time I took her to a show on Broadway. Elaine said she wanted to see Hamilton and tickets were ungodly expensive (\$500 each!). Like I said, I'm not much of a player because I could have saved a lot of money by just taking her to bed.

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

So I dropped closed to two thousand to fuck Elaine twice. Why was I so horny? Because of the weekend. The more I thought about it, the more I replayed it in my head, the more aroused I got. Jen said she was living my

fantasy, and she was right. All the angst, heartbreak, jealousy, insecurity, feeling neglected, it was all cuckold gold.

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

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

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

Elaine never asked about Jen, and I didn't talk about her. Elaine was young, only 23. She wasn't looking to settle down. Although, she hinted she might be in a couple years. I thought about that a few times. Most men would leap at the chance to date Elaine. While she wasn't as drop dead gorgeous as Jen, she was in the ballpark. She was smart and had a great personality. If I dated Elaine, 2 years would go fast. Then, who knew what might happen?

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

I met with the realtor about the loft apartment. I took care of all the paperwork. If Jen agreed, I'd be able to pull the trigger and the apartment

would be ours. I wasn't going to pressure Jen to move back to New York. But, I wanted to line things up for when we were together again. I wanted to start a family as soon as she returned to me. As soon as we were together again, I was going to put a baby in her stomach. If we had a baby together, then that would even further make our marriage unbreakable so nothing like Scott would ever happen again.

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

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

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

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

"Yes, I do," Jen said.

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

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

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

"Would that be so bad?" Jen asked, still looking hopeful at him. "I could spend a few nights a week with you. So I'd be living with you too. And we work together. I'd probably be with you more than Mike."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

anything. But I fell in love with you. And you fell in love with me too, right?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey, maybe that ring isn't so bad," Scott joked. Jen laughed and playfully punched his arm.

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

"Scott, come on," Jen said laughing and pulling away.

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

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

"Say it," he said with a grin.

"No," Jen said with a laugh.

"Then say it doesn't suck," Scott said, a laugh in his voice. "Say Mrs. Jennifer Stafford doesn't suck."

"I do suck though," Jen joked back.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mike, what the fuck?" Allie asked.

"Can you get Jen for me?" Mike asked.

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

"She's still my wife Allie!" Mike pleaded. "Please! I just want to see her for a minute!"

"God Mike," Allie said with a shake of the head. With a sigh she said "If you didn't have such lost puppy dog eyes I'd tell you to fuck off. But okay. I'll get her."

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

Allie laughed, remembering their last conversation. "That's him," she said grinning at Mike.

"He looks real nice Allie," Mike said. "I hope it works out for you."

Allie stared at Mike. Here he was, all broken up about his wife with another man, practically begging for just 5 minutes with her, yet he still had time to think about other people. She shook her head and said "You've always been the nicest guy Mike. I'll go get Jen."

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

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

"Mike, this isn't cool," Jen said disapprovingly. The story was out now, that she was separated from Mike and with Scott now. So, unlike before when Jen's relationship with Scott was just rumors, Mike couldn't mingle with the group in order to secretly watch her with Scott. Her work friends all knew Mike. If anyone saw him it could start a big ugly scene and embarrass them all. "You need to go," she urgently whispered. "I'll see you tomorrow."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Turning serious, Jen said “But, you see? We can make this work, the 3 of us. Scott’s been really understanding about this weekend. He didn’t make major drama about canceling our plans and coming here.”

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

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

“Think about what?”

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

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

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

Mike frowned. "You'd sleep with him?"

"Yes, some nights."

"How many?"

"I don't know."

"You'd still work with him?"

"Yes Mike, we have a business now, I can't stop, it's my career, and it's good money."

"So who would you spend more time with?" Mike asked, his frown deepening.

"Honestly, since I work with him, if you count up the hours, probably Scott," Jen said honestly. "But does it really matter? We'd be together again. And even if I was at Scott's, it'd just be an uBer away, not a flight like now. And wouldn't it get you hot, if I spent more time with Scott than you?" She grinned at Mike and said "I bet you WOULD count up the hours and get more excited the more time I was with Scott than you."

"Jen, I don't know," Mike said doubtfully.

"But you'll think about it?" Jen asked hopefully.

Mike grabbed her and looked urgently into her face. "What happens when we start a family?" he asked.

"What?" Jen said, not understanding where he was going.

"When you go off the pill, you won't have sex with Scott, right?" Mike asked, his voice almost desperate. "Right? You'll only have sex with me until you're pregnant. Right?"

"Yes, right," Jen stammered. Honestly she hadn't thought about it. But of course he was right.

"You'd be able to stay away from Scott – not have sex with him – until you're pregnant?" Mike pressed, wanting to make sure. "It might take months. You can stay away from him that long?"

"Mike, yes," Jen said, exasperation in her voice. But then she thought about it. Would she be able to resist Scott for that long, especially if he was pressuring her for sex?

