Faithful Wife - Book 4 by xleglover

https://ourhotwives.org/forum/viewtopic.php?f=8&t=49453

You can read this story as stand alone, or as Book 4 of the Faithful Wife Falls From Grace series. This story is about a young wife/mother and her husband. They were in the lifestyle before and it didn't end well. But they managed to survive it and stay together. Now, they've started a family, and for the last 3 years their lives have been focused on their daughter. But the urges and passions in people don't just go away. This story is about love and family, about temptation, about fantasies and desire, about weakness and sin, and about whether people can learn from their past mistakes.

Faithful Wife - Book 4

Chapter 1

[This story starts about 3 years after the end of Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace - Book 3]

We dropped off Anna at pre-school and decided to treat ourselves to a little alone time, before I had to catch the train to work. I'd be late to work, but it'd be nice to spend a few moments with my wife.

The Starbucks was crowded. I told Jen I'd save the lone open table before it was snatched up, so she got into line to order. It was better for Jen to order. My order was always simple, a grande coffee of the day, black. Jen's order was complicated and often changed depending on their seasonal offerings, and I'd gotten it wrong more than a few times. So in our marriage, that's how we did it. Jen ordered the coffee while I saved the table.

I watched Jen as she waited in line. She looked like a mom. No makeup, loose blouse, yoga pants and flats. She was wearing her blonde hair shorter nowadays, so it barely touched her shoulders. As usual, she wore it in a ponytail, with loose strands falling over her pretty face.

Jen was like all the other stay-at-home moms in the Starbucks. But she wasn't either. While she wouldn't pass as a 20 year old anymore, her face was still youthful, and she was still gorgeous. I noticed men checking her out as she waited in line. Jen seemed oblivious, as her face was in her phone, smiling as she connected with friends and family on social media.

A younger 20-something man checked out Jen's ass, and he wasn't the only one. Even after giving birth to our daughter Anna, my wife still had an amazing ass and her legs were to die for. She looked awesome in the black yoga pants, even though in today's world they were standard garb for harried moms all over the country.

Jen glanced at me, and she saw me looking at her. I must have been looking at her intently, like I wanted to talk to her, so she gave me a questioning look, as if saying "what's up?" We were too far away to talk, so she texted me.

TinyDancer: do u want something else

Hunka: no just black cotd

TinyDancer: r u ok

Hunka: looking at your ass

TinyDancer: bad boy <smiley face>

I watched as Jen ordered our coffees. She smiled and chatted with the barista. It seemed like she knew him, which wouldn't be a surprise since this Starbucks was just a few miles from our house and she came here all the time. The barista seemed to be pleased that Jen was giving him

attention. And Jen, for her part, was making eye contact and curling a loose strand of blonde hair around her finger. Were they flirting? It looked like it.

When Jen arrived with our coffees we talked about Anna. Even though we were alone and this was "adult" time, we couldn't help talking about our daughter. That's how it was being parents. Our entire focus was our daughter. She was a little over 2 and had just started pre-school. She was young for pre-school, I know, but Anna was a precocious child and we felt she was ready for it. After just a short time with her, the teachers at the pre-school agreed.

"So you were looking at my ass?" Jen said, a grin at me.

"You've got a nice ass," I said grinning back. We were whispering so the people next to us couldn't hear.

"Maybe you'll do something about that tonight," Jen said.

"Maybe I will," I said back. We had sex about once a week. It was hard finding the time and the energy. Jen was 24/7 with Anna, and I worked long hours, especially once you counted my train commutes back and forth to New York City.

"You really do look good," I said, reaching over and squeezing her hand. With Anna in preschool now, Jen had mornings and afternoons open. She'd joined a gym and went most days. She was naturally petite and slim, but as a 24/7 mom it was hard keeping her body toned. The regular workouts were working though. She was firming and toning her body, and it was really noticeable.

"It feels good to be getting my body back," Jen said. I knew what she meant. 9 months of pregnancy, and then 6 more of breast feeding. It was a strain on a woman's body, even though Jen loved being a mother.

"Well you're sure doing that," I told her with a mischievous grin. "Those guys over there were checking out your ass."

"Ha ha. Oh they were?" Jen said with a laugh. She snuck a look at them, then looked back at me and laughed again.

"Did you notice them checking you out?" I asked.

"No," she said honestly. "But I do sometimes."

"You don't tell me," I said.

"Sometimes I forget," Jen said a shrug. "Running around with Anna, I feel like my attention span is 5 minutes."

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Well, sure, every girl likes it, it's an ego boost," Jen said. "If you're asking, does it turn me on, not really. It's hard feeling sexy with throw up on your shoulder."

I grinned at what she said. Every parent knows the feeling of your toddler gurgling on your shoulder as you hold her.

"Also I didn't know if you're into it anymore," she said, eyeing me. "You never talk about it."

It was true. We rarely talked about that time in our lives when Jen had sex with other men (one man in particular, Scott Stafford). Even though the 55 tattoo under her left breast was a constant reminder. But we rarely talked about it.

"I guess life happens," I said.

"Yeah," Jen agreed. "Anna happens." We smiled at each other and held hands. Smiling into my eyes, she said "We really have a good life, don't we?"

"We really do," I said. "I love you baby."

"I love you too baby," Jen said back. And we leaned over the table and kissed. It wasn't a passionate kiss, or a sexual kiss. It was of a husband and wife in love.

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We lived in Montclair, New Jersey. We had a two story house with a side garage, and a brick patio and shed in the backyard. We even had a pool, with grass growing up to the edge (rather than being surrounded by a concrete patio).

We loved our house. I was the King and Jen my Queen, and the house was my castle. And we loved living in Montclair. We picked the community over other places like Caldwell and Westwood because of its international flair. Within a mile of our house, we could eat at an Ethiopian restaurant, check out Native American art or take in a French film. There were kid-friendly places like parks and playgrounds, miles of running and biking paths, and pottery places and craft stores. It was great to have all that so close by, so we could do family things with Anna.

When you're a parent, you go to a lot of birthday parties. You meet other parents and their kids, and for kids, birthdays are a BIG DEAL. So pretty soon you're going to a birthday party (or two) every weekend. You get to know all the magicians and clowns in the area. On this Saturday, we were at Blake and Stephanie's house. They have 2 kids, 3 and 5. They're a little older than us. It was their 3 year old's birthday.

To be honest, I didn't like Blake. He was an IT sales guy, and did well on a couple IPOs. Because of that, they had the biggest house in the neighborhood. But that's not why I didn't like him. He's one of those guys

in high school, who gets on the football team not because he wants to play, but because he wants to wear the jersey to school on Fridays to impress girls. He's more fluff than substance. Also, who names their kid Blake? It sounded like a preppy doctor name on a tacky TV sitcom.

Blake didn't like me either. I still appeared on CNN sometimes, so my semi-celebrity status irked him. Whatever. My attitude was, deal with it.

Jen saw though him too, but she enjoyed his company. She liked his funny stories about working with big companies like eBay, Amazon and Google. She knew I didn't like him. I think she was amused that I didn't like Blake. I was pretty laid back, so for me, not liking someone was out of character. Jen thought it was funny.

Stephanie (Blake's wife) was different.. We both liked her, and she was one of Jen's best friends in the neighborhood. I liked Stephanie because she was quiet and shy, like me. I thought she was really sweet. She was pretty too. I have to admit, Blake was a good looking man. They made an attractive couple.

I watched Jen talk with the other wives, standing in a circle. The husbands hovered behind the girls, in an outer circle. I noticed that most of the husbands stole glances at Jen. At her face. Her tits. Her ass and legs.

I couldn't blame them. God she was beautiful. She had really blossomed. Part of it was motherhood. Jen adored Anna. She loved being a mother. That showed. She was happy all the time. And people liked to be around people who were happy.

Part of it was her body. Pregnancy and breast feeding had subtlety changed her body. She had more curves now. She would never be voluptuous, like Allie. That wasn't Jen. She was defined by words like petite, leggy, toned, firm and perky. Still, she was a little softer in her hips and ass, and her breasts were a little bigger. The subtle changes were amazing. She wasn't a girl anymore. She was a woman. A gorgeous, super sexy woman.

Jen glanced at me, and she saw me looking at her. It was like the other day at Starbucks. I must've been looking so intense at her, she thought something was wrong. We were separated by a room of people, and she was involved in a conversation with her girlfriends, so like before she texted me.

TinyDancer: what

Hunka: what what

TinyDancer: you keep looking at me

Hunka: not you your tits.

TinyDancer: omg lol

Hunka: I can see your bra straps thru that blouse

TinyDancer: omg you pervert stop staring at me

Hunka: why

TinyDancer: youre freaking me out

Hunka: lets go

TinyDancer: why

Hunka: I wanna fuck you

TinyDancer: !!!

TinyDancer: dont move!!! ill get anna

We were home within 15 minutes. Luckily it was time for Anna's nap so we had time for some adult fun. I took advantage of that time. I fucked my wife. First I ate her out and gave her a toe curling orgasm. Then I fucked her. I fucked her hard. I was so desperate to fuck her that I only took off her jeans and panties, leaving her still dressed from the waist up. Jen came again as I pounded her pussy. Then I came too, shooting a massive load of my seed into her. Thank god she was on the pill or we might've been parents again in 9 months. We were thinking about having another one, but hadn't decided yet.

"So what's up with you?" Jen asked. Her head was on my chest and she was absentmindedly stroking my chest.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You're acting weird."

I couldn't help laughing. I was acting weird? After all the crazy things we'd done, she thought I was acting weird?

Jen read my thoughts. "That was a long time ago Mike," she said softly.

She was right. It was 3 years ago. It seemed like a lifetime.

"You're really something, you know?" I said, caressing down her back to her ass. "I was looking at you, and it reminded me how beautiful you are. I get caught up being dad. And I think that has to be my first priority. But I'm husband too. And I want to tell you that you're really something. I'm sorry if I don't tell you that enough."

Jen got up on her elbow and looked at me. She said, "I love you more because you're dad first. I want Anna to be your first priority. She's our baby."

"You're my baby too," I told her. I looked her up and down. "God you're so hot," I gushed. My cock was coming to life again.

Jen laughed, both at my words and my stiffening cock that was poking her thigh. "What's with you today?" she said with the laugh still in her voice. "You know, I'm your wife. You don't have to sweet talk me to get into my pants." She laughed again, like she was making fun of me. But I could tell she was pleased with the attention. She reached down and wrapped her hand around my cock. I quickly got fully hard again.

I grinned at her. Then I got serious. "Do you ever miss it?" I asked.

Jen knew I was talking about the game. That's what we called it. The time in our marriage when she dated and fucked other men. "No," she said immediately. Then after a moment, she said, "No, that's not true. I miss the way you obsessed over me."

What she said made me concerned. "Am I taking you for granted?" I asked, a concerned look on my face.

"No," Jen said, giving me a reassuring smile and affectionately scratching my beard under my chin. "But Anna happens, right? I wouldn't change a thing … but it cuts down on romantic time."

"Yeah …," I said, my voice trailing off. "You know the other day at Starbucks? When those guys were checking out your ass?"

"Yes," Jen said with a laugh. "So?"

"You said you notice sometimes," I said. "Men checking you out. How often does it happen?"

Jen looked at me, as if studying me. "So you're still into it?" she asked. "You never talk about it."

"Well, like you said, Anna happens," I said. "But yeah, I'm still into it. I look at the pictures and videos sometimes."

Jen's eyes went wide. "Are you serious?" she asked, astonished. Then she realized the meaning of my words. I had just admitted I looked at pictures and videos of her fucking other men (mostly Scott). "God Mike … why didn't you tell me?" she asked, astonishment in her voice. "Do you beat off?"

"That sometimes happens," I said with a laugh. Now I was embarrassed. In truth, looking at the pictures and videos always resulted in beating off. That was the whole point of it.

"You should have told me," she said. She squeezed my hard cock. "We could've had fun together."

"They wouldn't embarrass you?" I asked.

"Why would they embarrass me?" she asked. "I was there."

I chuckled. But "embarrass" wasn't really the word I meant. Trying again, I said "I mean … they wouldn't upset you?"

Jen looked at me and was silent for a moment. She understood what I was saying now. Those times – the game – they'd been hot. Scorching hot. But they'd been a lot of pain too. We ended up divorcing, and barely got back together again. If we hadn't got back together, where would we be now? Without each other? Without Anna?

"Do they upset you?" Jen asked softly.

I hesitated, trying to think how to answer. How to express what I was feeling. Finally I said "It's like, when it's just me, I can just focus on the sex. A pretty girl getting fucked, who just happens to look like my wife. I mean, I know it's you of course, and that makes it all hotter. But I can separate the sex from emotions. But if we watch it together, I don't think I'll be able to compartmentalize like that. So I guess that's why I haven't asked you to watch with me."

"But you understand how that makes me feel, right?" Jen asked. Her voice wasn't harsh. She wasn't mad. She was just trying to make me understand how she felt. "It's like you have a secret life, a secret sex life, without me. It's not like watching porn on the internet. I don't care if you do that. But this is me in those videos. We lived that together."

"Yeah, I get it …," I said, my voice trailing off.

"What?" Jen asked. When I didn't answer, she pressed "What Mike? Tell me what you're thinking."

I hesitated, then said "… I just … I just don't want you to see yourself with Scott."

Scott. I said it. His name. We never said his name. It was like Voldemort. We never said his name. We never talked about him. Even after 3 years it was still too painful for me.

"I get it," Jen said softly. She done terrible things with Scott. Terrible to me. Over time, she realized how horrible she'd been to me. I was the man she loved, her soul mate, and she'd treated me like shit. All to be with another man. Scott. The pain wasn't just mine. It was Jen's too. So that's why we never talked about Scott.

"Let's talk about something else," Jen suggested.

"Ok," I said, relieved to be changing the subject. "You never answered my question. How often do you notice men checking you out?"

Jen laughed. She was still slowly stroking me. I was still hard, and I hadn't soften when we talked about Scott. I'm sure Jen noticed, and I was happy she didn't mention it.

"Do you really want to talk about this?" Jen asked, a smile on her pretty face.

I grinned at her coyness. I was pretty sure she was open to talking about it, but she was going to make me work a little for it.

Jen always kept a glass of ice water next to bed, because often she woke up thirsty. I reached over to her nightstand and grabbed the glass from last night. I took a sip and handed it to her. "Truth serum," I told her. It was our thing. It started after we were back together but still trying to reconnect, and now it was a part of our culture. If you drank truth serum, you had to tell the truth, you couldn't spin or pivot, you had to answer the question directly and tell the whole truth. But the rule was, you only asked if you were prepared to hear the answer.

Jen smiled. She was wary but intrigued. "Alright Mike," she said. She took a sip of the water. "Go ahead, ask your questions."

"How often do you notice guys checking you out?" I said, repeating my original question again.

"You mean today?"

I gawked at her. It happened ever day? Jen giggled at my reaction.

"Okay, yeah, today," I said.

"Once," Jen said. Then she corrected herself. "No, twice. The first time in the grocery store. This guy –about our age– he asked me how to pick ripe cherries. I mean, really? Ripe cherries?" She laughed. Then as almost an after-thought, she said, "And at the party I caught Blake looking down my blouse."

I was smiling about the cherry guy when Jen said Blake's name. My gut turned over when she said his name. That preppy asshole Blake looked down my wife's blouse?! "He looked down your blouse?!" I said angrily.

I focused on Jen's blouse (she still had it on). It was off-white, collared and loose, and buttoned down the front. It had a V that hinted at cleavage

without revealing cleavage. But since it was loose, and with the V, if Jen bent over you'd be able to see down to her belly button. I imagined Blake getting that view of my wife. He would've seen her sweet breasts in her bra. I hated the idea – but my cock loved it. I was so hard it hurt.

"What are you thinking?" Jen asked, a sly smile on her pretty face. "Do you wish I did this?" she teasingly said as she undid the top button. Now a glimpse of her bra came into view. One more button and it would be easy to see. I knew that bra. It was white and made of delicate lace. It was unlined so it captured the natural shape of her small perfect breasts. Also, the lace was so sheer you could easily make out the dark of her aureoles surrounding her pencil eraser-sized nipples.

"Jen no," I said, reaching over and re-buttoning her blouse. Which was a strange thing to do since she was naked from the waist down. "What did you do when you caught him?" I asked her.

"You're really into this," Jen said. She still had that sly smile on her pretty face. And she still had her hand around my shaft, stroking me.

"Tell me," I urgently demanded.

"He talked first," Jen told me. "He said nice blouse. I laughed and said I'll tell Mike you approve. Then he laughed and that was it."

"That was it?" I asked.

"Yes," Jen said. She eyed me with a knowing grin, and said "Disappointed?"

"You laughed when you caught him looking?" I said with a frown. "You didn't slap his face?"

"Mike baby … he didn't touch me. All he did was look. That happens all the time."

Jen's words rang through my head – "all the time." Guys checked out my wife all the time. This wasn't a surprise. I knew they did. But over the last 3 years, including 9 months of pregnancy, childbirth, and then figuring out how to be parents, I'd forgotten. It had been easy to forget with the 12 hour work days and then getting home and being dad to Anna. I stopped thinking about Jen's day. Her normal day. Of getting checked out and hit on constantly by men.

"Have you ever …," I began. I found it hard to speak, because my voice was hoarse from excitement. I took a drink from Jen's water glass. Then I asked "When was the last time someone hit on you? Did more than look?"

"Do you really want to know?" Jen asked, that sly look on her face again. She was teasing me, and enjoying it.

"Yes!" I hissed, my heart pounding in my chest.

"At the gym this week, Cam asked me out," Jen said. "For a drink."

My insides shifted as Jen told me this. "Who's Cam?" I asked.

"A guy I work out with," Jen told me.

"You work out with guys?" I asked incredulously. I practically shouted, and Jen put her hand on my chest, her fingers spread out wide to calm me down.

"Hush Mike," she said. "You'll wake Anna."

"Okay, yeah, sorry," I said in a much lower voice.

"What I mean is, sometimes Cam spots me," Jen said. "You know, when I'm lifting?"

I nodded slowly. Jen had done a lot of research to pick a gym. She finally decided on a gym in Verona, the next town over. It had all she wanted.

Number 1, she wanted yoga and dance classes. Number 2, she wanted to get back into swimming and the gym had an Olympic size pool. Number 3, she wanted free weights to work on her core. She preferred free weights over machines because they gave her the better work out. That's how Jen was. She was competitive and liked to push and challenge herself.

"So what'd you say?" I asked.

"I said sure," Jen said. "We got a drink, and then I went to his place and fucked him."

"What?!" I yelled, leaping up out of the bed.

Jen laughed. My shout and her laughing did wake up Anna. Anna was always grouchy after her nap. She started screaming. As we say, Anna happens.

"I'm just teasing," Jen told me, the laughter still in her voice. She got out of bed and hurriedly dressed. I did too, both of us turning into mom and dad again. "Nothing happened. I'll tell you later. To be continued?"

"To be continued" was part of our culture too. Jen said it that weekend of Allie's wedding, when we both wanted to get back together, but were so confused and hurt we didn't know how. Sometimes we say it like now, when we're in the middle of a conversation and Anna happens. Other times, we're having an argument and we need to go to our own separate corners to cool off. One of us says it – "to be continued?" – it means while we might be upset at the moment, we still love each other, and we'll work it out later.

"To be continued," I agreed. My heart was still racing but I was calmer, knowing she had been just teasing and nothing actually happened. We shared a quick hug and kiss, then we ran to get Anna.

The rest of the day was family time with Anna. We crayoned, played with foam alphabet letters, and read books. I bounced Anna on my knee, while

I sang to her. Actually it wasn't really singing. It was just saying words that rhymed with her name, sung to whatever tune was in my head at the time. Anna, chana, nana, danna, branna, ghana, vana, grana, manna …. You get the idea. Most were not real words, but Anna didn't care. She loved this game, and always squealed and clapped when we played it. That's how she got her nickname too. Anna banana.

Afterwards Jen gave me a big hug. "You're such a great dad," she gushed. I was all smiles, making both my girls so happy.

As Jen read books to Anna, my thoughts drifted to our conversation. Jen had talked about my secret sex life of looking at the old pictures and videos of her with Scott (and some other men), and chastised me for not telling her. But she had a secret life too. Men checking out her ass and looking down her blouse. Men hitting on her. Men asking her out for drinks. Asking her out! And she never told me. Not even once, she never told me this was happening.

It all disturbed me. But it got me hot too. The angst I used to feel came back. The cuckold angst. It felt delicious. Exhilarating. I was so fucking hard.

I heard Jen call out to me, and it broke me from my reverie. She still had Anna in her lap, with the picture book open in front of them. "What?" I asked.

"I said your name 3 times," Jen said. "What are you thinking about?"

But she gave me that sly smile, because she knew what I was thinking about. "Pay attention Michael," she said, sharply saying "Michael." Since getting re-married, she had taken to calling me "Michael" when she was annoyed or mad at me. I think because I used to have a Madam (who got me girls to fuck) who called me Michael, and by calling me Michael when she was pissed at me, it was like she was punishing me for ever having a Madam. Jen never said that, but it's what I suspected.

As she began reading to Anna again, she reached to her blouse and unbuttoned the top button. Her lacy bra came into view. It reminded me of the view Blake got, and my stomach got queasy again. As Jen turned the page of the book, she glanced at me. Seeing my reaction, she smiled. She was enjoying this!

Dinner involved team work. We tagged teamed, with me cooking and Jen playing with Anna, or the other way around. Then getting Anna to eat dinner. That was a chore as Anna was a picky eater. After dinner we washed dishes, again tag teaming. Then came Anna's bath. Putting her PJs on. Reading books in her bed. Then saying prayers. Finally putting Anna down to sleep. Maybe doing a load of wash and putting her toys away, and tidying up our house.

Whew. By then we were exhausted. Now you can see why we were lucky to have sex once a week.

Tonight though was different. I wasn't tired. I was excited to continue our conversation from earlier. I was relieved to see Jen also was wide awake. She seemed as interested in our conversation as me.

"So what happened with Cam?" I asked her. "Did he really ask you out?"

"I drank truth serum Mike, I had to tell the truth," Jen reminded me.

"So then what happened?" I asked.

"You have to remember, I take off my rings when I work out," Jen said.

"I didn't know that," I said.

"I don't want to chip the stones on the equipment."

"Okay," I said. That made sense.

"So, Cam asked me out, and I told him I was married," Jen said.

"He didn't know?" I asked, astonished.

"Mike how would he know?" Jen said. "I worked out with him. I barely know him. It's not like when I meet someone I say, hello, I'm Jen Andrews, I'm married so don't hit on me."

"Well maybe you should at least wear your wedding ring when you're working out," I said with exasperation. Her wedding ring was a simple gold band, it didn't have any stones.

"You're really jealous about this, aren't you?" Jen said. She had a big smile on her face and her eyes were sparkling. She was enjoying this!

"Jen! A man asked you out on a date!"

"Mike baby calm down," Jen said worriedly. I was shouting again and she didn't want to wake Anna. "It's no big deal. It happens all the time."

I gawked at her. It happens all the time. Men ask my wife out on dates all the time.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I said. I managed to keep my voice lower this time.

"I told you. My attention span is 5 minutes. I forget most times," Jen said. She looked down. She saw my erection tenting my pants. She smiled and cupped my erection, squeezing it. "And I didn't realize you were still into it."

"Have you ever been tempted?" I asked.

"Tempted how?"

"Stop fucking with me!"

Jen laughed. “Never,” she said.

“Are the men attractive?”

“Oh, Cam is hot,” Jen said.

I stared at her, processing her words. My wife just called another man hot. It made me feel the way I used to feel, when she called Scott hot. Jealousy. Insecurity. Anxiety. All those familiar emotions hit me, churning in my gut. But it felt so delicious too! “But you’ve never been tempted?” I asked again.

“Never,” Jen said again.

“Do you flirt back?” I asked.

“Sometimes,” Jen said with a shrug. She saw my eyes go wide and laughed. “It’s nothing Mike. It’s just a game.” Then she quickly corrected herself. “Not THAT game. Just harmless fun.”

In a low hoarse voice, I asked “Do you flirt with Blake?”

Jen smiled at me. She didn’t answer for long moments. Finally she said “Sometimes.”

I felt myself explode inside! I roughly threw Jen onto the bed and tore off her clothes. I got my cock out and rammed into her. I fucked her rough! Hard! I was a madman, possessed! Jen grabbed my shoulders and yelled “That’s it Mike! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

We were making so much noise it’s a miracle we didn’t wake up Anna. I made Jen cum. She cried out as her orgasm hit, her back arching and head rolling back, and her nails dug into my back. I followed soon after her. I grunted into her ear, pounding her pussy as I exploded inside her.

Afterwards I fell onto my back. We were both panting. Jen recovered first. She rolled towards me and put her hand on my chest, as if wanting to check if I was okay after our conversation. I said "I don't like Blake."

"I know you don't," Jen said softly, stroking my chest in a reassuring way. "Mike baby, it's just harmless flirting. You know, we're at a party or something, he comes up and he says something stupid. It's more joking that flirting."

"And you flirt back?" I snapped at her.

"Oh my god, you're so jealous," Jen said with a laugh.

I frowned at her. "You're enjoying this," I said.

"Yes I am," Jen said, grinning at me. She kissed me. "I like it when you're like this. I've missed it."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like I'm your entire world," she said.

"You are my entire world," I said. "You and Anna."

Jen's smile grew. She kissed me and said "Good. That's how it's supposed to be."

The next morning was a regular Monday morning. I showered and dressed for work. Jen got up before me, getting Anna breakfast and ready for pre-school. When I came downstairs, I saw she was dressed for the gym. That was her routine nowadays, dropping Anna off at pre-school and then working out at the gym.

I paused on the stairs, giving her a long look. Her hair was in a ponytail. She wore black tights, a bra top that crisscrossed in the back, and cross training Nikes. The bra top was slim and ended at her hips, completely

exposing her tight ass and long toned legs. And the crisscrossing in the back showed a lot of skin. I'd seen her dressed this way a million times. But now I really looked at her. God she was stunning! Even dressed for the gym she was drop dead beautiful! No wonder she got hit on all the time.

How had I missed it? Especially given our history. But I guess we had become so domesticated. Going through 9 months of pregnancy, the anxiousness of being new parents, trying to keep up with an active, precocious toddler … the times when Jen dated and slept with other men seemed so far away. But now those memories and feelings were coming rushing back to me.

"You better hurry baby, you'll miss your train," Jen said to me as I came down the stairs.

"Yeah I …," I began. Then I grabbed her arms and pulled her to me.

"What?" she said, looking at me.

"You're stunning, you know that?" I gushed, looking into her beautiful blue eyes.

Jen smiled at me. "Compliments," she said, grinning at me. "I like compliments."

Then I pulled her to me and kissed her. Really kissed her, open mouth and with tongue. Jen seemed to hesitate a moment, as if from surprise, then she kissed me back, melting into me. When we finally parted we were both gasping.

"Wow," Jen said, her eyes wide as she looked at me. "Wow."

"To be continued," I said, grinning at her and squeezing her hand.

"Definitely to be continued," Jen said, grinning too and squeezing my hand back.

"Have fun working out with Cam today," I said with an excited sparkle in my eyes.

"Ha ha. I'll do that," Jen said grinning at me. Then she tilted head her, as if studying me. "I love you Mike," she said.

"I love you too baby," I said, kissing her. Then I hugged and kissed Anna, and ran to my car to catch my train to NYC.

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Chapter 2

Allie visited the next weekend. Her marriage from Tony had lasted only a year. It seemed she wasn't happy with domestication. She was too much a free spirit. She wanted to be Allie Oh-La-La. She said she never wanted to marry again. Two tries were enough. She wanted to be out there, playing the field. Serial monogamy, she called it. So after her divorce, she moved to LA. She opened her own marketing firm. Now she partied with movie stars and movie wannabees. She was having the time of her life.

Jen and Allie hadn't seen each other in almost a year. Allie couldn't get enough of Anna. Allie was Anna's godmother and there was already a special bond growing between the two.

But Allie also wanted to party. She was single again and craving NYC's nightlife. She was bringing Jen along of course, as her wingman. Jen was excited to go. Since moving to Montclair, we rarely went into the City. Well, I went every day, to work. But Jen's life was confined to the burbs. She loved our community and the slower, family life of the suburbs, but I could tell she was excited to spend an evening partying with her BFF.

I watched Anna as the girls got ready for their night out. My eyes opened wide when Allie walked down the stairs. She looked great with her long, reddish-brown hair brushed out, black dress and high heels. "You look

great Allie," I told her. It was the truth. I'd known her since college. She was beautiful then, and was still beautiful.

"Wait til you see your wife," Allie said, grinning at me. She went to play with Anna while I waited for Jen to appear.

A moment later Jen walked down the stairs. My mouth opened wide. Jen was stunning! Her blonde hair had become wavier since becoming a mother. Maybe because she didn't have as much time to brush it out. Tonight though she had straightened it. The straight hair gave her a chic, sophisticated look. And it made her hair longer. Normally her hair barely touched her shoulders (she had a practical "mom-bob"). But straightened, it went past her shoulders.

To go along with the chic look, Jen's makeup was heavier than normal. And her lips. She had naturally full, pouty lips, but with the glossy red lipstick, it was hard not to stare at her lips. She looked so gorgeous!

But it was what she was wearing that really threw me for a loop. Like Allie, she was wearing a "little back dress." But Jen's dress was practically scandalous. It hugged her curves, and ended high up her knees. I couldn't remember the last time Jen had showed so much leg.

Then I did remember. It was back before Anna. When we were playing the game. When she was in a heavy relationship with Scott. This was the kind of dress Jen wore for Scott all the time.

Jen gave me a cautious look as I stared at the way she was dressed. "Too much?" she asked me. "I'm sorry. Allie made me wear it. I'll go change."

Jen turned to go back upstairs to change but I grabbed her hand. "I think you look fantastic," I told her. "I doubt you'll have to buy any drinks tonight," I joked.

"Well …," Jen said. She was looking at me, like trying to see into my head.

I looked down at her feet. It wasn't just the tiny black dress, she was also wearing high heels. 4 inch stiletto high heels. When was the last time she wore high heels?

As if reading my thoughts, she grinned at me and said "Can't actually run after Anna in high heels."

I grinned back at her. "Think you can still walk in them, after so long?" I joked.

"Oh I think so," Jen said, a sly smile on her pretty face. "Dance in them too."

I looked at her. She was planning on dancing. With men. For a moment I imagined Jen in a club. With her pretty face and tight sexy body, and in that dress, she'd be very popular with men around her all night. Hungry men. Wanting a piece of the pretty blonde chick. The married girl, super hot and out for a night of fun without her husband.

"I want you to have fun tonight," I whispered to her, my voice low so Allie couldn't hear. "You're a single girl tonight. Enjoy yourself."

Jen tilted her head at me and gave me a curious grin. "Single girl huh?" she said. "I'm just going to be Allie's wingman."

"You think she's planning to get laid tonight?" I asked with a grin.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Jen said with a laugh.

I thought of asking "Are you planning to get laid too?" But I didn't. It was too soon for that. And I wasn't sure if I wanted to ask. If I wanted to push us back in that direction.

"I'll be thinking about you tonight," I told her, smiling into her eyes.

"Good. That's how it should be," Jen said. She was all smiles, clearly pleased. Then she leaned close and whispered into my ear, "Maybe I'll do something worth thinking about."

My heart stopped and my stomach rolled over. Jen giggled seeing my face. She squeezed my hand, and then went over to see Anna.

We took pictures with my phone. Jen with Allie. And then Jen with me. In the high heels, she was almost my height. She turned to me and kissed me on the cheek. That's the picture that Allie took.

Their uBer arrived, and I was left to take care of a very active pre-schooler. The next 2 hours were devoted completely to Anna. I didn't have a moment to think about anything else.

With Anna down, I was finally able to think about Jen. The first thing I did was check my phone. There were texts from my wife.

TinyDancer: omg this is so good. wish you were here to try it

Under the text was a picture of some pasta dish. It DID look good. A lot better than the left over pizza I had for dinner.

TinyDancer: one drink and im tipsy, so out of practice

There was another picture. A selfie of Jen. Her eyes were blurry and her cheeks flushed. I knew that look. She was definitely tipsy. But she looked happy. She was having fun. I was glad. Being a devoted, 24/7 stay at home mom, she deserved a fun night out.

So far the texts were completely innocent. Just a wife giving her husband updates on her girls' night out. Then a new text arrived and my pulse quickened.

TinyDancer: going to a club to dance

I texted back.

Hunka: have fun

TinyDancer: i will. wish you were here

I wished I was there too. But did I really? The excitement I was feeling … the agony of waiting while my wife was partying without me … it was so delicious! I had missed it!

There were no texts for over an hour. Then a new one came in.

TinyDancer: having so much fun!

Hunka: dancing?

TinyDancer: yes

Hunka: with men?

TinyDancer: lol who else?

Hunka: allie

TinyDancer: her too!

Hunka: sexy!

TinyDancer: pervert lol <smiley face>

Hunka: Hot men?

TinyDancer: <smiley face>

I stared at her non-answer. I waited for her to elaborate but there was nothing. For the next 3 hours there was nothing.

I couldn't sleep. When the clock approached 1AM I started getting worried. 1AM? We were never out at 1AM. But that was now. Back when we were playing the game, 1AM was early for Jen. Most nights she stayed over at Scott's place. To fuck him all night long. Then fuck him again in the morning, before finally returning home to me.

My heart quickened thinking about those times. I remembered Jen finally getting home, exhausted, carrying her high heels in her hand and looking freshly fucked. I remembered making love to her after. She always smelled like Scott after being with him. His masculine smell on her body, her cologne in her hair. Sometimes she had hickeys on her neck. Sometimes marks on her breasts. And her pussy … after being with Scott she was always sore, her pussy lips puffy and red. And she was always loose. And wet. My smaller cock would slip into her with no resistance, and it was like my dick was swimming in a pool of his sperm.

I clenched my eyes shut. Those times had been incredibly hot. But so much pain too. She spent a lot of time with Scott. Whenever she wasn't with me, it felt like I was missing a part of me. Like missing my right hand. Or more like missing my heart. It hurt when she was gone. And then there was that time she lived with Scott in Michigan. I hardly saw her at all. That was the worst time of my life. That is, until we divorced. That was much worse.

Then Jen opened our bedroom door and she was standing there. I'd been so caught up in my thoughts I didn't hear her come into the house.

I bolted up from the bed and rushed to her. I pulled her into my arms. She felt good. She smelled good. I smelled her perfume, and the vanilla-strawberry scent of her shampoo. I also detected "bar smells" – beer and smoke. But I didn't smell another man on her. Was I relieved? Or disappointed?

"Have fun?" I asked her.

"So much fun," she said to me, a tired smile on her pretty face. She was tired and tipsy. I helped her undress. As I unzipped her dress, she reached down and rubbed my cock. I was hard. I'd been hard all night.

"Is this for me?" she said huskily. I looked at her face. She had a major cum face on. I kissed her hard, open mouth, my tongue exploring her. She kissed me back. We stumbled onto the bed.

I got Jen's dress off, then her bra and panties. "Leave the heels on, okay?" I told her. She nodded to me, pulling me to kiss her again. It had been a long time since I fucked Jen with high heels on.

I'd been ready for bed so I was only wearing boxers. She pushed them down my legs and she pushed her tongue into my mouth. I moved down her body, kissing and fondling her breasts and nipples. Then her sexy flat stomach. Then I was at her pussy. Jen had a bush now. She trimmed it. But not regularly. It was hard being a sex goddess when you were the mother of an active 2 year old.

I didn't care about the hair. Her pussy was still as sexy to me as ever. I kinda liked it too. It proved she was a natural blonde.

I went down on her. She was so wet! I excitedly lapped it all up, thinking about how she got so wet. I'm good at eating pussy, and I worked all my magic on her. Soon she was clutching at the sheets. As she came she was about to scream, so I clamped my hand over her mouth. The last thing I wanted was for Anna to wake up.

Jen panted as she came down from her orgasm. "You're so fucking good at that," she said between pants. Then suddenly she was on top of me. She pushed me onto my back and straddled my thighs. The smooth stiff leather of her high heels pressed against my thighs. She guided my cock into her.

Then she fucked me. She fucked me hard, her pouty lips parted and her eyes closed. She was fantasizing about something. About someone. She rubbed her clit against my pubic bone, and then she added her hand to the mix, rapidly flicking her fingers over her clit. Jen came again, lurching over towards me as her orgasm hit.

Somehow I hadn't cum yet. I don't know how I lasted that long. Maybe because I wanted her to tell me something about tonight.

I rolled Jen onto her back, so now we were doing missionary. I fucked her slow. Jen's legs were over mine and I felt the stilettos of her high heels dig into my calves. I loved feeling that!

"I'm almost there," I told her, my voice strained.

Jen kissed me. "Cum baby," she urged me.

"Tell me something about tonight," I said. "Did you dance with lots of men?"

"Oh yeah, lots. It was so much fun."

"Were you bad?"

"Not too bad," Jen said with a giggle.

"So you WERE bad?"

"Well …."

"What?" I said. "Tell me."

"The club was fun," Jen said. "We got an uBer home, but Allie wanted to party more. So we stopped at another bar. Champions I think. In Verona. Mike, we ran into Cam!"

"Cam?" I asked. "The guy from your gym?"

"Yes, the guy I work out with," Jen said.

"What happened? He flirt with you?"

"Mike …," Jen began. "Cam tried to kiss me."

I grunted and lurched as I came.

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When I woke up the sun was shining through the window. I bolted up as my head cleared. Anna! Where was Anna?!

I threw on some clothes. I ran to her room. Not there. Then I hurried downstairs. I stopped, seeing Anna watching TV and humming along to her favorite character, Elmo. She was okay. My panic subsided.

Then I heard voices. It was Jen and Allie, sipping coffee. I was surprised they were up so early, after dancing all night. I was about to join them when I heard Allie say "Cam." The lust filled conversation with Jen came back to me. I quietly sat on the stairs, listening.

Allie: "You're right, Cam is a hottie. How's he in bed?"

Jen: "How would I know?"

Allie: "Come on. I know you know something."

Jen (smiling and whispering conspiratorially): "Erin says he's freaking incredible."

Allie: "Erin?"

Jen: "We do yoga together."

Allie: “So they’re a thing?”

Jen (with a shrug): “More like a fling. She’s married. I’ve met her husband. Tom. He’s nice.”

Allie (grinning): “I’m thinking about seeing him tonight.”

Jen: “Cam? Where? The bar?”

Allie: “Where else? Yes, his bar.”

Jen (pursing her lips): “This is your last night. We’re going to Anna’s favorite restaurant.”

Allie: “I know. I mean after.”

Jen: “I thought we’d hang out. It’s your last night.”

Allie (with a knowing grin): “You don’t want me to see your Cam.”

Jen (with a frown): “He’s not my anything. I don’t care if you see him. I’m just saying it’s your last night.”

Anna called for Allie, ending their conversation. I crept back upstairs. My dick was hard. I waited, thinking of possible free agent pitchers and outfielders for the Mets, trying to get my erection to go down. Finally I went downstairs. “Dada!” Anna squealed, squirming from Allie’s grasp and running to me.

“The dead awakens,” Allie joked with a smirk at me.

“Hey sleepyhead,” Jen said, smiling at me. I was holding Anna. She leaned into me, hugging both of us. She kissed me, and then Anna.

“You’re up early,” I said. “I thought you’d be hungover after last night.”

“My stomach’s a little queasy but I’m okay,” Jen said. She kissed me again. “I let you sleep in cause you’re such a good guy.”

“So Cam’s freaking incredible in bed,” I whispered, a sly smile on my face. I emphasized “freaking” to let her know I’d heard what she said.

Jen hesitated like I caught her being bad. Then she saw the smile on my face. “How much did you hear?” she whispered back.

“Some,” I whispered. She saw the excitement on my face.

“Allie, can you watch Anna for a minute?” she said calling over her shoulder as she tugged me upstairs to our bedroom.

“Sure,” Allie said. “Come here Anna banana.”

“Aunty Allie!” Anna squealed, toddling over to her godmother.

In our bedroom, Jen stripped off her pajamas. I took a moment to look at her. Working out was really making a difference with her body. Her slim arms and long, lovely legs were more toned. Her stomach was flat and taut. Her ass tight. But motherhood had given her more curves. Her hips and ass were softer. Her breasts were a little bigger, although still perky with upturned nipples (and they still qualified as “tiny tits”). The result was, my wife was sexier and more desirable now than ever before.

“Are you coming?” Jen asked, holding her hand out to me. “We don’t have much time.”

I took off my clothes and got into bed with her. “We went to a new club. Mehanata,” she told me, continuing her story from last night. “I think that’s how they pronounce it. It’s Bulgarian and has a gypsy vibe. I guess that’s the thing now because it was packed. It’s got a wicked vodka ice room. There was a huge line in the front but Allie has a client who knows someone, so we got on the list and went to the front.”

I nodded impatiently. These details were interesting – the kind a loving wife would tell her husband after a girls's night out -- but not the spicy details I wanted to hear. "Tell me what happened," I said impatiently.

Jen giggled. "We found space at the bar. Guys came up to Allie and flirted. I was her wingman so I flirted too.

"Maybe the other way around," I suggested. Allie was pretty, but Jen was prettier. I'm biased of course. And I admit it probably depends on whether you prefer blonde and leggy versus brunette and curvy.

"Maybe," Jen admitted. "But I had these on." She held up her left hand showing her wedding and engagement rings.

Jen was playing coy. She knew as well as me that men – especially men that attracted her -- saw a wedding ring as a challenge, not a deterrent. We both learned that before, while playing our game.

"So what happened?"

"Honestly, nothing happened," Jen said. "It was fun, but too crowded. I couldn't breathe. One guy I danced with, we went into the ice room. That's where they have their special vodkas. He saw I was cold so he put his arm around me."

I imagined my wife in that tiny black dress, with a man's arm around her.

"Were you attracted to him?" I asked.

"Well … he was older," Jen said. "He had salt and pepper hair. Slicked back. And he had a beard." As she said that she scratched my beard under my chin. "He was kinda hot." Then she added "He asked for my number."

My eyes went wide. "Did you give it to him?" I asked excitedly.

"No Mike," Jen said with a laugh.

I wasn't sure if I was relieved or disappointed.

"So later Cam tried to kiss you?"

"Yes," Jen said, her laugh turning into flushed cheeks.

"You just happened to go to his bar?" I asked dubiously.

"I swear to god Mike I didn't know," Jen swore. "I knew he bartended, but there are a kazillion bars. We were literally passing a random bar and Allie told the uBer driver to stop. It was a sports bar. Champions. I'd never noticed it. I was shocked when I saw Cam."

"But pleased to," I said, grinning at her.

"Well …," Jen said, grinning back.

"So what happened?"

"His bar wasn't too crowded," Jen said. "A guy started flirting with Allie. So I talked to Cam."

"Talked or flirted?" I asked, still grinning at her.

"Yes," Jen said grinning back at me. "It was different in the bar instead of the gym. In the gym we're 2 people working out. But in a bar it's a guy and girl talking. You're know?"

"Yes," I said, nodding my head. I understood. The main point of a gym was to exercise. In a bar, the whole point was meeting other people.

"But Allie wants to hook up with Cam tonight," I said.

"You heard that?" Jen asked. When I nodded, she said "Can't blame her. Cam's a lot hotter than Brian."

"Brian?"

"The guy she danced with last night," Jen told me. "Brian's cute, but Cam's gorgeous."

I was breathing hard. It was hard getting re-accustomed to my wife talking about other men with such interest and enthusiasm. For the last 3 years she rarely talked about other men, much less describing them as cute, gorgeous and hot.

Jen seemed to read my thoughts. "Are you sure this isn't bothering you?" she asked, a look of concern on her face.

"I'm good," I assured her. Yes it was bothering me. But in a good way. "Then what happened?"

"Cam told me he thinks I have nice legs," Jen said with a grin.

"What else did he say?"

"He said I have nice hair," Jen said. "And he liked my dress."

"He's use to seeing you with your hair up and in workout clothes," I said. "Sweaty after working out."

"Yes," Jen said.

"But now he sees you with your hair down, make up and a tiny dress," I said.

Jen nodded her pretty head.

"You were showing a lot of leg?" I asked.

"It was impossible not to in that dress," Jen said. "I was sitting on a bar stool."

I slowly nodded. I imagined my wife with her legs crossed, the black skirt hiked up, showing off her long lovely legs. "Did he touch you?" I asked, my heart pounding. "Did he touch your legs?"

"He might've put his hand on my knee," Jen said teasingly. "You know, when we were talking."

"Did he keep his hand on your knee?"

"Mike I wouldn't let him do that," Jen said seriously. "I pushed his hand away. I told him I'm not on the market."

Jen's words took me aback. "That's what you said, not on the market?"

"Yes, why?"

"You should've said you're OFF the market," I told her.

"There's a difference?" Jen said looking confused.

"Yes! 'Off the market' means you're with someone. It means you have a serious boyfriend, a husband. 'Not on the market' is too vague. Maybe you're with someone, or maybe you aren't, or maybe you are but not serious. They're fundamentally different."

"Okay," Jen said. She was looking at me like I was crazy. With a confused smile, she said "You know, you're the king of mixed signals. You've always been that way."

I knew she was right. I wanted something to happen, yet I didn't want anything to happen. In a low voice, I said "I'm just saying, you need to

understand the difference between off the market and not on the market. They're as different as black and white."

"Oooookay. Got it for next time," Jen said, tapping her head and grinning at me. The way she was grinning at me, I felt foolish.

"So …," I said, prompting to hear more.

"So, when he tried to kiss me …," Jen said, continuing her story.

"Yes," I said, the tone of my voice telling her this is what I wanted to hear.

"One of his beers went out. Allie was dancing. So Cam asked me if I wanted to keep him company while he changed in a new keg downstairs."

I looked at her. "So you went with him?" I asked.

"I did."

"But you knew he'd try something."

"Yes."

"So why'd you go?"

"Well …," she began. "I guess I was wondering if he was really attracted to me. He's way younger, 25 I think, and totally hot. He could have any girl he wanted. So why me? I'm older, I'm married, I'm a mom."

"You wanted to see if he'd make a pass at you," I said, completing her thought.

"Well, also, I didn't have a good story for you yet," Jen said with a mischievous grin at me.

"So you did it for me?" I asked.

"Honestly, that was a big part of it," Jen said. "And I was curious. So anyways, I watched him change the keg. It was really impressive Mike. He lifted the new keg – I can't imagine how much it weighed – he picked it up like it was nothing. Then when he was done I started back up the stairs. But he grabbed my wrist. He pushed me against the wall. Then he kissed me."

"Last night you said he TRIED to kiss you," I said.

"Well … he kissed me," Jen told me.

"Is that all?"

"He grabbed my ass," Jen admitted.

"Did you kiss him back?" I excitedly asked.

"Yes," Jen admitted with an impish smile. "A little. Then I pushed him away. I told him it was a mistake."

"So he stopped?"

"He tried to kiss me again," Jen said. "But I stopped him. I told him again I was married."

"Then you went back upstairs?"

"We talked a little."

"About what?"

"He asked about you," Jen said. "I told him your name is Mike. You work on Wall Street. That I love you. I told him again the kiss was a mistake."

I stared at her. Last night, my wife kissed another man. "How was it?" I asked. It was hard to talk because my throat was dry. "When he kissed you."

"It was … nice," Jen said. "He can really kiss."

This whole time while she told me the story, we were on our sides, naked, looking at each other. I rolled her onto her back and got on top of her. "I need you," I told her.

"I figured as much," Jen said with a giggle.

I got between her legs. She reached between us and guided me into her. She groaned as I entered her. "Oh god Mike's you're so freaking hard!" she moaned.

"I won't last long," I warned as I moved in and out.

Jen's hand darted between our bodies. "Just give me a minute," she said, closing her eyes. As I moved in and out of her pussy, she rapidly rubbed her clit. Her eyes were closed. I knew she was fantasizing about Cam. The knowledge she was fantasizing about another man while I fucked her inflamed me. It pushed me closer to the edge.

Jen sensed I was close. "Just a minute Mike," she pleaded with a desperate, whispered voice. "I'm almost there."

Somehow I managed to hold off. With her eyes still closed, Jen parted her lips and slowly rolled her head back, softly moaning as she came. Then I let myself go. I rammed into her hard, once, twice, and on the third time I came, shooting my cum into her.

Afterwards we hurriedly dressed. There was only so long we could leave Anna with Allie. As we were about to go downstairs, I grabbed Jen's wrist and pushed her against the wall. "So you're keeping Cam for yourself?" I asked her.

Jen gave me a crooked grin. "You wish," she said with a smile in her voice. "He's not my Cam," she said, repeating what she told Allie before.

"Then why are you cock-blocking Allie?" I asked, grinning at her.

"I'm not --," Jen began, looking shocked. Then her shock turned into a smile and she laughed.

Later Jen told Allie it was fine if she wanted to go see Cam after dinner. They'd have time to catch up tomorrow morning before her flight.

That night in bed, Jen grinned at me and said "So you're happy I didn't cock block Allie?"

"You're not jealous she's probably gonna have sex with him?" I asked.

"Probably?" Jen said with a laugh. "No Mike, I'm not jealous." Then she looked at me with a grin and asked, "Do you wish it was me with Cam instead of Allie?"

"Do you wish it was you?" I asked back.

"That's not how the truth serum works," Jen said, still grinning at me.

"I haven't taken any," I said.

"Ha ha. Okay …," Jen said, conceding the point. "But do we really need truth serum for this conversation?"

I hesitated, processing her words. I took a moment to look at my beautiful wife. She was wearing the white nighty I bought her. Back when she was with Scott, she wore a silk camisole to bed. When we got back together, it seemed forced for her to go back to wearing my old frat t-shirt. This was especially true since it took baby-steps for us to reconnect again. And also my old t-shirt was getting ratty anyway. So, I bought her a nighty. It was

soft cotton and trimmed in lace. It was short, barely reaching her mid-thigh. I bought her a new one each Valentine's day and she always wore it to bed.

She was wearing it now, and the way she was laying in bed, the hem barely covered her pussy. Her long, fabulous legs were completely on display, and I reached down and put my hand on her exposed thigh. She was more toned now from working out, and I could feel the taut muscles under her soft perfect skin. She was tanned from sitting out by our pool, and I could almost smell the lemon juice she always squeezed into her hair while sunbathing, to lighten her blonde hair.

"Is this where Cam touched you?" I asked.

"Not that high," Jen said. She moved my hand down until my hand cupped her knee. "Here," she said.

"You think Cam's fucking Allie right now?" I asked.

"Maybe," Jen said. "Probably."

"So you say Cam's fit?"

"He is," Jen said. "More than fit actually."

"Is he … well endowed?" I asked.

"Well I don't have personal knowledge," Jen said with a teasing smile in her voice. "But I think so. Erin says so."

"The girl you do yoga with," I said. "Her husband's Tom. She had an affair with Cam."

"You heard a lot this morning," Jen said. With a grin she added "Spying on me?"

I smiled back and nodded. “What’s her story?” I asked.

“I don’t know really,” Jen said. “I don’t know her well. She’s about my age. She stays home too. She’s really pretty. She really loves Tom. She doesn’t talk about him a lot, but when she does, I can tell.”

“But she had an affair with Cam?”

“I heard her talking to another girl,” Jen explained. “She said Cam’s an incredible lover and huge. I guess I’ll know for sure after tonight.”

“Allie will tell you,” I said.

“Of course she will.”

I traced my fingertips up Jen’s inner thigh. The sensation made her shudder. I reached her panties. They were damp. “Are you wet talking about Cam?” I asked her.

Jen smirked, like it was a ridiculous idea. But then she said “The other day, I was lifting on the bench and Cam was spotting me. He was wearing loose shorts and I could see up the leg. He wasn’t wearing underwear so I saw his cock. He looked big.”

“So you do have first hand knowledge,” I said.

“Ha ha. Yeah, sorta,” Jen said with a grin. “He caught me looking. He put the bar on my chest so I couldn’t move. It didn’t hurt, he was holding most of the weight, but I couldn’t move. It was only for a few seconds but I was still looking up his leg. He said ‘you like what you see?’”

“Wow,” I said.

“Yeah, wow,” Jen said back.

"So he's an aggressive ass. Just your type," I said. I said it like a joke, but I wasn't joking. I knew Jen's type, and Cam sounded like it.

"Ha ha. Well …," Jen said with a laugh, her voice trailing off.

"He's constantly flirting with me," she said. "And he's always at the gym when I'm there. He knows I work out after dropping off Anna. I think he plans to be there when I'm there."

I slowly nodded, taking this all in. This was more than a casual flirtation. Cam was targeting my wife. He was working hard to get into her pants.

"You waited a long time to tell me," I said. I was lightly caressing her inner thigh just below her panties.

"It actually hasn't been going on that long," Jen said. "Just a few weeks."

"That's a long time," I said.

"No it isn't," Jen insisted.

"If we weren't talking like we're talking now," I said. "Would you have ended up cheating on me?"

"Mike, god no, I swear to god, no," Jen said immediately. "I was actually about to have a talk with Cam. I mean, flirting's fun, but he's crossed the line. I was gonna tell him he had to stop it or else I couldn't lift with him anymore." She snuggled up into my arms. "You believe me, right?" she said, looking at me with her big blue doe-like eyes.

Jen had cheated on me in the past. But yes, I believed her. We'd gone through a lot and it took time, but now I trusted her again. "Yes, I believe you baby," I softly said. I leaned in and kissed her. Jen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me back. I could feel tension drain from her body. She was clearly relieved I believed her.

I tugged at her nighty and Jen raised her arms to help me take it off her. Then I laid her onto her back. I cupped her breast, her left breast, the one with the fifty five script tattoo underneath. I gently fondled her. "That feels good baby," Jen sighed.

"You said you were gonna tell Cam to stop," I said.

"I probably still am," Jen said.

"But you haven't yet?" I asked.

After a moment's hesitation, she said "I didn't know you were still into those fantasies. I mean, I get it, they'll always be a part of you. It's like that man says on that web site you read, it's a sexual orientation. But you haven't talked about it in a long time."

I took a long time to respond. This was decision time. "I want you to know something," I said after talking a big breath.

"What?"

"First, I love you."

"I love you too baby," Jen said, and she gave me a soft kiss on the lips.

"Second," I began, looking into my wife's eyes. In a low, excited voice, I said, "I want you to know you have a free pass."

Jen looked back into my eyes, not responding for a long time. Finally she said "Okay, well, good to know." She laughed at the end, like she needed the levity to ease the tension. It was a nervous laugh though.

I was about to say more but she stopped me with a finger to my lips. "No more tonight Mike," she said softly. "We both need to think about this."

I was disappointed, but relieved too. “Yeah, you’re right,” I said with a nod.

Then Jen pulled me to her. “Now make love to me,” she said, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me. This time as we made love, Jen kept her eyes open, looking at me, thinking about me instead of another man. Or maybe she was thinking about me wanting her to be with another man. Again.

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I woke up in the middle of the night. I reached over to Jen but her spot in the bed was empty. She wasn’t there. Then I heard voices downstairs. Allie was back and Jen was talking to her. I looked at the clock. It was a little passed 3am.

A moment later Jen walked into our bedroom. “How’s Allie?” I asked as she closed the door behind her.

“You’re awake?” she said, surprised. Then as she crawled into bed next to me, she giggled and said, “She looks like she got run over by a bulldozer.”

“Cam’s the bulldozer?” I joked.

Jen laughed. “Allie says he has a porn-star cock. He fucked her three times,” she said excitedly. “He totally worked her over. She looks like a truck hit her. She can barely walk. I’m not kidding Mike. I had to help her walk up the stairs.”

“Ok,” I said, not knowing what else to say.

“You know what else?”

“What?”

"Allie says Cam's got an amazing tongue," Jen said, her eyes wide with an excited sparkle. She traced her fingertip over my lips. "Can you imagine? He fucks like a bulldozer … AND he's amazing at oral." She shuddered at the thought, and then giggled at her shuddering.

I thought about it. I considered myself good at oral. I WAS good at oral. But what if Cam was better than me? The thought almost made me shudder too.

"I wonder what your pussy would look like after it's been bulldozed," I joked.

"Ha ha," Jen laughed. "Interesting question."

I reached between Jen's legs. She was moist. "Talking about Cam get you wet?" I asked with a lustful grin.

Jen smiled lustfully back at me. She put her hands on my shoulders and nudged me down. "Show me you're better than Cam at oral, baby," she said. She said it with a smile in her voice, like she was joking, but just the fact that she said it made my hard cock twitch.

I moved down her body and opened her long shapely legs. I went down on her, using all my magic. Soon Jen's hands were fists as she clutched and pulled at the sheets. Then she was cumming, her head rolling back and her back arching as she came hard on my tongue. "No way Cam's better than you," Jen said as she panted, still breathing hard from her orgasm. "You're freaking awesome at that baby."

She pulled me up to her. She guided my cock into her. "Come on Mike," she urged me. With a joking smile in her voice, she said, "Bulldoze your wife." I fucked her hard, although I don't think at the level of "bulldozing." After I came we hugged and laughed.

"I can't remember when we've had so much sex," Jen said, a big smile on her beautiful face.

"I remember," I told her. She looked at me, the smile disappearing. It was back before Anna. Before she got pregnant. When we were playing the game, and we were fucking all the time because she was having an affair with another man (Scott). Or more accurately, she was getting fucked all the time by Scott, and I was constantly hot from it even though often I was left to get myself off with my hand.

"Hey, can you take Allie to the airport tomorrow?" Jen asked me.

"Sure," I said. I assumed me, Jen and Anna would take Allie. "We'll take her."

"No, I mean, just you," Jen said. "I'll stay here with Anna." Seeing my questioning look, she explained "Allie said she wants to talk to you." I looked at Jen for long moments. Then I nodded.

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Jen hadn't been joking. Allie WAS having problems walking, after last night with Cam. Even after a full night's sleep, she was still walking gingerly, and winced whenever she pressed her thighs together.

Allie gave long goodbyes to Jen and Anna, and then we were off to the airport. It was a short drive so Allie didn't beat around the bush. "So you're thinking about sharing Jen again," she said.

"She told you," I said.

"Of course she told me," Allie said, a scoff in her voice. She eyed me and said "Are you sure you want to do this again?"

"You must think I'm crazy," I lamented.

"You know what? I actually don't," Allie said. "I actually envy Jen."

I gawked at Allie. "You're kidding?" I said, astonished.

"She's got you, a great husband and father. A wonderful daughter. A beautiful house," Allie said. "And the freedom to be with other men. Life doesn't get much better than that Mike."

"So you think Jen wants to do it?" I asked.

"I think that depends on you Mike," Allie said. "You don't have to worry about Jen cheating on you. She'll never do anything behind your back again."

"Okay …," I said, both relieved and disappointed.

"But I should tell you …," Allie said. "Last night, when I was with Cam … when he wasn't fucking me, he was talking about your sweet wife. Asking me about her." With a grin she said "The boy's smitten with her." She looked at me. With a knowing smile she said "This is turning you on." Then she looked between my legs and saw the tent in my pants. "I guess it is," she said with a grin.

There was a blanket in the back of the car. I quickly grabbed it and put it over my lap. Allie laughed. It wasn't a cruel laugh though. More like an amused laugh.

"Anyway, I think you lucked into a good one with Cam," Allie said. "Believe me, he'll rock Jen's world. And you don't have to worry about him trying to steal her away. He's only 25. The last thing he wants is something permanent."

"Okay. Good to know," I said stiffly. I was still uncomfortable with having an erection with Allie sitting right next to me.

"But Mike …," Allie said, continuing. "If you decide to play your game again, you have to trust Jen. Trust her. And we're done with running away,

got that? No more running away. If you decide to do it, then own up to it, like a man. Suck it up and take it like a man."

I winced at Allie's harsh words. She was certainly back to being the sassy, Allie Oh-La-La I first met in college. "This is your way of being supportive?" I said sarcastically.

Allie laughed. "Mike, when I called you a good husband and father, I meant it," she said, a grin on her face. "Jen will do anything for you. Just remember that."

We arrived at the airport. We got out of the car and I helped Allie get her luggage out. Then we hugged. As always, our hug was awkward, but strangely, genuine too. "Call me if you need help. Or just want to talk," Allie told me. She grinned at me and said "I've still got your back bubble boy."

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Chapter 3

The next weekend was another birthday party. This time it was at John and Alicia's house, for their just turned 3 year old son. The last week we hadn't talked about the game or Cam, although I knew she was still working out every day, and most likely working out with Cam. I was distracted at work, thinking about Jen working out with the "bulldozer." Especially since Cam was "smitten" with my wife (based on what Allie said).

But at home, Jen seemed perfectly normal. She rarely mentioned Cam. She talked about her workouts because that had become an important part of her daily routine, but never in a sexually teasing way, and when she did mention Cam, it was only in passing and never part of the game.

Mostly Jen was focused on being a mom with Anna the center of her world. Even though it had only been a week, it was hard to think of her as that head-turning knockout who went clubbing with Allie in that sexy black

dress and high heels. That person seemed like a world away. Not anything like the girl I knew, who was a devoted wife to me and mother to our daughter.

For the birthday party, Jen wore a typical suburban mom outfit. Tank top, shorts and sandals. The hip-hugging shorts showed off her ass and beautiful legs, but it was appropriate for a Saturday afternoon in the late summer. She looked beautiful, but sweet and wholesome, the personification of a young mom who organized community yard sales and regularly taught at Sunday school (which she did).

For most of the party, Jen hung with the other moms, playing with the kids and coordinating birthday party activities. I dotted on Anna, always keeping within arm's length in case she tripped or fell. Jen always said I was over protective, but I couldn't help myself. My breath caught whenever Anna did anything even mildly risky (like jumping off the sofa), but I usually managed not to intervene, as I knew Anna needed freedom to grow, but I stayed close in case she needed me.

John and Alicia hired babysitters for the party (a few neighborhood teenage girls), so it gave the parents some time to relax and socialize. As often the case at the neighborhood parties, they served beer and wine. Nothing hard like vodka or scotch, and no one had to worry about drinking and driving as everyone usually walked.

At one point, I was coming out of the bathroom and saw Jen in the kitchen. She was alone, crouched down on one knee and leaning over, cleaning up a spill by one of the kids. The way she was positioned, her tight shapely ass was on full display in her white shorts. And, her thong had ridden up her back so it was exposed above the waist of the shorts. The thong was pink and lacy, and looked extremely sexy against her tanned skin and the white of her shorts.

I paused for a moment in the hallway, admiring my beautiful wife. Then to my surprise, Jen looked over her shoulder and said, "So anyways, yeah, I work out every day at a gym in Verona."

I realized then that she wasn't alone. Someone else was in the kitchen with her, although I couldn't see from where I was standing. Then the person walked closer to my wife and I saw him. It was Blake! His eyes were on Jen's butt. He was openly looking at her ass, and her exposed pink thong.

I was instantly jealous. And angry. How dare he ogle my wife? And what was Jen doing in the kitchen alone with him? At the same time, I couldn't move. So I stayed hidden in the hallway, watching and listening to them.

Jen stood and turned to Blake. She smiled at him. Blake smiled back at her. His eyes traveled up and down her body, and he said "Well, the workouts are working. You look incredible."

"Thanks," Jen said. She demurely lowered her eyes, and twirled her blonde hair around her finger. She twirled her blonde hair around her finger! She was flirting with this preppy asshole!

"You look good too Blake," Jen said. "Stephanie says you're a swimmer?"

"That's right," Blake said with a proud smile on his face. "I swam in college. Fly and IM were my best events. I made it to the Olympic trials once."

"Oh, wow," Jen said, here eyes going wide. She was clearly impressed, and that cut at my gut. "You almost made it to the Olympics?"

"Well, to be honest, not really, just the trials," Blake said with a modest chuckle. "I got to swim against Mike Phelps though. He kicked my ass. But I got to know him. We're Facebook friends. Me and Steph actually had dinner with him in Baltimore last year."

"Wow, that's so awesome," Jen gushed.

Grinning, Blake took a step closer to my wife and said, "You mind if I ask a question? How do you get your eyelashes so long?"

"My eyelashes?"

"Yes," Blake said, looking into Jen's big blue doe-like eyes. "You have the longest eyelashes. How do you do it?"

"Um … mascara?" Jen said. "What? You think I'm a freak?"

"No no, not that," Blake hurriedly assured her. Looking into her beautiful face, he said "You have the most amazing eyes."

Jen shyly looked down again, this time brushing a lock of stray blonde hair behind her ear. "You shouldn't say things like that Blake," she said.

"You're worried about Steph? Don't," Blake said, smiling reassuringly. "She talks about you all the time. How beautiful you are."

"Really?" Jen said, surprised. As she pondered that, she casually moved her hand behind her head and pulled her blonde hair to the other side, exposing her left shoulder. She was wearing a tank top, and her bra strap was exposed under the strap of the tank top. The movement caused Blake's eyes (and my eyes) to look at her shoulder and the exposed bra strap. The bra strap was pink and lacy, matching her thong. Was Jen doing this on purpose, to flirt with Blake? The possibility infuriated me!

I finally couldn't take anymore! I moved from the hallway into the kitchen. Seeing me, Jen smiled and moved to me. "Hey baby," she said, leaning into my side. I immediately wrapped my arm possessively around her, making sure Blake knew this girl belonged to me.

"Whatcha doing?" Jen asked.

"About to check on Anna," I said.

"I'll go with you," Jen said.

Blake said "Hey Mike, have you tried John's craft beers? They're good."

"No, not yet," I said.

"They're in that closet behind you," Blake said with a sly grin. "Mind getting me one too? Thanks buddy."

"What an asshole," I hissed, pissed that Blake had maneuvered me to serve him in front of my wife. Blake was gone and we were alone in the kitchen.

"You really don't like him," Jen said grinning at me.

"You really think he looks good?" I asked her, accusation in my voice.

Jen looked at me, realizing I'd been spying on her. "Are you stalking me again?" she said with a lopsided smile.

"Do you?" I pressed.

"Well, come on Mike, you have to admit Blake's fit," Jen said, an amused smile in her voice.

I scowled at her. She laughed and wrapped her arm in mine. "Come on, let's go check on Anna," she said, the smile still in her voice.

She began to pull me out of the kitchen but I stopped her. "Wait," I said. "Your thong is showing in the back." I helped her adjust her shorts.

"Jen …," I said, pulling her to me. I needed my wife. I hungered for her.

My hands were still on her tiny waist. I kissed down her neck to her exposed bra strap. I kissed her there. I kissed and bit the lacy red bra strap. Then I kissed back up her neck. I hotly whispered into her ear "Blake saw your thong." I pulled her closer, pressing my body against hers. My cock was steel in my pants and she felt it.

Jen pulled away from me, a curious smile on her pretty face. She looked at me, as if trying to read into my soul. "You are so the king of mixed messages," she said, that lopsided smile on her beautiful face again. She looked down and saw the tent in my pants. She pulled out my shirt, untucking it so it covered by erection. "Calm down there cowboy," she said with a grin. Taking my hand, she said "Come on, let's go find our banana."

We checked on Anna. She was having fun with the babysitters and the other kids. So we mingled and eventually got separated. Some time later I spotted Jen talking with Blake again. They were among a group of people, but it was clear they were talking to each other, at least to me. Jen seemed to laugh at everything he said. They were standing close, and Blake touched Jen's arm a few times to emphasize points as they talked. Jen's only about 5'2" (and she was wearing flat ankle strap sandals) and Blake's well over 6 feet so he towered over her. Jen had to look up to talk to him.

Then I watched as Blake handed Jen his iPhone. She swiped across the screen and Blake leaned in close to watch. What were they looking at? Pictures? They talked and laughed as Jen scrolled through whatever they were looking at.

It was clear to me they were flirting. Big time flirting. It made my stomach churn, burning with jealousy, especially since I despised Blake. But it got me hard again, and I was glad my shirt was untucked.

I suddenly thought about Blake's wife, Stephanie. I worried she might see her husband flirting with my wife and make an embarrassing scene. I looked through the crowd and spotted Stephanie. Like me, she was looking at Jen and Blake too. She was looking intently at them. But she didn't look angry. She looked … interested. And intrigued.

About an hour later we were home, and Anna was taking a nap. Our little girl was exhausted from the party.

"What were you and Blake talking about?" I asked her.

"What?" Jen asked, not understanding.

"You were looking at his phone," I said.

"Oh," Jen said, and she laughed as she remembered. "I was looking at the people he follows on Twitter. He follows Anthony Weiner." She laughed as she added, "I mean, who follows Anthony Weiner?"

"Why do you talk to him so much?" I said frowning at her.

"You're so jealous of Blake," Jen said grinning at me.

"Why?" I asked again, pressing for an answer.

"He's fun," Jen said with a shrug. "He makes me laugh."

Her answer angered me. It made me jealous. "I don't like him."

"But you got hot when he looked at my ass?" Jen said with a knowing smile at me.

My frown deepened. I moved closer and grabbed her arms, jerking her to me. "You belong to me!" I hissed.

"Of course I do," Jen agreed.

"I was so mad at you!" I told her, still holding her close to me.

"Mad?"

"Seeing you with Blake. Mad. Jealous. Turned on. I felt like I was boiling over!" I yanked Jen even closer to me. "I wanted you!"

"I'm right here baby," she said, looking into my eyes.

Suddenly I smashed my lips against hers, kissing her. Jen kissed me back and parted her lips, inviting my tongue into her mouth. I thrust my tongue down her throat, and then we were falling onto the sofa, desperately undressing each other. We fucked like newlyweds on the sofa in our family room. I bit Jen's neck and roughly fondled her tits, and she grabbed my ass as I pushed into her, urging me to fuck her harder. Our sex was hot and passionate. I fucked her like a madman, like I was possessed! We both came hard.

"Wow," Jen said between pants after we were done. Her face was aglow with post-orgasmic bliss. "Wow."

"I don't like you talking to Blake," I told her.

"Well, if you fuck me like that whenever I talk to him, then I will keep talking to him," Jen joked with a grin at me. Seeing me frowning at her, she snuggled deeper into me. "I like it when you're like this," she said, tenderly smiling at me and scratching my beard under my chin. "I like it when you're so focused on me."

"I can't get enough of you!" I gushed, hugging her tight. "I adore you!"

Jen smiled as she hugged me back. She clearly liked what I said.

****

Later that week I was in bed under the covers after putting Anna down for the night. Jen walked into our bedroom, head in her phone, grinning as she tapped away on the screen. "Who are you talking to?" I asked.

"Cam," Jen said as her phone dinged with a new text. She smiled as she read it.

"You text with him?" I asked, incredulity in my voice.

Jen finally looked up from her phone. “I told you we work out,” she said.

“You coordinate times with him?” I asked, my eyes going wide. “You said he knows your schedule so he makes sure he’s at the gym when you’re there. But it sounds like you tell him when you’re going to be there.”

“Well, sometimes,” Jen admitted. “Sometimes I do yoga first, or there’s a dance class. I told you we lift together. So yeah, sometimes we coordinate times. My schedule’s actually more flexible since he works.”

“You mean at the bar?”

“He’s a physical therapist,” Jen said. “He works for a home PT service. So he has a flexible schedule, but not as much as mine.”

I nodded, processing this information. With Anna in preschool, Jen had most of her mornings and early afternoons free. “Have you had that talk with him?” I asked. She was going to tell Cam his flirting was crossing the line and he had to stop.

Jen sat on the bed next to me. She rubbed my arm and said “I thought you didn’t want me to.”

She was right. In fact I told her she had a free pass to do whatever she wanted with Cam. Suddenly my throat was dry. “Have you … done anything with him?” I asked, my voice low.

“Of course not Mike,” Jen said, rubbing my arm again. “I would’ve told you.”

“So he hasn’t tried to kiss you again?”

“Well, let’s just say I’ve avoided situations where he could try,” Jen said. She ran her hand over my crotch, over the blanket. Feeling my erection, she gave me a teasing smile and said “Disappointed?”

"But he still flirts with you?" I asked.

"Yes. All the time."

"Do you flirt back?"

"I've tried to slow things down. Until …."

"Until what?"

Jen looked into my eyes and said "Until you decide what you want me to do."

I looked back into her eyes. My heart was pounding. "I told you, you have a free pass," I said, my heart in my throat.

"You also get upset when I text him," Jen said, waving her iPhone at me.

"Can I see?" I asked, holding out my hand. Jen gave her iPhone to me. She gave it willing, without any hesitation or reluctance, and that reassured me. I read the most recent texts.

Cam: great seeing you today

TinyDancer: you kicked my ass today

Cam: hip lifts and toe taps will keep your ass looking great

TinyDancer: I thought my ass already looked great

Cam: it does – feels great too – the keg room feels lonely without you

TinyDancer: oh god don't remind me

Cam: it was only a kiss

TinyDancer: it was a mistake. I'm married

Cam: So?

TinyDancer: So?!!!!!!!! Wtf?!!!!!!!!!!

Cam: let's talk about it. Come to the bar tonight

TinyDancer: you wish

Cam: seriously, just talk. Others are coming too. Judy, erin, carl ….

I looked up, as that was the last text. "You haven't responded?" I asked, handing the iPhone back to her.

Jen shook her head. "Not yet," she said.

"Erin – she's the girl Cam had an affair with?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Judy and Carl, they're in your workout group too?"

"Yes."

I stared at Jen. She stared at me, staring at her. We were at a decision point. And she was waiting for me to make a decision.

I took her iPhone again. I typed a message and hit send. Then I showed the screen to Jen.

TinyDancer: ok I'll be there

Jen looked at the screen. Then she looked at me. A grin came to her pretty face. "I guess I should get ready," she said.

"I guess you should," I said back.

Jen put on capri skinny jeans that ended halfway down her shapely calves and a loose peasant top that buttoned in the back. She straightened her hair again, like she did when she went clubbing with Allie. The chic, sophisticated look really suited her, especially with heavier makeup and glossy wet lipstick. She also dug deep into her closet for high heels. They were 4 inch stilettos covered with a leopard print.

"I haven't seen those shoes in a while," I said, looking at her feet as she slipped the shoes on.

"Yeah, like 3 years," Jen joked. She stopped wearing high heels when she got pregnant. It was a combination of morning sickness and then later a big belly. High heels weren't high on her list of priorities while she was pregnant. And then once Anna was born, life became all about Anna, and her high heels continued to gather dusk in the back of her closet.

"You're a real knockout," I gushed. She really was. She looked like a supermodel or A list movie star. It wasn't just the hair and makeup either. Her face was slimmer from working out, bringing her beauty into sharper focus. My wife was more than a knockout. She was stunning.

Jen smiled at me. "I'll text you," she promised. "I'll send pictures. You've never met my gym friends."

"I'd like to see what they look like," I said. With an excited grin I added "Especially Cam."

Jen's phone buzzed. Her uBer had arrived. I reached for her and Jen leaned into me. "No playing with yourself tonight," she said.

"Seriously?" I said with a half laugh.

"I am serious," Jen told me with a grin. "I want you hot for me when I get home."

****

As she promised, Jen texted pictures to me. She was with a group of people at a high top. 2 girls and 3 guys, plus herself. I studied the girls first. One had dark hair and the other was a red head. The redhead was cute, but the brunette a real beauty. I guessed that the brunette was Erin.

Then I looked at the 3 men, trying to guess who was Cam. It was pretty obvious actually. Cam was the big man standing next to Jen. Jen confirmed it with a short message under the picture.

TinyDancer: Cam's the hulk next to me.

I looked at Cam. The word "hulk" described him perfectly. He was a big, muscular man. He looked solid, with a barrel chest and thick arms. He was handsome too, with a dark completion. He had thick black hair. He looked to be Italian, certainly Mediterranean. He looked young too. Really young. I remembered Jen saying he was 25 and realized he was only 2 years older than my brother Joe.

Jen was really attracted to him. I could tell. It wasn't just the extra time she took on her hair and makeup. It was the high heels. A girl doesn't go out in 4 inch high heels to just see friends, especially to a sports bar in Verona. Especially Jen who rarely wore heels nowadays – flats, sneakers or ankle boots were more her speed since becoming a mom. The fact she wore high heels told me she was interested in Cam. All the flirting and texting weren't just a sexy game we were playing. My wife was interested in another man.

I got another text from Jen.

TinyDancer: Erin's the brunette. Her husband Tom is next to her.

So I was right about who Erin was. Cam certainly had good taste. Erin, like my Jen, was a beautiful girl. She was married too. It made me wonder if Cam had a thing for married girls. It made sense for a player like Cam. Sex without complications. And older girls like Jen and Erin had to work harder to stay beautiful. Sure, Jen had good genes and I guessed Erin did too. But as a girl aged, it took a lot of effort to stay at the pinnacle of beauty. And there was a sexiness in that. If Cam, at only 25, realized that, then I was impressed with him.

I looked again at the picture, at Erin's husband Tom. He was an okay looking guy. He was standing close to his wife, possessively holding her arm. He was smiling into the camera, but the smile looked forced. It made me wonder if Tom knew about Erin's affair with Cam. At least from the picture, Erin's focus seemed to be on her husband rather than Cam. So maybe the affair was over and their marriage had survived it. I shrugged, knowing I would probably never meet Erin or Tom. It made me wonder though.

I stared at my phone, waiting for another text from Jen. I was desperate to know what was happening. Was Jen with Cam in the keg room again? Was he kissing her? Was his hand inside her bra? Inside her panties? Was Jen stroking his "porn-star" cock? Did she have it in her mouth? In her pussy?

I had to calm down or I'd have a heart attack. I decided to check in on Anna. She was asleep. I sat with her, just looking at her beautiful, angelic face. Sitting there in the dark, with just the faith glow of a night light, watching Anna sleep, it calmed me.

It made me think of Jen, not as the sexy girl in leopard print high heels who I sent off to see Cam, but as the devoted mother of our daughter. I started thinking of them as Jenny versus Jen. I'd forgotten that Jenny. But now the memories and feelings from that time came flooding back. I remembered how hot it was. I also remembered the pain. We almost lost

each other. We came this close to losing each other. Was I crazy? Why did I want this again?

I finally left Anna's room. I was holding my phone, not wanting to miss a text. Then one came in.

TinyDancer: I really have a free pass? R u sure?

I stared at my wife's text. I read it over and over. I was conflicted, but ….

Before I could change my mind, I sent a text.

Hunka: yes you have a free pass. I'm sure. Ily.

I waited for a text back. One heartbeat. Two. Three. Then there was a text.

TinyDancer: ily2 <heart emojins>

I was breathing hard. Now came the waiting. How long would it take? For Cam to fuck my wife? Probably they'd go to his apartment. Where did he live? How many times would they do it? And Allie said Cam had a good tongue. Would he go down on Jen first? Maybe make her cum? And then Jen would go down on him, make him cum in her mouth. Then they'd have to recover. Joke around, laugh, hug and kiss. Then they'd fuck. How many times? Once, twice?

I realized it could be hours before I'd see my wife again. In fact, given how she used to play with Scott, she might end up sleeping over at Cam's. Then I wouldn't see her until tomorrow morning. That was hours away. I

was desperate to see Jen again. I felt empty without her. I needed to hold her, kiss her. I needed her to be with me. I just needed my wife to be with me.

Then a text arrived.

TinyDancer: coming home. See you soon. Ily

I was shocked and relieved. Shocked because it had been less than 30 minutes since her last text. Relieved because I'd soon be holding my wife in my arms again.

When Jen got home she smiled at me and melted into my arms. "What happened?" I asked excitedly.

"Let's go upstairs," Jen said.

Upstairs, I looked at my wife. I studied her. With a smile she said "Are you wondering if I look freshly fucked?" My breath caught at her words. She heard it and her smile widened. "Well I'm not."

"What happened then?" I asked, desperate to know.

"Nothing," Jen said. "We talked. Flirted some. But nothing happened."

"But your text," I said, not understanding. Then I got it. "You were testing me," I said.

Jen gave me an apologetic smile. "I need to know if you're serious," she said. She began unbuttoning my shirt. "Let's get into bed baby."

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We were in bed, naked, on our sides and looking at each other. "So you were testing me," I said. "But did you want to fuck him?"

Jen gave a half laugh. Not a funny ha ha laugh, but a you don't understand me laugh. "I'm different now Mike," she said. "Before I was stupid. I did horrible things to you. I don't want to repeat those mistakes."

"I guess I don't understand," I said, looking questioning at her.

"You asked me if I want to fuck Cam. I'm answering you," Jen said. "I can't think about being with someone else until I know that's what you really want. It's like a switch in my head. Until I know for sure you want it, I can't even imagine being with someone else."

"I do want it," I told her. "I replied to your text. I told you I was sure."

"But how much did you hurt after sending it?" Jen asked, giving me a knowing look.

I looked back into her eyes, amazed at how well she knew me. "Okay, yes, it hurt," I said. "But that's part of my fantasy. The hurt, being jealous, it's like throwing gas on a fire for me. That's what I want. You say I'm the master of mixed signals. Being a cuckold means I'm always conflicted. It means it hurts. But that's part of it. It's what makes it so exciting. It's what I want."

Jen stared at me, like she was studying me, trying to figure out if I was telling the truth. Finally she said "It almost happened Mike. I almost fucked him. But I needed to talk to you first, to make sure."

"What happened?" I asked excitedly.

"I'll tell you, but do something for me first."

"What?"

"Go down on me," Jen said, running her fingertip across my lips.

Without hesitation I moved down her body and opened her legs. I ran my thumb up and down her slit. "You're so fucking wet," I said.

"Cam," Jen said breathlessly.

"He got you this way?"

"Yes."

I went down on her. I have to admit I tried to make her cum fast as opposed to drawing out her pleasure, as I wanted to get to her story. I didn't have to worry thought, because within moments she was cumming on my tongue.

Then I moved up her body and took her into my arms. It was my turn now. I pressed my naked body against hers and nuzzled her neck. "Just give me a second," she said, putting a hand to my chest and panting as she came down from her orgasm. After catching her breath, she said "okay I'll tell you now."

"Okay," I said anxiously. "What happened?"

"I went down to the keg room with him. After texting you, and you said you were sure," she said. "He lifted me on top of a keg and stepped in between my legs. He kissed me. This time I kissed him back."

"You did?" I said excitedly.

"He's such a good kisser Mike," Jen told me. "I was gonna play hard to get again. I don't know, maybe not, cause I did go to the keg room with him. But anyways, once he started kissing me I couldn't resist. Cam's such a good kisser. His lips are so soft, but he's forceful, he knows what he wants, he takes it."

"You like that in a man," I said.

"I do," Jen agreed. "So once he started kissing me I kissed him back. Then his hands were inside my blouse. He unsnapped my bra. He put his hands on my tits. His hands are really big, it felt like he was touching me everywhere. I think I almost came when he rubbed my nipples."

"Oh god Jen," I gasped. I was so excited I could barely breath. Jen put her hand around my hard cock but I stopped her from stroking me. "I don't want to cum yet," I told her.

"I'll just hold you, like this," she said, her hand wrapped around my shaft put barely holding it.

"Okay," I said, my heart pounding in my chest. "Tell me what happened next."

"Then Cam took my hand and put it on his cock," Jen said. "It was still in his pants and wasn't all the way hard yet, but it felt so big. I mean, freaking big Mike. Huge."

"Longer than Scott?" I excitedly asked. "Thicker than Joe?"

"I don't know. He was still in his pants."

"You didn't take it out?" I asked.

Jen shook her head no. "I couldn't," she said. "Not until I talked to you."

"Okay – then what happened?"

"Cam unbuttoned my jeans," Jen said. "He put his hand into my pants."

"Oh god," I gasped. "He touch your pussy?"

"He did," Jen said. "He put a finger inside me."

“Oh god Jen!” I groaned, and then I was cumming in her hand. She was barely touching me yet I was cumming in her hand. As soon as she realized I was cumming, she tightened her grip and rapidly stroked me, to give me pleasure rather than a ruined orgasm.

We were laying on our sides. I collapsed into her, my head on her chest under her chin, panting. She used a sheet to wipe off my cum, then she wrapped her arms around me and hugged me.

“So then what happened?” I asked her when my breathing was back to normal. “Did he make you cum?”

“No,” Jen said shaking her head. “That’s when I stopped him. I couldn’t go any farther. Not until I talked to you.”

“But you wanted to,” I said.

Jen shook her head again. “I wouldn’t fuck him, or go down on him, or let him go down on me, or cum with him,” she said. “Not until we talked.”

“I have to flip that switch in your head,” I said.

“Maybe it’s in my heart,” Jen said. “Or my soul. But yes. You have to flip it. I need to know you really want this.”

I was quiet for long moments. So long, that Jen said “Mike, tell me what you’re thinking.”

After another moment’s hesitation, I asked “Do you ever think about Scott?”

“No,” Jen said immediately. But it was too fast. She knew it, and she knew I knew it.

"Yeah, I think about him sometimes," she admitted in a soft voice. "I think about how stupid I was. How horrible I was to you. It won't be like that this time Mike. I'll make it good for you. It'll be good for both of us. I'll take care of you this time. I promise."

"Now it sounds like you're trying to convince me to flip the switch."

"I --," Jen began, but I stopped her.

"It's okay," I said with a kiss to her lips. "I want you to desire other men. If you're doing it just for me, it doesn't work." I kissed her again. Then I said "So yeah, I really mean it. Your free pass is real. I want this. I want to be a cuckold again."

"My cuckold," Jen said, love and affection in her soft voice. She tenderly kissed me.

"Your cuckold," I agreed, kissing her back.

"It's gonna hurt sometimes," Jen warn me.

"I want that," I said.

"I know," she said. "But if it ever hurts too much, tell me. If I ever cross the line, tell me."

"I will," I promised.

"So … okay," Jen said. She smiled at me and scratched my beard under my chin. I looked her. I had turned on the switch. It was real now.

"So when will you do it?" I asked her, an excited smile on my face.

"I don't know," Jen said, a mischievous smile coming to her beautiful face. "I could have Cam tomorrow but what fun is that? I want him to work for it."

I pulled back from Jen, intrigued. "It's a game to you," I said.

"Of course it is," Jen said, the grin still on her face. "I want Cam so hot for me he's begging to fuck me."

"I thought you're a bottom," I said.

"I am, but …," Jen said. "If a man wants me to be his, he has to fight for me."

"To be his?" I said.

"You know what I mean," Jen said, rubbing my arm. "Of course I'm really yours."

"Okay …," I said, uncertainly in my voice.

"Don't worry Mike, I'll take care of you," Jen promised again. "You just have to trust me."

"I do trust you baby," I said. I was hard again, and my erection was poking against her leg. Jen got on top of me and guided my cock into her. Then we hugged and kissed as we made love.

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Chapter 4

The next week I had to go on a business trip. I was traveling fairly often as we were rolling out the next version of Sapphire. Coincidentally, my parents were taking Anna to Disney World, so Jen would have the whole week to herself. "I don't know what I'm going to do with myself," she lamented.

"You'll have a lot of time to work out with Cam," I said with a lustful grin. "And stop by his bar."

"Maybe I will," Jen said with a grin back at me. "But nothing's going to happen Mike. The first time it happens, I want you here."

"You have a free pass," I reminded her.

"I know that," Jen said, hugging me. "But the first time it happens, I want you here. It's important to me. To us."

Despite Jen's assurances, I had a hard time believing she wouldn't do something with Cam while I was gone. I mean, she was alone for an entire week. She saw Cam every day at the gym. They were hot for each other, and they almost fucked just the weekend before. How could something not happen?

On Tuesday, Jen told me she was going to Blake and Stephanie's for dinner. They knew both me and Anna were away and didn't want Jen to be lonely at home. I fumed that Jen would be with Blake without me there. Of course I knew nothing would happen since Stephanie and their kids would be there too. But it still got me agitated.

I truly despised Blake, and the fact that Jen seemed to like him made me hate him even more. I was especially worried now that Jen had a real free pass. What if she wanted to fuck Blake? Just the idea enraged me. I knew it would never happen of course, because Stephanie was one of Jen's best friends. But still the idea enraged me. I couldn't stand the thought of Blake putting his hands on my wife. Kissing her. Or worse of all, putting his dick inside her – becoming one with her. All this got me hot too. I masturbated, alone in my hotel room. As I stroked myself I fantasized about Jen with Cam. No way could I stomach the thought of Jen with Blake.

Later that night after Jen got home from dinner, we spoke on the phone. "How was Blake?" I asked. "He look down your blouse?"

"No," Jen said with a laugh. "He was a perfect gentleman."

"What shoes did you wear to dinner?" I asked.

"What?" Jen said with another laugh.

"What shoes?" I repeated. "Did you wear high heels?" If she wore high heels to dinner for Blake I was going to lose it.

"Why would I wear high heels?" Jen said, the laugh still in her voice. "I wore my Mia flats. You know, the black ones. Mike are you okay?"

"Yes. Sorry. It was just a long day."

"So … do you want to hear something sexy?" Jen asked.

"Yes," I said, my ears suddenly perking up.

"I shaved myself," Jen told me.

"You did?"

"I did," she said. "I'm bare again."

"Completely bare? Not even a landing strip?"

"Nope. All gone. Completely bare."

"How will I be able to tell you're a natural blonde?" I joked.

"Ha ha. Well I think you know by now," Jen said with a laugh. "I forgot how sexy it feels being completely bare. I've already played with my little friend today." With a giggle she added "Twice." Her "little friend" was her little pink vibrator.

“So you’re my horney slut,” I joked.

“I am,” Jen said laughing again.

“Were you hot from shaving?” I asked. “Or seeing Cam today?”

“Well, that’s actually the sexy part,” Jen said, a teasing smile in her voice.

“What?”

“I shaved for Cam,” Jen told me. “He told me to.”

My heart was suddenly pounding, and my stomach was rolling over. I felt like I couldn’t breathe.

“Mike? Are you there?”

“Yes, I’m here,” I managed to say.

“So, yeah, I did it for Cam,” Jen said. “It was a dare.”

“A dare?” I asked.

“You know he fingered me?”

“Yes,” I said, my heart beating so hard it was pounding in my head.

“He felt my bush,” Jen said. “He said he liked his girls bared.”

“Oh god,” I moaned into the phone.

“Mike are you okay?”

“I’m okay,” I managed to say through heavy breathing. “He said his girls?”

“Yes.”

"Are you one of his girls?"

"Ha ha. Well, not yet. Maybe soon …."

My gut clenched at Jen's words. My dick was so hard. "So keep going," I said.

"Well, anyways, that's when he dared me. To shave it off. For him."

"God," I said, moaning into the phone again. I was close to cumming and I wasn't even touching myself.

"So – did you dare him too?" I managed to say between pants.

"I did."

"What?"

"I dared him to wear a Speedo," Jen said.

"A Speedo?" I asked, not understanding.

"Mike are you playing with yourself? I want you to take out your cock and play with yourself."

"Okay," I said. I kicked off my pants. My cock was steel. I wrapped my hand around my shaft and slowly stroked myself. "Okay, I'm doing it."

"So anyways, on Wednesdays we swim," Jen explained. "After lifting. I dared Cam to wear a Speedo. So I can see how big he is."

"Oh god Jen," I moaned into the phone. I was slowly stroking myself. I was close to cumming.

"Want me to send you a picture tomorrow?"

"Yes please!" I begged. Jen giggled.

"Want to know something else?"

"What?"

"Steph was over this afternoon," Jen said. "She needed rosemary for dinner, so I cut some from our garden."

"Okay …," I said.

"I told her what I did. That now I was completely shaved. And she probably told Blake. So while we were talking and eating, Blake knew I had a shaved pussy. And he knew before you. You're the third man to know. After Cam and Blake. What do you think about that Mike?"

"Jen …," I moaned. I was edging myself, trying to keep from cumming, but I was so close.

"I need to tell you something else," Jen said.

"What?" I said. This was all so much I felt like I was going to have a heart attack.

"I wore a skirt tonight," she said. "No high heels, but a skirt. You know, the tan one? You know the one I'm talking about Mike?"

"Yes, I know," I said. I knew it well. It wasn't tight, but it was short. Jen didn't wear micro-minis anymore; they weren't part of her "mommy" wardrobe. The tan skirt was about the shortest she wore, hitting about mid-thigh.

"I didn't wear panties tonight Mike," Jen told me. "Blake did everything he could to look up my skirt. One time when he was sitting across from me, I let me legs open when I was turning around to talk to Steph. I'm pretty

sure Blake got a good look up my legs. So what do you think about that Mike? Blake's seen my bare pussy, and you haven't."

"Ugh God!" I cried as I came. I came so hard a jet of sperm hit my chest just below my chin.

Jen giggled over the phone. "Goodnight baby," she said. "I hope you have a good sleep."

"Jen, did all that really happen?" I asked.

"Yes baby, it all happened," Jen said.

"Jen baby," I said. "You're the most amazing girl in the world! I love you so much! I adore you!"

Jen giggled, clearly pleased by my words. "I love you too Mike," she said, and I heard the love in her voice. "Goodnight baby."

****

I was on pins and needles the next day, waiting for the picture from Jen. I was so distracted a few people asked if I was feeling okay.

The text came around 1pm.

TinyDancer: No Anna or husband, so I'm hanging by the pool with my gym buddies.

There was a picture underneath. I opened it.

It was a group picture, Jen and her friends relaxing by the gym's outside pool. I focused in on Jen. Cam was next to her. He seemed always next to her. And Jen was close to him. She seemed to be leaning towards him, like

she was with him, as opposed to being a married girl who just happened to be next to Cam when the picture was taken.

My stomach churned, and my heart ached. Cuckold angst washed over me, caused by another man being in my wife's life. Caused by that other man being important to my wife.

I zoomed closer into Jen. My eyes went wide seeing the bikini she was wearing. It was hot pink, looking great against her tanned skin and blonde hair. But it wasn't the color that surprised me. The bikini was mostly string with just tiny triangles covering her breasts, pussy and ass. She used to wear bikinis like this with Scott. But those had been packed away a long time ago, when Jen got pregnant with Anna. Now she was wearing them again for Cam?

I zoomed closer on Jen. On her left hand. She wasn't wearing her engagement ring, but she was wearing her wedding ring. Just like I'd asked her. That made me feel better and calmed me down.

My phone pinged with another text.

TinyDancer: Is this even freaking real?

There was a picture attached and I opened it. It was a close up of Cam's mid-section. I saw he had turf covering his lower abdomen, what's called a Happy Trail. But it was Cam's Speedos that Jen was referring to. That is, what was in his Speedos.

The Speedos were like skin-tight biker shorts, going from his waist down to just above his knees. Outlined in the stretchy lycra was his cock. It looked huge, like a python traveling down his muscular thigh. And the man wasn't even hard. Allie was right, he did have a porn-star cock.

If it was me, I'd be embarrassed to be wearing the Speedos. I mean, everyone could see his package, there was no way to hide it (other than

using a towel). But then, maybe Cam wanted everyone to see. Maybe if I was big like him, I'd want people to see it too. Especially girls. Especially pretty girls like my wife.

I send Jen a text.

Hunka: Do you have time to talk?

TinyDancer: I always have time to talk to you baby

A moment later my cell rang. It was Jen. "Hey baby," she said. There was a smile in her voice. "Like the pictures?"

"I don't remember seeing that bikini," I said.

"It's new," Jen said. "My old ones don't fit." That made sense. Pregnancy had blessed Jen with more curves. Now she had breasts that were a cup size bigger, and more curvy hips and ass. She was still petite and slim, but that made the extra curves more noticeable.

"I like your new curves," I told her.

"Aw, thanks baby," she said.

"Having fun?" I asked.

"So much fun," she said.

"You sound tired."

"A little," she said. "Cam worked me hard."

"He worked you hard?" I asked, my cock twitching.

"Our workout," Jen explained. "We worked on abs today."

I was silent as I processed her words. It was more than just spotting now. They were working out together. Another man was my wife's workout partner. In a way, it would be better if they just did it, and they became fuck buddies. But they were more than that. They were friends, workout partners. So when they eventually did have sex, it would be more than sex. Jen would have a relationship with Cam. Again I felt the familiar emptiness and desperation that went along with being a cuckold. My cock was steel in my pants.

"Your friends look nice," I said, needing to change the subject.

"They're super nice," Jen agreed.

"I'd like to meet them someday," I said.

Jen hesitated, then said "… are you sure?"

I didn't understand her answer. She didn't want me to meet them? Then I got it. "People know you're a thing?" I said.

"We're not a thing," Jen said. "I'll never be a thing with Cam. I'm a thing with you."

I found her answer both a relief, and deflating. I said, "You know what I mean."

"I do."

"So people know?"

"People think I'm fucking Cam," Jen said. "I'm not. You know that. But it still might be uncomfortable for you to hang with us. You know?"

"Because you'll soon be Cam's lover. Right?"

“Baby … are you telling me to stop?”

“No.”

“You sound like the king of mixed signals again,” Jen said.

“I don’t mean to,” I said.

“Okay …”

“We could play that game, where I’m your old college friend,” I suggested.

“Can’t,” Jen said. “They know what you look like.”

“They do?”

“Mike … Facebook.”

“Oh, yeah. So where’s Cam?”

“Right now? Here’s over there. Looking at me talking to you.”

“He knows you’re talking to me?”

“Yes,” Jen said. “I told him you texted me. And you wanted me to call you. He looks jealous. But then he’s only 25.”

“Do you get jealous when he talks to other girls?”

“No,” Jen said. “But I might, once I start fucking him. You know how sex changes things.”

I laughed. “I can’t believe the conversations we have,” I said. “I like them though. They’re exciting.”

"I think so too," Jen said, a smile in her voice.

"Thank you for wearing you wedding ring," I said.

"Mike, you don't have to thank me," Jen said. "Anyways, I think Cam likes it."

"You wearing your wedding ring? Why?"

"Because that's his thing," Jen said. "He likes married girls."

I shuddered with a wave of cuckold lust. "What'd Cam think of your new bikini?" I asked.

"Oh, he loves it," Jen said with a grin in her voice. "I told him I bought it for him."

My heart lurched. "Did you really?" I asked.

"Well, I mean, things aren't black and white Mike," Jen said. "You have to remember that. I needed a new bathing suit anyway, so I bought it for me. But I also bought it for Cam. Does that make sense?"

"Yes, I guess," I said, feeling jealous and ignored. "So, sorry for being so pathetic, but was any part of buying that bikini for me?" I wasn't mad, so I kept anger out of my voice. I just wanted to know.

"Mike," Jen began. "First, nothing you do or say will ever be pathetic with me, so stop even thinking that. Second, I belong to you, so even though Cam might get to enjoy it, the bikini's really all for you."

"Okay …," I said. Jen's words made me feel a little better but I wasn't entirely convinced. I let it go though. Part of being a cuckold means sometimes another man takes precedence in your wife's life. Jen's knew bikini was an example of that.

I didn't want to turn the conversation negative. So I forced a grin and said "That Speedo he's wearing …."

"Yes. It's really something huh?" Jen said with an excited smile in her voice. "I don't usually go for that look but he's got the abs and thighs for it."

"But his cock," I said. "He's huge. How will you get that inside you?"

"I have no idea," Jen said with another giggle. With a grin in her voice, she added "But I'm excited to try." She giggled again, then she said "Want to hear something sexy?"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"We were alone when Cam first saw me in the bikini. We were in this hallway between the locker rooms and pool," Jen said. "He said he needed to check if I did the dare. So he put a finger in my bottoms and pulled so he could see my pussy."

"You let him do that?" I said excitedly.

"I did," Jen said, a grin in her voice. "He looked down into my bottoms – he took a long look Mike -- and I said satisfied now? He told me he wasn't. He said I had to take off the bottoms so he could make sure I was completely shaved."

"Did you?" I asked, my heart pounding in my chest.

"No Mike," Jen said with a laugh. "I pushed his hand away and told Cam he better be satisfied because that was the most he'd ever get to see me. I showed him my wedding ring again and told him I was married. You want to know what he said then?"

"What?"

"Are you sure?" Jen said. "You're probably going to be mad at Allie."

"Allie?" I said, not understanding.

"Cam took my hand and put it on his cock," Jen said. "You know, over the Speedos. He said 'I know your husband has a pencil dick. I know you want my big cock. So tease all you want Jen. You and I both know I'm gonna be seeing a lot more than I just saw. You're gonna take off all your clothes and you'll be screaming my name as you cum on my cock.'"

I found myself unable to speak. I felt lightheaded. Some cucks don't like the humiliation. I do, I really get off on it. But it's still hard to hear. "Mike, are you there?" Jen asked.

"How does he know my dick's small?" I asked.

"That's what I meant," she said. "Allie told him."

"Allie told him?" I asked incredulously. "Why'd she tell him?"

"I don't know, I haven't had a chance to call her," Jen said. "But Allie said Cam talked about me the night they hooked up."

I silently nodded, as Allie told me the same thing. I must have been quiet for a long time because Jen said again, "Mike are you there? Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm here," I managed to say. "I'm fine."

"Is this getting you hot?"

"Yes. Too hot actually," I said. I added a laugh to help myself calm down. "So, when are you gonna finally do it with Cam? Tonight?"

"Not tonight," Jen said. "Not this week. I told you Mike. I want you home when it happens." When I didn't answer she said "You don't believe me." There was a frown in her voice.

"I do," I said. "It's just … I can tell you're into him, and he's into you. And you wouldn't have waited before."

"I'm not the same girl as before," Jen insisted.

"You shaved yourself for him Jen," I said. "You bought a bikini for him. It's gonna happen, right?"

"It'll happen when the time is right," Jen said. "When you're at home. So we can be together after. That's important Mike."

"I know …." I said. "I know Jen. I know."

We were silent for a few moments. "So anyways …," she began. "I'm thinking about seeing Cam at the bar tonight."

"Okay …," I said.

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

"No," I said. "I want you to go."

"I'll call you after," Jen said. "Will you be up?"

"You know I'll be up," I said. We both laughed at my double entendre.

"I better get back," she said.

"Yeah, okay," I said. Once again my heart was in my throat as I thought about my wife returning to her new man. "I love you Jen," I said, with more emotion than I intended.

"I love you too Mike," Jen said. There was emotion in her voice too. But also, she was rushed, like she wanted to get back to her new flame. Her hurriedness for another man both wrenched my heart and made my cock jerk. We hung up. Jen went back to Cam, and me back to work. I knew I wouldn't be able to concentrate. It was going to be a long afternoon.

****

It was the waiting that I hated. I checked my phone constantly. I watched the clock like waiting for water to boil. The waiting was agony. But it was exquisite agony. My dick was steel in my pants. It made me wonder (for not the first time) how much being a cuckold was grounded in masochism.

Around 10pm I got a text from Jen. I paused for a moment to consider the time. It was 10pm. I'd last heard from her at 1pm, when she was at the pool with Cam. That was 9 hours. Had my wife been with that other man for all that time? The prospect sent shudders through me, but also tore through my gut too.

I finally opened the text.

TinyDancer: how do we look?

A picture was attached. I opened it. It was a group shot. As before at the pool, Jen was next to Cam. I focused first on Cam. In the pool shot, he was sitting down. But here he was standing up along with everyone else.

Now I saw he was tall in addition to being muscular. He towered over Jen. With his tall stature, barrel chest and thick arms, he was a mountain of a man. He looked like a football defensive end. Or maybe Thor from the Avengers movie, except instead of being fair with golden locks, he was dark complexioned with thick black hair (and taller).

My eyes turned to my wife. My eyes bulged out as I looked at her. She wore tiny jean shorts. They were so short you could see the white fabric of the pockets. On top she wore a tank top. It was like the tank she wore at

the neighborhood party, as you could see the straps of her bra at her shoulders, although this tank hugged her body whereas the one from the neighborhood party hug loose on her.

I looked at Jen's feet. She was wearing red, strappy heels. They weren't too tall, maybe only 2 inch heels. But with the short shorts, they made her shapely legs look impossibly long. Jen had painted her toes red, the same color of the heels. She had really thought about this. I saw her fingernails were painted the same red.

I sent a text back.

Hunka: so you and cam are already we?

My heart was in my throat as I waited for her reply. I imagined she was laughing and talking with Cam and her other friends, the music loud, people partying all around them, and she would glance at her phone every now and then, and then toss a quick text back to me. Her text arrived a few moments later.

TinyDancer: we as in our whole group

I frowned at her answer. I knew she was teasing me.

Hunka: r those shorts new?

Jen responded a couple minutes later.

TinyDancer: sorta. I cut holey jeans.

I slowly nodded as I read her text. Jen had a lot of worn skinny jeans. She was often on her knees playing with Anna. Now though, I imagined my wife doing something else on her knees. Doing it for another man.

Hunka: I like them

This time her reply came immediately.

TinyDancer: aw thanks baby. Cam thinks so too.

I stopped breathing as I read her text. I immediately replied.

Hunka: has he tried something?

TinyDancer: tried … and succeeded. Lol. Gotta go. Cammy wants to dance.

I stared at her text. "Succeeded." What did that mean? Had he fucked her? Did she suck him off? And she was calling him "Cammy"? The memories of Jen calling Scott "Scotty" came back to me. The memories hit me like a pile of bricks, all the anxiety, jealousy and hurt flooding back.

I waited for Jen's next text. But it didn't come. Thirty minutes. An hour. I watched the clock. 10pm became 11. Then midnight. Almost 2 hours since her last text. I was going crazy. Frantic. I wasn't worried for her safety. After all, she was in the middle of a crowded suburban bar, and she was with friends. Jen knew better than to drive home drunk, not with uBers so easy to get. But still I was going crazy.

Around 1245am her text finally arrived.

TinyDancer: I'm home. R u still up?

I called her immediately. "Where have you been?!" I frantically asked.

"I'm sorry, I should have called," Jen said.

"You should have! Why didn't you when you left the bar?!" Champions in Verona was about 30 minutes from our house. She had more than enough time to call me.

"Cam drove me home," she told me. Her answer made my heart stop. Hearing my silence, she explained, "I was tipsy so he drove me."

"So … what happened?" I finally said. "It's been 3 hours since your last text. You were with him all that time?"

"I'm sorry. I lost track of time," Jen said, sounding regretful. "We were talking."

"For 3 hours? About what?"

"Did I tell you he blogs?" Jen asked.

"He's a blogger?" I said. "I thought he was a physical therapist."

"He is. And he tends bar. But he blogs too. He's a political blogger."

"A political blogger?" I repeated dumbly, still trying to catch up.

"I know, right?" Jen said with a grin in her voice. "He's Libertarian. I don't agree with everything he says, but at least he's open to other views. His blog's called Cam In Focus. You know, camera in focus? It's kinda weak. I told him I'd help with his marketing."

My head was spinning as Jen told me this. My wife was a political junkie. There was nothing she enjoyed more than to talk politics. She cared deeply about the issues, but also to her it was like sport. My mind flashed to an image of Jen sitting with Cam for hours, talking politics. It bothered me and made my stomach churn.

"Jen, what the fuck, you're talking politics with him?" I scoffed. "And you're going to help him with marketing? What are you, best friends now?"

I could almost hear Jen frowning at me. "No Mike, we're not best friends," she said patiently. "But I can't just fuck him. It can't just be physical. You know this is how I am. Cam's not my best friend – you're my best friend -- but he IS a friend. I need that if I'm gonna do this. You get that right?"

"I know," I said. "It's just …."

"It's just what baby?" Jen asked.

I hesitated, then said "… this is really happening. You're not just teasing me. This is really gonna happen."

"I thought you knew that. I thought you wanted that. Are you saying you don't want it to happen?"

"I do want it," I assured her. "It's just, after last time, I'm worried about where it'll end up."

"You have to trust me Mike," Jen told me.

"I do trust you," I insisted. I hesitated again, then said "You want this, don't you? You're not doing it for me. You want him."

"I do," Jen said honestly. "At this point I do. I've been seducing him for weeks --."

"More like you've been seducing each other," I pointed out.

"True," Jen said, and we both laughed. It helped to ease the tension.

"I do want Cam," Jen said. "But if you say stop I'll stop."

Jen's words – "I do want Cam" – reverberated through my head. As a cuck, there is nothing more exciting than to hear your wife express desire for another man. My dick was so hard it hurt.

"Maybe we need a safe word," I suggested, my throat dry from excitement.

"I thought about that," Jen said thoughtfully. "Stop isn't good. We might say that in the middle of something and not mean it. I think, if you want to

stop, just say you're taking my free pass back. If you say that, I'll know you really want to stop. And then I'll stop. I will Mike. I promise I'll stop. Do you believe me?"

I nodded and said "Yes, I believe you."

"Do you feel better now?" Jen asked.

"Yes," I said. I did feel better. "For me, a big part of the excitement is being out of control. But that's hard too sometimes. Knowing I can stop it if it gets too much, that helps a lot."

"I get it baby," Jen said soothingly. "You get off on the hurt, but you can only take so much."

"Yes," I said with a rapid nod of my head. I was happy she understood how my head worked.

"Tell me if the hurt gets too bad Mike. Okay?"

"I will," I promised her. Feeling reassured, I wanted to know what happened tonight. "So, all you did for 3 hours is talk?"

"Well, that's not all," Jen said with a giggle.

"You said he succeeded. With what?"

"You saw the shorts," Jen said, a smile in her voice. "I cut them too short. Half my ass was hanging out."

"So that was an accident?" I said with a grin, teasing her.

"Well, maybe not," Jen admitted with a giggle. "Cam liked the shorts. His hands were all over me."

"What about your friends?" I asked. "Do they know what's going on?"

“I’m sure they’re talking,” Jen said. “A married girl goes out without her husband, wearing those shorts, and people are gonna talk. And Cam’s a major player. I’m sure people think I’m his next conquest.”

“How does that make you feel?”

“Honestly? It turns me on people think I’m so slutty,” Jen admitted. “But it worries me too. This can’t get back home.”

“I don’t think anyone we know goes to Champions, or your gym,” I assured her.

“I don’t think so either,” Jen said, although I still heard concern in her voice. There wasn’t anything we could do about it though. Our game was exciting but it came with risks. In fact, the risks added to the excitement.

“So Cam felt you up. What else happened?” I asked excitedly.

“We were dancing, then he pulled me into the keg room,” Jen told me. “We made out.”

“You made out with him?”

“I did.”

“Did he get inside your bra again?”

“He did.”

“You let him?”

“I did.”

My heart was pounding. I was so hard I could barely breath. "Jen ..," I began, talking between between heavy pants. "Did you let him take off your shorts?"

"Not then," Jen said.

"Not then," I repeated. "But later?"

"Yes."

"Oh god," I moaned into the phone.

Hearing my labored breathing, Jen asked "Are you touching yourself Mike?"

"No, not yet," I said. "I don't want to cum yet."

"Okay."

"Are you touching yourself?" I asked her.

"A little," Jen said. She was breathing hard too. "My shorts are unbuttoned. I'm really wet Mike."

"From Cam?"

"Yes," she said.

"So keep going," I urged her.

"So I managed to hold him off," Jen said, continuing her story. "I told Cam we had to get back to the others. That's when I texted you. Then we danced, and after people bought shots. Tequila. Ugh, you know what tequila does to me. But I did 2, maybe 3. I felt sick and Cam offered to drive me home. That's when he got my shorts off."

"What? When?" I excitedly asked.

"In his car," Jen said. "We talked beside his car in the parking lot. I think he wanted to make sure I wouldn't get sick in his car. I felt better. We got into his car and made out again. He had my top and bra off. Then he said he wanted to see my shaved pussy, to make sure I really did the dare."

"He used that line at the pool," I reminded her.

"Yeah, well, this time it worked," Jen said.

"So you let him take off your shorts?"

"Yes," Jen said, nodding into the phone. "I helped him."

"Help him?"

"Well, I did it actually," Jen admitted. "He told me to take off my shorts. So I did. I pushed down my shorts and panties while he watched."

"Ugh, god, Jen …," I gasped. "You wanted him to see your body."

"Yes," Jen admitted. "I wanted Cam to see my body."

"So what happened?" I asked. "You were naked in his car. Did he fuck you?"

"He wanted to," Jen said.

"Did you want it too?"

Jen hesitated a moment, then admitted "… yes, I wanted to fuck him too Mike. I really wanted to. But I want you there when it happens. So I managed to hold him off. I got dressed again. Then he drove me home."

"But, when did you talk politics?" I asked, not understanding the timeline.

"At our house," Jen said.

"You let him into our house?" I said incredulously.

"No Mike," Jen said immediately. "Outside in his car. We drove to our house, then we talked outside in his car."

"How long?"

"I don't know … an hour maybe," Jen said. She hurriedly added "Don't worry. It was dark, and late. No one saw us together."

"So that's all you did?" I asked. "Just talk?"

"Yes," Jen said. "I mean, he tried to kiss me, but I told him no, this is where I live. I kissed him at the end, but it was just a second."

I didn't say anything, processing what Jen had told me. I guess I was quiet for too long, because she asked "Tell me what you're thinking Mike."

"… I guess I'm surprised you were able to hold off," I hesitantly said. "Before, you wouldn't have." I was talking about when we used to play the game with Scott. Jen got out of control then. Back then, that "Jenny" wouldn't have hesitated to open her legs for Cam in the keg room, or in his car parked outside our house.

"I'm a different girl now Mike," Jen said softly. "Yeah, I'm still a slut. But I've got you and Anna and I won't risk that."

"I like you've still got Jenny in you," I said with a grin. Jen giggled, sounding kinda embarrassed.

"It was exciting Mike," Jen said, giddiness in her voice. "Tonight, partying with everyone, dancing. Not just Cam. I danced with other guys too."

"So you had fun," I said.

“So much fun,” Jen said, a happy smile in her voice.

“You like being single again,” I said.

“No, not that,” Jen said thoughtfully. “I know I’m not single. I don’t want to be single. I want to be your wife and Anna’s mom. But I like the freedom. You know? I have you and Anna, I have our beautiful house, our perfect life, and I have freedom too. That’s what I like.” She paused, and then with emotion in her voice, she said “Thank you for giving me this freedom Mike.”

“You haven’t done anything yet,” I joked.

“I’ve actually done a lot,” Jen said back with a smile. I knew she was right. She’d kissed another man, let him touch and undress her, touched him back.

“You haven’t cum yet,” I said with a smile.

“I have, a lot actually,” Jen said with a giggle. “Not from Cam though.”

“Your hand?” I asked.

“And my little friend,” Jen said, the smile still in her voice. Her “little friend” was her pink vibrator.

“But not Cam though,” I said.

“No, and I’m going freaking out of my mind!” Jen said with a laugh. “At least I know he’s as frustrated as me. He calls me a cock tease. I guess I am.” We both laughed.

“Jen, you don’t have to wait,” I told her. “You have a free pass. You’re Anna-free. You could spend the next 3 days in bed fucking Cam.”

“Don’t tempt me,” Jen said.

“I’m trying to tempt you,” I told her, a lustful grin on my face.

“Mike, stop,” Jen said, frowning into the phone. “I told you. I’m not going to do it until you’re home. It’s important Mike. You have to trust me.”

“Okay,” I said, relenting. I was disappointed by her answer, but relieved too.

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Chapter 5

It was hard to concentrate the next day, knowing Jen was probably going to see Cam at the gym. Since she was Anna-free, maybe their workout might turn into a long lunch? Maybe drinks? And then, maybe, to Cam’s apartment for an evening of passionate sex?

Jen insisted she wanted to wait until I was home to get down and dirty with Cam. But I knew how things worked. Sometimes shit happened. Especially when 2 people were so intensely attracted to each other like Jen and Cam clearly were.

Let me just say, if Jen did hook up with Cam, it wouldn’t be cheating. At least not in my mind. After all, I gave her a free pass. I told her she didn’t have to wait. Jen was the one who wanted to wait, not me. So I’d be okay with it if she gave into temptation.

Having said that, the naughtiness of Jen “cheating” on me was a powerful aphrodisiac. I found myself hoping she would slip up and allow Cam to enjoy her tight body while I was away on business.

In fact, sometime between breakfast and lunch, I became obsessed with the idea. I wanted Jen to cheat on me. And more than that, I wanted to catch her cheating. I know that’s demented. But then, the whole cuckold fantasy’s demented, right?

So I worked extra hard that afternoon and managed to finish what I needed to finish. I was supposed to fly home the next day, Friday evening. But since I was done, I rushed to the airport to fly home today (Thursday evening).

After landing at Teterboro, I was beyond excited as I rushed to our house in Montclair. It's only about 20 minutes but it seemed to take forever.

When I got home though, I saw Jen's car in our driveway. There were no strange cars parked at our house. So Jen was home, and she was alone. I was disappointed, but a part of me was relieved too.

As I stepped into the house, I heard voices. Jen wasn't alone! She was with someone. I recognized the voice of the person she was with. It was our neighbor Blake!

Jen was with Blake! I hated Blake. She knew I hated Blake. Why was he here?

I was instantly jealous and angry. But curious too. So I quietly followed the sound of their voices. They were in the kitchen. From the angle of the hallway, I was able to see and hear them, without being seen.

They were facing each other, Blake leading against the sink, Jen against the island. They were a couple feet apart. She was wearing a loose blouse and skirt, and her feet were bare. The skirt showed off her pretty knees and shapely calves, but wasn't super short or tight. It was a typical "Jen" outfit, one she often wore when lounging around the house with Anna.

"So what do you focus on?" Blake asked.

"At the gym?" Jen said. "I don't know … they have a lot there. That's why I joined.
Verona's a hike from here, but they have lots of dance and yoga classes."

“I bet you look good in leotards and tights,” Blake said with a grin.

“Ha ha. Well, I lived in them in college. I minored in dance,” she said. As if to illustrate the point, she arched one of her bare feet, like a ballerina. Jen has the prettiest feet. Small and slim with an elegant arch, soft smooth skin, pretty little toes. Her toes were still painted the same red as yesterday. For a moment, my mind flashed to yesterday. Yesterday, Jen was naked in Cam’s car, with her fingers and toes painted that candy apple red. It was just yesterday! She’d been naked! And now she was alone with Blake, a man I despised. I couldn’t believe how fast things were going, and all the twists and turns.

“Yes, I heard that,” Blake said, looking at Jen’s feet. He raised his eyes from her feet to her legs. “You’ve got lovely legs,” he said admiringly.

“Well, thanks …,” Jen said, lowering her eyes and brushing a loose strand of blonde hair behind her ear. “Steph has nice legs too,” she said, referring to Blake’s wife.

“Yes she does,” Blake agreed. But he said it in an off-handed way, like he was obligated to say it because Steph was his wife. “So what do you hate the most?” he asked.

“Hate?”

“When you work out,” Blake explained, grinning at Jen. “What do you hate the most?”

“Probably abs,” Jen said with a shrug. “I can do yoga and lunges all day, but crunchies and leg lifts really kick my butt.”

Blake grinned and nodded at Jen, as if commiserating. “So let’s see it,” he said.

“What?”

"Your abs," Blake said, the grin still on his face. "Let's see if the crunchies are paying off."

I couldn't believe Blake! How dare he ask to see my wife's stomach! But then my breath caught when I saw Jen grip the bottom of her top and raise it, revealing her stomach to Blake's eyes. What the fuck?!

"Well?" Jen asked as she held up her blouse. She was holding her blouse up to just below her bra. She had a challenging grin on her beautiful face.

Blake didn't answer at once. He took his time studying Jen's sexy flat stomach. "Yes, I think the crunchies are working," he finally said. Then he took a step forward and boldly put his hand open palm on her stomach. I clenched my fists as Blake touched my wife's body. He said, "Very nice Jen."

My insides burned at seeing Blake's hand on Jen's sexy flat stomach. I knew what he was feeling. Her baby soft skin over a core of toned muscle. I was infuriated. I'd seen enough. I felt like rushing in and pounding Blake. But then I'd be revealing I'd been spying on them. So instead I walked back to the door. I opened it and loudly closed it. "Jen, are you home?" I said loudly towards the kitchen. I managed to keep my voice from shaking.

I walked to the kitchen. When I arrived, they were back in their original places, Blake leaning against the sink and Jen against the island, separated by a couple feet. They looked innocent, like nothing was amiss. Her blouse was back down. There was no evidence of what had just happened.

"Baby, you're home early!" Jen said, rushing to me. She kissed and hugged me.

I looked over at Blake. He looked irritated at my arrival, but then he forced a smile. "Well, I better get home," he said. "Thanks for dinner Jen. And welcome home Mike."

“What was he doing here?” I hissed as soon as Blake was gone. There were anger and jealousy in my voice.

“Calm down Mike,” Jen said with a soft hand to my chest. “I had them over for dinner. Blake helped me clean up while Steph took their kids home for bed.”

“Jen I saw his hands on you!” I hissed at her. “You pulled up your blouse! You let him touch you!”

Jen looked guilty at having been caught, but then she pursed her lips at me as she realized I’d been spying on her. She always pursed her lips when she was annoyed with something. “You came home early to spy on me?” she said, a look of disapproval on her face. Jen saw the guilt in my face. She studied me, like reading into my soul. “You were hoping to catch me with Cam,” she said. “That’s what you wanted. But now you’re mad cause I was with Blake.”

“Okay, you’re right,” I confessed, deciding that truth was the best option. “But you still haven’t explained why he was here.”

“I had them over for dinner cause I was lonely,” Jen explained. “Steph left with their kids, to get them to bed. Blake stayed to help me clean up.”

“Fuck the dishes! He stayed to flirt with you!” I accused.

“Yeah, okay, he did,” Jen admitted.

“You pulled up your blouse! You let him touched you!”

“Yes,” Jen admitted. She moved closer and put her hand on my chest. “Mike, it was harmless flirting. Okay, I admit, it went a little too far. But I have a free pass right? And you trust me, right?”

“What would’ve happened if I didn’t walk in?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” Jen said.

“Would you have kissed him?”

“I don’t know Mike.”

“How do you not know?!” I said with exasperation.

“I don’t know,” she said, a helpless look on her face. “I was just going with it.”

“So if Blake tried to kiss you, would you?”

“Would I what?” Jen said with a sly grin at me.

“Stop fucking with me!” I yelled. Then I was on her! I pulled her into the family room and threw her onto the sofa. I pushed up her skirt and yanked off her panties. Her panties were wet. Wet from Blake! I hurriedly kicked off my pants, and then I was inside her, fucking her. I fucked her hard! I smashed my lips against hers as I pounded her! I roughly groped her tits and I rammed her! I felt Jen cum, and then I came too, shooting my sperm into her!

Afterwards we lay tangled on the sofa, panting into the other’s face. Jen lightly scratched my beard, under my chin, and said “It’s okay if you spy on me. It kinda weirds me out, but I know that’s what you get out of this, watching. But you can’t get mad at what you see.”

“I don’t like seeing you with Blake,” I told her.

“I don’t get why you’re so jealous of him,” Jen said with a grin. “But it’s just harmless flirting. I admit I was hot from seeing Cam today. So when Blake came on to me, I just went with it.”

“So there’s a chance you would’ve kissed him if I hadn’t walked in?” I hissed at her.

"Mike stop," Jen said with a laugh. "You did walk in, so why does it matter?"

I frowned at my wife. It did matter, and she knew it. She was just dicking with me. I decided to put Blake aside for now. I wanted to hear about Cam.

"So you saw Cam?" I asked.

She nodded. "At the gym," she said.

I felt my cock stirring back to life. Jen felt it too, my cock hardening against her thigh. She reached down and cupped my cock. Since I was only half hard, she was able to easily cup my entire penis in her palm. "Tell me what happened," I said excitedly.

"He said we had to talk about last night," Jen said. "He thought I felt guilty about what happened." She hesitated, like she was thinking. Then she said "It's weird. I don't feel guilty, because you know what's happening, and I have a free pass. But … it's exciting to pretend I'm cheating on you. Is that terrible?"

"No," I assured her. I caressed the soft swell of her breast, making her shudder. "It's exciting to be bad."

"You and me, we're so demented," Jen said with a grin.

"We are," I said grinning back. Then we both laughed.

"So you talked?" I asked.

"We did," Jen said. "I pretended to feel guilty. I told him I was married. I loved you. Last night was a mistake."

"And what did he say?" I asked excitedly.

"He said you'll never find out," Jen said, looking into my eyes. "He said we'll be careful. He promised to never tell anyone. I believe him too. You know, he's never talked about his hookup with Allie."

"You know about his affair with Erin," I reminded her.

"Only from Erin," Jen said. "Cam's never mentioned it."

"I guess, if fucking married girls is your thing, you have to learn to be discreet," I said.

"Yeah, I guess," Jen said with a grin. I was hard now and she was stroking me.

"Can I ask you something?" I said.

"Yes," Jen said, still smiling at me. "You don't even have to make me drink truth serum."

I grinned back at her. Then I said "With Ronnie and Joe – was cheating part of the thrill?"

Jen's smile disappeared. We'd talked about it before, so she knew this excited me, but she always trended carefully when we talked about Ronnie and Joe. Especially Joe. "I think so," she hesitantly admitted. "When it was happening, I didn't think about it that way. But now, after thinking about it, yeah, it was part of it. You know, being bad?"

"Yes, I know," I said. I was breathing hard, thrilling from cuckold lust. I reached down. Her clit was hard and wet from arousal. I began stroking her, drawing circles around her clit, rubbing over it. She parted her pouty lips in a moan. "I like it when you're bad," I told her. "I miss it." Looking into her eyes, I pushed 2 fingers into her. Jen gasped at the sudden penetration.

“I miss it too!” Jen said between pants.

My eyes went wide hearing her say it. I guess I was still having a hard time believing it. That this was really happening again. I wanted it to happen again!

“I love it I have the hottest wife! I love it men look at you and want to fuck you!” I said excited. I want you to lose control! I want you to want it all the time, like before!” I was fingering her while she was stroking me. We were both getting off on this.

“I’m a mom now,” she said, her cheek against my shoulder. I felt her lips against my skin as I fingered her, I felt her heavy breathing against my skin.

“That makes it even hotter!” I told her, and she groaned with even more arousal. “You like that? Men wanting you even though you’re a mom? BECAUSE you’re a mom?”

“You’re gonna freaking make me cum!” she gasped. She wasn’t stroking me anymore. Now her nails were digging into my arms, her whole attention on her pussy as I got her off with my fingers.

“That’s what you want right?” I said tauntingly. “Even though you’re a mom, you want men to desire you! You want them to beat off to you! You wanna be a slut! A whore!”

“Oh fuck Mike!” Jen groaned, and then she was cumming. Her orgasm hit her hard, like an out-of-control train, her body jerking as she clung to my body.

“Wow,” she said as she panted into my chest. “Wow. That was intense.”

“Yes,” I agreed.

She looked up at me. “You haven’t cum yet,” she said.

“No, not yet,” I said. “But I’m close.”

Despite having just cum, there was still desire in her eyes. She affectionately stroked my cheek as she said “You’re my cuckold.”

I was surprised by her words. Even though Jen knows my cuckold fantasies, she rarely if ever calls me a cuck. When I didn’t answer, she said “It’s okay, I know.”

Then she gave me a sly, mischievous smile as she wrapped her hand around my cock. She stroked me up and down. “You know what?” she said with that mischievous smile on her pretty face.

“What?”

“Cam thinks you’re still in Chicago,” she said. “I told him you’re not coming home until tomorrow night.”

“You told him that?”

“I did,” Jen said as she continued to stroke me. Her touch was light, edging me along, keeping me right at the brink of cumming. “He wants to see me tomorrow. Before you get home. To talk more about what happened last night.”

“You think that’s all he wants?” I asked. “Just talk?”

“What do you think Mike?” she said with a duh! tone of voice. With a sly smile she said, “The last time he had me alone, I let him take off all my clothes. Except my heels. I still had my heels on.”

“Oh god Jen!” I gasped as I envisioned my wife in Cam’s car, completely naked except for her sexy high heels. I thrusted my hips up into her hand.

I wanted to cum. I needed to cum. But she kept her touch light, preventing me from climaxing.

"Patience Mike. Not yet," she said with a loving yet firm voice. She motioned next to me. "Pick up my phone. See if Cam texted me."

I picked up Jen's phone and opened the text app. There was a new text from Cam. "He wants to know if you want to go out tomorrow after working out."

"Tell him, last night was a mistake," Jen told me. When I hesitated, she said "Go ahead Mike. Pretend you're me. Text him." So I texted Cam, and he texted back immediately.

TinyDancer: Not a good idea. Last night was a mistake.

Cam: Please! You can't leave me like this!

I showed Jen Cam's text. Jen read the text and giggled. "He's so cute," she said with a smile in her voice. Her words were like a punch in the gut. My hard cock jerked too, but still she wouldn't let me cum. "What should I say Mike? If you were me, what would you say?"

I thought about it for a moment, then wrote a text. I showed it to Jen before sending. She read it and nodded, giving me the okay to send it. I asked "Is it true?'

"Yes Mike it's true," Jen said. "I won't let you send something that's not true."

I stared at Jen for a moment, my heart churning inside. Then I sent it. Again Cam immediately responded.

TinyDancer: It's not easy for me either

Cam: Then meet with me tomorrow!!!!

I wrote a reply before Jen asked. I showed it to her and she nodded again. I sent it, then showed her Cam's reply.

TinyDancer: I don't want to risk my marriage

Cam: Your husband will never find out. I promise I'll never say anything.

Reading his text, I was so excited my body was shaking. "Are you alright?" Jen asked me.

I nodded. I didn't say anything, not trusting my voice.

Jen told me, "Tell him ok, I'll meet with him. But tell him I won't have much time."

"My flight wasn't supposed to get in until 6," I managed to say.

"Yes, but I'd need time between Cam and you," Jen said. "To clean up. And feel normal again." She kissed my cheek and whispered into my ear, "I'm cheating on you, remember?"

I stared at my wife again. She knew what to do. She had cheated before. She knew what to do to avoid getting caught.

I wrote the text as Jen said. I was so excited my hands shook while I pressed the keys on the touchscreen. I sent it after Jen approved. I read Cam's reply, then showed it to her.

TinyDancer: Ok, I'll meet. But I won't have much time. I have to get home before Mike.

Cam: Let's skip the workout then. Come right to my apartment.

"He's a pushy bastard," I said as Jen read his text.

"Yes he is, just my type," she said with a giggle. "Tell him I don't want to miss my workout."

I sent Jen's text and together we read his reply.

Cam: Don't worry babe, I'll give you a workout.

Jen giggled at his reply. "You threw him a soft ball," I said with a frown. I felt jealous hearing my wife laughing at another man's jokes.

"I know, but I wanted to make sure he has a sense of humor," Jen said. "If I'm gonna do this I want it to be with someone I like. It won't always be sex. Sometimes we'll just be hanging."

"I get it," I said, my body still shaking with excitement.

Jen felt my body shaking and gave me a knowing smile. "It gets you hot," she said. "That it's not just sex."

"Yes," I said. "But it worries me too."

She kissed my cheek and said "Don't worry baby. I won't let it get like last time."

"I trust you," I said. Jen smiled hearing that.

"Are you ready to cum?" she asked me. She grinned when she saw me eagerly nodding my head. She tightened her grip on my shaft and stroked me harder. "Tomorrow I'm gonna cheat on you Mike," she told me.

"Yessss …," I moaned.

"Cam's gonna fuck me so good," Jen teased. "He's gonna make me scream. I'm gonna cum so hard on his cock. He's gonna make me curl my toes."

"Oh god Jen …" I moaned. And then I cried out as I came, lurching forward and shooting my jizz all over her hand and stomach.

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[The next morning]

Jen was already in her workout clothes as I got ready for work. She looked hot in yoga pants and a stretchy top. The top crisscrossed in the back, exposing her sexy toned back and leaving no doubt she was braless (although the top had one of those built in bras). Her hair was in a ponytail but she'd put on a little makeup and lipstick.

Jen was excited, even giddy, as she got ready. Seeing her that way and knowing it was due to another man, it was a punch in the gut. But as always, that jealousy and angst kept me constantly aroused.

Jen went into the bathroom to do one final check of how she looked. I took the opportunity to peek into her bag. She'd packed an outfit for after their workout. Skinny jeans and a slim top. She'd look great in it, but it wasn't over the top slutty. In fact it wasn't much different from outfits she wore everyday when she picked Anna up from school or went to the grocery store. What was different were the shoes in the bag. Shiny black high heels. And the lingerie. A sexy lace trimmed bra and matching thong. Also, she had packed makeup and a hair dryer. She was definitely planning to doll herself up for Cam.

"Are you late for work?" Jen asked me, putting a hand on my chest. "Can you run an errand for me?"

"I can be late," I assured her. "What do you need?"

She moved close so her lips were almost touching my ear, not wanting Anna to hear. "Mike, I need condoms," she whispered.

I felt the color drain from my face and my heart start to pound. I stared at her. I nodded, then drove to the drug store. My head was spinning as I drove. This was really going to happen. Jen wasn't just teasing me. She was really going to fuck another man. This was really happening.

You might think it strange for me to think this, given what we'd done in the past. But that's the point. All that happened in the past. For the past 3 years, we'd been so normal. Jen had been so normal. Just a faithful wife and a loving mother. Seeing her change so fast, back to the way she used to be, it was thrilling but also got me off balance. I was still trying to catch up with everything.

I returned about 30 minutes later. Jen was waiting for me. "Thanks baby," she said as she took the condoms from me. She looked at the label and seemed to approve the size. XL. She stuffed the box into her purse.

I looked at my wife. In the workout outfit, she looked like any other mom. An incredibly pretty and hot mom, but still a mom. It was hard to believe she was going out to fuck another man. It was hard to believe that within a couple hours, another man's cock was going to be inside her.

Suddenly I needed to reaffirm my position in her life. I grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to me. "I want you to do this," I told her. "But remember. You belong to me."

"Of course I belong to you baby," Jen said, wrapping her arms around me. We hugged. Finally we pulled apart.

She gave me a teasing smile as we were about to part. "Just think Mike," she said, looking into my eyes. "When you see me next, I'll have been with another man." I almost came right there on the spot.

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I couldn't think about anything but Jen while at work. Finally I gave up and took an early train home.

The house was empty. Jen wasn't home yet. It made me excited but anxious too. It'd been hours. She was still with him?

Finally I heard the garage door open. Jen was pulling in. That surprised me. Our garage was cluttered so we rarely parked there. Why wasn't she parking on our driveway, as she normally did?

I watched the door open. Then Jen stepped in. She saw me and smiled. But it was a tired smile. She looked exhausted.

I went to her immediately and she practically collapsed into my arms. "Are you okay?" I said worriedly.

"I'm so okay," Jen assured me with a smile. She hugged me, but I could tell she was exhausted. I helped her upstairs, to our bedroom. She could barely walk. I ended up carrying her the rest of the way to our bed.

"So you did it?" I asked as I sat next to her on the bed.

"I did," she said.

I felt the world crash down on me. My head spun and my knees felt weak. She had really done it. She let another man fuck her. It was hard to believe we were doing this again. I had to get used to my wife not being all mine again. I wanted it, it thrilled me, yet it terrified me too, it tore at my heart.

Somehow I managed not to show the turmoil that was churning through my insides. “So you had fun?” I asked.

“So much fun,” Jen said smiling at me. Her words were a sword into my heart. Not just fun. So much fun.

“Why’d you park in the garage?” I asked. It was a minor point, but I was curious.

“I didn’t want anyone to see me like this,” she said.

I nodded. I understood then. Jen didn’t want our neighbors seeing her do the walk of shame. Her hair and makeup were messed up, she was flushed and could barely walk. In other words, she looked freshly fucked. Our neighbors probably wouldn’t jump to that conclusion, as they knew Jen as my faithful and loving wife, Anna’s devoted mother, a church going girl who helped organize neighborhood yard sales. But why risk it?

“You look bulldozed,” I joked, referring to how Jen described Allie after her one-night stand with Cam.

“I feel bulldozed,” Jen said with a grin back at me.

“So Cam’s good?” I asked.

“Cam’s freaking awesome,” Jen gushed with a delighted sparkle in her voice and eyes. Another sword to my heart. “Freaking” awesome. And the way she glowed. Not because of me, but because of another man.

I helped Jen undress, taking off her top and skirt. She was naked underneath. “My underwear’s in my bag,” she explained. I nodded. She was bare footed too. I assumed her high heels were in the bag too. I took one of her feet and gently rubbed it. As I did, I looked over my wife’s body, inspecting what Cam did to her. She looked exactly the same, like nothing had happened. I looked questioning at her and she said “I told Cam not to leave marks.”

I stared at her. For some reason her answer really jolted me. Had she done that with Ronnie and Joe? Tell them not to leave marks, so I wouldn't discover her cheating? My heart was pounding. My cock was incredibly hard.

I put my hand on her thigh and gently parted her legs. I looked at her pussy. "Oh god Jen," I gasped. Her pussy looked ravaged. The lips were swollen and distended and gaping open. The skin above her pussy and inner thighs looked red and tender too. Everything looked sore and tender. I had never seen her like this. None of her other lovers had ever left her this way, not Scott, not even after she'd been fucked by multiple men. "Are you okay?" I asked, gently touching her slit.

Jen winced at my touch and squeezed her legs shut. I immediately felt resentment against Cam. He had done this to my wife. He had used her body, ruined her. And now, because of him, I wasn't able to touch her.

"I'm okay," Jen assured me. "Just give me a minute."

"So he was rough?" I asked.

"Oh god Mike, he was so physical," she said. I didn't understand. This was sex. Of course it was physical.

Jen read my thoughts. "The first time, there was no foreplay," she explained. "He got me on my hands and knees and fucked me from behind. There wasn't anything subtle about it. He just fucked me. It was like, I was just an object to get off."

"Did you like it?"

"I loved it!" Jen gushed. "Cam knew what he wanted, and he took it. He didn't ask my permission, or ask what I liked, or check if I was okay. He just took me. Then after, I thought it'd be different. You know, after all the lead up, of course he'd fuck me hard the first time. But then we'd kiss and

touch each other, so the second time would be more gentle. But it wasn't. As soon as he was hard again, he fucked me again. Really hard. Harder even than the first time. He held my hands over my head so I couldn't do anything. I just had to take it."

"So … you liked it?" I asked again. "Did you cum?"

"Mike I came so much I don't even know how many times," Jen said, her eyes big and excited as she relived the memory. "He's so good. I was screaming his name he made me cum so much."

"Jen …," I said. I was breathing hard and I gently stroked her leg. "That's really hot. But … you didn't kiss or touch each other?"

"No, we kissed," Jen said. "We kissed a lot." With a giggle she added "And I couldn't keep my hands off him. He's so freaking hot. I'm just saying, when the sex got really going, it was all physical."

I nodded. I was having trouble breathing, and I felt ready to explode. "Jen I need you right now," I said, taking off my pants. I got on top of her, between her legs. Despite my out-of-control lust, I was still gentle with her. I gently pushed into her pussy, feeling almost no resistance. Still she grimaced at the penetration but it didn't matter because I didn't last long. I came after a few strokes. Then I collapsed on top of her. Knowing she was raw though, I quickly pulled out and collapsed onto my back next to her.

As I panted, I thought about what she said. "We kissed a lot." It made me nauseated thinking about Jen kissing Cam. It always did whenever she kissed another man. For some reason, kissing tore at my gut more than fucking.

I felt Jen take my hand. She was on her side, looking at me. "Are you okay?" she asked me.

I nodded. "So we're really playing the game again," I said.

"We are," she said with a grin at me.

"Do you want to see him again?" I asked.

Jen snuggled into my arms. "Right now, I just want to be with you," she said.

It made me so happy to hear her say that. "I want that too," I said, holding her tight. Her soft hair was in my face and I could smell the vanilla strawberry of her shampoo, and her perfume. Yes, there were remnants of Cam on her too (masculine smells), but she smiled like my wife, and she felt like my wife. At that moment I needed her, I desperately needed her, so I hugged her tight. Jen hugged me back, and I can't tell you how good that felt. We stayed that way for a long time, just hugging each other.

****

The rest of the weekend was family time. Mom and dad came back with Anna the next day. The poor kid was exhausted from a week playing with Mickey Mouse and Cinderella at Disney World. She was recovered by Monday though. It was Labor Day, and Blake and Stephanie were having an end of summer pool party at their house.

Even though my attention was mostly focused on Anna and family time, I couldn't stop thinking about Jen and Cam. It was hard to believe my wife had fucked another man just a couple days ago. Jen told me they fucked 3 times, and she blew him another time. I was having a hard time getting my head around it. She had really done it! We were really playing the game again!

Part of the reason I was having a hard time coming to grips with it was the huge contrast between that slutty Jen – that "Jenny" -- and my sweet wife (my "Jen") who was talking to our neighbors as they watched the kids play in the pool. Jen acted normal, like Cam had never happened. I didn't know how she could do it, compartmentalize that way. Maybe she was thinking about Cam too. I doubted it though, not the way her eyes were completely glued on Anna as she splashed in the pool.

I watched as Jen pulled her phone out of her pocket of her shorts. The shorts weren't super short like the Daisy Dukes she'd worn the other day (and taken off in Cam's car), but they were still short and showed off her long, toned legs. They were snug too, and showed off her tight dancer's ass. Jen always kept her phone in her back pocket, and the denim was faded with a white outline of the phone. I stared at her ass, at that rectangle etched into her back pocket. For some reason, in that moment, that rectangle represented normalcy, it represented my sweet Jen. It wasn't the Jenny who came home bulldozed by Cam, her pussy ravaged and ruined, her body still tingling and flushed from the mind blowing orgasms he'd given her.

The kids' activities moved from the pool to a sprinkler in the yard. The sprinkler was one of those on a rubber neck, so it moved around on its own volition and sprayed water in unpredictable patterns. Even though the kids were already soaking wet, they loved getting splashed by the spray of the sprinkler.

Jen took off her blouse and shorts to play with the kids in the sprinkler. She wore a bikini underneath. It wasn't a string bikini like she wore at the gym pool with Cam and her other friends. But, even though it was more conservative, it still showed off her lovely, tight body.

Other parents played in the sprinkler in their bathing suits. I frowned when I saw that Blake was among them. I have to admit that Blake was in good shape. He was tall and lean. He wasn't overly muscular like a body builder, but he still had his swimmer's body. He was toned and his chest and arms were defined. Also, his stomach was hard. My frowned deepened as I looked at him. I was in decent shape, but it was hard finding time to work out working in the City with an hour plus commute on both sides. I wondered if Jen compared me to Blake, or to Cam. I knew the answer though; of course she did. How could she not? It made me feel anxious, and inadequate, and insecure. All those dark emotions.

As the parents played with the kids in the sprinkler, it seemed that Blake stayed planted next to Jen. My stomach churned as it seemed that Jen laughed and played with Blake as much as Anna with the sprinkler. My thoughts flashed to the other day, when I caught Jen flirting with Blake, and exposing her sexy stomach to him. Now she was flirting with Blake again. Why? She knew I didn't like the asshole. Why did she insist on spending so much time with him?

As kids do, they got tired of the sprinkler and ran back into the pool, splashing and squealing as they continued their Labor Day fun. The parents headed back to the pool with them. But Jen and Blake seemed to linger a few steps behind. It was only a few feet, but they were noticeably together, apart from everyone else. My gut wrenched at the sight.

I watched them talk. Blake seemed to be motioning to Jen's fifty five tat under her left breast. The tattoo was small but still clearly visible under the cup of her bikini. Jen seemed to be explaining what the 55 meant. Surely she wasn't telling him the truth, that she inked herself with her former lover's initials. It would humiliate me if she told Blake that – that my wife was branded with the initials of the man who cuckolded me. It would especially humiliate me if she told Blake, who I despised. He would then know our secret and have something to hold over me. Surely Jen wouldn't do that to me, right?

I couldn't believe Jen was spending so much time with Blake. Surely the other neighbors would notice. I glanced around to see if anyone was looking. That's when I saw Stephanie, Blake's wife. But she wasn't looking at her husband with my wife. Instead, she was looking at me looking at her husband with my wife. She was intently looking at me. Our eyes locked for a moment. Then she turned away.

Later that night, when we were home, I didn't say much as we gave Anna a bath and put her down for the night. Jen noticed and asked me if I was okay. I muttered something and she didn't pursue it. After Anna was down though, she cornered me in our bedroom. "Okay Mike, tell me what's wrong," she said.

"What'd you tell Blake about the fifty five?" I said angrily.

A smile tugged at Jen's lips. She didn't answer immediately, so I demanded, "Tell me! I saw you talking about it!"

"I told him it's an Angel Number," Jen said. With a grin she said "You won't believe it. He knows all about Angel Numbers. He took a Zen class in college or something. You know what 55 means? I'm supposed to stay positive about new things, and break free from old constraints."

"So what's that supposed to me?" I spat out. "What? Blake is your new thing? And I'm your old constraint?"

"Mike, god," Jen said with a laugh. "You really hate Blake."

"You know I hate Blake!" I angrily said. "Why do you talk to him so much? Are you trying to make me jealous?"

"Well, not on purpose," Jen said, looking coy. "But I like when you're jealous."

"Why?" I angrily asked.

"It's your way of being possessive of me," Jen said.

Jen's answer stopped me in my tracks. I understood immediately. A husband was supposed to be possessive of his wife. Yet, I let her, encouraged her, to sleep with other men. So getting jealous was my way of being possessive. I remembered how she used to encourage me to date other girls, like Bitsy. It was a free pass I didn't want, because I wanted Jen to be possessive of me. I remembered how much it bothered me back then. I didn't want other girls, my fantasy wasn't about that.

Suddenly my anger was gone. I was still confused though. Jen sensed it, and took my hands. "I was just talking to him Mike," she said, pressing her body against mine. "I like talking to him. He makes me laugh."

She kissed me, and I kissed her back. We fell back into the bed, hurriedly undressing each other. I moved down her body, to between her legs. Jen was moist. It enraged me that Blake might have got her that way. I attacked her pussy, and soon she was rolling her head back and forth and clutching at the sheets. I'm good at eating pussy and I used all my tricks. "Oh Mike god!" she cried as her orgasm hit. She was still shuddering from her orgasm when I got on top of her, ramming my hard cock into her. "God Mike you're so hard!" she said as I penetrated her. I fucked her hard. "Yeah Mike fuck me!" she cried. I don't have the biggest cock, but I know my wife's body, so I got her off again. Only after she came did I allow myself to cum, exploding in her body.

Afterwards, we held each other as we recovered from our orgasms. I didn't want to talk about Blake anymore, so I didn't. I wanted to talk about Cam. What Jen's plans were. But she had not mentioned him so I decided it wasn't the time. It'd been a long day in the sun and we were both tired. We fell asleep holding each other.

****

The next day was like any other day. I got ready for work while Jen made breakfast and got Anna ready for pre-school. Jen was dressed for the gym, in a bra top and yoga pants. I knew Cam would probably be at the gym too, but she didn't mention him or even seem to be thinking about him.

As I rode the train into the City, I wondered if Cam had been a one-time thing. Maybe after fucking him, Cam was out of her system. That's certainly how she had acted at breakfast. I waited for some sexy texts from her about Cam. She did text, but only normal things, like how Anna got a gold star for helping the teacher clean up, and could I stop at the grocery on the way home to pickup milk.

I felt like we were at another decision point. Another folk in the road. Should we stop playing the game now, or keep going? I remembered what Allie said. It was up to me. I could stop it now, take back Jen's free pass, or encourage her along.

When I walked into our house holding the milk container, Jen was making dinner (lasagna and a tossed salad). Anna was watching TV, humming along to Elmo on Sesame Street.

"Did you get the milk honey?" Jen asked as she chopped up fresh oregano.

I didn't answer. I looked at my wife. She was dressed in a simple top and loose skirt. Her hair was in a ponytail. She wasn't wearing any makeup. She was in her bare feet. She looked like my sweet wife, Anna's loving mother. Is this what I wanted? A faithful wife who was exclusively mine. Or did I want her to be "Jenny" too? Who opened her legs for other men. An insatiable slut who couldn't get enough cock.

Not hearing me answer, Jen stopped chopping and looked at me. "Mike baby – milk?" she said.

"Yes, here," I finally said, holding up the gallon of milk.

Jen gave me a nod of thanks. She asked, "Can you give Anna a sippy cup?"

I gave Anna milk and tried to play with her. But she was more interested in Elmo. Usually I'd turn off the TV and force her to do something without a screen, like play a board game or read a book. This time though, I used Elmo to have a few minutes of adult time with Jen.

"Hey," I said to Jen. I was behind her as she cut vegetables for the salad. I put my hands on her hips and kissed her neck.

"Hi baby," Jen said, distracted with her cooking. She turned her head and gave me a quick kiss over her shoulder.

"I want to tell you," I whispered into her ear. "Last Friday … that was so sexy. You and Cam. You're incredible. If you want to see him again, I'm okay with that."

Jen stopped salad making and turned to me. A mischievous grin was on her face. "Then you'll be happy," she whispered.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"I was with Cam today," she told me. "After the gym."

"Oh," I said dumbly. It felt like the floor had fallen out from under me, and I was in freefall.

"Last Friday, we didn't get a chance to do this," she whispered, running her fingertip across my lips. "After what Allie said, I had to try him. You know what?"

"What?" I said. I dreaded to hear what she was about to say.

"Cam's freaking awesome," Jen gushed in a hushed voice. "He's got a magic tongue. Just like you."

"That's all you did?" I sputtered. "Oral?"

"Oh no," Jen said with a giggle. "After that I fucked his brains out."

Anna took that moment to yell "Daddy!"

Jen glanced at our daughter, then back at me. "To be continued …," she said, the mischievous grin still on her pretty face.

I nodded. My head was still spinning, and it felt like someone was taking a chainsaw to my insides. I managed to pull it together though, and focus on my daughter as Jen finished making dinner.

We didn't have a chance to talk until Anna was asleep. "Why didn't you tell me?" I asked. I tried not to sound judgmental or angry.

"It just kinda happened," Jen said. "And then, once I picked up Anna from school, well, Anna happened, so I didn't get a chance."

"But you said you wanted to try him," I reminded her, referring to Cam's oral skills.

"Well I did," Jen said with a giggle. "But I didn't plan it in advance with Cam. It just happened. But it's more fun this way anyways, right?"

"More fun?"

"You know," Jen said. "Spontaneous."

"Yeah, I guess …."

Jen heard the uncertainty in my voice. "Are you mad at me?" she asked, looking concerned.

"No. You have a free pass," I told her, which was true. "It's just … I'm trying to get my head around you having a lover again."

"A lover," Jen said with a smile. "Yes, I guess I do," she said, looking off into the distance. We were silent for a few moments. I watched as my wife looked off into the distance. I knew she was thinking about Cam. Not me, or Anna. But another man. It was like a dagger to my heart. It fueled my erection too.

"You're thinking about him, right?" I said.

My words snapped Jen out of her reverie. "Oh sorry," she said, looking back at me.

"You were thinking about him," I said again. I wanted to hear her say it.

“Yes, sorry,” Jen said.

“You don’t have to apologize,” I said, moving on top of her. I pulled her panties down her long beautiful legs, then push up her white cotton nighty. My cock was so hard, it’d been steel all night long, and I needed her. I spread her legs and pushed into her.

“Fuck Mike you’re so freaking hard!” Jen gasped as I penetrated her.

“Are you sore?” I asked.

“Yes,” Jen said. “But it’s okay. You feel good baby.”

“You feel good too,” I moaned as I pushed all the way into my wife. Jen has the best feeling pussy. It feels like a velvet glove, incredibly soft and smooth. “You feel loose,” I said looking into her eyes.

“Cam’s a big boy,” Jen said, looking back into my eyes. “I still feel good though?”

“So fucking good,” I moaned as I slowly rocked back and forth. “He went down on you? He’s good at it?”

“Oh yes, he’s freaking good,” Jen said excitedly. “I came so hard on his tongue.”

“Is he better than me?” I asked.

“Not better,” Jen said. “Just different.”

“How different?”

“You know,” Jen said. “He does it different. He made me cum so hard. But you’re really good too Mike.”

My insides were churning as we talked, even as I fucked her. Cam had movie star looks and the body of a demi-god, he had a big cock and knew how to use it, and on top of that he was really good at eating pussy. How could I ever compete with him?

"Then after he ate you out, he fucked you?" I asked.

"No. I went down on him then."

"He came in your mouth?"

"Yes. Then I got him hard again," Jen said. "It didn't take long. He's young so he recovers fast. Then he fucked me."

"How many times?"

"Just once," Jen said. "I had to pick up Anna. I jumped into his shower. Then I went to pick up Anna."

I processed that. Jen showered at his apartment … I urgently kissed her neck, smelling her hair, smelling her skin. There were unfamiliar soap and shampoo there. I think it was Axe. Jen never used Axe. But she did in Cam's shower. My cock got even harder with cuckold lust. I was close to cumming.

"He fucked you good?" I asked. My words were labored, coming between gasps.

"So freaking good," Jen gushed.

"He made you cum again?"

Jen nodded. "Really hard," she said. "I was screaming his name."

"Screaming his name … and kissing him?"

"Oh yes," Jen said. "You know I love kissing. And Cam's an awesome kisser."

"Uh god Jen!" I groaned. I was on the brink of cumming. "Are you close?"

"Go ahead and cum baby," Jen told me.

"No, I want you to cum," I insisted.

Jen nodded. She slipped her hand between our bodies and rubbed her clit as I fucked her. I slowed my pace so I was barely moving, doing my best to hold off. I wasn't offended she needed her hand to get off. I was able to make her cum on my cock, but not this time, not when I was so close to shooting off because of cuckold lust.

Jen closed her eyes as she fingered herself. I knew she was thinking about Cam. That sent me over the edge. I couldn't stop myself. I suddenly pounded hard into her, over and over again, as I came inside her. Luckily she was close enough, as I felt her body shudder with her own orgasm.

I held Jen tight as we came down from our orgasms. She snuggled close against my chest. "So are you going to see Cam every day?" I asked her.

"Well, I see him most days at the gym," Jen replied. "But if you're asking am I going to fuck him every day, then no."

"Why? Afraid you'll fall in love with him?" I asked. I said it like a joke, but my heart was in my throat as I said it.

Jen got up on an elbow and looked at me. "I could never fall in love with Cam," she said. "He's too young. But anyways it wouldn't matter if he was my age. You're the only man I'll ever love. But … you're right too. I know myself. If I see Cam too much, I might get attached to him. I don't want to go there. I think I've learned something from last time."

"It's okay to have a crush on him," I told her.

Jen laughed. "God you're the king of mixed signals," she said, the laugh still in her voice. "Earlier when I told you I hooked up with Cam, you practically had a meltdown." When I began to object, she interrupted me and said "You tried to hide it but I could tell."

I gave her a sheepish smile, knowing I was busted. Jen smiled at me and affectionately scratched my beard under my chin. "I get you Mike," she said. "It's not just the sex. You get off on the emotions too. So you'll be happy to know, I AM crushing on Cam. That's why I can't see him every day. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. Talking like this was reassuring. But I was beginning to realize our game this time had limits. It was a relief, but also disappointing. Knowing ahead of time that Jen would only go so far with Cam, it took away some of the thrill. It's like knowing how the movie ends, where you know the hero wins. It takes away a lot of the tension and drama.

Jen seemed to read my thoughts. She grinned at me and said, "You want me to be a bad girl. And I want to be a bad girl. So don't worry. I'll push your cuckold buttons. You just have to trust me. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, smiling at her. I pulled her to me, and we hugged and kissed until we fell asleep.

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Chapter 6

The next day I was on pins and needles. Would Jen hook up again with Cam? Despite what she said, I thought she might. From playing the game before, I knew how insatiable she was. She could never resist Scott, and she seemed to have a similar sexual connection with Cam (at least now at the beginning).

But Jen didn't hook up with Cam, not the next day or anytime that week. She was true to her word. To tell you the truth, I was disappointed. It was

weird, but the more Jen resisted Cam, the more I wanted her to lose control and yank up her skirt whenever she saw him. At the same time, I knew if she did lose control and started spending a lot of time with him, I'd have a lot of angst and feel major heart ache. Jen called me the king of mixed signals, and I was all that. Even I didn't understand myself sometimes.

That's not to say Jen didn't think about Cam. She still saw him most days at the gym. And they texted a lot. More than once I saw Jen staring off into the distance, and I knew she was thinking about Cam. She seemed extra happy, giddy even. I understood why, I'd seen it before. Jen was at the start of a new relationship, and she was high on all the New Relationship Energy. Seeing her like this because of another man, it cut at my soul. But I loved it too. I loved it! The cuckold angst was so thrilling and delicious. I was horny all the time. Jen was too, and we had sex every night.

Friday night we were packing for our camping trip. We go every year at the end of summer. We've been doing it since having Anna, so this is our third year. We can already tell that she loves the outdoors and sports, just like her mother.

We go to Plattekill, about a 2 hour drive from our house. My parents go too, and so does my brother Joe. They (my parents and Joe) go mostly to be with Anna. So, the side benefit is, Jen and I get some alone time, because my parents and Joe are always happy to babysit Anna.

There's still awkwardness between me and Joe, because of his affair with Jen. After we got back together, Jen slept with him once, on his 20th birthday. She did it with my knowledge, and in fact I encouraged her. Joe's a cancer survivor, and at the time we weren't sure if he was going to make it. So it was kinda a special birthday present to him. Also, it gave Jen and Joe a chance for closure after their affair.

Since then though, we haven't repeated it. Soon after, Jen and I decided to start a family. She went off the pill and pretty fast got pregnant. Some

women enjoy the pregnancy experience. Not Jen. She got big time morning sickness, and she hated the way she gained so much weight. One time in her third trimester, I actually saw her cry as she looked at her naked body sideways in the mirror.

To Jen, her looks are a big part of her. She's always gotten special attention because of her looks, and even though she hates it, she loves and needs it too. She's a feminist and doesn't want to be defined by her looks, yet she wants to be pretty and if men ever stop looking at her she'll be really upset. I know this not because we've talked about it, but because I know my wife.

So anyway, there was no thought of playing the game while Jen was pregnant. And after Anna was born, we were so nervous and excited about being parents that all our attention and energies went into Anna. So we never talked about a repeat with Joe. I thought about it sometimes. I can't turn-off the cuckold inside me. It's like what Samanthasman says, it's a sexual orientation. But really, my thoughts and desires never coalesce around wanting Jen to be with Joe again. In the abstract, yes it was kinky and taboo and hot, but in the practical, there was no time to think about that when I was brain dead from lack of sleep and having to change poopy diapers.

As I was packing, Jen walked into our bedroom, her face in her phone. She was grinning and typing a text. Then her grin grew as she read the response.

I suspected she was texting with Cam. She had that NRE feel about her. I felt my dick stir, seeing her like that.

"Texting your boyfriend?" I asked.

"Cam's not my boyfriend," Jen said, finally looking up from her phone. "But yes, it's Cam."

"What's he saying?" I asked.

"He wants to get together this weekend," Jen said. With a grin she added "He's being really cute about it."

She handed me her phone and I looked at Cam's texts. They were more like pleas. A lot of "I can't wait to be inside you again" and "Your pussy tastes so sweet."

There were also "I need to see you again" and "I miss you so much." Cam's a big man, like an NFL D-lineman, yet he was sending heartfelt messages to my wife. Those texts got me harder than the ones about sex.

"Maybe you should put him out of his misery," I suggested, grinning at her.

"Um, have you forgotten we're going camping this weekend?" Jen said.

"There's tonight," I said.

"Mike we're getting up early tomorrow," Jen said dismissively.

I knew she was right. We wanted to hit the road tomorrow morning by oh-dark hundred to beat the weekend NYC traffic. So tonight wasn't good. I had a fleeting thought of a quickie at Plattekill. But even if Cam was willing to drive the 2 hours, how would Jen steal away? It wasn't just me and Anna after all. There were my parents and Joe too.

So that was that. Cam would have to wait. The next morning, we got up early and drove into the city. We picked up my brother Joe, who at 23 was now a grad student at NYU. Then we drove north to Plattekill. I chatted with Joe while Jen and Anna slept in the back seat. My parents were flying in and driving over separately.

We got to Plattekill and pitched our 2 big tents. One for me, Jen and Anna, and another for my parents and Joe. Then we got our first surprise of the weekend. My parents called. My dad was sick with the cold so they had to cancel.

It was a disappointment, but by then Anna was so excited and happy playing with Joe that she didn't really notice her missing grandparents. Joe is Anna's godfather, and she's close to him. It was a hot day, so Joe took Anna to the lake while Jen and I finished getting the camp ground set up.

After we were done, we changed into our bathing suits to join them at the lake. Jen wore a bikini. It wasn't like the barely anything string bikini she wore for Cam at the gym pool. Instead it was a more conservative "mom" bikini. But still, it showed off her slim toned body. As I looked at her, I knew I was lucky to have a wife with such a hot, tight body. I felt proud walking down to the lake with her. We were holding hands and walking close to each other, and she turned a lot of male heads in the campground as we walked by. Jen didn't seem to notice as she leaned into me and held my hand on our stroll down to the lake.

Joe and Anna were in the water, laughing and splashing around. They were at the edge of the water, so Anna was about knee-deep.

Jen was worried about Anna burning in the hot sun, so she waded over to them while I blew up a bright red Elmo float.

Out of the corner of my eye I watched as Jen put sun tan lotion on Anna's face. She was talking to Joe as she lathered up Anna. Then I watched as Jen half-jokingly rubbed lotion on Joe's face, neck and shoulders. She had a playful scowl on her pretty face, like she was chiding my brother for not using lotion. Then Joe grabbed the lotion from Jen and rubbed some on her neck and shoulders. Jen laughed as she tried to get the lotion back, and it quickly became a wrestling match between Jen and Joe, with Anna laughing and clapping to egg them on.

I turned away, not able to watch anymore. It was more than Anna who had a special connection with my younger brother. Jen did too. I mentioned there was still awkwardness between me and Joe. Sure, there was some awkwardness between Jen and Joe too, but not as much. They had been good friends before their affair, and they were still good friends.

And, at times like now, with them wrestling in the water, it reminded me that they had once been much more than friends.

It churned up a lot of things inside me when I saw them together. Of course there was hurt. I mean, my wife cheated on me, and not with just anyone, but with my brother. That's about as big a betrayal as you can get.

But there's lust too. I've thought about this a lot, and I'm pretty sure, if Jen's affair with Joe had happened while we were playing the game, I would have been all for it. The cuckold, taboo nature of it would have been too delicious to resist. Not only would I have been for it, I'm pretty sure I would have encouraged Jen to do it.

And finally, there were anxiety and uncertainty too. Sometimes I thought back to that time when we were divorce. Jen was still with Scott but she wasn't happy with him. Had Jen ever thought about seeking out Joe for comfort? I remembered that time when I found out Joe's cancer had returned. I rushed to the hospital, but when I got there Jen was already there. I only found out later that Joe had called her. He called my (at the time) ex-wife, even before calling me.

"Hey slowpoke, is Elmo ready?" Jen said behind me. I turned to look at her. She was smiling, her hair wet and her cheeks flushed from wrestling with Joe. At that moment I felt like a third wheel. I felt like Jen was having fun with Joe, and now she was here with me only out of obligation. I let the dark emotions roll through my body. It was like a wave, the cuckold angst, and it hurt, it pained my heart, but god it felt so delicious.

"Yeah, about ready," I managed to say.

"Okay, well hurry up, Anna's excited to play with him," Jen said, and then she turned back to the lake. She turned back to Joe.

Again the cuckold angst hit me. I was being dismissed. Jen wanted to get back to Joe. I was there only to get Anna's toys ready. This time the

cuckold angst wasn't so delicious. I felt neglected. Unwanted. Redundant. Was this how it was during her affair? She couldn't wait for me to go to work so she could join Joe in his bed?

I was lost in these dark thoughts when I heard Jen say "Hey baby." She was still there. I turned and she had the suntan lotion in her hand. She rubbed lotion on my face, neck and shoulders. "You're as bad as Joey," she said. "The sun's really hot today. You need a lot of this or you're gonna burn. Okay baby?"

"Okay," I said in a throaty voice.

I guess Jen heard something in my voice. Because she looked at me, like she was studying me. She saw I was aroused. But bothered too. She leaned into me and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. "I love you Mike," she said looking into my eyes. She kissed me again, and then took my hand. She said "I think Elmo's ready. Let's go play with Anna."

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Anna was asleep in our tent for her afternoon nap. Jen and Joe were outside relaxing in the shade provided by the tall trees. Joe was still in his bathing suit but Jen had changed. She was now wearing a tank top and terry cloth shorts. I loved the outfit. I loved the way her bra straps were exposed by the thin straps of the tank. The tank barely reached the shorts, so you got a peek of her sexy flat stomach whenever she moved. And the soft stretchy shorts perfectly showed off her tight ass and long taut legs.

The outfit was probably a little too revealing for the family oriented Plattekill. But Jen was proud of her body after working out so much. Even before joining the gym she'd lost the baby weight and been slim, but now she was super toned and tight as a drum. So I think she was showing off a little. Joe certainly appreciated it. I caught him stealing glances at Jen a few times.

I volunteered to go to Plattekill's little general store. We brought most of what we needed for dinner from home, but we liked buying dairy products there (milk and cheese) because they got it fresh each morning from local farmers. Halfway there though, I realized I'd forgotten my wallet. I went back for it. Jen and Joe hadn't moved from their lounge chairs, although now they were sipping beers. I couldn't help myself. After grabbing my wallet, I held back a little and listened to their conversation.

"Your hair's longer," Joe said to Jen.

"Yeah, I'm growing it out," Jen said. I'd noticed that too. Since giving birth, Jen had kept her hair at shoulder length. Now though, her hair was a few inches past her shoulders. Soon it would be bra strap length. That's where I preferred it. But I suspected she wasn't growing it longer for me. She was doing it for Cam.

"You look good too," Joe said, looking up and down Jen's body.

"Thanks," Jen said. I could tell she was pleased by Joe's compliment. "I've been working out more. I've got more time now, with Anna in pre-school. I found an awesome gym." I watched as Jen gave Joe a look over. She said, "You look good too Joey."

"I'm trying," Joe said with a modest shrug.

"No really, you look awesome," Jen gushed. She was right. Joe had lost a lot of weight and muscle mass during his chemo treatments. But that was long over, almost 3 years ago, and since then he'd managed to regain the weight and muscle. I had to admit my baby brother was ripped.

"Well, thanks," Joe said, looking a little shy. He'd always been shy around Jen. In addition to being beautiful and super hot, she was a decade older. He'd always had a crush on Jen, from the moment I first introduced her to mom and dad (and Joe). And, of course, they'd had an affair. I think all that contributed to his shyness, especially at times like this, when they were alone together.

They lapsed into silence and I was about to go, when Joe said "So, do you and Mike still play your game?"

"What?" Jen said with an awkward laugh. Joe looked at her, as if waiting for an answer. Finally she said "Joey I'm not talking about that."

"Why?"

"Because it's none of your freaking business," Jen said with impatience.

"Okay, sorry, I was just curious," Joe said, backing off.

"Well, stop being curious," Jen said, chastising him. At that moment Anna started crying. Screaming actually. She's always cranky after a nap.

"I'll get her," Joe offered, immediately getting up.

"Thanks," Jen said appreciatively. "Could you watch her for a while? I feel like a nap myself. Tell Mike when he gets back okay?"

I rushed to the market. When I got back, Joe was playing bubbles with Anna. "Jen's taking a nap," he told me. Seeing that Anna was happy and safe with my brother, I went into the tent. Jen wasn't asleep though. She was lying on the ground, on top of the inflatable mattress and looking at me, like she'd been waiting for me. "Look," she said, offering her phone to me.

I sat down next to her and looked at the phone. My eyes went wide. It was a picture of a dick. A very big dick.

"Cam's been texting me. Constantly," she said. I looked into her face. I saw she was aroused. She had a major cum face on.

I put my hand on her left breast. She was still dressed, but the tank top and bra underneath offered little resistance. I squeezed and massaged her

small breast and thumbed her nipple. Jen's eyelids fluttered, and her pouty lips parted in a soft moan. "You should've gone to see him last night," I told her. "Your body needs him."

I thumbed her nipple harder. Jen arched her back, clenching her teeth shut to stifle a moan since Joe and Anna were just outside. "Maybe," she said through heavy breathing.

I moved my lips to her. I kissed her, and she hungrily returned my kiss, thrusting her tongue into my mouth. My wife was on fire! Was it just because of Cam's sexting? Or was Joe part of it?

"Why didn't you tell Joe we were playing the game again?" I asked her between kisses.

"You heard that?" she asked.

"I hear everything. I'm Big Brother," I joked. Jen giggled but it was lost in our kissing.

"I don't know," Jen said as we kissed. "When Joey found out about Scott he got really upset."

"I thought you talked about that," I said, referring to her last hookup with Joe 3 years ago.

"No, not really," Jen said. "It was over so we didn't have to talk about it."

"So why'd he ask today?" I asked.

"I think, maybe because he senses something," Jen mused.

"Senses something?"

"Yeah … like I'm Jenny again."

I stopped kissing Jen and rose up on my elbow to look at her. "How would he know that?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jen said. "I'm just guessing."

I paused, processing what she was saying. I remembered their rowdy play at the edge of the lake. They often horse played around like that. Like I said, they were good friends. But maybe this time, Joe touched a little more of Jen's tight body than he normally did. And maybe this time, Jen let him. Because maybe once she starts playing the game again, she can't just turn it off. She's Jenny again. She's a bad girl. A nympho slut who can't get enough cock.

Lust suddenly inflamed me. I smashed my mouth against hers, kissing her again. I pushed my hand into her shorts and panties. She was soaking. I fingered her as I open mouth kissed her. Jen grinded against my fingers, thrashing on the air mattress, her moans luckily stifled by our locked lips. Jen clawed at my back, and then her body was jerking as she came.

"God … god …," she said between pants. "Thank you. I needed that."

My finger was still inside her. I pushed it in deeper. She winced because she was sensitive now. "Mike stop," she whined. But I kept my finger inside her.

"I know you. You need more than this," I hissed, pushing my finger into her. "You need a big cock. A really big cock."

Jen looked at me. She didn't say anything, but she looked at me. It was a wary, uncertain, questioning look. I knew what she was thinking -- was I suggesting she fuck Joe?

No, not Joe. I wasn't ready for that.

"Text Cam," I told her. "Tell him to come here."

I saw relief in Jen's face as she realized I wasn't talking about Joe. Relief and … something else? Disappointment maybe?

"Mike you're crazy," Jen said in a hushed voice. We still had to worry about Anna and Joe on the other side of the tent.

"It's only a couple hours," I said.

"I'm not talking about the drive," Jen whispered. "I'm talking about Anna. And Joey."

"Joe can help me with Anna. She won't miss you," I said. "And are you really worried what Joe thinks?"

"No, it doesn't matter what Joey thinks," she said, unconcerned. I was happy we agreed about that. We might care about Joe, Jen might care about him, but he didn't have the moral high ground to judge us. Not after what he'd done.

Jen thought about it for a moment. Then she gave in. She got her iPhone and I watched as she typed.

TinyDancer: Hey, you there?

Cam: I'm here thinking about you

TinyDancer: omg stop lying

Cam: I'm serious

TinyDancer: Well what do you think about camping?

Cam: I'll be right there!

TinyDancer: Ha ha. Calm down cowboy. Tomorrow.

Cam: another night of cold showers but okay

TinyDancer: poor baby -- we're at Plattekill

Cam: I know it – where in Plattekill?

TinyDancer: No you can't come to our site. My daughter and BIL are here.

Cam: hubby leave you home alone?

TinyDancer: He's here too dipshit!

Cam: Just kidding

TinyDancer: <smiley face> just set up someplace north of the general store. I'll come to you.

Cam: oh you will cum! On this -

Attached to Cam's text was another picture of his hard cock.

TinyDancer: omg! bring that with you tomorrow!

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As Jen was texting Cam, I was kissing her neck below her ear, and cupping and fondling one of her breasts.

When she was done texting Cam, she tossed her phone to the ground and turned her head to kiss me. "God between you and Cam I'm going freaking crazy!" she said breathlessly as we kissed. I needed relief and I pulled her

hand to my hard erection. Jen reached into my pants but just as she began stroking me, Anna called out to us. She was hungry and wanted dinner.

I leaned my forehead against Jen's shoulder. "Fuck," I whispered in frustration, and Jen giggled. There was nothing to do about it. We got up and fixed our clothes. Luckily my cargo shorts were baggy enough to mostly hide my erection. Then we moved out of the tent, ready to be parents again.

After dinner we sat around a big campfire. As often happens, people from tents nearby joined us. It became a potluck dinner party. Among the others were 3 guys in their early 40s. They were here for a guys' weekend of the outdoors and fishing. They looked like rugged outdoorsmen, but through conversation we found out they were lawyers in Brooklyn. They didn't bring any food but they offered 2 bottles of expensive bourbon to share. They were enthusiastically welcomed.

After dinner, I had Anna in my lap as we toasted marshmallows over the fire. Jen sat next to me with Joe on the other side of her. Jen had showered and was now wearing a halter top and denim skirt. Her hair was down and she wore a little lipstick. The top swooped in the back and you could see her sun and moon tattoo. It was also obvious she was braless.

She was easily the prettiest girl there, and many of the men around the campfire (especially the lawyers) snuck looks at her pretty face and tight body. They tried to look up her skirt as she sat on the log, and focused on her braless tits in the halter top. Jen's outfit was a little risqué for the family oriented Plattekill, just like the tank top and terry cloth shorts had been before. Not inappropriate, but definitely more revealing than her standard "mommy" outfits. It seemed to be that Jen was changing. We were playing the game and she had a lover again. She was changing. She was becoming Jenny again.

Jen pretended not to notice the men checking her out, although I knew she did. On the other side of her, Joe didn't say much and seemed to be in a bad mood.

After the smores, the parents began putting their kids down for the night. I went into the tent with Anna. I told Jen to stay by the fire and relax. Anna was instantly asleep; the sun and water had really tired her out. I stayed in the tent though for another 30 minutes. I wanted to see what might happen around the campfire.

When I finally came out, most of the people had gone back to their tents. But the 3 lawyers were still there, along with Jen and Joe. Joe was sitting by the fire; he hadn't moved and still looked grumpy. Jen was on the other side of the fire with the 3 lawyers. She was talking with them and drinking their bourbon. The way she was talking and laughing, I could tell she was getting tipsy.

I walked over to them and put my arm around my wife. Jen leaned into me and smiled at me. One of the lawyers gave me a stiff pour of bourbon. He re-filled Jen's red Solo cup too. She took a big gulp. I put my lips to her ear and whispered "You're gonna get drunk."

Jen grinned and whispered back "I kinda wanna get drunk."

I said "Is that Jen or Jenny talking?"

Jen continued to grin but didn't answer. She took another gulp of the bourbon. Smiling, she held the red Solo cup out to the lawyer. He smiled back and splashed more bourbon into her cup.

The lawyer pouring the bourbon was Alan. To be honest I can't remember the others' names. Jen spent most of her time talking to Alan. I knew why. He was tall, broad shouldered with a ruggedly handsome face. He was also charismatic and clearly the alpha among the 3 men. I found out later he was the top partner of their law firm, explaining why the 2 other men deferred to him.

At one point Jen stumbled over a loose branch. I moved to catch her but I was too far away. Alan caught her, and in the process he got a good feel

of her tight ass in the short skirt. Jen laughed at her clumsiness as she held onto his muscular arms for support. Jen and Alan continued their conversation like nothing had happened, but now he still had his hand on her lower back, just where her halter top met her skirt.

Joe seemed agitated as Jen flirted with Alan. And she was flirting with him, that was pretty obvious as she laughed at all his jokes and curled her hair around her finger while looking into his eyes. A few times he looked at me, as if expecting me to do something. But of course I wasn't going to do anything. I was letting things play out.

Alan and his friends went down to the lake to smoke a joint. Jen came over to me. "I feel like getting high," she said to me.

"Of course you do," I said grinning at her. "Go ahead. I'll stay here with Anna."

Jen looked into my eyes. She smiled at me and I smiled back at her. We both knew what was happening. We were playing the game again. It was fun. Exciting.

Jen turned back towards the 3 lawyers. She started towards them and then stopped. She turned to Joe. She asked, "Joey, you wanna come too?"

My insides jerked at the way she said it – "you wanna cum too?"

Joe seemed taken by it too. He didn't answer, hesitating. Then he got up and followed Jen.

Now I was the last one by the fire. I didn't know what was going to happen by the lake, especially with Joe there. I didn't know what Jen was going to do. She had a free pass. The only person I had absolutely vetoed was Scott. So what would Jen do, with Alan, with his friends, especially with Joe there?

I sipped the bourbon as I watched the flames. I thought about how a moth will fly into a flame, even though it means death. That's how I was. But for me it wasn't fire that attracted me; it was being a cuck. I couldn't stop what was going to happen by the lake. It wasn't in me to stop it. It wouldn't be entirely correct to say I wanted something to happen. I did, but I didn't. Does that make any sense at all? Being a cuck means you're always conflicted. But I'll say again, it wasn't in me to stop whatever was going to happen at the lake. My job was to stay by the fire, take care of Anna, and support Jen with whatever she decided to do.

The 2 lawyer friends came back first. They looked at me awkwardly, giving he an uncomfortable smile. Something had happened between Alan and Jen, and here I was, Jen's husband, doing nothing. Of course they felt awkward around me. Did they also feel – what? Pity for me? Contempt? The humiliation turned my cheeks red and tore into my soul. The 2 men went into their tent without saying anything to me. I was so hard in my shorts it hurt.

Then Joe came back. He sat on the log next to me, in front of the fire. "Where's Jen?" I asked.

"She's still at the lake, with Alan," Joe said. His eyes were downcast. He wasn't happy. "Go ahead if you want. I'll watch over Anna."

I looked at Joe for a moment. He didn't look at me. Shrugging, I got up and walked to the lake.

I stopped about 20 feet away, behind a cluster of bushes. I could see Jen and Alan clearly in the moonlight. I could hear them too. They were kissing. Open mouth, full tongue, passionately kissing. Alan had his hands on her ass, squeezing her tight cheeks. Jen's body was pressed against Alan's and she was raking her fingers through his dark curly hair.

I accidentally stepped on a branch. They heard it and quickly parted. Jen looked nervously around and fixed her skirt. "It's nothing, probably just a squirrel," Alan assured her.

"I better get back," Jen said.

"No, come on, do another hit with me first," Alan said as he lit up another joint. He inhaled and handed the joint to Jen. Jen inhaled, and she must've got too much smoke as she coughed.

"I'm out of practice," she joked with a laugh, referring to how we rarely smoked anymore. Wobbling on her feet, she added "And so fucking high."

Alan put his hands on her hips, to steady her. Then he pulled her to him. "No, come on Alan, my husband's right up there," she warned, pushing him away. But I noticed she didn't push very hard.

"He's watching your daughter, he won't leave her, you don't have anything to worry about," Alan said as he lowered his lips to Jen's. He kissed her, and Jen kissed him back. He moved a hand between them and cupped her breast. Jen groaned as he fondled her tit and thumbed her nipple through the thin material of the halter top.

Alan moved his other hand to behind her neck, to the knot of the halter top. "We can't," Jen weakly objected. But Alan ignored her. He pulled one of the straps, releasing the knot, and pulled the top down. Alan pulled away slightly and took a moment to look at my wife's naked breasts. "So beautiful," he said admiringly. Then his hands and mouth were on her naked breasts. Jen gasped and rolled her head back as he took a hard nipple between his lips and sucked. "Oh fuck," she moaned.

Alan dropped a hand to Jen's skirt. He found the zipper and pulled it down. He tugged the skirt down and it fell to Jen's feet. Then he reached into her thong. "You're so wet," he hissed into her ear as he kissed below her neck. Jen's body tensed and her back arched as he pushed a thick finger into her pussy.

Then abruptly Jen pulled away from him. "We cannot do this," she said, hurriedly pulling her skirt up and fixing her halter top. "My husband and daughter are right there."

"Come on, you can't leave me like this," Alan objected. His shorts were tented with his erection.

Jen hesitated, looking unsure. Alan moved closer. He put his hands on her shoulders. "Come on babe," he urged her. He pushed down on her shoulders. I saw Jen's cheeks flush.

"I'm freaking married Alan," Jen protested, putting her hand on his chest as if to ward him off. The diamonds of her engagement ring sparkled in the moonlight.

"Jen babe you can't leave me like this," Alan said again. "Your husband will never know." He pushed harder on her shoulders and Jen's pouty lips parted. She was breathing hard. Finally she let Alan push her down to her knees.

"We have to be fast," Jen said. "I've already been gone too long."

"Okay," Alan agreed. Although now with Jen down on her knees, he seemed to be in no hurry. He raked his fingers through her blonde hair, pulling it to the side so he could look into her beautiful face.

Jen worked on his shorts, unsnapping the button and pulling down the zipper. She reached in and took out his cock. He was steel hard. She stroked him for a few moments as she hungrily looked at his manhood. He was big, bigger than me, but not huge. Jen looked up into Alan's face for a moment. Then she took him into her mouth.

Alan didn't last long. Within moments he was about to cum. Suddenly he grabbed handfuls of Jen's blonde hair. He pushed his cock deep down her throat, then he was rolling his head back and moaning as he came. All the while he continued to hold Jen's head by her hair, preventing her from

pulling away. She had no choice but to swallow his cum. Jen gagged and her cheeks ballooned out as her mouth filled with Alan's ejaculation. Her throat muscles worked desperately to swallow it all.

Alan was panting as he let Jen's hair go and pulled out of her mouth. Jen immediately gasped for air. Her lips were wet with his juices. So was her chin. She grabbed the tails of Alan's shirt and wiped her face. Alan was still panting, coming down from his orgasm, so he didn't seem to notice.

Jen was panting too. She was still on her knees. Alan looked at her as she dressed. "Sorry if I was rough at the end," he told her.

"It's okay," Jen said. He offered his hand to help her up, but she shook her head. "Go ahead and go," she told him.

"I'll walk you back," Alan offered.

"It'll be better if he doesn't see us together," Jen said. "He" of course meant me.

Alan nodded. "Give me your number," he said.

"No," Jen told him flatly. It was clear she liked Alan enough for a quick fling in the woods but nothing more. "Now go. Please. I've already been gone too long."

Alan took a last long look at my beautiful wife. He looked disappointed that he couldn't get more of her. Then, he hurried back up the hill.

Jen was still on her knees, still breathing hard. It was like she was in shock, trying to come to grips with what had just happened. I watched as she took a small bottle from her purse. It was filled with green liquid. She opened it and swished some of the liquid in her mouth. It was mouthwash.

I felt dizzy as I watched her. My sweet wife carried mouthwash with her, because she never knew when she might go down on a stranger.

Jen whispered into the night, “Mike? Are you there?”

I moved out from the bushes. In moments I was next to her. “You just cheated on me,” I told her.

“I did,” Jen admitted. I looked at my cheating wife for long moments. Then I had her on the ground, her skirt up, her thong off, fucking her. We both came hard. Afterwards we kissed and laughed, the tension of what had happened draining from our bodies. Then we realized we were half naked and had already taken too many risks. We quickly dressed and scampered back to our tent.

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We passed Joe on the way to our tent. He was still sitting on the log and looking sullen. Jen didn’t say anything as she did the walk of shame. She kept her eyes down, not looking at him as she walked by.

“Thanks Joe,” I said as we passed him. Then we were inside our tent. We hurriedly undressed and got into our sleeping bag on the air mattress. We were still both super hot, but we had to be quiet because Anna was right next to us. Fortunately she was a deep sleeper, especially after a busy day like today.

“What did Joe see?” I whispered as we silently kissed.

“Nothing really,” Jen whispered back. “I think he was jealous I was talking so much to Alan.”

“You mean flirting,” I said.

“Okay, flirting,” Jen admitted with a giggle.

“Joe still has a crush on you,” I said. It was part question, part statement.

"I know," Jen said.

"You know he does?" I asked.

"Of course I know he does," Jen said back.

"You like that?" I asked.

Jen hesitated, then said "… sorta." She quickly added, "It's flattering, you know? Joey's so cute and I'm so much older."

"He's only 2 years younger than Cam," I pointed out.

"That's true," Jen said with a laugh. "I never thought about that. Joey seems so much younger."

"That's cause you watched him grow up."

"Yeah, probably," Jen agreed.

"He looks good though," I said, referring to Joe getting his beach body back.

"He looks awesome," Jen enthused. I felt something twist inside me as my wife spoke admiringly about my brother's body. Like always, it tore at my gut, yet fueled my passions. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and we French kissed for long moments.

Then I moved on top of Jen, being quiet to not wake Anna. We were both naked in the sleeping back. Jen parted her legs and reached down to guide me into her. She was so wet I easily got balls deep inside her. I began rocking back and forth. "I like you're Jenny again," I told her as I looked into her eyes.

"You like I'm bad?" she asked with a grin.

"I love it," I whispered excitedly. "I love it when you're out of control, like tonight."

"I wasn't out of control," Jen corrected me. "Out of control is fucking Alan. I didn't do that."

"You're right. You looked so prim and proper on your knees with his cock in your mouth," I teased.

"Don't be mean," Jen said with a giggle.

"He pushed you down," I said.

"He did."

"He forced you to swallow his cum."

"Yes."

"That excited you," I said.

"You know it did," she said huskily. Jen had a strong submissive streak, and her fantasies included being forced, even rape. It was a big reason why she was attracted to aggressive alpha men. I think her sub-space was as strong to her as my cuck-space was to me.

"Did you want to fuck him?" I excitedly asked.

"I so did," Jen said, her eyes big and just as excited as me. "But I didn't have a condom and didn't want to deal with that. And Cam's coming tomorrow."

"Why's that matter?" I asked.

"Well … you know," Jen said awkwardly. I looked at her, not understanding. Then I got it. She wanted to be tight for Cam, and Alan had

a big dick. She didn't want him to stretch her. On the other hand, my dick's small.

"You wanted to be tight for Cam," I said to her.

"Yes," Jen admitted. She was smiling slightly, like she was pleased I understood.

"Say it," I hissed at her. "Say I didn't fuck Alan because I wanna be tight for Cam."

"I didn't fuck Alan cause I wanna be tight for Cam," she repeated.

"Really? Is that the truth?"

"It is."

"But my cock's small so it doesn't matter," I said.

"Your cock does matter," Jen said as she looked into my eyes. "But you don't stretch me, so Cam won't notice."

That's when I came.

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The next morning, Jen had an extra bounce in her step. I think she was excited about seeing Cam later that day, and also thrilled with having been so naughty the night before.

Fortunately, Alan and his 2 friends left early for a fishing expedition. So she didn't have to deal with that awkwardness. There was still the awkwardness with Joe, but Jen did what she usually did at some moments. She avoided it. My wife didn't like confrontation, and she didn't like people she cared about being upset or disappointed with her. Joe seemed to be

both, so rather than confronting the issue, she pretended like it didn't exist.

As we were eating lunch, Jen was texting on her phone. Then she whispered to me "Cammy's here. He's setting up his tent."

I felt a tug at my heart as Jen called her lover "Cammy." The cuckold angst felt delicious and thrilling. "Okay, perfect," I whispered back, my cock suddenly hard in my shorts. "You can go at Anna's nap."

Jen nodded. The timing was perfect. Anna usually napped for at least 3 hours. More than enough time for some fun with her lover. "What will you tell Joe?" Jen whispered.

"I'll handle it," I assured her.

Jen looked relieved. She was happy with me handling it. Again, she didn't like confrontation. She was more than willing to let me smooth things over with my brother.

"I'll go get ready," she whispered to me.

"Okay," I whispered back. We looked at each other. We smiled like 2 excited kids. We were playing the game again, and it was fun, thrilling. Jen gave me a quick kiss. Then she grabbed some clothes and toiletries and hurried to the campground's showers.

Sometime later Jen returned. She was freshly showered with her hair down and a little makeup. She was wearing a loose sundress that was held up by 2 thin straps and ended about mid-thigh. She wore sandals on her feet, the kind with a single thin strap at her ankles and another over her toes.

"You look beautiful," I gushed, putting my arm around her waist.

"Thanks baby," Jen smile smiling at me.

"Why are you dressed up?" Joe asked.

"A friend's here. I'm going to visit her," Jen lied. She looked at Joe briefly but then turned away. Joe didn't say anything else.

Jen and I put Anna down for her nap. As we did, Anna clutched Jen's dress and said "pretty mommy." Jen smiled and kissed Anna on the forehead.

Jen was about to go when something occurred to me. "Wait," I whispered. "You don't have condoms."

"It's okay," Jen assured me in a hushed voice. "Cam has some."

"Are you sure?"

"Mike if he doesn't I won't do it," she promised. In the past I might not have believed her. But now I did. We kissed, and then she went off to meet with her lover.

I got 2 beers and sat on the log next to Joe. He had started a fire, even though the sun was still hot. I liked looking at fire though so I didn't mind. I offered him one of the beers and he took it.

After a few moments of silence, Joe asked "So is Jen really meeting up with a girlfriend?"

"No," I told him. We were both looking at the fire as we talked. We lapsed into silence again.

"I don't see how you do it," Joe finally said. "If she was my wife --."

"She's not your wife!" I spat out. "She's my wife!" I glared at him. He glared back at me for a moment, but then he backed down. He took a big slug of the beer and turned back to the fire.

"So when will she be back?" Joe asked.

"She'll be back when she's done," I told him simply.

"Anna's here," Joe pointed out.

"Do you think I don't know that?" I said with angry indignation. "She'll be back before Anna wakes up."

"Okay, whatever …," Joe said. We finished our beers. He got 2 more and handed me one as he sat back down on the log.

"Don't judge us Joe," I told him. "And don't be mean to Jen. You know how she is. She's a pleaser. She wants people to like her. She hates when someone's upset with her. Especially you. You're special to her."

Joe looked at me. "Really? I'm special to her? She says that?"

I felt like I was in high school, passing notes about a girl. Joe definitely had a crush on my wife. That aroused me. But Joe was different from other guys. He was my baby brother. I didn't want him to cuck me. And I didn't want him to get hurt.

"Joe … she's the only person in the world who calls you Joey. So yeah, you're special to her."

Joe couldn't help smiling. He was clearly happy with what I said. "Then, do you mind if I talk to her?" he asked.

"You don't need my permission to talk to your sister-in-law," I said.

Joe hesitated, then awkwardly said "… I mean, about the game you guys play."

I looked at Joe. My cock was rock hard in my shorts. "Sure, go ahead," I said. Somehow I managed to keep my voice steady, even though my heart was pounding.

****

As I did the walk of shame back to our campsite, I felt like everyone was looking at me. Could they tell I'd just been with my lover? That less than 5 minutes ago, Cam was deep inside me and I was cumming (again!) on his cock?

It was easier to walk this time. Cam didn't "bulldoze" me as much because we had to be quiet with the tents around us. It had been exciting hearing the campers talking and walking by, as we were kissing and touching, or Cam was in my mouth, or my pussy. I had to bite down on his shoulder when I came to stifle my moans. And Cam wasn't as rough and physical with me this time. That just wasn't possible, it would've made the tent rock around and obviously that wouldn't be a good thing in the middle of the afternoon in a busy campground.

But Cam made up for it by kissing and touching me. We actually had foreplay this time, before he fucked me. It was really nice. Hot too, but nice.

Also, Cam went down on me again. It was the perfect time, with people just on the other side of his tent and the need to be quiet. Although I had to bite the side of my hand when he made me cum, to keep from screaming. Oh my god, he's so freaking good at that! Mike is awesome too, but whereas my husband's gentle, Cam's forceful and demanding, even when it comes to his tongue. He opens my legs and keeps them spread by firmly holding my thighs with his big hands. I can't move and I feel completely exposed and helpless. Then he attacks my pussy and clit with his mouth. I was whimpering and writhing as he worked on me, and when he pushed me over the edge I came so hard I saw stars and practically passed out!

I have to admit I'm crushing on Cammy. I mean, who could blame me? He's so gorgeous and totally hot. His body's so sexy I could touch him forever! And it's really flattering he's interested in me. I'm not trying to be

disingenuously modest. I know I'm pretty, I see guys looking. Like last night. Alan's really cute and sexy – REALLY cute and sexy – and I knew I could have him if I wanted him. Cam's different though. He's way younger. And, he could have any girl he wants. So the fact he wants me is really flattering, a major ego boost.

I like Cam. It's more than just his looks, and what he does to me in bed. He's sweet. He makes me laugh. He's ambitious working 3 jobs. And he's smart, although because he's only 25 he has kinda a naïve view of the world. That shows in his politics. But he's not a jerk about it, he's open to other views, and that makes talking to him fun. I haven't told Mike this, but earlier this week when I hooked up with Cam after the gym, we talked most of the time. We had sex too, and it was freaking awesome, but the talking was awesome too.

I've been down this road before, and I won't make the same mistake. If I let myself, I could easily fall for Cam. No, not fall in love with him. I reserve love solely for my husband. But yeah, I could do "like" with Cam. Seriously in like. But like I said, I've been down that road before and believe it or not, I think I can learn from my mistakes. Even "in like" with Cam is too much. So with Cam, I'm holding back. There's only so much of me I'm going to give him. Yet, it's still fun thinking about it. It's exciting. Knowing that, if I opened up my heart and dropped my defenses, I could fall in serious "like" with Cam. It's like edging myself when I masturbate. Getting right up to the edge, and then pulling back.

I was thinking these thoughts when I almost ran into someone. I stopped abruptly, and almost slipped on the slick dirt path. The someone caught me. It was Joe.

"Oh, hey," I said to my brother-in-law. Joey held me while I steadied myself. I pulled back once I had my feet back under me, untangling myself from him.

Joey looked at me. "Can we talk?" he asked.

I suddenly felt wary. “I’ve got to get back,” I sputtered, moving past him.

But Joey stopped me by grabbing my wrist. “Anna’s still sleeping,” he said. “Mike said I could talk to you.”

I sighed hearing that. So like Mike. He was gentle, and loving, and caring. But also passive. I guess it all went together. Sometimes though I wished he would take charge. I wished he would be more alpha. But that wasn’t Mike. And it irritated me sometimes, like right now. He promised to smooth things over with Joey, but now I had to deal with it. I made a mental note that I had to talk to my husband about this. But first I had to deal with Joey.

We walked off the path towards a little clearing. We sat at a picnic table. “So what’s up?” I asked him.

“So you were just with your lover?” Joey asked.

My cheeks flushed. “That’s none of your business!” I said.

“Just tell me,” Joey pressed.

“Fine, what,” I said with exasperation. “Yes, I was just with my lover. Satisfied now?”

Joey frowned and looked disapprovingly at me. “We used to have fun, right?” he said.

“What?” I said, looking at him like he was crazy.

“We had fun,” Joey said again.

“I’m not talking about this,” I told him, standing up from the picnic table. I began walking past him but Joey grabbed my wrist.

“What?” I said impatiently.

“You don’t need a lover,” Joey said.

“Joey this is none of your business,” I told him.

Joey pulled me closer to him. He looked into my eyes and said, “Jen – if you need a lover … let me be your lover.”

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“He said that?” I asked. We were in our tent, making love. Anna was sleeping with Joe tonight in his tent, so we didn’t have to worry so much about being quiet. “He offered to be your lover?”

“Yes,” Jen said as she moved her hips in sync with my thrusts into her. “Crazy huh?”

“Is it crazy?” I asked.

Jen stopped moving under me. “Mike, what are you saying?” she asked.

“You told me Joe’s so thick he made you feel like a virgin each time he fucked you,” I reminded her. “Do you miss that?”

Jen looked into my eyes. “I don’t miss it,” she said. “Sometimes I think about it. But I don’t miss it.”

I looked back into her eyes. I didn’t understand. Jen saw it, and said “He’s your brother Mike. Not a good idea. What if something bad happens? What’ll we do then? It’s not like I can just stop seeing him, like with Scott.”

“You’re right,” I said. I knew she was right. I was disappointed though. I was enthralled by the taboo of it all. On the other hand, I didn’t want to be cucked or humiliated by the brother. By other men, yes – that was part of it for me. But not my brother. Still the idea turned me on.

Jen heard the conflict in my voice. "Anyways," she said. "I've got Cam. I can't really think about someone else."

I nodded my head. I almost forgot about Cam. "How'd that go?" I asked.

"It was awesome," Jen said, excitement in her eyes.

"So … he bulldozed you?"

"Ha ha. No. There were too many people around. But it was good. Really good actually."

I looked into Jen's face. I heard the excitement and enthusiasm in her voice. I realize the real threat to my wife's heart wasn't Joe, it was Cam. "So do you want to see him again tonight?" I asked, my heart in my throat. It was still early, only 10pm. She could easily steal away to see Cam again. I dreaded hearing her answer.

To my great relief, she said, "Mike, no. This is our time." She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. I decided not to talk anymore about Cam or Joey or the game. I focused on making love to my wife, and making her cum.

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Chapter 7

Jen's hookup with Cam that weekend seemed to open up her relationship with him. It firmly turned the switch in her head – I thought of it as the Jenny switch – to on. After that, any reluctance she had hooking up with him seemed to disappear.

With Anna in pre-school, Jen had a big block of time every day when she was free. Each day from mid-morning (when she dropped Anna off at school) to early afternoon (when she picked her up). Jen began seeing Cam two or three times a week. Usually they hooked up after working out

at the gym, but sometimes they skipped the gym and went straight to his apartment.

I felt anxious with my wife spending so much time with another man. From what Jen said, I knew they were doing more than fucking. They talked politics a lot, since Cam was a political blogger. They also talked sports, since they were both athletes, and they also talked about having fun times, since Cam was a bartender and Jen liked partying. In other words, they had more in common than just sex, and that both scared and thrilled me.

Jen never pushed it though. She was always home when I got home, playing with Anna or making dinner. Looking at her, you couldn't tell she'd been with her lover earlier. Jen always showered before picking up Anna, because she obviously didn't want the teachers and other moms smelling sex on her. And by the time I got home, she was back in her typically "mom" clothes, often jeans or yoga pants with a simple loose top.

But I could always tell when she'd been with Cam. She might look the same, but she smelled different after showering in his apartment, since she was left to use his masculine toiletries like his Axe soap and body lotion. And there was always a glow about her after being with Cam. Maybe it was NRE, or post orgasmic bliss. Probably both. Either way there was always an extra bounce in her step after being with Cam.

And I could always tell later that night, when we were in bed and making love. Because her pussy was always red and swollen after being with Cam. Loose too. Being inside her when she was that loose always drove me crazy with lust!

It was a few weeks after our camping trip. Jen had been with Cam earlier that day. It was the third day in a row that week. Their affair was now in its second month and I still had not watched them have sex. I did want to see them together of course, but it was difficult to arrange since Cam didn't know I knew. I was okay with it though because I knew we'd set something up eventually. For now I was content with the pillow talk after. I

actually was more concerned with how much Jen was seeing Cam. 3 days in a row was a lot.

We were on our sides. Jen was looking into my face. "You're upset," she said.

"Not upset," I told her. After a moment's hesitation, I said, "You're seeing a lot of Cam."

"You're upset I'm seeing him so much?"

"I'm not upset," I said again. "I'm just making an observation."

"Well … actually I don't see him that much," Jen said.

"Today was 3 times this week," I pointed out.

"Yes but, we work out first, and I shower after, so really it's just a couple hours each time," Jen said.

"Okay …," I said. My stomach was still churning because 2 hours each day was still a lot of time, and on top of that they worked out together. It was more alone time we got usually, since we had Anna. "Does Cam shower with you?" I asked.

"No," Jen said. "He wants to, but I won't let him."

"Why?"

"It's a line I don't want to cross," she explained.

I stared at my wife. Was I hearing right? She had to draw lines in the sand, or else risk falling in love with Cam?

My throat was suddenly dry, and my cock was stirring back to life. "So, you're afraid to shower with him, because it's too intimate, and you don't want to fall in love?" I asked.

Jen laughed. It wasn't a ha-ha or mocking laugh, it was more like a "you're so crazy" laugh. "You're so the king of mixed signals," she said with a grin at me. "You're upset at how much time I spend with him, but then you get hot because I'm trying to keep my distance."

My erection was poking against her thigh. She reached down and wrapped her hand around my hard shaft. "Right?" she asked, grinning at me as she slowly stroked me up and down.

"Yes, okay, you're right," I admitted.

Jen smiled at me, then softly kissed me. "No, I'm not worried about falling in love with Cam," she said. "I only love you. Just you. Okay? But yes, I am keeping my distance. Because eventually this'll end, and I don't want Cam to be hurt, and I don't want to be hurt. Do you understand Mike?"

"So you have feelings for him?" I asked.

"Yes baby. Of course I do. It's never just about sex. There's always feelings involved," Jen said. She gave me a kiss to reassure me. "But there are all kinds of feelings. I'm crushing on Cam, I admit that. He's exciting, I like being with him, he's awesome in bed. But I've learned some things, so I know what's like, and what's love. I know the difference. I like Cam. I love you. See? Big difference." She kissed me again and said "Okay?"

"Okay," I told her. I felt reassured. But I also felt disappointed. Part of the game was risk. Because Jen was holding back, she was taking away a lot of the risk. It was like someone telling you the ending of a movie. If you know ahead of time the heroes are gonna survive, it takes away a lot of the fun of the movie.

"If you know the difference between like and love, then why the no shower rule?" I asked. "And why do you refused to call him your boyfriend?" A few times I'd referred to Cam as her boyfriend. Each time Jen quickly said he was not her boyfriend.

"Because boyfriend means something," Jen explained. "It means there's a possibility of something more. But there's no possibility Mike."

"But people throw around boyfriend and girlfriend all the time, and it doesn't mean anything," I said. "And it gets me hot calling him your boyfriend."

"Okay, whatever, we'll call him my boyfriend," Jen said with a laugh.

I looked into Jen's eyes and said, "And it gets me hot thinking about Cam showering with you. Washing your hair. Looking into your eyes as he rubs soap on your body. You washing his body. Don't you want that? I know you do."

Jen looked back into my eyes, but she wasn't looking at me. Instead she was picturing herself being so intimate with Cam. To her, that's what showering together was. Intimacy. It might lead to sex, it might involve sex, but it wasn't about sex. It was about intimacy. That's what we did all the time. We showered together. She loved when I washed her hair, she loved washing each other, because it was about love for her. It meant we loved each other. She used to shower with Scott because she thought she loved him. Now I was telling her it was okay to shower with Cam, to play things out and see where things led.

Jen shuddered, then shook her head. "God Mike you really push things," she said in a soft voice.

"I just want things to be real," I said.

"You want things to be dangerous," Jen said. "And I told you. You have to trust me. Both with what I do, and what I don't do." With a half laugh, she

added "Don't worry. There'll be enough hurt for you with all the other stuff I'm doing."

I got a taste of that hurt the next day. I think Jen did it to make a point.

Even though my commute to the City was long (over an hour each way), it was predictable. I always caught the same train going and coming. If I had to stay late I let Jen know. So she always knew about when I'd be home.

When I got home I was surprised that Jen's car wasn't in the driveway. We usually parked in the driveway because our garage was so cluttered. Lately though, Jen had started parking in the garage after her dates with Cam, so the neighbors had no chance of seeing her do the walk of shame. But that didn't make sense, because even if she hooked up with Cam earlier, she would've showered before picking up Anna. So there would've been no reason to park in the garage as she wouldn't have looked "just fucked."

After parking my car in the driveway, I looked into the garage through a window in the garage door. There were 2 cars in the garage. Jen's, and another one I didn't recognize. It was an old beat up Buick.

I suddenly felt dread and excitement. Was it Cam's car? Was he here? But surely Jen wouldn't bring him to our house, not with Anna here?

I opened our front door as silently as possible. Immediately I heard moans. Jen's moans! I couldn't believe it. She was fucking Cam with Anna here?

"Yes, right there, like that," I heard Jen say. Her voice was close. They were in our family room, not the bedroom. Where was Anna?

"You like it here? This feel good?" I heard a man say. It was the first time I'd heard Cam's voice. He had a deep masculine voice, gravelly and hard, the commanding voice a Game of Thrones' warrior would have leading his soldiers into battle.

"Yes, right there," Jen said. "Yeah Cammy, just like that."

It was intoxicating to listen to them. Hearing Jen call him "Cammy" sent a thrilling chill down my spine. But I was angry too. How dare she bring him into our house? And where was Anna?

I stormed into the family room. But then I stopped at what I saw. Jen was on her back. She was in casual clothes, skinny jeans and a peasant top. Cam was kneeling on the floor. One of her legs was raised with her calf resting on his shoulder. He was rubbing the back of her thigh through the jeans, but his touch wasn't sexual, it looked to be more therapeutic.

"You got a major knot here babe," Cam said as he rubbed her thigh with his thumbs. "I almost got it."

A few moments later, Cam released Jen's leg from his shoulder. They both stood up. "That feel better?" he asked.

Jen smiled at him and gushed, "It feels awesome. You've got the magic touch!" She hugged him. That's when she saw me standing there in the foyer.

"Oh Mike, you're home," Jen said. She quickly stepped away from Cam. She said, "This is Cam. You know, I told you about him, from the gym."

"Yes," I said tersely to my wife. Then I looked at her lover. Her boyfriend. "Hello," I said coldly.

Cam handled our greeting better than me. Maybe because he had experience meeting the husbands of wives he fucked? "Hey man, nice to finally meet you," he said cheerily. "Mike right? I'm Cam." He offered his hand and I shook it. Cam was a mountain of a man, even bigger in person. He was probably 6'5" – I had to look up to talk to him. And his body was so thick he literally blocked the sun coming in the windows.

As Cam shook my hand, he looked into my face. As he released my hand, he gave me a quick up and down look. I felt like he was sizing me up.

I turned to Jen. “Where’s Anna?” I asked.

“She’s at Steph’s,” Jen told me. “I hurt my leg working out. Cam came over to look at it. Remember, I told you he’s a physical therapist?”

“Yes. And a bartender and political blogger,” I said, turning back to Cam. “A man of many talents,” I said to him.

“Just trying to find my place in the world,” Cam said with a big grin. The grin seemed to hide a laugh behind it. “Well T, I better head out,” he said to my wife.

For a moment I didn’t know who he was talking to. Who was T? But then Jen said, “Wait a sec, I’ll show you out.” She looked at me and said “Mike, can you go fetch Anna? I’ve got dinner in the oven and I don’t want it to burn.”

I nodded slowly. I said goodbye to Cam and walked to Blake’s house to get Anna. As I walked, I wondered why Cam called Jen T.

****

Once Mike was gone, I looked at Cam and he looked at me. “I thought you said he was working late,” Cam said to me.

“That’s what I thought,” I said.

“Are you okay?” Cam said, stepping towards me and looking concerned. “I don’t think he saw anything.”

“Except a strange man alone with his wife,” I said with pursed lips. “This wasn’t a good idea Cam.”

“No,” Cam agreed, looking regretful. “I’m sorry. We’ll be more careful next time.”

I couldn't help smiling at him. In bed, he was so physical and dominate. At the gym too. But once you got to know him, he was sweet, and easy going. I found that combination really charming and attractive. "Come on, you better go," I said, taking his hand and leading him to the garage.

Next to his car, Cam pulled me into his arms and kissed me. "Cam, Mike will be right back," I objected, trying to pull away. But he pulled me to him again. This time when he kissed me, I kissed him back. He moved his hands over my body. I was already wet, and my knees buckled when he reached under my skirt. "Are you freaking crazy?" I said, pulling away. We were both panting. Cam's pants were tented with his erection, just like my nipples were hard and my pussy wet.

"You need to go," I told him. But Cam reached for me again. I giggled as I evaded his hands. I could see he was hungry for me and that made me happy. He got his arms around my waist and pulled me to him.

"You've told Mike about me?" he asked.

"Yes, a little."

"You think he suspects something?"

"Maybe," I said with a shrug. "Don't worry. I'll handle him."

"No offense, but I wouldn't have pegged you with him," Cam said.

"People always say that," I told him. "But it's true, opposites attract."

"I guess," Cam said with another shrug. He pulled me closer and kissed me. "Let's skip the gym tomorrow," he said between kisses. "Come straight to my apartment. Right after you drop off Anna."

"Tomorrow's Saturday, you goof," I said with a grin at him.

“I can’t wait until Monday!” Cam screamed with desperation, reaching for me again. I laughed.

“I need to see you this weekend,” he urgently said. He was practically begging me.

I hesitated only a moment. “Okay,” I said. “I’ll work something out. I’ll text you.” We kissed again. A long lingering kiss. A kiss that had me tingling from my toes to my fingertips. A kiss that left us both panting again, and wanting more.

****

When I got home with Anna, Jen was finishing dinner. She looked normal, just a typical Friday night, no biggie that only moments ago she’d been alone with her lover in our house. In my house. In the house we were raising Anna.

I wanted to talk to her but it was impossible. Anna was being Anna and jumping off the walls. I had to devote all my attention to our very active and precocious pre-schooler.

But once we got Anna to bed, I confronted Jen. “What happened?!” I said, grabbing her arms.

“Mike calm down,” Jen said with a soothing palm to my chest.

“Did you do it to punish me?” I asked. “To teach me a lesson because I pushed you too hard last night?”

“No,” Jen said. Then after a moment, she grinned and said, “Well, maybe, a little.”

Jen’s smile and confession enraged me. But they disarmed me too. “Just tell me what happened,” I said to her.

So we sat down on the sofa in the family room and Jen explained. After dropping Anna off at school, she went to the gym. She did yoga, and then lifted and stretched with Cam. While stretching, she tweaked a muscle in the back of her thigh. She decided to go home and ice her leg, rather than go with Cam to his apartment. Cam called later that afternoon to check on her. Jen said her leg still hurt, and he insisted on coming to our house to give her some PT.

"What'd you do when he got here?" I asked.

"Nothing," Jen said. "We kissed some but that's all."

"You kissed him with Anna here?" I said incredulously.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she said. "Anna was at Steph's. I took her over after talking to Cam. Don't worry. He parked in the garage. No one saw him."

"But you were alone, in my house, with another man," I said, my words coming out like an accusation.

"I thought this was my house too Michael," Jen said. She often called me Michael when she disliked something I said or did. Then she gave me a teasing grin and said, "And Cam's not just 'another man.' He's my boyfriend right? So Cam's more than just another man. He has rights over me."

I frowned, knowing she was dicking with me about last night, when I cajoled her to call Cam her boyfriend. "Why does he call you T?" I asked her.

"You know – my text name," Jen said, referring to Tiny Dancer.

"I gave you that name," I snapped.

"I know," Jen said.

“So why’s he use it?” I asked crossly.

“I don’t know. He just started calling me that,” Jen said with a shrug. “And he’s not exactly using it.”

“He calls you T!” I pointed out to her.

“But that’s not Tiny Dancer.”

“But it comes from Tiny Dancer!”

“Mike, god … does this really bother you?” Jen said with some exasperation.

It WAS bothering me! When we got remarried, we decided to get new phones with new telephone numbers, to wipe out all the painful text history. We let each other name our phones. Jen called me Hunka because I was her “hunka hunka burning love.” I called her Tiny Dancer. It was from the Elton John song:

Ballerina, you must have seen her dancing in the sand
And now she's in me, always with me, Tiny Dancer in my hand

Jen was MY Tiny Dancer! Mine! And now Cam was trying to take the name for his own.

“Mike baby, come on, it’s nothing,” Jen said, leaning into me and rubbing my back. “He can call me T but that doesn’t mean I’m his Tiny Dancer. I’m your Tiny Dancer.”

She kissed me on the cheek, to reassure me. I turned my head so our lips touched. We kissed, and I hungrily pushed my tongue into her mouth. “So all you did was kiss?” I asked her in a low, throaty voice.

“Mostly just kiss,” she said as she kissed me again.

I pulled away to look at her. “What else?” I demanded.

“Well, I guess you’d say we made out.”

“Like we’re doing?” I asked as I pressed my lips against hers.

“Yes,” Jen said. “In fact, right here, where we’re sitting. Except, Cam had my blouse and bra off. And he was working on my jeans.”

I pulled back and looked at my wife. Although we’d been kissing, she was still fully dressed. I hadn’t tried to undress her. I felt like she was comparing me to Cam, and that bothered me. It made me feel insecure and inadequate. I remembered Cam sizing me up. He was over a half foot taller and probably 100 pounds heavier, all muscle. And on top of that, he was aggressive with my wife, disposing of her blouse and bra whenever he felt like it. I was more patient and loving, making my moves with Jen only when I sensed she was ready, never pushing her, never forcing her, treating her as my equal partner in sex, just like in life.

“Are you trying to say I’m not demanding enough with you?” I asked. “That I should’ve undressed you by now?”

“No Mike,” Jen said. “I’m your wife. You can undress me now or later, whenever you want.”

“I’m gonna fuck you tonight,” I told her.

With a grin, she said “Is that a threat or a promise mister?”

“I’m just saying, you’re my wife, I can undress you whenever I want,” I said.

“Mike baby …,” Jen said gently. “That’s what I just said.” She gave me a concerned look. “Are you okay?”

I looked away, feeling like an idiot. Sometimes I felt like I was going crazy when we played the game. I got fixated on things, the smallest things set me off, I got obsessed with my wife and scrutinized everything she said and did. I took a deep breath and took a moment to calm down. "So he was working on your jeans?" I finally said, prompting her to continue her story.

"Yes."

"And?"

"He got them unbuttoned," Jen said. "I wouldn't let him take them off. But he got them off my hips. He put his hand in my panties."

"Were you wet?"

"Yes."

"Did he make you cum?"

"Yes," Jen said. "With his hand."

I looked into my wife's eyes and asked "Then what did you do?"

"I made Cam cum," Jen said, looking back into my eyes. "With my mouth. Right where you're sitting."

