

A Hotwife Romance

Frannie's Affair and Awakening



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AWAKENING

By

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Sometimes, all it takes is a harmless little nudge to launch life into a new realm of relationship.

CHAPTER 1

I grimaced as my wife moved in front of the TV and then out of view. *Just go somewhere else and do it quickly.*

My friend Leo shook his head. He said after she left the room, "Wolf... it looks like...you two don't really get along."

I blew out a breath as if tired. "I don't know." I glanced towards the hall to the bedrooms. "Same old, same old."

He fidgeted. "How long have you been married?"

"Twelve years, but it's sort of always been like this."

He jerked his head back, looking confused. "Why'd you two get married?"

"Convenience, really. We didn't fight, the sex was all right..."

He raised his eyebrows. "Wow, no love and romance and all that?"

I snorted. "Fuck no. With her?"

"What's wrong with her? I think she's nice."

I clenched my fists and raised my hands as if aggravated, then let them fall. "Shit, I don't know. Everything's wrong with her."

"Frannie? Are you kidding? Like what?" He looked exasperated and stunned.

"Her eyebrows are too thick, her upper lip is shaped funny."

He was looking at me as if I was insane. "Are you kidding?"

"Her boobs are shaped funny. And she's a brunette. I prefer blondes."

"Whoa, dude, seriously."

"What?" I was perturbed. *Who are you to question my tastes?*

Leo Guillory was a smoker – that's how I'd met him. He had been taking a break from selling leather jackets at the strip mall where I managed a Bed and Bath store. I had been taking out a bag of the latest shred for the trash

and we had introduced ourselves. That was three months ago. He said, "I think she's hot."

I burst out laughing derisively.

He scowled. "I'm not kidding."

"Sure..."

"Really. I think it's a shame you think of her this way."

I rolled my eyes. "She does her thing, I do mine. We stay out of each other's way."

He shook his head. "How do you live like this?"

I gave him a dry look. "With lots of practice."

He was shaking his head harder. "Wow... I think she's a great gal."

What do you know? You've only met her four times. "Until you see her boobs and get sick of looking at her lips."

"Oh, man. I'd gladly have someone like her share my bed."

I laughed and wiped my eyes. How could he possibly understand how mundane, boring and dull Frannie was? Francine Carson only wore my name because it had been the thing to do. Maybe it had all been a mistake. I might have picked up a blonde along the way. "You'd bed her? Are you fucking serious?"

"Fuck yeah, I would."

I raised my voice. "Francine!"

Her annoyed voice drifted down the hall. "What?"

Leo wore a look of shock. He started shaking his head.

"Get out here." I smiled a smug and smirky look at him.

She came into the living room and heaved a sigh. Fist on hip, she said, "What." It was not a question.

"Leo here thinks you're hot." I laughed.

She scowled at me.

Leo was waving his hands. "I was just joking around..."

I glared at him. "The fuck you were."

He started to color, both angry and blushing. "I think she's nice."

"Here she is. Give her a kiss."

Frannie turned to go in a huff.

I was annoyed at Leo for calling me a liar. I said to her, "Hey, get back here. He said he'd share a bed with you."

She whirled, a hateful look making her even more homely. "What's a kiss? I think I've forgotten."

"Oh, don't start acting like a rag again; we have a guest."

She dropped her mouth open in outrage and stood there glaring at me.

"What exactly is your problem? I'm not a blonde?"

I popped my lips. "Bingo."

"I offered to dye my hair—"

"Wouldn't be the same. You'd still have dark eyebrows and dark pubes."

She coughed.

Leo said, "I think you're great-looking." He looked abashed.

Frannie looked at him. "I think you're hot, too. Better looking than Wolf, that's for sure."

He smiled.

I frowned.

She glared at me, lips pursed. Then she looked at Leo. "I'd take a kiss from him any day of the week." She looked back at me. "But you? Pff. Like kissing a wall."

I gestured to Leo. "There he is. I'm certainly not kissing you."

She hissed out a breath and looked over to Leo. "I'll kiss you. Stand up."

He cleared his throat and looked back and forth between us. "I don't want to cause any problems—"

She said, "No problems. There isn't anything between us anyway."

I was saying at the same time, "Fuck dude, you got an invitation. You want to kiss her? Do it. I ain't stopping you."

She reached down and grabbed his wrist. "Come on, even a frog would kiss better than him and you're definitely no frog."

Leo stood. "Are you sure?"

"Of course." She put her arms around his neck and put her mouth to his.

I watched with a smirk.

Leo was stiff, but relaxed after a few seconds, kissing her slowly.

She broke off and smiled. "Wow, I remembered how to kiss. Amazing."

I snorted. *I bet he's finding out how dull she is right about now.*

She said, "How about another?"

Leo mumbled, "Sure, all right."

Their kiss this time was deeper and longer.

Well, fuck, I guess he does like it. Whatever. Unless he's making some kind of show. He's making it look like some kind of romantic TV kiss.

The kiss ended and they smiled shyly at each other.

She said, "Thank you, that was nice."

Leo was grinning. "Any time, Frannie."

I felt as if filth were sticking to my skin. "Shit, man, have fun with that." I shook my head.

She scowled at me, her mood turning from pleasantly surprised to femininely foul again. "I'll take all the kisses he wants to give. Not getting any here."

I threw up a hand. "Fine, I don't care."

"Obviously not." She stormed from the room, leaving me smirking and Leo frowning.

He said, "Why do you treat her like that?"

"What the fuck is it to you? She's just Frannie."

"Sorry, dude. Don't get all bent out of shape." He sounded irritated.

I waved a hand. "Bah, not really. I guess it's just we weren't really meant for each other. Relax, I'm not mad."

He laughed. "Not even after I kissed her?"

I barked a short laugh and shook my head. "Kiss her whenever you want."

"You serious?"

"Fuck yeah. If that floats your boat, go for it." I waved my hands, bugging out my eyes as if to say, "None of that for me."

"Shit, most guys would be jealous."

I looked at him with a long-suffering look. "It's Frannie. She's no Jennifer Aniston."

The look on his face was horrified. "Ew, you like that?"

"Fuck yeah, nice boobs, blonde, beautiful—"

"Gross."

I was floored. "What?"

"She's all fake. Fake tits, fake blonde and I don't care how many times it's said, she's not the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Get the fuck out, of course she is."

He was shaking his head. "I'd take Frannie long before I even looked at all that phoniness."

"You want to kiss her? Go right ahead. Believe me, doesn't bother me one bit. Maybe she won't be such a rag—"

"Wolf."

"What?"

"Sometimes you can be a real dick."

I grinned. "I'll take that as a compliment."

CHAPTER 2

I watched Caitlyn on the security monitor. I had sales reports to sign, but I rather wanted to watch the blonde's little ass moving and shaking. She was our newest checker and I wanted into her pants so bad I could sense it was bound to happen.

I rubbed at my slacks, then unzipped. No one would come into my office unannounced. No district managers were due today. I pulled out my hardening cock and began stroking. *Fuck yeah, tight little ass. I want to spank you and fuck you silly. I want to hear you moan my name.*

I jacked my cock, watching her run the register and ring up sales. Her ass cheeks were so perfectly outlined under her nylon work-slacks that they left nothing to the imagination.

She turned, grabbing the tag-detacher to remove a security tag from something. Her mouth was open, lips parted and her lower teeth visible.

I groaned. *Yeah, those lips would look so good around my cock. Suck me Caitlyn; you're so perfect.* I grabbed the shred sack as I felt my orgasm build.

The girl turned away on the monitor and her ass wiggled tightly as she struggled with the detacher.

I came into the shredding with satisfying pulses of frenzied fantasy. I knew the girl thought I was handsome – all we needed was a little push. But I think she was scared, not wanting to come on to her boss and possibly lose her job.

Nevertheless, I made sure I showed her my winning smile at all times. I resolved to begin standing closer to her – she would not be able to resist and I would relish the sight of her trembling with desire the closer I got.

I tied off the bag and zipped up.

~ ~ ~

"Hey, you." I tossed the bag into the dumpster. Another couple hundred pages of shredded old reports and invoices doing nothing but taking up landfill space.

Leo nodded. "Hey."

"You take a lot of breaks."

"You know the laws." He grinned happily. "I'd start smoking if I wasn't a smoker just for them."

He was right. State law unofficially demanded workers get extra attention for smoke breaks that were not available to non-smokers. Businesses that failed to give breaks to smokers found themselves targeted for unfair employment practices. Huge liability. "Yeah, you smokers get away with so much."

He snorted. "If you say so. I didn't offend Francine, did I?"

I rolled my eyes. "People are so worried about offending others these days..."

He frowned, his smooth features showing a lot of expression. He ran a hand back through his fine brown hair. "Come on, man, I'm being serious."

My hair was thick and dirty-blonde. I ran my hand through it in imitation and used his same tone of voice. "Like, dude, she was all right with it."

He laughed. "Yeah?"

I went back to my normal self. "Yeah. She didn't say anything. If she had been ticked about it, she would've pissed and moaned."

He raised his eyebrows, looking pleased. "Ah..."

~ ~ ~

Frannie put the spinach salad down. It was about the one thing we agreed on in our marriage: we ate healthy.

Fresh leaves of organic spinach was mixed with shredded cheese and small chunks of ham and hard-boiled egg. Cherry tomatoes were tossed in and all topped off with Italian dressing.

I said, "Thanks." It was routine, with no emotion behind it. She served it; she deserved thanks.

She hummed dismissively and sat. "Your friend coming over tonight?"

"Why, liked the kiss?"

"I suppose I did. Might be nice to see more of him."

"I can give you his number and you can invite him over." I shrugged; I didn't care.

"It's not like he's my friend..."

I chewed a moment. "Well, you kissed him."

Her expression hardened. "So maybe I should, then."

"Fine, whatever."

"Maybe I'll make a nice dinner and break out some wine."

I laughed. "He impressed you that much?"

She grinned. "He's very cute..."

I shrugged, shaking my head. Our tastes were just so different.

She was pouring a little more Italian on her salad. I reached for it, wiggling my fingers. She handed it off to me and I added a little more to mine. No words needed to be spoken.

She said, "Is he married?" Worry was worming in her voice.

"No."

She blew out a relieved breath. "Good. Kissing a married man is asking for a bitchy banshee throw-down and tussle in the mud."

I chuckled.

She sighed. "Although I might find it a great stress reliever."

She worked for state social services, administering vouchers for state-sponsored mental help for women. She had seen a lot of whacked-out broads who were one trigger away from full-out frenzy-mode.

Caitlyn flashed through my mind. *Fuck yeah, mud-wrestle her. I definitely want to see that.*

Her voice firmed. "All right, give me his number and I'll see if he likes our kind of dinners."

I laughed. "I doubt it. Guys these days are all pizza and beer."

She laughed derisively. "He did not have a pizza and beer figure."