Mike studied Jen's face. He saw the doubt in her face. If Jen went off the pill to start a family, and she wasn't able to resist Scott ... if she let him into her without a condom, if she let him cum inside her, if his potent sperm found her fertile egg ....

Jen would get pregnant, her belly would grow, and it might be Scott's baby inside her, not his.

Mike was breathing hard. His heart was pounding. His dick was rock hard. The cuckold agony, the thrill, the delicious angst, it was too much. "I can't take this," he said, sounding exhausted and defeated. He rested his head on Jen's shoulder, in the crook of her neck. Jen held him, patting his back, trying to console him.

Mike's hand moved up between their bodies. He cupped her breast over her dress. He felt her bare breast through the delicate silky fabric. She was

braless. Of course she was. She was Scott's girl after all, and he liked her going without a bra.

Mike fondled her breast. He massaged it, found her nipple and rubbed it. It was her left breast. With the fifty five underneath. "Jen, I need you," he said, pulling her closer to him. He was so aroused his body was practically trembling. He needed his wife.

"Mike, no, we can't," Jen said. She pulled away from him. She said, "You know we can't. I have to get back." Her voice was firm, indicating she was serious about no fooling around.

"To Scott," Mike said, the cloud over his face again. Once again he felt rejected. He had no doubt Jen would eagerly give Scott a quickie if their roles were reversed.

"And you so get off on that," Jen said looking knowingly at him. In a softer tone of voice, she said "It would work Mike. We'd be together again. Think about it okay?"

Mike stared at Jen for long moments. Finally he nodded. Jen smiled. It was only a partial victory, but now she had a plan to make it work for all of them.

Jen kissed Mike and said "I'll see you tomorrow."

"When?" he asked.

"I'm not sure Mike," Jen said. "In the morning sometime."

Mike grabbed her hand. "I need to see you Jen. I need to be with you, alone, before we see my parents." Mike knew he sounded desperate and he hated his weakness, but he couldn't help it.

"I know Mike. We'll spend time together. I promise," Jen said. She kissed him again, then she went back to Scott.

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"So how's Bubble Boy?" Allie asked when Jen returned. She gave Mike the nickname "Bubble Boy" in college, after watching a movie in their film studies class where a boy with health issues was kept in a plastic bubble to keep him from getting sick. Allie dubbed him Bubble Boy because just the thought of Mike with another girl got Jen insanely jealous.

Jen scoffed. "I guess he's not Bubble Boy anymore," she lamented.

"What? He's seeing Bitsy again?" Allie asked.

"No. A girl from work. Elaine."

Allie looked wide-eyed at Jen. "Wait," she said, shock in her voice. "Is that the chick I met a couple years ago? At that party in Central Park?" Mike's firm had a summer event in Central Park a couple summers ago. At the time Allie had been on the outs with RH, so they invited her to lift her spirits.

Jen shrugged a Yes to Allie.

"Jen!" Allie said, shocked. "You said that big titted bitch was a wife's worse nightmare. And now you're giving Mike a free pass with her?"

"What can I do?" Jen said, giving Allie a helpless look. "I'm with Scott. It's only fair."

"So you're so into Scott you're letting Elaine get her claws into your husband?"

"It's only temporary Allie," Jen told her best friend.

"What if Elaine has other plans? You like Scott that much?"

Jen frowned at Allie. "Look, I know it's risky," she admitted. "And yes, I know I'm crushing hard on Scott. But you encouraged me."

"Don't blame me," Allie quickly said.

"I'm not," Jen said. "But you said I'm happy with Scott. Remember? You said I was miserable before, and now I'm happy. And you're right, I'm happy with Scott."

"Are you happier with Scott than Mike?" Allie asked.

Jen hesitated. "It's a different kind of happy," she said, trying to explain. "Life is calm with Mike. Comfortable. With Scott, it's like living a roller coaster. It's exciting. I don't know. Maybe it's just what I'm going through right now. I want the excitement. I feel so alive Allie. I like feeling this way."

"Okay, I get it, I don't blame you," Allie said. "I mean, I like Mike, but I never thought you were a good match. But he's a good guy Jen. Be nice to him."

"I love Mike," Jen said. She looked helpless again. "That's my problem. I want them both."

"I don't know Jen," Allie said, looking doubtful. "You really think they'll go for that? Maybe Mike will. He follows you around like a puppy dog, he always has. But Scott? I don't see him sharing a girl with another man. Not long term anyway."

Jen wasn't sure about that either. In fact, Scott told her earlier on the plane he wouldn't. She wasn't sure what to do.

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Jen slowly woke up the next morning. When she opened her eyes she realized she was softly moaning and her body was aroused. She looked

down. Scott was sucking one of her nipples, and he was fingering her pussy.

"Fuck Scott," she said with a laugh in her voice. She groaned and arched her back as he bit down on her nipple and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

"Happy birthday Jenny," Scott said with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Then he went back to sucking her nipple and rubbing her clit.

Jen moaned and arched her back. "This is how I want all my birthdays to start from now on," she said with a laugh.

