

Faithful

WIFE'S
FALL FROM
GRACE

BOOK 1

Pete Andrews



FAITHFUL WIFE'S FALL FROM GRACE
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PETE ANDREWS

This is a work of fiction. *All characters are legal and 18 years old or older.*

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write sexy romances. I used to publish under *xleglover* and *Flash of Stocking* on various sites.

My stories are romances, so they delve into the feelings, emotions and relationships of the characters. My stories are also erotica, so the sex scenes are explicit. Often *very* explicit.

My stories have an emotional edge to them. The characters have thrilling adventures, but there's pain there too, at least for some of them.

I try to write stories that seem like real life. Yes, the situations are extreme, but I hope you come away thinking, "*Yes, I can see how that might happened.*"

You can find my books at **Amazon Kindle** and **Smashwords**. Also **Barnes & Noble**, **Apple Books**, and **Rakuten kobo**. If you'd like to join my mailing list or would like to send me a question or feedback, please email me at peteandrews1701@gmail.com.

BOOKS BY PETE ANDREWS

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace (on-going series)

- Book 1
- Book 2
- Book 3
- Book 4

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

- Book 1
- Book 2

Opening Pandora's Box (5 book series)

- Book One: Jessie Plays For Her Husband
- Book Two: Ollie Watches His Wife With Another Man
- Book Three: Jessie Grows Closer To Roman
- Book Four: Jessie Loses Herself In Roman
- Book Five: How Can You Do This To Me?

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CHAPTER 1

My name's Jen. Okay, here are my stats. I'm 29, natural blonde hair that goes past my shoulders, blue eyes, about 5'4", petite with (what my husband calls) tiny tits. My best assets, I think, are my pretty face (at least I'm told I'm pretty), long legs and firm butt. I modeled a little in college and my agent (yeah, I even had an agent) said I had a future, but then I met Mike and that, as they say, was that.

Mike's my husband. He's 32. We've been together almost 10 years.

I met Mike when I was a senior in college and he was a grad student. I guess you'd call it love at first sight. We met at a mixer at my sorority and he took me to a Bruce Springsteen concert (I love the Boss!). After that we were inseparable. After graduation I moved with him to New York City. We lived together for about a year. He took me to dinner at *Per Se* and proposed. I said yes of course. A year later we were married.

That was 5 years ago. We're happy, although not like newlyweds anymore. We're settled in. It's comfortable, secure, you know?

Before Mike, I dated Colin. He was my high school sweetheart and we dated in college too (we all went to Penn State). Towards the end we were dating more out of habit than love. Really, we were more like fuck buddies than girlfriend/boyfriend, and he cheated on me more than once. I admit though, and I'm not proud of it, that I cheated on Colin too.

In fact, technically I was cheating on Colin the first time Mike and I had sex, although that's another story. Mike and Colin hate each other, which I guess makes sense. It doesn't matter, because I haven't seen Colin since graduation, and I doubt I'll ever see him again in my life.

So anyways, there you go. I've had 2 serious relationships in my life, Mike and Colin, and I married Mike.

You probably want to know about our sex life. Of course, when we first met, we couldn't keep our hands off each other. And back then I was kinda a freak. I loved sex. Probably because Colin and I did it so much. I

was used to getting it all the time. And Colin was an awesome lover. A shithead, but awesome in bed. I've never told Mike that, of course. He gets really jealous, especially when it comes to Colin.

But anyways, I'm just trying to explain why I was such a sex freak when Mike and I started dating. Not that Mike minded. He couldn't get enough of me. He's really into the blonde hair, long legs thing. And he doesn't care I'm practically flat chested. Unlike Colin, who never stopped talking about "pumping up my tits" (his words, not mine) as soon as he got his first NFL paycheck (Colin played football for Penn State, and even played in the NFL for a couple years until he hurt his knee). But Mike's never said that, not even once. That's one reason I love him. Because he loves me for me, just the way I am.

But back to our sex life. Okay, I admit, it's not as crazy as before. Like I said, we're settled in. Mike works really hard, and he has to travel a lot. He works on Wall Street and he's up for partnership next year, so he's doing everything he can to make his mark.

I guess I'd like sex more often (although I'm not nearly the sex freak as before). More than the sex, I'd like to be with Mike more. He works so much. I guess I'm a little lonely. But I know it's because he's trying to make a better life for us, not just the 2 of us, but for our future children. So don't mind me. I'm fine. I love Mike. We have a good marriage, we're really happy. Life is good.

I'm an account manager for a marketing firm. I like my job. It's creative and challenging to put together marketing strategies and campaigns for clients.

Back in high school and college, I dreamed about dancing, and New York City is perfect for that with all the shows on Broadway and off-Broadway. One problem with that though – I'm really not that good. I mean I'm awesome in clubs, and Mike always says he loves to watch me dance, but a stage in front of an audience is a whole different thing. So that's how I ended up in marketing.

Sometimes I think about modeling again for the glamour and excitement, but I'm afraid to bring it up with Mike. He's super sweet and loving, but he's really jealous, and the last time I brought it up we got into a big fight. I hate arguing. So I haven't mentioned it since then.

But it's probably for the best. Because you know what you have to wear when you're a model? High heels! Tall freaking high heels!

I hate heels. They are *SO - FREAKING – UNCOMFORTABLE!* It's ironic though, because Mike loves seeing me in heels, so you'd think he'd want me to model. But no, that's not how his head works. I don't think he wants me to draw attention to myself. You know, attention from other men.

Mike has a young friend, Joey. He's 14 years younger than Mike.

Mike met Joey when he was 8, about the same time we started dating. Joey and his parents lived in the apartment next to Mike's.

Back then, Mike kind of helped Joey grow up as his parents were working all the time. They became good friends. I got to know Joey too. I always thought he was a sweet boy.

Because of the age difference, Joey always looked up to Mike like a mentor, or even a hero. And Mike has always been protective of Joey.

That was 10 years ago. Joey's 18 now. Like I said, Mike's 32 and I'm 29.

Recently, Joey got accepted to NYU. School was beginning in September, so Joey moved in with us a few weeks before to get settled. I hadn't seen him in almost 4 years and *boy* did he grow up. Now he's taller than me, taller than Mike too. He must be over 6 feet. He's bigger across the chest too. He told me he wrestled the last 2 years of high school.

Joey's really handsome too. He was always a cute kid, but now the cupid face he had as a boy had matured into a very handsome young man's face.

His personality grew up too. He was still sweet, but not shy anymore. He was outgoing and confident. I was really amazed at how much he had changed. It was kind of funny how Joey had changed so much, but Mike was still the geeky, shy guy I met back in college.

Joey wasn't around a lot during those weeks before school started. I got the impression he was hanging around with friends and trying to hook up with girls. Since he was handsome and had a nice body (from what I could tell), I was pretty sure he was good with the girls. I realized he was a *player*. And that made me grin. That was another difference between Joey and Mike. Mike was, and still is, shy and awkward around girls. In fact, *I* practically had to ask *him* out on our first date. I don't mind though. I like the way Mike is shy and geeky. I love it actually. I think it's endearing.

About a week after Joey moved in, I got home from work. The apartment was empty. I figured Joey was out with his friends, as usual. But then I heard sounds coming out of the guest room where Joey slept.

I was curious, so I moved over to the guest room. The sounds were muffled. I opened the door.

My eyes went wide. Joey was in bed with a girl. They were both naked, he was on top, and he was fucking the girl really hard.

I immediately turned away and slammed the door shut. I sat on the sofa, feeling mortified.

Then I went into the kitchen. I poured a glass of wine and took a big gulp, trying to calm down.

I hadn't seen much before I turned away. Mostly just naked bodies moving.

But one thing I did see. I saw Joey's cock as he pushed in and out of the girl's pussy. And it looked huge! Long and thick!

Joey and the girl came out of the bedroom a few minutes later. They were both dressed (thankfully!). The girl introduced herself as Mary, a junior at NYU. She apologized and quickly left our apartment.

Joey said, "Sorry about that. I should have locked the door."

"Sorry I ... interrupted you," I sputtered. My cheeks were burning. I felt completely embarrassed.

"Yeah, that kind of sucks," Joey said with a laugh. As I suspected, my interruption had prevented them from completing. From cumming.

The craziness of the situation got to me, and I laughed. I said, "I'll try not to cock block you next time."

Joey laughed back.

Then he did something I'll never forget. Joey looked me up and down. He took a long look. It was like he was undressing me with his eyes. He looked at me like he was trying to figure out if he could use my body to finish what he'd started with Mary.

I muttered something and hurriedly went into the bedroom I shared with Mike. I was breathing hard as I sat on the edge of the bed.

When I was younger, before I started dating Mike, men looked at me like that all the time. Like I was a piece of meat. Like I was a girl they wanted to fuck.

Men paid a lot of attention to me. They flirted with me. I got hit on all the time. The way Joey had just treated me, it reminded me of how those men used to treat me.

Back then, I didn't like it. I didn't like being objectified. I didn't like being treated like the only thing I had to offer to the world was to be a sex toy

for horny men.

But all of a sudden, I realized I missed it. I mean, I guess I know I'm pretty. I've always gotten a lot of male attention. And I told you how I was a model for a while.

But things are different when you're married. You're off the market, and men know you're off the market. They stop looking, or maybe you stop noticing they're looking. And then your husband doesn't pay as much attention to you as before. So, you start wondering if you're still pretty. If you're still attractive to men.

The way Joey just looked at me ... it made me feel good. It made me feel like I was still sexy and attractive.

A few days later, I was home from work. Mike was traveling for business like he was doing a lot nowadays.

I was doing laundry. I had a pile of sheets and towels that we stored in the guest room closet. I opened the door and gawked at what I saw.

Joey was on the bed. He was naked on his back. His eyes were closed, and he was jerking off his big hard cock.

"Joey, fuck!" I cried as I dropped the towels and sheets and ran from the room.

A moment later Joey ran out with a towel around his waist. "You could knock, you know," he said to me.

"You can freaking lock the door!" I screamed at him. "I didn't even know you were home!"

Joey poured me a big glass of wine. He handed it to me and sat next to me on the sofa.

"Sorry about that," Joey said. "I guess you and Mike can't wait to get rid of me."

My heart softened. This was sweet Joey after all, and I'd watched him grow up. "It's not that Joey," I said. "I get you're young. You've got needs." With a laugh, I said "You just have to remember to lock the door."

Then Joey did something completely unexpected. He put his hand on my knee. I was wearing my skirt from work, and I'd taken off my pantyhose when I got home. So, his hand was on my bare knee.

"Joey, why is your hand on my knee?" I asked him stupidly.

Then Joey leaned over and kissed me. He kissed me!

Then he put his hand on my breast! This freaking kid was kissing me

and fondling my breast!

“Joey what the fuck!” I said, jerking away from him. “I’m married! And my husband is your good friend!”

“Jen, I’ve always had a big crush on you,” Joey said. “You’re so pretty and sexy. When you just caught me jerking off? I was fantasizing about you.”

“Joey stop talking like that!” I yelled. “Just stop!”

I didn’t see Joey for a couple days. I assumed he was staying with friends. And Mike was still traveling for work.

Being alone gave me time to think. I thought about how Joey so clearly wanted me. Was he the only one? Did other men want me too?

That’s how it used to be when I was younger. Men hit on me all the time. They bought my drinks in bars. They asked me on dates. They tried to kiss me and touch my body. They tried to get me into bed. It was constant.

Back then, I didn’t like it. But now, looking back, I realize it was fun and exciting. It’s thrilling to be chased. To be so desired.

I frowned and pursed my lips as I thought about my husband Mike. He used to be that way. When we first started dating, Mike couldn’t get enough of me. His hands were always on me. Honestly, that first year, I almost broke up with him because he seemed too easy. Too desperate. But then I got to know him better. All the wonderful things about him, it took time to see them, they were under the surface. Mike was shy and awkward. So, it took time for me to realize how great a catch he was.

Especially since Mike was insecure about Colin. He always worried I was going to break up with him to get back together with my old boyfriend. After all, Colin was the star quarterback. Mike was unsure how to compete. It didn’t help that Colin pursued me back then, during those early days of me and Mike dating. Eventually though, Mike got more secure about our relationship. But like I already said, he’s still intensely jealous even today.

Those early years, Mike was all over me. I was the center of his world. Of his universe. We call each other “baby,” that’s our pet name for each other. Also, he started calling me “his goddess” sometimes. I loved it. If you’ve ever been in love, you know how wonderful it is to be so loved – and *even adored* -- by the person you love.

But then Mike got busy with his job. He’s working on something called the “Sapphire” project. Really though it started before that. Maybe 2

years ago. I don't feel like the center of his universe anymore. And I can't remember the last time he called me his goddess.

I don't know what it is. I still look the same as before. I haven't gained weight, I work out, I still have the same figure. I think I'm still pretty. Hopefully I'm still sexy. I see men looking at me. At work, on the subway, even in the grocery store. I see men looking at me. I don't flirt like I used to, because I know how much Mike hates that.

So, I think I'm still attractive to men. But Mike's not as hot for me anymore. It used to be, he wanted sex every day, sometimes more than once. Now, it seems like I'm the one initiating it most times.

It's not just us though. I think maybe that's how it is with all married couples. My best friend Allie, she's going through the same thing. The red-hot intensity at the beginning of the romance starts to cool off after you get married, as the years go by. There's less flowers, less sweet nothings, less sex. You kinda settle into a routine. It's comfortable, secure. I'm happy. But I guess sometimes I miss the romance. You know, the infatuation. The passion. I guess maybe I wish Mike would call me "his goddess" again. It doesn't have to be all the time. Just sometimes, the way it used to be.

I took a shower. I had a towel around me as I brushed my damp hair. My eyes were off into the distance as I thought about where my life was. I still loved Mike. I did. I really loved him. But I wasn't happy. I wanted excitement. I wanted passion. Mike gave me a lot of things – kindness, security, stability. He gave me love.

But he wasn't giving me excitement and passion. At least, not anymore. And I wasn't happy. I was content. But not happy.