I hummed. "Hmm, true. Whatever, you never know." I looked up at her. "Got the hots for him or something?"

"He kissed me; I guess I could return the nicety with a dinner."

"Yeah..." If I didn't have to kiss her, then it was worth sharing a dinner. As comfortable and stuck as we were with each other, sometimes we found ways to make each other a little happier. The marriage worked out – at least

until I could find a hot young blonde to replace her. The day would come, I was sure.

~ ~ ~

I listened to her call Leo and invite him over.

She was smiling and hopeful. "This is Frannie. Yeah... Want to come over for dinner tomorrow? Chicken and wine, nothing special... He said I should, yes..." She giggled. "Sure... If you want... Pinot Noir is good.... Uh huh..." Her voice lowered. "Maybe... Okay... Okay... Sure, see you then... Bye."

I flicked the channel on the TV. "He's bringing wine?"

"He insisted."

I shrugged. "Whatever."

"At least thank him when he comes."

"Yeah, sure. I hope it's a good label."

Frannie looked at me sharply. "He's your friend. Do you ever care about anything? Even your friends?"

I sat silent, giving it serious thought. Then I decided I really didn't.

~ ~ ~

I dreamed that night of Caitlyn. We were talking in my office and she got nude. I awoke with a hard-on in my bed and I stroked it happily.

I slept in the guest bedroom – had claimed it years before as my office and bedroom. Frannie and I no longer slept in the same bed; there was little point. So I was able to freely stroke myself all I wanted without waking her. I jacked my cock up and down. "Oh yeah, Caitlyn."

I resolved to make my moves starting immediately. I needed her and I knew she needed me.

CHAPTER 3

"Renee, would you take over for Caitlyn?"

The plump girl with multi-colored hair blew out an annoyed breath. She put down the inventory list for towels. "Sure."

We walked to the front register.

Caitlyn was rearranging stacks of already rearranged things under the counter. It was required to stay busy at all times, even if there was nothing to do.

I grinned down at her. "Caitlyn? Can I see you in my office?"

She looked up with worried eyes.

"You're not in trouble."

"Oh..." Her sweet voice was like the singing of young birds.

How I wanted to wash those vocal cords with my cum.

She straightened eagerly. "Sure."

I led her into the back and up the stairs to my office. I was nervous and full of hope. I shut the door behind us in my small space.

She was looking at me expectantly and glanced at the chair.

I stepped close, but not too close. "This isn't about work – you're doing a great job."

She smiled shakily. "Oh. Thanks."

I was smiling and looking into her clear blue eyes. "I like how you smile at me." And she did smile at me a lot. I just needed to know if it was genuine or fake for the boss.

Her eyes brightened a little and I saw the flutter of her pulse in her neck.

Yes, she's excited by me!

She said, "You're very nice..."

I curled a finger and lifted her chin gently. "You're a very beautiful girl..."

She gasped, trembling to my touch.

Oh fuck yes, this is working perfectly.

She said, "Sometimes it's hard...working around you. You being handsome and all..."

I leaned down and kissed her. Vibrations of pure pleasure thrilled up my back and arms. Her mouth tasted of spearmint – whatever gum or mouth candy she ate for a breath freshener. I felt my cock harden all the way.

She pressed against me, gripping me with shaking arms.

I ran my hands down her back to her butt and pulled in. Her cheeks felt so taut and alive in my hands. She moaned in response. I had to have her mouth on my cock. I stopped the kiss and stepped back, undoing my pants.

She bit her lip, looking unsure and yet very turned on.

My erection hit the air and the cool of the office inflamed it even more.

She gasped. "Wow, like that's the biggest one I've ever seen..."

I was relatively large and knew it. I pushed her down and she went willingly after just a second of resistance.

She gripped my shaft in her cold little hand and put her mouth over my helmet. The swirl of her tongue on me sent shivers of soft sensations back and forth along my shaft. Then she sucked me in. Her mouth was soft and warm. My cock expanded in her mouth until I thought it would burst.

She moved her head back and forth, sucking me with a light dragging of teeth.

My body trembled much like hers had, on the edge of losing my sense of gravity and place in my office. I pulled her off and up, overcome with need. The blowjob was nice, but overwhelming my mind was the necessity of being deep in her pussy. My fingers tugged and worked at her slacks.

She was panting, her breath coming hot. She kicked off her slacks and I knelt down, yanking her pink panties down with a ferocious force. She gasped as I stood and brought my fingers directly up to my goal: her pussy. She had a trimmed blonde bush that was cute. I pressed my fingers in, digging for her hole and finally finding it. I slid my middle finger into a very wet and hot pussy.

She moaned breathily and hung on me as I moved my finger in and out.

But I couldn't contain myself any longer. I spun her around and gripped my eager erection. I pushed her down so she was bent over my desk and I

kicked her feet apart. I jammed my helmet against her wet pussy lips and moved it around to find her opening.

She groaned loudly and thrust back against me.

Fuck yeah, the little girl wants it. I thrust hard, popping the head into her little hole.

She cried out softly, her body shaking tight with tension.

I shoved, pushing frantically with a deep desperation to culminate our new union with full penetration.

She cried out louder, her fingers clawing the papers on my desk. Her legs shook with effort and her butt vibrated with her tension.

There was some resistance – a lip out of place, so I pulled back reluctantly and thumbed her lips apart with my hands. I was already panting, but seeing the head of my cock in the pussy of my dreams made me dizzy. *I am so lucky...* I shoved hard again, forcing myself into her. Slowly, my shaft stretched her open and sank into her tight little pussy. I grabbed her shoulders and pulled, grunting with effort.

Caitlyn whimpered with a high wail of worry. Her body trembled on my desk as I slid my cock into her hot body.

I reached full penetration and just held it there, flexing my erection inside of her.

She twitched with each flex and panted slower, becoming accustomed to my size. "Oh my god..."

"Like that?"

She whispered, "Oh fuck..."

"You feel so tight."

"I feel so full. Fuck. Go slow..."

There was no way I could contain myself. I laughed and began pumping, slow at first only to make sure her pussy had stretched for me. Then I gave it to her. Weeks of pent-up need drove me hard and I crammed my cock into her young pussy with a vigor that scraped my desk on the floor.

She cried out again, somewhat painfully as my engorged penis drilled her pussy like an oil rig.

I grunted hard, driving my cock into her harder and faster. *Fuck yes, this is perfect.*

Her head flopped on my desk and she tried to hold it up so her chin wouldn't bang.

I helped her out by grabbing a fistful of her beautiful blonde hair and pulling back. She arched up and moaned as I pounded her pussy. I was panting, out of control, and fucking her furiously. Her cries echoed in my office and the scraping of the desk grew louder. *I knew we were meant for each other. I knew she wanted me. This is what I've been waiting for.*

She quivered under my assault, her little hips trying to thrust back against me. She had grown very wet inside and the wet sounds of sex were notes of wonder in my ears.

I growled, feeling the building tingles rushing up my legs. I rammed her as hard as I could, making her mine. A paralyzing wave of passion swept up me and I forced my erection as far as it would go into her little pussy. Cum erupted from my cock deep into her in pulses of perfect pleasure.

She was shaking violently, moaning loud with her head back in the air. I knew she loved it.

I emptied my balls into her with several long and laborious squirts that left me exhausted.

Panting with happiness and satisfaction, I pulled out. I couldn't keep the grin from my face.

She flopped down onto the desk when I released her hair and said, "Wow..."

I chuckled, using her panties to wipe off my dick. "You're amazing. We're going to be good together, you and me... I want you to know that."

She slowly straightened from the desk and turned. "Ow..."

"Did I hurt you?" I frowned.

"Ugh, being bent over the desk like that stretched the muscles in the backs of my legs. I'm okay." She lifted each leg gingerly.

I laughed. "Ah, well, we can do it differently next time."

She began dressing, looking first at her panties critically.

~ ~ ~

I rode high on the kite of love. After so long and being married for convenience for so many years, I had finally found the woman who was meant for me. But I was also stuck in a rut of uncertainty. *How to go about bringing up the inevitable divorce issue with Francine? Should I just spring papers on her or begin discussing it before we got attorneys? Can I make it easy? Will she make it hard out of spite? Will she even want a divorce?*

The smell of chicken greeted me at the door to our apartment. *Oh, right, dinner with Leo tonight.*

"Wolf?" my wife called from the kitchen.

"Yeah."

She was just checking. Nothing more was said.

Hmm, dinner with Leo? Maybe he's the opportunity I need. Maybe I should not be so dismissive. A little encouragement might be the grease to the skids of divorce. I went into the kitchen after using the bathroom and washing up.

She was getting utensils to set out while the dinner cooked. She was in her work clothes: slacks; pullover sweater, and hair back in a small bun.

I frowned at her. "Hey."

She scowled at me. "What?"

"Wear something nicer."

"Huh?"

"Leo's going to think you're grandma with those frumpy clothes."

She softened her look into worry and looked down at herself. "Oh... You think so?"

"You look like an old bag like that. Why not at least get comfortable?"

She twisted her mouth and lowered her eyelids. "Thanks."

I smirked at her. "You're welcome."

She turned off the stove and checked the chicken, nodding at the color. "All right, then; I'll go change."

"And get that stupid granny-bun out of your hair."

She blew out a breath as she passed me. "You're Mister Cheerful, today."

Why, yes, yes I am. I found the perfect fuck today and from now on will be King Cheerful. And Caitlyn will be my queen.

I answered the door twenty minutes later.

Leo was dressed sharp: white shirt; black jeans; and black leather jacket. He was an inch shorter than me, but still handsome. Slim and lithe, he always moved with a fluid grace, even posing while smoking. I might have guessed him for gay, but when we chatted, he always talked about women. The leather aroma of the jacket barely won out over his smoker smell.

He grinned and hefted a paper sack perfectly molded around a bottle. "Hey."

I nodded upwards in greeting. "Let's cork that and get it breathing."

He was agreeing, pulling the bottle from the bag. "Yep, yep."

Frannie came out and I actually paused in consideration. Wearing shorts and a white blouse, she showed a mile of thick thighs and nipples through her braless blouse. Her hair was brushed out and her face washed of all makeup. She actually looked good. *Excellent, now if Leo would just step up to the plate and swing her away, I can trot home with Caitlyn.*

CHAPTER 4

We ate dinner, Leo mostly paying attention and talking to Frannie, though he also talked to me to include us together.

He was done eating, leaning back at an angle, one arm over the back of his chair, the other swirling the wine in his glass. The man looked so suave that I almost studied him for lessons.

He was saying, "You ever try a leather skirt? I love leather." He was facing more to Frannie.

I said, "You wear leather pants? All Village People and prancing?"

He smirked at me. "Um, no. I didn't know you were into that."

Frannie giggled.

I jerked my head back. "No, not me. You said you liked leather—"

His deadpanned tone was accompanied by one raised eyebrow. "Yeah, on women. You hiding something I don't know about?"