"I think I can arrange that," Scott said with a grin. He rolled on top of her and opened her legs. He took his cock in his hand and rubbed the big head up and down her slit. She was already wet from his ministrations.

"Kiss me first," Jen said, smiling into his eyes and reaching for him. Scott smiled back. He bent over and kissed her. Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

"Happy birthday," Scott said again, smiling into her eyes.

"Thank you," Jen said, looking back into his eyes. They kissed again.

They made out, both of their passions growing as their hands caressed and fondled the other. Scott reached between their bodies. He took hold of his cock and guided it to her pussy. He found her hole and pushed in. Jen moaned and arched her back as he penetrated her with his big hard cock.

Scott started slow, but then fucked harder and faster. Jen came hard on Scott's cock. Her screams probably woke up the people in the next hotel room. The lovers didn't care who they woke up. When Scott came he buried his cock balls deep into Jen's pussy and shot his sperm deep inside her.

Afterwards, they laughed and rolled around in bed. They ordered room service for breakfast. Then they fucked again. Jen came on Scott's cock again. He came inside her again.

As the morning moved towards noontime, Jen finally pulled herself away from Scott. She had to get ready for her day with Mike and his parents. Scott wasn't going to let her off that easy though. He joined her in the shower, and he fucked her again. He fucked her hard, slamming her tight ass against the ceramic tiled wall with each powerful thrust into her. They kissed open mouth as the shower rained down on them. Scott made her cum again. He fucked her hard through her orgasm, and he lasted a long time because of their earlier sex. When he finally came, he made sure to shoot his cum into her pussy again.

Fucking 3 times in the morning was a lot of sex, even for them. But Scott was jealous and annoyed that Jen was going to be with Mike and his parents. He wanted Jen's pussy to be so raw she wouldn't be able to have sex with Mike. And he wanted to make sure her body was completely satisfied so she wouldn't desire Mike at all. Sure, he knew they'd have sex. But Scott didn't want Jen to enjoy it, or desire it. He wanted Jen to fuck Mike out of obligation, like a pity fuck.

After fucking in the shower, Jen giggled and shooed Scott away so she could get ready. "So what are your plans today?" she asked a little later as she brushed her hair. She was talking about what Scott was going to do while she was with Mike.

"Some of our dear old partners want to meet with me," Scott said. "I think they want a piece of our action. I wouldn't mind outsourcing some of our projects. It'll free us up for new opportunities."

Jen nodded. She thought it was a good idea. Their little advertising agency was booming and they were swamped with work. They could definitely use the help. And also, maybe then she could work with her friends again. The happy hour last night reminded her how much she missed her friends and old co-workers. She especially missed working with Allie.

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I approached Jen's hotel to pick her up. It was later than I hoped, being almost lunch time, but I wasn't going to say anything. I didn't want to get into an argument, and I was trying to stop sounding so desperate.

As I approached, I saw Jen waiting for me outside the hotel. Scott was with her. They were window shopping. They were laughing and talking. Jen was leaning into Scott, and he had his hand in the back pocket of her jeans.

They were looking at the store front so they didn't see me. I paused to look at them. They looked happy together. The way they talked, the way they moved and touched, there was a familiarity and intimacy. This all started as a game, but they weren't playing a game anymore. They were a real couple.

If you think about it, a girl and a guy usually get together at first through a mutual physical attraction. That attraction leads to sex, but sex doesn't make you a couple. Well, it might for a while, but couples who are together just for sex usually don't last. To be a real couple, one that lasts, you need things in common, you need to be friends. You need shared experiences, you need inside jokes, you need familiarity and intimacy. If you have all that, then the intimacy and pleasure of sex have a greater impact. The sex fuels your heart and soul, in addition to pleasuring your body.

Being one person through intercourse, being skin-to-skin in the most intimate way possible, giving each other orgasmic pleasure, the sharing of juices and DNA, all those things work to bring two people even closer together. They become a real couple. They become inseparable. They fall in love.

That's what I saw when I looked at Jen and Scott. With her head against his shoulder. With his hand in her back pocket. They were a real couple. They were in love.

Jen and I used to be like that. We were the inseparable couple, the ones in love. We had all the shared experiences and inside jokes. Could we get that back? Especially if, even after she moved back with me, Scott would still be in her life. Could I ever get my wife back? Would she ever truly be mine again, as long as Scott was in the picture?

"So, hey ...," I said as I approached them.

Jen immediately turned around to look at me. Scott turned too. Seeing me looking at them practically attached at the hip, Jen took a half step away from Scott so she was no longer leaning into him. Scott reluctantly pulled his hand from her back pocket.

It was awkward, standing in a circle like that, with Jen next to him. Scott and I politely shook hands, although I think for both of us it was just for Jen's benefit. Jen took a couple steps to me so she was on my side of the circle. Just like that she was my wife again. But was she really? The bond between Jen and Scott didn't just turn off. That was made clear when, just before we left Scott, Jen moved to him, they whispered for a few moments, and she gave him a brief, soft kiss on the lips. Seeing that hurt. It really hurt.