At that moment, I heard a sound behind me. I turned and saw it was Joey.

I tightened the towel around me. "Have you ever heard of knocking?" I asked.

"I guess this time it was you who didn't lock the door," he joked with a grin.

Joey moved towards me. He moved behind me. He pressed against my back.

"Joey ...," I began in protest.

He kissed my bare shoulder and my breath caught.

Then he kissed up my neck. My heart began pounding in my chest.

I was holding the top of the towel with my hand, to keep it from opening.

Joey put his hand over mine. He reached around my hand and took hold of the towel.

“Joey ...,” I said again. Before I could say anything else, he pulled the towel off me. The towel fell to the floor.

Suddenly, I was completely naked with this 18-year-old boy standing behind me.

Joey kissed my neck again. He kissed just below my ear, one of my major erogenous spots, and my eyes fluttered.

Joey reached to my front with both hands, and he cupped my naked breasts.

“Joey ...,” I said once more. This time he’s name came out like a moan.

I turned my head to look at him, to tell him to stop. I think I was going to tell him to stop. But it didn’t matter. Before I could say anything, he was kissing me. He kissed me and fondled my breasts. I moaned into his mouth as he rubbed my nipples with his thumbs.

Then we walked / stumbled on to the bed. Joey got on top of me. His lips never left mine. And by this time, I was kissing him back.

Joey reached between us and urgently pulled down his pants. I felt his hard, large cock pressing against my thigh.

Joey used his knees to open my legs. It was clear he’d done this before, with other girls. Yes, no doubt, he was a player.

He took hold of his cock and guided it to my pussy. Then he pushed in.

Just like that, another man’s cock was inside me. Just like that, I was cheating on Mike for the first time. Just like that, I was an unfaithful wife.

And to make it all worse, Joey was only 18. I was 11 years older than him. And he was good friends with my husband.

I grimaced as Joey pushed his cock into me. I wasn’t used to his size – he was big! -- and it hurt at first. But soon the pain felt good. Joey’s cock reminded me of Colin’s, my boyfriend before Mike. Colin was a horrible boyfriend and he treated me like shit, but he always fucked me good.

That’s what Joey was doing now. He was fucking me good.

When I came, my orgasm was so intense I saw stars. And I think I screamed.

Moments later, Joey grunted violently as his own orgasm hit. He jack-rabbed hard and fast into my pussy as he ejaculated streams of his cum into me.

After, we looked at each other, panting into each other's face as we recovered from our orgasms.

"Joey, you need to get off me," I managed to say between pants, pushing up on his chest with my hands.

He nodded. He pulled his softening cock from my pussy. With a last look at me, he left my bedroom and closed the door.

I didn't move for a long time. I felt horrible of course. I'd just cheated on Mike. I felt so guilty.

But then a slight grin crept onto my face. Holy fuck. Joey had just fucked my brains out. My body was still tingling. He was only 18 – how the heck did he learn to fuck like that? Of course, I thought with a giggle, he did have the equipment for it.

These thoughts made me feel even more guilty. I wanted to call my best friend Allie to tell her what happened. She would understand because I knew she'd slipped up in her marriage too. More than once, actually. But Joey was so young. I wasn't sure even Allie would have sex with an 18-year-old.

I knew I had to talk to Joey. I had to get him to promise to never tell Mike. To never tell anyone.

People made mistakes sometimes. And this was definitely a mistake.

But there was no reason for Mike to ever know. I was 100% faithful before today, and I'd be 100% faithful from now on. I slipped up, and it would be my one and only slip up. Mike would never find out. And I would never cheat on him again.

When I woke up the next morning, Joey wasn't home. I figured he was staying with friends again.

It was kind of a relief. I needed to talk to him, but I didn't *want* to talk to him. So, I wasn't disappointed when I didn't see or hear from him. At least he wasn't trying to get into my pants again. He said he'd harbored a crush on me for years. Maybe he didn't anymore after getting me to bed. And I was completely okay with that.

I needed to talk to Joey, but I figured there was no rush. I figured he wasn't stupid enough to say anything to Mike.

CHAPTER 2

Mike was in his firm's San Francisco office briefing the Brainiacs on the Sapphire algorithms. He was with his main team on the project: Steve, Brian and Elaine. Elaine at 22 was fresh out of grad school – she was a prodigy, grading with her BA combinatorial mathematics at 19 and earning her PhD in abstract number theory at 22. Steve was 28 and Brian was older, around 35. Both were solid and dependable but not with Elaine's elite brain power. Steve and Elaine were still single. Brian was married with a couple of kids.

As Brian fielded a question from one of the Brainiacs, Mike's eyes wandered down. He looked at Elaine's legs. Elaine, in addition to being a genius, had a pretty face. But what really drew Mike's attention to her were her legs. Her legs were okay. Elaine was a little chubby. So her legs, while shapely, were a little thick in the thighs, and her calves were a little too muscular. Worth looking at but not spectacular. But Elaine wore stiletto heels every day. She wore hose too, and Mike was pretty sure they were thigh highs (rather than pantyhose) as he'd caught a few flashes of lacy stocking tops since Elaine started at the firm a few months ago.

The heels and hosiery were not the reason Mike put Elaine on his team (at least that's what he told himself). She was young to be on such a high-profile project like Sapphire. But Elaine was super smart. And she had a way with clients, especially male clients. She was poised and had an easy-going manner. When she talked to you, she made you feel like you were the only person in the world. She also had a flirty air to her, just under the surface. All that, combined with her youthful pretty looks and alluring (while still professional) wardrobe, made Elaine an asset for his team.

Mike couldn't help comparing Elaine to his wife, Jen. Jen was prettier, there was no doubt of that. But Jen rarely wore real stockings, and while her job required her to wear pantyhose, she took them off as soon as she got home. And Jen's skirts and dresses were conservative, loose and below the knee, and the highest heels were 2 inches (what she called kitten

heels). Often she didn't even wear heels at all, opting instead for flats.

Elaine's legs were crossed, and her already above knee skirt hiked up a little. Mike wondered if she was wearing thigh highs. Maybe even a garter belt? He hoped she'd adjust in her chair and show a little more thigh (even if for just a moment), as a flash of lace would tell him.

He focused on her skirt, trying to detect the telltale bumps of garters. Not seeing anything, his eyes moved down her thighs to her calves, and then to the black stiletto heels she was wearing. She was slowly swaying her foot back and forth, and her high heel was starting to come off her foot. Mike hoped her shoe would fall off, as then he'd get to see her stockinged foot. He wondered if he painted her toes the same cherry apple red of her fingernails.

Suddenly Mike's reverie was broken when Elaine spoke to him. He looked up, hoping she didn't notice him looking at her legs. "Mike, what do you think?" she asked.

Everyone was looking at him. "Sorry, I was thinking about something," Mike said. "What was the question?"

Samuel, one of the brainiacs, had a friendly smile on his face. He said "Mike, we've very impressed with Sapphire, the models all look good." He looked at the other brainiacs. They all wore big smiles. "I think you're going to make us a lot of money." All the partners shared a laugh.

"We want you to present Sapphire to the partners in our Chicago office," Samuel said. "We know you're presenting to the full partnership later this week, but as you know the Chicago partners are very influential."

Mike did know that. In fact, next to old man Jacob and the London office, the Chicago partners were the most powerful in their company. Mike knew Sapphire was a good idea, but this was getting bigger and bigger.

"Tomorrow we'll continue to work with your three colleagues here," Samuel continued, motioning to Elaine, Steve and Brian. "Tomorrow morning you fly to Chicago and brief the partners there. How does that sound?"

"That sounds excellent sir," Mike said. "I'll check the flights to Chicago right now."

"No need," Samuel chuckled. "The firm's private jet will be waiting for you at the airport."

"Oh ... yes sir, that's excellent," Mike sputtered out. Holy fuck, he thought – only the most powerful partners ever get to ride in the firm's private plane.

Later that evening, Mike and his team went to the hotel bar for a celebratory drink. “Mike, man, Sapphire is your baby and it’s fucking amazing!” Brian gushed. Steve and Elaine both agreed, big smiles on their faces. It was Mike’s baby but they were all going to get major kudos. And big bonuses!

“Brian’s right, you don’t realize how incredible Sapphire is, you’re amazing!” Elaine gushed. She reached over and squeezed Mike’s arm. As she did, she smiled at him, and looked into his eyes. She held his arm for a moment too long. Finally, she let his arm go but she was still smiling at him.

“Well, you know, A leads to B, B leads to C,” Mike said. That was how he always explained how he figured things out. Mike had always been good at math, and when you got down to it, Sapphire was just math. And numbers were like that. You figure out A, and that leads to B. Once you’ve got B, you go to C, and so on.

“Mike, you shouldn’t be so modest, even though it’s really cute,” Elaine told Mike with a flirty giggle, batting her long eyelashes at him. Steve and Brian looked at each other and grinned. Elaine was definitely tipsy.

Soon after Steve and Brian went up to their rooms, wanting to get sleep for their meetings with the Brainiacs the next morning. Elaine lingered as Mike settled the check. “You know Mike, you shouldn’t go to Chicago by yourself. You need backup,” Elaine said. “You should bring me. I’ll be your wingman.” With a giggle she added “I’ve never been on a private jet.”

As Elaine said this, she leaned back in the heavily cushioned chair and re-crossed her legs. Her skirt hiked up and black lace came into view. Mike saw the lace. She *WAS* wearing lace topped thigh highs! Like Elaine, Mike was tipsy too, so rather than avert his eyes, he found himself openly looking at her legs.

Elaine smiled slightly. She let Mike get a good look, pretending not to notice she was flashing her boss. Then, feigning alarm, she said “oh” and adjusted her skirt. “So can I be your wingman in Chicago?” she asked, giving him an innocent smile.

Mike abruptly stood up, his heart pounding. He thumbed his wedding ring on his left hand. “Thanks for the offer, Elaine, but I think it’s better you stay here and support Steve and Brian,” he said. Then he hurriedly left. He didn’t trust himself.

Mike practically ran up to his room. He was worked up. He knew Elaine was his if he wanted her. Mike couldn’t help but be tempted. Elaine

was young, pretty. She wore stockings and high heels. For a moment, Mike imagined those sexy black stiletto heels on his shoulders as he fucked Elaine's young pussy.

Mike shook his head. What was he thinking? I'm married, I love Jen, he thought as he thumbed his wedding ring again. Jen was way prettier than Elaine. Elaine couldn't hold a candle to Jen. Still

Why couldn't Jen dress like Elaine? Why couldn't she flirt like Elaine? Jen used to be bubbly and flirty. But she wasn't like that anymore.

Since their wedding a few years ago, Jen had become, well, conservative ... like a soccer-mom (even though they didn't have any kids yet). Almost as soon as they got married, she cut her hair. Her blonde hair used to go halfway down her back. Now it barely hit her shoulders. She stopped wearing mini-skirts and tight tops. Now it was conservative business dresses. She wore "practical shoes." She'd never been a fan of high heels but now she never wore them at all. With Jen it was always pantyhose, whereas before she occasionally wore stockings.

Mostly though it was Jen's attitude. The way she carried herself. She was still the sweet outgoing girl he fell in love with. But before she'd been really flirty. She used to do it all the time. She'd flirt with a guy right in front of him. Like, really flirt, to the point the guy was ready to bend Jen over a table and fuck her in the bar. Jen loved dancing and Mike didn't. So she would dance with other men when they went out. There was always touching. Her partner would touch her. He would grind into her. And Jen would let him.

Mike always got intensely jealous. It drove him crazy. He was already insecure about their relationship. Especially her old boyfriend Colin. He knew she was out of his league. Seeing her flirt with other men, it drove him out of his mind.

They got into so many fights about it. Screaming at each other. Mike told her she was disrespecting him. Jen would say she couldn't help it, that's just the way she was, and why did it matter anyways, it was all harmless fun.

Maybe all their arguments wore Jen down because she changed. She didn't flirt anymore. When they went to a club she dutifully stayed by Mike's side. Mike missed it. That spirited, flirty, edgy side of Jen. He missed it. He still loved Jen. But she wasn't the same girl anymore. And he missed that girl. He wished that girl would come back.

Mike thought about Elaine. So confident and flirty. Elaine knew she

was pretty, and she flaunted it. She used her looks to get what she wanted. That's how Jen used to be. Not anymore. Now Jen was more like a conservative soccer mom.

Mike got into bed. He needed release. He took out his cock and began stroking himself. As he did, he closed his eyes and fantasized about fucking Elaine.

CHAPTER 3

It was a couple weeks later. I still hadn't seen or heard from Joey. I figured he probably started school by now and was living in his dorm. In fact, most of his things from the guest room were gone.

I was glad he was gone. *Good riddance*, I thought.

Mike called me from work and gave me the bad news. He had to travel for work again. And it would be a long trip this time.

"You won't be home until next week?" I lamented to Mike. I felt disappointed. Deflated. All those de- words. I was upset.

"It's my big chance baby. They're even letting me ride in the private jet," Mike said to me. I heard the eager smile and excitement in his voice. I get he's working hard for us. I *wanted* him to go to Chicago. But I was still upset. I wanted my husband. I wanted his love, and his attention. In fact, we hadn't made love since my slip up with Joey. Didn't Mike desire me? Didn't he need me the way I needed him?

"I'm meeting with the Chicago partners today, and then there's dinner tonight, and then meetings tomorrow too. I might have to go back to San Fran, or even our London office," Mike said, getting more excited as he went along. "So that's why I won't be back until next week."

"Ok," I said, managing to keep the disappointment out of my voice. I was trying to be supportive. But what about our wedding anniversary? It was today. I waited for him to mention it, but he didn't.

Finally, I softly asked "What about our reservation tonight?" We had reservations at the famous restaurant, Per Se, to celebrate our anniversary, the same place we got engaged.

Mike didn't answer at once. That's when I knew for sure he forgot about it. "I know, I'm so bummed," he said. I knew he was pretending not to have forgotten. "I'll reschedule for next weekend."

"We had to call months ago to get a table tonight," I reminded him.