I lurched and came. Just like that. I still had my pants on and Jen wasn't touching me. But I came, shooting off into my boxers.

Afterwards I felt embarrassed. I couldn't remember the last time I came like that, spontaneously ejaculating like a teenage boy. Jen hugged my arm and cuddled against me. Feeling her against me, feeling her love, it made me feel better. "So you did this to get back at me?" I eventually asked her.

"Not to get back at you," Jen said. "To show you what might happen if you push too hard. Cam's wanted to come over before. I always told him no. This time I let him. I lied and said you were working late. I wanted you to see us together. How did you feel when you saw him?"

"Bothered. But excited too," I said. With a sheepish grin, I said "It got me hot. So I'm not sure how good a lesson this was."

"But what if it happened all the time?" Jen asked. "What if you got home and I wasn't here? Or I was upstairs with Cam? Or if I spent overnights with him? Or weekends? How would you like that?"

"What about Anna?"

"I can always get a babysitter Mike," Jen pointed out. "Is that what you want? For me to get a sitter so I can be with Cam more?"

"No," I told her immediately.

"You have to stop pushing," Jen told me. "Some things are okay. But when you push me to fall in love with Cam, that's not okay."

"Like showering with him," I said.

"Yes," Jen said. "That's something I only do with you. Like washing my hair. I know it sounds stupid, but that's really special to me. It's really intimate to me. And only you do that. It's important to have things only you do. Otherwise the lines get blurry."

"Yeah, I get that," I said. "I understand better now."

Jen gave me a long look. She heard the disappointment in my voice. And I was disappointed, to a certain extent. It's like what I said before. A big part of the thrill was the risk. If you diminish the risk, you also diminish the thrill.

"Mike …," Jen said with a laugh. "Don't be like that. I'm going to make you so jealous, and hurt you so much, and get you so hot, your dick is gonna scream for me to make you cum. Okay?"

"Okay," I said grinning back at her.

Jen smiled at me. Then she shifted on the sofa so she was sideways. She raised one long leg and pressed her pretty painted toes against my lips. "Now do your job," she said with a grin still on her pretty face. "Prove to me you're better at eating pussy than my boyfriend. Then after you make me cum, you can fuck me."

My eyes opened wide at how demanding she was being. She was smiling so I knew she was partly joking, but she was serious too. I was her cuck and it was my job to give her pleasure. And this way I got to reclaim her after being with her lover – her boyfriend. All this got me hot. My head swirled with cuckold lust. I hurriedly pulled down her jeans, and lowered my head to her pussy. I began eating her out, using all my tricks and magic to prove to her that, at least with my tongue, I was better than Cam.

****

I finally got to see Jen with Cam 2 days later, on Sunday. We did it after church.

Jen wanted to see Cam and I was all for it. She had an idea for me to watch too. But like most weekends we were busy. And we needed a babysitter for Anna. Despite what Jen said, it wasn't easy getting a sitter. But church offered the opportunity because they always had Sunday school after the service. We'd have almost 2 hours.

But where? Two hours wasn't enough time for a roundtrip to Cam's apartment. Then Jen had an idea. The mall.

Actually, the mall's underground parking lot. It was rarely used because most people preferred to park above ground. Also it was kind of out of the way relative to the mall, and on a Sunday, we knew it would be empty.

Jen texted Cam and told him to meet in the mall's underground parking lot. We got there early in our SUV, the car Jen drove. We went there right after church. Because of that, Jen was in one of her church dresses. The dress showed off her slim figure, but it showed no skin and went down to her knees. She looked so innocent and pure in her church dress, which made what she was doing so much more wicked and naughty.

As we expected, the lot was empty. I got out and hid in a dark corner behind a big concrete column. I had a perfect view of the SUV but the column shielded me from view.

A few minutes later Cam arrived in his old Buick. He parked next to Jen's SUV. "Cammy, come here," Jen whispered. She was in the back seat. She'd moved Anna's car seat to the back. Cam joined her.

"God you look hot!" Cam said as he pulled Jen to him. He smashed his mouth against hers, thrusting in his tongue. Jen tongued him back.

"We don't have much time," she said urgently, hurriedly working on the buttons of his shirt.

"Where is he?" Cam asked as he pulled down the zipper of Jen's dress.

"Mike's at Sunday school with Anna," Jen said. She was lying of course. Anna was a Sunday school, but I was less than 10 feet away, seeing and hearing everything.

"He's clueless," Cam said as he pulled off Jen's dress. I knew she was wearing a matching bra and panty set, and thigh high stockings. "Fuck you're so hot," he said, looking up and down my wife's mostly naked body. He thumbed the lace of her stocking tops. "Mike see you walk out of the house wearing this?"

"Are you crazy?" Jen said with a shake of her pretty head. "I never wear stockings. If he saw me wear stockings he'd know something was up."

"So he's clueless," Cam said. It was the second time he'd said it. It was like, he wanted Jen to disrespect me.

"You have it?" Jen asked. Cam nodded and handed her a piece of paper. Jen reached into her purse and handed him a piece of paper. They were silent a moment as they read. I furrowed my brow, not knowing what was going on.

"Okay then?" Cam asked her.

Jen looked at him. She smiled into his eyes and said, "Definitely okay." Then Cam smiled too. He pulled her to him and they kissed. Passionately. They felt each other as they made out. Cam reached back and unsnapped Jen's bra. He pulled it off and attacked her breasts, and Jen moaned as he sucked a hard nipple into his mouth. She was on her back now, and I could see one of her pretty feet. Jen was wearing low heeled, patent leather shoes with pink bows at her toes, and seeing her pretty feet in such sweet church shoes as she was almost naked with her lover almost made me cum.

Cam pulled Jen's panties down her long legs. He carelessly flipped them away and I saw the delicate lace land on the dashboard. Now she was naked except for her stockings and shoes. Cam was naked too. I knew he was about to fuck her. I knew he was about penetrate my wife's body with his big cock.

I waited for Jen to pause and remind Cam to get a condom. That was one of our rules. She had to use condoms. I wasn't worried about pregnancy as she was on the pill. I worried about STDs. Cam was clearly sexually active. I was certain Jen wasn't his only lover. No telling where his dick had been, so I wasn't going to let him into my wife without a condom. I knew Jen preferred skin-to-skin – who didn't? – and I knew in the heat of the

moment shit happened. But she had promised me to always use a condom with Cam, and I trusted her.

But Jen didn't tell Cam to put on a condom. She didn't mention it. Instead she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. I didn't have a clear view, but I assumed he was positioned between her open legs. I heard kissing and moaning. And then I heard Jen groaned. I knew that sound, I'd heard it countless times. Cam had just entered her. He was inside my wife's pussy with his naked cock. Without a condom! His skin was against her skin, in the most intimate place possible.

"Oh my god T you feel good!" Cam moaned as he pushed his cock inside my wife.

"Oh yeah Cammy you feel so good!" Jen moaned. Then they were kissing again, Cam's cock fully inside her, neither of them moving, both just enjoying the feeling of skin-to-skin intercourse.

Cam's lips moved across Jen's cheek to her neck. He kissed up her neck to behind her ear. It's one of my wife's most sensitive spots and she gasped. He must have sucked too hard as she warned "No marks Cammy."

"Yeah, sorry," Cam said. Breathing hard, he said "Your pussy just feels so fucking good. We shoulda done this before."

"Yes," Jen agreed, smiling into his eyes. "We'll do it this way from now on."

Jen's words destroyed me. I collapsed against the big concrete column, barely able to stand. The sense of betrayal was debilitating. Jen was fucking Cam bareback after I told her not to, after she promised she wouldn't. I had thought the lying was over. I thought I could trust Jen. Clearly I couldn't. And she was doing this knowing I was right here. She was rubbing my face in it. Completely and utterly betraying and disrespecting me.

Yet I couldn't stop myself from watching. I was like that moth, unable to resist the flame even though it meant death. So I watched Cam fuck my wife. I quickly understood why she said he was all physicality. He relentlessly pounded her, smashing her thighs against her tits, planting the soles of his feet against the car door for leverage, and slamming into her like a jackhammer, over and over again. He fucked her so hard the big SUV seemed to lurch and jump with each powerful thrust. Jen gasped and moaned and wailed as he fucked her, and when Cam made her cum she screamed his name. Her moans and screams were loud and they seemed to echo in the big empty concrete garage. Yes the garage was empty but there was still risk that someone might come in. If someone did enter, they would hear Jen for sure. And, since we were only a few miles from home, it was very possible we'd know that person. But Jen was oblivious to the risk, or else she didn't care. All she cared about was Cam fucking her bareback and making her cum again.

"I'm gonna cum!" I heard Cam urgently yell. "Where do you want it?"

"Cum inside me Cammy!" Jen cried out just as urgently. "I want to feel you cum inside me!"

I listened to Cam grunting and groaning, I watched the car shake, and I knew he was cumming inside my wife. He was flooding her pussy with his sperm. It was more than just the STD risk. Their hormones and DNAs were mixing. They were becoming part of each other. Jen didn't want Cam to wash her hair. Yet she allowed this? She let him cum inside her? She let him become part of her? How could she not fall in love with him now?

Again I felt destroyed. Devastated. I felt like crying.

But then I felt wetness. In my pants. For the second time that weekend I'd cum without touching myself.

I heard their heavy breathing for long moments. I heard kissing too, and soft whispers. Then I heard the rustling of clothes. "I have to get back," Jen said. "Help me with my zipper."

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” Cam asked as he finished dressing.

“Yes,” Jen said, smiling up into his eyes.

“Let’s skip the gym,” he suggested. “Come right over to my apartment.”

“I don’t think so,” Jen said. “I wanna work out.” With a grin she added “You want me to stay tight, right?”

“You’re staying tight for me?” Cam said with a grin.

“For both you and my husband,” Jen said with a laugh. “Now you better go. I’m already late.”

I watched as Cam drove away. When he was gone, Jen called out “Mike? Come here baby.”

I moved around the column and walked the 10 feet to our SUV. Jen had the door open, inviting me in. I got in the car and sat next to her. She was dressed again although her hair was messed up and her makeup gone. I also saw runs in her stockings. “So I’m clueless huh?” I said sourly. I put my hand on her leg, where the nylon was laddered. “And you never wear stockings for me?”

“Cam’s just a boy really. And he’s competitive,” Jen explained. “He likes to think he’s better than you. I think that’s why he likes married girls. Partly at least. He likes to fuck other men’s wives.” She gave me a knowing grin and added “Besides, I know talk like that gets you hot.”

“Only if it’s true,” I said.

“It is true, sorta,” Jen said with a shrug. “In the game I’m cheating on you, so you are clueless. In the game. And I hardly wear hose anymore, and when I do it’s pantyhose or tights. Stockings aren’t practical running after Anna. I wore the stockings today for Cam. So everything I said was true.”

“You sound like a fucking politician,” I spat out.

“And you sound upset,” Jen said. She was smiling at me. She fucking betrayed me, she destroyed me, and she was smiling at me!

“Did you make him wear a condom?” I hissed.

“No,” Jen said simply.

“So you admit it! You promised to always use condoms!” I yelled at her.

“No I didn’t,” Jen calmly said. “I promised to practice safe sex.”

“It’s the same thing!” I yelled.

“It’s not,” Jen said. She was smiling at me again. She handed me 2 pieces of paper. I realized they were the papers she and Cam had exchanged earlier. I quickly read them. They were STD tests. She and Cam had gotten tested and they were both clean.

“It’s the thing now,” she told me. “People get tested regularly so they don’t have to use condoms.”

I stared at the papers for long moments. Then I stared at my wife. “Why didn’t you ask me?” I said in disbelief. I was still stunned along with feeling angry, jealous and betrayed.

Jen frowned at me. She said, “You wanna be a cuck, but you wanna control things too. You can’t have it both ways Mike. You said you’d trust me, remember?”

“Why’d you do it?” I asked her.

“Because Cam wanted it. And I wanted it. I wanted to feel him inside me, without anything between us.”

Her words tore at my heart. “And you didn’t think about me before you did it?” I asked bitterly.

“Of course I thought about you,” Jen said. “And I knew you’d love it.”

“I don’t love it,” I insisted.

“Then what’s this?” Jen asked, touching the wet spot in my pants. My cheeks flushed, embarrassed. “Admit it Mike. You loved it. You freaking came in your pants. Because you want me to be intimate with Cam. The more intimate the better. It gets you hot. You’re the one who wants me to shower with him.”

“Showering and going bareback are completely different!” I yelled.

“I know how you feel about a man cumming in me,” Jen said. “You think sperm is like love potion, so as soon as it gets inside me I fall in love. But I’m not like that. Maybe it means more to some girls, but not me. For me it’s just part of sex.”

“So when I cum in you it doesn’t mean anything?” I spat out.

“No Mike, god,” Jen said with a half, humorless laugh. “With you it’s different. But we’re talking about Cam. I’m just saying, for me, showering together is a way bigger thing than bareback.”

“You could’ve told me ahead of time,” I said.

“I could have,” Jen agreed. “But it was hotter this way. For you. Because part of your fantasy is, you want me to cheat on you.”

I stared at Jen. Of course she was right. We’d talked about it, so she knew my fantasies. But still, hearing her say it, it left me speechless.

"We need to go, we're late," Jen said, raking her fingers through her hair and then pulling at the door handle.

I grabbed her hand. "What about me?" I said motioning to my lap. My pants were tented with my rock hard cock.

"We're late Mike," Jen said with a laugh. "You had your chance. Now we have to pick up Anna."

"When did I have a chance?" I asked with frustration.

Jen giggled at my reaction. She said, "We could've fucked, and then talked, but you wanted to talk first. So now you have to wait until later."

"I can't believe you're leaving me like this!" I said. I'd cum spontaneously in my pants, but I'd gotten no pleasure or release from that. I needed my wife. And it was more than just pleasure. I needed to reconnect with her.

Jen giggled again. "Don't worry," she assured me. "Right after lunch Anna'll go down for a nap. We'll have time then."

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It turns out, Jen and Cam had been talking about it for weeks. That's what she told me later. They both preferred skin-to-skin. But it involved getting tested. As it turned out, Cam regularly got tested so it was no big deal to him. For Jen though, she wanted to see first if she liked him enough to make the effort.

It bothered me she had these conversations with Cam without telling me. But it thrilled me too, because Jen was right, cheating excited me.

Jen had waited to have bareback sex with Cam for the first time, to when I could watch. Because she wanted to give me that thrill, of her "cheating" on me. It amazed me how well she understood me. I wanted her to cheat on me again. It was like a drug. The more I got, the more I wanted. And

each hit had to be stronger than the last. Sometimes I felt obsessed with my fantasy, and it scared me, because I had so much to lose. But Jen told me to trust her, so I did. In life, we were equals. But when it came to sex, she was my top. I was her bottom, her cuck. I trusted her. I had to.

Jen continued to hook up with Cam a few times a week. I sensed her getting closer to him, not just sexually but emotionally too. I think it's impossible not to. When a man and woman are doing the most intimate thing possible, when they are giving each other so much physical pleasure, it was impossible not to make an emotional connection. And I felt the fact that they were now having skin-to-skin sex contributed to that, no matter what Jen said.

Their growing relationship scared me and thrilled me, both at the same time, and it kept me constantly on edge. But things were different this time. Jen met with Cam only during weekdays, when Anna was in school. So it didn't cut into my time with her, and didn't affect Anna at all. And she didn't push for or even seem to want any more time with Cam. So it wasn't at all like Scott.

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Halloween is a big thing in our neighborhood, with all the kids. Of course, trick and treating on Halloween night is the main event. But the weekend before, Blake and Stephanie always throw a party. They deck out their house and yard with spooky paraphrenia, and all the kids get to dress and play in their costumes too. The parents dress up too, and even though I don't like Blake, I have to admit the party's a lot of fun.

Last year Jen dressed up like a witch. She looked beautiful – my wife would look beautiful in a burlap sack – but not really sexy. The black flowing gown she wore didn't hug her body at all, and the long dress went down to her ankles so it completely hid her long shapely legs. The witch outfit was similar to costumes she wore in the past. Conservative, "mom" costumes meant to delight children, with the goal of turning men's heads barely even an after thought.

This year though, Jen dressed as Supergirl. She was a perfect Supergirl. A pretty, sweet face with long blonde hair. A slim, athletic body. And long beautiful legs.

Jen's costume was authentic, but there's been a lot of incarnations of Supergirl. With this one, her top was long sleeved and blue with a big red S embossed across her breasts. The top ended just below her breasts, so her sexy stomach was exposed. The skirt was blue, matching the top, and pleated. It was also really short, not even hitting her mid-thigh. Somewhere Jen had found above-the-knee red boots. They were flat with less than a 1 inch heel, adding to the authenticity of the costume.

She looked so good! So incredibly sexy! At the party she turned every male head, and I couldn't wait to get her home to fuck her!

Of course, Blake quickly sidled up to my wife. They began talking, and Jen was soon hanging on his every word and laughing at all his idiotic jokes. It bothered to me to no end that she seemed to like him. I really despised him. He reminded me too much of Scott, or Colin her old boyfriend from college.

I didn't feel the same way about Cam. He was just a kid looking for a good time with an attractive, married woman. He probably wouldn't win any awards in the Me Too movement, but he was harmless.

Blake was different. There was something about him. It wasn't just his arrogance. Cam was an arrogant ass too; not only did he enjoyed fucking married women, he seemed to want to demean the husbands (like, the way he tried to get Jen to agree that I was clueless). But Blake though was something else. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I just knew it was something.

"Jen looks so good as Supergirl," I heard someone say. I turned. It was Stephanie, Blake's wife.

"Yes, she does," I agreed. "You look good too." Stephanie was dressed up as slave Princess Leia, in a brown bikini and boots, and even a collar with a chain attached. With her long brown hair and big boobs, she pulled it off decently well.

"Thanks – Blake likes to see me in chains," she joked with a laugh. I laughed too, but I was surprised at her double entendre since I saw Stephanie as being so sweet and straight-laced, to the point of being naive. "Jen looks so incredible as Supergirl," Stephanie gushed enthusiastically. "She looks good in anything. I wish I had her figure."

"Um, well, I think you look great too Stephanie," I said awkward. It's true, Jen was prettier and had a better body than Stephanie. Not that Steph wasn't attractive, but my wife blows past most girls. Still, I wasn't used to a woman giving my wife such praise, especially since Steph seemed to be putting herself down in the process.

We both turned back to look at our spouses. They were still talking together. I focused on my wife. She DID look good as Supergirl. She looked so toned and firm and athletic, just as Supergirl should look. And it was more than just her body. It was the way she carried herself. She was so incredibly confident. And I think that was because of Cam and our game. She knew she was superhot, she knew she was irresistible to men, she knew she could have any man she wanted. That all translated to how she carried herself, and her confidence and poise were apparent to everyone, and they made her even more sexy.

My focus shifted to Blake. He was dressed like a matador. The sleek suit showed off his physique, and I had to admit he looked good. He carried himself with a lot of self-assurance and confidence, just like Jen. If you saw them together, like they were now, you'd think they were a couple, a girl and a guy who went well together, who were a good match.

It was almost like Steph was reading my thoughts as she said "They look good together, don't they?"

"What?" I said, embarrassed to be caught staring at my wife talking with another man.

"Don't worry Mike," Stephanie said with an easy-going smile. "It's okay to look at Jen. I look at Blake all the time. We have really attractive spouses. Nothing wrong with looking right?"

"Right," I said, but warning bells were going off inside my head. This was a strange conversation.

At that moment, Blake and Jen began walking down the hall. I remembered there was a den back there but nothing else. So why were they going there?

Again Steph read my thoughts. "We just bought a pool table," she explained. "Blake was a real shark in college. He won his beer money playing pool. Does Jen play?"

"No, I don't think so," I said as I watched my wife disappear down the hall with a man I hated.

"So Blake's probably going to teach her how to play," Stephanie said.

I frowned at that. I didn't like the idea of Blake teaching Jen how to play pool. That would inevitably involve touching her, and in the Supergirl outfit, that meant touching skin. I moved to follow but Steph stopped me.

"Mike, I'm sure Supergirl can take care of herself," she said. With a giggle she added "She's got super powers right?"

"What?" I said. I was so distracted by the prospect of Blake touching Jen's bare skin that I barely heard what Steph said.

"What I'm asking is, can you help me downstairs with the kids?" Stephanie said. "The babysitters are down there but they can get in as much trouble as pre-schoolers sometimes, so it's good to have some adult supervision."

There was no way I could refuse. And once down in the basement, Steph put me in charge of the Play-Doh table. So for the next hour and a half I was helping 2 and 3 year olds make Play-Doh food and Play-Doh animals. It was fun because Anna made Play-Doh cakes and insisted on feeding them to me, but I was distracted by what was going on in the pool room. Probably nothing, because no doubt Jen wasn't alone with Blake. But maybe they were. After all, I didn't know about their new pool table. Maybe no one else did either.

Also, I felt like Stephanie was keeping me down in the basement on purpose. There was no reason for me to be there. There were 4 teenage babysitters there and they had things under control.

As I pretended to eat Anna's Play-Doh cakes, I imagined Jen bending over the pool table to make a shot. In that position and in her short skirt, she'd be showing a lot of skin. I imagined Blake bending over to help her line up the cue. With his body spooned over hers that way, it would be easy for him to cop a feel. Of her breasts. Her ass too. It made me sick thinking about Blake with a hand under her skirt and on her ass.

When I finally escaped from the basement, I went in search of Jen. But I couldn't find her. I didn't see Blake either. I'd been gone for 90 minutes. A lot could happen in that time. Where was my wife?

Then I saw Jen slip in the kitchen door. She looked both ways, checking if anyone was looking. Luckily for her the kitchen was empty. That's when she saw me looking at her.

"Where have you been?" Jen asked me.

"What are you talking about?" I said. "Where have YOU been?"

"With Blake," she whispered.

"With Blake?!" I hissed, glaring at her. "You've been with Blake?!"

“Mike, quiet,” Jen warned, looking nervously around us. “I thought you wanted me to. You disappeared.”

“Stephanie dragged me downstairs to help with the kids,” I whispered. Then her words registered with me – “I thought you wanted me to.”

“What did you do?!” I angrily demanded.

“Nothing … mostly just talk,” she whispered.

“Mostly?!” I hissed.

Jen grabbed my arm, mostly as a warning to keep my voice low, but also to emphasize what she said next. “Mike, Blake and Steph are swingers!” she excitedly said.

“What?!”

“I’m not kidding!”

I stared at my wife, trying to process everything. “Let’s get out of here,” I said.

“Okay, let’s go,” Jen agreed. We got Anna and made hurried goodbyes, then we rushed home.

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Chapter 8

It took a while to get Anna to sleep, because she was on a sugar high from all the Halloween candy. Once she was finally asleep, both Jen and I raced to our bedroom. We were both worked up from the party.

We didn't undress though. I wanted to play with my wife in her Halloween costume. Call me kinky if you want, but tonight I was going to fuck Supergirl.

"So Blake told me --," Jen began, but I interrupted her.

"No, first tell me what you did with him," I demanded.

"That's what I'm doing," she said.

"No – tell me what happened in the pool room," I insisted.

"What? They have a pool table?" Jen asked, not understanding.

I didn't understand either. "Where did you go?" I asked.

"We went to his garage," Jen said.

I gawked at my wife. Blake's garage wasn't like ours. Our garage was attached to our house. But Blake's was standalone and detached from the house by their big driveway. There was nothing in their garage except cars, tool and junk. There was no reason to go to his garage. Except ….

"Jen there's only one reason to go to his garage!" I angrily hissed. "Tell me what you did!"

"That's what I'm trying to do!" Jen said with exasperation. "Blake told me they were swingers. So obviously I wanted to know everything, but we couldn't exactly talk in the middle of the party. So we went to the garage."

"But you said you mostly just talked. Mostly! What else did you do?"

"Mike will you freaking let me tell the story?!"

"Okay then tell me!"

"Oh my god," Jen sighed. She counted to 10 as if to calm down. Then she said "Okay, we're at the party. Blake says I look good as Supergirl and he says I'd be really popular at a party they go to. We start talking about the party. There's one every month, at different houses, mostly in the city. You have to be on the list, or know someone and get an invite. Blake says they're very exclusive, and very discreet."

"Wife swapping parties?" I asked.

"Yes," Jen said with a nod. "But more than that. Sex parties. Singles can get in too, but you have to be discreet, and you have to be attractive. If a member invites an unattractive person, or someone with a big mouth, they get kicked off the list. Blake says there's a long wait list to get in. Can you believe it Mike? So many people do what we're doing. You just don't hear about it because no one talks about it."

"Wait a minute," I said. "You told Blake about us?"

"No of course not," Jen quickly assured me.

"So why'd he tell you?"

"I think … maybe they saw something in you … or me," Jen said.

I nodded, processing her words Things were starting to make sense. Like, the way Stephanie looked at her husband when he flirted with other girls. There was jealousy there for sure, but also excitement and intense interest. It was probably the same way I looked at Jen when she flirted with other men.

"I think maybe Steph likes watching Blake with other girls," I said. "Today, she couldn't stop talking about how good you looked as Supergirl. And she said you and Blake looked good together. She practically coerced me to stay in the basement, so Blake could be alone with you."

"Holy shit," Jen said, looking at me with astonishment. "Does it work that way too? A wife wanting to see her husband with other girls?"

"I've read about it," I said. "It's not common. They're called unicorns."

"So that's how they knew," Jen said. "Steph's like you. So somehow she saw something in you, and it reminded her of herself."

"Maybe," I said. "Or maybe you. You have a free pass, and it affects how you act. I bet Blake has a free pass too. So he saw something in you. Probably it's both true. They saw something in both of us."

"Yes, I think you're right," Jen agreed.

"So what did Blake say?" I asked. "What have they done?"

"He didn't get too specific," Jen said. "But I got the impression that he's been with other girls. I couldn't tell about Steph."

"But that would make sense, right?" I said. "If Steph likes to watch …."

"Just like you," Jen said.

"Yes."

We stared at each other. "Holy fuck," I finally said.

"Yeah," Jen said back. We both laughed.

"So that's it?" I asked. "He told you this? He didn't make a pass at you?"

"I kept my distance from him in the garage," Jen said. "Or else I think he would've tried something. He did say something …."

"What?"

"He talked about when we first met," Jen said. "Remember? I was pregnant with Anna. He said I was really hot, even though I was pregnant. He said I'm one of those girls you can only tell I'm pregnant looking at me sideways. He asked me if we had sex when I was pregnant."

"Of course we had sex," I said.

"No we didn't Mike," Jen reminded me. "Not in my third trimester. Remember? You were afraid you'd hurt me or the baby."

"Well, I was really nervous then," I said. It was our first baby after all.

"I know, and you were really sweet," Jen said, affectionately brushing her hand across my cheek. "I'm just saying, we didn't have sex for over 3 months. And remember? The last 2 months, I got so horny. My hormones were out of control."

"You told Blake all this?" I said with alarm.

"Well … yes," Jen admitted. "I mean, he asked … and he told me about their swinging. So …."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said it was too bad he didn't know me better then," Jen said. "He said if you weren't up for the job, then he would've taken care of me."

I stared at Jen. My stomach was churning and my cock was rock hard. "What'd you say then?" I asked. It was hard to speak because my throat was so dry.

"Well, he said it like a joke, so we laughed," Jen said.

"You laughed, even though he just disrespected me?" I said. "Even though you know I hate him?"

“Mike it was just a joke.”

“Was it really a joke?” I said with my anxieties spiking. “Is that what you what? For him to take care of you?”

Jen didn’t answer for a long moment. I felt on edge as I waited for her to speak. Then a smile crept into the corners of her mouth. She said “Well, maybe when I’m pregnant next time, you should take care of me so you won’t have to find out.”

I groaned with a moan. Jen smiled. She reached under her blue Supergirl skirt and pulled down her thong. “See how wet Blake got me?” she said, pressing the silky material under my nose. The blue thong was soaking. The smell of her pussy made my head spin.

Jen pushed me down onto my back. Then she moved up my body and straddled my face. She grabbed my hair with both hands to control my movements, and lowered her pussy onto my mouth. “Make Supergirl cum,” she ordered me.

I immediately began licking her. Gripping my hair, she adjusted the position of my mouth to give her the most pleasure. As she got close to cumming, she locked my head between her toned calves, and the feel of her red leather boots on my cheeks sent a thrilling submissive cuckold shudder through me.

Jen grinded her pussy on my face, fucking my tongue like a cock. Then she was cumming, and as the pleasure shot through her body, she pulled my face into her pussy so I could barely breath. When she was done, she collapsed onto the bed next to me, panting. Locks of her blonde hair fell over her beautiful face and trailed down her chest, partially covering the big S. She looked so fucking sexy.

I grabbed the sheet to wipe her juices from my face. Then I hurriedly kicked off my pants. I got on top of Jen, moving between her legs. She

was still in the Supergirl outfit, and she looked like Supergirl, a way hotter Supergirl than Melissa Benoist, Laura Vandervoort and Helen Slater combined. I pushed into her. I fucked her hard. As I did, Jen seemed to be in another place, thinking about something else. About another man. Cam? Or Blake? I didn't know. But I was sure it wasn't me. That thought pushed me over the edge, and I came.

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Jen:

A few days later, Joey called. I hadn't talked to him since the camping trip. He wanted to talk. We agreed to meet later that day, while Anna was at school. I was so distracted fretting over the upcoming meeting that even Cam noticed while we were working out, and asked me if something was wrong.

I met Joey at a Starbucks near NYU, where he was a grad student. It was awkward. The last time I saw him, during the camping trip, he said if I needed a lover, then I should let him be my lover. A crazy thing for my brother-in-law to say. But then, I guess not given our history.

We talked about Anna and his parents, just catching up. He was still getting regularly tested to make sure his cancer wasn't coming back. His last test just last week came back clean, so that was great news.

Finally the conversation turned to the elephant in the room. Joey said, "So, have you considered what I said?"

"Joey you're freaking crazy," I told him.

"Is that Mike talking?" he said with an annoyed voice.

"That's me and Mike talking," I told him. I angrily added, "How do you get off having an attitude with your brother, after what you did?"

"You mean, what WE did?" Joey shot back.

"Okay, what we did," I conceded. "But you're the one with the attitude."

We glared at each other for a few moments. Then Joey gave in and softened. "Look, I'm sorry okay?" he said. "I just can't stand the thought of you with someone else. I don't mean you with Mike. I mean you with other men. I just want you and Mike to be happy. I love my brother but I think he's crazy."

"We are happy Joey," I assured him. "And really this is none of your business. It's between me and Mike."

"So who is he? Your new lover. The guy you met at the campsite," Joey asked. "Can you at least tell me that?"

I hesitated, then decided it didn't matter if I answered. "His name's Cam," I said. "We go to the same gym. We work out together."

"Older? Younger?"

"Younger," I said. "Cam's 25."

Joey raised an eyebrow at that. He was 23, and he knew I was 33. "I assume he's good looking?" he asked.

I gave a half laugh and shook my head, telling him I'd answered enough of his questions.

"I just don't get it," Joey said. "Mike really gets off seeing you with other men?"

"Joey, I told you, this is none of your business," I told him firmly.

With a shrug, he said "At least with me, we'd keep it in the family."

I couldn't help laughing. I said, "Oh my god, is this your way of trying to get into my pants?"

"I've been in your pants," Joey said with a grin at me.

"Joey, god …," I sighed, but there was still a laugh in my voice.

"So did it suck? What we did – did it suck?" he asked, the grin still on his face. He was teasing me, cause he knew that was an expression I used sometimes.

"No Joey it didn't suck," I said with a laugh. I found myself blushing and looked away from him.

"I think you have a thing for boys," he teased. "I guess it's a cougar thing."

I laughed again. But my cheeks got even redder. "I don't think Cam's a boy," I said. "But I don't know. Maybe I do have a thing for younger men. But they're not all younger." I thought about Scott. He was older than me. And I thought about Blake. He clearly wanted me, and his open relationship with Steph was intriguing.

The thing was, I liked men. I liked men looking at me. I liked men chasing after me. I suddenly realized I was enjoying this conversation. Because Joey was doing a lot of looking, and he was definitely chasing after me. And the times we'd been together, the times we had sex, they definitely did not suck. Joey hadn't been a virgin when we did it the first time. But he'd been inexperienced and naïve. That had been part of the excitement for me, the taboo of doing it with someone so young. I realized that was part of my attraction to Cam. Cam was only 25, and in many ways he was still a boy. Just like Joey.

"I'm not a boy either Jen," Joey told me.

"You'll always be that skinny kid I met when Mike introduced me to your parents," I said with a grin at him.

"Well, there are parts of me that aren't skinny anymore," Joey said with a grin at me.

"Oh my god. Did you really just say that?" I said with a laugh. He laughed too.

"So what'd you do with that other guy?" Joey asked.

At first I didn't know who he was talking about. But then I realized he must be talking about the camping trip. "You mean Alan," I said. Joey nodded. "It's none of your business. Besides, you don't want to know."

"I do want to know," Joey said, pressing. "Come on, you at least owe me that."

I didn't owe Joey anything. But like I said, I was enjoying this conversation. So I shrugged and said "I went down on him."

Joey stared at me, not saying anything for long moments. "That guy was such a pompous ass," he finally spat out.

I shrugged and said "Sometimes that's a turn on."

"Like how?" Joey asked.

"Like, when Alan pushed me to my knees," I said.

Joey's eyes got big with shock. "If you were my girl and a guy did that to you, I'd end him!" he said angrily.

"Well I'm not your freaking girl Joey!" I angrily hissed back. I counted to 10 to calm down. Then I added in a more normal voice, "Mike was there, he saw everything."

"And he didn't do anything?" Joey said incredulously.

"Of course he didn't do anything," I said back. "He knows I like it."

Joey stared at me for long moments, like he was trying to process what I said. Finally I got up.

"I better go. I've gotta pick up Anna from school," I told him. I kissed him on the cheek. As I did I peeked at his crotch. He had a massive hard-on. Then I turned and left.

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Mike:

"He really said that?" I asked as Jen told me about her meeting with Joe. "There were parts of him not skinny anymore?"

"He did," Jen said. We were naked in bed and she was stroking my cock. I noticed she was able to easily hold me with just one hand, and her thumb overlapped with her fingers.

"I guess Joey kept growing while I stopped," I said. I said it like a joke, but it wasn't a joke.

Jen had her head on my chest, and was looking at my cock as she stroked me. My penis was about 4 inches when fully hard, and as I just indicated, not very thick. She could easily hold and stroke me with just one hand. "Yes you definitely stopped growing baby," she said with a grin at me.

Her words made me moaned. "When you were fucking him, did you sometimes wonder how we could be brothers?" I asked breathlessly.

Jen rose up on an elbow and looked at me. "If I say yes, would that turn you on?" she asked.

I looked back into her face. I was breathing hard. "I'm just asking because he's bigger than me right?" I said.

"Well, I told you he's the thickest I've ever had, so yes, he's bigger than you," Jen said.

"So he's a better lover than me?" I asked.

"No you're better," Jen said.

"Don't lie Jen. You said he made you feel like a virgin every time," I reminded her. "The rule is, you always tell me the truth."

"I know what the rules are Mike. And it's not like that," Jen said. "It's not all black and white like that. Yes, sometimes Joey gave me more pleasure than you. But you know me better, we've done it more, we love each other, so of course you're better." She eyed me for a moment, like she was studying me. Then she said "I know what you want. You want me to do something with Joey. It's not a good idea Mike."

"His birthday's coming up," I said with a grin. The last time she was with Joe, it was on his 20th birthday, almost 4 years ago.

Jen laughed and shook her head no. "Not a good idea Mike," she said. Then after a moment she said, "I told Joey about Alan. You remember, that guy at Plattekill? He got mad when I told him Alan pushed me down and you didn't do anything about it."

"Why would you tell him that?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "It just kinda came out as we were talking."

"What'd Joe say?" I asked.

Jen shrugged. "He doesn't understand us," she said. "Let's talk about something else. I talked to Steph today."

"You've had a busy day," I said.

"I have," Jen said with a grin.

"Was it awkward?"

"Well yeah," she said with a laugh. "After all her husband just told me they were swingers."

"Was she pissed?" I asked.

"Actually no, she didn't seem to be," Jen said thoughtfully. "She brought it up. She wanted to see if I had any questions."

"So did you?"

"Tons!" Jen said with another laugh. "This is major scoop Mike. It'd be like people finding out what we did."

"So what'd she tell you?" I asked, intrigued.

"Actually, she was cagey about it," Jen said. "I think Blake's definitely been with other girls. But I'm not sure about her."

"So you think she just watches?"

"No … I got the impression she's more involved than that. I'm just not sure how much."

"So you really didn't learn anything new," I said, disappointed.

"I learned a lot," Jen said. "First, they definitely swing. Second, they've been doing it off-and-on their entire relationship, even before they got married. They met in college, just like us. Third, Steph is completely and absolutely in love with Blake. She thinks he walks on water."

"They kinda sound like us," I said.

"They do," Jen agreed. "See? Maybe Blake isn't as bad as you think."

I frowned at Jen's comment. I still didn't like Blake. It was a visceral reaction with me. I just didn't like the man. "Did you ask if anyone else in the neighborhood swings?" I asked.

Jen nodded. She said, "I asked if they played with anyone in the neighborhood. She was cagey about it. But she mentioned Alicia."

My eyes went wide. "John and Alicia?" I said, shocked. We'd just been at their house for a birthday party not too long ago. They seemed so straight-laced. I couldn't believe they were in the lifestyle. But then, people looking at us would probably think the same thing.

"Steph just said they've been friends with John and Alicia a long time," Jen said. "They moved to the neighborhood about the same time."

"Wow," I said, astonished. My head was spinning as all this sunk in.

"There's more," Jen whispered to me.

"What?" I whispered back. "And why are we whispering?" We both laughed.

"It's just, this next part's wild," Jen said, using her normal voice again. "Have you noticed, Steph has a tattoo on her ring finger? It's a little black dot."

I shook my head. I hadn't noticed.

"It's covered by her wedding ring usually," Jen said. "I see it sometimes when we're cooking together, because she takes off her rings when she

cooks. Here's the thing … Alicia has one too. I saw it at the pool, when she took off her rings to rub suntan lotion on her kids."

"So, is that a thing, a black dot tattoo? Maybe like a sorority thing?" I asked. I didn't understand where Jen was going with this.

"It's something Scott said once," Jen said, whispering again. "We were talking about tats. He said he wanted me to get a black dot on my ring finger. For him."

I practically jumped out of the bed. "The black dot's a mark of ownership?" I asked. "Blake got Alicia to mark herself for him?"

"And Steph too," Jen pointed out.

I shook my head. "Steph doesn't matter," I said dismissively. "She's Blake's wife. But if Alicia inked herself for Blake … Jen, that's huge."

"How do you know it was for Blake?" Jen asked. "Maybe Alicia and Steph did it for John."

I thought about it but quickly dismissed the idea. "No, John's too laid back," I said. "He'd never ask Alicia to get a tat for him, much less another woman like Steph."

"I think you're right," Jen said with a nod, agreeing with me.

"Wow," I said, as the impact of all this hit me. John and Alicia swing with Blake and Steph. Blake fucks Alicia. And she's so under Blake's spell that she lets him ink a small dot on her ring finger. Her ring finger! And John let it happen! He let another man brand his wife!

"God Mike you're so freaking hard," Jen said as she continued to slowly stroke me. "This turns you on so much."

"It's just a theory," I said. "We don't know it's true." But I wanted it to be true. Jen was right, it did turn me on!

"Can I ask you something?" Jen said. "You've never asked me to remove the 55 tattoo, even though you know I got it for Scott."

"It's angel numbers," I said.

"Mike, you know that's bullshit," Jen said. "That's what I tell people. But I got it for Scott. You know that."

"I've never asked you to remove the love tat. Or the sun and moon tat," I said. The love tat was a small Japanese character on her hip bone. She got it for Colin, her first serious boyfriend. And the sun and moon tat was on her back, right under where the clasp of her bra would normally lie. She got that one for Scott too.

"I didn't really get those for Colin and Scott. I got them for me," she insisted. "But I got the 55 for Scott. Mike you know that. It's his freaking initials."

"So you're asking me a question?"

"You've never asked me to remove it," Jen said. "Why? You can't stand talking about Scott. You can't stand even saying his name. But whenever you look at me, you see the tat. So that's my question. Why?"

I moved my hand to her left breast. I rubbed the tat with my thumb. fifty five in small black script. I looked at her breasts. They were small but perfect. Still perky even after having a baby, after breast feeding. "Your breasts are perfect," I told her. "I don't want to risk leaving a mark on you."

Jen looked skeptical. "Is that the real reason?" she asked, pressing.

"It's part of the reason," I insisted. But then I admitted, "But not all of it."

I shrugged and said "It turns me on, whenever I look at it. When you first got it, I was so mad I wanted to kill you. Or kill myself. It was such a betrayal Jen. You let Scott brand you. It made me mad, but it got me hot too. Because you let Scott brand you. Now, I'm not angry anymore. I still remember the hurt and anger, but now that just adds to the turn on." With another shrug I said, "So that's my answer."

"And that's why Alicia getting a tat for Blake gets you so hot," Jen said.

"Yes," I said. "Have you ever told anyone the real reason you got the 55 tat?"

"No. I always tell them the angel numbers story," Jen said. "But I think Blake suspects there's something more to it. Especially since I didn't know what 55 meant."

"What else did Steph say?" I asked.

"I asked her why they do it," Jen said. "You won't believe what she said."

"What?" I asked eagerly.

"She said she gets off on Blake rocking another girl's world," Jen said with an excited smile. "Especially since she knows he belongs to her, and he sleeps in her bed."

"Wow. She really sounds like me," I marveled. "The way I am with you."

"Yes. I girl cuckold," Jen said.

"A real unicorn," I agreed.

Jen pushed me down onto my back. "Talking to Steph got me so hot," she said as she climbed up my body. She straddled my face, the way she did the other day. "Make me cum Mike," she ordered as she ground her pussy

against my lips. I immediately began licking her, my face getting soaked with her juices. She was definitely turned on. It made me wonder if it was all from talking to Steph, or was it part Joe too?

Jen grabbed my hair to control me, and rode my tongue to an orgasm. After cumming she collapsed onto her back next to me, panting. "You're so freaking good at that," she said between heavy pants.

"You like that position," I said with a grin at her.

"You're my cuckold," she said, looking into my eyes. "It's your job to give me pleasure. Right?"

"Yes," I said without hesitation.

Jen lovingly brushed her fingers against my cheek. "Good boy," she said smiling at me. She pulled me on top of her. "Now you can fuck me," she said, opening her legs. "Try to last. I want to cum again." I pushed in, and she fingered herself as I fucked her. Somehow I managed to last. When her orgasm hit, I allowed myself to cum, so we came at the same time.

****

I felt unsettled with playing the game. I was constantly excited. It seemed I had a perpetual hard-on. But I was on edge too. Unsettled.

I guess it was because I didn't know what was going to happen next. We had 3 men in the mix – Cam, Blake and my brother Joe. Jen continued to have sex with Cam a few times a week. Nothing had happened with Blake and Joe … yet. But I felt we were edging there. Or maybe not. That's what I meant about not knowing what was going to happen next.

The thing was, I wasn't sure what I wanted to happen. Take Joe. I admit it, I wanted Jen to fuck him again. The taboo of my wife with my brother got me so hot it made me dizzy. But it made me queasy too. Being a cuck meant taking a back seat to another man in your wife's sex life. But the

thought of Joe taking my place in our bed really tore at my gut. I didn't want to be cucked by my brother. And Jen was right. If things took a wrong turn with Joe, what would we do?

Then there was Blake. I was intrigued by his lifestyle with Stephanie. But I still despised the man. I could not stand the thought of his hand on Jen's body. The thought of Blake kissing Jen made me physically ill, much less putting his cock inside her. Still though, I didn't feel like I was in control of what was happening. Jen was in control, and I had promised to trust her. But would she really do that? Be intimate with a man who I hated?

Finally, Cam. In some ways, he was the easiest to deal with. At the same time, I felt like he represented the most danger. He was young and, by Jen's account, immature. No way she could ever fall for him right? But there sex was, again by her account, "freaking" awesome. She loved both his cock and his tongue, and he made sure to use both most times when they got together. Yes Cam was immature, but I could tell she was charmed by his naivety too. They had a lot in common. They were both into fitness and they spent a lot of time talking politics. Jen was even helping with the marketing of his political blog, Cam In Focus. Apparently her efforts were working because he was getting a lot more followers.

Jen saw Cam almost every day at the gym. They were workout partners. Then after, a few days a week, she went with Cam to his apartment for sex. Each time she spent hours with him. So I knew it was more than just sex. Jen was talking to Cam, laughing, kissing and snuggling with him. And when they had sex, it was without a condom. They were skin-to-skin, their fluids and DNA mixing, kissing and touching and whispering sweet nothings as they made love. And Jen did this 2 or 3 times a week with Cam. Sometimes 4 times!

I knew Jen was getting close to Cam. How could she not? Probably if you counted it up, she was spending more alone, intimate, romantic time with Cam than me.

So I felt major cuckold angst about Jen's growing relationship with Cam. I was constantly hot too. But I felt jealous and insecure and inadequate. Of course, as any cuck will tell you, all those dark emotions added to my cuckold lust.

At the same time though, Jen never pushed it. It was nothing like Scott. She was always home when I got home from work. Always. She never asked for more time with Cam, except for that one time on Sunday after church, and I think she did that as much for me as her. Sometimes at home I caught her smiling into her phone, and I knew she was texting with Cam. And sometimes I saw her looking off into the distance and smiling, and I knew she was thinking about him. But mostly when we were together, it was just us, me, her and Anna.

And we were having sex more than ever before. At least once a day, and often twice on the weekends. Usually our sex involved the game, talking about Cam or maybe a hot guy she saw at the grocery store, but sometimes it was just us.

Jen was more aggressive in bed now. Her thing was to sit on my face and fuck my tongue. I didn't mind. In fact I wanted it. I liked it when she took control. I told her that once, after she had cum and collapsed onto her back next to me.

I rolled to my side to look at her. I affectionately cupped her breast. "I like when you do that," I said smiling at her.

"Well good, because I love doing it," Jen said with a laugh. She was still breathing hard from her orgasm. "Your tongue is so freaking awesome."

"Just like Cam?" I asked.

"His tongue's awesome too," Jen said with another laugh.

"Is he better than me?" I asked excitedly.

"You'd love it if I said he was," she teased with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Is he?" I pressed.

"I think I'll take the fifth," she said, the teasing grin still on her pretty face. I knew she was dicking with me so decided to let it go.

"Do you sit on his face?"

Jen laughed, but it wasn't a "ha ha" laugh, it was a "are you joking?" laugh. "Cam's not like that," she said.

"You mean he's more man than me?" I asked.

Jen turned to her side so now we were facing each other. I hadn't cum yet. She gave me a knowing look, then reached down and wrapped her fingers around my shaft. I moaned as I felt her soft hand wrap around my cock. "Another thing you'd love" she said as she stroked me. "If I said Cam's more man than you."

"Only if you're telling the truth," I told her. I didn't want her to make up things just to turn me on. Whatever she said had to be the truth. Otherwise it ruins it.

"It would hurt though right?"

"Yes," I told her. In fact it would devastate me. Turn me on, but devastate me. "So you think that?" I asked with my heart in my throat. "Is Cam more man than me?"

Jen looked into my eyes and said "I think Cam's more alpha than you. Not more man. But more alpha."

My eyes fluttered and I groaned. "That's what you really think?" I asked, my words coming out like a moan.

"I do," Jen said.

I stared at her. I was breathing hard. "Do you wish I was more alpha?" I asked.

"Sometimes," Jen said flatly. "Like, when we were camping and you said you'd explain things to Joey. But you left it to me to handle. And sometimes I wish you were more alpha in bed. But that's not you. It's not in you to be aggressive. You're my sweet Mike. You're caring and understanding. You treat me like an equal. You've always been that way. I want you just the way you are. Even though you're not alpha."

"But Cam's alpha," I said.

"Oh yes. Cam's way alpha. That's why I'd never sit on his face. I'd never try. But it's why I sit on your face." She grinned. "I'm gonna do it more."

"Sit on my face?" I asked.

"Well, yes, that," Jen said with a giggle. "But control you. I like controlling you. You're not alpha, so I'll be your alpha."

"Okay."

"You want that?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'm your cuck. Your bottom. I want you to control me."

"It's gonna hurt," she warned. "It might really hurt sometimes. You have to trust me."

"I do trust you," I told her without hesitation.

"You have your safe word – you can take back my free pass," Jen told me with a mischievous, wicked grin. "Otherwise you have to just take it. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, feeling wary now. "What are you planning?"

"I don't have any plans," Jen said. With a laugh she added "I have some ideas …."

She was still stroking me. She asked "Are you almost there?"

"Yes," I said, breathing hard.

"Lay on your back," she said, nudging me over. I laid on my back and expected her to get on top of me, as she often did to finish me off. This time she kept her hand wrapped around my cock, slowly stroking me.

I was close and she knew it. Abruptly she opened her fist. "What?" I said, disappointed that her hand was gone. Then she traced one fingertip up the underside of my shaft. "Jen what are you doing?" I asked.

Jen shifted on the bed, so now she was sitting up with her legs crossed. She cupped and massaged my balls with her left hand while she lightly traced a fingertip of her right hand up and down the underside of my cock. It was like she was touching me but not touching me. "Jen, I'm almost there …," I said urgently.

I wanted her to grab my cock, tightly wrap her fist around my shaft and stroke my cock hard and fast to finish me off. But she didn't. She lightly scratched and tickled my balls with the manicured nails of her left hand, while she continued to lightly trace the fingertip of her other hand up and down the underside of my cock. It was torture. I felt on the brink of cumming. "Jen come on …," I pleaded.

But still she teased me. And then I was cumming. Jen pulled both hands away as my cock jerked around, oozing sperm without any stimulation from her hands. She grinned as she heard me let out a frustrated groan. She had ruined my orgasm. A climax without any pleasure. She had done it on purpose. And now she was grinning at me.

“What the fuck Jen?” I said, frustrated and angry.

“Say thank you,” she said, the smile still on her face.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“You’re my cuck,” she said. “Say thank you.”

I stared at her, not answering. I was incredulous. She had ruined my orgasm on purpose, and now she wanted me to thank her. But then I got it. I had said I wanted her to control me. That I was her cuck. This was a test. She was seeing if I really meant it.

“Thank you,” I finally said, submissively giving into her.

Jen smiled. “You’re my cuck. Say it,” she ordered.

“I’m your cuck,” I said meekly. “I’ll do whatever you say.”

Jen’s eyes lit up as I submitted to her. “This is so hot!” she said with an excited grin. “There’s something else I love you doing with your tongue!” She twisted on the bed so her backside was to me. At the same time she grabbed my hair and pulled me to her behind. What she wanted was clear. She wanted me to lick her ass.

Jen bent one leg in front of the over, opening herself to me. She pulled me by the hair, forcing my face into her crack. I spread her tight cheeks with my hands and began lapping at her puckered asshole. I’d licked her ass before but this was the first time she’d ever asked me much less forced me. My head was spinning with submissive cuckold lust.

I eagerly licked around and over her little puckered anus. The musty, pungent taste made my head spin. Jen didn’t need to force me, I was licking her willingly. But the fact she continued to pull my hair into her ass, that she WAS forcing me, it made the experience even more thrilling.

"Oh god, yeah, lick my ass baby, oh god, just like that," Jen moaned. I felt her reach for something, and then I heard a soft buzzing. I looked up and saw she had her little friend, her pink vibrator, against her clit. She moaned and cried out at the pleasure at both her holes.

"Harder Mike!" she demanded, jerking my hair so my nose was in her crack. "Fuck my ass with your tongue!"

I stabbed the tip of my tongue against her asshole. I wasn't able to penetrate her, but the pressure seemed to be enough. "Yeah god!" she cried as she pressed her little friend hard against her clit. "I'm fucking cumming Mike!"

Then Jen's tight body was bucking and jerking as she came. I gripped her hips with my hands so as to keep my face planted in her crack, lapping away at her asshole all through her orgasm.

"Okay okay okay," she panted a few moments later, pushing my head away. Now after cumming she was too sensitive to be touched. I moved up her body and wrapped my arms around her. That seemed to be exactly what she wanted, as she pressed her body back against me, and we spooned as she caught her breath and came down from her orgasm.

After a few minutes, Jen turned around so she was facing me. "God I love you so much!" she gushed. She kissed me and rolled me onto my back. Then she straddled my thighs. I was hard again. She reached down and guided my cock into her. She wrapped her arms around my neck and she kissed me. Our lips never parted as we made love. This time I had a real orgasm, and I can't remember one so intense and satisfying.

****

Because my parents missed the camping trip, we decided to visit them for the weekend, the 3 of us and Joe too. We managed to get an entire middle row on the plane. I was in an aisle seat, with Anna in her car seat next to

me. Jen sat on the other side of Anna, and Joe sat next to Jen on the other aisle.

Like always, Anna was a bundle of energy and she kept me and Jen occupied for the first half of the flight. But then as kids do, she abruptly ran out of energy and was soon sound asleep in her car seat. Jen soon nodded off too.

Jen was wearing a cashmere sweater, loose wool skirt, cable knit tights and ankle boots. It was one of her typical "mom" outfits but still she looked gorgeous and sexy. As she slept, her head fell against Joe's shoulder. It wasn't intentional and certainly not sexual. As her brother-in-law, Joe didn't push her away. It was all completely innocent.

But then Joe put his hand on Jen's knee. I watched him do it. I was instantly hard. Joe looked at me. We locked eyes. I wasn't breathing as I looked back down at my brother's hand on my sleeping wife's knee. His hand was on her knee, but he wasn't moving. I looked at Jen. She was in a deep sleep. Then I looked back at Joe. We locked eyes again. I didn't say anything and he took that as permission. He began caressing Jen's knee. His hand drifted to her inner thigh. Then his hand moved up her thigh, towards the bottom of her wool skirt, his fingertips tracing up along the soft ridges of her cable knit tights.

My cock was steel in my pants. My heart was pounding so hard I wondered if I was having a heart attack. I looked away, not able to take anymore. But I didn't tell my brother to take his hand off my wife's leg.

I looked straight ahead, focusing on the little TV screen on the back of the seat in front of me. I purposely didn't look at Joe, or what he was doing with my wife. With his sister-in-law. It seemed light forever but it probably wasn't more than just a few minutes. Then I heard movement in the aisle next to Joe. I glanced over. It was the flight attendant coming down with the drink cart. I panicked. The flight attendant had been charmed by Anna and she knew Jen was with me, not Joe. What would she think if she saw Joe's hand on Jen's leg, especially since she was sleeping. She might think

Joe was taking advantage of Jen and make a scene. But then I saw that Joe had thrown a blanket over both his lap and Jen's. No one could see anything. I couldn't see anything. Where was Joe's hand now? Was it up her skirt? I looked at Jen. She was still asleep but her pouty lips were a little parted. Was she moaning in her sleep? Was Joe fingering her?

Suddenly Jen woke up. She was disoriented at first. "What?" she said softly. The one word came out like a moan, and her cheeks were flushed. Joe was fingering her! Then she remembered where she was, and her eyes went wide. Her head snapped to look at my brother. "Joey!" she cried. The blanket fell away as she pushed his hand away and snapped her legs shut, at the same time pulling down her skirt. Then she jerked her head to me. "Mike!" she hissed. I tried to look innocent, but I knew I was busted.

****

"What were you thinking?!" Jen angrily said to me in a hushed voice. We were in my parents' house, in the bedroom I grew up in. Anna was asleep in my parents' bedroom. They couldn't get enough of their granddaughter, and Anna adored her "Poppy" and "Nanny," so she always slept with them when we visited. "Anna was right next to us!"

"She was asleep," I said. I knew it was a lame defense, but it was true.

"But she was right next to us!" Jen said with exasperation. "Michael we cannot play the game with our daughter right there!"

I winced as she called me Michael. Jen only called me Michael when she was really pissed. "Okay, you're right, I'm sorry," I said.

"And what about me? I was asleep too! Joey groped me while I was sleeping! And you didn't stop him!"

"It's not like he hasn't touched you there before," I reminded her.

This time Jen winced. She said, "Are you going to hold that over me forever?"

"I'm not holding it over you," I told her. "I'm just saying it was Joe, not a stranger. You weren't in any danger. We're playing a game. Playing a game means we're playing a game."

"I have no idea what that means," Jen said, frustrated.

"It means you throw me curve balls and I throw you curve balls," I said. "I don't know Jen. I didn't plan it. It just happened. You were asleep and Joe put his hand on your leg. He saw me looking. When I didn't say anything he moved up your leg."

"To under my skirt," Jen snapped. "His hand was under my skirt. He was freaking fingering me."

I shrugged.

"What? Were you going to let Joey fuck me right there?"

"I'm just saying Jen, I might me your cuck, but that doesn't mean I can't start things," I said pushing back. "It's not all up to you, going to see Cam all the time."

Jen paused and looked at me. "Are you upset?" she asked. "Do you think I'm seeing Cam too much?"

"I just wish you weren't seeing only Cam," I said.

"You're the one who calls him my boyfriend," Jen reminded me.

"Jen, I know …," I said. I was trying to make her understand. "You like him. He rocks your world. I get that. I want that. But don't you see how that makes me feel? I'm afraid this is going to turn into another Scott."

"Mike this is nothing like Scott," Jen said, and I knew she was right.

"I know that," I said. "But if you weren't so exclusive with Cam it would make me feel better."

"I don't feel like I'm exclusive with Cam," Jen said. "It's just nothing else has happened."

"What about that hot dad from the car line you always talk about?" I suggested.

"Mike … do you really want me to get involved with someone from Anna's school?" Jen asked, incredulity in her voice.

"Okay," I said. "Then how about Joe?"

Jen sighed in frustration. "First of all, I've told you how I feel about getting involved with Joey again. Second, I don't think you really want that, no matter what you say," she said. "Third, if that's what you do really want, we talk about it first, like now, you don't let him grope me when I'm sleeping."

"Okay, I know, you're right," I said feeling sheepish. "It's just …."

"It's just what?" Jen asked.

"Never mind," I said with a shake of my head.

"Tell me!" she insisted.

I looked at Jen. The thought had just popped into my head. I didn't know how she would take it. I hadn't thought it through. But against my better judgment, I said "You're the one with rape fantasies."

Jen's eyes opened wide and her lips parted. "Did you just say that?" she asked in a low voice, shock in her voice.

I instantly regretted my words. “I take it back. I’m sorry,” I immediately said.

“You can’t take something like that back,” Jen said. She was still looking at me with wide eyes. “Is that what you were thinking? When you let Joey touch me?”

“I wasn’t thinking that,” I told her truthfully. “The idea just popped into my head.”

“But maybe it was subconscious thinking,” Jen mused.

“Jen … I don’t know why I said it,” I said honestly. “It just popped into my head. Or ….”

“Or what Mike?” Jen said with exasperation. “Stop making me force it out of you.”

I looked at her. “There was a reason you told Joe that Alan forced you to blow him,” I told her. “Maybe that’s what you want from Joe.”

Jen looked shocked. She stared at me and I stared back at her. It was like we were at an impasse, neither knowing what to say next.

The rest of the weekend was uneventful. Jen kept her distance from Joe, and from me too. My parents didn’t notice our chilly relationship since they were all about Anna. On the flight home, Jen switched with me and took the aisle seat, sitting as far away from Joe and me as possible. We didn’t talk all the way home.

Monday morning, just before leaving for the train, I pulled Jen aside and whispered “Are you going to be mad at me forever?”

"I'm not mad at you Mike," Jen whispered back. "I'm just processing things." She managed to smile at me, and even kissed me. Well, that was an improvement.

Later that afternoon, Jen called. She made up with me, but also got me back. "I just wanted to tell you, I love you," she said. "You're right. It's both our game. You can start things too. And I'm sorry about Cam. Maybe I've been seeing him too much."

Jen didn't mention the idea about Joe forcing her. I wisely didn't bring it up.

"Jen, baby, you can see Cam as much as you want," I said. I didn't mean it though. Well, I did and I didn't. As always, I was conflicted. I wanted Jen to want to see her boyfriend all the time, but I hated the fact she was spending so much time with him. "It would just be easier for me if you saw other men too."

"Well then you'll be happy," Jen abruptly announced. "I just fucked the hot dad from Anna's school. See you tonight baby." Then she hung up.

My head practically exploded. My head, my heart and my dick, they all practically exploded. I called Jen back – repeatedly – but she didn't pick up. The teasing bitch! That's what I meant about her getting me back.

When I got home, Jen was in a loose top and yoga pants, with her feet bare and her hair in a ponytail. It was a typical "mom" outfit that she often wore at home. She was cooking dinner and Anna was watching Sesame Street on TV.

I moved up behind her. I put my hands on her hips and pressed my body against her back. "Did you really do it?" I asked.

"Later Mike," Jen told me.

"Just tell me if you really did it," I pressed.

"Later," she said again, her voice firm.

"Why are you torturing me?" I asked pleadingly.

"To teach you a lesson," Jen said. Her voice was firm but a smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "We don't play the game when Anna's around." Like I said, she was really getting back at me.

Jen didn't hold back after Anna was asleep. We bolted to our bedroom and she undressed as hurriedly as me.

She got me on my back and moved up my body, straddling my head. She grabbed my hair and lowered her pussy to my face. "Make me cum!" she ordered. I immediately started licking her.

"Yes, I fucked him," she hissed as I ate her out. "Can you taste the condom in my pussy? His name's Doug. He and his wife are separated. I let him seduce me. He's so cute, and oh my god his body! I can't believe his wife would let a man like that get away. He's so freaking awesome in bed. He made me cum so much!"

Jen didn't last long, she came on my face. And I came too, without even touching myself, just from her words, but without any physical stimulation it was another ruined orgasm for me. "Poor baby," Jen said with a giggle as she saw my cock jerking and sperm seeping out of the head and flowing down my shaft.

Afterwards we lay on our sides, looking at each other and still naked. "We've kinda had a flirtation thing going on," Jen explained. "It started even before we started playing the game again. Doug's a stay at home dad. His wife – her name's Nancy – she's a lawyer in the City. She trains in like you. I met him in the car line. That's where parents line up to pick up their kids. When the weather's nice, we get out of our cars and chat. That's how I met him."

"What's he look like?" I asked.

"Tall dark and handsome. Like a model. Basically every husband's worst nightmare," Jen said with a grin at me.

"So you're attracted to him?" I asked.

"Well, yeah, obviously, I fucked him," Jen said with an even bigger grin. "When we started playing again, I considered Doug. But he was married and our kids go to the same school. But now he's separated, and I've gotten to know him and I trust him. He won't say anything."

"He thinks you're cheating on me?" I excitedly asked.

"Yes," Jen said. "That turns you on, right?"

"Yes," I said, the one word coming out like a moan.

Jen grinned at hearing my reaction. She reached down and slowly stroked my cock. I was already hard again. "You like I fucked another man today?" she teased. "Behind your back, while you were working?"

"Oh god yeah," I breathed, my heart pounding. I felt like I was going to explode again.

"We obviously couldn't go to his house or my house. Neighbors," Jen said as she slowly stroked me. "We went to a hotel. Doug paid in cash cause he didn't want his wife to see the hotel on the credit card statement. But no one pays with cash at hotels. The clerk looked at us and he knew we were cheating. It gave me such a thrill Mike. It's so exciting to cheat!"

"Oh god Jen you're gonna make me cum!" I moaned.

"Maybe I should give you another ruined orgasm?" she said with a teasing grin.

"No please!" I pleaded. I shifted so as to get on top of her, but Jen pushed me back onto my back.

"No, you're my cuck," she told me as she got on top of me. "I fuck you. You don't fuck me." She reached down and guided me into her. I groaned as I felt her sweet soft pussy around my cock.

"So, do you feel guilty?" I asked between heavy breathing.

"Why would I feel guilty?" Jen asked with an inquisitive look at me. "Doug's separated."

"No, I mean Cam," I said.

"Oh," Jen said, as she got my meaning. "No. I never promised Cam I'd be exclusive. I assume he's not. We just have to use condoms if we're with others."

I understood of course. It was because she and Cam were fucking bareback. The reminder quickened my heart and made my cock twitch inside her. I'm sure she felt it but she didn't say anything. Or maybe she didn't feel it, because my cock is small and Doug had loosened her pussy. That thought made my cock twitch inside her again.

"Does it bother you?" I asked.

"Does what bother me?" Jen asked back.

"That Cam's not all yours," I said.

Jen frowned, making it clear it did bother her. She said, "I'm not all his so it's not fair to ask him to be all mine."

"Have you asked him? Maybe he would," I said.

"Mike do you think about what you say before you say it?" Jen asked. "Say Cam agrees to be exclusive to me. You know what happens next? He'll asked me to stop having sex with you."

I moaned hearing her say that. I put my hands on her hips and raised her off my cock. I didn't want to cum yet. I pulled her to me so my cock was flat against her lips but not inside her. Jen began rocking again, so my cock slowly slid back and forth between her slit but didn't enter her. It gave me pleasure but since I wasn't inside her, I was able to hold off longer. It gave Jen pleasure too because my shaft was rubbing up against her clit.

"We've done that before," I said. "We can do it again." For a while when we played the game before, Jen had denied me sex and was sexually exclusive with Scott. Now I was proposing she do it with Cam.

"My god you're such the freaking king of mixed signals," Jen said with a laugh. She wrapped her arms around my neck and looked into my eyes. "We're not playing that game again Mike. We need to stay connected. And anyways, you know what Cam would say next? He'd want me to leave you, so I'd be his girl. Is that what you want? For me to be Cam's girl?" Before I could say anything, she put her hand over my mouth. "Don't answer that," she said with a laugh.

"I was gonna say no," I said as I pulled her hand away.

"Don't lie to me. I know you. But we're not going there Mike. It's not going to be like last time."

"Okay, yeah, you're right," I said.

"Isn't it enough that I'm attached to Cam?" she asked. "That I wished he was all mine?"

My heart was in my throat as I asked, "Have you ever wished you were all his?"

Jen wrapped her arms around my neck again. She was still slowly sliding back and forth against my hard cock. She kissed me. "Never seriously," she said. "But maybe after he's made me cum. Or right after, when he's hugging me. Yeah, I have."

Her answer sent shivers through me. "What about not involving sex?" I asked, pressing. "Like when you're just hanging out? Talking politics or whatever?"

"Once or twice maybe. Sometimes. But never seriously," Jen said, hugging and kissing me again. "It's natural, you know? We're together a lot. It's natural to think that."

More shivers ran down my spine. God I was in such cuckold lust. But her words were breaking my heart too. It was always that way.

"Yeah, I get it," I said. My voice was shaking because I was so excited. "I know you're with him a lot. But it's kinda abstract to me. Because you're home at night and on the weekends. Your relationship with Cam doesn't cut into my time."

"Or Anna's time," Jen added. "That's a good thing, right?"

"Yes," I said. "But I forget you have another relationship too, with Cam. No, not forget, that's the wrong word. It's just abstract to me, because I see you just as much. But really it's like you have another life, with Cam. You do have another life. Not with me or Anna. But with another man."

"It's not like that Mike," Jen assured me. "I don't have another life. This is our life. Us. It's our game."

"I know that," I said. "I don't want you to stop seeing him. If anything I want you to see him more."

"Oh my god," Jen said with a laugh. "The king of mixed signals strikes again." She grinned at me and I grinned back.

"I want to watch you with Cam again," I said.

"Not the mall garage again," Jen said. "It's not comfortable in a car. And the mall garage isn't the smartest place anyways."

I nodded, knowing she was right. The mall was only a few miles from our house. And while it had been empty, it might not be that way next time. "I'm just saying, if anything, I want you to see Cam more."

"God," Jen said with a laugh and a shake of her pretty head.

"We just have to be careful," I said. "It would help if you had other lovers, so it wasn't all Cam. Like Doug."

"I don't know if I'll see Doug again," Jen told me. "I want to. But I need to figure out what's going on with his wife. Maybe she's trying to get back together with him. If she is, I don't want to get in the way of that."

"I get that," I said.

"But about seeing more of Cam …," she hesitantly said. "He's been bugging me to visit him at his bar. Is that what you're suggesting? Maybe seeing him nights sometimes?"

"Yes," I said. I was both excited and afraid at the same time. But as usual with me, the cuckold lust won out. I hurriedly added "But no overnights. I don't want you to sleep with him. If that's what you want, then maybe eventually --."

Jen interrupted me and said, "Mike I don't want that." She hugged my arm and said "It's important we sleep together. It's not just the sex. Just being together. Reconnecting's really important."

"Yes," I immediately agreed. I felt relieved we were both thinking the same way.

Jen kissed me, then said, "And I've been thinking about a way for you to watch us again." She hesitated, and then asked, "What do you think about me bringing Cam here?"

"Here? To our house? You mean for sex?"

"Mike … yes," she said.

I frowned at that. When we played the game before, Jen regularly brought Scott to our apartment. But this house was different. It was my castle. And it was where we were raising Anna.

As if reading my thoughts and concerns, Jen said, "I can't think of another way. His apartment's too convenient to his bar and the gym. It wouldn't make sense for me to ask to go to a hotel. But if he drove me home after drinking at his bar …."

I got it immediately. It was the perfect set up. "Where would Anna be?" I asked.

"At Steph's," Jen said immediately. She'd clearly thought this through. "And I'll tell Cam you're traveling."

I nodded slowly, processing her idea. It was perfect. But it meant bringing her lover into our house. Into my castle.

Again she read my thoughts and concerns. "Not in our bedroom," she assured me. "In the family room. We've already messed around there …."

I nodded slowly, processing her words, and feeling the cuckold angst wash over me. Cam had already fingered her to an orgasm in our family room. And she had gone down on him. So our family room was already tainted with another man with my wife. My castle was already soiled.

I was close to cumming. I reached between our bodies and guided my cock back into her pussy.

"No, not the family room," I said as I began moving inside her again. "The guest bedroom, in the basement." There were many places I could hide to watch in the basement.

"Alright fine," Jen said. We kissed.

"Jen?" I began.

"Yes baby?"

"You don't have to tell me every time," I told her. "When you hook up with Cam or Doug, or whoever. I like thinking about what you might be doing. It turns me on."

"Wait," Jen said, putting her hands on my hips to stop my movement. She pushed against my chest, and we rolled over. Now she was on top. My cock fell out of her in the process. She reached between us and guided me back into her. "What are you saying?" she asked, looking into my eyes. "I thought you wanted to know every time. I thought that was the rule."

"There are no rules," I told her. "You have a free pass. You can do anything you want."

"Mike there has to be rules," Jen said, her eyes still looking into mine. "It's dangerous not to have rules."

"I trust you," I said, looking back into her eyes. "That's all that matters, right? I'm just saying, you don't have to tell me every time you hook up. I like thinking about what you might be doing. It adds excitement to the game."

“Like we need more excitement,” Jen said with a laugh. She began moving on my cock again. “So really? No rules?”

“Just one,” I told her. My eyes locked onto hers. “You can’t hook up with Scott.”

“I would never do that,” Jen said. She leaned down and kissed me. I kissed her back.

“Thank you for this,” she told me. “For the freedom. I admit, I think about it all the time.”

“You think about the game?” I asked.

“I think about men. All the time,” she said with a sheepish smile. “The cutie barista at Starbucks. The manager at the grocery store.”

“Hot dads at Anna’s school,” I added, grinning at her.

“Yeah. Doug,” Jen said with a grin back at me. “There are a couple hot teachers there too.”

My breath caught as she said that. For a moment I imagined my wife fucking the principal at Anna’s pre-school.

“I look at men and I think about what it would be like to fuck them,” Jen said, continuing. “It makes every day exciting. And I just want to thank you Mike. I have the perfect life. And it’s all because of you.” We hugged and kissed as she slowly rocked back and forth on my cock.

“Why don’t you want me to tell you all the time?” she asked.

“You know why, right?” I said.

“I want you to say it,” she insisted.

"I want to feel like you're cheating on me," I said. As I said this, Jen's eyelids fluttered and a soft moan escaped her parted lips.

"It's exciting to cheat," she said, moving faster on my cock.

"Yesssss," I agreed, the one word coming out like a long moan.

"Today with Doug, when the clerk looked at me, and I knew he knew I was cheating," Jen said with an excited sparkle in her pretty blue eyes. She was breathing hard and her eyelids were heavy with arousal. "It made my knees weak Mike. It made fucking Doug even better!"

"God Jen …" I moaned. I was so close to cumming. "I want you to cheat on me all the time. I want to really feel it. I want to feel I'm not enough for you. I want to feel jealous. I want to feel like I might lose you."

"Oh I'll make you feel all of those things Mike," Jen said tauntingly. Now she was furiously rubbing her clit as she fucked me. "And you know what baby? It'll all be true. Because you AREN'T enough for me! You're not enough! I need other men to satisfy me! I need bigger cocks! I need real men!"

I lurched and came, exploding into her pussy. Jen came too, crying out as a hard orgasm rocked her tight body.

Afterwards we clutched each other, holding each other tight as we panted and came down from our orgasms. Once we were almost breathing normal again, Jen kissed my cheek, nuzzling her face against mine. "It'll all be true except one thing baby," she softly said to me. "You'll never lose me. I'll always belong to you." It was exactly what I needed to hear.

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Chapter 9

I got to watch Jen with Cam the next week. On a Wednesday. The evening started normal enough. When I got home from work, Jen was cooking

dinner while Anna watched Elmo on Sesame Street. After eating dinner though, Jen took Anna over to Steph's for a sleepover. A sleepover on a Wednesday night was unusual, but Jen told Stephanie that I'd been traveling a lot and we wanted some alone time together.

I watched ESPN in the family room as Jen got ready for her date. When she came downstairs, the way she looked took my breath away. She was wearing a body hugging LBD with a daring neckline and a skirt that ended far above her knees. She had on black hose and black heels, and her hair and makeup were perfect. This wasn't a mom outfit. She was dressed to impress, the way she used to dress when she was going with Scott.

"Going with Scott." Just thinking those words made my body shudder. Now my wife was "going with Cam." She had already been with Cam twice this week. On Monday and Tuesday. Now she was going out with him again. Three days in a row. She was insatiable for him. And this was something more. A weekend date. And I was going to watch.

Jen's uber arrived. "I'll text you when we're leaving," she told me.

"Okay," I said excitedly. "When do you think?"

"Probably a couple of hours," Jen said. "He has to finish his shift."

I nodded. I traced down the swooping neckline of her dress, to her cleavage. She must have been wearing a push up bra to show that much cleavage with her little breasts. What else was she wearing under the dress? Stockings and a garter belt? And once again she'd dug into the back of her closet for sexy "fuck me pumps." All this for another man. It made me dizzy with excitement, but also my stomach churn. And I'd open the door for Jen to see Cam more often. What the fuck was I doing? This was Scott all over again.

I abruptly pulled Jen to me. "I want you to have fun," I said as I hugged her. "But not too much fun."

"What does that mean?" she said with a laugh.

"I'm just saying, you belong to me," I told her. "I'm loaning you to Cam, but it's temporary, you belong to me."

"Of course I belong to you," Jen said. But it was rushed, and she said it as she pulled away from me. Clearly she was excited to see Cam. I think it was more than just the sex. She was excited to hang with Cam at the bar. My wife was a social butterfly and she loved laughing and socializing with friends. The fact she got to fuck Cam at the end of the night was just the cherry on top.

"Will your gym friends be there?" I asked.

"Yes, some I think," she said with a nod.

I looked at my wife in her sexy LBD, black hose and high heels. This was not a blouse and skinny jeans, the kind of casual outfit she wore in the past to happy hours at Cam's bar. "The way you're dressed, won't your friends think something's up between you and Cam?" I asked.

"I think they already do," Jen said. "I haven't told anyone. But it's pretty obvious. We spend a lot of time together."

I nodded as I processed that. Her friends knew my wife was cheating on me. They knew. My heart was pounding and my cock was steel in my pants.

"I better go," Jen said. The uber was waiting in our driveway. She kissed me, being careful not to smudge her lipstick. "I'll text when we're coming."

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It was a long wait. I forced myself not to beat off. I didn't want the dark emotions that came after an orgasm. I sipped a Highland Park scotch and watched ESPN as I waited.

Jen's text finally came. They were headed to our house. I knew I had time as Cam's bar in Verona was 30 minutes away. Still I hurried to the upstairs landing. I kept the lights on in the family room but turned them off upstairs. Thus, I had a clear view of the family room with little chance of being seen. I settled down for more waiting.

Finally I heard the garage door open. Once again Jen was having Cam park in our garage to prevent the neighbors from seeing anything.

Then the door to the kitchen opened. I heard Jen's high heels on the tile floor. There was someone with her too. Cam. I heard voices and laughter, and then the sounds of kissing and the rustling of clothes.

Jen and Cam were all over each other as they walked/staggered into the family room. Cam's shirt was already off and Jen's dress was unzipped. Their faces were locked together in passionate kissing as they hurriedly undressed each other.

Cam jerked down Jen's dress. Jen almost tripped as she stepped out of it. Now she was just in her lingerie and high heels. Jen worked on his pants. She pulled it down, and sank to her knees at the same time. She didn't waste any time, she immediately took his cock into her mouth. Cam moaned and rolled his head back as he felt my wife's sweet mouth and tongue around his shaft. He gripped bundles of Jen's beautiful blonde hair in his strong hands as he enjoyed the blowjob she was giving him.

After a few moments, Cam pulled Jen to her feet and began dragging her up the stairs. I felt panic and he'd see me for sure. But Jen stopped him. "No, not in my husband's bedroom," she said.

"Why's it matter?" Cam scoffed.

"Cammy we can't," Jen pleaded. "Downstairs. There's a bedroom there."

They kissed again, their hands roaming over the other's body. I watched as Cam reached behind and unsnapped Jen's bra. Their bodies separated for an instant as Cam pulled it off her arms. Then they were kissing again, Cam's big hands fondling Jen's naked breasts. His hard cock was like a big dagger pressing into her stomach. Soon they were hurriedly moving down the stairs. I waited a few moments, then I silently followed.

My vantage point in the basement wasn't as good as I'd hoped. I'd decided ahead of time to watch from the hallway. But the hallway wasn't the best position as my view of the bed was partially obstructed. If we decided to do this again I'd have to come up with a better solution.

From the darkened hallway, I silently looked into the guest bedroom. Cam was already fucking Jen. She was on her hands and knees and he was fucking her from behind. I knew she was loving it as doggy was one of her favorite positions.

I saw what Jen meant by his physicality. There was no nuance or love in the way he fucked. Instead he relentlessly jack hammered her into the mattress. Jen moaned – it sounded like a continuous wail -- as he pounded her from behind. Her blonde hair was scattered clumsily down her back and she frantically gripped at the sheets as her body shook with each violent plunge of Cam's cock into her pussy. I pulled out my cock and stroked myself as I watched them.

Being so close and seeing them in the doggy position, it really hit home how big a man Cam was. He was a mountain of chiseled muscle, and he dwarfed my wife's slim, petite body. Jen's only 5'3" and Cam was well over 6 feet, so being underneath him, she practically disappeared under his big body.

A few moments later, I watched Jen cum. I heard her too, as she screamed when her orgasm hit. "Oh fuck Cammy!" she shrieked. "I'm cumming! Oh Cammy, Cammy, you're making me cum! You're making me fucking cum! Cammy! Oh Cammy!"

If it wasn't difficult enough to watch my wife cum on another man's cock, it was even more difficult to hear her cry out his name over and over again. It got worse, because Cam stopped his relentless pounding to let Jen recover and catch her breath. He turned her over so now she was on her back and he was on top with his cock still deep inside her. Once again he was so big I could barely see my wife. But I could see they were kissing. Slow, soft kissing. Jen wrapped her arms around Cam's thick neck and she raked her fingers through his thick hair as they slowly tongue kissed.

This was always the hardest part. The loving part. It was clear it wasn't just sex for Jen. She liked Cam, it was emotional too. Seeing Jen kiss him like that really hurt. Seeing the diamond of her engagement ring sparkle as she ran her fingers through his hair, that hurt even more. But god it turned me on too! I let the cuckold angst wash over me as I watched my wife lovingly kiss another man after cumming on his cock. As I watched her open her heart to him. That's when I came.

Cam put Jen's long legs over his shoulders. She was still wearing stockings and high heels and with Cam's big body blocking my voice, that's all I saw of my wife, her slim ankles sheathed in black stockings and the red soles of her Christian Louboutin high heels.

Cam fucked Jen with long deliberate strokes. He pulled all the way out until just his cockhead remained in her pussy, then he pushed all the way back in. "Uh uh uh," Jen panted as he fucked her, and she dug into the hard muscles of his back with her manicured fingernails.

I risked moving closer in the hallway because I wanted to get a better view of Cam's cock. As he pulled all the way out, I saw his shaft was long with a big vein running up the underside. He had to be at least 10 inches. As he pushed back in, I saw Jen's lips stretch to accommodate his wide girth. She was stretched tight around his thick cock. I have a small dick, barely 4 inches hard and thin. I knew Cam was reaching places in my wife I could never reach, stretch her like I never could. I felt inadequate and insecure, but I also felt happy for my wife. I loved her so much. She deserved being with a man like Cam who could give her so much pleasure.

Cam began fucking Jen faster. He folded her in half so her thighs pressed against her tits and then, digging his toes into the mattress for leverage, he pounded his cock in and out of her, each thrust a powerful jackhammer into her pussy. "Oh god Cammy, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" Jen wailed as he manhandled and abused her pussy.

From Cam's groans and the way his ass was flexing, I was pretty sure he was about to cum. Then Cam pushed all the way into my wife, and time seemed to stop as his head rolled back and every muscle of his body tensed. "I'M – GONNA – FUCKING – CUM – T!" he groaned with labored breathing, the cords of his neck budging out and the muscles of his back so hard and defined he looked like the cover of Muscle and Fitness magazine.

"Oh yeah give it to be Cammy!" Jen urged him.

And then with his cock still balls deep inside her, Cam's body began shaking, and I knew he was shooting his sperm into my wife. He stayed inside Jen for long moments, his body shuddering as he unloaded into her pussy. I knew he was bottomed out inside her, shooting his fertile seed directly against her eggs. They were mating, Cam was breeding my wife. I found myself shaking and barely able to breath as I watched.

Jen's pussy was so tightly clamped around Cam's shaft that there was no sign of his ejaculation inside her. But then, finally, Cam slowly pulled out. His cock was covered with his milky white sperm. And then more of her sperm spilled out of Jen's pussy and trailed down between her tight cheeks. God, Cam had cum so much inside my wife. He had mated with my wife. That's when I came again.

For the next 2 hours I watched Cam fuck my wife. Jen came at least 3 more times. He came twice. I had stopped playing with myself though. I wanted to make love to my wife, reclaim her, so I stopped playing with myself to better ensure I could get hard later. After Cam came the second

time, I expected Jen to usher him out of the house. She knew I was waiting and was anxious to be with her.

Cam wrapped his arms around Jen and she snuggled into him. Here was the loving part again. Soft kisses and whispers. Seeing my wife that way with another man, it really hurt, it tore at my heart, but I was ready for it, and I knew it wouldn't last much longer. Soon Jen would usher Cam out of our house, and she would be all mine again.

But then the worse thing happened. As they snuggled together, Jen drifted off to sleep.

I watched it happened. They were softly kissing, whispering to each other. She was inside his arms, her legs tangled with his. Cam was gently stroking his fingers through her long blonde hair. Gradually their kissing and whispering tapered off. Then they were both asleep.

I couldn't believe it. Jen was sleeping with another man. Sleeping! And it wasn't like she was on one side of the bed and he was on the other. She was inside his arms, snuggled into him, her legs tangled with his, her arms hugging him back.

It hurt. It really hurt. I knew it wasn't Jen's fault. She didn't fall asleep on purpose. It was late and she was exhausted after drinking and fucking. But it still hurt.

There was nothing for me to do. I obviously couldn't stay in the hallway. If I nodded off, Cam would see me if he woke up and needed to go to the bathroom. So I silently went back upstairs, to our bedroom. I laid in the bed. But I was too wired to sleep. My cock was still rock hard. I closed my eyes and stroked myself. In my head I saw Jen sleeping with Cam, her body pressed against his, her pretty face snuggled into his chest, her long slim legs tangled with his. I came.

I fell into a restless sleep. Around 4am I woke up. I crept downstairs. The basement was silent. I silently looked into the bedroom. They were still

asleep. Jen was still inside his powerful arms, and he was holding her like she was his. At that moment I knew she was. I went back upstairs and masturbated again.

I woke up again at 7am. Again I silently went downstairs. This time I heard them halfway down the basement stairs. They were awake. They were fucking. I could tell from their moans. From the squeak of the mattress. From the headboard hitting the wall. They were fucking.

Jen knew I was here. She knew she fell asleep and I'd been alone all night. Yet rather than kick Cam out and coming to me as soon as she woke up, her decision – her desire – was to fuck Cam again. I felt furious, but also incredibly hurt. I felt abandoned, like Jen had forgotten all about me. The dark emotions were so strong I felt my eyes well up with tears. I hadn't felt so bad since she left me and moved to Michigan with Scott.

I went back upstairs to our bedroom, to wait for them to finish. What else could I do?

About 20 minutes later I heard sounds downstairs. Jen was finally ushering Cam out of our house. I couldn't resist. I moved to the landing, the same perch as last night. I couldn't see them as they were in the kitchen, but I could hear them clearly.

"I had a lot of fun T," Cam said. I heard them kiss. "Thanks for letting me sleep over."

"It wasn't on purpose," Jen said. "We can't do that Cam."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm married," Jen said. "It's bad enough I'm fucking you."

"He'll never find out," Cam assured her.

"It's not about Mike finding out," Jen said. "I can't sleep with you Cam."

"You mean sleeping's worse than fucking?" Cam joked with a smile in his voice.

"Believe it or not, it is," Jen said. There was a smile in her voice too, but then both their voices got serious.

"I like sleeping with you T," Cam said. "I woke up last night. I watched you sleep. God you're beautiful. You're so fucking hot."

"Just stop it," Jen said with a giggle. Her giggle sounded like a giddy schoolgirl's. Clearly she was delighted by his compliments.

"And it felt good sleeping with you," Cam said. I heard their bodies shuffling so I knew he was hugging her now. "Feeling your sexy body against mine all night long. I could definitely get used to that."

"Cammy, see? That's why we can't sleep together," Jen said with another giddy schoolgirl giggle. "Now you really need to go. I've got to pick up Anna."

I heard the sounds of kissing. Then I heard the garage door open and a car drive away. I went back into the bedroom and sat on the bed. Moments later I heard soft steps on the stairs, a person coming up to the bedroom. "Mike?" Jen hesitantly asked as she appeared in the doorway. Her hair was messy, her makeup gone, and her face looked flushed. In other words, she looked just fucked. She wore an old robe we kept in the basement bedroom.

Jen could tell I was upset as soon as she saw my face. "I'm so sorry!" she cried, hugging me into her arms. "I fell asleep. I didn't mean to. It was an accident."

I angrily pushed her away. "You're so sorry you fucked him when you woke up instead of coming to me," I said, anger and hurt in my voice.

"Mike, that wasn't me," she implored. "When I woke up, Cam was practically already inside me. I couldn't do anything about it."

"Yeah, I'm sure you really resisted," I said sarcastically. "Don't bullshit me Jen. I heard your moans. I heard you cum."

"I'm not bullshitting you Mike," Jen insisted. "I didn't say I resisted. By the time I was awake, Cam had already been working on me. I freaking woke up with my nipple in his mouth. Then he was inside me before I could do anything. The first thing I thought of was you. But once he was inside me … I mean, what could I do?"

Jen hugged me again, and this time I didn't pull away. I believed her. It wasn't her fault. Last night, she fell asleep by mistake, it wasn't intentional. And she couldn't really do anything about this morning, not with Cam working on her body to wake her up. But still it hurt. While my anger had faded, my heart still hurt. I felt raw.

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her back. "It's just hard being away from you," I said. My nose was in her soft blonde hair. I smelled traces of her vanilla strawberry shampoo, and her perfume. I smelled masculine smells on her too, from Cam. Still, smelling her familiar scents calmed me somewhat. "I need to reconnect," I said as I tightly hugged her.

"I do too Mike," Jen said. She threw off the robe, then reached between our bodies and pulled out my cock. I was so hard it hurt. She straddled by thighs and lowered herself onto me.

"Oh god," I gasped as my cock entered her. "You're so wet and loose."

"Cam was just inside me," Jen said as she moved up and down on my shaft. "And he fucked me for hours last night. So yeah I'm not surprised I'm loose."

"Are you sore?" I asked.

"A little, but I'm okay," she assured me. "I think I'm used to him now."

"He's stretched out your pussy," I said looking into her eyes. "To fit his cock."

Jen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "Yes – and you love it, right?" she whispered hotly into my ear. Then with a flick of her tongue across my ear, she sexily added, "My pussy loves it too."

I groaned as she teased me. I was so excited my body was shaking. I knew I wouldn't last much longer. "You took your time coming upstairs," I said to her. "You talked to him."

"I did that for you," she said. "I knew you were listening."

"So you like sleeping with him," I said.

"I didn't say that," Jen said. "Mike I swear, I just fell asleep, I didn't mean to."

"He liked it," I said.

"That's him," Jen said. "I wanted to be here with you."

"You're lying," I said.

"I'm not," Jen insisted.

"So you didn't like sleeping with him at all?" I asked skeptically.

"I didn't say that," Jen said. "But I wanted to be here with you."

"Are you going to sleep over with Cam now?"

"Mike, I'm not," Jen assured me.

"But you want to."

"Mike, baby, just stop …."

"Does he have to call you T?" I said. T was from Tiny Dancer, and it was my pet name for my wife. I didn't want Cam using it.

"What can I do?"

"Tell him to call you Jen."

"Mike …," Jen said hesitantly. "I kinda like when he calls me T."

That's when I came.

We held each other for long moments. Then Jen looked at the clock. "Oh god I'm so late," she said in a panicked voice. "I was supposed to pick up Anna 30 minutes ago." She moved to get out of bed but I grabbed her hand.

"We still need to talk about this," I said, my emotions still raw.

"I know baby," Jen said, giving me a rushed but also a sympathetic smile. "But now I've got to pick up Anna or Steph's gonna kill me. To be continued?"

I nodded and forced a smile back. While Jen hurriedly dressed and rushed to pick up our daughter, I showered and got ready for work. The entire time I thought about last night and this morning, and Jen's relationship with Cam. Cam thought Jen was cheating on me, and she was playing along, and that got me incredibly hot. But there were dangers there too. Cam must think there was a reason Jen was cheating. Maybe he thought Jen wasn't happy being with me. Would he see it as an opportunity to try to steal her away from me? I had discounted that possibility, because Cam was so much younger and clearly a major player. I didn't think he'd be

interested in settling down with any one girl and losing his freedom. But the way he talked this morning, about how he enjoyed sleeping with Jen -- I could hear the feelings he had for her in his voice. I felt a delicious wave of cuckold lust wash over me. I knew it was dangerous. But the danger made it so thrilling. Still, I didn't want to risk another Scott situation. While the risk of losing my wife to another man excited me, I didn't want to really lose her. So I decided not to push Jen about Cam. I wouldn't encourage or discourage her, I'd just let things happen.

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[Jen:]

I hurried over to Steph's. She was gonna be mad at me. Yesterday when I dropped Anna off, she told me she had an appointment at 730. It was already 8! I was way late!

When the door opened, it wasn't Steph. It was Blake. "I'm so sorry!" I said, panic in my voice.

"Jen, calm down, it's fine," Blake said with an easy going smile. "Steph left an hour ago. I'm watching the kids."

From behind Blake, I saw Anna playing with Blake's 2 boys. She saw me and yelled "Mommy!" But then she went back to playing with the boys.

"You look like you could use coffee," Blake said, seeing my tired look. Little did he know I'd been fucking my lover all night.

Glancing over to Anna again and seeing she was happy, I said "Thanks. I definitely could use caffeine."

"So Steph said you and Mike had date night last night?" Blake asked. We were standing in his kitchen with our coffee cups. He was leaning against the sink and I was leaning against the island. It reminded me of the other night when I showed him my stomach.

"We did," I lied.

"Have fun?" Blake asked.

"Mike and I always have fun," I said.

"So, did Mike get lucky last night?" Blake asked with a grin.

"What, are you his wing man now?" I said with a grin back. "Mike doesn't have anything to complain about. Believe me."

"Looks like he got lucky this morning," Blake said with an even bigger grin. "You've got that just fucked look. That why you're late?"

"Ha ha," I said. Grinning, I brushed loose hair behind my ear. I knew I looked a mess. I wasn't going to admit to anything, but he was right, I was just fucked. Yes, Mike just fucked me. But just before that, I'd been fucked by another man, Cam. Just over an hour ago I was cumming all over his cock. That made me giggle inside. I was standing in front of my neighbor, drinking coffee like everything was normal, but I was full of my lover's cum. Mike's cum too, but Cam was a big cummer (and Mike not so much). It made me raunchy. It made my nipples hard. I wondered if Blake could see. At that moment I didn't mind if he did.

"So anyways," I said, grinning at him. "You and Steph have any adventures lately?" I learned that from talking to Blake at the Halloween party. Mike and I called it our game. Blake and Steph called it their adventures.

"Life is always an adventure," Blake teased.

"Ha ha, touché," I said with a laugh. I looked over at Anna, to check on her. She was still having fun with the boys. I had already decided not to take her to school today. It was only pre-school. And I wasn't going to see Cam either today. I was starting to feel things for him that no married woman should feel for a man not her husband. I wasn't falling in love with

him. But even falling in like was too much. I needed to slow things down. So I wasn't going to see Cam today. Since I didn't have to be any place, I sipped my coffee and chatted with Blake.

"So how often do you and Steph have adventures?" I asked.

"Well, there's the monthly parties I told you about," he said.

"You go ever month?"

"Just about," Blake said. "They're fun even if nothing happens."

"And what happens exactly?" I asked giving him an intrigued look.

"Sounds like you wanna go," Blake said with a grin. "I'll get you an invitation." He gave me an up and down look. "Like I said, you'll be popular." After a moment he added, "Mike's invited too of course. Unless you'd rather leave him at home. You might have more fun that way."

"No way," I said, my hand up to nip this idea in the bud. "Just so you understand, Mike and I are a package."

"Fair enough," Blake said with a shrug. "But you want to go. I can tell. You're curious. Did you tell Mike about what we talked about?"

"Of course I told him," I said. "I don't keep secrets from my husband."

"So he's interested too. Am I right?" Blake said, giving me a knowing look.

"That's private Blake," I told him.

He shrugged again. "Well, Steph thinks he is." When I didn't say anything, he said "We think you're both curious. How about this? Let's go out this weekend. Not to a party. There isn't one this weekend anyway. Just the 4 of us. You can ask us whatever you want."

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"Blake invited us to go out?" I asked. Jen and I were in bed, laying on our sides and looking at each other.

"Yes. To talk about their lifestyle. They think we're curious."

"Don't you think it'd be weird?" I asked, a frown on my face.

"Probably at first," Jen said. "But I am curious. Aren't you curious?"

I nodded. "Blake doesn't surprise me," I said. "But Stephanie does. She's so wholesome and shy. I can't believe she's a swinger."

Jen laughed. "Do you know you just described yourself?" she said with a grin. "Maybe she's a freak just like you."

"You think I'm a freak?"

"You like watching me with other men and I can't get enough of it," Jen said. "We're both freaks. And I think Blake and Steph are freaks too. That's why I want to go out with them. I've never met anyone like us. From what Blake says, there are tons of people like us, all those people who go to those parties. It kinda makes me feel good. Maybe we're not freaks. Maybe this is the new normal."

I frowned. What Jen said made sense, but I still didn't like this idea. It was because of Blake. I didn't like him. I didn't like the idea of going out with him. I hated the fact that Jen talked so much with him.

"You know it's not all about talking," I said to my wife. "This is a setup. Blake wants to get into your pants."

"I know. He's made that pretty clear," Jen said with an unconcerned shrug.

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"Why should it bother me? Blake's an attractive man. It's flattering."

My frown deepened. "You think Blake's attractive?"

"Yes," Jen said with another shrug.

"You're attracted to him?"

"Yes," she said again.

I was already bothered by this conversation, but now my jealousy spiked. "You never said that before," I said angrily.

"What? That I'm attracted to him? Yes I have. I told you I like talking to him. That he makes me laugh."

"That's different. You never said you're physically attracted to him. Are you?" I demanded.

Jen put her hand to my chest. "Mike baby, why are you getting so upset?" she asked in a soft voice. "We're just talking."

"Just tell me!" I demanded. "Are you physically attracted to Blake?"

"Mike … yes," Jen admitted. "Everyone thinks Blake is hot."

"Everyone? Who's everyone?" I demanded, my voice rising.

"Mike baby, calm down," Jen said softly with her hand on my chest again. "Our neighbors. The wives. We talk sometimes. They think you're cute too."

"Oh, so Blake is hot and I'm just cute," I said sarcastically.

Jen grinned at me. I gawked, seeing her smiling. "Do you think this is funny?" I hissed.

"I always know you're getting really excited," she said, the grin still on her face. "When you start over analyzing my words." She reached down into my boxers. She felt my cock. "God Mike, you're so freaking hard."

I groaned as she wrapped her soft hand around me. "I don't like Blake," I told her.

"I know you don't," Jen said as she slowly stroked me. "But you're not in control. I am. And I want to go out with them." She grinned and added "You're as curious as me."

I hesitated, then said "… okay, we'll go." My cheeks burned with cuckold submission.

Jen kicked the blankets off us. She got onto her back and pulled down her panties. "Eat me out Mike," she said.

I hesitated again. More and more, Jen was dictating the direction of our game. I'd just agreed to go out with a man I hated, and rather than reward me with her pussy or a blow job, or even just a "thank you," she wanted me to go down on her. She was humiliating me. She was my wife, I knew she loved me, but she was humiliating me.

Jen seemed to sense my distress. As I hesitated, she reached a hand to my face and tenderly stroked my cheek. Then he brushed her fingertip over my lips. "You're so good at it baby," she purred in a reassuring voice. "I'm still sore from Cam. I want to feel your tongue. You don't even have to make me cum. I just want to feel you."

My heart leaped at her words. I immediately moved between her legs. I looked at her pussy. The lips were still red and swollen from fucking Cam last night and this morning. I gently traced her pussy lips with my finger tip. "Cam really did a number on you," I said.

"He bulldozed me," Jen joked with a grin at me. I grinned back.

"Take this off," I said, pushing the white nighty up. Jen helped me, raising up and pulling the top off. Then she leaned back on her elbows, like she was posing for me. I looked her up and down. We'd been together forever but I never got tired of looking at her. She was so pretty. And her body was so sexy. So toned and firm. She had little breasts and they were perfect on her tight dancer's body. Her shapely legs went on forever. She was all blonde hair and legs really. Especially now that she was letting her hair grow longer. Her blonde hair was definitely bra strap length now. Stray locks fell seductively over her beautiful face and curled over her tiny breasts. She looked painfully hot. My cock throbbed.

"You're growing your hair longer for Cam," I said. It was half statement, half question. I was still gently tracing her pussy lips with my fingertip.

"So we're talking about Cam now?" she said with a teasing grin, referring to how just a moment ago I was obsessed with talking about Blake.

"He's your boyfriend," I pointed out with a grin back at her.

"He is," Jen agreed with the grin still on her pretty face.

"Are you?" I asked again, referring to her hair.

"Am I what?" she teased again.

"Stop fucking with me," I said, but I smiled as I said it as I knew she was playing with me.

Jen giggled. "I showed Cam a picture of me," she said. "Before I was pregnant."

"When you were with Scott?" I asked. Saying "when you were with Scott" sent a thrill down my spine.

"No, after," she said. "Actually, it was the day we got remarried."

"Really?" I asked, my eyebrows raising.

"Cam was curious," Jen explained. "I told him we divorced and then got remarried. He asked so I showed him a picture from that day. It was right after the ceremony."

I slowly nodded, remembering that day. The ceremony was simple, just before a justice of the peace. The only witnesses were Allie and her (then) husband Tony. Jen didn't wear a wedding dress. Instead she wore an off-white dress that swooped in the back and ended about mid-thigh. It was elegant and sexy at the same time. We went to Per Se after the ceremony, and then later that night we made love.

"You told Cam we got divorced and remarried?" I asked.

"I did," Jen said.

I frowned, not sure how I felt about that. But I put that topic aside for now. "What did he say about your hair?" I asked. "When he saw the picture?"

"He said he liked my hair longer," Jen said. Since having Anna, she had kept her hair around shoulder length.

"So that's why you're growing your hair longer? For Cam?" I asked.

"You like it longer too," she pointed out.

"Yes. But you're doing it for Cam, not me, right?" I said feeling jealous. The cuckold angst was gripping my heart.

"I am, sorta," Jen admitted. "But I'm doing it for me too." With a grin she added "It's the Jenny coming out. You like that part of me, right?"

She was doing it for Cam and herself. She didn't mention me; I wasn't part of her decision to wear her hair longer. It made me feel like a forgotten third wheel. But still, this is what I wanted. I wanted her to be Jenny again. I wanted her to cuck me. I wanted her to get dizzy with excitement over other men.

With my heart in my throat, I said "I love it."

Jen smiled at me. Then she put her hand behind my head and pulled my face to her pussy. "Come on, baby," she urged me.

I gently licked up and down over her swollen lips. Jen was still propped up on her elbows, watching me. "Feels good baby," she purred. "You can lick me harder." She grabbed my hair and pulled me closer, pressing my face against her pussy. "That's it baby. Like that. Fuck me with your tongue."

I licked her harder, up and down between her lips, and then darting my tongue inside her. "Don't forget my clit," she said, and with her fingers still gripping my hair, she moved my face to a better position. "Oh yeah, just like that Mike," she moaned as I swirled my tongue over her clit. "But fuck me too, fuck me with your tongue."

I worked on her for over 15 minutes, so long my jaw and tongue started aching. I was trying to make her cum but I think she had orgasmed so much with Cam last night and this morning it was going to take a while.

As I licked up and down her slit, she got back up on her elbows to look at me again. She asked, "Do you taste him?"

"What?" I asked.

"Do you taste Cam?" she asked again. "He came a lot inside me."

"You showered," I said.

"Yes," Jen agreed. "But he came in me 3 times, last night and this morning. So his cum's probably still inside me."

"Jen …," I said, her name coming out like a moan. "I'm not into creampies."

Jen heard my moan and said "You sound like you're into it. Are you hard?"

Yes I was hard, but …

"That doesn't mean I'm into it," I insisted.

"You went down on me after I was with Scott. More than once."

"I'll do anything for you," I said. It was the truth.

She smiled at me and affectionately stroked my cheek. "I know you will baby," she said. "It's okay to admit you like eating me out after my lover's cum in me. It's what a cuck does for his wife. Are you afraid of what I'll think? Don't be. I'll always love you."

I stared at her for long moments, not saying anything. She grinned and looked at me knowingly. Then she abruptly pulled me up onto the bed, on my back. She sat on my face. "Eat me Mike," she urged as she rubbed her pussy over my lips.

I lapped at her pussy. She was definitely wet. I don't know if it was from Cam or her own juices. Probably both. On top of that, I felt Jen bearing down, as if trying to force Cam's cum from her insides and into my mouth. She got more excited, grabbing my hair and smashing her pussy down onto my face, grinding back and forth across my mouth and nose. Finally she came, screaming as her body rocked with an intense orgasm.

Jen rolled off me, collapsing onto her back, breathing hard. "Oh my god that was so good!" she gushed through heavy pants. I was still on my back, breathing hard too. I was looking up at the ceiling, in shock,

wondering what had just happened. My wife had just fed me her lover's creampie. And I had submitted to it. Did she still love me? Did she still respect me? Did I still respect myself?

Jen finally rolled over to look at me. She propped herself on an elbow and affectionately ran her hand over my chest. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"I don't know…," I said honestly. I wasn't sure how I felt. "What are you going to do next? Put my cock in a cage again?"

Jen laughed. "I think I still have that pink thing somewhere," she said as she grinned at me. She kissed me. Then she moved on top of me, straddling my hips. She reached down and guided my hard cock inside her.

"So I only get your pussy when I'm a good cuck?" I asked, bitterness in my voice. I knew I was acting like a victim, but that's how I felt. My feelings were raw.

Jen laughed again. "Don't even try it Mike," she said with a grin at me. "You get more sex than most men."

"Not as much as Cam," I said.

"Well, point," she said with a giggle.

"You have a lot of pictures," I said. "Why'd you shown him the picture from our wedding?"

"I told you," Jen said as she rocked back and forth on my cock. "He was curious about us divorcing and getting re-married."

"What'd he say about how you looked?"

"He said he liked my hair longer," Jen said.

I nodded impatiently. She had already told me that. "What else?" I asked.

"He said I looked hot in the dress," Jen told me. "He asked me to wear it for him sometime."

I gawked at her. "You married me in that dress," I said.

"Yes."

"He wants you to wear it for him?" We both knew what that meant. Cam wanted to fuck her in that dress.

Jen nodded. "I think it gets him hot," she said. "I told you he's just a boy. It's like a competition to him."

Jen was still slowly rocking on my cock and I was breathing really hard now. "Does he ask about me? I mean, sexually."

"I don't think Cam wants to fuck you Mike," Jen joked.

I frowned at her. "You know what I mean," I said.

"He does ask about you," Jen said. "He asks who's bigger. Who I like fucking better. I told him to stop asking. I told him I love you, and I don't want to talk about you when I'm with him."

I slowly nodded as I processed her answer. What she said reassured me and made me feel good, but I also found it disappointing.

"But …," she continued.

"But what?" I immediately asked.

"Once, I told him if I was getting everything I needed from you, I wouldn't need him," Jen said.

That's when I came.

****

Yesterday with Jen was disturbing. Falling asleep with Cam, then talking to Blake and wanting to go out with them. Then sitting on my face with Cam's cum still inside her. I felt like I was losing control. Or maybe that was the point. I was Jen's cuck, I'd already given her control.

When I thought about it, it had been the same way when we played the game before. Then, Jen had used her power to spend more time with Scott. To leave me and move to Michigan with him. This time, Jen was still calling the shots on our game. It thrilled me. I think being a cuck means you're submissive to your wife. You can't be a cuck and also be in control, the two don't go together. So I was thrilled that Jen was taking control of our game.

But it scared me too. Mostly because I didn't know what was going to happen next. Like, what exactly was going to happen when we went out with Blake and Stephanie?

I didn't worry that Jen would leave me. You might think I would, with how much angst I had over her growing relationship with Cam. But Jen loved Anna more than anything. And I was Anna's father. Her blood was my blood. So no way would Jen ever leave me, because she wouldn't want Anna to be without her father.

****

Jen:

I thought about slowing down with Cam. What he said, about how he liked sleeping with me, that concerned me. And I have to admit, I liked sleeping with Cam too. I told Mike the truth, I accidentally fell asleep with Cam, I didn't mean to. But when I woke up the next morning with Cam all over me, I wasn't disappointed. Especially not after he was inside me.

But the fact I liked sleeping with Cam alarmed me. That's how it started with Scott. It wasn't the sex. At least not JUST the sex. Instead it was the little things. Sleeping together. Taking showers together. Doing things together, hanging together. Always touching, holding hands, so many kisses. Pretty soon a "pretend" boyfriend becomes a real boyfriend. It really fucks up with your head, and your emotions, and your heart. That's what happened to me. Scott started feeling real, and Mike started feeling like the game. I didn't want that to happen with Cam.

But I didn't want to stop seeing him either. Part of it was ego. I was almost a decade older and yet I had Cam wrapped around my finger. He was always hot for me. Hungry for me. Always. The other girls at the gym and his bar were all younger, they had bigger tits and they dressed like sluts, and Cam could have any of them. But he wanted me. He couldn't keep his hands off me. Me! A 33 year old mother of a pre-schooler. Cammy wanted me. It was such an ego boost!

So I kept seeing Cam. But I kept my distance too. No sleeping together. No showers together. I let him hold my hand in his apartment but not in public, even when we could do it without anyone seeing. Mike wanted me to call Cam my boyfriend and I went with it, but I wasn't going to treat Cam like my boyfriend. I wasn't going there, I'd learned my lesson with Scott.

I still wanted to go out with Blake and Steph. They intrigued me. But both Blake and Mike travel a lot for work, and we could never find the time. Not the next weekend, or the weekend after. I saw Steph almost every day, but by silent agreement we didn't talk any more about their "lifestyle," waiting instead until we could all get together to continue that conversation.

And I still needed to talk to Joey, about what happened on the plane. Life was busy. But exciting too. The game was exciting. I was having the best time of my life.

I was dropping Anna off at school one morning when I saw Doug chatting with some other moms. Doug was the hot dad I hooked up with one time. I avoided him after that because he and his wife were separated and I didn't want to get in the way of their reconciliation. Since then I heard they got back together, so I was happy for him. Still, whenever I saw Doug he was surrounded by pretty girls. Moms, teachers. I knew why. He was so freaking cute and super hot. And on top of that, I think a lot of girls (including me) admired him for being a stay at home dad so his wife could pursue a career.

Doug saw me and gave me a wave. I smiled and waved back, then headed off to the gym. About halfway there my phone rang. It was Doug. After some mindless chitchat, he updated me on his life. He really unloaded on me. It got so intense I had to pull over to talk.

Yes, he and his wife Nancy were back together. Things were working. Their sex life was good. Great actually. Sometimes he missed working, especially the social aspects of working, but there were advantages with being a stay-at-home dad too. All and all, life was really good.

I mostly listened. I was trying to figure out why he was telling me all this. We really didn't know each other well. We flirted, we hooked up once, but we weren't friends. Certainly not confidants. So why had he bothered to call me?

"So, um, Doug, I'm happy for you," I told him. "If you're worried I'll say something to Nancy, don't. I'll never say anything. I promise."

"No Jen, it's not that, that's not why I called," Doug immediately said. "I saw you today in the car line and, well … listen, I'll just come out and say it. Your ass looked amazing in those yoga pants."

I stared into the phone. "What are you talking about?" I said, not understanding.

"I had a lot of fun that time," Doug said with a smile in his voice.

"I did too," I said frowning. "But Doug, you just told me you're back with your wife, and you're happy."

"I am happy," Doug said. "You're happy too, right? You love your husband. But sometimes you want something more."

Again I stared at the phone. After a few moments, I said "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying, I'm attracted to you. Very attracted," Doug said. "You're the hottest girl I've ever met, and I'm not just saying that. I love Nancy. But sometimes I need more, just like you. So what am I saying? I'm saying, maybe we can help each other out."

I didn't reply as I processed Doug's words. "Help each other out" of course meant sex. Behind the backs of our spouses. Cheating. Of course, I wouldn't be cheating on Mike, not really. But I'd be the reason Doug was cheating on his wife.

I should have felt guilty, and I did. But I was more turned on. I know that probably makes me a bad person, but I'm just telling you how I felt at that moment. Doug had a perfect life. He was handsome and really fit. He had a wife who loved him, and who worked hard so he could stay home. He had kids. He had a house. He had everything. And yet, he was willing to risk losing all that, to be with me.

If Cam wanting me was an ego boost, then Doug was even more so. Because Doug had so much to lose. Both men were super hot. And I had them both wrapped around my finger. I already had Cam. For Doug, all I had to do was say yes. I felt incredibly powerful. Like I could have any man I wanted. It got me so hot!

"What are you doing right now?" I said with a hushed voice.

I could almost hear Doug grin over the phone. "I'm free," he said.

"I'll meet you at that hotel," I told him.

"Okay," he said excitedly. "Give me a head start though. I need to stop at the ATM to get cash."

"No, I have cash," I told him. "I'll pay this time."

****

Wow. I mean, wow ….

The second time with Doug was better than the first. Maybe because we had more time this time. Maybe also because what we were to each other was clear now. We were the little extra on the side. Doing it behind our spouses' backs but no risk to our marriages.

We did it 3 times. Each time was awesome. In between we talked. Doug told me sex with his wife Nancy was good, but he didn't get enough. They did it only once a week, on Saturday night. Honestly I didn't get that. Sure, I understood Nancy was tired from working and the long train commute. But god, Doug's so hot. How could Nancy not have her hands all over him all the time?

I waited to shower until after I picked up Anna and got home. Once she was napping I stripped off my bra top and yoga pants. For a moment I stood naked in front of the mirror. The girl there had perky little tits, a flat stomach and long legs. Her face was youthful and pretty. No gray hairs yet in her blonde hair. Her little tight body was toned and firm from good genes and working out. The girl in the mirror was smoking hot. She was a real head turner.

"And a cheat too," I whispered to the girl in the mirror. I grinned and watched the girl grin back.

As I looked at myself, my thoughts drifted to Scott. I wondered if he would still think I was hot. After all I was older now, 33, and I'd had a baby. A part of me – just a little part, but still a part – wanted Scott to still think I was pretty and hot. I found myself tracing the fifty five under my left breast. When I realized it I jerked my hand away. Then I forced myself to stop thinking about Scott.

As I washed myself, I focused on my pussy. I soaped up and rinsed my pussy 3 times. Mike might go down on me tonight and I didn't want him to taste condom.

As I washed myself, I felt a little stubble. I decided to get a wax tomorrow. My legs, my pussy, between my cheeks, a full Brazilian. I used to keep a little blonde landing strip but Cam liked me completely bare. I actually shaved it off for him. The memory of our dare and seeing Cam in the Speedos sent a delightful shudder through my body. God … Cam and Doug. My lovers. The thought made me smile and giggle inside.

I couldn't help comparing Doug to Cam. He's really fit, and taller than Cam. He told me he played basketball in college. Doug's not as buff though. No one's as big as Cam, he's a monster. Doug's definitely sexy though. He's thin and really toned. He's super cute too. I mean, really handsome.

Doug's penis isn't as big as Cam's. Don't get me wrong, he's a nice size. Definitely a handful. He felt good inside me. I came 3 times on his freaking cock. Part of it though was looking up at Doug's face as he was on top of me. Oh my god he's so gorgeous. Such a turn on. If I had to choose, I'd pick a handsome man with an average body over an average looking man with a hot body. I think most girls are that way. Probably most men are that way too.

Doug has the blackest black hair. And matching black eyes. His eyes are so black a girl could easily fall in and get lost there.

After my shower, I put my damp hair in a pony tail and wore a loose t-shirt and sweats. Underneath were a plain white cotton bra and panties.

When Mike got home, I was in front of the stove finishing dinner. He leaned into my back and kissed the back of my neck. "How was your day?" he asked.

"Good," I said.

"You see Cam?" he whispered into my ear.

"Actually no," I told him, matter-of-factly. "No gym today. I just kinda hung out."

"Oh …," Mike said, looking disappointed. He looked surprised too, because I rarely missed working out. He whispered, "Are you and Cam okay?"

"Mike …," I said with a laugh. Our conversations always amazed me. "We're fine. Can you check on Anna? Get her ready for dinner?"

Later that night I rode Mike's face. As I did I wondered if he could taste condom. The thought got me hot and made me cum.

After I went down on him. As I'd done earlier, I couldn't help comparing Doug to my husband. Doug's cock was smaller than Cam's but bigger than Mike. I knew Mike was 4 inches hard. I'd measured him. I'd never taken a tape measure to Cam or Doug, but from experience (yeah, I'm a slut) I guessed Cam was about 10 inches and Doug 7. Cam was thicker than Doug, and Doug was thicker than Mike.

I giggled inside, thinking about the variety of cocks I had in my life. Big, medium and small.

I got on top of Mike and guided his cock into me. I wondered if he could tell I was loose. But he didn't say anything.

I rocked back and forth on Mike's cock. I had to take short strokes as otherwise he would fall out of me. So different than Cam where a single stroke took forever and felt so freaking good rubbing against my clit.

As I fucked my husband, I wondered what life would be like if Mike had a big cock like Cam or Doug. Would I still need other men? The answer came to me immediately. Yes, I would need other men. Because I'm a slut and like variety and the excitement of newness. And also Mike's not alpha, and I crave to be taken. I crave to be FUCKED. Whereas, with Mike, I fuck him. Like now, with me on top. It's his favorite position but I'm definitely fucking him instead of the other way around. It's okay, I love my husband and our sex is good. But I want to be on the bottom. I want to be on my hands and knees. I want to be controlled, to be taken. That's just not Mike. I love him, but it's just not him.

The next day Doug called. He wanted to hook up again.

"I can't. Not today," I told him. I was whispering. Mike had already left for the train but Anna was with me.

"When?" Doug asked. He sounded desperate. Hungry. It made me smile. I so had him wrapped around my finger. And I was barely trying.

"Tomorrow," I told him. "Or Thursday. Definitely this week." I couldn't go 2 days without seeing my Cammy. But I was definitely looking forward to seeing Doug again. I couldn't wait to be underneath him again, with his cock inside me, looking into his dark black eyes.

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Chapter 10

[A few weeks later]

I looked out the window of my office, looking at the skyline of New York City but not seeing anything. I needed to face facts. My wife was cheating on me.

She wasn't really cheating of course. She had a free pass. And I'd told her – encouraged her – to cheat on me. But as often with our game, I was finding reality harder to live with than fantasy.

Was I certain Jen was cheating on me? No, I hadn't hired a private investigator or anything like that. But she seemed different somehow. And it wasn't because of Cam. It was someone else. Another man. I didn't have any hard evidence, but I sensed it.

I wondered who it was. I hoped it wasn't Blake. Please not Blake. But no way it was Blake. Because if he was banging my wife, he wouldn't be able to resist rubbing it into my face. That's just the kind of man Blake was.

So who? The cute barista boy she talked about? Or the manager of the grocery store? Maybe the hot dad from Anna's school she did once? Who?

Lately Jen had been a tiger in bed. We fucked every night without fail. It was like she couldn't get enough. She was more nympho now than when we played the game before. Or maybe not. I didn't see her that much back then. But I knew she had been wild, fucking not just Scott but his friends. Maybe I'd unleashed that nympho part of her again.

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[Jen:]

I bit my lip and squirmed on the bed as I pressed the pink vibrator against my clit. With my other hand, I reached up and pushed down my bra, and caressed and thumbed my hard nipple. "Yeah like that," I breathed to my imaginary lover. I pinched my nipple hard, imagining that it was Cam biting down on it. That sent me over the end. "Ugh god …" I groaned as my orgasm hit. My back arched and my toes curled as I moaned and came on my "little friend."

Afterwards I was panting and my body felt drained. "Fuck …," I said under my breath. I'd been with either Can or Doug each day this week, and I fucked Mike every night, yet I was still horny. God I was such a nympho right now. I was insatiable.

I'd decided not to see Cam today. Almost 2 weeks straight of hooking up with my lovers every day was wearing on my guilt, even for me. I was with my lovers more than Mike! It didn't help that I had not told Mike about Doug. It was exciting to "cheat" on Mike, but I was finding that even pretend cheating wore at a married girl's conscience.

Just as my breathing was returning to normal, my phone rang. It was Mike's brother. "Hi Joey, what's up?" I asked.

"I'm in the neighborhood," Joey said. "Can I drop by?"

"You just happened to be in Montclair?" I said incredulously into the phone. There was no reason to be in Montclair unless you lived here, especially if (like Joey) you lived in New York City.

"Actually I want to talk to you," Joey said. "About what happened on the plane."

I couldn't exactly say no. He was my brother-in-law after all. I told him to give me an hour to shower and dress.

"I wanted to explain why I touched you on the plane," Joey said after he arrived.

"Don't you want to apologize first?" I said in a chastising tone.

"I'll apologize if you want me to," Joey said.

"What?" I said with an incredulous laugh.

Not hesitating, Joey said, "You told me you liked it when that guy, Alan, forced you to blow him."

I stared at him. Yes, I did tell him that. But how was that connected to what happened on the plane?

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked him.

"I have a friend at school, Jamal," Joey said, continuing. "I told him about you."

My eyes went wide. "You told him about me?" I hissed.

"No, I didn't tell him you're my brother's wife," Joey hurriedly said. "I just told him I had a thing with you before."

"Joey, what we did before, it wasn't a thing," I said, scowling at him. "I don't know what it was but it wasn't a thing." A hurt look came over his face and it made me feel bad. In a softer voice, I said "Anyways, what did Jamal say?"

"He said he's met white girls like you before," Joey said. "Jamal's black by the way."

I impatiently motioned with my hand to prompt Joey to continue.

"I told him what you said about being forced," Joey said. "About liking it. Jamal said girls like you, you want a man to take control. You have Catholic guilty about sex, so you want men to just do it, make the decision for you, so you don't feel like you're sinning."

I laughed. "Joey, god, who is this Jamal?" I said. "I might be Catholic but believe me, I don't feel guilty about sex. I fucked you, my freaking brother-in-law. So you really think I have a problem with sinning?"

"But you still get off on being forced," Joey pointed out. "You don't feel guilty because the guilt's been sexualized in your head. That's what Jamal says."

I stared at Joey. Now he was hitting a little too close to home. Who the fuck was this Jamal?

"So that's why you groped me on the plane?" I asked in a low voice. I suddenly realized my pussy was throbbing, and my nipples were hard.

"Jen …," Joey began. He took my hands into his. "You shouldn't be with other men. I can't stand thinking about that. But if my brother's not giving you what you need, then you have me."

"What the fuck Joey," I said, pulling my hands away. But he held them firm. He began caressing my hands.

"Joey, stop," I said, trying again to pull my hands away, but still he held them tight. "Anna --."

Joey interrupted me and said "I know Anna's schedule. She's in school for hours. And Mike doesn't get home until late." With a derisive scoff he added "Although he'd probably want to watch."

"Joey …," I said again. But then suddenly he was on top of me. He smashed his lips against mine. He pushed his tongue into my mouth. I tried to turn my head away but he grabbed my hair and held my face to his as he kissed me. Eventually I had to part my lips for air, and he took that chance to force his tongue into my mouth. All of a sudden he was open mouth tongue kissing me.

Joey grabbed both my wrists with one of his hands and pinned them above my head. Then, with me helpless that way, he explored my body with his other hand, all while French kissing me. He began unbuttoning my blouse. I tried to pull away from his hand, and into his mouth I pleaded "Joey no

…." But I was pinned underneath him. I couldn't stop him as he undressed me.

Joey unbuttoned my blouse. He opened it, then ran his hand over my bra-covered breasts and stomach. As he did, he continued to kiss me, and run his tongue over mine.

Joey reached under me. I felt him searching for the clasp of my bra. Again I tried to pull away, but with my hands pinned above my head and his body on mine I could barely move. Joey found the clasp. He fumbled for a moment, then snapped it open. I felt the tension of my bra release. Then Joey's hand was inside my bra, inside the cups, fondling my breasts.

Joey remembered my body, what I liked. He caressed the undersides of my breasts and thumbed and pinched my nipples. Joey finally tore his lips from mine. He looked at me for a moment. We were both panting. Then, as he continued to fondle my breasts, he kissed up my neck to behind my ear. "Ugh god …" I moaned as he worked on me.

Joey still had my hands pinned above my head, so I couldn't do anything as he pulled my skirt up. I tried to squirm away but Joey planted his legs on mine, preventing me from moving. When I tried to protest he planted his mouth on mine again, stopping me from talking. I yelped into his mouth when he tore off my thong with a hard jerk. Then he was moving between my legs, using his knees to force open my legs. I heard a zipper being pulled down and I knew he was taking out his cock. Then I felt his cockhead press against the lips of my pussy.

I twisted my head away from his. Finally able to speak, I urgently said, "Joey you have to wear a condom." I assumed my brother-in-law was sexually active. I didn't know where his cock had been. I had Mike, and Cam too, to think about, as well as me.

Then Joey said something I will remember for the rest of my life. It will haunt my dreams, and my fantasies.

He said it with my hands pinned above my head. I was exposed to him with my blouse open, my bra unsnapped and my panties ripped off and lying discarded somewhere on the floor. He'd hiked my skirt up so it was around my waist, and he'd forced my legs open. Joey was between my open legs, my pussy bare and exposed to his eyes, his thick cock hovering barely an inch from my womanhood. I was exposed to Joey, completely helpless. I was completely helpless when he said it.

Joey looked into my eyes and said "You don't get to ask for a condom when you're getting raped."

I gasped when he said that. Then Joey penetrated me with his big fat cock, and I came. I freaking came.

****

When I got home from work, I could tell Jen was distracted. She was cooking dinner with her back to me. "Are you okay?" I asked her, holding her hips from behind.

"Yes. No," she said.

"Jen, what?" I asked. I was really concerned now. "Cam?"

"Not Cam," Jen said. She finally turned her head to look at me. She looked as gorgeous as ever. But I couldn't read her face. She definitely looked distracted though.

"Later," she told me. "After Anna's down." She gave me a weak smile and added "Don't worry. I'm fine. We'll talk later."

Even Anna noticed something was wrong with her mother. She cried, even though she didn't know what she was crying about. Jen calm her and after much effort we got her to sleep.

We went into our bedroom. We sat on the bed, still fully clothed. I waited for Jen to talk. It took a while. It was like her thoughts were jumbled up and she had to organize what to say.

Finally she said, "I saw Joey today. Here. He came over. He … he forced himself on me."

My eyes went wide. "What?!" I snarled. I jumped up and headed to the door. I was furious! I was going to kill my brother!

But Jen grabbed me. "Mike, no, no," she said. She forced me to sit back down.

"Jen, what?" I said, not understanding. "Tell me what happened!" I demanded.

"Calm down," she said soothingly, holding me. After a few moments, she said "Remember, I told Joey how Alan forced me to go down on him?" she said. "I told Joey I liked it. He has a friend, Jamal. They talked about me … girls like me."

"Girls like you?" I said, repeating her words because I didn't understand.

"Mike, did you ever tell Joey about my rape fantasies?" Jen whispered.

"No, of course not," I said.

Jen nodded and looked off into the distance, thinking. "I guess Jamal figured it out," she said looking thoughtful.

"Figured out what?" I asked impatiently.

"My rape fantasy," Jen said, whispering again. "Jamal figured it out."

I stared disbelieving at my wife. "Joe raped you?" I asked incredulously.

"No," she said. "Yes … yes and no."

"What?" I asked, not understanding.

"When a girl has a rape fantasy, she doesn't really want to be raped," Jen said, trying to explain to me. "I guess that's why I'm attracted to aggressive guys. They don't ask. They do what they want. It's like being forced. But it's not really, because I want it, and the guy knows I want it. Like Cam, you know? But if a guy ever really forced me, against my will, I'd freak. I'd be so scared. No way would I be able to enjoy it. You know what I mean?"

I nodded. I didn't say anything, letting her tell me at her own pace.

Jen hesitated, like she was collecting her thoughts again. Then she said "But when Joey forced me … and Mike, he really forced me. I couldn't stop him. It felt real. It was real. Joey was raping me. But …."

"But what?" I asked.

Jen looked at me and smiled. "It was Joey," she said. "I was scared. But I wasn't scared. Because it was Joey. I knew he'd never hurt me. So when I realized that, I just let it happen. I stopped fighting. I couldn't do anything anyway. I couldn't move. He didn't let me go until he finished."

We were silent for long moments. I knew "finished" meant Joe cumming. Then Jen said, "I've thought about it all day. You know what I've figured out?"

"What?" I asked.

"Joey's the only person in the world who could make my rape fantasy come true," Jen said. "He's the only one I trust like that."

"Jen, he forced you," I said incredulously.

She was silent for long moments. Then she said "I'm just saying …."

My stomach had been churning the whole time while Jen told her story. "What about me?" I asked.

Jen tenderly smiled at me and affectionately ran her hand down my cheek. "You could never do it baby," she told me. "It's not you. You're too gentle. It would never feel real with you. And I wouldn't ever want it to feel real with you. Because you're my husband."

I was silent as I processed her words. I didn't know if it was a compliment or not. "So did you cum?" I finally asked.

"Yes," Jen said.

"Hard?"

"Yes."

"More than once?"

"Yes."

I looked down at my feet. I was breathing hard and my heart was pounding. My emotions were all over the place.

"Did Joe cum inside you?" I asked her. My voice was low because my throat was dry from excitement. But she managed to hear me.

"Yes," she said. I looked up at her with surprise.

"He didn't wear a condom?" I asked, my anger flashing. "He came in you?"

Jen nodded. She said, "He told me after he gets tested. He's clean. I told you everyone gets tested nowadays."

I scowled at her answer. Test or no test, Joe shouldn't have cum in my wife. "So what else did he say after?" I asked. "Did he apologize?"

"No Mike, of course not," Jen said. "That would ruin it."

For some reason I flinched at her words. Because whenever I was rough with my wife, I always apologized after. Even when she was a bitch and had it coming, I apologized. Now essentially she was telling me that I was a chump. That "Real Men" ruled the world, and Real Men didn't ask permission, they took what they wanted, they used girls like fuck toys, and they didn't apologize after. Because, from the girl's point of view – from Jen's point of view -- that "would ruin it."

"So what?" I said angrily, lashing out. "Are you my brother's bottom now too?"

Jen pursed her lips at me, always a sign of her disapproval. "Why are you getting upset?" she asked "Isn't this exactly what you wanted?"

Again I flinched because I knew she was right. I'd been pushing her to re-start something with my brother.

"It's just hard to hear you talking about your lovers sometimes," I told her. "It's exciting, it gets me hot. But it makes me jealous. I feel inadequate. Because I know I'm not enough for you."

Jen gave me an encouraging smile and hugged me, but she didn't say anything. I couldn't help laughing, but it was a bitter laugh. "You could at least say I'm enough for you, and you're just doing it because it's the game."

"It is the game," Jen insisted.

"Don't fucking lie," I said with another bitter laugh.

Jen hugged me again and gave me a lopsided smile. “Mike baby, I always know when you’re really into the game,” she said with a knowing grin at me. “You get all dark and moody, and you pout.”

Her smiling, condescending tone really got to me. It pushed me over the edge. “I’m not fucking joking Jen!” I said. All the jealousy and insecurities and angst burst to the surface. “Are you cheating on me?!” I demanded.

Jen eyed me for a long moment, like she was studying me. Then she said in a soft voice “You can always take back my free pass Mike.”

“No Jen,” I said with exasperation. “But I want you to answer me. Are you cheating on me?”

Jen eyed me again. Then she said “Why do you think I’m cheating on you?”

“I just sense something,” I told her.

Jen grinned and said, “Well, last time I looked you weren’t Spider-Man with spidey sense.”

“Will you be serious!” I growled.

The smile disappeared from Jen’s face. “Is this too much for you Mike?” she asked me with a soft voice. “The game?”

“No,” I said immediately. Despite everything I didn’t want to stop playing. It was all too thrilling. Looking back at her, I asked “It’s not too much for you? Your rape fantasy? What was it like?”

Jen took a long moment to respond. Finally she said “What was it like the first time you watched me with another man?”

I couldn’t help shuddering. Jen grinned and said “Yeah, like that.” She shuddered herself as she relived the moment.

“So do you want to do it again?”

“Maybe,” she said. “It has to be Joey though. You know?”

“I get it,” I said, doing my best to keep the bitterness and anxiety out of my voice.

“He surprised me,” Jen said, looking thoughtful. “I’m sure a big part was Jamal. He probably egged him on. But it was Joey too. I never knew he was so aggressive. I hope he’s not like that in real life with other girls.”

“I’m sure he’s not,” I said immediately, defending my brother. Although I immediately saw the irony in that. Jen saw it too and gave me a sympathetic smile.

“But it was all you hoped it would be?” I asked. It was a strange question. Did you enjoy getting raped? Was it all you hoped it would be?

Jen realized the strangeness too. It took a moment for her to respond. Finally she said “I’m glad I experienced it.”

“If it happens again, I want Joe to wear a condom,” I told her. “Or I want to see a new test.”

Jen nodded, agreeing with me. Like me, she knew it was better to be safe than sorry when it came to STDs. “You need to talk to Joey about it,” she told me.

“Okay,” I said.

“No, I mean it,” Jen said, pressing. “You really have to this time. I can’t talk to him. That would ruin it for me. So you have to talk to him. You can’t be passive aggressive about it like last time.”

My cheeks burned. Jen just got through gushing about how Joey had been so aggressive. Yet she saw me as PASSIVE aggressive because I didn't have the balls to have a man-to-man talk with Joe back at Plattekill. My wife saw my brother as aggressive and me, her husband, as passive aggressive. She was essentially telling me that Joe – just like Cam and Scott and every other man who got her pussy wet – that he was more alpha than me. He was more man than me.

But then, maybe Jen was right. Because also on the plane, I didn't do anything when Joe groped her while she slept. I made no move to stop him. I just let it happen.

I guess Jen saw I was upset because she gave me a sympathetic smile and affectionately stroked my cheek. Reading my thoughts, she said "Don't be upset baby. It's just how you are." She kissed me and I kissed her back. We undressed each other as things quickly got heated.

I half expected Jen to sit on my face. She didn't and I was relieved, because I don't think my ego would've handled eating my brother's cum from her pussy. Instead she got on top of me, guiding my cock into her.

Our eyes were locked as she rocked back and forth on my cock. "I should've talked to Joe at Plattekill," I told her. "I should've stopped him on the plane."

"It's okay Mike," Jen assured me. "That's not you."

"But what happens now with Joe?" I asked her.

"You mean, with me?" she said.

"Yes Jen, with you," I said, exasperation and desperation in my voice. What rights did my brother now have with my wife's body?

"I thought you wanted this," Jen said.

"I did but …," I began. "With the game, once I get something I'm not sure I want it anymore."

Jen broke out into a grin and I couldn't help smiling back. "Well, he's your brother," she said as she looked into my eyes. "You decide."

****

Jen and I both decided we needed a break from the game. So we made the weekend all about family. On Saturday we went to a farmer's market. We had Anna between us, happily swinging as she held our hands, as we approached a farmer who advertised locally grown, organic fruits and vegetables. Jen was all over that as she tried to feed us only organic foods and was all about sustainability and lowering our carbon footprint.

The farmer's name was Wyatt and he was only more than happy to chat with my very pretty wife. Anna got antsy after a few minutes so we went to the petting zoo while Jen continued to talk to Wyatt. When we returned I found that a woman had joined them. Her name was Faith and she was Wyatt's fiancée.

"So you and Wyatt hit it off," I said later. I was grinning at her. We were back home and Anna was napping.

"Oh my god Mike, get your head out of the gutter," Jen said with a laugh back at me. "We were just talking. Besides, Wyatt's engaged. You saw his fiancée. Faith. She's pretty."

"I'm just saying …," I said with a grin at her.

"I know what you're saying," Jen said, teasingly kicking me in the thigh with the point of her toe. "But we're not playing the game this weekend. Remember?"

I shrugged and decided not to pursue it. But then to my surprise, Jen asked "What do you think of Wyatt being engaged?"

"You mean, hooking up with an engaged man?" I said. "Do you see that as a problem?"

"That's what I'm asking you," Jen said. "Don't you think it's a sin?"

"Well, the whole game's a sin I guess," I said thoughtfully. "But it's not really, because it's both of us. You're not breaking your marriage vows. Not since you have my permission."

"But what about playing with a married man?" Jen asked. "Or someone's who's engaged?" she added referring specifically to Wyatt.

"I don't think it's a problem," I assured her. "Wyatt's an adult. If he's going to cheat on Faith, it'll be with you or another girl. At least you're not trying to break up his engagement. So in a way you're doing Faith a favor."

"That's a kinda twisted way of looking at it," Jen joked with a lopsided grin at me. But I could tell she liked what I said. "So you're saying, I can have a clear conscience as long as I'm not trying to break people up?"

"Yes, I think that definitely qualifies as a no harm, no foul sin," I said with a grin. I eyed her and asked "Why? Do you have a guilty conscience?"

"I'm just thinking about Wyatt," she said with a shrug.

"So you're interested in Wyatt?" I asked. That surprised me. While I'd teased her about the farmer, I didn't see him as her type. He wasn't a bad looking man, but he wasn't anything special either. Certainly not model quality like Cam or Scott.

"You never know," Jen said enigmatically. Then she changed the subject. She did it so abruptly that I knew there was something more to this.

Why was my wife worried about sleeping with a married man? Who could she be thinking about?

Not Cam. I knew he was single.

Not Wyatt. Despite what she said I couldn't see Jen with the plain looking farmer.

Doug, the hot dad she fucked, he was married. But that was some time ago and was just a one time thing.

So who was she thinking about? Was this related to my suspicions that she was cheating on me? I'd taken notice, of course, that she had never outright denied she was fucking another man behind my back. I had a million questions I wanted to ask my wife. But for now I decided not to pursue it.

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Chapter 11

It took some time before I finally called Joe to set up a meeting. It would be wrong to think it took me that long to work up my courage to call him. I wasn't afraid of my younger brother. It was more like, I didn't know what I wanted to say to him. How do you approach a man who raped your wife? Especially when your wife – Jen – told me "I'm glad I experienced it."

Joe had an apartment in the graduate student dorms. I met him there and got right to the point. "Joe what the fuck were you thinking?" I said angrily. "Jen is my wife."

"She's your wife but you're not taking care of her," Joe snapped back at me. This time (unlike at Plattekill) he wasn't backing down. "If you did your job she wouldn't need other men."

I glared at him. "It's not like that," I snapped.

Joe frowned and shook his head at me. "Jamal told me he knows guys like you," he said. "Husbands like you. You get off on other men fucking Jen,

but it's more than that. You take a backseat to them. You let them dominate Jen. And you too."

"It's not like that," I said again, but this time not nearly as forcefully or with as much confidence. "You need to understand Joe. This is something we do. It's private. It's none of your business."

"I think it is my business," Joe insisted. "Jen's not just your wife. She's my sister-in-law. I care about her."

"If you cared about her you wouldn't have forced yourself on her!" I hissed.

"I gave her what she wanted!" Joe hissed back. "What you won't give her. Or can't give her."

"What's that suppose to mean?" I spat out.

"Take it however you want," Joe said with a defiant shrug.

I stared at him. Gawked at him really. Who was this person? He looked like my brother on the outside, but inside he seemed like a different person. Jen was right. He was more aggressive now, and assertive too. I wondered if it was just growing up. No, it was more than that. It was growing up under the specter of cancer. Maybe if you beat cancer twice as Joe did, you become a hardened survivor. You learn to live each moment to the fullest, you take what you want instead of asking, because you know that life is short and at any moment fate can throw you another curveball.

I stared at Joe a long time. He stared back at me. Never once did he blink or turn away. "I want you to get tested," I finally said.

"I already have," Joe said.

"A new test. A current test," I told him. "And you use condoms with other girls. Always."

"Alright Mike," Joe said. He smiled. He knew he had won. I was turning to leave when he said "You know, Jamal predicted this."

I glared at Joe. Then I left.

****

My head was spinning as I got home. Jen had given me a task. To work things out with my brother. It was the second time recently she'd asked me to do this. The first time was at Plattekill when I was supposed to smooth things over with Joe because he was upset we were playing the game again. I failed that time, leaving it to Jen to deal with.

Today I was supposed to talk to Joe about what he did with Jen. To make sure it never happened again. But again I failed. I didn't stop anything. All I did was get Joe to agree to get tested, and to use condoms with other girls.

The problem was, when Joe started talking about "husbands like me" and said I wasn't giving Jen what she needed, it got me aroused. When he said "I gave Jen what she needs" and that I willing took a backseat to her lovers, it got me even hotter. I couldn't think straight.

The problem was, Joe was my brother. And he was cucking me. My baby brother was cucking me.

What would Jen think? I knew she was annoyed I didn't take care of the situation in Plattekill. She already thought of me as passive aggressive (while she considered Joe aggressive). At what point would my wife lose respect for me as a man?

It was early afternoon, just after lunch (I had taken the day off to talk to Joe). Jen wasn't home. I assumed she was with Cam. I had a few hours to kill before she picked Anna up from school and came home.

I was so disturbed by what happened with Joe that the fact that Jen was probably at that moment with her legs open and getting fucked by Cam barely registered with me. Jen had given me a job – a simple job really – and I had failed. I had let Joe exert his will over me. My baby brother. He beat me. It was like his friend Jamal said. I had let Joe dominate me. I felt like less than a man. And I was afraid that Jen would see me that way too.

At that moment I noticed Jen's purse on the table. It didn't surprise me. My wife had a lot of purses (almost as many as shoes), and she often switched them out to match her outfit of the day. That's when I saw it. A card. It sat on the table next to the purse.

I picked it up. It was the business card of a hotel. The Swarthmore Hotel. I had never heard of it. The card said the hotel was in Glen Ridge, the next county over. We never went to Glen Ridge. Why would Jen have the card of a hotel in Glen Ridge?

I immediately thought of my suspicion that Jen was cheating on me. I hesitated for only a moment. Then I grabbed my car keys and gunned my car towards the Swarthmore Hotel.

Swarthmore was on the outskirts of Montclair and Glen Ridge. It was off a 4 lane highway with nothing around except for trees, a gas station and a greasy spoon diner. Mostly trees. The Swarthmore's parking lot was mostly behind the hotel so you couldn't see it from the highway. I drove my car there. The lot was mostly empty so I spotted it immediately. Jen's SUV. My wife WAS here!

My heart was pounding. There was no reason for Jen to be here. She WAS cheating on me!

But I needed to be sure. I drove my car to the gas station. As it turned out, the gas station was out of business and there were weeds starting to grow in the cracks of the pavement. I parked my car along the back of the abandoned building. It was at an angle to the hotel, so I had a clear view

of the parking lot but I couldn't be seen unless you were looking directly at me. I settled in my car to wait.

I knew Jen had to pick up Anna by 3. It was about a 30 minute drive to school. I couldn't believe she would be late to pick up Anna. She might be an unfaithful wife but she was a wonderful mother. So I expected to see my wife emerge from the hotel by 230 at the latest.

At 215 I saw Jen leave the hotel. She was alone. Her hair was wet so she must've taken a shower. She had a bag over her shoulder.

Jen took a moment to scan the surroundings. I froze when she looked in my direction. Even though I was mostly hidden by the gas station building, no way she could miss me if she really looked. But after a moment of looking my way, she turned away and continued scanning the area. Apparently satisfied that no one was looking, she hurried to her SUV and drove off. Only then did I start breathing again.

I didn't follow. I continued to watch the parking lot. A few minutes later a man emerged. He was tall and had jet black hair. His hair was wet too. He looked vaguely familiar but I couldn't place him, especially from my vantage point over 100 yards away. Like Jen, he was alone and he scanned the parking lot. Then he quickly walked to his car, a baby blue BMW. He drove away, going in the same direction as Jen.

After they were gone I didn't move. I just sat there in the car, behind the gas station. I sat there, trying to process it all.

Jen was cheating on me. Fucking another man behind my back.

For how long? I had a good guess. About a month, from when I started sensing something. But who was he? Where did she meet him?

My wife was cheating on me. Was it more than physical? Did he give her companionship too? Did Jen have feelings for him?

Did Jen smile into his eyes? Did she rub his arm when he was upset? Did they fuck or make love? I needed to know. Did they fuck or make love? It was incredibly important for me to know that.

Did Jen talk about Anna with him? I hoped to god she didn't.

Did they talk about me? Talk about how clueless I was? Talk about how I was useless in bed? That would be okay. It would hurt but I'd survive. But I didn't want Jen to talk about our daughter with another man. Anna was mine. No matter what Jen did with her body, with her heart even, Anna was mine.

A wave of cuckold angst washed over me. It was so powerful, it hit me hard. It felt like my heart was breaking apart. I was shaking. My body was literally shaking. I put my hand on my crotch. I was so fucking hard. I unzipped my pants and took out my cock. I stroked myself. Almost immediately I grunted and had the most intense orgasm of my life.

****

When I got home, Jen was making dinner. "Did you go to work today?" she asked.

"What?" I said, not understanding. My head was still spinning from earlier.

"You're not wearing a suit," Jen said, looking over her shoulder at me. She was right. I was wearing jeans and a casual shirt.

"I, ah, took off today," I sputtered. "To talk to Joe."

"Oh," Jen said. She stopped cutting vegetables and turned to look at me. "How'd that go?"

"Let's talk about it later," I said, glancing over at the TV. Anna was watching Elmo. I moved over to Jen and put my hands on her slim hips. "I missed you," I said as I pulled her ass into my groin. I buried my face into

her long blonde hair. Her hair was still damp from the shower she took at the Swarthmore. She had a lavender scent to her, rather than her normal strawberry vanilla scent. I knew why. She'd used the hotel's shampoo. It was more evidence of her infidelity. The thought made my cock throb. I was so hard. I pressed my erection against her, between her ass cheeks.

"I missed you too baby, but I have to finish dinner," Jen said, pulling away from me.

But I pulled her back to me, twisting her around so she was facing me. "I need you!" I hissed, pushing my erection against her stomach. There was no way she could miss the fact that I was rock hard. I wanted her! Right then! She was my wife and I was going to take her! I covered her lips with mine, thrusting my tongue into her mouth!

But Jen pulled away from me again. "What the fuck Mike?" she said, frowning at me and wiping her lips with the back of her hand. I felt like she was rejecting me. No, it was more than a feeling. She fucking wiped her lips after I kissed her! She WAS rejecting me!

She gave her body to Cam! She gave her body to the tall man with black hair! She gave her body to Joe! Yet when I wanted sex she rejected me! I was her husband! And she rejected me!

"Later, okay?" she whispered to me. "Can you get the bread from my car?"

I stared at her. I was breathing hard. I didn't move. I just stared at her.

"Mike, hello? Earth to Mike? The bread?"

I stared at her for another moment.

I swallowed my pride and said "Okay." That's what I did. I gave in. Just like I gave in earlier to Joe. Just like I gave in earlier at the Swarthmore hotel, when I didn't do anything as my wife fucked another man behind my

back. I gave in. And as I did, I felt my pride slipping away. No, more than my pride. My manhood. I was losing my manhood.

I should've taken her right there. I should have dragged her upstairs to our bedroom and fucked her. But instead I gave in. I meekly went outside to the car to get the bread. And as I did I felt my manhood slipping away.

There was a Whole Foods plastic bag in the back seat of Jen's SUV, right next to Anna's car seat. Inside was a loaf of organic wheat bread. Next to it was the bag I saw her carrying from the hotel.

I stared at the bag for a moment. Then I opened it. I shuffled through the clothes. They weren't workout clothes. Instead it was the outfit she wore when she met the black hair man. I hadn't seen her wearing it but I knew it was so. A short skirt and stretchy top. Baby blue bra embroidered with silky lace, and matching thong panties. Pointy toe high heels. Even thigh high stockings. They were nude with lacy tops that matched the embroidery of her bra and panties. Jen had really dressed to impress to meet her lover.

At that moment, in our kitchen, she was wearing a loose t-shirt, yoga pants, white cotton socks and sneakers. For Black Hair, my wife wore thigh high stockings and pointy toe high heels. For me, I got white cotton socks and sneakers.

I stared at the lingerie. The bra and panties. They were baby blue, the same color as Black Hair's BMW. Was that his favorite color, baby blue? Had she worn the bra and panties special for him?

I took one of the shoes into my hands, feeling the smooth black leather. I abruptly put my nose in the shoe and deeply inhaled. I smelled the nylon of Jen's stockings, and the moisturizer that she always rubbed all over her body. I smelled the expensive leather of the shoe, and the slight mustiness of the sweat of her foot. Then I bought the shoe down, clenching my eyes shut and I pressed the pointy high heel against my thigh. I pressed it down hard until it was so painful I thought it might be breaking skin even

through my pants. I kept doing it until I heard Jen calling for me. I released the pressure on the shoe. I held it for long moments, breathing hard, my thumb and finger moving up and down the long stiletto high heel, as if I was stroking a cock. I thought to myself that even my dick was thicker than the stiletto high heel, and despite everything it made me chuckle inside. Then my thoughts flashed to Jen wearing the black high heels as Black Hair fucked her. Wearing the baby blue bra. His favorite color. I thought of her legs over his shoulders, the heels barely staying on her pretty feet as he pounded her hard. I violently shook my head and clenched my eyes shut, forcing the image from my imagination. Finally I threw the shoe back into the bag and zippered it back up.

"I brought this in," I said to Jen, raising the bag. I held the bread in my other hand.

Jen's eyes darted to the bag I held in my hand. For a moment she seemed to stop breathing. "Oh … thanks," she sputtered. She nonchalantly took the bag from me and tossed it into the laundry room. "Can you put the bread away, then set the table for dinner?" she asked, again acting nonchalantly. Her casualness seemed forced. I did as she asked though. I put the bread in the cupboard, then moved towards the dining room.

On the way she stopped me. She smiled at me and pressed her body against mine. "Sorry I was so short earlier," she said. She reached down and cupped my erection. "I'll take care of this later mister," she added with a lopsided grin at me.

"Did something happen today?" I asked her.

Jen glanced at Anna, who was still watching Elmo and not paying any attention to us. She whispered "I didn't see Cam today and he's been giving me shit about it."

"What'd you do today, then?" I asked.

"Oh you know, just stuff …," Jen said, looking away from me.

"So you're feeling guilty for not seeing Cam?" I whispered.

"Yes," Jen admitted with an apologetic "I can't help it" shrug. "I'm sorry."

"You don't have to apologize," I whispered back. "You know this is how I want it. You do too. The game's more than physical. It's more exciting when there's emotions involved."

"Yeah but …," Jen began, her voice trailing off as doubt crossed her beautiful face.

"I know you're worried about things going too far, like with Scott," I said. "But this isn't anything like Scott. It's like a high school crush." I gave her a reassuring grin and added "Nothing wrong with a high school crush, right?"

"I guess so," Jen said, grinning back at me. "Thank you for saying that. Looking at it that way, it makes me feel better."

We smiled at each other. "So go ahead and see Cam tomorrow," I encourage her.

"Yes sir Mr. Andrews," Jen said playfully. Then in a whisper she added "Tomorrow your pretty wife will be cumming all over Cammy's beautiful cock."

My eyes fluttered, and I groaned. It made Jen giggle. "But tonight I WILL take care of this," she promised, giving my hard-on another soft squeeze.

Jen was about to turn back to the stove but I stopped her. "Emotions are always part of it, right?" I asked.

"What?" Jen said, not understanding.

"With all your sexual relationships," I said. "Emotions are always part of it. It's not just physical. You feel something too."

"You mean with the game?" Jen asked.

"I mean your entire life," I said. "I know about Scott and Cam. And Colin. Joe too. It wasn't just sex. You felt something too. That's what I'm asking. Do you always feel something with your lovers?"

"Well, I mean, I've had one night stands. You know that," Jen said, brushing a long strand of blonde hair behind her hair. "But if you're talking about something longer term, then yes. Emotions are always part of it. I have to like someone if I'm going to be with him more than a couple times. Are you worried about Cam? Yes, I admit, I feel something for him. But like you just said, it's just a high school crush."

"Yes, no you're right, I'm fine, I was just wondering," I sputtered, moving quickly away to the dining room. As I laid out plates and silverware, my stomach was churning and waves of cuckold angst washed over me. Jen had just answered my question. She was cheating on me, but more than that, it wasn't just sex. It was more than just fucking. She felt something for Black Hair. She had emotions for him too. The realization hit my gut like a heavy weight fighter hitting me with brass knuckles. I was at the sideboard. I gripped the edge so hard my knuckles turned white. Who was Black Hair? How close was Jen to him? Was he trying to steal my wife away from me?

I forced myself to take 10 deep breaths. To calm down. Why was I going so crazy over Black Hair? Yes, Jen was cheating on me. But she had a free pass. So she wasn't even really cheating on me.

Recently I read a story by Kenny Wright called Something Forbidden. The husband, Max, is in a cuckold relationship with his wife, Katie. Max knows about most of what Katie does. But maybe not all. And it's the things Max doesn't know about that are the most exciting for him.

Okay, so Jen wasn't telling me everything. But she wasn't doing anything wrong. She had a free pass! If you had a free pass then by definition you can't be doing anything wrong!

But … why wasn't she telling me? Okay, true, I encouraged her to cheat on me, I told her how hot that got me. But still ….

Was she not telling me because she didn't want me to know about Black Hair? Was she planning something permanent with Black Hair? Is that why she wasn't telling me?

I forced myself to count to 10 again. "Will you fucking calm down!" I told myself. I didn't have to worry about Black Hair. He was just another guy Jen was fucking. He was probably an out of town business man. He probably lived in California, or maybe even Europe. She probably hardly ever saw him, only when he had business in New York. So I forced myself not to worry about Black Hair. He was no threat to me. Jen loved me. And I was Anna's father. Jen would never leave me. She would never do that to Anna.

After putting Anna down to sleep, I watched Jen out of the corner of my eye as she got undressed for bed. She crossed her arms in front of her, then she pulled the loose top over her head. She was wearing a simple white bra. Nothing like the sexy one she wore for her secret lover.

"Oh, by the way," she casually said. "I had lunch with Steph today. In case you looked in my bag and saw an outfit there."

"Oh, okay," I said, keeping my voice casual like hers. Inside thought my heart was screaming. "Talk about anything interesting?"

"They still want to get together," Jen said. "You know. To talk about their lifestyle. I think we should. Otherwise they'll think we're judging them."

"I told you I'm okay with going out with them," I told her.

Jen gave me a forced smile. “Mike you really don’t want to,” she said. “Because of how you feel about Blake.”

I frowned at her. “But you want to go,” I said. I tried to keep the anger and jealousy I was feeling out of my voice, and mostly succeeded.

“Actually I do,” Jen said with a shrug. “I’m sorry. I know you hate Blake. But I don’t see why. I agree, he can be egotistical. But he’s harmless really.”

My cheeks burned. I HATED when she did this! When she defended another man. It felt like she was picking him over me. She used to do it all the time with Scott.

I was going to spit back a response, but I bit my tongue. I didn’t want to get into an argument about Blake. And I had something else I wanted to talk about more. “So, why was your outfit in the bag?” I asked, making my voice casual again. “Didn’t you change at home?”

“I did a quick workout after lunch,” Jen said. She said it fast, like she had rehearsed it. She grinned at me and said “You want me to stay pretty for you right?”

“And for Cam,” I said with a grin back.

“Well, yeah,” she said with a grin and a laugh in her voice.

“But I thought you said you didn’t see Cam?” I asked, again with my casual voice.

“He was gone by the time I got there,” Jen said. Again her answer was quick. Rehearsed. I decided to let it go.

I picked up her brush and sat her on the edge of the bed. “Here,” I said, sitting behind her so she was inside my opened legs. I brushed her hair. “Thanks baby,” she purred, closing her eyes as I stroked the brush through

her long blonde hair. There was a mirror in front of us so we could look at each other even sitting the way we were.

"Your hair's getting so long," I said, noting that her hair now fell a couple inches past her bra strap.

"Yeah I'm thinking about cutting it off," she teased, grinning into my eyes in the mirror.

"You better not. Cam'll be pissed," I teased with a grin back.

"You're right, he would be," she said with a laugh. Then her face got serious in the mirror. "The game's fun Mike. But you know everything I do is really for you. You know that right?"

I grinned into the mirror at her. "Yeah, sure," I said with playful sarcasm. "Like, the way you shaved your landing strip cause Cam asked."

"You like it too," she said back.

"But you shaved it off for Cam," I insisted. "And you keep it shaved for him." I kept my voice light so she wouldn't think I was upset.

"Okay, I do," Jen admitted with a shrug. "But I know you like it. If Cam asked me to do something I knew you wouldn't like, I wouldn't do it."

"Like this?" I said, running my finger under her left breast, over the fifty five.

"Mike," Jen said, looking at the mirror into my eyes. "I knew you'd love it. That's why I did it."

"I do love it," I assured her, kissing her shoulder. I unsnapped her bra. She helped me pull it off her arms. Then I kissed her shoulder again. I looked at her breasts in the mirror. God they were so perfect. Small enough to fit in a traditional champagne glass, but perfectly formed with eraser size

nipples surrounded by the dark of areolas. I cupped her breasts and gently fondled her. Jen closed her eyes and sighed "Feels good baby."

"Does it really feel good?" I asked her. "Do I still turn you on?"

"Of course you do," she assured me.

"No really," I said. "Come on. I know physically I don't measure up to Cam. So it's natural if you don't feel desire for me."

Jen looked back in the mirror at me. She could tell by my tone of voice that I wasn't upset. I was aroused. I was playing the game.

She stood up and turned around. She helped me undress. Then she wiggled out of her yoga pants. Now we were both naked.

"Get up on the bed," she said. I scooted up so I was laying on my back in the bed. Then she moved up my body, straddling my chest, her toned thighs on the inside of my arms.

"You're right," she finally said, looking down at me, looking into my eyes. "I don't desire you physically."

I groaned as she said it. "Are you telling the truth?" I asked. That's how I was with the game. What she said had to be the truth. Otherwise it ruined it.

"I'll prove it," Jen said, taking the glass of water on the table next to her side of the bed. She always had water there as she often got thirsty in the middle of the night. "This is truth serum," she said as she took a sip.

I moved my hands up and again cupped her perfect little teenager-sized breasts. "So say it again," I said.

"Ask me the question again," she said back.

"With men like Cam in your life, do you desire me physically?"

"Men?" Jen said looking into my eyes.

"Now you've got Joe too."

Jen slowly nodded. "I love kissing you," she said. "I love snuggling with you. I love it when you touch me. I love it when we make love. All that's because I love you. But physically? Just sexually? No I don't think about you for that."

I groaned hearing her say that. It hurt so much. It made me jealous and anxious and feel inadequate. But god, my dick was so hard. My dick was like steel.

"So Cam's replaced me sexually in your life?" I said. Masochism is part of cuckoldry. So it felt so delicious to say those words. I couldn't wait to hear her answer.

"Yes, Cam," she told me. Then she added "And other men." She was still looking into my eyes as she said it. "Sometimes, I see a hot guy. I think about what it would be like to fuck him. And even though I've never met him, I don't know anything about him, I know he would fuck me better than you."

"Oh god Jen …," I groaned. I wasn't even touching myself but I was so close to cumming.

"But it's not completely true," Jen said. She traced her fingertip across my lips and said "You have a freaking amazing tongue. I love fucking your tongue. And I like teasing you, like now. It gets me hot."

"Is it just teasing? Or are you telling the truth?" I asked.

"Everything I'm saying is the truth Mike," Jen said, grinning at me. "I drank truth serum, right?"

Then she moved up, so she was straddling my head. "Yeah, give me some of that tongue," she said, lowering her pussy to my face. I immediately began licking her. "Oh yeah," she purred. She ran her pussy over my face, grinding down over my nose and mouth. Soon my face was wet from her juices. She really was turned on by all this.

I grabbed her tight ass cheeks and adjusted her forward a bit. I licked along that sensitive space between her pussy and asshole, her sandbar. "Oh … fucking … yes …," she moaned, as she closed her eyes and grabbed fistfuls of my hair. Then she sat on my face and ordered "Lick my ass Mike!"

I didn't hesitate. I licked around and over her little sweet bud. "Yes Mike!" she groaned, her hair rolling back. "I fuckin love when you lick my ass!"

Then Jen moved again, so now my tongue was on her pussy again. She grinded hard on my face, and I did my best to keep my tongue hard and pointing up, like a little dick. "Yes baby!" she hissed. "Do you like when I fuck your face? Do I taste good?"

Jen tasted like herself, and she DID taste good. She always tasted good. But there was something else there too. It was a slight taste but also easily discernable. It was the taste of latex. Condom. The condom Black Hair wore when earlier he fucked my wife. When she cheated on me.

"Answer me Mike!" Jen demanded as she rubbed back and forth hard over my face. "Does my pussy taste good!"

It was like she was taunting me. She WAS taunting me. And she was getting off on it. I could tell by her voice, the way her nipples were screaming hard, and the way she was gushing juices from her pussy. "Yes you taste good," I managed to say even as she pounded her pussy over my mouth. "You always taste good."

Jen groaned at my words. “And if I had fucked Cam today,” she said, her words coming out like a moan. “If he came inside me. Then you’d eat his cum from me, right baby? You’d love it too, right baby?”

“Jen …,” I said, my brow furrowing even as I continued to lick her.

“Fucking say yes!” Jen demanded. “Just say yes!”

“Yes … yes,” I said submissively.

“Oh god, oh god,” Jen moaned, her eyes clinched closed, grabbing my hair and pulling my face harder into her soaking pussy. “That’s what I want you to do … that’s what I want ….”

And then Jen was screaming and buckling on my face as she came.

She collapsed onto the bed next to me. Then she curled into my side, still panting hard. As she recovered, she reached down to my cock. I was soft and sticky. I had cum even without being touched.

“You came,” Jen said, holding my cock in her hand. With my cock small and limp, she was able to easily hold my entire cock in the palm of her hand.

“Yes,” I said.

“Were you touching yourself?” she asked.

“No,” I admitted.

“That’s happening a lot,” she said.

“No it’s not,” I said, my cheeks going red.

Jen noticed my embarrassment. “Don’t be embarrassed,” she said. “You’re my bottom. You like when I take control. It gets you hot. So you cum. It’s understandable.”

“Okay …,” I said, my voice trailing off with uncertainty.

Jen swiped her finger across my shaft, coating her finger with my sperm. She brought her finger to my mouth. I pulled away but she wrapped a leg over mine, holding me. “You should get used to the taste,” she told me.

“Jen no,” I said, pulling away again and refusing to open my mouth.

“Mike, open your freaking mouth,” Jen told me with a stern voice. There was a half laugh in her voice too. She was enjoying this. Finally I did what she wanted. I opened my lips. Jen pushed her finger into my mouth, rolling her fingertip over my tongue.

“See? It’s not so terrible,” she said. She rubbed her fingertip against my tongue some more, then she took her finger out of my mouth. She smiled at me and added, “Your cum actually tastes kinda sweet.”

“Can you tell guys by the taste of their cum?” I asked her.

“Yes. Most times,” Jen said. With an embarrassed giggle she added “I know that sounds so slutty.”

“I don’t think you’re a slut,” I told her. “No matter what you do, I’ll never think you’re a slut.”

Jen smiled at me. Then she hugged me and gushed “God I love you so much!”

I hugged her back. At that moment all my concerns and anxieties seemed to wash away. Jen loved me. Other men might fuck her better than me, but she was mine.

"So if my cum tastes sweet, what do other guys taste like?" I asked. "More manly?"

"Ha ha. Well maybe you'll find out," Jen said with a laugh. She swiped her finger across my soft shaft again. This time I didn't resist as she pushed her tongue into my mouth. "Sometimes it depends on what you eat. Like, if you eat asparagus, I can taste that." We both laughed, although I wasn't sure if she was telling the truth or teasing.

Then with my lips tight around her finger, she pushed her finger in and out of my mouth, like her finger was a cock and I was blowing her. Her eyes seemed to glaze over. She said "Someday I want to see this."

I immediately took her wrist and pulled her finger out of my mouth. "Why would you want to see that?" I spat out.

"Don't be so shocked," Jen said with a grin at me. "I know you like seeing me with girls."

"So watch gay porn on the internet," I told her.

"I don't want to see an anonymous guy with a dick in his mouth," Jen said, still grinning at me. "I want to see my husband with a dick in his mouth."

I glared at her as I said "Jen … there's only so far you can push."

"Okay, alright," Jen said, not pursing the topic any further, but the smile was still on her pretty face.

****

A couple weeks later, I came home to an empty house. Jen wasn't cooking dinner and Anna was nowhere to be seen. I heard movement upstairs though. I found Jen in our bedroom, putting on makeup.

"We're going out with Joey tonight," Jen announced. She was sitting at her dressing table where she did her makeup. She was nude except for a bra, thong panties and stockings.

"Oh," I said surprised. "Where's Anna?"

"She's with Stephanie," Jen told me.

"So … when did this happen?" I asked.

"Just today," Jen said as she worked on her mascara. "Joey called."

"So just like that?" I said with a frown. "Joe calls and you agree to go out. You don't call me first?"

Jen stopped with the mascara and looked at me. "Mike … really?" she said with her eyes boring into mine.

I couldn't help looking away. The last time I spoke to Joe, I was supposed to get him to leave Jen alone. But instead all I achieved was to get him to agree to get tested again, and to use condoms with other girls. I had essentially given my brother the green light to do whatever he wanted with my wife.

When I told Jen this back then, she listened without saying anything. We didn't discuss it. Not really. I'd just caught Jen at the Swarthmore Hotel, cheating on me. I was too distracted by that to think about Joe. Maybe Jen was too.

Now my wife was getting prettied up for an evening with my brother. The memories of what Joe said slammed into me like a runaway freight train:

"Jen's not just your wife. She's my sister-in-law. I care about her."

"You get off on other men fucking Jen, but it's more than that. You take a backseat to them. You let them dominate Jen. And you too."

“I gave her what she wanted! What you won’t give her. Or can’t give her.”

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I was snapped out of my reverie when Jen spoke to me. “Hello, earth to Mike,” she said. “Are you there?”

My eyes focused back on her. “Yes I’m here,” I said.

“Give me a few minutes, okay?” she said to me. “I have to finish dressing. I don’t want to make Joey wait.”

I stared at her for long moments. How did I feel at that moment? Like less than a man. Like a husband who had no control over what was going to happen to his wife. Like my baby brother was calling the shots and I was submissively following along like a powerless third wheel.

I should have manned up and taken charge. She was my wife after all, and Joe was just my spit-nose baby brother, over 10 years younger than me. I should’ve told Jen no. I should’ve called Joe and told him to fuck off. I should’ve threw Jen onto the bed and fucked her brains out.

But I didn’t do any of those things. Because I’m a cuckold.

I continued to look at my wife. God she was so beautiful. Her matching bra and panties were lacy taupe, and her stockings were a shade darker than nude. Her long blonde hair glistened like lush soft silk. She was so beautiful she didn’t need makeup, but when she put it on it just added to her perfection. And she was getting all dolled up for another man. For my brother. It made my heart ache. It made my cock throb.

“Jen …,” I began. My voice was unsteady. I felt jealous and desperate. “Am I invited?”

Jen put down her makeup and turned to look at me. She gave me a sympathetic smile. “Of course you are baby,” she said. Then she went back to her makeup.

The uber driver couldn’t keep his eyes off Jen as we drove into the city. I couldn’t blame him. She looked amazing! She was wearing a LBD that I hadn’t seen in a while. Not since she was with Scott. (Again, thinking that – “when she was with Scott” – made my cock twitch.) It had a daring neckline so it showed a lot of cleavage. I realized her bra must be a push up bra to make her look so big. Also the little black dress was cut short so it showed a lot of her long gorgeous legs. It was so short that it exposed flashes of her stocking tops depending on how she sat.

I slid closer to her on the seat. Glancing in the mirror (the driver was again salivating over my wife), I kissed her shoulder and gushed “You look amazing in this dress.”

“It’s kind of tight,” Jen said. I knew why. She was in the best shape of her life, her body tight as a drum, but pregnancy had made her a little curvier in her hips and ass, and had even made her breasts a little bigger. “I’m not a size 0 anymore,” she lamented.

“I’m sure other girls feel so sorry for you,” I joked with a laugh. I kissed her shoulder again and said “I’m sure Cam appreciates the extra curves.”

Jen grinned at me. “Joey too,” she said. I glanced into the mirror again, at the driver. Now he looked confused. It made my cock throb.

“What exactly is the plan tonight?” I asked her.

“We’ve going to dinner with your brother,” Jen said.

“Is that all?” I asked. She answered by shrugging. She didn’t know any more than me.

"Is his friend Jamal going to be there?" I whispered. I suddenly imagined my wife getting fucked by both my brother and his black friend. Double penetrated by a white cock and a black cock. The image in my head made me shudder.

"Is that what you want?" Jen whispered back.

"Well …," I said with a laugh. "It wouldn't suck, right?" I joked, using an expression she sometimes used.

Jen didn't smile back though. "Jamal won't be there," she said with certainty.

"How do you know?"

"Joey's protective of me," she said. "He would never let Jamal or any other man touch me."

My jaw dropped at her answer. Jen had just described the opposite of me. Joe was protective of her, while I let other men not only touch her, but fuck her, cum inside her, fall in love with her. "Is that what you want?" I said in a low voice. "You want me to be more protective? More possessive of you?"

"Mike, this isn't about you," she snapped. "Not everything's about you."

I gawked at her. I felt really vulnerable at that moment, and rather than reassuring me, she was dismissive and cold.

Jen knew it too. "I'm sorry," she whispered, looking apologetic and regretful. "I wasn't comparing you to Joey. Being possessive and the game don't mix, and I understand that. I was just trying to answer your question about Jamal."

"Okay, I get that, but you should know," I said. "I am protective of you. I am possessive. That's why the game's such a turn on. I want you all to

myself, so the thought of you with another man, it drives me crazy, but somehow all that's been sexualized inside me. If I was with a girl I didn't love, the game wouldn't be a turn on. Does that make sense?"

"It does baby, I get it," Jen said, squeezing my hands.

****

When we got to the restaurant, the uber driver hustled out of the car and opened Jen's door. His eyes ate her up as she slid out of the car. There was no way to maintain her modesty as her dress hiked up, exposing the lacy tops of her stockings. The driver was practically salivating over my wife as I slid across the seat to follow her out the car door.

"You share her?" the driver boldly asked me. I didn't respond of course. He handed me his card. "I'd show her a good time. You too," he said, grinning at me.

"Did you hear what the uber driver just said?" I asked Jen as we entered the restaurant.

"He's cute," Jen said, grinning. She had clearly heard.

I gawked at her. "Are you serious?" I said with shock.

Jen took the driver's card from me and slipped it into her clutch. "He wasn't the only one looking," she said with a grin at me. I was dumbstruck. Also, the card reminded me of the Swarthmore Hotel. My head spun as I thought about all the balls in the air. Cam, Black Hair, Blake, Joe, and now the uBer driver. She had so many lovers (and potential lovers). How did Jen keep them all straight? The game was definitely more complicated this time.

Jen had me too, we still had sex. Although she told me the other day she no longer thought of me that way. Other men had replaced me in her sex

life. The thought pained my heart and made me feel jealous and insecure, but it also thrilled me.

The hostess showed us to a table with 4 chairs. Joe was already there. For a moment I panicked. Was Jen going to sit next to Joe or me? We'd played that game before, with Jen pretending to be another man's date with me being the tag along friend. But I didn't want to play third wheel to my brother. That would be too much. Jen didn't go there though. She sat across the table from Joe, next to me and holding my hand.

The first part of dinner was normal. It was just the 3 of us catching up about work, school, mom and dad and Anna. Despite the normalcy, there was tension in the air. How could there not be?

Joe was the same as always, but he was different too. He was an adult now, and more confident and assertive. Our conversation turned to politics. We were all Democrats but Jen was further to the left than both Joe and me. I was interested in politics, but I never argued with Jen when I disagreed with her position. It wasn't conducive to a happy marriage. In the past, Joe would have deferred too. But now he was more assertive. He rigorously argued his points when he didn't agree with Jen. It never got nasty. But that's what I mean by Joe being more confident and assertive. My little brother was no longer a boy. He was a man.

After dinner we moved to the adjoining bar. It felt like a speakeasy with dark wood paneling and plush leather seats. The bar was crowded with people drinking expensive bourbon and artisan vodka. After ordering drinks, Jen excused herself to go to the bathroom. I watched as my brother's eyes lingered on my wife as she walked away.

"Here it is," Joe said to me as soon as Jen was out of earshot. He handed me an envelope. I knew what it was but I looked anyway. The test results. It was dated a week ago. Joe was clean.

"What about since then?" I asked, referring to the 1 week time gap.

"I've used condoms, okay?" Joe said irritably. "So where's Jen's test?"

"She didn't get tested," I hissed at him.

"Hey Mike, that's not cool," Joe said, frowning at me.

"She's my wife!" I hissed in a low voice. "If I say she doesn't need to get tested, then that's it! Take it or leave it!"

"Okay, fine, whatever, calm down," Joe said, looking around to make sure no one heard me.

I reached into my pocket. "Here," I said, handing the small square packages to him. They were condoms. "I want you to use these."

Joe frowned at the condoms in my hand. "Uh, Mike," he said. "You know, the whole point of getting tested –."

"YOU WILL USE CONDOMS WITH MY WIFE!" I snarled at him. I was speaking in a low voice, but still people were turning to look at us.

"Will you fucking calm down!" Joe whispered back to me. "Okay whatever," he said, taking the condoms from me and stuffing them into his pocket.

Jen returned a few moments later. I could tell she'd brushed her hair and put on new lipstick. For me? No, not for me. I knew tonight was Joe's night.

Jen eyed the white paper in my hand. She knew what it was of course. "Can I see it?" she asked me, holding out her hand.

"I already checked it," I assured her.

"But it's my body, you know?" she said to me, her hand still out. My insides were churning, as for some reason her attitude bothered me (even though she was right of course, it was her body). I handed over Joe's STD test to

her. “Here,” she said to Joe. She pulled an identical white paper from her clutch and handed it to my brother.

I felt crestfallen as Joe took the paper from Jen. “You got tested?” I asked with shock.

“Of course I got tested Mike,” Jen said. Joe grinned at me. I clenched my teeth together to avoid saying something I would regret later.

Jen sensed I was bothered and pulled me aside. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“I told Joe to wear a condom with you,” I told her.

Jen frowned and said, “But we both got tested.”

“When exactly did you get tested Jen?” I snapped.

Jen pursed her lips. “What’s up with you Mike?” she asked. “You know I get tested now, for Cam.”

“For Cam! For Joe!” I snapped. “What about for me?”

“I get tested FOR you,” Jen insisted. “Mike, what’s wrong? I thought this is what you wanted.”

Again I gritted my teeth. “I do want it,” I said. “It’s just ….” My voice trailed off. I wanted this, but I didn’t. I loved it but hated it too. I didn’t understand it myself, so how could I explain my feelings to Jen?

“Baby …,” Jen sighed. She was used to my conflicting feelings over the game and being a cuck. “Remember what we talked about in the car? Being possessive and the game don’t mix. Being alpha and the game don’t mix.”

I smiled, but it was without humor. “So you don’t want me going alpha on you?” I asked, bitterness in my voice.

“It’ll just get you upset. Like now,” Jen said, giving me a sympathetic smile and rubbing my arm. “You just need to let things happen Mike.”

“Let things happen …,” I said, repeating her words. “I guess that’s what a cuckold does.”

Jen grinned at me. “You are a cuckold baby. You’re my cuckold,” she teased. She hugged my arm and said reassuringly, “But you know what? In a couple hours we’ll be home. Just you and me.”

Her words calmed me. I could do this. Just a few hours. Then she would be all mine again. Then, as I looked at her, I saw something. I’d been so bothered I didn’t see it before, but now it was apparent to me.

Jen was aroused. Big time aroused. She had a major cum face on. And I knew it wasn’t because of me. It was because of Joe. She wanted my brother.

We returned to Joe. He said “How about a smoke?” He was looking at Jen as he said it. Clearly the invitation was only for her.

Jen realized the same thing. She nodded yes to Joe, then gave me a weak smile. Moments later she was walking out the door of the bar, with my brother.

****

[Jen]

It was an unseasonably warm winter evening. Yet still I wrapped my arms around myself against the chill as we walked outside. I let Joey lead me. We walked passed the other smokers and then down a side street. Then

we turned into an alley. It was the alley behind the restaurant. We were alone. It was dark.

"So you planned this?" I asked him.

"Yes," Joey said.

I looked into his eyes. "You don't have to wear a condom," I told him.

"I wasn't planning to," Joey said. He moved towards me. I stepped back but stopped when my back pressed against the brick wall of the alley. Joe didn't stop though. Not until his body pressed against mine.

He kissed me. I didn't stop him. He mauled my tits through my dress. I didn't stop him. He reached down and hiked my skirt up. I didn't stop him. He jerked down my panties. I didn't stop him.

Then I heard him working on his belt and pulling down his zipper. He grabbed the back of my thigh and pulled my leg up, opening me up. Then he bent at the knees, positioning himself. He had one hand on my shoulders and the other on his cock. His cockhead pressed against my pussy lips. Holding me still, he lurched up, and then he was inside me.

I grunted as my brother-in-law penetrated me with his manhood. God he was so freaking thick! He wasn't gentle, he forced himself all the way inside me in just a couple thrusts. God I felt so full! There was pain but also pleasure. I looped my arms under his and grabbed his shoulders as he started fucking me.

Joey kissed me as he thrusted in and out. "Oh god Joey!" I moaned into his mouth. It felt so good! Long is good, but if I had to choose, I'd pick thick every time. I loved the sensation of feeling stretched! And Joey was the thickest cock I'd ever had! It felt so fucking good!

"Did Mike really think I was going to wear a condom?" Joey hissed as he fucked me hard.

I was having trouble talking with the big thing pounding into me. "Sometimes – he gets – conflicted," I managed to say.

"Your bare pussy feels so good!" Joey gushed. But I barely heard him because I was cumming. I came really hard. My nails dug into his shoulders as I came. My orgasm hit me like a monster tidal wave, and I think I bit his lip as I tasted blood. But I didn't care. I was just reveling in the feeling of cumming on the thick cock inside me. My brother-in-law's cock! With my husband waiting inside for me! God I was so nasty! So wicked! Such a dirty slut! It got me so hot!

"Wait, wait," I panted into Joey's chest. He still held my leg up and we were still connected, but I needed a moment to recover before he started up again. Joey took the opportunity to touch me. His hands roamed my body. I felt his fingers at the zipper of my dress. He began unzipping me but I stopped him. "No, don't," I told him. "Don't take off my dress." I didn't want my dress to fall onto the ground, which was filthy.

"You're not in control Jen," Joey told me.

"I'm not?" I said, grinning at him. Our quick fuck here in the alley felt like our affair from the past. It reminded me of the quickie in the basement laundry room of our old apartment. Both then and now, I was in control. Yes, Joey was more confident and assertive now but that didn't change things. I was older. He had always looked up to me, ever since Mike first introduced me to him. He'd always had a boyish crush on me. I had helped him become a man. Of course I was in control.

The last time, when he "raped" me, I knew that was a one-time thing. I didn't expect that this time from Joey, or ever again. It was kinda disappointing (and a relief too, honestly), but I was looking forward to more of this fling with my brother-in-law. He was my Joey. I really cared about him. He had a freaking amazing cock. And, despite his pouty face, I knew Mike got off on it. The wicked, taboo nature of it all got me really hot.

So I was thrilled to have this fling with Joey. I wasn't planning to see him often. There was only so far I could push Mike. There was also Joey to think about. I didn't want his crush for me to turn into something bigger. I just wanted him to think of me as his caring sister-in-law, who by the way he got to fuck every now and then.

Things would stop when he got a serious girlfriend. When that happened – when he got close to getting married – then the sex part of our relationship would have to end. There was kinky fun, but then there was real life, and I didn't want to hurt Joey's relationship with another girl.

But Joey was only 23. It might be years before that happened. I imagined having access to his extremely thick cock for years. It made me shudder. I grinned inside as I thought "it wouldn't suck."

"No, you're not in control!" Joey growled at me.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

Then abruptly, Joey pulled out of me. The sudden emptiness after filling so full made me groan, but then he was twisting me around and forcing me against the brick wall. Joey pulled up my skirt. Then I felt him rub something cold between my cheeks and over my ass. Lube. Then before I could even think, I felt Joey pressing his big cockhead against my asshole. My asshole! He pressed me hard against the wall, pushing my cheek against the cold brick.

I cried out when his big cock head penetrated my asshole. It hurt! He was too big!

"Joey no!" I cried. My eyes watered up as he pushed more of his thick shaft into me. It felt like he was tearing me apart! It really hurt! "Joey …." I whined.

But he didn't stop. He kept pushing his big thick cock into me. At the same time he was unzipping my dress and pulling it down my arms. He unsnapped my bra and tossed it onto the dirty wet ground. Then he mauled my tits as he continued to inch his cock into my ass.

He pulled out a little, then pushed back in. Out and in. Out and in. He was fucking me! My brother-in-law was fucking my ass!

Joey pounded me from behind. He couldn't go fast, or too deep. He was too thick and I was too tight. But still it felt like I was being pounded. I was being used. Against my will. Joey was doing it again. He was raping me! He was raping my ass!

I was panting hard, my eyes clenched shut, my hands flat against the wall to prevent from being smashed up against it. Joey fondled my breasts and pinched my nipples as he fucked my ass. Then he reached down with one hand and rubbed my clit. At some point it started feeling good. There was still a lot of pain, but the pleasure/pain combination got me breathing hard and I started moaning in deep short breaths.

"Is this what Mike wants to see?" Joey said tauntingly. "You getting fucked in the ass? Is it?"

When I didn't answer, Joey hissed into my ear "Answer me slut! Is this what Mike wants to see?"

"Yes," I finally answered. "It gets him hot."

"And you're okay with that?" Joey said contemptuously, anger and disgust in his voice.

"Joey …," I said through labored breathing. It was hard to think much less talk. "Joey …."

****

After it was over, Joey helped me dress. I didn't put the bra back on. He held my arm as we walked back to the bar, because my knees were weak. He didn't go into the bar with me. By silent agreement we both knew it was better he didn't see Mike again tonight.

Mike had gotten a booth at the back of the bar. I saw him and we made eye contact. But rather than go to him, I went to the bathroom. Inside a stall, I pulled up my dress. I wiped between my legs with toilet paper. Over my ass. I had to wipe multiple times, and each time the paper came away soaked with sperm. Joey had really cum a lot in me.

Then I went to the sink. I clenched the edge of the counter as I tried to still my breathing and shaking knees. Joey had really fucked me hard. Both my pussy and ass ached. Especially my ass. But I tingled all over, because he had made me cum too. Once really hard in my pussy. Then again when he fucked my ass.

A woman came into the bathroom. She was probably 10 years older and very chic, like a model. She saw me and gave me a concerned look. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. I wasn't able to speak so I just nodded.

The woman gave me a long look. I guess I must've looked just fucked because she gave me an envious smile and said, "I wish I looked like you. But my husband can't get it up anymore. It's my fault though, because I married him for his money. Sorry, that's probably TMI."

I managed to stand up straight and look at the woman. She really was beautiful. I said "My husband doesn't have that problem. But he's got a small dick. So I fuck other men."

The woman's eyes got big with surprise. "Really? Just now?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her. "Outside, around the back. My husband's waiting for me. He gets off on it."

The woman looked shocked. Then her lips turned upward in another envious smile. “God, you are so lucky girl,” she said.

****

I slid into the booth next to Mike.

“You were gone a long time,” he said, a frown on his face.

Under the table, I ran my hand up his leg to his cock. He was tenting his pants. Now I knew why he wanted to sit in the booth.

“Joey fucked me,” I told him. I felt his cock twitch.

“Without a condom?” he asked.

“That’s right,” I said. “He fucked my bare pussy. Then he fucked my ass. No condom.” Mike’s cock twitched again and he groaned.

“Did he make you cum?”

“You know he did.”

“Did he cum inside you?”

I softly dragged my lips up his cheek, to his ear. I swirled my tongue into his ear, making him shudder. Then I huskily whispered “You know he did.”

Mike groaned again and his whole body seemed to shudder.

“Your brother made me cum so hard Mike,” I whispered into his ear. “And he came so much. Into my ass. Here.” I moved my hand up to his nose. I was holding a bundle of tissues from the bathroom. It was soaked with Joey’s sperm. “This is what Joey smells like.” Mike grunted and lurched, and I watched a wet spot form in my husband’s pants.

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Chapter 12

The clerk at the Swarthmore Hotel was a pimply faced kid. He was tall and skinny, and his long oily dark hair looked in serious need of shampoo. Besides the 2 of us, the lobby was empty. I got the impression the lobby with its worn furniture and thread bare carpet was usually empty.

The clerk looked at me guardedly as I approached him at the check-in counter. "The woman who just checked in," I said to the clerk. "The pretty blonde. With the man with black hair."

"Yeah?" the clerk said, looking at me warily.

I put $200 on the counter. "I want the room next to them," I told him. I knew rooms here went for $100 a night.

The clerk eyed the money. Then he looked at me. "Who are you?" he asked. "The girl's husband?"

I put another $200 on the counter. "That doesn't matter," I told him.

The clerk took the $400 and stuffed it into his pocket. He gave me a key. It was room 67. Which meant Jen's room was 69. "How fitting," I thought.

"For another $200 I'll show you the room," the clerk said.

"I can find the room myself," I said, not quite understanding what he was talking about.

"If you're stalking the girl, it'll be worth it," the clerk told me.

"I'm not stalking her," I said defensively. But that was bullshit, because of course I was stalking her. I had the right though. She was my wife. And she was cheating on me.

But I was curious about what the clerk was talking about. So I gave him $200 more. He stuffed the money into his pocket and grabbed the key to room 67. "Come on," he said.

Room 67 was a standard hotel room. Bed, bathroom, flat screen TV on the dresser. I frowned when I saw there was no connecting door to room 69. Also, the drapes to room 69 were tightly closed. What was I doing here? My plan had been to rent the room next to Jen and Black Hair, to see them or at least hear them together. But with their drapes closed I couldn't see anything. I couldn't hear anything through the walls. And the lack of a connecting door further dashed my hopes.

"Here, grab the other side," the clerk said. He was holding one side of a big painting. I went to the other side. We lifted the painting off the wall and laid it on the bed.

"Holy fuck," I gasped when I looked back at the wall. Behind the painting was a big mirror. A one-way mirror. I was able to see into room 69, but the people there couldn't see us.

There, before my eyes, was my wife. Jen. She was on the bed, on her back, naked with her legs spread. Black Hair was on top of her. He was fucking her.

Jen looked into Black Hair's eyes as he moved in and out of her. She raked her fingers through his hair. Black Hair penetrated her with look deep strokes, moving slow, the muscles of his ass and the back of his thighs tensing with each thrust.

Jen moved her hands down his back, slowly caressing him. Her nails traced his hard muscles as he tensed with each slow thrust. I noticed her nails were soft pink. She just got her nails done yesterday. Last night I told her I liked the color, and she smiled at me, and gave me a kiss. I thought she looked so sweet and innocent with the soft pink of the polish. Now she was

raking those pink nails down another man's back as her pussy was full of his cock.

Black Hair lowered his face and he kissed her. Jen opened her lips and welcomed his kiss. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, and Jen ran her tongue over his. As she did, she raked her fingers through his jet black hair again. All of this happened while Black Hair continued to slowly pump my wife's pussy with his cock.

After watching them for a few minutes, it was apparent to me. They weren't fucking. They were making love.

Jen was breathing hard and her eyelids were heavy, sure signs of her arousal. Her body moved in sync with Black Hair's, slowly moving her hips back as he pulled out, slowly moving forward as he pushed in. Her cheeks were flushed. Her breathing was labored. She had a major cum face on. Black Hair was slowly bringing my wife up the cliff to an orgasm, and when she fell over the cliff, when her orgasm hit, when the intense pleasure hit like strong waves against the beach, Jen would feel love for him. I knew how this would go, I'd seen it before. My wife would feel love for another man.

As I watched, I noticed other things. Jen wasn't completely naked. She wore thigh high stockings and high heels. I tried to remember the last time Jen had worn stockings and high heels for me. Just for me, and not part of the game. Probably my birthday, almost a year ago. A year! Yet, she always dressed sexy for Black Hair and Cam. And my brother too. The other day when we went to dinner with him, when he fucked her ass, she wore stockings and high heels for him.

My eyes focused on Black Hair. His hair was really black, jet black. He was tall. Thin but toned. His muscles rippled with each stroke into my wife's pussy. I got a look at his face when he glanced my way. I had to admit he was a handsome man. Very handsome, like a movie star. He was as

handsome as Jen was pretty. They looked good together. They were a good couple. As I thought that, a wave of cuckold angst washed over me.

My head spun. My insides churned with dark emotions. Jealousy. Betrayal. Anxiety. Insecurity. It was almost too much, watching them and thinking these thoughts. The cuckold angst was so intense. It was magnified because I didn't know who Black Hair was. I couldn't talk to Jen about him. I couldn't ask her how often she saw him or, more importantly, what she felt for him. From watching them I could tell it wasn't just physical, she had feelings for him. But how serious was it? Was it a crush, puppy love, like with Cam? Or did she love him? Was it real love?

God I was so aroused. My cock throbbed in my pants. I gave into it and pulled it out. I slowly stroked myself as I watched Black Hair make love to my wife.

I practically jumped when the clerk spoke to me. I had forgotten he was there. "Are you more into the chick or the dude?" he asked.

I looked over at him. I was horrified to see he was stroking his dick too. I realized he did this often. That's why he set up the one-way mirror. To watch people fuck.

"Fuck dude you look like you're ready to blow," he said grinning at me. My cheeks flushed with embarrassment and I looked down at the rug. Unintentionally, I looked at his dick. My eyes went wide. The boy had a big dick. Not particularly thick, but really long.

The boy saw me looking at his cock. "You into guys?" he asked me. He turned to give me a better look. He was definitely long. Really long. "You can suck it," he offered me. "One hundred dollars and I'll let you suck me off."

My body shuddered at his words. But I jerked my eyes away from his cock. "No," I hissed at him.

The boy's eyes went to my dick. My cheeks flushed, as I knew my 4 inch cock was less than half the size of his. Now the boy knew too. I might be older than him, but he was the man and I was the boy when it came to dicks. I immediately felt like less of a man. Like, he was superior to me.

"She's your wife right?" the boy said. "Is that why she cheats on you? Because you got a small dick? That dude, he's got a big dick. You can't tell right now with him inside her, but his cock's almost as big as mine." With a proud grin he added "Almost."

My head exploded as he talked to me. My heart pounded so hard I felt like I was having a heart attack. This was more than just watching Jen fuck. The boy was giving me play-by-play with color commentary.

"How often do they come here?" I asked. My throat was so dry from excitement I could barely speak, and I had to ask my question again for the boy to hear me.

"Once a week," the boy said with a shrug. "Twice sometimes."

My anxiety spiked as I processed his words. Jen saw Black Hair every week. EVERY week. This was not a casual hookup. This was a real relationship. Jen was in a real relationship with another man. And she was doing it behind my back.

Then out of nowhere, the boy said, "They stopped using condoms a couple weeks ago. Now he usually shoots off inside her pussy."

I cried out and came. My cum splashed against the one-way mirror. The boy frowned at me. With a disapproving voice, he said, "Hey dude, not cool. You gonna clean that up."

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(A week later …)

This was my big day. I was being promoted to full partner based on my work on Sapphire 1 and 2.

I was only 36. Old for an NFL quarterback (unless you cheat like you know who), but young for Wallstreet, especially at my firm. I was going to be the youngest full partner ever. The last youngest partner had been 39, so I was not only beating but crushing that record!

Full partner came with a big raise and even bigger bonuses. And there were major perks. I got a big expense account, a company car, a Mercedes, and access to the company jet, a Gulfstream G650. A jet!

I still appeared on CNN as a business correspondent. People called me a "Master of the Universe" (from Tom Wolfe's Bonfire of the Vanities). I had pretty reporters like Jasmine Kelly wanting to interview me.

The success of my career reassured me. As a man. And with my wife.

I was more successful than any of her lovers. They might have big dicks and fuck good, but that wasn't the measure of a man. I was a good provider. Jen didn't work, so she relied on me to bring home the bacon. And I did. I brought home a lot of bacon.

I was a good husband. I never demeaned my wife. We rarely had harsh words. I was supportive, encouraging and most of all, loving. I loved Jen more than life itself. I would do anything for her.

And I was a good father. I spent a lot of time with Anna. We were really close.

Good husband and father, and good provider. They were the measures of a man. Yes, sex was important. But hadn't I taken care of that too? Yes I did. I took care of my wife. I gave her what she needed, and what she wanted. The fact that it wasn't me was secondary. All that mattered was I was taking care of Jen. No other man could take care of her, and love her, like me.

There was a big reception tonight to congratulate me. Jen was coming of course. I was so excited for her to be here. In the game, I was the cuckold husband. I was weak and inadequate. I was needy, insecure, and even pathetic. I was the lesser man.

But here at work, I was successful. I was powerful. I was a Master of a Universe.

I wanted Jen to see that. I wanted to remind my wife that I was a real man. Not her lovers. But me. I was the real man, not them.

In the late afternoon, Jen called. "So I want to ask you something," she began. She had a mischievous smile in her voice.

"What?" I said, a smile in my voice too.

"Well, I just got back from Cam's," she said.

"Oh. You saw Cam today?" I asked, surprised.

"Um, yes …."

"I mean, you saw him, saw him?" I asked.

"Mike … yes," she said.

I frowned into the phone. Jen had sex with Cam today. On my big day, she had sex with another man.

We hadn't talked about it. I didn't tell her not to see Cam. I just assumed, on my big day ….

"Anyways, I told Cam about your promotion," Jen said, the mischievous smile back in her voice. "He said something. So, I wanted to ask if you want me to do it. Tonight at the reception."

"Do what?" I asked.

"I can't tell you. It would ruin it if I told you," Jen said with a grin. "Don't worry, it's not over the top. But I think it'll get you hot."

I paused, processing her words and my emotions. Jen wanted to play the game tonight. Because of what Cam said. On my big day. She wanted to play the game.

"Mike, are you okay?" Jen asked over the phone.

"What did Cam say about my promotion?" I asked. "When you told him."

"He's really impressed," Jen said. "Mike, he knows who you are. He googled you. He's seen you on TV. He really respects you."

I frowned into the phone. I hated when she defended Cam. It felt like she was taken his side over me. She used to do it all the time with Scott. Now it was Cam.

"Do you talk to Cam about Anna?" I asked.

"What?"

"Anna," I said sharply. "Do you talk to Cam about Anna?"

"I mean, he knows about Anna," Jen said. "But I don't talk to him about her, not really. Mike baby … I'm sorry. It's just something Cam said. I thought you'd like it. But it's upsetting you. I won't do it."

"How long were you with Cam?" I asked. Anger and jealousy were in my voice.

Jen knew I was upset. "Just the normal thing," she said guardedly. "I went to his place after the gym." She hesitated, like she was thinking. She

must've figured out why I was upset because she said "You know, I shouldn't have seen him today. Not on your big day. But Mike baby … it's still your big day. Cam doesn't mean anything."

Cam didn't mean anything? Then why did she see him? I knew why. She couldn't help herself. She had a longing and she knew her husband couldn't do anything about it. So she went to a man who could.

But why was I so upset? Isn't this exactly what I wanted? I was a cuck, and Jen was cucking me. So why did it bother me so much?

I forced myself to calm down. I forced the dark emotions away. "It's okay. You didn't do anything wrong," I told her. I forced a grin into the phone and added "You know how I get."

"This is your day," Jen said. "I'm so proud of you Mike. You're so wonderful. I won't do that thing."

"What is the thing?"

"It doesn't matter," Jen said. "Maybe I'll do it some other time. Not today."

"No, Jen, I want you to do it," I said.

"Are you sure? It's not over the top. I think you'll like it."

"Yes, I want you to do it," I told her.

****

I was excited to see Jen. I admit, I wanted to show her off. And not because of the game. My wife was beautiful, and I knew she'd be dressed sexy. It would feel good to have her on my arm as we mingled at the reception, and as I got recognized for being the newest full partner.

Traffic was heavy so Jen was late. She met me at the reception. When I saw her, I was kind of disappointed. She wasn't dressed sexy. She wore a loose dress that ended pass her knees. The dress was elegant but not sexy. It didn't show any cleavage and was loose on her body, and it didn't show much of her lovely legs.

Jen wasn't wearing any hose, not even pantyhose. And instead of high heels, she wore flats. On top of that, she wasn't wearing any makeup that I could tell, and had her hair in a ponytail.

Jen was still beautiful. My wife could wear a burlap sack and she'd still be beautiful. But she wasn't dressed sexy. In fact, it looked like she had barely dressed up at all.

We hugged and kissed hello. Then she grinned at me. "Disappointed I'm not wearing spikey high heels?" she asked with a mischievous smile in her voice.

"Not at all baby, you look beautiful," I quickly said, giving her the smart husband answer.

Jen looked at me knowingly. "You are disappointed," she said with that mischievous smile on her beautiful face. Then she moved closer to me and whispered, "This is what Cam told me to do. He told me not to dress up for you."

"What?" I said dumbly. I might be a Master of the Universe, but I didn't understand what she was saying.

Jen moved closer to me and whispered into my ear, "Cam told me not to dress up for you. I told you he's competitive. He said he wants to keep my sexiness for him."

"So what do I get?" I asked, my throat suddenly dry.

"You get a loose black dress," Jen said with that wicked smile. "Cotton bra and panties. No lace. No thong. Flats. No hose. That's all you get baby."

"Jen …," I groaned in a low voice. This was not the place for this. I was being recognized. The youngest full partner. In few minutes I was going to have to stand in front of my entire firm and give a speech. It was not a good time to be in cuck-space. Not a good time to have a boner in my pants.

"You know what else Cam said?"

"What?"

Again Jen moved closer. "You don't get my pussy tonight," she whispered into my ear. "Or my mouth. All you get is my hand."

"Ugh, god Jen …," I moaned. If she kept talking like this, I was going to fucking cum in my pants!

Jen put a soothing hand on my chest. "Calm down Mike," she said in a soft voice. "I'm doing this for you. Because I love you and I'm so proud of you."

I grabbed her arm and hissed into her ear, "Did you cum on Cam's cock today?"

"Yes."

"Did he cum inside you?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to sit on my face tonight?"

Jen looked at me. She grinned at me. That wicked, mischievous grin. "Oh yeah baby," she said, her words coming out like a soft moan. "Tonight you're gonna eat Cam's cum from my pussy."

At that moment I was called up to make my speech. I gave Jen a long look. "I'm so proud of you Mike," she told me, smiling into my eyes and squeezing my hand. "I love you so much." Then I moved to the stage with Jen walking with me and holding my arm.

****

Later that night I was sitting on the edge of the bed. Jen was standing in front of me, still fully dressed. My hands were on her hips, caressing her. Feeling what she was wearing under her dress.

"You're not wearing a thong," I said as I felt her panties under the dress.

"I told you I wasn't," Jen said. "Just plain white cotton panties." With a grin she added "Back in high school we called them grandma panties."

"But you hate panty lines," I reminded her.

"Don't have to worry about that in this dress, mister," Jen pointed out. "It's so loose."

"You wouldn't wear this dress with Cam," I said.

"Nope," Jen agreed. "I work hard to keep my body tight. I want Cam to see it."

"Or Joe," I said, remembering the tiny dress she'd worn the last time we saw Joe. When he fucked her up the ass.

"Or Joe either," she agreed.

I looked into her eyes. "Or Scott," I said.

Jen looked back at me. She could see I was in major cuck-space. She said "Remember? I always went braless with Scott. Because that's what he

wanted. So yeah. I'd never wear this dress with him. It's not nearly sexy enough."

I groaned with lust. I thought about Black Hair. She'd never wear this dress for him either.

"But you wear this dress for me," I said. I was so excited my voice was shaky. As I caressed her hips and ass and felt the unsexy panty lines, I added "And these panties."

"That's right," Jen said. She was looking in my eyes. "You don't get a sexy dress Mike. You don't get sexy lingerie. You don't get stockings or high heels. Even on your special day, you don't get any of that."

"So you're denying me?" I asked.

"I am."

"Because Cam said so?"

"Yes. Because that's what Cam wants," Jen said. "But also because I don't think about you that way anymore. I get off on your tongue. You have an amazing tongue. But not your cock. Your cock's too small. It's too thin. You can't stretch me. You can't reach the places that make me feel good."

"Oh god Jen …," I groaned, lurching forward so my cheek pressed against her stomach. I was close to cumming. "Are you telling the truth?" I asked desperately. "Is this all the truth?"

"Yes Mike. Every word is true."

"Oh god," I moaned. I was close to cumming in my pants again.

"It's time for you to make me cum," she told me. She pushed me up onto the bed, onto my back. Then she reached under her dress and pulled down her panties. I saw she really had worn plain white cotton panties. Granny

panties. She moved up my body and straddled my chest. "Ready to eat Cam's cum?" she said. She was aroused. She had a major cum face on. This talk was arousing her as much as me.

I looked up into her face and asked, "Does Cam know I know?"

"No," Jen replied. "He still thinks I'm cheating on you."

We locked eyes. It wasn't just Cam. She was cheating on me with Black Hair too. Really cheating.

"You know, I've thought about telling Cam," Jen said. "You'd love it. You'd get to see us together all the time. And I'd get something too."

"What?"

Jen brought her hand to my mouth. She traced my lips with her fingertip. She said "I want to see Cam's cock in your mouth. I want to see him cum in your mouth."

I stared at her. There was an edginess to her tonight. It was almost like she was angry about something. But what? She was the one denying me. She was the one taunting me. I hadn't done anything except barely avoid embarrassment at the reception. Somehow I'd made it through my speech. Fortunately the bar was low for me as everyone knew I hated public speaking.

Jen moved over my head. As she lowered her pussy onto my face, she said "Think about that as you eat me out."

I immediately began licking her. "Oh yeah Mike. I love fucking your face," she moaned. She grabbed my hair and rubbed her pussy hard against my nose and mouth. "Yeah cucky. Can you taste it? Cam's cum? You like it cucky? You like eating Cam's cum? Oh god that's so hot!"

Jen came fast. Faster than usual. Afterwards we laid on our sides, looking at each other. We were both still dressed.

"So you're not gonna dress sexy for me anymore?" I asked as I brushed my fingers across the bosom of the loose, shapeless black dress.

"Maybe not," Jen said.

"You're my wife," I reminded her.

"Yes," she agreed. "But you've been replaced." She reached down to my crotch. She felt my erection. I was so fucking hard. "You're clearly okay with it," she said.

Jen unbuckled and unzipped my pants, and took out my hard cock. She began stroking me, using my precum for lubricant.

"You're not gonna give me your pussy?" I asked.

"Nope," she said with a shake of her head. "Not my mouth either. I'm keeping those for Cam."

"But you're my wife. Your pussy belongs to me."

Jen stopped stroking me, taking her hand off my cock. "So take me then," she said tauntingly. "Come on Mike. Do it. Man up and fuck me."

I didn't move. I laid there on my side, looking at her and not moving.

Jen laughed. It wasn't a ha-ha laugh. It was a taunting, derisively laugh. She said, "You know, if I said that to Cam, he'd be fucking my brains out now. Joey too. But you just lay there."

"I guess I'm not a man like Cam and Joe," I said. There was bitterness and jealousy in my voice.

"Maybe you're not," Jen said.

My eyes went wide. "Do you really think that?" I asked.

Jen looked at me thoughtfully. She wrapped her hand around my cock again, but this time her fist was loose and I could barely feel anything. She said, "I think maybe I should give you a ruined orgasm."

"Jen, no, please!" I pleaded. I pushed my hips up, desperate for her to grip me harder. But it just resulted in me thrusting my cock into her open hand.

Jen laughed. It was another dismissive laugh. "Do you need an orgasm Mike?" she asked.

"Oh god yes! Please make me cum!" I begged. It made Jen laugh again. But at least she closed her fist and gripped me tighter.

Then, abruptly, she glared at me. "I saw that slut Elaine tonight," she spat out. "Does she still work for you?"

"No. She's on another team," I said honestly. I transferred Elaine to a different team when Jen and I got back together. It was just easier that way. Elaine didn't complain because it came with a promotion and a big raise.

"Do you still think she's pretty?" Jen asked.

"No," I said immediately.

"Liar," Jen said. She opened her fist again. "Don't freaking lie to me Mike. Or I will freaking ruin your orgasm."

"Okay, okay," I hurriedly said.

Jen squeezed my cock. She squeezed a little too hard and it made me wince. "If you ever put this in another girl again, I swear I'll cut it off," she said.

"I won't," I assured her. "You're the only girl I want."

Jen nodded. She didn't smile at me but she began stroking my cock again. "You know I see Bitsy sometimes," she told me. "She's married now. Did you know that? She lives on the other side of Monclair. I run into her sometimes. She asks about you …."

I shook my head. I didn't know any of that. I'd lost touch with Bitsy completely. I had no desire to see or talk to her.

Jen was looking at my cock as she slowly stroked me. "Anyways, I don't get why any girl would want this," she said, giving my cock a squeeze. "It's so tiny."

"Jen …," I moaned through heavy breathing.

"I wonder if slut Elaine would still want you if she saw you with a cock in your mouth," Jen said. "Maybe that's what I'll do. I'll take a picture of you blowing Cam. I'll take it when he's cumming in your mouth and his cum is dribbling down your chin. Then if I ever see slut Elaine looking at you the way she looked at you tonight, I'll show her the picture."

Then Jen looked at me. She glared at me. "You are all mine Mike!" she hissed. "ALL – MINE!"

Before I could respond, she yelled "Fuck it!" Suddenly she was crying. Sobbing. She ran into the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

I laid in bed, shocked. What the fuck just happened?

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It took a while to fall asleep. Finally I did but it was a restless sleep. I dreamed though. I dreamed that Jen was on top of me and we were making love.

My eyes slowly opened. I realized I was breathing hard. I looked down. Jen had my cock in her mouth. She was licking and sucking me.

She looked up at me and saw I was awake. She moved up my body. I saw she was naked. I was naked too, she must've undressed me as I slept.

Jen reached down and guided my cock into her. She leaned over and wrapped her arms around my neck. She kissed me and ran her tongue into my mouth as she rocked back and forth on my cock. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her back. We were like that, hugging and kissing, as we were joined as one and making love.

Afterwards we were laying on our sides again, looking at each other. "I'm sorry I went so psycho last night," she said as she held my hand. "Seeing the way Elaine looked at you last night. It made me remember. I hate thinking about you with another girl. I can't believe I pushed you into it. I was so stupid."

"I honestly don't remember Elaine looking at me," I said. "I barely noticed she was there."

"Well, she was there," Jen said deridingly. "I mean seriously Mike, don't you have a dress code? Are girls really allowed to wear skirts that short?"

"This is the me-too age, so I'm not allowed to answer that," I deadpanned with a straight face.

"Fuck you Mike," Jen snapped. But then we both laughed.

Jen began to nervously play with my hands. "Sometimes I wonder if we're doing the right thing," she said. "Playing the game again."

"We both get off on it," I reminded her.

"We do," Jen agreed. "But look how it ended last time."

"This is nothing like last time," I assured her. "Last time I never saw you. You were always with Scott. Now we're together all the time. We get to reconnect."

"That's true," Jen said. "But …."

"But what?"

Jen looked at me. "I really get off on it Mike," she said. "It scares me how much I get off on it."

"I get off on it too," I assured her. "Like last night. I like what you did. The way you denied me, and the things you said. It really got me hot. And I like the way it gets you hot."

"Really?" Jen said with a grin at me. It was her first real smile since the reception last night. "It DID get me hot. This'll sound terrible, but I like … being mean to you."

"You like humiliating me," I said.

"Yes!"

"I like it too," I told her. "Sometimes you're too nice. Like you're holding back. I don't want you to hold back."

"You want me to humiliate you?"

"Yes. And the fact you denied me because Cam said so. That's really hot too."

"But it gets you upset."

"Jen … by now you know that's part of being a cuck," I told her. "If it doesn't hurt, it's not working."

"I do know that," Jen said with a nod of her head. "Okay, well … you better be careful what you ask for, mister. You might get it."

****

We showered together. It was a long shower. I washed her hair. I washed her body. Jen washed mine. We hugged and kissed. It wasn't about sex. It was about intimacy. About reconnecting.

Was I hard? Yes I was hard. Just being in the same room with my wife got me hard, so of course I was hard showering with her. But I didn't try to get inside her. She didn't need me for sex. She needed me to love her. To support her. To take care of her. To be her provider, her devoted husband and a good father for Anna.

So that's what I did. I took my time washing her hair. I rubbed her neck and shoulders. All the while I was erect and my hard cock pressed against her tight body. But I never tried to get inside her. And Jen never encouraged me.

I think last night was a turning point in our game. It was brought on because Jen got upset over seeing Elaine, but still it triggered something. I was Jen's cuckold. After last night, that fact seemed more real than a game.

Now, we knew who we were, our roles. And my role was not her sexual partner. Not anymore. I was her husband. But for her sexual needs, I'd been replaced by better men like Cam and Black Hair. And even my brother Joe.

Jen wasn't going to deny me her body. We would still have sex. But when we had intercourse, it would be because Jen needed the emotional

connection with me. Not because of any physical desire. Sometimes she might give it to me out of a sense of obligation, since she was my wife. Or because she felt sorry for me, because she knew I really needed release. But she wouldn't be doing it out of physical desire for me. We were past that. And it was exactly how I wanted it.

After showing, we got dressed to pick up Anna. She had spent the night at Steph's house. It was Saturday morning and we planned to spend the whole weekend doing family things. I was really looking forward to it.

I was surprised as I watched Jen get ready. She put on a sexy bra and matching thong, skinny jeans and a body hugging top that had a swooping neckline to show off her small cleavage. Also she slipped on high heels. High heels! On top of that, she spent more time than normal (for a Saturday morning) on her makeup and hair.

"Wow. You look amazing," I gushed as we were about to leave our house.

"Aw, thanks baby," Jen said with a smile at me. "But just so you know, I'm not dressed for you. Remember? I don't dress sexy for you anymore."

"Then … why?" I said, not understanding.

"Blake," Jen said simply. "I'm sure he'll be there when we pick up Anna."

Suddenly I felt my world turning upside down. "You got dressed up for Blake?" I said incredulously.

"I think we should set a date to go out," Jen told me. "Next Saturday is free right?"

"Jen … I don't know if this is a good idea," I said uncertainly. "You know how I feel about Blake."

"You already said yes. And I've told you he's harmless," Jen insisted. "And I like Blake."

I stared incredulously at my wife. She said she liked Blake. The man I hated. My hands formed into fists and my head spun. She liked him.

Jen put a soothing hand on my chest. "Calm down Mike," she said reassuringly. "It's just dinner."

"Do you promise it'll just be dinner?" I said. I know I sounded desperate but I couldn't help it.

Jen heard the desperation in my voice and smiled. "It just kills you to see me with Blake, doesn't it?" she said.

"What do you mean by 'seeing you' with Blake?" I demanded, emphasizing the words 'seeing you.' What was she planning?

Jen laughed, clearly enjoying all of this. "Come on. We have to pick up our baby," she said, and she grabbed my hand and pulled me down the street to Blake's house.

When we got there, Anna was playing with their boys. Stephanie was washing the breakfast dishes. Blake wasn't around, which didn't disappoint me in the slightest.

"Let me help," I said to Stephanie. I took over the dish washing from her.

"You're so sweet Mike," Stephanie said with a smile at me.

"He is," Jen agreed, giving me a big smile too. It made me feel great!

But then my heart flipped when she asked "Where's Blake?"

"He's in the basement working out," Stephanie said. "You should go see him. I'm sure he'd like to see you."

"I think I will," Jen said. With a sly grin at me, she moved downstairs to their exercise room.

"Jen is so pretty," Stephanie gushed as soon as Jen was gone. "God I wish I had her figure. If I wore those heels I'd look silly."

"You're pretty too Steph," I assured her.

"Thanks Mike, you're sweet," Steph said. "But there's pretty, and then there's pretty. There's me and then there's Jen. Just like there's you and then there's Blake."

"Thanks a lot," I said sarcastically.

"I don't mean it personally," Steph said apologetically. "But there's the Beautiful People, and then there's the rest of us."

I shrugged to concede her point. I said, "I guess we should be happy we both married one of the Beautiful People."

"Honestly I still can't believe Blake married me," Steph admitted.

"I feel the same way about Jen," I said with another shrug. We looked at each other and a bond quickly formed. Two ordinary people married to Beautiful People.

We heard laughter coming up from the basement. We both turned to look at the basement door. There was more laughter. "I guess they're having fun," Steph said. She had a frown on her face.

"I'll check on them," I said, moving towards the basement door.

"No Mike," Steph said, grabbing my wrist to stop me. "Let's just let them have some time together."

I turned to stare at Steph. I suddenly realized I was breathing hard. Then I realized something else. They weren't laughing anymore. There was silence coming up from the basement.

"What are they doing?" I said to myself as much as Steph. I moved towards the basement but Steph stopped me again.

"Mike, I'm sure they're fine," she told me.

My heart was pounding. My cock was hard in my pants. At that moment Steph looked down at my crotch. She saw the tent in my pants. "It turns you on too," she said in a low voice. "I knew it. I knew you were like me."

"Like you?" I asked.

Steph looked at me. "Jen's told you we swing right?" she said. "It's not really swinging. It's mostly Blake with other girls."

"And you're okay with that?"

"Yes. No," Steph said. She shrugged and gave me a helpless smile. "What can I do? I love him. I want to keep him."

I stared at Stephanie. She stared back at me. We stayed like that for long moments, not saying anything.

At that moment Jen appeared from the basement. Blake was right behind her. They were talking and laughing with big smiles on their faces. I was shocked by the sight of Blake. He wore biker's shorts but was shirtless. Sweat coated his face and chest.

Blake was in good shape. He was tall and lean. He wasn't overly muscular like a body builder, but he was toned and his chest and arms were defined. Also, his stomach was hard with ridges that formed a six pack. But seriously – who works out without a shirt?

"So Mike!" Blake practically shouted as he bounded into the kitchen. "Good to see you buddy. Hey, thanks for helping Steph wash the dishes."

"Yeah, sure," I muttered. How Neanderthal of him, to work out while his wife took care of their children and washed the dishes.

"Mike god, you should see Blake's home gym!" Jen gushed. "It's seriously rocking! We need something like that!"