Frannie laughed heartily.

I even chuckled.

She said, "Leather, huh? No, but I never thought of buying one."

"Hmm." He looked pensive.

I said, "I don't know about a skirt with those thick thighs."

She gave me a horrified look.

Leo looked at me as if hearing me say I was the reincarnation of the Tooth Fairy. "Dude? Are you serious? Those aren't thick."

"You didn't see them when I met her—"

Frannie coughed, angry.

Leo shook his head. "Those are perfect legs for her age."

My wife coughed again and slapped his knee. "Gee, thanks."

He laughed. "I didn't mean you were old. I just meant you can't have the legs of some stick-skinny eleven year-old. That would be freakish. Your legs are perfect."

She calmed a little, blushing. "They are a little thick..."

He shook his head. "Perfect proportion."

She smiled happily and leaned towards him.

He winked at her.

I stood and began clearing plates: when she cooked, I cleaned up. When I cooked, she cleaned up. I was hoping they'd be kissing when I came back in, but they were just talking. I motioned towards the living room area of our apartment.

We moved to sit and I flicked on the TV. I was in the recliner, they were on the couch.

I said, "He gave you a compliment, Frannie."

She smiled at me. "Yes, it's nice hearing that for a change."

The little dig went past me, though I heard it. "Are you going to thank him? Give him a hug or a kiss?" I looked at her expectantly. "Or is that out of the question with you?"

The light return dig had its effect.

She frowned. "It certainly isn't. I just don't know if he's wanting that after—"

Leo butted in. "Hell, yes. I'd kiss you again."

I said, "There you go."

He studied me. "You okay with that?"

I laughed. *More than you know.* "Go ahead. If that's what you're into..."

Frannie was alternating blushing at him and making faces at me. She said to him, "You really want to?"

He flashed his eyes and eyebrows and nodded quickly.

She giggled and moved over to sit across his lap.

I hid a smile. *Now we're getting somewhere. Can I egg them on any further?*

With her arms around his neck to hold on, they kissed.

I flicked channels on the TV, not caring, but happy they were taking the steps I wanted them to take. *Can I get them to go further? Is Leo that desperate he'd go after my ugly wife?*

Their kiss went on, but broke too soon for my tastes. They were whispering something. Then I heard her. "You don't mind kissing a married

woman?"

His voice was low. "Not if Wolf doesn't mind."

Her tone was decidedly dismissive. "He could care less."

I said, "I don't mind, Leo." I flicked through some channels.

He said, "I'll gladly kiss her..."

I snorted.

She said to him after glaring at me, "It was fun; I'd love some more."

They kissed again and I breathed a sigh of relief. I needn't have worried about how to get them to do more; Leo's hand was on her shoulder and began rubbing that small area between her shoulder-blade and armpit – just above her breast. I smiled, looking at the TV, while seeing in my peripheral vision his hand sink lower. Within a minute of kissing and rubbing, his hand was on her breast.

She moaned low.

I decided now was the time to act. "If you like those boobs of hers, I'm sure she'd show you if you asked nicely."

She gasped and he moved his hand quickly away.

I said, "Seriously. Or are you afraid to ask her?"

She was gaping at me.

Leo cleared his throat. "Oh, well... Ha. I'd love a peek..."

She laughed nervously. "You would?"

I rolled my eyes. Her funny-shaped boobs were nothing new to me. "Show him; he wants to see."

She giggled and whispered something to him. He whispered back. I saw her begin unbuttoning her blouse. She opened her blouse in a flash and gripped it back together, laughing.

His eyes were bright and he chuckled. "I barely saw anything. Let me see..."

She opened again, holding her blouse wide. She studied his face. For his part, his eyes were alight with desire. He said, "Wow, very nice."

Oh come on, they're gross. But I held my thoughts and tongue. Too big, too wide and flat – there was no sexiness to them at all.

She giggled.

He whispered and she nodded with a fast glance at me first.

His hand came up and rested on her bare breast. She hummed happily and let go of her blouse. She leaned in and they kissed while he began

rubbing her boob. Her hand fumbled at his shirt and then worked inside to claw at his chest.

I acted totally nonchalant, flipping through channels in an act of boredom. Secretly, I was excited. I was hoping to get them together so I could be with my dream girl, Caitlyn. The memory of her pussy squeezing the life out of my cock earlier today was all I needed.

When they broke the kiss, I said, "Take off your blouse so he can see them better."

Frannie frowned at me. "Are you serious?"

"Are you afraid to show them?"

She coughed. "No."

I shrugged. "Well? He wanted to see them. Don't act like a rag, now."

She frowned harder at me and then shrugged out of her blouse in angry moves. She tossed it down.

He was grinning. "They're beautiful."

Oh brother, please.

She said, "Thank you; he thinks they're ugly."

They are.

Leo laughed in amazement. "They're not. These are totally luscious."

She giggled.

He ran his hand all over them with his other hand holding her back. He pulled her in and began kissing them quietly.

Her sigh was filled with high fascination.

I looked over, getting a good view of him kissing and licking my wife's breasts. *Leo, you're a freak. But, hey. Keep going.*

He caught me looking and stopped.

I waved. "Don't stop..."

"You really think these aren't awesome?"

I chuckled, not wanting to voice the truth in case he realized I was right and threw her off his lap. "If they turn you on, please be my guest and enjoy them. I'm sure she'd like the attention."

Frannie's look was sharp but quick.

He said to her in a low voice. "Climb on. I want to kiss both."

She giggled quietly.

I watched them change positions. She straddled him on his lap with her back to me. She arched her head back as he must have begun licking her

breasts. Her groan was gratifying. After a few minutes, her hips began moving on his lap – a little at first, then more and more.

She was getting turned on and I was getting happy. *I don't think I've ever had a more successful day: the perfect pussy; the start of the right relationship; the merging of desires between me and a beautiful blonde; and the artful stepping in of Leo to snag my wife.*

I grinned gratefully. At the same time, I was turned off: I knew her moans; I knew the cloying scent of her skin; I knew the shape of her ugly boobs; I knew the odd look of her large upper lip; I knew the dull and deficient looks she possessed. I was tired of them, and long ago.

She gasped louder, moving faster on his lap.

I cleared my throat. "Hey, Leo, ask her if she wants to see what you got. She's probably desperate for a peek."

They went silent over there.

He said, "Are you joking, dude?"

I mimicked his voice. "No, I'm not joking, dude." I waved. "She might be scared to look, though. I don't think she likes man-parts."

She coughed. "I'm not afraid of man-parts. Just because I don't want to look at yours doesn't mean I'm not interested in men."

"Then ask him."

Leo said, "You want to see?"

She giggled. "Sure, I think I'd like that." She said it with a pointed look at me.

He looked over. "You sure, dude?"

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, I'm sure, dude. Whip it out and let her touch it."

He moved her off. He unzipped and shrugged his jeans down.

I glanced over. She was holding her hand by her mouth, staring down at a fattening erection. It was already thick, but now free was beginning to stand up.

She said, "Wow."

I raised an eyebrow, not wanting to take too long of a look, but curious in a comparative way. I think I was longer than him, but he was most definitely thicker. The head seemed angled down a little, giving it a bent-down look. But the helmet was full and fat. I said, "Give it a squeeze, Frannie. It's not going to hurt you."

She gave me a look and then reached her right hand down and touched it, petting lightly.

He pulled her head for a kiss and her hand wrapped around it.

I sighed quietly with relief. *Success! The frigid bitch actually is touching another man's cock. Maybe she won't do or say something repulsive and he'll take her farther.* I felt a little embarrassed that she was such a poor choice for a woman – as if it were my fault Leo had to settle for groping her ugliness.

They kissed and her hand began stroking him up and down.

At least she's doing it right.

She began jacking him faster. His hand was on her hard nipple, teasing. His hips thrust up, moving his fat shaft through her hand. Their kiss looked really involved.

When they broke the kiss, she glanced at me and, without a word, leaned down. She sucked the head of Leo's cock into her mouth, stretching her lips wide over the helmet. She was looking at me.

Leo gasped out, tensing, and then relaxed. He looked at me with stunned eyes and shrugged helplessly.

I winked at him. I said, "Let her."

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. She seemed startled, but began sucking him deeper, taking her eyes off me and concentrating on his cock. Her odd lips worked up and down his shaft and I hoped she was doing it better than she used to do with me. Her blowjobs were amateur and apathetic.

Leo moaned happily and she sucked with a vigor that made me smile in surprise; she was actually putting effort into it.

I didn't need to worry about being a director; Leo made the next move.

CHAPTER 5

Leo lifted his head and looked at me. "Wolf... Can I eat her out?"

I smiled wide. "Go for it." *If you want to stick your tongue on her ugly pussy...*

He pulled her head off his engorged shaft. They moved around until he was kneeling on the floor. She was lying on the seat of the couch, her head propped up against the back. He undid her shorts and worked them down.

I could smell the light scent of her excitement.

She was paying attention to him, totally ignoring me.

Her panties came off and Leo sighed with pleasure.

Don't overdo it, dude. I made a face.

He moved his face in towards her familiar pussy. She had puffy lips that were wrinkled and annoyed me. If her pussy had looked all tight and small like Caitlyn's, I might have enjoyed my wife more.

She moaned out breathily as his tongue and fingers made contact. I could only see the back of his head, but he was moving it around like he liked it.

Whatever...

She clutched his head with her right hand and her breast with her left.

Oh don't go all overboard pretending...

His arm moved back and forth.

I didn't want to see what I knew to be dull and disgusting, so I watched Dancing with the Stars. At least the vapid show was better than listening to Frannie's familiar sex sounds. *Yuck, no thanks. Now Caitlyn...that's hot.*

Unfortunately, my wife's moans turned to louder groans.

I looked over.

Her eyes were squeezed shut and her hand was mauling her boob. If she wasn't faking it, she looked gone.

I whispered, "Leo!" I had to say it twice.

Frannie quieted a little as Leo looked back at me, but he kept his hand working and she kept her eyes shut.

I motioned with my hands, sliding one finger in and out of the circle of my thumb and index finger on my other hand. I mouthed, "Fuck her."

His eyes bugged out. He mouthed back, "Really?"

I nodded as if he was hard of seeing, then gave him a thumbs up and a smile.

He gave me a "whatever you say" look and straightened. He scooted forward and froze, looking down.

Frannie moaned differently and squirmed.

Then he began moving his hips forward slowly, his butt clenching together.

She moaned louder and then made a gasp-groan that drowned out the TV.

Oh come on, don't ruin it by over-faking.

I didn't want to stare at his butt, so I turned back to the TV. I flicked some channels. I could see him moving out of the corner of my eye and was drawn back to looking.

He moaned happily, gasping with desperation and thrusting his hips into hers.