“They won’t have any openings that fast.”

“I’ll ask around, maybe one of the partners has an in there,” Mike said confidently. I couldn’t help frowning. This didn’t sound like Mike. Not my sweet, shy, awkward Mike. He sounded ... arrogant. In all our time together, he had never sounded arrogant.

“But you should go without me,” Mike hurriedly added. “I don’t want to ruin your evening. Take Joey.” He chuckled, and said “Although I’m not sure he owns a suit.”

My frown deepened. Joey wasn’t my favorite person at that moment, but I was in a disagreeable mood. I felt like saying “Yeah Mike, and he can’t borrow one of *your* suits anyways because Joey is so much taller and muscular than you.” I didn’t say that though. Of course I didn’t say that.

After hanging up I felt like crying. I was feeling neglected and lonely. I felt rejected. Like Mike was picking his job over me. I know that makes no sense. But it was our freaking wedding anniversary! Mike could at least feel sorry about it, instead of the fake shit he gave me on the phone.

I bummed around all day in my PJs, feeling depressed and sorry for myself. Then I thought, *fuck this!* I *WILL* take Joey to Per Se! We’d order the most expensive things on the menu and I’d get some satisfaction when I gave the bill to Mike!

But that meant I had to call Joey. I had to see him.

I was so upset, though, I didn’t care. I called Joey. It wasn’t hard to convince him to go with me. After all, it was Per *freaking* Se.

I wore what I’d plan to wear for Mike. A little black dress with a bustier and stockings underneath. I even wore my highest high heels. I brushed my hair until it was a silky luster and took extra care with my makeup. I looked for my favorite lipstick then remembered I lost it the other day at work. *Ugh!*

Joey arrived at our apartment. We planned to taxi over together.

It was awkward for both of us at first. At least for me. Joey didn’t seem to care. His eyes were all over me. I felt like he was undressing me with his eyes again. And given what we’d already done, his lustful stares meant more.

But then I said to myself, *fuck it.* I wasn’t going to let Mike *or* Joey ruin my evening!

I said, “Come on.” I grabbed his arm and we went outside to the street to get our taxi to Per Se.

On the way I asked the driver to stop at a Walgreens. While Joey waited in the car, I rushed inside to buy my favorite lipstick. As I waited to check out, I passed the birth control section. It made me pause. I'm not on any birth control. Okay, that's not exactly true, I'm on the pill. But I've always been scattered brained about it, missing days here and there, and especially lately I haven't been worried about forgetting because Mike and I have been thinking about starting a family soon.

I was lucky Joey didn't *already* get me pregnant.

I stared at the boxes of condoms. There were so many. Lubricated, non-lubricated, bareskin, ultra thin, extra safe, her pleasure, ecstasy fire and ice, climax control, ultra ribbed. God it was like ordering coffee at Starbucks. There were different sizes too. S, M, L, XL, XXL. There was even freaky XXXL.

Mike and I haven't used condoms since college. When we became exclusive, we both wanted skin-to-skin, so I went on the pill. That was 10 years ago and I haven't bought any condoms since. But when I did, I bought "medium" to fit Mike. Thinking about the other night though, I knew Joey was either XL or XXL.

Was I really thinking about doing this?

I grabbed a box of the XL condoms. As I waited in line to pay, my head was spinning. What the fuck was I doing? I told myself it was just in case. Better safe than sorry.

When I got to the front of the line, the young checkout girl (she looked barely out of high school) looked at the box of XL condoms and gave me a smile. It was like she was saying "Lucky you." I couldn't help smiling back. I think I blushed too.

I stuffed the condoms in my purse as I walked back to the taxi. Honestly, I didn't know what I was thinking. Back in the car, as we drove to Per Se, I told myself I'd give the condoms to Joey at Christmas, like a gag gift. He was a pussy-hound so he probably needed them. With that plan in place I felt better.

Per Se was freaking amazing. The food was so light and delicate and delicious, and the presentation was so beautiful it was a shame to eat. But eat we did; we both cleaned our plates, that's how good it was. I knew I was going to have to work out big time to work off all the calories, but at a restaurant like Per Se it was worth it!

Before we ordered, and then after dessert, I brushed on my new

lipstick. The brand is Urban Decay, and yeah it sounds like Mike's new favorite show *The Last of Us* but it's the major thing right now. The one I use is kinda brownish-red and it leaves my lips looking silky and wet. It's very New Yorkist (if you know what I mean) and went well with my black dress and black hose.

Joey watched as I put on the lipstick. "That should be illegal," he joked as he stared at my newly painted lips. He grinned and I laughed.

I was tipsy when we got home. I'd had a half bottle of wine with dinner (Joey wasn't legal to drink of course). I was still wearing my high heels. Normally I would've kicked them off as soon as we got home, but I guess I wanted him to look.

"You look really hot tonight," Joey said.

"Thank you," I said without any emotion in my voice.

"This was what you planned to wear for Mike?"

"Yes."

"His loss," Joey said.

I shrugged but didn't say anything.

"What are you wearing underneath?"

"Do you seriously think I'm going to tell you?" I said with a laugh.

"Why not?" he said.

I was about to snap at him again, but then I thought to myself, "*Why not? Fuck it.*"

"A bustier. Stockings. Thong panties."

Joey nodded thoughtfully. Then he asked, "Is it uncomfortable?"

"What?"

"The bustier."

I couldn't help laughing. I said, "Yeah, it's like a medieval torture machine. It's supposed to make a girl thinner."

Joey grinned. Then he asked, "Can I touch it?"

"God Joey," I said with another laugh. I reached for my new lipstick. Why, I don't know, but I did. He intently watched me as I freshened up my lips.

"So can I?" he asked again. "Touch it?"

I looked at Joey. Then I gave him a "whatever, go for it" shrug. Joey put his hand on my side, slightly squeezing over my dress. "It's hard, but soft," he said, squeezing again.

"It's some kind of stretchy silk, and it's got ribbing up and down," I

told him.

“Yeah,” he said, running his fingertips up some of the ribbing. “How does it attach?”

“It ties in the back,” I said.

Joey reached behind me and felt the crisscrossing strings running up my back, under my LBD. “It feels like something from *Game of Thrones*,” he joked with a laugh.

I laughed too. “The girls wore them back then,” I said. “Not exactly the same. They were called corsets. They were supposed to give a girl an hourglass figure. You know ... tiny waist and big boobs.”

“You don’t need that,” Joey said. He was looking at my chest. “Your tits are perfect.”

“Joey, god ...,” I said.

“You tied this yourself?” he asked as he ran his hand over my back again, feeling the strings under my dress.

“Yeah it was a bitch,” I said, and we laughed.

“It’s really sexy,” Joey said. He was looking into my eyes, and was still running his fingers up and down my back over my dress. I looked back into his eyes. Suddenly I was breathing hard.

Then Joey leaned over and kissed me. And I kissed him back.

“You taste good,” he said between kisses.

“What?” I said, panting.

“Your lipstick,” he said. “You taste good.”

I pulled back and looked at him. When was the last time Mike said my lipstick tasted good? That *I* tasted good? But then Joey was on me again.

Joey ran his hands up and down my back as we kissed. The bustier under my dress was driving him wild.

Joey reached down to my legs. He felt the silk of my stockings. He moved his hands under my dress. He pressed his palms against my stocking tops right where they attached to the garter straps. “Fuck you’re sexy Jen!” he hissed as he groped me.

Joey pushed my dress up, exposing my stockinged legs and panties. He curled a finger into the panties and ripped them off. I yelped as the lacy material tore from my flesh.

Then Joey was on top of me. At some point he had pulled down his pants. I felt his hard cock at my pussy lips. He was about to penetrate me.

I stopped him with a hand to his chest. I said, “This is our secret,

right? You promise? You'll never tell Mike? Or anyone?" I asked.

Joey nodded. "I can keep a secret," he said. "I've got a lot of secrets."

I stared at him. He was only 18 years old. How many wives had he fucked? How many girlfriends had he fucked?

Joey kissed me. As he pushed his tongue into my mouth, he reached behind and unzipped my dress. He pulled the dress off my shoulders so now my LBD was like a belt around my waist.

Then he fumbled with the laces of the bustier. Finally, I pulled away from his lips and breathlessly said, "Joey, pull the freaking string."

Joey grinned. He pulled the string to release the knot, and the tension at the top of the bustier immediately lessened. The bustier didn't fall off, but my breasts popped out, and immediately Joey's hands, lips and tongue were all over me. I groaned and my eyes fluttered when he took one of my nipples into his mouth, and he rolled my other nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Soon I was writhing under his mouth and fingers. God, he was good at this.

Joey took off the rest of his clothes. Now he was completely naked. I looked him up and down. I think my breathing got even heavier. God he had the most beautiful body! He got those muscles from freaking wrestling?

Joey pushed me down onto my back on the sofa. He got between my legs, preparing to fuck me.

"Joey, in my bag," I said to him. "Condoms."

To his credit, he didn't hesitate or object. He got one of the condoms and with some effort rolled it down his thick shaft. When I saw how difficult it was, I realized Joey was probably XXL instead of XL. *Shit he was big!*

A moment later, Joey's cock was inside me. For the second time, my husband's young 18-year-old friend was fucking me.

God it felt good. In fact, it felt better than good, it felt amazing. His cock was long enough that he was able to reach my g-spot, and being curved the way it was, his fat cockhead rubbed against my g-spot with each upward and downward stroke. I'd felt that before with my old boyfriend Colin, but not since then.

The continuous stimulation of my g-spot was setting off fireworks of pleasure exploding in my groin. I felt an orgasm building. "Fuck me Joey, fuck me," I moaned.

Then my orgasm hit, and it was incredible. It was so intense it was

almost painful. “Oh god! Shit! Shit!” I cried. My face contorted as orgasmic pleasure flooded my body, and I grabbed Joey’s arms so tight I’m surprised my nails didn’t make him bleed. Somewhere in my cloudy head I realized I hadn’t cum that hard since with Colin, back when we were dating.

Joey kissed me, and I panted into his mouth as I came down from my orgasm. He put my legs over his shoulders and began fucking me really hard and fast. I came again – again! – and wave after wave of intense pleasure screamed through my body. I heard someone screaming, and then I realized it was me!

Joey’s timing was great, and his orgasm started just after mine, his entire body tensing, and then he lurched into me really hard, over and over again. As our orgasms rolled through our bodies, he leaned down and kissed me again, pushing his tongue into my mouth. We groaned and moaned into each other’s mouths as our orgasms peaked, our bodies shuddering together like in a dance of ecstasy.

After our orgasms, we both lay panting, trying to catch our breath. Eventually I pushed against his chest and he got the message. He began pulling out, and my hard darted between our bodies to hold the condom so it wouldn’t fall off inside me.

But something felt wrong. I looked down between us. The condom ripped. It ripped because it was too small for him.

Fuck! Joey came inside me! Like last time, he ejaculated his sperm inside me!

“I think you should go,” I told him. I was feeling panicked.

Joey nodded. He looked unconcerned. Either he didn’t know about the ripped condom, or he didn’t care. He dressed and moments later he was gone.

It took a long time for me to fall sleep. I stared up at the ceiling, wondering what the fuck I was doing.

CHAPTER 4

The next morning, I made two stops on the way to work. First, I stopped at the drycleaner on the way. I didn't go to our normal drycleaner of course. By then my dress was dry, but it was pretty obvious the dried splotches were sex stains. I was embarrassed and mortified when I handed the dress over, but when the Chinese lady looked at the stains she gave me a little knowing smile. It was like she was saying "I see you got some last night, I envy you." That made me smile a little inside, and I felt a little better.

My next stop brought my spirits down. I went to the drugstore and got a morning after pill. I couldn't take a chance of getting pregnant. I got lucky the first time. I couldn't risk it again. I swallowed the pill with a bottle of water, feeling like shit.

I paused in front of the display with all the condoms. This was a fork in the road in my life. Was I going to stop or keep doing this?

I frankly didn't know the answer. I mean, I was *cheating* on my husband. I was an unfaithful wife. Why was this such a hard decision for me? I should stop this madness now and go to church or something and pray to God for forgiveness.

But the decision *was* hard for me. Because Joey was giving me something I really needed. For the first time in a long time, I felt alive. I felt like the old Jen.

Back in college, my best friend Allie used to call me "*JenJen*" whenever I got kind of wild. Back then I was carefree, bubbly and flirty. When I didn't have a boyfriend, I kissed my share of cute boys. I didn't open my legs for everyone – I mean, I wasn't a slut – but I loved the thrill of kissing and touching with someone new. I loved being JenJen. And I realized I really missed her.

I impulsively grabbed the XXL condoms. It didn't mean I was going to keep fucking Joey. In fact, at that moment, I made the decision it had to stop with Joey. So why did I buy the condoms? I don't know. It just meant I

was prepared for whatever.

After paying, I tossed them in my purse. Now both the XXL and XL condoms were in there. I made a mental note to hide them someplace when I got home. I obviously didn't want Mike to see them.

The next day Mike finally got home (it ended up he didn't have to go to London after all, thank god) and I hoped life would get back to normal.

I'm not sure if this qualifies as "getting back to normal." But anyway, I started being more careful about taking the pill. I got anal about it. I don't know why. I mean, the thing with Joey was over right? And Mike and I were still thinking about starting a family.

I don't know I guess I was still confused about things. Not just what happened with Joey, but my relationship with Mike. He still was working all the time and I still felt neglected. So it just seemed like the right thing to do, until I worked things out.

A few weeks later, Mike invited Joey over to watch Sunday football. I didn't want Joey to come over, but I had no choice. And then in the kitchen, Joey groped my ass while Mike was just a few feet away, watching the Jets game.

Mike had had an exhausting week at work, so after a couple of beers, he passed out on the sofa. Once I was sure Mike was asleep, I pulled Joey by his ear downstairs to our apartment building's laundry room. After making sure the room was empty, I laid into him. "Joey, how dare you touch me?" I said furiously, waving my finger at him. "I mean, what were you thinking? Mike was right there!"