"Here's the thing Mike," Blake told me, looking at me sagely. "Your initial thought is to get a Bowflex – am I right? But don't do that. Bowflex is for amateurs. You want free weights. You wanna work on your core. And crunches. Lots of crunches." He grinned at Jen. "Gotta get Mike here out of the kitchen and into the gym." Then he slapped my stomach. "Work off some of this flab."

Jen laughed. "Hey, Mike's just the way I want him," she said, moving over to me and taking my arm. "Besides, he likes helping in the kitchen." Turning to me, she said "You like washing dishes. Right baby?"

Emasculated. That's how I felt at that moment. I felt small. A lesser man.

"So what did you do in the basement?" I asked Jen as we walked home. Anna was ahead of us, playing with a neighbor's dog.

"Do? I didn't do anything. I just talked to Blake."

"That's all you did? Talk?"

"God Mike …," she said with a laugh. "No, I watched him work out too."

"And who works out without a shirt?" I said contemptuously.

"Well …," Jen said with a smile in her voice.

"Well what?" I demanded.

With a shrug, Jen said "If you've got a body like Blake, why not?"

"So what? Do you watch Cam work out without a shirt too?" I hissed at her.

With a sly grin at me, she said "Oh yeah. When we're in bed and he's fucking me. I like watching him. He's got a great body."

I stared at her. Gawked really. I think my jaw dropped too. She's laying all this on me, when we're supposed to be starting a family weekend?

As if reading my mind, Jen said "I'm just teasing you."

"Do you really think I need to exercise?" I asked her.

"Well, it couldn't hurt," Jen said. She reached up and squeezed the biceps of my arm. "You're getting kinda soft."

Again I stared at her. I felt like she had just hit me. Punched me in the gut. I didn't know what to say. It didn't matter anyway, because Jen had turned towards Anna. She took our daughter's hand and yelled over her shoulder "Come on Mike. I'm starving."

As soon as we got home, Jen changed. She kicked off the high heels and peeled out of the sexy top and skinny jeans. The lacy bra and thong panties were next to go. She put on a cotton bra and "grandma" panties, and a loose top and knee length skirt. On her feet she put on black Mia flats. Her legs were bare. No hosiery, not even tights.

"So you're really not gonna dress sexy for me?" I said.

"I'm not playing the game Mike," she said. "This is what I normally wear at home."

I frowned, knowing she was right. She was wearing one of her standard "mommy" outfits. She moved over to me and softly stroked my cheek. "Stop Mike," she said. "We're not playing the game now. We've gonna go to brunch with Anna and have a family day."

She tried to move past me but I stopped her. Gripping her arms, I demanded "What did you talk about with Blake?"

"We set up next Saturday," Jen said matter-of-factly. Then with a sly grin she added, "And he said my ass looked good. Better now than when I was pregnant. I think he has a fetish for pregnant girls. And I told him he looked good too. And he did too Mike. You didn't like it, but I had no problem he wasn't wearing a shirt."

"Oh god Jen," I groaned. I pulled her closer to me and pressed my cheek against her shoulder. "What else? Did you kiss?"

"Nope," Jen said. She was grinning at me. "We just talked."

"Jen," I said. I pressed my body against hers. Then I pulled her hand to my crotch. I was rock hard. "Please."

"You need an orgasm?" she asked with a teasing voice.

"Yes! Then I'll be able to focus on today."

"Well, go ahead," Jen said, motioning towards the bathroom with her hand. She was still grinning at me.

"Seriously? You want me to beat off? You're not going to help me?"

"Mike, Anna and I are starving," Jen said with a big smile on her pretty face. "But go ahead. We'll wait for you."

I stared at her in disbelief, as she turned and left me alone in the bedroom. With no other option, I went into the bathroom. I took my hard

cock out. Then I masturbated. Within moments I was cumming and shooting my sperm into the toilet.

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Chapter 13

On Monday morning as I got ready for work, I asked Jen, "Are you seeing Cam today?"

Jen pursed her lips and looked thoughtful. "No, not today," she said. "Tomorrow maybe. Or Wednesday."

I gave Jen a questioning look. She saw it and explained, "I don't want him to think I'm easy. Cam's got so many girls after him. I've got to play it right if I want to keep him."

Suddenly my body was on fire. I wrapped my arms around her and said "So you want to keep Cam?"

Jen felt my erection against her stomach and giggled. "Now YOU'RE easy," she said with a grin at me.

Her words jarred me. If I was easy, did that mean there was risk of losing her? Maybe I should play hard to get like her. But that wasn't possible. I couldn't do that. Jen had me wrapped around her finger and she knew it. Anyway, I wasn't going to lose her. She wore my wedding ring and I was Anna's father. She wasn't going to leave me.

So I forced a playful grin at her and said, "I would've thought you needed a big cock inside you since you haven't seen Cam since Friday."

"Ha! Well, I guess I'll just have to make do with this little thing," Jen teased as she ran her hand down to cup my erection.

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I was in the same spot. Parked behind the dilapidated gas station next to the Swarthmore Hotel. The only difference was, now I was in the Mercedes that I got with my promotion.

I had my computer out and worked as I waited. The luxury Mercedes had internet via satellite. Fortunately, in my job, I can work anywhere as long as I can get onto the internet.

My breath caught when I saw Jen drive into the parking lot in her SUV. Even though I knew her body craved a hard fucking, even though I knew she'd seek out Black Hair if she wasn't going to see Cam, it was still a shock to see her drive into the parking lot. I was still coming to grips with her unfaithfulness.

I watched Jen go into the lobby. A few minutes later, Black Hair drove into the parking lot in his baby blue BMW. His BMW was the entry level 1 Series. It was the cheapest BMW you could buy. That told me something about Black Hair. He liked status symbols to impress people, but he couldn't afford the good stuff.

On the other hand, my new Mercedes was a Maybach S600. It cost close to $200K. I got some satisfaction knowing I was driving a real luxury car while Black Hair was driving a pretender.

Black Hair went into the lobby. A few minutes later he emerged with Jen. He took her hand and they walked to their room. They were headed towards room 69. I watched them walk together. They walked close together. It hurt to see my wife holding his hand and walking so close to him.

After they were in their room, I went into the lobby. The same pimply faced clerk was there. "I want room 67," I said. I put $600 on the counter, the same amount I'd paid last time. It was a lot of money but now with my promotion I could more than afford it.

The clerk wasn't surprised to see me. "I got something new for the room," he told me. He grinned and I saw his teeth were stained from smoking. He held up a remote control. "I wired the room for sound. It'll cost you another $200."

I didn't hesitate. I eagerly threw down another $200. Then I hurriedly turned to go. But I sensed him following me. "No," I told him. "I don't want you there."

The boy frowned at me. "Hey dude, that's not part of the deal," he said. "I wanna get my rocks off too."

I threw down another $200. "Alright?" I said to him. The boy looked at the money, and then reluctantly nodded.

Once inside room 67, I hurriedly took the picture off the wall. Then I used the remote to turn on the sound. It was easy. It had 3 buttons: power, volume up and volume down.

Jen and Black Hair were already going at it. He was naked. Her dress was off, but she was still in her bra, garter belt, stockings and high heels. I assumed her panties were somewhere on the floor, along with her dress.

Jen was on her elbows and knees, and Black Hair was fucking her from behind. "Oh god yes, yes, yes!" Jen moaned. "God Doug you feel so fucking good!"

Doug. Now I knew that Black Hair's name was Doug. I tried to think who he might be. We didn't know any Dougs. Not in our friend group, or my work, or Jen's old work. There was something at the edge of my memory but I couldn't remember. I decided to think about it later. I wanted to watch the action in room 69.

"I missed you too Jen! It's been too long! Your pussy feels so good!" Doug said as he pounded Jen. No, "pounded" wasn't right. Doug was fucking Jen

hard, but it wasn't "all physicality" the way she described Cam. There was tenderness too.

The tenderness showed in what Doug did next. He unsnapped Jen's bra. But rather than immediately reach around to grope her tits, he tenderly kissed and caressed her back. It was the kind of thing I would do with my wife. Then Jen looked back over her shoulder at him, and they kissed. Only then did Doug reach around and cup her breasts. But he cupped her gently, sensuously. He knew how to touch her, he gave her pleasure by caressing the tender under sides of her breasts and he thumbed her nipples. It made Jen moaned into his mouth as they kissed. Doug was tender with Jen. There were feelings there. Their sex was loving. Doug was making love to my wife.

Cuckold angst washed over me. God my cock was so hard. I took it out and began stroking myself.

"I'm almost there," Jen moaned. "Turn me around. The way I like. I wanna cum that way."

Doug immediately turned Jen around onto her back. In that moment, I saw his cock for the first time. It was barely bigger than average. Certainly not huge. Not like Cam or Joe. Or Scott. That bothered me. I wanted Jen's lovers to have monster cocks. That made me feel better, because then I could chalk up her attraction to them to their cock size. But while Doug's cock was bigger than mine, it wasn't hugely bigger. So that meant Jen's attraction to him was more than just his cock. The realization made me feel even more jealous, anxious and insecure.

I remembered that the clerk said that Doug had a big dick. Almost as big as his (which was very long). Clearly the clerk had been wrong. It made me think that the clerk had not really looked closely at Doug's cock. And it made me realize that I spent a lot of time looking at men's cocks. It made me realize that looking at big cocks got me hot. You might think that realization bothered me. It didn't though. Because I knew the only reason cocks got me hot was because of where they went – into my wife. I wasn't

gay. A man's cock only got me aroused in the context of my wife and my cuckold fantasies.

Doug re-entered Jen. Now they were in the missionary position. Jen looked up into Doug's face. Their eyes locked together.

Jen's words echoed in my head. "Turn me around. The way I like." She had a favorite position with Doug. And he knew what she liked most. This wasn't just a casual affair. They were lovers in the truest sense of the word.

I still held my cock but I stopped stroking myself. Otherwise I'd cum for sure.

Their eyes were locked together as Doug fucked her with slow, deep strokes. Jen ran her hands up his chest and over his arms. Doug had a good body. He was fit and the muscles of his chest and arms were well defined. Jen caressed his arms, kneading his hard biceps. His hard biceps. Just the other day, when Jen touched my bicep, she said I was getting soft. Had she been thinking of Doug when she said that? Was she comparing my body to her lover's?

God. It hurt. But it felt so good. So delicious. No wonder Jen had no sexual desire for me. My body was soft. My cock was small. Oh god. I forced myself to stop these thoughts. Otherwise I'd cum.

Jen looked into Doug's face. She had not taken her eyes off his face since being turned onto her back. I realized then why she liked this position with Doug. Because Doug was so handsome. It turned her on to look at his face. It was like how I loved to look at Jen's face when we had sex because she was so fucking gorgeous. And Doug was as handsome as Jen was gorgeous.

"I'm … cumming!" Jen cried through labored gasps. She wrapped her arms around Doug's neck and brought his face down to hers. She kissed Doug

as his orgasm hit. Doug kissed my wife as she came on his cock, as her orgasm riped through her tight body.

Doug grunted and he began to fuck Jen harder. Jen knew he was cumming. "Cum inside me Doug!" she cried, and she wrapped her long stockinged legs around his, encouraging him to shoot his sperm into her womb.

Their tangled bodies moved together as they both came. Afterwards they stayed like that for long moments, their arms and legs tangled together, panting, kissing, their bodies still one with Doug's cock inside her.

Finally Doug pulled out. I saw his sperm immediately leak from her used pussy. The white, milky liquid flowed down between her ass cheeks and hit the bed coverings.

Doug wrapped Jen into his arms and she snuggled into him. They laid that way for long moments, still panting, still aglow from their mutual orgasms. It gave me a moment to look at my wife. She still wore the garter belt and stockings. I focused on her feet. The high heels were still on. I had never seen them before. Jen must have bought them. They were blue. Baby blue, the same color as Doug's BMW. I realized Jen must've bought them for Doug, because his favorite color was baby blue. My wife was buying clothes special for her lover. She was dressing special for her lover. It made me sick. And it made me feel so foolish for thinking I had the upper hand on Doug because of our cars. My Mercedes was forest green, my favorite color, but Jen wasn't buying forest green shoes for me.

I hadn't cum yet, and I didn't want to cum. Because I knew, as soon as I came, the dark emotions would overwhelm me. So with a light hand, I slowly stroked myself as I watched my wife snuggle with her lover.

Jen and Doug smiled and whispered as they held each other. I couldn't hear their whispers. They lightly touched and caressed. Doug ran his hand down Jen's leg and playfully tugged one of her garter straps. It made Jen giggle like a little school girl. They kissed. Doug kept his hand on Jen's leg.

He lightly ran his fingers up and down the garter strap, and then traced the lace of her stocking tops.

Soon their kissing and caresses became more passionate. Doug rolled Jen onto her back. He got on top of her. They kissed again. Doug reached between them, to his cock. Jen opened her legs, offering herself to him. They kissed as Doug thrust forward, penetrating her. Jen didn't grimace or gasp out in pain. Doug wasn't big enough for that. But he must've felt good because Jen moaned "Oh god yeah, yeah Doug, god you feel so freaking good!"

The fucked for a long time. Doug fucked her slow. Slowly pulling all the way out, then all the way back in. They kissed and caressed. Somewhere along the way, Jen had lost her heels. Now I could see her pretty stockinged feet. As always during sex, Jen arched her feet and pointed her toes. It was so fucking sexy. Especially with the stockings. My eyes focused on the tiny seam of the stockings that ran across her pretty, pointed toes. God, so sexy!

That's when I noticed the color of her toe nails. Baby blue. I jerked my head to her fingernails. They were baby blue too. Jen had painted her nails Doug's favorite color.

Oh … fucking … god! My head spun with cuckold angst and lust!

I couldn't resist anymore. I stroked myself hard. Once. Twice. Then I cried out and came. I splattered my sperm onto the one-way mirror. My orgasm was so powerful I felt like the life had been sucked out of me. I felt weak and spent.

As I panted, I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to ward off the dark emotions from overwhelming me. But they came anyway.

My wife was painting her nails for another man! She was buying shoes and lingerie for another man! God …. It hurt so much! Had it hurt this bad

before, with Scott? Maybe it did, but, I didn't remember the heartache hurting so much.

My eyes went back to the one-way mirror. To the sounds. Their fucking was becoming more passionate. They were both climbing the hill towards another orgasm. But still their eyes were locked on each other. Jen smiled into Doug's eyes, and she tenderly stroked his face. Oh god … it hurt so much.

"I want to cum together," Jen told him.

"Are you close?" Doug asked through labored breathing.

"Almost," Jen said through pants. "Rub my nipples baby," she breathlessly urged him.

Baby. She called him baby too. My emotions took another tailspin. I felt like I was in a dark cave, lost, wondering if I'd ever see sunshine again.

Then they were cumming. They were crying out each other's name. "Oh god Doug! Doug! Doug!"

"Jen baby, I'm cumming, I'm cumming baby, Jen, Jen!"

Finally they were done. It took a while but eventually they untangled their bodies. Jen went into the bathroom to shower. I was relieved Doug didn't join her. At least Jen didn't shower with him. But I'd heard him call her baby. Doug called my wife baby, too.

When Jen came out of the bathroom, she was dressed like a mom again. A loose top, yoga pants and sneakers. She had her damp hair in a pony tail.

"Hey, you know, Max and Anna are friends now," Doug told her with a cheerful grin. "Max says Anna's really cool. They play together at recess."

Then I remembered! Doug was the hot dad from Anna's school! Jen had fucked him before! I thought it had been a one time thing but clearly not.

My head spun. Again I felt like I was going over the abyss. Jen saw this man every day. Every day! Jen was cheating on me with a man she saw every day!

I watched as Jen put her finger to Doug's lips, stopping him. "We shouldn't talk about our kids, not here," she said. Not in room 69, where they fucked each other behind their spouses' backs.

"I just thought maybe we can get the kids together sometime for a play date," Doug said with an innocent shrug.

Jen smiled but shook her head. She gently said "You know that'll never happen baby."

I clenched my hands into fists. I felt my eyes tearing up. It really hurt when she called him baby. She had done it before with Scott. It hurt then too. I'd forgotten how much it hurt.

"I've gotta go," Jen said. She gave him a tender kiss. "We have to be really discreet tonight."

"I'll be cool," Doug promised. I didn't know what they were talking about. But then I remembered. Tonight we were going to an open house at Anna's school!

"Wear those shoes tonight," Doug said with a grin at Jen. She was in the process of stuffing the baby blue high heels in her bag.

"Ha! Okay, I will," Jen said with a laugh. "That way you'll be thinking about me when you're fucking Nancy."

Doug laughed back. "I doubt that'll happen," he said. "It's Monday. Nancy's never in the mood on weekdays." He reached out and ran his hand over

Jen's ass in the yoga pants, and said "Anyway, after you, do you really think I want to fuck Nancy?"

Jen pushed his hand away. "Doug we shouldn't compare our spouses," she said. She sat on the bed next to him. Looking guilty, she said "I don't want to hurt your marriage."

"You're not hurting my marriage Jen," Doug assured her. "You're actually doing Nancy a favor. This way I'm not always bugging her for sex."

"Yeah I'm sure Nancy will thank me," Jen said sarcastically.

"Well, maybe not," Doug conceded. They both laughed.

"What about you?" he asked. "Do you feel guilty for cheating on Mike?"

"Yeah, sure," Jen said with a shrug. "But Mike knows I'm not exactly a good girl."

"What does that mean?" Doug asked with an intrigued look at her.

"It means I haven't been entirely faithful in my marriage," Jen said with another shrug.

"And Mike knows?" Doug asked.

Jen returned to stuffing her bag with the "fuck me" outfit she'd worn for Doug. She said, "Let's just say he doesn't ask. And I don't tell."

Doug seemed to understand. "That way you don't have to lie to him, right?" he asked.

"Something like that," Jen said with a shrug. Then she wrapped her arm around Doug's neck and gave him a long lingering kiss. "Can't wait until next time," she breathed to him.

"Yeah. Next time," Doug agreed. They kissed again.

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When I got home from work later that night, Jen was still wearing the loose blouse and yoga pants. She had taken off the trainers and was in her bare feet. Her nails were still painted the baby blue.

After dinner, Jen moved to the bedroom while I played a board game with Anna. "I need to dress for the open house," she explained. Immediately my heart started racing. I tried to calm myself though, and concentrate on my daughter.

When Jen came downstairs, she was wearing a dress. It hugged her curves but wasn't over the top. It ended above her knees, and I saw she was wearing stockings. Her hair was down and brushed to a silky luster, and she wore makeup and lipstick. And she wore the baby blue high heels.

As we drove to the open house, I reached over and put my hand on Jen's leg, just below her hemline. I rubbed her stockings with my thumb. "I like this," I told her. I glanced down at her feet. "Are those new shoes?"

"Yes. The other day I felt like spending some of your money," Jen said with a grin at me.

"Nice color," I said. "I never knew you liked baby blue so much. Your nails are the same color."

"A girl's nails and shoes should always match baby," Jen told me, the grin still on her face. I winced at her words. It was almost like she had punched me in the face.

Jen noticed and asked "What's wrong?"

"When you're with Cam, do you call him baby?" I asked her. My voice was harsher than I intended, but I couldn't help it.

“I try not to,” Jen said. “I know you hate it when I do that.”

“You mean it doesn’t matter to you?” I asked, again my voice hard. “Calling another man baby? That doesn’t matter to you?”

“Calm down Mike,” Jen said soothingly. “It does matter to me. But sometimes it slips out. It doesn’t mean it’s any less yours.”

“You mean, like how Cam calls you T?” I spat out. “That’s doesn’t matter, even though that’s my name for you! I gave you that name, but he uses it, and you’re okay with it!”

“Oh my god, you are in a mood,” Jen said laugh. She laughed at me!

“Just tell me!” I hissed at her. “Are you dressed up for me, or someone else?!”

“Okay, pull over,” Jen ordered. “I’m serious Mike. I don’t want to have this conversation and get into an accident. Pull over, over there.”

I pulled into an empty parking lot. It was dark except for a couple of street lights in the distance.

“Okay, I tell you the truth,” Jen said. “Remember the hot dad I told you about? Doug? The man I fucked? He’ll be there. So I dressed up because I want him to see me.”

“So you didn’t dress up for me?!” I snapped.

Jen rubbed my arm. “No Mike,” she said with a tender voice, almost like an adult talking to a child. “We’ve talked about this. I don’t dress sexy for you anymore.”

I moaned at her words.

"Are you upset because I didn't let you into me this weekend?" she asked.

"I didn't get your mouth either," I said.

"No you didn't," Jen agreed. It was true. After I beat off into the toilet on Saturday morning, Jen wouldn't let me into her pussy or her mouth the rest of the weekend.

"You're my wife!"

"I took care of you," Jen pointed out.

"With your hand!"

"You love my hand," Jen said with a grin. "And that's all you get. Just like you don't get stockings or high heels, or tight dresses or short skirts. Cam says so."

"You're seriously denying me?" I said with exasperation.

"Yes," Jen said. She was smiling but I could tell she was serious.

"Before you told me you needed my cock," I reminded her. "To feel connected with me."

"I do need you. And we made love Saturday morning, before picking up Anna," Jen said. Looking thoughtful, she said "I think once a week is all I need to reconnect with you. It's not like I need you for sex. I've got Cam for that. And Joey too."

"Oh god … Jen …," I gasped. Jen giggled. "Do you really not desire me?" I asked her.

"Not at all," Jen said simply. Looking into my eyes, she said "I feel no sexual desire for you Mike."

"But if Cam was here you'd fuck him?" I said.

"Oh god yeah," Jen said with an excited sparkle in her beautiful blue eyes. "I'd let him bend me over and fuck me on the hood of your new car."

"Oh fuck Jen!" I groaned. She was gonna fucking make me cum. "Please suck me off."

"Please?" Jen said with a taunting grin. "A real man doesn't beg. A real man takes what he wants. He doesn't say please. He takes it."

"Please Jen," I begged, ignoring her comment. "I'm your husband. Please."

Jen grinned at me. Then she reached over and took out my cock. Pulling her long blonde hair to the side, she went down on me. Within moments I was cumming and spurting my sperm into her mouth. She swallowed all of it.

Afterwards Jen reached into her purse. She took out a small bottle of mouthwash. She swished some in her mouth. Then having no other choice, she swallowed it.

"You keep mouthwash in your purse?" I asked her. I was still breathing hard from her blowjob.

"A girl never knows when her husband's gonna beg for a blowjob," Jen teased with a grin on her beautiful face. "Or when I have to get on my knees to suck off a really hot guy."

"Jen stop," I told her. It was too much. I didn't want to get out of control again. After all we had the open house to get through.

Jen giggled. She hugged my arm and kissed me. "Let's go Mike," she said, a smile in her voice.

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I saw Doug immediately at the open house, because I searched him out with my eyes. A few things I noticed. He was a tall man. About the same height as Blake. He was lean but clearly fit. He was a sharp dresser. And he was extremely handsome. Like a young George Clooney. Also, he got a lot of female attention. I saw more than a few girls turn and stare at him.

His wife Nancy had probably been a knock out when she was younger. But the beauty of her youth had faded. Today people would call her a "handsome" woman. Her looks didn't match that of her husband Doug. Not even close. Nancy was still fuckable because most men didn't care what a girl looked like as long as her body was decent and she had a warm pussy. And from what I could tell, Nancy still had a decent body. Not super hot like my wife, but still fuckable. But she didn't turn any male heads. If not for the fact that my wife was screwing her husband, I wouldn't have noticed her at all.

"That's him," Jen whispered to me. She motioned across the room at Doug. "That's the hot dad. Doug."

"Handsome man," I whispered back.

"He's okay," Jen said, downplaying Doug's looks. I knew she was lying. I knew she thought he was gorgeous, just like every other girl in the room.

"Let's go talk to them," I suggested.

"Are you freaking crazy?" Jen whispered.

"I'll talk to his wife so you can be alone with Doug," I said.

"ARE – YOU -FREAKING -CRAZY?!" Jen whispered in a hushed voice.

"You said you wanted him to notice you," I said. I began walking towards them. Jen hesitated, but then seeing no other choice, she followed.

As it turned out, Doug's wife – Nancy – had heard of me because of Sapphire. We immediately clicked, as she took the train into the city like me. Also, she was a securities lawyer so my name and Sapphire had come up a lot in her practice. I got so interested in talking to Nancy that I actually forgot about Jen and Doug.

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[Jen:]

"So they seem to be getting along," Doug whispered to me. We were looking at our spouses talking from about 10 feet away.

"Nancy's nice," I said.

"So is Mike," Doug said back. We were silent for a few moments. Then he grinned at me and said "Nice shoes." I couldn't help a giggle.

"Do something for me?" Doug whispered. "Don't wear those for Mike in bed."

I don't know. Call me a bitch. Call me wicked. But I instantly got wet.

"I don't wear heels for Mike in bed," I told him.

Doug tilted his head and gave me an intrigued look. "Never?" he asked.

"Nope," I whispered back. "I used to sometimes, but not anymore." I felt myself getting even wetter.

Then I took a chance. I reached over and squeezed Doug's hand. It was just a moment. But feeling his big, strong hand sent a thrill through me. It did the same for Doug because he seemed to groan. "God I want you right now," he urgently whispered.

"We just did it," I whispered with a school girl giggle. "But you know what?"

"What?"

"I think your freaking cum is running out of me," I whispered as I grinned at him.

****

"So what'd you and Doug talk about?" I asked Jen. We were in bed after paying the babysitter. Anna was already sound asleep. We were laying on our sides, looking at each other. I was wearing just boxers. Jen was in her white nighty, cotton panties and cotton socks (her normal sleepwear).

"Nothing much," Jen said evasively. "You and Nancy got along. I almost told you to get a room."

"Yeah right," I said with a laugh. "She's a Sapphire fan."

"You mean, she's your newest groupie?" Jen joked. We both laughed.

"So Nancy said Anna and Max are friends," I said. "I told her we should get them together for a playdate some time."

"Oh," Jen said, clearly surprised. "You did?"

"Sure. You and Doug are both stay-at-home parents. And I'm sure you wouldn't mind spending time with Doug. He's good eye candy."

"Well that's true," Jen said with a cautious laugh. She looked at me. I looked back at her and we locked eyes. We stayed like that for long moments. It was like we were silently communicating.

"Okay then," she finally said. "I'll call Doug and schedule a playdate."

I nodded. It was done. When the house is burning down, throw gasoline on it, right?

That's how the game was. It was like a drug. One hit was never enough. It made you want more drugs. And stronger drugs too. I was an addict to my fetish. And Jen was an addict to the pleasures of her body and the excitement of new romance.

Jen changed the subject. "So did my cucky husband like the blowjob I gave him earlier?" she asked. She grinned at me and ran her hand down my chest. She reached into my boxers and gripped me. I was already hard, from talking about Doug.

"Yes," I breathed. I loved the feel of her small, soft hand on my cock.

"Well don't get used to it," Jen teased with a wicked smile. "But I've got a treat for you."

"You do?" I said eagerly.

"But first …," Jen said. She rolled me onto my back. Then she pulled off her panties. She straddled my head and lowered her pussy to my face. "Eat me out first. Make me cum Mike."

I eagerly lapped at her pussy. She was extremely wet. I knew it was from the 2 cum loads Doug had deposited into her pussy earlier. I didn't care. I eagerly licked her. I didn't care that I was eating her lover's sperm.

After Jen came, she collapsed onto the bed, panting. "God that's so hot!" she said delightedly. In our game, my wife was becoming more demanding. Did she know I knew about her infidelity with Doug? Or had she just forced me to unwittingly eat his cum from her pussy?

Jen hopped out of bed. She crossed her arms and pulled off the nighty, leaving her naked except for the white cotton socks on her pretty feet. She picked up a shoe. One of the baby blue high heels. She got on her knees

next to me on the bed. She pulled down my boxers. My cock was so hard it ached.

"So you like my new high heels?" Jen asked. She rubbed the side of the high heel across my shaft.

"Yes," I said with a groan. I loved the feel of the smooth, stiff leather against my cock. It was so erotic.

"It took me a while to get used to walking in them," she told me. She pressed the tip of the stiletto heel against the side of my cock. It hurt but I loved it. "They're the tallest heels I've ever worn. Almost five inches."

Then she moved the stiletto high heel so it was next to my cock. "God Mike," she said with a giggle in her voice. "The heel is bigger than your cock."

She was right. The thin, 5 inch stiletto of the baby blue high heel was longer than my fully hard cock.

"You know I'm 4 inches," I told her.

Jen was still looking at the stiletto heel next to my shaft, like she was comparing the two. Then she looked up at me. "Maybe I should fuck this heel instead of you," she teased with a grin at me.

"At least my cock is thicker," I said.

"Ha! Point," Jen said with a laugh. She laid down next to me. Our faces were inches from each other. Looking into my eyes, she brought the tip of the stiletto high heel to my mouth. She pressed the tip against my lips. "Open your mouth Mike," she ordered me. "I want you to suck this cock."

"Jen …," I began in protest. Jen took the opportunity to push the high heel into my mouth. She pressed it against my tongue.

"Oh yeah, suck it Mike," she moaned. "You have no idea what it's like to suck a big cock like Cam's. It's so freaking heavy. It feels so solid in your mouth. You have to open your mouth wide to get it in. Even then you can only take a few inches. It tastes good. It smells good. I love sucking cock. I love being on my knees, between a man's legs, and sucking his cock. I freaking love it. I know you will too."

I pushed the stiletto from my mouth. "Jen, stop," I said. "Too much."

"Why? Why won't you do this for me?"

I hesitated. Then my anxieties and insecurities came out. I said, "Because if you see me with Cam's cock in my mouth, you'll never respect me as a man again."

"Not Cam then," Jen said, grinning at me. "Joey."

"Fuck you Jen!" I hissed, pushing away from her.

"I'm teasing!" Jen said with a laugh in her voice and grabbing me. "This is not about being gay. Or being a man. Do you think Anderson Cooper's not a man?"

"I'm not Anderson Cooper," I said back to her. "And when this is over, when we're not playing the game anymore, I want you to still think I'm a man."

"I will Mike," Jen assured me.

"How can you? With the memory of me sucking cock burned into your brain?"

"I get what you're saying," Jen said. "I worried about that too. The memory of me fucking other men, burned into your brain. I was afraid you were going to think I was a slut forever. But I got over it. You know why? Because you told me over and over again that you loved me. Don't you get

it Mike? The only reason it gets me hot is because it's you. Because you're my husband and I love you."

"And you want to see your husband with a cock in his mouth?"

"Yes!" Jen said excitedly.

I frowned again. "I don't know Jen," I said. "We'll have to see."

Jen frowned back at me. "If you're gonna be my bottom, you have to trust me," she said in a chastising voice. "This'll add something to our sex life."

"Our sex life," I said bitterly. "What sex life do we have? You have no desire for me."

"Don't give me shit Mike," Jen said with that chastising voice again. "Okay, you're right, I don't have any desire for you. Right now I don't. But that's exactly what you want. Don't lie. It is."

I frowned at Jen and she frowned back at me. We glared at each other for long moments. Then she softened. She leaned her sexy tight body against mine and reached down for my cock. Our conversation had softened me. I was only half hard. Holding my cock with one hand, she used her other hand to rub the baby blue high heel against my shaft. I quickly got hard again. My breathing quickly got heavy again.

"Let me inside you," I pleaded.

"No."

"Then put the heels on for me," I begged.

"No Mike. Stop asking," she said in a gentle yet firm voice. "I don't want to say no to you. So don't ask for things you know I won't give you."

I stared at her. She was my wife. Her body was mine. If I threw her over my knee and spanked her ass, no one would blame me. If I yanked open her legs and fucked her pussy, no one would blame me. It was my right as her husband.

Yet I didn't do anything. She was denying me. But I didn't do anything. Jen won. And I was left with my feelings raw, my heart aching inside, and my cock throbbing.

Jen knew she had won. That I had submitted to her. So she gave me a crooked grin. She reached down to her feet and pulled off the white cotton socks. She shifted in the bed so we were sitting across from each other. She raised a leg towards me. "You still think I have pretty feet?" she asked me, offering her foot to me. She arched her foot and pointed her toes, like she did during sex.

I took her foot into my hands. My wife has the prettiest feet. Small and slim with an elegant arch, soft and smooth, unblemished, little cute toes. "Yes," I told her as I rubbed the bottom of her foot and kissed her toes. It made me look at the baby blue polish of her pedicured toes. It reminded me she painted her toes for Doug. I felt the angst of that, but it made my cock throb. Jen saw my cock twitch and smiled at me. "I guess you do still think my feet are sexy," she said.

Jen moved her feet to my cock. She curled her toes around my shaft and began stroking me with her feet. "Does this feel good?" she asked.

"Yes!" I groaned. It was so hot to see her pretty feet around my cock. And the soles of her feet were so soft. It felt almost like fucking a pussy.

"Will you cum this way?"

"Oh god yes!" Then I was cumming. My sperm shot out onto her feet, covering her baby blue painted toes.

I half expected Jen to force me to eat my own cum. But she didn't. I guess she realized she had pushed me a lot tonight. So instead, she wiped her feet with a towel and put her white nighty back on. She snuggled into me and I wrapped my arms around her. "I love you Mike," she said to me.

"I love you too," I said back. "Will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"What you just did, with your feet," I said. "Only do that for me."

Jen looked at me, a slight smile on her pretty face. "We'll see …," she told me.

Then she got serious. She looked into my eyes and said, "I'm sorry if I call other men baby. Sometimes it just comes out. But you're my only baby. Okay?"

"Okay," I told her.

She smiled and kissed me, then rolled to her side, holding my arm to roll me with her. We spooned that way. I held her tight and she pushed back against me. It felt really good. At that moment I felt secure and loved, and all those dark emotions seemed so far away. We slept that way, spooned together.

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[Jen:]

I held out until Wednesday. Then I went home with Cam after working out at the gym. As always, our sex was glorious. It was all physicality. All heat and sweat, all passion. Cam pounded me into the mattress and I loved it. He gave me the most intense, toe curling orgasms and I loved it.

There were no feelings or tenderness when we fucked. For Cam, fucking was all about physical pleasure. But the feelings and tenderness came after.

It some ways it was easier with Cam. He had other girls, I knew he did. He was too handsome a man not too. But he was unattached. He wasn't married or engaged. So I didn't have the guilt I felt with Doug. Doug assured me I wasn't hurting his relationship with Nancy. If it wasn't me it would be another girl. So I was actually doing Nancy a favor since I wasn't trying to break them up. That's what he told me. And what he said made me feel better. But I still felt guilty.

I didn't have the guilt with Cam. But I had to deal with feelings. We were close, and getting closer. That's why I had to keep my distance.

I liked the way Mike put it. My thing with Cam was just a high school crush. Just puppy love. I needed to keep it that way. It wasn't just my marriage to think about this time. There was Anna too.

I liked the fact Cam was younger. Freaking 8 years younger! Maybe I was becoming a cougar. But getting fucked by a 25 year old was such a thrill!

Probably a psychiatrist would say I liked younger men because it made me feel young. It helped with my insecurities of getting older and losing my looks. I'm sure that was part of it. But also, it was just a thrill to be with someone so young. I mean, there's a freaking magazine called Barely Legal. If it's good for men, why not girls too?

"You've been avoiding me," Cam said as he held me. We had both just cum and I was still breathing hard.

"I'm not," I said.

"Yes," Cam said. "Is it Mike? Does he suspect something?"

"Cam, no," I said. "He doesn't suspect. I'm not avoiding you. Life just gets busy. I've got Mike and Anna. I've just been busy."

We were silent for long moments. Then he dropped the bombshell. He said, "So I got a call from the Washington Post. They wanna publish my blog."

"Oh my god Cam!" I said excitedly. "That's so wonderful!"

"They want me to move to DC," Cam said. "So I'll be in the middle of what I blog about."

"Oh," I said, suddenly deflated. I forced a smile and said "You need to go. It'll change your life."

"You can visit me," Cam said.

"Cam …," I began. I was sad. I was already missing him. "You know that'll never happen. I can't exactly go to DC and be back in time to pick up Anna from school."

"T … I think we should tell Mike about you and me," Cam said.

I gawked at Cam. "What the fuck are you talking about?" I said with incredulity in my voice.

"I've done it before with married couples," Cam said. "I'll make Mike understand I'm not trying to break you up. But something's happened with you and me. Not just sex T. We've got a connection. We'll make Mike understand. He might even like it. Believe it or not, a lot of husbands get off on their wives with other men. That's how it was with Erin and Tom."

"So why aren't you still with Erin?" I asked. It was something I was very curious about, but I never felt like I had the right to probe for details. Especially since I wasn't being completely honest with Cam about our "illicit affair."

"It got intense. Me and Erin," Cam explained. "It got too much for Tom. So I backed away. Like I said, I'm not trying to break up anyone's marriage."

"And what if we got too intense? And it got too much for Mike?"

"Then I'll back away," Cam promised. "I swear."

I was silent for long moments. I thought about Cam. I thought about Mike. I played all this out in my head. Finally I asked Cam, "If I visit you in DC … can I bring Mike?"

Cam didn't seem to understand at first. Then he smiled.

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Chapter 14

On Saturday night, we splurged with Blake and Steph and rented a limo to take us into NYC. During the drive, we sipped champagne and talked mostly about our kids. To anyone who saw us, you'd think we were 2 couples going out for an evening of dinner and a little dancing. All completely innocent.

But it wasn't innocent. Blake and Steph were going to tell us about their swinging life. And I knew they were hoping to draw us into it. Steph wasn't interested in me. But Blake wanted Jen. That was the whole point of this. Blake wanted to get inside my wife's pants.

I didn't like Blake. He was one of those arrogant, pretty boy types. In many ways, he reminded me of Scott.

Physically, Blake was similar to Doug. Both men were tall. Very tall. Both were slim and fit. Doug was handsomer. Blake was the bigger asshole.

It infuriated me that Jen liked Blake, and thought he was attractive. This, despite the fact I couldn't stand the man. It drove me crazy.

The only redeeming thing about Blake was his wife. I liked Steph. She was nice. She and Blake were as different as 2 people could be. But then, people could say that about me and Jen too.

"I like your new babysitter," Steph said to Jen at dinner. We had recently found the holy grail of parenting – a reliable babysitter. Callie was a high school graduate but hadn't decided about college yet. So she had a lot of time to babysit. I thought it was going to make it much easier to play our game. I didn't want to rely on Steph so much. I didn't want to impose of her. And I didn't want to owe Blake anything.

Tonight, Callie was watching Anna and their 2 boys at our house.

"Oh yeah, Callie, she's great," Jen said to Steph. "I'll give you her number. She's definitely up for more babysitting gigs."

"We've got a good babysitter too," Blake said. "Margaret's older. She's been around the block a few times."

"Why's that important in a babysitter?" Jen asked.

Blake grinned at Jen and said, "Well, sometimes we don't look the same when we get home, as when we left. If you know what I mean. Margaret doesn't ask any questions."

It took me a moment, but then I got it. When leaving the house, they looked groomed and coifed. Getting home after swinging, they looked disheveled, they might be missing clothes, they might looked just fucked. I saw how it would be helpful to have a worldly babysitter who didn't ask questions. Callie, on the other hand, was naïve and wide eyed. I started thinking Margaret might be the better babysitter when we played the game.

I suddenly realized everyone was looking at me. Jen grinned and said "Sometimes it takes a while for my husband to catch up." Blake laughed and Steph gave me a sympathetic smile.

I was embarrassed. But Jen didn't seem to notice, as she had already turned back to look at Blake. "So what happens exactly, to make you look different?" she asked him.

Blake laughed again. "You're dying to know, aren't you Jen?" he teased her. "Come with us to the next party and see for yourself."

"You promised to tell us now, and then we'll decide," Jen shot back.

"So you ARE thinking about going to a party?" Blake said grinning at her. "Wear that Supergirl outfit again. You'll be very popular."

"What about what I'm wearing now?" Jen said flirtingly. "Not good enough?"

Blake gave her a long look, appraising her. Finally he shook his head. "No," he said.

"Why not? This is a freaking expensive dress."

"Because it doesn't show enough skin," Blake said, grinning. Jen was wearing a black dress that ended just above her knees. The dress was tight to her slim body, but Blake was right, it didn't show much skin. For this dinner, Jen had gone for the sexy elegant rather than the slutty sexy look.

Then he added "But it's nice to know you bought a new dress for your night out with me."

Jen laughed at Blake. She said, "You think I bought this dress for you? In your dreams, mister."

I glanced at Stephanie, and she looked back at me. I could tell she felt the same way as me. This playful banter was entirely between our spouses. It was like they had forgotten we were even there.

After dinner, we decided to walk down the street to a bar that had a live band and dancing. Blake quickly maneuvered himself to walk with Jen. Steph and I walked together, a few feet behind our spouses. We watched as they laughed and talked. They seemed to really enjoy the other's company. The sight churned my stomach and made my heart ache.

Jen wore really high, high heels. They were black, and must've been around 5 inches, just like her new baby blue ones. In those heels, my wife was taller than me. Not by a huge amount, but it was noticeable. I had to look up slightly to look into her eyes.

In contrast, Blake towered over Jen (and me). Even in her high heels, he was almost a foot taller.

Suddenly I understood. My wife was buying and wearing higher high heels because of her interest in tall men. Both Doug and Blake. So she would be closer to their height.

Usually, a girl tried to avoid being taller than her man. She'd wear low heels or even flats so her man was taller. But now, Jen didn't care if she was taller than me. She was more concerned with other men. The thought made me jealous. Once again I couldn't believe how much attention my wife was giving to a man I despised.

"They look good together, don't they?" Steph said as we walked a few feet behind our spouses.

"Why do you always say that?" I snapped.

Steph heard the anger in my voice and looked warily at me. She didn't respond.

Her silence made me feel bad. "I'm sorry," I said. "It's just … I mean, what exactly's going on here?"

"Mike … I think you know, don't you?" Steph said gently.

"No, I don't," I said with defiant frustration.

"Mike …," Steph said, her voice still gentle, but firm too. "I think you need to get your head around the idea that something might happen between your wife and my husband."

I stopped dead in my tracks. I stared at Steph.

"Come on," she said after a moment. "We don't want to fall too far behind."

We walked in silence for a few moments. Then I said "So you don't care if that happens?"

"Of course I care," Steph said softly. "It kills me every time."

I was breathing hard, and my heart was pounding. Steph saw the arousal on my face and said "It gets you hot, right? You're just like me."

Forcing my voice to be steady, I said "I don't even like Blake."

Steph shook her head and gave me a sympathetic look. "That doesn't help Mike," she told me. "All that does is make Blake want Jen more."

****

The bar was packed but we managed to find a cozy booth. I took Jen's hand and pulled her next to me. I wanted – needed – some of her attention.

The music was so loud it was hard to hear. She leaned into me and said into my ear, "Are you having fun?"

"Compared to what?" I deadpanned. It made her laugh.

Jen wrapped her arm around my neck and said into my ear "Why don't you get us drinks?"

I felt like she was getting rid of me, so she could be with Blake again. "Fine. I'll get Blake a Shirley Temple," I said sourly. Jen laughed again.

"You know, you're a lot smarter than Blake," Jen said into my ear. "It's not even close."

For a moment I stared at my wife. Her words didn't make me feel better. It felt like she was patronizing me.

But I dutifully got up from the booth and pushed through the crowd to the bar. It took a while to get the bartender's attention, but eventually I managed to order drinks. Only then did I realize that Steph was next to me.

"You're always trying to get Blake alone with Jen," I said to her.

"Mike … look at my neck. What do you see?" Steph said.

I didn't understand what she was talking about. I focused my eyes on her neck. She was wearing a black silk necklace that had a precious stone in the center, and that fit tightly around her neck. I suddenly realized it looked like a collar. Then I remembered the Halloween party, when she was dressed as slave girl Leia and she said to me "Blake likes to see me in chains."

Seeing my recognition, Steph shrugged and said, "I do what Blake tells me to do."

I stared at her, processing that. So Steph was Blake's bottom. He was her top. I wasn't surprised. But how far did they take it? Did she call him Master?

I asked, "What do you get out of it?"

"I like watching sluts beg for Blake," she said contemptuously. She proudly added, "Especially since he's my husband and comes home with me."

"Jen's not gonna beg Blake," I told her, feeling confident about that. This wasn't my wife's first rodeo. She could have any man she wanted. She might be attracted to Blake but he was just one man among many.

Steph laughed and gave me a pitying look. "Mike, you have no idea what you're getting into," she said.

I frowned at her, not understanding what she was talking about. Then my attention was drawn to the dance floor. Jen was dancing with Blake. It was a slow song so she was inside his arms and their bodies were pressed together.

Steph followed my eyes. We stood next to each other as we watched our spouses slow dance.

It hurt me to see Jen in Blake's arms. Her body pressed against his. I could see they were talking. Whispering to each other. Jen's full attention was on him. It pained me to see her that way. It hurt to watch. But I couldn't take my eyes off them. It was so fucking hot.

I glanced over at Steph. Her eyes were locked on our spouses too. I saw a mix of emotions on her face. She looked aroused but bothered too. I could tell she felt the same conflict as me. She was right. We were the same. Our heads (and libidos) were wired the same way.

I had met other men who shared my cuckold fantasies, but Steph was the first girl. I knew from reading stories that not all cucks were the same. Not

all open relationships were the same. Like me, Steph was submissive, a bottom. How else were we the same? Where did our fantasies diverge?

I felt a soft body bump up against me. My reverie ended and I focused my eyes. It was Jen.

"Hey baby," Jen said to me. "Ready to go home?"

Home? The evening was over? I was both relieved and surprised. "Yes, let's go," I quickly said.

Jen sat next to me in the limo. Blake and Steph sat on the other side of the L shaped seats, sort of sideways to us. Not much was said as the limo threaded through the streets of Manhattan. Blake had his arm around Steph but his eyes were on Jen. Steph snuggled up to Blake like she was desperate for his attention, but he continued to look at my wife. Jen looked back at him, and it was like they were silently communicating. The sexual tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife. I was relieved though that Jen continued to sit next to me and didn't try to move over to Blake.

Finally, Blake turned his attention to Steph. He kissed her, and she eagerly kissed him back. She hungrily ran her hands over his body. Blake petted Steph too, although not as excitedly.

I took the opportunity to talk to Jen. "How'd it go in the club?" I whispered to her. "I'm surprised we left so early. Did Blake do something when you were dancing?"

I was hoping she'd say that Blake was an asshole and she was completed disgusted by him. But instead she whispered back to me, "We have to talk Mike."

"Talk about what?" I asked. Then I saw she wasn't looking at me. She was looking at Blake making out with Steph.

Blake tugged at the black silk collar, and as soon as he did, Steph submissively cast her eyes down to her high heeled feet. Jen was staring intently at our neighbors. As if feeling her eyes on him, Blake looked back at Jen. He grinned at her as he tugged harder on his wife's collar. He was tugging on the collar like Steph was his slave. A soft moan escaped my wife's full, pouty lips.

While still looking at Jen, Blake tugged down hard on Steph's collar. Steph glanced at me and Jen. She was red faced from embarrassment. But she obediently slid off the car seat to the lush carpet floor of the limo. She got on her knees between Blake's legs.

"You know what I want," Blake told his wife in a firm voice. Steph hesitated, and she glanced at me and Jen again. She looked mortified to be doing this in front of us. But then she turned back to her husband. She worked on his belt and zipper. Suddenly the limo was completely silent as we watched. In the silence, I clearly heard the sound of Steph pulling down the zipper of Blake's pants. I know Jen did too. I looked over at her. Her eyes were locked on Blake's crotch. She was breathing hard and her cheeks were flushed. She had a major cum face on.

"Talk about what?" I asked again. But Jen didn't answer. I don't think she even heard me. She was too focused on what was happening in front of us.

Steph reached into Blake's pants. Then suddenly his cock was out, visible to our eyes.

This was unreal. You have to remember that these were our neighbors. We'd known them for years. We'd seen them cutting the grass and at July 4th picnics. We went to the same church. Our kids went to school together. And now here we were. Blake's pants were halfway down his legs and Steph was holding his cock in her hands. It was more than unreal. It was surreal.

Steph slowly stroked her husband. He was already mostly hard, but he soon got completely hard.

Blake leaned back into the heavily cushioned seat, relaxing as Steph stroked him. His eyes weren't on Steph. His eyes were on Jen. Yes, as Steph stroked him, Blake hungrily looked at my wife.

He grinned at Jen, as if saying, "You like what you see?" And Jen was definitely looking at him. Her eyes were locked on his manhood. She was breathing hard.

I couldn't help looking too. Blake's cock wasn't porn-star huge, but it was big. It was above-average in both length and girth. Not as long as Cam or as thick as Joe, but definitely a good size.

There were 2 things that set Blake's cock apart from other men's. First, the shaft prominently curved inward towards his stomach. Second, he had a fat cockhead. Noticeably thicker than his shaft.

"Suck my cock," Blake demanded as he roughly tugged down on Steph's collar. His voice was commanding and left no room for disobedience. I heard Jen softly moan again.

Steph lowered her face and swallowed Blake's cock into her mouth. Blake pulled Steph's hair back, making sure we had a clear view.

It was hot seeing Steph sucking her husband's cock. She was the epitome of the "girl next door." She was shy but friendly, always there with a kind smile. The first time I met her, she brought over chocolate chip cookies as a home warming gift. She was a wonderful mother and sang in the church choir.

Now Steph was on her knees with a cock in her mouth. It was unreal. And so fucking hot.

Then Blake pulled Steph onto his lap. She straddled his legs and she wrapped her arms around his neck. As they kissed, Blake undressed his wife. Her dress, bra and panties were soon in a pile on the plush carpet.

Steph had a nice body. She had big breasts and looked good naked (unlike most people who looked better with their clothes on). Her body wasn't toned and firm like Jen's, her ass jiggled, and there was a hint of sag in her tits, but she was still sexy.

Blake reached between them and guided his cock into his wife. She seemed to take him into her easily. Then she was passionately moving up and down on his cock.

I glanced over to Jen. Like me, she was watching our neighbors fuck. She appeared mesmerized by the porno show in front of us.

Steph moaned as she rode her husband's cock. Her moans were passionate and continuous. She threw her head back and groaned with delight as her body shuddered with each thrust. It was clear Blake's cock was giving her extreme pleasure.

Then Jen looked over at me. She had a major cum face on. Her eyes bore into me, like she wanted me to do something. It was clear what she wanted. She wanted me to fuck her, as Blake was fucking Steph.

But I hesitated. Steph's moans sounded outer worldly. Had I ever made Jen moan like that? Had I ever given her that much pleasure? I knew the answers to both questions was no. I didn't want Blake to see I couldn't pleasure my wife the way he was pleasuring Steph. I didn't want Steph to see either.

Jen looked desperately at me. She wanted – needed – to be fucked. I was afraid she was going to go over to Blake to share him with Steph.

So I did the only thing I could do. I got down on the floor, on my knees, and I went down on my wife. I pushed her dress up, got between her open

legs, pulled aside her thong and went down on her bare pussy. Her lips were slick with excitement. I licked up and down her slit, then I worked my magic on her clit.

I heard Jen moaned. She put her legs over my shoulders and gripped my hair as I ate her out. I knew she was looking into Blake's eyes as I licked her. And Blake was looking back into Jen's eyes as his wife rode his cock. The image of Jen and Blake looking at each other as their spouses got them off twisted my gut. It sent daggers into my heart. But oh god, it made my cock so hard.

I heard Stephanie cum. Then Blake. Finally, I heard and felt Jen cum on my tongue. It was perfect timing, as minutes later the limo arrived at our house.

Steph scrambled back into her clothes. Jen did too, hurriedly tugging her dress down. Blake took his time though. He didn't seem bothered or self-conscious at all with being half naked. He continued to recline on the plush seats, his dick hanging out.

Jen tried to avert her eyes, but finally she glanced over. I looked too. Even though he was half hard, his cock was still good size, especially the big head, and the inward curve of his shaft remained prominent. He was looking at Jen. When they made eye contact, he grinned at her. It was the same "do you like what you see?" grin from before.

"Come on honey," Steph implored to Blake. Finally he pulled up his pants and we made our way into the house. I paid the babysitter and Steph gathered up her sleeping boys. Anna was asleep too. I lost track of Jen. She disappeared somewhere with Blake while I was paying Callie. That bothered me. My nerves were on edge. I didn't want her alone with Blake. Especially not here, in my house. I needed to talk to her.

Jen appeared a few minutes later. She was with Blake. After some hurried goodbyes, Blake and Steph left with their 2 boys. Jen and I checked on

Anna again. She was still soundly sleeping. We went to our bedroom. We looked at each other.

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Chapter 15

I lurched for my wife. I desperately needed her. Jen needed me too and we passionately kissed. We tumbled onto the bed, our clothes going everywhere. Jen opened her legs, inviting me into her. Tonight at least, she wasn't denying me her body.

I pushed my cock into her. She was incredibly wet so I slid in easily. I pounded her hard and she gripped my shoulders. Soon I was cumming. I grunted and lurched as I exploded inside her.

I panted as I supported my weight on my elbows. My cock softened and fell out of her. I rolled off and collapsed onto my back.

"Sorry," I said after a moment.

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because I came so fast," I said.

"I came too," Jen said.

"You did?" I said, surprised.

"I think so," she said.

She thought so. Which meant she wasn't sure if she came. If a girl isn't sure if she came, then she didn't cum, she's just being nice.

"So, crazy night," I said.

"Definitely," Jen agreed.

"But you had fun?"

"So much fun."

"You were with Blake a lot," I pointed out.

"I was," Jen agreed.

"What happened when you were dancing?" I asked.

"Well …," Jen said. She grinned at me. "He was hard the whole time."

"Oh. You felt it?"

"Of course I felt it Mike," she said with a giggle. "He wanted me to feel it."

I thought about how Blake had showed himself off in the limo. I asked "So what do you think?

"About his private parts?" Jen asked with another giggle.

"Not so private anymore," I joked.

"True," Jen agreed, and we both laughed.

"So what do you think?" I asked again.

"I kinda knew already. Steph told me," Jen said. "But does he have the fattest cockhead or what? And the way it bends … that's gotta hurt, right?"

I shook my head. I didn't know, since my cock didn't bend like that. "So what else did she tell you?" I asked.

"She said Blake feels amazing when he's inside you," Jen told me. "Something about the way it curves and the fat head. They've been together forever and she still can't get enough of his cock."

"She enjoyed it tonight," I said, remembering how Steph moaned and shuddered as she rode her husband.

"She did," Jen agreed. The matter-of-fact way she said it, it pushed me over the edge.

"Are you going to keep talking like all this is normal?" I said with exasperation. "Jen, they're manipulating us! Both Blake and Steph! To get you into bed!"

"I know," Jen said with a shrug.

I stared at her disbelievingly. "That's it?" I asked. "That's all you have to say?"

"Say about what Mike?" Jen asked. "Are you saying you want to stop playing the game?"

"You know I can't stand Blake!" I yelled.

Jen winced at the anger in my voice. She hesitated, like she was counting to 10 to give me time to calm down. Then she said, "You didn't like Scott either."

"No – and look how that turned out," I said, the anger still in my voice.

"But that wasn't because you didn't like Scott," Jen gently said in a soft, reasonable voice. "It was because I went too far. But I'm better this time, right?"

Yes, she was better this time. But how did that matter to what we were talking about?

“I don’t get your point,” I said with frustration.

“My point is, I think the fact you hated Scott made it more exciting for you,” Jen said in that gentle, reasonable voice. “Me with your rival. You hated it, but you loved it too.” She gave me a knowing grin. “Right?”

I stared at her. Yes, she was right. Being cucked by your rival really pushed my cuckold buttons. Sometimes, like now, it surprised me at how well my wife understood my fantasies.

“Before you said you wanted to talk about something,” I said. “What?”

Jen sat next to me and looked into my eyes. She asked, “What do you think of me going out with Blake?”

I felt my stomach seize up, like someone reaching into my body, grabbing my gut and violently twisting it. “Blake asked you out? On a date?”

Jen gave me a sly smile. “Does it get you hot to call it a date?” she asked.

“Jen …,” I said, clenching my hands into fists. “Don’t fuck with my head. I can’t handle it. Not now.”

“Okay, sorry,” Jen said. “Yes. Blake asked me out.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow night.”

“Tomorrow night?” I said incredulously.

“Yes.”

I stared at my wife. She had a determined look on her face. She wanted this. This was really going to happen.

Jen put her hand on my crotch. I was rock hard. She rubbed my erection and said, "If you didn't want this, you wouldn't be so hard."

"The way my body reacts, doesn't always mean what I want," I told her.

"Mike, you've told me how your head works," Jen said. "It's not all physical with you. It's not even mostly physical. Your fantasy is about emotions. If you're not jealous and bothered, it's not fun for you."

"So you're going out with Blake for me?" I said sarcastically.

"No. I'm going out with him for me," Jen told me truthfully. "But it works for you too. That's what I'm saying. It's our game and we both get off on it."

I stared at her and we were silent for long moments. Then she got on top of me. "You wanna cum again?" she asked as she pulled up her dress.

"I thought I'm not allowed inside you," I spat out bitterly.

Jen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "That's the Cam game," she told me. "We're not playing the Cam game right now."

Cam. Joe. Doug. Now Blake. There were so many games going on at the same time.

"How do you keep them all straight?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jen said, looking thoughtful. "I guess it's like you with sports. You keep the Mets and Knicks straight, right? And the Jets? Even though they play at the same time sometimes."

Jen reached down and took hold of my cock, guiding me to her pussy. She pushed down and I entered her.

God her pussy felt good! We moved up and down in sync. It felt so good, but since I had cum earlier I was able to last longer. I reached down and rubbed her clit as she rode my cock. "Yeah, like that baby," she groaned into my mouth as we kissed. A few minutes later we both came, Jen cumming for real this time.

****

We go to the same church as Blake and Steph. The next day during the service, they sat with their 2 boys in a pew that was behind and to the left of us. It was weird being at church with them. Listening to the gospel and signing hymns, all of us dressed in our Sunday church clothes, while knowing what was going to happen tonight. What happened last night. It was all surreal. I know I'm using that word a lot – surreal – but that's how it felt.

Our pastor always has a 3 part sermon. I've noticed other pastors are the same way. Maybe that's how they teach in pastor school. Anyway, in his sermon today, the second part was about the 7th and 10th commandments. "You shall not commit adultery" and "You shall not covet your neighbor's wife." I almost laughed when I heard it, and even Jen stifled a grin.

After the service, everyone gets together for coffee and donuts. I went for coffee as Jen talked to some of her girlfriends and Anna crayoned in the craft room. I was relieved to see that my wife wasn't talking to Blake. Then I sensed someone beside me. It was Steph.

She handed me a small package. "Here's something for Jen," she whispered. "What does she usually wear? Thongs?"

"What?" I whispered back, not understanding.

"Blake thinks Jen has a great ass," Steph whispered. "She does too. I wish I had her ass."

“Steph, what the fuck are you talking about?” I hissed in a low voice.

Steph tapped the package with her fingertip. “G-string,” she whispered. “They really turn Blake on.”

I stared at her.

“Now you,” Steph said.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“Tell me something Jen likes,” Steph whispered. “I’ll tell Blake.”

I frowned at her. “No,” I said defiantly.

“Mike, come on,” Steph pressed. “I understand. It kills you. It’s killing me too. Do you think I want my husband with a girl as pretty as your wife? But that just makes it more exciting. Right?”

I gritted my teeth and my frown deepened. I felt myself getting hard and that’s the last thing I wanted. I did not want to pull a tent in my pants here in church.

“Her neck’s really sensitive,” I blurted out. “Especially under her ear.”

Steph nodded. “I’ll tell Blake,” she said. “Do you mind if I come over tonight? The waiting’s the worse. I find it’s easier if I’m not alone.”

I wasn’t sure if I wanted company. In fact, I was pretty sure I didn’t. But now my heart was beating wildly and I wasn’t thinking straight. And anyway, after how she just confided in me, I couldn’t exactly say no. So I nodded my head in agreement.

****

After church, it was a normal Sunday afternoon. That is, as normal as it could be given what was going to happen later. I did my best to push that out of my thoughts. We spent a family day with Anna. We went to a museum for kids, one of those hands-on museums, and then we hit the farmer's market to buy produce for the week.

Jen talked to Wyatt, the local farmer who grew organic fruits and vegetables. I remembered he was engaged (I think Faith was her name), but Wyatt was manning his stall alone. Jen spent more time than she needed to pick our produce for our dinner later that night, but Wyatt didn't seem to mine. He ignored his other customers as he talked Jen up about his farm. A couple times I caught him trying to look down Jen's blouse. All this barely registered with me though, because I was too pre-occupied with what was going to happen tonight.

Around dinner time, I walked Anna over to Blake and Steph's house. The 4 adults had decided to keep the kids there. Margaret, the woman who didn't ask any questions, was babysitting.

I spoke only briefly to Steph. She told me Blake was getting ready. I told her Jen was getting ready too. Our spouses were getting ready, for their date. It made me feel queasy and lightheaded. I think it had the same effect on Steph.

I met Margaret. Blake had described her as "having been around the block a few times," so I pictured her as an old hag. But in reality she was relatively young, about my age, and quite attractive. She told me she was divorced without any kids. She was a nurse and babysat to make some extra "under-the-table" money." She seemed normal, but as I left she gave me a sly, knowing smile. Like she knew what was going down tonight. It kind of creeped me out.

As I got home, Jen was out of the shower and doing her make-up and hair. She sat at her dressing table wearing only stockings. And the black g-string. The g-string consisted of just 2 tiny black strings. One string went around her waist, low on her hips. The other went down her crack.

Finishing her makeup, Jen stood up. She turned and yelped when she saw me. “God Mike you scared me,” she said. “I didn’t hear you get back.”

I barely heard her. I looked at the black g-string. From the back, the string went down between her ass cheeks. In the front, it went across her slit, between her pussy lips. It didn’t hide anything. Her bare, waxed pussy was entirely on display. So was her tight ass.

“No bra?” I asked.

She shook her head. “I can’t wear a bra with my dress,” she told me.

I slowly nodded, processing that thought. My insides were a maelstrom. Then I curled my finger around the string around her hips and asked “How does it feel?” Jen usually wore thongs. I don’t remember the last time she wore a g-string, if ever.

“It’s different than going commando,” she told me. “I feel it, but just barely. It makes me feel sexy actually.”

I gently tugged on the string. With my heart in my throat, I asked, “Jen, are you going to let Blake see this tonight?”

Jen gave me a sympathetic smile but otherwise didn’t answer. Instead she picked up the dress she’d chosen to wear. She wiggled into it. It was black and hugged her body. It was really tight, like a second skin. The dress was short, ending mid-thigh and barely covering her lacy stocking tops. And the dress daringly swooped in the back, almost down to the swell of her ass.

My breath caught seeing her. She looked so beautiful and sexy! The dress showed off her slim tight body, her long gorgeous legs, her tight ass, and her small perfect tits, and it exposed all of her sexy back. “You’re right, a bra wouldn’t work,” I said.

“I told you,” Jen said with a lopsided grin at me.

"When'd you get it?" I asked. "I don't think I've seen it before."

"You haven't," Jen said. "Scott bought it for me."

My mouth opened in surprise. "You still have clothes from then?" I asked in disbelief.

Jen frowned at me. "Mike, you know I do," she said.

That was true. Jen's closet was full of the clothes she wore when she was with Scott. But ….

"I didn't know he bought you clothes," I said.

"Well, I mean …," Jen sputtered. "Just sometimes. He made more than me. And this dress is expensive. It's a Dolce & Gabbana."

My insides were churning. Clearly Jen didn't understand why this bothered me so much. But there was a difference between keeping clothes she wore with Scott, versus clothes he bought for her. A big difference.

"I'll wear something else if you want," Jen said. "It's just it goes with what Blake said."

"What he said?"

"Remember? He said he wanted me to show more skin," Jen said.

I slowly nodded as I processed what she said and tried to get a grip on my emotions. Often I felt off-balance when we played the game. That's how I felt now.

"You never wore the dress for me," I said. I knew I sounded pathetic but I couldn't help it.

Jen put a calming hand on my chest. "Baby, calm down. You know why," she said. "I got pregnant right after we got back together. No way I could wear this dress with my big belly. Then we had Anna, and life was all about Anna. You see that, right?"

"But now you're wearing it for Blake," I said bitterly.

"I'm wearing it for us, for our game," Jen insisted. She was earnest, but I knew of course it was bullshit. Seeing my sour face, she offered "I'll wear something else."

She turned to go to her closet but I stopped her with a hand on her arm. "No. Go ahead and wear it," I told her.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. Then I forced a grin and said "Scott fucked you in it, right? So this way I'm screwing Blake over."

"Ha ha. I guess so," Jen said with a grin back at me. But it took only a moment for me to realize the idiocy of what I said. I wasn't screwing Blake over. He was screwing me over. Jen also knew how stupid my statement was, but she was polite enough not to say so.

Jen stepped into her high heels. The black, extra tall 5 inch stiletto high heels. She bent over to fix one of the shoes. As she did, the back of her g-string came into view.

I touched the g-string. "Jen? What are you going to let Blake do to you tonight?" I asked her. My voice was desperate and anxious. Again I couldn't help it.

Jen turned to me. She saw my angst. She saw I was tormented.

"I got you something," she said reassuringly. She picked up a small rectangular box on her dressing table. I opened it. It was a new Apple watch.

I looked at her, not understanding. She said, "Your watch is analog."

I nodded. She was right. My watch was one my dad gave me years ago, before digital was all the rage. But I still didn't understand.

"This one has a timer," Jen explained. "I set it for midnight. I know I'm pushing things with the game. I know you're not comfortable with everything I'm doing. But tonight will be over by midnight. I promise, it will, midnight. So this way, with the watch, you can see how much time it'll be until we're together again."

I looked at the small screen of the watch. At the moment it was 7pm. So I only had to deal with the next 5 hours. Jen was right. With the Apple watch, I could see the light at the end of the tunnel. And with the passing of each second, the light got brighter. Having the watch did make me feel better somewhat. I just had to make it through the next 5 hours.

****

Steph came over to my house around 30 minutes after Jen left with Blake. She brought over a bottle of wine. I opened it and poured 2 glasses. I figured we'd need more than 1 bottle to make it through the night.

Steph was wearing another tight necklace around her neck. This one was made of white gold. To a casual observer, it would look like elegant jewelry. But I knew it was a collar.

"Do you know where they're going?" I asked.

"A restaurant in Glen Ridge," Steph told me. Glen Ridge was the next county over. "We've been there a few times. No one we know goes there."

I nodded slowly, processing what she said. Of course, it was important that no one we knew, like our neighbors, saw our spouses out on a date together.

"You've done this before," I said.

"I told you we've done this before," Steph said. With a chuckle, she added "We're practically regulars at that restaurant."

"So sometimes you go too?" I asked.

"Yes. Like last night," she said.

"Then why aren't we going with them?" I asked.

"Sometimes it's better if they go out alone," Steph explained. "Especially at the beginning on the relationship. It gives them a chance to get to know each other."

"This isn't a relationship," I told her. "It's a one time thing."

Steph looked dubious but didn't reply.

"Anyway they already know each other," I pointed out.

"Yes, but …," Steph began. "Not like this."

I stared at her. She meant, in a sexual way. We were silent for a few moments, as my stomach churned. Then Steph said, "And sometimes it's better if the husband – you – isn't there. Like last night. It was pretty clear last night was hard on you."

"And that's my fault?" I angrily snapped.

Steph winced at the harshness of my voice. "Mike, please," she said pleadingly. "Don't take this out on me. We're both in the same boat."

"I'm sorry," I said, and I really was sorry. Steph might get off on this, but she was tormented too, just like me.

We were silent again. Then I asked, "So you and Blake only play with couples?"

"Sometimes singles," Steph said. "But usually couples. That's better for me. I don't want my husband with a single girl. If the girl is married, especially if she has children, I know she's not going to try to steal my husband." Then she added "Also, Blake likes couples better."

"Why?" I asked.

Steph hesitated. Looking wary at me, she said "Mike, if we're going to talk like this, we have to agree not to kill the messenger. I mean, I'll answer your questions, but you have to promise not to get mad at me if you don't like the answers."

"Okay. I promise," I said, looking just as wary as her. "So why does Blake like playing with couples better?"

Steph gave me a "you asked so don't blame me" look. Then she said, "Because he gets off on taking another man's girl." She looked into my face and grinned, "That gets you hot, doesn't it?"

I was embarrassed and my cheeks went red. Steph noticed it and quickly said "Don't be embarrassed Mike. I understand you. I think we're the same. Like, it gets me hot when Blake's with a girl who's prettier than me. Right before he left, he said 'Jen's a 10 and you're a 6 at most.'"

"That gets you hot?" I asked incredulously.

"I know, right?" Steph said with an embarrassed laugh. "I'm so twisted."

I was silent as I processed that. All of Jen's lovers were better looking than me. They had better bodies, they were better endowed, and they fucked better. And, it made me dizzy with excitement when my wife compared me to her lovers. It made my stomach churn too, but it always got me so hard.

I gave a knowing look to Steph. "It hurts too, though," I said.

Steph's eyes got big as she realized I understood what went on inside her head, and her heart. She tilted her head slightly and grinned at me. I grinned back at her. We WERE wired the same way. And it was good – comforting – to know there was another person in the world like you. The fact she was a woman and I a man made the experience more … well, confusing in a way, but in other ways, enlightening.

Our glasses were empty so I refilled them. As Steph held her glass to me, I noticed her wedding ring. It reminded me of something. "You have a black dot tattoo on your ring finger?" I asked.

"I do," Steph said. She took off her wedding ring and showed me. On the top of her ring finger, centered between her knuckle and joint, was a little black dot tattoo. It was small enough that it wasn't visible when her wedding ring was on.

"You got it for Blake?"

"I did," Steph said.

"That's a unique tattoo," I said, probing.

"All tats are unique," she said with a shrug.

"Jen says Alicia has one too," I said. "Just like yours."

"Oh. I didn't know Jen knew," Steph said, surprise in her voice.

"Did Alicia get tatted for Blake too?" I asked.

"I don't talk about other people Mike," Steph said with a firm voice. "You shouldn't talk about other people either. That's the only way this is going to work."

I nodded slowly. I knew she was right. But I was enthralled and terrified by the black dot tattoo. I was desperate to know if Blake fucked our neighbor Alicia. Was her husband John a cuckold like me? Did Blake convince Alicia to ink herself for him – brand herself for him -- as a sign of ownership?

"Let me ask you a question," Steph said, giving me a sly smile. "What's the story behind Jen's 55 tattoo? She says it's an Angel Number, but Blake asked her about it, and she barely knows anything about Angels. So what's the scoop?"

"Why's it matter?" I asked, deflecting her question.

Steph grinned at me, as she knew I was avoiding her question. She said, "Let's just say, we talk about you and Jen a lot, just like you guys probably talk about us. And something doesn't add up about you two. You both act innocent but you don't seem like newbies."

"Newbies?" I asked.

"New to this lifestyle," Steph explained. "So we're curious about the 55. You know, when you look at it, it almost looks like SS. Like, someone's initials."

I stared at Steph but didn't say anything.

She grinned at me, that sly smile again. "I'll make you a deal Mike," she said. "When you tell me about the 55, I'll tell you about the black dot."

****

The restaurant was called Pelican's Perch. It was part bar, restaurant and lounge, and had live music. Although somewhat tacky, it was dark and intimate, and it was unlikely they'd run into anyone they knew here.

Blake had reserved a booth and his hand was on Jen's knee almost as soon as they sat down. She didn't push his hand away. After all, this was why they were here. Still, it made her laugh. She said "Not too long ago, we were just neighbors."

"We're still neighbors," Blake said with a grin. He was lightly brushing his thumb on her thigh just above her knee. Jen could tell he had a nice touch.

"So tell me your story," Jen said. "You and Steph've been swinging your entire relationship? How'd it start?"

"We met in college," Blake said. "Started as friends, then dated. I admit I was a player. Still am, I suppose. What can I say? I like variety. Anyway, Steph's best friend was on the women's swim team. One time after a meet, we hooked up. Steph caught us."

"Seriously? She walked in on you?"

When Blake nodded, Jen lamented, "God Blake. You cheated on Steph with her best friend."

"They're not best friends anymore," Blake said.

"I guess not," Jen said with a humorless laugh.

Blake shrugged, like he was saying "This is who I am. I can't help it."

Then he said "Steph dumped me. Then a week later she came back. She said she loved me. And you know, I loved her too. I still do. But I was honest with her. I told her I doubted I could ever be faithful."

“So this wasn’t the first time you’d cheated?” Jen asked accusingly.

Blake shrugged again, the same “This is who I am. I can’t help it.” shrug.

“So we kind of fell into it,” Blake said. “It was a way for me to be with other girls, but not cheat on Steph. And Steph got her rocks off too. So it works for us.”

“And you don’t get jealous seeing Steph with other men?” Jen asked.

“I’m not a jealous person,” Blake said. “Anyway, we’ve worked it into our hobby.”

Jen couldn’t help smiling inside. Blake and Steph called it their “hobby.” She and Mike called it their “game.” Different names but the same thing, really.

“How?” Jen asked.

“You’ll see,” Blake promised. “Steph gets off on it. Her pity fuck.”

“What?” Jen asked, not understanding.

“While I’m doing the wife, I let her get off with the husband,” Blake explained. “Couples like you and Mike, it’s pretty common. Hottie like you with a plain Joe like Mike. Happens all the time. Pretty girls wanna be taken care of, and Mike’s successful, no doubt about that. So I get to fuck the hot wife and all Steph gets is the leftover husband. I call it her pity fuck. She gets off on it. I suppose you’ve already figured out that Steph’s into humiliation.”

Jen pushed Blake’s hand from her leg and glared at him. “Nothing is going to happen between my husband and your wife,” she told him firmly. “Nothing.”

Blake laughed. “Okay, okay, calm down,” he said with a big grin. “So it’s one way with you guys. I get it. Mike’s a cuckold.”

Jen stared at Blake but didn’t respond. “I already knew that,” Blake said with a knowing grin at her. “You’re wearing the g-string Steph gave to Mike, right? And Mike told me – through Steph – that your neck is a major erogenous zone.”

Jen’s eyes went wide as realization hit her. “You were testing Mike,” she said.

“Yes,” Blake said with the grin still on his face. “That, and I admit, I do get off on g-strings. How does it feel by the way?”

“Like I’m flossing my ass,” Jen deadpanned. They both laughed.

“It feels sexy actually,” Jen admitted. Blake smiled at her. He brought his hand to Jen’s neck and, with just his thumb, he lightly caressed her just below her ear. Jen’s eyelids fluttered and she began breathing harder. This man seriously had a nice touch!

Blake caressed down her back, appreciating the daring swoop of her dress that exposed almost all of her back to him. “I like this dress,” he told her.

“I’m glad you approve,” Jen said.

Blake caressed just below her shoulder blades. “No bra?” he asked.

“Obviously,” Jen said. A bra wasn’t possible in this dress. As if wanting to make sure, Blake reached up with his other hand and flicked his finger across Jen’s breast, right where he knew her nipple would be. He smiled approvingly feeling her hard nipple under the soft material of the dress.

Jen pulled away and laughed uncomfortably. “Don’t you think this is weird?” she said. “Okay, I admit, we’ve flirted for years. And you and Steph swing. But don’t you think this is weird? We’re neighbors.”

"That makes it more exciting," Blake said, his hand still caressing Jen's sexy, toned back. "The taboo of it. The risk of getting caught. All that makes it more exciting."

"But we live on the the same block," Jen said. "I get the excitement. But what if people find out?"

"You won't be the first wife in our neighbor I've slept with," Blake said. "Have you ever heard anything? Even rumors? Steph and I are very discreet. I'm sure you and Mike will be too."

Jen nodded slowly, processing his words. He was right, the taboo was exciting, and so was the risk of getting caught. She thought of going to their next neighborhood party, of mingling with their clean cut, church going neighbors, all the while knowing she was Blake's lover. It sent a thrilling shudder down her spine. She also thought about Mike. About how jealous he would be, about how much angst it would cause him, as he watched her "innocently" talk with Blake knowing that it would be his cock inside her that night, not his.

"So, exactly how does this work?" Jen asked. "Tonight I mean."

"Steph likes to watch," Blake said simply. "I take it, that's Mike's fantasy too?"

Jen nodded.

"You've done this before, haven't you?" Blake asked with a knowing smile at her. "I'm not the first. Mike's watched you with other men before."

"That's not true," Jen lied. She had to talk to Mike before revealing their game. For now, they were pretending that their fantasies were just that, fantasy, and they had done nothing more than pillow talk and role playing.

Blake looked dubious but he didn't pursue it. He said "I'll talk shit with Steph. Don't let it bother you. She likes it."

"What do you mean? What kinda shit?" Jen asked.

"Steph gets off when I'm with a girl who's prettier than her," Blake explained. "Especially when she's way prettier, like you."

"Steph's pretty," Jen quickly said, coming to the defense of her friend.

Blake laughed. "Jen, don't bullshit," he said. "It'll be a lot more fun for all of us if you don't bullshit. Like I said, Steph's into humiliation. She likes it. And she's not stupid. If you bullshit, it'll just hurt her feelings more."

Jen didn't respond as she thought about what Blake said. In a way, she understood Stephanie. She wasn't wired the same way, but her husband was. Mike wanted her to be with men who were more handsome, had better bodies, were better endowed. And he wanted her to compare him to her lovers. He got so incredibly hot when she told him how much bigger they were, how much harder their bodies were, and how her orgasms were so much more intense.

"Okay, I get it," Jen said agreeably. Then she eyed Blake and said, "You know, Mike doesn't like you."

Blake gave her an unconcerned shrug. Then he smiled lecherously and said, "That'll make it even more sweet when I fuck you."

"You're so sure of yourself," Jen scoffed.

"I think we both know it's gonna happen," he said with a confident smile.

His smile grew larger when Jen didn't respond. He said "You know I'll be fucking Mike as much as fucking you tonight."

Jen's breath caught in her throat, and her knees felt weak. Back before the game, if Blake had said that, she would've slapped his face. But now she'd been with other men. She got so much pleasure from it. And it wasn't just the physical sex. It was the fact her husband was a cuckold. Their game was as much mind fucking as real fucking.

Blake added "Figuratively of course. Unless of course you're into that."

Jen laughed dismissively, like that was a ridiculous thought. But for an instant she imagined Mike on his knees with Blake's cock in his mouth. The thought made her shiver.

"What? No rushing to your husband's defense?" Blake said with a tinge of superiority mixed with contempt in his voice. "You don't care?"

"I care," Jen finally said. Her cheeks were flushed. Mike would say she had a major cum face on.

Blake chuckled. "You're a submissive slut, just like Steph, aren't you?" he said. "And Mike's the most submissive of all. A submissive cuckold. I'm right, right?"

Blake laughed when Jen didn't answer.

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I constantly checked the countdown timer on my new Apple watch. The timer was at 2 hours and 30 minutes when Jen got home with Blake. She was holding his hand as they walked in from the garage. Seeing her holding his hand made my stomach turn over. I looked at the watch again. Now 2 hours and 28 minutes. I just had to make it that long, and she would be mine again.

The air was tense as Blake and Jen walked into the family room holding hands. I sat on the sofa with Stephanie. Blake and Jen stopped in the middle of the room and looked at us. We looked back at them. No one

spoke for long moments. My insides felt like a string that was coiled so tight I was about to snap. I hated that Jen was holding Blake's hand. At that moment I needed some reassurance, I needed to hold her. But instead she was holding Blake's hand.

Blake moved his hand to Jen's back. I couldn't see since they were facing us, but from the movement of his arm I could tell he was caressing her bare back at the sensitive spot just above her ass. A flush came over Jen's pretty face and her pouty lips parted as she began breathing harder.

It was Stephanie who finally broke the silence. "She's so beautiful Blake," she said, her eyes both on her husband and Jen's beautiful face.

"She is," Blake agreed, leaning over to kiss Jen's neck. He pulled her long blonde hair to the side so he could kiss the side of her neck just below her ear. Jen's face flushed and a soft moan escaped her lips as Blake used his lips and the tip of his tongue to expertly fondle one of her most sensitive erogenous zones. Steph looked knowingly at me. I had told her about Jen's neck, and she had told Blake. I had helped set up her husband's seduction of my wife.

Within moments, Blake and Jen were on the sofa opposite us, and they were kissing.

Kissing.

Blake, a man I despised, was kissing my wife. I realized then it was really going to happen. This was real. Blake was giving me the ultimate fuck you. He was going to fuck my wife.

I watched as Jen parted her pouty lips for Blake. I watched as he pushed his tongue into her mouth, knowing by the motion of her cheek that they were tonguing each other.

Then I watched as Blake moved his hand up and cupped Jen's breast through her dress. The sight turned my stomach. Then it got even worse as I heard Jen moan as he rubbed her nipple with this thumb.

Seeing them on the sofa, hearing their sounds, it hurt so much. I looked at my new watch. The timer read 2 hours and 12 minutes. This time though the timer didn't offer me any release. For the next 2 hours and 12 minutes, Blake was going to kiss my wife, and fondle her, and push his cock inside her. It seemed so long. I didn't know how I was going to make it.

I sensed movement and my eyes shot back up to them. Blake's hands were on Jen's back, on her dress. He was searching for the zipper.

Jen pulled her lips away from Blake's. She was breathing hard but managed to say "It's on my side." Then Blake's lips were on hers again, and he was pushing his tongue back down her throat. At the same time, he moved his hand to the zipper at Jen's side. I watched as he pulled it down. The room was silent except for the sounds of their kissing and rustling on the sofa. So the sound of the zipper being pulled down screamed into my ears.

God. Blake was undressing my wife. Fucking god.

After pulling the zipper down, Blake's hands went to her shoulders. He pulled the straps down her arms, exposing her. Blake pulled away from kissing Jen. They both were panting. His eyes went to her chest. To her braless breasts. To my wife's sweet, teenager breasts.

"I've wanted to see these for a long time," Blake said as he feasted on Jen's small, perky tits.

Jen arched her back, giving Blake the best view possible of her breasts. She had a Cheshire cat smile on her beautiful face. It was like she was saying, "yeah, I know you've always wanted me." It struck me then how confident Jen had become. She knew she was beautiful. She knew men

desired her. She knew she could have any man she wanted. Her attitude was thrilling but also intimidating too.

Blake moved his hands up to cup Jen's breats. Her tiny tits disappeared in his big hands. Jen's face flushed and her lips parted in a moan as he thumbed her hard, sensitive nipples.

Then he lowered his head. I watched as he flicked his tongue across one of Jen's hard, eraser size nipples. Then he took the nipple into his mouth. He licked and sucked my wife's tender nipple. Jen rolled her head back and moaned. "Oh god," she groaned.

Blake pulled Jen's dress the rest of the way off her body. Now she was naked except for the g-string, stockings and heels. Blake looked her up and down, a lustful grin on his face. He ran his hand over Jen's flat stomach and toned thighs. "She's got a tight body. Right Steph?" he said to his wife.

"Yeah, tight," Steph agreed.

Then he cupped her breast again with one hand. With his other he squeezed Jen's tight ass. "And ripe too," he said to Steph. "Right?"

"Oh yeah," Steph agreed. "She's so ripe."

"So go ahead and ask me," Blake said, grinning at his wife. "I know you want to."

Stephanie looked nervously at me, then at Jen, like this was something private between her and Blake. But she said "Is Jen prettier than me? Is she sexier? Do you want her more than me?"

Blake looked sympathetically at his wife. "You know she's prettier," he said. "And you know I've wanted her for a long time. You know that, right?"

"Yes," Steph said. I looked at Steph and saw a mix of emotions there. Excitement, sadness, jealousy, resignation.

"So tell them," Blake ordered her. Steph began to speak but he interrupted her. He motioned over at me. "Tell him," he said.

Steph turned to look at me. "Blake talks about Jen all the time," she told me. "From when you moved here. Jen was pregnant then. My husband likes fucking married girls. Especially pregnant married girls."

"Tell Mike about Halloween," Blake ordered.

Steph nodded to her husband, then looked at me again. "Blake got hard seeing Jen dressed as Supergirl. He told me to distract you so he could be alone with her. Remember? We went downstairs to check on the kids?" Steph gave me a weak, apologetic smile. I nodded, and she said "After the party, all Blake could talk about was Jen. When he fucked me, he talked about Jen."

"Tell him what I said," Blake told his wife.

Steph said "Blake said he wished he was fucking Jen instead of me." As Steph said this, she looked embarrassed but also turned on. She looked beyond turned on. I knew that feeling. So turned on that if you touched yourself you'd cum. That's how turned on Steph was. She truly was a cuckold like me.

I saw Steph's eyes were focused on Blake and Jen, so I turned back to the sofa. Steph was watching Blake trace Jen's g-string with his fingertips. The g-string didn't hide anything. If anything it emphasized her nakedness.

Jen was facing Blake so we could clearly see her petite tight ass, and Blake's fingers as he caressed along her waist and down her crack. "Her ass is so sexy," Steph said. Her words came out like a longing moan.

Blake pushed Jen onto the floor, onto her knees between his open legs. He grinned down at her and said "I've wanted my cock in your mouth for a

long time.” Jen had that smile on her pretty face again, although this time it was like she was playfully saying “Oh you have, have you?”

Jen didn’t hesitant. She unbuckled his belt and pants and pulled down his zipper. Then she reached into his pants and pulled out his cock.

With both hands she stroked him and he quickly got fully hard. Once again I was struck by the way his shaft prominently curved inward towards his stomach, and the fatness of his cockhead.

Jen pulled her long blonde hair to the side, then took Blake’s cock into her mouth. Blake moaned as he felt Jen’s soft, pouty lips around his shaft. He looked at me and said “I knew someday my cock would be in her mouth.”

I didn’t say anything. What could I say? My wife had his cock in her mouth. He had beaten me.

Jen raised her head from his cock. I thought she was going to come to my defense. But instead she looked up at Blake with heavy lidded, lust filled eyes, and said “I freaking love the way you taste.”

Then she was sucking on his cock again. Blake laced his fingers into her lush blonde locks and gave me a triumphant, fuck you grin.

I heard a whimper next to me and looked over at Steph. I was shocked to see she had undressed. Like Jen she was naked except for heels, stockings and g-string. And the collar around her neck. With one hand she was pressing a small vibrated against her clit. With her other hand she was mauling one of her big tits.

“You like this babe?” Blake said to his wife. Again I felt like I was hearing their private conversation. I felt like I was intruding on their private pillow talk.

“Is she good?” Steph asked her husband.

"Yeah, she sucks good cock," Blake said. He breathing was labored and he was having trouble talking.

"Better than me?" Steph asked.

"Well … she's about to make me cum," Blake said, his voice strained.

"Already? She must be good."

"Jen's so much prettier than you babe," Blake said to his wife. "Fucking her pretty face, it's so hot. She's gonna make me cum."

A cloud passed over Steph's face. She was jealous and hurt. She hissed "Make the slut swallow all of it!"

A moment later, Blake cried out and came. He kept his fingers interlaced in Jen's hair so she had no choice but to swallow. I watched Jen's cheeks balloon out as he flooded her mouth with his sperm, then her throat muscles frantically working to swallow all of it.

"Fuck, fuck …" Blake panted as he finished. He got up and went over to Steph.

Was that it? Was it over? I glanced at my new watch. The timer said 1 hour and 44 minutes.

I looked up from the watch when I heard Jen said "Mike, come with me." She offered her hand to me, and I took it. It felt good to hold her hand. To my surprise, she guided me to the guest room downstairs. "Is this helping?" she asked, tapping my new watch.

"Yes," I said. I moved to hug her but she got onto the bed. I followed. Jen parted her legs. Then she pulled my head towards her pussy. It was pretty clear what she wanted.

I tugged the g-string to the side and began lapping at her pussy. She was incredibly wet! "Oh yeah baby, do it, lick me, do it," she urged me.

I went to town on Jen's pussy, wanting to give her pleasure. Jen was mine again! I was going to make her cum with my tongue, then I was going to make love to her. Then I would hold her all night as we slept together.

But abruptly Jen pushed at my head, pushing me away. I looked at her, not understanding. But Jen wasn't looking at me. She was looking passed me. I turned my head and looked behind me. Blake was standing there, and he was hard again.

"Mike baby, move," Jen said. She didn't say it harshly or meanly. But she said it.

I got off the bed and Blake took my place. "Thanks for keeping her hot for me," he said with an evil grin at me. He got on his knees between Jen's open legs.

"You ready for this?" Blake asked Jen as he stroked himself.

"Oh yeah," Jen said, practically purring. "I want to feel you inside me!"

Blake ran the big cockhead of his penis up and down Jen's slippery slit. "You want this?" he teased.

"Don't freaking tease me Blake!" Jen whined. "Put it inside me! Please!"

Suddenly I felt someone next to me. It was Steph. She whispered into my ear, "I told you she'd beg for it. Now my husband is going to make your wife cum like she's never cum before."

"Ugh! God!" I heard Jen groan. I turned back to the bed and saw Blake on top of my wife, bearing down on her. "Your cock is so freaking big!"

"Wait until you feel it all," Blake said.

"Oh yeah, I want it all, give it to me!" Jen enthused.

It took a few moments but soon Blake was soon balls deep inside Jen. "Fuck you feel good," Blake groaned. "Your pussy's so sweet. Steph babe her pussy is so sweet."

Steph was sitting next to me. There was only a love seat in the guest room so we were practically touching. With her eyes locked on the action on the bed, she pressed the vibrater against her clit. Apparently not satisfied with the angle, she opened her legs and in the process, hooked one stockinged leg over mine.

Blake was slowly pumping in and out of Jen's pussy. Her face was tense, like she was struggling with his size. That didn't make sense to me, as both Cam and Joe had bigger cocks (Cam in length and Joe in girth). But then I realized that it was Blake's curved shaft and fat cockhead. Somehow that combination that made him feel big inside my wife.

My thoughts were confirmed when I focused my eyes on Jen's pussy. As Blake pulled out, her pussy lips stretched wide to accommodate his big cockhead, and then clenched back tight around his shaft as he pushed back inside her, but even then, it looked like he was tugging this way and that on her pussy lips because of his curved shaft. With all that happening on her lips, I could only imagine how he felt inside her.

Blake wasn't fucking Jen particularly hard or fast, but he fucked her deep and steady. I looked at her face. To my surprise, she looked puzzled, like she didn't understand what was going on. As if reading my thoughts, Steph leaned over and said to me, "We're used to cocks going straight in and straight out. Girls I mean. When we get fucked fucked, cocks go straight in and straight out. But Blake's not like that. He curves inside you. And it feels amazing. Jen's realizing that now."

I suddenly realized how close I was sitting to Steph, and how naked she was. The fact I was still fully dressed only emphasized her nakedness. Her

stockinged leg was still over mine. I looked down at her knee. She had a small run there. "You're a leg man," Steph said knowingly to me. "No wonder you married Jen. She's got amazing legs." She took my hand and placed it on her thigh, over the lace of her stocking tops. "My legs aren't as nice as Jen's, but they're still nice, right?"

Suddenly Steph put her hand on my crotch. On the tent my hard-on was making in my pants. I seized up and she quickly reassured me. "Don't freak out Mike," she said with a friendly smile. "I'm just checking you out. Why don't you take your clothes off?"

I stared at Steph, breathing hard. Then I heard Jen moan and turned back to the bed.

Jen was cumming. She was desperately clutching at Blake's arms, and there was a look of pure ecstasy on her face. A frenzied, helpless look of pure ecstasy. Then she was throwing her head back and arching her back, and crying out with a long soulful moan. It seemed to go on forever, her body shuddering and writhing uncontrollably, and the moan turning into what sounded like sobs. My wife was crying! I was about to jump up to go to her when Steph held me back. "It's alright," she assured me. "I told you, Blake was going to make her cum like she's never cum before."

Blake fucked Jen through her orgasm. He didn't let up either, and he began fucking Jen harder and faster as his own orgasm neared. I knew he was about to cum as the muscles of his ass and the back of his thighs tensed up. Then he pushed deep into Jen one more time as his orgasm hit. He clutched Jen's hips to stay deep inside her as he came.

Next to me, Steph was frantically finger fucking herself as she held the vibrater against her clit. Her eyes were locked on her husband fucking my wife. "Mike, squeeze my tits!" she said desperately, but I made no move to touch her. She glared at me when I didn't reach over to fondle her, like I had rejected her. It didn't matter as she came anyway, her orgasm practically in sync with Blake's.

I watched as Blake pulled out of Jen and collapse onto his back next to her. That's when I saw he wasn't wearing a condom and his still hard cock was covered with milky white sperm. Blake had fucked Jen bareback! He had ejaculated inside my wife! He had shot his sperm inside her!

Reading my thoughts, Steph leaned over to me and hissed into my ear, "I hope she's on the pill, or my husband just got your wife pregnant," she said spitefully. That's when I came.

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Chapter 16

Blake and Steph went home soon after. Anna was sleeping over their house so Jen and I were alone. We went upstairs to our bedroom. I went into the bathroom to clean up after cumming in my pants. Jen waited for me on the bed, still wearing the g-string, stockings and high heels.

I emerged from the bathroom and Jen patted the bed next to her. "Come here baby," she said with a kind smile at me. I sat down next to her but didn't touch her. My emotions were raw from what happened earlier.

"You let him cum inside you," I said with a hard look at her.

"Yes. I never said I wasn't going to."

Her flippant attitude hurt my feelings and made me angry. "Don't you care about me?" I asked with exasperation.

"Of course I do."

"Then why didn't you ask me first?!"

Jen frowned and pursed her lips at me. She said "Mike, if you had brought it up I would've told you. I talked to Steph. She told me Blake was clean. I trust Steph. I trust Blake."

Hearing her take Blake's side tore at my heart. It also made me even more angry. "I don't give a fuck about Blake!" I yelled.

Again Jen pursed her lips at me. "Mike you need to calm down," she said sternly. "You need to stop trying to control things. You're not in control. I am."

Her words shocked me. I stared at her without saying anything.

After a few moments, Jen's face softened and in a gentler voice she said "I knew this might be my only time with Blake, so I wanted to experience him. That's why I didn't make him use a condom. That's why I let him cum inside me."

"But don't you see …," I began, struggling to find the right words. "Don't you see how that diminished me?"

Jen gave me a patient smile. "Mike, Blake fucked me tonight. He undressed me, he touched me wherever he wanted, he kissed me, he fucked me. How does cumming inside me make it any worse for you?"

I stared at Jen again. It seemed like she was taunting me, instead of trying to make me feel better and soothe my feelings. "You make me feel like I'm not even a man anymore!" I spat out bitterly.

Jen put her arm around me. With her other hand she rubbed my chest. In a gentle voice she said "Mike baby, as my husband of course you're a man. That hasn't changed. As Anna's father you're a man. But not in bed. In my sex life you're not a man."

"Ugh, god!" I groaned, my body shuddering uncontrollably at her words. Jen grinned at me. She reached into my boxers and wrapped her hand around my cock.

"God Mike you're so freaking hard," she said, still grinning at me. She slowly stroked me. "I saw Steph feeling this."

"I think she wanted to fuck," I said as my heart beat wildly.

"Yeah she did. The bitch," Jen said with a scowl. Then she grinned at me again. That taunting grin again. "You'd be her pity fuck."

"What?"

"That's what they call it," Jen told me. "Blake gets me and Steph gets you." She squeezed my shaft as if to emphasize her next words. "You're her pity fuck." My eyes opened wide as she told me this. My cock got even harder, if that was possible.

"So my cock is just worth a pity fuck?" I asked, breathing hard.

"Your little cock? Yeah, I guess so," Jen said with a grin. Her words, and especially the grin, tore at my manhood. But god it got me so hot!

"Am I your pity fuck?" I asked my wife. I felt desperate, but also intensely excited.

"Compared to Blake?" Jen mused rhetorically. "Yeah you are." With a dreamy look, she gushed, "Blake's an incredible lover Mike. His cock's freaking amazing. It felt so good inside me. He made me cum so hard."

"You're not making me feel any better," I said sourly.

Jen laughed. "I'm telling you exactly what you want to hear," she said as she grinned at me.

Once again I stared at my wife. My thoughts from earlier came back to me, about how she had become so confident, so dominate. It was both exciting and disconcerting. "Are you this alpha with your lovers?" I asked.

"You know I'm not," she said. "But I'm your top. That's what I mean. Don't try to top from the bottom Mike. It'll only ruin it for both of us."

"So you're Blake's bottom now?" I spat out bitterly. "Are you going to tat your ring finger with a black dot for him?"

"He hasn't asked me," Jen said.

Her answer surprised me. "So all he has to do is ask?" I said incredulously.

"It'll take more than just one time," Jen said with a shrug.

I gawked at her. "Are you seriously considering it?"

Jen laughed. "Mike baby, calm down," she said. "I'm just teasing you."

"So you won't ink yourself for Blake?" I asked, wanting to make sure. "You know, they're curious about your 55 tat. Steph asked me if fifty five is really SS."

"Oh," Jen said, looking surprised. But from her face, it seemed like there was something else there too.

"What?" I asked.

Looking guilty, she hesitantly said "I might have mentioned Scott's name to Steph."

"What?" I yelled. "You told her Scott's name is Scott Stafford? Why were you talking about him at all?"

"Because Steph asked why we divorced," Jen said. "Mike, Steph and I are really good friends. We've told each other our stories. Scott was a major mistake. A disaster. But he's part of my story. So I had to talk about him."

"So Steph and Blake know you inked yourself for Scott!" I angrily said.

"… maybe," Jen hesitantly said in a little voice.

"And now they think you'll ink yourself for Blake! And you're thinking about it!"

"I am not Mike!" Jen insisted. "I was just teasing you!"

I glared at Jen and she stared back at me. We were both silent, at an impasse. It was Jen who spoke first. She took my hands and said, "I'm not thinking about getting a tattoo for Blake. And I'm sorry for talking about Scott. But Mike – the 55 tat gets you hot. You're the reason why I haven't lasered it off. And if I did ink a black dot on my ring finger – and I'm not going to, I'm just saying if I did – then that would get you hot too. You know it would Mike."

I continued to glare at Jen, but her words dissipated part of my anger, because she was right. "So what are you saying?" I asked.

"I'm saying you're a bottom, so stop trying to be a top," Jen said. Her voice was gentle but firm. "You're my cuck. Stop trying to control things. I'm in control. I want you to trust me Mike. If I ever go too far, you can take back my free pass."

I didn't say anything for long moments. Finally I said, "Okay. I'll try. I mean, I trust you. I'll try to give up control."

"You promise?" Jen asked.

"… yes," I said after a moment's hesitation.

"Then there's something I want you to do," Jen said with a grin at me. As she said this, she ran her fingertip across my lips. I knew what she wanted me to do. Eat her out. But her pussy was full of Blake's sperm ….

"That's what you want?" I asked uncertainly.

"Yes!" Jen hissed. She pushed me onto my back then moved up my body and straddled my face. I was looking right up at her pussy. Her lips were red and swollen and gaped apart. They were wet too, and I knew where that was from.

"How do I look?"

"Your pussy looks used," I said honestly.

Jen laughed. "Well, Blake used me tonight," she said, grinning down at me. Her words tore at my gut but made me groan too.

I was still looking at Jen's pussy. The g-string ran down from her tiny waist and disappeared into her pussy. I hesitantly licked up and down her slit. I felt the string of the g-string rub against the tip of my tongue.

"Come on Mike!" Jen said impatiently. She grabbed my hair and pushed her pussy onto my mouth. I licked her harder and faster. "Oh yeah, that feels so freaking good!" she purred as I ate her.

I sensed Jen bearing down, and suddenly liquid flowed into my mouth. I knew it was Blake's sperm. Jen knew it too. She said "How does Blake taste? You like it Mike? Doesn't he taste like a man?"

Jen reached behind her and grabbed my cock. "You're so fucking hard Mike!" she hissed. "I know you love this!"

Then Jen pulled me by the hair, forcing my face into her crack. "Lick my ass!" she ordered. Without hesitation I spread her tight cheeks with my hands and began lapping at her puckered asshole. My head spun with submissive cuckold lust.

I eagerly licked around and over her little puckered anus. The musty, pungent taste made my head spin. "Oh god, yeah, lick my ass baby, oh god, just like that," Jen moaned. I felt her reach for something, and then I heard a soft buzzing. I looked up and saw she had her little friend, her pink

vibrator, against her clit. She moaned and cried out at the pleasure at both her holes.

"Harder Mike!" she demanded, jerking my hair so my nose was in her crack. "Fuck my ass with your tongue!" Then she rolled her head back and her body jerked wildly as she came.

She collapsed onto the bed next to me, panting. I lay beside her, not moving, feeling like I was in shock. Finally she got up on an elbow and looked at me. "You like eating my ass?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said without hesitation.

"You like eating Blake's cum from me?"

This time I didn't answer. "I guess we'll have to work on that," Jen said with a grin. Then she put her pink vibrator to my lips. She forced it into my mouth. It was like a small penis. Jen said "You wanna suck cock Mike? I'll teach you."

When I didn't reply Jen grinned at me. She reached down and grabbed my cock again. I was still rock hard. "You wanna fuck your wife?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Even though my pussy is used?"

"Yes! Please!" I begged. Jen's grin grew wider. She rolled onto her back and I immediately got on top of her. I pushed into her pussy. There was no resistance. I pumped once, twice, and then on the third time I came.

****

Our game was changing. Jen was becoming more dominate. She seemed to get off on her control of me. And she was delving into aspects of

cuckoldism that had never appealed to me. Eating creampies and sucking off her lovers.

All of this thrilled me. Even the part about sucking off another guy. Not really. But sort of. It's hard to explain ….

Part of being a cuckold is losing your manhood. You don't want your wife to think of you sexually. And we were there, Jen was openly saying I'd been replaced sexually in her life. So isn't that the same as losing your manhood? Not being a man in your wife's eyes?

That's what I'm saying. There are manifestations of this. Like, the wife making her husband wear panties, to symbolize the fact that she doesn't view her husband's penis with any sexual interest. And also the wife making her husband suck off another man.

Because, once the wife sees her husband with another man's dick in his mouth, how can she see him as a man? There you go. The husband loses his manhood in his wife's eyes. And that's what a cuckold wants.

So that's why it excited me. I didn't want Jen to view me with any sexual interest. I wanted her to see me as a pity fuck. I didn't care what Steph thought about me. But for Jen – for my wife – I wanted her to view me as a pity fuck.

Demented, right? So totally fucked up. But that's why all this was so thrilling to me. I loved the way our game was going. I loved it.

But it scared me too. Because, once Jen no longer saw me as a man, could we ever go back? Once she saw me sucking off another man, would she lose all respect for me? Can you have a marriage if the wife doesn't view her husband as a man, if she doesn't respect him as a man?

We talked a lot about her night with Blake. Steph had been right – he made Jen cum like no man had done before. "I don't know," she told me. "It's something about the way his dick curves, and the fat head." She took

my hand and put it on her stomach, just below her belly button. "My g-spot is here. I've had g-spot orgasms before. I've had orgasms where my lover's cock is rubbing both my clit and g-spot at the same time. But Blake was different. It was freaking amazing. Like, he was edging me, keeping me right at the brink. Then he pushed me over the edge. And it was like explosions in my body."

"You were crying," I told her.

Jen nodded. "It was so intense Mike," she said. "I've had awesome orgasms before. But this was something else. Blake took me someplace I'd never been before."

I was silent for long moments. All this was getting my dick hard of course, but it was also churning my gut. The way she was gushing about Blake with such reverie was tearing my heart apart. Jen knew it too. She rubbed my arm and said "You're upset."

"It's just hard to hear you talk about Blake that way," I said.

"Baby, the fact Blake is a good lover doesn't mean he's a good man," she said, trying to reassure me.

"So he's a good lover?" I asked. "It's not just his dick – he's a good lover?"

"Do you want the truth?"

"I always want the truth Jen."

"Then yes, Blake's a good lover," Jen said. "He's a freaking awesome lover."

Again I felt my heart being torn apart. "I don't need the truth with that much enthusiasm," I deadpanned. Jen laughed.

We talked about Jen's next time with Blake. Because now there was no doubt there would be a next time. "Why didn't you play with yourself?" she asked me. "Steph did."

I didn't answer. Jen read my thoughts and said "You didn't want Blake to see your cock."

"I didn't want him to see my body," I said bitterly. I added sarcastically, "Sorry but I didn't swim with Michael Phelps in college."

"You know I don't care about that," Jen said.

"Yeah right," I said sarcastically. "That's why you couldn't take your hands off his chest."

Jen shrugged as if admitting what I said was true. "Since Steph felt you up, it doesn't matter anymore," she said. "She knows you're small." When I didn't respond, Jen said "Isn't it better to play with yourself and let them see your cock, than cum in your pants? Isn't that more embarrassing?"

"Oh, so now I embarrass you?" I said bitterly.

"Mike god …," Jen lamented. "You don't embarrass me. I'm not talking about how I feel. I'm talking about you."

"But it'll turn you on if Blake sees my small dick?" I said, lashing out. "Like how he humiliates Steph?"

Jen paused, like she was counting to ten to allow me to calm down. "Steph gets off on that. She gets off on humiliation," she finally said. She gave me a knowing look and added, "Just like you get off on humiliation. Just like you get off on being called a pity fuck. Just like you get off on me being hot for Blake, even though you hate him. Just like you'll get off if he sees your dick and makes fun of you because you're small."

"What about you? Will you get off if he makes fun of my dick?"

"I've told you a million times, I don't care how big or small you are," Jen said. "Yours is my favorite one." Then she got onto her knees between my legs and went down on me.

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I didn't have to wait long for Jen's next time with Blake. It was the next Saturday. Once again, Blake and Steph came to our house while Margaret babysat the kids at their house.

We had a drink, but quickly went downstairs to the guest bedroom. I was relieved we were doing it this way. I didn't want Jen to go out on another "date" with Blake. The sex was bad enough. But it was easier for me if we kept it to just sex.

It didn't take too long for Jen and Blake to be naked in bed. She was on top, riding him. She moved slow, up and down, her face serious. On the up stroke she pulled almost all the way off his cock. His cockhead was so fat her pussy lips stretched outward like trying to hold him in. Then on the downstroke Jen's pouty lips parted and her pretty face took on the look of pure ecstasy as his fat head and curved shaft rubbed over her clit and g-spot.

They were both breathing hard as they fucked. Their movements were slow and rhythmic. Jen's long, lush blonde hair fell over her shoulders and partially covered her tits. Blake's eyes were on her and she pulled her hair back to give him a better view of her breasts. Jen's little perky tits looked so luscious, so fucking ripe. Her eraser sized nipples were hard and pointed up towards the ceiling. They begged to be rubbed and squeezed, and that's exactly what Blake did, cupping her pert little high school breasts in his big hands and thumbing and pinching her nipples. Jen's beautiful face became even more lustful and heavy lidded, and she rolled her head back and moaned.

At one point, Jen pulled up on his shaft and then stayed there, suspended on her knees, just Blake's cockhead inside her. She was staring intently at Blake, like she was mesmerized by the feel of him inside her. I watched as she moved her hand to her mouth. I think she licked her hand, as then she brought her hand down to her pussy, as if wanting extra lubricant to better enjoy Blake's cock. The entire time she was looking into Blake's eyes, and Blake was looking back into hers. Then she slowly lowered herself, impaling herself on his big cock. When he was all the way inside her, Blake wrapped his arms around her neck and pulled her pretty face to his. They kissed. They stayed like that, kissing, as Jen slowly rocked back and forth on his cock.

The intimacy of the moment was devastating. It made me feel dead inside – it hurt so much -- yet my cock was hard as a rock.

I looked over at Steph. She was naked except for high heels. She was slowly rubbing herself, her eyes locked on the scene in front of us. She was clearly turned on by it all. But her eyes were wet with tears. She was seeing what I was seeing. The intimacy. The connection between our spouses. It was hard to watch. It hurt.

I got up. I needed a break. I left the bedroom.

I sensed Steph follow me. Her high heels clicked on the hardwood floor of our finished basement. "Pretty intense in there," I said, forcing my voice to be light.

"Yes," Steph said with a forced laugh. It was weird standing there, with Steph completely naked except for high heels. She sensed it too, and pulled a robe around her.

"Is it always like that with Blake?" I asked.

"You mean when he's with another girl?" Steph said. "No. Hardly ever. I think … they're really attracted to each other."

"Yeah …," I said, my voice trailing off. It felt like my gut was turning over. "I guess a lot of pent up arousal."

"Yes …," Steph agreed, her voice trailing off too.

Our attentions turned back to the bedroom as Jen's moans got more urgent. "Oh god Blake, oh, oh, god Blake, god …," she moaned. Through the open door, I watched my wife cum on the cock of a man I hated. I watched as her head rolled back and her lips part in a long soulful moan. Her orgasm didn't seem as explosive, earth shattering as the first time with Blake. This one seemed to roll through her body, but it seemed to go on forever, and when it finally ended Jen fell into Blake's arms, her body limp and sometimes convulsing with the after-shocks of her orgasm.

Blake held her, stroking her hair, kissing her. Once again the intimacy – the tenderness – it was devastating. It made me ache inside. But it got me so aroused it made my knees weak.

Steph was back in the bedroom, playing with herself again. I went in too, and sat next to her. Blake and Jen were softly kissing and touching, their bodies still connected as one, whispering to each other. Me and Steph were forgotten. They only had eyes for each other. It was so fucking hot. I was consumed with cuckold lust.

I finally gave into it and took out my cock. Steph looked down at my cock, seeing it for the first time. It wasn't just a quick glance either. She stared at it. I couldn't help thinking she was comparing my dick to her husband's. Then she looked up at me, and she looked embarrassed, and she quickly darted her eyes away from me. "Go ahead and look if you want," I whispered to her. "I know I've got a small dick."

"Size isn't everything Mike," Steph whispered back to me.

"Don't try to make me feel better, and I won't try to make you feel better," I snapped at her. Steph's lips parted in surprise, and we stared at each

other for a long moment. Then our attention was drawn back to the bed as we heard Blake grunt and groan.

"I'm gonna fucking cum!" Blake groaned as Jen continued to ride him.

Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and rode him harder and faster. "Cum inside me Blake!" she urged him. "I want to feel you cum inside me!"

"Oh fuck here it cums!" Blake shouted. He pushed deep inside Jen and grabbed her hips to stay that way, and then he ejaculated his sperm deep inside her. Jen kissed Blake as he came, urgently as the orgasm rocked through his body, and then tenderly as he panted and came down from his climax.

"Fuck, fuck," Blake panted. He pulled out of Jen and collapsed onto his back next to her in the bed. Jen's legs remained open. I had a clear view of her pussy. Normally her pussy is a slit formed by thin lips pressed tightly together, the lips thin and just a shade darker than her skin. Now though the lips were red and swollen and they gaped apart. Blake's sperm oozed from her used pussy and leaked down between her tight ass cheeks. I sat in the loveseat next to Steph, feeling stunned and unable to move, unable to stop looking at them, my hand around my soft dick and wet from my own orgasm.

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So now I'd been cucked by my rival. A man I hated. This was different from Scott. I grew to hate him, but only after he got involved with Jen. Also, my interactions with Scott were mostly neutral. Sure he was a dick. But mostly he was focused on Jen and he was aware of me only because I was her husband.

It was different with Blake. We didn't like each other. He was one of those pretty boys that girls always flocked to. To this day I've never understood that. Don't girls see he's a player? That they're just notches on his belt?

I have to admit I envied him. The same way I envied Scott. The way they would walk into a room and immediately get everyone's attention. They were always the life of the party. Pretty girls (like my wife) gravitated to men like Blake and Scott.

But Blake envied me too. I was more professionally successful. I made more money. I was a "contributing editor" for CNN. The title was bullshit, it just meant I was a talking head on financial matters from time to time. But that was the point, I was on CNN pretty regularly, and Blake envied my semi-famous status. So in every way that mattered, I was better than Blake. I was beating him.

That all changed though. Blake had fucked my wife. He fucked her, he made her cum, he pumped his sperm into her. Blake had turned our rivalry completely upside down. You fuck a man's wife … you make her cum hard … you make her beg for your cock … then you win. Blake had beaten me.

****

The next week was filled with getting ready for Christmas. It was family time. We took Anna to see Santa Claus, and decorated a tree. I hung lights outside and Anna helped me. When we were done and went back inside, Jen was waiting for us with smiles and big steaming mugs of hot chocolate.

It was weird, the different sides of my wife. There was this Jen, my loving wife and devoted mother, the sweet, bubbly church-going girl I fell in love with back in college, who I loved more now than ever. Then there was Jenny, the insatiable submissive slut who couldn't get enough cock, who had a growing list of big dicked lovers, who was fucking my brother, my neighbor, her young lover from the gym, and the hot dad from the car line. I didn't know how Jen could keep them all straight.

I didn't see Blake or Steph for a couple weeks, and that separation along with getting ready for Christmas helped calm me down. The memory of Jen with Blake, those memories and images seared through my brain and tore through my heart. We had done it twice and I wasn't sure I wanted to

do it again. But as I calmed down, the taboo hotness of it all got me so hot. My dick was perpetually hard. Even the rivalry part of it. The fact that Blake had fucked me over in the most basic, carnal way. That got me hot. It was like pouring gasoline on the cuckold fire burning inside me. As the normalcy of our family life reassured me, I felt those urges building inside me. I wanted it to happen again.

We went to the farmer's market for fresh evergreen cuttings to decorate the house. The market had moved into a huge barn for the winter. Again, Jen spent time talking to the organic farmer, Wyatt. His fiancée (Faith) was at this booth this time, and I saw her frown at how much time her future husband was talking to my pretty wife.

"Is Wyatt your bud now?" I asked her, using the word (bud) she often used to refer to her best guy friends.

"Ha. Yeah right," Jen said with a laugh. "Actually, he's starting one of those weekly produce services. You know, one of those where you can get a full share, or half, or quarter. I'm thinking about getting a quarter share for us."

"So you're turning us into vegetarians?" I asked with a sour face.

"Oh no baby. I know you could never live without your steak," Jen said with a grin at me. Then she poked my side with her finger and said "You could lose a few pounds though."

"I don't work outdoors like your buddy Wyatt," I said defensively.

"Neither does Blake, but he stays in shape," Jen said.

I stopped dead in my tracks, my jaw dropping, looking incredulously at my wife. Did she really just say that?

Jen laughed and playfully bumped her hip against mine. “I’m just teasing,” she said, taking my arm and leading me out of the barn. But the damage was done. My cock was hard as a rock.

****

A few days before Christmas, Blake and Steph threw a neighborhood Christmas party. It was the first we’d gotten together with all the neighbors since the Halloween party when Jen had dressed up like Supergirl. This time Jen dressed in a short black number. All the wives got dolled up for this annual Christmas party, but Jen really stood out this year. Her dress was a little tighter, a little shorter than she had ever worn before to a neighborhood party. She looked stunning and achingly hot.

She was wearing the higher high heels she had been wearing lately (5 inches instead of 3 or 4). I’d figured out previously she was buying and wearing higher high heels because of her interest in tall men. Both Blake and the hot dad she was cheating with, Doug. So she would be closer to their height. Seeing my wife slipping her pretty stockinged feet into those high heels earlier that evening, it got my cock hard as steel.

Once we got to the party, Jen took Anna downstairs to the babysitters (a group of teenage girls from the neighborhood) while I fetched drinks. Blake approached me at the makeshift bar in the kitchen.

“Haven’t seen you around lately,” Blake said.

“The holidays are always busy,” I said. I was trying to look unconcerned and nonchalant, but I had butterflies in my stomach. This was the first time I’d seen him since his cock had been in my wife.

“Look Mike, I’ll be blunt,” Blake said. “There’s no reason our relationship has to change, just because of what happened between me and Jen.”

“We have a relationship?” I said with a sarcastic laugh.

Blake smiled at me. “Of course we do,” he said. “I’m fucking your wife. I’d call that a relationship. Between me and Jen at least.”

“You do not have a relationship with my wife!” I hissed.

“Mike you have no clue,” Blake said with a laugh. “I’ve already had my hand up her skirt. She’s soaking.” He offered his hand to me and said “Want to smell my fingers?”

I angrily pushed his hand away and stormed off. Back in the living room, people saw I was angry and moved out of my way. That’s when I ran into Steph. She saw the angry look on my face and pulled me to the side. “What’s wrong?” she whispered to me.

“Blake and Jen’ve been fooling around,” I hissed in a low voice.

Steph looked around nervously. My voice was low but still there was a danger people would hear. “Mike, calm the fuck down,” she said urgently to me. “It was nothing.”

“You saw?” I asked incredulously.

“It was nothing,” Steph repeated. “Just a little kissing.”

“You saw?!” I repeated. “Where?!”

“In our new game room,” Steph told me. “Mike you need to calm down.”

“But here? Our neighbors are here! Our kids are here!”

“Our kids are downstairs in the basement, watching a movie,” Steph said in a reassuring voice. “And our neighbors are clueless. Did you ever suspect Blake and Alicia?”

My eyes opened wide, shocked she had revealed this secret. "So they did have an affair," I said. "I thought you said being discreet was the only way this worked."

"I think you and Jen already figured it out," Steph said. "Besides, if you say something, John will say something. So that's another way it stays secret. It's like mutually assured destruction."

"You told John?" I said accusingly. John was Alicia's wife.

"No," Steph said immediately. "But they know our lifestyle. They watch us. They'll figure it out.

I stared at Steph. Then I asked "Is John like me?" Is he a cuck?

Steph shook her head. "No, they're swingers," she said.

"So you and John …," I said. Steph nodded her head. Yes, they had fucked. Blake and John had swapped wives. As I processed that, Steph said "I don't know if it's a lifestyle for them. We were their first. I don't know if they're still doing it."

"You don't talk to Alicia?" I asked.

"We're still friends, but … it's kinda awkward."

"Why?"

Steph looked at me, as if considering whether to tell me more. Finally she said, "You asked about the black dot tattoo on my finger. I actually have 2 dots. One for each of my sons." As she continued to stare at me, she said "Do you get it Mike?"

Yes I did get it. The realization sent my head reeling. "Lizzy is Blake's?" I asked, looking incredulously at her. Lizzy – Elisabeth -- was John and Alicia's youngest child. She was the same age as Anna.

Steph nodded. “You can never tell anyone,” she warned. “Especially John.”

“He doesn’t know?” I asked, looking incredulous at her again.

She answered my question with a question. She asked, “Would you want to know Mike?”

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I found Jen talking with some of the neighborhood wives. I took her hand and we moved off to the side. In her new high heels, she was taller than me. I had to look up to talk to her.

“You’re taller than me in those heels,” I said.

“I think I am,” Jen said with a grin.

“You’re wearing higher heels now, for Blake and Cam, right?” I asked her. I didn’t mention Doug because I wasn’t supposed to know about Doug.

Jen gave me a Cheshire cat smile. She pressed her body against mine and whispered “Does it get you hot, knowing I dress for my lovers?”

Her words made me lightheaded. I pressed my body back against hers. I smelled her lush, silky hair. It was the familiar smell of her shampoo. Vanilla-strawberry. The familiarity was reassuring somehow.

“Steph said she watched you with Blake,” I lustfully whispered. “You fooled around with him?”

“Just a little,” she admitted.

“What happened?”

“He wanted to show me his new game room,” Jen said.

“Sounds so innocent,” I said sarcastically.

“Yeah,” Jen agreed with a laugh.

“It wasn’t?”

“No. It wasn’t innocent. We made out.”

“He kissed you?” I asked. “Or you kissed him?”

“Both,” Jen told me.

“You opened your legs for him?”

“I did,” Jen said. “He put me on the pool table. I helped him pull up my dress.”

“While he was kissing you?”

“While his freaking tongue was down my throat.”

I stared at my wife. “You’re going to fuck him again,” I said. It was part question, but mostly a statement of fact, like “the sun is going to rise tomorrow, right?”

“I am,” Jen told me.

“I have no say in it?” I asked.

“You know you don’t Mike,” Jen told me with a sympathetic smile. She rubbed my arm. “Stop torturing yourself.”

“You’re going to do it here? Now?” I asked incredulously.

“I wanted to talk to you about that,” Jen said. “Can you go downstairs and watch Anna? Make sure she stays downstairs?”

I stared at my wife. “Did you really just ask me that? What about our neighbors?”

“No one cares Mike,” Jen said. “It’s 2018. We live in a rich neighborhood. People like us play.”

“People like us play?” I asked with incredulous scorn in my voice. “Did Blake tell you that?”

Jen pursed her lips at me. With a patient voice, she said, “Mike, we play. We freaking call it our game. Remember?”

I stared at her and she squeezed my hand. “Calm down baby,” she whispered. “Go downstairs and watch Anna.”

“So you can fuck Blake,” I hissed bitterly.

Jen pressed her body against me, and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. “Don’t hate me baby. I need it,” she whispered desperately. She reached down and squeezed my dick. “This isn’t enough. I need more.”

I groaned and lurched. She was going to fucking make me cum in my pants!

I said urgently “Jen, if another man ever gets you pregnant, you need to tell me! Don’t keep it from me!”

It was Jen’s turn to stare at me. “Where the fuck did that come from?” she asked looking surprised.

“Just promise me!” I said desperately to her.

"Okay Mike, I promise," she said. She gave me a strange smile, like she thought I was going crazy. Then she walked off to find Blake. With a heavy heart, I made my way downstairs to the basement, to find Anna. Steph was already there, making sure her boys stayed downstairs. I saw that all the kids (including Anna) were still watching the movie. I sidled up to Steph, who was standing off to the side like she'd been waiting for me. We moved down the hall to avoid being heard.

"You know what they're doing?" I whispered to her.

"Of course I know," Steph said.

"And you're okay with that? Doing it here?" I scoffed in a low voice.

"They're not doing it here," Steph told me. "They're going to your house."

My eyes opened wide with shock. "What?!"

"You said it yourself. It's better than here."

"But they'll be missed!" I insisted, alarm in my voice.

"Did you ever notice when Alicia went off with Blake?" Steph asked. "They're a lot of people here, and it's a big house. The only people who'd notice is us, and we're in on it. Probably right now, they're fucking in your bed."

"Not in my bed," I said firmly. "Only the basement bedroom."

Steph gave me a pitying look. She said "Mike … Blake wants to replace you. That's his goal, replacing you. He gets off on it. So you need to know … it's not your bed anymore. It's Blake's."

My throat suddenly went dry and my heart felt like it was going to burst. "Jen and I talked about this," I insisted.

"You saw her beg for it," Steph said, bitterness in her voice. "She's like every other girl Blake's gotten his claws into. And his dick."

"So what do you get out of it?" I asked her.

"I told you," Steph said, looking so intently at me it was like a glare. "I have the hottest man alive. Every girl wants him. They're all sluts. Alicia. Jen too. But they get to have him only for a little while. Then he comes home to me. He sleeps in my bed. He's mine."

I stared at Steph. I didn't like her calling my wife a slut. But at the same time I couldn't exactly deny it. And I understood Stephanie. Not completely, but a lot.

"So now you have to tell me," Steph said. "Jen inked her breast for her old boyfriend. The man who broke you up. Scott Stafford. Right? That's what fifty five really stands for. SS, his initials. Right?"

I hesitated only a moment. Then I nodded my head. "55 was his jersey number too," I told her. "So it stands for 55 and SS."

"Wow. She was really into him," Steph said with awe in her voice.

I shrugged. "Like you said. He broke us up."

"Was Jen cheating on you? Or were you in the lifestyle?"

This time I hesitated longer. But eventually I admitted, "Lifestyle."

"Wow," Steph said, awe in her voice again. "I knew we weren't your first. So Scott stole her away from you. But you still let her keep the tat. It gets you hot whenever you see it, right?"

I nodded. At that moment I didn't trust my voice, I was so into cuck-space my head was spinning.

"So you're a major cuck," Steph said, realizing the extent of my fantasies. "Blake getting Alicia preggy must so turn you on. Is that your ultimate fantasy? Or is it losing your wife?"

"I've already done that one," I said sourly. Then I added "It's all of that. What can I say? I'm demented."

"But in a good way, right?" Steph said with a grin at me. "I'm like you Mike. I'm as demented as you. Blake only wants Jen. He tells me I'm not as pretty. He says I don't have a tight body like her. He says my pussy doesn't feel as good. It all gets me so hot. I hate it. I hate Jen. But I love it too. My body's on fire all the time. And like I said, at the end of it all, my husband sleeps in my bed."

At that moment, Jen walked down the stairs. Blake walked a few steps behind her. I realized I'd been talking to Steph for almost an hour. More than enough time for them to go to our house, fuck, and come back.

As it happened, the movie ended at the same time. Jen saw me across the room and gave me a smile. Then she walked over to Anna.

Steph walked over to Blake who was with their sons. I was alone for a moment. I looked at my wife

Jen looked the same as before. Her hair was perfect. Her makeup too. Her little black dress had no creases or blemishes. But then I saw it. Runs in her stockings. They hadn't been there before. Evidence of her hookup with Blake. Somehow, the laddered hose made her long lovely legs even more sexy.

I walked up to her. She was sitting at a table, playing a board game with Anna. I sat close to her, so close I could take in her scent. As before, I smelled the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. But now there was something else. A man's cologne. The sweat of a man. The smell of Blake.

As Jen played Candyland with Anna, she reached under the table and took my hand. She moved it to her leg under the table. I touched her knee and the scruff of her laddered stockings. Jen moved slightly, parting her legs. No one saw because of the table cloth. I moved my hand up her leg, up her skirt. I reached the heavy lace of her stocking tops. They were wet. I touched the baby soft skin of her inner thighs above the stockings. Her skin was damp.

It was Blake's sperm. His sperm was leaking out of her pussy. It sent me reeling. I got lightheaded, and I think I groaned a moan. Jen must have noticed, because she leaned towards me. In a soft voice, she whispered in my ear "Keep it together baby."

"Let's go," I whispered urgently.

Jen smiled and nodded. Then we both got up. Jen took Anna upstairs to say quick goodbyes. I stayed to clean up the game. Blake came over to me. He had a smug smile on his face.

"Your wife's everything I thought she would be," he whispered to me. "Definitely worth the wait."

I didn't say anything.

"So now you're going home for sloppy seconds?" Blake asked. He tauntingly added "So how long will you last in her pussy? Will you last 60 seconds? Try to last a minute Mike."

"Shut the fuck up!" I hissed in a low voice.

"I ruined her tonight Mike," Blake said with that smug smile. "Ruined her little pussy. She was tight at first but she's loosening up. Getting use to my cock. I made her cum hard. She screamed so loud I'm surprised you didn't hear her here."

I turned to Blake and glared at him. My hands were fists. I wanted to hit him. But if I did, if we got into a fight, then everyone would know about Jen and Blake. There would be rumors. People would guess the truth. Also, my dick was so hard. My heart was pounding. I felt lightheaded from all the blood pumping into my cock.

Blake chuckled and walked away. Steph came over. She put a sympathetic hand on my shoulder and whispered "Calm down Mike. Don't let him get to you. He gets off on it. It'll just encourage him to dick with you more."

I went upstairs. It took a moment for me to find Jen.

She was with Blake.

Jen was laughing with him. Smiling into his eyes. They were surrounded by people. Our neighbors. Jen playfully punched his stomach. Blake grinned and curled a finger around the thin black belt around her waist, and tugged. They looked so familiar with each other. The moment almost looked intimate. The way a boyfriend would be with his girlfriend.

Then I saw something above them. Mistletoe. It was like seeing a train wreck in slow motion. I saw Jen rise up onto her tiptoes in those 5 inch high heels. I saw Blake put his arms on her shoulders. Then I saw them kiss, right in front of all our neighbors.

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Chapter 17

"It was mistletoe Mike!" Jen pleaded. They had been arguing non-stop for over an hour after getting home and putting Anna down to sleep. "We were just playing!"

"You kissed Blake in front of everyone!" I angrily yelled.

"It was mistletoe! We were playing! No one knows anything!"

"You just fucked Blake!"

"No one knows that! Mike! It was just freaking mistletoe!"

I glared at Jen. She glared back at me. We were silent for long moments, like 2 boxers retreating to their corners. Finally, in a calmer but tired voice, Jen said "It was just mistletoe Mike. It happens at Christmas parties. Do you know how many times I've been kissed under mistletoe? It doesn't mean anything. No one suspects anything. Everyone was laughing."

Jen's soothing voice calmed me down. But I still hurt. "I know Jen," I said, trying to make her understand how I was feeling. "But I know. I know what you'd just been doing. Then I come upstairs and see you with him. How do you think that makes me feel?"

"I get it," Jen said looking guilty. "I guess it was just the high after being with him. You know, that buzz you get after sex? And I guess I felt wicked, goofing with Blake in front of everyone, after we'd just done it. Don't you think that's sexy?"

When I didn't answer, Jen grinned and playfully pushed against my arm. "Oh come on Mike," she urged with a playful smile in her voice. "How does this not get you hot? Kissing Blake in front of everyone. After he just fucked me. Don't tell me that doesn't get you hot."

"It's just … you really pushed things tonight," I told her.

"I know I pushed things," Jen said with another playful push against my arm. "And now we're alone. I'm all yours again. And all you want to do is fight."

I looked at my wife. I tried to stay mad at her but I couldn't. It was impossible for me to stay angry at her. She was too beautiful and I loved her too much. Jen saw my weakening resolve and pressed her advantage. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "Don't you want me to tell you about tonight?" she whispered between kisses.

"He was leaking out of you," I said.

"Yes," she said and then kissed me again. "He still is."

My insides flipped over at her words. I pulled away and looked at her. I thought about her damp inner thighs, her wet stocking tops. "He said he ruined your pussy," I said, my throat low and hoarse from cuckold lust.

Jen laughed and said, "Ha! He said that? Well may he did."

"He said he's resizing your pussy," I said.

Jen laughed again. "Oh my god, he's such an arrogant ass," she said with a grin on her pretty face. "But maybe he is. Does that get you hot Mike? Blake's ruining my pussy for you. He's stretching me so much I can't feel you at all. You'll never make me cum again."

"Ugh god!" I groaned, lurching and moaning at her words. "Tell me more," I begged.

"You want me to compare you to Blake? Okay … his cock's way bigger. That's obvious. But he's a better lover too. He knows how to touch a girl, better than you. And he's so hot. What you said the other day, you were right. I can't keep my hands off him. His body's so ripped. So much better than yours Mike. Your body's soft. Blake's is hard."

"Oh god Jen!" I gasped. Her words tore at my soul, at my manhood, but god they got me so hot. I was in a frenzy, panting, my heart pounding.

"Blake compares Steph the same way," I said.

"I know he does," Jen said.

"How do you feel about that?"

"I didn't like it at first. Steph's my friend. But I know she gets off on it. So I just go with it."

"You should taunt Steph, the way Blake taunts me," I said.

Jen grinned. "So you admit you like when he does that?" she asked.

"It's not that," I said, struggling to explain. "I don't like it. I don't like Blake. But that's the point. If I liked it, it wouldn't be hot."

Jen laughed. "Okay, I get it, I guess," she said with a cute shake of her head. "Well, I'm not wired like Blake. What would I say to Steph?" With a giggle, she added "What's the girl equivalent of 'I've ruined your wife's pussy'?"

I thought about it for a moment. Then I said "Go to lunch with her. Some place with a lot of men, like a business restaurant that's crowded at lunch. You'll turn a lot of heads, and Steph will notice. When you get to your table, say to Steph 'Don't you wish men looked at you the way they look at me?'"

Jen's jaw dropped. "Mike that's so freaking mean," she said.

"Steph'll get off on it," I insisted. "You know what else you can do?"

"What?"

"Go over to their house, ask to borrow Steph's high heels," I said. "Make sure Blake sees as you try them on. They won't fit; they'll be too big. Say to Steph 'God Steph you've got big feet.' Then go over to Blake. Put your foot in his lap. He'll probably caress your foot, maybe even kiss it. While he's doing that, look at Steph and say 'I guess your husband thinks my feet are prettier.'"

Jen looked shocked and awestruck at me. "My god Mike, you're evil."

"She'll love it," I insisted. "She'll hate it, but love it."

"And do you hate it and love it too?" Jen asked with a wicked smile. "Do you hate and love I kissed Blake in front of our friends?" Before I could answer, she handed me the ice water next to her side of the bed. "Truth serum. Drink. Now tell the truth. You got off seeing me kiss Blake in front of our friends. Knowing I'd just fucked him. Right?"

I took a sip of the water, hesitated, then admitted, "Yes."

Jen's grin grew. She was still in the slinky black dress. She climbed onto my lap, hiking up the skirt of the dress and straddling my thighs. Then she wrapped her arms around my neck and smiled into my eyes. "We're both the same Mike," she said. "We get off on the rush. I push things because it's a rush. It's like a drug. And we both get off on it. We're addicted to the rush."

"So that's what Blake is to you?" I asked. "A rush?"

"Yes, he's a rush," Jen said with a nod of her pretty head. "He's also an amazing fuck."

My cock jerked at her words. "Just don't fall in love with him," I told her.

"With Blake?" Jen said with a laugh. "First off, he's Steph's husband. Second, he's Blake. I like him. We're friends. Maybe even bud material. But I'm not going to fall in love with him."

"I don't want him to be your bud," I said defiantly. To Jen, a "bud" was more than a friend. It was a best friend.

Jen laid her forehead against mine. "Baby … I just told you I'm not going to fall in love with him," she said with some exasperation.

"I don't want you to have a relationship with him," I said. "Fuck him if you want. But no feelings."

"Mike baby … you know there's always feelings. But that's a long way from love. And anyways, you get off on the emotions. Admit it, you do. That's your rush."

I didn't answer for a long moment. Then I said "You're right. I get off on the rush too. But what if it hits real life?"

"What do you mean?"

I looked at Jen and said, "Steph told me about the black dots. About Alicia's black dot. She got it the last time she was pregnant. Jen … Blake is Lizzie's father."

Jen's jaw dropped. "You're fucking shitting me," she said, shock in her voice.

"Steph told me tonight," I said.

"Wow …," Jen said, looking shocked as she processed this information. "Wow …. So you're worried Blake might get me pregnant? Mike I'm on the pill."

I hesitated for a long moment. Then I said "I'm worried I might push things. The idea of another man getting you pregnant. I mean, god Jen, talk about a rush. Add to that what Blake said. How he likes fucking married pregnant girls, how he was so hot for you when you were pregnant with Anna. I'm afraid I might push things …."

Jen stared at me. Then a lopsided grin formed on her beautiful face. "You are the most kinky man I've ever met in my life," she said, delight in her voice. "Do you know how freaking hot you are?" She hiked up her skirt until it was around her waist, then reached down and guided my cock into her pussy. I went in without any resistance. Blake had really stretched her.

“So that’s what you want?” Jen hissed into my ear as she rode my cock. “You want Blake to get me pregnant? Then you’ll watch him fuck me while my belly gets fat with his baby? For 9 months you’ll watch him fucking me. Is that what you want Mike?”

“Oh god, Jen!” I gasped. I lurched and came. Blake was right. I didn’t last 60 seconds.

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It was the day before Christmas eve. Tomorrow morning we were flying to my parent’s house, to spend Christmas there. I was excited to have a long weekend of just family time. I was especially looking forward to having Jen all to myself.

But when I got home from work, I was surprised to find Steph there. She was babysitting Anna and her 2 boys. “Where’s Jen?” I whispered to her.

“At my house,” Steph whispered back. She looked distressed. “They wanted … they wanted to exchange Christmas gifts.”

I felt my heart sink. “Are you serious?” I asked.

I guess I looked even more distressed than her, because she squeezed my hand encouragingly and said “It’s okay Mike. Sometimes it’s like this in a new relationship.”

“Jen’s not in a relationship with Blake!” I insisted.

Steph looked at me sympathetically. “Then what do you call it?” she asked. She handed me the key to their house. “Go ahead. Go to my house and get them. Jen made a big pot of spaghetti. She said we could all eat here.”

I heard them immediately as soon as I walked into their house. They were upstairs, in their master bedroom. It reminded me about the other night.

Had Blake fucked Jen in our master bedroom, the way Steph said he would?

I walked upstairs, feeling like I was invading their privacy even though it was my wife's moans I was hearing. I looked into their bedroom. They were both naked. Jen was on her hands and knees, and Blake was fucking her from behind.

"Oh my god this feels so fucking good!" Jen gushed as Blake plowed her from behind.

"I told you it would," Blake said. He kissed her shoulder as he steadily moved in and out of her pussy. His hands were around her front, cupping and caressing her small breasts.

Jen must've sensed my presence because she turned her head and saw me. There was no hint of regret or guilt in her face from allowing our neighbor to fuck her when she should be back at our house, taking care of our daughter and getting ready to visit my parents for Christmas. "Oh baby," she said as she saw me. "We're – we're -- almost -- done." She was having trouble talking from the fucking she was getting from Blake.

"Yeah Mike we're almost done," Blake said to me, a smug grin on his face. "Jen wanted to try doggy. Isn't that right sugar?" As he said "sugar," he kissed Jen's shoulder again.

I didn't know what hurt worse. Jen saying "we" to refer to her and Blake. Or hearing Blake call her "sugar" with such affection and familiarity.

"Yeah …," Jen said, the one word coming out like a moan. Her face was in the mattress so her voice was muffled. She labored to talk. "Steph said – it was good – this way. She was – she was right."

Blake wasn't fucking Jen hard and fast, like a pile driver. It wasn't soft or slow either. His fucking was more measured and deliberate, each stroke building on the previous one, like he was seeing what Jen liked best and he

adjusted in real time to give her the most pleasure. It seemed to be working, as Jen was moaning into the mattress and desperately clawing at the sheets as if trying to hold onto consciousness as Blake brought her to the peak of sexual pleasure.

Then abruptly Jen cried out, "Oh fuck I'm cumming!" Her tight body spasmed and shuddered as she let out a long wail from deep inside her. Blake fucked her through her climax, his strokes harder and faster now, as if working to extend the wave of Jen's orgasm and give her every last bit of pleasure possible. When Jen's orgasm finally ended, she literally collapsed onto the bed on her stomach, panting heavily and her body sporadically spasming from after shocks of her massive orgasm.

With his dick still inside her, Blake twisted her around so she was mostly on her back. Jen was still breathing hard. Blake hugged and softly kissed her as she recovered. I didn't like seeing that.

After a few moments, Jen started kissing Blake back, and it morphed into a passionate make out session. Blake began moving in and out of her body again. They continued to kiss, and then they whispered to each other. Their voices were too low to make out, but it sounded like Blake was trying to get Jen to do something. I heard her say to him "Are you sure?" Blake nodded, and they both stole glances at me.

Blake moved up onto his knees. His dick was still deep inside her, but now their bodies were at right angles. Their eyes were locked together as Blake stroked his cock in and out of her pussy. Despite having just cum, Jen had a major cum face on. Both were breathing really hard. I was too. My cock was so hard it hurt, and my head spun from cuckold lust. My heart ached, I felt so much jealousy and angst, but all of that just made my cock harder.

Blake gave my wife an encouraging look, a nod of the head. Jen gave back an excited smile, and it was clear they were conspirators on a secret. Then she turned her head to me. "Come here baby," she said, reaching her hand out to me.

I was confused, but walked over to the bed on weak knees. Jen took my hand and pulled me the rest of the way over. I sat on the edge of the bed, almost touching their bodies. I was well aware of Blake's cock in my wife. I couldn't miss it, as he continued to fuck her, although now his strokes were slower than just moments ago.

Jen's beautiful blue eyes sparkled with excitement. She had a mischievous smile on her beautiful face. She reached up and put a hand behind my head. "I want you to go down on me," she said as she tugged my head down. "Lick my clit as Blake fucks me."

Jen put pressure on the back of my head. But I resisted. Jen and Blake both smiled at me expectantly as they waited to see what I would do.

I knew what Jen wanted me to do. She'd told me her fantasy many times. Lick her clit while she's getting fucked … it was a step towards making her fantasy come true. Probably she thought it was a way to ease me into it. But why with Blake? Of all people, why him?

"Do it Mike," Jen urged me, putting more pressure behind my head. I looked at her. I don't know if I'd ever seen her more excited. I couldn't bear to look at Blake.

So I didn't look at him. I didn't look at him as I lowered my head to Jen's pussy. But I couldn't help seeing his cock. I stopped inches from her pussy, so I had a perfect view of their coupling. Blake was still slowly pumping her. Gliding all the way in, and then all the way out. His shaft was slick from their combined juices. Jen's lips stretched as he pulled out, then fell back into her insides as he pushed back in. His curved shaft was like a scimitar, slicing its way deep into my wife, then arching out, her pussy lips distorting due to its thickness and sloping bend. And when he pulled out almost all the way, her pussy lips stretched around his enormous cockhead, forming an airtight seal, molding around him.

I watched for long moments as that big cock moved in and out of my wife. Was that big cock ruining Jen's pussy for me? Was it permanently stretching her pussy so she'd never feel me again? Would I ever be able to pleasure her again? Make her cum?

These thoughts, as well as being so close as Blake fucked Jen – as he abused and ruined her pussy– it got me so hot. My head spun, I was reeling, I couldn't think, my entire being was my cuckold lust and my dick that was so hard it hurt. As Jen pressed down again at the back of my head, I gave into it, I let her push my head down to her pussy.

I extended my tongue to her clit. Her clit was so hard. A tiny button that was baby soft on the outside but granite on the inside. I tentatively licked up and down. As I did, Blake was on the out-stroke, and I could feel his cock sliding out. I could fucking feel it!

I licked again, just as Blake was pushing back in. I felt it moving again, like a python. I licked her more, flicking back and forth across her clit, all while Blake was pumping his cock in and out of her pussy.

"That's it Mike," Jen moaned. I glanced at her. She was watching me, her eyes were heavy lidded with lust, she had a major cum face on. Seeing her so aroused, it made me even more aroused. Up to that point I'd only used the tip of my tongue, so I'd managed to touch only her clit. Now though I pressed down with the flat of my tongue. "Yesssss!" my wife hissed. Blake pushed back into her. Now my tongue was on his shaft as well as Jen's clit. I felt his cock slide across my tongue. My tongue was on his cock!

Jen knew it too. She was seeing everything. "That's it baby," she purred as Blake's cock slid back and forth across my tongue. "Do it. Lick Blake's cock."

There was so much lust in Jen's voice. I don't think I've ever seen my wife so aroused. "I'm gonna cum again!" she cried. I sensed though, she was telling Blake, not me, and that fired my cuckold desires even more.

"I'm closed too sugar!" Blake growled.

"Cum with me!" Jen urged him. Their fucking got more urgent. Jen kept her hand on the back of my head, and then I felt another hand there, Blake's hand, pressing my face against his cock as he fucked my wife's pussy.

Then their bodies jerked and shuddered, and they cried out, and I knew they were both cumming. I sensed and heard them kissing, tonguing each other as they orgasmed. Blake pushed deep inside my wife, and he stayed there, and with my tongue still on Jen's clit I literally could feel his cock jerking as he ejaculated his sperm into her womb. When he pulled out, his cock was covered with his milky white seed.

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Chapter 18

My head was spinning at dinner. Only an hour had passed since I'd been licking Jen's clit while Blake slid his cock in and out of her pussy. He came inside her and when he pulled out, his curved shaft was coated with his milky cream. Jen had cum at the same time, and I was trying to make her orgasm good, so I was still licking her clit as he pulled that. That meant Blake's cock rubbed across my tongue as he pulled out, and I got some of his spunk into my mouth.

Now the 4 of us plus our kids were sitting around the dinner table eating spaghetti and meatballs, and I was trying to act normal. How could I act normal, with the after taste of Blake's sperm still in my mouth?

The thing was, I had to act normal for Anna's sake. So I talked and joked around with my daughter like I usually did, pretending like nothing was wrong, all while I was dying inside.

After dinner, we put the kids in front of the TV while the adults washed the dishes in the kitchen. Our family room was separate from the kitchen, but there was a breakfast counter with a large pass through window so we

could see them (and hear Elmo on the TV). I was washing and Jen and Steph were drying. Blake didn't help. Instead he leaned against the counter drinking a beer and looking smug.

"So I've got to admit Mike, that was a new experience for me," Blake said, smiling smugly at me.

"Don't be a jerk Blake," Jen said, scowling at him.

"Yeah Blake, be nice," Steph told her husband. He had filled her in on what happened. "You have to be really secure to do what Mike did," she said. She looked at me and gave me an encouraging smile.

"Ha! Well how about that Mike," Blake said sarcastically, that smug smile still on his face. "You've got the girls on your side. Maybe I oughta learn to suck cock to win them over."

"Will you shut up!" I hissed at him. I glared at him, and then looked nervously through the pass through at the kids.

Jen came to me with a consoling smile. "Calm down baby," she whispered. "Blake's just joking."

I put on a neutral face because I didn't want to let Blake see my emotions. But inside I was dying. Jen and Steph's defense of me didn't help; it just made me feel weak compared to Blake. And Jen's defense of him tore my heart apart.

Blake sensed my distressed and it was like he wanted to twist the knife inside me. Jen moved to a side cabinet to put some dishes away. From there the kids couldn't see her, even if they turned and looked through the pass through. Blake gave me a smirk, then he moved up behind my wife. He put his hand on her ass and kissed the back of her neck. "Sugar, you got the finest ass," he whispered, giving her ass another squeeze.

Jen giggled and wiggled away from Blake's hands. Her grin disappeared when she looked at Steph. I followed Jen's eyes and looked at Steph too. Our neighbor looked flushed. She was definitely aroused.

"I'm sorry you didn't get to watch," Jen whispered to Steph.

"That's okay," Steph said in a soft voice. It was clear to everyone she was upset. I understood. Even though I'd been humiliated, at least I was there. Steph had been the odd man out, having to stay here with the kids.

"Next time it'll be your turn," Jen promised. "Right Mike?"

"Yeah, of course," I stammered. "But I'm not sure we should play with the kids around."

Jen frowned at me. She came over to me and whispered "Remember your promise Mike. No more topping from the bottom."

Jen said it low enough that only I could hear, and I appreciated that. I nodded and didn't say anything more. We could talk about it later.

Jen gave me an appreciative smile. Then her smile turned mischievous. "Remember what you said?" she whispered. "About Steph?"

I looked at Jen questioning, as I didn't remember. Before I could ask, she turned back to Steph and said "Blake said you're going to a Christmas party? I've got the perfect outfit. You can borrow it."

"Um … okay," Steph said warily. It was clear she didn't understand where Jen was going with this.

"Come on, I'll show you," Jen said. She took Steph's hand and led her upstairs to our bedroom. While on the first step, she looked over her shoulder at Blake and said "Blake, why don't you come too and see if you like it on Steph. Mike baby, watch the kids okay?"

About 30 minutes later, Steph and Blake came down the stairs. Steph was red-faced and looked frantic. She hurriedly rounded up her boys and then rushed out the door with Blake. What the fuck just happened? When I asked Jen later as we got Anna ready for bed, she whispered "I think she needs fucked." I looked questioning at her but I didn't get the whole story until later.

We were naked in bed and Jen was slowly stroking my cock. She used a light touch to keep me from cumming too fast. "I did what you said," she explained. "I offered her a dress to wear, to the holiday party they're going to. It's my sweater dress. You know, the black one that buttons up the back?"

I nodded slowly. I knew that dress well. My wife looked fantastic in it. At first glance it appeared modest, as it showed no cleavage and ended past her knees. But it was made of stretchy wool and cashmere, so it hugged her curves and clung to her tight body. She looked incredibly sexy in it.

"Steph tried it on," Jen said, continuing the story. "It didn't fit."

That didn't surprise me. Jen was petite and had a slim tight body. Before having Anna she was a size 0. Childbirth had left her with a slightly curvier body so now she was a 2. Steph wasn't fat, but she was a bigger girl, probably an 8. She had big tits, a big butt and thick thighs. She was definitely attractive, a MILF, but not a super-hottie like Jen.

Jen said, "She got the dress on, but just barely. Then I gave her heels to put on. I just got them – they're really slim with pointy toes."

"She couldn't get them on," I guessed, knowing that Steph's feet matched the rest of her body.

"She did but you could tell they didn't fit," Jen said. "She didn't look good at all. She was bursting out of the dress and shoes."

"What did Blake say?" I asked.

"He said she needed to lose weight," Jen said. "He said he wished she looked like me. He told me that Steph used to have a tight body like me, but she gained weight over the years, and still hadn't lost the baby fat from the last time she was pregnant."

"Wow," I said. Even though the dress was my idea and I knew Steph got off on humiliation, it was still shocking to hear the cruel things Blake said about his wife.

Jen said, "Then Blake told Steph he wished she had my ass and legs. That's when Steph said her boobs are bigger than mine. But Blake said her breasts sag. He made me take off my blouse and bra. He said to Steph, 'Don't you wish your tits were perky like Jen's? Your tits are big but they're like pancakes. You think pancakes turn me on? No they don't. Your fat ass and legs don't turn me on either. That's why I'm fucking Jen. She's prettier and sexier than you. She turns me on.'"

"Holy shit," I said with shock.

"I know, right?" Jen said, as awestruck as me. "But god Mike … the way Steph looked, I thought she was gonna cum right there. But I guess I get it. Steph's like you. Comparisons get her hot. Just like you. Like, when you see how much bigger Blake is. And when I tell you Blake is more handsome."

I frowned, her words cutting me like a hatchet. "It's pretty clear you're big time attracted to each other," I said. "Steph said the same thing the other night. So how long have you wanted to fuck him?"

Jen gave me a playful pout. "So is this when you act like the hurt puppy?" she asked with a grin in her voice.

"What's that supposed to mean?!" I snapped.

"Mike, calm down, I'm just joking," Jen said. She was still stroking my cock. Now she gave it a squeeze. "I understand you. If it doesn't hurt inside, it's not exciting."

"So that was your plan?" I shot back. "You wanted to hurt me? That's why you made me lick his cock?"

Jen frowned at the anger in my voice. "Number one, you didn't have to do it. I asked you to do it, but you could've said no," she said. "Number two, it's okay to be bi-curious Mike."

My eyes went wide. "What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked, shock in my voice.

"I think you know."

"No I don't know," I insisted.

"Mike baby, come on," Jen said in a soothing, understanding voice. "You're obsessed with men. Their bodies, their faces, their cocks. More than me sometimes. Just admit it. You're curious. It's okay to admit it."

"I'm into it because of you, not me!" I insisted angrily. I was practically yelling at her.

"Okay, okay," Jen said, immediately surrendering. "I'm wrong. I'm sorry."

"Don't fucking patronize me!" I angrily yelled. Then I remembered how she had whispered with Blake right before asking me to go down on her. "Did you talk to Blake about this?!"

"Mike, it doesn't matter --," she said evasively.

"It does matter! Tell me!" I growled.

Jen frowned at me for long moments. She hated when I yelled at her, and it was like she was counting to 10 to allow me to calm down. "Okay, fine, yes, I talked to Blake about it," she finally said. "And to be honest, I'm glad I did. You know what my fantasies are. But I've never had the courage to do anything about it. Blake helped me through it."

A chill ran down my spine. Blake helped her? I was so upset I had to concentrate and force myself not to shake from anger. "What do you mean he helped you through it?" I asked in a low throaty voice.

"It was his idea," Jen said. "You going down on me while he was inside me. Blake suggested it. He thought it was a way to ease you into it."

I felt rage suddenly boil up inside me! "What the fuck Jen!" I angrily yelled. "Blake set me up! He wants you to see me with his dick in my mouth!"

"But … that's what I want," Jen said, not understanding my anger.

"Blake wants to demean me in front of you! Don't you see that?!"

"Mike … why does it matter what Blake wants?" Jen said patiently. "I mean, I could say the same thing about Steph. That she just wants to make me look like a slut in front of you. I worry about you losing respect for me too. But then I remember it's just a game, and we both get off on it. We just talked about this right? About how you get off on humiliation? So yes, I talked to Blake about my fantasies. I get what you're saying, he probably does want to humiliate you in front of me. But if it gets us both off, we're the ones winning. He's not beating you. You're beating him."

"You seriously think I'm beating Blake if I've got his dick in my mouth?" I said sarcastically.

Jen gave me a wry grin and said, "Baby, I love when you talk kinky." She squeezed my cock. "Don't you want to put this inside me?"

Jen didn't wait for my answer. She got on top of me and guided me into her pussy. "How do I feel?" she asked as she rocked back and forth on my cock.

"You feel loose," I told her honestly. I added "It gets me hot knowing how you got that way."

Jen giggled. "You're such the king of mixed signals," she said with a smile in her voice.

"Do you really want to watch me suck cock?" I asked her.

"It's my biggest fantasy," she said as she slowly rocked back and forth.

"I don't get that."

"I don't know …," she said thoughtfully. "I guess it's like a guy wanting to see 2 girls together. Remember, I did that for you."

"You didn't do it for me. You did it for Scott," I said.

"I did it for Scott and you," Jen insisted. "Anyways, the point is, I enjoyed it. That doesn't make me gay. And I know you don't think less of me for it."

"I think better of you for it," I said with a grin at her. It made her laugh. "But it's different for guys."

"I know that Mike," Jen said, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me. "That's why I want you to do it."

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I was still on edge the next day, as we boarded the plane for Christmas holidays at my parents. I didn't like the idea of going down on a man, and

certainly not Blake. I didn't like the fact that Jen talked to Blake about it. I didn't like the way Blake was trying to show me up in front of my wife.

But as the plane taxied down the runway, I tried to rationalize things. Jen didn't seem to think I'd be less of a man if I sucked cock. Jen really wanted this. It was her biggest fantasy. And it wasn't just 2 guys going at it. That's not what she wanted. She could see that on the internet whenever she wanted. But that's not what she wanted. She wanted to see me doing it. Me, not any other man. So in a way, the fact her fantasy was about me, it was a way of showing her love for me. I was her husband. She loved me. I was special to her. That's why the scenario got her so hot. It was all about me, not any other man.

I had other things to think about too. My brother Joe was with us on the plane. We were all going to my parents' house for Christmas. It was awkward being around Joe. The last time we had seen him, it had been in a restaurant and Jen and Joe had exchanged the results of their STD tests. Then Joe had taken Jen outside and fucked her in the ass. You could say he had forced her, but Jen got off on being forced. Her darkest fantasy was to be raped. Of course, she didn't want that in real life. But she could let herself go with Joe, because he was my brother and she trusted and loved him. He was probably the only guy in the world who could make her rape fantasy come true.

We were in a 4 seat row. Joe was sitting on the aisle. Anna was in her car seat in the other aisle. I was next to Anna, and Jen was between me and Joe.

The last time we were in a plane together, Jen had worn a short skirt and Joe had caressed her leg while she had drifted off to sleep. This time she was wearing black yoga pants. Her casual top ended at her waist, so her incredible ass and legs were on full display. She'd turned many heads in the airport. Including Joe's. I'd seen his eyes lingering on her tight ass as she walked Anna to the bathroom a few minutes ago.

Anna was napping in her car seat when Jen leaned into me and whispered "What are you thinking about?" When I hesitated, she grinned and said "You're thinking about the last time we flew with Joey and he groped me."

I shrugged to let her know she was right.

Jen took something out of her purse. It was an envelope. "I got this," she whispered to me. I opened the envelope and looked at the paper. It was a new STD test. "Joey got tested again too," she told me.

My face was suddenly burning. "You talked to him about it?" I hissed in a low voice.

"I did," she said simply.

"But you just had unprotected sex with Blake," I reminded her.

"That's not how it works Mike," she whispered to me. "You get tested to show your lover you're being safe. Joey knows our lifestyle. I know his too. We trust each other. You know, he's very popular with girls. How couldn't he be? He's handsome and sweet. And he's got an amazing body." Jen reached over and gave my cock a quick squeeze. "Especially here."

"Are you comparing me to him?"

"Maybe," she teased, her eyes looking playful.

"So you talked to Joe about this," I hissed accusingly. "You're gonna fuck him in my parents' house."

"Don't worry, we'll be careful," she assured me. "We won't get caught."

"But Jen!" I objected in a low voice. "It's fucking Christmas!"

"But doesn't that make it more exciting?" Jen asked with an naughty, excited glint in her beautiful blue eyes.

“You’re just dicking with me right?” I said. “You’re not really planning to do anything.”

“Think whatever you want Mike,” Jen said with a laugh.

I hesitated a moment. Then I said, “You know, that’s what’s really exciting.”

“What?” she asked.

“When I don’t know what you’re doing,” I told her. “The things I don’t know about – what I have to guess about – they’re more exciting than the things I know about.”

Jen gave me a long look, processing what I just said. With a slight smile she said “Really?”

“Yes,” I assured her. I asked “Have you done things you haven’t told me about?”

“Yes,” she admitted.

“Why haven’t you told me?” I asked.

Jen looked thoughtful for a moment, like she was searching her feelings. “Because cheating’s exciting,” she said. “It’s more than just cheating on you. It’s getting a man to cheat on his wife. Especially if he loves her. He loves her but still wants to fuck me. That excites me. I know that sounds terrible, but I can’t help how I feel.”

“I don’t think it’s terrible,” I assured her. “If you were trying to break up a marriage, that would be bad. But I know you’d never do that.”

"I wouldn't," Jen quickly agreed. She was silent for a long moment, like she was deciding whether to tell me more. Then she said "There's another reason I haven't told you. It's because you don't have a right to know."

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"You know you worry about me losing respect for you?" Jen said. "As a person, as my husband, that'll never happen. But I don't think of you sexually anymore. I've told you that. So sexually I have lost respect for you. And I just don't feel like I have to tell you everything about my sex life."

My jaw dropped and my insides felt like they were tearing apart. "But what happens when we stop playing the game?" I asked, desperation in my voice now. "What happens when it's just you and me again?"

"Sometimes I think maybe I don't want that," Jen told me. "I mean, do you really want that Mike? A plain vanilla sex life?"

"Maybe someday I want my wife back!" I hissed.

Jen pursed her lips, not approving of my rising voice. "You need to be quiet Mike," she whispered, looking nervously passed me at Anna. Fortunately she was still sleeping. "I've never stopped being your wife," Jen said in a patient voice. "I'm just saying, maybe the game doesn't have to end. We both love it, and you get more sex than most men."

"But you don't enjoy sex with me," I said. I knew I sounded desperate but couldn't help it. "Maybe someday I want to get back to where I turn you on. To where you get off on my cock and not another guy's."

"Mike baby, look …," Jen began. "The game is about you and me. It's us. I don't know … maybe someday we'll feel different. But I think now we should just have fun and enjoy it."

I stared at her. I knew her answer wasn't an answer. But I couldn't deny that what she said made sense. We did both love the game. We were addicted to the thrills of it.

Jen gave me a patient, encouraging smile. Then she turned away from me and started talking to Joe.

It was like that the rest of the flight. Jen gave Joe all her attention. She leaned into him like she had done with me, and eventually she pulled up the arm rest between them so she could sit even closer to him. She didn't go beyond the line. Like, she didn't hold his arm. But the way they were sitting so close together and laughing and talking, to anyone looking, you would think Jen was with Joe instead of me.

For a cuckold, there's nothing more exquisite than the feeling of being a third wheel. Of your wife ignoring you and giving all her attention to another man. The fact that it was Joe – my younger brother. He was 13 years younger than me. Ten years younger than Jen. Fuck, early on in our relationship, Jen had even babysat Joe. And now she was fucking him. Now my baby brother was cucking me. God, it hurt my heart. It hurt my pride. But it made me so lustful, so dizzy with lust, I felt like my cock was going to explode.

About halfway in the flight, I watched as Jen reached back and pulled out her hair tie. She did it as she was talking with Joe and laughing with him. Her lush blonde locks cascaded over her shoulders and fell sexily over her beautiful face. What the fuck? She let her hair down for my brother?

I was on pins and needles when we got to my parents' house. When would Jen disappear with Joe to fuck? How would they hide it from Anna and my parents?

We put Anna down for her afternoon nap and we were all lazing around watching college football. Later that night we would all go to Christmas eve service at church.

With Anna napping, Jen and I had a quiet moment of alone time. She sat next to me on the sofa and leaned her shoulder against mine. "I've been texting Steph," she whispered. "Seriously Mike, she's a freak."

I knew they were at Steph's parents. But they probably had moments to think about their "hobby," just like we did with our game (Steph and Blake called it their hobby whereas we called it our game).

"Let me see," I asked, reaching for her phone. She handed her phone to me without any hesitation. I looked at her text messages:

Steffie: So how's Mike's parents?

TinyDancer: I'm missing your husband.

Steffie: <frowny face> Seriously Jen?

TinyDancer: Do you want me to lie?

Steffie: No.

TinyDancer: Okay. Then I'm missing your husband.

Steffie: He's my husband Jen. You've got your own husband.

TinyDancer: But I want your husband. And he wants me.

Then there was a long pause of a few hours (I could tell by the timestamps). Finally Steph responded.

Steffie: I talked to Blake. He wants you too. He says he wants you, not me.

TinyDancer: I know he does.

Steffie: Can you at least be nice about it!!!!

TinyDancer: You said you wanted the truth.

Then there was another long pause. When Steph responded, she texted:

Steffie: We just had sex.

TinyDancer: Did he cum?

Steffie: Yes. But it took a long time. And he came only after I told him to think about you.

There was a pause, then Steph texted:

Steffie: He told me you feel better than me.

TinyDancer: He told me that too.

Steffie: HE TOLD YOU THAT?!!!!

TinyDancer: Are you getting upset?

Steffie: No. I'm sorry. Please tell me what he said.

TinyDancer: He told me you feel loose and I feel tight.

Then after a few moments, Steph texted:

Steffie; I just came.

I stared at Jen's iPhone for a long time. My insides were churning, and there was a vise around my heart. Finally I said "Do you wish you were spending Christmas with Blake?"

"Mike, come on. How could you think that? You know I want to be with you and Anna."

"You said you miss Blake," I said.

"You know I meant sex," Jen said. "I miss sex with Blake, not him."

"Did Blake really say that?" I asked. "That your pussy feels better than Steph's?"

"Yes."

"They've been married as long as us, over ten years," I said, not counting that time we were divorced. "If Blake fucked you for ten years, maybe your pussy would be loose too."

"Ha. I haven't thought of that. You're probably right." She reached over and gave my cock a quick squeeze, and with a grin said "I guess your little thing kept me tight for other men." She felt my cock twitch at her words and it made her giggle.

"So you really miss Blake?"

"Yes."

"You just saw him last night."

"I know."

"So it's more than just sex," I said. "You like him too."

"I told you I like him."

I felt the vice tighten more around my heart. The emotions always got to me more than the physical sex.

Jen knew it too. She squeezed my cock again (I was erect and tenting my pants) and asked "Does that turn you on?"

"Don't fall in love with him," I said, desperation in my voice again.

Jen laughed. "We always talk about the same things," she said with a grin at me. "And I know when you say things like that, you're really turned on."

Then she hugged my arm and said "I'm going to the store with Joey. Your mom needs some things and I'm going to keep him company."

I stared at her. My head spun with the abrupt change of subject. "Really?" I said incredulously.

She gave me a peck on the cheek. "I'll be back before Anna wakes up," she promised. Then before I could say anything else, she was gone.

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[Jen]

"Remember that Christmas at your parent's house?" Joey asked me as we drove to the supermarket. I knew what he was talking about of course. We had parked in the back parking lot of a little 24/7 market. There we'd had a quick, furious fuck. (See Chapter 22 of Faithful Wife Book 1.)

That was before Mike knew about my affair with his younger brother. It was also when I'd been hot and heavy with Scott.

"So do you still have your harem on speed dial?" I asked with a grin, remembering our conversation from that tete-a-tete.

Joey chuckled. "No, because there's only 10 numbers on the keypad," he said with a grin back at me. I laughed. I believed him though. Joey was cute and sweet, and he had an awesome body. I was sure he had way more than 10 friends-with-benefits.

Mike's hometown was bigger than little Belmont, MA. But still, there were stores closed on Christmas eve. I wasn't surprised when Joey pulled into one of the closed stores. It was one of those big lumber warehouses. He drove to the back. The parking lot was deserted.

Joey turned off the car. Then suddenly, he was all over me. He smashed his lips against mine and pinned my arms to the back of my seat.

"Joey, Joey, stop …," I said as I struggled against him. We'd played this game before. Joey knew I fantasized about non-consensual sex. About being forced. He'd "raped" me before. He knew I got off on it.

But this time, maybe he heard something in my voice, that I really seriously wanted him to stop. So Joey pulled away. He was breathing hard. We both were. He looked at me, like he didn't understand.

"I don't always want it that way," I told him. "I don't want you to think girls like it that way. I'm a freak. Most girls aren't like me."

"I know that Jen," Joey said. I guess he thought I was condescending to him, because his voice was bristling. "I'm not a kid anymore. I know all girls are different."

"I'm sorry," I said, immediately apologizing. "It's just I've known you since you were a kid. I guess I still think of you as that boy I first met."

"Even when we're fucking?" Joey snapped at me.

I frowned at him. "Why are you mad at me?" I asked him. "Have I done something wrong?"

Joey frowned back at me. "Yesterday on the plane," he said. "You were flirting pretty hard with me. Right in front of Mike. Is it all just to get him hot?"

I could tell Joey was hurt. He might have a man's body, but emotionally he was still just a boy. I knew he didn't approve of my lifestyle. He was jealous of other men.

"It's not all for Mike," I told him honestly. "You're special to me Joey."

"Are you still fucking other guys?" Joey asked, his voice bristling with jealousy.

"I have lovers, yes," I said with a shrug.

"How many?"

"I'm not going to get into details Joey."

"More than one?" he pressed.

"I said lovers Joey. Plural. Yes, more than one."

He glared at me. Well, fuck it, I glared back at him. He didn't have the right to judge me.

"I just don't get it," he finally said.

"What's there to get? I like sex. I have my husband's permission. So, well, there you go …."

Joey didn't like my answer. He continued to glare at me. I grinned at him to ease the tension, and said "We don't have a lot of time." I put my hand

on his lap. He was wearing sweatpants. It was easy to feel his cock through the cotton. I rubbed up and down his shaft and he quickly got hard. Also, he stopped glaring at me.

With both hands I reached for the waistband of his sweats. I pulled down and he helped by lifting off the seat. His now hard cock popped out. I noticed that Joey was now shaving himself down there. "I like your new look," I said with a crooked grin at him.

"Jamal shaves too," Joey said, referring to his black friend.

It made me laugh. "So is Jamal your grooming guru now?" I joked. I reached for his cock with both hands. It took both hands to handle a monster like his. "God Joey you are so freaking big," I said. I felt awed whenever I saw it. It was easily the thickest cock I had ever seen in my life.

I especially wanted to see it after being with Blake. Blake's curved shaft and big head made him feel thicker than he was. But Joey WAS thick. I was fascinated by the comparison, Joey versus Blake. Joey was so big, his cock was heavy, solid. My brother-in-law might be young, but he truly had a man's "manhood."

I began stroking him. He got bigger – and thicker – which amazed me more. "Are other girls as impressed as me?" I asked him.

Joey moaned as I stroked him. "You really want to talk about other girls? Now?"

"I'm just curious," I said as I continued to stroke him. I gathered spit in my mouth and let it drop from my lips to his cockhead, for lubrication. Joey watched me intently. As a line of spit connected the tip of my tongue to his cockhead, he moaned and said "Fuck Jen, everything about you is sexy."

I grinned at him. Then I pulled my hair to the side and went down on him.

I struggled to get much of his cock into my mouth. I had to open my mouth as wide as possible, but even then I could swallow barely any of his shaft. That's how freaking thick he was. Joey didn't seem to mind though. He moaned as I sucked him and licked the underside of his cock.

After a few moments, I lifted off of his cock and asked "Do other girls suck your cock better than me?"

"Jen, really?" he said impatiently, wanting my lips back around his cock.

"I'm looking for tips," I joked with a grin. "But really I'm just curious about how you're doing."

"I'm doing fine," Joey insisted.

"Are you?" I asked. "You don't have a steady girlfriend." His mom had asked earlier and Joey said that right now he was playing the field.

"Why settle for one entrée when you can get a buffet?" Joey said.

"Oh my god, that's a dick thing to say," I said. "Are you serious?"

"Like you can talk," Joey said sarcastically. "You're the queen for buffets."

"Well … I guess I have an entrée and a buffet," I said with a grin.

"Is my brother really an entrée?" Joey said spitefully. "He's more like an appetizer. Or – what do you call it? An amuse-bouche."

"Be nice," I said, but I couldn't help laughing. I thought about Joey's cock – the big monster I was holding in my hands at that very moment – and my husband's. Entrée versus amuse-bouche was pretty accurate. I looked at the big cock in my hands. I liked he was shaving. It made his cock even sexier. I felt heady looking at it. God he was so thick. "I want you inside me," I told him.

Joey didn't have to be asked twice. We quickly shuffled in the car, changing places so now Joey was in the shotgun seat. I got on top of him, straddling his lap. Joey pulled my skirt up. I had worn a skirt on purpose, just in case.

"You're not wearing panties," he said as he looked at my naked pussy.

"No."

"You knew this was going to happen," he said with a grin at me. I grinned back at him. Rather than answering, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. We kissed for long moments, our tongues rolling over each other. Then I reached down between us. Taking his cock, I guided him into me.

"Oh god!" I grunted. He was so freaking thick! I'd been with him many times before, but each time his thickness surprised me!

Eventually I got him all the way inside me. Fuck I felt so full! Thick is so much better than long. There's nothing wrong with long, I like long, and Joey was longer than average. But god, thick feels so fucking good!

We got into a rhythm, moving up and down together. Joey pulled up my sweater and reached inside my bra, cupping and fondling my tits. I shuddered as he thumbed my hard nipples. Then he kissed down my neck and I groaned as I rolled my head back. God, Joey was getting so good at this!

"I just haven't met anyone," Joey said.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"Why I don't have a steady girlfriend," Joey said. "I guess I'm looking for a girl like you."

I stopped moving on his cock. I looked at him. He was looking tenderly at me. “God Joey …” I said softly, my voice trailing away. I didn’t know what to say.

“Have you thought about what I said?” he asked. “Remember? You don’t need other lovers. I’ll be your lover.”

“Joey it can’t work that way,” I told him.

“Why?”

“Because you’re my husband’s freaking brother!” I said with exasperation.

“But it’s better that way,” he insisted. “It’s like keeping it in the family.”

“Oh god …,” I said with a laugh. He was being both crazy and sweet at the same time. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him again. “Let’s just finish,” I said, moving on him again. “We have to get back.”

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Chapter 19

Jen and Joe weren’t home when Anna woke up from her nap. My daughter’s always grouchy when she wakes up. Ironically, the longer she naps, the more grouchy she is.

“Where’s mommy?” Anna asked.

“She’s with Uncle Joe,” I told her. “They ran out to get a few things for dinner.”

Anna pursed her lips. Anna looked more like Jen every day, and the expression on her face looked exactly how her mother looked when she disapproved of something. “She’s always with Uncle Joe,” she said.

Anna's comment surprised me. It alarmed me too. Was she just being her grouchy self? Or had she sensed something between her mother and uncle? But how could she? She was only 3 years old, after all.

Jen and Joe got home about 30 minutes later. By then I had gotten Anna ready for the Christmas eve service at church. Luckily Anna was playing a board game with my parents when Jen got home. She ran upstairs to my childhood been room, where we always stayed when visiting my parents.

I grabbed her arms and asked "Where have you been?"

"Mike I've got to get ready for church," she said, sounding panicked at getting home so late.

"Where have you been?" I asked again. This time I pressed my nose against her neck, feeling her soft blonde hair fall across my face. I inhaled deeply. I smelled strawberry vanilla of her shampoo, the faint lilac of her perfume … this was how my wife smelled. But I smelled something else too. Perspiration. The musk of a man's cologne.

"Did you fuck Joe?" I whispered into her ear. I pressed my body against hers. I was certain she could feel my erection pressing against her thigh.

"We don't have time for this Mike," she whispered back.

"Just tell me," I pleaded.

Jen pulled away. She looked into my face and said "Yes."

I gasped at her answer. I had suspected she had, but hearing her confirm my suspicions still sent me reeling. I felt jealous and betrayed that she would fuck my brother on Christmas eve while visiting my parents with our daughter. But the naughtiness of it all took my breath away and got me so hard it hurt.

I pulled her back to me, pressing my body against hers. God I wanted to fuck her so bad! I needed to fuck her! Again she pulled away from me. "Mike I really need a shower before church," she said.

She needed to shower before church. To clean the sex from her body. The sex with my baby brother. Was Joe's sperm in her pussy at that very moment? I knew it was. That was the point of getting tested. So Joe could fuck her bareback. So he could shoot his spunk into her pussy.

"So does Joe still make you feel like a virgin?" I asked. It was something she told me before. That my brother's cock is so thick, whenever he fucks her he makes her feel like a virgin.

Jen searched my face, to see if I was hurt. I WAS hurt and feeling anxious, but mostly I was aroused, and she saw that. So she gave me a crooked grin. She nodded yes, and whispered "Joey's so freaking thick I can barely walk."

Then she reached down and gave my hard cock a quick squeeze. "To be continued, okay?" she said.

"Okay," I said, nodding back.

Anna's earlier grouchiness was gone by the time we got to church. Jen bounced Anna on her knee during most of the service. Anna seemed a little more clingy with Jen than normal. She seemed a little standoffish with Joe too. That concerned me, as usually she adored her uncle.

Jen wore a Christmas dress that was tight over her breasts and then flowed into a loose skirt that went down to her knees. She wore black stockings and shiny black high heels. They weren't the super high (5 inch+) heels she'd been wearing lately with Blake. There were more like 3 inches high, but still they made her beautiful legs look even longer and more shapely. As always, Jen turned a lot of male heads. I caught my brother looking at her legs too, and even my father took a quick glance.

As we sang Christmas carols, my thoughts were elsewhere. Jen had said "Joey's so freaking thick I can barely walk." And yes, Jen had been a little unsteady on her feet as we walked the short distance from the parking lot to church. Was her body still tingling from cumming on Joe's thick cock? Where exactly had they done it? Were Jen's pussy lips moist from Joe's sperm leaking out of her?

Once again I caught Joe looking at Jen. Joe saw me looking, and for a moment we locked eyes. Joe had the good graces to at least look a little shameful for fucking my wife just a couple hours before going to church for Christmas eve services.

When we got back home, Anna was bouncing with the excitement of Santa's approaching visit. The tradition in my family was to open 1 present on Christmas eve. Anna was so excited as we handed her a present she looked like she was going to burst. Jen knelt down on the floor to help Anna untie the red silk ribbons around the box. As she did, her skirt hiked up, and you could see the heavy black lace of her stocking tops, and the way it stretched at the garter snap. Oh my fucking god --- Jen hard worn a garter belt. To church. Why?

I found out a moment later. While my parents and Anna were distracted by her new gift (a tricycle from my parents), Joe furtively reached for Jen's leg. He had seen the flash of her stockings too, and he touched the lace of her stocking top with his fingertips. Then he rubbed the garter snap with his thumb. Jen pushed his hand away and pulled her skirt down. But she wasn't angry at Joe, and I even saw her silently mouth to him "bad boy." All this had happened in just a split second. But still, it had happened with my parents and daughter with us in the same room.

Joe glanced over to me. He saw that I'd seen everything. We locked eyes again, like we'd done in church. He quickly looked away though, like he felt uncomfortable looking at me.

I couldn't believe how daring Jen had become. Had she flashed Joe on purpose? Jen had become addicted to the thrill of the game. Was this another thrill? More ratcheting up of our game?

We put Anna down for the night. She was so excited it took a while to get her to sleep. Afterwards we shared a bottle of wine with my parents. My mom and dad were oblivious to what was going on under their roof. But Jen was being the good daughter in law. While we chatted over the wine, Jen sat next to me on the sofa. She was snuggled into me and had her arm wrapped in mine, and barely paid any attention to Joe. To anyone looking, you would think she was a loving and faithful wife. Loving yes, but not faithful.

I was reminded of that later. Mom and dad were asleep. They always slept soundly after drinking. Also, as she often did, Anna was sleeping in my parent's bedroom.

Inside my childhood bedroom, I was sitting on the bed and Jen was standing in front of me. "You wore a garter belt to church?" I asked, running my hand up her leg and feeling the garter straps.

"I did," Jen said with a grin at me.

"Why?" I asked. Before Jen could answer, there was a soft tap at the door.

Jen whispered "I invited Joey over for a nightcap."

My eyes went wide. "Jen are you crazy?" I urgently whispered. "My parents!"

"They're all the way on the other side of the house," Jen said, with a mischievous grin on her beautiful face. "And if they hear anything, they'll think it's us."

Joe stepped into the room. He was holding a bottle of champagne and 3 glasses. It was a tight fit for the 3 of us in my small bedroom. Without

saying anything though, we shuffled to our places. Jen sat on the bed, and Joe sat next to her. I sat across from them, in my wood desk chair.

Joe poured the wine and we each took a sip. No one said anything. The tension was high in the air. My clock chimed and we all looked at the clock. It was midnight. It was now Christmas.

"Merry Christmas baby," Jen said, smiling at me. Then she turned that smile to Joe. "Merry Christmas Joey."

"Merry Christmas," Joe said back to Jen. He didn't look at me, as the discomfort from earlier was still there.

Jen grinned at Joe. She took his hand, giving him an encouraging look. Then she pressed his hand to her leg. To her thigh, right where her garter strap would be.

Joe's eyes went wide as he felt the garter strap under Jen's dress. It made me wonder if she had ever worn a garter belt for him, back during their initial fling. Back then she had begun dressing sexier but that had been for Scott, not Joe. Was this the first time she had ever worn a garter belt for my brother?

Joe was breathing hard as he traced the outline of the garter strap with his thumb and finger. He looked beyond excited. "You like what you feel?" Jen whispered to him. Joe rapidly nodded his head, and Jen had to stifle a giggle at his enthusiasm. It made me remember that Joe might have a man's body but he was still barely older than a boy.

Jen took Joe's hand and put it under the skirt of her dress. Now his hand was on the nylon of her stockings. "You like that?" she asked him.

"Yes!" Joe said, his voice husky with lust. "You're so sexy!" he said excitedly.

Jen grinned at him. "See? It doesn't have to be violent. I like that game. But I like my sweet Joey too."

Joey gave Jen a hesitate smile. "Okay, well, I'll rape you again soon," he joked.

Jen continued to grin at my baby brother, and her beautiful eyes sparkled with playful mischief. She said "Is that a threat or a promise, mister?" They both laughed.

I felt like I was coming into the middle of a conversation. It reminded me that my wife and my brother were sharing something that I wasn't part of. In fact, at that moment, it seemed like they had forgotten that I was there.

Joe was caressing Jen under her skirt. Her eyes were getting dreamy and her cheeks flushed. She was rapidly getting her cum face on. "Kiss me Joey," she said to my brother.

Joe didn't have to be asked twice. He leaned closer and kissed her. Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. Soon they were passionately kissing and petting. Jen had her hand in Joe's pants, stroking his cock. Joe unzipped her dress. Jen pulled it off her shoulders and reached back to unsnap her bra. As she did this, Joe continued to finger her under the skirt of the dress. With her chest bare now, Joe used his other hand to grope her breasts. He broke away from her lips and sucked a hard nipple into his mouth.

They fell back onto the bed. My bed, which I'd slept in my entire life before going to college. Joe pushed Jen's skirt so it was up around her waist. He took his time kissing her and running his hands up and down her long nyloned legs, and playing with the straps of her garter belt.

Like Joe, Jen was beyond excited. "I want you inside me Joey!" she said urgently.

"Don't say his name," I warned in a low voice. If my parents heard something, they'd think it was me and Jen, but that ruse would be blown if they heard Jen saying "Joey."

Jen glanced at me and gave me a nod. Then she was kissing Joey again. "Come on, I want it!" she said between kissing, reaching between their bodies for his cock.

Jen opened her legs for Joe. He was on top of her. He pulled her thong panties down her long silky legs. I realized Jen had worn the panties on top of the garter belt. She had planned this!

Jen guided Joe's cock to her pussy. He dugged his toes into my mattress, and pushed forward. "Oh fuck!" Jen hissed through clenched teeth as he penetrated her. He had just fucked her hours before, but still his thick cock stretched her pussy.

Jen and Joe knew they had to be quiet, with my parents and Anna just down the hall. So Joe fucked Jen slow. The bed didn't creak or hit the wall. Their fucking was mostly silent, with the sounds just their heavy breathing and the swish-swish of Joe's body over Jen's Christmas dress.

When Jen came, Joe had to clamp his hand over her mouth to keep her from screaming. It made them both laugh even as their bodies were still tangled together, and that moment of sensual intimacy tore my heart apart. And then Joe was cumming, and Jen wrapped her long stockinged legs around his thighs to keep him inside her, so he ejaculated into her. After, they hugged and kissed a long time. Finally Joe pulled out and got off the bed. He rapidly dressed. The entire time he didn't look at me. He looked at Jen again, and they smiled at each other. Then he carefully opened my bedroom door, looked both ways, and scurried back to his room.

"Come here Mike," Jen softly said after he was gone. I didn't move. I wasn't able to move. I felt like my wife had destroyed me.

Jen came over to me. “Come to bed baby,” she said, taking my hand. I finally got out of my wood desk chair and got into bed with her.

“Did you cum?” she asked me.

“Is that it?” I said angrily. “You fuck my brother. Then you fuck me. And that makes everything okay?”

Jen pursed her lips at me. It was the same expression as Anna earlier. “I told you what I was going to do,” she said.

“But why now? Why here?” I asked with exasperation.

Jen gave me a long look. Then she grinned and said, “Because it gets me really hot to cuck you in the bed you grew up in.”

I stared at my wife. Then I was all over her, throwing her legs open and thrusting my hard cock into her.

****

[Jen --- the week between Christmas and New Year’s]

I walked passed the clerk at the reception desk. He was always there at the Swarthmore Hotel, like the fake flowers in the vase next to the elevator. The clerk was young, maybe just out of high school. He was tall and skinny. His black hair was greasy and his face was acne scarred.

The clerk always stared at me whenever I walked through the lobby. He knew I was cheating. Everyone who checked into the Swarthmore in the middle of the day was probably cheating on their spouses.

It thrilled me, knowing that the clerk knew I was cheating on my husband. Cheating was exciting. Last night, I painted my nails baby blue, right in front of Mike. It’s Doug’s favorite color. I got wet doing it in front of Mike.

I wonder if Mike knows I'm cheating on him. He seemed distracted last night as he watched me paint my nails. I know he gets off on the idea of me cheating on him. Sometimes I wonder if he follows me, peeking into the window as Doug fucks me. I imagine my husband, all hot and bothered, furiously stroking himself as he watches me getting fucked.

The image makes me smile and even giggle. Someday I'll tell Mike that seeing him stroking his little cock makes me giggle. I know that sounds mean, but Mike gets off on it. Like Steph, he gets off on humiliation. I get off on it too. Both ways. I'm submissive so of course humiliation is part of that. Mike's submissive too. He hates thinking that, because he doesn't want to give into other men. But giving into other men turns him on. It's part of his cuckold fantasy. It's why cheating excites him. It's why Blake excites him. And all that excites me too. I get hot humiliating Mike.

I know there have to be boundaries. I can't go too far. I love Mike and want to spend the rest of my life with him. I don't want to damage our marriage. But at the same time we both love the game. It's where we are at this time in our lives. Scott used to say "live for the moment." He was right. Life is short, people should live for the moment. My mistake was, I was living for the moment with the wrong man. Now I'm back with the right man, and we're having fun. What's wrong with that? If we're both into it, what's wrong with it?

The Swarthmore was like a hybrid motel. You could get to the rooms from the outside, and also through the elevator in the lobby. The clerk stared at me whenever I walked through the lobby. Because he knew I was cheating. I pretended not to notice him, but it always excited me – it got my nipples hard – whenever I walked through the lobby and the clerk stared at me.

"He's not here yet," the clerk said as I was about to press the elevator button. "Your friend. He's not here yet."

"Oh," I said. It was kind of strange to hear the clerk's voice. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me. In the past he'd always talked to Doug. "Okay. I'll wait."

I sat down on the one sofa. It was threadbare but looked clean. I sat with my hands in my lap and my knees pressed together, waiting for Doug. I checked my phone to see if he texted me. Yes, he had texted me. He said he had to run an errand for Nancy (his wife) and would be a few minutes late.

"I haven't seen you around for a while," the clerk said.

Again it was weird to talk to the clerk. I shrugged. "Well, you know, the holidays …," I said, my voice trailing off.

The clerk grinned at me and said "So you gonna get wasted on New Year's? Going to some kick ass party?"

"Well, I'm not sure about kick ass," I said with another shrug. "At my age the parties aren't too kick ass." Mike and I were going to Blake and Steph's party. They had one every year.

"You don't look old," the clerk said. "How old are you?"

I didn't tell the clerk you weren't ever supposed to ask a girl her age. Instead I just told him the truth. "33."

The clerk looked surprised. "Wow you are old," he said.

I couldn't help laughing. "That's a lot," I said.

"You don't look old," the clerk said. "You're super hot."

"Well, thanks …," I said, feeling uncomfortable by his compliment. I looked away and willed Doug to arrive to save me.

"My name's Billy," the clerk said.

"Oh … hi Billy," I said. I didn't tell him my name because I didn't want him to know my name.

Billy grinned. I saw his teeth were stained from cigarettes. He said "I've got a secret."

"Oh, ah, you do?" I said, feeling awkward. I gave him a questioning look, not knowing what he was talking about. Before I could say anything more, Doug walked into the lobby.

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"I've missed you," Doug said as he moved on top of me.

"I've missed you too," I said, looking up into his eyes. "But I see you almost every day."

"At school in the car line," Doug said as he pulled backwards, sliding his cock out of my pussy until just the head was still inside. He cupped my breasts as he pushed back in. "Not like this."

"Oh god that feels so fucking good," I moaned as his cock slid back into me. "Yeah, definitely not like this," I agreed. I reached up and wrapped my arms around his neck, bringing his head down to kiss me.

We both came a few minutes later. I came looking up into Doug's face. God he was so handsome! He had a nice body too. Tall and toned. His cock wasn't huge but he was more than a handful, and he always made me cum. Especially when I looked at his gorgeous face and those sexy black eyes.

Doug surprised me by pulling out and cumming on my face. He came a lot too, plastering my face with his spunk.

"Um …," I said with a laugh after he was done. I had to keep my eyes closed because it was all over me. I tried to wipe his cum with my hands, but that just spread it even more over my face.

"Sorry," Doug said with a laugh back at me. He handed me a towel and I wiped my face. "Sorry about that," he said, apologize.

"I don't mind," I quickly said, not wanting him to feel bad. "You can cum there if you want. I just never knew you were into that." I grinned at him and said "God you cum a lot."

"Is that a bad thing?" Doug said with a grin back at me.

"No. Actually it's sexy. I like it."

"So do men cum on your face often?" Doug said with a wry grin.

"I'll take the fifth," I said with a laugh.

"Does Mike cum on your face?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I said with a shrug. "I mean, he's my husband. He doesn't cum as much as you though."

"So if it's sexy when a man cums a lot, it's not as sexy with Mike?" Doug asked with that wry grin.

I wasn't surprised by Doug's question. Men like to compare themselves to other men. "I think you know you're sexier than my husband," I told him. "I mean, there's a reason I'm with you now."

Doug smiled, clearly happy with what I said. He said "No offense to Mike."

"Yeah right," I said with a laugh. Doug laughed back.

He reached towards my hair and said "Oops. I think some of it got on your hair," he said. My hand went to my hair but I wasn't alarmed. I always showered when I got home anyway.

Our hands reached my hair at the same time. Doug scooped the cum from my hair. Then with a mischievous grin on his handsome face, he swiped the cup across my wedding ring.

I looked at my rings. Now both my engagement and wedding rings were wet with his sperm. "Asshole," I said, but I was grinning back at him.

"There's a reason I'm with you too," he said still smiling at me.

"I know that," I said. I stared into Doug's eyes and he stared back into mine. We shared a moment.

"Let's face it," I said. "We both like sex too much."

"And Mike's not enough for you?" Doug asked. He quickly added "No offense again. I'm just curious."

"It's complicated," I told him. "I love Mike. But sometimes I want a man to take me. You know? Just do whatever he wants with my body. Mike's not like that. He's too gentle."

"So he treats you like a wife when you want to be treated like a slut," Doug said.

"I guess that's one way of saying it," I said with a laugh.

"So you cheat to get what you need."

"God, what? Are you my therapist now?" I said with another laugh.

"I'm not judging you," Doug quickly assured me. "I cheat so I'm no angel. I'm just curious."

I thought about it for a moment, wondering how much to tell him. Then I said, "Honestly, cheating's a turn on. I wasn't always this way. Girls don't grow up dreaming about cheating on their husbands. But it's a turn on to be wicked. And I'll admit something to you. I think you're hot Doug, but you're hotter because you're married and I know you love Nancy."

"Because you know I won't leave Nancy, so I'm a safe fuck?" Doug asked.

"Well yeah," I said with a laugh. "But also because you'd rather fuck me instead of her."

Doug laughed. "You know I'm that way too, right?" he said. "It's hotter fucking a married girl. I get off fucking another man's girl."

"My god we're both going to hell," I said. We both laughed.

In the next room, unbeknownst to Jen, Mike slowly stroked his dick as he saw and heard everything. His heart was tearing apart with jealousy and angst, but he was in major cuck space so his head was dizzy with lust.

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Chapter 20

Later that night, Mike and Jen were washing the dinner dishes as Anna played with some of her Christmas presents in the family room. They were able to watch Anna through the pass through. It had been a normal dinner. Family time with just the three of them. Most of Jen's attention was on her daughter, but she gave Mike a lot of attention and affection too.

That's how Jen was most of the time. She was always holding Mike's hand or bumping her shoulder against his, and giving him little kisses on the cheek and lips. She was always smiling at him and laughing at all his jokes no matter how stupid they were. If anything, it was Mike who held back, especially in public. Maybe it was a guy thing, or maybe his natural shyness, but Mike was sometimes hesitant to show affection when other

people were around. Jen on the other hand didn't have any problems with PDA.

The contrast between "Jen my loving wife" and "Jenny the whorish slut" was hard for Mike to get his head around. Just that afternoon – just hours ago – he'd watched as she cheated on him with her "hot dad" lover Doug at the Swarthmore hotel. This past weekend, on Christmas day, she'd fucked his brother Joe. A couple days before, she'd fucked their neighbor Blake. Yet here she was, being all affectionate and playfully squeezing his fingers in the soapy water as they washed the dishes together.

"You seem distracted tonight," Jen said, breaking Mike's reverie. "What are you thinking about?"

"What I'm always thinking about," I said with a shrug. "The game."

Jen pursed her lips at Mike. "You think about that too much," she said.

"You're kidding right?" I said with a sarcastic laugh. Just that afternoon she'd been fucking Doug. Okay, she didn't know I knew about that, but then there were Joe and Blake too.

"Mike, we both love the game, we both get off on it," Jen whispered, looking through the pass through to make sure Anna wasn't listening. "But when it's us, it should be just us. You, me and Anna. You shouldn't be thinking about it now."

"You weren't saying that this weekend," I said, reminding her about her recent hookups with Joe and Blake.

"But now it's family time," Jen insisted. She moved closer to me and whispered, "Are you horny? Is that why you're distracted?"

"I'm always horny," I said with another shrug. It made Jen laugh. With a grin she reached down. She found my hard-on and gave it a little squeeze. "We'll play later, after Anna's asleep," she promised.

Later that night, Jen and I were in bed. I was naked except for my boxers, and she was wearing her white nighty and white cotton socks. I was on my side looking at her, with my hand cupping and caressing her breast through the soft material of her nighty.

"Feels good baby," she said as she looked back into my eyes.

I felt her nipple hardening under my touch. "So I can still turn you on," I said.

"I never said you couldn't," she said.

"You said you don't think of me sexually anymore," I reminded her.

"It's not all black and white Mike," Jen said. "And tell the truth -- you don't want me to think of you sexually. That's part of your fantasy."

"So you're playing the game just for me?" I asked.

"No. I'm playing for both of us. I don't think of you sexually anymore. I'm not lying."

I frowned, not understanding. "You just said it's not all black and white."

"It isn't," she said.

I stared at her, my frown deepening. Sometimes she made no sense.

"Did you beat off today?" Jen abruptly asked.

"What?" I said, not understanding her non-sequitur.

"You always get moody after cumming," she said.

I furrowed by brow. Yes, I had beat off, listening and watching my wife cheating on me earlier that day at the Swarthmore Hotel. How could I not? But her comment hit way too close to home.

"So now I'm not allowed to cum?" I said a bit too defensively.

"I'm not saying that," Jen said. "But you need to stay hot or else you get upset and you obsessed too much about things."

"So I say again, I'm not allowed to cum anymore?" I said again, sarcasm in my voice this time.

"You should only cum when you're with me," Jen told me. "That way, we're together and you won't get upset."

"So now you want to control my orgasms!" I said bitterly.

Jen grinned and rolled over to her side so now we were facing each other. She moved closer so now our bodies were touching. "Alls I'm saying is, you won't get so upset if we're together, like now," she said. She rubbed my chest and kissed me. "This is nice, right?"

"Yeah," I said, kissing her back. I was hungry for her. That's how I was constantly when we were playing the game. Hungry for my wife. Desperate for her.

We kissed for a little while, not passionately so much, but lovingly, soft kisses, our tongues caressing. Then she said "When you cum and I'm not there, you get upset, and I'm not there to make you feel better."

"You're talking to me like I'm a child," I said.

"I just want the game to work for you."

"And it's working for you?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," Jen said back. I looked at her. Well, of course the game was working for her. She got to fuck whoever she wanted. And I was there as her safety, her emotional support, her loving and devoted husband.

"I'm glad it's working for you," I said, kissing her again. "You know I'll always be there for you."

"I know that baby," Jen said. "I know no one will ever love me like you."

"I just worry," I said. "I mean, you're right, I don't want you to desire me. I want you to friend-zone me. That's where I am right now. But eventually I want to get back to where it's just us."

"You're not exactly friend-zoned Mike," Jen said with a grin. "You get more sex than most husbands."

"But it's not because you want me," I said. "You get what you need from other men. You don't need me."

"That's not exactly true," Jen said with a giggle as she traced her fingertip across my lips.

"I'm not talking about oral sex. You know that."

"I know you're not Mike," Jen said, getting serious. "You know, I'm glad we're talking about this. Communication is everything."

"I think so too. So what are you thinking?" I asked.

"Well …," Jen hesitantly began. "I wonder if we ever need to stop playing the game. I mean, we both love it. Why stop? On that website you like, people talk about playing into their 50s. Longer even. As long as I stay hot and men want me, and we're still into it … why stop?"

I was instantly wary and my anxiety level spiked. "That's how things turned bad last time," I said with a frown at her. "You used to talk about not

wanting an artificial deadline on your relationship with Scott. I can't handle that Jen. I can't share you long term with another man. I'm not into poly. It would kill me."

"I'm not talking about that Mike," Jen quickly said, rubbing my arm reassuringly.

"But emotions are just as important as the sex for you," I reminded her.

"So?"

"So I don't want you to fall in love with another man!" I said, my voice rising as my anxiety went up. "I just told you! I can't share you long term with another man!"

Jen pursed her lips at me. She hated when I raised my voice to her. "Calm down Mike," she said in a soothing voice, placing her hand on my chest. "Emotions are just as important to you too. If I just fucked random guys, it wouldn't be good for you. You want me to have a relationship. You want me to date other men. And you want me to fall in love. That too. Admit it Mike. That's what gets you off."

"So what are you saying? You're in love with another man?" I asked.

"No Mike," Jen said. "But NRE, infatuation … that's what we love about the game. So I can't promise I won't fall in love. But it won't be real love. Not like our love."

I stared at my wife. My heart was pounding in my chest. Finally I joked "Maybe I don't like so much communication." We both grinned.

Then I got serious again. "Sometimes the game's confusion," I said. "No, not confusing, that's not the right word … complicated. You dating other men. Seriously dating, even falling in love. Having the best sex of your life, and not with me but with other men. Fucking Blake, a man I hate. And you

wanting me to suck cocks. And cheating on me too Jen. I know you're cheating on me."

Jen stared back at me. To her credit, she didn't deny any of it. After a few moments, she reached down to my crotch. She cupped my erection. "And yet, you're hard," she said.

"That's a physical reaction!" I said with exasperation. "That doesn't mean I want it!"

She laughed. She actually laughed! "Oh my god Mike, you're so full of shit," she said with a grin at me. "You so want it. You want all of it. I get you now. It took me a while but I get you. I understand what you want."

"What do I want?" I shot back with a glare at her.

Jen continued to grin at me. Looking knowingly at me, she said "You want me to want other men. And you don't want me to want you. You want me to want better men." She used her fingers to put air quotes around "better men." "You say 'I can't make you cum on my cock anymore.' You worry about it, it drives you crazy. But really, you don't want me to cum on your cock. You probably wish your dick was even smaller. And you want me to watch you suck cock, because you want me to lose all respect for you. As a man. Sexually anyways. That's what you want. Am I wrong?"

Her words were like a machine gun of accusations. It took a moment for me to respond. Finally I said "That's pretty harsh."

Jen's grin grew. She squeezed my cock again and again said "And yet, you're hard."

We stared at each other for long moments. Then she pulled down my boxers and went down on me.

I wasn't going to last long, and she knew it. She pulled off from my cock. She reached under the white nighty and pulled off her VS cotton panties. Then she got on top of me, straddling my hips.

"I thought I'm friend-zoned," I said sourly as she reached down and took hold of my cock.

"I don't fuck you for physical pleasure," she told me honestly. She lowered herself on me. My small thin cock slid into her easily. She felt loose, and I knew it was because of fucking Doug. Or maybe she was permanently loose now from constantly fucking hung men like Doug, Cam, Blake and Joe. The possibility made my head swim with cuckold lust.

"Why do it then?" I said bitterly.

As she rocked back and forth on my cock, she wrapped her arms around my neck. "Because I love you," she said as she kissed me. "We need this to stay connected."

"But you don't get pleasure from it?"

"I get pleasure from being connected to you."

"I mean sexual pleasure," I said.

Jen smiled at me. There was a mischievous twinkle in her pretty blue eyes. "Don't worry, I get enough orgasms," she joked. "But I get sexual pleasure. It's kinda a turn on to have you inside me and compare you to other men. You're so freaking small Mike."

"You can really tell the difference?" I asked.

"Seriously? Of course I can tell the difference," Jen said. "You're not even the smallest. That site you like? There's a thread for guys with small dicks. There are dicks smaller than yours. I mean, seriously tiny."

"You look at that?" I asked, surprised.

"Sometimes I look at the pictures. God that sobe chick is so hot," Jen said with a grin. "I read the posts. How else can I get inside your head."

"Does it turn you on?"

"Some of the stories are hot," Jen said with a thread.

"What about the small dick thread?" I asked, grinning back at her.

"Ah … no," Jen deadpanned. We both laughed.

Jen was still slowly rocking back and forth on my cock. She wrapped her arms around my neck again and kissed me. "See baby? This is how we reconnect," she said as she looked into my eyes.

"Yeah, I like this," I said, and it was true. All my anxieties were gone. Even though I was a friend-zoned husband. Even though I wasn't part of my wife's sexual life. Even though my wife had the freedom to date other men.

"So you think you'll have long term boyfriends?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jen said. "It's not like I'm planning that. And what's long term anyways?"

"What about Cam?" I asked. "You never talk about him anymore."

"I told you he moved to DC," Jen said.

"Do you miss him?"

"Yeah," Jen said with a shrug.

"Really? You never talk about him."

Jen shrugged again.

"It kinda turns me on you miss him," I said.

Jen laughed. She smiled at me as she shook her head.

"Why don't you visit him?" I suggested.

"God Mike," Jen said with another laugh. "You see? This is what I mean. You want all of this. You want me to spend a weekend with Cam, and you'll be miserable the whole time. But you'll love it and the next time you'll want me to spend a week, and go on vacation with him. But that's crazy Mike. It's how we got into trouble the last time. We need to be together. That's how we stay connected."

"Yeah …," I said, knowing she was right.

"You know, the last time I saw him, he said we both should visit him," Jen told me. "He wanted to get you involved."

"You mean a threesome?"

Jen shook her head. "No. Let's just say, I'd get to have my fantasy."

"You mean, me suck Cam's cock?"

Jen nodded. "I think he'd go for it," she said. "It's kind of flattering. He wants me so much, he'd let you suck his cock."

"And … you're just telling me now?" I asked. It's not like I wanted to suck Cam's cock. But I knew it was her fantasy so I was surprised she hadn't mentioned it.

"I don't want it to be Cam," Jen said. "It has to be the right guy."

“I don’t get it,” I said, not understanding.

“Cam’s too gorgeous. A man like Cam shouldn’t have his cock in another man’s mouth,” Jen explained.

My draw dropped. “But it’s okay if I suck a guy’s dick,” I said incredulously.

Jen gave me crooked, mischievous grin. “That’s right baby,” she said. “And it gets you hot right? That I think that. Right?”

And it did. It did.

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Chapter 21

I watched as Jen rolled the stockings up her long shapely leg. Black silk stockings, with a seam across her toes and running up the back. I’ll never get tired of watching her do it. She rolls in up into a ring of nylon. Then she either bends down or, as this time, she lifted her right leg onto the chair. She gently pushed her pretty foot into the center of the ring, making sure the seams were positioned right, and then carefully rolled the stocking up her leg. Once fully unrolled, she smoothed the stocking and adjusted to straighten the seams. Then, since she was wearing a garter belt, she pulled the stocking top taut and attached it to the first, and then the second, garter strap. She adjusted the stocking again until it was perfect, then she repeated the process with her left leg.

I watched as she stepped into black high heels, the extra high 5 inch ones she had been wearing lately. Now she was in her lingerie, but sans dress, and she still had her makeup to finish. She wore a strapless bra and thong panties, in addition to the stockings and garter belt. The bra was a push up shelf bra, so it made her little high school breasts look bigger than they were.

“You like what you see baby?” she asked me, grinning at me as she powdered her cheek.

I grinned back. “Why do you always put your shoes on now?” I asked. It was something I always wondered about but never asked before. It was funny. We had been together for over a decade but there were still some things I didn’t know about her. “Why don’t you wait until you put your dress on? You always say heels hurt your feet.”

“You try wearing heels all day,” Jen said back. Then with a mischievous grin, she added “You should do that. Wear high heels all day. See how you like it.”

“That’s why I’m asking,” I said. “Why put them on now?”

“I’m just kidding Mike,” Jen said, still grinning at me. She shrugged and said “I don’t know. I’ve always done that. I guess they make me feel sexy. And it’s not so bad now. When I was working they were painful to wear all day. Now I only wear them at a party or something. It’s not so bad.”

I nodded, processing that. I’d always been fascinated by how my wife dressed.

Then with that mischievous grin again, she said “It’s especially not bad when I’m on my back.”

Her words sent a jolt with me. I moved closer and ran my fingers along one of the garter straps. “You didn’t wear a garter belt at last year’s party,” I said.

“No,” Jen agreed. “Or stockings.” She thought for a moment and said “I think I wore pantyhose. And that frumpy blue dress with the ribbon belt.”

“I like that blue dress,” I said.

“You’ll like my new black dress better.”

“New? You bought it for this party?”

"I did," Jen said. She had a sly, knowing smile on her face. I knew what she was thinking, and I knew she knew I was thinking the same thing. That, before, Blake told her to wear more revealing clothes. To show more skin.

"Jen, you have to be good tonight," I warned her. "All the neighbors will be there."

Jen didn't answer. Instead she stood up. With that mischievous grin again, she said "You know, I am taller than you in these heels. Not nearly as tall as Blake though."

I groaned at her words, almost doubling over with excruciating cuckold angst. It made Jen smile.

She moved to put on her dress. She stepped into it – one high heeled foot, and then the other – and then wiggled it up her body. She was wearing a strapless bra and I soon found out why. The dress was off-the-shoulder.

Jen turned so her back was to me. "Zip me?" she asked, holding up her long blonde hair. I touched her back for a moment, along her spine, just below the clasp of her bra. "Mike, sometime today," she said with a laugh in her voice.

I zipped her up. It wasn't easy. My wife is slim and petite, so the fact I struggled with the zipper tells you how tight the dress was.

Jen turned so I could look at her. "So? What do you think?" she asked.

I looked my wife up and down. God, she looked amazing! The dress exposed her shoulders and hinted at the swell of her cleavage (now I understood the need for the push up shelf bra). It was so tight it looked air brushed on. The dress ended high above her knees, making her long legs look even longer especially in the high heels. The dress was so short I knew she'd be flashing lacy stocking tops tonight. She looked beautiful too,

so pretty, with her soft lush blonde hair falling over her bare shoulders and tumbling down her back. She wore lipstick that gave her pouty lips a wet look. God … my wife looked painfully hot!

I moved close and pulled her close to me, our bodies touching. I buried my face into her neck at her bare shoulder, her soft blonde hair caressing my cheeks. I inhaled deeply, smelling her perfume, and also the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. "God Jen you're so amazing," I gushed, kissing her neck. "You're so hot."

When I pulled away Jen was smiling at me. "You have to be good tonight," I warned her again.

"I thought you like when I'm bad," she teased.

"Jen …," I said, a warning again in my voice.

"Mike we've talked about this," Jen told me, serious now. "Normal people don't think swinging happens in real life. They won't suspect anything."

"But John and Alicia know about Blake and Steph," I said. "Steph told me. She says they'll figure it out."

Jen pursed her lips as she considered this. To be honest we didn't know John and Alicia well. Jen wasn't close to Alicia like she was with Steph. John was a nice enough guy, amicable, way nicer than Blake. Alicia, though, could be a bitch, she had an edge to her. She was beautiful thought, a MILF, so I could easily see why Blake would desire her. And she had a black dot on her ring finger. Blake had impregnated her! Lizzy – John and Alicia's youngest child – was actually Blake's! And John didn't know. Holy fuck.

"I'm sure things will work out," Jen finally said.

I frowned at her. "What does that mean?" I asked. "Jen, are you planning something with Blake tonight? Have you talked to him?"

"Mike stop," Jen said with a half laugh. "We haven't planned anything. I swear. We've texted some, but we don't have anything planned."

I stared at her. I hated they were friends. I hated they texted each other. I hated when she referred to her and Blake as "we." Why couldn't they just fuck? Why did they have to be friends?

"Sometimes you kill me," I told her.

Jen put a comforting hand on my chest. She said, "I don't mean to. I really don't. I think it's just the situation. You know? How our game works."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said. I thought again about the black dot on Alicia's finger. "Jen you're taking the pill right?"

Jen laughed. "Mike, yes. Every day. I swear."

I nodded. Shortly after we left to go to the party.

Jen got a lot of attention at the party. She always did, because she was so beautiful, easily the prettiest wife in the neighborhood. But also because of the LBD she was wearing. And Jen was an ongoing social butterfly. When she talked to you, she put all her attention on you, so you felt like you were the only person in the world. For a man, it was easy to get drawn into her.

Tonight though, she attached herself to Blake. She stayed close to him, flirting, smiling into his eyes and laughing at all his jokes. I'd seen this before, with Scott. When she liked a guy, when she was in a physical relationship with him, she couldn't help herself, she wanted to be close to him. Maybe it was the thrill of infatuation, the excitement of new relationship energy. I wondered if our neighbors noticed. How could they not? I saw John and Alicia looking at my wife with Blake. I saw them whispering to each other.

At least I didn't have to worry about Anna tonight. All the neighbors had pitched in to hire a team of teenage babysitters, and they were having a big sleep over at a house about a block away.

"So can your wife keep her hands off my husband?" I heard someone hiss in a low voice to me. I turned. It was Steph.

It was true. As they talked, Jen touched Blake on his hand, his arm, sometimes his chest. "It's just how Jen talks," I said, defending my wife. "She talks with her hands."

"Yeah, right," Steph said skeptically.

I looked at her, concerned by her negativity. "Steph, are you okay with this? Do you want to stop?"

"I don't want to stop," Steph said, her voice softening. "But it hurts, you know?"

I did know. I looked back at our spouses, flirting with each other. My wife flirting with another man. A man I hated. Yes, it hurt. It tore me apart.

"You think people are noticing?" I whispered.

Steph struggled. "Probably John and Alicia," she said. She added dismissively, "That's your problem."

"Thanks a lot," I said sarcastically.

"I've got my own problems Mike," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Have you looked at me?" Steph said with exasperation.

I moved a step back and looked at Steph. Holy shit! She was wearing Jen's black sweater dress. It didn't fit her at all. Jen was slim and petite, and Steph was a curvy, plus size girl. The buttons that ran up the front of the dress where threatening to tear open.

"Jen did this to me," Steph whispered, her voice cracking with emotion. "I look horrible. Everyone's laughing at me."

"No one's laughing at you," I whispered back. But she had reason to be concerned. Steph was an attractive woman, but she was trying to fit her size 8 body in Jen's size 2 dress. The only reason she got it on at all was because the dress was stretchy. But she didn't look good. I wondered if some of our neighbors were laughing at her.

"Yes they are," Steph whispered, her voice cracking again. "And why does Jen have to have such tiny feet? I'm dying in these shoes."

I looked down. Steph was wearing my wife's high heels. They were slim with pointy toes. Steph's bigger feet were bursting out of them.

"Tell me what I look like," Steph whispered. "Tell me the truth."

I looked at Steph's face. Her cheeks were flushed and she was breathing hard. I realized she was incredibly turned on.

I gathered my thoughts. Then I whispered, "You look like you're trying too hard. Like, you used to be sexy, but you're not anymore, and you're trying to be sexy again but it's not working. You're trying too hard and everyone knows it, and they're laughing at you. You're jealous of Jen. You know Blake wants her, not you. Your husband wants Jen's body, her pussy, not yours. You're a pity fuck to Blake. So you're trying to look like Jen. But it's not working. You're not as pretty. Not even close. You're a dog next to Jen. Your body's not tight like Jen's. And your fat feet look ridiculous in those shoes. You're stretching them out so much they won't fit Jen any more. She'll have to throw them away."

Steph stared at me, her lips parting, her chest pounding. She looked like she was going to cum right there standing next to me. Then she whispered "You've got the smallest dick I've ever seen. I'm serious, the smallest. I almost laughed when I saw it, but I was trying to be nice. Your slut wife loves my husband's cock. And Blake is going to stretch her out. He's gonna ruin her pussy. He's gonna make Jen's pussy so loose she won't be able to feel you. You will never make your wife cum again. Never."

We stared at each other. We were both breathing hard. Then we both started to laugh. "God that was intense," Steph said grinning at me.

"Yeah, it was," I said, smiling back at her. "I need a drink."

"Me too," I agreed, and we both laughed again.

We went to the bar in the kitchen. There were other people at the bar so we couldn't talk anymore. We poured ourselves drinks and drifted apart. As Steph played hostess, I went back to check on my wife.

What I saw shocked me. Jen was still flirting with Blake. They were among a large group of our neighbors, but she was clearly flirting with him. But now, Jen was sitting on his knee. On Blake's knee!

Okay, I get it, the room was crowded, all the sofas and chairs were taken. But why sit on Blake's knee? Now, no one could miss she was flirting with him!

Sitting on Blake's knee, Jen's dress had hiked up so now the black lace of her stocking tops were partially visible. Not a lot, but visible, like a tease.

Sitting on Blake's knee, Jen was facing away from him and talking to other people. But it was a group conversation, and often Jen looked back at Blake over her shoulder, talking and laughing with him. She looked over her shoulder and smiled at him. Her sexy lips, wet with lipstick, formed in a big smile, not for me, but for Blake. It killed me each time she did that.

As she often did, as most girls do, Jen brushed her hair back behind her ear as she talked. At one point, Jen flipped her hair back, hitting Blake in the face. It was a flirty move, she did it on purpose, and she looked back over her shoulder at him and laughed. Blake laughed too. So did the people around them.

Still laughing, Blake grabbed Jen's hair and tugged her back. It wasn't a hard tug, it was playful, and Jen allowed him to tug her back. She leaned back and she was looking up at Blake, their faces close together, smiling at each other. There were suspended like that for long moments. It looked like they were going to kiss. It made me sick. It made my heart ache. God Jen … what are you doing? Do you know what you're doing to me?

But then didn't kiss. Jen leaned back up, with Blake helping her with a hand on her back. Then I watched as Blake's hand trailed around Jen's waist to her leg. He touched her thigh, her stocking covered thigh, right below her skirt. His fingers were on her exposed stocking top, and for a moment he caressed her there, his finger tips moving over the black lace.

Jen didn't acknowledge him. Often when I touched Jen like that, she'd look back at me and smile, and put her hand on mine, giving me permission to touch her that way. Jen didn't do that, she didn't give Blake permission. But she didn't push his hand away either. People were noticing now. Whispering. Fuck Jen … what the fuck were you doing?

I sensed someone next to me. As I turned, I assumed it was Steph. But it wasn't. It was John.

John looked passed me, as Jen. She was still sitting on Blake's knee, her long stockinged legs crossed, the stilettos of her high heels making her taller than me (but not Blake).

"Jen looks really good," John said. "She lost weight?"

"No, but, she's working out a lot," I said.

John was still looking at Jen and nodded. "I see that," he said. "She looks really … tight."

John's comment surprised me. It crossed the line among casual friends. Referring to another man's wife that way. "… thank you," I said, not knowing what else to say.

John turned to me. In a lower conspiratorial voice, he said "Mike, a word of warning. Blake's an ass."

"I know that," I said with a laugh.