Finally Jen and I were alone, walking down the street. I reached for her hand. Thankfully she let me hold her hand. She held my hand back too. Thankfully she did that. If she hadn't I may have lost it.

I stopped and smiled at her. I held her hands and looked into her eyes, and said "So, happy birthday."

"Thanks," Jen said, grinning back at me.

"Thanks for coming," I said.

"Mike, honey, you don't have to thank me," she said back.

We looked at each other. I didn't know what to say next. She didn't either. Finally we gave each other another smile and hand squeeze, and we started walking down the street again.

It was awkward trying to reconnect. Transitioning from Scott's girlfriend to my wife. You know the saying, friends can get together after not seeing each other a long time and pick up like they were never apart? That wasn't true for me and Jen. I mean, it probably would've been if we were just trying to reconnect as friends. But we were trying to come back together as husband and wife. We still loved each other. At least, I still loved Jen, more now than ever before. But feeling love for someone isn't the same as expressing that love. It was hard for me to show my love to Jen, and I think it was the same for her, because we had been apart so long with only brief periods together. And there was the elephant in the room, Scott. Jen was in a romantic relationship with him. She loved him, and their bond together was stronger and deeper now than ever before. All those things formed a wall between us. Reconnecting meant fighting through that wall.

So yes, it was hard to reconnect. As we walked down the street, we talked about neutral topics. Allie's new boyfriend Tony. My Sapphire project at work. The election in Alabama. We even talked about the stupid weather.

We ended up at the French bistro we had discovered when we first toured the loft apartment. Turns out her hotel wasn't too far away. We ate lunch there and ordered a bottle of wine. As we sipped wine we talked about more meaningful things. Our mutual friends. My parents, her parents. Other relatives. We talked about my new partnership. Really talked about it, not the superficial bullshit from last weekend. I started feeling that wall coming down and starting to reconnect with her.

My firm had a retreat for all the partners in the spring, at a ritzy resort in the Caribbean. Jen was excited to hear about it. We talked about how fun it sounded. Jen said "I can't wait to go."

I didn't say anything, but when she said that my heart leaped. Because for Jen to go to the retreat with me, we'd have to be back together. It was the first hint she'd given me on when she would return to me. By the time of the spring partner retreat.

We were supposed to tour the loft apartment tomorrow, but it was right around the corner. So I called the realtor and she came over and gave me the key. The realtor knew buying the loft apartment was part of us getting back together after separation, so she gave us space. She told us to take as much time as we needed, and to leave the key under the mat and she would get it later.

We toured the loft apartment. We took our time, moving from room to room. I think Jen fell in love with the place again. I could tell from her face. It was perfect for starting a family. It was perfect for us.

My eyes watered up when Jen agreed we should buy it. I immediately called the realtor with the good news. I'd done all the paperwork already. It was a cash deal. So just like that it was done. We bought it. The loft apartment was ours.

The loft apartment was empty of furniture. Except, for some reason, there was a bed in the master bedroom. It was even made up with sheets, comforter and pillows. I have no clue why. Maybe the realtor kept the bed there to show scale or something.

I was tempted to make love to Jen right then and there, on that bed. I wanted her – needed her – so bad. But I decided to wait. The loft apartment belonged to us now, but Jen didn't belong to me, not yet. She was still living with Scott and I only had her for a few hours. She wouldn't be mine again until she lived with me again – until she slept in my bed again. So I decided to wait until then to make love to her in the loft apartment. Until then, the apartment would be like a virgin, pure and unsoiled. When Jen was back with me and my wife again, we would make love in the loft apartment to christen our new life back together.

We went to our old apartment, my current home (and Jen's too until she left me to live with Scott). We owned that too. Now that we owned the loft apartment, we talked about selling it. But the apartment held too many good memories for us. It was our first home after getting married after all. So we decided to keep it. Maybe we might eventually rent it out. It probably wasn't the best financial decision, but it was the right sentimental decision. And I was overjoyed that Jen wanted to keep the old apartment as much as me. It meant those 10 years with me, before Scott, still meant a lot to her.

We went to our master bedroom and made love. My plan to last longer by having sex with Elaine didn't work. Well, maybe I lasted an extra minute or too. But Jen's gorgeous face and sexy body were just too much for me. And even though we hadn't talked about Scott or the game, she was still Scott's girlfriend, probably they had sex just that morning, and the image of his hand in her pocket still burned in my memory. In other words, I was still surrounded by all the trappings of being a cuckold. And then, when I looked at the fifty five tattoo under her sweet, perfect left breast, I came. There was no way I could stop myself from cumming.

Afterwards I went down on her. She hadn't cum from our intercourse, and I wanted to make her cum. She tried to stop me and I thought it was because I'd just cum inside her. In the past, before the game and Scott, I'd always been reluctant to go down on her after cumming in her, and she knew that. I think most men are the same way.