But instead of being chastised, Joey grabbed me and pressed his lips against mine. I pushed against him, but he kept kissing me, and then his tongue was in my mouth.

I pushed him away. What happened next happened so fast I didn't have time to react.

Joey lifted my skirt to my waist. Before I had a chance to push my skirt down, Joey pulled down my pantyhose. In a flash his nose was in my trimmed bush and his mouth was on my sex. He flicked his tongue between my lips, over my clit, and back again. When he got back to my clit, he flicked his tongue over, then back, and then around my sensitive bulb.

Then with his fingers he pulled apart my pussy lips to get better access to my clit with his tongue, at the same time pushing one and then two fingers inside me. It felt amazing!

My god! I couldn't believe this was happening! This 18-year-old kid had me so hot that, rather than pushing him away, I was grabbing his hair and grinding my pussy harder against his mouth.

Finally I did push him away. "Stop!" I said, pushing his face away from my sex and taking two very unsteady steps back. I looked at him, panting and my chest heaving.

"Come here," I finally said, kicking off my black Mia flats and tugging down my pantyhose. He stood up and came to me, and I reached down and undid his belt. "You want to fuck me, is that it?" I hissed as I worked on his zipper and pulled out his cock. "You want to stick this big thing inside me? Come on then, fuck me. What are you waiting for? Fuck me, you know you want to!"

Joey grinned. He knew he had won.

Holding his cock with his hand, he positioned the head between my pussy lips and rammed it into me. I helped by pulling up my skirt and wrapping my leg around his. I grunted when he penetrated me. God he was so long and thick.

I grabbed his hips and pushed back to get more of him inside me. We fucked that way, standing up, looking at each other, panting into the other's face like 2 dogs in heat. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him full mouth, pushing my tongue down his throat, and that made him fuck me even harder. He fucked me so hard he lifted me onto my tiptoes, and then off the floor, that's how hard he fucked me.

His cock felt so good. So long and thick, and gloriously curved, rubbing against my g-spot and clit like last time, touching off explosions of pleasure inside me. And it felt so much better skin-to-skin. Without the latex separating us, I was actually able to feel the big vein that ran up the underside of his shaft. That's how thick he was, how tightly my pussy was stretched around his girth, I could feel the ridges and contours of his hard cock.

But that also reminded me about the birth control situation. I was on the pill again but everyone knew the pill wasn't fool proof. And anyways, it took a while to be effective once you started taking it regularly again.

Taking Joey's face in my hands, and looking into his eyes, I urgently said, "Joey, you have to pull out. You *CANNOT* cum inside me. Okay?"

He nodded, and with that taken care of, I gave into it and allowed myself to savor the hard pounding he was giving me. I felt my orgasm building, and I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming. My back arched violently as I came, my entire body shuddering as orgasmic pleasure exploded within me.

Again, Joey's timing was perfect, and he came too, but somehow he remembered to pull out, which was good because at that moment I wouldn't have stopped him from cumming inside me. So instead, he came all over my front, soaking my blouse and skirt with globs and globs of his thick jism.

Just then, as we held each other, panting to catch our breaths, the door opened! I looked over Joey's shoulder and saw it was Mrs. Connery, our 70 year old neighbor!

I can only imagine what we looked like, standing up and clearly in the after throes of sex, my leg wrapped around the naked bottom of my lover. Thinking fast, I held Joey close to me. My only chance was for Mrs. Connery to think I was with Mike, so I didn't want her to see Joey's face. "Um, Mrs. Connery, if you don't mind?" I said, urging her to leave. She did leave, but not before throwing me a very disapproving frown.

As the door closed, Joey and I broke into laughs. I wasn't worried about Mrs. Connery. Everyone knew she was half senile. If she said anything, it would be easy to deny it.

We quickly dressed and snuck back into the apartment. Mike was still snoozing on the sofa. Joey left to go home. I took a quick shower.

I sat down on the sofa with my sleeping husband. I leaned my head on him. I couldn't help smiling. "JenJen is back," I thought to myself. "She's back."

CHAPTER 5

The next morning, I woke up early and went to work. On the way, I dropped off the skirt and blouse at the drycleaners. The little chinese woman behind the counter gave me another one of those knowing grins when she saw the obvious dried cum stains on my skirt and blouse. This time I gave her a big grin back, as if saying “Yeah, that’s right, I got laid real good last night.” I felt cheery, like an adventurous teenager again, fucking in strange and mysterious places. I felt so alive.

But my good mood went away when I got to work and I was able to reflect about what was going on. No way I could deny it anymore. I was cheating on Mike. This wasn’t a one time thing. I was having an affair. With an 18-year-old!

I didn’t hear from Joey, and I was glad.

The next weekend, Mike and I finally went to Per Se to celebrate our anniversary (one of the partners at his firm *did* have a connection there, with Thomas Keller himself!) I wore the black dress he loved, the bustier, stockings and high heels. In other words, the same thing I wore with Joey.

The food was just as delicious. But it wasn’t as much fun, at least for me, because I’d just been there. And my unfaithfulness was weighing on my mind.

Mike loved my outfit and he was all over me when we got home. It felt good I could still arouse him. But honestly I didn’t enjoy the sex. I couldn’t help comparing Mike to Joey, and that made me feel guilty, but the truth was there *was* a big different. A BIG difference.

And while Mike knew my body way better than Joey, he wasn’t trying as hard. He was barely trying at all to give me pleasure. There was hardly any kissing or foreplay. It was like he was just using me to get off, like I was a flashlight.

I pretended to like it, I even pretended to cum. But I felt lonely and neglected, even while he was inside me. God we were fucked up. I started wondering if we needed to go to marriage counseling.

The next week Mike went on a business trip. He wouldn't be home until Friday afternoon.

That morning as I dressed I had butterflies in my stomach. At the same time, I was feeling, I don't know ... kind of excited. It was like how I felt after what happened in the laundry room, like an adventurous college student again. Like JenJen again.

As I got dressed, I paid a little more attention to my makeup. I wore a shorter skirt. I even wore thigh high stockings and stiletto high heels!

The last thing before going to work, I popped that day's birth control pill in my mouth. Then I checked my closet, in a box hidden in the back. The XL and XLL condoms were there.

I didn't know why I was keeping the XL condoms. They were too small for Joey, and too big for Mike. I grabbed the XL box and stuffed them in my purse. I would throw them away when I got to the subway station. No sense having 2 boxes Mike might find.

As I subway'ed to work, I felt great. I felt sexy! And I noticed guys checking me out. It really fed my ego and made me feel even sexier!

It was that way at work too. Usually, I kept to myself, and anyways everyone knew I was happily married. So the men in the office left me alone, and I went about my business.

Today though my co-workers were checking me out, and flirting with me! Probably because of my outfit. And I flirted back. It was fun! I felt like I was back in college. I felt like JenJen again.

One of the guys at the office – his name's Scott. We talk in the breakroom sometimes. He always makes me laugh. He's really smart and just made partner, and he helps me sometimes on projects.

But god he's so gorgeous! He's a player, and he can be an arrogant ass sometimes, but he's soooo gorgeous! My best friend Allie, who works at my firm too, she had a fling with him. It wasn't technically cheating because she and her husband RH were separated at the time.

Anyways, Scott flirted with me big time today, and he invited me to the happy hour on Friday. I reminded him I was happily married – not by saying anything, but making sure he saw the rings on my left hand – but he still made me promise to come. His persistence and attention made me smile and feel good inside. It made me feel sexy.

Just before going home, I called Joey. I told him Mike was traveling, and asked if he wanted to come over for dinner. He immediately said yes of

course.

Joey was there when I got home. In the kitchen he was simmering a stew and had mixed a salad. He gave me a long up and down look. His eyes lingered on my legs in the back hose, and my feet in the stiletto high heels.

I poured some wine and checked on the stew. As I mixed it, Joey put his hand on my hip. I immediately put my hand over his, stopping him from doing anything. I should have pushed his hand away and yelled at him. But I didn't. I stood there in my stiletto heels, not saying anything, my hand on his.

I guess Joey took that as an invitation. Because he got on his knees and he pushed up my skirt. He kissed and fondled my ass. I was wearing a thong so I was showing a lot of skin, and he was kissing and caressing all of it. And running his hands up and down my stockinged legs.

I felt my eyes flutter and my breathing got heavier. Somewhere in my head I knew we couldn't do this in the kitchen, not where we might burn ourselves. So I breathlessly said "bedroom." Joey didn't have to be told twice. He practically picked me up and rushed into my bedroom.

I sat Joey on the edge of the bed and got on my knees. I undid his belt and zipper, and took out his cock, which was a little difficult because he was already hard. Then my head went into his lap, and I soon felt his fingers interlace in my hair as I stroked, licked, sucked and swallowed his massive cock. He was so big and thick I couldn't swallow more than a couple inches, but I guess even that much in my mouth was too much for him because in less than 60 seconds he grunted and lurched and then I practically gagged on his huge ejaculation.

Now it was my turn. Joey got me on my back on the bed, and he pushed up my skirt. He looked at me for long moments, admiring my stockinged legs. Then he pulled my thong to the side and went down on me. He ate pussy like an expert. Before long I was moaning and writhing under his tongue, and moments later I came hard on his tongue.

It'd been less than 10 minutes since I got home. In that time, I got Joey off. He got me off.

"So ...," Joey hesitantly said to me after I came and caught my breath.

I pulled down my skirt and hugged my knees to my chest. "So ...," I said back. For some reason I felt incredibly confused at that moment. I felt lonely and neglected. I felt vulnerable.

Then Joey did exactly the perfect thing. He sat up next to me, and put

his arm around me.

Oh my god it felt so good. Not sexually, it wasn't about that. But emotionally. That's what I needed, an emotional connection. I needed to feel like I was more than just a good lay. A piece of meat. A fleshlight. I needed to feel wanted. Loved. And that's what Joey did when he put his arm around me.

Still we weren't saying anything. But I snuggled into his arm. And he held me tighter. And I snuggled more into him. It felt really good.

But Joey was a teenager and I was a hot chick in stockings and high heels, so eventually it turned back to sex. He ran his hand down my body to my trimmed landing strip, and said "This is really sexy."

"What? That I trim?" I asked.

He moved his fingers to my pussy lips. "No. I mean, yeah, that. But because this is all bare."

"I get waxed," I told him. "It's called a Brazilian."

"I know what a Brazilian is Jen," Joey said with a laugh. My cheeks went red with embarrassment. I was 29 and he was only 18, yet at that moment I felt like he was older than me. More experienced and more worldly than me.

"This is sexy too," Joey said, running his fingers over my thigh high stockings. He wasn't just running his fingers over me. He was caressing me. Over my stocking tops. And my bare skin above.

I softly moaned and arched my back as he caressed down my super sensitive inner thighs.

I got up on my knees on the bed. Looking into his eyes, I took off my blouse, then skirt, then bra and panties. I left the thigh highs on (I'd earlier tossed off the high heels).

Then I unbuttoned his shirt and finished pulling off his pants and boxers. "You've got an awesome body Joey," I said, running my fingertips over his chest, tracing along his muscles. I traced along the ridges of his abs (he had a six pack). When I got to his hard cock I lifted it in my palm. He was long. And thick. And heavy. "You're so beautiful Joey," I said honestly.

"Is mine bigger than Mike's?" he asked.

Joey's question surprised me. It was the first time he wanted me to compare him to Mike. Mike used to be Joey's hero. But now?

I looked into his eyes and said, "You're bigger." As I said the words,

I felt my nipples tighten, getting even harder. I felt even more tingling in my pussy.

Joey got me onto my back, and got on top of me. I thought about the condoms in my closet. Then I thought, “fuck it.” I’d tell him to pull out. And anyways, I wanted to feel him skin-to-skin again.

I grunted and clenched my teeth as he entered me. The boy was so thick!

Joey started slow, letting me get used to his size. But soon he was ramming me. *Really – freaking – hard.* Like fucking my brains out. That’s what he did. He fucked my brains out.

I screamed when I came. Screamed and squealed at the top of my lungs. Something like “Fuck! Fuck! You’re Fucking Making Me Cum! Oh God! Shit! Shit Shit Shit! Joey You’re Making Me Cum! You’re Making Me Cum! You’re Making Me Fucking Cum! Oh God Joey! Oh God! I’m Cummmmmmming!!!!”

I came and Joey fucked me through my orgasm. Then he fucked me even harder as he got close to the edge.

Thoughts of making him pull out were gone. I knew the pill wasn’t fool proof, and probably not totally effective yet anyways. But at that moment I didn’t care. I wanted Joey to cum inside me!

So as I felt him get to the edge, I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his thighs, coupling us together. We were connected at that moment, one person. Then Joey came and he screamed like me. “I’m Cumming Jen! I’m Cumming! Oh God I’m Cumming!”

After Joey came he collapsed on top of me. He was still inside of me. Eventually he pulled out. I clenched my teeth at the sensation of his thick long cock pulling out of me.

I felt a flood of his cum spill out of my pussy and leak down my thigh onto the bed, pooling into the wet spot.

By that point we were both satiated. Not saying a word, I got up and went into the bathroom. I wiped my pussy lips and inner thighs with toilet paper. I sat on the toilet and douched, trying to get as much of Joey’s sperm out of me. Then I got ready for bed, putting on Mike’s old frat t-shirt, comfy cotton VS panties, and white cotton ankle socks. This was what I always wore to bed.

When I got out of the bathroom Joey was still there. I was only a little surprised. I saw he had the good manners to put on a t-shirt and boxers.

At that moment I was too tired – physically and emotionally – to make a fuss about it.

I got into bed and rolled to my side, as usual. Joey didn't move for long moments. Then, probably because he'd seen me and Mike doing it, Joey pressed against my back and spooned me. As he did, he put his arm around me.

I didn't move for long moments. I couldn't sleep like this, could I? With my husband's young friend spooning me like he was my man instead of Mike? Then after a few moments, I gave into it. I took his hand in mine and hugged his arm to my bosom. I closed my eyes, and I think I sighed with content. I softly stroked his hard bicep. Then I fell into a deep asleep.