"I'm just saying, it's not worth it," John said. "Steph's sexy, but she's not worth letting Blake gets his claws into your wife."

I stared at him, shocked. John chuckled. "It's pretty obvious you're swinging with Blake and Steph. I'm coming out of the closet Mike. Alicia and I are swingers too. I'm just saying, be careful with Blake. Getting a chance to fuck another man's wife isn't enough for him. He tries to turn you against each other. You and Jen I mean."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What did he do to you and Alicia?"

"He tried to pull Alicia away from me," John said. "I stopped it though. I kicked his ass actually."

I nodded slowly. John may have kicked Blake's ass. But Blake got Alicia pregnant. Lizzy was Blake's, not John's. And John didn't know. It was the ultimate betrayal. John was a cuckold and he didn't even know it. It got me hard. The lust was so strong it made me weak inside. It made my knees tremble. Part of me wish Jen would do the same thing to me.

"Mike, I won't ask if you're swingers," John said. "I won't pressure you. But if you are swingers … well, I think Jen's really hot. She's super hot. I'll treat her right Mike. And I'll be respectful of you. And you think Alicia's hot too, right? She just got her tits done. They look amazing. I know she's into you.

She calls you CNN-boy. All the wives do. Did you know that? You're a celebrity man. Alicia would kill to do you."

I stared at John. I fucking didn't know what to say.

Just before midnight, someone turned on the TV and we watched the ball drop. All around me, husbands and wives kissed. But not me and Jen. She wasn't with me. I didn't know where she was.

But a little later, I saw her. Her hair was a little tussled, and she was putting on new lipstick. I knew she'd been kissing Blake. Instead of kissing me to welcome in the new year, she was kissing Blake. My stomach turned over as I realized this. The feelings of distress were so strong, I felt like lurching over. But the arousal was there too. The cuckold angst fueling my lust and making my dick so hard it hurt.

Jen came up to me. She took my arm and said "Having fun baby?"

"I'd be having more fun if my wife was around to give me a New Year's eve kiss," I spat out.

"Sorry," Jen said. She leaned forward and kissed me. It was a short kiss. In the high heels, she actually had to lean down to kiss me.

"I guess that's all I get," I said bitterly. "Blake got more, right?"

Jen ignored the hurt in my voice. She leaned close and whispered into my ear, "You know he did baby."

I moaned and hunched over, like getting kicked in the gut. Jen held me as I lurched, so it looked like we were hugging rather than me practically cumming in my pants. "Calm down baby," she whispered into my ear. "The party's breaking up. We only have the babysitters until 1230. But we've arranged for Margaret to pick up our kids and bring them to our house."

"We? You mean you and Blake? You said you didn't plan anything with him! You swore to me!"

"Calm down baby," Jen said in a soothing voice, with her hand on my chest. "I said we didn't plan anything ahead of time. We just called Margaret."

My anger flared. She was using WE again!

"You and Blake called Margaret?" I snapped. "Was that before or after you sucked face with him?"

Jen looked at me. She was silent for a few moments, like she was counting to 10 to let me calm down. Finally she said, "Before, if you really want to know."

"Jen …," I said, her name coming out of my mouth like a moan.

"Do you want to do this or not?" she asked me.

"Do what?"

"Mike, come on …."

"So I have a choice?

"Mike … yes," she said with exasperation. "If you want to go home, we go home. Do you? Or do you want to play?"

I flinched at her words. I hated all of this. But I loved it too. I needed it. It was like a drug. Like being a drug addict. I needed it, no matter what. "I want to play," I said in a barely audible voice.

Jen smiled, looking relieved. But I guess she heard the conflict in my voice, because she moved closer and played with the buttons of my shirt. "This is

our game baby," she assured me. "Enjoy it. Don't let it get to you. Don't let Blake get to you."

"John told me Blake's an ass," I said. "He tried to drive a wedge between him and Alicia."

Jen's eyes went wide. "You talked to John about us?" she asked with shock.

"No, I didn't tell John anything," I quickly said. "He brought it up. But he knows Jen. I think they both do."

Jen frowned as she thought about my revelation. Finally she shrugged and said "I'm sure it'll work itself out."

It was the same thing she said before. I still didn't understand it.

Jen played with the buttons of my shirt again. "Mike it doesn't matter what John said," she said. "Blake's not going to get between us. Right?"

"Right," I said, forcing a smile.

"So do you want to do this?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"So go and get Anna," Jen whispered. "Bring her home. Steph will go with you. She'll bring her boys to our house. Margaret will meet you there."

"So that means you'll be alone with Blake," I said.

"We won't start without you," Jen assured me. "We'll just hang out. Play a game of pool of something."

I imagined Jen playing pool, reaching over the table to make a shot, on her tip toes in those high heels, her skirt hiking up. "Okay, but don't start until I get back," I said.

"We won't," Jen assured me. "I mean, we might kiss …"

"Jen … stop saying we," I said. "It hurts when you say it."

Jen looked at me, perplexed. "But, how else can I say it?" she asked, clearly confused.

I was hoping to walk over alone with Steph to have a private conversation, but John and Alicia joined us. "You look good in that dress," John said to Steph.

"Don't fuck with me John," Steph said. "It's way too small."

"No really, you look good," John said. I could tell he was sincere. He was definitely a nice guy.

Steph heard his sincerity too. "Well, thanks," she said, smiling at John. I could tell she liked him, and appreciated his compliment. They were lovers. Had been lovers, back when they swapped as a couple. They'd been as intimate as 2 people could be. So John's opinions meant a lot to her, way more than whatever I said.

Alicia wasn't as kind. She didn't say anything, but had a smirk on her face. Even with the smirk, she was beautiful. She was curvy and had an exotic look to her, like Gisele Bündchen.

When we got to our neighbor's house, most of the kids were already asleep, including Anna. But an after party had sprung up. My heart sank, as I knew this after party might go on for hours. Jen was alone with Blake – I wanted to get back! I could tell Steph did too. We couldn't both leave at the same time.

"You go ahead," I whispered to Steph. "I'll stay and come in a little while."

"Really? You'd do that?"

I grinned at her. "It's your turn, right?" I said, and she grinned back at me. As Steph left with her 2 boys, I looked over at John and Alicia. They were looking at me and whispering to each other.

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[Steph]

I hurried home after leaving the boys with Margaret at Mike's house. It was hard to walk home in Jen's heels. It's always hard to walk in high heels. But the fact they were a couple sizes too small made it worse. I have to admit they were pretty shoes though. Shiny black, thin stilettos. The soles were red. Christian Louboutin's. Blake actually said I looked good in them. That made me feel so good when he said that. I planned to keep them and wear them for my husband. I knew they were expensive, but CNN-boy could afford to buy Jen more shoes.

Went I walked into the living room, Blake and Jen were kissing and fondling. They were still dressed. Blake was fondling Jen's breasts over her dress. I frowned. I knew Blake was really into Jen's tits. I didn't understand it. Her breasts were tiny. Mine were big. Blake had always been a breast man. So why was he so into her?

Blake traced his fingers along Jen's chest, just above where her strapless dress ended. "This dress has got to go," he said, still kissing her. "I miss your tits." My heart sank when I heard my husband say that.

Blake reached behind Jen for the zipper on her dress, but she stopped him. "No, I promised Mike," she said.

"Fuck Mike," Blake snapped.

“Blake, come on, he’s my husband,” Jen said. “We have to wait for Steph too.”

“Steph won’t mind,” Blake said, reaching behind Jen again.

“No Blake I’m serious,” Jen said with a sweet laugh. Why does she have to have such a sweet laugh? Why is everything about this bitch so pretty and sweet?

At that moment, Blake saw me. He smiled at me. He still had his arm around Jen, but he smiled at me. Sometimes I think that’s what I live for. For my husband to smile at me.

“Come here, sugar,” Blake said, motioning for me to join them on the sofa. We have a curved shaped sofa, so when I sat down I was facing them. I crossed my legs. Jen had her legs crossed too. We were sitting so close, our knees almost touched.

Blake whispered something to Jen. She looked hesitate, and Blake whispered to her again. Then she nodded and looked at me.

“So Steph honey,” Jen said, looking into my eyes. “How do you like my shoes?”

“I like them,” I said with a shrug. “They’re pretty. Even though they’re too small for me.” I looked at Blake and said “Blake said they look good on me.”

“Yes I did,” Blake said, smiling at his wife. “But sugah, they are Jen’s.”

“I know that,” I said.

“So take them off,” Blake ordered me.

When Blake tells me to do something, I do it. I took one last look at the pretty shoes, then I took them off.

“Steph sugah, sit next to Jen,” Blake said. “Jen, you take off your shoes too.”

We both did as Blake said. Jen took off her shoes, and I got up and sat next to her. My feet were right next to hers.

“Jen has pretty feet, doesn’t she Steph?” Blake asked me. “Her feet are prettier than yours, don’t you think?”

I looked down at my feet next to Jen’s. Her feet where petite and slim with an elegant arch and small pretty toes. My feet weren’t bad, but they were bigger, wider, and I didn’t have her pretty little toes. “Yes, her feet are prettier than mine,” I admitted, my cheeks feeling hot.

Blake grinned. “Jen do your feet hurt?” he asked.

“Yes,” Jen said. “Not too bad. But it was a long party and I was standing a lot, and wearing high heels always make your feet hurt.”

“My feet hurt too,” I quickly said, wanting my husband’s attention and sympathy. “I’m the one who had to wear Jen’s shoes.”

“But it’s not Jen’s fault that your feet are big and fat. Is it?” Blake said sharply to me.

I looked down at my feet. “No,” I said meekly.

“Jen, would you like Steph to rub your feet?” Blake asked Jen.

A surprised, delighted smile appeared on Jen’s face. “Oh, I’d love that,” she said.

At Blake’s order, I squat on the floor in front of Jen. It wasn’t easy because the sweater dress was so tight. Anyways I ended up squatting down in front of her. Jen presented her right foot to me. She arched her foot, and

pointed her toes at me. Through the black nylon I see they're painted red, just like her fingernails. There's a thin black seam running across those pretty toes. I take her foot into my hands. Her foot is smaller than my hands.

"What part hurts the most Jen?" Blake asked her.

"My toes always cramp in heels," Jen said. "And my arch is sore."

"So what would you like Steph to do?"

"I'd like her to stretch out my toes and rub them. And use her thumb to rub my arch."

Blake looked at me. "Well, what are you waiting for," he said to me. "Do what she said. And Steph sugah, make sure to rub between each and every one of Jen's pretty toes."

"How does that feel?" Blake asked Jen after I began rubbing her foot.

"It feels wonderful," Jen gushed with a little laugh. The way they're sitting, their faces were close together. As I rubbed Jen's foot, I watched as my husband lowered his face and kissed the slut's lips. Soon, they're making out as I continued to rub Jen's pretty feet.

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Chapter 22

[Mike]

I was about 30 minutes behind Steph when I finally got to her house. I quietly moved inside their house to their master bedroom. Once there, I saw Jen and Blake making out. That bothered me, because Jen promised to wait for me. On the other hand, they were both still fully dressed. Was kissing breaking her promise, given how extreme our game had become?

Before I could think any more about it, I noticed Steph. She was kneeling on the floor, inches from the kissing couple. She was caressing Jen's feet!

I moved closer. No one noticed me. Jen and Blake were passionately making out. Music was playing in the background. The room was filled with the music and the sounds of their kissing and moans. I could tell from their cheeks that they were tonguing each other. Blake was fondling Jen's tits over her dress. Jen encouraged him by stroking his forearm.

Steph was caressing Jen's feet. As she did, her eyes were glued on her husband making out with my wife. Steph was rubbing her thumb up the arch of Jen's foot, and pulling and separating her toes and rubbing between them. She had a major cum face on. Her cheeks were flushed and she was breathing hard. But she looked bothered too. I understood why. Rubbing another person's foot was incredibly submissive and even degrading, especially if the person was your husband's girlfriend.

Girlfriend. Just thinking that word pained my heart and made me feel weak with cuckold angst.

I moved closer and crouched down next to Stephanie. Now she was lightly caressing the top of Jen's foot with her fingertips, and then tracing one finger along the tiny black seam that ran across her toes. Seeing it turned me on. I love my wife's feet, and seeing someone caressing her that way was a major turn on. The fact that it was a girl – the wife of Jen's lover -- added extra spice to it.

"The bottom of her foot," I whispered to Steph. I said it so low that only she could hear me, and the music helped too.

Steph turned and noticed me for the first time. "What?" she whispered back.

"It's a major erogenous spot for her," I whispered. "But she's super sensitive there, like behind her knee. You have to do it just right, or else it's painful."

"Like I care if I hurt the bitch," Steph spat out. She was staring at our spouses again. I turned to look too. They were so into each other they didn't even know we were there.

"Don't call her that, okay?" I whispered.

Steph looked at me. For a moment our eyes locked. She nodded her head and whispered "Sorry."

Then Steph shifted her hands on Jen's foot. With one hand she held my wife's slim ankle. With her other, she traced two fingers across the bottom on Jen's foot. She looked at me and I nodded, silently telling her that that was the right pressure.

"Her arch too," I whispered. "And below her toes."

Steph caressed a fingertip down the elegant arch of Jen's foot. Then she used the tips of 3 fingers to tickle over the pads just below her toes.

"Oh fuck …," Jen moaned into Blake's mouth as he reacted to Steph's touch. "What …?"

Jen managed to pull away from Blake's lips and looked at Steph. As she did, she saw me. "Oh Mike … you're here," she said.

My mouth dropped at her words. Really? "Oh Mike, you're here?" That's how she greets me after sucking face with another man.

Jen realized her error. She quickly said, "Sorry, that didn't come out right." Blake laughed.

Her words felt patronizing. Blake laughing didn't help any.

With an arrogant grin, Blake said "You're just in time Mike. Undress your wife for me."

Jen knew my feelings were raw. "Blake no, I'll do it," she said, reaching behind her for the zipper of her dress.

"No," Blake said, grabbing Jen's hands. "I want Mike to do it. Steph rubbed your feet. Mike has to do his part."

"Blake …," Jen said with the beginnings of a protest, but I interrupted her.

"I'll do it," I said. With my head swirling with submissive cuckold lust, I reached up behind Jen. I pulled down the zipper of the dress. With the tension gone, I easily pulled the bodice of the dress down to her tiny waist, exposing the strapless bra and Jen's sexy flat stomach. Then I grabbed the bottom of the dress. I tugged it up her legs. This was harder because the skirt was super tight, but I managed to pull it up her toned, shapely thighs. Jen helped me my lifting her butt, and soon the skirt part of the dress joined the bodice like a black belt around her waist.

I looked at my wife's sex. I saw the garter belt of course, and the lace top stockings. But I also saw that Jen was wearing a g-string. What the fuck? When we left the house she was wearing thong panties.

"Sexy, right?" Blake said, grinning at me. He ran his fingertips along the string at her waist. That's all it was, a string. A black string ran down at a right angle to between her legs. It ran between her pussy lips, covering nothing. All of my wife's waxed pussy was exposed.

"So sexy," Blake said, his fingertips running down that string, across her pussy, touching her lips.

I looked from Blake's fingers to Jen's face. She had a major cum face on, and she was looking back at me. "I changed after midnight," she told me, answering my unspoken question.

I frowned at Jen, not understanding. "After we made out. At midnight," Jen explained. "Blake said he wouldn't fuck me unless I put on a g-string."

"That's right sugah," Blake said. He was stroking the black string that ran between Jen's pussy lips. So in effect he was caressing her pussy. Jen groaned at his touch and Blake's grin grew bigger. "Tell your husband who your pussy belongs to," he said. He was talking to Jen but looking at me.

"My pussy belongs to you Blake," Jen said after a moment's hesitation. She looked apologetically at me and said "I'm sorry Mike." Blake laughed.

Every muscle in my body tensed. I was about to punch the mother fucker in the face. But then Steph pulled me away. "Don't let him get to you Mike," Steph whispered to me. "That's what he's trying to do. Fuck with your head. He gets off on it."

"Why are you helping me?" I hissed at her.

"Don't take it out on me," Steph said warily, backing away from me.

"I'm just asking," I said, forcing myself to calm down. Still, there was an edge in my voice and Steph heard it.

"I'm not taking your side. I'm always on Blake's side," Steph said frankly. "But I don't want you going ballistic either. How would that help? Face it Mike. Jen is a slut for my husband. And don't fucking tell me not to call her a fucking slut. You know she is."

I didn't know what to say. Because I knew she was right.

Steph saw the distress on my face. She took my arm and affectionately bumped her hip against mine. "You know, it'd be easier if you got some too. I'm not hideous right? I've seen you look at me." She playfully grinned at me and added, "You can make fun of my fat ass and I'll make fun of your little dick. It'll be fun."

"Steph …," I said warily.

Steph cut me off. Misunderstanding my reluctance, she smiled reassuring and said, "You wouldn't be a pity fuck. I've always been attracted to you Mike. Seriously, I have."

"Steph," I said sharply. I wanted her to stop talking. I didn't want to hear anymore. "You're beautiful and sexy. But that's not how we do it."

"So Jen gets to play but you don't?"

"It's my choice," I said. "It's just how I'm wired. I think you're sexy. But I can't be with you or any other girl." I searched for words to explain, and finally said, "It would diminish what we do."

Steph stared at me for a long moment. I could tell she didn't understand. I guess even cucks can be wired differently. Finally she shrugged and said "Well, your loss." Then she turned away and moved back to Blake and Jen on the bed.

I followed her. Jen was still on her back but Blake had managed to pull her dress all the way off. It lay in a discarded puddle on the floor.

Blake was caressing Jen's almost naked body. Jen caressed his forearms as he did so. They were looking into each other's eyes. They were both breathing hard. Jen had a major cum face on. Her nipples were so hard they poked through the stiff ribbing on the push-up shelf bra.

Blake played with the g-string that ran between her pussy lips. I saw her lips were puffy and glistened with excitement. He ran the flat of his finger down the thin black string, moving slow as he stroked down between her pussy lips. Jen groaned and pushed her hips up, wanting more contact. "Stop freaking teasing me Blake," she whined with frustration. Blake laughed.

Blake already had his cock out. He was hard. Once again I marveled at the extreme curve of his shaft. It was so curved the head almost touched his belly button.

Blake took his cock in his hand, and rubbed it up and down Jen's slit. "Is this what you want Jen?" he said teasingly.

"Oh yes!" Jen said desperately.

"Tell me what you want," Blake said.

"I want you inside me! I want to feel you inside me!" Jen said pleadingly. "Please! I need it now!"

Blake grinned. Then he curled a finger in the black string and pulled it to the side. With his other hand, he rubbed his cockhead up and down Jen's slit, lubricating himself with her juices. Then he pushed his cock into my wife.

"Oh god!" Jen moaned as Blake's cock penetrated her. "It feels so good!"

Blake moaned too. "God your pussy's so sweet," he groaned. He looked at Steph and said "Jen's pussy is so sweet."

"Yeah?" Steph said. She was breathing hard, and the one word sounded like a husky moan.

"Oh yeah," Blake moaned. "I love you sugah, but Jen's pussy feels so much better than yours." Steph groaned at her husband's words, both sounding pained and lustful at the same time.

"Your pussy's still tight," Blake said with clenched teeth as he pushed farther into Jen. "But you're getting looser for me." He shot a grin at me and said, "Sorry Mike if I'm ruining Jen's pussy for your little dick."

Before I could respond I sensed people behind us. "Oh my god, it's that Jen?" a female voice behind me said. I turned. It was Alicia and John!

Alicia didn't ask for permission as she walked right up to the bed. John had the good grace to at least hesitant, but then he followed his wife. They both looked down at Jen on the bed, on the bed, almost naked, with Blake's cock inside her. Our neighbors looking down at Jen that way!

"Oh my god, it is you Jen," Alicia said with a surprised, amused look on her beautiful face. She had a laugh in her voice. She brushed the back of her fingers across Jen's cheek and said "I always knew you weren't the sweet girl you tried to pull off with that blonde hair and those blue eyes. I always knew you were a slut."

Jen glared at Alicia. "I'm getting out of here," she said, pulling away from Blake. "Mike …."

"Not yet sugah," Blake said, and he pushed balls deep into Jen's pussy. "You're not leaving until I'm done."

Despite herself, Jen moaned and arched her back as Blake pushed into her, the curve of his shaft filling her up and rubbing against her g-spot. He pulled out and pushed in again, and Jen groaned and her nostrils flared as Blake's curved cock stretched her pussy.

I didn't know what to do. Did she want to leave or stay? I moved closer to her. I took her hand and asked "What do you want to do baby?"

Jen looked at me just as Blake stroked in and out of her again. Her body writhed with pleasure underneath him. Conflict was written on her pretty face. She didn't want Alicia and John – especially Alicia – to see her this way, but her body was super turned on too.

Alicia knew she was the key. "Jen honey, I'm just playing with you," she said in a sweet voice. She brushed Jen's cheek again and said "Don't worry, I'll be good."

Blake started fucking Jen harder, with long slow strokes. "Oh god," Jen moaned, a helpless look on her face. I knew then we were staying.

As Blake fucked my wife, Alicia ran her manicured fingernails along one of Jen's garter straps. "How sexy," she said. "Sexy, right John?" she said to her husband. "I bet you wished I was wearing a garter belt." Then to the room she announced "I've got on pantyhose. But then I didn't know this was gonna happen tonight."

"Yeah she's really sexy," John said. His eyes were on my wife. Jen blushed as he looked at her, and looked away from both John and Alicia, not able to meet their eyes. It was clear she was humiliated. But there was something else in her face too. She was incredibly turned on! Even more than before. I understood why. Jen was a major submissive, and being on display in front of our neighbors, it was humiliating and submissive and it was turning her on.

Alicia put her hand on Jen's mound. "You shave it all off? That's another surprise," she said with a teasing smile. For a long moment she didn't say anything else as Blake stroked back and forth, in and out. Then she said "I can feel Blake moving inside you. Don't you love his cock? Doesn't he make you cum so hard?"

Jen looked helplessly at Alicia. There was nothing she could do, not on her back almost naked, not with Blake's big cock impaled deep inside her, not with her body so close to an orgasm.

John moved closer. He reached up to her chest. Somehow her bra was still on. "Do you mind Jen?" he said almost apologetically as he pulled her bra down, exposing her little high school breasts. "I've wanted to see these for a long time," he said as he lustfully gazed down at her small perky tits. "They're beautiful," he gushed excitedly.

John looked at me and asked "Can I touch her?"

My head was spinning from the situation, and cuckold lust. I nodded to him. John immediately cupped Jen's breasts with his hands. Her small breasts easily fit in the palms of his hands. He kneaded them for a few

moments, then he squeezed and rubbed her hard nipples with his thumbs and forefingers. It made Jen part her lips and gasp a moan.

Alicia ran her hands over Jen's tummy. From good genes and working out, my wife's sexy stomach was flat and taut. I knew Alicia could feel the firm muscles of Jen's stomach under her baby soft skin. She smiled wickedly at Blake and said "You're not wearing a condom? You're gonna cum inside her?"

Time seemed to stop for me. I knew what Alicia was referring to of course -- Blake getting Jen pregnant. Was the bitch crazy? Saying that in front of her husband? After herself getting knocked up by Blake and having his baby? And John not knowing?

John didn't seem to notice though. All his focus was on my wife's tight body. As he continued to fondle Jen's breasts, he looked at me and asked "Can I have a turn with her? After Blake is done?"

Before I could respond, Blake said "You need to understand the dynamics here Johnny-boy. If you want some of Jen's pussy, you have to ask me, not Mike."

"Wait a minute," I hissed, my back stiffening indignantly.

"Tell him," Blake said to Jen as he continued to fuck her. "Who owns your pussy Jen?"

Jen had 2 pairs of hairs on her body (Blake's and John's), caressing her and rubbing her nipples, and Blake's cock was stroking her pussy. He was edging her, keeping her on the brink of an orgasm. She had a helpless, desperate, lustful look on her pretty face. She looked at John and said "You have to ask Blake."

I felt my heart break. I felt the world crash down on me. Also, I heard Blake laughing triumphantly.

It was like the life was sucked out of me. I felt like I was going to collapse, maybe even die.

Steph saw that I was teetering. She took my arm and pulled me away from the bed. “Are you okay?” she asked, looking concerned.

“No,” I told her honestly.

“I told you this was going to happen,” Steph whispered. “I warned you. Blake does this to every girl.”

I felt someone beside me. It was Alicia.

“So I guess my husband is gonna fuck your wife,” Alicia said with a grin at me. She pressed her body against mine and put her hand on my chest. “So how about we have some fun too?”

Steph grinned and pressed her body against me too. “Maybe we all can have some fun,” she said. “Have you ever had a threesome Mike?”

The 2 girls grinned at each other. Alicia ran her hand down my chest towards my hard-on. “Have I ever told you how cute you are?” she cooed. “You look so sexy on CNN.”

“Alicia,” I said, grabbing her hand before she could touch my cock. I felt exhausted. I didn’t have the energy to again explain how I didn’t want to be with other girls. And I was still disheartened by what Jen had said. She had devastated me. Destroyed me.

Then I heard Jen say “Mike, come here.” It was a low, strained voice. It was the voice of a girl getting fucked and fondled by 2 men.

I didn’t hesitate. I quickly walked over to my wife. She looked at me and took my hand. She smiled at me and my heart leaped. It was like the clouds opening up and God looking down at me. Jen squeezed my hand and I squeezed back.

I held Jen's hand as Blake fucked her. I held her hand as she moaned and screamed as she came on his cock. I held her hand as Blake came and ejaculated his sperm deep inside her. I held her hand as afterwards the lovers kissed.

Blake pulled out and fell onto his back. Both he and Jen were gasping. Her legs were open. Her pussy was swollen and gaped open, and Blake's milky sperm seeped out of her pussy and ran down her leg.

John hurriedly pulled down his pants. His cock was hard. He got on the bed. He opened Jen's legs wider and got between them. He was positioning himself to fuck my wife!

I looked desperately at Jen! I didn't want this happen! I looked pleadingly at her!

Jen smiled at me. Then she squeezed her legs shut and rolled away from John. John looked hugely disappointed but didn't stop her. I helped Jen dress and quickly hurried her away, bringing my wife back to our home.

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Chapter 23

[New Year's Day]

I still felt dazed on New Year's eve. My head still spun. Last night had been so wild. I worried about Alicia and John being there. Would it get around the neighborhood?

Jen seemed dazed too. It was like we were both still in shock. I tried to talk to her. Why had she flirted so openly with Blake at the party? Why did she say Blake owned her pussy, and John needed his permission to fuck her?

We didn't have much time to talk. We had guests over to watch the bowl games – some of Jen's old work friends– and they brought their young kids, so we were busy playing hosts. In the brief moments we were able to talk, she told me she had just been having fun at the party. She told me I was overreacting to her flirting with Blake, because everyone flirts at the neighborhood parties. She said I being super-sensitive to her with Blake because I knew they were secret lovers, but no one else knew that so they would chalk her flirting to just harmless kidding around between platonic friends. She told me if I had been closer, I would have seen it was all harmless, and anyway she had flirted (in a friendly, meaningless way) with a lot of the husbands there, not just Blake.

As for the sexy talk later that night in Blake's bedroom, that's all it was, sexy talk. Of course Blake didn't own her pussy. I did. Of course it wasn't up to Blake if she fucked John. That was between me and her. And when I had made it clear to her I didn't want her to do it, she didn't do it. She said that proved it was just sexy talk, it didn't mean anything.

But I didn't find what she said satisfying. "So otherwise you would have let John fuck you?" I asked her.

"Honestly? At that moment?" Jen said. "I was so out of control I would've let anyone fuck me," she said with a grin. With delight in her pretty face, she said, "I mean, that scene was so wild! It was epic! It was like what I used to do with Scott!"

"So, you're saying it was better with Scott?" I said with a frown. "He's better than me?"

"Mike, no, I'm not saying that at all."

"Then what are you saying?" I said stiffly.

"Mike baby, come on," Jen implored. She hugged my arm and playfully bumped me with her hip. "I'm just trying to explain how I felt last night."

“So it’s okay with you that Alicia and John know about us?” I asked.

Now it was Jen’s turn to frown. “I don’t know how I feel about that,” she said. “Especially Alicia. You know we’re not the best of friends. I feel like now she has something over me.”

“Steph says it’s mutually assured destruction,” I said. “We all have shit on each other. If anyone says anything, we all go down.”

“I guess that’s true,” Jen said with a shrug. She looked thoughtful for a long moment. Then she said “It’ll all work out.”

I looked at her. Why did she always say that, “it’ll work out”? What did that mean?

“I don’t know if I like the idea of you with John,” I told her.

“Okay … why?”

“Because he’s a cuckold,” I said. “He’s not worthy of you.”

“No he’s not,” Jen said with a laugh. “What does that mean anyways? He’s not worthy of me?”

“Jen, Blake cucked John in the worse way possible,” I said. “He knocked up his wife. The daughter he thinks is his is really Blake’s.”

“But John doesn’t know.”

“That makes it even worse,” I insisted. “Alicia is betraying John. She’s betraying him every second of the day, by not telling him.”

“I guess …,” Jen said, not sounding at all convinced.

“You don’t agree?” I asked with exasperation. How could she not agree with me on this point?

"Mike, life is complicated," Jen said. "Look, Alicia isn't my favorite person. But maybe she wants to hold onto John, and she wants him to love Lizzy. So maybe that's why she hasn't told him. It's not betraying John. It's because she loves him."

I stared at Jen. What she said blew me away. Is that what she really thought? But if she thought that, then did that mean ….

I said "Is Anna mine?"

"What?"

"Anna is mine right? She's not Scott's."

Jen's eyes went wide. "How could you ask me that?" she said in a shocked, low voice.

"Because of what you just said," I said.

"Oh my god Mike," Jen said, looking horrified. "Oh my god."

Then she walked away. Like I said, our conversation wasn't at all satisfying.

Things didn't get better that night. Jen got in bed before me. She was facing away from me, wearing the white nighty she always wore. The way the nighty rode on her, I could see a little bit of her shapely, tight ass in VS cotton panties, and her long shapely legs ended with white cotton socks on her pretty feet.

Seeing Jen's feet reminded me of last night, when Steph was massaging her feet. She'd been wearing sheer stockings at the time. When Steph had pulled and separated Jen's toes, the nylon had stretched; seeing her pretty painted toes in that stretched nylon had been so sexy.

Thinking about last night reminded me of everything else. Jen's blatant flirting with Blake. Kissing him at midnight, instead of me. Talking with John. Watching Blake fuck her.

I felt lustful and my cock was hard. I got onto the bed. She was facing away from me. I snuggled up to her, molding my body to hers. My hard dick wedged up against her tight, cotton covered ass. "Jen baby," I moaned, kissing the back of her neck. Her long, soft blonde hair caressed my face and I could smell the familiar strawberry vanilla of her shampoo.

"Mike no," she said, pushing me away.

"Jen …," I said, pressing my body against her again. I had fucked her last night after getting home, but it'd been quick and not very satisfying. Today had been too busy for sexy time. After last night I needed my wife. It was my right! After all the freedom I gave her, I deserved it!

"No Mike," Jen whined. "I'm still processing what you said before."

"I'm sorry I said it," I said.

"But you haven't taken it back," she pointed out.

"Well you haven't completely denied it!" I shot back.

Jen turned around to look at me. She looked sad. "Do I really have to deny it Mike? You don't trust me?"

"How can I trust you?" I snapped, all the dark feelings bubbling to the surface and making me angry. "You sat on Blake's knee last night! You kissed him at midnight instead of me!" I didn't mention her cheating with Doug. Because that would've meant I'd have to confess about spying on her, and I didn't want to do that.

Jen frowned and pursed her lips at me. "All that's part of the game," she said. "And everything I did turns you on. If I hadn't done anything last

night, you would've been disappointed. Admit it, you would have. But Anna's outside the game. Scott's outside the game. You have to know the difference Mike. There's the game and then there's real life. You have to know the difference."

"But what you said about Alicia --."

"I have no freaking clue if that's what's happening," she insisted. "I'm just saying life's complicated, and we shouldn't judge people, especially since we don't know anything." She paused for a long moment, looking at me as if trying to read my soul. She said "You know, sometimes I think you wish Anna was Scott's daughter. You wish I had a secret affair with Scott after we got back together – that I cheated on you – and that it was Scott who got me pregnant, not you."

I stared at Jen. She stared back at me. Finally I said "No I don't wish that." Then I added honestly, "But I've thought about it. I've fantasized about it."

Jen let out a half laugh, but it was without any humor. She rolled back onto her side, away from me.

"Jen come on," I said, moving up against her back again. My cock was still hard. It was painfully hard. Worst yet, I was going on a business trip so this was going to be my last chance with her for a few days. "I need you. Give me something." I'd take anything at this point. Mostly I wanted to be inside her, but I'd take her mouth, even her hand.

"No Mike," she said firmly, pushing me away. "I don't feel close to you right now. I need to process all this."

I rolled onto my back, frustrated with blue balls. I knew many husbands would have forced themselves onto their wives. Taken what they wanted. But that's not how I was. Maybe that's why I'll never be on the Supreme Court.

I was so horny, I think I had sex dreams all night. In fact, I woke up to a sex dream. I was dreaming about Jen going down on me.

But when I opened my eyes, I realized it wasn't a dream. Jen was between my legs with my hard dick in her mouth.

"Morning baby," Jen managed to say with my cock in her mouth and her pouty lips wet. She brushed a tussled blonde lock behind her ear, and wet back down on me. "So you're not mad at me anymore?" I asked her.

"I am mad at you," she said. "But not why you think. You're not gonna be happy when I'm done."

"What?" I said, not understanding. What's the saying? Sometimes Jen could be an enigma wrapped inside a mystery. Maybe all girls were that way.

"I'm not mad you have pregnancy fantasies," she explained. She had my dick out of her mouth and now she was slowly stroking me with her hand. "I guess I already knew that. Lots of guys do, if you can believe what people write on OHW. I'm not mad what you said about Scott. About not trusting me. I can't exactly blame you given what I did. Anna's yours though. I swear to god Mike. If she wasn't I'd tell you. You believe me right?"

"I believe you" I said. And I did. "But you're mad at me?"

"I'm not blind Mike," she said with narrow eyes at me. "I saw what happened the other night. You with Alicia and Steph. They were all over you. And you let them."

"No I didn't," I insisted. I was completely innocent. I didn't do anything with those girls.

"Oh I think you like being Mr. CNN-boy," Jen said with a malicious grin at me. "Yes, I know that's what the neighborhood wives call you."

“Jen –,” I began but she interrupted me.

“In our game I fuck other men but you fuck only me,” she said. “Right?” She squeezed my cock and said “This dick only goes in my pussy. Only in my mouth. My hands are the only hands that touch it. Right?”

“Jen, right, of course,” I said. Yes she was right. That’s how I wanted it too. I didn’t want other girls. I didn’t want Jen to want me to have any other girls. I shared Jen but she didn’t share me. It was one way and exactly how I wanted it.

Jen gave me a long thoughtful look and pursed her lips. “I think you need a reminder,” she said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I think you know what I mean,” she said with a playful, evil grin. She was stroking my cock with one hand. With her other, she lightly scrapped her fingernails along the underside of my balls. I loved it when she did that! I wasn’t going to last long at this rate. In fact, I felt my orgasm coming.

But then I realized what she was going to do. She was going to give me a ruined orgasm!

“Jen no, come on,” I pleaded with her.

“You let that bitch Alicia touch you,” Jen said sternly. “You need punished Mike.”

“Jen no …,” I groaned. At that moment I came. Jen knew it, so just before my orgasm, she pulled her hands away. My cock jerked around like a flag pole in the wind, sperm spurting from the head.

After, I was breathing hard. I felt completely frustrated. I had ejaculated but I'd gotten no pleasure, no release. And now I was about to go on a business trip. It would be days before I'd be with my wife again.

"You can't leave me this way," I gasped.

Jen laughed, seemingly delighted with what she'd just done to me. "Yes I can Mike," she said. "Are you my cuck? Are you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then who's in control?"

"You are," I reluctantly admitted.

Jen got a warm damp towel. She wiped the cum from my shaft and balls. For years now I'd kept myself hairless, because that's how Jen liked it. And to be honest, I liked the feeling too.

"I think we should put this back on you," Jen said. Then out of nowhere she pulled out something pink. It was the cock cage!

"You kept that?" I asked warily.

"Oh yes," Jen said with a grin at me. Like an expert, she put my dick in the pink cage. It was easy because I was soft after cumming. Jen looked at it. She said "You know, we got the smallest size. But your little cock easily fits in it."

"Jen I have to get on a plane!" I said with alarm. The cage was plastic but the lock was metal, and I had to go through a metal detector at Newark.

"I think you should drive instead," she said with that mischievous grin on her pretty face. "You're only going to Baltimore. I got you a zip car. It's just down the street."

I stared at her, reality setting in. "So you really want me to wear this?" I asked her with disbelief.

Jen shrugged and said, "Shit happens. I know that better than anymore. So I don't want anything to happen while you're away. Especially with you around Jasmine Kelly so much. I know how much you like blondes." I was doing a CNN segment in Baltimore for Jasmine Kelly's show, so she would be there.

Continuing, Jen said, "And I don't want Steph and Alicia to get any ideas." I watched as she put a thin gold necklace around her neck. The key to the lock hung from it. "Besides, you get so moody when you cum. This way you'll only cum with me, so you won't feel like the end of the world so much."

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[Jen – the next day]

I had 2 errands after dropping Anna off at school. One was distasteful. The other intrigued me. I decided to do the distasteful one first. I wanted to get it over with.

I walked into Sam's office. I tried to avoid seeing Sam. Our relationship had never recovered after he'd been such a dick to me when Mike and I divorced. I'm not blaming him, I'd been horrible and he rightly was pissed at me. But the way he had treated me, I could never be friends with him again. Honestly he scared me. Physically he wasn't an imposing man, but he was smart and could be a major asshole (maybe all lawyers are like that). Also, he had influence over Mike, and that always bothered me. But then, that was why I needed his help now.

"So it's almost done?" I asked Sam.

"Almost," Sam said with a nod. He gave me a hard look and said "Are you sure this is what Mike wants? Or is this for you?"

"It's for both of us," I said. "And for Anna too." With frustration I said, "I thought we already talked about this. That's why you're helping me."

Sam shrugged and said "We did. And I am. But to be candid, I don't really trust you Jen."

I scowled at Sam, and he scowled back at me.

"So you're sleeping around again?" Sam said to me scornfully. I wasn't surprised he knew. Just like I told Allie everything, Mike told Sam.

"We're playing our game again," I admitted, emphasizing our. "It's not just me It's Mike too. Don't judge us, okay? It's who we are."

****

For my next errand, I drove to the Swarthmore Hotel. I went into the lobby. As always, the lobby was empty, except for the clerk behind the front desk. What was his name? Oh yeah. Billy.

Billy looked up from his phone. He said "Your friend's not here yet."

I knew he was talking about Doug. But I wasn't seeing Doug today. I was here to talk to Billy. It was something he said the last time I was here. That he had a secret. And something Mike said the other day, about knowing I was cheating.

I took out my phone and brought up a picture of Mike. I showed the picture to Billy. "Have you seen him before?" I asked.

Billy didn't have a poker face. He couldn't help grinning. But he didn't say anything.

"I know you know something," I said. "Tell me."

“Information’s not free,” Billy said, that stupid grin still on his pockmarked face.

“Fine,” I snapped. I reached into my purse for money.

“I don’t want your money,” Bill said.

I looked at him. He was staring back at me. At my lips. And my chest. It was pretty obvious what he wanted. The shithead!

But I wanted to know. So I unbuttoned 2 buttons of my blouse. I knew my bra was showing now. “Now tell me,” I told him.

“Take off your shirt and I’ll show you,” Billy said.

“Show me what?”

“You’ll see,” he promised. I looked at him again. He was a creep and at least a foot taller than me, but he was young and I felt I could handle him, especially here in the hotel lobby. There were only me and Billy in the lobby at the moment, but the street was just outside and it was busy with cars. So I began to unbutton the rest of my blouse.

But Billy stopped me. “Not here,” he said. “In the room.”

“What room?”

“I said I’ll show you.”

A few minutes later I was standing in room 67. It was right next to room 69 that I always got with Doug. We laughed about it the first time. 69 right? So after that first time we always asked for room 69. Even when we hadn’t asked for it, we got room 69. I was beginning to understand why.

“So, you said you’d tell me,” I said as I looked around the room.

"You said you'd take off your shirt," Billy said back. He was staring at my chest again. With a sigh, I took off the blouse. I held it in my hand as Billy looked at me. "You're really pretty," he said as he stared at my bra. It was cotton with little hearts running across the padded cups and fringed with lace.

"So do you know him?" I asked, showing him the picture of Mike again on my phone.

"He comes here," Billy said. "Whenever you're here with the man who's got that blue beemer, he's here. I call him and he comes. He pays me."

I frowned as I processed that information. But what did Mike do here? There was a connecting door but it was locked. Did he listen through the wall? Or did he sneak outside and spy through the window?

"Do you want to know the rest?" Billy asked. "Take off your bra and I'll tell you the rest. I'll show you."

I looked at Billy. He wasn't at all attractive. He was tall and lanky, and had bad posture. He had acne and his hair was scraggly and greasy. He was ugly honestly. But even though he was skinny, he was taller than me by a foot, and the way his shirt hung on him, I could tell he was fit. If he attacked me I'd be helpless to stop him. Also room 68 was different than the lobby. Here there was an entire parking lot between us and the road, and we were one flight up. No one on the road would be able to hear me if I screamed.

Still, I wanted to know what Mike did in this room.

"You stay right there. You don't move," I warned him. "You don't touch me."

Billy eagerly nodded his agreement, his eyes hungrily moving from my face to my bra. That lustful look in his eyes … the knowledge that I'd be helpless if he attacked me. What the fuck was I doing here, half naked,

alone in this hotel room? I was scared. But I found it thrilling too. Was this how Mike felt? Was this how his cuckold fantasy worked? Being scared but excited at the same time?

"If you touch me I'll scream," I said, giving him another warning. Then I reached behind my back. As I'd done a million times in my life, I pulled the bra strap down slightly, and then shifted my fingers to unclasp the snap. The tension of the bra released. I pulled the bra off my shoulders and arms. I held the bra in my hand, along with my blouse. "Now tell me," I demanded.

But Billy was in no hurry. He stared at my bare breasts. He actually licked his lips staring at my breasts. My instinct was to cover myself with my hands, but I knew that would just drag things out longer. "You're really pretty," he said as he stared at my tits. "Are your nipples always that hard?"

I realized with a start that my nipples were hard. And I felt a tingling between my legs. But I forced myself to stay calm, to focus.

"Come on Billy, I took of my bra," I told him firmly. "You promised to tell me the rest."

Billy nodded, then reluctantly took his eyes off me and turned to face the wall. There was a big painting there. He took it down, and immediately I could see into room 69. I got it immediately. It was a one-way mirror. Mike had been able to see everything.

Billy confirmed it when he said "From here, you can see and hear everything in room 69."

"Hear?" I asked.

Billy nodded. "Room 69's wired for sound."

“Oh my god,” I said with dismay. Mike had seen AND HEARD everything? There were things you say when you don’t think anyone was listening. Mike heard everything I’d said to Doug?

But then, this was Mike. Probably my pillow talk with Doug had turned him on. Other men – most people – would consider my words as betraying my husband. But Mike probably got off on the humiliation.

“You like big dicks, don’t you?” Billy asked with a big stupid grin on his ugly face. “I can tell, watching you with your friend.”

“You watch us?” I asked with horror. “You watch with Mike?”

“Sometimes,” Billy said with a shrug. Then he grinned at me again. “Your friend’s got a big dick. My dick’s bigger. You wanna see it?”

“No, I don’t,” I said immediately. I pulled my blouse to my chest, covering myself.

Billy frowned. “You think you’re better than me?” he said harshly.

The hardness of his voice scared me. “I don’t,” I said, giving him a wary look and taking a step back.

“Mike’s your husband, right?” Billy asked. “He’s got a small dick. Is that why you fuck Mr. big dick?”

I frowned at Billy’s words. He had seen Mike’s penis? Did they both masturbate in this room, watching Doug fucking me? This was sounding wilder than New Year’s Eve.

“Mike likes my cock,” Billy said.

I looked sharply at him. “What? What do you mean?” I demanded.

Billy grinned, looking pleased with himself. “One time he almost sucked me off,” he said.

I looked incredulously at the tall, ugly boy. “What?” I asked again.

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Chapter 24

I had to get used to being caged again. I mean, first, I had to get used to the idea of my cock in a cage. I was no longer a sexual warrior. I couldn’t pick up a cute chick at a bar and take her to my hotel room for a quick fuck. How could I, with my cock locked in a plastic sheath and the key around Jen’s neck?

Not that I wanted to do that. In fact, in my entire life, I’d never had a one-night stand with a girl. That wasn’t me. And certainly I wasn’t going to do that now, since I was married.

But still, it was really something. My cock in a cage. I couldn’t do the most basic thing as a man -- have sex with a girl.

In the past, a few times while shooting CNN segments, Jasmine Kelly had come onto me. Maybe it was just harmless flirting, but Jasmine had a reputation for that kind of thing. The rumor was, she was bi and was mostly partnered with her long time agent (Deidre), but also she fooled around with men. I guess men were kind of like sex toys for her and Deidre. I’m sure most men would jump at the chance of being “used” that way. Jasmine was beautiful (she bore a striking resemblance to Kate Upton), and Deidre had a sexy professional air to her, with her long black hair, glasses, snug business skirts and stiletto high heels.

Of course I always kept things professional with Jasmine. I was devoted to Jen after all. But now I had to be extra careful around her. I couldn’t even give her a platonic hello hug, as I didn’t want to take a chance that she would feel the plastic cage in my pants.

The thing was, part of being a man was the POTENTIAL of fucking girls. Even if you had no intention of doing it, you COULD if you wanted to because you had a cock. But now I didn't have that option. I was no longer a man in the most basic sense.

There were constant reminders of that. Like, having to be really careful with hugging girls, or not hugging them at all (as with Jasmine). The other thing was whizzing. I obviously couldn't use a urinal since other men might see the cage. And even in stalls I had to sit to whiz, as otherwise I'd risk getting it all over the place.

That was humiliating, to have to sit to piss. It was like being a girl.

It felt weird too. I had to get used to the feel again. With my dick in the plastic tube, I couldn't touch it. I couldn't scratch it. I was able to adjust it in my pants, but I was touching the tube not my dick. It was like not part of my body anymore.

The cage prevented me from getting hard. When I was aroused, my shaft grew but I couldn't get fully hard because of the confides of the plastic tube. My cock cage (I guess they call them male chastity devices) was the CB6000S model, and the tube bent downward with a hold at the end of piss. The tube was only 2.5 inches. When I'm hard, I'm almost 4 inches. The 2.5 inch tube obviously prevented me from getting hard.

Strangely though, it didn't hurt when I was aroused and my cock pressed against the rigid plastic of the cage. My balls got bigger than normal, and that felt weird with the ring there, but it wasn't painful. Just weird. I knew I'd get used to that because I did before.

I wanted to masturbate. I actually masturbated more when I was on business trips than at home, and it wasn't because I was around Jasmine. It was because I was thinking about Jen all the time, and what she was doing. What other men were doing to her.

It was frustrating not to be able to beat off. But I knew eventually that urge would diminish. And the benefit was, by not masturbating, I wasn't feeling the depression that always came after cumming. I was calmer. I was actually more focused with my job since I wasn't thinking about sex and cumming all the time.

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[Jen]

It bothered me at first when I found out Mike was spying on me. I know that's crazy since I was the one cheating on him. But I'd left Mike enough clues, like leaving business cards of the Swarthmore Hotel in my purse, and soiled lingerie in the hamper. Also, both Mike and I could track each other with Find My iPhone.

It was exciting cheating on Mike. I mean, Doug's gorgeous and an awesome lover, but what really made it exciting was the cheating. And I didn't feel guilty about it because I'd left Mike so many clues to catch me. So it was more a game than really cheating.

It was startling to find out that Mike had known about it for months. He watched me – spied on me – for months without telling me. It was a shock because Mike was so open. Mike Andrews was a boy scout, he never lied. With everyone but especially me. But this was like a lie.

Then I realized what Mike said before was really true. Back then, he said he wanted me to cheat on him. I still remembered what he said. "I want you to cheat on me all the time. I want to really feel it. I want to feel I'm not enough for you. I want to feel jealous. I want to feel like I might lose you."

I realized Mike didn't tell me about his spying because that would end the cheating, and he didn't want that.

Once I realized that, I just shook my head at how demented my husband was. I knew he was into the game – really into it – but at times like this I was really struck by it. Mike wanted this. Really wanted it. Like the cage. I'd sensed it, and now I knew for sure. He wanted to be caged, even though he'd never admit it. That was how he was wired, how the game worked for him. He needed the angst. He needed the hurt to make it exciting.

The game worked differently for me and Mike. We wanted different things out of it. But it worked for us. We played off each other, increasing the excitement and pleasure, always wanting more. We were like addicts. Mike was my drug and I was his, and we were always wanting bigger hits.

I knew it was dangerous. We'd already lost almost everything once. And now the stakes were higher because we had Anna. But I couldn't stop, just like Mike couldn't stop. We were both too addicted to the game.

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[Mike]

Shooting the last segment with Jasmine ran late, and then I hit traffic just before Philadelphia. So when I finally got home, Anna was already asleep.

I found Jen in our bedroom. She was already dressed for bed in her short white nighty. She was sitting up and doing her nails. She was painting them baby blue. Doug's favorite color.

I sat next to her on the bed and with hugged and kissed hello. I had really missed her. I always did, but this time it was more intense since I was wearing the cage. I put my hand on her bare knee as she painted her toe nails. "You like that color all of a sudden," I said.

"Do I?" Jen said absently as she concentrated on the small brush and bottle of baby blue polish.

"You wear it a lot," I said. "I never knew you liked baby blue so much."

"Azure actually," Jen said.

"What?"

"Azure. It's not baby blue. It's azure."

I stared at her. Is that what Doug told her? That his favorite color was azure?

"It looks like baby blue to me," I said.

"Well it's not," Jen said with a shrug. "It's azure."

I felt my cock stiffening. But it could only get so hard in the 2.5 inch cage. I still felt aroused, but it was stunted. It was like a slow burn. That's how it felt. Embers in the fireplace, instead of a roaring fire.

Jen had one knee up as she finished the toes of that foot. I leaned down and kissed her knee. "I've really missed you baby," I said, my voice heavy with lust.

"I missed you too," Jen said back, but her eyes were still on her toes and the little brush in her hand.

"Can you finish that later?" I asked as I ran my hand down her inner thigh.

Jen grinned at me as she moved my hand off her shapely, toned thigh. "You don't really think you're getting any?" she asked.

"What?" I said, not understanding. We always had sex when I got home from business trips. Don't all married couples?

"Mike, you haven't even had it on for a week," Jen pointed out. "Don't you think you should have to wear it for at least a week?"

"I mean, we didn't talk about rules," I sputtered, feeling confused.

"Okay, let's talk about rules," Jen said. She finished with her toes, and her fingers were already done, so she screwed on the cap and put the polish bottle on the table next to her bed. "I actually think you should wear it for 2 weeks. Then a month. Then we'll see after that."

My draw dropped. "2 weeks? A month?" I said, feeling dumbfounded.

Jen nodded. "Then we'll see after that," she repeated.

"So what? You cum all the time, but I don't cum anymore?"

"You'll cum Mike. I'll make sure you cum. When you're out of the cage, you'll cum."

I couldn't believe this! She was saying I could cum only once or twice a month! "What's the purpose of this?" I spat out in frustration.

"There are lots of reasons Mike," Jen said, her voice reasonable but firm. "This way, you'll calm down about the game. You won't get so upset when I'm with other men. Your focus will be all on me. You know I love that. And by doing this, letting me control when you cum, you're telling me how much you love me. And also, you won't spontaneously cum in your pants anymore. I know that's got to be embarrassing. This way that won't happen anymore."

I stared at her, my head spinning with her machine gun litany of reasons. "So the only way I can say no is to take back your free pass?" I spat out angrily. "And then the game ends? You're going to hold that over me again?"

Jen pursed her lips at me, clearly disapproving of what I said. "First off, I don't think it's right to say I hold the free pass over your head. The free pass is your safe word. You know it's important Mike. To prevent us from

breaking up like last time."

"But it's all or nothing," I pointed out in frustration. "The only way my dick's not in a cage is to stop playing the game. How is that a fair choice?"

"I never said that," Jen said. "If you want, I'll unlock it right now. We'll never use it again."

My eyes went wide in surprise. "Really?"

Jen nodded yes. "This is something you have to agree to," she said. "I think chastity is like that. I don't want to force you into it. You have to agree to it."

"You mean, I have to agree to give up being a man?" I said sarcastically.

Jen laughed. "You always get so dramatic," she said with a wry grin at me.

"How would you like it?" I shot back.

"I'd hate it," Jen said honestly. With a knowing look at me, she said, "And you'd hate it more than me. Your whole fantasy is about me with other men. How would that work if I wore a chastity device?"

I frowned, knowing she was right. When I didn't respond, Jen said "Let's see it."

She worked on my pants and pulled them down. She pulled down my boxers too. The pink cage popped out. "Are you hard?" she asked.

"You know I can't get hard wearing this," I told her. She nodded, remembering from last time.

"Scott said it's the ring," she said, running her finger tip along the ring behind my balls. "It limits blood flow."

"I think it's the sleeve," I told her. "It's only 2 ½ inches. I'm 4 inches hard."

"Wow, 4 inches," Jen teased with a grin at me.

"You're such a bitch sometimes," I said, and we both laughed.

"Actually you're not quite 4 inches," Jen point out with a wry grin at me.

"Thanks a lot," I said sourly, and we laughed again.

"My dick might get smaller you know," I told her. "If I wear it long enough. If you don't get an erection for a long time, it loses elasticity. It makes it hard to get an erection, and when you do, it might be smaller. The way a muscle gets smaller if you don't use it."

"Scott said that," Jen said with a nod.

"Can you stop talking about Scott?" I snapped.

"Sorry," Jen said immediately, looking apologetically at me.

"So how would you feel about that?" I asked.

"If you got smaller?" Jen said. "Can I tell you one more thing that Scott said?"

"Go ahead," I said.

"He said, what's the difference between 3 inches and 4 inches," Jen said.

I groaned as she said that. "God Jen …," I moaned. "Do you really mean that?"

Jen shrugged but didn't answer my question. Instead her focus was on the pink cock cage. The hard plastic was shaded pink but you could see through it. It was clear my cock was still soft. It had grown so it was pushing against the plastic tube, but it wasn't hard.

"I can't believe you're not hard," she said with disbelief. "I mean, I get it, but it still amazes me."

"I'm aroused," I told her. "My heart's pounding. But down there – it's like it's not working. I do feel calmer though. You were right about that."

"Wow," Jen said, amazement still in her voice. She took the pink tube between her thumb and index finger – that's all it took to hold my caged manhood, her thumb and index finger – and moved it back and forth.

"So you don't mind if my cock gets smaller?" I asked her again. I said it like an accusation.

She frowned at me. "Don't get bitter with me Mike," she said. "You won't admit it, but I know … you hope you'll get smaller. You hope you can't get hard anymore. Because then you really won't be any use to me, and I'll really need other men to satisfy me."

"I'm already not part of your sex life," I said bitterly.

"You're right," Jen said. "You're not."

"So I'm completely friend-zoned," I snapped.

"Yep," Jen said, looking into my eyes. "You are."

We stared at each other for long moments. I was breathing hard. The fact my cock was soft didn't mean I didn't want to fuck. It didn't mean I didn't crave an orgasm.

“Let me out of this,” I begged, reaching for her. “I need you. I want to fuck you.”

“No Mike,” Jen said firmly. “You can kiss me all you want, you can touch me, but I’m not letting you out until next weekend. And I want you to agree to this. I want you to say that I control your orgasms. I want you to say that I control when you get hard. Say it Mike.”

“You’re giving me no choice!” I said with frustration.

“You do have a choice!” Jen insisted. “I’m just telling you what I want.”

“You’re asking me to give you permission to deny me,” I said.

Jen shrugged. “Yes,” she said.

“You’re asking me to willingly give up my manhood,” I said.

“If that’s how you want to say it,” Jen said with another shrug.

“Are you going to tell people?” I asked. “Like Blake and Steph, or John? Are you going to tell them I’m caged?”

“I haven’t thought about that,” Jen said honestly. “But that would be part of it. If you agree to this, then I can tell people, I can even show people if I want.”

“So you’re going to humiliate me in front of Blake?” I said bitterly, but I felt resigned to what was happening.

“Mike, I know you hate Blake,” Jen said. “But he’s fucking me. The man you hate is fucking your wife. How is telling him you’re cage any more humiliating?” We stared at each other for long moments. Then Jen whispered “And I know all of this turns you on. So just go with it Mike. Give in to it.”

I stared at my wife. Finally I whispered "Okay. I agree."

"I want you to say it. You agree to me denying you. I control your orgasms."

"You can deny me," I said back. "I cum when you say."

"You're giving me your manhood," Jen said.

"I'm giving you my manhood," I said. "I'm friend-zoned. I'm not part of your sex life."

Jen grinned at me. "Do you now how hot I am right now?" she asked me. She opened her legs. I saw that her white cotton VS panties were wet.

"I want you to make me cum," Jen said as she pulled down her panties.

"Wait," I said. "Did you see anyone this week, while I was away."

"No baby," Jen said. "I was a good girl Mike."

"A good girl," I said with a laugh.

"Come on," she pleaded. She got down on her back and opened her legs, then pulled my head down to her pussy. "I want your tongue Mike. Make me cum."

So that's what I did. With my cock in a cage, with no orgasm in sight for me for another week, I went down on my wife and made her cum. Twice. But then the payoff for me was after. Because Jen snuggled into my arms, tightly like we were one person, and we slept that way, holding each other all through the night.

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The impact of Jen painting her nails baby blue – azure – hit me the next day. She had painted her nails for a reason. She was going to see her "hot dad" lover. She had painted her nails for Doug, his favorite color.

I sat in my car close by the Swarthmore hotel. It was the perfect space to watch. I was mostly hidden, yet had a good view of the hotel and its parking lot.

Doug arrived first in his baby blue BMW. He was dapperly dressed in a designer Italian suit. I knew that suit wouldn't stay on him long. Yet, he dressed up for my wife, just like she dressed up for him. The realization made me burn inside.

Doug went into the lobby, and moments later he headed for for Room 69. About 15 minutes later, Jen arrived in her car. The door opened and for a moment all I saw was her long slim leg. She was wearing 5 inch spikey high heels, and black hose. The heels had red soles so I knew they were Louboutin's. When I first met Jen in college, all she wore were sneakers and ballet flats. She minored in dance and was half tom-boy. Back then she probably didn't own even a single pair of high heels, and if she did, it was probably one of those they call "princess heels" with 1 or 2 inch heels.

Jen mostly stayed that way until she began her affair with Scott. Then her heels got higher and slimmer, and soon all her high heels were stilettos. Now her heels were even higher, 5 inches instead of 4, because her lovers were all tall men (especially Doug and Blake).

It hurt me – and yes, aroused me – that my wife was dressing for her lovers, not me. For years I'd encouraged and cajoled her to wear high heels and stockings, but in the end she did it for other men, not me. The fact she was taller than me in the 5 inch heels only added to my humiliation (and arousal).

Finally Jen stepped out of the car to the pavement. My wife is beautiful, but on this morning she took my breath away. She looked stunning with

her long blonde hair softly rolling off her shoulders and down her back, the black body hugging wrap dress, the black hose and high heels.

Jen always dressed up on her dates with Doug. Just like he always dressed up for her. When I left Jen this morning, barely 2 hours ago, she was in a loose top and yoga pants, and her hair was in a ponytail. Now she was dressed to impress, looking like a super model. All for another man. Had she drove Anna to school dressed like that? Of course, she had to, Jen had dropped off Anna probably 30 minutes ago, there was no time to go back home, get dressed, and be here. What did Anna think seeing her mommy dressed up like this, with daddy at work? Jen seemed to think Anna was too young to notice things, but I thought she was wrong, Anna was a smart kid and she noticed a lot.

Jen glanced down at her phone. I imagined she was texting Doug and he told her he was already in the room. So rather than go into the lobby, she headed directly to Room 69 to join her lover. I imagined her high heels click clacking on the pavement as she walked.

A moment later my phone buzzed. It was the clerk from the hotel, Billy. The text said "She's here."

I paid Billy $100 to tell me when Jen was here. I also paid for room 68 and everything else to see and hear into room 69.

A few minutes later I was in room 68, watching and listening to Jen with Doug. They were on the bed, kissing. But it wasn't the fervent uncontrolled kissing of first time lovers. They had been seeing each other for months. So while they were still passionate, their hookups were more relaxed and unhurried. They knew each other, they knew what each other liked, and they knew they had time. So as they kissed they talked too.

"I missed you," Doug told Jen between kisses.

"I missed you too," Jen said back.

“How were the holidays?” Doug asked.

“My brother-in-law – Joey – he was so sweet growing up, but now he’s going through a thing, like he wants to see how many girls he can sleep with,” Jen said.

“All guys go through that.”

“I don’t think Mike did,” Jen said. Doug laughed.

Jen pulled away, a curious smile on her pretty face. “What?” she asked.

“No offense to your husband, but that doesn’t surprise me,” Doug said with a grin.

“So? I don’t want a player for a husband.”

“This is not about being a player,” Doug said. “Let me give you an example. He just got home yesterday right? Did you have sex?”

“I told you I wouldn’t,” Jen said.

Doug smiled hearing that. “Thank you,” he said, kissing Jen’s lips. “I don’t like thinking about you with Mike. I know he’s your husband but I can’t help the way I feel.”

“Well, you asked me not to have sex with Mike last night so I didn’t,” Jen said. “But what were you saying about players?”

“I’m saying it’s not about being a player,” Doug said. “Let me ask you. Did Mike want to have sex last night?”

“Yes.”

“And you told him no?”

"Right."

"And he was okay with that?"

"Well I wouldn't say he was okay with it …."

"But he went along with it," Doug said.

"Yes."

"That's what I'm saying," Doug said. "If Nancy tried to tell me know, I'd say fuck that. I'd push her onto the bed and fuck her. Not that I want to. Nancy's not like you. But you get what I'm saying. Honestly Mike needs to put his big boy pants on."

Jen laughed. "You shouldn't talk about Mike that way," she said.

"You laughed," Doug pointed out, grinning at her.

"It was the way you said it," Jen said. "Anyways, can we stop talking about this?"

Jen was on her back and Doug was lying next to her, on one elbow so he was looking down at her. "I like when you wear these dresses," he said, talking about her wrap dress. He took the strap at her waist and pulled. The knot came apart and the dress opened, revealing Jen's body. "I get to unwrap you," he said as he stared at her bra covered tits, thong panties, garter belt and black stockings. "God you're so fucking sexy," he gushed as his eyes took in her tight sexy body.

He caressed her breasts, tracing his fingertips along the lace of her expensive bra. "Anyway, why do you care about your brother-in-law?" he asked, continuing their conversation.

"I just don't like Joey hanging out with those college sluts," Jen said.

Doug laughed. “You sound jealous,” he said.

Jen frowned at him but didn’t reply. I knew that part of her well. Jen didn’t like confrontation. She was passive aggressive. If she didn’t like the way a conversation was going, she would just stop talking.

“So how was New Year’s?” Doug asked.

“Same old, but fun. My neighbors flirt a lot. They’re major touchy feely.”

“I hope you slap their faces.”

“No way. I like it,” Jen said with a laugh.

Doug frowned. “I’m not sure I like other men touching you Jen,” he told her.

“Oh, now you sound jealous,” Jen said grinning at him.

“Well, I am jealous,” Doug told her, the frown still on his face.

Jen’s grin turned into a soft smile. Looking into his eyes, she said “I like that you’re jealous.”

Doug’s frown turned into a hesitant smile. “I like you like I’m jealous,” he said softly as he looked back into Jen’s eyes. He rolled onto Jen and she opened her legs, welcoming in. They reached down between themselves. Jen worked on Doug’s pants, and Doug worked on pulling Jen’s thong to the side. Then Jen guided Doug into her. He took her bare, without a condom.

I watched as they made love. It could only be called making love, as while their sex was passionate and as they both approached orgasms it became frenzied, for most of the time they were kissing and tenderly touching each other, and whispering sweet nothings that I wasn’t able to hear.

After cumming they held each other for long moments, still coupled, Doug's cock still inside her, joined as one person. Doug rose up onto his elbows. His was still on top of her and they were still connected by his cock, but now his weight was off of her and he was able to look into her beautiful face.

"Do you ever think about the future?" Doug asked as he tenderly moved a lock of Jen's blonde hair off her pretty face.

"Like what?"

"Like you and me," Doug said.

Jen looked startled. She didn't say anything, but she didn't take her eyes off Doug's.

As if wanting to ease the tension of his question, he joked "We would make a good looking couple."

"We would," Jen said and they both laughed. As I listened I knew they were right. Jen was the most beautiful girl I have ever met, and Doug was probably the most handsome. They would make a very good looking couple.

"So have you ever thought about it? You and me?"

"Well, when you're inside me like you are now, and after you've just made me cum, I think about you," Jen joked.

Doug grinned at her joke. "Come, be serious. I've thought about it."

"Okay, I admit, I've thought about it," Jen said. "But what's the point? You're married. I'm married. We both have kids. Let's be honest. Nancy's your provider and Mike's my provider. If it's us who would work?"

Doug laughed. “That’s true,” he said. “Nancy and Mike can work while we fuck. Life doesn’t suck.”

“Exactly,” Jen said with a laugh back.

“Okay, but, do you ever play what if?” Doug said. “Like, if we met in college, do you think we would’ve ended up together?”

Jen looked seriously at Doug. “Doug baby, you have to realize something,” she said in a soft voice. “Mike is really sweet. He is.”

“Yeah, I get that, he’s a good guy,” Doug said. “But back then, do you think you would’ve picked me over him?”

“I guess …,” Jen began, and she turned her face away from Doug’s. For a long moment she didn’t say anything. Finally she said “I guess Mike’s lucky I didn’t know you back then.”

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Chapter 25

I was shaking as I listened to Jen talk to Doug. I couldn’t believe what was happening. I felt like my world had come unglued.

I’d been watching them for months by now. I knew their relationship was deepening. Not just hookups but lovers. Not just lovers but friends. But I never imagined their relationship had grown so much. I never knew Jen had gotten so attached to him. Would she really have picked Doug over me in college?

I was devastated. She had destroyed me. My eyes were welled up with tears. I felt my life was over.

I watched as they made love again. I watched as Jen came on Doug’s cock again. I watched as Doug began to cum, and Jen threw her arms and legs around him to urge him to cum inside her. To fill her with his semen.

This time Doug pulled out quickly, even while he was still cumming. "Give me your hand," he said. Jen grinned like he knew what he had in mind. She gave him her left hand.

With one hand, Doug took her hand. With his other hand, he held his cock against her wedding and engagement rings. He pumped his shaft so the last of his ejaculation splattered her rings. Her rings were soaked with Doug's sperm. Jen laughed and joked "Mike definitely would have been in trouble if I knew you back in college." Doug laughed too and he pulled her to him, and they kissed as they horseplayed.

I realized it was getting late. They'd been together for hours. Doug hurriedly showered and dressed to pick up his kids from school. They shared tender kisses and then he was gone.

I expected Jen to jump into the shower. After all she had to pick up Anna in 30 minutes. With afternoon traffic she would just make it. But instead Jen took her time. She stood up out of bed. She fixed her stockings. She stepped back into the 5 inch high heels that had come off during their lovemaking. She brushed her hair and touched up her makeup. What the fuck was she doing.

My question was quickly answered. Jen walked to the door that connected room 69 to room 68. This time I was able to hear the click clack of her high heels on the floor. She opened her side of the door. Then to my shock, she opened my side of the door. Someone had unlocked it. She calmly stepped into my room and looked at me.

She looked at me. I'd never forget what she said to me. She said, "Anna's fine. I arranged for a babysitter to pick her up from school. And I just want you to know … I forgive you for spying on me."

My mouth opened in shock. What was going on? What the fuck was going on?

Jen sat me on the bed. She got down on her knees and pulled off my pants. “I guess you didn’t bother to take off your pants since you can’t play with yourself, right?” she asked. I didn’t respond. My head was still spinning. My body was still shaking.

“You’re not hard,” Jen said, looking at my cock through the pink tube. It was like last night. I was aroused but the hard plastic prevented any erections. Jen touched the small part of my shaft – the root --that was outside the cage. “This part is hard,” she said. “But not the part in the cage.”

“Jen do you love Doug?” I desperately asked her.

My wife grinned at me. “Mike I knew you were in here listening,” she said.

“So you were just acting?” I asked hopefully. “Doug was in on it too?”

“No,” Jen said.

“What part no?” I said desperately. “That you were acting? Or Doug was in on it too?”

“Both parts. I wasn’t acting. Doug didn’t know you were in here.”

“You said I was lucky you didn’t know Doug in college!” I cried.

“You are lucky,” Jen said. “You’ve seen him. Doug is a major cutie. He would’ve been serious competition for you. I maybe would’ve broken up with you to go out with him. But I’m pretty sure we would’ve ended up together anyways.” Jen softly kissed me on the lips, like to reassure me, but it didn’t work.

But I pulled back, not wanting her “pity” kiss. “You’re only pretty sure?” I angrily hissed.

"You're asking a what-if about a long time ago," Jen said. "How can anyone be absolutely sure about something like that? I'm just being honest."

I grabbed her left hand. "You let him cum on your rings!" I cried out. "My rings!" The diamond of her engagement ring and her yellow wedding band were now caked with Doug's sperm.

"I knew you were watching," Jen said.

"You laughed when he did it!"

"Mike baby, I knew you were watching," she said again.

"I've seen him do it before," I said. "You let him cum on your rings before. Did you know I was watching then?"

"Mike …," she began, clearly trying to be patient. "Men fuck me without a condom. Your brother fucks me without a condom. They cum inside me. You let them. Why does it matter if cum gets on my rings? I wash them. If you hadn't seen it you'd never know."

"And what was that about Joe?" I said accusingly. "You DID sound jealous!"

"I have known Joey as long as you," Jen said. "I've been intimate with him. Would it be terrible if I'm a little jealous of him with other girls?"

"He's my fucking brother Jen!" I said with exasperation.

"And that's why you get off on me fucking him," Jen said back.

I stared at her for long moments. Then I roughly threw her onto the bed. I pushed Jen onto her back and got on top of her. "I need to fuck you!" I told her. "I need you! Take off the cage!"

"No Mike," Jen said firmly.

"Jen!" I cried in desperation.

"I just gave you your biggest fantasy," Jen pointed out. "You said you wanted me to cheat on you. You said you wanted to feel like my lover was better than you. You said you wanted to feel like you were losing me. I just gave you all of that. And now you want to break your promise? The promise you gave me just last night?"

"Jen …," I said weakly. I was confused. I needed sex. But my body was confused too, because while I needed sex, I wasn't able to get hard. Everything was fucked up.

At that moment the door opened. I turned and saw the hotel clerk walk in. Billy, the young kid with the greasy hair and pimple face. He looked at Jen. She was naked from the top up, the thong was gone, she wore only the garter belt, stockings and heels. "Wow," he said as he leered lustfully at her. Then he looked at me and saw my cock in the locked cage. "Dude … sorry," he said.

Jen got up from the bed. She closed the door and locked it. Then she took Billy's hand and stood with him in the middle of the room. They both looked at me. Jen's eyes were on my face. Billy's on my cock in the pink cage. "I won't force you Mike," she said. "You have a choice. Either you suck off Billy, and I'll help you. Or he gets to fuck me in my ass. Without a condom. And he gets to finish in my mouth."

"Jen … what?" I said, my head spinning from everything.

"Mike I really want this," she urged me. "You know how much I want this. But I won't force you."

"How is this not forcing me?!" I cried. I did not want this punk kid to touch my wife! I did not want his pimple face to kiss her! I did not want his greasy hair to touch her perfect skin! My wife was a goddess and he wasn't

good enough for her! She was going to give him ass-to-mouth? Allow him to soil her perfection? No way! No fucking way!

Jen came to me. She put her hands on my arms and said "We'll do it together," she promised in a soft voice. "I'll show you how to do it. I'll teach you."

I felt defeated. Exhausted. Resigned to it all. "Okay," I finally said, my voice weak.

Things happened fast. Jen kept Billy standing in the middle of the room. She got on her knees in front of him, and she made me get on my knees too.

"Giving a man a blow job is the most submissive thing a girl can do," she told me, quickly turning into her role as my teacher. "Especially if you do it on your knees. That makes it even more submissive. You're saying to the man that he's the master. I know you're submissive, just like me, right?"

I didn't answer and Jen didn't push it, because we both knew I was.

"You start by running your hands over it, like this," she ran, running her palms over Billy's crotch. "And like this," she said, scrapping her nails over his crotch. "You do it."

I hesitantly reached for Billy's crotch. I put my hands on it. I did as Jen did a moment ago, running my palms over it, then my fingertips. "You see how he's not hard yet?" Jen asked. "But he's growing?"

I nodded. I did feel Billy's cock getting harder in his pants as I rubbed him.

"It's such a thrill to make a man hard," Jen told me, almost giddily. "But take his cock out before he gets all the way hard. Otherwise it's hard." With a giggle she added "To get his cock out, I mean."

I hesitated, and Jen said, “Come on Mike. I’ve done it for you a million times. You’ve seen me do it to other men a million times. Take off his pants.”

I hesitated a moment longer. Then I unbuckled Billy’s belt. I undid the snap of his jeans. Then I pulled down the zipper. As I did, I felt his cock getting harder. I curled my fingers into his pants and pulled down. He didn’t wear underwear. His cock popped out in front of my face. I’d seen it before. It was good size, especially since Billy was skinny. You wouldn’t think a skinny boy like Billy would have such an impressive manhood.

“You need a little lube,” Jen told me. She worked her mouth and then spit into her palms. She took Billy’s shaft with both hands and stroked him. “He’s getting really hard now. This is a good time to give him a taste of what’s coming.” As she stroked him, she flicked her tongue over his cockhead and then down the underside of his shaft. Billy moaned, but Jen didn’t seem to notice. It was like it was just me and her in the room, and Billy was just a sex prop. That made what I was doing easier.

“Now you try,” Jen said.

I hesitated, then reached for Billy’s now-hard cock. “Don’t forget the spit,” Jen reminded me. With a glance at her, I worked my mouth like she had done, then spit into my hands.

I took Billy’s cock in my hands. I stroked him. “Do you feel how heavy it is?” Jen asked. “How solid it fells?”

“Yes,” I said honestly. My throat was so dry my voice was hoarse.

Jen moved close, her lips almost touching my ear. She whispered into my ear “Your little cock doesn’t feel that way, does it?”

I groaned and lurched over. My head spun with cuckold lust. I was in deep cuck space.

"Now put it in your mouth," Jen told me.

This was it. The moment of putting a man's cock in my mouth. I'd gotten close before. But never actually to give a man a blowjob.

How would Jen feel about me, after seeing a cock in my mouth. It was her fantasy, I knew that. But would she still respect me? Would she still see me as a man?

I felt even more vulnerable with my own cock in a cage. It was like I didn't have a cock. I was about to put Billy's big cock in my mouth, and I didn't have a functioning cock myself. It was almost like I was a girl.

"Jen," I said. "If I do this. If you see me do this. Are you going to freak out about me? You know what I mean?"

Jen came up close to me. She pressed her body against mine, hugging me. She knew what I was asking, even though I was being cryptic with Billy right there. She whispered in my ear, "In all the world, you're the only man I want to do this with. You're the only one Mike."

Her words made me feel better. They made me feel special to her.

"Do it Mike," she urged me. "Put his cock in your mouth."

After another moment's hesitation, I opened my lips wide, and took Billy's cock into my mouth. Next to me, I heard Jen moan.

Billy was big and it felt like have a thick sausage in my mouth. He instinctively moved forward to get more in my mouth, but it was too much too soon, so I did what I'd seen Jen do many times. I put my hand around the root of this shaft to slow him down. Billy got the message and he stopped pushing. Still it was a lot of dick in my mouth. About 4 inches of thick cock.

"Suck it," Jen said next to me. "Use your tongue. Lick him up and down."

I did what Jen said. With Billy's cock in my mouth, I licked the underside with my tongue. I found that I could lick only so much with my head stationary. So I moved my head back, sliding my tongue along his underside as my movement pulled his cock out. Then, when just his cockhead was in my mouth, I moved forward, taking more of his shaft into my mouth.

"Oh yeah baby, that's how you do it," Jen moaned next to me. "Now suck him when you do that. Press your lips tight, and when you move back and forth, suck him. And your tongue, keep rubbing your tongue against him as you move in and out."

It wasn't hard to press my lips around Billy's shaft because he was big. I already had my mouth opened wide. So pressing my lips around it to make a seal wasn't too hard. I moved back, and then forward, again. This time I sucked as I did it. Billy seemed to like what I was doing because I heard him moan. He groaned "That feels fucking good."

Jen took the back of my head, pulling my hair to control my movements. "Now pull all the way out," she said, pulling my head back. Billy's cock popped out of my mouth, although I was still holding his shaft with my hands. Billy's cockhead was right in front of my face, just a couple inches from my lips. I realized my lips were wet from what I was doing.

"You're doing a good job baby," Jen said encouragingly. "You've got Billy worked up. See?"

I did see. Billy's cock was steel hard now, and he was leaking pre-cum. "Move his cock to your cheek," Jen urged me. "Wipe his pre-cum on your face."

I tried to pull back at that, but Jen held me firm with her hand at the back of my head. "Come on Mike," she urged. "You know how hot that is when a girl does that."

“I’m not a girl Jen!” I hissed.

“You know what I mean,” Jen quickly said.

I wanted to get this over with. So I moved my head forward a little. With my hands around Billy’s shaft, I rubbed his cockhead up and down my cheek. My cheek was quickly wet with his pre-cum. “Oh yeah baby, that’s it,” Jen cooed next to me. “That’s so hot!”

I glanced at her sideways but she was already pushing my head forward. I took Billy’s cock back into my mouth, moving back and forth like before. As I bobbed on his cock, Jen moaned and said “Yes, that’s it Mike. Fuck Billy with your mouth. Let him use your mouth like a pussy.”

Then she said “Look up into his eyes Mike. You love that right? When a girl looks up at you with her big innocent eyes as she’s got your cock in her mouth?”

I hated the way Jen kept talking like I was a girl. But I did what she said, I looked up at Billy. We made eye contact, me with his big cock in my mouth, him towering over me since I was submissively on my knees. With my cock in a pink cage. He grin at me, and my cheeks burned with humiliation.

“Tell him he has a good cock Mike,” Jen urged me. “Tell him.”

Still looking up into his eyes, with his cock in my mouth, I said throatily to Billy, “You’ve got a good cock.”

Billy laughed, making my cheeks burn even more. Jen though seemed to moan.

She moved close again. She whispered hotly into my ear “I can tell you like this baby. And you’re good at it too. I knew you would be. You suck good cock.”

Then she excitedly said to Billy, "Fuck him Billy! Fuck his face! Fuck him hard!"

I felt Billy grip the back of my head in his strong hands, and start pounding my face with his cock. He pushed deep down my throat, and I wasn't ready for it. Jen saw and said "Don't you gag Mike. Don't you dare. Just take it."

I managed to see Jen out of the corner of my eye. She was on the floor, reclining against the wall. Her long legs were open and she was furiously rubbing her clit. "Fuck his face hard Billy!" she urged him. A moment later she came hard.

"Oh fuck!" Billy groaned. "I'm gonna fucking cum! Where do you want it?"

Even as she came down from her orgasm, Jen hurriedly moved towards us. "Cum in his mouth!" she said excitedly. Then to me she urged "I want you to swallow it all Mike! It might be a lot so get ready! Hold it in your cheeks until you can swallow it!"

A moment later Billy came. He did cum a lot and my cheeks ballooned out. As I was swallowing, Jen pulled his cock from my mouth. She rubbed his cock head against my cheeks so his last ejaculation splattered his semen on my face, my nose, my chin. "Oh my god you look so hot!" Jen gushed as she looked at my cum splattered face. It almost looked like she was going to cum again. From somewhere she whipped out her iPhone. She took a picture of my face. With a lopsided grin she said "I've got you now baby. Now you'll never be able to leave me."

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Chapter 26

For the next week, Jen didn't see any other man. I appreciated that, as I needed to come to grips with what I had done. I think she sensed that so she was extra loving to me.

"I didn't like it," I insisted one night in bed after we had put Anna down.

"You did Mike," Jen said in a soft voice that wasn't cruel at all. "Once we started you didn't fight it at all. You liked it. I think you've been curious for a long time. It doesn't make you gay. I've fucked girls. I liked it. It doesn't make me a lesbian."

"But you got off on it," I said.

"I did. Think about it Mike. This could add a whole new dimension to our game. An exciting dimension."

"I think I'd rather watch you fuck girls," I joked sourly. Jen laughed.

"What are you going to do with that picture?" I asked her.

"Don't start," Jen said with another laugh. "You have so many blackmail pictures of me, and videos too, you have no right to deny me one picture."

"You know the picture's already in the iCloud," I said.

"So are my pictures," she pointed out. "And videos. So I hope no one guesses our password."

Our Apple password wasn't the most secure. It was annabanana. "Maybe I should change it," I said.

"Oh NOW you think about changing it, when I've got blackmail stuff on you," Jen joked with a laugh. "Don't change it. I like it. It's our baby. And who really cares about us anyways? I mean, do you think people write on boards about us or something?"

Another night, Jen was feeling horny. "So what was it like, with Billy in your mouth?" she asked as she ran one of her manicured fingernails across my lips.

When I didn't answer, she said, "Come on. I answer all your questions. Please, I want to know."

"It was what you said," I said after hesitation. "It felt heavy and solid. I guess I never knew big cocks felt that way."

"I know, right?" Jen said with a grin. "Did you like the taste?"

"It was … musty," I said.

"All men are musty," she said.

"Am I that way?"

"Yes, but not as much," Jen said.

"So I'm not a real man?"

Jen laughed. "Now I know you liked it if you start saying things like that," she said with a grin at me. I couldn't help but smile back at her.

"Did you like the taste of his cum?" Jen asked.

"Did you really just ask me that?" I said sourly.

"Oh come on," Jen said. "You've eaten me out after I've been with someone lots of times. But this was probably more than you've ever had."

"Yeah, I mean, I don't know," I said honestly. "I can't say I liked it. But it wasn't the worst thing."

Jen laughed again. "Do you know that's what most girls say?" she said as she laughed. "Welcome to the club."

"When Billy was in your mouth, and you were licking him … did you feel the big vein running up his shaft?" Jen asked next.

"Yes," I admitted.

A delighted look came onto Jen's pretty face. "Wasn't it an awesome sensation?" she gushed excitedly. "I love guys with veiny dicks!"

"You know you're talking to me like a girlfriend?" I said with a frown.

"Well you are my best friend," Jen said. "And my husband."

"But my dick's not big and heavy. It's not solid. It's not veiny, or musty ...."

"No," Jen agreed. "That's why your dick is in a cage. That's why you're friend zoned."

I stared at her. "I'm surprised you haven't let a real man fuck you," I said bitterly. "It's been an entire week."

Jen ignored the bitterness in my voice. She hugged my arm and said "And tomorrow I let you out of the cage. Are you excited?"

"Are you?" I shot back.

"I'm not going to answer if you're gonna be pouty face," she said.

"I'm not pouty face," I insisted.

"Yes you are," Jen said with a laugh.

"Are you excited?" I asked again. "I want you to tell me the truth."

"Okay then, well …," Jen began. "I'm interested. Curious. But sexually excited? No. Right now, at this moment, the idea of having sex with you doesn't excite me. And before you get all pouty face, I know that's exactly how you want me to feel."

I couldn’t disagree with her, because she was right.

The next evening after putting Anna to bed, Jen unlocked the lock and took off the cage. I was definitely aroused, expecially after kissing and fondling before she took off the cage. But once the cage was off I wasn’t hard. My cock wasn’t entirely soft, but it wasn’t erect or even half firm.

“Hmmm,” Jen said as she inspected my limp dick. She took it in her hand and stroked me as she’d done a million times before. Still I didn’t get hard. Jen put me in her mouth. She tongued and sucked me. That helped a little, but I was far short of an erection.

“Are you aroused?” she asked me as she stroked my half hard dick.

“I’m very aroused,” I told her. “Maybe it just takes a while for muscle memory to kick in.”

“Does this feel good?” she asked as she stroked me. She also lightly scratched the underside of my balls with the nails of her other hand, which she knew I loved.

“It feels … so good,” I gushed excitedly. My head was spinning with lust at having my dick fondled after 2 weeks in the cage and no simulation except the feel of the hard plastic shaft. The feel of Jen’s soft hand was overwhelming.

“There’s precum,” Jen observed, seeing the thin white liquid seep out of the hole of my cockhead.

“Yes,” I agreed, seeing what she was seeing.

“Do you think you can cum this way?” she asked as she stroked my limp dick.

"I'm not sure," I said honestly. I was majorly aroused, but inside it was like a slow burn instead of a raging fire. I wasn't sure if it was enough to have an orgasm.

"I can't put you inside me," Jen said as she stroked my limp dick. "I can suck you if you want."

"No, I'd rather we do this," I said, referring to her stroking me with her hand. "I like talking."

"Okay," Jen said. "What do you want to talk about?"

"You're really not in love with Doug?"

"No."

"What you said to him," I said. "You were leading him on."

"We're both cheating on our spouses," Jen said with a laugh. "I don't think either of us has a moral high ground."

"But it sounds like he wants to run away with you," I said.

"Mike baby, Doug is a player," Jen explained. "He wants me because he can't have me. If I told him I wanted to leave you for him, he might do it just to prove he could. Take me away from you. But then he'd dump me and go on to the next girl."

"So you're saying, if Doug WAS serious, then you WOULD run away from him," I said, my heart in my throat.

"Mike no," Jen said with another laugh. "I'm just answering your question."

It took me a moment to try to remember what my question was. Eventually I said "So are you going to keep seeing him?"

"I don't know honestly," Jen said, looking thoughtful. "A big part of it was the cheating."

"So you think it's exciting to cheat?" I asked.

"Oh yes," Jen said with a giggle.

"It that why you cheated with Joe?" I abruptly asked.

Jen's smile disappeared. She looked away from me. Then finally she said "Probably yes. And also because he was young and innocent. And because he's your brother." She was silent for long moments, then she forced a grin and said "What can I say? I'm sure I'm going to hell."

"You're not going to hell Jen," I said with a deadpanned face and voice. "God will want you for himself. He'll want to fuck you."

Jen laughed. "Oh god, thanks a lot. That makes me feel so much better."

I grinned, and then got serious. "I'm not mad about Joe. I'm pass that. It's true what you said the other day. I get off on you fucking my brother."

"It's okay Mike," Jen hurriedly said. "I know you forgive me. But I still feel bad about things I've done. I guess it's my penance."

I touched the fifty five tattoo under her left breast. "Do you ever think about Scott?"

Jen laughed. "God you jump from one disaster to another," she joked.

I grinned and waited for her to answer. "Why should I think about Scott?" she said. "I've got Cam. And Blake and Doug. Joey. So why should I think about Scott."

"Well, for one, you've got his initials tattooed under your breast. You see it every day. And you're not answering my question. Do you think about him?"

"Okay Mike, if you really want to know, I'll tell you," Jen reluctantly said. "Yes I think about him sometimes. You probably think about Bitsy too sometimes, right? But those are people we shouldn't talk about."

"You talked about him the other day," I reminded her.

"I didn't talk about him. I said what he said once. That's not talking about him." She shook her head and said "God Mike. I know where you're going with this. You are so freaking dangerous."

"I'm just trying to cum," I told her. "Maybe I want things to be dangerous."

Jen stared at me. "You're so freaking out of your mind," she said with wonder in her voice. Then she said tauntingly "You want danger? Okay. Cam keeps bugging me. He wants me to visit him. He wants me to spend the weekend with him. Is that what you want Mike? You want me to be Cam's girlfriend for the weekend?"

I stared at Jen. I was practically panting. And suddenly my cock was hard. "Yes, I want you to be Cam's for the weekend," I told her honestly.

Jen looked at my hard cock. "Finally," she said contemptuously. She got on top of me and guided me into her pussy. My thin, short cock slipped into her easily.

"I can barely feel you in me," she spat out. "This is why you're friendzoned Mike. You've got a tiny dick and you fuck like shit."

"Why are you being so mean?" I asked her.

"Because you don't know when to stop!" Jen said angrily. "You don't have any boundaries!"

"Getting me to suck off another guy is your idea of a boundary?" I said sarcastically.

"Mike, believe it or not, that was just you and me. Billy was just a prop, it could've been a dildo. You may have hated it, but it was just you and me. With you, it's never you and me. It's always me and another man. And you never know when to stop."

"Yeah Jen, put it all on me, it's all my fault" I said sarcastically.

"It's not your fault!" Jen said. "That's what I'm saying! I love it more than you! But I try to be good! I try to have limits! But you push and push! And I'm afraid if I give in I'll like it too much! Just like with Scott! Do you remember what happened with Scott Mike?"

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After I came we calmed down. Jen washed my cock. She did it lovingly. She shaved me clean, removing the stubble that had grown. She applied lotion down my crack to get rid of the hair too, making it a complete Brazilian. I got hard again as she did all this. Jen grinned at me and got out a measuring tape. She measured me. "Still 4 inches," she said. "Almost 4 inches. So you haven't shrunk yet."

Jen went down on me and I came again. Then she pulled out a box. When she opened it I saw it was another cock cage. It was like the CB6000S with a hard plastic tube, but this one was clear (not pink), and it looked shorter. "I wasn't going to make you wear a pink one, back then," she said. "That was Scott. I went along with it, but …."

"Anyways, did you know they make custom ones? The pink one's too big for you."

"It's the smallest they make," I said. "That's what the S stands for."

"I know. But they make custom ones," Jen said. She put it on me. The pink one was 2.5 inches. When soft I was about 2 inches, so I had a half inch of room. This new one was 2 inches. There was no extra room. Even soft, my cock pressed against the hard plastic. Jen locked it with the small gold lock.

"So I have to wear this for a month?" I asked.

"Yes," Jen said. "No orgasms for a month. Your little cock won't feel anything but this plastic for a month."

"I might have an even harder time getting an erection after wearing this for a month," I pointed out.

"I guess then I'll really need other men to satisfy me," Jen said with a teasing grin.

"Is that why you want me to wear a cage? So my dick will get smaller? And I won't be able to get hard? So I'll have no choice but to let you fuck other men?"

"You always have a choice Mike," Jen said. "But you won't take it. And honestly, I don't want you to. We both love the game too much."

I had no response to that, as I knew she was right.

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Chapter 27

As it turns out, Jen didn't spend the weekend with Cam. She didn't say she never would. She just said she had to think about it before taking that step.

To be honest, I was disappointed. I wanted to push the boundaries. In retrospect, I loved what she did with Doug. At the time I hated it, I was devastated by it, but now I craved more of it. I wanted to feel like a third

wheel. I wanted her to give all her attention to another man and ignore me. I wanted her to crave another man's body and cock, not mine. I wanted her to be crushing on another man, seriously crushing, to the point of risking falling in love. I wanted to feel like I might lose her.

Jen had created that for me with Doug as I listened and watched from room 68. But now, knowing she'd been acting, it took away from the thrill. Jen had never seriously considered running away with Doug, so where was the risk?

Of course I didn't really want to lose my wife. But I needed the danger. Cam seemed like the perfect fix. Jen was attracted to him, and he clearly wanted her. Her going away for the weekend and being his exclusive girlfriend would give me the danger and thrill that I craved while not being too risky to our marriage. Ironically (or maybe predictably), the fact Jen hesitated because she feared it MIGHT be a danger to our marriage made me want it even more.

****

"Hello?" Jen said hesitantly into the phone. She was hesitant because the screen said it was Sam. Sam was Mike's best friend from college, the Best Man at their wedding, and also the ass hole attorney who treated her like dirt during their divorce.

"It's done," Sam said briskly.

"It's done?" Jen said, suddenly excited. "It's done done?"

"I think there's only one definition of done Jen," Sam snapped.

Jen winched at the harsh tone of Sam's voice. She was the kind of person who wanted to be liked. She craved acceptance. She hated that Sam hated her.

"Are you ever going to forgive me?" Jen said in a small, childlike voice.

"I just want Mike to be happy," Sam said curtly.

"I want that too!" Jen insisted.

"And that's why you sleep with other men."

"What the fuck Sam!" Jen cried. "What I do makes Mike happy!"

"It's fake happiness," Sam said. "Temporary happiness."

"How would you know?" Jen said, her tone harsh now too. "You know what I think? I think you're jealous. I think you wish you had a girl like me."

"You're fucking crazy," Joe scoffed. But Jen heard something in his voice. Was she right?

"Whatever," Joe said dismissively.

"Yeah, whatever," Jen repeated. Changing the topic back to the main topic, she said "So what do I have to do to do this?"

"You both have to sign papers," Sam said. "Or, you could sign yourself, if you want it that way."

"No, I want us both to sign," Jen said immediately.

"Whatever," Joe said. "Do you want me to talk to Mike? To convince him to go along with this?"

"Um … let me talk to Mike first," Jen said. "I think I know how to convince him."

"Whatever," Sam said again. He sounded angry and defensive. Jen wondered if she had hit a chord with him. Was she right? Was Sam a

closet cuckold? "I'll courier the papers to you," he said, his tone clear that he wanted to end this conversation.

"Okay," Jen said. "And Sam? Thanks for doing this. And I hope that … y'know … I hope someday we can be friends again."

****

[Mike]

A few days later at work, I got a text from Jen. It said "Come to the hotel NOW." I knew what that meant of course. I canceled all my afternoon meetings and took an uBer (rather than the train as that would take too long). Still it took almost an hour to get to the Swarthmore.

I was wary going into the lobby to get the key for room 68. It was the first time I'd seen Billy since going down on him. He gave me a smug look that flushed my cheeks with humiliation and embarrassment. For some reason it made me thing about my cock, which was in the cage. But otherwise Billy took my money and handed me the key without rubbing my nose about what I'd done.

Inside room 68, I hurriedly turned on the sound and took down the picture. But I was surprised. Jen was with a man, but it wasn't Doug. He looked familiar though. Then I remembered. It was Wyatt, the farmer from the farmer's market!

Wyatt was taller than Jen (and me), but not super tall like Blake and Doug. He was barrel chested with a thick neck and massive arms. He looked like a farmer. He was dressed like one too, with a red flannel shirt, loose jeans and work boots.

Wyatt was young too. I guessed he was about 25. Cam was 25 too. Jen was certainly going cougar for younger men.

Jen wasn't dressed like a super model, the way she always dressed for Doug. But she still looked super sexy with a tight sweater that molded around her little tits, a short wool skirt, black tights and black ankle boots.

They were on the bed, passionately kissing and petting. They weren't talking. All I heard on the speakers were their moans and the sounds of kissing.

Their kissing was urgent and desperate, not easy going and comfortable like with Doug. I guessed this might be Jen's first time with Wyatt.

Wyatt frantically reached under Jen's short skirt and tugged down her black tights. He couldn't get them past her ankle boots so they stayed there, like a rope tying her ankles together.

At the same time, Jen was hurriedly working on Wyatt's pants. She pulled out his dick. I had a good view of it for a moment. He wasn't particularly long, but he was thick, and his cock was veiny. It struck me that his cock was proportioned like his body.

Jen brushed her long blonde hair to the side, then she lowered her head and took Wyatt into her mouth. "Oh fuck," he groaned as she took him into her soft sweet mouth. He reached to her chest and grabbed at the bottom of her turtleneck, pulling it up. Then he clumsily tried to unsnap her bra. There his youth and inexperience shown, as he fumbled at the bra strap.

Jen helped him. She stopped sucking him for a moment, and reached behind to the snap. She unsnapped the bra, and Wyatt immediately pulled it off, his eyes ogling her small, perfect, perky tits. Jen went back down on him. As she sucked him, Wyatt groped and fondled her ripe tender high school breasts.

Then Wyatt was on top of Jen. I thought he was going to take her missionary, but then he flipped her over onto her hands and knees. He straddled her legs, which were tied at her ankles by the black tights. He

yanked up her tight skirt and then thrust himself into her. It bothered me that Jen didn't ask him to put on a condom.

Wyatt fucked Jen hard and fast, fucking her like a dog. Jen whimpered into the mattress, her fingers desperately clawing at the sheets.

Their coupling didn't last long, only about 5 minutes. But Jen came on Wyatt's cock. After cumming, when she sensed he was close, she twisted around and finished him in her mouth.

Afterwards, they rolled onto their backs and giggled like little kids having done something naughty. They laughed and joked around. It was clear they were good friends. I already knew that, as she always enjoyed talking to him when we went to the farmer's market. In fact, I remembered Wyatt's fiancée (I think her name was Faith) getting annoyed because Wyatt always spent so much time chatting with my pretty blonde wife.

I thought after their sex, Jen might want to quickly get dressed for modesty. But instead as they laughed and joked around, she pulled off her sweater the rest of the way. Then, as they chatted, Jen reached down and unzipped her ankle boots. She kicked them off and then finished pulling off her tights. Then she reached to her side and unzipped her skirt and pulled it off. Suddenly my wife was naked with this man I barely knew. Naked! And she seemed comfortable being naked in bed with him. It made me doubt that this was their first time together.

My suspicious were confirmed as I listened to their conversation. "That was more fun than fucking in the bathroom," Wyatt said as he grinned at Jen.

"I don't know," Jen said with a grin back. "Doing it in the bathroom when anyone might walk in was exciting."

"You're crazy," Wyatt said with a laugh. "People you know go to the farmer's market. Wouldn't help your reputation if one of them walked in with you bent over the sink with my dick inside you."

"That's true," Jen said with a laugh back. "But what about you? You're getting freaking married on Saturday."

Wyatt grinned. He reached over and put this hand over Jen's pussy. "I just needed to crush this one more time before Faith makes me a honest man."

"Crush me huh?" Jen said, grinning at his choice of words.

"Not you. This," Wyatt said, pushing a finger into her pussy. Jen moaned at his finger inside her.

"If you keep doing that you're gonna have to crush me again," she joked.

"I plan on it," Wyatt said with a grin and sparkle in his eyes.

Jen smiled at him. She said, "Is that a threat or a promise mister?"

Wyatt grinned, and then they kissed.

"So you're really gonna become a honest man after Saturday?" Jen asked after they finally broke apart from kissing.

Wyatt eyed her with an intrigued smile. "Are you saying you'll still be available after I've got a ring on my finger?" he asked.

"I've got a ring on my finger," Jen said with a shrug. "That hasn't stopped me so far."

Wyatt laughed and shook his head. "Why do you do this? Mike seems like a nice guy."

"Mike's a very nice guy," Jen said.

"So?" Wyatt prompted.

Jen shrugged again and said "Let's just say, I'm good at taking care of what I need."

"So Mike isn't fireworks in bed?" Wyatt asked with a grin.

Jen laughed. "Like I said, I'm good at taking care of what I need." Wyatt laughed too.

"Besides, cheating, it's exciting. Can I admit something to you?"

"Sure."

"I called you today because you're getting married Saturday," Jen said. "Getting you to cheat right before your wedding is such a turn on."

Wyatt stared at Jen. "God you're evil," he said with an amazed half laugh.

"Are you judging me now?"

"Not really in a position to judge you," Wyatt said. He gave her an intrigued look and asked "So you really get off on cheating on Mike?"

"I can't help how I am," Jen said with a helpless smile on her pretty face. "I feel guilty sometimes. But when I've been with someone, then I see Mike, it's such a thrill."

Wyatt shook his head, an amazed smile on his face. "But you love him?" he asked.

"Of course I love him," Jen said. "It wouldn't be a thrill if I didn't love him. It wouldn't be a thrill if you didn't love Faith."

"God you are seriously evil," Wyatt said with a laugh. Jen laughed too. Then they were kissing, and Wyatt moved on top of her.

My gut was squeezing up as I watched them fuck. Actually I was barely watching. I was processing what they had said.

This wasn't their first time. This affair had been going on a long time. She fucked Wyatt in the bathroom of the farmer's market! And she fucked him every time he delivered the vegetables to our house! Our house! Where was Anna when they fucked? Was she at school? Or at home, napping?

After they finished, Wyatt hurriedly showered and got dressed. He told Jen he was meeting Faith to go to dinner with her parents. The guests were beginning to arrive for their wedding that Saturday. "Are you coming?" he asked her before leaving.

"I'm not sure yet," Jen said. "I have to talk to Mike. I think he's traveling this weekend."

"So come by yourself to the wedding," Wyatt suggested with a lecherous grin.

"Now who's being evil? I'm not going to fuck you at your wedding Wyatt," Jen said with a laugh. "I'm not that bad."

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After Wyatt was gone, I watched as Jen brushed her hair and put on new lipstick. It was the kind of lipstick that melted men's hearts. Then she walked through the connecting door to room 68.

"So you made it," she said smiling at me. "I was afraid you wouldn't see my text."

"How long have you been fucking him!" I angrily said.

Jen pursed her lips at the anger in my voice. She shrugged and said "Since Thanksgiving."

My eyes went wide. “Since Thanksgiving?” I said with shock.

“I kinda thought you knew,” Jen said. “The way you knew about Doug.”

“How would I know?!” I angrily asked.

Again Jen pursed her lips at me. “You know, sometimes you drive me crazy. You say you want me to cheat on you. But when I play the game like you want, you get mad at me. You know I hate when you yell at me Mike. I hate it.”

I stared at Jen but didn’t respond, silenced by her rebuke. She was right of course.

“How did it start?” I asked her in a calmer voice.

“If I tell you, are you going to yell at me?”

“I won’t yell at you,” I promised.

Jen stared at me, as if deciding whether to tell me. Eventually she said “It was the day before Thanksgiving. I needed things for the dressing and the turkey, and you know how your father loves Brussel sprouts. It was before I signed up for Wyatt’s weekly produce deliveries. So I went to the farmer’s market.”

“Was Anna with you?” I hissed.

“Mike … no. Of course not. She was at school.”

“Okay. Then what happened?”

Jen frowned at me, as if wondering how I could ask such a question. Then she continued. “So anyways, the market was mostly empty. I guess everyone already got what they needed. I talked with Wyatt. We talked a long time. Then it happened.”

"You fucked him in the bathroom?" I asked.

"No," Jen said. "That happened later."

"So what did you do?"

"I went into his stall," Jen said. "To where he stands, behind the produce display. I got on my knees and went down on him."

I gawked at my wife. "And the market was still open?" I said with shock.

Jen grinned at me. "Mike baby, Wyatt served some customers with his cock in my mouth."

"Oh my god," I said, the lust so powerful it hunched me over.

"Is this turning you on?" Jen asked with a lopsided grin.

"Of course it's turning me on!" I gushed.

Jen laughed at my exuberance. "Are you hard?"

"You know I can't get hard in the cage," I said.

"Let me see," Jen said. She got down on her knees and pulled down my pants. My cock wasn't entirely soft, but there was no room in the 2 inch plastic tube to get hard. My cock pressed against the hard plastic.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"It doesn't hurt," I said. "It's like blunted arousal. Like a dulled ache."

"You've got pre-cum," Jen said, seeing the clear liquid seeping from my piss hole. "Do you think you could cum like this?"

"I think if I did, it would be a ruined orgasm," I said. "Because you need simulation on your cock to make it feel good. To have a real orgasm. I can't feel anything except the plastic against my cock."

"Well, just 3 more weeks," Jen joked with a grin at me.

"Thanks a lot," I said sarcastically. Jen laughed, and I couldn't help laughing too.

"But it calms you down, right? Especially when we're not together. When I'm with someone else."

"Yes …," I said warily. From the tone of her voice, I could tell she was up to something.

"Good. Because you'll need that Saturday."

"What? Why?"

"Because I'm going to Wyatt's wedding," Jen announced. "Without you. You're not going."

"I'm not?" I said. This was happening fast and my head was starting to spin.

"No, you're not," Jen said. "But I'm not going alone. I'm going with a date."

"A date?" I said dumbly. "Who?"

"With Cam," Jen announced. "I'm not spending a weekend with Cam, like you wanted. But I'm going with Cam to Wyatt's wedding. He's my +1. Not you. Cam. He's my date."

"Ugh god!" I said, hunching over again. She was doing it. She was making me feel like a third wheel. Picking another man over me. It killed me, but I loved it.

"But everyone goes to the farmer's market," I said with my heart pounding in my chest. "A lot of people we know will be at Wyatt's wedding."

"Probably," Jen said with a shrug.

"So how can you go with Cam?" I asked with exasperation. "They'll think you're cheating on me."

Jen laughed. "Mike, don't worry, I can handle myself," she said. "I'll introduce Cam as an old friend."

"How can he be an old friend?" I asked. "He's only 25."

"Ha ha. That's true."

"Jen!"

"Mike, don't worry," Jen said soothingly. "I'll be good. And Cammy'll be good. But you'll be at home, all alone by yourself, and you can think about Cam's hands under the table touching my legs, and us dancing really close together, and maybe stealing a kiss in a dark corner, and holding hands. Do you think people will talk if they see 2 old friends holding hands?"

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned. I felt like I was going to explode. But still, my cock was not even half hard in the cage.

"And then, after the reception, I'll bring Cammy home, and you can watch him fuck my brains out," Jen said with a grin at me. "And you know what else?"

"What?" I said, the one word coming out like a moan.

"If you go down on Cam," Jen said with an evil, excited grin on her beautiful face. "On your knees, if you suck off Cam. I'll let you out of the cage. 3 weeks early. And I'll let you fuck me."

Then with a sparkled in her beautiful blue eyes, she added "That is, if you can get hard."

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Chapter 28

I watched as Jen carefully rolled the stockings up her long shapely legs. Then she pulled the stocking tops taut as she attached the snaps of her garter belt. She was dressing for Wyatt's wedding. Luckily I could focus on her since Anna was napping.

"Are you really going to keep seeing Wyatt after he gets married?" I asked her.

"Are the seams straight?" Jen asked me, turning so her back was to me.

"Perfect," I said, looking at the delicate black seams running up the back of her long legs. My eyes lingered on the lacy stocking tops, the way they were pulled by the garter straps, and her shapely, toned thighs above. "So?"

Jen turned to look at me to answer my question. "Is it terrible he'll be hotter to me after he's married?" she said looking shamefaced. "That's part of Doug's appeal too. And Wyatt will be a freaking newlywed."

"So you like taking married men from their wives?" I asked.

"I like happily married men," Jen said, correcting me. "And I'm not taking them away. But if they desire me more than their wives, especially if they love their wives … that gets me hot. I know I'm terrible. I know I'm going to hell."

"I told you before," I said grinning at her. "God won't send you to hell. He'll want to fuck you in heaven."

"Ha! I think you're going to hell too baby." We both laughed.

"I actually think that's very hot," I said, running my hand up the inside of her thigh. Jen smiled at me. "Do you think Doug's really happily married?"

"Happily? I don't know. I do think he'll never leave Nancy," Jen said with certainty. "She makes his life too good."

"So why did he talk about running away with you?" I asked.

"Doug's like me," Jen explained. "He gets off on taking happily married girls away from their husbands. He wouldn't really do it. Run off with a girl. He needs Nancy too much. He gets off on knowing he could."

I stared at Jen, dumbstruck and astounded. "How do you know all this?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jen said with a shrug. Looking thoughtful, she said, "It's just what I think. Sometimes when I'm playing I just say things and see what happens. But I've been with Doug enough that I know that's what he likes."

I stared at Jen again. Was that why men desired her so much? Because some how she figures out what each man wants, and gives that to them? God I loved her so much!

I watched as Jen put on a strapless, pushup shelf bra. The bra gave her more cleavage and just barely covered her nipples.

Then she wiggled into her dress and stepped into high heels. It was an off the shoulder dress that had a daring plunging neckline. It shown off her cleavage (enhanced by the pushup bra) to perfection, and it wouldn't take much to tug down on the dress and expose her nipples. It was very short,

revealing most of her sexy stockinged thighs and making her long legs look like they went on forever, especially in high heels. Also, the satiny material of the dress hugged her tight body. It wasn't entirely scandalous for a wedding in fashion-conscious NYC, but I knew she'd be turning a lot of male heads.

"You look … amazing," I gushed. Seeing her dressed up like this always amazed me. She looked like a super model, a famous movie star going to the Oscars. The fact she was dressing this way for another man burned me inside. That delicious cuckold angst I loved so much.

"You think Cammy will like it?" Jen said with a grin at me. She had begun calling him Cammy again, her nickname for him. I remembered how he called her T, after her text name, TinyDancer. I had gotten upset he had hijacked the nickname I gave her (after the Elton John song), but now that seem like so long ago. Cam seemed safe now compared to Blake, Doug, Joe and even Wyatt. Time and distance often soothed anxieties and concerns.

I noticed she wore 4 inch, not the extra high 5 inch, high heels. "You're not wearing your Giant Man high heels."

"Giant man?" Jen said with a laugh.

"You know, the Avengers movie."

"I haven't seen the latest Avengers movie."

"Not the third movie," I said. "The second Avengers movie. The one with Spider-Man."

"Ooookay …," Jen said with another laugh.

"You saw it," I reminded her. "We saw it together."

"Um, yeah, sure baby," Jen joked. "I definitely remember. It was like the second coming of Casablanca."

I frowned at her. I knew she was bullshitting me. But seriously, who wasn't excited to see Captain Marvel?

"But anyway – why the shorter heels?" I asked.

"These aren't exactly short," Jen said, referring to her 4 inch stilettos. "But Scott isn't as tall as Doug."

"So it doesn't bother you that you're taller than me in your 5 inch heels?" I asked.

Jen laughed. "Honestly I haven't thought about it," she said. "But probably it turns you on, that I'm taller than my cuckie husband. Right?"

I didn't answer. But what she said made me burn inside. Both because she hadn't considered my feelings. And also because she was right.

"Have you told Cam I know about you and him?" I asked.

"Not yet," Jen said. "I'll tell him today."

I nodded slowly. "How are you going to handle today?" I asked. "When people we know see you with Cam? I think Blake and Steph are going."

"They are. Alicia and John too. And some other neighbors."

"So how are you going to handle it?" I asked with growing anxiety.

"I'll tell the truth," Jen said. "I'll tell them we're friends from the gym. Cam's a political blogger and everyone knows I'm a politics freak. Cam happened to be in town, and you happened to be traveling, so Cam's my date. Not my date date, they'll know what I mean. Just platonic buddies hanging out."

"Do you really think they'll think you're just platonic friends?" I asked skeptically.

"Ha. Probably not. I'm sure they'll be rumors," Jen said with a grin at me.

"Rumors? Jen … you don't wear that dress for a platonic friend. You wear that dress for a man you're planning to fuck."

"No Mike. That's how guys might think. But girls are different. Girls dress for girls. And anyways, I bet you want people whispering things about me and Cam."

I frowned. "Jen – I get it, that's part of the fun, it's exciting taking it to the edge," I said. "But what about Anna? What if the rumors get back to her?"

"She's only 3 Mike," Jen said.

"She won't be 3 forever," I said, pressing. "And she notices things."

Jen pursed her lips as she processed my words. "It'll work out Mike. I've actually been working on this. I've been talking to Sam."

"Sam? Really?" I said, shocked. Sam and Jen had a chilly relationship since we got back together. Sam blamed Jen for our breakup and divorce, despite my telling him repeatedly it was 50/50. The fact that Jen actually talked to Sam on her own stunned me. "What did you talk about?"

Jen began playing with the buttons of my shirt. It was something she did when she was nervous. "It's something I need to show you. Telling you won't be enough. I want to show you. So can we do a to be continued on this?"

"When will you show me?" I asked. Now I was extremely curious.

"Tomorrow. I'll show you tomorrow," she promised.

"Okay," I said. I wanted to know. But I could wait until tomorrow.

At that moment the doorbell rang. It was the driver. Jen had arranged a private car so they wouldn't have to worry about drinking and driving, or getting uBers. The plan was for Jen to pick up Cam at the Newark Amtrack train station and then go from there to the wedding.

Jen moved to me. She played with the buttons of my shirt again. "So you'll be okay by yourself?"

"Yes," I said.

"This is what you want, right?" she asked.

"It's exactly what I want," I assured her. "I wish you could be open with him. You know. Really be his girlfriend today."

Jen laughed. "I'll do my best," she said with a grin at me.

Then she pressed her body against me. Not in a sexual way, but a loving way. "Can you do something for me baby?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"What?" I asked.

"You know how you've shaved down here?" she asked, putting her hand over my cock (which was in the cage). "I'd like you to shave everywhere."

I frowned at her. "Everywhere?" I asked. I wasn't a hairy man. But I had some hair on my legs (mostly my calves), and my underarms of course. "Why?"

"I just want this," Jen said, pressing her body against me again. "I don't know why. The thought turns me on. And I want to tell you, you look good. You've lost weight and I've noticed. You look good. I'm sorry I don't tell you enough."

"Thanks," I said with a big smile. What she said made me feel good. I had been running lately, and watching what I ate. I was back down to the weight I was in college, when I first met Jen.

"Can you do something else for me too?" Jen asked. "Can you shave this off?" she said, touching my beard. "I love it. Maybe I'll want you to grow it back someday. But when I think of you – like in my head, when I think of you – you don't have a beard. You're that sweet boy I met in college. I want you to be that Mike again."

"Well, okay," I said hesitantly. This was all a lot to process. But if that's what she wanted, I was willing to go with it. The biggest thing was shaving my cock and ass, a full Brazilian. I'd done that years ago. Once a man does that, this other stuff wasn't that big a deal.

Jen kissed Anna goodbye. Anna had woken up and gushed about how pretty mommy looked. Then Jen was off to pick up Cam at the train station.

I fed Anna a snack, and packed a small overnight bag for her. She was going to stay with our babysitter, Callie, the high school grad who lived a few blocks away. "Why was mommy dressed so pretty daddy?" Anna asked as we drove over to Callie's. At only 3 years old, my daughter still had a squeaky voice.

"She's going to a wedding," I said.

Anna thought about that for a moment. She pursed her lips, and when she did she looked just like her mother. "But then why aren't you with mommy?" she asked looking bothered.

"Well, mommy went ahead," I said. "Then I'm joining her. That's why you're staying with Callie."

"Oh okay," Anna said. She looked relieved, like everything was right in the world again.

I felt guilty for lying to Anna. But it wasn't really a lie. I would be joining her mother later. Just not at the wedding. Back at our house, when Jen brought Cam home.

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Jen grinned at Cam as he got off the train and approached her on the platform. Her timing had been perfect. She had to wait only a few minutes for his train to arrive.

Cam looked incredibly good. He was in a suit and dressed for the wedding, just like she was. He looked so handsome and strong, like he'd just stepped out of the cover of a GQ magazine. God he looked hot!

"My god you look so fucking fuckable!" Cam gushed as he approached Jen, giving her an up and down look. He moved to hug and kiss her but Jen took a step back.

"Calm down cowboy," she whispered. She nervously glanced back and forth. "I don't live too far from here. Someone might see us."

"So why'd you invite me then?" Cam said with a frown at her, clearly miffed.

"Cammy baby, we talked about this," Jen said soothingly. "I'm all yours today, but we just have to be discreet about it. But I'm really glad you're here. God you look so good. I've really missed you." At that moment, Jen realized how much she had missed the younger man. She'd been occupied by Blake and Doug, and her husband of course. But Cam was special to her, and with him here in front of her, she was remembering that.

"I've really missed you too T," Cam said, using his pet name for her. It made Jen smile and feel warm inside.

"Come on," Jen said with a laugh, taking his arm. She led him to the private car in the parking lot.

Once in the car, Cam was all over her. "Cam baby, stop," Jen said, looking nervously at the driver who was spying at them in the rear view mirror.

"Hey buddy, raise the privacy screen, okay?" Cam said to the driver. The driver nodded and raised the privacy screen. At that moment Jen realized something about Cam. He didn't want to share her. He wanted her all to himself. It was so different than Mike. She couldn't help feeling good about that. She loved the game. But sometimes it felt good for your man to be possessive about you. Mike wasn't like that. He was willing to share her body with other men. He was willing to share her heart with other men too.

Cam was so different than Mike. He was possessive of her. More than that, she sensed Cam was jealous of the driver getting a look at her. Jen couldn't help feeling good about that.

Cam pushed her down onto the soft bench seat. He pushed up the skirt of her dress. In what seemed like a single motion, he pulled out his cock and also tugged her thong panties to the side.

"No Cam," Jen warned, breathing hard. "I can't go to the wedding looking freshly fucked. We're supposed to be platonic friends."

"Fuck that," Cam said as he pinned Jen to the seat. Frustrated with the close confides, he jerked off her thong panties, ripping the delicate lace with a single powerful jerk. Then, to Jen's surprise, he stuffed the ruined panties into her mouth, stopping her from talking. Then he pushed himself into Jen, penetrating her married pussy.

Cam fucked Jen hard, and she didn't resist. In fact, she loved it. She realized again how much she missed Cam. He was so young, so virile, so

powerful! She missed the way he fucked. He was all about physicality, he made the freaking car shake!

Afterwards … after Cam made her cum. After Cam came himself and flooded her pussy with his semen. After she was snuggling in Cam's strong arms as they drove to the wedding, with her skirt still up around her waist and her ruined panties on the floor. Jen couldn't help comparing Cam to her husband again. Cam was so powerful, so assertive, such a man. He took what he wanted. He didn't take no for an answer. If he wanted to fuck his girl, he fucked his girl. He didn't take no for an answer.

Mike was so different. Her husband was sweet and gentle. He deferred to Jen. He would never push things if she said no. Mike was the Me-Too movement's wet dream. It was almost like Mike and men like Cam were a different species.

They arrived at the wedding, a down-to-earth (yet elegant) church in the suburbs of New Jersey. Cam moved to get out of the car, but Jen stopped him. "Cammy, wait," she said with a half laugh. He was such a guy! He didn't realize she couldn't enter the church looking like she looked.

Jen straightened her stockings and then pulled down her skirt, adjusting it. Then she made Cam hold her little compact mirror as she fixed her makeup and hair. There was nothing she could do about "under her skirt," not here in the back seat of the car. Her panties were ruined, she'd have to go without. Her pussy was wrecked. Cam always did that to her, he was so freaking big and physical. Her body still tingled from their sex and she teetered somewhat in her high heels. And she knew she'd be leaking Cammy all night. Actually the thought made her shiver with renewed desire.

As they walked to the church, Cam tried to hold her hand but she pulled away. "We have to be discreet baby," she whispered. "I can't walk into this church holding your hand. There are people I know there."

Cam didn't like her answer, but after nailing her in the car he was more accommodating. They walked into the church standing close together but not holding hands.

Still, they were noticed. They were both too beautiful and hot not to be noticed. And a lot of people knew Jen, so rumors immediately began to fly about how she was with this handsome young man instead of her husband Mike.

Jen thought the wedding ceremony was beautiful. Although, really, that's what people said about all weddings, they were beautiful. But honestly, Jen barely noticed the ceremony. She was too focused on this hunk of a man sitting next to her. God she had missed him! And then when he put his hand on her knee, she barely had the will power to push his hand off. She wanted him! She was wet for him! And it wasn't just because she was full of his cum.

At the reception she was immediately approached by Stephanie. "Who is Mr. Hunk?" she asked excitedly. "Where's Mike?"

"Calm down Steph," Jen said with a laugh. She began the lie she would tell many times that evening. "He's my bud, a DC politico. Mike's away for work, so Cammy tagged along to keep me company."

"Cammy huh? He's keeping you company?" Steph said with a grin. "I'll tell you, Blake is insanely jealous right now."

"Ha ha. Well tell Blake Cam's my bud. If he wants to be jealous, he can be jealous of Mike."

Steph laughed. Then she whispered "I don't think my husband has any reason to be jealous of Mike when it comes to you. Do you?"

Jen frowned. "Did you really just say that to me?" she asked her friend.

"I'm just joking," Steph said with a teasing grin. Then she whispered again. "I know what's going on. You owe me Jen. Come over tonight after the reception. You get Blake. I'll get your Cammy."

Jen bristled at Steph's words. "His name is Cam, and he's not available," she said in almost a hiss.

Despite Jen's rebuke, Steph couldn't help grinning inside. Jen was clearly jealous and possessive about Cam. Clearly Jen was fucking this young stud, no matter what she said.

At that moment Cam walked up with 2 glasses of champagne. He handed one to Jen. The other was his, but being the perfect gentleman, he offered it to Steph. "Hello," he said, giving Steph a dazzling movie-star smile. "I'm Cam." He offered his hand to Steph.

"Hi. I'm Stephanie," Steph said with a flutter, taking his offered hand. Her cheeks flushed with being so close – and touching the hand – of such a gorgeous young man.

****

Jen wanted to dance with Cam all night. But she knew she couldn't. So when Blake asked she danced with him. "So who is he?" Blake asked. It was a slow dance so Jen had her arms around Blake's neck and he had his arms around her waist. But being among people they knew, they kept a respectful distance.

"He's my bud, Cam," Jen said. "An old friend."

"He's not old enough to be an old friend," Blake said with a laugh. "What, did you baby sit him?"

Jen laughed.

"So what? Have I been replaced by a punk kid?"

Jen looked around the dance floor. It was dark and no one was looking. She moved her hand to Blake's crotch. She rubbed his cock through his pants up and down. "Does this feel like you've been replaced?" she asked with a grin at him. It was only for a moment and Jen pulled her hand away before anyone could see.

Blake grinned lecherously at her. "I can make you cum harder than him," he said.

Jen grinned back at him. "Is that a threat or a promise mister?" she teased.

"So he is your lover?" Blake asked.

"I take the fifth," Jen said.

"Where's Mike?"

"He's traveling for work," Jen said.

"I saw him this morning."

"He's flying out tonight."

"Jen I think you're bullshitting me," Blake said skeptically. "But anyway, Mike's okay with you here, with another man?"

"I'd think you know the answer to that," Jen said with a laugh.

Blake frowned. "Can I tell you, it's not okay with me?" he said. "You being here alone with your Cammy friend." Blake put as much distain into "Cammy" that he could.

"Oh, now you're being possessive?" Jen said with another laugh. "I seem to remember you wanted to give me to John."

"You seemed all for it at the time," Blake said.

"Really?" Jen scoffed. "Do you really think I'd give Alicia the satisfaction of fucking her husband?"

Blake laughed. "I don't blame you. John's a loser."

"I don't mind John," Jen said. "It's that bitch Alicia I don't like." Blake laughed again.

"This is why I love you Jen," he said. "You've got spirit. You're feisty. Come over tonight. It'll be fun. Mike can watch if he wants."

"You've got it all wrong Blake," Jen said. "Cam's just a friend."

At that moment Cam approached. "Mind if I have the next dance?" he asked politely.

"This dance isn't over yet," Blake hissed with a glare at Cam.

But Cam moved in front of Jen, shoving Blake out of the way. He pushed Blake so hard the older man lost his balance and almost fell down. "Oh sorry, my bad buddy," Cam said, pretending to be polite. Blake glared at Cam and then stormed away.

"Oh my god you so dissed Blake," Jen said with a laugh.

"I don't like him," Cam said. He frowned at Jen. "You were dancing pretty close to him. Are you fucking him?"

"You're jealous!" Jen said with another laugh, delight in her voice. She was having SO much fun!

****

A little later Wyatt approached Jen. She gave him a congrats hug. "So you're married," she said. "Faith's made you an honest man."

Wyatt gave her a surreptitious grin. "I thought I told you I'm not going to be a honest man," he whispered.

"Hey, slow down cowboy," Jen teased. "You're not even back from your honeymoon yet."

Wyatt looked her up and down. "Can I tell you how hot you look?" he gushed. "Don't you know it's against the law to look prettier than the bride on her wedding day?"

"Ha!" Jen laughed.

"I'm serious," Wyatt whispered. He moved closer, pressing himself against her. Jen could feel his erection. "You make me fucking hard."

"I can see – feel that," Jen said with another laugh. "Wyatt baby, come on. You just got married. You're going on your honeymoon. You can fuck Faith's brains out. You don't even have to leave the hotel room."

"All Faith wants to talk about is soy beans," Wyatt said looking glum.

"What?" Jen said, not understanding.

"You've heard about Trump's tariffs? They're killing farmers," Wyatt said. "I'm not sure how much sex I'm gonna get. Faith's too obsessed with the issue."

"Well, if it really gets bad …," Jen said. She reached down and stroked Wyatt's manhood, just as she'd done earlier with Blake. "Text me. Maybe I can help you with your … soy beans."

"Seriously?" Wyatt said with a surprised grin at her.

Jen thought about it. The possibility of fucking Wyatt on his honeymoon – on his honeymoon! – sent tinkles between her legs. She knew they were honeymooning in Martha's Vineyard. Just a short flight from NYC. Just thinking about it made her knees weak. But could she be that wicked?

"I better go," Wyatt said nervously, saving her from having to answer him. "Faith doesn't like me talking to you."

Jen glanced over at Faith, who was surrounded by her bridesmaids. She was looking at them talking, and she didn't look happy. "Yeah, you better go," Jen whispered to Wyatt.

As Wyatt left, Cam approached her. "So is the groom crushing you too?" he asked.

Jen laughed.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"I guess I'm out of it," Jen said, the laugh still in her voice. "When I was dating we didn't use that expression. Crushing a girl. You might be crushing on her. But not crushing her."

Cam shrugged, not quite understanding. But then he didn't know that Wyatt had used that same expression with Jen earlier that week.

"So are you?" Cam asked.

"He's just a friend."

"What about that Blake asshole?"

Jen laughed. "He's just a friend too."

"So then who are you fucking? I know you T," Cam asked. "You're not the kind of girl to go without."

"I guess that's a nice way of calling me a slut," Jen said with a grin.

"You know what I mean," Cam said.

Jen laughed. "Come on," she said. She took Cam's arm and walked to the front of the reception. The best man and maid of honor were giving their speeches.

Jen held Cam's arm through the speeches. She liked holding his arm. He was so strong and confident, she felt safe when she held his arm. This was another reason she missed him, something she was only remembering now. Cam reminded her … well, he reminded her of Scott.

Jen thought it was safe to hold Cam's arm, even among all these people who knew her and Mike. It was innocent. Afterall she had a lot of guy friends, her buds, and they were all platonic, it wasn't out of the ordinary to hold their arms in public.

But people noticed. They all saw how scantily Jen was dressed. They all saw how young and handsome Cam was. And they all saw the chemistry between them. They chemistry said more than platonic.

It got worse at dinner. People kept their eyes on Jen and Scott. They were the talk of the wedding. There was nothing overt. It's not like they kissed, and they even sat a respectful distance from each other. But people noticed as they laughed and talked. Jen couldn't help it. She hadn't seen Cam in a while and she was so happy to be with him again. She smiled constantly at him, smiling into his eyes. Once again, it was the kind of smile a while should reserve only for her husband. People noticed the way Jen smiled at Cam.

People also noticed how Cam's hand was always under the table. And they noticed Jen's flushed cheeks. They correctly guessed that Cam was caressing Jen's legs under the table. What they didn't know was Cam had his hand up Jen's micro short dress, and he was teasing her pantyless

pussy. Jen was so wet she was afraid she was going to make a wet spot in her chair.

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After dinner there was more dancing. Jen sensed correctly that people were gossiping, so she made a point of dancing with other men she knew.

There were so many people she knew there, it was almost like one of their neighborhood parties. She danced with Blake and John and other husbands. Mostly than danced as groups rather than as couples. Jen loved dancing and the DJ was playing wickedly hot tunes. As she moved to the serious beats, her short dress rose and flashed her stocking tops more than a few times. Men who looked – and there were many – were able to see that the stockings were attached to garters.

The dance floor was packed, and Jen was surrounded by men she knew, all neighborhood neighbors. They gradually closed in on the sexy Jen, and as they danced their bodies pressed together. Jen wasn't dancing with just one man, but 3 and 4 at a time, she was sandwiched between them.

They were free with their hands, touching her back, her arms, her stomach. The satin of her dress was delicate and thin, it was almost like touching her skin. As they moved to the beat, Jen felt hands flash across her ass and breasts. Hands touched her thighs. Hands reached up her dress. Jen let them. She was halfway drunk and having fun. She felt young and sexy. She was happy.

On the other side of the dance floor, Steph and Alicia were watching Jen dance with their husbands and other men from the neighborhood. "Jen gets all the men," Alicia scoffed.

"She's just dancing," Steph said.

"With our husbands," Alicia pointed out. "Doesn't that make you mad? You of all people should be angry. Jen fucks Blake but she doesn't let you have Mike. How is that fair?"

"Honesty I'd rather fuck Jen than Mike," Steph said with a grin.

"Ha! I wouldn't mind taking a strap on to that bitch," Alicia said with a grin back. "But seriously, wouldn't you like to fuck Mike?"

"I mean, yeah, he's sweet, I like him, I'd like to do him once," Steph said. "But he's got a seriously small dick. No wonder Jen fucks other men."

"Ha. So CNN boy has a tiny cock," Alicia said with a delighted grin. "Actually I'm not surprised. He looks like the kind of guy who'd have a small dick." Both Alicia and Steph laughed.

****

Jen was dancing with John (Alicia's husband). Her back was to him, and they were dancing close, their bodies almost touching. John ran his hands down Jen's sides, briefly brushing the sides of her breasts. Rather than stop him, Jen raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck, giving him full access to her body. John put his hands on Jen's sexy flat stomach and pulled her close so his erection was pressed up against her back. Jen definitely felt his hard manhood. The satin of her dress was so thin he could feel the muscles of her firm stomach flexing as she danced.

John's hands traced down Jen's sides, to her hips. She felt him rub his thumbs along the front of her upper thighs and she knew he could feel the straps of her garter belt. That was confirmed when he abruptly pressed his body tightly against her and hotly hissed into her ear "You're so fucking sexy!"

They danced like that, swaying to the music, their bodies pressed together. The dance floor was dark and crowded so probably no one noticed, but part of Jen hoped that Alicia was looking. She knew it would be so easy to

have John. She knew John desperately wanted her. And she wanted Alicia to see that.

John's hands began wandering upwards, and Jen sensed he was about to cup her breasts. She stopped him by turning around, and stepping back. John looked disappointed, feeling like she had rejected him. But Jen still had a big smile on her face and was beaming at him, so he couldn't help smiling back at her.

At that moment Cam approached. For a while they danced as a threesome, but then Jen turned towards Cam. Feeling his turn with Jen was over, John sulked away.

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[Mike]

In the bathroom, Jen had laid out her Venus razor. I knew how it worked. The blades were on a spring mechanism and surrounded by lubrication strips, so it was almost impossible to nick yourself. I had used it before, on my shaft and balls. I wondered why they didn't make these types of razors for men.

Jen had also laid out sharp scissors, shave cream and a depilatory cream. Clearly my wife wanted me to remove all my body hair. She also laid out a moisturizing lotion.

I started with my beard. I used my normal razor for that. After I was done, I looked at myself in the mirror. The person who stared back was the Mike from years ago. A much younger Mike. This was the Mike who Jen had fallen in love with, and who she had married. It was also the Mike she had cheated on with his younger brother, and then had a deep affair with Scott – so deep she had left this Mike to live with Scott.

I shrugged all that away. It didn't matter anymore. Jen and I were back together. We had Anna. I knew she would never leave me again.

I did my legs next. I used the Venus razor to get off most of the hair, and then the depilatory cream.

Then under my arms. The hair there was longer, so I started with the scissors. Then the Venus razor, and then the depilatory cream.

I didn't need to do my chest or back, as I didn't have any hair there. I had a little hair on my arms but it wasn't noticeable, so I didn't bother with it.

When I was completely done, my body was completely hairless (except for my head, of course). The process had taken a long time, well over an hour. I knew girls shaved their arms and legs all the time. Jen went for waxings, and that took a lot of time too. This all showed me how much time girls took to stay beautiful.

I rubbed the lotion all over my body. It felt good, first tingly, then calming, especially where I had shaved. The lotion had a faint scent of lilac and honey.

I looked at myself in Jen's full length mirror. I was standing naked in my bare feet. What I saw was a young man, looking younger than my 36 years. I was slim, and toned too after all the running. My cock was in the hard plastic cage. Since it was small (only 2 inches) you could barely see it. The most noticeable thing about it was the small gold lock.

I felt myself. My skin felt soft and smooth. And looking into my mirror, I looked soft and smooth. I was in good shape too, my body firm from all the running. It was all, strangely … erotic. My cock was soft in the cage, even despite the burning inside me.

And then I looked at my cock again. It was curved downward because of the shape of the plastic, making it look even smaller as I stood there in front of the mirror. I remembered what I thought about Wyatt, how his cock fit his body. I realized my cock fit my body. It fit me. It was who I was.

****

"So who was that?" Cam asked as they danced.

"I told you. John. One of my neighbors."

"You were dancing pretty close," Cam observed. He didn't look happy about it. "What is this neighborhood of yours? Swingtown USA?"

Jen laughed. "Everyone flirts but it's all harmless," she said.

"And your husband lets you dance that way with your neighbors?" Cam asked.

Jen moved closer. As they swayed to the music, she whispered in his ear, "Cam I need to tell you something. Mike knows about us. He's known from the start."

Cam was surprised at first, then he laughed. "You know, I thought something was up," he said with a big grin.

"So you're not mad?"

"Why should I be mad? I told you. I've done it before with married couples."

"So, he's not really traveling. He's at home. He likes when I go out alone with men. It gets him hot."

Cam laughed again, shaking his head in wonder.

"I've really missed you Cam," Jen said, looking up into his eyes. "I've seriously missed you."

"What about all the dirty dancing with your neighbors?"

“They were just warming me up for you,” Jen said with a grin.

Cam laughed.

“But remember what you said?” Jen asked. “You won’t try to break us up. If it gets too intense, the way it got with Erin, you’ll back away. Remember when you said that?”

“I remember.”

“So do you promise to do that? Do you swear to god?”

“I promise T. I swear to god.”

“Okay then,” Jen said, grinning at him. She took his arm and said “Let’s go home. God I can’t wait to feel you inside me!”

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Chapter 29

Mike’s heart was in his throat as Jen walked in with Cam. She was holding his arm and leaning into him. But seeing her husband, she immediately detached herself from Cam and came over to Mike. “Give us a moment, okay?” she said to Cam.

Then Jen walked Mike into the kitchen. “You’re okay?” she whispered to him.

“Yes, I’m okay,” Mike said, looking warily at Cam through the pass through. He whispered, “He knows I know?”

“Yes, he knows you know about us,” Jen said.

Mike’s insides clenched up when Jen used “us” to refer to herself and another man. It was always that way with him.

“How was the wedding?” Mike asked.

“People asked where you were,” Jen said. “They asked who was Cam.”

“What did you say?”

“I said he was my date,” Jen said.

Mike’s insides clenched up again. Jen sensed it and grinned. “My date with my platonic friend,” she added.

“Did they believe you?” Mike asked. He looked his wife up and down in her dress. The flimsy, satiny material barely covered anything. “In that dress? I bet you were popular.”

“You think so?” Jen teased with a coy grin. She wrapped her arm in Mike’s and leaned into him. It was almost exactly how she was with Cam when they walked in together. “You did as I asked?” she whispered.

Mike nodded.

“I like this,” she said, smiling at Mike and rubbing his clean-shaven face. “I’ve got my sweet Mike back.”

Then she pressed her nose against his neck. She breathed in. “You smell good baby,” she said, smelling the lilac and honey of the moisturizer. “Have you decided about tonight?” she whispered.

Mike knew she was talking about her proposal. He heard the excitement in her voice. If he went down on Cam, then she would take off the cage and let him inside her.

“How long will I be out of the cage?” Mike asked. If this was a deal, he wanted to know all the terms.

"All night," Jen said.

"What about tomorrow, when you show me whatever you're going to show me?"

"I've thought about it," Jen said looking thoughtful. "I think I want you back in the cage. It'll help make my point."

"Your point?" Mike said, not understanding.

"I'll explain everything tomorrow Mike," Jen promised.

"Okay …," Mike agreed. "As long as it's after Cam leaves."

Jen understood her husband's anxiety. "Don't worry Mike. Cam won't see you in the cage."

"You haven't told him?" he asked.

"Of course not," Jen said.

"Have you told anyone?"

"Billy saw it," Jen reminded her husband.

"But have you told anyone?" Mike pressed.

"No," Jen assured him. Then she admitted "Except Allie. I told Allie."

Mike stared at her. Jen squeezed his arm and said "You know I tell Allie everything."

"I should get back to Cammy," Jen said. She handed him the key to the cock cage lock. "Take it off. Take off all your clothes. Then meet us downstairs."

She turned to leave but Mike grabbed her hand. Jen turned back to her husband. "I want to do it first," he said. "I want to get it over with."

"You sound like you're being a martyr," Jen said with a grin. "I think you're going to like this Mike."

"I just want to get it over with," Mike insisted.

"Okay baby, we'll do it first," Jen said soothingly. She kissed her husband. Then she hurried back to Cam.

****

When Mike got downstairs to the basement bedroom, Jen was already making out with Cam on the bed. They were both still dressed, although Cam had his hands on Jen's ass and she was rubbing his cock through his pants.

When Mike hesitantly walked in, Jen detached herself from Cam and moved over to Mike. He was wearing a robe. Jen undid the belt and slipped her hands inside. She caressed him up and down, and felt his hairless, smooth, soft body. "I like you this way," she whispered, giving him a tender kiss. "I want you to stay this way."

She moved her hands down and cupped his cock. He was out of the cage but soft. "Are you aroused?" she asked him.

"Yes," Mike whispered back. "I guess it'll take some time like last time." He was embarrassed at not being able to get hard, but to be truthful it turned him on too.

"That's okay, take whatever time you need," Jen assured him.

Without asking, Jen pushed the robe off his shoulders, leaving him completely naked. She took his hand and led him to the bed. Mike reflectively jerked. He didn't want his wife's masculine lover to see his

hairless body. But he controlled himself and didn't try to put the robe back on.

Cam was relaxing on the bed, like he owned the place. He was looking at Mike with a curious, amused look on his face. Cam was such a big man that he took up most of the queen bed. Jen sat on the edge of the bed next to Cam. When Mike hesitated, Jen took his hand and urged him down.

"Cam, Mike and are exploring some things," Jen said. She gave him a "just go with this look." She could have explained things to Cam in the ride over, but what if he had said no? Also, she kinda wanted the spontaneity of it. She found it exciting to live for the moment as far as the game went, and she hoped Mike would get into the spirt of that too.

But Jen needn't have worried about Cam. He'd been with married couples before. And he didn't see Mike as a threat. Mike was shorter and thin. Cam knew he could easily take him if things got out of control. So he casually put his hands behind his head and relaxed back against the headboard. "Sure, whatever," he said with a grin. Jen gave him a dazzling, appreciative smile.

Then she said to her husband, "Go ahead Mike. You said you wanted to get it over with."

Mike felt completely exposed and vulnerable being completely naked sitting next to Cam. The fact he was hairless and smelling like lilac and honey added to his feeling of vulnerability. He wondered if Cam noticed his hairless, freshly shaven and perfumed body.

"Can you start like last time?" Mike whispered to his wife.

"No Mike, I want you to do it," Jen said firmly. "Just do it exactly like last time."

Mike looked warily at his wife. Then he looked at Cam's crotch. He saw the man was pitching a tent. He avoided looking at Cam's face.

Mike reached out and put his hands on Cam's hard-on. He felt firm yet not hard, not yet. Still, his cock felt enormous. Mike softly rubbed Cam's crotch. He rubbed back and forth with his thumbs. He felt it growing in his hands. He looked at Jen and she gave him an encouraging smile and nod.

Remembering Jen's advice, to get the pants off before the man gets completely hard, Mike reached for Cam's belt. He undid the belt and then the snap. Since Cam was wearing an expensive suit, Mike also had to deal with a button. Finally he pulled down the zipper. Then he pulled down Cam's pants. He wasn't wearing underwear. Mike remembered that Billy hadn't wore underwear either. He didn't have time to think about it as Cam's cock popped out in front of his face.

Jen seemed to want to get involved in the action. She took Cam's cock in her hands and rubbed it up and down. "Isn't it so beautiful?" she gushed as it grew. His cock looked huge in her small delicate hands and he wasn't even fully hard yet. Jen swiped her tongue along it. She giggled and said "You might taste me baby. Because Cammy's already been inside me."

Mike felt his insides explode at Jen's words. They had already fucked? Where? At the wedding? His anxieties flared as he worried about whether people they knew noticed.

Then Jen was offering Cam's cock to him. She had gotten him completely hard. She was holding him with both hands, and offering her lover's manhood to Mike.

"Take it Mike," she said excitedly with a husky voice. "Feel how heavy and solid he feels."

Mike hesitantly took Cam's cock in his hands. He wanted to get this over with. It was true. Cam's cock felt heavy and solid, even more so than Billy's. Cam was bigger than Billy. By a couple inches in thickness (he was at least 10 inches), and a little thicker. Mike's mathematical head kicked it, telling him that Cam's cock had more volume than Billy. Cam's cock was

more dense. He could fill up Jen's pussy with that cock. Make her feel so full. Satisfy her. Reach places Mike couldn't. Make her cum like Mike never could. With Cam's big cock in his hands, Mike felt inadequate. He knew he was inadequate. Mike's head was dizzy with cuckold lust. He was in deep cuck space.

"Let me," Jen said. She worked her mouth. Mike knew what she had in mind, so he opened his hands. Jen dribble saliva into her husband's palms. With that lubrication, Mike took Cam's cock into his hands again and stroke up and down his hard shaft.

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[Mike]

"You feel the big vein?" Jen said into my eaer. She flicked her fingertip across the big vein running up the underside of Cam's shaft. I nodded, looking at it. "Isn't it sexy?" she asked.

How do you answer, when your wife asks you whether another man's cock is sexy?

Jen unbuttoned the bottom of Cam's shirt, exposing his washboard stomach. Cam's cock and balls were shaved, just like mine. But he had turf from his cock to his belly button.

"See this?" Jen said into my ear. She was touching Cam's turf. "It's called a Happy Trail. Isn't it so sexy?"

As Jen was saying this, she was touching my stomach, just like she was touching Cam at that moment with her other hand. But while Cam had his Happy Trail, I had nothing. It wasn't a matter of shaving earlier. My body didn't grow pubic hair the way Cam did. The way Jen was touching us both, it was like she was comparing us, and it made me feel even more inadequate. Cam had a happy trail. I wasn't man enough to have a happy trail.

"It's sexy, right Mike?" Jen breathed into my ear. She moved her hand to my cock. I was still soft but her hand still felt wonderful. "You think it's sexy right baby?" she said again into my ear, and as she did she caressed my cock. "Oh god …," I groaned at her touch.

"Lick it," Jen said, her voice heavy with lust. "Lick Cammy's happy trail," she said as she pushed my head forward. Then my nose was in Cam's pubic hair, what Jen called his happy trail. "Lick it Mike," she insisted. I did want she said. I licked the hair from his belly button to the root of his cock. I was breathing hard. My heart was pounding. I licked Cam's stomach, feeling the hard muscles of his abdomen, feeling the coarseness of his pubic hair.

"Open your mouth Mike," Jen told me then. "Open really wide. Cammy's freaking thick so you need to open really wide." I did, I opened my mouth wide. Then with Jen's hands over mine around his shaft, my wife guided her lover's cock into my mouth.

My head was spinning with lust as my lips and tongue pressed against Cam's manhood. God he was big. Thick. Heavy. I had to really open my mouth wide to take him in. His manhood felt so heavy, so solid, on my tongue. Yet, his skin was baby soft. A layer of softness over a thick rod that felt like steel.

Jen had her hands on the back of my head, her fingers interlaced in my hair so as to control my movements. She moved my head forward. Just a little bit, just enough for me to take in a couple of inches of Cam's shaft. Then she moved by head back. "Remember to make a seal with your lips around his cock," she reminded me. "And let your tongue rub that big vein of his. Press it against his shaft and let it drag across as he moves in and out."

I was nodding my head even as Jen moved my head back and forth. She was gentle with me, not moving too fast or deep. But still I couldn't get

over the reality. I had a man's cock in my mouth. Again. I was giving another man a blowjob.

"Suck in as he pushes in," Jen said as she pushed my head forward, forcing me to take more of his cock into my mouth. She was pushing more into my mouth now, maybe half his cock. "Don't gag Mike. Force yourself not to gag. Suck him into your mouth. Breath through your nose. Don't breathe through your mouth, because then it won't feel as good for him."

Jen's words, "feel as good for him," rang through my ears. That was the point of this. To make the man – Cam – feel good. To give him pleasure. Everything was focused on giving the man pleasure. That's what girls did. That's what I was doing now. I wasn't getting pleasure from girls. I was giving pleasure to men. The realization made me burn inside.

Jen reached under me, to Cam. She took off his shoes and socks. Then she pulled his pants the rest of the way off. She did this while I continued to slowly bob on his cock.

Then Jen got behind me. She pressed herself against my back. She was still dressed so I felt the soft satiny fabric of her dress pressing against my skin.

Jen caressed my arms, then wrapped her arms around me and ran her hands up and down my chest. God it felt so good! Not just her sensual touch, but her attention on me (instead of Cam) made me feel like she loved me. It made me feel like we were doing this together, and Cam was just a sex prop. It really lifted my spirits and made it easier for me to do what I was doing.

As I'd done the other time with Billy, I kept my hands around Cam's shaft close to his root, to help control his movements. I didn't want Cam to push too deep into my mouth. But then abruptly Jen took my hands off Cam's cock. She held her hands over mine as she guided my hands to Cam's naked legs. "Caress Cammy's legs as you suck him," Jen said. She moved

my hands back and forth over Cam's naked thighs. "Like how I do you," she said. "Use your fingertips. A light touch. Caress him."

My head was really spinning now. Not only did I have Cam's dick in my mouth, but I was caressing his legs. I was caressing his naked body.

"His legs are so strong, aren't they Mike?" Jen cooed into my ear. "His legs are so solid." As she said this, Jen moved my hands so my fingertips traced along the muscles of Cam's legs. I definitely felt how hard his thighs were. They were like cords of steel.

"Sexy right Mike?" Jen whispered into my ear. As she did she moved her hand back to my cock. She fondled my half hard dick. "God, Jen …," I groaned as I continued to use my mouth to fuck Cam's cock, and my hands to caress his thighs.

Jen smiled delightedly at my reaction. "You think Cam's body is sexy, don't you baby?" she asked.

Before I could object, Cam was reaching over me. He grabbed Jen and pulled her onto the bed with him. I looked up and saw they were kissing. As they sucked face, Jen was pulling off Cam's jacket and shirt, and Cam was unzipping her dress. Within moments, Cam was fully naked and Jen had her dress bundled like a belt around her waist. They passionately kissed and fondled each other's body while I continued to go down on Cam's cock. As I did, his cock seemed to get harder in my mouth. I knew it was because he was kissing and touching my wife (and she was kissing and touching him). His cock was like steel, even harder than the muscles of this thighs.

Jen detached herself from Cam and moved back to me. She was panting from kissing Cam. She reached for my cock again. "You're still soft," she said. She didn't say it cruelly, more like in wonder and surprise. In fact, having Cam's cock in my mouth was kind of like a cock block. I sensed inside my body that that was preventing me from getting an erection,

along with the lingering effects of being caged, even though I was super aroused.

I felt Jen caress my back. Like before it felt so wonderful! Then I felt her hands dive lower, to my ass. I felt her caress my hairless crack with her fingers, softly stroking from my balls, over my sandbar and then around my asshole. I moaned even with Cam's big cock in my mouth.

Cam seemed to get impatient. He pushed both me and Jen off the bed and onto our knees. A second later he was standing up and I was on my knees in front of him. With one hand he held the back of my head. With his other, he aimed his cock and pushed it back into my mouth.

Then, suddenly, both his hands were gripping the back of my head, and he was ramming his cock into my mouth. He stuffed it in and pulled it out, in out, in out, really hard and fast. He was thrusting deeper into my mouth, hitting my throat. It was happening so fast, frantically, violently. He gripped my head tight, lacing his powerful hands in my hair for more control, preventing me from moving.

Cam rammed his cock into my mouth, over and over again. My nostrils flared out as I did my best to breathe. My hands flailed about, trying to stop the onslaught, but he was moving too fast and powerfully. I heard Jen say "Not so rough Cam!"

Cam eased up at Jen's words. He let my head go and I pulled away. His cock fell from my mouth and I almost collapsed to the floor, but I held myself up with my arm. "God …" I groaned, gasping for air. My eyes were watering and my jaw ached from the abuse. My lips, chin and neck were soaking with Cam's juices and my own saliva.

Jen was down on her knees next to me. "Are you okay?" she whispered to me.

I nodded my head but I didn't feel okay. The only way to explain it, was I felt used.

"You didn't bite him," Jen said with approval. "That's good. It's hard not to bite when a man takes you that way. You did a good job baby."

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say.

"Do you see the difference now?" she asked.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"The difference between Billy and Cam," Jen whispered. "Billy's a boy. Cam's a man."

I looked at Jen. I stared at her.

"You see the difference now right?" she asked again. I nodded my head but didn't say anything.

Jen put her hand on my cock again. "You're still soft," she said as she cupped by limp cock. "But I can tell you're aroused. It's in your face." She motioned to Cam, who was still standing in front of me. "Keep going. Let Cammy finish in your mouth."

Moments later Cam's cock was in my mouth again. I moved back and forth on him, bobbing on his cock, with my hands around his shaft, my head and hands moving in unison as I'd seen Jen do countless times. Jen was right, I was aroused. I wasn't gay, I knew I wasn't. But still my head swirled with lust.

I felt Jen caressing me again. Caressing my ass, my crack. Then I felt something cold, and I felt Jen pressing her finger against my anus. I felt Jen penetrate my ass with her finger. I felt her push her finger into me. I realized the cold sensation had been KY jelly.

Cam gripped my head again with his hands, stopping me from moving. He moved back and forth, his cock going in and out of my mouth. This time he

wasn't going too hard or fast, but his strokes were steady and deep. I had to force myself not to gag as his cock got so deep, and my nostrils flared for air.

Jen moved her finger in and out. Her movements were in unison with Cam's. I realized my wife was fucking my ass at the same pace as her boyfriend was fucking my face.

I just gave into it. I closed my eyes and let them use me. The feeling of submission was overwhelming. My head was swirling and my body was practically shaking.

It took a few moments to get used to it, but then Jen's finger up my ass started feeling good. It wasn't like a girl touching your dick, or your cock in a pussy. It wasn't that kind of sensation. It was a different kind of pleasure. But it felt fucking good.

Then it happened. I didn't know what was going on but I felt it. The experience was so intense, I squeezed my eyes shut and I was moaning even with Cam's big cock in my mouth. "Oh god!" I cried. I felt like I was peeing. I glanced down at my cock. I was still soft. I wasn't peeing. But clear liquid was seeping from my cock. It was semen. I was ejaculating.

Then Cam was cumming. He gripped my head tight as he rammed my face, once, twice, three times. Each time he shot a huge load of cum into my mouth. My cheeks ballooned out as I took it all.

Then Jen pulled me off Cam's cock. She pressed her lips against mine, a passionate open mouth kiss. She pushed her tongue into my mouth, and we kissed as we both swallowed Cam's sperm.

Afterwards I looked at my wife. She had the biggest cum face I'd ever seen. I'd never seen her so aroused.

Jen pulled me onto the bed. Cam moved over and collapsed into a chair, still gasping, his big cock now only half hard after cumming.

Jen's dress was already bunched around her waist like a belt. She opened her legs. I knew what she wanted, and I wanted to give it to her. I lowered my head and went down on her pussy.

Jen wasn't wearing any panties. I assumed she lost them when she fucked Cam earlier. She was soaking, as wet as I'd ever seen her. Part of that was Cam's sperm I knew. It didn't matter to me. I feasted on my wife's pussy. Soon I had her writhing on the bed, moaning and clawing at the sheets as I ate her out. I wanted to make her cum. After having Cam's cock in my mouth, I wanted to prove to her I could give her a toe curling orgasm.

But then I felt Jen pushing my head away. She pushed me away from her pussy. I didn't understand. She hadn't cum yet. Why was she pushing me away?

When I looked questioning at Jen, she wasn't looking at me. She was looking pass me. I turned and saw it was Cam. Jen was looking at Cam.

Cam tapped me on the shoulder, like a guy on the dance floor saying "It's my turn." I looked down at his cock. He was hard again. Hard, massive, long, thick. And my cock was limp, barely too inches and soft. I glanced at Jen. She was all eyes for Cam, not me. And why should she be interested in me? Cam was an Adonis with a package made to give pleasure to girls. My dick was soft. I couldn't get it inside Jen, much less make her cum.

Then Jen said "Move Mike." She was still looking at Cam, not me. She reached out her hand to him. When I didn't move, Jen pushed on my chest and said "Mike, come on."

I moved out of the way. Cam took my spot between my wife's legs. Picking her up like a play doll, he flipped Jen around onto her hands and knees. Then he pushed into my wife's pussy with that big cock. And he fucked her. He pounded her hard and relentlessly, fucking her like a dog. And I could tell Jen loved it. She screamed Cam's name. She begged him not to

stop. And I watched them, on my haunches, I watched another man give my wife what I couldn't.

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They were still going at it an hour later. I was amazed by Cam's endurance. I was amazed by Jen's lust. They both couldn't get enough of each other.

I staggered upstairs to the bedroom, the bedroom I shared with Jen. There was only so much I could take. I was physically and emotionally exhausted. My heart ached. And still I couldn't get an erection. What was wrong was me?

I expected Jen to be with Cam all night. I was resigned to that. But a few minutes later, Jen walked into our bedroom. She joined me in bedroom.

"Where's Cam?" I asked.

"He's gonna crash downstairs," Jen said.

"You're done?"

"We're done," Jen said, and she snuggled up against me. "You're okay? You had fun?"

"Actually I don't know," I said with a humorless laugh.

Jen gave me an understanding smile. "I get it," she said. "We did a lot tonight. Explored things."

She reached down. She felt my cock. I was still barely half hard. She didn't say anything about it, and I was grateful.

"I'm still trying to process it all. You know, before you said you didn't want me to suck off Cam. You said he was too much man for that."

"I don't know," Jen said with a shrug. "That was then. I want to explore things with you. I think Cam's a good choice."

"I guess … I'm glad tonight was a little about me."

"It was a lot about you Mike" Jen assured me.

I forced a grin and said "Didn't feel that way."

"But that's what you want, right? You want to feel like I'm ignoring you."

"Yeah …," I said halfheartedly.

"You know what I think?" Jen said in a soft voice.

"What?"

"I think this is who we are," Jen said. "We're freaks. But it's who we are. It's who we always will be."

"So this is who you want to be?" I asked her.

"I think it is," Jen said. "I think it's taken me a while to figure out, but I think this is the girl I want to me."

I was silent for long moments, pondering that.

"Is this who you want me to be?" Jen asked.

"I love you more than anything," I said without hesitation. "You're my goddess. I adore you. I want whatever you want."

"No exactly a straight answer, but I guess I'll take it," Jen said with a grin. She reached down to my cock again. I was still soft. She stroked my limp dick and said, "Do you want me to do this? Or use my mouth?"

"Actually, can I just hold you?" I said. I wasn't sure if I could get hard no matter what she did, and I didn't want that embarrassment.

We fell asleep holding each other. Well, Jen fell asleep. I tossed and turned, processing all that had happened.

I had sucked a man's cock again. And I had cum while doing it. Was it from Jen fingering me, or did I like sucking cock?

Jen had loved it. She got off on the sight of a hard cock in my mouth. And she had me shaving all the hair off my body. What was I becoming? Her girlfriend? That's how I felt. I was less her husband and more her platonic best friend. Where was our marriage going?

It must've been around 2 or 3am when I sensed someone enter our bedroom. It was Cam.

I felt Jen stir next to me. Cam sat next to her on the bed. "Hey T," he said, brushing her tussled blonde hair from her pretty face.

"What? Cam?" Jen said sleepily. Cam moved his hand to Jen's breast. She hadn't bothered to put on any clothes so she was naked. Cam gently squeezed her small breast and flicked his thumb over his nipple. Within moments Jen was fully awake. So was her body.

"We have to be quiet," Jen whispered, looking nervously at me. I pretended to be asleep.

"Whatever you say T," Cam whispered back. Then they were kissing. They were trying to be quiet but I could tell by the rustle of the bed and the soft sounds of their kissing that they were making out.

"So what is Mike?" Cam whispered as they momentarily pulled away from the other's lips. "Gay?"

"He's not gay," Jen said.

"He likes sucking cock," Cam said. "I could tell."

Jen shrugged as if saying "I know that."

"You're okay with that?" Cam asked.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Your husband can't get hard and he likes sucking cock," Cam said with a chuckle. "That doesn't worry you?"

"It's just temporary," Jen said.

"Which part?" Cam deadpanned. Jen giggled. Then she caught herself and looked nervously at me again. I continued to pretend to be sleeping. "Be quiet okay?" she whispered to Cam.

"You fuck those guys at the wedding?" Cam whispered.

"Some of them," Jen said honestly.

"So you're getting enough dick," Cam said with a grin. "You don't need Mike's."

"Something like that," Jen said with a coy smile. "We have an arrangement. Mike loves me. He knows what I need."

"And what do you need?"

Jen reached down to Cam's cock. He was rock hard. "Right now? This," she said, rubbing his shaft up and down.

Cam grinned. He got on top of Jen, and she opened her legs for him. Cam pushed his cock into Jen. They both groaned.

"You feel so fucking good," Cam moaned. "I missed you T."

"I missed you too Cammy," Jen said. And then they kissed as Cam slowly moved in and out of her pussy.

As they fucked, Jen's foot touched my leg. She was so caught up with fucking Cam that she didn't even notice.

Cam fucked Jen deep, sliding his big thick cock all the way in and then all the way out. He did it slow and steady, and all the way they kissed. Cam steadily worked her body to the brink of an orgasm.

I felt Jen about to cum. Her body tensed up and she moaned the way she always did when she was close. Then I felt her pretty foot that still pressed against my thigh begin to curl. Her manicured toes began to curl. Then in the dim moonlight I saw her back arch, and I heard her softly moan "Oh fuck Cam you're making me cum!"

Their timing was perfect. Cam went over the edge at the same time, and they came together. Afterwards they held each other tight, panting and kissing. Finally he rolled off Jen. It seemed to take forever for him to pull his big long cock out of my wife's pussy.

Cam put his arm around Jen, and she snuggled into him. They kissed and whispered, their voices so low I couldn't hear. I listened as their whispering stopped and their breathing got heavier. After long moments, I opened my eyes fully and looked at them. They were asleep. They were holding each other, their bodies tangled together, and they were asleep.

Seeing Jen that way, asleep in another man's arms after he had just made love to her, with her pussy full of his sperm, it tore my heart apart. I realized my dick was finally hard. Jen ass was to me, I could easily take her, fuck her from behind. It was my right, I was her husband and she was my wife. But at that moment, I didn't feel like she belonged to me. I felt like she belonged to Cam.

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Chapter 30

When I woke up the sun was already up. I felt Jen next to me so I rolled over towards her. When I finally fell asleep last night, Jen was snuggled into Cam, his arms around her and her legs wrapped in his. I saw that now Jen had rolled over onto her back. She was still sleeping.

Cam was awake. He was on the other side of my wife. Jen was completely naked, as was he. Cam was lightly stroking Jen's breasts. He was drawing circles around her nipples, doing it casually like just passing the time.

Although Jen was still asleep, I saw his caresses were having an effect on her sleeping body. Her small eraser sized nipples were half hard, and her pouty lips were moving slightly like she was talking to someone in a dream.

Cam was looking at me as he caressed Jen's breasts. "So you're Mike," he said. "I'm Cam. I can't remember if we met before last night. I guess it doesn't matter."

"I know who you are," I told him.

"I guess you do," Cam said with a chuckle. With a knowing smile, he said "You like watching me touch her, don't you?"

My eyes were on his fingers caressing Jen's small tender breasts. "Yes," I said huskily.

Cam flicked a thumb over Jen's nipple and her lips parted and her back arched slightly. "You're gonna wake her up," I warned.

"I'm trying to wake her up," Cam said. "I'm gonna fuck her again before I leave. You'd like to see that, right?"

I nodded. My mouth was dry.

“You like sucking my cock last night?” he asked me.

When I didn’t answer, he shrugged and said “Whatever. I was gonna say it’s not really my thing, but if it’s your thing, I can live with it. I’ve been with married couples before. I’ve known guys like you before.”

“Guys like me?” I asked.

“Cuckolds,” Cam asked. “No offense. Do you want to be called something else?”

I shrugged. Then I said “It’s not my thing. It’s Jen’s thing.”

Cam chuckled. “Your wife wants you to suck cock?” he said with a grin at me. “I don’t know man … I’m not sure how I’d feel about that.”

One of Cam’s hands moved down Jen’s body. He lightly stroked her over her pussy. His fingertips stroked between her lips, which were still swollen from the pounding he’d given her last night. Jen stirred. She was still asleep, but her lips moved again like she was talking in her sleep.

“T’s got a sweet pussy. I can’t get enough of this pussy,” Cam said. He gave me a knowing smile and said “You like seeing my cock in your wife’s pussy?”

“I want her to be happy,” I said, my eyes on his fingers as he caressed my wife’s most private parts.

“Oh, I’ll make her happy. You saw last night. She was happy, right? Her pussy was definitely happy,” Cam said, a big confident smile on his face. Then his expression turned serious. “I want T to visit me in DC,” he said, his eyes boring into mine. “I like her. Not just the fucking. I like her. I miss hanging with her.”

“It’s up to her,” I said.

"So you won't get in the way?"

"No, I won't get in the way," I assured him.

Cam smiled. "Good man," he said. At that moment, Jen stirred awake. She opened her eyes. The first person she saw was Cam, smiling down at her. "Cammy," she said sleepily.

"Hey T," Cam said. He leaned down and kissed her. Jen wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. Cam caressed his hands down her body and moved his lips to her neck, kissing her just below the ear. "Oh god," Jen softly moaned. She wrapped her long shapely leg around his. Like last night, their bodies were tangled together again.

Jen was quickly waking up. Her body was quickly waking up. She was soon panting as Cam kissed her neck and caressed her tits and nipples.

Cam's hard cock pressed just above Jen's pussy. Jen reached between their bodies and moved his cock to her pussy. She positioned his cockhead to her slit, and rubbed his cockhead up and down between her lips. Then Cam pushed forward and penetrated her.

Quickly Cam was fucking her. Moving back and forth, in and out, fucking her hard and fast. He used his powerful body to practically fuck Jen through the bed. She gripped his muscular arms as if holding on for dear life.

Then Cam slowed down. Now their sex was more like making love, rather than fucking. Jen smiled up into his eyes, and she reached up and caressed his well defined chest and arms.

At that moment, Jen seemed to remember I was there. She looked over at me, alarmed. "Baby …," she said, looking guilty. She took her hands off Cam's chest and reached over to me. She grabbed my hand and gave me a reassuring squeeze. "We'll be done soon," she said to me.

I nodded. My insides were churning inside.

Jen was already back to kissing Cam, and moaning into his mouth as he fucked her, like she had already forgotten I was there. It was like last night. I watched as Cam made Jen cum. I watched as her back ached and her toes curled, and I listened as she screamed out his name. Then I watched as Cam deposited another load of his cum in her pussy.

Afterwards Jen rolled over to me. Cam got the message. He got out of bed and began dressing.

Jen snuggled into me. My feelings were raw. I couldn't bring myself to put my arms around her. She hugged me though. After a moment she ran her hand down my body, to my cock. "You're hard," she said with a grin at me. "It'll be your turn soon. Let me just say bye to Cam. Okay?" She got up and put on Cam's jacket from last night.

"Okay," I said. What else was I going to say?

Jen spent time alone with Cam, saying goodbye to him. I heard whispering and kissing. More kissing. More whispers. It seemed like she was with him forever, but probably it was no more than about 10 minutes.

When she returned she was still wearing Cam's jacket. She dropped it off her body and got back into bed.

"Why did you put on his jacket?" I spat out accusingly.

"What?"

"His jacket," I said. "Why did you put on his jacket?"

"Oh. I don't know."

"Jen …," I said with exasperation. "I hate that! It kills me! When you wear another man's shirt. Or you call him baby. It kills me."

"Mike, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't even realize it was his jacket"

"Why'd he leave it here? Doesn't he need it?"

"Mike I don't know."

I squeezed my eyes shut in exasperation. I tried to calm myself. I knew I was probably sounding like a psycho to her. After all, I gave her permission to fuck other men. She probably thought it was a little thing to wear another man's jacket after that.

"It's just, when you're with another man like yesterday," I said, trying to explain. "It's like I have a Jen meter. And when you're with another man, the meter drains all the way. It gets to empty. I just need to be with you, to fill the meter back up."

"I'm here now baby," Jen said, hugging me. "I'm right here."

"So now it's finally my turn?" I said bitterly.

"Mike honey, come on," Jen said cooed. "You weren't hard last night baby," she said pleadingly. "What could I do? Then this morning … I didn't plan that. Cam was all over me but you could've told us to stop."

"Don't even try to say you weren't into it!" I hissed.

"I'm not saying that," Jen said. "But you could've said stop. Sometimes you've got to do that Mike. If you think I'm crossing the line, you have to say something."

"Oh, so now you're saying I have to man up," I said bitterly. "I guess it's hard for you to see me as a man, now that I've had Cam's cock in my mouth."

Jen frowned at me. “I have never, ever said that,” she said. She reached for me and rubbed my chest. She said “I get you’re upset. But you wanted me to spend the weekend with Cam. The whole weekend. Remember? If I did that I wouldn’t be home until tomorrow. But I knew that wouldn’t be good for us. So I said no. Don’t I get credit for that?”

I grimaced, knowing she was right. I forced myself to calm down. I tried to look at it from her point of view. “I’m sorry,” I finally said. “I’m just feeling raw right now.”

“I know … it’s okay,” Jen said soothingly. “But that’s what you love right?” The angst?” She reached again for my hard cock. “Make love to me Mike. I want to feel you inside me.”

A moment later, Jen was on top of me with my cock inside her. She felt loose after just getting fucked with Cam. I barely felt anything, but knowing how she got that way, I had to concentrate not to cum too fast.

“Can you feel me?” I asked as Jen rocked on my cock.

“I can feel you Mike.”

“Can you feel me?” I said with more emphasis, looking into her eyes as she rode me.

Jen saw the look int my eyes. She knew I wanted the truth, with no sugar coating.

“I can sorta feel you,” she admitted.

“You have a lot of lovers,” I pointed out.

“Is that a good thing?” Jen asked with a laugh.

"It's good," I assured her. "But sometimes I wish it was just one guy. I think it was easier when it was just one man."

"Really? Seriously?" Jen asked looking incredulously at me. I knew what she was thinking. Last time it had only been Scott. That had led to disaster, with us divorcing.

"I miss that," I said. "That part of the game. When you dated another man. When you had a boyfriend."

"What I'm doing isn't enough?" Jen said with a helpless grin.

"Yesterday was so hot," I said.

"You hated it," Jen said.

"You said it last night," I said. "I love the angst."

Jen frowned at me, but then she laughed. "Ooookay …," she said with a grin.

I grinned back at her. "You know last night? When you said you're the girl you want to be? You're the girl I want you to be too."

Hearing that, Jen gave me a lopsided grin. Then she leaned over. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. She kissed me as she rode me to orgasm.

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Afterwards we showered and got dressed, then we picked up Anna from Callie. We had a family day, just the 3 of us.

In the early afternoon, we put Anna down for a late nap, and Callie came over to watch her. Then we took an uBer into the city. Jen was keeping her promise. She was going to show me how things were going to work with

playing the game even despite our neighbors growing suspicious (and the list of people who actually knew about us getting bigger).

To my surprise, Jen had the uBer driver take us to our old neighbor. The uBer let us off at the French bistro we used to always go to. "I thought we'd have a late lunch here, and talk for a little while," she explained.

We hadn't been to the bistro since our divorce. Since before that, when Jen left me and moved to Michigan to live with Scott. The Maître D' was the same. He greeted us with a big smile. I realized he probably didn't know about our history. He didn't know we divorced and got back together again. He was just glad to see old regulars coming back to his restaurant.

Jen insisted we older our old drinks. A Highland Park for me and Cosmo for Jen. "I think we might wanna be a little tipsy for this talk," she joked with a grin at me.

"What are we talking about Jen?" I asked. My voice was harsher than I intended, but I was feeling uncomfortable being here. There were ghosts here. Bad memories.

Jen seemed to read my thoughts. "We had good times in this neighborhood," she said. "Bad times. But good times too. Mostly good times."

"The last time we were here, you were fucking Scott in the loft apartment," I said. "The apartment I bought for you."

"Are you still mad?" Jen asked. "You have every reason to be mad. But you don't sound mad."

"I forgave you a long time ago Jen," I told my wife. "Why are we here?"

"I guess I think we need to get closure over this," Jen said.

"I think we got closure a long time ago," I said. "We got back together. We got married again. We have Anna."

"Yes, but I never apologized to you."

"You did."

"I didn't apologize enough," she said.

"You've done enough. You don't have to say anything more."

"I want to Mike," Jen said, reaching out and squeezing my hand. "Please let me. I want to explain."

I shrugged, then waited for Jen to continue.

"So you know I was really caught up with Scott back then," Jen said. "But I still loved you. I wanted to be with you."

"You wanted to be with Scott too," I reminded her.

"But that was never permanent," Jen insisted. "I was infatuated with Scott, yes, I admit that. But I didn't love him. I love you. I've only ever loved you."

I looked down as Jen spoke. My insides were churning. Yes, it was heartwarming to hear her love for me. But why now? Why here?

"You said I ruined this neighborhood for us," Jen said. "When I had sex with Scott in the loft apartment. I know I was horrible. But remember, that was the day Scott told me the partners wanted to merge with us. It meant I could move back here, to be with you. I got caught up in it all. I wasn't thinking. So I took Scott to the loft apartment." (Author's note: See Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace Book 2, Chapter 7)

"I know all this Jen," I said with exasperation. "Why are you bringing it back up?"

"It's just …," Jen said. She moved her hand to her chest. She rubbed her finger under her left breast, like she was scratching an itch. But I knew what she was touching. The fifty five tattoo under her left breast. "I got this for Scott," she whispered. "You've never asked me to remove it. Just like you've never asked me to remove the love tat on my hip. Even though you know I got it for Colin. Even though the Japanese symbol kind of looks like a C. I picked that on purpose you know. For Colin."

"I know all this Jen," I said. Suddenly I was burning inside. My cock wasn't hard in the cage – it prevented me from getting hard – but I burned inside. She was pushing all my cuckold buttons and I was rapidly falling into c-space. "Why talk about it now?"

"I like playing the game Mike," Jen said. "We both do. Last night you said you like me this way. Right?"

"Yes, I do," I said. "I like seeing you so sexual."

Jen gave me an appreciative smile. "I want you to know, what I'm about to tell you, the most important thing isn't about the game at all," she said. "It's about you. I know you hate your commute. I hate it too. You're away from us too much. Me and Anna. We both want you home more."

"Okay …," I said. My voice trailed off as I was trying to figure out where she was going with this.

"But I admit it's about the game too," Jen said. "Sometimes I feel claustrophobic in the burbs. Everyone's in everyone else's business. You can't be anonymous in the burbs. People are watching you all the time."

I nodded, still not sure where she was going with this.

Then finally Jen explained why we were here. "So anyways … I want us to move back into the City Mike," she announced. "I want us to live in the loft apartment."

My jaw dropped. What? Sell our house in Montclair? Move back to New York City? To the loft apartment?

It was the last part that really floored me. She wanted us to move to the loft apartment?

Jen read my thoughts. "I know it's a wild idea," she said. "But we love this neighborhood and the loft apartment. Our future was going to be here. I fucked it all up, I know. But I'm trying to make up for it." With a mischievous grin, she added "And it'll be like my tats. You'll forever know Scott was the first man to fuck me here. Won't you get a charge out of that?"

"But …," I began. My head was spinning. Things were happening fast and I was trying to catch up. "I sold the loft apartment. Other people own it."

Jen's smile got bigger. She pulled a keyring from her purse. "I bought it back," she said triumphantly, jiggling the keyring. "Sam helped me."

"That's what you've been doing with Sam?" I asked, looking dumbly at the keychain. I saw it held 2 keys, not 1. Why 2?

"Can we go see it?" Jen said. She sounded excited. "I want you to see it again."

The loft apartment was just as I remembered it. High ceilings, exposed brick. Open space. Industrial looking with pipes running along the ceiling. But homey too. It even had a little back yard, unheard of in New York City. This had been where we were going to start a family. And now we had Anna. I knew with certainty that Anna would love this apartment. Our daughter was full of life, just like her mother. She would love the big lights and non-stop excitement of the greatest city on the planet. And if we

moved into this apartment, all that excitement would be just footsteps away.

I walked into the master bedroom. It was empty. The entire apartment was empty, just like it had been all those years ago. But back then, there had been a bed in this bedroom. And the last time I was here, Jen had been on her back on that bed with her legs open, with Scott on top of her, and she had been getting fucked by him.

As I stood there in the empty bedroom, I saw the ghosts of that Jen and Scott. Fucking furiously. Kissing. Jen moaning and calling out Scott's name as he brought her to the brink of an orgasm. Clawing at the sheets as he pleasured her body with his cock. Scott seeing me, and screaming at me to get out so they could finish.

"So what do you think?" Jen asked in a soft voice, moving up behind me. She wrapped her arm in mine and pressed her side against me. "Bad idea? Or possible?"

"Did he make you cum?" I asked her as I continued to stare at where the bed had been, where those ghosts were still fucking in my mind's eye.

"What?"

I turned to face my wife and said, "When I walked in on you fucking Scott. After I pulled off your rings. After I ran out. Did he finish with you? Did he make you cum?"

Jen touched my shirt and played with the buttons. Then, carefully picking her words, she said, "I don't think so. I was really upset. I doubt he made me cum."

"You don't know for sure?" I asked her.

"You know … it was a long time ago," Jen said. "I was really upset when you left. I remember crying. But …."

"But what?" I demanded.

Jen looked down, like she wasn't able to look in my eyes. She said, "It's possible Scott finished. I don't think I did. But I think he did."

"And you let him?" I asked with incredulity.

"Mike …."

I stared at my wife. So, even though she'd been upset, crying, she let Scott finish. She let him fuck her body. She let him pleasure himself with her body. She let him cum inside her. So as she'd cried about me taking her rings and running out, her body had been freshly fucked and her pussy full of Scott's sperm.

I suddenly grabbed Jen! I smashed my lips against hers! My assault was so abrupt and passionate we fell down onto the planked, hardwood floors.

I tore at her clothes! I pushed up her sweater and yanked up her skirt! I gripped the waistband of her tights and pulled them down her legs!

"Mike no," Jen said, pulling away from me. "I don't have the key."

It took a moment for me to figure out what she was saying. But then I got it. She didn't have the key to the cock cage.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I groaned with frustration.

"I didn't bring it on purpose," Jen said honestly. "I thought this might happen."

I stared at Jen. I could not fucking believe it.

"What do you mean, you thought this might happen?" I asked her. I was still panting.

"I know you Mike," Jen said. "You're about men marking me. Like my tats, and how Doug came on my rings. You said you hated it but I know you loved it too. I knew when I talked about Scott being the first man to fuck me in this apartment, I knew that'd get you hot."

"So you're using sex to get your way!" I spat out bitterly.

"It's 100 percent up to you Mike," Jen said looking into my eyes. "I want to move back to the city. That would solve the problem with our neighbors. Don't you hate the long commute? This way you'll be home more. Anna and I will see you more. And I know Anna will love living in the city. But we don't have to live here. We can live someplace else. We can stay in Belmont. It's completely your decision. I'm your wife. I'll do what you say."

"You said you already bought this place," I reminded her.

Jen grinned at me and squeezed my hands. "Well, I guess I'm lucky my husband makes more money than god."

I didn't grin back. I asked, "Last night you said you wanted me back in the cage when you told me this. Why?"

There was no furniture in the apartment so it was hard to talk. We moved to the wall where the headboard of our bed would go. We sat against that as we talked. We sat close so our sides were touching.

"I just wanted to make a point," Jen began. "I want to be open with you. I want to keep playing the game Mike. Whether we move here or not I want to keep playing."

"I want to keep playing too," I assured her.

"I just … I'm not sure you understand," Jen said, looking a little sheepish. She touched my lips with her finger. "What you did last night with Cam. It got me so hot. When I said before this is the girl I want to be, I really

meant it. I like the freedom. I like being desired. I like the variety. I like doing things with you. The city's so exciting. We'll be able to play the game even more."

"You said the game isn't the most important reason you wanted to move back," I reminded her.

"It isn't," she said immediately. "But it's part of it. I want you to know that. I want to be open with you. So you know how I'm thinking when you make your decision."

"Okay …," I said hesitantly. I didn't know where she was going with this. "So you still haven't explained why you wanted me in the cage today."

Jen put her hand over my crotch, feeling the plastic tube. "I really like this," she said. "I'm not exactly sure why. But I like you can only cum – you can only get hard even – when I say. And you can't just get on top of me whenever you want. You're only allowed inside me when I say. Like what you just tried to do. You can't do that. I control when you're allowed inside me."

I didn't say anything. I was churning inside, and my cock was swollen in the cage, but I stayed silent. She was building up to something and I waited for her to make her point.

"Anyways … I want to move back to the city and live here for us. For you and me, and Anna. But like I said, the game's part of it too. It's separate from our real life, but it's important too. So that's why I wanted you in the cage."

Then Jen looked me in the eyes and said, "Because I want you to know, if we move here, it's possible – very likely actually – that other men will fuck me more in this bedroom than you."

My body seized up and I groaned as she said this. I felt dizzy from cuckold angst and lust.

Jen giggled and hugged my arm tighter. “Are you okay baby?” she asked with a grin. “I guess that means you’re okay with it?”

Jen stood up. She offered me her hand and I took it, standing up too. With a grin still in her voice, she said “Come on. I want to show you something.”

Jen walked me back through the apartment. To my surprise, we left the loft apartment and walked to the door of the next apartment over. She got out the keyring. She used the second key to unlock the door.

This apartment was like our loft apartment with high ceilings and exposed brick. It had the same the trendy warehouse industrial look with exposed pipes running high up along the ceiling.

This apartment though was smaller, about half the size. “I bought this apartment too, with your money,” Jen announced, grinning at me. “We’ve talked about having another baby. If we do, it’ll be nice to have the extra room.”

“You bought this too?” I said, shocked. She bought 2 apartments, not just 1. Two apartments in New York City. At that moment I was happy I’d gotten good bonuses the last couple of years.

“This is why I needed Sam’s help,” Jen explained as she touched a wall. “You know how impossible condo associations are in New York. I needed him to get the board to let us open this wall to connect the apartments. It took Sam months. But I knew he’d do it eventually. He can be a real dick when he wants to be. I know that from personal experience.”

I slowly nodded. I was careful not to say anything. I knew Sam had roughed her up during our divorce, and their relationship had never recovered.

Jen then led me into a small den. “Do you know what this is?” she asked.

"The den?" I said, giving her the obvious answer.

"Well, yeah," Jen said with a grin. "I meant, do you know where it is?"

I stared at her but didn't answer, as I didn't understand what she was asking.

Jen touched one of the walls. "Our bedroom is on the opposite side of this wall," she said. "This will be your private room. From this room, you'll be able to watch me – hear me too."

I stared at her. "You mean, you with other men," I said.

"Yes," she said looking into my eyes. "Me with other men."

Suddenly I was breathing hard. Jen could tell. She grinned at me and said "This'll be your personal Swarthmore hotel, baby."

"Is that a good idea, to do it in our house?"

"I'm not saying we'll do it all the time, or even most times," Jen said. "Just sometimes. When it's safe. But when we do you'll be able to hear and see everything. So what do you think?"

I took a few moments to think about it. But really I already knew. "I like all you've done," I said. "I miss living in New York. I think Anna will love living here. And I like my secret room. I really like it."

"And you like the idea you weren't the first man to fuck me here?" Jen teased with a mischievous grin.

I pulled my wife to me and nuzzled into her neck. Her long, lush blonde hair fell around my face. I smelled the vanilla strawberry of her shampoo. "Yes I like it," I hissed as I kissed her neck. "You know what else?"

"What?"

"Scott didn't make you cum," I said. "I don't want to be the first man to make you cum here either."

Jen pulled away from me slightly and laughed. "Okay, I guess I'll have to work on that," she said as she smiled into my eyes.

"You know what else?" I said smiling back at her.

"I'm not sure I want to know," Jen said with another laugh. "Yes, tell me."

"Living in the city, you'll be able to date again," I said. "Not just hook up like you're doing now. You can start dating again. Have a real boyfriend."

"I'm not sure about that," Jen said, the laugh still in her voice.

"That's something that's missing," I said, pressing. "The game's as exciting as ever. I like seeing you so sensual – so naughty. I love that. But I miss seeing you crushing on a guy. I miss seeing you all excited with NRE. You going to the wedding with Cam yesterday was so hot. Don't you want more of that? I do."

"So you want me to date Cam?" Jen asked with a doubtful look on her pretty face.

"Why not? He's perfect, isn't he? And he clearly wants to see you more. He told me so."

"Mike … that's the point. Dating would mean more time with Cam and less with you. And less with Anna too. The whole point of moving back here is to spend more time together."

"No – Anna would barely notice. You could see Cam when she's at school or sleeping."

"But Cam lives in freaking Washington DC," she reminded me.

I hesitated. I knew that of course. The thought of Jen spending weekends with Cam – weekends away from me – was intoxicating. But she was right. This was how things went bad with Scott. And also we had Anna now. Jen couldn't – wouldn't – be away from her daughter, and I didn't want her to be.

Jen seemed to read my thoughts. "I know what you want," she said. "Just give it time Mike."

"So this is what you want too?" I asked hopefully. "You want a boyfriend?"

"I guess it wouldn't suck," Jen said with a grin at me. "But it can't be Cam. If he lived here, maybe. But he doesn't. And it can't just be anyone. It has to be someone I've got a connection with. Probably I haven't even met him yet."

I nodded slowly. It was strange, trying so hard to convince Jen to take on a new boyfriend. A new significant other. But it was something I wanted desperately. "You'll keep your eyes open though?" I asked. "For a guy you like?"

"I will," Jen promised.

And with that, we agreed to move back to New York City, to the loft apartment.

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Chapter 31

Jen's thoughts wandered as she worked out. Her brow was covered with sweat as she moved in the hot yoga class. But it wasn't the heat of the room that was distracting her. It was the heat between her legs.

She and Mike had agreed to move back to New York, but that was some time off. They wanted to wait until the end of the school year in May, so

Anna didn't have to change pre-schools. Also, Mike had taken over control of the renovations, as well as taking over the details of the purchase of the 2 apartments. She'd known he'd do that. Mike was an easy going person, but when it came to some things like money and where they lived, he was as alpha as they came. Jen had ceded control of the loft apartment to Mike. She was submissive to her husband when it came to those things, just like she was submissive to other men when it came to sex.

It was ironic. Jen was ultra-liberal and was all for women's rights, but for her personally, she was content to let men lead her. It was that way with pregnancy too. She was pro-choice, but personally she was pro-life. She was so traditional about it that abortion or even morning after pills were out of the question. Birth control like the pill was okay, because it stopped conception from happening. But after a baby was conceived, even tiny cells of an embryonic fetus, she could not terminate it as that would be a sin against God.

It had been 4 days since going with Cam to Wyatt's wedding. Which meant 4 days since getting fucked. That was the reason why her pussy ached. Even though she was super excited about their upcoming move back into the city and the prospect of decorating and making the loft apartment their own, she was still consumed by the needs of her body.

Usually in the middle of the day like this, she'd call Doug to take care of her. He was a stay-at-home parent like her, and was always up for a quick hook up.

But the last time she hooked up with Doug (when Mike had been in the next room watching), it seemed like he wanted to push their relationship farther. She liked Doug and he was gorgeous -- one of the most handsome men she had ever met in her life – and she had been telling the truth when she told Mike that she would have gone out of her way to date Doug if she met him in college.

But the fact was, this wasn't college. They were both married. They both had kids. Jen didn't want to harm his marriage, and she certainly didn't

want to harm hers. So she thought it might be safer to tone things down with Doug. That was one of the side benefits of moving away from Belmont and back to the city. She wouldn't see him as much, if at all.

Jen decided to do some weights, hoping the exertion might help calm the ache between her legs. She walked over to the free weight area. As usual, the mats were crowded with men. As she approached, they politely parted to give her a pathway to the free weights. She knew most of them, and many grinned and said hello.

Jen felt their eyes on her pretty face, her pouty lips, her tits. She was wearing a bra top that showed off her flat stomach, and the top criss-crossed in the back, making it clear to everyone the only bra she wore was the one built into the top. Jen also wore skin tight yoga pants that made her shapely legs look impossibly long.

As she passed them, Jen felt their eyes move to her ass and legs. She pretended not to notice their stares. She liked to pretend she was innocent, and when you first looked at her you would think she was innocent with her blonde hair, blue eyes and sweet beautiful face. But of course she was anything but innocent, and many of the men suspected that. Jen and Cam were an item at the gym, and even months after he moved to DC, many still whispered about how their buddy was probably having an affair with the super-hot, married Jen Andrews.

They all knew that Cam got any girl he wanted. And Cam had a history of getting pretty wives to cheat on their husbands. Now it was Jen, before it had been Erin, another gym rat. Everyone at the gym – at least the men – knew about Jen and Erin. Erin was into marathons and triathlons. Jen was a dancer and took all the yoga classes. Erin wasn't quite as pretty as Jen, and her legs weren't as long. But she was curvier and had bigger tits.

Jen always opted for reps over heavy weights as her goal was to stay toned and tight rather than building muscle. She straddled a bench and did a set of chest presses. Even though there wasn't a lot of weight on the bar

(only 30 pounds plus the bar), she was struggling as she hit rep 14. Her goal was 20.

Jen heard a masculine voice say, "Need some help?" She looked up and saw it was Reno. Reno was one of the few black men at the gym. That kinda fit the demographics of the area as it was mostly white. Jen was friendly with Reno but she didn't count him as a friend, and certainly not a bud. It wasn't because he was black. Or maybe it was, sort of.

Jen was ultra-liberal and she wasn't prejudiced, but in reality she didn't know many black people. She had been with black men. Well, one actually, Davis. He was the tattoo artist who inked the sun and moon on her back, and the fifty five under her left breast. Jen remembered that Davis had been a good lover, but he wasn't big, only around 6 inches. That was probably average, and he had a good 2 inches on Mike, but not what she expected from a Big Black Cock.

Reno helped Jen get in her 20 reps. "Thanks," she said as she sat up. She was still panting from the exertion.

"Anytime Jen," Reno said. He walked around the bench so they were facing each other. He took a knee on the mat to talk to her.

"You're looking good Jen," Reno said, his eyes moving up and down her body. "I was wondering if you'd keep at it, what with Cam moving away."

Jen bristled at that. "Cam's my friend, but I work out for myself," Jen said. Then she added "And my husband."

"Okay, okay, no offense," Reno said with a chuckle. He smiled and Jen saw he had the whitest teeth. Or maybe they looked extra white because his skin was so black.

Reno's eyes drifted from Jen's face to her legs. The way she was straddling the bench, he could look right up between her legs. Jen glanced down at herself. She saw her pussy lips had formed a camel toe in her pink yoga

pants. She knew it was because she was so horny, so her lips were puffier than normal. When she looked up, Reno was looking up at her. He was grinning. He knew they both knew she had a camel toe between her legs, and he knew she knew he had been looking at it. But rather than be embarrassed by getting caught checking her out, he was grinning at her.

"Ready for another set?" Reno asked in a friendly manner. Before Jen could respond, he stood up and moved behind the bar. Jen laid back on the bench and reach up and gripped the bar. She began another set of chest presses. Reno stood at the end of the bench, next to her head, spotting her. The way they were positioned, Jen could look up the leg of his loose shorts. He wasn't wearing underwear so she saw his cock. Shit, he looked huge!

At rep 10, Jen's arms were beginning to shake and felt like jelly. Reno gripped the bar with his big black hands, taking most of the weight. But rather than return the bar to the frame, he lowered the bar onto Jen's chest. Reno was still holding most of the weight so it didn't hurt, but the bar pinned her to the bench.

"Reno lift it off me," Jen said. She was panting again from the exertion.

"I saw you looking up my pants," Reno said, looking down into Jen's pretty face and grinning at her. "You like what you see?"

"Reno, come on, lift it off," Jen pleaded.

"Pretty blonde girl like you, you got time on your hands, you like to play, I got that right?"

"I'm freaking married Reno!" Jen hissed. With all her strength, she pushed the bar up. Reno didn't stop her, and in fact took the bar from her and returned it to the frame. Jen sat up on the bench, glaring at him.

"Why don't you let me buy you a drink?" Reno offered. He had moved to the side of the bench so now he stood next to Jen.

Jen shook her head. “I’ve got to pick up my daughter from pre-school,” she said.

“When?” Reno asked.

“3,” Jen said.

“That means we got 2 hours,” Reno said with that dazzling grin again.

Jen gave Reno an uncertain look. He was a handsome black man. And he was definitely fit. Maybe not as chiseled as Cam, but very fit. Since he was standing and she was still straddling the bench, his mid-section was in her face. His cock was in her face. She looked at it.

“You curious, pretty blonde girl?” Reno asked.

“How old are you?” Jen asked in a whispered voice.

Reno chuckled. “How old are you?” he asked.

“I’m 33,” Jen whispered.

“22,” Reno said, his jet black face smiling again.

“Twenty-two,” Jen thought. “He’s younger than Cam. He’s younger than Joey. I’m freaking 11 years older than him. When I was in the sixth grade he wasn’t even born yet.” The fire between her legs began burning even hotter. The taboo of giving herself to a young man more than a decade older than her. A black man!

They went downstairs to the pool level. At this time of the day, it was empty. Reno worked part time as a personal trainer so he had keys to all the rooms. He took Jen into an empty office. The only thing in the room was an old metal desk.

Reno pushed Jen against the desk, kissing her open mouth, his big black tongue invading her mouth. As he kissed her, he pulled up her bra top. He covered her bare tits with his hands. Her little breasts disappeared in his big black hands. The contrast between his jet black skin and Jen's lily white skin was amazing.

Reno squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples. It hurt but it felt good too, and Jen moaned into his mouth. But Reno wasn't about foreplay. He was impatient. He had wanted Jen Andrews for a long time, and now that he had her, he wasn't going to waste time.

He pushed Jen onto her knees. He pulled out his cock and offered it to the pretty white wife. Jen took him into her hands immediately. She sucked his cockhead, then licked up and down his shaft. Reno's cock was long and thick. It was veiny and looked dangerous. It was exactly as Jen imagined a big black cock. Her head was dizzy with lust.

Jen took Reno into her mouth. She pumped his shaft with her hands as she bobbed on his cock. Her long silky blonde hair fell along his muscular black thighs as she blew him.

Reno groaned and rolled his head back as Jen worked on him. Clearly this white married cougar knew how to suck dick. She was experienced and good at it. She knew where to touch a man. How to touch him. She knew how to give a man pleasure. And she was so fucking beautiful. There was nothing better than having your cock in the mouth of a beautiful girl. No wonder Cam kept her for himself.

With his cock in her mouth, Jen ran her hands under Reno's shirt. Getting the hint, he quickly pulled his shirt off. Jen took his cock out of her mouth and held him with her hands as she admired his chest. His chest was jet black like the rest of him, and heavily muscled. Jen was dizzy with lust as she thought about her situation. She was in the gym's basement, the smell of chlorine in the air from the pool, topless, on her knees in front of a man not her husband. An indecently young man. A black man. And she held his

big black cock in her petite white hands. The diamond of her engagement ring sparkled next to the jet black of his cock.

She wondered what Mike was doing at that moment. Was he in his office, at his desk, working hard to make money? Working so hard while she was on her knees in front of a black man. Making money for her to spend. She spent her husband's money on her lovers. Sexy dresses, lacy lingerie, stockings, impossibly high high heels. To make her more fuckable for her lovers. And Mike didn't get any. His little cock was caged. She got to enjoy real men's cocks like Reno's, and Mike wasn't allowed to get hard much less cum. Her pretty head swirled with lustful excitement as she thought about enjoying a man like Reno while denying her husband sex.

Jen ran her fingers up Reno's chest, feeling his hard muscles. She used the pads of her fingertips to trace up his chiseled chest. Then, she scraped her manicured fingernails down his chest.

"Sheee-ut Jen," Reno groaned. "What the fucked you doin' to me?"

Jen took his cock back into her hands. She looked up at him with heavy lidded, lustful eyes as she stroked him. "You've got a really nice cock," she said with a sexy, throaty voice. Then she took him back into her mouth. She worshipped him. Used all her tricks to give him pleasure. She knew Reno, like Cam, was in high demand among the girls. Most of the girls at the gym were younger. Jen (at 33) was probably 5 or 6 years older than most of them. Jen had a tight body and was probably the prettiest, but still she knew she had major competition, so she had to be better than all the other girls.

Reno moaned and rolled his head back as Jen worked on him. This pretty blonde MILF sucked seriously good cock! But he didn't want to cum in the bitch's mouth. He wanted her pussy. So he pulled her to her feet. He kissed her again, mauling her tiny tits again. He pushed a hand into the front of her yoga pants. He found her pussy. He could tell she kept herself bare. That pleased him but it didn't surprise him. In his experience, sluts

like this chick kept themselves completely shaved like porn stars on the internet.

Reno fingered Jen's pussy. Fuck she was incredibly wet! Clearly she missed Cam's cock and she wasn't getting nothing from her husband. Before long Jen was moaning and humping Reno's finger. She actually had her first orgasm from him fingering her.

Reno gripped the waist of her yoga pants and jerked them down, taking her thong at the same time. He bent his legs and positioned his cockhead at her pussy lips. He was about to push in but Jen stopped him.

"Wait," she said with a hand to his chest. She was still panting from cumming on his finger a moment ago. "Condom?"

"Do I look like I have a condom?" Reno said with a laugh. All he had were his workout shorts and shirt.

"Fuck!" Jen said under her breath. She knew Reno, but she didn't know him. And he was black. Black! She was on the pill, but what if he came inside her and this was the 1% of the time the pill didn't work? Jen knew Mike had pregnancy fantasies, but would he really want her to be pregnant with a black man's baby?

"I'm clean," Reno assured her. He was rubbing his thick cock head between her pussy lips. God it felt so good! Jen was having trouble thinking because it felt so good! She looked down as he stroked himself along her slit. God his cock was so big! It was so hard, it looked so dangerous! It was so black! She wanted to feel him inside her!

"You swear to god?" Jen asked him, her big innocent doe like blue eyes looking up into his jet black face.

"I swear," Reno said solemnly. Jen wanted to trust him. But he was only 22. He'd say anything to get inside her.

"You'll have to pull out," Jen said.

"You're not on birth control?"

"I am," Jen said. "I'm on the pill. But it doesn't always work. And …"

Jen didn't finish her thought, but Reno knew where she was going. "I'm black," he said.

"I can't hide it, if you get me pregnant," Jen said. Also, she knew this was the worse time of the month to be doing this. This was her most fertile time of the month.

Reno understood. If a white boy like Cam got her pregnant, she could lie and tell her husband it was his. But that wouldn't work if she gave birth to a half black baby. Her husband, her family and all her friends would know she let a black man fuck her. That she cheated with a black man.

"Take a morning after pill," Reno suggested.

"I can't," Jen said. "I'm Catholic. Will you pull out?"

"Okay, yeah, I'll pull out," Reno promised. Then he was done talking. Holding his shaft in his hand, he penetrated Jen's married white pussy with his big black cock.

Their fucking was frantic. Reno made her cum again as he fucked her missionary, then he twisted her around and took her from behind. He pressed Jen down onto the desk as he fucked her like a dog. Jen felt the cold metal of the desk on her cheek and her breasts as Reno rammed her from behind. She held onto the edge of the desk with both hands as she took his pounding.

As she felt Reno fuck her towards another orgasm, she began craving him to cum inside her. She loved that feeling. It wasn't just the physical sensation of the man splattering her insides with his seed. It was a basic

human thing, the thing that sex was really all about, where a man fills you with his sperm and tries to impregnate you. These urges got more pronounced for Jen when she was most fertile, like now. It was like her basic, instinctive need to procreate with a man took over her good sense. Jen had never told Mike about these urges. She was afraid if she did, she would add fire to Mike's own pregnancy fantasies.

"Oh fuck!" Jen cried as she came hard on Reno's cock. God … he made her cum 3 freaking times in less than half an hour! And this last one was really intense, it was like an explosion in her pussy. Her body shuddered and spasmed for long moments as the orgasm seemed to go on forever. If Reno came at that moment, she knew she would not make him pull out. In fact, she would've begged him to cum inside her. To breed her! To make her pregnant with his black baby!

But Reno didn't cum at that moment. So when Jen sensed he was about to cum, she had composed herself enough to pull away from his cock. She quickly twisted around and fell to her knees, and finished Reno in her mouth.

They were both panting as they pulled their clothes back on. "If we do this again, we have to get tested," Jen told Reno.

"If we do this again, I'm not pulling out," Reno said with a grin at her.

Jen laughed. "Well, we'll have to see about that," she said smiling back at him.

****

Later that night after putting Anna down for bed, Mike and Jen were lodging on the sofa. They had ESPN playing on the TV but weren't really listening. Jen was sitting sideways on the sofa, with her feet in Mike's lap. She was still in the same outfit from earlier at the gym – the bra top and yoga pants, although she had put on a sweatshirt that partially covered her butt. Mike had taken off her socks and was rubbing her feet. Jen had her

eyes closed, enjoying the sensations as Mike rubbed his thumb up her arch and spread and stretched her toes.

Jen thoughts were on other things too. Like, getting fucked earlier by Reno. Her pussy still tingled – and was sore – from the hard pounding he'd given her. She was still turned on from their hookup. The fact he was black and so young made the experience even more thrilling.

Her heart started beating faster as she thought about the risk she'd taken. She had let a black man into her pussy bare back! She didn't worry about STDs. She didn't know Reno well, but she trusted him for some reason. But what if he had cum a few seconds earlier? He would have cum inside her! She imagined his virile black seed inside her. It would stay inside her for days, like little black soldiers, potent, searching for one of her fertile eggs to impregnate her. Jen imagined Reno's black baby growing inside her. Her body shuddered at the thought.

Mike felt her shudder and asked "Are you okay? Are you cold?"

Jen opened her eyes. She smiled at her husband. "I'm fine," she said.

"Why are you doing that?" Mike asked.

"Doing?" Jen asked, not understanding. Then she realized while thinking about Reno, she had raised her sweatshirt to expose her stomach under the bra top, and she was stroking her sexy flat stomach with the tips of her fingers. She moved to push the sweatshirt down but Mike stopped her.

"I like seeing you do that," he said with a grin at her. He reached over and stroked a thumb over her stomach, next to her belly button. Her skin was baby soft but underneath it felt firm and tight. "I can tell you're working out hard. Your body's so tight."

Jen grinned appreciatively at her husband. "I'm trying," she said. "You want me to stay sexy, right?"

Mike grinned back at her. They both knew what she meant. She was staying sexy for other men, not Mike. It's what they both wanted.

"The way you were stroking your stomach, with your eyes closed. It looked like you were thinking about something. Or somebody. Did you see Doug today?"

"No, I didn't see Doug," Jen said, looking into her husband's eyes. Could he smell the sexy muskiness between her legs? Could he smell Reno on her body? His cologne, his sweat? How couldn't he?

"You talked to Sam about the apartment?" she asked him, changing the subject.

"Yes. It's all done. The 2 apartments are ours. And I called the contractors about the renovations. They're starting tomorrow."

Jen beamed at her husband. He wasn't the best lover, he wasn't well endowed, but he was sweet and considerate and the best provider. He took care of her and Anna.

"But you worked out," Mike said, returning back to the subject.

"Well, yeah, obviously," Jen said with a half laugh, motioning with her hands at her gym outfit. "I was running late so didn't have time to change before you got home. I'm stinky. I should take a shower."

Jen moved to get up but Mike held her foot. "Not yet. Let's talk a little more," he said. His eyes were on Jen's long shapely legs in the tights. He caressed up her leg, along her calf, her knee, and then her inner thigh. "I love when you wear dance gear," he said. Smiling into her eyes, he said "Remember in college? I'd wait for you at your dance class to walk you home."

"Yeah. In my sweaty leotard and tights," Jen said with a grin.

"I loved how you wore jeans over tights."

"I still do that sometimes," Jen said. "I'm usually changed by the time you get home."

"Maybe when we live in the city again I'll be home before that," Mike said.

"Maybe."

Mike caressed Jen's leg back and forth. He asked "Have you heard rumors from the wedding?"

"About Cam and me? Not really. Just want you'd expect."

"Like what?"

"Everyone thinks I'm fucking Cam," Jen announced matter-of-factly. She laughed when she saw Mike's face drop. "It doesn't matter what people think Mike. That's why we're moving to New York."

"But won't the rumors follow us there?" Mike asked looking uncertain.

"Maybe a little," Jen said. She grinned, looking unconcerned. She reached to Mike crotch. She cupped him, feeling the cage. "But you like rumors, right Mike? You want people to think I'm cheating on you. Right baby?"

Mike felt his cock swelling in the cage. Jen could tell he was getting aroused. "How does it feel, when you get excited?" she asked.

"It's like, my body starts wanting an orgasm. But the cage stops me from getting hard."

"So you stop wanting an orgasm?" Jen asked. She was curious as to how being caged affected her husband's body.

"No, the desire's still there," Mike explained. "But it's kind of muted. Because the cage stops me from getting hard. And also, because all I feel against my cock is the cage. But the other night, when I watched you with Cam, my cock was pressing against the cage. I couldn't get hard because of the cage, but it was like my root was hard. It was like the cage was pushing my cock back into my body."

"Huh," Jen said thoughtfully as she processed all that. Then she grinned and said "But you did cum. I could tell it was intense too. You were squeezing your eyes shut and moaning with Cam's cock in your mouth."

"I came because you were fingering my ass," Mike insisted.

"Mike, baby, it's okay to admit you're curious about men," Jen said. "I won't think you're gay. I think it's hot."

Mike didn't respond, and Jen didn't push it. But she noticed how he didn't fight back about being caged, and losing control of his orgasms, and even sucking other men off. Jen knew her husband was a submissive and this all proved it.

In her entire life, Jen had always gone out with macho guys with big muscles and big alpha personalities. Those were the kind of men who physically attracted her. She thought it was ironic that she ended up marrying a sweet submissive guy like Mike. Her husband was a beta. Alpha about some things like money, but beta when it came to sex. Like her, he was a sub to other men.

Jen loved Mike though. He was her best friend. Her soul mate. And she got off on playing the game with him. It WAS with HIM. She might be fucking other men – other men might be the ones enjoying her body -- but the game was with Mike.

"Can I teach you a trick?" Jen asked. She moved onto the floor. On her knees, she worked on Mike's belt and then pulled his pants down. For a moment she looked at his cock. She could see it through the clear plastic

of the cage. She could see it was swollen but the tube prevented him from getting hard. The cage was only 2 inches long. So his cock was only 2 inches. Since Mike was hairless, his tiny pale cock looked like a little boy's.

Jen took the plastic cage in her hand, holding it between her thumb and index finger. She moved it back and forth. She couldn't feel the skin of his penis of course, only the hard plastic. She formed a circle around the tube with her thumb and index finger. She ran it up and down the tube, stroking it. "You can't feel this," she said, stating the obvious.

"No," Mike said.

Then Jen took the tube into her mouth. She forced a seal with her lips. She licked the plastic, then bobbed up and down a couple times. "You can't feel that either," she said.

"No," Mike said. He looked frustrated and desperate. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Sorry," Jen said.

"When do I get to take it off?" he asked pleadingly. "When can I cum again?"

"In 2 weeks," she said. She had already thought about this. "Next weekend is the Valentine's day party." Every year someone in their neighborhood hosted a Valentine's day party. This year it was Alicia and John. "I'll let you cum the weekend after."

"Two weeks?" Mike said despairingly. "Are you going to do something at the party?"

"AT the party? No," Jen said with a laugh.

"You know what I mean!" Mike said with exasperation. "After the party!"

“Well, I barely held off Blake at Wyatt’s wedding,” Jen said with a grin at her husband. “I’m sure he’ll want me. Especially after the way Cam treated him. He was a dick. So Blake will probably want to reclaim me.”

“How can he reclaim you?” Mike asked, looking aghast. “You’re my wife. Mine. He doesn’t have any right to reclaim you.”

“Of course he doesn’t baby. I just said it wrong. Anyways, do you want me to show you the trick?”

It took Mike a moment to figure out what she was talking about. Then he remembered she had pulled down his pants to teach him a trick. “Yeah, okay,” he said, feeling flustered.

“Okay,” Jen said. She pulled Mike’s pants the rest of the way off. Then she knelt on her knees between his legs. “You know when I go down on you? I do this?” As she said this, Jen ran the pads of her fingertips along the outside of Mike’s legs. “You like this right? It feels good.”

“Yes,” Mike said. The one word came out like a moan. He was beginning to breathe harder.

She spread Mike’s legs wider, opening him up. She cupped his balls. “Your balls are bigger,” she said.

Mike nodded his head. “It’s the cage,” he told her.

Jen nodded slowly, looking at his caged dick, and his swollen balls. Then she ran her index finger from his balls to his asshole, along his hairless sandbar. “I do this too,” she said.

“Yessss, I know,” Mike moaned. Jen alternated, first caressing his tender sandbar with the pad of her fingertip, and then with her manicured fingernail. “Feel the difference?”

"Yes Jen!" he said helplessly. Why was she doing this to him? Torturing him this way?

Then Jen ran the fingernails of both hands back and forth over Mike's thighs. "It feels different when I use my fingernails, right? It feels good."

"Yessss," Mike said in a long groaned. His swollen dick jerked in the cage, but the plastic tube prevented him from getting hard. It felt like the cage was pushing the root of his cock into his body, making it ached even more.

Jen grinned mischievously at her husband. She wrapped her hand around the plastic cage. "Remember when you weren't caged? Remember when you could feel my hand on your cock? And your own hand?" She formed a circle around the cage with her thumb and index finger, and stroked up and down, like she was stroking his cock. But Mike couldn't feel anything of course. "Remember when you could cum whenever you wanted?"

"Jen why are you doing this to me?" Mike asked in a pleading voice.

But Jen ignored his pleas. She lowered her head and took his caged cock into her mouth, as she'd done before. She licked the plastic, then bobbed up and down. As she sucked his caged cock, she scraped the fingernails of both hands up and down his sensitive inner thighs. Even though Mike couldn't feel her mouth on his manhood, he still rolled his head back and groaned. Although the groan was as much the pleasure of feeling her nails on his thighs as the frustration of not feeling her sweet mouth as she bobbed on him.

"God Jen, please ….," he begged.

"Sorry baby," Jen said, looking up at him. Her pouty lips had that sexy wet look. "I just wanted to teach you the trick."

"What trick?!" Mike asked with exasperation.

Jen looked at her husband and said "When you go down on a man, caress him at the same time. Caress his chest. His thighs. His inner thighs Mike. And his ass. Especially between his balls and ass. What people call his sandbar."

Mike stared at his wife. "That's the trick you want to teach me?" he asked incredulously.

"The faster you make him cum, the better, right?" Jen joked with a grin at her husband. "But that's not the trick. The trick is to use your nails. Men love that. You love it right? But your nails are too short. So you should grow them a little."

Mike stared at his wife. He didn't know what to say.

****

A couple days later, I was getting dressed for work when Jen said, "I'm thinking about getting a new dress for the party." She had just gotten out of the shower.

I knew she was talking about the Valentine's day party that Saturday. Jen hugged me and in a sweet voice asked, "Do you mind if I spend some of your money baby? To buy a sexy dress for you, and maybe new shoes?"

"For me?" I asked with a grin. Jen grinned back at me. We both knew it wasn't for me. It was to make her look even more fuckable to other men.

I pulled her to me and kissed her neck. Her long, thick blonde hair feel around my face. Her towel dried hair was still damp from the shower. I could smell the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo.

"Yes," I whispered into her ear. "Spend whatever you want. I want you to be super fuckable at the party. I want you to be so sexy it hurts."

Jen pulled away and gave me a wry smile. I knew what she was thinking. I'd be the one hurting, because another man would be fucking her that night. I wouldn't even be allowed to cum until the following weekend. I'd be caged all weekend. At that moment, I didn't care, as I was in deep cuckold-space.

Jen told me she planned to shop at some of her favorite stores in the city. We decided to meet for lunch at our favorite French bistro down the block from the loft apartment. Then I'd kick off work early and we'd go home together in an uber to pick up Anna from school.

****

Later that morning, Jen bought a new party dress and high heels from the expensive French boutique in East Village that she liked. She was so thrilled to be back in the City. She couldn't wait to move back.

Then Jen got an uBer and drove towards the loft apartment. She had 2 hours before she had to meet Mike for lunch. She got her iPhone from her purse. She opened the phone app, and then pressed the favorites star. The favorite on the top of the list was Mike. The second favorite was Allie. Jen selected her third favorite.

He answered immediately. It was Joey.

****

"Wow. This place is amazing," Joe gushed as Jen gave him a tour of the loft apartment.

"Isn't it awesome?" Jen said with a big grin. "Here's the master bedroom," she said, motioning to the bedroom she would share with Mike. They'd put their marital bed there.

Then Jen led Joe down a hallway and through the family room. "Look. They've already opened up the wall." They walked through the big hole the contractors had opened between the 2 apartments.

"Fuck Jen. I can't believe you guys bought 2 apartments," Joe said in awe. "I didn't know Mike made so much money."

"Yeah, well, he's Mr. Sapphire you know," Jen said with a grin at her brother-in-law. "Let me show you," she said, and she led him further into the second apartment. "This will be Anna's bedroom," she said motioning to a bedroom. Then she motioned across the hall. "This will be the guest room. Until we have another baby. So this'll be your room when you visit."

"You're thinking about another baby? When?" Joe asked.

Jen shrugged and said "Not quite sure. Mike and I haven't really talked about it. But I think after we move here. Sooner than later probably. I don't want them to be too far apart in age. You know. Anna and the new baby."

"So I guess this won't be my room for long, if you're gonna turn it into a nursery," Joe joked with a laugh.

"Yeah but …," Jen began, moving closer to her brother-in-law. She smiled at him and played with the buttons of his shirt. "You always have a place here Joey. Even if it's just the sofa. I'm actually hoping to see you more. That's one of the advantages of moving back to the City."

"You actually thought about that? When you decided to buy this place?" Joe asked, both flattered and surprised.

"I did," Jen said. She smiled into Joe's eyes. It was the kind of smile a wife should give only to her husband. But she was giving it to her brother-in-law.

While continuing to look into his eyes, Jen wrapped her arms around Joe's neck. She got on her tip toes in the black Mia flats she wore. Joe wasn't super tall like Blake and Doug, but he was taller than her, taller than Mike. She had to get on her tip toes to kiss him.

Jen softly pressed her pouty lips against Joe's. For a moment Joe was unsure. He was always unsure where when it came to his extremely beautiful, extremely hot sister-in-law. But soon he was kissing her back. Their kisses became passionate, open mouth French kissing.

Joe tugged at Jen's blouse, urgently undoing the buttons. Then his hands were inside her blouse, cupping and exploring her little tits inside her bra. Jen rubbed at Joe's crotch, feeling his cock grow and get harder.

Joe was impatient. He wanted to get into Jen's pussy. He began working on her jeans, undoing the snap, pushing down the zipper. But Jen moved away, gasping. "Not here, not here," she said looking lustfully at Joe.

Jen took his hand. She led him back through the second apartment, back through the hole in the wall, back through the family room and hallway. Then they were in the master bedroom. Jen moved into the room. She stood where she and Mike planned to put their marital bed. She looked into Joe's eyes as she finished unbuttoning her blouse and dropped it on the floor. Then she reached behind her. She unsnapped her bra, pulled it off her shoulders and arms, and dropped it next to her blouse.

Jen was still breathing hard. Her eyes were heaving lidded with lust. "Come here Joey," she whispered.

Joe moved to her, stopping just a foot from her. Jen stepped out of the Mia flats. She was still in the skinny jeans, and under the jeans she wore black opaque tights.

She got on her knees in front of Joe. She worked on his belt and pants. She pulled the pants down Joe's legs, and he helped by stepping out of

them. Jen started at Joe's cock. He was hard and so big. Longer than average, and so freaking thick. The thickest cock she had ever seen.

She took his cock into her hands, and stroked him back and forth. He seemed to get harder and even thicker. Jen looked up into the cute face of her brother-in-law, Mike's younger brother, a boy younger than her by 10 years. She said "I want you to be the first man to make me cum in this room." Then Jen opened her lips wide and took him into her mouth.