Is he really enjoying that? Or is he putting on a show for her out of pity? I was struck by a sense of the mundane in what was happening. This had no unusual effect on me at all – it was as if I was watching Frannie vacuum the floor. She was being fucked and I found it no different than as if it were me during the last time we did it. It had been months, but I still felt her familiar shape under me as I sat here watching Leo have her. *Ugh, I can feel her on my skin. Dude, if she turns you on, then you're one twisted puppy.*

She opened her eyes dreamily and looked up at him. Then she looked at me with an unreadable expression. Her mouth dropped open, gasping silently, followed by moaning grunts. She sounded exactly the same: lacking any passion or lust. Was everything fake with her? Was that why we didn't click?

I smirked at her and gave her an eyebrow. *I got you figured out.*

Leo began pumping faster, then pulled out. "Up on the couch..."

She glanced at me with an accusatory look and then ignored me. She moved and laid back on the couch.

He climbed between her legs, his erection engorged and eager.

You really find her that exciting? Get out. You must be one desperate dude.

Leo settled onto her and their hips merged with both of them sighing almost silently. He whispered something to her and she nodded.

I felt an elation as full and flourishing as his erection. *Fuck her, dude. Do it. Make my life easier so I can be with Caitlyn. I just hope you aren't faking it or get turned off by her. Want her? She's all yours.* I knew deep in my heart that things were going my way. With Leo fortuitously occupying Frannie, she would develop a hunger for him that would make divorcing much easier. She would think it was her idea and I would go along with it. No problems, no hassles, no pain. I was smiling, feeling all the certainty of holding the big winner Lotto ticket.

Success was mine by the simple fact of Leo fucking my wife on the sofa next to me. Life was too perfect. *It's about time things went my way. Funny how it all clicks together like this at the oddest of times.*

They whispered again and then Leo began thrusting faster. "You there?"

She was gasping loud, trying to be quiet. She nodded fast.

He leaned up and began grinding his crotch to hers, rubbing his pubic bone on hers, and sending vibrations up her body that were visible to me. I knew she was close, and thanked him for being attentive enough to give her something special. She almost never orgasmed during sex with me - at least not for the last several years.

Her mouth opened and her eyes squeezed shut painfully.

I groaned. *She's going to do her yucky orgasm sounds. How embarrassing. She should at least be quiet the first time. He's going to start laughing or go all wilted.*

Her body bucked under him and he stayed still, letting her gyrate her hips and bring herself off on his cock.

Not so special, is it, Leo?

She groaned, grunted, and ground her hips up at him – overwhelmed by her orgasm. Her mouth was open in that strange orgasmic expression of hers that had become such a turn-off for me.

I looked away, repulsed at the memory of heaving above her and seeing that face. Frannie wasn't ugly, but the sex-looks she made had me embarrassed that Leo was seeing them. I was sure he was going to laugh at me later and wonder how a good-looking man like me had fallen in with her. I'd have to tell him it was a pity-thing to save face.

Maybe he'll pity her and keep doing her. How can I word that to him without having him count the cost of sacrificing his dignity and back off from her?

His grunts pulled me back and I looked over. He was barely thrusting, just moving it a little as he was pressed all the way in. Neither of them looked at me. His butt clenched up and his mouth dropped open. His eyes squeezed shut almost like Frannie would when giving her "sex-face." He growled lightly, his butt flexing.

I guessed he was cumming in her. I wasn't bothered, she was at least a convenient cum-dump when nothing else was available. *Fill her up, dude.*

~ ~ ~

Frannie didn't talk to me for two days. She did finally on Saturday, but I was in a foul mood: Caitlyn's off days had been Thursday and Friday. I was off today and Sunday while she worked. My cock ached to be back in her, but the first opportunity would be Monday. Four days apart every week due to scheduling. I resolved to solve that when I went back in – shift her schedule a bit.

Frannie posed in front of me as I sat in the recliner. "So it really doesn't bug you that Leo and I...?" She waved her palm up in the air as if I was supposed to see her point without saying it.

But I knew what she meant; it was only obvious. "No...?"

"So I can invite him over again?"

"Go for it." I smiled, feeling a little better. The more she wanted him, the easier it would be to unhook from her.

She shook her head with raised eyebrows. "Whatever." She walked into the kitchen and leaned on the counter, texting him on her phone. Then she set out a couple wineglasses.

I shook my head. "None for me, thanks."

She arched an eyebrow at me. "They're for me and Leo."

I scowled, suddenly irked at being deliberately left out. "Oh, whatever. Fine."

He showed up an hour and a half later and greeted her with a kiss at the door.

I rolled my eyes, unseen by them. *What, like is this a fucking romantic date or something. Sheeeit.*

Leo waved at me and I nodded in return.

She grabbed up the glasses and bottle and scurried to her room. He followed.

I heard not a peep for two hours and I felt immeasurably better at not having to hear her familiar sounds while I tried to watch TV.

Still, I wondered if he was telling her she was a joke. *Would he break it off over wine? Tell her she's subpar? At least try to let her down easy? Or hopefully things are working out on the rare chance he actually likes her. Takes all kinds...*

They came out later and he kissed her at the door.

Leo called to me. "Hey, see you Monday. And thanks..."

I knew what he meant: thanks for letting him fuck Frannie. I raised my hand and nodded. "See ya, guy."

She was wearing a t-shirt, her ass hanging out the back without any panties.

I guess they did it.

Her face was glowing and satisfied.

Good for you; enjoy it before he gets bored.

They pecked a kiss and he left.

She went into the kitchen to get water. She said nothing to me as she went back to her room.

I ignored the sexy feminine sway of her ass that women get after just having been fucked.

I sighed contentedly. *Life is perfect.*

CHAPTER 6

Monday was met with excitement and eagerness. I paid extra attention to my luxurious hair and made sure my tie was sexily half-loosened. I shaved around my pubic area – man-scaping as they called it – and made sure to touch off with some Polo cologne.

Frannie noticed the spring in my step and considered me quietly as we ate our oatmeal and drank our coffee.

I was almost bubbling. Today would be the new beginning: a fresh start in life with my dreams come true. I said, "You having Leo over?"

A small smile twisted her lips. "If you aren't bothered..."

"Not at all. It must be fun for you?"

The smile widened. "Yes. He's a lot of fun."

"Then there you go. I won't stop it."

She stood, lifting her bowl and cup. "That's a relief, because I don't want to stop."

I stifled a chuckle. *Only as long as he doesn't get bored with your mediocrity.*

~ ~ ~

At work, I couldn't keep a grin off my face and neither smoke from my eyes.

Caitlyn was at the register within moments of her shift starting. Her blonde hair was back in a ponytail and her work-blouse unbuttoned down an extra button. She smiled at me as I approached – a different smile, one

filled with heat and secrecy. Yes, we had fucked and it was great. She knew it, I knew it, and the whole world could only guess.

I couldn't keep the warmth out of my voice. "Caitlyn."

She batted her eyelashes. "Good morning, Mister Carson."

"Call me Wolf."

She blushed.

I was standing close, but not so close anyone else might notice. With no customers in the store yet, the only other two workers were getting inventory ready to stock. Still, I didn't touch her. I said, "I'm looking forward to another meeting in my office today."

She appeared startled, her breath catching. "Oh?"

I knew she was excited – turned on and randy, ready to fuck more. "Thought about you all weekend."

She looked down. "Oh..."

"I need more of you."

"Mister Carson..."

"Wolf."

She looked up, a curious look in her blue eyes. "Mister Carson, I'm happy about last Wednesday..."

"Yes?" My grin was a mile wide.

"But the one time was all I wanted."

A buzzing numbness from out of nowhere wrapped me in strong restraints. "What...?"

She giggled nervously. "It was...nice. Not what I expected. But that's all... My curiosity is satisfied."

"Satisfied?" I stood there not understanding what I was hearing. My mind wasn't connecting her meaning to my expectations. This was the start of our new life and the sounds weren't matching.

"Right, like I don't want any more meetings, if you catch my drift." She crossed her arms.

My mouth was hanging open. *But you're perfect for me...* I blinked. *Don't you understand?*

She said, "I'm sure you understand, right? One time thing."

"I...uhh...thought we liked each other better than that." It came out wooden and doomed.

She flashed a smile that was somewhat guarded. "Um, no..."

I felt as if an invisible bus filled with overweight tourists just slammed me in the face at ninety miles per hour. I stumbled back, feeling suddenly clammy and nervous.

She was looking at me with a mixture of curiosity and disapproval – one eyebrow and one side of her lip drawn up in repulsion.

I tried to clear my throat to recover my poise but ended up choking. I started coughing. *Fuck*. I turned away and walked back to my office, feeling her eyes on me until I was out of sight.

~ ~ ~

I stayed away from her; it was all I could do. I looked at her on the monitor, wondering how something so perfect could turn to something so wrecked.

Why didn't she understand we were meant for each other? The sex had been awesome. *What is her problem?*

I decided to call her in, then discarded that as dangerous. I was already on thin ice having fucked her on my desk during work hours. I was sure there were several ways for me to lose my job if she just opened her mouth and said something.

I ran my hands through my hair several times. *I'm handsome and have a big dick; how can she fail to love me? In the romance books, all the heroes have wavy hair and huge dicks. I got that; so why isn't the perfect woman for me begging for more?*

I took a break later out back, knowing Leo would be out there smoking: he was.

He grinned around his cigarette. "Hey, guy."

I grunted with disgust.

His face wrinkled. "Something wrong?" He tried to squint around his smoke.

I blew out a long, tired breath. *What a horrible day.* "Eh..."

He motioned with his chin. "What's up?"

I sighed again, at least thankful that he wasn't the kind who exaggerated a long drawn-out "Waazzuuup?" I hated that; it was stupid. I twisted my mouth and said, "Remember me mentioning Caitlyn?"

He nodded, short and once. "The 'hot little number?' "

I nodded, looking at the back door and back. I sighed heavier. "Not working out."

He shook his head slowly. "That sucks, man."

I was nodding absentmindedly. "I had her..."

He snorted. "You have a hot one at home."

I made a face at him. "What? Frannie? Please."

His smile was sheepish. "Hey, I'm happy to step in there and relieve you of the burden."

Why is he bringing her up? "Pff." I waved a hand as if at a bad smell. "Whatever."

"She's great. Sexy as hell."

I rolled my eyes. "Have fun with that."

His smile was as wide as mine had been before Caitlyn had dropped her bomb on me. "Oh, I will, for sure. Coming over tonight, too. But I can invite her over my place if you'd prefer?"

That would be a relief. "Yeah, why don't you?"

"Sure thing, dude." He whipped out his cell and began texting.

~ ~ ~

At home, one plate was out on the table, holding a ham and Swiss sandwich just like I liked it. She wasn't in the kitchen.