But she said "Scott came in me this morning."

I was poised to lick her pussy and looked up at her. "I don't care," I said, lowering my head again to start working on her.

But Jen stopped me again. "Mike – he came in me three times," she warned.

Again I looked up at her, processing what she just said. I understood Scott's motivations immediately of course. He fucked her so much to take all her desire. To take all her horniness. To prevent me the satisfaction of seeing desire in my wife's eyes as we made love, to prevent me from hearing her moan or feeling her writhe underneath me with pleasure as I stroked her pussy with my cock. Jen didn't often cum on my cock, but after fucking and no doubt cumming 3 times with Scott, I had no chance to get her off. Scott took all that from me.

Also, Scott came inside her so much to mark her as his property. The fifty five tat under her breast wasn't enough. He also wanted to fill her up with his sperm. To show both me and Jen who she belonged to, who her real man was.

But I didn't care. I wanted to make my wife cum. So I went down on her. I ate her out. She was really wet. I knew part of that was because I just came in her. And I hoped that part of it was her arousal because what I was doing to her. But I also knew it was because of Scott. I was eating his sperm.

To my satisfaction though, I heard Jen moan. I felt her writhed under my tongue and I sensed her claw at the sheets. Her body tensed, her back arched and she cried out when she came. Afterwards she giggled like a little girl. "God I've missed that," she said grinning at me. I hadn't gone done on her since she moved to Michigan. "You're the best at that baby."

I grinned back and my heart leaped, because she called me "baby," our pet name for each other. I felt reconnected to her. It proved to me that a couple needs sex together to be a couple. Sex wasn't just pleasure. It was the intimacy that made 2 people a couple. At that moment I was happy. Even happier than earlier, when we bought the loft apartment. Because I felt like she was my wife again.

But then Jen grinned at me and asked "So, are you into that?"

"Into what?"

"You know," she said. She had an intrigued look on her face, and another look too, like she was embarrassed to ask. "Going down on me after Scott's cum in me. Creampies."

My face dropped at her question. I was shocked. I wasn't into creampies. I know some cucks are into that, but not me. I didn't go down on Jen because Scott came in her. I did it despite that. Because I wanted to give her pleasure.

Then I realized Scott's trap. He set this up. He wanted Jen to think I liked creampies. That I liked the taste of another man's sperm – of his sperm. Scott wanted to emasculate me in the eyes of my wife. Make her see me as less than a man.

Jen saw the cloud on my face. She knew I was upset. "Oh okay, you don't like it, I'm sorry, I was just curious," she said. Sensing how I felt, she said "If you did like it, that'd be okay. I don't think it's a bad thing." Then with a grin she added "Actually it's kinda hot."

"Hot?" I said with a scoff. "If Scott liked it, would it be hot?"

"No," she said. "But Scott's Scott and you're you."

I frown at her. Really Jen? This was your way of making me feel better? But then, I guessed I deserved it. I was, after all, a man who got off watching other men fuck his wife.

"Let's not talk about this," Jen said, leaning into me and squeezing my arm.

But now we were talking about Scott and there were things we needed to talk about. "What you said last night ... it sounds like you want a poly relationship," I said.

"I don't know what the label is," Jen said. "I'm just trying to make it work for all of us."

"But before, you said you'd eventually get over Scott," I said.

"That still might happen."

"Might?" I said, immediately concerned. "Before you said will, not might."

Jen sighed and laid her forehead on my shoulder. "Mike, do we have to have all the answers right now?" she said pleadingly. "Can't we just live for the moment? See how it goes?"

There it was again. Live for the moment. Scott's mantra. And now Jen's too.

I said "What about me? Will you eventually get over me too?"

"Mike, come on," she sighed.

"Answer me!" I pressed.

"Mike I'm married to you," she said.

"That's no answer!"

"Of course it's an answer," she shot back. "It's the only answer you should need."

I scowled at her. I looked at her left hand and said "Why aren't you wearing your engagement ring? Why are you only wearing your wedding ring?"

I was shocked when Jen smiled. "You think this is funny?" I snapped angrily.

"No, no, I'm sorry," she said, immediately wiping the smile off her face. "It was just something that happened at the hotel."

"What?"

Jen looked warily at me. It was like she realized her mistake in bringing it up. "You're not going to like it," she warned.

"Tell me!" I demanded.

"Well ...," she began. "When we were checking in, the clerk saw my ring and thought I was Scott's wife."

I didn't think it was possible to hurt anymore than I already hurt. To fall even further into the abyss. But that did it for me. Now people were thinking that Jen was married to Scott.

"It was bound to happen eventually," Jen said softly, trying to console me. "People see me with Scott ... they see the ring ... people assume things."

"Is that your way of making me feel better?" I said, my voice barely audible. I couldn't believe how flippant she was about it.

"Mike come on," Jen gently said in that soothing voice. "You make it sound like the end of the world. It's not. People thinking I'm married to Scott? How does that not turn you on?" She saw I was erect. She wrapped her hand around my hard shaft and grinned at me. "See? It does get you hot."