****

Ninety minutes later, Jen was sitting in the French bistro with Mike. They were sitting in a booth, although the table was small so Jen was sitting in the curved booth seat, and Mike was sitting across from her in a chair. As they scanned the menu, Jen slipped her foot out of its black Mia flat and extended her foot under the table. She put her foot in Mike's lap.

"You're playful today," Mike said with a grin at his wife. He looked down at her pretty foot. He saw she was wearing black tights, which meant she was wearing tights under her tight jeans. "You wore tights under jeans for me," he said, remembering their conversation from the other day.

"Everything I do is for you baby," Jen said, smiling and batting her eyelashes at him. Mike took her foot in his hands and began giving her a foot massage. "Feels good baby," she cooed.

"Guess who I was just with," Jen said.

"Who?"

"Joey."

"You ran into him?" Mike asked. "Or you were with him?"

"I was with him," Jen said. "I wanted to show him the loft apartment."

"You said you were shopping for a dress," Mike said.

"I got the dress. And new heels," Jen said, holding out a bag for Mike. Mike took the bag and looked inside. He saw some red material. That was a dress? That little swatch of red couldn't possibly be a dress, could it? He also saw high heels that were the same red as the dress. He saw they were the really tall heels with 5 inch stilettos that she wore when she knew she was going to see Blake.

Suddenly Mike's heart was pounding. "You tried this dress on for Joe?" he asked.

"No," Jen said. "I invited him over to show him the loft apartment.

"Will you try this dress on for me tonight?"

"If you want me to," Jen said with a shrug.

"You weren't planning to?"

"No."

"Jen there's barely anything here," Mike said, picking up the red dress. The entire dress fit in the palm of his hand.

"That's just how girl's clothes are," Jen said with a laugh. "So we were talking about Joe …."

"You showed him the apartment?" Mike asked.

"I think I said that," Jen teased with another playful laugh. "I told him we're really looking forward to seeing him more, once we move back to the city."

"Are you looking forward to seeing Joe more?" Mike asked anxiously.

“I think I just said that,” Jen said with another laugh.

“No, you. Are you looking forward to seeing Joe more?” Mike asked, pressing.

Jen looked into her husband’s eyes. “I am actually,” she said.

Mike felt his gut tighten up. “Did you just fuck Joe?” he whispered. They had to whispered because the restaurant was packed and the tables were spaced close together.

Jen patted the padded seat next to her. “Come sit next to me baby,” she said. Mike moved to sit next to his wife. Jen’s blouse was loose and short, the kind you didn’t tuck. She pulled it up, exposing her flat stomach. The black tights extended pass her skinny jeans, ending just under her belly button. “You like this look baby?” she asked.

“You know I do,” I said with a raspy hiss. He loved the pantyhose under jeans look. He was incredibly turned on, but his heart felt like it was in a vice. “Did you fuck Joe?” he asked again.

Jen took Mike’s hand and put it on her stomach, over the tights so he could feel the stretchy material. She whispered into his ear “Would you be surprised if I told you Joey likes this look too?”

“Ugh god!” Mike groaned, clenching over the table. So many dark emotions flooded over him. Jealousy, anxiousness, inadequacy, the feeling of betrayal. “Why Joe?” he asked, his voice so raspy he was almost not audible.

“You said you wanted another man to make me cum for the first time in the loft apartment,” Jen whispered.

“But why Joe?” he asked pleadingly.

"It had to be someone special," Jen explained in a low voice. "Scott was the first man to fuck me there. Joey the first man to make me cum. Both are special. Scott's special bad. Joey's special good."

"Why'd it have to be that way? Why couldn't you just pick someone up?"

"You know I don't like one-night stands," Jen whispered. She put her hand on Mike's chest, over his heart. "Besides you have to feel it here for you to really get off on it. Right? And anyways, I wanted it to be Joey. He's special to me. I want to see him more once we move back here."

"You mean, see him, see him?" Mike asked.

Jen nodded. Grinning, she said "He's incredibly good in bed. I told you he's so thick he makes me feel like a virgin whenever he's inside me, and I'm not kidding. But he's better as a lover too. I know he's popular with the girls so I guess he's getting a lot of practice. Anyways, I'm still freaking tingling from what he did to me. I guess you'd say he seriously wrecked my pussy."

"I guess you'll just have to hope your pussy is recovered for the party on Saturday," Mike lashed out bitterly.

Jen gave Mike a pretend pout. Then she pressed her body against his and squeezed his arm. "Oh come on Mike," she whispered with a hint of chastising in her tone. "I'm doing exactly what you want. And you know what else? I'm gonna do something else you want."

"What?"

"You want me to date again," Jen said. "I've thought about it. I'm going to date Joey."

Mike's mouth dropped open. "You want to date Joe? My brother?" he asked incredulously.

"Don't you see? He's perfect. He's awesome in bed. I like being with him. And if Anna sees me with him, she won't think anything of it, since he's just Uncle Joe."

"Jen … I don't know," Mike said doubtfully.

"Joey's actually safer than Cam," Jen told Mike. "Believe me Mike. He's way safer than Cam. He's safer than Doug too."

"But Joe's my brother!" Mike said with anxiety. "He's not like Scott, or Cam, or any of those other guys. Joe will be in our lives forever!"

"Yes," Jen said, her voice both patient and reassuring. "And eventually Joey will get married. And we'll stop doing this. And then this'll be just a hot memory that'll be our secret. The 3 of us. No one will ever know. Especially not Joey's wife."

"But if you're dating Joe -- what if people we know see you out with him? What will you do?"

"Mike baby, I'll tell them the truth," Jen said in a calming, reasonable voice. "That I'm out with my brother-in-law. That's another reason he's perfect. No one will ever think I'm having an affair with my brother-in-law."

Mike stared at Jen, looking incredulously at her. His head spun as he tried to process all of this. He hurt inside too. But it was the kind of hurt – the delicious angst – that only cucks would understand.

Mike ran a finger along the waist band of the black tights. "Joe really liked these?" he asked.

"He really did," Jen said. "He was rough. The tights are ripped in places. You can't see cause of the jeans."

Mike ran his hand over the soft denin of her skinny jeans. He imagined feeling the tears in the tights. "You like it rough," he said.

“I do,” Jen admitted.

“I don’t do you that way,” Mike said.

“No you don’t,” Jen whispered. “That’s okay. That’s not who you are. I love you. But I need rough. I need a strong man to take me. I want to feel used Mike. Abused even.” She reached down into Mike’s lap. She cupped the tube of the cage. No one could see because of the table cloth. “You know how Blake talks about ruining my pussy? That’s what I want Mike. I want men who’ll ruin my pussy.”

“You think Joe can ruin you?” Mike asked, his voice quivering.

“Oh yeah,” Jen said. With a crooked grin she added “He just did. Do you want to see?”

“I do want to see,” Mike said. “But you really want to date my brother? Not just for the sex? But romantically?”

“I already love Joey,” Jen said. “I mean, he’s your brother, of course I love him. But he means more to me than just that. I mean, obviously, we’ve been intimate. I guess I’d like to explore that. To kind of let go. Allow myself to crush a little bit on Joey.”

Mike was so excited his body was quivering as they spoke. Jen moved close. She held his arm as she moved her head to his. “Is that what you want baby?” she whispered into his ear. “Do you want me to fall a little bit in love with you brother?”

“Oh god!”

Mike and Jen skipped lunch. There was no way they could eat. They hurried to the loft apartment. Jen took him into what would be their marital bedroom.

"You let Joe fuck you here? In our bedroom?" Mike said. It felt like someone was squeezing his heart.

"That's the point of your secret room, right?" Jen said, motioning to the wall where, on the other side, Mike would watch her. "Men will take me here."

"Men will take you here," Mike repeated, looking glum. "Sometimes I'm amazed at the conversations we have."

"It's something we do together Mike," Jen said. "Yes, I'll be with other men. But it's our game."

Mike laughed, but it wasn't a ha-ha laugh. Sometimes he was amazed at how Jen could spin things. Maybe some day she'd get into politics.

But they didn't have much time, as they had to leave soon to pick up Anna from school. Mike unbuttoned Jen's blouse, then took off her bra. Jen didn't move as he undressed her.

Mike looked at his wife. Her breasts looked perfect as usual, little ripe, shapely mounds with small perky nipples. They were completely unmarked.

"I thought you said Joe was rough," Mike said, expecting to see some love bites or hickeys.

"I told Joe to be careful. To not leave any marks," Jen said. "The party on Saturday," she reminded him.

Mike nodded. He understood. She didn't want her body marked when she saw Blake that weekend.

He got on his knees in front of his wife. He undid her pants, then pulled them down her legs. It was a challenge since they were so tight. Jen helped him by wiggling her butt, and then she kicked off the Mia flats and stepped out of the pants. Now she was naked except for the black tights.

They weren't ripped as much as laddered. Mike ran his hands over the runs, loving the feel of Jen's long shapely legs in the ruined tights.

Mike curled his fingers into the waistband and pulled the tights down to her knees. "You didn't wear panties," he observed.

"No," Jen said, looking down at her husband.

"This morning, when you were getting dressed, you knew you were going to fuck Joe."

"Yes."

"You told me you were shopping for a dress."

"I bought a dress," she said.

"But you knew you were going to see Joe too. And you didn't tell me."

"Yes."

Mike was breathing hard. His body was shaking from excitement again.

Mike pulled the black laddered tights down to her knees. He looked at her womanhood. Joe had definitely wrecked her pussy. The lips were swollen and red, and they gaped open. Her pussy was still moist too. "You let Joe inside you bareback?" he asked. "You let him cum inside you?"

"I trust Joey," Jen said.

"But you're fertile now right?" Mike asked worriedly. "Shouldn't we have a rule? I know you're on birth control, but shouldn't we have a rule? That when you're fertile they have to use condoms?"

"Mike, how can I say this?" she began, thinking back to her thoughts the other day with Reno. "When I'm fertile, that's when I most want a man to cum inside me. I guess it's a biological thing. Or psychological."

"You want another man to make you pregnant?" Mike asked with horror.

"Of course not," Jen said reassuringly. "I'm just trying to explain how my head works. When I'm fertile, like now, I don't want to use condoms. I want to feel skin-to-skin, I want him to cum inside me. It's a biological thing. But it's okay, I'm on the pill."

"But what if the pill doesn't work?" Mike asked anxiously. "What are you gonna do?"

"You know how I feel about that Mike," Jen said. She was looking at him, because he was still on his knees in front of her. She affectionately brushed his head and said "Okay, let's say the pill doesn't work and I get pregnant. The baby could be yours you know. It probably would be yours."

"How can you say that Jen?" Mike asked with exasperation. "Cam fucked you this weekend. Joe fucked you today. You're gonna let Blake fuck you Saturday. And you barely let me inside you anymore. How can you say that?"

Jen knew he was right. And her husband didn't even know about Reno.

Jen pulled Mike's hands up to her flat stomach. She asked softly, "If I'm pregnant right now, at this very moment, would you love the baby?"

"Of course I would," Mike said immediately.

"Would you be the best father ever?"

"I'd try, yes," Mike promised.

"Then that's all that matters Mike, right? Any baby I ever have will be yours. And any baby I have you'll love. That's what we're promising to each other, right? So isn't that all that matters?"

"Yeah, it is," Mike said, feeling uncertain. "I guess I feel like we're moving to a new level in the game."

"We're kinda not actually," Jen said. "I've always been on birth control. Men often cum inside me. The risks always been there."

Jen pulled the black tights the rest of the way off and then moved to the wall. She turned, so now her back was to the wall and she was facing Mike. "Come here baby and I'll tell you something else," she said.

Mike got up onto his feet and move to her. They were close, almost touching. Jen put her hands on his shoulders and gently pushed him back onto his knees.

"I'll promise you this," Jen said, looking down at Mike, into his eyes. Thinking about her hookup earlier that week with Reno, she said "If I'm ever with a black man and I'm fertile, I won't let him cum inside me."

"You'll make him wear a condom," Mike said.

"Is that really what you want Mike?" Jen asked.

They stared at each other for long moments. Mike thought about it. If she made the black man wear a condom, combined with the pill, there was practically no chance he would impregnate her. But if he didn't wear a condom, he might not pull out (either by accident or intentionally), or even if he did pull out, pre-cum would still be inside her. There would be risk that his blond, lily white wife might be pregnant with a black man's baby.

"Okay, no condom," Mike said, giving in. His voice so raspy from lust that Jen could barely hear him. "Just make sure he pulls out."

Jen smiled at her husband. Then she lifted her long shapely leg over Mike's shoulder, opening herself to him. "Lick me Mike," she urged her husband. "Make me cum."

Mike didn't hesitate. He went to town on his wife's pussy. Even though he knew it was full of his little brother's sperm.

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Chapter 32

Jen snuggled into Mike the entire drive from the loft apartment to Anna's pre-school. It was times like this that he filled up his Jen meter. Also, it reassured him the game was just a part of their life, and in some ways a small part.

"Why'd you bring up black men all of a sudden?" Mike whispered into Jen's ear. They had to be quiet as the uBer driver was black.

"I don't know. It seemed to make sense," Jen whispered back. She pulled away and looked at her husband. "A white baby is one thing … but if the baby is black … you know what I mean."

Jen looked into the rearview mirror. The black driver was looking at her. She wondered if he had heard her.

Mike was silent as he processed what his wife just said. If the baby was white, they could pass him off as the father. But not if the baby was half black. Jen had really thought about these things? But Mike supposed that she had. Jen was Catholic, and when it came to pregnancy she was ultra conservative. She was a staunch freedom of choice supporter. But when it came to herself, she would never consider abortion or even morning after pills. Their game was risky. There was always the chance of another man impregnating her. So Mike supposed it made sense she had thought about this.

"But you've never been interested in black men," Mike said.

"I fucked Davis once," she whispered. "You remember him. The tattoo artist."

"You told me about that," Mike whispered back. "You told me you did it mostly to get back at Scott. You weren't attracted to Davis and was never tempted for a repeat."

It was true. Jen had found sex with Davis disappointing. But then Reno came along …

"I don't know baby," Jen whispered. With a grin she teased, "Are you afraid I might get addicted to black men? You know what they say. Once you go black you don't go back."

Jen looked into the rearview mirror again. The black man was really staring at her now. Had he heard her whisper?

Mike saw Jen and the driver looking at each other. He put his arm possessively around his wife and pulled her close to him again. By silent agreement they agreed not to talk about this anymore while this black driver could hear them.

"Have you talked to Joe about dating him?" Mike whispered.

"No Mike," Jen said. "If it happens it's got to be natural. It can't be forced like a negotiation."

"If what happens?" Mike asked, his anxiety growing again.

Jen looked at her husband like he was crazy. "What we're talking about," she whispered. "If we start dating. It's got to happen naturally."

"What if Joe falls in love with you?" Mike asked. "You know he's had a crush on you forever."

"It's okay Mike. I won't let it get that far," Jen assured him in a low voice. "Don't worry. I know how to do this."

****

[Jen's Valentine's Day dress and heels are shown in the inspiration link in my signature]

I watched as Jen dressed for the Valentine's day party. She had already done her makeup and her blonde hair. Jen had let her hair grow really long. It was way past her bra strap, almost down to her waist. She was blessed with thick, lush hair, and it had a natural curl that gave her hair even more body. She wasn't a platinum blonde; her hair had streaks of dark, what you'd call dirty blonde. It made her blonde hair look natural rather than dyed, which was what she was, a natural blonde.

Her pubic hair was blonde too, although she was still shaving (actually waxing) all of that off. I preferred a little landing strip, but she had shaved it off month ago for Cam. After seeing them together after Wyatt's wedding, it made me wonder if she kept herself bare for her young lover.

Jen slipped a g-string up her long legs. It was bright red for Valentine's day. The g-string was nothing more than 2 thin strings. One that sat low on her hips, and one that went across her pussy lips and around the crack of her tight ass. Seeing her in the g-string, I knew she planned to end up with Blake that night. She didn't ask me or even talk about it. That bothered me.

"Can you at least talk to me about your plans tonight?" I said, irritation and desperation in my voice.

"Our plans Mike," Jen said as she rolled nude stockings up her long beautiful legs. "We're going to the Valentine's party. I'm going with you." She grinned at me and said "I'm your Valentine."

Her words didn't calm the turmoil inside my body. "Did Blake give you that g-string?" I snapped.

"Yes," Jen said. She moved closer so she stood in front of me. Since I was sitting on the edge of the bed, I was about eye level with her pussy.

Her pussy had recovered from the pounding Joe gave her earlier that week. Her pussy was back to it's natural look. A short slit with thin lips pressed tightly together, the lips just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. At the moment, the thin, delicate red string ran between the lips and disappeared into her crack. I saw at the top, where the vertical string met the horizontal, there was a little red bow.

I ran my finger down her slit, along the string. Then I pushed my finger inside her. She was already moist. I could tell she was looking forward to tonight. I pushed my finger further into her. Her pussy pressed around me like a smooth velvet glove. My wife had the prettiest, best feeling pussy. So smooth and soft. She used to be tight too, even tight for my size. I could tell she wasn't as tight as she used to be. She given birth to Anna of course. But it wasn't just that. Her pussy was being ravaged on a constant basis by big dicked men. Some I knew about and – I was pretty sure – some I didn't know about. It was inevitable her pussy was getting looser. Looser for me and my thin, not quick 4 inches dick. But still tight for those other men.

"Don't baby," Jen whined, pushing my finger from her. "Don't get me worked up. It's going to be a long night."

I looked at my finger. It was damp from Jen's moistness. Jen looked at me looking at my finger. Then, she took that finger into her mouth and licked it. It was an intimate moment between a man and his wife, and it made me feel better inside.

I watched Jen wiggle into her dress. It was bright red for Valentine's day. It was made of some kind of stretch knit. The front had a pleated v-neckline that plunged to show a hint of her cleavage. The dress was held

up by two thin spaghetti straps that went over her shoulders and then curved down her back. The dress bared her entire back to her waist. No one would have any doubt that she was braless. The dress was short, ending inches above her knees.

I remembered holding the dress in the palm of my hand, wondering how so little fabric could make up an entire dress. Now I knew, because this dress probably exposed more of Jen's body than it covered up.

Then Jen stepped into her new high heels. They were shiny red, and Christian Louboutin's of course with the sexy red soles. With her beautiful face, lush blonde hair that fell almost to her waist, and tight sexy body, she looked painfully desirable. Painfully desirable.

"Nice shoes," I joked, not knowing what else to say. Sometimes that was how it was with my wife. Her extreme beauty took your breath away and made you speechless.

"Yeah," Jen said with a smile in her voice. "Another Kate to add to my collection."

"What? Kate?" I said, not understanding.

"My pumps. They're called So Kate," Jen explained. "I have a few of them."

I looked dumbly at her. People named their shoes?

"So what do you think people are going to say tonight, about the wedding?" I asked her.

"You mean about Cam?" Jen asked.

I nodded. This was the first time I'd be seeing our neighbors since they saw her at the wedding with Cam. "Are you worried about that?" she asked. "I thought it turns you on."

"It does turn me on that people are practically gossiping that you're cheating on me with Cam," I said. "But it's still gonna be awkward when I see them tonight."

Jen nodded. "I get it baby," she said, affectionately running her fingers through my hair. "Just remember, no one knows what really happened. If someone says something, just deny it." With a grin she added "Be Donald Trump tonight. No matter what you say, 40% of people will believe you."

"It's the other 60% I'm worried about," I said glumly.

"Oh baby, don't worry about it," Jen said, hugging me. "It doesn't matter what people think. Alls that matters is what you and I think. Anyways, we'll be moving soon. So who cares about the rumors?"

At that moment, Jen's iphone buzzed. She picked it up. She grinned seeing the screen. "It's Joey," she said as she texted a reply. For a few minutes, she texted back and forth with my brother, looking so sexy in the barely anything red dress and new So Kate high heels.

While Jen spoke I looked up So Kate on my phones. The red heels appeared on the screen. I looked at the description. It said "Red So Kate 120 Pumps in patent leather with pointed toe and high stiletto heel." Then I looked at Jen, standing there as she texted with Joe, one pretty foot slightly ahead of the other. I looked at her new pumps. Pointed toe. High stiletto heel. I found myself breathing even harder.

The description said the shoes were 120 mm high. I did a quick conversion in my head. 4.72 inches. "They're not 5 inches," I said.

"What?" Jen asked absent mindedly. She was still texting with Joe.

"Your new shoes," I said. "They're 4.72 inches high."

Jen didn't respond. She was frowning into the screen of her phone. "Hmmmm," she said at the phone.

"What?" I asked. "What did Joe say?"

"Here," Jen said, handing me her phone. I read their text conversation:

****

JoeJoe: You around?

TinyDancer: Yep. What's up?

JoeJoe: Doing anything tonight?

TinyDancer: Going to a VD party with Mike.

JoeJoe: VD?

TinyDancer: Ha. Not that VD. Valentines.

JoeJoe: It's not VD.

TinyDancer: I know stupid. People don't have VD parties on VD. You go out alone with your luvy on VD.

JoeJoe: So where's this party?

TinyDancer: Neighborhood.

JoeJoe: Sounds boring.

TinyDancer: You offering something better?

JoeJoe: Frat party.

TinyDancer: Seriously? You're in grad school, you're supposed to be over frat parties.

JoeJoe: You've got it backwards -- I went to grad school so I could keep going to frat parties.

TinyDancer: Ha!

JoeJoe: So how about it?

TinyDancer: I think I'm too old for frat parties.

JoeJoe: You'll be the prettiest girl there by a hundred miles!

TinyDancer: <smiley faces>

JoeJoe: Forget the frat party. Anyway it's not really a frat party, just some frat people having a party in my building. But forget that party. I'll take you to dinner somewhere.

TinyDancer: You're a poor student, you can't afford to take me to dinner.

JoeJoe: I never said I'm paying.

TinyDancer: Ha ha!

JoeJoe: So come on. It'll be fun.

TinyDancer: So why now all of a sudden?

JoeJoe: I've been thinking about you since this week.

TinyDancer: Awww …. let me talk to Mike.

****

"So what do you think?" Jen asked after I finished reading.

"You're seriously thinking about bagging the party?" I asked, surprised.

"I'll catch shit for it, but …."

"But what?" I asked.

"I guess I'd rather hang with Joey tonight," Jen admitted.

I felt tugs on my heart. The familiar cuckold angst.

"Just 10 minutes ago you said we were going to the party together," I reminded her. "You said you're my Valentine."

"I am your Valentine," Jen said.

"But you want to be with Joe, not me."

"Mike it's not like that," Jen insisted. "First of all, it's not Valentine's day. That's Thursday and we've already talked about how you, me and Anna and going to dinner. We'll both be your Valentine. Yours baby. And tonight, you'll meet us at the loft apartment. I'll hang a little while with Joey, and then we'll all meet at the loft apartment."

"And what? You expect me to go to the Valentine's party alone?" I asked her.

"You just need to make an appearance Mike," Jen said. "Tell everyone something came up. Like Allie's here or something. Tell them you're there to say hi, but you're leaving to meet me and Allie in the city."

"Then what? I go wait for you in the loft apartment?" I asked skeptically.

"Let me scope things out," Jen said. "If it's a big party, maybe you can crash it. Wouldn't you like to watch me with Joey, like we used to do with Scott? You'd like that, right?"

It didn't take me long to answer. "Yes," I said. I would like to see that. I was still processing the idea that Jen would be with my brother, but the demented kinky part of me found that exciting. "Okay, let's do it," I said.

Jen smiled at me. Then, to my surprise, she reached behind her to unzip her dress. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"I can't exactly wear this to a frat party," Jen said.

"No Jen, leave it on," I told her. "I'm sure Joe will want to see you in this."

"Seriously? I'm not overdressed? Remember I'll be with young 20-somethings."

"Jen baby, you'll have every man there drooling over you," I assured her. "They won't care if you're overdressed. All they'll be thinking about is how to get into that dress."

"Ha," Jen laughed. "Okay then. But I'll bring jeans just in case Joey wants me to change."

Together we dropped Anna off at Callie's, our babysitter. Anna was sleeping over Callie's so we had a lot of time to play. Then Jen took an uBer to meet Joe, and I drove our car to the loft apartment. In the trunk I had our blow up bed that we used for camping. Some sheets, blanket and pillows. Some toiletries and clothes. And a chair for me to sit on.

****

The uBer took Jen to the graduate student dorms where Joe lived. His eyes bulged out when she took off her coat. "Fuck you look so beautiful!" he gushed.

"Ha – over dressed though, right?" Jen said with a laugh. "I told you I was going to a party. I can change, I brought jeans."

"No, don't change," Joe say, pulling her into his arms. "God I wanna fuck you right now," he said as he kissed up her neck.

"No Joey, wait, too fast cowboy," Jen said with a laugh. Pulling away from him. "I thought you were going to take me to dinner?"

Joe gave her an uncertain frown. "You know, sometimes I don't know how to act around you," he said. "I know you wanna be forced sometimes. So are you saying no no? Or no yes?"

"Joey I just got here," Jen said with another laugh. "You haven't even hugged me hello."

Joey hugged Jen. As he felt her, she felt so good! Especially in this dress! He could tell she was braless, and his hands were on her exposed, sexy back. Jen could tell Joey wanted her. His hard erection was poking into her stomach.

When they finally broke apart, Joey said "You know, Jamal said --."

"Uh oh, this is gonna be good," Jen said with a grin.

Joey grinned back. He said, "Jamal said we should have a safe word. So if I do something you don't like, you can say your safe word and I'll stop."

Jen couldn't help smiling at Joey. He was still her sweet Joey. He might be a hunky player now with a phone full of pretty girls he could speed dial whenever he wanted for quick hookups, and sometimes he might play the role of a "rapist," but really he was still her sweet Joey, her husband's little brother who she watched grow up.

"Okay, that's a good idea," Jen said as she smiled at him. "How about JoeJoe?" JoeJoe was Joe's childhood name, just like Joey. Jen was the only person in the world who still called him Joey, and was one of the few who knew about JoeJoe. She found it charming though and she had named his contact in her phone JoeJoe.

"Okay, yeah, whatever, that works," Joe said with a good-natured laugh. He liked the fact that Jen called him Joey and she knew about JoeJoe. They sat on the edge of his bed and Joe put his hand on Jen's stockinged knee. "So what do you want to do?" he asked with a grin.

Jen wasn't ready for sex. She was a social butterfly by nature, and she wanted to go to the party Joe had talked about. Still, she knew that nothing was happening until Joe got some relief.

So Jen wrapped her arms around Joe's neck and whispered "I've got an idea." She kissed him, and let him run his hands over her body, over her barely there dress (as Mike would call it). Then she slid onto the floor, onto her knees between Joe's legs. She took out his cock and went down on her husband's younger brother.

A few minutes later, Jen was in Joe's bathroom. She swirled mouthwash in her mouth. After spitting it out, she fixed her hair and make up. When she came out, Joe was still prone on the bed, gasping, his cock still out. "You better put that weapon away mister," Jen said with a laugh.

Joey pulled Jen onto the bed and they tickled each other like teenagers. "So exactly who is Jamal anyways?" she asked as they sat in his bed.

"His a friend. A mentor I guess," Joe said. "He's a prof. He teaches African Studies."

"Oh. I thought he was a student. Your age."

"No, he's older. I took his class," Joe explained. "He'll be at the party. It's actually his party. He lives here."

"I thought this was a student dorm," Jen said. "And you said it was a frat party."

"This floor is students. Normal people live upstairs. And Jamal used to be prez of his fraternity. Kappa Alpha Psi. He's having buddies over."

Jen nodded slowly. She was a sorority girl so knew a lot about Greek life. Kappa Al, or KAP, was a black fraternity. They had a chapter at Penn State where she went.

"So, will only black people be there?" Jen asked.

Joey gave Jen a frown. "You're cool with black people, aren't you?" he asked.

"Of course I am," Jen said immediately, sounding indignant. "I'm just asking because Mike might want to crash the party. You know how he is. He likes to watch me."

Joe nodded slowly. He didn't understand his older brother, didn't approve of his older brother's kink, but then on the other hand it was because of that kink that Jen was in his room, and she had just given him a blowjob. "They'll be a lot of white people there too. It'll be crowded. No one will notice him."

Jen nodded and she texted Mike the information.

"So want to go to dinner first?" Joe asked.

"I'm not actually hungry," Jen said. With a grin she added "I could use a drink though."

Joe grinned back. "I think I can help you out there," he said. Then, taking his sister-in-law's hand, they walked over to Jamal's apartment.

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Chapter 33

"That's Jamal," Joe whispered to Jen. They were in a crowded apartment full of black people and white people. It was about 50/50, but that still meant Jen was around more black people than she had ever been in her life.

Jen looked where Joe was pointing. "So that's your style guru, huh?" she joked in a whisper back to him. Jamal was tall. The way his clothes hung on him, he was fit but not muscle bound like a weight lifter. His head was shaved. His skin was deep black, even blacker than Reno's.

Jen looked at his face. Jamal was handsome – very handsome in fact -- but he looked … dangerous. "Why does he look dangerous?" she thought to herself. Was it because he was so black? Jen didn't think she was prejudiced – she didn't want to be prejudiced. Was it true what the talking heads on TV said, that everyone had some latent prejudice in them? But then, she didn't think Reno looked dangerous, or Davis … that had to count for something, right?

It didn't take long for Jamal to notice Jen, especially in the red barely anything dress. "Hey, Jamal," Joe said. "This is my friend Jen."

It took Jamal a moment but then he connected the dots. "Ah yes, Joe's friend Jen," he said. Jamal had a deep masculine voice. It was clear he was educated, but his voice still had a black, street tang to it. He was much taller than Jen, so she had to look up to talk to him, even in her new 4.72 inch stiletto So Kate high heels. "I'm Jamal. Great to finally meet you."

Jen took his hand. His hand was big, matching the rest of his frame. Her petite hand disappeared into his hand. The difference in the color of their skin was stark. Jen was lily white and Jamal was jet black.

Jen also found herself nervous as she was finally meeting Jamal. Jamal knew about her rape fantasies. He had coached Joey about how to "rape" her. He also coached her brother-in-law about how to take her in the ass – again "raping" her – in the dark alley of a restaurant.

And Jamal knew her husband liked watching her with other men.

Jamal gave Jen an up and down look, not even trying to be subtle. "Hot dress," he said with a big smile. Jen saw he had bright white teeth, just like Reno, but a few of his teeth were gold. With a chuckle he asked, "Are you Joe's Valentine?"

Jen bristled at Jamal's remark. She felt like he was making fun of her. Like, he was the college professor with all the degrees on the wall, and she was just Joe's squeeze. So Jen snidely said "I'm not anyone's Valentine."

Jamal laughed. "Good for you, good for you, power to the people, that's what I say," he said good naturedly. He looked at Joe and said, "Joe, my man, the bar's set up in the kitchen if you'd like to get your pretty lady here a drink."

"Good idea," Joe said. He looked at Jen and asked "What are you having?"

Jen didn't trust Joe to make anything complicated, so she said "7 and 7."

Joe left for the kitchen to make drinks. Jen expected Jamal to drift off to mingle with his other guests, but he stayed next to her. Trying to be polite, Jen asked, "So Joey said you teach African studies?"

"I do," Jamal said proudly. "I teach about our black culture. Where we came from, where we are, where we're going."

"You say black – not African American?" Jen asked.

"African American is a label made by white people trying to be politically correct," Jamal scoffed. "I'm black. You're white. Why make it complicated?"

"Okay … so what do you teach, exactly?" Jen asked.

"Well, what I teach is very controversial, and I wouldn't want to offend you," Jamal said.

"That's okay," Jen said, suddenly very interested. "I'm not afraid of controversy."

****

When Mike arrived at the party, he saw it was crowded. He was happy it was crowded. It let him blend in, and no one there seemed concerned that a stranger was there.

Mike scanned the crowd. He quickly saw his wife in her red, barely there dress. He noticed she wasn't overdressed though. Most of the girls at the party were dressed up – dressed to impress -- and many were showing more skin than Jen.

The party had the vibe of a pickup bar, and with so many pretty girls there, it was a target rich environment for guys looking for a hookup. But from what Mike could see, the girls were trying to pick up the guys as much as the reverse.

Then Mike noticed something. While the crowd was mixed, there were more black men than white, and more white girls than black. And, it seemed most of the flirting was going on between black men and white girls.

That's how it was with Jen too. She seemed to be in a deep conversation with a tall black man. Mike wondered who he was.

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"So wait a minute," Jen said as she processed what Jamal just said. "You think Barack Obama is an Uncle Tom? President Obama?"

"I'm not throwing shade at the man," Jamal insisted.

“Seriously?” Jen said with a laugh. “You don’t think that’s shade, calling him an Uncle Tom?”

“Look, Barack is a good man,” Jamal said. “But he’s a black man fitting in a white man’s world. That’s all I’m saying.”

“So what? Are you trying to take over the world?”

“My positions are not political,” Jamal said. “They’re about society.”

“That’s bullshit,” Jen scoffed. “They’re the same thing.”

“Often they are,” Jamal conceded with a shrug. “You’ve heard about the rise of white supremacists.”

“Yes, of course,” Jen said.

“This is what I teach,” Jamal said. “The white man is rising up against the black man. Because white men are afraid of black men. And they have reason to be afraid. Because black men are superior to white men.”

Jen’s jaw dropped and Jamal laughed. “I told you I was controversial.”

“So you’re saying, all whites are inferior,” she said.

“No, I wouldn’t go that far. There are white men who are formidable. Some I call friends,” Jamal conceded. “My positions are based on the big picture. Macro over micro. Overall, black men are superior to white.”

“Are you talking about Joey?” Jen asked.

“Joe’s a nice kid. Yes, I consider him a friend,” Jamal said. “But I wouldn’t call him formidable. No offense. I’m just being honest with you.”

****

Mike's eyes wandered the crowd for his brother. He found him across the room. Joe was surrounded by a group of girls, both white and black. He seemed to be holding court, and clearly was enjoying himself. None of the girls were as pretty or sexy as Jen, but perhaps for the moment Joe was content with quantity over quality. Jen had said Joe had become a player who was in high demand among girls, and for the first time Mike realized it was true.

Mike watched Joe and the girls pass something around. Something white. Then they moved to a corner of the room. With their backs to him, he couldn't tell what they were doing.

****

"I seriously can't believe you think Barack Obama is an Uncle Tom," Jen said with a shake of her head as she continued to talk with the black man.

"Reasonable minds will disagree, I suppose," Jamal said with a good natured grin. "You wanna get high?"

"What?" Jen said looking surprised at the abrupt change of subject.

"I've got some good weed," Jamal said with a grin, his gold teeth sparkling from the overhead lights. "I find a little mind altering drugs help with this conversation."

Jen laughed again. She was having fun talking to Jamal. She didn't know what to think about most of what he said, but he was interesting and thought provoking. She saw Joe across the room flirting with a bunch of girls. She was actually glad he was occupied, because she was enjoying talking to Jamal. Although she did feel a pang of jealousy seeing Joe with other girls. But she knew she didn't have a right to feel jealous.

"Sure, why not?" she said with a shrug.

Jamal led her down the hall, into a room. Jen wasn't surprised at all to see it was his bedroom. The bedroom was heavily decorated with Africa art. Colorful wall hangings, skins of wild game like tigers and bears, a black and gold elephant sculpture, drums, even big dangerous looking spears. The room looked very masculine and black.

In the center was a huge round bed. The bed was covered with the soft fur of some animal. There were big mirrors on the walls, and a huge circle mirror on the ceiling that matched the shape of the bed.

"Is this where you bring your conquests?" Jen asked as she stroked the fur bedding.

"It's coypu," Jamal told her.

Jen glared at him. "Do you know how many helpless animals they had to kill to make this blanket?" she snapped judgmentally.

"You're a left wing democrat," Jamal said with a grin.

"You're just realizing that?" Jen said as she continued to glare at him. Then they both laughed.

Jamal opened a draw and pulled out a joint. She glanced in the draw before he closed it. She saw some joints and a bag of weed. She also saw pills and a bag of white powder. Ecstasy? Cocaine? Clearly Jamal enjoyed recreational drugs. Jen glanced away when he turned around, so he wouldn't catch her being nosey.

Jamal lit the joint. He took a long drag and then handed it to Jen.

Jen took it from him. She took a long drag too. She tried to hold the delicious smoke in her lungs as she used to do, but then she coughed it out. "Out of practice," she said with an embarrassed laugh.

Jen tried again, and this time she managed not to cough. She immediately felt the effects of the marijuana. "Wow, that's really strong," she admired, handing the joint back to Jamal. Her red lipstick covered the end of the joint but Jamal didn't seem to mind. They each took another couple hits, passing the joint back and forth. At that point Jen was definitely high and relaxed.

"So what do you mean, black men are superior to white men?" Jen asked, continuing their conversation.

"Just look at sports," Jamal said with a shrug. "Most football players are black. So are most basketball players. By a huge margin."

"What about golf and swimming?" Jen pointed out.

"Those aren't real sports," Jamal said dismissively. "It's not a real sport unless you're competing directly against someone else. And don't mention tennis, as that's a function of white man's money. My point is, black men are physically superior to white men. And not just in sports. You see it everywhere. You see it at this party. Right now. You saw it. Pretty white girls practically throwing themselves at my black brothers."

"I think I saw a lot of girls around Joey," Jen said with a laugh. "And no offense, I've never been interested in black men."

"Alright, fair enough," Jamal said with a good natured shrug and smile. "Maybe you're an exception. So let's talk about something else. Joe's your boyfriend?"

"I am married you know," Jen said, holding up her left hand to show the black man her wedding ring.

"I can see that," Jamal said, looking at the diamond of Jen's engagement ring. "But you're fucking Joe. He told me. He does things your husband won't do."

Jen knew Jamal was talking about her rape fantasy. She immediately felt awkward and nervous being alone with this big black man, in his bedroom of all places. "I don't really like what Joey may have told you about me," she said nervously.

"I'm not judging you Jen," Jamal said.

"I'm not saying you are."

"Joe also told me your husband is a cuckold," Jamal said. "He likes watching you with other men."

"You just come right out and say it, don't you?" Jen said with a nervous laugh.

"I like to be open."

"I can see that," Jen said with another nervous laugh.

At that moment, Joe walked in. He frowned at seeing Jen and Jamal alone in his bedroom. "What's going on?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just chilling man," Jamal said with a good natured smile. He handed Joe the joint and moved towards the door. "You two can finish that. Duty calls, I'm the host after all."

When Jamal was gone, Joe frowned at Jen and asked "Did Jamal make a pass at you?"

"No Joey, we were just talking," Jen said. "Do you smoke? Take a hit and catch up."

"What? You're high?" Joe asked with a grin.

"Sorta," Jen said with a grin back. They finished the joint, both of them getting high. They lost their balance and fell onto the bed, both of them laughing. "This is really soft," Joe said, feeling the fur blanket.

"It's coypu," Jen told him.

"What's that?" Joe asked.

"I have no fucking clue," Jen said with a laugh. Then they were kissing.

As they made out, Joe put his hand over Jen's breast. He felt her hard nipple under the dress. He thumbed her nipple, making her moan into his mouth. Then Joe's hand drifted to the bottom of her dress. He reached under the skirt, feeling her soft nylons. Then he felt the lace of her stocking tops and his hard cock got even harder.

"Let's go to my apartment," Joe urgently said to her between kisses.

"No, I promised Mike we'd go to the loft apartment," Jen said.

"I can't wait that long!" Joe said urgently. Jen almost laughed at his desperation, but honestly she wanted him just as much.

"Let me go talk to Mike," she said.

Jen got off the bed and adjusted her skirt. She ran a hand through her long blonde hair as Joe got out of bed too, and tried to adjust his pants so his erection wouldn't be as noticeable. Jen giggled because she knew it was just too freaking big not to be noticeable.

They walked out of the bedroom smiling and holding hands, like boyfriend and girlfriend. Mike watched as they walked out. His eyes went to their hands.

Jen saw where her husband was looking. She let Joe's hand go. "Just give me a second," she said to her brother-in-law.

“Hey,” Jen whispered a moment later to Mike. “Having fun?”

“Who’s that black guy you were talking to?”

“Joe’s friend, Jamal,” Jen said. “He’s interesting, but strange.”

Mike looked at his wife. “Are you high?” he asked her.

“A little,” Jen admitted with a sheepish smile. “Are you mad?”

Mike was surprised Jen was high. She used to get high all the time when she was going with Scott. But she hadn’t gotten high since they got back together, and certainly not since having Anna. Mike was actually glad she was high. He wanted her to let go more, live for the moment more, the way she had been with Scott.

“No. You can do anything you want,” Mike assured her. He subtlety reached down and squeezed her hand.

“Okay then,” Jen whispered, a grin on her beautiful face. “Then what I want to do right now is fuck your brother’s brains out.”

Mike was barely able to conceal his gasp. “Okay,” he said in a throaty whisper.

“Let’s go to Joey’s dorm room,” Jen whispered. “It’s just downstairs.”

For the next 2 hours, Mike watched his younger brother ravish his wife’s tight body. He fucked her three times. The first time, Joe fucked Jen while she wore the dress, with the skirt hunched up around her waist. The second time, the dress was off but she still wore the thigh high stockings and the red So Kate heels. The third time, even the stockings and heels were off, tossed carelessly onto the floor next to the barely there red dress. Joe didn’t wear a condom, and he didn’t pull out. All 3 times he came deep inside Jen’s fertile pussy.

After the third time, both Joe and Jen passed out on his bed. Mike somehow managed to dress his wife, and then he took her downstairs to their car. He drove to the loft apartment with Jen sleeping in the seat next to him. Mike had set up the air mattress before going to Jamal's party. He undressed Jen and put her under the covers, and then they fell asleep spooning each other, their first night sleeping in the loft apartment.

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Chapter 34

When I woke up, the sheets were half off Jen's perfect body. She was still asleep. I looked at her breasts. They were small – A cups – but perfectly shaped, little ovals, topped with little pencil eraser sized nipples. I was on her left side so I stared at the fifty five under her left breast. I thought about Scott, about seeing him fucking her in this apartment – in this room – that day.

Jen with Scott. They had been a couple once. She left me for him. She lived with him. Everyone knew. Back then, it hadn't been Jen and Mike. It had been Jen and Scott.

My cock stirred in the cage. It swelled, even though the hard plastic prevented me from getting an erection.

I put my hand on Jen's breast and gently caressed her. Her eyes fluttered as she stirred away. She opened her eyes and smiled at me. She sleepily said "Hey baby."

"Hey," I said back. I kissed her. God I wanted her so bad! But she said she wasn't going to let me out of the cage until next weekend, and I decided not to ask again. I gave into the delicious submissiveness of being her cuckold husband. Her bottom.

I kissed her lips, then behind her neck. I caressed her breasts as I kissed her. Her body began to respond to me. I kissed down her body. I kissed

her belly button. Then I was kissing her pussy. Her lips were red and swollen from the fucking Joe gave her last night. Also they were caked with Joe's dried semen. I didn't care. I went down on my wife. I worked on her body. After about 10 minutes, I felt her body tense and her back arch, and she moaned softly as she came.

Afterwards I gave Jen a hot bath. Our bathroom had one of those claw feet tubs. I drew a bath for my wife and let her soak. I knew her body was probably aching from the pounding Joe had given her last night.

I massaged Jen's neck and shoulders as she soaked. I washed her hair too, and rubbed her scalped. "Does this feel good?" I asked as I rubbed her temples and then ran my thumbs down the back of her neck and along her shoulders.

"So good baby," she said sleepily. My ministrations were almost making her fall asleep again. "You're being so nice to me."

"I want to be nice to you," I said earnestly. "I love you so much. You're my goddess. I want to worship you."

With her eyes closed, Jen smiled and giggled. "I like being worshipped," she said. "And I haven't even let you cum."

I grinned and said "I think maybe that's part of it. I think about you all the time. You're the center of my life."

"Well then maybe I'll never let you cum again," Jen said with another giggle.

"Don't do that," I said with a laugh.

"I'm just joking," Jen said. She opened her eyes and put her arm on the edge of the tub. She rested her head there, looking at me. "Did you have fun last night?" she asked.

"I didn't get to see much," I said.

"Seriously? In Joey's tiny dorm room?"

I grinned and said "I meant at Jamal's party."

"Not much happened," Jen said with a shrug. "I talked mostly to Jamal and Joey flirted with girls. We made out just before I talked to you."

"I figured that," I said. "So how'd it go with Joe?"

"You saw," Jen said.

"I know you like the sex," I said. "I meant everything else."

Jen knew I was talking about dating Joe. She said "Honestly? I'm not sure if I'm really feeling it. To me, Joey will always be Joey. I can't see dating him. He's more fun as the bad thing I shouldn't be doing. You know? Fucking my husband's little brother. Which even after everything sounds so strange to say." She laughed. "I still like hanging with Joey. And like you said, the sex is freaking awesome. Living here, I'll be able to see him more, and I want that. Not just for the sex either. I like him. But I can't see dating him. I'm sorry. I know you really want that."

I was silent for a moment as I processed Jen's words. By now I was used to my wife having a sexual relationship with my brother. It got me hot. But it was still hard to hear her gush about how she was excited to live closer to him, so she could hook up with him more. I was thrilled to hear it, but hated hearing it too. It was always that way with me. The cuckold angst and conflict.

"Don't apologize," I finally said. "I do want you to date again. But it's like what you said. It has to be natural. Real. Otherwise it doesn't work for you or me."

Jen nodded and smiled, happy I was agreeing with her. She didn't seem to have noticed my momentary anguish over Joe.

But still, it's how I was wired that I wanted more of that delicious feeling of jealousy and anguish, even despair, the feeling that I might lose her to another man. So I pressed, "But I would like to experience that again. I'd like you to date again. Have a steady boyfriend."

"Are you really sure we're ready for that?" Jen asked doubtfully.

"I think we are," I said. "I think we're closer than ever before. Closer than we used to be."

"I think we are too," Jen said, smiling into my eyes. "And, well, I guess honestly I'd like that too. You know me. I love the romance."

I was thrilled to hear that! "What about Doug or Cam then?" I eagerly suggested, hoping to move things forward.

"It can't be Doug. I'll have sex with a married man but I won't date him. I'm not that horrible. And Cam … I don't know. The problem with Cam is, he reminds me of Scott."

Suddenly my chest tightened up, especially since I'd just been thinking about Scott. With my heart in my thought, I asked "So, you're afraid you'll get too close to Cam?"

"I'm not sure what I'm thinking Mike," Jen said. "I just don't think it can be Cam."

I nodded slowly, processing that. Cam reminded Jen of Scott. How often did she think about Scott? Did she compare all her lovers to him? Did she compare me? Was he her benchmark of men she found attractive? Did she think about Scott a lot, and just not tell me about it?

"So you see?" Jen said, oblivious to the tortured thoughts going on in my head. "Cam's fun to play with, but I don't want to go there."

"I don't want you to go there either then," I managed to say. But I was lying. I DID want her to go there. I was like a fly to flame. God, why was I so fucked up?

"Yeah," Jen agreed with me, still oblivious to the demented cravings going on inside me. She smiled and said "I really like how we talk. It's good to talk about this. Even though it is kind of weird to talk about this with you." She laughed, and I forced myself to laugh back.

I was silent for a few moments as I processed everything. I forced myself to stop thinking about Cam. And Scott. Finally I said "What about Jamal?"

"Seriously?" Jen asked me skeptically. "You want me to date Jamal? I just met him last night."

"Yeah, and he was checking you out the whole time you talked to him," I told her with a grin.

"I don't know," Jen said doubtfully. "I've never been into black men. And he's strange. He believes black men are superior to white men."

I nodded slowly as I processed that. "I guess I'm not surprised," I finally said. "You saw how there were more black guys than white last night, and more white girls than black."

"So, okay, interracial dating, that's nothing new," Jen said.

"It's more than that Jen," I said. I read more porn than my wife so I knew about this. It was all over places like Tumblr. "Men like Jamal date white girls exclusively. They want the girls to go black. Show white girls that black is better than white."

"You mean it's all about sex?" Jen asked, looking curious.

"Sex. Control. Payback for slavery. The browning of America. You know, it's ironic. Black men love blonde, blue eyed white girls like you. But if they get their way, blonde white girls will become extinct."

Jen's eyes went wide. "Holy shit Mike, that is way too wild for this early in the morning!" she said with a shudder.

I laughed. "I'm just saying," I said.

After a few moments, I said, "I don't know. It looked like you were into him."

"He's good looking. Interesting," Jen said with a shrug. Then she grinned and said "He's got really big hands."

"We know what that means," I said with a grin back. We both laughed.

"I don't know though," Jen said hesitantly. "Joey would be mad if I did anything with Jamal."

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Later that week, on Tuesday, Jen was washing the breakfast dishes at the sink. It was a nice day and Anna was playing with Stephanie's kids in the backyard. There was a big window above the sink where Jen could watch the kids playing in the backyard. The backyard was fenced and safe, so Jen often let Anna play with friends while she caught up with housework in the kitchen, because she could watched them from the big window.

There was a knock at the door and Blake walked in. Jen smiled at him, to let him know he was welcome. It was common for neighbors to stop by for coffee as their kids played together.

"We missed you at the party," he said.

"Yeah, sorry. Allie was in town," Jen said, going with the lie she and Mike had agreed on.

Blake nodded but he looked skeptical, like he didn't believe her story. He didn't pursue it though.

"So Anna's getting big," he said as he looked out the window with Jen. "What is she, 4 now?"

"She's turning 4 in a couple weeks," Jen said. As they talked, they watched Anna run circles around Blake's boys, who were older. She was graceful like a ballerina but extremely athletic.

"That one's going to be a great soccer player," Blake said as he watched.

"She's into dance," Jen said proudly. "Her instructors say she might be good enough to be professional someday. I wanted to dance on Broadway when I was a girl, but I wasn't good enough."

Blake stepped back and looked Jen up and down. She was in a typical mom-outfit. Loose top and yoga pants. But Jen wasn't just any mom. She looked like a gorgeous super-model, even with her blonde hair tied in a loose ponytail. And the yoga pants showed off her tight ass and impossibly long legs to perfection. Jen was barefoot. It seemed like she was usually in her bare feet, even in the winter. Blake saw the cute toes of her pretty feet were still painted Valentine red.

"You have the ass and legs of a dancer," Blake said, reaching out and cupping one of Jen's firm, shapely cheeks.

"Hey," Jen said with a laugh, pushing his hand away.

"I've got rights with you," Blake said, putting his hand on Jen's ass again.

Jen turned around so now she was facing him. She said, "We only play when Mike's here. And what about Steph?" Then she turned back to the window to watch the kids.

"Steph doesn't have your body, sugah," Blake said moving behind Jen. Now they both were looking out the window at the kids playing. He held Jen's hips and pushed himself against her back. He was hard in his pants. His erection pressed between her cheeks. "She doesn't have your looks," he said, pulling her hair to the side and kissing the back of her neck.

"You're real nice Blake," Jen scoffed.

"You know how Steph is," Blake said. "She gets hot when I compare her to other girls. Especially you."

"Why me?" Jen asked, looking out the window at the kids.

"Because you're so much prettier than her, and she knows it," Blake said, kissing the back of her neck. His lips trailed to behind Jen's ear. It made Jen's eyelids flutter. He reached around to her front. His hands drifted up under her blouse.

"The kids are right there Blake!" she said desperately.

"They can't see in," he said. Jen knew he was right. With the way the sun was shining, the window was like a one-way mirror. They could see out but the kids couldn't see in.

Blake moved his hands up Jen's chest, under her blouse. He ran his fingers over her sexy flat stomach, and then cupped her breasts. Jen was braless under her loose top. With her little tits she didn't need a bra. And she hadn't expected to see anyone today except children.

Jen's small A-cup breasts easily fit in Blake's palms. "I was looking forward to playing with these little titties this weekend," he said as he squeezed and caressed her. Blake took her nipples between his thumbs and index

fingers. They were hard, like little pencil erasers. He rubbed and rolled her nipples between his fingers.

Gripping the edge of the sink, Jen threw her head down and groaned. "Fuck Blake …." she moaned helplessly.

Blake continued to kiss her neck under her ear, knowing she was sensitive there. Then, while keeping one hand on a tit, he moved his other hand down her body, over her belly button, to the waist of her yoga pants. Blake edged his finger tips into the black leggings. He pushed his hand down and felt the top of her thong. He then edged his hand down her thong. His fingertips passed over the soft skin just above her pussy. He was pleased to see she still kept herself completely bare.

"Please Blake we cannot do this," Jen said desperately. She was looking at the window at Anna playing with his boys. "The kids are right there --- ugh, god!" she moaned as Blake pushed 2 fingers into her.

Blake twisted Jen around so they were facing each other. He kissed her and Jen kissed him back, willingly, passionately, open mouth, urgently tonguing each other. Blake was frantically pulling down her leggings and Jen was working on his pants. All of Jen's inhibitions were gone now. Her good sense was now replaced by lust and passion. Anna was just outside, barely 20 feet away, and she was going to let Blake fuck her. She wanted Blake to fuck her!

Jen's thoughts drifted to Mike. What was he doing? Was he working hard, worried about the money they'd need to move back to New York, to renovate and furnish the loft apartment? Did Mike have a clue what she was doing right now? Kissing the man he hated? Opening her mouth to him, letting him push his tongue down her throat? Letting her husband's rival grope her tits, touch her body anywhere he wanted. Jen was getting wet for Blake, she was going to let him inside her body bareback, she was going to let him cum inside her and flood her womb – her still fertile womb – with his virile seed. Was Blake about to get her pregnant? Would she have a black dot on her ring finger in 9 months, under her wedding and

engagement rings? Her poor Mike … she was gonna cum on Blake's cock, and Blake was gonna cum inside her, but Mike's little cock was caged and in the last 2 weeks she'd only let him cum once.

Blake twisted Jen back around again, so now they were both looking out the window at the children. Jen's head spun with uncontrolled lust! Blake's pants were around his ankles, and Jen's leggings and thong were at her knees.

Jen was looking out the window at her almost 4 year old daughter as Blake lined up his cock with his hand. Anna was pretending to be a ballerina, doing a sweet pirouette for Blake's sons, as their father rammed his cock into the pussy of Anna's mother. As Blake penetrated Jen with his big curved cock.

"Oh god!" Jen cried, feeling his big curved cock penetrate her. With the black leggings tying Jen's knees together like a rope, she wasn't able to fully open up for him so he felt even bigger.

"Hurry Blake!" Jen said urgently. "Do me fast!"

But now with his cock inside Jen's sweet pussy, Blake wasn't in any hurry. "What about Mike?" he teased as he reached under and cupped her small tender breasts. "I thought you said he had to be here."

"Forget Mike!" Jen hissed. The last thing she wanted was the kids to come inside. They'd have to untangle quickly, and Jen wouldn't get the fucking she now desperately wanted.

"Just fuck me Blake! Please!" Jen begged.

Blake laughed triumphantly. Then he gave Jen what she wanted. He fucked her hard!

Jen held onto the edge of the sink as Blake pounded her from behind. Each of his thrusts pushed her up onto the tip toes of her pretty bared feet with

their elegant arches. She continued to look out the window at the kids but her eyes lost focus as Blake pushed her towards an orgasm. Blake's hands were still on her tits and he squeezed and twisted her nipples hard. "Oh god!" Jen cried, biting the side of her hand to muffle her moans. "That's it Blake! Use me! Fuck me!"

Then Jen was cumming hard! She bit down hard on her hand to muffle her moans. Blake came soon after. He pressed her against the sink as he pushed in deep, and he stayed that way as he ejaculated his sperm into her womb.

Afterwards Blake collapsed onto Jen's back. They were like that for long moments, bent over the sink, Blake's cock still inside Jen, both of them panting, both of their bodies still tingling from their orgasms. "Blake, come on," Jen finally said in a soft voice.

Blake pulled out. He pulled out slow, and Jen's eyelids fluttered as he rubbed against her insides and her clit. Jen was the kind of girl who, the more sex she got, the more she wanted. But of course that wasn't possible with the kids outside.

Jen felt Blake's sperm seeping out of her pussy and running down her thighs. She couldn't think about that now as the kids could be coming in any more. She pulled up her thong and leggings, then adjusted her blouse and hair. Blake also pulled up his pants. He was looking at her. "We can do that anytime you want sugah," he said with a grin at her.

"That was stupid," she said, chastising herself even more than Blake.

"No harm no foul," he said looking unconcerned. He moved close to Jen and took a handful of her ponytail. He pulled her towards him and kissed her. Jen didn't resist. She didn't have it in her to resist. She kissed Blake back, not thinking about the risk of Anna walking in and seeing her mother kissing a man who wasn't her father.

Jen opened her lips for Blake, and let him push his tongue into her mouth again. When they finally stopped kissing, it was Blake who pulled away, not Jen, and it was she who was panting and looking longing at Blake. Blake saw it – he saw the longing on Jen's face, and knew he could have her whenever he wanted. Feeling victorious, he walked out without another word.

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Later that afternoon, as Anna napped, Jen took off her blouse and peel off the yoga pants and thong. The thong was wet and smelled like cum – Blake's cum. The crotch of the leggings wasn't as wet but also smelled of sperm. It was a stark reminder of how nasty she had been earlier. It made Jen shudder.

Jen tossed the soiled clothes into the hamper and got into the shower. She stood under the hot spray of water, washing the sex from her body. Luckily she didn't get anything in her hair so she avoided getting her hair wet. Her hair was so thick and had gotten so long, it took a long time to blow dry and she didn't have time for that before she would have to start that evening's dinner.

Afterwards she dried off, then for a moment she stood in front of the full length mirror, looking at herself. She was proud of what she saw. Her face still looked young and she still had that sweet, girl next door prettiness. Her hair was long and lush, blonde, soft, and she knew men found that attractive. Her body was slim. She wasn't curvy like other girls, but her body was tight and she knew she filled out jeans well. Her breasts were small but perky. Her ass firm. Her legs long and shapely.

Jen knew men desired her. She had figured that out when she'd been barely in her teens, when men twice her age (and older) started paying attention to her. She was in junior high when she noticed her history teacher trying to look up her skirt. She wasn't even 16 when, after babysitting, the dad put his hand on her leg and tried to kiss her after driving her home. In college at Penn State, more than one professor had

asked her out, even though they knew she was attached to Colin (and later Mike).

Then there had been her affairs with Joe and Scott. And even before then, that time she had cheated on Mike with someone at work and had only admitted it when they had broken up. All those experiences had taught her something. She had the pretty looks and tight body that men desired. She could have any man she wanted. She thrilled to have such power.

In marriage, the wife was supposed to be faithful to her husband. She was supposed to reserve her charms to only her husband. But Mike didn't want that. She didn't want that either. And lately she'd begun feeling she was entitled. She was young, pretty and had a hot bod. She shouldn't have to be limited to just one man. Other men should be able to enjoy her. And she should be able to enjoy them.

Jen was a little embarrassed by how easily she had given in to Blake. But that's what she was now. A slut. A whore. Those words – slut and whore – made her tingle between her legs. Growing up, especially growing up Catholic, girls were supposed to be good girls. Girls were supposed to be modest and chaste. Jen didn't want that. She wanted to be bad. She wanted to cheat on Mike. She wanted to open her legs to any man who she found hot, who had the type of cock between his legs to make her scream and cum. She didn't care if Blake thought she was easy, because she WAS easy. That's who she was right now, at this moment in her life – an easy lay for handsome men, a slut for big cocks, a nasty whore who got off on making happily married men cheat on their wives.

As Jen got dressed, she got a text from Joe:

JoeJoe: What are you doing on Thursday?

TinyDancer: That's VD.

JoeJoe: I know. What are you doing?

TinyDancer: You spend VD with your luvy.

JoeJoe: I thought I'm your luvy.

TinyDancer: Ha ha. No I'll be with Mike of course. And Anna. We're going to dinner.

JoeJoe: So what about after?

TinyDancer: What about it?

JoeJoe: Jamal's throwing a VD masquerade party.

TinyDancer: Seriously? Doesn't he know you do that on Halloween, not VD?

JoeJoe: Ha! You can tell him.

TinyDancer: No. I have to be with Mike on VD.

JoeJoe: I'm talking after dinner. Don't you think Mike would rather you be with me?

Jen thought about it. Yes, Mike probably would want her to be with Joey (or another man) on Valentine's day. And she WOULD be going to dinner with Mike and Anna. And she was kinda intrigued to see Jamal again.

TinyDancer: Let me check with Mike.

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"So anything interesting happen today?" Mike asked at dinner.

"No, just a normal stay-at-home mommy day with the banana," Jen said with a grin at her husband. She had decided not to tell Mike about what happened earlier. He'd probably freak out that she'd done it with Anna right outside, but Blake was right, nothing bad had happened, it was no-harm-no-foul. Also, she had a free pass and Mike had told her she didn't have to tell him about everything she did. So Jen's conscience was clear.

Later that evening as Jen was giving Anna a bath, Mike snuck into their bedroom and looked in the hamper. It's something he had taken to do after they started playing the game again. He saw a blouse and black leggings on top. There was a thong too. Mike picked up the leggings. He felt the gusset. It felt somewhat moist but he couldn't tell. Then he put the material to his nose and took a deep breath. He smelled his wife, but also something else. Could it be sperm?

Then Mike picked up the black thong. Immediately he noticed it was moist! He brought it to his nose. There was no mistaking the powerful, pungent smell. It was a man's cum! Jen had fucked someone today, and she had let him cum inside her!

Mike's insides seized up and he began to shake. Jen had lied to him earlier, when he had asked if anything interesting had happened! She was cheating on him!

Mike calmed himself. Then he joined Jen in Anna's bedroom. Jen was reading their daughter a book, as they always did at night when putting Anna down. Mike was distracted. Jen was wearing a loose blouse and leggings. The same outfit she had worn when she had cheated on him, but this one was clean. When had she cheated? And where? With who?

Jen wasn't wearing socks. She often went barefoot, even in the winter. Often, unless it was freezing, she wore flip flops outside. Mike didn't really understand it, but Jen had always been that way. Could it be she liked showing off her pretty feet to men?

As Jen read to Anna, Mike took one of her feet into his hands and rubbed it. He ran his thumb up the elegant arch, and stretched her toes, just like he knew she loved it. Jen smiled at him as she read to their daughter. Then Mike lightly tickled the bottom of her foot, as he knew that turned her on. Jen gave him a lopsided smile and playfully kicked his thigh with the foot he had been tickling.

Once Anna was down, Jen changed into her white nighty, comfy VS cotton panties and white cotton socks. It was ironic that Jen would walk around all day in bare feet or flip flops, but at night she always slept in white cotton socks that she bundled up around her slim ankles.

Mike undressed to his boxers (he always slept in boxers). He was in the cage, and his cock was swollen and ached in the plastic tube. He snuggled up to his wife. He kissed her and reached for her breasts over the nighty. "What's gotten into you?" Jen giggled, but she kissed her husband back. She arched her back and moaned as Mike kissed up her neck to just below her ear, and moved under her nighty to cup and caress her breasts.

"Doesn't this just get you frustrated?" Jen asked as she reached into his boxers and put her hand around the cage. She pulled Mike's boxers down and looked at his penis. She could see it since the cage was clear. His penis was mostly soft but it was somewhat swollen and pressed against the hard plastic. The cage prevented him from getting an erection. His balls were also swollen and bigger than normal.

"Do you really want to get aroused?" Jen asked.

"I'm always aroused around you," Mike said, kissing along Jen's neck and searching for her lips.

But Jen pulled away. "Okay, well, but that's you," she said with a grin. "I don't want to get frustrated."

"I won't leave you frustrated," Mike promised. "I'll eat you out. I'll make you cum."

Jen hesitated. Mike assumed because she didn't want him to see her pussy. Her used pussy. Her pussy that got ruined when she cheated on him earlier that day.

"I'm just kind of tired tonight baby," she said. She rolled over to her side, looking away from Mike, like she was about to go to sleep.

Mike snuggled up to her back, spooning her. He didn't try to force her into anything. He wasn't that kind of person to force his wife. He loved and respected her too much. Only when he was really angry did he force her. Mike wasn't angry now. He was hurt and jealous, and he felt angst over her lying and cheating, but he wasn't angry. He was way more aroused than angry.

Mike put his arms around Jen. She turned off the light, then snuggled back into him. They usually spooned that way when they slept.

Mike's thoughts were on the cum soaked panties in the hamper. There was no way the longing in his cock was going to go away. And now he WAS frustrated. If Jen would at least let him make her cum, he would at least feel like he was part of it. As it was, he felt like she was closing herself off to him.

Then, in the darkness, Jen said "Joey texted me."

"Oh. About what?" Mike asked.

"He invited me to a party on Thursday," she said.

"On Valentine's day?" Mike asked. He suddenly felt his anxiety spike. "We're supposed to go out for dinner," he reminded her. "With Anna. All 3 of us."

"I know. I told him that. He was persistent though."

Mike felt like his heart was in his throat. Feeling anxious, he asked "Would you rather be with Joe on Valentine's day?"

Jen turned around so they were facing each other. Mike could see her face in the soft moonlight coming in through the window.

"Of course not baby," she assured him, rubbing his chest. "I definitely want us to go to dinner together. But …."

"But what?" Mike asked.

"Well, Joey said I should come over after," Jen said.

"And you want to go?" Mike asked.

Jen shrugged and said, "Those kind of parties don't really get going until 10 anyways. Anna won't even know I'm gone. She'll be asleep by then."

"But I'll know you're gone," Mike thought to himself. It was Valentine's day. A wife was supposed to spend that special day with her husband. Jen was giving him dinner. But she was giving after dinner to Joe. And that meant she was giving her body to Joe on Valentine's day.

"You just saw him," Mike reminded her.

"Well, I mean … a boyfriend's allowed to see his girlfriend more than once a week, right?"

Mike's eyes went wide. "I thought you didn't feel that way about Joe," he said.

"I don't know how I feel about him," Jen admitted. "I like him. Not just the sex, I like being with him. So maybe it should be Joey. And he's safe, obviously."

"How is that obvious?"

Jen gave Mike a quizzical look. “Because he’s your brother,” she said, making it sound like that resolved every possible question and risk.

“You wanna go, don’t you?” he asked.

“Sorta,” Jen said back. “I won’t if you don’t want me to.”

“Don’t be like that okay?” Mike snapped. “If you wanna go, just tell me that. Don’t stay just out of guilt.”

“Are you getting mad about this?” she said, looking at her husband with a frown.

Mike frowned. Of course he was mad! How dare his brother – his brother! – ask his wife out on Valentine’s day?! And after he had just seen her that weekend!

But Mike forced himself to be calm. This was their game after all. It was a game they both wanted to play. And his wife being out on Valentine’s day with another man was just something that happened in that game.

“I just want you to tell me what you want,” Mike said. “Don’t hedge. Don’t water things down, trying not to hurt my feelings. That hurts me more, because then I feel like you’re pitying me. Just tell me what you want.”

“Okay then,” Jen said softly. “Then what I want to do is, go to dinner with you and Anna, and be a family together. We’ll put Anna down and I’ll snuggle with you for a while. And then I want to go to the party with Joey. It’s Jamal’s party. I want to spend some time with Joey. Maybe talk to Jamal some like last time, because I think he’s interesting. Then after the party I want to go with Joey to his apartment. And I want to have sex with him, and cum really hard on his cock, because your brother’s got the thickest freaking cock I’ve ever seen in my life.”

I stared at Jen for long moments. My heart was pounding and my throat dry. "Well … thanks for letting me know," I said with a raspy voice.

For some reason, it made Jen giggle, and I couldn't help grinning.

I was in major cuck-space by then, so I asked, "You want to be with Joe on Valentine's day?"

"Yes."

"So you're his Valentine?"

"No I'm yours," Jen said. Then remembering what I had just said about not wanting her to hold back to spare my feelings, she added "I guess I'm partly Joey's too."

"I'm not any use to you anyway, with my cock in this cage," I said, feeling the bittersweet masochistic pleasure of demeaning myself. "Even if you let me out, I can't make you cum, my cock's too small."

Jen began to say something then caught herself. I felt like she was holding back again. "Tell me what you're thinking," I pleaded.

After a moment's hesitation, Jen said in a soft voice, "Lately I've been thinking I'm entitled. I see the way men look at me. I've noticed that for a long time, but lately, since we started playing the game again, I guess I've been paying more attention. I see the way men want me. And I guess I feel like I'm entitled … to spend some time with a guy I'm attracted to on Valentine's day. And then to be in his bed, and feel his big cock inside me, and let him make me cum. I feel like I'm entitled to that on Valentine's day."

Once again I stared at my wife. It felt like my insides were turning upside down. My heart ached.

"What about me?" I asked, working hard to prevent my voice from cracking from the emotions I was feeling. "Where do I fit in?"

"You really want to know?" Jen asked.

"Yes Jen!" I said pleadingly.

"You're my husband. I love you," she began. "You're the best husband, the best father in the world. Anna adores you. I want us all to go to dinner, as a family. But then after, I think I'm entitled to a real man's cock on Valentine's day. It doesn't have to be Joey. If you don't want me with your brother, I get that. But then it'll be someone else. Blake, or Doug. Wyatt if he's back from his honeymoon. But not you Mike. Because you're right. I love your cock, but you're right, it's too small. And I feel like I'm entitled to more on Valentine's day. I'm entitled to a man who can fuck me really hard and make me scream his name when I cum."

I was breathing hard as I processed Jen's words. It was another reminder that Jen wanted another man between her legs. Not me. And despite all we talked about, how this was just temporarily, that eventually it would just be us again, eventually she would desire me again and I'd be all she needed, I doubted if all that – if any of that -- was true.

It felt like my heart was seizing up, yet the desire I felt for her was so intense. And the love too. I loved her so much! It was a reminder of me too. That I was a cuckold, and I'd always be a cuckold.

I pushed the white nighty up, revealing her little high school breasts. I took them into my hands, cupping and caressing them. I kissed her neck, then moved down her body and took one of her nipples into my mouth.

I moved a hand down her body, over her sexy flat stomach, to her VS cotton panties. I pushed my hand into her panties. "Let me make you cum this way," I whispered to her as I began to rub her clit. She didn't stop me because it was dark and I wasn't trying to take off her panties.

I worked on Jen's breasts and I rubbed her clit. It took a while but she eventually came. It wasn't an explosive orgasm like I'd seen other men give her. She didn't scream out my name the way she screamed out Cam's, or violently arch her back and desperately claw at the sheets. Her orgasm wasn't an explosion. It was more like a soft wave, the way you see at the beach on days when the ocean is mostly still, and then there's a little wave that slowly moves over the top and then gently crashes onto the sand. That was Jen's orgasm. She didn't scream out my name. All she did was part her lips and let out a soft moan.

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Two days later, I watched as Jen undressed. It was Valentine's day and we were back from dinner. It had been the three of us, me, Jen and Anna, and it had been good family time. But now Anna was in bed and Jen was getting dressed for the VD's party she was going to with my brother.

"It's really a masquerade party?" I asked. "On Valentine's day?"

"I know, crazy right?" Jen was with a grin at me.

"Did you buy a costume?"

"I just had to get boots."

"Boots?" I asked, not understanding.

"You're gonna love this," Jen said as she stood naked in front of me. She had wipe off all her makeup, and was still grinning at me. "I'm going as Lara Croft."

My eyes went wide. "Lara …," I said softly, my voice trailing off as I watched Jen get ready. She was braiding her hair into one long braided ponytail. It always amazed me when I saw her – or any girl – braid her hair. Where do girls learn this? Do they teach it in school?

When she was done, the ponytail almost went down to her tight ass. It was a thick ponytail because Jen's hair was so lush.

I watched as Jen put on nude pantyhose. Lara Croft in nylon?!!!

Then Jen went to her dresser and pulled out something that was aqua. I assumed it was Lara's classic aqua midriff top. But instead, it was an aqua bodysuit. I'd seen it before, she sometimes wore it under outfits. The bodysuit was like a one piece bathing suit, but it snapped at the gusset between her legs. The bodysuit was held up by tiny spaghetti straps and rode high up her hips. The body suit exposed most of her back, and it ran up her ass like a thong. The bodysuit was so tight it looked painted on, and the fabric was thin so in the front, you could see her nipples and areolas if you really looked.

Then Jen pulled on brown shorts. They were tiny! They ended low on her hips so you could see the leg openings of the bodysuit, and they were short. Really short! They revealed all of her long, shapely legs.

Next Jen pulled on her new brown boots. The boots ended about mid-calf and tied up the front. She completed the outfit with a black belt and fingerless black gloves. Jen didn't wear a holster. My wife was so anti-guns she wouldn't even carry a play gun.

"So what do you think?" she said, standing in front of me. She pulled the braid to the front so it ran down her chest and ended just pass the black belt. (Author's note: inspiration for Jen's Lara Croft outfit can be found via the link in my signature.)

"Jen … you're really going like this?" I asked. I was looking at her chest. At her bosom. Her little eraser sized nipples were already denting the fabric, and they weren't even hard. "I can see right through that top."

"Don't worry. I'm wearing a jacket," she said, and she put on a short brown jacket. With the jacket on, you couldn't see her nipples or areolas, and that made me feel better.

“You look so incredibly amazing,” I gushed. I moved close and put my hands on her hips, above the low riding shorts. I felt the nylon of the pantyhose on her slim hips and it made my head swim with desire.

Jen had never dressed at Lara Croft before. Never! She knew how much I loved Tomb Raider. I was a geek, I had played all the games, I obsessed over the movies, I probably had a little secret crush on the Alicia Vikander Lara.

Jen knew all this. How could she dress as Lara for Joe?

“Why don’t you go as Supergirl?” I asked, referring to her costume from last Halloween. “Be Lara the next time we go somewhere.”

“You could’ve said that before I got all dressed,” Jen said with a laugh. “But anyways, Lara’s better, cause the movie just came out.”

“But I’d rather you dress as Lara for me,” I said, pulling her closer to me.

“Mike I’ve already braided my hair,” Jen said somewhat dismissively as she pulled away from me. “And Joey told me the other day he watched the new movie on Netflix and liked it. So I want to surprise him.”

I stared at Jen, looking incredulously. She was my wife. MY wife. She knew I liked the movie too. She knew I was obsessed with Tomb Raider. Yet she chose to dress as Lara for Joe instead of me.

Jen saw I was upset. She rubbed my chest and said consolingly, “Mike baby, come on. It’s just a stupid freaking costume. I just thought it’d be fun with Joey.”

“But you’re wearing it first for him instead of me,” I said bitterly. I knew I probably sounded like a whining child, but I couldn’t help the way I felt.

"But I'm not," Jen insisted as she still tried to console me. "You've seen me wear this top a million times. The shorts too. Everything I have you bought for me, or I bought for you. Okay, not the boots, they're new, but you don't even like me in boots. You like me in heels or flats, or booties. Right?"

Jen's words didn't console me. I knew she was feeding me bullshit. She did that all the time.

My insides were churning from cuckold angst. From jealousy, from feeling like she was picking another man over me. It was distressing, but also delicious at the same time. I wasn't hard – the cage prevented that – but I ached down there. I felt desire down there.

I moved my hands inside her jacket and on her hips again. I felt the silk of the pantyhose. It blew my mind. My wife dressed as Lara Croft. Prettier – way prettier – than either Angelina or Alicia. Her tight ballerina's body in a thong body suit. Wearing pantyhose. Her shapely impossibly long slim legs in pantyhose.

"God Jen …," I groaned as I nuzzled her neck where it met her shoulder. "You'll be home before Anna wakes up, right?"

"Yes, I promise," she assured me. Her promise gave me some relief. That meant she'd only be gone for 7, maybe 8 hours. She'd be back with me in 8 hours tops.

"I'm thinking about taking tomorrow off," I said. Tomorrow was Friday. "If I do, will you take off the cage?" She had promised to free my cock for the weekend. But if the weekend started Friday, then that counted, right?

"Ha!" Jen said, her laugh turning into a grin at me. "So you want a long weekend out of the cage?"

"We can go furniture shopping, for the loft apartment," I offered hopefully.

"You'd take me furniture shopping anyways," she shot back, the grin still on her face. It was true. If my wife wanted to go furniture shopping, she knew I'd take her furniture shopping. But then she said "Okay. I'll let you out." As she said it, she reached down and squeezed the cage. I couldn't feel her hand of course, but still the prospect of being out of the cage for 3 entire days got me excited.

My hands were still on her hips, feeling the nylon of the pantyhose. "Don't take this off, okay?" I asked her. "Come home dressed like this."

Jen laughed. "Okay, I will," she said, grinning at me.

****

As Jen was ubering into he city, she got a text from Blake.

Blake: How's it going?

TinyDancer: It's going. Went to dinner with Mike and Anna.

Blake: Talk about me?

TinyDancer: Sorry no. Anna was there stupid. What'd you do with Steph?

Blake: Dominos.

TinyDancer: OMG, how romantic!

Blake: We talked about you.

TinyDancer: No way! On VD? In front of your boys?

Blake: Boys were asleep. And we talk about you all the time.

TinyDancer: You tell Steph about the other day?

Blake: No. You?

TinyDancer: Not yet.

Blake: Let's not tell them.

Jen stared at the screen. Blake was suggesting they not tell their spouses about their quick hookup the other day, in the kitchen while the kids played outside. It was like cheating. In fact, it was cheating because she hadn't been truthful with Mike when he asked about her day. A shudder ran up her back, and she felt hot between her legs.

"Alright," Jen texted back.

Blake: Why don't you come over?

TinyDancer: Can't. Going to a party.

Blake: With Mike?

TinyDancer: Nope.

Blake: Cam?

TinyDancer: Nope.

Blake: Where?

TinyDancer: NYU.

Blake: Seriously?! Are you fucking a college student?!!! When will you be home?

TinyDancer: Late

Blake: How late?

TinyDancer: Late late

Blake: Fuck you Jen!

Jen stared incredulously at her phone. Blake was clearly furious at her, but he had no right. But, the fact that he was jealous made her warm inside. It made her feel good and was flattering, that a handsome man like Blake thought about her, and was angry that she had other male suitors. It gave her a major ego boost, and made her feel good about herself.

Jen wasn't happy though that Blake was upset with her. She was the kind of person who wanted to be liked by everyone. And, she liked Blake. He was an ass sometimes, and she knew Mike didn't like him, but Blake was interesting and could always make her laugh. Also, she knew she had kinda egged him on so his reaction was partly her fault. She decided she would apologize to Blake that weekend.

When Jen got to Joe's apartment, she found him dressed as a Roman with a white sheet thrown over one shoulder and tied around his waist with a short rope, flip flops, and a headband of leaves around his head. It made her laugh since it was such a cheesy college costume.

Joe went wild when he saw Jen's Tomb Raider outfit. She had taken off the jacket so he could get the full effect. He threw her onto the bed and was all over her. But Jen didn't want sex at that moment. She wanted to go to the party first and socialize. Part of her wanted to see Jamal (and wanted him to see her dressed as Lara Croft). So like before, Jen got on her knees between Joe's legs, and went down on her brother-in-law. Then, also like before, after he came she swished mouthwash in her mouth before fixing her lipstick.

"You want a bump before hitting the party?" Joe asked as he took a small package of white powder from his dresser. Jen's eyes opened wide as she recognized it.

"Joey, since when are you doing coke?" she asked judgmentally.

"Jen, come on, chill," Joe said nonchalantly. "Listen, I'm a cancer survivor 2 times over. So I'm gonna live while I'm still alive."

Jen pursed her lips at her words. "Joey, god – why would you say that?" she said.

Joe shrugged. "So you want some or not?" he asked. As Jen decided, he dipped his finger into the powder and snorted it into one nostril. Then he did it again with his other nostril.

Joe gave Jen a questioning look. She hesitated for a few moments. She wasn't a big drug user. She'd done her share of weed in high school and college, and tried cocaine, but that mostly stopped when she started dating Mike (who was against such things). She got back into it somewhat with Scott, but then stopped again when she got back together with Mike.

But now … she was at a college party with college boys and coeds, and she was feeling wicked and naughty. What the fuck, she thought. She took the bag from Joe. "If I'm gonna do it, do you have something better than your finger?"

Joe grinned at her. He got her a razer blade and straw. Jen formed 2 short thin lines of the white power on Joe's coffee table. Then, on her knees, she leaned over the table and snorted the lines into her nose. As she did, she wondered what she looked like, Lara Croft snorting cocaine. She wondered if it would get Mike hot. Of course it would, she thought.

"Oh fuck," Jen gasped as her head rolled back. She had forgotten how good coke made you feel. The sudden sense of euphoria, a surge of self-

confidence, her head spinning with a wonderful highness. Her body was tingling, and when Joe touched her shoulder to see if she was okay, she almost jumped out of her skin. Coke always made her body super-sensitive. She had a sudden desire to fuck Joe right then and there, to see what it would feel like to have him inside her while her body was so super-sensitive. But coke also make her more social so she wanted even more to go to the party.

As they left to walk to Jamal's apartment, Jen grabbed the jacket and put it on, remembering her promise to Mike to wear the jacket to somewhat hide how see through the bodysuit was.

The party was packed again, even more so than last time. Clearly Jamal was a popular host.

Once again there was a mix of whites and blacks. But clearly more black men than white; Joe was in the minority. The girls were about equal black and white.

There was a lot of skin on display at the party. Revealing costumes for both the men and women. Jen was one of the few girls there not wearing high heels. She was noticed though, with guys grinning and saying things like "Hey Lara" as she passed.

As things often happened at parties, Jen and Joe separated. She noticed he was immediately surrounded by girls, just like last time. She wasn't surprised, as Joe was a cutie and was sweet, he had a good body, and was awesome in bed. She wondered how many of those girls were his lovers. She couldn't help feeling jealous, but she knew she couldn't stop Joe from flirting or get mad at him. They were in an intimate relationship now, but eventually that would have to stop.

Jen felt someone beside her. It was Jamal. "No drink?" he said, seeing her empty hands. "My man Joe needs to treat his girl better. What can I get you?"

"Can you make a Cosmo?"

"Coming right up," Jamal said with a cheery grin. Jen again noticed the gold among his sparkling white teeth.

As Jen sipped her martini, she glanced across the room at Joe. He was still surrounded by girls, like he was holding court. Jamal saw where she was looking and asked "Jealous?"

Jen shrugged. "I don't have the right to be jealous," she said.

"Because you're married?" Jamal said.

Jen shrugged again.

"Your husband lets you out with Joe, on Valentine's day?" Jamal asked.

"I thought you knew about our lifestyle," Jen said.

"Yes. Your husband gets off on you with other men," Jamal said.

Jen shrugged.

"You see, that's why black men are superior over whites. We're possessive over our women."

Jen frowned at him. "You know, this black versus white stuff gets really old," she said irritably.

"You might not think so if your people spent hundreds of years as slaves," Jamal shot back.

That shut Jen up. She took a gulp of the Cosmo. Then wanting to change the subject, she said "So Joey said you were president of KAP?"

"You know about Greek life?" Jamal said with a friendly smile.

“Guilty,” Jen said with a grin back. “I was in Delta Delta Delta at Penn State.”

“Oh yes, the famous triple D,” Jamal joked. He looked at Jen’s chest and said “You don’t look like a triple D to me.”

Jen frowned at him. “Did you really just say that to me?”

“Does that bother you, that you have small breasts?”

“What?” Jen said, incredulous at the nerve of his question.

Jamal moved a step closer. He boldly reached for Jen’s jacket and opened it. He took a long look at her braless breasts in the see through body suit.

“You think a lot of yourself, don’t you?” Jen said, glaring at him. Although she made no move to close the jacket.

“You make a very sexy Lara Croft,” Jamal said.

“What?” Jen snapped.

“I’m sorry if I offended you,” Jamal said. He was still looking at Jen’s chest. “I think you’re beautiful. I’ve known men like your husband. Cuckolds. I suppose having a wife as lovely as you helps that. His fantasy, I mean.”

Jen was silent, momentarily speechless.

Jamal moved closer, so their bodies were almost touching. He reached up and pulled the jacket off her shoulders to her elbows, so now the jacket was like a rope, tying her arms behind her back. Jamal was much taller than Jen. He leaned down and whispered into her ear, “I understand you have fantasies too.”

Jen tried to wriggle away but Jamal held her arms tight. He was much bigger and stronger, there was no way she could free herself. Jamal moved even closer so now his lips were touching her ear. He whispered "Have you ever fantasized about a black man raping you?"

Jen tore herself away from Jamal. "Let me go!" she hissed. Jamal released her arms and Jen moved a few steps away.

"I don't know what Joey's told you," she said with a glare at the black man.

"He's told me a lot actually," Jamal said, a confidential smile on his face. "The rest I've figured out. You have rape fantasies. Your husband's a cuckold. You have one child, a daughter. Her name is Anna. Your name is Jennifer Andrews. Your husband is Mike Andrews. He's famous and quite wealthy for his Sapphire invention."

Then, with his smile getting bigger, Jamal added "And you're having an affair with your brother in law."

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Chapter 35

Jen stepped away, looking defensive and warily at the big black man. "What do you want?" she asked in a throaty whisper.

Jamal laughed. "Don't worry Jen," he said with a friendly grin that showed off his gold teeth. "I'm not trying to blackmail you or anything like that."

"Then why did you say that?" Jen asked guardedly. "It's like you're stalking us."

"I'm not stalking you," Jamal assured her. "But I'm interested in you. And your husband. I'm intrigued by your lifestyle. You call it your game, right? And then when I saw you the first time, I became even more interested. You are one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen."

“What do you mean, you’re interested in my husband too?” Jen asked, still looking wary.

“Will you allow me to show you?” Jamal asked.

“Show me what?” Jen said guardedly.

“It’s better if I show you. I promise you’ll be perfectly safe.”

Jen hesitated for long moments, looking at Jamal. Then she nodded yes.

Jamal led Jen into the next apartment. “We’ll have more privacy here,” he said. When Jen hesitated at entering the apartment, he said “I promise I won’t touch you. You’re perfectly safe, I swear.”

Jen allowed Jamal to lead her inside. The apartment was empty. Jen looked around nervously. “I’ll be right back,” Jamal said, and he stepped into the next room and closed the door.

Jen fidgeted on her high heels, wondering why she had agreed to come here. She was all alone with Jamal. She barely knew him. What if he did try to rape her? Actually, there was no try about it. Jamal was a big man, and he looked strong. She’d be helpless if he tried something.

Jen shuddered at the possibility. But was the shiver down her spine because of fear, or something else. She remembered what Jamal has whispered into her ear. “Have you ever fantasized about a black man raping you?”

Jen shivered again. Yes, she had fantasized about that. More times than she would want to admit.

A few minutes later the door opened and Jamal stepped back into the room.

Jen’s eyes went wide when she saw him. He was completely naked!

"Don't be alarmed," Jamal assured her. "I won't touch you. I'll stay right here."

"Why did you take off your clothes?!!!!" Jen said, turning her eyes away from the black man's naked body.

"To show you what I have to offer," Jamal said.

"What?!" Jen snapped, not understanding.

"I want to be your lover Jen," Jamal said. "I want to play your game. With you and your husband."

"What …?" Jen said in a softer, hesitant voice. She was still looking away.

"Look at me Jen," Jamal said. With a chuckle, he added "Don't be shy. You've seen your share of male bodies, I think."

Jen hesitated. But then she couldn't resist. She looked at the black man.

Jamal was tall in his bare feet, as tall as Blake. He had a really nice body. Muscular and well defined. Lean, toned, hard. He had a washboard stomach. He had some hair on his legs, and a happy trail of short bristly black hair that went from his penis to just below his belly button, but otherwise he was shaved with no pubic hair.

Jen's eyes focused on his cock. It was … impressive. Long and thick. It looked like a python running down his muscular thighs. And he wasn't even hard.

And Jamal was so black. His body was jet black.

"Have you ever had black cock?" Jamal asked as he watched Jen look at his manhood.

Jen finally tore her eyes away from his cock and looked at Jamal's face. "Yes," she said honestly.

"A lot?"

"Not a lot."

"What do you think of me?"

Jen shrugged and admitted, "You've got a nice body."

"I can tell you have a nice body too Jen," Jamal said, looking her up and down.

"Even though my tits are small?" Jen said sarcastically, referring to his earlier comment.

Jamal laughed. "I was just trying to get you riled up," he said. "It worked too. You're here with me now. I bet you never thought you'd be alone with me naked."

"You're right about that," Jen said with a laugh as she shook her head in wonder.

"So you can go now," Jamal said dismissively. "I'm sure Joe's wondering where you are."

"Okay …," Jen said uncertainly. Was she relieved Jamal wasn't making a move on her? Or disappointed?

Jamal seemed to read her thoughts and smiled knowingly. "I know I could have you right now if I wanted," he said confidently. "But you have to work it out with Joe, I'm sure. And in any case, I want to talk to Mike first."

"What?" Jen said, again not understanding. "Why?"

“I want to meet your husband,” Jamal said. “Now you should go. I don’t want Joe to worry about you.”

Jen stared a Jamal for a long moment. Then she turned and left.

****

Later, Jen and Joe were gasping on his bed. Her Lara Croft outfit lay carelessly thrown on the floor, along with Joe’s toga.

Jen was on her elbows and knees as Joe had fucked her doggy style. He had made her cum twice, both times really hard, and Joe had just cum inside her. As he pulled down, his sperm flooded from her well used pussy. Joe collapsed onto his back, still panting. Jen did the same, then rolled over towards him and wrapped an arm around his chest.

“God you fuck me so freaking good!” she gushed as her body still tingled from their fucking. Her orgasms had been SO intense. She wondered if that was because of the cocaine she’d had earlier.

Joe grinned at her and said, “Have I ever told you how good your pussy feels?” He wrapped his arms around her neck and kissed her. Jen kissed him back and started getting aroused again as he began to fondle her body.

“No, stop,” she said, pulling away. “I’ve got to get home.”

“Stay for a while,” Joe said. He ran his hand up Jen’s thigh to try to turn her on again. He wanted his sister-in-law’s body again. More than that, he wanted to be with her more. “You just got here. Stay.”

“Joey I can’t,” Jen said, again pulling away from his hand. “I promised Mike I wouldn’t be too late. I’ve got to go.”

"Why? To give Mike his Valentine's day fuck?" Joe said. He said it like a joke, but there was an edge to it. "Why do you still fuck him anyway? With his little dick."

Jen didn't tell Joe that she wasn't fucking Mike, not a lot anyway, with his cock in a cage. But even still she didn't like the tone of his voice. "Joey, come on," she said soothingly. "He's my husband. And your brother."

"How do you even respect him? I mean, it's Valentine's day and you're here with me, not him," Joe shot back.

Jen got out of bed and gathered her clothes. She said, "First off, I respect Mike. A lot. Second, I spent most of Valentine's day with Mike. Of course I did. He's my husband. And last, he's the reason why I'm with you. Because he let me. If Mike said no I wouldn't be here. So be nice okay?"

Jen tugged on the nude pantyhose. Then she wiggled back into the bodysuit. As she reached between her legs to snap the snap, Joe asked, "You're not even bothering to wash off. Because Mike wants you this way."

"Yes, Joey, Mike wants me this way," Jen snapped. "God Joey, why are you being such a jerk? I don't ask you about those girls – you know, all those girls you flirted with tonight? All those girls you're probably fucking?"

Joey grinned as he heard the jealousy in his sister-in-law's voice. "I'll stop seeing them if you want," he said. "Just say the word, and I'll be exclusive to you."

Jen pulled on the tiny brown shorts. The she sat down wearily next to Joe on the bed. "No Joey," she said. "You can't be exclusive to me. You know that. Because I can't be exclusive to you. Because of Mike. Right now we're having fun, but eventually you'll find a girl and you'll fall in love and you'll get married."

Joe looked into her eyes and said "Even if that happens, I'll still want you." He put his hand on her thigh, just below her pussy, and said "I'll still want this."

"Joey you're talking crazy," Jen said, pushing his hand away. "You know that can't happen."

Jen got off the bed and sat in his desk chair. She leaned over as she put on the brown boots. By silent agreement, they decided not to talk about the future anymore.

"So what's up exactly with Jamal?" Jen asked. "I talked to him some, and you know, he's not a normal person."

Joe's eyes narrowed. "Did he hit on you?" he said, the words coming out like a growl.

"Joey, chill okay? I'm just asking."

"Are you thinking about getting involved with him?" Joe asked in an accusatory tone. His voice was laced with jealousy.

"Joey, I'm just freaking curious about the man," Jen said with exasperation. "Like, where does he get his money? His apartment's huge. NYU pays professors that much?" Jen was also thinking about the gold in Jamal's mouth. That had to cost a fortune.

"I think he consults," Joe said. "He knows a lot about black people. How they think."

"You mean, the African-American demographic? He consults on that?"

"I guess," Joe said with a shrug.

"So is he with someone?" Jen asked, changing the subject from money to romance. "Does he have a girlfriend? Is he really serious about the black versus white stuff, or is he bullshitting?"

"Jen …," Joe said seriously. "I do not want you to do anything with Jamal. He's my friend. Do not get involved with him Jen. I would not be good with that."

Jen said on the bed next to Joe. She put her hand on his thigh and said "You can't make those kind of rules Joey. I don't belong to you. I belong to Mike. Only Mike can make rules like that."

"So I'm nothing to you!" Joe spat out bitterly, pushing Jen's hand away. "I'm just another fuck toy for your game!"

"Joey you know that's not true!" Jen said desperately, reaching for him. "You know you're special to me!"

"Then I need something from you!" he said. "Something no one else gets!"

"What do you want?"

Joe thought about it for a moment. Then he said "It won't be like you just said. That when I get married we're over. I never want it to be over. That's what you have to give me. You have to promise it'll always be like this."

"Joey, are you crazy? That means you'll be cheating on your wife," Jen pointed out.

"I don't care," he said defiantly. "I won't get married if that means I can't be with you anymore. So that's what I want. Promise it'll always be like this."

"God Joey …," Jen lamented. "How can I promise that? I'm married, remember? We might not always play the game. Or maybe Mike might want me to stop fucking his brother. What do I do then?"

"You tell him to fuck off!" Joe said angrily.

"Joey … god …" Jen sighed unhappily. She thought for a moment. Then she said "I can promise this. If Mike says we can't be together anymore, I'll try to talk him out of it. I'll try really hard. That's the best I can do Joey."

****

I jumped up when I heard a key turning in the lock. I hurried to the door and was already there as it opened. My heart leaped when I saw my wife, the girl that I loved since the moment I saw her in college.

"Baby," I said, pulling Jen into my arms. "I missed you." My words came out like a relieved sigh.

I hugged her. I could smell traces of her perfume, and the strawberry-vanilla of her shampoo. I smelled other things too. Alcohol and cigarette smoke from the party. A man's cologne. And the sweat of sex.

I tugged the jacket off her shoulders and looked at her. "You're still Lara," I said, seeing her outfit.

"I am," Jen said with a grin at me. "How's Anna?"

"Still sleeping," I said. "I just checked on her." Then I asked, "Did you have fun?"

"I did. A lot of fun."

"I guess Joe had fun too," I said.

"I think so," Jen said with that lopsided grin again.

"Did he … ruin you?" I asked, my heart pounding.

Jen giggled. “I guess you’ll have to see for myself,” she said.

I pulled her close again, pressing my body against hers. My cock was swollen and leaking pre-cum. I huskily said “I’d rather feel for myself. Are you too tired?”

“I’m okay,” Jen said. “Come on, let’s go baby.”

We went into our bedroom. I took off my clothes but Jen stayed dressed as Lara Croft (although she did take off the boots). Then she got the key and unlocked the cage. She took it off. My cock was free!

My cock was soft. From experience, I knew it would take some time to get an erection after being in the cage. Looking at my dick, Jen wrapped her hand around my soft shaft. It felt wonderful! For 2 weeks my cock had been denied any human touch. Now my sexy wife had her small soft hand around me, and it felt glorious!

Jen saw the pre-cum and she lowered her head and took my cock into her mouth. She pressed her soft pouty lips around my shaft, and used the flat of her tongue to lick up and down. As she did, her long braided hair fell onto my chest.

I gasped. The mix of sensations were almost too much, especially after being caged for 2 weeks. It was like being sensory deprived for 2 weeks, and then coming out into the full sun into a loud rock concert. Even though my cock was still soft, it was like a sudden, massive flood of pleasure. It was so intense, it was almost painful.

“Jen wait, stop,” I pleaded, pushing her head off my cock. Jen looked surprised. She looked at my cock – I was still soft – and then at me.

“Are you going to cum?” she asked. “Even though you’re soft?”

I shook my head, looking (and feeling) unsure. I didn’t know the answer. I felt the urge to cum. I wanted to cum. Desperately. Yet I wasn’t sure I

could cum. What was wrong with me? Do other caged men have this problem? I'd read a lot about male chastity, but nothing this specific.

"Let's just, can we talk a while," I said. I looked at the clock. It was almost 4am. Even though it was late, and she was tired, and all her makeup had long since washed off, she still looked beautiful. Heart stopping, head turning beautiful, the kind of beautiful you usually only saw on magazine covers and in movies.

"Are you too tired?" I asked her, not able to take my eyes off her pretty face.

"I'm fine," Jen assured me. She moved up the bed and we both shifted so we were facing each other. She held my soft cock in her hand. "I need to tell you something. I did some coke tonight. I think that's why I'm so wired."

"Jen … cocaine?" I said, frowning at her.

"It just seemed like the thing to do," she said, looking sheepish as she knew that was a lame answer.

"I want you to be safe baby," I told her.

"I will be, I promise," she assured me. Then she said, "Blake texted me."

"When?"

"When I was in the uber."

"What'd he want?"

"He wanted to get together," Jen said. "He wasn't happy when I told him I was going to a party. I guess I should see him this weekend."

"Jen he's not your husband," I snapped. "You don't have to see him if you don't want to."

"Mike baby, it's okay," she said with a soothing hand to my chest. "He's not forcing me. I want to see him."

Jen silenced me with her words. My chest was tightening up. She noticed I was upset. "Calm down baby," she said soothingly, putting her soft hand on my chest again. "I don't care really if I see him."

"But you just said you wanted to," I said, my voice trembling from emotion.

"I mean, only if it works out," Jen said. "Maybe I'll see him, maybe not."

I was silent as I processed that. I was confused. Often when we played the game, I couldn't figure out what was going on in my wife's head, even though I felt like I knew her better than any other person on the planet.

My eyes drifted down to her hand as she stroked my dick. She wasn't stroking as much as squeezing it, since it was soft. The head was still oozing pre-cum, which provided lubrication. My small soft cock easily fit in the palm of her small hand.

Jen was looking at my cock too. I said "I guess there's a big difference. Between me and Joe."

"Well … yeah …," Jen said as she continued to look at my manhood, if you could even call it that.

"Did Joe make you cum?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"Twice."

"On his cock?"

"Yes."

"Good?"

"Really good," Jen said. "Although it might have been partly the coke too. That always makes things more intense."

I stared at my wife for a long moment. She had become so wild. Dressing to show off her body. Fucking whoever she wanted. Taking drugs. It was all so exhilarating!

I moved closer and kissed her. "Jen," I said without moving my lips from hers, while pressing my tongue against hers. "I love you so much!"

We made out for a while. I cupped her breasts and felt her nipples through the thin bodysuit. She kept squeezing my cock and moved her leg over mine, rubbing my calf so I felt the nylon of the nude pantyhose. I was hungry for her! I wanted my wife!

When I pulled away I was gasping. She was breathing harder too, but not passionately like the way she always got with other men. It was a reminder that I didn't turn her on like other men. She might love me, but sexually I wasn't what she desired.

But as long as she loved me, that was enough. As long as she came home to me, that was enough. I'd let her be with other men. Because I wanted her to be happy. That's how much I loved her. I'd let other men enjoy her body, as long as I got all the rest of her.

Jen seemed to sense my thoughts. She kissed me and said, "I love you Mike."

"Do you really?"

"Yes baby," Jen assured me. "I love you. I'll always love you."

"But as a friend though, right? I'm friend-zoned," I said. I couldn't help some bitterness creeping into my voice. But I didn't want to start a fight, so I forced a smile and said "That's okay. This is what I want. It was my idea."

"Mike …," Jen said softly. She kissed me again, then looked into my eyes as she said, "I tease you about being friend-zoned, but you're not. Of course you're not. You're way more than a friend. Way way more. You're the most important man in my life. You are Mike."

Jen's words warmed me. I pulled her into my arms. "I just need to hold you," I said, squeezing her tight. "I need to fill up the Jen meter."

Jen hugged me back. The hug turned into kissing, and we made out again. I was so hungry for her. It was more than physical. In fact, it was probably more emotional than physical. I needed to feel her love for me. I needed to feel that I was still part of her life.

I kissed her open mouth, urgently, pushing my tongue into her mouth, desperately seeking out her tongue. Jen didn't resist me at all. In fact she was willing. She opened her mouth to meet mine, and she caressed her tongue against mine. It was exactly what I needed! It wasn't just me, she was kissing me back, we were kissing each other. It filled my heart! It filled my soul!

"So I need to tell you something," she said when we finally broke apart. We were still on our sides, looking at each other. Jen's hand was still playing with my cock. I was getting harder but not there yet. She wasn't complaining though. She was being patient with me.

"What?"

"Jamal. He knows about us. He knows who you are. He knows Joey's your brother. He even knows Anna's name."

I almost jumped out of the bed with alarm. "Why'd you wait so long to tell me?! Is he trying to blackmail us?!"

"No Mike, it's okay," Jen said with a soothing hand to my chest. "He's interested in us. He knows your fantasies and mine. He says he wants to play the game with us."

"What? Seriously?"

"Yeah," Jen said. "He actually flashed me."

"He flashed you?"

"He took off all his clothes and stood in front of me completely naked," Jen said.

My mouth dropped. "You're kidding?"

"No, I swear I'm telling the truth," Jen said with a laugh.

"Did he try anything?"

"No. Actually he was a perfect gentlemen. Even though that sounds weird since he was naked in front of me."

I couldn't help being intrigued. I imagined my pretty wife (dressed as Lara Croft) in the same room as the naked Jamal. I remembered he was a big guy and very black. My wife alone in a room with a big naked black man. Knowing her rape fantasies, I asked "Were you disappointed he didn't try anything?"

Jen was silent for a long moment. Then she said in a low voice "I don't know."

I selected my next words carefully. After all, a husband shouldn't ask his wife "Would you get off if that black guy you just met pretend raped you?"

So instead I said "Do you think it would be fun to include Jamal in our game? Assuming it was safe?"

Jen looked down shyly. She said "I don't know. Maybe you can talk to him."

"You want me to talk to him?" I asked surprised.

"He wants to talk to you actually," Jen said.

My eyes opened wide with surprise. "Me? Why?"

"I don't know. He said he wants to meet you."

We stared at each other for long moments, both of us silent as we thought about Jamal. Finally I said "I'll think about it."

"Okay …," Jen said, her voice trailing off. She gave me a look, and I felt she was disappointed in me. Was she thinking I wasn't man enough to face up to a guy like Jamal? Her look made me shrink up inside. No man wants his girl to think less of him. But it's not like I was saying I wouldn't talk to Jamal. I just needed to process all this new information. That's how I was. I was methodical, I just needed to take things step by step.

After a moment, Jen said, "Joey wouldn't like it anyways."

I frowned at Jen. I felt my chest tightening up. "Jen, stop saying things like that," I said, bristling at her words. "I'm your husband. Not Joe. Not Blake. No one has a right over you. I'm the only one. Just me."

Jen frowned and pursed her lips at me. "Mike, of course you're my husband," she said somewhat dismissively. "But other men have some rights too. You have to admit that." Her tone was hard and sharp.

I stared at her. What was she talking about?

"You have to understand Mike," she continued. "I can't be intimate with a man … Joey, Blake, whoever … without feeling something. You know I don't work that way. You can't tell me not to feel anything. It's not fair." Once again her tone was hard and sharp. It was like she was annoyed with me. Was it because I hadn't immediately agreed to talk with Jamal?

"That's not what I'm saying," I said.

"Then what?" she snapped impatiently, her eyes narrowed at me.

I didn't want to get into a fight. Don't get me wrong. I knew she was being a spoiled brat. I mean, I was giving her all the freedom in the world. I let her see Joe on Valentine's day, and since getting home all she talked about was doing coke, how she felt obligated to see Blake, and how she wanted to explore things with Jamal. And then I tell her I need some time to get my head around talking with Jamal, and she gets annoyed with me? She said I wasn't being fair with her. Well, how was she being fair to me?

But I didn't want to get into a fight. I needed my wife. She was back with me now and needed to be close to her. And I was so hot for her. My cock was finally hard. I wanted – needed -- to be inside her.

"Jen, come on," I said softly. I put my palms on her knees and ran my hands up her nyloned thighs. "Let's not fight."

Jen was still frowning at me but she seemed to soften. She didn't stop me when I kissed her. After a moment she kissed me back. Soon we were hugging and making out on the bed. Jen had her hand on my hard cock, and she was slowly stroking me. I ran my hands into the back of the brown shorts and was kneading her tight ass. She wrapped a leg around me and

was running her stockinged foot up and down my calf. Oh god it felt so good!

I urgently worked on the button and zipper of the brown shorts. Jen giggled at my desperation. "You wanna fuck Lara Croft baby?" she teased.

"Did Joe fuck Lara good?" I asked excitedly as I pulled the brown shorts down her long shapely legs.

"Oh yeah," Jen purred. "Joey made Lara cum so hard."

"Oh god!" I groaned. Jen still had her hand between our bodies, and she was still stroking me. I was close so I pushed her hand away. "I don't want to cum that way," I told her.

I got between Jen's legs. I reached for her crotch and tugged at the gusset of the aqua bodysuit. The snaps released and the body suit opened, revealing her womanhood. Jen's pussy lips were red and swollen, but they were smashed down by the pantyhose. It was such a sexy sight! There was a big wet spot in the pantyhose. I knew it was Joe's sperm leaking out of her and that got me so hot my head was spinning.

"I want to be inside you," I said urgently. I wanted her to keep wearing the pantyhose so I tore a hole into the nylon, exposing her pussy.

Oh god Joe had really abused her! Her sweet pussy lips were puffy and red, and they gaped apart. She was moist there, so he must have cum a lot in her.

As if reading my thoughts, Jen said "You might not feel much. Joey really stretched me."

"Ugh god!" I groaned at her words. She was gonna make me cum and I wasn't even inside her yet! I put my hands on her shoulders and pressed her into the mattress. "Too much Jen," I said pleadingly. "Let me just …

give me a minute," I gasped. "I don't want to cum too fast. Give me a minute to calm down."

"You can put on a condom," Jen said.

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"If you put on a condom, you'll last longer," she said.

I stared at her, my eyes going wide with shock and horror. "You want me to wear a condom?"

"I'm just saying you'll last longer that way."

"You don't want me bare inside you?"

"Mike baby," Jen said with a laugh. "I'm just saying if you want to last longer …."

I stared at my wife for a long moment. She let Joe inside her bare. She let Blake and Doug inside her bare. She didn't make anyone wear a condom, they all got to fuck her bareback, they all got to cum inside her. But now she wanted me, her husband, to wear a condom. With me she didn't want skin-to-skin. She didn't want me to cum inside her.

I reached over to her bedside table, where I knew she kept condoms. I found one that fit me. It said "Small" on the square foil package.

"I'll put it on you," she offered, reaching for the condom.

"No I'll do it," I said. I didn't want Jen's hand on me as then I might cum before I was ready.

I rolled the condom onto my hard cock. Jen watched me. Then she settled onto her back. She reached between us and took my cock. She guided me into her as I pushed forward.

"Oh god," I moaned as I entered her. Even though she was stretched, even though I was sheathed in a condom, her pussy still felt so fucking good.

"Do you want me on top?" Jen asked me softly. I nodded. I liked it when she was on top. She knew how to ride me to really make me cum. And I liked looking up at her beautiful face and her sexy body.

We shifted on the bed, and a moment later I was on my back and she was straddling my hips with my cock inside her. I reached up and cupped her tips over the aqua bodysuit. Jen slowly rocked back and forth on my cock. Her long braided ponytail fell forward and it swished back and forth on my chest as she rode me.

"I'm sorry I wasn't all over talking to Jamal," I told her as I looked into her beautiful blue eyes. "I just need to get my head around it."

"It's okay baby," Jen said softly. The annoyance and curtness of before were gone.

"I guess sometimes I don't feel like I'm getting enough out of the game. I give you freedom and I want you to have freedom. You're right. You're entitled. Of course you are, you're so beautiful and wonderful, you should have any man you want. But it's my game too, right? And sometimes I don't feel like I'm getting what I want."

"What do you want?" Jen asked as she slowly rocked back and forth.

"We've talked about it. I want you to date someone," I told her. "I want to experience that again."

Jen stared at me. She didn't say anything.

"Joe's fun," I said. "Doug, Wyatt, Blake, they're all fun. They're exciting, we both get off on it, but they're just hookups. Okay, maybe more than

hookups, but you know what I mean. I want you to find someone you like. That's what I want. Like how it was with Scott."

"Are you really serious?" Jen said in a low voice. "Like with Scott?"

"You know what I mean baby," I said.

With a shrug she said, "I told you I'm open to the idea."

"You say that all the time, but I don't feel like you're serious about it."

"Mike, it has to be someone I like," Jen said. "And he has to like me. You can't just force it. It has to happen naturally."

"Cam," I suggested.

"I told you the problem with Cam," Jen said. "He reminds me too much of Scott."

"But doesn't that mean he's perfect?"

"Mike … god …," Jen said with disbelief. "You want me to go out with a guy who's like Scott. It's like you want me to see Scott again."

Suddenly my cock jerked in her pussy. Jen felt it. "Mike, god …," she lamented. We both realized what had just happened. We start talking about Scott and my body reacts. I get super hard.

We were silent, each with our thoughts. I decided to change the subject. I remembered how Joe had cum so much inside her. I asked "You're still getting tested?"

"Of course," Jen said. Reading my thoughts, she added "Joey is too."

"You asked him?"

"I don't need to ask him," Jen said. "He knows he has to get tested. It's no big deal nowadays. Everyone gets tested. It's easy. I get tested every week. There are internet sites."

I looked up with surprise. "Are you serious? You do it on the Internet?"

"Yeah. You don't even have to talk to anyone."

I processed that information. So much had changed since I was single. This was dating in 2019. It amazed me that Jen – my wife – knew all about it. She was an old hand now at getting tested. She did it every week! It was a part of her life that I knew nothing about. The realization thrilled me.

Jen continued to slowly rock back and forth. It felt so good! And she was right, the condom was helping me to last.

"Is Scott still in Michigan?" I asked her. I knew I shouldn't bring up Scott again, but I couldn't resist.

Jen put her fingers over my lips, like she was warning me not to got there. But then she answered. "Yes," she said. "But he's here a lot. He's still a partner with Blakes." Blakes was where Jen used to work. It merged with the marketing firm Jen and Scott had started in Michigan.

"You talk to him?" I asked.

Jen shook her head no. "Facebook and Instagram," she said.

"I thought you unfriended him," I said.

"I did, years ago," Jen said. "But friends of friends. You know?"

"Does he ever call you? Text you?"

Again Jen shook her head no. “We got new phones, remember?” she said. When we got back together, we both got new phones with new numbers, mostly so the people from that time in our lives (Scott, Bitsy, etc.) couldn’t contact us. “Anyways if he ever did I would’ve told you. And I wouldn’t have answered him.”

“But you see his pictures? He still looks good to you?” I asked.

Jen shrugged like she didn’t care. “He looks the same I guess,” she said. “He opened a bar here.”

“What? Here in New York?” I said, surprised. “I thought you said he’s still at Blakes.”

Jen shrugged again, like she didn’t know. “I guess it’s a side gig. It’s called Slowly Shirley. It’s in West Village. I guess it’s like a speakeasy.”

I stared at Jen. She got all this information from Facebook?

“Do you think he looks at pictures of you?” I asked. “On Facebook?”

“I don’t know,” Jen said with a shrug.

“He probably does,” I said.

Jen shrugged again but didn’t say anything.

I reached for my phone. I pressed the camera tile. “What are you doing?” Jen asked.

“I’m going to post a picture of Lara Croft getting fucked,” I told her with a grin.

Jen laughed. “Mike you’re crazy,” she said.

I pointed the phone at her. “Wait, stop,” she said. I expected she was going to tell me to not take the picture, but instead she reached for her bag. She pulled out a lipstick. She brushed on lipstick, making her pouty lips look glossy and wet. Then she played with her braid for a few moments. I wondered if she was trying to pretty herself up in case Scott did look at the picture.

My cock had fallen out of her. I wasn’t big enough to stay inside her as she moved around like this. I was still hard, but she was sitting on the flat of my shaft.

“Okay, go ahead,” she told me, posing for me.

“I want to be inside you when I take the picture,” I said.

Jen nodded. She adjusted, guiding my sheathed cock back into her.

Once I was back inside her, I positioned the phone so Jen’s head to her belly button were in the frame. I of course didn’t include anything x-rated, since our family and friends would be able to see the picture too. Jen looked into the camera and smiled.

“Don’t smile,” I told her. “Lara Croft doesn’t smile.”

“Okay,” Jen said with a laugh. It took her a moment to gather herself and stop laughing, but then she looked back into the phone with a serious look. I took a few pictures.

“Now pull up the bodysuit,” I told her. “Let me see your tits. For me.”

Jen grinned at me. She pulled up the aqua bodysuit so it was above her little perky tits. This time she smiled into the camera as I took the pictures.

We both looked at the pictures. We settled on one, the first one I had taken. In this picture, a very pretty and young Tomb Raider was looking

back at us. Jen nodded to give me permission, and I posted the picture to both Facebook and Instagram.

Then Jen looked at the picture again on Instagram. She zoomed in with her fingers. She said "If Scott does see this, he'll like it."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because it's pretty obvious I'm not wearing a bra," she said.

I stared at my wife. I remembered how Scott always liked her to go braless.

I suddenly felt out of control. I abruptly rolled Jen onto her back. I rammed my wife for all I was worth. The condom helped, I lasted longer. But eventually I came, and I knew Jen had not even come close to cumming. When I pulled out, I looked at my dick. Unlike Joe earlier, my sperm was in the condom instead of inside her.

Afterward we were laying the darkness. I thought Jen had fallen asleep. But then she said "He's married."

"Who?" I asked.

"Scott."

I turned to look at her. I could see her pretty face in the moonlight. "To who?" I asked.

Jen shrugged. "Her name's Astrid," she said. "I don't know her."

"When?"

"I don't know," she said with another shrug. "I guess a couple years ago."

I stared at my wife. So she did keep up with Scott on Facebook. Did she still have feelings for him? Was she sad when he got married?

I tried to remember 2 years ago. Had Jen been sad during that time? No. Anna had been 1 turning 2. We were happy, our lives focused on our little daughter. I didn't remember Jen ever being sad or down.

But clearly she was following Scott's whereabouts on social media. Was it innocent? Just understandable curiosity about a person from her past? Or more than that?

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You might think that since I was out of the cage, I'd want to spend all weekend in bed with my wife. But what I wanted most of all was to reconnect. Not just with Jen but with Anna too, the three of us, as a family. I think Jen wanted that too. I think she was feeling guilty about playing the game so much, even though she was trying to avoid Anna noticing when she was with other men.

On Saturday, Anna insisted that we visit the loft apartment again. She loved it and couldn't wait to move. It was heartwarming to see her so excited, and it made both me and Jen feel good about our decision. Later that day, Jen and Anna made cookies while I grilled some steaks. They made chocolate chip cookies. They also made Russian tea cakes. Most people think of Russian tea cakes as Christmas cookies, but Anna fell in love with them the first time she tasted them.

Jen and I always talk about how she first tried one. She was barely 2, and she held the round cookie in her hand. She was so tiny then the round ball barely fit in her fist. Sugar powder covered her little fingers. Most people eat a Russian teacake in one or two bites. But little 2 year old Anna ate around the ball slowly, nibbling at it as she rotated it in her hand, savoring it, making the ball smaller and smaller until finally she popped the last bit into her mouth. It was so incredibly adorable! I got it on video on my

phone, and Jen and I watch it probably once a month. Anna still eats Russian teacakes that way, and every time it melts our hearts.

As I grilled outside, the cold winter air felt good against my skin. I looked into the kitchen window and saw my girls having fun making the cookies. Jen looked so beautiful even with bits of flour on her face, and Anna was looking more like her mother every day. She was going to be a beauty too. Looking at my 2 girls, it made me feel warm inside and incredibly happy and content.

You might think that at a moment like this, I'd reconsider about playing the game. I'd want to end it and keep my beautiful wife all to myself. I'd want a normal marriage.

But that's not how I was wired. I didn't want a normal marriage. I wanted to see Jen with other men. And at moments like this, when I felt happy and secure that Jen loved me and would never leave me, it gave me the strength and desire to play the game more, to push the boundaries more.

We gave Anna a bath and put her down to sleep. Only then did Jen tell me, "Blake's been texting me. He's invited us over."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"I didn't want to interrupt our day," Jen said. "We don't have to go if you don't want." She made it sound like she didn't care, but I could tell from her voice that she did want to go. Also, she'd told me last night she wanted to patch things up with Blake. I knew that involved letting him have sex with her.

I didn't like the fact that Jen felt obligated to another man. Especially Blake, who I didn't like. But at the same time it made my heart flutter with excitement. The familiar delicious cuckold angst enveloped me.

Also, I thought Blake might be a good distraction from my thoughts about Scott. I didn't know what I thought about the fact Jen was following her

former lover on social media. He was more than just a "former lover." Jen had gotten in deep with Scott. So deep it had ended our marriage. I should've been alarmed and worried that she kept up with him on Facebook, to the point of knowing he had opened a bar, she knew the bar's name, and she knew where the bar was. In fact I was alarmed. But whenever I thought about it, it made me feel weak inside. So yes, Blake would be a good distraction from all that.

"Alright," I said. Jen grinned appreciatively. Then she took a quick shower because she smelled like flour and baked cookies from earlier.

When she came out of the bathroom, I'd already laid out the red Valentine's day dress and high heels. She saw it on the bed and grinned. She wasn't even surprised I'd laid it out.

She moved close to me. She was naked and her body was still damp from the shower. She put her hand on my thigh and said "Do you want me to wear that for Blake?"

"You should," I said. "You bought it for him, right?"

"I bought it for you actually," Jen said.

"Don't lie," I said. My voice wasn't harsh and I wasn't mad. I just wanted her to tell me the truth.

"I did buy it for you," Jen said again. With a teasing grin, she added "But I knew other men would fuck me in it."

"Oh god Jen," I groaned.

Jen smiled. She moved her hand so now she was cupping my crotch. Feeling my erection, she said "I see the little guy is back. He's not having any trouble getting hard."

Little guy. My wife thought of my penis as the little guy.

I suddenly grabbed Jen and pulled her to me. "I love you so much!"

"I know you do Mike," she said the smile still in her voice. Then she stepped away from my embrace and picked up the red dress. She picked up the phone too. "I have to tell Steph I'm dressing up."

I nodded, understanding. She wouldn't want Steph to feel bad if she arrived dressed up and she was in jeans.

As Jen got ready, I called our babysitter, Callie. Luckily she was available or that would have ended our plans really quick. About 30 minutes later, we were driving over to Blake and Steph's. Normally we'd walk but it was too cold outside.

As we drove the short drive, I reached over and squeezed Jen's hand. She squeezed my hand back and leaned into me. It was an intimate, affectionate moment between a husband and wife. But we both knew what was going to happen. Jen was going to let another man – a man I didn't like – have her body. She was going to let this man into her body bare, and let him shoot his sperm into her.

It was crazy when you thought about it. Just a few short hours ago, she was making cookies with our daughter. Now she was about to fuck another man.

I thought about all the men. I listed them in my head. Blake. Cam. Joe. Doug. Wyatt. These were the men I knew about. My wife's steady lovers. It wouldn't surprise me if there were others. In fact, I was pretty sure Jen had other lovers she wasn't telling me about.

Jen had always been sensual, but now her sex drive was in overdrive. Just yesterday she had Joe. Now she wanted Blake. I imagined if all these men were just one man. If instead of being with multiple men, Jen spent all her time with just one. What if Jen had been with the same guy yesterday, and today, and last weekend? Did I really want that?

The thought made me feel like jelly inside. Yes, I really wanted that. I wanted to see my wife infatuated with another man again. I wanted to experience that again. My thoughts drifted to Scott. Jen cared enough about him, that she kept up on his life on Facebook. I wondered if she was sad when she learned he got married. Again I tried to remember 2 years ago, trying to remember if I ever saw her down or melancholy. I couldn't remember her being that way. Part of me was disappointed.

"What are you thinking about?" Jen asked me as we arrived at Blake's house. As I parked, I was contemplating whether to tell her I was thinking about Scott again. But then before I had a chance to say anything, she said "I was thinking about last night. About how we talked about Scott."

My chest immediately seized up. Jen was thinking about Scott?!

But then she said "Not so much Scott. But what we used to do. Remember that time? At Johnny's. The party? There were 2 Mexican boys. God, I don't even remember their names …." (Author's note: See Faithful Wife Book 2 - Chapter 6).

"Luis and Jose," I said with an emotionless voice.

Jen looked surprised in the soft illumination of the dashboard. "You remember," she said.

I looked at her and said "I remember all of it." Of course I did. It was all burned into my brain.

"Are you still mad?" Jen hesitantly asked.

"I got over being mad a long time ago," I told her honestly.

"It was just, back then, I was exploring things," she said.

"I know you were Jen," I said. "It's okay baby. I'm not mad. When I think about it, it actually turns me on."

"Really?" Jen said with a grin.

"Yeah, really," I said grinning back at her.

"So, if I tell you I feel that way again," Jen said. "That I'm exploring things again. You're okay with that?"

"As long as it's me you're exploring things with," I told her.

"Of course it's you baby," Jen assured me as she smiled into my eyes, and then she kissed and hugged me. At that moment my heart was bursting with happiness, and I felt secure in her love and our marriage.

When we went into Blake's house, I was surprised to see John and Alicia there. It was awkward to be around them, given what had happened after the New Year's Eve party. (See Faithful Wife Book 4 - Chapter 21) I'd seen them since then, like at the Valentine's Day party, but never in close confides like this.

It amazed me to think about it. New Year's eve had been barely 2 months ago, yet so much had happened. The game was ramping up really fast. So much so that Jen was feeling like she was exploring things, the way she had been with Scott. When she had been Jenny instead of Jen.

The 2 couples (Blake and Steph, John and Alicia) pounced on us as soon as we walked in. There were a lot of questions about Cam, Wyatt's wedding, why Jen missed the Valentine's party, and the party at NYU last night. Jen laughed everything off, making it all sound innocent. She was keeping to our story that Cam was just a platonic friend and she missed the Valentine's day party because Allie was in town. Jen was a good liar. Always with a bubbly smile, always so charming. She really should be a politician.

Blake and John both ate Jen up with their eyes. She looked fantastic in the red, barely there dress. She looked like a super-model, and the matching red, 4.72 inch So Kate heels made her look even more leggy than normal.

Steph and Alicia looked good too. They were more attractive, and both were dressed to the 9s just like Jen. But my wife was a step above. Maybe it was because she was so confident. And why wouldn't she be so confident? She knew she could have any man she wanted. She had a stable of super attractive men (like Cam, Doug and Blake) who would drop everything to be with her.

Blake immediately moved close to Jen, and soon he was monopolizing her time. She didn't seem to mind, as she laughed at everything he said. For not the first time, it bothered me that Jen thought of Blake as a friend. I knew she liked fucking him, and actually I was better okay with that, because sex was just a physical thing. But the fact that Jen liked Blake really bothered me. With everything that had happened recently, I'd forgotten how much I disliked Blake, and how I hated Jen being around him (even while also finding it incredibly arousing). It reaffirmed our decision to move back to New York City. I couldn't wait to put as much distance between my wife and that man.

Steph and Alicia wandered off to talk somewhere. "Jen, I'll get us drinks," I said to my wife.

Jen flashed me a brief smile and said "Thanks baby," but then she was back to laughing and talking with Blake. It made my stomach churn to see them like that. Why had I agreed to come?

I went into the kitchen. Blake didn't have any scotch so I poured myself a bourbon. I made Jen a cosmo. At that moment, John stepped in to refresh his drink.

"Missed you guys at the Valentine's party," John said to me.

"Yeah, sorry, change of plans," I said. I'd been at the party to give our regrets, but only for a little while. Once again I felt awkward being around John after what had happened at the New Year's eve party.

"Jen looks fantastic in that dress," John gushed. "I've got to tell you Mike, your wife has the tightest body."

I frowned as he said this. It wasn't the kind of thing a neighbor said about your wife. And this wasn't the first time he'd called Jen "tight." But then, John had seen her naked. He'd touch her. He'd seen her getting fucked.

So rather than punch his face, I said "thanks" through clenched teeth.

"I guess you decided not to follow my advice," John said. "You're letting her be with Blake. You know he's an ass, right?"

John's words reminded me that he was a really nice guy. I'd always liked him. Also, the enemy of your enemy is your friend.

"I can't stand the man," I admitted to John. "But Jen likes him. What can I do?"

"I get it," John said with a good-natured chuckle. "Girls usually get their way, right?"

"Right," I said, and we both laughed. What John said reminded me of something I read once. For a husband, the key to a happy marriage is to say yes to your wife as much as possible.

"So, things went too far between Blake and Alicia?" I asked John. I figured, if I was gonna have to be at this party, I'd at least be able to satisfy my curiosity about what had happened with them.

John's mood changed immediately. "I told you," he said stiffly. "He tried to come between me and Alicia. He's a dick Mike. I kicked his ass though."

I nodded, like I believed him. John was talking tough, like he'd beaten Blake in the end. But he was wrong. In the end, it had been John who Blake fucked in the ass (figuratively). Because Blake had gotten Alicia pregnant. Their youngest child, Elisabeth, was actually Blake's. And Alicia had actually let Blake tattoo her wedding ring finger – her wedding ring finger! – with a black dot as a constant reminder of all that. What was worse, John didn't know any of this.

John might not think of himself as a cuckold, but he was. He was a bigger cuck than me.

I was about to leave the kitchen, to bring Jen her drink, but John stopped me. "Mike, I need to apologize about the other night," he said, looking embarrassed. "After the New Year's eve party … the way I touched Jen. I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry."

"It's okay John. Things got wild."

John smiled at my words. He seemed relieved I wasn't pissed at him, but also emboldened. "Mike, I'm sorry to be forward," he said. "But if things turn out tonight the way I think they will, do you mind if I have a go with Jen? You can have Alicia. She's had work since Lizzy, her body's fucking amazing now, I promise you won't be disappointed."

I stared at John. Even though I was in the lifestyle, I couldn't believe he was offering to swap wives.

"John, I'm sorry, I don't think so," I told him. I was trying to let him down gently. I didn't want to offend him. But there was no way I was going to let this man near my wife. Jen was a goddess. And John was a cuckold. No way was his cucky dick getting anywhere close to my wife's pussy. He wasn't good enough for her. It was one thing for Jen to fuck alpha men, like Cam and Doug (and I had to admit, Blake). But not cucks. That would be demeaning to me if she did that.

I returned to the living room with drinks in both hands. My bourbon and Jen's cosmo. But she wasn't there. Neither was Blake.

"They went to the game room," Steph said, answering my unspoken question. She was sitting next to Alicia. John followed me into the living room. He had a scowl on his face from my refusal, but I had bigger things to think about. I turned and walked down the hall to the game room.

I heard the sounds of kissing and soft moans as I neared the game room. The door was open but I stopped just outside. I was frozen by the sight in front of me.

Jen was sitting on the pool table. Her legs were parted, and Blake stood between her knees. She had her arms around his neck and they were kissing. Blake was caressing her back that was almost entirely bared by the red dress. Jen ran her fingers through his hair as they made out.

I watched as he reached down and tugged at the skirt of the dress. Jen helped him by raising her tight ass, and he pulled the dress up around her waist. Then I watched as he ran his fingers up her nyloned thighs.

His fingers reached her pussy. I saw that Jen had worn a g-string. It was red, matching her dress. "You wore this for me?" Blake asked between kisses.

"Yesssss," Jen said, the one syllable coming out like a moan.

They hungrily kissed each other. Blake pulled the tiny g-string to the side and pushed two fingers into her. "You're so fucking wet!" he growled as he fingered her.

"Oh god that feels good!" Jen moaned. She wrapped her legs around his knees, like she was encouraging him to finger fuck her. Blake did exactly that, thrusting with his fingers as he thumbed her clit. As he did, Jen ran her hand between their bodies and rubbed his erection over his pants.

“Oh god Blake!” Jen groaned, her head rolling back. A high heel fell off her foot and clattered onto the polished hardwood floor. Her pretty foot was arched and her painted toes pointed. She was cumming.

Jen’s body tensed and shuddered as she came. Blake finger fucked her through her orgasm, making the pleasure last. Finally Jen fell forward, collapsing against Blake’s chest. She was panting, and she gripped the lapels of his jacket for support.

Then Jen giggled. “Oh my god that was so freaking good!” she gushed. Blake grinned at her.

“We should get back,” Jen told him.

“What about me?” Blake asked.

Jen’s hand was still on his erection. She gave him a sexy smile and said “Don’t worry baby. I’ll take care of you later.”

Jen eased herself off the pool table. They moved towards the door but then Jen stopped him. “Wait, my shoe,” she said, realizing for the first time it had fallen off. She picked it up, and then holding onto Blake’s arm, she bent her knee and reached down to slip the So Kate high heel back on her pretty stockinged foot.

It was images like that, that fueled my cuckold lust and caused me the most angst. The way Jen held onto Blake’s arm as she put on her shoe. It was such a couple thing, the kind of thing a girl did with her guy. But my wife was doing it with another man, not me.

It was at that moment that Jen and Blake noticed me at the door. Jen saw the upset look on my face. She squeezed Blake’s hand and softly said “You go ahead. Mike and I will be there in a minute.”

Blake nodded. He said “Make sure you tell him.”

Looking back at Blake, she said "I will."

He had a smug expression on his face as he walked towards me. As he passed me at the door, he said "Don't worry Mike. Jen just needed my help. She needed me to take the edge off." Blake laughed, looking passed me at Jen. Jen didn't laugh but she smiled.

Once Blake was gone, Jen stepped up to me. In the So Kate heels she was actually a little taller than me, so I had to look up as we spoke. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Tell me what?" I said.

"Did you like seeing me with Blake?"

"Tell me what Jen?" I demanded.

But Jen ignored my question. She reached down and put her hand over my crotch.

"I think my little guy liked what he saw," she said as she grinned at me.

"Is that your new name for my cock?" I asked her.

"Well, just a moment ago I had my hand on Blake's, and he's so much bigger, so …," she teased with a sly smile at me.

I groaned lustfully at her words. It never failed to get me hot when she compared me to other men. But it was a conflict, the cuckold angst always hitting me in 2 places. My cock, which was so hard it hurt in my pants. And my heart, which hurt in a different way. Jen was calling my cock "little guy." She openly talked about how my manhood was smaller than other men's, no longer concerned about trying to spare my feelings. She wanted Blake to "take the edge off her" rather than asking me to tend to her needs. It was all a reminder of how inadequate I was. How my wife needed other men to satisfy her. It was thrilling but it tore at my heart.

Our loving family day of making Russian teacakes with Anna seemed so long ago.

"God Jen," I said, pulling her to me and hugging her. "Sometimes you kill me." I held her tight. I desperately needed to hold her. It wasn't sexual, although my hard cock pressed against her. I needed to hold my wife to help heal my heart.

Jen giggled again. But she hugged me back. My heart lifted as she hugged me back. Sometimes that's all I needed to make it through the cuckold angst. Some sign that she loved me, that all this was just a game, that I was still number 1 with her. A smile into my eyes, a kiss on the lips, or a hug. Something to fill up my Jen meter.

Then Jen pulled away and abruptly announced, "Blake wants to share me with John."

"What?" I said, shocked. "Share you?"

Jen nodded and said, "He told me just now."

"He told you?" I repeated dumbly. My head was spinning as I tried to catch up to this news. "He can't share you. He can't tell you what to do. You're my wife. You belong to me."

Jen put a calming hand on my chest. "Calm down Mike," she said soothingly.

"Blake can't tell you want to do Jen!" I said as my anxiety spiked.

"Mike baby you're wrong," Jen said. Her voice was soft but firm too. "We just talked about this. Blake does have some rights over me."

"You're my wife," I said again. "Mine."

"Of course I am," Jen said. "But you have to stop trying to top from the bottom Mike."

Her words hit me like a slap across the face. "What are you saying?" I said, my throat dry and my voice hoarse.

Jen looked into my eyes and said, "When I'm with Blake, my pussy belongs to him. That's what he wanted me to tell you."

I stared at her, shocked. My insides were tight, like a hard fist around my heart. "You told him that?" I croaked out. "You told Blake he owns your pussy?"

"Yes Mike," Jen said matter-of-factly. "When I'm with Blake, my body belongs to him. That's why he can share me with John if he wants."

I grabbed her shoulders like I was trying to shake some sense into her head. "You can't do that Jen! Not John! He's a cuckold! You can't be with a cuckold!"

Jen laughed. She laughed! Her laugh destroyed me!

"You think this is funny?!" I hissed.

"No, I'm sorry, it's not funny," she said as she tried to wipe the grin from her pretty face. "But, it's just, I'm with you so …"

My eyes went wide at her words. "What does that mean Jen?!" I said, holding her shoulders tight. "What does that mean?!!!"

"Mike, stop," Jen said, wriggling from my grasp. "It doesn't mean anything. Anyways, I don't think John's like you. He's not a cuckold. He's hit on me. Lots of times. You don't do that, right? You don't hit on other girls."

"No of course not," I said honestly. "I only want you."

Jen smiled at me. “See? And when Blake played with Alicia, sometimes John played with Steph. They swapped. See? They’re not like us. John’s not like you. He’s not a cuckold.”

“Blake got Alicia pregnant!” I hissed in a low voice. “Lizzy isn’t his; she’s Blake’s! John’s the worse kind of cuckold!”

“But John didn’t want that,” Jen whispered back. “He’s not like you. I know sometimes you fantasize about another man getting me pregnant. That’s not what John wants. He doesn’t know about Lizzie. And anyways, how do we even know if it’s true?”

“Alicia’s got a black dot on her ring finger,” I reminded her.

“Maybe Alicia let Blake ink her, just like I let Scott ink me, and Colin,” Jen said calmly. “How do we know? Are you going to ask Alicia? I’m not.”

I stared at Jen. My head was spinning. All this talk was turning my world upside down.

I grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to me again. “Jen don’t let John touch you!” I said, pleading with her. “Don’t let him! You’d be disrespecting me!”

Jen pursed her lips at me. “Don’t get dramatic Mike,” she said with a frown. She reached into her purse. When her hand came out she was holding the cock cage! She said, “I think you should put this back on. You don’t get so upset when you’re wearing it.”

“Are you serious?” I asked, shocked. “Here? Right now?”

“I’m not forcing you,” she said reasonably. “I just think you won’t get so upset. You’ll be able to enjoy tonight more.”

I stared at my wife. She wanted me cage myself – take away my ability to have sex – while the other men here remained fully functional. She was

okay with them keeping their manhoods, but she wanted me to give up mine. It was just like last night, when she wanted me to put on a condom even after letting Joe into her bareback.

"Are you going to tell people I'm wearing it?" I asked, my voice filled with apprehension.

"Of course not Mike," Jen assured me. "I would never do that to you."

"Will you let me out later? So I can have sex with you?" I asked, knowing I sounded weak and probably even pathetic.

"I'll let you out," she said.

Let me out? That's all she was offering to cage me here, now?

"What about sex?" I asked, pressing.

"I'll make sure you cum," Jen promised.

My eyes went wide. She wasn't going to let me inside her? She wasn't going to let me make love to her?

"I'll wear a condom," I offered desperately.

"Mike that was your idea, to keep from cumming too fast," she said. "It's just that, I might be sore."

"You mean after Blake and John get done with you!" I spat out.

Jen stepped towards me and put a calming hand on my chest. With a soothing voice, she said, "Baby, this is why I want you to put it on. You don't get as upset when you're wearing it."

I stared at my wife. After a moment, I said "I can't get it on. I'm hard. Will you help me?"

“I should be getting back,” Jen said, turning towards the door.

Her answer shocked me. “You won’t help me?!” I said pleadingly.

“I know you can take care of yourself,” Jen said with a grin at me. “I need to get back.” Again she turned towards the door.

“Wait,” I said, grabbing her wrist. “Tell me something. Something for me to think about.”

“What do you want to hear?”

I hurriedly opened my fly and took out my hard cock. “You’re hot for Blake?” I asked eagerly as I stroked myself.

“Yes.”

“He fucks you good?”

“Yes.”

“Better than me?”

“You know he does Mike.”

I was panting as I stroked myself, my eyes on my sexy wife. I was deep into cuck space. So I wasn’t able to resist asking the next question.

“How often to you look at Scott on Facebook?”

Jen pursed her lips at me. “I don’t want to talk about him Mike,” she said. “Those were bad times.”

“Were you sad when he got married?” I asked excitedly.

“Mike …,” she said, giving me a disapproving look.

“Just tell me!” I pleaded.

Jen hesitated, and then shrugged. “I don’t know,” she said. Then she admitted “I guess I was a little melancholy. I got that way too when I heard Colin got married. I think it’s just natural to feel that way. How did you feel when I told you Bitsy got married?”

“I don’t care about Bitsy,” I said immediately. “I only care about you.”

Then I spurted out “I think you should go back to work. At Blakes.”

Jen looked shocked. “What?” she said looking incredulous at me.

“Just part time,” I said. “Anna will be going to full day pre-school. You won’t be happy being alone at home all day. You’re too much of a people person.”

“Mike … you’re fucking crazy sometimes,” Jen said softly, astonishment in her voice.

“Just think about it,” I said.

Jen looked at me, considering. Then she said “Okay I’ll think about it. On the condition that you agree to talk to Jamal.”

“What kind of deal is that?” I asked. “I have to talk to Jamal, but all you’re doing is agreeing to think about going back to Blakes.”

“This can’t be a rush decision Mike, we have to talk a lot before I go back to Blakes,” Jen said tersely. “So do you agree?”

I nodded yes. “Okay, I’ll talk to Jamal,” I said reluctantly.

Jen nodded back at me. "I'll see you back there," Jen said, turning towards the door.

"Just give me a minute and I'll be done!" I said pleadingly as I rapidly stroked myself.

Jen shook her head no. "I don't want you getting it on my dress," she told me. "And don't get any on Blake's new pool table. I'm serious Mike. He's really proud of it. That would be mean."

I stared at Jen. I watched as she turned and walked out the door.

I furiously stroked myself as I heard the click-clack of her high heels on the hardwood floor as she walked back to the others. Moments later I came.

Gasping for breath, I got tissues from a side table and wiped myself. Then I put my limp dick into the cock cage. I stuffed it into my pants. That's when the angst hit me. My head was swirling from everything we'd talked about. There were so many cards in the air and my emotions were all over the place.

The dark emotions enveloped me, and they made me hurt inside. Who was this girl? She wasn't even the same person from earlier today, my loving wife with a smudge of flour on her pretty nose who smiled into my eyes and squeezed my hand as we watched our daughter roll dough into the Russian teacakes. The girl who was just here wasn't anything like that. She had been anxious to get back to Blake. She was pushing hard to start something with Jamal. And then there was the fact that she'd been following Scott on social media for years, and she never told me.

But then I thought – that's exactly the point of the game. It's a game. And when Jen's playing it, she's not my loving wife from earlier today – instead, she's "Jenny." The Jenny who left me to live with Scott. Who cheats on me now. Who gives her pussy to a man I hate. In our game, Jenny is an avatar of my wife. Jenny isn't real. Jen – my wife – she's who's real. And

the real Jen loves me. She's grateful for everything I've done for her. She knows I'm the father of her child. She would never leave me.

Fortified by these thoughts, I got tissues and quickly cleaned my sperm from Blake's hardwood floors. Then I walked down the hall to rejoin the others.

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Chapter 36

When I got there, Jen was sitting on Blake's knee. His knee! It was just like the New Year's Eve party. She was sitting on his knee while she laughed and talked with Blake and the others.

"Mike," Jen said, smiling as I entered the room. She held out her hand, gesturing me over. I talked over and took her hand. I looked down. Jen had her long legs crossed. Blake's hand was on her thigh. He was openly caressing her in front of John and Alicia. It was as much possessive as sexual. Blake was showing everyone that Jen was his tonight. She might be my wife, but her body belonged to him.

"Mike buddy, how about getting me another beer?" Blake said. He was grinning at me and holding out his empty IPA beer bottle. With a laugh, he added "I'd get it myself but as you can see, your pretty wife is keeping me from standing up."

I fumed inside. I wanted to tell him to go fuck himself. Ever the peace keeper, Steph moved forward and took the empty bottle from her husband. "Don't worry about it Mike, I'll get it," Steph said in a soothing voice.

Steph's kindness helped, but only a little. I didn't want Steph's support. I wanted Jen's. But she didn't object when Blake ordered me to get him a beer. And now she was back to laughing and talking with him. And his hand was still on her knee! Why wasn't she pushing his hand away? Yes,

John and Alicia knew about our game. But still, sitting on Blake's knee and letting him paw her, in front of everyone, it was disrespecting me!

Then Jen was looking at me. "Mike baby, can you get me another one too?" she asked, holding out her empty martini glass. I nodded and took the glass from her. I followed Steph into the kitchen.

Steph was leaning against the counter and looking flushed when I entered the kitchen. "Are you as turned on as me?" she asked. Excitement was in her voice. "What were they doing in the game room?"

I frowned as I made Jen another Cosmopolitan. "Kissing," I said. "Blake fingered Jen."

"You saw?"

I nodded.

"Did he make her cum?"

I nodded again.

Alicia groaned with desire. "How did it make you feel, to see my husband make your wife cum?" she excitedly asked me.

I turned to look at her. "I'm always conflicted," I told her honestly. "It gets me hot. But it makes me want to throw up too."

"I get it Mike," Steph said, looking sympathetically at me. "Believe me, I get it."

We were silent for a few moments. Then Steph asked, "So who is Cam, really?"

It took me a moment to answer, to switch to those brain cells. All of a sudden, Wyatt's wedding seemed so long ago. I had to focus to remember

the story we had agreed on. "Jen told you," I said. "He's Jen's friend. A politico blogger in DC."

"And you're saying they didn't do anything?" Steph asked skeptically. "You know there are lots of rumors about her."

"What rumors?" I asked.

"Your wife's a wild girl Mike," Steph said. "You should've seen her at the wedding. The way she acted with Cam, I have a hard time believing they're just platonic friends. Especially since I know your lifestyle. Why don't you just tell me?"

"Steph, what rumors?" I asked again, pressing.

Steph sighed. "Someone saw her at the Swarthmore hotel," she told me. "It's in Glen Ridge. What was Jen doing at a hotel in Glen Ridge? It's one of those hotels you pay by the hour Mike. And, she spends a lot of time talking with Wyatt at the farmer's market. He's the man who just got married Mike. And tell me again why you weren't at the wedding?"

"It's not anyone's business," I insisted.

"Mike why won't you just tell me?" Steph pressed. "I thought we were friends. Don't you trust me?"

"I do trust you," I said. "But what I tell you, you'll tell Blake. And, no offense, but you know how I feel about him."

Steph bristled at that. "Well Mike, no offense, but your slutty wife can't keep her hands off my husband, so what do you think about that?" she snapped at me. She angrily turned and was about to stomp out of the room but I grabbed her arm, stopping her.

"Steph, wait," I said pleadingly. "You have to understand. We have Anna to think about. Right now it's all rumors. But if I say anything, it becomes more than rumors."

Steph shook her head, as if saying that's a lame excuse since we were supposed to be friends, and since she had kids too.

"Steph, can I ask you something?" I said.

Steph glared at me. "Go ahead," she spat out.

Remembering my earlier conversation with Jen, I asked, "Did Blake really get Alicia pregnant? Is Lizzy really Blake's?"

Steph gave me an incredulous, you've got a lot of nerve face. She said, "You know Mike, you've got to give information to get information." Then she turned and left the kitchen.

I took a moment before following her, to gather myself. I felt guilty for not confiding in Steph. Yes, she was my friend. But I had to think about my family. Soon, we would leave this neighborhood and move to New York City. Probably we'd lose touch with Blake and Steph and everyone else here. I didn't want to say something now – I didn't want to confirm what were now just rumors – and have that haunt us later.

But I desperately wanted to know if Blake really did get Alicia pregnant. How did it happen? Was it an accident, or did Blake somehow convince Alicia to go off birth control, and let him inside her without protection?

When I rejoined the others, I saw that Jen was still flirting with Blake. She was still sitting on his knee. Everyone else was standing up around them, John and Alicia, and Steph. They were all talking and laughing as a group, but Jen was still sitting on Blake's knee. There were empty chairs and sofas all over the place, but she sat on his knee. It made me sick seeing the girl I loved sitting on the knee of a man I despised.

Sitting on Blake's knee and with her long legs crossed, Jen's red dress had hiked up so now the lace of her stocking tops was partially visible. Not a lot, but visible, like a tease. Blake's hand was still on her leg. He was stroking her nyloned thighs, almost touching the lacy tops of her stockings.

It was like he owned her. Like she was his wife. You know, the way a husband puts his hand on his wife's leg or behind? He's allowed to do that because the girl belongs to him. That's the way Blake was acting. Like Jen belonged to him. And she was letting him!

It got me hot, although it also tore at my heart. I had to remember that this wasn't my Jen. No, this was the avatar Jen, the Jenny. The real Jen loved me. I was the center of the real Jen's life. I was her soulmate. The real Jen would never let another man touch her like that.

The room was tense. Even though there was a lot of laughing and joking going on, the room was filled with sexual tension. Everyone could see Blake's hand on Jen's leg. Her red Valentine's day dress left little to the imagination. Everyone knew she was braless. No way she could be wearing a bra under that dress, not with the way it exposed her back. Also, her braless nipples were denting the silky fabric.

The room went silent when Blake said "Jen sugah, uncross your legs for me."

Jen looked back at Blake over her shoulder. She gave him a questioning look, like she was making sure she heard right. Blake grinned and gave her an encouraging nod.

Jen looked at me for a moment. But she didn't ask me for permission. Instead she turned to look at Blake again. "Alright," she said, and she uncrossed her long, shapely legs. She parted them slightly, placing the soles of her So Kate heels flat on the floor.

Blake grinned. He wrapped his arm around Jen's neck. He pulled her back and they kissed. Their kissing had the effect of Jen parting her legs wider.

I looked at John. His eyes were glued between Jen's parted legs. The skirt of the Valentine's day dress was really hiked up now. The lacy welts of her stockings were clearly visible. Blake's hand was on her inner high, high above her knees, caressing her toned flesh as he kissed her.

Then Blake pulled away from Jen's lips. I noticed that he ended the kiss, not Jen. My wife was left panting and clearly wanting more from him. Seeing that made another little part of me die.

Blake saw John looking between Jen's legs. John was practically panting as he ogled my wife's beautiful, parted legs. Blake grabbed the hem of Jen's skirt and pulled up, exposing more of her. Now you could see the bare skin of her tender thighs above the stockings. "Come closer and get a better look John," he said with a grin.

John hesitated and looked at me. He gave me a questioning look, like he was asking for my permission. Blake said in a hard voice, "I told you John. You ask me if you want something from Jen. Me. Not him."

John still hesitated, looking back and forth between me and Blake. Seeing his hesitation, Blake said "Tell him Jen."

Jen looked at me and silently mouthed "I'm sorry." Then she looked back at John and said "You have to ask Blake."

The reaction from everyone was immediately. Steph moaned lustfully. Alicia laughed derisively. John gave me a look that was both understanding and pitying.

Blake chuckled and shot me a triumphant look. Then he looked at John and said "Come closer."

John moved towards Jen and Blake on the sofa. His eyes were on Jen. It was like he was mesmerized by her beauty, and by the way her beautiful legs were parted, like an invitation to sample her charms.

“You like what you see John?” Blake asked as he stroked Jen’s inner thigh. Then he pulled her skirt even higher, up to her waist. Now all of Jen from her hips down were exposed to John’s eyes.

Blake used his fingertip to trace down the thin string that ran between Jen’s pussy lips. “As you can see, Jen wears g-strings for me,” he said. He curled his finger around the string and pulled it to the side. Now Jen’s pussy was completely revealed to our neighbor (although it’s not like the string hid much anyway). “She’s a pretty girl, isn’t she John?”

John’s eyes focused between Jen’s legs, on her sweet pussy. “Yessss,” he hissed in a lustful moan.

Blake’s grin grew. He looked at Alicia and said “Do you still wear g-strings, Alicia sugah?”

Alicia’s eyes opened wide for a moment, like she was shocked he would ask her that. “Stop playing games Blake,” she warned, looking worriedly between her husband and her former lover.

Blake chuckled. Then his eyes were on John again, and he put his hand on Jen’s knee and opened her legs wider. “I got her off earlier, but she’s already hot again,” he said. “Aren’t you Jen? You wanna cum again?”

Jen was in deep sub-space now, and her eyelids were heavy with arousal. She had a major cum face on. “Yes,” she meekly answered. “I wanna cum.”

In the background, Alicia derisively hissed “God, what a slut.”

“John, why don’t you come over here and give Jen some of your talented tongue?” Blake said. “Make my girl cum for me.”

"No!" I angrily said, taking a step towards them. I did not want John going down on her. In many ways, oral was more intimate that fucking. Oral was what I did with my wife. I didn't want another man doing it.

But Jen looked at me, stopping me in my tracks. "Please Mike," she said pleadingly.

John didn't hesitate. Even as Alicia frowned at him, John dropped to his knees between Jen's open legs and went down on her.

As John's tongue touched Jen's pussy for the first time, Blake pulled Jen's head back and kissed her. She kissed him back, and then they were making out with Jen moaning into his mouth as John ate her out.

Blake pulled away from Jen's lips. He was breathing hard. He reached down and spread Jen's legs even wider. "This'll give you a better view Mike," he said tauntingly at me. "So you can compare your oral skills to John's." He laughed. Then he was kissing my wife again.

As he kissed Jen, Blake curled his thumbs around the spaghetti straps at her shoulders. He pulled them down her arms, exposing her perky little breasts. Jen's nipples were like hard marbles. Blake's hands went to her chest, cupping her tits, kneading them and thumbing her nipples. Jen groaned into his mouth.

John put Jen's legs over his shoulders to get better access to her pussy. All I saw was the top of his head between her long, slim legs. "Oh god John!" Jen groaned as he tongued her, although her words were muffled by Blake's lips over hers. She opened her legs wider for him on her own accord, and grabbed his hair with her small, pretty hands.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. These were men I had known for years. My neighbors! Yet here they were, my wife sandwiched between them, enjoying my wife's charms, my wife giving herself to them. To our neighbors!

Jen groaned and arched her back as she began to cum on John's tongue. Her legs tensed and she dug the stilettos of the So Kate heels into his back. Both Blake and John knew she was cumming. Blake kissed up her neck, behind her ear and pinched her nipples hard as John lapped up and down her slit and over and around her clit. I watched with Steph and Alicia as their husbands made my wife cum hard.

John was wiping his mouth on his shirt sleeve as Jen panted and come down from her orgasm. Almost her entire sexy body was revealed to him now, with her red Valentine's day dress bunched around her tiny waist like a wide belt.

John was still between Jen's open legs. Her pussy was open to him, with the tiny g-string providing little protection.

It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion. John unbuckled his belt and pulled down his zipper. He took out his hard cock. He advanced towards my wife's pussy.

"John no!" I hissed.

But John didn't stop. It was only when Blake put this hand over Jen's pussy that he stopped.

"Blake, what the fuck?" John said scornfully.

"You want this pussy John?" Blake said with a grin at him. "You want to fuck Jen?"

"You know I do!" John said. He was holding his hard cock in his hand.

"God John," Alicia said. She was shaking her head and looking disapprovingly at John. It was clear she didn't like how desperate he was to have a girl she didn't like much.

"You need my permission," Blake said. He pressed his cheek against Jen's and said "Will you fuck John if I tell you to sugah?"

"I just want a cock inside me!" Jen cried. "I don't care who it is!"

Alicia said scornfully, "God you are such a cheap slut Jen."

But Blake ignored John's wife. He said "Here's the deal John. I'll give you Jen. If you give me Alicia."

I heard Alicia gasp. John looked startled. "You want me to give you Alicia?" he asked dumbly, shock and reluctance on his face.

"Just for the evening John," Blake said with a grin. "And you get Jen."

"Wait Blake …," Alicia said, looking worriedly at him. It was clear she didn't want to do this. She had fucked Blake in the past, but didn't want to do it again. Or maybe it was something else. Maybe she was afraid to do it again with Blake. Maybe she liked it too much. Maybe if Blake fucked her again, she'd like it so much she'd want to get into a relationship with him again. Like before. Like when she got so deep into Blake that she let him bred her, and let him ink her ring finger with a black dot.

Blake shot Steph a hard look. It was like he was silently ordering her to do something. Steph nodded at her husband and moved closer to Alicia. "It's okay Alicia," she said reassuringly. She rubbed her friend's shoulders. "It'll be like before. We'll have fun. The three of us."

Alicia looked at Steph, then Blake, and finally her eyes settled on her husband. She looked unsure, like she wanted this, but was afraid too. "It's up to you honey," she said to her husband.

John looked unsure too. He clearly wanted Jen, but he was reluctant to let Blake get his hands on his wife again. Finally, his desire for Jen won out. "You're okay with this?" he asked Alicia.

"Yeah, I guess, if you are," Alicia said with a shrug. She made it sound like she was being a martyr – like, if you really want to fuck Jen then okay, I guess I'll sleep with Blake if that's what it costs to give you what you want – but it was pretty clear to everyone that the prospect of spending the night with Blake excited her. It was so obvious that Blake chuckled, but he didn't say anything.

Things moved fast then. Blake, John and Jen all stood up. Blake whispered something to her as she pulled the straps of the dress back over her shoulders. Jen nodded and then approached me.

Jen took my arm and whispered to me, "Are you okay? Did you put it on?" Even before I could answer, she brushed her hand against my crotch. She felt the cage. She whispered, "That's good Mike. It's better you don't cum. You won't get so upset."

"What did Blake tell you just now!" I hissed in a low voice.

Jen pursed her lips at me. She didn't answer at once, like she was giving me time to calm down. She rubbed my arm as she counted to 10. Finally she said, "Don't be mad. But he thinks you should let John be alone with me. He says it's only fair, since he's getting Alicia."

My eyes opened wide. How was any of this fair? When was Jen going to take my side in any of this?

"Do you want to be alone with John?" I asked incredulously. My stomach was seizing up and I felt like there was a hard twisting my heart apart.

"Just go with it Mike," Jen whispered pleadingly. "I won't be too long with John. Just stay here. I'll come and get you when we're done."

"You mean when John's done with you!" I hissed bitterly.

"Mike baby, just go with it," Jen pleaded, rubbing my arm again.

I stared at my wife. I couldn't believe she was asking me to do this. To stay here, by myself, while she went into a bedroom alone with John. And this was after I told her I didn't want her to be with John!

But then I remembered what she had told me before, not too long ago. To stop trying to top from the bottom. And I remembered my own thoughts. That this was just a game, and this was the avatar Jenny, not my Jen.

"You have to use a condom with John!" I told her. "I don't care if he's tested! I'm your husband Jen! You have to give me something!"

Jen was about to object, but then she thought better of it. She reached for her purse. She opened it with an audible "click" of the snap. Then she unzipped the pouch where she kept condoms. She pulled one out. She let me see it before closing her hand. "I'll make John use a condom this time," she whispered. "But next time we'll have to see. Okay? Because Blake might not want me to use a condom with him. Especially if he's not using one with Alicia. It wouldn't be fair."

Fair?! She was talking fair again?! I felt like my head was going to explode! Or maybe my heart!

"I'll be back," Jen said softly. She kissed my cheek. In the 4.72 inch So Kate heels, she was taller than me so she didn't even have to reach up to do so.

Then Jen walked over to John, who was waiting for her. Blake and Steph had already disappeared with Alicia into their master bedroom. Jen took John's offered hand, and I watched them walk down the hall to a guest bedroom.

I stood there, stunned. What the fuck. What the fuck ….

Did Jen know she was killing me? Did she know?

Maybe she was just pushing my buttons. She knew what turned me on so she was doing all this for me. That made me feel better, the thought that maybe she was doing all this for me.

But I knew it wasn't true. My wife was selfish. She had always been that way. She had learned early on that she could get what she wanted from men with her pretty looks and sexy body. And I let her get away with it too. I enabled her. That was proven by the fact that my cock was in a cage while John was using my wife's body to pleasure himself.

I collapsed onto the sofa. I put my head in my hands. I was consumed by cuckold angst, jealousy, loneliness. Probably the only thing that kept me from going completely over the abyss was the lustful burning fire inside me. I was so fucking aroused despite my despair. Even though the cage prevented me from getting hard, I was so fucking aroused.

Even allowing Blake to control things, to deny me the pleasure (and angst) of watching Jen with John, that turned me on too. It killed me but turned me on. With me, it was always the conflict.

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Somehow I dozed off on the sofa. I was awaken by Jen's soft lips on my cheek. "Hey sleepyhead," she said with a warm smile at me.

As I opened my eyes, I focused on the clock on the wall. It was late. Jen had been with John for almost 3 hours.

"You said you weren't going to be too long," I said accusingly.

"Come on baby," she said soothingly to me. "Let's go home."

"Where's everybody?" I asked.

"John and Alicia already left," Jen said. "I haven't seen Blake and Steph. They're still in their bedroom."

That's when I heard it. Sounds of sex from the master bedroom. Steph was reclaiming her husband after he had been with Alicia. And John and Alicia were reclaiming each other after being with others.

Was Jen going to let me reclaim her? Or was she going to make me stay in this cage? Was she going to keep denying me my manhood?

"Come on Mike," Jen urged, tugging on my arm. Her hair was tussled and her makeup was gone, but she had the red dress back on. I noticed though she was in her stockinged feet. She was holding the back of the high heels with 2 fingers. Was she going to walk home this way? Doing the walk of shame while holding her high heels in her hand?

But then I remembered we drove over. And as I remembered this, Jen was already stepping back into the So Kate heels.

"So how was John?" I asked her when we were in bed. I was naked but I still had the cage on. Jen was naked too, but she still wore the thigh highs and heels.

"He was sweet," Jen said. Her eyes were on my cock in the cage. The cage was clear plastic so she could see my penis. It was swollen but the cage prevented an erection. The end was wet with my pre-cum.

I had never heard Jen call one of her lovers "sweet." It bothered me.

"What do you mean sweet?" I asked with a frown at her.

Jen took the key and undid the lock. Then she slid the plastic tube off my shaft, and carefully maneuvered the ring from around my balls. Even though I was aroused, my cock wasn't hard. We both knew from experience it would take me a little while to get erect after being caged.

Jen was still looking at my soft dick. It was like she was studying me. Was she comparing me to John? The prospect made my insides turn to jelly.

"Is John bigger than me?" I asked her.

"Didn't you see him?" she asked back.

"I just, you know, I like to hear you say it," I said.

Jen said "He's bigger than you. Not huge. But bigger."

With a grin, she held up the plastic tube of the cage and teased "He wouldn't fit into this."

Jen's words tore at my gut. But suddenly my cock was erect. It made her giggle. "You're so predictable Mike," she joked with a smile in her voice.

"What do you mean by sweet?" I asked again.

"You know John," she said with a shrug. "He's nice. He's like you."

I frowned at her words. I didn't want her lovers to be like me. I wanted them all to be arrogant assholes.

"So, you were with him for a long time," I said. "Were you fucking the whole time?"

"No. We talked a lot. You know, I don't think I've ever really talked to John before."

"What'd you talk about?"

"I don't know. Everything I guess. His life with Alicia. How they got into swinging. John's really nice. He's sweet. Sensitive, like you.

I didn't answer for a long moment. I didn't want Jen to think John was sweet. It hurt me inside.

"So, did you have fun?" I eventually asked.

"I had fun," Jen confirmed.

"I mean, did he make you cum?"

"I know what you meant Mike," Jen said. She snuggled against me, holding my arm. She said, "Yes, he made me cum. Once when he ate me out. Then later in the bedroom, when we had sex."

"You mean, penetration sex," I said, wanting to make sure I had the whole story. "You came on his cock."

Jen moved her lips close to my head. She huskily whispered into my ear, "Yes Mike, John made me cum with his cock."

I shuddered at her words. Jen reached down and began slowly stroking my hard cock. "You hate it when a guy makes me cum from intercourse," she said. She kissed me on the cheek and added "But you love it too."

I felt lightheaded as Jen stroked me. I said, "I hate it John made you cum with his tongue."

Jen understood what I was saying. "You like to keep that all to yourself," she said with a knowing look at me.

I nodded. "Your lovers don't usually go down on you," I said.

Jen shrugged, as if saying I was probably right. She said, "Guys with big dicks usually think that's all they need to make a girl happy."

"Are they right?"

"Well …," Jen said with a laugh.

I knew Jen was trying to lighten the mood but I was too bothered. "So was John good? Going down on you?"

"He's okay. I could tell he knew what he was doing. Probably he gets a lot of practice with Alicia."

"Well he's a cuckold …," I said.

Jen laughed. "Mike, god, just cause a guy uses his tongue doesn't mean he's a cuckold," she said. "I told you, John's sensitive, he's considerate, he wanted to make sure I was okay."

Something about what Jen said made me think. "What a minute," I said. "Are you saying John went down on you again, after he fucked you?"

"Um, well, are you saying that's against the rules?" Jen said with another laugh.

Her laughter made me burn inside. "Did you go down on him too?" I said angrily.

"Mike why are you getting mad?" Jen said, not understanding. "We were together for almost 3 hours."

"But you said you talked most of the time!" I reminded her. "You said you only came twice."

"I never said that."

"You did!" I insisted. "Once when he went down on you. And once when you fucked."

"I didn't know you wanted the complete list," Jen said defensively.

“So how many times then?” I demanded.

“Mike, come on,” Jen said. She was rubbing my chest, trying to get me to calm down. But I was mad and I wanted to stay mad. It felt good being mad.

“I wanna know Jen!” I demanded.

“Okay, okay,” she said, relenting. “First he went down on me in the living room. You saw that. Then we went into the bedroom. I went down on him. I wasn’t planning to go all the way but then he came. Then we had sex. Then later I went down on him again.”

I stared at her. “The second time you meant to get him off,” I said, knowing the answer was yes.

Jen nodded, confirming my suspicion. “It’s just, he got me off before, so I thought it was only fair,” she said with a shrug.

Fair. She was talking fair again.

“Yeah, fair,” I said bitterly. “Then he goes down on you again. So in 3 hours, you got off 3 times, and he got off 3 times. And you leave me by myself with my cock in a cage.”

“Mike baby come on,” Jen said in a soft, soothing voice. “Don’t be like that. You know that’s how our game works. And now you have me right here. We can have as much sex as you want.”

“As much as I want. Not that you have any desire for me,” I said, my voice again laced with hurt and bitterness.

Jen hugged me, trying to make me feel better. But she didn’t try to deny it. She had already told me many times. She didn’t think of me as a sexual partner anymore. I might be her husband but sexually she preferred other

men. I had been replaced. Friend-zoned. She might love me, but as far as she was concerned, we were platonic friends. Any sex I got from her were pity fucks. Things she did out of obligation.

"Four," Jen said as she continued to hug me.

"What?"

Jen pulled away and looked into my eyes. "I just want to be honest with you," she said. "John and I, we each got off 4 times."

I stared at her, speechless. Finally I dumbly repeated, "How?"

"Before I woke you up," Jen said. "We were kissing on the bed. And touching. He fingered me. And I … you know."

I stared at Jen. I imagined John with Jen, naked in bed inside Blake's guest room. Passionately making out like teenagers. Fondling each other. John sucking on my wife's pretty little high school breasts. Finger fucking her, his thumb rubbing her clit. Jen's hand around his shaft of his "not huge but bigger than yours" cock. Moaning into the other's mouth as they cum. Jen's pretty toes curling in the So Kate high heels as she climaxed with John's fingers rubbing her clit.

"Oh god Jen," I groaned, by body shuddering and collapsing against her. "You kill me. You know? You kill me."

"I don't kill you Mike," Jen soothed, hugging me and rubbing my back. "I play the game to get you off."

"Yeah like, you do it just for me," I said.

"I've never said that," Jen said, kissing my lips. "I love the game as much as you. But you do get off on what I do Mike. You love it."

Jen laid me on my back. She straddled my hips. She reached into her nightstand and pulled something out. It was a condom.

"So you won't cum as fast," she told me. "Do you want to use it?"

I thought about it for only a moment. I nodded yes.

Jen ripped a corner of the foil package with her teeth. She pulled the condom out. She pressed the rubber against the head of my cock and rolled it down my shaft. The condom was a "small," but still there was unused latex at the bottom.

Then Jen took my cock into her hand and guided me into her. "Ugh god!" I groaned as my wife's sweet pussy enveloped my cock. Even with the condom on it felt so fucking good!

I looked up at her beautiful face as she slowly moved up and down on my sheathed cock. "You don't want me inside you bare," I said, my words coming out like a moan. "You don't make other men use condoms, but you make me."

"That's not true Mike," Jen said as she stroked back and forth. "You'll get more out of it this way. You won't cum as fast."

"You don't make other men use condoms."

"That's not true either," Jen said. "I made John, tonight."

"Only because I forced you," I said, looking into her eyes. "If I hadn't, would you have let John into you without a condom?"

"Honestly? Yes," Jen admitted.

I moaned and shuddered at her words. God, even with the condom on I was at the brink of cumming!

“Just admit you don’t want me to cum inside you!” I said, my words filled with bitterness and lust.

Jen leaned over and wrapped her arms around my neck. “That’s not true Mike,” she softly said. Then she kissed me. She kissed me as she continued to rock back and forth on my cock. I came soon after that.

Afterwards Jen was snuggled in my arms. I was wired, wide awake. But I could tell she was tired and drifting off.

I didn’t want her to fall asleep. This was my time with her. It was finally my turn.

“So does your body really belong to Blake?” I asked her.

“Mike I’m just playing the game,” she said sleepily.

“He thinks he owns you,” I said. “He thinks you’ll do what he wants.”

“I don’t care what he thinks,” Jen said. She was talking really soft, so soft I barely heard her. I could tell she was really tired. She rolled to the other side, facing away from me. I snuggled up to her back, spooning her. It’s how she liked to sleep.

“Why’d he share you with John?” I asked her. But she didn’t answer. She was asleep.

It got me so angry! What happened to “You have me right here, and we can have as much sex as you want”?! She spends all night with John, she makes him cum 4 times, and then she falls asleep on me! What happened to fair?!

++
Chapter 37

When I woke up, the sun was shining in through the windows. I looked at Jen. She was already awake, and looking at me. "Hey sleepyhead," she said with a smile. She kissed me. "Sorry I fell asleep last night," she said, looking guilty. "I was wiped."

I frown at her. I was still mad about last night. Mad and confused. And hurt, and jealous. Ignoring her apology, I started to get up. "We have to get Anna," I told her.

Jen put her hands on my chest to stop me from getting up. "I called Callie, she's taking Anna for pancakes," she said. "We have time."

She pulled the covers off, revealing her body to me. She was still naked (so was I). I looked her up and down. Even with her hair messed up and no makeup, she was so beautiful. And her body was so hot. Petite, toned, firm. Like a ballerina. Perky little A-cup breasts. Shapely legs that went on forever. Tight ass.

"You were talking last night when I fell asleep," Jen said as she brushed loose strands of blonde hair behind her ear. "What did you say?" she asked as she kissed my chest.

"I was wondering why Blake shared you with John," I said.

"To prove he could," Jen said with a shrug. "It was a power play Mike."

"But you went along with it," I said.

"I went along with it," she confirmed. "I did what Blake said, even though you hate him. I slept with John, even though you told me not to."

I stared at Jen. So she knew she was killing me. Last night, she knew she was killing me!

Jen reached down and wrapped her hand around my cock. I was rock hard. She began slowly stroking me. "It's our game Mike. It's how we

play," she said. "I knew you hated it, but you loved it too. It got you off. Just like you're getting off on it now."

"You hurt me last night," I told her.

"You get off on the hurt," Jen said, her eyes boring into mine as she continued to slowly stroke me. "As long as it's not too much. Not bad hurt. And it doesn't get bad if we're back together. I get you Mike."

"So what you did last night, it was all for me?" I spat out.

"No," Jen said honestly. "I've been curious about John. And he was good. I told you he made me cum 4 times."

I stared at Jen. She was my wife. I couldn't believe how heartless she was being. Curious about John? Even though she knew I was against it? It was like she didn't care at all about my feelings.

"I know you hate Blake," Jen said, like she was reading my thoughts. "I know you didn't want me with John. But Mike … you get that turns me on, right? It's like when I cheat on you. It gets me hot."

"What?" I said dumbly.

"It's fucked up, right?" Jen said with a weak, sheepish smile. "I can't help it," she admitted. "Sometimes I wake up thinking about sex. And I fall asleep thinking about sex. I can't help it." She looked into my eyes and asked, "Do you think that's bad? Or good?"

At that moment, all my anger from last night dissolved away. The only thing I felt for my wife was love. God I loved her! I adored her! I was so lucky to have her!

"It's good!" I assured her enthusiastically. "It's really good!"

Jen grinned at me, clearly happy with my unconditional acceptance of her desires. Then she moved up my body, straddling my head. She grabbed my hair and lowered her pussy onto my face. "Eat me out Mike," she said, grinding her pussy across my lips. "Prove to me you're better than John."

Jen's taunt took my breath away and made me ache deliciously inside. I clamped my hands on her thighs and eagerly went to town on her pussy. I didn't let her go until I'd made her cum two times. I would've gone longer, made her cum again to further prove I was better than John, but she pushed my head back away from her pussy.

"Okay, enough," Jen gasped after the second time. She rolled off my face onto her back, panting. My face was wet with her juices. I wiped my face on the sheets, then leaned into her and put my arm possessively around her.

When her breathing was back to normal, I asked "Were you jealous when Alicia went with Blake?"

Jen propped herself up on her elbow and gave me a quizzical look. "No," she said. "Why should I be?"

I shrugged and said "You get jealous over Joe. And you used to get jealous when you saw Scott with other girls, right?"

Jen frowned at me. "You know, you're mentioning Scott a lot lately," she said warily.

"I'm just saying …."

Jen gave me a long look. Then she reached down and wrapped her hand around my hard cock. As she began slowly stroking me again, she said "I think you think too much with your little head sometimes."

"You're the one who just said you think about sex all the time," I reminded her.

"You've got me there," she said with a laugh. We both grinned at each other.

"What'd you think of John letting Alicia be with Blake?" I asked.

"I don't know …."

"You don't think that's fucked up? Lizzy's Blake's."

"John doesn't know that," Jen reminded me.

"But John told me Blake tried to break them up," I said.

"I don't know Mike," Jen said. "John and Alicia are adults. You and I, we don't understand what gets them off. What their game is. Just like they don't know us, not really, not completely. You know? Everyone's different."

"Yeah, I guess," I said. We kissed. We made out as she stroked me. It was good. It was reconnecting.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked as I pulled away from her lips. She was still stroking me and I was breathing hard.

"Yeah."

"Do you ever think about Scott?" I asked.

Jen frowned at me. It was the same wary look Alicia had given Blake last night, when he asked if she still wore g-strings.

Then she shrugged and said "Sometimes I do, I guess. He was a part of my life, you know? Like Colin. I think about him sometimes too. I think it's just natural."

"I mean, do you sometimes look at pictures of him on Instagram, and masturbate?"

Jen stared at me for a long time. Finally she said, "Actually, no. I don't. Are you disappointed?"

"Relieved actually," I said.

Jen stared at me again, like she was reaching into my soul. "But you're disappointed too," she said, looking knowingly at me. She was leaning against me, still slowly stroking my cock. "That's why you want me to go to work again, right?"

"I want to think about you around all those men at work, lusting after you as you strut around in short skirts and high heels," I said.

"And fucking them too, right?"

"If that's what you want," I said. "That's the whole point of the secret room, right?"

"It is," Jen agreed in a soft voice.

"Are you still planning to fuck other men more than me in the loft apartment?" I asked.

Jen laughed. "We'll see," she said. Then she got serious. "But nothing's going to happen with Scott. I might go back to work. It's tempting, once we move back to the city and Anna starts all day pre-school. It'll give me something to do and I miss being around people. But if I do go back to Gateway, nothing will happen with Scott. He's married now. I don't want to hurt his marriage. And I'm not interested in him anymore. I wasn't lying before when I told you I was over him. That was the worst time in my life and I'm over him. I might keep up with what he's doing on Facebook because I'm curious, but that doesn't mean I'm interested in him anymore. Not sexually anyways."

[Author's note: In a previous chapter, I called Jen's old firm "Blakes." That's obviously a bad name, since there's a Blake character in this story. So I have renamed Jen's old firm "Gateway."]

"Okay," I said as I processed her words.

"Are you disappointed?" she asked again. She was still stroking me. She no doubt felt that my dick softened somewhat as she spoke.

"Yes, a little. You know how demented I am," I admitted with a sheepish grin. Jen smiled back at me. "But mostly I'm relieved."

"Can I tell you something else?" Jen said.

"Yes, of course."

"I know you want me to date someone," she said. "Focus on one guy. A boyfriend. But I'm kinda having fun doing what we're doing. I like the idea of romance and getting all infatuated with a new crush. But that's not where I'm at right now. You're all the romance I want, Mike. I love you. I don't want, or need, romance with anyone else. Maybe someday I might want to experience that again. But maybe not. I like the way things are now."

Suddenly my heart was brimming over with love! I felt incredibly secure in our marriage and Jen's love for me!

"Thank you for saying that," I gushed.

"You don't have to thank me baby," Jen said. "I love you." Then she gave me a crooked grin and said "Besides, you can barely handle when I'm with John for a few hours. Do you really want me spending all my time with a boyfriend again?"

"I guess not," I said, and we both laughed. I pulled Jen to me and we kissed. "But once we're back in the city, it'll be easier for you to do overnights."

"You think so huh?" Jen said between kisses. She reached down between by legs and scraped her manicured nails across the sensitive underside of my balls. "Is that what you want Mike? You want me to sleep in another man's arms?"

"Oh god yeah," I gasped.

"Maybe he'll fuck me in the morning, before I come home to you," Jen teased as she flicked a fingertip across my sandbar.

"Oh god Jen," I groaned.

"You want that? The way I got John off with my hand before I came back to you tonight?"

"No. Yes," I said. It was always a conflict for me. It made Jen laugh.

She reached to the side table and got a condom. She ripped the foil package with her teeth, and then rolled in down my hard shaft. "I don't want you to cum too fast," she explained as she straddled my hips. She guided my sheathed cock into her. I moaned as I penetrated her. "Tell me why you like it," I asked her.

"Like it?" Jen asked, not understanding my question as she moved up and down on me.

"Why you like the game the way it is now," I said, looking up into her eyes and reaching up to cup and caress her little perfect tits.

"I like the variety of many men," Jen said, putting her hands on my chest for balance as she rocked back and forth on my cock. "I like being controlled. Like tonight. The way Blake gave me to John. I like being

forced. Like how Joey treats me sometimes. I like being naughty, like fucking Wyatt right before his wedding. I like cheating on you. I like keeping you caged while another man fucking me."

"It got you off leaving me outside while John fucked you?" I panted.

"Oh yeah baby, it did," Jen purred, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me as she continued to rock back and forth on my cock. Then she moved her lips up my face. "You know what else I like Mike?" she whispered into my ear.

"What?"

"I like seeing you with a big cock in your mouth," Jen said. Her eyes got big with excitement as she gushed "God that gets me so hot! Will you keep doing that for me baby?"

"Yes, if that's what you want," I told her.

"You'll do anything for me, right Mike?"

"Yeah, I will," I told her.

Jen wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. She rode me that way, her arms around my neck and kissing me until I came.

****

"Are you ready for this?" Jen asked me. We were in the loft apartment. Construction was complete and it was mostly furnished. We could move in tomorrow if we wanted to, but we wanted to wait until the end of the school year. But that didn't stop us from using the loft apartment to play our game. In fact, it made it easier, especially with Callie babysitting Anna at our house in Montclair.

Jen was wearing a light pink dress with an off-the-shoulder neckline and short sleeves. It was tight from the waist up. The skirt was loose and ended high above her knees. She wore a white lacy thong but no bra. She finished the outfit with nude thigh highs and strappy high heels. Around her neck she wore 2 diamond necklaces, a small one I had given her when we were dating in college, and a larger one I had given her after we were married (and I had more money in my checking account).

We were meeting Jamal, and for this first rendezvous, Jen said she didn't want to go too over the top with what she wore. I didn't know what she was talking about. She looked fucking hot in the dress! Maybe because the dress was pink, and she wore her hair down and little makeup, she looked sweet as well as hot, maybe that's what she meant by not "going too far over the top." But god she looked so achingly sexy!

[You can see Jen's dress by following the link in my signature.]

Jen saw me staring at her and asked, "Do you think Jamal will like this dress?"

"I think he'll love it," I said, staring at her chest. The dress was made of some kind of light material, and you could see a hint of her braless nipples and aureoles. "Did you buy it special for him?"

"Not for our first date," Jen said with a shake of her pretty head. "Maybe if I like him, I'll buy something special for him."

I nodded slowly as my chest tightened with delicious cuckold angst. "I thought you already liked him," I said. "That's why you invited him over tonight."

"I'm not sure if I like him," Jen said with a shrug. "Remember, Jamal said he wanted to talk to you. Are you ready for that?"

"Do I have a choice?" I asked with a nervous laugh.

"You always have a choice Mike," Jen said to me. "But you did promise --."

"I'll talk to him," I assured her. She was right, I agreed to talk to Jamal if she promised to think about going back to work at Gateway. And not only was she thinking about it, she had almost decided to do it. I was happy about that. Mostly because, Jen was a social person and her soul needed to be around people. Grownups, not just kids. But also, I loved the thought of countless men lusting after her as she got back into the workplace in her sexy work dresses and high heels. Jen told me she wasn't interested in Scott anymore. But just the thought of her being around him got my cock hard. My wife being "re-claimed" by her old lover fueled the cuckold fires burning inside me.

"What does he want to talk about?" I asked.

"Are you scared?"

I frowned at my wife. "I'm not scared Jen," I told her firmly. "None of your lovers scare me."

Jen played with the collar of my button down shirt. "Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your male ego or anything," she said with a lopsided grin at me. "But remember, Jamal thinks black men are superior to white men. And you do share me with other men. You're sharing me with Jamal tonight."

"But … so?" I said, uncertain where she was going with this.

"So, you're a bottom," Jen said. "And Jamal knows that. So don't --."

"Don't try to top from the bottom," I said finishing her sentence.

Jen smiled and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. She said, "Right. Just be a bottom. Just go with whatever Jamal says. Allow yourself to enjoy it Mike. And don't worry about me. Nothing you do tonight will change how I think about you."

I stared at my wife as I processed her words. Then there was a knock at the door. Jamal had arrived. Jen gave me a last smile, then she went to the door to let Jamal in.

I looked at Jamal as he walked in. He was tall. As tall as Blake. Taller than me, taller than Jen even in her 5 inch heels. Once again I realized that lately – in our Game 2.0 -- my wife had been into tall men.

From the way his clothes hung on him, I could tell he was fit. His head was shaved. His skin was deep black.

Jen introduced me to Jamal and we shook hands. I got everyone drinks. A Highland Park scotch for me, Cosmo for Jen, and a beer for Jamal. Then we sat down, Jen sitting next to me on the sofa, and Jamal sitting across from us. "It's always awkward at the beginning," Jamal said with a friendly smile. "So I brought some icebreakers." He reached into his pocket and pulled out 2 plastic baggies. One had white powder, and I knew it was cocaine. The other had some joints in it.

"Want a bump Jen?" Jamal asked, offering the white bag to Jen.

"Uh, no, not this time," Jen said, and I was relieved at that. I didn't want my wife taking hard drugs. But then she said "Maybe some of the weed." When I looked at her, she squeezed my arm and said in a low voice, "It'll help you relax."

Jen thought I needed to relax? Well, maybe I did. Maybe I felt uncomfortable with this big black man in my new home. I reflected that I had not yet had sex with Jen here. But Scott had. Joe too. And I knew Jamal would tonight. But not me. Not yet in our new home.

Jamal lit the joint. He took a deep drag and then passed it around. Jen took a drag, and then I did too. We passed it around like that until it was gone. I could tell Jen was high. I didn't know Jamal well enough to tell with him. For me, the joint barely affected me. I was too antsy over what I

knew was going to happen tonight. Or what I didn't know, since I had no clue what Jamal's plans were, or why he wanted to talk to me.

As if reading my mind, Jamal looked at me and asked "So Mike, you get off on sharing your wife with other men. Sorry for my bluntness, but I think it's better to get things out into the open."

"Yes, obviously, you're here," I said. My voice was stiff. I felt uncomfortable talking about this. I mean, I loved talking to Jen about it. But not her lovers.

"I'm here, because you're willing to let me have sex with your wife," Jamal said. "I want to make sure we're on the same page. I don't want a jealous husband coming after me with a gun."

"I don't own a gun," I said. There was a hard edge in my voice.

"I think you know what I mean Mike," Jamal said, his voice hard too. "Listen, if you don't want this, just tell me. I'll leave now."

I felt Jen's grip on my arm grow tighter. "Mike what are you doing?" she whispered to me. "Remember what we talked about."

I gritted my teeth and tried to calm down. I didn't know why I was getting so riled up. Maybe it was because Jen was pushing a lot in our Game 2.0. The other night she pushed with Blake and John. She pushed to Joe. She pushed on making me go down on other guys. And tonight she was pushing me to be a bottom.

Look, I knew myself. I knew being submissive was a big part of being a cuckold. I knew I was a bottom. But Jen was really pushing, she was bringing it all up to the surface. And the thing was, I was still a man. I still had male pride.

In a way, it would be better if I watched Jen from a distance. Like, if I watched from the secret room as Jen and Jamal had sex. Then I could

keep my male pride intact while still getting off on being a cuckold. But instead, Jamal wanted to talk to me, and Jen wanted me to talk to him, so here I was.

"I do want this," I finally said to Jamal. I squeezed Jen's hand and said "This is something we do."

"Okay good," Jamal said. "Before we start, I have some rules."

"Rules?"

"They're not complicated," Jamal said with a reassuring smile. "First, when I'm with Jen, she belongs to me. What we do is between me and her. If she tells me to stop, I'll stop. But you don't interfere."

"Alright --."

"Let me go through all the rules Mike," Jamal snapped, cutting me off. "Then you can agree or not agree. It's all or nothing."

I frowned. I didn't like being chastised by another man, especially not in front of my wife. But I didn't say anything.

"Second, you can watch sometimes, but other times you won't be able to," Jamal said. "There will be times when I'll want to be alone with Jen."

"You mean dates?" I asked. When Jamal frowned that I was interrupting his monologue with a question, I said "Look, I have to ask questions to understand what you're saying."

Jamal like he was conceding the point. "Yes, we'll do things together," he said. "If we're going to be lovers, we'll enjoy it more if we get to know each other better. Do you have a problem with that?"

Jen squeezed my arm and whispered into my ear, "This is exactly what you want, right Mike?"

Yes, it was what I wanted. It was my fantasy of Jen having a boyfriend. But then, why was the idea bothering me so much? Was it because Jamal was black? Or that he was being so demanding and aggressive? Or that it was happening so fast?

Jamal took my silence as agreement, so he continued. "Third, I don't use condoms," he said. "And I don't pull out. I will always cum inside your wife. I don't waste my black seed."

"Not when Jen's fertile," I told him. "When she's fertile you have to use condoms."

"Well I guess this conversation is over then," Jamal said, getting up.

"No Jamal, wait," Jen said, motioning for him to sit down again. "Why does it matter Mike?" she whispered to me. "I'm on the pill. And I'll make sure he's tested before letting him inside me."

"He's black!" I whispered back. "You just promised the other day. If you ever had a black over, you'd make him wear a condom when you were fertile."

"I know Mike, but if that's his rule, why does it matter?" Jen whispered. "I can just not see him when I'm fertile."

"You promise you won't?" I whispered. Jen nodded yes. "Okay then," I agreed, loud enough so Jamal could hear.

"Fourth, if I do get Jen pregnant, she won't get an abortion," Jamal said. "She will have my baby. And on the birth certificate, I'll be listed as the father."

"You're fucking crazy!" I growled. Jen's soothing hands were on my shoulders immediately.

"Why does it matter Mike?" Jen whispered into my ear. "It'll never happen." Then she turned to Jamal and said "Okay. Mike know I'd never get an abortion. I'm pro-choice, but personally I'd never get an abortion." Jen looked into my eyes and asked "Right Mike?"

Maybe it was a test. I knew I passed when I said "Yes" and Jen smiled and beamed at me.

Then I said to Jamal "But I'm the father of any child my wife has. So I'll be on the birth certificate, not you."

"Even if it's clearly a black baby?" Jamal asked. "Even if I'm around and everyone knows I'm the father? Even then you want to be the legal father?"

My cheeks burned. "Yes," I insisted, my voice like a growl. My stomach was churning inside. But once again, I knew I had passed the test when Jen hugged my arm tighter and kissed me.

"I suppose I can live with that," Jamal said. "So you agree to everything else?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Excellent," Jamal said, looking pleased. "Mike, it looks like our glasses our empty. Would you mind getting us refills? I'd like to offer a toast to our new adventure."

I hesitated. I didn't like being ordered around in my own house, in front of my wife. But then I remembered Jen's urging to just go with it. So I forced a nod and got up to get new drinks. As I did, Jen gave me a smile and squeezed my hand reassuringly.

When I got back, Jamal was sitting next to Jen, taking my spot on the sofa next to her. They were sitting close – so close their knees were almost

touching – and talking in soft voices. Seeing them that way, it flared the cuckold angst inside me. It also got me uncomfortably hard in my pants.

I felt like I stood there forever, dumbly holding the new drinks while I watched them talk. Then finally they noticed I was there. I gave them their drinks. Then Jamal said, "Mike, would you mind letting me be alone with your wife for a little while?"

"You said I could watch," I said immediately.

"I said you could watch sometimes," Jamal said, correcting me. "And I'm not saying you can't watch tonight. You can. Later. I'd just like to spend some time alone with Jen. We don't really know each other. And I think a man and a woman should know each other a little before they're intimate. Don't you think that's reasonable?"

Of course it was reasonable. But the last thing I wanted to do was leave my wife alone here with this big black man that I barely knew. "Is this what you want Jen?" I asked.

Jen looked at me and nodded. "Why don't you go to the French bistro?" she suggested. "Have a couple drinks. Come back in an hour." Then she looked at Jamal and asked "Does that sound right Jamal?"

"Yes. An hour would be perfect," Jamal said. He had a big smile on his face. It was at that moment I noticed some of his teeth were gold.

A few minutes later, I was in the French bistro, sitting along and nursing a scotch at the bar. There was a Knicks game on the TV, but since trading Porzingis I found them impossible to watch. But I was too distracted anyway. Too disturbed, at once again being alone while my wife was with another man.

As I sat sipping the scotch, I reflected on the game we were playing. Was it better this time? 2.0 versus 1.0? In the original version, Jen focused on one man and got really deep. Emotionally and physically.

Now in 2.0, she had many lovers. So many I had a hard time keeping track of them all. Jen said she liked the variety. She liked being naughty.

Was it better this time?

I thought about my desire to make 2.0 like 1.0. To throw romance and emotions into the game, for Jen to have a boyfriend, a serious crush, to be infatuated with him, maybe even fall in love. Was I out of my mind? I couldn't handle that. Tonight proved I couldn't handle that. Jamal telling me he wanted to date my wife – not just fuck her, but date her – yes it got me weak kneed, yes it got be hard, but also it sent me over the abyss.

Maybe Jen was right. Maybe she knew better. Going too far was bad. That's what happened with 1.0. This 2.0 version had its own risks. It had tons of risk.

So I made a decision. I decided to stay with 2.0. I'd stop try to get Jen to have a boyfriend. I'd encourage her to have many lovers, like she was doing now. I'd try to prevent her from getting to close to any one of them. I finished the Highland Park and ordered another one. I held the tumbler in my hands, the smoky, peaty golden nectar with one large ice cube, and I held it, like a pray. I swore to myself I would stick to this promise. I wouldn't push Jen to have another emotional relationship with another man. I'll keep it to 2.0. I'll keep it to just physical pleasure.

I was anxious when I returned to the loft apartment. When I opened the door, I didn't know what to expect. Or maybe I did.

Jen was with Jamal on the sofa. They were in the same places as when I left. Now though they were kissing. Jamal's hand was on her breast, fondling her over the light pink dress. And Jen's hand was between his legs, rubbing his hard on up and down.

I stood there for a moment, watching them. Seeing my wife kiss another man was always gut wrenching. In some ways, kissing was more intimate than sex.

After a few moments, they noticed me. Or Jen, at least. She pulled away from Jamal and came to me. I saw she was panting and unsteady and her high heels. She was still fully dressed, although wrinkled and her hair disheveled.

"Is he a good kisser?" I asked her when we were in the kitchen and had a moment of privacy.

"Actually yeah," Jen said. She was still breathing hard. "Kind of surprising actually. He has really soft lips."

I stared at her, the cuckold angst spiking inside me. She saw it in my face.

"I mean, you asked," she said with an awkward half laugh. I forced a smile, because she was right.

"Did you go to the bistro?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What did Ferdinand say?" she asked looking concerned. Ferdinand was new at the bistro and had recently become our favorite waiter there. Anna especially liked him, especially when he served her Shirley Temples with three (3!) cherries.

"About me being alone?" I asked. "I told him you were at home with Anna."

"Okay, good," Jen said as she played with the buttons of my shirt. "I just don't want him to think there's anything wrong between us. Anna likes him so much."

I nodded. “So you talked to Jamal? You like him?” I asked.

Jen nodded. “I’m glad we talked,” she said. “What about you. You’re ready for this?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, not understanding. This wasn’t our first rodeo. I’d seen my wife with other men before.

“You know …,” Jen began. “Jamal thinks a lot of himself. And he’s got that attitude. Black superiority.”

“I told you I’d go with it,” I reminded her.

“Good. Cause I’m just gonna go with it too. Listen, I wanted to tell you. I picked a safe word with Jamal. It’s JoeJoe.”

“JoeJoe?” I said, surprised. “JoeJoe’s your safe word?”

“Yeah. You know, just in case. It’s the same one I use with Joey.”

“You have a safe word with Joe?” I asked, surprised.

“Yeah. Cause, you know, the stuff we do sometimes,” Jen said. I knew what she was talking about of course. The times Joe “raped” her.

“Okay …,” I said, feeling uncertain, trying to process the fact that my wife and my brother had a safe word.

“Anyways, I just wanted to tell you that, so you know I’m safe with Jamal. And if it gets too much for you, you can use the safe word too.”

“I’m not sure I want to use my brother’s childhood nickname as my safe word with you,” I said sourly.

“Mike I know. I’m not saying that. I’m talking about tonight, with Jamal. Anyways, we better get back.”

When we returned, we were shocked to see Jamal naked! He had taken off his clothes and was sitting on the sofa.

"Uh … okay …," Jen said with an awkward laugh.

I was shocked as I looked at him. Even through my surprise, I saw he was fit. And he was very black. Jet black.

His black body was muscular and well defined. Lean, toned, hard. He had a washboard stomach. He had some hair on his legs, and a happy trail of short bristly black hair that went from his penis to just below his belly button, but otherwise he was shaved with no pubic hair.

His cock was really big. Like, porn star big. Long and thick. It looked like a python running down his muscular thighs. And he wasn't even hard.

"Mike, why don't you come sit next to me?" Jamal said. "Jen, help your husband take off his clothes."

"Just go with it Mike," Jen whispered as she began unbuttoning my shirt. "Take off your pants," she told me.

Within moments I was as naked as Jamal. Jen took my hand and led me to sit next to Jamal on the sofa.

"Jen, get on your knees in front of us," Jamal said, motioning to a spot on the floor between us. Jen lowered herself onto her knees without hesitation.

She was looking at both me and Jamal when he asked, "What do you think of our bodies?"

With a shrug, Jen said "Well, Mike is white and you're black."

"Besides color," Jamal said.

Jen shrugged again. “You’re taller,” she said. “You’re more muscular. You have a bigger penis.”

“Are you attracted to my body?” Jamal asked.

“Yes.”

“Are you wet looking at my body?”

“I’m getting there,” Jen said with a laugh. Jamal grinned at her.

“And what about your husband? Are you attracted to his body?”

“I love Mike,” Jen said, looking at me. “We play our game, and that’s exciting.”

“The game? That’s what you call your lifestyle?”

“Yes.”

“But that’s you with other men. I asked if you’re sexually attracted to Mike’s body.”

“No I’m not,” Jen said honestly. “Mike knows I’m not. We’ve talked about it.”

“And you don’t mind saying all this in front of your husband?” Jamal asked.

“I told you, we talk about it. He already knows all this,” Jen said. “And anyways, he likes it. It gets him hot when I compare him to other men.” She was looking at my crotch when she said this. She saw I was hard.

Jamal saw my erection too. And he saw Jen looking at my erection.

“Jen, take me and Mike into your hands,” Jamal ordered. “Our cocks.”

Jen did as she was told. She was able to grip me easily. She had a hard time with Jamal, as he was long and thick, and since he wasn't hard, his shaft kind of flopped in her hand.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

"I'm kinda curious how big you get when you're hard," Jen said with a sly grin at him.

"Then why don't you get me hard then," Jamal said with a grin back at her. They grinned at each other for a moment. Then Jen pulled her long blonde hair back, and she lowered her face and took Jamal's cock into her mouth.

She couldn't take much into her mouth. Just a few inches. He was too thick to take more. She sucked on his cockhead and the top of his shaft. At the same time, she used both hands to stroke the lower part of his rod. She also licked his shaft up and down, and caressed and licked his balls. Jen knew how to go down on a man. She had a lot of experienced with well hung men like Jamal, so she was good at it. It didn't take too long before he was rock hard.

"Now hold us again," Jamal said. "Me and Mike."

Jen used her right hand to hold my hard cock. She used her left hand to hold Jamal. As she did, her wedding and engagement rings pressed against his black cock meat.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

Jen knew he wanted her to compare us. Looking at both our cocks, she said "You're way bigger than Mike."

My cock jerked at her words. Jen grinned knowingly at me. She knew I wanted her lovers to be bigger than me.

“Measure us Jen,” Jamal said, pulling a measuring tape from somewhere.

Jen measured Jamal. “Wow,” she said, her eyes going wide. He was 13 inches in length, and 8 inches around. “I think you’re my new biggest cock ever,” she said with a laugh.

“A real big black cock,” Jamal said jokingly.

“Yeah,” Jen said, and they both laughed.

“Now measure Mike,” Jamal said. He was still smiling at her.

“I don’t have to. I know how big he is. 4 inches long. About 3 inches around. Sometimes he gets thicker, if he’s really excited.”

“So my cock is 3 times bigger than Mike’s.”

“Yeah.”

“And which do you want to fuck? My cock? Or Mike’s?”

“Yours,” Jen said without hesitation. Looking at his big took in her hand, she said “I want to feel this inside me.”

I was breathing hard. This entire conversation was cuckold gold. It hurt, but in such a delicious way. I was glad Jen wasn’t stroking me. She was holding my cock, but not stroking it. I was so excited that if she had been, I might have cum.

“So do you still let Mike inside you?” Jamal asked.

Jen hesitated. I said “You can tell him.”

“Really?” she asked me, looking surprised.

I was deep into cuck space. So I said, “Yeah. You can tell him.”

Jen smiled at me. Then she looked at Jamal and said, "I keep him in a cock cage most of the time."

Jamal didn't look surprised. "So you deny him your pussy?" he asked.

Jen nodded yes. "Not always though," she said.

"How often do you let him inside you?"

"I don't know," Jen said. "Twice a month? Something like that. Also …"

"What?"

Looking into my eyes, Jen said, "Lately I've been making him wear a condom."

Jamal smiled, looking intrigued by Jen's words. "Why?" he asked.

Jen looked uncertain, like she wasn't completely sure herself. "Well, it helps him last longer," she said. "And it gets me hot. It gets me hot denying Mike sometimes." Jen laughed. It was kind of an uncertain laugh, and she flashed me a grin.

Jamal's smile grew larger. "You're an interesting couple."

"We are," Jen said with another laugh. She focused her eyes on me. Her blue eyes sparkled with playful mischievous as she said, "You don't mind wearing a condom, do you baby? You don't mine not cumming inside me, right?"

"If that's what you want," I said. My voice was hoarse with excitement.

"See? Mike loves me. He'll do anything for me," Jen said. With an evil grin, she added "He sucks cock for me." Looking at Jamal, she asked "Would you mind if he sucked your cock?"

Jamal laughed. “Go ahead, if that’s what you want,” he said, relaxing and putting his arms behind his head. It seemed like the dynamic had turned. The evening had started with Jamal in control, but now it seemed to be Jen calling the shots. Jamal didn’t seem to mind. He seemed to be having fun with us, his new married white couple to play around with.

Jen pulled me down to the floor and positioned me between Jamal’s muscular legs. “Go ahead Mike,” she said excitedly. “Go down on Jamal. Remember to use your nails.” Looking at Jamal, she explained “He’s been growing his nails longer.”

My head was spinning with submissive cuckold lust. I lowered my head and took Jamal’s cock into my mouth. Like Jen a few moments ago, I could only swallow a few inches. I sucked him as Jen had taught me. As I did, I ran my nails over Jamal’s knees and his sensitive inner thighs.

“Oh yeah,” Jamal moaned at the pleasure my mouth was giving him. “Your husband’s a sissy white boy, isn’t he?” he asked Jen.

“Maybe he is,” Jen said. She moved up and sat on the sofa. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Jamal kissed her back. He tugged the top of the pink dress down, revealing her perfect A cup breasts. He groped and fondled her tits as they kissed. Jen’s nipples were like little marbles, and he thumbed and pinched them. They made out while I continued to suck Jamal and scrape my nails over his legs.

Finally Jen had had enough. She wanted a cock inside her. She moved to climb into his lap but my head was in the way. “Mike, enough,” she said impatiently, pushing me away.

Jen pulled the pink dress up to her waist. Jamal pulled the white thong down her legs and she helped him. She tossed them aside. They ended up in my lap, although I don’t think she meant to do that. Still, at that moment I felt discarded, just like the lacy white panties that she had tossed away. I had helped to get Jamal ready for her. Fluffed him up with

my mouth. And rather than give me a kiss or even a loving smile before getting on his lap, she had impatiently and dismissively pushed my head away.

Jamal was rubbing his cockhead back and forth between her pussy lips. "God don't tease me!" she begged, her words coming out like a moan. She had a major cum face on. "I want to feel your big black cock inside me! Please!"

"I don't want to fuck you here," Jamal told her. "I want to fuck you in the bed you share with your sissy husband."

"Okay, fine, come on," Jen said urgently. She grabbed Jamal's hand and literally dragged the big black man into our bedroom. Jen seemed to have forgotten that I was even there.

I heard them laugh as they fell onto our bed. Then they were kissing again, their hands all over each other. Within moments Jamal pushed into her. She said "go slow" more than once. She regularly had other well endowed men of course, but Jamal's cock was something else. There was pleasure and pain on her beautiful face as he fully mounted her. Then they were fucking. Hard, passionately, relentlessly, on our marital bed. And soon Jen was cumming on his big black cock, hugging and kissing him as he pounded her through her orgasm.

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Three hours later they were finally done. Jen talked Jamal to the door. She was wearing a cotton white robe that ended a few inches above her knees. She walked unsteadily in her bare feet. He had really pounded her. Her pussy was sore and her body was still tingling.

I watched Jen get up on her tip toes and wrap her arms around his neck. I watched her kiss him. Then they whispered and kissed some more. Jamal gave her something. A bag. He whispered something to her. Jen's eyes

went wide and she giggled. They whispered and kissed some more. Finally Jamal left.

I was sitting on the floor in front of the TV. I was leaning against the sofa. A college basketball game was playing on TNN. I was watching it but not watching it.

"Hey," Jen said with a soft voice. She sat on the sofa behind me. I didn't say anything. I pretended to watch the basketball game.

"Hey baby," she said again, this time brushing her fingers through my hair. When I still didn't say anything, she put her legs over my shoulders, and then wrapped her arms around my neck. She hugged me that way, with both her arms and legs, and kissed the side of my face. She said, "I don't think you're a sissy, if that's what you're wondering."

I still didn't say anything, or turn around. I kept staring at the TV, pretending to watch the basketball game. "So you're giving me the silent treatment?" she asked, hugging me tighter. "You don't want to talk about tonight?"

"You had fun," I finally said. Three simple words, but my voice was full of emotion.

"Wasn't I supposed to have fun?" Jen asked me. She was still hugging me. "You had fun too, right?" she asked, kissing the side of my face again.

"What was the point of all the questions?" I asked, still blankly looking at the TV. I didn't hug her back, or kiss her back. Yes, the point of the game was to have fun. But that didn't mean I didn't feel raw and hurt.

"You thought it was hot," Jen said. "I know you did Mike. I was holding you the whole time. Your cock was as hard as I've ever felt you."

"You mean, my little guy?" I said with bitter sarcasm.

"Are you really mad I call you that sometimes?" Jen said with a grin in her voice. "Mike, you're small. We both know you're small. You get off on being small. You get off when I compare you to other guys. You get off when I made fun of you. I'm just playing you know."

I finally turned around and looked at her. "What was the point of all Jamal's questions?" I asked her again.

Jen shrugged, as if saying she didn't know for sure. "I think he was trying to put you down," she mused. "He was trying to make me think less of you. That's his thing. Black is better than white."

"Do you think less of me?" I asked my wife. "How can you respect me with a guy's dick in my mouth?"

"Mike baby we've talked about this a million times," Jen said, stroking my cheek. "Okay, I admit, at that moment, maybe I don't respect you as a man. But then it's over, and we're back to real life, and you're my husband again."

I stared at Jen. Her words "maybe I don't respect you as a man" rang in my ears. I didn't hear anything that came after that.

After a few moments of my silence, Jen stroked my cheek again and asked "What are you thinking Mike?"

"Do you think Jamal's a better man than me?" I asked, my voice a hoarse whisper.

Jen looked at me uncertainly, like she didn't know where my head was at. Was I really hurt, or in cuck-space? Eventually she gave me a sly grin and asked "Do you want me to think that Mike? Do you want me to think he's a better man than you?

I was breathing hard. My cock was so hard it hurt. "What's in the bag he gave you?" I asked.

"Let's talk about it some other time," she said.

"What's in the bag Jen!" I pressed. "Drugs?"

"Not drugs. I swear, not drugs. It's just something Jamal wants me to do. I don't know if I want to do it or not. So I'd rather wait to talk about it later, after I think about it. Okay?"

I nodded slowly. I didn't like the fact Jamal was trying to get my wife to do things, but I decided to let it go for now. I reached up and undid the tie, then opened the white robe. Jen leaned back against the sofa, so as to give me a view of her body.

Her nipples were puffy from where Jamal had pinched and sucked. But my eyes didn't linger there. Instead my gazed drifted down to her pussy. Jen parted her legs to let me see.

I groaned at the sight of my wife's pussy. Normally her pussy was a short slit, with thin lips just a shade darker than the surrounding skin and pressed tightly together. Now though, her pussy gaped open. The lips were swollen and ragged. Her clit was pronounced.

As I stared at her most intimate part, Jen moved her barefoot to my crotch and pressed her manicured toes against the tent my erection had formed in my pants. "I guess Jamal ruined me," she said.

Her words made me groan. "Yeah, he really destroyed your pussy," I said, my words coming out like a moan.

"Hopefully I'll get tight again," Jen said. "Or else I'll never be able to feel you again Mike."

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned. I looked up at her. She was smiling. Teasing me.

She spread her legs wider, so I could see all of her. Her inner thighs were moist. Jamal's cum was leaking from her well used pussy. "Sometimes I still wonder why you let other men have this," she said to me. She ran her hands up her body and cupped her tits. "Why you let other men touch my body, and use me, and cum inside me."

"Because if I didn't, you'd cheat on my anyway," I said.

Jen stared at me as she had done a few moments ago, gauging where my head was at. Finally she grinned and said "I guess I'm lucky the man I love is a cuckold."

I couldn't help smiling. Her words "the man I love" made me feel warm inside.

"You know, I've been seeing another black guy," she abruptly announced. "His name's Reno. He's a trainer at the gym. Sometimes I work out with him. Then one day he made a pass at me. And, well … I guess I was easy."

I stared at my wife. "What do you mean you're seeing him?" I asked. "You're dating him?"

"I wouldn't say date," Jen said. "Unless you call getting coffee a date. We've done that a few times. And gone to lunch."

"I'd call that dating," I said. My voice was dry. Jen shrugged.

"How long have you been seeing him?" I asked.

"A few weeks," she said.

"Why are you telling me now?" I asked.

Jen was still lightly rubbing my hard-on with her toes. "It's exciting not telling you," she said with an excited smile. "It's exciting to cheat. It's

exciting to be a bad girl and have an affair behind your back. But eventually I want to tell you. Because I love you, and I want to tell you cause otherwise it doesn't mean anything. It's not real unless I tell you."

I stared at Jen. My heart was filled with love for her. I loved her so much! She was my goddess!

"Why are you tell me now then?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jen said with a shrug. "Maybe cause I want to compare Jamal and Reno. I want to talk to you about them."

"And what do you want to tell me?"

"Not all black men are like Jamal," Jen said. "Reno's normal. I mean, he could be white but he's black. You know what I mean? Jamal's out there though. And god he's so huge! He's way bigger than Reno. Not all black men are big. That's a myth. You remember Davis? He wasn't big either."

"Jen you kill me," I said, a laugh in my voice. I ran my fingernails up her inner thighs. It made her shudder.

"That feels good baby," she said. "How do I kill you?"

"The way you talk about men," I said. "You have so many men in your life. Now all of a sudden I've got to get my head around another guy. Reno. I think you're becoming an expert on black men."

"I don't know about that," Jen said with a laugh. "Black men can really kiss though. Their lips are incredibly soft. I could kiss Jamal forever. And Reno too. Reno's a better kisser than Jamal even. Sometimes we sit in his car, and we just kiss, like, for hours. And his tongue. He kisses with his lips and his tongue, and it's so good. One time we were kissing so much, I lost track of time and had to bolt to pick up Anna from school."

"Jen, god," I groaned, lurching over. In many ways, kissing was more intimate than intercourse. And here she was excitedly gushing about how she loved kissing other men. Black men. God, she was killing me.

Jen pulled her foot away from my crotch. "Maybe I better stop playing footsie with you," she teased with a grin. "I don't want you to cum in your pants."

"Jen …," I moaned. "Do they kiss you better than me?"

Jen gave me a coy smile but didn't answer. I took her foot – the foot that had been rubbing my erection – and brought it to my face. I smelled the perfume of her moisturizer, and the leather of her high heel. I kissed her toes and ran my fingers over the bottom of her foot. It made Jen giggle. She pulled her foot away. "That tickles," she said, grinning at me.

I was breathing hard as I looked at her. God she was so beautiful! Even with her blonde hair tussled and her nipples red from where Jamal had abused her. I couldn't believe she was mine! Even though I had to share her with other men, she was still mine!

"So now you have 2 black lovers," I said, my hands caressing up her beautiful legs. Her legs were slim, shapely and impossibly long. Dancer's legs. Ballerina's legs. She was my Tiny Dancer and I adored her.

"I might stopped seeing Reno," Jen said. "He's not as much fun, now that you know. Anyways, I've got Jamal. He's almost as good a kisser, and god he can fuck."

"You had fun?"

"Oh my god Mike, you have no idea," she gushed. "I think he's the longest I've ever had. He reached places in me no one's ever touched before."

"So I guess he owns you now," I said. I was deep into cuckold lust. "If he's the only one who's touched you there, he owns that part of you."

"I guess so," Jen said with a laugh.

"And you let him cum inside you," I said, looking at her ruined pussy. It was still wet with Jamal's semen.

"Obviously," Jen said with another laugh as she saw where I was looking. Then she affectionately brushed her fingers through my hair and said "If I was ovulating, I wouldn't have let him. No matter what he said."

"So … I'm surprised you're not sitting on my face," I said to her.

"I'm not feeling that game today," Jen said, brushing her fingers through my hair again. "Come here, sit next to me."

I got up off my knees and sat next to Jen on the sofa. Then Jen stood up. She dropped the robe off her shoulders, leaving her naked. Then, to my surprise, she got on her knees between my legs. She opened up my pants and took out my cock.

"You know, I've never made you cum here," Jen said as she slowly stroked me up and down.

"I know," I said. She'd made Scott and Joe cum, and now Jamal, but not me.

"I think it's about time, don't you," Jen said with a grin at me. Then she pulled her long blonde hair to the side, and went down on me.

She worked me with her mouth and hands. Then she licked down my shaft, over my balls. She licked across my sandbar, and then she licked my ass. She licked my ass!

"Oh god! Fuck!" I moaned as her sweet soft tongue twirled around and over my asshole.

Then my cock was back in Jen's mouth. Moments later I exploded down her throat.

Jen gently licked my cock clean as I gasped for breath. "So for every 3 guys I make cum here, I'll make you cum," she teased. "What do you think about that Mike?"

"Is that what you want?" I asked her.

"Maybe it is," she said, that coy smile on her beautiful face again.

"Are you going to keep me caged?" I asked her.

"I think I will," she said with a grin. "I like how you are when I deny you. I become your entire world. And denying you gets me hot. Like, the other night with Blake and John? When they had their big cocks out like real men, and your little guy was locked in a cage. Useless."

"God Jen," I groaned.

"My god you're already hard again," Jen said with delight. She wrapped her hand around my shaft and began stroking me.

"Is Blake a better man than me?" I asked her. "The way Jamal's a better man than me?"

"Maybe he is," Jen said, that coy smile still on her pretty face.

"Why do you even fuck me?" I asked her. I was panting now and my cock was so hard it felt like it was going to explode. "My cock is useless to you. I don't turn you on. I can't make you cum. Why do you bother?"

"Oh, you know, you're my husband so I sorta have to," Jen said with a shrug. "You know. I have to give you pity fucks sometimes."

"Jen – is that true?" I asked urgently. "Am I just a pity fuck to you?"

Jen stood up. She got on my lap, straddling me. She reached down and took hold of my hard cock, and then lowered herself. I easily penetrated her balls deep.

Then she rocked back and forth on my cock. “Finally you’re fucking me here,” she said.

“Yeah,” I said. “I guess I get every third fuck.”

“Ha. Maybe if you’re lucky,” she teased.

“Are you going to see Jamal again?” I asked her.

“Maybe. I want to. But I have to talk to Joey first. Make sure he’s okay with it.”

Cuckold angst filled me. Resentment and jealousy fill me. “So you check with Joe but not me? You care more about Joe than me?” I spat out.

“You know that’s not true,” Jen said. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. “It’s just how our game works Mike.”

“I love you Mike,” she said to me. Then she kissed me and hugged me tight. She kept kissing and hugging me until I came inside her.

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Chapter 38

The next week, I found myself sitting across from Steph in a Starbucks. We were in New York city, close to my office. She had called that morning and asked to meet.

“I just want to apologize about the other night,” Steph began after we were settled into a table with our coffees. “I was a bitch to you. I was

mean, I manipulated things so John slept with Jen, even though I knew you didn't want that. I'm sorry. I want us to be friends Mike."

"I think Blake manipulated things, not you," I said.

"But I didn't stick up for you," Steph said. "Or John. You're both my friends, and I let Blake manipulate things."

"It's not your job to stick up for me," I said. "I have to stick up for myself. Or Jen has to stick up for me." I was silent for a moment, reflecting about things. "She doesn't do that. Stick up for me. Usually she takes the other guy's side. I admit that hurts. But I'm the one who lets her fuck other men."

"You mean like Cam?" Steph said.

I stared at her. I hesitated for long moments. Then I said "Jen's slept with Cam. She's slept with Wyatt too. You know how someone saw her at the Swarthmore hotel? She meets a lover there. She used to anyway. She doesn't see Doug anymore. I don't think she does, at least."

"You mean Doug from school?" Steph asked, her eyes going wide.

I stared at her, shocked she knew Doug and had so quickly connected him with my wife.

"My boys go to that school too Mike," Steph said, reading my thoughts. "I've seen them flirting. I've wondered about them."

I nodded slowly, processing her words.

"So Doug is married. I think his wife's Nancy. And Wyatt just got married. Faith."

I looked at Steph. She hadn't asked a question, but I knew one was there. "Jen likes hooking up with married men," I said. "She gets a charge out of that. Getting married men to cheat on their wives."

"My god she's just like Blake," Steph said with a laugh.

"I don't want you to think she's evil," I said quickly. "These men are adults. If they weren't cheating with Jen, they'd be cheating with some other girls. And Jen's just having fun – she's not trying to break up anyone's marriage."

"I get it Mike, I'm not judging her," Steph assured me. "Blake's the same way after all. And I like Jen. She's my friend. But anyway, thanks for opening up with me. I want to be friends." As she said this, Steph reached over and squeezed my hand. She kept her hand over mine. I felt uncomfortable with her hand over mine. After a few moments I pulled my hand away.