I sat alone at the table and looked at the meal. *How had my day gone so wrong? How had Caitlyn failed to be impressed by me? By my dick?*

Frannie came out with an empty glass and refilled it with water. She frowned at me. "Something wrong with it?"

Huh? I saw she was looking at my sandwich. "Oh, no. It's perfect. Was just thinking." I picked it up and stopped. "Not having one?"

She shook her head. "Leo invited me to dinner and..." She smiled shyly. "I sure like your friend."

"Well, he's your friend now, too, isn't he?"

She nodded happily. "Sure, certainly." She sounded so much like me at times.

I gave her a look, searching her features. That's when I noticed the very subtle application of make-up. I also noticed the light hint of perfume I had bought her a few years back. All so familiar that I had missed it all. I snorted. "Almost like a date, huh?"

Her eyes sparkled and she nodded. "It's fun." Even her odd-shaped lips didn't look as bad as they were.

In contrast to my day, I felt it best to say no more. I bit into my sandwich. Yes, it was perfect – just the right amount of homemade mayonnaise, spinach and kale, thick ham and doubled Swiss cheese spiced with the right amount of mustard. I lifted my sandwich to her and nodded.

She breezed from the room, her mind already on her date.

CHAPTER 7

I was in my recliner when Leo knocked. Pleased that I was about to be left alone in my anxiety, I answered the door with not a small bit of anticipation. *Maybe now I can reason this through.*

Leo's smile was confident. "Hey, guy."

"Hey, yourself. Come on in."

"So this is all right? Me taking her to dinner and other stuff?"

I shut the door after his entry. "Pah, yeah. Gives me time alone." I turned my head towards the hall and raised my voice only a little. I was sure she had heard the door. "Leo's here."

Her voice drifted out happily. "Okay..."

He chuckled. "I'm actually considering quitting smoking for her."

"Huh?"

"You know, smoker's mouth. I try to keep mine fresh, but..."

Whatever, dude. "Oh."

Frannie came out and captured his attention. Her appearance brought a bloom to Leo's face that broadened his lips into a mile-wide smile.

He said, "I thought you'd look good in that."

My wife posed and twisted one way and then the other. She was wearing a leather skirt Leo had bought for her a couple days back. She wore a black blouse unbuttoned to show her cleavage.

I raised my eyebrows without thinking. *For a second there, she actually looked good – sort of like how she used to.*

She barely glanced at me. "Shall we?" Her smile was for Leo.

I shut the door after them, breathing a sigh of relief. *Now I can think.*

I sat in my recliner and relaxed, determined to discover where things had gone amiss with Caitlyn. I reclined a bit and stared at the ceiling.

There were three certainties in my life: I was handsome; I had a big cock; and my hair was the envy of most. Women always talked about hair and cocks and how cute a guy was. I was all those. So what had been Caitlyn's issue? She should've been wet for me every second of every day. She should've been naked at my desk, on her knees offering blowjobs and begging for attention.

And then when I gave it to her and she liked it, she should've been addicted immediately. Looks, hair, and cock - I had it all. There was no way she should be resisting me. Had I lacked something else? Not shown her enough interest? My job limited what I could do, what could she expect?

I gave it to her just like she needed, hard and fast over my desk with her hair gripped in my fist. How could she not be totally enslaved to me now?

I began hardening at the memory of her perfect pussy. Her luscious little body had been made for my cock. Our sex had been superbly satisfying. I took out my dick and began stroking it to her memory.

So what was with her? Had I read her wrong? Maybe she was a lesbian; so many women these days no longer wanted men.

That must be it; Caitlyn's a tongue-sister. She must hate men for their brutal sexuality. But aren't most men now metrosexuals and effeminate? If my hair was longer, would she like me better because I would look more like a woman?

I was hard, recalling how beautiful our sex had been. How wonderful and fulfilling. Couldn't she feel that?

I stroked faster, wanting my hand movement to bring her back and make her see her error. *Dammit, Caitlyn, you were supposed to be mine. What's wrong with you? You could've moved in here right after Frannie left. We couldn't been together, fucking like rabid animals, forever. The perfect wife and the purest life.*

I looked over at the couch, wishing Caitlyn would've been here to be on that sofa, moaning and begging for more from me.

But, instead of me and the perfect girl, it had been Leo and my wife that had used that couch. Images of them rose within me at the memory. They had shared what I so desperately needed with Caitlyn. Blonde and beautiful, it should've been the girl getting fucked by me on that couch. It should've been Caitlyn moaning with lust as I ate her, except that with Caitlyn it was

about her pussy and the ramming it required by my cock. No, it should have been the girl beneath me squirming as Frannie had, driven to pleasure by my cock instead of my wife by Leo's shaft.

Frannie had looked so surprised and peaceful as she was pleased – her distasteful looks softened in satisfaction.

I stroked, wishing for what obviously now couldn't be – not with Caitlyn being lezzy.

I remembered that satisfied look on Frannie's face from when we were going out together and were newly married. I shook my head. Why couldn't Caitlyn have given me that look? Our lives would have launched off with a bang on the path of success. Instead, it had been Frannie.

My shaft was hard and throbbing with anger.

No, I was denied. I had but a taste of what life could've been with Caitlyn. Now all I have is memories of Frannie enjoying me as the girl should have.

I grumbled out loud to the empty apartment. "No, not the one I love, but Frannie. Frannie enjoyed my cock. At least she got that right." Memories of heavy sex with her flashed through my mind – the feel of her pussy and the passionate moans. She had been good, even if not the perfect woman.

But, at least she's out having fun with Leo. Thank god he came along to occupy her and take her off my nerves. With her having fun, getting dated and fucked after, at least she wouldn't have me to blame. In fact, she should be thanking me.

As far as I was concerned, Leo could fuck her senseless. My hand stroked harder on my erection. "Go ahead, Leo. Fuck her all you want. Maybe she could use a little happiness in her life. Take her, even, if it would make both of you happy." *Then I can be alone...*

~ ~ ~

My wife didn't come home that night. I didn't care; I was busy sleeping. But awakening a few times in my room I realized I hadn't heard the door on the other side of the wall. I rolled over and went to sleep each time.

Morning was me making breakfast alone. *So this is what it will be like? I can get used to this.* I was making oatmeal when the door opened and a rushing Frannie blew into the apartment. She spared me not a word.

Oh yeah, hi to you, too.

I heard her run the shower in the bathroom and thump around for clothes faster than I'd ever heard. Glancing at the clock, I knew she'd be late for work.

I set out a cup of coffee for her that would be cool enough to drink when she came out; there wasn't time to eat.

When she did come out, looking refreshed but hurried, I indicated the cup. "Coffee for you."

A quick glance from her seemed soft, but then she dismissed me. "Thanks." She gulped it down and put the cup in the dishwasher. "Late..."

I watched her go. *Leo, you bad boy.*

~ ~ ~

Leo leaned on the wall outside, toying with a cigarette.

I tossed the shreddings and nodded to him.

He was lifting an unlit cigarette with shaking hands and placing it in his mouth. Just as quickly, he snatched it out and lowered it. His eyes were glazed. "This is tougher than I thought."

"Trying to quit?"

His nod was herky-jerky.

I said, "Why not try cutting back instead of quitting cold turkey?"

He looked at me with haunted eyes that told me he desperately wanted to but dared not. "I can't. I need to quit."

I made a face. "For Frannie?"

"Look, guy, I know you hate her and all—"

I was offended. "Hate her? I don't hate her."

"Not according to her. Anyway—"

"She thinks I hate her?" *What?*

"Yeah, for like several years now."

"Nonsense."

"She seems to think so. Says you can't stand the sight of her."

I leaned against the wall next to him, feeling all philosophical, and stared off over the roofs of the housing tract behind our strip mall. "Nah, not like that. I just prefer blondes."

He grunted. "She's a beautiful woman."

I shrugged. "If you say so."

He shook his head. "I can't believe you, dude. I'd be so lucky if she was mine..." Something went unsaid.

I looked at him. "What?"

He pursed his lips. "She, um, mentioned leaving you."

I looked back over the housing tract. "If that's what she wants, not a problem with me."

"Well, I'll be glad to step in..."

My thoughts drifted, finding at last what I wanted: freedom. I could do whatever I wanted in the apartment. I could live the life I always wanted... Except not with Caitlyn. *Maybe another blonde...*

"You two were a horrible match-up."

At that, I quirked my mouth in irritation. "It wasn't that bad..."

"Oh come on. I've never seen a guy hate his wife more than you. Were you drunk when you got married or something? Forced?"

I was shaking my head. "Nah. It was nice at first. Maybe not the best it could be if she was blonde, but we had fun times."

He shook his head with more emphasis than I had mine. "You can be such a dick, dude."

I turned my head to him and frowned. "What? I don't always take that as a compliment."

Leo gave me a suffering look. "I didn't intend it as one."

"Then what are you going on about?"

"You're so superficial all you can see is blonde?"

Superficial? "What the fuck?"

"Tell me I'm wrong."

"You're wrong."

Leo coughed, fiddling with the cigarette in angry moves. "So it's all great and shit, but because she's not blonde, you hate her. Tell me that's not superficial as all fuck."

I blinked several times, trying to figure which silly point to dissect and dismantle.

He didn't give me the opportunity. "She deserves way the fuck better than you. Just saying."

I laughed, instantly relieved that he had presented an argument I could easily eradicate. I had the bigger dick, the better hair and probably better looks. "Oh, like who? You?"

He thrust his chin up. "Yeah, like me."

"Do you even know what she likes?"

"I can learn."

"I've got years on you. What does she like in her coffee? Do you know?"

"What's that got to do with anything? You don't want her."

I drew breath to refute, but knew I couldn't. I knew I was trying to score man-points, but not getting any. Simple fact was, he was right. Despite the fun we had experienced early on, my boner-for-blondes attitude eventually won out. I said airily, "Hey, whatever works."

He nodded. "And that's why she'll be leaving you. At least you'll both be happy."

A return to happiness... But Frannie and I had been happy before. Laughing and living, we had learned each other so completely that we fit together like two matched puzzle pieces. *What had happened to that happiness? Had it really all evaporated because I couldn't handle having a brunette instead of a blonde?*

Leo mumbled, "You're a cold-hearted bastard, Wolf. You treated her like total garbage."

Have I? I rather viewed the deterioration of our marriage as a gradual easing that spared her hurt. I could safely wither the fun we had until she wanted to leave and we would part as easily as two slices of cold pie. "I cared..."

Leo laughed loud.

I did. Or I would've just handed her papers while we were happy. I sighed. Was the man right? Had my slow method made it worse?

CHAPTER 8

I texted my wife.

Me: Should I make dinner?

Francine: for you...going to Leo's

That made things easy: less to cook, less mess.

Later, at home in the kitchen making my dinner, she came into the apartment and dropped her purse.

She leaned and stretched – her move to settle nerves and relieve stress. "Sometimes I hate my work."