I closed my eyes as she stroked my cock up and down. Then I opened my eyes again. I looked at her. "Why aren't you wearing your engagement ring?" I asked again.

"Scott gets upset seeing it," Jen said honestly. "It's just easier not wearing it, around his friends and parents. I have to think about his feelings too. I know you probably hate than answer but I'm just trying to be honest."

I stared at her. After a few moments I said "When you have sex. With Scott. Do you ever think about having his baby?"

"What?" Jen said with a laugh, surprised by my non-sequitur.

"When people are intimate ... when a man is giving a girl pleasure ... it's natural for the girl to think about having the man's baby."

"I think you read too many stories on Literotica," Jen said with another laugh.

"Please answer my question," I pressed.

Jen sighed. She thought about my question. She finally said "I guess sometimes I've thought about having Scott's baby. Not that I want his baby. I don't know. I guess you're right. When you're intimate a long time with the same man, the thought pops in your head sometimes. But that's it. I don't want his baby."

"Do you want my baby?" I asked.

"Mike ... yes," Jen said with exasperation in her voice.

"But you love us both," I said, pressing again. "Why do you want my baby, but not his?"

"Well ...," Jen began. I could tell this was something she hadn't thought about before. She thought about it and said "I've said love isn't always the same. This proves it."

I stared at her. I desperately wanted to believe her.

"What we talked last night," I said. "If we're back together, and you're still seeing him, and you go off the pill so we can start a family, but you slip and have sex with him, and he cums inside you and you get pregnant, what would you do?"

"God Mike," Jen lamented at my complicated hypothetical.

"I need to know Jen!" I insisted.

Jen sighed again. "I guess I'd do what every normal wife of a cuckold husband would do," she said. "I'd go to the drugstore and take a morning after pill."

Jen's answer stunned me. Even though she was a liberal Democrat, she was pro-life because of her Catholic upbringing. She'd never taken a morning after pill, even though I knew she had a couple of scares with boyfriends before me.

"You'd do that?" I said. "You swear you'd do that?"

"Yes Mike," she said. There was impatience and irritation in her voice now, but I didn't care. If she was going to have a long term relationship with another man, I had to know these things.

"Okay," I said, finally satisfied.

"Okay what?" Jen asked.

"Okay to what you said last night," I told her. "I agree."

Jen's eyes opened wide, and she got a big smile. "Really?" she said excitedly. She looked so beautiful at that moment. And, ironically, even though I just agreed for her to be long term with another man, she felt like my wife again. I would have agreed to anything.

Jen climbed on top of me and we made love. Afterwards, I was uneasy about giving in. What if she never grew tired of Scott? Then I'd have to live with my wife spending part of the week in another man's bed for the rest of my life. I didn't want a poly relationship. Other people are into it, but it's

a big turn off for me. I don't understand it. Just like other people don't understand cuckoldism, I don't understand poly.

But I thought about the loft apartment we had just bought. That apartment with the high ceilings, exposed brick and little back yard was where I clung onto hope and held my dreams. It was where we were going to start a family. And once we had a baby or two, once she was a mother, Jen would focus her life on our family. I was certain of it. And then there would be no room for another man. She would be mine again. All mine. And we would live happily ever after -- me, Jen and our children, in that loft apartment.

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Jen hadn't needed to pack much on this weekend trip to New York. After all, she had her closet in our old apartment to pick for clothes.

For dinner with my parents, Jen wore a turtleneck sweater, knit skirt, tights and flats. She wore her long blonde hair down and a little makeup. She looked gorgeous, but in a wholesome, sweet, girl-next-door way. It was how she used to dress before we started playing the game. It was a far cry from the sexy way she dressed for Scott, when she was trying to look as fuckable as possible for him. I much preferred this Jen. This was how my wife dressed.

Jen didn't wear the diamond earrings Scott had given her. I was relieved about that. Instead, she wore pearl ones I had given her back in college, before we got married. She didn't put her engagement ring on though. She told me she had left it with her things back at Scott's house in Michigan. She told me she didn't want to risk losing it, by putting it on and taking it off. I suspected she worried Scott would get upset if she brought it with her. That bothered me, that she was picking him over me again, but I didn't push the issue.

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I won't bore you with details of dinner with my parents. They were happy to see Jen of course, and there lots of hugs and kisses. They were happy to see me and Jen together. But it was awkward too. They knew Jen and I were separated, and she was living in Michigan with another man. They didn't know my kinks, but that didn't matter because we were pass saying this was a game. Jen and I were really separated, and she was really in love with another man.

We had a nice dinner and Jen blew out the candles on a birthday cake. My parents gave her some presents. But it was all melancholy and sad. When we said goodbye my mom cried, and it looked like my dad was barely holding it together. Jen cried too when she hugged my mom and dad goodbye.