When I woke up it was still dark. I looked at the clock. It was just past 3am. I realized I was breathing hard. I realized my face was flush.

Joey was awake behind me. His hand was up Mike's t-shirt. He was cupping me, fondling me, thumbing my nipple. His other hand was inside my VS cotton panties. He was fingering me. And he was still pressed against my back. He was hard, and his python of a cock was pressed between my ass cheeks.

I managed to turn around so now I was facing him. "Joey, what the fuck?" I said. I was still half asleep, but I was waking up fast.

Joey kissed me. Open mouth. Tongue down my throat. He worked the t-shirt over my A-cup tits and my panties down my legs. All that was left was my white cotton socks. Then he was inside me. Penetrating me. Impaling me. No condom. Skin-to-skin. Joey was fucking me again.

I was wide awake then. Fucking him back. Kissing him back. Our sex was passionate and urgent. It lasted only a few minutes. I came, and then Joey came too. He came inside me again. Then we both fell back asleep. At least I did.

When I woke up again the sun was up. I was still on my side (I always slept on my side), but now I was facing the other way. When I opened my eyes Joey was looking at me. He leaned to me, and kissed me. I kissed him back, parting my lips, inviting his tongue into my mouth.

We made love. That's what it was, making love. A lot of kissing. A lot of touching. Slow, drawn out. It was passionate but not urgent.

Joey made me cum again. He came too of course. Inside me. When I sensed him cumming, I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him. I wanted to be kissing him when he came. I wanted him to cum inside me.

Joey got dressed and went to school. I was happy for the moment of solitude, before I had to go to work. Lying in bed, I realized we'd fucked for almost 12 hours straight.

God my pussy was sore. My mouth too. But god I felt alive! Yeah there was a lot of guilt there. But I felt alive! My body tingled, I couldn't get the smile off my face. I was happy!

I dressed sexy to work again. In addition to the shorter skirt, this time I wore a sheer blouse and a lace bra underneath. The blouse was professional, but it was sheer enough so you could see the lace of my bra if you really looked. I wore thigh high stockings again, and 4 inch high heels.

It was a new experience for me. I had never worn 4 inch stiletto high heels after getting my brain fucked out, with my pussy so sore. I found it even harder to walk in the heels than usual. But I forced myself to wear them. It was who I was. I was JenJen again. And JenJen would wear stiletto high heels to work. *Especially after* getting her brains fucked out.

I stopped at the drugstore. I got another morning after pill. I worried what it might be doing to my body to take them so often. But I knew I had to. Joey had cum so much inside me. I couldn't risk it.

I got even more attention from the guys in the office than yesterday. I wondered if it was the sexy outfit, or if it was because somehow I looked "*just fucked*"? That I looked like a slut who fucked for 12 hours straight last night? Who had fucked an *18-year-old boy* for 12 hours last night?

Joey came inside me so much last night (and this morning) that he was leaking from my pussy and making my stocking tops wet. I had to go into the bathroom 3 times to wipe Joey from my thighs. Each time I smiled and marveled at how slutty I'd been last night. I loved it. I felt so wicked and sexy to feel the wet elastic of the thigh highs pressing against my flesh, knowing how they had gotten that way.

I felt guilty of course. I felt wicked. Not only was I cheating on Mike, I was cheating with an 18-year-old, a boy my husband helped raise.

But I couldn't wipe the grin from my face. For the first time in a long time, I felt alive. I felt happy. I felt like I was myself again.

CHAPTER 6

Mike flew into LaGuardia and immediately took a taxi to the address Jen had given him. It was her company's Friday night happy hour and it was at a bar in Midtown.

Mike didn't want to go. He was tired from his trip. Meetings with partners and clients about his Sapphire project were exhausting.

Mostly though, Mike hated happy hours. They weren't his thing. He was shy and felt more comfortable in small groups, not among big crowds like happy hours. He never knew what to say and always felt awkward. Especially since it was Jen's company happy hour and he wouldn't know anyone there.

But he couldn't remember the last time Jen wanted to go to happy hour, and she wanted him to be there. So of course he was going, because he wanted to support his wife.

Mike moved through the crowd, searching for Jen. Then he saw her. He took a moment to look at his wife. As usual, she was the prettiest girl in the room. But somehow, she looked different. It wasn't just tonight. He'd noticed since getting home from his last business trip. She seemed ... bubblier, like she was walking on air. More outgoing (if that was possible, since Jen was already a people person). She seemed, well, happier.

Jen was with a group of people. Although, she was mostly talking to a dark-haired guy. He was tall, had broad shoulders and a confident swagger. As she sipped a cosmo, she beamed and chatted merrily with him.

Mike approached. Jen smiled when she saw him, squeezing his arm and giving him a quick kiss. "Fashionable late, as usual," she joked, smiling into his eyes. She was tipsy but not drunk. The server came around and Mike ordered a Highland Park scotch. Then Jen introduced Mike to her friends. The tall dark-haired man was Scott.

As was his nature, Mike was mostly quiet as the party went on around him. He listened to Jen and her friends talking. He saw immediately that Scott was the center of attention. He was charismatic and charming, and he

knew how to tell good stories.

Scott told a story and everyone laughed. Jen laughed and hit him playfully on the arm. She smiled beaming at him. Scott grinned back at her. Mike frowned and he felt something stir inside him.

Mike had a moment alone with Jen. He whispered, “Who’s he again?”

“I told you baby, he’s Scott,” Jen said.

“Yeah but, who is he?”

“He’s a new partner. He’s really smart and talented. Sometimes he helps me with projects,” Jen said.

“What is he, your new bud?” Mike said sarcastically.

Jen’s eyes went wide, and she experienced *déjà vu*. In the past she had a lot of guy friends, and her best guy friends she called “buds.” She spent a lot of time with her buds, not as much as with Mike of course, but a lot.

There was always laughing and talking and hanging out, and a lot of flirting too. Like, when they used to go to clubs, Jen often danced with her buds as much as Mike, and there was always some touching. It never led to anything of course, but Mike always got jealous and upset and often it led to big arguments. One time a few years ago, Mike got so angry he actually stormed out of their apartment and spent a few days with his best friend Sam.

Jen was a complete mess those days he was away. She was afraid she lost Mike and she couldn’t live without him. So just like that, she stopped flirting. She pretty much stopped having guy friends too, and certainly no more “buds” or dancing with other men. Now her friends were mostly girls, and the guys in her life were just casual acquaintances, except for a few like Joey and Sam, and Allie’s husband RH. Jen was still as pretty and sexy as ever, but she’d turned into a plain brown vanilla wife.

Mike hadn’t been jealous in years. Jen had given him no reason to be. Now though he clearly was. And Jen liked it. It was like, it showed that he cared about her. That he loved her. And she liked the way, at that moment, she had all his attention. Maybe it was the vodka clouding her good sense, but she wanted to keep him jealous.

“Scott’s just someone I work with baby,” Jen said kinda dismissively. “We hang sometimes”

“You hang?” Mike said with a frown.

“Mike it’s nothing. We work together, that’s all,” Jen said. Then she took his arm and pulled him back into the circle of people. She made sure to stand next to Scott, and they started laughing and talking again. She sensed Mike watching them. She sensed his jealousy, that he was getting upset.

She didn’t want to take this game too far, so she turned back to him. “How’s your project going?” she asked, loud enough for everyone to hear. She turned to everyone and said “Mike’s got an idea for a new way for investing in stocks.” She squeezed Mike’s hand and added “He’s so smart.”

Everyone looked at Mike, and for a moment he had everyone’s attention. Mike was shy and didn’t like attention. But he made an effort to explain Sapphire. How it was a new way of looking at historical numbers and other information to predict future performance, and how it was possible to use that information to invest with a lot more accuracy in a lot of things like stocks and exchange traded funds (ETFs).

Mike didn’t have the charisma of Scott, and his explanation was way too technical for this crowd. People started losing interest and quickly there were glazed eyes and even a few yawns.

Abruptly Scott said, “So it’s like ETFs on steroids.” Almost immediately everyone perked up and there was renewed interest.

“Well – that’s not really right ...” Mike said with a frown.

“Bro, you need a snappy message that pops!” Scott insisted. Others were nodding their heads.

Jen was nodding too. “Maybe you should use Scott’s tag line in your presentation honey,” she said. “Scott you wouldn’t mind, right?”

“No problem,” Scott said. “Hey bro, we can talk and I’ll give you more ideas.”

A little later, Jen pulled Mike aside. “See Scott’s really nice.”

“Sure,” Mike said keeping his face and voice neutral. Inside his stomach was churning.

Jen sensed his jealousy though. She said “Scott’s just someone I work with. He’s really brilliant though. He might be able to help you.”

“Okay. I’ll think about it,” Mike said. But inside he was thinking “over my dead body.” Snappy lines like “ETF on steroids” might work in a 5 second TV commercial, but at a partner meeting it would make him look like an unprepared idiot.

“Maybe if you talked, you might even become friends,” Jen added.

“Yeah,” Mike said. “You never know.” But inside Mike knew that

would never happen. He barely even knew Scott but he already hated him. Hated him because of the way Jen was talking about him. It seemed like she was taking Scott's side. About what Mike didn't know. But that's how it felt.

Later as they rode in an uber home, Mike put his hand on Jen's leg and said "You look really pretty tonight."

Jen smiled and beamed at her husband. "Thanks baby."

"This is unexpected," Mike said, edging his hand under Jen's skirt and feeling the lacy tops of her thigh high stockings.

"I wore high heels too," Jen said with a giggle. "I wanted to look sexy for you baby." With a laugh she added "My feet are killing me though."

"I'll massage your feet when we get home," Mike offered.

"I'd love that baby," Jen said, a big smile on her face. Her heart was doing flips. Mike hadn't shown her this much affection and attention in a long time!

"So how long have you known Scott?" Mike asked.

"I mean, it's not like I *know* him," Jen said carefully, emphasizing the word "know."

"He transferred from our San Diego office. Six months ago? Something like that. He works in my group."

"He's your boss?"

"No, he's like parallel."

"But you work together a lot," Mike said. It was half statement, half question.

"Mike, what's with the 20 questions?" Jen said with a laugh.

"I just can tell he's interested in you," Mike said.

"Mike baby, Scott knows I'm very married," Jen said. "He saw me with you tonight."

"That's my point!" Mike said with a "I gotcha!" tone of voice. "He knows you're married but he hit on you anyway! Some guys are like that!"

"Mike he didn't hit on me."

"Why are you defending him?!"

"I'm not defending him," Jen said, worried that she'd taken this game too far and they were about to get into one of their ugly arguments. She steeled herself for it. She knew in the next moment Mike was going to blow up and make an ugly scene.

But instead, Mike suddenly pulled her to him. He wrapped his arms

around her and kissed her open mouth. Jen was so shocked for a moment she didn't respond. But then she kissed her husband back. Within moments they were passionately making out and fondling each other. In the uber! Jen couldn't remember the last time Mike gave her so much PDA.

In their apartment, Mike didn't pull Jen into their bedroom immediately. But he still lavished attention on her. He sat her sideways on the sofa. He took off her high heels and rubbed her stockinged feet. They laughed and talked about nothing, the way they used to. Jen felt like the center of Mike's universe. She loved it!

Mike looked up Jen's legs. She had the longest, shapeliest legs. And when she was wearing silky stockings, like now, she looked even more incredible. Her skirt had hiked up a little and he could see the lace of her stocking tops. And her 4 inch stiletto heels were on the floor by his feet.

"You wear this short skirt for Scott?" he teased with a mischievous look in his eyes.

Jen heard the levity in his voice and joked back. "Yeah right," she said with a laugh.

"Did you?" he asked a little more seriously. He touched the edge of her skirt. "This is shorter than what you normally wear."

Jen flushed a little, feeling trapped, because Mike was right, she'd been dressing differently lately. "It's just the fashion now," she sputtered out.

Mike accepted her answer. He grinned and said "I like today's fashion."

Relieved, Jen grinned back and playfully said "Well maybe I need to go to Nordstrom's or something and buy more short skirts and stockings."

"Maybe you do," Mike said, caressing up and down her silky calves and ankles. "And more high heels too."

Jen looked surprised. She asked "So I'm allowed to spend money?" Mike was always worried about money, but even more so now because they were trying to save up to buy a house. (They were renting their current apartment.)

"Yeah, I like seeing your legs," Mike said, smiling into Jen's pretty face and continuing to run his fingers up and down her calves and thighs.

Without thinking – a stupid blonde moment – Jen joked "Probably Scott will like it too."

Jen knew it was a mistake as soon as she said it. Mike snapped,

“Why did you say that?”

“Mike I’m joking,” Jen sputtered trying to take it back.

“Why did you say that?” Mike pressed, his eyes boring into Jen’s.

Jen was scared by Mike’s intensity. But then she noticed something. He was being urgent and intense, but he didn’t seem angry or upset. And she noticed something else. With her feet in his lap, she could feel he was hard as a rock.

“Why Jen?” Mike asked again, his voice louder and even more urgent, but still not really angry.

“It’s just ... lately Scott’s been flirting with me,” Jen said hesitantly.

“So you *did* dress like this for Scott,” Mike said. There was accusation in his voice, but again, not really anger.

Jen looked down. It was like a flinch, not able to take the intensity of Mike’s eyes on her. In a little voice – like the voice of a little girl having been caught doing something wrong – she said, “Yeah, I mean, I guess, a little”

Suddenly, Mike was on top of her. His lips, his hands, they were on her, kissing and touching her everywhere. Jen kissed and touched back. Mike pulled her skirt up and pulled down her panties.

It wasn’t a quick fuck like after their Per Se anniversary dinner. Mike lavished kisses and caresses over Jen’s face and body for a long time, hitting all her erogenous zones (and Mike knew them better than any other man).

After Jen was way passed getting her cum face on (that’s what Mike called Jen’s beautiful face when she was aroused and needed fucked), he went down on her. Mike was an expert at eating pussy, he was the best Jen had ever had (by far!).