I grinned. "Did they move Blaire with her BO problem back over to you?"

She blew out a harsh breath. "Yes." Her face wore a look of disgust.

"You should take her out back and hose her down like a bad dog."

She giggled. "I wish. Well, I need to get ready."

I watched her vanish down the hall. I felt bad for her; Blaire had made her life hell at work for two years until Frannie had successfully maneuvered a change in desk and office arrangements and finally separated the offensive woman from her.

I paused my stirring of soup. *Am I another Blaire to her? Was Leo telling the truth? Does she really think I hate her?*

I went back to stirring, then switched off the burner. I poured the soup into my bowl and sat.

Certainly she doesn't think so. I've dealt with her perfectly, I'm certain of that.

She came out a half hour later, freshly showered. She sounded disgusted. "It's almost as if her stink clings. Makes my skin crawl."

I looked up at her from my recliner. Freshly made up with just a hint here and there of lipstick and eyeliner, she looked more than familiar. "You look nice."

She was shaking her head and then stopped, giving me a look as if I had emitted a foul odor. "What?"

I pursed my lips. "You look nice."

She coughed.

I cleared my throat. "I was wondering..."

She sat on the edge of the couch. "Hmm?"

It was a little conversational tradition we had that indicated to each other that we wanted to talk seriously.

I said, "I haven't been hell to you like Blaire, have I?" I was confident her answer would be no.

She coughed again in surprise. "Why is this coming up now?"

"Leo said you'd be leaving; I was just wondering if our parting was easy."

"Easy? Easy?" She leaned toward me, looking at me with focus. "I'm wondering why we didn't part sooner. Yes, if you want to call it that, you've been hell to me."

I was floored.

She shook her head. "Living with someone that hates you isn't at the top of any woman's bucket list."

"I don't hate you—"

Her raucous laughter was sharp and derisive. "Oh, please."

"I'm serious."

She scowled at me and sighed. I could see the look of resignation on her face that said she knew I was being honest. She looked so vulnerable sitting alone on the couch that I got up and went to sit next to her.

She leaned back from me, giving me a suspicious look.

I said, "I really want you to know that if you've thought that, it isn't the case."

She coughed.

I pursed my lips. "I'm sorry."

"You're what?" The tone of disbelief speared my soul.

"Frannie." I placed my hand on her soft knee. "I'm sorry. I never meant for you to think I hated you."

Her eyebrows drew down. "Ignoring me day after day for years... Exactly what was I supposed to think?"

I removed my hand and shrugged. "I guess I was trying to make it easy for you to decide to leave."

Her pained look of confusion was followed by a shake of her head. "I was here for you and us every day. I made you meals, did your laundry—"

"I know, and you were wonderful doing it. I'm sorry you think that way."

She stood. "I need to get out of here."

I remained quiet.

She shook her head. "I think divorce is the right thing to do; I'll start it."

I didn't want it to end on a bad note like this. "I didn't want to make you unhappy."

She put a fist to her hip and her voice shook. "The most happiness you've given me these last few years is pushing me onto Leo." Water was in her eyes.

"Well... I did something right?" I felt helpless and ashamed.

She turned abruptly and stomped from the room. She came out later and scooped up her purse. She did not look at me.

I saw the hurt in her face and it stabbed at my shame, over and over. "Hey..."

She didn't turn to me. "What?"

"You really do look nice. Leo's getting something special."

The slam of the door was my answer.

~ ~ ~

Staring at the monitor for hours and seeing Caitlyn go about her duties gave me much time to think. Had I built up egotistical expectations based on what I wanted the girl to be? Maybe I would ask Leo about that.

I checked the clock; he would be out there in another twenty-five minutes.

Could I have been so wrong about the girl? I had never read women so wrong before... I could sense changes in Frannie's mood perfectly; what had gone wrong with Caitlyn? Was I blinded by hair color? Was she really a tongue-sister or was she turned off that I was married? Or was she telling

the truth that she had just been curious and once was enough? Had she not liked my method? My technique?

Frannie used to love my technique – said it was the best she'd ever had. Why didn't Caitlyn see it that way? Were women so completely different that something stunning to one can be stale to another?

I leaned back in my chair, averting my eyes from Caitlyn's ass. *Frannie and I really clicked in the beginning. She loved being with me, so I know I'm not deficient.* I glanced back at the monitor. *So Caitlyn is different. Wants something else. Maybe something more effeminate? And I'm not effeminate. I can't be what she wants; I can only be the alpha-male I am.*

I sighed. In all the stories, the alpha male knows everything, is cocksure, and never makes a mistake. Here I was, alpha-male out the ass, and totally stupefied and wrong on everything.

I had veered from something satisfying and comfortable in my mind and life to something where the familiarity had given way to my fantasies of a blonde.

I glanced at the monitor, looking at the back of her head. *Would Caitlyn have melded to me as perfectly as Frannie had? Other than begging for my cock, would she really have been otherwise...* I leaned forward suddenly, heart skipping a beat or two.

~ ~ ~

I emptied my trash out back, though I didn't have any shredding today. It just gave me an excuse to stand around and talk to Leo.

I nodded at him and motioned to his unlit cigarette. "How's that going?"

His look was haunted. "Like dragging my ballsack over a mile of broken glass."

I chuckled, but turned serious and cleared my throat. "Hey, um..."

He looked at me curiously.

I realized I was using the little tradition with him that I had with Frannie. I chuckled again and shook my head. "I wanted to ask your opinion on something."

"Yeah?"

"Do you think I'm egotistical?" I wanted to hear his denial.

He barked a laugh. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah..."

"Egotistical? No."

I let out a silent sigh of total relief. *I knew I was right.*

He wasn't done. "No, you're like a total egomaniac – make the North Korean leader look like a shy guy."

I coughed, chuckled, and snorted. It came out in a strangled mixture of noise. "What?"

"Hey, dude, no offense; you asked. So, just saying." He waved his cigarette around.

What does Frannie see in you? Is it just you have brown hair and are thus a better match? Is that about as stupid as me thinking my blonde hair required a blonde woman?

CHAPTER 9

I was at home making dinner for two. I didn't know if she would be home or not and I didn't trust myself to text her. In truth, I felt as if I was in the womb of confusion. What had went so drastically wrong with my life that had turned me from enjoying Frannie as a wife – even if we had married for convenience – to despising her presence?

Was it really her misshapen lips? Were they really misshapen? Or was I so familiar with them that they had annoyed me into thinking they were malformed? Were her tits really too flat and large? Would they be any different if they were pointier? Hung more? Rode higher? I shook my head.

Did the shape of her hips really bother me, or had my ego formed a distaste because she wasn't blonde? Was I really that superficial? And how had this escaped me as I turned from enjoying Frannie in my life to feeling repulsed?

Her entry was right on time. She looked over at the table and frowned.

I said, "Didn't know if you'd be home for dinner or not, but made it for you just in case."

"You could've asked."

I sniffed in, searching for a way to bring up what I wanted to talk about.

She made a face. "I'll eat it."

"Not going to Leo's tonight?"

"Actually, I am."

I nodded, looking down.

She went off and showered, leaving me silent.

I had dinner out and served when she came out. A simple meatloaf with a side of green beans.

She considered it briefly and sat.

I couldn't read the expression that crossed her face. I handed her the pepper and salt.

"Thanks."

I grunted my acknowledgment.

When we were done, she began gathering plates.

I cleared my throat. "I was hoping we might talk a little..."

She froze, plates in hands. "About what?"

I took several deep breaths. "I've done a lot wrong, I think."

She didn't answer. Instead, she put the dishes in the dishwasher.

When she came back to the table, I said, "I wanted to say how wrong I've been and that I'm sorry things have come to this."

She laughed. "This is new. Did you fall down and hit your head?"

"I've been doing a lot of thinking—"

She gave me a level look. "That's your problem; you think too much."

I nodded. "You're right."

She glanced towards her bedroom. "How long is this going to take?"

"Frannie..." I stood and gripped her shoulders gently. Her flesh was warm and familiar and the look she gave me that searched my eyes and mind was a look that raised in me memories of when I had proposed. I said, "I really am sorry that I've been so stupid."

"What are you getting at?" She sounded suspicious, wary, and leery.

"I'm not sure how all this happened, but I think it was me."

"Isn't this a little late?"

I felt deflated, having given my apologies to be so rudely rebuffed. *I deserve it*. I squeezed her shoulders, wanting to say more, but unsure as to what or how.

She arched an eyebrow. It really wasn't that thick or bushy and some women looked downright sexy with bushier eyebrows than she had. "I know what you're thinking: you're going to lose laundry service and cook —"

"No!" I was going to lose wasn't I? But far more than household shared duties. I searched her face and saw the set of her jaw and the determination in her eyes. There was nothing I could say. I pulled her in for a hug, just wanting to let her know that I really did care, after all.

She was stiff.

I put every effort into my words I could. "I'm really, really sorry."

She relaxed some and said, "Why this now?"

I breathed in her familiar scent. "I think Leo was the catalyst. He woke me up to what a dick I've been. How unfair and disrespectful."

She relaxed more and sighed. Her hand came up and petted my shoulder in a friendly way. "We weren't made for each other, that's all."

I couldn't accept the statement. But, neither could I say anything against it. Instead, I stood there stupidly and cried. It welled up and bubbled out as a force that could not be fought.

She stopped petting me and went stiff again. "Are you really crying? You?"

I sniffed in. "I love you." I said it. The last time I said it was over six years ago.

Her muscles went taut and she pushed at me, breaking the hug. "What are you doing? I don't want this." Her look was angry and hurt. "I'm not doing this." She shook her head and then stared at me. She shook her head again. "I don't know what game you're playing, but I'm not gonna go along with it."

I watched her stomp to her bedroom. A few minutes later, she slammed the door on her way out.

I stood there feeling numb and dumb.

~ ~ ~

She stayed away for two days.

I was out back, dumping trash and not during Leo's break.

He stuck his head out the back door and said, "Thought I heard you."

I didn't want to talk to him. "Yeah."

He came out anyway, a scowl on his face. "What's going on with you? What are you playing at with Frannie?"

"Playing?"

"She said you changed your tune – tried to convince her you loved her."

I pursed my lips and looked at him. He looked perturbed. I said, "Maybe I still do."

He laughed. "You? Mister I Hate My Wife?"

I sighed, knowing he was right. *I had hated her, hadn't I?* "People do stupid things. Guess I did my share..."

He said nothing, just stared me up and down.

I said, "I tried to apologize to her. Things you've said maybe woke something up in me – the realization that my way of treating her was wrong."

He snorted and fished out a cigarette. He played with it angrily. "Feeling jealous? You offer her to me and now you don't like it?"

I hadn't considered jealousy – it just hadn't made an appearance. Yet. "She's my wife."

He said airily, "You didn't want her, dude."