"God Mike I'm not going to rape you," Steph said with a laugh. "I mean, I would. I think you're cute. I'd do you." Then she leaned closer and, with a grin, teasingly whispered, "Even though you have a tiny dick."

I flushed. I didn't want Steph. I didn't want any girl except Jen. But it was something to be so openly propositioned. Steph was being clear about things. I could have her if I wanted. She wasn't Jen. But she still was a very attractive woman. Very fuckable.

But it didn't matter. I couldn't do anything with Steph even if I wanted to. Because my wife had put my cock back into the cock cage. My cock was useless again.

"How do you do that?" I asked her in a low voice. "How can you be a cuckold, but still want to have sex with other men?"

"I don't know," Steph said with a shrug. "Maybe to make Blake jealous. He'd seriously be jealous if I slept with you. You don't ever want to get back at Jen?"

"It's not what I want," I told Steph. "One time, when she was involved with Scott, he convinced her I should date other girls. So she wouldn't feel so guilty spending so much time with him. So I dated a girl. Her name was Bitsy. It was a setup – she was Scott's friend."

"God this is starting to sound like Trump and the Russians," Steph joked.

I grinned. "No, there was no collusion between Bitsy and Scott," I joked back. "I just met her because she was in the same crowd. I liked her. The sex was good. But she wasn't Jen. And it hurt because, it was like, Jen didn't care if I saw another girl. Marriage is about being exclusive. At least one person has to be exclusive, even if the other one is seeing other people."

"I guess," Steph said, thinking about my words. "I don't know. But see? This is why I like you. We can talk about things like this."

"Yeah," I agreed.

"And anyway," Steph said, continuing. "What you asked me about. I don't know for sure if Lizzy is Blake's. I mean, how would I know? They haven't exactly done a blood test. But Lizzy said she probably is."

"How did it happen?" I asked, eager to know.

"John got freaked that Alicia was getting too close to Blake," Steph said. "Honestly, I was starting to get worried too. They were spending a lot of time together. John put his foot down and he forced Alicia to end it. She wasn't happy about it but she stopped seeing Blake. I mean, she really does love John I think. Anyway, they got counseling and they got their marriage back on track. They decided to have another baby. Alicia went off

the pill. Blake found out about it. That Alicia was off birth control."

My mouth fell open. "Are you fucking kidding me?" I said with astonishment.

Steph nodded her head. "Blake waited until John had to travel for work. He was away for a whole week," she said. "Then he seduced her. He fucked her that whole week. A few months later, Alicia and John told everyone she was pregnant. Alicia told me Lizzy might be John's. She made sure to have sex with him as soon as he got home. But she might be Blake's too. And she probably was Blake's because of the timing."

"God," I said with astonishment. "So Blake intentionally tried to get Alicia pregnant. It wasn't an oops. He planned it, seduced Alicia when John was away. You know, I'm sorry to say this, but that's evil."

"Remember? No judging other people. I won't judge Jen and you won't judge my husband," Steph said. "And anyway, Alicia's a grown woman. She knew she was ovulating. She could've made Blake wear a condom, or at least pull out. And how do you know this wasn't her fantasy? Remember, she let Blake put a black dot tattoo on her finger. People have these fantasies Mike. You should know. I can tell you fantasize about another man getting Jen pregnant. You're too into this not to."

I didn't answer for a long time. Finally I said "And you don't feel bad about John?"

"What did you just say about Jen fucking married men?" Steph scoffed. "That they're adults? Well, John's an adult too, just like Alicia. He knows the risks of this lifestyle. And besides, I try to make it up to him. He has a free pass with me whenever he wants it. And he uses that pass too. Sometimes Alicia's a frigid bitch, so then we get together. And I help him other ways too. Like the other night, when I helped him fuck your wife."

I stared at Steph. I was breathing hard. “Maybe you’re the evil one,” I joked.

Steph grinned at me. “I can help you too Mike,” she said, reaching out and taking my hand again. “You want a blowjob right now? You want a threesome with me and Alicia? We can have fun Mike. Jen doesn’t have to know.”

My heart was pounding in my chest. “I told you that’s not how we do it,” I said, pulling my hand away.

Steph laughed. “God you’re such a boy scout,” she said. But there was a smile in her voice rather than any malice. “You know Blake is with Jen right now,” she abruptly announced.

“What? No he’s not.” I looked at my watch. “Anna’s already home from school. Your boys are too.”

“I think they’ve been meeting without telling us,” Steph told me. “I’m not positive. But I think they have been.”

****

Jen and Blake were in the kitchen. They were watching Anna and his boys play in the backyard through the big window. It had snowed the day before and they were making a snowman. It was the first time Jen and Blake had been alone since the night when Jen had slept with John and Blake slept with Alicia.

“So you had fun with Alicia?” Jen asked.

“Why? Are you jealous?” Blake said with a chuckle.

“You wish,” Jen said back, a sly flirty smile on her pretty face.

"I'd rather have been with you," Blake said, running his hand up Jen's back. She was wearing a cashmere sweater that clung to her curves, a short skirt that was tight around her ass and that ended high above her knees, black tights and black Mia flats. Her long blonde hair was in a ponytail. It was a typical Jen weekday outfit.

"But I wanted to show Mike who's in charge when I'm around," Blake said with a smug grin. "And I wanted to check out Alicia's new tits."

"God you're such a pig Blake," Jen said with a laugh. Blake was still rubbing her back. She didn't stop him. She looked out the window and the kids were focused entirely on building the snowman. And anyways, they couldn't see Blake touching her back.

"So how were her tits?" she asked with a crooked grin.

"Good enough to fuck," Blake said with a grin back. "Better than her natural ones actually."

"Well sorry, I don't think you'll be fucking my tits any time soon," Jen said with another laugh. Her breasts were perky and shapely, but no where big enough to fuck.

Blake moved behind Jen. Now they were both looking out the big window at the kids. He pressed his body against hers. "With you I've got other things I'd rather fuck," he said, pressing his hard-on against her skirt covered ass. "Your mouth. Your pussy. Your ass." To make his point, he gave Jen a slap against her ass. It made her yelp. She immediately looked out the window. She was relieved when she saw the kids (and especially Anna) hadn't heard her.

"Careful," she warned, looking nervously out the window at the kids. She reached down and pulled up her skirt, offering herself to him. "Come on. We don't have much time."

Blake grinned. He pressed his hard-on between Jen's tights-covered cheeks. At the same time, he pulled her hair back and nuzzled her neck.

Jen's eyelids fluttered as Blake kissed the back of her neck just below her ears. That was one of her most sensitive erogenous spots, and Blake knew it. She looked out the window again. She worried that if Anna looked, she would see a man not her father kissing her mother. But no. The way the sun was shining, it wasn't possible to see into the window from the outside.

She reached and pulled the hair tie off, releasing her long blonde hair. Blake murmured his approval as he kissed up her neck.

Jen moaned as Blake kissed her neck and ran his hands over her ass and down her legs. She was breathing hard. "Blake, come on, hurry," she urged him, seeing the kids rolling the middle section of the snowman in the snow. She wanted him, but the kids could come into the house at any moment.

Blake pushed down her black tights so they gathered around her knees. He took out his cock. Then he rubbed his cockhead across Jen's slit. She was soaking. He penetrated her pussy with his long curved cock.

"Oh god!" Jen gasped as his cock entered her. She held onto the sides of the sink as he penetrated her. Her knuckles turned white as she squeezed the edge of the counter as he pushed deep into her.

This was what she wanted. She wanted Blake to fuck her. But it wasn't just because her body craved sex. She wanted to compare him to Jamal. It had only been a few days since her first time with him. And sex with Jamal had been really good. Really good. Better than she expected.

Jamal had really stretched her out. But it wasn't just his size. Jamal was an awesome lover. He knew how to give pleasure to a girl. And, unlike Blake, Jamal didn't even know her body yet. He didn't know she liked being kissed and caressed behind her ears, or her wrists were extremely sensitive, or

her favorite position was being taken from behind, or she loved kissing during foreplay (and Jamal was an awesome kisser; his lips were so freaking soft!). When he learned those things? Jen shuddered at the thought. On top of it all, there was something taboo about being with a black man. A big black cock. Major taboo. And the way he was so dominate made it all even more exciting.

Blake made Jen cum, and then he came soon after. As they hurriedly rearranged their clothes, as her body tingled from the orgasm Blake had just given her, Jen was thinking about another man. Jamal.

****

When I got home Jen was in the kitchen, making dinner. Anna was watching Elmo on TV. I said hello to Anna, hugging and kissing her, then I went to Jen. She offered me her cheek as she stirred vegetables in the pan.

"What'd you do today?" I asked her. I looked her up and down. She was freshly showered. Her hair was still slightly damp and she smelled like the strawberry vanilla of her shampoo. She wore a loose blouse and yoga pants. Her pretty feet were bare.

"You know. Same old," Jen said with a shrug as she stirred the vegetables.

"Same old?" I asked. I moved up to her and put my hand on her stomach under her blouse. I felt her sexy flat tummy, firm without being muscular. "You didn't see Blake?"

"Blake?" she said innocently.

"I had lunch with Steph today," I told her. "She told me you've been hooking up with Blake during the day."

"You had lunch with Steph today," Jen repeated, her lips pursed.

“Steph went into the city and had lunch with you?” she asked. When I nodded yes, Jen added a frown to her pursed lips. She didn’t say anything, processing that information.

“It’s just Steph, Jen,” I said. “She wanted to talk about the other night. Sometimes it’s good to talk to her. It’s like therapy.”

“You don’t need to talk to Steph,” she said. She was frowning. “I’m right here. You can talk to me whenever you want.”

“If I only talked to you, I wouldn’t know you saw Blake today,” I said. “Did you?”

“I did Mike, but --.”

“Where was Anna?”

“She was outside playing with Blake’s boys. Don’t worry Mike. We did it here. We could see them in the backyard. If they started to come inside, we’d have more than enough time to stop.”

I stared at her, processing this. “How long have you been doing this?” I asked. “Why haven’t you told me?”

“Mike, calm down,” Jen whispered, worriedly looking into the next room at Anna. She was still occupied by Sesame Street on the TV and wasn’t listening to us. “You know I play this game sometimes. Seeing other men behind your back.”

“Jen, you can’t do that,” I told her firmly. “Not with Anna right here.” It was my worse nightmare, for my daughter to find out I was a cuckold.

“Okay, you’re right, I’m sorry, I won’t do it again,” Jen said, capitulating completely. Then she looked at me with a frown and pursed lips again. “But you shouldn’t be having lunch with Steph.”

"It wasn't lunch. We had coffee."

"Whatever Mike," Jen said with a laugh. Although it wasn't a ha-ha laugh. "A girl goes into the city to meet with you. You think she just wants to talk?"

I looked incredulously at her. She fucked other men! Behind my back sometimes! And she was getting on my case for getting coffee with Steph?!

Jen seemed to know she was wrong. She turned back to the vegetables, and said "Look. It's just, shit happens. I more than anybody know that, shit happens sometimes."

"Well, you've taken care of that," I hissed. "You make sure my dick's in a cage."

Jen winced at my words. "I don't do that because I don't trust you," she said. "It's just part of our game. You know … denial?"

We were both silent for long moments. Jen continued to stir the vegetables, but I think they were getting overcooked and would have to be thrown away. Anna would be happy. She hated vegetables.

"Look. It doesn't matter anyways. I've decided I'm not gonna see Blake anymore," she abruptly announced.

My eyes went wide with surprise. "Why?"

"I've been thinking about it," she said with a shrug. "We're moving soon. Maybe we should stop playing with Montclair people. And I had fun with Jamal this weekend. But since I'm not gonna be with Blake anymore, there's no reason for you to talk to Steph."

I stared at her, processing all this.

"I thought you'd be happy," she said to be. "You hate Blake. You hated seeing me with him."

"Yeah …," I said, agreeing.

"Okay then, so, anyways …," Jen said with a shrug. She turned to the vegetables, like seeing them for the first time. "Fuck, I burnt the broccoli."

****

It was only later that night when we were in bed that I remembered what Jen said, about how she had fun with Jamal the last weekend. "You said you had fun with Jamal?" I asked, my insides fluttering. "You want to see him again?"

Jen nodded, a grin on her pretty face. "He invited us to dinner," she said. "For Saturday."

I was surprised by her abrupt announcement. "I thought you said you wanted to talk to Joe first," I said.

"It's just dinner Mike," Jen said, somewhat dismissively.

Her dismissive tone irked me. I remembered Steph's words from earlier that day, when she asked if I ever wanted to get Jen back. Maybe I just wanted to pick a fight. So I blurted out, "I told Steph today about you and Cam. And Wyatt. And she was already wondering about you and Doug."

"What the fuck Mike?" she said in an annoyed voice. "Without asking me first?"

"Don't even go there!" I hissed at her. "When I was telling her that, you were fucking Blake in the kitchen, with Anna right outside!"

That shut her up. It felt good to shut her up.

"Take this off," I ordered her. "Take off the cage."

"Mike …."

"Take it off Jen!" I yelled at her. I hardly ever yelled at her, so her eyes went wide now. She hurriedly got the key and took off the cock cage. Unlike other times, it didn't take me long to get hard.

I got on top of Jen. She was wearing the short white nighty she always wore to bed. I pushed it up and pulled the VS cotton panties down her legs. I threw open her legs and mounted her, pushing my cock into her.

"Mike, too fast," she whined. "I'm not even wet yet."

Her words inflamed me! Did she ever have a problem getting wet for Blake? Or Cam? Or even my brother Joe?!

I smashed my lips against hers as I fucked her. I roughly squeezed her tits and pinched her nipples. I didn't care about whether she came or not. I was doing this for me. This was about my pleasure. I didn't care if I hurt her. I was treating her like all her lovers treated her. I wasn't making love to her. I was fucking her.

After I was done, I half expected Jen to kick me out of the bed for the way I just treated her. But instead she curled into me, and hugging me. She clung to me for long moments, hugging me, her breathing like soft caresses against my chest. Then she softly said, "I don't like you talking to other girls like that. I'm here whenever you want to talk. But I don't like that. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, giving in to her.

Satisfied with my answer, Jen rolled over onto her side. She held my hand so I would roll over with her. I spooned her, the way we always slept. Jen held my arm tightly around her as we both fell to sleep.

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Chapter 39

[Saturday]

Jen and I were taxing over to Jamal's apartment. (It used to be, taxis were impossible to hail in NYC. But now, with all the ubers and Lyfts, taxis are available all over the place. Also, we've been feeling that taxi drivers got screwed when the city let in ubers and Lyfts, so we've been trying to support taxi drivers.)

Anna was in the loft apartment with Callie. Our plan was to return to the loft apartment after dinner, and then have a family day (along with Callie) tomorrow in the city. We didn't have it all planned out yet, but we were thinking about taking Anna ice skating in Central Park, and maybe a show at Radio City Music Hall if show times lined up with our schedule (and Anna's naptime).

Jen was sitting close to me in the uber. "So do you know what Jamal wants to talk about?" I asked her.

"This isn't like last time Mike. It's just dinner," she said. "Actually they'll be a few couples there."

"Oh," I said, surprised. "So you've been talking to Jamal? I mean, beyond him inviting us?"

"Texting," Jen said. I was silent as I processed this new knowledge that she was texting with Jamal.

"Is Joe gonna be there?" I asked.

I felt Jen shaking her head no. "But I want to talk to him at some point tonight," she said. "It might be better if I talk to him alone. Do you mind?"

"Yeah, okay," I said back. "You haven't told me yet what Jamal gave you."

Jen giggled. “I don’t know if I’m gonna use it yet,” she said. “Let’s wait to talk about it later, okay?”

“Do you think Jamal will mention it tonight?”

Jen shook her head again. “I don’t think so,” she said. “Not to you anyways.”

“So … they’ll be couples there?” I said. “Are we going to be a couple? Or you and Jamal?”

“Ha,” Jen laughed. “I know which one you want,” she said playfully. “You remember his first rule? So probably your wish is gonna come true.”

I did remember. Jamal had said, “When I’m with Jen, she belongs to me.” I felt queasy and excited at what might happen tonight.

****

There were 4 couples at the dinner party, including us, and plus our host Jamal. One couple was black. One white (us). The other 2 couples were mixed, both with black husbands and white wives.

Everyone was very attractive, and the other girls were wearing slinkier dresses than Jen’s little black dress. Also, the other girls – especially the 2 other white wives – were wearing heavier makeup than Jen, making them look like they had just walked off the runway at a trendy fashion show. My wife was easily the prettiest girl there, but the other girls because of their make up and dresses looked more sophisticated.

As always, Jen was her bubbly self, and she easily made friends with everyone as she happily flitted around like a social butterfly. Jamal planted himself next to her. He stood close to her, and at times his hand was on her arm or even her back. Jen didn’t try to distance herself from him. She seemed to welcome his presence. Even though Jamal had introduced us to

everyone as being married, it looked more like they were the couple. The fact that there were 2 other mixed couples there made it seem even more that it was Jen and Jamal who were the couple, instead of Jen and me.

I had been in situations like this before. Where Jen attached herself to another man, and I was a third wheel. So I went with it. I didn't try to push my way between Jen and Jamal. I didn't try to separate them, even when they sat so close on the sofa that their legs touched. I allowed the delicious cuckold angst to build up inside me. I wasn't able to get hard, because my cock was in the cage. But I felt the cuckold fire burning inside me. I loved it. I hated seeing Jen pairing herself off with another man, but I loved it too.

But then Jamal crossed a line. We were still in the cocktail hour of the dinner party, and Jen was sitting next to Jamal on the sofa. I was sitting across from them, and everyone else was sitting so we formed a circle. We were all talking together.

Then, abruptly, Jamal put his hand on Jen's knee. She was wearing a LBD and had her legs crossed. And Jamal put his hand on her knee. And he kept it there. And then, with his thumb, he caressed her knee back and forth.

Everyone noticed, their eyes going to Jamal's hand on Jen's knee. Jen didn't object or push his hand off. If anything, she leaned closer to him, laughing at whatever he said and smiling into his eyes.

Jamal had catered the dinner party. I didn't get how a college professor had the money to cater a party, but that was a question for another day. When the wait staff announced that dinner was ready and everyone began moving from the living room to the dinner room, I pulled Jamal down a hall to confront him.

"What the fuck Jamal?" I hissed at him. "Putting your hand on Jen's knee. It wasn't even a platonic touch. You were blatant about it, caressing her knee in front of everyone."

Jamal laughed. “Platonic touch?” he scoffed deridingly. “Is that what white people say?”

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“Let me explain it to you Mike,” Jamal said. “When a black man puts his hand on a girl’s knee, there’s nothing platonic about it. It means he’s claiming the girl. That’s what I did. Everyone knows now, you might be her husband, but Jen belongs to me.”

I stared at him. I was speechless. This was only their second “date.” And yet he was already claiming my wife as his?

“Stay in your lane Mike. I told you my rules,” Jamal warned. “Or take your wife right now and leave. But if you stay, you play by my rules. Got it?”

I didn’t stay anything. But I didn’t grab Jen and leave either. “I’ll take that as a yes,” Jamal scoffed and turned to join the others in the dining room.

My heart was pounding. It felt like a hand was gripping my gut, squeezing and twisting it around. I took a moment to compose myself. Then I moved towards the dining room.

I wasn’t surprised when I found Jen sitting next to Jamal. But it still cut at my emotions. Everyone else was sitting too. The remaining spot was across and one chair over from Jen. She looked at me, and then looked at the empty chair. It was like she was saying what Jamal had said moments ago: “Stay in your lane Mike. You know I’m with Jamal tonight. You know that’s his rule.”

I burned inside when I moved around the table and sat in the chair. You know, Jen could have at least greeted me when I walked into the dining room, hugged my arm, gave me a kiss. Then it would be like, we were at one of those dinner parties where people didn’t sit next to their spouses so as to be social. But she didn’t do any of that.

She did give me an encouraging smile though. That made me feel better. It assured me that we were just playing our game. It was like a movie. Her role was the unfaithful wife. My role was the cuckold husband.

She'd be mine again later tonight, when we were back in the loft apartment. Our daughter was there, that was our real life. I'd reclaim her then too. I'd make love to her, and shoot my sperm into her, and our DNA would mingle and we'd be one again.

Yes, I knew Jamal would do the same to her tonight before my turn, but I'd had way more turns with Jen than him. Thousands more. Jamal might have her tonight, but it was just a game, in real life, she was mine.

Jen and Jamal sat close at the table, so close their shoulders almost touched. I couldn't see his hands much of the time. I assume he was fondling her under the table. That was confirmed when her cheeks flushed and she got a major cum face on. I knew then for sure he was fingering her under the table.

Then, as the waitstaff cleared the entrée and prepared to serve dessert, Jamal leaned over and kissed Jen. And she kissed him back. Not on the cheek, like friends. But on the lips. Like lovers.

God Jen … you're kissing him right in front of all these people. In front of me, your husband. God Jen ….

Some glanced at me, but most just looked at them and smiled. Like, they were happy that Jamal had found such a nice new girlfriend. "Jen's so pretty," I imagined them saying later. "And she's so into Jamal, that's for sure. I'm so happy for him."

My heart was aching. This was all happening so fast. I wanted it, but it was all happening so fast.

I went to the bathroom to compose myself. Remember she's just playing the game, I told myself. She's not that into Jamal. It just looks that way because she's playing the game.

When I stepped out of the bathroom, Jen was standing there, waiting for me. I immediately grabbed her and pulled her to me. I hugged her tight. God I needed her. My Jen meter was empty and I needed to fill it up.

"So we're going to Joey's place," she told me when I finally let her go.

"What? We?" I asked, not understanding.

"Me and Jamal," she said.

"You want Jamal to help you talk to Joe?" I asked, still not understanding.

"Actually Joey's not home. He's at a party some where," Jen told me. "But everything's good. Jamal talked to Joey. He worked it out. Everything's good."

I stared at my wife. My head was spinning as I tried to catch up. "Then why go to Joe's?" I asked.

I realized the answer as soon as the question left my lips. Because they wanted to be alone. Jen wanted Jamal to fuck her.

"Jen … now? With all these people here?"

"Everyone knows Joey's Jamal's friend," Jen whispered conspiratorially. "And I've mentioned he's my friend too."

"Do they know he's my brother?" I asked worriedly.

"No Mike, of course not," Jen said soothingly, squeezing my hand reassuringly. "But you see? No one will think it's strange if we pop out for a minute to say hi to him."

"You think it'll only take a minute?" I asked sarcastically.

Jen squeezed my hand again. "We'll only be gone 15 minutes," she promised. "20 minutes tops."

"And I'm just supposed to stay here, alone?" I said incredulously. "With all these people I barely know. While my wife goes someplace with a black man. A black man who's been all over her all night long. Did you really have to kiss him at the dinner table?"

"Sorry about that," Jen said, looking guilty. "You know how I get baby. I really need it Mike."

I looked at my wife's beautiful face, framed by her long blonde hair. I could tell she was super turned on. She had a major cum face on. Jamal's caresses had really gotten to her. Or maybe just being in the same room as her new lover had gotten to her.

"You could come with us to Joey's," Jen said. "I said that to Jamal. But he said you need to get used to me with him. He said you need to learn what your place is."

I stared at my wife. My heart was pounding and I was breathing hard.

"Jamal's a major head fuck, huh?" Jen said with a grin at me. "I think the fact he's black makes him even more fun."

I barely heard anything after "you need to learn what your place is." With a shaky voice, I asked "What's my place Jen?"

Jen gave me a sly grin. She could tell I was in major cuck space. She said teasingly, "Your place is to stay here, all alone, while my black lover fucks me and makes me cum, and then later if you're a good cucky husband I'll let you eat his black cum from my pussy. If you're a good boy maybe I'll let you out of the cage and let you cum. Or maybe not."

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned, collapsing against her. Jen giggled.

She kissed my forehead and said "I'll be back." Then she was walking down the hall to go with Jamal to Joe's apartment. For some alone time and a quick fuck.

It was awkward joining the others at the dinner table as the waitstaff served dessert, coffee and after dinner drinks. It was pretty clear that no one believed Jen and Jamal's story that they were "popping" down to Joe's place to say hello. I got a scotch to help calm my nerves.

After some awkward moments, people started asking me questions. How did Jen and I meet? How long have we been married? They asked normal, relationship kind of questions.

But people there weren't shy about asking personal questions too. How long had we been in the lifestyle? Do we swap, or was it a cuckold relationship?

I was surprised by their questions. Not just because they were being so open about it. But also how they were so knowledgeable about the nuances of wife-centered fantasies – like hot wife versus cuckold versus poly, and all the variations within the themes. Then it hit me. All the girls were wearing wedding rings, but that didn't mean they were married to the men at the table. Maybe these men were their lovers, and their husbands were at home.

Through conversation, I found out the black couple at the table were indeed married to each other. But the 2 mixed couples weren't forthcoming when I gently probed. That's when I noticed the black men the white girls were with weren't wearing wedding rings. Shit. They weren't married. The white girls had left their husbands (probably white husbands) at home. They were just like me and Jen, and Jamal.

I looked at my watch. Jen had promised to be back in 15 minutes, 20 minutes tops, but it was already a half hour. When it got to 45 minutes, I started to get worried. Was this going to be an all-night thing with Jamal? I worried for myself, but I also worried for Anna. If Jen fucked Jamal all night and got no sleep, it would ruin our family day tomorrow.

Finally Jen and Jamal returned after a little more than an hour. I gave my wife a quick up and down look. She looked exactly the same as when she left. So she didn't have that "just fucked" look. At least she had put herself back together before rejoining us. She didn't slap me in the face that she had just gotten fucked by Jamal, saving me that humiliation in front of all these people.

But what she did do was even worse. They walked in standing close to each other, in each other's space, the way couples walk together. Jen was leaning close to him and smiling up into his eyes. And she was holding his hand.

Oh fuck Jen. I felt my heart clutching up. And my cock burned in the cock cage.

I walked over to Jen. "Can I talk to you a minute?" I asked her. I said it like a question, not a demand. I didn't want to "break" Jamal's rules and get into all of that.

Jen detached herself from Jamal and moved to the side with me. She whispered "Sorry. It took longer than I thought."

I nodded, thinking about what they had done in an hour versus 15 minutes. My cock pressed against the hard plastic of the cage. But I tried to put that aside. "We should get going," I said. "We promised Anna –"

Jen surprised me when she immediately agreed. "You're right, let's go." She smiled at me and squeezed my hand. Then she made a swing of the room to say goodbye to everyone. Ten minutes later, we were in a taxi going back to the loft apartment.

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We were in bed after checking on Anna and Callie. The two of them had really enjoyed themselves. Callie was like Anna's big sister, and they both really enjoyed the city. Callie especially. She was a high school graduate but hadn't decided about college yet. But as a 19 year old, she was bubbling with excitement about being among the big lights of the greatest city in the world (I guess she had never spent much time in the city while growing up in Montclair).

Callie had taken Anna to the French bistro for dinner (using our credit card, of course). They were served by our favorite waiter there, Ferdinand. Callie couldn't stop talking about him. I think she had a crush on him.

Anna was now asleep, and Callie was sleeping in the bedroom across from her. So it was like they were in a separate wing of our new loft apartment.

I was naked, with my cock still in the cage. Jen's short black dress was off, although she still wore her lingerie and heels. We were on our sides, looking at each other. I was softly stroking Jen's hip over her lacy garter belt.

"So I think the other couples there aren't married," I said. "The mixed couples."

"I know. They're not," Jen said. "Terrell and Andre are like Jamal. They like going out with married white girls."

"How do you know?" I asked, surprised.

"Jamal told me," Jen said. "That's why he put his hand on my knee. He didn't like the way they were looking at me."

I was silent for a moment, processing that. Jamal had been concerned Terrell or Andre might dump the girls they were with and make a play for

Jen. Upgrade from those girls, since Jen was easily the prettiest girl in the room. So Jamal had put his hand on Jen's knee as a sign of possession, to tell those black men that she was his.

"It's kind of flattering, actually," Jen said, breaking my reverie.

"What? That Terrell and Andre were hitting on you?"

"Well, that," Jen said with a giggle. "But also that Jamal wants me. He really is a nice looking man."

"You told me the first time you met him, you thought he looked dangerous," I reminded her.

"Well, I guess that's part of it," Jen said with a shrug. "I guess I've never really known a black man like him."

"So you had fun tonight?" I asked.

"I really did."

"Don't you think things are going fast?"

"I thought that's what you wanted," Jen said.

"I did, but …," I began. I looked down at Jen's hip, where I was caressing her. I looked at my fingers as I traced the black lace of her garter belt. "The other day I was thinking about the game. How with Scott, it was physical but then it got emotional too. I call that version 1.0 of the game. Now we're in version 2.0, and it's been mostly physical. I mean, I know you like your lovers, you have to, to make it work for you, but it's not like it was with Scott. Things haven't gotten emotional this time."

"I know, it hasn't," Jen agreed. "But you've been pushing me to make it 1.0 again."

"I know, that's what I'm saying," I said. "I was thinking the other day that version 2 point 0 is good. It's where we should be. And now I'm worried because things are going fast with Jamal."

"Mike, I'm not going to fall in love with Jamal," she said. "Things are going fast because he's pushing things. And that's fun right? But I like how you say it, 1 versus 2. And I think we should stay in 2 too."

I was relieved to hear her say that. We smiled at each other. "So tell me what you did at Joe's," I asked her excitedly. Now that we were agreed on 2.0, I could enjoy what she'd done tonight.

"Well, we got there and kissed on Joey's sofa," Jen said, teasingly running a fingertip over my lips.

"You like kissing Jamal," I said excitedly.

"I do," Jen said with a grin at me. "Black men have the softest lips. I never knew that, but they do. Although I have a small sample size." She laughed and I grinned at her. To my knowledge, Jen had only been with 3 black men in her life, and it had all been part of our game.

"And black men can really kiss," she said, continuing. "Jamal, god …," she said with a delighted roll of her pretty blue eyes. "When he kisses me I can feel it in my toes."

"You said Reno was better," I reminded her.

"I might have to re-think that," Jen said with a laugh. "God Mike … and his tongue's so soft too. He knows exactly when to push into my mouth. He's not like most guys, who always want to tongue me as soon as we start kissing. Jamal takes his time. And god Mike, his hands. He got me so worked up, just from kissing. By the time he reached under my skirt I was dying for him!"

I nodded. My heart was pounding and I was practically panting. It was hard hearing my wife gushing so much over another man, but I loved it too, it was so fucking delicious. "Then he fucked you?" I asked.

"No, he went down on me," Jen told me.

"What? Really?" I asked surprised.

"I know, right?" Jen said delightedly. "He went all the way too, he made me cum."

"Was he … good?" I asked, my heart in my throat. That was my thing, to go down on her and make her cum with my tongue. I didn't like it when other men did that to her, especially men like Jamal who also had a big cock and knew how to fuck a girl.

"Well, he didn't suck," Jen said with another delighted, playful roll of her pretty blue eyes. Then, reading my thoughts, she added "Don't worry baby, you're still the best."

I smiled weakly. I wasn't sure if she was telling the truth or just being nice. "So then what happened?" I asked.

"So then I went down on him," she said. "He came really fast. That kinda surprised me. I guess he was worked up too. But that's why we were away so long. Cause when he got hard again, he lasted a long time."

"You mean, when he was fucking you," I said.

"Um, yeah," Jen said with a grin and a "hello!" tone of voice.

"So, he was good?" I asked her. "He fucked you good?"

Jen nodded. With a grin, she said "He knows what he's doing."

"So he's not just a big dick," I said. "He knows how to fuck."

“He knows how to fuck,” Jen confirmed with another nod.

“He made you cum?”

Jen nodded again. “Twice,” she said. “He’s so freaking huge Mike. I mean, like, too big. Like, so big it’s wrong.” She laughed. “I don’t think he’s been all the way inside me yet. Jamal’s sweet though. He’s taking his time with me. He says I’ll eventually get there.”

My heart clutched up at my wife calling her lover “sweet.”

“You’ll get there?” I asked.

“You know. When I can take all of him inside me.”

I nodded, my head down. I could barely breath. Jamal was training my wife’s pussy to take his entire big black cock. And where would that leave me, with my little 4 inch dick? It was my greatest fear. My greatest fantasy. That Jen’s pussy would get so loose from her big dicked lovers that she could never feel my little cock again.

“So then he came?” I managed to say with a hoarse voice. “You let him cum inside you?”

“I did,” she said. She squeezed my hand and said “Don’t worry. I’m not ovulating.”

I nodded. Jen was on birth control, but she had promised not to let Jamal cum inside her when she was ovulating. Because he was black, so it’s not like we could pass the baby as mine if the pill didn’t work.

“So then you came back up?”

“Then we came back up,” she confirmed with a nod.

"What did he say to Joe? To get him good with it?"

"Actually he didn't go into details. I was thinking I'd talk to Joey sometime this week, while Anna's in school. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay," I told her. "Jen …," I said, taking her hand and pulling it to my caged cock. I needed her. I needed release.

Jen smiled at me. She reached over to her nightstand and got the key. She unlocked the cage and took it off my shaft. It felt glorious to be free of the hard plastic tube!

"Jamal had an idea about us," Jen said with a sly, crooked grin. "You want to try it?"

"The stuff in the bag?" I asked.

"No. I'm still not sure what I think about that," Jen said. "This is something else. Something he gave me when we were at Joey's."

I looked at her curiously. "What'd he give you?" I asked.

"Remember last weekend? I told Jamal I only have sex with you a couple times a month? And I don't really desire you? Remember I told him that?"

I nodded. I felt weak inside from this talk. My cock had gotten rock hard.

"Well first, I think this is the last time we should have intercourse for a while," Jen told me. With a grin, she added "So enjoy it mister."

"Okay," I said, the two syllables coming out like a moan. Jen's grin grew bigger, knowing she had me wrapped around her finger.

"Anyways, Jamal said it's a good start that I don't desire you," she said.

"A good start?" I asked.

"He said I shouldn't think of you sexually at all," Jen said. "He said our relationship should be entirely platonic. He said since we're married I have to have sex with you sometimes. But I shouldn't get any pleasure out of it. That way, I'll get conditioned to you as just a platonic friend, and I'll get my physical pleasure from real men like Jamal."

I was staring at Jen. My head was spinning, I felt weak inside. "So what'd he want you to do?" I asked with a shaky voice.

Jen pulled a small tube from her bag. "Jamal gave me this," she said. "It's a numbing lotion."

"What?" I said, not understanding.

"Jamal told me to rub this on my clit before we have sex," Jen said. "It's like a local anesthetic. It'll make it so I can't feel my clit. So there's no way I'll get pleasure when you're inside me."

"Jen … what?" I said dumbly, trying to process this.

"I mean, you could still make me cum, at least make me feel good, if you could hit my g-spot," she said. With a grin she added "But you've never been able to hit my g-spot with your little guy."

Jen pulled her panties down her legs. She was able to do that because she'd worn them outside the garter belt. I realized she'd dressed that way, knowing she wanted to fuck Jamal tonight.

Then she squeezed a little dollop of the numbing lotion from the tube. Looking down at herself, she rubbed it over her clit.

"Aren't you worried about permanent effects?" I asked worriedly.

She shook her head. "I googled it," she said. "It'll only numb me for an hour or so."

"Wow," she said with an astonished voice as she rubbed the numbing lotion on her clit.

"What does it feel like?" I asked her.

"It feels like … you know when you jump into a cold pool, and the cold water makes your whole body freeze? Or when you go to the dentist and they rub numbing lotion on your gums so you won't feel anything? That's how it feels."

Jen squeezed more lotion onto her finger. She rubbed it into her nipples. "Wow," she said as the numbing lotion took effect.

"Jamal told you to do that too?" I asked. "Put it on your nipples?"

"Yeah," Jen said. She looked dazed, like she was shocked by how the numbing lotion was affecting her body. "God, it's like, my nipples and clit aren't there anymore. I see them, but I can't feel them." Then she moved me onto my back and straddled my hips. She reached over to her nightstand. "I think I'm gonna need this," she said. I saw it was lubrication lotion. She wasn't at all turned on by the prospect of fucking me, so she needed the lotion to get wet.

She reached over to the nightstand once more, and got a condom. She rolled it onto my shaft. She didn't even ask me, she just assumed I couldn't be bare inside her.

Then she squeezed some lubrication lotion into her palm, then rubbed it across her pussy lips and into her. She took my sheathed cock and guided me inside her. She began moving up and down on me. "Wow, wow, wow," she said with astonishment. "I freaking can't feel you at all. I mean, I can feel you, but … you know what I mean?"

I reached up to her breasts. I cupped her, then rolled her nipples with my thumbs. "Wow," she said. "I feel you touch me. But usually, when you

touch my nipples like that, I feel it, it's like a direct connection to my clit. But I can't feel anything. It's like, I feel the pressure of your fingers, but nothing else."

Jen spoke with wonder, like she was amazed at the effect of the numbing lotion on her body. For me it was devastating. I was still trying to grapple with it all, but it felt devastating. Jamal was denying me the ability to give my wife sexual pleasure. True, Jen often didn't cum from my cock when we had intercourse. But she at least got some sexual pleasure from it. Now, Jamal was denying me that.

And Jen had only been with Jamal twice. Barely a week. What would be like a month from now? Six months? A year?

I came, and the orgasm felt good, but I was heartsick. I should have stopped all this right then. I should have pulled Jen's free pass and re-grouped.

But was there really danger here? It was clear Jen was taken by Jamal, but it wasn't the infatuation she had with Scott. This was more excitement over a new thing, like having a new toy. Also, I couldn't see Jen falling in love with a black man. It wasn't about prejudice, it was just black men weren't her thing.

Also, I kinda wanted to see where this went. The fact was, Jamal WAS a BBC. He was the prototypical bull. He was really pushing things with us, and I wanted to see what he would do next.

I felt even better about things the next day. We had a great family day with Anna, with Callie tagging along. Jen didn't mention Jamal or the game at all. She held my hand and arm the whole day, and it helped me to forget the way she was holding Jamal's hand when she walked back with him from Joe's apartment. It really eased my worries.

Callie told us she was thinking of going to Hostos, one of the local community colleges in the Bronx. She floated the idea of living with us in

our spare bedroom, and being our nanny to pay for her room and board. I lit up at the idea. If we had a live-in nanny, Jen could go back to work, and we'd have more flexibility with our game. It might cramp our style when bringing men home, but Callie and Anna's bedrooms were all the way on the other side of the loft apartment, with solid double doors dividing our side from theirs. I immediately started planning to add sound proofing to our master bedroom and my private viewing room, so we could safely play our game even with Callie and Anna being there. I'd also add a motion detector, so we'd have warning if Anna woke up in the middle of the night and walked over to our side of the apartment.

I could tell Jen liked the idea too. Was it for the same reasons? In any case, she smiled at me and squeezed my hand, and then we began talking details with Callie about her moving in as our nanny. Everything was working out. We were all happy and excited about this.

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Chapter 40

Jen coordinated with Joe to meet him later that week. But when she got to his apartment building, she found Jamal waiting for her in the lobby. She was happy to see him, but surprised. "How did you know I was coming?" she asked him.

"Joe told me," Jamal said. "He looks up to me."

Jen nodded like she understood, but she didn't. Joey didn't want to share her, especially not with his friend. He'd told her that. But apparently Jamal got him to change his mind, and now he was giving him advance notice of when she was visiting? It didn't make sense.

"I don't have much time Jamal," she told her black lover. "I've got to get back before Anna's school lets out."

"I understand that. Just give me a minute," Jamal said. He took her hand and led her down a darkened hallway. Jen let him hold her hand. After all, there was no way she'd run into anyone she knew here.

"I had a lot of fun this weekend," Jamal said, smiling into her eyes and affectionately stroking her cheek.

"I did too," Jen said, smiling back at him. Jamal lowered his head and kissed her. Jen kissed him back.

They kissed for long moments. God he was such a good kisser! Just kissing him made her whole body tingle! He wasn't even touching her, yet she felt herself getting aroused, an ache building between her legs, just from kissing this black man.

She finally broke away, forcing herself from his lips. "Wait, wait," Jen said, panting. Now her body was on fire and she wanted him! She wanted him to take her! But she knew she didn't have time.

"I can't do this," she told Jamal. "I have to talk to Joey, then I have to drive back home. I can't be late picking up Anna."

"You don't have someone who can pick her up?" Jamal asked, moving forward to kiss her again.

"I really don't," Jen said, stepping back. She was lying. She could easily ask Steph to pick up Anna when she picked up her boys. But she was trying to distance herself from Steph and Blake. Well, Steph really. But if that meant she couldn't see Blake anymore, well, it wasn't that big a sacrifice. Especially now that she had Jamal to play with. "I really need to go Jamal."

"How was the numbing lotion?" he asked with a big grin that showed off his gold teeth.

"Freaky," Jen said with a laugh. "I seriously couldn't feel anything. It was weird."

“So no pleasure from Mike’s little white boy dick?” Jamal asked with a grin.

“His little white boy dick?” Jen repeated with a laugh at his choice of words. “No. Zero.”

“Is he back in the cage?” Jamal asked. When Jen nodded, he asked “How long will you deny him your pussy this time?”

Jen flushed at the blatant reminder that she was denying her husband sexual intercourse with her. “Two weeks I guess, like last time,” she said.

“Go 3 weeks this time,” Jamal told her. “Mike needs to get used to being denied.”

Jen’s cheeks flushed even more, and she felt weak inside. “Alright,” she said, agreeing to his demand. She was denying her husband, and at the same time being submissive to this black man. She was letting Jamal dictate when her husband could have sex with her. It made her head spin and her pussy ache. She was tempted to call Steph so she could go up with Jamal to his apartment. But no. After she had fucked Blake in the kitchen with Anna just outside, she had promised herself (and Mike) to be more careful. She couldn’t change Anna’s school pickup plans so last minute.

“And keep using condoms with Mike,” Jamal said. “I’m glad you started that without being told. You have a good instinct for this.”

“A good instinct?” Jen asked, not understanding.

“You understand black seed is superior to white,” Jamal said. “You should only let black seed inside you.”

“God Jamal,” Jen said with an incredulous shake of her pretty head.

“Have you tried the other thing I gave you?” he asked.

"Not yet," Jen said. She grinned at him and said "I still can't believe you gave me that on our first date."

"No time like the present," Jamal said with a grin. "Besides, Joe told me about Mike. I think he's the kind of white boy who'll like it. You should try it tonight. You'll see. Your husband's a sissy white boy. He's gonna love it."

"Oh god," Jen said with a laugh and another incredulous shake of her head

"I want to see you Saturday," Jamal said, talking her arm. It wasn't a request. It was a command. He held her arm firmly. Not enough to hurt. But enough to show he was in control.

The way he towered over her and held her arm made Jen's heart fluttered. A tall, fit and very black man towering over her, ordering her around. He was being so possessive, like he owned her. Maybe it was because he was black, he was a big man, and (as Mike reminded her), there was something dangerous about him, it all made Jamal very alluring to Jen. The fact he also had something very impressive in his pants made him even more appealing. Jamal was her first experience with a real BBC and she found him different and exciting.

"I think I can rearrange my schedule," she said, trying to sound casual even as she felt weak kneed.

"One other thing," Jamal said. "You're about to see Joe."

"Yes," Jen said.

"You can talk to him of course. I won't stop you from talking to other men," Jamal said. "But no sex."

"What?" Jen said, surprised.

“I don’t share Jen,” Jamal told her. “Black men are not like white boys. Black men do not share their women.”

Jen stared up at Jamal, speechless.

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A few minutes later, Jen was sitting on the sofa with Joe in his apartment. “So, you’ve heard about me and Jamal?” Jen asked, getting right to the point.

“I don’t want to know details, but yeah, Jamal told me,” Joe said stiffly. It was clear he wasn’t happy about it.

“And you’re okay with it?” Jen asked. “Jamal talked to you?”

“Why is it Jamal talking to me and not Mike?” Joe said harshly. “Why are you talking to me and not Mike?”

“I don’t know Joey,” Jen said. “You know your brother. He’s quiet. And anyways, this is really between you and me.”

“And Jamal,” Joe said, his voice still harsh. “Right?”

Jen pursed her lips at Joe. “So you really aren’t okay with me and Jamal?” she asked.

“What can I do?” Joe said. “I have no claim over you. You made that clear the last time we talked. And Jamal’s my friend. So what can I do?”

“And Mike’s your brother, and he’s okay with it,” Jen reminded him. “This is what we do Joey. It’s what we like to do. This doesn’t affect you at all.”

“It doesn’t affect you and me?” Joe asked.

Jen shook her head. “Not at all,” he said.

"So then …," Joe began. He reached over and put his hand on Jen's thigh. She was wearing skinny jeans, and Joe's hand was high up her thigh, right below her pussy, his fingers on her inner thigh. He began slowly caressing her there over the thin stretchy material of her skinny jeans.

This morning, after dropping Anna off at school and driving into the city, Jen had fully expected to have sex with Joe. Kinda as a peace offering, to assure him all was well, and also because she liked her brother-in-law a lot. Jen knew she was attractive, and she'd been using her pretty face and tight body all her life to get what she wanted from her men. Colin, her old boyfriend. Mike. And now Joey too. She had planned to use her body to make sure he was okay with her seeing Jamal.

But that was before Jamal's command.

"I've gotta get back," Jen said, standing up. "I have to pick up Anna from school."

"So no quickie then?" Joe asked, looking disappointed but still grinning at her.

"Ha. Well, tempting," Jen said with a grin back at him. "But I really have to get going. You know. Traffic."

She gave Joe a kiss on the forehead. "You know, with Jamal," she said. "It won't last long. We're just having fun with him."

Joe looked at his sister-in-law. He wondered if that was true.

After Jen was gone, Joe went to his desk and opened the top drawer. Along with school supplies like pens and paper, there were 2 bags that Jamal had given him. One was filled with weed. The other cocaine. Joe thought about doing a couple of lines of coke, but decided he was too wired and bothered already after talking to Jen. So instead he rolled a joint. Not wanting the smell to get into his furniture or clothes, he opened

a window. He sat on the ledge, half inside the apartment and half out, smoking the joint and thinking about his sister-in-law and his black friend Jamal.

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"So you talked to Joe?" I asked Jen later that night. We were in bed after putting Anna down for the night.

"I did," she said. "I saw Jamal too. We talked a little."

I didn't know how I felt about Jen talking to Jamal. But honestly it didn't surprise me that they talked.

"So Joe's okay?" I asked.

"I guess," Jen said with a shrug. "I still don't know exactly what Jamal said to him. But Joey seems okay that I'm seeing him."

"So … did you do anything with Joe?" I asked.

"Actually, Jamal asked me not too," Jen said. "He said he doesn't like to share."

"Really?" I said, surprised. "And you agreed to that?"

"I didn't agree to it --."

"But you didn't have sex with Joe," I said.

"I thought you'd kinda be happy about that," Jen said with a lopsided grin at me.

"But you're doing it because Jamal told you to," I said, pressing. My anxiety was spiking over how fast things were going with Jamal. That he was telling Jen to do things, and she was going along with it.

"Mike, come on, I don't know what I'm doing with Joey," Jen said, trying to reassure me. "But to be honest, it kinda feels good he doesn't want to share me. I think all girls want that from their man. Don't take that the wrong way. Obviously you're different, and we both get off on it. I'm just saying, when I was with Scott, he liked to share me too. So it's kinda nice Jamal isn't like that. You know?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said. Her words didn't make me feel better at all. I felt cuckold anxiety building inside me, churning my insides. "So, is he going to be exclusive with you?"

"I don't know. We didn't have much time to talk. Actually, Jamal asked me out Saturday. Do you mind?"

Now my insides were really being torn apart. "So soon? That'd be 3 Saturdays in a row. Don't you think this is going too fast with him?"

"We'd just be hooking up Mike," Jen assured me. "This is still version two point oh."

I nodded. If they were talking about being exclusive to each other, then this sounded like more than 2.0. But I decided to let it go. I couldn't exactly accuse her for something she hadn't done, and after all, it wasn't too long ago that I'd been pushing her to have a boyfriend relationship. Jen seemed to appreciate that I didn't press her, as she gave me a kiss and said "Wait here. I'll be right back."

She disappeared into her walk-in closet. As she did whatever she was doing, I thought about my wife dating a black man. A dominate, well endowed black man, who (as Jen gushed about) had the softest lips and kissed so good she could feel it in her toes. I thought about the saying, once a girl goes black she doesn't go back. But that was all me making stuff up in my head, right? Jen had never been interested in black men before. She was in her early 30s. A person just doesn't change overnight like that.

When Jen emerged from the closest, my eyes nearly popped out. She had done her hair and makeup, and was wearing a black bustier, black stockings and black high heels. God! She looked like a Victoria Secrets lingerie model!

She pushed me down onto the bed and crawled up my body. She straddled my head and said "I got hot seeing Jamal today. I want you to make me cum while I think about fucking him."

Then she lowered her pussy onto my mouth. I eagerly lapped at her sex as she ground her pussy into my mouth and nose. "Jamal doesn't want me to let you out of the cage for 3 weeks," she said tauntingly as I rapidly flicked my tongue over her clit. "He thinks you're a sissy white boy. Are you Mike?"

"Oh god, fuck!" Jen said, gripping my head and pulling my hair as I got her close to an orgasm. "You're so freaking good at this Mike! If Jamal won't let me fuck other guys, you'll have to do this more! Will you Mike? Will you let me sit on your face whenever I want?"

Jen's body tensed and her back arched as she came. Afterwards, she collapsed onto the bed beside me, panting. My face was wet from her juices. I wiped myself with the sheet.

Then I reached over to her. I ran my hand over the satin of the bustier, and used my fingertips to trace up the hard ribbings. I had bought the bustier for Jen a few years ago, when I returned home from a long business trip. It was before we were playing the game and we were going through a low point in our sex life. I hoped it would provide a spark. But it didn't. She wore it for me once, that night, and we made love, but then our sex life returned back to the way it had been, where sometimes we went weeks without having sex.

I hadn't paid enough attention to my wife back then. I think that's why she fell into an affair with Joe. She had been craving affection and also physical satisfaction.

And now here we were. My cock was in a locked cage. And my wife had sex with other men way more than me. If I could, would I get into a time machine and go back to that evening when I gave the black bustier to Jen, and lavish attention on her so we never would have travel down this road? Or would I want things just as they were now? Jen, a submissive bottom to other men, an easy lay, a cum dump for other men. Me, a cuckold whose primary contribution to my wife's sex life was giving her oral.

"What are you thinking?" Jen asked. She was sitting up and looking at me. I had spaced out in my thoughts, as I often did. "You want to try something new?"

"What?" I asked.

"What Jamal gave me," she said. "The thing in the bag." I nodded, my curiosity piqued.

Jen got the key and freed my cock from the cage. I was surprised, given that she just told me Jamal wanted to keep me caged for 3 weeks. My cock was soft. Even though I was aroused, it was soft. It was hard for me to figure out my body. Sometimes when she took off the cage, I was able to get hard immediately. Other times, like now, I wasn't able to get hard.

Jen looked at my limp dick. It was barely an inch long when soft. I thought about how she must be comparing me to Jamal, whose cock was like a black python even when soft. The thought that she was comparing me to her new black lover made me burn inside.

Jen gave me a quick kiss on the forehead, then she went into her walk-in closet again. When she came out, my eyes went wide. She was wearing a strap-on dildo!

"Don't freak out Mike," Jen told me soothingly. "I think you're going to like this."

"This was Jamal's idea?" I asked her as I stared at the strap-on. It was a black cock.

"He gave it to me, but I've been thinking about it," Jen said.

"You've been thinking about using a strap-on with me?" I asked her incredulously.

Jen giggled. "Well yeah baby," she said. "Who else would I use it with? Blake?" She giggled and said "Actually that might be fun."

Jen wrapped her arms around me, pressing her body against mine. She kissed me open mouth, tonguing me. As she did, I felt the black dick pressing into my stomach. She worked her lips up my face to my ear. She huskily whispered "You gonna sucked my cock Mike?"

Then Jen sat on the edge of the bed, her stockinged legs open and her black Christian Louboutin So Kate pumps flat on the floor. It was a crazy sight, seeing her sitting that way with her stockinged legs spread. So sexy and feminine, but with a big black dick sticking up. She pulled me down to my knees, between her legs. "You did a good job sucking Jamal, Mike," she said. "But practice makes perfect, right? Now use your long nails on me. Show me how you'll caress Jamal next time. I want you to get him hard with your hands before your lips even touch his beautiful cock."

I was breathing hard as I caressed up and down Jen's inner thighs, from her knees to just before her pussy – her cock. It was thrilling feeling the silky nylon of the stockings, then the lacy tops, then her soft perfect skin. I used my nails to lightly scrap up her inner legs. I'd been growing my fingernails longer. Not too long, certainly not as long as Jen's, but a touch longer than a guy's should be.

"That's good Mike," Jen said, her own breathing heavier now, looking at me with bedroom eyes. "Remember, use a soft touch. The way a girl would tease a guy." I nodded as I continued to caress Jen's inner thighs with my nails and fingertips, trying to do it the way a girl would.

"Now, you've got the man ready for your mouth," Jen said, looking into my eyes. "But you wait for it."

"Wait for what?"

"Remember, he's the man, he's in control, when you're on your knees, you're his," Jen said, still looking into my eyes. She reached out with one hand to the back of my head. "So let him control you. Wait until he does this," she said, lacing her fingers into my hair and pulling me to her. "Wait until he forces your mouth onto his cock.

Jen pulled my face to the black dildo. She pressed the cockhead against my lips. I opened my lips and let her push the cock into my mouth. With her hand still on the back of my head, I began moving up and down the shaft. She controlled my movements, just like a man would do, controlling my head as I sucked on his cock. "Oh god Mike!" she said excitedly. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes heavy lidded with lust. "You look so hot sucking cock!"

After a few minutes, Jen pulled my head up. My lips were wet with my saliva. "Now I'm gonna fuck your ass Mike," she told me as she looked into my eyes. "You're gonna get fucked for the first time. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, my voice unsteady. My head was spinning with demented cuckold, submissive lust.

"I'm gonna take your ass virginity," Jen said. She looked just as excited as me. "Aren't you glad it's me? And not Jamal? Or Blake? Or Scott?"

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned.

Jen arranged me on the bed, on my hands and knees. She spread my legs, opening me up to her. Then she rubbed K-Y over my asshole and the head of the black dildo.

She lined the cock up with my ass. I felt the head pressing against my anus. "Are you ready to get fucked for the first time Mike?" she asked me.

"Yeah, yeah," I panted.

Jen pushed in. Oh fuck! She pushed in more. Fuck!

It was like when Jen finger fucked my ass while I blew off Cam. Although the black cock was much thicker than Jen's finger. Jen began stroking me, moving in and out, fucking me. As before with Cam, I just gave into it. I gave into the humiliation. The feeling of submission was overwhelming. My head was swirling and my body was practically shaking. I whimpered as Jen fucked me deeper and harder. I clutched at the sheets as she penetrated my ass fully with the black cock.

At some point, Jen reached under me and thumbed my nipples. It was just like a guy would do to a girl as he fucked her from behind. I whimpered as she pinched my nipples hard as, at the same time, she continued to fuck me in the ass.

Eventually Jen moved one of her hands down my body, to my cock. For some reason I was still soft. I don't know why, because I was incredibly aroused. Jen stroked and pulled on my limp dick as she fucked me, as she continued to thumb my nipple with her other hand. It felt … amazing.

Then Jen began taunting me. She said things like "You like getting fucked like a girl Mike?" And "Jamal says you're a sissy white boy. Is he right Mike? Are you a sissy white boy?"

God it was too much! I hated it but loved it too! I don't think I've ever been so turned on.

Then it happened. It was like before with Cam, when I sucked him while Jen fingered me. The experience was so intense, I squeezed my eyes shut and cried, "Oh god! Oh god!" I felt an orgasm wave rolled through my body. "Oh fuck Jen! Jen!" I cried as my body shook from the orgasmic pleasure. I looked down at my cock. I was still soft. But clear liquid was seeping from my cock. It was semen. I was ejaculating even though I was soft.

I collapsed onto the bed. Jen fell with me, the dildo still in my ass. She carefully pulled out. She undressed, then wet a washcloth with warm water and washed my dick and ass. She put my cock back in the cock cage. "I'm not gonna let you out for 3 weeks," she told me.

I nodded. I was still breathing hard and my head was spinning from what we had just done. "Because that's what Jamal wants?"

"Yes," she said, nodding her head.

"Are you his girlfriend now?" I asked her.

She shrugged like she didn't know.

"Jen --," I began. We needed to talk. I needed to understand what we had just done. I needed to know what she was thinking. What she was feeling. I needed reassurance from her.

"Later Mike," she said dismissively, unconcerned for how I was feeling. She had something more urgent in mind.

Jen pushed my head down to her pussy. "I need you to make me cum again. But first lick my ass. Do me good Mike. And don't stop until I tell you to …."

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Chapter 41

Jen met Jamal at a speakeasy. You got to it through a busy bar in the East Village. You had to wind through the crowd, and then you got to an old refrigerator that was painted red. It looked like a decoration. But Jamal had given her a password. Jen said it to a man in a dark suit standing next to the refrigerator. He gave Jen an up and down look before nodding and opening the refrigerator door. Behind the door was a staircase. It was dark. Jen had to be careful walking down in her high heels. At the bottom was another bar. The speakeasy. It was way smaller than the one upstairs. More intimate and with people talking in hushed voices. The bar men wore tuxedos. The waitresses wore starched blouses and short black skirts. It was dark, lit only by candlelight. Jamal was there waiting for Jen there.

He smiled at seeing her. "You look lovely," he said approvingly.

Jen smiled back. After seeing the girls at his dinner party, she had worn a more daring dress tonight. Also, she had spent more time on her makeup, using darker tones, especially around her eyes.

Jamal leaned down – even in 5 inch high heels, he towered over her – and gave her a hello kiss on the lips. Once again Jen marveled at the softness of his lips.

"You look perfect," Jamal said to her. "But just one thing." He undid two buttons of her dress. Jen had already unbuttoned the top two. Now she felt like her dress was just hanging open, leaving her boobs on full display. Jamal gazed down at her chest. Her cleavage was augmented by a tight push up bra. The bra was black and heavily laced.

"Perfect," Jamal said approvingly as he looked down Jen's dress. "Come on. We have a table." Jamal led her further into the bar towards the back. Like last weekend at Jamal's dinner party, Jen had the experience of being a minority. It was a funny feeling. She didn't feel threatened. This was the United States after all. But that just made it feel even stranger to be white yet feel like a minority.

The speakeasy was crowded with African-American professionals, way more than the public bar upstairs. Jen wasn't the only white person in the room—a few of the black men had white women with them too—but she was part of a small group. There were no white men at all. Jamal greeted several people as they passed through the bar, clasping men's hands and giving women kisses on the cheek. It made Jen self-conscious. She didn't want to run into anyone she knew. But she thought that was unlikely, since she didn't know many black people.

"So is this where you bring all your hot wives?" Jen joked when they were seated in a booth. She read enough of Mike's favorite sites to know the lingo. Jamal was a bull. She was a hot wife. Mike was a cuckold husband.

They sat close because the booth was cozy, and Jamal was a big man. "Are all the girls you date white and married?" she asked.

"That's right," Jamal said with a friendly smile. "Not that I have anything against sisters. But I don't think black folks are into this. Seems to be a white thing to me."

Their conversation was interrupted as a waitress approached. She was a pretty light-skinned black woman with waves of hair falling over her shoulders to her big boobs. The girl smiled warmly at Jamal but gave Jen the cold shoulder. Jamal ordered a bourbon neat, Jen a cosmo up. "She doesn't like me," Jen said after the waitress was gone. It bothered her, because she was the kind of person who wanted everyone to like her.

"Sisters don't like seeing their men with white women. They feel threatened," Jamal explained. "Often when brothers get successful, they trade up from a sister to a pretty white girl like you. There's even a name for it. White trophies."

Jen laughed. "So am I a white trophy?" she asked with a grin.

Jamal leaned in and gave Jen a kiss. His soft lips sent tingles down to her pretty toes in the Christian Louboutin heels. "You're a trophy baby, that's

for sure," he said smiling into her eyes. His kiss was so distracting that Jen didn't register that he called her by the pet name she and Mike used, "baby."

As they kissed, the waitress returned with their drinks. She glared at Jen and completely ignored Jamal. "I guess she's giving you the silent treatment too," Jen said, staring at the waitress as she walked away. The waitress had big boobs and a substantial ass. Exactly the kind of body black men desired (at least if you believed the Kardashians). Jen wondered why Jamal found her attractive with her petite body, little tits and small white girl ass. Was it because he got a thrill from bedding married white women? He had pretty much admitted that.

"So, do you ever run into people who are racist? I'm just curious."

"A few over the years," Jamal said with a shrug. "Some white women aren't exactly comfortable being around black folks, but they still want to fuck precisely because I'm black. You might think that would offend me, but it doesn't, especially if the wife is attractive. And, I'll admit I take pride in giving these women a fucking their small-dicked white husbands can never match. Frankly, I love making these racist white wives my bitches."

"Ha," Jen said with a humorless half laugh. "So is that what you're trying to do to me? Make me your white bitch?"

Jamal earnestly looked into Jen's beautiful blue eyes, and said "I'd never try to do that to you Jen. What I want is for you to be my lover."

Jen's eyes went wide. Her heart melted at his charm. She smiled and looked down, suddenly feeling shy like a high school girl on a first date. She reached over and put her hand over Jamal's, squeezing his hand affectionately.

Jamal took that hand and tenderly lifted her chin up. For long moments, they looked into each other's eyes. Jamal put his hand behind Jen head and leaned towards her. He kissed her.

Jen felt his strong hand on the back of her neck, and his possessiveness made her shudder. She kissed him back. But kissing Jamal was starkly different than kissing her husband or the other white men in her sexual life. Jamal was all man, yet his big black lips felt soft for a man. Jamal held the back of her neck possessively, sending shivers down her spine. Jen had been with many men, both before Mike while she was single, and since marrying Mike while playing their game. Yet something was different about Jamal. Butterflies took flight in her stomach, and her skin tingled all over, heated where the black man touched her neck. Jamal eased back on the kiss, and she took over, kissing him harder, grabbing his shirt, craving him, not wanting the kiss to end.

Finally the kiss ended, both of them panting. The waitress had gotten them new drinks while they made out. She might not like a black man with a white girl, but she was a good waitress and did her job. Jamal and Jen gulped down their drinks, both of them needing the iced nectar to cool the lustful fires burning inside them.

"So can I ask about some other things?" Jen asked. "Do you mind all these questions?"

"Not at all. Please, ask whatever you want," Jamal said. He put his arm around her. Again, his possessiveness sent tingles down her spine. Jamal stroked her back, lingering over her bra strap. He traced a finger along the bra strap, drawing little circles over the clasps, and she found it hard to breath. Hard to think. She wondered if Jamal liked his women to go braless. She knew she'd go braless for him if he asked, just as she done for Scott before.

"So …," Jen began, her voice husky. "I assume I'm not the only wife you're playing with."

"Your assumption is correct," Jamal said with a friendly smile. "Although I try not to get involved with more than 3 wives at the same time." With a chuckle he added "Even I'm human."

“So how many girls are you involved with now?” Jen asked.

“You would be three,” Jamal said. “I say it that way, because I think you haven’t decided yet if I’m a hookup or a regular lover.”

Jen was impressed at how accurately the black man was reading how she was feeling. “Mike and I both get off on me playing with other men,” she said, explaining. “But we have to be careful. It didn’t end well the first time.”

“You fell in love with your lover,” Jamal said, finishing her thought. “You don’t have to worry. I’ll end it if you get too attached to me. In fact, I’m probably going to break up with one of the wives I’m currently seeing. She’s getting too attached.”

Jen bristled at his words. “Just so you know, no guy has ever broken up with me,” she said indignantly. “It’s more likely you’ll get too attached to me and I’ll have to dump you.”

“Okay, okay,” Jamal said with a chuckle, holding up his hands in surrender. “Touché, touché.”

Jen suddenly felt foolish. “Anyways …,” she sputtered.

Not wanting the evening to turn awkward, Jamal took her hand and put it on his crotch. Jen felt his massive package and the foolishness she’d felt a moment ago seemed distant. She traced down his pant leg. His cock felt like a thick python running down his thigh. “You’re so freaking big,” she said in an amazed voice.

Jamal leaned down and kissed her again. Like before, it was soft and romantic, seducing her. Jen moaned into his mouth, her fingertips caressing his shaved scalp.

Jamal's arms closed around her. Her other hand still rested on his cock. It was getting bigger as they kissed. Jen felt him reach into her opened dress. Even though the speakeasy was dark and only lit by candlelight, she still felt like everyone was watching, and it alarmed her as Jamal's fingers tried to wedge into the bra cups to her tender flesh underneath. She pulled away from the kiss, looking up at him and trying to control her hammering heart. New drinks had materialized while they kissed, and she reached for her Cosmo with a shaky hand. A little voice in her head told her to slow down. This was her third martini and if she kept drinking like this she'd lose all her wits and probably let Jamal fuck her right here in the booth.

"Let me ask you a question," Jamal said. His arm was still around her and he was stroking her side. She felt his fingers caress the side of her breasts even through the dress and push up bra she was wearing. His touch was driving her crazy!

"Did you use the strap on, on Mike?" Jamal asked.

Jen giggled and her hand came up to her mouth. "Oh my god, he freaking loved it!" she said with the laugh in her voice.

"He came?" Jamal asked with a grin.

"Yes," Jen said, the grin still in her voice.

"Just from getting his ass fucked?"

"I used my hand too," Jen said. "On his cock."

Jamal shook his head. "Don't do that. Next time, don't touch his dick," he told her. "Believe me, he'll cum from just getting ass fucked. Get him used to it. It might take a couple times, but eventually he'll cum from a cock up the ass, just like a girl cums from a big one in her pussy."

"God Jamal you're so nasty," Jen said with another laugh. "I still can't believe you gave the strap-on to me on our first date."

"I told you. I have experience with white husbands like Mike. And Joe told me about his brother. I think I have a good idea how he's wired."

"You make it sound like you're doing Mike a favor," Jen said.

"I am, believe me," Jamal said earnestly. "I'm a bull. My job is to make it good for both you and Mike."

"I don't think you have Mike's back, Jamal," Jen said with a skeptical grin. "You're the one who believes black men are superior than white men."

"If that's true, why'd you use the dildo on Mike?" Jamal asked, looking intrigued.

"I'd already been thinking about doing it," Jen said with a shrug. "I get off doing things like that with Mike. I don't know why exactly. I've tried to figure it out. I've looked on the internet. Some people say a wife sexualizes her husband's cuckold fantasies. It's a form of love. I like to think that's it. Because I do love him."

"I can tell you love your husband," Jamal said. "Let me tell you something. I'm happy you love Mike. It's more exciting for me that way. It'll be more of a thrill for me, when I prove to you he's just a sissy white boy, and you lose all respect for him as a man."

"God Jamal you're truly evil," Jen said with a laugh. "Sorry but you're gonna be disappointed. That's never gonna happen. Mike and I play around with denial and ass play, and humiliation. Like the numbing lotion, which was another wicked idea." Jen laughed. "But lots of what I do is to push his buttons. Yeah I get off on it too. But none of it is real. It's just our game."

Jamal politely nodded and smiled. He didn't press the point. Maybe she was right, maybe it wouldn't ever happen. But he knew from experience with other white couples that it probably would. There was only so many

times that a wife could see her husband on his knees with a black cock in his mouth, his face splattered with cum, his little dick spontaneously ejaculating as his ass was fucked.

Eventually how the wife views her husband changes. Her feelings for her husband become tainted. She doesn't see him as a man anymore. She loses respect for him. She can't imagine ever having sex with him again. She might still love him, but it becomes a platonic love, like for a brother or best guy friend. Jen thinks she can keep it all in fantasy land, but Jamal doubted it. And he knew, at that point, sweet pretty Jen, the blonde blue eyed wife, would go completely black.

That's what Jamal really got off on. Corrupting loving, white married couples like Mike and Jen. And white sissy boys like Mike Andrews with little dicks allowed it to happen. Ironically, Mike wanted it to happen too. And THAT'S why black MEN were superior to white BOYS. Brothers weren't into that kind of thing. After centuries of slavery, what black man would get turned on by submission?

The fact Jen was so beautiful was a major bonus. She was serious eye candy. He enjoyed having her on his arm as his black brothers glared at him with envy. He was going to enjoy turning her to the black side.

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Mike didn't have anything to do as he waited for Jen. He was in the loft apartment, with Anna. It was easier when Anna was awake. She kept his mind off his wife and what she was doing with her new black lover. He went to the French bistro for dinner with Anna (Ferdinand was again their waiter, to Anna's delight), then they played games and read books. He gave Anna a bath and put her down to sleep at 8pm. So now it was a waiting game.

He was still getting his head around Jen using a strap-on on him. Making him suck it. Fucking him up the ass. Jen really got off on it. And Mike had to admit – he was ashamed to admit it - but so did he.

Part of Mike said, just keep things simple. If you both like something, just go with it and enjoy it. It was just something he was doing with his wife. They were doing it as a couple. Married couples were entitled to play together. Right? They were just playing together.

But things weren't that simple. Jamal gave the strap-on to Jen, to use on him. And it wasn't just the fake dildo of the strap-on either. Jen had already gotten him to suck off Jamal (along with other men). How long before his wife got one of her lovers to fuck him in the ass?

The problem was, Mike liked it. He wasn't gay. He was sure he wasn't gay. But at some level, he got off on it.

And Jen knew he liked it. That's what really worried Mike. He wasn't worried so much about her ratcheting up the game. He would do anything for his wife. If she wanted him to let a man fuck him in the ass, he would do it for her.

But how was this affecting how Jen felt about him? How can a woman be sexually attracted to a man if she doesn't respect him as a man? Was there going to be long term damage to their marriage? To Jen's love for him?

It didn't help that Jamal was pushing things. Like getting Jen to use the numbing lotion on herself, to guarantee she would get no physical pleasure from intercourse from him. Was this simply Jamal playing the game of black bull, or was he really trying to damage their marriage?

Mike looked at his watch. It was 830pm. He got a text from Jen and eagerly read it. It said they were leaving the speakeasy and heading over to the theater. Mike's heart twisted inside as he read and re-read the text. Jamal wasn't just fucking Jen. He was romancing her with drinks, then a show, then dinner. This was a real date. And Mike knew that his wife loved the romance. Then they would come here, and Jamal would rock Jen's world with his muscular body, his big black cock and his sexual prowess. Jen would cum over and over on his cock, screaming out Jamal's name.

Mike felt heartsick at the prospect. But also a deep burning inside him. He wanted this, even though it felt at times like it was killing him. And he knew he wouldn't even get sexual release, since Jen had already told him she was keeping him caged tonight no matter what happened.

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Jen texted Mike that they were about to leave the speakeasy and taxi over to the theater. Mike immediately responded with "Okay. Thanks for telling me. Have a good time."

Jen stared at his message for a moment. Sometimes she wished her husband was more possessive of her. Okay, she knew that was unfair and hypocritical. Their entire game was about Mike letting her see other men, and she loved it, she loved the freedom, she loved the variety … but no girl grows up dreaming of a husband who'll let her step out of her wedding vows. Young girls dreamed of getting married in a beautiful white wedding dress and having a husband who'll love her, and take care of her, and protect her.

Jen mentally shook these thoughts from her head. Mike DID love her, and take care of her, and protect her. True, he wasn't what she'd call an alpha, and aggressive uber-confident alpha guys were the type of men who she'd been physically attracted to all her life. But she loved Mike anyway. And didn't her husband let her get her fill of all the alpha men she could ever want, through their game?

"You want a bump before heading out?" Jamal asked, taking out a small tin box. He opened it and she saw the white cocaine inside.

"Right here in front of everybody?" Jen asked, nervously looking around the speakeasy.

"No one cares Jen," Jamal assured her. "And everyone else is doing it too. Believe me, I know."

Jen thought about it a moment. Actually, after sucking down 3 martinis, a little coke would help give her a lift. And she had liked the way the magic powder had made her feel the last time she did it with Joey. "Okay," she hesitantly said with a nod.

Jamal grinned approvingly. He could tell this white girl liked to play. She just needed a little encouragement and nudging for the party girl to come out.

Jamal pulled out a credit card. He formed 3 lines of coke on the table. Using a straw, he snorted the lines into his nose. "Just 1 for me," Jen told me.

Jamal nodded. Repeating the process, he formed a line for Jen. He made it a short line, because he didn't want to scare her away with pushing things too fast. She pulled her hair back, then snorted the coke into her nose.

"Fuck," Jen gasped as she gripped the edge of their table. Her body tensed as she felt the sudden sense of euphoria, the surge of self-confidence, and the wonderful highness.

"Good shit right?" Jamal said with a chuckle as he saw her reaction. "My coke is always the best."

Jamal led Jen out of the speakeasy with a possessive hand on her back. Once again, the possessiveness of his touch sent shivers down her body.

The black men in the room eyed her as they walked by. Jen hadn't adjusted her dress so she still felt like her boobs were hanging out, with the lacy black push up bra exposed for all to see. Although, with her body fortified by the coke, she felt confident as she strolled across the floor with Jamal in her high heels.

The men gave her hungry looks, and the other girls there – both white and black – shot her daggers of hate as their men ogled her with their eyes. Jen felt a growing tingling between her legs as the men undressed her with

their eyes, and the cocaine made her want to fuck them all right there, a gangbang of black cock in her soaking wet white married pussy.

To her surprise, Jamal led her to a nearby parking lot rather than hail a cab. They stopped in front of an immaculate, late model Cadillac. "This is your car? You drove?" Jen asked, gliding a finger tip across the gleaming, polish metal.

But Jamal didn't answer. Instead, he grabbed and kissed her, taking her breath away. Jamal lifted her to sit on the hood of his caddy, pushing her dress up as he did. She wrapped her stockinged legs around him while he kneaded her ass. Her arms were over his shoulders, and she ran her fingertips over his bald black head while they kissed.

Jamal palmed her tits. Her little nipples were hard and dented her lacy bra. He thumbed them through the bra, making Jen gasp, and then he pulled the bra down and pinched her suddenly exposed nubs, making her cry out with pleasure.

Jamal kissed down her neck. Jen stiffened and pushed herself into him as he kissed the back of her neck below her ear. "Jamal…" she gasped, when she felt him suck hard on her neck. "Please…no marks, baby…"

"Don't you worry, girl," he whispered, between kisses and nibbles of her neck. "Mike wants me to mark you. Believe me." Jamal sucked on her neck and shoulder, and Jen let him.

Jamal stroked her cheek with his thumb, and when he brushed her lips she kissed it, flicking her tongue out. He pressed the thumb, and she sucked it between her lips. It made Jamal groan as he thought about those lips around his cock.

As Jen sucked on Jamal's thumb, she reached down to stroke him through his pants. God, he was thick and so big. She could feel its heat through his pants, and she desperately wanted to take his cock out. Somehow she stopped herself from doing that. If she did, Jamal would fuck her right here

in the parking lot, and she still had enough inhibitions left not to screw in public with people walking by.

Still, Jen pulled his lips back to hers and attacked him with her tongue. She wanted her black lover to feel how much she wanted him. She wanted to show him how much he turned her on.

Jamal pushed his hand between her legs as they tongued each other. He stretched her thong to the side and rubbed her slippery lips. His thumb caressed the smooth waxed skin above her mound. "Are you a natural blonde?" he abruptly asked her.

"What?"

"Are you a natural blonde?" Jamal asked again.

"Yeah," Jen said, moving her lips to his again.

But Jamal held her face in his hand, controlling her. "Grow a little patch here," he said, thumbing her baby soft waxed skin again with his other hand. "I want you to prove it to me."

Then he kissed Jen and moved his hand lower. Her pussy was drenched, and he was pleased to see how much she desired him. He found her clit and Jen moaned. He pressed a thick finger into her, filling her. Jen reflectively tightened her pussy around his finger. She clung helplessly to his shoulders as he fingered her. A part of her knew this was crazy, allowing this black man to finger fuck her in this public parking lot when anyone could walk by, but she was too far gone for that. This big black man was fingering her cunt and she was going to cum for him! Jamal had total control of her!

Jen pushed her hips against his hand, tightening her legs around him. Jamal added a second finger, stretching her open, rapidly thumbing her clit. Jen pressed her forehead into his broad shoulder and bit her bottom

lip, trying to stifle her moans, hoping to avoid calling attention to them. But she needed to cum. Jamal had gotten her so freaking close!

"Come on baby, that's it, you need it, don't you baby?" Jamal said as he finger fucked her.

"Yeah…yeah…" Jen whimpered, holding onto his muscular arms for dear life as he brought her to the brink of an orgasm. It seemed like he was edging her, getting her close and then pulling back. "Please let me cum Jamal," she begged him.

"This is what I'm gonna do to your body all the time babe," he promised her. "I'm gonna make you cum and cum until your pretty married pussy can't cum anymore. Pretty soon you're gonna be screaming on my cock. Tonight. While your sissy husband is watching, you're gonna cum all over my black cock. And I'm gonna flood your pussy with my black seed. Is that what you want babe?"

"Yeah…fuck…yeah…" Jen panted. Jamal had his thumb planted on her clit, rubbing firmly, and then suddenly she went over the edge and came. Her orgasm seemed to come out of nowhere. Her body convulsed as the orgasm exploded through her body, and she bit into Jamal's shoulder so hard it was a miracle she didn't draw blood.

But Jamal wasn't done with the sexy white wife. He didn't slow down when she came on his fingers. Instead, he worked his fingers faster, pumping and thumbing her, and a second orgasm pounded her tight body in less than a minute. Jamal only stopped when she grabbed his wrist. "Baby, please, stop, no more, I can't take anymore," Jen whimpered. She was gasping. She collapsed into his chest and he possessively wrapped his arms around her.

After a few moments he stepped away. Jen reached for him longingly, barely able to stay balanced on the hood of his black Cadillac. "Give me your phone," he ordered her.

"What?" Jen said, not understanding. She was still gasping and her head still swirling from the way he had just used her body.

"Your phone," he said. "Give it to me."

Jen reached in her purse and gave Jamal her phone. "What's your password?" he asked.

"Anna," Jen said.

Jamal nodded. He keyed the name of the white wife's daughter to unlock her phone. Then he took a picture of her.

Suddenly Jen was alarmed. "What are you doing?"

"No worries babe," Jamal said with a grin at her. "I'm just sending a picture to your husband."

Jen took the phone from him. She saw he had sent Mike a picture of her. God, she was a mess in the picture. Her hair was a mess and her cheeks were flushed. Her dressed was open almost to her waist, and her breasts were exposed where Jamal had pushed down her bra. Her skirt was pushed up and her thong pushed down to her knees. God she looked like such a slut.

In the text, Jamal had written to Mike "I just made your wife cum. The first of many tonight."

For a moment, Jen was worried how her husband would react. But then Mike texted back "I can see you're taking good care of her." It made Jen laugh. God Mike, you're so predictable, she thought. Jamal laughed at Mike's reaction too, and then grinned at each other. Then Jamal lowered Jen to the ground and stood guard while she readjusted her clothes. She fixed her hair and makeup as he drove her in his caddy to the theater. She had to take off her thong because Jamal had so stretched it, it was ruined.

She stuffed the ruined thong in her purse. She'd give it to Mike later. She knew he'd like that.

The theater was in Harlem. In was a performance of black modern dance. The cast was all black. They were all beautiful and athletic and clearly talented.

Jamal had his arm around Jen the entire show. She melted into him, and tenderly stroked his broad chest as she watched the show. The audience was mostly black. Once again she felt like a minority, just like at the speakeasy.

Jamal affectionately caressed her long blonde hair as they watched the show. It made her remember his question about whether she was a natural blonde. That made her laugh inside. For most of her adult life, she kept a landing strip for Mike, to prove to him she was a natural blonde. It had been kind of an inside joke between them, the kind of thing all couples have. She had shaved it off for Cam, because he asked her to. Now she was going to grow the landing strip back, once again to prove she was a natural blonde, but this time it was for Jamal, not her husband. She was pretty sure though that Mike would get off on it. He loved it when she shaved it off for another man. And he would love it when she grew it back for another man. That was her husband.

Then Jen's thoughts turned back to Jamal. It was impossible not to. He was a big man, he was sitting right next to her, and he had his muscular arm possessively around her. Also, her body was still tingling from the 2 orgasms he had given her. When a man gives a girl such physical pleasure, it was impossible for her not to feel affection for him. It was just human nature. Jen reached over and took Jamal's hand in hers, squeezing it, and smiling into his eyes.

After the show, Jamal took her to dinner. It was a cozy, romantic restaurant close to the theater. They didn't eat much. But they sat close together, their shoulders practically touching, and shared a bottle of wine as they laughed and talked. They talked about everything, getting to know

each other. People in the restaurant didn't question the 2 of them together, the tall black man and the pretty white blonde, because many couples in the restaurant were mixed. Also, like Jen and Jamal, many of the white girls there wore wedding rings while the black men they were with did not.

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Jen finally got home to the loft apartment around midnight. She was alone. That was the plan. Jen would come home alone, and Jamal would follow a few minutes later. That way, their future neighbors would not see them coming home together.

Mike hugged Jen tightly. He knew her date with Jamal wasn't over yet and she still belonged to him; yet, Mike needed some reconnection with his wife. He longed for affection and her attention.

Jen looked so hot it hurt. Earlier that evening, he had watched her put on heavier makeup, and pick out a dress that was just shy of being slutty. He knew she was trying to look pretty and sexy for Jamal. The realization tugged at his heart and made him feel weak inside.

They went together to check on Anna. Their daughter was still asleep. Moments later, they heard a soft tab on their front door. Jamal.

They closed Anna's bedroom door and walked through the apartment to the front door. Jen reached into her purse and pulled out her thong. It was black and no more than a wisp of lace. "I had to take them off," she explained with a teasing smile. "Jamal kind of ruined them."

Mike took the ruined thong from his wife. He stared at it, his heart pounding in his chest. "Hello, earth to Mike," Jen teased with a grin. "Are you gonna let him in?"

Mike nodded as he stuffed the thong in his pocket. He opened the door. The black man stood there, a big confident smile on his face that shown

off his gold teeth. It was an awkward moment for Mike. It always was at times like this. Jamal didn't appear fazed at all. He greeted Mike with a firm handshake and confidently strolled in like he was the master of this home, rather than Mike. Jen stood a few feet away, her beautiful face breaking out into a big smile for Jamal. It was only when Mike closed the door that they walked rapidly to each other. Jamal wrapped his arms around Jen, and she got on her tip toes. Even in the 5 inch heels, Jamal was much taller. They embraced and kissed.

Mike was suddenly breathing hard. He moved to the hallway that connected the family room to Anna's bedroom. He and Jen had agreed to this ahead of time. Mike would keep one eye on Jen with Jamal, and one eye on Anna's room. If their daughter stirred, he'd provide warning so Jen could quickly disentangle herself from her black lover.

Jamal moved Jen to the sofa. They embraced each other as they continued kissing. They explored each other's body, but to Mike's surprise, they did not tear off their clothes. Instead they kissed for a long time.

Mike noticed Jen's dress was unbuttoned more than she usually wore it (even when playing the game), so her lacy pushup bra was showing. He also noticed a red hickey on her neck. Mike clenched his fists at the sight, his knees feeling week.

Jamal moved his lips down Jen's neck. He had discovered that she was super sensitive behind her ears, so he kissed and nibbled her there. Jen moaned and rolled her head back, exposing more of her neck to him, inviting him to seduced her even more. Jamal pulled her long blonde hair to the side, giving him better access to her erogenous zone. He kissed and suck on Jen's neck, making her writhe and moan while marking her body with another hickey.

Jamal moved his hands inside the front of Jen's dress. He pulled down the lacy black bra as he'd done while she sat on the hood of his Cadillac. The black man feasted on Jen's small perky high school breasts, cupping, fondling, and kneading them, and thumbing and sucking her nipples. He

paid a lot of attention to her breasts, as much as he had kissing her. It drove Jen wild. She was moaning and writhing underneath him, begging him to fuck her.

But surprisingly, Jamal dropped to his knees on the floor. He pushed up her dress, exposing her thigh high stockings. He got between her legs. He put his hands behind her knees and pulled her forward on the sofa, closer to him. Then, with Jen breathing hard and looking at him through heavy lidded bedroom eyes, Jamal lowered his head and went down on her.

Jen groaned and rolled her head back as Jamal's soft tongue touched her womanhood. Mike felt sick as he watched Jamal eating his wife's pussy. This is something he did for her! And the way she was responding to him – her body writhing under his tongue, moaning, pulling at his head to encourage him – Mike knew that Jamal was good at eating pussy. Jamal put Jen's long dancer's legs over his shoulders as he pleasured her. He caressed the lacy tops of her stockings as he licked along her slit and nibbled her clit. Jen's beautiful face was flushed and her mouth formed a small O as Jamal's tongue brought her closer and closer.

Jen cried out as she came on Jamal's tongue. She body jerked and her stockinged legs tensed as the orgasm ripped through her tight body. Her cry was so loud I looked nervously to Anna's bedroom door, afraid she'd wake up. But thankfully the door didn't open. When I looked back at the sofa, Jen's was still panting hard from her climax, and Jamal was sitting back on the sofa, cradling her in his arms. He was possessively holding her and tenderly stroking her long blonde hair. Jen was nestled into his chest, still breathing hard, her hand on his arm as he caressed her. The sight of them there made my heart ache.

I realized something then. There was a real connection between Jen and Jamal. This wasn't like Blake or Doug or Wyatt or John. Those guys had been boy toys to Jen, convenient human dildos for playing our game. Jamal was more like Scott. Or maybe Cam. Men who Jen had a real connection with, something that went beyond physical.

I never would have thought Jen would form an emotional connection like that with a black man. Especially a black man like Jamal, with his radical black versus white beliefs and his gold teeth. But it was happening right in front of me. Jen was into Jamal, and it wasn't just the sex.

I think Jamal sensed that Jen and I needed a moment alone. He excused himself to get a beer from the kitchen. Jen came over to me. I was still standing at the hallway, positioned so I could see both the family room where they were playing, and Anna's bedroom door.

"Sorry, I guess I was too loud," Jen said, looking down the hall to Anna's closed bedroom door.

"It's okay. She didn't wake up," I said. She smiled at me, and hugged me. I could tell she was trying to reassure me. She sensed I was feeling unsure about things.

"So you really like to kiss him," I said.

"I told you he's an awesome kisser," Jen said with a lopsided grin.

"And he likes going down on you," I said. "What were you doing in that picture he took?"

"He had just fingered me," she told me.

Mike was silent for a moment, as he thought about Jamal fingering his wife to an orgasm. Then he asked, "Has he cum yet?"

"Not yet."

I processed that. Jamal had gotten Jen off twice already, but hadn't gotten any pleasure yet himself. "So he's a considerate lover too," I said, my insides churning.

"He can be really sweet," Jen agreed. I stared at her. Did she realized how painful those 5 words were to me? It was like before with John. I didn't want her to call her lovers sweet.

"He's very possessive too," Jen said.

Her words were like more daggers to my heart. "I'm possessive of you too Jen," I told her, grabbing her arms. "We've talked about this before."

We had talked about it before. It might seem like I wasn't possessive of her, but I was. I mean, sure, people might say a husband clearly isn't possessive of his wife if he encourages her to be with other men. But those people don't understand how a cuckold is wired. The reason why all this is exciting to a cuckold is BECAUSE he's possessive of his wife. It might not make sense to a person who's not into this, but that's how a cuckold's head (and dick) work.

"I know you are Mike," Jen said. "I was just saying. You know? You asked about Jamal kissing me, so I thought you wanted to hear more, so I told you about how he's possessive. That's all."

"But you compare me to him, don't you?" I asked.

"Mike baby," Jen began. She was rubbing my chest. "Of course I do. I compare everyone to you because you're my husband. If you think about it, that should make you feel good. You're my number one man. You're always be number one no matter who I'm with."

I stared at Jen again. She always did this. She always said the right things. But did she mean it, or were they just words?

Jen produced a small key. It was the key to my cock cage. She gave it to me. "You can take it off," she said with a grin at me. "I wasn't really gonna keep you in it tonight. I just don't want you to cum when I'm not here, cause you get too down. But now you can play with yourself while you watch. And then you'll get your turn later after Jamal leaves."

"What? Are you going to use numbing lotion again?" I said bitterly.

Jen gave me a pretend pout. She always did that whenever she thought I was acting like a baby. "Mike I was just playing that time. I wasn't ever gonna use it again." She hugged my arm and said "I'm sorry if that bothered you. I thought you knew I was just teasing you."

I was breathing hard, and my head was spinning. She was doing it again. Explain things off. Making bad things sound not so bad. A pretty smile from her, a few reassuring words, and rub of my arm, and I'd agree to anything. I'd let her do anything she wanted. I fell for it every time.

Jamal emerged from the kitchen. Jen gave me a last reassuring smile and squeezed my hand, then she went to him. She took his hand, and they walked into our bedroom. Leaning into each other and holding hands.

Our master bedroom was farther away from where I was standing than the family room sofa. And I couldn't move closer because then I wouldn't be able to see Anna's bedroom door. So while I had a pretty good view of the master bedroom, I couldn't hear what Jen and Jamal were saying.

They didn't go after it immediately. Jamal stripped off Jen's dress and bra, leaving her in just thigh highs and heels. Jen also undressed Jamal down to his boxers. They kissed and fondled on the bed, but they didn't seem in any hurry for intercourse. That surprised me about Jamal. I understood why Jen was being patient, Jamal had just taken care of her with his tongue (and earlier with his fingers). But Jamal had not yet cum yet. I had to admit, I admired his self control.

Their kissing and touching were intermixed with whispers and giggles. It was like they were a new couple, enjoying each other, getting to know each other, and not just physically, but their insides too. It was like a punch in the gut as I watched them. As I watched my wife smile into his eyes, whispered to him, caress his muscular body. There definitely was a

connection there. Jen really liked this guy. Seeing all this spiked up my feelings of jealousy and angst.

At some point I unlocked the cage and took it off. I was soft, even thought I burned with cuckold lust inside. I knew from experience it would take some time to get an erection after being caged. Still, it felt wonderful to stroke myself with my hand.

That's what I did as I watched them in bed. It felt so delicious to stroke my dick – even my mostly soft dick – as I watched my wife kissing and flirting and whispering little nothings to another man. It pained me, but it was so fucking hot.

The fact that Jamal was black added to the thrill. This was a new experience for me, seeing my wife with a black man. The difference in their skin color was stark. Since it was winter, Jen didn't have a tan, so her skin was lily white. Jamal was one of those African Americans who was very dark skinned. His black hand on Jen's white breasts, his black lips on her white lips, his black body pressed against her white body, it was so incredibly erotic, so wrong, I found my dick finally getting hard.

Jamal got out of bed. He asked Jen something and she answered, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. Then he walked over to her dresser.

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"Where do you keep your pantyhose?" Jamal asked as he got up from bed.

"Um … my dresser," Jen said, not understanding why he asked. "Over there. The top drawer."

Jamal walked over to Jen's dresser. He opened the top drawer. He quickly saw this was Jen's lingerie drawer, with bras and panties in addition to pantyhose, tights and stockings. There was also a small circular package. Jamal picked it up.

“That’s my birth control,” Jen told him.

Jamal nodded. He knew what it was. There was a circle of pills, with each pill numbered by the calendar day. Today was the 17th. That pill was punched out and empty, meaning that Jen had taken the birth control pill for that day. Days 1-16 were also punched out.

“Do you ever forget to take it?” he asked.

“Sometimes, but I try not to,” Jen replied. “Obviously, because of our lifestyle. But it doesn’t kill you to miss a day sometimes. But you probably know that right?”

“But if you miss a week?” Jamal said with a teasing grin. He punched out days 18-24 and threw the pills into the trash.

Jen laughed. “Is that what you’re into?” she asked.

“You’re not mad?” Jamal said looking intrigued at Jen. “You’re not worried about next Saturday?”

“Next Saturday?” Jen asked.

“Saturday should be our date night,” Jamal announced. He said it like a statement rather than a question.

Jen looked down, hiding a smile. Jamal was being arrogant, just presuming she would be available every Saturday for him. Still, she kind of melted at his confidence, and also the fact that he liked her enough that he wanted to see her every Saturday.

“Well, if I do see you next Saturday, you’ll have to use a condom,” she said, looking at the discarded birth control pills in the trash can.

“You know I don’t use condoms,” Jamal told her.

"Well then you'll have to at least pull out," Jen said back, trying to reason with him. "I mean, come on babe. I get the risk, risk can be exciting, Mike is into that, and I am too. But if I don't take birth control for a week, I can't let you cum inside me. Alls you have to do is miss 2 days and you're not protected anymore. So they'd be enough risk just letting you inside me without a condom. You could get me pregnant from just that. No way I can let you cum inside me. You get that right?"

"But you'll let me inside you bareback? I hate condoms," Jamal said.

"I know you do. I don't like them either. Okay … as long as you promise to pull out," Jen said.

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Chapter 42

Mike's insides seized up when he saw Jamal holding Jen's birth control packet. Then he started punching pills into the trash. Jen was sitting in the bed, watching as he threw away her birth control pills. She was talking to him. Why wasn't she stopping him? Why?!

Mike couldn't hear what they were saying. He moved closer. His hand was still around his hard dick. When he got close enough, he heard Jen say "… if I don't take birth control for a week, I can't let you cum inside me. Alls you have to do is miss 2 days and you're not protected anymore. So there'd be enough risk just letting you inside me without a condom. You could get me pregnant from just that. No way I can let you cum inside me. You get that right?"

Mike was panting and slowly stroking his cock as Jamal asked "But you'll let me inside you bareback? I hate condoms."

Then Mike heard his wife say, "Yes, okay. As long as you promise to pull out."

Mike's body seized up and he came.

Mike staggered back. What had just happened? What had Jen just agreed to?

He got tissues to clean himself, put his dick back into his pants, then he moved back to his spot in the hallway. He was breathing hard, his heart pounding, his head spinning. He looked at Anna's door. It was still closed. He looked back to the master bedroom. Jamal was on top of Jen, between her legs. He was about to penetrate his wife's petite body with his huge black cock.

"I was gonna tie you up with pantyhose," Jamal said, his voice husky with lust. He rubbed his hand over Jen's sexy flat stomach. "But now you've gotten me too worked up. I can't wait."

"You want me to stop taking the pill?" Jen asked, her voice taunting. "That's how you wanna fuck me? You wanna fuck me unprotected?"

Jamal grinned at her, the grin of a hungry predator. He took his cock in his hand, lining it up with Jen's pussy, pressing the thick head against her pussy lips.

"Go slow baby," Jen said, putting a cautioning hand on Jamal's chiseled chest.

"You're soaking," Jamal said, rubbing his cockhead up and down Jen's glistening slit.

"You got me that way," Jen said, smiling into her lover's eyes. "But you still gotta go slow baby. I'm still getting use to your size."

"You like my size," Jamal said, smiling back into Jen's eyes.

"I do like your size," Jen said, and they smiled at each other. Then Jamal leaned down and kissed her. At the same time, he took hold of his cock with one hand to guide himself, then he pushed into Jen's pussy.

Jen grunted into Jamal's mouth as he penetrated her. He was so fucking big and thick!

Mike moved closer as Jamal worked his cock into his wife. Jen's pussy was stretched tight around his black shaft. So tight it was like an airtight seal. And the difference in their skin color – Jamal's jet black cock pushing into Jen's lily white pussy – it made Mike heady with lust and his cock started getting hard again.

Jamal began fucking Jen on her back, then he flipped her over onto her hands and knees. He fucked her doggy style, kissing her neck and reaching around to grope her tits and fondle her nipples as he slammed her from behind. Jen clutched at the sheets, her head buried in the pillow. Mike heard his wife's muffled moans as Jamal made her orgasm fucking her that way.

Then Jamal spun Jen back onto her back. He put Jen's long stockinged legs over his shoulders and leaned forward so the 5 inch stilettos of her high heels were next to her ears. Jamal pounded her hard. Jen held onto his muscular arms for dear life. She looked so tiny under the man, a petite white girl under a big ebony black man, getting fucked so hard, panting and moaning and crying out her lover's name as he relentlessly pounded her married white pussy. Mike could see the bottom of Jen's high heels, the famous bright red soles of Christian Louboutin. It was such an erotic sight. Jamal made Jen cum again that way, and Mike was painfully hard in his pants.

Then Jamal was cumming. His moans were just as desperate as Jen's. He pushed deep into her – although not all the way, Mike could see a few inches of his shaft were still outside his wife – and then he cried out as his orgasm hit, and he kept his cock deep inside Jen as sperm flooded her pussy, emptying his balls into her, his black seed exploding and splattering into her fertile 33 year old womb.

For long moments, time seemed to stand still. Jamal still had Jen's long legs over his shoulders, and his cock was still inside her. He pushed forward so Jen's body was elevated almost perpendicular to the bed.

The sight reminded Mike of pictures he had seen in pregnancy books. If a girl wants to get pregnant, then after her man cums in her, she should elevate her body to let gravity pull the man's sperm into her womb. That's what Jamal was doing. He was keeping his cock inside her so his sperm couldn't leak out. And he was elevating Jen's body to let gravity help with getting his black seed to her white eggs.

Mike knew it didn't matter. Jen was on the pill, she was protected. But this blatant, audacious maneuver by Jamal amazed him. Did he think they wouldn't know what he was doing?

But if Jen knew what Jamal was up to, she didn't say anything. Instead, she responded when Jamal kissed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back, flitting her tongue against his.

"Do you think you can cum again?" Jamal whispered to Jen as he kissed her.

"I don't know. Maybe."

Jamal reached a hand between them. He rubbed Jen's clit as they kissed. After a few moments, she began breathing harder. Jamal moved his lips down her neck and thumbed her nipple with his other hand, all while continuing to rub her clit with the flat of his thumb. Then he moved his hand around her. He stroked her ass, teasing between her cheeks, and then he pushed his thumb against her puckered asshole. Jen cried out as Jamal rubbed her clit with one thumb and her ass with his other. He did all of this while his cock was still deep inside her, and her body was still elevated. Then Jen was shuddering and crying out as Jamal made her cum again, this time with his fingers.

Jamal let Jen catch her breath. Then he finally pulled out of her pussy. It seemed to take forever, since his cock was so long. When he was finally out, Mike got a good view between his wife's sexy legs. Her pussy looked well used. Ruined. The lips were swollen, and her slit gaped open. There was no sperm leaking from her pussy. Jamal had done a good job getting all his black seed into her womb. Mike's head spun. His cock felt like it was going to burst.

Jen saw that Jamal was hard again. She moved down his body. She pulled her hair back and went down on him.

It took Jamal a while to climax again, since he had just cum. But Jen was patient, and she knew her way around cocks, she was good giving head, even with a cock as big as Jamal's. Eventually Jamal groaned and his body tensed. He was about to cum.

Jen looked up at him with lust filled bedroom eyes. "I want you to cum on my face," she told him with a husky voice.

That sent Jamal over the edge. Jen pointed his cock at her beautiful face as she rapidly stroked his shaft with her pretty, small hands, her manicured fingernails painted a sweet pink. Jamal came a lot, splattering her nose, her cheeks, her lips, her hair, even her eyes with his pungent sperm. When he was finally done, Jen was a mess. Her hair and face was covered with cum. It dribbled off her chin and down her neck. She looked like a complete slut. A cum bucket. A whore from the dirtiest triple X movie you could ever find on the internet.

Then Mike sensed movement behind him. A pattering of little feet on the hardwood floor. And then a little girl's voice said, "Daddy? Mommy?"

It was Anna!

I swiveled around. Anna was walking towards me. Where she was at the moment, she couldn't see into the bedroom, but in just a few seconds she'd have a clear view of her mother in bed with a man who wasn't me –

a big black man – both of them naked -- with her face and hair messy with cum!

I rushed to Anna to stop her from moving further down the hallway. I thanked god I had stuffed my dick back into my pants. I picked her up and moved to her bedroom, intending to put her back to bed. But Anna sensed something was wrong. She cried out, "Mommy, mommy!" It didn't help that she hadn't seen her mother that night (since Jen had been on her date with Jamal). "Mommy, where are you!" Anna cried. Now she was crying, balling, big crocodile tears falling down her cheeks.

I got Anna back into her bed. But my daughter's mindful, just like her bother. She's also athletic, a budding ballerina just like her mother. She leaped out of bed and ran down the hall towards the master bedroom. Towards where Jen was, where she was with Jamal, where she had just gotten fucked, where she had just cum on his fingers with a thumb up her ass, where her face and hair were covered with his cum, where her pussy was full of his sperm.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Anna screamed "Mommy! Mommy!" as she ran down the hallway, her eyes still filled with tears.

I ran after Anna but I wasn't going to be able to catch up to her before she reached the bedroom. Fuck!

But when I got there, Jen was coming out of the shower. Her hair was wrapped in a towel, and another towel was around her body. "Anna baby, what's wrong?" she asked. I could tell she was forcing her voice to be cheerful and calm. She picked up our daughter and tried to console her. "Anna banana, mommy's right here. Everything's fine. I was just taking a shower."

I worriedly looked around the bedroom. Jamal was nowhere to be seen. I saw a new sheet had been hurriedly thrown over the mattress. When I

looked at Jen, she motioned towards the front door. Jamal must have hurriedly dressed and left.

We got into bed with Anna. She was between us. Her favorite thing was for us to snuggle up to her. We called it an Anna Banana sandwich. I didn't like the fact that my daughter was in a bed where her mother had been getting fucked by a black man not five minutes ago – where their mutual love juices were everywhere – but there was nothing else to do. And at least we were laying on a fresh clean sheet.

Anna quickly fell asleep. We didn't dare move her. She had already gone through too much this evening. We didn't want to traumatize her more. So we let her sleep with us.

We spoke in whispers, using stilted English so if Anna heard she wouldn't understand.

Jen looked towards the door again and whispered "Bolted." Jamal had bolted from our house.

I pinched the clean sheet and asked "Helped?" Did Jamal help you throw on the clean sheet?

Jen nodded. "I told you," she whispered. "Sweet." I told you before, Jamal's sweet.

I felt my insides clutch up. It paid me to hear my wife call her new lover sweet. The man who had just given her such physical pleasure. Jamal was handsome, he had a great body, a porn star's cock. And he was sweet too. It was like someone had reached into my body and was twisting my heart.

"Sorry," Jen whispered, seeing she had said the wrong thing.

"It's okay," I whispered back. "Always the truth." Always tell me the truth. Never hold back. I need to know what you're feeling.

Jen smiled, appreciating my understanding. She reached over and affectionately touched my cheek. Then she moved her hand down to my crotch. I was rock hard. "Sorry," she said as she felt my hard-on. She looked at Anna. "Your turn – tomorrow."

I nodded. There wasn't going to be any more sex tonight. Obviously, with Anna between us. I'd have to wait for tomorrow for my turn. There was nothing we could do. But I was still miffed.

"Jen," I whispered, urgency in my voice. "The pills."

"It's okay Mike," she said, trying to reassure that all was okay. But how could this possibly be okay?

"Jen," I said, my voice even more urgent and forceful. I knew how birth control pills worked. In any week, a girl could miss one pill and probably still be protected. But if she missed 2 pills, she was no longer protected. Even if she started up with the pill again, she might have to wait another month before she was protected.

So if Jen missed a week of pills, she would definitely not be protected. So if she let Jamal inside her without a condom, he could get her pregnant from just his pre-cum. And that was assuming he would pull out. The way he pulled that stunt tonight, with elevating her legs and preventing his sperm from spilling out (by keeping his cock plugged up inside her), could we really trust his promise to pull out?

Jamal wanted to impregnant my wife! He probably wanted to impregnate all pretty, blue eyed, blonde wives. That was his goal, the browning of America.

Jen reached over and squeezed my hand. "We'll talk about it tomorrow," she said in a hush voice. She looked at our sleeping daughter. We could not get into this with Anna sleeping between us.

We shared a look at each other. I suddenly saw something in her hair. A goblet of sperm to the side of her face. I realized she hadn't taken a shower, but had just quickly wiped herself. It was a Something About Mary moment.

"There's still some in your hair," I whispered. I reached over and scraped it from her blonde locks with my finger. I showed it to her.

With a mischievous grin, Jen glanced at Anna to make sure she was still asleep, and then whispered "I think I've got enough inside me already." She pushed my hand to my lips. "Go ahead Mike," she urged me in a whispered voice.

I looked at Jen, and then at Jamal's jizz on my finger. Was she really asking me to do this? After getting fucked by Jamal, cumming multiple times on his tongue, his cock and his fingers, after letting him splatter her face and hair with his cum, after almost getting caught by our daughter, after not giving me anything, she wanted me to eat his sperm? Right now, with our daughter asleep next to us?

I glared at her, then shoved my hand away from my face. I wasn't going to put his sperm in my mouth. I rubbed my finger on her shoulder. "You need to take a shower," I hissed at her.

Jen gave me a delighted smile and giggled. "Oooh, look who's going all alpha on me," she playfully teased. She reached over Anna and kissed me. Then she hopped out of the bed and went into the bathroom for a shower.

I knew she was only playing with me. But her words still cut at me. It was like she was throwing the fact that I wasn't alpha in my face. But as always, the humiliation and cuckold angst made me burn inside, and made my cock incredibly hard. I knew I should go into the bathroom. Join Jen in the shower and fuck her against the tiles, like a real man would do. Maybe she was waiting for me in there. Waiting to see if I would be a real man and take what was mine by right, her pussy.

But that's not who I was. And Jen knew it. If she was waiting for me in the bathroom, she might be disappointed but not surprised when I didn't join her. That I didn't reclaim her body. It would just make her want Jamal more, a real man to take care of her body's sexual cravings, a confidential alpha male to satisfy her instinctual female needs. And deep down I wanted that too. Even though I despised myself for it.

So I didn't go into the bathroom to reclaim my wife. Instead I rolled over and tried to sleep.

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Chapter 43

I didn't sleep well, so Jen let me sleep in (even though her body was no doubt more sore than mine after the abuse she'd taken from Jamal last night). When I finally woke up, I heard Jen and Anna in the kitchen, having a late breakfast.

I was drowsy, but then my eyes focused on Jen's birth control pill package on top of the dresser. I was instantly awake. I rushed to the dresser and picked up the package. The pills for days 1-24 were punched out. But Jen was only on day 18. Like a dick, Jamal had punched out days 18-24.

I got on my knees and retrieved the pills from the trash can. I frantically tried to put days 18-24 back into the package. But I was frustrated, because the pills didn't have any markings to say which pill went with which day. And they didn't stay in the package when I tried to put them back in.

"You don't have to do that," Jen said behind me. She was standing so she looked down at me as I crouched on the floor. She seemed unconcerned.

"What are you talking about Jen?" I said angrily. What the fuck WAS she talking about?! If she missed 2 days in a week she'd be unprotected, and this was 7 days! And was she really going to let Jamal inside her bare next weekend?! It didn't matter if he pulled out or not, she couldn't do that if

she was unprotected! Even his pre-cum could get her pregnant! And did she really think he would pull out?! For that matter, even his sperm from last night could get her pregnant, depending on how long it stayed in her body, especially with the way Jamal had elevated her body last night.

"Mike baby …," she said patiently, moving over to me. She opened the second drawer of her dresser. I didn't know what she doing, but then my eyes focused on a box. When she opened it, I saw it contained about 3 birth control packs.

Jen calmly took one out. I saw it was full, with pills for all the days (1-31). She punched out days 1-17. She threw them into the trash. Then she punched out day 18 and popped it into her mouth. "They're all the same Mike," she told me. "They come in boxes of 4."

Understanding hit me. "So last night when Jamal punched out the pills, you knew it didn't matter," I said. "You had replacement packs."

"Right," Jen said. "Jamal knew too. He knew I had more birth control pills. Every girl does. He was just teasing." She gave me a grin and asked "How is it we've been together forever, and you didn't know?"

I felt like an idiot. And I didn't have a good answer to her question. I guess I did know. But I'd been too emotionally all over the place last night, that I didn't put things together. I felt like Jen and Jamal had shared an inside joke, and I was the odd man out.

"I think Jamal likes pregnancy games," Jen said, still grinning at me. "You do too. We're just playing and having fun."

Jen moved closer. Her feet were bare from just recently getting up. She put her bare foot on my crotch. "You do like pregnancy games, don't you baby?" she asked with a knowing grin. She found my cock hard and her grin got bigger. She rubbed my cock over my boxers with the pads of her pretty toes. I looked down. My wife has the prettiest feet. Petite and slim, little cute toes, the skin soft and unblemished, so perfect.

"You watched what Jamal did with my birth control pills, but you didn't do anything," Jen whispered as she continued to rub my cock with her foot. "It got you hot, right?"

I wrapped my hand around her slim ankle, pressing her foot harder against my cock. With my other hand I caressed up and down her shapely calf, loving the feel of her shapely dancer's legs. "I heard you telling him you wouldn't make him use a condom next weekend," I said, my voice hoarse from lust. "As long as he pulled out." I stopped short of telling her that I was jerking off as I listened to their conversation, and came when she said those words.

"And do you think he would pull out baby?" Jen asked. "Especially after he held up my legs last night?"

"You knew what he was doing?" I asked.

"Of course I did," Jen said. "You did it too. When we were trying to get pregnant. Remember? Although you weren't so … dominate about it."

"Does that turn you on Jen?" I asked my wife, desperately wanting to know. "That Jamal's so dominate with you?"

Jen nodded. "You know that's my type Mike," she said. "And Jamal, he's something else. I've never been with a man like him."

I was breathing hard as I looked up into the beautiful face of my wife. I remembered the connection I saw between them last night. A connection that was more than just physical. That connection terrified me, but thrilled me too. I gently caressed the elegant arch of Jen's pretty foot as she rubbed my cock.

Jen looked back over her shoulder, at the next room. I couldn't see, but I assumed she was checking on Anna. Satisfied, she looked back at me and

said "Go ahead and cum baby." She rubbed my cock harder. "We've got a little time. And you didn't get your turn last night."

Jen's words were like a dagger to my insides. "This is all I get?" I whispered back at her, bitterness in my voice. "Your foot?"

"Jamal says I shouldn't let you inside me anymore," Jen whispered. She was grinning at me. "He said I should only let black seed into my body."

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned, moaning at her words.

"Shhhhhh," Jen said, hushing me as she darted another look at Anna over her shoulder.

"What if I wear a condom?" I asked desperately. I knew I sounded pathetic, but this was too much, I couldn't allow Jamal to prohibit me from ever being inside my wife again. She was my wife!

"Well, I guess if you wear a condom," Jen said with a teasing grin at me. "Why don't you ask Jamal, to make sure he's okay with it?"

I stared at her. Was she really going to make me ask Jamal? To get that black man's permission to have intercourse with my own wife? As I thought these thoughts, I came.

Jen grinned as my cum soaked my boxers. She kissed the top of my head and said "You better take a shower mister."

She turned to returned to Anna but I grabbed her. "I love you Jen," I said. I said the 4 words urgently. Maybe because I needed her to say them back to me.

"I love you too baby," Jen said. She smiled at me affectionately, and ran her fingers through my hair. "You know I'm just playing with you, right?"

I nodded. Her words soothed me. They made me breathe easier and loosened the grip on my insides.

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After breakfast, we drove home to our Montclair house. I was doing some chores around the house to get it ready to sell.

Anna was clingy all day, especially to her mother. I was concerned she was sensing something. I'd had that concern for some time. When I mentioned to Jen, though, she wasn't as concerned. She agreed we needed to be more careful. But she thought Anna was too young to notice anything. Jen reasoned that Anna had never seen her doing anything inappropriate with any other man (including last night), so how could she suspect anything? Yes, last night was a close call and we had to be more careful, but nothing bad had happened so Jen didn't seem that concerned about it.

Jen was extra affectionate to me the rest of the day. She made sure Anna saw her hugging and kissing me. I think to reassure our daughter that her parents loved each other. And to reassure me too. I think Jen and I both felt like our game was moving into new territory. First, she was focusing on one man, rather than dividing her attention among many. And second, Jamal was different. So I was grateful for my wife's extra attention. It made me feel good and reassured me.

Around mid-afternoon, we had a moment alone as Anna was watching Elmo on TV. Jen bumped her hip against mine and whispered "So anyways, you had fun last night?" It made me feel good and reassured me that she was checking up on me.

My cock was still free of the cage. I'd been hard all day; even as I worked chores in our house, it was impossible to not replay scenes from last night in my head.

"Last night, it looked like you have a connection with Jamal," I whispered back. "More than just the sex. A connection."

Jen didn't deny it. She nodded her head and said "I don't know why actually …."

"I know why. He's your type," I said, remembering her words from just hours ago.

"Ha … well yeah," Jen said with a grin. "But, I don't know … Jamal's different. Maybe because he's black. But he's kinda a caricature of black. You know?"

"You think it's show?" I asked. "His black versus white attitude. To get attention dollars?"

"I don't know. Maybe. But I'm also getting a feel for the black culture. It's different. Black men I mean. Or maybe it's just Jamal."

We were silent for a moment as I – and Jen too – processed her words. Then she gave me a mischievous grin and said "Jamal said we should watch this tonight." She showed me the screen of her iphone.

Jen was in Safari and had browsed to xhamster. A paused sex video was on the screen. The title was "Witness A Woman Transformed By BBC." I was about to hit the play icon but Jen stopped me. [Author's note: This is an actual video. You can find it on xhamster by searching for Witness A Woman Transformed By BBC]

"Not now," she whispered with a giggle. She glanced over to the family room where Anna was watching Sesame Street. "Tonight."

Later that night after putting Anna down, we got into bed. Our TV in the bedroom was connected to the Internet, so I surfed to the video on xhamster. It was a video of a white wife with a black man. The wife's husband was taking the video. It was pretty clear this was the wife's first experience with a black man.

I was taken by the wife. She had shown short brown hair, pretty. Not as pretty as Jen, but pretty. But what really struck me was her body. She was thin, small breasts with upturned nipples and really long legs. She wore clunky black heels on her feet.

Jen and I were both naked in bed as we watched the white wife getting fucked by the black man. Her eyes were focused on the TV. She had a cum face on, clearly aroused by the action on the screen. She was slowly playing with herself.

"Jamal said I should watch black porn when I'm not with him," Jen told me without taking her eyes off the screen. "Black men fucking white wives. He said this is one of his favorite videos. He says the wife starts out innocent, but she's completely blacked by the end."

"Is that what Jamal plans with you?" I asked. My cock was rock hard and my heart was pounding. I moved to kiss her but she turned away.

"Mike baby, come on, I want to watch," she said, her eyes still locked on the action on the TV. I frowned but settled in bed next to her, both of us playing with ourselves.

I watched as the first scene ended, with the black man cumming in the white wife. The wife seemed completely overwhelmed by her first black experience. You could hear her husband asked "Did you like it?"

The wife seemed confused, like it was like nothing she had ever experienced before. She said she came a couple of times. She came so hard she squirted. She was so overwhelmed by the experience she teared up. It was clear her husband was beyond turned on by all of this.

Then the video showed the white wife with a series of black men. I was taken by all the kissing. During fucking, and before and after. So much kissing. Jen noticed it too. Reading my thoughts, she said "I told you black men are awesome kissers."

Jen's voice was husky. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyelids heavy with lust. "This video turns you on," I said to her.

"I guess I'm getting an appreciation for black men," Jen said with a helpless smile at me. "Jamal said I should watch black porn whenever I need an orgasm and I'm not with him. He said he wants to black me. So I'll only want black cock."

I stared at my wife. My insides were churning but my cock was incredibly hard. "You mean Jamal wants to share you with other black men?" I asked, my voice unsteady. "You said Jamal's not into sharing."

Jen shook her head as she said, "I don't know. He did say that. But …."

Jen's eyes were on the screen. I turned back to the screen too. The video showed the wife going through a series of black men. "I actually hope he doesn't want to share me," she said. "I like how he's possessive of me. And right now I just want Jamal. I don't want another man."

My eyes went wide with alarm. "Jen do you realize what you just said?" I asked, panic growing inside me.

"Mike, come on, you know I'm talking about the game," she said somewhat dismissively. "I wasn't talking about you. What I meant was, I just want to focus on Jamal in our game."

Her eyes returned to the TV. More black lovers. The wife never made the black men wear condoms, or pull out. There were a lot of creampie scenes with black sperm spilling out of her used pussy.

By about halfway through the 11 minute video, the white wife looked comfortable with her black lovers. Her "deer in the headlights" look from the first scene was gone. I noticed also that the wife had grown her hair longer. And then I noticed that the wife's breasts were bigger. She had gotten a boob job! It troubled me, because her small perky tits had been

so beautiful. She did that for her black lovers? It made me wonder if Jamal had ever asked Jen to get bigger breasts.

Then it happened. At about the 7 minute mark, it shown the wife sucking a big thick black cock. It must have been early on in her exploration with black men, because she still had short hair. The picture captured by the husband (I assumed it was the husband videoing) showed the wife wearing her (his!) gold wedding band and diamond engagement ring. But then the video transitioned to something that happened later. You could tell it was later because now the wife had long hair. And she had bigger tits, so it was after her breast enhancement. The wife was sucking another black cock. But now, the rings were gone. The wife was ringless!

What happened? Did the wife divorce her husband? Or had she just stopped wearing her rings because her black lovers told her too?

I moaned at the sight of the scene. At the sight of her ringless left hand. And then I came, even though I was barely touching myself.

I was panting, recovering from my orgasm. I looked over at Jen. Her eyes were still focused on the TV as she lightly ran circles over her clit with her fingertip. She was so into the action on the screen that I don't think she noticed that I came.

Without turning her eyes from the TV, she said "Jamal said I should watch black porn when you go down on me. That way, it'll make sure I'm thinking about black men when I'm cumming. He says that'll help black me."

I stared at Jen's beautiful face, still breathing hard from my orgasm. She turned her eyes from the TV screen and looked at me. "What are you thinking Mike?" she asked me. "Do you want me to go black like that girl?"

"Jen …," I sputtered. Having just cum, I was flooded with doubt and anxiety. Jamal was trying to condition my wife to desire only black men.

Even worse, he was conditioning her to think of me as less than a man, as being entitled to no part of her sexual life even though I was her husband.

"Mike, come on, eat me out, make me cum," Jen said imploringly.

I hesitated only a moment more. I got between her legs and went down on her. I licked and ate her out as she watched the white girl on the TV – the girl who grew her hair longer, who made her breasts bigger, who stopped wearing her wedding ring, all for black men – I ate my wife's pussy as she watched the white girl get transformed to a cum bucket for black men.

Afterwards, Jen snuggled with me. I thought she had drifted off to sleep, but then she got up. She washed my dick with a soapy wash cloth, and put it back in the cage. I was submissive, not objecting at all as she once again took away my manhood.

"I think it's good to keep you caged," she told me as she locked the small lock. Her voice wasn't harsh. If anything it was loving. "If you only cum when you're with me, you don't get so down."

"So, are you gonna do what Jamal says?" I asked, anxiety in my voice. "Watch black porn whenever you need an orgasm?"

"It was kinda hot, right?" Jen said with a lopsided grin at me. "You got off on it too, right? I heard you cum when the girl took off her rings. Jamal says he has lots of videos like that."

"Jen … I don't want you to take off your rings," I told her.

"I'm not Mike," Jen assured me, smiling at me. "I'm just saying, that's when you came."

I was silent. She was right. That's when I came. At time 7:12 in the video. I had noted the time, because I knew I'd watch it again. And I'd probably cum again at that scene.

"So anyways, Jamal wants Saturdays to be our regular date nights," Jen said. "Do you mind?"

I stared at her. She wanted to go out every Saturday? What about family time with Anna?

Reading my thoughts, she assured me "It'll only be Saturday nights, I promise. And not every Saturday. Just when we're not doing anything." She reached over and squeezed my hand. "You're my priority Mike. If we're doing something, then I'll tell Jamal that. You're my man baby. You are. You know that right?"

Jen said all the right words. But why wasn't I reassured? Tonight was supposed to be my turn. But I'd cum with my own hand. And her foot. She hadn't touched me at all, or even kissed me. And then she came with me licking her as she watched black porn. There was no way she had been thinking of me at all as she orgasmed. My tongue had been nothing more than a sex toy. I could have been an electric vibrator for all she had thought about me while she climaxed.

Jen rolled to her side. She held my hand so I rolled with her, spooning her. It was how we always slept. Jen seemed to fall asleep easily. But it took me a long time before I fell asleep.

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The following Saturday, Jen told me Jamal wanted an evening alone with her. I argued at first, but Jen reminded me that Jamal had said from the start that sometimes they'd go out alone, and I had agreed. Also, this was their fourth date and only the first time Jamal asked for this, so it wasn't an unreasonable request.

What bothered me the most was Jen taking Jamal's side. I hated when she took the side of another man. I mean, in my head I knew that was bound to happen. Whenever you have a triangle like ours, Jen would usually take my side, but it was inevitable that sometimes she would take the side of

the other man. That's just how human dynamics worked. It was how life worked.

But while all this was reasonable in my head, it still pained my heart whenever my wife took the side of the other man. I mean, what husband wouldn't be hurt by that? Even in normal marriages, it caused pain in the husband when his wife took the side of another man. But in our relationship – with Jen being sexually intimate with the other man – the pain and angst and anxiety were multiplied a thousand times.

Jen assured me though that this was all Jamal's idea. If it was up to her, she would definitely want me there. She told me she wasn't even taking Jamal's side (she knew I hated when she did that). She was just trying to be a peace maker.

At the end, I agreed to it. I mean, all their arguments were reasonable and I couldn't say no without coming across as a jerk. There was another reason too. Jen and I decided to stay again in the loft apartment. It was too far from New York City to Montclair, and I didn't want her doing that trip alone so late at night. The loft apartment worked a lot better.

But Callie wasn't available to babysit. And the near disaster with Anna last Saturday was still too fresh in my mind. So it was better for Jen to go to Jamal's apartment while I stayed at the loft apartment with our daughter.

We had a good family day in New York City. That evening, the three of us had dinner at the French bistro which was just down the street from the loft apartment. Anna was disappointed that our favorite waiter wasn't there (Ferdinand). A waitress told us that Ferdinand worked a few jobs to support himself, so he was probably working one of his other gigs tonight.

After dinner, we played board games back in the loft apartment. Anna loved to play Twister. Jen and I had played that game all the time back in college and when we were young newlyweds. I was delighted Anna liked the game, because now it was becoming a family thing.

I knew that Jen and Joe played Twister to seduce each other, back when she was having sex with my brother behind my back. I tried not to think about that as the 3 of us laughed and played on the floor as we tangled themselves into Twister pretzels. There were some things that shouldn't be part of the game. Things that should be just me, my wife and my daughter.

It was around 8pm when we finally got Anna to sleep (after giving her a bath and reading books in her bed). Jen went into our bedroom to get ready for her date. I sat on the bed to watch her dress. Watching my wife getting ready to be with another man was always gut wrenching, but so deliciously hot too.

Jen walked out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her. When she dropped it, my eyes immediately went down to her pussy. For most of our time together, she kept herself completely bare, except for a small blonde landing strip. She had shaved the landing strip off when Cam asked her too. Now she was growing it back for Jamal.

"So I guess you're still a natural blonde," I said, looking at the short strip of silky blonde turf.

"You guess?" Jen said with a half laugh. She was patting herself dry with the towel.

"I'm just joking," I said.

"I know you are," she said back. Now she was looking at the mirror as she ran a brush through her long blonde hair. She was talking to me, but her attention was someplace else. Her focus was on getting ready for her date with Jamal.

I watched Jen brush her hair to a silky luster. Then she put on her makeup. Like last time, she wore her makeup heavier than usual, with darker tones, especially around her eyes. It gave her a more sophisticated, runway model look.

Then she put on a bra, thong, garter belt and stockings. Then a tight, low cut, short dress. Then heels. I was pretty sure I'd never seen the dress before. Or the lingerie. Or the high heels. The heels were Louboutin's. I could see the sexy red soles as she stood with her back to me, looking at herself in the mirror.

"You bought a new outfit?" I asked as she turned this way and that in the mirror, making sure she looked perfect for her date.

Jen turned to look at me. It was like she was noticing I was there, for the first time since we put Anna to bed. "Do you mind?" she asked me.

I shook my head, telling her I didn't mind. But she sensed the unease inside me. She walked over to me, the stilettos of her new expensive Louboutin's sinking into the carpet of our bedroom. She affectionately stroked my cheek and said "It's just, Jamal's in high demand. If I want to keep his interest, I've got to look pretty for him. You get that, right Mike?"

"Yeah, I understand," I said, my voice suddenly hoarse from excitement.

"I'll pay you back once I start working again," she offered.

Her words cut at my soul. They cut at my manhood, at my role as her provider. "Jen, you don't have to pay me back," I told her immediately. "I'm your husband. I support you and Anna. The reason I want you to go back to work, it's not because we need the money. It's for other things."

"I know that Mike," Jen said immediately. It was like she knew she said the wrong thing.

"The money I make is our money," I said, pressing the point. "You don't need my permission to buy a new outfit." With my heart in my throat, I added "Even if you're getting it for another man."

Jen gave me a sympathetic smile and stroked my face again. "Everything I buy is for you," she told me. "I'll wear it for you more than I ever will for Jamal, or anyone else."

I nodded. But I knew it wasn't true. What Jen and I did in real life was different than what she did with her lovers in the game. We didn't go to hot bars or trendy restaurants. We had a daughter. We were a settled married couple. There weren't opportunities for her to dress like this. It's not like she could wear the dress she bought for Jamal, which was just shy of being slutty, to our neighborhood parties. She always dressed sexy to the parties, but the dress she had bought for Jamal was borderline scandalous.

Jen waited patiently for me to say something. She was used to long pauses of silence from me. Sometimes my head went to other places. She used to get irritated when I zoned out like that, but now, especially since we started playing the game again, she just waited to see if I was going to say something.

After a few long moments of my silence, Jen said "Well, I guess I better go. I don't want to be late."

I grabbed her hand. "When will you be home?" I asked her. I tried to keep the panic and desperation I was feeling out of my voice.

"Tonight. Or early tomorrow I guess. Don't worry baby. I'll be home. I won't sleep with him."

I nodded. I didn't say anything. I didn't trust my voice. I was too turned on, and too emotional. I didn't want Jen to hear my voice crack.

Jen gave me a brief kiss on the lips. "I love you Mike," she said. Then she was gone. The last evidence of her were the click-clacking of her new Louboutin's as she walked across the hardwood floors to the door.

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Chapter 44

Jen took a taxi to the address Jamal had texted her. He had offered to pick her up at the loft apartment. In fact, he told her he WANTED to pick her up, like a real date. Jen didn't want that though. She didn't want her future neighbors to see her going out with a man who wasn't her husband. If it'd been a white guy, maybe she could've gotten away with it. But not Jamal. He was a big man and very black. People would remember her being with him. Jen didn't want to start their new life in the loft apartment with rumors about her flying around the neighborhood.

Jamal was standing outside the door, waiting for her. They both smiled as they saw each other, like the new lovers they were. Jen melted into Jamal's arms as they kissed. When he put his hand possessively behind her neck, her knees got weak. The kiss went on and on. Jamal loved to kiss as much as her.

Jamal led Jen into their destination. It was an old warehouse in Harlem. A portion of the warehouse had been converted into an African American cultural center. One of Jamal's friends had rented the space for a private party.

The scene was like the speakeasy. Almost everyone there was black. There were a few white girls there, attached to the arms of black men, like her. As far as Jen could tell, all the white girls were beautiful and wearing sexy dresses and high heels. They were white trophies for their black boyfriends, just like her. Jen didn't see any white men.

Once again feeling like a minority, it made Jen wonder if it was always going to be this way with Jamal. She was kinda getting used to it, although probably it would never feel completely normal to her. Still, the black men there were easy on the eyes. As she'd told her husband the other day, she was developing an appreciation for African American men.

Jamal saw Jen admiring the black men around her. He smiled inside. He was pleased. He didn't mind that she was eyeing the brothers. It was all

part of turning this pretty white wife to the black side. Getting her to see that black was beautiful. Soon she'd crave only black men, and not give the time of day to white boys. Especially her sissy tiny dicked husband.

"So, are you enjoying black porn?" Jamal asked with an intrigued smile as they strolled around the cultural center. They were each holding a glass of champagne. He had his arm possessively around her tiny waist.

"I watched the one you said," Jen replied. "It's hot."

"You wish it was you with all those black men?" Jamal asked with a grin at her.

Jen laughed and shook her head, but didn't otherwise reply.

"You watched it with Mike?" Jamal asked.

"Once with Mike," Jen said. "And twice by myself." When Jamal looked at her, she giggled and said "I told you it was hot." They both laughed.

"Have you watched any others? Black men with white wives?"

"I've explored around a little," Jen said, looking somewhat embarrassed. Jamal was pleased that she was masturbating to married white girls having sex with black men. It was all part of her indoctrination. Blacking this pretty white wife.

He was also charmed that she was embarrassed by it. He liked that. Many of the hot wives he dated were so worldly and brazen that they had no inhibitions with having sex with black men. Those girls were fun because they were experienced and up for anything. But Jen was different. Even though she was far from being a faithful wife, she was still embarrassed and regretful (to some extent) about violating her marriage vows, especially with black men. Girls like Jen were hotter than the others. Corrupting them to the black side was so delicious. Thinking about it got Jamal's cock hard.

“I thought black men don’t like to share?” Jen asked, referring to how the girl in the video had sex with many black men instead of being exclusive to one.

Jamal knew she was talking about the video. “The brothers call that girl a free agent,” he explained. “Maybe her husband didn’t want her focused on just one lover.”

“She took off her wedding ring,” Jen pointed out.

“It happens sometimes,” Jamal said with a shrug.

“So you think she and her husband broke up?” Jen asked.

“Not necessarily,” Jamal said. “Some white wives feel it’s a sign of disrespect to wear their wedding rings when they’re with their black lovers.”

Jen frowned. “But isn’t that disrespecting their husbands?” she asked.

“Well, yes, I suppose,” Jamal said reasonably. “I suppose it depends on the wife’s priorities.”

Jen’s frowned depended. “Well, just so you know, my priority’s Mike. When we played before, sometimes I took off my rings when I was with Scott. I won’t do that again.”

“Maybe that’s what Mike wants,” Jamal said back. He had experience with cuckold husbands like Mike. He had a good feel for what turned them on.

“He just told me today he doesn’t want me to take off my rings,” Jen said. “His rings.”

“But what he says isn’t always what his little white boy dick wants, is it?” Jamal said with a knowing smile at Jen. “But in any case, if we do keep

seeing each other, maybe someday you can do something for me. Something to remind you of me when we're not together."

"Like what?" Jen asked.

Jamal smiled and said "Let's talk about it later. When you're ready."

They didn't stay long at the cultural center. Jamal just wanted to continue to get Jen used to being around black people, especially black men with their white girlfriends (their married white trophies). But he wanted to make best used of his time with her. This was the first time he had her all to himself without her husband, and he intended to show her what being with a black man was really all about. He intended to give her tight sexy body more pleasure than she had ever experienced before in her life.

Back in his apartment, Jamal spent a lot of time with foreplay. He had learned that Jen liked to kiss. To her, sex wasn't all about physical pleasure. It was romance too. So Jamal gave her what she wanted. It was no hardship, as he liked to kiss too, and Jen had very soft lips.

Jamal kissed and fondled Jen (over her clothes) for a long time. He was certain she was used to white boys wanting to go for it. Some obligatory kissing and petting, and then wanting their cocks in her mouth or pussy. The black bull though was patient. His thing was to give hot wives like Jen what they wanted. To give them what they were missing from their husbands and other white lovers. That's why trophies like Jen always came back to him.

Then Jamal got on his knees between Jen's legs, and went down on her. He took his time eating her pussy. He pulled her soaking panties to the side and pushed a finger in, exploring her, finding her g-spot. He edged her, bringing her to the brink of an orgasm and then pulling back, teasing her, building her up so when she finally came, the orgasm would explode inside her.

Jamal caressed between her cheeks, grazing his finger along her sensitive sandbar, and then over her ass. Jen was panting, writhing, clawing at the sheets, begging him to let her cum. But Jamal took his time. He pushed a finger into her delicate asshole. He wasn't going to fuck her ass tonight. But he wanted to get her ready, let her know that it was coming. He planned to take Jen's ass when Mike was watching. He wanted the sissy white boy husband to be there when his wife surrendered her ass to him.

"Please Jamal! Please!" Jen pleaded. It was when the white wives begged that really got the black man hard. He decided her body was ready. He used his fingers and tongue. His tongue on her clit. His finger inside her, rubbing her g-spot. Another finger inside her ass. Stimulating all 3, Jamal brought Jen to a massive orgasm. She threw her head back and arched her back, and her pretty manicured toes curled in the new Louboutin heels as she climaxed. She wailed and cried out as orgasmic pleasure exploded through her sexy married body.

Jamal cradled her as she panted and came down from her orgasm. If he wanted, he could've licked and fingered her to a second orgasm. Some dudes (both white and black) were like that, thinking that the number of times you made a chick cum counted for everything.

But Jamal knew better. After making Jen cum so hard, he knew her emotions were open to him. She was vulnerable. That's how girls were. It was their human nature. In the moments after an explosive orgasm, girls couldn't help feeling affection for the man who brought her to that level of sexual bliss. Especially a girl like Jen who craved the romance of a relationship, as much as the physical pleasure.

So Jamal knew it was the time for more romance. He cradled Jen in his strong arms, hugging her, holding her possessively, lavishing her pretty face with soft kisses, whispering little nothings in her ear about how pretty and sexy she was. All girls wanted to be complimented, and Jamal sensed that Jen was even more that way. So he told her how gorgeous she was, that she had such a sexy body, her ass and legs were so fine, her little breasts were so beautiful.

Only then did Jamal finally strip Jen, leaving on only her stockings and high heels. He kissed her again, and caressed her body. He got her hot again, and soon she was breathing hard, her nipples were like little marbles, her pussy was aching and soaking. She was moaning into his mouth as he kissed her, as their tongues danced, and then Jen was urgently tearing at Jamal's clothes. This is what Jamal wanted. He could have stripped himself. But he wanted his hot wives to crave his body so much that they were the ones tearing off his clothes.

"Fuck me Jamal!" Jen begged him. "Please! I want you inside me! Now! Please! Please fuck me!"

Jamal started with Jen in the missionary position. He knew his cock was big – bigger than most men, even most black men – so he wanted to start slow. Also, being on top, he could continue to kiss and fondle the pretty white married girl.

Then Jamal spun Jen onto her hands and knees. He knew the blonde wife was a submissive. She wanted to be controlled. To be manhandled. To be treated like a piece of meat, like a slut, like a cheap whore. There was no better position for that, than slamming a girl from behind. Jamal also knew Jen fantasized about being raped. He had guided Joe on how to "rape" his sister-in-law. Jamal had more thoughts about making Jen's fantasy come true. By the time he was done with her, she would feel like she had been really raped. But not tonight. That was for the future.

Jen came again as Jamal pounded her from behind. He felt her body tense and her fingers claw at the sheets as she came. Her pretty face was buried in the mattress, but he could still clearly hear her moans as she cried out as her body climaxed.

Even as Jen was cumming, Jamal spun her around again, his long black cock never leaving her white married pussy. Jamal was on his knees between Jen's open legs, their bodies connected with his cock inside her. He held Jen at her hips, her body suspended over the mattress. No part of

her body touched the bed. Even the red sexy soles of the Christian Louboutin high heels hovered off the bed.

This was a position that Jamal loved to use with hot wives like Jen. It showed her better than anything else the stark difference between his powerful black body and that of her husband Mike and also the other white lovers she'd had in the past.

Jamal had seen pictures of Scott, the dude she had divorced Mike for. He had to admit, that whitey was a man, not a boy like Mike. But Scott had gotten his physique through the gym and sports. That was nothing like Jamal. The black man had gotten his muscular body through hard labor, working construction as a boy to help his family make ends meet, and then again as a young man to help pay for college. That kind of grueling physical activity, every day, 12 hours a day, for years, that sculpted Jamal's body and core into powerful steel, his arms and legs like mighty granite.

Gripping Jen at her hips, Jamal moved her back and forth over his manhood, his cock going in and out of her pussy like a piston, impaling his cock into her as he slammed her to him, then stroking her clit and g-spot over his long thick shaft as he moved her forward, and then slamming her back again, over and over, ramming her back and forth!

Jen was dizzy, confused. No man had ever taken her this way before. Her body was suspended off the bed, it was like gravity no longer existed. She looked at Jamal in amazement, marveling at the way his muscles and tendons flexed and tensed as he moved her body back and forth. The sight took her breath away. Her mouth was partly open, breathing hard, her eyes on him, partly closed because of lust, her long blonde hair the only part of her touching the bed, sliding along the mattress as he fucked her suspended over the bed.

No man had ever done her this way before. He held her off the bed like she weighted nothing. The power in his body, his arms, his thighs, his core, it was amazing! So powerful! This was how a MAN fucked a girl! Jamal was such a MAN!

And it felt amazing! His big cock inside her, filling her up, stretching her, rubbing against her clit and g-spot with every stroke, it felt amazing! Jamal felt freaking amazing!

Jen came once. And then again. Or maybe it was just a single orgasm that never stop. She was moaning the entire time, her words incoherent, she was incoherent. She felt like she was going to pass out, the pleasure was too intense, it was almost too much, she felt it everywhere, her clit, her nipples, in her toes, her fingers, her scalp. It went on forever, Jamal relentlessly drilling her, he was amazing, his stamina was amazing, he never seemed to tire, he was such a MAN!

Finally she cried out, "Jamal, stop, please! I can't anymore!" The black man did stop, he gently laid her on the bed, tenderly cradling her, treating her like a cherished thing, his cock still hard and deep inside her body. Jen was panting, her body jerking from all the orgasms, tingling, her body aglow.

Jen felt his cock still inside her, and it filled her up, she liked the feel of being so full, it was comforting. She melted into Jamal's chest, gripping his muscular arms, marveling at the power of his beautiful body. His beautiful black body.

She felt sex out. She still desired Jamal. He was so freaking sexy, and his cock so amazing, his cock felt so freaking good inside her. But he had really used her. She was sexed out. She felt used up. She couldn't go anymore.

Jamal sensed it. "You can't give up on me now babe," he said as he lavished her pretty face with tender kisses. "You gotta let me cum."

"I don't know," Jen said uncertainly, still panting, still pressing her face against his chest, his powerful arms still wrapped possessively around her. "I want to, but, I don't think I can go anymore."

“I think my baby doll here needs a little pick me up,” Jamal said, reaching towards the side table. Jen saw he held a small plastic bag of white powder. Cocaine.

“You just need a little bump girl,” he told her with a grin, his gold teeth shining in the lamp light.

Jen warily looked at the coke. She knew she was doing too much drugs. They made her feel incredible, but that was the problem. She didn’t want to get addicted. And also, if she did a bump now it would give her the energy to keep going, but then she’d crash be even more exhausted tomorrow. And her plan had been to be super affectionate with Mike tomorrow. To focus all her attention on her husband tomorrow, to make it up to him for spending so much time with her black lover.

“I know you want it babe,” Jamal said, cupping Jen’s breast and rolling her nipple with his thumb. He kissed down her neck behind her ear and huskily whispered “Your hot body needs more fucking. Your pretty pussy wants more, I can tell.”

The truth was, Jen did want more. Her body desired more. Craved more of Jamal’s big – black – cock.

Jamal moved his hand down Jen’s body, over her perky tits and sexy flat stomach, to her pussy. “You grew this for me,” he said, rubbing his black thumb over the sparse blonde hair of her landing strip. “Didn’t you?”

Jen nodded her head as she said “Yes.” Her answer made Jamal break out into a big smile.

“A little coke won’t hurt you,” Jamal promised. He moved his hand lower, so now his thumb was lightly rubbing over her clit. “You want more, don’t you baby doll?” he whispered as his lips nuzzled her neck behind her ear, and his thumb rubbed her clit.

"Fuck," Jen moaned, her back arching. Jamal was still deep inside her, so the motion shot bolts of pleasure through her tight sexy body.

"Okay, yeah, give me some, a small one," she said, and Jamal's smile got even bigger. He dipped his finger into the powder, and brought it to Jen's nose. Jen sniffed hard, and immediately she rolled her head back and gasped as the cocaine flood her body and senses. Then Jen felt Jamal's finger pressed against her other nostril. He had gotten more coke and wanted her to snort more. It was more than Jen wanted, but without thinking about it, she sniffed hard again, and again she gasped. She pressed her head against Jamal's chiseled chest. "Fuck … god … fuck," she gasped. "God Jamal …."

"You ready to go again now?" Jamal asked.

It took Jen a long moment, but then she panted, "Yeah, yeah." And now she WAS ready for more. Now she was wide awake and energized, she felt more alive than ever before, she felt confident, exuberate, her body tingled with anticipation, wanting to be fucked more by this wonderful man and his BBC!

Jamal grinned. He spun Jen back onto her hands and knees, and started fucking her again.

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Jamal fucked Jen for almost another hour. He took her in many positions. During that time, he made the white married wife cum again and again. So many times, Jen lost count.

He finally finished with Jen on her back, in the missionary position. This is how he liked to cum. With the hot wife's arms around his neck. Her legs on his shoulders, close to her ears. Kissing her. Fucking her with slow, deep thrusts as they looked into each other's eyes, as they panted into the other's face, as they kissed.

This part was making love. Before it had all been fucking. But now he was making love to the pretty hot wife. By now, Jen was worn out, tire, spent. Mike would say she was well fucked. Her pussy was stretched and ruined. Jamal knew her body would ache tomorrow. She'd be useless to her husband. Still, he was going to eke out one more orgasm from her tight married body. And he was going to do it not by fucking, but by making love to her.

Jen sensed Jamal was about to cum. She wrapped her stockinged legs around his muscular thighs, digging the stilettos of her heels into the back of his calves. "Cum inside me," she urged him.

"You want my black seed inside you baby doll?" Jamal growled as his orgasm got closer, as he pushed harder and deeper into Jen's married white pussy.

"Yeah baby," Jen moaned. "Cum side me. I want to feel you cum inside me."

"You're off the pill right?" Jamal asked.

"Is that what you want?" Jen said in a taunting voice. "You wanna get me pregnant?"

"Yeah baby doll," Jamal said as he pounded his cock into Jen's pussy, thrusting harder and deeper. Now she was talking every inch of his cock. Her pussy was finally stretched enough to take all of him.

Jamal put his hands on her sexy flat stomach and said "I want this stomach to get fat with my black baby."

"Oh god yeah Jamal!" Jen told him, as his thrusting was pushing her close to another orgasm. "Yeah, give me your black cum! Make me pregnant! I want your black baby!"

Moments later, Jamal growled as he came, emptying his balls into Jen's pussy. Then, as before, he kept his cock plugged deep inside her, and raised her legs up. He kept her that way for long moments, allowing gravity to do its thing and flood her womb with his sperm, maximizing the chance that his black seed would find and claim her white eggs. All during this time, Jamal tenderly kissed Jen's pretty face, both of them panting and their hearts pounding, kissing and whispering sweet nothings to her. Finally he let her legs down and slowly pulled out.

Jen collapsed into Jamal's hard chest as he put his arms around her. She panted into his sculpted pectorals as she tried to recover from their sex. Her thoughts were all over the place, partly from the coke, mostly from the incredible fucking Jamal had just given her. He had so used her body, and she loved it.

As Jen came down from her orgasm– and Jamal had indeed made her cum one more time through making love to her – her thoughts and feelings focused. She felt herself growing closer to this black man. She knew it was simple human nature. A girl couldn't receive so much physical pleasure from a man, she couldn't be so intimate with him, without developing some feelings for him. She was used to this. It had happened before with other lovers. Scott. Cam. Doug.

Jen knew the more time she spent with a man, the more times his manhood was inside her, the more times their bodies were joined as one, the more times he came inside her, all that made the connection between them grow stronger. It was just human nature. Really, you could sum it all up in one word. Romance. Jen didn't try to stop it. It was a big part of why she liked the game. It was a big part of why Mike liked the game.

Still, Jen's growing affection for Jamal was hard for her to reconcile. He was black, and she had never been into black men. He acted like a raciest, although she didn't really think he was. Jen sensed resentment in Jamal against white people. But not all white people. After all, he was nice to her. And to Joey too. And maybe Jamal had the right to be resentful. She wasn't an expert on black/white relations, but she wasn't blind to things

either. Probably things had happened to Jamal in his life that made him the way he was.

Unbeknownst to Jen, as Jamal held her, he was thinking similar thoughts. He was feeling something for this girl. This was unusual for him. Sure, he liked the hot wives he fucked, it wasn't unusual for him to feel some affection to them, but to actually have romantic feelings for a girl was unusual for him. Jamal was like a hired gun. He was a bull to kinky couples like Mike and Jen who wanted to add the taboo spice of a black man into their sex life. Jamal gave them what they wanted, and he got back what he wanted – to show the white wife how superior black men were over white boys.

That's what got Jamal off. That moment, when he sees it in the hot wife's eyes – that she realizes her husband isn't really a man, he's at most a platonic friend, not someone she should ever want to have sex with again. That moment she realizes her husband is just a sissy boy who gets off sucking cock. And then after that realization, the only reason she ever lets his little boy dick into her mouth or pussy again is because she has to because they're married, but their sex will never ever be anything more than pity sex.

But for Jamal to harbor feelings for a hot wife – that was unusual. But that's what was happening with Jen. Why this girl? He wasn't sure. Maybe because she was prettier than most. Sexier than most. She fucked better than most. And she had an innocence about her, even though she was far from being a faithful wife. Maybe Jamal sensed that Jen was shameful of the latent prejudice she felt against black people, she was ashamed of those terrible feelings and was fighting against them, and he liked her for it. Who knows? Who knows why a guy likes a girl, or vice versa? But that's how Jamal felt. He liked this girl.

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Jen's Saturday night dates with Jamal continued. I expected – and feared – that she would want to spend more time with her black lover, but she

never asked. I could tell she looked forward to her date night. It usually started around Thursday, when I'd see her texting more with Jamal. They talked on the phone too, with Jen calling him as much as he called her, both of them getting excited about their plans for the upcoming weekend. It hurt seeing my wife so excited when he called, or she got his text, or as their date night approached. It was like her heart flipped whenever he texted or called. But it was nothing like how it'd been with Scott, when he was the focal point of her life and I was just an afterthought.

Outside of their dates, Jen's focus was still on me. She made a point of giving me a lot of attention. She didn't mention Jamal unless I brought him up. Some might say she did all this because she was guilty about having a boyfriend (and by this point, I think both of us considered Jamal her boyfriend). So she was compensating by giving me extra attention when she wasn't with Jamal.

But I liked to think it was because she was happy. And I was making her happy. Me. Because I let her explore and grow her relationship with Jamal. Isn't that what a husband was supposed to do? Sure, I know our marriage was unconventional. But wasn't a husband supposed to do everything he could to make his wife happy?

My cock was in the cage most of the time. I think Jen would've freed me if I asked. But I didn't. This was who I was. I was a cuckold. I had a little dick. Jamal had a huge cock. Jen was a goddess and she deserved a man's cock. Not my dick. What Jen called her "little guy."

Jen let me out of the cage on weekends. She unlocked the cage before her date with Jamal, and then put it back on sometime Sunday. Usually it took me a while to get hard. In fact, each time it seemed to take longer. Maybe being cage had a cumulative effect? My dick didn't seem to be getting smaller though. At least not yet. Jen sometimes teased me that I wanted to get smaller. If my dick was smaller, I'd feel even more useless to her sexually, and that would make my cuckold fantasies even hotter. Honestly I didn't want my dick to get smaller. But I admit whenever she teased me like this, I got super hard.

I don't remember the last time my dick was in Jen's pussy. Or her mouth. Jen used her hand on me, or her feet sometimes. Mostly it was self-gratification for me. I stroked myself as I watched Jen with Jamal, or when we were alone during our sexy pillow talks.

A few times I tried to climb on top of Jen but she stopped me. I offered to wear a condom but she stopped me. She said Jamal wanted only his cock in her body. Only his black seed in her body. He said it was part of turning her black.

So this whole thing of Jen going black … I think she was just bullshitting me. Jen was just pushing my buttons. She knew it got me hot. It got me jealous and it hurt when she denied me her body, when she kept her mouth and pussy exclusively for Jamal, but the jealousy and hurt and angst just fed my cuckold lust. It was like gasoline on the cuckold fire burning inside me.

I didn't think though that Jamal was a serious risk to my long term marriage with Jen. Not like Scott had been. She just wasn't into black men. Sure, she might be lusting over Jamal now, but I could never see her in a real romantic relationship with him. People just didn't change spots like that.

Eventually she'd tire of Jamal. And then it would be just us again. It would take time to get back to where we were, but we'd get there. Jen needed to see me as a sexual partner again. More than just her husband. Maybe I'd never again be her primary sexual partner; I think we both loved the game too much to ever stop completely. But we were married, I was her husband, and I wanted us to eventually have sex again.

Real sex. Intercourse. Making love. And I wanted Jen to enjoy it. I wanted my wife to sexually desire me again.

I knew it would take time to get back to that. But I felt like we'd get there eventually. Maybe we'd decide to have another baby, and that would get us there faster.

Still, I missed my wife's mouth. And her pussy. Especially her pussy. A husband needs his wife's pussy sometimes. But Jen's condition was I had to ask Jamal for permission. She assured me that if I promised to wear a condom, Jamal would likely agree. I still had some pride though. I wasn't going to ask another man for permission to make love to my own wife. To me that was crossing a line. And I didn't want Jen to see me ask Jamal that. I'd really be letting go of my manhood. My pride. Especially if my wife saw me do it.

But I was going out of my mind. I needed to be inside Jen again. I needed that physical connection with my wife. I could fill up the Jen meter only so much by hugging and holding hands. I needed sexual intimacy with her.

It hurt me that she didn't seem to have the same need. She used to say that she needed to regularly make love to me just for the emotional connection, even if she didn't get physical pleasure from it. She didn't say that anymore. It scared me. Because it meant she was getting that emotional connection (as well as the physical pleasure) from Jamal.

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"So anyways," Jen began one evening. We were in bed after putting Anna down for the night. "Jamal invited us to a party this weekend."

"Us?" I asked with a wry grin. I went with them on about half of their dates. But it was never "us." Or "we" (meaning me and Jen). It was always the two of them together, with me a third wheel. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't complaining. I savored the angst of being the odd man out, the jealousy of seeing my wife holding hands with another man, the hurt when she forgot about me when things go hot and heavy with Jamal. But going on their dates definitely wasn't us.

"Okay, well," Jen said with a grin, blushing for a moment as she brushed her hair behind her ear. "But anyways, I think you'll like it. Jamal says it's a husbands party."

"A what?"

"I don't know if that's the official name. That's just what J calls it."

I nodded slowly. Lately Jen had started calling Jamal "J." I was still getting my head around the idea that she had a pet name for him. "So what is it?" I asked.

"It's a party for people like us," Jen said. "Mixed couples. A black man and a white wife. And her husband."

"Wow. Seriously?"

"I know, right?" Jen said with another grin. "Jamal thinks you'll like it. You can watch us together. And talk with other husbands. And this might be a good time to ask Jamal. You know. About us having sex."

I frowned at her. "We could have sex right now Jen," I told her, some bitterness in my voice. "You could unlock the cage and we could make love right now."

Jen frowned at me, but it was a pretend frown. It was a pretend frown that said "you're acting like a baby but I know the angst is part of it for you so I'm gonna just roll with it."

"Oh don't be a martyr," she said a pretend pout to match her pretend frown. "You know that's not our game Mike. Right? You're my husband and I belong to you, but in our game you have to ask Jamal to have sex with me. That's our game right now."

I frowned at Jen. My frown was real. It was a stubborn, obstinate frown. But I ached to have sex with her. I was desperate to feel her sweet silky pussy around my cock again. "I'll think about it," I told her.

"I want to be there when you ask him," Jen said immediately.

"Why? Did Jamal tell you to say that?"

"No baby," Jen said with a grin at me. "I just want to."

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Jen texted me the address of the husbands party. I was meeting them there.

This was something she'd started doing recently, beginning about a month ago. She went to Jamal's place early, in the early evening. It was like a pre-date. It allowed them to have a quickie before going out. Jen explained to me they needed that quickie because they lusted over each other so much after being apart for a week. Otherwise they ended up cutting their date short to rush back to his apartment to fuck, and neither of them wanted that because they enjoyed spending time together outside of the sex.

This bothered me on a number of levels. It showed their desire for each other was growing instead of tampering off. It showed their relationship truly was boyfriend/girlfriend and not just fuck buddies. It denied me the chance to watch Jen dress for her date (since she dressed at Jamal's place after their quickie). It meant my wife spent more time with her lover and not with me. But all this turned me on too.

Something that also bothered me – and it didn't add to my cuckold excitement – was the effect on Anna. Now, don't get me wrong. Jen did all she could to limit the impact on our daughter. She made sure we always

had a good family day on Saturday before she left. And she never left before dinner (albeit an earlier dinner on Saturday).

But Anna noticed that her mommy wasn't there on Saturdays to play Twister in the evening, to help with her bath, to read books and tuck her in. And it was EVERY Saturday. Anna noticed. Like I've said, she's a smart, inquisitive girl. Just like her mother.

Someone else who noticed was Callie. Callie was our 19 year old babysitter who was taking a gap year after high school to find herself. She'd been at the house a few times when Jen went out without me. She'd seen (more than once) when I went out alone to meet up with Jen (like tonight). She'd seen Jen dressed not like a soccer mom (or in our case with Anna, a gymnastics/ballet/modern dance mom) but a super hot MILF.

So why did I agree to Jen's "pre-dates"? Especially since she assured me she wouldn't do it if I said no?

Because I am who I am. I'm a cuckold. For me it's not just physical, it's emotional. What I mean is, I wanted it to be more than physical for Jen. With Jamal. I wanted it to be emotional for her too.

I wanted Jen to spend more time with Jamal. I wanted her to get closer to him. Even though I hated it.

Even though I hated it.

And yeah, it turned me on even more that Jamal was black. This was something new in our game. Something we didn't have with Scott, or Cam, or Blake. Once a girl goes black, she doesn't go back. That's what they say, right?

Like that young white wife in the video. I've watched that video a lot. I've managed to find a few more with that same girl. Always with black men. I

wondered a lot about her husband. When did he realize he was no longer in the equation?

At first it was just to add a little spice to their marriage. The taboo of a black man. The husband had been probably delighted his wife liked it so much the first time. Fuck, she liked it so much she teared up. She was probably confused and wanted to stop after that first time, but her reluctant probably emboldened the husband. He saw no risk to his marriage. So he pushed her to do it again. And again.

Eventually, he didn't have to push her anymore. Now his wife wanted black men. She lusted for them. She grew her hair longer. Got big fake tits. Instead of looking like a sweet innocent wife like at the start of the video, she ended up looking like a cheap well-used whore. And she stopped wearing her wedding ring. I wondered a lot about when the husband realized he had lost his wife. Where were they now? Were they still married? Did the girl ever have sex with her husband anymore? Or was her pussy reserved for just black men?

Could Jamal turn Jen black? So that, even after he was gone and out of our lives, she would desire only black men, like the girl in the video? Jen was already denying me sex. Like I said, I don't remember the last time I was in her pussy, or her mouth.

Here's the thing … I wanted Callie to think Jen was having an affair behind my back. I know I'm jumping all over the place. That's how I get, when I'm waiting for Jen to show up. I was already at the address she'd given me. I was waiting outside. At times like this, I get manic. My head races with thoughts.

So Callie … yeah. She was a pretty girl. She had a tight body. She was 19, all 19 year olds have tight bodies. And yes I noticed. I might be a cuckold but I'm not dead. And it turned me on that a pretty girl like Callie would think that Jen was cheating on me. Maybe she didn't understand why she was having an affair. After all, I was a nice guy. I was a good husband and father.

If Callie did more in with us as our nanny (while she went to college at Hostos), maybe we'd bump into each other in the bathroom, and she'd see my little dick. And then she'd begin to understand why Jen stepped out. And then eventually, she might see Jen with Jamal. She might see the outline of his cock in his jeans. And that's when Callie would truly understand. Now she would know why Jen cheated on me. Because I couldn't give Jen the sexual pleasure she needed. But a real man like Jamal could.

I didn't want to be outed as a cuckold. I didn't want our lifestyle to become public. That's why I wanted to move out of Montclair and back to New York City. Montclair was too claustrophobic. Everyone was in everyone else's business. On the other hand, NYC was so big, everyone was anonymous. And also, no one cared what you did. If you were into sharing your wife and keeping your cock in a cage, fine, whatever, no one cared.

But the thought that some people knew about our lifestyle thrilled me. Like Callie. There were other people too. Like Ben, my new personal assistant who was young and Jewish and seemed shy around girls (although letting Ben find out was only a fantasy; I'd never want that to actually happen, as I was strict about keeping our game separate from my work).

But there was one person – one girl – who knew about our lifestyle, and I was glad she knew. Allie, Jen's best friend from college (and still her BFF). Allie hated me at first, when we first met in college. While she might not have actively tried to get Jen to break up with me, she certainly didn't support our relationship.

But that was back then. Now we were friends. And Jen liked it that we were friends. She once told me that if something ever happened to her, she wanted me to marry Allie. She would want the 2 people she loved most in the world to be together.

I told Jen she was crazy of course. If something happened to her, I'd probably die the next day from loneliness and a broken heart. But I will

admit that Allie is probably the second prettiest girl I've ever met, next to Jen. I don't have any romantic feelings for Allie. But I guess I am kind of protective over her. Maybe even possessive to some extent. If she ever decided to get married again, I definitely want to meet the guy first. And you know, I think Allie would want me to meet him, and would want my opinion of him.

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Jamal's Cadillac drove by where I was standing in the darkened alley. It parked about a block away. Then I watched as they walked towards the house where the husbands party was taking place.

They walked close together, Jen's arm in his, their sides touching. The way a couple walked together. My heart twisted seeing my wife walking with another man like that. It was always that way. It made me feel so jealousy, there was so much angst, yet it was incredibly thrilling too. It was delicious. So fucking delicious.

But seeing them talking and laughing as they approached. They were so into each other. Jen was so into Jamal. The way she looked up at him. She had to look up, he towered over her, even in her high heels. The way she smiled at him.

There are certain smiles a wife should only give her husband. You know what I mean? The smiles that say I belong to you. That I'm really into you. That we're intimate. That you have the right to kiss me whenever you want. Touch my breasts whenever you want. Make love to me whenever you want. Yeah, those smiles.

And that's the way Jen was smiling at Jamal right now. It hurt to see that. Yes, it was exciting. But sometimes the pain gets too much. It's like I'm standing at the edge of the cliff, and the pain gets so bad I feel like I'm gonna fall over into the abyss.

But then they arrived at front of the house and Jen looked around for me. We had agreed to meet outside. She detached herself from Jamal. She was still holding his hand, but she detached herself from him and she looked around. She was looking for ME. She had a concerned look on her pretty face, like she was worried I'd gotten lost, or wasn't coming.

And that's all it took. It pulled me back from the cliff. It kept me from falling into the abyss.

Standing in the darkness of the alley, I watched them. They looked so good together. It was like when she'd been with Scott. A gorgeous girl like Jen should be with a handsome man like Scott. Or Jamal. It was natural. The way the world worked.

Jen shouldn't be with me. I was just an average looking guy. Jen was actually taller than me in those heels, and I didn't have a beach body, and my dick was smaller than average. For the millionth time, I wondered why she was with me. Why me, when she could have any man she wanted?

Jamal lit a cigarette as Jen looked around for me. He took a puff then offered it to her. I knew Jen was a social smoker. She didn't smoke at home – not around Anna – but when she went out she smoked sometimes. She took the offered cigarette and took a drag. It reminded me of that line in the song, Mr. Brightside. She handed it back to Jamal and they talked and laugh as they shared the cigarette. Jen stood close to him, talking with her hands, touching his arm and chest, smiling into his eyes. God they looked so much like a couple.

Finally I stepped out of the shadows. I looked hesitantly at her. When we were playing the game, I never knew where I stood with my wife. Was I there because she wanted me to be there? Or had she reluctantly invited me out of a sense of obligation?

On top of that, I was shy. Borderline recluse probably. And Jen was holding the hand of a big, handsome, imposing black man. I was socially awkward,

I didn't know what to do in most situations, and certainly not now. So I stood there, looking hesitant, not moving towards them.

When Jen saw me, she broke out into a big smile. She whispered something to Jamal – she had to get on her tiptoes in the Louboutin's to do so. Then she let his hand go and walked over to me.

"Hey stranger," she said with a lopsided grin. "Find the place okay?"

Jen didn't hug me or kiss me. At the moment she didn't belong to me. She was Jamal's. We both played the game well. I respected his rules. Although I desperately wanted to hug her.

"Yeah, you know …." I said. "Google maps." I had taken the subway. It was a lot faster than a taxi or Lyft.

I looked her up and down. I hadn't been able to watch her dress since she'd gone to Jamal's earlier for their pre-date.

She looked amazing! She wore an off-the-shoulder black dress. The dress barely clung to her shoulders. And it was incredibly short. It ended just below her pussy. And it hugged her body, hiding nothing, looking painted on. The dress was so filmy, if I rolled it up the whole thing would probably fit in my pocket. She was showing a lot of cleavage, more than she had. Somehow she wore a push up bra under that dress.

"God you look so hot!" I gushed. She did too. Her face was so beautiful. As usual, she wore heavier makeup for Jamal, so she looked like a movie star or super model. Her blonde hair seemed to shine in the moonlight, and it softly rolled off her exposed shoulders. She looked achingly hot.

"I know I look slutty," Jen said with a resigned shrug. She whispered "But Jamal likes me to dress this way, and I want to look pretty for him. You'll see tonight. So many girls want him. I'm trying to keep his interest."

I whispered back, "You know, you could break it off with Jamal, and find another guy."

Jen frowned at me. "I don't want that Mike," she said with a firm voice. "I'd be really upset if he broke up with me."

I was silent as I stared at her. I felt like my insides were being torn apart.

Jen sensed my feelings. She didn't want the evening to turn bad, so she stepped closer to me and whispered "Mike baby, you want me to have a boyfriend, right? And you want me to like him. If things ended with Jamal, it might take me a long time to find another guy I liked. That's all I'm saying. It's not like I love him."

"Is that true?" I asked her.

"Mike … yes," she said. I could tell she was losing her patience with me. She seemed anxious to return to Jamal.

But I needed to know something. "So you guys already had sex?" I asked her.

Jen nodded.

I couldn't help asking "Was it good?"

Jen grinned and rolled her eyes with delight and said "So good Mike."

"Jen, did you make him wear a condom?" I asked. "You're ovulating."

Jen had promised to make Jamal wear a condom when she was ovulating. She was on the pill, but it would be devastating to our family if she got pregnant with a black man's baby.

Jen looked down at her feet. "I know I promised that …," she began, looking sheepish.

"So you didn't make him use a condom?" I asked, frowning at her. "You let him cum inside you?"

"It's just …," she sputtered, looking guilty. "Jamal won't wear a condom. He's not like that. I know he won't. And if I insist on it … I'm not sure what he'll do."

She looked at me desperately, like she was begging me not to hold her to her promise. Because she didn't want to lose Jamal.

This was it. Right here. I could insist she keep her promise. And then I'd be making her pick between me and him. Would she pick me?

And if she didn't … how much damage would that do to our marriage?

She on was on the pill. She was protected. Why risk it? And also … the thought of his sperm inside her. Right now, his seed was inside her.

For months now, only his sperm had been inside her. Their hormones and DNA mixing. This was something I believed. About how that made 2 people grow closer. It got me hot. That Jamal was pumping my wife with his sperm, and his DNA was mixing with hers, and it was part of why they were growing closer.

And the fact that I had not been inside her … that my sperm and DNA weren't there to fight against Jamal's … it meant Jen's connection to me was growing weaker. It was only natural. It was the way our bodies worked. It was why sex was so important to keep a marriage strong. But Jen wasn't having sex with me. Only Jamal. She was only letting Jamal have her body. She was only letting Jamal cum inside her.

"Mike are you okay?" Jen asked, breaking me from my reverie. If her voice had carried impatience like a moment ago, it would have destroyed me. But my wife knew how I got. Sometimes my head drifted to places. So her voice was kind, not impatient.

"Yeah …," I said. I was breathing hard. My heart was pounding. My cock was swollen (although still soft inside the plastic tube of the cage).

"So … is it okay then?" she asked me.

I stared at her. I didn't know what I wanted. Finally I nodded.

Jen smiled and looked relieved. She reached down and gave my hand a quick squeeze. Then we both walked over to Jamal. Jen moved from me to him. She took his arm and they walked into the house as a couple, with me following a few steps behind them.

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Chapter 45

The party was in a huge mansion in an affluent mostly black neighborhood. Jen later told me the owner was a single man in his 50s. He was on the board of the local African American cultural center and made his fortune in technology. He was a minority owner of the Giants, which impressed me. Although, if it had been the Jets, I'd be impressed and envious. Since it was the Giants, I was impressed and felt sorry for the poor smuck.

The house was crowded with about 25 couples. All mixed couples. Black men with their married, white girlfriends. And the same number of white men. The husbands.

It was a strange experience. Seeing everyone moving around in groups of three.

Jamal and Jen got a lot of attention. Heads turned when they walked by. I wouldn't say Jamal was the most handsome man there. He wasn't. But he had an aura and charisma that people noticed. Especially the girls there. They gave him lingering looks. Like, he'd walk by and a girl would stare at him with her lips slightly parted. Her eyes would trail down his body to his

crotch. And her eyes would get bigger as she saw the outline of his cock in his pants.

I understood then what Jen said. Jamal was very much in demand. I suspected many of the white wives here would upgrade to Jamal if they had the chance. I wondered about the rules among these black bulls. Could Jamal take another man's "trophy," or would he be shunned if he did so? I made a mental note to look it up in the OHW forum, to see if anyone knew.

A lot of male heads turned as Jen walked by too. At 33, she was younger than the average age of the wives there (which I guessed to be about late 30s, early 40s). I thought she was the prettiest, although that might have been my bias. I admit all the wives there were very attractive and alluring.

I scanned around at the husbands. They looked like me. White. Average looking. Some balding. We all had hit way about our average when it came to our wives. I wondered if they all had small dicks like me. Which of us had the smallest? I wondered if, like me, they were skilled at eating pussy, to compensate for our small manhoods.

The threesomes began splitting up. The husbands holding back as their wives stayed with their black boyfriends as they mingled, sipped champagne and slow danced. I did the same. I held back and found a wall to lean against as Jen drifted away from me, holding Jamal's hand as he led her deeper into the crowd.

I watched as Jen slow danced with Jamal on the make shift dance floor (it was the house's big living room). She had her arms around his neck, and he had his arms around her waist. They danced close together, their faces almost touching, as they looked into the other's eyes as they slowly swayed to the music.

Someone had lowered the lights, so it had the feel of a chill night club. I watched as Jamal leaned down and kissed my wife. It was a soft kiss. Jen kissed him back. She caressed the back of his shaved head as she kissed

him. As she offered him her tongue. Jamal's hands drifted down to her ass. He caressed her shapely cheeks, and pulled her closer so no doubt she could felt what he had in his pants.

I watched them, the jealousy and angst growing inside me. Cuckold fire burned in my belly. God I was so turned on. I was glad I was caged, as otherwise I'd probably jerk off in the bathroom and then fall off the emotional cliff with the depression that came after cumming.

The song ended. Jen scanned the crowd and saw me. She whispered something to Jamal. He nodded, then reached into his pocket and handed her something. Then she walked to me.

"Are you having fun?" she asked me. Her cheeks were flushed and seemed partly out of breath. From kissing Jamal. "Have you talked to any other husbands?"

"No … I feel kind of awkward," I said.

"I get that," Jen said as she gave me an understanding smile. She knew I was shy and had a hard time talking to people for the first time. And that was in normal situations. This was anything but normal. "I just though it might be exciting for you if you talked to other husbands."

"Yeah … I'll try," I promised.

She gently touched my crotch. The cage. "I'm sorry I haven't taken this off," she said. "I will later. Jamal asked me to keep you in the cage while I'm with him."

My eyes went wide at her words. "What?" I snapped.

"It's okay Mike," Jen said, trying to reassure me. "You know J. He likes to play head games. I know it's a jerky thing, and I will take it off later." She grinned and gave me a playful hip bump. "Don't worry. You'll get your turn. But just start off this way. It'll make him happy."

I stared at Jen as I processed her words. Jamal was already denying me my wife's pussy. And she was letting him. Now she was going to also let Jamal control when my cock was locked in the cage?

Jen sensed the turmoil inside me. She gave my hand a quick squeeze and urged me, "Just go with it Mike. Let's just have fun with it." With a grin, she asked, "Isn't it hot to let Jamal alpha you?"

"I'm not beta to Jamal, or anyone else!" I hissed.

"I know you're not Mike," Jen said immediately, the grin disappearing from her pretty face. "Baby – you know I didn't mean in real life. I'm just talking about the game." She moved closer. "You're submissive," she whispered. "In the game, I mean. A bottom. That's all I'm saying. You fight it so much. But you don't have to. Let Jamal play his head games. Ask his permission later. I'll be there, it won't be so bad. And then we'll have so much fun tomorrow. I promise."

I was silent as I forced my pounding heart to slow. My emotions were all over the place. Did Jen realize what she was asking? To completely give up my pride, my manhood, by begging Jamal to let me make love to my wife?

I didn't want to make a scene here. I forced myself to calm down. I forced myself to not think about what my wife was asking me to do.

I finally said, "What did he give you?"

"What?"

"A few minutes ago," I said. "I saw he gave you something."

"Oh. Just this. My lipstick," Jen said. She opened her palm to show her lipstick.

"You asked him to hold your lipstick?" I said, incredulity in my voice.

Jen nodded yes. “He’s holding my phone and ID too,” she told me. She motioned to her skin tight dress and said “I can’t exactly carry anything in this.” She looked at me and asked “Is that not okay?”

No. It didn’t feel okay to me. Why did it make me sick that Jamal was holding her things?

I knew why of course. It’s one of those things. A girl asks her man to carry things for her. Her lipstick. Her ID. I should be holding those things for Jen. But she didn’t ask me. She asked Jamal.

Rationally, I told myself I was being stupid. Of course she asked Jamal. After all, he was there when she got dressed. He was there when they rode in his car to this party. If I had been there, she would have asked me. Me, not Jamal. She would have, right?

As these thoughts ran through my head, Jen was refreshing her lipstick. She seemed oblivious to the turmoil boiling inside me.

Jen rolled the lipstick along her sexy pouty lips. I saw it was a brownish red. She wore heavier, darker makeup with Jamal. Just like the dress that did more to expose her body than cover it. All for Jamal. Because she wanted to look pretty for him. She had said that. Jamal was in high demand among these white wives. Jen was doing all she could to keep his attention, to hold onto him.

“It’s nothing,” I finally said. I wanted to tell her that I would take those things from Jamal and hold them for her. But I thought that would make me look petty, and weak. So I didn’t say anything more about it. And I tried not to think about it. But the angst clutched my body, like a vice around my heart.

I tried to tell myself, this is what I wanted. I had wanted more than the random hookups of Blake and Doug. I wanted her to have a boyfriend. And that’s what she had now. I kept telling myself that. This is what I wanted.

Jen drifted back over to Jamal. I knew if I kept watching them, I'd go insane. So I forced myself to head over to the bar for a drink. I was surprised to see Highland Park among the bottles. Highland Park wasn't one of those expensive scotches, but you don't often see it in home bars.

As I poured myself an inch, I heard a voice say "Ah, a man after my own heart. Another Highland lover."

I turned and saw a slim man, about my height. He was older than me by a good 20 years. I handed him the bottle and he poured himself an inch. "My name is Sebastian," the older man said.

I nodded at him and said "Mike."

"So which one is yours?" Sebastian said as he looked at the mixed couples mingling and dancing in the big living room (it was so big it almost qualified as a ballroom).

"Over there," I motioned at Jen who was standing with Jamal. "The blonde." I realized that "blonde" wasn't a very helpful description as most of the white wives in the room were blonde (a few were natural like Jen; I suspected most were from a bottle). I added "She's next to the piano."

Sebastian looked impressed as he looked at my beautiful wife. "Oh yes," he said. "Jennifer right? She's with Jamal. JJ."

"JJ?"

"I suppose that's what people call them," Sebastian said with a friendly shrug.

I thought about that. I knew Jen called Jamal "J" sometimes. Did he also call her "J"? Was that why people called them JJ?

"Your wife is very lucky, being with Jamal," Sebastian said.

"You know Jamal?"

"I know all the black men," Sebastian said. "Some people call them bulls but my wife and I find that distasteful."

"Which is your wife?" I asked.

"Over there by the fireplace," he told me. "Mary."

I looked. Mary was older than me, but not as old as her husband. Was she a trophy wife? She certainly was gorgeous. I got the impression though that she (and Sebastian) had paid a lot of money to keep her looking that gorgeous. She was with a tall black man who was handsome but not nearly as imposing as Jamal. I felt – what? Pride? That my wife had snagged a better bull than Mary?

"So are you into hot wife, cuckold or poly?" Sebastian abruptly asked.

My eyes went wide at the forwardness of his question. Sebastian saw my reaction and gave me an apologetic chuckle. "Sorry. I know I can be abrupt sometimes," he said with a friendly smile. "I'll tell you our story. When we were younger I neglected Mary. I was trying to build my career but that's no excuse. She's beautiful as you can see. She's always had many admirers. So Mary had an affair. Eventually she confessed and, well, I'm sure you know what happened. I realized I was aroused as much as hurt. That led us down this path. It's been a winding path. I'll answer my own question. We started swapping. But I found it more arousing to watch Mary with other men. So we evolved into hot wife. Then eventually, Mary had her first black man. And I suppose the rest is history."

"So Mary got blacked?" I said, my question just as forward as his. But I saw excitement in his eyes. He got excited by talk like this, just like me.

"Yes she has," Sebastian said, his voice hoarse now from excitement. "Jaylen is Mary's fourth black lover. I don't know if she'll ever want a white man again."

His response triggered a question from my own situation. "So Mary doesn't have sex with you?" I asked.

"Oh no, I have sex with Mary," Sebastian said. "Jaylen insists on it. He wants me to feel how much he's stretched her."

I stared at Sebastian. Then I grinned and said "I have to say that's hot."

Sebastian grinned at me and then we both laughed. We refilled our glasses with more Highland Park and clicked glasses. "So, your Jennifer?" he asked, prompting me for our story.

I decided to give him the short version, since we'd just met. "Our story's like yours, I guess," I said. "She had an affair because I was neglecting her. That led to her dating other men. Jamal's her first black boyfriend. I wouldn't say she's blacked, but Jamal's trying. He's open about it. He says by the time he's done with her, she'll only want black men."

"It happens you know," Sebastian said knowingly. "It's not just urban legend. White women are drawn to black men. They're different than us. You've probably seen that by now. You know it's hard for us to compete."

"But you don't say no to Mary?" I asked. "You don't say this is enough?"

"I think you know the answer to that Mike," Sebastian said with another knowing, friendly grin. "I think we're like minded, you and I. We want this for our wives. And we want this for ourselves."

We were silent for a moment. Then Sebastian asked "Jamal doesn't allow you to have sex with Jen?"

I looked at the older man, considering what I should say. Then I decided to tell him. After all, it would feel good to talk to someone about it. At that moment, it made be realize how I missed talking to Steph. Although I doubted I would've talk to her about Jamal.

"No he doesn't," I said. "He says white seed is inferior. He says Jen should only have black seed inside her body."

"So that means, no intercourse …" Sebastian said, thinking aloud about my words.

"And not her mouth either," I said, completing his thought.

"Wow," Sebastian said. "So how long?"

"Months," I answered. Months since I've been allowed my wife's pussy, or her mouth. Jamal had denied me for months. Thinking those words made my cock swell in the hard plastic cage.

Suddenly I was embarrassed at revealing so much. I motioned to move away but Sebastian stopped me. "I recognize you," he said. "You're Mike Andrews. The man who invented Sapphire."

Alarm bells rang inside me! But before I could panic, Sebastian added "Maybe you recognize me too."

I looked at Sebastian. Then it hit me. I did recognize him! He was the news anchorman of the local CBS station.

"I was wondering," Sebastian said. "I understand Sapphire is open only to institutional investors. But sometimes regular people like me are allowed to invest. Could you pull a few strings for me?"

Sebastian flashed me his TV anchorman smile. The charming smile that had kept him the top local anchorman for over 20 years, an impressive feat since the NYC market was bigger than many countries.

What the fuck, I thought. It was easy for me to do. I was the master administrator of Sapphire, so I could add anyone I wanted. And I understood of course why he wanted to invest in Sapphire. It was beating all the indices by 10 points, and it had built in safety nets to minimize losses. Everyone wanted in on Sapphire. That's why we kept it to big organizations like pension funds. My company made more money that way, with less headaches. And if I did Sebastian a favor, he'd owe me one. You never knew. I might need his help in the future.

I nodded at him. "Do you have a card?" I said. Sebastian smiled gratefully at me as he handed me his card.

After parting from Sebastian, I went looking for Jen. I found her with Jamal and a group of others in the game room that had a pool table, dart board, card table and bar. Everything looked luxurious with heavy velvet and leather padding.

Jen was standing next to a knee high coffee table along with everyone else. Why they picked that table I didn't understand given all the other choices in the room.

The table was covered with small mounds of white powder. They were snorting cocaine. I watched as my wife expertly formed 2 lines with a folded twenty dollar bill. How had she become such an expert? I knew she experimented in college, but not a lot. Now she had become so familiar with the white powder that she was helping some of the other wives form their own lines.

It was awkward for Jen to stand at the low coffee table, so like many of the others, she got on her knees. She rolled the bill so it was like a straw, and leaned over the table.

Even with my insides churning at what she was about to do, I couldn't help noticing my wife's body as her new black dress stretched around her curves as she leaned over the table. Jen had the tight body of a ballerina.

The years didn't seem to affect her. Pregnancy didn't seem to affect her. She could still fit into her clothes from high school. With the way she worked out, she still had the ripe luscious body of a high school senior. And the black dress hid nothing. It was so tight when she leaned over, you could see the lace of her stocking tops through the filmy material of the dress.

The black men around her looked at her too, just like me. Jamal was standing next to her. He had his big black hand around the back of her neck. It was a possessive gesture. He was telling the others that this girl belong to him.

Jamal noticed me. He turned his head to look at me. He didn't take his hand off Jen's neck. He was telling me too. She belonged to him.

Jen positioned the straw at the bottom of the first line. Then she snorted the line into her nostril. She did the same with the other line, into her other nostril. She immediately arched her back and rolled her head back, and then she laughed along with the others as they all glowed from the wonderous effects of the illegal drug. Jen never noticed I was there.

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We didn't stay much longer at the husbands party. In the end, the party turned out to be somewhat … low key. I had expected … what? A big orgy? Leashes tied around the necks of the husbands? The husbands forced to get on their knees and suck off the black bulls?

But the party hadn't been anything like that. It was just a chance for the husbands to watch their wives and their black boyfriends in a "date night" kind of atmosphere. I had to admit it was kind of a benevolent gesture on the part of the black men. It was like they were giving something to the husbands. Like payback for letting them fuck their wives.

The heat turned up when we got to Jamal's apartment. I watched them on the sofa, necking and touching. It bothered me the way they kissed. It

went on forever. So much foreplay. I wished Jamal would just fuck her. All the kissing really ratcheted up the angst inside me. It made me so jealous the way Jen couldn't seem to get enough of the black man's lips.

They undressed each other. Jamal was completely naked and Jen was down to her stockings and heels. She got onto the floor, on her knees between his open legs. With her back to me, and the way she was kneeling at Jamal's feet, I could see the bright red of her Louboutin heels. It looked so fucking sexy!

Jamal's cock was hard. It amazed me how big he was. No matter how often I saw it, it amazed me. The man should be in the Guinness Book. I couldn't believe he could get all of that into Jen. Then I remembered what Sebastian said. "Jaylen insists I fuck Mary. He wants me to feel how much he's stretched her pussy."

I thought about how much Jamal was stretching Jen's pussy. When I was finally allowed to be back inside her, what would she feel like? Would her pussy feel anything like I remembered? Would I feel anything? Would Jen be able to tell I was even inside her?

These thoughts made me burn inside. The cage prevented me from getting hard, but the root of my cock still ached. It was weird, but I still felt so much sexual desire for my wife, even though my cock was soft.

Jen was stroking Jamal's shaft with her hands. The different in color – her lily-white hands and his ebony cock – was striking. So was the size difference. Jen could barely hold him, even with 2 hands. I knew from experience that his cock was heavy. It was thick and solid. Jen's eyes were lust filled as she looked at it, as she stroked him. She was practically salivating. My wife couldn't get enough of Jamal's big black cock.

Jen looked back at me, over her shoulder. "Mike, take off your clothes," she told me.

I wasn't able to say no. I stood up and quickly undressed. I was still keeping my entire body shaved. I was thin and shorter than both Jamal and Jen (when she wore heels). My little dick was in the cage. I felt exposed standing naked in front of them. I felt like less than a man as I looked at Jamal's heavily muscled body and his huge black cock. How could Jen not compare me to him? Of course she did. What did she think?

"Mike, come here," Jen said. She touched Jamal's knees, and he opened his legs wider. They shared a look, and a smile, like they had talked about this. Like they had planned this.

Jen was still holding Jamal's cock with one hand. It was a struggle to hold him with just one hand, but she managed to do it. She was looking at my dick in the cock cage. It was tiny compared to Jamal. The tube was only 2.5 inches. Jamal's hard cock was 12+ inches. The difference between me and this black man was striking. What did Jen think about me, her husband? At times like this, did she regret marrying me? Was she embarrassed to have such a tiny dicked man as her husband?

Jen reached for my caged cock with her hand, while still holding Jamal's cock with her other. She held the tube between her thumb and finger. I couldn't feel her touch through the hard plastic, and (like always) it frustrated me. Jen wiggled the small tube back and forth, like comparing the weight to Jamal's. It made me flush with humiliation and embarrassment.

Then she said, "Get on your knees. Next to me Mike."

I did at she said. At this point I was powerless. I knew what was about to happen. But I was powerless. I was resigned to it. She was going to make me put his cock into my mouth.

Jamal's big cock was right there, inches from my face. It was so huge. And my cock was caged. At that moment I was glad it was caged. That it was hidden. Because even hard, I was barely four inches. This man's cock was

3 times bigger than me. More than that, if you counted how much thicker he was.

"You wanted to ask J something Mike?" Jen said, prompting me.

I felt like before. Tittering on the edge of a cliff. About to fall into the abyss. Did she have to make me do it like this? Naked and on my knees. Between his open legs. With his big black cock hard and inches from my face.

Did Jen have to make me do it like this? Was that what she thought of me? Was that how little she cared about me? How little she loved me? To humiliated me this way? To make me shred any last pride and piece of manhood I still had?

Also, to use her pet name for him now. To call him J now. Now I felt like I had fallen off the cliff. I was falling into the abyss.

"Mike. You wanted to ask J something. Like we talked about. Right?"

I hesitated for long moments. Finally I sputtered out, "Jamal … I'd like to make love to Jen … it's been a long time … she's my wife …."

Looking serious, Jamal nodded and said, "I like the way you asked Mike. Respectful. I like that. Yes, you have my permission. I have 2 conditions. First, you have to use a condom. I want you to use Durex condoms. Second, you have to use lubrication with J. I think you know she doesn't sexually desire you. And even your tiny dick could hurt her if she's dry. So you have to use lubrication. Do you agree?"

My cheeks burned with embarrassment and humiliation. Even through those emotions, I registered that he called Jen "J." They did call each other J. That's why people called them JJ.

I was looking down at the floor as I said, "Yeah, okay, I agree."

But Jamal had one more condition. “And I have to be the lubrication,” he demanded.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

“It’s alright Mike,” Jen told me. “I’ll explain later. I’ll take it from here.”

“I want Mike to do it,” Jamal said in a firm voice.

“No Jamal,” Jen said, looking at her black lover, her voice just as firm. “It’s enough. He’s agreed to enough.”

I didn’t understand what was going on. But it was clear they had talked about this.

I continued to kneel next to Jen between Jamal’s thick muscular legs as she pulled her long blonde hair back and went down on him. My head was spinning. As often happened in the game, things were going fast, and I wasn’t clued into all (or even most) of it.

I tried to focus on what my wife was doing. She was bobbing on Jamal’s cock, her hands and mouth moving together, her beautiful face distorted by her mouth stretched open as she blew his enormous cock. Jen was good at it. She was good at giving head. Jamal was appreciating it, his head rolled back and his big black lips partly open as she worked on him.

Jen’s lips were wet with her spit and Jamal’s pre-cum. The wetness covered her chin and dripped down her neck. She looked like a slut with that big black cock in her mouth and her face and neck covered with spit and spunk.

God … I had never seen her so beautiful! I loved her so much! I was so proud she was my wife!

Jen's hands were covered with spit too. I looked at her left hand. Her wedding and engagement rings were wet too. The sight made me dizzy with lust.

Soon Jamal was cumming! Jen stroked him faster, her lips sealed around his big thick shaft. Jamal's powerful body convulsed as his orgasm hit. Jen's cheeks ballooned out as Jamal flooded her mouth with his sperm. She didn't swallow through. As soon as he was done, she let his cock slip from her mouth. She kept her lips pressed tightly together, her cheeks still full of his black seed.

Somewhere Jen produced a plastic bag. One of those plastic bags you put a sandwich in for lunch. Jen opened her lips at the bag's opening. Jamal's sperm filled the bag. It was actually not big enough to hold all of it. I watched Jen work her throat muscles to swallow the rest.

Then Jen tied a knot in the bag, sealing in her lover's black seed. I stared at the bag. It was full of thick milky liquid. Jamal's sperm. And I was supposed to use that as lubrication later, when I finally made love to my wife.

"Mike, take the bag and put it in the refrigerator," Jamal ordered me. "We don't want my sperm to go bad, do we?"

I recoiled at his command. I didn't want to touch the bag.

Jen saw me hesitate. "I'll do it Jamal," she said and began to get up.

"I want Mike to do it!" Jamal insisted in a hard voice. Jen looked at me. She gave me a pleading look. "Please do what he says," she silently begged me.

Whatever. I had already done so much tonight. I took the bag and walked to his kitchen.

The bag was heavy with his sperm. With his sperm! And I was supposed to use it as lubrication with Jen! Really? Was I really going to do that? Had I really fallen that far?!

I sensed Jen approach me, even as I heard her high heels click-clacking on the ceramic tile floors. She took the bag from me and put it into the refrigerator. "Jen, what are we doing?" I asked pleadingly.

Jen put her arms around me. She hugged me. "We're just playing baby," she said into my chest. Then she reached down. She unlocked the cage and took it off.

Jen cupped my limp cock and said "Does that feel better?"

Before I could answer, she reached lower. She lightly ran her manicured nails along the underside of my balls. "Does that feel good?" she whispered huskily.

"Oh god Jen!" I groaned. It felt so good! Even though my dick was still soft, it felt so fucking good!

My body was shaking. I couldn't control myself. I was so turned on my body was shaking!

But it hurt too! So much angst, and jealousy, and feelings of inadequacy and being unsure about myself and what Jen thought about me.

"Calm down baby," Jen said soothingly. "We've just playing, okay?" She was whispering so only I could hear, not Jamal down the hall.

Jen was pressing her body against mine. She was naked except for stockings and heels. Feeling her sexy body pressed against mine did little to stop my shaking.

Jen whispered, "This is our game baby. OUR game. Jamal is just a toy we're using. That's all he is."

Her words reassured me. They calmed me. They brought me back from the abyss.

"You're doing too much coke," I told her.

"I know," she said softly. I was relieved she agreed with me.

"You have to stop," I said.

"It's harmless," she said, and suddenly the relief I felt a moment ago evaporated. She wasn't going to stop doing coke. At least while she was dating Jamal. She didn't want to lose her black boyfriend. So she had to do what he did, and that meant bumps of cocaine.

"I'm actually not taking that much," Jen said as she sensed my displeasure. "Only on Saturdays, when I'm with Jamal. And not even every time. And I don't bring any home. Jamal's offered, but I've never taken any."

I frowned at her words. I didn't like the fact that Jamal was offering my wife cocaine. What? He wanted her to snort coke with Anna around?

"Let's talk about this later," Jen said, not wanting to get into an argument now that might ruin the evening. She took my arm in hers and said, "J's in the bedroom. Come with me."

I watched Jamal fuck Jen for over 3 hours. No, it wasn't all of the 3 hours. But they were together for that entire time. When Jamal wasn't inside my wife, he was holding and kissing her. Whispering to her. Stroking her hair. Like always, those romantic parts were harder for me than the fucking.

At the end, Jen was passed out. She was literally passed out on his bed. From the hard fucking. From the coke wearing off. She was sprawled out on the mattress, her stockings laddered, her high heels some place on the floor, red marks on her neck, shoulders and breasts, her pussy swollen and ravaged. Jamal's cum leaked from her gaping pussy lips.

With Jen asleep, we had a moment alone. "I want you to stop pushing coke on her," I told him.

"Calm down Mike," Jamal said dismissively. "I'm not pushing nothing on nobody. J does it because she wants it. Just like she wants my cock. You wanna tell her to stop? Okay, you try that Mike. Good luck on that one. Because let me tell you. She won't stop. She does coke because she loves the way it makes her feel. Just like she loves the way my cock makes her feel. I told you. I gave you fair warning, you can't say I didn't. I'm gonna black your wife Mike. There's nothing you can do about it now. She's not ever gonna wanna fuck your white dick again. That's why I'm letting you fuck her tomorrow. So she sees the difference. And don't forget my man juice. Make sure you rub it all over your little dick. I don't want you to hurt my new favorite toy." As Jamal said "new favorite toy," he put his big black hand over my wife's pussy.

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Chapter 46

It was a long taxi ride back to our house in Montclair. Jen was exhausted from her evening with Jamal. Both the hard fucking, and the come down as the cocaine wore off. She was leaning against me, half asleep. Her hand was draped across my thigh, touching my cock inside my pants. She wasn't touching me on purpose; it was just how she was sitting as she half-slept. Still, the touch of her hand was like electric against my cock. But I wasn't hard. Not yet. The more I was caged, the longer is was taking to get hard, even though I was definitely aroused.

When we got home, Jen woke up enough to walk into our house (although she was still leaning on me). Callie was babysitting.

Callie had a curious look on her face when she saw Jen. She had managed to pour herself back into the off-the-shoulder black dress, but it was obvious she was braless underneath. She hadn't bothered to put the pushup bra back on. The dress was wrinkled, it laid kinda skewed on her

body, her hair was disheveled, her makeup gone, and she was exhausted. In other words, Jen looked fresh fucked, and Callie was worldly enough to recognize it.

And this wasn't the first time our 19 year old babysitter had seen my wife this way after an evening out. It reminded me of my earlier thoughts, about how the thought of being outed to Callie aroused me.

Of course, Callie might think it was me. Since I was Jen's husband, she might assume it had been me who dragged her down some dark alley and fucked her brains out. But I sensed Callie didn't think that. Or at least she was suspecting something else was up. Especially by the way she avoided looking at me other than a few quick glances.

Callie went to our guest bedroom to sleep, and Jen and I checked on Anna. Jen barely had enough energy for that. I half carried her to our bedroom. She laid on the bed as I unzipped her dress and pulled it down her tight ballerina body. Jen was hugging a pillow, almost asleep.

I ran my hand down her long, shapely leg. The only thing she still had on were her stockings. The nylon felt so sexy! I touched the lace of her stocking tops, and my head swirled with lust. I moved my hand pass the lacy stocking tops, onto the skin of her thighs, and then I cupped her firm ass. "Jen, it's my turn, right?" I whispered to her. I ran my fingertips between her cheeks, hoping to wake her up. Hoping to arouse her.

I opened her legs slightly. Her pussy lips were red and swollen, and gaped open from Jamal's monster cock. I gently put my hand over her pussy. It still felt warm from her sex with her black boyfriend. I wanted her so much at that moment! It'd been so long and I had humiliated myself by asking Jamal for permission to have sex with my wife! I wanted her! I needed to be inside her!

"Jen, come on, wakeup," I said gently. But her eyes remained closed and she only murmured a few sounds.

I took off my clothes. My cock was fully hard now. I pushed Jen onto her back. She might be half asleep, but I was her husband. I might share her with other men, but I was her husband. So I moved to get on top of her.

But Jen resisted. She rolled back onto her side, closing her legs to me. "We can't Mike," she said sleepily. "We don't have condoms."

"We have condoms," I insisted. What was she talking about? The side table next to her probably had 2 boxes of condoms.

"Not the kind Jamal said," Jen said. She sleepily curled into a ball. "Anyways I'm too tired. Tomorrow baby. I promise, tomorrow."

I stared at her in the half darkness. I guess I wasn't surprised. But I was disappointed, and hurt. If it'd been Jamal on the bed instead of me, would she be blowing him off like she was blowing me off? Or would she get her second wind and be wide awake for another round of fucking?

I knew the answer.

But what was I supposed to do? I could force her, but she was my wife. My goddess. I loved her more than life. I wasn't going to force myself on her.

So I rolled off her stockings, so she'd be more comfortable sleeping. Once both stockings were off, I put her right foot in my hands. Her foot was slim and petite, so soft, so pretty like the rest of her. I gently rubbed her foot.

"Feels good baby," Jen said. I could barely hear her. She was on the brink of passing out.

"You're doing too much coke," I said. "It's not good for you."

"I'm safe. I promise," she said. Then she was silent for long moments. I was still gently rubbing her foot, but I assumed she was asleep.

But then she said "Mike – don't forget to put the bag in the refrigerator."

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I woke up to Anna bouncing on my chest. "Daddy, wake up!" she said urgently. "We need to find the eggs! And my basket!"

It took me a moment to figure out what she was talking about. Eggs? Basket? And then it hit me. It was Easter! And I'd forgotten all about it!

But I soon found out that Jen had covered for me. She woke up early, hid the Easter eggs (which she made yesterday before her date with Jamal), and also put together Anna's basket. She was even already dressed for church.

Jen hugged my arm and handed me a cup of coffee. "You were tired, so I let you sleep in," she said with a smile at me.

I smiled back at her. "Thanks," I said gratefully. I was surprised I slept so long. I guessed last night took a lot out of me (both physically and emotionally).

"No Mike, thank you," Jen said, looking into my eyes. We looked at each other for long moments, silently communicating. She was thanking me for giving her freedom. For letting her enjoy other men. For always being there for her. "I love you," she said, hugging my arm tighter.

I felt a lump in my throat. It was an emotional moment for me. Her simple yet sincere words healed all my wounds, reassured all my doubts.

I thought to what Jamal said last night. "I'm gonna black your wife Mike. There's nothing you can do about it now. She's not ever gonna wanna fuck your white dick again." But with Jen next to be right now, I knew that was all bullshit. He might think that. And Jen might play along for a while. But she was mine. She might play with other men, but she belonged to me.

"That's all I want," I told her, looking back into her eyes. "I love you too."

Jen smiled at me, then hugged me. I hugged her back. God it felt so good!

"Sorry I bailed on you last night," she whispered to me. "You'll get your turn later. I wore something special for you." She took my hand and pulled it down to her leg. She was wearing a pink Easter dress. I felt the strap and lace under the dress. She was wearing a garter belt! For me!

We had fun playing with Anna on the Easter egg hunt in our backyard, and then she ate candy from her Easter basket and opened her presents (unlike when I was a kid, nowadays kids get toys in their baskets, like a mini-Christmas). Then we got ready for church. Jen dressed Anna while I showered and got dressed. Callie was going with us too. It was almost like the 19 year old was living with us already, even though we hadn't moved to the loft apartment yet.

Jen's Easter dress was pink with a thin belt around the waist. It wasn't overtly sexy, but she looked good in anything, and if nothing else the knee length dress shown off her slim body and long beautiful legs.

While she was wearing stockings, she was in flats, which disappointed me. I couldn't help thinking of the high heels she wore last night with Jamal. I remembered how she got on her knees between his legs, and I could see the sexy red soles of her Christian Louboutin's as she went down on him. If she was going to Easter service with Jamal instead of me, would she be wearing flats? Or stiletto heels? I knew the answer, and it made my cock swell.

"Wear the shoes from last night," I told her as we were getting ready to go.

"Are you sure?" Jen asked. She was giving me a teasing smile. "Do you really want me to be taller than you?"

Jen's words surprised me. "Do you really notice?" I asked.

"Of course I notice," Jen said with a grin in her voice. "When I'm with you, I look down. When I'm with Jamal, I look up."

I felt my heart seizing up, and all the loving from that morning seemed to disappear. "So you've been thinking about him?" I said accusingly.

"No, I haven't thought about him at all," Jen said. "You brought him up Mike."

We stared at each other for a long moment, both of us silent. Then she took off the Mia flats and stepped into the Louboutin's. "Of course I'll always wear whatever you want me to wear Mike," she said, and she gave me a peck on the lips.

After service, especially on nice days, the kids run around outside while the parents chat over coffee. Our church calls this "community" time. As I returned with coffee, Jen was reading her phone. "Is that him?" I whispered.

Jen nodded.

"You're texting him? Now?" I said incredulously. It was Easter! And we were in church!

"Mike calm down," Jen said in a hushing voice. "We're just saying happy Easter to each other."

"He's not asking you over?" I snapped, my voice accusatory.

Jen pursed her lips at me. "No Mike, he's not," she said with a frown at me. "And I wouldn't go even if he did. It's not like before Mike. I'm not that girl from before."

I forced myself to calm down. I tried to push away my insecurities. But last night I had to ask Jamal's permission to have sexual intercourse with my

wife. And there was a bag of Jamal's semen in our refrigerator at home. How could I not be insecure?

Then Jen gave me a pretend pout, wanting to lighten the mood. The pout turned into a lopsided grin. She playfully bumped her hip against mine and whispered into my ear, "I know how you're wired Mike. If it doesn't hurt, it's not exciting."

Then she pulled away and looked at me. She grinned, knowing she was right. And she was right.

Then, she whispered "Blake wants us to come over later. Well, me. He said you and Steph can watch the kids at our house."

My eyes went wide. "Really?" I asked, my cock instantly hard in my pants.

"Yeah," Jen breathed. "He said he misses my body. And he likes this dress. He said he wants to see me on my knees in this dress."

I gulped. Suddenly my heart was pounding and I was breathing hard. I imagined my beautiful wife in her sweet Easter dress, on her knees with her pretty mouth stuffed with Blake's big cock.

"Can I ask you a question?" Jen whispered.

I nodded.

"You know J wants me to be exclusive to him," Jen whispered. "I'm not allowed to be with other men. But he gave you permission, and he probably wouldn't care if it's you or another man. So what do you want? Do you want to fuck me? Or would you rather watch Blake fuck me?"

My breath caught. My heart was pounding so hard I felt like I was having a heart attack. "You said I'd watch the kids with Steph at our house."

"I'm sure we can work out the details," she said with a grin, a twinkle in her beautiful blue eyes. "It's not like this is our first rodeo or anything. So, which do you want?"

I stared at Jen, practically panting. I hadn't been inside my wife in months. Last night I had to beg her black boyfriend to make love to her. Was I now seriously thinking about giving my pass to her pussy to another man? A man I still didn't like very much?

Finally Jen giggled. She pressed the pointy toe of her high heel into my ankle and said "You are seriously a bad boy Michael Andrews." Then, grinning at me, she took her coffee and left me to mingle and enjoy community with our church friends.

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I was hoping for sexy time during Anna's nap. But she was so wired from candy and her new toys that she wouldn't nap. Finally we got her to bed by 8pm. Callie left too. She wanted to stay over another night, but her mom insisted she come home to spend a little time with her family on Easter.

"Callie doesn't like her step dad," Jen explained after Callie was gone. We were in the kitchen, cleaning up from dinner. "He's not abusing her or anything. But she misses her real dad. She thinks her mom got remarried to fast. Her mom – you know her, Carol – she's happy Callie's moving in with us. She wants Callie to go to college, and maybe if she's living away it'll be easier for her to adjust to her new step-dad."

I nodded, only half hearing Jen's words. I was thinking about my thoughts from earlier. "When Callie saw you last night …," I began. "I think she suspects something."

Jen nodded. I could tell this didn't surprise her. She'd been thinking the same thing. "Callie's smart," she said. She hesitated, as if pondering

whether to say something she'd been considering. Finally she said "Would it be horrible? If Callie knew about us?"

"You mean, tell her about the game?" I asked.

Jen nodded and said, "She'll be living with us. It'd be easier if she knew."

"But tell her what? That we're Sling-ers?"

Jen grinned at my joke. Then her face turned serious. She said "I think we have to tell her more. That you let me sleep with other men. You like to watch."

"But why do we have to say that?" I objected. "Can't we just say we swap?"

"Because I don't want Callie – I don't want anyone – to think you sleep with other girls," Jen said. Clearly she'd thought about this. "I just don't Mike. That would really bother me if she thought that. And I don't want Callie to get any ideas about you."

I immediately said, "I would never --."

Jen cut me off. "I know you wouldn't, Mike," she said. "I trust you completely. That's something I love about you. You're so faithful, and sweet. You would never hurt me. But still I don't want Callie to get any ideas."

I nodded slowly. Some people might say Jen was being a hypocrite. Wanting it both ways. But I didn't see it that way. Instead, I was thrilled she wanted me to be true and exclusive to her. My heart leaped at her words. Because that meant she loved me. She wanted to keep me all to herself.

But still …

"So Callie will know I'm a cuckold," I said.

"We won't use that word," Jen assured me. "And anyways, there's hot wife and cuckold, right? How's Callie going to know?"

"But it's possible Callie might see you with Jamal, right? She'll see how he treats you, and how he treats me. You said she's smart. Won't she figure it out?"

"Maybe. I guess," Jen said with a shrug.

Then she moved closer. She put her palm over my crotch. "Would that really bother you?" she asked. "If Callie knew you were a cuckold?"

With her hand on my crotch, Jen felt my cock get harder and jerk in my pants. She smiled knowingly. She knew me so well. She knew how my head was wired. She knew the prospect of our pretty, 19 year old live-in nanny knowing I was a cuck turned me on.

"You talk to her, not me," I said, laying out the rules. "And she has to pretend like she doesn't know. Around me. She can talk to you about it, but not me. With me, she has to pretend she doesn't know."

"I'm sure she'll agree to that," Jen said, looking thoughtful. "She really wants to live with us in New York. She'd probably agree to anything."

"And she can never say anything to Anna," I said firmly.

"Of course not, Mike. Callie never would," Jen assured me immediately. She was still stroking my cock over my pants. "Go into the bathroom," she told me. "I made a bath for you. Take a long bath. And then use the razor and the cream to take off all your hair. Rub lotion all over your body. I left some at your sink. I'll be here waiting for you."

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The bathtub was full of bubbles that smelled like roses. I undressed and got into the tub. The water had a slippery feel – Jen had poured in rose scented bath oil.

Soaking in the tub smelled like laying in a bed of flowers. I used the razor and depilatory cream to remove all the hair on my body. I'd already been keeping my body hairless, but I took extra care to remove all the hair, only leaving the hair on my head.

When I got out of the tub, my skin felt soft and carried the roses scent of the bath oil. I picked up the moisturizing lotion Jen had left for me. I looked at the label. It wasn't a man's lotion. It was a woman's. The words were in French, but I was able to make out lilac and roses.

I rubbed the lotion all over my body. It made my skin even softer, and smelling even more like flowers.

When I came out of the bathroom, Jen was waiting for me. She had taken off her pink Easter Sunday dress. Now she was naked except for stockings, garter belt and 5 inch high heels (the same ones she wore last night, and the ones she had worn to church earlier today).

And she was wearing the strap-on dildo.

I looked at it. It always shocked me seeing her in it. My beautiful blonde wife with her petite ballerina's body. Her little high school breasts and long lovely legs. And a black cock swinging between her thighs.

We had played a few times with the dildo since that first time. Jen seemed to be really into it. Each time I had cum while she fucked my ass.

"Come here Mike," she said to me. She was standing at the front of our bed. I moved to her. Since I was in bare feet, she was now even taller than me in the heels.

Jen put her arms around my neck, looking down at me. "You smell really good," she said smiling at me. "This scent fits you. You should always wear it."

"A woman's moisturizer fits me?" I said sarcastically.

"Mike, it's not woman's. It's French. And yeah, it fits you. You're kind, and gentle, and sensitive, and sweet. What's wrong with that?"

"Would Jamal use this lotion? Or Cam? Or Scott?"

"No. But they're them and you're you," Jen said. "I like how you smell. Will you use it for me?"

I hesitated only a moment. "Yes," I said.

Jen smiled at me. She pulled back to look at my body, and ran her hands over my chest. "You're so soft. I like that," she said. "You look good Mike. You've lost weight. You've got a sexy tight bod baby, you do."

"I'm planning to start lifting," I told her. Mostly I was running, but there was a gym not too far from my office and I was thinking about hitting the free weights.

"Okay," Jen said unenthusiastically. "But lift just to tone your body. I don't want you getting jacked."

I frowned. "You like muscular men," I said, not understanding her comment.

"But that's not you," Jen said. She hugged me. "I like you just how you are." She ran her hands down my back to my ass. "Especially now. You're sexy Mike. Your body's slim and tight. I want you to stay this way."

With the rose and lilac of the lotion filling my nose, I pulled away from her and said, "You're describing me like a girl. Slim and tight. That's how you describe a girl."

Jen grinned at me. It was a sexy, teasing grin. She wrapped her arms around my neck and leaned her body into mine. "What's that you're feeling against your stomach?" she asked me. Then she kissed me.

It was the black dildo pressing against my stomach. And yeah, I felt it.

Jen kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. She ran her hands up and down my body. As she did, she pushed her body against mine, pressing her black cock against my stomach.

Then she took my hand and pulled it between our bodies. She pressed my hand against the black dildo, keeping her hand over mine to prevent me from pulling away.

"You've gotten me so hard Mike," she whispered lustfully into my ear. She ran her other hand over my chest, around my waist, to my ass. "Your tight body's so sexy. Your pretty ass gets me hot. It gets my cock so hard."

Jen curled my fingers around the dildo. "Admit it Mike," she urged me. "You like getting my cock hard. Don't you? Admit it Mike. You do, don't you?"

My head was spinning with submissive cuckold lust. And I loved Jen so much. I would do anything for her.

"Yeah, I like it," I said between kisses. "I like getting your cock hard."

Jen moaned at my words. "You little slutty bitch," she said tauntingly. "You tease me smelling so pretty, you walk in here with your sexy tight body. You get me so hard and now you're teasing me." As she said this, she ran her finger across my lips. Then she pushed a finger into my mouth. She moaned again when I sucked on her finger.

"Oh fuck you're making me so hard," she groaned. She moved her hand to my cock. It was hard. She wrapped her hand around it. "And your little guy likes it too. He likes my big black cock."

"Jen …" I groaned. The feel of her soft palm on my cock felt so good! "Yeah, yeah, I like your big cock," I said. "God Jen …," I moaned as she stroked me. It didn't escape me that her "black cock" was twice the size of my dick. What she had begun calling "her little guy."

"Stop fucking teasing me you slutty bitch," Jen said, moving her hands to my shoulders. She pushed down. "You know what to do, right Mike?"

By this time, my knees were weak. I fell to the floor as she pushed again on my shoulders. She pressed her black cock against my lips. "You know what to do, right?" she repeated.

I nodded. I opened my lips and Jen pushed her cock into my mouth.

I swallowed the black dildo. I licked it. Sucked it.

"Look up at me when you suck my cock," Jen ordered me. With my mouth full of her black cock, I looked up at her. "Yeah, that's it," she said. "I want to see your pretty eyes while you suck my cock."

After a few minutes of sucking her, Jen pushed me away. "You're gonna make me cum, but I don't wanna cum that way," she said.

She positioned me on my hands and knees on the bed. It's how she always took me. She rubbed KY over my asshole and the dildo, and then she penetrated me. The more we did this, the easier it was becoming for me. Partly, I had learned to physically relax so it was easier for her to enter me. But it was mental too. I had gotten my head around getting fucked in the ass. I had accepted it. My wife fucked me, instead of the other way around. She gave it, and I took it. I had accepted that. Mentally accepted it. Emotionally accepted it.

That's what I did now. I gave into the humiliation. The feeling of submission. The feeling of being used. My head was swirling and my body was practically shaking. I whimpered as Jen fucked me deeper and harder. I clutched at the sheets as she penetrated my ass fully with the black cock, and fucked me hard.

As she always did, Jen reached under me and thumbed my nipples. It was just like a guy would do to a girl as he fucked her from behind. I whimpered as she pinched my nipples hard as, at the same time, she continued to fuck me in the ass. She fucked me hard and fast. God it felt so good! So fucking good!

Then it happened. I felt it building inside me, and then it exploded. I came. The pleasure was so intense, I squeezed my eyes shut and cried, "Oh god! Fuck! Oh fucking god!" I felt an immense orgasm wave bolt through my body. "Oh fuck Jen! Don't stop! Keep fucking me!" I cried as my body shook from the orgasmic pleasure. I looked down at my cock. I was still mostly hard. But clear liquid was seeping from my cock. It was semen from cumming.

I collapsed onto the bed. Jen fell with me, on top of my back. "Oh my god, I can't believe you came," Jen said as she pulled the dildo from my ass, shock in her voice. "Jamal said you would, but I still can't believe it."

"What?" I said, looking over my shoulder at her. "What did he say?"

Jen gave me a look of delighted wonder. "Mike, do you realize I wasn't touching your dick? This is the first time. You came from just getting your ass fucked. Jamal said you would, but I still can't believe it."

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"I don't understand why you're so upset," Jen said some moments later. We were in bed, next to each other. She had taken off the strap-on but otherwise we were dressed (or undressed) the same as before.

"Jen, Jamal is trying to turn me into a girl!" I snapped at her. "The bath. The girl's lotion. Getting ass fucked."

"Mike … Jamal didn't have anything to do with the bath and lotion," Jen said soothingly. "That was all my idea. And it's not girl's lotion. It's freaking French; you know how the French are. And I like how you smell. How is this a bad thing?"

"But you like Jamal's masculine cologne, right?" I said sarcastically, using my voice to put quotes around "masculine."

"Why can't you accept not everyone's the same?" Jen said, trying to explain. "You're you, Mike. I love you. Not Jamal."

"That's my point!" I said. "He's trying to make you see me as a girl! And you're listening to him! Like, getting me to cum without touching my dick!"

"Mike, I've cum that way too," Jen said, her voice still soothing and patient. "There are nerves down there. That's all it is. Nerves. It doesn't make this any less important." As she said "this," she reached down and cupped my cock. "Isn't this a good thing? Now we know you can cum 2 ways. How is that not a good thing?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and clenched my jaw. It was always this way with Jen. She was always able to explain things away. Make things seem less bad, normal even. She was quick on her feet from being a marketing chick. For me, I dealt with computers, with math. It took me a long time to process and think about things. I rarely had clever retorts to my wife's reasonable arguments.

"Jamal calls me a sissy white boy," I growled.

Jen laughed and said, "Mike, he's just fucking with you. He's just being a big black cock. A bull. He's playing the role we want him to play."

"You've called me a sissy white boy," I said bitterly.

"Oh come on baby," Jen said soothingly. "You know I'm just playing. Right? You're my man. You know that right?"

I frowned but didn't answer.

Jen reached down and cupped my cock. "You kind of like it, right? When I tease you that way? You're already hard again Mike."

It was true. I was hard again.

"Let's play baby," Jen said, trying to coax me out of my sullen mood. "We haven't talked about last night. Did you have fun at the husband's party? Did you talk to anyone?"

"The news anchor of the local CBS station was there," I said. "Sebastian."

"Yeah, I've seen him around," Jen said. "His wife's pretty. I think her name's Mary. She's dating Jaylen."

"You know them?"

"I don't know them, know them," Jen said with a shrug. "Jamal introduced me; I honestly can't remember when. Jaylen's hot. But I don't know him."

"Sebastian asked me to get him into Sapphire," I said.

"I thought you weren't allowed to do that," Jen said.

Maybe it was because my feelings were still raw, but I bristled at her words. "I can do anything I want with Sapphire!" I snapped. "I fucking invented Sapphire!"

"Mike, I know, that came out wrong, I'm sorry," Jen said immediately, soothingly rubbing my chest. She moved her leg so her calf was on my

calf. I felt the silky nylon of her stockings. I felt the supple leather of her high heels against my skin. I knew she did this on purpose, to calm me down, to change the subject. It always worked, even though I knew what she was doing.

"So did you have fun at the husband's party?" Jen asked again. With a grin, she asked "Did you like seeing me with Jamal?" Jen was cupping my balls now. Gently caressing me.

My anger, my hurt feelings, those dark emotions were there. But now they were fueling my cuckold lust.

"Sebastian said they call you J & J," I said, my voice hoarse with excitement.

"Some people do."

"So Jamal calls you J too? Like you call him J?"

"Sometimes," Jen said. "It started as a joke, I guess."

She was still caressing my balls. Now she moved her hand up and wrapped her fingers around my cock. "You're really hard Mike," she said. "Does it turn you on, that we have pet names for each other? And people call us JJ?"