Mike knew Jen’s body better than she did, he knew when she was about to cum, so he didn’t let her. For what seemed like forever to Jen, he kept edging her up and then down, getting her close to an orgasm but not letting her fall over. At the end, Jen was writhing and begging Mike to let her cum. Finally, Mike did, and Jen screamed and her body convulsed as massive bolts of orgasmic pleasure shot through her body.

After Jen calmed down and caught her breath, Mike mounted her. His only regret was he couldn’t make her cum again. Mike was small to begin with, and Jen’s pussy always felt so good – like a tight velvet glove around his cock – that he almost always came fast.

Mike was always able to make Jen cum with his mouth or fingers.

But he rarely made her cum with his cock. He knew that. He also knew Jen often faked it during their intercourse. She wasn't able to get away with it though, because Mike knew her body too well. He knew a real orgasm from a fake one. But Mike loved her for it because he knew she was trying to spare his feelings, and because of that he never confronted her about it.

"Wow, that was something," Jen said with a sparkle of delighted awe on her pretty face after Mike came and they were on their backs, panting.

"Yeah," Mike said with a laugh.

They were silent for a long moment. Then Jen rolled to her side and got on her elbow to look at her husband. "I need to ask you something," she said hesitantly. When Mike nodded, she continued. "What was that about Scott?"

Mike rolled to his side to look at her. Now their faces were just inches apart. "Did you flirt back? When he flirted with you?"

"Mike --," Jen said warily.

"I'm not going to get mad," Mike said. "I just want to know."

"I mean, I guess, a little," Jen confessed. "You're always working. You forgot about our anniversary. Don't lie, you did. I get lonely. I guess I was looking for some attention."

Mike was silent for long moments. Finally he said "I'm sorry. The pressure's intense with Sapphire. We found a bug. The partners are going crazy. I think we can fix it but it's taking a lot of time."

"I'm not trying to guilt you," Jen said, giving Mike a sympathetic look and rubbing his arm. "I'm just trying to explain." After a moment's hesitation, she said "And I'm trying to understand. You used to get so mad." With a giggle she added "But not tonight."

"I don't know," Mike said, not really understanding it himself. "You were different tonight. Like the way you used to be. I guess I miss that Jen. The JenJen." Mike knew of course Allie's nickname for her.

"You hated JenJen," she reminded him with a laugh. "Remember all our arguments?"

"Yeah," Mike said, looking regretful. "I guess I'm more secure now. In us. And I guess I realize it's not fair for me to say who your friends are. So if you want to be buds with Scott, then go ahead. I can handle it now."

Jen's jaw dropped, a shocked look on her face. "You don't even like Scott," she said incredulously.

"No I don't," Mike admitted.

“You realize he’s a major player right?” Jen said, the incredulous look still on her pretty face. “He had a fling with Allie.”

Now it was Mike’s turn to be shocked. “She cheated on RH?” he asked indignantly. Allie wasn’t Mike’s favorite person. He knew she didn’t think he was good enough for Jen. They tolerated each other for Jen’s sake.

But surprisingly, Mike was good friends with her husband RH. Like him, RH was hitting above his batting average with Allie, who was a 10 like Jen. And RH lived and breathed the Mets and Jets even more than Mike. And, to help bond the 2 men even more, both despised the Yankees.

“God don’t tell RH,” Jen said, immediately regretting telling Mike. “She didn’t cheat. It was when they were separated. But if RH finds out”

“I won’t tell him,” Mike said, still processing the information of Allie and Scott. “Jeez Scott’s a real ass. Taking advantage of Allie when she’s down.”

“Yeah ...,” Jen said noncommittally. She wasn’t going to defend Scott to Mike, but she wasn’t sure it happened that way. Well, okay, maybe Scott saw his chance and seduced Allie. But Allie said it was the best sex of her life.

Then to her surprise, Jen noticed that Mike was hard again. That was really unusual. Mike was almost always a one-time-a-night guy. She cupped his hard-on and said “What’s up with you tonight baby?” She giggled at the double-entendre.

“I don’t know,” Mike said with a grin. “I’m trying to figure it out myself.”

“Well, while you’re trying to figure it out, I think I’ll help myself,” Jen said with another giggle. She got on top of Mike and they made love again.

CHAPTER 7

When I woke up it was still dark outside. Mike was still asleep. I stared into the darkness.

I was cheating on Mike. I loved him as much as ever, yet I was cheating.

I felt guilty, but probably not as guilty as I should. Why was that?

And what about Scott? Yeah, last night at the happy hour, I flirted with him to make Mike jealous. I enjoyed it too, it was exciting. It was pretty clear Scott wanted to get into my pants. And that was such an ego boost, it was so thrilling, that a gorgeous guy like Scott wanted me.

The sun was peeking over the horizon. With that faint light, I looked at my husband. My sweet, considerate, shy Mike. He didn't have a beach body. He was an okay but not great lover. But he was my Mike. My soul mate. The man – and I knew this in my heart – the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with. Yet I was cheating on him. Why? And why didn't I feel more guilty?

I didn't know what I was going to do about Joey. But at that moment, I decided no matter what, I was going to give Mike way more pleasure than Joey. Every time I made Joey cum, I'd make Mike cum twice, or three times. Everything I did with Joey, I'd do the same with Mike, but even more so.

So that's why Mike woke up with his dick in my mouth. That's why I ventured down, over his balls, passed his sandbar, and flicked my tongue over his puckered asshole, rimming him with my tongue as I stroked him with my hand.

Then his cock was back in my mouth, licking him up and down, caressing the underside of his balls. It was my turn to edge him, keeping him on the brink until we were both going to be late for work. Finally I let him cum.

Mike practically exploded! I let him shoot his cum all over my face, and then I let him have a good look at me, my messy face looking like a

slutty porn star's.

Then all weekend long, I gave him all my attention. And to my surprise and delight, he returned my affections! Our sex life was like it was back when we first started dating. I was so happy, my heart was bursting!

Monday morning, Mike lingered while I showered. I realized he was waiting to see what I put on. That made my head spin, and my heart did a few flips. When was the last time Mike wanted to watch me dress? He did it all the time when we first started dating, but I couldn't remember the last time.

I put on a stretchy long sleeve blouse with a scoop neck and a lycra mini-skirt. It was borderline inappropriate for work, and way more daring than my usual business attire, but since it was all black I figured I wouldn't get carded by the dress code police. I wore dark hose (thigh highs) and the same stiletto heels from Friday. I did my lips in my new Urban Decay brownish red lipstick.

Mike couldn't take his eyes off me. That was something else he hadn't done in a long time. I can't tell you how good all this was making me feel!

And it got even better, because all the guys at work looked at me, and they went out of their way to stop by my desk and talk to me. Especially Scott! It seemed like he was by my desk all day long. I have to say we get along great. We never run out of things to talk about – he's into music, working out, outdoors, and Broadway shows like me. We even talked politics, and we were mostly aligned on our views.

Scott was definitely the kind of guy I would've been buds with before. I had fun talking to him, and he even asked me to lunch. A friends lunch of course, not a date. But I wanted to take this slow, to make sure Mike meant it when he said I could have guy friends again.

I did want guy friends again. Girls are so emotional and ditzy sometimes, it's good to have guy friends to talk to. But I didn't want it to be like before, when Mike got really upset whenever I was with one of my buds.

When I got home I was shocked. Mike was home waiting for me! He never got home from work before me!

He peppered me with questions about Scott. He wanted me to give him a word-by-word playback of our conversations. When I told him Scott asked me to lunch, Mike practically blew up. In a good way, like so excited he almost came in his pants. Just like last night, we had great sex, and more

than once!

I'm not naive, I knew what the scoop was. My sweet, shy, geeky Mike had a little kinky thing going on. A little voyeur, hot wife, maybe even some cuckold fantasies. Looking back, it didn't surprise me; actually a lot of things made sense now. You know, things he said and how he reacted to things over the years. And I certainly didn't think any less of him. We all have fantasies. Like, my deepest, darkest fantasy is to be raped; to be forced to cum against my will. How fucked up is that?

I didn't call Mike out on his fantasies. I didn't analyze it, or judge him, or say something stupid like "Mike baby you want to be a cuckold." Mike is Mike and I'm me and we love each other. That's all that mattered.

I knew I was going to have to be careful though. Like with Scott. Yeah, being buds would be fun. And if I played it the right way, it would drive Mike freaking out of his mind and really reenergize our sex life. But if I went too far, it would hurt Mike, and us. I certainly didn't want to get into that bad hurt territory.

I was sure I could pull it off though. As you can probably tell by now, I know my way around the world. I know that probably sounds arrogant, but when you're pretty, and run in the popular crowd, and there are guys always around, you learn things, and you get experienced really fast.

I'm not saying I did those things myself. But I knew people who did it, or people who knew people who did it. So I learned things.

Mike loved Indiana Jones movies, and it's like what Indy said, it's not the years, it's the mileage. Well, dating Colin so long and running with that crowd, and with a best friend like Allie (her freaking nickname's Allie-oh-la-la after all), I've got a lot of mileage.

And also, I was getting my mojo back. I was JenJen again. I knew how to handle boys. Especially my husband.

So my skirts and dresses got shorter. My blouses and sweaters got tighter. I wore lacy bras and matching thongs underneath, and traded in pantyhose for thigh highs and even garter belts sometimes. I even bit the bullet and started regularly wearing high heels. I mean, really high, like 4 or 4 ½ inch stilettos. And I let my hair grow longer. Of everything I think Mike liked that the most. He liked when my hair hit the middle of my back. He called that "bra strap length."

I got into the popular crowd at work. I guess I was always there – mostly because I'm best friends with Allie – but now I hung with them more.

I saw Scott more often. In the break room, his office or mine. We talked and laughed a lot. Our friendship blossomed. Not quite to “best buds” level, but getting there.

Did we flirt? Sure. I began flirting with all the boys in the office, especially Scott (since he was the most gorgeous, and we were friends). People said I changed so much but that wasn’t true. I think I just returned to the girl I used to be.

Mike was way more attentive to me. *Way more*. He stayed home more and traveled less. We really reconnected, not just sexually but emotionally. We were like honeymooners again. I’m not kidding, that’s how it felt. I was really happy. Also, with Mike being home so much, I didn’t have to deal with the “Joey Thing.” That was a relief.

One of the best things of the “JenJen revival” was my relationship with Allie. I guess we had drifted apart. It’s natural as we’re both married. But her marriage with RH was “on-again, off-again,” and since I was now JenJen again, being more social and all, I was better able to support her.

So it was really great. Not only did I get Mike back, but I got Allie too, and now I had an almost best bud with Scott. I was really happy.

I was spending more time with Allie, Scott and work friends, and that cut into my time with Mike. But he was okay with it, as long as I told him about all I did. It’s not that I did much. Flirting. Flashing a little leg. Letting a guy get a look down my blouse. Maybe standing a little too close at happy hours. All harmless stuff, but Mike loved it all. He made me tell him over and over. It always got him so hot.

About a week later, Mike had to work on a Saturday. I planned to hang with Scott. We were going for a bike ride through the city. It was the first time we would be alone outside of work, other than going to lunch which really was an extension of work. It was the closest thing to a date we’d had.

Mike was ramping up his fantasy – we called it our “game.” He wanted me to spend *more* time with Scott. Become real buds. He was really encouraging me to take it farther, pressuring me even.

It was easy for me to go along. Just let it happen. Like I told you, Scott’s gorgeous, and I liked his company. We had a lot in common. I kinda felt like I had the best of both worlds. I had Mike, my soulmate, and Scott, my best bud. It was awesome.

Was there sexual tension between me and Scott? Sure, that was part of it. Anyways, that was the whole point of this thing, our game. Mike

wanted sexual tension between me and Scotty. (Oh yeah, sometimes I called him Scotty, and he called me Jenny. It started at a happy hour.)

It was still hard for me to get my head around how much Mike had changed. All our relationship, especially back in college, he was always intensely jealous. We got into massive arguments if he saw me talking to a guy, much less flirting with him.

But now he was completely different. He was really into our new game. Like, whenever I was with Scott, Mike asked me a lot of questions. It usually went something like this ---

Does Scott touch me? A little. Inside my blouse? No. Up my skirt? No. Where then? Maybe brushing my behind, putting his hand on my knee.

What do you do? I laugh and tell him to take his freaking hand off my knee.

Do you touch Scott? Not blatantly. But yeah, when we're pressed together in a crowded bar. When we're talking. You know I talk with my hands. I might touch his arm and feel his bicep. I might punch his chest when he says something stupid, and I'll feel his pecs or abs.

Does Scott have a good body? Yeah baby, Scotty's got a nice body.

Any kissing? Nope, not unless you count hello and goodbye pecks on the cheek.

Hand holding? Yeah, but it was like, Scotty might hold my hand if we're walking through a crowded bar at happy hour so we don't get separated.

Do you like when he holds your hand? Well, yeah, ... I mean, it doesn't suck.

Does Scott get hard when you're with him? You betcha mister.

How do you know? Well, Scotty isn't shy about it. He always finds ways to press against me, like in crowded bar, or when we're dancing. I pretend not to notice of course.

You dance with him? I dance with a lot of guys, including Scott. Okay, maybe with Scott more than anyone else, because we're almost best buds.

Is Scott big? Um, yeah. He feels big when he presses against me. And I've seen the tent he makes in his pants (Yes baby, I've looked). Mostly though I know because Allie told me.

Do you get wet when you're with Scott? Yeah Mike. I mean, come on Isn't that what you want? And I always come home to you, and you

get the benefits, so that's good right?

Has Scott tried to get you into bed? No. Definitely not. Okay yeah, we joke about it. But he knows I'm married. Happily married.

I wore capri skinny jeans that ended about halfway down my calves, a loose top that I had to constantly adjust so it wouldn't show my bra strap, a short jacket on top, and jet black converse high tops. Not exactly a bike riding outfit, but Mike wanted me to look cute, and I wanted to look cute.