"I've thought a lot about that—"

"She said you over-thought things too much. Now you've got her all riled up, wondering what you're trying to accomplish."

"I wanted her to know I regret everything."

He shook his head. "Do you know anything? Do you really know what you want?"

~ ~ ~

She came into the apartment and glanced at the table.

I had not set out dishes; I wasn't hungry and was unsure if she would even come home. I was in the recliner and stunned into speechlessness that she was in the apartment. I stood.

She shot a glance at me that was filled with warning. She turned to go to her bedroom – what had once been our bedroom.

I went after her, wanting to talk but not knowing even where to begin.

She felt or heard me following her and turned at her door to shut it.

"Frannie..."

Her look was confused. "What? What do you want?"

I pushed open her door as she stepped back, the hurt look becoming sharper and harder. I took her in a hug that was all me at first. She clenched her arms up together, fists near her neck, not hugging me back.

I said, "I really do want you to know how sorry I am and that I really do love you. I've been terrible and there's no excuse."

She shook, tensing.

I gripped her head pressing it gently into my shoulder. "I'm sorry. So very—"

She burst into tears. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I regret all this. I treated you wrong—"

Her arms latched around me and she wept. "I wondered if I was so bad —"

"It wasn't you, Frannie. It wasn't you." I petted her hair.

She looked up at me through her tears, searching my eyes.

I kissed her lips. They were stiff at first and unyielding. But they softened and she fell into kissing me like a puzzle piece falling into place. The comfort and familiarity of how we used to kiss came rushing back just like that. I swayed inside at the surge of sensations. *How in the world did I not want this? Am I that stupid? Or dense?*

She kissed me back, trembling as if scared – and I was sure she was. I couldn't remember the last time I had kissed her – years. Had we grown so used to each other that we lost the feeling of connection between us? Immune to feelings of intimacy? Numb to our needs? Deadened to our desires?

I pressed against her, feeling her shape after so long going without. She was still Frannie, soft and sensuous after all these years. Her form melded to mine with an ease not forgotten, but flooding back as if there had been no interruption.

I grew hard; I couldn't help it. Her sensuality and familiarity melted any meaning I had to just apologize and be contrite. She so consumed me with the reappearance of that familiar bond that I found myself growing hot with desire.

This is my Frannie. My wife. And she deserves my love. I pressed my erection against her and caused trembles in her that mimicked the first time we had become intimate.

I began undressing her with eager and erratic fingers. I was panting, trying to undo buttons and being a total boob about it – exactly like our first time. So was she.

Eventually, we settled on undressing ourselves.

She looked curvy, more than when we first met, but with the sexy curves of a mature woman and not those of a stiff, young girl.

I wanted to laugh with joy at seeing her boobs. It had been so long and they really weren't shaped bad. Why had I thought so? I reached out and caressed one, hanging just slightly lower than the last time I remembered. I palmed her boob and rubbed over her hardening nipple. *So soft and sexy.*

She backed up a little, a hesitant step backwards against her bed. A rush of emotion almost toppled me. It was the same move she had made the very

first time. My head spun with lust. My muscles flexed with the need for action – action in taking her.

I pushed her down onto the bed with a strong grip.

She gasped, her skin flushing in response.

I laid her down and knelt beside her hips.

She parted her legs, knowing I meant to lick her.

I had always done it from the side because she liked it that way. The movement of my tongue across rather than up and down excited her more. Had she told Leo?

I ran my tongue across her clit, back and forth, realizing I had never lost the peculiar technique I used with her. I inserted a finger into a wet hole and began massaging upwards.

Frannie groaned in a rising whimper.

Yes, she was as excited as I was. I licked and tongued with more confidence, remembering how she responded and reacted. Her pussy felt silky and wet on my finger, warm and inviting.

Her orgasm was a breathy, gasping series of moans that had her taut and trembling on the bed. Her sounds were filled with remembered wonder and I knew she enjoyed it.

I climbed between her legs, quivering with my own need. I rubbed the head over her clit and pressed in. Her lips parted and I sank into that familiar pussy. My shaft slid perfectly in, sending shivers up my spine with her soft and wet feel. I pressed in all the way and let out a loud sigh of relief. Why had I stopped doing this? "Wonderful..."

She giggled nervously, gasping at the end. Her whisper was uncertain. "Why did we stop doing this?"

I moved back and pushed in again, setting up a steady in and out movement. "I don't know, but this feels so good."

Her hands gripped my shoulders, clawing as I made love to her with reawakened lust. It was almost as if we had never stopped. The silky feel of her pussy gripped my shaft evenly, and I closed my eyes – savoring the sensation of her on my erection. It was perfect, the way it always had been.

I popped open my eyes and looked down at her, the realization as stunning and damning as if God on High had pointed his finger at me. I said, "My god, you're beautiful." I leaned down onto her and we clutched each other. I kissed her deeply, my right hand stroking her face as I did.

When I broke the kiss, she said, "I missed this."

I shook my head. "So did I. Why in the world did we stop?" I gripped the back of her neck and pushed deep. She moaned happily as I pumped with more desperation. Her hips moved perfectly with mine, our union an exact match of working parts that found not a hitch of awkwardness. We knew how we did it, each other, together.

My wife. I groaned heavily, pressing deep and going still.

She gripped my butt, pulling.

I unloaded in her an explosive burst of cum that sent tickles and jerks up and down my body. I sent several powerful shots into her that finally left me panting and laughing. "Wow, that was good."

~ ~ ~

Then the reality came like a horde of barbarians to rape and pillage.

I was lying next to her. She was turned to me, scraping her fingernails across my hairy chest. I loved it and she knew it.

She said, "I don't know why this happened, but—"

"Because I love you and missed you."

Her fingers stopped. "Is this some attempt to keep me from leaving?"

I looked at her, horrified that she would think what we had just done was some game. I shook my head. "I... I don't want you to leave."

She looked down, frowning.

I said, "I want us to work. I want it to be like it used to."

"Leo..."

I pursed my lips. "What about him?"

She laughed incredulously. "You handed me off to him..."

I sighed. "I did. Stupid thing. But I don't want you to divorce me. I want you, Frannie. Maybe it took Leo to wake me up."

She was quiet for a long time.

I knew better than to interrupt her thoughts. But it was the next moment that put me on the spot.

CHAPTER 10

She said, "You can't undo what's happened."

"Between us? Or with Leo?"

"Leo."

I wasn't sure where she was going with this. "Maybe not, but I love you. Let's work this out. Let's come together, you and me—"

"I'm not going to give him up."

"Huh?"

"You pushed us together. I had him; I'm not going to stop."

I leaned back.

She said, "Maybe he isn't you, but he's sweet and I like bedding with him. Now that we're doing it, I'm not going to just stop."

"But you're my wife."

Her eyes got dramatically large. "That didn't seem to bother you before."

Of course, you're right. "I thought we might work things out. Stay together."

She curled her fingers in my chest hair. "I... I still love you, Wolf. I do. But..."

"But?"

"I like Leo. I like the way he makes love to me. I'm not going to give it up."

"You expect me to share?"

She shook her head. "No, I don't. This was sweet and all, reliving what we used to have, but I don't think it'll work."

This was the moment Jealousy came in, shook hands with my heart, and introduced himself. "Is he better than me or something?"

"No, but he cares."

"I care, now."

"That's great and all, but I'm supposed to throw him off to make an attempt with you again?"

I felt out of breath. "Isn't twelve years' worth—"

"The last six wasn't worth it."

"I said I was sorry."

She pursed her lips. "You really think six years can be so easily erased with a couple words?" She got out of bed.

I so wanted her to come back and be hugged. "But—"

"I'm going over to Leo's. I have an appointment Monday with an attorney."

I was shaking my head, wanting so desperately to rewind the clock just fifteen minutes. "After what we just had?"

"I'm not giving him up. You can only blame yourself for this one." She looked at me with sad eyes. "I'm sorry, Wolf."

~ ~ ~

She left the apartment not long after, carrying an overnighter bag.

I sat, stunned and stupid in my recliner. *What just happened?* I shook my head at the door. *Where have I gone so wrong and so easily?*

Answers were absent and questions present.

~ ~ ~

I barely glanced at Caitlyn on the monitor; I just didn't care for the high school games and shit the girl had pulled. Not when I was losing everything I ever had.

I was determined to struggle against the inevitable. Feeling everything crumbling away around me, I went out to confront Leo on his break.

For his part, he didn't automatically launch into some angry tirade. He said, "I don't think talking is going to do much, Wolf." He was fiddling with an unbroken cigarette; a broken one lay on the ground at his feet.

I folded my arms and leaned against the wall facing him. "She's my wife."

"Like that mattered last month?"

"A lot has changed."

He stood straight. "It sure has. You offered her to me and I took it. I've had my dick deep in her married pussy. You can't change that."

I felt my muscles tense. "Can it, Leo. I don't need your bravado."

He stabbed the cigarette at me. "When you licked her yesterday? Did you taste my cum in her?"

I instantly launched a fist at his face, surprising me and him at the same time. The impact was solid and sent him spinning. I packed a powerful punch when pissed and I was bigger than him, anyway.

He regained his balance and stood still, rubbing the side of his jaw at his chin. "Duking it out won't stop you from losing her."

I took a deep breath, the fight spent with the single punch. "You're turning into such a dick, Leo."

He laughed. "So says Mister Dick himself."

I sighed. *Two dicks duking it out over a dame. Is Frannie attracted to that kind of guy? Is that why she liked me? Leo? Both?*

"Let her go, Wolf. Just let her go."

I didn't want to do that. I wasn't going to do that.

Back inside, I texted Frannie.

Me: I want to talk to you. Will you be home tonight?

Francine: With Lisa to start packing.

Lisa was her best friend. I frowned at the message but didn't respond.

~ ~ ~

I waited in the kitchen, a small sandwich prepared for both of us. I didn't know what I was going to do or say, practicing lines felt wrong. I just knew I needed to intervene. All that alpha male control stuff.

Why isn't this like the romance novels? I'm supposed to be able to tap or snap my fingers and the woman just melts into total submission. The female always does everything the alpha male wants. Maybe I should write a contract or something stupid like that and then wave it around. No, that's really stupid.

My thoughts were interrupted by the door.

The two gals came in, looking around warily and carrying empty boxes.

I picked up her sandwich and placed it on the table.

Both eyed me with suspicion.

Lisa was a short little runt, wiry and mouthy. She said, "Is that sammich for me?" She made a pose and pointed to herself.

I scowled at her. She had been nice enough in the past, but only in passing. Never spent any time together. "No, but you can have mine if you're ravenous and need something other than a doughnut."

Her face went frozen-angry. "Does it look like a doughnut has touched these lips in the last twenty years?"

Frannie was looking irritated. "I'm not hungry; I'm just here to pack. She can have mine."

I was already moving, with a purpose but without threat. I gently gripped her arm. "I want to talk to you—"

She gave me a suffering look. "Wolf..."