"I seriously, really need a drink," Jen said after, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand. I did too. We went into a bar and found a booth. We were silent as we sipped our drinks. I think we were both trying to get over the emotional trauma that we both just experienced with my parents.

Jen's iPhone buzzed. She took it out of her bag and read the text. Then she looked at me.

"It's Scott?" I said. I knew it was.

"Yes."

"What does he want?" I said. But I already knew.

Jen hesitantly said "He was wondering if he could stop by. To say happy birthday to me."

I glared at her. "Fucking you three times this morning wasn't enough?" I hissed.

"Mike, please," she said.

I could tell she wanted to see Scott. And I felt like she was giving me a test, about what we talked about earlier, when I agreed to her long term relationship with Scott. This wasn't a game anymore, this was real life. She and Scott were in a serious romantic relationship and I had given my blessings. So now, would I man up and stick to my agreement, or whine and cry like a pathetic baby?

"Okay, fine, whatever," I said. I would stick to my agreement, but I didn't have to be happy about it. She couldn't expect that.

Scott arrived about 30 minutes later. Jen hesitantly asked me, "Do you mind if I spend a little time alone with Scott?"

"This is my night Jen," I objected.

"No sex. Just talk," Jen hurriedly assured me. "Just a little alone time."

I glared at her. But then I gave in. "30 minutes," I told her.

Jen gratefully smiled and squeezed my hand. "Thank you," she said. "We'll go across the street, to the bar over there."

Without thinking, I said "No, stay here."

Jen looked at me. "Are you sure?" she asked. I knew what she was thinking. We had come into the bar together, people had pegged us as a couple. If now Jen sat with another man, people would wonder what was up. They'd look at me and wonder why I was letting another man move in on my girl.

My dick got hard thinking about this, as I went full tilt into my C-Space. "Yes, stay here," I told her, my voice suddenly dry from excitement.

So once again I watched my wife with her boyfriend. They went into another booth. They sat close and whispered to each other with their heads close, all the while holding hands. The bartender and waitresses

noticed Jen moving from me to Scott, and they clustered around the bar to gossip. My waitress approached me and asked "Would you and your wife like another drink?" As she said this, her eyes darted from me, alone in the booth, to the booth across the bar where my wife was, at that moment, snuggled into another man's arm and kissing him.

It was all torture but so thrilling. The delicious cuckold angst. It made me want to cry in misery, and jump for joy at the same time. I knew I was sick. I knew I needed major therapy. But also my dick was so hard it hurt. I couldn't wait to get Jen home and fuck her, and to hear what she and Scott talked about.

I was afraid Jen would be away for longer than 30 minutes. I was afraid she would ask if Scott could come home with us, or worse, if she could go back to the hotel with Scott. But she didn't. She was back within 30 minutes. And Scott left the bar by himself.

It was awkward paying the check, with the waitress looking between me and Jen, and the door that Scott just left through. But it also kept my dick hard. Once we were back in our old apartment, I was all over her. Jen giggled at how insistent I was, but she didn't deny me. I tore off her clothes and fucked her. Then, for the first time in months, I held her as we drifted off to sleep.

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We made love again the next morning. Then we decided to have brunch at that French bistro near the loft apartment. If the realtor hadn't picked up the key yet and it was still under the mat, we'd visit the apartment again before Jen rejoined Scott to return to Michigan.

We walked from the subway to the French bistro. Christmas decorations were out and there were carols and Christmas music playing as we walked. The air was brisk. It felt like Christmas. Jen and I had spent every Christmas together for the last 10 years. I asked her, "Will you be here for Christmas? With me?"

"I'd like to," Jen said with a squeeze of my hand. "Do you mind if I talk to Scott first? I'm sure we'll work something out. But I should talk to him first."

I begrudgingly said yes. I guess this was my new normal now. Scott was now firmly in my wife's life. She had to check with him before committing to holiday plans. I wondered in the future if we'd make a schedule. Scott gets Jen for Thanksgiving, I get her for Christmas and New Years, he gets her for Valentines day. My new reality seemed so surreal. My emotions were all over the place. My heart hated it. My dick loved it.

We stopped to window shop. At a men's store, Jen's attention was drawn to a tie. "Oh my god, that one's perfect!" she gushed.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"Scotty just got a new suit," Jen said, excitement lighting up her beautiful face. "We're looking for a tie. That's what we were doing when you picked me up yesterday."

"Oh," I said. I remembered how they were window shopping. I remembered how she was leaning into him and his hand was in her back pocket.

"This one's perfect," Jen said looking at the tie in the window. "Do you mind if I run in and get it? It'll only take a sec."

"Yeah, sure," I said. What else could I say?

As Jen ran into the shop to buy the tie for Scott, my gut was wrenching inside. Didn't she see what she was doing to me? It was never just us anymore. Even when we were alone together, she was always thinking about him too.

Jen came out a moment later, stuffing a small paper bag into her purse. She took my arm and smiled at me. "Come on, I'm starving," she said smiling at me. No mention of Scott. Her attention focused solely on me again. How did she do it? Switching back and forth like that?