Scott smiled as I approached. We gave each other a hello hug and kiss on the cheek. Then we got our rented bikes and started our tour. Scott was dressed in black biker shorts and a long sleeve athletic shirt. He was dressed for a serious bike ride, but he saw my outfit and took mercy on me. We rode around Central Park, riding next to each other and laughing and talking.

We returned the bikes and went to a bar. Like me, Scott liked college football and we watched the Penn State game. Scotty went to Vermont. Hello, party school! What a big surprise Scott went to a party school!

Somehow, he managed to graduate, even though he was skiing at Stowe all the time. Anyways, without any real college football allegiance, he rooted for Penn State because his dad went there, so that was another thing we had in common.

Since being with Mike, I'd become a wine drinker, mostly because that's what he likes (when he's not drinking scotch). But Scott was a beer drinker, so when I was with him I usually drank beer too.

With Penn State football in the background, I told Scott about Colin, how we started dating in high school, how I lost my virginity to him, how we continued dating in college, and how he cheated on me all the time. Scott had heard of Colin. He even saw him play his rookie year in New England when they were blowing out the Jets, and Colin subbed in for Tom in the 4th quarter.

Scott said he thought Colin had a real future as an NFL quarterback, at least as a high level backup or fringe starter, but then he hurt his knee. I told Scott Colin now owns 2 or 3 car dealerships back home in Belmont PA, and last I heard he's on his 3rd wife.

As we spoke my blouse kept falling off my shoulder, flashing my lacy bra strap. Each time I tugged it up, Scott watched me. By now you've

figured out this was intentional, right? I wore the loose blouse and lacy bra underneath to tease.

More than once I found a reason to lean over, giving Scott a clear view down my blouse to my belly button. Of course, my bra was unlined so I was sure he saw my nipples. Yeah, I was teasing him. That was the point of the game me and Mike were playing.

I was looking at Scott too. His stretchy Under Armour athletic pants and shirt outlined every one of his muscles, and he had a lot. He looked huge in those stretchy pants too, and he wasn't shy about showing it off. I mean, he didn't even put a napkin on his lap. I swear to god he looked like he had a cucumber running down his thigh in those black biker shorts.

"So, you lucked out marrying Mike," Scott said.

"Yep," I said. "He'd never cheat on me."

"You seem so different."

"Well, opposites attract."

"But you still like hanging with the Colin's of the world," Scott said, half question, half statement. "I bet I remind you of Colin."

I stared at Scott, surprised. Was that right? Did I get along with him so much – was I attracted to him -- because he reminded me of Colin? Then I thought about Joey. Was he another Colin? A Colin in the making?

"Colin was a real dickhead sometimes," I said. "More than sometimes."

"I'm a real dickhead a lot, too" Scott said with a grin. I had no doubt he was telling the truth. We both laughed.

"So what's up with your jeans?" he asked looking at my thighs. "They've got holes."

"Don't make fun of my jeans," I said. "I paid a lot for those holes."

When Scott laughed, I said "I'm not kidding. They came like this."

"Are you serious? You paid more for jeans with holes in them?" he asked incredulously.

"It's the style," I said with a shrug.

Scott shook his head, his eyes still on my legs. Then he reached out. He touched the hole on my knee. Then he touched the hole on my thigh. It wasn't like a tap touch. It was more like a caressing touch. He was caressing the parts of my skin revealed by the holes with his fingertips.

"So exactly how do they make the holes the same place in every jean?" he asked, continuing to caress my thigh. Now he wasn't just caressing

the hole. Now he was stroking up and down my thigh over the jeans.

“I guess it’s a mystery of the universe,” I said, my heart suddenly pounding. “Um, Scott ...,” I said hesitantly as his hand moved higher up my leg.

“I ever tell you you’ve got great legs?” Scott said as he continued to caress me. He leaned closer to me. Now his hand was on my inner thigh. Really high up my inner thigh.

“Thank you. I’ll tell my husband you think so.”

“You know what I think Jenny?” he asked, his hand moving even higher up my inner thigh. Scott had a peculiar way of saying my name sometimes. *Jen-knee*, emphasizing the knee part. For some reason when he said it that way, it had an effect on me.

“What *do* you think Scott?” I said. I said it dismissively, with a superior unconcerned laugh in my voice. I was trying to get control of this situation.

Scott boldly put his hand over my pussy, over my jeans. He scrapped his finger up and down where he knew my clit was. He said, “I think it’s too bad there’s not a hole here.”

I looked at him. I’m sure my face was flushed. I knew I was breathing hard.

I grabbed Scott’s wrist and pushed him from me. “Well, it doesn’t, so I guess we don’t have to worry about it,” I said, again with that feigned superior, dismissive tone in my voice. But Scott grinned knowingly at me. He saw it in my face. He knew he was getting to me. And it wasn’t just today either.

By now we’d been best buds for weeks. We spent a lot of time together, with all the flirting and touching that went along with that. Each individual thing was harmless, but you add them all together and I think we were both on edge.

I made an excuse and hurriedly left. I impatiently waited for Mike to get home. He was surprised when he saw me.

“You’re early,” he said. We’d planned I’d go to dinner with Scott, to make it an even more real “date.”

I nodded my head. I was on the sofa with my knees drawn up to my chin. Mike could tell I was agitated. I was tapping my foot, the thing I do when I’m anxious. His eyes focused on my toe rapidly tapping on the sofa. I was still wearing the black Converse high tops.

“What’s wrong baby?” he asked, sitting down next to me and putting his hand on my knee. With his reassuring hand on me, and his calm voice, I finally stopped the toe tapping.

Long moments passed before I answered. Finally, I said “If I keep playing the game with Scott, something might happen. I’m getting him hot. But he’s getting me hot too. It works both ways. You understand that, right Mike?”

It might sound like I was being short with Mike, but I wasn’t. I wasn’t mad or annoyed or anything like that. I just wanted to make sure he understood how dangerous this game was.

“What happened?” Mike said, looking even more concerned and excited.

“Nothing happened,” I said. “I mean, something did happen. He touched me.”

“Where?” Mike asked excitedly.

I took my husband’s hand. “Here,” I said putting his palm on my pussy over my jeans.

“How did it get to that?” he asked, even more concerned and excited.

I shook my head impatiently. Mike wanted all the details, and eventually I’d tell him, but I needed to make sure he understood. Also, it wasn’t just today. It was all of it. All the flirting and teasing. We’d been doing it for weeks now.

“Mike, I wanted to fuck him,” I bluntly told him. “If I keep doing this, I *will* fuck him. It’ll eventually happen. Is that what you want?”

Mike stared at me, not able to speak. He looked torn. Conflicted. It was a look I would see on his face a lot in the future.

He unlaced my sneakers and pulled them off my feet. For a few moments he rubbed my bare feet. They were sweaty from wearing the sneakers all day. Then he pulled off my skinny jeans and panties. “You so wet,” he said looking between my legs and running a finger along my lips.

“That’s what I’m saying,” I said with a helpless laugh.

“You’re so excited your pussy lips are swollen,” he said running his finger up and down my slit.

“Yeah,” I moaned. I arched my back as he ran his finger up and down my slit over my wet panties.

I let my blouse fall off my shoulder and said “Scott loved this. He couldn’t take his eyes off my bra strap.”

Mike grinned excitedly. He ran his fingers along the exposed bra strap at my shoulder. “He looked down your blouse?” he asked excitedly.

“Oh yeah baby,” I said grinning at him. “All the time.”

Mike hurriedly took off his clothes and got on top of me. He’d never been so excited. So excited his body was shaking.

Even though he was out of control excited, he still fucked me slow and gentle. That’s how Mike was. He never *fucked* me. He made *love* to me. Even when I was slutty cock tease, he treated me like his precious wife, his goddess.

Afterwards we were in bed, on our sides, looking at each other. I was tenderly stroking his arm. I didn’t say anything, waiting for him to speak. Finally, he said “I don’t know how far I want to go. I can’t stop thinking about it, you with someone else. I’m obsessed with it. But then I think, you’ve been all mine for years. If we do it for real, that’ll all change. Everything will be different.”

I nodded slowly, looking down. He didn’t know, but things *already* were different. I *wasn’t* all his anymore. I’d been with Joey.

Maybe that was why I was open to having sex with Scott. My inhibitions were already down. If Joey had never happened, I probably would’ve slapped Scott’s face when he touched me the way he had earlier.

Mike smiled weakly and said, “I guess I’m afraid you’ll like sex with Scott more than me.”

“That’ll never happen Mike,” I assured him. And it was true. Mike was my husband. He would always be my favorite lover. Because we loved each other. Emotionally, he’d always be my favorite lover.

But physically, Mike’s fears might already be true. Because of Joey. The sex with him was incredible.

And Scott, when he touched me, when we were together, when I just looked at him, I got wet. Had it ever been that way with Mike? I loved him, I was devoted to him, he was my soul mate. But had I ever been that physically attracted to him, the way I was with Scott? The way I was with Joey?

“But it’ll be different,” he said.

I gave him a weak smile but didn’t say anything. *I* knew it was *already* different. When you’re married, you’re supposed to be exclusive. *Only* Mike gets to touch me. *Only* Mike gets to be inside me. *Only* Mike gets to make me cum.

That's what he was struggling with. Wanting his fantasies, but wanting the exclusivity too. But I'd already done those things with Joey. My body was no longer exclusively his. He'd already lost that.

"This is all so crazy," I said. Mike thought I was talking about Scott. And I was. But I was also talking about Joey.

I glanced down. He was hard again. That made sense actually. We were talking about his fantasies. Of course he was hard. I reached down and began slowly stroking his cock.

Mike began breathing harder, softly moaning as I stroked him. "We're still going to Stowe next weekend?" he asked, saying the words through labored breathing.

I nodded. We were going skiing at Stowe for a long weekend with a bunch of work friends, including Scott. In fact, the house belonged to Scott's friends from college. They were the hosts for the weekend.

"Let's see how it goes there?" he said between pants.

I thought about it, then nodded. The house was going to be packed with my co-workers. Zero privacy. So it would be a good place to play our game without risk of things getting out of control.

"Okay," I said, as I pushed Mike onto his back and got on top of him. I guided him into me and we made love.

CHAPTER 8

The next weekend we rented a car and drove to Vermont. It started snowing with about 60 miles to go so it took forever to get there. The hosts – Bobby and Grace – handed us melon concoctions as soon as we walked in.

“You guys need to catch up,” Bobby said with a laugh. As he laughed, Bobby looked at Jen, then at me. Then he looked at Grace and it was like they were silently talking to each other. I knew Bobby and Grace were Scott’s friends from college, that’s why we were here. I wondered if Scott told them about all the time he was spending with my wife.

They gave us a quick tour of the house. It was huge, like a ski chalet in the Alps. “I’m sorry we don’t have a bedroom for you” Grace said looking at us.

“That’s okay, just being here is great!” Jen gushed. She was looking around at all the people, most of them her work friends. I’d seen that look many times. She was excited to talk to everyone. She was a very friendly and outgoing person, and she was already in major social butterfly mode.

“Here,” Bobby said with a grin, showing us a bowl with pieces of paper. “We’re picking beds by random lots.” Jen picked first, and her paper said the sofa in the upstairs loft. I picked next, and mine said the cot in the family room.

Jen put my paper back into the bowl. “I’ll sleep with Mike on the cot,” she said, smiling at me. I smiled back and squeezed her hand.

“Is Scotty here yet?” Jen asked Grace as she continued to scan the crowd. I saw Grace and Bobby share another look, and a slight smile. That’s when I was certain Scott talked to them about Jen.

“Here’s here someplace,” Grace said cheerily. “Come on,” she said, taking Jen’s arm and walking off into the crowd.

I chatted with Bobby for a few minutes but then he had to go off and play host. I mingled and chatted with the other guests. There must have been 50-60 people there, all sleeping in the house, but the house was huge. The

melon drink was good too, and I warned myself to pace myself or I'd end up sleeping face down on the floor.

The house had an indoor swimming pool in the basement, which was really the ground floor. The huge pool room had windows everywhere, but they were fogged up because it was snowing outside whereas the pool area was like a sauna. A lot of the party was down there. I guessed that today was a drinking and pool day, and tomorrow would be skiing.

I saw Scott. His shirt was off and he was in Speedos that went down almost to his knees (unlike the bikini style worn by European men). His upper body was hard, well defined and sculpted. His arms and legs looked just as firm and muscular. Tattoos ran up his arms. The rest of his body was tanned, even though it was winter. Any thought I had of getting into my bathing suit evaporated.

Then I saw Jen. She was in the same circle as Scott, laughing and talking. Jen was in a bikini. When had she changed? God she looked so beautiful and sexy. She was all blonde hair and long legs, and she moved with the grace of a ballerina. My wife was slim and petite and had the most amazing ass and legs. She had the small, smooth, unblemished feet of an angel. She was practically flat chested, but that was perfect for me as I preferred petite blondes with perky small tits.

Jen was easily the prettiest girl in the house. That's how it always was, she was always the prettiest. Her only competition was her best friend Allie, and whether you thought Jen or Allie was hotter depended on your preference of blonde versus brunette.

Jen's black bikini didn't leave much for the imagination. It was mostly strings with strategically placed triangles of cloth. Certainly not obscene but it definitely showed off her slim, athletic body. I'd never seen it. I wondered if she bought it special for this weekend? And who did she buy it for?

Jen looked so happy talking with Scott and her other friends. She was wearing her hair longer nowadays, to her mid-back (I called it bra-strap length), and somehow with her blonde hair waving around as she talked, she looked even happier.

I wondered if I had held her back. If my insane jealousy had made her crawl into a box, turn her into someone she wasn't, and it was only now she was becoming the real Jen again, spreading her wings like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

As always, Scott was the life of the party. Jen seemed to devote most of her attention to him, always laughing at his jokes, listening intently when he spoke, punching him in the arm when he acted goofy.

I saw Allie too, in the circle with Jen and Scott. Like Jen she was wearing a revealing string bikini and was surrounded by guys. I couldn't blame them. She's got a smoking hot body and pretty face. I didn't see her husband RH. I wondered if they were on the skids again. Allie caught me looking at her, and gave me one of those "look all you want, but you're not good enough for me" smiles. I shook my head, frowning and thinking maybe RH was better off without her.