Lisa said, "Hey, hands off."

That irritated the shit out of me. I glared at her until her eyebrows rose up her forehead.

She held up her hands and backed away. "Okay, okay, whatever..."

I turned back to Frannie, my face going soft. "Really."

She blew out a breath. "I don't know what you think to accomplish."

"Let's talk in your room."

Lisa said, "I'm coming with you."

I wasn't sure if Frannie had told her to stick close or what, but I wasn't in the mood to babysit her friend or hold back on any of my words – and, some things were just private. I said to her, "She's my wife—"

Lisa's chin came up. "She's my friend and I'm here to support her."

My own chin answered hers. "When you've been married to her for twelve years, I'll let you call some shots."

She stood, one fist on a cocked hip and hung her mouth open.

Frannie sighed. "Fine, fine. But I'll be packing while you talk." She leaned around me. "Give us a moment, I guess."

Lisa twirled her fingers in the air and looked at the sandwich. "There's no poison in that, is there?"

I said, "Eat mine if you don't trust it; it's on the counter." I moved Frannie into her bedroom and moved the door mostly closed for some privacy.

She looked at me, not with hatred or pain, but with impatience. "What is it?" She put the boxes on the bed and opened them, revealing smaller empty

boxes inside.

I touched her shoulder. "I love you, Frannie. I don't want you to go."

The effect of the words were instant. She stiffened and straightened, turning to me with a searching look in her eyes. Her voice was soft. "Isn't it too late for this?"

I gripped her shoulders with both hands. "It's never too late."

"But Leo—"

"Is an obstacle, that's all. Nothing says we can't move past this."

She shook her head. "You don't understand, what if I won't give him up?"

Mister Jealousy waved at me from inside and gave me the finger. My jaw firmed and a burning light filled my eyes.

She gave me another suffering look. "I heard about your antics today. What do you think this is, high school? You think punching him is going to win me or something? Why don't you grow up?"

Her words were painting pictures in my mind of Caitlyn and her juvenile social games. I didn't want to be like her. I didn't want to be pathetic. I shook her gently. "I want you, Frannie." I pulled her into a hug, wrapping her fiercely. "I want you. I want us."

She melted, if with some reluctance. "Damn you, Wolf."

"I love you Frannie." My dick hardened and my breathing quickened.

She struggled a little in my grip. "He told me he asked you about licking me and tasting him."

I growled in anger. "It's what made me punch him."

She struggled a little harder. "Don't you understand? I need him."

I was running my hands all up and down her back. "You don't need me?" I pressed myself against her, feeling her press back.

"It's not that easy." There was heat in her words.

"You aren't turned on by me anymore?" Equal heat matched hers. But I knew the answer: I could feel her racing pulse; the heat from her body; and the press of her femininity against me. I ripped up her sweater over her head.

Her hair flew around and she looked at me with lust and disgust. "He fucks me good, can you handle that?"

I tore at my pants and dropped them. "I need you and I want you."

She gripped my hardening cock and stroked me. But her words were hot with accusation. "Yeah? Will you be able to get it up knowing he fucked me

this morning?"

I gritted my teeth. "I don't want you divorcing me. I want you to be my wife."

She twisted her mouth in determination and removed her jeans with jerking hands. "There. Now you see the pussy that's been violated. Can you handle that? Can you handle that his tongue was on there this morning?"

I threw her back on the bed and climbed next to her.

She tossed open her legs and pointed. "This has been violated. Many times. And you want to be married to me? Are you serious?"

I mashed my tongue down and licked, bringing immediate lusty moans from Frannie – more so than ever before.

She ground out with a grating whisper, "Fuck you, Wolf. Why do you have to make things so hard?"

I looked up to her immediately. "Because I love you. Can you deny you love me?" I tongued her before she could think about it.

She whispered, "Dammit."

Her pussy moved under my tongue, massaging it as much as it massaged her. She was wild with need. "Does it matter he fucked me and came in me this morning?"

My growl almost shook the room. I was up, climbing between her legs, my shaft straight and straining. *I'll show you who fucks better...*

Frannie's eyes went wide, and so did her legs. Her chest heaved with need and her lips quivered with carnality.

I thrust my shaft into her sex with a brutal shove.

Her eyes rolled up into her head and her hips thrust up, shaking violently. A high-pitched squeal from her was followed by convulsions that had her writhing and flopping beneath me with clenched-jaw gasps.

The door to the room flew open, banging against the wall. Lisa's accusing voice said, "Are you two fighting in here...?" Her voice trailed off.

Kneeling instantly, I glared at her. "I'm with my wife, Lisa. Go back—"

Her hand went to her mouth. Her eyes were locked on my rock-hard cock. "Oh my..."

Frannie was waving her hand, her voice in pants and out of breath. "Go on...Lisa. Wait...in the living room..."

Lisa backed out of the door, her eyes wide, blinking and still glued to my erection. She licked her lips nervously and said, "Okay..."

I didn't wait. I rammed my rod back into Frannie. She moaned happily and wrapped her arms around my neck and her ankles around my waist. "Oh yes... Fuck me Wolf. Do it."

I thrust deep and fast. "I want you, Frannie."

Her eyes popped open, locking to mine. "He fucked me this morning."

I rammed harder, determined to erase from her pussy his memory. "Mine."

Her mouth dropped open in half-pained lust. "Can you handle that he fucked me? Came in me this morning?"

I growled, not losing anything at her words.

She thrust her hips against mine, fucking me back. "Can you handle he's violated my pussy? Huh?"

I pistoned in and out, loving the feel of her familiar sex. It didn't feel any different. "I love you."

Her whisper was fierce. "Do you? Do you really? Do you love me knowing your friend fucks me regularly?"

I groaned, my shaft straining – struggling to win over Leo.

She said, "Do you love me knowing your friend fucks my pussy and fills it with cum? Do you?"

I lost control. My moves were no longer measured, even if forced. I pounded her pussy wildly, growling so loud it was almost a yell.

She whipped her head back and forth, moaning loudly enough that it was almost a cry. The bed creaked on the edge of catastrophe and the slapping noises echoed in the room. Her words were loud. "You like fucking me after he's had me? Do you? Does it make you jealous that he fucks me and I love it?"

I felt the tingles of an angry orgasm approaching. I pounded harder, faster.

She groaned loudly, pulling on my butt with her hands. "Do it, Wolf. Do it. Fuck me."

I unloaded a torrent of cum, yelling out like the bloodthirsty savage Celt I was.

~ ~ ~

I rested next to her, one leg over hers. Her fingers trailed in my chest hair. I said with some relief and certainty, "I love you, Francine."

Her voice was as soft as silk. "Do you?"

"Very much. This room is ours, and I want you in it."

"With you?"

"Yes, with me. It needs to be ours again."

After a second, she whispered, "I love you, too."

I brought her to me and we kissed, locked together by lips and love. I knew we were going to be all right. At least until she spoke again.

"What are we going to do?"

I must have sounded shocked. "Stay together?"

"But Leo?"

My pulse pounded in my head. "Give him up."

"I won't."

"Why not?"

She shook her head. "Don't place this all on me when you were the one that wanted it to begin with. It's too late to go back. If you want me, you're going to have to accept that I have a relationship with him."

My eyebrows drew down. "You want me to share you with him?"

"Hey, you shared me with him before." She shrugged. "What's it worth to you? Being married to me?"

I blinked, blinded by my love for her. My mouth was open and all I could do was stare.

~ ~ ~

Lisa was staring at me wide-eyed when we came out. She said, "I ate your sandwich..." Her eyes dropped down to my crotch and she blushed.

Frannie cocked her head to the side. "Sorry about all that..."

"Um..." Her eyes were bright, not looking away from my pants.

Frannie's voice had an edge to it. "Lisa."

"Hmm?" She tore her gaze away.

"I'll drive you back home. I'm not leaving tonight."

"You're...not?"

My wife shook her head.

Lisa blushed brighter. "Oh, of course not. Not after all that amazing... um..." She twisted away quickly, trying to hide her face. "So, yeah, sure."

I watched them leave, uncertain as to how to think. I stood there staring at the door, trying to make sense of my choices.

EPILOGUE

I sat at my desk, signing sales reports. It didn't matter if everything was computerized, a printout was needed along with a "wet" signature. It was stupid.

Having come to my senses about it all, about work, my life and what had happened, I felt a relieved newness about me as if wearing an all new wardrobe. Wrapped in the change of life, I knew it was only a matter of time – just like clothing – before the new became comfortable.

Someone cleared their throat at my door.

I looked up into Caitlyn's beautiful blue eyes.

She smiled and fiddled with her hands, twisting on her feet. "So, I was wondering..."

I placed my pen carefully down sideways. "Yes?"

"Our new relationship..."

I stood and walked to stand in front of her. "Yes?"

She looked up into my eyes, licking her lips. "I was wondering if we could go back to the time when we...um..."

"When we...um...what?"

"I'd like to experience you again." She blushed.

I brought my hands up together, fingering my wedding ring right in front of her. I gave it a quick twist of certainty and said, "I don't think so."

Her mouth dropped open. "But..."

I gave her a level gaze. "I think it's best left right where it is. You're doing a fine job, Caitlyn, keep up the good work."

She looked at me as if I was stupid until I gently shut my office door in her face.

~ ~ ~

I swung my bag of shreadings and stepped outside. I felt like whistling; no more games in my life – anywhere.

Leo stood from leaning against the wall. He brought his hands up into boxing fists.

I ducked and dodged, raising one fist.

He chuckled.

I tossed the bag in the bin and leaned on the wall beside him. "So..."

"So?"

"How are you getting along with Frannie?"

He pouted. "I suppose all right."

I grinned at him. "Trying to learn her ways?"

He shrugged. "It'll come in time."

"Ask anything you want..."

He furtively glanced at me and made sure I saw it. "Anything?"

I gave a once-nod upwards.

His smile turned sinister. "Have you licked my cum from her yet?"

I laughed. "Um, no."

"Come on, you know you want to. Tell you what, Wolf. You can drop down right here and get it from the source if you want." He was pointing at his crotch. "If Frannie gets her way, we can have a threesome and you can suck my dick."

I didn't know about any threesome; I was still becoming accustomed to her having a night or two a week away from me.

He nudged me. "Might as well get some practice, huh? Wanna suck?"

I shook my head, laughing. I did my best to avoid licking Frannie if she'd been with him. "You know, Leo, you can be such a dick sometimes."

He cackled, clutching his abdomen. No cigarette was occupying his fingers. "I guess I'm supposed to take that as a compliment coming from you."

I shook my head no, then turned it into a nod.

Leo, me, and my sexy wife added up to a lot of fun. Months had passed, with years to come.

Thank you for reading Frannie's Affair and Awakening. As you can see, I don't have a "street team" that runs around giving me a dozen 5-star reviews the first day of release. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

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