As we were finishing lunch my phone rang. It was work. They were having a major glitch with Sapphire and they needed me now, to help fix it. "It's okay, go, they need you," Jen said.

"You're not going to be here much longer," I said, already missing her.

"I'll still be here when you're done," Jen assured me. "Scotty has meetings all day and our flight's not until tonight. We'll get an early dinner together."

"It might take a few hours," I warned her.

"I'll be fine Mike," Jen said. "There's a furniture store down the street. I might browse there, then take some measurements at the loft apartment."

I went to work and organized my team. I pushed them hard to fix the bug. Not only did we need to get Sapphire back on line, I wanted to get back to Jen. As it turned out, it was a simple fix. We were done in just over an hour. I got an uBer and rushed back to Jen.

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Jen was in the furniture store when she got a call from Scott. "Where are you?" he said excitedly. "I have to talk to you! I've got great news!"

"Why? What happened?"

"Just tell me where you are," Scott urgently said.

When they were together Scott hugged and kissed Jen. "Where's Mike?" he asked.

"He had to go to work," Jen said. "Tell me what happened."

"The partners want to merge with us!" Scott said excitedly.

"What?"

"They want to merge with us!" Scott said. "They see what we've done. Right now they have no presence in the mid-west. They want to merge with us to expand their portfolio. We can move back here. We'll be in Michigan sometimes, but we'll live here."

Jen looked wide-eyed at Scott. "Are you serious?" she said, shocked.

"There's more," Scott said excitedly. "I'll be a partner again. But you'll be a partner too. And Allie. I knew you wouldn't want to be a partner without Allie. So I told them Allie was part of the deal. If they wanted the merger, they had to make Allie a partner too."

Jen's lips parted in shock. She didn't know what to say. This was the most incredible news. The most freaking incredible news. They would move back to New York. She would be a partner. And her best friend Allie too. "Scotty ... god Scotty," she said, at a loss for words.

Scott pulled Jen into his arms. "I love you Jenny," he said, looking into her blue eyes. "I know I'm an asshole sometimes. But I'm trying to be a better man. I want to be a better man. For you."

Jen stared back into Scott's eyes. Then she got up on her tip toes and wrapped her arms around his neck. She kissed him.

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Mike uBered straight to the loft apartment, expecting Jen to be there measuring the rooms for new furniture. When he arrived he checked under the mat. The key was gone. He checked the door knob. It was unlocked.

Mike's world began to completely fall apart when he walked into the loft apartment. On the floor were Jen's clothes. Her flats. Blouse. Bra. Wool mini-skirt. Black tights. Panties.

Jen's discarded clothes made a path from the door to the master bedroom. Mike saw men's clothing there too. He knew who they belonged to.

Mike looked at the door to the master bedroom. The door was open. There were sounds. He clearly recognized Jen's voice. She was moaning.

Mike found himself moving towards the open door. He looked in.

Jen was on her back, on the bed. Scott was on top of her. They were naked. Jen's legs were on his shoulders. His cock was deep inside her pussy. He was fucking her with long deep strokes. Jen was caressing his back and arms as he fucked her. They were kissing. Jen was moaning into Scott's mouth as they kissed and fucked.

Mike's hopes and dreams had been tied to this loft apartment. This was where they would start a family. This was where Jen would be exclusively his again. But now Mike knew all those dreams were a fantasy that would never come true. The loft apartment was now soiled. Ruined. Mike knew he would never live here.

Mike watched as Scott fucked Jen. He listened to Jen moan into Scott's mouth. He watched as her fingers caressed his back. He saw the wedding band on her finger.

Something snapped in Mike's head. He moved towards the bed. That was when Scott noticed him. "Mike, get out until we're done!" Scott yelled with a glare at Mike.

Jen saw Mike too. "Baby ...," she said seeing him. She reached for him, even as she was under Scott's body and impaled on his big cock. "Mike baby, come here. I'm moving back to New York."

As they spoke to him, Scott stopped moving, but his cock was still deep inside Jen. He was glaring at Mike. "Get the fuck out!" he yelled at Mike again.

"No, Scott," Jen said, looking at Scott and then Mike again. "Baby ...," she said, still reaching for him.

Mike grabbed Jen's left hand. He pulled at her wedding ring.

"Mike, what? Stop!" Jen cried.

"Just let him go Jenny!" Scott yelled. "Go Mike! Get the fuck out of here!"

Mike got the wedding ring pass Jen's knuckle. Then it slid off easily the rest of the way. He gripped the gold ring in his fist. He glared at Jen's ringless left hand for a moment, then turned and walked towards the door.

"No Mike come back!" Jen cried. She was crying now.

"Let him go Jenny!" Scott yelled.

Mike didn't stop, or look back. As he slammed the door shut, he heard Jen crying his name and sobbing.

Mike ran down the street. He never went into the loft apartment again.

~~~~~ The End -- Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace Book 2 ~~~~~

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