I started feeling self-conscious, watching my wife from across the pool instead of being with her. I moved over to her. Jen smiled and made space for me to stand next to her, but she was in the middle of a conversation with Scott so after I stepped into the circle, she turned her attention back to him. As they spoke they called each other Scotty and Jenny. I remembered Jen sometimes calling him that. Eventually I asked "Why do you call each other Scotty and Jenny?" It was an awkward question, but I had the right. I was her husband after all.

"Oh okay," Jen said with a laugh, looking at me but then back to Scott. Scott smiled back at her. "We were at happy hour and it was karaoke night. Scott sang She's a Lady and I did Rhiannon. After that people called it the Scotty and Jenny show. It kinda stuck."

"I was a goof," Scott said modestly.

"No you were freaking awesome," Jen gushed, grinning and hitting him in the arm.

"You did a great Stevie Nicks," he said grinning back at her. They stayed like that for long moments, grinning and smiling into the other's eyes. Jen had clearly forgotten about me, even though I was standing right next to her. And it was awkward, especially after my question, with people seeing them stare at each other with me right there.

I felt incredibly jealous. The jealousy was so immense it was almost incapacitating. It was a familiar feeling. Early on in our relationship, I was constantly jealous over Jen. That's the curse of having a super hot girlfriend/wife I guess. But it was different this time. This time, instead of getting insanely angry, I was insanely turned on. My cock was so hard it hurt in my pants. I was glad not to be in a bathing suit as it would be harder to hide my erection.

“Bro what the fuck are you drinking?” Scott said.

It took a moment for me to figure out Scott was talking to me. Suddenly everyone was looking at me. I still held the stupid melon concoction with the pink paper umbrella. Everyone else was holding beers including Jen.

Scott was grinning at me, and it wasn't a friendly grin. It was a “you're a loser” contemptuous grin. Most everyone else was polite since I was Jen's husband, but there were a few fake coughs that I knew were hiding laughs.

Of all people, it was Allie who saved me. I had no clue why, because she hated my guts. She thought Jen settled for less when she married me. But Allie grabbed the melon concoction from my hand and gulped it down to laughs and cheers from the crowd. Then she pulled 2 beers from a cooler and pushed one into my hand.

When I turned back, Jen was in the pool. She was splashing around with a bunch of people, including Scott.

What the fuck? Scott disrespects me in front of everyone, and instead of making sure I'm okay, she jumps into the pool with him? Now I felt betrayed in addition to jealous. I was getting mad too. I was clenching my fists so hard I had to ease off or I might break the bottle.

At the same time, my dick was still hard. I hated Scott, and I hated Jen spending so much time with him, but it turned me on too. Maybe my hatred for him actually intensified the high I got thinking about Jen with him. So I left the pool and went back upstairs. I ditched the beer and retrieved a box from the car. I took the box into the kitchen, which had become the community bar. I added my bottles to those already on the table. 2 Highland Park scotches and a couple Blanton bourbons. I poured myself a Highland Park and went in search of someplace quiet, away from the crowd.

Halfway through the glass I was starting to calm down. I told myself Jen wasn't ignoring me. She was just playing our game. The whole point of the weekend was to flirt with Scott. She couldn't exactly do that if she was hanging onto my arm all the time.

Sometime later Jen appeared. She looked where I was sitting. I was in a nook off the back stairs. It was private and you had to look for it to find it. Jen grinned at me and said “I knew I'd find you in someplace like this.” I smiled back at her. She knew me better than anyone. I got my fill of people really fast (the only exceptions being Joey, my best friend Sam, and Jen of

course). So when I was in big crowds like this, I always looked for private places to be alone.

“I saw you get mad,” she said sitting down next to me. “I told you Scott’s an ass sometimes.”

“Just sometimes?” I said with a sarcastic chuckle.

“Mostly he’s really nice Mike,” Jen said. “And when we were talking, he offered again to help you with your Sapphire project. You should consider it Mike. Scotty’s really brilliant.”

“I don’t care if he’s brilliant” I snapped.

Jen soothingly stroked my arm. “Calm down baby. I don’t mean he’s brilliant like you.”

“Okay, whatever,” I said with a “whatever” tone of voice.

Jen looked down and was silent, as if counting to 10. Then she said “I’m just saying, this might be easier if you tried to like him.”

Her words made me flinch. “What does *this* mean?” I said with a glare at her.

She counted to 10 again, then she gently said, “I thought we talked about this.”

I grimaced, knowing she was right. I said, “I can’t stand when you take his side.”

“I’m not taking his side,” she insisted. She knew I was getting mad, so she was silent for long moments. Then she said, “I’m sorry I left you at the pool.” Lowering her voice, she said “But I was wet and I was afraid it was showing. So that’s why I jumped into the pool.”

I stared at Jen, my eyes going wide. “You get wet just by standing next to him? Talking to him?” I asked incredulously.

Jen shrugged. The helpless look on her face told me she didn’t understand it either. “I’ve got to get back. Do you want to keep doing this, or stop?”

“Where are you going?”

“People are making a bonfire outside,” Jen said. Then I looked at her. She had changed, and somehow her hair and makeup were perfect again. She was wearing an over-sized wool cable knit sweater and tight shorts that barely covered her butt. On her legs, she wore black opaque tights, and she wore dark tan UGGs on her feet. She looked adorably cute, and sexy too.

“I’m not invited?” I asked sarcastically.

“Can you handle seeing me with him?” Jen asked me, ignoring my sarcasm. I looked at her. She was serious. I understood. She worked with these people, she didn’t want me turning into Bizarro Mike and making an ugly scene.

I knew I could tell her to stop. I could put her over my shoulder and drag her ass out of there. But my dick was still hard and my head still swimming in lust. “I’ll be cool,” I promised her.

Jen looked at me for long moments, as if trying to gauge whether to believe me. Then she said “Maybe do this before coming out,” she said handing me something. I looked at what she gave me. It was a joint.

“It’ll mellow you,” she explained.

I nodded slowly, staring at the joint.

“I’ll see you outside Mike,” Jen said, turning to go. I could tell she was anxious to get back to her friends. To Scott. I grabbed her wrist, and she turned back to me. “What?” she asked.

For a long moment I was lost for words. My insides were all twisted up. Then I said “I just want to tell you how beautiful you look. I love you.”

Jen smiled at me. “Thanks baby,” she said. She tenderly stroked my cheek and gave me a kiss on the lips. “I love you,” she said. Then she was gone.

Jen had given me a book of matches with the joint. Sitting there alone in the nook, I lit up and sucked down the weed while sipping the last of my Highland Park. I wondered if Bobby and Grace allowed smoking in their house. Probably not. Remembering the look they gave me, I decided I didn’t care. Did they know Scott wanted to get into my wife’s pants? Could they tell how hot she was for him? And what did they think of me, the husband of the girl their friend wanted to fuck?

Jen was right. I felt way mellow after finishing the joint. In fact, I only smoked half before I stubbed it out. Feeling unsteady on my feet, I walked back down to the pool level. Actually, the ground floor held more than the indoor pool. There was a locker room for skiing, and a small game room with a pool table.

I went through the locker room to get to the back door. Rather than going out immediately, I went to the window and looked outside, staying in the shadows so no one could see me.

There was a big bonfire with a lot of people around it. Everyone was drinking, laughing and talking, all having a great time. Jen was standing next

to Scott of course. Didn't she realize people would notice how much time they were spending together? Wasn't she afraid people would talk?

Lately I'd read a lot of hot wife and cuckold stories. Mostly on *Literotica* and *ourhotwives*. I was mostly intrigued by the stories on OHW that were real. Or at least sounded real to me. I was fascinated by them because they were about the wife responding to her husband's cuckold fantasies, and his reaction and alarm when she acted on his fantasies.

That's how I was as I watched Jen laughing and talking with Scott, giving him all her attention, having eyes only for him. Clearly there was physical attraction. She got wet just being next to him. But it was more than that. As Jen would say, they were "best buds."

So it was emotional, not just physical. And I was experiencing all the angst and uncertainty that I read about in those stories.

Again, I wondered why I was doing this. Jen was incredibly beautiful and sexy. Somehow, she fell in love with me. And she was all mine. Her little tits, her firm ass, long legs, her flat stomach, her beautiful face. Her mouth, her hands, her tight pussy. They were all mine.

No other hand, or lips, or cock had touched her since we started dating almost 10 years ago. Not just her body but her heart too. I had all her attention, all her smiles, she held only my hand, she snuggled only into my arm, she said sweet nothings only to me.

But now because of this insane game we were playing, all that was changing. I'd opened Pandora's box and now Jen seemed infatuated with Scott. And Scott seemed just as taken with her. It was like that old saying – be careful what you wish for.

Out of nowhere Grace walked up. "Mike have you seen Bobby?" she asked. She looked frantic. When I shook my head, she said "Shit. We're low on vodka and mixers. Beer too. I need him to make a liquor run."

"I'll do it," I said. "But I'm kind of drunk"

"Everyone's drunk, that's the problem," Grace said with a laugh. "There's a place down the street." She pushed a list into my hand. "Thanks for doing this Mike, you're so sweet."

The market was about a mile away. I was happy to walk in the cold air, to clear my head. I got the liquor and beer on the list and walked back carrying a big box. All in all it took me an hour and a half roundtrip. The walk and cold air completely sobered me.

The party was going full tilt just as I'd left it. Grace took the

groceries from me, kissed me on the cheek, and hurriedly started making more melon drinks. Despite Scott's earlier derisive remark to me, it seemed the melon concoction was a winner (although maybe next time I'd re-think the pink umbrellas). I saw Allie, and asked "Where's Jen?"

"With Scott, where else?" Allie said. She slurred her words, clearly drunk, but she had that sassy superior smile on her face, the one I was so used to.

Allie was about to walk by, but I grabbed her wrist. "Where?" I asked.

Allie looked at me with glassy eyes. She wasn't just drunk, she was high too. I smelled weed in her breath.

She said, "Is RH here yet?" RH was her husband.

There was something in her voice. Like she was scared, vulnerable. This was unfamiliar. Allie *Oh-La-La* was never scared. Suddenly concerned, I asked "I haven't seen him. Are you okay Allie?"

Looking drunk and high, she shook her head and walked away. "I saw Jen downstairs," she muttered as she staggered away. She pushed something into my hand. It was a half smoked joint. It was like she was saying, "Here, you take it. I've had enough."

Or maybe she was saying, "Here. Take it. You'll need it."

I watched Allie walk away. Then I thought ... downstairs? She's back at the pool?

I went downstairs. The pool was empty. The basement was quiet, completely deserted. But then I remembered. The locker room and game room were also down here.

First, I went to the locker room. Empty. I looked out the window. The bonfire had mostly gone out, just embers now. There was no one there.

Then I went to the game room. I looked inside. My eyes opened wide at what I saw. I'll never forget it. It's seared in my brain.

It was Jen and Scott. The room was illuminated by a single soft lamp but I could see everything. They were locked in an embrace, kissing. Jen's hands were on Scott's arms, her fingers digging into his biceps. Jen's shorts were unbuttoned. His hand was inside her shorts, inside her tights and panties. He was fingering her.

Somewhere along the way Jen had lost the over-sized cable knit sweater. On top she wore only a chemise. And the UGGs on her feet were gone too. She was in the black opaque tights.

I was frozen, like a statue. I was in the shadows of the hallway just outside the game room, so they didn't notice me.

I'll never forget the sounds. The soft, wet sounds of their kissing. The low throaty moans. The rustle of nylon as Scott fingered Jen inside her tights.

Then I saw something that sent a shudder down my spine. As Scott fingered her – with each thrust of his finger into her pussy – Jen's pretty feet in the black tights arched onto her tiptoes.

It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. My head was spinning as my fantasy was coming true in front of my eyes.

I unbuckled my pants and pushed my hand into my boxers. I wrapped my hand around my hard cock. And then, just like that, I came. I barely touched myself and I came, soiling my pants.

Then I experienced the biggest low of my life. It was like a huge wave of depression, of sadness, of loss. Here was my faithful wife in the arms of another man. He was kissing her. His hand was down her pants. And she wasn't fighting back. She was kissing him back, caressing him back.

The sense of loss was overwhelming. Jen wasn't just mine anymore. Things would never again be the same between us.

I staggered away, not able to watch anymore. I went into the kitchen and gulped 2 shots of Highland Park. Then I poured another one, a double. I sipped it while smoking the joint Allie gave me. As I got high and drunk, I thought about what I'd just seen, and what was happening at that moment in the pool room.

I staggered around and found the cot in the family room. I collapsed into it. I was physically and emotionally drained. But wired and upset too. I tossed and turned, drifting in and out of a restless sleep.

Sometime later, I felt a body slide into the cot next to me. I knew immediately it was Jen. She smelled differently. I knew it was Scott's scent. My wife was tainted with the scent of another man.

Jen was facing away from me, and she pushed her back into me so I was spooning her. That's how we always slept, me the bigger spoon, Jen the smaller. I sense Jen was high and drunk. She passed out immediately.

I reached to Jen's front and undid her shorts, then I pulled them down her long legs. I palmed her crotch over the black tights. She felt hot down there, and the tights were damp. My cock was incredibly hard. I wanted her.

Jen was breathing heavy. She was clearly dead to the world. I thought about pulling down the tights and fucking her from behind, but she was my wife. I loved her. I wasn't going to violate her that way.

I was worried she would be hung over the next day. I went to the kitchen and got 2 big glasses of water. I drank mine and took 2 Advil. Also, I found our suitcase. I cleaned myself up, and changed into clean boxers and jeans.

Back at the cot, I woke Jen up enough to make her drink the other glass of water and take 2 Advil. Then she was back asleep almost immediately. I got in behind her, spooning and snuggling her. I was incredibly horny. I thought about beating off but finally decided against it. I tried to relax. Eventually I fell asleep.

Mike and Jen's Story Continues In

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace
Book 2

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