"I hate it," I said. It was true. I hated it. But it turned me on too. Jen knew, and she smiled at me. I couldn't help smiling back.

"That's what happens, you know?" Jen said. She was stroking me. She used a light grip, enough to give me pleasure, but not enough to make me cum. "When you're dating someone. You have pet names for each other. It's a sign of affection."

"So you have feelings for Jamal?"

"Of course I do."

"Even though he's a racist?"

Jen pursed her lips at me. "I don't think he's a racist," she said. "I think he's proud of his culture. And he's got a chip on his shoulder. So he says things that sound racist, but I don't think he is. You know what he told me? You know his gold teeth?"

I nodded.

"When he was a teenage he worked construction. He was making money for his family. They were really poor. Some guys jumped him. White guys. It was like, 4 to 1. That's how he lost those teeth. When he got older and had money, the first thing he bought were those gold teeth. They're like a reminder to himself of what he's had to get through to be where he is. I mean, the man has a freaking PhD, Mike, and he's a professor at NYU. You've got to admit, that's pretty impressive."

"You sound like you admire him," I said. I felt jealous and uneasy at her words.

"I do admire him," Jen said, a soft hand on my chest. "I admire Jamal. I like him. He's awesome in bed. But that's the extent of my relationship with him. I'm dating him, because that's how our game works. You like it, and I like it. But I'm not the girl I used to be Mike. I know what I have with you. I'm just playing with Jamal. That's all. Okay?"

When I didn't answer, Jen kissed me softly on the lips. "Okay?" she said again, her beautiful blue eyes looking into mine.

I nodded.

"Do you still want to play?" she asked. Her hand was still around my hard cock, slowly stroking me.

I nodded again.

Jen reached behind her. A moment later she was holding the plastic bag full of Jamal's sperm.

"Are you really going to make me do that?" I asked her, looking warily at the bag.

Jen kissed me. Then she asked me again, "Do you want to play?"

"Yes," I said. I wanted to make love to my wife. I was desperate to be inside her again.

Jen brought the bag to my face. She rolled the sperm bag over my cheeks, my nose, my mouth. It was cold from being in the refrigerator.

"Does this turn you on?" she asked as she rolled the bag over my face. "Jamal calls it his black seed. This is what he puts inside me every time he cums. Do you think it's enough sperm to get me pregnant?"

"Jen … do you think about that?" I asked breathlessly.

"I do," she said.

I rolled her on her back, pinning her arms to her sides. "Do you really think about that?" I demanded.

Jen's lips parted in a slight smile. "Are you going alpha on me Mike?" she teased.

"Jen … please. Tell me," I pleaded. I let her arms ago. Then she moved to her side, sliding me onto my back. Very quickly she was my top again, and I was her bottom.

"I think about it, yeah," Jen said as she reached for my cock again. "I mean, like, if its just a hook up, like with Wyatt, I don't think about it as

much. But if I'm seeing a guy, like Jamal, yeah, I think about it. I think it's just natural if you're having sex with him a lot. Especially if you're seeing him romantically. If you're more than just fuck buddies."

I was silent as I processed her words. Jen gripped my cock. "God Mike, you're so freaking hard," she admired.

"You know I have pregnancy fantasies," I said.

"I know that," Jen said. "It's like with John and Alicia, and Lizzy. You can't talk about it without getting hard. Even when you're saying how terrible it is, it gets you hot."

"It is terrible," I said.

"I think it is too," Jen assured me. "But they love Lizzy and Blake doesn't get in the way, so maybe it's okay. I don't know. But anyways, I'm on the pill so it's okay to fantasize about it."

"Do you fantasize about it?" I asked.

"Not exactly, but …," Jen began. Then her pretty face broke into a helpless smile. "I'm embarrassed to tell you. It's really perverted."

I immediately became intrigued. "Tell me," I urged her.

"I mean, it's crazy but …," she began. "You know I have rape fantasies? Rape fantasies are really about being forced. Not having control. Like, a guy makes me cum against my will. You know? It's about someone controlling me."

"Yeah?" I said, prompting her to continue.

"Well, there's this chick … she's a waitress in a bar Jamal takes me. She doesn't like me, because I'm white."

"And she's black," I said.

"Right. She seriously doesn't like me. I don't even know her name, but she hates me cause I'm with Jamal. So sometimes I fantasize about the waitress forcing me. I'm not on the pill and she finds out somehow. And she holds me down while a room of black guys fuck me. As they're cumming in me, she says things like, 'if you love black cock so much, then you gotta have black babies.'"

After a moment, she added "She doesn't actually say black babies. She says black babies."

I stared at my wife. Never before had I heard her say the N word.

"Lately Jamal's asked me to call him that," Jen said, explaining. "When he's fucking me."

My eyes went wide with surprise. "When he's fucking you, he wants you to call him the N word?" I asked.

Jen nodded.

"In your fantasy – it's always the waitress forcing you? Not Jamal?"

Jen hesitated, then admitted, "Sometimes it's Jamal."

I stared at my wife again, processing her fantasy. After a few moments, she asked "So what do you think about my fantasy?"

"I think it's really hot," I said honestly. Jen smiled appreciatively, and we both laughed. I think she was relieved I didn't think she was perverted. I mean, her fantasy was wild, but then all fantasies are, right? And the fact she fantasized about black men taking her, and impregnating her, it sent me deep into cuck space.

Jen's fantasy wasn't the ideal cuck scenario. The ultimate cuck fantasy was for her to fall in love with Jamal, and then willingly have his black baby. But people were different, and so were their fantasies. I fantasized about my wife falling in love with another man. Jen fantasized about being forced and raped. Her pregnancy fantasy didn't exactly mesh with my cuck desires, but it was good enough. It got my cock as hard as a rock and left me breathless.

I rolled Jen onto her back. I got between her open legs. Her pussy lips were still swollen and partially gaped open from fucking Jamal last night. "You like feeling Jamal cum inside you?" I asked as I looked at her well used pussy.

"I do," she said.

"You like his black seed inside you?" I asked.

"I do," she said again.

I stared at her. I remembered how she said "I do" when she promised herself to me, at our wedding. Now she was using those two words about another man.

"You want to have Jamal's baby?" I asked.

I ran my fingertips across my wife's sexy flat stomach. "I want Jamal to put his black baby in here," I told her.

"You're a bad boy Mike," Jen said with a grin on her pretty face.

I was still between my wife's open legs. I picked up the bag that lay next to Jen. Even small, it was heavy with Jamal's sperm.

With one hand, I parted Jen's pussy lips. She watched me with interest as I slowly pushed the plastic bag into her pussy, being careful not to rip the

fragile bag. I pushed the bag into her with my finger. Then I tore the bag, so his sperm seeped into her womb.

I put Jen's legs over my shoulders, and I raised her up so her legs and ass were lifted off the bed. I held her that way, vertical, just like Jamal always did after cumming inside her. I knew gravity would be pulling his black seed deep into her womb.

"You know what you're doing, right Mike?" Jen said to me. "You're impregnating me with Jamal's sperm."

I shuddered at her words. After holding her up for long minutes, I finally let her down. I reached into her pussy and pulled out the torn bag. It was empty. All of Jamal's sperm was inside her.

I reached for a box of condoms on my bedside table. They were Durex condoms, as Jamal had instructed. I had bought them earlier that day. I had to go to 3 drugstores before finding them.

Jen took the box of condoms from me. This is the first time she had seen them. She grinned as she read the box: "Durex - Extra Thick for Maximum Protection."

"I can't believe Jamal's making you wear this," she said with a laugh in her voice.

"Will you put it on for me?" I asked.

"Of course I will baby," Jen said. She took one of the condoms from the box. She ripped the foiled package with her teeth. Then she rolled it on my hard cock.

I moved closer. Jen reached between us and took my cock, guiding me to her pussy. She rubbed my sheathed cock up and down between her pussy lips, for lubrication. I saw she was moist. Not soaking, but moist.

I pushed in. My cock penetrated her with almost no resistance.

“You’re loose,” I said as I easily got balls deep inside my wife.

“You’ve seen how big he is,” Jen said. “He’s stretching me.”

“He’s making your pussy fit his cock,” I said, using cuckold parlance.

“I guess.”

“Do you think you’ll ever get tight again?” I asked.

“I’m sure I will,” she said. But I wasn’t as convinced.

“Can you feel me?”

“Of course I can feel you Mike.”

“Do I feel as good as Jamal?”

Jen looked into my eyes as she said “No.” Her answer made me shudder with cuckold angst and pleasure.

I began moving in and out, fucking her. “I’m pushing Jamal’s sperm deeper into you,” I said as I rocked back and forth.

“I don’t think so,” Jen said.

“What?”

“You’re not long enough to do that,” she said. “You might be a little. But I don’t think so.”

Again I shuddered at her words.

“How does the condom feel?” she asked me.

"It's really thick," I told her. I thought about the other condoms I had seen while searching for the Durex condoms. Most said things like "ultra thin for maximum pleasure" and "so thin it feels natural." They were all about enhancing the man's pleasure.

But Durex was about safety and protection. Jamal was denying me pleasure. He was denying me the pleasure of my own wife's pussy. The realization made me burn with cuckold lust.

"Jen, let me take off the condom," I said urgently. "Just for a second. I promise not to cum. I just want to feel you skin to skin."

Jen looked at me for a long moment as she considered, as she weighted my desires as her husband versus the command of her boyfriend.

"Please Jen," I said. I was begging now but I didn't care. "It's been so long. I just want to feel you skin to skin. Please."

Jen pursed her lips at me. "You promise not to cum?" she said.

Her words were like a dagger to my heart. But I said, "Yes, I promise."

She nodded her head. I quickly pulled out and tore off the condom. I didn't want her to change her mind. Then I pushed back in.

Oh god. Oh god! It felt so good! Even though she was loose and stretched, she felt so good!

It made me think about why I was denying myself this pleasure. She was my wife. Mine! Why was I giving her pussy – her body – to another man?

And it was more than just the pleasure. It was the intimacy of it all, nothing between us, being joined as one person. The intimacy with my wife! My soul mate! It had been so long! I had missed it so much!

But then Jen destroyed me as she dismissively said, "Mike, enough. Pull out. You promised."

She destroyed me.

I stared at her for a moment. I was reeling inside. But then I pulled out.

Jen could tell I was upset. "It's just that we promised Jamal," she said soothingly, trying to ease my hurt feelings. "I liked feeling you. It felt good like that. It really did. But we promised Jamal."

She said it felt really good. But she wasn't breathing hard at all. She didn't seem aroused at all. I knew she was lying.

Jen reached for another Durex condom. Like before, she tore the foil package with her teeth. Then she rolled the condom back on my shaft.

"Do you want me like this, or on top?" she asked as she lay underneath me. She was being nice. Letting me choose, so as to make it good for me. She was trying to make it up to me. Trying to make me feel like I still had some sexual influence in her life. That I was still had some relevance in her sexual life.

"This is good," I said. I tried not to say much. My feelings were so raw, I was afraid my voice would crack if I said more, and I didn't want her to see that weakness.

Jen smiled. She reached up and wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me down to her. "Kiss me while you make love to me," she said. So we kissed while I moved back and forth in her. Soon I came in the Durex condom.

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The next morning, I woke up with my dick in Jen's mouth. Her blonde hair was tussled, and she looked at me with bedroom eyes. "I'm sorry I was a

jerk to you last night," she said with my hard cock half in her mouth. "It's just that we promised Jamal."

"It's okay," I said. The evening's sleep had calmed my hurt feelings. And it was always good to wake up to a blow job.

Jen gave me an appreciative smile, then she went back down on me.

"We haven't talked about the other night with Jamal," I said as I looked at her blonde hair bobbing up and down. "The way he fucked you. Holding you off the bed like that."

Jen took me out of her mouth. She held me in her hand, stroking me. "I know," she said with a grin. "Pretty freaking amazing, huh? No man's ever done me that way. Jamal is so incredibly strong to hold me that way."

"So it feels good?"

"Oh my god Mike, it feels so good," Jen gushed, rolling her eyes delightedly to emphasize how good it felt. "Fucking … Amazing," she added, emphasizing each word.

"It's like, he's fucking you in zero G," I said.

"Ha! Only you would think that baby," Jen said with a laugh. "I can't wait to tell J what you said."

Then she pulled her long blonde hair to the side, and went back down on me. As she finished me off, I thought about how disturbing it was – and also a turn on – that she was sharing our intimate bedroom conversations with her black boyfriend.

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(re-posted now in the right thread)

Chapter 47

So I haven't written in a while. Months. Sorry. Life just kind of happens I guess. I guess sometimes I need time to process what's happening with Jen and Jamal, and me. And a lot's happened. Not just about Jamal and our game, but our regular life too.

Let me try to catch you up. Yes, Jen is still with Jamal. They're as into each other as ever. But more about that in a minute.

A big thing is, Jen is working again at Gateway. Allie works at Gateway too. She still lives in LA, but she has to be in NYC pretty often to work on clients, so they see each other every couple of weeks.

Scott still works for Gateway too. He lives in Michigan but (like Allie) is at the mother ship in NYC pretty often. Jen doesn't mention him very often. I think, because, how things turned out before. And because she's too distracted by Jamal anyway.

Another big thing is, we moved to the loft apartment in NYC! Wow, big life changes, right? We still own the house in Montclair NJ. We put it on the market, but I pulled it after a couple weeks. I guess I needed a safety net. I'm worried about how deep Jen's relationship with Jamal has grown, and I want some place to pull back to if things get too serious. It's kind of funny (ironic's probably the better word) that the neighborhood where Jen has so many lovers would feel safe to me, but that's how it is. I guess that gives you an idea of how things have progressed with Jamal.

Jen didn't fight me on keeping the Montclair house. I think she's sentimental about it. We have a lot of great memories there, with Anna, and our friends. We were able to rent it out, so maybe it'll end up being a good investment.

A side benefit was, our neighbors didn't feel the need to throw us a going away party, since we weren't selling the house. Both Jen and I were relieved about that. It would've been awkward seeing Blake, and Steph, and John and Alicia. We've kinda drifted away from them. I don't regret

not seeing Blake much anymore, but I have to admit I miss talking to Steph, and I feel kind of guilty for just abruptly ending our friendship.

So okay. Now Jamal. They still see each other every Saturday. Jen calls it their date night. For most married couples, "date night" is when they go out. But for us, "date night" is my wife's evening with her black lover. The reality of the situation both disturbs me, and so turns me on.

Jamal is now seeing Jen exclusively. As in, he's not fucking (or dating) other girls. And Jen's still only having sex with Jamal. So that's all made things easier as far as STDs go. Their sex is always unprotected, always skin-on-skin. And since they're exclusive to each other, they don't have to get tested anymore.

What about me? Does Jen give me any?

This is where Jamal has really taken over our lives. Our sex life anyway. Jamal only wants his sperm in my wife's body. So Jen will give me blowjobs, but I don't cum in her mouth. I'm allowed to have intercourse with my wife whenever I want – this is a new thing that Jamal allows – but I always have to use condoms. I haven't actually been skin-to-skin inside Jen for months. (The last time was at the end of the last chapter, and that was only briefly.)

And it's not actually whenever I want. Jamal's rule is, I can only have sex with Jen after he's been with her. Like, after their Saturday dates.

How do I feel about this? About Jamal's control over my wife, and our sex life?

I'm a cuckold. I hate it. And I love it.

My cock is still in the cage. Jen only lets me out on days she's seeing Jamal. At first, the cock cage was a thing between me and Jen. But Jamal's taken control of that too. He insists that I stay caged except on their date

nights. It's not like he has the key. Jen has the key. But she does what he says.

A big development is, Jen and Jamal now see each other more than just once a week. This happened after we moved to the loft apartment, and Jamal told Jen he was going to be exclusive to her. She was delighted when he told her that. It was a major ego boost that a man like Jamal would commit to just her, and she wanted him all to herself.

Soon after Jamal told her that – and he told her that with a lot of kisses and snuggling -- Jen told me it wasn't fair that Jamal only got sex once a week. She said a man like Jamal needs more sex than that. Those were her words. "A man like Jamal needs sex more than once a week."

She told me she needed to take care of him. Since he was seeing her exclusivity, she needed to make sure he was sexually satisfied. She told me it was only fair. Those were her words too. "It's gotta be more than once a week Mike. It's only fair."

You can imagine, the word "fair" swirled around inside my head. Where was the fairness for me? She was my wife, but my dick wasn't allowed inside her without a condom. She never swallowed my cum anymore. Mostly nowadays, the only thing I got from her was a handjob, or I masturbated as she told me about her latest fuck fest with Jamal. So how was any of this fair?

Jen wanted to see Jamal more than once a week. To give him her body. To make sure he was sexually satisfied. While I got barely anything. How was this fair to me?

I could have said no. I think I still had that power, at least for major changes like this. Or I could have gone nuclear and pulled her free pass. Ended the game.

But in the end, I agreed. You might think I'm stupid. But here's the thing. It was different this time. I'm talking about Scott. With Scott, everything happened so fast. And I barely ever saw Jen. She spent more time with him than me.

But now, Jen was with me most of the time. Yes, she was with Jamal on their Saturday dates. And now, in addition, she saw him 2-3 times a week. But those were quickies. Over lunch or right after work. Jen made a point to always be home by dinner time. Yes she had a black lover, and yes she fucked him a lot, but most of the time she was with me and Anna. Most of the time we were a normal American family, a normal American marriage. It's probably hard to believe, but it's true.

On their Saturday dates, they usually ended up at Jamal's apartment at NYU. It was easier, since (of course) Anna was at our loft apartment. Usually I was at his apartment too, watching them have sex. There was no problem getting a babysitter, since Callie was living with us as Anna's nanny while she went to Hostos college in the Bronx.

Most times I sat in the chair next to Jamal's bed as I watched them fuck. Nowadays I was completely nude sitting in that chair. Jen encouraged me to take off all my clothes while I watched. I was keeping the weight off and exercising, and she said she liked looking at my slim, tight body.

Usually I slowly stroked my cock as I watched them fuck. Sometimes I'd only be half hard; it took me awhile to get fully erect after being caged. But it still felt good, playing with myself. Often I'd use my other hand and caress the underside of my balls. I loved it when Jen did that. When she scraped her long nails across the underside of my balls. She still did that too, on those days when I wasn't in the cage.

Jamal fucked Jen in every position imaginable. Her favorite was doggy, and she always came when he fucked her hard from behind. But they always ended up with Jamal on top, and Jen's long beautiful legs on his broad shoulders. Missionary was probably Jen's second favorite position, because

she loved to kiss during intercourse, and she loved to caress her man's chest, abs and arms as he rocked back and forth inside her body.

Jamal liked missionary too. He liked to look into Jen's beautiful face when he came. And being on top, he could get deeper when he came inside her body.

It was when Jamal was on top that I had the best view of his cock penetrating Jen's pussy. The sight was striking, more so than when she was with any other man. I think because Jamal was black and her other lovers had been white. Seeing his big black cock stretching her pink pussy lips was incredible. His cock was so thick, her lips stretched out as he pulled out, and then disappeared inside her as he pushed in. His big jet black body on top of her petite lily white body … his big black lips kissing her pouty white lips … her slim stockinged legs wrapped around his big black muscular thighs. Those sights left me panting. They made my cock ache with cuckold lust.

As always, when Jamal came, he lifted Jen's body almost vertical, using gravity to flow his black seed deep inside her fertile womb. I don't know why he did this. He knew Jen was on the pill. He kept her in this position for long minutes, kissing her the entire time. Jen didn't seem to mind. She liked feeling so full with her lover's black meat, and she loved being kissed by Jamal. She told me many times that he was the best kisser ever. I think the fact that Jen loved to kiss Jamal so much bothered me more than the way she always came so hard on his cock.

Sometimes when Jamal was in a nasty mood, he would make me fluff him up for Jen. He'd sit on the edge of the bed, and I'd get on my knees between his open legs. And I'd … well … I'd go down on him. I'd use my fingers. My nails (which I still kept longer than normal). My tongue. My mouth. The way Jen taught me. How to pleasure a man.

I did this for my wife. Because I love her. And me going down on Jamal always got her hot. Her pouty lips parted, her cheeks got flushed, and her

eyes got heavy lidded whenever she looked at me with Jamal's cock in my mouth.

Sometimes she'd get on the floor next to me. Both of us naked (although usually she'd still be in stockings and heels). She'd press her body against mine – her little tits against my back – and look over my shoulder as I sucked off her lover. She'd reached around to my front and stroke my cock, and whisper in my ear things like "you look so sexy with Jamal's cock in your mouth."

Once as I went down on Jamal, Jen put on her strap on and fucked my ass from behind. As she fucked me, she ran her hands over my naked body and said "I love fucking your tight body" and "I love fucking your sexy tight ass."

I came from Jen's fucking. She was delighted I came from just getting my ass fucked, without any stimulation from her hand on my cock. Jamal laughed and said "He likes it. And he does have a tight ass. Maybe if you put him in high heels I'll fuck him."

Jen laughed and beamed into Jamal's eyes. They both laughed, like they were sharing a joke, like THEY were the married couple and I was just a sex toy for them to dick around with.

Hearing Jen laugh really hurt me. Seeing her looking into Jamal's eyes and sharing the moment with him really hurt me. It hurt me to my core. It really hurt. It devastated me. Jen could tell. She quickly wiped the smile off her face and hugged me. Since then, she hasn't tried to use the strap on with me.

Despite low points like that, I still craved it. If anything, I wanted more. If anything, my cuckold desires grew and got more intense, more consuming.

Like, I craved seeing them together beyond just in the bedroom. I wanted to see them on their dates, watch them together as a couple. I wanted to see the romance in their relationship, not just the sex.

It wasn't that hard to follow them and watch. Jen was good at telling me their plans. One time they went to the Brooklyn museum. They both liked to spend time together, go on real dates, but obviously they couldn't go places where Jen might run into someone we knew. They often went to Brooklyn, or Harlem, places our friends and co-workers were unlikely to go.

They went during one of their Saturday dates. The museum was crowded so it was easy to watch them without being seen. Yeah, I was spying on them. I didn't want them to know I was watching. I didn't want Jamal to know because I didn't want to deal with his scorn and mocking. I didn't want Jen to know because I wanted to see what she did with Jamal when I wasn't around.

They looked like a real couple as they toured the museum. They stood close together and held hands the entire time, their heads close together as they talked about the exhibits. They were a striking couple and turned a lot of heads. Mixed couples weren't unusual in NYC, but they weren't common either. And Jen was beautiful, always the prettiest girl in the room. Jamal also turned a lot of heads. He wasn't handsome as much as imposing with his big muscular body, his jet black skin, his shaved head, the gold teeth. Like I said, they were a striking couple.

They kissed a lot. Not making out, just little romantic kisses. Like, Jamal would say something funny, and Jen would grin and give him a little kiss. And there were always touching. Jamal's hand on her lower back. Jen's touching her palm against his chest, and leaning her hip against his. The kind of romantic touching that couples do.

Earlier in the day, I'd watched Jen do her nails with Anna. Anna's favorite color was pink, so they both painted their nails a light pink. The shade was so pretty and innocent. And they had fun painting their nails, smiling and laughing, bonding together as mother and daughter.

Now, I watched as Jen and Jamal held hands as they toured the museum. Her lily white fingers with the light pink nails intertwined with Jamal's big

black fingers. I thought of the contrast, of Jen earlier painting her names with Anna, and now here with Jamal, her black boyfriend.

God …

It got me so hot.

I got so excited watching them. I had been smart enough to wear loose trousers, so people couldn't see my hard-on. Jen had let me out of the cage (since it was her date night with Jamal), and I was so hard watching them. I got so excited my body started shaking. An old lady asked me if I was okay, and I had to go to the bathroom to calm down. I was tempted to jerk off in the stall, but I didn't want the depression that came after cumming.

It took me a while to find them after leaving the bathroom. When I saw them, they were touring some paintings. Jen's body was pressed against his, and she was holding his arm. Jamal's arm was around her. His thumb was in the back pocket of her skinny jeans. The way a boyfriend would curl his thumb into his girlfriend's back pocket. They looked so much like a couple. So into each other. It wasn't just sex, it was romance. My wife was in a romantic relationship with another man. God, it got me so excited. My body started to shake again.

Jen assured me she didn't love Jamal. She said she loved only me, and she would only ever love only me. But she admitted she liked Jamal. A lot. And their relationship was romantic in addition to sexual.

Jen assured me Jamal didn't love her either. They were just really good friends and had a lot of fun together. Not just in the bedroom, but spending time together. They were both enjoying the infatuation of a new relationship. She told me not to worry. Eventually the infatuation would go away and she'd drift away from Jamal, just like she had done with Blake, and Doug, and Cam (and Scott too, although she rarely talked about Scott even though they were working together again). Jen assured me that I was the only man who was permanent in her life.

Jen admitted, though, that she now understood the appeal of black men. Now she got the "once you go black you won't go back" thing. She told me she had met a lot of really hot black men through Jamal, and said her next boyfriend in our game might be black too.

That gave me some comfort, that she was already thinking about life after Jamal. But I wasn't sure about my wife being "blacked." Black culture was different than white. And even though I was a liberal democrat, the idea of my wife spending so much time with black men made me uneasy. If it was just sex, that would be one thing. But it was never just sex with Jen. That's not how our game worked.

Later that night after the museum, I met them at Jamal's apartment. I was waiting for them as they approached. They were holding hands, walking close together, their heads tilted together as they spoke in whispers.

When Jen saw me, she let Jamal's hand go and separated from him by a few inches. She knew it hurt me to see her holding his hand and walking so romantically together. She moved from Jamal and walked up to me. She took my hands and looked into my eyes. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"What'd you do today?" she asked as she squeezed my hands.

"Just hung out," I said with a nonchalant shrug. She didn't mention seeing me at the museum, so I assumed she hadn't. I didn't tell her either. The whole point was to watch them together without her knowing, so I could see how she was with him when she didn't think I was looking.

"Anna okay?"

"Yeah. She's good. You know. She's with Callie."

"You're really okay?" Jen asked, looking into my eyes as if trying to discern how I was really feeling.

"I am," I assured her. In reality my insides were churning. But my dick was hard too. Always the conflict with me. That was the nature of being a cuckold. It was what made me a cuck. The conflict was what made it so breathlessly exciting.

"Are you ready to go inside?" she asked. "Remember, we're seeing Joey first."

"Oh yeah. Right," I said. I had forgotten. Jen was still trying to patch things up with Joe. She was the kind of person who wanted everyone to like her. She didn't like when someone was upset or disappointed with her, especially someone like Joe who she had a special relationship with. That special relationship was because he was her brother-in-law, she had watched him grow up, and because of that they were really close … and also because they had had a torrid affair (much of it behind my back). Their physical relationship had only stopped when Jamal insisted that Jen be exclusive to him.

Joe didn't like that. And he didn't like the fact that she was dating Jamal. Joe liked Jamal, they were still friends, but he was really close to Jen. He had grown up with a huge childhood crush on her. So no man was good enough for her from his point of view. Except me. And him. And maybe not even me anymore. He didn't think much of my desire to see his cherished sister-in-law with other men.

Jamal was cool about it, with us visiting my brother first. He went up to his apartment while we went to visit Joe. As soon as her lover was gone, Jen took my hand. God, it felt so good! Jen had only been with Jamal for a few hours, but I missed her so much. I missed my wife! So I squeezed her hand tight. I needed to fill up the Jen meter, as much as possible in the short walk to Joe's apartment. Even though I knew that once our visit with Joe was over and we were in Jamal's apartment, she'd be his again.

Almost as soon as we got in Joe's apartment, Jen got a call from Allie. Something about an urgent project at work, so she had to take the call. Suddenly Joe and I were alone, and it was awkward. He said "You're going to see Jamal?"

He said it in a judgmental, scornful voice. It pissed me off. "Shut up Joe," I hissed at him. "You have no right to judge. You had an affair with her behind my back. Remember that? Behind my fucking back."

Joe glared at me, but he shut up.

When Jen returned, Joe eased up and softened. He looked up at my wife like a lovesick puppy, looking at her like she was a ray of sunshine. They talked, catching up, Jen wanting to see if Joe was okay, Joe asking about Anna and her job back at Gateway. It was like I wasn't even there. I got jealous, but also my heart pounded in my chest. It was pretty clear to me that if Jen wasn't with Jamal, she'd still be fucking my brother.

Joe had a book of photos on the table. Back when he was younger, he had gotten into photography. For Christmas one year, our parents gave him one of those cameras you had to turn the lens to focus. He took a lot of pictures at our wedding, and many of them were in that photo album.

Jen was delighted to look through the book. We had hired a professional photographer for our wedding, and we had a big wedding album at home, but these were homemade, candid pictures of our wedding. And even though we'd been married for years, she'd never seen them. Jen asked Joe if she could borrow the album, and he of course said yes.

As our visit was ending (I could tell Jen was anxious to get back to Jamal), Jen turned to me and asked "Do you mind if I spent a few minutes alone with Joey?"

My cock immediately jerked. "Yeah, okay," I managed to say with a dry throat.

Jen disappeared with Joe into his bedroom, while I stayed behind in the small kitchen/family room combo. She closed the door behind them.

After a few moments, I couldn't resist. I silently moved to the door. The door was cracked open just a little, so I could see in. Jen and Joe were standing close together. They were whispering. I could see them, but I could only hear some of their words.

Joe said something, and Jen broke into a mischievous smile. I managed to hear her say "Really?"

Then, with that crooked, mischievous smile still on her beautiful face, she reached out to Joe's crotched. I watched as she rubbed my brother's erection over his pants.

Joe reached for her, but Jen stepped back. She said "You know I can't Joey."

Joe said something I couldn't hear. Jen shrugged and said "I do miss it. But you know I'm with Jamal. And you know what he thinks about that."

Joe said something, and Jen laughed. "Are you serious?" she asked incredulously. She had that crooked smile on her face again. Then, grinning at Joe, she reached up under her skirt, and she pulled down her panties. Laughing, my wife handed my brother her panties.

A few minutes later, we were walking to Jamal's apartment. Jen was holding the photo album with our wedding pictures. I knew she was pantyless under her skirt.

"What was that all about?" I asked her. I was annoyed, hurt. Aroused.

"I just wanted to make sure Joey's okay," Jen said.

"I saw you with him, you know," I said with an accusing voice. Jen grinned at me. At that moment, I realized she had left the door cracked so I could watch them together.

"Joey's conflicted," Jen said. "He likes Jamal, but doesn't want me with him. Even though J's being really nice to him."

"Nice?" I asked.

"Jamal's introduced Joey to a lot of his friends," Jen told me. "Girls I mean."

I took a moment to process that. Jamal was hooking Joe up with black girls, so he would be cool about him dating his sister-in-law. "So Jamal's using those girls, so he can be with you and still be friends with Joe?" I said in a deriding, accusatory tone.

Jen laughed. She said, "Mike baby, believe me, it's no hardship to be with your brother. He's really good in bed."

Her words sent me reeling. They were like a punch to the gut. I actually stopped walking, that's how much it hurt me.

Jen stopped too. She put a comforting hand on my chest. "I'm not telling you anything you don't already know," she said in a gentle voice. "And I know you want me to tell you want I'm thinking. You don't want me to sugar coat things."

"That's true," I said.

But Jen could still see I was upset. And I was upset. I was feeling jealous, and insecure. At that moment, it seemed like she held every man in the word in higher regard than me.

Jen sensed how I was feeling. She said "You're my husband, baby. I belong to you. Other men might fuck me, but I belong to you."

We were silent for long moments as we stared into each other's eyes. Finally Jen gently said "We should get to Jamal's. Unless you want to go home?"

Would she really go home if I said so? But then, I didn't want to go home, did I? I wanted to see my wife fucked by Jamal – by J – with his big black cock.

Once inside Jamal's apartment, Jen said next to Jamal on the sofa with the photo album open on their laps. I sat across from them, in an arm chair.

Jamal was delighted to see our wedding pictures. "You were such a hot bride!" the black man gushed. "I wish I knew you then. I would've loved to fuck you in your wedding dress."

Jen laughed. She was clearly happy with Jamal's compliments.

Without thinking, I blurted out "We weren't into this then." I immediately felt like an idiot for saying it.

Jen and Jamal both looked at it. It was like they had forgotten I was there. With a confident, forceful voice, he said "A cuck's a cuck though, right Mike? Maybe you hadn't come out yet, but those desires were inside you. Just like sweet Jen here had latent desires for black cock. I'm just saying, if I'd know you guys back then, who knows what would've happened?"

"Jamal, be nice," Jen said in a gentle voice.

"I am being nice," Jamal objected, holding his ground. "What about what I just said isn't nice?" Then with a grin on his face, he joked "I'm giving you both life lessons here. The secrets of life. You both should be thanking me."

"Mike's not going to thank you," Jen said with a laugh. She looked at me and gave me an encouraging smile. Her smile was like a knife to my pride though, because I felt like she was patronizing me.

Jamal laughed back. "Well then, Mike, then you can get on your knees and suck my cock, to fluff me up for Jen's pussy. Take off your clothes first. I want to see your tight ass when my cock's in your mouth."

"Jamal, god, stop," Jen told him. She got off the sofa and came to me. She straddled my legs and sat in my lap.

"I'll be in the bedroom," Jamal told her.

"Okay, whatever," Jen said somewhat dismissively without turning her head to him. She wrapped her arms around my neck and rested her forehead against mine. "Are you okay Mike? I don't know what Jamal's being such a jerk. He was in a good mood earlier."

"Maybe because you saw Joe," I said. "What do you think he'd say if he knew you felt up Joe's cock?"

"Ha. Let's not tell him that," Jen said. Looking into my eyes, she added "I left the door open so you could see, but don't get me in trouble with J, okay?"

"Why did you touch Joe?"

"Because he asked me if I missed it."

"You told him you did."

Jen shrugged and said "I said what he wanted to hear. But honestly? I'm kinda so into Jamal right now, I'm not thinking about other men."

I stared at her, my heart in my throat.

"I mean, other than you of course," she quickly corrected. She knew her words were weak though, so she added what she said before. "I know you want me to tell you the truth."

She gave me a kiss, then moved off my lap. She said, "Take off your clothes Mike. Not for Jamal. But for me. You know I like looking at you." Then she moved to join Jamal in his bedroom.

So a few minutes later, I was sitting naked in a chair, watching my wife getting fucked by her black boyfriend in his bed. Jen took it from behind and with him on top of her. "You like my black cock bitch?!" he screamed as he pounded her pussy.

"Oh god yes I love your nigga cock!" Jen wailed back.

"You love my nigga cock?!"

"God yes! I fucking love it! Oh god Jamal! You're fucking making me cum again! Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck oh god ….."

In all our years together, I never heard Jen say the N word. But now she said it all the time with Jamal.

We talked about it. She told me that somehow, it's okay to say it with Jamal. It wasn't racist or demeaning him. In fact, he liked it. He encouraged her to say it. "You know, black people say that to each other all the time."

"I know," I said. "But you're not black."

"But I'm with a black man," Jen pointed out. "I'm his girlfriend. So that counts sorta. Don't you think?"

After their dates and Jen was back home, I'd finally get my turn. I tried not to cum except at these times. I couldn't anyway, not when my dick was caged. But even when it wasn't, I didn't want to cum when I wasn't with

her, because the emotions that flooded me after cumming were too intense and negative.

Jen always made me wear a condom. Only Jamal was allowed inside her bare. And (per Jamal's orders), the condoms had to be the extra thick Durex. "Do you miss feeling me bare inside you?" I asked one time when Jen was on top riding me.

"Of course I do," she said. "But this is just a game we're playing. This is just right now Mike. It's not forever. It's just our game."

"I don't stretch you like Jamal," I said, craving the delicious cuckold pain.

"You don't," she said honestly.

"You don't feel full with me."

"No," she said. She wasn't being mean or scornful. She was just telling the truth. In fact, she knew this was what I wanted to hear. She knew it excited me and I couldn't hear her say it enough. So she continued.

"It's amazing having someone so big inside you," Jen gushed. "Girls who say size doesn't matter are lying or just haven't experienced it. Being so stretched, feeling so full. Feeling him pressing against my walls. The way he touches all of me when he pushes in and pulls out. The way it feels on my clit. My g-spot. It's just hard to describe how it feels Mike. So – fucking – amazing. I crave it. I crave Jamal's big beautiful black cock. I can't get enough of it. I want it all the time."

Jen was slowly rocking back and forth on my cock as she said this. Her words made me jealous, they hurt my soul, but they also made me dizzy with cuckold lust. I was breathing hard, my heart pounding, I concentrated so as not to cum too fast.

I tried not to think about what she was feeling from my cock. My little dick, what she called "her little guy." My penis didn't stretch her. Didn't make

her feel full. I couldn't reach her g-spot. I didn't have the girth to rub her clit properly.

Jen's eyelids were heavy with lust as she thought about Jamal. "Then when he finally cums … when he cums inside me … god that feels so good too. He doesn't always cum inside me. Sometimes my mouth, sometimes my face. I like that too. I feel so slutty when a man cums on my face, I love it. But I like it best when J cums inside me. It feels, like … satisfying I guess, when I feel his sperm shooting inside me. I guess it's a biological thing. You know? We're wired to want to procreate. So a girl wants to feel her man cumming inside her. Just like Jamal wants his sperm to be inside me. Humans have a nature desire to want to make babies."

I couldn't hold off anymore. I came. But unlike Jamal, not into her womb. Into the condom.

"Do I ever make you cum anymore?" I asked Jen another time.

"You do," she assured me. "With this," she added, touching her fingertip to my lips.

"But Jamal eats you out too," I said. "Is he better than me?"

"He's very good at it. So are you Mike," she assured me. With a shrug, she added "It's hard to say who's better. You know? He's aggressive. Everything about J is aggressive. You're gentle and loving. I guess I'd say you're better, because you're gentle and loving."

Her answer was completely unsatisfying. But I didn't push it.

I always came fast when we had sex. After just a few minutes. Not the marathon fuck sessions she got with Jamal. That man had amazing stamina and staying power. It seemed he could fuck forever. With me during sex, Jen's face was barely flushed. She wasn't breathing hard, and she didn't moan as she rode my cock. She never got close to an orgasm,

except if I rubbed her clit, and she usually asked me not to do that as she was too sensitive from being with Jamal.

Using Jen didn't put my cock back into the cage until the morning after their dates. It didn't happen every time, but it happened a lot, that I'd wake up with my dick in Jen's mouth. I think I was getting more blow jobs now than ever before in our relationship. I think it was her way of saying thank you for the freedom I gave her.

Sometimes I'd want to finish off in her pussy. Jen never denied me. But I always had to wear a condom. Sometimes I'd get frustrated with this. Sometimes I just wanted to feel skin-to-skin with my wife! But Jen would say "You know I can't do that Mike." It was just like what she said to Joe, and it infuriated me sometimes!

"So I guess now you're going to let Jamal fuck you in your wedding dress!" I yelled at her one time after the night she showed our wedding pictures to her black lover.

"I'd have thought you'd be into that," she said.

"Well I'm not!" I angrily yelled.

"Okay, okay baby," Jen said soothingly. "I won't let him. I promise. If he asks I'll tell him no. I swear to god."

Jen's immediately surrender disarmed me. I counted to 10, forcing myself to calm down. Then is a more reasonable voice, I said "It does turn me on. The idea of you fucking another man on our wedding day turns me on. But fantasy's got to stop somewhere. There's got to be some things that are just you and me."

"I know, I know, I agree baby," Jen said, rubbing my chest. "I think so too. If Jamal even starts talking about my wedding dress, I'll cut him off. I promise, I will."

A few days after our wedding dress talk, Jen was looking thoughtful after putting Anna down to sleep. She said "I wanted to ask you about something."

"What?"

"Well, I'm thinking about getting another tat," Jen said. She quickly added, "A small one."

"Okay …," I said guardedly, not sure where she was going with this.

"I'm be completely honest with you," she said. "It's Jamal's idea. He mentioned it a while ago. He wants me to do something for him." (Author's note: See Chapter 44)

"A permanent thing? A tattoo?" I asked, my cock swelling in the cock cage.

"He only told me what he wanted last Saturday," Jen said. "On our date. I've been thinking about it. And I think I want to do it."

"What tattoo does he want?" I asked. My heart was pounding now. I was forcing my voice not to quiver.

"A queen of spades," she said. "Do you know what that means Mike?"

Yes, I knew what it meant. A white girl with a queen of spades tattoo meant she preferred black men. It was a siren call with well hung black men that she was available to them.

"What about when people we know see? When my parents see it?" I asked her.

"I'd be discreet of course," Jen assured me. "Most people probably don't know I have tats."

Jen had 3 tattoos. She got the first one back in high school. It was a small Japanese character on her hip bone. It meant "love." She got it for her first serious boyfriend Colin, when she thought she loved him and had high school dreams of marrying him.

Jen got the other 2 tattoos when she dated Scott. The first was a small sun and moon tat on her back, right under where the clasp of her bra would normally lie. She didn't necessarily get that one for Scott, but he was involved with it.

The other one she did get for Scott. It was black cursive "fifty five." It was right under her left breast. 55 was Scott's number when he played basketball. Also, it looked like SS, which were his initials (Scott Stafford).

Now she wanted to get inked for Jamal. She wanted to let Jamal brand her body.

"Where would you put it?" I asked, my voice low and husky from excitement.

Jen held out her left arm. She twisted her arm so I could see her inner forearm. "Right here," she said. She pointed to the center of her wrist. "You wouldn't be able to see it if I was wearing a watch, or bracelet. But if I wanted a guy to see it. You know? It wouldn't be too hard."

"You mean, if you wanted a black man to see it," I said.

"Right."

"A black man you were interested in," I said. "A man you wanted to fuck."

Jen looked into my face, trying to figure out what I was feeling. Had she pushed things too far, too fast? Was I hurt, or aroused? She saw both on my face. Hurt and arousal. That's all she needed to see. That I was aroused. Because she knew hurt was part of being a cuck. She knew the hurt actually added to the arousal.

"That's right," she said. "A man I want to fuck. And maybe more. Maybe potential boyfriend material."

I didn't say anything for long moments. I'd say I was processing all this, but really I was numb. My head was spinning. My cock, prevented from getting erect within the confides of the hard plastic cage, still ached.

A small rational voice in my head told me this was a crazy idea. A queen of spades tat on her inner wrist? Eventually our friends would see it. Our co-workers. My parents. Anna. Her friends. Their parents. Everyone knew what the queen of spades meant. Or they would know by doing a 2 second Google search.

But the idea thrilled me! Jen was going to let her black boyfriend permanently ink her body. And not just with any tat, but with the sigil of the black man. My wife was going to put it out there that she loved black cock. More than that, that she loved being with black men.

"You're doing this on your left wrist?" I asked her. My voice was hoarse from excitement.

"Well, that's wear I wear my watch," she explained. Then, with a mischievous grin, she said "And I thought it would excite you that it's so close to this." As she said this, she waved her left hand to me with her wedding and engagement rings on her ring finger.

It was too much. I moved on top of her. "I need you Jen," I said as I kissed her. I pulled down my pants. As I kissed her, I moved her hand to my caged cock. "Unlock it. I need you."

Jen giggled and pulled away. "You know you get sex only after I've been with Jamal," she said, grinning playfully at me.

"Jen, please!" I implored. I was desperate for her!

“Do you want me to call J?” she proposed. “Maybe he’s free. Then you can have me after he’s done.”

I hesitated. We avoided having Jamal over to the loft apartment when Anna was here. And it wasn’t just Anna anymore, now Callie lived with us too.

But their rooms were on the other side of the apartment. And we could close the door to the hallway that linked their rooms to our master bedroom. If Jen and Jamal were quiet …

“Okay, call him!” I said. Jen giggled at the desperation in my voice. As she called, I prayed to god that Jamal was free and he could come over. Because then I’d be able to have sex with my wife.

After he was done with her body. After Jamal was done, I got his leftovers.

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Chapter 48

Jen wanted to go to Davis for the Queen of Spades tat. Jamal said he knew a lot of good tattoo artists, but Jen insisted. She told Jamal she liked Davis’s work. He had done the sun and moon on her back, and the fifty five under her left breast.

“He fuck you?” Jamal asked.

“Once,” Jen answered. With a teasing grin, she said “Why? You jealous?”

“I ain’t jealous over any other man, you know that,” Jamal said with a confident grin back. “I get any girl I want. I want a girl, she’s mine. But I’m curious. Why just once?”

“I don’t know,” Jen answered with a shrug. “I just wasn’t interested.”

Jamal laughed. "You see, that's what I'm saying. All black men aren't the same."

Jen knew Jamal was right. She had been with 2 black men before Jamal. Davis and Reno, the trainer at her gym. Both had been, well, like normal guys. Reno was a little more edgy than Davis, and he was the better lover of the two, but still Reno was like a normal guy. A normal white guy.

Jamal was her first true experience with a black man. Her first true big black cock. And the experience was enlightening. A real eye opener. Now she understood that girl in the xhamster video "Witness A Woman Transformed By BBC." She understood what it meant to go black.

It was why she was letting Jamal ink her. She wanted other black men to see. Because she knew Jamal wouldn't be her last black man. Not by a long shot. And now she was more knowledgeable, more indoctrinated to black culture. So she knew how to find black men who were more like Jamal and less like Davis and Reno.

Not that she had any plans to break up with Jamal. He excited her. She got wet just being next to him, just thinking about him. He was such a freaking incredible lover. God, the things he did to her body. And she liked him too. She liked spending time with him. He knew he would probably break up with him, not the other way around.

Jamal was very popular, very much in demand. And there were a lot of white wives who would love to be on his arm. She knew that from the husbands parties, where girls practically threw themselves at J. Jamal seemed to prefer white girls – married white girls – so at least she didn't have to worry about competition from black girls (who Jamal called his sisters). Even still, many of the white wives were younger than her, and had bigger breasts and fuller curves. Jen didn't like thinking about the day Jamal would break up with her. So she focused instead on holding onto him.

It was Saturday and she was with Jamal in his apartment, in what Mike called their "pre-dates." They had already had sex. Jamal attacked her as soon as she arrived. He seemed more hungry for her lately, ever since she agreed to get inked with a QoS. It pleased Jen because she liked to make Jamal happy. She knew the happier he was, the longer she'd be able to hold onto him. And also, she couldn't get enough of his body, this lips, his body, his big cock.

Jen put on a body hugging dress that swooped in the front to show the soft swell of her small breasts. She wore a shelf bra underneath, to enhance her cleavage. The dress was short, revealing most of her thighs.

The dress also showed off her sexy flat stomach. The saleswoman had even commented about that when she tried it on. She said the dress was popular and a lot of girls tried it on, but the look of the dress was ruined if the girl wasn't slim with a flat tummy. Even a little roll ruined the look of the dress. Fortunately for Jen, she had a firm, flat stomach from all the crunches in the gym.

Jen knew she had 2 advantages over other girls. She was prettier than most, and she had better legs than most. So she always spent a lot of time on her makeup, to look as pretty as possible for Jamal. And she had begun wearing really short skirts and dresses for him, even shorter than the ones she used to wear for Scott. The way she dressed for Jamal was borderline scandalous. She wouldn't want Mike's parents to see her dressed this way, or even her co-workers. But so far it had worked. She had kept Jamal's attention focused on her.

When Jamal saw how hot Jen looked, he grabbed her like he wanted to go again, and that delighted her. But she giggled and wiggled away from his arms. She gave Jamal what he wanted, but she knew it was important to not be too easy if you wanted to keep a man's interest. And anyways, Mike was downstairs waiting.

The couple ran into Joe in the elevator. The ride down was awkward. It was obvious they were on a date, and Joe didn't approve. There was

hunger in his eyes though when he saw how gorgeous Jen looked, and how the dress so alluringly displayed her sexy tight body. Joe didn't say anything, other than a quick "see ya around" when the doors opened at the lobby.

Jen pursed her lips as she saw Joe hurriedly walking away. She didn't like the fact that things were bad between them. She wanted to mend things with Joey, but she didn't know how.

"The boy has a major crush on you," Jamal said, reading Jen's thoughts. "Maybe you should have thought of that before you started fucking your brother-in-law."

Jen frowned at Jamal. "Are you really judging me? I mean, you pursue married women. You're not exactly a saint."

Jamal laughed and held up his hands in surrender. "Okay, you got me there," he said grinning at her. Jen saw his shiny gold teeth. In beginning she thought they looked weird. Now, though, she thought they were attractive. On Jamal anyways. They were part of what made him Jamal.

"I've introduced Joe to some of the sisters," Jamal said. Then with a twinkle in his eye, he added "Like, Nala."

"Nala?" Jen asked.

"You know. The waitress from that bar. The sister you don't like."

Jen's eyes went wide with recognition. The speakeasy in the East Village. (See Chapter 41) Jamal took her there often; it was one of his favorite bars. The waitress was a pretty light-skinned black woman with waves of hair falling over her shoulders to her big boobs. She didn't like to see her men – black men – with white girls. Now Jen had a name to go with that face. Nala.

"She doesn't like me. I don't know her well enough to like her or not like her," Jen insisted.

"Okay, whatever," Jamal said with another laugh. "In any case, Joe's hooked up with Nala a couple times. And with other sisters. It's pretty clear though he still wants you. Like I said, you should have thought of that before you started fucking your brother-in-law. It's not like you can just shut him out of your life."

"Okay, I know. Stop, okay? I don't like talking about it," Jen said with a grimace. She knew having had sex with Joey complicated her life. But at the time, it seemed like the right thing to do. The problem was, she was dating someone who Joey liked and respected – Jamal -- and they both lived in the same apartment building. So it was like, right in Joey's face. And Jen felt there were racial undertones there. Joey didn't like seeing his lily white, blonde sister-in-law with a black man. Jen knew Joey wasn't prejudiced, but a lot of people were still getting used to the idea of a white girl with a black man. I mean, people despised the idea of a black president so much, they made up conspiracy theories that he wasn't born in the US. How fucked up was that?

"I have a solution," Jamal said.

"What?"

"Set Joey up with Allie," Jamal suggested.

"What?" Jen said, shocked. Jamal had never met Allie. But Jen had talked about her, since she was her best friend, and she'd shown Jamal pictures of Allie (on Facebook and Instagram), so Jamal knew how pretty and sexy Allie was.

"Joe talks about Allie almost as much as you," Jamal explained. "If he hooks up with her, he'll probably stop thinking about you. At least for a while."

"That's crazy," Jen said with a shake of her head. Hookup Allie with Joey? That was crazy. It didn't surprise Jen to learn that Joey had a crush on Allie. Since they were best friends, Allie had been around a lot so Joey saw Allie almost as much as her, especially early on in her relationship with Mike. Jen could understand why Joey would be attracted to Allie. She was beautiful and superhot. All men wanted to get into her pants. But set them up? It was a crazy idea.

But as Jen thought about it, the idea didn't seem so crazy. Both were single. She didn't know if Allie had ever thought of Joey that way – probably not – but she would probably be open to the idea. Allie had told her recently that most of the men she dated nowadays were boys in their 20s, just like Joey. After her divorce, she was looking for fun, not a serious relationship, and younger guys fit the bill. And Joey had an amazing body – especially his cock which was super thick – Allie would definitely enjoy him (just as she had). Allie would probably get a kick from having Joey as her boy toy, at least for a little while. And if Jen set Joey up with her best friend, then maybe that would mend things between them.

"I'll think about it," she finally said to Jamal.

Jamal grinned, clearly pleased. Then he took Jen's hand and they walked together out of his apartment building.

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Jen looked around for Mike as they left Jamal's apartment building. Mike could have waited in the lobby, but instead he always waited outside. Jen understood. He didn't want the doorman to put 2 and 2 together, or run into Joey. Cuckold angst and humiliation got Mike hot, but there was only so much he could take before the dark emotions got too much.

Jen saw Mike across the street. She smiled at him, and immediately dropped Jamal's hand and took a step away from her lover. Jen was with Jamal tonight – she was his, not Mike's – and they all knew that. But she

tried to make it easier for him, so she didn't want to be holding Jamal's hand when they reunited like this.

"Everything okay? Anna's okay?" Jen asked Mike when she approached him with Jamal at her side.

"Yes. She's fine. With Callie," Mike said. His insides were already churning. It was always that way when Jen was with Jamal, but even more so tonight. But it calmed him a little when she asked about their daughter. When Jen got so into Jamal that she stopped asking about their child, he'd know that he really lost her.

Jen smiled. Then they got in Jamal's Cadillac. Jen sat with Jamal in the front, and Mike sat in the back.

Jamal drove with his arm around Jen. Since it was an older car, the front seat was a bench seat, so she was able to sit close to him. Some kind of black funky music played on the radio. Jen with the side of her body touching his, her left hand on his thigh. She seemed excited about what she was about to do. Jen was into body art, so of course she was excited to get another tattoo. And Jamal was clearly pleased she was getting inked for him.

From the back seat, Mike's insides churned at the sight of his wife leaning into Jamal's arm, yet his cock was hard too (Jen had freed Mike's cock from the cage since it was her date night with Jamal). Jen changed the radio to another black station – this one rap instead of hip hop – and Mike got a view of her inner left wrist. Her skin was perfect, completely unblemished. But soon, it would be marked with a queen of spades tattoo. It was like a brand. Her wrist would be permanently tattooed – permanently -- with the sigil of white women who lusted after black men.

People would see. Their friends and neighbors would see. The people he worked with. His parents. They would all realized that Jen craved black men. And what would that say about him? It would say he wasn't able to

satisfy his wife. She needed other men – black men – to give her what she needed.

Mike squeezed his eyes shut and balled his hands into fists. He had to think about something else. Otherwise he would fucking cum in his pants!

So Mike thought about the Mets and their recent winning streak (15 out of 17). He thought about their position in the wildcard race, and how the other teams were doing. In his head he calculated the chances of them making the playoffs. It helped. His rock hard penis softened a bit.

He opened his eyes. Now he saw Jen's left hand on Jamal's muscular thigh. Her palm was on his leg, so he couldn't see her inner wrist. Mike saw that she was wearing her engagement and wedding rings on her ring finger. That calmed him a little more.

Jen and Jamal walked into Davis's tattoo parlor holding hands. Mike followed behind them. They were clearly the couple, and Mike was the third wheel.

Davis was happy to see Jen. They hadn't seen each other for years. They hugged hello. Davis was surprised to see that Jen was with Jamal, a black man. But he got over it quickly. After all, Davis had seen Jen with Scott. He nodded hello to Mike but didn't say anything to him. Davis quickly sized things up. Jen had herself a new boyfriend with Jamal, and Mike was still the cuckold husband. Whatever. He didn't care what their kink was, as long as they paid him for his work. Personally though, he didn't think a lot of Mike. How does a husband let other men touch his wife? Fuck his wife? Especially a girl as gorgeous as Jen?

Whatever. As long as Mike paid the bill, it wasn't any of his business.

Jen told Davis what she wanted. A queen of spades tat on her inner wrist. Davis was surprised. Not with the QoS. He'd inked the QoS on a lot of white girls. But on her inner wrist? Most chicks got it on their hip, on even next to their pussy. Not a place as public as the wrist.

Davis looked at Mike. He didn't really care about Mike, he just felt like dicking with the dude. "Hey man, you okay with this?" he asked Mike. "Everyone's gonna see it." Davis gave Jamal a grin, to make sure his black brother knew he was just dicking around.

Mike's cheeks burned. Through gritted teeth, he said "I'm okay with it."

"Tell Davis why you're getting inked," Jamal said to Jen, grinning back at Davis and getting into the fun of humiliating Mike.

"Because you asked me to," Jen said honestly.

Jamal's grin grew wider. "You done queen of spades before?" he asked Davis.

"Oh yeah, lots of times," Davis said. "Always white chicks. Usually married. Just like Jen here. Kinda surprised. No disrespect, but her last squeeze was a white dude. A friend of mine. Scott. He's getting sleeves."

"Sounds cool," Jamal said.

"He is cool," Davis said.

"You know, I'm right here," Jen said with a grin as the 2 black men talked about her. Both Jamal and Davis grinned back at her.

"Well, you see Davis," Jamal said. He was speaking to Davis but looking at Jen. "Jen's gone black."

"I see that," Davis said with a laugh. The black men shared a high five.

"I told Mike I was going to black his wife," Jamal said, glancing over at Mike sitting in the corner. "He didn't believe me. I think he's getting it now though. Right Mike? You get it now."

Mike lowered his eyes. He knew he should punch Jamal in the face and pull Jen out of here, but they were long past that. And would she even come with him?

Jen saw Mike's turmoil. She moved to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "He's just dicking with you Mike," she whispered gently. "It's just part of the game. Don't let it bother you."

"How can't it bother me?" Mike whispered back. There was desperation in his voice.

Jen knew he was referring to the tattoo more than Jamal's teasing. She gave her husband's shoulders a reassuring squeeze. "It's all just part of the game baby," she whispered. "Just like the fifty five and the love tats. You want me to do this. I know you do. It gets you hot. And I want to do this. It's who I am now."

Mike's anxiety spiked at her words. If this was who she was, then where did he fit in her life? He wasn't black. He didn't have a big black cock.

As if reading his thoughts, Jen moved closer and whispered in Mike's ear, "I'm not going to keep it forever. I'm gonna make it small, and sometime later I'll ink over it."

Mike looked at his wife, suddenly feeling hopeful. She had thought this through! She had a plan! But was she telling the truth? Or was she just saying this now, to appease him?

Again reading Mike's thoughts, she looked into Mike's eyes and whispered "I swear. I promise."

Her words calmed him. His heart was still pounding and his body tensed up, but her words soothed his anxiety a little. Jen saw him relax, and asked "Are you okay now?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "I'm okay."

Jen gave Mike a smile. She squeezed his hand. Then she want back to Jamal. Davis was ready. While they had talked, he had gathered the tools he would use to ink Jen's wrist. Various needles were laid out. And a bottle of jet black ink.

"So you want the classic queen of spades?" Davis asked. He had a book open. Mike moved closer to look. Davis was pointing to a black spade with a Q inside. "If you want I can ink a crown on top, or letter 'Black Owned' underneath."

Jen looked at Jamal and grinned, like she was holding back a laugh, and Jamal grinned back at her. "I think just the classic," she said to Davis. Then she looked at Jamal and asked, "It that okay J?"

"Yes, sure, fine," Jamal said, the big grin still on his face. He added, "Frankly I think 'Black Owned' is tacky." Jen, Jamal and Davis all laughed. Mike stood to the side, stone faced.

Jen seemed to remember he was there. She asked "It that okay Mike?"

It was the same question she had asked Jamal. But to Mike, it sounded like an after thought. And Mike noticed that she called Jamal "J" – their pet name for each other – yet she called him Mike instead of baby. She rarely called him baby when she was with Jamal.

Before Mike could say anything, Jamal joked "Maybe Mike wants to ink 'Black Owned' next to your pussy." Jamal and Davis laughed. Jen didn't laugh, but she did grin. It hurt Mike to see her grin. He didn't care that the 2 black men were making fun of him. But it hurt when Jen did too.

Jen looked at Mike, and while grinning, she rolled her eyes, as if she was saying "They're just being idiots, don't let them bother you." It wasn't enough though. Mike still hurt inside.

Yet, his dick was so hard, it hurt too.

It took Davis less than an hour to ink Jen’s wrist. True to her word, Jen had made it small, less than an inch high. Her skin was red. David gently rubbed moisturizer on the tat. He gave her the small bottle, and told her to use it. He assured her that the redness would go away in about a week.

Then they were off. Jen and Jamal. On their date. Jen had told Mike ahead of time that Jamal wanted to be alone with her tonight. That meant he would be able to watch them together. But she promised to be home well before dawn. Jen still hadn’t slept with Jamal. That was a line she hadn’t crossed. She always came home after her dates with Jamal, to sleep with Mike, and to be at home when Anna woke up.

But Mike felt empty as he watched Jen leave with Jamal. Holding his arm and smiling into his eyes. She barely even acknowledged him as she left. Just a quick peck on the cheek. Mike didn’t even get a good look at the new tat before she left.

As Mike stood there, his eyes fixed on the receding figures of his wife with her black lover, Davis said “Hey man. That’ll be seven fifty.”

Mike looked sullenly at the black tattoo artist. Then he fished in his pocket for the money.

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I'm in the process of writing the next chapter. I'm not done yet, but I've decided to post what I have so far, so the moderators know I'm still active and don't close the thread.

Chapter 49

Jamal wanted to show off Jen’s new tat to all his friends, to show everyone how he’d blacked the pretty white wife. But the skin around the QoS was red, so he decided to wait until it looked perfect.

They went to his apartment. To his chagrin, Jen was melancholy about her new tat, like she was having second thoughts. She'd gotten inked with the sigil of a white girl who loved black men, and she'd gotten it on a very public part of her body. She was beginning to realized that she was perilously close to outing herself as a hot wife, and Mike as her cuckold husband. The rational part of her brain was measuring the repercussions to her life, to Mike, to their daughter, to her friends and family, if they all found out about their lifestyle.

"We should've invited Mike," Jen said with concern as she stared at the new tat on her inner left wrist. "So we can talk about it."

"There's nothing to talk about," Jamal insisted. "This is who you are. You're just expressing yourself."

"Yeah …," Jen said, not sounding convinced. She was still staring at the QoS on her wrist. "It's just, he's probably conflicted about it. I know it turns him on. But he's probably upset. I shouldn't have left him alone."

Jamal frowned. He didn't like the way this was going. He needed to turn Jen from the rational 30-something mom and concerned wife, back to the insatiable slut for black cocks. He knew how to do it. He had a lot of tricks in his BBC bull bag.

Jamal sat down. "Come here J," he said, smiling as he pulled Jen into his lap. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

Jen was hesitant at first, but soon got into the kissing session. That didn't surprise Jamal. He knew she loved to kiss. She could kiss forever. Probably the white boys in her life (including her wimp husband Mike) didn't spend enough time kissing her. That was something that black men understood about the opposite sex. Girls loved to kiss. Black men did too. That's why so many white girls went black.

Jamal took his time kissing Jen. As he did, he caressed her neck below her ear, knowing it was a major erogenous zone for her. Jamal felt Jen melting

into him, softly moaning into his mouth as he continued to kiss her. Jamal smiled inside. He knew she was well on her way to forgetting about her concern for her husband. Forgetting all about him.

Jamal reached under Jen's short skirt. She parted her legs, inviting him to touch her most private parts. Jamal flicked his finger across her panties. They were moist but not soaking. Not yet. Soon they would be.

He reached into her lacy thong panties. He lingered for a moment over her neatly trimmed, blonde landing strip. Before he met her, she used to be completely bare here. Now she kept a little bush, because he asked her too. His cock surged as he thought about it. Jamal also got a charge when white wives did things to their bodies for him, despite their husbands' wishes. Like the Queen of Hearts tat.

Jamal moved his hand down and pressed his index finger into her. Jen groaned into his mouth, opening her legs still further. She was aroused now, her tight body desiring him. Jamal pushed his finger deeper into her. He often fingered her before intercourse, and sometimes fingered her to an orgasm before fucking her, to get her body ready, like an appetizer before the main course. But not tonight. Tonight he was going to show her again why black men were better lovers than white boys.

Jamal moved his finger around until he found that rough patch inside her. Her g-spot. He rubbed her there, at the same time pressing forward.

At the same time, Jamal rubbed Jen's clit with his thumb, pressing inward. This was the secret. Not just rubbing the girl's g-spot and clit at the same time. But also pressing them together, like they were one spot instead of two, rubbing the front and back of that one spot at the same time.

Jen's eyes went wide and she moaned "Oh my god, what are you doing?" Her reaction confirmed to Jamal that no one had ever touched her this way before. That didn't surprise him. White boys were always so impatient to stick their dicks into girls' pussies. White boys didn't know anything.

Intercourse was just one part – and in many ways, a tiny part – of pleasuring a girl.

Jamal pinched Jen's g-spot and clitoris together, rubbing fast and hard on both. Jen moaned and bucked on his lap, like an out of control filly, her arms and legs flailing about.

It didn't take long. Soon, Jen cried out, and she grabbed his arms, digging her manicured nails into his hard muscles, as her body came and spasmed around his thumb and finger. The orgasm was like none she had ever experienced before. It didn't last long, but it was incredibly intense, like the popping of a champagne bottle. After it was over, she collapsed into his chest like a rag doll, her breathing heavy and gasping, her heart pounding. Her pretty head swirled with a single thought: "What did he just do to me?"

And also: "I want him to do that again."

Jamal gave her only a moment to recover. He rolled her onto her back. He quickly undressed her, leaving on only her stockings and high heels. Then he took off his clothes too. Jen hungrily eyed his chiseled, jet black body, her eyes heavy with lust. She desperately wanted this black man inside her.

Jamal took his cock in his hand. He quickly got fully hard as he gazed at Jen's beautiful face and tight sexy body. Jamal preferred big tits and curvy asses, but Jen's firm body and long shapely legs made up for her small breasts, and also she was so incredibly gorgeous.

Jamal ran his cockhead up her slit, between her pussy lips. Those lips gleamed with moisture. She was super wet now. She'd need that lubrication, because even though they'd been fucking for months now and her pussy was looser, she still struggled to take his thick, 12 inch cock.

Jen got onto her elbows and looked down between her legs, as Jamal stroked his cockhead back and forth between her lips. “Don’t freaking tease me J,” she begged him.

Jamal grinned. He loved it when they begged.

Jamal moved his cock up her body, over her skin, moving over her landing strip and then up her stomach. Jen watched as his cock inched up her body. His cock reached to just past her belly button.

“This is how deep I get inside you,” Jamal said.

“I know,” Jen breathed. She was staring at the big black cock laying on her belly. It got to her belly button!

“How far does Mike get?” Jamal asked with a grin.

“Not as far,” Jen said with a half laugh.

“When I cum inside you, I’m cumming in your womb. You know that right?”

“I get it,” Jen said. She was still looking at his cock.

“You want to have another baby, right?” Jamal asked.

Jen finally moved her eyes from his cock to his face. “What?” she asked. “I mean, yes, eventually.”

“I’d give you a beautiful baby,” Jamal promised, smiling at her, his gold teeth shining in the light of his apartment.

“You’re freaking crazy Jamal,” she said.

"Why am I crazy?" he asked, running his fingertips over her firm flat tummy. Jen shivered at his caress. "It's human nature. Survival of the fittest. Your body instinctively seeks out the better man for procreation."

"You sound like a college professor," Jen joked.

"I am a college professor," Jamal said, going along with her joke. They both grinned at each other.

"You feel it though, right?" Jamal said. He was looking into Jen's eyes. And he was moving the pads of his fingertips over her stomach again. "It's instinct. You want the better man to father your children."

Jen didn't say anything.

Jamal slid his cock down Jen's body until the big cockhead pressed against her pussy lips. "You want this?" he asked her.

Jen was breathing hard. For some reason, this talk was getting her even more hot than she already was. She was still on her elbows, and she looked at Jamal's cock as he pressed it against her womanhood. It was so fucking big. So long and thick. Then she thought about Mike's cock. In her head, she compared her husband's to her lover's. Mike's was small. Tiny next to Jamal's. It wasn't even worthy of being called a cock. Mike's penis was a dick, not a cock.

These thoughts got Jen hot. Thinking about Mike this way, comparing him to Jamal this way, it got her hot. She couldn't help it. It was part of their game now.

"You're thinking about it, aren't you?" Jamal asked, smiling confidently at Jen. He pushed the head of his cock into her. The sudden penetration – the sudden pleasure -- made her gasp.

Was she thinking about it? Was she thinking about letting Jamal get her pregnant?

The idea turned her on even more. She knew it was wrong. But that was part of their game now, too. Being wicked.

"Give it to me Jamal," she begged him with a lustful, throaty whisper. "Give me your black seed. Fuck it into me. Fuck your black cum into me."

Jamal's smile got bigger. He pushed his cock into her. Jen clenched her teeth as he stretched her, as he filled her up completely. Jen loved the feeling of being so stretched, and so full. Loved it!

As he began fucking her, Jamal lowered his black lips to his ear. "All you have to do is go off the pill to make it real," he whispered hotly into her ear. "I need you unprotected, just one time. That's all I'll need. One time."

His words made her lustfully groan. But she didn't otherwise reply. Still, Jamal grinned inside. He knew he was getting close with this white wife. Close to blacking her in the truest sense.

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Jen was still recovering when there was a knock at the door. "You stay here, that's just some friends," Jamal said as he pulled on shorts and a t-shirt to answer the door.

Jen heard voices as Jamal spoke to his friends. Curious, she pulled a sheet around her and silently walked to the bedroom door. She peaked into the living room and saw Jamal with a group of young men. They looked like students. They were all white.

Jamal handed the students a few small pouches of white powder. In exchange, the students handed cash to Jamal. Jen frowned, knowing she was seeing a drug deal taking place. She'd suspected Jamal sold drugs. His lifestyle was too extravagant to afford on just a college professor's salary. But this was the first time she'd actually seen it with her own eyes.

After the students left, Jamal returned to the bedroom. He got naked again and joined Jen in bed. He was holding one of the packets of white powder. He got a hardback book from the side table. He poured some of the cocaine onto the book. With a razer blade that seemed to appear from nowhere, he expertly formed 4 thin lines of the powder.

"Ladies first," Jamal said with a friendly smile. They usually did coke on their dates. Jamal was into it, and she was a follower. She didn't want to risk losing him by appearing like a stick-in-the-mud. Also, the coke always made her feel wonderful. And it made their sex even better, something Jen didn't think was possible.

But using coke recreationally was one thing. Selling was another. Especially to young college students.

Jamal read her thoughts, and her mood. He said "They'll get it J. If not from me, then someone else. At least I sell safe stuff. Other dudes mixed it with bad shit. I sell quality stuff."

"But why do you have to sell at all?" Jen asked him. Her voice was imploring, telling him she wanted him to stop dealing drugs.

Jamal shrugged. He said, "What can I say? I like the coin."

Jamal reached for her. He kissed her. Jen resisted at first, but then (like always) she melted into the kiss. Then her body responded as he fondled her.

They stopped to snort the cocaine. Jen had done it so many times by now, she didn't need a straw. She lowered her pretty face to the book, and pressing her finger against her left nostril, she snorted a line into her right nostril. Then she did the same thing on the other side of her nose. She immediately rolled her head back in pleasure, as the effects of the cocaine rolled through her body.

Jamal did the other 2 lines. Then they were back in each other's arms. Jen moved her hands between their bodies, to his cock. She was pleased to find him fully hard again. She rolled onto her back, her lips still on his, her hands around his cock so he rolled with her (she needed both hands to hold his manhood). She guided him into her. Then Jamal took over, penetrating her completely, putting her long stockinged legs on his shoulders and fucking her hard.

They were looking into each other's eyes as they fucked. "Call me a nigga," Jamal said excitedly.

"Nigga," Jen said. The 2 syllables came out like a moan.

"Say fuck me nigga."

"Fuck me nigga."

"Say fuck my nigga cum into you," Jamal said.

"Fuck your nigga cum into me," Jen said, still looking into Jamal's eyes.

Then they were kissing as Jamal continued to pound her married white pussy. Jen came over and over on his black cock. When they were done, Jen's pussy was filled with another load of Jamal's black sperm; he had fucked it into her.

Exhausted from the fucking, the coke wearing off, and the excitement of her new QoS tat, Jen collapsed into Jamal's chest and fell asleep. Jamal possessively wrapped his arms around her, and he drifted off to sleep too.

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Chapter 50

Jen didn't get home until late, almost 4am. She'd fallen asleep at Jamal's, and jolted awake only due to some commotion in the next apartment. She

knew she'd come very close to crossing the line of not sleeping overnight with Jamal.

She hurriedly walked into the loft apartment looking a mess. Her hair tussled; her makeup gone. Her black dress was wrinkled, and her stockings were laddered. She was in her stockinged feet, using 2 fingers to carry her high heels by their backs.

She found Mike asleep on their bed. He was propped up on the pillow, with his computer in his lap. Jen knew he had tried to wait up for her, and fell asleep when it got really late.

Jen thought about waking him up. But she'd knew he'd want to talk about her night, and have sex with her. She was exhausted, and her body was satiated from the great fucking Jamal had given her. So rather than wake him, Jen put the computer to the side, undressed and took a quick shower, and got into bed with her husband. Within moments she was sound asleep.

The sun was up when Mike woke up. He was relieved to find his wife next to him. She was still asleep. He pulled the blankets from her. She was naked. The sight of her inflamed him. Jen was so beautiful, her pretty face frame by her long blonde hair, and her lithe dancer's body with legs that went on forever made his cock so hard it hurt. He was already horny from last night. He hadn't beat off, as he didn't want the depression and other dark emotions that came after cumming. So his body desperately needed sexual release.

"Jen?" he said, kissing her sleeping lips. But she didn't wake up.

"Jen, come on," Mike said. He knew they had a short window for sex. 45 minutes, an hour tops. Then Anna would be up and he wouldn't get another chance until her nap that afternoon.

Mike cupped her breast and gently rubbed her nipple. Her nipple was soft. He rubbed it between his thumb and finger, trying to turn on her body. But

her nipple stayed soft. And instead of a moan, a sleepy whine of protest came from her pouty lips. She was tired, she didn't want to wake up yet.

Mike took her left wrist and gently turned it, so he could see her forearm. For the first time, he saw the queen of spades tattoo. A black spade forming an outline of Q inside. The tat was just over a half inch long (and less than that widthwise), but on her tiny wrist it looked huge. [Author's note: Originally, I said the tat was an inch high. After thinking about it, I think that would be too big on a girl's wrist, so I've changed it to just over a half inch high.]

The skin around the tat was red. He remembered Davis's instructions to use the lotion until it fully healed. Mike got Jen's purse and looked inside for the bottle of lotion. He quickly found the lotion, but also found something else. A small packet of white powder. Mike frowned, knowing the powder was cocaine. What the fuck? Mike knew she used coke with Jamal. He didn't like the idea, but the game was about his wife having a relationship with another man, so he knew he couldn't control things. But to bring cocaine into their home? What if Anna found it?!

Mike stormed back into the bedroom. Jen was still asleep. "Jen, wake up," he demanded in a harsh voice. She didn't move.

Mike was angry and hurt. Jen went out on dates with Jamal, she fucked him, Mike understood that, he accepted it, encouraged it, wanted it. But after being with him, he was supposed to get his turn. And clearly Jen had gotten home too late for him to get his turn. And now she was still passed out asleep. It was like, she didn't even care about his feelings, his needs.

And on top of that, she had allowed Jamal to permanently tattoo the QoS on her wrist! And on top of that still, she brought cocaine into their home!

At that moment, the tattoo was more on his mind than the coke. It was like he had constructed barriers in his mind, constructed fantasies, convincing himself that everything was alright, that getting inked on her wrist with a queen of spades tat was no big deal. Jen had it all under

control, she would make sure no one saw it, and if they did, she would have a reasonable explanation that everyone would believe, the tat wouldn't affect their lives at all.

But now all those barriers and fantasies collapsed in Mike's head, and reality came crashing down. His wife had allowed herself to be branded – branded! – with a tat that announced to the world she loved black cock! And this wasn't like the "fifty five" under her left breast. Her left wrist was exposed to all to see. What was she going to do, always wear long sleeves? How could she believe she could hide it? How could he be so stupid for believing her that she could?

How would this affect them? The tattoo was a public announcement that his wife slept with other men. Not just any men, but black men. And it was an indictment on his abilities as a man to sexually satisfy his wife. It was a public announcement that she needed other men to satisfy her sexual needs.

Mike was so angry. He was so hurt. Yet he was turned on beyond belief, so incredibly turned on he was shaking as he sat next to his wife.

"Are you okay?" Jen asked. She had woken up, and was looking at him. She saw the hurt on his face, and his shaking body.

"I'm sorry I didn't wake you up last night," she said in a soft voice. "I got home late. I fell asleep a little at Jamal's. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. When I got home, you were already asleep. I could have woken you up … I should have … but I was so tired."

Mike gave a curt nod but didn't reply. He was still angry. Her excuse didn't make things right. But at least she wasn't lying to him.

Jen saw he was hard. She reached into his boxers and wrapped her left hand around his stiff cock. "I have a lot to tell you," she whispered as she looked at his cock. "About last night."

"About this?" Mike asked, as he turned her wrist slightly so they could both see her new QoS tat. There was bitterness and anger in his voice.

Jen wasn't surprised to hear those emotions in his voice. She had suspected last night that he was having second thoughts. She was having second thoughts too.

"I know it's crazy," she said, looking at her new QoS tat. "But can I ask you something? If people see it … and they see I like black men … I like fucking them … doesn't that get you so hot it almost makes you pass out?"

To answer her question, Mike's body shook uncontrollably again. "Does it get you hot too?" he asked. He was so excited his voice quivered.

"Yes," Jen admitted. Her pretty face was flushed. Mike looked down at her chest. He saw her nipples were hard now.

"What about it gets you hot?"

Jen was looking at Mike's cock, slowly stroking him, as she said "I like people knowing you're not man enough for me."

"Oh god," Mike groaned and lurched forward at her words. "Tell me more," he whispered in a lust filled, urgent voice.

"Last night I was thinking I'm not gonna call this a cock anymore," Jen said. She continued to look at his penis as she slowly stroked him. "Your thing is too small to call a cock. I'll call it a dick. Or little guy. Maybe I'll call it a boy pussy. Or sissy's pussy."

Mike's insides tightened up. "Do you really think I'm a sissy?" he urgently whispered.

"We're just playing baby," she said with a reassuring smile. With a giggle she added "But you do suck cock."

Mike's guts seized up even more. It felt like his head, his chest, his cock were going to explode. Jen sensed it and said again "We're just playing baby."

Mike was close to cumming. Jen sensed it, and loosened her grip around his hard shaft.

"So that's what you wanted to tell me?" he asked with an excited throaty whisper. "My dick's too small to call it a cock?"

"That was part of it," Jen said. "But also … Jamal says he wants to get me pregnant."

"What?!" Mike screamed.

"Shhhhh," Jen whispered, looking worriedly at the baby monitor on the dresser. If they woke up Anna, their sexy time would be over. When Anna didn't wake up, Jen turned back to her husband. She said, "He says he'll give me a beautiful baby."

"Jen!" Mike said urgently, although he was whispering too. "Are you thinking about it?!"

"It's kinda impossible not to think about it," Jen said. "I mean, it's so outrageous --."

"Jen, I mean, are you thinking about it, thinking about it?!!!" Mike said with a panicked voice.

"Don't tell me the idea doesn't get you hot," Jen said. "You can't talk about Blake and Alicia and Lizzy and John without getting super hard. And this was Jamal's rules, right? He doesn't use condoms. He doesn't pull out. And if he gets me pregnant, I won't get an abortion. I'll have to have his baby. So at least he gave you warning Mike. You can't say that he didn't."

"Jen …," Mike began, his voice desperate and filled with hurt. Yes, this talk DID turn him on. He had a major pregnancy fetish, because another man impregnating your wife was the ultimate cuckold fantasy. But the way she was talking, being so flippant about it, taking Jamal's side – taking his side! -- it was breaking his heart.

Jen heard the hurt and desperation in her husband's voice. "Mike baby, I'll just playing with you," she assured him.

"You remember Jamal's other rule?" Mike said, the desperation still in his voice. "If he gets you pregnant, he'll be on the birth certificate as the father! Not me. I'll be out of the picture. It won't be my baby!"

"Mike, come on, you know you'll never be out of the picture," Jen said. She was still holding his cock. She gave it a squeeze. "You'll so freaking hard baby. Just admit it, J gets you off."

"He gets me off?" Mike said, bristling at her use of J (her pet name for Jamal), particularly at this moment.

"What he does to me. What he does to you. To us."

Mike frowned, then asked, "What else did he say about getting you pregnant?"

"He said he thinks I want it too," Jen said as she continued to stroke her husband's cock. "Because it's biological. Women want the better man to father their babies. I think he's right too. It's inside us. You know, instinct. Survival of the fittest."

A shudder ran through Mike's body. He felt weak inside. "So you want Jamal to get you pregnant?" he said with his heart in his throat.

"That gets you hot, right?" Jen said with a teasing grin. She was stroking him harder now, wanting him to cum. "J's black baby inside me? He'll fuck me all while I'm pregnant. Do you think he'll still think I'm hot? With by

stomach big with his baby? I'll still wear short skirts for him, and high heels. How will you feel Mike? When the baby comes out, and the doctor and nurses see it's black. How will you feel? Or maybe you won't even be there. Maybe it'll be Jamal with me. I'll hold his hand when I'm having his baby."

"Oh god Jen!" Mike screamed as his cock erupted in a massive orgasm.

Jen continued to stroke him, milking his cock as it softened. Within moments, she could hold his entire soft penis in the palm of her small hand.

Mike was gasping. The orgasm had been so amazing, so intense. Yet now the dark emotions flooded his soul. Was Jen really thinking these things? Was he losing his wife, his soul mate, the person he loved more than anyone else in the entire world?

At that moment, they heard Anna wake up on the monitor. Mike felt panicked. They couldn't leave it like this. They needed to talk more. But Jen was already getting out of bed and throwing on clothes.

"Jen!" Mike said desperately.

"You need to get up Mike," she told him. "I'll get Anna. You clean up and get dressed. Let's go out for breakfast. The French bistro. We haven't been there in a while."

Breakfast?!!! How could she be so casual about this?! How could she be so normal?!

Jen sensed his distress. She came over and sat on the side of the bed. She said, "I think Jamal is right, there is a survival of the fittest instinct. But do you really think I think he's a better man than you? Just because he's good in bed?"

Jen gave Mike a soft kiss on the lips. Then she hurried to the door, at the same time putting her hair into a ponytail. "Shower Mike," she told her husband as she bundled her long blonde hair together with a hair tie. "Hurry, I'm starving."

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That afternoon while Anna was napping, Mike confronted Jen about the cocaine. "Shit," she said as she held the small plastic bag of coke. "I didn't know he put it in my bag Mike. I swear to god I didn't."

"If Anna found it --."

"I know, I know," Jen said. She took the bag and walked into the bathroom. Mike expected her to flush it down the toilet, but instead she opened the medicine cabinet. She took out a medicine bottle. The bottle had a safety cap. She opened the bottle – it took some effort -- put the coke bag into it, then put the bottle back into the cabinet.

Mike was shocked. "You're not throwing it away?" he asked, incredulity in this voice.

"Mike there's no way Anna will get it here," she assured him.

"But why have it at all in our house?"

"I don't know," Jen said with a shrug. "It's just … sometimes on the weekends, I feel like a bump. You know? When I'm going out with Jamal. It's fun. You should try it."

"I'll never take cocaine!" Mike hissed.

Jen sat down with her husband. She put a calming hand on his chest. "And I'll never force you," she assured him in a soft voice. "I'm just saying, it's completely safe. Lots of people do it. To party. And I only do it when I'm with Jamal. I can't not do it, if I want to fit in with him and his friends."

They were silent for long moments. Mike wasn't happy about having cocaine in their home, and Jen knew it.

She took his hand and squeezed it. "I didn't ask Jamal for it," she said. "I didn't know he put it there. If you want me to throw it away, I will. But I'm just saying, since I've got it, why not keep it? It's safe, no way Anna can get it, she can't open the box. And I promise, I won't use it at home unless I ask you. Okay? I promise."

Then, changing the subject, Jen put her hand on Mike's crotch. "Don't you want your turn, while Anna's sleeping?" she said with a crooked grin.

Mike didn't have to be asked twice! They quickly undressed, and were soon kissing and fondling in bed.

Jen moved down Mike's body, and took his hard cock into her mouth. She took her time sucking and licking him, and stroked her long manicured nails over his inner thighs and balls. She even ran a fingertip over his sensitive sandbar and over his asshole. Her touch made his body shudder with pleasure.

Jen hadn't given Mike a blowjob like this in a long time. She usually reserved her oral talents for Jamal. Nowadays their sex was sexy pillow talk about what she did with her black lover, where Mike either masturbated or she stroked him, and if he was lucky, she'd let him finish inside her (after putting on a Durex condom). But this was the first time in a long time that Mike felt like Jen was really trying to give him pleasure. That all her attention, all her affection, her entire being was focused on him. It was like it was just them again, just the two of them, no one else. They didn't talk about Jamal or the game, it was just them, husband and wife.

Jen got on top of Mike, straddling his hips. He reached for a condom but she stopped him. "Not this time," she whispered to him as she looked into his eyes.

Really?! She was going to let him insider her bare?!

Jen reached down between him. She took his bare cock and lowered himself onto him.

It was like Mike's entire body seized up! It felt so good to be inside her bare! It felt so fucking good to be skin-to-skin again! To feel the exquisite smoothness, velvet softness of her sweet pussy. It had been so long!

She was looser, no doubt, Jamal had stretched her. But it still felt so fucking good! And the way her entire focus was on HIM! It made his heart – his soul – leap with joy!

Jen moved up and down on him, and Mike matched her thrusts, pushing up as she pushed down. He used every trick he knew to hold off cumming. He wanted her to cum too! He wanted his wife to cum on his cock!

Mike moved his hand to Jen's clit, rubbing her with his thumb as they rocked back and forth. "Feels good baby," Jen moaned, her eyes heavy lidded with desire. He wrapped his other arm around her neck and pulled her down to him, kissing her as they made love, his tongue exploring hers as he thumbed her clit while they rocked back and forth.

Then it happened! Jen moaned and her body tensed, and then she was moaning more. She was cumming! Mike was making her cum on his cock! It felt so good to give her pleasure! He felt like such a man!

It was only then that Mike allowed himself to cum. He half expected Jen to ask him to pull out, but she didn't! Mike grabbed her hips as he pounded her pussy, getting as deep as possible with his not quite 4 inch dick as he shot his sperm into her.

Afterwards, Mike was panting, his body sexually satisfied, his heart filled with joy, his entire being happy beyond belief.

Jen rolled off and onto her back. Mike was pleased to see that she was panting too. He had really fucked her! Pounded her! And he made her cum!

"That was really good," he said, rolling so he was on his side to look at her. He put his hand on her tummy. "I like the game. But I think we really needed this. Sometimes it has to be just you and me."

"I know, I think that too," Jen said, smiling at him, taking his hand in hers and squeezing it. "We need to do this more." She smiled into his eyes as she said "You were awesome baby."

"I made you cum," Mike said proudly, a big grin on his face.

"You did," Jen said with a giggle. "What you did with your thumb, it felt so good."

Jen's words were like rays of sunshine, and they made his heart turn cartwheels inside his chest.

Then she said "Jamal does this thing, where he rubs my g-spot and clit at the same time. It feels so freaking amazing!"

"Oh okay," Mike said. Somewhere in his head, he registered that what he did to her felt "so good" whereas what Jamal did felt "so freaking amazing!"

"I've done that to you before," Mike reminded her. He had. Many times, he had fingered her g-spot while licking her clit.

"Oh I know, and I love that, I'm just saying what J does is out of this world," Jen said.

"Okay …," Mike said. All the anxieties from before were returning. Why was she talking about Jamal now?

"I could ask him to teach you what he does," Jen offered.

Mike's insides clenched up. He knew she was trying to be nice, but her offer was like a dagger to his heart. But he forced himself not to show it. He said noncommittally, "Okay, we'll see …"

They were silent for a few moments. Mike was confused, not really knowing where things were going. Moments ago they were together, just husband and wife, having the best sex in a long time. Now it seemed like she was thinking about Jamal again.

Then Jen said, sounding casual, "Hey, I wanted to ask you something."

"Yeah?"

"I was wondering if you could get Jamal into Sapphire," Jen said. "You know, as an investor. If he had some Sapphire stock, he wouldn't have to sell drugs anymore."

Mike stared at his wife. His mouth practically dropped open. "You know how it works, right?" he said. "Sapphire is set up for institutional investors. 401ks and state pension plans. It's not set up for individuals. The only way I can get Jamal in is to give him some of my stock."

"You wouldn't be giving it to him," Jen insisted. "He'll pay you."

"That's not the point!" Mike snapped. "You're asking me to give Jamal partial ownership of Sapphire! And that would dilute my ownership!"

"Just a tiny bit," Jen said back. "You gave some to Sebastian and you barely know him. You know Jamal."

"But Sapphire is like my child!" Mike said. "He already has you! And he wants you to have his baby! Now you want me to give him Sapphire?!"

"He doesn't have me," Jen said, her voice suddenly filled with weariness. "Look … just forget I mentioned it. I just thought, since Jamal is doing so much for you, you could do him a little favor."

Mike gawked at his wife. "How is he doing anything for me!" he demanded.

Jen looked at Mike like she didn't know what planet he was from. "Jamal is the bull in our game," she said, talking to him like he was a child and needed to be educated. "We can't play the game without another man. That's what he's giving to us. And he's not going out with any other girls. So when I'm not with him, I've got you. But he doesn't have anyone. You don't think that's a lot to give to you Mike?"

Mike was seething inside. Her words sounded reasonable, but it was all bullshit. Did she really believe this, that Jamal was doing him a favor?

Then it hit him.

"That's why you did what you just did," he said.

"What?"

"That's why you were so nice to me," Mike said. "That's why you didn't make me wear a condom. That's why you let me cum inside you. You were softening me up to ask me this."

"What? Mike, no I wasn't. We just said, we should do this more often, it should be just us sometimes. We just said that."

"But then you immediately start talking about Jamal again," Mike said bitterly. "How 'freaking awesome' he makes you feel," he said, using Jen's words from moments before.

"No Mike – god …," Jen said with frustration, putting her face in her hands. "When we were making love, I wasn't thinking about Jamal. But then after,

okay I was, I admit it. But isn't that the whole point of the game? How can you blame me for that?"

"Did you really cum? Or did you fake it?" Mike said accusingly.

Jen stared disbelievingly at her husband.

"How can you ask me to give him some of MY shares of Sapphire?!" Mike shouted. "He's already taken you from me! Now you want me to give him Sapphire!"

"I don't belong to him Mike!" Jen said. They were both screaming now. "Okay forget it! Forget I mentioned it!"

"He wants to make you pregnant!" Mike yelled.

"It's a freaking fantasy Mike!" Jen screamed back. "God! You just got off on it!"

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Chapter 51

Their fighting woke up Anna, who was distressed to see her parents arguing. So for the rest of the day, Mike and Jen focused on their daughter and acted like nothing was wrong. Inside though, Mike was dying. Jen wanting him to gift some of his Sapphire stock Jamal, faking sex with him to get what she wanted, the cocaine … it was all getting to be too much. Mike felt like he was losing control of his wife. He felt like he was losing her to Jamal.

Sometime in the late afternoon, Jen retrieved the coke from its hiding place and flushed it down the toilet. Even though she felt safe using it, she realized Mike was right, there was no place for it in the home they shared with their daughter. But that was the only thing she thought she had done wrong.

Having sex with Jamal? That was the whole point of the game. Okay, she did fall asleep with Jamal in his bed, but she woke up, she didn't spend the night with him.

And she didn't understand why Mike was being so stubborn over Sapphire. He had tons of stock. Giving Jamal a little would greatly change the man's life for the better, yet barely affect Mike at all.

Still, Jen wasn't a confrontation person, especially when it came to her husband. She didn't want to fight with him. She didn't want him mad at her.

Also, Mike seemed really upset about this. Even though it didn't make sense to her, she could tell he was really, really upset over the idea of giving Jamal some of his Sapphire stock.

"I threw away the coke," she began as they got into bed after putting Anna down for the night. "And I'm sorry about asking you about the Sapphire stock. I thought since you gave some to other people, it wasn't a big deal. But now I realize it is a big deal for you, and I'm sorry. I won't ask you again."

Mike's face softened. Jen was happy to see he wasn't glaring at her anymore (the way he had been all day whenever Anna wasn't looking). But he didn't say anything. She knew his feelings were still raw.

"I am sorry Mike," she said earnestly, trying again to apologize. "And I did like our sex today. It didn't have anything to do with Jamal. I swear. You were awesome. You were. You DID make me cum."

"But then you can't wait to tell me how good Jamal does you with his finger," Mike finally said, bitterness in his voice.

"Mike …," Jen began, trying to reason with her husband. "That's the whole point of the game, right? That Jamal's a better lover than you. He's got a

bigger dick, a better body, he makes me cum harder. All those things are true. You want them to be true. Or else it's not your fantasy."

Mike frowned and looked away. She was right of course. In fact her words – the way she compared him to her lover, and found him lacking – it turned him on.

Jen saw the affect her words had on her husband. She reached into his boxers and found him hard. She curled her soft hand around his erection. "Let's not fight Mike," she urged him as she slowly stroked his cock up and down. "That's why we talk like this. So you can tell me your boundaries. Sapphire is going too far, I understand now. I won't do it again."

"I guess I assumed you would know that, that I wouldn't have to tell you," Mike said. He was breathing hard, his eyes on his wife's hand moving up and down inside his boxers. It occurred to him that she was able to give him a hand job inside his boxers, because his cock was small. She'd never be able to do that with Jamal's cock. With a real man's cock.

"Well, I would if we were a normal couple," Jen said, giving him a lopsided grin (and not knowing the thoughts going through her husband's head). "But sometimes it's hard knowing what gets you excited. I mean, I get what you said, that giving Jamal some stock would dilute you. But, I don't know, I guess if anything, I thought that would turn you on. You know, Jamal getting something over you." As she said this, Jen gave him a gentle, teasing smile and squeezed his hard shaft.

"But it's all a game, baby," she continued in a tender, urging voice. "It would've been only a tiny bit, it wouldn't really put him over you. I'm not saying that to convince you, I understand now that Sapphire is over the line. I'll never ask again. I'm just trying to explain what I was thinking. But I understand now. It's over the line. That's all you have to do, baby. Just tell me when it's too much or I do something you don't like, and I'll stop."

Mike nodded. Her soothing words were making him feel better. And she was right, at some level, giving Jamal some of his Sapphire stock – diluting

him – it did turn him on. It was like the way Jamal had replaced him in Jen's life as her primary sex partner. The way he fucked her skin-to-skin, but he had to use a condom. The way he wasn't allowed to cum in his wife's body, not in her pussy, not even her mouth.

What if he gave Jamal not a tiny amount of stock, but a controlling interest? What if Jamal had 60%, or more, 75%, 90%? Then the black man would really have replaced Mike in Jen's life. Not only would he fuck her better, but he'd be able to financially provide for her better too.

If he did that, what else was left? What else could Jamal take from him?

"Tell me what Jamal said again," Mike said through an excited, strained voice. "About wanting to get you pregnant."

Jen laughed and shook her head. Her husband was crazy. He jumped around from one extreme to the other. Super upset one moment. Super excited the next.

Jen gripped the waistband of Mike's boxers and pulled them off. Then she pulled the t-shirt she was wearing over her head, and kicked off her panties too. Now they were both naked.

She got between his legs, making him spread his legs wide, with his knees angled up off the bed. With her left hand, she took hold of his hard shaft again, stroking him up and down. With her right hand, she moved under his balls, lightly stroking the underside of the sensitive sack with her nails the way she knew he loved it.

Mike groaned at her touch. She knew better than anyone – better than Mike knew himself even -- where he liked to be touched, and how he liked to be touched. He had a hungry look in his eyes, anxiously waiting for her to answer his question, to tell him again about what Jamal had said last night. Jen softened her caresses, not wanting him to cum too fast, edging him along, giving him pleasure but keeping him from ultimate, delicious release.

"He asked if I wanted another baby," she said. "I didn't understand at first. He's never asked before."

"But he always holds your legs up after cumming in you," Mike said.

"Yeah …," she agreed, her voice trailing off. She had her eyes on his cock. Whenever she focused on his penis like that, Mike always wondered if she was comparing his thin, 4 inch long cock to the much larger manhoods of her lovers. The prospect made his head swirl with cuckold lust.

Jen extended one of her fingers lower under Mike, scraping the manicured nail across that super sensitive space between where his balls ended and his asshole began, his sandbar. It made him groan, and she smiled, pleased with the pleasure she was giving her husband.

"Anyways, I told him yes," she continued. Looking into her husband's eyes, she said "We've always talked about having two."

Mike nodded, his heaving breathing coming in pants.

Jen said, "That's when he said he'd give me a beautiful baby. He said it would only take one time."

"You're on the pill."

Jen nodded as she said, "I'd have to go off the pill. Obviously. Let him inside me unprotected. He said he'd only need one time."

Mike breathed in heavily. His heart was pounding. "Do you think about it?" he asked.

"Think about what?" Jen said back, being coy.

"You know what."

Jen gave her husband a teasing, knowing look. “You mean having another man’s baby?” she asked. Mike moaned at her words. It made her smile again.

“Do you think about Blake and Alicia?” she asked him. “And Lizzy?”

“I think about it a lot,” Mike admitted. With a sheepish laugh, he added, “I guess I’m obsessed by it.”

Jen grinned. “Why does this fantasy turn us on so much?” she asked.

Mike’s eyes went wide. “So it turns you on too?” he asked.

Jen nodded. She said, “I know it’s wicked. I think that’s part of it. Our game’s all about being wicked. Being bad. I like being bad. I like being slutty. It gets me hot.”

They stared at each other for long moments, not saying anything, Jen continuing to slowly caress Mike’s cock and balls.

“It wouldn’t be like Alicia and Blake though,” Jen finally said, breaking the silence. “I mean with Jamal. Blake’s white. I don’t know if John knows what happened. But he can at least pretend Lizzy’s his. You wouldn’t be able to.”

Jen’s words again made Mike moan. “And that gets you hot?” he asked excitedly.

“It’s like my new tat,” Jen said, holding up her left wrist so Mike could see the jet black Queen of Spades tat branded onto her lily white skin. “I want everyone to know you can’t satisfy me. I want them to know I've cucked you. I fuck whoever I want, and you can’t do anything about it, you have to keep you little dick in a cage.”

“Oh god Jen!” Mike excitedly gasped.

Jen abrupted reached over Mike to the bedside table. She retrieved a small tube from the drawer. It was lubrication.

She squeezed some of the lube on the index finger of her right hand. Then reaching under Mike, she forced her lubed finger into his puckered asshole. The sudden penetration made him gasp. She immediately began finger fucking his ass. She wrapped her left hand around his shaft, stroking him. She pleasured him that way as she tauntingly said, "Is that what you want Mike? You want me pregnant with Jamal's black baby?"

"Oh god Jen! Yes! Yes!"

"I begged him to cum in me Mike," Jen told him as she stroked his cock and finger fucked his ass. Mike's eyes were on the QoS tat on her left wrist as he got closer and closer to cumming.

"I begged him to shoot his black cum into me!" she said tauntingly, knowing the man she loved was close to climaxing. "I begged him to fuck his cum into me! I wanted it Mike. My body craves it. He's such a better man than you Mike. You're not even close. My body wants his black cum inside me!"

"Oh god Jen!" Mike screamed, and he came in a thundering orgasm. Jen pointed his cock at her pussy, so he blasted over her pussy lips and the tiny blonde landing strip just above her clit.

As soon as Mike was done cumming, she moved up his body until his head was between her long dancer's legs. She pressed her pussy against his face, rubbing her pussy and landing strip up over his lips and nose, smearing his sperm over his face. "Eat it Mike, eat it," she said tauntingly. She was breathing hard. Her cheeks were flushed and her nipples diamond hard. All the talk had gotten her just as excited as Mike.

She pressed her pussy down against Mike's lips, and he immediately began eating her out. "That's it baby, eat me, that's it," Jen moaned, closing her

eyes as she rolled her pretty head back. “I don’t need your little dick. When I need fucked I go to real men, like Jamal. But you’re still good for this. You've got a fucking good tongue.”

Jen reached back. She found that Mike was already hard again. She stroked him as he licked her. “You have no idea how good it feels when Jamal’s inside me,” she told her husband as she stroked him. “He reaches places you’ve never touched. And he’s so freaking thick. I love how he stretches me. He makes me feel so full. You’ve never made me feel that way Mike. Never.”

At that moment they both came. Mike’s body buckled as he shot another load all over himself, and Jen clamped her slim thighs tightly around Mike’s head and pulled his hair hard as she orgasmed against his lips and tongue.

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“You actually asked Mike to give Jamal some of his Sapphire stock?” Allie asked incredulously over the phone. They spoke a few times a week because they worked at the same company, and also because they were best friends. They told each other everything, so Allie knew all about Jen’s adventures with other men, and how Mike both loved and hated it.

“I mean … why does it matter?” Jen sputtered, surprised by Allie’s reaction. “Mike gives everyone stock. He gave you stock. He gave your parents stock. He gave my parents stock. He even gives stock to people he hardly knows, like that Sebastian I told you about. Mike has so much. It wouldn’t hurt him at all. And it would really help out Jamal.”

“Oh my god Jen,” Allie said with a sigh. “I am so glad I’m not a dumb blond like you.”

“Fuck you,” Jen said as she scowled into the phone.

“I can’t believe you don’t get it,” Allie said with exasperation. “Okay, let me ask you a question. Did Mike ever give Scott stock?”

"Of course not," Jen said. "But that's different."

"It's the fucking same thing!" Allie said, practically shouting into the phone.

Jen pursed her lips and was silent for long moments, as if counting to 10. Then, reducing her voice to a whisper, she said "I thought I loved Scott. I freaking left Mike and ran off with him. It's different with Jamal. I like him. I guess I'm crushing on him. But Jamal isn't Scott. I won't let him become Scott."

"Jen …," Allie said, the exasperation still in her voice. "Listen to what you're saying. You admit you're crushing on Jamal. And then you say, don't worry, I won't let Jamal become Scott. Don't you see? That means Jamal COULD become another Scott. And that's why it's wrong to ask Mike to give Jamal Sapphire stock."

"God Allie …," Jen said, sighing into the phone. She didn't mean it that way. That's not what she meant.

Her relationship with Scott had been romantic. At times she had envisioned herself as his wife. If she had never met Mike, or met Scott first, maybe she would be Scott's wife.

It wasn't that way with Jamal. It was hard to explain. She was still trying to figure it out herself. When she said a moment ago she was crushing on Jamal, she wasn't sure if it was solely Jamal, or the idea of black men. She was enchanted by black men. It was what Jamal said he would do, and he had done it. He had blacked her.

Allie had to rush off to a meeting, so their call ended without resolving anything. Also, Jen hadn't had the chance to talk to Allie about setting her up with Joey. That was Jamal's idea and, honestly, it wasn't a bad idea. Jen knew her young brother-in-law had a thing for Allie, just like he had a thing for her. Allie was single and playing the field, and she would probably get off on the cougar aspect of hooking up with her young 20-something

BIL. Allie would definitely enjoy being with Joey, she knew that from personal experience. And with Allie in the mix, Jen knew she'd be able to patch things up with Joey, so in the end, everyone would win.

Jen's thoughts turned back to Jamal, and Mike. She understood better now why Mike had gotten so upset when she asked him to give Jamal some Sapphire stock. If he thought Jamal was the next Scott, then of course he would get upset.

That's when Jen realized her true mistake. It wasn't Sapphire – that was just a symptom of the real problem. And the real problem was, she had allowed Mike to believe that Jamal might be the new Scott. She didn't understand how Mike could think that. But it didn't matter what she thought. What mattered was what Mike thought, and what he felt.

At that moment, Jen decided to slow things with Jamal. It would be hard on her. She would miss Jamal, she liked him, she enjoyed his company. She'd miss being the girl on his arm, she'd miss the excitement she always felt on days she knew she would see him. She'd miss his body, she'd miss his beautiful cock, she'd miss the way he always made her cum so freaking hard.

But Jen decided that she and Mike needed to pull back from the game, to reconnect as a couple. To do that, she had to stop seeing Jamal.

Jen knew this meant she would lose Jamal. Men like him do not wait for any girl. The prospect made her feel unhappy, distressed, empty inside.

But she promised herself that she wouldn't reveal her feelings to Mike. For herself as much as Mike. Because last time when she broke up with Scott, it turned Mike on when he saw how much she missed him. So Mike convinced her to get back with Scott, and things went bad from there.

She didn't want the same thing to happen this time. She didn't want Mike to push her back into Jamal's arms. Into his bed.

Because while Jamal wasn't Scott, she would still have a hard time telling Mike no, given how she felt about the black man (and how her body craved him). And then she would be back with Jamal, and they'd be right back here without solving anything.

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Chapter 52

(3 months later)

Mike scrolled through pictures of Jen on his computer. He had a lot of pictures. And videos too.

Anna was asleep in her bedroom. Their live in nanny, Callie, was out at a college party somewhere. And Jen was traveling for business, at a company retreat in Vegas.

Mike's dick was out and he was slowly stroking himself as he scrolled through the pictures and videos. They were of his wife with other men. He held his cock lightly, jerking off slowly, edging himself, wanting it to last.

Mike had been surprised when Jen abruptly announced she was ending things with Jamal. It happened right after they had talked about Jamal offering to give her a black baby. "I'll give you a beautiful baby," he had said. "Go off the pill. I'll only need one time. One time, when you're unprotected, fertile and ovulating. I'll get you pregnant with my black baby. That's what you want. I know it, you know it. That's why you let me ink your wrist. I've blacked you. You belong to black men now. So go off the pill, open your legs, and let me breed you."

That's what Jamal had said. Or, that's what he said in Mike's imagination. Now, at this moment, as Mike slowly jerked off at pictures and videos of Jen with other men, he forced himself not to think about that conversation. Because if he did, he'd cum immediately.

Mike had thought Jen broke up with Jamal because she was too tempted by his offer. After all, she admitted to him that the idea of another man getting her pregnant turned her on too. The idea got them both hot. Maybe for different reasons. But it got them both insanely hot.

And it had thrilled and terrified Mike that that's the reason why she broke up with Jamal. That her pregnancy fantasy was so powerful that she might let it happen for real, and that scared her, so she broke up with the black man before her sexual desires led her down a path that she would regret for the rest of her life.

But Jen assured Mike that wasn't it. Her relationship with Jamal had just run its course. Their argument about the Sapphire stock kinda burst the Jamal bubble in her head, so she wasn't really into him anymore.

And anyways, she said, it was time for them to take a break from the game. They both loved playing the game, but it couldn't be 24/7, 365 days a year. They needed a break. They both needed that, time for it to be just them, to reconnect as a married couple.

The last 3 months had been wonderful! They HAD reconnected. They were touching all the time, holding hands, sharing whispers and dreams. They were closer now than ever before. Anna sensed it too, how happy they were. They were all happy, the three of them. They were a happy family.

Except … sexual desires don't just disappear overnight. Initially after Jen broke up with Jamal, their sex had been about just them. Just the two of them. They didn't fuck, they made love.

But soon their fantasies crept back into their pillow talk. And Mike started seeing a longing in his wife's eyes. He knew he wasn't enough for her. She had a hunger, and he had that same hunger.

When they were out, Mike caught her looking at other men, like she was sizing them up as to how they would be in bed. More than once, Jen

caught Mike looking at her as she looked at other men, and it made them both blush at first, and then laugh.

They started talking about playing the game again. They talked about fantasies, what turned them on the most, what each liked the most about v2 of their game.

Jen said she still preferred a boyfriend rather than just anonymous hookups. The games they played before she got together with Jamal, with Cam, Blake, Doug, and Wyatt (and other men), they were fun and exciting, but they lacked the romance and NRE that she loved. She thrilled to the infatuation of a new relationship. Jen also said she WAS into black men now, she wanted to explore that more, but then again, her next boyfriend might be white, it all depended on who she met and how they connected.

Jen said she wanted to be a bottom to her boyfriend, but a top to Mike. It turned her on to be submissive to an aggressive, confident man. It turned her on even more for Mike to be submissive to both her and her boyfriend. Jen told Mike straight out that she liked seeing him on his knees, between another man's legs. It got her so hot it made her dizzy when he had a cock in his mouth. This was something she wanted to explore more too.

Mike said he agreed that the game was better when she had a boyfriend rather than a series of hookups. He wanted it to be more than sex. He wanted it to be feelings too. Mike said he got turned on the most when there was risk he would lose her to another man. He knew it was crazy and dangerous, but he couldn't help how he felt. He said that was missing with Jamal. At times he felt the risk that he craved, but not really. Not like the way it had been with Scott.

Jen was slow to respond. Then she told him about her conversation with Allie. About how Allie had criticized her for asking Mike to give Jamal Sapphire stock, and then really jumped on her when she said "I'm not letting Jamal become another Scott." Allie's point being, Jamal had the potential to be another Scott.

"That's why I really broke it off with him," Jen admitted. "It was getting too much. I was too into him. Not like with Scott. But still, I was too into him. I realized that when you got so mad when I asked you to give him stock, and then after talking to Allie. That's why I decided to end things with him. I thought it was getting … too dangerous for us."

Mike was silent, processing her words. Finally he said, "You said you weren't into him anymore. That's why you broke up. That was a lie, right?"

Again Jen was slow to respond. After long moments, she said "I didn't want to hurt you. And I didn't want you to push me back to him. That's what you did with Scott. Remember? Mike, you have to let things end. I meet a guy, we play the game, it's exciting. But it has to end eventually. And you have to let it end. Because I'm married to you. You know?"

"Is that why you let things end with Cam?" Mike asked.

Jen shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe. It kinda never got that far since he moved."

Mike nodded, again processing her words. "So, you do miss Jamal? Because you haven't acted that way."

Jen shrugged but didn't say anything.

"You miss him?" Mike pressed.

"Yes Mike I miss him," she snapped. "We were together for months. We were intimate for months. How could I not miss him?"

Mike winced. Not at her harsh tone. But at the sadness he heard in her voice. "I'm sorry," he said. "We don't talk about it … but I know it's painful for you too. When you break up with someone."

"Breakups are always painful," Jen said with another shrug. "But it's part of it, you know? It's how we play the game. And it's okay. You give me

something amazing. You let me be with other men. I get the best of both worlds. I know how lucky I am. I'm just saying, you have to trust me when I decide to end things with someone. Okay?"

"Okay," Mike agreed. And then they kissed. And snuggled. And made love.

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Now Mike was in bed, naked, his hard dick in his hand, as he scrolled through pictures and videos of Jen with other men. Jen was at a company retreat in Vegas. As she packed, he said "You still have a free pass. If there's someone you like. You don't even have to tell me."

"I thought you want me to tell you everything," Jen said.

"I do," Mike said. Then sheepishly he added "But I like it when you cheat on me too."

Jen laughed. Then more seriously, she said "I don't know. I'm not sure I'm ready yet."

Mike didn't understand that, especially given their recent conversations about starting to play the game again. Then suddenly he got it.

"You're still getting over Jamal?" he asked her.

Jen shrugged, but didn't answer for long moments as she continued to fold clothes into her suitcase. Finally she said "I guess you go through a mourning period. You know? When a relationship ends." There was sadness in her voice.

"You really miss him, don't you?" Mike asked.

Jen shrugged again. But she was letting her emotions show, and sadness covered her face.

Mike wrapped his arms around his wife. "I'm sorry," he said. He was hurting because she was hurting.

But her longing for another man turned him on. He was erect, and his hardon pressed against her leg. "I'm sorry," he said. "I know you're hurting. I can't help it."

"I get it," Jen said, and she gave him a melancholy smile. "I'll be okay. Maybe when I get back, we can do something."

****

The retreat was at the Venetian, and tonight's function was at the pool. Everyone was dressed in chic casual. Jen wore a tight top held by a thin spaghetti strap over each shoulder, white short shorts, and strappy high heels. While revealing, the outfit was classy. The top was an expensive fine knit. The shorts (while barely covering her ass) was pleated and cuffed. All Prada.

Her heels were Jimmy Choo. The new Resort collection that had just hit the stores. They were made of wisps of fine leather, showing off her pretty manicured toes, and had 4 inch stiletto heels. They her long shapely legs look even longer and more incredible than usual.

She wore dark sunglasses to shield her pretty green-blue eyes from the Sun as it set in the horizon. The sunglasses were Prado too. They made her look like a movie star, or super model.

Around her left wrist, she wore a Cartier watch that had diamonds instead of numbers. She also wore a series of bangles made of gold, platinum and ivory.

Her outfit costs thousands. She looked like she had just stepped out from the Riviera, or Monte Carlo. To be honest, she couldn't afford these clothes and jewelry, even on her partner's salary. But Mike made an ungodly amount of money, and he never said no to her.

The watch and bangles were a very expensive way to hide the Queen of Spades tattoo. People who looked at her as she sipped champagne and mingled around the pool would be surprised, though, that this beautiful, sophisticated, ultra-fashionable blonde wife and mother of a pre-schooler opened her legs for black cock. Craved black cock. Got wet thinking about being with black men.

So far, no one at work (besides Allie) had seen the QoS tat. It excited her, though, that someone might. It excited – and scared her – that she'd be outed as a lover of black men. It was a thrill whenever she thought about it, and made her weak kneed.

It was getting late and their meetings were starting early the next morning. Also, she wasn't having much fun. So she left the party and made her way through the casino to get to the elevators. That's when she sensed someone next to her.

It was Scott.

They didn't see each other much, even though they worked for the same company. The reality was, they both did their best to avoid each other. They had too much history. For Jen, there was regret over bad decisions. For Scott, there was hurt and bitterness.

"So can I see it?" Scott said.

"See what?"

"Your new tat," Scott said. When he saw the surprise on her face, he said "Davis is my friend, Jen. He told me about it."

Jen pursed her lips with disapproval. But then she knew it was her own fault. She should have told Davis not to tell Scott.

"Not here," Jen whispered, looking around the casino to see if anyone they knew was looking. They moved off to the side, to a semi-private alcove.

"You can't tell anyone," Jen whispered.

"Why are you whispering? We're alone."

"I'm just saying --."

"I'm not going to tell anyone Jen," Scott promised, his voice terse. "If I was going to, I would've done it already."

Jen hesitated, then she gave him a resigned shrug. She took off the watch and bangles and showed him her wrist.

Scott took her hand so he could move her wrist this way and that, to study the Queen of Spades tat. "Davis does good work," he said.

"He does," Jen agreed. She pulled her hand back, then she put the watch and bangles back on.

"So you're into black men now?" he asked her.

"I'm married," she said.

Scott laughed. "Yeah, right," he said sarcastically.

Jen was about to say something smart, but then she shook her head and laughed too. There was no point in denying things with Scott. They had too much history to deny things.

"So how's Astrid?" Jen asked. Astrid was his wife. They'd married a couple of years ago.

"She's a great fuck but a bitch otherwise," Scott said candidly.

Jen laughed.

Then he added, "I love her though."

"I'm happy for you Scott," she said. They smiled at each other.

"So who's the guy?" he asked.

"What guy?"

"Come on. The guy who got you to do that," Scott said, motioning to her left wrist.

Jen suddenly felt melancholy. "His name's Jamal," she said, sadness crossing her pretty face.

Scott saw the sadness, and he instantly understood. A wave of déjà vu passed over him. "Let me guess," he said, a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "You like him too much. So Mike made you break up with him."

Jen's head snapped up to look at her old lover. They shared a moment, as they looked at each other, as they each reflected on their history with each other. "I shouldn't be talking to you about this," she said.

"Why not?" Scott asked. "We can still talk, right? We're still friends, right?"

"I don't know Scott," Jen said, looking away from him. "I don't know what we are."

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They left the Venetian – there were too many people they knew there – and went to a dive bar off the main strip. They sat at the bar on stools, Jen's legs crossed, one long shapely leg over the other, while Scott sat with his legs open the way men do. She sipped a cosmo while he drank beer.

"So tell me about him," Scott said.

"He's a guy I met," Jen said. "He's a college professor, at NYU. He's racist probably. I don't know." She laughed. "He's got freaking gold teeth, if you can believe that. He's, I don't know … he's black." She laughed again. "It's hard to explain. I've never been with a black man before."

"And now it's over," Scott said.

Jen shrugged and looked away from Scott, at her feet in the Jimmy Choo high heels.

"Well he must be some guy," Scott said. "To get you to do that." He motioned to her left wrist again.

Jen shrugged again. "You got me to ink your freaking initials on my breast," she said. Scott laughed.

"So you still got it there?" he asked, looking at her left breast.

"Why don't you ask Astrid if you can ask me that," she said with a laugh. Scott grinned at her.

"She actually doesn't know about it," he confided.

"I wouldn't think so," Jen said, and they laughed again.

"So are you into all black men, or just that black man?" he asked.

Jen shrugged. "Jamal got me into black men," she answered. "So yes and yes, I guess."

"So why do you hide it?" he asked, motioning to her wrist again.

"Are you serious?" Jen said, giving him a what-the-fuck look.

"I'm not talking about at work," Scott said. "I'm talking about right now." He motioned around the bar. "No one knows you here. Why are you hiding it?"

"Why do you care?"

"I'm just asking."

Jen looked at Scott for a long moment. Then, with a shrug, she took off the watch and bangles and put them into her purse. She looked at her wrist. At the Queen of Spades tat. It was the first time she'd been out in public, without hiding it. Now anyone could see it. That she, Jennifer Andrews -- wife and mother, member of the church choir, volunteer at her daughter's pre-school, pro-choice although personally against abortion, hater of Donald Trump -- she was a lover of black men. She was a lover of black cock.

A thrill ran down her spine. She felt a familiar warmth between her legs. She felt her nipples hardening.

"You're turned on," Scott said with a knowing grin at her. "I can tell. You're turned on."

"Oh my god," Jen lamented. With a half laugh, she said "I cannot fucking believe we're talking about this."

"So what is it you like about black men?" he asked.

Jen shrugged again. She didn't know how to explain it. "They're just better," she said.

"Thanks a lot," Scott said with a laugh. She laughed too.

"I don't mean better," she said. "I guess … different."

"Okay, well, good, I guess there's still hope for the white race," he joked. They both laughed again.

"So when did you break up with Jamal?" Scott asked.

"A few months ago," Jen answered.

"And you haven't been with anyone else yet?" Scott asked. "I mean, besides Mike." With a chuckle, he added "Although I suppose that doesn't really count."

Jen frowned at Scott. But she wasn't surprised by his dig at her husband, and it's not like she could argue with what he said. Scott knew too much about both her and Mike. And anyway, at that moment, her thoughts were mostly on Jamal, since that's who they were talking about.

"I'm still, you know …," she said hesitantly. "Getting over him."

Scott stared at her but didn't say anything. They were silent for long moments. Then he said, "Tell me something. Did you have to get over me?"

Now it was Jen who stared at him. After a few moments, she said, "We shouldn't be talking about this." She grabbed the Cosmo and gulped it down, finishing it.

"You're right, we shouldn't," he said, and he gulped down the rest of his beer.

Then he forced a grin, like he was purposefully trying to change the subject. He put his hand on her knee. He caressed her knee and her tender inner thigh. "You know, if you need a shoulder to cry on, I'm available," he said with an evil grin at her.

Jen pushed his hand away. "Not happening Scott," she said with a half laugh.

"Why? Because you've gone black?" he asked, the grin still on his face.

"If that's what you want to think, go ahead," Jen said with another laugh.

At that moment, the bartender approached. He was black.

"Another round?" the bartender asked them. Jen had noticed him checking her out before. She had checked him out too. He was tall and handsome, and fit. And his tight ass looked really good in the jeans he was wearing.

The bartender glanced at her wrist. Surprise flashed across his face when he saw the Queen of Spades tat. He quickly composed himself and asked, "You folks here on vacation?"

"Nope," Scott said. "We're here at a company retreat."

"Oh," the bartender said. His eyes were on Jen's QoS tat. And then her wedding ring. "So you two aren't married?"

"Nope," Scott said, answering for the two of them. "Just work colleagues." Then abruptly he stood up. "I guess I'll turn in. Early meetings tomorrow."

"Scott," Jen said, a warning in her voice, as if saying "don't you dare leave me alone here."

Scott leaned close to Jen's ear. "Have fun," he whispered. "This is my fuck you to Mike. Or knowing him, he'll probably thank me." Scott chuckled, then left the bar.

"Hope I didn't interrupt anything," the bartender said when Scott was gone. "I'm Max by the way."

"No, you're good," Jen assured him. She used her hand to brush her hair back, and smiled at him. "Hi Max. I'm Jen." Max offered his hand, and Jen took it. He smiled at her as he held her hand. She looked at her hand in

his. Her lily white hand in his very black hand. And his hand was big. So big.

Max held her hand for a moment too long, and then when he finally let her hand go, he slid his long black fingers across her palm, like a caress. A shiver ran through her at his touch.

"Another Cosmo?" Max asked.

Now it was Jen's turn to compose herself. "Yes. Maybe one more," she said, her voice shaky.

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They were in the alley behind the bar. It was mostly dark, except for a street light at the far end. Jen's back was against the brick wall. Max was pressed against her front. They were kissing.

Jen was breathing hard as they made out. Max, like Jamal, like Reno, really knew how to kiss. Were all black men great kissers?

Jen moaned into Max's mouth as his hands went to her breasts. He hurriedly pulled up her top. A hand went behind her and with a flick of his thumb and finger, he unsnapped her strapless bra. The lacy white material fell to the sidewalk. Even before it landed, Max's hands were on her bare high school breasts. Cupping them, kneading them, rolling her hard nipples between his thumbs and fingers. "Oh god …," Jen groaned into his mouth as they continued to suck face.

Jen's hands were on his body too. His defined pecs. His muscular arms. His ripped abs. He had a really nice body.

Then her hands ventured lower. She put her hands over his manhood. He felt really big. His hardness strained against the confides of his jeans.

Jen hurriedly unbuckled his belt, undid the button, and then pushed down the zipper. It was hard because he was hard. She pulled down his pants, at the same time pulling down his briefs. She did all this while never breaking their kiss, while her tongue still pushed into his mouth.

She took his hard cock into her hands. He was gloriously big! "You're so fucking big," she moaned between kisses.

"You like big?" he asked.

"God I love big!" Jen excitedly said.

Max abruptly spun Jen around so now her bare tits were pressed against the brick wall. Reaching around her slim waist, he worked on her Prada shorts. He pulled them down so they were around her ankles. Then he reached into her panties. They were a thong, and the same white lacy as her bra. His hand went to her pussy. He stroked up and down her lips. "You're so fucking wet," he growled into her ear. Then he pushed 2 fingers into her pussy, and at the same time kissed and sucked on the back of her neck just below her ear. "Oh god!" Jen cried. "Oh fuck!"

Max took his cock into his hand. He angled his knees, lowering himself, positioning his cock to penetrate the white wife's pussy. Jen felt him press his cockhead against her lips and breathlessly said "wait, wait."

She turned back around so now they were facing each other again. "Condom?" she asked. She was panting as she held his cock in her hands.

Max shook his head. "Usually I have one, but …," he said, his voice trailing off. He was panting too.

"Fuck," Jen said under her breath, as she contemplated letting a man she had known for less than an hour into her bareback. She wanted him thought. His cock felt so big. So heavy and solid. She wanted it. Needed it!

"Are you safe?" she asked him.

"I am," he assured her. "I swear."

"You don't have to lie to me. I'll still get you off," she promised him.

"I'm clean. I swear," Max said. "I get tested all the time. I swear, I'm clean."

"Are you …?" he began, then he stopped, not wanting to take a chance at offending the beautiful white girl and missing a chance at her pussy.

Jen nodded her head. "I'm safe," she said. "I've only been with my husband."

Max looked at her for a long moment, trying to decipher the meaning behind her words. Then he bent his knees again, and with one hand guiding his cock, and his other hand on Jen's hip for leverage, he pushed up, penetrating the pretty white wife's pussy. He pushed into her, forcing Jen onto her tip toes in the Jimmy Choo strappy high heels.

"Oh fuck!" Jen groaned. "You're big!"

"I'll be gentle," Max promised. He was used to little petite girls like Jen having to get use to his size.

"Don't be freaking gentle!" Jen told him as she looked into his jet black face. "Fuck me. Fuck me with your nigga cock."

Jen's use of the N word startled him. Then he narrowed his eyes and grinned at her, his friendly neighborhood bartender persona morphing into that of a street hood. "That's what you want bitch?" he said tauntingly. "You want my big nigga black cock in your married white pussy?"

"Yessss!" Jen hissed, grabbing Max's hips to pull him deeper inside her. "That's what I want! Give it to me! Give me your nigga cock! Give it to me! Fuck your nigga cum into me! Do it! Do it! DO IT!!!!!"

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Chapter 53

"So how's Nala treating you?" Jamal asked Joe. They were drinking beers and watching the Yankees and Astros at a sports bar. They usually got together like this 2 or 3 times a month.

"She's Nala – what can I say?" Joe said with a grin at his black friend. They laughed, as Jamal understood what Joe was saying.

Nala was a waitress at a speakeasy in the East Village, one of Jamal's favorites. She was a pretty light-skinned black girl with waves of hair falling over her shoulders. She was curvy with big boobs and nice legs. Jamal had introduced them.

Nala didn't date white boys often, but she made an exception for Joe. She told him he had a black man's cock. Thick.

When they weren't fucking, they were arguing. Nala usually started it. About what it didn't matter, it always seemed that she was irritated about something.

Nala had a bitchy attitude, but she was a great fuck and was up for anything. One time Joe had a three-way with Nala and one of her girlfriends. It'd been the best sex of his life. So despite her bitching, he put up with her, if for no other reason than to get regular doses of her sweet pussy. But if you asked Joe if he liked Nala, if he had feelings for her, he'd laugh and not give you a straight answer.

Joe was only 24. He was good looking, had a nice body, and had an even better cock. He was also a cancer survivor. So he was a pussy hound, he wasn't looking for anything serious, what he wanted was good pussy and a lot of it. Really, the only girls he had ever cared for in his life were his mother, and his sister-in-law. Jen.

“How’s your stash?” Jamal asked.

“Well …,” Joe began, looking sheepish.

Jamal knew the look. His friend was light. “No worries Joe, I got you covered,” he said. He slipped Joe a package of white powder under the bar counter.

Joe looked appreciative as he took the small package of cocaine. “Thanks man,” he said, reaching for his wallet.

“Don’t even think it Joe,” Jamal said with a friendly admonishment. “You know your money’s not any good with me.”

“Thanks man,” Joe said again, looking even more grateful. The fact was, he’d have trouble paying. His wallet was just as light as his stash. And he couldn’t exactly ask his parents for money to buy drugs.

“So how’s that sister-in-law of yours?” Jamal asked.

“She’s good,” Joe said guardedly. He didn’t like talking about Jen with Jamal, but he couldn’t exactly clam up after the black man’s gift to him. “I don’t see her that much. She’s in Vegas this weekend, some work thing.”

“Mike with her?”

“I don’t think so,” Joe said with a shrug. “Are you still pissed at him?”

“Of course I’m pissed at him,” Jamal said, scowling. “We had a good thing going, me and J. Your white boy brother gets his feelings hurt, so he guilts Jen into ending it. I promise you, she’s missing me. I took her places she’s never been before, or since I bet.”

“Jamal, you know, I don’t really want to hear about it,” Joe said, frowning and holding out his hands as if fending him off. He didn’t approve of the black man with his sister-in-law. He didn’t approve of any man with his SIL.

He certainly didn't approve of the way his brother shared her with other men. Although, for some reason, Joe didn't see the hypocrisy of that, since he had fucked Jen many times (including behind Mike's back).

"I don't have a lot of respect for my brother," Joe said disgustedly.

"Well that's something we have in common," Jamal said with a grin. Joe grinned back, and they pumped fists.

"Jen set you up with that foxy friend of hers yet? Allie?" Jamal asked.

"Not yet," Joe said. "She hasn't mentioned it."

"Let me see those pictures again," Jamal said. Joe got out his phone and showed him pictures of Allie. None of them were nudes, but many were sexy, like pictures of Allie in tight dresses and short skirts, high heels, and bikinis. And they showed her beautiful face.

"Yeah, that's one foxy lady," Jamal said admiringly. He said reassuringly, "It'll happen Joe. Just be patient." Then he asked "Mike knows Allie right? They're close right?"

"Yeah, I guess," Joe said with a shrug. "He's known Allie pretty much as long as he's known Jen. So I guess they're close."

Jamal slowly nodded as he processed this information. Then he said to Joe, "You let me know when Jen sets something up with Allie." His tone was clear. This wasn't a request. It was an order.

Joe looked suspicious. "Why?" he asked. "I don't want you to hurt Allie. Or Jen."

Jamal laughed and said, "I'm not gonna fuck them over. I'm gonna fuck over Mike. But it won't even be fucking him over, because he'll love it."

"What do you mean?"

"Trust me Joe," Jamal said. "I know how his head works. You know he sucks my cock? J has a strap-on and she fucks him in the ass."

Joe recoiled from this information about his brother. "I don't want to here it Jamal," he said moving away.

"Hold on, hold on," Jamal said in a friendly but firm voice. "You just said you don't respect him. I'm just saying, you have a lot of reasons not to respect him. He's a sissy boy. He's not a real man like you and me."

"Listen," Joe said, shaking his head. This was all TMI. "I don't respect him. Okay? I think he's a fucking idiot. But that doesn't mean I want you to hurt him. He's still my brother."

"I'm not going to hurt him Joe," Jamal assured him. "I'm gonna give him exactly what he wants."

Joe stared at Jamal, wondering what he meant, but not wanting to ask anymore questions. He found it distasteful to talk about his brother's demented sexual desires. Really? Mike really sucked cock? And took it up the ass? Really? Joe shook his head again, like he was trying to purge those images of Mike from his head. He didn't want to think about it.

As Joe thought about Mike, Jamal was thinking about Jen. Later at home, he wrote a text to her. He deleted it, then revised it, then deleted it again. Despite his big words with Joe, he wondered if he really wanted to get involved with Jen again. He'd love to fuck over Mike, but did he really want to expose his heart again?

This was new for him … getting emotionally attached to a girl. Being the dumpee and not the dumper was also something new; Jamal couldn't remember the last time that had happened.

Jamal had his choice of beautiful white wives to play with. But the reality was, he missed Jen. He missed her beautiful face. And her body. Her

bubbly personality. Her silky pussy. Her beautiful smile that always lit up the room. He missed the fact that she seemed to care about him. She listened to all his racial bullshit and rather than rejecting it or patronizing him, she seemed to go out of her way to understand his point of view, and give him the benefit of the doubt.

So Jamal wrote another text. He played around with some of the words, hesitated one more time. Then he hit send.

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Jen hurried through the lobby of the Venetian, nervously looking around at the crowd, scared about seeing someone she knew. Her hair was tussled, lipstick smeared, and she was shaky in the Jimmy Choo heels. Her used pussy was full of Max's black sperm. She was doing the walk of shame and didn't want any of her co-workers to see her.

Jen got to her room. Her fingers fumbled with the card key as she worked to unlock the door. Once inside, she collapsed against the door, barely able to stand, her heart still panting. In the safety of her room, she was able to reflect on what she'd just done.

She just fucked the black bartender. Less than 10 minutes ago, his cock had been inside her. Someone she barely knew. She'd orgasmed on his cock. She'd let him inside her without protection. He'd cum inside her, flooding her insides with his fertile black seed.

She grinned. She just fucked the black bartender!

She moved across the room and fell onto the bed, grinning up at the ceiling. She felt wicked. Slutty. She liked the feeling. She was a bad girl. She liked being a bad girl.

She reached for her phone, intending to call Mike, to tell him about Max. She scrolled to Home in her favorites, but then hesitated just before pressing the number. She had just cheated on her husband. She was an

adulterous wife. Her heart pounded as these thoughts flitted through her head. Unfaithful. Cheat.

Her pussy tingled, even though just moments ago she'd been orgasming as Max fucked her with her back against the brick wall of the alley. Rather than calling her husband, she undid her white Prada short shorts and then shimmied them down her long shapely legs. She kept the Jimmy Choos on her feet. She always felt sexy wearing high heels.

Jen flicked her finger over the gusset of her thong panties. They were soaking, from Max's cum, and also her excitement. She reached her hand into her panties. She groaned as her fingertip touched her excited clit.

At that moment, Jen felt so alive! And life felt so thrilling! For the last 3 months, she'd been a good girl. A faithful wife. But that wasn't her. Why deny it? She needed more than her husband. More than any one man.

She slid her fingertip up and down her slit. She was so wet from Max. Her lips were red and swollen. Max wasn't as big as Jamal. Not as thick. But he was thick enough to make her cum. Thick enough to make her toes curl in her high heels.

She pulled out her computer and went to xhamster. She had favorited about a dozen videos. They were all well hung, muscular black men with pretty blonde girls. In all the videos, the girls wore wedding rings (so they were married), and it was clear they had a hunger for black men. Jen could tell the way the girls kissed the men, and ran their hands over their bodies. It was more than just the fucking, although the girls clearly loved that too. Black men were different. They acted different. They smelled different. They fucked different.

Jen wondered if the white wives had feelings for their black lovers. You couldn't really tell from the videos. Although, the titles indicated they did, like:

Wife spends night with her black boyfriend

Wife cums hard on black cock (with a lot of romantic kissing)
Wife snuggles with black lover after cumming on his cock
Evening of romantic lovemaking ends with black boyfriend breeding white wife

The last one always caught her attention. "breeding white wife." She always got extra excited whenever she watched it. She never failed to cum.

And Jen liked these videos the most, because that's how she was too. The emotional romance part of a relationship was just as important to her as the physical pleasure. Tonight with Max was fun because it'd been so spontaneous and wicked. And the fact that Scott had kinda been her wingman added an exciting (and also confusing) element to it.

But tonight was missing something. Even as her body still tingled from the hard fucking Max had given her, she knew tonight was missing something.

Part of it was, Mike wasn't involved. Playing the game wasn't nearly as exciting if her husband wasn't involved.

Another part – and Jen was scared to admit to herself, but it was a big part – was Max wasn't Jamal. He wasn't … well, he wasn't black enough. With Max, it felt like he was playing the part of how a black man should act with a married white girl; the blackness didn't feel real with him.

With Jamal though, it felt real; being with him meant living in his life. It was at that moment that Jen realized that not all black men were the same. Not every black man was Jamal. And she realized how lucky she had been for her first black experience to have been with Jamal.

Would she have gotten the Queen of Spades tat for Max? No way. But she was happy she got it, because she got it for Jamal. Just like she was happy she had the fifty five tattoo under her breast, because she got it for Scott. Both men had been big parts of her life. If Mike wanted, she would remove

the tats. But she knew she'd be sad. She was glad he didn't ask. It was one of the reasons why she loved him, because he wouldn't ask her to do that.

Jen missed Jamal. She tried not to think about him, forced herself not to think about him, but at times like this, she allowed herself to miss him. She allowed herself to feel the pain.

She focused on the video playing on her Mac. A seriously ripped black man was seriously stretching the pussy of a pretty white girl as he fucked her missionary. The girl was married. The diamonds of her rings sparkled on her left hand as she gripped the black man's hard biceps. Jen stroked her pussy up and down with her finger, twirling her finger tip around her clit, edging herself as she panted watching the video. She pulled up her top and bra with her other hand, and cupped and squeezed her hard nipple, making herself moan through parted lips.

The girl's husband was in the video. The camera was on a tripod and sometimes the husband would come into view. The husband was out of shape and overweight. Was the girl his trophy wife? He had a small dick too. Jen wasn't surprised she needed other men to satisfy her.

The husband in the video made her think of Mike. She felt guilty. Not because of what she'd done with Max earlier, but because he wasn't involved. She felt a pang of loneliness for her husband. She reached for her iPhone and FaceTimed him.

"Mike, are you awake?" she asked him when his face appeared on the screen.

"Yes," Mike said. He heard his wife's panting and asked "What are you doing?"

"Is the banana okay?" she asked.

"She's fine. She's asleep. What are you doing?" he asked again.

"Just, you know …," Jen said breathlessly as she edged herself. "I'm watching this," she said, pointing the camera to the Mac so he could see the video.

Mike recognized it immediately. He got his computer and surfed to his wife's favorites on xhamster. He played the video, moving the slider to where Jen was in the video. But he didn't want to watch the video. He wanted to see his wife.

"Let me see your face," he said. Jen moved the camera so she could see her face. Mike looked at her lust filled eyes, her flushed cheeks, her parted lips. She had a major cum face on.

"You like this video," he said into his phone.

"I do."

"What do you like about it?" he asked.

At that moment, the husband came into view. Jen said "Your body's better than the husband's. He's fat."

Mike looked from his phone to the computer screen. "His cock's bigger," he said. Jen laughed.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"I was just thinking he's small," she said. "But you're right, he's bigger than you."

Mike hesitated for a moment. Then he asked "Would you fuck him?"

Jen laughed again. "Seriously? No," she said with a grin in her voice.

Mike was silent again, and she knew what he was thinking. "You're my husband baby," she said reassuringly. "It doesn't matter how big you are. I love you. Anyways, your body's better than his."

"Not better than the black man's," Mike pointed out.

"Well, no, obviously," Jen said, the grin back in her voice. When he was silent again, she playfully pouted into the screen and said "Oh Mr. Mike Andrews. The game wouldn't be the game if you weren't a martyr." There was a smile and loving in her voice, so Mike couldn't help smiling back.

"I'm not a martyr," he said. "Sometimes I get so turned on, I can't think of what to say."

"I get it," Jen said. "Look. I have to tell you something."

"What?"

"I talked to Scott tonight," she said. "We got a drink together."

Mike was silent for long moments. Then he asked, "Together? You were alone with him?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"He put his hand on my knee," Jen said.

Mike didn't say anything for long moments. But Jen could hear him breathing hard. Finally he asked "Did his hand feel good?"

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

Again Mike was silent. Then he said "Jen baby … let me see your pussy."

Jen hesitated a moment. Then she moved her iPhone so her husband could see her pussy. The lips were puffy and red and somewhat gaping, and she was moist. Very moist.

"Oh god Jen!" Mike groaned, seeing his wife's well used pussy and coming to the obviously conclusion. She fucked Scott!

"Mike, you know I need more right?" Jen said. "I need other men."

"I know that."

"So you're still okay with that?" she asked.

"So you want to start playing again?" he asked breathlessly.

"Um …," Jen began hesitantly. "That's what we talked about, right?"

"Yes, but …."

"But what?"

"Nothing. It is okay with me … but …."

"But what Mike?"

Mike's head was swirling. His dick was so hard it hurt. Did she really just fuck Scott? Were there no rules to their game?

"No buts," he said. "Everything's good."

"Okay. Can you do something for me then?" Jen asked.

"Yes … what?"

"Can you put the cage back on?" Jen said.

When Mike didn't answer, she said "I just don't want you to cum and get upset. I know how you get. You should cum only when I'm there, like before."

Mike was breathing so hard that Jen could hear him panting. With a struggle because he was so excited, he managed to say "So you want to control when I cum."

"Well … yeah," Jen said.

"Does that get you hot?"

Jen moved the phone so he could see her face again. "It does, yeah," she said. "We talked about it, right? You're a bottom to me. I'm a bottom to other men."

Mike paused, thinking. A bottom to who? Scott?

"Can I asked you something now?" Mike said. He was so excited he had to concentrate to keep his voice from quivering.

"Yes, of course," Jen said.

"This time, I want you to play the game really hard," Mike said. "You know what I mean?"

Jen laughed. "I guess so," she said. "Are you sure? I mean, if I do this, you can't just end things suddenly. I mean, I get it, you get upset by things, and that's part of it for you. But you can't just end things. You have to trust me."

"I do trust you," Mike assured her. They were silent for long moments, each reflecting on where they were taking the game.

"You know, the last time we did this, it didn't end well," Jen said warily.

"But you want this."

"I'm just saying …."

"You just have to love me," Mike said.

"I do love you. Of course I love you."

"Well," Mike said. "That's all that matters."

They smiled at each other over Face Time, sharing a moment as a married couple. Then a notification flashed on Jen's phone. It was a text from Jamal!

"Mike baby, I've got to go," she said hurriedly. Clearly distracted, she sputtered, "It's something … I've got to take care of something."

"Alright," Mike said, wondering what she had to do so late at night. "I'll talk to you tomorrow. I love you."

But Jen didn't say "I love you" back. She had already hung up.

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Chapter 54

Jen stared at her iPhone after hanging up with Mike. At the top was a notification that Jamal had sent a text.

She hadn't spoken or had any communication with Jamal for close to 3 months. She had abruptly ended things with him, telling him she needed to focus on her marriage. For a couple of weeks after, Jamal had constantly called and texted her, and tried to meet, saying he at least deserved a better explanation. Jen had put him off though, not wanting to talk or meet with him, not trusting herself, and with a final text said "I care about you, but being with you isn't good for my marriage. If you care about me, please don't try to contact me anymore."

Jamal respected her wishes. He hadn't tried to contact her since then, almost 3 months ago. The fact he respected her wishes made her appreciate him more, and deep down disappointed her. But she knew it was for the best.

And now out of the blue he had texted her.

She tossed the phone onto the bed and got up. She was naked except for the Jimmy Choos on her feet, and the Prada knit top and bra that were pushed up over her perfect little high school breasts. She pulled the top and bra off and tossed them on the floor next to the white short shorts and thong. For some reason she left the high heels on. She moved across the floor, the heels click clacking on the fake Italian tiles, and got 2 small bottles of vodka from the mini-frig. She poured both into a glass and down half in a single gulp. She poured a 3rd vodka into the glass, then took the glass and walked back to the bed.

Jen sat on the edge of the bed, naked except for the high heels. She glanced at the screen of her Mac. The "Evening of romantic lovemaking ends with black boyfriend breeding white wife" video was still playing. It had ended and then began again, because she had turned the loop function on (she often did that with this video, her favorite, because she often liked to edge herself when masturbating). At this part of the video, the black lover was on top of the white wife, and he was slowly deep stroking her with his big cock, and they were kissing with the wife's arms wrapped around her lover's neck, and in the background the husband was in a chair, slowly jerking off as he watched his wife and her black boyfriend making love.

Jen watched for a moment, sipping the vodka, as if delaying the inevitable. Then finally she picked up her phone. With one hand holding the vodka, she used the thumb of her other hand to unlock her phone. Her last password had been "Anna," but she had changed it to "Mike" when the "Anna" password expired. She took a sip of the vodka, then used her thumb to open the text app, and then opened Jamal's text. It said: "Got

drinks with Joe. Had a few too many. He talked about you. Felt like sending you this."

There was a picture attached. Jen opened it. Her eyes went wide. It was a picture of Jamal's cock, and he was hard.

Jen half laughed. Seriously? She texted him back using just her thumb, ignoring the picture.

TinyDancer: What did Joey say about me?

Jamal-NYU: He still wants to get in your pants.

Jen laughed again. She took a gulp of vodka and then put the tumbler on the side table. She got fully onto the bed, her back against the pillow, her knees bent with the Jimmy Choos flat against the mattress. Now she held the phone with both hands, using both thumbs to text.

TinyDancer: He did not say that.

Jamal-NYU: No but he wants it. Bad girl fucking your BIL.

Jen's mouth opened when she read his text. Seriously? He's giving her shit about being bad? This from Mr. "I'm a big black cock and I'm gonna black your white wife and only my black seed is good enough for her"?

Jen knew there were 2 ways this could go. She could tell him to go to hell. Or ….

TinyDancer: You have no idea how bad I am.

Jamal-NYU: Of course I do. That's why I sent you that picture.

TinyDancer: Yeah right. I think you're smaller than before.

Jamal-NYU: You're joking.

TinyDancer: Nope. I need scale.

A moment later Jen got another picture from Jamal. She opened it. It was another picture of his hard cock. But now he held a ruler next to it. His cock was just over 12 inches long.

Jen laughed and texted him back.

TinyDancer: You're the only man who carries around a ruler.

Jamal-NYU: You carry around what you need. What does Mike carry around? My bet, not a ruler.

Jen read his text once, twice, and a third time, wondering how to respond. Again, there were 2 ways. The first, as a loyal, faithful wife who defended her husband against such snide remarks. Or the second ….

TinyDancer: Actually, it'd be fun if we used Mike as your scale.

Jen could practically hear Jamal laughing. She imagined Mike sitting on the sofa next to Jamal, both men naked, Jamal's 12+ inches towering over her husband's not quite 4. Mike's little dick used as scale to show the hugeness of Jamal's manhood. She thought of how humiliated Mike would be sitting next to Jamal that way, but still, his short thin dick would be rock hard. Would their bodies be touching? Yes, Jen decided that they would be sitting so close their sides would be touching. Jamal's thick, muscular body against her husband's slim – feminine? -- body. These thoughts made Jen shiver with lust.

Jamal seemed to be reading her thoughts, because he texted:

Jamal-NYU: Probably then Mike will get on his knees and suck my cock. I'd let him do it. He's an okay cock sucker. Not as good as you. But I've had worse. And it'd be fun to cum on Mike's face.

Jen read the words over and over – "get on his knees" – "suck my cock" – "cum on Mike's face." Her head was swirling. She was finding it hard to breath. With shaky hands, she texted:

TinyDancer: Why are you contacting me now?

Jamal-NYU: I'll be in Vegas tomorrow night.

TinyDancer: I'm in Vegas.

Jamal-NYU: Joe will be with me.

TinyDancer: What?!!!

Jamal-NYU: You'll be with me. I want to meet your friends. Then I'm gonna fuck you. Now go to sleep. I want you pretty for me tomorrow.

Jen gasped at his text. His arrogance! Who did he think he was?

"You'll be with me." Fuck that, no I'm not!

"I want to meet your friends." Really? Like I'm gonna introduce you to my friends? That's not happening!

"Then I'm gonna fuck you." The fuck you will!

"Joe will be with me." WHAT THE FUCK???!!!!!!!!

Jen grabbed the glass and gulped the rest of the vodka. Then she closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down. She willed her pounding heart to slow down.

She waited for the next text from Jamal. He didn't send any. And he didn't call her. "Fuck you Jamal," she thought to herself.

She looked at her Mac. The black bull and white wife were still going at it. Had the video ended and restarted again? The black man was close though. The husband (who was videoing it) zoomed in to his wife's pussy, just in time to see the black man push in deep, and then he came, you could tell by his grunts and the way his 6 pack shuddered, and also by the wife's moans, and then when he finally pulled out his shaft was covered with milky sperm, and more sperm leaked from the wife's pussy.

"Oh god," Jen moaned softly as she watched the black man's sperm leak from the wife wife's pussy and trail down between her butt cheeks. More than once, she had cum seeing that. It was probably her favorite part of the video, along with how the wife lovingly kissed and caressed her black boyfriend as he made love to her.

Jen was so hot she couldn't think straight. And why was she so turned on? Why?

Jen knew why. Because not all blacks were actually black. Jamal was a real black man. An alpha black man. Max paled in comparison. Most men paled in comparison, especially white men. Even men she had been attracted to in the past – like Cam and Blake, even Scott – they paled in comparison.

She thought about Cam, Blake and Scott. They were so easy in comparison. She knew she could easily wrap them around her finger. She HAD wrapped them around her finger.

But Jamal – he was a challenge. She felt uncertain around him, off balance. She felt like he towered over her. She felt small and weak in his presence. She felt like such a bottom when she was with him.

And the way he just assumed things. The way he ordered her around. It turned her on. It was so different than the political correctness of white men. Even "alpha" white men like Cam and Scott. Black men were different. They were so primal … so naturally dominate.

She got her phone and looked at the picture of his cock. "God," she softly moaned. It was beautiful, his cock. So smooth. So huge. The thick vein that ran the length of his shaft's underside made her weak kneed. His cock was so freaking masculine! So freaking black!

As she looked at the picture, Jen reached down and touched a fingertip to her clit. She groaned as pleasure sparkled through her body. She rubbed the fingertip across her clit and she moaned loudly, her pretty manicured toes curling in the Jimmy Choo heels. She couldn't edge herself now even if she wanted to, she was too close, too turned on. She brought 2 fingers down onto her clit and rubbed herself, and within seconds she was arching her back in an intense orgasm.

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Jen skipped the day's meetings. She'd get in trouble but didn't care.

She went to Fendi in the Grand Canal Shoppes. She bought a new black dress. It was tiny and she practically had to pour herself into it. But it was Fendi. If anyone said anything, she'd just say "It's Fendi." Then she went to Louis Vuitton and bought new high heels. "Cherie Pumps." Stilettos made with expensive leather that was covered with the famous LV logo. Finally she went to Victoria's Secrets and bought thigh high stockings. She hadn't packed any since she hadn't planned for any of this. She also bought a matching lacy silk bra/panty set.

Back in her room, she spent a lot of time on her hair. Then on her makeup. She wore heavier makeup than usual. They way she used to do it when she'd been with Jamal.

She slipped on the matching bra and thong panties, carefully pulled the stockings up her long legs, and stepped into her new Louis Vuitton heels.

She had some time before she needed to finish dressing. She'd barely eaten all day. She was too nervous to eat. So rather than food, she ordered chamomile lemon tea from room service to calm her nerves. She

put on a robe when room service arrived. The robe barely hit her mid-thigh. The waiter ogled her stockinged legs while she signed the check, but she barely noticed.

Jen sat for a long time, in the silky robe, lingerie and heels, looking beautiful like a Hollywood starlet or super model. She sipped the tea as she looked out the window of her room, at the Vegas skyline, and thought about her life. About Mike and Anna, their future. She thought about her upcoming birthday – she was going to be 34 – and it was a scaring, sobering thought to be turning 34. She thought about Jamal. She thought about the game. She thought about Scott, and Joey, and Allie. She thought for a long time. It felt like this chapter of her life was coming to a close. She had a plan, but she remembered the joke. Do you know what God calls a plan? A joke. Finally, Jen finished dressing.

There was a pre-dinner reception in the Venetian's ballroom that was next to the casino's baccarat tables. The whales there stopped playing and openly stared at Jen as she walked by. Her co-workers did the same as she entered the ballroom. Jen was always pretty, no matter what she wore or how she did her hair and makeup. But when she tried, she was heart stopping gorgeous. That's how she was tonight. And in her new dress, which looked painted on and showed almost as much leg as the short shorts last night, she was a wet dream. She was achingly hot. Men looked at her and had only one thing on their minds.

Scott approached her. He looked her up and down, eating her up with his eyes. "That's some dress," he admired. His eyes were on her pouty lips. The red lip gloss made them look wet.

Jen gave him an appreciative nod. "It's Fendi," she said. Scott didn't know what she was talking about. His eyes drifted down to her bust. The wispy material of the dress and unlined lacy bra underneath did nothing to hide her nipples. Although they weren't hard, they still made little bumps in the dress. The effect was she looked … ripe. It was a distracting sight for any man.

"I need to ask you," Jen said. "Are we friends now?"

"Sure, why not?" Scott said flippantly.

Jen gave him a WTF look. "I'm not freaking joking Scott," she said with a frown at him. "I mean, what was last night? Are you my friend? Are you going to help me, or burn me when I'm not looking?"

"I wasn't burning you last night Jen," Scott said with a frown back. "I was just fucking with you. Friends are allowed to fuck with each other. So did you end up hooking up with that dude?"

"Scott …," Jen said with a shake of her head. She wasn't going to tell him about last night.

"No kiss and tell huh?" he said with a grin. "Okay, I'll go first. I hooked up with Jules last night."

Jen's eyes went wide. "Jules?" she said in shock. "Freaking 55 year old Jules? She just celebrated her 30th anniversary Scott! We were there! Her husband Nate was there! Her freaking grandchildren were there!"

"She's also a senior partner and decides end of year bonuses," Scott said with a smug grin. He looked proud of himself. "And she's not bad for her age. She just got new tits. She's a screamer though. I'll tell you what, old Nate there has got a lot to live up to. Now that Jules has experienced the Scott-anator."

Jen couldn't help laughing. "Oh my god. You're such a freaking arrogant asshole," she said with a shake of her head. "What about Astrid?"

"We have a don't ask, don't tell policy," Scott said.

Jen looked intrigued. She asked, "So Astrid isn't the perfect, faithful wife?"

"I never said she wasn't perfect," Scott said. "But faithfulness is overrated. Anyway, can you see me in a conventional relationship?"

"No, I guess not," Jen said with a half laugh. "Okay, yeah, I hooked up with Max. Please don't say anything. I have a bad enough reputation already."

"I'll never tell," Scott promised, giving her his best "trust me I work for the government" look.

Jen laughed again. "You're the reason why my reputation's shit, you know?" she said. Scott gave her a "what can I do?" shrug, and they both laughed.

"Anyways, I might need your help tonight," Jen said.

Scott tilted his head as he looked at her. Now it was his turn to be intrigued.

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"Hey," Jen said into the phone. She was standing off in a semi-quiet corner of the ballroom. "How's our banana?"

"She's good. She's asleep," Mike said. "We went to the French bistro for dinner."

"Oh she must've loved seeing Ferdinand," Jen said with a grin. Ferdinand was a young French waiter at the bistro (which was their favorite neighborhood restaurant, just a couple blocks from the loft apartment). It seemed like whenever they went there, he was always their waiter. It was like, he made a point of serving them. They didn't mind though, as they liked him, and Anna loved joking around with him.

"I don't know, I think Callie was more excited to see him," Mike said with a grin. Callie – their live-in nanny – was about the same age as Ferdinand. It

was pretty clear she had a crush on the French boy. Jen couldn't blame her. Ferdinand was the proverbial Tall, Dark and Handsome.

"Okay, well …," she said. "So anyways … I'm at a reception and have to get back. But about last night. Are you wearing it?"

Mike knew she was talking about the cage. He began feeling warm down there. "Yes," he whispered. He was alone in their bedroom, but still whispered.

"And what you said last night," Jen continued. She was whispering too. "About playing hard. You really mean it?"

"I do mean it," Mike assured her. He was starting to get excited, as he knew something was up. The cage prevented him from getting an erection though. It was like a dull ache, but in a good way.

"Are you sure?" Jen pressed. "I mean, like, the last 3 months, it's been nice right? But what if it goes back to before? Me with another man. I'll have sex with him, not you. Like, all the time. I'll tell you everything of course. But that's what you want? Again?"

Mike latched on the way she said "nice." With him, the best she could hope for sexually was "nice." Jen was too hot for nice. She deserved way better than nice. He wanted her to have more than nice. Much more.

"That's exactly what I want," Mike assured her. "You've found a guy, baby? The guy last night?"

"It's not the guy from last night," Jen said.

"But you were with someone last night, right?" Mike asked. "Scott?"

"Mike, god, no," Jen said. "He's married."

"But would that stop you?" he asked.

Jen grimaced at her husband's question. But why wouldn't he ask? It was a fair question after everything she'd done.

"I was with someone," she admitted. "But it wasn't Scott. But that doesn't matter anyways. You have to tell me. Did you really mean it when you said you want me to play the game hard?"

"I do mean it," Mike said immediately without any hesitation.

Jen clenched her eyes shut. Exasperated, she said, "Mike – will you just think about it for a minute? What if it gets really out there? What if he wants you to go down on him? All the time, what if he wants that? What if he wants to control the cage? What if you have to ask him – him, not me – when you're allowed out of the cage? Is that what you want?"

"Jen honey," Mike began. He hesitated for long moments. His cock was throbbing in the cage, even though the hard plastic prevented him from getting hard. He was so excited he was shaking, and had to concentrate to keep his voice from quivering. "Don't ask me. Do you understand? That ruins it. Just do what you want to do. All you have to do is involve me. Don't shut me out. That's all I ask."

"But Mike …," Jen said with frustration. She was trying to get him to understand. "This is – you know … it's what you say when you're talking computers. It's a threshold question. You know what I mean? Do you even want to do this? What do you even mean when you say you want to play the game hard?"

Mike hesitated again, finally understanding the enormity of what they were talking about. He asked, "How long will it last?"

"It won't be forever," Jen said. There was uncertainty in her voice though. "I don't know for sure. I can't be a bottom to him, and then try to control things. I've done that before … I've done it twice … and I'm not sure I can

do it again. And I don't think you can ask me either. It's not fair Mike. Baby … it's not fair."

"What do you mean twice?" Mike asked. "Do you mean Scott?"

"Mike … yes," Jen said.

"So you mean, you would've been permanent with Scott, if I didn't blow things up?"

"I don't know," Jen said honestly, suddenly feeling tired. "It doesn't matter. He's married."

"So if he wasn't married, you'd want to be with him again?" he pressed.

"No Mike," Jen said with exasperation, pressing the phone against her forehead. "This isn't about Scott. I'm over Scott. I'm just asking, last night you said you wanted to play hard. Did you really mean it? Do you still want that?"

"I …," Mike began hesitantly. He was trying to explain his fantasies to her. How his head – and his cock – were wired. "I know I can't control you. I don't want to. I want you to control things. And I guess … I want your man to control things too. But I can't say more than that. You know? If I'm forced to do something, well whatever, fine … but I can't give you, or your man, permission. You know? I've got to keep something for myself. So what I'm saying is, for me, it's better if you don't give me a choice. Don't ask me. Just do it. Do you kinda understand?"

Jen was quiet for long moments as she processed her husband's words. For the first time, she thought she understood. Mike's cuckold fantasies were like her rape fantasies. She couldn't give a man permission to rape her. That would ruin it. He just had to do it. But he couldn't really rape her. She didn't really want to be raped. But the more real it was, the bigger the turn on.

It was all so confusing.

"What you just said … I get it," Jen said. Then emphasizing each word, she said "And it's - so - fucking - hot."

Mike laughed nervously. Jen laughed too.

She said, "You'll pick me up at the airport tomorrow night, right?"

"Of course I will," Mike assured her immediately.

"Okay then," Jen said. "Well, then … I should be getting back."

She was about to hang up but Mike quickly said "You love me right?"

"Of couse I love you," Jen assured him.

"And I'll always be your number 1 man," he pressed, urgency (and even desperation) in his voice. "Even if we're not having sex. Even if you look to him for sex. I'm still your number 1 man."

"Of course baby, you always will be," Jen said earnestly.

"Okay then," Mike said, his voice calmer now. "Okay."

"So you're okay?"

"Yeah. I'm okay," Mike said, feeling calmer and more secure. At least for the moment.

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"Where the fuck were you today?" Allie said to Jen.

"I don't know …," Jen said distractedly.

Allie eyed her best friend. “Bubble boy, right?” she guessed. “Drama?”

“You know how it is with us,” Jen said with a half laugh. It was without any humor though.

“Oh my god,” Allie lamented. “Who is it now? I saw you talking with Scott. Don’t tell me it’s Scott.”

“It’s not Scott, Allie.”

“Then who?” Allie pressed, narrowing her eyes at her. “Anyone I know?”

Jen hesitated. Then she said “So you won’t believe this.”

“Tell me,” Allie demanded.

“I think Jamal’s gonna be here tonight.”

Allie stared at her friend, her lips parting into an O. “Oh my god Jen,” she said. “He’s worse than Scott. And I’ve never even met the man.”

“That’s what I want to talk to you about.”

“What?”

“First I want to ask you something,” Jen said.

“What?” Allie asked impatiently.

“You know Mike’s brother Joey?” Jen asked.

“Yes …,” Allie said warily. She knew everything about Joe. Everything. They were best friends after all, they told each other everything.

“He’s coming with Jamal,” Jen told her.

“What?” Allie said, not understanding and trying to catch up.

“Have you ever … thought about him?” Jen hesitantly asked.

“About Joe? Are you fucking crazy? He’s Mike’s fucking baby brother. I changed his fucking diapers.”

“No you didn’t.”

“I practically did. He was a baby when I met him.”

“He’s not a baby anymore,” Jen said, giving her best friend a knowing look. “Trust me, I know.”

“Oh my god Jen," Allie sighed. "How old IS he?”

“He’s 24.”

“Do you know I’m 34?” Allie said. They both were about the same age; Allie’s birthday was a couple of months before Jen’s. “When I was 10, he wasn’t even born yet.”

“I get the math Allie,” Jen said.

“Are you really serious?” Allie asked with shock. “Are you fucking serious?”

“I just might need you to run interference for me, that’s all,” Jen said. “Joey doesn’t like seeing me with Jamal.”

“Oh my god …,” Allie lamented. “Does Mike know? Is he okay with this?”

“I just talked to him. He’s okay with everything,” Jen assured her.

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Sorry for the long delay. Life has been busy. Sorry also for the shortness of this chapter, but otherwise it wouldn't be until after Thanksgiving before I'd be able to post anything.

Chapter 55

Jamal's text was short and to the point.

Jamal-NYU: I'm in the Bellini bar.

It was actually a good place to meet. Like the ballroom, it was next to the casino. But it was far enough away that none of her co-workers would see her. And the bar was crowded with gamblers at slot machines, so there was enough background noise that no one could hear their conversation.

Jamal was sipping a bourbon when Jen approached. "So am I pretty enough for you?" she said with a scowl at him, referring to his text from last night.

Jamal laughed. "You know I was just shitting with you, right?" he said with a grin so big she could see all his gold teeth. He looked her up and down. "You ARE looking fine, J."

"I think you should call me Jen," Jen said, the scowl still on her beautiful face.

"I don't think I will," Jamal said with a dismissive laugh. He drained the rest of the bourbon and then took her hand. "Come on," he said as he half dragged, half led her out of the bar.

"We cannot go over there," Jen said, nervously eyeing the ballroom at the other side of the casino floor. "I can't let you meet my co-workers, Jamal. They know what happened with Scott. I can't let them see me with you."

"Are you more worried about what they'll think of you?" Jamal asked. "Or Mike?"

Jen stopped in her tracks and stared at Jamal. He gave her a knowing grin. "I guarantee you, if your friends see you with me, it'll get him off. He wants them to know other men fuck your sexy body. Just ask him. I guarantee it." He motioned to her left wrist. "Why do you think he didn't mind when you got the queen of spades tat?" Like last night, she wore a watch and bangles to hide the tattoo.

"And YOU let me ink your wrist because you get off on the risk," Jamal said. "You want people to know you're blacked. It's what you said last night. You like being a bad girl. It gets you off."

"So now you're my therapist?" Jen scoffed.

Jamal laughed. "Sex therapist maybe," he joked, and then he pulled her along the periphery of the casino, away from the ballroom where her co-workers were at.

"Where are you taking me?" Jen asked as she struggled to keep up with Jamal in the spikey Louis Vuitton heels.

"I'm taking you where you need to go," Jamal said. He pushed her into a family bathroom. After locking the door, he pressed her against the sink, and then pulled up the dress. In a single motion, he ripped off her thong panties, and then pushed 2 fingers into her pussy.

"You're fucking soaking!" Jamal hissed into her ear as he expertly found her g-spot. He rubbed her there, at the same time pressing the pad of his thumb over her clit. Then he did what he had done before. He rubbed Jen's g-spot and clit at the same time, pressing them together, like they were one spot instead of two, rubbing the front and back of that one spot at the same time.

Jen's body reacted immediately. She groaned at the sudden penetration of his fingers inside her, and then moaned as he began working on her.

Jamal pinched Jen's g-spot and clitoris together, rubbing fast and hard on both. The pleasure was so sudden and intense that Jen was afraid she'd scream, so she pressed her face against Jamal's muscular chest and bit the lapel of the jacket he was wearing.

It didn't take long. Soon, Jen cried out, her cries muffled by his jacket clenched in her mouth, and she grabbed his arms, digging her manicured nails into his hard muscles, as her body came and spasmed around his thumb and finger. Like when he'd done this to her before, the orgasm didn't last long, but it was incredibly intense, like the violent eruption of a volcano. After it was over, she collapsed into his chest like a rag doll, her breathing heavy and gasping, her heart pounding.

She stood pressed against him with her dress pulled up over her ass, panting, her knees so shaky that she'd probably fall to the bathroom's tile floor if Jamal didn't wrap his arms around her and press her to his chest.

After a few moments, Jamal stepped away from her. Jen grabbed the edge of the sink to keep from collapsing. She was still breathing hard and her body still tingled from the orgasm moments ago.

"You looked like you needed that," Jamal said.

Jen gave a half laugh, even as she gripped the side of the sink and tried to get her breathing under control.

"You missed that?" he asked her.

The fact was, she had missed it. And he was right, she'd needed it too. She hadn't realized it, but she'd had an itch deep inside her, and Jamal had just scratched it. That's who she was now. She loved Mike, but he wasn't enough for her. Three months of only her husband – and his little dick – and his sweet but passive love making -- left her body wanting. Was that

why she so easily agreed to see Jamal tonight? Why last night she so easily gave in to Max? Because she needed other men? She hadn't been like this as a young girl. But it was who she was now. Now, she couldn't imagine life with just one cock. She needed cocks. Plural. She needed men. It's who she was now. A slut for cocks. A willing lover for handsome, powerful, well endowed men who knew how to fuck the brains out of pretty, submissive married sluts like her.

These thoughts made her shiver. Was it all men? Or just black men? Maybe … she certainly was enthralled right now with black men. But if Scott had pushed it last night … if he had really come on to her … would she have given in? To Scott? Even though, no matter what Mike said, no matter where his cuckold fantasies took him, Scott was definitely off limits. If their marriage meant anything, Scott Stafford was off limits.

They had way too much history. Way too much. And if Scott ever found out …

Jen pushed these thoughts from her mind. Scott didn't suspect anything. He had never asked.

"What are you thinking about?" Jamal asked. He had an intrigued look on his face as he looked at her.

"Nothing," Jen sputtered with a shake of her pretty head. "Can we get a drink?" she asked. She looked for her panties but then remembered Jamal had torn them off. She saw them discarded on the floor, a wisp of torn lace. She thought about throwing them in the trash but then thought, "what the heck." It was Vegas after all. So she left them on the floor.

She adjusted her stockings, then pulled down her skirt. Jamal watched as she pulled herself together. He liked the fact she was naked under the tight sexy dress. He knew he was going to get her pussy tonight.

Jen knew it too. She wanted him. Needed him. Getting fingered only made her want him more. She wanted him inside her. She wanted him to fuck her hard like the slut she was.

But first she needed a drink. And they needed to talk.

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Chapter 56

They were in the Bellini bar. Jamal had a bourbon. Jen was sipping a Bellini. Every male head had turned when they walked into the bar together. A stunning blonde in a tiny black dress with stockinged legs that went on forever. She had a flushed look about her, which some interpreted as being freshly fucked (and they weren't entirely off given what had happened moments ago in the bathroom).

The blonde walking in with a tall, broad shouldered, very black man. You wouldn't call him handsome really. If you had to pick one word, people would describe Jamal as looking dangerous. A man who seethed with masculinity and power. A man who walked like a predator looking for prey. A man you would not want to encounter in a dark alley.

The men in the bar envied Jamal for being with a girl as beautiful as Jen. She looked achingly hot in the Fendi dress and the Louis Vuitton heels. And the way her long, lush blonde hair framed her beautiful face, and fell across her shoulders and down her back made your dick twitch. Like, imagining that soft hair swaying across your chest as she rode your cock up and down, the stilettos of the Cherie pumps digging into your thighs, her wet looking pouty lips parted as she got closer and closer to cumming on your cock.

But no man in the room dared approach her. No man dared to cross Jamal. Of course, if Jen had been with Mike instead of Jamal, it would have been a different story.

"So how's it going?" Jen asked Jamal. She was sitting on a bar stool with her legs crossed. She had to adjust and pull down her skirt to avoid flashing her lacy stocking tops.

"It's going," Jamal said. He had decided to come clean about his feelings, so he said, "It's been hard frankly. You disappearing with no explanation wasn't easy."

Jen looked guilty. "I guess I thought you'd be used to that," she said.

"Why? Because I date mostly married women? I can see why you'd think that," Jamal said with a shrug. "Look, I'll be honest. It's a thrill to fuck another man's woman. Especially white boys. You know what I think about them." Jamal chuckled. Jen smiled. She understood Jamal. He wasn't racist. But he had a lot of anger. And Jen knew, a lot of his anger was justified. Just look at how Colin Kaepernick was being treated. But Jamal didn't hate the white race. His anger no doubt was the reason he targeted not just any married women, but white married women. It added to his sexual excitement and pleasure. But those white wives (and their white husbands) targeted Jamal in the same way, because of his skin color. So yes, it was about race, but it wasn't racist.

"But those snow bunnies, they're fun to fuck, but I don't feel anything for them," Jamal continued. "But you're different. I thought we had a connection. I thought you cared."

"I did care Jamal," Jen said, reaching for his hand. "I do care."

"There sounds like a but there," Jamal said.

Jen shrugged. "Of course there's a but. I'm married. I'm a mother. So anything between you and me, it's gonna be complicated no matter what."

"It doesn't have to be complicated," Jamal said.

"That sounds like a line," Jen said with a grin. They laughed.

“So what do you want Jen?” Jamal asked.

“I guess …,” Jen began. She paused, because while she’d put a lot of thought into it, she hadn’t articulated it to anyone, not Mike or Allie, even herself. She turned her left wrist slightly. The Queen of Spades was slightly visible behind the bangles and watch. “I got this. I let you put this on me. I guess I want to explore it. I want you to help me explore it.”

Jamal gave her a considered look. Then he said “Like those videos I sent you?”

“Yes.”

“Which ones do you like most?”

“I mean, I like a few,” Jen sputtered. She blushed. Despite everything she’d done the last few years, all the game playing, all the men, she was still the skinny tom boy from her pre-teen years, running around in the grass in her bare feet and her hair unbrushed. It was embarrassing to talk about the porn she got off to.

Jen played with her phone. Then she showed the icons of 5 videos on xhamster. “These are the ones I like most,” she said. “I like the first two the most.”

The videos were:

Witness a Woman Transformed by BBC
Beautiful babe cant get enough of BBC
Witness Life-changing Encounters with BBC
Witness a Wife Becoming a BBC Addict
Jewish Redhead Girlfriend BBC Compilation

Jamal looked at the titles of the 5 videos, especially the first 2. He knew them. In fact, he knew the girls. Not personally. But he knew their stories. He wasn't surprised Jen was drawn to these. He saw similarities. Beautiful white girl spends all her life with white pretty boys. Gets a taste of black cock and wants more. Lots more. It was actually common for girls like Jen. Girls drawn to powerful men, powerful both in body and personality, girls with insatiable cravings but who wanted more than plain vanilla sex, girls with strong submissive streaks, girls who wanted to be treated with respect but also dominated and controlled.

White boys weren't like this. White boys were too politically correct, too supportive of feminism, too worried about "me too." White boys were too respectful. That's why girls like Jen were easy prey for black men. Looking back, it was easy blacking her.

Jamal gave Jen a knowing look and said "I'm surprised there aren't any pregnancy videos in your favorites."

Jen blushed. Then she said "Well, these aren't all my favorites." Jamal laughed and she gave him a hesitant grin.

"And how does Mike feel about this?" Jamal asked.

"He wants to play again," Jen said. "He said he wants to play harder this time."

Jamal laughed derisively. "Harder?" he said sarcastically. "He couldn't handle it last time."

"Mike didn't break it off. I did. Because I thought things had gone too far," Jen said. "But I'm realizing … this is kind of hard to explain … you know I have a rape fantasy? In my fantasy, no doesn't mean no. But it has to be the right person. It has to feel like rape, but not really be rape. That's how it is with Mike. When he says no, he doesn't really mean no. As long as it's me. Does that make sense at all?"

Jamal nodded slowly. “Not really, as I’m not a cuck myself, but I’ve been around cucks so I suppose,” he said with a shrug. “You want to play harder? Well, for a start, you can take off those.” Jamal motioned to the bangles and watch around Jen’s left wrist.

Jen hesitated for a moment. Then she took off the bangled and watch and put them in her purse. She looked at the ink black QoS tat. Suddenly she felt naked. Exposed. It made her shiver.

“When you’re with me, you never hide it,” Jamal ordered.

Looking down at her feet, Jen meekly nodded. Her cheeks burned at the way he was ordering her around. Mike would never talk to her like that. But then, that was the point.

“Alright,” Jamal said. “I’ll play harder with you. I’ll give you what you want. But you have to obey me. And Mike has to obey me too.”

Jen nodded again. Her cheeks were still burning. But her pussy was throbbing too.

“Will Mike obey me?” he pressed.

“I think so,” Jen said. “You just have to understand how it works with us. If he doesn’t obey you, then just tell me what to do. And I’ll tell Mike. He’ll obey me.”

Jamal laughed. “Man, he is so pussy whipped!” he said derisively. Jen smiled. That smile – that act of being disloyal to her husband – it sent a shiver down her spine. It made her pussy throb even harder.

“I’m gonna do to him what he did to me,” Jamal said. “For 3 months, he doesn’t get any of you. You understand? For 3 months, he doesn’t get your pussy. He doesn’t get your mouth. He doesn’t get your body. You get it?”

Jen was looking at her feet again. It made her pussy tingle even more to be so submissive. "I get it," she softly said.

"And I'll want to tell him the rules myself," Jamal added.

Jen nodded. "Three months actually works," she said, finally looking up into the black man's face.

"What do you mean?"

"In 3 months, it'll be my birthday," Jen said. "I'll be 34."

Jamal didn't say anything. He didn't understand where she was going, so he waited for her to say more.

"I told you before, I've always wanted another baby," Jen said. "34 seems like a good time. I'm not getting any younger."

Jamal's eyes opened wide, and he grinned. He put his hand on Jen's knee and said "I told you, I'll give you a beautiful baby."

"I'm sure you would," Jen said with a laugh. "But you know that's not happening, right?" She put her hand over Jamal's to take away any sting of her words.

"So what are you saying?" he asked.

"I'm saying, I want to be with you for 3 months," Jen said. She moved her left wrist so as to motion to the QoS tat. "I want you to help me explore this. I'll be yours for 3 months. But then I'll be Mike's again. To have a baby."

Jamal frowned. "So then I get thrown away again?" he scoffed.

"I'm not saying that J," Jen said, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Once I'm pregnant, well … are you not attracted to pregnant girls?"

Jamal leaned back in the stool and looked at Jen. He thought about what she was offering him. And what she wasn't. He thought about if he wanted to get into this.

Jamal only dated married white girls. He had his choice, the prettiest and sexiest ones. And even though they had husbands, he knew he was the primary man in their lives. It was one of the things he loved most about it. It thrilled him to take away another man's wife. To make that wife see her husband as a wimp. As less than a man. Doing it to white boys and their pretty trophy wives only made it better.

But with Jen, he didn't feel like he had that same level of control. He was her man, until he wasn't. And she'd be making that decision, not him. Jamal considered whether he really wanted to go down this road again.

On the other hand, maybe Jen wasn't fully blacked yet. He would own her for 3 months. He could do a lot in 3 months. She said she wanted to explore what it meant to be blacked. Well, alright then … he'd fucking help her explore. By the end of the 3 months, she'd either be fully blacked and completely under his power. Or, he'll completely use her up, and then throw whatever was left of her back to her white boy husband. Either way he'll dick over Mike in the process. For Jamal, that was the part that really got him hard.

"So it's time to see your friends," Jamal said. He threw some bills on the bar and stood up.

"Jamal, wait, no," Jen said as she stood up too. "My co-workers can't see me with you. Why do you even want to meet them?"

Jamal frowned and shook his head. "We just talked about this. I own you. This is not gonna be like last time. I'm not going to be a big black cock that you fuck when it's convenient for you. I own you. You're mine. So you're either all in with me, or you're out. Decide now." He looked angry and

impatient, like he was ready to storm out of the bar. Jen knew if she didn't agree to what he wanted, she'd never see him again.

"Wait," Jen said softly, trying to reason with him. She put her hand on his arm. "Just wait." She moved closer to him so they were almost touching. "I get what you're saying. But I can't just walk with you into the ballroom with all my co-workers there. I AM married. And yes, you're right, Mike would get excited by it, but it wouldn't be good for him, or me, or my family. You get that right?"

Jamal frowned but didn't storm away. He tersely crossed his arms across his chest and asked "So how do we get passed this? You say you want me to help you explore things. That can't be when it's convenient for you. I control things, or we're not doing this."

"So is Joey really here?" she asked.

"He is," Jamal said, his voice still hard.

"Well, let's get him," Jen said, smiling at him and squeezing his arm reassuringly. "Then there ARE some people I'd like you to meet."

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Chapter 57

It was a strange five-some: Jen, Jamal, Joey, Allie and Scott. They gathered in Jamal's room. Somehow he had worked the angles and had gotten the Venetian to comp him a large suite. Joey was next door, also a comped suite, and the connecting door between them was open. Scott, who also worked the angles and often got perked by casinos, was clearly impressed.

Jen introduced Jamal to Allie and Scott. Joey already knew Allie of course, and had met Scott before back when Jen had played the game with him. He bristled seeing his sister-in-law's old lover, but brightened seeing Allie.

He hadn't seen her for a few years. Allie gave him a grin and his heart did flips in his chest.

It was awkward at first, but Jamal ordered an extensive top shelf bottle service (again, comped). He also produced a surprisingly big package of weed. Jen wondered where he got it. Surely he didn't carry it on the flight from NYC? Or did he have a contact here in Vegas? She forced herself not to think about it. Soon all 5 were tipsy and high, and their laughs and conversation flowed easily.

Jamal and Scott seemed to form a connection immediately. They were both alpha, oozing masculinity, each a man's man, and they instinctively regarded each other with mutual, if wary, respect. "So you're a partner with Jen and Allie?" Jamal asked.

"That's right. It's a side job for me though," Scott said with a nonchalant shrug. "My main gig is my bar. Slowly Shirley. It's in West Village."

"I've been there," Jamal said, his eyes opening wide with surprise. Now it was his turn to be impressed. "Nice place."

Scott shrugged an acknowledgment. "So how'd you get the Venetian to comp all this?" he asked with a wave at the suite and bar setup.

"You know how it is Scott," Jamal said with a grin that showed off his gold teeth. "You just have to know the right people."

Jamal called Jen over, who was talking with Joe and Allie. The 3 of them moved over to Jamal and Scott, so now the five were in a circle. Jamal put his arm around Jen's waist. She let him, and even melted into his side. They were clearly a couple. Although, it was Jen and Jamal, not Jen and Mike.

All 3 were prepared for this. But it was still jarring to see lily white Jen Andrews in the muscular arm of the very black Jamal.

Allie had an amused grin on her face at the sight. She was a party girl just like her best friend. She liked Mike, he had grown on her over the years, but she didn't mind seeing Jen embracing her inner slut, as long as it was just for fun.

For Joe and Scott, the sight of Jen with Jamal twisted their insides. Joe had had a crush on Jen since the first time he met her. He didn't like seeing her with other men, and hated the lifestyle she and Mike lived.

For Scott, the churning of his stomach was unexpected. He was married, he thought he was over Jen, and probably he was. But he didn't like seeing her with Jamal. Maybe because he was black. Maybe because it reminded him of the role he used to play in the "game." Jamal was now the new Scott. He was replaced. That bothered him.

Scott had agreed to meet Jamal because the situation intrigued him, and because it might be worth a few laughs. And because Jen still fascinated him at some level. But this was no fun. And for Scott Stafford, the man who lived in the moment, if something wasn't fun, he moved onto the next thing.

"I think I'll hit the blackjack tables," Scott said as he moved to the door. "Nice meeting you Jamal."

"Hey Scott, my man," Jamal said with an easy smile. "You mind if I take Jen to your bar?"

"Sure, whatever," Scott said with a nonchalant shrug. "I'll put you on the list so you don't have to wait." He glanced at Jen and was amused to see she had a "deer in the headlights" look on her pretty face. People from work were regulars at his bar. She was trying to keep her relationship with Jamal a secret here in Vegas, but she'd be outed as soon as she walked into his bar with Jamal.

"That would be fine," Jamal said, his gold teeth gleaming in his big smile. "My man, something for the road," he said as he produced a small plastic bag of white powder. Cocaine.

Scott chuckled as he took the bag. He gave a look at Jen, as if asking "so you're a coke whore now, along with being a black cock slut?" He was amused seeing Jen not able to meet his eye. Then he turned to the door.

Once Scott was gone, Jamal pulled Jen into his arms. He kissed her as Allie and Joe watched.

They watched as Jen wrapped her arms around Jamal's neck. As she reached up to kiss Jamal back (because he was so much taller), her pretty feet arching out of her new "Cherie" high heels. They watched as her Fendi dress hiked up as she extended onto her tip toes, the dress so short to begin with it didn't take much to flash the lacy tops of her thigh high stockings. They watched as Jamal's and Jen's cheeks moved, their tongues caressing each other as they open mouth French kissed.

Jen forgot that Allie and Joe were there. She forgot where she was. Her entire being went into Jamal's kiss. He was such a good kisser. All black men were. She had kissed 4 black men in her life. Been fucked by those same 4 black men. And they all kissed so good. Some fucked better than others. But they all kissed so good. Were all black men so good at kissing? As Jen panted into Jamal's mouth, as her heart pounded, as her nipples got so hard they hurt, as her pussy throbbed, she knew she wanted to find out. She wanted to kiss lots of black men. Lots.

Jamal reached down and pulled her skirt up, exposing her completely from the waist down. She was pantyless (Jamal tore off her thong earlier), so all she had on were stockings and high heels.

Jamal didn't expose Jen because he was impatient to fuck her. That wasn't the reason. Joe was the reason.

Being a bull meant being patient. Jamal knew he'd get his eventually. What was more important to him – and more exciting – was getting Jen so hot she begged for it. And also, doing it in front of her best friend and brother-in-law. Especially in front of Joe. It was a power trip for him. To show Joe that the girl he'd crushed on for years belonged to him.

Jen moaned when Jamal jerked up her skirt. She loved when a man took charge. When he treated her like an object.

Jamal ran his hands over her body. Over her naked ass. They were still kissing, their lips smashed together. Jen moaned into Jamal's mouth as he pleasured her body with his big black hands.

Jen realized how much she'd missed Jamal. It had only been 3 months, but their separation had left her body ravenous for him. Allie saw it too, as she watched the couple suck face and grope each other. Allie knew everything about her best friend, in some ways better than Mike. And she could tell that Jen was incredibly into Jamal. They had an intense sexual connection. Allie had only seen Jen that way with one other man. Scott.

Jamal forced Jen down to her knees. Her head swirled as he pushed her down. He could have asked her, and she would have done it immediately. But instead he forced her down. It's what she wanted. What she craved. To be forced. Controlled. Used.

With shaky fingers, she worked on Jamal's belt and zipper. She pulled down his pants and boxer briefs at the same time. His cock popped up, almost hitting her in the face.

"Wow," Allie softly said as she saw for the first time Jamal's manhood. His cock was as deep black as the rest of him. He was long, 12 inches. And very thick. It was the biggest cock she had ever seen (except maybe porn on the internet).

She stared at Jen as she took that monster into her mouth. Jen struggled with it, but who wouldn't? It was so fucking big.

Allie remembered that Joe was there, standing next to her. She looked at him. He looked flushed, just like her. Who wouldn't be turned on with this sex show happening right in front of them? But he looked bothered too, and maybe even angry. It was clear Joe didn't like seeing his sister in law with another man. Allie couldn't help smiling inside. Joe and his brother Mike were definitely different.

"Come, let's give them some privacy," Allie said to Joe. She took his hand and led him into his room. She closed but didn't entirely shut the connecting door.

Jen sensed motion. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Allie and Joe walking into the next room. She knew what was about to happen, and it bothered her. Even though she had set them up, she realized the idea of Joe with Allie bothered her. But there wasn't anything she could do about it now. Especially not with Jamal's hands gripping the back of her head and fucking her face with his big black cock.

Allie led Joe to the bed. He got on the bed with his back against the headboard. Allie pulled up her skirt and straddled his lap.

Joe was nervous. He had been with many girls. In fact, he found it easy to get girls into his bed. Not dogs either, pretty girls, sexy girls. Many people would call him a player.

But this was Allie. He had crushed on her for years. Just like Jen. They were like fire and ice. Both beautiful and sexy. But Allie, brunette and voluptuous with big breasts and womanly curves. Jen, a natural blonde, slim and petite, a dancer's body with little high school tits, a tight ass and legs that went on forever.

Allie could tell Joe was nervous. She smiled at him and ran her fingers through his hair. Then she affectionately ran the back of her hand across his cheek. "You're really good looking," she said as she smiled into his

eyes. “All of a sudden you grew up.”

“Yeah …,” Joe said, grinning at her. It was all he managed to say, “yeah.” He was too nervous. His heart was pounding. And he knew his grin was a stupid smile but he couldn’t help it. This was Allie!

“I have to admit,” Allie said as she continued to smile into his eyes. “I’ve never been with a 24 year old. I mean, not now … you know what I mean. I’m 34 --.”

“I know, the same age as Jen,” Joe said.

Allie nodded. “So, have you been with a 34 year old girl before?” she asked.

“Well, sure, lots of times,” Joe said.

Allie laughed. Joe was so adorably cute. And so handsome. She didn’t doubt he probably found it easy to get into girls’ pants.

She was going to fuck him. Because Jen had asked her too. In their girl-speak, that’s what “run interference for me” meant. It wasn’t going to be a hardship though. Joe was too cute. And she knew from Jen – and from sitting on this boy’s lap – that he was well endowed. And also, the fact that Joe was Mike’s brother got her hot. She might have fucked Joe anyway – probably would have – but the more she thought about it (since Jen pitched the idea to her earlier), the more the taboo nature of it all got her panties wet. She was gonna fuck bubble boy’s little brother!

Allie wrapped her arms around Joe’s neck. Then she slowly lowered her face and kissed him. They kissed for long moments. Joe kissed her back, but he didn’t move his hands, like he was afraid. Allie broke the kiss and huskily said, “Joe, unzip my dress.”

Joe didn't have to be asked twice. It took a moment though, as he fumbled with the zipper. Allie was kissing him again as he finally managed to pull the zipper down. Then his hands were inside her dress, caressing her back. Joe could tell immediately that Allie wasn't as firm and tight as Jen. Her body was more curvy. Soft versus tight. But so incredibly sexy! He couldn't believe he was touching Allie's bare skin!

Joe tried to unsnap her bra. Usually he could have a chick's bra off in no time, but now he was so nervous and excited it took him a few tries. Finally he got it unsnapped. Allie broke the kiss and sat up straight. Then she pulled her dress and bra off her shoulders, exposing her breasts to Joe's eager eyes.

"Oh god," Joe groaned. Her breasts were perfect! So big, yet perfectly shaped, and so firm despite their largeness, with hard perky nipples!

Allie took a breast into each of her hands. She knew the effect her cleavage had on men. With a grin at Joe, she sexually asked, "You wanna fuck my tits?" Joe groaned, his head spinning with lust.

Allie felt Joe's erection pressing against her thigh. She decided it was time to unwrap his package. She got off him. Then, kneeling on the bed next to him, she expertly worked on his pants. When she pulled it down, his cock jerked up, just like Jamal's had done for Jen just minutes ago.

"Wow," Allie said as she looked at Joe's manhood. He wasn't as big as Jamal, but the boy was definitely impressive. Especially in girth. Jen had told her about Joe's thickness, but still … wow.

"You've got a really nice one Joe," Allie said as she wrapped her hands around his shaft. She needed both hands to hold him. There was no way she could hold him with one hand, her finger tips weren't close to touching her thumb.

Allie stroked him up and down, just to get a feel for him. And then, abruptly, Joe came! He came so hard his sperm hit Allie in the face!

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Joe said, clearly mortified. If there was any girl in the world he wanted to impress (besides Jen), it was Allie, and now she must think he was a little boy with a trigger dick.

Allie laughed, but not in a mean way. "It's okay Joe," she assured him. "It's a compliment, you know?" She wiped her face with the sheet, and then she wrapped her arms around his neck again. Smiling again into his eyes, she said "There's no rush. We have all night."

Then Allie reached down between them and gripped his cock. Even soft, it was big and heavy, like a python. And it was already beginning to firm up. "And I'm going to have a lot of fun with this," she said with a grin at him.

Relieved that she wasn't disappointed with him, Joe grinned back. And then they were kissing again.

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Jen forgot about Joe with Allie when Jamal laid her on the bed, spread her legs, and went down at her.

"Oh god …," she groaned as his thick tongue swirled over her clit. He was surprisingly good at oral. Most guys like Jamal – alphas – they relied solely on their cocks. They took pride in their cocks. (She could count on one hand the number of times Scott had gone down on her.) To Jen, it was ironic that the biggest cock of them all – Jamal's – that he was so talented with his tongue too, and eager to use it.

"Yeah, yeah …" she groaned as he brought her to the edge of an orgasm. She was so close!

"Mike know you're with me?" Jamal asked as he pulled away from her pussy.

"No … I …," Jen sputtered, disappointed with his tongue no longer on her clit. She was so close! "He probably suspects …."

Jamal grabbed Jen's phone from her purse and tossed it onto the bed next to her. "Call him," he ordered her. He ran circles around her clit with his thumb. "Tell him you're with me."

"God …" Jen groaned at Jamal's touch. If only he'd rub his thumb hard over her clit, she'd cum. If he'd push a finger into her, she'd cum. But instead, he was edging her along.

She took her phone, used her thumb to hastily unlock it, then speed dialed "Mike." He answered immediately.

"Put it on speaker," Jamal ordered. Jen pressed the button.

"Jen? Baby?" Mike said over the speaker. There was anxiety in his voice. Clearly he'd been anxiously waiting to hear from her.

"Mike," Jen said. "I'm with Jamal."

Mike was silent for long moments. His insides immediately seized up, like a powerful hand squeezing his heart. His cock began swelling in the cage. Finally he said "Okay …." The one word came out like a husky, lust filled whisper.

Jamal's lips were back at Jen's pussy. He licked up her slit, and then swirled his tongue around her clit.

"Oh god …," Jen moaned, her fingers clutching at the sheets as Jamal used the tip of his thick tongue to draw circles around her love button. If he licked over her clit, she'd cum. But he was edging her, torturing her, keeping her at the brink without letting her fall over.

"Jen are you okay?" Mike asked, a frown in his voice.

"He's … going down on me," Jen said. Mike's insides clutched up even more. Oral was his domain. It was the one thing he did better than her big dicked lovers.

"Is he good?" Mike asked. His heart was in his throat. His swollen penis was now pressing against the confines of the hard plastic of the cage. The cage prevented him, though, of getting fully hard.

"He's … good," Jen answered. Each word was tortured. She was finding it hard to talk. To think.

At that moment, with his tongue still teasing her clit, Jamal pushed one of his thick fingers into Jen's pussy. "Oh fuck!" she groaned, her body arching at the penetration, her pretty fingers curled into fists as she tugged at the sheets. "He's … really … freaking … good!" she said, struggling to say each word.

"Tell him who you belong to," Jamal ordered.

"I belong to him Mike," Jen said. "Jamal."

"What does that mean?" Mike asked, panic suddenly in his voice.

"You know what it means," she said. Mike gripped his phone so hard he thought he might break it. His heart was pounding so hard it was like he was having a heart attack. He was sitting on the sofa, and he pressed his forehead against the sofa's back, trying to control his breathing, trying to calm down. His crotch area ached. The cage prevented an erection, yet he was so aroused. The conflicting signals of his body and his libido made his half hard cock ache.

Jamal spread Jen's knees wide and he moved up between her legs. He was naked. Jen still was dressed, except for the ripped panties in the bathroom down on the casino floor. Although, the skirt of her dress was up around her waist, exposing her Brazilianed pussy to Jamal's eyes. He saw she still

had the tiny blonde landing strip. He rubbed it with his thumb. "You kept this for me?" he asked.

Jen nodded. Even though, truthfully, she didn't know if she kept it for Mike, or Jamal, or because that's just what she did.

Jen's eyes were on Jamal's body. He was so freaking ripped. So freaking beautiful, and sexy. And his black skin made him even more sexy.

She reached up and ran her fingertips over his sculptured chest. Over his defined abs. His body got her so hot. It made her pussy throb, and so wet.

Then her eyes were on his cock. He was outrageously big. So long and thick. So heavy. With a big cockhead. And a thick vein running up the underside. That vein sent chills up her spine.

She took his cock into her hands. She held him tenderly, almost adoringly. "I want this inside me so much," she said. She ran the cockhead up and down her slippery slit. She looked into Jamal's eyes and said "I've missed it. I want it. Don't tease me anymore J. Please. I want it so bad. I need it."

Back in NYC, in the loft apartment, Mike heard it all. He felt like he was dying. How had things changed so quickly? Yet he knew it was his fault. He had given her permission. He had urged her to hook up with someone in Vegas. He wasn't even surprised it was Jamal. Still, her words were like daggers to his heart. It hurt so much. Yet, the cuckold lust inside him burned like an inferno. Somewhere in his head, he registered that he had a wet spot in his pants from the pre-cum leaking from his caged mostly limp cock.

Jamal grinned at Jen's words. He loved it when the white bitches begged! He took his cock into his hand and pressed the head between her pussy lips. Then he pushed in, penetrating her. There was no discussion – no thought – of using a condom.

Jamal would never use a condom with Jen again.

Jen gasped at the sudden penetration. At the sudden fullness. She loved that sensation of feeling so full! Of being stretched! She loved it!

Jamal took his time, knowing Jen needed time to get used to his size again. When he was halfway in, she came. Just from the feeling of fullness, of being stretched, she came. Her body seized up and her girl muscles clamped around his shaft, and she cried out as an orgasm ripped through her tight body.

"You know what that was Mike?" Jamal said tauntingly. "Your wife just came on my cock. I wasn't even all the way inside her, or fucking her. I was halfway inside, I wasn't moving, and I still made her cum. You ever do that to her Mike? You ever make her cum like that?"

Mike clenched his eyes shut, his heart still pounding. No, he had never made Jen cum that way. It pained his heart, his soul, his male pride. Jen hardly came on his cock at all. His dick was too small, too thin. Mike knew his wife needed thickness, and his was just too fucking thin. He wasn't man enough for his wife. He couldn't even make himself cum. He couldn't even touch his bare cock. Because Jen told him to put the cage on. That's how little she thought of his cock. It wasn't of any use, not to any girl certainly, so it might as well be locked in a hard plastic cage.

"Oh god Jen …," he said softly as he lurched over in the sofa, his forehead again pressing against the sofa back, his words sounding dejected and lonely, full of hurt, anxiety and jealousy, and lustful, all at the same time.

Jamal gave Jen a few moments to recover, then he pushed in deeper. Then again, deeper. Again. Eventually he had penetrated her fully, all 12 thick inches, bottoming out in her womb.

Then he was fucking her hard. Jen cried out as he abused her pussy. He abused her, but it felt so fucking good! She panted and moaned at the pleasure!

Then she came again. Her head rolled back and her back arched as she came. Her pretty toes curled in her new high heels as she came. Her beautiful face took on a tortured look as she came. Jen called out his name as she came, "Jamal Jamal Jamal!"

Back in the loft apartment, Mike was curled up in the fetal position, hugging his knees to his chest. There were tears in his eyes as he listened to their coupling. He felt like he was dying as Jen called out Jamal's name as she came.

Jamal came moments later. Her pussy felt so amazing. So tight and smooth, like a velvet glove. He had missed her pussy as much as she missed his cock. He tried to hold out but it was impossible, she felt too good. He came hard and fast, flooding her womb with his virile black seed.

Jen was spent. Her body was sexually satiated after cumming so hard on Jamal's cock. And she was exhausted from all the alcohol and weed, and also the stress of reconnecting with her black lover. She was on the brink of passing out.

But Jamal wanted none of that. He wanted more of Jen's body. Of her pussy, and her mouth.

Jen didn't notice as Jamal reached out to her phone and ended the call with Mike. Sissy white boy didn't need to hear this next part. He'd figured it out eventually. By then it would be too late to do anything about it.

"Come on J, we're still partying," Jamal said, nudging Jen back awake. He reached for his coat and grabbed a baggie of cocaine. "Here you go," he said as he scoped some coke onto his fingertip and pressed it to Jen's nose. "Here you go party girl."

Jen didn't want to. She was exhausted. All she wanted to do was sleep. But she knew she had no choice. This was Jamal. If she wanted him in her life, there were things she had to do.

So she snorted the coke into her nose. And she did it again when he pressed more coke into her other nostril.

Suddenly, Jen was wide awake. Her body soon woke up too, as Jamal worked on her. Not too long after, she was cumming on his cock again. And then later, Jamal filled her with another load of his sperm. This time he held her long stockinged legs up high over his shoulders, using gravity to spill his seed deep inside her womb. Jamal noted with amusement that her stockings were heavily laddered from their hard fucking.

Then he began fucking her again. Jen hesitated only a moment. Then she got into it, fucking him back. She was such a fucking slut. A nympho. She couldn't get enough of sex.

This was Jamal's plan. He was going to use her all up. He was going to use the pretty white wife all up. She was either gonna go all black with him. Or he was gonna toss back her used up body to her sissy boy husband. Mike had no idea how he was gonna fuck him over. No fucking clue. White cuckie boys like Mike were so stupid. Here's a life lesson. You don't give your wife to men like Jamal. And you don't fuck over men like Jamal. Because it'll come back to you 1000 times worse.

Jamal got hard as these thoughts floated through his mind. Jen was dead asleep next to him. But he didn't care. He rolled her onto her back, opened her legs, and fucked her again. Jen protested weakly but that didn't stop him. She never fully woke up, but her pussy clamped up around his cock so Jamal knew she came again. He shoot another load into her white married body, and then finally he passed out too.

Jamal spooned Jen, both of them sleeping deeply. Yet, Jamal had never pulled out, so his soft cock was still inside her, preventing his sperm from leaking from her womb. They slept that way, coupled together, their bodies one, until the sun rose the next day and shown through the windows.

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Chapter 58

The next morning, Jen woke with the sun shining into her eyes. She felt a huge presence in the bed next to her. It took her a moment, then she realized it was Jamal. Her body was tangled with his, with his broad shouldered, chiseled chest pressed against her back, and his muscular legs intertwined with hers. Jen looked back at her black lover, over her shoulder. He was still sound asleep.

Something felt odd as Jen untangled her legs from Jamal's, moving slow to avoid waking him up. Then she realized what it was when she tried to pull away. His cock was still inside her!

"Oh wow," Jen whispered. "Wow." This had never happened to her before. She had never fallen asleep with a man still inside her. Never. She looked at the clock. It was almost 9am. "Oh wow," Jen softly said again. Jamal had been inside her for hours.

She gently pulled away from him. She had to reach back and hold the base of his cock to pull off him. Even soft, she was still barely able to get her hand all around his thickness. Holding him at the base, she moved forward, to pull him out of her. She moved slow, again to avoid waking him up, but by moving slow it seemed to take forever to slide him completely out of her. Even though he was soft, his cock was long and thick. As it slid out of her, his manhood touched her girl pleasure spots. "Oh wow, shit, wow," she whispered under her breath as sparkles of pleasure shot through her body.

When he was finally all the way out, she looked down at him sleeping. The sheets and blankets were scattered around so she saw all of him. And what she saw impressed her. You wouldn't call Jamal handsome. People would describe him as powerful, confident, and intense, imposing, maybe even scary, and all those things showed in his face even though he was sleeping. And his body was another thing. Jamal was a big man, he had muscles everywhere, strong core muscles, and his blackness made him

look so … intimidating. And then there was his penis. So long and thick. Like a giant black python running down his muscular leg.

Looking at him, Jen found herself getting aroused. Her nipples hardened and her pussy began to tingle. She felt lucky to be with this man. This black man. Jen knew part of her thing for him was the taboo-ness of being with a black man. She was appreciating more and more why white girls had things for black men.

Then Jen did something she had never done with any lover, not even Scott. She leaned over and tenderly kissed him on the cheek. She whispered "You are so freaking amazing." Then she kissed him again.

It was then that Jen heard noises. She realized they were coming from Joey's room. She silently approached the connecting door. It was mostly closed, but there was a crack so she was able to see the bed.

Her eyes got wide as she looked in. Allie was on the bed, completely naked, on her hands and knees. Joey was behind her, fucking her from behind. Both their bodies glistened with sweat, indicating they'd been fucking for some time. Had they slept at all last night?

They were both moaning, grunting with each of Joey's thrusts into Allie's pussy. Joey was leaned over Allie, his face swallowed in her long brunette hair. He was kissing and sucking at her neck. His hands were underneath her, squeezing and groping her big tits.

Allie's body was different than Jen's. While Jen's body was slim and girlish like a teenager's, Allie's was more curvy and voluptuous. A woman's body.

Jen was tight and firm. Allie was soft; certainly not fat, but no one would ever describe her as "tight as a drum." Allie's ass was more than a handful. Jen's ass, while very shapely, was barely a handful. The best friends couldn't share clothes. Jen was a size 2, sometimes even 0. Allie was a 6 (although if you asked she'd lie and say she was a 4). Jen had a sexy thigh gap. Allie … not quite.

Allie was a double D. Men loved to fuck her tits. Jen was an A cup, sometimes a B depending on the bra. Her tits weren't fuckable. They were too small (although, over the years, Jen had learned to stimulate tit fucking by wearing the right bra).

Jen had mixed emotions seeing her young brother in law fucking her much older best friend. A spark of jealousy ran through her at the sight of them. It bothered her. She didn't like seeing them together. She regretted setting them up.

On the other hand, it was sexy watching them fuck. Jen thought Allie was beautiful and sexy as hell, and it was sexy watching her getting fucked.

And it was sexy watching Joey fucking her. She had forgotten how good a body he had. And he was so cute! And his cock … Jen could see his length and girth as he moved in and out of Allie's pussy. The boy was seriously impressive! Jen thought about how Jamal had slept with his soft cock inside her. A man had to be a good size in order to stay inside a girl while soft for hours at a time. Jen knew Joey had the cock for that. He was big enough to stay inside her, all night long, even soft. Jen shivered at the thought.

Her body was alive now. Her cheeks flushed. Nipples hard. Pussy wet. She needed fucked. Fortunately, she had a naked big-black-cock fuck machine in bed not 10 feet from where she stood.

She moved towards him. She thought about the best way to wake him up. Tender kisses to his lips? Licking along the hard ridges of his ripped chest? His cock in her mouth? Her nails scrapping along his balls? Maybe even something nasty --- maybe she'd open his legs and lick his asshole until he woke up. The thought of acting so slutty – being a slut for BBC -- made her pussy ache even more with desire. She seriously needed fucked! She had a meeting at 1030am she couldn't miss, especially after popping early from the reception last night. So she had barely over an hour to get fucked, run to her room (without anyone seeing her), shower and get

dressed. That wasn't a lot of time. Jen decided to do "all of the above" to wake up Jamal and get him hard so he would give her the fucking she needed.

As she was about to climb in bed with her black lover, her phone pinged. She looked at the screen. It was Mike.

God! Fuck! She had forgot all about him. She realized she hadn't thought about her husband since last night when they spoke on the speaker. Even then, she had called him only because Jamal told her too. Jen felt guilty. Even though she knew it excited Mike when he felt ignored and like a third wheel, she still felt guilty.

She missed her daughter Anna, but wasn't worried about her. She felt 1000% confident in Mike. Deep down, she knew he was probably a better parent than her. That's one of the reasons she loved him, because he was so kind and generous and concerned about everything. He was a wonderful husband and father. Mike would never let anything happen to Anna, or to her.

She opened her phone. She sighed, seeing 9 texts and 3 missed calls from him. She quickly read a few. They said:

"Why'd you hang up?"

"Are you still with him?"

"Remember – you promised you won't sleep with him"

"Fuck …," Jen lamented under her breath as she read the last one again: "Remember – you promised you won't sleep with him"

Not only had she slept with Jamal, she slept spooned with him. With his freaking cock inside her all night long!

Then Jen read Mike's most recent text, the one he sent just moments ago: "Are you still with him? Please call me! I'm feeling really weird about this! Are you still coming home today?"

Jen could tell Mike was hurt and anxious. He was lonely and feeling insecure. He'd probably been on pins and needles all night.

If she called him now, they'd talk for a long time. It would take a while to calm him down. To reassure him.

But if she did that, she wouldn't have any time with Jamal. Not if she was going to make her 1030 meeting. And she had to go to that meeting.

Jen made a decision. She texted to her husband: "I'm okay baby. Last night got kinda wild. So much to tell you. I know you'll love it. Need to run now. I'll call you right after my meetings. And of course I'm coming home today. Give Anna hugs and kisses for me. I miss you both. I love you."

With the text sent – with Mike taken care of -- Jen put her phone down on the side table. Then she got into bed with Jamal. She tenderly kissed his lips, and softly said "Time to wake up sleepy head."

Jamal slowly opened his eyes. He woke up to Jen smiling down at him, her tussled blonde hair framing her beautiful face. She was smiling at Jamal the way a wife should only smile at her husband.

As Jamal reached up to kiss her, Jen had already forgotten about her husband. Well, that's not true. Mike was still on her mind. She still felt guilty. But she pushed those thoughts away. At that moment, she was thinking with her pussy, instead of her head or her heart. So she didn't resist as Jamal pulled her down and kissed her.

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Jen rushed to the Venetian's conference center where the meetings were taking place. She turned the corner and practically ran into Allie, who was also rushing to make the meeting.

"Oh my god," Allie whispered as they hurried in their high heels to the meeting. "Do I look just fucked?"

Jen couldn't help grinning. "No more than me," she whispered back. She looked at her friend and her eyes went wide. "Allie, you've got a freaking hickey on your neck!" she whispered with alarm.

"I know," Allie said, irritation in her voice. "What is it about 'no marks' that Joe doesn't understand? But god, that boy can fuck. I can barely walk. Seriously. You told me he was good, but god. I can't remember the last time I've had sex so good."

Jen pursed her lips, the way she always did when she disapproved of something. But she hid her feelings. She forced a grin and said "I told you he was good."

Allie grinned back. She grabbed Jen's arm and pulled her close, and whispered into her ear "What is it about those Andrews boys? One has a big cock and fucks like a god. The other has a tiny dick and gets other hung guys to fuck you like a god. I can't figure out if one is adopted, or they're just ying and yang."

Despite her misgivings about Allie with her brother-in-law, Jen couldn't help laughing. "I'll have to tell Mike you said that," she said with the laugh still in her voice.

They made it to the conference center. Everyone was busy getting coffee so they had a few more minutes before the meeting started. "So was Jamal all you remembered?" Allie asked in a low voice.

Jen rolled her eyes and grinned. "More even," she gushed. "He's freaking amazing Allie."

"Just be careful," Allie cautioned. "I haven't seen you so head over heels since Scott."

Jen frowned at her comment. "I'm a different person now," she said. Despite her bravado, worry passed over her pretty face, and Allie saw it.

"What?" she asked.

"I just need to call Mike," Jen said.

"You haven't called him yet?" Allie said, shock in her voice.

"I've been kinda busy, you know?" Jen said. They both laughed, although Allie still looked at her friend cross-eyed. "I'll call him as soon as the meeting's over."

As it happened though, the meeting went long, and non-stop. They even worked over lunch. When it finally ended in the early afternoon, Jen had yet to call her husband, and now she had to rush to her room to pack. Otherwise she'd miss her plane back to NYC.

Jen called Mike as she hurriedly packed. "Why is Jamal in Vegas?" Mike asked.

"He came to see me," Jen said. She was distracted as she hurriedly packed.

"You've been talking to him?"

"No," Jen said. "I mean, yes, the night before. But not before. I didn't know he was going to be here Mike."

"So you see him, and you just start up again, without talking to me first?" Mike asked. There was bitterness and hurt in his voice. The angst and loneliness of last night were still fresh and his feelings were raw.

Jen heard the emotions in her husband's voice. She stopped packing so as to focus on their conversation. "Mike …," she sighed. With her next words, her voice was tender and reasonable, yet firm. "You cannot freaking be this way baby. It's not fair. You want me to play the game again. You tell me to play harder than before. You talk about Jamal. It's clear you want me with him again. You can't get upset when I do exactly what you tell me to do. You know I love you. This is our game. Ours. You can't get upset when I play the game. When I do exactly what you want me to do."

Mike was silent for a long moment. Then he sheepishly said "You know getting upset is part of it for me."

Jen laughed and shook her head.

"You slept with him last night?" he asked. Jen knew he meant sleep, not sex.

"The rules aren't the same as before," Jen told her husband. "You said you want me to play harder this time."

"So you slept with him?" Mike asked again.

"Yes Mike, I slept with him," Jen said honestly. She heard Mike moaned into the phone.

"Did you sleep in his arms?" Mike asked. His voice was throaty and full of lust.

"We spooned," Jen said. She heard her husband moaned again. She decided not to tell him about Jamal being inside her all night. That would take too long to talk about. "I need to finish packing Mike," she said. "Or else I'll miss my plane."

"So you belong to him now?" Mike asked, ignoring her warning.

“Yes,” Jen said. She began packing again. “Sexually, I do.”

“What does that mean?”

“You know what it means Mike,” Jen said, saying the same thing she said last night.

“Just tell me,” Mike pleaded. He was breathing hard. “I want to hear you say it.”

Jen was beginning to breathe hard too. She got hot talking this way with her husband. She stopped packing and sat on the edge of the bed. “You’re not allowed inside me anymore,” she said. “I’ll still get you off. I’ll make you cum. But you’re not allowed in my pussy. Not even with a condom. Or my mouth.”

“Oh god Jen,” Mike groaned lustfully. There were both lust and angst in his voice. “So I’m friend-zoned? We’re just platonic friends?”

“We’re more than that Mike,” Jen assured him. “I just told you I’ll get you off.”

“But you’re not into it,” Mike said. “You won’t enjoy it. I don’t excite you. You’re not attracted to me.”

“That’s not true Mike,” Jen said. She thought of her husband’s slim physique. His tight ass. “I think you have a sexy body. I tell you that all the time. And I like talking to you like this. It gets me hot.”

“Are you hot now?”

“I am Mike,” Jen said. She was being honest. Her panties were wet.

They were silent for long moments, with Mike processing his wife’s words. Finally Jen said, “I think Jamal has more rules,” she said. “He wants to tell you himself.”

"When?" Mike asked warily.

Before Jen could answer, there was a knock on the door. She opened it. It was Jamal.

He saw the phone in her hand. "Who are you talking to?" he demanded.

"Mike," Jen answered.

Jamal grinned. "Perfect," he said as he pushed Jen into the room, shutting the door behind him with a kick of his foot.

Since it was a travel day, Jen was in skinny jeans and low heeled black ankle boots. Before she could say anything, Jamal pulled the jeans and her panties down to her ankles. Then he pushed her onto the bed, onto her hands and knees. He worked on his belt and pants, and moments later his hard black cock was out and pointed at Jen's bare ass.

Jamal took the phone from Jen and pressed the speaker button, like last night. He tossed the phone on the bed next to Jen's left hand, inches from where she wore her wedding ring. "I'm gonna fuck your pretty wife again Mike," Jamal said. "One more time for the road, before she gets on the plane. I'm gonna send her back to you with her pussy full of my black cream."

Jamal bent his legs and lined up his cock. He rubbed the cockhead back and forth between Jen's slit, making her moan. Then he pushed in. It was easier for him to penetrate her now. Her pussy was loose from last night's fucking, and also sleeping together with his cock inside her all night. Still, Jen grunted at being penetrated, and the sudden stretching and feeling of fullness.

Jamal gripped Jen's hips as he pounded her from behind, his fingertips digging into her firm yet soft curves. She panted and moaned with each powerful, violent thrust. He was stretching her, she loved that feeling, and

he was hitting all her girl pleasure spots. She was sore from last night, but quickly the pain gave way to pleasure. He was gonna make her cum again!

"So I've got some rules Mike," Jamal said, his voice strained. Jen's pussy felt so good! He wanted to hold off, but he felt his orgasm approaching, just like her. He was like a fucking teenager with a trigger dick who came too fast, but he couldn't help it, this pretty tight blonde was just too fucking sexy and her pussy felt too fucking good!

"More than before," Jamal said. "I'll tell you about them Saturday. You should get Anna a sleepover, or whatever you call it. Because I'll be fucking your wife in your bed. It's my bed now when I'm there. And I'll stay as long as I want. And she sleeps with me. Get used to sleeping in the spare bedroom Mike, alone."

"I'm a reasonable man though," Jamal said, continuing his monologue as he pounded Jen hard from behind like a dog. "From now on, Jen's pussy is off limits to you. Even your tongue. But I'm gonna make an exception. You can lick her when she's full of my cum. So you should thank me for fucking her now. This way you can get some of her when she gets home. So thank me Mike."

Jamal paused, to let Mike thank him. Mike didn't say anything though. The only sound that came over the speaker was Mike's heavy breathing.

"Okay Mike, if that's how you want to play it," Jamal said. "You should have thanked me though. Now it's gonna be worse."

Jamal reached down and ended the call. Then he finished fucking Jen. She came first. He came moments later, pushing deep inside as he deposited his load inside her.

"What did you mean, it's gonna be worse?" Jen asked as she hurriedly pulled herself together. Pulling up her thong and jeans, running a brush through her hair. She was sharing a taxi with Allie to the airport, and she was already late.

Jamal shook his head, as if saying it wasn't her place to question him. "Here," he said. He produced a folded piece of paper from his pocket and gave it to her. "These are my rules. Read them on the plane. You have to agree to the rules – all the rules – or I'm history. Understand?"

Jen nodded. She took the paper and put it in her back pocket.

"You still caging him?" he asked.

Jen was confused by the non-sequitur. She sputtered "Yes … we haven't played that game in a while, but he's in a cage now."

Jamal shook his head disapprovingly.

"I don't like that," he said. "He should cum when he wants to cum. Lose the cage."

"Okay …," Jen hesitantly said, shocked Jamal was taking Mike's side in anything.

"Read my rules on the plane," Jamal ordered. "When you land, call me. If you agree, I'll be over Saturday night. Don't show Mike the rules. I'll tell him myself. If he agrees, we'll keep going. Let him know this isn't a negotiation. It's all or nothing. Understand?"

Jen nodded. She suddenly felt very much out of control. It was frightening. But exciting too.

Jamal looked up and down Jen's body. "I want you to eat more," he said.

"What?" Jen said, again confused at the non-sequitur.

"Eat more," Jamal repeated. "You're too thin. Put on a few pounds. You'll look better."

"Ooookay," Jen said with a sarcastic roll of her pretty blue eyes.

Jamal pulled her to him. He grabbed her long blonde hair and pulled her so close their faces were almost touching. "You're my girl, right?" he said, his voice hard and dangerous. "So you'll look how I want you to look. It's not asking too much, is it? To put on a few pounds? It's not like I'm asking you to pierce your clit or get another tat. You're either my girl or not. Which is it?"

"Okay, I will," Jen whined. "Can you let go my hair? You're hurting me."

Jamal looked at her for long moments. Then he let her hair go. "Read my rules," he told her.

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On the plane, Jen reached into her back pocket and pulled out Jamal's rules. She opened the folded piece of paper. There were 10 rules.

1. Jen will make herself available to Jamal, like she would a boyfriend. This includes sexual and romantic dates. Jamal will respect Jen's time with Anna as to scheduling their time together. But Mike will have no say in when Jen meets with Jamal, and Jen will not take into consideration his needs or feelings. At most though, Jamal will not see Jen more than 4 days a week except for special circumstances.

2. Jen's body belongs to Jamal. She will obey him sexually. This includes having sex with who Jamal says. Jen will always use condoms with other men, unless Jamal says otherwise. Jen will never ask Jamal to wear a condom; he will cum in or on Jen wherever he wants.

3. Mike will obey Jamal sexually, except: (a) Jamal will never ask Mike to have sex with another girl; and (b) Mike or Jen may say no if Jamal asks Mike to have sex with another man (other than Jamal).

4. Jen will never cover up the Queen of Spades tattoo when she is with Jamal.

5. Jen will not have sex with anyone except Jamal, or who Jamal says. This includes Mike.

6. Mike is denied Jen's body. He is not allowed to touch her body sexually. He is not allowed to see her body. Jen will wear baggy clothes when she is alone with Mike. She will not wear heels for Mike. She will wear full pajamas to bed. Jen shall have no sexual relations with Mike, except she may use her hands and feet on him. She may also use a strap-on on him.

7. Mike is allowed to go down on Jen only when she is full of Jamal's cum.

8. Mike shall not wear a cage. He can cum whenever he wants to cum. He shall be allowed to watch Jamal with Jen (except in special circumstances).

9. Mike shall keep his body shaved. He shall go on a diet and lose 10 pounds. He shall not do heavy weight training. He shall wear the briefs that Jamal gives him.

10. If Jamal gets Jen pregnant, she won't get an abortion. Mike is allowed to be named as father on the birth certificate. Jamal, Jen and Mike will discuss the details like adults after Jen is pregnant, but it is assumed that Jamal will have a relationship with both Jen and the baby.

Jen read the rules over and over. After the fifth time, she asked the flight attendant for 2 bottles of vodka. It was an afternoon flight from Vegas, so her request wasn't unusual. But certainly what she was reading was anything but usual.

The flight attendant gave her 2 bottles of Absolute, a glass with ice, and a lime. Jen preferred Grey Goose or Belvedere, but she wasn't going to complain. She just needed a drink! She poured both of the small bottles

into the glass, and gulped half of it. She sipped the rest as she re-read Jamal's rules a sixth time.

Some of the rules stood out to her:

- Jen's body belongs to Jamal. She will obey him sexually. This includes having sex with who Jamal says.

- Mike will obey Jamal sexually. Mike is denied Jen's body. Jen will wear baggy clothes when she is alone with Mike. She will not wear heels for Mike.

- Mike shall keep his body shaved. He shall wear the briefs that Jamal gives him.

- If Jamal gets Jen pregnant, she won't get an abortion. It is assumed that Jamal will have a relationship with both Jen and the baby.

Jen shivered, then downed the rest of the vodka. She gripped the armrests of her seat and clenched her eyes shut, trying to calm herself. Then she stood up and hurried to the bathroom. After locking the door, she hastily undid her skinny jeans. She pushed her hand into her panties, and furiously rubbed her clit. With her other hand she reached into her blouse and bra, and squeezed and groped her breast. In moments she had an intense orgasm. She bit the side of her hand to prevent crying out as her body shook with orgasmic pleasure, and her pretty feet arched up onto her tiptoes in the black ankle boots.

When Jen got off the plane, the first thing she did was call Jamal. She knew Mike and Anna were waiting for her. But she had to talk to Jamal first. And he had ordered her to do that anyways.

"You want me to wear baggie clothes with Mike?" Jen asked incredulously. "He can't see my body? My husband can't see my body? Really?"

"I told you, this is payback for shutting me out," Jamal said.

"And I told YOU that it wasn't him, it was me," Jen stressed.

"It was you because of him," Jamal said. He was calm, despite Jen's agitation. "These are my rules. Take it or leave it. And he didn't thank me. I warned him it would get worse. He needs to learn who's in charge. And he needs to learn there are repercussions to disobeying me."

"You're so full of shit," Jen scoffed. "You wrote these rules before that happened."

Jamal shrugged. "I knew he wouldn't thank me," he said.

"Oh my god Jamal," Jen sighed. "And I thought you didn't want to share me with other men?"

"And you said you wanted me to help you explore," Jamal said. "And you wanted to play harder. Am I wrong? Tell me where I'm wrong."

Jen frowned into the phone. "What men are you talking about?" she asked.

"Whoever I want," he said.

"Not Scott," she said.

"I told you, this isn't a negotiation."

Jen's frowned deepened. Then for a moment, she imagined herself with Scott. Maybe both Scott and Jamal. Scott in her ass, Jamal in her pussy. The image made her shiver.

"So what's with number 10?" she said after forcing herself to focus. "I told you my plan. I'm not going off the pill until Mike and I start trying to have another baby. In 3 months."

"Just in case," Jamal said. "Birth control is not perfect. You know that. You're not perfect either J. We both know that."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You can figure it out yourself."

Jen clenched her teeth in frustration. She wanted to throw the freaking phone across the room!

After counting to 10 to calm down, she asked "What are the briefs you want Mike to wear?"

"I just texted you a picture," Jamal said.

Jen opened her messages. There was a new text from Jamal, with a picture. She opened it. The picture was of a slim man. His body type was similar to Mike's (although Mike wasn't as buff, and was completely hairless). The man was wearing black Ralph Lauren Polo briefs. The briefs were low cut at the waist, and sharply cut at the legs. Jen actually thought Mike would look hot in these briefs. [Author's note: The picture Jamal sent to Jen is in my pictures – click the link in my signature.]

"Why do you want him to wear these?" she asked.

"You know what the brothers and sisters call these briefs?" Jamal asked.

"What?"

"Sissy white boy panties," Jamal said.

Jen couldn't help laughing. "You are not serious," she said with the laugh still in her voice.

Jamal laughed too. "I am," he said.

"But why --."

Jamal interrupted her and said, "You should not look at Mike as having a dick. I have a man's cock. So does Joe, and Scott. Mike doesn't have a cock. He's got a sissy boy pussy. So he's gonna wear sissy boy panties."

Jen was silent for long moments. Her cheeks were flushed. She felt a familiar tingling between her legs. Finally she said, "Please don't say this to him."

"I told you Jen, it's all or nothing," Jamal reminded her.

"I know but … just don't talk about this one. Let me explain it to him."

"Okay, fine, whatever," Jamal said with a laugh.

"And don't call them panties," Jen said. "Not to him."

When Jamal didn't answer, she said in a pleading voice, "Please Jamal."

After another moment, Jamal curtly said "Fine. Whatever. But he better where them. All the time. Not just when I'm around. All the time."

"He will, I promise," Jen assured him.

"Fine then. But just so you know, they won't all look like the ones in the picture."

Jen was silent, imaging the briefs – the "sissy white boy panties" – that Jamal was going to make her husband wear. Her cheeks were even more flushed. She was finding it hard to breath.

"You said I can't show him the rules," Jen finally said. "But if you let me show him, and I can talk to him about it, it'll make Saturday easier."

Jamal thought about it for a few moments. Then he said "Okay, fine, you can do that."

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Chapter 59

Mike and Anna were waiting by the baggage claim. Anna yelled "Mommy!" and launched herself into Jen's arms. After lots of hugs and kisses with her daughter, Jen embraced Mike. She kissed him, to the delight of their daughter. Jen gave Mike a little tongue, and when they parted they both were breathing a little hard. She gave him a lopsided grin and whispered "I have a lot to tell you."

Jen grabbed and hugged Mike's arm as they walked to the baggage area. Anna was holding Jen's other hand. With his wife hugging his arm tight, and both Jen and Anna laughing and talking, Mike couldn't help smiling. All was right with his world.

As they waited for Jen's bag to arrive, Anna was still holding her hand as she leaned over to Mike and whispered into his ear, "You get to go down on me later."

Mike shuddered, knowing that meant her pussy was full of Jamal's black sperm. She had flown across the country full of his cream. He shuddered again.

Reading his thoughts, she teased in a low voice, "I might be kinda musty though." Mike groaned and she giggled.

"Are you wearing the cage?" Jen whispered. "Do you have the key?"

Mike nodded yes to both questions. Jen said "I'll wait here with Anna. Go into the bathroom and take it off. Throw it away. We won't need it anymore."

In response to Mike's questioning look, she said "I'll explain later baby. Tonight, after Anna's asleep."

Jen spent most of the day playing with Anna. Mike was there, but he stayed on the periphery, as he knew Jen needed to reconnect with their daughter. Jen could tell that Mike was dying to get into bed, so they had an early dinner. By 730, Anna was asleep in bed. Then, Mike practically dragged Jen into the bedroom, making her squeal with delight.

"Take off all your clothes," Jen told him as she sat in their bed. Mike hurriedly tore off all his clothes, making her laugh again.

Mike got into bed with her, fully naked. His cock was rock hard.

To his surprise, Jen stayed dressed. When she had gotten home, she had undressed and put on a loose sweatshirt and sweatpants. She still wore the sweats as they lay next to each other in bed.

Jen crawled on top of Mike. She held his hands at his side as she kissed them. They made out, tonguing each other. Mike wanted to touch her body as they kissed but he couldn't as she continued to hold his hands at his side. When Jen finally pulled away, they were both panting.

Jen moved off Mike and laid next to him. She was on her side looking at him as she said, "You can't touch me anymore. Or see my body."

"What?" Mike asked, not understanding.

Jen sat up in the bed and Mike did the same. She handed him a piece of paper. "These are Jamal's rules," she said.

"You have to agree to all of them," she told him as he began to read.

He looked up at her. "What do you mean I have to agree?" he asked.

"I've already agreed," Jen told him. "But we both have to agree. Or Jamal will find someone else to play with."

Mike stared at his wife for a long moment, processing her words. Then he began to read the rules again.

Mike read them over and over, just as Jen had done. When he was done, his face was flushed and he was breathing hard. He was clearly aroused, but uncertainly was written across his face. Before he could say anything, Jen got on top of him and kissed him again. Like before, she held his hands so he couldn't touch her. "We can still do this," she said between kisses. "It's not so bad. Even if you can't touch me. Or see me."

Mike broke the kiss. "You already agreed to his rules?" he asked, hurt in his voice. "No sex with me? You agreed to that?" He felt like she had betrayed him.

Jen looked into her husband's face and said "You're my husband, baby. I love you. You're my man. But not sexually. You haven't been that for a long time."

Mike stared back at Jen for long moments. "You're still my wife," he said, breathing hard. "I share you with other men. But your body's still mine. Jamal can't tell me I can't see your body, or touch you. You're not going to dress up for me anymore? How could you agree to that? It's disrespecting me."

Jen moved close to Mike so when she spoke he could feel her breath against his face. "We're way past that Mike," she said. "You don't own my body. You lost that a long time ago."

"So Jamal owns you now?" Mike said, bitterness and lust in his voice.

"Yes," Jen said. "He does now. It won't always be Jamal. Maybe someday it'll be another black man, someone I haven't met yet. Or maybe I'll get

back together with Cam, or Blake. I'm just saying, I look to other men for sex now. That's what I want. And that's what you want."

Jen wrapped her hand around Mike's hard cock and stroked him up and down. "Right?" she asked as she stroked him up and down.

Mike's body seized up and he moaned. "Yesssss," he hissed in a low moan.

"You'll still see me dressed up," she said. "You'll see my body. But only when I'm with him."

"Jen …," Mike moaned again. There was angst in his voice, along with lust. Her words were twisting his insides into a pretzel.

Jen put a hand on his knee and spread his legs, opening him up to her. Mike felt an erotic sensation of submissive vulnerability, which was only increased when she scraped her long nails up his inner thigh. Mike's body seized up at the pleasure. "You can't touch me. But I can touch you," she said with a wicked grin. She cupped his balls – they were super tight (and even smaller than normal) from excitement – and then ran a finger over his super sensitive sandbar, her fingertip touching his puckered ass hole. "Jamal told me to take the cage off you. He's says you can cum whenever you want."

Mike's eyes went wide. "He doesn't control me Jen!" he spat out angrily.

Jen gave him a playful pout, like she would give Anna when she acted up in an unreasonable manner. "But you sucked his cock," Jen said.

Mike was so startled by her words that he was speechless.

"You've gotten between his legs," she said, continuing. "You've held him, gotten him hard. You've put his cock in your mouth. You've gone down on him. You've even let him cum in your mouth. You've swallowed it.

"You told me to do that," Mike insisted.

Jen's pretend pout turned to a knowing grin. "Come on Mike," she said. "You liked it."

Mike was about to defend himself, but Jen cut him off.

"You're not gay, or bi, I know that," Jen assured him. With a crooked grin, she said "That's why it's so wicked. You're doing something you don't want to do. You're being submissive to him."

"I'm being submissive to you," Mike insisted. In his mind, it was okay to be submissive to Jen, because she was his wife and he loved her. But being submissive to Jamal – to any man – wasn't acceptable. It would make him less than a man.

"Just give into Mike," Jen urged her husband. "I know you don't want to. But don't you see that's what makes it so hot? What's the harm?"

"The harm is, you won't see me as a man anymore," Mike said.

Jen put her hand over his cock. Even though he was hard, she able to almost cup his entire penis in the palm of her hand. Looking into his eyes, she said "I already don't see you as a man. Not sexually at least. How can you be a real man with this little thing?""

Mike squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his jaw. Her words destroyed him. They tore his insides apart. At the same time thought, his cock felt like it was about to explode.

Jen grinned at the effect her words had on him.

"He's trying to turn me into a girl," Mike said, referring to rule 9 about keeping his body shaved, and staying slim by dieting and no weight training. He was so excited, his voice was shaking.

"I told you I like your tight sexy body," Jen said. "You look better now than ever before." She imagined him wearing the briefs Jamal had showed her. She knew he was only starting there. He had said as much. How long before he forced Mike to wear girl's panties? Jen shuddered at the thought.

"But you're not sexually attracted to me," Mike lamented. He bitterly asked "So what am I now? Your girlfriend?"

"Not my girlfriend," Jen said with a shake of her head. "More like, my platonic best bud. You're friend zoned, yes. But I couldn't live without you." Her hand still cupped his cock. She moved it and wrapped her hand around his shaft, and stroked him up and down. "And you do get some benefits."

"You'll be spending more time with him," Mike said, referring to the 4 days a week. "You'll fall in love with him."

"Maybe, a little," Jen admitted.

Mike's eyes went wide. "Really?" he asked. He felt like a powerful hand was crushing his heart, yet her words thrilled him.

"Let me ask you something," Jen said, looking into her husband's eyes. "Isn't that exactly what you want?"

"Is that what you want?" Mike said, answering her question with a question.

"I think it's something we both want," Jen said. "We both want – we need -- the game to be more than just sex. You want me to date, not just fuck. You want to watch me fall in love with another man. And I need to have an emotional connection. I need the NRE. That's what happened with Scott. We just took it too far."

"How do we make sure it doesn't go too far this time?" Mike asked. "But isn't that what you want?" a voice asked inside his head. Wasn't that the point of "playing harder"? To go too far.

Jen was still thinking about her husband wearing girl's panties. Silky, lined with lace, embroidered with little hearts. "You need to take care of me now," she said, pulling the sweats down to her knees and straddling Mike's face. "This talk gets me hot."

Mike looked up at his wife's pussy. It was still red and puffy from what Jamal had done to her. The lips were moist too. From their pillow talk? Or Jamal's black seed oozing out of her?

"How do we make sure it doesn't go too far this time?" he asked again.

Jen lowered her pussy onto his face. She grabbed his hair, forcing him to lick her. "You let me worry about that Mike," she said, moaning as his talented tongue licked up and down between her lips and then flicked around her clit. "Shit, god," she groaned. "You're so freaking good at this."

She didn't last long. After she came, she pulled the sweats back up to cover her body, and then collapsed onto the bed next to Mike. After catching her breath, she rolled to her side to look at him. She caressed his chest as she asked "So you'll agree to his rules?"

"Okay, yes," Mike said. "Because you want me to. Not because he's ordering me, or I'm intimidated by him."

Jen couldn't help smiling. "Male pride," she said with a crooked grin at him. "Even though you're a cucky husband, you still have male pride. Even though you suck Jamal's cock, you still think you're equal to him."

"You don't think I'm equal to him?" Mike asked, the jealousy and angst spiking even as his cuckold desires made his head swirl with lust.

“What do you think?” Jen asked with a giggle as she gave his hard cock a quick squeeze. “I don’t know how I ever thought I could live with just this,” she added with another squeeze of his short, thin shaft.

Jen’s words were like daggers to his heart, and to his manhood. It was too much. Even though he wanted to play harder, it was too much. Could their marriage survive this? Jamal had already replaced him as her sex partner. Would he replace him completely as her husband?

As if reading his thoughts, Jen reached up and kissed him. “I love you though,” she said. Looking into his eyes, she said “You’re perfect for me, you know. I think I’m perfect for you too. We give each other what we both want.”

“You think so?” Mike said in a husky voice, smiling at her. Her words revived him. They helped fill his Jen Meter.

“I do,” she said, smiling lovingly at him. “Now how do you want to cum? With my hand? Or my feet?”

Mike's insides seized up again. With her words, he realized how much he had lost. Husbands were entitled to their wives’ pussies. Their mouths. Even their asses. That’s how it was when they first met. When they got married. But then Joe happened. And Scott. And then after a break, it was Cam, Blake, Jamal, and on and on. Now Jen’s body wasn’t his. Even her heart, her affections, they weren’t all his. He'd lost all that. They weren't his anymore. Now all he got for his sexual pleasure were her hands and feet.

“Your hand,” Mike croaked out. Jen nodded. She wrapped her hand around his shaft. She stroked him up and down, moving faster than before. It was like she wanted him to cum quickly to get this over with.

Mike reached out to her breast. He wanted to touch her, even through the heavy sweatshirt. But Jen pulled away. “If you try that again, I won’t even do this,” she warned. Her voice wasn't angry or mean, but it was firm.

Mike's heart broke even more. But he was so lustful he could barely see straight. "I'm sorry, I won't," he said submissively. Then moments later, he came.

He felt empty and raw inside after cumming. But then Jen cleaned the cum from his cock with tissues, and she snuggled into him. They talked about work, and Anna, and the new refrigerator they were thinking about buying. It was the kind of things married couples talked about. Normal stuff.

And later, when Jen rolled to her side to sleep, she held Mike's hand so he rolled with her, and they spooned. It's how they always slept.

All this reminded Mike that the game was just part of their lives. It was a big part, but still just a part. And it was Mike who said he wanted to play harder. He knew if he didn't feel angst and jealous, and insecure, and fear that he might lose his wife to another man, then the game wasn't as exciting to him.

Mike realized that Jen was right. They were perfect for each other. Because what made the game good for Jen, also made it good for him, and visa versa. Their desires and needs played off each other. These thoughts consoled him, and he managed to fall asleep.

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Chapter 60

Mike's life quickly changed. He never saw Jen's naked body, or dressed up. She disappeared into the bathroom to dress and undress (with the door closed behind her). She continued to wear short, body hugging dresses to work, but in the morning she covered herself with a long coat so he couldn't see how she was dressed.

When she got home at night, she was wearing the coat again. After giving Mike a hello kiss and hug, she took Anna into her arms and went into the bedroom (again closing the door behind her). She spent time with their

daughter as she changed clothes. When she emerged from the bedroom, she wore loose jeans and a peasant blouse, or sweats, and cotton socks. The clothes covered most of her body, and hid her sexy curves.

It was impossible for Jen to hide her beauty, and she would look sexy in a potato sack. But the point was, she was obeying Jamal's rules and purposely not dressing up for Mike, or showing her body to him.

Ironically, being denied this way got Mike hotter than if he'd had full access to his wife's body. He was constantly hard. He tried to avoid masturbating, as he knew from experience that the depression that came after cumming could send him spiraling off the emotional cliff. As a result though, he was left frustrated and on-edge. He actually wished he was caged. While the hard plastic tube prevented erections, it also helped to moderate and calm his desires and emotions. He wondered if Jamal's rule #8 (prohibiting the cock cage) was another way of fucking him over, rather than helping him.

It was only the Tuesday after Jen got home from Vegas, and Mike was already going crazy with desire for his wife's body. They were sitting on the sofa watching Netflix after putting Anna down for the night. Mike's thoughts weren't on the movie though.

"Put your feet in my lap. I'll give you a foot massage," he offered.

Jen grinned and said "I'll never say no to that." She moved herself sideways on the sofa, so her back was against the sofa's arm and her feet were in Mike's lap.

"Would it be breaking the rules if I took off your socks?" Mike asked with a crooked grin.

Still smiling, she answered "Why don't we live dangerously and go for it?"

Mike pulled the white cotton socks from her feet. For a moment he held her naked feet in his hands. He realized it was the first time he'd touched any part of her naked body since before she went to Vegas (other than

holding her hand or kissing her face).

Because of that realization, he focused on her feet more than usual. His wife's feet were so pretty, so dainty. The skin was soft, smooth and unblemished. Her toes tiny and cute, and painted a sexy red. Her feet had a lovely arch, like a ballerina's.

"So is this you rubbing my feet?" Jen teased with a smile at her husband. Mike smiled back. He reached for a bottle of moisturizing lotion. He squirted lotion into his palms, and then began rubbing her feet.

"That's feels so good," she gushed. Mike rubbed one foot with the other in his lap. Then he switched, going back and forth. He rubbed along the arched, squeezed and spread the toes, used his thumbs to rub all over. "Mike you're so freaking good at this," she moaned. It made Mike feel good that he could still make her moan, even though it wasn't a sexual moan.

Jen could feel Mike's erection under her foot. She gave him a teasing smile as she rubbed him back and forth with the heel. "How's being out of the cage?" she asked.

"I'm not actually sure," he admitted. "I like being able to cum whenever I want. But you know how I get down sometimes after cumming."

"But you only get down when you're not with me," Jen said. "I'll make you cum whenever you want baby. I'll make you cum tonight. I would've made you cum last night, but …."

Jen's voice trailed off. Last night they had gotten into an argument. She'd told him playing under Jamal's rules would only be for 3 months, until her birthday. Then she wanted to stop playing and try to have another baby. She'd thought this news would make Mike happy, but instead he got surly and even angry. He told her he didn't like the way she was making all these decisions without talking to him first. Jen had gotten defensive and

angry herself, shooting back that their game was about her being in control, and he had to stop trying to top from the bottom.

Then along the way Jen had given Mike more details of what happened in Vegas, and she mentioned that Allie had spent the evening with Joe. Mike was shocked to hear that, and he got even more angry. He got furious. Frankly, he was out of control angry, and he only calmed down when Anna ran out of her room, crying hysterically. Their arguing and yelling at each other had woken her up, and she got really upset whenever her parents argued (like all children). Mike and Jen worked together to calm and reassure their daughter. After Anna was back asleep, the couple went into their own corners, both of them still upset but keeping their anger and emotions in check for the sake of their daughter.

"I've thought about last night," Mike said. He'd thought about little else all day. "Of course I want to have another baby with you. I want that more than anything else. And I get what you said about not topping from the bottom. But having a baby is real life. It's not the game. I just think you should've talked to me about it."

"You're right," Jen said immediately. She'd thought about it all day, too. "It's just, we'd been talking about playing the game again. And then I talked to Scott, and then Max happened." (Last night, Jen had also told Mike about her hookup with the black bartender.) "And then Jamal showing up. And in between I thought about how my birthday was coming up, and how we've talked about wanting another one, and how I'm not getting any younger. It all kinda just happened. I know that's not an excuse, and it doesn't make it right. I'm really sorry baby. I promise you I didn't plan this ahead of time. It all kinda just happened."

Mike nodded slowly. He decided to accept her apology. The 3 month deadline was actually reassuring. It meant they could play hard, but there was a light at the end of the tunnel. And since it was only 3 months, he could already see that light.

"Can I ask you something?" Mike said. He kept his voice gentle, as he didn't want Jen to get defensive like last night and lead to another argument. "Why didn't you tell me this when you got home? Why'd you wait until last night?"

Jen looked sheepish. "I guess I wanted you to agree to Jamal's rules without knowing it would only last 3 months," she explained. "It makes it more real that way. And it makes it more hot that way. For me anyways."

Mike nodded slowly again, processing her words, especially "it makes it more real that way." Mike knew what that meant. Him being submissive to her. And to Jamal. Mike knew this really turned his wife on. For him to be submissive to another man.

"Do you think, if our game was more hot wife instead of cuckold, you'd be as excited by it?" he asked. "You know what I mean? Like, if I shared you with other men, but I wasn't into cuckolding, I wasn't a bottom – would you still get excited by it?"

Jen thought about it. After a moment, she said "It's more like, I love you, and that's how you are, it's what you are, you're a bottom. So it's gotten sexualized in my head. But I'm definitely not into swapping, if that's what you're asking. I would not be into sharing you with other girls."

"I'm not asking for that," Mike assured her.

"It seemed that way, last night, when I told you about Joey and Allie," Jen said, her back stiffening. Her eyes narrowing, she said, "You were furious about it. It was like, you wished it was you instead of Joey. I mean, I know you've always had a crush on Allie, I get that, but I never thought you really wanted to sleep with her. You always say I'm the only girl you want."

"You ARE the only girl I want."

"Okay, then, well … why'd you get so mad last night?" Jen asked.

"It's just …," Mike began, then his words trailed off. He tried to articulate what he was feeling. "It's like Allie's your sister. I mean, I know you have a sister, but I'm not close to her. I am close to Allie. Sort of. We've kind of developed that kind of relationship. And it really bothers me that she hooked up with Joe. Especially since you put them together."

"But … what if they got together?" Jen said. "I mean, really got together? Romantically? Would that bother you?"

"Do you think that's what this is about?" Mike said back. "Romance?"

"I don't know … I guess it's possible. Joey's sweet. I can see how Allie would be attracted to him."

Mike stared at his wife for long moments, trying to decipher her words, and her tones. She didn't sound enthusiastic about the prospect of his younger brother in a romantic relationship with her best friend. Did he detect … regret, and maybe even jealousy … in her voice?

"Well then …," he finally said. "I guess we'll have to see how it goes."

"Yeah," Jen said back.

"But I don't want to be with Allie," Mike insisted. "Do you believe me?"

"I do," Jen said. "I understand better now. Thank you for explaining things. I get it now."

Mike and Jen looked at each other for a long moment. Then he nodded at her. And she nodded back.

"Take off your pants Mike," she said, breaking the silence. Mike hurriedly pulled down his slacks and boxers. Jen's feet were fully coated with lubricant. She pressed both soles against his hard shaft and stroked him up and down.

"Does this feel good?" she asked him.

"Yesssss," Mike groaned. His eyes were on her pretty, petite feet stroking him. "Can I ask you something?" he said.

"Of course baby."

"You said you told Jamal about the 3 month plan," Mike said. "So what's rule 10 about?"

The couple had both memorized Jamal's rules. The last one – rule 10 – was "If Jamal gets Jen pregnant, she won't get an abortion. Mike is allowed to be named as father on the birth certificate. Jamal, Jen and Mike will discuss the details like adults after Jen is pregnant, but it is assumed that Jamal will have a relationship with both Jen and the baby."

"I don't know," Jen said. "I asked him that too. I guess he wrote the rules before I told him about the 3 month plan."

"And he was okay with that?" Mike asked.

"The 3 month plan?" Jen said. Nodding, she said "Yeah. I mean, he didn't really say anything about it."

Mike slowly nodded, processing her words. But in truth, he wasn't able to concentrate, not with Jen's pretty feet stroking him. Within moments, he came.

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Later as they snuggled, on their sides and looking at each other, Jen asked "How about playing hooky tomorrow?"

"Take off? Why?"

“Well, we can go see the new Star Wars movie. Anna’s dying to see it,” Jen said. Mike couldn’t help grinning. Even though Jen was lukewarm at best about Star Wars, Mike had been successful in turning their daughter into a Star Wars addict. Last Halloween, Anna had even dressed as Rey.

“And after, we can go shopping, and go to the French bistro for dinner,” Jen said.

“Shopping?”

“You know, Jamal’s 9th rule,” Jen said. (“Mike shall keep his body shaved. He shall go on a diet and lose 10 pounds. He shall not do heavy weight training. He shall wear the briefs that Jamal gives him.”)

“Jamal said I had to wear the underwear he gave me,” Mike said.

“I know,” Jen said. “But I think I know what he’s thinking. Wouldn’t it be better if we did it together? If we shopped for them? Then it wouldn’t be Jamal so much. But us.”

Mike stared at his wife, processing her words. Then, after a few moments, he nodded.

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Chapter 61

The next morning, Jen was already awake and having breakfast with Anna when Mike woke up.

“Daddy!” Anna squealed when she saw her father. As she often did, she leaped into his arms.

“Hey sleepy head,” Jen said, smiling into her husband’s eyes.

“You let me sleep in,” Mike said gratefully.

"You looked like you needed the extra sleep," Jen said.

"Yeah," Mike agreed. "I guess I've been stressed lately." He looked guardedly from Anna to his wife. He obviously couldn't openly talk about the game with Anna right there. But it had been a stressful, emotional week for him, with what happened in Vegas and Jamal's rules. Mike found it all exciting, but in addition to being constantly turned on, he was also feeling anxious, jealous and insecure, even more so than normal.

Reading his thoughts, and also being careful with her words, Jen said, "I don't want you to be stressed baby. This is our game. We're doing it together. This is about us, you and me."

"What game?" Anna asked.

Jen grinned at their daughter and said "I'm talking about today. We're going to see Star Wars. And then we're going shopping for daddy. Then we're having dinner at the French bistro."

"Yay! I can't wait!" Anna squealed delightedly.

After seeing the Star Wars movie – which didn't disappoint – Jen led Mike and Anna into Macy's. They were there to buy Mike some underwear, to comply with Jamal's rule #9 ("Mike shall wear the briefs that Jamal gives him.)

In the men's department, Jen whispered to Mike "These are the ones Jamal showed me."

Mike looked at the underwear. They were Ralph Lauren Polo briefs. The briefs were low cut at the waist, and sharply cut at the legs.

"I wear boxers," Mike objected.

"I think your days of wearing boxers are over," Jen whispered back.

Mike stared at his wife. Anna was a few steps away so they had a few moments to talk.

“Jamal and his friends call these white boy panties,” Jen whispered. Mike’s eyes went wide.

“So he wants me to wear panties?” he asked.

“I think so,” Jen whispered with a nod of her head. “This is just the start,” she said, motioning to the Polo briefs.

Mike looked at the briefs. They were low rise and skimpy, but at least they were still men’s underwear.

“What do you think?” Jen asked him.

“What do you think?” Mike asked back.

“I think you should go for it,” Jen whispered.

“What do you mean? Wear these Polo briefs?”

“That’s not what I mean,” Jen said with a shake of her head.

Mike looked at Anna a few steps away, as he tried to decipher his wife’s meaning. Then he got it.

“You want me to wear panties?” he asked incredulously. “Real girl panties?”

“Mike, you would look so hot,” Jen said excitedly. “And this way, you’d own it. It wouldn’t be Jamal controlling you. You’d be doing it for yourself, and me, not Jamal.”

Mike saw her face was flushed and her eyes heavy lidded. She had her cum face on! She was turned on by this!

"Come on Mike," Jen urged her husband. "Just give into it." She moved closer and surreptitiously touched his crotch. Mike was erect. "At some level it turns you on. To be a sissy boy."

"Do you really think I'm a sissy?" Mike asked, his voice cracking.

Jen smiled but didn't answer. Instead she said "You watch Anna and I'll pick some out for you. Okay?"

Mike stared at his wife for a long moment. Then he nodded his head. Grinning, Jen excitedly walked to the women's lingerie department.

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They were home from shopping. Anna was taking a short nap to recharge before going to dinner.

Mike was in the bedroom, looking at what Jen had picked out for him. There were at least two dozen women's panties arranged on the bed. There were a variety of styles: French cut, boy shorts, thongs, even a few g-strings. Most were thongs. All were made of lace, or trimmed with lace. Most were black, but some were white, blue, red and pink.

Jen had bought more than just panties for Mike, though. She bought him new jeans – woman's jeans! Skinny jeans! They were cut low at the waist and made of stretchy material like tights.

And Jen had bought Mike new shirts. They were men's shirts, but were slim fit, tailored shirts. The shirts tapered towards the waist, so they were snug on Mike's body.

"Are you serious?" Mike asked incredulously.

"Just try one on," Jen urged him.

"Jen," Mike said warily.

"Please? Just try one on," she said again.

Mike hesitated, then reluctantly took off his khakis, boxers and socks. Jen helped him by taking off his shirt. That left him naked. Despite everything, Mike was hard. He was embarrassed by his erection. And he didn't understand it. The prospect of wearing panties and girl's jeans was turning him on? He was relieved that Jen didn't throw it into his face or have an "I told you so" attitude.

Instead, Jen wrapped her hand around his hard shaft. "We should take care of this first," she said as she began stroking him. As she stroked his cock with her right hand, she reached under with her left and scraped her nails across the underside of his balls.

"Oh god," Mike groaned. The pleasure made him lose his balance, and he fell to the bed. As he sat on the edge, Jen got onto her knees and pushed his legs wide apart, exposing him completely to her. For some reason, with the girl's panties all around him on the bed, he felt vulnerable being so exposed. That feeling of vulnerability made him lightheaded with submissive, cuckold lust.

With her right hand still around his not quite 4 inch, thin shaft, Jen reached up to Mike's face with her left hand. She opened her palm to him and said "Spit into my hand."

Mike didn't understand. When he didn't do anything, she repeated "Spit into my hand Mike."

Still not understanding, Mike leaned over. He gathered saliva in his mouth, then spit into her hand.

Jen used the saliva to coat her fingers. Then, while still stroking his cock with her right hand, Jen pushed the index finger of her left hand into her husband's puckered asshole.

Mike rolled his head back at the sudden penetration. It felt so good! A part of him realized that Jen was treating him like a girl. The way a man would order a girl to spit into his hand, and then use that saliva as lubricate to penetrate and finger her pussy.

As if reading his thoughts, Jen teased "Do you like being fucked in the ass baby? Do you?"

Rather than respond, Mike asked "Who fucked you better in Vegas? Jamal? Or Max?"

"Jamal," Jen said without hesitation.

"Why?"

"Jamal's black. Real black. A real nigga," Jen said. "Max's black but not really. He's more white boy than black."

Mike stared at this wife, noting how she'd begun referring to white men as "white boys," just like Jamal. And the fact she said "nigga" shocked him. He'd heard her say it before when it came to Jamal, but still it shocked him to hear his liberal, politically correct wife say the N word.

"Did Allie like being with Joe?" Mike asked.

"She said she did," Jen said as she continued to stroke and finger fuck her husband. "I told her she would." Mike's cock jerked at his wife's reminder of her carnal knowledge of his younger brother. Jen felt it and it made her smile.

"I was kinda jealous, actually," she admitted. With a grin at Mike, she added, "But I guess I can control only one Andrews boy."

"Do you still see Joe as a boy?" Mike asked.

“He fucks like a man,” Jen told him. Again Mike’s cock jerked, and he groaned lustfully.

“You like hearing me say your little brother’s a man?” Jen teased. “And you’re a sissy boy? Anyways, I don’t think Joey would ever wear panties for me. Not that I’d want him to.”

“Why do you want me to?” Mike asked.

“I told you,” Jen said with a wicked, teasing smile on her beautiful face. “You’re my sissy cuckold husband. Who likes getting his ass fucked.”

Mike lurched and came.

After Mike calmed his breathing, he put on panties. It was a thong. Black. Lacy.

Mike was surprised by how it felt. It felt like nothing. It was so delicate. It felt like he was wearing nothing. It felt like he was naked. And the way it hung low on his hips. Like at any moment it could fall down his legs. The thong made him feel both naked and vulnerable.

“Doesn’t it feel sexy?” Jen asked. “The way the string goes up between your ass. Doesn’t it feel sexy?”

Mike nodded. He couldn’t deny it. It did feel sexy.

Jen looked him up and down. She admired his lean, slim body. “You look really good baby,” she gushed. “If you lose weight, and tone up a little more, the way Jamal said, you’d look even hotter.” Then she put the palm of her hand over the black lacy, cupping Mike’s penis. “And your little thing looks so freaking cute in this.”

Mike’s cheeks flushed. His dick wasn’t a cock to her. It was a “little thing.” Worse, it was a “cute little thing.”

They heard Anna stirring. “I’ll get her,” Jen said. “Put on one of your new jeans. Then we’ll go to dinner.”

“Jen … people know me there,” Mike said, worried that people they knew would see him wearing women’s jeans.

“They’re Banana Republic, Mike,” Jen pointed out. “They make men’s and women’s. No one will know which side they came from.”

****

Callie (their live-in nanny) met them for dinner at the French Bistro. As usual, Ferdinand was their waiter. He always made a point to wait on them.

Ferdinand was a little older than Callie, but still in his 20s. He was from France, and was charming and handsome. He was tall, and while slim, had broad shoulders. He was the proverbial tall, dark and handsome Parisian, with an olive Mediterranean complexion.

Anna really liked him, and Callie had a big crush on him (that’s the reason why she made a point to join them for dinner). Ferdinand knew he was good looking and, while young, he knew his way around women. He always playfully flirted with Anna, to the little girl’s delight. It was all harmless, like flirting with a younger cousin. He flirted more seriously with Callie. He seemed to like her fresh coed looks. It made Mike wonder if they had a thing going on.

But, as always, most of Ferdinand’s focus was on Jen. It was always that way, whenever and wherever they went, with every man. Jen was such a rare beauty, so sexy and lovely, so bubbly and engaging, she always got the most attention from men. Often times, Jen would flirt back in a playful way with Ferdinand. But not tonight, since Callie was there. Jen didn’t want to make Callie jealous.

Mike had seen this scene play out many times while dining at the French bistro. The young French waiter charming his daughter and flirting with his wife and young coed nanny. It never bothered him before, in fact he always felt above it all. In fact, he felt superior. He was the alpha dog here, not Ferdinand. It was his wife, his daughter, his nanny. Ferdinand was waiting on him, not the other way around. It was Mike who pulled out his credit card. Ferdinand relied on Mike's generosity for a tip. It was Mike who was The Man here.

But tonight felt different. Because he was wearing panties. It made him feel like less of a man. The panties diminished his masculinity. They made him feel … feminine. How could he not feel feminine with his penis encased in delicate, silky lace?

And feeling that way, it was hard for Mike to feel superior to Ferdinand. The handsome French waiter was powerful, masculine, a force of testosterone … while Mike wore panties. And girl jeans. How could Mike not feel intimidated by this charismatic man who clearly delighted the ladies?

Mike flushed at these thoughts. The panties were Jamal's idea. His rule #9. The black man was robbing him of his masculinity. Was that his plan? Of course it was his plan. Jamal wanted to emasculate him in front of Jen.

Jen noticed his discomfort. She whispered, "Are you okay?"

Mike forced a nod.

"You just have to get used to the feel," she whispered encouragingly. She was referring to how the thong was floss between his cheeks, and the girl jeans were tight around his ass and legs.

She moved closer and whispered in his ear, "Your ass looks really hot in those skinny jeans. And now you know why we wear thongs. No panty lines."

Mike stared at his wife. It was the kind of thing a girl would say to another girl. Not a wife to her husband.

Jen grinned and quickly added "I'm just teasing."

Mike forced a smile. But the damage was already done – to his ego. To his manhood.

Still, Mike couldn't deny it. He was hard as a rock. And his head was spinning with cuckold lust. Jamal was stealing his manhood! He was conditioning Jen to view him as less than a man. Mike loved it! Yet hated himself for being so turned on!

When they placed their orders, Mike was surprised when Jen ordered a full portion of lasagna and extra garlic bread. Typically she ordered – at most – a half portion, and rarely ate bread (and certainly not bread dripping with butter). He was surprised again when she not only cleaned her plate, but also ate a fattening dessert.

"You're hungry tonight," Mike said. They were alone at the table because Callie had taken Anna to the bathroom.

"Jamal wants me to gain weight," Jen told him.

"What? Why?"

"He says I'm too skinny," Jen said with a shrug. "I guess he likes his girls a little fleshy. I mean, he is a black man. You know what they like. Look at Kim Kardashian."

Mike thought about Kim Kardashian, with her big boobs and bubble butt. He didn't like that look. He much preferred his wife's leggy, petite dancer's body with her tight ass and little high school breasts. To him, her body was already perfect. He didn't want her to change anything.

“That’s not what I like!” he hissed. He was speaking in a low voice, but still, the sudden anger in his voice made a few people look their way.

“Calm down Mike,” Jen whispered soothingly. “It’s just a few pounds.”

“He’s trying to make you look different for him!” Mike angrily said.

Jen looked nervously around the room. “Mike, please, not here,” she urgently whispered. “You know how many girls want Jamal. They’d do anything to get him. If he wants me to gain a few pounds, then is it really that bad?”

“But I’m your husband …,” Mike said, his voice choking off with emotion. He wanted to shout “You should care about how I want you to look, not Jamal or any other man! I’m the only man who matters!”

But how could he say that? He’d already given her away. He’d lost that right. Another man owned her. If not entirely, then at least sexually.

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The next day, Mike was in his office. Under his suit, he was wearing panties.

Panties.

Another lacy thong. This one was red. A red, lacy thong.

Mike couldn’t believe, didn’t understand, how things had evolved to this. He was wearing panties! Once again, he felt his masculinity being stripped away.

Already he felt less sure of himself. Less confident. It was just like last night with Ferdinand.

Today it had been Darryl. That morning, there had been a partner meeting, and the strategic direction of Sapphire was discussed. Sapphire was his, he invented it, he knew the most about it. Sapphire was his! But instead of aggressively arguing for his agenda, he'd let others take the lead, and ultimately the partners decided to go with Darryl's approach, not his.

Why had he been so passive? Why had he let Darryl take control of the meeting? Was it because he was wearing a thong under his slacks? Was it because Darryl was black? Was it because he could imagine Jen being attracted to the black man?

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(I apologize for any typos! I'm trying to post faster.

I enjoy reading about people's stories. Lately I've been reading:

viewtopic.php?f=5&t=56062 (Brandi 's adventures are influencing this story!)
viewtopic.php?f=6&t=49074 (So is Cassie! Wow! Paul is the new Scott!)
viewtopic.php?f=8&t=56757 (so - fucking - hot!)
viewtopic.php?f=13&t=29652 (love this! I cut and paste from this post to youtube!)

I so appreciate OHW!

My personal situation is, I have more time to post now. Hopefully more regular now.

I want to finish this story. There will be a sequel. But first I want to write another story, that I've been thinking about for awhile. It's called "Be Careful What You Wish For." Yeah, I know, original, right?

I think about the "Tiny Dancer" story. I do want to finish it some day. But I don't have inspiration for it now.

In terms of my personal life, the real Jen is kinda open to playing with other men. Can you believe it? This is after me bugging her for years. I think she wants better sex. When I write in my stories that Mike is not quite 4 inches, and thin, I'm accurately describing myself. The real Jen has never -- never -- cum on my cock. Before me, all her boyfriends were bigger than me. Except for one guy, her last BF before me, and he made her cum on his cock! And, he fingered her after we were dating, although the timing is kind of complicated (i.e., not sure if she really cheated on me).

Anyway, now you can see the inspiration for my stories.

But now I'm scared. In many ways, it's easier to write about it than do it in real life. Go figure!

If you want to see what Jen looks like, check out Sapphireswatching's avatar. I forgot I posted it years ago. I think I got scared about being outed, and deleted it, but whatever, I don't care anymore. But it is a picture from a few years ago. It was when we were going to a fashion show in Miami. The real Jen's into that. I don't complain. How can you argue with pretty girls wearing almost nothing and in high heels?

I do enjoy when people PM me. Sorry if I don't answer, but I definitely read everything.

Thanks again for readying my stories!)

Chapter 62

[Saturday]

Callie took Anna to spend the night at one of her friend's apartment. Anna was so excited to have a "big girl" sleep over. Pizza and Netflix, and big girl talk! Anna had been so excited she barely said goodbye to her parents as she left with Callie (who was like her big sister).

That gave them privacy at the loft apartment. Just as Jamal had ordered.

Things didn't start out as Mike expected. He thought Jamal would draw things out, spend a lot of time talking about the rules. But instead, a few minutes after he arrived, Jamal asked Mike "Do you agree?"

Mike told him he did. Jamal gave him a single nod, as if to seal the deal. Then he took Jen into his arms and kissed her.

Very quickly, they were passionately kissing and fondling. It was clear they were hungry for each other. Mike understood, then, why Jamal spent almost no time with the rules. He wanted Jen. And Jen wanted him. It was clear the 2 had a lust for each other.

Mike realized that Jen had been suppressing that lust during the time away from Jamal. Now though, after last weekend in Vegas, all thought of suppressing her desires for Jamal were gone.

Both Jen and Jamal were soon naked, and making out on the sofa. There was an urgency to their kissing and fondling. They were frantic for each other!

Jamal got on top of Jen, holding his cock in his hand, guiding it to her pussy. Jen was up on her elbows, looking down at his manhood. She was breathing hard and her cheeks were flushed, and her pouty lips were slightly parted with excited anticipated. She looked up into Jamal's face and said "I want you inside me."

Jen reached between their bodies. She used both hands to hold his cock (she needed both hands), and she urged him to her lips. She rubbed his

cockhead up and down between her pussy lips. As she did, Jamal reached up and cupped both of her breasts. Her little, perky, high school breasts easily fit into his big black hands. He squeezed her tits and thumbed her nipples, making Jen moaned and breath even harder.

Jamal leaned down and pressed his lips to Jen's, kissing her. She brought her arms up and wrapped them around his neck, kissing him back. Now their kissing was less frantic, and more loving. They were kissing like that, open mouth, their tongues dancing together, when Jamal penetrated her married white pussy with his big black cock.

Jen grunted into Jamal's mouth as he penetrated her body. She pressed her hand on his chest, keeping him for pushing in too fast. Her pussy had tightened up since being with him, and she needed more than just last weekend in Vegas to get used to his size again.

Jamal took his time. He was all about giving pleasure to women. That's why they always came back to him. Why he was in such demand.

There was a time to be rough. And Jamal knew Jen liked it rough. Like the way he gave it to her last week in Vegas, before she left for the airport.

But not now. They had all night together. So Jamal didn't force his way into Jen. He took his time. He slowly eased his cock into her.

As he did, he kissed and fondled her. All girls liked that, and he knew Jen loved kissing even more than most. Jamal took his time, kissing and touching her, as he slowly worked his cock into her pussy.

Jamal always gave more than he took. He always looked to the girl's needs first, before his own. That's why all the girls wanted him. All the white chicks who weren't getting what they needed from their sissy white boy husbands. That's why Jamal was The Bull among bulls.

Jamal knew he would get his. And, in fact, he had already gotten it, with Mike agreeing to his rules. For other bulls, what they wanted was to fuck

other men's women. For Jamal though, that was just the beginning. He wanted to get inside the head of the wife. Into Jen's head. Not just prove to her that he could fuck better than Mike. Jen already knew that, from fucking Scott, and Joe, and whoever else she banged.

Jamal wanted to show Jen that Mike wasn't even a man. That his dick wasn't a cock. It was a sissy white boy pussy. Not worthy of being inside her. When a wife sees her husband's dick as a pussy, what was left of their marriage? They would no longer be husband and wife. They would instead be platonic, sexless roommates.

At that point, Jen would see black men as superior in every way. She would be truly blacked.

Jamal was halfway in Jen when he broke their kiss. Lifting up slightly (but with their faces still almost touching), he whispered "Are you okay?"

"Yes," Jen whispered back. Her beautiful face was contorted as she struggled to take Jamal's size. "It feels so good," she moaned. "I love how you stretch me."

Jamal grinned. "You know I'm only half way in," he told her.

Jen moaned. "I want all of it baby," she gushed. "All of it. Give it to me. Just go slow, so I can get used to you again."

"I will, I'm going slowly," Jamal whispered into her ear as he kissed up her neck. "So, Mike's wearing panties?" They'd texted that week, with Jen giving Jamal updates of her conversations with her husband.

Jen nodded. "A red thong," she said with a grin. "I knew that's where you were going. Right?"

Jamal grinned and nodded. "Yes. Good girl." Jen smiled at her lover's praise.

"He kinda agreed faster than I thought he would," Jen said. "He looks hot though."

"His sissy white boy dick looks good in panties?" Jamal asked with a grin.

"Yeah," Jen said with a giggle.

"You know it's just a boy pussy, right?" Jamal said. "Not worth fucking."

"Don't worry J, his dick isn't getting close to my pussy," Jen said.

Jen's words made Jamal moaned. She heard it, and said "You like when I say that?"

"Oh yeah J," Jamal said lustfully. "That nasty talk really gets me going!"

"It gets me hot too!" Jen said excitedly, her beautiful blue eyes sparkling.

Sitting off to the side, Mike watched. Seeing them together was an immense mix of sights and emotions, like a kaleidoscope of thrills and heartache.

Jamal was a big man, tall and ripped. Jen, in comparison, was tiny, and practically disappeared with Jamal on top of her.

The difference of their skin color was striking. Jamal was jet black, and Jen lily white. The taboo lust of their interracial sex and relationship made Mike's heart beat wildly.

Jamal's cock was huge. About 12 inches in length – a foot! – and a coke can in girth. His cock was porn star quality. Mike had never seen a bigger one.

Jamal's cock was inside Jen. Inside his wife. Mike never tired of seeing that. Another man inside – fucking – his wife. It thrilled and pleasured him more than anything else. Yet it pained him too. And, because of the way

Mike was wired, since he was a cuckold, that pain added to his pleasure. The angst was gasoline of the cuckold fires burning inside him.

What caused even more pain was their intimacy. Watching Jamal kiss his wife hurt even more than watching him fuck her. It was a funny thing, but true. And also watching them whisper to each other, like they were doing now – that hurt too. He couldn't hear what they were saying. Were they saying how good it felt? How much they missed each other? Those sweet nothings broke Mike's heart. And also made his cock hard as steel.

Mike watched as Jamal raised Jen's long beautiful legs to his shoulders. She had dressed up for her black lover. Brushing her long blonde hair to a silky luster. Wearing her makeup heavier, and darker (as Jamal preferred). She wore a sexy dress and matching bra and panty set. The dress, bra and panties were now off her sexy body and on the floor. She was naked now except for thigh high stockings and Christian Louboutin So Kate (the other day, Jen had been delighted when she read that Meghan Markle also wore So Kate).

It was the first time Mike had seen his wife dressed so sexily since last week, before her trip to Vegas. Again, since being a cuckold was his sexual orientation, it turned him on to be denied his wife's body. Now, seeing her under Jamal, her sexy stockinged legs over his shoulders, as he moved his big black cock in and out of her pussy, it thrilled him, it inflamed him.

Mike couldn't resist anymore with the scene playing out in front of him, he needed to touch himself. He unbuttoned and unzipped the pants he was wearing, but he quickly discovered that the girl's skinny jeans he was wearing were too tight to reach the panties – the panties! – he was wearing.

He pushed the jeans down to his knees. Their were made of a stretchy material, so it was almost like rolling them down his legs. Then he pushed his hand into the red thong he was wearing. Many times, Mike had search for internet porn "hand down jeans" and "hand down panties." Never had

he imagined it would be him wearing the panties, and his hand pushing down into his panties.

Mike wrapped his hand around his shaft. It was hard since the panties were tight, much tighter than when he used to wear boxers. It was awkward, but he began stroking himself up and down.

It didn't take long before Jen came. Jamal was pushing deep into her, and rotating his hips and pressing forward. Mike knew – Jen had told him – that Jamal did this to pleasure both her clit and her g-spot. That double stimulating, and also the sensations of feeling so full – and so stretched – it made her cum.

Jen cried out as she came. With her hands around his neck, she pulled him close to her face, crying out his name as she came, "Jamal Jamal Jamal Jamal …," and her pretty toes curled in the black So Kates as the orgasm ripped through her tight body.

Mike came as Jen came. He pumped his cock in sync with how Jamal was pumping her pussy, even though he knew he didn't have the equipment to give his wife the pleasure that she was getting from her black lover.

As Jen came down from her orgasm, with Jamal still deep inside her and lovingly kissing her pretty face, Mike looked down at his crotch. His cock was softening around his fist. The lace of the red thong darkened as it got wet from his sperm.

Mike didn't notice as Jen approached. He was still looking at his softening cock in the red thong when he heard Jen softly say "Mike."

Mike looked up into his wife's face. He saw she was looking down at his crotch, where his eyes had been just a moment before. Jen saw his hand in the panties, and the stained lace. Flushing with embarrassment, he quickly pulled his hand from the panties. But that didn't relieve his embarrassment, as he was still wearing a red thong, and he'd cum in the red thong.

Jen didn't make fun of him though. She said "J and I are going into the bedroom."

Mike's eyes were drawn to his wife's pussy. He hadn't seen it for over a week. Normally her pussy was a short slit with thin lips on either side, pressed together, a shade darker than the surrounding skin. Now the lips were red and puffy, and slightly open. Mike knew that by the time Jamal was done with her tonight, the lips would be gaping open. He shuddered at the thought.

"Has he cum yet?" Mike asked, his voice hoarse.

"Not yet," Jen said. After a moment, she added "He said he wants to be in our bed when he cums."

Her words made Mike shudder again.

"Jen … you're sure he's safe?" Mike whispered. It was Jamal's rule 2 – he had access to her pussy bare, he could cum inside her if he wanted, she'd never ask him to wear protection. But still, they'd been apart and he no doubt had been with other girls.

Jen nodded and said, "He got tested. I got tested too. We showed each other our results."

"When? Just now?"

"No, Mike … this week. We've talked, and texted."

Mike looked up sharply at his wife. It didn't surprise him they'd been talking and texting. But still, it bothered him. It made him jealous.

"So are you coming?" Jen asked. "To watch us?"

"Yes," Mike said. Already his cock was hardening again.

“Jamal wants you to take off your clothes,” Jen told him. “But leave the panties on.”

Mike’s lips parted in surprise.

“Actually he said he wants you always naked when you watch us. But wearing panties.”

“That’s not part of the rules,” Mike objected.

“No, it’s not,” Jen agreed. She moved closer, so now her nyloned leg pressed against his knee. The feeling on the silk stocking against his skin made his head swirl with desire. Then she pressed the stiletto heel of her right foot against his ankle. “He’s being bad,” Jen said with a teasing grin. “I can be bad too. If you’re a good boy.”

Jen dug the heel into his ankle until it hurt. The sharp pain added to Mike’s lust. “Bad how?” Mike asked with a hoarse voice.

“You’ll find out,” Jen promised, the grin still on her pretty face. “So you’ll be a good boy and do what Jamal wants?”

“Okay, yes,” Mike said.

Jen smiled, clearly happy he agreed. She moved away from him. “I should get back to him,” she said. She looked over towards their bedroom. Jamal was waiting for her, standing in the doorway.

For a moment, both Mike and Jen looked at the black man. He stood there, his skin jet black, his arms and legs muscular, his chest ripped, his abs well defined. And between his legs was his hard cock, like a black python, long and thick. He was like a black Adonis.

Mike looked from Jamal to Jen. She’d just cum moments ago. As she looked at her lover though, looked at his magnificent physique, at his cock,

at his masculinity, her passion swelled. Mike saw she had a major cum face on. And he felt like nothing in the presence of the black man, with his slim non-muscular frame, his much smaller penis, and wearing the thong with the string up between his ass and the red lace wet with his own masturbation.

Jen had already forgotten Mike was there. Without saying another word to him, she walked over to Jamal. Getting on her tip toes in the So Kates, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed them. Then Jamal picked her up – making her squeal with delight -- and carried her into the bedroom, like a groom carrying his new bride across the threshold.

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Mike had been sent to get Chinese food. Round 1 of the lovers' fucking was over, with Jen cumming at least one more time, and Jamal shooting his black seed deep inside her white married body. The lovers were hungry now, and Jamal said he wanted some alone time so they could enjoy their after sex bliss. He'd sent Mike out to get food, and Mike had agreed.

Mike was in the girl jeans again, with fresh panties underneath. He wore one of the tight fitted shirts Jen had bought him. His head was spinning, both from watching their sex, and also the thong between his ass cheeks (it was like a constant wedgie), and the tightness of his jeans and shirt.

When he got back with the bags of Chinese food, Jamal and Jen were on the sofa, watching a movie on Netflix. They were naked, except Jamal was in boxers, and Jen was wearing his shirt. His arm was around her, and she was snuggled into him. Her hand was on his chest, her fingertips following the ridges of his pecs, slowly caressing him. Jamal was playing with her blonde hair. They looked like more than lovers. They looked like a couple in love, their hands absentmindedly on each other as they watched a movie.

Mike moved into the kitchen. He put the bags on the table and then gripped the edge of the sink. He was so jealous, his heart was breaking, yet he was so incredibly turned on. He didn't know if he could make it

through the night. Yet, he didn't want the night to end. Such was the life of a cuckold husband.

Jen walked into the kitchen a few moments later. "You got the hot mustard, right? And the duck sauce?" she asked. "Jamal likes it with the egg rolls."

"Yes I got the fucking hot mustard and duck sauce," Mike angrily hissed.

Jen frowned at her husband. She asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"It's just …," Mike sputtered. "You know I hate it when you wear another guy's shirt. I hate it. It drives me crazy. It really hurts me."

Jen didn't answer at once, like she was counting to 10 to give Mike time to calm down. "I was cold," she said with a reasonable voice. "His shirt was right there. I couldn't exactly wear your shirt."

"Why not?" Mike demanded.

"Because your shirt is almost my size," she said.

Mike's eyes got wide. "You picked out my shirts!" he said.

"I know Mike," she said soothingly, rubbing his arm. "And you look awesome in it. I'm just saying, when you're lounging around, you want something comfortable. You get that, right? Jamal's shirt is big. It's comfortable. Yours is small. It's not like I was picking him over you. If it bothers you, I'll take it off."

Mike forced himself to calm down. "No, don't," he said. "I don't want you to be cold."

Jen smiled at her husband, and rubbed his arm again. Then she made a plate for herself, and for Jamal. She didn't offer to make Mike's plate. Mike noticed she piled about twice the normal amount of food on her plate.

Jamal seemed pleased when he saw the large portions on Jen's plate. Jen ate it all, even though Mike could tell that halfway she wasn't hungry any more (just like the other day at the French bistro).

"What do you think Mike?" Jamal said, looking approvingly at Jen as she finished the last of the Chinese food on her plate. "Pretty soon, Jen'll have a sexy bubble butt."

Mike frowned. His wife was petite. She was a size 2, and in some clothes a size 0. She was barely over 100 pounds. Even a few pounds would really show on her.

Jamal seemed to read Mike's thoughts. "Don't you worry Mike, I'd never let Jen get fat," he said. He reached over to his bag and pulled out a bottle. It looked like vitamins you'd get from the drug store. The bottle said "Bubble Butt Enhancement."

Jamal handed the bottle to Jen. Mike moved closer so they could both read. The bottle said: "Power packed pill that will help you get that perfectly rounded butt. Made of natural ingredients. Perfect for high caloric diets. This supplement redistributes those calories around your hips to give you the right contour and shape. Ladies, here's your chance! Get a sexy bubble butt just like Kim Kardashian!"

Mike glared at Jamal after reading the bottle. "We're thinking about having a baby in 3 months!" he hissed. "She's not putting those pills in her body!"

"Calm down Mike," Jamal said in a hard, firm voice. "You need to stay in your lane. You think I'd put Jen at risk? Read the bottle, it says natural ingredients. And it'll be safer for her when she's pregnant. She's too thin now. Just ask a doctor."

Mike was about to respond but Jen stopped him with a soft hand to his chest. "I'll go see my doctor about it, okay?" she said diplomatically. "I won't take it unless she says it's safe."

Soon after, it was round 2 for the lovers. Again Jamal fucked her in their bedroom. In their marital bed. Mike was sure the black man was sending him a message.

It was exciting – beyond exciting – but there was only so much Mike's libido (and his heart) could take before he needed a break. The plan was Jamal was sleep over. Jen was going to sleep with him, and Mike would sleep in the guest room. As Jamal continued to pound his wife, Mike went to the guest room to sooth his nerves.

It was little respite though, because he could hear their fucking. It was clear Jen loved fucking Jamal. She loved it. Mike had seen his wife with many men, but he had never seen her have such a sexual connection with any man. Not Cam, not Blake, not even Scott.

It worried him. The only thing that calmed him was the fact that this would only last 3 months. Then it would just be the 2 of them again. Maybe – probably – they would play the game again, maybe she might go back to Jamal, but at least he'd have some alone time with her, they'd have intercourse again, it would be just the 2 of them, and when they went back to playing the game, it would be with his baby in her stomach.

After a while, Jen came into the guest room. She closed the door behind her. She was naked except for the So Kate heels. "Do you want me to take the heels off, or leave them on?" she asked.

"Leave them on," Mike said immediately. Jen smiled slightly and got onto the bed with her husband. He was naked except for panties. They were a lacy black thong.

He was hard in the lace. Jen put her hand over his erection. "Have you cum again?" she asked.

Mike shook his head no. "I've been kind of edging myself," he said. "When I cum, you know, sometimes it hits me."

"But I'm here with you," Jen said.

"You are now," Mike said. "But when you're with him, you're with him."

Jen nodded. Mike was afraid she was feeling guilty, so he quickly added "It's okay. I want this. I want you to be with him. I want you to be his girlfriend."

Jen smiled at him. She said, "Well, I'm here now." Then she kissed him. She ran her hands up and down his body. "You can't touch me," she said, referring to rule 6. "But I can touch you."

Mike moaned into Jen's mouth as they kissed and she fondled him. He tried to move to be on top of her. He wanted to press his body against her naked body, press his cock (even in the panties) against her naked pussy. Jen knew what he was doing. She shifted on the bed so they remained side-by-side. She said "My body belongs to Jamal, Mike. My pussy belongs to him."

Mike groaned at her words. They destroyed him, yet thrilled him too. Jen moved her leg on top of Mike's. She dug the stiletto of her high heel into his calf, as she'd done earlier. "You like this baby?" she asked. "I told you I'd be good to you."

"Yes!" Mike hissed lustfully. He loved the feel of the soft leather sliding over his skin, and the sharp pain of the stiletto digging into his calf. He loved it! Still, this is what she talked about earlier? This is what he got?

Not knowing what Mike was thinking about, Jen ran a hand down Mike's chest, and reached into the panties. She wrapped her hand around his hard cock and began slowly stroking him. She said, "I'll make you cum, but then I've got to get back to Jamal."

Mike stared at his wife. This was his reward from earlier? It was clear she wanted to take care of him quickly so she could get back to the man she

really wanted to be with. Her body craved Jamal, not him. Again, her words both destroyed and thrilled him.

"You said you've been texting him?" he asked.

"Yes."

"A lot?"

"I don't know what a lot is," Jen said. With a teasing smile, she said "I guess as much as a girlfriend texts her boyfriend." Even though she said it as a joke, Mike groaned with cuckold lust. The thought of them as a romantic couple, not just fuck buddies, turned him on beyond belief.

"Are you really going to make your butt bigger for him? Even though I like you as you are?"

"I told you Mike," Jen told her husband. "If I have to gain a few pounds to keep him, then what's the harm?"

"The harm is, I like your ass just as it is," Mike said sourly. "I don't like the Kim Kardashian look."

"Mike …," Jen said. "It's not like he's asking me to dye my hair black."

"What if he does?" Mike said, panic and anxiety in his voice. "What if he wants you to get bigger tits? Would you do that for him too?"

"I know you'd hate that," Jen said with a grin. She made it sound like a joke to ease his anxiety. "You love my little – what do you call them? My little high school breasts."

Mike ignored her attempt at levity. "Would you get bigger tits if he asked you?" he pressed.

Jen continued to stroke Mike's cock. Then she reached down and pulled the thong to the side, freeing his cock. Now she was able to stroke him easier.

Mike was breathing hard. It felt wonderful, and he was nearing an orgasm. But he still wanted Jen to answer his question. "Would you get bigger tits for Jamal?" he asked again. "Why won't you answer me?"

Jen hesitated, like she was collecting her thoughts. Then she said "I'm playing the game hard. Just like you said. But that means I don't always know about things. Ahead of time I mean, I don't know. I mean, it's like, if I'm dating a guy and I really like him, and my mom said 'would you do X if he asks you,' and maybe X is something I wouldn't normally do. But if I like the guy, if I'm really crushing on him, maybe I would do it for him. Do you see?"

"So you're saying, you would get bigger tits if Jamal asked you?"

"No Mike, I'm not saying that," Jen said with exasperation. "I'm saying, I don't know what I'd do."

Mike stared at his wife. He didn't say anything. He didn't know what to say.

"Are you almost there?" she asked. "I have to get back to him."

Once again, Mike was destroyed by her words.

After a moment, he said "Tell me something sexy."

"Like …?"

"How many times has he cum so far?" Mike asked.

"Twice."

"Inside you?"

"Yeah."

"So you're full of him?"

"Yeah. But …"

"But what?" Mike asked.

Jen smiled sheepishly and said "I want him again already. I guess I'm in super slutty nympho mode now. I can't get enough sex. The more I get, the more I want."

"Do you look at me for that, at all?" Mike asked. "I mean, if there weren't his rules, and between hookups with other men. Do you see me that way at all anymore? Sexually?"

"Why do you always ask that?"

"I just like hearing you say it," Mike said. "Like, when I asked if he's bigger than me. I know he is. I just like hearing you say it."

"I don't wanna hurt you," Jen said. "I don't want to make you cum, and then get you depressed."

"Please just tell me," Mike implored. "This is what I get from the game. If I ask a question, you have to tell me. You have to be honest. Do you see me at all sexually anymore?"

Jen hesitated. Then said "No."

Mike moaned at her words.

"Does it make it worse, because I'm wearing panties?" he asked. "Is it harder to see me as a man?"

"I guess …," Jen began. She was being careful with her words. She knew he got this way when he was really horny. When he was in major cuck space. But she didn't want to hurt him either.

"I guess I'd say," she said. "There's a big difference between you and Jamal. And when I see you in panties, like now, the difference seems bigger."

Mike's eyes got bigger at his wife's words. Then he came.

After he came down from his orgasm, Jen cleaned him up with a towel. She was about to go but Mike pulled her to him. "Let me just hold you for a minute," he said. With his lust temporarily sated, he needed to feel connected to his wife. He needed to fill his Jen Meter.

After about a minute, he let her go. "Okay," he said. "I know you want to get back to him."

Jen gave him a smile. She got up and slipped her pretty feet back into the shiny black So Kate heels. At some point they'd fallen off.

She turned to leave, but Mike grabbed her hand. He said earnestly "You're not a slut. You're perfect. I love you so much. I adore you."

Jen smiled at her husband. She leaned down and kissed him. "I love you too baby," she said. "I know how lucky I am that you're my husband."

Then moments later, she was gone, leaving Mike alone in the guest room.

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"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Mike asked for the umpteenth time.

"We're just going to a bar," Jen said as she finished dressing.

"We're going to Scott's bar," Mike reminded her. "People you know – people you work with – might be there."

"Scott already knows about Jamal," Jen said.

"I'm talking about everyone else," Mike said.

Jen finished dressing by stepping into her high heels. Tonight she was wearing Jimmy Choo sling backs. They were black, the same color as her dress. That was common in NYC. Everyone wore black, especially when clubbing.

Jen moved to Mike and put a calming hand on his chest. "It's okay Mike," she said reassuringly. "Jamal will be discreet. If people we know are there, they'll see us together. Me and you, not me with Jamal."

"But you won't be with me," Mike said. "You'll be with him. I'm just a tag along. A prop so you can go on a date with Jamal at Scott's bar."

Jen looked at her husband. Often she couldn't tell if he said things because it turned him on – because cuckold angst was part of it for him -- or because he really was upset. "You're way more than that, Mike," she said. "You know that." She smiled at him, and gave him a soft kiss. Unlike with Jamal, she didn't have to get on her tip toes to kiss him. In the high heels, she was actually a little taller than Mike.

They were about 6 weeks into the 3 month affair. That's what Mike called it, Jen's "affair" with Jamal. Jen saw Jamal 2-4 times a week. Usually 4 times, but sometimes 3 or even as little as 2 times, depending on their plans with Anna. But they both tried to see each other as much as they could. Their sex was as hot as ever, and their feelings for each other seemed to be growing. They were both infatuated with each other. Their time apart, before they reconnected in Vegas, only seemed to intensify their desire and feelings for each other.

Jen wasn't living with Jamal during her days with him. Usually she still slept with Mike in the loft apartment. But sometimes she did sleep with Jamal, especially in those weeks when she only saw him 2 or 3 times.

Their time together wasn't just sex. It always involved sex, usually more than once. But it also included time together and romance. Dates. Sometimes it was dinner at home and Netflix. Other times it was museums and restaurants and the theater. When Mike asked (and he asked often), Jen said she wasn't in love with Jamal. But she was definitely in like with him.

Jen had to be careful being seen in public with Jamal, of course. It would be scandalous to their marriage if people they knew saw her out with any man, especially a black man, given her history and what happened with Scott. Jen was careful at first, insisting that they go to places she knew her friends and co-workers would never go to, going mostly to places in Brooklyn or outside the City on their dates. But then as time went by and disasters didn't happen, she wasn't as careful. Not lax, just not as careful. Nowadays they were in Manhattan as much as Brooklyn. In fact, they were probably in Manhattan more, as that's where they both lived and worked.

This worried Mike, but also excited him. The risk of people they knew seeing Jen out with Jamal, thinking she was having an affair with a black man – that thrilled him.

Mike felt that way about going to Scott's bar. The risk worried him, but excited him too. What bothered him was really other things. First, they were going to Scott's bar. Mike hadn't seen Scott since he and Jen remarried, over 3 years ago.

Second, Allie and Joe were going to be there. They were going there together, on a date. That's what tonight was about, a double date, Jen with Jamal, and Allie with Joe, at Scott's bar. Mike was queasy with the thought of it all. But at the same time, he wanted to be there. He wouldn't miss it for anything.

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Chapter 63

Scott's bar was in West Village. It was called Slowly Shirley. Mike wondered where the name came from, but he wasn't going to ask of course. Mike hated Scott. He'd given Scott the most precious gift he had, his wife. He had shared his wife with Scott. And Scott had betrayed his trust by stealing her away from him.

But time had passed. Jen was his again. Mike still hated Scott. Yet, the cuckold inside of him would love it if Jen told him she wanted to fuck Scott again. His hated rival taking what was his, having his way with this wife's body. It would be Blake times 100. Mike would love it.

It terrified him too. He almost lost Jen to Scott before. Why would he ever take that risk again? But the risk of losing your wife is part of the cuckold fantasy, at least for Mike. Because of what happened in the past, Scott was the epitome of that fantasy. Jen always said she had no interest in Scott. That whatever infatuation she had with him in the past was long over. That bubble had burst years ago.

But Mike had always wondered if she was telling the truth. Jen had had an amazing connection with Scott, both physically and emotionally, rivaling what she had now with Jamal. Had it been so easy for her to abruptly end that connection? To go cold turkey with Scott?

Mike wondered sometimes whether Jen's relationship Scott had continued, as they were getting back together. They were both fragile then. It would make sense for Jen to seek Scott's emotional support. And physical pleasure too. Had Jen slipped up once or twice, as part of weening off Scott's wonderful sexual skills and moving back to Mike's not so wonderful performance in bed?

A few times, Mike had asked his wife – gently asked her – and every time Jen said no. Nothing ever happened with Scott, after they'd gotten back together. That's what she said every time. But sometimes, Mike would look

at their beautiful, athletic daughter – her beauty and athleticism easily surpassing his ordinary looks, and his ordinary physical skills – and he wondered … Scott was handsome, and athletic. It made Mike wonder.

But that's not what Mike was focused on tonight. Not as the 5 of them walked into Slowly Shirley. Scott had put them on the list, so they didn't have to wait in the long line. Allie walked in with Joe, holding his hand. Jen wasn't holding Jamal's hand. But she wasn't holding Mike's either. She walked in between her lover and her husband, and if anything, she walked closer to Jamal than Mike.

Scott reserved a corner table for them. It was in a dark corner, so they were free to do as they wanted, without being seen by the crowd. Jen sat close to Jamal, so close their legs almost touched, and under the table they held hands. Mike sat on the other side of Jen. An onlooker would probably not be able to tell who she was with. In Mike's favor, he was white, like Jen, whereas Jamal was black. And Mike and Jen wore wedding rings, and Jamal did not. But Jen was sitting much closer to Jamal, and paying more attention to him than Mike. And interracial couples were getting to be more common, especially New York City.

Allie and Joe sat across from them. They didn't seem to notice the dynamic playing out in front of them. They were too much into each other. It bothered Mike, his younger brother dating Allie. He was jealous. It's not like he wanted Allie for himself. But he didn't want her to date his brother.

At the same time, it was arousing to see Joe and Allie flirting, and sitting so close together. Mike couldn't see Joe's hands. He wondered if he was touching her under the table, touching Allie's legs. Allie had nice legs. Not as nice as Jen's, but definitely nice. Tonight, like Jen, Allie had worn stockings. Mike didn't know if they were thigh highs or pantyhose, but he was a lover of all the variations. He got hot at the idea of his brother caressing Allie's stockinged legs under the table.

Mike heard Jamal ask "So Mike. How's abstinence working for you?"

Mike flushed. He couldn't believe Jamal was talking this way in front of Joe and Allie! "None of your business!" he snapped with a glare at the black man.

Jamal chuckled at Mike's response. "I suppose it's not sexual abstinence, not really," he said with a grin. "That is, if you call Jen's hand sex. Or feet." Jamal laughed.

Mike's cheeks got even redder. But he didn't say anything. What could he say?

"Exactly how long has it been since you've had sex?" Jamal continued, taunting Mike. "I mean, real sex. Intercourse. Do you even remember what Jen's pussy feels like? Not that it's the same anymore. Not after being with me. Your little white boy dick won't feel the same in her anymore. Sorry Mike but it's true."

The entire table was silent. Mike was fuming inside. He had never felt so humiliated. He looked to Jen for support. She wasn't smiling or laughing at what Jamal said. Her eyes were down at her feet. But she didn't move away from Jamal. In fact, if anything, she was sitting even closer to him, their bodies practically touching.

Mike felt so betrayed by his wife!

"I need some air," Mike said angrily. He pushed from the table and stormed towards the exit.

Only then did Jen look up after her husband. She looked worried. But she didn't follow after him. She stayed sitting next to Jamal.

Joe glared at Jamal. "Why'd you do that?" he snapped. "Why'd you say those things? What the fuck Jamal!"

"I thought you don't like Mike," Jamal said to him.

“He’s my fucking brother, man!” Joe said back, glaring at the black man.

Jamal shrugged like he didn’t care.

Allie and Jen were looking at each other, silently communicating the way best friends do. Then Allie got up. “I’ll go check on bubble boy,” she said. “I’ll make sure he doesn’t jump in front of a bus or something.” Jen gave her best friend a grateful look.

Jamal looked over at the bar like he hadn’t heard a word. “There’s Scott,” he said. He got up and said to Jen, “Let’s go pay our respects.”

Without saying a word, Jen got up, obeying Jamal. She moved close to him. She didn’t take his hand or arm, but she stood so close to him you’d think they were a couple.

“Joey, come with us,” Jen said. “We need new drinks anyways.”

Joe was frowning at the table. He was regretting being here. He hated his brother’s demented lifestyle. He hated the fact his sister-in-law – who he revered – was stepping outside her marriage and dating a black man (even though he was friends with that black man). The only reason he came was to see Allie again. And now, she wasn’t even here.

“I should stay, to keep the table,” Joe said sourly. He actually liked being around Jen. Love it in fact. But not when she was with Jamal.

“There’s a freaking Reserved sign on the table,” Jen said with playful sarcasm. With a grin she held out her hand and said “Come on. Come with us and get another drink.”

Joe couldn’t resist his SIL when she smiled at him that way. He gave her a lopsided grin and stood up. He took her offered hand, and they walked that way to the bar, with Jamal walking next to Jen and standing very close to her. Jen was essentially sandwiched between the two men.

It was acceptable for Jen to hold Joe's hand, since he was her brother-in-law. Of course, if the people in the bar knew their history, they might think differently. In fact, as they walked the short distance to the bar, Jen subtlety caressed Joe's palm. First she ran the soft pads of her fingertips across his palm. Then, when they got to the bar, before letting his hand go, she sexily scraped her manicured fingernails across his palm. When she finally let his hand go, she grinned at him.

Their brief exchange left Joe's heart beating wildly. He was hard in his pants. As he tried to regroup, he saw Scott walking over towards them.

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Allie found Mike leaning against the brick wall in the alley behind the bar. "I don't feel like being around people," Mike said when he saw her approach.

"Mike, don't be a baby," Allie said dismissively. She leaned on the wall next to him.

"You wanna share one?" she asked, producing a joint from her pocket.

Mike looked at the joint. He didn't like drugs, but he could use something to calm his nerves. He nodded, and Allie lit the joint. She took a hit then handed the joint to Mike. He took a hit, and he gave it back to her. They went back and forth that way until the joint was gone.

"So let me guess," Allie said. They were both more relaxed now. "You're more mad at Jen than Jamal."

"Why'd he say that in front of you and Joe?" Mike spat out.

"I have no idea," Allie said with a shrug.

Mike frowned at the black pavement for long moments. Then he said "Yes, I'm pissed at Jen."

"Because she didn't defend you," Allie said.

"Yes."

"And I'm here trying to make you feel better, not her. You think she should be here, not me."

"Yes," Mike said again.

"Mike …," Allie began, his name coming out like a sigh. "And by the way, I know everything that's going on. You know Jen and I tell each other everything. So as a person who knows everything, let me ask you this. What's she supposed to do? The two of you are playing this game. And in the game, she's Jamal's girlfriend, and you're … I don't know, you're her best friend, but you get some on the side, so you're like a FWB. So think about it. Think about when you were dating Jen. Say you went out with one of her guy friends, you know, the guys she calls her buds. If you got into an argument with her bud, would you want her to stay with you, or go running after her bud? Honestly Mike, what would you want her to do?"

Mike stared at Allie, processing her words. Then he said "I'm more than a bud. I'm her husband."

"I get it Mike," Allie said. "But do you know she's worried about Jamal dumping her? All the girls want him. Black and white girls. Jen knows this because she sees it when they go to those black parties. The black girls are pissed he dates white girls, and the other white wives want to trade up from their black boyfriends. So it's like high school again Mike. Jen's doing what she has to do to keep the football quarterback. Jamal's the new Colin."

"Let me ask you something," Mike said. "Would you fuck Jamal?"

Allie laughed and rolled her eyes, as if saying "are you serious?"

"Mike," she said. "Of course I'd fuck Jamal. Any girl would fuck Jamal."

Mike felt like the wind had been punched out of him. He had lost. He couldn't compete with the black man.

"So where does that leave me?" Mike asked.

"That leaves you as Jen's husband. The father of her daughter. And Jen knows you'll never leave her. So she can go all in with Jamal, and when it ends, she knows she has you. That might sound unfair, but that's how your game works, right?"

"The game," Mike said gloomily. "Sometimes it feels like real life. I get the two confused."

"Exactly," Allie said.

Mike looked at Allie. "What?" he asked.

"You guys play this game for real. Right?" Allie said. "You want it to feel real. Have you thought about, what's the line between feeling real, and being real?"

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying, Jen's in love with Jamal," Allie told him.

They were silent for long moments. Then Allie said "But you knew that, right? That's what you want."

Mike was still silent. Then in a low voice, he said "She says she's in like with him."

Allie shrugged. "There's all kinds of love Mike," she said sagely. "With Jamal, it's an exciting love. Like she had with Scott."

Mike was silent again. Then he said "She left me for Scott."

Allie shook her head. "She's not going to leave you Mike," she said. "She's been there, done that. She's not stupid. Jamal can't give her what you give her."

"What do I give her?" Mike said with a bitter laugh. "You know these are girl jeans. You know I'm wearing girl panties. I haven't had intercourse with my wife for almost 2 months. I haven't made her cum – she hasn't let me make her cum, or even touch her – for 2 months. What the fuck do I give her?"

Allie looked disbelieving at Mike. "Are you serious?" she scoffed. "You seriously do not get it?"

Mike stared at Allie again, trying to process everything. The pot didn't help. His brain was fuzzy.

"Listen, I need to get back to Joe," Allie said, pushing off the brick wall and moving back to the bar's entrance.

"Alright," Mike said.

Allie stopped in her tracks. "Alright what?" she asked.

"What?"

"Something in your voice, the way you said alright," Allie said. "Alright what?"

Mike hesitated a few moments. Then he said "I just don't like the idea you're going with my brother."

"I'm not going with him," Allie said with a grin. "I'm just fucking him."

Mike winced painfully at her joke. Allie saw it and said "Wow, you really don't like me with Joe."

"It's just …," Mike sputtered. "We've known each other a long time, we're friends --."

"Yes, we are," Allie agreed. She looked into his eyes as she said, "And you're married to my best friend."

"Yes," Mike agreed. "That doesn't mean I like you dating my brother."

Allie looked at Mike for a long time, like she was trying to read his mind, to look into his soul. Then she smiled at him. "You know bubble boy," she said. "That's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me." She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Then she went back into the bar to find Joe.

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Jamal was talking with Scott, so Jen had a moment alone with Joe.

"I don't get you and Mike," Joe scoffed.

Jen gave him a sarcastic laugh. "You weren't complaining about our lifestyle when you were fucking me."

"Okay, yeah, I get it," Joe said looking sheepish. "But I never demeaned Mike."

"Seriously?" Jen said skeptically. Again Joe looked sheepish. They both knew he had done exactly that.

"Listen Joey," Jen said. "You have to understand something. Mike likes it. He hates it, but he likes it. He loves it actually. That's why he does it. That's why we're here. All of us, at Scott's bar. He could have said, I'm not going, or he could have said, I don't want you guys going on a double date, or let's go someplace else. But he didn't. You know how smart Mike

is. He knew something was going to happen tonight. He didn't know what, but he knew something was going to happen. But he came anyways. What does that tell you?"

"I have no clue," Joe said with a shrug. He shrugged to make it appear he didn't care. But actually he was hanging on every one of Jen's words.

"Mike gets off on humiliation," Jen told him. "I know it's crazy, but that's how he is. He wants to be hurt. He wants to be a martyr. If I'd yelled at Jamal, defended Mike, or gone after him, it would've ruined it for him."

"So you're doing all this for him," Joe said, skepticism in his voice.

"No Joey. I'm doing it for me. I'm getting what I want. I'm just trying to make sure Mike gets what he wants too."

"So this is all an act," Joe said. "You're pretending."

"It's not an act. This is real," Jen said. "I'm with Jamal because I want to be. I fucked you before because I wanted to. The same with Scott, the same with all the men I've been with. I like variety. I like being in new relationships. They're exciting. You know? Discovering what someone else is about, and letting him into what you're about. That's all so much fun. It makes life exciting."

"And what was that shit Jamal said to Mike?" Joe asked. "Why'd he say those things?"

Jen shrugged like she didn't know. "I've been with Jamal for about 6 weeks now," she said. "Ever since Vegas. And he's gotten rougher with Mike." She quickly added, "It's what Mike wants though. I told you. He gets off on it."

"So Jamal said those things to get Mike off?" Joe asked.

Jen shook her head. "No," she said with a laugh. "Jamal likes putting Mike down. Especially in front of me. That gets him off."

“This is all fucking crazy,” Joe said with a dismissive shake of his head.

“Don’t judge Jamal, Joey,” Jen said.

“You’re really taking Jamal’s side, over your husband’s?” Joe asked incredulously.

Jen narrowed her eyes at him. “I remember when we were doing it, and you always asked me if you were better in bed than Mike,” she said. “And I remember you asking me why I still even had sex with Mike anymore. That’s how all guys are. All guys are alpha when it comes to their girls. Jamal just does it different than you.”

“So what about Mike?”

“Mike isn’t alpha,” Jen said simply. She shrugged and said “I guess that tells you why I’m having sex with Jamal and not Mike. Why I DID like sex better with you than him. I don’t mind saying it. And I’m not guilty about it. Not anymore. I’m honest with Mike. He knows everything. He knows I think you’re better in bed than him. He loves it. He hates it, but loves it. It excites him.”

Joe stared at Jen. She had just told him a lot. He had to process it all.

“So, you have plans with Allie?” Jen asked, changing the subject.

“After here, I’m taking her back to my place,” Joe said. He saw something in Jen’s face and asked “What?”

Jen hesitated a few moments. Then she shrugged, as if saying to herself “I might as well tell him.” She said to Joe, “I guess I’ll admit to you that I don’t like the idea of you going out with Allie.”

Joe frown at her. He said, “I thought you set us up.”

"I did but … I'm just telling you how I feel."

Joe laughed. He said, "So you're married to my brother. And you're dating a black man. Which, all stop, is very fucked up. And now --."

Jen interrupted him and said, "And you're my brother-in-law, and we fucked lots of times, which all stop, is really fucked up too." They both laughed.

"I don't know Joey," Jen said, getting serious again. "I'm just telling you how I feel."

Joey looked at his beautiful, sexy sister-in-law, the girl he'd admired since the moment he met her, processing all she'd said. Then he moved close, so his crotch pressed against her front. He was half hard from talking to her, and getting harder. "I'll dump Allie," he said, putting his hand on Jen's ass. "Fuck Jamal. Fuck Mike. Let's you and me go to my apartment."

"Joey, I'm telling you this because I love you," Jen said. "You need to take your hand off my ass. Because if Jamal sees you, he'll kick your ass. And I won't stop him."

Joe's eyes went wide. He pulled his hand back. He glared at her. "You're just dicking with me," he said harshly.

"I'm not," Jen protested. "I'm just telling you how I feel. Okay? I'm jealous of you with Allie. Okay? But I'm with Jamal."

"That is so fucked up," Joe scoffed. "How can you be married but be with another man?"

"I don't understand why you don't get it," Jen said back. "You of all people. How many times were we together? And you just said, fuck Mike, fuck Jamal, and let's go to your apartment. How do you not get what I do? Why are you always judging me?"

"Why do you care?" Joe snapped, glaring at Jen.

"Because you're my freaking brother-in-law and what you think matters to me!" Jen snapped back.

They glared at each other for long moments. Then Allie approached. She detected the tension immediately. But being Allie, she joked "Hey kids. Are we having fun yet?"

Jen turned her glare to her best friend. Then she said, "Whatever. I need a freaking drink."

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Mike followed Allie back into the bar a few minutes later. He scanned the crowded bar for his wife. Their table was empty. Then he saw her at the bar.

Jen was moving away from Joe and Allie. It looked like she was trying to get the bartender's attention. The crowd at the bar was at least 4 deep. But as she approached, the men there parted. It was like Moses parting the Red Sea. But Jen's power wasn't over the elements. Her super power was over men.

It's hard to describe how hot she looked. She wore a black bustier that left her shoulders and arms bare. The bustier tied in the back with black crisscrossing strings, that were tied tight. But the bustier was not made to be completely closed, so an one inch swatch of her soft, beautiful skin was exposed her ass to the middle of her shoulders. From that exposed skin, it was apparent to everyone she wore no bra, not even a strapless bra.

In the front, the bustier pushed up her tits, so a soft swell of the top of her breasts was exposed. Jen had small breasts, but she always seemed to know how to dress so as to take full advantage of her charms, and make men's eyes bulge out and their mouths water when they looked at her.

Jen was wearing a black leather mini-skirt. The skirt was low on her hips, so bare skin peaked out between the waist and the bottom of the bustier. The skirt was scandalously short, exposing most of her wonderful, shapely legs, that were encased in black stockings. On her feet, she wore the black Jimmy Choo pumps.

Jen had her long blonde hair up, so as to allow the bustier to show off her bare shoulders and elegant neck. Her makeup was heavy with dark tones, the way Jamal liked it.

The way Jamal liked it. Mike's throat was dry at the thought.

Jen's back was to him, as she ordered a drink from the bartender. His eyes focused on her ass.

The mini-skirt was new. Jen had just bought it. She was buying a lot of new skirts lately, and new dresses and skinny jeans. Her old ones weren't fitting as well, they were too tight.

Jen had gained weight. Her stomach wasn't quite as tight as before, and she'd gained weight in her thighs. Most of the weight had gone to her hips and ass. The supplements Jamal had given her were working. Also, she was working with a trainer who worked with girls who wanted a bubble butt. So now, Jen had added more bridges and thrusts to her daily exercise routine, and those exercises were working too.

Jen was getting a bubble butt. She had a bubble butt, and was trying to make it bigger. And she was doing it for Jamal.

Other men were appreciating Jen's new curves too. Mike could tell from the way the men around her at the bar where checking her out. Jen had told Mike she liked her new curves too. If it meant her stomach wasn't as firm, and her thighs weren't as slim, it was still worth it, she told him.

Mike had told his wife that he liked how she looked before. How she'd looked all their relationship. Her slim tight body, her firm tummy, her long

shapely toned legs. He liked her looking like a dancer, an elegant ballerina. He said she looked beautiful and sexy now (she did), but as her husband, he preferred her the way she used to be.

But Jen said she wasn't going back to that look. She wasn't mean about it, but she told Mike it was her body (which was true of course). She liked her new curves. And she liked the attention she was getting from men, even more than before. Especially black men. Especially Jamal. Jamal couldn't keep his hands off her, even more than before. Jen loved that.

For some reason, as Mike looked at her, he focused on Jen's thigh gap. He had always thought her thigh gap was so sexy. It was a testament to her slim figure -- slim shapely "high school" legs to go with her high school breasts.

But with gaining weight in her thighs, that thigh gap had shrunk. Maybe no one in the world besides Mike could detect the change. But he could. He wondered if her thigh gap would eventually go away completely, as she continued to gain weight and sculpt her body to add more curves. As she worked to have a bubble butt, because that's how Jamal and other black men liked their girls to look. The sense of loss that Mike felt was excruciating.

Jen didn't seem to care how Mike felt. Or maybe she cared, but she was too caught up in her relationship with Jamal to do anything about it.

In fact, just that morning, she told him she loved how her new ass looked in thongs. She mentioned that Jamal was talking about a weekend getaway to some place in the Caribbean. She was excited about a weekend in the sun with her black lover, and was already shopping for new bikinis. When Mike looked at her shopping carts of the online stores, all the bikinis she'd picked out had thong bottoms. Was Jen really planning to wear such revealing bathing suits in front of Anna? Or was she planning to leave their daughter (and him) for a weekend on a vacay with her black boyfriend?

Mike felt he knew the answer. Because, after talking to Allie, he knew that his wife loved another man. She loved Jamal.

Mike felt like he couldn't breathe. Like there was a big hand inside his chest, clamped around his heart. Sometimes the jealousy, the regret, the sense of loss, the angst, they were just too much. He wondered why he came tonight. He should've stayed home. Yet, he couldn't take his eyes off his wife. His cock was so fucking hard. He felt like, if Jen flicked a finger tip across his crotch, he'd explore inside his pants.

Mike moved towards the bar. Towards Jen. The opening in the crowd that she had created had not completely closed. He was able to get close enough to hear what she said. Almost close enough to smell her perfume, and the vanilla-strawberry scent of her shampoo.

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"So what are you having?" the bartender asked Jen.

"Dirty martini," Jen said. "Extra dirty. Up, with olives please."

"You got it," the bartender said, his eyes moving from Jen's beautiful face to the swell of her cleavage in the bustier. "Any particular vodka?"

Jen looked past the bartender at the bottles lining the mirrored wall. She said "Can I have Belvedere?"

"Of course you can," the bartender said with a smile. Now his eyes were on her lips. The brownish red lipstick gave them a sexy wet look. Brownish red was the new thing in New York, the new urban chic. And Jamal preferred darker tones – he liked his snow bunny looking a little black. A white girl trying to look black. It got Jamal's dick hard.

The bartender kept his eyes on Jen the entire time while mixing her drink, checking her out. But he was a white boy. She wasn't interested in him. He

was handsome and fit, but too much of a pretty boy. In the past Jen might have been attracted to him. But not now.

The man next to her, though … He was tall and broad shouldered. Well dressed, but rough looking. Jen liked them rough. She liked her men to be a little uncivilized. Maybe even a lot uncivilized.

And the man had big hands. Jen always looked at the size of a man's hands.

And very black.

"I got that," the black man said, tossing a fifty onto the bar.

"You don't have to do that," Jen said. "I'm with someone. I think he opened a tab."

"Well, you can use the tab for the next one," the black man said. He looked at the bartender and said "Keep it." The bartender shrugged and took the fifty. A twenty dollar tip on top of a thirty buck drink was pretty good (yes, cocktails in NYC are expensive). He gave Jen another long look, then regretfully moved on to the next customer. He was hoping to get laid tonight. But if this blonde slut was into black men, he might as well save time and move onto the next mark.

"Well, thank you," Jen said to the man. She took a sip of the martini.

"My name is Terrell," the man said.

"Okay," Jen said with a laugh.

"Why are you laughing?" Terrell asked. "What's your name?"

"Just so you know, I'm with someone," Jen said.

"Okay, well, we're just talking," Terrell said with a grin. "Is Mr. Someone against people talking?"

"I guess not," Jen said with another laugh. She smiled at him as she curled a loose strand of blonde hair behind her ear.

"So what's your name?" Terrell asked again.

"Jen."

"Hello Jen," Terrell said, still grinning. He offered his glass, and Jen clinked it. As she did, Terrell saw the Queen of Spades tat on her left wrist. Per rule 4, she wasn't covering it up.

"Nice ink," Terrell said with his eyes on the tat.

"Thank you."

Then Terrell saw the rings on her left finger, with the big sparkling diamond of her engagement ring. "I guess the brother's rich to buy you a diamond like that," Terrell said as he looked at the huge rock.

"We do okay," Jen said modestly. "But my husband's not a brother."

Terrell raised a curious eyebrow at her. "But you got that tat?" he asked.

Jen shrugged.

"You been with brothers before?"

"I have."

"But your husband's white?"

"He is."

“So you like brothers though?”

“You ask a lot of questions,” Jen said with a coy smile. She took the stick of olives from the martini. With her eyes on Terrell’s, she put her lips over the olive at the end, as if the olive was the tip of a cock. Then she slowly drew the olive into her mouth.

Terrell couldn’t take his eyes off Jen’s beautiful face. And her sexy, pouty lips. “So you like ‘em dirty huh?” he joked, making a double entendre about her dirty martini.

“You have no idea,” Jen said, taking another sip of the martini. Her brownish red lips were sexily imprinted on the rim of the glass. Terrell couldn’t miss her lipstick, as she looked at him with her sweet blue eyes over the rim of the glass.

“So your husband let you get inked like that?”

Jen shrugged and said “He didn’t really have a say. He doesn’t matter. About things like that, anyways.”

“What do you mean, ‘things like that’?”

“About who my friends are,” Jen told him.

Terrell stared at Jen, processing her words. Then he moved close to her. He leaned down (he was well taller than her) and said into her ear, “I’ve been checking you out.”

“Have you?” Jen said coyly. “Part of me? Or all of me?”

Terrell stared at her again. Then he reached behind her, and put his hand on the leather of her mini-skirt. “You have a hot ass.”

"You think so?" Jen said. She didn't tell him to remove his hand. Terrell interpreted that as permission, so he began cupping and caressing her ass over her leather skirt.

"That's some top," Terrell said, looking at the bustier while he groped her ass. With a grin he joked "You some kind of dominatrix? You got a whip in your pocket or something?"

"No," Jen said. Looking into his eyes, she said "I like men who take control." With a playful grin, she added, "They whip me."

Terrell's lips parted, shocked at her words. For a moment he was speechless. Then, recovering, he joked "So you're not exactly into Me too."

Jen laughed. He grinned at her.

"So what do you do Terrell?" Jen asked. Her cheeks were getting flushed as he caressed her ass, and by their flirty banter.

"I work construction," Terrell said. "I'm a GC. You know what that is?"

"A general contractor," Jen said, nodding approvingly. Terrell moved his hand to her leg, to just below her skirt. He caressed the back of her thigh, his fingertips inching up under her skirt. "I like that," she said, her face reddening more, her breathing getting heavy. "I like men who use their bodies."

"That's me," Terrell said. "I don't sit at no desk. I work outside all day."

Jen put her hand on Terrell's arm, the one that was caressing her. She ran her hand up his arm, over his forearm, and then his biceps. "I can tell you're really strong," she cooed, feeling the cords in his forearm and biceps. "I like strong men."

Terrell looked at Jen. He hadn't seen a girl so pretty, and so sexy, in a long time, maybe ever. And her touch on his arm was electrifying. She clearly

wanted him. He lowered his head to kiss her. His lips were almost to touch hers, but then she turned her head at the last moment. "I can't," she said.

Terrell wasn't discouraged. He moved closer, pressing his body into Jen's front. He was hard in his pants. He pressed his erection against her. Jen sucked in her breath when she felt his hardness. His size. Like his hands. Big.

"Let's get out of here," Terrell said, his body pressed against hers, his face so close to hers they were almost touching.

Jen couldn't help herself. She subtly reached down and touched his crotch. She sucked in her breath again, and felt lightheaded as she felt him. He felt so hard, and so big. And Terrell was into construction, just like Jamal had been. She imagined what Terrell's body looked naked and a shiver ran up her spine. And he was so freaking black. Jen felt weak kneed at his masculinity. She knew her panties were soaking.

But she shook her head no. She said, "I told you. I'm with someone."

"You said he doesn't matter," Terrell said.

"Not my husband," Jen said. "I'm not with him. I mean, he's here, but I'm not with him. I'm with my boyfriend. Jamal."

Terrell pulled away. He said "Jamal? Jamal's a brother? Then why are you with me?"

"I'm not with you," Jen said.

Mike was breathing hard and his cock was aching as he watched the seduction taking place just a few feet from where he stood. He marveled at how flirty Jen was being. How forward. How brazen. She'd barely met this man and already he was trying to take her home. And she was leading him on. Doing nothing as he touched her. Practically inviting him to touch her. Practically kissing him.

Jen had gotten this way more and more since being with Jamal again. She had told Mike she was in major slut mode now. She couldn't help herself, especially around strong, handsome black men. She'd obeyed Jamal's rules, her body was exclusively his. But she was flirting more with men, especially black men.

Jamal didn't like it. Or maybe he did, as long as it was with other black men. He liked seeing evidence that she was blacked. In any case, he always punished Jen later. And she didn't mind that. In fact, maybe she flirted with other men because she wanted Jamal's punishment. She wanted to be "whipped."

At that moment, Jamal approached. He put his arm possessively around Jen and said to Terrell, "Take your hand off my lady."

Terrell immediately pulled his hand back. Terrell was a big man, but Jamal was taller, and stronger. The 2 black men quickly sized each other up, and Terrell came to the conclusion that Jamal was the alpha here. He didn't like it, he was pissed about it – it hurt his pride -- but he couldn't deny it.

"You Jamal?" Terrell asked.

"I am," Jamal said. "You've met Jen, my lady. And that's her husband next to you. Mike."

Terrell looked at Mike and saw a thin white boy with glasses. The girl jeans and tailored shirt emphasized his slimness. They made him look feminine somewhat. Terrell saw him as no threat. And he was still pissed. His pride was still hurting. He knew he couldn't take on Jamal, so he decided to take it out on Mike. He said contemptuously, "You're right there, and you let me touch your wife? What kind of man are you?"

Mike didn't know what to say. He hadn't expected Jamal to bring him into the conversation. He wasn't good at confrontation. He looked to Jen for support, but she wasn't even looking at him. She was talking to Jamal. He

still had his arm possessively around her, and their faces and bodies practically touched as they talked to each other. Jen's entire focused was on Jamal. She had forgotten he was there. He stood there, no knowing what to say as Terrell glared at him.

Then, Jamal and Jen disentangled. He moved towards the coat room, and Jen came to him.

With a last longing look at Terrell, Jen took Mike's arm and led him away. "Are you okay?" she asked him. "Are you having fun? Did you like how I said you don't matter?"

"You knew I was there?"

"I saw you in the mirror."

"So you were making all that stuff up?"

Jen had led Mike to a semi-private corner of the bar. They were facing each other. Jen put her hand on his crotch. He was hard of course.

"What are you doing?" Mike asked.

"I'm comparing you to Terrell," she said.

Mike's lips parted and he moaned. Jen smiled. "You like when I compare you to other men," she said, knowing he did, and knowing he liked it when she said things like that.

"So you were making all that stuff up? What you said to Terrell?" he asked again, his voice low and hoarse with cuckold lust.

"I was telling the truth," she said. Her hand was still on his hard-on. She was slowly rubbing him. Not enough to make him cum, but enough to make his head spin with desire.

"You're not part of my sex life," Jen said. "Right? And that's what you want. Right?"

"Right," Mike said. It hurt to hear her say it. It always hurt. But it so turned him on. And now, with her here, with them alone in the crowded bar, he felt calm. He felt her love. That's all he wanted. She could do anything she wanted, as long as she kept loving him.

"I'm sorry Jamal outed you," Jen said. She moved her hand from his crotch and was now lovingly stroking his cheek. "I know you'd rather just watch. I know you get shy. Don't feel bad. Terrell's just a jerk."

"Then why were you flirting with him?" Mike asked.

Jen grinned and said "You know why. Because I'm attracted to jerks."

Mike couldn't help smiling.

"Is it sexy wearing panties when I'm flirting with other men?" Jen asked. "Does it make it better for you?"

"I'm not sure it makes it better," Mike said with a nervous laugh. "I keep thinking people know. Especially since I'm wearing these jeans."

"No one can tell Mike," Jen assured him. "What'd you talk to Allie about?"

Mike looked at his wife and said "She says you love Jamal."

Jen pursed her lips, always her sign of disapproval. "I'm in like with him," she insisted. "I've never said … I've never told Allie I love him. I am close to him, I admit. I have feelings for him. But I need that to enjoy sex with a man. You know that, right?"

Mike slowly nodded. His cock was so hard he felt ready to explode.

He looked at Jen from her face and then down her body. He felt so much love for her at that moment. He said "You're so fucking hot. I'm so proud you're my wife." He took her left wrist and said "I even like this." He was referring to the queen of spades tat.

Jen grinned at him. She asked, "You even like my big ass?"

"It turns me on you're doing it for Jamal," Mike said. "You're doing it for him, not me. Even though you know I like you looking like a ballerina."

Jen grinned and said "There are ballerinas with big butts."

Mike grinned back. He thought about saying "But don't get bigger breasts for him. That would be too much." But he couldn't bring himself to say the words. It wasn't in him. Not with cuckold lust swirling in his head.

Instead he said "So we're going to Jamal's now?" They couldn't go to the loft apartment, because Anna was there with Callie.

Jen shook her head no. "Jamal wants to go to another bar. It's the one in East Village he always takes me. It's very black Mike. When I say black, I mean BBC black. You know what I mean?"

"You mean, black bulls with their white girlfriends?" Mike asked.

"With their married white girlfriends," she said with a nod. "Sometimes their husbands are there. Like husband's parties. But the bar gets a lot wilder."

Jen paused to let that sink in. Then she said "I've gotten wild there. The last couple weekends."

"What do you do?"

"It's always different," Jen said. "Jamal … I do what he wants." After a moment, she added "And I love it Mike. I love it. I just want you to know."

Suddenly, Mike's anxiety level spiked up. It felt like a turning point, a branch in the road. Like she was saying, we've gotten to a point in our lives where I'm going this way and you're going that way. Like she was saying we're not on the same path anymore.

"Why are you telling me this now?" Mike asked, his heart in his throat, feeling scared.

"Jamal told me to tell you," Jen said. "And he wants you to come tonight. I think he wants you to see what I've become."

"What do you mean? What have you become?"

Jen moved her left wrist so the queen of spades tat came into view. "This is who I am now Mike," she told him. "I'm really this now."

Mike stared at his wife. He was breathing hard and his heart was pounding.

"I need to tell you something else too," Jen said, her voice a warning. "Jamal invited Scott. He'll be there too."

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Chapter 64

The bar was another speakeasy. You got to it through a busy bar in the East Village. You had to wind through the crowd, and then you got to an old refrigerator that was painted red. Through the refrigerator, you walked up a narrow staircase to the speakeasy.

The speakeasy was very exclusive. It didn't even have a name (although its unofficial name was Bulls and Bunnies). You had to know the password to get in, and the password changed each day. Tonight's password was Patrick. The black men who frequented the speakeasy liked Patrick Mahomes, because his mother was white. That meant the quarterback was

half white, but he was still considered a brother. The black men also liked that Mahome's girlfriend was a lily white blonde girl, who he started dicking in high school. Two generations of black men fucking white girls. Yes, Mahomes was popular at the bar.

The bar was full of black men and white girls. There were some black girls there, but they were waitresses. In fact, all the wait staff were black. It was ironic that the black men preferred to be served by black men and girls.

Every white girl was with a black man. There were no unattached white girls there. The men were called black bulls and the girls called white trophies, does or snow bunnies.

All the does were either married or in a committed relationship with a white man. So the white girls were either married or had a serious boyfriend. Sometimes, a trophy was engaged or newly married. Those girls were rare though. Typically, during the time a girl is engaged or a newlywed, she's not susceptible to being with another man. That's why bagging her was so coveted, and such a rarity.

The black bulls had a taste for married white pussy. To them, single girls were not interesting. And, while they might have a black sister (or two) as a fuck buddy, that was typically on the side or when they were between snow bunnies.

The bulls competed for the prettiest and sexiest white wives. Having a trophy who was engaged or a newlywed was considered a major prize. But most important was looks. And age.

Typically, the bulls didn't target girls who were too young, like in their 20s (unless they were engaged or newlywed). Rather, the bulls focused on married girls in their 30s and 40s. Because that usually meant she was in a committed marriage, and there was nothing sweeter than sinking your dick into the pussy of a white girl in a committed marriage.

Some of the bulls there did not have trophies. They were called stags. Bulls who did have trophies were called consorts. Stags were allowed to play with the bunnies, as long as their consorts permitted it. That's why the stags were there, to have some fun with the bunnies, and maybe meet a wife or two who might become their trophy in the future.

When a bull got tired of his bunny, he'd dump her and find a new one. Of course, the wife could dump her bull too. But usually, it was the black bull who was the dumper.

That was just the reality of being a woman versus being a man. Usually, men got more desirable as they aged. In contrast, women lost their looks as they aged. They became shadows of their youthful beauty. Not as pretty. Not as tight. Women had to work harder to remain fuckable as they aged, especially if they went through the ravages of child birth. With men, it just came naturally.

So a bull would keep his bunny until she wasn't pretty anymore. Or her body wasn't as tight. Or he just got tired of her and wanted new married white pussy. Then he'd upgrade to a new bunny. A prettier, sexier one, and usually younger. The bulls joked about that among themselves. About how they used a white wife up, and then tossed her back to her sissy white boy husband after her looks were gone (and her pussy loose from getting so abused by big black cock).

The white wife, then, had to scramble to find a new bull, assuming she wanted to stay in the lifestyle. Most did, because by then their husbands couldn't satisfy them (or perhaps never could). They wanted another black bull. Those wives had been blacked.

And usually there was a bull to take her (as long as her looks and body didn't completely fall off the cliff). But almost always she'd be downgrading from what she had before. She'd be settling for a second or third tier bull in terms of looks, body, cock and sexual prowess. Still, even a downgraded bull was usually better and more exciting in bed than their white husbands.

Mike sat at a table Jamal had reserved for them. Scott was at the bar chatting with the bartender, probably talking shop. Mike was relieved he wasn't at the table. The two hadn't spoken a single word yet that evening.

Jen was being a social butterfly, happily bopping from place to place as she flirted with the bulls and gossiped with the other white wives. Everyone seemed to like her, she was popular. It was like back in college, when Jen was a cheerleader and the most popular girl on campus.

Everyone liked his wife. They liked her positive outlook, the smile she always wore, her generosity and concern for others, and the way she always made you feel good about yourself no matter who you were. And it was human nature for people to like beautiful people (as long as they were nice, as Jen was). People admired and rooted for the cream of the crop, for the same reason people liked superhero movies so much.

Jen was on Jamal's arm most of the time, but spent time talking (and flirting) with other black men. Mike was surprised Jamal allowed it, given his 2nd rule ("Jen's body belongs to Jamal.") On the other hand, the 2nd rule also said "She will obey him sexually. This includes having sex with who Jamal says." Did Jamal share Jen? She hadn't mentioned this. But she had been close to fucking Terrell in the other bar, less than an hour ago. And she had told him she'd recently gotten wild here at this bar.

Jen and Jamal became separated by the flow of humanity at the bar. She was talking with a black man. Mike assumed he was a stag, since he didn't have a girl on his arm. But then he recognized the bull. It was Xavier, Mary's new bull. Mary was Sebastian's wife. Sebastian was the anchorman of the local CBS station.

Jen had told Mike the rumors. Mary's former bull, Jaylen, had tired of Mary. She was beautiful and sexy, but in a well preserved sort of way. Jaylen had upgraded to a younger version of Mary. Mary had managed to snag Xavier. Xavier was a step down from Jaylen, who was a step down from Jamal. Jamal was at the top of the heap of the hierarchy of bulls.

Mike saw Sebastian hovering around Jen and Xavier, but didn't see Mary. He moved close to the other husband. After a quick greeting, he whispered "Where's Mary?"

"Over there, with Jamal," Sebastian said, motioning across the room. Mike looked. He saw that Jamal and Mary were standing close together, and clearly flirting with each other.

"Mary's hoping they swap tonight," Sebastian said. "She's wanted to try out Jamal for a long time. And I know Xavier admires your wife."

Mike stared at Sebastian, speechless.

"If they do, do you want to do a husband swap?" Sebastian asked.

"What?" Mike asked, not knowing what that was.

"It's where I watch your wife, and you watch mine," Sebastian explained. With a sheepish smile, he said "I must confess that I admire your wife too. I've watched Mary with other men countless times. I'd enjoy watching Jen."

Mike was confused. How could Sebastian be a cuckold, yet want to watch another girl?

"I'm not really into that," Mike said. He quickly added "No offense to Mary. She's beautiful. But the only girl I'm interested in is Jen."

Sebastian nodded. "I understand," he said. "I guess you and I are different. I was actually quite the stud back in my younger days." He chuckled and said "You know how it is, TV and all that. And I was an anchorman. I had groupies, believe it or not. It was easy to get girls. I guess back then I was a bull. That was before Mary and I began down this path, of course."

Then he added, "But you may not have a choice. I heard Jamal and Xavier talking about it. I think Jamal wants you to watch him with Mary."

"Why?" Mike asked.

Sebastian shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just telling you what I heard." He motioned to doors against the far wall. "That's where it'll happen, if it happens. Private rooms. The rooms are connecting, for people who want to party. They're small though. Just enough room for a bed. And a chair of course. For the husband."

Mike's head was spinning with all this new information. When he turned back to Jen, she was dancing with Xavier. They were slow dancing, their bodies pressed together.

"Let's move closer," Sebastian said eagerly. He moved towards the dancing couple. Mike followed, feeling excited and apprehensive. When they stopped, they were just a few feet away from the dancing couple. Other people were watching too.

Xavier was kissing Jen, and she was kissing him back. As their tongues danced together, his hands were on her leather skirt, squeezing and caressing her new bubble butt.

Mike glanced at Sebastian. His eyes were on Jen's ass and legs. His face was flushed and he was breathing hard. His hand was on his crotch, rubbing himself. Sebastian had forgotten completely about his wife with Jamal. His entire focus was on Jen with Xavier.

Xavier spun Jen around, so her back was to his front. Jen turned her head so they continued to kiss. She put her arms up, wrapping them around his neck. This exposed her front completely to him.

Xavier put his hands over her breasts, cupping her little titties over the bustier. As he groped her, he pulled the bustier down, exposing more of her breasts. Her nipples came into view. When she was excited, as now,

they looked like little erasers. The surrounding areolas were small, just like her breasts.

Seeing her breasts for the first time, Sebastian moaned "So beautiful".

Mike looked over at him. He saw that Sebastian had taken his cock out and was stroking himself. With the zipper open, Mike could see that Sebastian was wearing normal men's boxers, not panties. Mike was disappointed. Misery loved company, after all. He wondered how many of the husbands in the room were wearing women lingerie. Was he the only one?

Sebastian had an average sized cock, maybe a little bigger than average. About 6 inches and medium girth. His cock was hard and leaking pre-cum as he slowly stroked himself.

Mike glanced around the bar. More couples were engaged in various stages of sex. Some girls were with 2 black men. Husbands hovered nearly, watching their wives being taken.

Mike saw Scott. He was the only white man in the room who wasn't a husband. Jamal had vouched for him.

Scott was sitting on a sofa. He was watching Jen with Xavier. There was a girl between his open legs, on her knees. She was black. Mike recognized her as one of the waitresses. She was a pretty light-skinned black woman with waves of hair falling over her shoulders. She was curvy, with big boobs and a big bubble butt.

He found out later her name was Nala, and she'd hooked up with Joe a few times. Now, she was going down on Scott. Scott has his hand on the back of Nala's head, but his eyes were on Jen as Xavier kissed her lips and fondled her body.

Xavier broke the kiss, leaving Jen panting. They separated slightly, and Jen saw that a lot of people were looking at her and Xavier. She looked embarrassed, and pulled up the bustier so her nipples were no longer

exposed. While embarrassed, acting so slutty in front of everyone thrilled her. It was thrilling to be such a bad girl.

Then she saw Scott looking at her, and that thrilling feeling got even stronger. As did the throbbing between her legs. They looked at each other for a long moment. Jen saw that Nala was going down on him. Then Scott's head rolled back and he groaned, as he came in Nala's mouth.

Jen watched Scott as he came, breathing hard. Then Xavier took her by the hand. He led her towards one of the bedroom doors. Sebastian eagerly followed.

Mike moved to follow too, but then Jamal was there. He put his hand on Mike's bicep. His hand was big enough (or Mike's bicep was small enough) for Jamal to completely wrap his hand around Mike's bicep. His black hand felt like a big metal clamp.

"Come with me," Jamal ordered. Mike had no choice but to follow Jamal. In his other hand, he was holding Mary's hand. They went into the room next to where Jen disappeared with Xavier and Sebastian.

What happened next was like watching a porno movie. Jamal fucked Mary. For her age – she was in her late 40s -- Mary was gorgeous. While her face was a little worn, she was still beautiful, and her body was curvy. Big tits, tiny waist, big ass. Sebastian had spent a lot of money to give his wife the body type that black men liked. Her legs were nice, although not in Jen's class. Her pussy was completely shaved.

Mike noticed her pussy lips hung down like flower petals. It was clear her pussy was well used, it looked nothing like Jen's sweet pussy with its small slit and thin lips on either side, the lips just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. But then, Mary had been blacked for many years, decades even, her pussy relentlessly pounded by BBC. Jen had been doing it for less than a year. Would her pussy look so used, and ruined, as time went by?

But Mike didn't want to be here in this room! He didn't want to watch Jamal with Mary! He wanted to be with his wife!

Jamal made Mary cum, at least once, maybe twice. Then he pulled out and she collapsed onto the bed. He hadn't cum yet.

"I'm saving it for your wife," Jamal told Mike with a grin. His gold teeth sparkled in the harsh light of the room.

Jamal sat on the edge of the bed. He was completely naked. He opened his muscular thighs and ordered "Come clean me Mike."

Mike was used to this. And he had no choice, it was rule 3. Still, he hesitated with Mary being there.

"I'm not going to ask again," Jamal growled. Mike finally walked over to the bed. He moved to get on his knees, but Jamal ordered "Take off your clothes first."

Mike wasn't surprised. Usually he was naked around Jamal. Avoiding looking at Mary, Mike took off his shoes and socks, then the shirt, and then the pants. The girl's skinny jeans were so tight he practically had to roll them down his slim legs.

Mike glanced at Mary. He saw her eyes were on the black panties. He was hard, so his erection stretched the lacy material. But Mike had seen Sebastian and knew that, even though he was only average, Sebastian's cock was still 2 inches longer, and noticeably thicker. Mike couldn't help wondering what Mary thought about his diminutive manhood.

Then Mike was on his knees between Jamal's opened legs. He licked up and down the huge shaft, cleaning off Mary and Jamal's combined juices. He swallowed his cock into his mouth, his lips opening wide to accommodate his massive girth. His head moved up and down on Jamal's cock.

As Mike sucked Jamal, he couldn't help moving one hand to his crotch. He felt his erection encased in the silky lace of the thong. Mike's head swirled with cuckold lust, the sensations so nasty with Jamal's cock in his mouth, and his own penis in a girl's lacy thong. Especially with the string of the thong running up between his ass cheeks, tickling his puckered asshole.

He pushed his hand into the panties and wrapped his hand around his cock. He stroked himself as he went down on Jamal. He also compared himself to the black man. Jamal was a lot bigger. Obviously. He was longer. Thicker. But what amazed Mike was how heavy his cock was. And how solid. In contrast, Mike's hard dick was light and didn't feel nearly as solid.

No wonder Jen preferred Jamal. Of course she would. What woman wouldn't? It was like what Allie said. Of course she'd fuck Jamal.

Mike's head swirled with cuckold lust as he imagined this cock – this cock that was in his mouth! -- this cock fucking his wife. Stretching her pussy. Bottoming out in her. Making her cum. Shooting his fertile sperm into her.

Then Jamal grabbed Mike's hair. Controlling him that way, he fucked Mike's face, forcing his cock down Mike's throat. Mike couldn't breathe and had to concentrate not to throw up. When he stopped, Mike was gasping for air and his face was covered with his own saliva, and Jamal's precum. "What do you think of Mike, Mary?" he asked with a taunting smile. "He's a sissy white boy, isn't he? He's not bad at sucking cock though."

Mike saw that Mary was looking at him. She had a curious look on her face. Not mocking, but curious.

Jamal let Mike go. He staggered back, onto the floor. He felt exposed, being naked except for the thong panties. He felt especially embarrassed with Mary there. He wiped his face with the back of his arm.

"You're probably wondering why I swapped with Xavier," Jamal said to Mike. He looked at Mary and grinned. "First of all, because Mary here has a fine pussy. Very fine. I respect her. Mary's a fine lady."

Mary smiled back at Jamal. She even blushed at his compliment.

"But also, because Jen's gotten more curious about black men. You may have noticed," Jamal said with a grin. "And I've decided to let her satisfy her curiosity. To a point. She still belongs to me. But I've decided to allow her to experience certain men. Men I respect."

Jamal looked at Mike and added "Mike, you are here tonight because I want you to know that other men get more than what you get. With your wife. They get more than what you get. What do you get Mike? Say it with me – you get her hand. You get her feet. No pussy. No ass. No mouth. You don't get to see her body much less touch it. Other men get more than you. Way more. They get the same that I get. They have to be wrapped though. Only I cum in her pussy."

Then Jamal smiled at Mike. It was an evil smile.

"Not all are black, either," he said. "White men that I respect. Like Mary's husband. I respect Sebastian."

Mike's eyes went wide. He heard Mary gasped "Oh my god!"

Mike and Mary both jumped up and bolted for the connecting door. They swung it open.

"No! No! No!" Mike cried at what he saw.

Jen was in bed with both Xavier and Sebastian! Sebastian!

Xavier was on his knees next to Jen. He was half hard, slowly stroking himself as he watched the action taking place next to him. Clearly he had

already cum. There was a used condom full of his sperm on the floor next to the bed.

Jen was on her back. Sebastian was on top of her. Sebastian!

Jen's legs were open. Somehow, Mike registered that she was naked except for the black stockings and the Jimmy Choo pointy toe pumps.

Sebastian was inside her. He was fucking his wife.

Even worse, they were kissing. Jen was kissing Sebastian as he fucked her.

"Oh god, no … no … no …," Mike groaned. Sebastian was a cuckold, like him. How could Jen be having sex with him? How?

"Sebastian! What are you doing?!" Mary cried.

"I'm sorry Mary!" Sebastian said regretfully. But he didn't stop pounding Jen's pussy. "I can't help myself! I have to!" Sebastian gripped Jen's hips and fucked her harder and faster, even as he looked forlornly at his wife.

"Jen …" Mike said painfully, his eyes tearing up.

Jen looked at her husband. "We're almost done baby …," she promised. "It's … we're almost done …. just … it's …." She couldn't talk. She was too into the fucking she was getting. She was consumed by it.

Mike looked into her beautiful face, and saw the look he had seen so many times. His wife was lost in lust. It was her cum face, she was in major slut mode now. Her body, her pussy, they were in control now, not her head or her heart. She couldn't stop now, she was too far gone, she could stop until they were done.

Abruptly, Jen grabbed Sebastian's arms as her body tensed and her toes curled in the Jimmy Choos. Her head rolled back and she cried "Oh god oh god I'm cumming I'm cumming …!"

This destroyed Mike! His wife was cumming on a cuckold's cock! A cuckold's cock! It destroyed him! Yet, he couldn't take his eyes away.

Sebastian climaxed moments later. He smashed his lips against Jen's as he pounded her pussy with short powerful thrusts. Then he pushed in deep. He stayed there as he moaned, his climax ripping through his body. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, and he cried out the entire time, a passionate wail as he experienced the most intense and pleasurable orgasm of his life. His body shuddered as his cock jerked with each jet of sperm shot into Jen's body, into the condom.

After his orgasm finally ended, Sebastian collapsed on top of Jen, his face buried in her long, lush blonde hair. Her hair had been up earlier, but now it was down. Despite everything, Mike couldn't help wondering, when had she let her hair down? His heart was breaking as he wondered, did she let her hair down for Sebastian? She did that for him?

The room was silent except for the panting of Jen and Sebastian. Eventually Sebastian pulled out. The condom was full of his sperm. Seeing such evidence of his betrayal, Mary cried "Sebastian! How could you?!"

"Now, calm down Mary," Xavier said, chiding her with a calm tone of voice. He punched Sebastian's arm and with a grin, said "My man here had a chance to nail some fine pussy. Jamal said it was okay. And what man would say no to Jen here?"

Mary glared at both her husband and Jen but didn't speak back to her bull. The last think she wanted was for him to dump her, as Jaylen had.

The 3 of them -- Xavier, Mary and Sebastian -- quickly dressed, going someplace to work things out.

As he passed Mike, Sebastian whispered, "I'm sorry Mike. It just kind of happened. I'm sorry …."

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Chapter 65

Mike felt numb. He felt empty inside. He could understand his wife desiring Adonis-type men like Jamal, Cam, and Scott. But Sebastian? What did that say about him – about her desire for him (or lack thereof) – that she clearly enjoyed sex with Sebastian? That she had an intense orgasm with Sebastian?

Jamal moved to the bed. He had gotten dressed again.

He sat next to Jen and put both hands on her shoulders, his face close to hers. They spoke in low tones, but since it was a small room, Mike could easily hear everything.

"You're having fun?" Jamal asked.

"I am," Jen answered with a smile.

"You like Xavier?"

"I do."

"Not as much as me though, right?"

Jen laughed. "No, not as much as you," she said while smiling into Jamal's eyes.

"What about Sebastian?" Jamal asked.

"He's nice," Jen said with a shrug.

"You haven't had white boy dick for a while," Jamal said with a teasing grin. "How was it?"

"It was fine," Jen said with another laugh.

Then Jamal kissed her, and she kissed him back. After a few moments of kissing, Jamal stood up. "I'll wait for you outside," he said. "Remember, you have the Ritual." Seeing Jen nod, Jamal moved to the door. He glanced at Mike – he was still naked except for the panties. Seeing the sight of Mike's small erection poking through the lace, he chuckled, then left looking smug.

It was then that Jen looked at the husband. She said "Come here Mike." She patted the bed next to her.

When Mike didn't move, Jen went over to him. She put her arms around him and pressed her body to his, hugging him. She was in her stockinged feet, so now she was a little shorter than him.

Mike's feelings were raw. He was angry with Jen, incredibly hurt, he felt jealous, and bitter. His stomach was churning, his chest felt like it was in a vise.

"I think I should leave," he said, his voice shaky with emotion.

Jen hugged him tighter. "I don't want you to leave," she told him.

"Why do you care?" he said bitterly.

"I care a lot," Jen insisted. "I love you."

Jen managed to get Mike to sit with her on the bed. Her eyes were on his erection in the black lace. Despite the feelings churning in him, he was still incredibly turned on. She put her hand over him. The lace was slick with his precum. She squeezed him, but Mike grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Don't make me cum," he said. He was so emotional that his voice cracked. "If I cum … I won't be able to handle it."

Jen squeezed his erection again, and asked "Have you cum yet tonight?"

"No," he said with a shake of his head.

Jen reached into the panties, wrapping her hand around his cock. "Let me make you cum," she urged. "Then I'll make you cum again, later. When we're home."

With her soft hand around his cock, Mike couldn't resist. He nodded, and she began to slowly stroke him.

"I wasn't expecting what happened," she explained as she stroked him. "This is the first time Jamal's shared me. I guess I'm not surprised, he's talked about it, and I knew something was going to happen tonight. I was kinda surprised he picked Xavier, though, he doesn't think much of him. But I guess it was because of Mary and Sebastian."

Hearing her say his name made him wince. "Why'd you let him touch you?" he whispered, his voice breaking with emotion.

"Mike baby, you're so freaking hard," Jen said. He had gotten harder at hearing Sebastian's name.

"I don't want to see you with him," Mike croaked out.

"It was a one time thing," Jen promised. "I didn't even know it was happening, until it was happening. Xavier finished, and then Sebastian was there. I didn't even know who it was at first."

"But you didn't make him stop!" Mike said. "And he made you cum! He's a fucking cuckold, and you let him make you cum!"

"Mike, baby, it wasn't like a conscious decision," Jen said gently. "I was so worked up after Xavier finished," Jen said. "And, well, it felt good," she admitted.

Mike moaned, and his cock jerked at her words. Jen could tell the scene turned him on, even though it upset him too.

“So now Sebastian fucks you better than me too?” he croaked out. He was breathing heavy, his orgasm building.

“He’s not better than you Mike. At some point, it’s just a dick. You know? I told you, Xavier left me hanging. When Sebastian got on top of me, I was already so close.”

“Did you let your hair down for him?” Mike asked accusingly.

“What?” Jen said, not understanding.

“Sebastian -- did you let your hair down for him?!” Mike repeated.

“Um, I mean, I don’t know,” Jen sputtered, still not understanding. She touched her hair, seemingly just noticing that it was down, rather than up as it had been when she dressed that evening. “I guess, at some point it got loose. I don’t know remember … I guess I did let my hair down.”

“Were you on top of him? Did your hair fall down onto him?” Mike demanded.

“Actually, yeah, I was on top for a while, I guess my hair did fall down on him.”

“He did that on purpose Jen!” Mike said. “He wanted to feel your hair on his chest! He’s probably fantasized about it!”

Jen frown at her husband. She didn’t understand his point. She said, “Well … is that a bad thing? I mean, it was sex Mike. Why’s it matter if my hair’s on him?”

“It matters Jen!” Mike said with exasperation. Why didn’t she understand this? There were some things she wasn’t supposed to do. Like wear another man’s shirt. Or put her hair down for him. Or wear jewelry he bought for her. Those were big things!

"Did he ask you to put your hair down?" Mike pressed. He knew he probably sounded insane, but he had to know. "Did you do it for him?"

Jen looked worriedly at her husband. Then she thought a moment. "I don't think he asked me," she said, trying to remember. Then, with more certainty, she said "I definitely didn't do it for him."

Mike took a deep breath. He felt a little calmer. But then he saw something in his wife's face. "What?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "I can tell it really bothers you, so I'll never be with him again."

"But you were about to say something else," Mike said. He could tell. He knew Jen better than anyone. "What?"

When she didn't answer, he said again, "What? Tell me."

"I mean, just so you know, because I want to be completely open with you," Jen said. "Sebastian didn't suck. I mean … you know? He didn't suck."

Mike's breath caught in his throat. The vise in his chest seemed to clamp hard around his heart again. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Jen noticed his reaction and asked "Are you sure you want to know?"

"Yes!" Mike said immediately. "Tell me. Always tell me everything." Then he added "Keep stroking me."

Jen nodded. While still slowly stroking him, she leaned in and kissed him. "Did you go down on Jamal?" she asked. "When you were in the other room?"

"Tell me what you were going to say about Sebastian," Mike said.

"Answer me first," Jen said. She kissed him again. "Did you? Get down on your knees? Let Jamal fuck your face?" She kissed him again, this time giving him a little tongue. "Tell me baby," she urged.

Mike hesitated. After a long moment, he said "Yes."

Jen moaned. "That's so fucking hot," she said excitedly. "Did it get you hot? Were you hard?"

Mike hesitated again. Then he said "I was hard thinking about his big cock fucking you."

"I wish I could've seen it!" Jen said excitedly, her beautiful blue eyes big with delight. "You on your knees with Jamal's big cock in your mouth, with your little dick hard in these pretty panties." She kissed him again, this time smashing her lips against his. "Maybe I'll use the strap-on on you later," she said with a lust filled, throaty voice. "Would you like that baby?"

Mike couldn't help shuddering. "Tell me what you were going to say," he asked again, his voice shaky.

"Sebastian's bigger than you," Jen said, her voice a throaty whisper now. "Not huge, but, I could tell. He's definitely bigger than you. I think he's thicker actually than Xavier. I felt it when he entered me. I don't know why Mary would pick Xavier over her husband."

"Jen …," Mike said breathlessly. "Are you saying, if my cock was as big as Sebastian's, you wouldn't need other men as much? You'd still want me sexually?"

"I'm not saying that," Jen said. "It's not all about size, you know. Sebastian's experienced. He knows where to touch a girl. How to touch her. I told you he made me feel good. My body responded to him."

"You just said he doesn't fuck you better than me!" Mike said.

Jen hesitated, then said “Sometimes I don’t know how much to tell you.”

“You have to tell me everything!” Mike insisted. “You have to tell me the truth!”

“I know, I know,” Jen said immediately. “But you were so upset a minute ago. And now you’re more turned on by it.”

Mike stared at his wife, breathing hard. She was right. His emotions could turn on a dime. What destroyed him a moment ago could thrill him beyond belief 30 seconds later.

“Just tell me,” Mike pressed. “So Sebastian IS a better fuck than me? You would fuck him again?”

“I guess I’d put him in the fuckable category,” Jen said.

Mike said “He told me he used to be a bull. He used to fuck groupies.”

Jen shrugged and said “I guess I can see that. He’s charming in that TV anchorman talking head way. And, I mean, like I said, he’s good in bed.”

Mike stared at his wife again, processing her words. Then he asked “Am I at all good in bed?”

Jen looked down and shook her head. “You asked me that all the time,” she said. “Sometimes I don’t know what to say.”

“I just like to hear you say it,” Mike said. “I hate it, but I love it.”

Jen thought about it, picking her words carefully. She didn’t feel guilty anymore about sleeping with other men, and she knew her husband’s desires, but still, she had to think about how she said things, because their game could spill into real life.

"We've been together a long time, you and me," Jen finally said. "We've had a lot of great sex. A lot of amazing sex. But right now, you can't give me what I need. Sexually. Everything else, yes, you give me everything else. But not sexually. Does that answer your question?"

Mike was staring at her, and she was still stroking him. Everything that had happened that night seemed to catch up with him. His body seized up and his head rolled back, and he moaned as he came hard.

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Chapter 66

Mike waited outside in the bar while Jen put herself back together. She was a mess after fucking Xavier and Sebastian, and then he came on her, but they discovered the bedroom had a little bathroom off the side.

Mike ordered a Highland Park scotch at the bar. He looked across the room and saw Scott. He was talking to Allie! And Nala was talking to Joe! Mike didn't know where Joe and Allie had been since they all left Slowly Shirley, but now they were here. His head was still spinning from his conversation with Jen, and now seeing Allie and Joe here made his insides churn. This was all too much, like one of those horror movies where the bad things kept getting piled on.

Mike realized that Allie was the only single white girl there, and Joe and Scott were the only white men who were not married (and not cuckolds). He didn't understand why they were allowed to be here.

Mike saw that many of the white wives were dancing sexily with black men. More than a few were partially undressed, and some of the wives were making out with their black lovers and being openly fondled, with their husbands standing nearby, watching. The sexual tension and energy in the room were off the charts.

Jen emerged from the bedroom. Mike's eyes were immediately on her, as were the eyes of many of the men in the room. Her hair was up again, her

makeup was perfect again. She wore the same outfit, the bustier and short leather mini-skirt, with the Jimmy Choo pointy toe heels. The only difference were her black stockings. Now they were a little laddered down the side, no doubt from the fucking she'd gotten from Xavier and Sebastian.

Jen looked around, like she was looking for someone. Then she saw Mike. She smiled, and moved towards him.

Jen took his hand. She asked, "Are you alright?"

Mike squeezed her hand. It made him feel warm inside. He looked her up and down and said, "You're so fucking hot. You're the sexiest girl here. It's not even close."

Jen smiled at him.

"Allie and Joe are here," he told her.

Jen looked across the room and nodded. "Jamal invited him," she told him.

"I thought you had to be a wife, or husband, or bull, to be here," Mike said.

"Jamal gets to do what he wants," Jen said. "He's everyone's friend."

Mike didn't understand what she meant at first. Then he got it. Jamal was everyone's drug dealer.

"So he's selling drugs here?" Mike whispered.

"I don't ask," Jen said. "I don't think he sells it though. Not here. He gives it away."

"How does he make money if he gives it away?" Mike asked. Both of them were whispering.

“I don’t know Mike,” Jen said with exasperation. “I don’t get involved in that part of his life. If you’re worried about him, well ….” Her voice trailed off.

Mike understood immediately what she was alluding to. He could gift some Sapphire stock to Jamal. With that money, Jamal could probably stop dealing drugs.

“You still want me to give him Sapphire stock,” he said accusingly.

“I never said that,” Jen said. “I’m just saying, if you’re worried about Jamal --.”

Mike interrupted her. “Why the fuck would I be worried about him?” he hissed.

“I don’t know Mike,” Jen said impatiently. “Maybe because he’s important to me, and you’re my husband, so he should be important to you too.”

Mike gawked at her. “I can’t believe you just said that,” he said incredulously.

At that moment, the bartender approached. Jen gave Mike a warning look and they stopped talking. The bartender asked “What are you having Jen?”

Jen pivoted from “real life Jen” to “party girl Jen.” She smiled at the bartender and said, “A Belvedere martini, dirty.”

“Up?”

“How else?” Jen said with a flirty grin. The bartender grinned back.

"With extra olives," she added. With a grin in her voice, she added, "I haven't had my vegetables today." The bartender laughed. He moved away to mix her drink.

Jen pivoted back to "real life Jen." "Let's talk about it later," she whispered to Mike. She reached for his hand. "Please," she said, squeezing his hand.

Mike clenched his jaw and remained silent. They didn't say anything as they both watched the bartender mix her drink. Mike gulped down the Highland Park, trying to steady his nerves.

When the bartender returned with her dirty martini, Jen asked "And could you get my husband another one? Mike, this is Laron. He makes the best drinks here. Laron, this is my husband Mike."

The bartender nodded at Mike. "Highland Park, right?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks," Mike asked, his voice still unsteady from emotion.

After Laron filled Mike's glass, Mike pulled out his wallet and motioned to both his Highland Park and Jen's dirty martini. "How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"It's okay baby," Jen said, putting her hand on his wallet. "Jamal has a tab."

"You're my wife! I'll pay for your drink!" Mike snapped.

Laron discretely moved away. He'd seen white husbands like Mike trying to top from the bottom. It didn't work here. Not at this bar.

"Mike baby," Jen said gently. "Husbands can't here. You're not allowed to buy me a drink. You can buy your own drink if you want, if you don't want to put it on Jamal's tab."

Mike's stared at Jen, not knowing what to say.

“I should go say hi to Allie,” Jen said. “Coming with me?”

Mike shook his head no. “I’ll hang out here,” he said.

“You should come with me,” Jen urged him. “That’s what you get from this. To watch.”

“I can watch from here,” Mike said. He was being defiantly, like Custer’s last stand, but instead of fighting for Little Bighorn, Mike was trying to hold onto what was left of his dignity, and manhood.

Jen put her hand over Mike’s again. “Are you okay?” she asked. Trying to make him feel better, she said “Those are just the rules, Mike. Who cares if Jamal buys my drinks? It doesn’t mean anything. You’re my provider. Not Jamal. I know that. And you’re an awesome provider. You are.”

Mike clenched his jaw again, not saying anything. She was trying to make him feel better, but her words were just making things worse.

Jen moved closer. She moved her hand down to his crotch. He had a hard-on. “I know this all gets you hot,” she whispered as she lightly stroked him over his pants. “I know you’re upset. But it’s – what do you call it? – cuckold angst. It gets you hot. Right?”

Mike’s feelings were raw. Hurtful emotions swirled inside him. Yet, he couldn’t deny it. He was super turned on.

When he nodded, Jen smiled. “I just need to finish here with Jamal,” she told him. “Then we’ll go home.”

“How long?” Mike asked.

“I don’t know,” Jen said. “An hour? Maybe two. No more than two.”

Mike thought about it. Two hours. It seemed like a lifetime. He dreaded it. But he also felt thrilled the evening wasn't over.

"Okay," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

Jen moved her hand from his crotch to his cheek. She smiled at him as she tenderly caressed his cheek. Then she walked away, moving towards where Allie stood with Scott, Joe and Nala.

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"Where have you been?" Allie whispered to Jen. They were standing a few feet away from Scott, Joe and Nala. There were many male eyes on them. That was expected, when the 2 prettiest girls in the room talked.

"Where have you been?" Jen asked back. When Allie grinned and looked at Joe, she said "Oh god … already?"

"We did it in the fucking uBer on the way here," Allie said with a delighted grin. "The driver didn't mind. He was looking in the mirror the entire time. But god, Jen, the boy can fuck. I'm already ready for round 2."

"God Allie …," Jen said with a laugh.

"So where have you been?"

"See those doors over there?" Jen said, motioning to the other side of the bar. "They're bedrooms. I was with 2 guys."

"Jamal?"

"No. Two other guys."

"Oh my god, you're such a slut," Allie said with an amazed smile on her beautiful face.

"Me? You did it in front of the uBer driver," Jen said back. They both laughed.

"I feel like we're back in college again," Jen said with a grin.

"I know," Allie said, grinning too. "Remember that time we did those 2 guys from Clemson? Remember? They were there for the Penn State game."

Jen grimaced and lamented, "I still can't believe I fucked a guy from freaking Clemson." Jen didn't like Clemson. In truth, she was envious of them, that they were so much better than her treasured Penn State. She thought Trevor Lawrence was hot though, although that was her inner cougar talking.

After a moment, Jen added "He was the last guy I was with before I started dating Mike."

"No, you were already dating Mike," Allie reminded her.

"No I wasn't," Jen said.

"Jen, you were," Allie said. "I remember. You sat with Mike at the football game. Remember? He was wearing that geeky Barry Manilow jacket. And you took him to the pre-game mixer too. What ever happened to that jacket anyway?"

"But we weren't dating then. We were just hanging out," Jen insisted.

Allie looked skeptical. "Jen, you were with him all the time. I know you were having sex. You used to brag about how great a tongue he had. Why does it matter anyway? So you cheated on bubble boy. Why's it matter now? I get why you didn't tell him before, but now you know he's into that. So tell him. You know he'll love it."

Jen shook her head. “That was before all this started, before the game,” she whispered. “He might flip out. He just flipped out just now.”

“So you haven’t told him about Scott then?”

Jen glared at Allie. “Of course I haven’t told him about Scott!” she hissed in a low voice. “Are you freaking crazy?!” She looked worriedly over Allie’s shoulder, where the man they were talking about was standing only 10 feet away. Luckily he wasn’t looking their way.

“I’m not talking about this,” Jen said flatly.

“Not talking about what?” a voice asked. Jen turned. It was Jamal! How long had he been standing there?

“Nothing,” Jen sputtered. “Just girl stuff.”

“Okay, then …,” Jamal said with a laugh. He took Jen’s arm. “Come on. Let’s get this party going.” He began leading Jen towards the back.

“What?” Allie asked.

Jen grabbed Allie’s arm. “Come on,” she said.

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It was the bar’s cold storage room. The room was refrigerated, to keep beer and wine chilled. It was too chilly in the room to stay long. But then, people never stayed long.

A table had been set up. Black bulls and white wives were taking hits of cocaine. Husbands could watch, but they weren’t allowed to participate (even if they wanted to). The bulls got off on the husbands seeing their wives taking hard drugs, while having to stay sober themselves. It was part of the process of the husbands seeing the wives ruined. Seeing them get used up. The black bulls got off on that.

Jen looked around. Mike wasn't there. She was grateful. She wasn't afraid of coke. She liked it, it made everything better when she partied with Jamal. She also knew her limits and wasn't afraid of it. But, she knew it got Mike upset so she was glad he wasn't there.

Scott and Joe were there, already taking hits. Nala wasn't there. Jen wasn't surprised. Wait staff, like husbands, weren't allowed. It was part of the rules of the bar, just like husbands not being allowed to pay for their wives' drinks.

"Jamal always brings good stuff," Jen whispered to Allie.

"Coke," Allie said, looking at the small mounds of the white powder on the table. "Now I know I'm back in college."

"Do you want a bump?" Jen asked her best friend.

"Of course I want a bump," Allie said. Jen grinned. Her best friend was always up for anything.

"Step right up ladies," Jamal said with a big grin. His gold teeth sparkled in the overhead hanging lights.

Jamal had formed 4 lines of white powder with a credit card. Moving together, Jen and Allie approached the table. They both bent at the waist. Then, using straws, they inhaled one line into one nostril, and the other line into the other.

"Fuck," Allie moaned, standing straight again and rolling her head back. "That's. So. Fucking. Amazing."

"Yeah, yeah …," Jen panted. As it often did, she felt a little unbalanced by the coke. She knew she'd feel better in a minute. For now, she gripped Allie's arm to keep from falling. Allie felt unsteady too. She leaned into Jen for her own balance, resting her forehead on Jen's. The way they were

standing, their lips were just inches apart, and their breasts pushed into each other.

All eyes were on the two pretty girls. They didn't know it, as their eyes were closed as the euphoria of the coke gushed through their sexy bodies. But the men in the room were practically salivating, seeing their tits pressed together, and their sexy lips – wet with lipstick – almost touching.

"Why don't you kiss?" Jamal said.

His voice broke the girls out of their reverie. They both looked at Jamal. They saw him looking at them, and the other men looking too. They looked at each other. And then they realized how they must look to them.

"I wanna see you kiss," Jamal said, grinning at them. "You've done it before. Right? Best friends. College roommates. Sorority girls. You've fucked, right? Rubbed pussies?"

It was Allie that answered. It was always Allie. She was the bad girl brunette, to Jen's blonde girl innocence.

"You'd love that, right Jamal?" Allie teased. She wrapped her arm around Jen's waist and pulled her close, pressing their bodies together.

Allie brought her hand up to Jen's bust. She squeezed her tit through the black bustier. "You'd love to know if I played with these on those lonely nights at Triple-D." Triple-D was their sorority -- Delta Delta Delta.

"Allie, come on," Jen said with a laugh, trying to push away. But Allie held her tight.

"Jen's always been that way," Allie said, grinning at Jamal and the other men, and then grinning at Jen. "She pretends to be sweet. She likes to be forced."

Then Allie grabbed the back of Jen's hair, and smashed her lips against hers. Jen resisted at first, then she kissed Allie back. For long moments, the 2 girls made out, kissing open mouth, their tongues dancing. The entire time, Allie kept her hand on Jen's breasts, fondling her over the bustier.

The men in the room watched, shocked and amazed, all of them breathing hard and with their cocks hard and tenting their pants.

Then Allie abruptly broke the kiss. Jen was panting, and momentarily disoriented. Before she could recover, Allie spun Jen around and pushed her down on the table, so her tits smashed against the flat surface. She reached down and pulled up Jen's mini-skirt, high enough so the lacy tops of her stockings were exposed. With her foot, she kicked Jen's legs apart, her Jimmy Choo pointy toe heels scrapping across the floor.

Allie looked over Jen's back, at the men watching, their mouths open, all of them breathing hard, all of them with hard cocks. Allie grinned, loving the attention. "If I had a dick, I WOULD fuck this sexy bitch," she teased. "Just remember boys, she likes it rough. She likes being forced."

Jen pushed away from the table, pushing down her skirt. Looking at her best friend, she angrily said "What the fuck Allie?"

Allie threw her head back, laughing. "You know how coke makes me crazy," she said with a big smile at her friend.

Jen couldn't help smiling back. She could never stay mad at Allie. Just like she could never stay mad at Mike. And she loved the crazy Allie. It did feel like they were in college again!

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Mike didn't know where Jen went. Then he saw her emerge from what looked to be a storage room. She walked arm-in-arm with Allie, both of them laughing. Jamal, Scott and Joe followed close behind.

Jamal grabbed Jen, pulling her away from Allie. He wrapped his arms around her. He pulled her lips to his, and they kissed. They more than kissed, he mauled her mouth and groped her body. Jamal seemed even more aggressive than usual, more hot for Jen than usual. It looked like he was going to fuck her right there in the middle of the bar!

When they finally broke the kiss, Jamal was whispering into her ear. Jen was smiling, nodding at whatever he was saying.

Mike studied his wife. She looked manic, her eyes brighter than normal. Her knew that look. She was high on coke. That's where she'd been, that's where they'd all been. Getting high on Jamal's cocaine.

Mike clenched his fists. He hated when she used coke! It was dangerous! She was a mother! Didn't she think about Anna when she did it? Jen always assured him she knew what she was doing, she knew her limits, and she had to play along if she wanted to keep Jamal.

But Mike suspected it was more than just trying to keep Jamal. She liked it too. It was like what she said back at Scott's bar. This was who she was now.

Mike had had enough! He was going to grab Jen and drag her out of there! He was going to take her home, and away from all of this!

Laron, the bartender, approached with the bottle of Highland Park. "Stay calm friend," he said as he topped up Mike's glass. "On the house. You look like you need it."

"I'm getting my wife out of here!" Mike hissed.

"Okay, you can do that," Laron said calmly. "But then what are you gonna do? How are you gonna feel tomorrow? Are you gonna be happy you dragged her out of here? Or mad at yourself? Disappointed you didn't let things play out here?"

Mike stared at the black bartender, surprised by his questions.

"Jamal only brings his best shit here," Laron assured Mike. "Nothing laced with any nasty shit. He comes here all the time. He knows these people. He doesn't want anyone to get hurt."

"You're saying cocaine's safe?" Mike spat out.

"Seems like, Jen knows what she's doing. Maybe you should trust her," Laron said with a shrug. "And anyway, nothing's safe. You think letting other men fuck your wife is safe? But you can't stop. It's in your DNA, right? So you gotta be cool about it. Dragging her out of here will not end well. Believe me. I've been there."

Then Laron's attention was drawn across the bar. Mike followed his eyes. He saw Nala. Earlier she'd gone down on Scott. Now she was making out with Joe.

"Are waitress … are they allowed to do that?" Mike asked.

Laron shook his head, his eyes still on Nala with Joe. "Not with black men – the bulls," he said. "But those are white boys."

"So waitresses can be with husbands?" Mike asked.

"Now why would Nala ever want to be with a husband?" Laron spat out derisively. But he wasn't making fun of Mike or the other husbands there. It was more like, he was defending Nala.

Then Mike saw something sparkling on her hand. A diamond. An engagement ring.

Mike said to Laron, "That's a nice ring."

Laron nodded his head. Without taking his eyes off Nala sucking face with Joe, he swallowed hard and said, "Yeah. It's new. She just got it."

Then Jen came into view and Mike forgot all about Laron and Nala. He watched as she moved towards Xavier. Mary and Sebastian weren't around. Jen and Xavier talked, smiling at each other. No doubt, the two new lovers were reveling about their recent fuck.

Xavier took something from his pocket. It looked to be a strip of white plastic. He began wrapping it around Jen's left wrist. She shook her head and said something, then she held out her right wrist. Grinning, Xavier wrapped the plastic strip around her right wrist. Then he took a black marker from his pocket, and wrote something on the plastic strip.

Then Jen left Xavier. She looked around the bar, like she was searching for someone. What was going on?

Mike sensed someone behind him. "I haven't had the chance to thank you," a voice said. "For the Sapphire stock." Mike turned around – it was Mary.

"The money's changed our lives," Mary said, giving Mike a grateful smile. "Really. Sebastian does well, but being a local anchor only pays so much, and he's never been able to break into any of the national networks. He's envious actually that you're on CNN. But don't tell him I told you that."

"I think he's got more on me than I've got on him," Mike said bitterly. He was talking about Sebastian fucking Jen.

Mary winced at Mike's words. "I'm sorry about that," she said. "Sebastian and I, we have an open marriage, he can do what he wants, just like I can. But he should've known Jen was off limits, because of what you did for us. He feels bad. He told me he couldn't resist, when Jamal offered."

"Jamal set it up?" Mike asked. He had suspected as much, but it was something else to hear his suspicions confirmed.

"Of course he set it up," Mary said. "White husbands aren't allowed with does, not here. The only way it happens is if the consort sets it up. And this is the first time I've ever seen it happen."

Mike stared at her, processing her words.

"Jamal likes to fuck with the husband's head," Mary warned. "As much as he likes fucking the wife."

"I've figured that much out," Mike said sourly.

"Then why do you allow it?" Mary asked. "You're rich. You could buy 10 Jamals. Why do you allow it?"

"Jen likes him," Mike said with a shrug. "I love her. I want her to be happy."

Mary shook her head and laughed. "I wish Sebastian was like you," she said. "A true cuckold. Then I wouldn't have to worry all the time about him running off with the college intern. Or whoever is the latest pussy of the month at his station." Then her eyes moved to a spot across the room. Mike followed where she was looking. Jen was talking to Sebastian. As with Xavier a few minutes before, Sebastian was putting a wrist band around her right wrist. What was going on?

"They call it the Ritual," Mary said.

"What?" Mike asked.

"They call it the Ritual," Mary repeated. "It's a game the bulls play." She held up her left wrist. There was a white plastic strip around her wrist, the kind of wristband you'd get at a bar after paying the cover or showing your ID. "Jamal" was written on the plastic strip.

"You have to wear this if you're with someone here," Mary explained. "If you're with someone who's not your consort, I mean." She proudly held up her left wrist and said, "Jamal put this on me. Jen was with Xavier and Sebastian, so they're putting ones on her."

Mike didn't understand. A wrist band didn't seem that earth shattering. "Why do they call it the Ritual?" he asked.

"Well, it's a way for bulls to mark girls they've been with," Mary explained. "And it's a sign of the consort's control over his doe. That she'll give her body to whoever he wants." Then with a grin, she added "Not that I minded being with Jamal."

Mary's explanation was arousing, but still calling this "The Ritual" seemed overblown. "How long do you have to wear it?" he asked.

"Well, see, that's the thing," Mary said. "That's part of the game."

Mike looked questioning at her. Mary said "You have to wear it until the next husband's party. That's 2 weeks from now."

Mike looked at her, still not fully understanding how The Ritual worked.

"There's a penalty for taking it off early," Mary said. "The doe's consort gets to tattoo his name next to her pussy."

"What?!" Mike said with alarm.

Mary grinned at him. "Don't worry," she said with a smile in her voice. "I don't think it's ever happened. But you'll see the bulls tugging at the wrist band – wrist bands for Jen, since she has two. Jamal will too. He'll pretend to tug them off." With a teasing smile, Mary said "I'm sure he would like to tat his name next to Jen's pretty pussy."

Mike swallowed hard. "But you said it's never happened," he said.

"Well, actually, I heard about it happening once," Mary said. "But it wasn't the bulls who pulled it off. The doe's husband cut if off. I guess he got off on the idea."

Mike swallowed hard again. Mary gave him an inquisitive smile, as if saying "Do you get off on that too? Would you like 'JAMAL' inked next to Jen's pussy?"

"But it's really called the Ritual for what happens at the next husband's party," Mary said.

"What happens?" Mike asked, his voice dry and hoarse.

"The does with wrist bands are auctioned off," Mary said. "Kind of like a slave auction. The does have to take off all their clothes – stockings and high heels are allowed, but that's all. And then they're auctioned off. The winner gets 10 minutes with the doe. In one of those bedrooms. He only gets 10 minutes, but he can do anything he wants. The only rule is, he has to wear a condom. And he can't leave a permanent mark on the doe."

Mary looked across the room at Jen. She was laughing and talking with Sebastian. "Jen is so pretty, she'll get more than me at the auction," Mary said, looking envious and sad, like she wished she was 20 years younger and could compete with a beauty like Jen. Then she forced a smile and said "But I'll have fun too. I know some stags who'll bid for me. And some consorts too. For their does. You know how men are. They like to watch girls together."

"This is crazy!" Mike hissed. "Auctioning girls off like slaves? That's crazy!"

"You don't understand Mike," Mary said. "It's all optional."

"What?"

"The bulls don't force us to do anything," Mary said. "If you don't want to, you don't have to put on a wrist band. They want us to submit to them willingly."

Mary continued, saying, "The fact Jen let Xavier and Sebastian put the wristbands on her, it means she wants to be auctioned off."

Mike stared at Mary, his eyes going wide.

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Chapter 67

Mike wanted to talk to Jen, but he didn't get a chance. After she was marked by Xavier and Sebastian – that's what the bulls called putting wristbands on the bunnies, marking them – Jamal took her into his arms, like he was retrieving his property. From that point on, he didn't let her leave his side.

Jen seemed to enjoy getting Jamal's exclusive attention. It was like, she had let Xavier and Sebastian fuck her, and mark her, and she'd snorted coke, all to please the real man in her life, Jamal.

As the evening progressed, the bar got wilder. More clothes fell off the wives, and they allowed themselves to be kissed and fondled by their consorts in front of everyone. In some cases, the consorts let stags play with their bunnies too. Some went into the bedrooms, but most played out in the open in the bar.

Mike watched as some white wives got on their knees, going down on one and in some cases two black men. Their white husbands stood close by, watching, oftentimes pulling out their dicks and stroking themselves as they watched their wives giving head. The bar was turning into a wild sex club, like an orgy porno movie.

Eventually, Mike found himself in a corner of the bar that seemed to be reserved for Jamal. Jen and Jamal were there, as were Scott, Allie, Joe and Nala.

They were all sitting on a big curved sofa. The sofa was made of red faux leather.

They were paired up. Jamal was making out with Jen. Allie was making out with Joe. Scott was making out with Nala. It was a crazy scene.

Mike sat next to Jamal and Jen, so close he could feel the heat as they made out. Jen still had all her clothes on, but Jamal had pulled the top of the bustier down, exposing her hard, eraser-sized nipples. As he kissed her, Jamal had one hand on her tits, and the other up her black leather mini-skirt. Her legs were parted. Not only were her lacy stocking tops visible, so was the firm flesh of her thighs above.

Jen moaned and writhed as Jamal worked her body. She had her hand on his erection, rubbing his hard-on over his pants. The bulge in his pants was insane, extending halfway down his muscular thigh.

His cock was so big, Mike couldn't believe he was comfortable in the confides of his pants. Jen seemed to think the same thing, as she pulled away from his lips, and worked on this pants. It was an effort, as she was frantic to get his cock out. She was in major heat, and she got frustrated when she wasn't able to undo the top of his pants.

"Jamal please …." she begged, her lust-filled, heavy lidded eyes on his black face. He grinned, showing off his gold teeth, then he reached down and undid his pants. Jen hurriedly helped him pull his pants and boxer briefs down his legs. His big black cock stood up from his chiseled body.

Jen's eyes were on his cock. Almost 12 inches, thick like a soda can. "You're so freaking beautiful," she cooed, wrapping her hands around his shaft. Jamal moaned at the touch of her small, soft hands.

"You're fucking beautiful," Jamal said as he looked at her face. Jen eyes moved from his cock to his face. They locked eyes for long moments, both of them breathing hard, silently communicating, her hands around his shaft, slowly stroking him up and down.

Jen had put her hair back up before coming back into the bar. She looked past Jamal at Mike. She saw her husband looking at her. He was breathing hard, his face flushed. Mike had his cock out like many of the other husbands, slowly stroking himself. Jen couldn't help noticing how small – how tiny – his cock was compared to the monster she now held in her hands. Mike saw her look, knew what she was thinking as she compared his much smaller manhood to the monster in her hands – to a real man's cock -- and he shuddered.

Looking into her husband's eyes, Jen reached up with one hand and undid her hair. Her lush blonde hair fell around her face, onto her shoulders and down her back. Mike had stopped breathing, his heart aching, his cock throbbing. "Oh god Jen …," he groaned, his body shuddering again.

Then, giving Mike one last look, she pulled her hair to the side and went down on Jamal.

Jamal looked over at Mike as Jen went down at him. With Jen working on him, he struggled to talk, but he said, "Xavier told me she has a sweet mouth. She went down on him. Sebastian said the same thing. Did you know she went down on that cucky boy too?"

Mike was breathing hard, his heart pounding. When he didn't say anything, Jamal said "You know why I let them have her? So you'll know she belongs to me, she's my slut, and she'll fuck whoever I say. And you know why else? Xavier made Jen cum. Sebastian did too. I wanted you to see that. Even a cuck like Sebastian can make your wife cum." Jamal looked down at Mike's dick and said "Jen'll never cum with you again. She'll never want you inside her again. You're not a man to her anymore. How can you be,

with your dick in panties? You don't even have a dick, you have a sissy boy pussy."

Jamal was talking low, but everyone could hear, Jen, Allie, Scott, Joe and Nala, they could all hear.

Jen got off Jamal's cock, her lips wet from his juices and her spit. She wiped her face with the back of her hand. Looking at Mike and speaking loud enough for everyone to hear, she said "That's not true baby. He'd just being a dick. That's not true."

Jamal laughed. Then he picked Jen up so she was on his lap, straddling his muscular thighs. Then they were kissing and fondling again. Jen reached out though, and wrapped a hand around Mike's cock. She stroked him as she made out with her black boyfriend. She only did that for a few moments though, as her passion for Jamal overwhelmed her and she again paid exclusive attention to him, pulling her hand back from Mike's thin, not quite 4 inch dick so she could use both hands to stroke Jamal's thick, 12 inch cock.

Next to Jen and Jamal, Nala was sitting on Scott's lap, straddling his thighs. She was still in her waitress outfit, a starched white blouse, short black skirt, charcoal hose, and shiny black lace up shoes. Nala was a pretty light-skinned black woman with waves of hair falling over her shoulders to her big boobs. She was 23, a college dropout. Scott had her blouse open and was fondling her bra covered tits as they made out.

But as he kissed Nala, Scott kept glancing over at Jen. They were sitting so close on the red sofa, that her high heeled foot touched his thigh. He put his hand on Jen's stockinged calf, tracing his fingertip along the black seam that ran down the back of her leg. Mike's head (and cock) practically exploded when he saw Scott's hand on Jen's leg. She didn't push his hand away, but as she continued to make out with Jamal, it wasn't clear if she even knew it was Scott touching her.

Mike realized that Laron, the bartender, stood about 10 feet away. He was watching Nala with Scott. He had his dick out. His cock was probably average length, but thick. He was stroking himself as he watched.

Allie was on top of Joe, on the other side of Scott and Nala. They were kissing too. Joe had the top of Allie's dress down around her waist, and he had taken off her bra (or maybe she'd been braless all night). Joe was mauling her big tits as he pushed his tongue down her throat. Allie's tits were perfect. Big, perfectly shaped, perky without a hint of sag. Joe couldn't keep his hands off her. And Allie had fully embraced her inner cougar.

The scene was crazy. Out of control.

Nala reached down and took out Scott's cock. She pulled her black skirt up so it was around her waist. Mike saw she was wearing thigh highs and a black thong. Nala turned her head, so she was looking at Laron. As she looked into his eyes, she pulled the thong to the side, then impaled herself on Scott's big cock. Nala moaned at the penetration. Laron moaned too, and stroked himself faster. Laron softly moaned, "Yeah Nala honey, god yes, fuck that big white cock …."

Despite Nala riding on top of him, Scott's attention seemed to be on Jen more than the young black girl. He moved his hand from her leg to her bust, cupping one of Jen's breasts. Jen broke the kiss with Jamal, and looked into Scott's eyes as he fondled her. "Scott, no," she breathed but she didn't push his hand away. Her pouty lips parted and she moaned as he rubbed her hard nipple with his thumb and forefinger. "Oh god …," she moaned.

At that moment, Jamal pulled Jen's thong to the side. Holding his cock with one large black hand, he ran his thick cockhead back and forth between her soaking lips, lubricating himself. Then he pushed his big dick into her.

Jen rolled her head back at the penetration. Jamal stretched her so much! Even though they'd been fucking for some time now, he still stretched her,

and she loved that feeling! Scott's eyes were on Jen's beautiful face as she strained to take Jamal's big cock into her. He moaned at the sight, and squeezed Jen's tits harder.

Jen was soaking wet and still loose from fucking Xavier and Sebastian earlier, so Jamal entered her easier than usual. She moved back and forth on his cock, his big manhood rubbing so many of her pleasure spots. Within moments she came, her back arching and her head rolling back and she moaned with orgasmic pleasure.

Jen was so pretty, and when she came she was even prettier and sexier. Scott watched her cum, remembered all the times he'd watched her cum in the past while riding his dick, remembered all those times when he'd listened to her sweet voice in the throes of orgasm, and something snapped inside him. Suddenly out of control, Scott grabbed the back of Jen's head and smashed his lips against hers.

Jen was still in the throes of her orgasm, so she didn't resist, in fact she kissed Scott back. The two old lovers traded spit and their tongues danced as Scott kissed Jen through her orgasm.

Then Jen seemed to realize what she was doing. "Scott, what …?" she said, disoriented, glancing nervously at Mike. Mike was frozen, his hand still around his hard dick, but he was frozen, not able to move.

Scott said to Jamal, "Let's trade. Let me fuck her, and I'll partner with you on that bar."

Jamal looked at Scott, about to respond. But then suddenly, Allie (who was now on top of Joe with his cock inside her) reached over and kissed Nala. Suddenly all eyes were on the beautiful white brunette and the pretty (and younger) black waitress making out. As they kissed, Allie reached into Nala's bra and squeezed her big tits. Laron moaned at the sight of his fiancée being kissed and getting felt up by a beautiful white girl while impaled on a big white cock.

Jen used Allie's distraction to crawl off of Jamal. "Mike, move," she said, pushing her husband off the sofa. She got on her back on the sofa, and pulled Jamal to her. "Fuck me J, please, fuck me," she begged her black lover. Jen had oriented herself so her feet were to Scott, so she was safe from his lips and hands.

Mike was on his knees on the floor (where Jen had pushed him), as Jamal got between Jen's open stockinged legs and pushed his thick, 12 inch cock into her pussy. He fucked her hard and fast, with Jen panting "Yeah, yeah, fuck me with that nigga cock, fuck me nigga, fuck me, fuck me …."

"Oh god, god, you're making me cum Jamal!!" Jen cried as another orgasm slammed her body. Her pretty toes curled in the pointy toe Jimmy Choos, and her back arched as the orgasm smashed through her sexy body.

Jamal didn't stop fucking her. He put Jen's long shapely legs over his shoulders, and he fucked her even harder. It was like her orgasm never stopped, it just peaked, valleyed a little, and now it was peaking again, getting closer to spilling over again.

Suddenly Jen felt a hand on her bare ass. She looked past Jamal and saw it was Scott, he had reached around Jamal and was caressing her ass even as Jamal fucked her.

Scott used Jen's juices to lubricate his fingers, then he pushed 2 fingers into her pretty puckered asshole.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Jen's body exploded with Jamal's big cock in her pussy, and Scott's fingers in her ass! It was the biggest orgasm yet!

Even as Jen's body shuddered with post orgasmic shockwaves, Scott pushed Nala away. He hadn't cum yet.

Laron was immediately on top of his fiancé, taking Scott's place. He pushed his black cock bareback into Nala, taking her pussy like it was his property (which is was). They were soon making love, the soon-to-be newlyweds forgetting about everyone else in the room.

Jamal was still fucking Jen, her long legs on his broad shoulders. He was close.

Scott moved to Jen's head. He took off the condom and tossed it to the floor. While she was still disoriented from cumming, Scott pushed his cock into her mouth. With both hands he gripped the back of her head, and then pushed his cock into her mouth until it hit her throat. Jen's hands flailed as Scott fucked her pretty face.

At first she resisted. Then Jen wrapped both her hands around Scott's shaft, sucking and stroking him as he fucked her mouth. Scott reached down and openly fondled her breasts, both of which had now fallen completely out of the bustier. Jen moaned at his touch. She reached to him and ran her fingers down his chest.

Jamal was still fucking her, his big cock hitting all her pleasure spots, her clit, her g-spot, all the pleasure nerves in her pussy. Added to that, Scott was in her mouth, his hands on her breasts, his thumbs rubbing her nipples.

It was too much. She came again, and this orgasm was the most intense, the most explosive of them all.

The shuddering of Jen's body (and her whimpers) as she came pushed both Scott and Jamal over the edge. Almost at the same time, Jamal came in Jen's pussy, and Scott came in her mouth. Jen's cheeks ballooned as Scott filled her mouth with cum, and her throat muscles worked overtime as she swallowed his jizz. At the same time, Jamal's black seed flooded her pussy and ran down between her ass cheeks.

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It was later that night (or early morning). Mike and Jen were at home in the loft apartment, in bed. She was freshly showered. Her hair was damp, and had the familiar strawberry-vanilla scent of her shampoo. Her breath smelled like the toothpaste and mouthwash she always used. It was jarring for Mike to have this sense of normalcy about his wife, given what had happened not too long ago.

Jen was naked, snuggled into him. He was also naked, except he still wore the black lace panties. Jen's hand was inside the panties, her hand around Mike's cock.

They were silent, the only sound was Jen's hand scraping against the lacy material as she slowly stroked her husband's dick.

"You're breaking the rules," Mike finally said, noting how she was naked next to him.

"That's okay," Jen said. "After tonight, I think we can break the rules a little."

They were silent again. Jen reached down further, stretching the panties, and cupped his balls. The panties kept her from moving her hand. So she pulled the panties aside, the way Jamal had pulled her panties earlier that evening. Now his cock was out, although the string of the thong dug hard between his ass cheeks.

Jen tenderly cupped his balls again. Then she scrapped her fingernails across the underside, the way she knew her husband loved it.

When Mike moaned, she asked "You still like that." She tinkled his balls again.

"Yes!" Mike moaned. Then he groaned when Jen ran her fingertip along the string between his asscheeks.

"This always makes me feel so sexy," she said. Her fingertip had reached his anus. She pushed the string so it pressed against his super sensitive asshole. Mike moaned. "And this always feels so good," she said.

"Jen …," Mike said through labored breathing. "We need to talk about tonight."

"Okay, let's talk," she said as she wrapped her hand around his shaft again. As she slowly stroked him, she softly said, "Go head baby. Talk."

"What happened with Scott …," Mike began, but Jen cut him off.

"That was over the line," she said. "I told Jamal that, after. Scott is off limits."

Mike was silent for a moment. Then he said "I was going to say, if you had traded, it would've been okay."

Jen was silent for long moments. Finally she said "We have to have some limits Mike. I get the idea of me with Scott turns you on. Which, by the way, would not have turned you on when we were getting back together. It would've made you insane."

"But now you're mine again," Mike said. "Back then, I didn't know if you were mine. I didn't know if you still wanted him. Now I know you don't."

Jen got on one elbow and looked into his face. "How can you be so sure of that?" she asked. "What if we got together, we did it, and that triggered something inside me? You saw me tonight. You see how I am. I didn't exactly push Scott away. I sucked him Mike. I let him touch me. And I liked it. Do you really want me to have real sex with him? Do you really want to risk all that starting up again?"

Mike was silent. Then he said "Sometimes I think it's better if you're with more than one guy."

“I was with more than one guy tonight,” Jen said with a grin.

Mike grinned back. Then he got serious again, and said “But you did that because of Jamal. I just think, maybe it’s better the way it was before. When you hooked up with Blake, and Doug and Wyatt, and Cam. So you can’t get so attached to one guy.”

“I thought that’s what you want,” Jen said. “You wanted me to get back together with Jamal. Remember? You wanted me to play harder? Remember?”

“I know, it’s just … the things he said tonight ….”

“I thought that talk gets you off,” Jen said.

“It does, but …,” Mike said hesitantly. “It’s just, he goes too far sometimes. And he said it in front of Allie.”

“Jamal’s doing it on purpose,” Jen said. “You get that right? He knows you have a crush on her --.”

“No I don’t,” Mike said, interrupting.

“It’s okay Mike,” Jen assured him. “It’s normal you have a crush on her. She beautiful, she’s my best friend, you’re around her a lot. I know you’re not trying to get into her pants, but she’s special to you. I think it’s sweet actually.”

Mike was silent, processing all this. He finally said, “I just want her to respect me. That’s all.”

“I know Mike. And she does,” Jen assured him. “But Jamal understands how people think. He knows how to push people’s buttons. That’s what he does at work, he consults on demographics. He got Allie together with Joey, because he knew that would bother you if your brother was with her. It’s like, he’s cucking you with me. And he’s cucking you with Allie.”

Mike's eyes went wide. "He told you this?" he asked.

Jen shook her head. "No," she said. "But I figured it out. I mean, I'm not stupid. Jamal manipulates people. He gets off on it." She motioned with her left wrist, at the Queen of Spades tattoo, and said "He got me to ink this on my wrist."

"Do you regret it?" Mike asked.

"No," Jen said. "Just because I know what he's doing, that doesn't mean I'm not into it. It doesn't mean I can do anything about it. I mean, I guess, he HAS blacked me."

Mike stared at her, breathing hard. He said, "But if you're blacked, why are you worried about falling for Scott again?"

"Mike, god," Jen said with a laugh. She leaned her forehead against his. "Certain personalities attract me. Black men have that personality. Not all, but a lot. Scott has that personality. I think Cam has that personality. You see? They're dangerous for us Mike. I mean, not Jamal, I'm smarter now. But I've got so much history with Scott. He. Is. Off. Limits. Okay?"

Mike nodded. Then he grinned sheepishly at her.

"I can't believe all you want to talk about is Scott," Jen said, grinning back at him. She held up her right arm to show the 2 wristbands. "You don't want to talk about this?"

Mike tugged on them, and Jen said "You don't want to do that mister. Unless you want "Jamal" inked next to my pussy." Mike shuddered. Jen saw it and gave him a teasing grin and said "I guess that idea gets you hot."

"I don't want that," Mike said. He grinned as he lightly tugged on the bands again, saying "Although the idea does get me hot." Jen laughed.

“So these are your first bands?” Mike asked.

Jen nodded, saying “You would’ve seen them before. I told you tonight’s the first time Jamal’s shared me. But I’ve seen other girls wearing them. And I’ve seen them auctioned.”

“And you want that,” Mike said. “You want to be auction?”

“I told you,” Jen said with a shrug. “This is who I am now. And you told me to play hard. And we only have like 6 weeks left.”

“It’s not like 6 weeks,” Mike said. “It IS 6 weeks.”

“Okay. I mean, yeah, that’s what I said.”

Mike eyed her. “Are you saying you want more time?” he asked.

“Mike, no,” Jen assured him. “I said that’s what I said. 6 weeks.”

Mike eyed her again, as if trying to read her thoughts. Then, turning back to the auction, he asked, “So it doesn’t bother you, that you have no control who’s going to buy you? And he has 10 minutes to do anything he wants to you? What if it’s someone you’re not attracted to?”

“You mean, like, someone who’s ugly, and has bad breath?” Jen asked a grin. It was an excited grin. “Do you remember what my biggest, darkest fantasy is?”

Mike’s eyes got big as understanding hit him. Being auctioned off, having no control, being forced to fuck whoever bought her, it was like being raped.

Then he remembered something else. “When Scott told Jamal he wanted to swap,” he said. “He said he’d partner on a bar.”

Jen nodded. “Jamal wants to open a bar with Scott,” she said. “He needs Scott. Scott’s done it before, and he has money.”

“What’s Jamal bring to the party?” Mike asked.

“Well …,” Jen began, then her voice trailed off. Mike got it immediately. Jamal would deal drugs at the bar, at a discount or maybe even free like tonight.

“Does Scott really want to get involved with drug dealing?” Mike asked.

“You make it sound so bad,” Jen said. “This isn’t like selling to minors. This would be a bar, to adults. Anyways, I don’t know. I haven’t talked to Scott. I’m not going to talk to Scott.”

“But he’d do it, if Jamal let him fuck you,” Mike said. With a grin, he said “That’s gotta be an ego boost.”

“Well, yeah,” Jen said with a laugh. “And also ….”

Her voice trailed off, but Mike saw an excited sparkle in her eyes. “What?” he asked.

“Well …,” Jen began. “You know my deepest darkest fantasy? It also works, kinda, if Jamal sells me. You know? As something extra, for his best customers?”

“Are you serious?” Mike asked, his eyes going wide. “Have you said this to him?”

“No, of course not,” Jen said. “If I say anything, it ruins it.”

Mike was silent, processing her words as he stared at his beautiful wife. She looked so sweet, with her soft blonde hair and innocent blue eyes. But she was anything but sweet. She was a very bad girl.

"Anyways, I have something special for you," Jen said, grinning at him. "Because you had to go through so much tonight. And you're so freaking awesome. So I want to do something special for you."

"What?" Mike asked, smiling back at her. Her words filled his heart with joy!

Jen put his cock back into the panties. Then she rubbed slick massage oil on him. She got on top of him, her little breasts smashed against his chest, and her naked pussy over his dick. She then slid back and forth over his body, his hard dick rubbing between her bare pussy lips. Since he was slick with oil, it was easy for her to slide back and forth.

"This is called a slide," she said, their faces almost touching. "A camel toe slide. I used to do it for Colin, back in high school. I was 15. Back then, I wanted to be a virgin until I got married. Crazy huh?"

"You told me you lost your virginity to Colin, when you were 15," Mike said. He was panting as Jen slid back and forth over his cock.

"I did," Jen said. "I'm telling you. I was a sophomore. It was after a game." Colin was the star high school quarterback. Both he and Jen went to Penn State, although Colin was a couple of years ahead of her. They dated all through high school and college, until Jen broke up with Colin and began dating Mike. But that's another story.

"I was, you know, I was a cheerleader," Jen said, continuing her story as she slid back and forth over Mike's cock. "We were, I can't remember where, someone's garage. It had a bed. We made out, Colin took off my cheer outfit. You'd love it, I was naked except for my socks and saddle shoes. I was doing this for Colin, the camel toe slide, sliding his cock between my pussy lips, trying to get him off and stay a virgin. It felt so freaking good, sometimes I came too doing it. I told you he was big, not nearly as big as Jamal but big."

"Bigger than me," Mike interjected.

"Yeah baby, way bigger than you," Jen said, giving Mike a tender kiss on the lips. "Anyways, we were using massage oil like now, and I guess I was really wet, because he slipped inside my pussy. It was just the tip. I still remember how he moaned – how we both moaned – when he entered me. Colin couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed my hips and pushed all the way inside me. I didn't try to stop him. I guess I couldn't take it anymore either. Anyways, that's how I lost my virginity when I was 15. After that, we were fucking all the time. Like, everyday. It wasn't just Colin, it was me too. It was like now Mike, I couldn't get it enough. I remember, I had to go to a clinic for birth control pills. I couldn't go to our family doctor. My dad still thought I was a virgin. He would have gone ape shit, especially if he knew that half the time I was full of Colin's cum at the dinner table."

Mike was panting as he stared into his wife's beautiful face.

Then she added "But I don't have to worry about you slipping inside me, because you're wearing panties."

Mike flushed at her reminder that he was wearing girl's panties.

"I was gonna do this for you before, the other night," Jen said as she slid back and forth. "Remember, when Jamal was here? But I'd just told him I wouldn't let your little dick near my pussy, and I didn't want to lie to him."

"I feel like, you try harder to tell him the truth, and you lie to me," Mike said, his breathing heavy as she slid back and forth.

For a moment Jen looked pained. She quickly buried her head in the crook of his neck, so he couldn't see. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

Mike quickly said, "It's okay if you lie to me sometimes. It's okay if you cheat on me. You know that gets me hot. It gets me hot I can't give you what you need, so you need to get it from other men. You deserve it. You're too hot for any one man."

Jen rose up and looked into his face. "Sometimes I don't get you," she said. "If you cheated on me, I'd die. If you fucked Mary tonight, or even touched her, if you reached over and touched Allie, or Nala, it would kill me."

"It does kill me when I see you with other men," Mike said. "But I love it too. I can't live without it. I know it's crazy. You just have to love me."

"I do love you Mike," Jen swore.

"Even if you cheat on me, you have to love me," Mike said.

"I'll always love you," Jen promised.

"Do you think it's possible, for a wife to sleep with other men, to cheat, and still love her husband?" Mike asked.

"I do," Jen said. "I know it is. I'm living that right now."

"So you have cheated on me," Mike said. "I'm not talking about Doug. That was part of the game. I talking about real cheating."

Jen hesitated, then said "Well, you know about Joey …."

"But besides Joe?" Mike pressed. "You can tell me. I won't get mad. I forgive you. Ahead of time I forgive you."

"Mike …," Jen began. "Cheating is complicated. Like, if people are separated, and she sleeps with someone, then she gets back together with her husband, is that cheating?"

"Of course not, they were separated," Mike said.

"That's what I mean," Jen said. "It's complicated. It depends on things."

"What things?"

"Just what I said," Jen said. "Timing. And other things. You know?"

Mike was silent as he processed this. At times, Jen didn't directly answer his questions. And sometimes during these times, he was hesitant to press for details. He knew all he needed to know. She had cheated on him, with someone other than Joe. Sometime when they hadn't been playing the game, Jen had been with another man – maybe other men – behind his back. But did that change anything? He decided he didn't want to think about it anymore. As long as …

"You can do whatever you want," he said. "As long as you love me."

"I do love you. I'll always love you," she promised.

"Even if you love someone else too," Mike added. "Even if you fall in love with another guy. As long as you still love me too. Even Scott. You can love Scott, as long as you love me too."

"Mike," Jen said, looking into her husband's face. "Please don't say that. I don't … I can't go down that path again. I can't fall in love like that again. It really hurts. I can't do that again."

"So you did really fall in love with him?" Mike asked. "And it hurt when you broke up with him?"

"I broke up with him to be with you," Jen said.

"But you were really in love with him? It really hurt when you broke up? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"How could I tell you?" Jen asked. Her eyes were tearing up at the memories. "You were barely talking to me. If I told you I still loved Scott, you never would have taken me back."

"Do you still love him now?" Mike asked.

"No, I don't," Jen said, shaking her head. "It was so long ago. He's married now …"

"Are you jealous he's married?" Mike pressed.

"No, Mike, god, stop," Jen pleaded. "I don't care about him anymore. I just don't want to do it again."

"Do you wish Jamal had traded?"

"Mike, no," she said with exasperation. "I told you, I told Jamal afterwards, Scott's off limits."

"But then he fucked your face anyway," Mike said. He voice wasn't accusing though. It was more a statement of fact.

But Jen didn't hear it that way. "Mike, god …," she lamented. "Are you really going to blame me for the crazy shit that happened tonight? I told you it got wild there. I warned you. I freaking didn't even know it was Scott. I mean, I knew it was him, but it didn't matter. By that point, it was just a dick."

They were silent, with Jen continuing to slowly slide her body back and forth over his cock in the black lace panties. "Let's talk about something else," she suggested.

"I haven't been inside you for 6 weeks," Mike said.

"No you haven't," Jen agreed as she slid back and forth. It felt good. He was close to cumming. "That turns you on, right?"

"I'm close," he told her. "Can I take my cock out, so I can feel you skin-to-skin? Just so I can cum?"

"No baby," Jen said gently, tenderly kissing him on the lips. "Your dick stays in the panties. I'm all stretched out after tonight. You'd slip inside me too easy. Anyways, your dick looks sexy in panties."

"How did it happen with Colin?" Mike asked. "You were a lot tighter then, a virgin. And he was big. How'd he slip inside you?"

"I don't know," Jen said with a shrug. "You know … those things happen."

When Mike didn't say anything, Jen asked "What are you thinking about baby?"

Mike hesitated a moment more, then asked "I wonder …." His voice trailed off.

"What do you wonder baby?" Jen asked.

"I wonder …," Mike began again. "I wonder if Scott will be inside you, before I'm inside you again."

Jen stopped sliding. She got onto her elbows and looked into his face. "You're crazy," she finally said. She kissed him, and then wrapped her arms around his neck so their faces were barely an inch apart. "You'll be inside me again, in 6 weeks," she promised, looking into his eyes. "But Scott won't. He'll never be inside me again. Never."

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When Jen wasn't with Jamal, their life together was normal. Well, as normal as it could be, since they still obeyed Jamal's rules. That meant Mike wasn't allowed to touch or even see Jen's body.

Getting naked with him and doing the camel toe slide had been a one time thing. She was back to wearing a long coat in the morning and at night, so he couldn't see the sexy dresses and skirts she wore to work.

At home, she wore blouses and pants that were pretty but hid her curves. She never wore skirts, so Mike never got to see her legs.

Also, Jen had begun to wear her hair up or in a ponytail when she was with Mike. So he only got to see her hair down when she was on her way to work, or going out with Jamal. She didn't talk about it, she just did it. He knew it was because he had made such a point of it when she'd been with Sebastian. He had asked her to play harder, and that was what she was doing. Giving him a little extra torment, a little extra tease.

That's what Jen did, she teased Mike. But as cucks will understand, being denied his wife's body kept him perpetually hard. Knowing that other men were allowed to enjoy her charms, but he wasn't, kept him perpetually hard. And when Jen did those little extra things – like denying Mike the luxury of even seeing her legs, or seeing her hair down, the 2 things about her physical beauty that he loved more than anything else – the cuckold angst, the cuckold heartache, they were intoxicating. It pained his soul, but thrilled his lust.

Their life outside the game was otherwise normal. They played with Anna, they went to the market, they watched Netflix, they did chores at home. They went to a Superbowl party, and after football was over, they began getting into college basketball, and picked home games to go see the Mets in the summer.

They talked about the future, like which private school to send Anna when she was old enough for first grade. They talked about possible girl and boy names for the new baby they hoped to have after the next 6 weeks were over.

They held hands and snuggled, and it wasn't always Mike reaching for Jen. Just as often, she reached for his hand, or hugged his arm, or climbed on top of him in bed, just for a snuggle. And they always spooned in bed when they slept, just like they always had.

Still, the game was always there, lingering, a presence. An example was the supplements Jamal gave her – the ones to add curves to her ass and hips. Jen kept them on top of her dresser, next to her birth control pills. Mike saw them every day, when he woke up and just before going to sleep. They were a constant reminder that she was changing her body for Jamal.

Every morning, she popped them into her mouth – one birth control pill, and one supplement. Then in the evening before dinner, she took another supplement, because it was one of those twice a day pills.

Jen was still eating more to curve up her body. While before she'd been almost a vegetarian who watched every calorie, now she ate more meats, breads and pastas, and she wasn't shy with butter and rich cream sauces. Even the coffee she got at Starbucks changed. In the past, she'd been a skinny latte girl, sometimes with a squirt of vanilla but always non-fat. Now it was a whole milk latte, with real vanilla, and also whip with a caramel swirl on top.

The change in Jen's body was definitely noticeable. She'd gained weight, and most of that had gone to her hips and ass. Both the supplements and her new trainer (as well as the extra calories) were helping her develop the bubble butt that she wanted. The kind of ass that Jamal and other black men found so alluring.

It wasn't possible for her to direct all the extra weight to her hips and ass, so now her stomach wasn't as firm as before, as she'd gained weight there too. And she'd gained weight in her thighs. She still had a thigh gap, but it was shrinking.

Before she started all this, Jen had been a size 0/2. Now after only 6 weeks, she was a full size bigger, a 2/4. Looking at her, Mike couldn't really say that she was his slim ballerina anymore. His Tiny Dancer. And that made him really sad. Especially since she was changing her body not for him, or herself, but for Jamal. For another man.

But Mike couldn't deny that Jen looked fantastic, especially in tight jeans, dresses and skirts. The way the fabric stretched around her hips and ass made men stop in their tracks and stare at her. They practically salivated as they checked out her ass. It was the kind of ass you wanted to lick and grope, slap, and fuck from behind.

Most men would probably say that she looked better now than before. Her face was still as beautiful as ever. Her hair still as long, lush and blonde. Her little tits still perky and perfect, her legs still long and amazing, her feet still tiny and sweet. You combine that with a curvier ass, and now she was hotter than before, smoking hot, especially in skinny jeans, especially in tight min-skirts, especially in stockings and stiletto fuck-me pumps.

But it was always there, that Jen had done this for another man. She'd changed her body, the way she looked, for another man.

And all this drove Mike crazy. Whenever he thought about it, he got dizzy, he had to sit down or hold onto something to keep from falling. He had to focus on controlling his breathing, and steadying his heart. He couldn't think about it at work, certainly not when he was around anyone, because he'd risk shaking. His body, his hands, they'd shake. Often he'd have a hard time breathing.

Because all this fueled his cuckold desires. It was like gasoline on the cuckold inferno burning inside him.

Jen gave Mike relief every night. Every night. He always needed it, and she never said no.

It became part of their nightly routine. Jen went into the bathroom (with the door closed) to change into her pajamas, brush her hair, and brush her teeth. When she came out, Mike was in bed, completely naked, waiting for her. He was always hard. Always.

Jen laid next to him. They kissed for a moment. Strangely, Jamal's rules didn't prohibit kissing. But Jen never kissed Mike for long. And rarely open

mouth. Rarely giving him any tongue. It was like she was keeping her kisses for Jamal too. And for the other men he told her to kiss.

Jen would stroke Mike's cock, with her hand. She would answer his questions, and tell him stories. Things Jamal had done to her. How his body, his cock, were so amazing (so "freaking amazing" in her words). How she loved how he felt inside her. How she loved how he stretched her, made her feel so full. She couldn't get enough of his body. She loved fucking him. She got anxious, her body aching and longing, whenever she went a day without being with him. A day without getting fucked by him.

Jen would tell Mike about how she felt about Jamal. How she liked him a lot. How she found him interesting, how she found the black culture interesting, how she was getting more acclimated to it, how it was becoming part of her.

Jen looked forward to their dates. When she wasn't with him, she thought about him a lot. Not constantly, but a lot. Although she forced herself not to think about him when she was with Anna.

Jen told Mike about how she got upset when he had to cancel one of their dates, or she had to cancel. She continued to insist she didn't love Jamal. She admitted she was major in like with him. That's how she always phrased it, whenever Mike asked, she said "I'm major in like with Jamal, but that's not love."

Mike wasn't sure she was telling the truth, either to him or herself. She didn't want Jamal to become another Scott. She always said she wouldn't, because she was wiser now in the Game V2 (or maybe it was V3 now), but sometimes he thought she was trying to convince herself.

Although, the possibility that Jamal was actually the "new Scott" thrilled Mike. Cuckolds will understand that. The risk of losing your wife was terrifying, but also one of the most thrilling cuckold fantasies, along with your wife getting pregnant by another man. They were 1A and 1B among cuckold fantasies.

It was when Jen told him about her feelings for Jamal – her emotions – that's what got Mike really hot. Often his body would tremble as she told him these things. Hearing about the physical parts, the sex, they were the appetizers in Mike's buffet of cuckold desires. The emotions were the main course.

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Scott stepped into Jen's office, closing the door behind him. Jen looked up from her Mac. "What do you want?" she asked.

"We've never talked," he said.

"There's nothing to talk about," Jen said.

"I'm talking about --."

"I know what you're talking about," Jen snapped. "If you hang out with Jamal and his friends, things get crazy. Don't start thinking that any of that means anything."

Scott leaned against the door and crossed his arms. "Man you are a cold bitch," he said. "You can't give me anything."

"What do you want Scott?" Jen asked with exasperation. "I mean, god …."

"I just don't get, if you were gonna fuck around on Mike again, why you didn't come back to me," Scott said.

"Are you fucking serious?" Jen angrily said. "After what happened last time? And what about your wife?"

"Do you really think we have that kind of marriage?" Scott said dismissively. Then he said "Are you seriously into black men now?"

Jen held up her left wrist. With her right hand, she pulled down the bangles, exposing the queen of spades tat. “What do you think this means?” she angrily said.

“I made you cum with my finger in your ass,” Scott said. “Then you couldn’t get enough of my cock in your mouth. It made you cum again. Just admit it, you’re still hot for me.”

“You are fucking full of yourself!” Jen hissed.

“But you haven’t told me to get out,” Scott said.

“What?” Jen said, not understanding.

Scott moved to her, covering the space in 3 big steps. He pulled her up from her swivel chair, then twisted her around and bent her over her desk. Then he jerked up her skirt.

Jen’s ass was fully exposed, the thin strip of her thong running up between her cheeks. Scott palmed her cheeks. “I like the new you,” he said, caressing her cheeks. “You’re still so fucking hot.”

“Scott get off me!” she hissed, trying to push him off her. But he was too big and strong. He held her with her breasts smashed on the desk.

Then he reached around and pushed his hand into the front of her thong. He felt her pussy. “You’re fucking soaking,” he said with a grin. “Do you get wet whenever I’m around?”

“Scott get off of me!” she hissed again. But still he kept her pinned to the desk. He rubbed her pussy, his finger sliding up and down between her lips, circling her clit. Jen couldn’t help moaning.

With a single jerk, Scott ripped off her panties, making her yelp. Then he opened his pants and took out his cock.

He was hard. He adjusted his legs, pressing his cockhead against her pussy lips. "I think Allie's right," he said. "That's your game. You play hard to get. You want to be forced." Jen moaned, both at the feel of his cock pressing against her pussy, and his words.

"Scott no! Please." Jen cried. "I'm married!"

Scott laughed. "Really Jen?" he said sarcastically.

Jen felt him press harder against her. He was about to penetrate her. "Scott please!" she begged. "I have a daughter now!"

Jen's words seemed to cool Scott's lust. With disgust, he pushed her away. Jen scrambled to the other side of the desk for protection. She pushed down her skirt as she warily looked at him.

Scott put his dick back into his pants. "You know Jen, I know you think I'm stupid," he said as he zipped up his pants. "But I can count."

Then he turned and walked away.

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Chapter 68

(The next day)

"You have to tell him, Jen," Allie urged.

"How can I tell him?" Jen responded, looking helpless. "After all this time?"

"Would you rather he hear it from Scott?" Allie asked.

"Why would Scott say anything?" Jen said. "He hasn't said anything yet. Yesterday was the first time."

"Because before, you kept your distance from Scott. But that's changed," Allie said. "Look what almost happened at the bar."

"But that wasn't my fault," Jen said.

"He had his dick in your mouth Jen!" Allie said with exasperation.

"But it wasn't my fault!" Jen insisted.

The two best friends glared at each other. Then Allie said in a calmer voice, "It doesn't matter whose fault it is. Don't you see? Scott's still hot for you. He asked Jamal to trade, remember that? What if he tells Mike, just to dick him over? And what if he tells Jamal? He might, they're opening a bar together. And then, what if Jamal tells Mike? I don't think he'd do it on purpose, I don't think he's a dick like Scott, not about something like this, but it might slip out, especially with all the head games he plays."

Jen squeezed the palms of her hands against her head. "This is so horrible," she said, her eyes tearing up. "We never should've started playing again. This is gonna kill Mike. It's gonna really hurt him Allie."

"You don't know that," Allie said, trying to reassure her best friend. "Mike loves you. He loves Anna."

Jen looked at Allie, tears flowing down her cheeks. She was hoping for another solution. But there wasn't one.

****

"You're quiet tonight," Mike said later that night. They'd just put Anna down.

Jen shook her head, like she didn't know how to start. Then she began tearing up. Mike immediately looked concerned. "What's wrong," he asked, putting his arms around her.

“I need to tell you something,” Jen said, her voice a guilty whisper. She’d thought about it all day after talking to Allie, how to tell her husband. She decided it was best to get it out fast, like pulling off a band aid.

“Remember we talked about cheating? I have cheated on you,” Jen admitted in that same guilty whisper. “There was Joey. And there were two other times.”

Mike’s heart was suddenly pounding, his body going numb. “Why are you telling me this now?” he asked, his voice a whisper too. Then he added “With who?”

“Please don’t hate me,” Jen begged.

“I don’t hate you,” Mike said, squeezing her in a tighter hug. “I told you. I’ve already forgiven you. But you have to tell me everything now.”

Jen cried into Mike’s chest for a few moments. Then she pulled away a little, wiping tears with the back of her hand.

“The first time was back in college,” she said. “We had just gotten serious. It was before a football game. The night before. You had a lab or something. I went to a party with Allie. We met some guys there, from Clemson, they were there for the football game. One of the guys … I ended up … I ended up in his room.”

Then she added in a small voice, “I’m sorry.” Tears were flowing down her cheeks.

Mike moved close and kissed away her tears. “It’s okay,” he said in a soft voice. “It was a long time ago. I’ve already forgiven you. You can do anything you want. As long as you tell me.”

“But I didn’t tell you,” Jen sobbed, the tears still flowing down her cheeks.

"You just did," Mike said, kissing the tears away again. "That's all I want. You told me now, and that counts." He kissed her lips. His heart was pounding. His cock was hard from cuckold lust. "Who was the other guy?" he asked. "It was Scott, right?"

Jen nodded. She was balling now.

"It's okay," Mike said, reassuring her again. "You had feelings for him. I understand. It happened after we got back together, right? But you still had feelings for him. Right?"

Jen nodded. Through her tears, she said "It was … I don't know … it was after a long day at work. You were traveling for something. Our group had meetings all day, and then we went out for dinner. And then all of a sudden, we were alone. Me and Scott. I loved you. I wanted to be with you. But I missed him. You know? And then it just happened. I didn't plan it out. I didn't want it to happen. But it happened."

"It's okay baby," Mike said, pulling her into his arms again. He kissed her neck as he ran his hands up and down her back. "You loved him. Do you still love him?"

"Mike no!" Jen said, pulling away. "We're not playing the game now!"

"But it doesn't matter anymore," Mike said. "Yes, it would've killed me if I knew about it then. We were fragile then. But now I know you'll never leave me --."

"I won't ever leave you," Jen swore.

Mike reached out and held her. "You don't have to feel bad," he said, looking into her eyes. "We're way pass that now. I've told you. I like it when you cheat. It's part of my fantasy. As long as you eventually tell me."

"Mike, you don't understand," Jen said pleadingly, the tears flowing again. "It happened when we were trying to have a baby. I wasn't on the pill."

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They were in bed now, on their sides, looking at each other. "Is Anna mine?" he asked.

"Yes she's yours," Jen said immediately.

Mike frowned. "Am I her biological father?" he asked.

Jen hesitated. She knew this was no time for spin or evasion. Now, only honesty worked. After all she'd done, after all her sins, Mike deserved honestly. He deserved a lot more than that, but now, at this moment, the best she could give him was honestly.

"I don't know," she admitted in low voice. "I got pregnant right after. You and I, we were having sex a lot, every day, trying to have a baby. But I got pregnant right after … right after Scott."

Mike stared at her for long moments. Then suddenly, something snapped inside her. He was on top of her, yanking off her clothes. He pulled his cock out. He was rock hard. He pushed into her pussy. It was the first time he'd been inside his wife in weeks, since before Vegas.

Mike held Jen's hands above her head as he fucked her. "You belong to me!" he growled.

"I do," Jen agreed. "I belong to you."

"Anna's mine!"

"She is," Jen agreed again. "You're her father. She belongs to you."

Jen wriggled from his grasp and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him to her. "Kiss me Mike," she said, her words a plea. "Kiss me."

After they were done, they both cried. They held each other as they cried.

Through her tears, Jen held Mike tight and said over and over, "She's yours. Anna's yours. She's yours."

****

The next day, Mike went to Scott's bar. It was before opening. Scott was with his staff, getting ready to open for lunch.

"What do you want?" Scott said as Mike stormed towards him.

"Put up your hands," Mike said.

"What?"

"Put up your hands," Mike warned. "Defend yourself."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Scott said.

Suddenly, Mike punched Scott in the face. Scott was momentarily dazed, but he quickly recovered. He put up his fists and countered attacked.

Scott was bigger, stronger, and faster. But Mike was fighting for those he loved, so he held his own. By the time Scott's waiters and bartenders pulled them apart, they were both bloodied.

"What the fuck is your problem?!" Scott yelled as he wiped blood from his busted lip.

Mike moved close to Scott, the waiters and bartenders close by to make sure they didn't start up again. His voice was low – low enough so only Scott could hear – but dangerous too. He hissed, "If you ever say anything about Anna, I'll kill you. I'll kill you." Then with a last glare, he turned and stormed out of the bar.

****

Mike next went to see Jamal. He found him in his office at NYU, between classes.

"What happened to you?" Jamal asked as he looked at Mike's bloodied face.

Mike threw the wristbands onto Jamal's desk. They were the wristbands from that weekend, with "Sebastian" and "Xavier" written on them.

Jamal laughed at the sight. "You really are demented Mike," he said, the laugh still in his voice. "So you want me to tattoo my name over Jen's pussy?"

"Fuck you Jamal!" Mike growled. "We're done! This is over! Stay away from my wife!"

Jamal stared at Mike for long moments. He was shocked at first. But then he was curious, and he stared at Mike as he tried to figure out what brought this one. Then understanding came to him. He grinned as he said, "I see. So you've finally figured it out."

Mike recoiled at his words, not understanding.

Jamal's grin grew wider. "It's pretty obvious," he said. "Anna looks like Scott. She looks mostly like Jen. But there's some Scott in there too. I don't see much of you in her."

Mike glared at Jamal and balled his hands into fists, his body preparing to attack. Seeing that, Jamal said "Do you really want to do that? You get that bloody lip from Scott? I'm a lot tougher than him, believe me. And anyway, I didn't even know Jen then. Take it out on Scott. Or yourself. You're the one who wants her to fuck other men."

"JUST LEAVE US ALONE!" Mike angrily yelled. "THIS IS OVER! STAY AWAY FROM MY WIFE!"

Jamal shrugged and said "I don't force nobody to do nothing. But your wife's blacked now. You don't think she'll be happy with just your little white dick now, do you? Or any white dick. I've blacked her. It's part of her now. It's on her wrist, she's a queen of spades. She's gonna want more black cock. Crave it. She won't be happy without it. Believe me, I've seen a lot of pretty white wives like Jen. They live all their lives with white boys, and then they get a taste of black meat. They learn what it means to have a real man. And you know what they say. Once they go black, they don't go back."

****

It happened gradually. It was like they had to get to know each other again. They were already best friends, soul mates, had been for years. The love had always been there, that hadn't changed. Through everything, despite everything, despite the game, despite all the other men, that hadn't changed. They loved each other.

But it was the intimacy. For so long, in this v2 of their Game, Jen's sexual life had been with other men. She hadn't looked at Mike for sex, or even considered him as a sexual partner.

So it took time for them to reconnect sexually.

Eventually they did. Their lovemaking was tender, if not passionate. They kissed and hugged, and held hands, as Mike moved inside her. They came holding hands, or kissing, and while their sex wasn't as thrilling or intense as the Game, it still filled their hearts and souls.

Mike knew he didn't satisfy his wife nearly as well as other men. He'd seen her with other men too many times, he knew how she acted with them, the sounds she made, the way her face looked when she was fucked by a strong man with a big cock, the way her body reacted when she came on

that big cock. He knew how she acted with him, versus other men, and it wasn't even close.

For her part, Jen didn't lie about it. She never said things like "you give me as much pleasure as Jamal." Instead, she said truthful things like "we're focusing on us now" and "you're the one I want to be with."

Still, Mike worried that she was sexually frustrated. A person couldn't go from 100 miles per hour to 50, just like that. Jen couldn't go from Jamal's thick almost 12 inch cock to Mike's thin, not quite 4 inch dick, just like that. Especially when she'd been playing the game hard and embracing her "inner slut" right up until she went cold turkey with other men.

Sometimes, Mike would check her iPad. Jen deleted the history, but being a computer geek, he was always able to recover it. He saw that she was regularly watching black porn. Well hung black men, bulls like Jamal, fucking pretty blonde wives like herself. Those were the kind of videos she searched for. From the history, Mike could tell she was masturbating a few times a week, almost every day, from watching such BBC videos. It made him remember what Jamal had said, that Jen was blacked now, she would never be happy with white boy cocks, she would forever desire black men.

At some point, Jen stopped talking the pill, and they began trying to have another baby. They tried for 3 months with no success.

Before with Anna, Jen had gotten pregnant quickly, just a couple of weeks after going off the pill. This time wasn't like that. It didn't escape either Mike or Jen that there was another variable to consider, Scott. Maybe he was the reason why she had gotten pregnant so fast.

They talked about it for a long time, arguing at times, with Mike pushing for it, and Jen resisting. Finally she gave in. They went to a doctor – not their regular doctor, as they couldn't risk rumors among people they knew – and Mike was tested.

They also ran a paternity test on Anna. Jen didn't want to, she said it didn't matter, but Mike insisted. He had to know, for his own sanity. Also, they needed to know for Anna's health. Cancer ran in Mike's family. If Scott was Anna's biological father, then perhaps that was the one silver lining in all of this.

The test results came back in about a week. While they weren't a shock, they both stared at the paper for a long time, neither of them saying anything.

Mike had a very low sperm count. While it wasn't impossible, it was highly unlikely he could father a child, at least through natural insemination.

And Mike wasn't Anna's biological father.

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Chapter 69

The shock eventually wore off. And maybe it wasn't shock. Maybe it was resignation to what they already knew, or at least suspected. And anyway, how did it change anything? Mike still loved Anna. Anna still adored her father.

Mike and Jen still loved each other. They never considered breaking up, not even for a second.

They continued to try to have a baby. After all, the test results didn't say it was impossible. But the pregnancy test continued to show only 1 line. And their sex had become mechanical without any real passion.

Things changed one afternoon, when Mike came home from work early. He heard sounds of sex coming from the bedroom. His body seized up as he recognized the moans as Jen's. She was with a man! She was cheating on him again!

But when Mike spied into the bedroom, he saw it was Jen masturbating to a black porn video playing on her iPad. He felt both relieved and disappointed. Mostly disappointed. He quickly approached Jen and got between her legs. He encouraged her to keep watching the video as he went down on her. After cumming, Jen pulled Mike up her body, and they made love. Their sex was passionate!

Things changed after that. Or, you might say, it went back to normal. Their normal.

It started the next Saturday. Mike and Jen had to go to their Montclair house to meet with a realtor, as they had finally decided to sell it. Their lives were too complicated to remain landlords, and this was a good time to sell as their tenant had to move out for a new job.

They ran into Blake and Stephanie, and decided to have lunch. Mike mentioned – or maybe it was Jen, as looking back they couldn't remember – that they were trying to have another baby. Blake's interest immediately perked up. So did Stephanie's.

They ended up back at the house. There was no furniture, so Blake fucked Jen on the carpet in the family room. Mike and Stephanie sat close by on the rug, both of them masturbating, as they watched their spouses together. For Mike, there was the added risk – the added thrill – that Jen was unprotected, and Blake had proven that his seed was very virile (unlike Mike's). He had father many children, with many women (each of them marked with a black dot on her ring finger).

Since it had been unplanned, no one had a condom. Blake was fucking Jen bare. The excitement of being with another man, a man with a big curved cock, a thick cock that stretched her the way she loved, all of that pushed her over the edge quickly, her pretty pedicured toes curling as an intense orgasm ripped through her body.

Despite being an asshole (in Mike's view), Blake had enough respect for Jen to ask where she wanted him to cum. Jen told him to pull out and cum

on her stomach. But Mike said no. He told Blake to cum inside her. Jen turned her head to look at Mike and reached out her hand. They held hands and looked into each other's eyes as Blake shot his virile sperm into her unprotected, fertile womb. The sensation of jets of Blake's cum hitting her walls made Jen cum a second time.

Jen didn't get pregnant, it had been her safe time of the month. Later at home, she told Mike he was crazy. Mike replied that she hadn't protested. Their argument ended in passionate sex.

They were playing the game again. They joked that this was version 3 (V3) of their game. Jen insisted though on condoms, since there was no talk of her going back on the pill.

One night, Callie took Anna for a sleepover with some of her college friends. Mike and Jen went to their favorite restaurant, the French bistro, for dinner. As always, Ferdinand was their waiter and he and Jen flirted. They always did this, it was friendly, harmless flirting. This time though, this was an edge to it, with Mike and Jen sharing looks and silently communicating.

Mike made an excuse that he had an emergency at work, leaving Jen alone in the restaurant. It didn't take much for her to seduce Ferdinand. He ended up coming back to the loft apartment, and Jen let the young French man fuck her in their marital bed. Mike watched from the hidden room, masturbating as he panted while he watched the monitor.

This began Jen's torrid affair with Ferdinand. They met in the late mornings and early afternoons, while Anna and Callie were both at school. Often, Mike watched from the hidden room. When he wasn't there, Jen taped her hookups with Ferdinand so he could watch later. Jen always made her young lover use condoms.

They still went to the French bistro, and Ferdinand was still always their waiter. Ferdinand made eyes at his sexy MILF when he thought Mike

wasn't looking, and Jen often gave him the kind of smiles that a wife should only give her husband.

Sometimes Ferdinand would give Mike a smug look, as if saying "I'm fucking your wife. I fuck her better than you." Mike always pretended not to notice, but he thrilled to those looks.

Sometimes Jen and Ferdinand made out and groped each other in the bathroom, while Mike and Anna (and sometimes Callie) waited at the table. Once Jen even gave her young lover a blowjob. After, Ferdinand said "Kiss Mike when you get back to the table."

Jen giggled and said "You're a bad boy." Then, with Ferdinand watching from across the room, Jen walked back to their table and gave Mike an open mouth kiss. She whispered into his ear, "Don't say anything, he's watching, but you're tasting his cum." Mike moaned and almost came in his pants.

The affair ended after 2 months, when Ferdinand began dating Callie. They fell in love, and eventually married. Jen was a bridesmaid, and Anna a flower girl. As far as they knew, Callie never found out about the affair. Whenever they saw each other, Jen and Ferdinand shared a look, and a slight smile, remembering their passionate affair.

Playing the game again renewed the passion in Mike and Jen's sex life. They had sex practically every day, even on those days she was with Ferdinand. They still hoped she would get pregnant, but the pregnancy test continued to show only 1 line.

After Ferdinand, Mike and Jen decided on rules for v3 of their game. They were simple. Joe, Scott and black men were off limits. And she would always use condoms.

Jen no longer took the supplements that Jamal had given her, and her diet was mostly back to normal. But her workout routine included exercises to

strengthen her lower core, so she was able to keep her curvier bubble butt. She stayed a size 2/4, mostly because of her fuller hips and ass. And when Mike checked the history on her iPad, he saw she continued to watch black porn.

Mike and Jen had a long talk about the queen of spades tat. They decided that not only would she keep it, but she would stop trying to hide it. This was who she was. Who they were. Later that evening, their sex was more passionate than usual.

When people asked about the tat, Jen said something vague that amounted to "Me and Allie had a vacay in Cancun. We got drunk on margaritas and got crazy tats." Allie, of course, supported Jen's lie, and even got herself inked on her left wrist. But it wasn't a QoS tat.

(Allie eventually got married again. And then she divorced again. A few years later, for his birthday, Jen convinced Allie to have sex with her, with Mike watching. Allie was the boy, Jen the girl. She wore a strapless dildo. Mike watched as Allie fucked his wife's mouth, her pussy, and ass. It was the most erotic experience of his life. It was the best birthday present Jen could have ever given him.)

Jen was hit on all the time – all the time – by black men. She was wearing her blonde hair even longer now, almost down to her ass, and she began wearing her makeup heavier and darker, the way Jamal had liked it. When she went out with Mike, her outfits were always tight dresses and skirts to really show off her sexy bubble butt. She wore stockings and 5 inch fuck me pumps. And she wore push up shelf bras with daring scoop fronts to show off her cleavage.

Up to that point, in this V3 of their game, Jen had been with only white men. They never talked about it, but their reasoning was clear (even if unspoken). If another man got her pregnant, the baby would be white so no one would doubt that the baby was Mike's.

But Jen craved black men, and Mike knew it. They talked about it for a long time. What if a black man got her pregnant? They talked about abortion. Although pro-choice, Jen was against abortion when it came to herself, but having a black baby could ruin their lives. But then they thought, if she got pregnant, how would they know if the baby was Mike's or her black lover's? She couldn't risk getting an abortion if there was even a tiny possibility that the baby was Mike's.

Jen had a few close calls with black men, with more than one almost getting into her pants after an evening of seduction. They both wanted this, so they talked about it more. They finally came up with a plan: if she got pregnant, they would have the baby. They would love the baby no matter the color.

And if the baby turned out to be black, they would tell everyone that, while Mike was Anna's biological father, it was a challenge for him to father children. So, they had decided on artificial insemination from a sperm donor, and through a horrible mistake, the hospital had used black sperm instead of white sperm.

It was a crazy lie, but maybe crazy enough that people would believe it. It didn't matter though. Mike and Jen's passions were too strong. So she began sleeping with black men.

And she slept only with black men. Jamal had been right, he had blacked her. Once she went back to black men, she had no interest in "white boys." She went back to black, and she didn't go back.

She still had sex with Mike of course. Everyday, sometimes more than once.

She used condoms with black men. But more than once, the condom broke or fell off. And sometimes, Jen couldn't resist feeling her black lover's cock inside her bare, if only for a few seconds. She was playing with fire, but she couldn't resist. Skin-to-skin just felt too good! Mike couldn't resist

either, he loved the idea of his wife being a slut for black cock. And honestly, he thrilled to the risk!

It was inevitable that Jen would cross paths with Jamal. She began having sex with him again, although not exclusively like before.

Jamal found out she was off the pill and trying to have a baby with Mike. Maybe Joe told him, or Scott (through Allie). After that, Jamal was relentless at trying to fuck Jen bareback. He promised he would give her a beautiful black baby.

Jamal played his head games, using Jen and Mike's lusts against them. One evening, after teasing Jen with his cock for a long time (but not penetrating her), he said "Take off the condom J. You want this as much as me. Take it off, just this once. Come on. Let's do this. Let's do this."

Jen was on her back with Jamal between her legs, with his cock in a condom. She looked at Mike, not knowing what to do.

Mike nodded his head. "Go ahead," he whispered in a husky voice. He was talking to Jamal. "Take it off. Fuck her bareback. I want you to cum in my wife."

Jamal grinned. He took off the condom, tossing it towards where Mike sat in the chair. Then he fucked Jen bare, skin-to-skin. He fucked her hard, making her cum at least twice. Then when he was ready, he gripped her hips as he pushed in deep, his balls pulsing as they emptied globs of his virile black sperm into Jen's unprotected fertile womb. Then he held her legs high, so gravity worked to flow his black sperm to her white eggs.

A week later, Jen took a pregnancy test. It came back with two lines. She was pregnant.

Mike and Jen were excited and scared. Really scared. But committed. They would love the baby, no matter what.

When she got pregnant with Anna, Jen lost interest for sex because of morning sickness. But this time was different. She didn't suffer from morning sickness, and her hormones made her even more horny than usual.

Jen became even more alluring to black men, especially when she began showing. She let them all fuck her bareback (as long as they were tested). She loved it! She became a cum dump for black sperm!

One time, she let Blake have her. He had always wanted to fuck her while she was pregnant. Like before, Mike and Stephanie masturbated as they watched their spouses together. Jen let Blake cum inside her too. Other than Mike, Blake was the only white man who she was intimate with during this time.

Jen continued to see Jamal. But then it got to be too much for Mike. He put his foot down, and Jen stopped seeing Jamal. Mike thought she would be upset, but actually if anything she seemed relieved.

Mike gave Jamal a life changing amount of Sapphire stock, with the agreement that he would never try to see Jen again, and never make trouble with the baby. Jamal signed the papers and took the stock. The black man was a lot of things, but he wasn't a liar. He never made trouble with Jen or the baby. Mike and Jen saw him from time to time though, because Jamal opened a chain of bars with Scott.

Finally Jen's water burst. She went to the hospital. The labor was easier this time, easier than with Anna.

When the baby came out, Jen and Mike found out who the father was. Jamal or Mike?

The answer was: Jamal. The baby was half black. The doctor and nurses looked from the baby, to Jen, to Mike.

Mike and Jen looked at each other. They knew life would be hard. They would be judged harshly by many people, including their friends and family. People would talk behind their backs.

But they loved each other. They loved Anna. And they already loved their new baby boy (who they named Peter). They were a family. An unconventional family, but a family. And they loved each other. That's all that mattered.

~~~ The End ~~~

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